

80/81 INT. GRANADA. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

STOKER stacks his equipment in the passage, watched by HARDING. PAUL and CHARLIE pile up more gear behind him.

HARDING

(to STOKER)

Listen, if you piss about part-time all your life, you'll never get any bloody place.

STOKER

What bloody place?

BARRY and RUSSELL carry out the amplifiers.

CHARLIE and ANGIE walk back to the stage, separating STOKER from HARDING

HARDING

(Calling after him)

You can piss off any time you want!
(sparking)

That crap you served up tonight, that wasn't music...you're just second rate comics workin' on a third rate audience -

STOKER

With a fourth-rate agent coppin' ten percent!

HARDING grabs STOKER by the arm and swings him round, locking him in a half-nelson. RON and TERRY rush up to take over from HARDING.

HARDING

(to RON and TERRY)

Okay, I'll take care of it.

HARDING relaxes his grip and STOKER dumps the drum on the floor.

STOKER

(trembling)

That's right, Ron, you take care of it.
I'm out.

STOKER walks past BARRY and CHARLIE out into the street.
PAUL runs up from the wings.