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Night and the City

By Jo Eisinger

Night and the city.
The night is tonight,
tomorrow night...
or any night.
The city is London.
Mary?
Mary?
You won't find
any money there, Harry.
What do you mean,
spying on me?
I, uh-- I was just
looking for a cigarette.
Mmm.
Would I steal
from you?
- What makes you think I--
- Who are you running away from now?
Running? Me?
Now, you know me better than that.
- Three days and three nights, and not a word from you.
- Well, I've been very busy.
For all I knew, you were lying in the gutter
somewhere with a knife in your back.
Lying in the gutter?
Now, look, sweetheart.
I'll tell you what happened.
- I was in Birmingham.
- Birmingham?
Yes! There's a fellow up there
starting a new greyhound track.
And he wants me
for a partner.
It's the chance of a lifetime.
I'll be in on the ground floor.
I only expected to be gone for a day,
but when I saw that layout I stayed over.
And when you see--
Look, honey. Look, here's the plan.
How much?
- "How much"?
- Look, Harry, we've been through this a thousand times.
How much?
Oh. Mmm.

Well, all right.

For our share,

it's only 300.

- 300, and it's a life of ease and plenty.

- No!

- You've got the money. You've got it right here.

- Sure. Sure, I've got it.

But not for

any greyhound track.

- Why, last month it was--

- But this is different, Mary. This can't lose!

Oh, Harry, why can't you

ever grow up?

Harry, you gotta

get hold of yourself.

You can't go on forever

always running, always in a sweat.

Do you think I enjoy working

night after night at the Silver Fox...

getting drunks drunker?

But I'm sticking it out,

waiting for the day we can marry...

lead decent,

normal lives.

Remember them, Harry?

Nice people.

Nice to know and be with.

Remember the plans

they used to make?

The kind of life

they were going to live?

I just want to

be somebody.

I've got to hurry,

Harry.

You'd better hurry too.

- Nosseross is angry with you.

- Let him wait.

Him and his

big, fat belly.

I'm not leaving here.

You mean you're afraid to leave.

How much?

I... paid him everything

but five pounds.

He's the one that put up the money
for the football pool.

Wait here.

Come in!

- Adam!

- Open the windows!

Don't tell me you tried
cooking spaghetti again.

Yes! With the usual
disastrous results!

Mary, get that siphon bottle there!

Quickly!

- The soda?

- Yes! Hurry! Hurry!

- Here!

- Ohh!

Don't just stand there, woman!

Squirt! Squirt!

There.

You're just in time to enjoy
the most heavenly spaghetti dinner.

Aw, thanks, but I've just had
breakfast, unfortunately.

I admit it does look
a little overdone.

Oh, well.

Try again next week.

Probably starve doing it,
but I'll master it in the end, I promise.

That's the thing that
keeps us apart, you know.

Your spaghetti?

Yes, in a way.

When I'm having my spaghetti,
you're looking for your morning toast.

Do you think we might ever arrange our day
to meet somewhere around teatime?

Come on, sit down.

- Let me get these hideous monsters out of the way.

- Oh, he's cute!

- She.

- Well, she's cute.

The shops tell me it's the best-selling

design I've given them so far.

- Discouraging.

- You're probably pleased as punch.

Of course. Sit down

and really be comfortable.

Thanks, Adam,

but I've got to get on to work.

- I've come to ask for a favor.

- Name it.

- Could you let me have three pounds until tomorrow?

- Help yourself.

Punch the night bell. The old lady of

Threadneedle St. Is well stocked and generous.

- It does look like the Bank of England.

- Well, it should.

I spent half my youth

reproducing it.

- It's very good.

- Of course.

Wonderful!

You're very clever,

Adam.

I am about

unimportant things.

Help yourself.

Thanks, Adam.

I happen to need this right now for-

- Well, I didn't expect them to deliver the--

- Sure.

Harry's back.

You knew that,

didn't you?

These walls. Just one big, happy family.

He gets so excited,

almost like a child.

But anyone has to fight

not to get pulled in by his excitement.

- His ideas always have so much imagination.

- I know.

- Harry's an artist without an art.

- What does that mean?

Well, that's something that'd

make a man very unhappy, Mary-

groping for the right lever,

the means with which to express himself.

Yes, he is that,

isn't he?

I like that, Adam.

It's a very nice thought.

Yes, but it

can be dangerous.

Oh. No, you don't.

Not again.

Every time you talk, you mix me up so

I can't think straight for a week.

- Thanks, Adam.

- Anything.

Anytime.

- Hi, hi, Harry!

- Evening, Maggie!

Can't win, boys!

Watch it!

Evening, boys.

- How's Fabian's stocks and shares, Harry?

- Never mind!

- When are you gonna open up your Paris office, Harry?

- Ehh!

- Lovely flowers!

- Evening, Molly, my girl!

Hello, Harry.

How are you?

Well, you're sober.

Trade must be slow.

Slow?

Disintegrating.

- You need a fresh carnation.

- Thanks, Molly. Put it on my account.

- That's all right, my dear. I'll trust you.

- There you are, Bert.

Bless you, Harry. Half a crown!

Don't mention it.

If you girls want to work for my husband,
you've got to start offi on the right foot.

You must understand the rules--

what he'll stand for and what he won't.

First, no stealing from the gentlemen

while you're in the club.

What you do outside

is none of his business...

but in here we take it from them legitimate
and no complaints later.

Remember, if a gentleman wants to dance,
or if he wants you to sit with him...

your time costs anything
from a quid up.

But don't harp on money.

Be subtle.

Whatever he gives you, take it first,
look disappointed afterwards.

If a man offers you a Turkish cigarette,
tell him you only smoke Virginian.

If he's smoking Virginian,
then you'll smoke Turkish.

Oh, yes, chocolates.

Fancy boxes we sell at two pounds.

- Isn't two quid a bit steep for a box of chocolates?

- They're hand-dipped, deary.

When the night's up, I buy 'em back from you
for a third of what the gentleman paid.

Evening, Phil.

Well, need any help with that stuff?

- Where have you been, dear boy?

- Well, I-I've, uh--

Been having a pleasant holiday
at Cannes?

Or spending the weekend
at Windsor Castle?

- I've been ill.

- Oh! Tsk-tsk-tsk. Poor boy's been ill.

I read all about it
in the Times.

"Mr. Fabian,
it is reported...

"is suffering from
a highly inflamed imagination...
coupled by

delusions of grandeur."

- Well, where's he been?

- Now, now, Helen. Mustn't be unkind.

- The dear boy's been at death's door.

- Tsk-tsk-tsk.

I'm glad to see

you're fully recovered.

- We were worried about him, weren't we, Phil?

- Indeed we were.

It's getting late. Time for "dear boy"
to get dressed and hop it.

"Hop it."

Take care of yourself, dear boy.

Hey, Harry. Three live ones.

What's it worth to you?

- Depends on how much you know.

- Depends on how much you'll go.

From Chicago.

Men's clothing business.

One of them, the half-pint, kept talkin' about
a friend of his called Lamont he must write to.
This here Lamont's in the motor supply business
in something he called "the loop."

- Good evening, sir.

- Good evening.

- The usual?

- If you please.

- It's good to have you back in London, sir.

- Thank you, Charles.

Good evening.

Uh-oh.

I beg your pardon. Does this wallet
belong to one of you gentlemen?

Why, no, it doesn't.

- Good evening, Mr. Fabian.

- Good evening, Emil.

Someone must have
dropped this.

- Soon come running for it, no doubt.

- Thank you, Mr. Fabian.

Happened to me once
back in the States.

Traveling from New York to San Francisco,
changed trains in Chicago.

- Darned if I don't lose my wallet.

- No!

Luckily I knew a chap in the loop--
motor supplies. Fella named Lamont.

- Lamont? Did you say Lamont?

- Why, yes.

- You mean Stubby Lamont?
- Why, yes!
- Well, what do you know? We were just talking about him!
- No!
- Oh, wait till I tell Stubby!
- Yes, just wait.
- It's like meeting someone from home.
- It's quite a coincidence.
- Yes! Have a cigarette.
- Yes, have a cigarette.

No, thank you, gentlemen.

Thank you very much.

- Been in London long?
- Just two days.
- On business?
- Well, you know.

Yes, I know.

Well, I'm sure your business will be a great success. Good night, gentlemen.

- Good night.
- Good night.

Say, uh, you boys surely don't plan to spend the entire evening here.

- Always open to suggestions.
- Yeah!

As a matter of fact, I do know of a place.

- Yeah?
- It's a bit naughty.

But great fun.

Silver Fox.

Private club.

- Private club?
- Here, take my card.
- You'll be well taken care of.
- Thanks. That's swell!
- It's a pleasure. Might see you there.
- Yeah!

When you write to Stubby, give him my best, will ya?

- You bet!
- Sure! You bet!
- Good night.
- Good night, Harry.
- Good night, gentlemen.

- Good night.-- Good night.
Break his neck, Strangler!
Come on, Strangler!
Uh-oh.
Pardon me. Does this wallet belong
to one of you gentlemen?
Out.
- I beg your pardon.
- Out.
- What do you mean? This is a public place.
- So's the morgue. Move.
Well, evidently
you don't know who I am.
Mr. Kristo don't like club touts
hustling suckers in his arena. Get out!
- Pigs! Pigs! Pigs!
- Gregorious!
- Gregorious!
- Let 'em hear! Pigs! Come on.
Why, that--
that's Gregorious!
- Who?
- Finest wrestler the world's ever known.
Papa, please.
Where are you going?
Is it for this you brought me
from Athens? This circus?
What have you done to wrestling?
Do you think I'd permit Nikolas
to wrestle with such filth?
Now, now, now,
take it easy, old boy-
You do not talk like that
to my father. Get out!
For this I do not
thank you, my son.
Please, Papa,
listen to me.
You must understand
that times have changed.
Tastes, people--
everything changes.
Tomorrow morning
I'll take you and Nikolas to Liverpool.

Tomorrow

I go back to Athens.

See here!

I demand my money!

How dare you call this
filthy exhibition wrestling?

- I beg your pardon.

- I demand my money back.

- Easy on. Easy on. Where's your ticket?

- It's right here.

Disgusting.

I've never witnessed such a spectacle.

No.

No, it can't be.

You're not Gregorious.

- Gregorious the Great.

- You see, Nikolas?

There are people

who do not forget great wrestling.

Forget? Forget the greatest wrestler
the world has ever known?

I was just a kid, but how can one
ever forget your glorious struggle...

- with, uh, uh--

- Heiterschmidt?

Heiterschmidt!

Yes, of course! Heiterschmidt!

- I thank you, young man.

- I thank you, sir.

- My name is Harry Fabian.

- This is Nikolas.

- A fine-looking lad.

- Thanks.

Uh, do you suppose you could
pin a man like the Strangler, say?

- Yes.

- Oh.

Strangler?

Nikolas

pin 10 Stranglers...

all in same ring,

same time.

Well-- Well, yes,

I should think he could!

I would consider it a great honor if you
and Nikolas would have a drink with me.

Mr. Fabian,

you're a fine young man. I like you.

We'll drink to your great contemporary,
Heiterschmidt.

Young man,

you are too charming.

- Very well, young man.

- Fine. Fine.

You know, I have
a strange feeling...

that our meeting tonight
is, uh--

- Well, we'll talk over our drinks.

- Yeah, all right.

- Raise your elbow

- Raise your elbow! Raise your elbow!

Down she goes

Here's to La France

Here's to champagne

Empty your glass

Fill it again

Here's to the Frenchmen who knew

What to do with the grapes

that he grew

Here's to the sun

ripening the vine

Here's to the bottles

Holding the wine

Drink till the daylight

is dawning

Here's to

Tomorrow morning

- Like it, my love?

- Yes.

Yes, it's nice.

Thank you, Phil.

I've long thought it

appropriate...

that the wife of the owner

of the Silver Fox...

should wear

silver fox.

Not only generous,
but a sense of humor.
Then you won't mind rewarding
my generosity and wit...
with a kiss?
Yes, I--
I do have need
of humor, don't I?
Phil! Phil!
Phil. I hit it.
I hit it, I hit it, I hit it!
Hundreds! Thousands!
A fortune! Fabian Promotions!
Here, now.
What's all this?
- Wrestling. All-in wrestling.
- Eh?
I hold in the palm of my hand the means to
control wrestling in all London!
- Control wrestling?
- In all London.
- You?
- Me.
Dear fellow,
have you ever heard of a citizen called Kristo?
Know what I got in here, Phil?
Kristo!
No, you don't understand.
I've got Kristo where I want him.
Gregorious. See?
I've got Gregorious.
Oh, dear boy,
you'll be the death of me!
Listen, Phil! Hear me out! I've got Kristo stopped!
Gregorious-- Kristo's his son.
Don't you see?
Gregorious'll protect me from Kristo.
I only need a few hundred quid.
Just listen to me! You give me 400 quid,
I'll make you a rich man!
- Make me a rich m--
- Throw him out. Throw him out!
Oh! No.
Mustn't be unkind

to the dear boy.
I haven't laughed
so much in years!
You, big businessman,
Mr. Financial Wizard.
Do you know what it means
to earn 400 quid?
Let me see you
get it.
Get 300. 200.
Yes, why don't you get 200 of your own
and put it on that desk?
My husband will match it.
Right, Phil?
That's right.
Put 200 in and I'll match it.
All right, I'll get it! I'll get twice,
three times 400 and I'll fling it in your face!
Go on! Laugh!
Shake yourself to pieces!
I'll show you both!
I'll show everybody!
I'll be back with 200,
and you match it! I'll show you!
Harry, Harry, Harry. Can't you see
this is checking-out time?
I've got a dozen workers
waiting.
- But you don't understand, Figler. I've got--
- Here. Strap this on.
- You look like a good type for a stump.
- Figler, listen to me--
Harry, apart from my beggars
I'm all alone in the world.
I've got no wife,
no kids, no family.
That's right.
All you need now is these specs.
- You look lovely.
- Look, I've got an angle that can't be beat.
Don't forget to tuck your trouser legs in.
You'll give the game away.
- Now, listen to me--
- Harry, all I got is me money.

And between me and me money is a kind of
understanding, like holy matrimony-
till death us do part.
But I can't miss, Figler!
Figler, will you listen!
I like you, Harry.
Why don't you settle down, get hold of a few
good beggars and put 'em out on the street?
I'll give you all the supplies you need--
legs, eyes, stumps.
- What are you talking about?
- You can make a nice living out of it.
I bring you a fortune,
you give me beggars!
If I had the money, I could help you,
couldn't I? Right.
And if I could help you,
I would, wouldn't I? Right.
But if you ain't got socks,
you can't pull 'em up, now, can you?
Aw, now, Googin,
you're a man of imagination.
With all the best will in the world, I'm just helpless.
Just plain, sprawlin' helpless.
But this is a golden opportunity.
One chance in a thousand.
Invest your money
where it means something.
I'm just plain,
simple sorry, Harry...
but if you want
anything else...
I can print you a passport,
birth certificate, medical license.
Just ask old Googin
and it's yours.
- And that's how it is, Harry.
- But, Anna, listen-
You're wasting your time and mine.
Anna O'Leary's got only one business.
Balance of the nylons.
Good.
I could do with
another 50,000 cigarettes.

Ah, cigarettes, stockings.

This is big, Anna!

One business, and that don't call for me
to put 200 quid into another man's game.

- But it's the chance of a lifetime.

- Anna O'Leary don't take chances.

I'm a hardworking,
hardheaded businesswoman.

Look, you don't wanna spend
the rest of your life living like this, do ya?

Shady deals?

Hiding on the river?

You come in with me, Anna,
it's a life of ease and plenty for you.

I'm takin' great pleasure
in biddin' you good night.

Helen?

Is that you, Helen?

No, it's me.

Mary.

Oh. Mary.

Why don't you go home,

Mary?

Oh, I'm just waiting for Harry,

Mr. Nosseross.

- He'll be along soon.

- Oh, yes.

Helen must have slipped out
for a breath of air.

She's got
a slight headache.

Harry's probably
still working.

No stopping Harry once he gets started.

- Hello, Molly.

- Hello, Mary honey.

Time for
a little nourishment.

- Mr. Nosseross.

- Yes, Mary?

Perhaps it's best
if I do go on home.

Would you please tell Harry
when he comes?

Very well.

I'll tell Harry when he comes.

- Good night, Mr. Nosseross.

- Good night, Mary.

- Good night, Molly.

- Good night, Mary dear.

We sell drinks here,

Harry.

Gin.

How's trade, Bagrag?

- Hmm.

- Hmm.

Say, listen, Bagrag--

No, I don't want a life
of ease and plenty.

Now, take your drink,
and drink it quietly...

and don't mess about
with my customers.

- Look, Bagrag--

- Now, look here, Harry.

Thank you,

Mrs. Nosseross.

Thank you very much
for slicing my throat.

Playing the loving wife looking out for
her husband's interests, huh?

Well, you don't fool

Harry Fabian.

I know every twist and turn in your scheming brain.

Oh, yes, looking out for her husband.

Looking out for the day he'll turn his toes up
and leave the bundle to you.

He counts his quids
while you count the days...

sitting on his grave to keep it warm for him,
watching every penny just so--

What do you think
you're doing?

- How's Mary?

- You leave Mary alone. You hear me?

She's fine with me.

You married the boss. You moved on and up.

- But I think of you.

- Yeah, you certainly showed it tonight.
"Put 200 on that desk.
My husband'll match it."
Thank you, Mrs. Nossersoss, no.
Good night.
Harry.
Two hundred quid.
Now take it to Phil
and get his.
Helen, what-- He never lets you
have a shilling. Where'd you get it?
Never mind.
Just listen closely and do as I tell you.
- Yeah, sure, Helen. Anything you say.
- Show that to Phil.
He'll give you the 200 quid
that I made him promise you.
Helen, you're a wonder, and no mistake!
You won't regret this!
I promise you. I promise you that.
I promise you.
Fabian Promotions.
Fabian Wrestling. It'll be--
- There'll be no wrestling.
- What?
- I've got a nightclub.
- What?
Yes, my own. Bought a year ago.
Flamenco's old club.
Flamenco's closed down.
- Struck off by the police for two years.
- That's why I got it on credit.
In another year, all I do is put up five shillings
for a license, and I'm in business.
But I can't wait
another day.
One more year
living with that--
I've got to get away from him, Harry.
I must get away before I--
That's what the money's for--
the license.
And you're the only man I know
who can get it.

You're gonna bribe,
steal, murder-
I don't care what you do,
but you're gonna get me a license for my club now.
- But if Phil gives me the 200, it's got to be for wrestling.
- That's right.
But you'll just go through the motions
till we're ready to open the club.
- But Phil's no easy mark.
- I know. I'm gonna give you--
You're crazy, Helen.
You don't know what I've got.
I've got Gregorious! A shield!
I've got Kristo stopped cold!
I can control wrestling
in London!
I'm through hustling for nightclubs,
for you or for anybody else.
For yourself!
What do you think Phil takes in an evening?
Never less than a hundred quid.
And who runs the place for him? I do. Me.
I know
how to make a club spin.
If he can do that,
just think, Harry, think.
We're younger, stronger,
healthier than he is.
We've got more life in our little finger
than he has in the whole of his body.
Oh, Harry, we must. I've got to get away
from him. Please, Harry. Please! Please!
Helen, listen-- Listen!
You can still
get away from Phil.
This wrestling pitch is gonna mean
a lot to us. It's gonna mean the whole--
All right, Helen.
You always were
a smart girl.
Maybe you're right.
I'm always right.
Now telephone
that wrestler.

Tell him you're set.

You'll string him

and Phil along.

But night and day,

you're gonna do one thing--

rip London apart

if you have to...

but you're going to

get me that license.

All right, Helen.

- Who is it?

- We are looking for a Mr. Harry Fabian.

He's not here.

The place is closed. Go away.

Mr. Kristo sent us.

- Sorry. Forgive me.

- It is I who must ask you to forgive this intrusion, sir.

But it is imperative that I have a few words

with Mr. Harry Fabian.

I understand he is

employed by you, sir.

Well, in a manner

of speaking.

- He works on commission. But I should

hardly regard---- Ah, yes, quite.

My name, sir, is Chilk. Fergus Chilk.

I am Mr. Kristo's personal solicitor.

This is Mr. Yosh.

He also is employed by Mr. Kristo.

Well, if there's anything

I can do for Mr. Kristo--

Yes, quite. Thank you.

Mr. Kristo is disturbed.

Yes, disturbed.

Word has reached him that Harry Fabian

is about to engage in the promotion of wrestling.

It is Mr. Kristo's

opinion, sir...

that this Mr. Fabian

would find such a venture... unprofitable.

I can assure you that Mr. Kristo

need have no concern.

Tonight Mr. Fabian is pleased to regard himself

as a great sports promoter.

Tomorrow he will undoubtedly
own Covent Garden.

- He is given to these flights of fancy.

- Ah, yes, quite.

Mr. Kristo has found it necessary
to leave for Liverpool on business.

Therefore,

it might prove fruitful...

if Mr. Fabian called on me
for a brief talk.

Would you give him
my card, sir?

I shall be delighted.

Thank you.

Good night.

- Good night.

- Good night.

How's your headache, deary?

How many times have I told you not to eat
down here? You drop that swill, it brings mice.

- Clean it up and get out!

- Yes, my love.

- Still up, pet?

- Come here, Helen.

I'm just dead beat, pet.

I had a bit of a headache, so I walked it off.

- I want to talk to you.

- Oh, in the morning, pet.

- Didn't we do well tonight, though?

- Now!

I've been thinking,

Helen.

I'm a rich man.

Richer than you know.

I want to clear out, sell this place,
get rid of everything.

Just travel,

enjoy ourselves.

See a bit of the world.

- Bermuda, Jamaica--

- Mmm. Sounds exciting, pet.

But somehow I'm not in the mood
for a holiday just now.

Phil!

Count it.
Two hundred quid, Phil.
Right on your desk.
Match it.
Didn't think I could do it, did ya?
Didn't think
I could raise two bob.
Well, there it is-- 200.
This is it, Phil.
Put up your money.
You're my partner.
I'll play it square. I'll play it fair and square
right down the line.
And watch our 400 quid grow, Phil.
Wrestling
is just the beginning.
Later on
we'll branch out.
You'll be proud of me.
You'll be proud to say, "Harry Fabian?
Why, he's my partner. "
Yes, sir! Well, say the word, Phil.
Are you in or out?
- So you really did it, didn't you, Harry?
- There it is.
Yes, I must admit...
I have underestimated you.
Oh, that's all right, Phil.
No hard feelings.
Thank you, Harry.
Yes, you have ideas.
Very smart ideas.
There's no telling
how far this will take you.
I shall be happy
to back you.
Very happy indeed.
Two hundred pounds.
And two make four.
- Honored to be your partner.
- Fine, fine. You won't regret it, Phil.
I'm sure I shan't, dear boy.
Well, uh, I'll be in touch
with you, partner.

Oh, Harry.
Your silent partner.
For private reasons,
I prefer the business to be in your name.
- Oh. Just my name?
- Yes.
Now remember, nobody must know
about my connection...
for private reasons.
The business is to be
in your name.
Well, all right,
Phil.
- If that's the way you want it.
- That's the way I want it.
Hello, Strangler.
- Good?
- Bad!
Bad, bad, bad, Nikolas.
Like so you will do?
Here, take my wrist like so.
Hold it.
Now try it.
Ho ho ho! Ho ho!
- You go.
- I have ticket.
Get out.
This place is for wrestlers.
I pay half crown,
and I have ticket.
If I pay my money, I can come in.
There's your money.
Now please leave.
Go on, go on, we're busy.
Charlie!
Don't ever let him in again.
I told you to keep
all that Kristo gang out of here.
- Yes, sir.
- All right, boys, let's get back to work.
Nikolas, better have a rub.
You're getting cool.
That's it! Bend your backs, boys.
Bend your backs.

- Mr. Fabian.
- Yes?
- Right there, son.
- Thank you.
- Well, sir.
- Mm-hmm.
Thank you.
- Boy.
- Uh, yes, sir?
- There you are, son.
- Thank you, sir!
- Just a moment! This is a private gymnasium!
- I've got my orders!
All right, thank you.
Mr. Chilk,
you will introduce us.
Mr. Fabian,
Mr. Kristo.
Yes, I, uh--
How-- How do you do?
I have here the copy of a contract.
I've read it with great interest.
Mr. Chilk is going to
read it to you.

"Agreed:

agrees to let to Harry Fabian--"
- That is you. Harry Fabian.
- Yes, that is me.
"The facilities of its arena for the purpose
of exhibiting a wrestling match on June 15...
"of the above-dated year...
"when said Harry Fabian
will present...
one Nikolas
versus Svenson the Viking."
June 15.
That's four days from now.
It would seem that I've returned to London
without too many days to spare.
"It is further agreed
that said Harry Fabian...
"will make to Strand Arena, Limited
the final payment of one hundred pounds...

"no later than three days
before the said exhibition...
namely, June 12
of above-dated year. It is--"
Yes, Nikolas versus Svenson.
They're fine boys, fine boys.
I expect
a big crowd.
It's nothing
like your stuff.
It's real
Greco-Roman wrestling.
I'd be honored,
Mr. Kristo, if you came--
Go away, Mr. Fabian.
Go to Montreal,
which is in Canada.
There you can promote wrestling.
In London you cannot.
I say it, Mr. Fabian.
Then I suggest
you say it...
to my partner.
Mr. Kristo, my partner.
Mr. Kristo has made
an interesting suggestion--
that we go to Montreal because
we can't promote wrestling in London.
What do you think,
Gregorious?
- Mr. Kristo says there's no room for you in London.
- Papa, you did not go home.
- What do you want?
- I--
- I want to talk to you. Now.
- I have nothing to hear from you.
I beg you to listen. You must not
get mixed up with this-- this club tout.
If you would say something good
about Mr. Fabian, then I worry.
Papa, please.
Everybody in London knows what he is.
He'll swindle you. He'll cheat you.
He'll break your heart.

You have break my heart.
He is my partner
and my friend.
Stay away from him,
my son.
When you lift your hand to him,
you strike me.
You're very sharp, Mr. Fabian.
You've done a very sharp thing.
Maybe even sharp enough
to cut your throat.
You've made my father believe in you,
but I know you.
Born a hustler,
you will die a hustler.
All right. But you promised him
clean wrestling.
Give him
clean wrestling.
Do not betray
that wonderful old man.
Yes. Yes, all right.
He's still asleep.
Are you sure? Are you absolutely sure?
Great stroke of luck. My connection
came through. You've got your license.
Oh, I knew it. If there's anybody in London
who could do it, it'd be you.
It's gonna cost you, though.
It wasn't easy to get.
But it's 18 karat, straight out of
the police court. I'll bring the license to you--
- No, stay where you are. I'll meet you there.
- No! That won't be necessary.
You see, uh, I, uh--
I haven't got it yet.
But you just said you had it. What are you
up to, Harry? Am I gonna meet you or not?
Well, all right. L-l-I'll meet you
at the court at, uh, 3:00.
No. No, Helen,

make it, uh, 4:

All right. But please

don't keep me waiting, Harry.

I'll be there at 4:00.

Good-bye.

You did tell me once,

but where is the motor vehicle department?

Out to the right, down the embankment
steps, the other end of the building.

Thank you.

Thank you very much.

Mr. Nosseross,

you puzzle me.

You confuse me.

How is it possible that you want to invest
in Kristo's Enterprises...

and at the same time

you're backing Harry Fabian?

- I don't quite understand.

- I know that you are Fabian's backer.

Now, let's have that clear.

Now, what do you really want?

Harry Fabian is in my way.

Harry Fabian is in my way

because of you. You fed him money-

I can withdraw that money,

and then you will be free to deal with him.

You miss the point,

Mr. Nosseross.

It isn't your money

that keeps him alive.

Harry Fabian

is not a competitor.

As long as he keeps his promise to promote
only Greco-Roman wrestling...

his business failure

is certain.

The public simply won't buy it,

but the point is...

my father would still believe

that Harry Fabian is an honorable man...

and I can't touch him.

He's unpunished, and I'm not satisfied merely
to see him become a hustler once again.

- Neither am I.

- Just a minute. We haven't finished.

I'll deliver Fabian
to you.

Your father shall learn
that Harry Fabian is not an honorable man.
Hello, Phil.

Sorry to be late.

So many things to take care of.

Business, business, business.

Why'd you ask me
to meet you here?

- I'm afraid of Kristo. You're not.

- You bet I'm not.

He came to the gym last Monday.

You know what he said?

"Go to Montreal, which is in Canada."

You know what I did?

Had the bouncer toss him down the stairs.

- He crawled like a sewer rat.

- I'm sure.

There's one thing to settle-- the hundred quid
for the final payment in the arena.

- We're all set.

- Harry, I brought you here to tell you...

that I'm withdrawing
from our partnership.

- What?

- I'm advised that your kind of wrestling can't succeed.

This Greco-Roman,
it won't draw flies.

But you can't back out now.

You've invested a lot of money.

I'm sorry.

I'll take the loss. And that's final.

Phil, wait! Phil.

Phil, wait.

Why are you backing out?

Everything's in the palm of my hand. Why?

I refuse to throw

good money after bad.

- But you know what this means to me, Phil.

- Harry. Harry.

This is my last word

on the subject.

Get a box office attraction, a big name,

then you'll get the money.

What do you mean?

Well, I know nothing

about wrestling...

but I'm told there are men

who are big draws.

- Men like, for instance, the Strangler.

- The Stra--

But I can't.

Gregorious would leave me.

If you don't, I'm forced to leave you.

And then where are you?

As I see it, Harry, your only course

is to keep moving right ahead.

Go on, get the Strangler.

That's your first problem.

Then I'm sure you'll have no difficulty

in persuading any wrestler to meet him.

Seems to me you have

no alternative, have you?

All right, I can do it.

I can do it. I'll do it.

- But will you give me the money to get the Strangler?

- Of course I will.

I'll back you without limit.

I consider it a sound investment, dear boy.

All right.

Give him another of the same.

Gin for me.

- Hello, Beer. What's the good word?

- Well, hello to you.

Hey, word's all over town

that you made Kristo turn tail.

- How'd you do it?

- Brains, chum. Brains and guts.

- There's no stopping you now, eh, Harry?

- Never was.

- Where's the Strangler?

- He's joined Madame La Posh's circus for dinner.

Look at him.

- Ain't he a cute sight?

- Yes, very cute. Very cute.

Uh, Beer, uh...

how much do you get for the Strangler

when he fights for Kristo?

- That all depends.

- Fifty quid. That's what you get.

All right, now that I've shown you managers
that Kristo's all bubble and squeak...

I'm ready to throw

a little business your way.

Next week the Strangler

fights for me-- 100 quid.

Hey, you ain't in such a cushy spot

after all, are you, Harry?

You really need the Strangler, don't you?

Two hundred quid,

Harry.

All right, all right. Two hundred it is.

The Strangler fights Nikolas.

Nikolas?

Hey, that's a good show.

But how are you gonna make

old Gregorious swallow that?

Don't look surprised

at anything that happens.

Come on.

Keep your mouth shut.

No, no, no, no, no.

I'd do it to oblige you, Beer.

But Gregorious wouldn't let

the Strangler within 10 feet of him.

You know what he did to him that morning?

Threw him out of the gym.

The Strangler

fight Nikolas?

Why, that clown isn't fit

to breathe the same air as Nikolas.

- Hey, you, I kill Nikolas. I break him in pieces!

- Well, hello, Strangler.

You kill! You break!

You didn't do it that morning.

Your boy's quite a comedian.

I saw Nikolas take

one step toward him...

your boy turned white

and took two steps back.

I step back from that dancing boy?

Next time I see him, I'll kill him.
You can see him now, brave man.
He's at the gym. Why don't you drop in?
Oh, yes, yes, yes. I know.
You're having dinner.
- Uh-uh.
- Hmm.
Oh, if I move here,
you give me wrist lock.
If you move here,
I give you head lock.
Move.
Be a brave boy.
Move.
Hello, boys. Why don't you both move?
It's time to go home.
No, no, no, no, no.
Just few minutes rest, but plenty work.
Strangler, what's the matter?
You crazy?
You, Nikolas!
I crush you!
- Now, look, I threw you out of here once!
- Call me clown!
We don't want you here!
Get out!
Come and fight, dancing boy.
What, are you too afraid?
- Get out!
- Beer, take him away. Get him out of here.
You-- You old woman.
Why don't you let him fight me? Come fight!
Wait! Wait!
All right!
All right, you'll fight him.
Nikolas will fight you.
But a match, in public,
with a referee.
Gregorious, we've got to show 'em.
Once and for all,
we've got to show 'em.
We'll let Nikolas
break this clown in half.
Yes.

- I let my boy crush you.

- Crush me?

Beer! Take your boy

in my office.

I'll be in in a minute.

Gregorious,

it's the only way.

We'll let Nikolas finish him

and his whole cheap circus, once and for all.

Once and for all.

- Harry, you're--

- Shh.

Harry, you're sensational.

You're a wonder.

Do you know what

you've just done?

You've just cooked up the biggest

wrestling match London will ever see.

- How'd you do it, boy?

- Just brains and guts.

You're clever, Harry, and no mistake.

And you're quick too.

- How quick can you pay me that 200 quid?

- Mickey, hold your breath.

Be back by the time you read the contract,

with the 200 quid.

Have yourself a drink.

Here, use my pen to sign it.

Harry, boy,

I don't know how you do it.

Phil, I've done it. Beauty versus the beast.

Yesterday versus today.

You'll get 1,000 percent

on your money.

- I told you never to come here.

- I've got the Strangler.

- Is this the truth?

- He's at the gym right now with his manager.

Go ahead. See for yourself. Call my office.

Temple Bar, double-0, 0-1.

Double-0, 0-1.

Yes, sir! Strangler and his manager

sitting at my desk.

Sitting at my desk.

Contract's ready, ready to sign.

And all he wants is...

two hundred quid.

So you've got

the Strangler, hmm?

- And he's in your gymnasium at the moment.

- That's right.

Wonderful, Harry.

You really are a wonder,

no mistake.

- I knew I could count on you.

- Sure.

Hello?

Mr. Nosseross here.

I want to talk

to Mr. Kristo, please.

Thank you.

I'll hold on.

- Kristo?

- Yes, dear boy. Kristo.

There comes a time when a lad must learn
the true facts of life... and death.

- Well, dear boy, your time has come.

- What are you saying?

Consequently, I feel it my duty
to tell him about the Strangler.

What are you saying?

I'm saying that nobody-
nobody cuts in on Philip Nosseross.

No, dear boy, I am not
giving you 200 quid.

I am giving you
the sharp edge of the knife.

Hello? I'll wait.

You've been trying
to kill me.

- I have.

- Why?

Because you're a thief.

You tried to steal something from me,
something I bought and paid for.

Well, I--

Helen?

Helen? Oh, no.

No, no, no.
Phil, listen to me. Put down that phone.
Put that phone down!
I don't want Helen.
She means nothing to me. Nothing!
She gave you the money.
Yes, but I took it because I was desperate.
You wouldn't listen to me, remember?
But I didn't cross you.
I played it straight with you.
Hello? Well, find him, please.
It's very urgent.
Tell him to go at once
to Fabian's gymnasium.
He'll find the Strangler there.
Phil! Phil.
Now, please
don't make a scene.
You committed a crime
against me...
but it'll be Kristo who'll punish you
for betraying his father.
Now just leave quietly like the little gentleman
you've always wanted to be.
So you think
you've done me in, huh?
Well, you're wrong.
I have a little information for you, dear boy.
The old man, Gregorious,
he's standing by me.
Yes, he wants Nikolas to fight the Strangler.
I made him want it!
He wants it!
You are a wonder.
You did it,
and now you can get rich.
You've got Kristo stopped.
You've got the Strangler.
And Gregorious
is on your side.
It's a wonderful
situation...
because you've
got it all.

But you can't put the fight on
because you don't have the money...
and there isn't a man in all London
who'll let you have a shilling.

You've got it all...

but you're a dead man,

Harry Fabian.

A dead man.

Yes, Harry, I will.

Just stay where you are. I'll come at once.

Hello, Harry.

- Well, still living a life of ease and plenty?

- Oh, yeah.

Taxi! Taxi!

Taxi!

- Ta--

- Taxi, ma'am?

Oh, thanks, Adam.

I thought I'd have to stand here all night.

- Where can I drop you?

- I've got to go to Harry. I'm afraid he's in trouble.

Harry? You'd get to him much sooner
if you'd just walk back to your flat.

- Back to my flat?

- Yes. He just went by me...

like all the devils of Bashan
were after him.

Never mind.

What is it, Mary?

What's happened?

- Is there something I could do?

- Don't come up, not now.

Harry.

Do you know

what you're doing?

You're killing me.

You're killing me

and yourself.

I beg you-- I beg you,
don't do it to us, Harry.

Harry, don't!

It's not money

you're taking.

I won't let you do it.

I won't let you do it to me!

Harry.

Listen to Papa.

He knows what's good for you.

Dio. Back.

Treis. Tesserera.

- That's your idea for running away?

- Let me--

- Strangler, stop that!

- Me?

- Come away from there.

- I only watch to learn from Nikolas good wrestling.

- I said come away from there!

- All right, Mickey, all right.

Let him. It'll make

a good grudge fight. Come on.

- Sign.

- Give.

It's a natural, Harry.

A sellout show.

- Maybe I should have a cut of it.

- Maybe you need a manager.

Sign.

Nikolas, a fine name for a dancing boy.

- Oh, please, Nikolas, please.

- Get out.

- Go teach a woman. I crush you like--

- Go away!

- I break your arm like chicken bone.

- That's enough of that!

Get behind old man,

shoeshine boy.

- Gregorious the Great.

- Strangler, get out of there!

Greatest wrestler

the world has ever known. He never lose.

- Never lose? He never wrestle.

- Stop it!

Stand in ring and make so.

Wrestling joke!

Stop it, will you, Strangler?

- Let me go.

- No!

Let me go!

Get out, will you?
Get out! Get out!
Let me go! Get out.
Nikolas, I told you
to get out.
Get out!
Nikolas, please!
Nikolas's wrist is broken!
It's broken, Gregorious! His wrist!
- Maniac!
- Fabian! Fabian, come out of there!
Fabian, come out
of that ring!
Beer, we gotta stop 'em!
We gotta stop 'em!
Can't. The only way to stop them now
is to shoot them like mad bulls.
Keep out of there. Keep out of there!
You'll get killed.
Gregorious, arm lever.
Arm lever!
Gregorious, arm lever!
Lever, Gregorious, now!
Get your arms around him!
Bear hug, Gregorious!
Bear hug! Bear hug!
Hold on.
Now! Now you've got him!
Hold it.
Hold it, hold it!
Stop! Stop it! Stop!
Keep it up, Gregorious!
Keep it up, keep it up, keep it up!
The bear hug, Gregorious.
The bear hug!
That's it! Don't let him go!
Hold on!
Hold on, Gregorious!
Hold on. That's it.
You've got him!
You've got him. You've got him.
Papa.
That's...
what I do to your clowns.

I am all right.
My son, you do wrong.
Greco-Roman, great art.
Great beauty.
Must fight to keep.
Please lie down, Papa.
Oh, my son.
Close the window.
Is cold wind.
A little fight...
make me--
I tired.
My son...
I ask you to close window.
Please, close window.
Is cold.
All right, Papa.
It's closed.
Thank you, my son.
Papa! Papa!
I have good life.
Hermis...
my son.
Let go of me. Let go!
- I caught him on the stairs.
- Where is Fabian?
- Where is Fabian?
- He got away before I--
Please, Mr. Kristo.
It was Fabian.
I didn't know what he was up to.
Fabian did it all.
He went to work on the Strangler.
He needled him.
He insulted him.
He brought him here.
He gave him whiskey.
He pushed the Strangler into it.
Why, he drove him so crazy, he didn't know
what he was doing. Please, we had no idea.
I want Fabian.
Get the word around
the East End...
Soho, the Embankment.

A thousand pounds
for the man who gets Fabian.
I want him.
He-- Here!
Here! Mind my--
Just a minute. You can't come in here.
Mr. Nossessor! Mr. Nossessor!
- Fabian! I want Fabian!
- Jerry, ring for the police.
- He's not here. Get out!
- Kristo find out.
You hide him,
you hide murderer!
- What are you talking about?
- Nobody say I kill Gregorious.
Fabian kill him!
- You all right, sir?
- Yes, I'm all right.
- Jerry's phoning for the police.
- Oh, never mind.
- Uh, tell him to clear up the mess.
- That's a bit of an ape.
On the contrary,
he's a friend of mine.
A very particular
and dear friend of mine.
- What is it, pet?
- I'm leaving you, Phil.
- Helen.
- You'll be all right.
A week will go by, a month--
you'll be all right.
Helen,
how will you live?
I've been making plans for a long time, Phil.
Now I'm set.
- I'm in business with Harry Fabian.
- No, Helen.
You don't know what
you're walking into.
I know what
I'm walking out of.
Helen, believe me--
believe me,

there's no future with Fabian.
I'll make one.
I know Fabian, and I'll control him.
I-- I've been
good to you.
I've done everything
for you.
I love you.
For goodness' sake, Phil.
At least say good-bye like a man.
- Helen, you'll come back.
- Oh, no, I won't.
Look! Black and white.
The license for my club. My birth certificate.
Believe me, Helen.
I know.
Why don't you get out of my way?
Let me go.
Go. Get out. But you'll end
where you started-- back on the dives.
- Then you'll come crawling back to me.
- To you?
If you had all the money in the world,
I couldn't stand you another minute.
- I wouldn't come back to you--
- No, Helen, you'll come back.
And I'll want
to take you back.
And if he was anywhere near here,
we'd have had him long ago.
One thousand quid!
- Good night.
- Good night, Constable.
What's up?
Oh, Constable,
there you are.
- My name is Reeves. I'm with that construction crew.
- Oh, yes.
We're putting up lamp platforms so we can load
lorries with cement from the exhibition site.
- I suppose you've got permission of the owner, sir?
- Oh, yes.
The superintendent's taken care of all that.
I had in mind to take--

- Who are those chaps in the car?
- They're not with you?
- They're not with our company. Might be loiterers.
- I'll have a word with them.

Yes, do no harm.

This time of night, you never know.

- Quite right, sir. Can I help you gentlemen?
- We seem to be lost.

We've been driving around.

Can you tell me how to get to York Road?

About 40 yards

on the other side there.

You get the shop!

- Hey, where are you going? Do you belong here?

- Where's Farley?

- Who?

- Farley! The engineer from the office.

- Oh, I don't know.

- Where's the phone?

Up in the shack, sir.

Up in the shack.

Figler here.

Figler? Fabian.

Listen, I need help,
a place to hide till I can get away.

Yes. Yes, I know, Harry.

I heard. Where are you?

It's only a few minutes away.

Please, Figler. Please let me come.

Yeah, sure. Come right away, Harry boy.

You'll be safe here.

Oh, thanks, Figler.

Thanks.

Hello. Hello.

Figler here.

Let me talk

to Mr. Kristo.

Find him.

Tell him to phone me at once-- urgent.

No, no, no.

I don't trust nobody.

I ain't doing business with
nobody but Mr. Kristo himself.

Not for 1,000 quid,

I ain't.

Keep his glass filled. There'll be a waiter at your elbow all the time.

Oh. Good evening, Officer.

Good evening, ma'am.

Begging your pardon, but I have this place listed as being struck off for another year.

- I've had no word from the station.

- You will have. Here.

This your regular beat?

I hope so, ma'am.

Just finished training school last month.

Oh, good for you.

Let's have a drink to celebrate it.

No, I'm sorry, ma'am.

A police constable on duty is not permitted to--

Come on. You can't be breaking many rules with a little ginger ale.

We're opening Saturday night.

You certainly can't refuse to wish me luck.

Thank you, ma'am.

All the best.

Well, everything seems to be in order.

I'll just make a note of the serial number.

Where did you obtain this license, ma'am?

I'm afraid this is not in order.

I shall have to take it up and deliver it to the authorities at Bow Street.

I'm sure you'll be able to explain everything at the police court.

I'm sorry, ma'am.

Good night.

Hello, Phil.

I've come back.

You said

I'd come back.

Oh, forgive me, Phil. I was out of my mind.

I didn't mean those things.

Take me back, Phil.

I'll be good to you.
I'll do everything for you.
I'll look after you.
Let's make that trip, Phil.
Oh, it'll be wonderful.
Phil. Take me back.
Please take me back.
Phil, give me another chance!
He didn't kill himself.
You killed him.
I've a right
to this bottle, see?
I can even throw bits of swill
on the floor and bring the mice.
And you can't throw me out, see?
You don't believe me, eh?
Just you have a look
in this strong box, deary. It's all here.
All written here in writing, it is.
Black and white.
You're afraid, ain't you, deary?
You know what he wrote.
Left everything to old Molly, he did.
Good as new.
Feel all right now.
Think I'll move.
- Where? Why?
- It's getting light. I gotta get out of London.
- I'll use the back way.
- You're crazy, Harry. Not tonight.
Tonight the whole underworld's after you.
Stay here. You're safe here.
No, thanks. One of your beggars
will pop in, it'll be all over.
I won't let him see ya.
I won't let him in.
I'll lock the door.
That's right. I'll lock the door.
Then no one will come in.
What I mean, Harry-
Stay here. Go upstairs.
I'll nip out and have a look round.
If I see anybody, I'll tip you off.
I'll come and tell you.

Okay, Harry.
You're right.
One of my beggars might come in.
I'll nip out and get me lorry.
I'll hide you in the back.
Hello?
Yes, this is Figler.
Yes. Yes, I did.
No. I can't.
I can't.
Yes, of course I do.
Yes, sir.
That would be
a bit difficult.
Yes. Yes.
Right on the premises.
How much are you
selling me for?
Harry, you--
Who's there?
- Harry.
- Hello, Anna.
It's no good coming to me.
I can't help you.
Nobody can help you.
I don't want any help.
I just want to--
I just want to
sit down and rest.
I can't run anymore.
Come on in.
You're a sorry sight.
Come on.
It won't do much good.
I know the riverfront's
alive with them.
Just alive with them.
- Hungry?
- No.
- Anna?
- Yes, Harry?
All my life
I've been running.
From welfare officers...

thugs...
my father.
See?
There they are.
There on the bridge.
I'm a dead man,
Anna.
Nosseross
told me that.
He told me.
He said,
"You've got it all...
but you're a dead man,
Harry Fabian."
Mary said it too.
She said it.
She said...
"You're killing me,
and you're killing yourself."
Oh, Anna,
the things I did.
The things I did.
She loved me.
Such a nice kid.
She loved me.
Oh, the things I did.
Here, Harry.
Thanks.
But I was so close
to being on top, Anna.
You know what I had right here--
right here in the palm of my hand?
Control of wrestling
in all London.
Yes.
Yes, I did, Anna.
The newspapermen,
they came.
"What is your opinion,
Mr. Fabian?"
To me they came.
Oh, you don't know
how close, Anna.
So close.

An accident.
Just an accident.
And then...
everything fell apart.
Harry Fabian.
Stop running.
You better go upstairs,
Anna.
I've been looking
for you everywhere.
Mary.
You gotta get out
of London, Harry.
I got some money
for you.
Don't.
Don't be kind to me.
Maybe it was
all my fault, Harry.
I didn't know how
to help you.
No woman could love anybody
like I loved you...
but you-- you kept me
shut out from so much.
I couldn't keep up
with you.
Harry.
Harry.
You could have
been anything.
Anything.
You had brains...
ambition.
You worked harder
than any 10 men.
But the wrong things.
Always the wrong things.
Mary, listen. Listen.
I've got an idea.
Harry Fabian's
not through yet.
I always promised you
a life of ease and plenty, didn't I?

- Oh, Harry.
- I can still make you rich.
The money I took from you,
that's chicken feed. Listen. Pay attention.
There's a reward for my head,
a thousand pounds. A thousand pounds.
- No, Harry, don't.
- Out you go on the bridge. Kristo's there.
He doesn't know where I am.
You tell him where I am, and it's a thousand quid.
- Oh, Harry! You're still the same.
- Somebody's got to collect.
No, Mary, for the first time in my life,
it's a foolproof idea.
Don't you see?
Good-bye, Harry.
Mary!
You rat! You double-crosser!
You Judas!
Harry! Harry, go back!
Turn me in!
Cut my throat for a thousand quid!
- Go back, Harry! I'll get help.
- Good-bye, Mary.
All right, go to Kristo!
Pay her, Kristo!
Give her the blood money!
She cut my throat for you!
Pay her--