

16 CONTD.

RONALD J. HARDING emerges from his inner sanctuary. He is a squat, bull-necked character with short, frizzy hair and puffed eyes. He is proceeded by a plain-clothed DETECTIVE, wearing a pork-pie hat and gaberdine raincoat.

HARDING

... sorry they called you down the Station John - assure you it won't happen again. Anyway if you get any more problems ...

DANIELS

Mr. Harding I'd like you to meet my new drummer.

HARDING looks mildly irritated at DANIEL's intrusion.

HARDING

Not now.

HARDING escorts the INSPECTOR to the door.

DANIELS

(calling out)

What about our gigs.

HARDING

(without turning)

See Mrs. Beresford.

HARDING shuts the door behind him. A pause. DANIELS looks somewhat deflated in front of his new recruit.

CHARLIE

(deadpan)

Busy man.

MRS. BERESFORD hands DANIELS a schedule of dates, gleaned from the depths of her out-tray, then carries on typing. DANIELS glances down the painfully short itinerary while CHARLIE cranes to take a look.

DANIELS

Four pubs, two Socials and the Jackoranda.

CHARLIE

Not a bad week.

MRS. BERESFORD

(without looking up)

Not a bad month.