JOEY OLDMAN:
I expect he's keeping some bird pugged up there.

CATH:
He's got more sense!

BRIAN:
You can visit anytime – look under the bed. In the cupboard. I expect *my* char lady does!

CATH:
Chance to visit would be a nice thing – from what I can see you're never there.

BRIAN:
Well, the club keeps me pretty busy. Talking of which, I'd best make tracks or I'll miss the judge. Forget that coffee, mum. Gotta go.

CATH:
But you haven't had as much as a biscuit.

BRIAN:
I'll get a Wimpy – that'll do.

CATH:
That's not proper food, Brian.

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those greedy policemen like he does.

CATH:
Now's his chance to get free with Jack getting involved in

they're copping. He might pinch Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:
He knows what side his bread's buttered on, Cath. We'll take a chance on him.

What's the matter? What's got into you?

Mandy goes out of the door with, “Nothing,” and Christine goes after her. Judge Melford Stevenson comes in pleased with himself.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
I say, Brian, she was a bit of all right.

BRIAN:
What d'you do to her, judge? She was gone like a bat out of hell.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
What didn't I do, dear boy? I think my biting her is what she took exception to. Only little bites.

BRIAN:
You're a real tiger, judge.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
I've never had such a good time in all my life as I have with you. You're a real friend.

BRIAN:
And long may it last, judge. Long may it last. I've got to get back to the club. Can I drop you anywhere?
JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
No. I'll get a cab to my club – set up my alibi in case my wife enquires. You won't forget about helping my dear friend Ralph (Rafe) Courtney?

BRIAN:
Indelibly printed.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:
Thank you again, Brian.

BRIAN:
Any time, judge – always ready to help a friend.

The narrator's voice is heard over the sounds of Eden Kane singing, “*Well, I Ask You*.”

BRIAN:
There was a whole string of girls I got for the judge. He was like a cat with the cream. Sometimes he cut up rough with them – his 'little bites' drawing blood. Most of them didn't mind very much and were easily silenced with a few quid. One tried to cause trouble by going to the law, not knowing Judge Melford Stevenson was one of the best friends the police ever had. I think Sir Ralph Courtney must have been too. He was a senior State Security bod who wanted young boys for sex. He was truly frightening. But more of that later.
There was change afoot in the country and great optimism in the air at the start of 1961. The youngest American president ever had been sworn in, promising greater peace and understanding in the world. We needed some of that as there wasn't much with my Uncle

Jack, who was still driving us all crazy with his erratic behaviour.
Jack flipped like a metronome, thinking he was a blagger these days, like owning spiels and clubs wasn't enough now we had an uneasy peace with the Krays. He had also made a deal with his old army captain from National Service. Capt Tyrwhitt was now in banking. Joey hadn't forgiven either of them for cutting him out of a deal he set up. Joey would never forgive them. He never forgave anyone who cost him money. He would bide his time, then strike.
We all thought we were going up in the world with our 'new found' friends. The truth was those 'new found' friends were going down, submitting to temptations the likes of us found so easy to give in to.

5/ INT CLUB – DAY

Helen Shapiro is on the turntable singing, "*Don't Treat Me Like a Child*" as Brian pursues Jack through the empty club.

BRIAN:
When you gonna wake up, Jack? What wrong with you? We're getting a nice living out of the clubs and those bookshops. We don't need to go after wages vans.

JACK:
We ain't, Brian. Me and a couple of the chaps are.

BRIAN:
That's mug's stuff. S'what Billy Hill did and spent half his life in clink, now look at him. He's ended up without a tanner.

JACK:
That ain't gonna happen to me, Brian. Clubs and spiels are peanuts compared to what can be done in one hit.

BRIAN:
Not by the time ponces like that Captain Tyrwhitt and Joey nicking the lion's share.

JACK:
Well they ain't gonna get the lion's share in future.

BRIAN:
What you gonna do, knock the money out yourself, put yourself more on offer?

JACK:
It's a good earner, Brian. Better than working for the Old Bill with their sticky fingers always looking for their whack.

BRIAN:
At least they're on your side.

JACK:
When it suits them.

BRIAN:
They won’t be if you go sticking up them wages vans, that's for sure.

JACK:
This is the new style of doing business, Brian. We're getting in on the ground floor, you see. The bent Old Bill won't get nothing.

Pongo, Jack's minder comes lumbering through the club calling, “Jack.”

PONGO:
Jack! Old Bill just nutted in, looking for you. That Hairpin Drury –

JACK:
Talk of the devil –

KEN DRURY:
(Walking in) Here he is, the man himself – your boy Pongo thought you was in. You'd better send him off to get his eyes tested. The NHS is still more or less free, duck – despite all his kind poncing on it.

JACK:

JOEY OLDMAN:
Mr Fenwick, a surprise

That's what worries me, George.

DI FENWICK:
I like Brian, Joey. I like dealing with him. It's felt he's pretty straight forward. You know where you stand with him. No policeman likes guns. They mean only one thing. Either you have a serious talk with him or I'm going to. If it's me, then Brian and I might have to stop being friends.

7/ INT CATH'S KITCHEN – DAY

Joey Oldman and Cath talk in whispers while on the Light Programme on the wireless Cleo Laine sings, "*You'll Answer To Me*."

CATH:
What's he going to do when he doesn't find the gun?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Let me do the talking when he comes down stairs.

CATH:
I'm sure there's a perfectly proper explanation.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not one we want to know about – eyes up.

Brian clatters down the stairs and comes into the kitchen.

CATH:
Brian! Y

What's so important about a blockage in the cistern?

BRIAN:
(Hysterical) Where is it? Where?
JOEY OLDMAN:
What do you think we are, Brian, mugs? I gave it to George Fenwick.

BRIAN:
What? Oh Christ, what d'you do that for? You shouldn't have involved him.

CATH:
What sort of trouble are you in, Brian? Maybe your dad can help.

BRIAN:
What did George say? Did he say anything?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I think you know, son. That gun was used in a robbery –

BRIAN:
Is that what he said? How d'you know you can trust him?

JOEY OLDMAN:
It's as well we pay him money every week or you'd find yourself back in clink. What were you thinking of, bringing a gun here?

BRIAN:
I was minding it for someone –

CATH:
All you'll do is get yourself in trouble, Brian?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You're a bloody fool – and I don't appreciate you're involving us like you did. I don't want any contact with the police. Certainly not now.

BRIAN:
Well, what d'you think you've got every week, me giving a bung to George Fenwick?

JOEY OLDMAN:
That's just business.

BRIAN:
What did he say? Is he going to give it back?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You'd better ask him. After what he found out I hope he's well and truly disposed of the gun.

Brian starts out. Cath goes after him with, “Brian!” She catches him in the hall.

CATH:
Brian, are you in any sort of trouble?

BRIAN:
I'm sorry I involved you, mum.

CATH:
Your dad was very upset when he found it. It could have caused him all sorts of problems if the police came here poking around.

BRIAN:
Why? What's he got here?

CATH:
Nothing –

BRIAN:
Is there something he's not telling me?

CATH:
(Quickly) 'Course not.

BRIAN:

with Patrick McGoohan. It was just after they'd made *Hell Drivers* together. You wouldn't see him in here now, not Stanley Baker. Not after *The Criminal*. There's a film for you. A real man is Stanley Baker.

BRIAN:
What happened to my bit of property, George?

DI FENWICK:
What property's that?

BRIAN:
Don't piss around. You know what I'm talking about.

DI FENWICK:
Oh, the gun? Why didn't you say? I thought you were talking about a tenanted house where you were having problems. Brian, I can assure you it's well and truly gone.

BRIAN:
What d'you do with it?

DI FENWICK:
That gun had a history, one that could come back to bite you. It's gone to a very deep place where it won't be found. That brings us to the question of your plans for it.

BRIAN:
I didn't have any. It wasn't mine. as just afte38.235.947.77 Tmb6v0 0 1 5(e)-3(s3(n)-3(g)6]TJET)]TJ26

DI FENWICK:
I see, you were minding it for someone. That's what they all say. The thing is, Brian, a gun changes our whole business arrangement. Do I want to do business with someone who's

BRIAN:
Eight of them. Weighing onto these mugs could come to dough.

DI FENWICK:

JOEY OLDMAN:
The more trouble there is out there, the more blacks we get here.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I'm not sure that lot will be quite as amenable as your West Indian tenants. But you'll have the accommodation for them. The contracts have been exchanged. The 8 houses in Brixton are yours. £9,000 they've set you back.

JOEY OLDMAN:
All I see is 160 potential tenants at £4 each per week. More pressing, Arnold – did you find somewhere to put the £40,000 I've got under my pillow? It's giving me sleepless nights – I can tell you. Especially with my son behaving so irresponsibly.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I have found a home for it. A good home. This Minister of Transport, Ernest Marples is going to build more and more roads, Joey. There's a company called Tarmac who are going to benefit from such plans. They need cash to expand.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Don't they have a bank?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:

We're civil to one another. I would strain at friendship after his double crossing me with my brother-in-law.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I would suggest you renew your friendship, Joey. We need a banker to wrap his letterhead about the deal. Tyrwhitt seems a venal sort of fellow.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Venal and greedy, as I know from his dealing with Jack.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I could negotiate the rate for you, Joey – making sure it was competitive.

JOEY OLDMAN:
But then there'd be a question of your enhanced fees.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
My dear Joey, when we're dealing with lots of cash 'off the book' – so to speak – everyone wants enhanced fees.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Better the greedy fellow you can trust, than one you can't, Arnold?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Exactly. I'd make sure the paperwork was in place that showed the money was notionally from clients of the bank, not from under your mattress.

The door is rapped and opened and Janet brings in a tray of tea things.

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
Ah, tea. Give Tyrwhitt a tinkle and meet as soon as possible.

10/ INT WHITE CITY DOG TRACK ENCLOSURE

The burble of punters, bookies calling the odds, the tannoy announcing runners.

CAPT JULIAN TYRWHITT:
I have to confess, I find something very appealing about the sleaziness of dog tracks

CAPT TYRWHITT:
I daresay like most of us, you'd sooner watch your money doubling.

decided to help the Marxist government in Cuba we all held our breath. Life went on, meanwhile, and punters spent their wages at the tables in the club. We were doing all right, not all right enough for me to get the car of my dreams. The newly arrived E-Type Jaguar, a sports car capable of doing 150mph. I had to have one, even though it cost just over a cool £2000. I thought better of asking Joey for the money. Jack was a likely bet as he was talking about plenty he had coming.

11/ INT JACK'S CLUB

The place is busy with punters spending their money gambling. Matt Munro is singing '*Portrait of my Love*' as Jack comes through with Brian.

JACK:

BRIAN:
My mum's got a big mouth.

JACK:
Yeah, she can be a bit gabby. Not like Joey. He's more closed up than Pentonville Prison. He don't let no one in on nothing. £180 quid he give me for my share of your nan's house when they sold it. £180 quid! He wouldn't have a brad if I hadn't have let him have it for security for his greengrocer business. That's what got him started.

BRIAN:
He's holding plenty now. You should have asked for your proper share.

JACK:
I'm about to get it any day. Don't worry about me.

12/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Jack comes in with Julian Tyrwhitt who closes the door.

JACK:
Is this where you do all your business, Julian? It don't look all that.

CAPT TYRWHITT:
Let clients see you're doing too well, Jack, they start to think you're charging too much.

JACK:
Which you are, of course.

CAPT TYRWHITT:
I like to think my little bank gives a good service. We do exactly what we say we'll do – make money for our clients.

JACK:
What about our bit of business? Are we under starter's orders?

CAPT TYRWHITT:
We are. It has to be done tomorrow. Joey is bringing all his booty together. He intends to

and two masked men spring into the room. Cath screams.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What's this? What d'you want? We ain't got nothing -
MAN:
(Muffled through stocking) We want it, you tight wad. The money. All of it –

CATH:
No –

JOEY OLDMAN:
What money d'you think I'd have here? About three pounds in my wallet is all – here take it and go –

MAN:
Don't give us that fanny –the money you got pugged up. Where is it?

CATH:
You take anything from us you'll have Jack Braden to deal with – we're his partners. He'll come after you and cut your hands off.

MAN:
(Shoving her) Sit down and shut up – or we'll do the pair of you in –

CATH:
Jack Braden's my brother –

MAN:
We know that you daft cow –

2ND MAN:
Shut up – Gis the gelt –

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd give you my life first. I swear we haven't –

2ND MAN:
You lying Jewboy -

He lashes out and hits Joey Oldman, knocking him down. Cath screams, “Joey!” and flies at him. The man her and grabs her and hits her. She screams some more, when Joey struggles up and into the fray. The second man coshes him.

JOEY OLDMAN:
We ain't got nothing here –

MAN:
You're a liar, we know you have -

Cath lunges at them and rips off one of their masks, to the 2nd man's alarmed, “Here!”

CATH:
I know your face –

2ND MAN:
You cow -

MAN:

LEAH COHEN:
(Slurred) He's not here. He's not back from boxing –

JOEY OLDMAN:
We've got to see him. It's most urgent –

CATH:
Joey was robbed, Leah – it's a lot of money –

LEAH COHEN:
He's not here. He went to Wembley I think -
CATH:
What's wrong with you, Leah? Are you all right?

LEAH COHEN:
I think I was asleep. I can't remember. I took some pills –

JOEY OLDMAN:
We need Jack to get back my money – Maybe we should get a doctor to you –

LEAH COHEN:
No. Not a doctor

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Maybe I am, but that's what they took –

CATH:
You gotta get it back for us, Jack. You've got -
JACK:
Well, I can try, Cath. Let's go in and get Leah sorted out first, then I'll get the full SP.

They go inside and the door closes.

15/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Jack is punching the hapless 'Cole', landing blow after blow in the empty club.

JACK:
Hold him, Pongo – I said hold him. Where's the rest of the money, Cole? Where's the other 20 grand?

MAN (COLE):
That's all there was, Jack –

PONGO:
Don't be daft, Jack – I was out at the boxing with you and that banker. What we gonna do about him?
JACK:
Wrap him up, take him out to Manny's pig farm in Essex. Pigs don't care what they eat. Come on, gimme a hand.

The two of them bend and lift the body.

16/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Julian Tyrwhitt is riffling through the notes, counting them.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Twenty thousand is better than a poke in the eye, as the man said, Jack.

JACK:
What man's that, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
You did so well in the circumstances to keep hold of what you did. In your place I'd have given it all to them.
JOEY OLDMAN:
Blood I give at the transfusion van when it comes round. What can you do without money? Can we do anything with the remaining 20?

ARNOLD GOODMAN:
I doubt we'll get quite the deal we'd have got for the whole lot, but £20,000 remains a very nice investment. We will still need our venal banker.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I was afraid of that. I was hoping to save that fee. No matter. I'll bide my time and pay them back – eventually.

18/ INT JACK'S FLAT

The telephone is ringing insistently. It is eventually picked up by Leah Cohen.

LEAH COHEN:
(Slurred) Mayfair 51... I can't remember... Who is that?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Is Jack there? I need to speak with him urgently.

LEAH COHEN:
I don't know. Do you know what day it is –?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Where is Jack, Leah - ?

LEAH COHEN:
Is that my name - ?9ck come n

Jack comes into the room and takes the phone from her.

JACK:
I told you not to answer that. You 4569553. 346vJt>BDC-3(r th)-4(a)-3(t.)-3(MCID 44>BDC B.(v)8(a( )5

earlier with the other £20,000 to make his investment.

JACK:
He always was a cunning sod. He'd sooner die than give up his money.
JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Such a pity, Jack. But at least we know the truth now.

Brian is walking with Don James, the gun dealer.

BRIAN:
How quick can I get a piece, Don? It's really urgent.
DON JAMES:
I can get you one tomorrow, Brian. The only problem is I won't know its history.

BRIAN:
No, this one has to be clean. Not like that other piece you got me.

DON JAMES:
Come off it, Brian. That one was as clean as a whistle.

BRIAN:
No, it was used to shoot a pawnbroker in Catford.

DON JAMES:
I don't know who told you that, son. Whoever it was is out of order. That gun was definitely clean.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
That left me feeling even more uneasy. Not only did the world seem to be falling apart with tensions now rising between East and West Germany as the Berlin wall went up, and massive ban-the-bomb demos disrupting London, my world was coming apart too. People I thought I could rely on like Jack and Joey and George Fenwick, I was no longer sure of. This was going to be a portent of things to come, but there I go, getting ahead of myself again.