

Shooting Script: 9.4.91

PRESS GANG Series 3 & 4

EPISODE SEVEN

"BAD NEWS"

written by
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"PRESS GANG" Series 3 & 4
Episode Seven
"BAD NEWS"

CHARACTER LIST

LYNDA DAY
SPIKE THOMSON
JULIE CRAIG
SARAH JACKSON
COLIN MATHEWS
FRAZZ DAVIES
TIDDLER
ZACK
COOL CAT PUPPETEER
MATT KERR
BOBBY CAMPBELL
TEENAGE GIRL (Sc.738)
WAKE WOMAN (Sc.711)
NEWSCASTER (Sc.734)
BREAKFAST TV MAN (Sc.735)
POINTS OF VIEW WOMAN (Sc.736)
POMPOUS GIT (Sc.737)
News Team
TV Crew & Technicians
Wake Mourners
Eddie
Kate
Girl Fans (Sc.739)
Brian, Photographer (Sc.740)

SCHEDULE OF SCRIPT DAYS

SCENE 701 to 710	DAY 1
SCENE 711	DAY 2
SCENE 712 to 720	DAY 3
SCENE 721 to 733	DAY 4
SCENE 734 to 738	DAY 5
SCENE 739 to 740	DAY 6

BEFORE THE TITLE SEQUENCE

701 INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. DAY

701

Shot down the hallway of the front door. A shadow falls over the frosted glass panel, we hear a key in the lock.

CUT TO:

Close shot of the grip on a suitcase as the case is dropped to the floor and into frame. An airline tag hangs from the grip.

Shot of a jacket as it is carelessly thrown over a chair. We cut to a closer shot of a detail. A plane ticket and a passport are visibly protruding from the inside pocket.

Close shot of a kettle as it is clicked on.

Close shot of a fridge door as it is opened. A hand reaches in, takes a carton of milk, shuts the door again - bringing into shot a note stuck to it. The hand peels it off.

It reads "'CRAZY STUFF', ITV, 9 A.M. YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED!".

Close shot of a TV remote lying on a coffee table. A hand sets down a mug of coffee, lifts the remote.

Shot over the coffee table of the TV set in the corner. A pair of feet cross themselves on the table next to the coffee mug.

Shot of a TV screen so that it fills the picture just as it flares into life...

702 INT. TV SHOW

702

... on a shot of a PRESENTER, very brightly dressed, of the hyperactively moronic type who present the Saturday morning kids shows - which is exactly what this is. His name is ZACK. For no readily apparent reason he is on roller skates.

He is talking energetically to camera.

ZACK

... and at eleven o'clock we've got more cartoon crazy stuff with the Karate Pigs. That's my favourite, I love those little pig guys. In just a moment we'll be having a look at some of the "Crazy

702 CONTINUED

702

ZACK (CONT.)

Stuff" drawings and paintings
you've been sending in but
first we've got something
really different, something
really special!

He holds up what we can see to be a copy of the Junior
Gazette.

ZACK

Just another newspaper, right?
Wrong!

703 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

703

Shot of the TV over the crossed feet and coffee table.

ZACK

It's got all the usual stuff
inside - like articles and
lots of pictures...

He is flicking through the newspaper to demonstrate
this.

ZACK

... but see what it says on
the front? The Junior
Gazette. A voice for today's
youth! That's what I call
good news. And this morning
we're going to be talking to
the editor - Lynda Day!

This information has an immediate effect on the WATCHER.
He takes his feet from the table as he sits forward to
watch.

ZACK

Matter of fact, I think she
might be in Cool Cat's den
right now! Cool Cat?

704 INT. TV SHOW

704

Close shot of an unimpressive PUPPET CAT perched on the
back of a sofa. The very cheap looking and garish
scenery we can see around it suggests some kind of den
arranged as an interview set - which is in fact what it
is.

704 CONTINUED

704

COOL CAT

That's right, Zack. So get
over here and say a big hello
to Lynda Day! Hi Lynda!

Shot of LYNDA sitting on the sofa looking narrowly at
the cat. She is plainly very nervous and somewhat
discomfited at being interviewed by a puppet.

LYNDA

(Slightly hesitant)

Good morning.

705 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

705

Shot of the TV from the POV of the WATCHER. We hear an
amused chuckle.

COOL CAT

Are you feeling cool?

LYNDA stares at the puppet, slightly puzzled.

LYNDA

No, I'm fine.

706 INT. TV SHOW

706

ZACK comes skating into shot behind the sofa causing
LYNDA to startle slightly. He goes zooming round to the
other seat, throws himself into it.

ZACK

(As he goes)

Okay, Lynda, tell us about the
Junior Gazette. How did it
all start?

LYNDA is evidently a little awkward but determined to do
this properly.

LYNDA

Well - ...

COOL CAT

Hang on, Zack! You said I
could interview her.

ZACK

Hey, Cool Cat, it's my turn.

COOL CAT

You always take the pretty
ones for yourself.

706 CONTINUED

706

ZACK
(To Lynda)
Isn't that cat terrible?

LYNDA
(Perfectly serious)
Well it's not very convincing.

A beat as ZACK realises she misunderstood.

ZACK
(Slightly hollow laugh)
Right. He just needs you to
play with him a bit, that's
all.

COOL CAT
You shut up, Zack.

ZACK
A quick scratch behind the
ears, that'll stop all this
nonsense.

LYNDA does a slight double-take.

LYNDA
What?

ZACK realises LYNDA is very ill at ease. He smiles at
her, encouragingly.

ZACK
Go on, just a quick scratch
behind the ear. That's now to
shut up a stupid animal!

Still somewhat discomfited and nervous LYNDA reluctantly
braces herself.

LYNDA
If that's what it takes.

She leans over and scratches ZACK behind the ear.

707 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

707

Shot of the TV from the WATCHER'S POV. He is laughing
again.

708 INT. TV SHOW

708

ZACK is staring at LYNDA who has sat back on the sofa.
He can't believe the misunderstanding that has just
taken place.

LYNDA

(Getting a little brisker)
Now are we going to do the interview? They said it was going to be a serious interview, that's why I came along.

ZACK

(Struggling to recover)
Yeh, right, sure. I'm kind of into serious stuff myself. So, ah... let's get serious!

He fumbles through his notes.

ZACK

Now I understand you started the paper when you were in sixth form at Norbridge High and since then you've left school and now you're running the paper commercially. And you're even expanding the distribution to some of the nearby towns and cities, is that right?

LYNDA

That's right. We're all very excited.

ZACK

Can't leave you much time for boyfriends.

LYNDA is brought up short at this. She stares.

LYNDA

(Icy)

Pardon?

COOL CAT

You know, boyfriends - you can't have much time for them.

It takes LYNDA a moment to realise the level at which this interview is being conducted.

Irritation flashes in her eye and her face sets.

LYNDA

Actually, I've managed to solve that problem.

ZACK

Really? How?

LYNDA

An escort agency.

ZACK stares at this.

LYNDA

They're very good. Just give them your favourite height and shoulder width and you've got some beefcake on your arm before you know it. Mind if I give the telephone number? I promised them a plug.

ZACK'S jaw has gone slack.

LYNDA

Don't you think that was a ridiculously patronising question? I expected a serious interview. What I didn't expect was to find myself talking to an improbable looking domestic pet that has somehow acquired the power of speech.

ZACK manages to recover himself. He rallies manfully.

ZACK

('Humorously' rebuking her)
You talking about my cat?

LYNDA looks at him very directly.

LYNDA

No.

COOL CAT

Listen, Lynda, I think maybe you're getting the wrong end of the stick - ...

LYNDA

Strangely enough I don't particularly feel like taking advice from a man who spends his time behind a sofa with his arm up an artificial cat.

708 CONTINUED

708

COOL CAT

Ah. Right.

LYNDA

Shall I tell you something about the Junior Gazette? We always make the assumption that we're dealing with people with a certain degree of intelligence. Maybe if this show didn't think of its audience as a backward three-year-old with the attention span of a goldfish I wouldn't currently be attempting conversation with an unconvincing puppet and a prat on wheels. Good morning!

She storms off.

709 INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

709

The WATCHER laughs and claps.

On screen we have cut to a close shot of a somewhat fazed ZACK. For a long moment he says nothing. Finally he turns to the camera.

ZACK

(Weakly)

We'll take a break now. Back in a moment!

His face is replaced by the "Crazy Stuff" caption.

As the adverts start the WATCHER zaps the TV with his remote. The picture clicks off.

Close shot as he puts the remote down on the coffee table and picks up his coffee mug. A moment later a familiar pair of dark glasses are tossed on to the table.

710 INT. STUDIO. DAY

710

In the background we can see the den set surrounded by CREW and TECHNICIANS. Through the foreground LYNDA is picking her way over the cables on her way out.

JULIE

(Off)

Lynda!

710 CONTINUED

710

LYNDA turns. JULIE CRAIG is approaching her. She is holding a clipboard and wearing a "Crazy Stuff" teeshirt.

She may be familiar to our viewers from the first series but, going by her blank stare, not to LYNDA.

JULIE

Julie Craig. Remember me?

LYNDA is somewhat taken aback at what she assumes to be a rather odd request. She shrugs.

LYNDA

Well I'll certainly keep you in mind.

Puzzled, she turns to go.

JULIE

(Following)

No, do you remember me? I used to run your Graphics Department.

LYNDA looks at her. She frowns, thinking.

LYNDA

Yeh, we did used to have a blonde in there.

(Looks at her closer)

Are you Sam?

JULIE

Sam came after me.

(Nervous laugh)

She was blonde too.

LYNDA

(Genuinely surprised)

There were two of those??

JULIE eyes her a moment, realises she is getting nowhere.

JULIE

Right, yeh. Look, got to go.

(Moving off; a little ironic)

It's been great talking over old times.

LYNDA

Oh, so you've left the paper?

710 CONTINUED

710

JULIE
 (Heading away)
 See you around, Lynda!

LYNDA shrugs, turns to go. She comes face to face with ZACK.

There is an awkward moment as they look at one another.
 LYNDA smiles impudently.

LYNDA
 So how was I?

ZACK looks at her bitterly.

ZACK
 (Heavy irony)
 You should get your own
 series!

A shot of LYNDA smiling sardonically at this as simultaneously the title music comes crashing in and we go to:

THE TITLE SEQUENCE.

711 INT. A ROOM. DAY

711

A large opulent room of the kind you could find in the old house at Shepperton. It is filled with people dressed appropriately for a funeral.

From somewhere among them we hear a very identifiable laugh. Jarring in the sombre surroundings.

We fade up the episode title:

"BAD NEWS"

A shot of the doorway. An elderly WOMAN is talking to someone who has just arrived.

WOMAN
 We'll be going on to the
 cemetery at ten, all right?

The MAN nods and moves off. The WOMAN turns to see LYNDA entering.

WOMAN
 Lynda, good of you to come.

711 CONTINUED

711

LYNDA

It's a pleasure.

(Realises)

Well it's not a pleasure exactly. But it's a nice house.

The WOMAN stares at her a moment.

WOMAN

We're going to the cemetery at ten.

LYNDA

Great!

(Realises)

Well - okay.

She smiles weakly, moves on. The WOMAN stares after her.

Shot of MATT on his own, looking about him. Beyond him we see LYNDA making her way through the room she spies MATT, heads towards him.

LYNDA

(Gravely)

This is serious, right?

MATT

(Drily)

I think that is the prevailing mood.

LYNDA

So who's going to be our new owner?

MATT looks at her in mild reproof.

MATT

Lynda, we haven't buried the old one yet.

LYNDA looks round the funeral party.

LYNDA

I admire your optimism but I think it's going to happen.

We hear the laugh again. LYNDA looks around momentarily, trying to locate it.

LYNDA

(As she does this)

This could be really bad news for us. We're on a wafer-thin profit margin with this expansion thing. A new owner could just decide we're not worth it and pull the plugs altogether. Just when we were really getting somewhere...!

MATT looks at her, irritated.

MATT

Speaking of bad news, we're still at the funeral of a man who died a week before his fifty-seventh birthday.

LYNDA nods absently.

LYNDA

Yeh, that's sad too.

MATT shakes his head, wearily.

MATT

You're a lady of unexpected depths, Lynda. To which you regularly sink.

She gives him a sharp look.

LYNDA

Okay, this is rough on Campbell as well. But at least he won't have to worry about the employment of twenty-three people tomorrow morning.

This brings MATT up short - Lynda's reasons are better than he supposed. He gives a rueful nod, indicating that the point is taken.

MATT

See the guy nearest the window, the one doing all the talking?

Shot from LYNDA'S POV. There is a MAN in his mid-thirties talking energetically to a group of others. He seems quite cheerful, not at all perturbed by the gravity of the occasion.

MATT

Bobby Campbell, the nephew. David didn't have any immediate family so Bobby inherits the papers. I was talking to him earlier.

LYNDA

So what does he do?

MATT

A lot, according to him. He wanted to bet me he could strike two major deals before we hit the church.

LYNDA stares incredulously across at BOBBY.

He is vigorously shaking hands with one of the men, as if having just concluded a deal.

LYNDA

He was betting on deals at a funeral??

MATT

And it looks like I'm going to lose.

Abruptly BOBBY lets out a little laugh. It is quite recognizable to us and LYNDA as the laugh we heard before.

LYNDA watches him, miserably.

LYNDA

(Despairing)

That's who's going to decide our future??

MATT

I'll see if I can shake him loose and get him to come over. You ought to meet him.

LYNDA

(Instantly alarmed)

Why? You think he's made the decision already??

MATT

Well let's see.

MATT heads over, LYNDA watches him go nervously.

711 CONTINUED

711

Shot of MATT from LYNDA'S POV. He goes over to BOBBY, taps him on the shoulder. BOBBY turns, smiles.

LYNDA watches anxiously.

BOBBY is evidently telling MATT that he is going to win the bet. MATT laughs ruefully, changes the subject.

As he talks he nods over in LYNDA'S direction. BOBBY glances that way too, but looks quickly away again.

He shakes his head. MATT is taken aback, tries to persuade him. BOBBY shakes his head again.

LYNDA frowns, worried.

BOBBY smiles at MATT, squeezes his arm, and moves off from him. As he does so he briefly catches LYNDA'S gaze.

Rather pointedly he doesn't hold it.

He moves off, heading for another group of people.

LYNDA watches him go, apprehension building in her face. She looks to MATT.

MATT looks back at her, no less concerned. He tries to make light of it with an unconvincing shrug.

A shot tracking in on LYNDA'S troubled face...

DISSOLVE TO:

712 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY

712

A shot tracking towards the newsroom doors from the corridor, homing in on the glass panes so that we come to a shot of the bustling news team through them.

713 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

713

A shot tracking with the Junior Gazette mailbag slung over TIDDLER'S shoulder. She is sorting through some envelopes in her hand. She passes Eddie's desk, dumps some letters on it.

TIDDLER

Mail.

EDDIE

(Absently; without looking
up from his work)

Thanks.

713 CONTINUED

713

We cut to a closer shot of the letter on the desk. Protruding out from the pile is one particular white envelope. It has "PRIVATE AND PERSONAL" stamped on one corner.

Shot of KATE at her drawing board. TIDDLER pops her head round the door, passes her some letters.

TIDDLER

Mail.

KATE

Thanks, Tiddler.

She tosses them on a table at her side.

We cut to a closer shot of the letters. Again we can see a white envelope with "PRIVATE AND PERSONAL" stamped on it.

Shot of SARAH chewing a pencil thoughtfully at her desk. TIDDLER passes tossing some letters on to her desk.

TIDDLER

Mail.

SARAH reaches for the letters, starts flicking through them. She comes to the white envelope with "PRIVATE AND PERSONAL" stamped on the corner.

Interested, she starts to open it.

LYNDA

(From off)

Sarah!

SARAH looks round to see LYNDA at her desk which is piled unusually high with work. Kenny's desk is conspicuously empty.

SARAH

Coming!

She tosses the letter on to her desk, starts to head over. We hold for a moment on the partly opened envelope lying on the desk.

LYNDA

Who's my assistant editor this week? Where's Julian, he was doing really well.

SARAH

(Dropping into Kenny's
old chair)

He's doing even better - now
that he's managed to lose the
stammer and he doesn't flinch
at loud noises.

LYNDA

What happened to him?

SARAH

You did. For a week.

LYNDA

So he's not coming in.

SARAH

The office would be a big
step. We've only just got him
out from under his bed.
Lynda, do you think it's
reasonable to keep punishing
people for not being Kenny?

LYNDA

(Shrugs)

Well they're not, are they?

SARAH sighs, giving up.

SARAH

Right.

As she says this TIDDLER appears next to LYNDA, dumping
a pile of letters on her desk.

TIDDLER

Can't someone else do this
stupid job?

We cut away to a shot of the envelopes landing on the
desk. We see the white envelope prominent among them.

SARAH

Fancy being Lynda's assistant
for a week?

TIDDLER

(With only a second's
hesitation; as she moves off)
I think I want to concentrate
more on mail delivery.

713 CONTINUED

713

LYNDA frowns after her. She throws herself back in her seat, plunging into one of her sudden depressions.

LYNDA

Really loved around here,
aren't I?

SARAH

Don't start this again!

LYNDA

I can't even meet a guy who
can bear to be on the same
continent! Kenny's off to
Australia, Spike's back in
America...

SARAH

You're off again, Lynda!

LYNDA

Hic!

SARAH

If you see what I mean.

LYNDA looks ruefully at her.

SARAH

(Gently)

I think you're going to have
to forget about Spike.

LYNDA looks quickly away. This is clearly getting to her.

SARAH

(Quickly becoming more
business-like)

And Kenny, for that matter.
We need to find someone else
who can stand sitting here -
which is not an easy trick.

We cut to a shot of the doors. JULIE CRAIG comes through them. She looks about, then starts heading towards the editorial desks. We continue to hear the SARAH/LYNDA conversation over this.

LYNDA

(V.O.)

Have we tried everyone?

713 CONTINUED

713

SARAH
(V.O.)
Everyone who was willing.

LYNDA
(V.O.)
Didn't seem to take long.

SARAH
(V.O.; Blandly agreeing)
No... Anyway - I've got work
to do!

During above JULIE has reached Lynda's desk.

JULIE
(Brightly)
Hello again!

LYNDA and SARAH look at JULIE in surprise.

LYNDA
(Slightly taken aback
at seeing her again)
Oh, hi. Ah, Sarah, you
remember Sam.

SARAH
Yes, I do. Good to see you
again Julie.

JULIE
And you. Love the hair.

SARAH
Listen, I'll catch up with you
in a moment. Stuff to do!

JULIE
(Smiles)
Sure. I remember.

SARAH heads off.

LYNDA
(Embarrassed on Sarah's behalf)
Don't mind Sarah. Julie was
the girl before you.

JULIE
I heard that.

LYNDA
So what can I do for you?

JULIE

(Sitting on the bench
at the side)

The show I work on now -
"Crazy Stuff", the one you
did... You were a big hit, we
got tons of letters.

LYNDA stares at her.

LYNDA

You're kidding me.

JULIE

Absolutely not. In fact, we
were wondering - would you be
interested in coming back?

LYNDA is, for once, speechless.

Shot of SARAH talking to someone at their desk. As we
cut to her she is just turning from them to head back to
her own desk. She sees something that stops her in her
tracks.

SARAH

Frazz?

Shot of FRAZZ. He is staring in disbelief at a
letter he is reading. There is sufficient alarm
in his expression to have brought SARAH to a halt.

SARAH

You okay?

FRAZZ looks almost dazedly up at her.

FRAZZ

I've just been fired.

SARAH stares at him a moment, she goes quickly over,
takes the letter from him, running her eyes quickly over
it.

SARAH

(As she does this)

This can't be right, there
must be some kind of - ...

She breaks off, seeing the torn open envelope lying on
his desk - identical to the one she was opening a moment
ago.

713 CONTINUED

713

She looks at FRAZZ, then starts striding for her own desk. She snatches up the envelope, tears it open, rips out the letter. As she reads it she see it is the same one.

EDDIE
(Off)

Sarah...

A somewhat bewildered EDDIE has appeared next to her, also clutching a letter.

EDDIE
I just got this letter...

In increasing panic, SARAH snatches the letter from him, scans it. Again, the same letter.

She looks wildly round the newsroom. She sees KATE through the glass of the graphics room. She is sitting at her drawing board, staring in horror at a letter...

EDDIE
What's going on?

SARAH
(Mostly to herself)
I don't believe this...

Shot of JULIE and LYNDA in conversation at Lynda's desk.

LYNDA
No way!

JULIE
You were a natural. A lot of the kids hate that cat, they loved when you slagged it off...

LYNDA
It's not an experience I want to repeat. That's final.

SARAH
(Off)
Lynda...

LYNDA turns, irritably. SARAH is standing at Kenny's desk. LYNDA doesn't notice her almost shell-shocked expression.

LYNDA
In a moment, Sarah.

SARAH
It's urgent. Really urgent.

JULIE
(Getting up)
Look, I've got to move anyway.
(Glances at Lynda)
Just thought I'd drop in on
the off chance...

LYNDA
(Smiles)
No chance...

SARAH has spotted the envelopes on Lynda's desk. She now reaches over starts looking through them.

LYNDA
What are you doing?

COLIN appears by SARAH, opened envelope and letter in hand, in a fever of paranoia.

COLIN
I know what you're all
thinking but this is nothing
to do with me!! As if I'd
sell the Junior Gazette!! I'm
sick and tired of these
endless accusations!

LYNDA stares at COLIN, puzzled.

LYNDA
What accusations?

COLIN
Just cut it out, okay??

JULIE
Look, I'll see you guys
around.

LYNDA
(Barely glancing at her)
Fine, sure.

JULIE shrugs, starts to head off.

LYNDA
What are you on about, Colin?

713 CONTINUED

713

COLIN

I don't have to put up with
this!

He turns and storms off.

SARAH has found the relevant envelope in the pile on
Lynda's desk. She hands it to LYNDA.

SARAH

You better read this.

LYNDA looks at her a moment, then at the envelope in her
hands.

With a terrible sense of foreboding she tears open the
envelope. As she pulls the letter from it and starts to
read we DISSOLVE TO:

714 INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE MATT KERR'S OFFICE. DAY

714

Shot of the sign on MATT KERR'S office door. As the
picture settles to this we hear, from beyond the door,
BOBBY CAMPBELL'S laugh - clearly identifiable from the
funeral. We pan round fast to LYNDA as she turns,
reacting to this.

A wider shot. She is waiting outside Matt's office.
COLIN is with her.

COLIN

(Reacting to the fact that
she has just turned
abruptly away from him)
Are you listening to me??

LYNDA

Colin, one lousy time I threw
an ashtray at someone. That
doesn't mean I'm going to do
it at every meeting.

COLIN

We're fighting for survival,
Lynda! Unarmed!

Behind them the door is opened by a sombre looking MATT.

MATT

Come on in.

MATT goes back into the office, leaving the door open.

714 CONTINUED

714

COLIN

And we're not doing meeting,
here, we're making a pitch.
Which is my department.

LYNDA looks at him sceptically, starts heading in.
COLIN stops her with a hand on her arm.

COLIN

You'll only get mad at him.
Look, this Bobby Campbell, he
sounds like a sleazy money-
grabbing, low-life. My kind
of guy!

715 INT. MATT KERR'S OFFICE. DAY

715

COLIN comes cheerfully through the door, trailed by
LYNDA. BOBBY is sprawled in the chair at Matt's desk,
MATT is leaning disconsolately against a filing cabinet.

COLIN

(Extending his hand to Bobby)
Bobby Campbell, great to meet
you! I'm Colin Mathews, this
is Lynda Day, my editor.
You've already met Matt,
obviously.

(Leans over,
confidential whisper)
Okay guy, but laced up a bit
tight - we'll talk.

COLIN throws himself into a chair.

COLIN

Can I just say, concerning
your uncle's death - bummer!
When you're talking about
David Campbell you're talking
about my favourite dead guy!

BOBBY eyes him coldly for a moment.

BOBBY

Thank you.

COLIN

I mean, Dave Campbell - what
can I say? He was more to us
than the signature on a pile
of cheques - and I really mean
that. He was "Dad" to the
whole news team, he was "Pop",

715 CONTINUED

715

"the old man". Your uncle,
Bobby, was my father!

BOBBY
(Coolly)
Can I make a point here?

COLIN spreads his hands as if amazed that he has to ask.

COLIN
Hey! We're cousins!

BOBBY
The Junior Gazette is closing.
No further discussion.

COLIN
You know, Bobby, I really
respect bluntness - ...

BOBBY
Listen to me! Your paper
doesn't sell enough, it
doesn't make enough money. So
it's finished, I'm closing it.
Understood?

COLIN, stricken-faced, is finally silenced. BOBBY turns
to LYNDA.

BOBBY
Understood?

LYNDA doesn't reply for a moment.

LYNDA
(With an ironic glance at Colin)
Bluntness city.

BOBBY
Fine!

He gets up, heading for the filing cabinet behind his
desk, rather pointedly turning his back on the two of
them in the process.

BOBBY
Matt, we need to discuss what
you're charging for
advertising, I don't see
enough money coming in for
that.

715 CONTINUED

715

During above COLIN finally breaks out of his appalled freeze and lunges for the heavy glass ashtray on the desk.

LYNDA manages to snatch it from him on the backswing.

716 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

716

We are tracking through the newsroom. It is in uncommon silence. The news team are hushed, having quiet, sober conversations.

We come to the doors just as COLIN and LYNDA come through them. They are grim-faced.

At their entry the news team all turn, looking anxiously over at them. We cut round various shots of them doing so.

Close shot of LYNDA as she comes to a halt, registering this.

At this moment it comes home to her how much responsibility she is carrying.

She swallows nervously.

LYNDA

Sarah, could you get me the number of the Crazy Stuff production office. Julie Craig's extension, if possible.

SARAH is taken aback at the request.

SARAH

Sure...

LYNDA

(Starting to head towards
Colin's storeroom)
I'll be in Colin's office.

FRAZZ

(Getting to his feet)
Lynda...

LYNDA turns.

FRAZZ

What's happening?

LYNDA

What's happening, Frazz, is we've got two more editions to put out before the paper terminates.

FRAZZ

What's the point?

Close shot of LYNDA. She has no answer and behind her set face she is clearly floundering.

FRAZZ

I mean, party's over, right? So what's the point.

There is a mutter of agreement from around the news team.

LYNDA, being Lynda, rises to the moment before she even knows what she's going to say.

LYNDA

The point, Frazz, is that we are being closed down because we don't sell enough papers. Which is fine, which is perfectly fair. I have no quarrel with that. This is business, after all.

There is a general incredulous reaction to this - particularly from COLIN who is at LYNDA'S shoulder.

LYNDA

So it's simple enough, isn't it? We've got to up our sales figures so much Bobby Campbell would have to be mad to turn us off. We've got two weeks to be too good to miss.

The general reaction is of stunned silence.

LYNDA

You're all very quiet - for people running for their lives.

She turns, goes into Colin's room.

COLIN stares after her. A moment later SARAH is by him, slip of paper in hand. They follow LYNDA in.

717 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

717

They find LYNDA slumped at Colin's desk, head in hands, in an attitude of abject despair. SARAH closes the door behind them.

SARAH

(After a moment)

I got the number.

Without looking up LYNDA pushes Colin's phone towards her.

SARAH

(As she goes to it)

You're going to plug us on the air? Will they allow that?

LYNDA

It's live. I won't tell them I'm going to.

SARAH starts to dial. LYNDA lifts her head with a sigh, looks hard at COLIN.

LYNDA

This is your big chance, salesman. Double our profits.

COLIN

Can't be done.

LYNDA

You have complete editorial control - put in the paper what you damn well like but make people buy it.

COLIN

It's completely impossible.

LYNDA

Fine. You've got a week.

SARAH has dialled the number.

SARAH

Julie? It's Sarah Jackson - Lynda for you.

She passes LYNDA the phone.

LYNDA

Hi.

718 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY

718

JULIE on the phone. We intercut with Scene 717 as required.

JULIE
(Surprised)

Lynda!

LYNDA
I changed my mind - I'll be there on Saturday.

JULIE
Hey, that's great. Let me tell you what we've got in mind.

LYNDA
Tell me on the day. One thing though - whatever I'm doing, I want it live. Nothing pre-recorded, okay?

JULIE
Fine, sure - the whole show's live. Look, I - ...

719 INT. COLIN'S STOREROOM. DAY

719

LYNDA
I'll be in touch.

LYNDA puts the phone down.

SARAH
She went for it?

LYNDA
Well she's no reason to suspect anything, has she?
(Starts to get up)
Now, Colin - ...

720 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY

720

JULIE is hanging up. She talks to someone across the desk from her.

JULIE
That was her - she went for it.

She grins.

720 CONTINUED

720

JULIE

And she doesn't suspect a thing.

We track round slightly bringing into shot part of the back of the chair opposite JULIE. All we can see of the occupant is an arm hanging over the side, dangling a familiar pair of dark glasses.

On the dark glasses we DISSOLVE TO:

721 INT. TV SHOW

721

Shot of the "CRAZY STUFF" logo as painted on back cloth. ZACK comes skating suddenly into shot.

ZACK

Hi! It's time for Crazy Stuff!! And what have we got for you this morning? Well why don't I just tell you!

We slowly pull back from this to reveal that we are seeing it on a monitor and we are in fact in ...

722 INT. TV STUDIO. DAY

722

We pan up from the monitor to a shot of the set beyond. LYNDA is sitting in Cool Cat's den as before with COOL CAT sitting on the back of the sofa.

ZACK

(Off)

In half an hour the Karate Pigs are facing the Badgers of Death in their new two-part story and after that we'll be talking to some kids who've found a very unusual way of raising money for charity!

During above we have gone to a closer shot of LYNDA impatiently waiting for her interview. She looks round the studio.

ZACK

(Off)

But first, remember last week? Remember the Junior Gazette and Lynda Day? Tough lady, right? For those of you who missed it, we had a little interview going with her and

722 CONTINUED

722

ZACK (CONT.)
 she went storming off because
 she didn't like our style.

During above LYNDA has seen something off-set that
 causes her to stare.

Shot from her POV. In the shadows beyond the cameras
 she can dimly make out a figure in leather jacket and
 dark glasses watching her.

She cranes forward, staring.

A couple of people pass in front of the figure. When
 they go, the figure is gone.

LYNDA sits back in her chair, wondering. She shakes her
 head - it couldn't have been.

723 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

723

Shot of a TV set on a desk. Round it the news team are
 clustered.

724 INT. TV. SHOW

724

ZACK
 Well she hasn't held it
 against us because she's back
 with us this morning - and who
 knows? We may get a little of
 our own back. Cool Cat?

Shot of COOL CAT on the back of the sofa, pulling out to
 reveal LYNDA.

COOL CAT
 Hi, Zack! I've got the lady
 herself sitting right next to
 me so come on over and say
 hello again! Hi, Lynda!

LYNDA
 Good morning.

COOL CAT
 Feeling any cooler?

LYNDA
 Still fine.

COOL CAT
 Hey, great!!

724 CONTINUED

724

ZACK comes zooming round on his skates again, flops into his usual chair.

ZACK

(As he comes round)

Hi, Lynda. You forgiven us?

LYNDA

Sure, yeh. Listen, I've got something to say here that's maybe going to be a little unexpected...

COOL CAT

Well that's kind of funny, because we've got something for you that's going to be really unexpected. Eh, Zack?

ZACK

That's right. Sometimes on the show, Lynda, we like to spring little surprises on our guests.

LYNDA

Surprises?

As she says this beyond her we see SPIKE approaching the sofa.

725 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

725

Watching the news team react with astonishment.

FRAZZ

(Disbelieving)

Spike??

726 INT. TV SHOW

726

ZACK

That's right. You see, we got a lot of reaction from the last time you were on. People kind of wanted to know how you got to be so - well, bad tempered.

Shot of LYNDA listening to this, dumbstruck and bewildered. SPIKE is hanging over the sofa, his face inches from LYNDA'S. She is, of course, completely oblivious.

726 CONTINUED

726

ZACK

Then someone got in touch who explained it all - even why you were so touchy on the subject of boyfriends.

LYNDA is lost in all this.

LYNDA

What on earth are you talking about??

ZACK smiles warmly.

ZACK

We're about to give you the happiest surprise of your life!

727 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

727

With a groan, SARAH covers her eyes.

SARAH

I can't watch this.

728 INT. TV SHOW

728

LYNDA is utterly bewildered.

ZACK

Because there's a guy out there you're just crazy about who you don't think you're ever going to see again. Someone who maybe brings out your softer side.

LYNDA

(Eyes him narrowly)

My what??

729 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

729

TIDDLER shakes her head.

TIDDLER

They don't know what they're dealing with.

730 INT. TV. SHOW

730

ZACK

Lynda - why don't you take a
little look behind you?

LYNDA stares at him for a moment. Slowly she turns her
head - coming nose to nose with SPIKE.

There is a long moment.

731 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

731

Shot of the news team anxiously watching from the POV of
the TV.

732 INT. TV SHOW

732

ZACK watches the pair expectantly.

LYNDA turns slowly back to ZACK.

LYNDA

Who's he?

ZACK is utterly taken aback at this.

ZACK

What??

SPIKE leaps over the back of the sofa, landing himself
next to LYNDA.

SPIKE

Don't mind her, Zack. She's
just overcome.

He throws an arm round her.

LYNDA

I have never seen this jerk
before in my life!

SPIKE

I resent that! I'm the jerk
you used to go out with!

LYNDA

Could you get rid of this
person please?

ZACK

(Now totally disconcerted)
Well, I - ...

SPIKE

By the way, boss - neat little trick, slipping the tape in Zoe's walkman. I owe you for that.

LYNDA

Is that what this is about?

SPIKE

(Grins)

Do I have style or what?

LYNDA leaps up from the couch.

LYNDA

(To Zack)

Look, I'm not being unreasonable here, I'm keeping my cool. All I want is simply for this person to be removed from the studios and shot dead.

ZACK

(Now completely confused)

But you just said you'd never met him before.

SPIKE

(Appearing next to Lynda)

I suppose that's what you call instant dislike.

LYNDA

(Rounding on him savagely)

Tell me, something. Thomson? Do you actually enjoy doing this kind of thing in public?

SPIKE

(Turning straight to camera)

Do I? Answers on a postcard!

LYNDA

You are sick, you know that??

As she says this, ZACK has appeared between them, attempting to intervene.

ZACK

Look, guys, obviously this is an emotional moment for both of you ...

SPIKE

(Ignoring him)

I'm sick? I'm sick??

(Turning to camera)

You know what she did? I pour my heart out to this woman about how I feel about her - so she tapes it and sticks the cassette in my girlfriend's walkman!

(To Lynda)

That's sick!

ZACK

(Brightly)

How would you both like to come on our video panel?

SPIKE & LYNDA

Shut up!!

ZACK

(Flinching back)

Right, fine.

As the argument continues to rage ZACK shrugs helplessly at someone off screen.

SPIKE

Ever since you came into my life you have been screwing it up. Why didn't I see you coming??

LYNDA

(Incredulously; to camera)

Didn't see me coming?? For the first six months he was following me around my office dragging his tongue! He left tracks!

SPIKE

(Shoving her out of the way; also to camera)

This was not a one way thing. If she saw me take off my jacket we had to hose her down!

LYNDA

(Pushing into picture again)
This is pathetic, isn't it?
Phone in if you think this is
pathetic!

ZACK tries again.

ZACK

Well that's great. But I'm
afraid that's all we've got
time for from - ...

LYNDA impatiently shoves him out of the way. He rolls
off on his skates and we hear him crashing into
something.

SPIKE

You're getting worse, you know
that? You are a warped,
repressed, power-mad bitch!
You don't have the morals of
an alley-cat and you never
made a friend you didn't use!

LYNDA reels slightly at this onslaught.

LYNDA

Yeh? Well you've got big
lips!

SPIKE

That really the best you can
do?

LYNDA

Try this!

She slaps him hard across the face. He stares at her for
a moment.

LYNDA

Got a smartaleck answer for
that, you shallow, show-off,
American lamebrain.

He slaps her right back.

She stares at him, shocked and breathing hard.

He stares, also breathing hard.

They grab one another and start kissing passionately.

732 CONTINUED

732

Instantly ZACK comes skating into the foreground to conceal this unseemly behaviour.

ZACK

Right! Well I think it's time to have a look at some of the pictures you've been sending in!

He attempts his best cheery smile - not very successfully.

The picture abruptly winks out.

733 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM DAY

733

SARAH is lowering the TV remote. There is general dumbstruck silence from the news team.

FRAZZ

Sex and violence. I love children's telly!

SARAH turns to COLIN.

SARAH

(Grimly)

Not much of a plug, was it?

COLIN looks smugly back at her.

COLIN

Oh no? You wait!

734 INT. TV NEWS STUDIO

734

Shot of a NEWSCASTER coming to the end of a bulletin.

NEWSCASTER

And finally, a surprise reunion on the Saturday morning children's show "Crazy Stuff" caused some unexpected problems.

We cut to a page from a newspaper, zooming in on a particular article. It is headlined "SPARKS FLY ON KIDS SHOW" and has a photograph of Lynda slapping Spike.

735 INT. TV BREAKFAST STUDIO

735

A breakfast television sofa with a MAN and a WOMAN chatting.

735 CONTINUED

735

MAN

For me the best thing on telly all week was on this Saturday morning kids show where this guy and this girl are just standing there slapping one another...

CUT TO: another page from another newspaper. A large photograph of the slap headlined with "TAKE THAT!".

736 INT. POINTS OF VIEW STUDIO

736

"Points of View" style programme. A WOMAN chats cheerily to the camera.

WOMAN

And now the clip most of you want to see - the moment when a couple of teenage sweethearts were re-united on a Saturday morning kids show...

CUT TO: Newspaper page. Big photo of the slap, headlined "HELLO AGAIN!".

737 INT. TV DISCUSSION STUDIO

737

A late-night channel four discussion programme where everyone sprawls around in armchairs in the dark.

POMPOUS GIT

More and more, television is becoming a kind of eavesdropper. I happened to be watching a Saturday morning children's show and I saw this little girl being confronted with a boyfriend she thought had left her. I mean it was disgusting ...

CUT TO: newspaper page. A television review column with the photo of the slap headlined "THE BEST TELLY IN YEARS".

738 INT. TV SHOW

738

ZACK and COOL CAT talking to camera.

ZACK

We've had a lot of calls and letters about when Spike and Lynda are coming back on the show.

COOL CAT

Well we're not sure because we haven't been able to get in touch. But we'll let you know when we do!

ZACK

(With the tiniest trace of bitterness)
Absolutely!

739 INT. NEWSROOM CORRIDOR. DAY

739

We are looking down the corridor towards the outer doors. LYNDA comes through them, wearing a headscarf and dark glasses.

GIRL

(Off)

There she is!

A bunch of schoolkids come into shot from the foreground, start hurrying down towards her.

ANOTHER GIRL

Lynda, could we have your autograph?

LYNDA

(Recoiling at this)

What are you doing in here?
Get out!

She is confronted by a forest of proffered autograph books.

FIRST GIRL

Oh, please!

Resignedly LYNDA snatches one of the autograph books.

LYNDA

Look, I'll sign one and the rest of you can copy it.
Who'll ever know, right?

She tosses the book back into the crowd.

LYNDA

Now out of here, the lot of
you!

SECOND GIRL

(As Lynda starts to
shepherd them out)
Are you going to marry Spike?

LYNDA

No, I'm not!

FIRST GIRL

Do you love him?

LYNDA

No, I don't.

FIRST GIRL

It was a hell of a kiss!

LYNDA

Actually he presses too hard
and he's always a bit wet.
Now out!

She closes the door on the last of them. She turns to
see SARAH just outside the doors of the newsroom.

SARAH

Hi. Good to see you back.

LYNDA

(Coming down the
corridor towards her)
I've been every damn place
trying to drum up support for
the paper - all anyone ever
wants to know is whether I'm
going to marry Spike Thomson.
It's not looking good, Sarah.
(She nods towards the newsroom)
How's Colin doing on the next
edition?

SARAH

(Evasive)

Ah, fine. So it's tough being
a star, eh?

LYNDA

I get recognised everywhere I go!

(Holds up dark glasses)
I've had to start wearing these.

They turn as they hear the doors open at the far end. SPIKE is coming in, followed by a very attractive teenage girl.

TEENAGE GIRL

I just think it was a really strange place to sign an autograph.

SPIKE

Well you didn't have an autograph book.

TEENAGE GIRL

But I won't be able to show it to anyone.

SPIKE

Sure you will! Don't you ever have medicals at college? Now off you go!

He gently closes the door on her. He turns to SARAH and LYNDA.

SPIKE

I get recognised everywhere!
(Holds up dark glasses)
I've had to stop wearing these.

LYNDA

What are you doing here?

SPIKE

I only just heard you guys are going out of business. I won't be able to work in this country without the Junior Gazette.

LYNDA

Thanks for giving me the bright side.

He looks at her, a little uneasily.

739 CONTINUED

739

SPIKE

By the way, Lynda... that kiss thing ...

LYNDA

We'll talk about it later.

SPIKE

Fine, good.

LYNDA

The slapping we'll talk about now!!

SARAH

Look, before you guys start... you better see what Colin's doing with the next edition.

They both look at her, blankly, puzzled.

SARAH

It's possible you may not be entirely enthusiastic.

SPIKE and LYNDA exchange a troubled glance.

740 INT. JUNIOR GAZETTE NEWSROOM. DAY

740

SPIKE and LYNDA come through the doors. They stop and stare.

Close shot of a poster. It shows both their faces, separated by a lightening bolt with "SPIKE AND LYNDA" above and "YOU CAN TELL IT'S LOVE" below.

We pull out to a shot of the newsroom adorned with several such posters.

Close shot of a teeshirt on one of the news team as he talks to someone. It has a photo of Lynda slapping Spike again with the legend "YOU CAN TELL IT'S LOVE". The guy turns to talk to someone else. On the back is a photo of SPIKE slapping LYNDA.

Shot of SPIKE and LYNDA taking this in in dazed disbelief. From just behind them SARAH is watching their reaction apprehensively. They look over to the editorial desks. A huge arrow hangs in front of the window pointing down to Lynda's chair. The arrow has the words "WHERE THEY MET" painted on it. A queue of SCHOOLKIDS and TEENAGERS are being conducted in pairs to the chair by FRAZZ.

FRAZZ

Okay, remember it's a pound
just to look but a fiver if
you actually want to sit in
the chair...

SPIKE and LYNDA watch this in disbelief.

KATE comes out of the graphics room, holding a front
page rough.

KATE

Where's Colin, I've done the
front page.

LYNDA

(Lunging forward)
Let me see that!

KATE

Oh no!

KATE flees back into the graphics room, LYNDA hurtles
after, SPIKE isn't far behind.

They find KATE cowering in a corner of the graphics room
hugging the rough to her.

Sternly LYNDA holds out her hand for it. Reluctantly,
KATE gives it over.

Shot of the rough as LYNDA unfolds it so she and SPIKE
can see it.

The huge headline reads: "EXCLUSIVE: THE SPIKE AND LYNDA
STORY".

COLIN

Hi, you crazy, romantic kids!

They turn. COLIN is grinning at them from the graphics
room doorway. He is wearing the teeshirt - this one
with the legend "LOVE CITY" and also sunglasses with
"SPIKE" above one lens and "LYNDA" above the other.

COLIN

We've more than doubled the
number of newsagents placing
orders - I've made them all
sign two year contracts before
they get the special. And boy
are we making a killing on
advertising space. Isn't love
great?

LYNDA

This is the lowest kind of news, Colin!

COLIN

Hey, it's selling, right? By the way, can you both sing? There's a possibility of a record release.

SPIKE

(Advancing on him)

Colin...!

COLIN

And we're getting together a treatment for a television series. Don't worry, Spike, we'll get a genuine American to play you.

SPIKE

I don't believe this! You're using our personal lives to publicize the paper!

COLIN

Look, someone's going to do a biggie on this story. At least if it's us it'll be done with tact, taste, and discretion.

(Holds up a couple of appropriately dressed dolls)
With free Spike and Lynda dolls!

BOBBY

(Off)

Colin...!

They all turn. BOBBY CAMPBELL has appeared in the newsroom with a photographer. He too is wearing a Spike and Lynda teeshirt.

BOBBY

I heard they were both in. Can we do the photo now?

COLIN

Hey, sure! But you remember the deal?

BOBBY

One photo for the front page -
two months free printing. I
think that's fair.

BOBBY has gone over to SPIKE and LYNDA. He throws his
arms round their shoulders, turns them towards the
photographer.

BOBBY

Okay, Brian!

The flashgun goes off. LYNDA and SPIKE pull free of
BOBBY.

LYNDA

(To Bobby; icy)
I take it we're back in
business now?

BOBBY

Hey, I was joking about all
that, couldn't you tell?

LYNDA

Fine. Get out of my newsroom!

BOBBY

(To Colin)
Great! She's just like she is
on the telly! Come on, Brian.

He leads the photographer off.

LYNDA looks daggers at COLIN, who spreads his hands
amiably.

COLIN

Lynda, you know you don't have
to thank me!

SPIKE and LYNDA exchange a look. LYNDA turns, starts
heading for her desk. SPIKE looks at COLIN.

SPIKE

It might be an idea to get
word to your next of kin right
now.

LYNDA cuffs a small, STAR-STRUCK CHILD out of her chair,
sits in it. She looks dangerously across at COLIN.

LYNDA

I'm grateful, Colin. I'm so grateful I could kill you. In fact, I think I'm going to.

JULIE

(Off)

Can I just make a point here?

LYNDA looks round in surprise. JULIE is leaning on the wall next to the darkroom.

JULIE

What is your problem? You got your boyfriend and your newspaper back. What else do you want?

LYNDA

Keep out of this, Sam.

JULIE

(Flaring)

It's Julie! Not Sam, Julie! You're only pretending you forget to annoy me! Well it does annoy me, so cut it out!

LYNDA almost flinches at this unexpected onslaught.

Shot of SARAH watching this confrontation with considerable interest.

JULIE

Now since it is a fact you wouldn't still be sitting in that chair if it wasn't for me setting you up with Spike and Colin making you a star, don't you think some thankyou's are in order?

LYNDA stares resentfully back at JULIE for a moment. The news team tense, waiting for LYNDA'S reaction.

LYNDA looks to COLIN.

LYNDA

(Looking at him darkly)

Thank you, Colin.

740 CONTINUED

740

COLIN

(To Julie)

Didn't sound very sincere, did it?

LYNDA

Don't push it, lamebrain!

JULIE

That's enough, Lynda!

LYNDA looks at JULIE with rapidly deepening resentment. She's not used to being talked to like this.

LYNDA

Is something bugging you, Julie? I've never seen anyone behave like this in the newsroom.

The entire news team turn and look at her.

LYNDA

Well - anyone else.

JULIE flops disconsolately into Kenny's old chair.

JULIE

The "Crazy Stuff" production team got a rocket for all that stuff happening in children's time. Naturally enough, being the most junior person on the show, I was fired.

LYNDA is about to reply with something tokenly sympathetic when a thought strikes her.

She looks across at SARAH - who gives a slight, approving nod.

LYNDA looks at JULIE, across the desks from her.

She smiles.

LYNDA

Welcome back!

END CREDITS.