

STUDIO SCRIPT/1b
GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 19 – 1969

The voice of Brian Oldman, the narrator, as an older man in prison.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The strife that came at the start of 1969 with police clashing with civil rights marchers in Ulster, Czech students clashing with the Russian army, and the clashes at the LSE between students and the police was nothing compared to the strife in court at the Old Bailey. The trial of Ronnie and Reggie Kray, along with their brother and the other gang members dominated the news. Their antics in the dock and set-tos with the trial judge, Mr Justice Melford Stevenson made instant headlines. Several times the dock was cleared when witnesses were shouted down by Ronnie and Reggie calling them liars - none of which did them any favours. The 39-day trial was the longest murder hearing at the Old Bailey. Both were found guilty of murder and given life sentences. Mr Justice Melford Stevenson said they shouldn't be released for thirty years.

That cheered Jack more than the uppers he was popping. He didn't seem to get it: the Krays going down, and the Richardsons before them, meant we were next. The hue and cry for David Crutwell, who had gone on the run after the Daily Mirror robbery, was soon forgotten. Outrage at the guard being killed lasted longer after the newspaper offered a reward. MPs called for the restoration of the death penalty. But Harold Wilson, the Prime Minister resisted. He was considered a liberal, despite cosyng up to the newly elected president Nixon.

I still hadn't got clear of Jack, despite Joey's offer to buy me out. Jack said he'd kill me first, and Joey too if he rooked him over the price of fenced money from the Daily Mirror robbery. Minor tribulations compared to what was coming up for me.

1/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian is making coffee. The Fifth Dimension's *Let The Sunshine In* is on when Pongo stumbles in.

PONGO:

Brian. (Puts on the lights.) What you doing in the dark?

BRIAN:

Trying to get used to the lights going out, Pongo.

PONGO:

What? What you talking about?

BRIAN:

We don't have any punters to put the lights on for. Unless you can drum up some spades. They like it a bit dark.

The kettle whistles and Brian takes it off the ring.

BRIAN:

Want some coffee?

PONGO:

No, it's Jack.

BRIAN:

What, dead I hope – to join his club.

PONGO:

He's in a bad way with them pills, Brian.

BRIAN:

Well, I'm not a doctor. Get him to the hospital, Pongo.

PONGO:

He won't go. He said he'd kill me if I tried that.

BRIAN:

He'd have some chance. He couldn't even get his cory in his hand, much less a tool.

PONGO:

He's scared they'll put him in the nut house. That's definitely where his Leah's headed. Will you come and talk sense to him, Brian? I'm sure he'd like to see you.

BRIAN:

Just for you, Pongo. I doubt if he'll take any notice. Is Leah there? Am I going to have to deal with that loon?

PONGO:

She hasn't been out of bed for a fortnight. They're so bad for each other.

BRIAN:

You ought to be a marriage counsellor, Pongo. Come on, let's get it over with.

2/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Brian comes into the kitchen where Jack is searching cupboards.

BRIAN:

Jack. Pongo said you were in a bad way.

JACK:

What's that black bastard been saying? He can have his cards and sling his hook.

PONGO:

Yeah, cards and P45 would be nice. What you looking for, Jack?

JACK:

Headache pills. You hid them? Come on, I know you hid them somewhere.

PONGO:

You took them all, Jack.

BRIAN:

Pull yourself together, Jack. Old Bill's double active now the Krays have gone.

JACK:

We got more than enough straightened, Brian. We're all right.

BRIAN:

They'll nick you when your turn comes, whatever we bung them. Maybe we should go to Spain for a while.

JACK:

Leave the firm? You gotta be kidding. You want a cup of tea? I'll get Leah to make us some. (He fills the kettle.) Stephen Ward came to see me, Bri.

BRIAN:

Jack, Stephen's dead. He topped himself a few years ago.

JACK:

He was stood right where you are. Warned me Ken Drury is moving in on our spots. Nicking our money.

BRIAN:

I think you better see a doctor, Jack.

JACK:

Bri, it was Stephen – my old landlord. He was in a dream. (Shouting.) Leah, get in here and make us some tea.

BRIAN:

What shall we do about Drury, do you think?

JACK:

His days are numbered, Stephen said. Put the old firm back together. Be like old times. Remember that fight we had in the Krays Rupert Street carpet joint? It was some punch up. You got hurt.

BRIAN:

Not half. I almost died.

JACK:

What about that judge you helped when the muscle they sent killed that bird?

BRIAN:

Melford Stevenson. It was him who sent the Krays down.

JACK:

Them mugs deserved it. Did you get him to do that?

BRIAN:

I wish I was that influential.

JACK:

(Shouting) Leah. Leah, get out here -

The door flies open and Leah looks out.

LEAH:

I'm not your servant! Leave me alone. Oh, that's Brian. I said he wasn't to come here.

JACK:

Shut up and make some tea. Brian's all right – he's my mate -

LEAH:

Then bloody well get him to make your bloody tea -

She slams the tea caddy across the room, then a teapot -

BRIAN:

Good to see you got yourself well after all, Leah.

LEAH:

I don't ever want you to talk to me. (Turning.) Oh, unless you've come to make love to me? You'd be as useful as that useless item there – Come on, Brian, come on, see what you can do. It couldn't be any more hurtful. No? Oh what a kind man, we should ask the Queen to give you a medal. We'll ask Princess Margaret, Jack, shall we?

She laughs and goes back into the bedroom slamming the door.

JACK:

S'all right, Bri, she's not been herself. Has she, Pongo?

PONGO:

If you say so, Jack.

JACK:

Who's getting birds for that judge now? I could pull some for him down at the club. I'll get myself tidied up, Bri and show my face to the customers.

BRIAN:

There are no customers. They're all gone.

JACK:

We'll get them back. It won't be hard.

BRIAN:

Why don't we see a doctor, Jack? Straighten yourself out.

JACK:

You and Pongo. I get your game. Put me in a nut house and take over the firm. You think I'm gonna stand for that? A poof certainly ain't gonna run no firm.

BRIAN:

You'll just have to knock him out and take him there, Pongo -

JACK:

No you don't, you mugs.

He scrabbles in a drawer and comes up with a shooter and fires it, a bullet ripping into the plaster.

BRIAN:

You are one crazy loon -

PONGO:

Jack – (Jack turns. Pongo hits him.) Sorry, Jack boy. You go, Bri. I'll take care of him.

BRIAN:

Call the doctor, he can give him something.

The door opens and a calmer Leah steps out.

LEAH:

Brian. Take me out of here, please.

BRIAN:

Leah, I can't. Jack needs you. He does.

Leah goes back into the bedroom and slams the door again.

3/ INT JOEY LYONS CRANBOURNE STREET

The clatter of crockery, the buzz of voices. Brian comes to a table with a cup of tea with George Fenwick. They sit.

BRIAN:

You meet in this Joe Lyon's so often, George, someone would know where to bug you.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Why would anyone want to do that, Brian?

BRIAN:

I'm so jumpy, the way Jack is performing.

GEORGE FENWICK:

All the actors in here would soon find any microphone. Jack no better?

BRIAN:

He's off his head. Something's got to be done about him George. I thought that Tony Wednesday was putting a plan in action.

GEORGE FENWICK:

The idea was that we nicked Jack on one of those newspaper wage robberies only he didn't go on them, did he?

BRIAN:

You must have enough evidence anyway.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Not enough to make it a Stone Ginger. Did Jack pop the blagger, Denny Jones?

BRIAN:

(Shocked) What?

GEORGE FENWICK:

That's what Tony Wednesday came up with.

BRIAN:

Is that guy over there showing out to me an actor, George?

GEORGE FENWICK:

A young thesp with the RSC. I think his name's Jacobi. If you gave evidence that he plotted the Daily Mirror robbery, that would do it for my governor.

BRIAN:

He's coming over.

DEREK JACOBI:

Aren't you Brian Oldman?

BRIAN:

I am – unless you're a debt collector.

DEREK JACOBI:

I have plenty of those myself – debts. (He laughs.) I came into your club a while ago for a friend's 21st. Someone pointed you out.

BRIAN:

I'll have to come and see you at the RSC.

DEREK JACOBI:

I'd be flattered. Do call by the stage door afterwards. Sorry to interrupt. 'Bye.

He goes.

GEORGE FENWICK:

If you're still at liberty, Brian. As you pointed out yourself, it only wants a wrong one to nick Jack and we could all be in the frame.

BRIAN:

I'd be up the creek either way if I gave Queen's evidence.

GEORGE FENWICK:

The smart thing would be to do as my governor wants. Grab the deal. You get a new identity, a new life.

BRIAN:

What would that be like, George? I wouldn't get tasty actors approaching me.

GEORGE FENWICK:

I'm thinking of emigrating to Australia myself.

BRIAN:

Plenty of bent Old Bill out there. Look, why not nick Jimmy Humphries? He can't stand being locked up. He'd sing. He knows most of Ken Drury's earners.

GEORGE FENWICK:

I thought this was about nicking Jack.

BRIAN:

Let me talk to my old man again. See what he's got to say.

GEORGE FENWICK:

He can say what he likes, Brian. He's not going to stop it happening, one way or the other.

He sips his tea.

4/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

Brian paces, agitated. Joey Oldman watches, distracted.

BRIAN:

It's getting desperate, dad. The police want information, and it looks like they won't take no for an answer.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What?

BRIAN:

Were you listening to me?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Of course I was. I don't see your objection. Turn Jack in. He's no use to anyone, least of all that poor woman he's with.

BRIAN:

It's me I'm concerned about. I don't trust Old Bill. I mean, I'm not exactly clear of everything that went on. Some of it is so involved they'd renege on any sort of deal.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, if you're not prepared to give Jack up we have to find another way for you to walk clear. It might be costly, even dangerous.

BRIAN:

What do you have in mind?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me talk to the police.

BRIAN:

Who? Not George Fenwick. He can't help and I'm not sure I'd trust him to any more.

JOEY OLDMAN:

No, I was thinking about that young detective, Tony Wednesday.

BRIAN:

Leave off, dad. I trust him even less than George.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The difference is he can out-think George six times before breakfast. I'll meet him and make him an attractive offer.

BRIAN:

What sort of offer?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Do you trust me, Brian?

BRIAN:

I don't think there's anyone else I can trust – apart from mum.

JOEY OLDMAN:

She'd walk over hot coals for you. Let me meet with this policeman and see what I can do. But whatever happens, Brian, keep your nerve and keep your mouth closed.

5/ EXT THAMES EMBANKMENT

Joey Oldman approaches Tony Wednesday.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I hear you're to be congratulated, Mr Wednesday. You've been made a detective inspector.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

They couldn't think of anyone else to promote. Why are we meeting on the embankment? Why not a pub?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Are you wearing a wire of any kind, Mr Wednesday?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Why don't you call me Tony? Can I call you Joey? I feel I know you quite well, all the background work I've done on you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why did you do that?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Like you, Joey, I like to know my enemy.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You didn't answer me about the wire.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If we'd met in a pub we could have nipped into the gents and searched me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Does that mean you're not wearing one?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm not that kind of copper.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I believe you, Tony. I know the sort of copper you are. You wouldn't have agreed to meet like this if you didn't think it would be worth your while.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The question is, how worth my while? Will you give up Jack Braden and your son? Will you give me a stack of money not to arrest them?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm going to do both. But giving you money not to arrest them isn't going to help.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Too right. There are plenty of ambitious cops around who'd love to collar them. None with more reason than your nephew, John Redvers. He's gagging for it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

So he can throw off the taint of family.

JOEY OLDMAN:

So we should make him the principal arresting officer. I'll give you a large packet of money to make that happen.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Where's the catch, Joey? There's always a catch.

JOEY OLDMAN:

The catch is what happens when they get to court. That's where your money must be earned. My understanding is that you have no liking for this policeman?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

(Laughs) There's a trick or two to be learned from you, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I've been at it a little longer than you.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

The small fly in the ointment is my governor, Chief Superintendent Slipper. He'll want to be in on the arrests.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What are you saying, he'll want a packet of money?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He's as keen for Jack and Brian to go down as John Redvers.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then earn your money, Tony. Manipulate the events for the right result.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

How do you know I won't just take your money and let the two of them slide right into prison?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not how I read you. Oh, I'm not imagining you're an honourable man, who having struck a deal, would keep to it regardless, but someone who would see where his own interest lay. You get to see your rival John Redvers compromised. You get to earn a lot of money, and the door is always open for you to earn more at a later date.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Just Jack is arrested? It's not possible.

JOEY OLDMAN:

However it's achieved I'd want Brian to walk free, and stay free.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It's a tall order – some of the things he's been involved in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's a great deal of money I'm thinking of offering you. Why don't we go to a pub and work out the details? Better still we could go to White's. It's more discreet.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
You're a member of that club?

JOEY OLDMAN:
The membership fees are exorbitant, but the contacts you find there make it worthwhile.

6/ INT DCS SLIPPER'S OFFICE SCOTLAND YARD

DCS Slipper is pacing around watched by Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick.

DCS SLIPPER:
That is a fantastic piece of police work, Tony. If it can all be brought off I think we'd be very pleased indeed. What do you say, George?

GEORGE FENWICK:
It's hard to believe Braden corrupted so many policemen, guv.

DCS SLIPPER:
You know what it means if it's true about Commander Drury? It looks like it might be.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Corruption at that level is hard to credit.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Oh, the source is impeccable, George.

GEORGE FENWICK:
I'm not doubting you, Tony. Simply expressing shock. It's sickening, the prospect of all those coppers who'll fall with Drury – it doesn't bear thinking about.

DCS SLIPPER:
I know how you feel, George. Is there any way we can get Braden and his nephew into court without going after Drury at this stage?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I don't know, sir. It would be a dangerous game, one that would not only cause a sour taste, it might expose us to charges of covering up for corrupt policemen.

DCS SLIPPER:
I'll talk to the Deputy Assistant Commissioner, make sure we're covered. Meanwhile I don't want any word to get out that we're moving against Commander Drury.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
What we need, guv, is a boy scout to spearhead these arrests. Someone who'll give no quarter.

DCS SLIPPER:
I know just the person. That religious nut, Superintendent Redvers.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Isn't he related to these crooks?

DCS SLIPPER:
I think he'd happily lose all his skin to divest himself of them.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
He's got a straight arrow reputation. I suppose he'd be at pains to keep it that way in the circumstances. Would you like me to brief him, sir?

DCS SLIPPER:
If you can bear to play second fiddle, Tony.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
WW, guv – whatever works. So long as we get the job done.

DCS SLIPPER:
Good attitude. I'll talk to the D AC right away.

Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick get up from the table.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Thank you, guv.

They go out, closing the door.

7/ INT POLICE CORRIDOR

Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick walk away from the door.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Stroll on, Tony, you don't half strong it with him.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I do? What about you? "Simply expressing shock" about corrupt policemen.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Well, it needed saying. D'you think we can keep Brian out of the frame and let Jack Braden go to prison?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Might be difficult.

GEORGE FENWICK:
How are we going to get John Redvers on board for that?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
We're not. He's a complete wolly. He won't see what's going on – not by the time I'm done with him.

GEORGE FENWICK:

Be careful. He's smarter than you think. He could be dangerous.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He's smart, George, but totally naive. He'll make us look like boy scouts.

He hits the lift button and steps in as the doors open.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

The more dangerous the game, the better Tony Wednesday liked it. He enjoyed outwitting both the police and criminals. Joey told me nothing of what he was up to with this detective, or how much he was paying him. If I'd have known what he was trying I'd have had kittens and Jack would probably have shot someone. Supt Redvers worked out of Tintagel House, which was on the south side of the river, but Tony Wednesday didn't arrange to meet him there, nor at Scotland Yard. They met on the embankment opposite the Houses of Parliament. It all added to the mystery and the danger the superintendent would believe they were in.

All this, while Belfast was being torn apart by rioting, despite Bernadette Devlin getting elected to parliament at the age of 22, and Biafra's getting massacred in Nigeria by federal troops while children starved as Red Cross flights were stopped. The world was in ferment. President de Gaulle was forced out of office and the King of Libya was overthrown by a young colonel called Gaddafi. It all made our troubles seem small – but not to us.

8/ EXT EMBANKMENT

Tony Wednesday walking with Supt John Redvers.

JOHN REDVERS:

Why did you want to meet here? It might have been more convenient in my office.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Walls have ears, John. I heard that a lot of the rooms at Tintagel House are bugged.

JOHN REDVERS:

Why would anyone do that?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It's corrupt policemen wanting to be alert to any move against them.

JOHN REDVERS:

I can't see it myself.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

No? Are you corrupt, John?

JOHN REDVERS:

Good grief, of course I'm not. No. Actually, Sonia suggested that's how you operate.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
How's she shaping up on your squad?

JOHN REDVERS:
Brilliantly. She's a natural.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
But it's something when you can't even trust your own wife. I can understand her thinking like she does. I go around covering my tracks in case I inadvertently get drawn into corruption.

JOHN REDVERS:
It's wise to be cautious.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Well, that's what it's come to. Sad. To be perfectly honest I don't know who to trust on this, or where to start, it's so shocking.

JOHN REDVERS:
I'm all ears. Anything you tell me will be in the strictest confidence. You have my word.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
You're one of the few policemen whose word I'd take. There's a villain on the run who was got out of Parkhurst Prison to run those blags on the Daily Express and the Daily Mirror.

JOHN REDVERS:
He was let out of prison for that?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Disappeared after their guard was shot at the Daily Mirror. He was supposed to go back as part of his alibi.

JOHN REDVERS:
How was he got out?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
With the help of a bent policeman.

JOHN REDVERS:
That's a bit unlikely. Who was this policeman?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Commander Drury.

JOHN REDVERS:
Don't be daft, Tony. I've heard rumours he takes money from pornographic booksellers in Soho. Just rumours. You may as well suggest the commissioner himself.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Why, is he at it as well, John?

JOHN REDVERS:
Police commanders, even if they turn a blind eye to certain things, don't aid criminals escaping from prison to commit robbery. I'm supposed to take your word?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I wouldn't. Not in this current climate.

JOHN REDVERS:
How was this man got out?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Compassionate leave on both occasions. Check it out.

JOHN REDVERS:
I most certainly will.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I checked it out. David Crutwell was one of the Great Train robbery. He had compassionate leave on the same day as each of those robberies – for his mother's funeral. She managed to die twice!

JOHN REDVERS:
And you believe Commander Drury was involved in this jiggery poker?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Crowell's mother died 20 years ago. His prison records were switched. The same two prison officers provided the escort on both occasions. They had to be in on it.

JOHN REDVERS:
Have you interviewed them?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I'm an inspector. I can't start an investigation of that nature without authority.

JOHN REDVERS:
Well, I have the authority. I'd like you to go to Parkhurst and interview these two prison officers until they break.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I work for Detective Chief Supt Slipper, John. He guards his patch jealously. I'd have to clear it with him.

JOHN REDVERS:
I would have it no other way. Why haven't you approached him?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Ah, I don't wish to appear disloyal, but I heard things about him. How he got his yacht out

at Cowes. I have to be one hundred percent sure.

JOHN REDVERS:

Then I'll get you on secondment to my unit to work directly with me.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

DCI Fenwick would be a good man to have on this, John.

JOHN REDVERS:

Good, he can come across too. Where do you want to start?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

We need to clip away their security blanket, John. The first person to arrest is their porn dealer, Jimmy Humphries.

JOHN REDVERS:

Let's get this motoring – by the way, Tony, perhaps on my unit you should call me guv or sir, okay.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Yes, sir.

9/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian comes through to Jack, drinking at the bar.

BRIAN:

What's this, your private watering hole?

JACK:

(Slurred) What if it is? Give me another scotch, Pongo – just gimme the bottle. Don't look at him, you black bastard.

PONGO:

Black I is, and a bastard for sure, but I ain't giving you no more, Jack. No more pills.

JACK:

You give 'em here -

BRIAN:

Jack, you got to get a grip. They nicked Jimmy Humphries. DI Wednesday's here. He's got a plan.

JACK:

What's his plan, nick our dough, then us?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If I could square that circle, pal, I might try.

BRIAN:

Humphries is squawking like a baby, giving them names.

JACK:

Well, he knows plenty.

BRIAN:

You got to sober up and listen to what Tony says. Sickening, but it might just work.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If you live long enough, pal - the way you're doing those pills and scotch.

JACK:

That'll save the police a few bob. Might save a few police careers.

BRIAN:

You should hear what Humphries is giving them. He'll slaughter us.

JACK:

We'll pop that slag out to the pig farm.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Where's that, Jack? That where Denny Jones got dumped?

JACK:

Who told you that ballocks?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Jimmy Humphries. He's grassing everyone.

BRIAN:

How do I know we can trust you, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's right. But here I am, putting myself on offer warning you.

JACK:

Ah, being inside ain't hard, is it?

BRIAN:

Don't be a berk. If we go, it won't be for six months. It'll be years, like Ronnie and Reggie.

JACK:

We got a judge in our back pocket, along with the Old Bill we weigh off to.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Not any more, Jack. Jimmy Humphries is trading those names.

JACK:

We'll off that snake.

BRIAN:

Oh smart, Jack. This is a detective you're spouting your mouth off to.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

If you can't trust me, try Supt Redvers.

JACK:

(Sobering) John Redvers? My nephew? What's he got to do with anything?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

He's running the investigation. He's got special knowledge of you and Brian, right down to how often you wet the bed.

JACK:

He's my sister's boy. That ain't fair.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'll go and tell him he's got to be fair.

BRIAN:

Your plan, Tony, how do we know it's going to work?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

No guarantees, but there's a pretty good chance it will. I'll arrest you and Jack. Then I'll let you see everything we've got so you can steer us away from anything that's dangerous. It'll work. Trust me.

10/ INT SUPT REDVERS'S OFFICE TINTAGEL HOUSE

Supt Redvers is conducting a briefing in his room.

JOHN REDVERS:

Are you sure this plan of yours will work, Tony? This isn't how I learned to conduct myself as a detective.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It's WW, guv - Whatever works... Jack Braden and Brian Oldman think they're going to be helped because they're related to you.

JOHN REDVERS:

Do they indeed? By fair means or foul I intend to see them go to prison for a very very long time.

GEORGE FENWICK:

The evidence against them is pretty good, guv.

JOHN REDVERS:

Not good enough, George. Let's make it absolute before we make our move.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
What do you want us to do, guv, fit them up?

JOHN REDVERS:
I can't tell you how those two thugs have blighted my life. I want to put them away by any means possible.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
As long as we don't break the rules, guv.

JOHN REDVERS:
Of course not. But we can't afford to miss our chance here. We must secure a conviction against them by any means. Do I make myself clear?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I think so, sir.

The chairs are scraped as people stand.

11/ INT CORRIDOR TINTAGEL HOUSE

Tony Wednesday emerges with George Fenwick.

GEORGE FENWICK:
What was that all about, Tony? Was he telling us to fit them up?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
It sounded like it. D' you think he knows that room is bugged?

GEORGE FENWICK:
I don't think he imagines the police would do such a thing.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Pompous dick, insisting that we all call him 'guv' or 'sir'.

GEORGE FENWICK:
He's not going to be voted Mr Popular around the Met.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I'm going over to Cannon Row and have a nut into the evidence store.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Isn't that a bit risky?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
I want to make sure the evidence against Braden and Oldman is as it should be.

GEORGE FENWICK:
The evidence is not supposed to be touched until it's presented in court.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Is that right, George?

GEORGE FENWICK:

You're taking a chance. If you're caught....

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I don't intend to be caught. You're coming with me to keep look out.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Tony Wednesday went into the evidence store at Cannon Row police station and broke open several sealed packets of evidence. He added bits to them before resealing the bags with a die he'd had made for the purpose. It wasn't the first time he'd done this. It wouldn't be the last, as I was to find to my cost much later on.

Meanwhile, things were coming to crisis point for Joey with his affair with Margaret Courtney as her husband now had photographic evidence of her infidelity, only it wasn't to be Joey who suffered, not directly anyway, but me.

12/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The intercom bleeps and Joey answers with, "Rita."

RITA:

(Via intercom) Sir Ralph Courtney is here to see you, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Yes. Show him in please, Rita.

He switches off the machine and gets up as Sir Ralph Courtney steps in.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Thank you, Rita.

He closes the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You don't bother to hide who you are any more.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

You didn't heed my warning about your indiscretions with my wife. (Throws photos down.)
Photographic evidence. Did you imagine changing hotels would cover your tracks?

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is madness. You've got no interest in Margaret as a woman.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

But she did marry me, Mr Oldman, not you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Do you want to divorce her?

SIR RALPH OLDMAN:

I told you at our last meeting, divorces are messy and scandal-ridden. I've no intention of divorcing Margaret. She will remain my wife.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What do you plan to do with these? Show them to my wife?

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

No. I merely wanted evidence. I really don't enjoy the likes of you sully my goods -

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Angry) But you don't want those goods, man - !

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

They are nonetheless mine. As you refused to heed my warning I'm going to punish you and your wife. But not directly.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What do you mean, not directly?

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

I have something very subtle that will cause you to suffer a long time.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What, man? What?

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

No, sir, you will suffer trying to anticipate the uncertainty in your life, not knowing when or how it will happen. The only certainty is that at some point something unpleasant will happen. When it does you will realise the cost of taking what is mine. Goodbye, Oldman.

He goes out, closing the door. Joey Oldman slumps into a chair. The door opens and Joey says, "No," in alarm.

RITA:

Are you all right, Mr Oldman? You don't look well.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Recovering) I'm fine, Rita. I'll go through the accounts later. I've got to go out.

He gets up and hurries out.

13/ INT SIMPSON'S TEA ROOM

Margaret Courtney comes hurrying up to a table. Joey Oldman gets up as she sits.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Joseph. I can't stay long – he checks on me. You look terrible.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's not now I'm worried about, it's what might happen.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

What did the colonel say? Is he going to let me go?

JOEY OLDMAN:

He spoke as if he owns you. This is 1969, Margaret. He can't stop you divorcing.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh he can. He threatened that something very unpleasant would happen if I brought any breath of scandal to his door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Is he capable of making such things happen?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

More than capable. That's what he does at MI5, Joseph. What did he threaten you with?

JOEY OLDMAN:

He didn't say. Only that it would be very unpleasant.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

That's his sadistic nature. He specializes in engendering unease in people as they try to anticipate their fate.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Could he know about my property deal with your friend in the City?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I didn't tell him. But he seems to know about everything. Even things before you've done them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't believe anyone's that powerful. Only God. I'm not going to give your husband such power. The sale has gone through. They can't undo it.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

The planning permission for your office block is pending. The council could refuse.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They'd be stupid to. More offices are needed in the City.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

With his old boys' network, he could get to some of the Corporation members.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm going to fight him, Margaret. I'm not going to take his threats.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Oh Joseph, this is music to my ears. How I've longed for someone to bring Ralph down, to expose what he is.

JOEY OLDMAN:

With his connections, it won't be easy, and it might be messy.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Do whatever you have to do. I will help. I'm not brave when it comes to standing up to Ralph, but you give me courage. Oh Joseph, I do wish I was going home with you, rather than back to that morgue.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Keep your chin up like a fine Tory lady. We will get through this.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I'll try. I've got to go-

JOEY OLDMAN:

Call me on the private line I've had put in at the office. Ring from a phone box. Let's not take chances.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Thank you, Joseph – Now I *must* go.

She gets up and hurries out.

14/ INT BRIAN'S FLAT

There is a hammering on the door. Brian stirs with, "Keep your hair on!" He goes and opens the door. Joey Oldman bursts in.

BRIAN:

Dad, what's wrong? What's so urgent?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's three thirty in the afternoon – they said at the club you were probably here. What are you doing in bed at this time of day?

BRIAN:

Is that why you came, to lecture me about my lifestyle? Close the door, I'll put the kettle on. (He goes through and fills the kettle. Joey Oldman follows.) I don't say anything about the way you live?

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Edgy) What do you mean by that?

BRIAN:

Nothing. You're a workaholic. When did you ever have a holiday?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Crammed like sardines in one of Freddie Laker's planes to sit crammed on a beach in Spain to get red as a lobster.

BRIAN:

You could afford to take mum on a cruise. Might do you both good the way you two have been lately.

BRIAN:

Tea. (Searching cupboards.) I had a late night last night. I thought you were the police hammering on the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:

As I understand it the police come a bit earlier than 3.30 in the afternoon. Remember, Brian, when they do show up, don't say anything. Just call Arnold Goodman and he'll get the best criminal solicitor there is.

BRIAN:

Is that why you're here? To remind me?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I believe you know Sir Ralph Courtney, sometimes known as the Colonel.

BRIAN:

Yeah. Wish I didn't. Horrible piece of work, and dangerous. You and mum probably know him better than I do. He's married to that Tory lady friend of hers.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why do you say he's dangerous?

BRIAN:

Has something happened, dad?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Maybe. I mean, not yet. He threatened me over a business deal.

BRIAN:

What sort of business could you possibly have with that slimy git?

JOEY OLDMAN:

It doesn't matter. Why's he a slimy git?

BRIAN:

You know what he does - ? (Suddenly) You've been shagging his wife!

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't be a bloody fool, son.

BRIAN:
Am I? Then what's the business?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You can't help. I'll go.

BRIAN:
Mum's suspicions were right -

JOEY OLDMAN:
Don't criticise me – the debauched life you lead.

BRIAN:
We can't help the way we're made, dad. I wasn't criticising you. You're consenting adults, as they say. If you've pissed off the Colonel, just watch your back.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What do you know about him?

BRIAN:
You'd better sit down and have your tea first. Whether you're shagging his wife or not, I wouldn't have thought he has much time for her.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You mean he's homosexual?

BRIAN:
That's too polite. I'm a homosexual, dad. Judge Melford Stevenson introduced us. He's a pederast. Do you know what that is?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Doesn't sound like I want to know.

BRIAN:
Likes young boys. He and a gang of high ranking officials groom them at a children's care home in Bromley.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You didn't have anything to do with that?

BRIAN:
He tried to hook me into it at a party he took me to. Wanted me to get them more boys. He gave me a young boy and sent me off to a room with him. He was about 11. I talked to the poor kid. He'd been abused by those people for years.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Did you go to the police?

BRIAN:

Dad, there was a *deputy assistant commissioner* at the party, and a judge.

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Dismayed) Not your friendly judge, Brian?

BRIAN:

No. He likes young women too much. This boy ended up dead in a ditch in Covet Wood in Orpington. That's why I got the gun you found. I was going to shoot Sir Ralph bloody Courtney if he came after me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Dear God, I wish someone had.

BRIAN:

Someone will before long, dad. You can't be that evil and live. It's not right.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Perhaps I'd better get a gun.

BRIAN:

I wouldn't recommend it. They go bang and someone ends up dead.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let's hope he doesn't try to interfere with the deal I've done with Detective Inspector Tony Wednesday to help you.

BRIAN:

Now you're scaring me, dad.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I have to confess to being a little scared myself, Brian.

BRIAN:

Maybe I should go on the run.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not a good idea, Brian. We won't give this Ralph Courtney too much power. But in the meantime we'd best both be on our guard.

The kettle whistles as it boils. Jerry Butler's *Only The Strong Survive*.

15/ INT JACK'S FLAT

There is a light tap at the door. Then another.

LEAH:

Jack. Jack, wake up. Someone's tapping on the door –

JACK:
Take a pill and go back to sleep -

LEAH:
They're coming for me. They're coming for me.

She screams as the flat entrance door is hit with a police battering ram and it's lifted off its hinges. John Redvers and Tony Wednesday rush in with other detectives throwing on the lights.

JOHN REDVERS:
Through there, and there. Secure the windows, don't let anyone escape.

JACK:
What the hell's going on?

JOHN REDVERS:
As if you don't know, Mr Braden.

JACK:
Ah, that you, Cousin John? Get some clothes on, Leah. Make my cousin a cup of tea.

JOHN REDVERS:
We don't want tea. We have a warrant for your arrest, and one to search this flat.

JACK:
What you arresting me for – having a dangerous weapon in my hand?

JOHN REDVERS:
Inspector Wednesday?

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Jack Braden, we're arresting you in connection with the robbery last year at the Daily Mirror newspaper in Bouverie Street, and the murder of a security guard -

JACK:
This is ballocks. I don't even *read* the Daily Mirror. (He laughs.)

JOHN REDVERS:
We are going to search this flat.

JACK:
If you're looking for a bit of gelt – in the bureau drawer. Help yourself. You'll only nick it anyway – Leah, move yourself. Get the kettle on. I'll have a cup of tea.

JOHN REDVERS:
Start in here, men – as *Mr* Braden doesn't seem to want to move. Just tip him off the bed none too carefully when you need to search.

Leah hurries out with, "Excuse me," and is gone.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'll go with her, guv, to make sure she doesn't hide any evidence.

JOHN REDVERS:

Good thinking.

Tony Wednesday goes out as detectives start wrenching drawers open.

JACK:

Oi, they're my shirts. You might find yourself ironing them -

Tony Wednesday comes into the kitchen where Leah is filling the kettle.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Are you all right, Leah? Is it okay to call you that? (She doesn't respond.) Bit upsetting having a bunch of clodhopping policemen bursting in at 4 o'clock in the morning. Sorry about this, Leah. You didn't say if it was all right to call you Leah. Is it all right?

LEAH:

(Struggling) Yes. Yes, Leah.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I know it's a shock. But you don't have to be nervous, Leah. We're only interested in Jack. We won't need you to accompany us to the station. Quaint old expression that - like he has some choice.

LEAH:

Yes. Yes it is strange in the circumstances.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I wouldn't mind a cup of tea, if that's all right? Am I being too cheeky? It's your flat after all.

LEAH:

No, that's all right. (Beat) It's Jack's flat.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Of course. I could see right away this wasn't equal partners, as it should be. I wouldn't talk to my wife like he talked to you – then I don't have a wife. Married to the job.

LEAH:

We're not married. Jack wanted me to marry him. I couldn't -

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I think that was very wise in the circumstances – sorry, it's not my place to be making those sorts of remarks.

LEAH:

Oh, it's all right. I don't often get to talk to another man.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

A bit isolated here are you? Sorry, you don't have to say anything – I'm out of order. It's just that in my job on the Robbery Squad, I don't often get a chance to talk to intelligent women. Robbers' wives are usually as hard as their husbands. One came at me with a carving knife once, stabbed me in the arm. I don't know what was more shocking, that or the language she was using. Swear words that made even me blush.

LEAH:

Were you all right?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I bled a lot. She nicked a blood vessel. It was my left arm, it could have been my heart. What am I saying? Policemen don't have hearts, everyone knows that.

LEAH:

I'm sure that's not true in your case. You seem quite normal.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I think I'll take that as a compliment, even if it wasn't intended.

LEAH:

Well, you're quite easy to talk to.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

What you have to be most of all is a good listener, Leah. Some of the scenes you have to go to, and then you have to go and tell parents that their sixteen-year-old's brains are splattered on the road after a motorbike accident.

LEAH:

That must be so awful.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Not something you ever get used to. It's worse for the parents, of course.

LEAH:

I know. It must also be very stressful for you. That sort of stress is very damaging.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Do you know what, Leah, you're the first person that has ever said that. God, I can't tell you what that means to me. Are you a psychologist or something?

LEAH:

No, not really. I started a psychology course at university, but Jack didn't want me there. He wouldn't let me finish it.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's a shame. You're a natural – not that I know anything about it. I left school at 15 with

no qualifications at all.

LEAH:

Didn't your parents want you to stay on and get any?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Well, they may have done if I knew who they were. I was dumped outside an orphanage when I was tiny -

LEAH:

That's terrible.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

It wasn't so bad. The nuns were very kind to us kids. It was like having 10 mums instead of one.

LEAH:

That's a very mature and forgiving attitude.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

No point being bitter? There are people far worse off than me. You just have to pick yourself up and dust yourself down and get on with it.

Leah bursts into tears. He steps forward to support.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Leah, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to upset you.

LEAH:

No, it's not you. It's just... I was thinking of something else. Do you take milk and sugar in your tea?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'll have it black. Weak. I'm a vegetarian – who doesn't like milk!

LEAH:

Are you? That's interesting. What do you eat?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I go to Cranks in Marshall Street in Soho when I can. My colleagues consider me a crank. (Sips his tea.) Ooh, hot. I shouldn't be telling you this, Leah, but your man won't be coming back here for a while.

LEAH:

Will he go to prison?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

That's not for me. All I do is help assemble the evidence. It's up to a jury to decide if it holds up. We'll take him before the magistrate in Bow Street tomorrow and ask him to be remanded. Then we start in earnest on our case. I shouldn't be telling you this.

LEAH:

Will it take long, all that?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

I'm sorry this has to happen.

LEAH:

No, it's all right. I'll cope.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Well you're very sensible. That's what education does for you. It could be anything from three to six months on remand. But don't tell anyone I told you.

JACK:

(Bellowing) Leah - Where's the poxy tea? Get in here.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

You're shaking. Let me carry that for you. It'll all be all right. Come on.

LEAH:

No, you don't understand.

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Leah, I think I do. Come on.

They start through.

16/ INT POLICE CELL

The door opens and Arnold Goodman steps in to greet Brian.

BRIAN:

Lord Goodman, what are you doing here? I thought you didn't do criminal work.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I don't. (To policeman) Wait outside please.

The policeman goes out with, "Sir," and closes the door.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

The brilliant man I wanted for you, Brian, is on holiday. He won't be back until Friday. Rather than leave you sweating and wondering, I came along as a favour to your father.

BRIAN:

I appreciate that. The police don't tell you too much.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

They don't tell me much more. Both you and Jack Braden are being charged with the murder of the security guard during the Daily Mirror robbery last year.

BRIAN:

That's nonsense. We weren't anywhere near the Daily Mirror building.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

The police seem to think they've got compelling evidence, certainly enough to convince the magistrate to remand you. I'll be in court with you tomorrow, you won't need to say anything other than answering to your name.

BRIAN:

But we really weren't near that building. How can they have evidence?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

If you can come up with an alibi and recall all the details it will help. You're not obliged to give it to the police at this stage. And you don't have to stand by your uncle. He has different representation and I'm sure his very able solicitor is telling him think about himself alone.

BRIAN:

How long is the remand likely to be? I mean, could I get bail?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

We'll argue strenuously for you to be given bail. I know the bench at Bow Street. It's unlikely you'll get bail, no matter how much your father is prepared to put up. How long? If the police case is as good as they think, then they'll get you to trial quickly, but don't count on it.

BRIAN:

What a prospect, banged up in Brixton with Jack for months on end.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

We could ask the police for you to be remanded to separate prisons. That would have its disadvantages. You couldn't discuss the case with your co-defendant and get your facts clear.

BRIAN:

Plus, it'll look like one of us is selling the other down the swanee.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Very sensible – at this point. But at the right moment divided he falls and not you. So keep your wits about you, especially when talking to other prisoners. There are a lot of grasses in prison.

BRIAN:

Tell me.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

The only good thing about remand, Brian, is that you can have your meals sent in with a bottle of claret to accompany them. And you can wear your own clothes.

BRIAN:
Oh yeah, can I have my own valet sent in?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I'm sure your mother will be taking care of all that. You'll want for nothing except your freedom.

BRIAN:
Good old mum.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
And good old dad. Just remember what I told you about staying silent. Now I'm going to try to get another hour's sleep and a hearty breakfast before court.

He rings the bell for the officer.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
It happened exactly as Arnold Goodman said it would at court. If Jack had been given the same advice about not saying anything, he didn't heed it. He was shouting from the dock, protesting his innocence, saying the police were fitting us up. Several times the magistrate told him to be quiet and sit down. Joey and Cath were in court, looking drawn and as if they hadn't slept. They were sitting as far away from the police as they could. Tony Wednesday was there, and John Redvers of course, George Fenwick too. It was irrational, but I was wondering why he wasn't helping me. I just hoped he and Tony Wednesday were working out the plan. The one charge was all that was put in. Murder. It had a chilling sound to it when it was spoken in court. Murder. It put my mind in overdrive and I heard 'Guilty' being said. In fact it was Jack shouting, 'Not Guilty', when the charge was read. What a mug. He was fretting down in the cell before our appearance about whether Leah would be in court. She wasn't. Looking round I felt cold run down my spine on seeing Sir Ralph Courtney on the public benches not far from the police. I knew this somehow didn't bode well. Was he going to try and do something to stop the police helping me? I couldn't speculate long before we were taken down from the dock.

17/ INT BOW STREET MAGISTRATES COURTNEY

Cath flies up off the seat straight across to John Redvers, Joey's, "Cath," quite ineffectual.

CATH:
You bloody wretch? Why are you doing this to Brian - ?

She crashes him across the face.

JOHN REDVERS:
I'm only doing my job, Aunt Cath -

CATH:
Don't Aunt Cath me – you ought to be ashamed of yourself – your job! You were always jealous of your cousin because he was better looking and had more personality in his little finger than you've got in your whole body -

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Joining her) Cath, come on, you're upset -

JOHN REDVERS:
Take her home, Joey. If there's another incident like this we'll charge her with interfering with a police investigation -

CATH:
There's no investigation – you've already decided he's guilty -

JOHN REDVERS:
No, the evidence says that. Excuse me. Gentlemen.

He goes out with his detectives. Sir Ralph Courtney steps up.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:
Bravo, Mrs Oldman. Nothing I like to see more than a mother defending her son.

CATH:
He makes my blood boil. I don't think we've met -

JOEY OLDMAN:
This is Sir Ralph Courtney, Catherine. Margaret's husband.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:
My wife is very grateful for your friendship. If there is anything we can do to support you through this trouble we will.

CATH:
Thank you. Thank you very much.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:
Joseph. I'm sure we shall meet again, soon.

He goes. They watch him.

CATH:
What a charming man.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You think so? I thought you had more nous about people, Cath. Let's get out of here before I throw up.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
Joey did physically throw up several times with worry about what the Colonel had planned for him. Cath went grey with worry about me being on remand but as good as gold, she sent in two meals a day and fresh clothes every day. Everyone was amazed. Leah, free of Jack for a few months was, surprise surprise, visited by that very 'nice' detective Tony Wednesday. All Jack got by way of service was what Pongo managed.
The peers finally consigned the death penalty to history, ratifying the law that MPs passed

in 1965 abolishing it for a temporary period. Other people were going to prison, Bernadette Devlin MP for inciting a riot in Ulster, and Charlie Manson and his satanic family for killing Sharon Tate and others in Hollywood. In Brixton I sat sweating and worrying, first about my future and how my policemen were working for me, then about what Sir Ralph Courtney may have had in mind. It was to be a while before I found that out.

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