

EP11/1b STUDIO SCRIPT

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 11 – 1961

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

BRIAN OLDMAN:

Blacks and Judge Melford Stevenson is what I remember most about the beginning of the so-called Swinging Sixties. Blacks were pouring into the country like we had no white people to do any of the jobs in the hospital and on the buses blacks were taking. While the Irish were doing all the post-war building that was going on. Not that you noticed them, not until they opened their mouths or the pubs turned out at 10.30. The blacks were taking nothing from me, and meanwhile a lot were helping to give my dad, Joey Oldman a good living – better than he deserved. He was renting rooms to them in the houses he owned in Notting Hill and Brixton. He had as many as 30 blacks in some houses, all paying 3 & 4 quid a week. Most of those properties would pay for themselves in 3 – 4 years – provided the police didn't take too big a cut. Me and George Fenwick, the police inspector I dealt with for the firm within a firm made sure of that. Joey balked at paying the 2½ percent we told him was required. The police pool, in fact, got only 1% while me and George split the rest. It was a nice little earner but our scheme wasn't to last when Joey got wind of it. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Blacks coming into the country was fine by me, but there was going to be more trouble coming. The Notting Hill race riots cleared the air a bit, but not for long. Judge Melford Stevenson kept warning me to be careful in my dealing with the blacks, and the police. I think he was more concerned about his source of young girls disappearing than ever he was about me. But I didn't care. I was happy to use him just as he used me. Come to think of it, all my relationships seemed to be based on mutual exploitation rather than friendship. One thing was for sure Judge Melford Stevenson wasn't going to prove the friend I'd hoped he'd be. But there I am, getting ahead of myself again.

1/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN – NIGHT

Elvis Presley's, *'Are You Lonesome Tonight'* is playing on the radio when Brian comes clattering down the stairs and into the kitchen.

CATH:

Are you sure you won't stay and have a bit of supper with your dad and me, Brian?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Dad and 'I', Cath – we have to watch them sort of things now we're going up in the world

CATH:

I will get it right, Joey. I know I will.

BRIAN:

Can't mum. I promised to see the Judge at the club.

CATH:

You've only just got here.

BRIAN:

I'll have a cup of coffee – as long as it's not that Maxwell House rubbish.

CATH:

I got some ground special, hoping you'd pop round more often.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Specially, Cath.

CATH:

That's right, specially for Brian. We hardly seen anything of you since you moved out. You could move back here with us and save your money. There's plenty of room. We've got more rooms than we know what for. You must have more money than sense these days, Joey Oldman, buying a place this size. We could have stayed in mum's old house.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, if you want to move into a rat-trap in Hackney, I could put 20 blacks in here all paying £4 a week. I might do yet if you don't stop complaining.

CATH:

It's a lot to keep tidy, Joey.

BRIAN:

You should get a bit of help, mum – dad can afford it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's an idea, Cath – get a char lady.

CATH:

What, have someone here poking around while I'm out managing them shops?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Maybe you're right. Not that we have anything to hide, Cath. We're all strictly above board.

CATH:

I think it's our Brian what's got something to hide. Keeping that flat like he does.

The kettle whistles and Cath takes it off the stove.

BRIAN:

What d'you mean. I'm over 21. I need my own gaff.

CATH:

You've not even invited us round for as much as a cup of tea.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I expect he's keeping some bird pugged up there.

CATH:

He's got more sense!

BRIAN:

You can visit anytime – look under the bed. In the cupboard. I expect *my* char lady does!

CATH:

Chance to visit would be a nice thing – from what I can see you're never there.

BRIAN:

Well, the club keeps me pretty busy. Talking of which, I'd best make tracks or I'll miss the judge. Forget that coffee, mum. Gotta go.

CATH:

But you haven't had as much as a biscuit.

BRIAN:

I'll get a Wimpy – that'll do.

CATH:

That's not proper food, Brian.

He flies out, banging the door, then the front door.

CATH:

What's going on with that judge, Joey that he's so keen to see him? He not going to get hurt again like when that MP, Tom Driberg, took him off to Monte Carlo and Lord knows what?

JOEY OLDMAN:

No. Brian's getting a shrewd head on his shoulders – according to my friend George Fenwick. That detective Inspector ought to know. He says Brian's smart to keep that judge in his pocket. He's worth a hundred police copping a drop.

CATH:

Well, I hope he's not going to get in any sort of trouble. I couldn't stand it if he was to go to prison again.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I wouldn't bet on that not happening, Cath, involved with your brother.

CATH:

Why can't he forget that nonsense and come to work properly with you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

One day, Cath – perhaps. Meanwhile I'm grateful for what I do get from him – dealing with

those greedy policemen like he does.

CATH:

Now's his chance to get free with Jack getting involved in armed robbery.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You can't believe all you hear about your brother, Cath. Jack can't be that daft.

CATH:

Why does Brian let himself be Jack's lackey?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm more concerned to know why he popped in here like he did. Why did he go straight up to the bathroom?

CATH:

He's not ill, Joey, is he? He looks a bit off colour.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I wonder if he's hiding something up there – thinking we're too respectable to ever have our home searched by the police. Wait here, Cath.

CATH:

Joey..?

Joey Oldman goes out quickly and up the stairs.

2/ THE OLDMAN'S BATHROOM – NIGHT

Joey Oldman comes in and looks around. Cath comes in behind him with, "Joey?"

JOEY OLDMAN:

There's not too many places to hide anything here, if that is what he was up to.

CATH:

It depends what he was hiding – if he was.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Give me a hand up here.

He climbs onto the lavatory seat, holding onto the chain.

CATH:

Mind you don't break the toilet.

Joey Oldman lifts the lid of the cistern system with a clang.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Here, take that lid. Pull the chain. Empty the cistern.

Cath pulls the chain and the toilet flushes. Joey reaches into the iron cistern. Finds something.

JOEY OLDMAN:
There bloody well is something here –

CATH:
What is it? Did Brian put it there?

Joey climbs down off the lavatory seat.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It's heavy whatever it is.

CATH:
Did he put it there?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Well, I didn't. And I don't suppose you did, Cath.

He unwraps the plastic bag and paper wrapping inside.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Oh my God –

CATH:
Oh Joey. What does he want with a gun?

JOEY OLDMAN:
How would I know? Perhaps he's minding it for someone.

CATH:
You don't think he's gone and done anything silly, do you?

JOEY OLDMAN:
If he had, Cath, I don't think he'd have kept the gun. He'd have thrown it in the Thames. It's what he might do with it that worries me –

CATH:
He's not getting involved robbing with my brother? You gotta talk sense to him, before he's headed straight back to prison.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I don't know what good me talking to him will do. I'd best ask DI Fenwick first thing in the morning. He has as much influence with Brian as anyone.

CATH:
He's a copper, Joey. You can never trust them, no matter how friendly they seem or what

they're copping. He might pinch Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He knows what side his bread's buttered on, Cath. We'll take a chance on him.

3/ INT JACK'S CLUB – NIGHT

There are raised voices over Helen Shapiro on the turntable singing, '*Walking Back to Happiness*'.

BRIAN:

What's your pleasure tonight, judge? Something other than a drop of brandy?

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

That little blond with 'a lot out front' looks quite promising, Brian. Do you think she's available?

BRIAN:

She'd better be – She's here drinking our free booze. Let's give her a pull. Come on.

They head off across the club to join two girls.

BRIAN:

Hello, Christine. How you doing, darling? Do you want a drink?

CHRISTINE KEELER:

I got one, ta.

BRIAN:

This is my good friend Aubury Melford Stevenson.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

(Giggles) Are you the one you say is a judge?

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Not tonight, my dear – unless I was judging a beauty contest, then I'd give you first place.

BRIAN:

He's a good dancer. He wants to take you dancing then have a bit of supper.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

I'm with my friend, Mandy. We're here together.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Well, possibly Brian would come with us and entertain Mandy.

The two girls giggle some more at that.

BRIAN:

Go on, Christine. Be a sport. Let the judge take you dancing.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

No, I want to stay with Mandy. That Russian bloke said he might come in.

BRIAN:

Ivanov – he was in earlier. He had to go. Some crisis to do with Cuba. Look, I'll come too. I'd better just let them know I'm ducking out.

He goes.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

Do you have a stole of some sort, my dear?

Christine giggles again.

4/ INT BRIAN'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Brian drinks some coffee at the kitchen bar. Sets the cup down.

BRIAN:

You want another cup of coffee, Christine?

CHRISTINE KEELER:

No, that's all right, Bri. (Beat) How come that judge chose Mandy after all. I thought you said he was interested in me?

BRIAN:

No accounting for taste, is there? I think he likes redheads best. I'll see you're not the loser.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Don't you want to try nothing, Brian? I mean you're a really good-looking bloke an' all. You can if you want. I don't mind.

BRIAN:

That's all right. I don't fancy you.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

I bet I could make you – Give me your hand. Put it down here. How's that - ?

BRIAN:

(Sharply) Look, pack it in. I said 'no'. Okay?

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Well, suit yourself! I don't mind, I'm sure -

The other girl, Mandy marches in with, "Come on, Christine. I'm going," and starts out. Christine starts up after her.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

What's the matter? What's got into you?

Mandy goes out of the door with, "Nothing," and Christine goes after her. Judge Melford Stevenson comes in pleased with himself.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
I say, Brian, she was a bit of all right.

BRIAN:
What d'you do to her, judge? She was gone like a bat out of hell.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
What didn't I do, dear boy? I think my biting her is what she took exception to. Only little bites.

BRIAN:
You're a real tiger, judge.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
I've never had such a good time in all my life as I have with you. You're a real friend.

BRIAN:
And long may it last, judge. Long may it last. I've got to get back to the club. Can I drop you anywhere?

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
No. I'll get a cab to my club – set up my alibi in case my wife enquires. You won't forget about helping my dear friend Ralph (Rafe) Courtney?

BRIAN:
Indelibly printed.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Thank you again, Brian.

BRIAN:
Any time, judge – always ready to help a friend.

The narrator's voice is heard over the sounds of Eden Kane singing, "*Well, I Ask You.*"

BRIAN:
There was a whole string of girls I got for the judge. He was like a cat with the cream. Sometimes he cut up rough with them – his 'little bites' drawing blood. Most of them didn't mind very much and were easily silenced with a few quid. One tried to cause trouble by going to the law, not knowing Judge Melford Stevenson was one of the best friends the police ever had. I think Sir Ralph Courtney must have been too. He was a senior State Security bod who wanted young boys for sex. He was truly frightening. But more of that later.
There was change afoot in the country and great optimism in the air at the start of 1961. The youngest American president ever had been sworn in, promising greater peace and understanding in the world. We needed some of that as there wasn't much with my Uncle

Jack, who was still driving us all crazy with his erratic behaviour.

Jack flipped like a metronome, thinking he was a blagger these days, like owning spiels and clubs wasn't enough now we had an uneasy peace with the Krays. He had also made a deal with his old army captain from National Service. Capt Tyrwhitt was now in banking. Joey hadn't forgiven either of them for cutting him out of a deal he set up. Joey would never forgive them. He never forgave anyone who cost him money. He would bide his time, then strike.

We all thought we were going up in the world with our 'new found' friends. The truth was those 'new found' friends were going down, submitting to temptations the likes of us found so easy to give in to.

5/ INT CLUB – DAY

Helen Shapiro is on the turntable singing, "*Don't Treat Me Like a Child*" as Brian pursues Jack through the empty club.

BRIAN:

When you gonna wake up, Jack? What wrong with you? We're getting a nice living out of the clubs and those bookshops. We don't need to go after wages vans.

JACK:

We ain't, Brian. Me and a couple of the chaps are.

BRIAN:

That's mug's stuff. S'what Billy Hill did and spent half his life in clink, now look at him. He's ended up without a tanner.

JACK:

That ain't gonna happen to me, Brian. Clubs and spiels are peanuts compared to what can be done in one hit.

BRIAN:

Not by the time ponces like that Captain Tyrwhitt and Joey nicking the lion's share.

JACK:

Well they ain't gonna get the lion's share in future.

BRIAN:

What you gonna do, knock the money out yourself, put yourself more on offer?

JACK:

It's a good earner, Brian. Better than working for the Old Bill with their sticky fingers always looking for their whack.

BRIAN:

At least they're on your side.

JACK:

When it suits them.

BRIAN:

They won't be if you go sticking up them wages vans, that's for sure.

JACK:

This is the new style of doing business, Brian. We're getting in on the ground floor, you see. The bent Old Bill won't get nothing.

Pongo, Jack's minder comes lumbering through the club calling, "Jack."

PONGO:

Jack! Old Bill just nutted in, looking for you. That Hairpin Drury –

JACK:

Talk of the devil –

KEN DRURY:

(Walking in) Here he is, the man himself – your boy Pongo thought you was in. You'd better send him off to get his eyes tested. The NHS is still more or less free, duck – despite all his kind poncing on it.

JACK:

What a pleasant surprise, Mr Drury. To what do I owe the pleasure? It's not collection day.

KEN DRURY:

We appreciate your subscribing to police charities. You could be a tad more generous, seeing as business is so good.

JACK:

What business is that, Ken?

KEN DRURY:

Oh Ken now, is it? I heard business was booming. The Kray's clubs are. Can't see why yours wouldn't be.

BRIAN:

That's no reason to pay more than what we agreed, you greedy bleeder.

KEN DRURY:

If you want a reason, you little iron, it's on account of my promotion to superintendent. My price goes up accordingly.

JACK:

Why's that, *Mr* Drury?

KEN DRURY:

Simple, duck – as a superintendent I can give you a better quality of protection. What do we get off you at present? Two ton?

BRIAN:

As if you don't know - to the last penny.

KEN DRURY:

So let's make it three and a half.

BRIAN:

You go and stuff yourself - !

KEN DRURY:

I thought that was the nasty sort of trick irons like you got up to, duck.

BRIAN:

It's still a lot of money.

KEN DRURY:

Value for money. Why don't I have a few bob out of the till for my trouble today?

Jack walks over to the bar and reaches down for a money box and opens it.

JACK:

There you are, Ken – a score for your trouble.

KEN DRURY:

Very kind, duck – the same for my driver sat out in Brewer Street.

JACK:

(Laughs) There you are, guvnor. I hope you're hitting the Krays in the same way.

KEN DRURY:

That's right. We like to keep the competition on an even keel. Be seeing you, duck.

He goes.

JACK:

What d'you think, Pongo?

PONGO:

I'm with Brian, boss. I'd bury a hammer in his head and dump him under the floorboards. Let the rats eat him.

JACK:

He'd probably poison them. What d'you say about blagging now, Brian?

BRIAN:

Nothing changes, Jack. You'll just get a different set of poncing coppers.

6/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE – DAY

The door is rapped and opened and DI George Fenwick steps in. Joey gets up quickly.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Mr Fenwick, a surprise –

DI FENWICK:
Your girl out in reception said it was all right to pop through. I hope I didn't startle you.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You did a bit, George.

DI FENWICK:
Cooking the books, Joey, were you?

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Laughs) I wouldn't know how. We're beyond those sort of larks – even though no one likes paying tax. I don't know why we're paying for the NHS and dole money for people idling around. There are enough jobs for no one to be drawing dole money. We wouldn't need all these blacks in the country.

DI FENWICK:
You should go into politics, Joey. You'd make a fine MP.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd make one weep. It's time the Tories took grip.

DI FENWICK:
Macmillan's no Churchill, that's the trouble.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Did you bring me bad news about that gun, George? Is that what this visit's about?

DI FENWICK:
It's not all bad. Not yet anyway. Sorry it's taken so long. I didn't want to get it checked officially in case Brian had done something silly.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Most of the time he's a sensible, lad .

DI FENWICK:
Who keeps bad company, Joey. I'm afraid the gun was used to rob a pawnbroker's in Catford. The pawnbroker was shot in the arm.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Oh my God, not Brian? No, it can't be.

DI FENWICK:
Fortunately Brian was in prison when the shooting occurred so he's in the clear. That leaves the question of why he had the gun.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's what worries me, George.

DI FENWICK:

I like Brian, Joey. I like dealing with him. It's felt he's pretty straight forward. You know where you stand with him. No policeman likes guns. They mean only one thing. Either you have a serious talk with him or I'm going to. If it's me, then Brian and I might have to stop being friends.

7/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN – DAY

Joey Oldman and Cath talk in whispers while on the Light Programme on the wireless
Cleo Laine sings, *"You'll Answer To Me."*

CATH:

What's he going to do when he doesn't find the gun?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me do the talking when he comes down stairs.

CATH:

I'm sure there's a perfectly proper explanation.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not one we want to know about – eyes up.

Brian clatters down the stairs and comes into the kitchen.

CATH:

Brian! You're as white as a sheet – You sickening for something - ?

JOEY OLDMAN:

What's up, son?

BRIAN:

Did you move anything in the bathroom?

JOEY OLDMAN:

My bowels, is about all –

CATH:

Joey!

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh come to think of it there was something blocking the cistern. Package of some sort. We had to get a plumber to it.

BRIAN:

What d'he do with it? Where is it?

JOEY OLDMAN:

What's so important about a blockage in the cistern?

BRIAN:

(Hysterical) Where is it? Where?

JOEY OLDMAN:

What do you think we are, Brian, mugs? I gave it to George Fenwick.

BRIAN:

What? Oh Christ, what d'you do that for? You shouldn't have involved him.

CATH:

What sort of trouble are you in, Brian? Maybe your dad can help.

BRIAN:

What did George say? Did he say anything?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I think you know, son. That gun was used in a robbery –

BRIAN:

Is that what he said? How d'you know you can trust him?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's as well we pay him money every week or you'd find yourself back in clink. What were you thinking of, bringing a gun here?

BRIAN:

I was minding it for someone –

CATH:

All you'll do is get yourself in trouble, Brian?

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're a bloody fool – and I don't appreciate you're involving us like you did. I don't want any contact with the police. Certainly not now.

BRIAN:

Well, what d'you think you've got every week, me giving a bung to George Fenwick?

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's just business.

BRIAN:

What did he say? Is he going to give it back?

JOEY OLDMAN:

You'd better ask him. After what he found out I hope he's well and truly disposed of the gun.

Brian starts out. Cath goes after him with, "Brian!" She catches him in the hall.

CATH:
Brian, are you in any sort of trouble?

BRIAN:
I'm sorry I involved you, mum.

CATH:
Your dad was very upset when he found it. It could have caused him all sorts of problems if the police came here poking around.

BRIAN:
Why? What's he got here?

CATH:
Nothing –

BRIAN:
Is there something he's not telling me?

CATH:
(Quickly) 'Course not.

BRIAN:
I wish he'd come to me rather than go to that copper.

CATH:
He was concerned. He thought Mr Fenwick could help.

BRIAN:
The thing is, mum. You can't trust them - coppers.

CATH:
You put years on me. You just be careful.

BRIAN:
It'll be all right, mum – I'll sort George out all right.

He goes, banging the door.

8/ INT JOE LYON'S CRANBOURNE STREET

The clatter of china and voices as Brian comes to a table and sits with George Fenwick.

BRIAN:
Still on the lookout for famous actors, George?

DI GEORGE FENWICK:
They're only people like you and me, Brian. They drink tea like us, and nowhere better for them than Joe Lyons. It's a sort of hobby of mine. I once spotted Stanley Baker in here

with Patrick McGooohan. It was just after they'd made *Hell Drivers* together. You wouldn't see him in here now, not Stanley Baker. Not after *The Criminal*. There's a film for you. A real man is Stanley Baker.

BRIAN:

What happened to my bit of property, George?

DI FENWICK:

What property's that?

BRIAN:

Don't piss around. You know what I'm talking about.

DI FENWICK:

Oh, the gun? Why didn't you say? I thought you were talking about a tenanted house where you were having problems. Brian, I can assure you it's well and truly gone.

BRIAN:

What d'you do with it?

DI FENWICK:

That gun had a history, one that could come back to bite you. It's gone to a very deep place where it won't be found. That brings us to the question of your plans for it.

BRIAN:

I didn't have any. It wasn't mine.

DI FENWICK:

I see, you were minding it for someone. That's what they all say. The thing is, Brian, a gun changes our whole business arrangement. Do I want to do business with someone who's prepared to use a gun? I do not.

BRIAN:

I told you, it wasn't mine.

DI FENWICK:

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

BRIAN:

All right – I'm being threatened, George. I needed some sort of protection.

DI FENWICK:

Not trouble with the Krays starting up again?

BRIAN:

No, a little firm from over the water. They want a piece of our rental interests in Brixton. They reckon their writ runs that far.

DI FENWICK:

That won't do. I hear Joey is buying some more houses there.

BRIAN:

Eight of them. Weighing onto these mugs could come to dough.

DI FENWICK:

You should have come to me, Brian. Let the police deal with them. That's what you're paying us for after all.

BRIAN:

(Laughs) That might cost us even more!

DI FENWICK:

It's George Fenwick you're dealing with. An honest copper, not the thieving Ken Drury.

BRIAN:

What about the pea shooter, George? Is it safe?

DI FENWICK:

Of course. I promised Joey I wouldn't let you get in any bother over it. My word, don't look now, but that's Larry Olivier just walked in. Just like you and me, Brian!

9/ INT ARNOLD GOODMAN'S LEGAL OFFICE

The door from his office is opened by Arnold Goodman.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Sorry to have kept you waiting, Joey. We'll have tea now, Janet. Do come in, my dear fellow – that was Harold Wilson on the phone. I had to take his call. He's going to be our next prime minister, unless I'm much mistaken.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then he's someone worth knowing, Mr Goodman.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I'd say so – Please, Arnold – I think we've moved far beyond formality now, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Arnold. He's socialist – I've voted Labour but I'm more inclined to the Conservatives.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Oh I think most of us are by both instinct and inclination. We have to do business wherever and with whoever we can. I expect, like most, you've no particular liking for the swartzers. That doesn't stop you renting your properties to them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Most of them pay their rent when it's due, and never complain.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Unlike some in the Central African Federation. The prime minister there is refusing further black representation in the Rhodesian Legislative. Harold Wilson foresees a lot of trouble from that part of the world.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The more trouble there is out there, the more blacks we get here.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I'm not sure that lot will be quite as amenable as your West Indian tenants. But you'll have the accommodation for them. The contracts have been exchanged. The 8 houses in Brixton are yours. £9,000 they've set you back.

JOEY OLDMAN:

All I see is 160 potential tenants at £4 each per week. More pressing, Arnold – did you find somewhere to put the £40,000 I've got under my pillow? It's giving me sleepless nights – I can tell you. Especially with my son behaving so irresponsibly.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I have found a home for it. A good home. This Minister of Transport, Ernest Marples is going to build more and more roads, Joey. There's a company called Tarmac who are going to benefit from such plans. They need cash to expand.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't they have a bank?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

A very agreeable bank. Not one smart enough to invest in a nod from Ernest Marples. The Minister wants to see the money in place before he'll hand them more contracts. Between you and me, Joey, I think he's earning well out of this. The money needs to be in place within two weeks and clothed in respectability.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I thought that's what I was paying you for, Arnold.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

The Bank of England would still want to know where such a large amount of money came from even via me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I suppose I can spread it around a bit.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

That could work, but for the time constraint. If we make this investment it needs to be done by the 20th. Your way wouldn't make it clean enough.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What can I expect to get from this deal?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

15% PA and shares to half the value of the investment. Are relations amicable with your banker friend, Julian Tyrwhitt?

JOEY OLDMAN:

We're civil to one another. I would strain at friendship after his double crossing me with my brother-in-law.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I would suggest you renew your friendship, Joey. We need a banker to wrap his letterhead about the deal. Tyrwhitt seems a venal sort of fellow.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Venal and greedy, as I know from his dealing with Jack.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I could negotiate the rate for you, Joey – making sure it was competitive.

JOEY OLDMAN:

But then there'd be a question of your enhanced fees.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

My dear Joey, when we're dealing with lots of cash 'off the book' – so to speak – everyone wants enhanced fees.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Better the greedy fellow you can trust, than one you can't, Arnold?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Exactly. I'd make sure the paperwork was in place that showed the money was notionally from clients of the bank, not from under your mattress.

The door is rapped and opened and Janet brings in a tray of tea things.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Ah, tea. Give Tyrwhitt a tinkle and meet as soon as possible.

10/ INT WHITE CITY DOG TRACK ENCLOSURE

The burble of punters, bookies calling the odds, the tannoy announcing runners.

CAPT JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I have to confess, I find something very appealing about the sleaziness of dog tracks – The same with boxing venues. You're a student of human nature, Joey. Why is that?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Are you still going to boxing with my brother-in-law, Julian?

CAPT TYRWHITT:

He's a rough diamond, but Braden's knowledge of the fight game is an education.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd sooner be at home watching *Double Your Money* on the telly.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

I daresay like most of us, you'd sooner watch your money doubling.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Are you still doing business with Jack?

CAPT TYRWHITT:

Would that be a concern to you, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack has never been reliable.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

I'm not one to turn business away. Not even at the sharp rates Arnold Goodman suggested were needed. That is a lawyer I have a great deal of respect for.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He knows how to charge and all.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

Well, Joey in this day and age we get only what we pay for. The *best* always costs a little more. On the other hand, if you'd have come directly to me, you'd have got the same rate without the lawyer's fee.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What blessed Arnold gives me is complete peace of mind.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

Then I take we're in business, Joey – Ah -

Over the tannoy the sound of the dogs flying around the track. Number 4 is first past the post.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

Number 4! My dog – curiously he's called Lucky Dog.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let's hope you only back winners, Julian.

'Halfway to Paradise' sung by Billy Fury is playing against the dog track.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The banker Julian Tyrwhitt didn't back too many winners at the races and those he had at the bank he wasn't quick to let Joey in on. In fact, Joey got to suspect that the banker did the dirty on him again with Jack. He never got conclusive proof but enough circumstantial evidence for him to spend a lot of time and energy not only paying him back, but with interest.

Right then the world looked on the brink of war once more after armed Cuban exiles tried to overthrow Castro's government with the help of the Americans. When the Russians

decided to help the Marxist government in Cuba we all held our breath. Life went on, meanwhile, and punters spent their wages at the tables in the club. We were doing all right, not all right enough for me to get the car of my dreams. The newly arrived E-Type Jaguar, a sports car capable of doing 150mph. I had to have one, even though it cost just over a cool £2000. I thought better of asking Joey for the money. Jack was a likely bet as he was talking about plenty he had coming.

11/ INT JACK'S CLUB

The place is busy with punters spending their money gambling. Matt Munro is singing '*Portrait of my Love*' as Jack comes through with Brian.

JACK:

What d'you want a sports car like that for? To pull birds, Brian? That your game now?

BRIAN:

Have you seen it, Jack? I had a test drive in one. It's a bit of a motor.

JACK:

It ought to be for two grand. That's more than two years wages for most people.

BRIAN:

You ain't most people though, are you? You're Jack Braden.

JACK:

That's right. With plenty of spare cash any time now. Just waiting for the nod from my old army pal – Julian.

BRIAN:

I don't recall how you two were friends, Jack. I thought there was aggro between you.

JACK:

A lot of water under the bridge since then. Soon as he lets me know the money'll be there, you can have two grand.

BRIAN:

Money that's safe to spend, Jack? I don't want to go into the showroom in Berkeley Square, lay my notes down and get nicked.

JACK:

No chance. This is money what's been pugged away from the tax man. You gotta be a bit careful in a car like that though, Bri'. It'll make a lot of Old Bill sick with envy. They could give you a pull for no reason. Especially if you had a shooter in the car.

BRIAN:

Why would I do that? Shooters are for mugs.

JACK:

Cath said you had one hidden in the karsey at their new house.

BRIAN:
My mum's got a big mouth.

JACK:
Yeah, she can be a bit gabby. Not like Joey. He's more closed up than Pentonville Prison. He don't let no one in on nothing. £180 quid he give me for my share of your nan's house when they sold it. £180 quid! He wouldn't have a brad if I hadn't have let him have it for security for his greengrocer business. That's what got him started.

BRIAN:
He's holding plenty now. You should have asked for your proper share.

JACK:
I'm about to get it any day. Don't worry about me.

12/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Jack comes in with Julian Tyrwhitt who closes the door.

JACK:
Is this where you do all your business, Julian? It don't look all that.

CAPT TYRWHITT:
Let clients see you're doing too well, Jack, they start to think you're charging too much.

JACK:
Which you are, of course.

CAPT TYRWHITT:
I like to think my little bank gives a good service. We do exactly what we say we'll do – make money for our clients.

JACK:
What about our bit of business? Are we under starter's orders?

CAPT TYRWHITT:
We are. It has to be done tomorrow. Joey is bringing all his booty together. He intends to deliver it to me here on Wednesday to meet the deadline Arnold Goodman gave him.

JACK:
He's a mug, 'he keeps it in his house overnight.

CAPT TYRWHITT:
You know your brother-in-law, Jack. He doesn't trust anyone. He barely trusts me to wrap the bank's respectability about his dodgy money. Fortunately for us, he has no choice. Lawyer Goodman told him the money had to appear ultra-respectable.

JACK:
Joey should be more sharing, the tight Jew. He wants to gyp everyone, including his own

family. Maybe this'll teach him a lesson.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

I somehow doubt it. I hope you have reliable people to lift this money.

JACK:

Not half.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

(Laughs) I'd hate to be double-crossed by double-crossers!

JACK:

No chance. They'll tie Joey up – and my sister – while we're at Wembley cheering on Terry Downes as he takes on the world middle-weight champion.

CAPT TYRWHITT:

(Laughs again) I admire your loyalty to our Cockney challenger, but I'm betting on Paul Pender retaining the title.

JACK:

Well, on your form lately, I'll have a side bar with you. What d'you say to a £100 that Downes beats your man?

CAPT TYRWHITT:

I'd say getting hundred pounds will be even easier than getting Joey's £40,000 – but I suppose it's easy come, easy go, for you, Jack.

13/ INT THE OLDMANS' SITTING ROOM

The television is showing the fight at Wembley, the commentator getting excited.

COMMENTATOR:

This is just incredible, young Terry Downes has put what looks like a bad cut over Pender's right eye. He's attacked hard with his powerful left hook, mostly to the body, but those blows have visibly slowed the current champion. All the while Downes has absorbed Pender's persistent left jab for round after round, leaving his face looking like a puffy orange. (The bell goes) There's the bell for the end of the ninth round and I'm not sure which of them is more pleased. Oh, something's going on here, now. Pender's seconds are having urgent words with the referee – It's over! It's over, the reigning world champion Paul Pender from Boston has had enough. Terry Downes is the new world middle-weight champion –

CATH:

Joey – What was that?

JOEY OLDMAN:

What? I didn't hear anything –

CATH:

Turn that television down -

Joey Oldman gets up and goes and turns down the television when the door bursts open

and two masked men spring into the room. Cath screams.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What's this? What d'you want? We ain't got nothing -

MAN:

(Muffled through stocking) We want it, you tight wad. The money. All of it –

CATH:

No –

JOEY OLDMAN:

What money d'you think I'd have here? About three pounds in my wallet is all – here take it and go –

MAN:

Don't give us that fanny –the money you got pugged up. Where is it?

CATH:

You take anything from us you'll have Jack Braden to deal with – we're his partners. He'll come after you and cut your hands off.

MAN:

(Shoving her) Sit down and shut up – or we'll do the pair of you in –

CATH:

Jack Braden's my brother –

MAN:

We know that you daft cow –

2ND MAN:

Shut up – Gis the gelt –

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd give you my life first. I swear we haven't –

2ND MAN:

You lying Jewboy -

He lashes out and hits Joey Oldman, knocking him down. Cath screams, “Joey!” and flies at him. The man her and grabs her and hits her. She screams some more, when Joey struggles up and into the fray. The second man coshes him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We ain't got nothing here –

MAN:

You're a liar, we know you have -

Cath lunges at them and rips off one of their masks, to the 2nd man's alarmed, “Here!”

CATH:
I know your face –

2ND MAN:
You cow -

He knocks her to the floor. Joey crawls to her with, “Cath.”

JOEY OLDMAN:
We ain't got any money here –

MAN:
Tie them up –search the place -

JOEY OLDMAN:
You're wasting your time – Cath – leave her be - !

MAN:
Shut up -

TIME JUMP

The two men ransacking the house. Throwing things aside. Joey Oldman and Cath struggle on the floor, tied up.

2ND MAN:
Here! What's this? Here it is. Look at that –

MAN:
You lying Jew – ain't got nothing here!

There is a groan of despair from Joey, then another sort of groan when the man kicks him with, “Shut up.”

2ND MAN:
There's only about 20 grand here, Cole' –

MAN:
Why don't you give 'em my address while you're at it!

2ND MAN:
There's supposed to be 40 grand. They said there was 40 –

MAN:
Let's settle for that and go –

2ND MAN:
As long as he don't try to jib us –

MAN:
He'd better not. Come on -

They hurry out. The front door bangs. A beat. Joey stirs.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Cath? Cath? You all right?

CATH:
Have they gone, Joey? What we gonna do?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Get free, get some help as fast as we can.

CATH:
We can't go to the police, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not the police. We've got to work out who knew I had all that gelt here.

CATH:
No one knew, unless you told them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Struggles free) I didn't tell anyone. Only my lawyer, Arnold Goodman, knew I was getting the money.

CATH:
He wouldn't have told anyone. What about that banker, Julian Tyrwhitt. He knew you was getting it.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Were, Cath. And he's pretty thick with your Jack

CATH:
Jack wouldn't do the dirty on us like that, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Wouldn't he? You thought you recognized the one who lost his mask, the one called 'Cole'.

CATH:
I've seen him somewhere. Let's get you up and put a flannel on that bruise.

JOEY OLDMAN:
At least they only got half the money. I couldn't have gone on if they'd got the lot. Come on, I've got to get some help.

14/ INT FLATBLOCK CORRIDOR

Joey Oldman and Cath are hammering on the door of Jack's flat, calling, "Jack, Jack." The door is opened by Leah Cohen who's like a zombie.

LEAH COHEN:

(Slurred) He's not here. He's not back from boxing –

JOEY OLDMAN:

We've got to see him. It's most urgent –

CATH:

Joey was robbed, Leah – it's a lot of money –

LEAH COHEN:

He's not here. He went to Wembley I think -

CATH:

What's wrong with you, Leah? Are you all right?

LEAH COHEN:

I think I was asleep. I can't remember. I took some pills –

JOEY OLDMAN:

We need Jack to get back my money – Maybe we should get a doctor to you –

LEAH COHEN:

No. Not a doctor – I can't -

Someone approaches up the stairs and along the corridor. It's Jack Braden.

JACK:

Cath? Joey? What you doing here? What's going on, Leah?

LEAH COHEN:

Nothing. Nothing. Honestly. I didn't say anything.

She hurries back into the flat with, “No,” as Jack steps up.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We got robbed, Jack – They robbed us, took everything.

CATH:

You got to help us – it's our life savings. One of them was called Cole.

JACK:

How much did they get - ?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Everything. Every penny I had in the world, Jack. All I'd worked for. £40,000.

JACK:

You had that much money? In your house? What are you, a mug?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Maybe I am, but that's what they took –

CATH:

You gotta get it back for us, Jack. You've got -

JACK:

Well, I can try, Cath. Let's go in and get Leah sorted out first, then I'll get the full SP.

They go inside and the door closes.

15/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Jack is punching the hapless 'Cole', landing blow after blow in the empty club.

JACK:

Hold him, Pongo – I said hold him. Where's the rest of the money, Cole? Where's the other 20 grand?

MAN (COLE):

That's all there was, Jack – 20. I swear on my baby's eyesight –

JACK:

You wicked monkey – you'll have a blind baby, and he'll have a dead dad!

MAN (COLE):

It's the truth. The Jewboy didn't have nothing more –

JACK:

You liar - !

All the while Jack is landing murderous blows on the man, whose cries are disappearing.

JACK:

Hold him, Pongo – I said hold him up –

PONGO:

I can't, Jack, he's a dead weight -

The Man crashes to the floor with a dead thump. Pongo stoops down to him.

PONGO:

I think you topped him, Jack. You definitely done for him.

JACK:

Well, he had it coming, holding out on me.

PONGO:

Maybe there was only 20 grand, like he said.

JACK:

What d'you know about it, you black bastard? Unless you was there and nicked the other twenty.

PONGO:

Don't be daft, Jack – I was out at the boxing with you and that banker. What we gonna do about him?

JACK:

Wrap him up, take him out to Manny's pig farm in Essex. Pigs don't care what they eat. Come on, gimme a hand.

The two of them bend and lift the body.

16/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Julian Tyrwhitt is riffling through the notes, counting them.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Twenty thousand is better than a poke in the eye, as the man said, Jack.

JACK:

What man's that, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Twenty thousand to the penny. You decided not to pay your operatives their share?

JACK:

They didn't do it right and get the whole 40.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Jack, how do I know they didn't get the whole 40, and you're not cheating me?

JACK:

I could've told you they got nothing at Joey's – it's not like he can go to the police. You just have to take my word.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Unfortunately my £10,000 share doesn't cover my gambling debts.

JACK:

You either gotta change your luck, Julian or change your life-style. Let's divi up and swallow our losses.

17/ INT ARNOLD GOODMAN'S OFFICE

Arnold Goodman is pouring tea and offering it to Joey Oldman.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Help yourself to sugar, Joey. Do you have any idea who it was who robbed you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Some. I've got a detective with whom I'm associated looking into it. We got a few clues. Whoever it was knew there should have been £40,000.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

You did so well in the circumstances to keep hold of what you did. In your place I'd have given it all to them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Blood I give at the transfusion van when it comes round. What can you do without money? Can we do anything with the remaining 20?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I doubt we'll get quite the deal we'd have got for the whole lot, but £20,000 remains a very nice investment. We will still need our venal banker.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I was afraid of that. I was hoping to save that fee. No matter. I'll bide my time and pay them back – eventually.

18/ INT JACK'S FLAT

The telephone is ringing insistently. It is eventually picked up by Leah Cohen.

LEAH COHEN:

(Slurred) Mayfair 51... I can't remember... Who is that?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Is Jack there? I need to speak with him urgently.

LEAH COHEN:

I don't know. Do you know what day it is –?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Where is Jack, Leah - ?

LEAH COHEN:

Is that my name - ?

Jack comes into the room and takes the phone from her.

JACK:

I told you not to answer that. You can't say nothing useful anyway. (Into the phone) Who is this?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Jack, it's Julian. Is Leah any better?

JACK:

She's fine. Just a little tired. The doctor give her some more tablets.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

It seems your bod was telling the truth about Joey's money. Your brother-in-law came in

earlier with the other £20,000 to make his investment.

JACK:

He always was a cunning sod. He'd sooner die than give up his money.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Such a pity, Jack. But at least we know the truth now.

19/ INT JOE LYON'S CRANBOURNE STREET

The clatter of crockery and the burble of voices. Joey Oldman and DI George Fenwick come to a table.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is a very congenial tearoom, George.

DI FENWICK:

Yes, I enjoy the ambience, the familiar faces.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Nice tea, too. Hot enough to drink it out of the saucer – but you try to avoid such habits these days.

DI FENWICK:

I don't know if we'll ever quite get to the truth of what happened to your money, Joey. We think the 'Cole' your wife identified is Cole Hicks. A one-time associated with your brother-in-law. Only now he's completely disappeared.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What about the banker? Was he involved?

DI FENWICK:

I can't say, Joey. Who would ever trust a banker? In future, if ever you're moving money like that, come to us for protection. That's what we're here for.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Joey now had sufficient circumstantial evidence to hang Jack and, by association, Julian Tyrwhitt. The police confirmed it enough for him to make his own plans. He was unforgiving and would plot and plan to pay people back, no matter how little they stole or how long it took. Jack not getting all the money he was expecting meant I didn't get the two grand to buy my E-type Jaguar. But I had other problems. It Judge Melford Stephenson's chum in the security service, Sir Ralph Courtney, who had powerful civil servant and Cabinet Members protecting his dirty little game. He wanted me to get them young boys. I liked boys well enough, but not as young as they wanted. I learnt that they were getting kids as young as three from children's homes. When I refused that's when the threats started and made me want a gun. These people weren't like common or garden tearaways you could whack, they had a lot of protection from highest level ranking police officers. When I went to see the gun dealer again to get myself another shooter I got another shock.

20/ INT PARK

Brian is walking with Don James, the gun dealer.

BRIAN:

How quick can I get a piece, Don? It's really urgent.

DON JAMES:

I can get you one tomorrow, Brian. The only problem is I won't know its history.

BRIAN:

No, this one has to be clean. Not like that other piece you got me.

DON JAMES:

Come off it, Brian. That one was as clean as a whistle.

BRIAN:

No, it was used to shoot a pawnbroker in Catford.

DON JAMES:

I don't know who told you that, son. Whoever it was is out of order. That gun was definitely clean.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

That left me feeling even more uneasy. Not only did the world seem to be falling apart with tensions now rising between East and West Germany as the Berlin wall went up, and massive ban-the-bomb demos disrupting London, my world was coming apart too. People I thought I could rely on like Jack and Joey and George Fenwick, I was no longer sure of. This was going to be a portent of things to come, but there I go, getting ahead of myself again.

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