

STUDIO SCRIPT/1b

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 18 – 1968

The voice of an older Brian Oldman from his prison cell.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The war in Vietnam continued through 1968 and got more and more bloody with the Americans gaining no ground against the Viet Cong. More people joined the anti-war campaign with 80,000 protesters besieging the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square. Clashes with the mounted police got almost as bloody with hundreds of arrests.

While the Labour Government rushed through legislation to stem the tide of Asian immigrants flooding in from strife-torn East Africa. None of these immigrants were helping my dad's rental business to prosper. Although they didn't mind crowding thirty to a house, they were smart enough to club together to buy the house. There was much resentment towards them, mostly because they didn't want to integrate into the community. They kept to their own language and customs.

On the back of this, Enoch Powell delivered his 'Rivers of blood' speech in Birmingham. He thought it madness that we were letting in not only entitled immigrants, but all their dependent relatives. A lot of people agreed, especially the butchers of Smithfield. Martin Luther King getting gunned down did nothing to quell racist sentiment here, and in America it triggered black riots in major cities.

All this seemed to go right over Jack's head as he slipped further into what could only be described as madness. It came to a head for me one night in the club, when I knew once and for all I had to get away from him or end up in gaol. The irony was that it was my eventual saviour who would do for me, but I'm getting ahead of myself. The club was dead, Jack's paranoia having driven punters away.

1/ INT JACK'S CLUB

A low buzz from punters and players. Mary Hopkins is on the turntable with *Those Were The Days*. Jack is at the bar with Brian.

JACK:

The Krays are being done for the MacVitie killing. If it happens, I'll have to pop Leah, Brian – take her over to the pig farm.

BRIAN:

(Shocked) What? Don't talk daft!

JACK:

You still firing after her? Is that what's going on behind my back?

BRIAN:

Ballocks. I should let you do it and end up in prison.

JACK:

Yeah, that would suit you both wouldn't it?

BRIAN:
How's that, if she's dead?

JACK:
She's got too much information about me, Bri. If the Krays do go for Jack the Hat, I could be next. She'd give evidence against me at my trial.

BRIAN:
(Mocking) What trial's that? Oh, did you get nicked and didn't tell me?

JACK:
We gotta get more guns. The IRA's got plenty. I gotta geezer coming to see me. He can let us have some for a good price.

BRIAN:
Not good news, Jack. Talk to George Fenwick before you meet these Paddies.

JACK:
What'll he do? Just make me put my hand deeper in my pocket to bung poncing coppers. I want to be rid of the lot of them.

BRIAN:
No, that's how business is kept sweet.

JACK:
Here's my man now. Martin!

They're approached by an Irishman.

JACK:
This is my partner, Brian. He's an iron, but don't let that worry you.

MARTIN:
As long as we know where we stand. This place is like a morgue. Where are your punters?

JACK:
It's a cold night. Tuesdays are always slow.

BRIAN:
Like most other nights nowadays.

JACK:
Don't give me ache again, Brian.

MARTIN:
Is there somewhere quieter we can talk?

BRIAN:

Here's best, Martin. No one can bug us here.

MARTIN:

Well Jack, did you think about the Daily Express job?

JACK:

I thought about it. What about the guns?

MARTIN:

We'll get you all you want.

BRIAN:

What Daily Express job? A blag?

MARTIN:

I thought he was your partner, Jack?

JACK:

We haven't talked about it yet.

BRIAN:

Are you crackers? We got all these blaggers on wages just waiting to work; now you're giving work away to a bunch of Paddies.

MARTIN:

We understood you have the means, we have the knowledge.

JACK:

We've got the firm all right.

MARTIN:

We don't like being referred to as a bunch of Paddies, Brian.

BRIAN:

Then what are you? Freedom fighters?

MARTIN:

We're breaking the shackles of British oppression.

BRIAN:

Good. Send us a postcard when it's done.

MARTIN:

Is he taking the piss?

JACK:

Just that poofy humour he's got.

MARTIN:

Well, I don't like it, Jackie boy.

JACK:

Why don't you piss off, Brian? Make yourself useful. Rustle up some punters.

BRIAN:

Just don't get too involved with these Paddies -

JACK:

Brian - !

BRIAN:

I'm gone.

2/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The intercom buzzes on Joey Oldman's desk. He answers it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes, Rita.

RITA:

(Via intercom)

Your son's here, Mr Oldman. He wondered if you could spare a few minutes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Thank you, Rita. Ask him to come in.

He switches off the intercom as Brian comes in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is a surprise, Brian. Close the door. (Brian does) Anything wrong?

BRIAN:

Is that how it always looks? Coming here when I'm in trouble?

JOEY OLDMAN:

What fathers are best at. Have you seen your mother lately?

BRIAN:

I had tea with her the other day - in the West End. She seemed distracted. She thinks you're having an affair with that woman from the Conservative Party.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Margaret Courtney? Is that why you're here?

BRIAN:

No, of course not.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd admire it if you were that brave, Brian.

BRIAN:

It's nothing to do with me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How your mum thinks I'd find the time. I put in 14 hours a day here, sometimes more. She sees Margaret more than me. She's got a husband, some powerful civil servant.

BRIAN:

I've met him. Horrible bastard.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You did? Where?

BRIAN:

Doesn't matter. How's business, dad? Making those 14 hour days worthwhile?

JOEY OLDMAN:

We're doing all right, despite the red tape involved. I don't wonder people go bent.

BRIAN:

Have you tried that way, dad?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I want to build up a legitimate property developing company. We're small at present; I don't bite off more than I can chew.

BRIAN:

The big boys bribe councillors and politicians, mum says.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Since when has business been any different?

BRIAN:

I counted six new employees out there. You must be doing okay.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They bring their problems, Brian: PAYE, national insurance and paid holidays. No one's ever given me a paid holiday.

BRIAN:

Perhaps now isn't the time to ask if you've got room for one more.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Have you got someone in mind?

BRIAN:

Me, dad. I've had all I can take from Jack. He's barmy.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Your mum's been getting that sort of picture from Leah.

BRIAN:

Still seeing her then, is she?

JOEY OLDMAN:

She sees her as one of her good works – she's got a lot of those nowadays.

BRIAN:

What do you think? Is that job offer still open?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Things have changed from when I thought we'd build a business together. What can you do – apart from threaten people?

BRIAN:

That can come in handy with difficult customers.

JOEY OLDMAN:

My view is, if you treat people right, they respect you.

BRIAN:

So there isn't anything.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I always wanted you on-board, Brian. Why the change of mind? Has something happened?

BRIAN:

The world's changing, dad. You adapt or die – Nietzsche.

JOEY OLDMAN:

More Darwin in the City, son – survival of the fittest. Could you survive here?

BRIAN:

Why not? I've survived with Jack – just about.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What about Jack? What's he going to say?

BRIAN:

He thinks everyone's betraying him. He'd probably put the kibosh on me leaving.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then we'll make him an offer.

BRIAN:

(Laughs) Oh that's terrific, dad. Is it really going to happen?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'll talk to Jack. We'll make it happen.

3/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Jack is banging about the empty club, watched by Joey Oldman and Pongo.

JACK:
You crackers, Joey? Me become a company director? What would I want with all that ballocks?

JOEY OLDMAN:
It's time you got out of this way of life and went legit.

JACK:
You been plotting with my sister Alice?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Paying your taxes makes you safe.

JACK:
All I gotta do is threaten my rivals.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not any more – look at this place. Brian says there's hardly a customer.

JACK:
We're changing our business model, ain't we, Pongo?

PONGO:
Whatever you say, Jack.

JACK:
That's right. We're going blagging. More and more money's on the move nowadays.

JOEY OLDMAN:
The time of the gangs is over. Blacks from South London are moving in on the Richardsons' ground.

JACK:
All them spades are interested in is drugs. Ain't that right, Pongo?

PONGO:
Whatever you say, Jack.

JOEY OLDMAN:
How long will it be before you're arrested, Jack?

JACK:
What, you heard something, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Consider the law of averages. The police have got their tails up after the Richardsons' arrest. You and Brian have had a good run. Now he wants to work with me.

JACK:

No. Brian ain't leaving my firm. He ain't.

JOEY OLDMAN:

See it as a football transfer. It's business. You get some money.

JACK:

Brian's dead before I let him walk away.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then you're making me your enemy, Jack.

JACK:

Out. Throw him out, Pongo.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Listen to reason, man -

JACK:

Pongo - !

PONGO:

You gotta go, Mr Oldman. Now.

4/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Brian is pacing as Cath gets 'tea' for Joey Oldman at the table.

BRIAN:

I knew Jack wouldn't go for it. He's scared I'll grass him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

In any negotiation, Brian, you have to keep your nerve. If you don't, you're lost.

BRIAN:

Jack don't respond like a normal person. It won't work.

CATH:

Listen to your dad, Brian. He knows what he's talking about. No one ever gets the better of him in negotiations.

BRIAN:

The only way I'm going to get free is if Jack's dead or in prison.

CATH:
(Setting a plate down.) Either one of those is possible.

BRIAN:
(Shocked) What?

CATH:
You heard me.

BRIAN:
I couldn't do that, not even to Jack.

CATH:
Don't be wet, son. To survive you have to be strong.

BRIAN:
That would make me the worst sort of grass.

CATH:
Do you want to sit and wait for the police to arrest you and shame us all again?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Listen to your mother, Brian. She's got a shrewd head on her shoulders.

BRIAN:
I still don't think I could shop him to the cops.

CATH:
Maybe I'll go and talk to Leah.

BRIAN:
What good will that do?

CATH:
She wants to be free of my brother as much as you do. Perhaps I can persuade her to do the dirty on him. She deserves her chance.

5/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Leah is fleeing through the flat. Cath after her with 'Leah', as Leah slams into the bedroom and shuts the door. Cath knocks on it.

CATH:
Leah. Open the door please and listen to me. Leah, open the door. Please, Leah.

After a moment Leah opens the door.

LEAH:
I'm scared, Cath. Jack'll be more angry if he finds out.

CATH:
He's got no right to be angry.

LEAH:
Please don't ask me to do this, Catherine.

CATH:
You're very pale, Leah. You're not pregnant are you?

LEAH:
Oh God, that's the last thing... I can't get pregnant. I made sure of that. I'd kill myself rather than have Jack's baby.

CATH:
If you were to give evidence against him you'd be free. You can go back to your studies at university.

LEAH:
Don't do this, Catherine, please – (Suddenly) Oh no, did Jack put you up to this? He did, I know he did.

CATH:
Leah, calm down and be rational. He doesn't know about me coming here.

CATH:
I'm sorry, Cath. I don't know where to turn. What will I do? What will I do? What - ? She's becoming hysterical. Cath slaps her around the face, shocking her.

CATH:
Calm yourself. If we can do this we'll all be free of him. The police will take him into custody and give you protection.

LEAH:
But Jack's a friend of the police. He gives them money.

CATH:
Jack's got no friends – in the police or anywhere else. We can do this, Leah. Joseph will negotiate with the police. You do trust me, Leah?

LEAH:
You're the only person in the world who helps me.

CATH:
We'll go on helping you.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
There was real risk in the action Joey and mum proposed, one that could land him in trouble with Jack if it didn't come off, or the police if it did. Ordinarily Joey wasn't a gambler, he liked to shave the odds through careful assessment and analysis of any situation. Even though he chose to meet with the policeman he had done most business

with, DCI George Fenwick, he still wasn't sure. George seemed to be changing and he couldn't make out if he was being influenced by that young detective who stuck close to him, or if he was influencing Tony Wednesday. They seemed to give nothing away as they listened to the proposition. Ignoring the possibility that they would sell us out to Jack, Joey was banking on the winds of change and how that might make the police more interested in arresting Jack than earning from him.

6/ INT SOHO RESTAURANT

Joey is at the table with George Fenwick and Tony Wednesday.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Let's get this right, Joey. You're offering us money to go after Jack? Is that a joke?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Never more earnest.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Well, tell Jack we're onto his little game. Right, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Unless it was Commander Drury who put him up to this?

GEORGE FENWICK:

I hadn't thought about that.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Would I come like this and meet two of you, putting myself at risk? Putting Jack away is in our mutual interest. Leah is key.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

How much information does his girlfriend have?

JOEY OLDMAN:

First you guarantee her safety. Not just for a couple of days while you interview her.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It still begs the question, how much information has she got?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Enough for three life sentences. Once she's in a safe place you've got to do a lot of work putting other elements in place.

GEORGE FENWICK:

What about, Pongo? Will he give evidence?

JOEY OLDMAN:

That would be up to you. I can't deliver him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You and Brian will give evidence?

JOEY OLDMAN:

You can't count on that.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Brian knows everything that Jack Braden's done. He might even go himself.

JOEY OLDMAN:

No. That has to be part of the deal.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

How do you know you can trust me?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't, Mr Wednesday. There's great benefit to you and Mr Fenwick if we were to pull this off.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

How involved is Commander Drury in Jack Braden's business?

JOEY OLDMAN:

He gets money from Jack's clubs and bookshops, the same from the Krays.

GEORGE FENWICK:

All you want is Brian kept clear?

JOEY OLDMAN:

That and Leah Cohen kept safe.

GEORGE FENWICK:

We'd better go and talk to our governor. Thanks for lunch.

They scrape their chairs and get up.

7/ EXT OLD COMPTON STREET

George Fenwick and Tony Wednesday walking away from the restaurant.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Would Brian Oldman be able to give up his uncle? I mean, put him away?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Joey's smart enough to know if he does, he'd likely go as well. That's why he made that condition about Brian.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

But Oldman knows it's only a matter of time for them both.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Jack Braden's never objective, Tony. You got something in mind, you cunning bastard?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He was putting money on offer to us for doing nothing more than our job. Jack Braden going away would be something. We could slip Brian out on a deal – one Mr Slipper would go for, while we collect a chunk of money off Joey.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Nice idea, Tony. How d'you see us finessing it?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Who's the most bent Old Bill they've got on the firm?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Hairpin Drury, for sure.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Jack Braden and the iron haven't got any love for him. If Brian could be persuaded to give him up, Drury might do most of the work for us. He'd put Jack into the frame, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Dangerous. Ken Drury's well involved.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You in there as well?

GEORGE FENWICK:

What are you? The Rubber Heels?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If I don't know I can't steer a way through. We'll end up getting our collars felt.

GEORGE FENWICK:

I've had a taste. Nothing major.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I heard you were the bagman for the Porn Squad, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Who told you that?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If I heard it, others have too.

GEORGE FENWICK:

If you turn out a wrong-un, Tony, someone will end up topping you.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The question is, guv, could we control the poison what comes out if Drury's nicked?

GEORGE FENWICK:
Always provided we get it first.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
We'd best talk to our governor.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Can we trust him, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
He's so desperate to nick the firms, and bent policemen, he won't see the pitfalls. The one I don't trust is Supt Redvers. He must be browning someone to get made up like that.

GEORGE FENWICK:
I wonder who! Taxi!

A cab pulls up. Joe Cocker is heard singing *A Little Help From My Friends*.

8/ INT DCS SLIPPER'S OFFICE

DCS Slipper slaps his hands together with excitement as Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick wait.

DCS SLIPPER:
I've heard the stories about Commander Drury. He might go now the Krays are nicked.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Will they stay nicked, guv?

DCS SLIPPER:
Hopefully, Tony. Be nice to grab Jack Braden's firm too. Will Brian Oldman play ball?

GEORGE FENWICK:
Only as a way to save himself.

DCS SLIPPER:
Nicking policemen is never nice. If Brian Oldman gave us Drury and Braden I'd feel okay about doing the Rubber Heels' job.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Our snout said they're doing a deal now to fill the vacuum the Krays' arrest has created.

DCS SLIPPER:
If Brian Oldman can help us bring this off, he definitely walks. We might even beat your blue-eyed contemporary – Supt Redvers to the pinch.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
We're all working for the firm, guv.

DCS SLIPPER:

Supt Redvers is more ambitious than most. Plus he's got the ear of the Commissioner.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Perhaps he's browning him, guv.

DCS SLIPPER:

(A beat) (Laughs) The Commissioner is letting him run his own investigation.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Then maybe we should give this to him, sir.

DCS SLIPPER:

Piss off! Let them that does the work get the glory. Mind you, it shames us all when policemen go bent.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If we *were* to give this to Supt Redvers, it might go straight back to Jack Braden – them being related.

DCS SLIPPER:

That did occur to me. See if you two can make a deal with Brian Oldman

9/ INT SCOTLAND YARD CORRIDOR

Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick come out of Slipper's office, closing the door.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Masterful, Tony. You played him like a Stradivarius. (Imitating him.) Maybe we should give this to him, sir.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I wouldn't rely on Brian Oldman or Drury. We need a fall-back position, guv.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Have you got one, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Pull Jack Braden for something in his own right and hold him pending enquiries.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Let's see how Brian Oldman shapes up first. We'll take him to my favourite Joe Lyons.

They go.

10/ INT JOE LYONS CRANBOURNE STREET

There is the clatter of crockery and the buzz of customers.

BRIAN:

Can you see any famous actors in here today, George?

GEORGE FENWICK:

We've no time for such niceties, Brian.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You'll be famous, Brian. Your face will be in all the papers.

BRIAN:

Maybe. I might be dead if I give Jack up.

GEORGE FENWICK:

How much longer can your luck can hold now that the twins are nicked?

BRIAN:

If you've got the evidence, why not just nick Jack?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He's trying to do you a favour, for old time's sake. Keeping you out of the frame.

BRIAN:

I know how long I'd survive with Jack nicked.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Our governor has assured me you'll stay clear, Brian.

BRIAN:

Does Mr Slipper out-rank Commander Drury?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Drury won't help you, Brian. The Kray twins thought he made them invincible. He didn't stop them being nicked. When the chips are down everyone saves himself.

GEORGE FENWICK:

I hear they're sorting out the right trial judge too - our friend Melford Stevenson.

BRIAN:

(Laughs) Oh that'd be very funny if they draw him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Why's that funny?

BRIAN:

I'll think about your offer.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Don't take too long.

BRIAN:

You realise a lot of Old Bill could fall. Drury'll pull all he can into the frame.

GEORGE FENWICK:

We won't let that happen, Brian. We'll sift the evidence, keep you clear – and us. We talked to your dad. He wants Jack gone.

BRIAN:

It may be possible, George. Be double-careful. Jack suspects everyone.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We've got a plan. It involves armed robbery.

BRIAN:

Jack couldn't blag a sweetshop.

GEORGE FENWICK:

We think he'll go for this.

BRIAN:

What's involved?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We think it's best you don't know. Then your uncle can't suspect you.

BRIAN:

You don't know Jack!

GEORGE FENWICK:

I'll put it to him.

BRIAN:

I'll be hearing from you no doubt.

GEORGE FENWICK:

You will. Thanks Brian.

Brian gets up and goes. The detectives watch him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The little iron thinks he's clever. He'll see how clever when he goes too.

GEORGE FENWICK:

The governor did say he could stay out if he grasses his uncle.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What happened with that judge, Melford Stevenson? Is he bumming him?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Hardly. Brian used to pull young girls for him. He had one back at Jack Braden's Mayfair apartment when the Krays sent in a couple of heavies to do for Jack. They killed the bird

that was there. Melford Stevenson was hiding in the bathroom.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Far out! What happened?

GEORGE FENWICK:
Brian spirited the judge away, we disposed of the body.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
(Laughs) They'd be all right, they come up in front of him.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Look over there, that's Donald Sinden.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Is he in *Hair*?

GEORGE FENWICK:
About right!

11/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian comes in and goes behind the bar to get a drink.

BRIAN:
Business isn't exactly booming, Pongo.

PONGO:
No one's got any money, Brian.

BRIAN:
Is that it? Where's Jack?

PONGO:
At his flat. He ain't feeling too good.

BRIAN:
I don't think he's going to get any better, the way things are shaping.

PONGO:
A geezer brought a note for you, Brian. Said it was urgent.

BRIAN:
Who was it?

PONGO:
Just a messenger. The note's here.

BRIAN:
You open it, Pongo, in case it's a summons.

Brian goes on shaking his cocktail while Pongo rips open the envelope to read.

PONGO:

It's from that judge geezer – Melford Stevenson. Wants to see you. Can you have lunch at his club?

BRIAN:

(Snatches the note.) Let me see.

12/ INT SAVILLE CLUB

Judge Melford Stevenson comes through to a table with Brian.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

I'm so glad you could make it, Brian. I've missed you.

BRIAN:

These are dangerous times, Judge.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

What changes! Have you been watching *The Forsythe Saga* on the BBC?

BRIAN:

Can't say as I have.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Fascinating. About greed and possessiveness and ownership, even of people. This is Edwardian 1906 not 1968. The soup is very good. I often have two bowls of soup and two puddings.

BRIAN:

That sounds fun. Why don't we do that today?

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

That's what I admire about you, Brian. Such a sport. Now I have a little dilemma. You know the odious Reggie Kray and his equally odious brother Ronnie have been arrested.

BRIAN:

I did hear. Along with most of their gang.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

The trial looks like coming my way. Senior police officers particularly asked that I should hear it.

BRIAN:

I'm sure you'll do the right thing, Judge.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Is it all right for me to hear this case?

BRIAN:

No one better, I wouldn't have thought.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Are you sure, Brian that nothing compromising is likely to come out? For either one of us?

BRIAN:

We kept you well away from that little turn at Jack's flat. Nothing will ever emerge.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Brian, that sets my mind at ease. Thank you, dear boy. (To waiter who approaches.) We'll both have the soup, Clive. Two bowls each.

CLIVE WAITER:

Very good, sir.

He collects the menus and goes.

13/ INT JACK'S FLAT

George Fenwick is wandering around, watching Jack shake out some pills.

GEORGE FENWICK:

You sure it's all right to talk here, Jack?

JACK:

(Stops) Has Old Bill wired the place, George? Have they?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Leah or no one's listening in to us?

JACK:

Whisper, George. You never know who's listening. Why you coming to me with this proposition? There's plenty of bladders about.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Not reliable ones, Jack. Not people I can approach.

JACK:

Must be easy since the Krays were nicked.

GEORGE FENWICK:

That's part of the problem. There's a vacuum created with their arrest. Either your firm fills it, or Old Bill has to. It's the law of physics, Jack. You can't have a vacuum.

JACK:

I know about the payroll at the *Daily Express* every week. It was put to me once before. I told them, s'not my game. I gotta find something for my head, George.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Here, what're these? (Shakes a pill bottle.) Oh, they're Leah's.

JACK:

They'll do. (He takes them from him.)

GEORGE FENWICK:

What you are, Jack, is a great organizer. You know how to manage a firm. You could get a few others and lift that payroll when it's the printers' bonus week.

JACK:

As it happens I do know a few blaggers what ain't working.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Reliable? With bonuses, it comes to about a hundred grand.

JACK:

That would do.

GEORGE FENWICK:

The way things are going, we'll all need a bit of a pension.

JACK:

What's happened? Has something happened?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Old Bill is well busy. They could get busier. That's what that snaky detective I work with plans. Tony Wednesday, well bent, but I can't find anything on him. He's got plenty on other Old Bill.

JACK:

What's he plan to do?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Nick you, if he can. If he don't that nephew of yours will, along with every Old Bill who ever took an earner.

JACK:

What, Brian?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Not Brian, your sister Alice's boy, John Redvers.

JACK:

I could bung him a few quid.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Don't even think about it, Jack. Let's get our pension from the *Daily Express* wages van so

I can retire somewhere safe.

JACK:

I never did like that Tory paper!

GEORGE FENWICK:

Jack, keep well closed up about this. We don't want Tony Wednesday and a gang of Old Bill waiting when you show up.

JACK:

More closed than the grave, that's me, George. Cushty.

He slaps his hands together and puts on a record, Amen Corner's *Bend Me Shape Me*.

14/ INT JACK'S CLUB

The club is empty. Brian's agitated footsteps as he paces.

BRIAN:

What's this all about, Jack? I thought you didn't want to do regular blagging.

JACK:

This ain't regular blagging. Thing is, Brian, there's this vacuum now the twins and the Richardsons are finished.

BRIAN:

Yeah, we'll be next

JACK:

No. The law says you can't have a vacuum.

BRIAN:

What law's that? One this poxy Labour Government slipped in?

JACK:

So either we fill the vacuum or Old Bill does. I'd say we've had enough of them thieving hounds grabbing shares.

BRIAN:

How do you know this Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick aren't setting you up?

JACK:

No, George wants a pension to get out with before he's nicked himself.

BRIAN:

Well, who you got in mind for this robbery?

JACK:

Someone well closed up. What about David Crutwell?

BRIAN:

Terrific choice, Jack. He's the Island doing 10 for the Great Train Robbery.

JACK:

George Fenwick's got a way to get him off.

BRIAN:

This has to be a getup and you're mug enough to fall for it.

JACK:

You don't know nothing, Brian.

BRIAN:

I know you're being had.

JACK:

You ain't got no bottle, son.

BRIAN:

Hah! Even if we got him off the Island, he might be less than happy about working for us. You nicked all his money from the train robbery.

JACK:

No, we looked after it for him.

BRIAN:

That is really taking the piss. How'd we get him out of prison anyway?

JACK:

It won't be hard. First we gotta see if he's up for it.

BRIAN:

You'd best think about alternatives as well.

JACK:

David Crutwell will be as good as gold. Get some false ID. You and Bobby can pop over and see him like you're his brief with new evidence for his appeal.

BRIAN:

Just like that.

JACK:

Easy-peasy, son.

BRIAN:

Why don't you do it?

JACK:

I got to organise things – fill the vacuum. Right?

15/ EXT CITY STREET

Joey Oldman comes out of a door with Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's better if we have this conversation in the street, Brian.

BRIAN:

What's wrong, dad? D'you think your office is bugged?

JOEY OLDMAN:

One or two strange things have been happening lately. Strange people popping up. You don't know who to trust.

BRIAN:

You're not getting paranoid, like Jack, are you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Just being cautious.

BRIAN:

Is this what George Fenwick had in mind for Jack – getting him involved with a blag?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd have thought George and all the other police would have plenty on Jack already – and you for that matter, Brian.

BRIAN:

It's all a bit iffy – especially with John Redvers being so busy.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Be cautious about this robbery. What are your plans for the money?

BRIAN:

I thought that bent banker, dad.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Which one? Most of them are bent. Julian Tyrwhitt?

BRIAN:

Would he have it?

JOEY OLDMAN:

So he can rob you again? Make sure you have enough to pull him into the frame to trade him if things go wrong.

BRIAN:
What could go wrong?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Either you're being very naive or very stupid, Brian. A thousand things. Have you got false identities to go out to Parkhurst Prison?

BRIAN:
We're getting them. I'm taking Bobby Brown as my clerk.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Does Bobby even know how to write? Be careful. Having exposed myself trying to get you free of Jack, I don't want you to fall foul of the police and not get out of prison.

BRIAN:
I'll try to stay awake.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd best get back to the office.

16/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The telephone is ringing. Joey Oldman comes in and answers it.

JOEY OLDMAN:
This is Monument 2791 -

There are the beeps of a payphone and someone pushes button 'A' for the money to drop.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
(Via phone) Oh Joseph, thank goodness – I've been trying you all afternoon.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Into phone) Margaret. You sound flustered. Is anything wrong?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
I have to see you straightaway, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I've got a meeting at six. Can you go to the hotel?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
(via phone) No, I'd prefer somewhere as public as possible.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Into phone) The middle of London Bridge? The downriver side?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I can be free in 30 minutes. I still love you, Joseph -

The phone goes dead. Joey Oldman presses the intercom.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Rita, I've got to pop out again. I'll be back in time for my six o'clock appointment.

He switches the intercom off.

17/ EXT LONDON BRIDGE

The roar of traffic, the bustle of people hurrying for trains. Joey Oldman approaches Margaret Courtney.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Margaret. There you are -

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I'm sorry, Joseph. I couldn't find a taxi.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What is all this? You're as white as a sheet.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Ralph, my husband has found out about us. He's not pleased.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't see why he should be so upset. He's got no interest in you.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

But as he pointed out, I'm his wife.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He doesn't own you. These are the liberated 60s for God sake.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Ralph takes a more illiberal view. It's because of his job. He loathes any breath of scandal. He's seen too many careers ruined by it – including his friend Jack Profumo.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm sure he's ruined a few too.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

What are we going to do, Joseph?

JOEY OLDMAN:

First try to find out what *he* intends to do.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Knowing the colonel it will be something unpleasant. He told me I wasn't to see you again.

I can't do that, Joseph, whatever the consequences.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What you must do is give the appearance of agreeing to his wishes. We'll be extra careful about meeting.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh Joseph, you darling brave man. I thought you were going to reject me, and never see me again.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The more I know of your husband, the less I like him. This perhaps explains the strange things that have happened

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Like what?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, oddbods popping up out of the woodwork, asking associates about my early life, my business. Someone even phoned Catherine to ask her about Brian's birth. The caller said they were from the hospital.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Did she know the caller wasn't?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Catherine had a home confinement.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

The colonel or his people would know that.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then it's even odder. We'll go to different hotels and make sure we're not followed. Come on, you need a stiff brandy before you head back. We'll go to the station buffet.

He leads her away.

18/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Joey Oldman is at his desk when the intercom buzzes. Joey opens it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes, Rita?

RITA:

(Intercom) Your six o'clock appointment is here, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Thanks, Rita. Show him in.

He switches off the intercom. The door opens and a man steps in. Rita closes the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Mr Jupiter, do come in. Have a seat.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

I don't want to sit, Oldman. This won't take but a moment. This is about what I expected, a cheap little office for dodgy deals.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What are you saying –? You're here to talk about a property sale.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Don't be obtuse, man. You know who I am.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm beginning to realise you're not Newsome Jupiter.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Sir Ralph Courtney, Margaret's husband. I don't take kindly to a barrow boy sully my goods.

JOEY OLDMAN:

She's a person and should be respected as such. You don't own her.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Don't try to that line. Your sordid little affair is no more elevated than a run through a muddy ditch.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Whatever you think of it, your wife and I have deep feelings for one another.

RALPH COURTNEY:

How pathetic. I rather hoped you'd have more substance and make a fight of it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm not going to fight you.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Not even for the woman for whom you have deep feelings?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's clear you don't have none -

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

(Mocking) Don't have none, don't I? You can't even speak the Queen's English! Then why would you, arriving here from Russia in a rag bag.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You don't have any feeling for Margaret and resent anyone else's affection for her.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

She married me. She's my possession. Bought and paid for, sir. When I'm done with her, I'll release her, but when I do I think you'll have no further use for her. Meanwhile, if you bring so much as a breath of scandal to my door I will make you very sorry. You know what I do, Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Some secret service for the Government. MI5 or something.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

I will destroy you, hurt not only you but your family. Do I make myself clear?

JOEY OLDMAN:

You don't scare me.

RALPH COURTNEY:

Then you're a bigger fool than I took you for. This is your only warning.

He turns and goes out, closing the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Sotto voce) Goodbye to you, Sir Courtney -

He starts shaking as the door opens and Rita looks in.

RITA:

Can I go now – Mr Oldman, are you okay? You're shaking. Can I get you a cuppa?

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Breathless) I'm fine Rita, thank you. I'll just sit down. Thank you. Go home please.

RITA:

If you're sure, sir -

She backs out closing the door.

19/ INT PARKHURST LEGAL ROOM

Bobby Brown paces nervously while Brian watches.

BRIAN:

Why don't you have a fag and calm down, Bobby.

BOBBY BROWN:

I don't think a whole packet of fags would calm me being in Parkhurst.

BRIAN:

At least you can walk out any time.

BOBBY BROWN:

I still don't get Jack's 180 degree turn on blagging. Unless he's a bit more mental.

BRIAN:

He's all right. Don't worry about it.

BOBBY BROWN:

I felt trapped as soon as I stepped in through the gate. I wanted to rush right back out. Too many bad memories, son.

BRIAN:

They weren't all bad all of the time, were they?

BOBBY BROWN:

For you maybe. Six months, you do standing on your head. Try four years. The smell of the place, the sounds, they get into your brain.

BRIAN:

Try doing thirty years like some.

BOBBY BROWN:

It doesn't bear thinking about, Bri.

BRIAN:

I'd top myself.

BOBBY BROWN:

Eyes up!

The door opens and a screw lets David Crutwell into the room.

SCREW:

Prisoner Crutwell for a legal visit.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

(Beat) Well?

SCREW:

Well what, *Mr* Crutwell?

DAVID CRUTWELL:

This is a private conversation between my solicitor and me, about my appeal.

SCREW:

Oh, I'll send in some tea and biscuits, shall I?

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Yeah, two sugars for me.

The screw goes out, banging the door behind him.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

I got your stiff, Bobby. I'm buggered if I want to go and work for that slag Jack Braden. I'll see him dead.

BOBBY BROWN:

No, it's all right now. Straight.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

You're crazy. He'll nick not just the lion's share, but everything.

BRIAN:

No he won't. Jack had the hump over the train robbery. Anyway, I'm running this.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Very reassuring, Brian. You're part of his firm.

BRIAN:

No, me and Bobby have got our own firm. Jack just thinks it's his.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

What makes you think I can help you in here?

BRIAN:

We can help you, David, if you want some.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

This is Parkhurst. You don't just walk out.

BRIAN:

You get compassionate leave. Your old mum's gonna die.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

What again? The old girl popped her clogs 20 years ago.

BRIAN:

You had a visit a while back from Old Bill promising you could go over the wall if you grassed a few.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

I didn't give them dogs nothing.

BRIAN:

This is it, David. They get a few names. We get a bit of help.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

What they gonna do?

BRIAN:

The Old Bill got someone to switch your records to say your mum's still alive.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

I expect those two promisers can claim to bring her back from the dead?

BRIAN:

This'll be perfect for you, David.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

They ain't gonna let me out without an escort.

BRIAN:

Screws are as bent as Old Bill. We'd sort them out.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Why not just capture them and tie them up?

BRIAN:

The thing is, you have to come back after the blag.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

You gotta be kidding. Back here, while you lot jib me?

BRIAN:

If you don't come back, you got no alibi.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

I'd be on the run with a nice bit of dough like I should've from that train. What's the share?

BRIAN:

Halves, between those doing the blag and them fencing the money.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

I tell you what, Brian, I'd stiff a pig to get out of here. I won't come back.

BRIAN:

(Gets up) Well, that's it then. Come on, Bobby. This clown's a liability.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

Where you going? We hardly talked.

BRIAN:

We've heard enough, David. We'll find someone else. You can take your chances grassing a few to Old Bill. Ring the bell, Bobby.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

No, wait. Wait up. Can't I bring my share back here? I mean, wouldn't you be worried about Jack after the last turn out?

BRIAN:

That was Jack. This is me. A bent banker gets your share out of the country to wherever you want it to go. Only you get the details.

DAVID CRUTWELL:

I got to put a lot of trust in you, Brian. If this goes wrong for me, I'll top you. Somehow I'll get to you and top you.

BRIAN:

I'd better make sure it doesn't go wrong then.

He rings the bell for the screw.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Jack got nervous about the whole enterprise. He wasn't in control and didn't trust the blaggers not to run off with the money. He said David Crutwell couldn't be trusted, nor Bobby, nor could George Fenwick, even though he set up Crutwell's day release from Parkhurst prison just as he said he would. It was wearying the way Jack went on, and he started to make me nervous. In some ways I wished I'd gone on the blag. It couldn't have been any less nerve-racking than waiting for the phone call to say everything was done. When it didn't come Jack went berserk, said they were robbing him, that he'd shoot them all, including George Fenwick. Finally the call came. It had gone off without any trouble. They'd stopped to let David Crutwell walk on the grass in Hyde Park. When I went to meet them in the underground car park there, the two prison officers were lounging against a car, joking with Bobby Brown and David Crutwell like they were old mates. When I gave each of them their envelope, one wanted to stop and count it, the other was too nervous to do so. Every penny of their monkey was there. After they'd gone with David Crutwell I checked the money, then locked it in an old Ford Popular I'd parked there earlier. Bobby and I were well-nervous about leaving it. Success went straight to Jack's head. He started bragging about the blag like some kid who'd done his first gas meter. How long was it going to be before some grass carried this to the wrong Old Bill? George Fenwick played whatever waiting game he was playing. There was no nicking in sight for Jack. Instead he offered us another payroll blag. This one at the *Daily Mirror*. This one would be even bigger. We were on our way into Mayfair to see Julian Tyrwhitt and check on the progress of our money.

20/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Julian Tyrwhitt pops a champagne cork and pours some drinks.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

You're a genius of organisation, Jack. Brilliant. Your army training must have stood you in good stead, what?

JACK:

Yes, it's all about planning. Our money's safely away is it?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

All in Curacao.

JACK:
Where's that?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
The Dutch Antilles, not far from Colombia. It's a tax shelter we use for a lot of our customers – those who can afford it.

JACK:
That seems a long way off. Can we trust these people?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Oh yes. They're proper bankers. Your brother-in-law found them.

JACK:
Well, I don't trust Joey. He's slipperier than an eel.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
I'm sure Brian will vouch for him. (He laughs.) The bankers out there do exactly what's asked.

JACK:
While that greedy kyke Joey grabs more than he deserves. We should know how much he gets.

BRIAN:
I don't think it works like that, Jack. Joey negotiates the price. Eight shillings in the pound.

JACK:
Daylight robbery.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
You know what the saying is, Jack, when you deal with middlemen: Money talks, profit walks.

JACK:
We gotta get a bigger share. We done the collar.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
It's not going to happen. Eight shillings is an excellent return. Without Joseph's connection you'd be lucky to have got half a crown in the pound.

JACK:
I say it's not right.

BRIAN:
Don't be a mug, Jack. The deal's done.

JACK:
It can be undone, Bri -

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
I'm afraid it cannot be.

JACK:
Don't be a mug, Julian. Our police contacts give us another payroll – the *Daily Mirror*.
S'worth about two hundred grand.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
If it's clean, we'd certainly be interested. Still eight shillings to the pound.

JACK:
Ballocks! We'd be giving you 120 grand. You gotta do better.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Our expertise is expensive. We have the most to lose.

JACK:
Who's we?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Perhaps you should talk to Joseph about this.

JACK:
You think I won't – right now. Bri.

He charges out.

21/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Joey Oldman calmly pours tea as Jack paces around, watched by Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Julian Tyrwhitt's a fool sending you here.

JACK:
What, don't you think I can be trusted, Joey? I want to control where the money goes.

JOEY OLDMAN:
That adds unnecessary risk. The money goes somewhere safe. That's all you need to know, Jack.

JACK:
Maybe you're too involved with that banker, Joey. What happens if he gets nicked for noncing those boys at the boxing club? That's his game.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Then tell him to stop.

JACK:
We still ain't getting enough.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Is that how you feel, Brian?

BRIAN:

We could always use a better price, dad. It might pay to shop around.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It increases your risk. You've got a narrow market for such money.

JACK:

How come the likes of you blokes do so well out of it then?

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're free to try elsewhere. See how long you survive.

JACK:

I know your game, Joey. Get me out the way and grab everything with Brian.

BRIAN:

Dad's right, Jack, it's too risky going with bag loads of dosh. You've got to have it sold before you get it.

JACK:

(Suddenly) I don't trust Bobby Brown on this one. It's too big.

BRIAN:

Then you do it with him.

JACK:

You think I couldn't?

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Jack did just that, but it didn't go quite to plan. One of the guards wouldn't let go of the money, despite Jack threatening him. The next moment a sawn-off shotgun exploded, blowing the man to kingdom come. Then they were off running and gunning away with the money in the souped-up Cosworth Cortina, Bobby Brown blaming Jack for shooting the guard, Jack blaming David Crutwell. They were panicking and in shock. There was to be a bigger shock when we got the money to Julian Tyrwhitt, it was then Joey dropped the bombshell: eight shillings in the pound wasn't being paid for this lot, not now a guard had been killed. He was offering only two shillings in the pound.

JACK:

Two bob, you thieving kyke. I'll put you and Tyrwhitt in the ground first.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You sell the money if you think you can without getting caught for murder.

JACK:

What's that mean? You grassing me?

BRIAN:
Don't be stupid, Jack.

JACK:
Stay out of this Brian, or you'll wind up topped.

JOEY OLDMAN:
This is my best offer, Jack. I'll pay eight shillings in the pound, and Brian comes to work for me as part of the deal.

JACK:
So you can both plot against me -

JOEY OLDMAN:
No one's plotting against you -

JACK:
You conniving bastard -

He seizes hold of Joey Oldman around the throat. Brian tries to break his grip shouting, "Jack!" and finally hits him with a paperweight, knocking him out. He opens his flick knife and calls, "Pongo!" Pongo throws open the door.

BRIAN:
He went crazy, Pongo. Either you take him home and give him some valium, or I'll cut his throat here and now. What's it to be?

PONGO:
You know the answer, Bri. I'd have to kill you.

BRIAN:
You could try. Take him home.

PONGO:
Come on, Jack, mate. Let's get you home, mate.

He lifts Jack and carries him out. Brian closes the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Phew. If I was a drinking man I'd have a drink. I'm glad you didn't have to kill him, son. It would be terrible to have blood on your hands.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
At that moment I realised I didn't know this man I called dad. He seemed capable of any sort of accommodation that was convenient to his enterprise. Had he forgotten that they had shot and killed a guard during a robbery, the proceeds of which he was negotiating over? Or that Cath had killed her own father in our presence?

Joey seemed to live a charmed life. He didn't stop seeing Margaret Courtney and thought he was being clever changing hotels each time and checking he wasn't followed. But something went wrong somewhere: the door flew open and a photographer stepped in and snapped them in bed. This was a familiar procedure for divorce proceedings. Only Sir Ralph Courtney wasn't interested in evidence for a divorce, and he didn't go after Joey, but me, little realising that Joey wouldn't care ultimately, but there I am getting ahead of myself again.

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