

STUDIO SCRIPT/1b
GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 17 – 1967

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

BRIAN (NARRATOR): So London in '67 was the swinging capital of the world, leading in fashion and music, hippies were everywhere. Carnaby Street was the mecca for clothes fanatics of both sexes. I have to confess to being one of those. The Glaswegian, John Stephen was where I got most of my clobber, but Biba's in Kensington High Street drew fashionistas like moths to a flame, while Mary Quant made the King's Road. Joey's former partner, Emil Savundra, was charged with fraud over his insurance company, Fire, Auto & Marine, but Joey had long parted company with him, not only in good time, but with impeccable timing, having got his money out and more besides. There was an apparent book debt owing to him still so he became one of the creditors who would get nothing, like most of their claimants. During an interview on television with David Frost, Savundra said he did not wish to cross swords with peasants when asked to answer questions from his victims. I had to get my E-type insured with another company and the premium went from £68 to £381. No wonder people wanted to insure with Fire, Auto & Marine, despite not really having insurance.

There was no less strife in the world, with a 6-day war when Israeli troops stormed across Arab states towards the Suez Canal, taking the Gaza strip from Egypt, and Hebron, Bethlehem and the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem from the Jordanians, pushing on as far as Damascus in Syria. Suddenly Joey was celebrating his Jewishness.

Not surprising we warred when we couldn't even get on with neighbours, especially if they were black or from the Indian sub-continent. My uncle Jack couldn't get on with anyone. He was increasingly paranoid. He was convinced his old friend from his childhood and army days had returned from the dead to pull him down. No sooner had he got over that, than it back to Jimmy Humphries, who ran dirty bookshops for us in Soho, and who was now a problem because he had been seen drinking with Commander Drury.

1/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian comes through after Jack.

BRIAN:

Jimmy drinking with the Hairpin means nothing, Jack. He's staying close, that's all. Someone's got to keep an eye on the filth now the Richardson's are going to trial.

JACK:

No, Bri. He's betraying us. The same as that dog Denny Jones, what you brought here.

BRIAN:

Denny's as good as gold. Bobby Brown's putting one together with him. He'd bet on Denny.

JACK:

What about Bobby Brown? We should've popped him proper out at Manny's pig farm. That's where he's gonna end up.

BRIAN:

You're just jittery because of what's coming out with the Richardsons.

JACK:

I'm protecting our firm. I'm the only one around here doing it. We don't want to go on no armed robbery. Makes you too vulnerable to Old Bill.

BRIAN:

What you saying now, Jack? You wanted to do blags. That's why we're paying these ex-cons.

JACK:

Not anymore. We're finished with blags. We get plenty from the clubs and protection.

BRIAN:

That's what the Richardsons are going down for. How much longer before the Old Bill gets round to us?

JACK:

Pills are the thing nowadays. We can't let the jungle bunnies nick it all.

BRIAN:

There wouldn't be any profit, the way you swallow them, Jack.

Pongo laughs.

JACK:

What you laughing at, Pongo? You black bastard.

PONGO:

You, you white mammy rammer. You doing too much dope, Jack.

JACK:

Well, I get these headaches.

BRIAN:

Take Aspros like everyone else. We can't just tear up the plan. I'll talk to Bobby about it first. Don't let him have any more, Pongo.

JACK:

(Calling) Don't you tell me, Brian -

Brian's gone with, "Yeah, yeah -"

2/ EXT PARK

Bobby Brown and Brian walking.

BOBBY BROWN:

Not do nothing, Brian? You gotta be joking. We done time and money – Jack's money – plotting them blags. They'll be a doddle.

BRIAN:

Jack turns on a sixpence these days. I think he's cracking up.

BOBBY BROWN:

He ain't half gone downhill since I come back from Spain.

BRIAN:

You fancy telling him, Bobby?

BOBBY BROWN:

Don't think so, Bri, ta very much.

BRIAN:

Well knowing the problem doesn't solve it.

BOBBY BROWN:

Why don't me and Denny Jones have this blag? Start our own firm, you and all.

BRIAN:

Jack's paranoid enough already, Bobby. If he found we were even talking like this.

BOBBY BROWN:

He's a liability, Brian. How long can you carry him? He'll get us nicked, the way he is.

BRIAN:

You're right, I know.

BOBBY BROWN:

We could put away a share for him. Let your dad hold it.

BRIAN:

I'll think about it.

BOBBY BROWN:

I mean, Bri, how long before Jack's completely barmy?

BRIAN:

I said I'd think about it!

BOBBY BROWN:

A couple of them jobs are ready to go. I mean, you got access to the money outlet?

BRIAN:
Who handles Jack if he finds out?

BOBBY BROWN:
He was my best mate, Brian. If it's my survival or his, I'd take him from behind with a hammer.

BRIAN:
Don't look now, but those two over there by the big conker tree? They've been clocking us. They might be Old Bill.

BOBBY BROWN:
What shall we do, leg it?

BRIAN:
It's a free country still, Bobby. Two friends can meet in the park – unless they had the trees planted with microphones.

BOBBY BROWN:
You think they have?

BRIAN:
You're getting as paranoid as Jack. See you later.

He turns and walks away.

2A/ INT CITY RESTAURANT

Margaret Courtney comes to a table. Joey Oldman gets up. They sit.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You're looking as lovely as ever, Margaret. Very elegant.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
I try, despite the Colonel keeping me short of money.

JOEY OLDMAN:
He doesn't appreciate you.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
I spoke to my friend at the City of London Corporation. The council will sell you the site in Throgmorton Street, and at a good price.

JOEY OLD MAN:
What price?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
He thought around £15,000.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That *is* a very good price.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

They'll sell it as a derelict site without planning permission.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Ah, not so good.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

He said they would be sympathetic to an 8-story office block going up.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Can your friend push that through?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

It would be in his interest -

JOEY OLDMAN:

It would?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I'm afraid, Joseph, he wants a block of shares in the development put aside for him. Isn't that shameful?

JOEY OLDMAN:

The way of the world, regrettably. How many shares?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

He'll leave that up to you. He said you'd know the true value of this help.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Indeed. You clever, clever girl. Shall we order?

He offers her a menu.

3/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Joey Oldman comes into the office with Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Could we get some tea please, Rita?

BRIAN:

I'll have coffee, if you've got any – not instant.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Of course we've got proper coffee. Cona coffee. Thank you, Rita.

He closes the door.

BRIAN:

You're in a good mood, dad. Have you had a result on something?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Ah. Your mother had her all clear at the hospital. The cancer's gone.

BRIAN:

That's good.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It doesn't mean you don't have to visit, Brian. She loves to see you. She won't go to your place. You know why.

BRIAN:

I'll give her a bell. Is she still visiting Leah?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Leah's terrified in case Jack finds out.

BRIAN:

Perhaps she'll end up topping him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That won't help her.

BRIAN:

Someone will – they'd have to do for Pongo first.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What happens if Jack finds out about this money you want me to handle?

BRIAN:

There's no reason for him to find out.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You'd be dealing with villains. How is it they always seem to get caught? Not because the police are so smart. Villains can't keep quiet.

BRIAN:

You think you might be able to handle the money?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's business, Brian. I'd treat you like any other business.

BRIAN:

Bobby reckons there's 50 – 70 grand in that truck -

Joey Oldman steps forward and hits Brian hard across the face.

BRIAN:

Christ – What did you do that for? You're as nutty as Jack.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Stupid, stupid boy. Won't you ever learn?

BRIAN:

What?

JOEY OLDMAN:

We're talking business and suddenly you start yapping like any ordinary criminal.

BRIAN:

But you're my dad.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You think I wouldn't sell you out? I don't know you. You came here with a business proposal. Not one I like, mister.

BRIAN:

What you talking about?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Are you being obtuse? I don't wish to do business with you.

BRIAN:

I should think the Richardsons knocked a few screws loose when they pulled your teeth. You *are* getting as nutty as Jack.

Joey Oldman opens the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Brian won't be staying for coffee.

BRIAN:

Well, there's a turn up.

He goes. Joey Oldman slams the door after him.

4/ INT CATH OLDMAN'S KITCHEN

Cath is putting some food on the table before Joey.

CATH:

Aren't you being a little hard on Brian, Joseph? He's young.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He'll grow old in prison if he's not careful.

CATH:
He's having to cope with that stupid brother of mine.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Either he learns, or learns the hard way - in prison.

CATH:
He wants to make a name for himself, that's all.

JOEY OLDMAN:
The way he's going about it, Catherine, he'll make the wrong sort of name for himself and ruin *our* reputation into the bargain.

CATH:
Perhaps you should give him another chance.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Sharply) Catherine, don't tell me how to run my business.

CATH:
I'm trying to help you keep a relationship with my son.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Both of us will end up in prison – these chips aren't cooked properly.

CATH:
Those chips are French fries. Perhaps Margaret Courtney could do them better.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I somehow doubt it.

CATH:
You would know, of course.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I don't see how.

CATH:
One of the women at the Conservative club said she saw you together on two occasions.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I've seen her several times.

CATH:
About Conservative fund raising? You didn't tell me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Business of a different nature. Property investment.

CATH:

Is she buying a new house? She never said.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Nor should you say anything – she's looking for rental income. With inflation running rampant and the pound under pressure.

CATH:

She's not in any sort of financial trouble is she?

JOEY OLDMAN:

We're all in trouble the way Wilson and his chancellor Callahan are performing. That's all I'll say on the matter, Catherine. I don't want it mentioned again.

CATH:

I'll put those chips in for a bit longer, Joey.

She takes his plate. The doorbell rings.

CATH:

We're not expecting anyone -

JOEY OLDMAN:

You'd best see who it is.

CATH:

Probably Jehovah witnesses again.

She goes out. Joey Oldman puts on the radio. There are muffled voices, Cath comes back.

CATH:

It's the police, Joseph – George Fenwick and Detective Constable Wednesday. I put them in the downstairs sitting room.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, don't look so worried, Catherine. I'll go down.

5/ INT OLDMAN'S ROOM

Joey Oldman comes in to meet George Fenwick and Tony Wednesday.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is unexpected. How can I help you gentlemen?

GEORGE FENWICK:

Mr Oldman, you may be aware that Charlie Richardson is being held on remand pending trial.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It had seen something in the newspaper. When are they going to trial?

GEORGE FENWICK:

That depends – on the witnesses we manage to persuade to give evidence.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I hope they're good witnesses, Chief Inspector. Violent criminals should be in prison.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We need your help.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't see how I can help.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The Richardsons tried to extort money from you, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Whatever my relationship with them, I'd prefer to forget it.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We understand it was painful.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I just said I want to forget it. Weren't you listening, son?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If all the witnesses take this attitude, Charlie Richardson is likely to walk free. His brother's already serving a prison sentence, but it won't keep him there long. They'll be back to their old ways.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Find another way. With all the resources at your disposal, you must be able to gather sufficient evidence.

GEORGE FENWICK:

We know most of what they've done both here and abroad. We have to satisfy a jury.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You can and you must -

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Sharply) You want me to invent things, Mr Wednesday?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We'll put these thugs down any way we can.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Is that how our criminal justice system works?

GEORGE FENWICK:

We won't resort to that, Joey. We are pretty desperate.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What sort of witnesses do you have?

GEORGE FENWICK:

A number of criminals they tortured - one brought back from South Africa where he was under sentence of death. The Richardsons conspired with him to commit murder.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then you seem to have a pretty solid case.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Until their smart barristers get up in court and say these grasses are giving evidence to get even with the Richardsons. What we don't have is a respectable businessman like you. Your evidence would carry more weight with the jury than all those villains.

GEORGE FENWICK:

The police can provide protection for you and your family, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

And when the case is over and the fuss has died down?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

A law-abiding businessman we hoped would see it as his duty. If all citizens took this attitude we'd never convict anyone.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't need you pointing out my duty, Mr Wednesday.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Then think about the consequences if you don't help us.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I won't have you coming in here threatening me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The more you resist, the more people ask what you have to hide, sir.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What people? I've got nothing to hide.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's not how it appears -

GEORGE FENWICK:

Enough, Tony!

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The cost will be to those honest citizens not brave enough to resist the Richardsons like you did. To paraphrase what the late John F Kennedy said, don't ask what this will do for you, ask what it will do for other innocent people who become the victims of these thugs.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You are persuasive, Mr Wednesday. I'll think about it.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You do that.

GEORGE FENWICK:

He said he would, Tony. Leave it. We're done here. Thank you for your time, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You can find your own way out.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We expect to hear from you.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Tony – enough! Out.

They go. Joey waits for the door to bang.

6/ EXT JOEY OLDMAN'S HOUSE

George Fenwick and Tony Wednesday come down the steps and over to their car.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do you think he went for it, guv?

GEORGE FENWICK:

We make a good hard and soft team. There's a good chance he'll think we'll start looking at him if he doesn't help.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Does he have much to hide, guv?

GEORGE FENWICK:

They say behind every successful businessman there's a successful crime. I expect like most of them he's got things they don't want looked at too closely.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Maybe I'll take a closer look anyway, guv. That whole family's like a rotten pear waiting to fall apart.

They climb into their car.

7/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S BANK

Julian Tyrwhitt leads Brian into the office and closes the door.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I rather like that suit you're wearing, Brian – may I call you Brian?

BRIAN:

If I can call you Mr Tyrwhitt?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

(Laughs) A good sense of humour, as well as good taste in clothes.

BRIAN:

John Stephen, Carnaby Street. Is that where you got your chalk-stripe?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Gieves and Hawkes. As to your enquiry about confidentiality, our little bank is governed by the same rules as the High Street banks. We never divulge client details or information about their accounts.

BRIAN:

Can we take it that the bank is interested in helping me get money out of the country?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Wilson's currency restrictions are so tiresome. The smart money is on Labour devaluing the pound. Everyone wants their money elsewhere and into another currency. Is this money hot, as they say, Brian?

BRIAN:

Are you sure it's all right to talk here?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

A banker's office is like the confessional.

BRIAN:

Let's say, warm.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Our charges would be based on that, Brian.

BRIAN:

I'd sooner we looked for a set fee.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Oh, chip off the old block! I like that. Rather. Let's have a drink and talk percentages. Whisky?

He unstops the decanter.

8/ INT HOTEL ROOM

Joey Oldman falls back on the bed exhausted from a shag.

JOEY OLDMAN:

A married man spending an afternoon in a hotel room with a married woman is my idea of Heaven, Margaret.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You're such a dark horse, Joseph. I wonder what other married women you bring here.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I wouldn't, and I don't.

MARGARET COURTN:

Poor, Joseph. You look shocked.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You do believe me?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You're betraying Catherine, why not me?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I love you with a passion . You make my heart sing.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh darling, that's what I need to hear. Tell me again and again.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I do, I do love you.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Do you know, I never had an orgasm before making love to you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's wonderful. Perhaps I should write a letter to The Times!

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You are so witty, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, Margaret. I'm not sure I had one either!

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Now you're teasing me.

JOSEPH OLDMAN:

Certainly not like with you.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I thought the Colonel was so distinguished when I married him. Appearances can be illusory. I want to be with you all the time, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's not possible. We knew that from the start.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I didn't know I'd fall in love with you like this.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's still not possible.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

If you love me as much as you say, Joseph, we'll find a way.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Divorce could be messy.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

It's so difficult working with Catherine fund-raising, knowing it's her going home to you, not me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let's not do anything hasty. Think this through.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You're so clever, Joseph. You'll find a way.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't want to not see you. That might happen if I give evidence against the Richardson brothers.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Has someone threatened you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Only that young policeman.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I could have a word with Rab Butler about this policeman. He's a friend of the Commissioner.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That might be a sledgehammer to crack a nut. Perhaps I should give evidence.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Not if it would hurt you, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I don't think there's any physical danger.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
Then what, darling?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You have no control of events in court once barristers get going.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
You're a match for any barrister, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What about scandal attaching to the Conservatives – a donor being associated with criminals?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
If we had no criminal associates attached to the Tory Party there'd be no party. You'll be a hero giving evidence against those thugs. An honest citizen, prepared to stand up for what's right.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You think so?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
I'll be so proud, Joseph. People will point to you and say, "There goes a brave, honest man." Come here my brave, honest man.

She embraces him.

9/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is banging around washing up, Joey Oldman drying.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You shouldn't be putting your hands in water all the time, Cath. You should get a dishwasher.

CATH:
That's a big expense.

JOEY OLDMAN:
We can afford it.

CATH:
You're in a good mood. Good bit of business this afternoon?

JOSEPH OLDMAN:
Something that could prove tricky in the long run. I'm not sure.

CATH:
Do you want to tell me about it?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not yet. I've decided to give evidence against the Richardsons.

CATH:
You haven't, Joseph. What on earth for?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I thought you'd be pleased. We're leading the right sort of life now, doing the right thing. I want to be able to walk down the street and have people point to me and say, there goes a brave and honest man.

CATH:
As long as they don't say, there goes a fool off to prison.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It's the right thing to do, Catherine.

CATH:
What if those tricky barristers bring up any of your past deals?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'm a match for any of them.

CATH:
Well, something must have happened to make you like this.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'm relieved to be doing the right thing. I'll give George Fenwick a ring. Have him come to the office for my statement.

He goes out.

BRIAN (NARRATOR): Joey made a statement about the Richardsons torturing him. He was careful not to mention the source of the money they were trying to get from him. If Joey could withstand the pain of having his teeth being pulled out with pliers and not tell where the money was, he was confident of not revealing anything in court. Meanwhile, Jack was resisting seeing the winds of change. He refused any part of our new firm. Not only that he said it shouldn't exist. That was depressing. I hoped he'd change his mind. Bobby Brown and Denny Jones were equally depressed when we met to talk about it in the Greyhound Pub just behind Barkers in Kensington. We met there because Denny kept a bedsit in the square and used it to shag women without his wife knowing. Bobby's reaction was surprising.

10/ INT GREYHOUND PUB

Brian, Denny Jones and Bobby Brown are at the bar.

BOBBY BROWN:
That's cushty, Brian.

BRIAN:
What do you mean? Cushty? Jack said no.

BOBBY BROWN:
I heard you. Cushty. Time to dump Jack and have it ourselves.

DENNY JONES:
Bobby's right, Bri. We can't sit around at the club twiddling our thumbs, waiting for Jack to go berserk again. That ain't what I signed on for.

BRIAN:
If Jack gets word of this, we'll have to cap him. Can you handle that, Bobby?

BOBBY BROWN:
Jack's been my mate for as long as I can remember. Thing is, Bri, I don't know him anymore.

BRIAN:
Is that yes?

BOBBY BROWN:
Let's just see what happens – I mean, we'd have to do Pongo as well.

DENNY JONES:
We decided you shouldn't go on the job, Brian.

BRIAN:
What sort of game is this?

BOBBY BROWN:
S'right. We got enough help. Stick close to Jack in case of trouble.

BRIAN:
But Jack isn't going to know.

BOBBY BROWN:
In case he does – We'll get the money to you for your man to handle. It's best, Bri.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
I had adrenalin pumping through me for days. It was exhausting, first about the job, then about Jack finding out, then about the job itself going off. I heard it on the news before I got the call from Denny Jones to say it was all done and to come and collect the money to

take to my man. So far so good. I'd imagined Bobby and Denny pissing off with the money and trying to spend it and ending up nicked. This was a huge relief. I collected the bags in my E-type and took it straight over to the bank in a holdall bag, all £72,000. Julian Tyrwhitt was waiting to do the business.

11/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

There'll be £21,000 to come when I've cleared the money, Brian.

BRIAN:

That's what we agreed.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

What are they going to do with their shares – the people who want it changed?

BRIAN:

Nothing sensible, for sure, Julian. Wine, women and song I expect.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Did any of them think about a pension fund, or a house? They could get a nice semi in Sutton say or Wimbledon for 3 or 4 thousand.

BRIAN:

(Laughs) Can't see that happening.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I'm trying to give sound advice, Brian.

BRIAN:

When can they expect to get paid?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

You have to see this like paying a cheque into your bank. It takes about ten days to clear.

BRIAN:

Ten days? They'll die of thirst. Can they have a draw?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I could advance you £1000 at this stage.

BRIAN:

That'll do.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I presume Jack Braden doesn't know about any of this?

BRIAN:

Not half. We don't want him involved.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Your uncle is becoming a liability. He seems to think his brief exchange with Princess Margaret gets him in anywhere.

12/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian is at the bar when Pongo comes through with another man, Ewan Walsh.

BRIAN:
Pongo? What's the rush?

PONGO:
Where's Jack? Walshie's gotta talk to him.

BRIAN:
Locked in the office – taking his medicine.

PONGO:
Why d'you let him, Brian? You know it does his head in.

BRIAN:
I can't stop him. I wouldn't go in there Ewan – Pongo's the only one who can handle him like this.

EWAN WALSH:
Then maybe I'll have a drink.

BRIAN:
I heard you were on the wagon.

EWAN WALSH:
Well now, Brian, I hit a little bump in the road and didn't I fall off? I did so. I'll be having a vodka and tonic, no tonic.

BRIAN:
What's Pongo so worked up about?

EWAN WALSH:
All I did was tell him Denny Jones was in the Castle in Brixton shooting his mouth off about Jack. Saying he's a slag and how his firm had had him over.

BRIAN:
(Anxious) Did he say how?

JACK:
(Coming through) What was he saying, Ewan?

EWAN WALSH:
I thought you'd want to know, Jack - Denny working for you, so.

JACK:

I'll kill him, he's gone and done that job when I said no.

BRIAN:

You now Denny. He's just got a big mouth. Especially in drink.

JACK:

The papers reckon that robbery in Kingston was worth 72 grand.

BRIAN:

There's a lot of firms at it, Jack.

JACK:

No, it was snaky Denny Jones. Find him, Pongo. Bring him to the flat. We can't have drunks slagging me off. Go with him.

Brian goes.

13/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Denny Jones staggers in, with Pongo, Brian and Bobby Brown.

DENNY JONES:

What's this about, Jack, my ol' cocker? Pongo said you wanna talk to me about my future – got a bit of work have we – s'about time.

JACK:

You ain't got no future, Denny. I can't trust you.

DENNY JONES:

Course, I'm on your firm, ain't I?

JACK:

Not any more – slagging me off -

BOBBY BROWN:

What's the point, Jack? – he's drunk.

JACK:

Stay out of it, Bobby. I don't want him mouthing off about me -

BRIAN:

Bobby's right – let's all calm down and talk tomorrow.

JACK:

There ain't gonna be no tomorrow for some of us if he had that Kingston job -

DENNY JONES:

Ah, what a doddle . 72 grand – like robbing a sweet shop.

JACK:

(Outraged) You had that job without me?

DENNY JONES:

Wanker like you couldn't rob my nan's pension -

JACK:

We'll see about that – (He hits him.) What d'you do with the money?

BOBBY BROWN:

He's a blagger, Jack – s'what he does -

JACK:

No one asked you, Bobby – I said we didn't want that sort of aggro -

BRIAN:

What's he to do, if not blagging? Sweep up in the cub?

JACK:

If I tell him to – And you, Brian. And Bobby.

BRIAN:

(Angry) Ballocks – we've got all this talent doing nothing.

JACK:

Yeah, well they can piss off out of it – all of you -

DENNY JONES:

We got our own firm -

JACK:

So what d'you do with the money - ?

DENNY JONES:

Knocked it out -

JACK:

You was robbed by the fence. Who was it? We'll get a bit more for you.

DENNY JONES:

This is my game. I can't ponce off dirty bookshops like you.

Jack lashes out at Denny Jones, hitting him again and again, knocking him over the coffee table.

BRIAN:

Jack – that's enough, Jack.

JACK:

Where's the money, Denny? Who fenced it? (He hits him again.)

BRIAN:
Leave off, you maniac, he's on our side -

JACK:
Where's the money? Where - ? (Hitting him again.)

BRIAN:
(Intervening) Jack. Stop! You'll kill him -

JACK:
Get up, you treacherous dog – get up.

BRIAN:
Jack! Enough. (Checks Denny.) He's gone. You've killed him -

JACK:
Well – he had it coming.

The door opens and Leah staggers in half doped in sleep.

LEAH:
What's going on? Is he dead?

JACK:
Get out, Leah. Go back to bed -

LEAH:
You've killed that man -

JACK:
Take a sleeping pill -

He pushes her towards the bedroom.

LEAH:
I won't go into the sitting room ever again – you killed -

JACK:
Shut up or you'll get the same -

He pushes her towards the bedroom -

JACK:
Take him out to the pig farm. Manny'll take care of him. Let the pigs have some more grub.
(To Leah) Out –
He pushes her into the bedroom and slams the door.

BRIAN:
Give me a hand, Bobby. Check the hallway, Pongo.

Brian and Bobby Brown lift the dead weight as Pongo opens the door.

PONGO:

It's all clear, Bri – I'll take care of Jack.

The door is shut.

14/ INT CAR

Brian climbs in, slamming the door. Bobby Brown turns from the driver's seat.

BOBBY BROWN:

I'm not going out to that pig farm, Brian. Denny was a pal of mine.

BRIAN:

He still is. He's not dead, Bobby.

BOBBY BROWN:

He's not. Jack thought he was.

BRIAN:

That's what he wanted to believe. He thinks he's still got a killer punch.

BOBBY BROWN:

Then we'd better take him to the hospital.

BRIAN:

No, they might call Old Bill. I know a good doctor who'll fix him up.

BOBBY BROWN:

(Starting the car.) You did brilliant, Bri. Brilliant, son. Jack'll go mad and kill the lot of us he finds out.

BRIAN:

He'd better not. I'll see the fence, try and spring some money, send Denny out to Spain.

BOBBY BROWN:

It had better be soon.

BRIAN:

We might have to do something drastic about Jack..

He drives away.

15/ INT HARRINGEY DOG TRACK

Tannoy calling the running as the dogs fly around the course after the mechanical hare.

BRIAN:

Looks like the hare wins again, Julian.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Unfortunately bookies don't take bets on the hare, Brian.

BRIAN:

Can any of our money come our way yet? Things are getting desperate.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Afraid not. It's not in a safe place yet.

BRIAN:

I need another advance. Someone has to go away quickly.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

This person doesn't know I'm involved?

BRIAN:

If I learned nothing from my dad, I learned that. Don't let anyone know your business other than on a strict need to know basis.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

(Relieved) Excellent advice.

BRIAN:

Could you give us another sub, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

That's not how banks work. At the moment I'm out of pocket the £1000 already advanced.

BRIAN:

Well, when will we get paid?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Be patient, Brian. If you need cash, bet your shirt on White Eagle in the next race. I am.

The tannoy calls the runners to the track.

16/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The door opens and Rita brings in a tray of tea and sets it down.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Thank you, Rita. No interruptions please.

RITA:

Detective Chief Inspector Fenwick called to say you have to be in the witness room at court by 9.30 tomorrow. Not to forget.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Thank you. I'm not likely to forget.

Rita goes out.

BRIAN:

You're doing all right, dad – with six secretaries now.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Clerks. Rita's my only secretary.

BRIAN:

You decided to give evidence against the Richardsons.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Unless someone stands up to them, Brian, these thugs will go on a burdening society. Would you like some tea?

BRIAN:

Why not?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Will you pour it? I take mine black these days.

BRIAN:

Blimey, it tastes bad enough with milk and sugar!

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then why do you drink it?

BRIAN:

Habit, I suppose. Like coffee and wine. (He pours the tea.) What do you think about loaning me a bit of money?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not much. What interest? Have you thought about that?

BRIAN:

Eh, no. I thought family would be different.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Money makes no distinction. I thought you were doing okay with Jack and the clubs.

BRIAN:

It's wages. I have a lot of expenses with the flat and the car and clothes. I want to help out a friend who's got to get away.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Is he wanted by the police?

BRIAN:

Jack's his problem right now.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Leah told your mother Jack killed a man at his flat.

BRIAN:

What did mum do?

JOEY OLDMAN:

What could she do? Leah was a bit vague about the details.

BRIAN:

Jack's under the impression he killed him. This is who we want to send away.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Was he one of the robbers of that security truck?

Brian remains silent.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not hard to deduce, Brian. You came here yakking about a robbery and looking to fence money. It's good you're being more closed up.

BRIAN:

Much good it did me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Who did you get to handle the money?

Brian remains silent again.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me guess, that crook Tyrwhitt?

BRIAN:

You should be on telly, dad, reading people's minds.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Now we've established that, what sort of rate did he charge you?

BRIAN:

Seventy percent - when it clears.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What's to clear?

BRIAN:

When the money's safely out of the country.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Did he give you any so far?

BRIAN:

He advanced me a grand.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then that, Brian, is all you're likely to see.

BRIAN:

He can't do that. He can't.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He's already done it. What can you do? Go to the police? Did you tell him Jack wasn't involved?

BRIAN:

He asked me. I told him no.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh Brian, too much information again. He's got your money and knows there will be no consequences. You can't go to the police, Jack won't come after him.

BRIAN:

The guys who blagged the money might.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He'll simply say, I gave all that was due to Brian Oldman. Either that or he'll call the police and say these thugs are menacing him. Who will the police believe?

BRIAN:

I'll kill him. I'll kill him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

No, you won't, Brian. Chalk it down to experience and learn from it. Meanwhile, you should think about your future.

BRIAN:

With Jack? Is there is one.

JOEY OLDMAN:

If the Richardsons trial goes the way the prosecution hopes, the police will have the wind in their sails. It'll be the Krays next, after them your lot. Time to get out, before it's too late, Brian.

BRIAN:

Easier said than done. The only way I could get out is by giving him up, dad.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It always comes to that in the end. Is your own freedom worth more than his? Think seriously about the means. Find something that won't involve you with the police.

17/ INT OLD BAILEY COURT

PROSECUTOR:

(Rises) I'd like to call Joseph Oldman as the next witness for the prosecution, my Lord.

The Usher goes out and brings Joey Oldman through the court and into the witness box.

USHER:

Take the bible in your right hand and read from the card.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I swear by Almighty God to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

PROSECUTOR:

You are Joseph Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes, I am.

PROSECUTOR:

Would you look at the prisoners in the dock, Mr Oldman and tell the jury if you recognise any of them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Certainly the two sitting on the extreme right.

PROSECUTOR:

Would you stand up, please?

The Richardsons stand, as do the three other defendants.

PROSECUTOR:

No, just you two – remain standing. The others sit down. (They do.) Do you mean these two men? Can you tell the court who you've identified.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Charlie Richardson on the left, his brother Eddie next to him.

PROSECUTOR:

How do you know these two?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I bought some gold off them. A lot of gold.

PROSECUTOR:

Was this gold stolen, Mr Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I hope not. If it was then the Bank of England was involved because it was certificates

authenticated by the Bank that I bought. I never actually saw the gold.

PROSECUTOR:

So it's reasonable to assume these men would have known you were capable of putting together large sums of money?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't know what they assumed. They did get a large sum of money for their certificates.

PROSECUTOR:

Was there any other occasion that you did business with Charles and Edward Richardson, sir?

JOEY OLDMAN:

None that I want to remember.

PROSECUTOR:

But do you remember an occasion, Mr Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Vividly. They pulled out five of my teeth with pliers and broke three other teeth.

There are gasps from people in court.

PROSECUTOR:

Can you tell us what happened, if it's not too painful to remember?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It was a night I'll never forget, the 15th April 1966. I was at home watching Steptoe and Son on television. I was alone. My wife Catherine was at a fund raising meeting for the cancer unit at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The doorbell rang. When I opened the door Charlie and Eddie Richardson were there.

PROSECUTOR:

Were you expecting them?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I was not. I don't like being interrupted when I'm watching Steptoe and Son.

PROSECUTOR:

Is it generally known that you watch this comedy programme?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't advertise the fact, but people of my acquaintance know.

PROSECUTOR:

Did the Richardson brothers give a reason for their visit?

JOEY OLDMAN:

They said they needed to talk to me about some business.

PROSECUTOR:

What was that business?

JOEY OLDMAN:

None I knew of, but it soon became clear that they were after money, a great deal of money. Told them to go, that I didn't have money to spare, Eddie Richardson turned up the volume on the television. I said what did he think he was doing, that's when Charlie Richardson pulled a pair of pliers from his pocket. He said, a little dental work will help you to remember.

PROSECUTOR:

He actually used those words, a little dental work?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I didn't take a verbatim note, sir, but I'm not likely to forget it. They grabbed me and held me in a chair and forced open my mouth and started pulling my front teeth. I can still hear the crunching on the enamel. The pliers slipped several times and cut my bottom lip so that even protesting was too painful.

PROSECUTOR:

This is obviously upsetting for you, Mr Oldman. If you want to pause or sit, I'm sure the judge will permit -

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's all right. I'd like to get it over with. It took a lot of wrenching to get the first tooth out. They levered it against the next tooth, breaking that off. All the time they kept saying, Where's the money? Where's the money?

TIME JUMP

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Where was the money you owed to Charlie Richardson, Mr Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I didn't owe him money. I paid them in full for the only transaction we did, for the gold certificates. They were in need of money quickly, which I raised and paid them, making a small profit on the transaction.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

But you sold a lot of metal for them at the London Exchange. Two barge loads of copper ingots at £38,000. This you failed to pay them – less your transaction fee.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's not true. I've never had any other dealings with either Richardson.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

What about a businessman called Brian Reynolds?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't know any businessman by that name nor have I had any dealings with such a person.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Weren't you in fact holding a great deal of money for this person?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't see how, when I don't know such a person.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

This was, in fact, illicit money you were changing for Mr Reynolds.

JOEY OLDMAN:

If that was why I had my teeth pulled out by the Richardsons, I'm more outraged that they got the wrong information.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

The truth is you didn't have your teeth removed by two of the men in the dock as you claim.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I did. Even the mention of their name makes my face ache.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

In fact, Mr Oldman, having heard malicious rumours started by enemies of the Richardsons, you sought to take advantage and not pay them the £38,000 you owed them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's nonsense. I've never owed them a penny, or anyone else. Never a lender nor borrower be, is my motto.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Are you not related by marriage to the notorious gangster, Jack Braden?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Notorious, I don't know. Mr Braden has had some scrapes with the law. Unfortunately one can't always choose one's in-laws when getting married.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Yet you took advantage of his notoriety to advance your business, did you not?

JOEY OLDMAN:

My wife and I used my mother-in-law's house as security to start in business. We worked day and night to build that business, we didn't take holidays or buy a car or new clothes or toys for our son. When we eventually sold ma-in-law's house we paid Jack back with interest. That's the only business we've had together.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Isn't your relationship with Mr Braden somewhat closer than you make out?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's never been close since his army days when he fell out with my wife.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

He also fell out with the Richardsons, rather badly over a business deal when Jack Braden tried to cheat them -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Seems an awful lot of people have been trying to cheat your clients.

Some people in court laugh.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I didn't do any deal with them for copper, only the gold certificates.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Which you purchased below market price with a great deal of cash?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Money you were holding for Mr Reynolds.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes – I mean no, I don't know Mr Reynolds or his money.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Is it yes, or is it no, Mr Oldman? You no longer seem sure.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm sure. It's no. I do not know Bruce Reynolds.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Is Mr Reynolds called Bruce? I thought I referred to him as Brian. In fact, I know I did. So you do in fact know Bruce Reynolds?

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Recovering) No, neither Brian nor Bruce or any other Mr Reynolds.

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Isn't your entire evidence a tissue of carefully woven lies to cover your own nefarious dealings and the fact that you were trying to cheat Charles and Edward Richardson out of what you owe them?

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's a lie. They pulled my teeth -

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

No further questions -

JOEY OLDMAN:

They pulled my teeth out because they're sadists -

DEFENCE BARRISTER:

Thank you, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Sotto voce) They did -

18/ INT OLD BAILEY LOBBY

A weary Joey Oldman shuffles out with Cath, when Margaret Courtney hurries in.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh Joseph, you clever, brave man. Isn't he clever and brave, Catherine?

CATH:

He's exhausted, Margaret. We've got to go home.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh what a pity, the Colonel wanted me to invite you both to tea.

CATH:

It will have to be another time.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

He wants to ask you about the rumours that those odious Richardsons helped the South African secret police to bug Harold Wilson's phones.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I wouldn't have thought so, Margaret.

MARCH COURTNEY:

That's all he and his MI5 people think about. - everyone's phone being tapped.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd love to meet the Colonel and have tea – another time, Margaret.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Of course. Will I see you at the committee meeting tomorrow evening as usual, Catherine?

CATH:

You will. Come on, Joey.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Congratulations on a job well done, Joseph.

They go.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why am I suddenly Joey again, not Joseph?

CATH:

You work it out, you're such a clever man.

She strides away. Engleburt Humperdink is heard singing, *Please Release Me*.

19/ INT NEW SCOTLAND YARD

John Redvers is waiting in the ante room of the commissioner's office. The buzzer sounds.

SECRETARY:

The commissioner is ready for you now, Inspector Redvers.

JOHN REDVERS:

Thank you.

He gets up, goes over, knocks the door and enters.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

Come in, Redvers, have a seat.

John Redvers steps in, closes the door and takes a seat.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

This is Assistant Commissioner Westbrook. You know Supt Slipper.

JOHN REDVERS:

Yes, sir.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

Do you know why we're here at nine o'clock in the evening? It's not because we're workaholics.

The two senior officers laugh.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

We've scored a great success with the Richardsons being found guilty of extortion and grievous bodily harm. Personally I think 25 years wasn't a long enough. Now we move on. The Krays and the Braden gang. I understand from Supt Slipper you're related to Braden and his sidekick Brian Oldman.

JOHN REDVERS:

Something I try to keep quiet about, Sir John.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

You're an exceptional policeman, Redvers, and a lawyer. The job needs more like you.

JOHN REDVERS:

I like the job, sir.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

Tell me why these gangs survived so long. Be frank, man.

JOHN REDVERS:

(Hesitates) Only be one reason, Sir John: corrupt policemen protect them.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

The very idea leaves a bad taste in my mouth. What's your solution?

JOHN REDVERS:

Hand-picked detectives examining the records of all officers who ever been in contact with these gangs.

SUPT SLIPPER:

You were part of such a team. Why didn't that work?

JOHN REDVERS:

Detectives got tainted by the coppers they worked with.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

Do you have evidence of that?

JOHN REDVERS:

No, Commissioner. It wasn't my place to look.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

It's the duty of all police officers to report wrong-doing, Redvers.

JOHN REDVERS:

You need resources, and confidence in who you're reporting to.

SUPT SLIPPER:

The working detectives who you'd examine may be wholly innocent.

JOHN REDVERS:

Then their reputations will survive such examination.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

Could you provide inside knowledge about Jack Braden and his gang?

JOHN REDVERS:

As of this moment, I could not. We've not had contact since my mother took me to Manchester as a child. We didn't even go to my grandmother's funeral.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

Jack?

SUPT SLIPPER:
He's the one, sir.

SIR JOHN WALDRON:

Good. I'm going to provide you with the resources for the task, Redvers. And the rank. As of now you are a Detective Superintendent, possibly the youngest ever in the Met. You'll report to Detective Chief Supt Slipper. No one else. We want to mount a serious attack on the remaining gangs, and woe betides any corrupt officer who gets in your way.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Superintendent John Redvers floated out of the Commissioner's office, hardly believing what had happened to him. He wanted to give his mother the good news, but she and her husband refused to have a telephone in the house. Next he thought of Sonia Hope, the woman he'd started the course at Bramshill with, but her number was answered by a man who said she was long gone and married. He eventually tracked her down under her married name of Wednesday to an address in Croydon. He didn't really want to see Tony Wednesday, but was prepared to in order to share his news with Sonia. She answered the door in a bathrobe, and had let herself go. That was a shock to him, but he had low expectations on the women front. Over a cup of tea they got the whole of each other's news. She was thrilled at his promotion.

20/ INT SONIA'S HOUSE

JOHN REDVERS:

Why don't you come back to work, Sonia?

SONIA:

You've got to be kidding. With Tony screwing every skirt that passes his door. He even started an affair with my cousin after I'd lost the baby.

JOHN REDVERS:

It was probably a shock to him too – losing the baby.

SONIA:

1000 volts wouldn't shock him. What about you?

JOHN REDVERS:

I was married. It didn't work out. Chained to the desk.

SONIA:

I'm sure someone else will come along. Someone as good as you, John.

JOHN REDVERS:

(A beat) Who knows. (A beat) Sonia...

SONIA:

John...

JOHN REDVERS:

Sonia... Look, I'm putting a special squad together to investigate corrupt policemen. You

could join it.

SONIA:

(Laughs) You should start with Tony. He's up to things he shouldn't be.

JOHN REDVERS:

Would you consider it?

SONIA:

No one would want a worn out plonk – as my husband calls me -

JOHN REDVERS:

I would – the choice is mine entirely.

SONIA:

Oh John, you sweet, sweet man – (She steps in and kisses him.) Oh I'm sorry, does that ruin my chances?

JOHN REDVERS:

I have to go. Make your application to me, at the Yard. You'll be part of a great team, Sonia. We're going after Jack Braden's gang as well.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The writing was now on the wall for Jack, but still I wasn't free of him. The fat poof Ronnie Kray went and killed Jack the Hat MacVitie, stabbed him. Like with the affray the Richardsons were involved in at Mr Smith's club, it set off vibrations that would bring the Krays into court. I warned Jack he should avoid shooters, but he ignored it, being paranoid he went around with two.

Meanwhile, Harold Wilson and his chancellor Jim Callaghan devalued the pound, which made Joey laugh all the way to the bank, with most of his money safely out of the country. Things weren't all sweet for him, Colonel Sir Ralph Courtney was going to cause as many problems for him over his affair with Margaret Courtney as he would for me. But I'm getting ahead of myself again.

GFNewman/41024190/TC17/1b

www.gfnewman.com