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Hue and Cry

By T.E.B. Clarke

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(Female soloist)

Oh, for the wings

For the wings

Of a dove

Far away

Far away would I rove...

(Choirboys) Oh, for the wings

For the wings of a dove

Far away, far away

Far away, far away would I rove

In the wilderness, build me a nest

And remain there forever at rest

In the wilderness, build me a nest

Build me a nest

And remain there forever at rest

In the wilderness, build me a nest...

Look, there's one.

- HK. It's one I haven't got.

- Ain't you tired of that lark yet?

(Singing continues from
inside the church)

"Enthralling new adventure

of Selwyn Pike, master sleuth,

"and his youthful assistant, Smiler."

- Watcher, chaps! Tea's up!

- Joe, any luck today?

No, I went for a job in an undertaker's.

I didn't get it.

- Come and see the boss at our milk bar.

- I might look him up tomorrow.

Load of tripe.

- Found it in the road.

- Listen.

"It was the work of a moment

for Smiler to force the window.

"He put one leg over

and dropped to the floor."

Where'd he leave the other?

"Two men lay in a pool of blood

at his feet."

Brr. I'm scared.

(All laugh)

"Pike must be informed at once

of this grim new development."

- (Scottish accent) That's my comic!

- Get out of it!

Get out of it!

"Smiler stepped back towards the window

but ere he could reach it,

"the garage door swung open

and Larry the Bull loomed up before him.

"Smiler opened his mouth to shout,

"but his cry of desperation

was instantly smothered

"as a large, rough hand closed over..."

Well, where's the rest of it?

What do you mean?

It must have blown away.

That's that.

I'll get you another one in the morning.

Tuppence, please.

Huh, you'll catch me

reading that kid's stuff.

Give us the "Trump", please.

"'Seiwyn Pike was a fast mover.

"'Eight minutes of breakneck driving

brought him to Wilmot Road.

"'Just in time.

"'There was the van.

"'Seiwyn Pike was still on its tail
when it pulled up in Granville Place.

"'It stopped outside number 81 3.

"'Two men jumped from it.'"

(Bus conductor) Great Queen Street!

"'Pike watched through narrowed eyes.

"'Yes, there they were.

"'Three wooden crates and the number
that Smiler had impressed upon him:

"'GZ 4216.

"'Pike frowned.

"'Two crates, two dead men.

But the third crate?

"'Smiler!

'By gad', he ejaculated, 'The fiends!'

"'It seemed only too clear..."

Mind out, you.

Look where you're going.

Excuse me, sir.
Are you Selwyn Pike?
No, my name is Higgins, sorry.
Three bodies I tell you!
In wooden crates!
You're crackers.
- Scared, are ya?
- Who, me?
- Get out of it.
- OK, let's get on with it.
Agh!
- Well!
- You're hurting me!
- Oh, yes.
- Let go, I'll explain.
You'll explain to the police.
Leave off! Oh!
(Non-native accent) Lies, lies, lies.
All big lies, I tell you, Inspector.
What I want bodies for in my business?
Mr Jago, please, I'm checking that number.
Sorry, inspector.
Terribly sorry.
But what a story.
Wherever I knew such lies!
You're sure it was GZ 4216?
Sure as I stand here, Inspector.
Just like in that paper.
Very interesting.
You see, there doesn't happen to be a GZ.
See, Inspector?
He makes it all in his head.
Why? He comes to rob my shop.
But I knew it all the time.
You've got your remedy.
I take it you wish to charge this boy.
Yes, I charge him.
You will send him to prison?
Right, we'll all three
get along to Bow Street.
To Bow Street? Me?
Now? Why?
- You're the one bringing the charge.
- But Inspector, what else shall I bring?

I've told you all I know.
- I'm sorry, you've got to come along.
- Oh, yes, but I can't come now.
I'm waiting for a customer of mine.
He comes at half past nine.
He's a very big customer.
Look here, Mr Jago.
Either you proceed in the proper manner
or you drop the charge.
Yes, please, sorry, I haven't understood.
He is a very big customer.
He can't find close to my shop.
You must understand, Inspector.
Well, right.
Well...I'll let the boy go.
What else can I do?
All right, son.
So sorry, Inspector.
I didn't like to waste your time.
If only it would have been tomorrow,
I could have managed.
Sorry.
That was lucky for you, son.
You'd better cut along. Where do you work?
- I'm just looking for a job.
- I see.
Well, watch your step.
- It was GZ 4216.
- Cut it out, son.
Supposing the number plates was false
and that bloke was a crook?
He wouldn't have sent for me, would he?
You ought to lay off
reading those shockers.
I don't think you're really a bad boy,
just a bit imaginative.
- If I put you in the way of a job...
- In the CID?
No, Covent Garden.
Do you know Nightingale's,
the fruit and vegetable place?
- No.
- Mr Nightingale is a friend of mine.
He's on the lookout

for a bright boy like you.
Take this along to him.
Tell him I sent you.
Detective Inspector Ford.
Send me up some alligators too.
What's that?
Yeah, I could do with
a fisherman's daughter.
That's the lot,
unless you've got some ins and outs in.
Oh, Jim, those tennis balls are
a bit of a duff lot. They're frosted.
How's the missus?
Oh, too bad.
Tell her to rub it with turpentine.
So long.
So you're the young fellow that sees
visions on the streets of London?
(Laughs)
What's your name?
- Joe Kirby, sir.
- That's right.
Detective Inspector Ford has just been
telling me about you. Started young, eh?
- Started what, guv'nor?
- The heebie-jeebies.
- Now, let me give you some advice, Joe.
- Yes, sir.
If ever you see a small jellied egg
in striped pyjamas,
riding a tricycle up the wall,
knock it off, boy.
Don't ever touch another drop.
- Good strong boy, are you?
- I reckon so.
Come here.
Come here, I'm not going to eat you.
Bend it, bend it slowly.
Oh, not a bad bit of muscle there.
All right, Joe, I'll try you out.
30 shillings a week, 5am to 1 pm.
And no daydreams in my time.
I wasn't dreaming.
(Laughs)

Tom, this is your new assistant,
Joe Kirby.

Show him the ropes.

And if you find any corpses
under those spuds, give me a whistle.

(Nightingale laughs)

(Vendor #1) Ho, razor blades, ho!

I got ya.

(Vendor #2) All elastic, our braces,
all elastic!

(Vendor #1) Razor blades, ho!

All elastic, our braces, all elastic!

- Our elastic braces!

- Razor blades!

(Vendor 2 laughs)

(General laughter)

(Train whistles past)

(Mr Kirby) What does he get,

young Johnson? Two quid a week?

Don't know how he does it. I couldn't
afford to play around with girls at his age.

- Now what's his nibs up to?

- Just practising, Dad.

- I've got a job.

- A job, have you?

I hope it's a good steady one this time.

- That's mine.

- I eat the crusts. I'm slimming.

I told you not to start a new loaf
before you finish the old.

Tell us, how much are you getting?

- I'm getting 30 bob a week.

- Money isn't everything my lad.

What's the prospects?

I wouldn't be surprised if I wasn't given
a very important job to do pretty soon.

- In the government?

- In the CID, if you must know.

Never mind about the job
you're going to get.

- What about the job you've got?

- It's in Covent Garden.

I was recommended

by a detective inspector.

I've got to carry ten baskets on me 'ead.
Well, it's not what I'd call
a real safe job,
but some of these porters
earn good money.

Dad, you know about car numbers?
I'll have a word with Ted Williams.
His son works in the market.

- Why ain't there no cars with GZ?
- I didn't know there wasn't.
It's flowers he goes in for.
Seasonal stuff.

White carnations would go well
with my new dance dress.

Joe, try and get us a couple.

White carnations. I've got
more important things to worry about.

Like joining the CID?

Some people ain't got the imagination.

I done a bit of good
for that detective inspector.

Kept me eyes open and what with this
crime wave, I wouldn't be surprised...

You've got a bit of sausage on your chin.

(Crashing)

(Mimics bombs dropping and exploding)

(Mimics machine-gun fire)

(Continues to mimic firing weapons)

Joe!

Seen any of the others yet?

No, why?

Roy Ellis ain't half been spinning a yarn.

- I should worry.

- He says they fetched a cop along to you.

Detective Inspector.

Detective Inspector!

Coo, what happened?

Nothing much,

'cept he gave me a job.

(Mimics bomb blasts and gunfire)

(Crashing sounds and children playing)

Wotcher, Dicky.

Look who's walked in.

(Coughing)

(Roy) Found them bodies yet, Joe?
(Loud chattering)
(Tune of "Ten Green BottIes")
Three dead corpses rotting in a box
- You shouId have your brains tested.
- (Boys) ...rotting in a box
And if one dead corpse
shouId accidentaIIy rot
There'II be two dead corpses
rotting in a box
Two dead corpses rotting in a box
Two dead corpses rotting in a box...
(Roy) Never mind. I bet you gave them cops
the best Iaugh they've had for years!
I've got two more sets compIete, Joe.
(Roy) Don't taIk to him about car numbers.
- I've got aII the Xs and Gs.
- You ain't got GZ, Arthur, I know that.
- I have.
- You can't have, there ain't one.
Let's see it.
Where?
There. GZ 4216.
I got it this morning.
GZ 4216!
(Boy mimics cockereI crowing)
You give it back!
(SquabbIing)
Shut up aII of ya!
Where d'you see it?
On my way to work,
coming out of the garage.
Why, what's up?
A garage.
It aII fits.
It aII fits! The van in the story came out
of a garage. They transferred the bodies.
There wasn't any bodies.
you saw that.
- Might mean something eIse, though.
- What do you mean?
That's right, don't you see?
It's sort of a code.
I bet them furs was stoIen.

No, I thought of that.
It can't be. That bloke
wouldn't have dared send for the police.
- Why not?
- (Beats)
- You pipe down.
- Pipe down yourself. Go on, Clarry.
He took a chance
the cops wouldn't believe Joe.
Now if he goes to 'em again
they'll just laugh.
- He's a crook that bloke in the shop!
- Course he's a crook.
Crooks with a code in a kids' paper(!)
What for anyway?
To get their orders from the boss,
like in the stories.
Why don't the boss just tell 'em?
Because he doesn't want them
to know who he is.
Yes.
Who is he, then?
Feller that owns the paper?
Might be, or the bloke
that writes them stories.
Felix H Wilkinson.
Why not Bing Crosby?
Felix H Wilkinson.
Yeah.
I wonder if he's in the telephone book.
There he is.
F H Wilkinson.
Come on.
(Loud whirring)
(Man's voice echoes)
Your fate is in my hands.
(Slow laughter)
Nothing can save you now.
Nothing.
You're all alone
and I have a silencer on this gun.
You've only got five seconds to live...
(Dictaphone) 'the pistol barked.
A spurt of yellow flame.

'Pike's nostrils were assailed
by the familiar smell, er...
'Correction, aroma.'
Who are you?
What are you doing here?
We... We thought
we was going to be murdered.
The door was open.
Oh!
What a jape, eh?
No, I left the door open for Otto, my cat
And that's Dick.
Dick the Dictaphone.
(Chuckles)
Well, look, come in,
come in and sit down.
Just one moment.
There you are.
Well, what...what can I do for you?
Well, sir, we've been reading
that story of yours
about "Mr Pike And The Scarlet Death".
Ah!
My public.
Him being tied to that circular saw
and the poison gas seeping in...
Five more days to find out
if he gets away...
...Smiler when they drop
that black widow spider in the crate...
- We was thinking, Mr Wilkinson...
- You might...
Tell us.
Thank you a thousand times.
This is really the most scrumptious
compliment I've ever been paid.
- You will?
- Of course, by all means.
One moment though, I...think this calls
for a little liquid refreshment, eh?
(Chuckles)
What's he going to give us?
I don't know.
Sip it careful.

- Hey, Alec!
- What?
- This. "A Study Of Codes And Ciphers".
- Look out!
(Chuckles)
Ginger pop.
Come along now, fellows, help yourselves.
No, no, no. Not that one!
Mine has, er...gin in it.
Bung ho!
Mmm! Yum, yum, yum.
And now for the answer
to your touching request.
"Selwyn Pike And The Scarlet Death."
Instalment number four.
'Crack!
'The sound of the pistol shot
echoed and reverberated
'through the sepulchral darkness
of the lonely mill.
'Selwyn Pike, his neck a bare six inches
from the cruel blades of the whirling saw,
'was aware that something akin to
a miracle had occurred.
'He had told nobody of his plan
to visit Zanzibar Street.'
- Where?
- What?
What is the matter?
The mill where Mr Pike went
was in Lambeth Road.
- I never use real streets in my stories!
- It says Lambeth Road in here.
What?
Oh, crumbs.
What a frightening picture.
So that's what Selwyn Pike looks like.
I say, a bit of a boulder, I'm afraid.
Not at all as I imagined him.
But ain't you never seen
this here paper before?
Gracious me, no.
I create these stories.
Why bless my soul,

you boys are perfectly right.

It is Lambeth Road!

Now, what on earth induced them
to change that?

- Wait.

- Oh!

- And here's a split infinitive.

- (Joe) Mr Wilkinson...

- And all appearing under my name.

- Mr Wilkinson.

We reckon it's used
as a code by crooks.

I'll never live it...

What?

Crooks?

My stories?

That there van.

I've seen it in Great Queen Street,
unloading three crates.

Another boy saw it too!

Here's the addresses.

By the Lord Harry!

Do you mean my stories

have been distorted by some...

- Master criminal.

- Exactly.

Some master criminal,

as a means of sending instructions to his,
er...minions?

Without betraying his own identity.

(Sighs)

Stupendous.

Just like Captain X in "Selwyn Pike
And The Footprints On The Ceiling".

He used the agony column
in the "Morning Gazette".

My story.

Let me see that.

"Granville Place, Great Queen Street,
Wilnot Road, Woburn Avenue."

1 from 4 leaves 3,

and 16 and 14...

Ah!

Ah-ha!

Got something, have you?

Yes.

- What is it?

- The key.

The key to your precious code,
the "London Postal Guide".

Granville Place, turn ten pages
and the corresponding position
is Great Queen Street!

Just as I thought,
with two, three, four added.

- How do you work that out?

- Well may you ask.

The scoundrels have purloined
the code I invented
for "The Case Of The Limping Skeleton",
the child of this brain!

- Who's going to tell the police?

- The police?

(Joe) Yeah, the cops.

- Tell the police!

- (Joe) What's the matter?

Huh.

Well...

This is a big powerful gang
we've stumbled on!

They would never show a shred of mercy
on anyone who...peached on them.

- But if they all get arrested

- Some may get away.

And they'll be sure to avenge
their comrades, ruffians of that breed,
like the survivors in
"The Case Of The Crowded Coffins".

They reappeared literally from the grave,
to cut the throat
of poor old Sillas Cobleigh.

- (Joe) See here, Mr Wilkinson...

- And remember

Remember what happened to Nicky the Nark
in "The Case Of The Creeping Death".

Yeah, but those sort of things
only happen in stories.

Are you suggesting that stories

can never come to life?
Look, don't be rash, boys.
Leave me out of it, I implore you.
Leave me out of it.
I want no part of it at all!
Ah.
Otto.
Come...Otto.
Boys.
Don't forget Nicky the Nark.
(Church bells toll)
Morning, Harry. Nice weather.
Wotcher, mind your backs please!
Yoi-yoi!
Yoi-yoi!
Oi-oi!
Mind your backs, please.
Oi-oi.
(Nightingale) Joe!
I've just been telling the inspector
about your latest findings
and, er...he'd like to
have a word with you.
What's the idea, son?
I thought I'd done you a good turn.
You have too.
Then why do you keep on wasting my time?
All this nonsense about crooks and codes.
But it ain't nonsense, Inspector.
There's a racket being worked.
Here's the codes they're using.
Check that out
with the "London Postal Guide"
and have a look at this story too.
Did you make this code up?
- Me? No, course I didn't.
- Who did?
Who made up this code?
- It was in a story in the "Trump".
- I thought so.
- I've just about had enough of this.
- I ain't sprucing!
It was in "The Case Of
The Limping Skeleton"

Cut it out!

I've been very patient with you,
but you're going to
get into serious trouble.
The next time I come here
it won't be simply to warn you.
You believe me don't you, guv?
Yeah.

Sure, Joe. Sure.

I believe you.

I even believe in Santa Claus.

(Laughs)

Can I carry your bag, Miss Davis?

No thank you, Norman, dear.

Do you work on the "Trump", mate?

- Do you work on the "Trump", mate?

- Yeah, why?

Have you got a date with her or something?

No, sometimes we go the same way, see.

Why?

What do you want?

- A peek at next week's story in advance.

- You ain't asking much.

Wait till you've heard what I know.

(Train whistle)

I reckon Joe ought to
have his head examined,
blowing the gaff to some Camberwell kid.
And bringing him along here.

How else could we find
who's changing the stories?

We'd be proper stuck.

For all we know,
that kid's in the racket himself.

Joe says he's all right.

Did I ask you?

We don't want you.

- Who said so?

- I said so!

(Mimics seagull cries)

Here they come.

(Chattering)

Blimey, dapper little beggar, ain't he?

(Puts on posh accent) I say, what a

shocking place to bring a fellow to!
Turn it up, Roy. This is him, fellows.
Norman Peleey.

Come on.

Who's the crook on your paper?

Be nice to know, wouldn't it?

There's no one at the office
altering them stories.

I made sure.

And it can't be the comps.

- That means the printers.

- And Joe said it couldn't be Wilkinson.

- Now who are we left with?

- It doesn't matter about that now.

We've got next week's paper.

- He gave it to me.

- In code?

- We worked it out.

- Is there a job?

Them crooks are going to
bust into Ritchie's.

In the West End?

What, that big place in Oxford Street?

(Excited shouting)

That's it. Ritchie's, the big
department store in Oxford Circus.

- Get out!

- How does the next bit start?

- Buzz off, this ain't no reading circle.

- Get on with it, then.

There's Tattoo Jack and his gang
and they're going to break in,
eight o'clock tomorrow night.

Thanks to Norman, we've got
half a day's start to plan.

They won't get a dekko at this
until tomorrow morning.

Boxing.

(Reads slowly, like a child)

"It was apparent to Smiler

"that he had been...misled

"for...the newcomer...was...Tattoo Jack!"

Right.

That's all we want to know.

Tattoo Jack is doing the job this week.

Working tonight, dear?

- No, not me. Tattoo Jack.

- Good, we can go to the pictures.

OK, boys.

We're running tonight.

- Why? Who's doing the job?

- Tattoo Jack.

Must be something special.

(Phone rings)

Detective Sergeant Fothergill.

Who?

I see.

Carry on.

MacLean.

This evening?

Do you mean Ritchie's at Oxford Circus?

Yes.

Yes, thanks for the tip.

We'll follow that up.

- Wallis, Meadows.

- Sergeant?

Anonymous tip-off, for what it's worth.

- Possible job at Ritchie's.

- Do you want us to go?

Yes, I'll come with you.

Eight o'clock.

- Any idea who?

- Bunch of kids, so the nark said.

- Detective Sergeant Fothergill.

- OK, sir.

(Clocks chime)

'Six stone, two pounds.'

(Clock chimes)

'17 stone, 4 pounds.'

(Clattering)

(Grunting)

(General cries of panic)

'30 stone, 5 pounds.'

(Boys shout and clamour)

'40 stone.'

(Running out of power)

'40...stone.'

'...40...stone.'

(Ciamouring continues)
- Come 'ere!
- Dicky, heIp me!
(Dicky) I've got him!
(Boy) Oi! Come on!
(Ciamouring continues)
Keep hoId of him!
(CIarry) In here!
'Ere, get off me!
Get him, Joe!
Let me go! Ow!
Lay off! Stop it!
(Shouting continues)
Get hoId of him!
That net there! Come on.
Joe, get him on the floor.
(Scream)
Oi, get down!
(Shouting continues)
(Shouting) Let me out of here, pIease!
HeIp, heIp!
HeIp!
(WhistIe bIows)
- What's up?
- Kids!
Big kids, IittIe kids, tough kids,
thousands of them aII over the pIace!
(Confused shouting)
- (AIec) Let me go!
- (PoIiceman) Hey!
What's going on here?
Here y'are, we caught the Iot.
- PhiIIips!
- Sergeant FothergiII!
Don't stand there gaping, man!
Get us out of this!
Beat it, beat it!
Beat it, out that way!
(Night watchman whistIing)
Come here!
- (PoIiceman) Right, Sergeant.
- We've got them trapped!
For Pete's sake, get me out of this!
(Night watchman's whistIe continues)

We're done for.
Oi, come 'ere, quick!
- Give us help. Anybody got a torch?
- I've got one, Roy.
(Hurried whispers)
Last one put the lid back.
(Echoed mutterings)
(Roy) Get down there
before the cops come!
- Come on!
- Get down there!
- Coo, don't it pong.
- What do you expect in a sewer? Violets?
This is where my dad works.
Where do we go from here?
Where do you want to go?
Piccadilly? Strand?
They run just like the streets.
Well, come on.
(Echoed chatter)
They can't have got out this way.
They must be somewhere.
Might have doubled back inside, sir.
Take a look round the basement.
I'll try the furnace room.
Get on the lower
and warn the patrol car to keep a lookout.
You come with me.
- (Shouts) Here it is!
- (Boys) Hurray!
(Joe) Good old Roy!
(Excited shouting)
(Grunts)
- What's up?
- It's stiff.
(Both grunt)
(Panting)
It's no use.
We'd better find another one.
It's all right, Alec.
We'll get out, won't we Joe?
What?
Oh, sure.
Come on.

I can't go on, I can't go on, I can't!
- It won't be for long, Allec.
- I can't!
I can't, I can't!
(Crying) I can't, I can't!
(Chatter)
Shut up, all of you!
(Shouting dies down)
- Let's have a go at it.
- It's no use.
(Radio) 'FY calling 12A.
'Oxford Circus, vicinity of Ritchie's.
'Number of boys seen '
Cor, fresh air.
My mum didn't half go off the deep end.
I told my old man I rescued a kid from the canal.
- Did he believe you?
- Dunno. He clouted me.
They can't send me to borstal,
I'm too young.
Oh, shut up. Nobody is going to borstal.
Break into a West End store,
beat up the watchman,
tie down the cops
and expect to get away with it?
- Don't make me laugh.
- How're they going to know?
Don't take any notice, Joe.
Them coppers wasn't after us,
they was after the crooks.
- Then why didn't the crooks turn up?
- Joe!
Joe!
There's a couple of coppers
standing round by the ruins.
I did, I see 'em!
What did I tell you?
Come on, I'm getting out of here quick.
Where's that water?
- You going, Roy? Where you going?
- Any place'd be healthier than here.
- Why don't they come here and get us, eh?
- Figure that out for yourself.

That Camberwell pal of yours is a nark.

- He knows about the ruins, don't he?

- The dirty little rat.

- What are we going to do?

- (Mimics Clarry) What are we going to do?

If we could find them crooks...

Or maybe we ought to go to the police.

Shove it down there, Dicky.

- Out of the way.

- Who you shoving?

Take your fancy ideas somewhere else.

(Shouting and clamouring)

(Clarry) Hit him!

Come on, Joe!

Hit him, Joe!

Dicky, you bring that bowI back,
this minute.

Go on, bash him, bash him!

Blimey, look who's here!

Norman the nark!

(Norman) Joe!

Hey, fellows, turn it up!

Joe!

- Norman! What's up?

- I've got a clue. I've seen Wilkinson.

- You have?

- Yeah.

- My boss wanted the story early.

- Did you get it?

- Lap it up.

- No.

Wilkinson says he posted it last night,
he always puts it in the post on Sundays.

- (Joe) So what?

- We don't ever get it before Tuesday.

- Are you sure of that, Norman?

- Course.

Miss Davis opens it

and I take it to the old man.

- Miss Davis. Does she open all letters?

- Yes, but she's all right.

- Not so fast...

- It can't be her.

- Is she good-looking?

- She's a smasher.
'Ere, come off it.
What's the idea?
- I swear...
- How do you reckon she works it?
Supposing she puts the story
in her pocket first thing Monday.
She can take it home, muck it about
and send it back by Iast post.
I'II bet ya that's it!
- That dirty, double crossing...
- Now we've got to get some evidence.
He's off again.
It's our big chance, Allec.
If we can find them crooks,
we don't have to worry.
- Where does this bird live, Norman?
- Hampstead way somewhere.
- I'II try and find out.
- Might make her suspicious.
- We'II traiI her.
- Six o'clock tomorrow.
- Yeah.
- Biggest load of bull I've ever heard.
Poor old Roy.
He don't finish work until seven.
- Coming on my bus, Miss Davis?
- Yes, Norman, I am tonight.
Hurry along, hurry along, please!
One more only.
Oh no, you go, Norman.
You've got further to go than me.
- What did you do that for?
- Where's she gone?
- We've lost her now.
- I couldn't help it.
- That's a fine thing!
- Let's get off.
It's no use yelling, get off quick.
(Shouting)
- Look out!
- Watch out!
(Joe) Across the road, fellers,
hurry up!

There she is.
(Joe) Taxi!
Taxi! Taxi, oi!
Taxi!
Hey, taxi!
(Joe) Taxi!
- Taxi!
- Taxi!
Taxi!
That's torn it.
- No it hasn't, we'll take a bus.
- Where to, you silly little shrimp?
Number 31 , Moyne Road.
That's where the lady told the driver.
I was holding the taxi door.
Cor!
Good old Alec!
Come on!
Shh!
(Whispers) Go on, Alec.
What do you want here?
Can you spare something
for the choir outing?
What choir?
St Mark's, Miss.
Haven't I seen you somewhere before?
I don't know.
I expect you've seen me in church.
(Tapping of typewriter keys)
Ah yes, that must be it.
Come along in, dear. I'll get my bag.
I want to tell you about the outing.
- You shall. Come along.
- No, I'll stop here.
Oh no you won't.
This was the one they use.
- We've got her.
- Look out!
I get it.
I thought as much.
We'll see what the police have to say.
- (Joe) Good old Dicky!
- (Clarry) Round the chair, Dicky!
I'll break your necks!

Lay off, will you?
Cut it out!
You'll get five years and the cat!
Take your filthy paws off me.
(Miss Davis) Well, what happens now?
What now, Joe?
Don't you think
you're going to get away with this.
(Whistles)
What's happened?
We've tied her up.
What?
Here, quick. Have a look at this.
Was them stories done on the same machine?
I don't know.
Supposing she's seen me with you.
- What am I going to say to her?
- She won't be there.
- You can talk, I've got a job to lose.
- What's that bird's name?
Her? Rhona Davis.
Why is this addressed to
Miss Rhona Watson?
Why don't she use her right name
at your office?
I'm going to ring my boss and tell him
we're really on to something.
- That's right, come on!
- Dicky, Al, watch her, make her talk!
You get back on guard!
Do we go back in there?
You heard what he said.
We've got to make her talk.
Couldn't we tickle her?
Don't talk silly.
But it worked fine in "The Case Of
The Cross-Eyed Chinaman".
No, I'm in a call box.
Speedwell 9446, it's about
two minutes from her place.
I'm going to ring up Inspector Ford.
Stop where you are and I'll call you back.
They'll be OK. You stick where you are
and don't leave that box.

Good Iad.

HeIIo.

HeIIo, Exchange.

HeIIo?

You're going to taIk
if I stay here aII night!

Who's your boss?

(Sighs)

I'II scar you for Iife!

Oh, why don't you go home to Mother?

And you too, you siIIy IittIe squirt.

I don't know,

it made OId Ming Po taIk aII right.

Go off to your paIs.

They knew what was good for them.

They Ieft you to carry the can.

I wouIdn't Iike to be in your shoes
when my paIs turn up.

AIec, come here.

They won't be Iong now,

I'm expecting them any minute.

Water torture.

Then you'II know

what it means to be tough.

(Sneers)

(Screams)

(Screaming) Get it away!

- Stop it.

- Take it away!

- Do you want to taIk?

- Yes, yes!

(Stops screaming)

- OK, who runs your racket?

- It's...

(Man) DonaId Duck.

- You there, undo those cords.

- Yes, sir.

Get a move on.

Hurry, hurry, come on.

Got him!

- Joe, Joe!

- What's happened?

- A bIoke turned up.

- One of the crooks.

I knocked him cold.
Dicky's tied him up.
Lovely grub. That'll show Ford.
- Nightingale is trying to contact him.
- We're not going to wait now, are we?
Well, I don't know
He told me not to move.
You gave him the address,
he'll find his way all right, come on!
(Car revving)
Look!
Oh, they've got Dicky!
We'll never see him again,
I know we won't.
He might have run for it.
We never ought to have left him.
They'll find him in the river.
Mark it, can't ya?
Get a move on!
Who's going to tell her?
Joe, I suppose.
You don't think it's a woman's job?
- She don't like me.
- She hates me.
Hey, Joe!
Dicky!
I got in the back of their car!
They're packing up,
getting all their stuff out of London.
- We thought you were dead.
- Pipe down.
King's Cross, that's where they went.
The bloke I tied up's gone to Glasgow.
Where've they got the stuff?
I know where they're shifting it.
Ballard's Wharf.
Cor, if you'd have seen me
crouching there beside them...
(Dicky's mother) Here, what's all this?
I might have known it.
You ought to be ashamed of yourself
hanging round the streets!
Grr, the old mare!
Don't bother about her.

BaIIard's Wharf.

How many crooks' names

do you remember out of the "Trump"?

Forget the "Trump".

- What's Ford going to do?

- I've got a big idea.

- Again?

- Give him a chance, Norman.

Larry the BuII and SIimy Sam.

HoIy Noakes and Chopper WiIson

that used to bump off bIondes.

Come on, Norman.

PopIar Pete.

He tried to chuck SeIwyn Pike

into a bath of acid.

What is this idea?

Benjamin CutIer, Eddie The Moose

and Smoky Andrews.

He tried to pIug SmiIey with a poisoned

dart in "Death Comes At Midnight".

Smoky Andrews.

Ford wiII have to beIieve us

if we round up this Iot.

Us round 'em up?

Us and a Iot of others.

Listen, the heads know the game's up, see.

But the other bIokes don't.

They'II be Iooking

in their "Trump" next week.

For their orders.

That's it.

Listen, couId you pinch WiIkinson's story

out of the post tomorrow?

- Same as Rhona used to?

- I suppose I can, but...

You've got nothing to worry about.

There'II be another story aLong

at your office.

- Are you going to write it?

- Me?

No.

No, I won't do it.

It's asking too much.

I won't even consider it.

Then I'll have to let them crooks know
you put us on to their code.

- (Whimpers) This is blackmail.

- That's right.

But if you write the story the way
I've asked, no one would even know.
Such base ingratitude.

Larry the Bull, Slimy Sam, Chopper
Do you want them all included?

Yes, and don't forget the password,
"Seagull".

- When do you want this done?

- First thing.

I've never written a story of this length
in under two days!

You'll have to bust your record.

Remember what happened to Nicky the Nark.

It'll mean missing all my sleep.

But all of it.

Oh, how I loathe

adventurous-minded boys.

Guv'nor, what happened?

Did he create? There was a bloke,
came and rescued 'em. If you'd...

Give us a chance.

Do you mean last night?

Yes. Inspector Ford.

Was he wild when he found them gone?

- He was Joe, pretty wild.

- He's going to be thanking us.

- I think we are on to the boss.

- You're onto the boss of the gang?

I reckon he got the others out.

I don't know his name yet, but I've got
the number of his car, EMU 20.

Carry on, this is interesting.

I know where he's putting
that stuff he pinched.

- How?

- A pal of mine.

- Not bad, eh?

- Very smart.

I don't know if you'll be able to
get on to Inspector Ford again.

- He won't believe it?
- After last night, of course.
- He will once we round up the gang.
- What have you got in mind?
The boss is moving his swag
to Ballard's Wharf,
so we're having a special story
in the "Trump",
telling the others to pinch it.
And you catch them red-handed?
That's the idea. Making a real big do
of it, Saturday afternoon.
- Reckon it'll work?
- I'm sure it'll work.
I'm sure it'll work a treat.
- The Battle of Ballard's Wharf.
- Yeah.
(Both laugh)
(Nightingale laughs manically)
(Car door slams)
Guv!
(Car revs)
Guv'nor!
Guv!
(Miss Davis) "Never had there been
such an assembly of desperados
"as met on the Saturday afternoon."
(Nightingale laughs)
"Thieves, kidnappers, stick-up men,
blackmailers, bullies, murderers..."
(Nightingale continues to laugh)
"...all listened eagerly,
their villainous faces aglow,
"as Larry the Bull
outlined his evil plan."
(Laughs wildly)
"'That kid, Smiler,' announced Larry
with a triumphant grin,
"has played right into our hands.
He's led us all unwitting to the plunder.
"Let us hie forthwith to number 401 ,
Crampton Street..."
What? Let me see that.
- Why, what's the matter?

- Those little...
That's the code for my place,
not Ballard's Wharf. They've found out.
- What?
- Heavens, don't be so dumb.
That I never shifted the stuff
to the wharf.
They're sending all our chaps
to my warehouse.
- What will you do? What about me?
- Oh.
(Unsettling music)
(Music fades out)
Working overtime eh, Joe?
Where are the others?
Your pals.
No use you holding out.
I've just been reading my "Trump".
Where are they, Joe?
Ballard's Wharf.
Now, now. What's the good of you
telling me lies?
I know you've changed the story.
They're at Ballard's Wharf.
- For the last time...
- I'm telling you, at Ballard's Wharf.
To catch them with the stuff, we told them
to fetch it and take it there.
I see.
Well, I didn't get that far in the story.
So, you and I are all alone, eh?
That's fine.
- You've taken a tip from me, eh?
- I have?
Sure. I put a phony story in
the "Trump" to catch you, didn't I?
Sent you to Ritchie's,
but you were too smart for me
and now I've been too smart for you.
Wise move of mine,
getting you working here.
See, Joe, after that business at Jago's,
I had to keep a special eye on you.
Pick up them oranges.

Mustn't have the place looking untidy.

We're expecting visitors.

(Chuckles)

It's going to be quite an occasion.

Their first meeting with the big shot.

What time are they invited for?

They'll be here any minute now.

I stayed behind to open up.

How were you to account

for your presence?

That was the idea of putting

a password in the story.

They'd wear me all right

once I'd give that.

Yes, of course, the password.

I was forgetting.

What made you pick on

that particular word?

Seemed like a good sort of signal.

There's one of our blokes,

he can make a noise...

What particular word?

The password.

Cor, blimey, I was forgetting.

You didn't get that far into the story.

Oh! Let me go!

Oh, you're hurting me!

You'll not get it out of me.

You didn't know the password, did you?

- You brute, you!

- Hah!

(Laughs)

(Continues to laugh)

Who are you?

I'm the boss.

(Grunts)

Who are you?

Seaguill.

Now that's more like it.

- Young Smiler, eh?

- That's right, mate.

- So he's the boss of this place.

- Seems like it.

I was sent to open up and he copped me.

Tie him and gag him, Larry.
Get on with the loading.
I'll keep watch.
Any sign of danger and I'll strobe by
whistling "The Lambeth Walk".
Pass it on to the others.
(Phone rings)
Operation Seagull.
(Mimics seagull)
(Seagull calls continue)
Operation Seagull.
OK.
It's worked, come on!
(Bicycle bells tinkle)
Yeah, I've just got time.
Come on fellows, it's time!
Come on, get going!
(Bicycle bells tinkle continuously)
She won't take it, Larry.
What's that?
Kids.
Oh.
(American Indian war cry)
Come on!
(Shouting)
...and showery in the north of England
and Scotland.
Here's a late item of news, just come in.
Urgent, all boys wanting a big adventure,
go immediately
to Ballard's Wharf, Shadwell...
And make it snappy.
Keep it up, boys!
Keep it up!
Ugh!
(Animal cry)
Ugh!
(Gasps for breath)
(Shouting) Get a load of this!
(All shouting)
(Boys continue shouting)
(Mimics battle noises)
(Tyres screech)
Get 'em off me!

All of 'em, get 'em off me!
(Clarry gasps)
(Groans)
(Boys shout)
I've got him!
- Bash him!
- Pull his hair!
(Clarry) Kick 'em!
(Groans)
- (Boy) Oh, you coward!
- (Man) Do the lot of 'em!
(Car door slams)
Stop that van!
(Shouting)
(Bicycle bells tinkle)
(Shouting continues)
(Bicycle bells tinkle)
(Tyres screech)
(Tyres screech again)
(Distant shouting)
(Sighs)
(Grunts)
(Shouts) Nightingale!
(Nightingale laughs)
(Joe screams)
No you don't, my boy.
(Joe cries out)
Come here, my boy!
(Joe cries out)
(Joe screams)
(Nightingale) Oh!
(Grunts loudly)
(Air escaping)
(Boys' shouts approach)
(Whooping)
(All shouting) Well done, Joe!
(Shouting fades away)
(Choirboys) Oh, for the wings,
for the wings of a dove
In the wilderness,
build me a nest
And remain there forever
Oh, for a dove