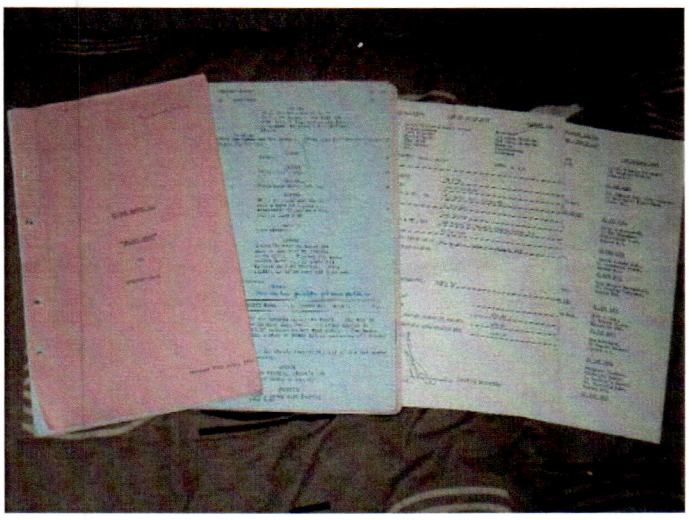
ROY WARD BAKER Owned MINDER TV Original Script:

Broken Arrow

Episide 34. Broken Arrow - 17-Mar-82

Sean Mathias, Edward Peel, Maggie Steed, Gary Olsen, Jonathan Kyld Arthur plans on making it big by sponsoring a dart tournament when he discovers ace player Dafydd Evans, who has just returned from the Middle East. Arthur s certainly got plenty of deals going on in this episode, including trying to sell a Corvette Stingray to a specialist buyer down south and dodgy video games that he puts Terry in charge of fixing.

A few dartboard bloopers in this episode. Watch extremely closely in the first scenes of this episodes where the dartboard sequences have been edited to show a better score - it's extremely fast so you will have to be quick to spot it! The same scenes feature the late, great Gary Olsen in a brief appearance. Also, when Dafydd is teaching Terry, watch carefully at 7m 37s when Terry turns around the logo "TRI-LON" is above the number 12, when Terry makes his second attempt it has magically jumped above the number 20! In this episode Arthur claims he is a friend of Kent Walton, a popular British sports commentator between the 1950s and 1970s - Kent was well known for commentating on Wrestling and not on Darts which he did for over 30 years.



An original Director owned and production used script for the 1982 Minder TV series episode, Broken Arrow (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 recently, aged 93.

This is Roy Ward Baker's own loose leaf script (signed on front), 76 pages (with his extensive hand written amendments added). It was obviously a very difficult episode to film, as the entire script is made up of pink and blue rewrite pages, none of the first draft survived! Also included are 18 pages of Casting Advice Notes, one for each of the guest cast, detailing their and agents addresses, when they are required and how much they will be paid. Also a 3 page contact address list of the cast. This was originally sold by Roy in a Christie's auction on 17/12/2002 and I purchased it from the book dealer who bought it at that auction. Unique collection of material for the making of this episode. Very collectable!

Roy Ward Baker

MINDER SERIES III

"BROKEN ARROW"

by

GEOFFREY CASE

Amended 30th July, 1981

ACT ONE

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1. EXT. WASTE GROUND. DAY. 1.

A magnificent customised car is parked, rampant and proud on a patch of waste ground.

WALLY (V/O)
It makes me weep, Arthur.

ARTHUR (V/O)
They've all got to leave
home sometime, Wally.

Standing next to ARTHUR, looking at his car for the last time, is WALLY BRABHAM. He is a big teddy bear of a man. He is 40 years old, a cockney mechanic. He is dressed in overalls and his hands are dirty with engine oil.

They are standing in front of a broken-down back street garage. A large sign on the broken door reads: 'THE BRABHAM GROUP. GROUP CHAIRMAN, WALLY BRABHAM'.

ARTHUR
And you'll get no more
aggravation from your Renee.

WALLY
She used to love that motor.
Four times a week she'd have
the vacuum cleaner in there.
Now all she wants out of it is
a bungalow in Eastbourne.

ARTHUR
It's going to a good home.
Tomorrow morning you'll have x
eight grand cash in your hand.
And for a motor that only does
ten to the gallon ...

ARTHUR shakes his head knowingly at WALLY. x

ARTHUR (Cont'd)
If you think you're upset,
how do you think I feel about x
mine?

---

2. INT. WALLY'S GARAGE. DAY. 2.

ARTHUR and WALLY are watching ARTHUR's car rise up on the lift. The front is bashed in.

2. CONTINUED 2.

ARTHUR
Look at the state of that.
What do you reckon?

WALLY
Well...you've got to be looking
at five hundred notes, Arthur.

ARTHUR
What? 'Ere...this is Arthur
not Simple Simon.

WALLY
Inflation.

ARTHUR takes a moment to think the situation over.

ARTHUR
Okay.
I will waive my commission for
selling your motor, and we'll
call it straight.

WALLY
I can't start the work, Arthur...
I'm brasic. Can't you claim
on the insurance?

ARTHUR
For a lamp-post? Two witnesses
and nine vodka and tonics. I
wouldn't get bail, never mind
insurance.

WALLY
Well, it's only a second car,
innit? x

ARTHUR gives WALLY a look. ARTHUR takes out a wad of notes. x

ARTHUR
It's all money. x
Here's a ton to get started.
I dunno Wally, you've got to
learn business. Get investors...
use other peoples money. It's
what made this country great.

3. INT. WALLY'S CAR. DAY. 3.

It is like a French whore's boudoir.

ARTHUR is trying to work out how to start the engine. WALLY is watching from the garage door. The wind horns play 'La Cucaracha' and the engine bursts into life.

ARTHUR
Oh my Gawd!

The car leaps forward and ARTHUR drives away. WALLY waves a sad farewell.

(Insert: Knobs dashbd)

4. INT. SALOON BAR. IRISH PUB. DAY. 4.

DARTBOARD. 1 dart. 2nd appears.

PAT, the landlord is reading the paper behind the bar. A game of darts is in progress between TWO COCKNEY LADS who fancy themselves as hustlers, and a 24 year old from south Wales called DAFYDD EVANS. EVANS is quite tall and a bit nervous. When he speaks, it is in a rather earnest way.

LEN and DEREK, the two cockney lads are the exact opposite.

The pub door swings open and nearly knocks DAFYDD over.

TERRY backs into the bar, pulling a trolley with an electonic /r game on it.

TERRY
Oh, sorry, pal.

DAFYDD
Not to worry. Here, let me...

DAFYDD holds the door for TERRY.

TERRY
Cheers. Morning Pat.

PAT
Hello, Terry.

TERRY
Arthur says this one should be O.K.

DAFYDD throws his 3rd darts and wins the game.

DEREK
Oh, nice one. Well...I'm a loser...I buy the beer. Pints?

4. CONTINUED. 4.

DAFYDD
Just the half for me thank you.

DEREK
Two and a half of best, pal.

TERRY
Just give it a knock if it plays up.

PAT
That's how the last one got ruined.

PAT is pulling the pints.

TERRY pulls the machine over to its place near the dart board.

LEN
Here, tell you what...let's make the next game a bit more interesting.

TERRY unloads the machine, plugs it in and tests it with 10p. He doesn't look at them, but he can hear every word LEN says.

LEN
You're good with the arrows... let's have a couple of quid on it. You on Derek?

TERRY loses his 10p. He bashes the machine. DEREK brings the drinks over.

DEREK
Yeah, that's a good idea. What? Fiver? Couple of quid?

DAFYDD
Well, to tell you the truth, I never play for money. I'll tell you for why... you meet people .... and it's like in that film .... American bloke ... Paul Newman .... about snooker ... you know, he'd come to a place all innocent like and get beaten and then as soon as money was on the table ... lo and behold ... he'd win. You get that a lot now. Money only breeds animosity in the end.

4. CONTINUED. 4.

DEREK and LEN can only stare at DAFYDD.

There is a long PAUSE.

LEN
Are you winding us up?

TERRY is laughing to himself near the machine.

DAFYDD
Pardon?

DEREK
Are we having money on this or what? I mean you've had a drink.

DAFYDD
I'll buy a drink.

DEREK
I mean what's a couple of quid, eh? I'll start you off with a couple. x

DAFYDD
No really I don't want to. Look, tell you what...er, say I played you...just say. I'd probably start and finish the game like this.

DAFYDD steps up to the board and throws three darts into the bull. TERRY laughs out loud and DEREK and LEN stare at the board.

O shoulder 1 in bull
He throws 2nd
Bd: 2nd in bull
3rd in bull.

DAFYDD
I been in the Middle East for four years see. We had a lot of spare time, and all we did was play darts.

4. CONTINUED. 4.

He smiles rather shyly.

---

5. EXT. LANDING OUTSIDE FLAT 87. DAY. 5.

ARTHUR appears, carrying a bunch of flowers. He rings the doorbell and a woman of about 30 answers. She is SHERRY CARTER. She is an attractive woman but over made-up. She is dressed in a sort of cocktail bar dress. She is surprised to see ARTHUR.

SHERRY
Arthur!

ARTHUR
Hello, Sherry.

---

6. INT. SHERRY'S FLAT. DAY. 6.

Ashtrays from Benidorm and flock wallpaper that looks as though it came out of a Greek Restaurant, give the place a feeling of low sophistication.

SHERRY trots in on her very high heels and ARTHUR follows.

SHERRY
Arthur, I am sorry. I forgot all about you.

ARTHUR
Oh.

SHERRY
I shouldn't make arrangements when I've had a few.

She takes the flowers into the kitchen and puts them in the sink.

6. CONTINUED. 6.

SHERRY
I'm at the club all afternoon.

ARTHUR
But I put off a business meeting at the Hilton.

SHERRY
What?

She runs water over the flowers and comes back into the living room.

SHERRY
How's Terry?

ARTHUR
All right.

SHERRY
He was so sweet to me last week. He carried me up the stairs and...

ARTHUR
Sherry, I know. I drove the car.

SHERRY
Oh...yes, that's right.

ARTHUR
And you said let's have lunch.

SHERRY
Did I say that to you?

ARTHUR
Didn't you?

SHERRY
I suppose I must have done. Working in a club is doing me no good at all. I don't mean to drink a lot but the place is so dark, you can never see what's in your glass.

ARTHUR
What time do you have to be there?

SHERRY
Half two.

6. CONTINUED. 6.

ARTHUR
I'll give you a lift.

SHERRY
Hang on, Arthur. Didn't we hit a lamp?

ARTHUR
That's right. My car's off the road. I'm in another one today. Look out of that window.

SHERRY goes to look out of the window.

SHERRY's P.O.V. from her flat.

She looks down at the car parked below. As she looks at it the far side of the car appears to fall a foot nearer the ground.

ARTHUR
I'm selling it for Mr Wally Brabham. You'll have heard of Sir Jack Brabham, The Australian driving ace.

SHERRY
Is it that one that's done up like a Christmas tree?

ARTHUR
Customised, Sherry.

SHERRY
It just went bump.

ARTHUR goes to the window, but as there is no-one about he can't understand what she's on about.

ARTHUR
What are you talking about?

They turn away from the window and therefore don't see TWO KIDS appear from the far side of the car, rolling away the wheels.

ARTHUR
How about a quick cup of coffee before I drive you in.

SHERRY
Okay.

6. CONTINUED. 6.

She trots off to the kitchen.

SHERRY
And Terry's well, you say.

ARTHUR
Terry is fine.

---

7. EXT. THE FLATS. DAY. 7.

KIDS are taking the car apart. They have the equipment to do it. There is the sound of breaking glass and a KID of about 13 appears inside the car.

---

8. INT. SHERRY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY. 8.

ARTHUR is drinking his coffee. SHERRY is not drinking coffee, but she is being polite by listening to ARTHUR and waiting to be taken to work.

ARTHUR
My client,...and I wouldn't tell many people this...is almost twenty third in the line of accession.

A sly smile and a nod from ARTHUR is greeted by total blank from SHERRY.

ARTHUR
He could end up King, Sherry. W.B. Big car collection?

SHERRY
Can't place him.

ARTHUR
I'll drive you to work.

SHERRY leaps up and grabs her coat. She casually looks out of the window as she is putting her coat on.

SHERRY
Oh! Arthur.

ARTHUR
Yes?

8. CONTINUED. 8.

SHERRY
I think I'd better call a mini-cab.

---

9. EXT. STAIRS AT THE FLAT. DAY. 9.

ARTHUR is running down them as fast as he can.

---

10. EXT. CUSTOMISED CAR. DAY. 10.

ARTHUR approaches the car. The wheels have gone, the mirrors, the radio, the lamps, the lining, the nudge bar.

ARTHUR is exhausted from his run, and in a state of shock at the sight of the car. He almost crawls round it, making sort of whimpering noises.

ARTHUR looks up as he hears SHERRY call to him from her flat.

SHERRY
Everything all right, Arthur?

ARTHUR gives the nearest thing he can to a cheery wave and SHERRY closes her window.

---

11. INT. THE WINCHESTER CLUB. DAY. 11.

DAVE is behind the bar reading the paper. There are one or two members sitting drinking and one man is bashing the fruit machine in an effort to get it to work.

ARTHUR dashes in.

11. CONTINUED. 11.

ARTHUR
A vodka and tonic, and the phone.

DAVE
A bloke phoned about some video tapes. He left a number.

ARTHUR
Oh gawd. I'll ~~call~~ ring him later.

---

12. INT. WALLY BRABHAM'S GARAGE./ WINCHESTER. DAY. 12.

ARTHUR's car is still up on the lift, but WALLY hasn't started it. He is sitting in the small office, looking at photographs of his customised car in an album.

The phone rings. WALLY picks it up.

INTER-CUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - Arthur is in the Winchester

WALLY
The Brabham Group.

ARTHUR
Wally? Hello ~~mate.~~ It's Arthur here.

WALLY
Hello, Arthur. Has she been sold?

ARTHUR
Er...not quite.

WALLY suddenly cheers up.

WALLY
Didn't he want her?

12. CONTINUED. 12.

ARTHUR
He loved her...will love her. He wants me to drive down to his place with her. I've been invited for the weekend. I'll have the lolly for you...when I get back.

WALLY
Yeah, but Arthur...I could drive the motor...

ARTHUR
Hang on Wally. Yes officer, I'll move it immediately. I'm on a double yellow line. I'll talk to you later.

ARTHUR hangs up. WALLY is slightly puzzled.

DAVE puts the vodka and tonic in front of ~~him.~~ ARTHUR.

ARTHUR
Slate this one, Dave.

DAVE
About that machine, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Yeah?

DAVE (pov machine)
It never pays out. The members are starting to talk.

ARTHUR
Yeah, okay...I'll get a maintenance check done on it.

ARTHUR takes out a notebook and makes a note about the machine.

DAVE
Terry?

ARTHUR
What's wrong with Terry?

12. CONTINUED. 12.

DAVE
Well, we are in the technological age, Arthur. All he does is give it a right-hander.

ARTHUR
Got any aspirin?

---

13. INT. THE IRISH PUB. DAY. 13.

DAFYDD is showing TERRY how to throw better darts. (Dartboard)

DAFYDD
That's it. Oh, that's lovely. A nice smooth follow through. Couple of years in the Gulf would improve your game no end.

TERRY throws his second dart.

TERRY
You going back there?

DAFYDD
Well...I don't know. I had a plan when I went out there to send all my money home so my mother could buy her house. That's done now. I've got some happy memories, but I miss my home. And wherever we are in the world, Terry there's a bit of Wales in the heart of every Welshman.

(CU Terry at board)

CU Dafydd Arthur vo Terry!

DAFYDD looks into the middle-distance for a moment.

DAFYDD (Cont'd)
The Hustler, that was it.
(TERRY looks at him)
~~Paul Newman picture~~.

x

Continued Page 14 Scene 13

13. CONTINUED. 13.

TERRY stares at him and then goes back to throwing his third dart.

TERRY
Get a touch of sun in the desert, did you? x

DAFYDD
What's your trade, Terry? x

TERRY
I used to be a boxer.

DAFYDD
Really? Well, well. And what do you do now?

TERRY
I'm an ex-boxer.

TERRY goes to take his darts out of the board.

ARTHUR dashes into the pub.

ARTHUR
Terry.

TERRY
Oh, hello, Arthur.

ARTHUR
What are you doing?

TERRY
I'm standing on my head. Dafydd Evans...Arthur Daley. He's Welsh.

ARTHUR
Really. Come here.

ARTHUR takes TERRY to one side and hands him a piece of paper.

ARTHUR
Get Des, get a towing trailer and get to that address. You'll find what's left of Wally Brabham's motor. Get it to the garage as quick as you can. Tell him to take a set of spare wheels. Here's some money. Des won't put the Daily Mirror down unless he's got a tenner in his hand. There's twenty-five. Tell him to show good faith...if he knows what that is.

13. CONTINUED. 13.

TERRY
Yeah, okay. Where you gonna be?

ARTHUR
Probably in intensive care.

TERRY
Well that'll keep the streets tidy.

ARTHUR orders a large vodka from PAT.

As TERRY moves away he checks the address on the piece of paper.

TERRY
Bevin Street? x

ARTHUR
Yes?

TERRY
Isn't that where we gave Sherry Carter a lift to?

Continued Page 16 Scene 13

13. CONTINUED. 13.

ARTHUR
Er...I dunno...Who?

ARTHUR looks anywhere but at TERRY.

TERRY
You know, that barmaid from the Napier Club. We give her a lift and ... x

TERRY suddenly understands what has been going on. He starts to chuckle. ARTHUR looks very uncomfortable. He tries to avoid TERRY's eye but TERRY won't let him.

ARTHUR
What?

TERRY
You've been a little rascal, haven't you?

ARTHUR
I don't know what you're going on about. I had a business meeting near Bevin Street. Naturally I parked Wally's car near to... x

TERRY
No need to explain, Arthur. I understand.

ARTHUR
There's nothing to understand...

TERRY
Fine, fine.

TERRY laughs and backs away from ARTHUR. He is enjoying the moment. ARTHUR moves to a public telephone on the wall.

TERRY grins and winks at ARTHUR as he moves towards the door.

TERRY
See you Dafydd.

DAFYDD
Oh, you off are you? It's been nice talking to you.

13. CONTINUED. 13.

ARTHUR is watching this exchange, as he dials a number.

TERRY looks back at ARTHUR, gives a final chuckle and exits.

PAT the barman, has been watching the whole thing.

ARTHUR is listening to the dial tone. He sips his drink. From where he is standing he can watch DAFYDD throwing darts.

ARTHUR begins to notice that DAFYDD is throwing bulls and trebles all the time. ~~(DAFYDD throws a three dart bull.)~~ Bd = 1 Bull

The pips sound and ARTHUR presses his money into the box. 1 3x18 1 3x19

ARTHUR
Mr. Rice? Arthur Daley here, Daley Holdings Ltd. It's about the customised Ford for his lordship.

---

14. INT. PANELLED OFFICE. /INTERCUT PHONE IN IRISH PUB. DAY. 14.

RICE is a man of about 45. He looks like an up-market butler. There is an 'in' tray and an 'out' tray on his desk and various papers. Photographs of vintage cars hang on the wall behind him. There are two large photographs of custom cars and the young Lord, near them.

Continued Page 18 Scene 14

14. CONTINUED. 14.

MR RICE
He's down in Sussex at the moment. Is the car ready?

ARTHUR
Well, I'm absolutely furious at the moment, Mr Rice. If I tell you I'm having the car shipped from Scotland and then I say British Rail...I bet you know what I'm going to say next.

ARTHUR watches DAFYDD throw another triple bull.

ARTHUR
Blimey. Oh, sorry Mr Rice. Look, I've had my people onto B.R. and they reckon the vehicle is in a siding somewhere near Oldham.

ARTHUR looks at DAFYDD.

---

15. INT. DES'S GARAGE. DAY. 15.

Sitting with his feet up on a desk in the corner of the garage is TED TURTON. He is about 38 years old. He has the hairstyle of a teddy boy and all that can be seen of him at the moment are a large pair of crepe-soled shoes rocking backwards and forwards to the music of 'King Creole' by Elvis Presley which is belting out from a cassette player on the desk. He is holding an American 'True Life Detective' magazine up in front of his face. TED is from Yorkshire.

TERRY enters the garage and walks towards the desk.

TERRY
Des! Got a job for you.

TED lowers the magazine.

TED
Hello.

TERRY
Des not in?

TED
No.

15. CONTINUED. 15.

TERRY
Will he be long?

TED
About a fortnight. He's in Benidorm.

TERRY
He's what?

TED
For his holidays. He asked me to come down and mind the shop for him. I thought, well why not. Things are quiet at home. Ted Turton, 'Turton Trucking, Bradford'.

TED hands TERRY a business card.

TERRY
Terry McCann. Er...well okay. Can you pick up a motor today? It's pretty urgent.

TED
Sure. Do you want to go now?

TED picks up cassette, stand up.

TERRY
If you're not busy.

TED
No I was just doing a bit of reading. Okay...let's hit the road. Me rig's parked in the next street.

TERRY
You'll need a set of wheels for a Stingray..... (T.B.A.)

TED Now you're talking

16. EXT. WALWORTH ROAD. DAY. 16.

TED's 'rig' is making it's way down the road. It is a very ordinary old tow truck, but across the front of the windscreen he has the words 'WILD DOG', and on the doors 'TURTON TRUCKING, BRADFORD'. Underneath it has the motto 'LIFE'S A BALL IF YOU KNOW HOW TO KICK IT'. The song 'Don't Be Cruel' by Elvis Presley can be heard playing on the cassette as they drive along.

17. EXT. ROAD. OUTSIDE SHERRY'S BLOCK OF FLATS. DAY. 17.

TED's rig drives in behind the customised car, music playing. TED and TERRY alight. TED carries his cassette player with him.

TED
That's one swell motor. I always wanted a yankie car when I was a lad. I love power-steering. They all drive with one hand in America you know.

TERRY
Yeah, what do they do with the other one?

TED
Just look casual. They're more laid back than we are. Do you like Elvis?

TERRY
Er...he's okay.

TED
Some say I look a bit like him...but I can't see it me'self.

TERRY
No. Somebody's given this a right seeing to, haven't they?

TED
I bet a pound to a penny it was kids. In America they call this a Dude's car.

TERRY
Over here we call it a write-off.

Continued Page 21 Scene 18

18. INT. IRISH PUB. DAY. 18.

ARTHUR looking tense.

He and PAT the barman are watching DAFYDD preparing to throw for double top. He throws and gets the double. His second dart is aimed for the bull and he gets it.

BD: CU 1st Dt x20 Zoom back. CU 2nd Dt Bull Zoom back CU 3rd Dart & Drink.

He prepares to throw his third dart.

ARTHUR
I can't look.

His third dart is aimed for a scotch egg on top of the hat being worn by a DRUNK who is sitting below the board.

ARTHUR and PAT cheer and applaud.

The DRUNK opens his eyes and doesn't seem to know what is going on.

ARTHUR
~~Genius~~. Amazing

DAFYDD
Oh...not really. We used to call that William Tell in the Middle East. Pretty obvious name I suppose, really.

ARTHUR
Dafydd, I have to tell you that never, never...in all my years in the dart world, have I seen a talent like yours.

18. CONTINUED. 18.

DAFYDD
Are you involved in darts, Mr Daley.

ARTHUR offers his card.

ARTHUR
Daley Holdings . ... sports, leisure pursuits. We work with most of the media people. Kent Walton...I was with him just last week. You know, with proper handling, you could make a tidy sum of money, playing darts.

DAFYDD
No.
I never play for money. It creates such ill-feeling between people I think.

ARTHUR
No, no, no, no. You've got it all wrong. It's a very well respected sport now. It's civilised it's...it's on B.B.C.2.

---

19. INT. DES'S GARAGE. DAY. 19.

The customised car is on the ramp.

TERRY is sitting watching TED work out how much it will cost to put back together again. TED has a pocket calculator.

TED looks inside the boot and pulls out a cardboard box. He reads the label.

TED
He'd just had new wind horns fitted. Type...La Cucaracha. They're twenty-four, twenty-eight pounds for a start. They cost a fortune to run these. You can certainly get to debtsville real fast if you have one of these.

19. CONTINUED. 19.

ARTHUR enters.

ARTHUR
Well? Oh, look at it.
Where's Des?

TERRY
Benidorm. He's looking after
the place.

TED
Ted Turton. I'm a pal of Des's.

ARTHUR
Oh yeah? How much?

TED takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

TED
Well...what can I say.

ARTHUR watches TED as he wanders around the car.

TED
If we can get the parts, I
reckon four...seven days work
should get it back on the road.
I'll need photographs to make
sure I've got the right stuff.

ARTHUR
Yes, right. But how much?

TED
Well...a thousand?

TERRY
Dollars?

TED just smiles at TERRY.

ARTHUR
A grand?

TED
A thousand...thirteen hundred.

19. CONTINUED. 19.

ARTHUR
Er...yes...well look Mr Turton, I imagine you know that Des services all my company cars. I have a twenty percent discount automatically. I imagine he explained that to you. It'll be in the book.

ARTHUR catches TERRY's eye and then avoids it.

TED
He never mentioned it actually.

ARTHUR
Well that is our arrangement.

TED
Well so let's say for arguments sake... er-There's four twenty five for wheels - er...eleven...

ARTHUR
Less V.A.T. for cash.

TED
Oh...call it nine seven ~~fifty~~ five.

ARTHUR
Call it nine seven ~~fifty~~ five. He's doing me a favour.

TED
I'm afraid I'll need something in up front.

ARTHUR
Eh?

TED
In advance.

ARTHUR
You've already had twenty-five quid. Hasn't he?

TERRY
Yeah.

TED
That only covered the twelve o one.

ARTHUR
The what?

19. CONTINUED. 19.

TED
Twelve o one. It's a code. Twelve o one is towing a car in. Twenty-five quid.

ARTHUR
Here's a ton.

TED
That'll not go very far.

ARTHUR
All right...two hundred.

TED
If you made it three I could really get stuck into it. I got the wheels on account but there's a limit---

ARTHUR
Yes, I'm sure. I have a slight cashflow problem at the moment. On account of being bled white by members of the motor trade. If you get my drift.

ARTHUR forces a kind of smile at TED. TED doesn't rise to it. He just grins back at ARTHUR.

They hear DAFYDD's voice.

DAFYDD
That's a bit of a mess, isn't it.

~~You didn't put any money in the parking meter Mr Daley.~~

ARTHUR bucks up the moment he sees DAFYDD, and again is on top of the situation.

ARTHUR
Come in Dafydd, come in. Terry this is my new investment. We are going into darts. (~~To TERRY Give us the P~~

TERRY
Oh, stroll on!

DAFYDD
Mr Daley's putting me on B.B.C. 2, Terry.

19. CONTINUED. 19.

TERRY
What as...the test card?

What in - Come Darting?
~~I'm sorry~~ - ~~He's~~ always doing people favours.

---

20. INT. THE WINCHESTER. DAY. 20.

Dartboard. Last dart to make.
A dart board has been set up and DAFYDD is throwing 'out shots'. TERRY is standing near DAFYDD. ARTHUR is watching from the bar.

DAFYDD goes to the board to collect his darts.

TERRY
A hundred and...er...sixty-nine.

DAFYDD
There's no three dart finish on one six nine.

TERRY
Oh. Okay then...er...one four four.

DAFYDD
Treble eighteen, treble eighteen, double eighteen.

POV
ARTHUR and DAVE watch from the bar. / TERRY and DAFYDD go on with what they are doing.

ARTHUR
Dave ..how do you fancy coming in with me as his co-manager? I reckon three hundred quid would buy you a piece of a future champion. x

DAVE
Do you know what your bar slate adds up to, Arthur?

ARTHUR
Eh?

DAVE
Ninety-four pounds, thirteen pence.

ARTHUR pulls out his wallet.

20. CONTINUED. 20.

ARTHUR
Dave, you should have said. I'd no idea. I'll clear that immediately.

DAVE
If you could see some of it off, I'd be obliged, Arthur.

ARTHUR
I'll pay the lot, mate.

ARTHUR is pulling crumpled fivers from his wallet and his pockets.

ARTHUR
Er...look...that's the round fifty. I'll do the rest next week.

DAVE
Thank you Arthur.

TERRY walks over to ARTHUR. DAFYDD is still at the board.

TERRY
What is all this, Arthur? Geeing him up he's gonna make a fortune.

ARTHUR
Oh, ye of little faith. That lad is going to compete in, and win, the finest darts tournament this city has ever seen. If Bob Hope can do it for golf, I can do it for darts. The Arthur Daley Pro-Am.

TERRY gazes at ARTHUR.

TERRY
Have you gone mad? You could put what you know about darts on the back of a stamp.

ARTHUR
You could put what anybody knows about it on the back of a stamp. Three arrows and a board. Not exactly nuclear physics, is it! Look, we offer a thousand pounds as first prize ...

TERRY
I thought you had cashflow problems! ...

20. CONTINUED. 20.

ARTHUR
Terry, Terry, Terry. You don't use your own cash. We charge three quid to enter. Three quid gets you a chance to win a thousand. They'll be queueing ten deep. We'll have three hundred people at least. That's nine hundred quid in the bin before we start.

TERRY
Arthur, he plays for pleasure... not money.

ARTHUR
I'm offering him a chance to make something of himself. What's he gonna get back in Wales, eh? A dole queue. It's in times like these that, historically, the great athletes have come to the fore. Hungry fighters. A recession is the best possible time to find a lad like this.

x

END OF ACT I

ACT TWO:

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21. EXT. STREET. DAY. 21.

A BOY is putting up a poster. Standing watching him, is ARTHUR. The BOY opens the poster out as he sticks it to the wall. It reads "THE ARTHUR DALEY PRO-AM DARTS TOURNAMENT. FIRST PRIZE £1,000. ~~STATION HOTEL~~ ROUNDHOUSE, CLAY FARM ROAD. TOE THE HOCKEY 1-OPM". SATURDAY 21ST
ARTHUR is obviously very proud of the poster.

---

22. INT. LARGE CASH N' CARRY CAR ACCESSORY STORE. DAY. 22.

Country and western music is playing. The store has everything for the custom car enthusiast. TERRY enters and checks a note he is carrying before speaking to the girl on the till.

TERRY
Californian Wing Mirror and Hawaii Five-O Synthesiser, please.

GIRL
Far end.

TERRY wanders off towards the far end of the store. He spots the Californian Wing Mirror box and takes it off the shelf. He tucks the box under his arm and makes his way through the store. As he rounds the corner of the display shelves he sees WALLY BRABHAM. WALLY is looking at the car spares as though he is saying goodbye to old friends. WALLY looks up and sees TERRY.

WALLY
Terry!

TERRY hides the box he is holding, behind his back. WALLY stalks towards him.

WALLY
Where's Arthur?

TERRY
Daley? Er .... dunno.

WALLY
He's disappeared with me motor. I've phoned the Winchester, been to his lock-up ... he's vanished.

TERRY
I'm sure he's okay, Wally.

22. CONTINUED 22.

WALLY
It's the motor, not Arthur I'm worried about. I'm a bag of nerves.

TERRY
I'm sure the car's in good hands.

WALLY
He was spending the weekend at some toff's place. 'Ere... you don't think he could've just vanished like that Lucan geezer, do you? I mean, you read about these flash weekend parties. They get a few girls in...drugs ...drink...and Bob's your uncle.

TERRY
Arthur wouldn't have the energy.

WALLY
People laugh at me when I talk about that car, but it's been me life. The hours of work ... I mean, I'm not a painter ... I can't write poetry .... I'm a mechanic. That car was my art. Does that sound soppy?

TERRY
No, it doesn't, Wally.

WALLY
Do you like custom cars, Tel?

TERRY
Not really.

WALLY
What are you doing in here then?

TERRY
Er .... well, actually, I have seen a little Datsun I thought I might customise, but I'm not sure if I like custom cars enough to er .... customise it ... so to speak. Eh, tell you what, you get back to work, don't worry and I'll get hold of Arthur for you.

22. CONTINUED. 22.

WALLY
I can't work. Arthur only give me a ton. That went on a new bonnet. The only thing that stands between the Brabham Group and the knackers yard is Arthur Daley and he's done a runner.

Yer yer
TERRY
~~Oh~~...here. Cop some o' this.

TERRY peels off one hundred pounds.

WALLY
No, I can't take your money, Terry...

TERRY
Take it.

WALLY
No, Tel...

TERRY
Go on! It's not mine. It's sort of Arthur's.

TERRY looks towards the Hawaii Five-O Synthesizer on the shelf behind WALLY.

TERRY
I'll sort something out for you.

WALLY
You're a diamond, Terry. You're a real jewel.

TERRY
Oh, cheers Wally. Look after yourself and don't worry.

WALLY wanders out of the shop. TERRY looks at the few pounds he has left and back at the synthesizer on the shelf.

Continued Page 32 Scene 23

23. INT. THE WINCHESTER. DAY. 23.

DAFYDD is standing in front of ARTHUR. ARTHUR is beaming at him. DAFYDD is wearing a silk darters shirt.

ARTHUR
The image...that's what's important in this game. Turn round.

DAFYDD turns round. On his back is written the word 'D'ARTAGNAN'.

ARTHUR
Goodbye Dafydd...hello D'Artagnan. Do you get that Dave. It's got two meanings. Dart as in dart...

DAVE
Your idea, Arthur?

ARTHUR
Yeah.

The phone rings and DAVE answers it.

ARTHUR
Dave! If it's the bloke about the video tapes, I'm in Holland sorting it out.

DAVE
Is Mr Daley in the club today? A little Freddie for him.

ARTHUR nods and grabs the phone.

ARTHUR
Freddie? Where's the venue?

24. INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOX NEAR SILVER ROSE. DAY. 24.

LITTLE FREDDIE is a man of about fifty. He's thin and doesn't look as though he should be trusted.

FREDDIE
The Silver Rose club.

25. INT. THE WINCHESTER. DAY. (INTER-CUT PHONE BOOTH) 25.

ARTHUR
What's the address? (ARTHUR writes down the address) Yeah, yeah, that's South London, isn't it?

25. CONTINUED. 25.

FREDDIE
Yeah...but there's a lot of money changes hands, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Yeah, but...South London.

ARTHUR puts down phone.
ARTHUR looks at DAVE.

ARTHUR
South London.

DAVE takes in a deep breath and shakes his head.

DAVE
A lot of very wicked people, Arthur.

---

26. EXT. STREET LEADING TO ALBERT BRIDGE. NIGHT. 26.

A white Rover is making it's way slowly down the street.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
How's Wally's car coming on? My client's getting anxious.

TERRY (V.O.)
It'll be ready in a couple of days.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Good, good. Did you get the Hawaii Five-O Synthesizer?

TERRY (V.O.)
Couldn't afford it, Arthur.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
I sent you out with two hundred quid.

TERRY (V.O.)
I gave a hundred of that to Wally Brabham.

The Rover lurches across the road and nearly onto the pavement.

27. INT. CAR. NIGHT. 27.

ARTHUR is at the wheel, TERRY is in the passenger seat and DAFYDD is in the back.

ARTHUR
You don't go round giving people money!

TERRY
You owe him money!

ARTHUR
Only on paper. He owes me commission for selling his car.

TERRY
You haven't sold it yet.

ARTHUR
He doesn't know that!

DAFYDD is very nervous about having to witness this row.

ARTHUR spots a phone booth.

ARTHUR
Give me five p.

TERRY hands over five p. 27A: L.S. Street NIGHT.
ARTHUR gets out of the car and walks towards the phone booth.

27B INT. CAR. NIGHT
TERRY and DAFYDD.

TERRY
How are you feeling?

DAFYDD
Oh...you know...a bit nervous. I don't want to let Mr Daley down.

Arthur

TERRY
Listen, if you don't fancy going through with this, we can always turn round and go home.

27. CONTINUED. 27.

DAFYDD
I suppose. It's funny ... talking to Mr Daley. I don't know, but ... well ... he's made me feel ambitious. He reckons I'll be good enough to play for Wales. He says the sky is the limit.

TERRY
Yes...but it's a long way above South London...a long way.

---

28. INT. THE PHONE BOOTH. NIGHT. 28.

ARTHUR
Now I'm still down at his Lordship's place, Wally. Did Terry give you the hundred quid I asked him to bring over to you? Good. Excellent. The negotiations for your motor...you would not believe. This is the first chance I've had to get to a phone. They're only trying to knock me down to seven five hundred. I told 'em. I said, I've got Wally back in London expecting eight grand, and eight grand, less my commission, is what he's going to get. Oh, I've got to go Wally, the dinner gong's just been banged. See you.

ARTHUR hangs up. He looks tired out.

28A. L.S. The car crossing Albert Bridge. NIGHT.

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29. INT. THE CAR. NIGHT. 29.

They are crossing the river.

ARTHUR
Forty-two quid for hiring a flash motor. Twenty quid for a darts shirt. Hundred quid here, hundred there...hundred bloody everywhere. I'm about as stretched as I wanna be at the moment.

TERRY
Well...it's only money. And you know what God thinks of money by the people he gives it to.

ARTHUR gives TERRY a withering look.

30. INT. DART ROOM. SOUTH LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 30.

The room is full. People are drinking, smoking and chattering. There is one competition dart board at one end of the room. People are crowding around tables and around the bar. There is a WOMAN sitting inside the doorway at a table, and hovering near her is a heavy called ERIC.

TERRY looks around the room and watches bets being taken by the ROVING BOOKIE. He slips cash into his pockets and marks down the bets in his book. TERRY: Silver Rose Club? It's just a big boozer.

ARTHUR
Know anybody?

Continued Page 37 Scene 30

30. CONTINUED. 30.

TERRY
Not a soul.

WOMAN
Yes?

ARTHUR
We've got a competitor.

WOMAN
Two pounds. We play thousand and one here, on a straight knockout basis. ~~(One game, sudden death.)~~ If you reach the final, it's two hundred for the winner, a hundred for the runner-up. I'm required to tell you that betting is not allowed on the premises.

She points to a sign on the wall that has the words 'NO BETTING OR GAMING'. ARTHUR takes out two pounds and hands them to the WOMAN.

WOMAN
Name?

DAFYDD
Evans.

She hands him a ticket with a number on it.

WOMAN
You're on when they call your number.

DAFYDD
Thank you.

They cross to racetracks. They bump ERIC on the way.
DAFYDD looks worried.

ARTHUR
You okay?

DAFYDD
Thousand and one. I thought we'd be playing 501.

---

31. INT. ~~CORRIDOR.~~ SOUTH LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 31.

ARTHUR, DAFYDD and TERRY, ~~walk back into the corridor.~~

ARTHUR
Tell me.

31. CONTINUED 31.

DAFYDD
Well, you know how it is in darts, Mr Daley. You play 501 over several legs and as you know, as a game, it favours the skilled player.

DAFYDD hangs up his jacket. TERRY sees the 'darter' shirt for the first time.

TERRY
Blimey.

DAFYDD
Fancy, isn't it?

ARTHUR
Go on.

DAFYDD
Well, thousand and one is more a game of chance ... especially if you're a slow starter like I am.

ARTHUR
Slow starter?

DAFYDD
I usually need at least one game to get into my stride, so to speak. Playing one game, sudden death ... it could all be over in five minutes. Pity really, as we've come all this way.

ARTHUR looks shattered.

TERRY
Come over here. You'd better get some practice in.

---

32. INT. THE DARTS ROOM. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 32.

A couple of DARTERS are warming up on the board. One boy is called TOMMY and he is from East Ham. The other darter is KEVIN. He has 'KEVIN' written on his dart shirt. The heavy called ERIC is having a chat to TOMMY before wandering off around the room.

ARTHUR is pushing his way slowly towards the end of the bar where LITTLE FREDDIE is standing.

ARTHUR
Right Freddie, where's the clever money going, eh?

FREDDIE
What's wrong with backing your lad?

32. CONTINUED. 32.

ARTHUR
He tells me he's a slow starter. I hire a motor, buy him a shirt... 'I'm a slow starter, Mr Daley.'

FREDDIE
He'd be better off at 501, wouldn't he?

ARTHUR gives FREDDIE a 'look'.

FREDDIE
~~Come here~~. Keep this under your hat...but see that feller over ~~lad~~ there...

FREDDIE nods towards TOMMY from East Ham.

FREDDIE
~~Don't stare, don't stare~~. They've brought him in from East Ham. Name of Tommy. They've got him down as having no chance of getting past the first round.

Closer PoV Tommy (& Kevin) to watch extg shot.

ARTHUR
Yeah?

FREDDIE
So why has a quiet seven hundred quid gone on from various quarters, saying he'll win the semi-final and lose the final? ~~Either somebody's clairvoyant or they've got more money than sense.~~ That's your clever bet, Arthur. Watch that bookie. They call him the juggler.

ARTHUR gives FREDDIE a fiver.

ARTHUR
They used to call me the Wizard of Odds.

Have a drink.

ARTHUR moves off towards the BOOKIE.

33. INT. THROWING UP ROOM. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 33.

There are about six dart boards hanging on the walls, and some very heavy looking DARTERS throwing up on them.

DAFYDD is throwing at one of the boards and TERRY is watching him.

From outside they can hear the M.C. call through the microphone.

DAFYDD
I'm glad you're here with me Terry. A couple of Celts together.

TERRY
Pardon?

M.C. (V.O.)
One hundred.

DAFYDD
McCann. Irish, isn't it.

TERRY
Yeah? Oh...Celts. Yeah... right.

34. INT. DART ROOM. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 34

ARTHUR is standing watching, not really understanding what's going on. KEVIN steps forward.

KEVIN throws his three darts and scores, treble twenty, treble eighteen, bull.

KEVIN throws him arms in the air. TOMMY shakes his head in disappointment.

ARTHUR looks at LITTLE FREDDIE.

FREDDIE just shrugs his shoulders to ARTHUR. ARTHUR stands with his mouth hanging open, and without looking, he tears his betting slip up. FREDDIE walks towards the door and exits. ARTHUR can only stand and watch him.

33pt: INT SILVER ROSE

~~33A~~

~~The door opens and~~ a man calls out... p.41

MAN
Number twenty-five. (C.U.s)

DAFYDD
That's me.

TERRY
Just do your best. That's all anybody can ask of you.

DAFYDD smiles at TERRY. TERRY gives him a friendly thump on the shoulder.

~~33B~~

DAFYDD moves towards the dart board, shakes hands with his opponent and TERRY moves to ARTHUR's side.

TERRY
Having a bet on him, Arthur?

ARTHUR
Er...no...no...I don't think I will.

TERRY
Well I'm having a fiver. Us Celts have to stick together you know. Get us a lager will you?

TERRY moves off towards the ROVING BOOKIE.

ARTHUR
Celts? Half a' lager, please love.

DAFYDD and the other DARTER warm up on the board. x

~~M.C.~~
~~Gentlemen, please. Game on.~~ x

DAFYDD throws first.

TERRY
Here we go.

~~M.C. (V/O)~~
~~Ninety-nine scored.~~

TERRY
Ninety nine

DAFYDD shakes his head in disappointment and looks over towards TERRY. TERRY gives him an encouraging nod. The other DARTER steps forward and throws his darts.

TERRY
~~M.C.~~ ~~(V.O.)~~
Bah! One hundred and forty.

34. CONTINUED. 34.

TERRY's face drops. He looks over at ARTHUR. ARTHUR shakes his head and turns towards his drink on the bar.

DAFYDD steps forward again. He takes a deep breath and stares at the board for a moment.

TERRY is willing him on...

TERRY (TO HIMSELF)
Go on son.

DAFYDD throws his three darts.

~~M.C. (V.O.)~~ TERRY
One hundred and eighty! He's there!

TERRY lets out a yell.

~~TERRY~~ Come on!
~~And away we go!~~ Up the Celts! He's there!

ARTHUR looks round as though to say 'Terry, behave yourself'. DAFYDD is beaming at TERRY.

DAFYDD
Cymru am byth!

TERRY
Do what? Ha ha ha ha.

MIX-TO...

TERRY
He's good this geyser, ain't he? Ah no. Dafydd'll do it. He's all right.

DAFYDD throwing doubles, trebles and bulls, like a master. His confidence is growing with every shot. TERRY is watching and getting very excited. ARTHUR can't believe he hasn't got a bet on DAFYDD. ERIC is watching and not liking what he sees. KEVIN congratulates DAFYDD.
DAFYDD scores 115. Treble 15, single 20, bull.

TERRY
Hold on - he's down to a finish ain't he? Hundred and fifteen. Three fifteens, that's forty-five, seventy left, twenty - get the bull, lad, get the bull.

DAFYDD's arms go up in a winner's salute and TERRY leaps in the air. ARTHUR can only stand and stare in disbelief.

TERRY
~~Cheer up. We're winning. Have a bet next time.~~ He's gone and done it hasn't he? Ho ho ho look at that he he he. You got to put some money on him now, haven't you? Come on we're winning.

ARTHUR
I'm not here to bet. I ~~want~~ 'm here to watch the lad's throwing action. ~~I have to~~ weigh up his potential... his response to a crowd.

TERRY
You're Skint, ain't yer?

ARTHUR
Don't be silly.

34. CONTINUED. 34.

TERRY moves away from ARTHUR, anxious to get another bet on DAFYDD. ARTHUR finishes his drink and moves towards the door that leads to the corridor.

---

35. INT. CORRIDOR. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 35.

ARTHUR makes his way down the corridor towards the Gents. He pushes the door open...

ARTHUR
~~(Arthur Daley, this is your life.)~~

The door swings closed behind him.

---

36. EXT. THE PUB. NIGHT. 36.

A White Jaguar pulls up outside and TWO MEN leap out.

One of the men is EDDIE PITT. He's a mean man with a short temper. He's built like a barrel. The man with him is one of his henchmen.

They charge into the pub.

---

37. INT. CORRIDOR. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 37.

ERIC appears in the doorway. He sees
EDDIE and his HENCHMAN ~~are~~ walking down the corridor. ~~(with ERIC towards the dart room.)~~

EDDIE
Who are they?

ERIC
Dunno. But they're working together, I'll put money on it. There's a Welsh kid and a bloke called Kevin. He was the one beat Tommy in the first round.

EDDIE
That Tommy. I take weeks trying to get a decent price on him as a no-hoper and when I finally manage it...that's exactly what he turns out to be. Point these two out.

37. CONTINUED. 37.

The three of them push through the swing doors.

---

38. INT. DART ROOM. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 38.

DAFYDD is standing alone near the bar.

ERIC
That's the Welsh one. Him with...er...Dar...Dartington on his shirt.

They scan the room. TERRY is putting money into the BOOKIE's hand.

KEVIN is throwing against another opponent.

ERIC
That's the Kevin one.

DAFYDD gives a thumbs up to KEVIN.

ERIC
Look at that. See? They're a team, Eddie.

EDDIE
Is Charlie still in?

ERIC
Yeah.

EDDIE
Do you reckon either of these two could beat him?

ERIC
I reckon they could both do him.

EDDIE
Well that's it innit. If they knock Charlie out and reach the final, they'll decide whose gonna win, and even with our lousey odds, they'll stitch us up. Get that Welsh over here. x

ERIC moves towards DAFYDD.

38. CONTINUED. 38.

EDDIE (to HENCHMAN) x
You get over there and have a word with Kevin.

The other HENCHMAN pushes his way towards KEVIN.

TERRY takes his betting slip from the BOOKIE. He looks for ARTHUR, but cannot see him. He looks for DAFYDD and sees him being taken out of the door to the corridor by ERIC.

TERRY pushes through the crowd towards the door.

---

39. INT. THE CORRIDOR. SOUTH LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 39.

EDDIE is standing in front of DAFYDD. ERIC is behind him.

EDDIE
Right. I'll say this once. I represent the winner of this tournament. Now, unless you wanna crawl out of here on stumps, ~~I suggest~~ you pack your gear and get the bus home.

DAFYDD
I'm sorry, but I really don't know what you mean...

EDDIE
This ain't a discussion, I'm telling you!

TERRY bursts through the doors.

TERRY
Okay, what's occuring?

DAFYDD
Terry...

EDDIE
You with him?

TERRY
Yeah.

---

40. INT. GENTS. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 40.

ARTHUR opens the door to the Gents...sees there is trouble and hides behind the door quickly. He can hear EDDIE's voice.

EDDIE
Both of you...out...now!

41. INT. CORRIDOR. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 41.

EDDIE
I don't wanna see your boat, or yours down here again. You wanna play darts...play at home. We're getting a living out of this, and your lad and the other one you've got in there are a bit too good.

TERRY
What other one?

EDDIE
Don't give me that. Off. Away.

DAFYDD
What about my coat?

EDDIE
Go and get it. You go with him.

DAFYDD and ERIC go back into the darts room.

EDDIE
Nobody tries to stitch me up.

TERRY
You've got it all wrong.

EDDIE
I didn't get where I am by being wrong.

TERRY looks around the corridor.

TERRY
A South London boozer. Not exactly Al Capone, are you?

EDDIE
You're down here trying to make a few bob.

42. INT. DART ROOM. SOUTH LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 42.

DAFYDD is putting his coat on as he moves towards the doors. ERIC follows him.

A MAN in the crowd puts his hand out to shake DAFYDD's hand.

42. CONTINUED. 42.

MAN
Nice darts son.

DAFYDD
Oh, thank you.

They shake hands.

Just as DAFYDD reaches the door, ERIC holds his hand out.

ERIC
No hard feelings.

DAFYDD is still pulling his coat on and so doesn't take much notice of ERIC. DAFYDD sticks out his hand and ERIC squeezes it tight. ERIC is wearing a leather glove that has a broken glass in the palm. DAFYDD screams with pain and is pushed through the door by ERIC.

---

43. INT. CORRIDOR. STH. LONDON PUB. NIGHT. 43.

DAFYDD rolls against the wall in the corridor. His hand is covered in blood.

EDDIE
Wanna stitch something up?
Stitch that up!

TERRY sees that ERIC has glass in the palm of his gloved hand.

TERRY
You scum.

ARTHUR throws open the doors and shouts...

ARTHUR
Terry get out of it. Daffyd.

ERIC and EDDIE look towards ARTHUR for a second that gives TERRY enough time to kick EDDIE in the kneecap and to kick ERIC between the legs. Both men fall and TERRY rains blows and kicks on them. He is shouting at them.

TERRY
You scum. He hadn't done nothing.
You scum.

ARTHUR is shouting to TERRY to get out, and to DAFYDD. ARTHUR runs down the corridor to DAFYDD, telling him to get out. ARTHUR pulls at TERRY. People are starting to push into the doorway to see what is going on. TERRY and DAFYDD and ARTHUR run for the outside door. They run through the door and they slam it closed behind them.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

44. INT. ARTHUR'S CAR. NIGHT. 44.

ARTHUR is driving fast. DAFYDD and TERRY are in the back seat. DAFYDD's hand is bleeding badly.

DAFYDD is in a lot of pain.

DAFYDD
Why?

TERRY
Why? For pennies...that's why.

45. INT. CASUALTY DEPARTMENT. NIGHT. 45.

TERRY and ARTHUR are the only two people in casualty. They are standing near the coffee machine.

SILENCE.

ARTHUR checks his watch.

TERRY wanders away and looks down a corridor.

TERRY looks at ARTHUR. x

ARTHUR
Well, I didn't know that was going to happen, did I?

TERRY
Still gonna put him on the telly, are you? Gonna phone your mate Kent Walton about him?

ARTHUR
You were happy enough when you were winning a few bob on him. I've got a Pro-Am to get on, and I've lost my ace card.

45. CONTINUED. 45.

TERRY looks away down the corridor and then walks back towards ARTHUR.

They hear footsteps.

DAFYDD appears followed by a SISTER. His hand is bandaged.

DAFYDD
Panic over. I don't need to have an 'ook or anything. A few days should see it better.

ARTHUR
Thank God for the National Health.

SISTER
Will you come over here Mr... er... I'll need a signature.

The SISTER leads the way to the reception desk.

TERRY
Are you really okay?

DAFYDD
Not all the wild animals are in the zoo, are they? Human nature...my God.

SISTER
I'll fill in your address for you.

DAFYDD
Oh, that's okay.

DAFYDD picks up a pen in his left hand and signs his name.

ARTHUR
You're writing.

DAFYDD
Yes. I'm ambidexterous. I picked it up in the desert.

ARTHUR
So you can still throw the old...

DAFYDD
Oh yes.

ARTHUR
Somebody up there likes me.

END OF ACT II

~~ACT THREE:~~

45a. EXT. IRISH PUB. DAY. 45a. x

The customised car is parked in a side street next to the pub. It is now back to its former glory. TED is standing on the pavement next to the car. He takes out a 'lucky strike' packet, flicks his zippo lighter and does his best to make it look as though he owns the car.

There is a poster for the 'PRO-AM' on the wall next to the entrance to the pub's upstairs room. Several DARTS SUPPORTERS are making their way up the stairs. They all look at TED and the car as they walk by. TED checks his watch. He looks fed up.

46. INT. OFFICE IN PUB. DAY. 46.

ARTHUR is dressed in DJ and black tie. He is hovering near the telephone on the desk. He appears to be in a rather nervous state. TERRY enters.

TERRY
Nearly a full house, Arthur.

ARTHUR
Yeah?

TERRY
~~But~~ only three more competitors.

ARTHUR
Three!

ARTHUR picks up the list with the names of competitors on it.

ARTHUR
That makes twenty. I expected three hundred. What's wrong with people these days? Don't they want to win money?

TERRY
They've all brought supporters with them.

ARTHUR
That's doesn't help me, does it. I'm not on a percentage of the bar take. Sixty quid! Where's all that lot you see on the telly?

TERRY
Well ....

46. CONTINUED 46.

ARTHUR
What?

TERRY
I just heard a bloke talking out there. There's a fifteen thousand dollar tournament in Las Vegas. They're all out there.

ARTHUR
Bloody Yanks! They're in on everything.

~~ARTHUR~~
Go and look after young Dafydd, he was looking a bit tense.

TERRY
Nerves.

ARTHUR
How's his hand?

TERRY
He'll be all right.

ARTHUR
(Maybe he will.) Not exactly match fit though, is he?

TERRY goes. ARTHUR goes ~~over to the window and looks out.~~ with him x

(To Sc 49)

---

47. EXT. THE PUB. DAY. 47.

TED is standing on the pavement. The customised car is parked in a side street next to the pub. It is now back to its former glory. TED looks up when he hears ARTHUR call to him. ARTHUR is leaning out of the office window.

ARTHUR Oy. Driver!
Sorry about the wait. My client should be along any minute. You know what these Lords are like for time.

TED
It's cool.

ARTHUR
I'm sure.

TED
Er ... you will be paying me today, won't you?

47. CONTINUED 47.

ARTHUR
As soon as the client arrives, we'll all get paid.

TED
Okay, swell. &

ARTHUR shakes his head and looks somewhat pained as TED beams up at him.

The phone rings.

ARTHUR
'Ello.

ARTHUR disappears.

---

48. INT. THE OFFICE. DAY. 48.

ARTHUR grabs the phone.

Continued page 53 Scene 48.

48. CONTINUED 48.

ARTHUR
Arthur Daley. Mr Rice ...
how nice to hear your voice.
Pardon?

ARTHUR'S expression changes from one of charm and warmth to one of complete shock. ~~The theme of 2001 is heard.~~

---

49. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM. DAY. 49.

There are boards hanging around the walls. The main competition board is set up on the small stage at the far end of the room. Chairs are set out in circles so that the supporters can view more than one game in the early rounds of the tournament. The bar is doing very good business. PAT and his BAR STAFF are working hard. There are PRO-AM posters on the walls. A BOOKIE is taking bets. The music fills the room by way of 4 old speakers that don't do justice to the tune. The music ends and ARTHUR jumps onto the stage (microphone in hand) to introduce the tournament.

49B ARTHUR comes down the stairs from the office. He stops on the landing and braces himself.

ARTHUR
Ladies and gentlemen, may I welcome you all to the Arthur Daley Pro-Am Darts tournament. It is a pleasure to see so many darts enthusiasts in the room today. Of course, as we all know, a lot of our professional boys are over in Vegas right now. I'm sure we all want to wish them a lot of luck there.
Okay. 501 is the name of the game and this (He produces a plastic box containing money) .... is what you're all playing for. One thousand pounds. Now This crystal box will be placed above ~~over~~ the bar for the duration of the tournament and ~~by~~ around about six or seven this evening we shall all know who the lucky winner is ~~to be.~~ But, you know ... this game of darts of ours isn't just about winners. It's about the ordinary Joe who comes along with arrows in his hand and hope in his heart. and just tries to play the game. When all's said and done ... trying is what life is all about ..... really.

TERRY is standing listening to all this with DAFYDD.

Continued page 54 scene 49.

49. CONTINUED 49.

TERRY
He's not gonna sing 'I did it my way', is he?

49a. EXT. STREET. DAY. 49a. x

The customised car is making its way down a street near the pub.

TED (V/O)
Well, that's the way the cookie crumbles.

---

50. INT. CUSTOMISED CAR. DAY. 50.

TED is driving.

TED
One minute everything's hunkie dorie, the next you've got yourself in a mess of blues. x

ARTHUR
Will you shut up.

TED
Oh, sorry.

They drive in silence. ARTHUR is very depressed.

ARTHUR
How can anybody .... even a flaming lord, be daft enough to let a polo pony roll over on him! Can you tell me that?

TED
No.

ARTHUR
How can I tell Wally Brabham that?

50. CONTINUED 50.

TED
When will I get the six hundred and seventy five quid you owe me, by the way?

ARTHUR
When Wally gets the three hundred I owe him.

TED
Only, I need it a bit sharpish.

ARTHUR
We all need it a bit sharpish. /Quick.
(SILENCE) Flog my car. It's at Wally's garage. Knock it out below list price. Divi up with Wally and I'll have what's left over. And if you could flog it today I'd be very pleased. I've got bigger problems than you have. And not a word to Wally about what's been going on.

TED
Right on. x

ARTHUR
Drop me off round the next corner. x

SOMEONE runs into the road and TED brakes sharply. He bangs the horn and 'Colonel Bogey' plays. TED looks shocked - ARTHUR horrified.

ARTHUR
You fitted the wrong horn, you great ..... Yorkshire berk!

---

51. EXT. WALLY'S GARAGE. DAY. 51.

ARTHUR'S car is parked facing the customised car. TED is looking round ARTHUR'S car. WALLY is pacing angrily.

51. CONTINUED 51.

WALLY
Well, that's 'ansome innit? 'Andsome! He has me motor all this time.

I borrowed money to finish his heap. Rene's found a bungalow in Eastbourne and now everything's up the spout 'cos a poly pony's put the toff in the hospital. Doh ray bloody me!

TED has totally ignored WALLY'S outburse.

TED
Do you reckon we'll be able to sell this?

WALLY has murder in his eyes as he looks at TED.

---

52. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM. DAY. 52.

TERRY is watching DAFYDD throw his darts. Although the score-board shows that DAFYDD is leading by four games to two, he doesn't look very happy. DAFYDD throws for the match. He requires 138. He throws treble 20, treble 18, double 12.

TERRY
Yes!

DAFYDD'S opponent pats him on the back and DAFYDD walks over to TERRY.

TERRY
Good lad. One step nearer the final.

DAFYDD
Maybe.

TERRY
What's wrong?

DAFYDD
I don't feel right, Terry. I'm not on top of my game. Some of these blokes look good, don't they?

~~BIG BRI throws a table to win his match by five games to two~~

52. CONTINUED 52.

TERRY
Don't think about them.

TERRY

Listen ... think like a winner and you're half way there. Think like a loser and you might as well pack up now. This is your corner talking. So from one Celt to another, sod your hand - get in and win that first prize for your old Mum in Wales. Right?

DAFYDD agrees but doesn't seem convinced.

53. INT. ~~ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP.~~ OFFICE DAY. 53.

ARTHUR is on the phone.

ARTHUR
I've got three gross ladies tights. I can knock'em out at ... what ... Pardon? You don't. No fair enough Morris. Ere, you're not looking for a car are you by ... no, no, right. Me? Oh ... in the pink ... as ever. Take care.

53. CONTINUED 53.

ARTHUR hangs up. x

---

54. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM/~~ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP.~~ OFFICE DAY. 54.

The DARTERS are all still throwing. DAFYDD is now four games to two up against his opponent. BIG BRI is two games to one up against his opponent. TERRY sees PAT waving to him from the bar.

PAT
Telephone.

TERRY takes the phone.

TERRY
Hello.

INTER CUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TERRY AND ARTHUR:

ARTHUR
It's me. Get the spare dartboards .....

TERRY
Where are you? x

ARTHUR Upstairs
Get the boards we haven't used and take 'em back.

TERRY listens.

TERRY
Now?

ARTHUR
Yes, now! Get the deposit and a refund. Meet me at the lockup. It's urgent. x

TERRY
Okay ....keep your hair on.

TERRY hands the phone back to PAT. He looks over towards DAFYDD playing his game.

55. INT. DES'/TED'S GARAGE/~~ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP.~~ OFFICE DAY 55.

TED is reading his 'True Life' magazine again. The phone rings. TED answers.

INTER-CUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION BETWEEN TED AND ARTHUR:

TED
Hello.

ARTHUR
Have you had anybody in about my car yet?

TED
It's only been out there two hours, Mr Daley.

ARTHUR
What's it in at?

TED looks out of the window at ARTHUR'S car on the forecourt. The price on the windscreen is £2,950.

TED
Well, I'm trying to get you a right price. I know you've had a bit of bad luck so I've stuck it in at two, two fifty.

ARTHUR
Blimey, I said sell it, not give it away.

TED
Well, you said quick sale. I'll put the price higher if you like.

ARTHUR
No .... leave it. Just sell the flaming car.

55. CONTINUED 55.

TED
Okay. Have a nice day now.

TED puts the phone down. ARTHUR can't believe TED'S last remark. He puts the phone down. He unlocks the top drawer of his desk. Inside is his passport and inside that one hundred pounds. He takes the money out.

---

56. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM/ARTHUR'S LOCKUP. DAY. 56.

There are now only eight competitors throwing darts. DAFYDD is up against someone called EDWARD. DAFYDD is up three games to two. BIG BRI is four games to nil up on his opponent. The bar is still doing a brisk business. The bar phone rings and PAT answers it.

PAT
Hello. Mission Control here.
Oh, is that you there, Arthur?

INTER CUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION PAT AND ARTHUR:

ARTHUR
Is Terry there, Pat?

PAT looks around the bar.

PAT
Can't see him.

---

57. INT. A PHONE BOOTH. DAY. 57.

TERRY is listening to the engaged tone on the telephone.

---

58. INT. ~~ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP~~ OFFICE/COMPETITION ROOM. DAY. 58.

INTER CUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH ARTHUR AND PAT:

Pat?
ARTHUR
What's happening your end?

58. CONTINUED 58.

PAT
Oh, they're playing like demons, Arthur. We're in the semi finals.

ARTHUR
What already? It's only .... (Checks his watch) God, is that the time.? Who's still in?

PAT
~~Er .... well~~ ... ~~there's the favourite~~ - a bloke called Baz. One called Billingham ... Big Bri. Your lad's still throwing.

ARTHUR
Is he winning?

PAT
He's two games in front. Oh ... ... no, he's not.

PAT watches DAFYDD throw his arms in the air and grin.

ARTHUR
What's happened? Hello!

PAT
He's three games up now, Arthur. He's a good lad you've got there.

ARTHUR
Yeah ... better than I thought, Pat. Listen. Er .... that machine I had put in the bar downstairs. Don't you owe me fifty quid on it?

PAT
I'll deduct that from what you owe me for the hire of the room, Arthur. Is that okay?

ARTHUR
Oh ....yes ... fair enough, Pat. See you ... er .... later.

ARTHUR hangs up. He dials another number.

59. INT. THE PHONE BOOTH. DAY. 59.

TERRY dials and gets the engaged tone again. He puts the phone down and leaves the phone booth.

60. EXT. ARTHUR'S LOCK-UP. DAY. 60.

A car is parked outside the lock-up. ARTHUR and another MAN are x loading boxes into the back of the car.

Deleted.

ARTHUR
You've saved my life, Arnold.
I'm sorry it's got to be cash.
They're top quality tights ...

ARTHUR looks up as he hears a car pull up. TERRY gets out.

CHANGE ANGLE:

TERRY looks towards ARTHUR. ARTHUR shakes hands with ARNOLD and takes a wad of notes from him. ARNOLD gets in his car. TERRY lifts 20 dart boards out of the back of his car.

ARTHUR
What are you doing here?

TERRY
Greengage Sports are shut
Saturday afternoons. What
are you doing here?

TERRY leads the way into the lockup.

ARTHUR
Business. Ladies tights.

TERRY
You're supposed to be running
a darts tournament.

ARTHUR
Do you think I've forgotten?

TERRY
What's going on, Arthur?

ARTHUR is at a loss for words.

61. INT. THE LOCKUP. DAY. 61.

ARTHUR stands behind the desk and holds up an official looking form. TERRY is standing near the door.

ARTHUR
You've probably never seen one
of these before, but this is an
Income Tax form. Year ended
April, 1976.

61. CONTINUED 61.

ARTHUR drops the form on the desk and looks at it as though it had an awful disease.

ARTHUR
I had her Majesty's mafia round here last week. Pay up or else.

TERRY
How much?

ARTHUR
A lot more than I wanted to part with! Including my indoors money. Flaming liberty! (He picks up an order form) ~~See this~~? My order for three thousand quids worth of video tapes. Fifteen hundred paid in advance. I've got a customer willing to pay five grand for 'em. Where are they? A customs shed at Amsterdam airport!

Look at that look at that

TERRY
Blue movies?

ARTHUR
Of course not! And the coup de grace, the final stab in back ... the car deal's off!

ARTHUR slumps into his chair.

TERRY
Not really been your week, ~~Arthur~~ mate.

ARTHUR I think it's cosmic. I do, Terry.
There's an unseen hand moving in the affairs of Arthur Daley.

TERRY
Don't give me all that bunny. I know you, Arthur.

Continued Page 64 Scene 61.

61. CONTINUED

ARTHUR
Why won't you believe me when I'm telling the truth?

TERRY
How many reasons do you want?

ARTHUR
Terry, my business is a bit like the sea. It's all ebb and flow. What I'm trying to tell you is ... the tide's out. I haven't got the prize money.

TERRY stares at ARTHUR.

TERRY
You're skint?

ARTHUR
I'm embarrassed! Arthur Daley, ~~stuck for~~ short of a grand? It's ridiculous.

TERRY
If you knew you hadn't got the money, why the hell didn't you cancel?

ARTHUR
And let everybody know I couldn't organize a competition in a boozer? I'm Arthur Daley. I do business all over the world. I've got a reputation.

TERRY
You certainly have.

ARTHUR
Besides, I expected two grand profit from Wally's car. A grand. Peanuts. I carry a grand everyday. Everyday I've got a grand in my wallet ... cash.

TERRY
'Cept today.

ARTHUR is silenced by the obvious. TERRY looks down at the crumpled ARTHUR.

TERRY
Arthur?

61. CONTINUED 61.

ARTHUR
What?

TERRY
If you haven't got the first prize ....what's in that plastic box over Pat's bar?

ARTHUR
Seven tenners and a toilet roll.

TERRY can only stare at ARTHUR.

TERRY
Have you got your passport handy?

61a. INT. IRISH PUB. NIGHT. 61a. x

BIG BRI'S heavy supporters are enjoying a 'good drink'. All singing as below.

---

62. INT. OFFICE IN THE IRISH PUB. NIGHT. 62.

ARTHUR is pacing the floor. He can hear several drunken darts supporters from the competition room all singing and shouting 'BIG BRI WILL DO HIM', 'BIG BRI'S THE CHAMP E'I'ADDEO, BIG BRI'S THE CHAMP. TERRY enters. x

ARTHUR
Get it?

TERRY
A hundred and eight quid.
It's all I have indoors.
It's all I have anywhere.

TERRY hands the money over. ARTHUR checks it as he speaks to TERRY.

ARTHUR
I won't forget this Terry.
Really I won't. x

They go out. Walking down the stairs:

ARTHUR
Dafydd's in the final. Amazing' isn't it?

TERRY
Yeah? Well, good old lad.

ARTHUR
It's between him and Big Bri from Edgware.

62. CONTINUED. 62.

As they descend the stairs the noise of
~~(ARTHUR listens to~~ the DRUNKS in the competition room gets louder.

~~TERRY stands next to ARTHUR and looks up at the noise.~~
They stop on the landing.

TERRY
Big Bri's lot?

ARTHUR
Yeah.

TERRY doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

TERRY
Oh gawd.

ARTHUR
The old firm, eh? Up against the world again. Come on.

They move towards the door.

---

63. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM. NIGHT. 63.

The music ends, ARTHUR jumps on stage.

ARTHUR
Well now, ladies and gentlemen. The moment you have all been waiting for. The grand final of the Arthur Daley Pro-Am. To the ones who didn't make it this far...we can't always be winners. On my right, from Edgware, London, may I present Big Bri Walsh. And from the green green valleys of South Wales, Dafydd 'D'Artagnan' Evans. Your caller for the final is Mr Ronnie Clark.

Continued Page 67 Scene 63.

63. CONTINUED 63.

ARTHUR hands the mike to the CALLER and leaves the stage. TERRY gives the thumbs up to DAFYDD. ARTHUR is moving back towards the office.

CALLER
Best of order, please. Thank you. Big Bri to throw first. Game on.

---

64. INT. THE OFFICE. NIGHT. 64.

ARTHUR dashes in and sits at the desk. He pulls crumpled notes from his pockets. TERRY enters.

Hey
ARTHUR
Get an iron and an ironing board.

TERRY
Do what?

ARTHUR
Well, look at ~~it~~. your money

ARTHUR gestures to the crumpled money on the desk.

ARTHUR
It looks like something the cat ate. You don't have to- And get the competitors fees from Pat. Sixty quid.

TERRY exits, ARTHUR starts to count the money.

---

65. INT. COMPETITION ROOM. NIGHT. 65.

Although DAFYDD is throwing with his left hand, the pain he has from the right is putting him off his stride. He scores 45. He shakes his head in disappointment. BIG BRI steps up and throws 140. His fans go crazy.

---

66. INT. THE OFFICE. NIGHT. 66.

TERRY is ironing money.

ARTHUR
Four hundred and eighty six quid.

66. CONTINUED 66.

TERRY
The money in the box? And the dartboard money?

ARTHUR
I've included that.

The phone rings. ARTHUR grabs the phone.

ARTHUR
Arthur Daley. Ted. What's happened? Nothing. No ... don't try Monday. The car is now off the market. Because I need the money tonight, that's why!

ARTHUR slams the phone down.

ARTHUR
Well, that's it.

TERRY
Arthur, if you haven't got the money by the end of tonight .... they're gonna pull this place apart .... and us with it.

ARTHUR
There's only one place left to try. It's the one place I've made it a rule never to go. My own doorstep.

ARTHUR picks up the phone and dials.

---

67. INT. THE WINCHESTER. NIGHT. 67.

The phone is ringing. DAVE answers.

DAVE
Winchester. Oh, hello Arthur .... how's your luck?

---

68. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM. NIGHT. 68.

TERRY ~~and ARTHUR are~~ is standing at the back of the room watching DAFYDD throwing. The score board shows that DAFYDD is losing by four legs to one. DAFYDD throws and scores 140. TERRY is willing him on. ~~ARTHUR has a sort of glazed expression.~~

68. CONTINUED 68.

BIG BRI steps forward and throws a score of 100. DAFYDD steps forward.

CALLER
D'Artagnan, you require 94.

DAFYDD throws a single 18, treble 20 and double 8.

CALLER
Yes!

ARTHUR enters and stands by TERRY.

DAFYDD is delighted and he looks towards TERRY. TERRY clenches his fist to spur DAFYDD on. The score is now four legs to two in BIG BRI'S favour.

TERRY
Come on son.

CALLER
Game on.

BIG BRI steps forward again. He throws 140. His fans go wild. ARTHUR and TERRY look tense.

---

69. INT. THE WINCHESTER. NIGHT. 69.

DAVE is pulling on his overcoat. He calls to his BARMAID.

DAVE
Margaret ... I'm going out.

---

70. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM. NIGHT. 70.

The score board shows that DAFYDD is losing by two games to nil and by ~~three~~ four legs to ~~one~~ two in the third game.

BIG BRI throws ~~100~~ 180.

Dafydd steps up to play.

TERRY
He'll never do it ... not left handed.

70. CONTINUED.

70.

ARTHUR
I said he wasn't match fit.

71. INT. DAVE'S CAR. NIGHT. 369 71.

DAVE is driving towards a set of traffic lights. They turn to red. He slows and stops.

72. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM. NIGHT. 72.

The score board is changed to show that it is now four games to BIG BRI and nothing to DAFYDD.

CALLER
Game on.

BIG BRI steps forward to throw.

TERRY
If Dafydd can just pull one game back, he'll still have a chance.

Continued Page 71 Scene 72.

72. CONTINUED 72.

BIG BRI throws 140. His fans cheer. TERRY looks desperate.

TERRY (Shouts)
Come on Dafydd! Come on son!

DAFYDD looks towards TERRY. He looks a beaten man but he manages a smile. DAFYDD concentrates hard. He throws and scores 140.

TERRY
Yes, yes, up the Celts.

ARTHUR
Terry, please.

TERRY
Come on Dafydd.

ARTHUR moves away from TERRY.

---

73. EXT. THE PUB. NIGHT. 73.

DAVE is parking his car. He gets out and locks it. He can hear the cheering and shouting from the competition room. He walks towards the pub.

---

74. EXT. STEPS LEADING TO COMPETITION ROOM. NIGHT. 74.

ARTHUR is at the top of the steps. DAVE appears at the bottom. ARTHUR comes down to meet him.

ARTHUR
Dave .... If there'd been any other way ....

DAVE
I know, Arthur.

CALLER (V/O)
65.

DAVE
I've managed five hundred.

ARTHUR
Dave .... what can I say.

DAVE
You could give me a receipt, Arthur.

74. CONTINUED.

ARTHUR
Of course.

CALLER (V.O.)
100.

---

75. INT. THE COMPETITION ROOM. NIGHT.

ARTHUR enters with DAVE. DAFYDD is throwing his second and third darts. He scores 81. TERRY joins ARTHUR and DAVE.

DAVE
How
Things ~~not~~ going ~~too well~~
for our side?

TERRY
No. ~~I can't see him doing it.~~
Not looking too good at the moment.

ARTHUR
Come on, come on. While there's life, there's hope. Where are we?

ARTHUR looks at the score board..
BIG BAR 92

Continued Page 73 Scene 75.

TERRY
Last two legs. If Dafydd can't win at least one, he's lost the whole match.

DAFYDD is throwing. He makes a score of 100.

ARTHUR
Right. See that bookie over there?

TERRY
Yeah. What, the long geyser?

ARTHUR
Yer. Don't let him go him without seeing me first.

TERRY
Okay.

TERRY eases through the crowd and stands behind the BOOKIE. The BOOKIE looks at TERRY. TERRY gives him a big smile. BIG BRI steps forward and throws a score of 140.

CALLER
140. D'Artagnan you require one hundred and twenty four.

DAFYDD steps forward. He throws treble 20, single 14... A MAN near TERRY says ...

MAN
He wants bull.

DAFYDD concentrates hard. He throws and just misses the bull.

CALLER
99 scored. Big Bri, you require 96.

BIG BRI throws treble 20, double 18. His arms go in the air and his fans cheer.

ARTHUR
Well, this is it. If our lad doesn't win this one... it's all over.

CALLER
Game on.

The room is silent. BIG BRI throws a score of 180. The place goes wild. DAFYDD throws a score of 100. BIG BRI throws a score of 137. DAFYDD throws a score of 120. BIG BRI throws a score of 180. DAFYDD throws a score of 100.

CALLER
Bri, you require two.

75. CONTINUED 75.

BIG BRI throws his first dart into double two. His fans go crazy.

CALLER
Game and match to Big Bri!

The BOOKIE looks disappointed. TERRY and the BOOKIE look over to ARTHUR. ARTHUR has a big grin on his face. TERRY'S look of disappointment turns to one of anger. ARTHUR'S smile disappears when he sees TERRY looking at him.

ARTHUR
I'll explain, I'll explain.
Look after the lad, I think
he's disappointed. x

ARTHUR moves off with the BOOKIE. TERRY looks over towards DAFYDD who is very upset. x

---

76. INT. THE ~~CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE OFFICE~~ DARTS Room. NIGHT. 76. x

---

TERRY ~~is striding towards the office.~~ comes over to join DAFYDD. ~~DAFYDD is trotting behind him. TERRY looks angry~~, DAFYDD upset.

DAFYDD
I'm sorry, Terry. I let the side down.

TERRY
No you didn't.

DAFYDD
If my hand heals up, I'm sure I could win for Mr Daley.

TERRY stops and turns to DAFYDD.

TERRY
Dafydd, forget it! They've cut your hand. The next thing they'll do is break your heart. Look ... you don't want to get mixed up in all this ducking and diving for a living. This isn't for you. Go home to Wales - see your old Mum. Tell her you could beat 'em all up here just using your left hand. She'll be proud of you.

DAFYDD thinks it over for a moment and then smiles and nods his head

DAFYDD Nice to have somebody be proud of you
Maybe you're right. but it. T: Yeah, I'm sure it is.

TERRY
I know I am. Believe me ... I know.

TERRY turns towards the office.

---

77. INT. THE OFFICE. NIGHT. 77.

ARTHUR is sitting behind the desk with a pile of money in front of him. DAVE is standing near the door. ~~and DAFYDD is sitting on a chair in the corner. TERRY is hovering near ARTHUR. He looks angry.~~ TERRY & DAFYDD enter,

TERRY
Why didn't you tell me? x

ARTHUR
Well...

TERRY
The old firm...all that rubbish!

ARTHUR
We've done all right. You've got your money back. Dave didn't even have to part with his. Here Dafydd... (ARTHUR peels off some money)...second prize and a bonus. Just think son, if you'd won that final you wouldn't have got a penny. Funny really. And I'd still be seven hundred in debt to Ted and Wally. Plus two fifty to the bookie. Ah, it's all swings and roundabouts. x I'd already given

TERRY
Where's the two fifty come ~~from~~ in?

ARTHUR
That's what I put on Big Bri at one o'clock this afternoon. Odds of fifteen to two...first bet of the day. I couldn't resist that, could I?

TERRY
Arthur...what if two other geezers had reached the final?

ARTHUR
We'd have been on a sticky wicket, Terry...Ah, you'll never understand, will you?

CU Terry react Dafydd react Terry move to Dafydd, nod. They exit quietly.

ARTHUR lights a cigar and becomes expansive.

CU Arthur.

ARTHUR
It's the risk element that makes it all worthwhile. It's the risks!

ARTHUR gazes out of the window. TERRY & DAFYDD quietly go out.

(11 sec)

ARTHUR
Some people spend their lives walking down the middle of the road. That, for them, is life's highway. But that's not my way. The cliff edge is where you'll find me...taking the risks, dreaming dreams...

THE END