

100 CONTD.

SEYMOUR remains standing while HARDING pads round to his desk, switching on an electric fire in passing.

The room is cluttered with items from Harding's other side-lines, including a couple of One-Arm bandits on the floor. SEYMOUR glances round at the walls, hung with signed glossy photos of HARDING posed with various forgotten artistes. Several greyhound trophies litter his desk, while other photos show HARDING with his prize-winners. SEYMOUR studies them with veiled indifference.

HARDING

(watching him)

You a dog fancier?

SEYMOUR

I don't know much about it.

HARDING

(pointing)

That one up there. A real lady
... I ran her six seasons at
Catford ... Nothing like her!

SEYMOUR

You were saying about the Group ...?

HARDING takes a box of mints from his desk and offers them to SEYMOUR. SEYMOUR declines.

HARDING

(taking his time)

Well now, what are we going to
do about them?

SEYMOUR

(casually)

You tell me.

HARDING

I've been giving it a lot of thought
and I said to myself, now fair's
fair ... he's obviously gone to a
lot of trouble with these boys,
and after all he wasn't to know
they was signed up with me.

SEYMOUR wanders over to the window.