



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

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:



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



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:

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 pol3>t EMC /P P e

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:  
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.



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:

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 suppose

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 h



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 1164 567.19 Tnme to get

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 some

Dear God, I wish some

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:

TONY WEDNESDAY:

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

JOHN REDVER

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

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.



BRIAN:  
That

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 rememTJm



in 1965 abolishing it for a temporary period. Other people were going to prison, Bernadette Devlin MP for inciting a riot in Ulster