

125B CONTD.

HARDING

Mr. Seymour ... you're so hard to reach these days.

SEYMOUR

(off guard)

Look, er .... could we make it some other time?

HARDING

I won't keep you a moment.

There is a short embarrassed pause as SEYMOUR's CLIENTS hover by the door. DEVLIN moves in on SEYMOUR's behalf.

DEVLIN

I'm afraid Mr. Seymour can only see you by appointment.

HARDING

(still looking at SEYMOUR)  
He's had my card.

SEYMOUR

It's alright, Tony ... take George on ahead, I'll join you in a moment. What can I do for you?

HARDING

I want my money. I want what's mine on that contract.

SEYMOUR

I have yet to see your so called contract, Mr. Harding.

HARDING

You've seen Daniels. I want what's mine.

SEYMOUR

And what exactly is that? A few fruit machines and a couple of psychopaths and you think you can worm your scrummy little way up on my back. You stay where you belong Harding. You stick with your dog pictures and your Juke Boxes and your thugs, they're yours.