BRIAN:
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Here's best, Martin. No one can bug us here.

MARTIN:
Well Jack, did you think about the Daily Express job?

JACK:
I thought about it. What about the guns?

MARTIN:
We'll get you all you want.

BRIAN:
What Daily Express job? A blag?

MARTIN:
I thought he was your partner, Jack?

JACK:
We haven't talked about it yet.

BRIAN:
Are you crackers? We got all these blaggers on wages just waiting to work; now you're giving work away to a bunch of Paddies.

MARTIN:
We understood you have the means, we have the knowledge.

JACK:
We've got the firm all right.

MARTIN:
We don't like being referred to as a bunch of Paddies, Brian.

BRIAN:
Then what are you? Freedom fighters?

MARTIN:
We're breaking the shackles of British oppression.

BRIAN:
Good. Send us a postcard when it's done.

MARTIN:
Is he taking the piss?

JACK:
Just that poofy humour he's got.

MARTIN:
Well, I don't like it, Jackie boy.

JACK:
Why don't you piss off, Brian? Make yourself useful. Rustle up some punters.

BRIAN:
Just don't get too involved with these Paddies -

JACK:
Brian - !

BRIAN:
I'm gone.

2/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The intercom buzzes on Joey Oldman's desk. He answers it.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Yes, Rita.

RITA:
(Via intercom)
Your son's here, Mr Oldman. He wondered if you could spare a few minutes.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Thank you, Rita. Ask him to come in.

He switches off the intercom as Brian comes in.

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JOEY OLDMAN:
Your mum's been getting that sort of picture from Leah.

BRIAN:
Still seeing her then, is she?

JOEY OLDMAN:
She sees her as one of her good works she's got a lot of those nowadays.

BRIAN:
What do you think? Is that job offer still open?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Things have changed from when I thought we'd build a business together. What can you do apart from threaten people?

BRIAN:
That can come in handy with difficult customers.

JOEY OLDMAN:
My view is, if you treat people right, they respect you.

BRIAN:
So there isn't anything.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I always wanted you on-board, Brian. Why the change of mind? Has something happened?

BRIAN:
The world's changing, dad. You adapt or die Nietzsche.

JOEY OLDMAN:
More Darwin in the City, son survival of the fittest. Could you survive here?

BRIAN:

JOEY OLDMAN:
Consider the law of averages. The police have got their tails up after the Richardsons' arrest. You and Brian have had a good run. Now he wants to work with me.

JACK:
No. Brian ain't leaving my firm. He ain't.

JOEY OLDMAN:
See it as a football transfer. It's business. You get some money

JACK:

CATH:
(Setting a plate down.) Either one of those is possible.

BRIAN:
(Shocked) What?

CATH:
You heard me.

BRIAN:
I couldn't do that, not even to Jack.

CATH:
Don't be wet, son. To survive you have to be strong.

BRIAN:
That would make me the worst sort of grass.

CATH:
Do you want to sit and wait for the police to arrest you and shame us all again?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Listen to your mother, Brian. She's got a shrewd head on her shoulders.

BRIAN:
I still don't think I could shop him to the cops.

CATH:
Maybe I go and talk to Leah.

BRIAN:
What good will that do?

CATH:
She wants to be free of my brother as much as you do. Perhaps I can persuade her to do the dirty on him. She deserves her chance.

5/ INT JACK'S FLAT

Leah is fleeing through the flat. Cath after her with 'Leah', as Leah slams into the bedroom and shuts the door. Cath knocks on it.

CATH:
Leah. Open the door please and listen to me. Leah, open the door. Please, Leah.

After a moment Leah opens the door.

LEAH:
I'm scared, Cath. Jack'll be more angry if he finds out.

CATH:
He's got no right to be angry.

LEAH:
Please don't ask me to do this, Catherine.

CATH:
You're very pale, Leah. You're not pregnant are you?

LEAH:

You and Brian will give evidence?

GEORGE FENWICK:
Always provided we get it first.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
We'd best talk to our governor.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Can we trust him, Tony?

TONY WEDNESDAY:

Supt Redvers is more ambitious than most. Plus he s got the ear of the Commissioner.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Perhaps he's browning him, guv.

DCS SLIPPER:
(A beat) (Laughs) The Commissioner is letting him run his own investigation.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Then maybe we should give this to him, sir.

DCS SLIPPER:
Piss off! Let them that does the work get the glory. Mind you, it shames us all when policemen go bent.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
If we *were* to give this to Supt Redvers, it might go straight back to Jack Braden them being related.

DCS SLIPPER:
That did occur to me. See if you two can make a deal wit6 774.24 T(it6 774.23 /P /M27 /P <Orzdld)itic

GEORGE FENWICK:
We

that was there. Melford Stevenson was hiding in the bathroom.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Far out! What happened?

GEORGE FENWICK:
Brian spirited the judge away, we disposed of the body.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
(Laughs) They'd be all right, they come up in front of him.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Look over there, that's Donald Sinden.

TONY WEDNESDAY:
Is he in *Hair*?

GEORGE FENWICK:
About right!

11/ INT JACK'S CLUB

Brian comes in and goes behind the bar to get a drink.

BRIAN:
Business isn t exactly booming, Pongo.

PONGO:
No one's got any money, Brian.

BRIAN:
Is that it? Where's Jack?

PONGO:
At his flat. He ain't feeling too good.

BRIAN:
I don't think he's going to get any better, the way things are shaping.

PONGO:
A geezer brought a note for you, Brian. Said it was urgent.

BRIAN:
Who was it?

PONGO:
Just a messenger. The note's here.

BRIAN:
You open it, Pongo, in case it's a summons.

Brian goes on shaking his cocktail while Pongo rips open the envelope to read.

PONGO:
It's from that judge geezer Melford Stevenson. Wants to see you. Can you have lunch at his club?

BRIAN:
(Snatches the note.) Let me see.

12/ INT SAVILLE CLUB

BRIAN:
No one better, I wouldn't have thought.

JUDGE MELFORD STEVENSON:

GEORGE FENWICK:
Here, what re these? (Shakes a pill bottle.) Oh, they're Leah's.

JACK:
They'll do. (He takes them from him.)

GEORGE FENWICK:
What you are, Jack, is a great organizer. You know how to manage a firm. You could get a few others and lift that payroll when it's the printers' bonus week.

JACK:
As it happens I do know a few blaggers what ain't working.

GEORGE FENWICK:
Reliable? With bonuses,

I can retire somewhere safe.

JACK:
I never did like that Tory paper!

GEORGE FENWICK:
Jack, keep well closed up about this. We don't want Tony Wednesday and a gang of Old Bill waiting when you show up.

JACK:
More closed than the grave, that's me, George. Cushty.

He slaps his hands together and puts on a record, Amen Corner's *Bend Me Shape Me.*

14/ INT JACK'S CLUB

The club is empty. Brian's agitated footsteps as he paces.

BRIAN:
What s this all about, Jack? I thought you didn't want to do regular blagging.

JACK:
This regular blagging. Thing is, Brian, there's this vacuum now the twins and the Richardsons are finished.

BRIAN:
Yeah, we'll be next

JACK:
No. The law says you can't have a vacuum.

BRIAN:
What law's that? One this poxy Labour Government slipped in?

JACK:
So either we fill the vacuum or Old Bill does. I'd say we've had enough of them thieving hounds grabbing shares.

BRIAN:
How do you know this Tony Wednesday and George Fenwick aren t setting you up?

JACK:
No, George wants a pension to get out with before he's nicked himself.

BRIAN:
Terrific choice, Jack. He's the Island doing 10 for the Great Train Robbery.

JACK:
George Fenwick's got a way to get him off.

BRIAN:
This has to be a getup and you're mug enough to fall for it.

JACK:
You don't know nothing, Brian.

BRIAN:
I know you're being had.

JACK:
You ain't got no bottle, son.

BRIAN:
Hah! Even if we got him off the Island, he might be less than happy about working for us. You nicked all his money from the train robbery.

JACK:
No, we looked after it for him.

BRIAN:
That is really taking the piss. How'd we get him out of prison anyway?

JACK:
It won't be hard. First we gotta see if he's up for it.

BRIAN:
You'd best think about alternatives as well.

JACK:
David Crutwell will be as good as gold. Get some false ID. You and Bobby can pop over and see him like you're his brief with new evidence for his appeal.

BRIAN:
Just like that.

JACK:
Easy-peasy, son.

BRIAN:
Why don't you do it?

JACK:

BRIAN:
What could go wrong?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Either you're being very naive or very stupid, Brian. A thousand things. Have you got false identities to go out to Parkhurst Prison?

BRIAN:
We're getting them. I'm taking Bobby Brown as my clerk.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Does Bobby even know how to write? Be careful. Having exposed myself trying to get you free of Jack, I don't want you to fall foul of the police and not get out of prison.

BRIAN:
I'll try to stay awake.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I'd best get back to the office.

16/ INT JOEY OLDMAN'S OFFICE

The telephone is ringing. Joey Oldman comes in and answers it.

JOEY OLDMAN:
This is Monument 2791 -

There are the beeps of a payphone and someone pushes button 'A' for the money to drop.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
(Via phone) Oh Joseph, thank goodness I've been trying you all afternoon.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Into phone) Margaret. You sound flustered. Is anything wrong?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
I have to see you straightaway, Joseph.

JOEY OLDMAN:
I've got a meeting at six. Can you go to the hotel?

MARGARET COURTNEY:
(via phone) No, I'd prefer somewhere as public as possible.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Into phone) The middle of London Bridge? The downriver side?

MARGARET COURTNEY:

I can be free in 30 minutes. I still love you, Joseph -

The phone goes dead. Joey Oldman presses the intercom.

JOEY OLDM

I can't do that, Joseph, whatever the consequences.

JOEY OLDMAN:
What you must do is give the appearance of agreeing to his wishes. We be extra careful about meeting.

MARGARET COURTNEY:
Oh Joseph, you darling brave man. I thought you were going to reject me, and never see me again.

JM OLDMAN:

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:
She married me. She's my possession. Bought and paid for, sir. When I'm done with her, I'll release her, but when I do I think you'll have no further use for her. Meanwhile, if you bring so much as a breath of scandal to my door I will make you very sorry. You know what I do, Oldman?

JOEY OLDMAN:
Some secret service for the Government. MI5 or something.

SIR RALPH COURTNEY:
I will destroy you, hurt not only you but your family. Do I make myself clear?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You don't scare me.

RALPH COURTNEY:
Then you're a bigger fool than I took you for. This is your only warning.

He turns and goes out, closing the door.

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Sotto voce) Goodbye to you, Sir Courtney -

He starts shaking as the door opens and Rita looks in.

RITA:
Can I go now Mr Oldman, are you okay? You're shaking. Can I get you a cuppa?

JOEY OLDMAN:
(Breathless) I'm fine Rita, thank you. I'll just sit down. Thank you. Go home please.

RITA:
If you're sure, sir -

She backs out closing the door.

19/ INT PARKHURST LEGAL ROOM

Bobby Brown paces nervously while Brian watches.

BRIAN:
Why don't you have a fag and calm down, Bobby.

BOBBY BROWN:
I don't think a whole packet of fags would calm me being in Parkhurst.

BRIAN:
At least you can walk out any time.

The screw goes out, banging the door behind him.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
I got your stiff, Bobby. I'm buggered if I want to go and work for that slag Jack Braden. I'll see him dead.

BOBBY BROWN:
No, it's all right now. Straight.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
You're crazy. He'll nick not just the lion's share, but everything.

BRIAN:
No he won't. Jack had the hump over the train robbery. Anyway, I'm running this.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
Very reassuring, Brian. You're part of his firm.

BRIAN:
No, me and Bobby have got our own firm. Jack just thinks it's his.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
What makes you think I can help you in here?

BRIAN:
We can help you, David, if you want some.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
This is Parkhurst. You don't just walk out.

BRIAN:
You get compassionate leave. Your old mum's gonna die.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
What again? The old girl popped her clogs 20 years ago.

BRIAN:
You had a visit a while back from Old Bill promising you could go over the wall if you grassed a few.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
I didn't give them dogs nothing.

BRIAN:
This is it, David. They get a few names. We get a bit of help.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
What they gonna do?

BRIAN:
The Old Bill got someone to switch your records to say your mum's still alive.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
I expect those two promisers can claim to bring her back from the dead?

BRIAN:
This perfect for you, David.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
They ain't gonna let me out without an escort.

BRIAN:
Screws are as bent as Old Bill. We'd sort them out.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
Why not just capture them and tie them up?

BRIAN:
The thing is, you have to come back after the blag.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
You gotta be kidding. Back here, while you lot jib me?

BRIAN:
If you don't come back, you got no alibi.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
I'd be on the run with a nice bit of dough like I should've from that train. What's the share?

BRIAN:
Halves, between those doing the blag and them fencing the money.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
I tell you what, Brian, I'd stiff a pig to get out of here. I won't come back.

BRIAN:
(Gets up) Well, that's it then. Come on, Bobby. This clown's a liability.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
Where you going? We hardly talked.

BRIAN:
We've heard enough, David. We'll find someone else. You can take your chances grassing a few to Old Bill. Ring the bell, Bobby.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
No, wait. Wait up. Can't I bring my share back here? I mean, wouldn't you be worried about Jack after the last turn out?

BRIAN:
That was Jack. This is me. A bent banker gets your share out of the country to wherever you want it to go. Only you get the details.

DAVID CRUTWELL:
I got to put a lot of trust in you, Brian. If this goes wrong for me, I'll top you. Somehow I'll get to you and top you.

BRIAN:
I'd better make sure it doesn't go wrong then.

He rings the bell for the screw.

BRIAN (NARRATOR):
Jack got nervous about the whole enterprise. He wasn't in control and didn't trust the blaggers not to run off with the money. He said David Crutwell couldn't be trusted, nor Bobby, nor could George Fenwick, even though he set up Crutwell's day release from Parkhurst prison just as he said he would. It was wearying the way Jack went on, and he started to make me nervous. In some ways I wished I'd gone on the blag. It couldn't have been any less nerve-racking than waiting for the phone call to say everything was done. When it didn't come Jack went berserk, said they were robbing him, that he'd shoot them all, including George Fenwick. Finally the call came. It had gone off without any trouble. They d stopped to let David Crutwell walk on the grass in Hyde Park. When I went to meet them in the underground car park there, the two prison officers were lounging against a car, joking with Bobby Brown and David Crutwell like they were old mates. When I gave each of them their envelope, one wanted to stop and count it, the other was too nervous to do so. Every penny of their monkey was there. After they'd gone with David Crutwell I checked the money, then locked it in an old Ford Popular I'd parked there earlier. Bobby and I were well-nervous about leaving it.
Success went straight to Jack's head. He started bragging about the blag like some kid who'd done his first gas meter. How long was it going to be before some grass carried this to the wrong Old Bill? George Fenwick played whatever waiting game he was playing. There was no nicking in sight for Jack. Instead he offered us another payroll blag. This one at the *Daily Mirror*. This one would be even bigger. We were on our way into Mayfair to see Julian Tyrwhitt and check on the progress of our money.

20/ INT JULIAN TYRWHITT'S OFFICE

Julian Tyrwhitt pops a champagne cork and pours some drinks.

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
You're a genius of organisation, Jack. Brilliant. Your army training must have stood you in good stead, what?

JACK:
Yes, it's all about planning. Our money's safely away is it?

JULIAN TYRWHITT:
All in Curacao.

JOEY OLDMAN:
Is that how you feel, Brian?

BRIAN:
We could always use a better price, dad. It might pay to shop around.

JOEY OLDMAN:
It increases your risk. You've got a narrow market for such money.

JACK:
How come the likes of you blokes do so well out of it then?

JOEY OLDMAN:
You're free to try elsewhere. See how long you survive.

JACK:
I know your game, Joey. Get me out the way and grab everything with Brian.

BRIAN:
Dad's right, Jack, it's too risky going with bag loads of dosh. You've got to have it sold before you get it.

JACK:
(Suddenly) I don't trust Bobby Brown on this one. It's too big.

BRIAN:
Then you do it with him.

JACK:

Joey seemed to live a charmed life. He didn't stop seeing Margaret Courtney and thought he was being clever changing hotels each time and checking he wasn't followed. But something went wrong somewhere: the door flew open and a photographer stepped in and snapped them in bed. This was a familiar procedure for divorce proceedings. Only Sir Ralph Courtney wasn't interested in evidence for a divorce, and he didn't go after Joey, but me, little realising that Joey wouldn't care ultimately, but there I am getting n9hcR.Bc3e Ih Co't9[ )]TJE