

Student Union

By

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FIRST DRAFT - 03/01/2010
THIS DRAFT - 08/03/2010
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"University politics are vicious precisely because the stakes are so small."
- Henry Kissinger

COLD OPEN:

1 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

The room is sparse, really just a table and chairs. On the table are a pair of microphones.

HAND-HELD CAMERA

The camera faces GORDON KELLY, late 30s, a man of business, sitting on one side of the table. He's looking sceptically at the unseen INTERVIEWER.

GORDON
So what's this for?

INTERVIEWER
Just a --

GORDON
Just a la-dee-da student exposé, is it? Making a name for yourself with a bit of a tell all documentary?

INTERVIEWER
I think it's worth putting your ideas out there if you've got them. Don't you?

GORDON
Well, sure, I suppose, but then you're making the fatal assumption that I've got anything that people want to hear, or even vaguely care about. Besides, I don't imagine there's a thronging audience for amateur hour student films, is there? I'm a businessman, and I'm a politician, and neither of these subjects will earn you brownie points at your next film society swingers' session, so let's make this quick. Is that guy ready?

He points to the camera.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER

Steve? Got it? OK, good.

GORDON

Let's go.

INTERVIEWER

So, Gordon Kelly. What is it you do for the student union?

GORDON

I am chief executive officer for the university student union.

INTERVIEWER

And what does that actually mean, for the layman?

Gordon smiles darkly.

GORDON

That I'm here to ruin everybody's day.

CUT TO MAIN TITLES

2

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT - B+W

It's late, and ANDREW CROW is burning the midnight oil, typing in his office. A PRINTER can be heard churning out paper in the background.

INSERT: PRINTER TRAY

The sheet being printed is a suicide note. It reads:

"So this is it, I've reached the end, and these are my final words. Impersonal, maybe, inconvenient, perhaps, but inevitable? Certainly. I leave this world free from regret, but still with sadness in my heart..."

The note continues, but we cut to...

INSERT: A DRAWER

A desk drawer is opened. Inside, there is a gun.

CLOSE UP: ANDREW

His face in profile, looking up as though towards the heavens, then down to his shoes; a sad man, a broken man.

3 INT. OUTSIDE ANDREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT - B+W

Andrew's door dominates the frame; a sign is placed upon it, bearing his name and position as "Head of Department: Marketing and Communications".

A beat, then a GUNSHOT blares out. At that precise moment, we immediately switch from black and white to colour.

Another silent beat, then...

FADE THROUGH BLACK:

4 INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY - B+W

The hallway is empty, not a soul in sight. Doors to various lecture theatres and seminar rooms sprout from its walls. Shiny floors, silence in the air.

Presently, the doors open, and STUDENTS spill out into the thoroughfare, heading off to wherever they need to be.

5 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY - B+W

TITLE: "The day before..."

A standard workplace, for a busy man. His desk awash with paper, his calendar full to bursting.

In comes Gordon; he dumps his briefcase on his desk. He goes over to a shelf, where a photo of himself and his WIFE is perched. He looks at it for a few moments, then places it face down.

He then goes and sits down behind his desk. Eyes closed, he counts down under his breath:

GORDON
Five, four, three, two...

Andrew Crow walks into the room. Gordon opens his eyes.

ANDREW
You look like shit.

He has a calm, reserved manner, contrasted against Gordon's irritability.

GORDON
And you have bad people skills.
Which is disappointing, you being
the face of this department.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

You always stress the importance of getting the job done, so that's what I do. You can't expect me to be a nice person, too.

GORDON

Trust me, round here, you're definitely one of the nice ones.

ANDREW

How's the wife?

GORDON

Doctors call it perimenopause. Symptoms include irritability and vaginal atrophy. But on balance, Carolyn's the same as ever.

Andrew goes over to a chair at the desk.

ANDREW

Well, cheer up, I've got a new victim for you to chew upon. Dan Barker's digging up his reform ideas again.

GORDON

The ones where we become redundant, yes?

ANDREW

Very same. Sounds like he's gathering support, though, especially on the trustee board.

GORDON

Fucking students; like they'd know how to run this damned place. That won't happen without a general election, I wager?

ANDREW

Not unless they're actually staging a coup d'etat, no. And it would be a media shit storm if they were so, quite frankly, I don't need that.

GORDON

Give you something else to do, though, besides constantly reassuring the students that we aren't squandering their precious fees away on strippers and smack.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY YOUNG, 20s, an immediate and abrasive woman, comes into the office, bearing a set of papers and a purposeful air.

ANDREW
Don't you knock?

KATHY
Fuck off, Crow.

Andrew gets up.

ANDREW
Good morning to you, too.
(to Gordon)
Think I'll head off, find a coffee.

KATHY
I hope it's poisoned, and it kills
you, you weaselly bastard.

Andrew laughs, and leaves.

GORDON
Morning Kathy. Didn't take you long
to trip over the crazy stick today.

KATHY
I hate these fucking students. Had
to spend fifteen minutes this
morning explaining to some remedial
retard that the reason I don't have
a bloody student ID card was
because I'm not a dick IT student.

GORDON
Did you let him off easy, or has he
been sectioned, thanks to the
trauma.

KATHY
I may have damaged him irreparably.

Gordon smiles, amused.

GORDON
So, let's talk about our friend,
Dan, and his ballsack plans.

KATHY
What about them?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

In case you hadn't heard, section one subsection one of his brief clearly states that if this travesty gets voted through, Kathy Young, Gordon Kelly, Andrew Crow, and all the other wonderful people here in operations will be summarily sacked, drawn and quartered. Leaving your president as the new dictator of the student Union.

KATHY

So you want to kill this thing?

GORDON

My entire life is based on finding out what these little bastards are trying to change, and stopping it. And if Dan Barker suddenly wants to pull a Mugabe on me, well, I take issue with that, to be honest.

KATHY

That's why I'm here.

GORDON

(jokingly)

I authorise the use of deadly force, by the way.

KATHY

Put A+E on speed-dial.

6 INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY - B+W

Dan's office is similar in size and busy-ness to Gordon's. DAN BARKER, 20s, is pacing, reading from a page. PENNY BAXTER, 20s, sits in a chair watching him and listening.

DAN

...The Union was formed out of a desire for students to be represented and spoken for within the highest echelons of University politics. The voices of the student population needed to be recognised for the importance that they have. However, in recent years, this power has slowly been stripped away from us by the presence of a small

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAN (cont'd)
tenure of paid, non-elected
professional managers and
department heads; who wield their
influence throughout the Union,
without any care for party
politics. I propose that these
positions be merged within the
student government, so that we can
once again control the way we are
educated within these walls.

He then looks at Penny.

DAN (CONT'D)
Well?

PENNY
It's...alright.

DAN
Alright?

PENNY
Says what it needs to say, I guess.
Boring as shit, though.

DAN
What? I thought it was quite
dramatic. "Highest echelons,"
"within these walls"... no?

She shakes her head.

PENNY
Well, I can see you've been
intimate with a thesaurus recently,
but it's still a bit wooden. Maybe
you need more adjectives, or
something. And a joke or two. And,
you know, to be interesting.

DAN
I think it's fine.

PENNY
Dan, I think, you'll cause at least
one listener to seriously consider
suicide. Or at least start heckling
you and calling you a dumbarse,
which would undermine morale
somewhat, I imagine.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Penny, they're not that bad. This is the student council, after all.

PENNY

Exactly my point. It's literally a gang of students from mechanical engineering and optometry, all trying to beef up their future prospects by coming to us and whinging. They don't give two shits about whether or not you ever get your bright new day, so you're going to have to really wow them with something.

DAN

But what, though?

PENNY

I don't know. Get your tits out?

DAN

(annoyed)

Somehow I don't think I could pull it off.

PENNY

Get Lisa from sports development to do your speech. Her chest on the front cover of your manifesto is basically the only reason we're in charge around here.

Dan goes over to sit at his desk.

DAN

Shame she has a voice like a bad bowel movement then, isn't it? I'll just translate the speech into Japanese and back again with Google. That'll be inspiring.

PENNY

Gordon's going to have you for breakfast for this mess.

DAN

Don't worry about him, the man's 99% bark, 1% bite.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

Still, his output is quite
formidable. It's a big one percent.
Plus he has his own psychotic
hit-woman.

Dan shrugs it off.

7 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY - B+W

HELENA MORGAN, a young marketing assistant, strides
confidently down the corridor. She reaches Gordon's door,
opens without knocking and...

8 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONT.

...enters.

Gordon looks up, smiles.

GORDON

Hello, gorgeous.

HELENA

Words right out of my mouth.

GORDON

You're in early today.

HELENA

Wanted to see you as soon as I
could, that's all.

She walks over to the desk, places her hands upon it, and
leans towards him.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Missed you.

She smiles; he smiles back.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Any more nightmares about impending
doom?

Gordon stands up.

GORDON

Comes with the job, I'm afraid.

He walks over to her side of the desk.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (CONT'D)

But it does have its moments.

HELENA

So, is it just lunch today? Or are we having an evening affair?

She smiles suggestively. He sighs.

GORDON

It's a warzone in here, Helena. I'm up to my eyes with this fucking thing, and it --

She hushes him.

HELENA

It's OK. I understand.

She kisses him.

SHOT: THROUGH THE DOORWAY

The door slowly closes on them. We see Gordon's name on the door, and his title as "Chief Executive Officer".

9 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY - COLOUR

TITLE: "The day after..."

The newsroom for the Canary Newspaper is a small space, with two workspaces. TRAVIS HUNT and BEN PRICE, two young journalists, sit before empty Word documents.

TRAVIS

Updated the homepage?

BEN

Not yet. Apparently nothing is happening in this city.

TRAVIS

Sleepy old London town. What about the council? Politics never sleeps, right?

BEN

Shit, that reminds me; Dan's got an idea.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

This won't end well, I'm guessing.

BEN

It's rumour-mill stuff for the moment, from a friend of a friend of a friend, but it sounds like he wants to axe a few people.

TRAVIS

I didn't know the Union could fire people. Don't they work for free?

BEN

No, I'm talking about the department heads; Gordon Kelly and his war machine. People who actually make a difference in this place, unlike the student body, which has the effective power of a mild droning noise.

TRAVIS

Well, unless you can get something concrete about this whole thing, we can't do much with that. This isn't the Wikipedia of news.

BEN

We could do a feature piece. Interview a person of note.

TRAVIS

You mean 'interview a complete and utter freak'. Not exactly news-worthy, is it?

BEN

People will read that.

TRAVIS

No-one reads us, Ben. We're a student newspaper. Our readership is only comparable to tart cards in public phone booths.

BEN

Travis, The Canary is both well-read and well-respected. Don't underestimate the power of a good article.

Travis gets up, heads for the door.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

OK, you write something of note,
and I'll get some nicotine from the
shop.

BEN

Lifts aren't working; someone's
wrecked them.

TRAVIS

Dick.

BEN

Get me a drink, would you?

TRAVIS

Coke?

BEN

Scotch.

Travis leaves; Ben starts typing.

10 INT. MAX'S OFFICE - DAY - COLOUR

Penny walks into the office, where MAX, a secretary, is
behind the desk. He looks up.

MAX

Oh, morning, Penny.

PENNY

Hi, Max. Have you seen Helena
anywhere?

MAX

(ominously)

Oh. She's in a hospital morgue.

PENNY

(shocked)

What?! She's dead?!

MAX

No. Identifying a body.

PENNY

(relieved)

Oh. OK. Uhm, and Andrew, have you
seen him?

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Morgue.

PENNY

For the same body?

MAX

Well, no, he's dead.

Penny's taken aback.

PENNY

Wait, what?

MAX

Yeah. Shot himself in the head. So I suppose, technically, yes, it is the same body.

Penny stands there, stunned.

11 INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY - COLOUR

Dan is getting his stuff sorted, ready to start the day.
Penny walks in.

DAN

Good morning, my chérie.

PENNY

Did you hear about Andy?

DAN

Who?

PENNY

Andrew Crow. Head of Media.

DAN

Oh right. What about him?

PENNY

He's dead.

A beat; this catches him off-guard.

DAN

Shit. Swine flu?

PENNY

Shot himself in the head.

(CONTINUED)

DAN
He killed himself?

PENNY
Yes.

Another beat.

DAN
Shit.

PENNY
Why would he go and do that?

Dan thinks on it for a moment, then shakes his head, dismissing the subject.

DAN
OK, listen, let's put that to one side for a moment and get this thing on the road, alright?

PENNY
Dan, a colleague has just blown his face all over his office floor.

DAN
And it's shit, we've established this, but there's nothing we can do about that right now and we really, really need to make sure we've polished this thing to a shine.

Penny shakes her head in amazement.

PENNY
I am in no state to be tinkering with your plans for revolution, Mr. Barker; there's a man that I knew and worked with for six months who has very recently ended his life, and amazingly, I'm experiencing a little bit of emotional stress. So excuse me, but I'm going to sit down and stare out of my window for a while.

Penny heads for the door. As she leaves, Dan calls out:

DAN
Try and come up with some sort of catchy slogan, or something.

12 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY

Ben is still typing away. Travis returns with his goods. Ben stops what he's doing and looks at him.

BEN

Guess what's just floated over to me over the airwaves.

TRAVIS

I don't know, some form of cancer?

BEN

Andrew Crow has a bullet in his head where part of his brain used to be.

TRAVIS

Fuck. Is he OK?

BEN

Apart from the mangled bone, loss of blood and, almost immediate loss of life, he's fine.

TRAVIS

Morbid today, aren't you?

Ben leans forward, dramatically.

BEN

Listen to this.

BEGIN MONTAGE W/ BEN'S VOICE-OVER

All action occurs during the voice-over that immediately succeeds it.

13 INT. OUTSIDE ANDREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT - COLOUR

A SECRETARY knocks at Andy's door, to no avail. She has a collection of printed paper in hand; the word URGENT can be seen.

BEN (V.O)

Cecilia Upshaw, a much appreciated but largely disadvantaged secretary in regards to the office food chain, knocks on Andy Crow's door over and over in the small hours of the morning. Tough times for the Union, it seems, and everybody's

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN (V.O) (cont'd)
burning midnight oil to keep their
jobs intact.

14 INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - NIGHT - COLOUR

She slowly opens the door, framed in the doorway.

BEN (V.O)(CONT'D)
Upon entering the room after no
response, she sees a sight that
stops her heart.

QUICK CUTS

Blood on the floor, the suicide note, the gun in his hand,
the spent casing, Andrew's dead eyes.

She screams, and drops the papers.

A slow motion cascade of paper falling to the ground.

BEN (V.O)(CONT'D)
The department head in question is
slumped over his desk; at first
glance, perhaps he's overworked,
but anything more than a cursory
look and you begin to notice the
tell-tale signs. Blood on the
floor, gun in his hand, the suicide
note neatly placed before him, in
Helvetica.

TOP DOWN VIEW

The room is alive with commotion. The body lies in the
centre, as a variety of EMERGENCY PERSONNEL swarm around.
Flashes erupt from police photographers.

They zip Andy up in a body bag.

BEN (V.O)(CONT'D)
The note details his despair at the
state of his life, his failures in
the real world of politics, in
love, in happiness. He died a
wanting man.

END OF MONTAGE

15 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY - COLOUR

Back to the newsroom.

BEN

And that is why I'm chuffed to bits by the fact that our slow news day has turned into a showstopper.

TRAVIS

While not exactly journalistic in style or presentation, I must say that I defy anyone not to be moved by this story. Possibly even to tears.

BEN

It's a bloody good piece, right?

Travis puts his stuff down.

TRAVIS

OK, well, forgive me for being mildly suspicious, but why are we all carrying on as if nothing's happened? Surely there's something very wrong here.

BEN

The way I see it, Andrew was a bit of a shit to the newspaper, so to be honest, I'm quite happy to make my report, get my readership, and be done with it.

TRAVIS

Wait, is this that guy who recalled our papers for the fashion show blow-out?

BEN

The very same. If you recall, we interviewed him just yesterday.

TRAVIS

I see where you're coming from. Who says no to full-page centrefolds?

BEN

Well, nobody, now. You wanna write this one up?

Travis goes over to his desk, gets his bag and things.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

You take care of that, I'll get into the wild. I'm already standing, anyway.

BEN

I don't think you ever write anything in this place.

TRAVIS

For the best, Ben. For the best.

Travis heads out again.

16 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

The same set up as before. Andrew is the subject, this time.

The interview is already underway.

INTERVIEWER

There's always ghost stories and dark tales of conflict between the elected and non-elected branches of the union; how amiable is the discourse, in reality?

Andrew chuckles.

ANDREW

It's hardly a dark tale of conflict; certainly no ghosts, although Gordon can be quite the poltergeist when he needs to be. No, I think there's a good deal of cooperation, information sharing, transparency; as much as you would expect from any well functioning government, and certainly within a union that's been ticking on as long as ours has.

INTERVIEWER

But there's bound to be a resentment at the end of the year, when you hang on to your share of the power, and the elected students have to resign their posts.

ANDREW

Naturally, it all boils down to whether it's a correct procedure of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW (cont'd)
government, but we've a strong,
elected committee every year in the
student council who are dedicated
to this sort of thing and we're yet
to hear any complaints. If they're
happy, then we're happy.

INTERVIEWER
So you are completely confident
that corruption is a non-issue?

ANDREW
Corruption? Goodness, corruption
is...unthinkable. We are
professional, capable politicians
doing our job with all due
diligence and honesty. As long as
there's politics, there's going to
be those who instinctively distrust
the men and women who make it
happen, but you have to understand
that we're on your side. We're good
people.

17 INT. OUTSIDE PENNY'S OFFICE - DAY - B+W

It's a corridor, from which multiple offices branch out.
Penny is walking along it. From an office arrives Kathy.
They spot each other; Penny's face falls, Kathy's lights up.

KATHY
Well, well, what shit's been
stirring in the pot this morning?

PENNY
Hello, Kathy.

Kathy makes her nervous; Kathy knows this.

KATHY
Hello yourself, Miss Louis Vuitton.
Looking sharp today; big plans?

PENNY
Just shooting the breeze with the
council, nothing special.

KATHY
I'm glad to hear it; I hate
special. Hey, I was wondering; is
there anything behind these rumours
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATHY (cont'd)
of some sort of... reform idea in
the works?

PENNY
I... I don't know what you're
talking about.

KATHY
Come on, you know what I mean. Dan
and his minions, cooking up a
little hostile takeover. Don't
think I don't know, chick, I'm a
bloodhound when it comes to the
grapevine.

PENNY
You're all worked up about nothing,
Kathy. Just some standard queries
and questions, a few choice quotes,
nothing... nothing special.

KATHY
Nothing special? Good. Keep it that
way. Else I'll be on you like a
rash on your fucking face.

Kathy walks off, leaving Penny a bit flustered. She then
takes out her mobile phone, dials, holds it to her ear.

PENNY
Hello? Hi, it's me... yeah, I think
they know... you know who, they're
onto us... Well, it's too late to
be thinking about keeping it bloody
quiet, you've got a leak, or
something... probably that bastard
Josh and his big... fucking...
ears...
(starts walking along the
corridor)
Yes, I'll talk to him.

18 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY - B+W

Gordon is in his office working away. A knock on the door
and ROSLAVA GORBANA, a young Russian secretary, pokes her
head around the door. She has a pronounced eastern European
accent.

(CONTINUED)

ROSLAVA
You ask to see me?

GORDON
Yeah, need the minutes from the
last three weeks of council talks.

ROSLAVA
I ask Mr. Barker?

GORDON
No, you ask Mr. Barker's secretary,
or assistant, or whoever he's
shacking up with.

ROSLAVA
Shacking up?

GORDON
It's a joke, Dmitri, lighten up.

ROSLAVA
Roslava.

GORDON
What?

ROSLAVA
Is my name. Roslava.

GORDON
Christ, I don't give a shit; just
do as I ask, and refrain from
talking in what is clearly not your
native tongue.

ROSLAVA
Yes, sir.

She slinks out.

ROSLAVA (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Bljad'...

19 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONT.

Roslava walks down the corridor, crestfallen. She passes
Kathy and meets her eye; scared, she scuttles away.

Kathy enters...

20 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONT.

...and goes to sit down.

KATHY

What's wrong with Ross? Seemed a bit down.

GORDON

Oh, you know her name, do you? Hell if I know what's wrong with her. I didn't hire her.

KATHY

Didn't you?

GORDON

Equal opportunities meant that I had to choose between her or a thug from South America with a bullet in his skull. This is not a viable way of attaining a respectable staff.

KATHY

At least there's me to round them up, right?

GORDON

Don't toot your horn so brazenly, Miss Young, lest the council hear you and try to kick you in your oversized testicles. Speaking of which, have you had a word with anyone?

KATHY

Met Penny Baxter. Put the fear into her.

GORDON

You mean you told her that we know about it all, but didn't do anything about except synchronise your periods and use bad language. Stellar performance, Kathy.

KATHY

What the fuck would you have me do, Captain Strategy? Stab her in the ovaries?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

No, because that would be messy and bad for morale.

KATHY

So what do you suggest, then?

A beat; Gordon thinks quickly. Then:

GORDON

Dan's got a meeting booked for the afternoon, I'm sure of it. If he wants to do this thing, he knows he has to move fast, or else I'll swoop down on him like a howler monkey and carve him into Shreddies. Board of trustees, I imagine.

KATHY

The big boys.

GORDON

Big boys my arse, just a raving gang of dickheads who think that being in the union somehow makes them better students than Jack and Jill Average, who are concentrating on actually having a life and being normal humans.

KATHY

So you want me to beat them up about this, is it?

GORDON

Basically, yes.

KATHY

I guess this makes me your secret weapon, your last line of defence against the student hoard?

GORDON

Like I've been wont to say, Kathy, don't think too much of yourself in this place. I choose you to do these things because, deep down, I have a suspicion that you're a result of genetic research into the Ubermensch.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

The what?

GORDON

Just fuck off and do something.

21 INT. CANARY INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - B+W

The room is basically a table with some chairs around, microphones on its surface. A light is in the middle of the table, as well as one above the door. Both lights are on.

Andrew Crow is being interviewed by Ben and Travis; all of them have headphones on.

BEN

Could you just briefly explain the Union system of governance for our listeners before we crack on?

ANDREW

As always, I'd be happy to oblige, but you really ought to expect more from your audience.

TRAVIS

Just a quick recap.

ANDREW

The main elected body of the Union is the board of trustees, consisting of president, the vice-presidents of academics, facilities and media, and four further trustees; the rest is the student council, thirty or so students. The Progressive Student Party currently holds the cards in that respect. The other half of the Union is the non-elected body in the North Building, being the CEO, Heads of Department such as myself, and division management.

BEN

So there's a group of you who draw a salary, make decisions without consulting the student body, and don't have to face elections?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Our level of influence concerns the day-to-day running of the Union, as opposed to matters of policy. But yes, we are not part of the democratic system.

TRAVIS

To date, have there been any disputes between yourselves and the student body?

ANDREW

Nothing major.

TRAVIS

And when something does come up, you usually iron out the creases sharpish, I guess.

ANDREW

There is an active dialogue at all times.

22 INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY - B+W

Dan and Kathy are in the room; Dan behind his desk and Kathy on her feet. They're having a heated talk.

KATHY

Burn that fucking brief or I'll stab you in the arse-cheeks.

DAN

Kathy, first of all, I don't know what the hell you're on about, and secondly, I don't think even you have the power to indiscriminately stab students.

KATHY

Indiscriminately? What makes you think that I'm not discriminating against you? I am anti-you, Dan, I am completely and utterly against everything you do, but unfortunately you were voted in last September. Does that mean I'm going to keep my opinions to myself and be a lady about it? Don't count on it, El Presidente. Destroy that brief, or I will destroy you.

(CONTINUED)

DAN

You're not Darth Vader, Kathy, and you're not going to "destroy me"; but if you don't get out of my office immediately, I'm going to call security. And they will destroy you.

KATHY

Hardly. Isn't the security guard disabled?

A beat.

DAN

That doesn't mean he can't do his job.

23 INT. CANARY INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - B+W

Back to the interview.

BEN

OK, so, over here at the Canary, we pride ourselves on getting to the story as directly and quickly as possible, in order to keep what we do fresh.

TRAVIS

If we didn't, we wouldn't be very good journalists.

BEN

And we are good journalists. Stellar journalists, in fact. And we've heard through the peanut gallery that there's a bombshell in the post, with your address on it.

A beat.

TRAVIS

Any ideas about that?

ANDREW

Nothing of note.

BEN

But you'll agree that there's some degree of discord in the ranks?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

The student bunch are always coming with proposals and reform ideas, it gives them something to do other than sit on their behinds all day and count each other's pimples. It's of no real concern.

BEN

But, Andrew --

ANDREW

No buts! No "what about" or "consider this"; the fact of the matter is that the student body and the admin division are working closely together, as always, to be the best that we can be. If Rolex were in government, we would still be running a tighter machine. We're unsinkable.

TRAVIS

Like the Titanic.

Andrew chuckles.

ANDREW

Touché. But rest assured, there's clear waters ahead.

24 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM CORRIDOR - DAY - COLOUR

High heels walk rapidly along the corridor.

25 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY - COLOUR

The guys are working. A knock at the door. They look at each other, quizzically, before Travis gets up to open it.

TRAVIS

Uh, hello?

Helena Morgan walks in; she's been crying.

HELENA

I need to talk to you.

BEN

Helena. Have a seat.

(CONTINUED)

He's concerned, but curious. She sits down in a free chair, as Travis leans on a wall nearby.

TRAVIS
What's up?

She takes a breath, steeling herself for what she has to say, then looks up at them.

HELENA
Andy Crow was murdered.

A beat.

TRAVIS
(in shock)
Fuck.

26 INT. PENNY'S OFFICE - DAY - COLOUR

Her office is basically a carbon copy of the other offices in the building. She's staring out the window, visibly shaken.

Gordon enters the room.

GORDON
Penny Baxter, hard at work.

She turns round to see him, just as he closes the door behind him.

PENNY
Don't you knock?

GORDON
Thought it'd be a waste of time,
since I'd have come in anyway.
Probably a good thing, too; might
have startled you out of your
reverie.

PENNY
Just a lot on my mind, that's all.

GORDON
Thinking about Andrew, I take it. A
good man, best Head of Comms I ever
had. Plus, it's not ideal to be
losing people in my department,
however it happens.

He's visibly distressed by it.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

Rather callous way to look at it,
don't you think?

GORDON

The way I see it, we can either all
sit about holding hands and crying
our tits off, or we can take a
much-needed step back and look at
this practically.

PENNY

You have no soul, you know that?

GORDON

So I've been told. Still, on the
bright side, I take it that you'll
be slotting into your new position
with relative ease?

PENNY

Excuse me?

GORDON

Well, seeing as you and El
Presidente are plotting a violent
revolution as we speak, I thought
we may as well be transparent about
the flow of information.

PENNY

(nervously)

I don't know what you're talking
about.

GORDON

Whether you do or don't, doesn't
matter now, for you anyway. You've
got Andy's workload on your plate,
now, making you both Vice President
and Department Head of Marketing,
Media and Communications. Hefty
title.

PENNY

Are you suggesting that I've
profited from Andrew's death?

GORDON

I'm just saying that there are more
than a few whispers of foul play in
the air.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

Thanks to you, no doubt. I bet you killed him.

Gordon seems genuinely offended by the idea.

GORDON

Andy Crow was a friend and a colleague; I didn't set him upon your flaccid interview skills month after month just to put a fucking bullet in his head.

PENNY

Yes, fine, OK, sorry I said it. Just saying that if you start pointing fingers, don't think others won't do the same.

Gordon turns to leave.

GORDON

For fuck's sake, Penny.

He slams the door behind him.

Penny stares at it for a little while, a worried expression forming.

27

INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY - COLOUR

Back to Helena's revelation.

BEN

What makes you think that, Helena?

HELENA

It's not just a thought in my head, Ben, I know.

TRAVIS

The suicide note?

HELENA

Typed? Who types a fucking suicide note?

BEN

Yes, well, forgive me, but I have no idea how you can say this when even London's finest haven't mentioned anything of the sort.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

We're still in the building, after all. And now there's a killer on the loose?

HELENA

There's hell brewing in the Union, boys. Big blows are going to be dealt, and Andy's just the first. He...he...

She breaks down into tears. Travis goes over, leans her head against him. Ben looks on, deep in thought.

HELENA (CONT'D)

Fucking...politics.

Ben breaks from thought, looks at her. A beat, then.

BEN

How do you know he was killed, Helena?

She's silent.

HELENA

I...I can't say.

TRAVIS

Did someone threaten him?

HELENA

I should go.

She stands up, heads for the door.

BEN

Wait!

She opens the door, stops, turns to face him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Why did you tell us this?

HELENA

Because someone needs to be brought to justice. Just not by me.

She leaves. The guys look at each other.

TRAVIS

Now that's fucking news-worthy.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Get your thinking cap on, my friend. Let's shake the bowl, see what floats to the top.

TRAVIS

Fucking politics, eh?

28 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

Same as before. Dan is being interviewed.

INTERVIEWER

How's the year going?

DAN

Uh, yeah, going pretty well, actually. Just writing stuff, talking to the staff and the students, getting everybody sorted; it's hard work, but I'm loving it. And there's a surprising number of girls who are crazy about the Union president.

He laughs.

DAN (CONT'D)

Probably should cut that bit out, actually. Might get impeached.

INTERVIEWER

Why did you get into politics?

DAN

Well, it's hardly Whitehall, but it definitely gives a good sense of what it's like when you've got the big guns, you know? I also distinctly remember halfway through my second year on my BA, I was walking along, and I saw a poster, a massive poster, saying "Elect Scott Evans For President". You remember that, right? And Scott, he was a piece of work, honest as a judge, but not really a forerunner for, you know, the popularity contest. But he took it seriously, he talked to everyone he met, he came up with good, solid ideas, and he got the votes. And I thought to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAN (cont'd)
myself "if that guy, Mr. Average
himself, if he can make a name for
himself in this place, then maybe I
can too." And naturally, with Penny
on my election ticket, it was
smooth sailing.

29 INT. DAN'S OFFICE - DAY - COLOUR

Dan's working away; a knock at the door.

DAN
Come in!

Ben and Travis enter.

DAN (CONT'D)
Oh, hi guys. Grab a seat.

TRAVIS
Morning, Danny-boy.

The journalists sit down; Ben whips out a notepad, Travis
has a cold drink.

DAN
Quick something for the website,
I'm guessing?

BEN
Something like that. How's the
madhouse?

DAN
Crazy as ever, but the general
consensus is that we're still
rolling along smoothly.

TRAVIS
Hear about Andy?

DAN
Yes. Terrible shame. He was one of
the good guys.

BEN
How does that affect your
department?

(CONTINUED)

DAN

That's all up in the air, right now. Damage control really; need to find someone to pick up his workload.

BEN

Anyone in mind?

DAN

Well...probably Penny, I suppose.

A beat; the journalists look up at him.

TRAVIS

VP of media, that Penny? Used to photograph for us last year?

DAN

The very same. Naturally it's a temporary measure.

BEN

That's not what we've been hearing. Talk of a reform plan is spreading like bloody yellow fever, and wasn't Andy head of Penny's department?

DAN

Well, sure, but...

BEN

Sounds like a promotion you'll be keeping in place, then.

DAN

Talks are in early stages, boys, early stages --

TRAVIS

Oh, come on, enough with these fucking early stages, Dan, you know as well as I do that if we've got news of it then it's all systems go. You're probably set to put it to a vote this afternoon, definitely now that we're onto it, so stop acting as though we've read your secret fucking diary. Andy's death has more pros than cons for you, right?

(CONTINUED)

DAN

Travis, I take issue with your implication, OK? This isn't the fucking CIA, we're not in the business of murdering our way up the political ladder. Watch who you're speaking to, I'm the president of this Union --

TRAVIS

Oh right, sorry, Mr. President, I forgot that you're an actual leader of men, and not some puppet with the political power of a scotch egg. Excuse me while I --

BEN

Travis. Come on, now.

(to Dan)

Will Penny be keeping her new position as Head of Media, Dan?

DAN

If the reform plans are voted through, yes. But this opportunity did not present itself through illicit means.

BEN

OK.

(to Travis)

We're done?

TRAVIS

(embarrassed)

Yeah.

BEN

Great.

(to Dan)

Thanks.

DAN

Of course.

The journalists stand, leave. Dan calms himself down.

30 INT. DAN'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONT.

The journalists are walking down the hall.

BEN
I thought that was pretty
civilised, don't you?

TRAVIS
Piss off.

BEN
You need to stop being such a dick
in interviews, OK?

Travis stops walking.

TRAVIS
Aren't you just a little bit ticked
off that the monkey behind the desk
can wave his title around like
that?

BEN
Well, he is president --

TRAVIS
Which means what? Hm? He signs
shit, he talks shit, he
wears...shit ties.

A beat.

BEN
Let's just move on, OK? If you've
got time, during your rage against
the student machine, maybe we can
make something of the apparent
murder on our plates, as well. And
if television has taught us
anything, it's that we either solve
it in the first twenty four hours,
or not at all.

31 INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY - B+W

The council room is literally a vast round table, around
which a number of empty chairs are situated. Dan Barker is
in the room, pacing around near his seat.

EDDIE BOYCE, a rather laid back kinda guy, saunters in.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

Hey, Dan.

DAN

Who are you?

EDDIE

Oh, Eddie. The council's brand new representation coordinator.

DAN

I didn't know they had a new RepCo; what happened to Abby?

EDDIE

A horrifying affliction of the skin, according to Wikipedia.

DAN

Shit. She had great skin. Well, where is everyone? You're ten minutes late and you're the first person to show up.

EDDIE

Well, word on the street is that you have a reputation for being both tiresome and useless when it comes to these meetings, so the council elected to send me along instead, to see if it's worth bothering the rest of them.

DAN

...what?

EDDIE

You can't expect them to drop class every time you want to suggest the purchase of a new batch of condoms for the gents'.

Dan's frustrated, now.

DAN

For fuck's sake, I spent hours prepping for this fucking meeting. Hours. And now I'm here, ready to go, and they send me you, the retarded ambassador of the student union.

(CONTINUED)

EDDIE

I'm just going to go ahead and take offence at that, Dan. Come on, lay it on me, and I'll report back to base.

DAN

"Report back to base?" This isn't the fucking territorial army, Eddie, although I'm going to have to add the power of court martial to whatever it is I'm doing in this...scrotum of a student union. Dammit.

A beat. Eddie waits patiently.

DAN (CONT'D)

Fuck. OK. Go back to whoever it is that sent you, and tell them that I want an actual meeting tomorrow afternoon, with everybody. And tell them if they don't show up I'll personally assault them all.

EDDIE

Pretty sure that's illegal, Dan.

DAN

I would rather have the chair than spend more time with you, Eddie.

Dan storms out.

32 INT. OUTSIDE PENNY'S OFFICE - DAY - B+W

Penny exits her office just as Dan approaches.

PENNY

Ah, the general himself.

DAN

I've just been stood up by the entire student council.

PENNY

No flowers? Not even a text?

DAN

They sent some sort of anal discharge to tell me that I waste their time and they don't want to talk to me all that much any more.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

Ouch. Sounds like you've been dumped.

DAN

This is serious, Pen. I need them on my side if this thing is ever going to walk on its own two feet.

PENNY

You could always give it a wheelchair.

DAN

Fuck the metaphors, woman, and give me some good news.

PENNY

Actually, despite your problems with the camp, I've heard only good things about the general feel of your plan.

DAN

How many?

PENNY

How many what?

DAN

How many people have said good things?

PENNY

Well, one. But that still means that 100 percent of this random sample of council members is on your side.

Dan nods, takes this in. Better than nothing.

DAN

OK, fine. Meeting is tomorrow now, afternoon.

PENNY

I've got something on, Dan.

DAN

If you're not there, I'll kill your family. End of.

He huffs off away again. Penny sighs, goes the other way.

33 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY - B+W

Eddie is walking away from the council room. Kathy approaches, and he freezes in his tracks.

KATHY

Just the man I was looking for.

She stops in front of him.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Not even a hello?

EDDIE

I heard that if I stand perfectly still, you wouldn't be able to see me.

KATHY

Sorry to disappoint. What's the story from Dan-amory?

EDDIE

Nothing, really. Meeting's tomorrow.

KATHY

The big huddle, eh? The UEFA Cup Final of the student politics world?

EDDIE

Something like that.

KATHY

Thanks, Bobby.

EDDIE

Eddie.

She pauses, not expecting to be corrected.

KATHY

What? Fuck off, you're Bobby.

And she leaves; Eddie's bewildered to say the least.

34 INT. CANARY INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - COLOUR

The journalists sit at their stations, waiting.

TRAVIS
Who're we waiting for, again?

BEN
Whoever shows up. I've asked Gordon for a little chat, but somehow I don't see the man himself turning up. Probably send an envoy.

TRAVIS
Shit, you know what that means.

BEN
Prefer not to think about it, really.

TRAVIS
Should I get the riot shield? And the shotgun?

BEN
Maybe we can placate her with biscuits. Quick, go out and ask Alice for --

TRAVIS
Too late.

Kathy Young walks into the room, flashing a smile at them both.

KATHY
Morning, boys. What's cooking?

BEN
(dismayed)
Afternoon, Kathy.

KATHY
Afternoon?

She looks at her watch.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Shit, it is. Well, let's get right to it.

MOMENTS LATER

The interview is ready to begin.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

So, what's your feelings about the general mood in the North Building?

Kathy leans back in her chair, completely at ease.

KATHY

Everything's hunky-dory as far as I'm concerned. Men and women alike, shutting up and getting their work done on time. A beautiful sight, you should see it.

BEN

So no anxiety about the upcoming executive action?

KATHY

Alleged executive action. Which I have no reason to believe will ever actually happen.

BEN

Actually, from what we've been hearing, it's basically a sure thing.

KATHY

Well, my naive little newspaper man, it's common knowledge in my neighbourhood that if anyone steps over the line when it comes to matters like this that there will be serious consequences. Horrifying consequences; I mean, the collateral damage would be devastating alone. Children dying in the streets, black hawk down, circles of hell that don't even get written about. There's a tight ship, and the captain is definitely at the wheel.

35 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

Same as before. Penny is being interviewed.

INTERVIEWER

Anyone of note on the other team?

Penny laughs knowingly.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

I don't think I even need to mention Kathy. I don't know if she's an inspiration as a woman who gets what she needs, and makes sure everybody knows exactly where she stands, or if she's some sort of Dickensian nightmare. If Scrooge had tits, he'd be Kathy.

INTERVIEWER

Still, Kathy Young was given an award by the council last year. Upholding services to student government.

PENNY

Only because she mentally assaulted the other nominees and locked them in a basement somewhere in Whitechapel. Or so the stories go.

36 INT. CANARY INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - COLOUR

As before.

TRAVIS

That's fair enough, but is the captain taking into account the sudden killing of his first officer?

KATHY

Killing is a strong, unnecessary word, fella. Andy's death was a tragedy, but an accident.

BEN

You're sure of that? In this climate?

Kathy pauses, incredulous.

KATHY

Are you boys fucking high? Are you actually considering the possibility that Andrew Crow was murdered in order to get some sort of morbid political leverage? Fuck, even I don't get that angry, and I hospitalise on a regular basis. I don't appreciate the implication,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KATHY (cont'd)
and I don't appreciate the thinly
veiled accusation --

TRAVIS
We're not accusing anyone of --

KATHY
You fucking better not be, boyo;
you even hint at this on your
bullshit little website and I will
personally make sure that another
two body bags leave the building
this week. Andy is dead, and that's
a fucking sad thing, but pointing
your fingers around like this is
just a fucking disgrace.

She gets up angrily, heads to the door.

KATHY (CONT'D)
For Christ's sake, no one kills for
the fucking student union.

And she leaves. The guys share a look.

37 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

Still on Penny's interview.

INTERVIEWER
And what about yourself?

PENNY
Myself? Not much to say on that
topic, to be perfectly honest. I'm
a civil servant in the most
pathetic society mankind has yet to
come up with.

INTERVIEWER
And life outside the job?

PENNY
Slowly dwindling away. I do history
in uni, doing my masters at the
moment. Flat average marks in that
department. Top of the bell curve.
And I'm a photographer. Was a
photographer. Used to shoot for the
Canary, actually. That was a good
job, paid well, got to see the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PENNY (cont'd)
city, met an occasional celebrity
or two. But had to quit in order to
get this place in the union.
Apparently it's a good idea, to
spend half your year dealing with
students and their endless issues.
We sit at desks, with piles of
paperwork that reach the ceiling,
and we talk about policies that
affect almost no-one, to almost no
real end. Can I tell you how to run
an efficient government, how to
diffuse law and order through the
masses and affect the world for the
better? No. Can I quote the average
price increase in the cafeteria
over the last five months? Easy.

38 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY - B+W

The door to the office opens, and we enter...

39 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONT.

...along with Helena, carrying some files. Gordon's behind
his desk, but he stops what he's doing when she walks in.

GORDON
Business or pleasure, ma'am?

HELENA
Strictly business, I'm afraid, but
that's just another kind of
pleasure for you so I'm not too
worried.

GORDON
What's new?

HELENA
Just a few things we need
fast-tracked.

She walks over, puts the files on the desk.

GORDON
Fast-tracked? You've got a term for
it, now?

(CONTINUED)

HELENA

Well, it's a convenient service you offer.

GORDON

Some might call it nepotism.

HELENA

I would call it a good deal. You'll be reimbursed.

GORDON

I expect so.

She smiles.

HELENA

Haven't forgotten about dinner, I hope?

GORDON

You can plan on me.

Another smile, and she turns to leave.

At the door:

HELENA

Then I'll see you soon.

He smiles, she leaves.

40 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONT.

Helena walks away from the office, as Andy walks towards it. He catches her eye and smiles; she returns it and passes him by.

His eyes linger on her as she walks off. Then he enters the office.

41 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONT.

Gordon's leafing through Helena's files. He glances up when Andy enters.

ANDREW

Seen my interview, yet?

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

Is there a huge frown on my face?
Am I shouting in anger?

ANDREW

No.

GORDON

Then no, I haven't. Any good?

ANDREW

Same old. They've got it into their
heads that we're not working
together as a team.

GORDON

(slightly shocked)

Who, you and me?

He puts down the files.

ANDREW

As in, us and the students.

GORDON

Good, because for a moment there I
thought you were saying that they
were trying to split us up. They're
probably jealous of our healthy
working relationship, and our
liberal views on political
correctness. We're the party
department, everybody knows that.
There's probably gonorrhoea in the
water coolers by now.

ANDREW

We may have been compared to the
Titanic.

GORDON

In a "my, what a mighty testament
to Man's technical prowess" way, or
in a "fuck me, we're all going to
freeze in the ocean" way?

ANDREW

I like to think it was a bit of
both.

GORDON

I hate those newspaper boys, Andy.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Who doesn't?

Gordon gets up to start pacing.

GORDON

No, but I hate them on a base level. On a numerical circle of hell kind of level. They print this arsewipe publication every half semester, which is read by approximately no-one except their proud but likely senile mothers, and still they manage to make us look like shit in front of the union. No wonder Dan's got the courage for this holy war of his, doubtless there's been a bit too much shining press for him, and a bit too many crap caricatures of you and your fucking nose.

ANDREW

My nose?

GORDON

Shut up, Andy. No, what I want from you, one of these blustery mornings, is a nice clean interview that shows us in a good light, and makes Dan Barker look like turd on a stick. Think you could whip that up for me?

ANDREW

I'll try my very hardest, Gordon.

GORDON

Yeah. OK.

Gordon sits down again, starts to study the files.

A knock on the door.

GORDON

(calling out)

Yeah?

Roslava enters.

ROSLAVA

Telephone for you. Line 6.

(CONTINUED)

GORDON

You know you can just ring me from
your desk and tell me.

ROSLAVA

Sorry, I do not know how.

GORDON

'Course not; naturally, compared to
whatever backwater secretary's
school you went to in the
Fatherland, the technology we have
here is a bit overwhelming.

ROSLAVA

No, I understand the telephone,
just the switchboard --

GORDON

Hey, just ask Max or someone clever
to show you how it works, so I
don't have you barging in here all
the time, making my blood boil.

ROSLAVA

Yes, sir.

GORDON

Now get lost.

She leaves.

42 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONT.

Roslava closes the door behind her, fumes for a few seconds,
and leaves, swearing in Russian.

43 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONT.

Gordon shakes his head in disgust.

GORDON

These people, Andy.

ANDREW

Hm?

GORDON

I'm no BNP, build a fucking wall
fanatic or anything, but dammit if
that woman is a huge obstacle

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (cont'd)
between me and getting more work
done. She'll be my undoing, I know
it.

ANDREW
(jokingly)
With her socialist ways and her
nuclear tendencies?

GORDON
It's not a joke, Andy. Next year
I'm cutting down on the immigrants,
and I'm cutting down on the women
in this place. Distractions and
liabilities, through and through.

ANDREW
Aw, even our Helena?

GORDON
She gets her work done, she keeps
her job.

ANDREW
Looking radiant as ever, she is.

Gordon looks up, warily.

GORDON
Is there an implication by that, or
are you just rambling?

ANDREW
Just saying. A beautiful girl.

GORDON
Yes, well, forgive me for playing
the "mind-your-fucking-business"
card but you've forced my hand.

ANDREW
No, no, of course.
Merely...mentioning it.

GORDON
Get to work, Crow.

44 INT. STAFF KITCHEN - DAY - B+W
Just a small serviceable tea-and-coffee room.
Penny is making a cup of tea. Andy enters.

ANDREW
Ah, my nemesis.

PENNY
Hey, Andy. Cuppa?

ANDREW
Oh, don't mind if I do.

LATER

Both are drinking from their mugs.

PENNY
So how's everything on your end?

ANDREW
Always the same battles, dear
Penny, just tolling time until you
folks drop the hammer. And what's
happening with you?

PENNY
Same deal. Just letting Dan do all
the manoeuvring until I need to
start picking up debris.

ANDREW
Follow orders, don't talk out of
turn?

Penny raises her mug.

PENNY
Exactly.

A beat.

ANDREW
It's a big thing, though.

PENNY
Not too big; either things stay the
same, or I get even more work to
do.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

Speak for yourself, this is my job
on the line.

A moment of realisation for Penny.

PENNY

Shit, of course. This is your
calling, right? This is what you
were born to do.

ANDREW

Hardly. Just what I was able to do.

PENNY

Hey, close a door, open a window,
right?

ANDREW

And jump out?

Penny laughs. Andy smiles wanly.

PENNY

Well, at least you can move onto
greener pastures, eh? The union's
not the be-all-and-end-all of
modern occupation opportunities.

ANDREW

Well...I've always wanted to be a
street cleaner.

PENNY

...what?

ANDREW

No, honestly, in one of those
sit-on street sweepers that go
around town. Just me and my iPod,
cruising around the streets of
London. Not too shabby.

She smiles.

PENNY

Does sound rather nice.

They sip their drinks, staring at the wall.

45 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY - COLOUR

Travis and Ben are at their desks, thinking in silence.

A moment, then:

TRAVIS

I think we've hit a dead end.

No response. Travis looks over at his colleague.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Ben?

He's still deep in thought.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Mate, let's put this to bed, OK?
We've wasted the day away, and
we've got nothing to show for it.
There's no story here.

A beat. Ben is thinking furiously. Travis sighs, stands up.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Going to the shop. Want anything?

Ben has a moment of revelation. He looks up.

BEN

Kathy!

TRAVIS

Sorry, Ben, but that's one desire
you're going to have to sort for
yourself.

BEN

No-one kills people over the
student union. I think we've taken
a shite approach to this whole
matter.

TRAVIS

Being?

BEN

That this was something to do with
Dan Barker's little coup in
progress. I think we're giving that
boy a little too much credit.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

But if you want to expand this to encompass every enemy that Andrew Crow has ever made in his life, we could be here for the rest of fucking time.

BEN

Mild-mannered, politically correct Andy Crow? Come off it, the guy's like custard. Warm, gooey, slight seasonal jaundice.

Travis perches himself on the side of Ben's desk.

TRAVIS

So what's your plan?

BEN

Well, we know a few things already. Helena's involved, since she's the one gunning for blood--

TRAVIS

And she says the Andy had the horn for her. But who doesn't, too be fair.

BEN

See, saying something like that would make you a suspect, Trav, but to be honest, this is a bit beyond your depth. We know that whoever did this had access to the building late at night, which helps to rule out anyone who isn't part of the machine. And while the politics is a big factor, we can't rule out the possibility that someone just simply didn't like Andy much at all.

TRAVIS

So we want to see where Helena really fits into the union.

Ben nods.

BEN

Follow her?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS
This is getting serious, mate.

BEN
Don't pretend as though you don't
stalk women professionally anyway.

Travis laughs, stands up again.

TRAVIS
Still going to the shop, though.
Anything?

BEN
Usual.

Travis leaves.

46 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - DAY - COLOUR

Helena is having a cigarette, cool as a cucumber. Not as distraught as earlier. Travis walks up to her, a cigarette in his own hand.

TRAVIS
Steal a light?

She turns, looks at him warily; he gives a sheepish smile.
She gives him a lighter.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Ta.

He lights up, returns the lighter. She takes it, turns away again.

They smoke in silence for a moment.

HELENA
Any news?

Travis shakes his head.

TRAVIS
Still looking around, turning rocks
over.

HELENA
And nothing?

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

Nothing.

She nods, disappointed. She looks as if she wants to cry again. Travis sees this.

Presently she drops her cigarette, stubs it out with her shoe, and leaves.

HELENA

Bye.

TRAVIS

See you.

He watches her leave, before stubbing out his own smoke and following.

47 INT. OUTSIDE ROSLAVA'S OFFICE - CONT.

Helena walks towards the office, Travis following far behind. She enters without knocking.

48 INT. ROSLAVA'S OFFICE - CONT.

The office is tiny, secretarial. Files everywhere.

Roslava is at her desk. She looks up.

HELENA

I need to see Gordon.

ROSLAVA

If you have an appointment, I --

HELENA

Just tell him I'm coming in.

ROSLAVA

I don't think --

HELENA

Tell him it's me. Pick up the phone, now.

49 INT. OUTSIDE ROSLAVA'S OFFICE - CONT.

Travis is near the door, listening.

After a moment:

ROSLAVA (O.S)
You can go in, now.

Quickly, he ducks away from the door, walking casually down the corridor.

Helena leaves the office, turns to go the other way. He follows once again.

50 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONT.

Helena goes to Gordon's office, enters, again without a knock. Travis sees.

51 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - CONT.

Travis is back in the room, with Ben.

BEN
So she's on the fast-track list for
an audience with Gordon Kelly.

TRAVIS
Apparently.

BEN
And this is because...?

TRAVIS
Fucked if I know. The North
building's a strange and wonderful
place, Ben.

BEN
But you think there's something in
it, do you?

Travis shrugs.

TRAVIS
I think there's something going on,
at least.

Ben considers this a moment, then nods in agreement.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

OK, then tell Isaac we're going on the East building roof. I'll steal the SLR from whoever's on photo duty.

TRAVIS

And then what?

BEN

(shrugs)

See what happens. Honestly, I'm just playing by ear at the minute.

They head off, once again.

52 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONT.

Gordon is sitting behind his desk, Helena in front. She looks at him with defeated eyes.

Gordon is working away at the computer.

HELENA

I don't know what to do.

He doesn't look up.

GORDON

About what?

HELENA

Andy.

He glances at her.

GORDON

Don't see what you could do about him. You don't practice the necromantic arts, last I checked.

HELENA

I don't want to fucking reanimate him, I just want to know what happened.

GORDON

Man shot himself in the head. Usually fatal.

(CONTINUED)

HELENA

People don't go around shooting themselves in the head.

GORDON

Men who are on the brink of losing their jobs thanks to the brutal machinations of the student council just might, Hel. The man was getting the axe, after years of loyal service, and he didn't know how to cope. Loaded the barrel, pulled the trigger. Hard to care when your Rolodex is liberally coated with your own brain matter.

HELENA

I think someone killed him.

GORDON

And who would that be?

She shrugs. Gordon sighs.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Listen, distilling comfort and soothing words isn't my forté, so I'm just going to say this bluntly. Keep out of it, OK? You're a student, volunteering a year away to be marketing assistant to the clowns in the sweatshop. You have no concern about what goes on in these offices beyond myself and this paranoia you've developed. Take a day off, or something.

HELENA

Can't. Seminars.

GORDON

Because you're in a position to get some work done, is it?

A beat. Then he stands, goes over to her.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Hey.

He holds out his hand; she refuses it, stands up and leaves.

He sighs, returns to work.

53 EXT. EAST BUILDING ROOF - CONT.

THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

A photograph of the two of them, through the office window, is snapped.

BEN AND TRAVIS

The guys are on the roof, Ben pointing a telescopic lens at Gordon's office. Travis is smoking again.

BEN
Think I got it.

TRAVIS
Yeah? Got what?

BEN
Not sure. Either a scandal, or a
hallmark moment.

TRAVIS
What, they're kissing?

BEN
Looks like it.

TRAVIS
Fuck me...

Travis shakes his head in disappointment.

BEN
What?

TRAVIS
Gordon Kelly got his hands on
Helena Morgan; a low down dirty
shame, that's what.

BEN
(chuckling)
Aw, broke your heart, did she?

TRAVIS
No God, Ben. No God.

BEN
Well, God or not, I think we're
done here. We should be
photographers for Heat. Maybe if we
wait they'll get naked, give us a
real show.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS

If that happened, I'd have to do an Andy Crow off the side of this building, and you'd have to clean it up.

The guys leave.

54 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

Dan is being interviewed.

INTERVIEWER

So how does the press affect the political situation in the union?

DAN

Not as much as they'd like, I'll you that.

He chuckles.

INTERVIEWER

But do they have any real power over your actions, with regards to policy?

DAN

Well, in an ideal world, the people in the office make decisions, the press relates these back to the students, and the students learn about it. That's the way it works, normally. The problem is, your average student doesn't give a monkey's about what we do, so the press is preaching to a tiny congregation. The only time anyone cares what's going on is when there's an election, or some poor fool is getting fired for stealing everybody's pens or something.

INTERVIEWER

So the relationship between the union and the press is an amicable one?

DAN

Civilised, sure, but amicable is a bit of a stretch. Let's just say that we offer them a seat and lend

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAN (cont'd)

them our voice when they come knocking, but we don't exactly offer them tea or biscuits. It's not that we don't like them, exactly, just that the nature of reporting on politics is that anything we do right gets a minor mention in the footnotes, but even the slightest mistake gets a massive front page smear. It's walking on broken glass and eggshells, all the time, and you can't afford to slip up because that's the end of you. The heads of department, Gordon Kelly and his gang, they don't have to worry so much, they eat news writers for breakfast, but we've got more at stake. Not a level playing field, I assure you.

55 INT. DAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT - B+W

It's the end of the day. Dark outside. Dan looks pretty worn out; he sits on the edge of his desk. Penny is in a chair.

DAN

So there we go. Twelve hours to ground zero.

PENNY

It'll be fine.

DAN

Of course. It's not like I'm introducing some sort of tax on everyone, just trying to make this place fair.

PENNY

An honourable ambition, and the council will see it that way.

DAN

They better. Or Gordon's going to have me on a silver platter.

PENNY

I bet you'd look lovely on a silver platter.

She smiles reassuringly; he smiles in return.

56 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT - B+W

Gordon sits behind his desk, drinking coffee, finishing up his work.

Kathy walks in.

GORDON
Don't you knock?

KATHY
Shut it, Kelly.

He looks up.

GORDON
Good mood, are we?

She sits down.

KATHY
I've got a feeling that tomorrow
will be a good tomorrow.

GORDON
That's encouraging news, because
I've got a feeling that tomorrow's
going to be a bloodbath. Anarchy in
the corridors, an uprising of the
masses, thanks to the hapless Dan
Barker and his shitty little plans.

KATHY
The way I see it, he hasn't a
chance.

GORDON
How's that?

KATHY
I'll just bring them down to my
level. They're not too bright,
these students; there's a reason
they're in this place, and not
swanning about in Oxford.

GORDON
This is true. Still, I'd like to go
over a few things with you tonight
before crunch time tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

No can do, boss-man, I'm off.

She gets up to leave.

GORDON

Off? What do you have to go off too? I thought the cage-fighting club was closed on Wednesdays.

KATHY

I have a date.

GORDON

Shit. Gloves on, I hope. Give the lad a chance.

She smiles; a knock on the door.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Andy enters. Kathy heads out.

KATHY

Night, Gordon.

GORDON

See you, Kathy.

ANDREW

Night, Kathy.

KATHY

Fuck off, Crow.

She leaves.

ANDREW

(to Gordon)

Why does she hate me?

Gordon picks a coin from his desk, starts fiddling with it.

GORDON

Everybody hates you, Andy; at least a little bit. You're head of communications, after all. You're like a tame and ultimately ineffectual Alastair Campbell.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

I don't think everyone hates me.

GORDON

Sure they do. But let's not get into that; this time tomorrow it may not even matter, as you'll be out of a job and in the fucking gutter. So how are we dealing with the students.

ANDREW

To be honest, I have no idea. Just going to ride it out, I suppose.

A beat.

GORDON

'Course you are.

Gordon spins the coin on his desk.

57 INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY - COLOUR

The STUDENT COUNCIL, a collection of about twenty students, are gathered in the room. They're chatting amongst themselves.

In walks Dan, straight to the head of the table. He puts down the papers he's carrying and looks them all in the eye.

A stillness falls upon the room. The silence is palpable.

After a moment, he straightens up to give his speech, as the atmosphere gradually veers towards the overly dramatic. Panning shots of the council members, patriotic music, twinkling in their eyes. He walks through the room, distilling his aura amongst the listeners as they look up at him, rather awed.

DAN

I suppose you all know why you're here today. Why I've dragged you out from whatever asinine and demoralizing lectures you've elected to attend in your years here, and why I think that this is the most important meeting that will transpire this year. Maybe the most important meeting that's ever taken place in these walls. Because what lies in the balance isn't just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAN (cont'd)
a few quid for the library, or a
convoy of new printers; what we're
discussing is how our student
government is going to finally be
able to govern itself... Why are we
here? Not to gild our precious CVs
or to let a few hours come by, but
to make a difference. We can make
that difference here today, you and
I. In the dark tower of the North
building, Gordon Kelly sits and
lets the machinations of his
machine pull our strings and set
the tempo, but it doesn't have to
be like that. His reign of darkness
doesn't have to carry on, we hold
the key to setting ourselves free.
Ladies and gents, I ask, beg,
implore you to vote yes today, so
we can pull ourselves out from
under Gordon Kelly's heel. We
deserve equality. We deserve free
government. We deserve democracy
and we deserve a voice. But most of
all, we deserve freedom.

The council erupts in applause, a standing ovation for their
President. Someone even snaps a salute.

This goes on for a little while, until the clapping dies
down, save for one slow clapper at the rear of the room.

Kathy leans against the wall, having seen the performance,
clapping slowly.

All eyes are on her. She stops.

KATHY
Dan Barker, you broke my heart.

DAN
Kathy.

KATHY
Weren't expecting me now, were you?

DAN
Can't say I was.

She spreads her hands.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY
Surprise.

Unease settles amongst the council, they sit down again. Dan remains standing at the head of the table. Kathy starts to slowly move around the room.

KATHY (CONT'D)
Allow me to speak for the
defendant, the dark tower of the
North as your president so
eloquently puts it. You boys and
girls are really pulling out all
the stops this time,
it's...fantastic. Utterly
incredible; you see, this is why
the student union is here, isn't
it? To give you chaps and chapettes
the forum to discuss your
grievances and whatnot.
(a beat)
I'll tell you what it's not here
for.

She stops behind one member of the council, and puts a hand on their shoulder. She leans down to their ear level.

KATHY (CONT'D)
It's definitely not for
undercharging yourself for union
tickets to see various rock bands
of your choosing, whilst forcing
your fellow concert-goers to make
up the money lost. That doesn't
sound like equality to me. And...

She moves on to the next member, a guy.

KATHY (CONT'D)
It's not here to allow you a social
network in which you can cruise the
corridors for politically
respectable girls to have your
wicked way with, behind the back of
your ever-faithful, ever-loving
significant other. You know who I
mean, right.

The guy nods, stares at the desk. Kathy pauses, then points at three girls sitting around the desk, who all look at each other and the guy in shock and embarrassment.

Shaking her head in mock-disgust, she then goes onto the next member.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY (CONT'D)

And it's definitely not a place for dishonest criminals who lie about their previous convictions and get their parents on the force to doctor their record, so as to gain access to these hallowed halls. Assault, on a minor, whilst coked out of your fucking nostrils in the middle of Sheffield; what a heavy night, eh?

She then goes up to Dan, right in his face.

KATHY (CONT'D)

You see, I can point fingers too, Mr. President. I can say what I think is wrong about this whole fucking charade, and I think my points are just as valid as your own. You're slowly walking into a fight that you can't possibly win, because your band of brothers are nothing more than average, useless human beings with more skeletons in their closets than an undertakers' locker room. You're just fucking students, and I am a paid mercenary with a license to kill.

They stare off for a moment, then she turns and heads for the door.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Bring your fight if you dare, laddy, but prepare to get royally fucked if you do. You will not win this fight.

She reaches the door, turns.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Don't dick with me, children. I'm a fucking bitch.

She leaves.

A collective sigh, stony silence.

Eventually Penny enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

PENNY

I've got you a slogan, Dan...

She tails off, seeing the dead room.

DAN

It won't be catchy enough.

58 INT. OUTSIDE ROSLAVA'S OFFICE - DAY - COLOUR

Travis walks towards Roslava's office; in his hand is a printout of the photo taken earlier. He studies it as he walks.

Arriving at her open office door, he knocks and pokes his head in

59 INT. ROSLAVA'S OFFICE - CONT.

Roslava looks up, sees him, gives a friendly smile.

ROSLAVA

Come in.

TRAVIS

Hi.

Travis walks in.

ROSLAVA

Mr. Kelly is not in right now.

TRAVIS

Uh, no, actually, was wondering if I could have a few words from you. I'm from the Canary. The newspaper.

ROSLAVA

Oh.

She didn't expect this; not often that people come in for a casual chat.

Travis gets out a notepad and pen.

TRAVIS

How're you finding it, working in the union?

She gives a "so-so" gesture.

(CONTINUED)

ROSLAVA

Good days, bad days. The work is simple and the hours are fine, but the people...

She shakes her head, disapproving.

TRAVIS

The people?

ROSLAVA

London is very unfriendly.

TRAVIS

It's a city of bastards, I'll give you that. Anything in particular.

She is hesitant.

ROSLAVA

Just in general, you know.

TRAVIS

Don't worry, I won't tell on you.

A reassuring smile; she softens.

ROSLAVA

Mr. Kelly treats me like second class dúra, always insulting me. It's like I'm shit to him.

TRAVIS

Hey, don't worry. Everyone's shit to him.

ROSLAVA

Not everyone.

TRAVIS

Hm?

ROSLAVA

The pretty one. I think they sleep together. Trakhát'sja.

TRAVIS

What, in the office?

She shrugs.

He thinks a moment.

(CONTINUED)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
He's not in, you said?

ROSLAVA
No.

TRAVIS
Think I could go, have a look
around?

ROSLAVA
(unsure)
Mm, I don't know...

TRAVIS
Go on, five minutes, then I'm off
to make you the unsung hero of the
North Building.

She relents, gives him a key. He winks at her, heads off.

60 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONT.

The man is absent from the office. The door opens, and in walks Travis.

He walks around the place, looking over everything to see if there's anything of interest. On a shelf is a down-turned photo frame; he puts it upright again. The photo of Gordon and his wife. He studies it for a moment, then moves on, leaving it up.

Goes behind the desk, starts looking through drawers. Nothing immediately obvious.

To a filing cabinet; he opens a drawer, looks through. Nothing. Another one; goes to the "H" section, and pulls out a document. Studies it. Realisation kicks in.

Back to the desk drawers, and he checks them meticulously this time. In the bottom drawer, underneath a pile of papers, something catches his eye.

The colour drains from his face; he takes a gulp.

61 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

Gordon is being interviewed.

(CONTINUED)

INTERVIEWER

How do you feel about being the CEO of the student union?

GORDON

How do I feel about it? Pretty fucking fine, that's how I feel about it. It's not a matter of how I feel about it, it's about how well I do my job, and how many casualties I can spare in the day to day battles. Maybe five years ago you could have asked me that question, and I would have given you an answer that you could relate to, but after you've been in this job for as long as I have you relish the fact that you don't have to feel anything at all. I sit in my office, day in, day out, knowing that no matter what I do, there's no arseholes knocking at my door telling me to pull my socks up, that there's a half-decent staff of proper soldiers ready to follow orders when given, and most importantly, that I am doing the best job that any scabby fool in this building could ever do.

INTERVIEWER

But do you ever get a sense of stillness, that you've reached a plateau?

GORDON

How d'you mean?

INTERVIEWER

After all, it's the highest office in the union. There's nowhere else to go.

GORDON

Why would I want to go anywhere else?

62 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY - COLOUR

Gordon enters his office.

GORDON (CONT'D) (V.O)
(continuing from previous scene)
Believe it or not, this is exactly where I want to be.

There's something on his desk; he spots it.

He walks over to it, picks it up.

INSERT: DOCUMENTS

There's the photo of himself and Helena, kissing, and a form. A sticky note is attached, which reads "Courtesy of the Canary" followed by a phone number. A guarantor's form, identifying himself as HELENA'S UNCLE.

BACK TO SCENE

His face goes to outrage. Instinctively, he looks around the room. His eyes fall on the photo of himself and his wife. His anger softens, something approaching shame sets in.

63 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT - B+W

The coin is still spinning on the desk.

ANDREW
We need to talk about Helena.

Gordon slams his hand on the coin.

GORDON
Do we?

ANDREW
You need to stop.

GORDON
No, actually, I think you need to stop.

ANDREW
Give her a chance, Gordon.

GORDON
Give her a chance?! What about me?
Don't I get a chance?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

A chance at what? All you're doing is cheating on your wife and making a mistress of a wonderful student, not to mention...

He trails off. Gordon leans over.

GORDON

Not to mention what, Andy?

ANDREW

You know what.

A beat.

GORDON

You love her, don't you?

ANDREW

What?

GORDON

These are but the ramblings of a jealous mind and wandering eyes, captured by a beauty they shall never possess. I'd feel sorry for you if I wasn't so fucking angry.

ANDREW

How I feel for Helena is beside the point.

GORDON

It's entirely the point! Look at you, look at me, playing this fucking game like all the rest of them, well into the autumn of our lives, and for what? To make a difference? To right the wrongs of the student world? No, we do it because we don't know anything else in the whole fucking world. And it kills us. It's killing you, it's killing me, and that girl is the only thing that keeps the blood flowing in my veins. The only reason I get up in the fucking morning, and if you want to shit on my parade, then you've got me to deal with. If you breathe a single solitary word of this outside of these walls, hell shall burst forth

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (cont'd)
and death shall stalk these
hallways. I will consume you.

Andy gets up, and turns to leave.

ANDREW
Once again, you resort to melodrama
and empty threats.

Upon reaching the door, he turns.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
But you should realise that if you
don't put an end to this, I will.
True, in these delicate days none
of us want this in the office, but
the girl deserves a chance.

He pauses for a response.

GORDON
(a beat)
Fuck off, Crow.

Andy sighs, leaves.

Gordon sits, stewing for a while.

Then he opens his bottom desk drawer, takes out the top few
papers, and looks inside. Determination sets in on his face.

64 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - DAY - COLOUR

Helena is smoking, deep in thought. Gordon walks up to her.

GORDON
Hello there.

He turns, sees her, offers a wan smile. She notices
something's wrong.

GORDON (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

HELENA
Thinking about Andy.

He puts his arm round her waist.

A moment, then:

(CONTINUED)

GORDON (CONT'D)
I need to tell you something.

HELENA
What?

He searches for his words, for once unable to just come out and say them.

GORDON
I've...done something.

She looks him in the eye; she knows what's coming, but is still afraid of it becoming a reality.

HELENA
What is it?

Face to face, he loses the ability to speak completely.

GORDON
I...I...

Helena holds her gaze.

HELENA
Andy.

Gordon pleads with his eyes. She backs away from him, hands over her mouth in horror.

GORDON
He knew...

HELENA
I knew it.

She turns, walks away in disgust, about to cry.

He stands alone, broken.

65 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - DOCU.

Andrew is being interviewed.

ANDREW
I don't think student culture
leaves much room for politics any
more. I remember when I was a
student here, when life was a hell
of a lot slower and the student
union was there with your interests
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW (cont'd)
in mind, all the time. And you knew
that if there was anything that
needed doing, the union would pull
through and get you there. These
days, well, I don't know if John
and Jane student even know who the
president is, let alone what the
establishment can do for them. If
every party is the monster raving
loony one, then there's no point in
paying attention.

BEGIN MONTAGE W/ ANDREW'S VOICE-OVER

All action occurs during the voice-over that immediately
succeeds it.

66 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT - B+W

Gordon is looking down at the desk drawer.

In the drawer is a gun. The same shot from the beginning of
the film.

ANDREW (CONT'D)(O.S)
Not that it really matters, in the
end. We still do the job.

67 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONT.

Gordon walks with a steely determination down the corridor.

ANDREW (CONT'D)(O.S)
And whether they like it or not, we
still try and make changes for the
better. Sometimes we succeed,
sometimes we fail, but we always
strive for the best.

INSERT: PRINTER TRAY

The sheet being printed is a suicide note. It reads:

"So this is it, I've reached the end, and these are my final
words. Impersonal, maybe, inconvenient, perhaps, but
inevitable? Certainly. I leave this world free from regret,
but still with sadness in my heart..."

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW (CONT'D)(O.S)

We can certainly try and engage the population in the decision making process, but if the interest is not there, we can do nothing but charge ahead.

The note continues, but we cut to...

68 INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE - CONT.

Andrew's face in profile. He looks up at...

Gordon, pointing a gun at his head. Andrew's expression is of sad resignation. They are motionless as the voice-over continues.

ANDREW (CONT'D)(O.S)

And when all is said and done, when the dust settles and the final hand is dealt, will there be anyone there to see where the chips have fallen? Or will the stalls be empty, and our efforts dissipate into silence. Not a whisper.

Gordon pulls the trigger. A deafening bang.

END MONTAGE

SMASH CUT TO:

69 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - DAY - COLOUR

Gordon has some boxes, and is packing away his stuff.

Kathy enters.

KATHY

What's all this?

Gordon doesn't answer her.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Hey, Kelly. What's up?

He stops, faces her.

GORDON

I'm leaving.

(CONTINUED)

KATHY

For where.

GORDON

Prison, most likely. I think I'm about to be sacked.

A beat.

KATHY

For fuck's sake, Gordon. Today, of all days, you decide to get sacked. Do you know where I've been? I've just gatecrashed the student council snuff party of the year, and spread as much shit around as you could possibly ever want. I've painted those bastards a colour they never thought even existed, and I did that for you, because you're my boss and I'm a fucking legend.

GORDON

That's fucking great, Kathy, really, a stellar job, but I'm a bit preoccupied with my own impending tsunami of excrement, so if you don't mind, kindly fuck off.

KATHY

When I think of all the times --

A knock at the door. It opens.

Travis, Ben, and a pair of POLICEMEN. Ben, camera in hand, takes a photo.

FADE THROUGH BLACK:

70

INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY - COLOUR

Ben and Travis are at their stations, working.

BEN

You update the home page?

TRAVIS

Why aye, man.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Any hits?

TRAVIS

A couple. Here and there.

BEN

So let's get some more news. What else has happened?

TRAVIS

Uh, well...

BEGIN MONTAGE W/ TRAVIS'S VOICE-OVER

All action occurs during the voice-over that immediately succeeds it.

71 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY - COLOUR

Gordon is led down the corridor by a pair of policemen.

TRAVIS (O.S)

Gordon Kelly was arrested for murder at 4:30pm yesterday, after compelling evidence was brought to light by a certain pair of student journalists. Helena has been unavailable for comment since.

72 INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY - COLOUR

The council is assembled. Dan is at the head of the table, as always.

A small number of members raise their hands, then lower them again. Then a large majority raise their hands.

Dan is extremely unhappy. Penny tries to calm him down.

TRAVIS (O.S)

Dan's marvellous plans were shot down in the vote, after a sudden change of heart from most present.

73 INT. GORDON'S OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY - COLOUR

The sign reading "Gordon Kelly - Chief Executive Officer" is replaced by one reading "Kathy Young - Chief Executive Officer".

TRAVIS (O.S)

And everybody's favourite hell
spawn is now the queen of the
union, much to the ire of everyone
affected.

END MONTAGE

74 INT. CANARY NEWSROOM - DAY - COLOUR

Ben nods, satisfied.

BEN

OK, write it up.

Travis gets up.

TRAVIS

You do that. Going to the shop.
Want anything?

BEN

Same old shit, thanks very much.

TRAVIS

OK.

Travis leaves.

75 INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY - COLOUR

An empty hallway. Not a soul in sight.

Then the hour arrives, and STUDENTS pour into the corridor.
Another day begins.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END