

EP12/1b STUDIO SCRIPT

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 12 – 1962

The voice of the Narrator, Brian Oldman, as an older man, is heard speaking from his prison cell.

BRIAN OLDMAN:

By the start of 1962 the Beatles had arrived and topped the poll of young music fans. It wasn't all plain sailing for them, they got rejected by the big record label Decca, who thought they would never make it to charts! Then there was the trial of James Hanratty for the murder of a 36-year-old man in a lay-by at Deadman's Hill. It was to be one of the most infamous miscarriages of justice, but my good friend Judge Melford Stephenson was insisting Hanratty was as guilty as hell and would hang. He was right about the hanging. I could identify with Hanratty, myself having been convicted and sentenced for murders I didn't commit. Mine wasn't a capital offence so I wasn't ever going to hang, but the long sentence I got, knowing I'm innocent, is like a death sentence.

The other big news story early in the year was a bloke called Eric Lubbock with a by election in a one-eyed town called Orpington. Really put the wind up the Tories. My dad, Joey was well fed up with them because of a bill they had just passed restricting immigration. It pacified some of the electorate but most still saw too much immigration, especially of blacks and Indians. What mostly occupied Joey was how to get even with my Uncle Jack and Julian Tyrwhitt for double-crossing him and stealing the hard earned cash. What a mug. If I'd have known Joey had £40,000 pugged up in his house overnight I might have tried to rob him. Right now I'm still trying to work up a plan to get even with my old man, along with all the others who had wronged me. There I am, going ahead of myself.

1/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN – EVENING

On the wireless the Acker Bilk hit *Stranger on the Shore* is playing as Joey Oldman bangs plates on the table.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's outrageous. What does this Harold bloody MacMillan think he's playing at?

CATH:

Calm down, Joey, you'll give yourself a heart attack.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He's taking food right out of my mouth letting them MPs of his vote to restrict immigration.

CATH:

Those, not them, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What if I can't rent them – those houses we've got? Where will we be then?

CATH:

'Course you'll rent them. You've got lots of tenants in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You see what's happening. Some of them blacks are getting very uppity. You saw what they did in Notting Hill. Once that sort of thing catches fire there'll be no stopping it.

CATH:

But you always treat your tenants right, Joey. Not like Peter Rachmann.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They finished for him. They'll do the same for me if this government doesn't buck its ideas up. I've got enough worries with that thieving brother of yours stealing my money with his banker crony. They've got something coming to them or my name's not Joseph Oldman.

CATH:

JOEY OLDMAN:

No Cath – tea's what we in the afternoon. This is either our supper or our dinner.

CATH:

It's only egg and chips.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We have to try to get these things right.

CATH:

Eat it up before it gets cold.

Joey Oldman comes to the table and scrapes his chair out and sits. Cath puts the plate in front of him. The telephone starts ringing causing Joey Oldman and Cath to freeze.

CATH:

Who can that be, do you think?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm sure it won't be good news. Well, answer it, Cath.

Cath goes out into the hallway and lifts the phone where her muffled voice is heard saying, "This is Bayswater 5755." After a moment she returns to the kitchen.

CATH:

(Whispering) It's that lawyer of yours, Arnold Goodman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You don't have to whisper. It's not a secret him phoning me.

CATH:

It's half past six in the evening. What can he want?

JOEY OLDMAN:

One way to find out.

He gets up and goes out to the hallway and picks up the phone.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is Joseph Oldman. To what do I owe the pleasure, Arnold? Nothing's wrong?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

A lot that could be right, Joseph. Are you free to meet this evening?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I was looking forward to watching *Take Your Pick* on the telly.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

You might be able to do just that with this opportunity.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Sounds interesting. Tell me a little more.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Not on the telephone, my dear fellow. Can you meet at my club? White's in St James's. You won't regret it, I'm sure.

JOEY OLDMAN:

White's. I'll be there.

2/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S BEDROOM

Cath is opening a wardrobe door and searching.

CATH:

You have to put on your best tie, Joey. It won't be like Jack's clubs.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't want to make too much fuss. It's not the Queen I'm meeting.

CATH:

If you got a taxi there and back, you might still catch some of *Take Your Pick*.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's unnecessary expense, Cath. I'll get the bus.

CATH:

What do you think the lawyer is up to?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Whatever it is it'll cost me money.

CATH:

You said yourself often enough, Joey, you have to speculate to accumulate – There that

tie's perfect.

3/ INT WHITE'S

USHER:

Mr Goodman is in the sitting room, sir. Just through there.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, thank you. (He starts through.)

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Joey, my dear fellow - ! (Rising with difficulty.) These damn chairs are deep enough to drown in. I think some of the members do just that and get wheeled out to the undertaker.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It looks the sort of place you wouldn't dare die in.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Some expire when they see their bills. Would you like a drink or a pot of tea?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Tea, milk and two sugars. Cath says it's more sophisticated to drink it black and without sugar

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

George – tea for my guest, with milk and sugar. It might be more sophisticated, but we know what we like, Joey. I'll have another G&T.

GEORGE:

Thank you, Mr Arnold.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Let's go over and sit there where we can talk without being overheard.

They shuffle over to corner seats on thick rugs.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

How much money have you got, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Laughs) A lot to get, I hope.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Well I hope I can help you get it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I put all my money into Tarmac.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

It's doing rather well. Have you been following the share price?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Every day without fail.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

That was money you needed to lose. I'm talking about money you can be seen to invest.

JOEY OLDMAN:

And where would I get this money?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

My dear fellow, you have a good number of houses you could raise money on.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Houses I've worked hard to get. Most of them are paid for. I'm not sure I want to take on debt.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

You did all right with Tarmac. You'll do even better with this investment. A lot better.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm listening.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Have you heard of a company called Marples Ridgway?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Building, or civil engineering, aren't they?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

The managing director was our very own Minister of Transport, Ernest Marples. He had to put his shares in the company in trust and took no executive decisions in the company when he became Minister.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Laughs) But he's got friends!

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

You're clearly ahead of me. Our Minister of Transport is making sure his old company gets more than its share of contracts to build the new roads in his vision of the future.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Any guarantee these contracts will go the Marples Ridgway?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

If you're agreeable to being an investor, I'll introduce you to Sandy Wynter, the senior civil servant handling the tenders for the work and issuing contracts.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then what size of investment is wanted?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

That's entirely up to you. The more you put in the more you'll prosper.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd see what I can raise against my properties, once I've talked to this civil servant. What's he getting out of it?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

A knighthood, plus 1% of all profits realised on any subsequent sale of shares.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That might be hard for him to collect.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

This is all based on trust, Joey. This opening is only being offered to men of honour and good standing. You proved to be that when you invested in Tarmac.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me talk to the bank. When do I meet Sandy Wynter?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Why not right now? He's dining in the club. We could join him for dinner.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, I've already had my dinner.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

So have I, Joey. I can always eat another.

George arrives with tea and a tray.

GEORGE:

Your tea, sir.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Perhaps you'd bring it to us in the dining room, George.

4/ INT BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE

Keith Griffith, the bank manager, leads Joey Oldman in and closes the door.

MR GRIFFITH:

We don't often see you in our modest branch of Martin's Bank these days, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

A man of modest needs, Keith. Never a lender of a borrower be.

MR GRIFFITH:

If we didn't lend and people didn't borrow we wouldn't exist.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't think there's any fear of that with this new confidence about. People consuming and not caring how much debt they get into to get a television set or a washing machine, some even buying their own houses.

MR GRIFFITH:

Are you still involved with John Bloom and his Rolls-Razor washing machine company?

JOEY OLDMAN:

No. I got out, and with all my money.

MR GRIFFITH:

Very shrewd. He's in a lot of trouble. The few shares I bought are all but worthless.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You hung on too long.

MR GRIFFITH:

On your recommendation, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

To buy when I did. Not to keep them.

MR GRIFFITH:

What is it I can help you with today. I will if I can.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I want to borrow some money, lots of it.

MR GRIFFITH:

Can I ask what for? Some sure-fire scheme, I'll be bound –

JOEY OLDMAN:

Nothing is ever sure, Keith. The rule about investing is, if you can't afford to lose it, don't invest it.

MR GRIFFITH:

I must give some of my customers that advice. How much are you looking for?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I've got forty-eight houses I rent out in Notting Hill and Brixton.

MR GRIFFITH:

All to swartzers, no doubt.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They pay their rent on time. These houses are yielding £78,000 per annum gross. Net of tax and expenses I'm collecting about £22,000. I'd like to borrow £40,000.

MR GRIFFITH:

A tidy sum, Joseph. Do you own the houses?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Most of them are paid for. A dozen aren't.

MR GRIFFITH:

The value of the 36 un-mortgaged properties?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Seventy two thousand pounds.

MR GRIFFITH:

If you achieved market price. That might be a big if – no one wants a nigger for a neighbour.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Apart from another darky.

MR GRIFFITH:

Do any of them have that sort of money?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Most of those from the West Indies are hard working. I daresay they could get mortgages – if a lender is smart enough.

MR GRIFFITH:

Risky. Did you try my brother-in-law for your loan?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Julian Tyrwhitt's a bank of last resort. Martin's Bank will prove a good deal cheaper.

MR GRIFFITH:

I'm sure we'll find you an excellent rate – would there be something for me?

JOEY OLDMAN:

A quarter percent for every percentage point above base you save me.

MR GRIFFITH:

Excellent. Better than anything Julian Tyrwhitt ever offers me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Your brother-in-law never takes the long view. Too interested in making fast money.

MR GRIFFITH:

Might I have my little slither in shares in whatever you're buying into?

JOEY OLDMAN:
A very shrewd move, Keith.

MR GRIFFITH:
(Laughs) A loan of this size I'll have to get sanctioned. Ordinarily Head Office wants 4 percent above base.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not on your nelly, *Mr* Griffith. Three above is a reasonable point to start negotiations.

MR GRIFFITH:
Ah, I might be able to get you one and a half. Head office will require the property and the shares as security.

JOEY OLDMAN:
They can hold both.

MR GRIFFITH:
My slither is £150. Agreed?

JOEY OLDMAN:
As soon as the loan goes through shares to the value will be in your name.

MR GRIFFITH:
A pleasure doing business with such an honourable man, Joseph. All I need now is the company you intend investing all this money with.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Marples Ridgway, the civil engineering firm.

MR GRIFFITH:
Oh, that doesn't sound very exciting.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Steady growth is what I expect. There's a lot of building to be done up and down the country, new roads to build. We'll see.

5/ INT JACK'S CLUB – DAY

Julian Tyrwhitt walks through the empty club with Jack.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
You would never know this was the same nightclub, Jack – not by day.

JACK:
Our sort of customers don't come out much in the day.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Any idea what Joey's up to?

JACK:

He doesn't consult me, Julian. And Brian doesn't see him and Cath much these days.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

It's a lot of money he's borrowing from my brother-in-law's bank.

JACK:

Why don't you ask him?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I would if I thought he'd tell me.

JACK:

It would be lovely to grab some of that £40,000 if he moves it in cash.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Joey never requires a second lesson where money is concerned.

JACK:

If it's that important I'll get Brian to go and pump his mum. She'll know. What about this cash Ronnie Biggs keeps talking about?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

How much will there be?

JACK:

There could be any sort of amounts in from mail sacks on the train.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If it is all used notes as your bod claims, my bank could handle it.

JACK:

But how much for, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

That's the question, Jack. We'd wan 40%.

JACK:

Ballocks. You can spend them notes straight away.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Then your friend Ronnie Biggs and you won't have any problems? Spend away.

JACK:

I'll see what they say. But forty percent's a bit strong.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

There would be something on the side for you. But let's find what Joey Oldman's up to.

6/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Ronnie Carroll is on the radio singing, *Roses Are Red* as Cath comes in and takes the kettle off the stove.

CATH:

There's a singer for you, Brian. Why you listen to that Billy Fury and that Adam Faith.

BRIAN:

It's modern, mum. It's what everyone's listening to.

CATH:

You're looking thin. Are you eating properly? I can make you an egg sandwich.

BRIAN:

Yeah, that'd be nice.

CATH:

Are you worried about anything?

BRIAN:

Not about where my next meal's coming from. I can always come back here.

CATH:

I wish you would. Anything to get you away from Jack.

BRIAN:

Dad still think he nicked his money?

CATH:

I'd swing for him, brother or no, if he did. It put years on your dad, losing that money.

BRIAN:

Jack tried to find out who nicked it.

CATH:

(Cracking an egg in the pan) Your dad heard one of the men suspected of it used to work for Jack.

BRIAN:

It's what he's doing now that's worrying – borrowing all this money. What if the building firm doesn't do well?

CATH:

(Cutting bread) Oh it will. The government's giving it lots of contracts. Ernest Marples, the Transport Minister is making sure.

BRIAN:

Dad should've waited, not borrowed against property. He could have got the dosh from Jack, if his big robbery plans comes off.

CATH:

I hope you're not involved, Brian.

BRIAN:

In armed robbery? Credit me with some sense, mum.

7/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Jack comes through with Brian and Ronnie Biggs.

JACK:

Pongo? Where is he?

Pongo comes running in.

PONGO:

What's wrong, Jack? The place on fire?

JACK:

It could be for all you know.

PONGO:

I was in the karsey –

JACK:

Well crap on your own time. Get my partner Mr Biggs a cuppa tea.

PONGO:

Yes boss, right away, boss –

JACK:

What's got into you? You gone stir crazy?

PONGO:

No boss. I'll get the tea, boss.

JACK:

Unless you want something stronger, Ronnie?

RONNIE BIGGS:

Tea's good, son. Keep the old head clear. Clear thinking gets us all on easy street.

BRIAN:

A long stretch inside, is more like it.

JACK:

You want that E-type Jag, Brian. This is how. Either that or save up your Green Shield stamps.

RONNIE BIGGS:

(Laughs) You only need about 6 billion, Brian!

BRIAN:

How you gonna stop a train? Flag it down like a bus?

JACK:

Ronnie's got it all worked out.

BRIAN:

I suppose you can tie Pongo to the track. They'd stop then.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Not for a black man, they won't. Don't worry about stopping the choo choo.

BRIAN:

How many you gonna need for this great train robbery? So many, it won't be worth anyone's while.

JACK:

There could be as much as 150 grand in them mail sacks.

RONNIE BIGGS:

All used notes going back to the mint for burning. Money you could spend in any pub in the land.

JACK:

You could even walk into that Berkeley Square showroom and put the notes down for your E-type.

BRIAN:

If I was mug enough.

RONNIE BIGGS:

You want some of this, son or not?

BRIAN:

Armed robbery's for mugs.

JACK:

Then piss off, Brian. See us on easy street. You won't get no E-type with Joey's shares in a road building firm.

BRIAN:

You'll end up nicked, and that crazy woman you live with will end up where she belongs –

JACK:

Not with you, she won't –

BRIAN:

No, in the nut house –

JACK:

I'm warning you, Brian, leave it off –

He shoves Brian, who crashes back into Pongo, who is bringing in tea.

PONGO:

Steady on, I got the white boss's tea here –

RONNIE BIGGS:

If this is gonna be the carry on here I'll be better off with the Richardsons.

JACK:

Them mugs, they'll rob you.

BRIAN:

(Narrator) Jack was dead keen on robbing this train with Ronnie Biggs. It was like his coming of age as a villain. I thought he was a mug and wasn't shy about telling him. I even thought about talking to the detective with whom I did most business and asking him to pull Jack out. Why I was keen to keep Jack out of jail? Perhaps I was a bit scared about running things on my own. If things got out of control, Jack would just steam in whacking people. Oh I whack people with the best of them. When Jack did it, people sat up and took notice on account of him being a bit mad. But events were to overtake me and change the picture completely because of some moves Joey was making with the same policeman.

8/ INT JOE LYON'S TEAROOM CRANBOURNE STREET

Roy Orbison's *Dream Baby* is heard amidst the clatter of crockery.

DI FENWICK:

I appreciate you taking time to meet in my favourite tea shop, Mr Oldman. I know how busy you are.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Joey – is anything wrong, George? Brian didn't say there was.

DI FENWICK:

This isn't about the money Brian passes over for the police fund. That's all sweet, Joey. This is about the cash you had robbed.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Have you got it back?

DI FENWICK:

I wish. We arrested one of the men who was almost certainly involved – for burglary.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He didn't have my money.

DI FENWICK:

According to him he never had it. He and his partner were working for a percent fee. Only they never got a penny because they didn't get all the money.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Was Jack Braden?

DI FENWICK:

That was who put them into the money. He then accused them of stealing the other £20,000 and beat up Cole Hicks, the man your wife identified.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What happened to him?

DI FENWICK:

The man we arrested doesn't know. He escaped from Jack's club and never saw Cole Hicks again. It's like he never existed. We assume Jack killed him and got rid of the body. Can't prove that, unless someone comes forward and identifies him.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Is that likely, George?

DI FENWICK:

Not really. The most likely candidate would be that black man who works for him, Pongo. They're as thick as thieves. We could interview them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Waste of police time. And it would alert them.

DI FENWICK:
Them?

JOEY OLDMAN:
The banker I did some business with, Julian Tyrwhitt. He had to be involved. No other way Jack could have known about the money.

DI FENWICK:
What would you like us to do, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Just keep your powder dry for now. I'll find a way to pay my brother-in-law back. I'll talk to my wife first. Do you still have the gun that Brian had?

DI FENWICK:
Not thinking about shooting him? I hope not.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Too messy and dangerous. I could go to jail.

DI FENWICK:
Very bad for business.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Let me talk to Cath. Then I'll let you know what I want.

9/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

Double Your Money with Hughie Green is playing on the television.

CATH:

All I hope is he gets cancer. He deserves it doing that to you, Joey. After all we done for him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We've done, Cath.

CATH:

We couldn't have done more. He sends jackals here to steal our money. Cancer's too good for my brother.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That would pay him back all right, but I'd like to see your Jack get his comeuppance a bit sooner.

CATH:

We could get Brian to ask those Kray twins to help.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack's as likely to turn the tables on them. And what if he found out our Brian had set them onto him? No, we need to box clever, Cath.

CATH:

What are you planning, Joey Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd like to see Jack go to prison.

CATH:

So would a lot of people. It ain't going to happen, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It will if we make it happen. The thing is, Cath, could you see your own flesh and blood being shut away like that?

CATH:

After what he done? I'd take a butcher's knife to him. It'd help that poor girl he's with. I keep thinking about her.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Time that copper George Fenwick did some real work for all the money we pay him.

CATH:

But what can he get Jack for?

JOEY OLDMAN:

There is something. Leave it to me.

CATH:

What about that thieving banker, Julian Tyrwhitt? I'd see him under the wheels of a bus.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Remind me not to get on your wrong side – if ever I needed reminding after the way you protected Brian all them years ago.

CATH:

Isn't it, *those* years ago, Joey. I'd do the same for you, if anyone was threatening you.

Come here. (She gives him a kiss.)

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't think we can weigh Tyrwhitt off at the same time. He might take longer to get even with. But we'll get him for what he did with Jack.

CATH:

Maybe Tyrwhitt will get cancer. He deserves it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me give George Fenwick a tinkle in the morning and set things going for Jack. Turn up Hughie Green. Let's see if this woman goes all the way.

Cath turns up the television.

10/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

A door opens and a clacking typewriter is heard. The door closes again.

DI FENWICK:

Just checking your secretary's not listening, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Rita's as silent as the grave. I made sure of that when I employed her. She knows better than to repeat anything she might hear.

DI FENWICK:

I'm a detective inspector, I live in a world of grasses –they hiss information like a grass snake. That's how villains get caught.

JOEY OLDMAN:

No one's managed to catch Jack Braden.

DI FENWICK:

He bungs too many Old Bill. Knows how to keep them sweet. Especially my boss,

Superintendent Drury. He might have to be put in the picture.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How much will that cost?

DI FENWICK:

Undeniably Drury's a greedy bugger. Let's plot something up first, Joey. What d'you have in mind for Jack? He's not likely to go away for robbing you. Unless you want to put yourself on offer with the taxman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Have you still got that gun I found that Brian hid at my house?

DI FENWICK:

If you shoot him, you might end up like Hanratty.

JOEY OLDMAN:

If I give you an anonymous tip off about the proceeds of a robbery at Jack's West End flat and the police raided and found that gun, would he go to prison?

DI FENWICK:

For a nice stretch, I'd say. The problem is the gun's in my possession. I could be the investigating officer who finds it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Better if you're not involved, George. Get me the gun. I'll get it to his flat.

DI FENWICK:

I'll get you someone reliable to call. Someone interested enough to raid Jack's flat.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Will Superintendent Drury be involved?

DI FENWICK:

I think you can count on saving your money this time, Joey. 'Hairpin' will be most upset about missing a bung. I don't think he'll lose sleep if Jack goes to prison. I'll get the gun.

JOEY OLDMAN:

My Cath can pay a visit to Jack's girlfriend – Leah Cohen – pathetic thing she is. I expect she could do with cheering up.

11/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Doorbell rings. Someone heard shuffling around inside. The doorbell rings again.

CATH:

Leah, it's Cath. Leah, can you hear me? Open the door, Leah, I know you're in there. (Beat) Come on, Leah, open the door. It's Cath.

The door cracks open and Cath pushes her way in.

LEAH:

You mustn't come in. Jack's not here. You can't.

CATH:

I came to see you. See if you was all right, Leah. Look you, you're looking after yourself.

LEAH:

You shouldn't be here. He doesn't like anyone here when he's not. He'll get angry with me.

CATH:

Let me deal with Jack. Why don't we go into the bedroom and do something with your hair.

LEAH:

No, you mustn't go in the bedroom. Jack doesn't allow anyone in there.

CATH:

Calm down, Leah. You're trembling. What does that brother of mine do to you?

LEAH:

Nothing. Nothing. Please go before he comes back –

CATH:

No bloody good, is what he is, Leah. No good to you or anyone else. We'd all be better off without him.

LEAH:

If you're trying to trick me –

CATH:

Course I'm not. Come on, let's find a hairbrush –you need a nice perm. I've a good mind to take you right off to my hairdresser. Let's look in these drawers for a hairbrush. (She's opening drawers.)

LEAH:

Please – he might come back.

CATH:

That's all right, Leah. You go and put the kettle on. We'll have a nice cup of tea. Go on. It's time you had a friend to talk to. Go on.

12/ EXT PARK STREET MAYFAIR

Joey Oldman winds down the window of his parked car.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Cath! Cath, over here.

CATH:

(Climbing in) I couldn't see you. You had me worried for a minute.

JOEY OLDMAN:

There was one of them nazi traffic wardens about. He tried to give me a ticket. I had to move and come round again. I got worried in case Jack come back and caught you, you were so long.

CATH:

That girl is so pathetic, Joey. A bag of nerves. Jack must worry her rotten, she's losing her hair

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, what can we do about it?

CATH:

I'd like to help her. She's not that arrogant little Jewish princess was when she had her hooks in our Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Did you manage to plant the gun okay?

CATH:

Of course. In the bottom of the wardrobe under some of Leah's shoes –

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack won't find it?

CATH:

He won't be moving her shoes, nor will Leah, She's not been outside the door in months. She's as pale as a sheet and her skin's bad.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Maybe you can help her when Jack goes to jail.

CATH:

When you going to call the rozzers on Jack?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Give it a few days. I don't want them raiding right after your visit or Jack might get suspicious.

Joey Oldman starts the car and drives away.

13/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Jack comes in banging the door, calling, "Leah." She comes running through.

LEAH:

I didn't tell her anything. I promise you I didn't, Jack. I didn't –

JACK:

What you talking about. Didn't tell who what - ?

LEAH:

I think she was Cath, I'm not sure -

JACK:

In here? What did she want? I told you never to let anyone in, didn't I?

He slaps her, knocking her down, then falls upon her, hitting her again.

LEAH:

Please Jack, please don't hurt me anymore, please -

JACK:

(Turning) Oh Leah, I wouldn't hurt you for all the world, I wouldn't Leah, I love you. I'd do anything for you, Leah, anything. Look at you. Let's wipe those tears away - I always want to take care of you, Leah. Come on, let's go into the bedroom -

LEAH:

No, Jack, I don't want to -

JACK:

Yes, Leah, you do like you're told - I gotta get back to the club to meet some people -

He drags the protesting Leah off the floor and into the bedroom as Little Eva is heard singing, *The Loco-Motion*.

14/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian comes through and is met by Pongo.

PONGO:

Oi Brian, where you bin? That posh geezer was looking for you.

BRIAN:

What posh geezer, Pongo. I know lots of posh geezers.

PONGO:

That MP bloke what used to hang round you.

BRIAN:

Tom Driberg? Where is he? Did he go?

PONGO:

In the bar with another posh geezer. Where's Jack? Ronnie Biggs's looking for him, says it's urgent.

BRIAN:

It's always urgent with Biggsy - I expect he's got a train to catch! (He walks through the club to the bar.) Tom Driberg, I presume! Still looking very dapper.

TOM DRIBERG MP:

Not a word I like, Brian. Puts me in mind of a pompous little bank manager. By the way, dear boy – you still know how to dress.

BRIAN:

You still know how to undress a young man?

TOM DRIBERG MP:

The young ones seem to run too fast these days, Brian. Let me introduce you to my good friend Jack Profumo.

BRIAN:

Pleased to meet you, Jack. What's your particular poison? Booze, gambling, boys or girls? We can provide it all.

JACK PROFUMO MP:

(Laughs) Tom said you were a plain speaking young man. I like that. My preference is decidedly for the ladies.

BRIAN:

Anything in tonight take your fancy, Jack?

JACK PROFUMO MP:

As a matter of fact - that poppet at the roulette table with the red hair is rather fetching.

BRIAN:

Christine Keeler? You'd know it with her. A real man-eater she is.

TOM DRIBERG MP:

Would she be available for a little supper party with Jack?

JACK PROFUMO MP:

I wouldn't want to tread on anyone's toes.

BRIAN:

Don't give it a second thought, Jack. If she's here, she's available. Come on, I'll introduce you – I'm sure you can handle it from there.

They go through to the roulette table.

BRIAN:

How much you winning, Christine?

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Enough to pay the rent for a month, darling.

BRIAN:

You can stop fleecing us for five minutes and meet a friend of mine. This is Jack Profumo. Jack, this is one of my all-time favourite girlfriends – Christine Keeler.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Hello, Jack. I think this might prove my lucky night.

JACK PROFUMO MP:

Perhaps I can add to your winning streak? Do we need chips?

BRIAN:

It's strictly a cash game. Your money's as good as anyone's, Jack. Good luck.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Be an angel, Brian, have someone fetch me a large gin and tonic.

BRIAN:

My pleasure. Same for you, Jack?

JACK PROFUMO MP:

Pink gin, if I may.

BRIAN:

Come on, Tom – let's have a chat at the bar.

They start away.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

It was a passionate love affair between Christine Keeler and John Profumo. I didn't know then that he was the War Minister in Harold MacMillan's government. If I'd have known I'd have marked his card. Christine was shagging a Russian diplomat at the time. Mind you, I don't suppose Christine would have told Jack Profumo about that, or about the other blokes she was shagging. It's ironic that Jack Profumo should survive what became known as Macmillan's night of the long knives, when he sacked half his cabinet ministers, only to fall because of a bit of skirt. The press would say he was obsessed with Christine and had probably given her cabinet secrets which she passed onto her Russian lover, Ivanov. Whether she did or not, who's to say. I think he had a genuine fondness for Christine and her him. Terrific between the sheets, is what I heard, and Jack Profumo was no slouch, according to Christine. Of course, she was a plant at the roulette table and showed the punters how easy it was to win. All you had to do was keep on betting. When Profumo tried to play the same numbers as her, she lost and he ended up losing the thick end of two hundred quid. He used to borrow some cash from Tom Driberg, before he and I went off to a boys' own party. It was there I met up again with the sinister friend of the judge's, Sir Ralph Courtney. He really made my flesh creep.

15/ INT BOYS' OWN PARTY

There is background chatter and laughter and Adam Faith singing, *As You Like It*.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

I'm so disappointed that you didn't come to see me as you promised.

BRIAN:

I've been busy, Ralph – I haven't stopped. Tom dragged me here.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Well, you're here with us now. That's what matters.

A young boy approaches with a voice that suggests he's 12 years old.

YOUNG BOY:

I want to go now, Mr Smith – I'm tired. I want to go.

Sir Ralph slaps him hard, causing him to cry. People nearby laugh.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Stop that. Get some more lemonade. You're not going anywhere. You and your friends are going to entertain me and my friends some more. We don't want you snivelling.

The boy staggers away.

BRIAN:

They're a bit young, Ralph. Where d'you get them?

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

We groom them especially in a care home in Bromley. Choose one, Brian - there are plenty. You can have one even younger if that's your preference.

BRIAN:

No, that's all right. I've gotta get back to the club.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

That won't do, Brian. You're part of our select group now. You'd best choose a boy and experience the pleasures of very young flesh. There's one, Simon. He's nine. He knows the ropes.

BRIAN (NARRATOR): I felt sick when I went to one of the bedrooms with this boy. He was as precocious and knowing as any rent-boy I'd ever picked up on Clapham Common. I had no interest in him and wanted to get out as fast as I could. I thought I might have been watched somehow, but I had chosen the room. I talked to Simon. His mum was in the nut house and his dad was long gone. I felt sorry for him and wanted to help him, but how? He told me about the men who came to the care home in Bromley and abused the boys. Toffs he called them. One was even in uniform, a commissioner of some sort in the Met. Some were in the papers and I guessed they were senior politicians. I was right to be scared of Ralph Smith and his cronies, right to keep a gun handy. I knew then that I would kill that creep before I went along with what he was up to. I waited a reasonable time, then gave the boy five quid and sneaked out with him and told him to run. How far he got or where he went I don't know. Some days later I saw a story in the Evening News about a boy in care who'd run away being found dead in a ditch and knew it was Simon. I was waiting for the hammer to fall on me for killing him, having crossed Ralph Courtney.

16/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Jack comes in and is button-holed by Ronnie Biggs.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Jack – Jack! Where you bin? We gotta talk, son.

JACK:

What's so urgent - ? I need to do something about Leah. She ain't well.

RONNIE BIGGS:

We're near to the off, Jack. My people want to meet your banker what's gonna handle the money.

JACK:

What people? I ain't sure about that.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Buster Edwards and Bruce Reynolds want to meet. They gotta know their money's gonna be safe.

JACK:

Course it'll be safe. He's got a proper bank. I give 'em my word.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Jack, unless they get to meet your man they'll put the money with someone else.

JACK:

They try, that's all. Tell them they'll get plenty of trouble.

RONNIE BIGGS:

We don't need this ag', Jack. Me and you can sort this out. Talk to your man. See what he says.

JACK:

I know what he'll say, Ronnie. They end up nicked, he's on offer. He's too smart for that.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Talk to him, Jack. I'll talk to Buster and Bruce, make them see sense. Like you say, you're guaranteeing it.

JACK:

I'll talk to him.

RONNIE BIGGS:

What about that girl of yours? You want some dust to quieten her down. I know a man who gets the good stuff.

JACK:

You think it'll help, Ronnie?

RONNIE BIGGS:

Better than anything she gets from the doctor - chill her right down, you see.

JACK:

You're a diamond, Ron. I'll talk to my man tomorrow.

17/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Julian Tyrwhitt paces in an agitated fashion.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Are you off your twist, Jack? Not on your Nellie, as your lot used to say in the army. I'm not meeting those criminals.

JACK:

If you don't, they'll take the money elsewhere.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I'm sure you'll have something to say about that.

JACK:

I will. The thing is, Julian, they could switch the job without telling yours truly.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I thought you were in charge?

JACK:

That might not stop any double-cross.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I run a legitimate tertiary bank here. I'd soon not handle their money than be exposed to the possibility of their giving me to the police if and when they're caught.

JACK:

It's a lot of money you stand to lose, Julian.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

There's no denying I could use a little extra. I have a scheme that might help keep the dun from the door.

JACK:

What's that when it's at home?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Never mind. According to my brother-in-law, *your* brother-in-law is doing rather nicely with all the shares he bought in Marples Ridgway.

JACK:

Who wants to mess around with shares? This is real money.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

So are the dividends Joey's getting. At the rate he's going he'll be able to pay back the money Keith Griffith lent him.

JACK:

Joey always was lucky with money. He's a Jew.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If I get my brother-in-law to recall the loan, I can then loan him the money to pay back Martin's bank and get the shares as security.

JACK:

Why not just buy shares in this firm?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

They've almost doubled in price since Joey got them. If I loan him the money, then foreclose, I can get them at the original book price.

JACK:

It's easier robbing that train, Julian – they're readies you can spend.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

My position doesn't change, Jack.

JACK:

I'll tell the chaps. Good luck with Joey – I'd like to see that lousy kyke go broke for a change.

18/ INT MARTIN'S BANK

Joey Oldman slams his teacup down in his saucer and stands up.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Recalling my loan! You called me in here and sat me down with a cup of tea to tell me that?

MR GRIFFITH:

I'm sorry, Joseph, this is from Head Office. They've had a run on money lately.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd have to sell over half of my houses to pay the bank back – assuming I can. It won't be quick.

MR GRIFFITH:

There are the shares in Marples Ridgway.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's right – now's not the time to sell those. You'll have to give me more time -

MR GRIFFITH:

There is no time. The terms are that the loan can be called in at 24 hours' notice. These uncertain times politically aren't helping with the Prime Minister having sacked half the government.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Very nice, Keith – I've helped you out in the past. Perhaps it's time to return a favour.

MR GRIFFITH:

Our little business arrangements have been on a strict quid pro quo basis.

JOEY OLDMAN:

For the sake of friendship, Keith. Business with a human face.

MR GRIFFITH:

Of course, never spurn the hand of friendship. This is why I called Julian Tyrwhitt on your behalf.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, and he's prepared to take the property or the shares off my hands?

MR GRIFFITH:

His bank is quite liquid at the moment. Looking for investments.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I bet it is. Frankly, Keith, I'd sooner go back to selling spuds and cabbages along the City Road. I've got 24 hours. I'd best get my skates on.

He goes out, slamming the door.

19/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is frying something on the stove. Joey Oldman is pacing.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I smell a big fat rat, Cath. It takes me all the way to Mayfair and bloody Julian bloody Tyrwhitt's bank.

CATH:

Can't you rope him in with that plan for Jack –?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd like to, but I don't see how.

CATH:

Brian said Jack's planning some big robbery with a clown called Ronnie Biggs. He was sure Tyrwhitt is handling the money.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That would only do any good if he had the money there... The police would hesitate about raiding a bank, even a little pisshole like his.

CATH:

What about Mr Goodman, the lawyer, can't he help?

JOEY OLDMAN:
He might. I'll give him a ring.

20/ INT ARNOLD GOODMAN'S OFFICE

The door is rapped and the secretary comes in with a tea tray and sets it down.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Thank you, Janet.

JANET:
Harold Wilson rang, Mr Goodman. He wondered if you could spare him five minutes at the Commons after the Division Bell.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Tell him I'll be there.

Secretary goes out.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
When Hugh Gaitskill gets the chop this is our next Prime Minister and she didn't put him through, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I appreciate it. You can see how up against it I am, Arnold.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Money on such short notice is always expensive. There are several potential lenders. Isaac Wolfson is one, but he'd be no cheaper than Julian Tyrwhitt and more cautious.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Cautious? You see what those shares are worth?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
The logical question every potential lender will ask is why don't you sell some?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You know why.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
We can hardly tell them you're in that inner circle of friends of the Minister of Transport and he's shovelling huge amounts of work at his old firm.

JOEY OLDMAN:
So Tyr-shit is my only option?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Once he's got the physical share certificates, he could foreclose on your loan and sell you out.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Knowing Julian I'm sure he would - sell for the loan value and have a side-bar with a dealer for the added value.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

There are many dishonest people, Joey. Share dealers aren't exempt.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He would need the physical share certificates?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

He certainly couldn't sell you out without them. Then I'm sure he wouldn't make the loan without taking possession of them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I see...

21/ EXT GARDEN

Brian is walking fast with Joey Oldman.

BRIAN:

What's so urgent, dad? Why meet out here? What's wrong with your office?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't want anyone hearing about this. If Jack gets to hear, I'll know the source.

BRIAN:

I don't talk to him about your business. He's still caught up with Ronnie Biggs on some blag they're planning.

JOEY OLDMAN:

In prison you said you shared a cell with a forger.

BRIAN:

Leonard Van Dyke – the best.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then why was he in prison?

BRIAN:

His missus caught him at it with a younger woman. Turned him in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Would he do a job for me? My very survival might depend on it.

22/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Jack is storming through the place, picking up things, slamming them down.

JACK:

The state of this place, Leah. Why don't you snap out of this depression, pull yourself together? How could I bring important business associates to this pigsty?

LEAH:

I never know what to do that's right for you. All you ever need me for is a poke –

JACK:

What else use are you - ?

The doorbell is rung long and hard and the door hammered loudly.

JACK:

Who's that? You didn't let anyone come here did you -?

He wrenches open the door with, "What - ?" to a gang of policemen who barge in.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Jack Braden? I'm Supt Slipper. We have a warrant to search these premises –

JACK BRADEN:

Don't talk daft. There ain't nothing here.

SUPT SLIPPER:

We'll decide that. Start in the sitting room, then the bedrooms. I want you to accompany my men as they search.

JACK:

Can't this wait till the morning – my missus ain't well – you can't go in the bedroom, Leah's not well.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Either that or we arrest you.

JACK:

(Opening the door) Leah, move yourself, they want to look in here –

LEAH:

I didn't let them in, Jack. It wasn't me –

JACK:

Shut up – what you supposed to be looking for - ?

SUPT SLIPPER:

Stolen property –

CONSTABLE:

Sir - ?

SUPT SLIPPER:

What's this? A gun.

JACK:

Shut up – he planted it. He planted it, you must have done -

SUPT SLIPPER:

What's this for, shooting mice? Jack Braden, I'm arresting you for the unlawful possession of a firearm –

JACK:

You can't. It's not mine – it's not.

SUPT SLIPPER:

You're not obliged to say anything –

JACK:

Phone Detective Superintendent Drury. He'll sort this out –

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Hairpin Drury didn't respond to Jack's call for help. No one did. Even his brief couldn't get Jack out on bail as he awaited trial for possession of the gun that I'd got for my protection, that Joey gave to DI George Fenwick and what Cath planted at Jack's flat.

Meanwhile, Joey went to talk to the forger I'd met in Lewis prison and did a bit of business with him. A rush job, but with his same high quality work. What it was Joey didn't say. He only ever talked about his business on a need to know. If regular villains were as closed up as dad the police would never nick any. I was busy running the club and managing Jack's business while he was away and inevitably the old jest with the Krays started up again, but I felt I was more than a match for them with Pongo's help.

23/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

The door opens and Julian Tyrwhitt draws Joey Oldman in.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Joey, do come in, dear fellow. Such bad business with Jack. A gun. So silly.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We've been in a bit of a turmoil. That's what caused the delay in getting the share certificates to you.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I thought they were coming straight over from Martin's bank.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I've got a good relationship with Keith. He trusted me to try to raise the money elsewhere. The first thing Isaac Wolfson said was show him the share certificates.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

He still wouldn't make the loan?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh he would, but not on quite as favourable terms as you, Julian.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I hope I'm not being too generous for old times' sake, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

A quarter point. A quarter is a quarter. That wasn't the issue. Arnold Goodman said Wolfson would sell me out, the first hint of trouble.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

He's a shrewd businessman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I know you wouldn't, Julian. I know you'd give me time to make good any shortfall.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Of course, dear fellow. Friendship matters too. And the share certificates?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Right here. (Opens his briefcase, passes them over.) Take good care of them. They're still going up in value.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

It was a wonderful foresight on your part, Joey, buying into this company. We'll just get the formalities out of the way and I'll get your loan cleared at Martin's Bank.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Julian Tyrwhitt was as good as his word, with the papers signed over to his bank, the money Joey had borrowed from Martin's Bank went over to discharge the debt, leaving it with Tyrwhitt's tertiary bank. Meanwhile, Joey started to sell his stock in Marples Ridgway with a very discreet broker, passing over the genuine share certificates as he did so. At the same time, he quietly bought more shares in the same company for almost the same price. As tight as he was, Joey was prepared to forego the broker's fees in order to pay back Julian Tyrwhitt. He was laughing as he bided his time before defaulting on his debt. That would see Tyrwhitt trying to sell his shares only to find they weren't worth the paper they were forged on!

These were the Swinging Sixties and the Old Guard was losing ground to youth and anarchy. We came back from the brink when Russia removed its nuclear missiles from Cuba after a showdown with President Kennedy. His secret girlfriend Marilyn Monroe killed herself. We hanged Adolf Eichmann along with James Hanratty and then the television show *That Was The Week That Was*, punctured all the sacred cows.

The real fireworks were yet to come between Joey and Tyrwhitt, a long running battle of wills as they both went up in the world, a world I was to get caught up in and suffer as a consequence. But there I go again, getting ahead of myself.

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