

THE TYPEWRITER

(A GHOST STORY FOR CHRISTMAS/EASTER/WHENEVER)

A television play

by

David Crystal

Running time: one hour



## CHARACTERS

JAYNE HARDY (Studio and film)

PETER HARDY (Studio and film)

ARTHUR MAKIN

MILKMAN

SALESMAN (Film only)

PASSER-BY (Film only)

### Non-speaking

Two or three passers-by (Film only)

Motorist (Film only)

## SETS

INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY.

INT. THE HARDY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN.

INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING.

INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM.

INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. OUTSIDE STUDY DOOR.

INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. SECOND FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY.

INT./EXT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. FRONT DOOR.

INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP

EXT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. DUSK. (Old house, own grounds, two stories)

EXT. THE HARDYS' FRONT DOOR. DUSK.

EXT. THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE HARDYS' HOUSE. DAY.

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD. DAY.

EXT. A ROAD NEAR A TOWN CENTRE. DAY.

EXT. TOWN CENTRE STREET (MUNSTER STREET). DAY. (Long shot of whole street.

MLS of different shops.

CU of one shop front, glass windows on either side of a glass door, shop name above.)

COMPOSITE



1. EXT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. (FILM) DUSK.

(THE HOUSE IS SET BACK OFF THE ROAD, IN ITS OWN GROUNDS, A DRIVEWAY LEADING TO THE FRONT DOOR. IT HAS TWO FLOORS (THOUGH THE SECOND FLOOR NEED CONSIST OF ONLY ONE ROOM). WE SEE THE HOUSE FROM THE ROADWAY. IT LOOKS DEAD, EMPTY.

SOUND: STOCK ATMOSPHERICS - GUST OF WIND, OWL HOOTING, FADING INTO THE DISTANT SOUND OF A TYPEWRITER TAPPING. THE NOISE OF THE TYPEWRITER GETS LOUDER, AS WE MOVE SLOWLY TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

OPENING CREDIT.

WE REACH THE FRONT DOOR, WHICH GOES OUT OF FOCUS AS WE PASS THROUGH IT. THE BLUR RESOLVES INTO:)

2. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(WE MOVE SLOWLY ALONG THE HALLWAY AND UP THE FIRST FLIGHT OF STAIRS, ALONG A LANDING TO A SECOND FLIGHT, AND UP AGAIN UNTIL WE REACH A CLOSED DOOR.

SOUND: THE TYPEWRITER NOISE IS LOUDER, AND ECHOING, AS IT WOULD IN AN EMPTY HOUSE. AS WE MOVE UPSTAIRS, THE ECHO INCREASES. THE TYPEWRITER RHYTHM BECOMES MORE INSISTENT: THE SAME RHYTHM IS BEING REPEATED - A SEQUENCE OF TAPS, 5-5-6-2. AS WE REACH THE UPSTAIRS DOOR, THE NOISE REACHES A CLIMAX, AND THEN SUDDENLY STOPS, AS IT CLASHES WITH THE HARSH SOUND OF A KNOCK ON THE FRONT DOOR, 5 TAPS, REPEATED. AS THE DOOR KNOCKING BEGINS, WE CUT TO:)

3. EXT. THE HARDYS' FRONT DOOR. (FILM) DUSK.

(JAYNE AND PETER HARDY ARE STANDING AT THE FRONT DOOR. PETER IS BANGING THE DOOR KNOCKER. JAYNE IS RUMMAGING IN HER HANDBAG. THEY HAVE FOUR LARGE SUITCASES AND A TYPEWRITER CASE WITH THEM.

JAYNE IS ABOUT 40, NOT PARTICULARLY ATTRACTIVE, VERY WELL-DRESSED, PROFESSIONAL BEARING, WILL STAND NO MESSING. PETER, HER NEW HUSBAND, IS ABOUT 30, ALREADY A SUCCESSFUL WRITER, HANDSOME, LIGHT-HEARTED MANNER. NOT AT ALL OBVIOUS WHY HE SHOULD HAVE WANTED TO MARRY HER.)

JAYNE: What on earth did you do that for? There couldn't possibly be anyone in.

PETER: And how do you know? You've been away for weeks. Anything could have happened. You might have a family of hippy squatters in there. And it would only be courteous to let them know you're back, before they kick you out and claim squatters' rights!



JAYNE: Peter! Don't be ridiculous! Look, I can't find the bloody key. I'm sure I put it - Hang on a minute. I'll get the torch from the car.

PETER: You ought to get that handbag seen to, you know. I know a good specialist.

(JAYNE IGNORES THIS, AND WALKS O/S TO CAR, STILL RUMMAGING AND MUTTERING. PETER CALLS AFTER HER.)

PETER: There could be a whole family of mice in there, and you wouldn't know.

(WE HOLD ON PETER, WHO LAUGHS TO HIMSELF, SAUNTERS A COUPLE OF STEPS AWAY FROM THE FRONT DOOR, AND LOOKS BACK UP AT THE HOUSE, CASUAL INTEREST. HE LOOKS FROM WINDOW TO WINDOW.)

SOUND: THE FAINT SOUND OF A TYPEWRITER, AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF A GUST OF WIND.

PETER HEARS THIS, AND WE SEE HIS FACE, PUZZLED, ALERT, LISTENING. HE STEPS BACK TO GET A BETTER VIEW OF THE TOP FLOOR ROOM.

SOUND: THE TYPEWRITER NOISE IS CLEARER. A DEFINITE TAPPING, 5562 RHYTHM.

PETER STILL CAN'T SEE CLEARLY, AND HE WALKS BACKWARDS A COUPLE OF PACES, THUS BUMPING INTO JAYNE, WHO IS RETURNING FROM THE CAR, HOLDING HER KEY. THE SOUND OF THE TYPEWRITE CONTINUES UNTIL THEY BUMP INTO EACH OTHER, THEN IT STOPS.)

JAYNE: Peter! Careful! You nearly made me drop the key.

PETER: Sorry, darling.

JAYNE: What were you doing, walking backwards, anyway?

PETER: Oh, er, I was trying to hear something.

JAYNE: Hear something?

PETER: Well, see something - no, hear it. There was this noise, and it sounded like it was coming from the house, upstairs - so I was trying to get a better, er, sight of it (LAMELY), if you see what I mean.

JAYNE: Not really. What sort of noise?

PETER: I dunno. It sounded like a typewriter, actually. (RECOVERS) Ha! Couldn't be hippies, then!



(WE ZOOM IN ON JAYNE'S FACE, WHILE PETER CARRIES ON TALKING OOV. SHE IS STARING UP AT THE HOUSE, CONCERNED, LISTENING.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Though I did once know a hippie who could type. Ha, there's a line. I could use that. A hippie type. No, a type of hippie. A type of hippie writer. A hippie type writer! Boom, boom!

(AS PETER STOPS, WE PULL BACK UNTIL HE IS IN FRAME. HE IS STARING AT JAYNE, PUZZLED BY HER CONCERN.)

PETER: I said 'Boom, boom'!

(HE TRIES TO NUDGE HER WITH HIS ELBOW, BUT SHE JERKS AWAY.)

JAYNE: Shut up, Peter!

PETER: Eh?

JAYNE: Give the Basil Brush humour a miss, for a change.

(PETER OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT DECIDES NOT TO. THEY MOVE FORWARD TO THE HOUSE, JAYNE LEADING. THEN SHE STOPS.)

JAYNE: Look, was there really a noise from inside? You might be right about squatters.

PETER: Oh, come on, open the door. It's not worth worrying about. It was probably just something carried by the wind. From next-door, perhaps. Or maybe birds, up in the eaves.

(JAYNE PUTS THE KEY INTO THE LOCK AND TURNS IT. WE CUT TO:)

#### 4. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

(JAYNE ENTERS THE HOUSE, AND SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT. SHE BENDS DOWN AND GATHERS UP A FEW PIECES OF MAIL ON THE MAT, PUTS THEM ON A SIDE TABLE. SHE DOESN'T NOTICE THAT THERE ARE FOUR OTHER LETTERS PUSHED BEHIND THE DOOR. PETER COMES IN BEHIND HER, CARRYING THE FIRST TWO CASES. HE PUTS THEM DOWN IN THE HALL, AND GOES OUT FOR THE REMAINING CASES. WHILE HE DOES SO, JAYNE WALKS TOWARDS CAMERA, LOOKING UP THE STAIRS, APPREHENSIVELY.)

JAYNE: (HALF TO HERSELF) Funny it should sound like a typewriter.



(PETER COMES IN WITH REMAINING CASES, KICKS DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM.)

PETER: I could do with a coffee.

(JAYNE MAKES NO RESPONSE. SHE IS STILL LOOKING UP THE STAIRS. PETER PUTS CASES DOWN, AND WALKS UP BEHIND HER, NUZZLES HER NECK, AND REPEATS IN A RESONANT VOICE:)

PETER: (CONTINUING) I could do with a coffee.

(JAYNE STILL MAKES NO RESPONSE, AND ONLY RESPONDS TO THE NUZZLE MECHANICALLY)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Hey, where are you? Come back.

JAYNE: Funny it should sound like a typewriter.

PETER: What? Oh, come on. Forget it. It was just the wind.

JAYNE: But why a typewriter?

PETER: Well, why not? Heck, you know me. I'm up typing till all hours some nights. I have a typewriter ribbon for a brain. What do you expect? I hear a noise - it makes me think of a typewriter. Perfectly normal. Some people hear noises, it reminds them of coffee percolating!

JAYNE (SMILES): O.K., O.K. I'm on my way. Kitchen's this way. You take the cases upstairs, and I'll start things off down here.

(JAYNE WALKS TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.)

JAYNE: (CONTINUING) Our room's the first on the left. Hope it won't be too dusty.

(PETER PICKS UP HIS TYPEWRITER CASE, PUTS IT AWKWARDLY UNDER HIS ARM, AND PICKS UP TWO OF THE OTHER CASES. HE STRUGGLES TOWARDS THE STAIRS. WE CUT TO:)

# 5. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT.

(PETER APPEARS ROUND THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. HE STRUGGLES TO THE BEDROOM DOOR, BUT JUST AS HE REACHES IT, THE TYPEWRITER CASE SLIPS FROM UNDER HIS ARM, AND FALLS ON THE FLOOR.)



PETER: Damn!

(HE PUTS THE CASES DOWN, OPENS THE DOOR, GROPEs INSIDE FOR A LIGHT, SWITCHES ON. HE PICKS UP THE TYPEWRITER CASE CAREFULLY.)

JAYNE: (OOV) You got trouble?

(PETER HOLDS TYPEWRITER CASE IN BOTH HANDS, TURNS TOWARDS STAIRS AND CALLS DOWN.)

PETER: It's O.K. Just dropped my typewriter.

JAYNE: (OOV) Is it alright?

PETER: Don't know. Haven't had a chance to look. I should think so. It's a pretty tough case.

(HE WALKS INTO THE BEDROOM, CRADLING THE CASE LIKE A BABY.)  
CUT TO:)

6. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(PETER IS INSIDE THE DOORWAY. HE LOOKS AROUND, SEES A SMALL TABLE AND WALKS OVER TO IT, LAYING THE TYPEWRITER CASE GENTLY DOWN ONTO IT. HE OPENS IT, TAKES OUT THE TYPEWRITER (ELECTRIC), PUSHES THE CASE TO ONE SIDE TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE MACHINE. HE UNRAVEL THE FLEX, PLUGS ONE END INTO THE MACHINE, AND STANDS HOLDING THE PLUG LOOKING FOR A SOCKET. HE CROUCHES DOWN ON THE FLOOR, SCANNING THE ROOM. HE FINDS ONE.)

PETER: Ah! Always in the worst possible place.

(HE PULLS THE FLEX TOWARDS THE SOCKET. IT DOESN'T QUITE REACH. HE PULLS THE TABLE A BIT NEARER. THE PLUG NOW REACHES THE SOCKET. HE SWITCHES ON, RETURNS TO THE TABLE, STRAIGHTENS THE MACHINE IN FRONT OF HIM, SWITCHES IT ON, REALISES HE HAS NO PAPER, FINDS AN OLD ENVELOPE IN HIS POCKET, INSERTS IT INTO MACHINE. CUT TO:

7. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(WE SEE PETER'S FINGERS PRESSING THE KEYS, AND THE LETTERS APPEARING ON THE PAPER. HE TYPES J-A-Y-N-E IN UPPER CASE, A SINGLE RHYTHM OF 5 TAPS. PAUSES. THEN TYPES H-A-R-D-Y IN UPPER CASE, A SINGLE RHYTHM OF 5 TAPS. HE STARTS A NEW LINE, AND UNDER THESE WORDS TYPES AGAIN 'Jayne Hardy', BUT THIS TIME IN LOWER

(MORE)



CASE. HE THEN TYPES 'THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY PETER'. CUT TO:)

8. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(PETER IS LOOKING DOWN AT THE TYPEWRITER. HE TAKES THE PAPER OUT OF THE MACHINE AND LOOKS AT IT.)

PETER: That's fine. Good dog.

(HE PATS THE TYPEWRITER, SWITCHES IT OFF, PUTS ENVELOPE BACK INTO HIS POCKET, WALKS TO DOOR, PULLS THE OTHER SUITCASES INTO THE ROOM, LEAVES THE ROOM. CUT TO:)

9. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

(JAYNE IS IN THE LAST STAGES OF ORGANISING COFFEE. PETER COMES IN BEHIND HER, PUFFING A BIT. HE IS HOLDING FOUR LETTERS IN HIS HAND. HE WALKS TO HER, AND HOLDS HER AROUND WAIST, PUTS HEAD ON HER SHOULDER. JAYNE RUBS HER HEAD AGAINST HIS. PETER NUZZLES HER NECK.)

PETER: Yum, yum.

JAYNE: It'll be ready in a minute.

PETER: I wasn't referring to the coffee.

JAYNE: (LAUGHS) Well that's all you're getting in the kitchen.

PETER: Shame! I remember a film once -

JAYNE: You're always remembering films, especially that sort. I'm afraid that's not a good enough reason for turning a kitchen into a temporary bedroom! Anyway, you're a writer, not a film producer.

PETER: Alright. Well let me write your part for you, then.

JAYNE: No chance! I'll write my own part, thanks.

(PETER CONTINUES TO NUZZLE JAYNE, WHO IS RESPONDING A LITTLE.)

PETER: Well, if you won't be in my play, can I have a part in yours?

JAYNE: Maybe, if you're good.

PETER: I'm always good.

(THEY BEGIN KISSING, BUT JAYNE IS OBVIOUSLY NOT VERY KEEN. THE COFFEE BEGINS TO BUBBLE NOISILY,

(MORE)



AND JAYNE BREAKS AWAY, RATHER AWKWARDLY, LEAVING PETER A BIT TAKEN ABACK. SHE CARRIES ON WITH THE CUPS, ETC.

JAYNE: Was the typewriter o.k.?

PETER: Yes. No obvious damage.

JAYNE: You were lucky.

PETER: Well, it didn't have very far to fall. And you have a nice soft carpet on the landing.

(PETER WALKS ROUND THE TABLE TO SIT DOWN. HE IS STILL HOLDING THE LETTERS, AND JAYNE NOTICES THEM.)

JAYNE: What's that?

PETER: Oh, some letters I found behind the front door.

JAYNE: I thought I'd picked them up.

PETER: Well you missed these.

(HE GOES THROUGH THE LETTERS.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Hardy, Makin, Makin, Makin. Three Makins to one Hardy. I don't like that bias. It'll have to go.

JAYNE: It will. Most people round here still know me as Makin. All the tradesmen will, for instance, and I expect they're mainly bills - or a few late letters of 'condolence' (SHE SAYS THE WORD AS IF SHE FINDS THE CONCEPT BORING).

(PETER PUTS THE LETTERS ON THE TABLE. JAYNE SITS DOWN, AND LOOKS CURSORILY AT THEM, PUTS THEM ON ONE SIDE AND BEGINS TO POUR OUT THE COFFEE.)

JAYNE: (CONTINUING) I'll look at them tomorrow. I can't face the old life just yet.

(THEY BEGIN TO DRINK THEIR COFFEE, IN SILENCE.)

SOUND: A gust of wind outside.

PETER: So what do you think, now that we're actually here?

JAYNE: What do you mean? About coming back to this house, you mean?

PETER: Yeah. 'Cos, I — you must have had some second thoughts, even though you said you didn't. And now you're actually back here, well, I - it'd only be natural to be feeling, sort of



JAYNE: (CUTTING IN) Feeling what?

PETER: (CONFUSED) Oh I don't know - weird, odd, different... Dammit, he did die here!

JAYNE: I hadn't forgotten. But no, as a matter of fact, I don't feel weird, odd or different. I just feel like drinking my coffee, and not talking about it, if you don't mind.

PETER: Oh sure, sure.

(THERE'S A PAUSE, WHILE THEY DRINK.  
PETER IS UNCERTAIN WHETHER TO CONTINUE  
WITH THE SUBJECT, THEN JUMPS IN:)

PETER: (CONTINUING) The funny thing is, I wasn't expecting to, but I feel a bit weird, now I'm here.

JAYNE: You??

PETER: Well, sort of. A bit uncomfortable, more like. After all, when you're stepping into someone else's - well, everything - shower, study, bed...

JAYNE: There isn't a shower.

PETER: No, but you know what I mean. It is - was his house. It's full of his decisions. His ideas are everywhere.

JAYNE: And mine.

PETER: Yeah, but not so much. He'd lived here for several years before you met him, you told me - and you said you hadn't changed things much.

JAYNE: There wasn't time, with my job. And anyway, he said he couldn't write, if the atmosphere wasn't just so. He'd get very upset if I changed something round without asking him first. And if I asked him, the answer was usually no. I got fed up asking, after a while, and didn't bother.

PETER: I know what he meant about atmosphere.

(HE LOOKS AROUND.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) This place has certainly got plenty of that.

JAYNE: You'll get used to it. Especially after we start doing it up the way we want. It's our house now.

(PETER GETS UP SUDDENLY.)

PETER: Tell you what. Show me round. Guided tour. That'll get rid of my willies.

JAYNE: (VERY RELUCTANTLY) What, now? Can't we do it in the morning?



PETER: No, I want to see it all now - all your domain.

(HE PULLS JAYNE UP. SHE IS RESIGNED.)

JAYNE: Our domain. Alright, a quick tour.

(THEY GO OUT OF THE KITCHEN. MIX TO:)

10. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT.

(PETER AND JAYNE EMERGE FROM A ROOM, PULLING DOOR TO.)

JAYNE: There we are. Four down. Four up. And one on the top.

PETER: It's a crazy design.

JAYNE: I think the original owner was an artist, and he wanted the second floor as a single, large studio - though I can't think how he managed, 'cos it's not got much light.

PETER: Let's go up.

(HE MOVES TOWARDS THE STAIRS. JAYNE HOLDS BACK.)

JAYNE: Oh not now, I'm tired. Let's look at it tomorrow.

PETER: No, I want to see it now. After all, it's going to be my study, and I'd like to have a first glimpse of the place which is going to stimulate the great future imaginings of Peter Hardy (THE LAST FEW WORDS MOCK AMERICAN ANNOUNCER STYLE).

(HE TURNS UP THE STAIRS. JAYNE MOVES ASPACE FORWARD.)

JAYNE: You're going to use it as your study?

PETER: Well obviously. From what you say, it's an ideal place. Didn't Arthur use it as his study?

JAYNE: Y-yes.

PETER: Well then!

(HE GOES UP A COUPLE OF STEPS. JAYNE DOESN'T MOVE. PETER LOOKS DOWN AT HER.)

PETER: What's the matter?

JAYNE: Nothing. You go on up. I'll make the bed up.

(PETER COMES DOWN, GOES OVER TO JAYNE, HOLDS HER HANDS.)

PETER: Come on. What is it?

(JAYNE DOESN'T REPLY. PETER STARES AT HER.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) You're frightened.



JAYNE: Don't be ridiculous.

PETER: You jolly well are. Your hands are all clammy. I knew you'd be having some second thoughts about all of this. Maybe it wasn't so sensible to come back here.

JAYNE: I'm not having any second thoughts, I tell you. It's just - it's just - well, I found Arthur in there, and I've not been into the room since.

PETER: The day he was killed, you mean?

JAYNE: Yes.

PETER: Now look; I'm the one who's supposed to have the imagination in this house, not you. It's only a room, and just because someone's killed himself in it doesn't alter that. And I don't think either of us believes in an evil spirit lurking just inside the door to give us a scare. That sort of thing only happens in TV ghost stories.

(HE MOVES BACK TOWARDS THE STAIRS.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Nor can we live in a house where the mistress is scared to go into one of the rooms. For a start, it wouldn't get cleaned, and I (MOCK HORROR) couldn't possibly work in a dirty room!

(HE STARTS UP THE STAIRS.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Come on, now. Here pussy. Here puss. Puss, puss, puss.

(JAYNE SMILES, HALF-HEARTEDLY, AND  
FOLLOWS. CUT TO:)

11. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. OUTSIDE STUDY  
DOOR. NIGHT.

(PETER HAS REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, HIS HAND ON THE DOOR KNOB, JAYNE LAGGING BEHIND. HE OPENS THE DOOR AND PEERS IN. WE SEE THE STUDY, PETER'S POV. NOT MUCH FURNITURE, A BIT OF A MESS, PAPERS AND BOOKS. NEAR THE WINDOW, A ROLL-TOP DESK WITH AN OLD-STYLE ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER ON IT. PETER WALKS IN, SWITCHES ON LIGHT.

PETER: Very nice. I can see me here, oh yes.

(CUT TO:)

12. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. NIGHT.

(PETER IS WALKING ROUND AS IF HE OWNS THE PLACE. WE SEE JAYNE AT THE DOOR, BEHIND HIM, NOT COMING IN, LOOKING AT THE DESK. PETER SEES HER, AND FOLLOWS HER LINE OF REGARD. HE SEES THE TYPEWRITER.)



PETER: Arthur's?

(JAYNE NODS.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Well I shan't be using that old thing. I think electronic, and I need a machine to keep up.

(HE CASTS ANOTHER LOOK ROUND.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Very nice. I can feel me writing urge rising already.

(HE MOVES ACROSS TO JAYNE, WHO TAKES HIM BY THE HAND AND MOVES TOWARDS THE STAIRS.)

JAYNE: Well you can control that urge till tomorrow. There were other urges you were worried about, remember?

(THEY LEAVE THE ROOM, BUT WE STAY THERE. PAN TO TYPEWRITER, AND CLOSE ON THE SHEET OF PAPER WHICH IS INSERTED THERE. WE SEE THREE LINES OF UPPER-CASE J's. FADE OUT.)

FADE IN TO:

13. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(IT IS LATER THAT NIGHT. PETER AND JAYNE ARE ASLEEP. SUITCASES HALF UNPACKED AROUND THE ROOM. A WINDY NIGHT, JAYNE RESTLESS. CLOSE ON JAYNE'S FACE, AS WE HEAR:)

SOUND: Noise of typewriter, tapping out the 5562 rhythm, several times.

(JAYNE WAKES, EYES SUDDENLY OPEN. SHE STRUGGLES TO IDENTIFY THE SOUND. CUT TO:)

14. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

(MLS OF JAYNE SITTING UP. SHE LOOKS AT PETER SLEEPING, WONDERS WHETHER TO WAKE, DECIDES NOT. SHE LISTENS.)

SOUND: Gust of wind hides the sound for a moment, but the typewriter noise is still there when it quietens.

(JAYNE GETS UP, PUTS ON SLIPPERS, DRESSING GOWN, WALKS TO DOOR. SHE PAUSES AT THE DOOR, AND LISTENS AGAIN BEFORE OPENING IT. SHE OPENS IT SUDDENLY.)

SOUND: Noise gets louder as door opens, and gradually increases as the following action takes place, with increasing echo.

(JAYNE STARTS BACK, AS THE NOISE HITS HER. THEN MOVES FORWARD. CUT TO



15. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. NIGHT.

(JAYNE PEERS UP TOWARDS THE STUDY. SHE LOOKS BACK AT PETER, THEN MOVES ALONG THE LANDING TO THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS. WE LOOK UP AT THE STUDY DOOR, JAYNE'S POV. CUT TO:)

16. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. SECOND FLIGHT OF STAIRS. NIGHT.

(WE SEE JAYNE FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. SHE HAS STOPPED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, BUT SLOWLY MOVES UP TOWARDS CAMERA. CUT TO:)

17. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. SECOND FLIGHT OF STAIRS. NIGHT.

(WE LOOK UP THE STAIRS AT THE STUDY DOOR LOOMING UP, JAYNE'S POV. SHE REACHES THE DOOR. CUT TO:)

18. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. OUTSIDE STUDY DOOR. NIGHT.

(JAYNE PUTS HER HAND ON THE DOOR KNOB, BUT DOESN'T OPEN THE DOOR FOR A MOMENT. SHE IS VERY FRIGHTENED, BREATHING FAST, AND MOANING SLIGHTLY. SHE PLUCKS UP COURAGE AND OPENS THE DOOR IN A SUDDEN MOVEMENT. HER MOAN TURNS INTO A QUAVERY SCREAM.)

SOUND: The echoing, hammering typewriter noise reaches its climax as the door opens, and stops as she screams. As we see the next scene, all that we hear is the echo of the typewriter and of the scream.

(CUT TO:)

19. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. NIGHT.

(WE SEE THE STUDY, DESK CENTRE, JAYNE'S POV. THE ROOM IS EMPTY. CUT TO:)

20. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. NIGHT.

(WE SEE JAYNE LEANING AGAINST THE DOORWAY, COLD SWEAT. SHE IS STILL FOR A MOMENT. THEN SHE LOOKS ROUND THE ROOM, TURNS, AND SLOWLY GOES DOWNSTAIRS, OOV. PAN FROM THE DOOR TO THE DESK AND CLOSE ON THE INSERT PAPER IN THE TYPEWRITER. BENEATH THE ROWS OF JS THERE ARE NOW SEVERAL LINES OF 'JAYNE'. FADE OUT.)



FADE IN TO:

21. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY.

(A BREAKFAST SCENE. JAYNE AND PETER ARE SITTING AT THE TABLE. PETER IS EATING WITH GUSTO, JAYNE IS PENSIVE, MECHANICAL.)

PETER: Actually, after so much travelling around, it might be quite difficult getting stuck in again.

(SHORT PAUSE WHILE HE EATS.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) 'Specially as none of my books have arrived yet.

(EATS AGAIN.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) When were they supposed to be here, by the way?

(THERE IS NO RESPONSE FROM JAYNE, WHO SITS STARING AT HER COFFEE.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Wakey, wakey!

JAYNE: Oh sorry. What?

PETER: I said when are my books likely to arrive?

JAYNE: (ABRUPTLY) I've no idea. How should I know?

PETER: Well I just thought you - You got the delivery note from the van people, didn't you?

JAYNE: Yes.

PETER: Well I just thought it might have said that's all.

JAYNE: No. No, it didn't.

(LONG PAUSE, WHILE JAYNE STIRS COFFEE.)

PETER: I should think that sugar lump's dead by now.

(JAYNE TAKES OUT HER SPOON IN A RUSH AND BANGS IT DOWN ON THE TABLE, KNOCKING OVER HER CUP IN THE PROCESS. SHE OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK, DOESN'T, LOOKS AS IF SHE IS ABOUT TO CRY, DOESN'T. GOES TO THE SINK TO GET A CLOTH, JUST AHEAD OF PETER, WHOM SHE BRUSHES ASIDE.)

JAYNE: It's alright. It's alright. I'll do it.

(PETER, PERPLEXED, GOES BACK TO HIS SEAT.)



PETER: Are you alright?

JAYNE: Of course.

(SHE RETURNS FROM THE SINK WITH A CLOTH, WHICH SHE USES TO WIPE THE TABLE. PETER WATCHES HER, WONDERS WHETHER TO CONTINUE. THEY BOTH SPEAK AT ONCE.)

PETER: It's just that you're... }

JAYNE: I'm feeling a bit... }

PETER: Go on.

JAYNE: I'm just feeling a bit tired this morning. I didn't sleep too well last night.

PETER: That's not like you. What was up?

JAYNE: Oh, I don't know. Too much travelling, maybe. I couldn't get used to the noises, with the wind around. I kept hearing things.

PETER: I never heard anything.

JAYNE: You were snoring your head off.

PETER: You should've woken me.

JAYNE: What? And have you crabby all day too? You wanted to start work today, remember?

PETER: Well, sure. But not at your expense.

JAYNE: Never mind. I'll get over it. I'll catch up later, perhaps.

PETER: What were you planning on doing today, anyway? More unpacking?

JAYNE: Mm.

PETER: I don't envy you that. I hope you remember where you put everything.

(JAYNE TAKES THE CLOTH BACK TO THE SINK AND SQUEEZES IT OUT. PETER GETS UP AND PUTS HIS ARM ROUND HER.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) You'll take it easy, now, won't you.

(JAYNE NODS.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) Anyway, I'll be around. I'm not intending to do much myself. Just sort a few things out. Get some first ideas down.

JAYNE: Yes, you go on. I'll be fine.

(SHE TURNS TO HIM AND KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK.)

JAYNE: (CONTINUING) I'll expect a chapter by lunchtime.



PETER: A page, definitely. Maybe two, if there's a mid-morning cuppa.

JAYNE: Don't push it!

(PETER SMACKS HER PLAYFULLY ON HER BEHIND, AND TURNS TO LEAVE THE KITCHEN. HE STOPS IN THE DOORWAY.)

PETER: Oh, by the way, which suitcase was my paper and things in?

JAYNE: The blue one.

PETER: Okey-doke.

(HE WALKS OFF. CUT TO:)

22. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

(WE FOLLOW PETER ALONG THE HALL AND UP THE STAIRS, TWO AT A TIME. CUT TO:)

23. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. DAY.

(PETER EMERGES FROM THE BEDROOM, CARRYING THE BLUE SUITCASE. WE FOLLOW HIM TOWARDS THE STAIRS. CUT TO:)

24. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(WE SEE PETER ENTER THE STUDY, TYPEWRITER IN FOREGROUND, TYPEWRITER'S POV. THE TYPEWRITER STAYS IN SHOT AS HE PUTS THE SUITCASE DOWN, OPENS IT, GETS OUT A PILE OF TYPING PARAPHERNALIA, PUTS IT ON TABLE. HE TURNS, SEES THE TYPEWRITER AND MOVES TOWARDS CAMERA.)

PETER: Well, we shan't be needing you, old girl. You are past your prime.

(HE NEARS THE DESK, AND HIS FACE COMES VERY CLOSE TO CAMERA, AS HE SEES THE INSERT PAPER. HE IS AMAZED AT WHAT HE SEES. CUT TO:)

25. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(CLOSE SHOT OF THE INSERT PAPER. IT IS THE SAME PAPER AS BEFORE, BUT NOW IT HAS BEEN WOUND UP SO THAT WE CAN SEE THE REST OF THE PAGE HAS BEEN FILLED WITH ROWS OF 'JAYNE's. CUT TO:)

26. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF PETER TAKING THE PAPER OUT OF THE TYPEWRITER.)

PETER: Good lord!

(HE TURNS THE PAPER OVER, AS IF EXPECTING TO SEE MORE. HE LOOKS AT THE PAGE AGAIN. LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER, AS IF EXPECTING TO SEE SOMEONE. LOOKS DOWN

(MORE)



AT THE KEYBOARD, RUNS HIS HAND ALONG THE KEYS, SWITCHES THE MACHINE ON AND OFF. HE TURNS. WE FOLLOW HIM TO THE DOOR, AS IF TO CALL JAYNE, BUT HE STOPS AT THE DOOR. CUT TO:)

27. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(CLOSE SHOT OF PETER'S FACE, PUZZLED, WORRIED. PULL BACK AS HE WALKS SLOWLY BACK TO THE DESK, DRUMMING THE PAPER AGAINST HIS HAND. HE PUTS THE PAPER DOWN ON THE DESK, LIFTS THE TYPEWRITER OFF, PUTS IT ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THE DESK. HE FOLLOWS THE WIRE TOWARDS THE PLUG, AND FINDS THAT THE MACHINE HAS NO PLUG ON THE END, THE WIRES ARE BARE, STUFFED INTO THE SOCKETS.)

PETER: (TO SELF) Crazy!

(HE DECIDES HE'S IMAGINING THINGS, GETS UP AND LOOKS AROUND FOR HIS OWN TYPEWRITER.)

PETER: Idiot!

(HE GOES OUT OF THE ROOM. CUT TO:)

28. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. DAY.

(WE SEE PETER RUSH INTO THE BEDROOM, AS JAYNE REACHES THE TOP OF THE STAIRS FROM THE HALL. SHE IS CARRYING A SET OF TOWELS. AS SHE ARRIVES AT THE BEDROOM DOOR, SHE HAS TO SWERVE TO AVOID PETER, RUSHING BACK OUT WITH HIS TYPEWRITER IN HIS ARMS.)

PETER: Oops!     )

JAYNE: Sorry!     )

JAYNE: (CONTINUES) What are you doing down here?

PETER: I remembered the suitcase and forgot the typewriter.

JAYNE: You won't get far like that.

(JAYNE GOES OOV INTO BEDROOM. WE FOLLOW PETER, AS HE STARTS UP THE STAIRS, THEN STOPS. HE CALLS BACK.)

PETER: Jayne?

(CUT TO:)

29. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. DAY.

(JAYNE APPEARS IN BEDROOM DOOR.)

JAYNE: What?

(CUT TO:)

30. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. DAY.

(MS OF PETER, LEANING OVER THE END OF THE STAIRS.)



PETER: Er, you er - silly question, I was just wondering, when did you start typing?

(JAYNE MOVES IN FRAME, TO THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS.)

JAYNE: I beg your pardon?

PETER: (CONFUSED) Your typing. I didn't know you were learning.

JAYNE: I'm not.

PETER: Eh?

JAYNE: I'm not learning. I don't want to type. I've never wanted to. You know that.

PETER: Er, I didn't, actually.

JAYNE: I'm sure you did. But anyway, why bring it up now?

(PETER DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. HE LOOKS UP AT THE STUDY, BACK AT JAYNE.)

PETER: Oh, no reason. I mean, I just thought might do, might want to, sometime - especially now there's a spare machine upstairs.

JAYNE: Not me, thanks. I've never tried, and I don't intend to start now.

(SHE TURNS TO GO.)

PETER: Not even practised your own name? That's what most people do.

JAYNE: I told you. No.

(JAYNE MOVES OOV, BACK INTO BEDROOM. WE HOLD ON PETER, WHO STARES AFTER HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN CONTINUES UP THE STAIRS. CUT TO:)

### 31. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(PETER WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM, AND PUTS HIS TYPEWRITER DOWN ON THE DESK. HE PICKS UP THE PAPER WITH 'JAYNES' ON, LOOKS AT IT, SHAKES HIS HEAD, PUTS IT IN DESK DRAWER. HE PLUGS IN HIS TYPEWRITER, SITS ON THE CHAIR, TESTS HIMSELF AGAINST THE HEIGHT OF THE DESK, PULLS HIS CHAIR IN A BIT, BOUNCES ON IT A COUPLE OF TIMES, RUBS HANDS TOGETHER, SWITCHES MACHINE ON. HE PUTS HIS FINGERS ON THE KEYS READY TO TYPE, THEN REALISES HE HAS NO PAPER IN THE MACHINE.)

PETER: You'll forget your head next!

(HE GETS UP, FETCHES A PILE OF PAPER FROM THE TABLE, SITS DOWN AGAIN, PUTS A PIECE IN. CUT TO:)



32. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(WE SEE THE TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD AND PAPER, PETER'S POV. HIS FINGERS MOVE IN FRAME, AND HE TYPES T-H-E, BUT ON THE PAPER ABOVE IT COMES OUT AS J-J-J. CUT TO:)

33. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF PETER AT TYPEWRITER. HE IS VERY SURPRISED. HE STARES AT THE PAPER, SWITCHES IT UP AS IF TO CHECK THAT HE'S SEEN IT CORRECTLY, LINES UP THE PAPER AGAIN, AND TYPES AGAIN. CUT TO:)

34. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD AND PAPER, PETER'S POV. HIS FINGERS TYPE T-H-E SEVERAL TIMES, WHICH COMES UP AS J-J-J SEVERAL TIMES. CUT TO:)

35. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(CLOSE SHOT OF PETER'S FACE, EXASPERATED. CUT TO:)

36. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD AND PAPER, PETER'S POV, AS HE TYPES 'THE QUICK BROWN FOX'.)

PETER: (TO SELF, AS HE TYPES THE WORDS) The - quick - brown - fox.

(ON THE PAPER, ALL WE SEE IS 'JJJ JJJJJ JJJJJ JJJ'. CUT TO:)

37. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF PETER AT TYPEWRITER. HE THUMPS THE DESK.)

PETER: Aw, flaming heck!

(HE SWITCHES THE MACHINE OFF AND ON, AND TYPES SOME MORE, BUT OBVIOUSLY WITH THE SAME RESULT. HE SWITCHES OFF, AND PEERS INTO THE KEY COMPARTMENT. HE FINDS THE J KEY, AND PULLS IT BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS. HE SITS BACK, AND LOOKS AT HIS MESSY FINGERS. GETS OUT HANDKERCHIEF GINGERLY AND TRIES TO CLEAN THEM.)

PETER: Bloody nuisance!

(HE DECIDES TO TRY ONCE MORE. SWITCHES ON.)

PETER: Come on, you bastard, behave!

(CUT TO:)

38. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD AND PAPER, PETER'S POV. HE TYPES 'PETER HARDY'. IT COMES

(MORE)



OUT AS 'JJJJJ JJJJJ'. CUT TO:)

39. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(WE SEE PETER MLS, ARTHUR'S TYPEWRITER IN FOREGROUND, ITS POV. PETER SWITCHES OFF ABRUPTLY, PUSHES HIS CHAIR BACK, STANDS UP AND PACES ABOUT, GLOWERING AT HIS OWN MACHINE. DECIDES WHAT TO DO. WE FOLLOW HIM WALK OUT OF THE STUDY. CUT TO:)

40. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

(PETER COMES CLATTERING DOWN THE STAIRS. JAYNE COMES OUT OF KITCHEN, SURPRISED.)

JAYNE: You again!

PETER: The flaming thing's not working!

JAYNE: What? Your typewriter?

PETER: Yes. The keys have jammed somehow.

JAYNE: It must have been when you dropped it last night.

PETER: I don't see how. I tried it out. Don't you remember. It was fine.

JAYNE: So what's wrong with it, then?

PETER: No idea. It's jammed. It only types Js.

JAYNE: Js?

PETER: Yeah. Whatever key I press, it comes up J.

JAYNE: (MOCKING) The poor thing! It must have been overdoing it.

PETER: Very funny. But it's a bloody nuisance. I've no idea where the nearest repair shop is. You wouldn't know, I suppose?

JAYNE: Me?

PETER: Yes. It's your town, remember?

JAYNE: Well, sure, but I've never had to look for a typewriter repair shop.

PETER: Oh, alright. I just thought. Didn't Arthur's machine ever go wrong?

JAYNE: (COLDLY) I've no idea. He looked after that sort of thing himself. (PAUSE) Why don't you look it up in Yellow Pages?

(SHE WALKS OVER TO THE TELEPHONE, AND PULLS OUT THE DIRECTORY, PASSES IT TO PETER, WHO BEGINS SEARCHING.)

PETER: It's crazy. I've never known a machine do that before. Nothing but Js!

JAYNE: I'll leave you to it.



(SHE IS ABOUT TO WALK BACK TO THE KITCHEN, THEN CHANGES HER MIND AND DECIDES TO GO UPSTAIRS. CUT TO:)

41. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. DAY.

(WE SEE JAYNE REACH THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, AND WALK TOWARDS THE BEDROOM AS SHE REACHES THE DOOR, SHE HEARS:)

SOUND: Typewriter tapping 5562 rhythm, repeatedly.

(HER FACE CHANGES, FEAR. SHE LOOKS UPWARDS, IN DIRECTION OF STUDY.)

JAYNE: (HUSKILY, MOUTH TOO DRY) Peter?

(SHE WALKS TO THE FOOT OF THE STUDY STAIRS, AND LOOKS UP. CUT TO:)

42. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. SECOND FLIGHT OF STAIRS. DAY.

(WE SEE THE STUDY DOOR AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, JAYNE'S POV.)

SOUND: Typewriter tapping continues, same rhythm.

(CUT TO:)

43. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. SECOND FLIGHT OF STAIRS. DAY.

(WE SEE JAYNE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, LOOKING UP, STUDY DOOR POV. SHE TRIES TO CALL AGAIN, AND THIS TIME HER VOICE COMES OUT TOO LOUD.)

JAYNE: Peter!

PETER: (OOV) Hang on a tick! It's ringing.

(JAYNE DOESN'T TAKE HER EYES OFF THE DOOR. SHE WALKS SLOWLY UPSTAIRS. THE NOISE CONTINUES UNTIL WE CUT TO:

44. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(WE SEE JAYNE ENTERING THE STUDY, PETER'S TYPEWRITER IN FOREGROUND, ITS POV. JAYNE STARES AT THE TYPEWRITER AS SHE MOVES TOWARDS IT. CUT TO:)

45. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(PETER'S TYPEWRITER GETTING NEARER, JAYNE'S POV. AS SHE GETS CLOSE, WE FOCUS ON THE INSERT PAPER, WHICH CONTAINS ONLY THE Js TYPED BY PETER EARLIER. CUT TO:)



46. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE REACHING OUT UNCERTAINLY TOWARDS THE KEYBOARD. JUST AS HER HANDS NEAR THE KEYS, CUT TO:)

47. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(THE TYPEWRITER, JAYNE'S POV. IT SWITCHES ITSELF ON, WITH A LOUD CLICK AND HUM, THE KEYBOARD LIGHT PROMINENT. CUT TO:)

48. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE JERKING BACK, AS IF SHE'D BEEN BITTEN. SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH, SOB. AS SHE STARES AT THE MACHINE, CUT TO:)

49. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(THE TYPEWRITER, JAYNE'S POV. IT HUMS FOR A FEW BEATS, THEN SUDDENLY, LOUDLY RESETS ITSELF, CARRIAGE MOVING FOR THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LINE. CUT TO:)

50. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(JAYNE'S FACE, CLOSE. A SHORT SCREAM. PETRIFIED. CUT TO:)

51. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(THE TYPEWRITER, JAYNE'S POV. IT HUMS FOR TWO BEATS, THEN RESETS THREE TIMES AS IF IMPATIENTLY. CUT TO:)

52. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE, TYPEWRITER IN FOREGROUND, ITS POV. WE SEE JAYNE'S HANDS AT HER MOUTH, WHILE SHE STARES AT THE MACHINE. THE TYPEWRITER IS HUMMING, WAITING. JAYNE'S HANDS LEAVE HER MOUTH, AS IF THEY ARE BEING PULLED. SHE WATCHES THEM GO, AND CANNOT STOP THEM. HER HANDS APPROACH THE KEYBOARD. SHE PULLS BACK, LOOKING UPWARDS A LITTLE, NECK STRAINING, BUT HER HANDS CONTINUE TO APPROACH KEYBOARD. CUT TO:

53. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(THE TYPEWRITER KEYBOARD, JAYNE'S POV. HER HANDS COME IN FRAME, FINGERS SPLAYED, A PERFECT POSITION FOR TYPING SHE DOES NOT MOVE HER FINGERS, BUT AS SOON AS THEY ARE IN POSITION, THE MACHINE STARTS TO TYPE THE 5562 RHYTHM VERY FAST. WE SEE THE KEYS MOVING FORWARD, BUT WE DO NOT SEE WHAT IS BEING TYPED. CUT TO:)



54. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE, AS SHE STARES INCREDULOUSLY AT WHAT IS HAPPENING. HER FACE IS HORROR-STRUCK AS SHE BEGINS TO READ WHAT THE MACHINE IS TYPING. AS SHE READS, THE TYPEWRITER NOISE GETS LOUDER, AND ECHOES. HER BREATHING GETS FASTER, AND HER VOICE BUILDS UP TO A SCREAM, WHICH COINCIDES WITH THE CUT TO:)

55. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(THE PAPER IN THE TYPEWRITER, U/UN UPON WHICH IS BEING TYPED LINE AFTER LINE IN THE SAME 5562 RHYTHM: 'JAYNE MAKIN KILLED ME'. THE PAGE GOES OUT OF FOCUS AS JAYNE FAINTS. CUT TO:)

56. INT. THE HARDY'S HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MLS OF JAYNE FALLING FORWARDS ONTO THE MACHINE. THE MACHINE STOPS TYPING AS SHE FALLS AGAINST IT, AND ALL WE HEAR IS ITS HUM AS WE MOVE SLOWLY IN. WE SEE JAYNE'S FACE SIDEWAYS AGAINST THE KEYS. CAMERA STOPS WHEN FACE AND KEYBOARD ARE CLOSE, AND THEN THE MACHINE SWITCHES ITSELF OFF. SILENCE. FADE OUT.)

(COMMERCIAL BREAK)

FADE IN. RESUME SCENE 56.

(BCU OF JAYNE'S EYES, SHUT. THE SHOT GOES OUT OF FOCUS AS WE HEAR:)

PETER: (CALLING, AS IF IN DISTANCE, ECHO)  
Jayne! Jayne!

(INTO FOCUS ON PETER'S FACE, LOOKING ACROSS THE KEYBOARD ON A LEVEL WITH JAYNE, HER POV, BLURRED EDGE TO FRAME, HIS FACE SLIGHTLY DISTORTED. SHOT GOES OUT OF FOCUS AS WE HEAR FIRST PETER, THEN ARTHUR CALLING, VOICES OVERLAPPING:)

PETER: Jayne! Jayne!

ARTHUR: Jayne! Jayne! Jayne!

(AS WE COME INTO FOCUS, WE SEE ARTHUR'S FACE INSTEAD OF PETER'S, BUT ALSO DISTORTED, BLURRED EDGE TO FRAME.

ARTHUR IS ABOUT 50, PODGY, MEAN FACE, THIN MOUSTACHE. HE IS STARING AT JAYNE, HIS HEAD LYING ON THE OTHER HALF OF THE KEYBOARD. HE IS OBVIOUSLY IN PAIN, AS HE CALLS HER NAME. WE MOVE BACK, UNTIL WE SEE THE WHOLE OF ARTHUR. HE IS SITTING ON HIS CHAIR, BUT HAS FALLEN ACROSS THE TYPEWRITER. HE IS TWITCHING AND JERKING HORRIBLY. HE IS HOLDING THE BARE WIRES FROM THE PLUG IN ONE HAND, AND HAS EVIDENTLY ELECTROCUTED HIMSELF, THOUGH NOT



FATALLY. THERE IS NO SIGN OF JAYNE, AND IT IS ARTHUR'S TYPEWRITER, NOT PETER'S. AS WE PULL BACK, ARTHUR CONTINUES TO STARE ACROSS THE TYPEWRITER SO THAT BY THE TIME WE SEE HIM FROM THE DOORWAY, HE IS NO LONGER LOOKING INTO CAMERA. HE IS TRYING TO GET HIMSELF UP OFF THE TYPEWRITER, AND AS HE DOES SO HE HALF TURNS HIS FACE TO LOOK AT THE CAMERA, STILL IN DOORWAY. HE SEES JAYNE THERE, BUT WE STAY WITH JAYNE'S POV. HE REACHES OUT TO HER. A SCREW-DRIVER FALLS OUT OF HIS OTHER HAND.)

ARTHUR: Jayne!

(WE CLOSE ON ARTHUR, JAYNE'S POV. SHE LOOKS DOWN AT THE BARE WIRES, AND UP AT ARTHUR'S FACE, BACK TO THE WIRES. WE SEE HER HANDS TAKE UP THE WIRES BY THEIR INSULATED SECTIONS, AND THRUST THEM AGAINST ARTHUR'S HANDS. HE SCREAMS JERKS WILDLY, AND COLLAPSES, EYES STARING. CUT TO:)

57. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(CLOSER SHOT OF ARTHUR'S FACE, CENTRE ON EYES. WE HEAR ARTHUR'S VOICE, SHOUTING, ECHOING, AS IF SOME DISTANCE AWAY, BUT HIS LIPS DO NOT MOVE.)

ARTHUR: Jayne!

(CUT TO:)

58. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(CLOSE SHOT OF ARTHUR'S EYES. WE HEAR HIS VOICE AGAIN, STILL FURTHER AWAY, SHOUTING, ECHOING.)

ARTHUR: Jayne!

(SHOT GOES OUT OF FOCUS, AS WE MIX TO:)

59. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(CLOSE SHOT OF PETER'S EYES. BLURRED EDGE TO FRAME NOW CLEARS. WE HEAR HIS VOICE, FIRST DISTANT, THEN, AS WE PULL BACK, ALOUD AND NEAR.)

PETER: Jayne! Jayne!

(HE IS LOOKING ACROSS AT JAYNE, HER POV, WORRIED. CUT TO:)

60. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE JERKING UPRIGHT, SEES PETER, HOLDS ONTO HIM. SHE REMEMBERS, SWINGS ROUND TO SEE THE TYPEWRITER PAPER, GASPS, DISBELIEF. CUT TO:)

61. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(THE PAPER IN THE TYPEWRITER, AS IT WAS IN SCENE 43. CUT TO:)



62. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE, WHO PULLS THE PAPER OUT NEARLY TEARING IT. SHE SEARCHES FOR WHAT SHE SAW, LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES. SHE LOOKS AROUND ON THE DESK, ON THE FLOOR, THEN UP AT PETER.)

JAYNE: What have you done with it?

PETER: With what? For goodness' sake, Jayne, what's the matter? What have I done with what?

JAYNE: With the paper - the paper that was in there.

PETER: You've got it in your hand.

JAYNE: No, the other, the other. There was more on it. You've got it. You've seen it.

(SHE PULLS AT HIS HANDS, GRABS AT HIS POCKET.)

JAYNE: (CONTINUING) You've seen it. You've seen it.

(SHE STOPS SEARCHING AND LEANS AGAINST HIM, SOBBING. PETER TRIES TO COMFORT HER.)

PETER: Darling, shush. Listen, I haven't got it. Hey. Come on.

(JAYNE LESS DISTRAUGHT.)

PETER: (CONTINUING) I haven't seen anything. What was there to see?

JAYNE: What it said - what it said on the paper - about me - what it said -

PETER: (CUTTING IN) Darling, don't - listen - you're imagining things. Come on, come and lie down for a bit.

(HE HELPS HER UP, AND THEY START TO WALK OUT OF THE ROOM. MIX TO:)

63. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY.

(PETER IS HELPING JAYNE ONTO THE BED, GETTING PILLOWS STRAIGHT, ETC.)

PETER: I'm going to call a doctor.

(JAYNE JERKS UPRIGHT, ON ONE ELBOW.)

JAYNE: No, no. I don't want a doctor. You mustn't.

PETER: But you're not well, love.

JAYNE: I don't want a doctor.

PETER: But why on earth not? You were out cold. You should see someone. You've probably picked up some kind of bug.

JAYNE: (ANGRY) No! Please, Peter, leave me be.



(SHE LIES BACK. PETER IS NON-PLUSSED.  
PAUSE FOR A FEW BEATS.)

PETER: Well at least stay lying down for a bit.

JAYNE: Alright, alright.

(ANOTHER PAUSE. PETER SITS ON BED.)

PETER: Jayne -

JAYNE: (CUTTING IN) Look, why don't you leave me alone for a bit. Go and - go and do something useful. Get on with your work.

PETER: I can't. The typewriter's bust. Don't you remember? You must do. You were up there with it. What were you doing, anyway?

JAYNE: I was - I just -

(SHE TOSSES HER HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE, AS IF TO GET RID OF THE MEMORY.)

JAYNE: (CONTINUING) It's bust, yes. It's broken, jamming. That's what it is. You've got to fix it, Peter.

(SHE PULLS HERSELF UP, PLEADING.)

JAYNE: (CONTINUING) Get it fixed. You were going to find a repair shop.

PETER: I did - did find one. At least, I got through to one. They said I could bring the thing in any time.

JAYNE: Go and do it now - please.

PETER: Right now? But will you be alright?

JAYNE: Yes, yes, I told you. I just need a rest. Go on. Take it now.

(PETER GETS UP FROM THE BED, RELUCTANTLY.)

PETER: Well, if you're sure.

(HE STANDS BY THE BED, MAKES A HALF-HEARTED ATTEMPT TO STRAIGHTEN THE PILLOW, JAYNE LOOKS AWAY. HE KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK, BUT SHE DOESN'T RESPOND. HE STRAIGHTENS UP.)

PETER: I won't be long, then.

(HE PAUSES, WAITING FOR A REACTION. NONE COMES. HE TURNS AND LEAVES THE ROOM. WE PAN TO JAYNE'S FACE. SHE IS STARING, BITING HER HAND. SILENCE. WE HEAR PETER'S FEET CLUMPING AROUND. FADE OUT.)



(FADE UP TO THE SAME VIEW OF JAYNE'S FACE, BUT SHE IS NOW ASLEEP. CLOSE IN ON FACE, WITH A DISTANT ECHOING VOICE CALLING:)

ARTHUR: Jayne! Jayne!

(HER FACE IS RESTLESS. CUT TO:)

64. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(A VERY BRIEF CLIP FROM SCENE 56. CU OF ARTHUR'S FACE, AS SHE KILLS HIM. NO SOUND. CUT TO:)

65. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY.

(CU OF JAYNE'S FACE, STILL RESTLESS. CUT TO:)

66. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(WE SEE ARTHUR'S TYPEWRITER AND PAPER, TYPING 'JAYNE' SEVERAL TIMES. CUT TO:)

67. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY.

(CU OF JAYNE'S FACE, MORE RESTLESS. CUT TO:)

68. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(MLS OF ARTHUR SITTING AT HIS DESK, TYPING, BACK TO CAMERA. WE MOVE CLOSER, AND HE TURNS, FACE DISTORTED, GRINNING. HE IS HOLDING TWO SPARKING WIRES, WHICH HE THRUSTS UP AT THE CAMERA, AS IT NEARS HIM. HIS MOUTH IS NOT MOVING, BUT WE HEAR:)

ARTHUR: (INVITINGLY) Jayne! Jayne!

SOUND: Each of Arthur's words is accompanied by 5 typewriter taps, increasing in loudness.

(CUT TO:)

69. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY.

(CU OF JAYNE'S FACE, AS SHE WAKES UP WITH A HALF-SCREAM. WE PULL BACK QUICKLY AS SHE SITS UP. WE HEAR ARTHUR'S VOICE AGAIN, ACCOMPANIED BY 5 LOUD TAPS, BUT IT IS THE FRONT DOOR KNOCKER.)

ARTHUR: Jayne!

(JAYNE STAYS STILL, LISTENING. THE FRONT DOOR KNOCKER AGAIN, 5 TAPS, INSISTENT. SHE GETS OUT OF BED, AND HURRIES OUT OF THE ROOM. CUT TO:)



70. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

(JAYNE REACHES THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, GOES TO FRONT DOOR. THERE IS ANOTHER LOUD 5 TAP, JUST AS SHE REACHES IT. SHE REACHES FOR THE DOOR. CUT TO:)

71. INT/EXT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.

(WE SEE THE MILKMAN, SMILING, JAYNE'S POV. CUT TO:)

72. INT/EXT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.

(JAYNE IN THE DOORWAY, DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY, SAYS NOTHING. CUT TO:)

73. INT/EXT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE, FRONT DOOR. DAY.

(MS JAYNE AND MILKMAN.)

MILKMAN: You alright, Mrs Makin?

JAYNE: (AUTOMATICALLY) Hardy.

MILKMAN: Beg pardon?

JAYNE: Hardy. I'm Hardy now. I have a new name - a new husband.

MILKMAN: Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs Hardy. Of course. I was forgetting - though as a matter of fact I don't think I did know your new name. It's still in my book as Makin. I'll write it down now. Is that with a Y or an IE at the end?

(HE WRITES IN HIS BOOK.)

JAYNE: Y.

(MILKMAN PUTS BOOK DOWN, LOOKS UP AT JAYNE AND WAITS. PAUSE.)

MILKMAN: So what shall I put you down for?

JAYNE: What?

MILKMAN: What milk shall I put you down for? It is today you said you wanted me to start again, according to my book.

JAYNE: Oh yes, yes, of course. Er, just two pints a day. That'll be fine.

(MILKMAN MAKES A NOTE.)

MILKMAN: Lovely. As from today.

(HE TAKES OUT TWO PINTS FROM HIS CRATE, AND PASSES THEM ACROSS.)

JAYNE: Thank you.

MILKMAN: See you again, then, Mrs Hardy. And er, hope you'll be very happy. Regards to Mr Hardy.



JAYNE: Thank you.

(JAYNE CLOSES THE DOOR. CUT TO:)

74. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

(JAYNE IS LEANING BACK AGAINST THE FRONT DOOR, NERVOUSLY LAUGHING, HUGGING THE MILK BOTTLES. SHE WALKS TOWARDS THE KITCHEN, BUT AS SHE DOES SO, HER ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE TELEPHONE, WHERE PETER HAS LEFT THE YELLOW PAGES OPEN. SHE WALKS OVER TO IT AND LOOKS DOWN AT THE PAGES. CUT TO:)

75. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

(CU OF THE AD IN YELLOW PAGES WHICH PETER SAW. IT IS A PROMINENT AD, FOR A SHOP NAMED 'TYPERAMA', AND PETER HAS CIRCLED IT IN PENCIL. CUT TO:)

76. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE, AS SHE SAYS TO HERSELF:)

JAYNE: Typerama.

(SHE TURNS ROUND, LOOKS UPSTAIRS, AS SHE REMEMBERS WHAT HAS HAPPENED.)

JAYNE: The paper. Must find that paper.

(SHE HALF THROWS THE MILK BOTTLES DOWN, AND RUNS TOWARDS THE STAIRS. CUT TO:)

77. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. LANDING. DAY.

(JAYNE RUNNING UP THE STAIRS, ALONG THE LANDING, AND UP SECOND FLIGHT. CUT TO:)

78. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. STUDY. DAY.

(STUDY DOOR IS OPEN, AND WE SEE JAYNE RUSHING UP THE LAST FEW STAIRS, AND ENTERING THE STUDY. SHE RUSHES OVER TO THE DESK, WHICH IS EMPTY, APART FROM SOME BLANK SHEETS OF PAPER. SHE SEARCHES FURIOUSLY FOR THE PAPER, FIRST ON THE DESK, THEN OPENS DRAWERS. SHE FINDS THE ORIGINAL INSERT PAGE THAT PETER HAD PUT AWAY (SCENE 31), GLANCES AT IT, SCREWS IT UP AND THROWS IT IN THE CORNER. TURNS TO THE TABLE, THRUSTS ABOUT AMONG THE THINGS, KNOCKING SOME ON THE FLOOR. THEN SHE STOPS.)



72. JAYNE: It must still be in the machine.  
In Peter's machine.

(SHE RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM, AND DOWN THE STAIRS. CUT TO:)

79. INT. THE HARDYS' HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY.

(WE SEE JAYNE COME ROUND THE END OF THE STAIRS, TELEPHONE DIRECTORY IN THE FOREGROUND. SHE APPROACHES THE BOOK, AND JABS WITH HER FINGER AS SHE SEARCHES FOR THE ADDRESS.)

JAYNE: Typorama. Eleven Munster Street.  
Eleven Munster Street.

(SHE GRABS HER HANDBAG, AND SEARCHES FOR HER CAR KEYS. SHE CAN'T FIND THEM IMMEDIATELY, SO SHE TIPS EVERYTHING OUT ONTO THE HALL TABLE, HALF ONTO THE FLOOR. SHE FINDS THE KEYS, GRABS THEM, AND RUNS OUT OF THE HOUSE, LEAVING FRONT DOOR OPEN. SOUND OF HER FEET ON THE DRIVE, AS WE HOLD ON THE EMPTY HALL. CAR STARTING UP, DOOR SLAM, ETC. CUT TO:)

80. EXT. THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE HARDYS' HOUSE.  
(FILM). DAY.

(JAYNE DRIVES OUT INTO THE ROAD, VERY CARELESSLY. SHE DRIVES OFF ALONG THE ROAD. CUT TO:)

81. EXT. ANOTHER ROAD. (FILM). DAY.

(JAYNE DRIVING FAST ALONG THE ROAD. CUT TO:)

82. EXT. A ROAD NEAR TOWN CENTRE. (FILM). DAY.

(JAYNE CORNERING BADLY INTO THE ROAD. CUT TO:)

83. EXT. MUNSTER STREET. (FILM). DAY.

(THE STREET SIGN IS PROMINENT. JAYNE TURNS INTO THE STREET, WHICH IS A FAIRLY BUSY SHOPPING STREET. SHE SLOWS AS SHE PEERS AT THE SHOPS, LOOKING FOR NUMBERS. CUT TO:)

84. EXT. MUNSTER STREET. (FILM). DAY.

(WE SEE THE SHOPS GO BY, THROUGH JAYNE'S WINDSCREEN, HER POV. WE SEE THE SHOP NUMBERS (29, 19, ETC.) AND THEN THE TYPEWRITER SHOP COMES INTO VIEW. WE SLOW DOWN AND STOP, WITH THE WHOLE SHOP FRAMED IN THE SIDE WINDOW OF THE CAR. HOLD ON THE SHOP FOR A FEW BEATS. THE SIGN 'TYPERAMA' IS PROMINENT. THE SHOP IS EMPTY. CUT TO:)



85. EXT. MUNSTER STREET. (FILM). DAY.

(JAYNE GETS OUT OF THE CAR, LOOKS UP AND DOWN STREET, UP AT THE SHOP'S NAME. SHE WALKS OVER TO THE SHOP WINDOW AND PEERS INSIDE. CUT TO:)

86. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(WE SEE THE SHOP THROUGH THE WINDOW, JAYNE'S POV.)

THE SHOP IS A LONG RECTANGULAR ROOM, WITH TYPEWRITERS LAID OUT ON SMALL TABLES ALONG EACH SIDE, AT ANGLES TO THE CENTRAL PASSAGEWAY, SO THAT AS ONE WALKS ALONG ONE CAN SEE EACH MACHINE CLEARLY. AT THE END THERE IS A DESK AGAINST THE FAR WALL, WITH ANOTHER TYPEWRITER ON IT. EACH TABLE HAS A MACHINE ON IT, AND EACH MACHINE HAS A PIECE OF PAPER IN IT, WITH THE SENTENCE 'THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG' TYPED IN THE TYPEFACE APPROPRIATE TO THE MACHINE. THERE IS A DOOR, BACK LEFT, CLOSED.

THERE IS NO-ONE IN THE SHOP. CUT TO:)

87. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(LS OF JAYNE, PEERING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW. WE SEE HER FROM THE BACK OF THE SHOP, RANKS OF TYPEWRITERS IN FOREGROUND. SHE IS UNCERTAIN WHAT TO DO, BUT DECIDES TO ENTER. SHE COMES IN, DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HER. SILENCE. SHE STEPS FORWARD A COUPLE OF PAGES.

JAYNE: Hello?

(SHE MOVES FURTHER FORWARD.)

JAYNE: Hello? Anyone there?

(SHE LOOKS AROUND CURSORILY, THEN TURNS TO GO. SHE REACHES THE DOOR AND PULLS AT THE HANDLE. THE DOOR DOESN'T OPEN. CUT TO:)

88. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE PULLING AT THE DOOR HANDLE, FIRST GENTLY, THEN VIGOROUSLY. IT WILL NOT OPEN. SHE TURNS, AND CALLS:)

JAYNE: Hello!

(WE FOLLOW HER AS SHE WALKS THE LENGTH OF THE SHOP TO THE REAR DOOR, WHICH SHE TRIES. IT WON'T OPEN. SHE BANGS ON IT, CALLING:)

JAYNE: Is anyone in there? Hello!

(SHE BEGINS TO PANIC, RUNS BACK TO THE OTHER DOOR, PULLS AT THE HANDLE AGAIN. NO USE. CUT TO:)



89. EXT. MUNSTER STREET. (FILM). DAY.

(WE SEE JAYNE FROM THE STREET, TRYING TO GET OUT. NO NOISE IS HEARD, THOUGH SHE BEGINS TO BANG THE DOOR WITH HER FISTS. SHE IS SEARCHING FOR PASSERS-BY BUT THERE ARE NONE. CUT TO:)

90. EXT. MUNSTER STREET. (FILM). DAY.

(LS OF THE SHOP, FROM DOWN THE STREET, SO THAT WE SEE IT IS DESERTED, APART FROM JAYNE'S CAR. CUT TO:)

SOUND: A GUST OF WIND.)

91. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE'S BACK, AS SHE STOPS BANGING, DROPS ARMS BY HER SIDES, DEJECTED. CUT TO:)

92. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(CU OF BACK OF JAYNE'S HEAD, STILL. SILENCE. THEN, AFTER A PAUSE, A TYPEWRITER SWITCHES ITSELF ON, AND RESETS FOR A NEW LINE. JAYNE SLOWLY TURNS AROUND, TO FACE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE. FACE MESMERISED. CUT TO:)

93. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(A MACHINE MID-LEFT IS ON, HUMMING. WE SEE IT MLS, JAYNE'S POV. AS SHE WATCHES, IT RESETS LOUDLY AND STARTS TO TYPE, 5562 RHYTHM. CUT TO:)

94. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MLS OF JAYNE, TYPEWRITER IN FOREGROUND, ITS POV. SHE APPROACHES IT, DISBELIEF TURNING TO HORROR, BUT BEFORE SHE IS HALF-WAY TO IT, CUT TO:

95. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(CU OF TYPEWRITER MID-RIGHT OF SHOP, JAYNE MLS BEHIND IT. IT TURNS ITSELF ON WITH A LOUD CLICK AND HUM. ZOOM IN ON JAYNE'S FACE, AS SHE SWINGS ROUND TO THE NEW SOURCE OF NOISE. CUT TO:)

96. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MLS OF SECOND TYPEWRITER, JAYNE'S POV, AS IT BEGINS TO TYPE, 5562 RHYTHM, BUT NOT EXACTLY IN TIME WITH THE FIRST MACHINE. CUT TO:)



97. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(CU OF MACHINE AT BACK OF SHOP LEFT, SWITCHING ON AND BEGINNING TO TYPE. SUDDEN PULL BACK TO SEE MACHINE IN FRONT OF IT SWITCH ON AND BEGIN TO TYPE. RAPID PAN RIGHT TO THE MACHINES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SHOP, WHICH BEGIN TO SWITCH ON. CUT TO:)

98. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE, LOOKING BACK AND FORTH AT THE DIFFERENT MACHINES, AND SLOWLY BACKING AWAY, AS EACH ONE COMES ON. BY THE TIME SHE REACHES THE FRONT DOOR OF THE SHOP, ALL THE MACHINES HAVE COME ON. THE NOISE IS DEAFENING. WE SEE HER, LS, BACK AGAINST THE DOOR, HANDS PRESSED AGAINST HER EARS. THEN SHE RUSHES TO ONE MACHINE, AND STARES AT THE PAPER. CUT TO:)

99. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(CU OF JAYNE'S FACE, READING. HORROR PANIC AS SHE READS. CUT TO:)

100. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(CU OF PAPER. WE SEE SEVERAL ROWS OF 'JAYNE MAKIN KILLED ME', MORE BEING TYPED. CUT TO:)

101. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE TRYING TO SWITCH OFF THE MACHINE. SHE FINDS THE SWITCH. IT WILL NOT SWITCH OFF. CUT TO:)

102. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MLS OF JAYNE RUNNING TO ANOTHER MACHINE, READING THE PAGE. CUT TO:)

103. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(CU OF PAPER. SEVERAL ROWS OF 'JAYNE MAKIN KILLED ME', MORE BEING TYPED. WE SEE JAYNE'S HAND GRAB THE PAPER AND PULL IT AWAY. CUT TO:)

104. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MLS OF JAYNE TURNING AWAY FROM THIS MACHINE, PAPER CRUMPLED IN HER HAND. SHE RUNS TO THE FRONT OF THE SHOP, AND HAMMERS ON THE DOOR, BUT WE CAN'T HEAR HER BECAUSE OF THE NOISE OF THE MACHINES. CUT TO:)



105. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE, HEAD AGAINST FRONT DOOR, SOBBING, MOANING. WE SEE HER FROM BEHIND AND SLIGHTLY TO ONE SIDE. HOLD, WHILE MACHINES CONTINUE TO TYPE FOR A FEW BEATS, AND THEN THEY SIMULTANEOUSLY STOP. JAYNE DOESN'T MOVE IMMEDIATELY, BUT THEN SLOWLY BEGINS TO RAISE HER HEAD, AS SHE REALISES THE NOISE HAS STOPPED. SHE BEGINS TO TURN HER HEAD, BUT FREEZES AS, WITHIN THE SILENCE, SHE HEARS A SINGLE MACHINE START AGAIN. SHE SLOWLY TURNS ROUND. SHOCK, FEAR ON FACE AS SHE SEES SOMETHING. CUT TO:)

106. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(LS OF THE DESK AT THE CENTRE BACK OF THE SHOP. A MAN IN A SUIT IS TYPING AT IT. WE SEE ONLY HIS BACK, NO FACE. CUT TO:)

107. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE, DRAWN TOWARDS THE MAN, HIS POV. CUT TO:)

108. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MLS OF MAN'S BACK, GETTING NEARER AS JAYNE APPROACHES, HER POV. CUT TO:)

109. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(JAYNE NOW VERY CLOSE TO THE MAN, HIS POV. SHE REACHES OUT, TRIES TO SAY SOMETHING, BUT NOTHING COMES OUT. HER HAND COMES FORWARD, AND WE SEE IT FALL ON HIS SHOULDER. WE PULL BACK AS HE SWINGS ROUND IN HIS CHAIR, AND WE SEE ARTHUR'S DISTORTED GRINNING FACE CU. JAYNE SCREAMS. CUT TO:)

110. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(WE SEE JAYNE AND ARTHUR, FROM THE FRONT DOOR OF THE SHOP. SHE IS BACKING AWAY SCREAMING. HE IS GETTING UP FROM THE MACHINE, HOLDING TWO SPARKING WIRES. SHE TURNS AND RUNS TOWARDS CAMERA, ARTHUR FOLLOWING, BUT SLOWLY. CUT TO:)

111. INT. TYPEWRITER SHOP. DAY.

(MS OF JAYNE REACHING THE FRONT DOOR. SHE PULLS IT OPEN AND RUSHES OUT INTO THE STREET. CUT TO:)



112. EXT. A STREET WITH SHOPS. (STOCK). DAY.

(AN APPROACHING CAR, HORN BLOWING,  
BRAKES SQUEALING, ETC. CUT TO:)

113. EXT. MUNSTER STREET. (FILM). DAY.

(CAR SLEWED AT AN ANGLE ACROSS THE ROAD. WE SLOWLY MOVE ROUND IT, TO SEE JAYNE'S BODY IN THE ROAD. PAN DOWN AND ZOOM IN ON HER FACE. PAN UP, KEEPING FACE IN FOREGROUND, BUT BRINGING TYPEWRITER SHOP INTO FOCUS. WE LEAVE HER FACE AND MOVE TOWARDS THE SHOP. IT IS EMPTY, BUT IN THE BACK OF THE SHOP, WE SEE A SALESMAN COME OUT OF THE REAR DOOR. HE SEES THE COMMOTION OUTSIDE, AS PEOPLE RUN UP, AND HE COMES TO THE FRONT OF THE SHOP. HE STEPS OUT ONTO THE PAVEMENT, AND STOPS A PASSER-BY.)

SALESMAN: What happened?

PASSER-BY: I don't know. She came out of your shop, screaming like a mad thing, and went straight into the road. Driver didn't have a chance.

SALESMAN: Out of my shop?

PASSER-BY: Yeah, I think so. Didn't you see her?

SALESMAN: No, I wasn't in the shop. I was out at the back, fixing a fuse. Must have overloaded something. I was only out there a few minutes. I didn't hear anything.

PASSER-BY: Well, I don't know. Something obviously frightened her. She was screaming pretty awful.

SALESMAN: Has somebody called an ambulance?

PASSER-BY: Yeah. Him next door, I think. Won't do her much good, though, by the looks of things.

(SALESMAN LOOKS DOWN AND TURNS AWAY, WALKS SLOWLY BACK TOWARDS THE SHOP. WE FOLLOW HIM, AS HE WALKS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE SHOP. AS WE FOLLOW HIM, WE SEE CLEARLY EACH TYPEWRITER ON THE LEFT-HAND SIDE OF THE SHOP. WE PAUSE SLIGHTLY AT EACH ONE, SO THAT WE CAN READ WHAT IS ON THE INSERT PAPER. EACH ONE SAYS, IN ITS OWN TYPEFACE, 'THE QUICK BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG'. AS HE PASSES THE ONE MACHINE WITH NO PAPER IN (SEE SCENE 103), THE SALESMAN PAUSES, NOTICES, LOOKS ROUND FOR THE PAPER, PUZZLED, SHAKES HEAD, CARRIES ON TO THE BACK OF THE SHOP.



WE SLOWLY PULL BACK FROM THIS MACHINE,  
AND PASS OUT OF THE SHOP. UNTIL ~~POWÈ~~ WE ARE  
BACK WITH JAYNE'S FACE IN THE FOREGROUND.  
WE HOLD ON HER FACE, AND THEN PAN RIGHT  
ALONG HER OUTSTRETCHED ARM TO HER HAND,  
WHICH IS NO LONGER HOLDING THE PAPER.  
WE PAN RIGHT TOWARDS THE GUTTER, WHERE THE  
CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER HAS BEEN BLOWN.  
WE ZOOM IN ON THE PAPER. IT IS JUST POSSIBLE  
TO SEE WHAT IT SAYS: 'JAYNE MAKIN KILLED  
ME'. THEN A GUST OF WIND BLOWS IT AWAY.

SOUND: STREET NOISES DIMINISH, REPLACED BY  
THE GUST OF WIND. IN THE DISTANCE, AN  
AMBULANCE SIREN WAILS.

CLOSING CREDITS. FADE OUT.)