

SEYMOUR

What'll you all have to drink?
 (calling)
 Judy love... come and meet the boys.

JUDY leaves the other GUESTS and walks over.

SEYMOUR

My wife Judy.... this is Stoker, Paul,
 Barry and er.....

ANGIE

(breezily)
 Angie. Ta, I'll have a Babycham.

The GROUP are somewhat baffled by SEYMOUR's lack of concern for their ordeal.

SEYMOUR

We've just been reading about your little ordeal.

SEYMOUR casually hands STOKER the Evening Paper, lying on the side-board. The headline proclaims: "ROCK GROUP ESCAPE IN SEA BATTLE!" above a large photo of Flame being air-lifted from the Forts. The GROUP crowd round STOKER as he unfolds the paper.

SEYMOUR takes BARRY's arm and escorts him to a beady little man, SOMMERS, tucked away in an armchair watching TV - but without the sound up.

SEYMOUR

Brian, I'd like you to meet Barry....
 (to BARRY)
 This is Brian Sommers, he'll be handling your publicity in future.

SOMMERS extends a limp hand.

SOMMERS

How do you do.
 (to SEYMOUR)
 Is this the one with the twenty-first coming up?

SEYMOUR

I think so, Brian - why not?
 Excuse me....

SEYMOUR leans over and turns up the sound on the TV.