

84 CONTD.

LYLE
(to BRADBURY)
Well, I'm sure we can work out
some sort of compromise.

The telephone rings: DEVLIN answers it in the background.

SEYMOUR
There's no room for compromise, Mike.

DEVLIN
(gently, to SEYMOUR)
It's your wife ... shall I ask her
to call back?

SEYMOUR
No, it's okay, I'll take it.

SEYMOUR takes the phone, leaving the others to doodle
in silence.

SEYMOUR
Hello love ... No, no, that's okay.
(pause)
Oh, marvellous ... At the school?
No, no, that's fine. Okay, see you
later. No, I'll be home about
eight. Bye.

SEYMOUR hangs up, then turns back to BRADBURY.

SEYMOUR
Listen, I'd be happy to put you in
touch with another Agency who'll
simply do what you tell them - and
at a fraction of the price we charge.
In fact I really don't think we can
handle the account unless you give us
a relatively free hand.

SEYMOUR checks his watch, then gets up from the table,
nodding at DEVLIN.

SEYMOUR
Let's meet again when you've had time
to think it over.

SEYMOUR coasts from the room, followed by DEVLIN.