

# EP131b STUDIO SCRIPT

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 13(1b) – 1963

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

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Why the world didn't disappear in a mushroom cloud in 1963 no one was quite sure. Nikita Khrushchev of Russia boasted they had a 100 megaton bomb that could wipe out 800 million people, while America poured troops into South Vietnam to halt the communist invasion. Perhaps it was the Beatles that held it all together with their first LP, *Please Please Me*. Arnold Goodman was right about backing Harold Wilson who had been elected leader of the Labour Party, following Hugh Gaitskill's death. Ironically, Joey and Cath joined the Conservative Party at this point, Joey contributing some of his ill-gotten gains. Possibly out of gratitude to Ernest Marples for all the work the Minister of Transport was pushing towards his former company that Joey had invested in. Marples Ridgway was doing very well, and Joey with them. They were set to do even better now the man the Minister of Transport appointed to sort out British Rail, Dr Beeching was closing 1000s of miles of rail tracks in favour of roads. That meant more roads being built which meant even more work for Marples Ridgway.

Jack's trial for possessing a firearm with intent to commit robbery was to go before my good friend Melford Stevenson. The judge knew what our relationship was as he'd been to Jack's club where I'd got him girls. He didn't come near the place now I was running it with Jack being in Brixton prison. Jack didn't help his case by crying foul the whole time saying the police had fitted him up and planted the gun at his flat. That wasn't the sort of statement Melford Stevenson wanted to hear, being a good friend of the police. The real surprise at the end of it was the sentence he handed out.

1/ INT OLD BAILEY

CLERK:

Members of the jury, how do you find the prisoner in the dock, Jack Braden, guilty or not guilty.

FOREMAN:

Guilty.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Is that the verdict of you all?

FOREMAN:

Yes, it is, my Lord.

JACK:

(Shouting) What are you crackers? Old Bill planted that gun –

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

The prisoner will either be silent or removed to the cells—

JACK:

But they did –

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Be silent, Braden! It remains for me to thank the jury. You can return to the jury room, but perhaps you'd prefer to stay to hear the sentence. Stand up, Braden. You have been found guilty by a jury of your peers and there can be no doubt as to your guilt for we heard from a succession of police witnesses as to how they found a gun at your rooms. You can be grateful the early intervention by these policemen that prevented the commission of a far more serious. You are a man who showed promise of greatness in the boxing arena, but you chose to turn away from that to crime. It is my duty to show you that crime doesn't pay. You will go to prison for 18 months. Take him down.

JACK:

I'm innocent, I tell you. Them bastards fitted me up.

Jack is dragged away protesting. The court disperses. Cath gets up from her seat with Brian.

CATH:

Blimey, eighteen months!

BRIAN:

Don't worry, mum with time served and is remission he'll be out in no time.

CATH:

That's what worries me, Brian. His sentence was too lenient. You know that judge. Did you talk to him, ask him to go light on Jack?

BRIAN:

No, course I didn't. What's your problem, mum?

CATH:

Nothing. It's just that he deserves more after what he done to your dad.

BRIAN:

Did, mum.

CATH:

Oh don't you start. I have enough with your dad.

BRIAN:

Where is he? I thought he'd want to be here to hear what Jack got.

CATH:

The only thing he wants with Jack is to spit on his grave. He's having lunch with his solicitor Arnold Goodman – at White's Club. That'll cost a few bob.

BRIAN:

Come on, I'll treat you to lunch – at Joe Lyons!

2/ INT WHITE'S

Joey Oldman is at a table in the subdued dining room with Arnold Goodman, who hands back a menu to the waiter.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I'll have a half bottle of the '59 Pouilly-Fuissé, George. No, make it a bottle.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll have a pot of tea, milk and sugar.

The waiter goes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How much does lunch cost me here, Arnold?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I'll put it on my bar bill, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It ends up on my bill somewhere. I'm not complaining. I've done nicely from some of your advice. Just curious.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Oh, £15 or so with the wine.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's a week's wages for most men in this country.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I wouldn't be surprised, Joey. How many shares do you have in Marples Ridgway?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Some 60,000 in total. Is there something wrong?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Far from it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That includes the shares that the banker Julian Tyrwhitt holds that I replaced.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

My advice is to put all those shares in a nominee account in Jersey. You'll only pay six pence in the pound tax.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I like the sound of that, Arnold. Not so keen on my assets being where I can't see them.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

No different from money in the bank. You can't go and look at it, or the gold that's backing sterling.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What's the advantage apart from the tax saving?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

No one knows who owns the shares. This will be a great advantage when Tyrwhitt tries to sell you out and unload your original shares. If you're not seen to be holding any, he can't smell a rat.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is turning out to be a very cheap lunch. How much will it cost setting up this company to hold the shares?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Registering a company off shore is only a few pounds more than one here. I will set that in train right away. I think you should buy a whole lot more shares.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What do I use for money, Arnold? I don't have a printing press.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

A man of your resource, Joey, it won't be difficult to raise the money.

JOEY OLDMAN:

But why should I? Why now?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

There's a report being written by Richard Beeching proposing savage cuts to the railway network in favour of road transport.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You seen this report?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

It's been made known to Ernest Marples' inner circle of friends. 67,000 jobs are being cut, 2000 stations closed and more than a quarter of the entire network scrapped.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The country will be paralysed.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Not with all the roads that are being proposed.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well let's get cracking on this offshore company.

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### 3/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is clearing away tea plates.

CATH:

How you going to get the money, for all this investment, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It won't be difficult for a man of my resource, Cath. We'll see just how resourceful I am.

CATH:

Perhaps we were too hasty putting Jack away. We could have offered to help dispose of some of the money from that big robbery Brian said he was talking about.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That sort of crime is too near the knuckle. What if our friends in the Tory party got wind of it? Getting inside information about government policy is one thing, actual proceeds from robbery is another.

CATH:

We'll get your skates on or we'll be late for John Bloom's party.

### 4/ INT JOHN BLOOM'S MAYFAIR FLAT

A party is in swing with the Bachelors singing, *Charmaine*.

JOHN BLOOM:

Joey, this is a party. Can't we talk business tomorrow?

JOEY OLDMAN:

John, I need to raise some money and I want to cash in my shares in Rolls Razor – you said you'd buy them off me any time.

JOHN BLOOM:

I'll write you a cheque for them before you leave. Do you know what they're worth? Of course you do.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The shares were trading at 8/6d at close today. That makes my 20,000 worth £8,500.

JOHN BLOOM:

I gotta raise some money myself. I'm seeing Isaac Wolfson in the morning. Your cheque will be all right.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You've got to stop expanding, John. You can't sustain it.

JOHN BLOOM:

No, no, for John Bloom, Joey the sky's the limit.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The way you run things is worrying.

JOHN BLOOM:

As long as we go on making money, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

But the way you spend it, there's not enough in the bank for a rainy day.

JOHN BLOOM:

That's where you're wrong. Sir Isaac Wolfson has agreed to back us with a multimillion pound loan. That lawyer of yours fixed it up.

JOEY OLDMAN:

My parting advice is stop treating income like it's in your own personal account, or Isaac Wolfson won't stay around.

JOHN BLOOM:

Here's someone who might interest you, Joey. Emil Savundra. He's always got an eye for an opportunity.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Hello old chap. I was trying to interest some of your friends in motor insurance to meet the growing demand.

JOHN BLOOM:

Talk to Joey about it. I must get that skinny kid Davy Jones to sing.

He goes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why do you think there'll be such a demand?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

It's the new age of consumerism, old chap. Purchase tax down, tax on cars down. You save over £30 on the price of a mini and £600 on a Rolls Royce. I can insure either for a fraction of the price anyone else charges.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(to waitress) Just tonic water. Thank you.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

No gin in that?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't drink alcohol.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Rise in car use will follow Ernest Marples's huge motorway building programme.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Perhaps we should set up a road building company.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Too late. The Tories have parcelled the work out to their cronies.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Perhaps I should join the Tory party.

EMIL SAVUNDRA: You're John Bloom's financial director I believe.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not any more. I've resigned.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Wise move, old chap. You can't control him. Are you looking for another position? I wouldn't mind getting your thoughts about some bearer bonds I've been offered. They seem too good to be true. Is there somewhere we can talk away from this ghastly music? Perhaps I could give you dinner at my club.

They move away.

## 5/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is at the stove frying something. Brian is at the table with Joey Oldman.

CATH:

I'm surprised at you, Joey Oldman - join the local Tory party?

BRIAN:

Is there one here in Bayswater?

CATH:

We vote Labour.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why, they've never done much for us. The Labour council in Camden opposed our planning application to increase one of the shops to sell groceries to try to compete with these supermarkets.

BRIAN:

You should have bribed them. You can bet the supermarkets do.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's not the way we do business, Brian.

BRIAN:

No, that's why I see George Fenwick each week!

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd say we were natural Tories, Cath. We believe in free enterprise.

CATH:

I don't know what Brian's friend, Tom Driberg would say – he's Labour.

BRIAN:

He doesn't think much of his own lot either, mum. Never did.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What the rest of what this Emil Savundra said about car insurance?

BRIAN:

If he can sell it as cheap as he reckons, it'd be a goldmine. It would cost me almost as much again to insure E-type with the regular insurers.

CATH:

Why don't you talk to Arnold Goodman about it?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Lawyers don't talk for nothing, Cath.

CATH:

But if it's good advice, it's worth it.

6/ INT ARNOLD GOODMAN'S OFFICE

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I had a look at Emil Savundra's business plan, Joey. You realise the man is a crook?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I had twigged to that, Arnold. I just wanted to know if I put money in how I get more than my investment out.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

You got your money back from John Bloom. Quite a feat. Just don't insure your own car with Savundra's Fire, Auto and Marine Insurance Company. Or if you do, don't have an accident.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You think it's that bad?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

His business model is based on selling insurance with not enough provision to pay claims. The type of customer he'll attract won't be the most careful. He has too little of the risk underwritten by the insurers. It will be all about timing getting out.



JOEY OLDMAN:

Everything in successful business is about timing, Arnold. I'd want to get out before the level of claims exceeds income.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I'd have a close look at those negotiable bonds he's using to underwrite the business. I'm not an expert.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You think they're forged?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Caveat emptor – buyer beware. They might be wrong. Especially as he's using them to raise money rather than selling them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I know someone who would know if they're forged.

7/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Joey Oldman is dialling a number on the telephone. It rings thrice and is answered by a groggy Brian with, "Hello."

JOEY OLDMAN:

Brian. Thank God -

BRIAN:

What's up, dad? What time is it?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Half past eleven – in the morning.

BRIAN:

(into phone) Late night at the club. We had the Kray twins in causing trouble.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(into phone) Everything all right?

BRIAN:

Only going to get worse, that's for sure. That wasn't why you called?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm after your forger pal, Van Dyke. I can't get hold of him. I need his opinion urgently.

BRIAN:

I know someone who'll know where he is.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Can you get up and do this today?

The phone clicks off with a buzz.

8/ INT EMIL SAVUNDRA'S WEST END OFFICE

JOEY OLDMAN:

Mr Savundra, you are an out and out crook.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

My dear chap, that's a bit below the belt.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I had your negotiable bonds checked. Forgeries.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Ah, then we have no basis for doing business.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Considers) Not necessarily so. As you're obviously not in business for the long haul, you have to look at ways to make money faster.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Sir, I'm all ears.

JOEY OLDMAN:

First you need to avoid having the risk underwritten by the insurers.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Some of the customers might not be happy about that.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Your sort of customers won't know or care. At present you're underwriting the risk at a hefty premium. Remove that premium and the profit arc rises more steeply.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

It will fall when claims start arriving.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You've allowed 40% of premium income against claims. Cut it to fifteen percent and find ways of delaying claims, and cut the initial premium to 55% below market rates. You'd capture a huge slice of the market.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Mr Oldman, you are a crook after my own heart.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That still leaves the question of capitalization using forged bonds.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Forged. That's a harsh indictment, old chap.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then why aren't you selling them to capitalize your business?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

They belong to my family trust in India. I borrowed them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

If we're to do business, then we have to be frank with one another.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Then I'm afraid the game is up for us. (Laughs)

JOEY OLDMAN:

I know a banker who is greedy enough to capitalize the business probably for half the value of the bonds face value.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

You want me to tell him about my family trust?

JOEY OLDMAN:

He won't put up money if you tell him they're forgeries. At 50% of their value he'll look to find a reason to close you out and sell the bonds at a premium.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

How do you know such a scoundrel?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll set up a meeting and we'll see if we can't get Fire, Auto and Marine up and running and making us money.

9/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

A champagne cork pops, the drink fizzes into glasses, Julian Tyrwhitt hands them over.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I know you don't, Joseph – but a glass of bubbly to chink anyway.

JOEY OLDMAN:

One of us has to keep a clear head.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

What will we toast? – I can't express my gratitude enough, Mr Tyrwhitt.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Julian, please. I'm a little concerned. Sixty thousand pounds isn't enough capital to start up. The bank could always advance more on other bonds from your family trust.

JOEY OLDMAN:

At your rates, Julian, we'll manage with the sixty.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Joseph is always watching the pennies. Here's to the enormous success of the company. (They chink their glasses.) May it never have a claim against it.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

May all the claims be only small ones.

JOEY OLDMAN:

And be a long time getting settled.

They all laugh at that. Joey Oldman takes Julian Tyrwhitt aside.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Julian, Cath wanted to get involved in local politics.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

It'll take up a lot of her time, and not offer much satisfaction.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We're thinking of joining the local Tory party.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Oh, that's different, Joey. I'll introduce you to Margaret Courtney. She runs things in Bayswater.

10/ INT MEETING ROOM

There's a low hub-bub of party workers. The local party chairman is heard.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

That concludes our business for the evening, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you all for coming and being so supportive. It only remains for me to introduce two of our latest members. Joseph and Catherine Oldman. I know you'll make friends with them and give them a real Tory welcome. Thank you.

The hub-bub increases now around Joey and Cath.

WOMAN:

So pleased to meet you both. Are you related to Charles Oldman, chancellor of Wadham?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Eh, I don't think so.

WOMAN:

He's such a good friend. You have the build of a cox. Did you cox for your college, Joseph?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Most people call me Joey -

WOMAN:

Oh, Joey it is -

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Good show, Florence, making them feel part of the family. If you'd excuse us, dear, I want to introduce Joseph to the chairman of the finance committee. (They start away.) He's such a dear, but getting a little hard of hearing. I'm sure you and Catherine could help him with some fund raising ideas.

JOEY OLDMAN:

If we can't, I'm sure we can help find someone who can.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You're just being modest. Mrs Marples tells me you're a good friend of Arnold Goodman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Is that the wife of the Minister of Transport? I'm surprised she knows I exist.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Ruth knows everything about her husband's business.

CATH:

Joey does a lot of business with Mr Goodman.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

And what are your interests, Catherine? Are you on any local school committees? We'll soon drag you on if you're not.

CATH:

I've been too busy running Joey – Joseph's greengrocery business. Eleven shops.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Excellent, a woman at the helm.

CATH:

I don't make any decisions without discussing it with Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're being too modest, Cath – you run those shops like Swiss clockwork.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Well, I'll definitely try to co-opt you into one of our steering committees. Perhaps the board at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The chairman would be thrilled to have a dynamic woman join them.

CATH:

I'm not sure if I'd be qualified.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Of course you are, Cath – it's not surgery Margaret's asking you to perform.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

(Laughs) Oh Joseph, you're so witty, as well as clever financially. I'm sure we're going to be the best of chums.

11/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S CAR

Joey Oldman is driving. Cath next to him.

CATH:

(Mocking) Oh Joseph, you're so witty, and so pretty and losing your hair!

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh give over, Cath for Christsake. She was being friendly.

CATH:

To you! She wasn't like that to me. I saw the way she was looking at you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't be daft, according to Arnold Goodman she's well connected.

CATH:

Those people make me feel uncomfortable – we're not from that class.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Money's going to determine class in future. Money don't care who owns it.

CATH:

Doesn't, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's right, it doesn't. We're getting things right, Cath – Catherine – getting to sound more proper. Margaret Courtney could be an asset to us with her connections – like Ernest Marples and his wife.

CATH:

I don't like her, Joey. She makes me feel like I walked in with dog muck on my shoe.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I tell you what, I bet none of them ladies could manage those greengrocer shops. Much less as well as you do.

CATH:

(Grudgingly) Maybe.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let's pick up some fish and chips and have them in front of the telly.

CATH:

My word, Joseph Oldman – on your way to being a millionaire – stopping for fish and chips. What would your new hoity-toity friends think of that?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Please, miss. Please.

CATH:

Oh Joseph, you're so witty -

They both laugh.

12/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

*Bonanza* is playing on the television. Joey Oldman and Cath are finishing their chips out of the paper wrapping.

CATH:

Oh, if your admirer Margaret Courtney could see you now. Eating chips out of newspaper in front of the telly, would she think you so witty?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm sure she'd say, I'd like some of that.

CATH:

You wouldn't ever go after a woman like that, Joey -

JOEY OLDMAN:

What? What you talking about? When have I ever looked at another woman?

CATH:

Well, you've never met women like her before.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't be daft, Cath.

CATH:

I couldn't stand if it you did, Joey -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Cathy, it's you I married -

CATH:

Only because you had to on account of being pregnant with Brian -

JOEY OLDMAN:

No, I married you because I wanted to, I loved you. Still do.

CATH:

Oh Joey, do you really mean that - ?

JOEY OLDMAN:  
Course I do. Come here -

Joey Oldman pulls Cath to himself and kisses her, then harder, *Bonanza* forgotten as his hands explore her body until Cath pulls back with a sharp intake of breath.

JOEY OLDMAN:  
What's the matter, Cath? What's wrong?

CATH:  
Pain in my left breast when you squeezed it.

JOEY OLDMAN:  
What sort of pain -

CATH:  
(Sharply) I don't know, pain. I found a lump there. I don't expect it's serious.

JOEY OLDMAN:  
You get yourself to the doctors first thing in the morning.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):  
Joey was worried about mum, but not worried enough to take time off to get her to the doctor's surgery. Mum was scared of what it might be so didn't go, she thought what she didn't know couldn't hurt her. A silly mistake, but one she'd learn to live with. Joey was quite taken with the local Tory party lady, and well he might be, for she was later to introduce him to a very important lady in the Conservative Party, one who was going to change our lives.

Jack did his time sewing mailbags in Wandsworth Prison, and telling me how to run things when I visited him. Telling me to stay away from Leah. He must have thought I still fancied her. What I didn't tell him was that Leah had scarpered. Where to I had no idea and wasn't going to try and find out. Who did come around to the club without Jack there was Ronnie Kray. He said he'd heard we were more interested in blagging money from wages vans than running clubs nowadays. That he and his brother Reggie would take the place over for us. I threatened him with a flick knife. Then I got a visit from Superintendent Ken Drury.

### 13/ INT JACK'S CLUB

It's buzzing with business and chatter when Drury walks up to the bar.

SUPT DRURY:  
I have to hand it to you, Brian, you've made a few improvements here with your crazy uncle away. It looks respectable enough to bring the wife here.

BRIAN:  
She'd be most welcome, Mr Drury.

SUPT DRURY:  
I should say so, duck. With you pulling flick knives on customers. Are you mad?



BRIAN:

Ronnie Kray's not a customer, he's an extortionist. He wants our little club.

SUPT DRURY:

You could do worse.

BRIAN:

I don't think so.

SUPT DRURY:

Mugging Ronnie off has made him like a man with a wasp up his bum.

BRIAN:

Well, that fat poof knows where I live.

SUPT DRURY:

That's the problem, duck. Things were nice and sweet. Trouble means lost income for everyone. Look how bad it was in the old days. We will not tolerate one penny drop in our income. Understand?

BRIAN:

I get the message, Mr Drury, loud and clear. Just tell that fat poof to stay out of my way. Just to show good faith, if you reach over the bar there's an envelope with a monkey in it.

SUPT DRURY:

Now you're talking my language, Brian. Why don't you walk it out to my car after I leave? Okay, duck? I'll be outside.

He turns and goes. Pongo approaches Brian at the bar.

PONGO:

What's that about, Bri? Some sort of trouble?

BRIAN:

I can handle it, Pongo. Drury fears entrapment. That's good. I'll pop this outside for him, then I'm going to nut into John Bloom's party with Joey. Can you hold the fort?

PONGO:

That's what I bin doing, Bri.

BRIAN:

Good.

He goes out and into the street where he's met with the roar of traffic. He walks over to Supt Drury's car.

BRIAN:

You left this behind.

SUPT DRURY:  
What's that?

BRIAN:  
What's going on?

SUPT DRURY:  
Okay, take him -

Several police detectives grab Brian who protests through his surprised, "What?"

SUPT DRURY:  
You're under arrest for trying to bribe a police officer -

BRIAN:  
There's a turn up for the book, talk about the pot calling the kettle black!

SUPT DRURY:  
Put the little iron in the car – just watch him, he's a slippery turd.

Doors slam with Brian pushed into the car.

14/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S BEDROOM

The telephone is ringing. Cath disturbs and so does Joey Oldman.

CATH:  
Joey, the telephone's ringing. It's 10 o'clock at night!

JOEY OLDMAN:  
Well, one of us had better answer it -

CATH:  
Something's happened to Brian, I know it -

JOEY OLDMAN:  
You know no such thing, Cath. (He gets out of bed and answers the phone.) This is Bayswater 5755... Oh George... I see... Money, you think will do it..? I don't know if I can get that amount. I'll come right away. Thanks, George. (He puts the phone down.)

CATH:  
Joey, what's happened?

JOEY OLDMAN:  
George Fenwick. Brian's been arrested – for trying to bribe a policeman -

CATH:  
Hah, he wouldn't have to try very hard!

JOEY OLDMAN:

Bloody Ken Drury. George said he thought a £1000 would get him out.

CATH:

A thousand? What does Drury want to do, retire?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I can't put my hands on that tonight.

CATH:

Try a cheque – then stop it!

JOEY OLDMAN:

That would be handy. Best meet with Drury.

15/ INT POLICE CAR

SUPT DRURY:

Now you're trying to bribe a policeman, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I wouldn't try that, Mr Drury. This is business between two gentlemen.

SUPT DRURY:

If that son of yours thought the same way, life would be sweeter.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Make allowances for his youth and hot-headedness. I would suggest £500 to make things sweeter.

SUPT DRURY:

Going in that direction. Another 5 would be even sweeter.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm sure. This five and the five you had out of the club.

SUPT DRURY:

Oh no, that money is now police property.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I wish I had you negotiating some of my deals, Mr Drury. A grand it is. I can't put my mitts on that sort of gelt tonight. You'll trust me till tomorrow.

SUPT DRURY:

Of course, we're gentlemen, aren't we?

16/ EXT STREET

Brian is walking with Joey Oldman.

BRIAN:

I thought I was going down, the way he came on.

JOEY OLDMAN:

A costly business, Brian. I can't afford too many of these.

BRIAN:

I'll pay you back. I'll give you my E-type money.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You could pay me back by getting out of the club business and working for me full-time. What brought on with Drury?

BRIAN:

The ugly sisters. The Krays were pushing their luck with Jack away.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't see the attraction of those clubs. It's not like they're a saleable asset.

BRIAN:

That's because you're not involved, dad. Look at the sort of people who come through the door wanting what we supply. Judges, politicians, high ranking civil servants, they must see something in it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That sort of excitement is like drinking. After a while the effects wear off, then you need another drink. Before you know it you're an alcoholic.

BRIAN:

I thought you were keen for me to make something of myself. I'm doing all right. A nice flat, 15 suits, a bit of money in the bank. Mixing with the right people.

JOEY OLDMAN:

People who will dump you when the going gets rough. Would any of them have gone along to the police station and bribed that corrupt policeman?

BRIAN:

Of course they'd have helped. They're my friends.

JOEY OLDMAN:

All this foolishness will do is land you in the same place as Jack – if the Krays don't kill you, while Jack's not here to protect you.

BRIAN:

That's funny, dad. So funny you should be on Sunday Night at the London Palladium. I might top them first – no one'd miss them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes. But is it worth going to prison for?

BRIAN:

I'm not ever going back to prison. Never.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

That statement was very ironical in view of what happened. Thirty years behind the door and for a crime I didn't commit, and Joey Oldman responsible for me getting banged up. But here I go again, getting ahead of myself.

The Krays ducked into the club a few times and vaguely threaten us into quitting. Ronnie and me traded threats and insults, him saying who he was going to send after me. He never did. Maybe he thought it wasn't going to do any good with our bribing his favourite bent copper. Or maybe he saw what influential people popped into the club now Jack wasn't there. One of those influential people got up in the House of Commons and made a statement assuring Harold Macmillan and his fellow MPs that there was no impropriety whatsoever between him and Christine Keller. Jack Profumo said he had only met her once through a mutual friend. He threatened to issue writs for slander if these scandalous allegations were repeated. He wasn't helped by the fact that Christine had gone missing on account of being called as a witness in a trial at the Old Bailey. There the matter should have ended, but it wasn't about to.

With time served and time off for good behaviour, Jack was out in time to miss out on what was Ronnie Biggs's great train robbery. Biggsy and the others he knew to be involved had disappeared completely. No one knew where. Jack was not pleased. The other bit of bad news for him was Leah Cohen disappearing. She was good at that as I remember.

17/ INT JACK'S CLUB

JACK:

Why d'you let her go, Brian? Why didn't you stop her?

BRIAN:

You didn't want me to go anywhere near her.

JACK:

You must have some idea where she is.

BRIAN:

If I knew, I'd tell you. Course I would.

JACK: I'll kill her. I'll kill snaky Ronnie Biggs if that train gets done without me. I'll want my whack whoever does it. You must have heard something.

BRIAN:

What can you do about it, Jack? Nothing. He dropped you out.

JACK:

You see, I'll find them rats and get my share. See if I don't.

BRIAN:

Yeah, well good luck. Get enough for my E-type while you're at it.

JACK:

First things first. I wanna find Leah. I wann a bunk up.

BRIAN:

Enough girls here in the club to oblige.

JACK:

What you been doing while I've been away? Pongo said you been having a whole gang of queers here -

BRIAN:

Piss off – the only queer's been in is Ronnie Kray.

JACK:

What d'he want?

BRIAN:

What do you think? He sees what a cushty number we've got. Him and Reg wanted to take over the place. Me and Pongo set them straight.

JACK:

Well, when I've found Leah, me and Pongo and you will pay them Kray twins a visit and show them they can't take liberties.

BRIAN:

No need for that, Jack. We set them straight.

JACK:

I'll say who's set straight. I'm gonna see Leah's old man, Sammy Cohen – find where she is. The liberty taker.

He goes out.

PONGO:

I didn't tell him that, Bri – about queers being here.

BRIAN:

He needs to calm down, get back on his feet. See what's doing in the club.

18/ INT SAMMY COHEN'S SHOP

SAMMY COHEN:

I should know what my Leah is doing? I don't see her one month to the next thanks to Jack Braden.

JACK:

You must know where she is, Sammy.

SAMMY COHEN:

I have the telephone installed at great expense – you'd think I was buying the GPO – does she ring me? You do not let her ring her father.

JACK:

I love her. I want her back.

SAMMY COHEN:

You should die for the way you treated my little girl.

JACK:

Don't give that you old kyke – tell me where she is.

SAMMY COHEN:

Yes, rough me up like the nazis – that's how you treated her. I pray to God if God still hears me, that my Leah never in her life sees you again.

JACK:

Go to hell. I'll find her. I will.

He slams out of the shop.

19/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Freddie and the Dreamers are on the turntable singing *If You Gotta Make a Fool of Somebody*, when Pongo approaches Brian.

PONGO:

Bri! Them posh friends of yours just come in with Christine Keeler, that judge and the Profumo bloke. I know you like to deal with the important ones.

BRIAN:

Everyone who spends money in here is important, Pongo.

He goes out into the noisy club to join them.

BRIAN:

Aubrey, Tom, Jack – three of my favourite punters with my favourite girlfriend. How are you, Christine?

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Has Mandy been in, Brian? She was supposed to meet us.

BRIAN:

I haven't seen her. It's early.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Aubrey wants her to go to a party with us at Lord Astor's place.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

She said she was coming.

BRIAN:

I can ask our Jack -

JACK PROFUMO:

I don't feel inclined to wait for her, Aubrey. I can't stay long at Cliveden, I've an early plane to catch tomorrow.

TOM DRIBERG MP:

Let's go on and leave her a note.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Bugger that for a lark, Tom. I'm not going to the party without a girl. I might get sozzled and fetch up with a boy.

BRIAN:

What about little Shirley over there, Judge?

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Rather! Is she free?

BRIAN:

For you, Judge, I'll make sure of it.

TOM DRIBERG:

Why don't you and Jack come with us, Brian?

BRIAN:

I'll ask him. He could do with cheering up.

JACK PROFUMO:

I don't mind who goes, as long as we get going.

TOM DRIBERG MP:

Okay, old fruit. Keep your shirt on!

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Just what he won't do, will you, Jack?

JACK PROFUMO:

Naughty.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Will we get into your official car, Jack? I don't mind if that little poppet sits on my lap.

JACK PROFUMO:

Yes. But can we go?

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Jack wasn't interested in leaving the club for a party, no matter how important the



company, until I whispered what Tom Driberg had told me, that the Kray twins would be there. That was like a red rag to a bull. How the ugly sisters were doing was all Jack seemed to hear about inside. They were getting real celebrity status, entertaining George Raft and Judy Garland at their cheap club.

The journey out to Buckinghamshire with everyone crammed into Jack Profumo's official car took about an hour. Christine was on Profumo's lap, Shirley on the judge's and guessing from the sounds they were making I doubted they needed to get to the party for what they had in mind. Cliveden, Lord Astor's pile was impressive. Four stories high and miles wide, but too chocolate box for my taste. It had more bedrooms than a hotel and even with the hundred or so guests partying in one of the drawing rooms, the place seemed empty still. No sooner did we get there than Jack Profumo disappeared upstairs with Christine Keeler. The judge did the same. Tom Driberg and I slipped away from Jack and looked around to see who was available. Tom took me across to meet a large, plummy politician called Bob Boothby, who propositioned me. If I'd have known at the time that he was shagging Dorothy Macmillan, the Prime Minister's wife, I might have taken him up and used the contact to help Joey make further inroads into Tory party politics. Instead I spotted a pretty young man and said I'd give him a pull and pass him over. Bob Boothby's eyes widened in anticipation. The boy must have needed glasses.

YOUNG MAN:

Oh hello. Are you Ronnie Kray? I was brought here to meet you.

BRIAN:

No, not me. I'll take you to meet him. Come on. There he is by the fireplace.

They start across the room and join Bob Boothby.

BRIAN:

This is the man himself. He's here especially to meet you.

BOB BOOTHBY:

How utterly charmed I am to meet you, young sir.

YOUNG MAN:

Oh, you do speak ever so nice, Ronnie.

BOB BOOTHBY:

Ronnie?

BRIAN:

A pet name, Bob – he's here to meet you, Ronnie Kray.

YOUNG MAN:

My mum said you was a bit rough.

BOB BOOTHBY:

Did she? I can be very rough. And incredibly kind. I think I'll be the latter to such a good-looking boy as you.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Bob Boothby had immense charm and the young man almost floated on a cloud of air towards the stairs with him. I'd been at the party for about forty minutes when I met up with a sullen looking Jack. He wasn't enjoying the party and it wasn't going to get any better for him when a trail of guests was gravitating towards the billiards room. Stephen Ward was standing near the door.

STEPHEN WARD:

How are you, Jack – recovered from your prolonged illness?

JACK:

My Leah buggered off while I was away.

STEPHEN WARD:

C'est la vie.

JACK:

What's that meant to mean, Stephen?

STEPHEN WARD:

Did I see sweet Bianca slip upstairs with Jack Profumo?

JACK:

What's it gotta do with Leah?

STEPHEN WARD:

I wouldn't go in if I were you, Brian. The twins are in there dispensing medicine.

JACK:

The Krays? We'll see about that.

He pushes open the double doors and pushes through the party goes.

BRIAN:

(Restraining) Jack -

JACK:

Oh what we got here, Tweedledum and Tweedledee sitting in those leather chairs like they was on the throne. And who's that mug with them? George Cornell, doling out drugs like he's Boots the Chemist on Piccadilly.

RONNIE KRAY:

Oh Jack. I heard you was out and working on your tan.

JACK:

What's he doing here? This is a party for decent people, not slag heaps.

RONNIE KRAY:

How come a whoreson like you got let in then, Jack?

JACK:

That's it – Oh George -

He hits him with a billiard cue splitting his lip and breaking his teeth. People scream.

JACK:

Why don't you keep your goons under lock and key? Spoiling a good party -

RONNIE KRAY:

I'm gonna spoil your manhood -

PARTY GOER:

He's got a knife - !

BRIAN:

Steady on, Ron.

A flick knife clicks. Brian stabs Ronnie Kray in the buttocks causing him to squeal.

BRIAN:

Now you know how a pig feels, you fat bumboy.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Ronnie Kray was screaming like he was murdered instead of getting it in the left buttock with my flick knife. I felt a huge surge of excitement doing that and was about to stab him again when Jack grabbed my arm and whispered it was time to collect the judge and go. I slid the knife away, doubting if anyone but Jack and Ronnie knew what had happened. People edged towards the stricken Kray twin for a proper look, the hapless George Cornell with his broken mouth was forgotten. The judge was well finished with Shirley and coming down the stairs. Jack Profumo wasn't about to abandon ship. He was only just getting started with Christine Keeler. We took his car and driver and headed back to town. That was the last I saw of the Minister of War. And the last I saw of Stephen Ward. He went on trial at the Old Bailey for living off immoral earnings and during the trial took his own life, but not before he wrote to the Prime Minister and Harold Wilson, leader of the opposition, saying Jack Profumo's statement to the House of Commons was false. Profumo resigned and left parliament altogether and Macmillan lost a vote of confidence and resigned, letting Lord Hume take over.

None of this mattered to Jack, who was stressing over losing Leah. It was like she'd vanished off the face of the earth. Maybe she had because Jack couldn't get a line on her anywhere. But that all went for nothing when in early August he woke up to the news of what was to be referred to as the Great Train Robbery. Jack was up and banging on my flat door before I was awake and brushed my teeth.

20/ INT BRIAN'S FLAT

Banging on the door. Door opened by Brian.

BRIAN:

Jack! What's happened – World War 3?

JACK:

Not half! They done it. Them snaky bastards done that train without me. I'll kill that Ronnie Biggs stone dead. S'on the news. They reckon them mail-sacks held more than a million.

BRIAN:  
What a result!

JACK:  
I've been going mental, Brian.

BRIAN:  
What d'you expect me to do, Jack? Get your share?

JACK:  
That's what we gotta do all right. Find them slags and get my whack.

BRIAN:  
Well, I did hear Bobby Brown was in thick with Biggsy before he disappeared.

JACK:  
Well where's Bobby now?

BRIAN:  
I haven't seen him since just before you got out.

ACK:  
Biggsy knew I was getting out so they disappeared, cutting me out. It ain't gonna happen. Find Bobby Brown. Find him and we find Biggsy and get our share. Don't piss around making coffee, Brian. Get going.

He slams out of the flat.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):  
As the day wore on and I got nowhere to finding Bobby Brown. His wife said she hadn't seen him in weeks. I believed he, but Jack didn't believe me. He wanted me to torture the truth out of her. He was getting more and more crazed with each piece of news that came out. By the time the late edition of the Evening Standard was on the street, the cops had found some of the blaggers hiding in the cellar of a farmhouse near to where the train had been stopped. If that wasn't bad enough, the reported sum in those mail sacks was now £3 million. I got a telephone message left for me at the club from Tom Driberg. He wouldn't come to the club after the political scandal with Jack Profumo and Stephen Ward and the security risk they had posed. We met in Hyde Park.

21/ EXT HYDE PARK

TOM DRIBERG MP:  
There are going to be serious repercussions from this robbery, Brian. A theft of this size has changed the whole socio-dynamic of crime.

BRIAN:  
What's that meant to mean?

TOM DRIBERG MP:

Senior members of the government have come back off holiday to discuss it. So have the Opposition. They're demanding results.

BRIAN:

Great! We get the blame, Tom but not the dough.

TOM DRIBERG MP:

I won't be able to help you anymore, Brian.

BRIAN:

We weren't involved on this, Tom, we weren't.

TOM DRIBERG MP:

I'm pleased to hear it. Just be careful, that's all I can say. Goodbye, dear boy.

He goes.

22/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian comes in to the empty club.

BRIAN:

What's going on? Why aren't we open?

PONGO:

Jack's got other plans tonight.

JACK:

(Coming in) That's right. Frank Cockain, the bookmaker I worked for came to see me. He got approached by a villain to help him move some money.

BRIAN:

How much?

JACK:

Too much. The villain said they had more money than any of them expected.

BRIAN:

From the train? Who's the villain? Not Bobby Brown?

JACK:

None other. The bookmaker set up a meeting in the Ladbroke Arms in Notting Hill. You come too.

BRIAN:

What you got under that cloth, Pongo?

PONGO:

A rat in a box.

BRIAN:  
What for?

JACK:  
You'll see. Come on.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):  
When Bobby Brown came through the door of the pub and spotted Jack he flew right out again. We were straight after him. He darted across Ladbroke Grove in a panic and almost got hit by a 52 bus. We captured him and dragged him into a house Joey owned on the corner of Blenheim Crescent. I had the keys as I was chasing a non-payer. We took Bobby to an empty room there that smelt of burnt chicken fat. Then I learned what the rat was for.

JACK:  
Where's the money, Bobby?

BOBBY BROWN:  
What money's that, Jack?

JACK:  
What you want the bookmaker, Frank Cockain to get rid of.

BOBBY BROWN:  
I'm brassic, straight. I was gonna rob the bookie – they're always loaded. Straight up, Bri. You know me. Never could keep hold of money.

BRIAN:  
That's why we want to help you, Bobby. So you keep some of it.

BOBBY BROWN:  
I don't have nothing.

JACK:  
Okay, Bobby, don't piss around. You always was a no-good liberty taker. You took a right liberty going off with Biggsy and cutting us out.

BOBBY BROWN:  
I didn't. I didn't do that.

JACK:  
Do you know what we got in the box? S'rat. Give me that leather glove, Pongo. (He pulls on the glove.) Open the box. (Reaches in. The rat squeaks.) I'm gonna put it down your shirt unless you tell us.

BRIAN:  
No, Jack you can't – I hate rats.

BOBBY BROWN:

No, Jack. I ain't got no money.

JACK:

Hold him, Pongo -

PONGO:

Tell him, Bobby -

BOBBY BROWN:

(Screams.) No, Jack. Please -

BRIAN:

(Screams) Tell him, Bobby. Tell him!

Bobby Brown screams and hollers and throws himself on the floor, thrashing around trying to stop the rat biting him.

JACK:

Hold him, Pongo. Get hold of him.

PONGO:

You hold him - !

The door flies open and a West Indian woman looks in.

WOMAN:

What you do - ?

JACK:

He's having a fit -

WOMAN:

Ah, a rat!

She slams the door.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Bobby Brown told where the money was. 55 grand was his share. It was the dream Bobby always had of striking it rich. But like most villains he ended up with nothing. The irony was, if he'd left the dough where it was and kept quiet and spent just a little at a time he could probably have lived comfortably for the rest of his life. But like most villains he had to talk to someone, who told someone else, which had consequences. He told of one other blagger he knew with a share, David Crutwell out of Canning Town. Only when we got there the Richardson brothers were just ahead of us and had taken the blagger away. We found them at their breakers yard in Waterloo with Crutwell in an old chair in their caravan office. Charlie was pulling the man's teeth out with a pair of pliers, ignoring his screams that were barely heard above the rattle of nearby trains and a screaming grinder. Charlie Richardson was as cool as could be when we walked in.

## 23/ INT RICHARDSON'S CARAVAN

Jack, Brian and Pongo step into the crowded space.

JACK:

Any chance I could get my aching tooth pulled out, Charlie?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Hello, Jack. How are you, son? Brian.

JACK:

You got our man there.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

He don't know nothing or he would've talked. Take him to one of your bent doctors, Brian.

BRIAN:

Looks like someone ought to. You sure he didn't tell you where his whack is?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Either he got nothing or he's got an exceptional pain threshold.

PONGO:

What's that?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Didn't they teach you nothing in the army? Get him out of here.

JACK:

Come on, David, let's give you a hand.

They start out of the van and across to the car, David Crutwell stumbling.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

(In pain) I did tell them Jack – where my whack is.

JACK:

Then why were they still pulling your teeth out - ?

BRIAN:

Because they enjoy it – come on.

They run back to the van.

BRIAN:

Here's some petrol – we'll burn them out.



JACK:

Put that bar across the door, Pongo, jam it.

Pongo does as Brian splashes petrol over the van.

JACK:

Charlie! You got five seconds to tell us where the money is or we'll burn you out.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

(Trying the door. Opening a window) What? What's that smell? Petrol!

JACK:

You ain't nicking our money.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Well it's ours. You come and talked to us first.

JACK:

You wiped your mouth.

BRIAN:

Give me your lighter, Pongo. That's five.

He lights the lighter and throws it. There is a great whoomp of petrol igniting.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The Richardsons threw themselves at the door breaking the bar, but come out with their clothes on fire. The deal for the money they knew about was easily done. Jack didn't get any more shares, but that didn't stop him looking for any of the others. The police were more successful at finding them than Jack was. Within a month Ronnie Biggs had been arrested and fifteen others with shares. With each one Jack got angrier and angrier. He even stopped stressing about Leah. The problem with the villains on the Great Train Robbery was that their shares were too big. They couldn't cope with having so much money. No one really knew how much was involved or how many villains were still at large with it. Joey was to learn more when he got an approach from someone well placed in the robbery, but I'm getting ahead of myself again.

The biggest story of 1963, one that made the Great Train Robbery all but disappear was the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas. For a time the whole world stood still and hope for the future seemed to freeze. It would take a long while before we'd breathe easily again.

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