

159 INT. BOURNEMOUTH HOTEL - PASSAGE. DAY. 159

HARDING strides along the passage, filled with breezy optimism. He pauses outside Suite 204, then walks in without knocking.

160 INT. BOURNEMOUTH HOTEL - SUITE. DAY. 160

HARDING coasts inside the room, then stops. The floor is littered with the debris of the party the night before: empty beer bottles, tangled bits of clothing, and the half-eaten "WELCOME FLAME" cake - now pitted with cigarette stubs. The suite appears to be completely deserted, and HARDING walks across towards the windows.

STOKER

(OFF CAMERA)

Bit early for you isn't it, Ron?

HARDING turns round to find STOKER sitting at a dressing table, finishing off his breakfast. HARDING's initial concern gives way to a warm welcome.

HARDING

Well, my little Stoker. How're you keeping?

STOKER

(eating)
Mustn't grumble.

A pause.

HARDING

Heard the news?

STOKER

(casually)
What news is that Ron?

HARDING

It's back with me again. Your Mr. Seymour's had enough.

STOKER gets up and walks towards the door while HARDING takes out a somewhat crumpled contract from his pocket.

STOKER

You know something, Ron? I think we've all had enough.