"THE AVENGERS"

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STATION"

Screenplay
by
Roger Marshall

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. MAIN LINE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

Establish typical night scene at a main line railway terminus. PASSENGERS arriving at train; goods being stored in luggage van; sandwiches, tea, magazines, etc., being sold. Engine ticking over. Station announcements over P.A.

2. EXT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

A long, dark, damp, tiled corridor leading from Tube station to Main Line. LUCAS, a man of about fifty, an old school British agent, runs breathlessly into SHOT. Footsteps echo under the tiled roof. He hurries to a fork. Which leg shall he take? He hesitates - gasping for breath and wiping sweat from his brow - then hurries on. He comes to a recess in the wall (perhaps a padlocked 'Private' door). He slips into the shadows.

Another MAN hurries up to the same fork. He hesitates. Which way did LUCAS go? He shouts LUCAS's name a couple of times. Echo, but no answer. At the junction there is a puddle. LUCAS's footprints solve the problem for him. He smiles, then hurries on.

LUCAS tries to control his rattling breath.

The MAN approaches the recess. As he passes, LUCAS pounces. His ferocity belies his appearance. He drags the MAN into the shadows, chokes him and leaves him. He hurries away.

3. EXT. TELEPHONE BOX. STATION. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

LUCAS hurries into the box and shovels coins into the machine. Station SOUNDS o.s.

CAMERA PANS away to SALT. A man busily sucking a carton of milk through a straw. As he approaches the box, CAMERA establishes that he has a hearing aid in one of his ears.

LUCAS is now speaking urgently into the phone. At first we don't hear what is said. Then, as SALT arrives outside the box, we suddenly pick up his end of the conversation.

LUCAS'S VOICE

... I think I've got it. Can't talk now. Meet me off the eight-ten at Norborough.

(Emphatically)

Norborough!

He slams down the receiver and hurries out, past SALT.

CAMERA CLOSES on SALT as he thoughtfully removes his hearing-aid from his ear, then PANS to a suction connection crimped to the glass window of the box.

(CONTINUED)
3. CONTINUED:
SALT pulls it off. He turns into CAMERA. HOLD his grim expression.

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STATION"

FADE IN TO:
'Steed goes off the rails.
Emma finds her station in life'.

4. INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

STYLISED OPENING,

CAMERA OPENS CLOSE on a very modest clockwork train going round a very simple circle of rail.

CAMERA PANS UP to show EMMA, the train box in hand - gift wrapping paper close by, watching it fondly.

Suddenly STEED's head appears next to hers. He looks at her, down at the railway, then back - disapprovingly - at her. (Conveying that he's starting to have his doubts).

STEED
Mrs. Peel. We're needed.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. NORBOROUGH STATION. PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

CAMERA OPENS on B.R. nameplate: NORBOROUGH. Then PANS AWAY as STEED and EMMA arrive beside it. They look o.s. as for approaching train. STEED glances at his watch. EMMA blows on her hands, waves her arms and stamps her feet.

EMMA
Well?

STEED looks at her blandly.

EMMA
To drag a girl away from her fireside, her electric blanket. Must be important,

STEED
It is. We must pinpoint their Headquarters.

EMMA
(interrupting)
Whose?

STEED
We're not certain. Splinter-group. Troublemakers.

(continued)
5. CONTINUED:

EMMA
What sort of trouble?

STEED
That's the other thing we're not certain about.

EMMA
(memorising)
The Headquarters and what they're about. Right.

STEED
We located them via their radio. We know their frequency, call signs and channel.

EMMA
So what's the problem?

STEED
Soon as we get a 'fix' on it—bingo! It's moved. Nine times in the past four weeks.

EMMA
Why Norborough?

STEED
We're meeting Lucas. He thinks he's on to something.

EMMA
'Lucas'. I don't think I...

STEED
(cutting in)
You don't. Brilliant linguist. Bounced round the Empire. Each time the Union Jack came down, so he was the last aboard the gunboat. Eventually, of course...

EMMA
No more gunboats.

STEED
Exactly.

EMMA
And now he's speeding through the Home Counties on a Cold Thursday.

6. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)
The train comes bursting, whistle screaming, out of a tunnel.

7. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

LUCAS places a tip on his bill saucer and gets up. He makes his way out of the Restaurant car, passing an ATTENDANT. (CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT

Thank you, sir.

The ATTENDANT starts to clear the table.

8. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

LUCAS comes swaying along the corridor. He brushes past a MAN, smoking, in the corridor. Next he passes a compartment with a 'Just Married' card and a lucky horse-shoe hanging on the door. Seated inside are the GROOM and his BRIDE. (The GROOM is the psychopath killer in the Organisation. As he kills, he always hums or whistles Mendlesohn's 'Wedding March').

LUCAS continues down the corridor to his own compartment. He goes inside.

9. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

LUCAS comes in. The compartment is empty. He lowers the three blinds on windows overlooked by the corridor. He then sits down and puts his foot on the door handle so that no-one can slide it open. He jots some numbers on the fly-leaf of his book, rips it out, folds it up and slips it in a pocket behind the maker's tag inside his jacket. He then stands up, raises the blinds and sits down to read his book.

10. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

The sliding door connecting one carriage with another opens. In comes the TICKET COLLECTOR. He slides the door to behind him. Glancing at his watch, on a chain across his waistcoat, he starts off down the swaying corridor.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Next stop - Norborough. Norborough.

He passes the 'Just Married' compartment, then arrives at LUCAS' just as LUCAS slides open the door.

LUCAS

Norborough?

TICKET COLLECTOR

(nodding)

Next stop, sir.

LUCAS nods. The TICKET COLLECTOR goes on down the corridor, opens and closes the door, going through into the next carriage.

11. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

LUCAS, leisurely pulls on his overcoat, slips his book into his pocket and crosses to the window to look out. The train is obviously slowing. He turns away and goes out of the compartment.
12. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

LUCAS comes down the corridor to the end. As the train slows, he lowers the window.

13. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

A train slows down as it approaches a station. Slows then halts.

14. EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

LUCAS, looking out of his lowered window, opens his door and gets out.

PORTER'S VOICE (O.S.) Norborough.

He slams the door shut behind him and starts to walk slowly past a lighted carriage. O.S. SOUND of other doors slamming.

15. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

Train starts off again, pulling away from the station into the night.

16. EXT. PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

Identical set to scene 5 - save that this station is derelict.

LUCAS suddenly realises he is alone. He looks around in surprise. SOUND of the train rushing off into the night. The station sign 'NORBOROUGH' reassures him. He walks along the ill-lit platform to the light shining beside the exit. His footsteps echo hollowly on the uneven cobblestones. A little ground mist.

LUCAS arrives at the station buildings. There is no-one in sight.

LUCAS
(calling out)
Hello? Hello.

He tries to open the door leading to the station vestibule. It won't open.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, he raises his hands. CAMERA reveals that the GROOM has materialised out of the dark behind him and obviously stuck a gun in his back. The two MEN stand stock still. Everything is quiet apart from a dog barking closeby. Then, in the far distance, comes the SOUND of an approaching train. It gradually draws closer. The rails start to vibrate. LUCAS looks puzzled that nothing has happened. SOUND of train drawing quite close. Suddenly the two MEN's faces and station area are lit up by a train as it thunders past O.S. As it does so, CAMERA PANS off as a pane of glass in the nearby vestibule mysteriously shatters. LUCAS then slowly topples forward on to his face: shot as

(CONTINUED)
train sound muffled gun shot. (We don't want to see shooting because it's a messy one, rigged to look like suicide).

The GROOM then crosses to 'NORBOROUGH' station sign. He reaches up and slides it free. As he removes it, we read beneath: 'CHASE HALT', a very battered old sign.

17. EXT. NORBOROUGH STATION. PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

STEED and EMMA, still beside NORBOROUGH sign, stand shielding their eyes against the bright lights of the train. They react to the fact that nobody is getting off. EMMA glances at STEED who looks worried.

EMMA
Think he missed it?

STEED shakes his head; not knowing what to think. Then - as GUARD's whistle blows o.s. - he starts forward.

STEED
Come on. Maybe he's asleep.

EMMA follows.

18. EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

STEED whips open door and climbs in. He holds out a hand and helps EMMA in.

19. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

Train gathers speed and pulls away into the night.

20. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEED comes swaying along the corridor, towards CAMERA, looking in compartment windows. He arrives at the 'Just Married' compartment and looks in.

21. P.O.V. SHOT - INTERIOR COMPARTMENT.

The BRIDE is now seated opposite SALT! They are drinking champagne; ice-bucket close by. They look resentful of STEED's curiosity.

22. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEED smiles and raises his bowler by way of congratulations. He continues on his way.

23. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

EMMA has her face close up against glass of door. She looks curious.
24. P.O.V. SHOT - INTERIOR COMPARTMENT.
A MAN has a newspaper over his face. He is suspiciously still.

25. ANOTHER ANGLE.
EMMA opens the door and tip-toes towards the MAN. She carefully takes hold of a corner of the paper and peels it back. Suddenly the MAN, with wild popping eyes, leaps up into CAMERA.

MAN
Boo!

26. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR, NIGHT.
STEED comes to the end of the corridor and passes over the swaying connection between coaches. As he steps carefully over it, the train whistle screams as it passes into a tunnel.

27. INT. GUARD'S VAN, NIGHT.
STEED comes into the wired compound of the van. Stacks of boxes of Day Old Chicks cheep noisily.

Suddenly STEED stops. An Egyptian Mummy is laid out on a trestle. He crosses to it curiously. The lid isn't screwed on, but it's difficult to lift. He raises it and looks inside. Nothing, apart from a paper bag. Mystified, he opens it and, finding it full of sandwiches, he tries one.

TICKET COLLECTOR'S VOICE
Well?

STEED looks up. The TICKET COLLECTOR is looking at him suspiciously.

STEED
(smacking his lips)
Bread's amazingly fresh. Liver sausage. Been better on rye.

TICKET COLLECTOR
What are you doing?

STEED
Looking for someone.

TICKET COLLECTOR
In there?

STEED
He always was a mummy's boy. Norborough is the first stop?

TICKET COLLECTOR
Right.

STEED
Then he must still be on the train.
EMMA sits at a table, book propped up in front of her. ATTENDANT pours her some coffee. She doesn't look up.

EMMA
Thank you.

STEED comes into the car, nods genially to everyone in sight and takes a seat at the opposite table to EMMA. ATTENDANT comes up to him, looking apologetic.

ATTENDANT
I'm afraid you're too late for dinner, sir.

STEED
That's all right. I'd like a large brandy and some coffee.

ATTENDANT
Certainly, sir.

As he moves away, so the TICKET COLLECTOR comes into the car. He shakes his head. STEED nods, pointing to seat opposite.

STEED
Sit down.

He does, although he's a little diffident about it.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Shouldn't really, not on duty.

STEED
Take your cap off. No-one'll notice you.

He does so. ATTENDANT comes up and serves STEED, who talks throughout to TICKET COLLECTOR.

STEED
It's not the money. I don't want you to think that.

TICKET COLLECTOR
obviously doesn't understand what STEED is talking about.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Money?

STEED
Not at all. I mean what's a fiver between friends. 'Friends'!
(Laughs bitterly)
Never seen the chap before.

TICKET COLLECTOR
A fiver? Excuse me. I think I've lost you. What's this about money?

STEED
This man. The one sitting opposite me. He disappeared.

(Continued)
TICKET COLLECTOR
Yes? I've got that.

STEED
Well, I lent him a fiver.
That disappeared with him.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(now grasping what it's all about)
I see. Maybe he slipped off at Norborough.

STEED
Definitely not. I stood out on the platform and watched.

TICKET COLLECTOR
I can't say I noticed him, but ... they're just so many tickets to me. I might spot a pretty ankle, but ... 
(He shrugs)

STEED
It's not ankles, it's five pound notes I'm interested in.

The TICKET COLLECTOR thoughtfully unwraps a lozenge and slips it in his mouth. He notices that STEED was watching.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Tranquilizer. Twenty years on the railway and ... 
(Touching stomach)
it still plays me up. Hate travel. Always have.

STEED finishes his brandy and starts to get up.

STEED
I'll take one more look. Just in case.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Good luck.

STEED
Thanks for your help.

As STEED goes, CAMERA CLOSES on EMMA. Her role is to see what reaction STEED's probing has — if any. She watches over the top of her book. The ATTENDANT comes up, collects STEED's cup and glass.

ATTENDANT
Can't trust anybody these days.

The COLLECTOR nods, somewhat sadly.
29. EXT. MAIN LINE TERMINUS. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

The train is pulling into platform. PASSENGERS are lowering windows, flocking out, etc. PORTERS touting for luggage. PEOPLE meeting PASSENGERS. The usual bustle. P.A. station announcements.

30. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

STEED is pulling on his coat. EMMA is opening the door to the corridor.

STEED
Bet my pension to a penny he's not on the train.

Suddenly the ATTENDANT appears in the doorway. He blows, as if he'd been hurrying to catch STEED.

ATTENDANT
'Scuse me, sir. Gentleman asked me to give you this. Said he apologises for any inconvenience.

He hands STEED an envelope.

STEED
Thank you.

ATTENDANT nods and goes o.s. STEED looks at the envelope for a moment, then opens it. He takes out ... counting them one by one ... five one pound notes. EMMA and STEED exchange puzzled glances.

STEED
(pockets money)
I must try that one more often.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

FADE IN:

31. EXT. MEWS. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

Wet cobbled mews. STEED and EMMA (Doubles) get out of a taxi and go towards mews cottage.

32. INT. DOOR TO LUCAS'S FLAT. NIGHT.

Double clad door. STEED and EMMA are at the door. There is a small visiting card in brass fitting. It says: 'F. LUCAS, Esq.'

STEED rings door bell.

EMMA
Is there a Mrs. Lucas?

(CONTINUED)
32. CONTINUED:

STEED shakes his head. After a moment he reaches up on top of the door ledge, runs his hand along and produces a key. He inserts it in the door. He opens the door, reaches inside and flicks on the light.

33. INT. LUCAS'S FLAT. NIGHT.

STEED and EMMA stand poised in the doorway. Eyes riveted on ...

The dead LUCAS sitting propped up in a chair. STEED and EMMA approach. EMMA carefully picks up a pistol from the floor.

EMMA
.25 Beretta.

STEED
Lady's gun.

EMMA
Not this lady.

STEED turns up a letter which is still in a typewriter on the nearby table. He and EMMA read it. He grunts.

STEED
As Confucius say: 'Never trust typewritten suicide note'.
(Indicating body)
Meet the late Mr. Lucas.

EMMA glances at the watch on LUCAS's wrist.

STEED
How late?

EMMA
Nine twenty.

STEED
Mm. And we were due to meet him at Norborough at nine-thirty.

EMMA
He certainly wasn't thrown off. Do you think he could've missed it?

STEED
He was at the station. I could hear the announcements when he phoned me.

He opens LUCAS's jacket, undoes the pocket behind tailor's name tag and produces the note. He reads it, then hands it to EMMA.

EMMA
(intrigued)
Four, one, sixty-seven?

STEED
Is that a one or is it an 'I'?

(CONTINUED)
EMMA
Don't know. Fourth of Jan, sixty-seven?

STEED
(looking around)
Could be.

STEED crosses to a leather framed photo of a sweet grey haired, Katie-Johnson type, conventional English 'mum'. He picks it up and shows EMMA.

STEED
Auntie Emma. Meet 'Auntie Maud'.

He starts to remove photo from frame. EMMA joins him.

EMMA
You know her?

STEED
MAUD. Microfilm And Unciphered Documents. Army issue pouch.

EMMA
Agents - for the use of.

STEED
In the field.

EMMA
Where else?

He takes out some papers, handing half to EMMA. They each sort through them.

EMMA recognises a man in a photograph.

EMMA
Steed. This man was on the train.

STEED
Show me.

She holds up a photo of SALT.

STEED
I noticed him. Name's Salt. He's a clerk.

EMMA
where?

STEED
The Admiralty. 'Where else'?
A red-scrambler-telephone rings on the Admiral's desk. SALT answers it.

SALT

CNS's office ... No. He's not at the moment. Who is that?
... Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't recognise you, my lady. He's talking to some journalist.
... I'll get him to call you.
... No trouble. Goodbye.

As he hangs up so the office door opens and in come EMMA, the journalist - with notepad in hand, and the uniformed ADMIRAL. He bears a strong facial resemblance to Nelson, even down to the patch over his eye. Carrying a Top Secret file in his hand, he leads her to a seat at his desk. CAMERA establishes the minnox camera left on the Admiral's desk.

EMMA

Thank you, Admiral, for the tour. I didn't think my readers warranted more than a junior aide.

ADMIRAL

Public Relations. You write a good piece for us, helps recruitment, we get a better choice of men. Good job all round. What?

EMMA

(spotting minnox camera)

True.

ADMIRAL

After all, your women readers want much the same thing as the Admiralty.

EMMA

Really?

She moves a file on the desk to make room for her notebook. By doing this, she carefully conceals SALT's camera.

ADMIRAL

More able-bodied men, what? (He winks and laughs)

While he talks, the ADMIRAL takes up a carefully prepared 'casual' pose beside a bust of Nelson. Identical pose, expression, etc.

EMMA

A few more questions?

ADMIRAL

Fire away.

EMMA

Amongst our readers, we have a fair number of sailors' wives.

(CONTINUED)
As he talks, the ADMIRAL fiddles with a Nelson-like telescope.

ADMIRAL
Bless their hearts. Never married myself. Never had me anchor in one port long enough.

EMMA
We get letters from wives of men serving on nuclear submarines, and they want to know ....

ADMIRAL
Huh! Don't want to sound evasive, Mrs. Peel, but - in security terms - we're getting 'warm'.

(To SALT)
Which reminds me ... Salt: rop this file back to the Top Secret Registry.

SALT
Sir.

EMMA watches impassively as SALT collects what is obviously a very important file. He also claims the minnow.

SALT
By the way, sir. Lady Hamilton called.

ADMIRAL
I'll speak to her. See Mrs. Peel ashore, will you.

EMMA
Thank you, Admiral. For your ... co-operation.

He takes her by the arm and leads her towards the door.

ADMIRAL
Pleasure, my dear.

EMMA smiles. Ad lib goodbyes. SALT and EMMA go out. The ADMIRAL returns to his desk. He lifts the receiver on the red phone.

ADMIRAL
(crisply)
Scramble this call.

He dials a number and waits.

ADMIRAL
Hello, you gorgeous little sailor's friend ...
gone and its echo died away, CAMERA, following a piece
of paper as it blows hither and thither, PANS deserted
station - tufts of grass growing everywhere, old posters
peeling off walls, doors slamming.

The wind blows eerily through the deserted buildings.
That same dog continues to bark close by. O.S. SOUND
of a car arriving.

36. INT. STATION VESTIBULE. DAY.

Cobwebby and long-deserted. The dirt of ages. Floor
strewn with old newspapers and rubbish. Old weighing
machine and slot machine. Someone is trying to push the
door open, against a pile of rubbish. Filthy windows
prevent one seeing in or out. Eventually door pushes
open. STEED comes in, followed by EMMA. They look around.
STEED bursts cobwebs with his brolly. EMMA sniffs.

EMMA
What's the smell?

STEED
Old steam, decaying time-tables,
sunny seaside posters ...

They search around. STEED prods around with the tip of
his umbrella. EMMA slips a penny into the machine and
weighs herself. According to the dial, she weighs nine
pounds.

EMMA
Flatterer!

STEED
The 8-10 was on time when we
met it. Right?

EMMA
Correct.

As he speaks, STEED tries to open the door on to the
platform. It sticks.

STEED
But it was three minutes early
at Wrighton Signal Box.

EMMA
Conclusion?

STEED
The train must've stopped.

EMMA
Here?
(Nodding o.s.)

As she says that, STEED throws open the door.
37. EXT. CHASE HALT PLATFORM. DAY. (STUDIO)

STEED and EMMA come out on to platform.

STEED
Fits with the time on Lucas's watch. Ten minutes from Norborough.

EMMA
(thoughtfully)
How do you stop a train? Hardly hitch your skirt a couple of notches and put up your thumb.
(She adopts hitch-hiker's pose)

STEED
Hardly.

He turns and goes back inside.

38. INT. STATION VESTIBULE. DAY.

STEED picks up a cardboard box.

STEED
(reading)
'One Gross packets sea-sick tables'.
(Tosses it down)
Must be a worse sailor in the world than me.

EMMA comes up behind him.

EMMA
My friend the Admiral for one.

She notices something about one of the windows in the door. STEED has got engrossed in one of the old newspapers; a copy of 'The Times'.

EMMA
Steed.
(No answer)
Steed!

STEED
(half to himself)
I didn't know she'd had twins.

EMMA
Look.

STEED
(thoughtfully)
'54. Must be at Eton by now.
(To EMMA)
My dear?

He crosses to join her.

EMMA
The smell. Fresh putty.

(CONTINUED)
He removes some, rolls it in his fingers then smells them.

STEED
(sighing nostalgically)
Ah, takes me back.

EMMA
Where to?

STEED
I used to oil the cricket bats for the First Eleven.

EMMA
(pointing)
Odd! Repairing windows in deserted stations.

As they ponder this, they hear SOUNDS from up the platform. A MAN singing.

STEED
Did you say 'deserted'?

They start out.

39. EXT. CHASE HALT PLATFORM. DAY. (STUDIO)

STEED and EMMA hurry up the platform towards waiting room.

40. INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

Another filthy old cobwebby room. CREWE, a train enthusiast is singing as he cleans the grime encrusted windows. He cleans a small area about as big as a head. Suddenly EMMA's face then STEED's appear in the space. CREWE reacts. Angrily he makes for the door, as STEED and EMMA walk in.

CREWE
Trespassing. You know that?

STEED
So are you then.

CREWE
It's my station.

STEED
What?

CREWE
I bought it. Well ...
(Bluffing)
... I'm negotiating to buy it.

EMMA
You mean you live here?

CREWE
That's right. (CONTINUED)
EMMA
Isn't it noisy?

CREWE
(laughing
scornfully)
Does a Venetian complain of the sound of water?

EMMA
I didn't realise it was quite the same thing.

CREWE
My name's Crewe. I live in the signal box.
(Pointing o.s.)
Humble beginnings, but the Station next. Then - one day - one day a main line station!
A terminus! That's what I've set my heart on.

STEEDE
Are you always here?

CREWE
Did Adam leave Eden?

EMMA
Yes!

CREWE
Ah, well. Wasn't a very good image then.

STEEDE
Were you here last Thursday night?

CREWE
Of course.

STEEDE
Are you sure?

CREWE
Yes!

EMMA
Absolutely.

STEEDE
Hundred per cent?

CREWE
Hundred per ...
(Breaking off)

EMMA
Yes?

CREWE
'Thursday', you said.
STEEDE
That's right.

CREWE
(looking from one
to the other
suspiciously)
Why do you ask?

STEEDE
My question first.

CREWE
Thursday. I had a phone call.
From a dealer with an 1892
station water cistern. Mint
condition. At the price it was
a giveaway. Absolute giveaway.

EMMA
Did you get it?

CREWE
When I got there - it was a
hoax. Final insult - I missed
the last train. Had to take a
bus.

(Horrified)
A bus!

At that moment a TRAIN crashes past outside. The building
shakes. CREWE automatically glances at his watch.

CREWE
The eleven forty-six. Driver's
name's Watkins. Welshman, nice
fellah! The Welsh've got a feel
for the diesel.

EMMA
Do trains ever stop here?

CREWE
No! Not for the past nine years.
One likes to see a station go
out on a high note, A blaze of
glory. I wrote to the Queen, but
she didn't answer. Must've got
the wrong address. Locomotters,
are you?

STEEDE
Loco? Yes, yes.

CREWE
Why not drop in at the Signal Box?

STEEDE
Some other time.

CREWE
Suit yourself. Must get back.
Shut the door when you've finished.

(CONTINUED)
40. CONTINUED:

Ad lib goodbyes. He goes out. STEED and EMMA exchange glances. He crosses to the cleaned portion of window and looks out.

EMMA
Think he’s involved?

STEED
(punning on word)
Very involved. ‘Obsessed’, I’d say.

41. EXT. CHASE HALT PLATFORM. DAY. (STUDIO)

CREWE comes walking proudly along the platform. He removes one particularly large clump of grass. At the end of the platform, he takes to the rough track running beside the lines.

42. INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

As STEED moves away from the window, his foot catches something wrapped in sacking. It makes a metallic rattle. He undoes the parcel. It’s a pair of station name-plates with the name ‘NORBOROUGH’ written on them.

EMMA
Two Norboroughs for the price of one.

STEED
(nodding)
Maybe this was their headquarters.

EMMA
The oldest established permanent floating Headquarters.

STEED
From one derelict station to another?

EMMA
Could be. Hence the repaired window.

STEED
Mm. We’ll give friend Salt at the Admiralty a little crumb of information. See where he takes it.

43. INT. ADMIRAL’S OFFICE. DAY.

The red-scrambler-telephone rings. The ADMIRAL lifts receiver, automatically pressing scrambling device.

ADMIRAL
CNS .......

His face becomes grim as he listens. Quivering at the anticipation of action. SALT looks up and listens.

(CONTINUED)
43. CONTINUED:

ADMIRAL
Yes, I've got your coded signal in front of me.
(He picks it up)
Is the Pyrocantha equipped for the job?

As the ADMIRAL talks, SALT crosses to open a porthole.

ADMIRAL
Periscope photographs. Yes, I like it. Like it very much.

The draught, from the open porthole, blows the flimsy signal off the desk on the floor. The ADMIRAL clicks his fingers to SALT, who - back to the ADMIRAL - stoops to retrieve it for him. As he does so, he minnow photographs it. Then he hands it back to the ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL
Rodney. One other thing. This is a scrambled call, isn't it? ... Can't be too careful. The Chief of the General Staff's retiring. There's a collection. What do you think? Ten shillings or go mad and give him a pound? ... Okay, just wanted to clear it with you ... Yes, I'll destroy it right now. Mustn't fall into the wrong hands. Could be most embarrassing.

He hangs up. By now SALT is back at his desk. There is a tape-recorder by his chair. The ADMIRAL applies a light to the signal.

ADMIRAL
Some action at last.

SALT (innocently)
Action, sir?

ADMIRAL (patriotically)
Top secret manoeuvres - tour of the enemies off shore installations!

He grinds the ashes of the signal into a saucer. SALT watches.

44. EXT. MAIN LINE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

Establish scene.

45. EXT. TELEPHONE BOX. STATION. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

SALT, evening paper in hand, comes past hoarding and telephone box. He then passes o.s. CAMERA CLOSES on box. The door opens. It's STEED. He follows SALT. O.S. SOUND of station announcements.
46. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.
SALT comes down the corridor, towards CAMERA, looking in various compartments. Finally he finds the one he's looking for and slides open the door.

47. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.
SALT puts his briefcase in the rack, takes off his coat and settles in a reserved seat. As he does so, CAMERA establishes STEED glancing in window from the platform outside.

48. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.
STEED comes down corridor from opposite direction. He glances into various compartments, then casually slides open the door to SALT's compartment.

49. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.
STEED comes in. SALT looks up from his paper. The two men nod to one another.

STEED
Chilly.

SALT
Very.

SALT returns to his paper. STEED watches him closely.

The GUARD's whistle blows o.s., then train jerks as it starts to pull out of station.

50. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.
The TICKET COLLECTOR comes swaying along corridor.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Tickets, please. Have your tickets ready.

He goes into a compartment, clips a couple of tickets, then passes on down the corridor.

51. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.
STEED produces his ticket from waistcoat pocket. The door slides open. The TICKET COLLECTOR recognises STEED. He clips his ticket.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(smiling)
Couldn't lend me a fiver, could you, sir?

STEED
'Not tonight, Josephine'.

(CONTINUED)
51. CONTINUED:

TICKET COLLECTOR
Glad you got it back.

He clips SALT's ticket. He's a methodical man, carefully
snipping and catching piece of ticket as he does so.

TICKET COLLECTOR
First stop Norborough.

He slides open the door and goes o.s., closing door behind
him. SALT hasn't yet returned to his paper.

STEED
Do the journey often?

SALT
Pretty often.

52. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

The eight-ten to Norborough speeds through the night.

53. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

SALT is drinking coffee and reading his paper. STEED
sits at the opposite table, sipping a glass of brandy and
keeping an eye on him. The ATTENDANT puts a bill on a
saucer in front of SALT. He also hands one to STEED.

SALT puts a note on the bill. The ATTENDANT picks it
up and starts away.

STEED
Steward!

The ATTENDANT crosses to him.

ATTENDANT
Sir?

STEED
Open the window, could you?

ATTENDANT
Certainly, sir.

As the ATTENDANT leans forward to open the window, STEED
swaps a note of his own for the one on the tray.
ATTENDANT exits. Then SALT gets up and starts out.

STEED, glancing quickly at SALT's note, follows him.

54. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

SALT, followed some distance behind by STEED, comes down
the corridor and stands smoking outside his compartment.

STEED, following him, suddenly stops. The familiar
'Just Married' card and lucky horseshoe hang on a
compartment door. He looks inside.
55. P.O.V. SHOT - INTERIOR COMPARTMENT.

Seated inside, with the iced champagne routine, are the original BRIDE and GROOM. They look up.

56. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

A baffled STEED (he only recognises the BRIDE) raises his bowler and continues on his way. SALT stands outside the compartment, finishing his cigarette.

57. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

STEED comes in and settles in SALT's seat, still puzzling. After a moment SALT returns. He sits directly opposite STEED. He picks up his paper. Then, almost immediately, he lowers it.

SALT
Would you mind if we changed seats?

STEED
Not a bit.
(He gets up)

SALT
Makes me feel sick to have my back to the engine.

STEED settles, pretends to prepare for a doze.

58. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(An exact reprise of earlier scene). The sliding door connecting one carriage with another opens. In comes the TICKET COLLECTOR. He slides the door to behind him. Glancing at his watch, on a chain across his waistcoat, he starts off down the empty corridor.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Next stop - Norborough. Norborough.

He passes the 'Just Married' compartment, then Steed's and on down the corridor. He opens and closes the door leading to the next carriage.

59. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

STEED, still pretending to be asleep, is surprised when SALT suddenly gets up. He stretches, then puts his paper in his briefcase, pulls on his coat and - as the train obviously starts to slow up, he goes out into the corridor. STEED, very puzzled, looks back at where SALT sat. CAMERA ZOOMS in on reserve note pinned to seat.

60. INSERT - NOTE.

"Seat 4, Compartment 1, Carriage 67"
61. CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

Puzzled, he reads it aloud.

STEED

Four, aye, sixty-seven!

62. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

SALT comes down the corridor to the end. As train continues to slow, he lowers the window.

63. EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

SALT, looking out of his lowered window, opens his door and gets out.

64. EXT. NORBOROUGH PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

SALT comes away from the train and heads for the waiting room. STEED follows. SOUND of GUARD's whistle and light from train as it pulls out of station.

NOTE: All areas of NORBOROUGH STATION are identical to that at CHASE HALT - save that one is in use - the other is derelict.

65. INT. NORBOROUGH WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

SALT comes into the waiting room. It's empty apart from TWO DECORATORS painting busily. Every move seems to suggest he knows exactly what he's doing. He lays down his briefcase and crosses to the fire to warm his hands. CAMERA PANS away to STEED watching him from the window. STEED now looks even more puzzled.

QUICK MIX TO:

66. EXT. NORBOROUGH WAITING ROOM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

A notice on the door says 'Wet Paint.' Closeby, STEED, still lurking in the shadows, stamps his feet and throws his arms around to keep warm. He peeps inside.

67. P.O.V. SHOT - SALT.

He is poking the waiting room fire and yawning contentedly.

68. CLOSE SHOT - LOUDSPEAKER

A muffled voice.

ANNOUNCER

The train approaching platform one is the eleven-four, non-stop, to London.
69. INT. NORBOROUGH WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

At the SOUND of the approaching train, SALT gathers his stuff together and goes out the opposite door from which he entered. CAMERA PANS from one door to the other. STEED comes in, shivers as he crosses room and goes out after SALT.

70. EXT. NORBOROUGH PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

As a train slowly draws up at the platform, SALT approaches it. He opens a carriage door and gets in.

71. CLOSE SHOT - STEED. (STUDIO)

In the shadows. He looks absolutely dumbfounded.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

FADE IN:

72. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. NIGHT.

The bell is ringing continuously as EMMA goes towards the door. She opens it. It's a very weary-looking STEED. He hands her his bowler and umbrella.

He crosses to a settee and flops down.

STEED
Four and a half hours. And nothing to show for it ... but a stiff neck.
(He turns it awkwardly)

EMMA makes for the bar, preparing to pour.

EMMA
Your usual?

He nods. She hands him a large drink, keeping a smaller one for herself.

EMMA
'Confusion to our enemies'.

STEED
Whoever they are.

EMMA
Where-ever they are!

STEED
And whatever they're after!

EMMA produces a cigar humidor. Offers STEED a cigar.

STEED reacts with mildly suprised pleasure.

(CONTINUED)
EMMA starts to rub his shoulders and neck.

STEED rolls his cigar against his ear. He makes pleased
sounding noises.

STEED
(rolling cigar)
Supposed to sound like a naked
girl rolling in hot grass.

EMMA
Does it?

STEED
Never got the grass at the
right temperature. Something
to look forward to.

EMMA
Feeling stronger?

STEED
Much.

EMMA
Brace yourself.

STEED
Eh?!

EMMA
At nine-forty your little
tit-bit of leaked news went
out over their radio.

STEED
What!

EMMA
Nine-forty.

STEED
Impossible. It would've taken
a computer at least an hour to
break the code. Not to mention
contacting the Headquarters
which he didn't!

EMMA
It's a fact.

STEED
But at nine-forty we were still
on the train.

EMMA
Sorry.

She hands him written confirmation which he glances at.

STEED
Salt didn't speak to anybody.
Not a soul. I was with him
every second.

(CONTINUED)
EMMA looks concerned.

EMMA

Maybe while you looked the
other way ...?

STEED

I didn't.

He looks worried.

STEED

How long to get changed into
something more suitable for
midnight lurking?

EMMA

Minute?

STEED

You're on.

73. INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

The GROOM, armed with a torch, is busily searching SALT's
desk. As ever, he wears a carnation in his button hole.
He finds the Minnow camera and pockets it, also various
papers, code books, etc. Suddenly he hears the SOUND
of steps o.s. He hides behind some wall length drapes,
fastened back from an ornate chart of the layout of the
Battle of Trafalgar.

The door opens and in comes SALT. He crosses hurriedly
to his desk and appears to go through much the same
routine as the GROOM.

CAMERA PANS to the GROOM. He steps out from his hiding
place. He produces a pistol from a shoulder holster.
As he starts to fit a silencer, he begins to hum 'The
Wedding March'.

SALT spins round. He obviously recognises the GROOM.

SALT

(scared)

You! What do you want?

The GROOM doesn't interrupt his humming.

SALT

Why? What have I done?

GROOM

I think you forgot who pays you.

SALT

What?

GROOM

The signal you gave us - it
was spurious - a fake!

(Continued)
SALT
But I got it from the Admiral's desk. Believe me.
(GROOM shakes head)
You've got to believe me.

GROOM
Sorry. It's too close to D Day.

He shoots. SALT falls behind his desk. Humming the crescendo part of the music, the GROOM crosses to make sure his work is complete. It is. He smiles, tossing down his buttonhole as he does so. SOUNDS O.S. of voices and footsteps. As he hurries out one door, so the other opens and in come STEED and EMMA.

STEED
... and that's why it's called Grog.

Once again EMMA starts to sniff. STEED reacts.

STEED
What is it this time?

EMMA
Whiff of grapeshot.

They cross to SALT's desk and go through the same search routine.

EMMA
Not very tidy, is he?

STEED comes up with a stack of railway tickets, done up with a rubber band.

STEED
'London to Norborough. First class Return'.

EMMA
Must be a hundred of them.

STEED
All punched.

EMMA
Straight through the middle 'O'.

STEED
And the hole's about the size ...

EMMA
Of a self-respecting micro dot.

STEED
(thoughtfully)
Mmm.

EMMA
Salt fills the 0 ...

STEED
Not any more.

(CONTINUED)
He nods o.s. EMMA walks round and looks at SALT's body, beneath the desk. She picks up the rose.

STEEDE
Someone realised we were on his tail.

EMMA
Whatever or whoever they're after, must be very important.

STEEDE
Recap. Salt fills his 0 with a self respecting micro-dot ...

EMMA
The ticket collector clips it out again ...

STEEDE
Then what?

EMMA
He passes it on.

STEEDE
But the message was on the air before I left the train.

EMMA nods thoughtfully. STEEDE presses the 'Play' button on the tape recorder. This releases a tape of slow undecipherable SOUNDS. STEEDE quickens the speed until the SOUND becomes identifiable as the 'diddly-pom, diddly-pom' SOUND, of a train.

STEEDE and EMMA listen, puzzled.

74. EXT. RAILWAY LINE. DAY. (LOCATION)

CAMERA PANS a train past.

75. INT. SIGNAL BOX. DAY. (STUDIO)

CREWE and STEEDE watch the train disappearing up the line. SOUND gradually fades.

CREWE
The Iron Horse - a King of the railroad - A mammoth monolithic moving majestically.

STEEDE
Would you listen to this now?

STEEDE switches on a tape-recorder. We hear the same "diddly-pom, diddly-pom" train SOUNDS. After a moment, STEEDE switches off.

STEEDE
Well? (CONTINUED)
Beautiful! They don't lay lines like that anymore.

Would it be possible to pinpoint the exact section of rail which made that noise?

CREWE

Noise? 'Poetry', sir. Pure poetry. Another stanza?

CREWE

Interesting high fluting sound made by the bogie wheels. A sixty-three foot underframe. Very fine. Little more?

STEED switches on once more. CREWE goes off into transports of delight, humming refrain to himself. Suddenly his face falls. STEED switches off.

What's wrong?

This a trick?

Not at all.

Very even section of rail. Suspiciously so. No obvious increase or diminution of speed. Can't place it at the moment. You'll have to leave it with me, Mr. Steed.

You disappoint me.

I disappoint myself. But there's no fixed 'pom pom' couplet at the end of each fourteen beats. Diddly-pom, diddly-pom, diddly-pom, diddly-pom. Pom! Pom! No, as I say, leave it with me. (Thoughtfully) Vaguely reminiscent of the Nairobi narrow gauge. No, perhaps not!

You'll call me?
CREWE
Immediately. I’ll get together with some fellow enthusiasts.
(Touching tape recorder)
Nice machine. Funny thing. One of the trains plays havoc with my radio reception. Faulty suppressor, I suppose.

STEED
Which train?

CREWE
The 8.10.

76. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

A train goes hurtling through the night.

77. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR comes swaying along the corridor. He arrives at the ‘Just Married’ compartment. This time the blinds are pulled down over the three windows. He gives what is obviously a coded knock. Immediately the door slides open. The GROOM, dressed as ever, opens the door just far enough for the COLLECTOR to come in.

78. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

The GROOM shuts and blocks the door. The BRIDE is working at installing a bomb beneath the corner window seat. The TICKET COLLECTOR crosses to inspect the work.

TICKET COLLECTOR
How’s it going?

GROOM
Lovingly.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Reassure me. How do we know the vibrations of the train won’t set it off?

BRIDE
You’ll have to take my word for it.

GROOM
She has a good list of credits.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Well, what does trigger the bomb off?

BRIDE
A signal from our radio transmitter.

(Continued)
78. CONTINUED:

TICKET COLLECTOR
There must be at least a mile between us.

GROOM
Relax. We all have our worries.

TICKET COLLECTOR
What's yours?

GROOM
How do we get this carriage on 'that train'?

TICKET COLLECTOR
That's my problem.

As he says this he produces a 'Reserved' sticker, licks it and slaps it on the window.

GROOM
And this is ours. Each man - one problem. 'Forsaking all other'.

He smiles. The TICKET COLLECTOR is satisfied. He turns and goes out. The GROOM locks the door behind him.

79. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR returns up the corridor, passing from one carriage to ....

80. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR comes in. The ATTENDANT is setting tables. COLLECTOR flops down. He produces one of his queasy stomach lozenges.

ATTENDANT
Get you anything?

TICKET COLLECTOR
Yes. I'll have a straight soda.
A double.

ATTENDANT goes o.s.

81. INT. SIGNAL BOX. DAY.

CREWE is hunched over various charts and maps. The CREWE tape-recorder in playing the 'diddly-pom, diddly-pom' train SOUNDS. Suddenly the SOUND cuts out. CREWE looks up to find a suspicious-looking MAN in a mackintosh beside the tape-recorder.

MAN
Mr. Crewe?

CREWE
Yes. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)
MAN  
(ignores question)
Do you live alone?

CREWE  
(nervously)
Yes.

MAN  
-produces gun and
merely plays with
it - no direct
menace-
Then you'll be glad of some
company.

CREWE  
What for?

MAN  
Put the kettle on. There's
a good chap.

CREWE reacts most suspiciously.

82. EXT. RAILWAY SIDING. DAY. (LOCATION)
A lone carriage is parked in a siding.

83. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.
Stationary train. A red carpet is laid the length of
the corridor. The ATTENDANT and TICKET COLLECTOR come
towards CAMERA with Prime Minister's SECRETARY, an
officious fussy little man. The ATTENDANT opens a
compartment door, ushering the SECRETARY in.

84. INT. COMPARTMENT. DAY.
The THREE MEN come in. Compartment is scrupulously
clean, fresh antimacassars, but identifiable by 'Reserved'
sticker on window. SECRETARY looks around.

SECRETARY  
Oh, yes! Yes. Definitely!
Got an air to it.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
We thought perhaps the corner
seat.

He points to the one with the bomb underneath it. He
and the ATTENDANT exchange looks.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Facing the engine. Nice view.
Push button for service.

SECRETARY  
Excellent. He'll like that.

(CONTINUED)
84. CONTINUED:

The SECRETARY sits down, bouncing up and down half a dozen times. This is watched somewhat apprehensively.

SECRETARY
Little soft in the springing, perhaps.

The ATTENDANT looks anxiously at TICKET COLLECTOR.

SECRETARY
No matter. This'll be fine.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Thank you, sir.

SECRETARY
He may want to thank you personally. You'll both be on the train, I suppose?

TICKET COLLECTOR
(evasively)
Afraid not, sir. We're on the 8.10.

SECRETARY
Oh! Then we'll pass one another.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(greasily)
So we will.

85. INT. SIGNAL BOX. DAY.

CREWE sits cowering at his desk. The Special Branch MAN is hiding behind the door, pistol in hand.

STEED'S VOICE
Mr. Crewe. Are you there?

The MAN nods to CREWE.

CREWE
(calling out)
Yes.

MAN
(harsh whisper)
Come in.

CREWE
(calling)
Come in!

SOUND of steps outside. The door opens. In comes STEED. As the door closes behind him, so the MAN slips into position behind him.

MAN
Keep walking. Nice and slowly. (CONTINUED)
85. CONTINUED:

STEED
(pained)
Mr. Crewe. You've disappointed me again.

CREWE
It wasn't my fault.

MAN
Keep quiet. Get your hands up.

STEED complies. As the MAN comes in close to frisk him, STEED hooks his foot round the MAN's leg and smartly upends him.

STEED is about to brain him with his umbrella when he stops. He reverses the umbrella so that the MAN can grab hold of the handle and be hauled to his feet.

STEED
George! - What are you doing here?

MAN
Steed! - I could ask you the same thing.

STEED
I thought of it first.

MAN
Special security watch on the London-Liverpool Line.

STEED
Oh? Someone important travelling along it?

MAN looks at CREWE - then:

MAN
(confidentially)
Very important.

Slight pause. CREWE feels "out of it" - then:

CREWE
Mr. Steed? The recording. It isn't a train at all.

STEED
Not a train?

CREWE
Stake my life on it. It's just a lot of jumbled noises.

86. INT. EMMA'S FLAT, NIGHT.

The tape recorder is playing the familiar diddly-pom, diddly-pom train SOUNDS. STEED and EMMA have obviously been hard at work, deciphering same. STEED stops the tape. EMMA has a padful of pencil jottings. STEED rubs his eyes tiredly.

(CONTINUED)
What've we got so far from
the dreaded "diddly-pom" code?

D - vowel - L - B - L - vowel
- D - G - E. Dolbridge.

'Bridge'; that sounds promising.

Dalbridge? No. Delbridge.
Dilbridge. Dulbridge.

Dulbridge. Dulbridge?

Sounds like a Chinaman.

Durbridge!

Where's that?

STEED grabs railway map.

Durbridge Junction. I've seen
the name from a train somewhere.
Durbridge ... Durbridge.
(Pointing)
There it is!

On the Norborough line.

STEED quickly looks at his watch.

And you know who's travelling
on that line tonight?

Us?

(Besides us.
(She shakes her
head)
The Prime Minister!

COMMERCIAL BREAK
FADE IN:

87. EXT. MAIN LINE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

Establish.

88. CLOSE SHOT - STATION CLOCK. (STUDIO)

Time is 8.9. As the hand ticks on to 8.10, so comes the SOUND of a GUARD's whistle. A cloud of steam blows across FRAME.

89. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

EMMA slides open the door and comes in. She places a grip in the luggage rack. Sitting in the "four, i, sixty-seven" seat is a WOMAN, reading a magazine. As she lowers it, we see that it's the BRIDE. They nod somewhat warily to one another.

90. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR comes along the corridor.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Tickets. Have your tickets ready, please.

He slides open the door to EMMA's compartment.

91. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

The COLLECTOR clips EMMA's ticket.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Thank you.

He then goes to clip the BRIDE's. EMMA watches carefully. As before, he cups the clipper so that he collects the piece of ticket.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Restaurant Car that way if you want it, ladies.

He goes out. EMMA pointedly picks up the fragment clipped from her own ticket and drops it in an ash-tray.

92. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR passes along the corridor and into .......

93. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR comes into the deserted restaurant car. The ATTENDANT comes anxiously up to him.

(CONTINUED)
ATTENDANT
Everything all right?
The TICKET COLLECTOR nods.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Let’s see what the chef’s got
on for tonight.
Both MEN walk through the car into ...

94. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.
The door swings open. In come ATTENDANT and TICKET
COLLECTOR.
The kitchen is an Ops Room. Computer, radio, telex,
close circuit television, coding devices, etc. Manning
the controls are FOUR MEN, dressed in Dining Car uniforms.
The TICKET COLLECTOR places the minute portion of ticket
in front of one of the men. He nods, reaching for
microscope. The TICKET COLLECTOR then crosses to an
electronic chart. Two points A and B are marked. At
these two points are two miniaturised trains. One
carries the inscription "8.10". It’s already on the
move. The other is marked "9.5". It is still stationary.
As the trains move, so the line behind them fills with
mercury like a thermometer. The TICKET COLLECTOR points
to a spot, closer to B than A. He taps it, marking it
with a chinograph 'X'.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Durbridge Junction. Population:
214. Principal industry:
manufacture of glass eyes for
Teddy Bears. Fame: non-existent.
(Proudly)
By tomorrow night, there won't
be a person in the civilised
world who hasn't heard of it.

95. INT. NORBOROUGH STATION: PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)
STEED appears - paces for a moment.
O.S. SOUND of approaching train. PASSENGERS come out of
waiting room.

96. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.
Train is stationary. EMMA watches the BRIDE, surprised
that she hasn’t made a move to get off.

EMMA
(looking out)
Norborough, isn't it?

BRIDE
That's right.  

(CONTINUED)
96. CONTINUED:

She returns to her magazine. EMMA is very puzzled.

GUARD's whistle blows o.s. Train jerks into movement.

97. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEED comes down the corridor. He spots EMMA, slides open the door and goes in. No sign of recognition between them.

98. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The '8.10' miniature has now progressed about a quarter of its journey. The TICKET COLLECTOR is standing beside the telex which is chattering out tape. All sorts of activity in b.g. Computer working, radio signals being received, etc.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(from telex)
"The Prime Minister completed his Speech at 8.40 ... Applause ...
Left the hall at 8.57 ... Arrived at the station at 9.03".

99. INT. PRIME MINISTER'S COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

CAMERA is shooting through steamy window. The SECRETARY is dancing around, flapping round a figure who remains unseen. O.S SOUND of a guard's whistle. SECRETARY opens window an inch.

100. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The second train, 'the 9.5', starts its journey towards point 'X'. The TICKET COLLECTOR nods as the ATTENDANT comes up. He lowers his voice so they're not overheard.

ATTENDANT
The man who lost the fiver.

TICKET COLLECTOR
What about him?

ATTENDANT
Got on the train at Norborough.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(thoughtfully)
Mm. What compartment?

ATTENDANT
Four, aye, sixty-seven!

The TICKET COLLECTOR reacts.
101. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

STEED turns the pages of his paper. Doing so, he makes a considerable lot of noise. EMMA yawns and looks across at him. She sees the newspaper headline:

'PRIME MINISTER RETURNS TO NO. 10'

She reacts. The BRIDE lays down her magazine. STEED offers her a piece of the paper. EMMA appears to doze off again.

STEED
Like a piece?

BRIDE
No, thank you.

STEED
Have it all in a minute. Just reading my horoscope. "A cautious time of the month. Not a day for taking initiatives".

EMMA gets the message. The BRIDE starts to wind her watch.

BRIDE
Do you have the time?

STEED
(glancing at his watch)
Nine twelve.

BRIDE
Thank you.

STEED
The Prime Minister's travelling tonight.

BRIDE
Really?

STEED
You'll be able to see him out that window.
(Pointing)

BRIDE
I'll keep a look-out.

STEED
We should pass about 10.40.

EMMA opens one eye to look at STEED.

102. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The two miniature trains are slowly converging on one another.
STEED sits drinking coffee. The car is relatively crowded. The GROOM, button-hole and dressed as ever, comes down the centre gangway and sits opposite STEED. They nod to one another. The ATTENDANT comes up.

Sir?

ATTENDANT

GROOM

Pot of tea for one, please.

The ATTENDANT nods and goes away towards the kitchen.

STEED

Splendid carnation.

GROOM

(admiring it)

Isn't it. My Best Man got them.

STEED

Trouble with weddings. The Best Man never gets the chance to prove it ... Like our friend Salt!

The GROOM eyes STEED carefully. The ATTENDANT comes up with a pot of tea, water jug, milk, etc. Although the GROOM takes hold of the tea-pot handle, he makes no move to pour out.

GROOM

Going far?

STEED

All the way.

He makes a move to get up.

GROOM

Don't go!

STEED reacts; noticing that the tea-pot spout is now levelled unerringly at his heart. He looks up inquiringly at the GROOM who nods.

GROOM

The tea-pot gun. Remember?

STEED sits down.

GROOM

Very inquisitive traveller, aren't you, Mr. Steed.

STEED

I'm at a disadvantage.

(GROOM smiles)

You know my name.

(CONTINUED)
103. CONTINUED:

GROOM
They call me the Groom. A
session with me and people 'Forever
hold their peace' - so to speak.

He smiles. STEED makes a small overt move, and:

The GROOM fires the tea-pot gun. STEED looks at the
large bullet hole in the upholstery near his head.

STEED
(tut-tutting)
Vandalism.

104. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The chart. The distance between the two trains has now
lessened considerably.

105. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

EMMA anxiously takes a glance at her watch. STEED seems
to be taking an inordinate time. The BRIDE looks at her
and smiles.

106. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

The LAST CUSTOMER walks out. The GROOM nods to STEED
who gets uncertainly to his feet.

STEED
Which way?

GROOM
The kitchen.

STEED
Knew it would come to that
in the end.

The GROOM now produces a more authentic gun and prods
STEED towards the kitchen.

107. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR is speaking into a two-way radio.

TICKET COLLECTOR
... after the explosion, we
uncouple the restaurant car at
Two cars are waiting for us.
At 11.05. the restaurant car
blows up - by that time we shall
be in the air. Over and out.

As he passes the radio speaker to another man, so STEED
and the GROOM come in.

(CONTINUED)
107. CONTINUED:

Mr. Steed. Welcome, How do you like our set-up?

STEED
Pretty thorough.
(Indicating telex)
Don't get the Racing Results on that, do you?

TICKET COLLECTOR
No. We're more politically minded.

STEED
So I gather.

The TICKET COLLECTOR points to a button set in the control panel. It has a perspex shield over it.

TICKET COLLECTOR
You don't need me to tell you what that is.

STEED
(shaking head)
I'm sure you shouldn't use it when the train's in the station.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(laughing)
I'm sure you're right. Imagine the chaos there will be when our bomb explodes!
(Sinisterly)
Imagine how someone prepared could capitalise on that chaos.

108. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR, NIGHT.

The ATTENDANT is coming along the corridor, tray of coffee cups in hand. He glances into the BRIDE'S compartment and spots ... .

109. P.O.V. SHOT - INT. COMPARTMENT.

EMMA, who looks up and recognises the ATTENDANT.

110. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR, NIGHT.

The ATTENDANT continues on his way, puzzling to himself.

111. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN, NIGHT.

STEED, chaperoned everywhere by the GROOM, is still being lectured by the TICKET COLLECTOR. He points to a large clock which is on 10.25. Second hand whips round busily.
At 10.40 a black 'X' has been marked.

(Continued)
TICKET COLLECTOR
Fifteen minutes left. Perhaps you'll press the button for us when the time comes.

STEED
Hate to deprive you.

The ATTENDANT comes hurrying in, takes the TICKET COLLECTOR to one side and whispers in his ear. STEED turns to the GROOM.

STEED
Didn't they ever tell him it was rude to whisper?

The TICKET COLLECTOR crosses to one of his staff at the control panels.

TICKET COLLECTOR
Scramble this message. Transmit to seat four, aye, sixty-seven. "Kill - repeat kill - the lady opposite!"

The MAN starts to type this on to the computer-scrambling machine. STEED reacts.

EMMA is now even more anxious. The BRIDE is casually reading. Suddenly she stiffens. CAMERA CLOSES on her, then the lamp over her head. We hear a faint train SOUND other than the usual one from outside. It's a tinny little noise as if it were bouncing around in the light bulb.

EMMA glances once more at her watch. Suddenly, and in EMMA's eyes for no apparent reason, the BRIDE opens her handbag and takes out a pistol. She levels it at EMMA. EMMA kicks it aside. They fight. In the narrow space between the two seats, EMMA soon gains the upper hand. She subdues her opponent then decides to pull the communication cord. She does. Nothing happens. She hurries out.

EMMA hurries along the corridor to the end. She tries to open the sliding door leading to the next carriage. The door won't open. EMMA tries again. It still won't open. EMMA tries again. The door crosses to the carriage door and opens the open. She crosses to the carriage door and opens the window to look out. The train is screaming through the window to look out. The wind howls around night. She then opens the door. Her hair is blown all over her. Again she looks out. Her face is blown all over her. Again she looks out. Her face is blown all over her. Again she looks out. Her face is blown all over her. Again she looks out. Her face is blown all over her. Again she looks out. Her face is blown all over her. Again she looks out. Her face is blown all over her. Again she looks out. Her face is blown all over her.
114. INT. GUARD'S VAN. NIGHT.

STEED, accompanied by the GROOM and the ATTENDANT, is marched in.

The ATTENDANT starts to slide open the heavy door.

GROOM
If you know cause or just impediment ... ?

STEED
Till death us do part. I know.

115. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

A VICAR, reading 'Church Times', looks up as EMMA passes outside across his window. He nods, smiling wetly, then resumes reading.

116. INT. GUARD'S VAN. NIGHT.

The door is now open. Wind rushing in. The GROOM motions STEED towards the open door.

GROOM
Out you go!

The GROOM and the ATTENDANT laugh at STEED's predicament.

STEED takes one step forward, then stops.

STEED
Sounds cold.

GROOM
You won't notice.

Suddenly EMMA appears at the open door - jumps into GUARD'S van. She takes the GROOM, because he's armed. Fight. STEED and EMMA eventually win, with the GROOM going-screaming-out into the night. EMMA looks unusually dishevelled.

STEED
Mrs. Peel, your hair.

EMMA
(touching it)
Blow-waving. It's all the rage.

STEED
Come on!

They run out.

117. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The clock now shows 10.35. The two miniature trains are virtually together. The TICKET COLLECTOR is supervising destruction of equipment.
118. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEED picks the lock. EMMA watches, shading her eyes.

119. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR removes the cover from the bomb button. Clock ticks on to 10.38. Suddenly the telex starts to chatter. He crosses to it.

As he does so EMMA and STEED burst in. Big punch up.

TICKET COLLECTOR
(shouting)
The button!

Lots of play with someone about to press it and either STEED or EMMA just thwarting them.

Eventually the TICKET COLLECTOR gives STEED the slip, jumps across the galley and triumphantly presses the button. EMMA has just succeeded in ripping out the leads. She holds them up. Suspense! Who got there first?

The clock buzzer sounds. The two miniature trains have met.

STEED, EMMA and the TICKET COLLECTOR look o.s. Outside the Prime Minister's train thunders past.

Relief. STEED dusts his hands.

EMMA
Steed.
(Uncertainly)
I suppose we did the right thing?

STEED
(double take)
Lady Emma. Sir John. Can't he be bad.

They agree.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

FADE IN:

120. INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Stylised closing.

END TITLES

FADE OUT: