

STUDIO SCRIPT/1b

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 15 – 1965

The Narrator, Brian Oldman as an older man speaks from his prison cell.

BRIAN OLDMAN:

The death and state funeral of Sir Winston Churchill gripped the nation and the world, while Stanley Matthews, the first footballer ever to be knighted by the Queen gripped football fans. Both passed me by in Brixton prison, where I was serving six months for assaulting a policeman. People tell me I got a result because of the mitigating circumstances of Joey Oldman, my dad, having his teeth pulled out by the Richardsons. They thought he was cheating them, then wouldn't tell them where the money was they thought he was holding from the Great Train Robbery. It helped that one of my bent Old Bill, George Fenwick got some of the charges dropped out.

Six months felt like a life-time, even if I was doing a bit of work inside, finding useful villains and sending them out to Jack for him to put our own firm together. This was to be a foretaste of the lifetime I was going to do. Ironically, the young policeman who was the cause of this short sentence, Tony Wednesday, would be instrumental in my going away for thirty years, with the help of Joey Oldman, my so-called dad. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Tony Wednesday was a rising star in the Metropolitan Police and was going to make a name for himself, along with a lot of money. Strange thing was, I liked him. Why wouldn't I? Tall, athletic, good-looking, with charming personality. He had the most devious mind of any policeman I'd ever met. Early in his career he was sent to Bramshill staff training college. No one told him what the purpose of the special training was only that he'd find out with the others who were selected. Perhaps it was to learn how to be more cunning and corrupt. Another irony was that my cousin, John Redvers, was on the same course. He was my Aunt Alice's only son. She had gone off to Manchester and married into the Plymouth Brethren after her husband was killed in the war. As Tony Wednesday was corrupt so John Redvers was straight, and the two were destined to become rivals.

1/ INT BRAMSHILL STAFF COLLEGE ASSEMBLY

Young policemen are milling around waiting. Tony Wednesday is approached by John Redvers.

JOHN REDVERS:

You're Tony Wednesday, aren't you?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I admit to nothing, not even when charged.

Some people nearby laugh.

JOHN REDVERS:

John Redvers. I remember you came to our street party with PC Watling, our local bobby.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Sergeant Watling. I may have heard of him.

JOHN REDVERS:

I remember him and you, and every detail of what happened. We had a fight.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do you remember who won?

JOHN REDVERS:

It was stopped before its conclusion.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

So we've got something to settle still.

JOHN REDVERS:

No, that's long forgotten.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I thought you said you remember everything. You must be the memory man, John. You know how that happened, don't you? His dad thrashed him when he was a nipper for losing a halfpenny. He never forgot it.

Some of the others laugh.

JOHN REDVERS:

I lost my dad in the war.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Not being beaten) Ah. So did I – Well, at least he didn't come back after doing his duty with my mum, whoever she was. She dumped me in a doorway after I was born.

JOHN REDVERS:

That's right. PC Watling found you and brought you up.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Not quite, pal, but close. He used to visit me in St Joseph's orphanage. I learned he was poking a sister there. He's the reason I'm in the job.

JOHN REDVERS:

I never forget a face, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Then you, my friend, are the perfect policeman.

JOHN REDVERS:

We're very lucky to be here, you realise.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I don't believe in luck. It's what you make for yourself - nor in coincidence. Everything that happens has a purpose.

JOHN REDVERS:

What's the purpose of our meeting up again like this?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You don't always know, but it will have one.

JOHN REDVERS:

What are you doing on this course?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Same as you, I guess. Waiting to be told.

JOHN REDVERS:

I was invited. The police are paying for me to go to university. In the holidays I have to do some practical policing.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

So you finish university and come back as an inspector, while us poor swats have to do collar to get rank.

JOHN REDVERS:

I'll do my share of 'collar'. What sport did you elect to do here?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I didn't fancy getting my nose broken or ears ripped off doing rugby. I opted for fencing.

JOHN REDVERS:

Ah, so did I.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Then we're rivals again.

2/ INT BRAMSHILL GYM

Tony Wednesday and John Redvers are fencing, evenly matched. Tony makes a strike.

INSTRUCTOR:

Good hit, Wednesday. You're learning fast. You have stamina and good quick responses. If you're interested we could train you up to try to get you to Olympic standard.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I like police work better, sir.

INSTRUCTOR:

No reason you couldn't do both. Carry on, and you Redvers. I'll look back later.

He goes out. Tony puts down his foil and mask.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I need a fag – not the kind you have in university.

JOHN REDVERS:

I think you're mixing it up with Eton. Your sort of fags will be bad for your Olympic chances.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Who cares?

JOHN REDVERS:

You could probably get the police to pay for your training.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Too much like collar.

The door opens and a young woman, Sonia looks in.

SONIA:

Oh sorry. I was looking for Superintendent Slipper.

She starts out. Tony starts towards her.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Oh miss! I think that's him – my fencing partner – what's your name?

SONIA:

Oh very funny!

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I like that. Your mum must have had a good sense of humour. Bye Oh Very Funny. (Sonia Hope goes out.) What d'you think, John? Shall we fight to the death or toss a coin? I'd give her one, all right.

The door creaks open again and Sonia looks in.

SONIA:

I thought I'd better just check you're not Superintendent Slipper, are you?

JOHN REDVERS:

(Stammers) N-n-no, I'm sorry.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Oh don't feel bad about it, John. Slipper looks like an old lag. Oh Very Funny couldn't possibly fancy him, not with us on offer.

SONIA:

I like older men.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Who should we say was looking for him?

SONIA:
(Making for the door) Oh Very Funny.

She goes out.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I'd give her more than one. Definitely.

JOHN REDVERS:
You'd get thrown out if they caught you, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
The trick always is not to get caught.

3/ INT BRAMSHILL CLASSROOM

The thirteen students are chatting when the door opens and Supt Jack Slipper steps in causing the students to stand to attention.

SUPT SLIPPER:
Don't stand to attention for me. I'm Detective Superintendent Jack Slipper, not an army officer. For those who haven't made it their business to figure out who I am and what I do, I run the regional Crime Squad. By now you all know you're here because of your exceptional talent and together we're going to change the face of policing and the public perception of policing. Does anyone want to remind me what that is? (Beat) Too scared? Wednesday?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
That we're a bunch of corrupt thugs.

SUPT SLIPPER:
It's not only a perception, it's a fact. Corruption is rotting this institution from the inside and we're all the poorer for it. You're coming onto my squad because I need a team I can rely on that's not been tainted by corruption. We're not effective against major crims because of corrupt officers. The time has come to drop the hammer on the Richardsons torture gang. Even tough guys like the Krays and Jack Braden are scared of them. By the time you're done here you'll be ready to tackle them single-handed. (Nervous laughter.) Stand up Mr Wednesday.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
(Scrapes his chair back) It wasn't me sir – honest!

There is more laughter at that.

SUPT SLIPPER:
This man brought down Jack Braden's right hand man, a vicious little queer called Brian Oldman. What happened to him, Wednesday?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
He got six months, sir.

SUPT SLIPPER:
He got a result with six months. It should have been six years. But it's a start. Sit down – and in future in the CID you call senior officers, guv, unless they're detective sergeants, then it's skipper. During the next few days I'll have a cup of tea with each of you and get to know you better.

4/ INT INTERVIEW ROOM

Tony Wednesday comes in with Supt Slipper, who pours tea.

SUPT SLIPPER:
It's a tall order, for any police officer, Tony, much less an inexperienced officer.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
We're going to get dumped in at the deep end, guv?

SUPT SLIPPER:
Without this new *esprit de corps* the Met is lost. You will be supported by hand-picked officers. We need incorruptibility, courage and leadership. If you're not up to the job, now's the time to say so.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
It's why I joined the police, guv – to make a difference.

SUPT SLIPPER:
And we shall, Tony. We'll turn the force around. (He puts his cup down.) Do you know how much tea I've drunk over the past couple of days?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Starts to swill around in your stomach too much of it.

SUPT SLIPPER:
A pint would have been better for getting to know you all, but I'd end up pissed. I knew your sponsor – Sergeant Watling. I started as a constable on his patch.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
He's retired now, guv. He married a sister from the orphanage. She gives him hell. Spends most of his time on his allotment.

SUPT SLIPPER:
(Laughs) Perhaps that's why I stayed single.

5/ INT BRAMSHILL CORRIDOR

Tony Wednesday comes out of a door and meets Sonia.

SONIA:
Are you and the super now bosom buddies?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Not half, Oh Very Funny. About a month in and I'll be running the Met!

SONIA:
Oh very funny.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Do you want to come for a drink with us?

SONIA:
Who's us? You and Mr Slipper?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
John Redvers and me. He fancies you as well.

SONIA:
(Challenging) But doesn't have your social skills?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
He was raised by the Plymouth Brethren.

SONIA:
What are they when they're at home?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
They're about two rungs above the sisters at St Joseph's who brought me up.

SONIA:
You never let anyone get a slight advantage. Am I supposed to feel more sorry for you than John?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I'd think less of you if you did.

SONIA:
It seems to me, you only think well of yourself.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I think well of you, Oh Very Funny. You know your own mind, you're not a pushover. I will keep pushing.

SONIA:
If I go for a drink, I insist on paying for my own.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm the old fashioned type. Despite the so-called Swinging Sixties, I feel uncomfortable when a woman pays for her share. Especially as you're not expensive drinking halves.

SONIA:

Have I found a weakness?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Let's go and find John.

6/ INT PUB

There's a buzz of voices and *Keep on Pushing* by the Impressions is heard.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do you believe all that guff Slipper was giving us about being incorruptible?

SONIA:

Can the police really be as bad as he says.

JOHN REDVERS:

I don't think he'd make it up, Sonia.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

But how are we going to get a decent car and a holiday on the Costa Packet if we don't take backhanders?

SONIA:

Are you testing us, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You're too untrusting, Oh Very Funny.

SONIA:

You know, you could call me Sonia now.

JOHN REDVERS:

The super wants people who can help eradicate dishonesty.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Nice theory, John – like eradicating poverty.

JOHN REDVERS:

It's a good starting point.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Being on the RCS is like being given the keys to the bank.

SONIA:

Don't listen to him, John. He's winding you up.

JOHN REDVERS:
Corruption diminishes us all.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Only if we get caught. We're the new elite, smart enough not to get caught.

JOHN REDVERS:
I can't be doing with this. I've got some revision to do. See you.

He goes. They watch him.

SONIA:
He takes himself very seriously. Couldn't he see you were sending him up?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Was I? Perhaps you should have made your excuses and left.

SONIA:
Are you testing me now? I'll decide when I go and with whom.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Sounds hopeful.

SONIA:
Don't get your hopes up too high. I'm a long time making up my mind. I even agonize over buying a new pair of flares.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
You're going to drive me mad.

SONIA:
Then why do you keep trying?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Well, Sonia, apart from your blond hair, startling blue eyes, kissable mouth and slim body, the fact that you won't have sex with me makes me keener.

SONIA:
You find me a challenge. I'll remember to resist.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
But there'll come a point where I'll stop trying. I'd better go and sharpen my snout to get it deeper into the trough.

He sets his glass down and goes. Sonia sighs.

SONIA:
(Sotto voce) Bye Tony.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

During the time he was at the police college John Redvers had an increasing dilemma. He was coming to admire Superintendent Slipper and even see him as a father figure as he dropped in on lectures and read the written work of his protégés. All the while he was aware of Jack Braden and what his kind meant to the guv'nor. He didn't need the lectures to tell him where Slipper was when he disappeared for a few days. His mother had told him. Although she had renounced that part of her family as forcefully as she renounced Satan, she always seemed to know what they were up to. She always told him it was his duty to smite evil, regardless what raiment it wore. John Redvers had no difficulty with that concept, but he was lonely and had a strange yearning for his extended family. Perhaps he thought he could save our souls. Suddenly the trial before Judge Melford Stevenson was over and Superintendent Slipper returned a different man. He was fuming with anger that Jack had walked away not guilty. This only increased John Redvers's dilemma.

7/ INT LECTURE ROOM BRAMSHILL

Superintendent Slipper paces like a wild cat in front of the students.

SUPT SLIPPER:

This was a judge we always thought was the policeman's friend. These crims get fancy lawyers who cast aspersions on police integrity and this judge lets them and juries believe them. The police have no one to blame but themselves. With your help we'll make sure we get back to the status quo, where a policeman's word is sacrosanct. We will nail this wicked Jack Braden. Study him. Make him your number one target.

JOHN REDVERS:

Sir... guv, a jury found him not guilty. Don't we have to accept that?

SUPT SLIPPER:

You accept it if you want. I won't. The jury was wrong.

JOHN REDVERS:

Then don't we have to change the law?

SUPT SLIPPER:

We don't want a police state, John. We have to make sure that when we go to court with him next time our evidence is rock solid.

JOHN REDVERS:

I'm sorry, guv, but although I'm sure Braden has committed many crimes, he was found not guilty by 12 of his peers. I can't dismiss them or their judgement.

SUPT SLIPPER:

I'm not asking you to. Just get it right next time.

JOHN REDVERS:

But now we're targeting him.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Cos we know he's at it. Is something else worrying you, John?

JOHN REDVERS:
(Quickly) No sir – guv.

8/ EXT BRAMSHILL

John Redvers runs across the gravel of the car park as Supt Slipper opens his car door.

JOHN REDVERS:
Guv! Can I have a word?

SUPT SLIPPER:
You've had six already, son. You look like you're about to shit yourself.

JOHN REDVERS:
I might have to leave your squad, sir. I may have to leave the police altogether.

SUPT SLIPPER:
After we've spent all this money on you?

JOHN REDVERS:
The fact is, I know Jack Braden.

SUPT SLIPPER:
Ah hah! Are you compromised by him?

JOHN REDVERS:
I don't think so, sir.

SUPT SLIPPER:
(Thunders) You don't think so! You must know if you are, man.

JOHN REDVERS:
He's my uncle, sir – my mother's brother.

SUPT SLIPPER:
Well, that's pretty damn compromising, constable. Do you know anything about Braden's corrupt illegal activities?

JOHN REDVERS:
No, sir, I don't. My mother and I went to live in Manchester when I was six.

SUPT SLIPPER:
You'd need to be more than 300% sure of your position if I was to trust you.

JOHN REDVERS:
I know no more about them than I read in the newspapers.

SUPT SLIPPER:

This information is not on your record. Why is that?

JOHN REDVERS:

I didn't think it was relevant, sir.

SUPT SLIPPER:

You didn't, did you? At some point in the future that information will come out, or Braden will try to compromise you. You're the brightest and cleverest in this group, but blood is thicker than water. I can't risk being compromised in any way. I'm sorry.

JOHN REDVERS:

(Holding back tears) I understand, sir.

9/ INT JOHN REDVERS'S ROOM

John is packing his bag watched by Sonia and Tony Wednesday.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Is it true they caught you at it, John?

SONIA:

(Admonishing) That's not even funny, Tony!

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Then what's the reason you're out?

JOHN REDVERS:

I really can't say. I'm sorry.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Is it because I keep beating you at everything?

JOHN REDVERS:

I'm going back to university. I promise you, when I've got my degree I'll dedicate myself to putting Jack Braden and his gang where they belong.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You'll be lucky! We'll have nabbed them all by then.

SONIA:

We'll walk you to the minibus.

JOHN REDVERS:

I'd rather just go. Well, see you around, as they say.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Not if we see you first sucker.

SONIA:

Bye, John.

She kisses him and John Redvers hurries out, closing the door.

SONIA:

Poor John. He was so upset.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Not half as upset as I'll be if I don't get into your pants before we leave.

SONIA:

You know how to treat a girl, don't you, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You're not a girl, Son', you're a plonk. If you're not careful the Swinging Sixties will have swung right past you with this single-minded dedication to villains.

SONIA:

I feel pretty upset about John going.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Get over it.

SONIA:

(Waits) Well?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Well?

SONIA:

There's a spare bed here. The key's in the lock.

Tony turns it with a clunk. A beat. Then he's on her.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Months after his torture at the hands of the Richardsons, every waking thought Joey had about them made his head and face and jaw ache all over again. Even taking out the false teeth he now wore reminded him painfully of what they'd done. They'd pulled out five of his teeth with pliers and broken another three in the process trying to get him to tell where the money was he had been holding from Bruce Reynolds's share of the Great Train Robbery. How they knew they didn't say. How he had survived without telling them not even Joey knew, but he would sooner give up an arm than his money. The pain must have been excruciating. Bruce Reynolds had got his money back, well most of his share that Joey hadn't yet been able to convert into shares and legitimate bonds. He'd gone off to live in Mexico with his family, but like most villains he'd go through his money and be back. The Richardsons had somehow got a line on Emil Savundra and got a lot of the forged bonds he had and so put the kibosh on the bent banker raising money on them for Joey's office development. They used the bonds for leveraged investments in South Africa where they had lots of business interests. It was that what gave Joey the idea about how to get even

with them. He knew his pain wouldn't subside until he did. It was to involve a former business partner of theirs in South Africa called Johnny Bradbury who had fallen out with Charlie Richardson. Jack Braden called in on Joey most days, to say how they had to hurt the Richardsons. But Joey knew more violence to them wouldn't hurt them where it mattered.

10/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

JACK:

They were well out of order doing what they done, Joey. They gotta be taught a lesson.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack, you mean well but it's painful being reminded.

JACK:

You see, son, the pain will go when we do them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You missing Brian or something, are you?

JACK:

I'm just doing what's right.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd sooner pay them back my way.

JACK:

How's that? Nick a few quid off them? That won't hurt.

JOEY OLDMAN:

If you do something, Jack, you'll have to be so very cunning about it. Yes, hurt them if you want, but set yourself up with the perfect alibi first. Otherwise you'll join Brian in prison.

JACK:

I got it all figured out. Wally Virgo's been made head of the Serious Crime Squad. Bill Moody, the head of the Porn Squad is laying on a party for him at the club.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Is that wise?

JACK:

We'll have lots of brasses there with their tits out.

JOEY OLDMAN:

No, Jack. No one's going to admit to being at such a party – no alibi.

JACK:

Well, what d'you think it should be?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Make it a party that you could bring your wife or girlfriend to. Get your high profile friends there. People like Boothby and Driberg. Then send someone to strike at the Richardsons.

JACK:

How could I get those sort of people?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Brian could get those sort of people to attend.

JACK:

Brian's now in Wandsworth Prison.

JACK OLDMAN:

Perhaps you should wait until he gets out. It won't be long before he is.

JACK:

Yeah. That's right, let Charlie and Eddie get a false sense of security. Then whoop! When we do them I guarantee your jaw'll stop aching.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's feeling better already.

JACK:

I'll pop down and visit Brian. See what the score is.

11/ INT WANDSWORTH PRISON VISITING ROOM

The buzz of voices, some of them children. Several woman say, "Brian!" as he comes through to Jack's table, stopping at their tables.

JACK:

My, you're popular with some of them prisoner's wives.

BRIAN:

Why not, Jack, when you see what most of them have to look forward to? I bring a bit of sparkle to their lives. Their husbands aren't threatened by me.

JACK:

You must be the best dressed prisoner in here, Brian.

BRIAN:

And the best fed – the cakes they bring me.

JACK:

What's the food like?

BRIAN:

Lousy. And the company, mostly. But you have time to sit and think.

JACK:

What d'you think about?

BRIAN:

Wanking, mostly.

JACK:

(Embarrassed) Leave off. There's kids in here. They might hear you.

BRIAN:

You ever read Nietzsche?

JACK:

What's he write? Murder stories.

BRIAN:

He pointed out that people will risk their lives in order to promote their power. They'll fight or go to war.

JACK:

I could've told him that.

BRIAN:

Some men are superheroes, ready to die young for power and greatness. What does it matter if you die at 27 when you've owned the world?

JACK:

What is this ballocks?

BRIAN:

Nietzsche says joy and suffering are inseparable. We got to get power and greatness, Jack.

JACK:

We ain't exactly mugs, Brian.

BRIAN:

We've got to have the greatest criminal gang ever. It's all in here waiting for us.

JACK:

What, these old lags? They're all gone. They ain't gonna do nothing.

BRIAN:

Not if they have superheroes leading them when they come out.

JACK:

Well, we can bung them a few quid to tide them over. We ain't got work for them.

BRIAN:

You're missing the point, Jack. Give them a few quid to tide them over and we've got our

firm. I'm going to send you someone who'll whack the Richardsons for Joey.

JACK:

I got plans for that. We just need to set up an alibi, Brian.

BRIAN:

This is someone who can get near to them. Nietzsche.

JACK:

Is that what he's called?

BRIAN:

No, he's Denny Jones. He goes out a few weeks before me. Take care of him. And the others I send you. Be prepared to lead them, Jack.

JACK:

Sounds good, Bri'. As long as you don't start thinking it's your firm. Did your mum tell you? I got Leah back.

BRIAN:

(Piss taking) Yeah, what good news! I'm so glad for you both!

JACK:

She was pugged up in a caravan in Cornwall. She looks terrific The holiday did her good..

BRIAN:

Just take care of these cons.

12/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Pongo comes running through the empty club.

PONGO:

Jack! Jack! This geezer slipped past me. Where is he?

JACK:

Who? Where?

DENNY JONES:

Here he is!

PONGO:

How d'you do that?

DENNY JONES:

Being a bit slippery, Pongo. It is Pongo? Brian told me about you.

JACK:

You Old Bill? You look like Old Bill.

DENNY JONES:

(Laughs) That's the game. I'm Denny Jones, Brian sent me.

JACK:

Well you don't look like you got out of clink, Denny. How d'you get that tan?

DENNY JONES:

I had a south facing cell!

JACK:

You taking the piss, Denny?

DENNY JONES:

Straight up, Jack. I had a top bunk. I kept moving in case I got stripes on my face.

JACK:

I don't like Smart Alecs. So what d'you do when you're not inside getting a tan?

DENNY JONES:

Armed robbery. If it moves an's got money in it.

JACK:

How come you palled up with Brian? You an iron?

DENNY JONES:

No. Brian's a diamond. He pulled me out of some bother with the screws. He's got them running around like blue-arsed flies. Really knows how to get into their heads. He's terrific.

JACK:

Well just remember, it's me what runs this firm, not Brian.

DENNY JONES:

He said you've got some bother with the Richardsons.

JACK:

Nothing I can't handle.

DENNY JONES:

I'll help. I hate them.

JACK:

What they do to you?

DENNY JONES:

Nothing. (Lights a cigarette.) They put electrodes on my kid brother's balls, to get him to tell where some money was he'd had from a Securicor van.

JACK:

That's Charlie and Eddie's trademark.

DENNY JONES:

Sent my brother off his head. He's in Broadmoor.

JACK:

Yeah, we can't let the dogs live.

DENNY JONES:

When Brian gets out I'll do them.

JACK:

How will you get near them?

DENNY JONES:

They think we're mates. I can't wait.

JACK:

It won't be long now.

13/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Jack comes into the bedroom where Leah is.

JACK:

Why ain't you dressed? You can't go in a nightdress and no makeup.

LEAH:

I'm not going to your party. It's a bunch of thugs.

JACK:

It's not like that. These are respectable people. There'll be some Lords there and politicians.

LEAH:

People you've made dirty like me.

JACK:

What you saying that for? That smart dress I bought you and some makeup, you'll look terrific, Leah.

LEAH:

(Losing her nerve) I can't. Please don't make me.

JACK:

I want you there with me, looking dolled up. It ain't much to ask.

LEAH:

(Crying) Please –

JACK:

Stop shaking like that. What's wrong with you? I thought you was well after your little holiday. One minute you're lethargic, the next you're ranting. I told you, Brian won't even

speak to you.

LEAH:

(Screeching) You just don't get it, do you? You don't? You never will -

She runs through the flat smacking things off shelves and breaking them.

JACK:

Stop it, Leah. Stop giving me the ache – You break anything else, I'll give you worse than Brian ever done to you.

LEAH:

Why don't you just kill me and make my life easier?

JACK:

For what use you are you might as well be dead.

LEAH:

Then why don't you let me go? Why? Why?

JACK:

Leah, you gotta understand, I ain't ever gonna let you go.

LEAH;

Then I'll kill myself.

She scrabbles in the kitchen drawer and gets a carving knife. Jack grabs her with, "No Leah," and slaps her hard, sending her sprawling.

JACK:

I'll kill you first -

Leah fights back and Jack slaps her harder and is on top of her struggling with her.

JACK:

Look at you. Look at you. It's been a long time, Leah. Too long.

LEAH:

No, Jack. Please no.

He rips off her pants and scrabbles with his flies. He rapes her. There's a long and painful cry of, "No -" from Leah.

14/ INT JACK'S CLUB

An excited buzz from guests. Ken Dodd is on the turntable singing *Tears*, when Joey comes down the steps to be greeted by Jack.

JACK:

Very smart dinner suit, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I bought it from the widow of a tenant. He'd only worn it once.

JACK:

The new teeth look the business.

JOEY OLDMAN:

At least these ones fit. Where's Leah? She here, Jack. I've got a message for her from Catherine.

JACK:

She's not well. I put her to bed. Where's Cath? I thought she was coming.

JOEY OLDMAN:

She's not too good either. She's been overdoing it a bit.

JACK:

But it's Brian's party. That Margaret Courtney's here, so's Lord Boothby. Everyone is.

JOEY OLDMAN:

She's been working non stop for the Tory party, trying to cover up the blot Brian's made on her copybook.

JACK:

Yeah, she said she wants to get him out of this life, run your properties. Why would he want to do that? He's got power here. You heard of Nietzsche?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Catherine sees it as a way for him to redeem himself.

JACK:

Yeah, well my sister pokes her nose in where it's not wanted. What's she want with my Leah?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I think she wants to meet her for tea.

JACK:

Putting ideas in her head. I don't want it, tell her.

A commotion starts up across the club which takes everyone's attention.

BRIAN:

(Shouting) You're not only stupid, Denny, you're drunk as well. And tomorrow you'll still be stupid and probably just as drunk.

DENNY JONES:

(Slurred) Well, look at you, you're just a big fairy who's scared to fight -

He takes a swing at Brian and misses and lands on the floor.

BRIAN:

Unlucky, son. Now you're making a nuisance of yourself. Take him to the gents, Pongo. Put his head down the loo and sober him up.

PONGO:

Come on, Denny, let's get you up.

DENNY JONES:

(Slurred) Get off me you black bastard.

PONGO:

(Dragging him out) Black I is, and a bastard for sure.

BRIAN:

I don't know why Jack allows ex-cons around decent people.

LORD BOOTHBY:

Goodness, I hope you've not entirely mended your ways, Brian!

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Are you all right now, Brian?

BRIAN:

I'm fine. Denny Jones was too drunk to punch hard.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

No, I meant after your stay at Her Majesty's pleasure.

BRIAN:

I don't think it was a pleasure for either of us.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh how witty – just like your clever father. How could the government learn from the prison experience?

BRIAN:

Some of them would have to be in prison for a short while to see what it's like.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

The way some are behaving in Harold Wilson's government, it could be for a long while.

People laugh.

LORD BOOTHBY:

Prison could be counted a success here, Margaret. This dear boy was studying Nietzsche.

BRIAN:

You do get a lot of time to sit and read. I'd better go and check that Denny Jones hasn't passed out and blocked the toilet. Excuse me.

LORD BOOTHBY:

Isn't he charming?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Just like his father, Bob.

She goes.

15/ INT TOILETS JACK'S CLUB

Jack is here with Denny Jones when Brian tries to push in.

PONGO:

It's only Brian.

BRIAN:

You all set, Denny?

DENNY JONES:

Apart from the shooter, Jack?

JACK:

Right here. Sticky tape on the handle so you don't leave no prints.

DENNY JONES:

Charlie and Eddie are definitely down at Mr Smith's club, are they?

JACK:

That's the word we got. They're minding the shop for some mugs out of Birmingham.

DENNY JONES:

I'll try and pop the two of them.

JACK:

If you can there's a bonus for you.

DENNY JONES:

No, this is for my kid brother, Jack.

BRIAN:

Well make sure your alibi is sound. The car's waiting. Get back as soon as you can. Back through the window here.

JACK:

Give him a boost out, Pongo.

BRIAN:
Good luck, Den.

Denny Jones is boosted out through the window.

16/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian walks through past Margaret Courtney.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
Is your friend all right now, Brian?

BRIAN:
He will be when he sobers up. Are you enjoying the party, Margaret?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
Oh very much. I must just have a word with Joseph. I have to somehow get your dear mother to ease up or she'll wear herself out.

She goes and approaches Joey Oldman.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
That's a very fetching jacket, Joseph. It fits you like a glove.

JOEY OLDMAN:
How lovely to see you, Margaret. Your ensemble is perfect as ever.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
Oh you kind man. (Whispers) Can we step over here and talk?

They go to another part of the club.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
I have to see you. Soon.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'll try to make tomorrow at the hotel.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
I can't wait. But what about tonight? The Colonel is away. You could come to the house.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Is that wise?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
If you don't, Joseph, I'll burst. Say you will.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Of course I will.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
As soon as we can reasonably get away.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I just have to wait and see someone here first.

17/ INT MR SMITH'S CLUB

A buzz of voices. Roger Miller singing *King of the Road*.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Denny, how are you, son. I didn't see you come in.

DENNY JONES:
I was having a drink with Peter Hennessy.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
That slag. Dunno *why* we let him in here.

DENNY JONES:
Where's that poncing brother of yours - ?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
He's here – you're the ponce, son -

DENNY JONES:
No, you're all pences, what you done to my brother –

PUNTER:
He's got a gun, Charlie - !

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
No you don't son -

A violent scuffle breaks out with people shouting the odds. Three shots ring out and someone cries out and goes down. "He's got Eddie," someone shouts and people are running.

18/ INT MARGARET COURTNEY'S HOUSE

The doorbell rings. Margaret Courtney hurries through, opens the door and pulls Joey Oldman inside, closing the door.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
Joseph, I got scared in case you wouldn't come to the house. After all.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It is a bit risky. Are you sure it's all right?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Yes, yes. Come here. Kiss me, Joseph. I want you to kiss me all over.

They kiss, again and again. Start to remove clothes.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Not here. Let's go to my room.

19/ INT MARGARET COURTNEY'S ROOM

She is in bed with Joey Oldman. She sighs.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

If you smoked, Joseph, you could have a well-earned cigarette.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It might leave a tell-tale smell in here.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh, the colonel never comes in here. He has his own room.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't you and he...?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Not for a very long while. (Sighs) Oh Joseph, it's so wonderful being in my very own bed with you like this. I'd love to wake up in the morning with you beside me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Steady on, old dear. I have to get back or Catherine might start wondering.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Perhaps she'd be more suited to the colonel. They have the same needs, it seems, or absence of them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I told you at the start, Margaret, I wouldn't leave Catherine.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

No, of course not. You're so sensible, Joseph. We don't want any whiff of scandal. It would only come back on the Party, especially now Ted Heath has been elected leader.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Perhaps Catherine and I should think about separate rooms – we've got plenty of rooms.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I'd feel so much less jealous of her if that happened.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd best get going – I might have to slip back to the club.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Not yet, my darling. Make love to me just one more time to keep me going through all the long hours without you.

She is on him again, kissing him passionately, to Sonny and Cher's *I Got You Babe*.

20/ INT JACK'S CLUB

The buzz is going around about the shooting at Mr Smith's club, while The Seekers are singing, *The Carnival Is Over* on the turntable.

LORD BOOTHBY:

Are you fully recovered now, Mr Jones?

DENNY JONES:

I think I made a bit of a fool of myself, Sir Boothby.

LORD BOOTHBY:

Bob - and I think we've all done that in our time. Thank you, Brian. A very nice party.

BRIAN:

Bye Bob. Thanks for coming.

He goes as Jack comes through.

JACK:

Did we have a result, Denny?

DENNY JONES:

It was all a bit confused, Jack. Everyone shouting the odds.

JACK:

Did our two dogs go down all right?

DENNY JONES:

Someone copped it for sure. It was bedlam when the shooter came out.

JACK:

They'll have got the message all right. Joey will be well pleased. Where is he?

PONGO:

He slipped out when that posh bird went.

JACK:

I'd say he'd be well pleased all right. Here, let's all have some of this – it'll keep you going till Thursday, son.

BRIAN:

You'll get hooked on that stuff, Jack.

JACK:

Don't be a mug, Brian. I'm too smart for that.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Because of the highly public nature of the shooting at Mr Smith's club in Catford, the police had to take action Detective Superintendent Jack Slipper led the team that targeted the Richardsons. Some said this was the turning point in their demise and certainly Jack swaggered around taking a lot of the credit. Nothing much else was happening in the world or this country according to the newspapers, apart from the Beatles getting an MBE and US troops pouring into Vietnam. A US astronaut called Edward White walked in space. Myra Hindley and Ian Brady were nicked for killing children in what was forever to become known as the Moors Murders. The newspapers along with everyone else in the country wanted them hanged.

Meanwhile, Jack Slipper and his team were quietly working away on the gangs. Ironically, George Fenwick, recently promoted to the Porn Squad was to become part of that elite team of incorruptible detectives. How he managed to bring that off he didn't say. But Joey's information about one-time Richardson associate in South Africa was to play a big part in their downfall.

21/ INT CONFERENCE ROOM SCOTLAND YARD

There's a buzz from 20 or so officers talking, when Supt Slipper walks in it drops.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Right. We all know why we're here. It's time to bring down the hammer on these thugs. You've all been doing a lot of work on their criminal associates, people who have fallen out with the Richardsons, people who might be persuaded to give evidence against them. Who's going first, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We found a villain who was in Mr Smith's club at the time of the shooting, Peter Hennessy.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Is he going to come over to us?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Not quite, guv – not yet anyway. Like most of them, he wants someone else to go first. He did give us the name of the person who did the shooting, Denny Jones.

SUPT SLIPPER:

What does this Mr Jones have to say for himself, George?

GEORGE FENWICK:

We might know that when we find him. He's gone to ground, guv.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Then let's get our spades out and dig him up. Make that a priority.

22/ INT POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM

Denny Jones is bundled in, followed by Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick.

DENNY JONES:

Why am I being brought in like this? If I'm arrested I wanna phone my brief -

GEORGE FENWICK:

Oh shut up, *Mr Jones*. You'll know well enough why you're under arrest. We just want some answers from you. Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We've been reliably informed that you were involved in the shooting at Mr Smith's club in Catford, when Richard Hart was shot.

DENNY JONES:

Who told you that fanny? Some grass you're paying?

GEORGE FENWICK:

We didn't exactly expect you to put your hand up, Denny.

DENNY JONES:

You're way off the mark. I certainly have no liking for the Richardsons. I wish it was them what was shot.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Was that who you went there with the intention of shooting?

DENNY JONES:

You old enough to be a policeman, son?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Old enough and man enough to put you away, Denny. Who said anything about the Richardsons.

DENNY JONES:

Well, they was there according to the newspapers. They was minding the club.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Where were you, if not there?

DENNY JONES:

I was at another club, owned by Jack Braden. It was a party funny enough given in honour of another Old Bill – Wally Virgo.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Well, that makes life interesting.

DENNY JONES:

Especially as half the guests were Old Bill.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Then you'll have plenty of witnesses to support your alibi, Denny.

DENNY JONES:

I'd say, Mr Fenwick, Lord Boothby was there. He had a conversation with me, and a Tory party lady called Margaret Courtney.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Then we'd best have a full list of names and check them out.

23/ EXT PARLIAMENT SQUARE

Tony Wednesday walking to the House of Lords with Supt Slipper.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Well, you don't have to have second sight to have guessed how that would have come out, guv.

SUPT SLIPPER:

People like Lord Boothby are supposedly our betters, they help run the country.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If they're all as naive as he is, sir, God help the country.

SUPT SLIPPER:

There's no doubt it's going to the dogs under the current government. And I don't suppose Ted Heath will do much better if he gets a go. But the likes of the Richardsons would have us on the slippery slope even faster. We can't let it happen.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do you want us to check out the other alibi witnesses?

SUPT SLIPPER:

What's the point? The club was half full of corrupt policemen by the sound of it, and a whole bunch of toffs who don't know the smell of shit.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It's a pity that lying bugger Jones didn't shoot the Richardsons. That would have saved the taxpayers a lot of money.

SUPT SLIPPER:

We mustn't allow ourselves to think like that, Tony, tempting as it is. We have to bring them down fairly, by superior mental dexterity.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What about this old Richardson associate in South Africa that DCI Fenwick's snout came up with, Johnny Bradbury?

SUPT SLIPPER:

Is it worth a trip out there?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He's been convicted of murder, and barring appeals he'll hang. Maybe someone could have a word with the authorities and do a deal for him.

SUPT SLIPPER:

If we could and get him to give evidence for his life... I'll talk to the Deputy Assistant Commissioner. We might be onto something there. Do you have a passport, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

No, sir. Never had any reason to go out of the country.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Well get one. Just in case the DAC can persuade the South African authorities to do a deal.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The small compensation for all the police activity that was going into nicking the Richardsons was that we got an easier time. No one came knocking on our door, apart from the occasional detective trying to get us to give evidence against them. Of course Jack thought this was all his doing and that he was going to be king of the heap. The Krays are next. Meanwhile he was becoming more and more unstable, anything set him off, and the uppers and downers he was swallowing like Smarties wasn't helping. I loved the life but it was plain to see it wasn't going to carry on for much longer with Jack acting the way he was. Pongo was the only one who could pacify him and even he was worried. I got a call from Pongo that Jack was pilled-p and on his way round to my place after a gun.

24/ INT BRIAN'S FLAT

Manfred Mann is on the turntable singing, *If You Gotta Go, Go Now* as Jack crashes around.

JACK:

Where is it, Brian? I need that gun. Where you hid it?

BRIAN:

I don't have a gun, Jack. What do you want with a shooter?

JACK:

We gotta shoot Paul Raymond, teach him a lesson. We'll take him out to the pig farm at Stoke Poges and pop him.

BRIAN:

What sort of lesson's that if he's dead?

JACK:

It'll learn others – help me search, Pongo, find his gun -

PONGO:

Where, Jack? He says he don't have one.

BRIAN:

Calm down, Jack, Paul Raymond weighs on each week as good as gold – through Jimmy Humphries -

JACK:

Then Jimmy Humphries's nicking from us – we'll pop them both.

BRIAN:

No, Jack. This is nonsense – what you been swallowing to make you so crazy? Take him home, Pongo. He can't be on the street like this -

JACK:

Get off, Pongo – I ain't one of your fairies, Brian. Gimme the shooter -

BRIAN:

I said no -

JACK:

I gotta find a shooter. I gotta -

He crashes out of the flat.

PONGO:

What can I do, Bri?

BRIAN:

Knock him out, if you have to, before he gets himself nicked.

Pongo flies out.

25/ INT JOE LYONS CRANBOURNE STREET

Clatter of china, a buzz of customers. George Fenwick comes to Brian's table with a cup of tea and sits down.

GEORGE FENWICK:

I can't stay long, Brian. Supt Slipper keeps us all at it.

BRIAN:

I was going to point out a famous playwright, Joe Orton over there. He wrote *Entertaining Mr Sloane*. I saw him interviewed on telly. Complete maniac.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Like your uncle. Is he cracking up, Brian?

BRIAN:

I think he is, George. He threatened Drury the other day.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Yeah I heard. What was it about? Anything?

BRIAN:

He reckons Drury and Paul Raymond and the Krays are nicking his money.

GEORGE FENWICK:

He came in and addressed our squad yesterday about your little firm. He said the Richardsons were about to go and you lot were next.

BRIAN:

Is that about to happen, George?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Looks on the cards, now they've got Johnny Bradbury back from South Africa. He's got a lot to say about the Richardsons. This is the killer, Brian - Drury warned us to be on the lookout for any corrupt policemen who might try to help us.

BRIAN:

Did he keep a straight face?

GEORGE FENWICK:

He said you were terrorizing respectable businessmen in the West End.

BRIAN:

Like who?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Mostly club owners. He told us not to bother with them as witnesses as they wouldn't be reliable.

BRIAN:

I hope you pointed out it could be well involved nicking Jack. A lot of Old Bill might have to go as well.

GEORGE FENWICK:

That's not how Hairpin Drury sees it. He told me afterwards we can't be nicked. Who's going to believe a criminal against the word of a policeman?

BRIAN:

It depends how many are saying it, George.

GEORGE FENWICK:

There's the rub, Brian. I gotta go.

He gets up.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

It was becoming increasingly clear that Ken Drury was as mad as Jack. Perhaps he was popping pills as well. Believing he was untouchable because people believed the word of

policemen put him on another planet. Maybe I should have read the writing on the wall, got out, a clean break from Jack. Why I didn't, I wasn't sure. What would I have got out to? An office job with Joey? I liked the lifestyle I had, it was as addictive as any drug, one I couldn't break out of, despite being possibly life-threatening. Nietzsche's Will to Power didn't seem to take account of that or what to do about the emptiness of life without power. The irony was that getting away from Jack at that point wouldn't have made any difference to the predicament I find myself in now. It would be a long while before I got a chance to get even with either Joey or Tony Wednesday.

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