

83 CONTD.

DEVLIN

Grandson?

MRS. STOKER

Out with his pidgeons.

DEVLIN

Ah.

(Pause)

Well when he gets back, could you give him this?

DEVLIN pokes an envelope through the letter box at MRS. STOKER's eye. She snatches it like a parrot in a cage.

MRS. STOKER

(suspiciously)

What is it?

DEVLIN

It's all explained in the letter.
Sorry to have troubled you.

DEVLIN lets the flap drop.

84 INT. SEYMOUR TRUST - SEYMOUR'S OFFICE. DAY.

84

A number of ADVERTISING EXECUTIVES sit round a Conference Table, discussing the various problems involved in promoting a new line of dehydrated vegetables. The table is littered with specimen packages, posters and samples of the shrivelled foods in question.

The Office itself is set high in a modern tower block, overlooking the Thames. The meeting is presided over by ROBERT SEYMOUR, a youthful executive in his mid-thirties, with an air of cool, disarming assurance. A large oil-painting of his Father, the late Sir Thomas A. Seymour, stares down from the wall above him.

BRADBURY

(to SEYMOUR)

I'm sorry, but we really can't afford to start changing our campaign at this stage. Do you realise what it involves...

SEYMOUR

(casually cutting in)

Okay, fine. Let's just forget it then.