

106 CONTD.

PAUL

Screw Mirabelle, I'm going home tonight.

SOMMERS

Come on, love, we're talking about four million pairs of potential wet knickers.

SHELDON

(to BARRY)

Little bit this way ... that's it ... head up a fraction. That's it, lovely!

SHELDON spots a wide-angle shot of STOKER, holding PAUL in the foreground.

STOKER

Do I have to spend all my life dressed up like a bloody bonfire?

SEYMOUR moves ANGIE out of SHELDON's line of CAMERA fire.

SHELDON

Sorry love, but can you just tilt round to your right?

PAUL

For Christ's sake, haven't you got enough.

SEYMOUR senses the jarring nerves.

SEYMOUR

Sheldon ...

SEYMOUR gives SHELDON a tactful wave to leave them alone.

BARRY

Where's Russell? I sent him out bloody hours ago.

SEYMOUR

(calmly)

Don't worry, you look fine.

(to the GROUP)

Now just remember, don't look into the Cameras, just keep your eyes on those kids on the floor. It's all to playback, so all you've got to do is remember to look good.