

97 CONTD.

SEYMOUR and DEVLIN mix with the GUESTS, smiling benevolently as they are introduced to some of the Group's former associates. CHARLIE stands in one corner, chatting to his old FOREMAN from the Drop Forge Factory.

CHARLIE

This is my old boss, Mr. Seymour
... Harold, this is Mr. Seymour.

HAROLD extends a palsied hand.

SEYMOUR

Pleased to meet you, Harold.

HAROLD

(mumbling, pissed)
He's a good boy ...

CHARLIE

(calling)
Hey, Barry!

CHARLIE ^{Nods} ~~points~~ to where JACK DANIELS is filling in a WOMAN JOURNALIST with the latest details of his own waning career.

CHARLIE

(to SEYMOUR)
That's the joker we were talking
about.

SEYMOUR continues strolling around the room, observing the situation with his accustomed degree of detachment. He moves along the Buffet table, helping himself to the various offerings.

HARDING drifts up behind him, refilling his plate with a generous helping of Lobster Surprise.

SEYMOUR

I'm sorry, could you pass some
of that....

HARDING hands SEYMOUR a spoonful of mayonnaise.

HARDING

The boys deserved a break.