

59 INT. DISUSED WAREHOUSE. DAY.

59

The Warehouse has been cleared for a mid-morning Sale/Auction conducted from the back of a large truck. STOKER stands on the tail-board, flanked by trestle tables of worthless miscellania.

STOKER (ad-lib)

PAUL moves round the back of the AUDIENCE.

STOKER (ad-lib)

STOKER addresses his pitch at a toothless fossil in the front row. The wretched WOMAN has a nervous twitch, and has already fallen victim to an impressive pyre of junk. A further twitch secures her with a pair of the Ex-surplus W.A.A.F. tongs, despite the fact she is almost bald.

STOKER (ad-lib)

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STOKER and TWO ASSISTANTS load their supply lorry with the unsold merchandise from the Auction. The lorry is conveniently parked in the warehouse, and while the ASSISTANTS pass the stuff, STOKER stacks it up on the trailer board. PAUL is standing by the lorry, poking about.