

Frank comes back *reluctantly*. Now include Michelle, the dancer from the earlier dressing room scene, at the bar with a BUSINESSMAN, as she turns into:

FRANK
She's not around anymore.

DIANA
Where is she?

FRANK
Don't have a clue...if you don't mind...
(*I'm busy here...*)

DIANA
(*angry*)
I want to see who brought her here.

FRANK
(*beat it, Lady*)
This interview is over.

He turns to move again, but she stops him, rummaging in her purse, coming up with her wallet, with:

DIANA
I'll pay for the information.

FRANK
Whatever you're pulling out, Lady, better be for a drink. 'Cause I got nothing to say.

DIANA
Tell me about my daughter!

FRANK
(*dead-eye stare*)
I told you all I know...and I don't know a damned thing.

Frank moves away to the other end of the bar. Diana, at a loss, *frustrated*, waits a few beats, then drags away in *defeat* as --

Michelle slips off her barstool and moves after Diana.

wrong moment. Fair enough.
(pause)
Do you mind if I have a go?

WILLIAM

Spike!

SPIKE

No -- you're right.

WILLIAM

I'll talk to you in the morning.

SPIKE

Okay -- okay. Might be too late, but
okay.

Back to William thinking again. Dreamy atmosphere. And then...
more footsteps on the stairs.

WILLIAM

Oh please sod off.

ANNA

Okay.

WILLIAM

No! No. Wait. I... thought you were
someone else. I thought you were Spike.
I'm delighted you're not.

The darkness of the living room. We see Anna in the shadow.