

60 CONTD.

PAUL dumps the boxes on the trailer-board, then pauses while STOKER goes on loading the lorry.

PAUL
We got rid of him.

STOKER
Didn't think it'd take long.

STOKER looks round.

STOKER
Hold the fort will you Joe? Just going for a slash.

STOKER jumps down from the tail board and walks round the front of the lorry with PAUL.

STOKER
When I jacked it in with Priest, that was it. Just wasn't worth it. I make twice as much doing this lark.

STOKER roots about the empty beer-crates.

PAUL
So you're not interested?

STOKER
Well, maybe. But only semi-pro.

A PAUSE.

PAUL
Written anything?

STOKER
Odds and sods. (Pause) What about your bloke Harding?

PAUL
Yeah, but he doesn't give a shit - as long as he cops his 10%.

STOKER
Ours didn't even notice we'd split up.

The AUCTION MANAGER appears round the cab and reaches for his cigarettes on the dashboard.