

down the local dance halls with their girls, jiving to the latest pop records. Doubtless, most of them are just high-spirited lads, dressing up and having a good time, but don't forget that teenage violence is continually on the increase, and some of these boys seem a bit too fond of knives and knuckledusters. And talking of crime, there's one body of men which always has to be on hand in case of trouble - the police.

(Slide of policeman.)

Here a spokesman explains that the police have troubles of their own . . .

SPOKESMAN: At present, the police force is desperately under strength. The Metropolitan Force alone is 5,000 under strength and 30% of recruits resign in their first year. Our basic rate of pay is in fact lower than that for a dustman. And for that, we are required to risk our lives daily. In 1951, in three months alone, four policemen were shot dead.

NEWS: But the police are not the only people with worries about what is happening. Other people are watching the rise in crime and lawlessness with growing concern. Among them, Lord Goddard. (Large slide of Goddard.)

GODDARD: I must condemn the great and disturbing increase in crime which is disgracing this country at present, and more especially the crimes of violence. How are we to deal with the man who smashes a tumbler on a public house counter and jabs it into the face of a man with whom he has quarrelled, or the man who beats up an old man or woman in the streets? Is it not time that our attitude towards punishment should be reconsidered? I believe, for years past, we have thought too much of the criminal and not enough of the victim. We cannot stand by and watch our country undermined by growing violence and a decreasing respect for the forces of law and order. Criminals must be made to see that their misdeeds, particularly if they are attacks upon police officers or others in authority, will be punished and punished severely. Criminals will only be deterred from crime and violence by seeing an example made. We must make that example, now, before it is too late.

(The tape stops.)

Scene One

The NARRATOR enters.

NARRATOR: We have come here to-day to tell you the story of that example. His name, Derek William Bentley.

(BENTLEY crosses stage and sits amongst audience. Slide of Bentley.)

Our story begins in 1947 when Derek Bentley was 14 years of age. (Exit NARRATOR. Enter TEACHER. Blank slide.)

TEACHER: Last night, before you went home, you were all supposed to hand in an essay under the title of "Where I Live". From the work I've seen so far, I can only presume that most of you walk the streets at night. One essay - that's all I got. Johnson's. Let me read it to you. "Where I Live" by P. Johnson, 4B. "I live at 67, Nuttall Road, Croydon." Apart from three blots and a crossing out, that's it. And by the way, Johnson, there's no "u" in road. I don't have to tell you, it's not good enough. Now, I don't expect you all to be little Willy Shakespeares. I know that due to the war, most of you haven't had more than one year of school in the last five. But I do expect you to try. This is your last year and my God, I'm going to give you lot some sort of chance even if I have to put half of you in hospital to do it. Oh, and talking of hospitals, I see that we have a little stranger with us this morning. Bentley has decided to honour us with his yearly visit. Come out here, lad! Let's have a look at you. We don't get the chance very often.

(BENTLEY comes forward.)

For those people lucky enough not to remember him, this is Derek Bentley. Where have you been all this time - safar-ing in Outer Mongolia?

BENTLEY: No, Sir, I've been ill, sir.

TEACHER: Of course, silly me. And what has it been this time? Pneumonia, typhoid, leprosy?

BENTLEY: Headaches.

TEACHER: Headaches. That's very serious. I should see a specialist about that, lad. We'd hate to lose you, Bentley. I mean you're such a little ray of sunshine aren't you?

BENTLEY: Thank you, sir.

TEACHER: Who do you think you are, lad?

BENTLEY: Sir?

TEACHER: I said, who do you think you are, Bentley?

BENTLEY: I don't know, sir.

TEACHER: You don't know. Well, I'll tell you, Bentley. You are a great useless lump of lard. You are fourteen, you are lazy, you are stupid. Fourteen years of age, and you can't read or write at all, can you, lad?

BENTLEY: I can a bit, sir.

TEACHER: Oh, can you, can you really? Maybe you've learned something while you've been away. I mean, you've spent so much time with the doctor, you ought to be a qualified nurse by now. Alright, Bentley, if you can write, let's all see you. Here's the chalk. There's the blackboard. Well, go on, lad.

BENTLEY: I don't know what to put.

TEACHER: Anything, Bentley. Use your imagination, lad - a novel, a poem, a critical essay. We don't mind what you do.

BENTLEY: I can't . . .

TEACHER: Very well, then, I will help you, Bentley. Write down, "I was ill" . . . Well go on . . . at least *try*, lad.

BENTLEY (trying): I can't.

TEACHER: No, you can't, can you, Bentley, because you're not only stupid but bone idle as well . . . I'd like every one of you to take a good look at him. If you want to end up as thick and useless as Bentley, then don't bother working or trying or handing in essays, don't bother coming to school at all. But for those of you who want to stand any sort of chance in life, you'd better start knocking down to some hard work *now* - beginning with that essay you should all have handed in yesterday. I've got to see Mr. Hughes now, and when I come back, I'll expect to see all those essays completed. So you'd better get on with it now.

(Exit TEACHER. BENTLEY leaves.)

Scene Two

VOICE OVER (tape): Mrs Lillian Bentley. Derek Bentley's mother. (Slide of MRS BENTLEY. She enters very shaken and upset. DEREK BENTLEY enters. Blank slide.)

BENTLEY: Hello, mum.

(MRS BENTLEY humps and turns away.)

What's the matter?

MRS B: Don't you know, Derek? Don't you know?

BENTLEY: You're upset, Mum. That's all I know.

MRS B: Upset? Yes, I am upset! So would you be if you'd had the police trampling through your house, going through your things, and not knowing what they wanted.

BENTLEY: Eh?

MRS B: Not knowing what they were looking for. What you'd done.

BENTLEY: What I'd done?

MRS B: Yes, Derek, what you'd done. What the hell have you been up to, bringing the police charging through the house?

BENTLEY: It's got nothing to do with me. What did they come for?

MRS B: They were looking for tools. They said you'd stolen them. What've you been up to?

BENTLEY: Nothin'. I ain't done nothin'.

MRS B: You go on that building site, don't you? The one in Sidney Street. You go there, messing about.

BENTLEY: So what?

MRS B: You were seen there. Somebody told the police.

BENTLEY: Told 'em what?

MRS B: That you took some tools from the building site - stole them, Derek.

BENTLEY: Eh? That's potty, Mum. I never took no tools. Honest I never. You know I never, don't you, Mum? . . . Mum?

MRS B: I don't know. What can I think? Police coming in your house, crashing about, looking . . . you being seen there. Derek, did you take them?

BENTLEY: No, Mum.

MRS B: Oh, Derek, you wouldn't lie to me, would you?

BENTLEY: No, Mum. Honest.

MRS B: Derek, look me in the eyes and say that. Straight in the eyes.

BENTLEY: I wouldn't, Mum.

MRS B: Alright, son. We'll . . . we'll see what we can do. We'll go to the police station. They said to send you when you came home. It'll be alright. If you didn't touch them, it'll be alright.

Scene Three

The MAGISTRATE enters at one end.

MAG: Stand forward, Derek.

(DEREK stands in front of the MAGISTRATE. MRS BENTLEY stays watching.)

MAG: Derek, I've looked at your case very, very closely. I've studied the information you've given me. I've talked to your parents . . . talked to your teachers. (Sigh.)

M R S B
Magistry has
on ramp official

You see, Derek, I wouldn't mind if I hadn't seen you here before. Now, when I'm faced with the problem of boys of your age coming back to me, time and time again, I have to say to myself, 'This can't go on.' I've got to draw the line somewhere, haven't I, Derek?

BENTLEY: Yes, miss.

MAG (sighs): Well, Derek, I think for your own good, I'm going to send you away for a period of corrective training. I'm going to send you to a place called Kingswood School. I hope, Derek, that during your stay there, you'll take advantage of the things it has to offer you. You can learn a lot there. Have you anything to say, Derek?

BENTLEY: I never done nothing.

MAG: I'll be sending you to Bristol for a period of three years, Derek. You may leave the Court now. Good luck, Derek.

BENTLEY: Three years, Mum?

MAG: Leave the Court now, please.

BENTLEY: But I never done nothing!

MAG (leaving): Leave the Court.

All leave.

Handwritten notes: 1950s - New Age - Ready Boy - Re-education etc
Scene Four
MAG: I never done nothing!

Slide of CRAIG.

VOICE OVER: Christopher Craig, age fifteen.

(CRAIG enters miming firing a gun.)

PARSLEY (off): Hey, wait for me.

(NORMAN PARSLEY enters. Blank slide.)

PARSLEY: Hey, Chris, you'll never guess who I saw in Woollies this morning.

CRAIG: Em... Adolf Hitler.

PARSLEY: No.

CRAIG: But he always buys his Spanglès there on Mondays... No, I give in.

PARSLEY: Derek Bentley.

CRAIG: Who?

PARSLEY: Derek Bentley... you must remember him... went to your school - about three years above you.

CRAIG: Bentley... Oh, wait a minute... Big geezer.

PARSLEY: Yeah.

CRAIG: Thick.

PARSLEY: That's him.

CRAIG: I remember now. We used to call him King Kong.

PARSLEY: He's just left Kingswood.

CRAIG: King who?

PARSLEY: The Approved School.

CRAIG: Has he?

PARSLEY: Well, when I say he's just left, I mean he's been home six months but he's only just come out of his room. Six months. Hiding in his room. Daren't come out before, he thought people'd laugh at him. (Laughs.)

CRAIG: What's he sent down for?

PARSLEY: Nicking something or other, but he says he didn't do it.

CRAIG: Don't they all?

PARSLEY: Yeah.

CRAIG: What's he doing now?

PARSLEY: I don't know. Looking for a job, I suppose.

CRAIG: Well, I might be able to help him out there.

PARSLEY (puzzled): Eh? (Realising.) Oh, yeah! (Laughs.)

CRAIG: I'm not laughing, Norman.

PARSLEY: No... sorry, Chris.

CRAIG: Might be able to offer him a bit of work, help the lad out a bit. I mean he's a big lad, had experience, he could be very useful to us. I'd be interested in seeing him, Norman. Perhaps you could arrange that. Tell him I could put some work his way.

PARSLEY: But he's thick, Chris.

CRAIG: Then he'll do what he's told won't he?

PARSLEY: Yeah!

(They both laugh. PARSLEY goes. CRAIG sits and waits. Slide of GODDARD.)

VOICE OVER: It is now 1952. Lord Goddard, worried by the ever-increasing crime wave, makes his views known at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London.

GODDARD (tape): Nowadays the cane is never used in schools. It would have done some of these detestable young things good if they had had a good larrupping. What they want is to have someone who would give them a thundering good beating, then perhaps they would not do it again. Instead, I suppose they were brought up to be treated like little darlings and tucked up in bed at

Handwritten: Norman DL

Handwritten: Buy a DC set

night. Nowadays, Courts cannot deal with such boys as they should. We are faced with a widespread breakdown of discipline.

Scene Five

As the tape ends, PARSLEY re-enters with BENTLEY. Blank slide.

CRAIG: Hello, Derek.

BENTLEY: Hello.

CRAIG: I've been waiting for you.

BENTLEY: Waiting?

CRAIG: Yeah. Sit down, make yourself at home.

BENTLEY: Thanks.

CRAIG: I've been hearing about you.

BENTLEY: Yeah?

CRAIG: Yeah. People are bastards, aren't they? I mean, you make a mistake or maybe you don't do nothing at all, but they still get you, don't they?

BENTLEY: Who gets you?

CRAIG: The law, Derek, the bloody law. They put you away. Then when you get out, nobody wants to know you, do they? People laugh at you behind your back like, bastards.

BENTLEY: What are you getting at?

CRAIG: I'm just saying it must be rough for you, Derek, you know, going to an Approved School and that.

BENTLEY: How did you know about that?

CRAIG: Well, it gets around dunnit? I mean, once you've been inside, everybody knows.

BENTLEY: Yeah, looks like it, dunnit.

CRAIG: Don't worry, Derek, I mean, you're my mate.

BENTLEY: Am I?

CRAIG: Yeah, course you are. Me and Norman, we're both your mates, ain't we, Norman?

PARSLEY: Yeah, course.

CRAIG: I mean, you can trust me. I won't say nothing to no one. I'm a very trustworthy lad. Ask anybody. Ask Norman, he'll tell you.

PARSLEY: Chris is very trustworthy.

CRAIG: See, what did I tell you? In fact, I'm not only very trustworthy, but I'm very popular as well. I mean, you could say

I had a whole gang of friends. Right, Norman?

PARSLEY: Right, Chris.

CRAIG: They don't like the law either, Derek, 'cos of what it does, see, to people like you. My friends they don't ever get into trouble.

PARSLEY: No, never, 'cos we've got brains, see.

CRAIG: Who's got brains?

PARSLEY: Oh, er . . . you . . . you've got brains, Chris.

CRAIG: That's right. I'm not only very trustworthy and popular, I'm also very, very clever. And I'd like you to trust me, Derek, I'd like you to be my mate.

BENTLEY: Yeah? Why?

CRAIG: Cos I like you, see, you sound like the sort of geezer I could get on with. (Snatching comic from BENTLEY's pocket.) Here, do you like comics?

BENTLEY: Yeah.

CRAIG: And gangster films and that?

BENTLEY: Yeah.

CRAIG: I love 'em. I think they're really great.

BENTLEY: Yeah, so do I.

CRAIG: See, what did I tell you? You and me, we're the same sort of person, Derek. Would you like to be my mate? . . . I mean, I suppose you must have loads of mates.

BENTLEY: I got a few.

CRAIG: How about being my mate, then?

BENTLEY: Alright.

CRAIG: My brother Niven's a gangster, you know.

BENTLEY: Yeah, that right?

CRAIG: Dead right. Payrolls mostly. He's pulled jobs all over Europe. Just come back. You should see his wallet, it's full of tenners. Big time, my brother. Mind you, we don't do so bad, do we, Norman? I mean, we have some fun eh?

PARSLEY: Yeah, Chris, we have a laugh.

CRAIG: Like last Thursday. That was a scream, that was.

PARSLEY: Yeah, laugh a minute.

CRAIG: You should have been there, Derek. You'd have enjoyed it.

BENTLEY: What happened?

CRAIG: Well, you know Jackson's, the little Post Office on the corner of Victoria Street, well we went in there, didn't we, not to buy stamps though, was it? (Laughs.) No, we went in after it was

closed, like.

BENTLEY: You broke in?

CRAIG: No, I wouldn't say that. This brick in Norman's hand just bumped into one of the windows accidentally like. Anyway, we got in there. And what did we see? The till full of money, very untidy, fivers all over the place. So we . . . tidied up a bit. Doing Mrs. Jackson a favour really. Well, she must have heard us and woken up, 'cos down she trots in her little fluffy slippers and her curlers. "Who is it?", she says, "What's going on?" Stupid old slag. "Watch it," I said, "One more word out of you missus . . ."

(He produces a gun from his pocket.)

BENTLEY: Is that real?

CRAIG: . . . "And you'll be visiting your husband in heaven."

BENTLEY: Where d'you get that? Is that real?

CRAIG: Course it's real. What d'you think it is? Roy Rogers' cap gun? I'm not a kid.

BENTLEY: Has it got real bullets in it?

CRAIG: Wouldn't be much good without them, would it?

BENTLEY: You'll get put away, carrying a thing like that.

CRAIG: Not me, mate, they ain't never going to put me inside.

BENTLEY: Does he always carry that around?

PARSLEY: Yeah, all the time.

CRAIG: Don't worry, Derek. Sit down. It's safe as long as you know how to use it. My Dad taught me, and he was a marksman. He taught me and Niven. Guns aren't dangerous if you know how to use them. . . . and I do. I mean, if you're professionals, you've got to be prepared, ain't you?

BENTLEY: But you wouldn't shoot anyone, would you?

CRAIG: No, 'course I wouldn't. . . . not unless I had to. Don't worry, Derek, no one gets into any trouble. And you're my mate, ain't you?

BENTLEY: Yeah, yeah, 'course I am, Chris.

CRAIG: That's right. Anyway, old Mrs Jackson, she's shaking away and we hears this . . . splashing like. The old girl stood there with the gun at her head, bloody wet herself, ain't she? (Laughs.) Eh Norman, you got any money?

PARSLEY: Yeah.

CRAIG (looking at his watch): Well, we just got time to go down to the pictures ain't we? Coming, Derek?

BENTLEY: Yeah.

CRAIG: Come on then.

(They all leave. Large slide of GODDARD.)

GODDARD (tape): It seems to me that there is a great tendency nowadays to think that the sole aim of punishment is to make people better, not to punish them for doing wrong. I have never yet understood how a criminal law can deter people from crime unless it also punishes them. The two things seem to me to follow one on the other. It is society's way of showing that if certain conduct or certain acts are persisted in, then consequences which must be unpleasant and must truly punish will result.

Scene Six

As tape finishes, CRAIG and BENTLEY come on. Blank slide.

BENTLEY: Eh, Chris, I'd better not go too far.

CRAIG: What do you mean?

BENTLEY: Well, I've got to be home soon, for me tea.

CRAIG: You're a pig, Del, that's all you think about, your bloody stomach.

BENTLEY: I can't help being hungry.

CRAIG: Neither can pigs.

(CRAIG, who has been trying doors, now finds a door or window that can be opened.)

BENTLEY: Eh, what are you doing?

CRAIG: Do you have any money?

BENTLEY: No.

CRAIG: Neither do I. I'm getting some.

BENTLEY: But somebody'll see you doing that. Look, leave it can't you?

CRAIG: Look, nobody's going to see us in this alleyway are they? Just shut up and stay with me.

BENTLEY: Come on, let's go.

CRAIG: Shut up and keep a look out will you?

BENTLEY: Look out for what? What are you doing? . . . Don't do that!

CRAIG: Look, do you want to meet the whole of Croydon Police Station all at once?

BENTLEY: No, but -

CRAIG: Well, shut up then.

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BENTLEY: No, Chris, come on, leave it.
CRAIG: Look, you're supposed to be a mate of mine, ent' ya?
BENTLEY: Yeah, but —
CRAIG: Well if you're my mate, you help me out. Mates do things together, so shut up and keep a look out.
BENTLEY: Well, I ain't doing that! No —
CRAIG: Look! . . . You're one of my gang, ain't you, so you do as I tell you. Alright?
BENTLEY: It's stupid. I ain't gonna have nothing to do with it. I'm going home.
CRAIG: Alright, alright, you go then, Derek. You leave your good mate stuck here all on his tod and you know what?
BENTLEY: What?
CRAIG: There just might be a phone call . . . Some nasty little nark might just call the police and tell them Derek Bentley was seen . . . loitering behind the Co-op before it was done.
BENTLEY: Well, I ain't done nothing and I'm going.
CRAIG: You didn't do nothing last time, Derek, but you still got three years.
BENTLEY: Just leave it, Chris, come on, let's go.
CRAIG: You're an ex-con, or good as, they'll really do you this time.
BENTLEY: Look, we . . . we don't have to go in there, we can go somewhere else —
CRAIG: Derek —
BENTLEY: I'll get you some money.
CRAIG: Oh yeah, where?
BENTLEY: I get paid Friday.
CRAIG: Today is Tuesday. Now you've got this nice little job at the furniture shop ain't you, Del? Well, if you want that nice little job tomorrow, you'll come here now and keep a look out.
(CRAIG starts to climb in. BENTLEY keeps watch.)
BENTLEY: Chris —
CRAIG: What?
BENTLEY: Someone's seen me standing here.
CRAIG: Christ! Are they coming this way?
BENTLEY: No.
CRAIG: Well, come in here, then, I need some help forcing this door.
(BENTLEY climbs in after CRAIG: He looks round then disappears

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from sight. Slide of GODDARD.)
GODDARD (tape): If public opinion gets seriously disturbed by the amount of crime that is prevalent — and I have heard in Court of old people who have dreaded to answer a knock at the door because they don't know what thug may be standing there to take their life savings — there will be a strong tendency for the public to take the law into their own hands. It is time it is realised that crime — and serious crime — has increased in this country to an alarming extent.

Scene Seven

As tape ends, BENTLEY crosses to home area and sits.
MRS BENTLEY enters. Blank slide.
MRS B: Where the hell have you been? Your Dad finished his tea hours ago. You might tell me if you're going to be late. Where've you been?
BENTLEY: Nowhere.
MRS B: What do you mean nowhere? Nowhere's nowhere. Now sit down and eat your tea before it's ruined.
BENTLEY: I don't want nothing.
MRS B: What do you mean, you don't want nothing? Just get it eaten.
BENTLEY: I'm not hungry.
MRS B: Now, come on, Derek. I know I'm angry but that's no reason for you to upset yourself. Just let me know in future that's all. Now let's forget all about it. Eat your tea.
BENTLEY: I can't. I'm not hungry.
MRS B: You're not hungry? That's a turn up for the books.
BENTLEY: Lay off me, mum, will you?
(Pause.)
MRS B: What is it, Derek, what's wrong? What's the matter . . .
BENTLEY: Nothing. I was just thinking.
MRS B: What about?
BENTLEY: Oh, only about some bloke. This bloke I just met.
MRS B: Who? What bloke?
BENTLEY: This Chris Craig bloke.
MRS B: Chris Craig . . . What do you mean, Chris Craig? You don't know him, do you? Derek, do you know Chris Craig?
BENTLEY: Yeah.



'You want to stay away from boys like Craig.'

MRS B: You don't go around with him? Where do you know him from?

BENTLEY: I just know him.

MRS B: You don't bother with him though, do you?

BENTLEY: Well . . . you know . . . I . . . just know him.

MRS B: I've heard terrible things about him. He's no good. You know what he's like, don't you, Derek?

BENTLEY: Yeah, I know what he's like.

MRS B: You want to stay away from boys like him.

BENTLEY: He just follows me around.

MRS B: What do you mean he just follows you around?

BENTLEY: Everywhere I go, he's always there.

MRS B: If he follows you around, you must have something to do with him. Do you have anything to do with Chris Craig?

BENTLEY: No, no, I can't get rid of him.

MRS B: Well, tell him to go away. Keep away from him . . . he's not fit to be on the streets.

BENTLEY: I do tell him to go away, but he's just there all the time.

MRS B: Oh, come on, you're a big lad, and he's only a kid. You can

get rid of him if you want to . . . Do you want to, Derek?

BENTLEY: Yes. Course I do.

MRS B: Well, tell him then . . . tell him.

BENTLEY: But he's got a gun . . . he's barmy . . . he's —

MRS B: Got a gun?

BENTLEY: Yeah . . . it's a real gun.

MRS B: Now look, Derek. You've got to get rid of him. You've been to Approved School and you can get into serious trouble being with a boy like that. Now stay away.

BENTLEY: I can't stay away from him. He's always at me. Wanting me to do jobs with him.

MRS B: Derek, I'm telling you . . . Keep away from him. I'll see his parents, get this stopped. Is that what's bothering you — getting you upset?

(CRAIG has entered and now knocks on the door.)

MRS B: I'll go. You go upstairs.

(BENTLEY leaves. MRS BENTLEY opens the door. CRAIG stands there.)

MRS B: Er, yes, son, what is it?

CRAIG: Is Del, er Derek, in?

MRS B: Yes, he is, he's upstairs. Who are you?

CRAIG: I'm a mate of his. I wondered if he was coming for a walk.

MRS B: Oh, yes . . . and what's your name?

CRAIG: Chris, Chris Craig.

MRS B: Oh, I see, well, Derek won't be coming out this evening, he's got to help his Dad.

CRAIG: Oh, alright, I'll call another time then.

(He starts to move off.)

MRS B: Just a minute, would you mind hanging on for a while? I'd rather like to have a word with you about Derek. I'd rather you didn't keep calling for him. Just — well, just leave him alone, just for a while.

CRAIG: Why?

MRS B: Now, you know why. You've been pestering him, haven't you?

CRAIG: Is that what he said?

MRS B: Look, I don't want to go into that, I'm just asking you to keep away for a bit, that's all. I'm sure you've got plenty of other friends. I mean, Derek, he's well, I know you're younger than Derek and he's . . . he's older than you, but . . . you're a

LR

very smart lad.

CRAIG: Thank you.

MRS B: Yeah, well, Derek's not quite so good at looking after himself.

CRAIG: But I look out for him, Mrs Bentley.

MRS B: Yes, I'm sure you do, but that's not quite good enough is it? He's been in trouble before, and ... well ...

CRAIG: Yes, I know.

MRS B: You should understand then. Cos he's got a smashing job now, and I don't want any bother, I know the sort of things you get up to, Chris, you and your friends, ... and I don't want our Derek involved.

CRAIG: It's only fun, Mrs Bentley.

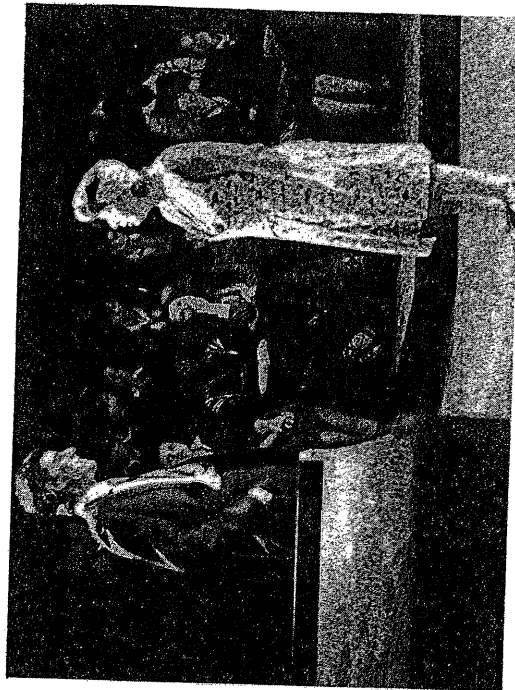
MRS B: I don't care what you call it, I'm not having our Derek getting mixed up in it ... in ... in your games. So I've told you, and that's final.

CRAIG: You think I'm dangerous, don't you? Eh?

MRS B: I think you're playing at being dangerous, yes. But —

CRAIG (suddenly pulling out knuckleduster): I'm not playin', lady, so you'd better watch what you say about me, and your Derek had better watch, cos otherwise you might find out just how serious I am.

Craig threatens Mrs. Bentley.



(Pause. CRAIG pulls himself together.)

Just a joke, Mrs Bentley. I hope I didn't frighten you. Like you said, I was just playing. Tell your Derek, I'll be seeing him. Bye, bye.

(He leaves, whistling. MRS BENTLEY stands horror-struck. BENTLEY re-enters.)

BENTLEY: Has he gone, Mum? Did you get rid of him alright? Will he leave me alone now? (Pause.) Mum? Did he say he wouldn't bother me no more? ... What did he say, Mum. (Pause.) What happened?

MRS B: I ... I ... there's just one way of sorting out that young ... there's just one way, and I'm going right now, and I'm going to do it.

Scene Eight

She moves to Police Station and hammers on desk. BENTLEY remains on. SERGEANT FAIRFAX comes on. Slide of FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX: Can I help you, love?

MRS B: Well, somebody's got to help me. If an ordinary person can't walk down the street without being bothered by young hoodligans, I don't ...

FAIRFAX: Calm down, love, calm down. Now, just give me your name.

MRS B: Bentley, Mrs Lillian Bentley.

FAIRFAX (writing in the desk book): Is that 'EY'?

MRS B: Yes, of course, it's 'EY'.

FAIRFAX: Address, love?

MRS B: Number One, Fairview Road, Norbury.

FAIRFAX: Now then, what's it all about?

MRS B: I've told you, officer. There's a young lad bothering my son. He's a bad type. He's a troublemaker. I want him kept away from my Derek.

FAIRFAX: What's he done?

MRS B: Nothing — yet. But I know something's going to happen if we don't stop it now.

FAIRFAX: Alright — give us details and we'll see what we can do. What's this lad's name?

MRS B: Craig, Christopher Craig.

FAIRFAX: Chris Craig, oh yes, he is a bit of a troublemaker, isn't he ...

Edw.

Mrs Bentley
from 7 Dec 1961

LS
LX13

FDMB

MRS B: Yes, he is. So what are you going to do about keeping him away from Derek?

FAIRFAX: Well, we'll keep an eye on him of course. My advice to you is to tell your son to ignore him, Mrs Bentley, just ignore him.

MRS B: But he won't go away!

FAIRFAX: Look, I've told you we'll keep an eye on him, love, but until he breaks the law that's all we can do.

(Starts to move away, turns and sees MRS BENTLEY still standing there.)

Sorry, love.

(He leaves. Blank slide.)

MRS B (under breath, as she returns home): Oh, for crying out loud . . .

BENTLEY: Where've you been, Mum?

MRS B: The Police Station.

BENTLEY: What for?

MRS B: To get rid of that Craig boy of course!

BENTLEY: You shouldn't have done that!

MRS B: Fat lot of good it did. Don't worry, Derek, we'll keep him away from you. Me, and your Dad, if anyone comes to the door, we'll answer it, and you can go up to your room. We'll keep Chris Craig away from you. Don't worry.

(Both freeze.)

Scene Nine

CRAIG enters laughing followed by a worried NORMAN PARSLEY.

CRAIG: Did you see that old geezer when I made him put that fruit on his head? Laugh? 'Kiss my feet,' I says, 'before I blow your brains out, granddad.' Legs Diamond couldn't've done it better. (Laughs.) How much did we get?

PARSLEY: What?

CRAIG: Are you asleep, Norman, I said, 'How much did we get?'

PARSLEY: Oh, er seven . . . seven quid and a ring.

CRAIG: Chicken feed. You know, I'm sick of these little jobs, I mean, it's a good laugh, but it's the same old risks, and what do you get? Peanuts! It's about time we got a bit more ambitious.

PARSLEY: I think . . . sometimes, I think you, er we, we take more risks than we should — than we need, I mean.

CRAIG: Are you talking about tonight, Norman, are you saying I'm not so clever?

PARSLEY: No, Chris, I'm not saying that.

CRAIG: That's good. I mean, you've got to have a laugh, ain't ya? (Laughs.) I hope my little Norman Parsley ain't losing his sense of humour, cos I got this great job lined up tomorrow and I need his help, see?

PARSLEY: I thought we might . . .

CRAIG: You, Norman, thinking?

PARSLEY: No, no, Chris, it's nothing.

CRAIG: Come on, Norman, don't be shy, if you've been thinking, I want to know about it.

PARSLEY: Well, it's nothing . . . it's just, I thought we might lay off for a bit.

CRAIG: Lay off?

PARSLEY: Yeah, I thought, after tonight, we might, you know, lie low . . . for a bit.

CRAIG: You shouldn't do it, son.

PARSLEY (frightened): What?

CRAIG: Think.

PARSLEY: Oh yeah. (Weak laugh.) (Pause.)

CRAIG: I hope my little sage and parsley ain't turning yellow on me.

PARSLEY: No, no, it's not that. It's just we ought to rest it a bit, I mean that old geezer, say you, we . . . we don't want to get caught, do we?

CRAIG (pulling out gun and becoming manic): They ain't never gonna catch me. The bastards sent my brother down for twelve years and they're gonna pay for that, all of them, ain't no one gonna take Chris Craig, not alive at any rate, no way!

(Pause. He calms down again.)

'So you stick with me, Norman, I'll look after you, mate.

PARSLEY: Yeah, thanks, Chris.

CRAIG: 'S alright. I'll see you at the bus station then, tomorrow tea-time. (Pause.) I will see you, won't I, Norman?

PARSLEY (desperate): Oh . . . er, eh, Chris, I've just remembered, you'll never going to believe this.

CRAIG: Try me.

PARSLEY: It's my Grandad. He's coming up tomorrow from er . . . from Bristol, that's it, coming up special to see me, so I won't be able to come.

CRAIG: That right?



Craig intimidates Parsley.

PARSLEY: Yeah, yeah, honest, Chris, I'd forgotten all about it, but it's the truth, honest it is.

(He is almost in tears.)

CRAIG: I believe you, Norman. I'll believe anybody. Once. I know you'd never cross me (Indicating gun.) don't I?

PARSLEY: Yeah, yeah. I'd better be going now, Chris.

(He starts to move off.)

CRAIG: Wait a minute, my old mate. I mean, seeing as you can't do the job yourself, you'd better get me someone else who can, ain't ya?

PARSLEY: Yeah, sure, Chris, anything you like. Who? Who do you want?

CRAIG: Derek Bentley.

(PARSLEY goes. CRAIG remains on.)

Scene Ten

Sound effect of television. MRS BENTLEY turns to DEREK.

MRS B: You'll have to switch that thing off when your Dad comes home, 'cos he'll want you to give him a hand in the workshop.

BENTLEY: Alright, Mum.

(Knock at door. They exchange glances. She goes and returns.)

MRS B: All clear! It's not Craig at all. It's a boy called Norman Parsley. He seems a nice lad, very well spoken.

BENTLEY: Did you tell him I was out?

MRS B: Didn't seem much point.

BENTLEY: So he knows that I'm here?

MRS B: Oh yes. He'd like you to go for a walk with him. Can't be much harm in that if you want to go.

(PARSLEY has appeared behind MRS BENTLEY and over her heads signals to BENTLEY what will happen if he doesn't come.)

BENTLEY: Hello, Norman.

PARSLEY: Are you coming?

BENTLEY: Yeah. I won't be long, Mum.

MRS B: Alright, Derek. Take care.

(She turns off TV and leaves.)

exit - rest door I

Scene Eleven

CRAIG waiting. PARSLEY brings BENTLEY to him.

PARSLEY: Here he is, Chris.

CRAIG: See you, Norman.

PARSLEY: See you.

(He leaves.)

BENTLEY: See you, Norman.

CRAIG: Hi, Del, long time no see.

BENTLEY: Yeah.

CRAIG: I've missed you. Nice to see you again.

(Pause. BENTLEY relaxes.)

BENTLEY: Well, what are we going to do tonight, then?

CRAIG: Thought we'd go down to Croydon. Look round the shops, have a coffee. What d'you reckon, Del?

BENTLEY: Yeah. OK, Kiddo.

CRAIG: Great... Oh, Del, I've got a present for you.

(He slips it into BENTLEY's pocket. BENTLEY takes it out and looks at it. It's a knuckleduster.)

Don't tell me you don't want it.

to USB

stand

sp. time

L-15

(BENTLEY is about to protest when there is the sound of a bus approaching.)

Here's the bus! Come on, Del, we're going to miss it.

(They rush off.)

(Sound of phone ringing on tape then the following recorded dialogue:)

FAIRFAX: Croydon Police Station.

WOMAN: Hello, my name's Mrs Ware of Tamworth Road, Croydon.

FAIRFAX: Yes, madam.

WOMAN: I think there's something up. My daughter's spotted two men on the roof of the warehouse opposite.

(Slide of rooftop.)

We think they're trying to break in. My daughter saw them climbing up.

FAIRFAX: How long have they been there?

WOMAN: They've only just reached the top. I think you should hurry.

FAIRFAX: We'll be right over. What number are you?

WOMAN: 74.

Scene Twelve

As the tape is ending, CRAIG climbs on to the roof.

CRAIG: Come on, Derek, you're not bloody paralysed. You stay on that drainpipe much longer, people'll think you're a bloody cat.

BENTLEY (off): My coat's stuck.

CRAIG: Come on.

(BENTLEY appears and they look round the rooftop as FAIRFAX's recorded voice is heard.)

FAIRFAX (tape): Sergeant Fairfax, Croydon Police. At 9.15 p.m. on 2nd November, 1952, suspects were reported on the roof of a warehouse in Tamworth Road, Croydon. We immediately got into a police van and proceeded to the premises in question. Police Car 7Z patrolling the streets of Croydon was also alerted, and the two vehicles arrived at the scene at almost exactly the same time...

(Sound of cars pulling up. CRAIG and BENTLEY react and hide behind the stack at far end of roof. Voice on tape continues.)

Around 9.20 p.m. P.C. Miles, driver of the patrol car, was sent to fetch the keys to the door that leads to the roof. I now began to climb up onto the roof to investigate.

(FAIRFAX enters with a torch.)

The roof was long and flat, approximately 54 feet by 90 feet.

At one end, the roof entrance, at the other, the head of the lift shaft. (He uses the torch to indicate this.) The roof was 30 feet above the ground. We knew that the only entrance on to the roof was locked. (He checks door.) When the two youths heard the cars pull up, they must have tried to hide. Visibility was poor but there was only one place they could be. (He shines torch at lift shaft.) I was about some twenty feet from the lift shaft when I called out...

FAIRFAX (live): I'm a Police Officer. Come out from behind that stack!

FAIRFAX (tape): Craig shouted back...

CRAIG: If you want us, come and get us.

FAIRFAX (tape): There was a pause and I advanced towards the lift shaft... (The sequence is acted out.) I heard Bentley say...

BENTLEY: I've had enough.

FAIRFAX (tape): He emerged from hiding and I grabbed him. I then took Bentley round the stack with a view to closing in on Craig. We came face to face with him.

(All freeze on stage. Voice on tape continues fast.)

Bentley then broke away from me and as he did so shouted, 'Let him have it Chris.' There was a loud bang and a flash, and something hit my shoulder.

(All these things now happen together. CRAIG aims wildly.

BENTLEY and FAIRFAX separate. It's not clear whether

BENTLEY has pulled away or not or whether he has said anything.

FAIRFAX falls to the ground and BENTLEY moves to him. No sound.)

I fell to the ground. Bentley asked me if I was alright. His voice jerked me back to consciousness. I jumped to my feet and shouted to the men below...

FAIRFAX (live): They've got guns! Get the place surrounded!

FAIRFAX (tape): Craig fired again but missed completely. Bentley was still standing where I had fallen, and he shouted to Craig...

BENTLEY: You bloody fool.

FAIRFAX (tape): I pulled him behind the cover of the roof entrance. He then produced a knuckleduster from his pocket and handed it over to me, saying...

BENTLEY: That's all I've got, gun'nor, I haven't got a gun.

FAIRFAX (tape): We waited. Eventually, I called out to Craig...

FAIRFAX (live): Drop your gun!

FAIRFAX (tape): He shouted back defiantly...

CRAIG (by now very panicky): Come and get it.

FAIRFAX (tape): We still waited. Below, a crowd had gathered and

SFX (3) PHONE (LX17)

LX18

SFX 4

more police arrived, including armed police marksmen who were moving into position. Everywhere there was chaos and confusion. (Sound effects.) Some ten minutes passed in this way. Then there was a new sound. (Sound of footsteps, keys jangling.) P.C. Miles had collected the keys and was coming up the staircase that led on to the roof. The door did not open easily and he had to push against it. (Sound effects.) I warned him to be careful. Then . . . he burst through the door and on to the roof top.

(MILES bursts in. He faces CRAIG. CRAIG fires. A real blank this time so the bang is heard. MILES falls. All freeze.) 2

NARRATOR (enters): We'll take a short break now. See you in twenty minutes.

End of Part One. All clear from stage.

F M B 7

Part Two

Scene One

As audience returns, the slide of the Daily Mail front page reporting the shooting is up. Then blank slide. FAIRFAX, one arm in sling, hustles BENTLEY into middle of stage and sits him down. He holds BENTLEY's statement. While they are entering, voices are heard off arguing. MRS BENTLEY is demanding to be allowed to see her son, a Police Officer tells her she can't.

MRS B (off): I want to see my boy. Where's my boy? What are you doing with him? I've got to know what's happening.

(She has entered and reached the desk. FAIRFAX leaves BENTLEY and goes to her.)

FAIRFAX: What the hell's going on? Who are you?

MRS B: Mrs Lillian Bentley. You're holding my son, Derek. I want to see him. I've got to see him. You've got no right to hold him here. (Pause.)

FAIRFAX: Listen, missus. We have got your son. Just go home, please. You can see him in the morning.

MRS B: I want to know what's going on. All I know is that the police came to my house, charged through it throwing things about, and took a knife away. They said Derek's killed a man. That can't be true.

FAIRFAX: A policeman has been killed. Now do as I say, Mrs Bentley, go home.

MRS B: I can't, and you can't do things like this.
FAIRFAX: Just go home, Mrs Bentley, please.

MRS B: I demand to see him and I demand to know what's going on. How do you think I feel seeing my son treated this way?

FAIRFAX (finally losing control): How do you think I feel? One of my mates has just been shot, Mrs Bentley. And he's got a wife, Mrs Bentley and somebody's got to tell her her husband's dead. And all because some stupid little bastard decides he's going to act big. So why don't you think what I feel, Mrs Bentley? And I can't go and complain to somebody about it, Mrs Bentley, it's not allowed.

(Pause.)

Do me a favour, missus, go home.

(MRS BENTLEY leaves. FAIRFAX returns to taking BENTLEY's statement.)

FAIRFAX (wearily): Alright, where were we?

BENTLEY: What happened to Chris?

FAIRFAX: He threw himself off the roof.

BENTLEY: Is he dead?

(Pause.)

FAIRFAX: No. . . Now then. (Reads statement.) "A little later, the door opened and a policeman in uniform came out. Chris fired again then and this policeman fell down. I could see he was hurt as a lot of blood came from his forehead just above his nose. The policeman dragged him round the corner behind the brickwork entrance to the door. I remember I shouted something but I forget what it was. The policeman then pushed me down the stairs and I did not see any more. I knew we were going to break into the place, I did not know what we were going to get - just anything that was going. I did not have a gun and I did not know Chris had one until he shot. I now know that the policeman in uniform is dead."

(Pause. BENTLEY has sat there in a daze.)

"This statement has been read to me and is true . . ." (handing statement and pen to Bentley.) Sign it!

(Pause.)

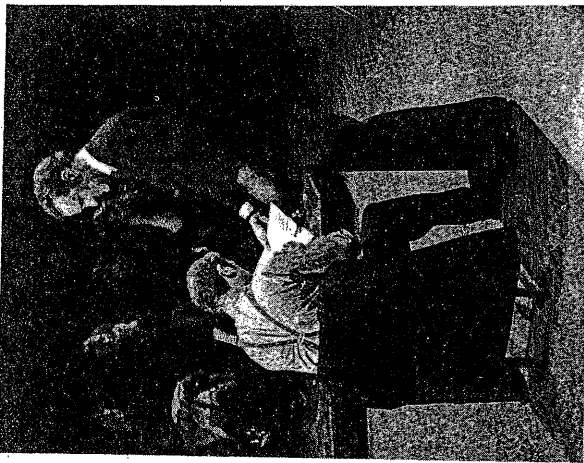
BENTLEY: I can't.

FAIRFAX: What?

BENTLEY: I can't write!

(Pause.)

FAIRFAX (suppressing anger): Can you make letters?



Bentley signs his statement.

BENTLEY: Yes.

FAIRFAX: Right. Copy these. D . . . E . . . R . . . E . . . K

(The tape comes on: During the tape, BENTLEY finishes the signing and FAIRFAX exits with the statement.)

NARRATOR (tape): On 14th November, Christopher Craig appeared for the first time in public. He was being carried on a stretcher into Croydon Magistrates Court when he was attacked by an angry crowd. There were shouts of "He ought to swing," and "Let's get hold of the dirty bastard and choke him." He was only saved from physical attack by the police, all colleagues of the dead policeman. On 18th November, Craig and Bentley appeared together for the first time and were charged with the attempted murder of Sergeant Fairfax as well as the murder of P.C. Miles. Both pleaded not guilty, and were granted legal aid to arrange their defences.

Fairfax

Scene Two

CASSELS enters. Slide of CASSELS fading later to blank side.

CASSELS: Derek William Bentley? (BENTLEY looks up.) My name's Cassels. I'm your defending counsel. You do understand what that

is, don't you? It's my job to say what can be said in your favour in Court. (Looking through papers.) Though heaven knows it's not going to be an easy job. You've really become quite famous, Bentley, being charged with murdering a policeman.

BENTLEY: But Chris did it. He shot him.

CASSELS: I'm afraid, Bentley, it's not as simple as that. You were involved. You agreed to go with Chris on a robbery. You yourself carried a weapon.

BENTLEY: He gave me that.

CASSELS: Nevertheless, you carried a weapon, Bentley, and you went off on a robbery with Craig and during the course of that robbery he shot a policeman. We're up against a very sharp Prosecution Counsel who'll be out to prove that the two of you agreed to use violence if you were apprehended in the course of your robbery . . .

BENTLEY: But —

CASSELS: Perhaps you would be good enough to let me finish. If that agreement could be proved, then it would mean that you were involved in the murder, although you didn't fire the gun which killed the policeman. Did you know he was armed?

BENTLEY: But Chris . . . well, he always had guns, but that night . . . he . . .

CASSELS: Come along, Bentley, you'll have to be a bit clearer than that in Court. I don't know whether it's occurred to you, Bentley, but if you're found guilty, you could hang. —

BENTLEY: It was Chris, Chris who —

CASSELS: Bentley, Craig is only 16. The law does not allow a boy of under 18 to be hung. Bentley, it may need me to point out to you that though Craig is 16, you are 19. (Pause.) So please bend your mind to getting *some* things clear in your head. (Looks at papers.) Now, it says here that on the night in question you came out from hiding and came towards Police Sergeant Fairfax to give yourself up.

BENTLEY: He arrested me.

CASSELS: Did he say so?

BENTLEY: He didn't say anything.

CASSELS: But he took hold of you?

BENTLEY: Yes.

CASSELS: And he stayed holding you?

BENTLEY: Yes . . . well, not all the time.

CASSELS: But you're certain he arrested you?

BENTLEY: Yes.

1420

Looking

1421

CASSELS: And you were under arrest when the fatal shot was fired?
 BENTLEY: Yes.
 CASSELS: Good. That's important, Bentley, remember it.
 BENTLEY: Yes.
 CASSELS (throwing him a grey tie): And I want you to wear this in Court, not the one you're wearing now. And remember to speak up and be as clear as you can. You must call the Judge "My Lord" and everyone else "Sir". Understand?

BENTLEY: Yes.
 CASSELS: Good. See you in Court, Bentley.
 (Exit CASSELS. BENTLEY sets chair for Court and goes.)

Scene Three

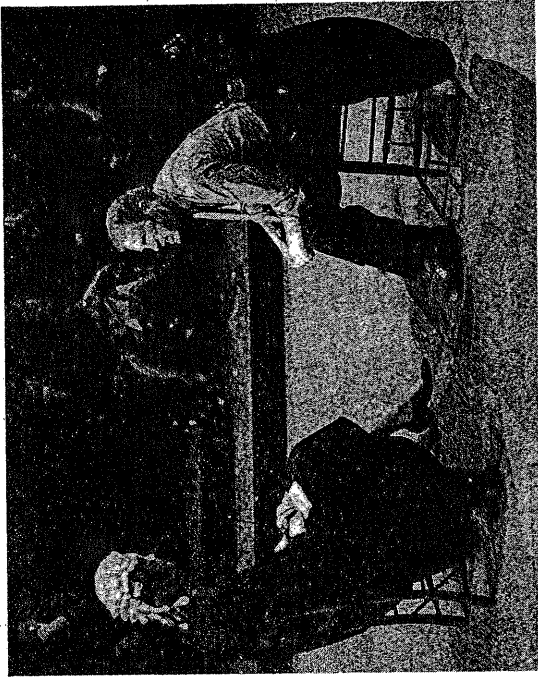
Sound of general hubbub. HARRY PROCTER enters.

PROCTER: Ello, ello, ello, Harry Procter, reporter, *Sunday Pictorial*. Gawd, crowded in here, ain't it? Still I suppose we're lucky to get in here at all. Do you know they're fighting for tickets outside? Crazy, ain't it? Tickets for a trial. It's these bloody spivs, make money out of anything they could. Thirty quid a ticket, that's the going price. Still, should be a good show though.

(HUMPHRIES crosses the stage and starts talking to CASSELS.)
 See that - Prosecuting Counsel, Christmas Humphries. Wouldn't like to wake up in the morning and find that in my stocking. Wouldn't fancy being in Craig and Bentley's shoes either. You know who the judge is? Head of the hang 'em and flog 'em brigade himself, Lord Chief Justice Goddard.

(PROCTER stands aside. BENTLEY goes to witness box.
 GODDARD enters and seats himself. Slide: "The trial, second day: Case for the defence".)

GODDARD: Continue, Mr Cassels.
 CASSELS: When you got to the roof what happened then?
 BENTLEY: Some lights in the garden. Someone shone a light in the garden, and so we got behind a stack or lift shaft.
 CASSELS: Did Craig say something to you at that time?
 BENTLEY: Yes, sir. He said 'Get behind here.'
 CASSELS: Did you know at that time that he had got a gun?
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 CASSELS: What happened after you got behind the stack?
 BENTLEY: Sergeant Fairfax come and took me, sir, because I could not see nothing where I was standing and he come and took me and walked me across the roof.



Cassels, defending counsel, interviews Bentley.

CASSELS: When Sergeant Fairfax came and took you, did he say anything?
 BENTLEY: He said "I'm a police officer, I've got the place surrounded."

CASSELS: When Sergeant Fairfax took hold of you, did you make any effort to struggle?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

CASSELS: Or any attempt to strike him?

BENTLEY: No.

CASSELS: At the time when Sergeant Fairfax took hold of you, did you know that Craig was armed?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

CASSELS: Did you say anything before any shot was fired?

BENTLEY: No.

CASSELS: What had happened between the time Sergeant Fairfax took hold of you and the time the first shot was fired?

BENTLEY: Well, I don't know what happened on Christopher's side, sir, but Sergeant Fairfax had me and nothing happened.

CASSELS: Did you break away from him once?

LX22

H-15
F.W.M.

BENTLEY: No sir.
 CASSELS: Did you say, "Let him have it, Chris.?"
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 CASSELS: What happened when the shot was fired?
 BENTLEY: Sergeant Fairfax leaned on me and fell over like *that*. He did not touch the floor though.
 CASSELS: What did you do when the shot was fired?
 BENTLEY: I stood by Sergeant Fairfax.
 CASSELS: You stood by Sergeant Fairfax?
 BENTLEY: Yes, sir.
 CASSELS: Did you make any attempt to get away from him?
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 CASSELS: ~~Did you make any attempt to strike him while he was on the ground or while he was falling?~~
 BENTLEY: No.
 CASSELS: Did you make any attempt to join Craig?
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 CASSELS: ~~What happened when Sergeant Fairfax recovered from the shock?~~
 BENTLEY: He got up - well, leaned up - and put me behind that staircase.
 CASSELS: Did you make any attempt to get away from him?
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 CASSELS: Is it right, as he says, that he searched you and found the knuckleduster?
 BENTLEY: I gave him the knuckleduster. I took it out of my pocket myself.
 CASSELS: From that time until you were taken downstairs by the police, did you remain behind the staircase head?
 BENTLEY: I did.
 CASSELS: Were you being held all the time by police officers?
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 CASSELS: Was there anyone to prevent you if you had wanted to join Craig?
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 CASSELS: Your witness, Mr Humphries.
 (CASSELS sits. HUMPHRIES rises, holding BENTLEY'S statement.)

150m + 150m

HUMPHRIES: Look at your statement, Exhibit No 15, will you?
 BENTLEY: It's no good me looking at that, sir.
 GODDARD: He cannot read it.
 HUMPHRIES: I shall read to you a few lines from the end. "I knew we were going to break into the place. I did not know what we were going to get - just anything that was going." Was that statement written down and read over to you?
 BENTLEY: Yes, sir.
 HUMPHRIES: And you signed the statement as true?
 BENTLEY: Yes, sir.
 HUMPHRIES: Did you say it?
 BENTLEY: No, sir.
 HUMPHRIES: Then why did you sign the statement as true when it was read over to you?
 BENTLEY: Because I did not know what I was signing.
 GODDARD: You did not know what you were signing?
 BENTLEY: I can't remember all that I say.
 HUMPHRIES: The evidence is that that statement - and it is not very long - was read over to you and then you signed it or tried to sign it. You needed some help but in the end you signed it as true?
 BENTLEY: Yes.

Christmas Humphries cross-examines.



HUMPHRIES: Well, did you say it or not?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

HUMPHRIES: What are you suggesting then — that a police officer writes down something you did not say when he has sworn he wrote down what you said?

BENTLEY: Not right then.

HUMPHRIES: The moment the police came out to you you knew they were police?

BENTLEY: He called out and said so.

HUMPHRIES: Then he grabbed you?

BENTLEY: Yes.

HUMPHRIES: And you knew you were grabbed by a police officer when you were trying to commit a crime — arrested? You know what that means?

BENTLEY: Yes.

HUMPHRIES: And while you were arrested you do your best to break away and he, with you in custody, pursues Craig round the stack. Is that right?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

HUMPHRIES: At any rate, you broke away from him did you not?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

HUMPHRIES: And when he is no longer holding you, you call out "Let him have it, Chris"?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

HUMPHRIES: So all the officers who heard you say that are wrong are they?

BENTLEY: That is right.

HUMPHRIES: And in fact Chris did let him have it?

BENTLEY: He did shoot, sir.

HUMPHRIES: Did you shout anything out to Chris when he was shooting?

BENTLEY: Not as far as I can remember, sir.

HUMPHRIES: You did nothing to stop him shooting further did you?

BENTLEY: To stop Craig, sir?

HUMPHRIES: Yes.

BENTLEY: That would be silly, wouldn't it, sir?

HUMPHRIES: Why?

BENTLEY: That would have been silly. His mind must have been disturbed.

HUMPHRIES: When he shot, you thought his mind must have been disturbed, and it was not worth while telling him to stop?

BENTLEY: If I had got in his way he might have shot me, sir.

GODDARD: Never mind about getting in his way. You did not shout out, "Let him have it, Chris." Did you shout out "For God's sake don't fire" or "Shut up doing that" at any one of those shots?

BENTLEY: I cannot remember, sir.

HUMPHRIES: According to you, when you were over by the staircase head you were not being held by the police officer. Is that right?

BENTLEY: That is right.

HUMPHRIES: So that you were not under arrest at the time?

BENTLEY: I was standing there, sir.

HUMPHRIES: But you were not being held?

BENTLEY: No.

HUMPHRIES: You were quite free to run if you wanted to?

BENTLEY: Yes.

HUMPHRIES: And you were still on the roof when the shooting was going on?

BENTLEY: Yes.

HUMPHRIES: Your mind was still with Craig was it not?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

HUMPHRIES: You were doing nothing to stop him doing what you had come up to do together — break in?

BENTLEY: We had come up to break in, not to kill, sir.

HUMPHRIES: In fact, you incited him to do something further; you shouted out, "Look out Chris; they're taking me down"?

BENTLEY: That was in case he shot me, sir.

HUMPHRIES: You were only thinking of your own skin you mean?

BENTLEY: If he shot me, there was another police officer with me.

HUMPHRIES: Ah, you were frightened he might shoot at the police and hit you by mistake?

BENTLEY: He might hit anybody.

HUMPHRIES: The police did not matter! You knew he was a thoroughly dangerous and irresponsible person with a gun in his hand, did you not?

BENTLEY: At the time when he was shooting, yes, sir.

HUMPHRIES: And well before you got on the roof?
BENTLEY: No, sir.

HUMPHRIES: And when you thought you were being taken down you incited him to shoot further so that you might get away from the police?

BENTLEY: If I had done as you say, sir, I might have been shot myself.

HUMPHRIES: I see — still thinking of your own skin. In other words, you were prepared to assist Craig by such hitting with knuckledusters or shooting with a revolver at the police as would enable you to escape if caught in the crime that you were committing?

BENTLEY: No, sir.

CASSELS: My Lord, that is the case for Bentley.
(HUMPHRIES and CASSELS sit.)

GODDARD: Stand down, Bentley.
(BENTLEY moves to the dock. Slide: "Trial third day: Lord GODDARD's summing up.")

GODDARD: Now members of the jury, in many respects this is a very terrible case and it is one therefore that it is desirable you and I approach in as calm a frame of mind as we can. Here two lads, one of 16 and one of 19, *admittedly* out on a shop-breaking expedition at night, and the result is that a young policeman, while in the execution of his duty, is shot dead.

The defence of the prisoner, Craig, is that he asks you to reduce the charge to manslaughter. Now, manslaughter can only be accepted here if you think that the whole thing is accidental. How it can be said to be accidental, I confess, seems to me to be exceedingly difficult.

In the case of Bentley, the defence is: I did not know he had a gun, and I deny that I said, "Let him have it, Chris!" The first thing you have got to consider is whether or not he knew Craig was armed. Craig himself has said in Court that he carried a revolver for the purpose of boasting and making himself a big man. Can you suppose for a moment that he would not have told his pals that he had got a revolver? I should think you would come to the conclusion that almost the first thing Craig would tell Bentley if they were going off on a shop-breaking expedition would be, 'It's alright, I've got a revolver with me.'

Then see what Bentley had with him. Where is that knuckleduster? (It is handed to him.) Apparently it was given to him by Craig, but Bentley was armed with this knuckleduster. Have you ever seen a more horrible sort of weapon? This is to hit a person in the face. You grasp it here, your fingers go through, and you can kill a

person with this. Of course if the blow with the steel is not enough, you have got this spike in the side to jab. It is a shocking weapon. Can you believe for a moment Bentley did not know Craig had a gun?

Then of course the most serious piece of evidence against Bentley is that he called out to Craig: "Let him have it, Chris!" and then the firing began and the very first shot struck an officer. Three police officers in all swear that they heard Bentley call that out. The police officers that night showed the highest gallantry. They were conspicuously brave. Are you going to say that they are conspicuous liars?

I started by saying this was a dreadful case. It is dreadful to think that two lads, coming from decent homes, should with weapons like this, go out to break the law and finish by shooting policemen. (Hands back knuckleduster.)

With these words I will ask you to go to the serious and solemn duty that you have of considering your verdict.

(Pause. Slide: "The verdict". CRAIG stands by BENTLEY in the dock. Enter FOREMAN of the Jury.)

GODDARD: Members of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?

FOREMAN: We are.

GODDARD: Do you find the prisoner Christopher Craig guilty or not guilty of murder?

FOREMAN: Guilty.

GODDARD: Do you find the prisoner Derek William Bentley guilty or not guilty of murder?

FOREMAN: Guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

GODDARD: Christopher Craig, you stand convicted of murder, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed according to law? (Pause.) Derek William Bentley, you stand convicted of murder, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed according to law?

Christopher Craig, you are under eighteen, but in my judgment and evidently in the judgment of the jury, you are the more guilty of the two. Your heart was filled with hate, and you murdered a policeman without thought of his wife, his family or himself; and never, once have you expressed a word of sorrow for what you have done. I shall tell the Secretary of State when forwarding the recommendation of the jury in Bentley's case that in my opinion you are one of the most dangerous criminals who has ever stood in that dock. The sentence upon you is that you be kept in strict custody until the pleasure of Her Majesty be known. Take him down.

(CRAIG stands down.)

Derek William Bentley, you are nineteen years of age. It is my duty to pass upon you the only sentence which the law can pass for the crime of wilful murder. The sentence of the Court upon you is that you be taken from this place to a lawful prison, and thence to a place of execution, and there you suffer death by hanging, and that your body be buried within the precincts of the prison in which you shall have been last confined before your execution; and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul. Take him down.

(BENTLEY stands down. The Court leaves. Blank slide.
PROCTER comes forward.)

PROCTER: Well, how about that then eh? What a trial. Better'n Billy Smart's Circus ain't it? Christmas Humphries and his Performing Hooligans. Well, you see old Goddard with that knuckleduster? Wouldn't like to meet him on a dark night, eh? And the whole thing over in two and a half days. Ten hours the lot. I've spent longer waiting for a 22 bys. Anyway, one thing's for certain, after that verdict, it won't be Craig that people want to hear about any more. No, all eyes'll be going on Bentley. Mike included.

(CASSELS crosses the stage looking at papers. MRS BENTLEY rushes after him.)

PROCTER: Mrs Bentley, Mrs Bentley, could you say a few words?

MRS B: Mr Cassels, Mr Cassels -

CASSELS (still busy with papers): Yes, Mrs Bentley, what is it?

MRS B: I don't get it. What's happened? What are they going to do to Derek?

PROCTER (eavesdropping): Good question.

CASSELS (freezing him with a stare): Excuse me, my man.

(CASSELS leads MRS BENTLEY away to another part of stage.)

CASSELS: Now, Mrs Bentley, what is it?

MRS B: Please tell me what's going to happen? Now they've sentenced Derek to death I -

CASSELS: There's no point in getting agitated, Mrs Bentley. Now that Craig's out of the way, Bentley has a very reasonable case for appealing against sentence. And that is what I intend to do, appeal.

MRS B: But will it be the same judge?

CASSELS: No, no, Mrs Bentley, there'll be a different judge. An appeal judge called Croom-Johnson.

MRS B: But what will happen, will he hear the case all over again? Will he -

CASSELS: I think you'd better let me explain, Mrs Bentley. In the case that's just been heard the facts, the things that happened to your son and his companion, were examined. In the Appeal Court we look at the Court's decision from a legal point of view.

MRS B: But they said nothing about his illnesses, about -

CASSELS: Mrs Bentley, we are dealing now with important points of law, and they are really best left to those who understand them. Do you understand?

MRS B (resigned): Yes.

CASSELS: Rest assured, I will put your son's case just as well then as I did today. Good day, madam.

(Exit CASSELS. MRS BENTLEY turns to go.)

PROCTER: Mrs Bentley, Mrs Bentley -

MRS B: Please, not now.

(She leaves.)

PROCTER: Oh well, suit yourself. We've all got a job to do, missus. (Consults notepad.) Ah, well, I shouldn't think that Cassels can be too serious about an appeal. I mean, after all, Goddard is the Lord Chief Justice, ain't he, the boss of all the judges. So, I don't somehow reckon that this Croom-Johnson's going to say that his Lordship munched the trial up. I mean you don't rat on your boss publicly, do you, specially if you get paid as much as Croom-Johnson does.

Scene Four

Slide: "The Appeal: Presiding Judge CROOM-JOHNSON."

PROCTER leaves. Enter CROOM-JOHNSON, who sits, and CASSELS.

CASSELS: My lord, appeal is made on two grounds. Firstly, that Lord Goddard's summing-up of Bentley's case was not totally adequate and left out some important information relevant to Bentley's case.

CROOM: In the opinion of the Court, the idea that there was a failure on the part of the Lord Chief Justice to say anything short of what was required in putting that sort of a case to the jury is entirely wrong.

CASSELS: The second point is that the jury should have been told to consider when the joint adventure of the two youths stopped being a joint adventure.

CROOM: What on earth do you mean?

CASSELS: Bentley was already under arrest for fifteen minutes before PC Miles was shot. He gave himself up and made no attempt to escape. This was a highly important fact that Lord Goddard should have mentioned in his summing-up.

How does Cassels appear. Appeal dismissed

CS

JK

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CROOM: Surely a judge in the course of summing-up a criminal trial cannot deal with every little point — the judge must be allowed a little latitude mustn't he?

CASSELS: But in the police statement by Bentley and in the police evidence in court and even in the opening remarks of my learned colleague, Mr Humphries, the fact that Bentley was under arrest was admitted, I would respectfully point out.

CROOM: Unfortunately Bentley was asked specifically at the hearing whether he was under arrest or not at the time when the shot that killed Miles was fired. He would not have it. He said that he had not been arrested, that he was not under arrest, that the police officer had not detained him and all the rest of it. In the face of that, it seems that it is idle to suggest that this point, if it be the point, is one which the jury could have taken into consideration and about which the Chief Justice ought to have directed the jury. Appeal dismissed.

(Exit CROOM-JOHNSON. Blank slide.)

CASSELS: Personally, I think both the little bastards ought to swing.

(Exit CASSELS. Enter PROCTER.)

PROCTER: ~~There you go. Didn't take long did it?~~ All over in under an hour. And leaving me with a good story line to find. I reckon it's the family — weeping Mum, anxious father, puzzled little brothers and sisters, faithful doggie on the hearth rug. Could be great. And only fifteen days to go before Derek gets topped.

Scene Five

PROCTER crosses stage as if to BENTLEY home, finds door open, enters and starts taking photos. MRS BENTLEY comes in. He notices her.

PROCTER: Excuse me, Mrs Bentley, er Harry Procter, Sunday Pictorial. How do you feel now the Appeal's been rejected? It must be quite a blow to your family's hopes, Mrs Bentley.

MRS B: Yes, I don't understand, I don't believe it. How could they? Derek never fired that gun. We thought it would be alright.

PROCTER: Er, how many are there in your family, Mrs Bentley?

(He pulls out his pad.)

MRS B: My husband, myself, Iris — that's my daughter — and Denis, my youngest boy.

PROCTER: Any pets?

MRS B: Well there's Derek's dog and — what the hell have they got to do with it?



An interview with Mrs. Bentley.

PROCTER: And they're all thunderstruck by this blow, Mrs Bentley? Is it true that Derek suffers from epilepsy?

MRS B: Yes, yes, it is.

PROCTER: And how about the neighbours, any trouble with them? You know bricks through the windows, threatening letters, anything like that?

MRS B: Oh no, no. Not any more.

PROCTER: You mean you have had bricks through your windows, Mrs Bentley?

MRS B: No I don't mean . . . there are so many kind letters now.

PROCTER: Letters . . . letters of support?

MRS B: Letters saying it's wrong for Derek to hang.

PROCTER: And who are these letters from, Mrs Bentley?

MRS B: All sorts of people . . . ordinary people like ourselves . . . film stars . . .

PROCTER: Film stars, Mrs Bentley? Which film stars?

MRS B: I can't remember.

PROCTER: Come on, love. Are they household names? Come on, I'm sure my readers would be very interested.

MRS B: I'm sorry I don't remember.

CS

Procter's name of Mrs Bentley

(Handwritten mark)

(Handwritten mark)

PROCTER: Try love. Perhaps if I rattled off a few names some of them would click.

MRS B: There've been so many letters, so many phone calls. . . . (She breaks down.)

PROCTER: Alright, love. Clearly the nation is right behind you, Mrs Bentley. Could you tell me how you propose to harness this powerhouse of the public conscience?

MRS B: Pardon?

PROCTER: What are you going to do now?

MRS B: Oh I see. . . They think we should start a petition. Didn't seem much use before, but what else can we do now?

PROCTER: Who's organising the petition, Mrs Bentley?

MRS B: We've got a letter ready and all kinds of people have offered to help us get signatures for it.

PROCTER: So you could say the hopes of the Bentley household are pinned on the petition, eh Mrs Bentley?

MRS B: The law's said he should be hung. What else can we do?

PROCTER: Don't ask me, missus, how should I know?

(MRS BENTLEY goes.)

Scene Six

The PETITIONER enters, holding copies of the petition. She talks to the audience.

PETITIONER: I've got here a petition for the reprieve of Derek Bentley. I've got nearly 100,000 signatures and need more. Will you read the petition and if you agree with it, please sign.

(She hands them out to the audience, then sees PROCTER.)

PETITIONER: Will you sign this, sir?

PROCTER (looking at a copy): Petition for the reprieve of Derek Bentley. Very interesting. Having any success with it?

PETITIONER: Most people sign. I reckon we'll get over 100,000 signatures.

PROCTER: 100,000 eh? Not bad. (She continues with handing out.) Er excuse me - are all these people against hanging?

PETITIONER: No, not all.

PROCTER: Just against hanging Derek Bentley?

PETITIONER: That's right.

PROCTER: Just a moment. One more thing - when you get all these signatures you're going to take them to the Home Secretary I presume?

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PETITIONER: Yes, of course. He's the only one who can pardon Bentley now. Excuse me.

(The PASSER-BY enters.)

Excuse me, sir, will you sign the petition for the reprieve of Derek Bentley?

PASSER-BY: Sorry, no.

(He starts to move off.)

PROCTER: Could you tell me why you haven't signed the petition?

PASSER-BY: Who are you?

PROCTER (producing press card): Harry Procter, Sunday Pictorial.

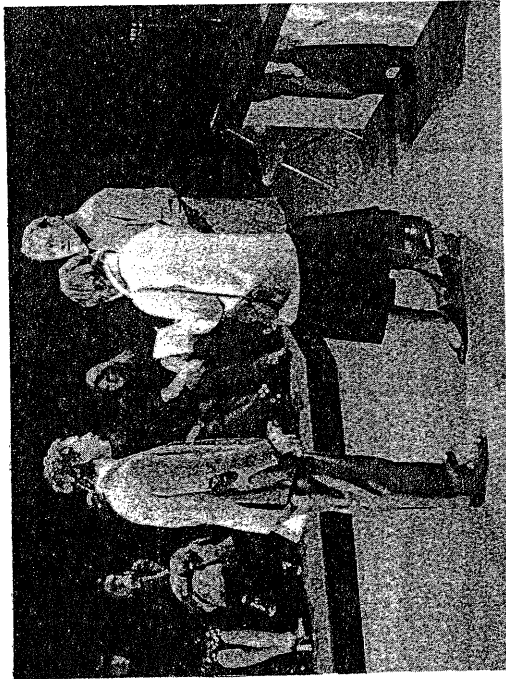
PETITIONER (to PROCTER): If you're not going to sign the petition can I have it back as there are people here who'll sign.

PROCTER: Look, love, I'm trying to conduct an interview here. Are you blind? (To PASSER-BY.) Sorry about that, sir. Now, could you tell me why you didn't sign the petition?

PASSER-BY: I think it's a lot of fuss over nothing. If everybody goes mad with petitions every time some young thug gets sentenced to death, how will our police be safe?

PROCTER: So you think it's not fair to the police?

Collecting signatures for petition to reprieve Derek.



PASSER-BY: Very strongly. Who's thinking about the poor widow of the policeman now? Who's making a fuss about here? £2.16 a week pension that's all she gets. That'd be worth getting up a petition about.

PETITIONER: I agree but -

PASSER-BY: But the real question is, can we really ask the police to risk their lives on our behalf if they don't feel they're supported by everybody and specially protected if things go wrong. That's the main point. How do you think they'll feel if this Bentley boy gets off?

PETITIONER: But -

PASSER-BY (to PETITIONER): I'm sorry but your petition's a complete waste of time.

(He goes.)

PETITIONER (calling after him): But Mrs Miles herself thinks Bentley should be reprieved.

PROCTER (to audience): Oh, yeah, did you hear about that?

Touching little scene it was. Policeman's Widow Says Bentley Should Not Hang. I mean, not quite page one but pretty strong for page two.

PETITIONER: Look, are you going to sign or not?

PROCTER (handing it back): I don't think I'll bother. I mean the Press should remain impartial after all. And I mean, you've got more than enough signatures for the Home Secretary.

(The PETITIONER has collected in the petitions during this.)

PROCTER: Do you mind if I come along to take a picture of your handing in the petition?

PETITIONER: If you must.

(Slide of MAXWELL-FYFE, Home Secretary.)

Car NARRATOR: Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, Home Secretary.

PETITIONER: We would like to present a petition on behalf of Derek William Bentley at present under sentence of death.

(A hand appears to receive the petition from her. PROCTER takes photo.)

SPOKESMAN (off): The Home Secretary will give your petition due consideration. The parents of the prisoner will be informed of his decision in due course.

(The PETITIONER tries to speak.)

That is all.

PROCTER: Thanks for the pic, mate. Don't reckon much to your chances though.

PETITIONER: Oh really?

PROCTER: Yes, really. I mean Maxwell-Fyfe's not only the Home Secretary, but he's also the head of the Police Force and it was a policeman that got it wasn't it?

PETITIONER: Why don't you shut up, you parasite?

(She goes. PROCTOR laughs.)

PROCTER: Well, we'll wait and see, won't we.

(The slide of MAXWELL-FYFE stays. The sound of heartbeats is heard. PROCTER counts on his fingers, occasionally glancing at the slide of MAXWELL-FYFE.)

PROCTER: Fifteen days to go

fourteen days to go

thirteen days to go

twelve days to go

eleven days to go

ten days to go

nine days to go

eight days to go

seven days to go

six days to go

five days to go

four days to go

three days to go

two days to go . . .

Scene Seven

The slide and heartbeats fade. MRS BENTLEY enters. PROCTER crosses to her.

PROCTER: Mrs Bentley, Mrs Bentley, is it true the Home Secretary's rejected the petition?

MRS B: Rejected it?

PROCTER: You've heard nothing, Mrs Bentley?

MRS B: No, nothing. We're still waiting.

PROCTER: Oh.

MRS B: Why, what have you heard?

PROCTER: You've not had any word then?

MRS B: No messenger's been, nothing.

PROCTER: You've not had a letter, have you?

MRS B: Letter! . . . You'd better come in. The house is full of letters but surely . . .

16
26

16
26



Procter sorts through Mrs. Bentley's mail.

PROCTER: Perhaps you'd better take a look through them, Mrs Bentley.

MRS B: But surely . . .

PROCTER: An official-looking envelope, Mrs Bentley, are you sure you haven't seen one?

MRS B: But surely they wouldn't send it by ordinary post. They couldn't leave us waiting.

PROCTER: Take a look, Mrs Bentley.

(She brings out a large basket filled with letters. She empties it on the ground and starts searching through, eventually she finds the envelope. She opens it and starts to read.)

PROCTER: Is that it, Mrs Bentley? What does it say?

(She stays kneeling silent and broken.)

Look up, Mrs Bentley.

(She looks up. He takes a photo. PROCTER leaves. The heartbeats start up again. The mother stays on her knees.)

Scene Eight

SILVERMAN (as he enters): Mrs Bentley, Mrs Bentley —

(Slide of SILVERMAN. He goes to MRS BENTLEY and during the following, helps her up.)

MRS B: What?

SILVERMAN: My name's Silverman. I'm an M.P. Some of us have heard about your son's case and want to do something about it.

MRS B: But the Home Secretary —

SILVERMAN: We're going to force a debate in the House of Commons tonight. There are important factors that weren't taken into account at the trial, factors such as your son's epilepsy and his low I.Q. He must be reprieved. Will you come?

(Pause.)

MRS B: Yes, of course.

(They cross the stage. Heartbeats again.)

(4x27) (8x6)

Scene Nine

Sound of general hubbub. Slide: "The Commons Debate 27th January 1953, evening." SILVERMAN shows MRS BENTLEY to a seat.

SILVERMAN: Sit there, Mrs Bentley, in the public gallery.

SPEAKER (tape): Order! Order!

(Fade hubbub as SILVERMAN starts.)

SILVERMAN: Mr Speaker! Mr Speaker, yesterday shortly after 7.00 p.m. I presented for debate the motion "that this House does not agree with the Home Secretary's decision that there are not sufficient reasons for reprieving Derek Bentley, and urges him to reconsider the matter so far as to give effect to the recommendation of the jury and to the expressed view of the Lord Chief Justice that Bentley's guilt was less than that of his co-defendant, Christopher Craig." I have since been told by phone that on your instructions, the motion has been removed from the order paper. Is the House to wait until Bentley is dead before it is entitled to say he should not die?

SPEAKER (tape): In this case the motion of the honourable member which I saw last night dealt with the case of a capital sentence which is still pending and there is a long line of authorities of all my predecessors saying that, if a capital sentence is pending, the matter shall not be discussed by the House.

SILVERMAN: Mr Speaker, this is a matter which arouses interest of the deepest kind not merely in the House. I venture to think that if it were possible to put such a matter to the vote today, there

Mrs Bentley + her house

DR

would be an overwhelming majority of this House who think that the Home Secretary has decided wrongly. I have here more than 200 telegrams from all sorts of people all over the country, all of them except one holding the decision to be wrong, and that one telling me to mind my own business. Sir, I am minding my own business! That is why I am raising this question with you. It is the business of all of us if this boy is hanged when we think he ought not to be hanged. This is a parliamentary democracy and we are all responsible for what occurs.

SPEAKER (tape): A motion can be put down on this subject when the sentence has been executed, the Minister responsible may be criticised on the relevant vote of Supply or on the Adjournment. I have stated that this is the practice of the House and I cannot alter the practice of the House.

SILVERMAN: A three-quarter witted boy is to be hanged for a murder that he did not commit and which was committed fifteen minutes after he was arrested. Can we be made to keep silent when a thing as horrible and shocking as this is to happen?

SPEAKER (tape): I repeat that no debate on the subject can be held here until the execution has taken place. Only then can the justice of that execution be debated. That is my ruling based on all available Parliamentary precedent.

(Blank slide. Pause. SILVERMAN returns to where MRS BENTLEY sits silently.)

SILVERMAN: I'm sorry, Mrs Bentley.

MRS B: That's it then.

SILVERMAN: By no means, Mrs Bentley, don't give up now. A group of us are going to go to the Home Secretary's house tonight to argue with him face to face. We have signatures from 200 M.P.s. He must listen to us. (Pause.) I think you should go to your son, Mrs Bentley.

(Pause.)

MRS B: Yes.

SILVERMAN: We'll save him, Mrs Bentley. The Home Secretary will listen. Go and see Derek.

(Both leave. The heartbeats again. Silence.)

Scene Ten

Sound of crowd noises. PROCTOR dashes on and goes to the phone.

PROCTER: The time 8.50 a.m. the 28th January, 1953, and only ten minutes to go before Derek Bentley is due to be executed. Outside Wandsworth Prison a large and angry crowd has gathered to protest. The chants of "Murder... murder" changed to cheers a few moments ago when a telegram boy arrived but it was a false

SX 7

LX 28

alarm. He was not bringing Derek Bentley's reprieve. Even now extra squads of police are standing by in case the crowd breaks into the prison to try to save Bentley. With only minutes to go now, the crowd has grown strangely quiet but no-one is leaving. The life of Derek William Bentley now hangs on the thin thread of a last minute change of heart by the Home Secretary who appears to have ignored the deputation of M.P.s. Meanwhile, inside the prison, Derek William Bentley dictates his last letter ...

(PROCTOR puts down the receiver and goes. Silence.)

Scene Eleven

BENTLEY enters.

BENTLEY: Dear Mum and Dad, I was so glad to see you on my visit today. I got the rosary and the letter and I saw the photo of the dog. Iris looked nice surrounded by all those animals. I could not keep the photo because it was a newspaper cutting. I told you, Mum, it would be very difficult to write this letter. I can't think of anything to say except you have all been wonderful the way you worked for me. Don't forget what I told you, "Always keep your chin up," and tell Pop not to grind his teeth. I hope Dad has more televisions in. Oh, I forgot to ask him how things were on the visit. Oh, Dad, don't let my cycle frames get rusty because they might come in handy one day and, Dad, keep a strict eye on Denis if he does anything wrong, though I don't think he will, but you never know how little things can get you into trouble. If he does, wallop him so that he won't sit down for three weeks. I am trying to give you good advice because of my experience. I tell you, Mum, the truth of this story has got to come out one day and as I said in the visiting box, one day a lot of people are going to get into trouble and I think you know who those people are. What do you think, Mum? This letter may sound a bit solemn but I am still keeping my chin up as I want all the family to do.

Don't let anything happen to the dogs and cats and look after them as you always have. I hope Laurie and Iris get married alright, I'd like to give them my blessing, it would be nice to have a brother-in-law like him. Laurie and I used to have some fun up at the pond till four o'clock in the morning, by the cafe. I always caught Laurie to pay for the pies, he never caught me. That will be all for now. I will sign this myself. Lots of love, Derek.

(The heartbeats start up. BENTLEY leaves. The heartbeats gradually fade. Pause. Enter NARRATOR.)

NARRATOR: Derek Bentley was hanged for the murder of P.C. Miles 28th January, 1953.

(She leaves.)

The End.

LX 29

SX 8

Fade SX

"GAWK"

LX 30

J. R/C

Car B.

Bx

Example : The Case of Craig and Bentley

Opening narration on voice over with freeze frames

It's 15th August 1945 and the whole victorious and happy nation is out on the streets to celebrate the ending of World War 2.

Britain is at peace but she's still got plenty of headaches. Over half a million houses were destroyed during the war and there's precious little time to build new ones so an awful lot of families are going to have to go short for an awful long time.

Nor are things too hot with education. It's not easy to keep schools open with bombs dropping all around you so many children have not got all the schooling they might.

Rationing still applies on most important things and if you haven't got the coupons then you can't have the goods. Or can you? There is always someone somewhere who can get the things you want!

And there are things quite a bit more serious than a dabble in the Black Market. The first post war crime figures show an overall increase of 50% over 1939 with more people in prison than at any time since 1912 with a 250% increase amongst young people between 17 and 21 – the children who've grown up during the war years. Bad news indeed!

The police are desperately under strength and people are watching the rise in crime and lawlessness with growing concern. Among them is Lord Chief Justice Goddard.

"We cannot stand by and watch our country undermined by growing violence and a decreasing respect for law and order. Criminals must be made to see that their misdeeds, particularly if they are attacks on police officers or others in authority, will be punished and punished severely. Criminals will only be deterred from crime and violence by seeing an example made. We must make that example now, before it is too late."

Example: Derek William Bentley