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PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

EPISODE TEN

"LOVE AND WAR"

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PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

Episode Ten

"LOVE AND WAR"

CHARACTER LIST

LYNDA DAY

SPIKE THOMSON

COLIN MATHEWS

JULIE CRAIG

SECURITY GUARD (Sc.10.18)

MARVIN BIXBY (Sc.10.18)

VOICE OF SPIKE'S FATHER

SCHEDULE OF DAYS

Sc. 10.01, 10.03, 10.06, 10.08, 10.10,  
10.12, 10.16, 10.21

DAY 1

Sc. 10.02 to 10.24

NIGHT 1

10.01 INT. STUDY. DAY

10.01

Close shot of an old black and white photograph. We are pulling slowly out from a baby's face. We continue with this for a moment then CUT TO:

10.02 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.02

SPIKE comes through the doors into an almost deserted news room. He looks straight to Lynda's desk.

Shot of Lynda's empty chair.

SPIKE looks frustrated. Obviously he is looking for her. He heads on into the news room.

10.03 INT. STUDY. DAY

10.03

Close shot of another photograph. The same child at about five years. He might be starting to be recognizable as SPIKE.

CUT TO:

10.04 INT. JULIE'S HALLWAY. NIGHT

10.04

JULIE on the phone.

JULIE

I don't know.

10.05 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.05

Intercut with Scene 10.04 as required.

SPIKE on the phone at Julie's desk.

SPIKE

(Frustrated and angry)  
She's not here, she's not at home ... Am I supposed to believe she's out socialising?

JULIE

Stranger things have happened. I got a birthday card from her once.

(Considers)

On Sarah's birthday of course.

SPIKE

(Flaring)

I need to talk to her now!

He slams the phone down.

10.05 CONTINUED

10.05

JULIE looks startled and puzzled. This isn't like SPIKE.

10.06 INT. STUDY. DAY

10.06

Pulling out from another photograph of SPIKE still about five sitting on the shoulders of a man who is evidently his father.

This time we pull all the way out to reveal the photographs standing together on a somewhat cluttered and untidy writing desk.

10.07 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.07

SPIKE is on the phone again. As he talks he is taking a written-on sheet of paper, folding it, and putting it in an envelope.

SPIKE

So when does it land in LA?

(Looks at watch)

Good. And I can just pick up the ticket when I get there, right? ... No, not a return.

Having sealed the envelope he now tosses it over on to Lynda's desk.

SPIKE

I don't know when I'll be back.

Close shot of the envelope lying on Lynda's desk. On the front is written: "LYNDA".

10.08 INT. STUDY. DAY

10.08

We pan off the desk and start panning round the room. It is a study and although it looks as though it might be part of a reasonably expensive home it is in somewhat shabby order. Also, it is American - specifically, Californian.

10.09 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.09

Shot of SPIKE as he sits now broodily silent at Julie's desk. There is some kind of suppressed anger in his face. We are tracking round him in the opposite direction to the pan round the flat.

After a moment, seemingly almost without knowing it, his hand drops to the phone.

10.10 INT. STUDY. DAY

10.10

We continue our pan round the study. After a moment we hear a phone start to ring.

An answerphone takes the call.

ANSWERPHONE

(American accent;  
middle-aged male voice)

Hello, this is James Thomson.  
Leave a message after the tone,  
I'll get back to you.

During above the pan has taken us to a shot of a more recent colour photograph hanging on the wall - SPIKE and his father, arms round each other's shoulders, grinning into the camera.

SPIKE

(On the machine)

Dad, it's me. I've booked my flight, I'm on my way. Just wanted to share a thought with you. On a scale of one to ten, you stink.

We fade up the Episode Title:

"LOVE AND WAR"

SPIKE

(On the machine)

And today was the stinkingest thing you've ever done. Which is why I've got a few things I need to get off my chest, right now.

During the above we have panned down to a shot of the answerphone on a table beneath the photograph.

10.11 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT.

10.11

SPIKE on the phone.

SPIKE

First off - ...

He breaks off as COLIN comes bursting through the doors. He is clutching a very modern looking attache case. He stares at SPIKE who has turned, startled at this sudden entry.

10.11 CONTINUED

10.11

COLIN

Spike, I need your help! I'm in  
an urgent situation situation.

SPIKE

I'm on the phone, Colin.

SPIKE turns back to his call.

SPIKE

First off, I don't even know why  
I'm heading home on your account  
- I don't recall you ever  
stirring your butt that far for  
me.

COLIN now appears by him, still clutching the case.

COLIN

I just need you to look after  
this case for a while.

SPIKE

(To Colin)

Go away.

(Into phone)

But let's face it - not stirring  
your butt is about as close as  
you've ever come to a hobby.

COLIN

(Grabbing Spike's arm)

Spike, let me put this appeal on  
a more personal basis - I'll  
give you a fiver.

SPIKE

(Irritably shaking him free)  
Colin!

(Into phone)

So, Dad, don't think anything  
that's happened today makes any  
damned difference.

COLIN

But, Spike - ...

SPIKE

(Whirling on Colin,  
really flaring this time)  
Colin, will you for once and for  
all go shove it!

10.11 CONTINUED

10.11

COLIN stares at SPIKE in shock for a moment. SPIKE stares back at him, breathing hard, plainly on the verge of really losing it. COLIN snatches the phone from him.

COLIN  
(Into phone)  
Kids today, huh?

SPIKE  
(Roaring at him)  
Colin!!

He grabs the phone back, pushing COLIN roughly out of the way.

SPIKE  
Sorry about that, Dad, just another jerk I know.

COLIN suddenly clutches his side and lets out a loud and theatrical groan of pain.

SPIKE  
(Barely glancing round; into phone)  
Look, the point is, ever since I can remember, you've - ...

He breaks off as COLIN lets out a still louder groan and collapses into a chair, clutching his side.

SPIKE  
(Irritably)  
What the hell is the matter with you??

COLIN  
("Bravely")  
Oh, nothing, nothing.

SPIKE  
Fine!

He turns back to his phone call.

COLIN  
Just that little old bullet wound I took during the gun siege. It kind of flares up when close friends start knocking me about.

SPIKE glances at him sourly, otherwise ignores him.

10.11 CONTINUED

10.11

SPIKE

(Into phone)

You were never around, Dad. Any  
time I ever needed - ...

COLIN

I'll be okay I expect.

SPIKE

(To Colin)

Good!

(Into phone)

Any time I needed help, even if  
I just needed ...

COLIN

("Tragic")

It's not so much the physical  
pain, of course.

(Positively tearful)

It's the wound in my heart.

SPIKE looks exasperatedly over at COLIN.

SPIKE

Sorry, Dad, I've got a situation  
here.

(To Colin)

Give me your damn case, I'll  
look after it. Just shut up,  
okay??

COLIN

(Coming over eagerly)

You're a prince, Spike - I  
thought I was going to have to  
beg.

SPIKE goes back to his phone call.

SPIKE

(Into phone)

What I'm trying to say is,  
you've never been there for me  
any time it mattered. So why  
should I feel like I've got  
to - ...

He breaks off again. During above COLIN has opened a panel in the top of the case right next to the handle and extracted a short length of chain attached at one end to the case itself and the other to a handcuff. He now clicks this cuff round SPIKE's right wrist. This is what causes SPIKE to break off.



10.11 CONTINUED

10.11

He stares at COLIN, completely taken aback.

SPIKE  
What are you doing?

COLIN  
(Hesitates)  
Could you be a bit more  
specific, Spike?

SPIKE  
You just cuffed your case to my  
wrist.

COLIN  
Well you might drop it.

SPIKE  
What??

COLIN  
It could hurt your foot.

SPIKE  
Colin ... !

COLIN  
Look, maybe I'd better just give  
you the address.

SPIKE  
What address?

COLIN starts to scribble something on a slip of paper.

COLIN  
Oh, just where I want you to  
take the case, that's all.

SPIKE  
(Flaring)  
I'm not taking your damn case  
anywhere!

COLIN  
(Patiently)  
Now don't be silly, Spike, it is  
chained to your wrist.

SPIKE stares at him, lost between incredulity and rage.

SPIKE  
Colin - ... !

10.11 CONTINUED

10.11

He remembers the phone in his hand.

SPIKE

(Into phone)

Dad, I've got to go. But I've got a lot more I need to say to you so hang on for the next instalment, okay?

He bangs the phone down.

10.12 INT. STUDY. DAY

10.12

We hear the phone bang down on the answerphone speaker. We pan quickly up to the photo of Spike and his father which we hold for a moment.

SPIKE

(V.O.)

Colin ...

10.13 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.13

SPIKE

... what in hell are you up to??

COLIN

(All innocence)

"Up to"?? Spike, that's a very untrusting thing to say.

He proffers the slip of paper to SPIKE.

SPIKE

Get this damned thing off me!

COLIN

(Shocked)

Spike, you said you'd help me and now you're going back on your word!

(Bitterly)

Just when you think you really know a guy!

SPIKE

(Icy patience)

You never said I was to take the case anywhere. I was to look after it.

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

COLIN

(Reasonable)

Well you can look after it on the way.

SPIKE

Colin, I am not in the mood for this right now. Today is a bad day for me.

COLIN

Hey, you and me - soul-mate city! I was just thinking exactly the same thing - I was thinking, today is a bad day. It's like our brains are joined at the hip.

SPIKE

I'm not buying any of this, Colin. Just unlock the damn cuff.

COLIN

Hey, you couldn't do that to your best mate Colin. You couldn't split up the old team!  
(Clapping a comradely hand to Spike's shoulder)  
It's you and me against the odds one more time, old buddy. I guess we're in this together!

SPIKE

Only because you chained me to your case!

COLIN

(Bitterly offended)

I knew you'd drag that up eventually.

SPIKE holds out his cuffed wrist.

SPIKE

Unlock it.

COLIN

Look, it's a very simple deal. My uncle's doing a little business, right? He wants me to look after this case for a few days then deliver it to a certain address. Easy stuff, huh?

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

SPIKE

So why don't you deliver it yourself?

COLIN

Well it's not chained to me, is it?

SPIKE steps forward, banging the case down on the desk next to him for emphasis as he speaks.

SPIKE

Colin, I'm warning you ... !

He is interrupted by a metallic voice from a grill in the side of the case.

CASE

Attention! Please do not cause unnecessary shocks or agitation to this case. This is a Zectron 2000 high security briefcase.

SPIKE stares at the case in astonishment.

SPIKE

What the hell kind of a case is this?

LYNDA

(Off)

Actually you're missing the big question.

They both turn. LYNDA is leaning in the doorway of the Meeting Room, the blinds of which have been drawn. She has evidently been listening for a while. She is in her night clothes, a dressing gown flung over them. Her hair is tousled and she has obviously been sleeping.

LYNDA

What's in it?

SPIKE

(Taking in the way she's dressed; not pleased)  
You been sleeping here again?

LYNDA

(Heavily ironic)

No, I just thought this would be a great look.

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

SPIKE

(Taking her perfectly seriously)  
Oh, right. Sorry.

LYNDA

(Looking at him venomously)  
Spike, that was a joke!

SPIKE

Yeh?

(Hastily)

I knew that.

LYNDA

(To Colin)

So what's in the case?

COLIN looks at her hesitantly.

COLIN

I'm not sure.

LYNDA

(Ignoring this; bending  
to inspect the case)

From what little I know of your  
uncle anything he'd rather you  
looked after than him is  
unlikely to be entirely legal.

(Looks up at him)

So when you reached the same  
conclusion what did you find  
inside?

COLIN looks at her worriedly. He doesn't reply.

Impatiently LYNDA bends to the case again, fumbles at the catches.

Instantly there is a blaring, screeching noise - like a  
car alarm only louder - and little lights all round the  
rim of the case start flashing in time to it.

LYNDA recoils, startled.

The noise continues for a moment, then clicks off. The  
metallic voice is heard again.

CASE

Attention! Do not attempt to  
open this case without the  
correct key and opening  
procedure. This is a Zectron  
2000 high security briefcase.

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

LYNDA stares at COLIN.

LYNDA

Whatever's in here your uncle  
wants it well looked after.

(Nods to the case)

Open it up.

COLIN looks worriedly between them.

COLIN

Ahh ... I don't have the key.

SPIKE stares at COLIN, his anger building.

SPIKE

Will you listen to the man?

(Mimicking him)

"I don't have the key"!!

(Right into Colin's face)

Of all the dumb, unbelievable,  
and just plain stupid answers  
you have ever come up with - and  
we're talking some pretty stiff  
opposition here - that is the  
dumbest, most unbelievable bunch  
of crap ever! "I don't have the  
key". Remember these words,  
Colin. Because that's where I  
finally and forever lost it with  
you. "I don't have the key"!

(Holds out his cuffed wrist)

Now unlock the damn cuff!!

Close shot of COLIN, still nose to nose with SPIKE.  
There is only one answer he can give and he knows it  
could be his last.

We hold on his face - only inches from Spike's - as he  
struggles to think of another reply, a way of rephrasing  
it.

After a long, fraught silence, COLIN eventually has to  
answer the way we all know he will.

COLIN

I don't have the key.

There is a long moment as SPIKE simply stares at COLIN,  
dangerous with anger.

LYNDA watches him, frowning. She has never seen him  
lose it this far before and she knows something must be  
badly wrong.

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

When SPIKE finally speaks his voice is low and bitter.

SPIKE

Fine.

He turns and heads over to his desk.

COLIN and LYNDA exchange a worried glance. Suddenly there is an eruption from off screen.

SPIKE in a spasm of rage has swept everything from his desk with his free arm. His anger not yet spent, he dashes the typewriter to the floor, kicking it savagely.

At some point during this the case has been knocked and now, in the background, the metallic voice starts up again.

CASE

Attention! Please do not cause unnecessary shocks or agitation to this case. This is a Zectron 2000 high security briefcase.

This message continues repeating.

Still out of control, SPIKE stamps wildly again and again on a fallen IN-Tray, splintering the plastic into the floor.

COLIN and LYNDA watch this in increasing worry and astonishment.

SPIKE slows slightly. The storm is passing.

After a moment he stops. He stands there shaking, breathing hard, his back still turned to COLIN and LYNDA.

He passes a hand over his face, fighting to control himself.

COLIN and LYNDA stand there, not sure what to say.

After a moment, COLIN puts his hands on his hips, looks sternly over at SPIKE.

COLIN

I hope you know any damage will be coming out of your pocket, my lad!

LYNDA

Shut up, Colin!

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

COLIN

(To Spike)

Satisfied? You've got Lynda  
upset at me now.

LYNDA

Colin, why don't you go find  
that key you're pretending you  
don't have?

COLIN looks at her, taken aback.

LYNDA returns his look implacably.

COLIN

(Quailing)

Right, yeh. I'll, ah - do that.

He looks reprovngly over at SPIKE.

COLIN

I guess some people just don't  
have a sense of humour any more,  
eh Lynda?

He shakes his head at SPIKE, turns, heads for the  
storeroom.

LYNDA looks over at SPIKE.

SPIKE - now down from his rage - rather self-consciously  
bends and picks up a few of the items he threw to the  
floor, drops them back on the desk.

As he bends to pick up some more LYNDA heads slowly  
towards him.

LYNDA

So what's wrong?

For answer SPIKE holds out his cuffed wrist and case.

LYNDA

What else?

SPIKE

(Picking up some more stuff)  
What else does there have to be?

Another bolt of anger hits and he throws the desk  
calendar in his hand hard across the room.



10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

A shot of it as it bounces across Lynda's desk. We hold on a shot of the envelope with "LYNDA" written on it still lying there.

LYNDA looks hard at him.

SPIKE is silent for a moment.

SPIKE

I was talking to my Dad. That always kind of winds me up.

LYNDA

I thought you guys only spoke in emergencies.

SPIKE looks at her bleakly. LYNDA gets the message.

LYNDA

There's an emergency?

After a moment, SPIKE nods.

SPIKE

I guess.

LYNDA

Family?

SPIKE

Family.

There is another silence between them.

LYNDA

Well?

SPIKE just looks at her for a moment.

He bends, starts to pick up some more stuff.

SPIKE

So you're sleeping in the news room again huh?

LYNDA

Only now and then. When I finish late.

SPIKE

Didn't you promise Kenny you wouldn't start doing that again after he left?

10.13

10.13

LYNDA

I gave him my solemn word of honour. He always fell for that.

COLIN appears out of the storeroom.

COLIN

(Coming over to them)

You know, it's so annoying, isn't it? You put a key down, you're sure you know where it is, and when you look round ...

LYNDA

(Warningly)

Colin ...

COLIN is now between them. He throws comradely arms round their shoulders.

COLIN

It could only happen to us three crazies, right? Boy, the scrapes we get into!

SPIKE

(Throwing him off, violently)  
Just go find the key, Colin!

COLIN moves sulkily off.

COLIN

(To Lynda)

He always kills the mood, doesn't he?

LYNDA

Colin, one question ...

COLIN looks worriedly round at her.

COLIN

Sure. What?

LYNDA

Who else is after the case?

COLIN looks affronted.

COLIN

Hey, what is this? All of a sudden no one trusts me!

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

LYNDA

You wanted Spike to deliver the case instead of you. Obviously there's a reason. So who else is after it?

COLIN hesitates.

COLIN

(Grudgingly)

Well there are a couple of my uncle's former business associates who've expressed an interest in the property, yes.

LYNDA

(Ironic)

"Business associates"??

COLIN

(Slightly resenting her tone)  
Yeh, business associates. Harry the Hammer and Blind Jake.

LYNDA

And who exactly are they?

COLIN

Well I don't know, do I? I've never met them.

LYNDA

(Glancing at the case cuffed to Spike's wrist)  
And plainly you're not anxious to.

COLIN

Well ... all's fair in love and war, right?

LYNDA

(Eyeing him narrowly)

Go find the key, Colin.

COLIN

(As he goes; a little archly)  
Love and war, guys. Love and war.

LYNDA turns back to SPIKE. There is a moment's silence. LYNDA looks expectantly at SPIKE, SPIKE avoids her gaze.

After a moment he sighs.

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

SPIKE

I've got to go back to the States. But don't panic, okay? I'll be back. I'm not sure when but I will be.

LYNDA

Who was panicking?

SPIKE

I'd like it if just for once we didn't play games.

LYNDA

No you wouldn't.

SPIKE looks at her a moment, breaks into a bleak little laugh.

LYNDA

So what's happened back home?

SPIKE hesitates.

SPIKE

I don't think I want to talk about it.

LYNDA

Fair enough. What do you suppose is in the case?

And she bends to inspect it again.

SPIKE

(Flaring indignantly)  
Well you could try a little harder with me! I am having kind of a crisis here!

LYNDA

You said you didn't want to talk about it.

SPIKE

Actually, Lynda, in a situation like this most people would try and coax me a little, you know?

LYNDA

(Genuinely bemused)  
You want me to coax you?

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

SPIKE

I'm just saying it would be normal behaviour in the circumstances, that's all.

LYNDA

Do you want to be coaxed - yes or no?

SPIKE

Well most people would give it a shot.

LYNDA

(Really trying to understand)  
They'd try and get you to talk about it, is that what you're saying?

SPIKE

They'd coax me, yeh.

LYNDA takes a breath. She'll give it a try. They stand facing one another for a moment.

LYNDA

(Feeling desperately awkward)  
Well go on then.

SPIKE

(Also feeling awkward)  
No.

LYNDA promptly bends to inspect the case again.

LYNDA

You know, there could be a story in this.

SPIKE stares at her in exasperation.

SPIKE

What is it with you? You never have time for anybody, do you?

LYNDA

(Looking irritably up from the case)  
Spike, could we talk about this later?

10.13 CONTINUED

10.13

SPIKE

You just don't give an inch to another living being. Except - for some reason - that little creep in there!

He waves an angry hand in the direction of the storeroom.

LYNDA

Colin can be useful.

SPIKE

And so long as he's useful to Lynda Day's Junior Gazette it doesn't matter if he's selling off the news team for spare part surgery. He gets his own little office, his own private phone line, even his own secret way out.

The significance of this last item hits LYNDA and SPIKE simultaneously.

They look at one another in alarm then over at Colin's strangely quiet storeroom.

They both start running for the doors.

10.14 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. NIGHT

10.14

As SPIKE and LYNDA come bursting through the doors they find the storeroom utterly empty.

SPIKE goes straight to the secret door cupboard, flings open the doors. He rapidly hits a few particular keys on the typewriter sitting on the shelf next to the cupboard and the back of the cupboard swings open like a door.

SPIKE

(Starting through)

Colin!!

LYNDA

(Pulling him back)

He'll be long gone.

SPIKE sags.

10.14 CONTINUED

10.14

SPIKE

(Bitterly)

Terrific! I'm having a major personal crisis, chained to a talking briefcase, alongside the most unsympathetic human being in history since Attila the Hun had a bad day.

He goes storming back into the news room.

LYNDA

(Following; offended)

I coaxed!

10.15 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.15

SPIKE

I've got a plane to catch in the morning. How come every time I try to leave this damn country I get attached to some baggage??

LYNDA

(Taken aback)

Last time you were attached to me!

SPIKE

Right.

LYNDA bridles somewhat at this but swallows any tart reply she had in mind.

LYNDA

Okay, let's apply our intelligence to this.

(Shoots a look at Spike)

Well - mine anyway.

SPIKE

(Impatiently)

No games, Lynda. I just want to get rid of this thing.

LYNDA

So we need a key. And whoever you were supposed to deliver to must have one.

The truth of this hits SPIKE.

SPIKE

Yeh ...

10.15 CONTINUED

10.15

LYNDA

Well?

SPIKE

(Looking around)

Colin wrote down the address ...

He starts looking about for the slip of paper.

LYNDA

So if we substitute for Colin at the delivery we get you uncuffed, the case opened and, depending on what's inside, possibly a juicy little front page.

SPIKE

And if Harry the Hammer and Blind Jake turn up?

LYNDA

We could do with a couple of interviews. You know, if we could just keep Colin's name out of this it has real potential. Maybe I should give Sarah a ring, get her to - ...

During the above, SPIKE has found the slip of paper. He now turns with it in his hand, interrupting LYNDA in flow.

SPIKE

Lynda ...

LYNDA

(Slightly irritated)

Yeh?

SPIKE

(Looks at her very seriously)  
Getting me uncuffed is our priority here.

LYNDA gives him a most unconvincing smile of reassurance.

LYNDA

Of course it is.

SPIKE eyes her with deep distrust.



10.15 CONTINUED

10.15

SPIKE

Well - mine anyway.

There is an uncomfortable moment between them.

LYNDA

Address?

SPIKE hands her the slip of paper.

LYNDA

(Reading off it)

Marvin Bixby, Heales and Hogg  
Promotions, Westlake House.  
He'll be there after eleven.

She starts heading for the Meeting Room.

LYNDA

I'd better get some clothes on.

SPIKE

Boss ...

LYNDA stops, doesn't turn. Something in SPIKE's voice alerts her that this is going to be serious and she's not quite sure how to handle that.

SPIKE

When I say I've got a crisis ...  
I mean a crisis.

LYNDA turns to him.

LYNDA

So tell me.

SPIKE looks at her for a moment. He looks away despairing. It is almost as if he's on the verge of tears.

SPIKE

(Making light of it,  
not very successfully)  
I think I'm going to need a lot  
of patient handling tonight.

LYNDA looks at him ruefully.

LYNDA

And instead you got me.

They look at one another for a moment. SPIKE smiles wryly.

10.15 CONTINUED

10.15

SPIKE  
(Holding up case)  
One problem at a time, huh?

LYNDA  
(Smiles sadly back at him)  
If only.

She turns, goes into the Meeting Room.

SPIKE turns too, slumps down into a chair. He stares, bleakly hopeless, into space.

A shot of LYNDA through the still open door to the Meeting Room.

She is stopped still and is staring over at SPIKE, who now is facing away from her. Her face is deeply, deeply troubled.

Suddenly there is the metallic voice of the briefcase which - still chained to SPIKE's wrist - is propped against SPIKE's chair.

CASE  
Attention! Please leave this case standing in the upright position. This is a Zectron 2000 high security briefcase.

Under this we have slowly faded up a phone ringing.

DISSOLVE TO:

10.16 INT. STUDY. DAY.

10.16

Back to the photograph of Spike and his father.

ANSWERPHONE  
Hello, this is James Thomson.  
Leave a message after the tone,  
I'll get back to you.

We pan down to the Answerphone during above.

10.16 CONTINUED

10.16

SPIKE

(On the machine)

You know what's always really bugged me about you? You always think I'm such a total jerk. I mean, you are so absolutely convinced I'm a complete nothing. You ever heard of parental pride, huh? You ever heard of taking an interest?

During the above we have panned over to the writing desk. Lying on it is a copy of the Junior Gazette. Resting on top of this is a pair of reading glasses. Lying next to it is a large torn-open envelope from which the newspaper has evidently been extracted.

10.17 EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. NIGHT

10.17

SPIKE is pacing up and down just outside the doors, talking into Lynda's portable phone. On the doors to the office block is the logo for "Heales and Hogg Promotions".

SPIKE

(Into phone)

Because there are some people who kind of consider me sort of an all right person. You know, being a little proud would be something you could own up to in public now and then. It's sort of a parent thing really.

He glances round. LYNDA is heading up the steps towards him. She is now dressed in overalls that might look a little big for her. She carries a large spray gun attached to a canister filled with unnamed fluid.

SPIKE

(Into phone)

You know what would've been good? If one lousy time I'd walked in on you and your butt scratching pals and you hadn't gone into a gag routine about what a zero I am! "My son, the zero. Just like his dad!"

LYNDA watches him, worriedly, as he talks himself into an increasing rage.

10.17 CONTINUED

10.17

SPIKE

Well I am not a zero, Dad. That is one thing that isn't running in the family. I am not a zero!

Angrily, he breaks the connection. He doesn't meet LYNDA's gaze. LYNDA watches him cautiously. SPIKE hands LYNDA the phone.

SPIKE

Thanks.

LYNDA

(Taking phone)

You had a big fight with your Dad, is that what it is?

SPIKE

I've had about a million big fights with my Dad. And tonight I've got to win them all.

LYNDA frowns puzzled. SPIKE looks at her, grins.

SPIKE

You look very fetching. Blue collar's a great look for you.

LYNDA

This is way over the top, Spike.

SPIKE

You want to get into this guy's office before he does, right?

LYNDA

If we can find the key before he arrives we've got the upper hand. But why can't we just ...

SPIKE

(Heading in)

So trust me!

LYNDA

(Following)

I hate when we do this!

10.18 INT. OFFICE BLOCK FOYER. NIGHT

10.18

Shot of SECURITY GUARD at reception desk.

10.18 CONTINUED

10.18

SPIKE  
(Off)

Excuse me ...

The GUARD looks up to see SPIKE and LYNDA.

SPIKE  
(Shaking Guard's hand)  
Rock Thomson, and this is my  
assistant Lucrezia. Could we  
have the key to Mr. Bixby's  
office please.

GUARD  
Well, ah ...

SPIKE  
Just so we can get it sprayed  
before tomorrow.

GUARD  
Sprayed?

SPIKE and LYNDA exchange a worried look.

SPIKE  
You have been told about this?

GUARD  
About what?

SPIKE and LYNDA take a simultaneous step back.

SPIKE  
As a matter of interest, Mr, ah  
...  
(Squints at security badge)  
Saunders, did you have any  
dealings with Mr. Bixby today?

GUARD  
Well he said "good morning".

SPIKE  
How close was he?

GUARD  
About where you are.

SPIKE smiles confidently.

10.18 CONTINUED

10.18

SPIKE

I expect you'll be fine. Just take a couple of aspirin and sleep late tomorrow. And of course burn all your clothes.

The GUARD is now utterly aghast.

GUARD

Is something wrong with Mr. Bixby?

SPIKE looks around cautiously. He steps forward.

SPIKE

Can I rely completely on your discretion, Mr. Saunders?

GUARD

Well, yes.

SPIKE takes another cautious look to check no one is listening.

SPIKE

Mr. Saunders ... we think it's the Black Death.

10.19 INT. BIXBY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

10.19

SPIKE comes through the door, followed by LYNDA. It is the office of a promotions director of about the size and shape of one you could find somewhere round Shepperton.

LYNDA

You take the desk, I'll take the cupboards. Even if we can find some clue to what's in the case

...

They go quickly to their respective places, begin the search.

SPIKE

You ever talk much to my Dad when he was over here?

LYNDA is surprised by the question.

LYNDA

Well you never really let me, did you? It was always like you were embarrassed.

10.19 CONTINUED

10.19

SPIKE

Well there was a lot to be embarrassed about, right?

LYNDA doesn't reply. SPIKE frowns.

SPIKE

Right?

LYNDA

Look, I didn't really know him.

SPIKE - who has been sitting at the desk to go through the drawers - now leans back in the chair, giving up all pretence of searching.

SPIKE

But you knew him enough to know a jerk, yeh?

LYNDA turns and looks at him for a moment.

LYNDA

You want a straight answer?

SPIKE

I think I could stand the novelty.

LYNDA

He surprised me.

SPIKE frowns, taken aback.

LYNDA

From all the things you'd said I was expecting a beer gut, stubble, and belching.

SPIKE

Okay so I talked that up a bit ...

LYNDA

A lot.

SPIKE looks at her curiously.

SPIKE

You liked him?

LYNDA smiles at him, deliberately cryptic.

10.19 CONTINUED

10.19

LYNDA

Well he reminded me of you.

SPIKE

(Smiles back)

Talk about evasion!

LYNDA

Don't change the subject.

They look at one another smiling for a moment.

LYNDA

Spike ... what's happened?

SPIKE completely ignores the question.

SPIKE

You think I was unfair to him -  
with those things I said?

LYNDA

(Shrugs)

You exaggerated maybe.

SPIKE

Well I don't take back one damn  
thing. Since the day my Mom  
left he made a career out of  
making me feel like something  
stuck to his shoe.

LYNDA

Look, I saw him tease you a  
couple of times. If that's all  
you mean, that's nothing.

SPIKE

(Really flaring)

I don't take back one thing! We  
just don't like each other -  
that's it, plain and simple. I  
couldn't even stand having the  
same name. James Thomson junior  
- no way!

LYNDA is silent for a moment, staring at him, troubled.

LYNDA

What's happened?

SPIKE doesn't reply for a moment. Then he starts  
searching the desk with a vengeance.



10.19 CONTINUED

10.19

SPIKE

One problem at a time.

LYNDA watches him a moment, then starts to go through the cupboard again.

After a moment SPIKE starts to talk again, this time not halting his search to do so.

SPIKE

You know the Tom and Jerry cartoons?

LYNDA

(Taken aback)

Well yeh.

SPIKE

When I was a little kid we used to play at those in the back yard. Thing was, I didn't want to be Tom because cats kind of aren't really macho, you know? And I sure as hell didn't want to be a mouse, right? So I always had to be the dog. You remember the dog?

LYNDA

Sure. Spike the bulldog.

The significance of this doesn't hit her till the words are out of her mouth. She stares at SPIKE who is starting to grin back at her.

LYNDA

You're kidding me.

SPIKE

You had to know some time.

LYNDA

(Starting to laugh)

You named yourself after the dog in Tom and Jerry??

SPIKE joins in her laughter. After a moment his face becomes fractionally more serious.

10.19 CONTINUED

10.19

SPIKE

You know, I meant it about my Dad. It happens. Dads and sons sometimes don't get along, right? Nothing you can do about it.

LYNDA

(Looks at him a moment)  
Of course there is.

SPIKE

I meant every lousy thing I ever said about him, Lynda.

LYNDA doesn't quite know how to reply. She shrugs.

LYNDA

Like Colin said - all's fair in love and war.

They stare at one another a moment.

Abruptly the door opens. MARVIN BIXBY enters. He is a smooth-looking, trendy business type, very slightly reminiscent of COLIN in style. He sees them both, takes in the case chained to SPIKE's wrist and now lying on the desk. He closes the door behind him.

BIXBY

Spike Thomson?

SPIKE

Yeh.

BIXBY

Colin told me you were on your way.

(Indicating Lynda)

Who's this?

SPIKE

My assistant.

BIXBY

Do we need her?

SPIKE

(To Lynda)

Miss Borgia, please wait for me outside.

LYNDA gives SPIKE a quick glare and heads out.

10.19 CONTINUED

10.19

BIXBY

(To Spike)

You tell old man Mathews this is the last time. I don't owe him any more favours!

He is heading for a cupboard behind the desk. As SPIKE is still sitting at the desk, playing it cool, he doesn't see what now happens behind him.

BIXBY

How did you get in here by the way?

As he says this he is taking an identical case to Spike's out of the cupboard. We note the identical chain and cuff hanging from the sliding panel.

SPIKE

(Irritably)

Doesn't matter. Can we just deal with the cuff please?

BIXBY seems a little surprised at this. He shrugs.

BIXBY

Sure.

And he leans over and cuffs the case to SPIKE's left wrist - easily accomplished as SPIKE's arm is hanging casually over the side of the chair.

For a moment SPIKE is speechless. He is now cuffed to two identical cases and can't quite believe it.

BIXBY

(Heading officiously towards the door)

Now you'd better get going. That's my part over.

SPIKE

(Finally regaining his voice)  
What the hell is going on here?  
What did you do that for??

As he says this he goes stumbling after BIXBY - stumbling because he is now attached to two large cases.

BIXBY

Well you're here to collect the case, aren't you?

10.19 CONTINUED

10.19

SPIKE

I'm here to deliver a case.

BIXBY

(Frowns, puzzled)

Now why would Colin have told you that?

As he says this he pulls open the door - and LYNDA almost falls into the room. She has plainly been listening at the keyhole.

As BIXBY and SPIKE start in surprise LYNDA quickly re-asserts herself and behaves as if nothing untoward has happened, simply answering BIXBY's last question.

LYNDA

At a guess, he had to give Spike a reason to come here. Picking up a case wouldn't do it ...

SPIKE

(Catching on)

But maybe getting uncuffed from one would.

LYNDA

Exactly.

(To Bixby)

We're very interested in the contents of these cases, Mr. Bixby. It's hard to imagine what could justify such a high degree of security.

SPIKE

Right. Must be a hell of a favour you owe.

BIXBY

(Looking warily between them)  
You guys from Harry the Hammer?  
Blind Jake?

LYNDA

(Crossing to the desk,  
sitting at it)

Lynda Day, Junior Gazette.

She takes out her pocked-sized tape recorder, puts it on the desk. It is not yet going.

10.19 CONTINUED

10.19

LYNDA

By the way - do you have a  
recent photograph of yourself?

BIXBY stares at her for a moment, calculating the odds -  
then he turns and bolts for the door.

SPIKE

(Stumbling after him)

Hey, no!

LYNDA

(Leaping to her feet)

Stop him!!

Encumbered by the cases, SPIKE jams momentarily in the  
doorway - and LYNDA comes cannoning into the back of  
him.

10.20 INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

10.20

SPIKE, the cases, and LYNDA erupt out of the office and  
go sprawling in a heap. Instantly the case alarms go  
off and the two identical metallic voices start sounding  
out, slightly out of sync.

CASES

Attention! Please do not cause  
unnecessary shocks or agitation  
to this case. This is a Zectron  
2000 high security briefcase.

These almost simultaneous messages continue repeating.

By the time LYNDA disentangles herself from SPIKE and  
the cases and manages a look up and down the corridor,  
BIXBY is gone.

She looks down at SPIKE, who is lying on the floor with  
the two still blaring, still talking cases. He holds up  
his two cuffed wrists and looks at her ironically.

SPIKE

Going well, isn't it?

10.21 INT. STUDY. EVENING.

10.21

Shot of the empty study as the telephone rings.

Shot of the answerphone as it clicks to take the call.

10.22 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.22

Shot of the news room clock showing five past two. We widen shot to bring in SPIKE in the foreground, phone at his ear.

The receiver is in his right hand. The cuff of the briefcase is consequently just below SPIKE's mouth.

ANSWERPHONE

Hello, this is James Thomson.  
Leave a message after the tone,  
I'll get back to you.

As the tone sounds, SPIKE sighs. For a long moment he says nothing.

SPIKE

You know, Dad, this time I was going to be reasonable, this time I was going to say all the good stuff about you. But the thing is, I can't find the words. I don't know the words.

10.23 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. NIGHT

10.23

LYNDA is searching through every inch of Colin's desk. The room already shows signs of having undergone a pretty thorough examination. From the main part of the news room we can hear SPIKE's voice continuing.

SPIKE

(Off)

And when I think of why I want to start going soft on you I figure it's just guilt. Because after today ...

(Glances at his watch)

After yesterday I guess there's a lot of stuff I kind of wish I'd never said to you.

During the above LYNDA has found a large old rusty key in COLIN's desk. She looks at it, amused at the idea that this might be it, then tosses it over her shoulder. Her attention is now caught by SPIKE's last sentence - a reference to yesterday's crisis which is still a mystery to her. She starts to get up to go to the door.

10.24 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS ROOM. NIGHT

10.24

As LYNDA appears at the door to the storeroom to listen, SPIKE continues.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

SPIKE

But what's the point in  
regretting things you said if  
you meant every damn word?  
Wouldn't be exactly honest would  
it?

He glances round, sees LYNDA at the storeroom doors.

SPIKE

(Covering mouthpiece)

Any luck?

LYNDA

Not yet.

SPIKE goes back to his call.

SPIKE

I guess I kind of want to say  
I'm sorry. But I want to say it  
for all the wrong reasons. And  
I guess that isn't right.

LYNDA, having watched SPIKE for a moment, goes back off  
into the storeroom.

SPIKE

Look, we're father and son,  
right? That just means we're  
related. It doesn't mean there  
has to be any love.

At this precise moment the cuff on his wrist emits a  
loud beep, a small light flashes on it, and it springs  
open, falling from his wrist. He stares in  
astonishment.

SPIKE

Lynda!

He realises the phone is still in his hand. He bangs it  
down.

LYNDA

(Appearing out of the storeroom)  
Yeh?

SPIKE

(Holding up undone cuff)  
It just fell off my wrist! It  
just opened!

LYNDA comes forward, staring at it.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

LYNDA

What were you doing?

SPIKE

Nothing. Just talking.

LYNDA

Talking??

A thought occurs to her. She bends, inspects the cuff, then the case.

LYNDA

You know, there's a point we've been missing here. We've been looking for a key all this time - and there aren't any keyholes.

SPIKE quickly verifies this.

SPIKE

Then how the hell do you unlock it?

LYNDA

(Frowning in thought,  
staring at the case)

You were talking on the phone, the cuff would be right at your mouth ...

(Looks at Spike, an  
idea striking her)

What was the last thing you said when the cuff opened?

SPIKE

Huh?

LYNDA

(Excitedly)

The lock could be voice activated! The key could be a word!

SPIKE

(Stares at her for a moment)  
I said "love".

He raises his other cuff, speaks into it.

SPIKE

Love.



10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

Nothing happens.

LYNDA

No, try the case.

SPIKE leans over the uncuffed case, speaks into the lock area.

SPIKE

Love.

The case beeps, flashes.

CASE

Keyword correct, access permitted.

(Series of clicks as the case unlocks itself)

This is a Zectron 2000 high security briefcase.

LYNDA

(Realising)

And war! The other keyword is "war". Remember what Colin said when he went out? "Love and war, guys". He couldn't resist parading it under our noses!

SPIKE puts his remaining cuff to the lock area of the other case and speaks into both.

SPIKE

War.

The cuff springs open, the case beeps and flashes.

CASE

Keyword correct, access permitted.

(Series of clicks as the case unlocks itself)

This is a Zectron 2000 high security briefcase.

They look at one another. Finally!

SPIKE throws open the first case.

A shot of SPIKE and LYNDA staring in bafflement at the contents.

LYNDA steps over to the other case, throws it open.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

Again they stare in bafflement.

A shot of both the open cases. They are completely empty.

SPIKE

I don't get this. I've spent the evening delivering nothing?? What's the point of a high security briefcase protecting nothing??

LYNDA stares at the cases for a moment longer. Then with a resigned shake of her head she closes both the cases.

LYNDA

Colin's games. Who knows what the hell it's all about.

SPIKE starts striding towards the storeroom.

SPIKE

Well we're going to find out. The answer's in here somewhere!

LYNDA

Spike, there's no point.

SPIKE

(Turning on her; flaring)  
I am not spending a night chained to an increasing number of briefcases without finding out why!!

LYNDA

Our priority was getting you uncuffed, right?

This silences SPIKE for a moment.

LYNDA

Well - mine anyway.

There is a moment between them.

LYNDA

What happened yesterday, Spike?

SPIKE

I want to know what Colin was up to with the cases.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

LYNDA

One problem at a time.

SPIKE looks away. He can't meet her gaze.

LYNDA

All right, I'll try and be logical about this.

SPIKE

Oh, that'll be comforting!

LYNDA

You keep phoning your Dad's answering machine. But you never say what you mean to. Otherwise you wouldn't have to keep on phoning, right?

SPIKE

Very logical.

LYNDA

Am I right?

SPIKE stares at her without replying. This is answer enough for LYNDA.

LYNDA

I don't know what's gone on between you and your Dad. But I think you should try and get it sorted.

She lifts the receiver, hands it to him.

LYNDA

Straight talking might help.

SPIKE looks at the receiver. After a long moment he takes it.

LYNDA

You want to be alone?

SPIKE

Definitely not.

He dials; the phone starts ringing in his ear.

LYNDA turns, starts heading for her desk.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

## ANSWERPHONE

(As Spike hears it)

Hello, this is James Thomson.  
Leave a message after the tone,  
I'll get back to you.

SPIKE seems to be bracing himself for a moment. When he speaks he is plainly fighting strong emotion.

## SPIKE

Dad, I guess what I've been trying to say from the start is that I really am sorry. I'm sorry for all the stuff I said because I don't get a chance to take it back now. I'm sorry we've been fighting solidly for as long as I can remember because it just got too late to make up. I'm sorry the best way I could find to speak to you now is to leave you a bunch of dumb messages you're never going to hear.

During the above LYNDIA has sat at her desk and seen the envelope with her name on it lying in front of her. She has torn it open and now folds out the slip of paper enclosed.

A close shot of the slip of paper. It reads: "My father died today. Got to go home, back soon. Spike".

She looks up in horror at SPIKE.

## SPIKE

But then, I guess we always did have communication difficulties. I suppose the reason I'm doing this is I kind of feel you didn't let me finish. I mean, dirty stunt Dad. One day we're yelling at each other on the phone, next day you pull a fatal heart attack. Some tactic! See if I let you do that again!

LYNDIA has got up from her chair. She is moving towards SPIKE. SPIKE has come to a momentary halt, breathing hard. He finds his thread again.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

SPIKE

I'm running out of stuff to say here, Dad. There's not as much as I always thought.

He is obviously now on the verge of tears but fighting it hard. LYNDA is now next to him. He glances at her.

SPIKE

I'm going to miss you like hell, Dad. I've got no one to prove wrong now.

(He looks at Lynda)

Well - almost no one.

(He sighs)

Well! That's about it, I guess.

(Hesitates, resolves himself)

Goodbye forever and all that.

He puts the phone down. There is a moment's silence between SPIKE and LYNDA.

LYNDA

I'm sorry, Spike.

SPIKE is still holding back the tears. He feigns jocularly.

SPIKE

What do you know! Mom's gone, Dad's dead. I guess I'm an orphan now.

LYNDA

Could solve the problem of our relationship. I'll adopt you.

SPIKE laughs. He is still struggling to hold the emotion in.

LYNDA

Remember all the times you've warned me about emotional repression?

SPIKE

You mean that I could beat you at it any day?

LYNDA

You were right.

She puts a hand out, touches his cheek.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

LYNDA

Let go, Spike. It's all right.  
I've seen you cry before, you  
know.

SPIKE

Well, sure. It was you that  
closed my hand in the door.

LYNDA

I don't think there's anything  
wrong in a guy crying.

SPIKE

Is that why you took polaroids?

LYNDA

(Smiles)

That reminds me. Give me a  
moment to find my camera.

SPIKE laughs again. He is closer to tears all the time.

LYNDA

Come on, Spike!

At that moment, Colin comes bursting through the doors.

COLIN

You crazy guys, I love you! You  
got the case.

He goes straight to the cases, picks them up.

COLIN

Listen, got to dash. Loved your  
input, let's do sushi.

He starts to head for the door.

SPIKE

Colin ...

COLIN

(Turning)

Yeh?

SPIKE

I've got to know. We figured  
this was all some kind of pay-  
off from Bixby to your uncle ...

COLIN

Right, exactly.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

LYNDA

But there's nothing in the cases.

SPIKE

I get it! There's a secret compartment or something.

COLIN

Nope.

SPIKE and LYNDA exchange a bewildered glance.

SPIKE

Then what was the pay-off? What was everybody after?

COLIN looks at them, genuinely surprised.

COLIN

Isn't it obvious?

SPIKE and LYNDA look at him blankly.

COLIN

The cases.

SPIKE and LYNDA stare.

COLIN

They're absolutely the latest thing - cost a fortune. Bixby's firm is doing the marketing, you see, and he said he'd slip my uncle a couple of freebies. Actually, he said one freebie but we talked him up to two. That's why there was a second delivery tonight.

(Knowing smile)

Those business types, huh?

SPIKE and LYNDA are speechless.

COLIN

So you worked out the keywords.

SPIKE

Love and war.

COLIN

Right! Clever, eh?

And COLIN goes.

10.24 CONTINUED

10.24

SPIKE is silent for a moment, reflective.

SPIKE  
(Quieter)

Love and war.

And the tears begin.

As he starts to cry in earnest, LYNDIA embraces him,  
holds him.

High shot of SPIKE and LYNDIA.

Freeze frame.

End credits.