PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

EPISODE THREE

"CHANCE IS A FINE THING"

written by
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"PRESS GANG" Series 3
Episode Three
"DEAR YOU"

CHARACTER LIST

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

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

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

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

Finally it comes free allowing in a gash of light.

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

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

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

INT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY

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

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

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

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

KENNY straightens up, examining the envelope.

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

A thought occurs to him.

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

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

He smiles, reaches for the door, opens it.
INT/EXT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY

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

KENNY
(As he opens door)
Grandad! Want to guess when you last had these floorboards up?

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

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

SEAN
No idea. Not in years.

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

KENNY
1937!

SEAN considers this.

SEAN
Oh, I don't know about that.
(Pauses, considers)
Mind you...

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

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

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

He frowns at it, trying to make it out.

KENNY
Know anyone called...
(Squints closer at signature)
Christine?

SEAN
No.
KENNY goes back to the start of the letter, briefly glances at it.

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

Over at the hedge his GRANDFATHER is oblivious to this.

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

SEAN frowns, as if disturbed by a memory.

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

SEAN
(Still clipping)
Why do you ask?

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

KENNY
Oh, nothing! No reason!

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

KENNY gets to his feet a little uneasily.

KENNY
Well I’d better get those floorboards fixed, yeh?

He turns goes back inside.

SEAN stares after him, troubled.

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

We slowly close in on his face.

We fade up to Episode Title:
"DEAR YOU"

A shot of a typewriter being pounded from the exact POV of the typist - in other words as if we were the typist.
Throughout the following sequence we shoot subjectively from JUDY WELLMAN’S POV, so that FRAZZ, KEVIN, JEFF and SPIKE all speak straight into the camera as if it was Judy.

FRAZZ
(Off)

Hi.

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

JUDY
(V.O.)

Hi.

FRAZZ
New around here, right?

JUDY
(V.O.)

Started this morning.

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

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

JUDY
(V.O.)

Yeh?

FRAZZ
You bet.

JUDY
(V.O.)

I’m not.

FRAZZ stares at us. His face falls.

CUT TO:

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

KEVIN
(Off)

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

JUDY
(V.O.)
That's me.

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

JUDY
(V.O.)
That's a terrible chat-up line. I mean that's really embarrassing.

KEVIN
(Going pale)
What?

JUDY
(V.O.)
Is this your first time?

KEVIN stares at her, his ego visibly shrivelling.

CUT TO:

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

JEFF
(Off)
Excuse me...

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

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

Well you really must tell me about it.

JEFF

Sure.

He grins at her.

JUDY
(V.O.)

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

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

CUT TO:

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

SPIKE
(Off)

Hi.

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

JUDY
(Off)

Spike Thomson?

SPIKE
(Taken aback that she knows his name)

Yeh.

JUDY
(V.O.)

No thanks.

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

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

A wider shot shows a back view of JUDY typing away remorselessly. SPIKE has gone.
SPIKE
(Off)
There's only one possible explanation.

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

SPIKE
She's a man.

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

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

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

LYNDAA
(Absently)
Is it on the agenda for the news-team meeting?

KENNY
(Taken aback)
I can't talk about it at a meeting! It's a very personal, private matter.

LYNDAA
Oh I'm sure no one will mind.

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

KENNY
Lynda...!

He starts to follow.

KENNY
Look, Lynda...

He is interrupted by COLIN appearing by his side, throwing an arm round his shoulders.
Kenny, babe! Got time for a five?

A what?

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

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

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

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

Was that fast lane talk too?

Affirmo.

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

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

Kenny is staring worriedly at Colin.

What are you planning, Colin?

Hey, no plan!
KENNY
Last time you said that two days
later I was lead singer in a
rock band.

COLIN looks shocked.

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

KENNY
(Patiently)
What are you planning?

COLIN
Kenny, have you ever considered
being a male model?

KENNY promptly stands up to go.

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

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

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

KENNY is taken aback at this.

KENNY
What?

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

Despite himself KENNY is surprised at the reasonableness
of this suggestion.
COLIN
A photograph of you, Kenny.
Representing decency and
wholesome family values. With
depth, integrity, and
seriousness. Stripped to the
waist.

KENNY
What?

COLIN
Well it might be a hot day.

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

COLIN
(Shocked at the
very suggestion)
Kenny! You’ll have a thong!

KENNY looks witheringly at COLIN.

KENNY
Stripped to the waist!!
(As he goes)
Don’t tell me - you asked Spike
first.

COLIN
Well - Lynda actually.

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

COLIN
Kids!

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

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

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

She smiles.

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

JUDY goes back to her typing.
COLIN still stares.

JUDY glances back at COLIN. She smiles again.

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

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

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

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

Close shot of SPIKE devastated and incredulous.

SPIKE

Colin??

As COLIN approaches his storeroom he risks a backward glance.

JUDY is absorbed in her work again.

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

Suddenly she looks up directly at him.

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

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

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

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

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

COLIN

(Calling across news-room)

Lynda, that cupboard seems to be in order now.
Shot of LYNDAA now at her desk staring bemusedly at COLIN.

LYNDAA
Thanks, Colin.

COLIN disappears into his storeroom.

LYNDAA shrugs, goes back to her work.

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

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

LYNDAA stares at KENNY with a puzzled frown.

On her face we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. NIGHT

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

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

INT. COLIN’S STOREROOM. NIGHT

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

COLIN
(Automatically)
Come in, leave it on the desk, the cheque’s in the post.

JUDY
Hi.

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

COLIN
Hi.

He stares at her, rigid with terror.
JUDY
(Looking round at the bears)
Friends of yours?

COLIN
No. Those are teddy bears.

JUDY
(Suppresses a smile)
I see. Sorry.

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

JUDY takes one, looks at it.

JUDY
They’re lovely.

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

JUDY
Can’t think why.

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

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

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

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

JUDY
(Look dubiously at Colin)
Right.
She pops the head back on and casually puts the bear on the radiator next to her.

**JUDY**

Listen, I -

**COLIN**

(Urgently; referring to the bear)

Not on direct heat! They combust!

**JUDY**

Oh, sorry.

**JUDY** snatches the bear off the radiator.

**COLIN**

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

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

**JUDY**

My name's Judy. Judy Wellman.

**COLIN**

That's a nice name.

**JUDY**

And yours?

**COLIN**

Oh, it's nice too.

She smiles

**JUDY**

Could you be a little more specific?

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

**JUDY**

Thanks.

(Glances at it, pockets it)

It's Colin Mathews by the way.
Thanks.

JUDY
Colin, you’d better know: I
don’t believe in hanging
around - if I see something I
want I go for it.
(She gives an involuntary laugh
at the way she is talking)
You must be thinking I’m really
forward.

COLIN
Oh no, you’re just the right
shape.

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

COLIN
Oh! You mean - ... Oh!

JUDY
So let me kind of pop the
question.

COLIN
(Talking himself into
a real lather)
Look, sorry about mentioning
your shape. Honestly, it’s not
that noticeable! Not that I’m
saying you’re shapeless! I
mean, you’re not. It’s probably
just the way you dress.
(Closes his eyes
in despair)
Oh!

JUDY lays a calming hand on his arm.

JUDY
Colin - want to go out?

COLIN
(Hugely relieved)
Yes, thanks.

And he gratefully gets up and goes out. The door closes
behind him.
JUDY sits for a moment in astonishment. She realises she’s got a tough job ahead. She gets up, goes to the door, knocks on it.

COLIN opens up.

JUDY
I meant go out on a date, Colin.

Close shot of COLIN staring at her.

COLIN
Oh.

LYNDA
(V.O.)
"Dearest Sean".

EXT. CAFE. NIGHT

Shot of the cafe.

LYNDA
(V.O.)
"How could you think I wouldn’t reply to your letter?"

INT. CAFE. NIGHT

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

LYNDA
(V.O.)
"Even if the answer was ‘no’ do you really think I wouldn’t write back? And anyway, the answer could only ever be ‘yes’.

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

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

She breaks off, looks at KENNY.

LYNDA
"...your wife."
They are silent for a moment. KENNY lifts the envelope.

KENNY
Did you see the stamp?
Canadian.

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

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

LYNDA
And assumed the worst.

KENNY
(Taking letter)
Ditto Christine.

LYNDA
Sad.

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

LYNDA smiles, goes back to the letter.

KENNY
Thing is - do I tell him?

LYNDA looks up sharply at this.

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

LYNDA looks at him for a moment.

LYNDA
What's on your mind?
KENNY
(Taken aback)
I just told you.

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

KENNY
Finally, after twelve years, a moment of modesty.

LYNDA
(Grins at him)
I thought I was boasting.

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

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

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

LYNDA
So what's on your mind?

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

LYNDA
With great legs.

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

LYNDA
Absolutely.

KENNY hesitates. He looks at her for a moment then launches into it.
KENNY
Do you realise if it wasn’t for
a coincidence of floorboard
repair and post fifty-odd years
ago I wouldn’t exist? I just
find it weird - scary - that my
entire life is the result of a
dumb mistake.

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

KENNY
I feel like... like I’m not
supposed to be here.

He looks worriedly at LYNDA.

KENNY
Does this all sound really
pathetic and stupid?

LYNDA
Yes.

(Getting up)
Let’s get some more coffee and
decide who to fire from
Graphics.

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

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

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

(To girl at counter)
Two coffees please, one white,
one black. And a couple of
those minty biscuits.

KENNY
Look, I want to discuss this.

LYNDA
Kenny, you’ll only start going
on about philosophy and destiny
and the meaning of life - I hate
those.
LYNDA (CONT.)
(To girl)
Actually, forget the biscuits,
he's putting on weight.

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

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

LYNDA
Well haven't you got any other
problems?

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

LYNDA
But I don't like that one.

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

LYNDA
(To girl)
Just the one, though.

KENNY
Look, let me put it another way.

LYNDA
(Hopefully)
A really different way?

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

LYNDA
Oh, right! The girl in Dublin!

She laughs.
LYNDA
(To the girl)
He fell in love with a wrong number!

KENNY swallows his embarrassment.

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

LYNDA
(Looks at him incredulously)
Some people get over a wrong number faster than this.

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

LYNDA
(To the girl)
Actually, forget the coffees, I'm worried about his blood pressure too.

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

KENNY
(Following)
Lynda, do you see what I'm saying?

LYNDA
Yeh. But so what?

She starts to go out.
KENNY

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

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

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

GIRL
(Off)

Kelly!

KELLY - for that is her name - looks over.

KELLY

Janet, hi! Sorry I’m late.

We notice she has an Irish accent.

GIRL

Don’t be silly, come on, sit down.

KELLY

The trip over was murder.

JANET

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

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

309  INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Establishing shot of a suitably moodily lit, romantic restaurant.

SPIKE
(V.O.)

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

COLIN
(V.O.)

That’s a hotel! I was just thinking dinner...
SPIKE
(V.O.)
There’s the restaurant in the
hotel, Colin, and it’s very
nice. Perfect for a first date.

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

COLIN
(V.O.)
I can’t handle it, Spike. I go
to pieces the moment she’s in
the same room!

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

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

The HEAD WAITER appears by him.

WAITER
Can I help you, sir?

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

He starts to head determinedly into the restaurant.

WAITER
(Following)
Have you booked a table?

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

The WAITER looks enquiringly at him.

COLIN
And two chairs. I’m meeting
someone so two chairs would be
good.
WAITER
(Patiently)
Name, sir?

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

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

COLIN

The HEAD WAITER consults his book.

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

COLIN
(Going pale)
Oh. Has she?

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

Rather vacantly COLIN waves back but doesn't move.

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

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

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

WAITER
Well perhaps you wouldn't mind
showing me.

COLIN
Sure.

And so COLIN leads the WAITER through the restaurant,
COLIN looking as though he is going to his execution.
SPIKE
(V.O.)
It’s a first date so don’t try anything, none of the macho stuff – you save that for when you’re lying to your mates the next day. Just be charming, interested, and don’t expect too much. She’ll love you for it.

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

COLIN
Hi.

JUDY
Hi.

WAITER
(Taking out notebook)
Are you staying at the hotel?

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

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

WAITER
Very good, sir.

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

JUDY
Nice restaurant.

COLIN
Thanks. I mean, yes.

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

COLIN
Oh! You must eat a lot.

She frowns slightly at this.
COLIN
Ah! I didn’t mean — ... Sorry.

The lethal silence resumes.

JUDY
Well! Here we are!

COLIN
Yeh. I was about to say that.

The silence begins again.

Shot of COLIN.

COLIN
(V.O.)
We’re going to sit there in silence, I know we are.

Shot of JUDY.

SPIKE
(V.O.)
You’ll be fine.

Shot of COLIN starting to look awkward.

COLIN
(V.O.)
Look you’ve got to come along and tell me what to say. I’ll make it worth your while.

Shot of JUDY also starting to look awkward.

SPIKE
(V.O.)
Colin, no one needs a prompt to have dinner.

Shot of COLIN getting positively desperate.

COLIN
(V.O.)
Please!

Shot of JUDY, willing COLIN to speak.

SPIKE
(V.O.)
I’m telling you: no way!
A square of card written on in felt tip edges up behind JUDY'S head to where COLIN can read it. It says "THAT'S A LOVELY DRESS".

COLIN
That's a lovely dress, Judy.

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

JUDY
(Off)
Thank you. I made it myself.

COLIN
(Off)
Really? That must be a lot cheaper.

We go back to JUDY and COLIN at the table.

JUDY
Well. It helps.

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

COLIN
So how was your day?

JUDY
All right. Ran into my boyfriend actually.

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

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

COLIN looks suitably relieved.

JUDY
Know what his name is?
(She giggles)
Clark Kent. No relation.

COLIN
(A little puzzled at this)
He's not one of your relations?
JUDY
No, I just meant his name, you know? No relation to Superman.

COLIN looks worriedly at JUDY.

COLIN
Judy, Superman isn’t a real person.

JUDY
(Stares at him a moment)
Right, yeh.

At the other table SPIKE looks despairing.

JUDY
Shall we check out the menu?

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

WAITRESS
Are you ready to order, sir?

SPIKE
Uh, yeh, I guess.

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

Shot of card over JUDY’S head. It reads “DOES SHE LIVE WITH PARENTS? (IMPORTANT)”.

COLIN registers the card.

COLIN
Judy, do you live with your parents?

JUDY
Well, my father. My mother’s dead.

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

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

JUDY stares at him.
JUDY (CONT.)
is sweet - this is getting
sickening. If you can’t get a
grip on yourself let’s call it a
night? Or are you going to try
and get sensible?

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

COLIN
(To Judy)
Come with me to the toilets.

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

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

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

JUDY
You guys going for a conference?

They both freeze. JUDY looks round straight at SPIKE.

SPIKE
(Badly feigning surprise)
Judy!
(Sees Colin)
Colin!

COLIN
(Badly feigning surprise)
Spike!
(Sees Judy)
Judy!
(Realises)
I mean, no, I knew you were
here. I just - forgot.

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

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

JUDY
(A little colder)
Five years.

COLIN
Five years, really?

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

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

JUDY
(Colder still)
Yes.

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

SPIKE has given up.

JUDY
Colin, can I ask you a question?

COLIN
Sure.

JUDY
Why are you being such a jerk?

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

COLIN
Ahh... I don’t think I understand.

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

JUDY
Can’t you just relax and can’t we just have a normal conversation? A little shyness
COLIN stares for a moment.

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

INT. KENNY’S GRANDFATHER’S HALLWAY. NIGHT

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

LYNDA
(Off)
Kenny, this is stupid. You’ve been talking to me in monosyllables all day, let’s get this sorted out.

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

LYNDA
(Off)
Look, I’m making a concession here. Just a few conditions under which I am prepared to discuss your problem.

KENNY looks up wearily.

KENNY
Okay, let’s hear ‘em.

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

LYNDA
I can’t come in?

KENNY
Conditions!

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

LYNDA
I got them typed up.

Disbelievingly KENNY takes the paper.

KENNY
Fifteen, Lynda??
Another sheet pokes through the flap.

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

LYNDA
I told you - it’s in your In-Tray.

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

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

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

Wearily KENNY gestures her towards the door.

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

LYNDA
(Going in, turning in doorway)
Well I don’t see why it’s got to be that particular problem. You’ve got hundreds!

KENNY
(Outraged; still on doorstep)
What do you mean, I’ve got hundreds??

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

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

LYNDA
What do you mean by that??
KENNY
Well no offence, Lynda, but
let’s be honest - you’re a
selfish, paranoid maladjusted,
psychotic complete bitch.

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

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

KENNY
Lynda? Lynda?

311 INT. CLASSY RESTAURANT. NIGHT

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

SPIKE
Okay - plan B.

COLIN
(Miserably)
Did you see the contempt in her
eyes when she left, Spike.

He shakes his head glumly.

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

COLIN
No. I’m giving up.

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

COLIN isn’t convinced.

SPIKE
You’ve got to come across to her
a bit more. Project yourself,
sell yourself.
COLIN
(Head snapping up)
Sell myself?

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

COLIN
(Increasingly indignant)
You never mentioned selling.
You never said it was selling.

SPIKE
(Taken aback)
Well it is, in a way.

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

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

COLIN
(As he goes)
I can do selling.

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

SPIKE
Lucy?

She turns.

SPIKE
I didn’t know you worked here!

LUCY
I just got off.

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

LUCY
Yeh, great!

And she sits in Colin’s chair.
A shot tracking with COLIN as he strides determinedly for
the door.

COLIN

Selling!

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

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

JANET
So what are you doing while
you’re over, Kelly?

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

OTHER GIRL
Yeh? Where?

KELLY
(Pulling a notebook
from her pocket)
Lancrese Street, I think. Yeh,
2 Lancrese Street.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KENNY’S GRANDFATHER’S HOUSE. NIGHT

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

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

Close shot of the numerals "24" on the house door. We
pan down to KENNY calling through the letter flap.
KENNY
This is the wrong way round, boss. Let me in and you can slam the door again from the front step.

INT. KENNY’S GRANDFATHER’S HALLWAY. NIGHT

Intercut with Scene 312 as required.

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

LYNDA
No one calls me a selfish, paranoid, maladjusted psychotic bitch.
(Considers)
Well, my mother...

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

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

KENNY
The red button.

It flicks shut again. LYnda presses the button.

LYNDA
Lynda Day... Colin, not just now!

She puts the phone away.

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

LYNDA makes a face.

KENNY
It goes like this. Know what Einstein said - "God does not play dice with the Universe".
KENNY (CONT.)
So the way I see it, if something's meant to happen, it happens.

LYNDA
(Disparaging)
Oh, please!

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

LYNDA
I hate this stuff!

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

LYNDA
Okay, I'm coming out.

She opens the door. Sadistically, KENNY keeps going.

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

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

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

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

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

Close shot of the letter flap as it flicks open.
KENNY
(Calling out, mockingly)
I’m telling you, Lynda -
destiny!!

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

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

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

314 INT. JUDY’S HOUSE. NIGHT

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

JUDY
Hello.

315 INT. COLIN’S STOREROOM. NIGHT

Intercut with Scene 314 as required.

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

JUDY
(After a moment)
Why?

COLIN
I just want to straighten things
out with you, that’s all.
Promise.
JUDY
Well... I'll see, okay?

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

JUDY
(Glances at someone out of shot)
I'll try. Got to go now, Colin.

She puts the phone down.

COLIN sits back with a satisfied smile.

INT. JUDY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

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

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

CLARK
Who was that?

JUDY
Oh, no one.

CLARK
(Suspicious)
Same "no one" as you were out with tonight?

JUDY
I was out with Betty, I told you.

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

CLARK
I just broke another of your mugs.

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

On this we DISSOLVE TO:
317 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. NIGHT

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

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

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

COLIN goes to the gong.

COLIN

(Calling out to persons unknown)

Test run!

He takes the hammer, strikes the gong.

COLIN

Storeroom, can you hear that?

VOICE FROM COLIN’S STOREROOM

Yes!

COLIN

Darkroom?

VOICE FROM DARKROOM

No problem!

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

COLIN

Class, style, and sophistication!

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

COLIN

Maybe not.

From out in the corridor he hears the doors clatter open. He gives himself a last encouraging look in the mirror and heads eagerly out to the corridor.
In the corridor he stops dead and stares. At the far end is a brutish figure with a Superman "S" emblazoned on his sweater, the doors swinging behind him.

CLARK
I want to speak to Colin Mathews.

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

COLIN
Colin Mathews!

CLARK
(Advancing down the corridor)
He’s been out with my girl, she just told me. I’m going to deal with him.

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

CLARK
You one of the little rat’s friends?

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

CLARK
I’m going to mince his face.

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

He looks resolutely up at CLARK. JUDY comes bursting in.
JUDY
Colin, has he hurt you?

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

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

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

COLIN
Okay, so I exaggerated a little.

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

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

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

CLARK
You her bit on the side?

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

CLARK
She’s my girl!

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

JUDY
Clark, there’s nothing going on.
Honestly!
CLARK is slowly being convinced.

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

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

There is a long pause while CLARK thinks.

CLARK
I’m going to mince your face anyway.

He renews his advance, COLIN starts backing.

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

JUDY
Clark, don’t!

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

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

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

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

CLARK is somewhat mollified at this.
CLARK
That’s better!

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

CLARK
Nothing between you two?
(Takes him by the neck)
You were just meeting up here social like?

COLIN
You took the words right out of my throat.

CLARK
(Considers)
I’m feeling mellow today. I’m going to let you off.

JUDY sags relievedly into a chair on hearing this.

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

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

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

WAITER
(Gesturing towards chair)
Mr. Mathews?
EXT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE. DAY

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

INT. KENNY'S GRANDFATHER'S HALLWAY. DAY

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

KENNY

Sorry, Christine.

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

Shot of KENNY answering the phone.

KENNY

Hello?

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

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

LYONDA

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

KENNY

(Laughs)
I'm sorry too, boss.

LYONDA

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

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

LYONDA

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

COLIN is coming through the doors. He is completely unscathed.
LYNDA  
(Calling over)
Colin, wouldn’t mind a little word at some point.

COLIN  
I can explain everything.  
(Heads towards storeroom)
Except women.

LYNDA  
(Into phone)
Yeh, that was him.  
(Frowns puzzled)
Completely unscathed...

INT. COLIN’S STOREROOM. DAY

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

COLIN  
Clark made quite a mess of the news-room.

JUDY  
Till you saw him off. I just couldn’t believe how brave you were.  
(Considers)
Still, I suppose he wasn’t armed.

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

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

COLIN looks at her incredulously.

JUDY  
I know what you’re going to say. I lied to you, I got you in trouble. Well I’ll probably lie to you and get you in trouble again, Colin. But you know something? I’m worth it.
JUDY (CONT.)
(She smiles at him, comes sexily over to him)
Don’t say anything. Just ask yourself how often a girl like me comes along for a guy like you. And don’t kid yourself for one moment that you’re going to say no.

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

COLIN
I want you to have this.

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

COLIN
(Looks at her a moment)
I know.

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

JUDY
No one’s ever done this to me before.

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

COLIN
Cute kid but what the hell!

322 EXT. KENNY’S GRANDFATHER’S HOUSE. DAY
KELLY steps into a close shot, looking at something.
A shot of the pathway leading up to Kenny’s Grandfather’s front door now bearing the number "2".

323 INT. KENNY’S GRANDFATHER’S HALLWAY. DAY
KENNY is still on the phone.
KENNY
I suppose in the end I just
couldn’t see what good telling
him would do. On my argument if
he and Christine had been meant
to get together they would have,
right?

INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWS-ROOM. DAY

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

INT/EXT. KENNY’S GRANDFATHER’S HOUSE. DAY

As KENNY laughs he hears the doorbell ring.

KENNY
Hang on, someone’s at the door.

When he opens the door KELLY is on the doorstep.

KELLY
Hello. Is Eileen there?

KENNY
No Eileen here, sorry.

KELLY
(Puzzled)
This is number 2?

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

KELLY
Oh! Sorry.

KENNY
No problem.

He closes the door, goes back to the phone.

LYNDA
Who was it?

KENNY
Oh, just a wrong number.

END CREDITS
NOTE

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