

STUDIO SCRIPT Ep14/1b

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 14 – 1964

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

BRIAN OLDMAN:

There was so much going on in 1964 it's hard to know what to bring to mind. The comedy on BBC television called *Steptoe and Son* was pulling 26,000,000 viewers, that's half the country watching it. I remember Wilfred Bramble, one of the stars. He came into the greengrocers where I worked in City Road and I met him later on the bomb site across the road. I can't say I would have bothered with him now. Mary Quant and Vidal Sassoon were fashion icons and the Rolling Stones were shocking audiences by dressing in a dishevelled way, while Mods and Rockers were battling for supremacy. I was definitely a Mod, I liked sharp suits. I had about 20 or more.

As kids battled on the streets at home, nations did around the world. Since World War 2 ended there hadn't been a year without a war or two somewhere. Both Cyprus and Uganda suffered strife, while the war in Vietnam was set to get worse under President Johnson.

My dad, Joey Oldman, was prospering, but unhappy that Jack was back on his feet and doing well. He had yet to pay back the banker Julian Tyrwhitt for double-crossing him, but Joey had instruments in place for that and would wait for his moment, always taking the long view. This paid dividends. A really big dividend was about to fall into his lap as a result of his close and cautious approach to business. Joey was no villain, bragging about what he'd had off. No one would ever grass him, that's why Detective Inspector George Fenwick trusted him and brought him the offering he did.

1/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

DI FENWICK:

You've been splashing out, Joey. New office furniture.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You get to a point where appearances *do* matter, George. I have more and more people coming here these days. I even had to take on a new girl for typing.

DI FENWICK:

I hear you're doing well in the Tory party too.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm beginning to wonder if I haven't backed the wrong horse. Arnold Goodman, my solicitor, keeps saying the leader of the Labour party is going to be the next Prime Minister.

DI FENWICK:

Couldn't do worse than Sir Alec Douglas Hume!

JOEY OLDMAN:

I thought policemen were supposed to be above politics, George.

DI FENWICK:
I don't know how.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What's this information you think I'll be interested in?

DI FENWICK:
A certain person approached me about moving a lot of money. I told him I knew someone I thought could help. Not who.

JOEY OLDMAN:
How much we talking about, George?

DI FENWICK:
A lot. Over half a million.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Obviously this person can't deposit it in a bank.

DI FENWICK:
Not if he wants to keep his liberty.

JOEY OLDMAN:
That sort of money can only be from one source.

DI FENWICK:
This man was one of the principals involved. He got the lion's share.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Would he know I'm involved?

DI FENWICK:
This is a man who would need to negotiate with you face to face.

JOEY OLDMAN:
How urgent is this, George?

DI FENWICK:
Our boys are closing the net. This man'll probably be last to fall. I'm not about to give him up.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I would sooner deal through.

DI FENWICK:
He won't wear that. He's a businessman, like you, Joey. He needs to know who he's dealing with.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Half a million's a lot of money to dispose of safely, George, even in old used notes.

DI FENWICK:

It's not me you need to convince. He expects you to negotiate hard. The thing is, he wants someone reliable so he knows if he does go away, some of his share will be there when he gets out.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I appreciate your faith in me, George.

DI FENWICK:

That's for him to decide. It's why he has to meet you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me think about it, talk to Cath. After all, I could end up the same place as your contact.

DI FENWICK:

God forbid!

2/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

Steptoe and Son theme tune and clapping is heard at the end of the television show.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Can I get your attention now, Cath?

CATH:

I have been thinking about it, Joey. But could Brian and me run all your businesses if you was to go away?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Were, Cath – were to go away.

CATH:

I always forget when I'm stressed.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You'd cope very well. It might even settle Brian down, that sort of responsibility. Get him away from Jack's influence.

CATH:

How much would you expect to get?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd ask for 40%.

CATH:

We could do an awful lot with two hundred thousand, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's all I've been thinking about since George Fenwick came to me.

CATH:
Don't say anything to Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:
He doesn't need to know. No one does, apart from Fenwick and the Mystery Man who approached him.

CATH:
You've made up your mind, Joey, by the sound of it.

3/ INT JOE LYON'S CRANBOURNE STREET

There is a clatter of cutlery on china. Joey Oldman comes to a table and sits down with his cup of tea, joining DI Fenwick and Bruce Reynolds.

DI FENWICK:
Oh welcome, Joey. I was just pointing out to Bruce here, that's Peggy Ashcroft over at that table there with the young actor in the red scarf. Probably giving him one. She likes them young. This is Bruce Reynolds, Joey. The man I told you about, Joey Oldman.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:
It's an interesting café, George. I'd say if she likes them that young, Joey, that lets us both off the hook.

JOEY OLDMAN:
There's no fool quite like an old fool.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:
That's not you, from what George tells me.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What's he told you?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:
Very little. He knows very little, apart from you're well closed up. A reliable man of substance. You sound like someone I want to do business with.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I know nothing about you, Bruce. That's the way to keep it.

DI FENWICK:
Good. I've got to get back to work.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:
Good luck, George.

DI Fenwick scrapes his chair back and goes. They wait, watching him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You've got some money that needs putting somewhere safe.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

I've got it somewhere safe, Joey. I want it to go into a washing machine where I can see it coming out after a while with a clean history.

JOE OLDMAN:

That's the expensive bit.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

I know there's a price tag - depends how big.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Do I assume none of this money is traceable, other than by the amount?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

All old notes. Nothing running in sequence.

JOEY OLDMAN:

And a very large amount.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

More than most people dream of, £620,000

JOEY OLDMAN:

For some people it's a nightmare.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

You didn't even blink.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I like money. The more the better.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

I'm liking the sound of you, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The more of it there is to wash, the more it costs percentage wise.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

Have you got a figure in mind?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I have. It'll cost you forty percent. Not a penny more.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

That's a lot of money. 25% is fair.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Very fair – if you can find someone you can trust to handle it for that amount, Mr Reynolds.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

You deal in shares, George tells me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What else did he tell you?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

You've had some good results. Could you put my bit in shares?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why do you want that?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

I'm a realist, Joey. I might end up in jail. Something to come out to would be nice. Let's shake hands on 30 percent, shall we?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me ask you this. What did you expect your original share to be?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

Around fifty grand.

JOEY OLDMAN:

So even at 40% you're £332,000 ahead. Hopefully a clean 332K.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

What guarantees do I have that it'll come out clean?

JOEY OLDMAN:

There are no guarantees in life, Mr Reynolds. If only there were.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

There is one, Joey. If you betray me, I will kill you. I don't care how long it takes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm not a strong man. Equally, if my name gets mentioned in relation to this money, I will settle with you.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

Then we know where we stand.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You say the money is in a safe place. Can you get it to me in parcels of no more than 50,000 each?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

No probs. Here's my hand on 40%. Tell me where it goes to.

4/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

The door opens and Cath comes in switching on the light.

CATH:

Joey, what are you doing, sitting here in the dark?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I can't sleep, Cath thinking about all that money. I know now what robbers feel like when they get their money and can't spend it.

CATH:

You're not a robber. A businessman can have large amounts of money.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not over £600,000.

CATH:

You said you're putting it in different safe deposit boxes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's the easy bit. It doesn't help me disperse it.

CATH:

Couldn't you talk to your solicitor? Mr Goodman always knows what to do.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You, me and my contact knows about this. It stays that way. Perhaps we've bitten off more than we can chew with this, Cath.

CATH:

That's not Joey Oldman. Find a solution. We can't give the money up.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We can't spend it either – unless we want to live abroad.

CATH:

What, and have to eat all that foreign muck!

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll think of something. Maybe slip some out through Emil Savundra's Fire, Auto and Marine Insurance Company.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Joey worried about all the money, money he couldn't easily put to work. Anxiety increased with twenty of the Great Train Robbers going on trial at the Buckingham Assizes and getting long sentences. He was especially concerned in case Bruce Reynolds was arrested and thought Joey was to blame. Jack on the other hand, got more and more angry as the net closed in on the train robbers and he couldn't get any more shares. Even

with Ronnie Biggs getting 30 years he still couldn't see how well out of it he was. That was Jack. He used the old army captain turned banker, Julian Tyrwhitt to handle the amounts he did get, and Joey was coming to the conclusion he might have to do the same, though didn't want to give him the satisfaction on account of their past business when he double-crossed him with Jack.

Tension with the Krays never died down. Ronnie thought Jack should give him a share of the money he claimed off the train blaggers. It only needed the tiniest of sparks to set them off. One such was at a charity boxing tournament Julian Tyrwhitt's bank sponsored. Harry Carpenter, the BBC commentator was there and suggested the two of them put the gloves on and get in the ring together for a couple of rounds.

5/ INT HARRINGAY BATHS

JACK:

Be sensible, Harry. The fat poof wouldn't last one round, even with Reggie's help.

RONNIE KRAY:

I ain't fat -

He charges at Jack and blows are exchanged. Friends intervene, with, "Pack it in." "Now!"

RONNIE KRAY:

You got plenty coming, Jack.

JACK:

You might need a bit of help with that, son -

RONNIE KRAY:

Come on, Reg. Let's go.

They go. Julian Tyrwhitt steps up to Jack.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

You don't seem to have lost what I saw back in our army days.

JACK:

I like to keep my hand in, Julian.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

You've got old scores to settle.

JACK:

We try to avoid each other. Bad for business otherwise.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Sensible. Do you know a man called Charles Richardson?

JACK:

Charlie Richardson. Used to work for Billy Hill. Why?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

He and his brother took a lot of money out of a company to whom we loaned it. They built up a good credit rating, then got a lot of goods and didn't pay.

JACK:

That's their game. Long firms.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If the company goes belly up and we lose our money, it'll hurt our little bank. How would you like a percentage for getting our money back?

JACK:

How much we talking about?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Nearly £200,000.

JACK:

The Richardsons would sooner give blood.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I don't much mind how much they give in the process.

JACK:

What you offering, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Five percent recovery fee.

BRIAN:

Twenty would be better, Jack.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Twenty! Brian ought to come and work for me. Ten.

BRIAN:

If they just hand it back it's an easy 20 grand, Jack. Why would they?

JACK:

We'll see what the mugs have got to say.

6/ INT RICHARDSON'S NEW OFFICE

The Dave Clark Five are singing, *Glad All Over* on the radio.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

You gotta be kidding me, Jack. Give it back? The firm what sold us the goods is a limited company. Tough, they can't make a go of it.

JACK:
We're nice people, Charli, asking nicely.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
What if I tell you to take a funny run?

BRIAN:
We'll chop you up and feed you to the pigs out at Manny's farm.

He swings a cleaver and sinks it into the desk.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
You're crackers, Brian, chopping up the furniture. I paid 30 quid for that desk.

BRIAN:
Either it goes back or it's all-out war.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
That costs everyone. Eddie'll want war, especially after your nicking our money off that train robber.

JACK:
You got the most to lose with all this long-firming you're doing.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
We might have to wipe our mouths. Let me talk to Eddie when he comes back.

JACK:
Don't take too long about it, Charlie. Brian.

They go out and across the yard to their car.

BRIAN:
He's still upset about the train money we got.

JACK:
Yeah, but what can he do?

BRIAN:
What he always does, plot against us.

JACK:
You worry too much, Bri'.

They climb into the car slamming the door.

7/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The telephone is ringing. Joey Oldman answers.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is Mansion House 3571. Joey Oldman.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Joey. Charles Richardson. You want to talk about a bit of business?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Always ready to talk business, Mr Richardson. When did you have in mind?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

I'm right across the street in a phone box.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Come up. I'll tell my girls to go to lunch. We're on the second floor.

The phone goes dead. Joey Oldman drops it back. He goes over to the door and opens it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Rita, Deirdre, perhaps you can go for an early lunch. I'll be here.

They don't need telling twice, but are up scraping chairs. Joey goes back into his office, closing the door. *A World Without Love* by Peter and Gordon is heard as the door is knocked. Joey opens it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're a man who's as cautious as myself, Mr Richardson.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

That's how we live to fight another day, Joey. Everyone calls me Charlie.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me turn the radio down.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Better to leave it on.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then to business. What is it you want?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Cash, lots of it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That sounds more like extortion.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Here. Do you know what this is?

He hands him a paper.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It's a Bank of England certificate for gold.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
We got about 40 of them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Are they genuine?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Of course. It's for you to verify. I want 180 grand for them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Why don't you sell them?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
The pressure the Bank of England's under with this government.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Would it get better under a Labour Government?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
I doubt it. There are only certain windows for selling. I need money now. I know you've got money you might want to get rid of.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I never want to get rid of money, Charlie.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Not even Bruce Reynolds ill-gotten gains.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I don't know any Bruce Reynolds.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
He reckons he knows you. Left a lot of money with you.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I think our business is ended here.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
So you can't help me out?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not in the way you think. I'm interested in the gold - for a brokerage fee.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
When isn't there one?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd want the Bank of England to verify all the certificates.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Ever the cautious one, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I might live to be an old man that way.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Let's do it.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
To Joey's surprise and delight, the gold certificates were authenticated as genuine worth £190 grand. £1,900 he earned as a brokerage fee and gave the Richardsons three parcels of money for the balance, which was in fact some of the money Bruce Reynolds had left with him. A week later Julian Tyrwhitt called in at Jack's club with a smile on his face a mile wide.

8/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Do Wah Diddy Diddy by Manfrid Mann is playing.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
The Richardsons came into my bank with all the money they robbed from our clients.

JACK:
Just like that.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
In cash. That must be the easiest £10,000 you've earned, Jack.

JACK:
That's what reputation does for you, Julian.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
The Richardsons offered to mind the bank for us.

JACK:
Be the worst day's work you ever did.

BRIAN:
Something's going on, Jack. Those two would sooner lose their first born than part with their cash.

JACK:
You worry too much. I told you.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
I assume you'll want cash?

JACK:
Two grand of it for Brian, so he can stop worrying and buy an E-Type Jag.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
There's a boys' boxing tournament coming up next month at the Royal Albert Hall. It'll be attended by Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret. Perhaps you'd like to come.

JACK:
You know me and boxing, Julian.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Your brother-in-law is going with the lady from the local Conservative Association. He made a handsome donation to the Party recently.

JACK:
Is that what you want from me, Julian – a donation?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Your knowledge about boxing is enough.

9/ INT ROYAL ALBERT HALL

Over the tannoy boys and bouts are being introduced as Jack comes down the aisle with Julian Tyrwhitt. Cath and Joey Oldman spot them.

CATH:
What's Jack doing here? Why did Margaret Courtney invite him?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I don't think so, Cath. He's not a Tory.

CATH:
Someone did.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Calm down, old girl. Don't fret yourself. I expect Tyrwhitt brought him along.

CATH:
Well, he'd better not be introduced to Princess Margaret. Nor to Margaret Courtney. I don't want her knowing who he is.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Stop worrying, Cath. You're not your brother's keeper.

CATH:

It'll reflect badly on us if it comes out. And please don't call me Cath. I prefer Catherine.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack's headed our way.

JACK:

Cath. Joey. How you doing? I didn't know you liked boxing.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's a good cause.

JACK:

We got ringside seats. You want to sit with us?

CATH:

We're perfectly fine, thank you, Jack. Your friend is signalling you.

JACK:

Julian – I'll introduce you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They're coming over.

JACK:

You had a ride in Brian's new E-Type Jag? I give him the money.

CATH:

It's gave. Yes, very nice.

JACK:

Julian – you know Joey and my sister, Cath.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Yes, of course. This is Lord Boothby.

BOB BOOTHBY:

I'm charmed to meet a sister of Jack's. He's such a colourful character.

CATH:

Yes.

BOB BOOTHBY:

It's your big moment, Jack. Princess Margaret wants you to sit next to her and explain the finer pugilistic points as the matches proceed. Excuse us. (Turns away.)

JACK:

Cushty.

BOB BOOTHBY:

(Turning back.) Mrs Oldman, Margaret Courtney said what sterling work you've been doing raising money for the party.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Wearing herself out, my Lord -

BOB BOOTHBY:

We can't have that. I must speak to Brian. Such a charming young man.

They all go, leaving Joey and Cath behind.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What will our lady chairman say about that, Cath – Catherine?

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Cath was too preoccupied watching Jack talking to Princess Margaret to watch any of the boxing. Frustrated beyond measure when the princess laughed at something he said or turned her head to his shoulder when a particularly savage blow landed. Afterwards Margaret Courtney, the local party chairman came up to Cath and clasped her hands in excitement.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

My word, Catherine. What success. The princess has gone off to Annabel's with your brother in her party. He was such a hit with her. What a dark horse you are. I didn't know you had such an interesting family.

CATH:

Like Joseph, Jack doesn't enjoy publicity.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

He'll get plenty from this. The tabloids took a lot of pics. We'll get some good coverage too – Tories doing our bit to redirect youth. I'm thrilled.

CATH:

We're thrilled too, Margaret.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You look tired, Catherine. Joseph must take you home and put your feet up. We can't have you so worn out you can't help us. Go along.

10/ EXT THE OLDMAN'S HOUSE

Joey Oldman pulls up in his car and the doors open and they get out, locking the car. They start up the steps of the house.

CATH:

I will be pleased to get in and get my feet off.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm making you a nice cup of tea.

Cath stumbles and falls on the steps, to Joey's alarm as he reaches out to her.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Cath, are you all right? Let's get you up.

CATH:

Just a bit tired, that's all.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You should see the doctor tomorrow. He can give you a tonic.

CATH:

I'll be fine, let's just get inside.

They go in closing the door.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Cath wasn't fine. She was scared and had been putting off going to the doctor, fearing that he might confirm what she suspected: breast cancer. She'd had a lump there for some time and it was getting more tender. Joey wasn't the sort of man who felt his wife's breasts or anywhere else for that matter. Money was his sex, and he spent most of his time thinking about it and thinking how he could get more of Bruce Reynolds' money into the system. When I talked to him about insuring my new car with Fire, Auto and Marine Insurance he decided to get some of the money out through Savundra's company.

11/ INT EMIL SAVUNDRA'S MAYFAIR OFFICE

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

My dear Joseph, prudence is no bad thing, but here unnecessary.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We can't expand the business any faster at present. To do so we need money to underwrite potential claims.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

But you told me that all we need do is delay paying claims until more money comes in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How long do you think we can delay for?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

We pay some claims! Those that are genuine.

JOEY OLDMAN:

But from premiums, not contingency. What about the complaints from the Board of Trade?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

I'd like you to deal with the Board. An Alan Carmichael.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He'll want answers to customers' complaints, Emil.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

No, Joseph, he'll want baksheesh.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That might keep him quiet for a while. Meanwhile, I've got some spare cash I can put in.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Excellent. How much?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Upwards of a quarter million. Provided there's more financial rigour. You can't treat the company like it's your own personal bank account.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Is that what I do?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's what John Bloom did with Rolls Razor. Look what trouble he's in. I want some mechanism whereby I can get my money out of Fire, Auto and Marine at short notice.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Have you got such a mechanism, Joseph?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll loan the company money in chunks of £20,000 and take 10% back from every premium we take in.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

That seems reasonable.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd like to move all our banking to Julian Tyrwhitt's bank.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Is that a proper bank?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's licensed to take in deposits and make loans. They hold your bearer bonds, Emil, it makes sense to give them other business. We should set that up.

12/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Our business ethic is very simple, Julian: Everyone who can afford a motor car deserves

affordable insurance.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Admirable.

JOEY OLDMAN:
We're able to insure Brian's E-Type Jag for £63 per annum.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Then you'd better take my insurance business. I'm paying four times that to insure my Alvis. Do you need further finance? I have one or two clients who I'm sure would be interested in investing.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Wonderful -

JOEY OLDMAN:
We're okay. We're expanding as fast as we can cope with.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Joseph checks my over enthusiasm.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Do keep me in mind when you're ready to expand further.

13/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is busy with tea things while Dean Martin is on the radio singing, *Everybody Loves Somebody*.

BRIAN:
Why don't you let Julian Tyrwhitt come in with some money, dad?

CATH:
Your dad's put the money in -

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Admonishing) Cath -

BRIAN:
What's going on?

JOEY OLDMAN:
A little, that's all – money.

BRIAN:
But Savundra's a crook. You said.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Then why insure your new car with him?

BRIAN:
It's a good deal.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Precisely. I have a means of getting my money out. So what about coming to work for me full time, Brian?

BRIAN:
Maybe, dad. Jack's such an ache. He reckons he's gone up the social ladder.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Then now is a good time.

BRIAN:
It sounds boring. Not like the spiels. That's exciting.

CATH:
That could all go tomorrow with you in the newspapers. How would that look for us?

BRIAN:
We got enough Old Bill straightened. We're okay.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It could change.

BRIAN:
So could your business – with that inquiry Harold Wilson started into Rachman and slumlords like him.

JOEY OLDMAN:
That'll all go away – we have help.

BRIAN:
While your face fits.

JOEY OLDMAN:
More to do with the colour of our money.

BRIAN:
You're mad tying in with a crook like Savundra.

CATH:
Brian!

JOEY OLDMAN:
That's all right, Catherine. He'll learn - the hard way.

CATH:
Jack Braden might have caught Princess Margaret's eye, but he won't prosper. We'll see

to that, the thieving tyke and that Julian Tyrwhitt.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Enough, Catherine.

CATH:
I'm fed up with his bloody selfishness, after all we done for him.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Did, Catherine.

CATH:
You make me say things I shouldn't, Brian. Well, you hang out with my worthless brother, see what good it does you when your father's a millionaire – Ah!

She cries t in pain and collapses to the alarm of both Joey and Brian.

BRIAN:
(Alarmed) What's wrong, mum?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You didn't see the doctor like you said -

CATH:
(Breathless) Just a pain in the chest. Help me up.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'm going to call the doctor out to you.

14/ INT HOSPITAL WAITING AREA

Squeaky shoed traffic as Nurses bustle up and down. Joey Oldman and Brian wait.

BRIAN:
I hate hospitals. The smell always reminds me when I was laid up with crazy Leah Cohen around.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You still sweet on her, Brian?

BRIAN:
Don't be daft, dad. I think Jack sent her right round the bend.

JOEY OLDMAN:
No word on her?

BRIAN:
She's better off without him. How much longer are they going to take examining mum?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Tests take time. At least it means they're being thorough.

BRIAN:

Is it serious, dad, is it? She's not going to die or nothing?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I expect she's just run down, son. A tonic and a bit of rest is what she needs. Maybe we'll have a run out to Brighton.

BRIAN:

You should have a proper holiday.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I would if I had someone reliable like you to take care of things.

BRIAN:

Don't say that, dad. I got the life I want.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's nice for you! How many people get the life they want? You should think about that the next time you're in trouble. Your mother's right, you're selfish. She spoilt you rotten -

BRIAN:

Yeah, I'd say after what you two did to granddad – I have nightmares still -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Shut your mouth. You don't know what you're talking about -

BRIAN:

Don't I? I suppose I imagined it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You don't know what she saved you from -

BRIAN:

Saved me – robbed me of my granddad, you mean -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Stop this and listen to me, boy -

BRIAN:

I don't wanna listen -

He starts to go. Joey Oldman grabs him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You bloody well will listen. (Lowers his voice.) That nice granddad of yours was trying to abuse you. Your mum had had him abusing her for years before I came on the scene. He tried it even then. He got no more than he deserved the lousy bastard. That Doodlebug

dropping on Sullivan's coal yard and blowing him to smithereens did us all a favour. That's the truth. You're old enough to know the truth, but don't you blame your mum for the way things turned out for you.

DOCTOR:

(Approaching) Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes, that's me. How is she doctor?

DOCTOR:

(Hesitates) Should we go somewhere private?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's all right. This is our son, Brian. He has to know as well.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid it's cancer, Mr Oldman -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh no, it can't be. She's just been overdoing it.

DOCTOR:

Breast cancer. We'd like to remove her left breast, then start her on a course of chemotherapy. We're optimistic that we caught this in time. It doesn't seem to have spread to anywhere else.

JOEY OLDMAN:

When will you do this?

DOCTOR:

We'll get her into theatre tomorrow. We'll pop out some of the lymph glands in her neck and arm just to be sure. You'll need to sign the consent.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Thank you, doctor. Yes. Can we see her?

DOCTOR:

Of course. The nurse will show you. Nurse!

He goes and the nurse approaches in squeaky shoes.

BRIAN:

She'll be all right dad, of course she will.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll make sure she gets the best.

They are following the nurse to an examination room where she pulls back a curtain around the bed.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Cath – Catherine. Look at you.

BRIAN:
Mum, I'm sorry mum, I didn't mean to hurt you.

CATH:
Oh don't cry, Brian. It's just a little lump in my breast. They'll soon sort that.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Of course they will. Tomorrow they're going to do it.

CATH:
Who's going to look after you, Joey? How will you cope?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Let's just worry about getting you right.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
Joey put on a brave face, but he was really worried he might lose her. So was I, especially as we had rowed just before. I didn't quite know how to cope with what Joey told me about my granddad, the dirty old bastard. A lot of things about him and mum made sense now, but it didn't make the nightmares about mum bashing in his brains with a coal hammer. The cancer was much deeper and more spread than first thought. Surgeons had to take away her left breast and cut deep into her neck and under her left arm. Margaret Courtney the local Tory chairwoman was a great support to them both. She was the sort of woman that no situation could defeat. Not the Profumo scandal, Macmillan collapsing in defeat, nor Sir Alec Douglas Hume losing the election to Harold Wilson. She just sailed on, and bizarrely into Joey's arms. There was a man who as far as I was aware had no thought about sex, and probably had done it once, duty done. Perhaps most boys thought that about their dads, but then I was to learn that he wasn't my dad. There I go again, getting ahead of myself.

15/ INT HOTEL ROOM

Margaret Courtney is dressing, Joey Oldman watching her.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
If you were to build an office block in Kensington I'm sure we could help you get permission easily enough.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Can you find any agreeable councillors in the City of London?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
Perhaps. You shouldn't watch a lady dressing, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I can't help myself, Margaret. I don't want you to put any of it away.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I have to get back. The Colonel thinks I'm at Fortnum and Mason's, shopping.

JOEY OLDMAN:

These afternoons are wonderful. I feel liberated.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You've been under a great strain seeing Catherine through her illness, my darling. You deserve a respite.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Couldn't we have another respite before we return to duty?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Ooh you naughty man. (She kneels on the bed and kisses him. He responds.) You'll have to be quick or I shan't get my shopping.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I want to linger over you, savour every stolen moment with you. Oh, oh -

He is losing himself in his lovemaking again. *Oh Pretty Woman* by Roy Orbison is heard to the sounds of Joey's lovemaking and the bed squeaking.

16/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

The front door opens and closes and Joey Oldman hurries up the stairs.

CATH:

Joey, is that you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Coming in) As large as life and twice as handsome -

CATH:

Where have you been? Julian Tyrwhitt's been trying to get you. He's rung several times, and to your office.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, I had a bit of business to attend to.

CATH:

Where were you? What business? I was worried in case something had happened.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I had to go to the safe deposits. A certain party wants his money back – he's going to live abroad.

CATH:

He can't have it, can he?

JOEY OLDMAN:

He can have some of it. What's this about Tyrwhitt?

CATH:

He said to ring him the moment you got in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, I think a cup of tea is the priority, don't you, my love? I'll put the kettle on.

CATH:

I'll do that. I've got to start doing things to get my strength back.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't rush things. We don't want you laid up again.

CATH:

Oh Joey, I don't know what I'd do without you. You won't ever leave me will you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Whatever put that thought in your head?

CATH:

I just got so worried today when I couldn't find you.

The telephone starts ringing.

CATH:

That'll be him again -

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Picking up the receiver) Bayswater 5755... Speaking. Julian, Catherine said you'd called. I haven't got my coat off.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Well keep it on. Get here urgently. I'm at the bank. Something's happened that you should know about, if you don't already.

The phone goes dead. Joey Oldman drops it back.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He's in a bit of a state.

CATH:

What's it about, did he say?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I can guess. First I'll make us a cup of tea.

17/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Julian Tyrwhitt throws a wad of paper onto the desk.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Look at them. Look, all worthless. Those bonds Savundra gave me aren't worth the paper they're written on. That bloody scringing, scringing Indian.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They can't be.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Excellent forgeries, but forgeries nonetheless.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How, Julian? We both accepted them as genuine.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I had to raise more capital. The bank I went to spotted them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That means Fire, Auto and Marine is worthless – I've still got money in there.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

My bank has first call on any money. How much do you have in?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I've taken money out week on week, but still don't want to lose the rest.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

There might be a way that neither one of us loses. Does Savundra have any more of these bonds knocking around?

JOEY OLDMAN:

If they're dud, what's the use?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Like I said, they're pretty duds. I could raise money from outside investors, enough to get both your money out and the bank's. Meanwhile, you have a rapidly growing customer base.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How long before the whole house of cards tumbles down with the Board of Trade pushing for a meeting.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Meet whoever, reassure him further funds are available. With enough of these bonds we could raise money for your office development.

JOEY OLDMAN:

There'd come a point when the bonds have to yield.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If your property development is sound, they can take a piece of that in lieu.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll talk to Savundra and see what access he has to more bonds.

18/ INT EMIL SAVUNDRA'S OFFICE

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

How did he spot the bonds were wrong?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Someone pointed out the Queen's head in the watermark was facing the wrong way.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

Perhaps she's meant to face that way.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The question is how many more have you got?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

You do realise this banker Julian Tyrwhitt is a crook, Joseph. We should expose him to the police.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Laughs) How would we gain from that, Emil?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:

I see the logic, old chap. How many bonds does he want?

JOEY OLDMAN:

As many as you've got. Meanwhile, Fire, Auto and Marine takes premiums in as fast as it can. Discount where we have to, just get them in. I'll meet with the Board of Trade inspector.

19/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Joey Oldman comes in followed by Alan Carmichael and closes the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Come in, Mr Carmichael. Can I offer you some tea?

ALAN CARMICHAEL:

(Stiffly) No thank you, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

As I explained on the phone, sir, Fire, Auto and Marine is a new company that's growing

too fast. We've had some liquidity problems in the past.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
Are they now behind you?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'll be frank, I'm not sure they are. We're working hard at getting money from investors who are in for the long haul. I suspect most of the pressure on the Board of Trade is coming from our more established rivals who are losing business to us.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
I can't comment on that.

JOEY OLDMAN:
If we could get a little more time, we'll be fine.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
How much more time?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Six months.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
Presumably by then more premiums will have been collected?

JOEY OLDMAN:
God willing.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
It's the unsettled claims that concern us.

JOEY OLDMAN:
A lot need thorough investigation. Operating at the bottom end of the market attracts less than straightforward clients. The genuine claims are paid.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
We'd need to see evidence of that, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd welcome any sort of inspection at any time at however short notice. Are you sure I can't give you tea?

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
Perhaps without milk or sugar.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Opens the door) Could we get a pot of tea, please, Rita. Thanks. (He closes the door.) My wife prefers it your way, bless her. She's just been through major surgery for cancer.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
I'm sorry to hear that.

JOEY OLDMAN:
She's through the worst, but the constant state of anxiety about possible relapse...
Families are such a worry. You've got a daughter just starting in college.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
How do you know?

JOEY OLDMAN:
As with General Patton, I like to know my enemy.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
I hope we're not enemies.

JOEY OLDMAN:
A lot of expenses involved - with your daughter.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
It goes on and on. My salary isn't large.

JOEY OLDMAN:
If only the so-called working classes made as many sacrifices for their children instead of relying on hand-outs they wouldn't die in ignorance.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
It does seem unfair.

There is a rap at the door and Rita comes in with tea on a tray.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Ah, thank you, Rita.

20/ INT THE OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

Joey Oldman is pacing around laughing.

CATH:
Calm down, Joey. Was it that funny?

JOEY OLDMAN:
It was wonderful, Catherine. I offered him a loan to help with his daughter's college expenses, he was eating out of my hand. .

CATH:
A loan?

JOEY OLDMAN:
It was no such thing. All we have to do is get working with those bonds and raise money

for the office development.

CATH:

How can a Board of Trade official be so easily corrupted? This country's going to the dogs under Harold Wilson.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Be grateful for the breathing space Mr Carmichael has given. I know the person who might be interested in investing. Charlie Richardson.

21/ INT MR SMITH'S CLUB CATFORD

Music is playing in the empty club. *Hey Little Cobra* by the Dip Chards, while a woman hoovers.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

How do we know this property venture is sound, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm investing in it, so is the bank.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

How do we know you'll raise enough dough for it?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's underwritten by one point two million pounds worth of government bonds deposited at the bank.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Why not sell them – that's what you once said to me?

JOEY OLDMAN:

They're 10-year bonds with another four years to run. We'd lose too much.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

So we'd have to wait 4 years for our dough?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Business is long term. I thought you were getting out of long-firms.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

How much you looking for?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm putting in 290 grand... For the ten story office block on Threadneedle Street we need another one point one million, plus 50 grand fees.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

How many investors are in?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Three. Me. Fire, Auto & Marine and the bank – they're putting in clients.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Jack, is he in?

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is legit. Whoever comes in has to be sound.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

About right. What's it gonna be worth?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Commercial estate agents say conservatively £2.8 million with a letting value of £140 – 150,000 a year.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

We'll come in for a fifth subject to them bonds being right. Our brief will take a dekko.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You won't regret it, Charlie.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

We've waited a long time for something kosher. Now's the time to walk away, Joey. Because if it ain't there will be bad consequences.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Calmly) This is business, not a long-firm.

22/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S BANK

JOEY OLDMAN:

Are you absolutely sure the Richardsons' solicitor liked what he saw, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

(Laughs.) This man was like an East end barrow boy, Joseph, in his loud Italian suit and his spivy tie. He wouldn't know a 10-year bond from a fag-card! All we have to do is await Richardson's money from South Africa.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll feel easier when it's here and they're signed up.

21/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

Steptoe and Son theme tune starts when the doorbell rings. It rings again and again. Finally Joey Oldman gets up complaining and goes to the door. Voices are heard. Joey comes back with Charlie and Eddie Richardson.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Watching *Steptoe and Son*. Someone said you never miss.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Yes, I like to watch.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Where's your missus -?

JOEY OLDMAN:
At a Tory party meeting.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Check the house, Eddie. (Eddie goes out.)

JOEY OLDMAN:
She's not here.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
(Switches off the set) D'you think we're just off the boat?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Of course not. What's the problem?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
You could have taken us into your confidence, Joey. Instead you insult us.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What are you saying?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Them bonds. D'you think we'd send a mug to look at them? Our brief spotted they was wrong right off. If we'd paid with our dough your missus would be picking your brains off the wall.

JOEY OLDMAN:
So tell me -

Eddie returns with, "No one."

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
They're forgeries. What we need to know is where you got them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I take it you don't want to participate - ?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
(Laughs) Listen to him, Ed. I like your style, Joey. One last time. Where d'you get them?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I think you know me better.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

You stupid berk, you don't know *us* at all. We could do a lot with bonds that good. We're talking sensible at the moment, Joey. Before it gets rough tell me where you got them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's not how I do business.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Gimme the gun, Eddie. (He takes it.) This is how we do business, Joey.

He crashes the gun into Joey Oldman's mouth, to screams from Joey.

23/ INT JACK'S FLATBLOCK

An urgent hammering on the door. Jack comes through and opens it.

BRIAN:

We gotta top the Richardsons – They done dad. They done him -

He runs to the kitchen and scrabbles in the drawer for a carving knife. Jack follows.

JACK:

What d'you mean? They topped him?

BRIAN:

They beat him up bad 'cos he wouldn't tell him about some bearer bonds -

JACK:

What you gonna do with the knife, chop 'em up?

BRIAN:

One then the other.

JACK:

Be sensible, Bri. Cunning. Wait till they least expect it.

BRIAN:

You gotta see dad, you can't recognise him.

JACK:

Take a deep breath, think about what hurts them most, taking their liberty.

BRIAN:

I wanna top them.

JACK:

That only makes them dead.

BRIAN:

What am I supposed to do, grass them?

JACK:

We'll think of something. Just stay calm.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

I had a real problem staying calm. I went from club to club drinking and finally picked up a young rent boy and took him back to my place. I took all my anger and frustration out on him and beat him up when he said something out of place before throwing him out. An hour or so later I wasn't any calmer when the police arrived at the door. The rent boy'd made a complaint. I stared at one of the young policemen, convinced I knew him, but couldn't remember where from. Then I had it. Tony Wednesday, the kid from the orphanage that PC Watling used to bring to the street parties when we were nippers. I knew I'd be all right when we got reacquainted. It wasn't to be.

PC WEDNESDAY:

We'd like you to come to the police station to make a statement.

BRIAN:

You got to be kidding. Here – (He takes out money.) A nice few quid for you.

PC WEDNESDAY: No, you're coming with us -

They go to grab hold of Brian and he hits one as the other says, "Look out!" A struggle ensues when PC Wednesday hits him with his truncheon.

24/ INT POLICE CELL

The cell door opens and Brian is urged inside and the door slammed. Immediately Brian rings the bell. The shutter opens.

PC WEDNESDAY:

What d'you want, Brian?

BRIAN:

I want to talk to my brief.

PC WEDNESDAY:

Who's that?

BRIAN:

Eh, my dad's brief, Arnold Goodman.

PC WEDNESDAY:

I'll see what I can do. You can get out of this. Just give the police something.

BRIAN:

Like what, a hand job?

PC WEDNESDAY:

Try the Richardsons. It was them who did your dad.

BRIAN:

If I knew that I'd give them up. Anything to get out of here.

PC WEDNESDAY:

Well, the night is young, Brian.

He slams the shutter.

25/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Jack pours a glass of Scotch and gives it to Supt Drury.

SUPT DRURY:

That's a big one, Jack. I'll be pissed on duty.

JACK:

Wouldn't be the first time, Mr Drury.

SUPT DRURY:

Don't think I can do anything for Brian. Maybe get a couple of charges dropped. But he whacked a policeman.

JACK:

Tell me who to go into –

SUPT DRURY:

I wish it was me, duck. You could try Detective Superintendent Slipper.

JACK:

I don't know him.

SUPT DRURY:

He won't be cheap. I'll set up a meeting, duck.

26/ EXT EMBANKMENT

Traffic roaring along, taxis juddering. Jack walking with Supt Slipper.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Let's get to first position, Jack. Who told you I could help?

JACK:

That don't matter, Mr Slipper. Either you can or you can't.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Then I can't.

JACK:

Not even for a lot of money?

SUPT SLIPPER:

Tell you what, give me the names of all the corrupt policemen you know and your nephew Brian walks, scot-free.

JACK:

I'm not sure I want him out that badly.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Just a few names.

JACK:

Not even Old Bill working for the Krays, and believe me, I want to be shot of them.

SUPT SLIPPER:

You surprise me, Jack. It's the first time I've come across honour among thieves. Now I'm arresting you for trying to pervert the course of justice. Don't try to run, my men are on both sides of the street.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

That was a sickening turn up for the books. Our family was really going through it. Mum still recovering from breast cancer. Joey having to have an operation on his jaw and Jack and me both in clink. Finally Joey managed to get Arnold Goodman to represent us at the magistrates' court. When word filtered back that he had got Jack out on bail my spirits lifted a bit. When I went up the steps into the dock the atmosphere in court was decidedly chilly. I didn't dare look at the magistrate but stared at the rolls of fat on the back of Goodman's neck. They seemed to wobble as he spoke.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

My client is full of remorse over what happened, Sir Michael. He does have a full defence. The terrible mitigating circumstances of his father being tortured by a criminal gang wanting sensitive business information led to this temporary loss of control.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The magistrate decided that my loss of control seemed to have stretched over a considerable period. For that reason he was remanding me in custody. I just kept staring at the rolls of fat on Arnold Goodman's neck, trying to hold the sick, let-down feeling I had, wondering why none of my friends had come to help me. I felt suicidal as I waited for the prison van to take me to Brixton Prison. I was missing my flat, my car and my mum. It would be a miserable Christmas for us all. The only good thing about the close of the year was MPs voting to end the death penalty for capital murder. I didn't realise just then how significant such a vote was going to be for me. Or what the arrival of Tony Wednesday back in my life was going to mean. But I'm jumping ahead again.