

DREYFUSS. Yup.

SHAW. Right, let's have a game. Poker?

SCHEIDER. Crap, I left the cards in my street clothes.

SHAW. Alright...shove ha'penny?

DREYFUSS. Excuse me?

SHAW. Shove ha'penny. It's a pub game. Let me show you. Out of the way, boy. (*Demonstrating.*) You take a coin, put it on the table, hit it with your finger, try to get it as far as you can without touching the sides or the edge. Whoever goes furthest is the winner.

DREYFUSS. And this is a real game?

SHAW. This is a real game. Best of five. One-hundred-dollar entry.

DREYFUSS. A HUNDRED DOLLARS?!

SHAW. Come on! Roy?

DREYFUSS. Oh, I see, this is a shakedown!

SCHEIDER. Come on, Richard, what else are we gonna do?

DREYFUSS. I don't know. Work on my part?

SHAW. Won't do any good.

DREYFUSS. Very amusing. Call me crazy but I take this movie seriously.

SHAW. This is not a movie, this is—a trifle, an entertainment.

DREYFUSS. You know, art and entertainment are not mutually exclusive.

SCHEIDER. He's got a point there. I mean, take...*Casablanca*—you like *Casablanca*, right, Robert?

SHAW. "Kiss me, kiss me as if it were the last time..." Of course I like *Casablanca*, Roy—one of Bogie's finest.

SCHEIDER. Well, did they know they were making a "great movie," or were they just making a trifle?

SHAW. I get what you're saying lads, but I still think this film is destined for the dustbin of history—like the other big beasts of this decade: *The Towering Inferno*, *The Exorcist*, *Love Story*, *Airport*. Do you think anyone's going to remember any of those?

DREYFUSS. I kinda liked *Love Story*.

SHAW. That's because you're young. ...And an idiot. You barely know how to wipe your own arse.

DREYFUSS. I resent that! I've been wiping my ass perfectly adequately since I was twenty!

SHAW. Look, are we going to stand around all day bickering like schoolgirls or are we going to play shove ha'penny?

DREYFUSS. I vote for bickering like schoolgirls!

SHAW. Come on, you degenerates!

*Shaw preps the game.*

I don't have any ha'pennies so quarters'll have to do.

DREYFUSS. What the fuck is a "ha'penny"?

SHAW. Half a penny! It's perfectly simple—

SCHEIDER. Two ha'pennies to a penny, twelve pennies to a shilling, two shillings to a florin, ten florins to a pound.

SHAW. On the nose! And a guinea?

SCHEIDER. Twenty-one shillings!

SHAW. I'll drink to that!

*Shaw retrieves a half bottle of blended scotch whisky from a cranny in the cabin. This should be timed to finish by the time he reaches for the bottle strapped to the underside of the table.*

DREYFUSS. You're making this up!

SHAW. Of course we're not. Right—a hundred dollars in the pot.

*Shaw plonks his hat on the table to act as a pot, and puts in a hundred.*

Come on!

DREYFUSS. WHAT?

SCHEIDER. Here you go.

*Scheider puts some notes in the hat.*

SHAW. (*To Dreyfuss.*) Right, now you—Cough up, boy!

DREYFUSS. Why don't you shove that ha'penny up your ass?!

SHAW. The money!

DREYFUSS. I don't have a hundred on me!