

153AA INT. BOURNFMOUTH HOTEL SUITE. NIGHT

153AA

In a darkened bedroom, PAUL is packing a suitcase, ANGIE appears at the lighted doorway, a drink in her hand.

ANGIE

What you doin'?

PAUL continues packing without looking up.

PAUL

What does it look like I'm doin',
Angie, my love?

ANGIE, drunk, shakes her head.

PAUL

I'm off. Finished. Back home.

There is silence for a moment.

ANGIE

Why? What about the group?

PAUL

The group....there is no group. There
never was no bloody group. Not after
Seymour showed up.

ANGIE

But you've done it....you're famous now.
You got money.... You got everything.

PAUL, leaving, stops by her.

PAUL

Yeah... yeah, we got everything. You hang =
on to that bit love. You hang on to Stoker.
He's going your way..... I'll see you, Angie.

He moves past her. She catches his arm as he passes.

ANGIE

Paul.....

He stops, looks at her, smiles. They kiss, gently, and
PAUL walks off down the corridor with his bag.

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