

82 CONTD.

PAUL

What happened?

HARDING

You just lost six weeks work and  
and Agent, that's what happened.  
From now on you're all on your  
bloody own!

HARDING sweeps off, followed by TERRY and RON. A pause.

83 EXT. DERELICT STREET. DAY.

83

TONY DEVLIN labours up a hillside street lined with  
derelict houses boarded up with corrugated iron. He  
passes TWO WORKMEN nailing a sheet of corrugated iron  
over a doorway, and stops outside the house beyond it  
- the only occupied house left in the street.

He knocks on the door. No reply. He knocks again,  
opens the flap of the letter box to find a pair of  
eyes staring at him.

MRS. STOKER

(bluntly)

I'm not leaving.

DEVLIN glances at a piece of paper.

DEVLIN

Would you be Mrs. Stoker?

MRS. STOKER

I told the Council man same as I'm  
telling you - I'm not moving!

DEVLIN

I'm not from the Council Mrs. Stoker,  
I'm from the Seymour Trust.

MRS. STOKER

An' I don't want charity neither.

DEVLIN

Is your son in?

MRS. STOKER

Never came back.