

STUDIO SCRIPT/1b

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 20 – 1970

The voice of Brian Oldman as an older man speaking from his prison cell.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Being in prison, even on remand where you could get anything you wanted, you rarely have much awareness of what's going on outside. The final surrender of fledgling Biafra to the Nigerian forces, with 2 million dead, the US bombing Cambodia and anti-war demonstrators being shot in America. Not even the general election which Ted Heath was to win made any impression. The remand dragged on for months, which our solicitor thought encouraging as it meant the police didn't have a strong case. I wasn't convinced and relied instead on Joey, my dad, doing the business with our detectives for help. Jack was miserable, despite his reputation getting him a lot of respect. He was whining about Leah Cohen who, according to mum, was doing all right on her own at his flat. Joey was still seeing Margaret Courtney, while at the same time expecting a hammer blow from her sinister husband, Sir Ralph. We both feared this might somehow come about through my court appearance.

1/ JACK'S FLAT

Leah is dancing to *Apache* by The Shadows, on the radio and stops as the doorbell rings. She goes to the door.

LEAH:

Hello? Who is it?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Through the door.) It's Detective Inspector Wednesday, Leah. Can I have a word?

LEAH:

(Opens the door.) Oh, I wasn't expecting anyone.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Can I come in?

LEAH:

Yes. Yes, I wasn't doing anything, just dancing.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The Shadows. They're great. I saw them at the Hammersmith Palais.

LEAH:

I haven't been to anything like that in years.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You should get out more, Leah.

LEAH:
That would be nice.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
This looks like a different flat, a different woman. You scrub up very nicely, Leah.

LEAH:
Oh, do I?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Sorry, I shouldn't have said that. It's just, good to see you looking so well. You're a different woman. Not hiding your lights under a bushel, as one of the nuns used to say. I'm embarrassing you. I'll shut up.

LEAH:
No. No - Jack never said anything nice to me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
What a fool. All he had to do was tell you the truth – you're beautiful.

LEAH:
(Laughs) Now I'm embarrassed.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
You really are. You've got sparkling eyes now. They were dull before. Detectives notice these things. They tell us a lot about people.

LEAH:
What do they tell you?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I'm, giving away trade secrets. They tell me a great oppressive burden's lifted off you. You're like a caged bird that's been set free. Although you're enjoying that freedom, you're afraid of it.

LEAH:
You ought to be a psychologist, inspector.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I don't know. My name's Tony, by the way. Inspector sounds a bit formal, like I'm here to arrest you.

LEAH:
You're not, are you?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I tell you what, Leah, I'd like to put you under close arrest and keep you there.

He responds to her surprised, "Oh."

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that.

LEAH:

It's all right. Really. Would you like some tea? I've got some green -

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Green tea?

LEAH:

You said you liked it. You don't like milk.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Oh yes, that's right. Green tea. Nice.

LEAH:

(Goes to the kitchen.) I don't have anything stronger. I threw out all the booze along with the pills when I cleaned the flat.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Following her.) Wow, this looks great. Before it looked a bit soapy.

LEAH:

Soapy?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Unwashed. Unclean. Police argo, I suppose a bit ironic.

LEAH:

I'm sorry about how I was then. I didn't care about anything.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You needn't have worried. I could see your lights, as the nuns used to say.

LEAH:

You must have been fond of them, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Say that again.

LEAH:

What? Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You make is sound nice. I never liked the name much.

LEAH:

How did you get it?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

After the beat bobby who found me. I was found on a Wednesday.

LEAH:

That's quite romantic.

TONY:

Gives me something to talk about at parties.

LEAH:

I'm sure you're never short of conversation. You're a good listener too. I liked the way you talked to me that night you came to arrest Jack. I'm really grateful, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Leah... (A beat) The kettle's boiling.

LEAH:

Yes. (She removes it from the stove.)

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You're trembling.

LEAH:

Yes. I'm nervous.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do I make you nervous?

LEAH:

I haven't been this close to another man in a long while.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Leah... (He takes hold of her.) There. Now you're not trembling.

LEAH:

It's strange. I feel safe. Now I'm trembling inside.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Leah..?

He kisses her. She responds. Then they are all over each other, pulling off clothes.

2/ INT JACK'S BEDROOM

Tony Wednesday and Leah are in bed in each other's arms.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Can I make an observation, miss? I'd say you needed that.

LEAH:

Was I too awful?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm not very experienced, but you were pretty responsive.

LEAH:

I hated sex with him. It was like rape every time. I hated it. I hated him. I can't tell you how many times I've wished him dead, how many times I wanted to kill him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

No one would have blamed you.

LEAH:

I didn't have the courage.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Were you afraid to leave him?

LEAH:

I did once before. When he got out of prison he found me and dragged me back.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You should have gone to the police, Leah – no, scratch that. They wouldn't have done much. Braden pays too many of them. Sad.

LEAH:

I know. Some came here to collect money. One particularly unpleasant one called Drury was like a great slimy slug.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Sounds like Commander Ken Drury. I'd heard rumours about him. You don't know who to turn to to stop it.

LEAH:

Will he stay in prison?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Braden? Forever if I have anything to say. The thing is, Leah, I can't guarantee it will happen. It'll be up to the jury.

LEAH:

Do we know when the trial will be?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We're working hard to get him there. We've got witnesses, but whether they'll be strong enough to convince a jury Jack's a murderer -

LEAH:

I could tell them. He killed a man in this flat.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
What? Who did he kill?

LEAH:
I was in a pretty bad way. I heard him beating one of the robbers he employed, saying he betrayed him. I think he was called Jones. Denny Jones.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Did you actually see this, Leah?

LEAH:
I was in the bedroom when it started. I couldn't bear it and went into the sitting room. Jack kept hitting this Denny Jones until Brian stopped him. He said there was no point going on. He was dead.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Is that Brian Oldman? What did they do with the body.

LEAH:
I think they took him out to a pig farm in Stoke Poges. He threatened to get rid of me out there unless I shut up.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Sounds like you've had a really narrow escape. More than once. (Beat) Look, Leah, I won't ask you to give evidence, after what you've been through – but that is dynamite.

LEAH:
No, I'd like to... I think I should.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
No, it's too dangerous. I can't let you.

LEAH:
Are you thinking because of what's happened between us?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I'm thinking of you. But if it did get out that we'd made love, your evidence would be discredited and my career ruined.

LEAH:
I promise to keep it secret – I mean, I'd like to shout it from the rooftops, but I couldn't bear to hurt you. You've helped me so much.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I've done what any half decent human being would do.

LEAH:
If I don't give evidence and he gets off, my life will be over. I'll be that wreckage you first saw – worse for having this short time of freedom.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'll talk to my governor about getting you protection after, getting a new identity.

LEAH:

If it helps convict Jack it won't be necessary.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We'll do it anyway, Leah. To make sure you're safe.

LEAH:

I feel safe now. (She kisses him.) Thank you. (She kisses him again.) Thank you.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Here, let me show how much I appreciate you.

He kisses her back and starts to make love to her.

3/ INT TINTAGEL HOUSE

Tony Wednesday comes along catching George Fenwick.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

George! You got a moment? Have I got a blinding witness.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Who's that, Tony? - Ken Drury!

TONY WEDNESDAY:

This one could put a few nails in his coffin too.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Who is it?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I want you to hear what I've got in mind for her before we take it to silly ballocks. Not here. In the Xeroxing room, about the only place in this building I'm sure isn't bugged. Come on.

4/ INT JOHN REDVERS' OFFICE

JOHN REDVERS:

This sounds first rate, Tony. I like officers to take initiative, but I'd have been a lot happier if you'd cleared it with me first.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We can give her a miss and not call her, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

That would seem like a real lost opportunity, sir.

JOHN REDVERS:

We can't risk being compromised. There should have been two officers present at this interview.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

To be perfectly honest, guv, I don't think she'd have opened up with a second detective present. There will be two for her statement.

JOHN REDVERS:

Are you sure she's stable? She didn't seem that way when we raided Braden's flat.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Free of Jack Braden she's quite different now, guv.

JOHN REDVERS:

You're sure she's not just trying to get even with him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I expect there's a bit of that, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

If we found this pig farm with human remains, guv that would help.

JOHN REDVERS:

How disgusting. I can't say I ever liked bacon.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm thinking of becoming vegetarian.

JOHN REDVERS:

You'll be a social outcast. Check and double check what this woman tells us. Her evidence must be bullet-proof.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

There is something else, guv. (A beat) She said Commander Drury went to the flat to collect money.

JOHN REDVERS:

We're not charging Braden with corrupting policemen.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Might be worthwhile adding it.

JOHN REDVERS:

The Commissioner wants a clean kill on the murder charge. I agree. Don't let's muddy the waters and risk the jury letting him get away with 6 months for corruption.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Good thinking: murder or nothing. The woman's testimony will show Braden to be a casual and sadistic killer.

JOHN REDVERS:
Make sure you pin this witness down.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Yes, sir - my pleasure!

There's a scraping of chairs as they go.

5/ INT CORRIDOR TINTAGEL HOUSE

Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick emerge closing the door.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Stroll on, Tony! You don't half strong it with him, throwing in Drury.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
There was no chance he would go for it. He's nine miles up the commissioner's arse, and no way does Sir John Waldron want to face the reality of police corruption.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Who d'you want to take her statement?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
The plonk can do it. Sonia won't like me being there, but I better be in case Leah blurts out I'm screwing her!

GEORGE FENWICK:
(Laughs) Well, good luck!. Silly ballocks is right. She's well nutty.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
She will be by the time I've done with her. I'll go and mark Joey Oldman's card, and make sure our money's safe, George.

They step into the lift.

6/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Joey Oldman is pouring tea.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You sure I can't give you some tea, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Can't abide the stuff. How you drink it without milk and sugar -

JOEY OLDMAN:
The trick is the quality of tea. Very expensive.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Well, I'm a sucker for expensive – give me a taste.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's what I like about you, Tony. You keep an open mind.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Why do I feel you're testing me every time we have a conversation?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I feel the same about you. I think we're pretty evenly matched.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

No, you definitely have the edge. There's a lot to learn from you, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're the son I should have had. Clever. You deflect with just enough flattery. You think Leah Cohen will work for us as we want?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I wouldn't risk her if I didn't believe so she will.

JOEY OLDMAN:

No. She does have a history of mental instability.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Can you wonder? Have you seen her lately?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Cath has. She sees her. She says she's looking a lot better. Is Brian to know about this new witness?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He has to help pull off the *coup de grace*.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let's hope he's still in touch with the witness. I'll get Cath to set it up. How's the tea?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

How expensive was it?

Joey Oldman laughs.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Cath came to Brixton on her next visit and told me what was being planned by Joey and Tony Wednesday. They wanted me to get in touch with the 'dead' Denny Jones. All this made me as nervous as hell, especially stuck in here where I couldn't take any action. She assured me that Joey had everything under control. The elements I wasn't so sure about was the detective, Tony Wednesday and Leah Cohen giving evidence in court. Mum's word that she was a changed woman didn't reassure me much. Leah might still want to get back at me as well as Jack. Even if she didn't it could still all go wrong. And what would

Jack do. She hadn't been near Jack and his urging Pongo to drag her down here made no difference. I could see us just being dug in deeper with the help of Leah.

7/ DELETED

8/ INT POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM

Sonia Hope speedily clacking away on a typewriter, taking Leah's statement.

SONIA HOPE:

He actually said, Take the body out to the pig farm? (a beat) Why do you look at Inspector Wednesday, Leah? These have to be your words.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I expect she's nervous, sergeant.

LEAH:

Jack said, If you don't shut up, you'll go out there too.

SONIA HOPE:

Charming. Did you see the body being taken out?

LEAH:

Tony, should I say I did?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You told me you didn't. Stick to the truth, Leah. Then you can't be caught out.

SONIA HOPE:

That's good advice, Leah. You didn't see it go?

LEAH:

No. I couldn't stand it anymore. I ran back to the bedroom. Jack was angry enough to have killed me.

SONIA HOPE:

I think this will help our case a lot.

LEAH:

He will be convicted? I want him out of my life.

SONIA HOPE:

You've obviously been through a great ordeal with Braden. I won't put any of that suffering in here - we've been instructed to leave out anything that might help the defence.

LEAH:

But, Tony, you said.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It would show what a monster Jack is. But Sonia's right. We can't risk the defence claiming

you're saying this just to be rid of him.

LEAH:

If you think so, Tony. Whatever you think is best.

SONIA HOPE:

I'll get this statement tied up, Leah, and then get you to sign it. Okay?

LEAH:

Is that what happens, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You're doing fine, Leah. Really good.

Sonia Hope pulls the page from the typewriter and gets up, collecting the other pages.

SONIA HOPE:

Can I have a word, guv?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'll get a car and take you home, Leah. Won't be a moment.

He goes out after Sonia Hope.

9/ INT CORRIDOR TINTAGEL HOUSE

As Tony Wednesday closes the door Sonia Hope rounds on him.

SONIA HOPE:

Are you shagging that witness, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Why would I do that?

SONIA HOPE:

Why wouldn't you? Anything in a skirt! The way she looks at you with dewy eyes.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Are you screwing silly ballocks, Son' – our governor?

SONIA HOPE:

Attack's always the best defence for you. You always do it.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Well, are you?

SONIA HOPE:

What are you saying? That's silly.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It's as plain as a pikestaff *he's* in love with you – Dewy Eyed Redvers! Of course being John, I don't suppose he'd ever get your knickers off – so probably you're not screwing.

SONIA HOPE:

You, on the other hand have all the moves to screw Leah Cohen.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Don't take me for a fool, Son'. You know what could happen if I did.

SONIA HOPE:

Yes. She'd b discredited as a witness and you'd be sacked.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Have no fear, I won't jeopardize silly ballocks' result. We'll put Braden and the iron away for a long while.

SONIA HOPE:

John's prayed for that day.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Now his prayers are going to be answered. You see.

10/ INT COURT WITNESS ROOM

The door opens and Tony Wednesday comes in and approaches Leah.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Leah, how you doing?

LEAH:

I'm nervous about facing Jack in court.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

All witnesses feel nervous. Just tell the truth and you'll do fin. He can't hurt you, there'll be a dozen policemen in court ready to come to your aid.

LEAH:

It doesn't make me any less nervous knowing he deserves to be in prison.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You're clear about what you're going to say.

LEAH:

Like we agreed.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's all we'll need.

LEAH:

It's the waiting that gets to me. What's happening in court?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The prosecution is just going through the evidence in chief with my boss. I'd best get back before the defence starts to rip him apart.

LEAH:

Will they do that to me, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

They'll try. I'll see you later.

LEAH:

Tony..?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You'll be fine. I promise you.

He goes. The Four Tops are singing, *It's All In The Game*.

11/ INT COURT NO 2 OLD BAILEY

The door creaks open and Tony Wednesday slips in on the benches next to Sonia Hope.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Whispers) Are we winning, Sonia?

SONIA HOPE:

(Whispers) The easy bit. Defence counsel hasn't started yet.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Whispers) He'll do all right.

PROSECUTOR:

Superintendent Redvers, can you tell us what exhibit 15 is?

JOHN REDVERS:

It's a sealed plastic bag containing a hair we matched as belonging to Brian Oldman.

PROSECUTOR:

Can you tell the jury where this hair was found?

JOHN REDVERS:

Lodged on the seat of the getaway car used after the robbery, a Ford Cortina Cosworth.

PROSECUTOR:

A fast car I believe?

JOHN REDVERS:

Very fast indeed. Ideal for a getaway.

PROSECUTOR:

Now look at exhibit 16 and tell us what this is. Usher, please?

The Usher takes the exhibit across to John Redvers in the witness box.

JOHN REDVERS:

Also a sealed plastic bag containing a hair belonging to Jack Braden.

PROSECUTOR:

Would you tell the jury where this hair was found?

JOHN REDVERS:

Yes, on the clothing of the security guard who was shot during the *Daily Mirror* robbery.

PROSECUTOR:

I have no further questions of this witness. Thank you, superintendent.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Mr Carmen, does the defence wish to cross-examine?

DEFENCE:

Thank you, my Lord. Superintendent Redvers, as you have exhibit 16 in front of you, why don't we start here? Has this sealed envelope been in your possession the whole while?

JOHN REDVERS:

Not personally, sir. It has been in police custody.

DEFENCE:

While there, could it have been interfered with?

JOHN REDVERS:

No, sir. It was sealed when it was found and placed in the exhibits store.

DEFENCE:

It's your certain belief that there it remained without being tampered with?

JOHN REDVERS:

Yes, sir.

DEFENCE:

Would you look at this report by forensic expert Prof Alan Lake? Mr Usher?

The usher comes and takes the reports, passes one up to the judge, one to the prosecutor and one to John Redvers in the witness box.

DEFENCE:

Please turn to page three and read Prof Lake's summary conclusion. (Long beat). I'm sure the jury would like to hear it.

JOHN REDVERS:

(Reads) It is clear from the lesions on the plastic seals of both exhibit 15 and 16 that they

have been opened and resealed. As the sealed exhibits have been in police custody the entire time, the conclusion to be drawn is that the police have interfered with this evidence – That's not possible.

DEFENCE:

Do you know of Professor Lake, superintendent?

JOHN REDVERS:

Yes, he does a lot of work for the police.

DEFENCE:

So you might agree that he'd have no reason to fabricate his conclusion?

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Do you intend calling this witness, Mr Carmen?

DEFENCE:

The witness is available to the court, my Lord.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

I think it right the prosecution has an opportunity to forensically examine him.

DEFENCE:

Let us move on. Superintendent, is it possible this evidence might have been tampered with.

JOHN REDVERS:

(Rattled) I just can't see how.

DEFENCE:

Then we should explore, who might have an interest in changing this evidence. Can you tell the jury what your relationship is with the defendants?

JOHN REDVERS:

I arrested them, sir.

DEFENCE:

Isn't there a little more to it?

JOHN REDVERS:

(A beat) Jack Braden's my uncle - my mother's brother.

DEFENCE:

And Mr Oldman, the second defendant?

JOHN REDVERS:

(A beat) My cousin.

DEFENCE:

So, merely describing yourself as the arresting officer isn't the whole story?

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Where are you going with this line, Mr Carmen?

DEFENCE:
If the court will indulge me, my Lord, I'm exploring possible motivation for tampering with evidence.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
As long as we don't cast random aspersions against the police.

DEFENCE:
Do you recall saying in the presence of other officers on your team, "I want to put Jack Braden and Brian Oldman away by any means, fair or foul. They deserve to be in prison."

JOHN REDVERS:
As a trained lawyer I wouldn't take that line.

DEFENCE:
Then tell me this, superintendent, are you aware that the offices at Tintagel House where your team is based, are wired for sound?

JOHN REDVERS:
Yes, sir, at my instigation. In an endeavour to trap corrupt police officers.

DEFENCE:
You tell officers when the recording equipment is switched on?

JOHN REDVERS:
No, that would defeat the object.

DEFENCE:
Perhaps you've been hoisted on your own petard?

JOHN REDVERS:
I hardly think so.

DEFENCE:
Then let me play you a recording that captured a briefing you gave at Tintagel House about the police building a case against the two defendants.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Has this been authenticated as a police recording?

DEFENCE:
It was logged with date, time and identities of those present, my Lord. We're only interested in one section, superintendent, your exchange with Inspector Wednesday at the close of the briefing.

He switches on the tape machine. It whirrs, and then John Redvers' voice is heard.

JOHN REDVERS:

(Recorded) I can't tell you how these two have blighted my life. I want to put them away for a very long while by any means possible, fair or foul.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Recorded) As long as we don't break the rules, guv.

JOHN REDVERS:

(Recorded) No, but I'm sorely tempted. They deserve to be in prison.

DEFENCE:

(Switches off the machine.) The first voice is yours, I believe, superintendent? The second Inspector Wednesday?

JOHN REDVERS:

(Choked) Yes, that is correct.

DEFENCE:

What did you mean by, By any means possible?

JOHN REDVERS:

By any legal means, of course.

DEFENCE:

Can we accept 'of course' from a policeman who previously said, "I can't tell you how these two have blighted my life?"

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Are you inferring, Mr Carmen, that this officer behaved less than honourably?

DEFENCE:

I am exploring that possibility, my Lord.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Then proceed with great caution, sir.

DEFENCE:

This jury, superintendent, might conclude that you meant any illegal means.

JOHN REDVERS:

I wouldn't do anything illegal. I try to be fair.

DEFENCE:

Can you look at this memo, Superintendent Redvers and confirm it's yours? (He passes a paper to the usher to distribute.) Can you read it for the jury?

A long beat. John Redvers cannot get the words out.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Superintendent Redvers? Can you do as Mr Carmen requested?

JOHN REDVERS:
(Choked) In order to secure a swift conviction of Jack Braden and Brian Oldman you should exclude any evidence that might favour their defence.

DEFENCE:
Is that how senior police officers behave generally, Superintendent Redvers?

JOHN REDVERS:
(Waspish) We spend a lot of taxpayer's money. We have a job to do, putting criminals away.

DEFENCE:
If you hide evidence favourable to the defence, innocent men might go to prison, thus costing the taxpayers even more money in subsequent appeals.

JOHN REDVERS:
I don't believe innocent men do go to prison.

DEFENCE:
Just as you don't believe your 'life blighting' uncle and cousin should be put away by any means.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Are you rehearsing your closing argument, Mr Carmen?

DEFENCE:
My Lord. I'll move on. Do the practices you seem to espouse extend to planting evidence where none exists?

JOHN REDVERS:
(Emphatic) No, of course not.

DEFENCE:
Then would you examine the exhibit list supplied by the prosecution. Can you see items 17 and 18 there? Jack Braden's hair found in the getaway car and fibres from Brian Oldman's jacket in the same car?

JOHN REDVERS:
They were found in the car after it was abandoned.

DEFENCE:
Were these items not added to the list at a later date?

JOHN REDVERS:
Judge, this is not fair.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

I'm appalled at these inferences, superintendent, but defence counsel is entitled to make them. Your not answering will leave the jury to draw their own conclusions.

JOHN REDVERS:

They were not added after the list was closed.

DEFENCE:

Then perhaps you'd explain to the jury's satisfaction how these two items are on the list with a different typewriter? Similar but different.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Is this to be confirmed by expert testimony, Mr Carmen?

DEFENCE:

Oh yes, my Lord, the same Professor Lake. I will be calling him.

JOHN REDVERS:

(Collapses) I don't know, I'm sorry.

12/ INT COURT LOBBY

John Redvers comes storming out of court with Tony Wednesday, George Fenwick and Sonia Hope.

JOHN REDVERS:

Bloody hell! George Carmen's enough to make a bishop swear.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Is that the kind of roasting we can expect?

JOHN REDVERS:

These accursed people blighting my life again.

SONIA HOPE:

Despite Carmen, sir, I believe our case is still strong.

JOHN REDVERS:

I hope Leah Cohen can show Braden up for the murderous thug he is.

GEORGE FENWICK:

There were fragments of human bone found at the pig farm, guv.

JOHN REDVERS:

Were -

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's where Denny Jones ended up all right.

JOHN REDVERS:

Let's keep our nerve. I need a cup of tea, Sonia. Are you coming?

SONIA HOPE:

Yes, of course. You'd better warn Leah it won't be an easy ride.

She goes after John Redvers.

JOHN WEDNESDAY:

Can you believe that wolly, George?

GEORGE FENWICK:

He walked right into it with that defence barrister.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'd better make sure Leah is okay.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Don't tell her we got a thrashing, Tony.

He goes.

13/ INT WITNESS ROOM

Tony Wednesday comes in to Leah.

LEAH:

Tony! How's it going?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

A bit uphill at times. Defence barristers can be tricky.

LEAH:

We are going to put Jack away? I can say anything you want me to.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Just tell what you know about Braden beating Denny Jones to death. Anything you can say about his murderous relationship with you will help.

LEAH:

The waiting is so unnerving.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Won't be long now. Then it'll be all over.

LEAH:

You're really kind, Tony. I don't know how I'd have managed without you.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You're pretty resilient, Leah. If you weren't, you wouldn't have survived that maniac.

LEAH:

You showed me there are other kinds of men, who aren't violent and exploitative.

The door is knocked and opened and the usher looks in, "Miss Cohen."

LEAH:

Tony...

14/ INT NO 2 COURT

Leah is in the witness box.

PROSECUTOR:

Miss Cohen, how many times would you say the defendant hit the deceased person, Denny Jones as he was known?

LEAH:

I'm not sure, he just kept hitting the poor man, all the while shouting that Mr Jones had betrayed him.

PROSECUTOR:

Ten, twenty? More would you say?

LEAH:

More. His face was all bloody. I couldn't look any more. Mr Braden told me to get back in the bedroom

PROSECUTOR:

The jury might be curious, Miss Cohen, as to why you didn't summon the police?

LEAH:

I couldn't. In one of his murderous moods when he accused me of all sorts of things, Jack ripped out the phone.

PROSECUTOR:

You didn't think to summon a neighbour?

LEAH:

Neighbours wouldn't come. Some of them had seen Jack's rages and were scared of him.

PROSECUTOR:

You were scared of this man you were living with?

LEAH:

Yes. Once I tried to leave him, but he found me and dragged me back.

PROSECUTOR:

But you've found the courage now to stand up to his bullying ways?

LEAH:

The police helped me. They offered me protection. It's... it's... I can't tell you how it feels to be free of this monster.

JACK:

Ah, Leah, don't say that. You know how I feel about you -

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

I have warned you, Mr Braden. One more intervention and you'll be down in the cells for the duration.

JACK:

I'm sorry, judge, I had to tell her how I feel.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

I do understand that emotions are high in these circumstances, but try to keep them under control. I won't warn you again.

PROSECUTOR:

Thank you, Miss Cohen. Please stay there. My learned friend Mr Carmen will want to ask you some questions.

DEFENCE:

(Rising) Miss Cohen, how would you describe your relationship with Jack Braden?

LEAH:

Hideous. Awful and frightening, bullyingly violent.

DEFENCE:

Was that how it was from the start?

LEAH:

I don't remember it being any different.

DEFENCE:

Then cast your mind back to when you were 15 years old. Can you tell the court what sort of relationship you were in then? (Long beat) Miss Cohen. (Long beat)

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Are you able to answer Mr Carmen's question, Miss Cohen?

LEAH:

(With difficulty.) Yes... I was... (More difficulty.)

DEFENCE:

Were you not working as a prostitute on the Peabody estate in Islington?

LEAH:

I was being forced to do that by those hateful Kray twins. They made me.

DEFENCE:

Did someone not challenge these hateful people and rescue you?

LEAH:

(Sotto voce) Yes, Jack did.

DEFENCE:

I didn't hear that. I'm sure the jury didn't. Who was your rescuer?

LEAH:

Jack Braden.

DEFENCE:

Is it true that he fought this gang single-handed and sent them packing?

LEAH:

(Quietly) Yes. I was very grateful to him.

DEFENCE:

So much so that you will now look to send him to gaol if you can?

LEAH:

(Fiery) I was grateful to him, then he turned into a monster just the same as the Krays. He wanted to own me, keep me locked up in a cage.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

You mean that metaphorically, do you – just for my note?

LEAH:

Yes. He didn't want me to study or see anyone or talk to anyone.

DEFENCE:

Just so the jury understand the hardship you endured, is that 'cage' as you call it a three bedrooned apartment in Park Street, Mayfair?

LEAH:

A 50-roomed palace would be no different if you're held against your will. It's still a prison.

DEFENCE:

Held against your will, in the liberated 1960s, Miss Cohen?

LEAH:

Yes, Jack threatened again and again he'd kill me if I left him. He was so paranoid – he even objected to his sister seeing me.

DEFENCE:

So you're in a murderous, oppressive, violent relationship with a man who's prepared to risk the ire of the court, possibly jeopardise his liberty to express his feelings for you. Then the police come along with this fantastical story about Jack killing a man in your apartment and suddenly you see your route out?

LEAH:
(Alarm) No -

DEFENCE:
No, Miss Cohen, you don't want out of this relationship?

LEAH:
Yes, I do. I'm not saying it just to do that.

DEFENCE:
But you did recognise this golden opportunity when the police raided your flat?

LEAH:
No, I was talking to Tony – Inspector Wednesday, and told him what Jack had done.

DEFENCE:
Just dropped into casual conversation – oh, by the way Jack murdered someone in our flat?

LEAH:
No, it wasn't like that.

DEFENCE:
Then perhaps you'll tell us what it was like, Miss Cohen. Isn't it true you were taking a lot of medication at the time of this alleged murder and when the police raided your flat when you had a cosy chat with Tony – Inspector Wednesday?

LEAH:
I was on medication from the doctor - to blot out the terrible existence -

DEFENCE:
In your gilded Mayfair cage?

LEAH:
I did see him beat Denny Jones to death.

DEFENCE:
Did you indeed? I put it to you, Miss Cohen, this murder is a fiction, something conjured by your drug-disturbed mind. Encouraged by the police, you saw a perfect opportunity of getting out of a relationship with a man who had in fact saved you from an exploitative life of prostitution.

LEAH:
That's not the way it is. It's not. It's not.

DEFENCE:
You still maintain that Jack Braden, in your presence and in the presence of the second defendant, Brian Oldman, beat and killed one Dennis Jones and had his body conveyed to a pig farm for disposal?

LEAH:
Yes. Yes, it's true.

DEFENCE:
My Lord, might I have a moment? (He turns to a colleague, whispers.) Can you get him?

The colleague gets up and hurries out.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Are we going to be kept for long, Mr Carmen?

DEFENCE:
But a moment, my Lord. I think this will bring a degree of clarity for the jury. Ah, my colleague is returning now. Miss Cohen, look closely at this man. Is this the same Denny Jones you claimed Jack Braden beat to death and fed to pigs?

LEAH:
It's not possible. He did. He did -

DEFENCE:
As Mr Jones has not been sworn as a witness, perhaps we could have Miss Cohen step down and be substituted pro tem for Mr Jones in order to establish him bona fide.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
That won't be necessary, Mr Carmen. I'll ask this person some questions. Could you tell us your name, sir?

DENNY JONES:
Denny Jones, sir.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
What relationship if any do you have with the defendants?

DENNY JONES:
I used to work for Jack until I retired to Spain.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Did this retirement come as a result of a beating, Mr Jones?

DENNY JONES:
Jack liked to shout and so we had many rows at his flat. I don't ever remember a beating of any kind.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
I see. I'm going to adjourn for a short while. I'd like the jury to remain in their seats. I'd like to see counsel in my chambers.

He gets up and the usher calls, "All rise." The court comes to its feet.

BRIAN:

(Quietly) I think we're about to get a result, Jack.

JACK:

(Quietly) How did they manage that, Bri?

BRIAN:

We raised Denny from the dead.

15/ INT COURT LOBBY

Jack and Brian are milling around with the briefs, Desmond Dekker is heard singing, *You Can Get It If You Really Want*, when the defence barrister appears.

JACK:

Here he is, the real hero, George Carmen. We're having a big party to celebrate our win and I'd like to drown you in champagne, George.

DEFENCE:

Mr Braden, I'm very good at what I do, but sometimes I don't like myself for it or the results I get for my clients. You're one such client. I certainly don't want to celebrate with you. Excuse me.

He goes.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

That certainly dampened Jack's enthusiasm after the judge threw the case out for lack of evidence. Joey was a little disappointed too, but didn't express it at court. That was to come later when the detective Tony Wednesday went to collect his money. Meanwhile, Jack was keen to celebrate his result, not even mentioning Leah's treachery. That would come a later too.

16/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Leah is pacing agitatedly, watched by Sonia Hope and Tony Wednesday.

LEAH:

What am I going to do now? Jack will kill me. You said he would go to prison. Why did that judge let him go?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's what we're wondering, Leah. God knows how they conjured Denny Jones from the dead. It's witchcraft.

SONIA HOPE:

Pack some things in a bag. All you need, Leah. We're taking you to a safe house.

LEAH:

Where will be safe now? Jack'll find me and kill me. I know he will.

SONIA HOPE:

The police will keep you safe with a new identity.

LEAH:

It won't do any good. He'll find me. He always does.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You have to trust the police on this, Leah.

LEAH:

I didn't think it would come to this. I'll kill myself.

SONIA HOPE:

No, Braden won't find you. Come on, I'll help you pack what you need.

She guides Leah towards the bedroom. She turns back.

LEAH:

Tony, what should I do? I don't know.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Like Sonia says, we won't give up on this maniac. Meanwhile we will make sure you're safe. Go on.

Leah goes.

SONIA HOPE:

Thanks, Tony.

She goes out after Leah.

17/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The intercom buzzes and Joey Oldman opens it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes, Rita.

RITA:

(Via intercom) Inspector Wednesday is here, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Send him in please.

He switches off the box and gets up as Tony Wednesday comes in and shuts the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

If ever I doubted your ability, Tony, I never will again. That was a master stroke you pulled off in court, having the barrister produce the man the prosecution claimed Jack and Brian had killed. Amazing.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Denny Jones took some finding, especially as we couldn't alert my boss of his existence.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Or Jack. He would certainly have given the game away.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It took me enough bringing him back from Spain.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The recording from Tintagel House showing your boss up to be a corrupt and vindictive policeman was wonderful.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's very ironic when you think about it. He's a boy scout.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Serves him right. He should never have been going after his cousin like that.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

There'll be a lot of handwrapping back at the office.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Reaches into a drawer.) I suspect now you want this.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Feels a bit light, Joey. (Checks the money.) It is light. What's the game? Only half.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You agreed that Jack would go away, and free Brian to work with me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I said we'd get Brian clear. We've done that. If Jack came too, that's not my problem. What I don't want now, Joey is you cheese-paring us. Others have to be weighed off.

JOEY OLDMAN:

A deal is a deal. I pay only for what I get.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's up to you, Joey. You can put the other grand on the table and we'll still be business partners. If I walk out of here without it, I'll nick Brian again, and then start looking at you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Are you threatening me, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'd say so, and I'm a man who can make that good. I thought you were smart, Joey. So, what's it to be?

A beat. Joey Oldman opens a drawer in his desk and takes out a cash box.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's as well I keep some spare cash about me. A thousand pounds.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

This lot I don't have to count. Smart move, Joey. I like you. I want to learn from you.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

There's an old saying, Bad start, good finish. That bad start to their relationship wasn't how it was going to go on. Joey and Tony Wednesday were to do more business together, some of which was to prove disastrous to me. Meanwhile, John Redvers was suffering for his dire result in court. No amount of explaining or justification would lift the whiff of incompetence and corruption from him, especially so as Detective Chief Superintendent Slipper had no time for the commissioner's blue-eyed boy.

18/ INT TINTAGEL HOUSE

JOHN REDVERS:

There was no question of our falsifying evidence, Mr Slipper.

DCS SLIPPER:

It looks that way, John. How you let yourself be recorded making that sort of statement beggars belief.

JOHN REDVERS:

I didn't know recording equipment was switched on.

DCS SLIPPER:

We all make those statements about crims, but have them recorded and show up in court. How did their brief get them?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Someone must have slipped them to him, guv.

DCS SLIPPER:

What, someone on our team?

JOHN REDVERS:

These criminal barristers go to any lengths to win. Someone on his team probably gave one of the cleaners a few pounds to get the recording.

DCS SLIPPER:

And the items on the exhibit list that were added with a different typewriter?

SONIA HOPE:

I typed that list, sir. I don't see how it could have been a different typewriter.

DCS SLIPPER:

The judge seemed satisfied they were.

JOHN REDVERS:
We played strictly by the book.

DCS SLIPPER:
Is the recording equipment switched off now? God, what a mess. Just as we thought we had the last of the big firms we get a slap in the teeth. I want a full post mortem of what happened. I want someone's balls for this, then a full analysis of how we can nab them again. The Deputy Assistant Commissioner is not best pleased. Dismissed.

Scraping of chairs as people get up.

DCS SLIPPER:
Tony, a word. (He waits as people go out and the door closes.) What do you think happened in court? Is Redvers completely naive, or double clever in getting a result for his family?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
There's no denying he 'is bright academically, guv. But is he smart enough to engineer something like that collapse in court? I doubt it.

DCS SLIPPER:
But blood is thicker than water.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Well, someone helped those bastards. Short of it being God, I'm determined to find out who. We put too much work in to have it go for nothing.

DCS SLIPPER:
That's the spirit, lad. Keep me posted on any developments so I can inform the DAC.

19/ INT POLICE CANTEEN

Clatter of crockery. John Redvers comes to a table with Sonia Hope, bringing tea.

JOHN REDVERS:
It's depressing, Sonia. The DCS is blaming me for our failure in court.

SONIA HOPE:
But you mustn't do is blame yourself. It's better to be a failed honest policeman than a successful corrupt cop.

JOHN REDVERS:
(Hurt) Oh, you think I'm a failure, do you?

SONIA HOPE:
An honest policeman can never fail. The forces of evil from corruption are far ranging.

JOHN REDVERS:

You'll think I'm prejudiced, but I believe your ex-husband Tony Wednesday somehow had a hand in this. I'd love to be able to prove it.

SONIA HOPE:

How would we ever prove it?

JOHN REDVERS:

I'm not sure how I'd have got through these past couple of days without your support, Sonia. If you'd turned against me -

SONIA HOPE:

I wouldn't do that. I've got too much respect for you as a policeman.

JOHN REDVERS:

Is that all it is, Sonia? Dare I hope for more?

SONIA HOPE:

Oh John. I can't tell you how I've waited to hear you say that.

JOHN REDVERS:

Yes, we'll make a powerful team. Thank you.

20/ HOTEL ROOM

Joey Oldman and Margaret Courtney are in bed together.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's so strange, Margaret. Every time we meet it feels as if your husband is watching us.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

We change hotels so often he couldn't possibly.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's what he specialises in, making people uneasy.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

He does like to watch, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, he's a spy of some sort.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

That's not what I mean.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then what? What is it, Margaret? Don't cry.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I'm almost too ashamed to say, even to you. He used to watch me. Soon after we were

married. He made me pick up men and take them home. He had a two-way mirror installed in the bedroom. He'd sit behind it and watch. I can't bear it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He made his young wife do that?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I tried to please him – I thought I had to.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He's a monster. Does he... he doesn't..?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

No, he stopped years ago. He found another interest.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Another woman?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

That might have been bearable. It's far more shameful.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Margaret, you're alarming me. What?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

He goes with young boys.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, there are lots of homosexuals. It took me a long while to come to terms with Brian.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

As unpleasant as that is, one can put up with it. I'm afraid I mean young boys, some very young. I once found his secret diary. There's a whole club of senior civil servants, judges, policemen, even cabinet ministers. All pederasts... Ralph uses this knowledge to manipulate them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Do you still have access to that diary?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

No. I think he might have left it out on purpose as a means of controlling me. I couldn't go to the police or anyone. Who could I tell?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm the first person you've told?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

There was no one else I'd trust.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is dynamite, Margaret. I've got to find the right way to use it and stop this man.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

It would be wonderful if you could, Joseph, but you must be careful.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's my middle name. We have to get a move on.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You are coming to the meeting this evening?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Catherine says you've a government minister coming.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Only a junior minister for housing and local government, Margaret Thatcher. But she might be worth meeting, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Housing's an important job. We need lots more houses.

He gets up off the bed.

21/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S HOUSE

Cath comes hurrying through.

CATH:

Joey, are you going to change? We'll be late.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I just want to finish entering these figures.

CATH:

Why you can't do that at work, you're there long enough.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't start again, Cath. Money doesn't grow on trees. We need to work hard.

CATH:

Well, you might do yourself a bit of good with this Margaret Thatcher. Go and put on your new tie.

22/ INT TORY PARTY BAYSWATER

A buzz of conversation, Tony Jones singing, *Daughter Of Darkness* as Margaret Courtney approaches Joey and Cath with Margaret Thatcher.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Catherine, Joseph, allow me to introduce our distinguished speaker Margaret Thatcher MP. Catherine and Joseph Oldman.

MARGARET THATCHER

Catherine, Joseph. Margaret tells me how much you do for the party.

CATH:

It's little enough, Mrs Thatcher.

MARGARET THATCHER:

Do call me Margaret – a bit confusing with two Margarets.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I enjoyed your speech, Margaret, Is it going to be followed through with equally robust action?

CATH:

(Censuring) Joseph -

MARGARET THATCHER:

No, that's quite all right, Catherine. I like a man to be direct. I can't abide people who hedge about and don't say what they want to say.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's time someone stood up to these thuggish unions, always calling their members out on strike. Soon we'll be losing more days through strikes than are worked.

MARGARET THATCHER:

I couldn't agree more. We've lost over 8 million working days so far this year. The country can't afford it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Ted Heath condemned the greedy, strike-prone unions. Would he be prepared to confront them?

MARGARET THATCHER:

It's up to businessmen like you to make sure he does. If you want me to help you get that message across to him, I will. Let me give you my card with my direct line. I'm sure we're going to have a lot of beneficial contact, Joseph.

23/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S CAR

Joey Oldman is driving, Cath beside him.

CATH:

My, Joey Oldman, you certainly have a way with the Margarets. Another Margaret who's cast her spell over you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What's that supposed to mean?

CATH:

As if you didn't know. How come I don't get this sort of attention from you nowadays?

JOEY OLDMAN:

We've never had that sort of relationship. After Brian was born you never seemed to have much interest.

CATH:

I'm still a woman, Joey. I do have feelings. Much you care.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I do my best – hey, that's Brian running along the street -

CATH:

Pull over – Brian - !

She is jumping out of the car as Joey pulls in. Joey out behind her.

CATH:

Brian! What on earth's wrong - ?

BRIAN:

Mum, where've you been? I've been trying to get you – The police came for me, they came for me -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Who did? What for - ?

BRIAN:

I jumped out of the window of my flat and ran -

CATH:

But what did they want - ?

BRIAN:

They said I killed a boy whose body ended up in a ditch in Orpington. I didn't, I swear -

CATH:

Course you didn't -

JOEY OLDMAN:

What boy? What's this about?

BRIAN:

A young under-aged boy a bloke called Sir Ralph Courtney tried to get me to go with – a long time ago – I don't know why they're doing this. I didn't kill him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I know, son – we'll get you through this.

CATH:

Oh Joey –

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Joey knew at that moment this was the slow suffering Sir Ralph Courtney promised he would have to endure. I was about to enter the seven hells and could see no way out. All this as MPs voted to set up the industrial relations court to deal with strikes - one of the most divisive pieces of legislation ever. With riots rocking Poland and 300 dead in clashes with Soviet backed government forces; 150,000 people died in flooding in East Pakistan and President de Gaulle dying, my trouble seemed minor. Not to me, and not to Joey. He was going to have to use all the resources he could muster to try and get me out, with no guarantee of success. The policemen who came for me were none I'd had any dealings with in the past, so the future looked bleak.

Meanwhile, Jack bribed any number of cops to get the location of the safe house where Leah was. He found her and forced her back to his flat. Then a surprising thing happened.

24/ INT JACK'S FLAT

The doorbell ringing. Then again. Jack opens it.

JACK:

Well look who it ain't, Tony Wednesday, my favourite corrupt cop. What you looking for a poncing bung – and your three mates.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm here to make sure Leah is all right.

JACK:

Wassit to do with you?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Only this, my faithful truncheon. Take that –

He hits him to Jack's surprised, "You dog – " Then hits him again and again as Jack goes down screaming. Still hitting him and kicking him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Touch her again, even lay a finger on Leah or raise your voice to her, we'll be back and you'll get a lot, lot worse.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

He left Jack in a terrible state with two broken arms and a ruptured kidney. He couldn't see or stand up, or hear, but Tony Wednesday's message was clear. Pongo did nothing to stop this beating, perhaps because Tony Wednesday was mob-handed. Perhaps not. He simple carted Jack off to hospital, while I went off to an equally uncertain future.

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