

STUDIO SCRIPT/1b
GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 16 – 1966

Brian Oldman, as an older man is heard from his prison cell.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

With only one hour of yard exercise a day and most of the rest of my time spent in my prison cell, I didn't have much to do but read or stare at the wall or think about past events. I was looking for lessons that would prevent me returning to prison, but I had a long wait before I could put them into practice.

To everyone's surprise Harold Wilson and his Labour government were returned to power to govern with an overall majority. That was only the start of their problems with inflation at an all-time high, interest rates at 14% and veiled threats of unpopular measures to deal with the worsening economic situation. Not a message many wanted to hear, or what he planned to do to bring the recently declared independent Rhodesia back into line. His real problem was with the big unions which had helped get him re-elected. They expected reward, not more restraint.

My Uncle Jack was getting crazier and crazier and ignoring the storm clouds gathering on our horizon. The police made more and more inquiries about what we were up to. This was the year the Richardsons were to fall, but Jack couldn't ever see it happening to him, thinking the police he gave money to would protect him forever, not seeing that they might fall as well.

1/ INT PUB

There's the hubbub from the bar with Donovan singing *Catch The Wind* out of the jukebox. Sonia Hope brings two drinks across to Tony Wednesday.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I still find it odd, a girl buying a round, Sonia.

SONIA:

But you keep telling me I'm not a girl, I'm a plonk. The only way I can get your attention is taking you for a drink.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Well, what about getting a spaghetti Bolognese?

SONIA:

What I want to know, Tony is why you've been moved out of the Robbery Squad and put with DCI Fenwick's lot?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Who knows? The governor must have had his reasons.

SONIA:

You mean *Mr* Slipper didn't consult you first?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Surprisingly. Just told me to keep my eyes and ears open.

SONIA:

Something's going on.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Maybe he wants me to keep an eye on DCI Fenwick.

SONIA:

Why would he?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Did you hear rumours about him, that he's at it?

SONIA:

Come off it. He's Supt Slipper's most trusted officer.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Oh, I thought you thought that was me.

SONIA:

Well, I started to wonder – Mr Slipper being a single man.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Maybe it's me that's being tested, Sonia.

SONIA:

Oh you'd pass any test.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Or it might be someone is concerned that we're too close and I might get distracted working with you.

SONIA:

Unlikely. You think more of police work than ever you do of me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The police manual's not as much fun as you, Son'. Let's get some spaghetti and take it from there. You never know I might get shipwrecked going out to the Isle of Wight tomorrow.

SONIA:

You know, Tony, there might *not* be a reason you were moved.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Come on, I like being distracted.

They set down their glasses and go.

2/ EXT ISLE OF WIGHT FERRY

Tony Wednesday is leaning on the rail with George Fenwick watching the gulls.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Are you giving Sonia Hope one, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The plonk on the Robbery Squad? I wouldn't mind. Is she available?

GEORGE FENWICK:

They're all available. Especially to a young good-looking man. If I was your age with your looks, I'd be shagging half the ladies in London.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Don't know when I'd do any coppering, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

You like the life?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What I was born for, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Be careful it doesn't take you over. Some policemen lose all sense of perspective. They think they can do anything.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What d'you mean, go bent?

GEORGE FENWICK:

What corrupt policemen do you know, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

None, I don't think. Well, I've never met any, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

You surprise me, a sharp detective like you.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Where do I find these coppers, guv?

GEORGE FENWICK:

They pop up in the most surprising places. What about Supt Slipper?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
(Feigning shock) He's bent?

GEORGE FENWICK:
Think about it. With a yacht parked down here at Cowes. We can take a gander after we've been out Parkhurst to interview David Crutwell.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Maybe Mr Slipper's mum buys deluxe Christmas crackers, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:
(Laughs) Maybe! Look at Commander Drury, so bent he's called Hairpin.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
How could he get away with it, and get promoted?

GEORGE FENWICK:
By making sure those around him are bent. Why do you think we haven't nicked criminals like the Richardsons or the Bradens or Krays?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Supt Slipper brought us in because we're not tainted with corruption.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Long may it last. In this job you learn to watch everyone else's back.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Who watches mine, guv?

GEORGE FENWICK:
Someone will – if you let them.

The warning sounds that the ferry is about to land.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Let's get ashore and see what this prisoner's got to say for himself.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Did I pass the test, guv?

GEORGE FENWICK:
You'll do, Tony.

They go.

3/ INT PARKHURST PRISON

The prisoner David Crutwell is brought into the visiting room.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Shows you how hard up you get in prison, taking a visit from Old Bill.

GEORGE FENWICK:

I'm DCI Fenwick, this is Detective Constable Wednesday, Mr Crutwell.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

You look young enough not to have gone bent yet.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'll try and keep it that way, Mr Crutwell.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

What can I offer you gents? A cup of tea and a chocolate biscuit.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Perhaps a screw would serve it.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Just ring the bell. They'll take your order.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We'll settle for some information.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

You're a bit swift, son. What, you feel uncomfortable here? You've been at it long enough to have put innocent men in here.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's not the way policemen perform.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Tell that to a donkey and he'd kick you.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Perhaps you'd give us some names of corrupt police officers, David?

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Is that what this is about?

GEORGE FENWICK:

We hoped you'd give evidence against Charlie and Eddie Richardson.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Nice idea. What if they don't fall? I'm down for a bit more treatment, or my family is.

GEORGE FENWICK:

They're going away all right. We're looking for extra nails in the coffin.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

If they come in here they'll get slaughtered, the thieving bastards. And Jack Braden and his poofy nephew. They ponce off hard-working villains.

GEORGE FENWICK:

You sound bitter, David.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

They didn't just rob me, they tortured me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We heard they gave Old Bill money to stay free while you do a long one.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Then how you ever gonna put them away?

GEORGE FENWICK:

With the help of villains they robbed. (Beat.)

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You could give us the names of the coppers they're bunging.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

What do I get? Do I walk from here?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Unlikely, David. You were on the Great Train Robbery with Ronnie Biggs.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Yeah, well he's out now.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Guv – (A beat.) Give us some names, you could go the same way.

GEORGE FENWICK:

(Playing the game) Tony –

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You'd be on your own, David, taking your chances with staying at liberty.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

You helped Biggsy out that way?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Tony, you weren't supposed to reveal that –

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Cunning bastard. Biggsy kept well closed up.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Coolly) That was part of the deal.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Steady on, Tony. Let's not promise anything I he might not have much information.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

(Desperate) Come on. Can you help me go out?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That depends on three things. What you give us; what our governor says; how easily it can be arranged.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

That'll do me. Blinding.

He smacks his hands together.

4/ EXT WICKET GATE PARKHURST

George Fenwick comes out with Tony Wednesday and the gate slams.

GEORGE FENWICK:

My God, you ought to be an actor, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Isn't that what a lot of detective work is, guv?

GEORGE FENWICK:

How did you come up with that stroke?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He bought it hook, line and sinker.

GEORGE FENWICK:

All we have to do is convince the super. Let's get that cab and I'll show you his yacht before we go and break the news to him.

5/ INT SUPT SLIPPER'S OFFICE

Supt Slipper is pacing, heatedly. Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick wait.

SUPT SLIPPER:

How the hell do you imagine such a thing might be arranged, Tony? You ought to have more sense, George. There's an excuse for him, he's lacking experience.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It was my doing entirely, sir. I just sprung it on DCI Fenwick during the interview –

SUPT SLIPPER:

Putting your hand up to it does you credit, son. How does this run from here?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I know if we want to nail these gangs, we've got to be imaginative.

SUPT SLIPPER:

We've got to be realistic, too.

GEORGE FENWICK:

We could string him along, get the information, get him to give evidence first.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Firmly) That would be the last help we'd get from any villain in a long while, guv.

SUPT SLIPPER:

It's dangerous.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We could do as Mr Fenwick says, let him give evidence. Then attempt an escape on his way back from court and have the local uniform branch and prison service on high alert.

SUPT SLIPPER:

How useful is Crutwell's information to us?

GEORGE FENWICK:

He'd be a strong witness against the Richardsons. They tortured him for his share of the Great Train Robbery money.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Will a convicted felon convince the jury?

GEORGE FENWICK:

On his own, no. But he won't be on his own. He can help us with Braden's lot. He won't get his escape attempt until he's given evidence against Jack Braden too.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Play him for all he's worth. Well done, Tony. That's what we need, radical new thinking.

6/ INT PARKHURST INTERVIEW ROOM

A warder shows in George Fenwick and Tony Wednesday.

WARDER:

Have a seat, gentlemen. A prison officer's just bringing Crutwell up.

The warder goes out.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We should've asked for tea and chocolate biscuits. That would impress our man –

GEORGE FENWICK:

Too right -

He flies out the door with, 'Warder!' muffled voices. George Fenwick returns.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Good thinking, Tony. What did you think of our governor's yacht in Cowes harbour?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If you like that sort of thing. Didn't look very comfortable.

GEORGE FENWICK:

It's a racing sloop, is why. He sometimes sails with Uffa Fox, the Duke of Edinburgh's friend, and Ted Heath, the Tory leader.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You saying he's bent too, guv? It's as well I didn't vote for him.

The door flies open and David Crutwell rushes in.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Well?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Let me close the door – thanks chief.

He shuts the door on the prison officer.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Are we on – the same sort of help Biggsy got?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Ronnie Biggs didn't put up names. He went into corrupt cops and bent screws.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

He could afford to. Ronnie got a lion's share, with the geezer he helped set up the blag.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Who was the other organiser, David.?

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Roy the Weasel – we all got nicknames. One was the Banker.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That won't even get you on a gardening party, much less over the wall.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Well, what d'you wanna know?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Guv, let's call it a day. He doesn't know sweet FA.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

No, no. I'll help you, you help me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

How were the Richardsons involved?

DAVID CRUTWELL:

They weren't. Biggsy and the Weasel went to them first, but they didn't think the train could be stopped.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

And Jack Braden?

DAVID CRUTWELL:

He was well involved. Then he got nicked, so they dropped him out.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Doesn't help much, David.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

They swagged our shares off us.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Who? Braden's lot?

DAVID CRUTWELL:

They got Bobby Brown's share. The Richardsons nicked mine. The slags. They pulled out three teeth before I told where the money was. I hate them. If I can get those dogs put down, I will.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Once he got started David Crutwell wouldn't stop talking. Mostly about the Richardsons,

but other names came up, including mine and Joey's, how we were bunging Old Bill. He didn't realise *that* Old Bill was sitting right across the table from him taking notes. What he had on Joey and me could only have been a rumour, but he was throwing everything into the pot. All of this was only mentally noted by Tony Wednesday, but it would be enough for him to later act upon. After the three-hour interview the detectives had a lot to go on. On their way home on the boat, George Fenwick tried to steer Tony Wednesday away from me and Joey, but I'm sure in hindsight that this only made the young detective more keen. Meanwhile, Joey's information about Johnny Bradbury was paying off, and a deal was done to bring him back to England to give evidence. Later Tony was to come to us, not to arrest us, but for his share of what was on offer. Things weren't going all his way, of course.

7/ INT 2iis COFFEE BAR SOHO

Freddie and the Dreamers are finishing a set amidst the buzz of customers and clink of coffee cups.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What do you make of DCI Fenwick, Sonia?

SONIA:

Tony! Don't you ever stop thinking about work?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm a detective, Son'. I look at people and think: Are they at it? Most of them are.

SONIA:

You think everyone's got an ulterior motive?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Don't tell me you don't.

SONIA:

Why would I?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do you think Fenwick's bent?

SONIA:

He certainly thinks he's a ladies' man, with his high-heeled boots and his Old Spice aftershave. The way he comes on at women with that: Well here I am baby, look.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's policemen. Is he at it?

SONIA:

Not with me, he's not.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You know what, Son'. I think you're shrewder than you crack on.

SONIA:

(Beat) If I was then why did I let myself get pregnant?

Tony doesn't respond. He watches someone adjusting the mikes.

SONIA:

Tony? Say something.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Why did you?

SONIA:

I was crazy enough to fall for an obsessive detective.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Is it worth being any other kind?

SONIA:

(Beat) (Brittle.) So, do you know any good abortionists?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

A whole book full. You never know when they'll come in handy.

SONIA:

Damn you, Tony. I'm serious. I'm going to need something.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Why would you want one of those creeps poking inside you?

SONIA:

Why do you bloody well think?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You didn't answer the question, Sonia.

SONIA:

I can't see you wanting to get married. At least you didn't say: Is it mine? (Beat) You bastard! You thought it.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You wouldn't be mug enough to look elsewhere with me around. You know how I started life?

SONIA:

The romantic butter-box baby dumped on the orphanage doorstep.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Eyes up, there's a spade dealing. Purple hearts probably. Shall we nick him?

SONIA:

Call in the local cops. I'm off for the night.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If you can't find an abortionist, I wouldn't want my kid ending up in that poxy orphanage.

SONIA:

Well I suppose I could get that old bobby you're always on about to keep an eye on him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Oh, you think it's a boy?

SONIA:

I've got a feeling about it.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Got some bad news for you, Sonia. Sergeant Watling popped his clogs – kidney failure. Keeled over on his allotment. No one noticed until that bossy cow he married got fed up with keeping his dinner hot.

SONIA:

Oh Tony, I am sorry. Why didn't you say?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What could you have done, given him one of your kidneys? As he's not around, I'll look out for the little sprog. I don't want him growing up like me – a bastard.

SONIA:

A real romantic bastard.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Is that yes? Or do you want the abortionist?

The band strikes up.

8/ INT SCOTLAND YARD

George Fenwick stops typing and turns to Tony Wednesday.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Be your best man, Tony? You sure this kid is yours?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Laughs) Unless it's yours, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

I'd liked to have paid a visit. Sonia's a cracking looking bird.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Well, what do you say?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Where you going on your honeymoon?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We hadn't thought about it. Back to work, I s'pose. Can't afford much else, especially as Sonia will have to stop working.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Well, why not combine work and pleasure? A pal of mine's got a place in Marbella. You could go out on Freddie Laker's new cheap airline. It's a blinding gaff, pool, palms, the lot. Sean Connery lives just along the road. You could have a game of golf with him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Where's the collar involved? Do I have to dig the garden?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Ken Drury went a couple of times. Lots of villains out there, you could dig around.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Is the owner of this gaff a villain?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Well retired. He's got property he rents out. You'll need some spending money.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What you gonna do, guv? Have a whip round?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Better than that, son. Get your coat.

He gets up.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

It was then that George Fenwick waltzed Tony Wednesday, the cop who nicked me, back into our lives. Only he wasn't a lowly constable any more but a cunning detective. They came to the club Jack had taken off two Irish brothers in South Kensington. Like most such places it was different by day without the punters and lights and pills and booze swilling around. Jack was bleary eyed from too much dope and lack of sleep. He was gaining a bit of weight these days, but could still put himself about. I wasn't sure how much longer that would last. He looked at Tony Wednesday like he had some recall of the time when he was in as good shape as this detective.

9/INT. JACK'S CLUB

JACK:

You look like you do a few weights, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I try and keep fit.

JACK:

George tells me you're helping put the Richardsons away.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Laughs) Hardly, Mr Braden. That was mostly down to a bloke called Johnny Bradbury. The information he's giving us. He'll be blinding.

JACK:

You're the one with the slippery tongue what got him talking, right?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You treat people as badly as the Richardsons do, no one's ever going to have a good word to say about you.

JACK:

Exactly right, Tony. You have to treat people right. Pop through and find Brian, George. He needs a word.

George Fenwick goes out. Jack opens the till drawer and takes out some money.

JACK:

We like to treat our friends. D'you know Princess Margaret's a friend of mine?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I saw a picture of you together in the Daily Mail.

JACK:

What a diamond. Supports our boys' boxing charity. Here's a twoer, a bit of spending money for your honeymoon.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's a lot of money, Mr Braden.

JACK:

S'wedding present.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Some might see it as a bribe –

JACK:

You ain't doing nothing for me. I didn't ask for nothing. You have a happy marriage, like me – only we ain't married.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do you know a policeman called Drury?

JACK:

This a get-up?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I believe he's very corrupt.

JACK:

So someone told me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

There'd be a lot of happy people in the Met if we could nick him.

JACK:

Tony, you nick Ken Drury, there'd be a lot more than a twoer on the table. He's the scourge of honest businessmen in the West End.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Perhaps you'd like to help me.

JACK:

George Fenwick said you was shrewd and ambitious. A dangerous mixture, but I like you, Tony. Enjoy your honeymoon. When you come back, maybe I'll have something for you.

9/ EXT STREET

Tony Wednesday walking with George Fenwick.

GEORGE FENWICK:

What did he bung you, Tony? Something worthwhile?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

GEORGE FENWICK:

Don't be coy, son.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It's as well he didn't. He's interested in having someone nick Commander Drury. Apparently he's been demanding money from Mr Braden and other businessmen.

GEORGE FENWICK:

About right, Tony.

10/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Pongo comes running through as Jack is scrabbling in a drawer.

PONGO:

Jack. Jack, your sister's here with Joey.

JACK:

Where are my pills, Pongo? You hid them?

PONGO:

You don't need them, Jack. You're okay.

JACK:

What are you, a doctor? You get 'em now.

PONGO:

What about your sister? She's here with Joey.

JACK:

What do they want? A drink?

PONGO:

Cath wants to talk to you about Leah.

JACK:

Has something happened to my Leah? I need something for my headache.

PONGO:

Its them pills doing your head in, Jack.

JACK:

Find them before I throw you out on your ear. Where's Cathy?

He staggers through to the bar area where Cath waits with Joey Oldman.

JACK:

Cath - (He starts to search drawers.) I gotta find my pills.

CATH:

Aren't you well, Jack? Brian said you weren't yourself –

JACK:

What's he saying about me? People keep plotting against me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Brian's not plotting, Jack. He's your main support -

JACK:

All he does is bring me cons I gotta keep.

CATH:

We're worried about Leah, Jack.

JACK:

There's nothing wrong with her.

CATH:

She needs to get out more. I've taken her out a few times.

JACK:

She don't wanna go nowhere. She's fine, Cath.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The thing is, Jack, she's a bright girl who's not achieving her potential.

JACK:

Well, I let her study. She does some correspondence course.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Cath helped her find the course through our friends in the Tory Party.

CATH:

The thing is, Jack, you have to let Leah go. She's not happy. She wants to go to university.

JACK:

What you talking about? I give her everything she wants.

CATH:

She wants freedom to make her own choices.

JACK:

She don't want to go nowhere –

JOEY OLDMAN:

She's got a good brain. The lecturer who runs her course can't give any higher grades.

JACK:

Who told you that? She just writes a lot of rubbish.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He wants her to apply for a place at Bristol University.

JACK:

No. I told her, studying's all right if it keeps her happy.

CATH:

But, Jack, she's never been happy.

JACK:

(Flaring) You're lying. She's happy with me. She is.

CATH:

Not one moment of happiness has she had with you. Since we've become friends she's on the phone weeping. She's like a bird in a cage. A prisoner –

JACK:

I said, no – Pongo, where's them poxy pills of mine –?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let her go, Jack. Let her study properly. She'll thank you for it.

CATH:

Do this one thing for the girl, Jack, before it's too late.

JACK:

Too late for what? You plotting against me as well, Cath, you and that Jewboy? – like you done when you robbed me out of mum's house.

CATH:

We didn't rob you –

JOEY OLDMAN:

We gave you a fair share –

JACK:

Look what you got out of it – Look what you got –

CATH:

We worked hard for every penny -

JACK:

You robbed me.

CATH:

(Blurting out) No, you're the one who robbed *us* with that banker –

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Restraining) Cath, enough –

CATH:

We know he did with bloody Cole Hicks –

JACK:
You're crackers – take her away 'fore I hurt her.

CATH:
Big brave Jack Braden, beating up women – all you're good for –

JOEY OLDMAN:
Cath! Enough!

CATH:
I'm ashamed you're family –

JACK:
With your nice posh Tory ladies what Joey's screwing –

JOEY OLDMAN:
This is madness, Cath – let's go.

CATH:
Not until he lets Leah go -

JACK:
She ain't going nowhere, and if you don't stop plotting against me, I'll take the phone out of the flat so she can't talk to no one.

CATH:
You're off your head – I'll get someone from the mental hospital to you -

JACK:
I'll kill you, 'you do that, Cath –

JOEY OLDMAN:
Cath, come on -

He drags her out.

CATH:
(Shouting back) I will get that girl away from you – I'll get the police –

JACK:
I'll kill her first -

The door bangs. Silence.

PONGO:
(Shakes some pills out.) You better have some of these and calm down, Jack.

JACK:
You're the only one I can trust, Pongo.

PONGO:
I'll look after you, but you gotta chill, man. Okay.

11/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S CAR

He is driving with Cath.

CATH:
What are we going to do about getting Leah away?

JOEY OLDMAN:
What can we do, Cath? I told you that approach wouldn't work. You can't reason with a person like Jack.

CATH:
Then we'll go to the police.

JOEY OLDMAN:
They won't get involved in domestic violence unless someone is killed.

CATH:
He will kill her if he doesn't mend his ways, or she'll kill herself.

JOEY OLDMAN:
There was a time when you were ready to kill her – for what she did to your Brian.

CATH:
I feel sorry for her, Joey. Might Margaret Courtney know someone we could send round there?

JOEY OLDMAN:
What, Welfare people? Why don't you ask her?

CATH:
(A beat) What did Jack mean – you screwing Tory ladies?

JOEY OLDMAN:
What does anything that madman says mean?

CATH:
You wouldn't get up to any of that nonsense, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:
When would I have time? I work fourteen hours a day trying to make our future. If you want to take notice of a ranting madman, I can't stop you.

CATH:

I'm sorry, Joseph. What am I saying?

JOEY OLDMAN:

(A beat) You shouldn't have mentioned him robbing us with Julian Tyrwhitt.

CATH:

That's been simmering ever since Jack got out of prison. He didn't get long enough. Tyrwhitt hasn't been punished at all.

JOEY OLDMAN:

His is what I call a sleeper, Cath. It'll wake up soon and bite him.

CATH:

That still leaves the problem with Leah. Can you drop me around there now?

Joey Oldman honks the horn at another motorist.

12/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Cath comes through to the kitchen after Leah.

CATH:

You have to leave him, Leah. It's the only way.

LEAH:

There'd be hell to pay if I do. He'd only find me.

CATH:

We're going to ask someone in the Tory Party I told you about to help.

LEAH:

How can she? She can't change Jack.

CATH:

We have to try and get him certified. This lady is a friend of Rab Butler – he was Home Secretary. He'll know what to do.

LEAH:

He'll think we're plotting against him, Cath.

CATH:

Well, we are. And we'll succeed. Hook or by crook we'll get this wretched brother of mine out of your life.

LEAN:

(Breaking up) Oh Cath, I don't know what to say. You're so good to me -

The door opens and Jack comes in with Pongo. Leah jumps back with an alarmed, "You must go."

JACK:

Why, what you saying about me, Leah?

LEAH:

I'm just talking to Cath –

JACK:

Don't give me that ballocks –

CATH:

Since you keep her a virtual prisoner here, Jack, I'm her only outlet –

JACK:

Not any more, get out –

LEAH:

She's my friend –

JACK:

You plot against me again you'll both end up at the pig farm. And it won't be to get no bacon sandwich.

CATH:

You're off your bloody head –

JACK:

Out, out - !

He rushes out through the door and slams it as Leah tries to stop him with, "Don't – "

JACK:

You don't study no more. You don't talk to Cath, letting her fill your head with stupid ideas about going to university. Get it? You'd better.

LEAH:

I hate you. I hate you so much I wish you were dead –

JACK:

Okay. Get her a kitchen knife, Pongo. Let her have a go.

PONGO:

Jack, don't do this, man. It's not sensible.

JACK:

(Bellows) Get out of the way.

He runs to the kitchen, grabs a knife and rushes back to Leah.

JACK:

There you are –

PONGO:

This is crazy, Jack –

JACK:

Shut up, you black bastard or I'll stab you. Come on, Leah. Plunge it just here. (He rips open his shirt.) Come on. (Coaxingly.) Knife me, right here.

A beat. Leah screams and lunges at Jack. Pongo shouts, "Jack!" and Jack knocks Leah spark out. She crashes to the floor.

JACK:

She was going to do it, Pongo. Why was she gonna do for me? Put her on the bed. She'll be fine after a bit of kip.

TIME JUMP

Leah walks through to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

JACK:

(Calm) You feeling okay now?

LEAH:

What do you want with me, Jack? In God's name, tell me.

JACK:

I can't live without you, Leah. You're with me for life. We'll get married.

LEAH:

What it is you want from me?

JACK:

What you saying? Look, I give you all this.

LEAH:

Whatever it is you want from me, I can't give it. Sex? Oh, you just take that. You mount me like a dog. I loathe it - like I'm being raped –

JACK:

(Throwing his chair back.) Shut up, Leah. Shut up or I'll give you another hiding.

Leah cries and flees to the bedroom slamming the door.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Leah tried the only escape open to her: Pills. Even that was thwarted when Pongo found her in a semi coma. He was in half a mind to let her go, but knew Jack would go mad if he did, madder than he was. Pongo knew neither one of them could escape Jack.

The police made their move against the Richardsons. Eddie got five years for the affray at Mr Smith's club. That made the cops bolder and they arrested Charlie and other members of the gang for torturing people to extort money from them. Meanwhile, Joey's 'sleeper' that was to upset Julian Tyrwhitt and his bank was about to awaken when Emil Savundra's Fire, Auto and Marine Insurance company came crashing down as Joey knew it would.

13/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S BANK

Julian Tyrwhitt comes into the office followed by Joey Oldman and closes the door.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Joseph, Joseph, it's an absolute disaster for the bank, Savundra's being arrested.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How much did you loan him?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

The thick end of seven hundred thousand pounds.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You've got his government bonds as security.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Yes, we both know what they're worth.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Would a potential buyer know they're forged?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If we tried to sell them now we'd lose our banking license.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That depends who you sold them to, and how much of a hit you took on the price.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Do you have such a buyer?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Possibly the IRA might take them off you for cash from their robberies.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I'm not sure I'd want them bombing my home or the bank when they discover they've been duped. There is another problem, Joseph. The Marples Ridgway shares are dropping in

value now Ernest Marples has fled the country.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes. They have dipped - worry over Harold Wilson's economic mismanagement.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Before they go down further I'll have to foreclose on you, Joseph- to get my money back as per our agreement.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't have the funds to repay you.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Then we'll sell your shares for recovery.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You stayed in Fire, Auto and Marine too long. Silly.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

It was doing so well.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The law of gravity tells us what goes up also comes down, Julian.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

(Irritated) I don't need a lesson in gravitational economics, Joseph. We'll sell your Marples Ridgway shares and look to you for any shortfall.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That wasn't in the agreement Arnold Goodman drew up. As I recall, you were so impressed by the share price rocketing that you agreed if I defaulted you'd sell the shares as your own. I thought that was a bit harsh, but in hindsight –

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Damn you, Joseph, and your Jewboy lawyer.

JOEY OLDMAN:

An expensive Jewboy lawyer. In this life we get what we pay for. I'm sure if you sell those shares it will more than cover my debt to the bank.

14/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

Steptoe and Son is playing on the television when the doorbell rings.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They always pick their times – (Calling out.) Tell them we don't want any, Cath!

Muffled voices. Then someone charging up the stairs.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Where is he? Where is he? I've been trying to reach him all day. (Bursts in.) There you are, you crook, Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's the pot calling the kettle black, Mr Tyrwhitt. What on earth's wrong?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

You scringing little scringer. Those Marples Ridgway shares you gave the bank are forgeries.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How can they be?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

When we came to sell them today and the broker laughed. Good forgeries, I grant you. The real shares bearing those serial numbers were sold from a nominee account in Jersey and bought by another in Lichtenstein.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They were genuine when Arnold Goodman bought them for me; sound when your brother-in-law held them, and when I handed them into the care of your bank.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

You'll compensate the bank or my partners will go straight to the police.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll do no such thing, Julian. Look at our agreement.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

That doesn't take account of your passing us forged instruments.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How did I pass them to you – in a sealed envelope? No, I saw you inspect them.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I took your word as to their authenticity. We had an ongoing relationship.

JOEY OLDMAN:

There's an old saying, Caveat emptor – buyer beware –

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I don't need a translation from a bloody barrow boy! You've not heard the last of this.

He turns and storms out as Cath comes in -

CATH:

I was going to offer you a cup of tea -

Julian Tyrwhitt is crashing down the stairs and out, slamming the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Laughs) It took a while, Cath – Catherine, but that'll teach him to steal our money.

CATH:

I hope his bank collapses.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I expect he'll steal a bit more from someone else. I said we'd get even.

CATH:

You are clever, Joey –

JOEY OLDMAN:

Joseph –

CATH:

You're still my clever, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Turn the telly back up. Let's see what Steptoe's up to.

Cath turns the sound back up.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

John Redvers finished his law degree at university top of his year. Academically was all he excelled at. Socially he was hopeless and could barely function. Then that wasn't surprising given his background with the Plymouth Brethren. He did manage to get a girlfriend, a weird, frizzy-haired law student who he poked only on Saturday, much to her frustration. When she finally challenged him and threatened to leave him he decided he should marry her, but not before going home to talk to his mum about it. Aunt Alice didn't really approve as she wasn't of the Brethren, and wasn't about to join. The marriage wasn't destined to last.

15/ DELETED

16/ EXT MANCHESTER RAILWAY STATION

The echo of doors slamming as a train stops. John Redvers gets down to be greeted by his mother, Alice..

ALICE REDVERS:

This is a surprise, John. I wasn't expecting you. Is something wrong?

JOHN REDVERS:

No, nothing, mum. I just wanted to tell you I came top of my year at college.

ALICE REDVERS:

That's first rate, son. Let's go in here and have tea and a bun to celebrate.

JOHN REDVERS:

My superiors in the Met are delighted.

ALICE REDVERS:

Mr Redvers will be very pleased. He'll want to announce it in church.

JOHN REDVERS:

I think I'd rather not have it bruited about.

ALICE REDVERS:

Just as you please, son. (To the server.) Two cups of tea and an Eccles cake, please. (To John.) Is there something troubling you, son?

JOHN REDVERS:

No. I have to start back with the police on Monday.

ALICE REDVERS:

It was your wish to do God's work in that way.

JOHN REDVERS:

I'm afraid the work might be painful for you, mother. The police are building a case against your brother Jack and his gang.

ALICE REDVERS:

That isn't as painful as seeing the wrong-doers prosper. Brother Jack has done many wicked things. It is entirely appropriate that the Lord uses you as a vehicle to bring him to justice.

JOHN REDVERS:

I don't know if the Met hierarchy will allow that because of our familial relationship.

ALICE REDVERS:

That's not fair. You've proved your worth many times over. I'll write to the Commissioner and tell him.

JOHN REDVERS:

Best not. I should try to prove useful to the authorities, using what knowledge I have of that side of the family.

ALICE REDVERS:

Yes, that seems a sensible idea, John.

JOHN REDVERS:

I just wanted to warn you, in case our name's mentioned in connection with them.

ALICE REDVERS:

Let's take our tea over to that table. (To server.) God bless.

They go over to a table and sit. Drink some tea.

JOHN REDVERS:

There is something else, mother. I want to get married.

ALICE REDVERS:

That is good news, John. Is she within the Brethren?

JOHN REDVERS:

I'm afraid not. She's a lawyer. Very bright, quite outspoken.

ALICE REDVERS:

Will she be joining us?

JOHN REDVERS:

Religion of any sort is not for her.

ALICE REDVERS:

If you choose to make such a liaison, I'm sure God will forgive it even if Mr Redvers won't. I'll pray for her.

JOHN REDVERS:

You haven't even asked her name mother. It's Elaine Stone.

ALICE REDVERS:

Is she Jewish?

JOHN REDVERS:

It's not an issue.

ALICE REDVERS:

(Avoiding) I'm sure you'll do the sensible thing, son.

JOHN REDVERS:

I wanted you to know.

ALICE REDVERS:

I shan't mention this to Mr Redvers. Perhaps you can marry quietly in London. I'll find a reason to come up – if you wish to have me there.

JOHN REDVERS:

Yes, I would like that.

ALICE REDVERS:

When do you expect to take action against your Uncle Jack?

JOHN REDVERS:

I don't know. I'll only be part of the overall team.

ALICE REDVERS:

Thank you for your confidence in this matter, son. I'll pray for a favourable outcome.

17/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Pongo comes through and finds Jack.

PONGO:

Jack. There's a woman here who says she's your sister.

JACK:

(Slurred) Yeah, what's she want, to give me more mouth pie about Leah?

PONGO:

It's not Cath, Jack. Her name's Alice.

JACK:

What big Alice from Manchester? Where is she? Bring her through. I'll get her. (He staggers through the club to the reception.) Alice! How you doing, Alice?

ALICE REDVERS:

God blesses me every day.

JACK:

Gives me a nice few quid, an' all.

ALICE REDVERS:

Is that what you pray for, brother Jack?

JACK:

All I pray for is my Leah to get well.

ALICE REDVERS:

The Jewess I met just now at your flat? She's not right, is she?

JACK:

S'her nerves. She gets depressed.

ALICE REDVERS:

Would you like me to pray for her with you? We can do that now.

JACK:

Yes, that'd be good.

ALICE REDVERS:

Let's get down on our knees, Jack. (They get onto their knees.) When you're ready, Jack, God is listening.

JACK:

What? Yeah, eh God, make Leah well. Help her get better, Lord. I'll do anything if I get that. I will God. Amen.

ALICE REDVERS:

Yes, I can see Leah's recovery might take some time.

Brian comes in quickly.

BRIAN:

Alice, mum said you were here to see Jack. How are you?

ALICE REDVERS:

(Rises off the floor) I'm with God, Brian.

BRIAN:

How long you here for? I'll take you to a show. *Funny Girls* at the Prince of Wales.

ALICE REDVERS:

We don't hold with the theatre, Brian. I'm returning on the 2.15 from Euston.

JACK:

We just done a blinding prayer for Leah.

BRIAN:

Yeah, she needs it.

ALICE REDVERS:

I came to warn you both that my son John told me the police are on your trail.

JACK:

We could've told him that, Alice. The dogs. There ain't none of them we can trust. But thanks for warning us.

ALICE REDVERS:

It's the means of deliverance I'm offering.

BRIAN:

What can you do, Alice, spirit us away to Manchester?

ALICE REDVERS:

I urge you to repent. Whatever happens to you under man's law, God will forgive you and purify you.

JACK:

I like the sound of that, Alice.

BRIAN:

The only way that's going to happen is if your John persuades the Old Bill he's working with to cast their net in the Krays' direction. That'll help us get sorted.

ALICE REDVERS:

Mr Redvers thought you would be as stone to my suggestion. God is working through me to move you both.

JACK:

We'll have as much prayer as you can chuck at us, Alice -

He starts up and collapses. Brian checking him out.

BRIAN:

He's stoned out of his brain. Why do you let him get like this, Pongo?

PONGO:

I can't stop him. I do try, Bri.

BRIAN:

Help me get him up. We'll get some coffee into him.

ALICE REDVERS:

I'll pray for him.

They help Jack upright.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The police moved relentlessly searching for evidence against the Richardsons. As a result our little firm, and the Krays, were left alone. Old Bill had a number of witnesses, but they wanted more. They wanted Charlie Richardson down for a much longer sentence than Eddie got for the affray. In so doing they were getting lots more on Eddie too. A surprising name that came up on their list was Joey's. He was torn over giving evidence. Keen as he was to see the Richardsons gone, he knew he could be drawn in on cross- examination by barristers who wouldn't care how much damage they did to witnesses in trying to get their clients off.

18/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Rita brings in a tray of tea for Joey Oldman, George Fenwick and Tony Wednesday.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Thank you, Rita. You'd best hold all my calls for a while.

She goes out.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I understand you're a theatre goer, Mr Fenwick.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Yes, nothing quite like seeing actors live.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Do help yourself to tea, Mr Wednesday, my son gets this for me from Hannels in Davis Street. A particularly fine Darjeeling. Costs enough.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You know why we're here, Mr Oldman. There've been a number of rumours that the Richardsons tortured you, trying to extort money from you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

There are also rumours that it's easier getting blood from a stone.

GEORGE FENWICK:

We've heard that too, sir. You know we've arrested Charlie Richardson?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I read about in the papers.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We're getting a number of ducks lined up to give evidence, Mr Oldman. The more witnesses we can muster against the Richardsons the longer they're likely to go away for.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't see how this affects me -

There is a rap at the door and Rita opens it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I thought I said no interruptions, Rita.

RITA:

There's a policeman outside – Detective Constable Wednesday's wife's gone into labour and has been rushed to hospital.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Perhaps you should pop over there, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm a copper, guv, not a doctor. Let's finish the interview.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's the message, Rita.

Rita goes out with, "Oh," closing the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're a cool customer, Mr Wednesday.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

About that witness statement, sir.

JOEY OLDMAN:

As much as I agree with the Richardsons going away for a very long time, my big regret is that I can't assist you. I've had no business with them.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Weren't they members of Billy Hill's gang when he used to see your mother-in-law in Islington?

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're remarkably well informed, Mr Wednesday. I believe they did hang out with that old villain. I was trying to get my greengrocery business going. As I recall, the Krays were the nuisance then.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I believe you wear false teeth in the front, sir –

JOEY OLDMAN:

Are they that bad a fit?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Would you mind telling us how you lost your teeth, sir?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I tripped down our front steps and caught them on the wall.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Lying about that was most painful for Joey. He wanted so much to say how Richardsons had pulled them out with pliers, and help put them away, but was scared to. Suddenly the police were called away. Word came through that three unarmed officers were shot dead in Shepherd's Bush. The killers were being followed by detectives after a robbery in Blackpool. What ensued was the biggest manhunt ever mounted in this country. Every available police officer was involved. By the time Tony Wednesday got to the hospital, Sonia had had her baby. It was born with a hole in its heart, which seemed about right for a detective who had no heart at all! It died soon after he got there. Sonia was distraught. At first she didn't want to bury him, then she insisted on a full funeral. Only her family was there, Tony Wednesday having none. He met one of Sonia's cousins there, and called her two days later for some advice about Sonia's depression. Two days after that he started an

affair with her. All this kept him away from us.

Meanwhile, Bobby Brown walked back into our lives as large as life and twice as broke. Straightaway Jack suspected some sort of trick and was unsettled by him.

19/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Jack slamming a cleaver flat on the bar as Bobby Brown waits with Brian and Pongo.

JACK:

This is it, Bobby. You gotta be taught a lesson – having us over like you done and running.

BOBBY BROWN:

I didn't, Jack. Straight up. The Richardsons was after my share.

JACK:

No, you pissed it all away gambling in Marbella with Sean Connery. Where's that gun we got, Pongo?

PONGO:

Under the counter, Jack.

JACK:

So it is.

BRIAN:

We can't do him here, Jack. Take him out to the pig farm.

BOBBY BROWN:

Ah no, Jack – we're mates.

JACK:

Grab him, Pongo – tie him up. Get a sack over his head.

Bobby Brown starts to protest.

20/ EXT MANNY'S PIG FARM

Honking pigs as Jack, Brian and Pongo march Bobby Brown up to the fence.

JACK:

Get his mask off – so he can see the pigs that are gonna eat him –

BOBBY BROWN:

Jack, mate, c'mon, we're mates -

JACK:

Not any more we ain't –

BRIAN:

You can't do it, Jack. Let me. Give me the gun. (Takes it.) Any last wish?

BOBBY BROWN:

No, Bri, please mate -

Brian pulls the trigger. The gun hammer falls on an empty chamber, but Bobby Brown screams and falls back into the pen. Laughter as he thrashes around and stands up.

BRIAN:

Phew Bobby! It'll be easy enough to find you now. You stink worse than Pongo.

PONGO:

Then you'd better go in too, Brian – so we all smell the same - !

BRIAN:

No, no – m'mohair tonik suit -

He splashes into the pig slurry.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The laughter was a good moment for us all, four old friends again. But then Jack's paranoia flooded back. First it was Jimmy Humphries betraying him, then Hairpin Drury, then Denny Jones. We were all getting weary of it. I knew it was only a matter of time before it all went to pot unless we had something that pulled us together. Curiously it was Bobby Brown who was to do that. But meanwhile there were two ticking time bombs waiting to explode and finish us. One was Detective Inspector John Redvers and the other was Detective Constable Tony Wednesday, but there I go, getting ahead of myself again.

GFNewman/41024190/TC16/1b

www.gfnewman.com