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# Victim

By Janet Green

Thanks, Mrs. P.

You're a fine one, Jack, waking me up. You know I'm on nights.

Just a sec.

Yeah, okay, the Chequers, then. Yes, I heard.

The fat parcel, back of your wardrobe. Yeah, I'll find it.

Look, don't waste time talking. Yeah, bye.

- Mrs. Pesco?

- Yes.

Uh, we're police officers.

We'd like a word about your lodger, Barrett. Jack Barrett.

- Ah. Won't you come in, please.

- Thank you.

Oh, Mr. Melville Farr's chambers?

Can I speak to Mr. Farr, please?

Mmm? Oh. Barrett. Jack Barrett.

Oh, thank you.

He's quite a giant killer, this Major Humphries.

How long has he been running his head against this particular brick wall?

Three years, Mr. Farr...

Ever since the Rural district Council designated his land for acquisition as a housing estate.

Well, he's in the right, you know.

It's beyond their powers under the '57 Housing Act.

He's strangled in red tape.

Do you think we should take it on, sir?

The major's funds must be running a bit low.

- Who are his solicitors?

- Hambury and Wilcox.

I'd let them worry about that if I were you.

The point is, the major's right, the ministry's wrong, and I should like to make them squirm.

Mr. Jack Barrett for you, Mr. Farr.

He says it's very urgent.

All right, William, uh, telephone Major Humphries's solicitors.

Arrange a meeting sometime next week.

Very good, sir.

Put him through.

Barrett?

If I hear from you again,

I shall inform the police.

Do you understand?

That's absolutely final.

- Boy's a bit exclusive today, isn't he?

- Yes, he doesn't look any too happy.

- Was that Barrett coming back?

- Yes.

You'd hear a pin fall on a feather, P.H.

Compensation for dead eyes, dear boy.

2,000.

- 2,300.

- All right, but what are you gonna do?

- Did the police come?

- Yes. I had to nip out pretty smartish.

- Did you get the parcel?

- Yes. It's in your bag, under here.

- The point is, what are you gonna do?

- Oh, I don't know.

Look, just go to a cinema and

sit it out till it's dark.

- No, no.

- What then?

Better you go now.

Then you can't tell 'em.

I wouldn't give you away.

- They'd twist it out of you. - No,

they w - They wouldn't, mate. Look-

I'll be all right now, Eddy.

Thanks for bringing the parcel.

No, no, you stay and finish my beer.

- Well, watch yourself now.

- Yeah.

What's the matter with boy, Eddy?

Oh, he's all right.

- Did you get Barrett?

- No, sir.

Gave us the slip. Sorry, sir.

- "Sorry" never arrested anyone, Sergeant.

- No, sir.

- Find anything in his room?  
- Nothing worth a penny, sir.  
Clean, tidy, very bare.  
I had a talk with the landlady.  
Boy never went anywhere.  
Hardly a shirt to his name.  
Lived out of tins in his room.  
- This has a familiar ring, bridie.  
- Yes, sir.  
When you bring him in  
we shall find the answer.  
- Send out a general alert.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Get on with it, bridie.  
- Yes, sir.  
Hello, Farr. I was hoping  
I might bump into you.  
- Ah, yes? - It's about  
this charity subscription -  
Charles, you've made a  
fortune for your shareholders.  
- Why don't you ask them to stump up a bit?  
- I've tried, my dear fellow.  
But they're most uncooperative.  
- Hello, Mandrake.  
- Charles.  
- Hello, Farr.  
- I've seen your exhibition.  
Congratulations. I thought the industrial  
photographs were absolutely splendid.  
- Thank you.  
- Have you seen his show?  
- No, I haven't.  
- Well, you should. It really is excellent.  
Excuse me, milord.  
Telephone call for you, sir.  
- Who is it?  
- A Mr. Barrett.  
Oh, not in, thompson.  
Want a drink before lunch?  
Better let me get them. You'll need all  
your money for Charles's subscriptions.  
Oh. So you've turned up again, boy.  
Hello, Miss benham.

I want to see Mr. Doe.

- Is he in?

- I'll see.

Ah!

So the prodigal has  
returned, Miss Benham.

Looked us up again, eh?

Can I speak to you?

Shall I say yes, or shall I say no?

Please, Harold.

All right. I don't hold malice.

Let's hear what you've got to say.

Come along. Why aren't you working?

- Got the afternoon off.

- Very nice.

Just going to make a cup of tea.

Harold, I want you to promise  
me something. It's important.

Promise?

Well, it's waited six months.

Surely it can wait a little longer.

No, it can't. It's got to be now.

Now?

Are you dictating to me?

Harold, listen, please.

I said "please" once, boy.

It didn't have much effect, did it?

- This is different.

- Oh, I see.

You've got to promise me  
you'll never tell anyone.

Tell? Have I got anything to tell?

Well, yes. You remember.

Back last spring...

When I -When I left.

Oh, that.

Well, there's no fun in gossip  
unless you can mention names.

You never did, did you?

Not that secrets don't have  
a horrid way of leaking out.

Did you find out the name, Harold?

Did you? I must know!

What do you mean, "must"?

I don't think I'm going to  
tell you. Just sweat it out.  
I know what horrid imaginings are.  
Now you're going to have your share.  
You look at me as if you hate me.  
That's a very good guess.  
For God's sake, get out!  
Come back when I'm in a better temper!  
No, I'm sorry, Mr.  
Barrett. Mr. Farr has left.  
No, I haven't seen him since lunch.  
Hmm.  
Yes, I agree, but by inclination  
we're all individualists.  
Every man wants to  
own his own business...  
But the pressure of modern commerce...  
Is gradually pushing the  
independent trades out of existence.  
Now, my plan is to let  
them keep their autonomy...  
But at the same time have all the  
advantages the combines enjoy...  
Through an associated  
purchasing company.  
You haven't heard a damn  
word I've been saying.  
Yes. Yes, I have. It's a fine  
plan. It'll help a lot of people.  
You only heard because you're trained to  
listen with one ear and look with the other.  
You really care about people, don't you?  
Yes. Yes, of course I do.  
Sorry, Phip. I know you don't  
like people coming to the showroom.  
Not me, old mate. The powers that  
be aren't keen on social calls.  
Phip, can you drive me out of London?  
Sorry, sport. Couldn't  
have come at a worse time.  
I'm scheduled to deliver a crate out  
at Richmond when I'm finished here.  
- Where do you want to go?  
- Kelworth, New town.

Well, fag a lift from a lorry.

Be all right?

Yeah.

Yeah. I'll be all right.

- Good evening, Mr. Farr.

- Evening, Mrs. Brooks. My wife home?

- She's not back from the clinic yet.

- Oh.

- Her brother's here.

- Oh, good.

- There you are, Mel.

- Hello, Scott. How are you? Nice to see you.

Felt a bit lonely. Ronnie  
went back to school today.

Never mind. Only 10 weeks till  
Easter. Come and have a drink.

What's all this about clinic?

- Laura having trouble?

- No, no.

Only of her own making. She's taken a  
spare-time job working with difficult children.

- Oh.

- Apparently she's rather good at it.

If you go into court with that  
rubbish, it'll do your client no good.

Brent's wife will get  
costs, custody and alimony...

Which is exactly what she wants.

Selfish bitch.

No, I-I-I'd

plead discretion.

Place the whole of her life on  
the bench in front of the judge.

Harry Brent won't do that.

Then I should tell him to find  
somebody else to lose the case for him.

- You would too.

- Yeah, damn right I would.

- Mel?

- Yes, in here, darling.

- Hello, darling. Hello, Scott.

- Hello, love.

- And how are the little idiots today?

- It's not a lunatic asylum.

- Isn't it? I thought it was.  
- Very funny.  
- Did you get Ronnie off all right?  
- Yes. Miserable.  
- Why don't you stay and have dinner with us?  
- Can't, thanks. I'm just off.  
I've a lot of work tonight.  
The Campbell brief fell  
into my lap last week.  
Lord knows why they call  
it a brief. It never is.  
- What will you do about dinner?  
- Don't worry. I've got some stuff in the fridge.  
- Are you sure?  
- Oh, yes, of course.  
- All right. Good  
night. - Night-Night.  
- Take care of each other.  
- Good night.  
Good night.  
You know, I worry about Scott living  
on his own with Ronnie to bring up.  
He seems lost since Helen died.  
I think he ought to get married  
again. Ronnie needs a mother.  
- Why don't you tell him? You're his sister.  
- I have. He doesn't seem to want to.  
- Perhaps he's not in love with anybody.  
- Then he ought to be.  
that's typical feminine logic.  
Do you love me?  
Yes.  
Yes, I do.  
A little reassurance helps.  
Come on.  
Thanks a lot.  
Frank. Frank! Hey, Frank! Wait!  
- Hi, Frank.  
- Oh, hello, Jack.  
- Hi, Sylvie.  
- Here.  
- What?  
- In here.  
- Where have you sprung from, Jack?



- I want to get down to the coast.  
- What's stopping you?  
- Sylvie! If Jack wants to shake down for the night, he's welcome.  
No. I told you last time he  
came I wouldn't have him anymore.  
- You're not going to stop me having who I like in my own house.  
- Don't quarrel over me, please.  
- He's staying, Sylvie.  
- Not with us!  
Why can't he stick with his own sort?  
You can come home, Frank Jefferies,  
when you've got rid of him.

**I:**

- I never knew Sylvie felt like that about me.  
- What's up, Jack?  
- I'm in terrible trouble, Frank.  
- Can I help?  
- I've got to get out of the country.  
I can buy a job as a steward on a  
ship if I can get to Southampton.  
I need 20 quid though.  
I haven't got it tonight, but I'll wire  
it to you first thing in the morning.  
- Will you?  
- Of course I will.  
thanks a lot, Frank.  
- I-I'm sorry about  
- - No, no, no, no.  
- I'll say good-bye then. - No, no.  
I'll walk with you to the coast road.  
You can tell me all about it, get  
it off your chest. It'll do you good.  
Well, if that's the way of  
it, you're in a hell of a mess.  
- Have you told me everything?  
- Everything.  
- Now do you understand why I took the money?  
- Of course.  
- I wish you'd stay and face the music.  
- No.  
- I'd go to the police with you.  
- No! They'd twist hell out of me!  
- Make me say why I took it.

- It's bound to come out in the end.  
Look, I know what I'm doing. I'll be  
off now, Frank. I'll soon catch a lift.  
Good-Bye, and thanks.  
What, for a measly 20 quid?  
No, for knowing me all these years...  
And still being a friend.  
Well, it used to be witches.  
At least they don't burn you.  
Good luck, Jack.  
You'll never forgive me, will you?  
It's not your fault you haven't  
got enough brains to understand.  
- Oh, you have, I suppose.  
- I feel sorry for him, that's all.  
- Sorry, for that?  
- Yes.  
Jack used to talk to me.  
He's very lonely deep inside.  
Hasn't got what you  
and I have got, Sylvie.  
Hello?  
No, this is Mrs. Farr speaking.  
What name?  
Barrett?  
Well, where's he calling from?  
Oh, very well. I'll accept the call.  
Go ahead, caller.  
Mr. Farr?  
Barrett. Jack Barrett.  
It's urgent.  
I'll call again at 8:00 in the morning.  
Oh, all right. I'll  
give him the message.  
Hello. I thought you'd gone to bed.  
- I had, but I heard the telephone.  
- Who was it? Someone for me?  
A young man-Barrett. He  
was phoning from Kelworth.  
He reversed the charge, so I  
thought I ought to accept the call.  
What did he want?  
He'll phone again tomorrow

**morning about 8:**

He sounded quite desperate.

This Barrett

- Is it a case?

It is now.

Never mind. Let's go.

# No better livin'on my payroll

# You can't hang

nothin' on the telephone

# Bad girls maybe

# Mmm, a beautiful sight

# If you don't pass out

# When they squeeze you tight

# For my speed the

livin'is nice and light

# Can't sleep at home

but she's there, all right

# And she's a-Long,

and she's a-Tall

# And she's a

honey-Honey-Honey

# She's a

honey-Honey-Honey

# She's a

honey-Honey-Honey

During the last seven months

in your job as wages clerk...

You've been drawing the salaries

of five fictitious workmen.

All told, you've

appropriated around 2,300.

Where is it?

You've opened a bank account, a post

office savings book, haven't you?

- What name did you give?

- Isn't it enough that I said I took the money?

- Your employers want it back.

- Where is it?

Uh, I've

- I've spent it.

What on, son?

There's nothing new in your wardrobe.

You live cheaply, eat cheaply.

- Who's been putting the squeeze on you?

- Come on, open up!  
- We don't like blackmail any more than you do.  
- Look, I took the money!  
I stole it, and I spent it. That's all.  
We mean to find out what's  
behind this, Barrett.  
You've got yourself in a real jam, son.  
Far better come clean. Then we can help you.  
Ah, we're wasting our time, sir.  
All right, Barrett, let's see what a  
little solitary contemplation'll do.  
Get in a sensible frame of mind  
and we'll talk to you again later.  
- Right, off you go.  
- MacI  
Put him down.  
That boy's not a thief.  
More victim than criminal,  
if my supposition is right.  
I'm always worried, sir, when I find myself  
allowing the motive to mitigate the crime.  
Yes, our jobs would be much easier if we just  
had to deal with the bill Sikes of this world.  
Come in.  
The stuff they took from the drain -  
It's a scrapbook, sir, now  
we've got it pieced together.  
You haven't eaten your dinner.  
Must stoke up, you know.  
What's gonna happen to me?  
They'll talk to you again  
later when you've had a rest.  
Why don't you sleep a  
bit, put your feet up?  
That's right. Rest.  
Shut your eyes. Sort out your answers.  
You'll have to tell the truth in the end.  
Might as well make up your mind to it.  
Fulham Police Station have  
been on the telephone, sir.  
- A detective Inspector Harris.  
- Well?  
- He'd like you to drop in, sir.  
- Well, it's on my way home.

- What about?

- The inspector didn't say, sir.

But I got the impression it was a matter of some importance. Well, telephone my wife, will you?

- Tell her I'll be a bit late.

- Yes, sir.

- And there's another thing.

- Oh?

A letter from the Lord Chancellor's office.

Don't tell me we've been turned down.

Hardly, sir. Our friends think you should have taken silk some time ago.

Being a Q C. Can be a risky business, william.

Many a good junior practice has failed in the front row.

I'm not worried about that, sir.

I'm sure we shall be quite at home there.

Well, I'm glad you think so.

- These have been in water.

- Yes.

The boy tried desperately to get rid of them. We had to have the drain up.

Newspaper cuttings, pictures carefully preserved in a scrapbook...

And all pertaining to you and your career, sir.

Do you know Barrett?

Yes, I met him some time ago.

He, uh

- He thumbed a lift one night.

Said he'd missed the last bus to Fulham.

It was on my way home, so I dropped him off.

- Did you see him again?

- Yes.

He was working on a building site quite near my chambers.

I often used to see him standing down there at the traffic lights -

The Strand-Waterloo intersection.

It seemed churlish not to give

him a lift now and again, so...

I did.

- Then I stopped.

- Oh?

Why did you do that, sir?

I came to the conclusion  
that he was waiting for me.

Wet or fine, he was always there.

I see.

So that was the end of it?

No. He, uh, started writing.

Telephoning.

I destroyed his letters...

Warned him not to call.

We believe that Barrett  
was being blackmailed, sir.

He's been stealing from his  
firm for months - Over 2,000-

With nothing to show for it.

Had less than half a dollar in  
his pocket when we picked him up.

Did he give you any hint, any  
impression that he was being blackmailed?

No.

Then it started after  
you finished seeing him?

It would seem that way.

Have you any idea what Barrett  
might have been paying to keep quiet?

No idea at all.

You knew, of course,  
he was a homosexual.

I had formed that impression.

You know also, sir, that as many as 90%% of  
all blackmail cases have a homosexual origin.

I follow your train of  
thought, Inspector...

But I wouldn't know if it applied  
in this particular instance.

- You can't hazard a guess, sir?

- No.

Well, there's no doubt that a law  
which sends homosexuals to prison...

Offers unlimited

opportunities for blackmail.

Well, thank you, sir. You've been extremely helpful.

Thank you.

Do you, um

- Do you have any line on the blackmailer?

No, sir. We couldn't get a word out of Barrett, which is a pity.

Blackmail is the simplest of crimes when we have the cooperation of the victim.

Almost impossible when we haven't.

Can I, uh

- Can I see Barrett?

- I'd like to talk to him.

- That's not possible, sir.

Barrett hanged himself in his cell this afternoon.

He's dead.

I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Stone.

The inspector's free now.

I'll take you up in a moment.

Thanks.

This way, Mr. Farr.

That was Eddy Stone, sir.

We fetched him to identify the body.

Stone?

He works as a ticket clerk at twofosters tube station.

- Friend of Barrett's.

- Oh.

- Good night, sir.

- Good night.

Did you know your friend was being blackmailed?

No. I just thought he was brassed off.

How well did Barrett

know Mr. Melville Farr?

Who?

The gentleman I was with when I saw you in the hall.

I don't know. I've never seen him before.

Boy didn't mention

anyone called Farr to me.

I see.

Your friend was very secretive.

Didn't he confide in you?

No. Why should he?

- Uh, look, can I go now?

- I don't see why not.

If you do decide to remember anything Barrett said, let us know.

Blackmail's a serious business.

So's murder.

He's right. This blackmailer as good as murdered Barrett.

I want him before he does any more damage.

- Did Farr recognize him downstairs?

- No, sir.

Nevertheless, whatever the blackmailer had on Barrett concerned Farr. Of that I'm certain.

But Mr. Farr's married, sir.

Those are famous last words, bridie.

He took Barrett into his car.

- No harm in giving the boy a lift.

- Maybe not.

It's the subsequent lifts that worry me.

Check on Barrett's background, find out if there are any relations.

- And tell Sgt. Hoey to get out his Sunday suit.

- Very good, sir.

If only these unfortunate devils had come to us in the first place.

If only they led normal lives they wouldn't need to come at all.

If the law punished every abnormality, we'd be kept pretty busy, Sergeant.

Even so, sir, this law was made for a very good reason.

If it were changed, other "weaknesses" would follow.

I can see you're a true puritan, bridie, huh?

Well, there's nothing wrong with that, sir.

Of course not. But there was a time



when that was against the law, you know.

Uh, very good, sir.

- Oh, hello, darling.

- Hello, darling.

Sorry I'm late. Did, uh

- Did William telephone you?

Yes. He said you had  
some marvelous news.

He could hardly contain himself.

Marvelous news?

Oh, yes. The Lord Chancellor  
accepted my application.

That's wonderful!

We must celebrate.

**I:**

- I don't feel very much like celebrating tonight, if you don't mind.

Mel, are you all right.

Is something wrong?

William said you were so pleased.

What happened on the way home?

He said you had to go

to Fulham Police Station.

- Were you in an accident or something?

- No, no.

I'm all right.

I'm sorry.

I'll go and run your bath.

Is that you, Eddy?

Who else?

- Here's your milk.

- Thanks.

Oh, there's some letters

by the phone for you.

- When did they come?

- Monday or Tuesday.

Took 'em in with mine. I forgot.

Good-Bye.

- I hear Farr's taking silk.

- That's right.

QC. At 40. There's no  
stopping the blighter.

We'll see him on the bench yet.

Well, he's got a big enough

practice. He'll be able to afford it.

Mr. Farr.

- What do you want?

- I want to talk to you.

- I only see people by appointment.

- I think you ought to see this photograph.

That's what Boy was paying to keep quiet

- You and him.

I just found it.

You'd better come upstairs.

- Morning, Mr. Farr.

- Morning, william.

If there are any calls, you take them. I don't want to be disturbed.

- Yes, sir. We're in court this morning, sir.

- Yes, I know we are.

It's clear enough now. Boy stole all that money to pay for the negative.

But the bastards never sent it.

Just another print as a reminder.

How, uh -

How could they have taken this?

They were obviously trailing boy.

Telephoto lens. It's an old dodge.

You were in the car.

You would never see them.

Have you shown this to the police?

Well, of course I haven't.

That's what he was trying to prevent. Don't you see?

Yes, I see.

I see.

Why did he have to go and -

Hang himself?

He knew the priest would get it out of him in the end.

He didn't want to involve you.

You'll be all right?

- Yes.

- He should have come to you.

Wasn't big enough to be on his own like that. He should have come to you.

He did.

I thought he was trying to blackmail me.

I wouldn't even talk to him.

Jesus.

Poor old boy.

He didn't stand much of a chance  
between you and the blacky, did he?

No.

Well, I'd better go. I just  
thought you'd want to know.

No, Stone, wait a minute.

Do you know who was blackmailing him?

No.

Well, I'm going to find out,  
and you're going to help me.

What for? They'll pack it in now.

Now that he's dead. I mean,  
they're scared of tackling you.

Otherwise they would have  
done it in the first place.

Why go looking for trouble?

If I hadn't been trying so bloody hard to  
avoid trouble, this might never have happened.

But it has, and they're not  
going to get away with it.

Well, if you dig this over it  
could end in one hell of a scandal.

And it wouldn't only  
be you who came down.

I know that.

**I:**

- I can't help you. I don't know anything.

You don't have to know anything.

All you have to do is to watch

- Watch for fear.

Fear is the oxygen of blackmail.

If Barrett was paying,  
others are. Find me one.

You're crazy, Mr. Farr.

- You're not thinking properly.

- Stone, are you going to help me or not?

Okay, I'll listen around.

I'd like to get 'em too.

Just remember, if you do run 'em down...

You'll bring yourself down as well.

Call me here.

I'll call ya.

Bye.

They should be there first  
thing in the morning, P.H.

Good.

There they go, P.H. Homing pigeons.

Hope they come back with  
their little beaks bulging.

Let's have a sherry at the  
Chequers. I'd love to hear the chat.

They'll all be talking  
about boy Barrett.

- Who'd have thought he'd do a thing like that?

- Who would?

It's shaken me, P.H. I wish  
we could go back to Cheltenham.

Just a while longer, Mickey.

We'll wind it up soon.

- We cross now, don't we?

- Yes.

I'm ready to go to the post, Mr. Doe.

Mr. Doe.

I'm ready to go to the post.

Boy is dead.

He hanged himself.

It's in the paper.

I must go to the post.

Will you please come in the shop?

No.

Close the shop.

Pull down the blinds.

Miss benham, if anyone comes  
asking questions about boy-

I'm not interested in your affairs, Mr.

Doe. I'm just here for the salary on Friday.

I only meant to teach him a lesson.

I thought he'd come back.

Thought he'd come back.

They don't know anything  
except what's in the papers.

My God, that's enough, isn't it?

Henry the Comb looks  
like death warmed up.

Shh. The troll's speaking.

She said, "Barrett never had a penny to bless himself with. What happened to the money?"

I could answer that in one.

Phip's moving up now. Madge is pushing the boat out.

Safe for him to come alongside.

I've lost them now.

Fill up the glasses, Mickey. A tío Pepe, please, not this treacle.

Certainly, P.H.

Come on. Another drink all round and you'll feel better.

Thanks, Madge. I

- I'll sink a jar.

I'm fush this week. Modeling for Mandrake. Luxury fridges.

- Mandrake's good to you.

- Mmm.

Old pals act.

We were in rep together 20 years ago at Bournemouth.

Not for me, thanks, Madge.

Don't feel like drinking today.

Well, I'm off.

- Bye, all.

- Bye, Henry.

For a man sitting on a gold mine, Henry looks pretty miserable.

Henry sold his gold mine.

- What?

- What did you say?

Yes. Bloke over there. He's the estate agent who did the sale.

Think I'll slide now, sport. So long, Madge. Have one with me next time.

That'll be the day.

- Fred.

- Yeah?

- Here.

- Hmm?

Who's the bloke in the pinstripe? He keeps looking at me.

I don't know.

Used to come in the wheatsheaf  
when I was there. A real lone wolf.

I'd better go. See you.

- So long, Eddy.

- Yeah. Cheers.

- I don't know how you can stand 'em.

- Who?

Eddy and Phip and the rest of them.

All the same, the whole blooming lot.

I thought they amused you.

Oh, they're good for a laugh,  
all right. Very witty at times.

Generous too. And I  
hate their bloody guts.

- Hey!

- Well, don't look at me like that.

Well, they're just not quite normal,  
dear. What's it matter to you?

If they had gamy legs or  
something, you'd be sorry for them.

Sorry for 'em? Not me.

It's always excuses. Every  
newspaper you pick up, it's excuses.

Environment. Too much love as  
kids. Too little love as kids.

They can't help it. Part of nature.

Well, to my mind it's the  
weak, rotten part of nature...

And if they ever make it legal they may  
as well license every other perversion.

Come on, Mickey. This  
place is getting boring.

Let's go and see what  
the postman brought us.

Should be a nice bag today. I think our  
little efforts might be very well rewarded.

Good day, gentlemen, good  
day. Tomorrow, I hope.

Insincere bastard.

Well, what else can you be in this game?

Eddy, I just saw you passing.

- Sold your shop?

- Who told you that?

Fred at the Chequers. He

heard from the estate agent.

- Why? Is it a secret?

- No, of course not.

But I wish people would mind  
their own business, that's all.

Anyway, I am off on thursday.

Eddy, I am sorry about boy.

- You'll miss him.

- Yes.

If you're sending any fowers,  
put a few blooms in for me.

Yes, I will.

Well, good-Bye then.

Yes. Good-Bye. Good luck.

- Chilly today, sir.

- Yes.

Take a seat, sir.

Shan't keep you a minute.

Well, I'm not sure it'll lead anywhere.

A chap I know, he's got a  
good hairdressing business...

And he's been acting jumpy lately.

Well, now he's suddenly  
decided to sell out.

Yeah, but it could be he's  
being squeezed as well.

What's his address?

And his name?

I'd like to catch him  
just before he closes.

Well, I must hang up  
'cause I've got customers.

Yeah. Henry's of Harbourne Street.

Right. Bye.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

Uh, Mr. Henry?

- I'm sorry, sir. We're just closing.

- This won't take very long.

It's a private matter.

- I'll be off then, Mr. Henry.

- That's all right, George. I'll close up.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- I understand you're selling this place.  
- Who told you that?  
- You're being blackmailed, aren't you?  
- What are you talking about?  
- I don't know what you're talking about.  
- But you are selling this place, aren't you?  
I haven't told anyone where  
I'm going. Who are you?  
And you're afraid of being  
followed. Who's squeezing you, Henry?  
I don't know!  
Who are you?  
- You're from the police?  
- No.  
I'm a friend of someone you used to know  
- Boy Barrett.  
I want to know who killed him.  
You can help me.  
- How do you pay the money?  
- I don't remember. I'm not saying anything.  
I can't help the way I am, but  
the law says I'm a criminal.  
I've been to prison four times.  
I couldn't go through  
that again, not at my age.  
I'm going to Canada.  
I've made up my mind to be sensible,  
as the prison doctor used to say.  
I don't care how lonely, but sensible.  
I can't stand any more trouble.  
I'm sorry about boy Barrett,  
but he's dead, finished.  
Nothing can help him now.  
Barrett's death was murder.  
Do you want that to go unpunished?  
Who -  
Who are you?  
Melville Farr. I'm a barrister.  
The blackmailer can't  
reach you in Canada.  
Tell me how you pay the  
money and let me deal with it.  
It wouldn't help.  
- Do you know anyone else who's paying?



- No. No!  
- I think you do.  
- I'm not saying another word, Mr. Farr.  
My number's in the book.  
- If you change your mind, let me know.  
- Not a chance.  
I've got myself to think of.  
Nature played me a dirty trick.  
I'm going to see I get a few  
years peace and quiet in return.  
You've got a big position.  
They'd listen to you.  
You ought to be able to state our case.  
Tell them there's no  
magic cure for how we are.  
Certainly not behind prison bars.  
I've come to feel like  
a criminal, an outlaw.  
Do you know what I think, Mr. Farr?  
I think boy Barrett's well out of it.  
We've never met, Henry,  
but we know each other.  
You might say that we're pen pals.  
Now, they say that you're going  
away without paying your debts.  
Bad show, Henry. You can expect  
to fourish like the green bay tree.  
- I-I-I - -  
Don't interrupt.  
You've been talking to Mr. Melville  
Farr. What did you tell him? Hmm?  
- I didn't tell him anything. -  
Well, now - Now - Now think, Henry.  
What did you tell that  
fine, upstanding barrister?  
I didn't tell him anything.  
You ridiculous old sordid, you.  
If you could only see yourself.  
You look your age tonight, Henry.  
What a funny color you've gone.  
I think we'll have a little privacy.  
You know, I could do  
a lot of damage here.  
Five, 10 minutes.

And you wouldn't have much to sell.  
Lease stop gaping.  
There's nothing a little  
chat won't put right.  
All I want is the answer  
to a simple question-  
What did you tell Mr. Melville Farr?  
- Oh, hello, doctor.  
- Evening, Mrs. Farr.  
- You should be off home.  
- I just wanted to see him finish this.  
Mmm. Doesn't seem to be  
much wrong with it now.  
No, he's been working  
happily all afternoon.  
Perhaps this'll help him  
sort it out for himself.  
- Anyway, let me know how he gets on.  
- I'll just give him another five minutes.  
Well, he was all right  
when I left the place.  
Making a funny noise in his throat.  
But it looks like we have  
lost a good subscriber.  
No. No, I don't think  
he told Farr anything.  
Yeah. Yes, you're right. Farr  
is showing a lot of interest.  
I think we ought to  
find out what he's up to.  
A cop doing his rounds  
found the back door unlocked.  
Henry was lying there with  
the telephone in his hand.  
Shop smashed to blazes.  
Henry had a weak heart.  
Did you say...  
He had the telephone in his hand?  
Yes, that's right.  
Stone, do you know anybody  
called troy Carraway?  
No, I've never heard of him. Is  
that something to do with Henry?  
I don't know whether

it's got to do with Henry.  
But there was rather a curious  
message at the house tonight.  
My housekeeper couldn't quite understand  
it. She said the caller sounded drunk or ill.  
But apparently he said...  
"Troy" or "try Carraway. "  
Could that have been Henry?  
- Carraway?  
- Does it ring a bell?  
Carr  
- No, wait a minute.  
I know a chap who gets his hair cut at Henry's  
- He did.  
- But i-It's not Carraway,  
but it's - - Well, what is it?  
Well, it's like it. He's a famous  
bloke. Look, you'll know him, I bet.  
He's a gallery girl's delight -  
Look, Calloway-  
Yeah?  
There's a Mr. Melville  
Farr to see you, sir.  
Ah, show him in.  
- Mr. Farr, sir.  
- Here.  
Well, how nice to see you. I  
didn't know you were in front.  
I wasn't. I was too late for the play.  
- Well, never mind. Take a pew.  
- Thank you.  
I've enjoyed your  
performances several times.  
I saw you and Lee Hunter  
defend dr. Porchester.  
- He should have hung, you know.  
- There was a moment when we thought he would.  
- We were all very relieved.  
- Well, what can I do for you?  
I've come round to  
see if you can help me.  
Not another charity matinee.  
I've done two this month already.  
No, this is something rather

more serious, I'm afraid.

Oh?

This is impertinent...

And I may be mistaken, but...

Did you ever receive an envelope... like that...

Containing a demand for money?

Is this some sort of a joke?

- Would you tell me how you pay it?

- I don't know what you're talking about.

I think you do.

I have a

- A client...

In the same situation.

I thought you might cooperate and help me to put an end to it.

Hmph.

- Albert?

- Sir.

Mr. Farr is leaving.

Thank you.

I can find my own way out.

- Can you rustle me up an Evening Standard?

- Certainly, sir.

Right away. Right away.

Hello, teddy? This is tiny.

Thank God you're at home.

I'll be round in 20 minutes.

All right?

Sir, there's been a hairdresser found dead in Harbourne Street.

Just came through on the teleprinter.

Shop was broken up.

Looks like a murder case.

Harbourne Street.

That's west End Central.

Haven't we enough crime in this division for you, bridie?

He was a convicted homosexual, sir.

I see.

There might be a tie-Up with the Barrett case.

If this hairdresser was paying blackmail too -

I'm quite as good as  
guessing as you are, Sergeant.

- Just get me the facts, will you?

- Yes, sir.

If just one of them would  
come forward. Just one.

They're afraid of this  
sort of violence, sir.

Yes, of course. They're  
only little people.

I thought we might have  
heard from Mr. Farr though.

Mel.

The boy in the paper

- Barrett.

The one that hanged himself  
in Fulham Police Station.

Is that the same boy that phoned here?

Yes. Yes, it is.

You were there yesterday.

Did the police send for you?

- Yes.

- Why?

Apparently they found a book.

He'd kept a

- A scrapbook.

Press cuttings about me.

Pictures.

Why?

Hero worship.

Who was this boy Barrett?

I gave him a lift occasionally.

You never told me.

No.

Papers say he was a wages clerk.

He'd been stealing from his firm.

How did you come to  
meet a boy like that?

Back in the spring.

After a late session, he

- When the last buses had gone.

That's only once. You said occasionally.

I know. I know what I said.

Can't we discuss this without turning

the whole place into a battleground?

You stopped seeing him

and he killed himself.

It's Phil Stainer all over again.

No.

It wasn't the same with Stainer.

- Barrett - Barrett was

- - What was Barrett?

When we were married, we had

no secrets from each other.

I made you a promise then. I haven't broken

that promise, if that's what you mean.

Why did you stop seeing him?

He was getting too fond of me.

Are you sure you weren't

getting too fond of him?

Answer me.

I want to know the truth.

I want to know why he hanged himself.

He was being blackmailed.

- That's why he stole?

- Yes.

Someone found out he was a

homosexual and blackmailed him?

That's it.

Takes two to make a

reason for blackmail.

Were you the other man?

Were you?

Tell me everything. I want to know.

I don't want you to.

I'd rather know than guess.

He'd been paying for months...

To stop copies of this...

Going round the temple.

Why is he crying?

I'd just told him I

couldn't see him anymore.

So he knew it was the end?

So did you.

Look at the picture.

There's as much pain in

your face as there is in his.

You haven't changed.

In spite of our marriage, in your  
inmost feelings you're still the same.  
That's why you stopped seeing him.  
- You felt for him what you felt for Stainer.  
- That's not true!  
You were attracted to that boy  
as a man would be to a girl.  
Laura, Laura. Don't go on.  
For God's sake, stop! Stop now!  
I can't stop. I love  
you too much to stop.  
I thought you loved me.  
If you do, what did you feel  
for him? I have a right to know.  
All right. You want to  
know. I shall tell you.  
You won't be content  
until you know, will you?  
Till you've ripped it out of me!  
I stopped seeing him  
because I wanted him.  
Do you understand? Because I wanted him!  
Now what good has that done you?  
When did it begin?  
From the moment I saw him.  
You don't call that love?  
No.  
If it was love, why should  
I want to stamp it out?  
Why would I do that if it was love?  
His feeling for you? What was that?  
I don't know.  
Yes, I - I think  
perhaps for him -  
Perhaps for him it was love.  
The only kind of love he could feel.  
He died for it to protect me.  
That thought will remain with  
you for the rest of your life.  
I don't think there's going  
to be room for me as well.  
Oh, yes, milord. Oh! Just  
one moment, please.  
Lord Fullbrook, sir.

Thank you, Mrs. Brooks.

Yes, Charles.

Well, can't it wait till Monday?

I must say you make  
it sound very dramatic.

Very well...

If you put it on a personal basis.

What address?

18 Nightingale Mews.

Come in. Fullbrook's waiting inside.

Oh, hello, Farr. Good of you to come.

- You said it was a matter of life and death.

- It is to me.

- You two know each other.

- Come to cases, teddy. Come to cases.

I'm afraid you upset tiny  
at the theater last night.

Ask him who he's working for, Teddy.

You seem set on stirring up a lot  
of trouble. I want you to stop.

- What exactly has it to do with you, Charles?

- Well, the demands addressed to Calloway...

Cover the three of us.

I see.

- Frankly, I'm surprised.

- Why?

You're a sophisticated man. You  
know the invert is part of nature.

- Sherry?

- But I've known you for years, Charles.

One is discreet about these things.

- What do you want?

- I want you to persuade your client to join us.

We'll pay the blackmailer  
off in one nice big sum. Hmm?

- Any idea who it is?

- No.

It's a filthy thing, extortion.

- Where'd you leave  
the money? - At the -

there you are, teddy.

- You haven't done a damn bit of good.

- Steady, tiny.

Listen. Our apparently calm acceptance of this



blackmail must seem very extraordinary to you.  
But do you ever wonder about the law that  
makes us all victims of any cheap thug...  
Who finds out about  
our natural instincts?  
Paying blackmail won't alter the law.  
It'll only encourage the blackmailer.  
We've got to pay.  
Tell him, teddy. Explain.  
If we don't pay,  
10-To-1 we land in jail.  
With our crime - So-Called - Damn nearly  
parallel with robbery with violence.  
Man-Made laws are never perfect.  
I'm a born odd-Man-Out, Farr, but  
I've never corrupted the normal.  
Why should I be forced  
to live outside the law...  
Because I find love  
in the only way I can?  
You're a star, Calloway.  
People like you set a fashion.  
If the young people knew how you lived,  
mightn't they think that an example to follow?  
Of course youth must be  
protected. We all agree about that.  
But that doesn't mean that consenting males in  
private should be pilloried by an antiquated law.  
And made meat for blackmail.  
If you're old enough to vote, you're old  
enough to choose your own way of life.  
Many of us reach the grave without  
arriving at that stage of responsibility.  
Do you support the law?  
I am a lawyer.  
Do you ever hear from  
the Stainers, Farr?  
I was the old man's secretary. That's  
how I knew young Stainer killed himself.  
While you stayed alive.  
Shrouded yourself in virtue...  
And married Judge Hankin's daughter.  
Like an alcoholic takes a cure.  
I thought you were

unconscionably put out.

Now I see it's the rage of Caliban on seeing his own reflection in the glass.

I may share your instincts, but I've always resisted them.

That's what cost young Stainer his life.

He was a neurotic and an hysteric!

"Deny me and I'll kill myself.

" He was always crying wolf.

What did happen to Stainer?

When we were up at Cambridge together...

We became very good friends for a while.

He was clever and amusing.

But quite unstable and completely possessive.

One night he telephoned to say he was going to kill himself.

I didn't believe him.

He had said it before.

But apparently this time he meant it.

And that's all there was to it.

All this ancient history isn't getting us anywhere.

Did you or didn't you? Who cares?

What you've got to do now is to forget any ideas you've got about exposing these people.

Bring them down and we come with them.

- Just pay.

- You pay, Calloway.

I shall make my own decision.

Darling.

Darling, come home. It's cold.

- Been awake all night?

- Yes, I've been awake.

Looking at myself.

When you told me about Phil

Stainer, it was over, in the past.

I was young and conceited, I suppose.

I thought marriage

would make you content.

I was wrong.

That impulse is still there.

There hasn't been a day that

I haven't thanked God for you.

Mel, I'm not a life  
belt for you to cling to.  
I'm a woman, and I want  
to be loved for myself.  
I do love you.  
If he was alive and standing  
beside me, who would you choose?  
You've had your answer to that.  
But he's still in your heart.  
I feel completely destroyed.  
Have coffee tonight?  
There's a real charnel house  
atmosphere in this place today, Mickey.  
Ghastly. I shall be glad when  
we can get back to Cheltenham.  
We'll go home after we've  
made the last collection.  
Shh! Eddy's on his soapbox again.  
Henry paid rates and taxes at his  
shop the same as everybody else.  
But they knew he couldn't  
go out and call the cops...  
So he just stood there watching while  
these bastards broke up the shop.  
You don't know it happened that way.  
It couldn't have happened any other way.  
Eh, Phip?  
I don't like to think about  
it, old mate. No joy there.  
- Call for you, Mr. Mortimer.  
- Who is it?  
Some bloke. Said, "tell him Sandy. "  
- Madge.  
- What?  
- Oh, what are you drinking?  
- Oh, no more for me, dear.  
I'm working today.  
Modeling corsets at Hobday and Rouse's.  
Hope they've got the studio  
warm. It's always the same.  
Mink in August and bikinis Christmas.  
Oh, well. That's life.  
- See you.  
- Yeah, bye.

I don't see how I can.  
But how?  
It's impossible.  
I know. I know.  
I said I know!  
Uh, I'll work it.  
I'll work it. Yeah. Somehow.  
- Have a snack. Go on.  
- No thanks, Eddy.  
You look as if you could do with a good stoke up.  
How much weight have you lost in the last month?  
Be a laugh, wouldn't it...  
If one of us developed some  
guts and turned copper's nark.  
Somebody puttin' the  
screws on you, Phip?  
- I never said that.  
- You meant it.  
Fantasia, sport, fantasia!  
All right. Keep your shirt on.  
I'm not suggesting you bash round  
the police station and blow the gaff.  
No, I just wanted to be sure.  
Don't you mix me in anything,  
old mate. I can look after myself.  
See you.  
Anybody can come and  
look at a car, sport.  
You can put a penny on the bonnet, sir, and  
I promise you the coin won't vibrate one iota.  
- Would you drive around the park, Mr. Mortimer?  
- Very good, sir.  
How'd you know about me?  
Eddy Stone.  
Eddy had no right to butt in. I  
shan't half tear him off a strip.  
Look, why don't you tell  
them to do their damndest?  
I daren't. Couldn't  
afford the publicity.  
Slightest smell, I'll be  
out the old man's will.  
There's quite a little bit coming to me.  
What's with you? You're

not here for the ride.

I knew boy Barrett.

Tragic little sport.

Came to me when he was on the run. I couldn't do much for him

- I was broke.

You look broke.

- You're very realistic.

- It's a very realistic situation.

What have they got on you?

Some

- Some letters in my handwriting. They're all signed.

You can't afford to buy those letters.

I can.

What's all this generosity in aid of?

I want to get in touch with them.

They won't get in touch with me.

You tell me when your next summons is. I'll  
go in your place and negotiate for both of us.

Wish I had the guts to trust you.

You trust my bank balance.

I've had my next summons.

Tonight, Smith Place, 8:00.

How many letters?

Five.

Right.

Over here, Mr. Farr.

You bring a policeman?

Not that I care if you have. You  
see, my motto is different from yours.

- Mens sana in corpore  
sano. - My God, you're -

It wouldn't take long for a magistrate  
to decide who's got the clean mind...

In the healthy body.

Ah, I knew the white  
hope of Cavendish Cars...

Would blab when I saw him  
joyriding with you in the park.

Well?

I want to buy his letters and what  
you've got on me, the negative.

I shan't take one without the other.

I must remind you, Mr. Farr, that you're  
in no position to say what you'll do.

It's a question of policy with us.  
We don't usually sell original material.  
Ah, won't be peanuts.  
I shan't hand over any money until  
I see the negative and the letters.  
The question is, how much?  
Now, don't push, Mr. Farr.  
Don't push.  
We say when.  
Well, we've had this "will he or  
won't he" conversation so often.  
Well, I've met him now, and I agree he's  
not the subject for continual pressure.  
Soft for, oh, one payment though.  
Mmm, well, now, not too greedy.  
He's got a lot at stake. A wife, career.  
Yes, the more they've got,  
the more they fight to keep it.  
Now - Now - Now that is  
a hell of a good idea.  
Mm-Hmm.  
I'll watch. I'll make sure she's out.  
It'll only take me a few  
moments once I'm there.  
A nice salutary warning. See  
what'll happen if you blab, hmm?  
Okay. Well, bye then.  
Dd  
Don't bother to close it. I've  
got to go back to the clinic.  
Better to.  
It's only whitewash.  
It'll wash off.  
What does it mean, Laura?  
I don't know.  
Hooligans.  
Nonsense. Too explicit.  
This spells oblique blackmail  
to me. What's behind it?  
- I don't know.  
- Oh, come along.  
It's beginning to make a pattern.  
How long have you known?  
I don't know what you're talking about.

Is Mel "queer," as they say?  
Have to make up your  
own mind about that.  
I've already done that, my dear.  
It's time you had someone to talk to.  
You knew nothing about this boy  
Barrett? You didn't suspect anything?  
No.  
I suppose in the back of my mind  
I've always dreaded this, but...  
Mel seemed so happy and  
satisfied with our marriage.  
Successful.  
Oh, he's been successful, all right.  
But what has this marriage meant for you?  
Have you been satisfied?  
Yes.  
Yes.  
- He's very kind and understanding.  
- That's not what I mean.  
Have you found real love, Laura?  
Yes, I  
- I think so.  
It's all I've known.  
How dared he marry you.  
There was nothing he didn't tell me.  
I married Mel knowing  
everything about him.  
How could you possibly understand  
what it might mean? You were 19.  
I loved him then.  
In spite of everything, I -  
I can't stop loving him.  
You can't understand that, can you?  
No. I don't think I can.  
My dear, I've prosecuted and  
I've defended this offense.  
Either way it brings havoc.  
- Mel hasn't committed an offense.  
- Perhaps not.  
But the rot's still there.  
Look how he's behaving now.  
What's happened to his integrity?  
Mel's to become a Q C.,

Laura. Eventually a judge even.  
Is he going to sit on the bench knowing that  
he himself has covered up a serious crime?  
He's done nothing, I tell you.  
The crime I'm talking  
about is blackmail.  
If he doesn't go to the police about  
this, he'll be covering up blackmail.  
But... if he does go to the police,  
it's the end of his career...  
Everything he's ever worked for.  
It's the end of himself if he doesn't.  
He can either go to the police, which  
apparently he's reluctant to do...  
Or he can deal with it himself.  
Oh, yes, Mel's clever  
enough to run them down...  
Turn their own weapon against them.  
"Do as I say or I'll hand you over. "  
And what does that make him?  
A blackmailer. No better than they are.  
You mean he can't avoid being  
destroyed, whichever happens?  
Yes, I do, Laura.  
And I don't want you to  
be destroyed with him.  
You're young enough to  
start again. Clear off.  
Leave Mel to fight  
this battle on his own.  
- You don't really think I could do that.  
- It's not only you I'm thinking of.  
I've got a son, and I'm not going to have  
Ronnie hero-Worshipping Mel, knowing what I do.  
I think you'd better go.  
Perhaps I had.  
Well, I'm up the road if you want me.  
A telegram, sir. Miss Hobson sent it  
over. She thought it might be important.  
Thank you.  
Um -  
I'm going out.  
Uh -  
Ca-Cancel my lunch date, and, uh...



**A:**

- Apologize to Mr. Cannon.

Right, sir.

What does it mean, "Contact your wife"?

Has someone been to the house?

No.

What does it mean?

There was something on the garage door.

Big letters in paint.

What did it say?

I don't want to tell you.

What did it say?

"Farr is queer. "

What does the rest of it mean?

All these instructions?

Where to take the

money and how to pay it.

The dirty words on the garage

door are a final test of strength.

They-They're a gentle reminder that you could  
be included in the sphere of operations too.

Are you -

Are you going to keep the appointment?

A man who is paying blackmail...

Is hardly likely to make an ideal Q C.

I'm sure your brother

Scott will tell you that.

Oh, never mind what Scott says.

He's a perfect barometer

of public morality.

In any case, he's right.

But if I hand the blackmailer

over to the police...

It won't just be the end of my career.

It'll be the end of everything.

And our ugly little story will appear in daily  
installments on millions of breakfast tables.

On the other hand, if I pay...

I buy security...

Of a sort.

What are you going to do?

For the moment, I'm going up to town.

I've taken enough away from you already.

When I come home, I shan't  
expect to find you there.  
Just leave an address  
with Mrs. Brooks so that I-  
So that she can send anything on to you.  
William.  
Come down here a moment, will you?  
Yes, sir.  
Close the door.  
I'm afraid you -  
You've got to prepare  
yourself for a bit of a shock.  
I'm sorry to worry you  
with this, but, uh...  
I'm not quite sure how this  
is all going to end, and I -  
I don't want it to burst in your face.  
I see the implication, sir.  
But this couldn't be  
the basis of any charge.  
I know.  
That's the tragedy of it.  
The boy thought it could.  
It wouldn't mean anything  
if he weren't crying.  
As it is, I suppose it looks everything.  
Yes.  
It's a very good likeness.  
We must get the negatives.  
Thank you, William.  
I expected at least one question.  
Don't you have any?  
I've believed in your  
integrity for 10 years, sir.  
I can see no reason to question it now.  
Get me Fulham Police Station.  
It's all there. Ask  
Marylebone to pick them up.  
Get 'em red-handed when  
they collect the loot.  
Right, sir.  
Yes. Who? Bridie.  
Listen to this call.  
Put Mr. Farr on.

No, sir. Not really surprised.

I thought you'd be  
calling sooner or later.

Yes, Mr. Farr, I'm listening.

Six homing pigeons, P.H. Not  
bad for a last collection.

Very good, my dear.

I say, this one's got  
a dollop in its beak.

A check for 50 pounds  
from that woman in Exeter.

You certainly can pile on the agony.

- Don't open them on the street, Mickey.

- All right. I just thought you'd like to know.

And we'd like to know too.

- It's a fair cop, son.

- I don't know what you're talking about.

- Who are you?

- Police officers making an arrest.

- On what charge?

- Yes, what's the charge?

False pretenses.

A system of writing begging letters...

Presenting yourselves as widows and  
orphans for the purpose of extracting money.

"I was deeply moved by your letter  
telling me of your husband's tragic death.

"Nothing can ease your grief,  
but I hope the enclosed check...

Will help keep yourself and poor  
little wendy out of queer street. "

Come along now. The car's waiting.

You're late with the post, Miss benham.

You'll get your toes trodden on again.

I'll leave early, if I may,  
and post 'em opposite the fat.

- There's never a crowd there.

- Very well.

Can I help you, sir?

Where do you keep the,  
uh, minor classics, please?

Far shelves.

- May I look?

- Certainly.

Leave that, sir. I'll see to it.

You're Melville Farr, aren't you?

Yes.

Step in here, will you, please?

How dare you come in my shop.

Can't you leave me to mourn in peace?

I'm very sorry, but...

What have your troubles to do with me?

You ruined my life.

Boy Barrett was happy here with me.

I'd have taken him into partnership.

He'd have had a home here.

You destroyed all that.

Do you realize what you did?

I realize everything.

Well, Hoey?

Money was taken down and  
pocketed almost immediately, sir.

Come on.

There we are, sir. The  
money's in the shoulder bag.

Well, you get back to the station.

Get out of your Sunday suit.

- No use busting your cover.

- Right.

Are you sure you'd recognize the youth  
on the Lambretta without his goggles, sir?

- Recognize him anywhere.

- Right.

Sandy. Sandy?

Hi. Don't come in for a minute, Bee.

- Did you collect?

- Yes. All here.

Okay.

Come in, bee.

Hmm.

Look at this. Fabulous shot.

Astonishing detail for a telescopic  
lens. Look at that. Sharp as a knife.

- Only had half a minute to get it.

- How stupid can they get?

- Picking up a boy in the park.

- Hmm.

It's a pity we're going

on a long vacation.  
Still, never mind. We'll  
keep the old gentleman on ice.  
I'm sorry to be through with Farr.  
I'd enjoy making that fine,  
upstanding barrister jump.  
Ten days, and I'm off.  
As usual, beautifully timed. A week's notice  
to poor old doe and no attention drawn.  
Uh, by the way, are we going  
to let our friend off the hook?  
We'll give him that impression.  
I told him to come over.  
Should be here soon.  
Of course, when we start our business  
again, we'll jerk the line a bit.  
Show him the photostats.  
Remind him the hook's still there.  
- You really are a bit odd, aren't you?  
- What do you mean?  
Well, I don't know. A sort of cross  
between an avenging angel and a Peeping tom.  
They disgust me!  
When I found out about Mr. Doe and  
that boy, I felt physically ill.  
They're everywhere! Everywhere you turn.  
The police do nothing. Nothing!  
Someone's got to make them  
pay for their filthy blasphemy.  
We want you. Get inside there.  
What do you want? What  
do you think you're doing?  
- This is a private flat. Get out of here!  
- What's the matter?  
What is it? What does this mean?  
These are marked notes.  
You're both under arrest.  
You'll be charged at the station.  
- He's the one I told you about.  
- You won't testify to that in court.  
Oh, yes, I will.  
That'll make a fine swan  
song to a big career.  
"Eminent Lawyer's

Astonishing Private Life. "

A real ball for the national press.

That's enough.

Very tough now, aren't we? When  
it comes to protecting perverts.

I suppose the police force is  
riddled with it, like everything else.

- Shut up!

- On your feet. You're coming too.

He's all right. He's  
one of their victims.

Ha! You hear that,

Phip? You're a victim.

I'm afraid you're barking up  
the wrong tree there, mister.

It's a question of dog  
eat dog, isn't it, Phip?

It wasn't my fault. I couldn't  
pay them any more money.

Then they said...

If I gave the names of my friends...

They'd give me back a letter every time.

What do you think of our little Judas?

- Revolting spectacle, isn't he?

- Come on.

One moment, please. Shoes.

Coat.

Ready.

It's the ungodly in  
great power, all right.

And flourishing like the green bay tree.

But we'll have our say in court though.

Tsk, tsk, tsk.

On your feet. Move.

Don't charge me under my real name. I've  
got money coming to me, quite a bit of money.

I wouldn't mind sharing it.

I'm not greedy. I'd sign a note.

I'll walk him downstairs, sir.

They're gonna be very vicious

when they do get into court, sir.

Don't worry, Harris.

I shan't let you down.

No, sir.

What do you think they'll get?  
With your evidence, the limit.  
Barrett's death, and that little hairdresser  
fellow Henry are bound to weigh against them.  
Well, I'm glad we've got them.  
But it seems tragic that your  
career has to go west in the getting.  
Somebody once called this law against  
homosexuals the blackmailers' charter.  
Is that how you feel about it?  
I'm a policeman, sir.  
I don't have feelings.  
Well, if you come with me now, sir. It'll be  
helpful if we can have your statement right away.  
Yes.  
- Good evening, sir.  
- Good evening.  
You've just missed Mr. Patterson.  
Mr. Patterson?  
Mel?  
Mel, I -  
I didn't expect to see you here.  
What did william want?  
He came to tell me  
you'd been to the police.  
I see.  
How long before the case becomes public?  
There'll be a remand at the  
magistrate's hearing tomorrow.  
I've got about, uh, three weeks.  
Three days, you mean.  
You can't hope to keep  
this out of the press.  
It's not as though you can go into court  
as Mr. X. You're -You're too well known.  
I don't want to.  
I believe that if I go  
into court as myself...  
I can draw attention to the  
fault in the existing law.  
- Knowing it will destroy you utterly.  
- Yes.  
We're going to need each  
other very much, aren't we?

No. No.

I'm going to go through this alone.

I don't want you here when it happens.

I started this thing. I've

hurt you terribly, I know that.

But I can just get through it to the end if  
you are not here to face the final humiliations.

They're going to call me filthy names.

My friends are going to lower their eyes,  
and my enemies say they always guessed.

I don't want you a part  
of that Roman holiday.

I love you too deeply for that.

Shall I come back?

You, um -

You must have time to -

You must have time to  
decide that for yourself.

If you can -

If you can bear to...

Afterwards, when it's all over  
and the shouting's stopped.

Because it's then that

I'm going to need you.

I'm going to need you so desperately.

"Need"?

It's a bigger word than "love".

Suddenly I feel very strong.

Strong enough?

I think so.