

STUDIO SCRIPT Ep14/1b

GF Newman's The Corrupted

Episode 14 1964

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

BRIAN OLDMAN:

There was so much going on in 1964 it's hard to know what to bring to mind. The comedy on BBC television called *Steptoe and Son* was pulling 26,000,000 viewers, half the country watching it. I remember Wilfred Bramble, one of the stars. He came into the greengrocers where I worked in City Road and I met him later on the bomb site across the road. I can't say I would have bothered with him now. Mary Quant and Vidal Sassoon were fashion icons and the Rolling Stones were shocking audiences by dressing in a dishevelled way, while Mods and Rockers were battling for supremacy. I was definitely a Mod, I liked sharp suits. I had about 20 or more.

As kids battled on the streets at home, nations did around the world. Since World War 2 ended there hadn't been a year without a war or two somewhere. Both Cyprus and Uganda suffered strife, while the war in Vietnam was set to get worse under President Johnson.

My dad, Joey Oldman, was prospering, but unhappy that Jack was back on his feet and doing well. He had yet to pay back the banker Julian Tyrwhitt for double-crossing him, but Joey had instruments in place for that and would wait for his moment, always taking the long view. This paid dividends. A really big dividend was about to fall into his lap as a result of his close and cautious approach to business. Joey was no villain, bragging about what he'd had off. No one would ever grass him, that's why Detective Inspector George Fenwick trusted him and brought him the offering he did.

1/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

DI FENWICK:

You've been splashing out, Joey. New office furniture.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You get to a point where appearances *do* matter, George. I have more and more people coming here these days. I even had to take on a new girl for typing.

DI FENWICK:

I hear you're doing well in the Tory party too.

JOEY OLDMAN:

he wrong horse. Arnold Goodman, my solicitor, keeps saying the leader of the Labour party is going to be the next Prime Minister.

DI FENWICK:

Couldn't do worse than Sir Alec Douglas Hume!

JOEY OLDMAN:

I thought policemen were supposed to be above politics, George.

DI FENWICK:

JOEY OLDMAN:

DI FENWICK:

A certain person approached me about moving a lot of money. I told him I knew someone I thought could help. Not who.

JOEY OLDMAN:

How much we talking about, George?

DI FENWICK:

A lot. Over half a million.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Obviously this person can't deposit it in a bank.

DI FENWICK:

Not if he wants to keep his liberty.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That sort of money can only be from one source.

DI FENWICK:

This man was one of the principa

DI FENWICK:

ou need to convince. He expects you to negotiate hard. The thing is, he wants someone reliable so he knows if he does go away, some of his share will be there when he gets out.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I appreciate your faith in me, George.

DI FENWICK:

That's for him to decide. It's why he has to meet you.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me think about it, talk to Cath. After all, I could end up the same place as your contact.

DI FENWICK:

God forbid!

2/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

Step toe and Son theme tune and clapping is heard at the end of the television show.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Can I get your attention now, Cath?

CATH:

I have been thinking about it, Joey. But could Brian and me run all your businesses if you was to go away?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Were, Cath were to go away.

CATH:

I always forget when I'm stressed.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You'd cope very well. It might even settle Brian down, that sort of responsibility. Get him away from Jack's influence.

CATH:

Do say anything to Brian.

JOEY OLDMAN:

He doesn't need to know. No one does, apart from Fenwick and the Mystery Man who approached him.

CATH:

You've made up your mind, Joey, by the sound of it.

3/ INT JOE LYON'S CRANBOURNE STREET

There is a clatter of cutlery on china. Joey Oldman comes to a table and sits down with his cup of tea, joining DI Fenwick and Bruce Reynolds.

DI FENWICK:

Oh welcome, Joey. I was just pointing out to Bruce here, that's Peggy Ashcroft over at that table there with the young actor in the red scarf. Probably giving him one. She likes them young. This is Bruce Reynolds, Joey. The man I told you about, Joey Oldman.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

It's an interesting café, George. I'd say if she likes them that young, Joey, that lets us both off the hook.

JOEY OLDMAN:

There's no fool quite like an old fool.

JOEY OLDMAN:
You ve got some

JOEY OLDMAN:

Very fair if you can find someone you can trust to handle it for that amount, Mr Reynolds.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

You deal in shares, George tells me.

JOEY OLDMAN:

What else did he tell you?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

You've had some good results. Could you put my bit in shares?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Why do you want that?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

I'm a realist, Joey. I might end up in jail. Something to come out to would be nice. Let's shake hands on 30 percent, shall we?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Let me ask you this. What did you expect your original share to be?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

Around fifty grand.

JOEY OLDMAN:

So even at 40% you're £332,000 ahead. Hopefully a clean 332K.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

What guarantees do I have that it'll come out clean?

JOEY OLDMAN:

There are no guarantees in life, Mr Reynolds. If only there were.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

There is one, Joey. If you betray me, I will kill you. I don't care how long it takes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm not a strong man. Equally, if my name gets mentioned in relation to this money, I will settle with you.

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

Then we know where we stand.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You say the money is in a safe place. Can you get it to me in parcels of no more than 50,000 each?

BRUCE REYNOLDS:

No probs. Here's my hand on 40%. Tell me where it goes to.

4/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

The door opens and Cath comes in switching on the light.

CATH:

Joey, what are you doing, sitting here in the dark?

JOEY OLDMAN:

I can't sleep, Cath thinking about all that money. I know now what robbers feel like when they get their money and can't spend it.

CATH:

You're not a robber. A businessman can have large amounts of money.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Not over £600,000.

CATH:

You said you re putting it in different safe deposit boxes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's the easy bit. It doesn't help me disperse it.

CATH:

Couldn't you talk to your solicitor? Mr Goodman always knows what to do.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You, me and my contact knows about this. It stays that way. Perhaps we've bitten off more than we can chew with this, Cath.

CATH:

not Joey Oldman. Find a solution. We can't give the money up.

JOEY OLDMAN:

We can't spend it either unless we want to live abroad.

CATH:

What, and have to eat all that foreign muck!

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'll think of something. Maybe slip some out through Emil Savundra's Fire, Auto and Marine Insurance Company.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Joey worried about all the money, money he couldn't easily put to work. Anxiety increased with twenty of the Great Train Robbers going on trial at the Buckingham Assizes and getting long sentences. He was especially concerned in case Bruce Reynolds was arrested and thought Joey was to blame. Jack on the other hand, got more and more

with Ronnie Biggs getting 30 years he still couldn't see how well out of it he was. That was Jack. He used the old army captain turned banker, Julian Tyrwhitt to handle the amounts he did get, and Joey was coming to the conclusion he might have to do the same, though didn't want to give him the satisfaction on account of their past business when he double-crossed him with Jack.

Tension with the Krays never died down. Ronnie thought Jack should give him a share of the money he claimed off the train blaggers. It only needed the tiniest of sparks to set them off. One such was at a charity boxing tournament Julian Tyrwhitt's bank sponsored. Harry Carpenter, the BBC commentator was there and suggested the two of them put the gloves on and get in the ring together for a couple of rounds.

5/ INT HARRINGAY BATHS

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

He and his brother took a lot of money out of a company to whom we loaned it. They built up a good credit rating, then got a lot of goods and didn't pay.

JACK:

That's their game. Long firms.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If the company go
you like a percentage for getting our money back?

hurt our little bank. How would

JACK:

How much we talking about?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Nearly £200,000.

JACK:

The Richardsons would sooner give blood.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

I don't much mind how much they give in the process.

JACK:

What you offering, Julian?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

Five percent recovery fee.

BRIAN:

Twenty would be betteo(/63,)-3(Ju6[B]-2 1 0 0 1 90.69 /P AMCID 13BDC B4.13C/sar/scTJtt)6(e)-t AM

JACK:
We're nice people, Charli, asking nicely.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
What if I tell you to take a funny run?

BRIAN:
We'll chop you up and feed you to the pigs out at Manny's farm.

He swings a cleaver and sinks it into the desk.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
You're crackers, Brian, chopping up the furniture. I paid 30 quid for that desk.

BRIAN:
Either it goes back or it's all-out war.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
That costs everyone. Eddie 'll want war, especially after your nicking our money off that train robber.

JACK:
You got the most to lose with all this long-firming you're doing.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
We might have to wipe our mouthes. Let me talk to Eddie when he comes back.

JACK:
Don't take too long about it, Charlie. Brian.

They go out and across the yard to their car.

BRIAN:
He's still upset about the train money we got.

JACK:
Yeah, but what can he do?

BRIAN:
What he always does, plot against use.

JACK:
You worry too much, Bri'.

They climb into the car slamming the door.

7/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The telephone is ringing. Joey Oldman answers.

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is Mansion House 3571. Joey Oldman.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Joey. Charles Richardson. You want to talk about a bit of business?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Always ready to talk business, Mr Richardson. When did you have in mind?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

I'm right across the street in a phone box.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Come up. I'll tell my girls to go to lunch. We're on the second floor.

The phone goes dead. Joey Oldman drops it back. He goes over to the door and opens it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Rita, Deirdre, perhaps you can go for an early lunch. I'll be here.

They don't need telling twice, but are up scraping chairs. Joey goes back into his office, closing the door. *A World Without Love* by Peter and Gordon is heard as the door is knocked. Joey opens it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You're a man who's as cautious as myself, Mr Richardson.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

That's how we live to fight another day, Joey. Everyone calls me Charlie.

JOEY OLDMAN:

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Here. Do you know what this is?

He hands him a paper.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It's a Bank of England certificate for gold.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
We got about 40 of them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Are they genuine?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Of course. It for you to verify. I want 180 grand for them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Why don't you sell them?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
The pressure the Bank of England's under with this government.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Would it get better under a Labour Government?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
I doubt it. There are only certain windows for selling. I need money now. I know you've got money you might want to get rid of.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I never want to get rid of money, Charlie.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Not even Bruce Reynold's ill-gotten gains.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I don't know any Bruce Reynolds.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
He reckons he knows you. Left a lot of money with you.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I think our business is ended here.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
So you can't help me out?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Not in the way you think. I m interested in the gold - for a brokerage fee.

CATH:

It reflect badly on us if it comes out. And please don't call me Cath. I prefer Catherine.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Jack's headed our way.

JACK:

Cath. Joey. How you doing? I didn't know you liked boxing.

JOEY OLDMAN:

It's a good cause.

JACK:

JOEY OLDMAN:

I'm making you a nice cup of tea.

Cath stumbles and falls on the steps, to Joey's alarm as he reaches out to her.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Cath, are you all right? Let's get you up.

CATH:

Just a bit tired, that's all.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You should see the doctor tomorrow. He can give you a tonic.

CATH:

I'll be fine, let's just get inside.

They go in closing the door.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):

Cath wasn't fine. She was scared and had been putting off going to the doctor, fearing that he might confirm what she suspected: breast cancer. She'd had a lump there for some time and it was getting more tender. Joey wasn't the sort of man who felt his wife's breasts or anywhere else for that matter. Money was his sex, and he spent mo

affordable insurance.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
Admirable.

JOEY OLDMAN:
We

BRIAN:
It's a good deal.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Precisely. I have a means of getting my money out. So what about coming to work for me full time, Brian?

BRIAN:
Maybe, dad. Jack's such an ache. He reckons he's gone up the social ladder.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Then now is a good time.

BRIAN:
It sounds boring. Not like the spiels. That's exciting.

CATH:
That could all go tomorrow with you in the newspapers. How would that look for us?

BRIAN:
We got enough Old Bill straightened. We're okay.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It could change.

BRIAN:
So could your business with that inquiry Harold Wilson started into Rachman and slumlords like him.

JOEY OLDMAN:
That'll all go away we have help.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Tests take time. At least it means they're being thorough.

BRIAN:

Is it serious, dad, is it? She's not going to die or nothing?

JOEY OLDMAN:

, son. A tonic and a bit of rest is what she needs. Maybe we'll have a run out to Brighton.

BRIAN:

You should have a proper holiday.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I would if I had someone reliable like you to take care of things.

BRIAN:

Don't say that, dad. I got the life I want.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That nice for you! How many people get the life they want? You should think about that the next time you're in trouble. Your mother's right, you're selfish. She spoilt you rotten -

BRIAN:

Yeah, I'd say after what you two did to granddad I have nightmares still -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Shut your mouth. You don't know what you're talking about -

BRIAN:

Don't I? I suppose I imagined it.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You don't know what she saved you from -

BRIAN:

Saved me robbed me of my granddad, you mean -

JOEY OLDMAN:

Stop this and listen to me, boy -

BRIAN:

I don't wanna listen -

He starts to go. Joey Oldman grabs him.

JOEY OLDMAN:

You bloody well will listen. (Lowers his voice.) That nice granddad of yours was trying to abuse you. Your mum had had him abusing her for years before I came on the scene. He tried it even then. He got no more than he deserved the I 98-BDCa9 I 98-BDCa9 lu606(se)-3(rv)13(e)-

the truth. You're old enough to know the truth, but don't you blame your mum for the way things turned out for you.

DOCTOR:
(Approaching) Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Yes, that's me. How is she doctor?

DOCTOR:
(Hesitates) Should we go somewhere private?

JOEY OLDMAN:
It's all right. This is our son, Brian. He has to know as well.

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid it's cancer, Mr Oldman -

JOEY OLDMAN:
Oh no, it can't be. She s just been overdoing it.

DOCTOR:
Breast cancer. We'd like to remove her left breast, then start her on a course of chemotherapy. We're optimistic that we caught this in time. It doesn't seem to have spread to anywhere else.

JOEY OLDMAN:
When will you do this?

DOCTOR:
We get her into theatre tomorrow. We'll pop out some of the lymph glands in her neck and arm just to be sure. You'll need to sign the consent.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Thank you, doctor. Yes. Can we see her?

DOCTOR:
Of course. The nurse will show you. Nurse!

He goes and the nurse approaches in squeaky shoes.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Cath Catherine. Look at you.

BRIAN:

Mum, I'm sorry mum, I didn't mean to hurt you.

CATH:

Oh don't cry, Brian. It's just a little lump in my breast. They'll soon sort that.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I can't help myself, Margaret. I don't want you to put any of it away.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I have to get back. The Colonel thinks I'm at Fortnum and Mason's, shopping.

JOEY OLDMAN:

These afternoons are wonderful. I feel liberated.

MARGARET COURTNEY:

You've been under a great strain seeing Catherine through her illness, my darling. You deserve a respite.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Couldn't we have another respite before we return to duty?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

Ooh you naughty man. (She kneels on the bed and kisses him. He responds.) You'll have to be quick or I shan't get my shopping.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I want to linger over you, savour every stolen moment with you. Oh, oh -

He is losing himself in his lovemaking again. *Oh Pretty Woman* by Roy Orbison is heard to the sounds of Joey's lovemaking and the bed squeaking.

16/ INT OLDMAN'S SITTING ROOM

The front door opens and closes and Joey Oldman hurries up the stairs.

CATH:

Joey, is that you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

(Coming in) As large as life and twice as handsome -

CATH:

Where have you been? Julian Tyrwhitt's been trying to get you. He's rung several times, and to your office.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Oh, I had a bit of business to attend to.

CATH:

Where were you? What business? I was worried in case something had happened.

JOEY OLDMAN:

I had to go to the safe deposits. A certain party wants his money back he's going to live abroad.

CATH:

He can't have it, can he?

JOEY OLDMAN:

He can have some of it. What's this about Tyrwhitt?

CATH:

He said to ring him the moment you got in.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Well, I think a cup of tea is the priority, don't you, my love? I'll put the kettle on.

CATH:

I'll do that. I've got to start doing things to get my strength back.

JOEY OLDMAN:

Don't rush things. We don't want you laid up again.

CATH:

Oh Joey, I don't know what I'd do without you. You won't ever leave me will you?

JOEY OLDMAN:

JOEY OLDMAN:

There'd come a point when the bonds have to yield.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:

If you

too fast. We've had some liquidity problems in the past.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
Are they now behind you?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'll be frank, I'm not sure they are. We're working hard at getting money from investors who are in for the long haul. I suspect most of the pressure on the Board of Trade is coming from our more established rivals who are losing business to us.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
I can't comment on that.

JOEY OLDMAN:
If we could get a little more time, we'll be fine.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
How much more time?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Six months.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
Presumably by then more premiums will have been collected?

JOEY OLDMAN:
God willing.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
It's the unsettled claims that concern us.

JOEY OLDMAN:
A lot need thorough investigation. Operating at the bottom end of the market attracts less than straightforward clients. The genuine claims are paid.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
We'd need to see evidence of that, Mr Oldman.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd welcome any sort of inspection at any time at however short notice. Are you sure I can't give you tea?

ALAN CARMICHAEL:
Perhaps without milk or sugar.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Opens the door) Could we get a pot of tea, please, Rita. Thanks. (He closes the door.) My wife prefers it your way, bless her. She's just been through major surgery for cancer.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:

I'm sorry to hear that.

JOEY OLDMAN:

She's through the worst, but the constant state of anxiety about possible relapse... Families are such a worry. You've got a daughter just starting in college.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:

How do you know?

JOEY OLDMAN:

As with General Patton, I like to know my enemy.

ALAN CARMICHAEL:

JOEY OLDMAN:

Three. Me. Fire, Auto & Marine and the bank they're putting in clients.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Jack, is he in?

JOEY OLDMAN:

This is legit. Whoever comes in has to be sound.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

About right. What's it gonna be worth?

JOEY OLDMAN:

Commercial estate agents say conservatively £2.8 million with a letting value of £140

JOEY OLDMAN:
Yes, I like to watch.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Where's your missus ?

JOEY OLDMAN:
At a Tory party meeting.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Check the house, Eddie. (Eddie goes out.)

JOEY OLDMAN:
She's not here.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
(Switches off the set) D'you think we're just off the boat?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Of course not. What's the problem?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
You could have taken us into your confidence, Joey. Instead you insult us.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What are you saying?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
Them bonds. D'you think we'd send a mug to look at them? Our brief spotted they was wrong right off. If we'd paid with our dough your missus would be picking your brains off the wall.

JOEY OLDMAN:
So tell me -

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
They're forgeries. What we need to know is where you got them.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I take it you don't want to participate - ?

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:
(Laughs) Listen to him, Ed. I like your style, Joey. One last time. Where d'you get them?

JOEY OLDMAN:
I think you know me better.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

You stupid berk, you don't know *us* at all. We could do a lot with bonds that good. We're talking sensible at the moment, Joey. Before it gets rough tell me where you got them.

JOEY OLDMAN:

That's not how I do business.

CHARLIE RICHARDSON:

Gimme the gun, Eddie. (He takes it.) This is how we do business, Joey.

He crashes the gun into Joey Oldman's mouth, to screams from Joey.

23/ INT JACK'S FLATBLOCK

An urgent hammering on the door. Jack comes through and opens it.

BRIAN:

We gotta top the Richardsons They done dad. They done him -

He runs to the kitchen and scrabbles in the drawer for a carving knife. Jack follows.

JACK:

What d'you mean? They topped him?

BRIAN:

They beat him up bad '

PC WEDNESDAY:

Try the Richardsons. It was them who did your dad.

BRIAN:

If I knew that I'd give them up. Anything to get out of here.

PC WEDNESDAY:

Well, the night is young, Brian.

He slams the shutter.

25/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Jack pours a glass of Scotch and gives it to Supt Drury.

SUPT DRURY:

That's a big one, Jack. I'll be pissed on duty.

JACK:

Wouldn't be the first time, Mr Drury.

SUPT DRURY:

Don't think I can do anything for Brian. Maybe get a couple of charges dropped. But he whacked a policeman.

JACK:

Tell me who to go into

SUPT DRURY:

I wish it was me, duck. You could try Detective Superintendent Slipper.

JACK:

I don't know him.

SUPT DRURY:

He won't be cheap. I'll set up a meeting, duck.

26/ EXT EMBANKMENT

Traffic roaring along, taxis juddering. Jack walking with Supt Slipper.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Let's get to first position, Jack. Who told you I could help?

JACK:

That don't matter, Mr Slipper. Either you can or you can't.

SUPT SLIPPER:

Then I can't.

JACK:
Not even for a lot of money?