

19 EXT. JACKORANDA CLUB. NIGHT.

19

The GROUP off-load their sparse equipment into the road outside the seedy rear entrance of the Jackoranda Club.

DANIELS

Get the gear set up - I'll sort out Woolley.

DANIELS hurries inside to find the Club Manager, leaving the others to do the work.

BARRY

(shouting after him)  
Don't push yourself.

20 INT. JACKORANDA CLUB. PASSAGE. NIGHT.

20

DANIELS finds the CLUB MANAGER checking through his stock of beer crates, stacked in a passage behind the Bar.

DANIELS

(breezily)  
Alright, Mr. Woolley?

WOLLEY continues counting his crates without bothering to look up. DANIELS helps himself to a pint off the top.

DANIELS

(chatty)  
We've got a nice little half-hour set lined up tonight ...

WOOLLEY

(cutting in sharply)  
Sixty minutes or forget it.

He gently removes the unopened pint from DANIELS' hand as he goes on talking.

WOOLLEY

... and you can cut out all that P.J. Proby nonsense as well.

DANIELS

(hotly)  
Now Mr. Woolley, have I ever ...

WOOLLEY

(cutting in)  
Yeah, and you're in there.