

EP12/1b STUDIO SCRIPT

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 12 – 1962

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

'Course you'll rent them. You've got lots of tenants in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You see what's happening. Some of them blacks are getting very uppity. You saw what they did in Notting Hill. Once that sort of thing catches fire there'll be no stopping it.

CATH:

But you always treat your tenants right, Joey. Not like Peter Rachmann.

JOEY OLDMAN:

They finished for him. They'll do the same for me if this government doesn't buck its ideas up. I've got enough worries with that thieving brother of yours stealing my money with his banker crony. They've got something coming to them or my name's not Joseph Oldman.

CATH:

JOEY OLDMAN:

No Cath – tea's what we in the afternoon. This is either our supper or our dinner.

CATH:

It's only egg and chips.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We have to try to get these things right.

CATH:

Eat it up before it gets cold.

Joey Oldman comes to the table and scrapes his chair out and sits. Cath puts the plate in front of him. The telephone starts ringing causing Joey Oldman and Cath to freeze.

CATH:

Who can that be, do you think?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm sure it won't be good news. Well, answer it, Cath.

Cath goes out into the hallway and lifts the phone where her muffled voice is heard saying, "This is Bayswater 5755." After a moment she returns to the kitchen.

CATH:

(Whispering) It's that lawyer of yours, Arnold Goodman.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You don't have to whisper. It's not a secret him phoning me.

CATH:

It's half past six in the evening. What can he want?

JOEY OLDMAN:

One way to find out.

He gets up and goes out to the hallway and picks up the phone.

JOEY OLDMAN:

tie's perfect.

3/ INT WHITE'S

USHER:

Mr Goodman is in the sitting room, sir. Just through there.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, thank you. (He starts through.)

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Joey, my dear fellow - ! (Rising with difficulty.) These damn chairs are deep enough to drown in. I think some of the members do just that and get wheeled out to the undertaker.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It looks the sort of place you wouldn't dare die in.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

Some expire when they see their bills. Would you like a drink or a pot of tea?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Tea, milk and two sugars. Cath says it's more sophisticated to drink it black and without

It's doing rather well. Have you been following the share price?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Every day without fail.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
That was money you needed to lose. I'm talking about money you can be seen to invest.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Then what size of investment is wanted?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

That's entirely up to you. The more you put in the more you'll prosper.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd see what I can raise against my properties, once I've talked to this civil servant. What's he getting out of it?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

A knighthood, p

If we didn't lend and people didn't borrow we wouldn't exist.

They pay their rent on time. These houses are yielding £78,000 per annum gross. Net of tax and expenses I'm collecting about £22,000. I'd like to borrow £40,000.

MR GRIFFITH:

A tidy sum, Joseph. Do you own the houses?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Most of them are paid for. A dozen aren't.

MR GRIFFITH:

The value of the 36 un-mortgaged properties?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Seventy two thousand pounds.

MR GRIFFITH:

If you achieved market price. That might be a big if – no one wants a nigger for a neighbour.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Apart from another darky.

MR GRIFFITH:

Do any of them have that sort of money?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Most of those from the West Indies are hard working. I daresay they could get mortgages – if a lender is smart enough.

MR GRIFFITH:

Risky. Did you try my brother-in-law for your loan?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Julian Tyrwhitt's a bank of last resort. Martin's Bank will prove a good deal cheaper.

MR GRIFFITH:

I'm sure we'll find you an excellent rate – would there be something for me?

JOEY OLDMAN:

A quarter percent for every percentage point above base you save me.

MR GRIFFITH:

Excellent. Better than anything Julian Tyrwhitt ever offers me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Your brother-in-law never takes the long view. Too interested in making fast money.

MR GRIFFITH:

Might I have my little slither in shares in whatever you're buying into?

JOEY OLDMAN:

JACK:

He doesn't consult me, Julian. And Brian doesn't see him and Cath much these days.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

It's a lot of money he's borrowing from my brother-in-law's bank.

JACK:

Why don't you ask him?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I would if I thought he'd tell me.

JACK:

It would be lovely to grab some of that £40,000 if he moves it in cash.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Joey never requires a second lesson where money is concerned.

JACK:

If it's that important I'll get Brian to go and pump his mum. She'll know. What about this cash Ronnie Biggs keeps talking about?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

How much will there be?

JACK:

There could be any sort of amounts in from mail sacks on the train.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If it is all used notes as your bod claims, my bank could handle it.

JACK:

But how much for, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

That's the question, Jack. We'd wan 40%.

JACK:

BRIAN:
In armed robbery? Credit me with some sense, mum.

7/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Jack comes through with Brian and Ronnie Biggs.

JACK:
Pongo? Where is he?

Pongo comes running in.

PONGO:
What's wrong, Jack? The place on fire?

JACK:
It could be for all you know.

PONGO:C BT1 0 0 1 139.46 553.39 /P A MCID 21>BDC BT1 0 0 655A MCID 20>553.39 Tm[It)-3(C BTM

He shoves Brian, who crashes back into Pongo, who is bringing in tea.

PONGO:

Steady on, I got the white boss's tea here –

RONNIE BIGGS:

JOEY OLDMAN:
Was Jack Braden?

DI FENWICK:
That was who put them into the money. He then accused them of stealing the other £20,000 and beat up Cole Hicks, the man your wife identified.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What happened to him?

DI FENWICK:
The man we arrested doesn't

9/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

Double Your Money with Hughie Green is playing on the television.

CATH:

All I hope is he gets cancer. He deserves it doing that to you, Joey. After all we done for him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We've done, Cath.

CATH:

We couldn't have done more. He sends jackals here to steal our money. Cancer's too good for my brother.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That would pay him back all right, but I'd like to see your Jack get his comeuppance a bit sooner.

CATH:

We could get Brian to ask those Kray twins to help.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack's as likely to turn the tables on them. And what if he found out our Brian had set them onto him? No, we need to box clever, Cath.

CATH:

What are you planning, Joey Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd like to see Jack go to prison.

CATH:

So would a lot of people. It ain't going to happen, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It will if we make it happen. The thing is, Cath, could you see your own flesh and blood being shut away like that?

CATH:

After what he done? I'd take a butcher's knife to him. It'd help that poor girl he's with. I keep thinking about her.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Time that copper George Fenwick did some real work for all the money we pay him.

CATH:

But what can he get Jack for?

JOEY OLDMAN:

There is something. Leave it to me.

CATH:

What about that thieving banker, Julian Tyrwhitt? I'd see him under the wheels of a bus.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Remind me not to get on your wrong side – if ever I needed reminding after the way you protected Brian all them years ago.

CATH:

Isn't it, *those* years ago, Joey. I'd do the same for you, if anyone was threatening you. Come here. (She gives him a kiss.)

JOEY OLDMAN:

I don't think we can

Superintendent Drury. He might have to be put in the picture.

CATH:

(Climbing in) I couldn't see you. You had me worried for a minute.

JOEY OLDMAN:

There was one of them nazi traffic wardens about. He tried to give me a ticket. I had to move and come round again. I got worried in case Jack come back and caught you, you were so long.

CATH:

That girl is so pathetic, Joey. A bag of nerves. Jack must worry her rotten, she's losing her hair

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, what can we do about it?

CATH:

I'd like to help her. She's not that arrogant little Jewish princess was when she had her hooks in our Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Did you manage to plant the gun okay?

CATH:

Of course. In the bottom of the wardrobe under some of Leah's shoes –

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack won't find it?

JACK:

What you talking about. Didn't tell who what - ?

Wh511

LEAH:

I think she was Cath, I'm not sure –

JACK:

In here? What did she want? I told you never to let anyone in, didn't I?

He slaps her, knocking her down, then falls upon her, hitting her again.

LEAH:

Please Jack, please don't hurt me anymore, please -

~~JACK~~

JACK:

TOM DRIBERG MP:

Not a word I like, Brian. Puts me in mind of a pompous little bank manager. By the way, dear boy, you still know how to dress.

BRIAN:0

You still know how to undress a young man?

TOM DRIBERG MP:

The young ones seem to run too fast these days, Brian. Let me introduce you to my good friend Jack Profumo.

BRIAN:

Pleased to meet you, Jack. What's your particular poison? Booze, gambling, boys or girls? We can provide it all.

JACK PROFUMO MP:

(Laughs) Tom said you were a plain speaking young man. I like that. My preference is decidedly for the ladies.

BRIAN:

Anything in tonight take your fancy, Jack?

JACK PROFUMO MP:

As a matter of fact - that poppet at the roulette table with the red hair is rather fetching.

BRIAN9

Christine Keeler? You'd know it with her. A real man-eater she is.

TOM DRIBERG MP:9

Would she be available for a little supper party with Jack?

Hello, Jack. I think this might prove my lucky night.

JACK PROFUMO MP:

Perhaps I can add to your winning streak? Do we need chips?

BRIAN:

It's strictly a cash game. Your money's as good as anyone's, Jack. Good luck.

CHRISTINE KEELER:

Be an angel, Brian, have someone fetch me a large gin and tonic.

BRIAN:

My pleasure. Same for you, Jack?

JACK PROFUMO MP:

Pink gin, if I may.

BRIAN:

Come on, Tom – let's have a chat at the bar.

They start away.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

It was a passionate love affair between Christine Keeler and John Profumo. I didn't know then that he was the War Minister in Harold MacMillan's government. If I'd have known I'd have marked his card. Christine was shagging a Russian diplomat at the time. Mind you, I don't suppose Christine would have told Jack Profumo about that, or about the other blokes she was shagging. It's ironic that Jack Profumo should survive what became known as Macmillan's night of the long knives, when he sacked half his cabinet ministers, only to

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Well, you're here with us now. That's what matters.

A young boy approaches with a voice that suggests he's 12 years old.

YOUNG BOY:

I want to go now, Mr Smith – I'm tired. I want to go.

Sir Ralph slaps him hard, causing him to cry. People nearby laugh.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

Stop that. Get some more lemonade. You're not going anywhere. You and your friends are going to entertain me and my friends some more. We don't want you snivelling.

The boy staggers away.

BRIAN:

They're a bit young, Ralph. Where d'you get them?

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

We groom them especially in a care home in Bromley. Choose one, Brian - there are plenty. You can have one even younger if that's your preference.

BRIAN:

No, that's all right. I've gotta get back to the club.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:

That won't do, Brian. You're part of our select group now. You'd best choose a boy and experience the pleasures of very young flesh. There's one, Simon. He's nine. He knows the ropes.

BRIAN (NARRATOR): I felt sick when I went to one of the bedrooms with this boy. He was as precocious and knowing as any rent-boy I'd ever picked up on Clapham Common. I had no interest in him and wanted to get out as fast as I could. I thought I might have been watched somehow, but I had chosen the room. I talked-2(IR)8.25 318.77 Tm(b)-3(o)-3(y)8(a)-3(lke6 T

RONNIE BIGGS:

Jack – Jack! Where you bin? We gotta talk, son.

JACK:

What's so urgent - ? I need to do something about Leah. She ain't well.

RONNIE BIGGS:

We're near to the off, Jack. My people want to meet your banker what's gonna handle the money.

JACK:

What people? I ain't sure about that.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Buster Edwards and Bruce Reynolds want to meet. They gotta know their money's gonna be safe.

JACK:

Course it'll be safe. He's got a proper bank. I give 'em my word.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Jack, unless they get to meet your man they'll put the money with someone else.

JACK:

They try, that's all. Tell them they'll get plenty of trouble.

RONNIE BIGGS:

We don't need this ag', Jack. Me and you can sort this out. Talk to your man. See what he says.

JACK:

I know what he'll say, Ronnie. They end up nicked, he's on offer. He's too smart for that.

RONNIE BIGGS:

Talk to him, Jack. I'll talk to Buster and Bruce, make them see sense. Like you say,

JACK:

You're a diamond, Ron. I'll talk to my man tomorrow.

17/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Julian Tyrwhitt paces in an agitated fashion.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Are you off your twist, Jack? Not on your Nellie, as your lot used to say in the army. I'm not meeting those criminals.

JACK:

If you don't, they'll take the money elsewhere.

JACK:

Joey always was lucky with money. He's a Jew.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If I get my brother-

JOEY OLDMAN:

Very nice, Keith – I've helped you out in the past. Perhaps it's time to return a favour.

MR GRIFFITH:

Our little business arrangements have been on a strict quid pro quo basis.

JOEY OLDMAN:

For the sake of friendship, Keith. Business with a human face.

MR GRIFFITH:

Of course, never spurn the hand of friendship. This is why I called Julian Tyrwhitt on your behalf.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, and he's prepared to take the property or the shares off my hands?

MR GRIFFITH:

His bank is quite liquid at the moment. Looking for investments.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I bet it is. Frankly, Keith, I'd sooner go back to selling spuds and cabbages along the City Road. I've got 24 hours. I'd best get my skates on.

He goes out, slamming the door.

19/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is frying something on the stove. Joey Oldman is pacing.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I smell a big fat rat, Cath. It takes me all the way to Mayfair and bloody Julian bloody Tyrwhitt's bank.

CATH:

Can't you rope him in with that plan for Jack –?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'd like to, but I don't see how.

CATH:

Brian said Jack's planning some big robbery with a clown called Ronnie Biggs. He was sure Tyrwhitt is handling the money.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That would only do any good if he had the money there... The police would hesitate about raiding a bank, even a little pisshole like his.

CATH:

What about Mr Goodman, the lawyer, can't he help?

JOEY OLDMAN:
He might. I'll give him a ring.

20/ INT ARNOLD GOODMAN'S OFFICE

The door is rapped and the secretary comes in with a tea tray and sets it down.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Thank you, Janet.

JANET:
Harold Wilson rang, Mr Goodman. He wondered if you could spare him five minutes at the Commons after the Division Bell.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Tell him I'll be there.

Secretary goes out.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
When Hugh Gaitskill gets the chop this is our next Prime Minister and she didn't put him

The state of this place, Leah. Why don't you snap out of this depression, pull yourself together? How could I bring important business associates to this pigsty?

LEAH:

I never know what to do that's right for you. All you ever need me for is a poke –

JACK:

What else use are you - ?

The doorbell is rung long and hard and the door hammered loudly.

JACK:

Who's that? You didn't let anyone come here did you -?

He wrenches open the door with, "What - ?" to a gang of policemen who barge in.

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JACK:

Shut up – he planted it. He planted it, you must have done -

SUPT SLIPPER:

What's this for, shooting mice? Jack Braden, I'm arresting you for the unlawful possession

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
I hope I'm n