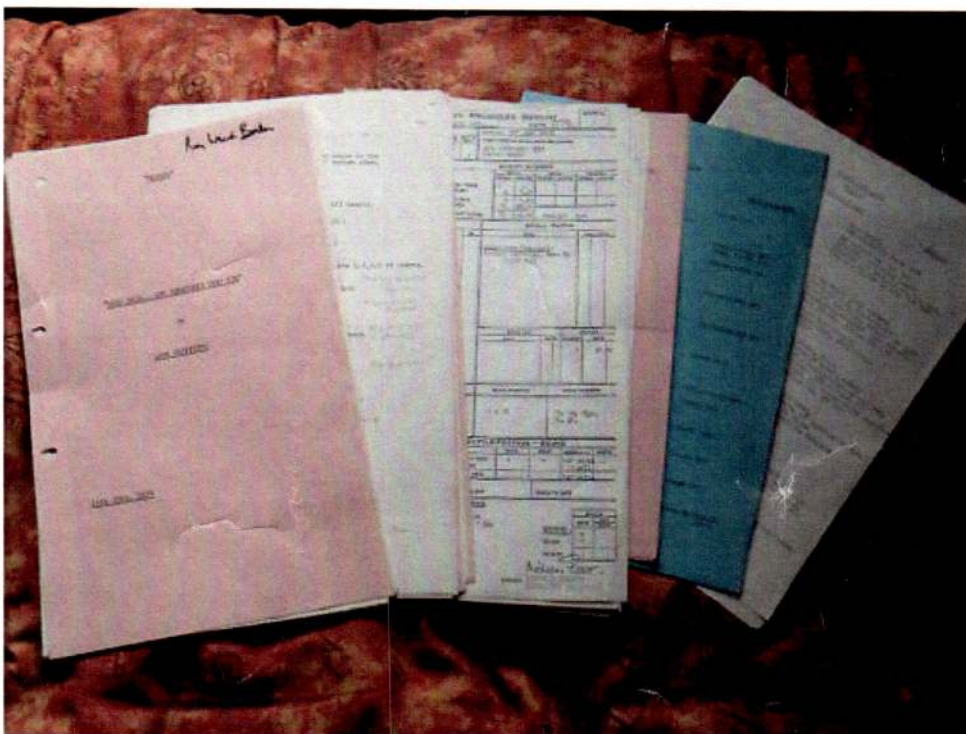


Aces High....And Sometimes Very Low (Series 1, Episode 6)



An original Director owned and production used script for the 1979 Minder TV series episode, Aces High....And Sometimes Very Low (Starring George Cole and Dennis Waterman), authentically hand signed by the late Roy Ward Baker, Director of various Hammer Horror films, A Night To Remember (Titanic) & cult TV series such as Minder, The Avengers, Jason King. He died last year, aged 93.

This is Roy Ward Baker's own loose leaf script (signed on front), approx 58 pages (with his hand written amendments added). The script is made up of mostly first draft white pages, with a few pink rewrite pages. Also included is 1 page of Casting Advice Notes, for one of the guest cast, detailing their and agents addresses, when they are required and how much they will be paid. Also 3 page contact address list of the cast and a 7 page contact list for the crew. Also, a 2 page location list.

The most interesting part of this package is 11 pages of Production Progress Reports (one for each day of the filming schedule), which list the scenes shot each day, the amount of film footage used, the actors who worked that day, special props which were used, the start and end times of the days filming and remarks such as who was ill, who turned up late on set and reasons why filming overran. Great stuff!.

Roy Ward Baker

"MINDER"

"ACES HIGH...AND SOMETIMES VERY LOW"

by

LEON GRIFFITHS

11th JULY, 1979

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

This is a gambling story and a fair amount of the action takes place round the poker table.

It is my contention that there is a certain fascination in watching cards fall on the green baize even if you don't really know what is happening.

You don't have to understand poker to appreciate the scenes, any more than it was necessary to understand pool to appreciate 'The Hustler' or five-card-stud to enjoy 'The Cincinnati Kid.'

However, for the experts, the hands have been kept simpler than they might really be in a serious table-stakes game.

ACT ONE

1. INT. CASINO. NIGHT.

1.

Starting TIGHT on a poker table. SIX PLAYERS, three of them ARABS. A few spectators. Our attention is fixed on MAURICE MICHAELSON, thirty five, well-dressed, charming and confident. He has an impressive pile of chips in front of him.

Sometime's MAURICE's confidence verges on the brash and arrogant. He's a good poker player and he knows it.

The CROUPIER has just dealt the last of the up cards to the three remaining players in the hand. To Maurice's left an ARAB PLAYER gets an ace, making his hand A,9,9,A. MAURICE also gets an ace, making his hand Q,10,Q,A. The third player doesn't improve on his pair of Jacks.

The ARAB PLAYER fidgets with his chips.

CROUPIER

Two pairs to bet.

ARAB PLAYER

Five hundred.

He tosses five large square chips into the pot. The MAN with the pair of Jacks pushes his cards forward.

PUNTER

Gone.

MAURICE glances across at the ARAB. The ARAB is trying hard to appear composed and confident - but he can't resist taking a peek at his hole card.

MAURICE

Call the five...

He pushes five chips into the pot, keeps his hand on them for a moment.

MAURICE

And I raise....two grand.

He tosses four big £500 chips into the pot.

The ARAB stares at him, manages a tight smile.

ARAB PLAYER

You don't believe my full house?

1. CONTINUED.

1.

MAURICE

You want to call or you want lessons? Either way it costs you money.

The ARAB considers.

ARAB PLAYER

I call.

He puts his chips into the pot.

MAURICE (Grinning)

Now for sure I don't believe your full house. Three little ladies takes it...

He turns over his hole card. It is a queen. The CROUPIER pushes the money towards MAURICE. The ARAB stares glumly at his own upturned hole card - a ten.

ARAB PLAYER

How you know?

MAURICE

Aces and nines...they were dead. Don't you watch the cards?

The ARAB shrugs. He's a bad player and knows it. The CROUPIER is shuffling. He offers the deck to the PLAYER on his left for the cut.

MAURICE

Deal me out. Thankyou gentlemen...

He gathers his large pile of chips. Resigned looks from two or three other players.

2. INT. PAY-OUT DESK. CASINO. NIGHT.

2.

This is situated in a different part of the casino. The poker rooms are small compared with the other areas where the main action is roulette, craps and blackjack or chemmy. The SETTLER is handing over neatly taped bundles.

SETTLER

Nine thousand, ten thousand, eleven thousand...

Now he quickly counts out two hundred and forty pounds in twenty pound notes.

2. CONTINUED.

2.

SETTLER

Two hundred and forty, sir...

MAURICE

Thanks.

He distributes the money into various pockets. As he turns away he is confronted by the middle-aged MANAGER.

CAMERA HOLDS them both in tight shot as they walk towards the exit. No suggestion of threat or unpleasantness. The manager's tone is amiable and reasonable.

MANAGER

Mister Michaelson...I do hope you appreciate my embarrassment...

MAURICE

I've won too much again?

MANAGER

I'm delighted for you, Mister Michaelson. But a few of the members feel that it's...what...discouraging for them...

MAURICE

You get a lot of action. Good table money for the places --

MANAGER

But they tend not to come back. I mean, let's face it, Mister Michaelson...you are a professional, and a very good one...and...

They're close to the exit now and MAURICE stops and glances at the MANAGER.

MAURICE

And?

MANAGER

And you know what I'm going to say,...

MAURICE

Barred?

MANAGER (Quickly)

Not at all, Mister Michaelson. We're delighted for you to take part in any of the club's activities. Not a question of being barred...not in an establishment like this. We would

MANAGER (Contd)_{do}
simply prefer that you ~~did~~ not
use the poker room.

MAURICE (Smiles)
So I'm barred.

MANAGER
I did not use that word, Mister
Michaelson. Try blackjack,
roulette...

MAURICE
That way you've got the edge.
See, playing poker I've got the
edge --

MANAGER
In that case, I repeat...I'm
very sorry Mister Michaelson.

MAURICE (Interrupting)
Yes, and I'm sorry you're sorry.
Maybe six months time, eh?

MANAGER
Possibly Mister Michaelson...

MAURICE
G'night.

By the time the MANAGER mutters his own 'goodnight' MAURICE
is striding towards the door.

3. EXT. ROAD AND BLOCK OF FLATS. HENDON. NIGHT. 3.

MAURICE at the wheel of his 1977 Lotus Eclat 520. A bit of
stylish gear-changing as he drives onto the forecourt of
a modern apartment block: Sinatra and a bigband sound on
the car stereo.

MAURICE backs the car into a parking space. Radio off,
electric aerial down. He gets out of the car, locks the
door.

From out of the shadows three FIGURES appear.

4. ANOTHER ANGLE. 4.

A few blows. MAURICE doesn't even manage a cry for help

4. CONTINUED.

4.

before he is knocked to the ground. Hands move quickly from pocket to pocket relieving him of the night's winnings. It's all over in a few seconds. The three men run into the night, leaving an unconscious MAURICE sprawled against the sleek wing of the Lotus.

5. STREET AND WINCHESTER CLUB. ENTRANCE. DAY.

5.

We pick out MAURICE's Lotus overtaking a car, cutting in front quickly, parking with two wheels up on the pavement. Parking meter maids are of little importance in MAURICE's life.

6. INT. MAURICE'S LOTUS ECLAT. DAY.

6.

A quick glance in the driving mirror. Apart from a slight bruise on his cheek and a few stitches above his right eye, MAURICE looks well enough.

7. INT. WINCHESTER CLUB. DAY.

7.

A handful of afternoon drinkers at the bar.

ARTHUR and TERRY are at a small table a few yards from the bar. They are playing cards - gin rummy.

MAURICE enters and sees ARTHUR and TERRY.

ARTHUR (Glancing up)
Hello Maurice. ~~Not fisticuffs~~
~~I hope~~

MAURICE
~~Just a minor skirmish, Arthur.~~
All right, Terry?

TERRY
Yeh. Great.

MAURICE: Er - what's his name?
ARTHUR: Dave
MAURICE: Dave - Dave ^{you two}
d'you do a Marguerita ^{already?}
Cocktail? (Continue p6/7)

During this exchange ARTHUR and TERRY have picked up and discarded six cards between them. They're playing with the enthusiasm of a couple of kids playing Snap. Now ARTHUR picks up and promptly discards a Nine of Clubs. MAURICE is surprised, even offended by this move.

MAURICE (Excitedly)
What're you doing? What you
do that for?

7. CONTINUED.

7.

ARTHUR

Eh?

MAURICE

I mean, he's got to be looking
for a nine, hasn't he?

ARTHUR (Intimidated)

How do I know?

Meanwhile, TERRY has picked up the nine.

MAURICE

Well, I've just seen six cards
go down. You must know what
you've got in your ~~re~~ own hand:
that accounts for another three
at least. There's only another four
cards he could want --

TERRY proudly spreads his hand.

TERRY

I'm out, Arthur.

MAURICE

Course he is, you gave him
the nine --

ARTHUR

Maurice, don't go potty. We're
only playing for ~~10p~~ a point --

Winning a point? ^{a perry} MAURICE
~~Ten-P?~~ So deal me in...

He pulls up a chair.

TERRY (Dryly)

Oh yes...right away. We're going
to sit and play rummy with the
Maverick of Hendon Central...
you're definitely jesting, ~~Maurice~~.

MAURICE

So you lose a few quid...just think
of the experience you'd be gaining.
~~(Calling to the bar.)~~
~~Dave...d'you do a Marguerita cocktail?~~

8. FAVOUR DAVE.

8.

He is the mid-fifties ex-fighter who runs the Winchester.

8. CONTINUED.

8.

We can tell from his expression that he's not accustomed to being addressed in this manner.

DAVE is cleaning a glass. A long, long look at MAURICE.

DAVE (Patiently)
I do a gin and tonic cocktail
A whisky and dry ginger cocktail,
A bacardi and coke with ice and
twist of lemon...but a whatever -
you-call-it --

MAURICE (Interrupting)
Then give me a lager. A nice
continental lager...

DAVE (To nobody in particular)
A lager connoisseur...Whatever
happened to light ales...

9. RESUME ARTHUR, TERRY and MAURICE.

9.

MAURICE fiddles with the deck of cards, a nice riffle shuffle.

ARTHUR
Don't start, Maurice...none of
that 'pick a card'...Still winning?

MAURICE
Winning?

He lights a cigarette with a Cartier lighter.

MAURICE
Eleven grand I dropped the
other night,

TERRY
The Cincinatti Kid must've been
in town.

MAURICE
I got mugged. Biggest win
I've had for months.

ARTHUR
No wonder everybody's on about
law and order.

MAURICE
Arthur, that's the good news.

ARTHUR

Yeh?

MAURICE

Barred from the ~~Belmont~~. *Beaumont.*

ARTHUR

Joking.

MAURICE

Intercontinental
 And the ~~(Lancaster and the International)~~
and the Royal... They've taken away
 my living --

TERRY

You could claim redundancy money.

MAURICE

It's not funny. I mean,
 it's like a doctor being struck off.
 A professional man is deprived of
 his living because he's too good...

*One nice
 Continental
 lager. Are
 one yourself
 Thanks. Bloody
 Oh. Good.*

DAVE is at the table now, resenting his unaccustomed role
 as waiter. MAURICE hands him two pounds.

MAURICE *-er-*

~~Have one yourself, Dave.~~ Anyway...
 That's why I've come to see you.

ARTHUR (Airily)

Well, obviously I know a few
 of the people who run these
 places. I could have a word
 with --

MAURICE

Who? Who could you have a word
 with? ~~Nobody. Don't give me all that...~~
 What I've come to see you about is...
 I need Terry.

TERRY (Dryly)

Well, why don't you come and
 see Terry if you need Terry?

MAURICE

No offence Terry. I mean...it's
 a business proposition.

ARTHUR quickly asserts himself.

9. CONTINUED.

9.

ARTHUR

Absolutely right, (TO TERRY)
The man has come to see me
about seeing you --

TERRY (Still needled)

Oh, sorry. Bit out of order there...
He wants to see you about seeing me.
Great. What is it? Find the Lady
down Oxford Street?

MAURICE beckons both of them to lean closer. The ANGLE
TIGHTENS as MAURICE whispers to them.

MAURICE

Greeks. Big game in Camden
Town...

TERRY

I thought it might be a
nice trip to Monte Carlo.

MAURICE

Don't knock it. It's a
big game. Cash. They had three
kebab houses change hands on
one deal there last week.

TERRY

Smashing. You'll end up with
a kosher kebab house.

MAURICE (Continuing)

Rough game. Rough people.
But not all that clever. So
I'm odds on to walk away a winner...

TERRY

Why?

MAURICE

Why? ~~Terry~~? Because I'm good.

ARTHUR

He's the best, Tel.

MAURICE is toying with the cards again.

MAURICE

No question. Number one.
The man. So I walk out a
winner. The only question
is: do I get back to Hendon
with all the winnings?

9. CONTINUED.

9.

ARTHUR

Definitely. 'cos Terry's going to sit with you all night and ride shotgun with you on the way home.

TERRY

Am I?

MAURICE

Course you are. I mean, there's going to be...how much in it for you? Let's say erm...

ARTHUR (Quickly)

Just a minute.

(PAUSE) *time you got us a*
Terry...~~get~~ another drink in and Maurice and me'll settle the business...

A bleak look from TERRY. A resigned smile from MAURICE; he knows only too well that ARTHUR is about to cut himself in for the lion's share. As TERRY rises reluctantly:

ARTHUR

I mean, apart from anything else, it's gonna be entertainment, innit...

MAURICE flicks four cards from the top of the deck: four aces.

TERRY (Dryly)

Yeh. Gotta be.

10. EXT. CAMDEN HIGHT STREET. NIGHT.

10.

Seen through the windscreen of MAURICE's lotus. Actually there aren't all that many Greek shops until you turn off into the side streets.

11. INT./EXT. MAURICE'S LOTUS. NIGHT.

11.

Cruising. Looking for the address...shabby Greek cafes, grocery shops, mini-cab firms.

MAURICE pulls up beside a grubby terrace of houses and shops.

12. EXT. CLUB ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

12.

Next door to a shop is the entrance to what could easily be a run-down private house. However, a badly painted sign proclaims this to be THE ATHENAEUM SOCIAL CLUB. Beneath this is a similar inscription in letters of the Greek Alphabet.

13. INT. STAIRCASE. ATHENAEUM. NIGHT.

13.

TERRY and MAURICE climbing the staircase. A slight reaction from TERRY as he sees:

14. TERRY'S P.O.V.

14.

The Club DOORMAN is a large, surly-looking Greek. His name is ARI.

15. INT. ATHENAEUM CLUB. NIGHT.

15.

If you are to 'beware of Greeks bearing gifts' then you wouldn't readily accept a take-away kebab from MR ZARDINIDIS, the middle-aged club owner who rises from the card table to greet MAURICE.

MR ZARDINIDIS

Ah, Mister Michaelson...

ZARDINIDIS is the kind of man who'll shake hands forever.

ZARDINIDIS

I hear you are a very good player. We have reserved a special place for you...You have a preference?

He indicates the card table and the other players.

MAURICE

Nice to meet you. What about next to the dealer?

ZARDINIDIS

Certainly. Of course. A brave player...that's what we like. Now this is...Mister Doxiadis. George - he'll make very nice suits for you -- Christophoros...

CHRIS

Just Chris.

15. CONTINUED.

15.

CHRIS is a youngish London Greek. GEORGE is older and looks like a loser. MR DOXIADIS is sixtyish, a businessman, and turns out to speak little English. A large and younger man sits behind him. A friend? A 'minder'? His name is ANDY.

Everybody murmurs a cordial greeting.

ZARDINIDIS

And this is Nick, our dealer.

NICK smiles, nods. ZARDINIDIS glances enquiringly at TERRY.

ZARDINIDIS

Your friend also wishes to play?

MAURICE

Just a spectator --

ZARDINIDIS

Ah, well we don't like him
to wander round the table...

MAURICE

What about our friend here?

MAURICE points to ANDY.

ZARDINIDIS

Oh this is Andy, a friend of
Mister Doxiadis. He always sits
there.

MAURICE (Dryly)

Oh I see...he always sits there?

ZARDINIDIS

Mister Doxiadis doesn't speak
such good English.

(A Big Smile)

But the cards...They speak for
themselves. Your friend
can drink at the bar.

It's a put down, but MAURICE isn't going to challenge it.

The bar is a simple structure. But the girl behind it,
STELLA, is attractive. TERRY smiles and she smiles back.

The rest of the club consists of a few tables and chairs.
Perhaps four or five people drinking, chatting.

15. CONTINUED.

15.

ZARDINIDIS

Now what is your game, Mister Michaelson?

MAURICE

Five card stud. No jokers, no leaners-and-bleeders, no hole card wild. Just straight stud poker.

ZARDINIDIS

Good. The way the cowboys play.

MAURICE (Easily)

Yes...all the way from Kansas City to Camden Town.

ZARDINIDIS

Beautiful. We play table ^{ten} stakes, no-limit, ~~two~~/pound ante and the house takes five per cent of every pot. Nick, would you like to call the table?

NICK nods.

We will see each player he refers to in CLOSE SHOT as he 'calls' the table.

NICK

Mister Doxiadis plays call or pass. George is a thousand and a thousand behind. Chris the same. Mister Zardinidis - two thousand table, two thousand behind. So for you Mister Michaelson...

Co MM nod
CW Nick

~~NICK's hand is poised over~~ the box containing the chips. ^{on table.}
ZARDINIDIS ^{expans} pushes a large metal cash box towards him. ^{which is on a table beside his chair.}
MAURICE glances quickly round the table. (The others already have their chips).

CW

MAURICE

Two thousand of plastic and I'll play another two behind.

He takes a large wad from his inside pocket, tosses over ~~four~~ ^{two} neat bundles. ZARDINIDIS quickly fingers through the twenty pound notes, ~~as NICK counts out the chips.~~

16. FAVOUR THE BAR.

16.

STELLA smiles at TERRY as ^{she} ~~he~~ gets on a bar stool.

STELLA

Just like watching?

STELLA's remark is intended innocently...or is it?
TERRY grins, studies the form for a second.

TERRY

Sometimes I like doing as well. What about you?

STELLA

I only work here.

TERRY (Dryly)

In that case...what's the Greek for a light ale?

A quick smile from STELLA as she reaches for a bottle of light ale.

17. RESUME CARD TABLE.

17.

ZARDINIDIS pushes last of the chips over to MAURICE. MAURICE NICK tips a few decks of cards onto the table. He selects one, ^{NICK} breaks the seal, flicks the two jokers off the top and tears them in half.

He fans the cards on the table, face up and glances at MAURICE.

With the tip of his forefinger MAURICE tips the cards over face down and studies the backs of the cards for a moment. It's an easy enough bit of cardmanship, but looks good.

NICK gathers the cards and shuffles expertly. Offers the deck to MAURICE for the cut.

NICK

Right gentlemen...let's play poker.

Each player tosses in two white chips. NICK deals...one down, one up. MAURICE has an eight showing. CHRIS has an ace.

NICK

Ace to speak.

CHRIS (Grins)

Win the first one, lose all night, eh. What the hell...ten.

17. CONTINUED.

17.

He throws in a ten pound chip. ZARDINIDIS calls. ~~So does~~
~~MR DOXIADIS.~~

MAURICE
~~GEORGE~~

Gone.

MR DOXIADIS calls

GEORGE
~~MAURICE~~

~~And me.~~ No more

MAURICE

He turns over his eight. He leans back in his chair,
 studies the other players.

CHRIS bets again on his next card. ZARDINIDIS and DOXIADIS
 call. (Note: We hear the VOICES) O.S. as CHRIS bets twenty
 and the others call- but our main concern is MAURICE
 watching the action.)

Dialogue & Action?

LAP DISSOLVE:

18. TIGHT ON THE CARD TABLE.

18.

A big pot. MAURICE shows A,A,10. DOXIADIS is showing K,4,4.
 GEORGE is in with 7,8,9. in hearts.

NICK

Pair of Aces to speak.

MAURICE

Five hundred.

He pushes his chips into the pot - five blue ones.

DOXIADIS

(IN GREEK TO ANDY)

ANDY

(IN GREEK)

MAURICE

Hey, hey...let's keep it
 in English, eh.

ZARDINIDIS

Mister Doxiadis doesn't understand
 English...

MAURICE

He understands five blue chips,
 doesn't he?

18. CONTINUED.

18.

A big smile from DOXIADIS. He throws in five blue chips. He mutters something to ANDY.

ANDY

He wants to raise. He wants to raise a grand.

MAURICE (Curtly)

Just let him shove the chips in - I'm not colour blind.

DOXIADIS puts in 500 plus 1000

19. REACTION SHOT. TERRY.

19.

Suddenly he's paying attention to the game.

20. RESUME CARD GAME.

20.

GEORGE

Gone.

CHRIS to play. ZARDINIDIS to play.

MAURICE pushes his chips into the centre. A significant pause.

MAURICE

And I raise. Fifteen hundred.

MAURICE puts in 1000 plus 1500

He counts out more chips. (For those who pay attention he's saying that three aces is better than a pair of kings and a pair of fours, or three fours - the best possible hand that DOXIADIS can have at this moment. Sound textbook tactics.)

ANDY

Mister Doxiadis says he calls.

DOXIADIS puts in 1500

A sceptical glance from MAURICE. NICK deals. A Queen to MAURICE - no help. A King to DOXIADIS, making two pairs.

DOXIADIS (Grins, enunciates carefully)

Check.

MAURICE

Suddenly he speaks English. (Impatiently) Look...you got it you bet it. I'm not going to bet into two pairs, am I Mister Peroxide.

20. CONTINUED.

20.

ZARDINIDIS

Doxiadis. The name is Doxiadis.

MAURICE

Okay Mister Doxiadis. I check...
so it's a showdown. You pulled
a full house...kings on top.

DOXIADIS shows his hole card; it's a four, not the expected
King.

MAURICE has flipped his Ace in the hole and stares at the
Greek.

MAURICE

I'm betting three aces and he
raises and then actually calls
my re-raise...

He shrugs expressively.

DOXIADIS (Haltingly)

I...feel...lucky.

ANDY

He says he felt --

MAURICE (Annoyed)

Yeh, I can understand him
when he speaks English.

CHRIS

He won the money, Maurice.

MAURICE

Didn't he just. Give me
another two grand.

He slings the money across the table.

21. ANGLE ON BAR.

21.

STELLA is pouring another light ale for TERRY.

STELLA

Not doing all that well...your
pal...is he?

21. CONTINUED.

21.

TERRY

Neither am I. Thought by this time I'd have it all fixed up for you and me to make a meet tomorrow...

STELLA

You don't say things like that to Greek girls...

A quick glance over TERRY's shoulder, a forced smile.

TERRY glances round. ARI, the doorman, is standing beside him. Ari talks with a London accent.

ARI

What don't you say to Greek girls?

TERRY

Nothing apparently.

STELLA

This is my boy-friend, Ari.

TERRY (Cheerily)

'ello Harry.

ARI

Not Harry -- Ari, it's a Greek name.

TERRY

What, like a real cockney 'arry?

ARI isn't sure if TERRY is taking the mickey.

ARI

That's right. It ain't gotta Haitch in it.

TERRY

That's 'andy. I mean, that's handy.

A bemused but suspicious glance from ARI.

TERRY

They're funny aitches, aren't they? My Mum always used to call Anthony Eden...Hanthyony Eden...

ARI

'oo?

21. CONTINUED.

21.

TERRY's beginning to wish he'd never started this.

TERRY

The one who used to be Prime
Minister. ~~Mind you, that's going~~
~~back a bit...~~ Always wore a black 'at - or - Homburg.

PAUSE. A stoney stare from ARI. TERRY nods in the direction of the card table.

TERRY

Good game, innit.

22. THE CARD TABLE.

22.

CHRIS and ZARDINIDIS have discarded their jackets. A pall of tobacco smoke hangs over the table. This is a big pot and there are four players in the hand: MAURICE, CHRIS, ZARDINIDIS, and DOXIADIS. The players show:

CHRIS: X - K, Q.

DOXIADIS: X - J, 7.

ZARDINIDIS: X - 9, 9.

MAURICE: X - A, 6.

NICK

Pair of nines to speak.

ZARDINIDIS

Hundred.

MAURICE

Call.

ANDY (After a glance at DOXIADIS)
Mister Doxiadis calls.

CHRIS

In.

The chips are thrown into the pot. NICK deals...

NICK

(an ACE to MAURICE)
Pair of bullets.

(a JACK to DOXIADIS)
Two jacks.

(a TEN to CHRIS)
Straightening.

(a JACK to ZARDINIDIS)
No help.

22. CONTINUED.

22.

MAURICE (Coolly)
The price of poker's going
up gentlemen. Four hundred.

He tosses his chips into the centre, notices that CHRIS takes
a quick peek at his hole card.

ANDY
Mister Doxiadis calls.

ZARDINIDIS studies his pair of nines for a moment, glances
at MAURICE.

ZARDINIDIS
Too expensive.

CHRIS (Grins)
Why not?

He tosses in four hundred pound chips. MAURICE glances at
him. There are already three jacks on the table and it
seems a remote chance for CHRIS to hit the Jack he
presumably needs to fill his straight - unless, of course,
he has one in the hole. NICK flicks over the last up cards.

NICK
(a THREE to MAURICE)
Trey - no help

(a FOUR to DOXIADIS)
No help.

Just the slightest reaction from MAURICE as NICK deals
the last Jack to CHRIS.

NICK
Straightening.
(PAUSES)
Aces bet.

MAURICE studies CHRIS. The cards are X - K, Q, 10, J.
MAURICE couldn't care less about DOXIADIS.

MAURICE
Six hundred.

For once DOXIADIS doesn't wait for ANDY, but simply turns
over his cards.

CHRIS clears his throat.

22. CONTINUED.

22.

(Puts in 600)
CHRIS
Call, ..and raise.

He stares steadily at MAURICE.

CHRIS
How much you got there,
Maurice?

MAURICE glances at the chips in front of him.

MAURICE
Twelve hundred.

CHRIS
Nothing behind?

MAURICE shakes his head.

CHRIS
I'll ^{keep} ~~set~~ you in.

MAURICE leans back in his chair.

MAURICE (Quietly)
Three jacks on the table and
you called a four hundred pound
bet. Then...you hit the case
Jack? You spent all that
to try and fill an inside straight?
I've got to call you...

He shoves all his chips into the centre.

CHRIS
And I made it.

He turns over an Ace in the hole. MAURICE glances round
the table.

MAURICE
Last-card-Louis, eh? I mean...
what's going on here?

ZARDINIDIS
What are you saying, Mister
Michaelson?

23. ANOTHER ANGLE.

23.

TERRY edges into shot, sensing trouble. ARI moves behind
him.

23. CONTINUED.

23.

MAURICE

I've got a five-year-old who
wouldn't play poker like that
and expect to win.

CHRIS (Half-rising)

You saying it's crooked, or
something?

MAURICE

I'm just questioning how --

TERRY moves quickly behind MAURICE, puts a hand on his
shoulder.

TERRY (Quickly)

Maurice is just saying...win a
few, lose a few.

ZARDINIDIS

He doesn't say we are cheating in
this...my own personal club?

MAURICE

I'm saying --

TERRY

Shurrup.

A quick glance at the others.

*Reaction of George &
Dioxides :*

TERRY

You got the money...No sweat,
right?

ZARDINIDIS (Contemptuously)

You're here to look after
him, eh?

TERRY

Yeh...and at five to one I
don't fancy the odds.

(A big grin)

I mean, we're not all mug punters,
are we?

END OF ACT I

ACT II

24. EXT. CAMDEN TOWN. DAWN.

24.

The LOTUS ECLAT speeding through a deserted Camden Town towards Hampstead.

25. INT. LOTUS. DAWN.

25.

MAURICE concentrates on his driving.

TERRY

You nearly got us into
a right bundle of --

MAURICE (Sharp but quiet)

Don't talk.

A grimace from TERRY. MAURICE pushes a cassette into the stereo player - a subdued piece of Mahler.

26. EXT. HAVERSTOCK HILL. DAWN.

26.

Traffic lights ahead. Green to amber - red.

27. INT. LOTUS. DAWN.

27.

MAURICE stops the car, stares ahead at the red light. He adjusts the volume of the music.

MAURICE

Now you can talk. The
first red light on the way home.
If you've done your money that's
when you start to think about it.

TERRY

You nearly got us both done...
never mind the dough.

MAURICE

It was bent. Bloody lights...

The traffic signal is still at red.

27. CONTINUED.

27.

TERRY

How can you be so sure?
 You didn't get good cards...
 that's luck.

MAURICE (Impatiently)

What're you talking about?
 Poker's odds, percentages...
 Good players win, bad players lose.
 (Snorts) Luck.

The light goes to amber and the LOTUS is off fast.

 28. INT. MAURICE'S FLAT. HENDON. DAY.

28.

Starting TIGHT on TERRY and MAURICE sitting at a coffee table. MAURICE is shuffling a pack of cards. TERRY is sipping coffee from a mug.

MAURICE

It's not all that difficult.
 Dealing "seconds" - they call
 it...

 29. INSERT. HANDS AND CARDS.

29.

The hands demonstrate that a King is on top of the deck...
 a few cards are dealt as MAURICE's VOICE OVER explains.

MAURICE (V.O.)

Suddenly you need the King...
 and there it is.

The King appears face up.

 30. WIDER ANGLE: TERRY AND MAURICE.

30.

MAURICE is going through the routine again as he talks.

MAURICE

All you need in poker, an edge.
 Do it three or four times in a night
 when there's some really big pots and
 you win...

TERRY

How come you kept playing then?

30. CONTINUED.

30.

MAURICE shrugs, rises, walks towards the big picture window.

MAURICE

It's hard to spot. There's other people losing. ~~Old Mister~~ *Take George* ~~Dowdies~~...you get a player like him you don't need to cheat. Probably drops a bundle every week. Bad player. The only time I was certain was on that last hand. That had to be bent.

He's staring out of the window now; a view of London before him.

TERRY is toying with the ornate pieces of an Icelandic chess set on the table in front of him.

MAURICE

Something nice about Hendon this time of the day...

TERRY (Dryly)

Yeh...must be the sun rising over Winchmore Hill.

A wry smile from MAURICE. He turns from the window, sees TERRY examining the chess set.

MAURICE

You play?

TERRY

I know how you're supposed to move 'em. Feller in Chelmsford taught me...

MAURICE crosses to the coffee table.

MAURICE

Want a game?

TERRY

I'm not all that good.

MAURICE

Tell you what...I'll give you two pawns and a bishop and a hundred pound to twenty.

TERRY

You must be good.

MAURICE sits down. He's obviously eager for action.

30. CONTINUED.

30.

MAURICE

Not bad. Look...three pawns
and any other piece you like,
except the Queen, and it's
two hundred pound to fifty?

TERRY stares at him.

TERRY

I just seen you drop six grand
in cold blood, now you're trying
to hustle me out of fifty quid...
what's all that about?

MAURICE

Sorry. Forget it.

He's noticeably tense. Gets up from the table, wanders
towards the window again.

TERRY

You're skint, aren't you?

MAURICE

Um.

TERRY glances round the expensively - if flashily - furnished
flat.

TERRY

What's all this then? Just
front?

MAURICE also takes in the furniture and fittings.

MAURICE

Sort of...Notice anything
missing?

TERRY (Glancing at his watch)

Yeh...it's quarter to eight
and I see no Jewish princess,
and I don't hear the patter of
tiny Clarks sandals...

MAURICE stares out of the window.

MAURICE

Left me, why can't I be
a wholesale tobacconist like
her father? I bought her
another house; she wants the
kids to go to Millfield...

TERRY

I thought that was a horse.

MAURICE

You're thinking of Millhouse.
It's a school, specialises in
sports. So suddenly she wants
my son to be the Jewish Nastase
and the girl's going to be
Chrissie Evert. They're lovely
kids - but don't back on them
for Wimbledon.

TERRY

I thought you were a big
winner?

MAURICE

Mugged for eleven grand the
other night, dropped six
tonight. When you're a pro.,
you mustn't be greedy. I settle
for seven, eight hundred a week.
Sometimes it's hard to get a bit
of action. Meanwhile...Maureen's
murdering me. Take, take, take...
(PAUSE) I can't pay Arthur his
three hundred --

TERRY

His what?

MAURICE

He'll wait a few days, won't
he?

TERRY (Still can't believe it)

Three hundred?

TERRY glances round the large room again, notices the
dozen or so pictures on the walls.

TERRY

Sell a painting.

MAURICE

They're prints; the frames
are worth more than the
pictures.

TERRY

Oh, I thought you was an
art lover.

30. CONTINUED.

30.

MAURICE

I'm a frame lover. Like
you said...lot of front.

31. INT. PUB. DAY.

31.

TERRY is walking from the bar towards a corner table where
ARTHUR is waiting.

TERRY carries a half of lager, vodka and slimline and a
plate with sandwiches. He sits down opposite a stern-
looking ARTHUR.

ARTHUR sips his drink in silence; he examines one of the
sandwiches.

ARTHUR (Tetchily)

I wanted ham.

TERRY

They only had cheese.

ARTHUR

Yeh...Must use the same
slicer for it --

TERRY (Suddenly annoyed)

Hey, don't do a moody
on me, Arthur. Wasn't my
fault.

ARTHUR

Three hundred...I don't
get knocked for that kind
of dough -

TERRY

What about my sixty? Didn't
exactly seem like an even
split, did it? And I was up all
night...and I nearly had to take on
half of Cyprus --

ARTHUR (Airily)

Obviously, you was gonna get
bunged a bit more than that...

TERRY

Yeh?

31. CONTINUED.

31.

ARTHUR

'Course. Look...the man did
a deal; the man pays.

TERRY

The man is skint.

ARTHUR

So what? You've been over
his drum...He's got goods
and chattels, hasn't he?

TERRY

He's got what?

ARTHUR

A stereo, mebbe? A colour
telly? Coupla watches...

TERRY (Annoyed)

I am not a tally man. And
anyway...I thought he was
supposed to be a pal of yours.

ARTHUR

He's a drinking acquaintance.
He owes; he pays.

A derisive sniff from TERRY; this is the unacceptable
face of ARTHUR.

TERRY

Well, I'll tell you what...
Next time he plays, you go
along...get paid out on the
spot.

ARTHUR (Aghast)

Next time he plays?

TERRY

Yeh.

ARTHUR

What's he going to use for
money.

TERRY drains his glass, stands up.

TERRY

Dunno...(grins) Think he's
going to ask you for a
sub...See you.

To ARTHUR's surprise TERRY heads for the door.

32. EXT. TUBE STATION. CAMDEN TOWN. DAY. 32.

TERRY emerging from the tube station.

33. EXT. SIDE STREET. CAMDEN TOWN. DAY. 33.

One of the streets we saw in Sc.11. TERRY heading towards the ATHENAEUM SOCIAL CLUB.

He sees the girl, STELLA, coming towards him.

34. TIGHT ANGLE. 34.

STELLA stops. She has a nasty bruise on her right cheek.

TERRY
Hello sweetheart...

A quick, tight smile from Stella.

TERRY
Where'd you get the love
bite?

STELLA
Where'd you think?

TERRY (Dryly)
Well, he must really like
you. They all up there?

STELLA
Yeh...and I don't think
you're very welcome.

TERRY
Why not? Last time I was there...
all they did was make money.

STELLA
Don't make trouble, (PAUSE)
Ari always carries a knife.

TERRY (A quick smile)
You deserve something better
than him, y'know. Thanks.

He walks on towards the club entrance. Hold on STELLA
for a moment as she watches him go into the building.

35. INT. ATHENAEUM CLUB. DAY.

35.

ARI is sitting at a table with ZARDINIDIS having a coffee. A few men are at the bar - local workers, having an afternoon break. A BARMAN on duty instead of STELLA.

ARI rises, tense, as TERRY enters. ZARDINIDIS watches him as cannily as he'd watch a poker hand. TERRY stops a few feet in front of them; wary, but smiling.

TERRY

Relax Ari...I've come on a mission of goodwill.

ARI doesn't relax. Quick glances from some of the men at the bar.

ZARDINIDIS

What do you want?

TERRY advances, still smiling.

TERRY

Well, I wouldn't say 'no' to a coffee for starters. Turkish.

ZARDINIDIS

Greek.

TERRY (Quickly)

Sorry. My mistake.

(PAUSE)

Look...the other night.

Maurice was out of order. Okay?

ZARDINIDIS stares at him. TERRY pulls up a chair, ignores ARI.

TERRY

He wants a chance to get his money back.

ARI

What, you coming round team-handed?

TERRY (Patiently)

Ariiii. It's not a war.

The man lost and he don't like losing...

ZARDINIDIS

He accuses us of cheating.

35. CONTINUED.

35.

TERRY

Heat of the moment. I mean,
you're a gambling man...you
know what it's like. Good
player; bad loser.

ZARDINIDIS

So he sends you to apologise?

TERRY

S'pose so. I mean...it's like
in a betting shop. An odds
on favourite loses and all the
punters are shouting that it's
gotta be bent. Five minutes later
and they're all writing out their
betting slips again. See with
Maurice...you're just not talking
about money - you're talking about
pride.

ZARDINIDIS studies him for a moment. Then without looking
up:

ZARDINIDIS (In Greek)

Bring a coffee over here.

Visible relaxation around the bar. ARI glances quickly
at ZARDINIDIS and sits down.

ZARDINIDIS

He thinks he's a winner, eh?

TERRY

Um.

ZARDINIDIS (Smiles)

But there can always be
somebody better. Just like
in you business, Terry.

TERRY

My business?

ZARDINIDIS

Oh yes...
(A bit of friendly finger-wagging)
I do a little checking up.
Terry McCann...very hard boy.
Good. What do you say?
Tasty!

TERRY (Grins)

And then Billy the Kid rides
into town.

35. CONTINUED.

35.

ZARDINIDIS

That's right. I appreciate
you coming here...like a man.
So okay...you tell Maurice...same
time, same place, same game...

TERRY (He can't resist it)

Same cards?

A PAUSE. A nasty look from ARI. But ZARDINIDIS chuckles.

ZARDINIDIS

Who knows Terry? That's the
luck of the draw...

 36. EXT. STREET. DAY.

36.

MAURICE's LOTUS weaving through the traffic. He pulls
up outside the Winchester Club (or a pub). Once again he
parks with both nearside wheels up on the pavement.
He gets out of the car.

 37. INT. WINCHESTER CLUB. DAY.

37.

Starting TIGHT on an animated scene between ARTHUR and
MAURICE, with TERRY simply a spectator.

ARTHUR

Look here...if you can
afford to play then you can
afford to pay...otherwise Terry
has a quiet night in front of his
telly...

MAURICE

I said I'm playing; didn't say
I'd got the stake yet.

ARTHUR

Where you going to get it?

MAURICE

How's your contacts in the
motor trade?

ARTHUR

Very good. My contacts are
good everywhere...why?

38. EXT. STREET. DAY.

38.

The CAMERA lingers over MAURICE's LOTUS - more-or-less in the style of a TV commercial.

MAURICE (V.O.)

How about a 1977 Lotus Eclat...
never raced or rallied, one careful
owner, genuine twenty one thousand
miles on the clock, good music,
host of extras, faultlessly
maintained...genuine reason for
sale...?

39. ANOTHER ANGLE.

39.

Now we see ARTHUR, MAURICE and TERRY walking round the car.

ARTHUR

As it happens...I might be able
to help.

MAURICE

Cash.

ARTHUR

Banks are still open. See...
the trouble with this is...
it's a specialist motor. Pricewise,
they just fall out of bed.

D.K. MAURICE

~~Then let's~~ go to a dealer --

ARTHUR

I've got the book. What d'you
want a dealer for?

He takes a copy of Glass's Guide from his pocket, thumbs
through the pages. Puts the book back in his pocket.

ARTHUR

What you asking.

MAURICE

Seven grand.

ARTHUR (Shocked)

Seven? You joking? It's
under five in the book.

MAURICE

Let's see.

ARTHUR

The book is confidential.
For the trade. I can't flash the
book around. I get it from a very
special contact. Really I should say
four and a half. *scratches*
(points to small dent on wing)
You've had a smash there.

MAURICE

That's where my head hit the
car the night I was done over.

ARTHUR

Still a flaw.

MAURICE

You say five?

ARTHUR

And I'm being a fool to meself.

MAURICE is thinking, twirls the keys.

MAURICE

I'll take your five,
but there's one condition.

ARTHUR

Yeh?

MAURICE

I come back tomorrow before
midday and give you five two,
the motor's mine again.

ARTHUR

What kind of deal's that?

MAURICE

A steal...that's what. I don't
show up tomorrow, the motor's
yours; if I do you've earned
two hundred just for parking it
overnight.

ARTHUR walks round the car again; it's a good deal and
he knows it.

ARTHUR

Midday tomorrow?

MAURICE

Yeh.

39. CONTINUED.

39.

ARTHUR
Registration book? Keys?

MAURICE hands them over. They touch hands - in the traditional manner of market dealers.

ARTHUR (Smiling)
Maurice...you just got yourself
a stake.

A worried frown from TERRY.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

39A. EXT. STREET. (WINCHESTER CLUB). DAY.

39A.

The LOTUS - as we saw it parked at the end of ACT II. Only now DAVE is walking round the car. He runs his fingers along the low roof; he's obviously impressed. ARTHUR watches.

DAVE

Thing is Arthur...you said you'd get me a nice clean four-year-old Capri...

ARTHUR

And I will. I will. But being a pal I thought...who deserves first refusal? See a motor like this...you get a bit of respect.

DAVE

Yeh, but I've heard they just fall out of bed...pricewise.

ARTHUR

You heard what? A specialist motor like this? I mean, if we're talking about inflation...a set of wheels like this is an investment. Two years and you'll be making money on it. I mean...the stereo's better'n the one you got in the club...

DAVE

Yeh, but that flash Maurice... can you imagine how he's caned it --

ARTHUR

Maurice? Nothing to do with Maurice. Second car. Bought it for his missus. What's she ever use it for? Hendon to Harrod's and back again. I'm not kidding Dave...
(He refers to the book)
...seven and a half in the book.

DAVE is beside him now and tries to steal a glance at the book.

ARTHUR (Continuing)

Six nine ninety and I'd hardly be getting a drink out of it.

39A. CONTINUED.

39A.

DAVE (Shocked)
Six how much?

ARTHUR (He appears to be making a
huge concession)
Okay...so forget the odd ninety.
And we won't say nothing about
delivery charges --

DAVE
It's already delivered, Arthur...
It's out of my league...honest.

ARTHUR (Sighs)
Try to do a favour...
(A last throw)
Thought of consulting the missus?
They love motors like this, you
know.

DAVE
She wants a caravan.

For a moment ARTHUR is dismayed. His arm goes round
DAVE's shoulder as they walk back to the club.

ARTHUR
Funny enough, I might be able
to help you there. Pal of
mine's gotta very clean
Dormobile...P registration, but
he had a stroke, so it's hardly
even run in...

Continued Page 37. Sc. 40....

40. EXT. STREET. CORNER. NIGHT.

40.

TERRY waiting at a street corner. After a few moments a taxi pulls in. MAURICE is in the cab and opens the door for TERRY.

41. INT. TAXI. NIGHT.

41.

They travel in silence for a few seconds. MAURICE seems tense, yet curiously elated.

TERRY

You let Arthur have you
over on that car deal.

MAURICE

You reckon?

TERRY

Yeh...from what I seen in
the evening paper...

MAURICE

He's only got it for the
night.

TERRY (A sceptical glance)

Yeh?

MAURICE leans back in the seat. Now he's relaxed,
confident.

MAURICE

I feel good. Slept
like a babe for three hours,
dealt a few hands...Had a
nice light supper; scrambled
eggs and smoked salmon, coupla
glasses of Chablis. I feel like
a winner.

TERRY (Dryly)

You said that last time (PAUSE)
It's a crooked game...

41. CONTINUED.

41.

MAURICE

Only on a few big hands...I
told you. They'll let me
win a few tonight, don't worry.
And on the big hands...I'm
going to have an edge.

TERRY

How?

MAURICE (Grins)

Watch.

42. INT. ATHENAEUM CLUB. NIGHT.

42.

Starting tight on the poker table. The same players as in
Sc. 15, Act I. NICK throwing chips over to one of the
players.

ZARDINIDIS

...No hard feeling, Maurice.
How much do you want to play
tonight?

*Chips out of box
on to table
to Zardinidis*

MAURICE

Five grand...on the table.

W Maurice

ZARDINIDIS

Ah ha...I think Maurice is
out for revenge. Big open
game, eh?

MAURICE

Could be.
(He claps his hands together)
Deal 'em out, Nick.

43. TERRY AT THE BAR.

43.

He's watching the game, not paying any attention to STELLA.
He notices ARI approaching. The big Greek takes the stool
next to TERRY at the bar.

TERRY (Grins)

'ello Ari...

NICK
Aces over wins.

*On Chris/cards to pot/
and to M's cards/and M.*

He takes the house percentage and shoves the chips towards MAURICE who has a pair of Aces and a pair of Sevens on the table, and has just been called by CHRIS with Jacks and Tens.

What follows is a quick-cutting montage sequence.

1. FAVOURING ~~MAURICE~~ ZARDINIDIS

MAURICE
Raise four.

ZARDINIDIS
I keep you honest. *(Call)*

MAURICE
Top straight.

A gesture from ZARDINIDIS; he's beaten.

2. NICK DEALING

NICK
Pair of Queens... Seven to the Jacks
Jacks... Possible flush. Queens
bet.

CLOSE ON MAURICE:

MAURICE (A quick glance)
Check.

CHRIS (With the Jacks)
Three hundred.

DOXIADIS (With the possible Flush)
Call. Check.

DOXIADIS beams, delighted to have spoken in English.
MAURICE glances at the deck held by NICK. Has he seen something that we are unaware of?

MAURICE
Fold.

A quick glance from CHRIS. A hint of disappointment?

44. CONTINUED.

44.

*The Coup with George*3. TIGHT ANGLE

Cards falling onto the table. Very close on the cards. We simply hear the players' voices over. We see three hands:

<i>M</i>	X	A, 9, 9, A.
<i>Geo</i>	X	10, 7, 10, 7.
<i>Chris</i>	X	5, 3, J, Q - All Hearts.

MAURICE (V.O.)
Check.

GEORGE (V.O.)
Five hundred.

CHRIS'S

A hand comes into shot ^{with cigar} and turns over the 5, 3, J, Q of Hearts.

MAURICE (V.O.)
With a raise. Another thou.

Pot - M puts in 500
plus 1000

GEORGE (V.O.)
And another one.

G puts in 1000
plus 1000

MAURICE (V.O.)
Call. (PAUSE) And what about
another grand?

M puts in 1000
plus 1000

Chips skidding into the pot.

W
GEORGE

G puts in 1000

Call.

W
MAURICE's hand turns over an Ace in the hole.

W
MAURICE
Full...aces over.

AA99A

CLOSE SHOT: GEORGE

He's disappointed, even surprised.

GEORGE
I read you for the nines
over.

MAURICE (V.O.)
Brave call.

CLOSE ON the chips being shoved across the table. *to Maurice*

45. THE BAR.

45.

Favouring TERRY. He's intrigued by the game, reaches behind him for his drink.

The conversation of the players is a background murmur.

ARI
He's having a bit of
luck, your mate.

TERRY
I dunno Ari. According to
him it's a game of skill.

46. THE POKER TABLE.

Interim.

46.

A slight PAUSE in the action. Ashtrays are overflowing. ANDY hands MR DOXIADIS a drink. NICK is opening a fresh deck.

MAURICE is stacking his chips into neat columns.

ZARDINIDIS
You're a big winner, Maurice.

MAURICE
Big? I'm up about three
grand...long way to go.

NICK is dealing. As a down card goes to GEORGE:

MAURICE
Keep 'em low, Nick. I
saw that card...

GEORGE
Then I don't want it.

NICK (Slightly flustered)
Do I burn it?

He looks at ZARDINIDIS.

MAURICE
It's a misdeal. Shuffle, cut,
and deal again...That's the house
rule, isn't it.

NICK
Well, I --

DOXIADIS
(IN GREEK)

CONTINUED.

ANDY
He agrees. New deal.

NICK
Okay gentlemen.

NICK gathers the cards. As he shuffles he is aware that MAURICE is watching him closely.

LAP DISSOLVE:

47. THE POKER TABLE.

The Final Coup

47.

Cards have been dealt. This is how they lie:

MAURICE	X - K
GEORGE	X - 10
DOXIADIS	X - Q
CHRIS	X - 9
ZARDINIDIS	X - 4

MAURICE

Twenty.

DOXIADIS calls. Puts in 20

GEORGE

Gone.

~~DOXIADIS calls. So does CHRIS.~~

CHRIS calls Puts in 20

ZARDINIDIS

Fold.

The deal: MAURICE gets a QUEEN OF SPADES to his KING OF SPADES.
DOXIADIS an ACE to his QUEEN and
CHRIS another ACE to his NINE.

Queen NICK
Ace to bet.

DOXIADIS puts in a £100 chip.

CHRIS calls

MAURICE

Make it three hundred.

DOXIADIS
~~CHRIS~~ calls and so does *CHRIS* ~~DOXIADIS~~.

The deal: MAURICE a JACK of SPADES.
DOXIADIS a SEVEN.
CHRIS pairs his NINE.

47. CONTINUED.

47.

NICK
Pair of nines to speak.

CHRIS
Four hundred.

TIGHT ANGLE ON MAURICE:

He peeks at his down card and we see that it is a FIVE OF SPADES.

MAURICE
Call. *Puts in 400*

DOXIADIS hesitates and then throws in his hand.

48. ANOTHER ANGLE.

48.

NICK deals a TEN OF SPADES to MAURICE.

NICK
Straight flushing...
(A Nine to CHRIS)
Three nines.

CHRIS
Looks nice, Maurice. Got
to be a grand. *Puts in 1000*

MAURICE
(A PAUSE)
Looks beautiful. So let's
make it three. *Puts in 1000 plus 2000*

CHRIS glances quickly at NICK. Any response from the dealer should be barely perceptible.

MAURICE takes another peek at his hole card. And once again we see that it is a FIVE OF SPADES.

CHRIS looks confident.

CHRIS
Okay... *Puts in 2000*

He pushes his chips into the centre but doesn't release them immediately. NICK is toying with the deck.

48. CONTINUED.

48.

MAURICE

Hey, just a minute...don't
mess around with the deck,
Nick.

NICK

What do you mean?

MAURICE

I mean, just leave the deck
alone. The deal's over...
you're making me nervous.

ZARDINIDIS (A Smile)

Leave the cards, Nick.

49. REACTION SHOT: TERRY.

49.

He senses that something is happening - although he's
not sure what.

50. RESUME POKER TABLE.

50.

CHRIS still has his hand over his chips.

CHRIS

I gotta do it, Maurice. What
you got left there? Four
grand?

MAURICE

Yeh.

CHRIS

Then that's the raise. *Puts in 4000*

MAURICE (He's very calm)

You're called. *Puts in 4000*

CHRIS smiles, turns over his hole card; the fourth nine.

CHRIS

Sorry...I got four of 'em

MAURICE (Coolly)

You just came second, Chris...

50. CONTINUED.

50.

He turns over his hole card. It's not the expected five, but the ACE of SPADES. Somehow or other MAURICE has got a ROYAL FLUSH - an unbeatable hand. Perhaps it needs a chord of music to emphasize what has happened; or, possibly, a ZOOM in on the ACE.

MAURICE quickly throws his cards in and in doing so manages to topple the deck in front of NICK.

NICK looks at the cards sprawled in front of him. Too late now to check the pack.

MAURICE
You're probably very
lucky in love, Chris...

 51. FAVOUR TERRY.

51.

He leans back against the bar. A quick glance at ARI, who seems as stunned as CHRIS, NICK and ZARDINIDIS.

TERRY (Without turning round)
Stella...give us a brandy
will you. Fancy a drink, Ari?

 52. THE POKER TABLE.

52.

The game is over. ZARDINIDIS is paying out from his metal cash box. Piles of notes on the table.

ZARDINIDIS
Seventeen thousand pounds, Maurice,
and you only started with five grand.
We never had a bigger winner...

MAURICE (Stuffing notes into his pockets)
Well, Nick dealt them nice...

A quick glance from NICK; he's still wondering what happened. TERRY is close to MAURICE.

MAURICE
Can we get a cab round here?

ZARDINIDIS
Sure...sure...Ari, get a
cab for Mister Michaelson...

DOXIADIS
(IN GREEK)

52. CONTINUED.

52.

ANDY
He says 'well done.'

MAURICE
Thanks.

53. EXT. STREET. ATHENAEUM CLUB. DAWN.

53.

MAURICE and TERRY leaving the club. A Ford Cortina is parked by the kerb, back door already open.

MAURICE and TERRY get into the car.

54. INT. CORTINA. DAWN.

54.

As MAURICE and TERRY settle onto the back seat.

MAURICE
Hathaway Drive, Hendon...old
son.

The DRIVER doesn't even turn round to acknowledge the instruction. He starts the car, revving the engine hard.

TERRY
Know where it is?

DRIVER
Okay. No English.

At the same moment the car radio crackles into life.

RADIO VOICE
(IN GREEK)

DRIVER
(IN GREEK, into microphone)

TERRY is immediately alert.

TERRY (Quietly)
Maurice, you just made the
first bum call of the evening...

A quick glance from MAURICE.

55. EXT. STREETS. CAMDEN TOWN. DAWN. 55.

The Cortina travelling at speed through deserted streets.

56. INT. CORTINA. DAWN. 56.

The DRIVER, grim-faced, purposeful...

Favour MAURICE and TERRY. TERRY glances through the rear window.

57. P.O.V. SHOT. 57.

A Car following.

58. INT. CORTINA. DAWN. 58.

TERRY (TO DRIVER)
We said Hendon, not Kings
Cross.

DRIVER
Yeh, yeh...Hendon.

TERRY
Well, which way you going
then?

DRIVER
No English.

The car is gathering speed. A quick gear change and the DRIVER takes a corner very fast.

59. EXT. STREET. DAWN. 59.

One of the long, twisting streets behind Kings Cross. Even during peak hours these streets are fairly deserted. The Cortina is travelling far faster than any mini-cab should...

60. INT. CORTINA. DAWN.

60.

TERRY glances through the rear window again. A car comes out of a sidestreet.

TERRY
Zorba...you're either gonna
get nicked or throttled...

The DRIVER pays no attention.

TERRY
Hold on Maurice.

And suddenly TERRY moves. His hand goes over the DRIVER's face, covering his eyes, pulling his head back.

TERRY
This way we all go to
hospital together, Zorba...

The DRIVER struggles to control the car.

61. EXT. STREET. DAWN.

61.

The Cortina swerves wildly. Brakes squeal.

62. INT. CORTINA. DAWN.

62.

The DRIVER is struggling to free himself from TERRY's grip. The car jolts as the wheels hit the kerb.

63. EXT. STREET. DAWN.

63.

The Cortina, out of control. The sound of rending metal as the car hits a line of bollards along the roadside. Swerving, skidding - a spectacular crash.

64. INT. CORTINA. DAWN.

64.

MAURICE is thrown forward over the front passenger seat. The DRIVER thuds against the steering wheel, his head smashing into the windscreen.

64. CONTINUED.

64.

At the very last moment, TERRY has released his grip on the DRIVER and managed to brace himself for the crash.

He clammers over MAURICE to open the passenger door. As he does so he sees:

65. INSERT. FLOOR OF CAR.

65.

Two playing cards lay face up on the floor - both are the ACE OF SPADES.

later?

66. EXT. STREET. DAWN.

66.

As TERRY gets out of the Cortina another car pulls up a few yards ahead.

ARI and another HEAVY (previously seen as a customer at the club) jump out. They run towards the Cortina.

As the HEAVY rushes towards him TERRY swings the Cortina door outwards and the man crashes into it.

TERRY ducks under a wild swing from ARI. He hits him in the stomach, hooks to the head. As ARI staggers back:

TERRY

One from the girl friend,
Ari...

The other HEAVY has recovered sufficiently to try his luck again. TERRY grabs him, spins him round, uses him as a shield against ARI's wild blows.

TERRY

It's Greek meets Greek, innit.

Most of ARI's punches are sinking into his unfortunate accomplice.

ON SOUND

A police klaxon.

67. LONG SHOT: STREET.

67.

In the distance the flashing blue light of an approaching police car.

68. EXT. CORTINA. DAWN.

68.

ARI and the other HEAVY reacting. They run, leaving their own car behind, and cut down a side street.

69. INT. CORRIDOR. HOSPITAL. DAY.

69.

TERRY walking along the corridor. His left hand is bandaged and there's a bit of plaster on his brow.

He pushes open a door leading to a ward.

70. INT. WARD. HOSPITAL. DAY.

70.

MAURICE is in bed. He's stripped to the waist and we see that his chest is heavily bandaged. His left arm is in a plaster cast from the elbow down.

He grins as TERRY approaches the bed.

TERRY

All right, Maurice?

MAURICE

Not bad. I've got six to four with the doctor that the plaster'll be off inside ten days.

TERRY sits on the side of the bed.

TERRY

If you're gonna play patience you might need these...

He drops the two ACES on the bed.

MAURICE

Handy.

TERRY

Well?

He wants an explanation.

MAURICE

I told you...All a good player needs is an edge.

TERRY

Like up his sleeve?

MAURICE

Time before I noticed the make of cards they were using. Bought a few decks, stashed the aces in my pocket, waited till they used decks with the identical pattern.

TERRY

Taking chances weren't you?

MAURICE

Used them five times...wasn't greedy, see? Notice I won three nice pots with Aces up when I was supposed to be second best? I think Nick was beginning to tumble it by that last big hand. He dealt me a flush. Second round of betting there were two aces on the table. Anybody who'd paired with the Ace of Spades in the hole was going to stay for one more bet. They didn't, so I knew it was still in the pack. I palmed it to give myself a Royal flush...

TERRY

That's why you threw the cards in quick when you'd won?

MAURICE

Right. Held onto the ace, threw the others into the pack. So even if Nick had a count-up he wasn't going to find an extra ace. That Chris was sick, wasn't he? I bet they're all blaming Nick now. Hey...they arrest that driver?

TERRY

He's in the next ward. I told the Old Bill it wasn't his fault, said these other fellers carved him up...

MAURICE

You've got a big heart.

70. CONTINUED.

70.

TERRY

You took his pals for twelve grand. I reckoned that was enough damage for one night... Anyway, I'll look in tomorrow, bring you some grapes.

He gets up.

MAURICE

Thanks. Won't forget it...

TERRY

See you...

As he walks away:

MAURICE

Bring Arthur with you. I'll square him up...

TERRY stops. Looks at the clock on the wall.

71. INSERT. CLOCK.

71.

It shows 11.20.

72. RESUME TERRY.

72.

He turns to face MAURICE again.

TERRY (Shocked)

Maurice...your motor.

73. EXT. CAR LOT. DAY.

73.

Maybe it should be the same location used in the episode titled "The Bengal Tiger" - GIBBONS AUTOCARS.

CAMERA TRACKS along a line of second-hand cars and finally centres on MAURICE's LOTUS ECLAT.

A HELPER is giving the bodywork a final polish. ARTHUR watches as his friend NORMAN, owner of the firm, fixes the plastic numerals to the windscreen.

A £ sign, followed by 7,850.

73. CONTINUED.

73.

ARTHUR

One owner motor...I still
think we could go in for
eight two fifty...

NORMAN

Be fair, it is my trade...

He reacts to something O.S.

74. P.O.V. SHOT.

74.

A black cab pulls up across the street. TERRY jumps
out. As he runs towards ARTHUR and NORMAN we see MAURICE,
arm in sling, walking stick, in very evident pain,
struggling to get out of the cab.

TERRY (Shouting)

Arthur...Arthur...

75. ANOTHER ANGLE.

75.

TERRY

You're taking a liberty...

He stops in front of the car.

TERRY

In fact, looking at the price,
you're taking a double liberty.

ARTHUR

Twelve o'clock the man
said.

TERRY

It's just gone twelve.

ARTHUR glances at his expensive watch.

ARTHUR

Twenty two minutes past...

TERRY

You're fast.

ARTHUR

Twenty two minutes and forty
eight seconds, Greenwich Mean
Time, exactly...and I can
give you the time in New Delhi
an' all on this piece...

75. CONTINUED.

75.

TERRY

As you may have noticed...we
did have a little bit of trouble...

MAURICE is still making his painful way towards them.

ARTHUR

We done a deal, we touched
hands -

TERRY

Bah --

ARTHUR

In business I go by the
book and --

TERRY

Know what you are, don't you?

ARTHUR

What?

TERRY (Hard)

You're on your own.

ARTHUR

Since when?

TERRY

Since twelve twenty two and
whatever seconds it is on
your quartz digital intercontinental
combined barometer and timepiece.

An uneasy silence. MAURICE has finally arrived. TERRY
gives him a hand as he stumbles and almost falls.

MAURICE (Out of breath)

Hello Arthur...

A moment of hesitation from ARTHUR. Then:

ARTHUR

Hello Maurice...

(Big Smile)

Had a bit of luck, eh?

A "do-us-a-favour" look from TERRY.

MAURICE (Still puffing)

Yeh...Good night. Look...
here's your five thou.

(He takes the money from his pocket)
Plus, the two hundred parking
fee...plus the three hundred for the
other night...Let me sit down a
minute, eh?

75. CONTINUED.

75.

TERRY helps him lean against the wing of the car.
ARTHUR quickly rips the number 7 off the windscreen.
For a moment it seems as if MAURICE will pass out.

ARTHUR

Mind you...you're forgetting
another thing.

MAURICE

Eh?

ARTHUR

Last night.

MAURICE (Weakly)

It's okay...I paid Terry.

ARTHUR (Disappointed)

Oh...

TERRY

Don't worry, you'll get
your's.

ARTHUR (Airily)

I'm not worried...course

I'm not worried.

(Suddenly concerned)

You all right? Want something?

Glass of water?

MAURICE (Rallying)

Yeh...I'm okay. Fine.

ARTHUR

All that gambling lark. Gonna
pack it in now?

MAURICE

Not me. I'm a winner...

ARTHUR

You can't always be a winner.

MAURICE

No?

He struggles upright, leans on TERRY's shoulder. A big
smile for ARTHUR.

Wanna bet?

75. CONTINUED.

75.

He hobbles back towards the taxi. ARTHUR shrugs - "What can you do?".

TERRY (Grinning)
Don't lay the odds, Arthur.

He takes a playing card from his pocket and sticks it in ARTHUR's top pocket. It's an ACE.

That Maurice...he's always got
an edge.

FADE OUT.

THE END