EP131b STUDIO SCRIPT

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 13(1b) – 1963

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

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
Why the world didn't disappear in a mushroom cloud in 1963 no one was quite sure. Nikita Khrushchev of Russia boasted they had a 100 megaton bomb that could wipe out 800 million people, while America poured troops into South Vietnam to halt the communist invasion. Perhaps it was the Beatles that held it all together with their first LP, *Please Please Me*. Arnold Goodman was right about backing Harold Wilson who had been elected leader of the Labour Party, following Hugh Gaitskill's death. Ironically, Joey and Cath joined the Conservative Party at this point, Joey contributing some of his ill-gotten gains. Possibly out of gratitude to Ernest Marples for all the work the Minister of Transport was pushing towards his former company that Joey had invested in. Marples Ridgway was doing very well, and Joey with them. They were set to do even better now the man the Minister of Transport appointed to sort out British Rail, Dr Beeching was closing 1000s of miles of rail tracks in favour of roads. That meant more roads being built which meant even

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
The prisoner will either be silent or removed to the cells–

JACK:
But they did – 09

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Be silent, Braden! It remains for me to thank the jury. You can return to the jury room, but perhaps you'd prefer to stay to hear the sentence. Stand up, Braden. You have been found guilty by a jury of your peers and there can be no doubt as to your guilt for we heard from a succession of police witnesses as to how they found a gun at your rooms. You can be grateful the early intervention by these policemen that prevented the commission of a far more serious. You are a man who showed promise of greatness in the boxing arena, but you chose to turn away from that to crime. It is my duty to show you that crime doesn't pay. You will go to prison for 18 months. Take him down.

JACK:
I'm innocent, I tell you. Them bastards fitted me up.

Jack is dragged away protesting. The court disperses. Cath gets up from her seat with Brian.

CATH:
Blimey, eighteen months!

BRIAN:
Don't worry, mum with time served and is remission he'll be out in no time.

CATH:
That's what worries me, Brian. His sentence was too lenient. You know that judge. Did you talk to him, ask him to go light on Jack?

BRIAN:
No, course I didn't. What's your problem, mum?

CATH:
Nothing. It's jp11 0 0 1 104.78 277.37 T65 104.,ID 31 Be ondtyo EM(t)886(n)-3( )16(3(w)12(o)-3(rr)6(i

BRIAN:
Come on, I'll treat you to lunch – at Joe Lyons!

2/ INT WHITE'S

Joey Oldman is at a table in the subdued dining room with Arnold Goodman, who hands back a menu to the waiter.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I'll have a half bottle of the '59 Pouilly-Fuissé, George. No, make it a bottle.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'll have a pot of tea, milk and sugar.

The waiter goes.

JOEY OLDMAN:
How much does lunch cost me here, Arnold?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I'll put it on my bar bill, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It ends up on my bill somewhere. I'm not complaining. I've done nicely from some of your advice. Just curious.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Oh, £15 or so with the wine.

JOEY OLDMAN:
That's a week's wages for most men in this country.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

I like the sound of that, Arnold. Not so keen on my assets being where I can't see them.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
No different from money in the bank. You can't go and look at it, or the gold that's backing sterling.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What's the advantage apart from the tax saving?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
No one knows who owns the shares. This will be a great advantage when Tyrwhitt tries to sell you out and unload your original shares. If you're not seen to be holding any, he can't smell a rat.

JOEY OLDMAN:
This is turning out to be a very cheap lunch. How much will it cost setting up this company to hold the shares?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Registering a company off shore is only a few pounds more than one here. I will set that in train right away. I think you should buy a whole lot more shares.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What do I use for money, Arnold? I don't have a printing press.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
A man of your resource, Joey, it won't be difficult to raise the money.

JOEY OLDMAN:
But why should I? Why now?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
There's a report being written by Richard Beeching proposing savage cuts to the railway network in favour of road transport.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You seen this report?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
It’s been made known to Ernest Marples' inner circle of friends. 67,000 jobs are being cut, 2000 stations closed and more than a quarter of the entire network scrapped.

JOEY OLDMAN:
The country will be paralysed.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Not with all the roads that are being proposed.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Well let's get cracking on this offshore company.
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3/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is clearing away tea plates.

CATH:
How you going to get the money, for all this investment, Joey?

JOEY OLDMAN:
It won't be difficult for a man of my resource, Cath. We'll see just how resourceful I am.

CATH:
Perhaps we were too hasty putting Jack away. We could have offered to help dispose of some of the money from that big robbery Brian said he was talking about.

JOEY OLDMAN:
That sort of crime is too near the knuckle. What if our friends in the Tory party got wind of it? Getting

JOHN BLOOM:
No, no, for John Bloom, Joey the sky's the limit.

JOEY OLDMAN:
The way you run things is worrying.

JOHN BLOOM:
As long as we go on making money, Joey.

JOEY OLDMAN:
But the way you spend it, there's not enough in the bank for a rainy day.

JOHN BLOOM:
That's where you're wrong. Sir Isaac Wolfson has agreed to back us with a multimillion pound loan. That lawyer of yours fixed it up.

JOEY OLDMAN:
My parting advice is stop treating income like it's in your own personal account, or Isaac Wolfson won't stay around.

JOHN BLOOM:
Here's someone who might interest you, Joey. Emil Savundra. He's always got an eye for an opportunity.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Hello old chap. I was trying to interest some of your friends in motor insurance to meet the growing demand.

JOHN BLOOM:
Talk to Joey about it. I must get that skinny kid Davy Jones to sing.

He goes.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Why do you think there'll be such a demand?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
It’s the new age of consumerism, old chap. Purchase tax down, tax on cars down. You save over £30 on the price of a mini and £600 on a Rolls Royce. I can insure either for a fraction of the price anyone else charges.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(to waitress) Just tonic water. Thank you.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
No gin in that?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I don't drink alcohol.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Rise in car use will follow Ernest Marples’s huge motorway building programme.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Perhaps we should set up a road building company.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Too late. The Tories have parcelled the work out to their cronies.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Perhaps I should join the Tory party.

EMIL SAVUNDRA: You’re John Bloom's financial director I believe.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not any more. I've resigned.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Wise move, old chap. You can't control him. Are you looking for another position? I wouldn't mind getting your thoughts about some bearer bonds I've been offered. They seem too good to be true. Is there somewhere we can talk away from this ghastly music? Perhaps I could give you dinner at my club.

They move away.

5/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN

Cath is at th(r)13(e)61 41 4o fryingm6-3(th)-3(ing)6(.)-B(A)-2(ri)3(a)6(n)-3(i(t)8(a)-4(t)-3(th(r)13(e( )8

BRIAN:
No, that's why I see George Fenwick each week!

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd say we were natural Tories, Cath. We believe in free enterprise.

CATH:
I don't know what Brian's friend, Tom Driberg would say – he's Labour.

BRIAN:
He doesn't think much of his own lot

BRIAN:

The phone clicks off with a buzz.

8/ INT EMIL SAVUNDRA'S WEST END OFFICE

JOEY OLDMAN:
Mr Savundra, you are an out and out crook.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
My dear chap, that's a bit below the belt.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I had your negotiable bonds checked. Forgeries.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Ah, then we have no basis for doing business.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Considers) Not necessarily so. As you're obviously not in business for the long haul, you

JOEY OLDMAN:
Then why aren't you selling them to capitalize your business?

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
They belong to my family trust in India. I borrowed them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
If we're to do business, then we have to be frank with one another.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
Then I'm afraid the game is up for us. (Laughs)

JOEY OLDMAN:
I know a banker who is greedy enough to capitalize the business probably for half the value of the bonds face value.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
You want me to tell him about my family trust?

JOEY OLDMAN:
He won't put up money if you tell him they're forgeries. At 50% of their value he'll look to find a reason to close you out and sell the bonds at a premium.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
How do you know such a scoundrel?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'll set up a meeting and we'll see if we can't get Fire, Auto and Marine up and running and making us money.

9/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

A champagne cork pops, the drink fizzes into glasses, Julian Tyrwhitt hands them over.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
I know you don't, Joseph – but a glass of bubbly to chink anyway.

JOEY OLDMAN:
One of us has to keep a clear head.

EMIL SAVUNDRA:
What will we toast? – I can't express my gratitude enough, Mr Tyrwhitt.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Julian, please. I'm a little concerned. Sixty thousand pounds isn't enough capital to start up. The bank could always advance more on other bonds from your family trust.

JOEY OLDMAN:
At your rates, Julian, we'll manage with the sixty.

Of course you are, Cath – it's not surgery Margaret's asking you to perform.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
(Laughs) Oh Joseph, you're so witty, as well as clever financially. I'm sure we're going to be the best of chums.

11/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S CAR

Joey Oldman is driving. Cath next to him.

CATH:
(Mocking) Oh Joseph, you're so witty, and so pretty and losing your hair!

JOEY OLDMAN:
Oh give over, Cath for Christsake. She was being friendly.

CATH:
To you! She wasn't like that to me. I saw the way she was looking at you.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Don't be daft, according to Arnold Goodman she's well connected.

CATH:
Those people make me feel uncomfortable – we're not from that class.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Money's good JOE JOEphE

JOEY OLDMAN:
Course I do. Come here -

Joey Oldman pulls Cath to himself and kisses her, then harder, *Bonanza* forgotten as his hands explore her body until Cath pulls back with a sharp intake of breath.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What's the matter, Cath? What's wrong?

CATH:
Pain in my left breast when you squeezed it.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What sort of pain -

CATH:
(Sharply) I don't know, pain. I found a lump there. I don’t expect it's serious.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You get yourself to the doctors first thing in the morning.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
Joey was worried about mum, but not worried enough to take time off to get her to the doctor's surgery. Mum was scared of what it might be so didn't go, she thought what she didn't know couldn't hurt her. A silly mistake, but one she'd learn to live with. Joey was quite taken with the local Tory party lady, and well he might be, for she was later to introduce him to a *very* important lady in the Conservative Party, one who was going to change our lives.
Jack did his time sewing mailbags in Wandsworth Prison, and telling me how to run things when I visited him. Telling me to stay away from Leah. He must have thought I still fancied her. What I didn't tell him was that Leah had scarpered. Where to I h wa

BRIAN:
Ronnie Kray's not a customer, he's an extortionist. He wants our little club.

SUPT DRURY:
You could do worse.

BRIAN:
I don't think so.

SUPT DRURY:
Mugging Ronnie off has made him like a man with a wasp up his bum.

BRIAN:
Well, that fat poof knows where I live.

SUPT DRURY:
That's the problem, duck. Things were nice and sweet. Trouble means lost income for everyone. Look how bad it was in the old days. We will not tolerate one penny drop in our income. Understand?

BRIAN:
I get the message, Mr Drury, loud and clear. Just tell that fat poof to stay out of my way. Just to show good faith, if you reach over the bar there's an envelope with a monkey in it.

SUPT DRURY:
Now you're talking my language, Brian. Why don't you walk it out to my car after I leave? Okay, duck? I'll be outside.

He turns and goes. Pongo approaches Brian at the bar.

PONGO:
What's that about, Bri? Some sort of trouble?

BRIAN:
I can handle it, Pongo. Drury fears entrapment. That's good. I'll pop this outside for him, then I'm going to nut into John Bloom's party with Joey. Can you hold the fort?

PONGO:
That's what I bin doing, Bri.

BRIAN:
Good.

He goes out and into the street where he's met with the roar of traffic. He walks over to Supt Drury's car.

BRIAN:
You left this behind.

SUPT DRURY:
What's that?

BRIAN:
What's going on?

SUPT DRURY:
Okay, take him -

Several police detectives grab Brian who protests through his surprised, “What?”

SUPT DRURY:
You're under arrest for trying to bribe a police officer -

BRIAN:
There's a turn up for the book, talk about the pot calling the kettle black!

SUPT DRURY:
Put the little iron in the car – just watch him, he's a slippery turd.

Doors slam with Brian pushed into the car.

14/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S BEDROOM

The telephone is ringing. Cath disturbs and so does Joey Oldman.

CATH:
Joey, the telephone's ringing. It's 10 o'clock at night!

JOEY OLDMAN:
Well, one of us had better answer it

CACATH:

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BRIAN:
I thought I was going down, the way he came on.

JOEY OLDMAN:
A costly business, Brian. I can't afford too many of these.

First things first. I wanna find Leah. I wann a bunk up.

BRIAN:
Enough girls here in the club to oblige.

JACK:
What you been doing while I've been away? Pongo said you been having a whole gang of queers here -

BRIAN:
Piss off – the only queer's been in is Ronnie Kray.

JACK:
What d’he want?

BRIAN:
What do you think? He sees what a cushty number we've got. Him and Reg wanted to take over the place. Me and Pongo set them straight.

JACK:
Well, when I've found Leah, me and P7ETa1 0 0 1 5YBRIAN:

I have the telephone installed at great expense – you'd think I was buying the GPO – does she ring me? You do not let her ring her father.

JACK:
I love her. I want her back.

SAMMY COHEN:
You should die for the way you treated my little girl.

JACK:
Don't give that you old kyke – tell me where she is.

SAMMY COHEN:
Yes, rough me up like the nazis – that's how you treated her. I pray to God if God still hears me, that my Leah never in her life sees you again.

JACK:
Go to hell. I'll find her. I will.

He slams out of the shop.

19/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Freddie and the Dreamers are on the turntable singing *If You Gotta Make a Fool of Somebody*, when Pongo approaches Brian.

Bob Boothby had immense charm and the young man almost floated on a cloud of air towards the stairs with him. I'd been at the party for about forty minutes when I met up with a sullen looking Jack. He wasn't enjoying the party and it wasn't going to get any better for him when a trail of guests was gravitating towards the billiards room. Stephen Ward was standing near the door.

STEPHEN WARD:
How are you, Jack – recovered from your prolonged illness?

JACK:
My Leah buggered off while I was away.

STEPHEN WARD:
C'est la vie.

JACK:
What's that meant to mean, Stephen?

STEPHEN WARD:
Did I see sweet Bianca slip upstairs with Jack Profumo?

JACK:
What's it gotta do with Leah?

STEPHEN WARD:
I wouldn't go in if I were you, Brian. The twins are in there dispensing medicine.

JACK:
The Krays? We'll see about that.

He pushes open the double doors and pushes through the party goers.

BRIAN:
(Restraining) Jack -

JACK:
Oh what we got here, Tweedledum and Tweedledee sitting in those leather chairs like they was on the throne. And who's that mug with them? George Cornell, doling out drugs like he's Boots the Chemist on Piccadilly.

RONNIE KRAY:
Oh Jack. I heard you was out and working on your tan.

JACK:
What's he doing here? This is a party for decent people, not slag heaps.

RONNIE KRAY:
How come a whoreson like you got let in then, Jack?

JACK:

That's it – Oh George -

He hits him with a billiard cue splitting his lip and breaking his teeth. People scream.

JACK:JACK:

Not half! They done it. Them snaky bastards done that train without me. I'll kill that Ronnie Biggs stone dead. S'on the news. They reckon them mail-sacks held more than a million.

BRIAN:
What a result!

JACK:
I've been going mental, Brian.

TOM DRIBERG MP:
Senior members of the government have come back off holiday to discuss it. So have the Opposition. They're demanding results.

BRIAN:
Great! We get the blame, Tom but not the dough.

TOM DRIBERG MP:
I won't be able to help you anymore, Brian.

BRIAN:
We weren't involved on this, Tom, we weren't.

TOM DRIBERG MP:
I'm pleased to hear it. Just be careful, that's all I can say. Goodbye, dear boy.

He goes.

22/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian comes in to the empty club.

BRIAN:
What's going on? Why aren't we open?

PONGO:
Jack's got other plans tonight.

JACK:
(Coming in) That's right. Frank Cockain, the bookmaker I worked for came to see me. He got approached by a villain to help him move some money.

BRIAN:
How much?

JACK:
Too much. The villain said they had more money than any of them expected.

BRIAN:
From the train? Who's the villain? Not Bobby Brown?

JACK:
None other. The bookmaker set up a meeting in the Ladbroke Arms in Notting Hill. You come too.

BRIAN:
What you got under that cloth, Pongo?

PONGO:

A rat in a box.

BRIAN:
What for?

JACK:
You'll see. Come on.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
When Bobby Brown came through the door of the pub and spotted Jack he flew right out again. We were straight after him. He darted across Ladbroke Grove in a panic and almost got hit by a 52 bus. We captured him and dragged him into a house Joey owned on the corner of Blenheim Crescent. I had the keys as I was chasing a non-payer. We took Bobby to an empty room there that smelt of burnt chicken fat. Then I learned what the rat was for.

JACK:
Where's the money, Bobby?

BOBBY BROWN:
What money's that, Jack?

JACK:
What you want the bookmaker, Frank Cockain to get rid of.

BOBBY BROWN:
I'm brassic, straight. I was gonna rob the bookie – they're always loaded. Straight up, Bri. You know me. Never could keep hold of money.

BRIAN:
That's why we want to help you, Bobby. So you keep some of it.

BOBBY BROWN:
I don't have nothing.

JACK:
Okay, Bobby, don't piss around. You always was a no-good liberty taker. You took a right liberty going off with Biggsy and cutting us out.

BOBBY BROWN:
I didn't. I didn't do that.

JACK:
Do you know what we got in the box? S'rat. Give me that leather glove, Pongo. (He pulls
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BOBBY BROWN:
No, Jack. I ain't got no money.

JACK:
Hold him, Pongo -

PONGO:
Tell him, Bobby -

BOBBY BROWN:
(Screams.) No, Jack. Please -

BRIAN:
(Screams) Tell him, Bobby. Tell him!

Bobby Brown screams and hollers and throws himself on the floor, thrashing around trying to stop the rat biting him.

JACK:
Hold him, Pongo. Get hold of him.

PONGO:
You hold him - !

The door flies open and a West Indian woman looks in.

WOMAN:
What you do - ?

23/ INT RICHARDSON'S CARAVAN

Jack, Brian and Pongo step into the crowded space.

JACK:
Any chance I could get my aching tooth pulled out, Charlie?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Hello, Jack. How are you, son? Brian.

JACK:
You got our man there.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

JACK:
Put that bar across the door, Pongo, jam it.

Pongo does as Brian splashes petrol over the van.

JACK:
Charlie! You got five seconds to tell us where the money is or we'll burn you out.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
(Trying the door. Opening a window) What? What's that smell? Petrol!

JACK:
You ain't nicking our money.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Well it's ourn. You come and talked to us first.

JACK:
You wiped your mouth.

BRIAN:
Give me your lighter, Pongo. That's five.

He lights the lighter and throws it. There is a great whoomp of petrol igniting.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
The Richardsons threw themselves at the door breaking the bar, but come out with their clothes on fire. The deal for the money they knew about was easily done. Jack didn't get any more shares, but that didn't stop him looking for any of the others. The police were more successful at finding them than Jack was. Within a month Ronnie Biggs had been arrested and fifteen others with shares. With each one Jack got angrier and angrier. He even stopped stressing about Leah. The problem with the villains on the Great Train Robbery was that their shares were too big. They couldn’t cope with having so much money. No one really knew how much was involved or how many villains were still at large with it. Joey was to learn more when he got an approach from someone well placed in the robbery, but I'm getting ahead of myself again.
The biggest story of 1963, one that made the Great Train Robbery all but disappear was the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas. For a time the whole world stood still and hope for the future seemed to freeze. It would take a long while before we'd breathe easily again.