

ABC TELEVISION LTD.
Broom Road,
Teddington,
Middlesex.
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REHEARSAL SCRIPT .

(Typed
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"THE AVENGERS"

Episode 26

"The Un-Dead"

by

ERIC PAICE.

Designed by

BOB FUEST.

Story Editor

JOHN BRYCE

Producer

LEONARD WHITE

Directed by

DON LEAVER.

Floor Manager.....Robert Reed
Stage Manager.....John Wayne
Production Assistant.....Sylvia Langdon-Down

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EITHER IN PRINT OR ON THE AIR.

CHARACTER LIST.

Steed
Keel
Carol
Nightwatchman
Doctor Brennan
Inez
Willi
Margarita
Weber (alias Webster)
Harry - a docker
 Schneider
Ted - a Ted.
Kreuzer
Non speaking dockers.

SETS

Composite Webster's office and shed
(cold storage) (EXTERIOR)
Webster's inner and outer office.(INTERIOR)
Kreuzer's office and surgery - composite
Mortuary and passageway
Keel's surgery
Cocktail bar (section)
Cold Storage Shed. INTERIOR)
Section of Wharf. (EXTERIOR)
Back to taxi (INTERIOR)

ACT ONE

INT. A PASSAGEWAY. DAY.

THE PASSAGEWAY IS INSIDE THE
ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC MORTUARY. A
PLAQUE ON THE WALL READS 'MORTUARY'
BENEATH THE SIGN A MAN IS LEANING
AGAINST A WALL, HIS FACE HIDDEN
BY A COPY OF 'THE SHIPPING GAZETTE'

KEEL COMES UP TO THE ENTRANCE.
THE MAN LOWERS THE PAPER. IT IS
STEED.

STEED: Thought you weren't going to
make it. Visiting time's nearly over.

KEEL: This happens to be right in
the middle of my morning surgery.
(HE LOOKS AT THE PLAQUE READING
'PUBLIC MORTUARY') Funny place to
meet your friends isn't it?

STEED: Makes a change from the
British Museum.

KEEL: What's it all about?

STEED: I want you to cast your eagle eye over a corpse.

KEEL: Couldn't it have waited?

STEED: I wanted you to see this particular corpse before it gets too warm.

KEEL: What the devil are you talking about?

STEED: (INDICATING THE INTERIOR OF THE MORTUARY) Come into the parlour.

INT. PUBLIC MORGUE. ELECTRIC LIGHT

TWO OR THREE SLABS CAN BE SEEN. ON ONE THERE IS A BODY COVERED OVER WITH A SHROUD. BESIDE THIS SLAB IS A MAN IN A WHITE COAT, DR. BRENNAN. HE IS MAKING SOME NOTES ON A PAD. HE STOPS WRITING, LIFTS THE CORNER OF THE SHROUD, MAKES A CLOSER INSPECTION. THEN RAISES IT AGAIN, OBVIOUSLY PUZZLED. HE POISES HIS PEN TO WRITE SOMETHING ELSE ON HIS PAD, THEN PUTS IT AWAY AGAIN, INTO HIS POCKET. HE LOOKS UP TO SEE STEED AND KEEL ENTER.

STEED: Well, what do you make of it Doc?

BRENNAN: I don't.

STEED: (TO KEEL) Do you know Dr. Brennan, police surgeon for this area?

KEEL: Hullo Brennan. Haven't seen you for donkey's years. (TO STEED) We were students together. Used to play in the same rugby fifteen.

STEED: (WITH A PATRONISING SMILE) Charming. The deathless bond that keeps doctors friends for life - Rugby football.

KEEL: You woldn't understand it. It's a clean game. Anyway, what's the point in dragging me along here if you've got Brennan. If it's an autopsy you want, he can do it far better than I can.

BRENNAN: I'm afraid there's no question of an autopsy on this one, Not for several hours, anyway.

KEEL: Why not?

BRENNAN: Take a look at it.

KEEL DRAWS BACK THE SHROUD, REVEALING THE FACE OF THE MAN WE SAW WRAPPED IN HESSIAN IN THE PRE-CREDIT SEQUENCE.

BRENNAN: Feel it.

KEEL PUTS HIS HAND TO THE CORPSE'S FACE, THEN WITHDRAWS IT QUICKLY.

KEEL: It's like a block of ice.

BRENNAN: Ten degrees below freezing point to be exact. And it's had overnight to thaw. When that body was found it must have been about eighteen degrees of frost. - throughout.

KEEL: (TO STEED) Where did you find it?

STEED: In the fridge.

KEEL: Seriously.

STEED: Quite serious. Came in with a consignment of prime frozen beef to London Docks

BRENNAN: I'd put him at about forty five to fifty years old.

KEEL: Any idea how he died?

BRENNAN: It's impossible to say in this condition.

KEEL: When do you estimate time of death?

BRENNAN: That's what I've been trying to puzzle out. Could be anything between four days and ... four months. At this temperature there'd be virtually no deterioration.

STEED: If I may hazard a guess, purely as a layman of course, I'd put it at approximately two weeks and five days ago.

KEEL: (ANNOYED AT STEED'S SMUGNESS) By just looking at him.

STEED: No. (INDICATING THE SHIPPING GAZETTE) By looking at the time of departure of the refrigerator ship

CONTINUED:

San Parma from Buenos Ayres.
This was the ship that brought
this particular consignment
of meat from the Argentine.

KEEL: Are you suggesting he
was carried in that condition
all the way from South
America?

STEED: Why not? It happens
to your Sunday joint every day
of the week.

KEEL: But why? What's the
point?

STEED: I thought it would
intrigue you (HE CHECKS HIS
WATCH) Listen, I'm afraid I'm
going to have to leave you two.
(TO KEEL) Can I drop into your
surgery just after lunch, and
we'll talk?

KEEL: If you want to. But what
am I supposed to do now you've got
me here?

STEED: I want you and Brennan to
apply your brilliant medical minds
to finding out how our frozen
friend got his lot.

STEED BREEZES OUT. AS HE LEAVES,
CAMERA FOLLOWS TO EXIT. A YOUNG MAN,
WILLI, COMES OUT OF THE SHADOWS, AND
FOLLOWS STEED.

(CUT TO KEEL)

KEEL: Is there really anything I can do to help?

BRENNAN: I view of the rather odd state of this corpse I could use a second opinion.

KEEL: Alright, when do you think you can do a full autopsy?

BRENNAN: At least another ten hours. Sometime late this evening. I'll give you a ring when I'm ready. In the meantime perhaps you'd like to look over the corpse for external injuries - I can find no trace of any.

BRENNAN PULLS BACK THE SHROUD AGAIN TO REVEAL THE FACE OF THE CORPSE.

KEEL: Does anyone know who he is, by the way?

BRENNAN: I take it your friend Steed has a shrewd idea, but I don't know why there's all the secrecy.

INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY.

INEZ, A DARK, NUBILE, FASHIONABLY DRESSED YOUNG WOMAN IS SEATED IN AN ARMCHAIR SMOKING A CIGARILLO. STEED IS STANDING WITH HIS BACK TO KEEL'S DESK.

STEED: You're quite sure it's him?

INEZ: Quite sure. The face, as you know has been treated twice by plastic surgeons, but you must remember I had him under close observation in Buenos Ayres until four weeks ago.

STEED: Then what happened?

INEZ: (SHRUGGING HER ELEGANT SHOULDERS) He disappeared. We knew he was trying to get to Europe and every frontier port was closely guarded, but nevertheless...

STEED: You lost him.

INEZ: (PROTESTING) But who could expect him to leave the country in that way! and dead! That is the thing I cannot understand.

CAROL ENTERS. THEY STOP TALKING.

CAROL: Er, would either of you like coffee?

STEED: Please.

(CAROL (SNIFFING THE CIGAR SMOKE) GOES OVER AND OPENS A WINDOW)

STEED: (TO CAROL) Is the old boy not back yet?

CAROL: The 'old boy' is out delivering a baby. So he's going to be in a very affable mood when he gets back in and see you fumigating his surgery.

(CAROL STALKS OUT)

INEZ RAISES AN EYEBROW.

STEED: She's really quite charming. Now what do you know about these importers, Webster's from your end?

INEZ: Small import-export business. Office in Buenos Ayres. Too large, I would have thought for the amount of meat they export. Been established about three years.

STEED: That checks. Except I can add something. Webster's real name is Weber. Not a very imaginative change of name. But these boys aren't renowned for their imagination.

INEZ: Except when it comes to the transportation of bodies.

STEED: Yes, that suggests a bright soul somewhere in the background. We've had all the flight passenger lists to South America for the past few months checked over. One name that's cropped up several times is a Dr. King. Does that mean anything to you?

INEZ SHAKES HER HEAD.

STEED: The name King is assumed. We think his real name is Kreuzer.

KEEL: (ENTERING BREEZILY)
Kreuzer - Neurology and Cell
Structures, three volumes.

STEED: You've heard of him?

KEEL: Standard textbook before
the war.

CAROL BUSTLES IN AFTER KEEL.

STEED: Sorry to use your place
as an office but....

KEEL: Not at all, you go
right ahead.

(HE GOES OVER AND CLOSES THE
WINDOW THAT CAROL HAD JUST OPENED)

KEEL: Delicious smell in here.

STEED: (TO KEEL) This is Inez.
Inez, Dr. Keel.

(THEY EXCHANGE SMILES) I brought
her here so we could talk more
freely.

KEEL: (GLANCING AT INEZ) Oh, I
quite understand.

STEED: Inez is one of our contacts
in the Argentine.

KEEL: Really.

INEZ: (COOLY) You were saying about
Kreuzer, Doctor

KEEL: All I know of him is that he wrote several brilliant medical books before the war. Then I believe he joined the Nazis. Nothing was published after that.

STEED: I thought you were going to say you played Rugger with him.

KEEL: The Nazis never played Rugger.

STEED: Which of course, is why they lost.

INEZ: Senors, if I could return to the problem of Schneider...

KEEL: Who's Schneider?

STEED: Our friend in the mortuary. Hans Gerhardt Schneider.

KEEL: Where have I heard that name before?

INEZ: Perhaps in connection with Hitler?

STEED: High on the list of wanted Nazi war criminals.

INEZ: He was considered one of the most dangerous men in the world.

KEEL: But what was he doing here?

STEED: (STEERING KEEL TO A SEAT)
That, if you forget your twins for one moment, is what we are trying to discover.

KEEL: (NOW SEATED) All right,
start at the beginning.

STEED: The beginning starts with
a neo-Nazi revivalist movement
called Phoenix.

KEEL: Rising from the ashes.

STEED: You're with us. Their
headquarters seem to be on the
Continent but recently a lot of
their money has been transferred
over here.

KEEL: And where does South
America fit in?

INEZ: In South America, you may
remember, we had the doubtful
pleasure of acting as hosts to all
the Nazis that got away.

KEEL: I did know that.

INEZ: Including Schneider.

STEED: We've known for some months
that Phoenix were trying to get Schneider
over here to set up a para-military
organization.

KEEL: What was the object?

STEED: What do you think? Stir up
trouble get a war going in Europe.
Then when everyone is exhausted Schneider
and his pals hope to come out on top.
That's the way they're planning it.

INEZ: Except that something
has gone wrong with their plan,
Schneider arrived here, but dead.

KEEL: Well, that's one less you've
got to keep an eye on.

STEED: I think perhaps this will
be our first break. After all this
time now we may begin to see some
action.

INEZ RISES PREPARING TO LEAVE.

INEZ: I shall get the night plane
back to Buenos Ayres and contact you
from there.

STEED: Good, I'm going to take a
little trip down to the docks. Can
I drop you off at the air terminal?

INEZ: If you would be so kind.
(TO KEEL) I hope to see you again
Dr. Keel.

KEEL: Yes (TO STEED) You must bring
your contacts here more often.

EXT. WEBSTERS OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE. DAY.

A TALL, VERY BLONDE YOUNG MAN GOES UP
TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE OFFICE, LOOKS
AROUND AS THOUGH HALF EXPECTING TO
BE FOLLOWED, THEN ENTERS HURRIEDLY.

INT. WEBSTER'S FRONT OFFICE.

A DARK, ATTRACTIVE GIRL, MARGARITA,
IS BUSY PORING OVER SOME PAPERS SHE
IS CHECKING. WILLI, ENTERS.

WILLI: Is Weber in?

MARGARITA: Yes.

WILLI: Is he alone?

MARGARITA: He is at the moment,
but....

WILLI: (GOING TO THE INNER
DOOR) Good.

MARGARITA: Willi, I must talk to you.

WILLI: Not now. I've got to see Weber.

MARGARITA RISES AS IF TO STOP HIM BUT WILLI GOES ON INTO THE INNER OFFICE.

INT. WEBER'S PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY.

WEBER, A GAUNT, STRONG FACED MAN WITH A LONG THIN TRACE OF A SCAR ON HIS CHEEK IS SEATED AT A DESK. HE SPEAKS SOFTLY, BUT WITH MENACE. HE HAS ONLY THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF AN ACCENT.

WEBER: (LOOKING UP AS WILLI ENTERS)
Well, Willi?

WILLI: The body is in the mortuary.

WEBER: You've made quite a mess of things, haven't you Willi?

WILLI: How could I know someone would go into the cold storage shed? No-one has ever been there at night before.

WEBER: Your instructions were to collect that delivery from the shed before the docks closed. I was waiting here for you, Willi, what happened?

WILLI: I was held up by the traffic, When I got to the dock gates they were closing, so I thought it was better to bring the lorry in and collect this morning.

WEBER: Now the police have collected it for you.

WILLI: You cannot blame me for that.

WEBER: Kreuzer may think otherwise.

WILLI: He is in London?

WEBER: Of course. That was the arrangement.

WILLI: But now there will be no need for his services.

WEBER: Kreuzer will decide that.

WILLI: (LEANING FORWARD OVER THE DESK) You've got to speak for me Weber!

WEBER: (SHARPLY) You have made a mistake that can have very terrible consequences. However, as you are young - and I am very fond of you Willie, we shall give you another chance. You will report to Kreuzer this evening. He will give you a chance to make up for your mistake.

WILLI: (CLICKS HIS HEELS) Thank you Herr Kapitan.

WEBER: I shouldn't fail this time, Willi, there is too much at stake.

WILLI: I shan't fail.

WEBER: Good.

WILLI TURNS TO GO. WEBER CHECKS HIM. HE HAS BEEN GLANCING OUT OF THE WINDOW AND HIS ATTENTION HAS BEEN CAUGHT BY SOMETHING.

WEBER: I think you had better wait a few minutes. We seem to have a visitor on the wharf.

WEBER CROSSES TO HIS DESK, TAKES OUT A PAIR OF FIELD GLASSES FROM A DRAWER AND RETURNS TO THE WINDOW.

WILLI CROSSES TO JOIN HIM AT THE WINDOW.

WILLI: Could I have the glasses please?

WILLI TAKES THE GLASSES AND LOOKS THROUGH THEM.

WEBER: Well?

WILLI: That man! I watched him leaving the mortuary this morning.

WEBER: Then perhaps I had better have a talk with him.

HE PUTS THE FIELD GLASSES BACK INTO HIS DESK.

WEBER(CONTD) The dockers will be finishing work in a few minutes. Wait until they are going out of the gate, then go out with them, just in case you are being followed.

WILLI: Yes Kapitan.

WEBER: Oh, and Willi. (HE REACHES INTO A DRAWER OF HIS DESK AND TAKES OUT A LUGER PISTOL) You will need this for your assignment this evening. Do you know how to use it?

WILLI: (TAKING THE GUN CAUTIOUSLY) Yes.

WEBER: (GOING TO EXIT) Kreuzer will tell you what it is for.

WEBER EXITS LEAVING WILLI HOLDING THE PISTOL. WILLI EXAMINES IT, TRIES THE SAFETY CATCH, HE HEARS A NOISE BEHIND HIM AND SWINGS ROUND.

MARGARITA HAS ENTERED QUIETLY. SHE LOOKS AT THE GUN, WHICH WILLI TRIES HASTILY TO CONCEAL UNDER HIS COAT.

MARGARITA: What are you doing with that?

WILLI: It is for ... self protection.

MARGARITA: Why do you need to protect yourself?

WILLI: It is none of your business.

MARGARITA: What is this 'assignment' you have with Kreuzer?

WILLI: Does Weber know you listen at keyholes?

MARGARITA: Willi I only want to see you come to no harm.

WILLI: Then you will be glad I carry a gun to protect myself.

MARGARITA: That is not to protect yourself. (SHE DRAWS AWAY FROM HIM) You are going out to kill, aren't you?

WILLI DOES NOT ANSWER.

MARGARITA: Aren't you?

WILLI: I don't know. But if
I am order to kill - I shall do so.

MARGARITA: You once promised me
it would never come to that.

WILLI: Things have changed. We
are now in danger.

A SECTION OF WHARF. DAY.

DOCKERS ARE MOVING CARCASSES OF
MEAT ACROSS THE WHARF AND INTO
A SHED. SOME ARE WRAPPED IN
STOCKINETTE AND CAN BE EASILY
RECOGNISED AS MEAT, OTHERS ARE
WRAPPED IN HESSIAN, WHICH IS
COMPLETELY OPAQUE. THREE DOCKERS
CAN BE SEEN WORKING. TWO OF
THEM TAKE SEPARATE CORNERS OF
THE CARCASS AND HOIST IT ONTO
THE BACK OF THE THIRD MAN WHO
CARRIES IT ACROSS THE WHARF.

STEED IS STANDING WATCHING THEM
WEBER COMES UP TO ONE OF THE
DOCKERS, HARRY.

WEBER: Who is our friend over there?

HARRY: Some geezer from the
customs.

WEBER: No-one I recognise.

HARRY: He's from head office,
or summin'k.

WEBER: Oh, I see.

WEBER GOES UP TO STEED

WEBER: Could I be of any assistance?
My name is Webster. I am the
importer for this consignment.

STEED: And last night's, was
that yours as well?

WEBER: You mean the body? (HE
LAUGHS) Why anyone should have
selected our consignment to dump
a body is a complete mystery to me.

STEED: (WATCHING A CARCASS BEING
CARRIED ACROSS) There are two
kinds of wrapping on that meat.
What's the difference?

WEBER: I would have thought you'd
have known that (STEED CASTS HIM
A QUICK GLANCE) But, of course,
you are from head office. You
won't get to the docks much.

STEED: No.

WEBER: The meat wrapped only in
stockinette is the chilled beef -

WEBER: (CONTD) about four degrees below freezing. The frozen meat - about eighteen degrees below - is wrapped in stockinette and hessian.

STEED: So you can't really see what's inside, unless you open it.

WEBER: It was all checked at the Argentine, of course.

STEED: The cargo gets unloaded further down the river?

WEBER: At Barking. Thompson's Dock.

STEED: Do you use your own barges to bring the cargo up?

WEBER: Yes. They're all ours.

STEED: When the stuff comes off the barges it goes straight into lorries?

WEBER: Yes, it is taken to Smithfield for distribution.

STEED: But not in your case.

WEBER: No, we have our own warehouse. We do our own distribution, you see.

STEED: Very enterprising. What do they weigh, these carcasses?

WEBER: A fore end of beef weighs about a hundred and forty pounds.

STEED: Ten stone. About the weight of a man.

WEBER: And rather similar in shape.

STEED: Wouldn't they feel different to carry?

WEBER: (LAUGHING) I don't know, I have never carried one.

STEED: Then we'd better ask someone who has.

SOUND. OFF. HOOTER.

CAM DRAWS ATTENTION TO ONE OF THE DOCKERS, HARRY. A BURLY MAN WHO IS ABVIOUSLY IN CHARGE OF THE GANG.

HARRY: Alright lads, knock it off.

CUT BACK TO WEBER AND STEED.

WEBER: I'm afraid you won't get very much information out of them.

STEED: We can always try.

HARRY WALKS ACROSS PASS WEBER AND STEED. STEED CHECKS HIM.

STEED: (TO HARRY) Just a minute.

HARRY STOPS. HE HAS A DOCKER'S
HOOK IN HIS BELT BUT HAS NOT
BEEN USING IT.

STEED: Are you in charge of
this gang?

HARRY: That's right. Why?

STEED: How long have you been
working on meat cargoes?

HARRY: You can find that out up
the office.

STEED: Yes, but I'm asking you.

(HARRY LOOKS AT HIM THOUGH HE IS
ABOUT TO TELL HIM TO GO OT HELL,
THEN DECIDES BETTER OF IT)

HARRY: About three years.

STEED: And how many carcasses
of meat would you see you'd handled?

HARRY: I don't count 'em mate.
That's the clerk's job.

STEED: Thousands?

HARRY: What do you think?

STEED: So you and your boys would
know the difference in feel between

STEED: (CONTD) a fore end of
beef and something else.

HARRY: I might do.

STEED: You would do.

HARRY: Our job's to 'ump it, not
touch it up.

STEED: I can see you're going
to be very helpful.

HARRY: We just 'ump what comes
off the ship. We don't ask
what it is or where it comes from.

STEED LOOKS AT THE HOOK THE DOCKER
WEARS IN HIS BELT.

STEED: That's a nasty looking
instrument you've got there. Do
you mind if I have a look at it?

HARRY: (TAKING THE HOOK FROM
HIS BELT HANDING IT TO HIM) Help
yourself. (HE HANDS IT TO HIM
POINT FIRST).

STEED: That would make a nasty
hole in a chunk of meat wouldn't it?

HARRY: We don't use 'em on meat,
cock. Importers complain.

STEED: What's it for then?

HARRY: Pickin' me teef wiv.

STEED TOSSES HIM BACK THE HOOK,
HARRY DEFTLY CATCHES IT.

HARRY: Is that all?

STEED: That's all. You can
sling your hook, cock.

HARRY PAUSES AS THOUGH TO MAKE
A CHEEKY ANSWER, THEN PUTS HIS
HOOK BACK IN HIS BELT AND WALKS
OFF.

WEBER: I'm afraid the dockers
do not talk easily to authority.

STEED: So I gather.

WEBER: It is a very strong
tradition here. (HE SMILES) If
I can help you any more, Mr. Steed,
please drop into my office anytime.

STEED: I may do that.

KEEL'S SURGERY. INT. EVENING.

KEEL IS WORKING AT HIS DESK. CAROL
POKES HER HEAD ROUND THE DOOR.

CAROL: Busy?

KEEL: I thought you were taking
the rest of the day off.

CAROL: I've just been to see
the twins.

KEEL: I thought you wouldn't be
able to resist it. How are they?

CAROL: Identical, and very sweet.

THE PHONE RINGS.

KEEL: (PICKING UP PHONE) I'll
take it. You go on home. Goodnight.

CAROL: Goodnight .

KEEL: (INTO PHONE) Hullo. Oh,
Brennan.

CUT TO:

INT. MORTUARY. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

BRENNAN IS SPEAKING INTO A COIN
BOX 'PHONE ON THE MORTUARY WALL.
ON A SHELF BESIDE HIM ARE A PAIR
OF SURGEON'S RUBBER GLOVES.

BRENNAN: If you like to come
over now we'll take a look at
this body. It seems to be
approaching normal temperature.

AS HE SPEAKS, CAMERA PANS AROUND
THE MORTUARY SHOWING THE SLAB
WITH THE SHROUDED BODY AND TRACKING
UP TO A WINDOW NEAR THE SLAB. WE

SEE THE WINDOW GRADUALLY BEING
PUSHED OPEN AND THE SHADOW OF
A MAN ENTERING. CAMERA CUTS
BACK TO:

INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. NIGHT.

RESUME KEEL ON PHONE.

KEEL: I should be there in about
ten minutes.

STEED ENTERS THE SURGERY.

STEED: Ask him if he has any
objections to an audience.

KEEL: (INTO PHONE) Steed wants
to come too.

INT. MORTUARY. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

RESUME BRENNAN ON PHONE.

BRENNAN: Providing he doesn't
mind the sight of blood,

CAMERA DRAWS ATTENTION TO THE
RUBBER GLOVES. HANDS REACH
OUT, TAKE THE GLOVES AND CAREFULLY
PUT THEM ON.

BRENNAN: (INTO PHONE) (LAUGHS)
All right then. See you in
ten minutes.

BRENNAN PUTS DOWN PHONE AND
REACHES FOR HIS GLOVES. REALISING
THEY ARE GONE, HE TURNS. CAMERA
HOLDS ON HIS FACE REGISTERING
A LOOK OF SURPRISE AND FEAR.

RESUME. KEEL'S STUDIO.

KEEL PUTS DOWN THE PHONE.

KEEL: Well, how was your trip
to the docks?

STEED: You could drive a bus
load of corpses through that
wharf and no-one would bat an
eyelid.

STEED: (AS THEY PREPARE TO LEAVE)
So far we don't know why, where,
how, or by whom. I'm hoping
your autopsy might answer at
least one of those questions.

INT. MORTUARY. NIGHT.

CAM PANS ROUND THE EMPTY MORTUARY.
PICKING OUT AS MANY NASTY ITEMS
AS IT CAN IN ORDER TO GIVE STEED
AND KEEL BRIDGING TIME. CAM
COMES TO REST ON THE SLAB ON
WHICH THE BODY IS SHROUDED.

KEEL: (VOICE OFF) Brennan.
Brennan! Brennan, where are you?

CUT TO KEEL AND STEED AS THEY STAND
IN THE ENTRANCE TO THE MORTUARY.

KEEL: (CALLING) Brennan? (HE
WAITS A MOMENT THEN CALLS AGAIN)
Brennan!

THE SOUND ECHOES ROUND THE EMPTY
MORTUARY.

KEEL: That's odd.

STEED GOES OVER TO THE SLAB.

STEED: Doesn't look as though
he's started yet.

STEED PICKS UP THE CORNER OF THE
SHROUD AND REACTS.

STEED: Take a look at this.

KEEL: (COMES OVER) Brennan!

CAMERA C.U. TO THE DEAD FACE OF
BRENNAN ON THE SLAB WHERE SCHNEIDER
HAD BEEN.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

INT. A COCKTAIL BAR. EVENING

STEED AND KEEL ARE STANDING AT THE BAR WITH DRINKS IN FRONT OF THEM. STEED TAKES A CABLEGRAM FROM HIS POCKET AND HANDS IT TO KEEL.

STEED: Take a look at that.

KEEL: (READS FROM CABLE) "Consignment leaves on S.S. Whitney tomorrow. Estimated time of arrival, twenty fifth".

STEED: It was sent to Webster and Company.

KEEL: How did you get it?

STEED: Had it intercepted.

KEEL: What makes you think it's not an ordinary meat consignment.

STEED: Because I also had a call from Inez this afternoon.

KEEL: Inez?

STEED: My contact in Buenos Ayres,
the one you met.

KEEL: Oh yes.

STEED: She picked up some information
that someone was being shipped out
tomorrow, but she didn't know who

KEEL: Alright, so they deliver another
frozen corpse to London docks, but
how does that help us?

STEED: When that delivery arrives
we're going to sit on it and wait
for them.

KEEL: And in the meantime, Brennan's
killer gets miles away.

STEED: I don't think so. From
what I can see they're gathering,
not dispersing. We picked one of
them up this morning at the airport.

KEEL: Kreuzer?

STEED: No, though we think he's
in town. This was a smaller fry
arriving from the Continent. We
know he's a member of the Phoenix
movement but that's not illegal in
itself, so officially we can't hold
him.

KEEL: But unofficially?

STEED: Unofficially I'm having him held in custody on a suspected smuggling charge.

KEEL: What happens when you have to prove it?

STEED: (WITH A SLIGHT SMILE)
That should take two or three weeks, after which we shall release him.

KEEL: You have a delightful regard for civil rights.

STEED: Sometimes it's necessary to curtail them in the interests of something more important.

KEEL: Good Nazi philosophy.

STEED: We'll pass that and pass on to you.

KEEL: Why me?

STEED: Because I was wondering whether you might replace him.

KEEL: Really.

STEED: I thought of you for two reasons, firstly because at the particular destination I think he's heading for - the London Docks - I'm getting rather well known by sight. Otherwise I'd have done it myself.

KEEL: And the second reason?

STEED: He happens to be a doctor - a Doctor Fischer. So I thought it would be right up your street. Also, you speak much better German than I.

KEEL: Wouldn't someone recognise me as not being Fischer?

STEED: If I sent you to a foreign country to meet a contract of mine you'd never seen before, how would you recognise it was the right man?

KEEL: I'd ask him.

STEED: And to make quite sure?

KEEL: Well I'd ask you for a description of him I suppose.

STEED: And then you'd remember it.

KEEL: Yes.

STEED: Well our boy didn't trust his memory. He was foolish enough to write down a description he was given by someone on the Continent. It was found in his wallet. It was a description that completely fits Webster - alias Weher. Which suggests to me that he'd never met Weber. and more important, Weber had never met him. So it's going to be as easy as falling off a log.

KEEL: What is?

STEED: Getting inside their organisation and finding out what's going on by the time that boat arrives. (HE LIFTS HIS GLASS) Sieg Heil Doktor Fischer, you are now an official member of Phoenix. You've got a fortnight to get genned up on it. And the best of British luck!

INT. WEBSTER'S OUTER OFFICE.

EARLY MORNING.

MARGARITA ENTERS THE EMPTY OFFICE IN HER STREET CLOTHES. SHE TAKES OFF HER COAT AND HANGS IT UP, THEN EXITS TO THE INNER OFFICE.

INT. WEBSTER'S INNER OFFICE.

MARGARITA ENTERS AND GOES OVER TO TIDY WEBSTER'S DESK. SUDDENLY SHE IS AWARE THAT THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE OFFICE. SHE TURNS TO SEE WILLI SEATED ON A CHAIR.

MARGARITA: Willi! Where have you been?

WILLI: I have been busy.

MARGARITA: Too busy to come near me for over two weeks.

WILLI: It was not wise for me to be seen around here until things quietened down.

MARGARITA: So you've done your killing.

WILLI: I did what I was ordered to do, and I wasn't afraid.

MARGARITA: Quite the professional now.

WILLI: (COMING OVER AND APPEALING TO HER) Liebchen, I didn't kill for my own ends. It was for an ideal that I killed, that is different.

MARGARITA: Willi, I want to get you out of this while there's time.

WILLI: If Weber heard you talking like this.

MARGARITA: I'm not afraid of Weber, and I owe no loyalty to him either. I am Argentinian. I only came here because of you.

WILLI: Margarita, you must realise...

MARGARITA: I only realise that if you stay any longer in this country, either they will catch you or Kreutzer will have you killed.

WILLI: Kreutzer is very pleased with me.

MARGARITA: (CLINGING TO HIM)
Willi, let's go back to the Argentine. Let's start again from before you joined up with Weber...

WILLI: Perhaps, when we have completed the arrangements I shall ask Weber to release me. Then we shall go.

MARGARITA: By that time the British police will have caught you. (SHE TAKES HOLD OF HIM AGAIN) Willi, ask Weber to let you go now!

CAM CUTS TO WEBER STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

WEBER: Touching scene.

THEY BOTH SWING ROUND AND BREAK AWAY.

WEBER: Have you no work to do Margarita?

MARGARITA: Yes.

WEBER: Good. I want you to get everything up-to-date, we have a consignment coming in tomorrow.

MARGARITA REACTS

WEBER: Now you will please leave, Willi and I have things to discuss.

MARGARITA TURNS AND ANGRILY LEAVES THE ROOM.

CAM FOLLOWS HER INTO THE OUTER OFFICE SHE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH KEEL, WHO IS STANDING WAITING.

MARGARITA: What do you want?

KEEL: I'm looking for Mr. Webster.

MARGARITA: (ANGRILY) He's in there.

KEEL GOES TOWARDS THE INNER DOOR,
THEN MARGARITA, FEARING PERHAPS
THAT IT IS SOMEONE LOOKING FOR
WILLI, STOPS HIM.

MARGARITA: Just a moment (SHE RISES)
Who shall I say is calling?

KEEL: Dr. Fischer.

MARGARITA: (GOING PAST HIM TO THE
INNER DOOR) Will you wait please.

INT. WEBSTER'S INNER OFFICE.

MARGARITA ENTERS

WEBER: What is it now?

MARGARITA: A Doctor Fischer to
see you.

WEBER: Who?

MARGARITA: He said his name was
Fischer, that's all.

WEBER INDICATES THAT WILLI SHOULD
LEAVE. WILLI GETS UP AND GOES
QUIETLY THROUGH A DOOR AT THE BACK
OF THE OFFICE.

WEBER: You had better show him in.

MARGARITA OPENS THE DOOR WIDER,
AND LETS KEEL IN.

MARGARITA: Will you come in please.

KEEL ENTERS, MARGARITA RETURNS TO
HER OFFICE AND CLOSES THE DOOR
BEHIND HER.

KEEL: Herr Weber?

WEBSTER: (CAUTIOUSLY) Vielleicht.

KEEL: Ich komme gerade von der
Phönix.

WEBSTER: Are you sure you wouldn't prefer
to speak in English. I find your
Hamburg accent a little alien to
my Bavarian ear. Or do you speak
English?

KEEL: Yes. I...er..would prefer to.
Since I shall need to perfect it.

WEBSTER: You seem to manage quite
adequately.

KEEL: Thank you.

WEBSTER: And what can I do for you
Herr Doktor?

KEEL: I was told to make contact
with you.

WEBSTER: By whom?

KEEL: Mutual friends.

WEBSTER: Can we be more explicit?

KEEL: Not at this stage.

WEBSTER: You are wise to be cautious Herr Doktor, but I naturally require some proof of your identity.

KEEL: For that matter, perhaps I should ask for proof of yours.

WEBSTER: (WITH A SMILE) We seem to be going around in circles, Herr Doktor. Perhaps you would care to state your business instead.

KEEL: Very well. I am interested in the importation of a carcass from the Argentine.

WEBSTER: (URBANELY) Then it was sensible to come to a meat importer.

KEEL: This is a particular kind of carcass.

WEBSTER: Go on.

KEEL: (CHANGING TACK) I find your coyness rather trying, Weber.

WEBSTER: And I find your knowledge of English quite masterly, Herr Doktor.

CLOSE UP ON WEBER'S HAND AS IT PRESSES AN ELECTRIC BELL BENEATH THE DESK.

KEEL: (WHO HAS SEEN THE ARM MOVEMENT) Are you expecting someone?

WEBSTER: Just my assistant.

KEEL SWINGS ROUND TO SEE WILLI,
WHO HAS SILENTLY ENTERED THE ROOM.

WEBSTER: (TO WILLI) Herr Doktor
Fischer here is interested in
importing meat from the Argentine.
As I am rather busy at the moment,
I thought perhaps you would care
to...take care of him.

WILLI NODS SILENTLY

KEEL: (RISING TO LEAVE THE ROOM)
If you are going to be unco-operative,
Weber, I shall have to go direct to
Kreuzer.

WEBSTER PAUSES. THEN NODS TO WILLI
WHO JUST AS SILENTLY LEAVES.

WEBSTER: It's as well you mentioned
that Doktor. For a while I
suspected you of being a fraud.

KEEL: I trust you're now convinced
otherwise.

WEBSTER: Only a few men know that
Kreuzer is in the movement. Now,
about this - importation?

KEEL: I believe it's already in
transit on the S.S. Whitney.

WEBSTER: Yes, everything went
smoothly at the end. Just as it
did before.

KEEL: But the time before it
didn't go^{so}/smoothly this end.

WEBSTER: You heard about this?

KEEL: Of course. Some of us were
very concerned about the way it
was handled.

WEBSTER: There is no further need
to worry. The matter was rectified.

KEEL: Weren't the police here
suspicious.

WEBSTER: Of course! They came to
see me. But they had so little to
go on that their enquiry came to
nothing.

KEEL: And at the other end?

WEBSTER:(CAREFULLY) The organisation at
the other end is perfect.

KEEL: And the body of Schneider?
Where is it now?

WEBSTER:(AFTER A SLIGHT PAUSE)
Do you wish to see it?

KEEL: Naturally.

WEBSTER: Then I will speak to
Krauzer to see whether that will
be possible. Then I will contact
you.

KEEL: Why the delay?

WEBER:(LOOKING HARD AT HIM) You
should know why. Now, if Kreuzer
approves I will contact you at the
surgery. The name is Keel, isn't it?

KEEL: (THINKING HE HAS BEEN TUMBLED)
What do you mean?

WEBER: We had been advised of your arrival, and understood you would be staying at the surgery of a Doctor Keel. Is that not correct?

KEEL: Oh yes. I... was able to arrange a little practice over here. I thought it would allay suspicion.

WEBER: That was a very astute of you. (HE RISES AND PROFFERS HIS HAND) Till we meet again.

INT. KEEL'S SURGERY DAY.

AN EXTREMELY HARASSED LOOKING TED WITH BLACK JACKET, STRING TIE, DRAINPIPES AND WINKLE PICKERS IS TALKING EARNESTLY TO CAROL.

TED: But they've lost their hair, nurse. Both of 'em. That ain't natural is it? They both gone dead bald!

CAROL: That's quite alright Mr. Grainger, it's quite common with babies.

TED: What at two weeks old!
Going bald at two weeks old!
I never heard of that before!

CAROL: Well, you've never been the father of twins before, have you?

TED: No, but I mean, what's going to happen?

CAROL: It'll grow again, but it'll probably be a different colour.

TED: You sure about that?

CAROL: Quite sure.

TED: Well, yea. Well, I mean I'm not saying you don't know what you're talking about or nothing, but I'd sooner see the doctor about it.

CAROL: The doctor's out at lunch at the moment, but I'll tell him when he gets in. Alright?

TED: Alright then.

CAROL: Now what about their weight?

TED: Carol's seven and a half pounds and David's seven and a quarter.

CAROL: That's reasonable for twins.

TED: The woman underneath says her baby was ten pounds when it was born.

CAROL: Babies vary.

TED: It don't sound much though, seven and a quarter pounds for him, though does it? I mean he's the boy, he should be heavier, shouldn't he?

CAROL: Not necessarily.

TED: Course it may be our
scales a bit out.

CAROL: Mother alright?

TED: What, my Mum?

CAROL: No, their mother, your wife.

TED: Oh yea, Sylvia's alright, yea,
I tell you another thing though,
they don't half sleep. They're
only awake for about two hours.
Is that alright?

CAROL: Nothing to worry about
at two weeks. It sounds as though
they're perfectly healthy babies.
(SHE IS TRYING TO EDGE HIM TOWARDS
THE DOOR)

TED: That's what you told me last
week, but Friday night when I
got home their eyes had changed
colour.

CAROL: Now you go back to your
wife and stop worrying.

TED: I can't, I gotter get back
to work. But I thought if the
doctor could come round this
evening...

KEEL: (ENTERING, FOLLOWED BY STEED)
Hullo, how's the twins?

TED: Oh hullo doctor, I was
just telling her...

CAROL: He's worried because their hair's falling out.

KEEL: (TO TED) Wait till they start growing up, then your hair will fall out.

TED: It's alright then, is it?

KEEL: Quite alright.

TED: But could you drop round our place anyway, because to tell you the truth I don't know what's going to happen next.

KEEL: I'll be round sometime today.

TED: Alright, thanks doctor. I'll tell Sylvie, she'd like to see yer.

(TED EXITS)

CAROL: (SIGHING WITH RELIEF) Phew!

STEED: Wait till it happens to you.

CAROL: (TO KEEL) Will you be able to fit it in today?

KEEL: I might try and do that this afternoon.

(CAROL EXITS)

STEED: Now if you could hang on here this afternoon, I'm going down to meet that cargo and if Inez was right about it I may need your expert opinion.

KEEL: Have you heard from
Inez since?

STEED: No, things seem to have
gone quiet again at her end.

KEEL: And how's the real Fischer
getting on?

STEED: Oh he's alright. Free
keep, four meals a day.

KEEL: How did Weber get this
phoney story about Fischer
staying at my surgery?

STEED: We had it fed to him.

KEEL: Well you might have warned
me. Not that I think he's going to
be taken in for long,

STEED: Long enough for our
purposes.

KEEL: Which are?

STEED: To get you to meet Kreutzer.
Then maybe we can start to find
out what's going on.

KEEL: Don't you think they're
getting a little careless about
all this? I mean, first of all,
if Weber suspected me of being
a plant, why did he let me know
so much? Secondly they must
realise that after the Schneider
episode all meat deliveries will
be watched.

STEED: It could be over confidence on their part. Or it could be that they want that cargo to fall into our hands.

KEEL: Why?

STEED: I hope to learn that this afternoon. I'll call you and let you know what I find.

KEEL: I'll be here...

STEED EXITS

CAROL ENTERS

CAROL: There's a patient outside, demanding attention.

KEEL: Does he look ill?

CAROL: He looks terribly healthy to me.

KEEL: Then tell him to come back in surgery hours.

CAROL: I think you'd better talk to him. I think he's a bit round the bend. He keeps insisting there's a Doctor Fisher here...

KEEL: Oh. Alright Carol, I'll see him. You stay here will you.

KEEL EXITS INTO THE SURGERY,
CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

INT. SURGERY DAY

WILLI IS WAITING. KEEL ENTERS.

WILLI: Doktor Fischer, then you are here.

KEEL: Yes..the nurse is new here... Well?

WILLI: Dr. Kreuzer is now ready to see you.

KEEL: Good. Where do I find him?

WILLI: I am instructed to take you there, immediately.

WEBER'S INNER OFFICE. DAY

WEBER IS SEATED AT HIS DESK.

MARGARITA ENTERS

MARGARITA: The first barge from the S.S.Whitney is alongside the wharf.

WEBER: Good. (HE RAISES, TAKES THE FIELD GLASSES FROM HIS DESK DRAWER AND GOES TO THE WINDOW)

WEBER: (LOOKING THROUGH HIS GLASSES) And our enquiring friend again.

SECTION OF WHARF AND UNLOADING BAY. DAY.

STEED IS STANDING BY THE CORNER
OF THE SHED. A GROUP OF DOCKERS
COME ALONG THE WHARF. HARRY
SEPARATES HIMSELF FROM THE
GROUP AND COMES OVER TO STEED.

HARRY: What's this then,
sightseeing day again?

STEED: That's right.

HARRY: Well you're going to
be unlucky.

HE CALLS TO THE OTHERS

Alright lads, turn it in.

STEED: Now wait a minute. Aren't
you supposed to be unloading
that cargo.

HARRY: We was, but we're getting
fed up with working under
supervision. Alright?

STEED: Then we'll have it unloaded without your assistance.

HARRY: You do that mate and you'll have the whole docks from here to Tilbury closed down by tomorrow morning.

WEBSTER'S INNER OFFICE. RESUME

WEBSTER IS STILL LOOKING THROUGH THE GLASSES.

WEBSTER: What does that fool Harry think he's doing? The whole gang's walking off the wharf! Margarita, you will stay in this office in case Kreuzer calls. I am going down there.

SECTION OF WHARF AND UNLOADING BAY. DAY.

STEED IS WRANGLING WITH HARRY.

STEED: Alright then, let's discuss terms.

HARRY: Well first of all, how long are you going to be hanging around here this time?

STEED: Till all the consignment from the S.S. Whitney is here.

HARRY: (RELUCTANTLY) All right.

STEED: Anything else?

HARRY: Secondly, no-one touches the cargo unless they got a card.

STEED: If it's legitimate cargo, alright.

HARRY: Agreed?

STEED: Agreed.

HARRY: (TURNING AND SHOUTING OFF)
Alright lads, carry on.

SOUND. DOCKYARD CRANES STARTING UP.

HARRY AND THE REST OF THE GANG
STAND BY TO RECEIVE THE FIRST
LOAD FROM THE CRANE.

AS STEED REMAINS WATCHING, WEBSTER
COMES UP BEHIND HIM.

WEBSTER: Is there some trouble?

STEED SWINGS ROUND TO FACE HIM.

STEED: It seems to have been solved now.

WEBSTER: Good. They sometimes get a little temperamental, but good men.

STEED: Oh yes, I'm sure.

WEBSTER: Were you expecting some cargo?

STEED: Uh huh. And you.

WEBSTER: Just a small consignment.
How about yours?

STEED: Oh mine could be anything.

THERE IS AN EXCITED SHOUTING OFF,
'HOLD IT', TAKE A LOOK AT THIS',
ETC.

STEED STARTS TO RUN FORWARD. HARRY
MEETS HIM HALFWAY.

HARRY: Here, what's going on?

A GROUP OF DOCKERS ARE CROWDED
ROUND SOMETHING LYING ON THE
WHARFSIDE. STEED PUSHES HIS
WAY THROUGH.

STEED: (LOCKING DOWN) Where
did you find this?

HARRY: Number two hold. 'Tween
decks. As soon as we took the
'atches off we see it lying there.

WEBSTER PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH
TO JOIN STEED.

WEBSTER: What is it?

STEED: Take a look for yourself.

CAM C.U. TO THE DEAD BODY OF THE
AGENTINIAN AGENT INEZ.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

CAM CLOSES DOWN ON A STREET SIGN
READING 'HARLEY STREET' W.l.

MIX TO:

SOME STONE STEPS LEADING UP TO
A GEORGIAN DOORWAY.

FROM THE BACK, WE SEE KEEL AND
WILLI MOUNT THE STEPS. WILLI
PRESSES A DOOR BELL. ALMOST
IMMEDIATELY, THE DOOR OPENS.

MIX TO:

INT. A WELL APPOINTED OFFICE
WITH DEEP PILE CARPET, MAHOGANEY
DESK ON WHICH ARE PILES OF MEDICAL
PAPERS. BOOKSHELVES ARE BEHIND
THE DESK. THERE ARE TWO DEEP
ARMCHAIRS, AND AN ANGLE TYPE
READING LAMP ON THE DESK. THERE
ARE TWO DOORS IN THE OFFICE, ONE
LEADING TO THE LANDING, THE OTHER
IS AN INNER DOOR. THE DOOR
FROM THE LANDING OPENS AND KEEL
ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY WILLI.

WILLI: You will please sit down
Dr. Fischer.

KEEL: Thank you.

WILLI: Dr. Kreuzer will be with
you in a moment.

KEEL SEATS HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE
ARMCHAIRS. WILLI REMAINS STANDING.

WILLI: You have met Dr. Kreuzer
before?

KEEL: No. I have heard a lot
about him of course.

WILLI: It is wonderful to have
such a brilliant man working
with us.

KEEL: You have known him long?

WILLI: I knew him for a short
while in Argentina.

KEEL: How long were you in
Argentina?

WILLI: Since I was four years
old. I went there from Europe
with my sisters and mother in 1945.

KEEL: And where was your father?

WILLI: My father was killed at
the front.

KEEL: I'm sorry.

WILLI: There is no need for
sorrow, he ~~died~~ died for the Fatherland.

KEEL: Of course.

WILLI: It has always been my dream to go back to the Fatherland. But soon that will be possible.

WILLI: (CONFIDENTIALLY) Herr Doktor, you have just come from over there, how soon will it be before our people are ready. I am not asking for secrets, of course.

CUT TO:

KREUZER, A SMALL, ELDERLY, MILD LOOKING MAN, WHO HAS QUIETLY ENTERED FROM THE INNER ROOM.

KREUZER: I am sure Dr. Fischer would not reveal any.

WILLI: (CLUMMOXED) Dr. Kreuzer, I was meaning no harm.

KREUZER: I'm sure. (TO KEEL) Willi is becoming a little impatient. He has romantic problems, haven't you Willi?

WILLI: (HASTILY) No, it is no problem. Margarita will do anything for me.

KREUZER: That may be the difficulty. Now, leave us.

WILLI OBEDIENTLY EXITS THROUGH THE INNER DOOR. KREUZER, COMING OVER AND EXTENDING HIS HAND.

KREUZER: So you are Dr. Fischer.

HE AND KEEL SHAKE HANDS.

KREUZER: I understand you wish to see Schneider.

KEEL: That's right.

KREUZER: Is your interest professional as a doctor, or political.

KEEL: A little of both.

KREUZER: I'm sure as a medical man you'll find it extremely interesting. Perhaps you'd care to come into my surgery.

KREUZER: GOES OVER TO THE INNER DOOR AND OPENS IT FOR HIM.

INT. KREUZERS SURGERY. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

IT IS A SMALL ROOM, BRIGHTLY LIT WITH FLUORESCENT LIGHTING. THE WALLS ARE PLAIN WHITE AND BARE EXCEPT FOR A FEW SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS LAID OUT ON A SMALL TABLE. ON THE FAR WALL IS A GLASS OBSERVATION PANEL AND A DOOR WHICH SEEMS TO LEAD TO ANOTHER CHAMBER. IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM IS AN OPERATING TABLE ON WHICH IS A FIGURE COVERED OVER WITH A SHEET.

AS KEEL AND KREUZER ENTER, WILLI,
WHO HAS BEEN STANDING INSIDE
THE DOOR, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND
THEM.

KREUZER: Well, doctor, what do
you think of it?

KEEL: (LOOKING AROUND) It's
an unusual one.

KREUZER: It has an unusual function.
Remove the shroud, Willi.

WILLI GOES OVER TO THE BODY AND
TAKES OFF THE SHROUD. THE BODY
OF SCHNEIDER IS LYING THERE
EXACTLY AS IT WAS IN THE MORGUE.

KREUZER: May I introduce our
future leader - Hans Gerhardt
Schneider.

THE BODY OF SCHNEIDER SLOWLY
STARTS TO OPEN IT'S EYES, THEN
BEGINS TO SIT UP.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

WEBSTER'S INNER OFFICE, DAY.

STEED IS SEATED ON THE CORNER OF THE
DESK. WEBSTER IS WALKING UP AND
DOWN IN APPARENT AGITATION.

WEBSTER: This is most distressing,
Mr. Steed, most distressing. It's
enough to put small importers like
myself out of business. Why should
it happen twice in my shipments?

STEED: That's what I hoped you could
answer.

WEBSTER: I merely receive the meat
into the docks and distribute it.

STEED: But the other half of your
firm in Buenos Aires ships it out.

WEBSTER: Naturally, after the first
incident I spoke to them at length
over the phone. They cannot understand
how it could have happened.

STEED: Oh, I'm sure.

WEBSTER: There is obviously some gang operating in the Argentine docks.

STEED: Oh, obviously.

WEBSTER: Naturally I shall ring our office over there and ask them to make a thorough investigation. Other than that there is really no other way I can help I'm afraid.

STEED: (RISING) I hope I haven't held up your business.

WEBSTER: Not at all.

STEED: You're not too busy?

WEBSTER: No, as a matter of fact we shall shortly be closing down.

STEED: This affair has been too much for you has it?

WEBSTER: That is partly the reason, but frankly, we are only in it in a small way, and it's not paying too well.

STEED: No. Though I should have thought that three hundred thousand deurschmarks, recently transferred into your account would have helped out a bit.

WEBSTER (SLOWLY) For a customs officer, your enquiries have been very widespread Mr. Steed.

STEED: The movement of currency is also our concern Mr. Webster.

WEBSTER: That hadn't occurred to me.

STEED: And I suppose it never occurred to you that I might be on the wharf today to meet that cargo?

WEBSTER: As a matter of fact it did. I took it for granted that cable would be intercepted.

STEED: Then since we're sharing confidences, perhaps you'd like to tell me why someone took the trouble to ship a body all the way from the Argentine and dump it at my feet.

WEBSTER: Perhaps it was a warning Mr. Steed, to people whose enquiries become too - widespread.

INT. KREUZER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

THE ROOM IS EMPTY. THE TELEPHONE ON THE DESK IS RINGING.

KREUZER ENTERS FROM HIS SURGERY AND PICKS UP THE PHONE RECEIVER. FROM THE SURGERY CAN BE HEARD VOICES AND LOUD LAUGHTER.

KREUZER: (INTO PHONE) Kreuzer speaking. Yes Weber, Yes, the doctor is here.

CROSS CUT TO

INT. WEBSTER'S OFFICE. WEBER ON PHONE

WEBER: The other one has just left.

KREUZER: (FILTER VOICE) How much does he know?

WEBER: Too much.

KREUZER: (FILTER) Then why did you let him go?

WEBER: The police were crawling all over the docks. We'll get him later.

KREUZER: (FILTER) Don't make any mistakes Weber. I want them both on that boat tonight.

WEBER: Don't worry they will be.

WEBER PUTS THE PHONE DOWN.

CAM. CUTS TO THE DOOR LEADING TO WEBSTER'S OUTER OFFICE.

THEN CUTS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR. MARGARITA IS STANDING WITH HER EAR TO THE DOOR, LISTENING.

CUT TO:

INT. KREUZER'S SURGERY, ELECTRIC LIGHT

WILLI, SCHNEIDER AND KEEL ARE THERE. WILLI AND SCHNEIDER HAVE GLASSES IN THEIR HANDS. KREUZER ENTERS.

KREUZER: Well gentlemen, I trust you are now fully acquainted with each other.

WILLI: We are drinking a toast to Schneider's return from the dead.

(HE HOLDS UP HIS GLASS) To Phoenix!
KREUZER TAKES A GLASS, THEN SEES THAT KEEL IS NOT DRINKING.

KREUZER: You are not joining us Fischer?

KEEL: (TAKING A GLASS BUT NOT DRINKING)
Yes, of course.

SCHNEIDER: Why do you hesitate?

KEEL: I'm afraid I haven't yet got over the shock of seeing a dead man drinking.

KEEL (CONT'D) his own health.

KREAUZER: Not exactly dead Fischer.

KEEL: But how can a man live for weeks at sixteen degrees fahrenheit?

KREUZER: I would hardly say he lived either. He was in a state of suspended animation.

KEEL: But how did you prevent ice crystals forming in the living tissues? They would destroy the proteins, surely?

SCHNEIDER (HARSHLY) A toast has been proposed to Phoenix, you do not discuss medical science.

KREUZER: (SHARPLY FOR SUCH AN APPARENTLY MILD MAN) Medical science made it possible for you to be here. And you are not fuhrer yet. Now Fischer, you were saying?

KEEL: I was asking how you were able to suspend living organisms at sub-zero temperatures without deterioration.

KREUZER: I hope to be able to demonstrate to you later on. (PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) I am glad that you are impressed.

KEEL: A discovery like this would be of tremendous value to the medical world.

SCHNEIDER: (AGRESSIVELY) What is of more value to the world than that its future leaders should be brought back to Europe - Herr Doktor?

KREUZER: (SMOOTHLY COMING BETWEEN THEM) Hans I think you had better rest. You may be perfectly normal again but as yet you are not strong enough stay up for more than brief periods.

SCHNEIDER: You do not tell me what to do.

KREUZER: (SNAPPING BACK AT HIM) For the moment I do. You are still under medical supervision. Now will you leave my surgery. Dr. Fischer and I have things to discuss.

SCHNEIDER IS ABOUT TO PROTEST, THEN THINKS BETTER OF IT. HE SWINGS ON HIS HEEL AND LEAVES, WILLI REMAINS.

KREUZER CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND THEM AND SLIPS A BOLT.

KREUZER: I must apologise for Schneider. As a military man he is pathologically suspicious of civilians.

KEEL: Perhaps he is right. I should not really be here during these discussions. (HE PREPARES TO LEAVE)

KREUZER: You are essential for our discussions. I mean I have plans for you Dr. Keel.

KEEL HAS EDGED HIMSELF TOWARDS THE DOOR AT KREUZER'S SUDDEN CHANGE OF TONE)

KREUZER: And I wouldn't try going through that door again. Remember Schneider is the other side of it. So far he does not know that you were one of the men who nearly dissected his living body in the mortuary, and I would hate to have to tell him.

KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY. (LATE AFTERNOON)

STEED ENTERS IN A HURRY. HE LOOKS AROUND.

STEED: (CALLING) Carol, Carol!

CAROL: (ENTERING) What's the matter.
Oh, it's you.

STEED: Where's Keel?

CAROL: He's not back yet. He went
off with a patient.

STEED: Not to see those twins again.

CAROL: They have as much right to
attention as you have, more actually,
they're only a fortnight old. Anyway
it wasn't the twins.

STEED: Well where did he go then?

CAROL: He didn't tell me.

STEED: Then who was the patient,
maybe that'll give us a clue?

CAROL: I've no idea, I've never
seen him before.

STEED: (GETTING EXASPERATED) Then
what did he look like?

CAROL: Young, fair haired, blue
eyed .. and, er ... what else ...
Oh yes, he kept asking for a Dr.
Fischer.

STEED: Fischer!

CAROL: I think it was Fischer, why,
is it important?

STEED: It's so important, that unless I can find him pretty sharpish, you'll be looking for another doctor to work for.

CAROL: Then why don't you go after him.

STEED: (NOW THOROUGHLY EXASPERATED)
Because I don't know where to look!

CAROL LOOKS HELPLESS SO HE SUBSIDES.

MARGARITA'S VOICE: (OFF CAM) Perhaps I can help.

STEED TURNS TO SEE MARGARITA STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

CAROL: Who ...

STEED: Alright Carol. (TO MARGARITA)
You're from Webster's office aren't you?

MARGARITA: Yes.

STEED: And what can I do for you?

MARGARITA: I want to save Willi,
and I want to ask you to help me.

STEED: Where is he?

MARGARITA: He is with Kreuzer.
Your Dr. Keel is there too.

STEED: Do you know the address?

MARGARITA: No, I was never told that. But I know where they will all be shortly. And you'll have to hurry, there isn't much time.

INT. KREUZER'S SURGERY. ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

WILLI IS STANDING INSIDE THE DOOR, HOLDING HIS GUN ON KEEL.

KREUZER IS PREPARING A HYPODERMIC INJECTION AND TALKING AS HE DOES SO.

KREUZER: Have you any idea what I'm preparing?

KEEL: Some form of lytic cocktail, I imagine to reduce shivering.

KREUZER: Not a bad guess.

KEEL: That much is generally known.

KREUZER: What is not known are the other ingredients that must be used to prevent the protein molecules from breaking up.

KEEL: That can't be arrested indefinitely.

KREUZER: I believe it can, though so far I have not yet put it to the test. The longest period I have been able to suspend life for so far is three to four weeks. (SMILING AT KEEL) But I am now ready for further experiments.

KEEL: With what in mind?

KREUZER: So far I have used this experiment only to transfer a few individuals from one point of the globe to another.

KEEL: Isn't that like using a sledgehammer to crack a nut?

KREUZER: You're right of course. It happened that Phoenix were trying to devise some way of getting men branded as 'war criminals' to Europe without being observed, I was able to supply this method, and at the same time put my theories to a practical test.

KEEL: And did you conduct the operation at both ends?

KREUZER: That's right. I would first fly to Buenos Aires to freeze the patient in my surgery over there, then return here to meet him.

KEEL: And these further experiments of yours, what do they involve.

KREUZER: First of all, they involve you. You will now please lie on the operating table.

KEEL: And if I refuse.

KREUZER: It will make little difference. In a few moments I will be going into the control chamber to reduce the temperature in here.

KREUZER: (Cont'd) You will see that this place is completely insulated, in a very short while you will collapse of the cold, so you will be in my hands. Would you now lie on the table please.

WILLI COCKS HIS GUN.

KEEL: (SEEING HE HAS NO CHOICE)
Very well.

KEEL DOES SO. KREUZER PUTS ON HIS SURGICAL GLOVES.

KREUZER: Now. You presumably know the objects of the Phoenix movements?

KEEL: To stir up another world war.

KREUZER: Which we intend to survive.

KEEL: Atomic war is pretty indiscriminate Kreuzer.

KREUZER: Exactly. Radiation may kill the conquerors as well as the conquered, therefore no-one survives, except the dead.

KEEL: I don't follow you.

KRE.UZER: I think you do. A man frozen beneath the threshold of life is as good as dead. Atomic radiation cannot harm him - and when the radiation subsides he will rise again to take over the world.

KEEL: And who will be around to bring them back to normal temperatures?

KREUZER: I have constructed in the Argentine an automatically controlled laboratory which will restore life without any assistance from me. I have merely to pre-set the time. There, leading members of Phoenix, when they have lit the flames of war will retire. When they awake, it will be to a world free of all opposition.

KEEL TRIES TO RISE UP FROM THE TABLE.

KREUZER: Lie down.

WILLI COMES OVER AND PUSHES KEEL BACK DOWN ON TO THE SLAB. KEEL IS ABOUT TO RESIST, BUT WILLI POKES THE BARREL OF THE GUN IN HIS FACE.

KEEL: Alright Kreuzer, but what do you want me for?

KREUZER: For all experiments one needs a guinea pig. (HE TAKES UP HIS HYPODERMIC NEEDLE) I shall subject you to a controlled experiment lasting one month during which you will be subjected to every known radiation hazard. Now relax, Dr. Keel.

INT. BACK OF TAXI. NIGHT.

STEED AND MARGARITA ARE SEATED IN THE BACK.

STEED: And you're quite certain they're going to the docks?

MARGARITA: That's what I heard Weber tell Kreuzer over the phone. And he said it would be this evening.

STEED: And Dr. Keel?

MARGARITA: I know he will not be dead. Weber told him what time the ship was sailing and that Kreuzer would have to complete his experiment the other side. They spoke as if he would be alive.

STEED: What about this ship?

MARGARITA: The Whitney?

STEED: Yes. How do they plan to get him aboard her?

MARGARITA: Weber has a motor launch.

STEED: There'll be quite a lot of activity. What about watchmen?

MARGARITA: They have been bribed. As the dockers have now gone home they will have the wharf to themselves.

STEED: These meatships, doesn't anyone inspect the cargo when it's aboard.

MARGARITA: This ship will be returning empty to Buenos Aires. Once the hatches are battened down no-one will open them till it reaches the other end.

MARGARITA TURNS TO HIM PLEADING.

MARGARITA: Mr. Steed, you will see that Willi does not get hurt.

STEED: We shall see what develops.

MARGARITA: But you promised me.

STEED: I promised you I would get him out of their hands.

MARGARITA: I will see that Willi never goes back to Phoenix.

STEED: I hope there'll be no Phoenix for him to go back to. When did you meet Willi?

MARGARITA: Eighteen months ago, in Buenos Aires. We should have been married last spring.

STEED What stopped you?

MARGARITA: Willi came here.

STEED: And you came with him.

MARGARITA: Not with him, no. He came by the ship. I would not have had the courage to do that.

STEED: What's courageous about travelling by ship.

MARGARITA: He came on the meat ship.

STEED: You mean - like the others.

MARGARITA: He was the first. Willi was Kreuzer's first experiment.

INT. KREUZER'S HARLEY STREET OFFICE.
EVENING

SCHNEIDER IS SEATED. WILLI IS STANDING BY THE DESK HELPING HIMSELF TO A DRINK.

SCHNEIDER: You must have a fellow feeling with our Herr Doctor, Willi.

WILLI: So must you.

SCHNEIDER: It is not so good to be the guinea pig. Kreuzer tells me this is a new experiment.

WILLI: He will not know anything about it now. He was unconscious before I came out.

SCHNEIDER: I knew, the moment I heard him he was not from Phoenix. For a moment I thought Kreuzer was playing a double game.

WILLI: (SLIGHTLY SHOCKED) Kreuzer would never do that.

SCHNEIDER: In politics and war
Willi you trust no-one.

WILLI: But my father always said
their is a great comradeship in
war.

SCHNEIDER: At three years old you
remember what your father said?

WILLI: My mother told me many times.

SCHNEIDER: (LEANING FORWARD) Did
your mother ever tell you how your
father died?

WILLI: He was killed by the British.

SCHNEIDER: Your father was shot in
the back by his commanding officer
for cowardice in the face of the
enemy.

WILLI: (WHITE FACED) I don't
believe it! You're lying, Schneider.

SCHNEIDER: I received the report at
High Command. Your father was buried
in an unmarked grave.

KREUZER HAS ENTERED FROM HIS
SURGERY QUIETLY.

KREUZER: Schneider, come and give
me a hand with the body, it's time
for us to go.

SCHNEIDER EXITS TO THE SURGERY.

Willi, you will go and get the lorry.

WILLI STANDS SHOCKED AT WHAT
SCHNEIDER HAS TOLD HIM AND DOES
NOT MOVE.

Well, go on Willi, you have a job to
do.

WILLI: (ALMOST IN A WHISPER) Ja
Herr Doktor.

KREUZER'S SURGERY.

KREUZER ENTERS AND JOINS SCHNEIDER.

KREUZER: (SHARPLY) That was a
foolish thing to tell the boy.

SCHNEIDER: I was getting tired of
his stupidity. Anyway, he is no use
to us after this.

KREUZER: At least let him keep his
beliefs. Now, give me a hand.

SCHNEIDER LOOKS DOWN AT THE BODY
OF KEEL. HE AND KREUZER LIFT IT
FROM THE SLAB.

INT. WEBSTER'S INNER OFFICE. NIGHT

MARGARITA ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY STEED.

STEED CHECKS HIS WATCH AND GOES
OVER TO THE WINDOW.

STEED: Shouldn't they be
coming in the gate by now?

MARGARITA: No, they're coming
in higher up the dockyard to
allay suspicion.

STEED CROSSES TO THE TELEPHONE
ON WEBSTER'S DESK.

MARGARITA: What are you doing?

STEED: (PICKING UP THE RECEIVER
AND STARTING TO DIAL) Lining up a
little assistance.

A HAND REACHES FROM BEHIND STEED
AND REMOVES THE RECEIVER FROM HIS
HAND. THE HAND BELONGS TO WEBER.

WEBER: We have all the assistance
we need thank you. Now don't
try and turn, this instrument I
have in your back is a humane killer.
If it will slaughter an ox it will
make quite a mess of you. Thank you
for bringing him here Margarita, I'm
glad to see you are now co-operating.

MARGARITA: Now you will keep your
side of your bargain.

WEBER: I shall. The moment we have despatched our cargo, Willi is free to go. Now start walking Steed, you are going to meet your friend.

EXT. WEBSTER'S COLD STORAGE SHED.

NIGHT.

WILLI AND SCHNEIDER COME UP TO THE DOORS OF THE SHED CARRYING THE FROZEN KEEL. KREUZER FOLLOWS THEM.

KREUZER: Alright, put him down a moment and open the doors.

SCHNEIDER: Why don't we put him straight on the ship.

KREUZER: We have to wait until the watchman on the gangway tells us it is all clear. In the meantime we must not allow the body temperature to rise.

WILLI AND SCHNEIDER SLIDE OPEN THE DOORS OF THE COLD STORAGE SHED.

STEEL ENTERS THE FRAME, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY WEBER WHO STILL HAS THE HUMANE KILLER IN HIS BACK, AND MARGARITA.

KREUZER: So you have got the other one.

WEBER: He walked right into the trap.
(TO WILLI) You can be proud of your fiance, as you said, she will do anything for you.

STEED: (TO WILLI) A most charming girl. I think you're very well matched.

WILLI: (TO WEBER) What are you going to do with him?

WEBER: Send him back in exchange for Inez, and in the same condition.

WEBER COCKS THE HAMMER OF THE HUMANE KILLER.

STEED: Just before you fire that thing, I ought to tell you it makes quite a bang. Quite loud enough for the dockyard police to hear.

WEBER: This shed is well insulated. Get inside. (HE PRODS STEED)
I said get in.

KREUZER: (TO SCHNEIDER AND WILLI)
Get this one in as well.

WILLI AND SCHNEIDER PICK UP THE WRAPPED BODY OF KEEL AND FOLLOW WEBER AND STEED INTO THE SHED.
KREUZER BRINGS UP THE REAR.

INT. COLD STORAGE SHED. NIGHT.

SCHNEIDER AND WILLI SET DOWN THE BODY OF KEEL. AS KREUZER ENTERS HE IS SUDDENLY AWARE THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG.

KREUZER: The temperature in here, it's practically normal!

WEBER: (LOOKING AROUND THE
CARCASSES OF MEAT HANGING DRIPPING
FROM THE HOOKS)
Someone has cut off the
refrigeration.

FROM BEHIND A CARCASE OF MEAT
AN ARM REACHES OUT AND A DOCKER'S
HOOK NEATLY KNOCKS THE HUMANE
KILLER FROM WEBER'S HAND. HARRY
STEPS OUT.

HARRY: That's right mate. (HE CALLS)
Alright lads!

SIMULTANEOUSLY THREE OR FOUR OF
HARRY'S GANG APPEAR FROM BEHIND THE
MEAT.

WEBER TRIES TO GO FOR THE HUMANE
KILLER WHICH HAS DROPPED ON THE
FLOOR, BUT STEED HITS HIM AND HE
GOES DOWN. KREUZER REACHES THE GUN
AND IS ABOUT TO FIRE AT STEED WHEN
HARRY PICKS HIM UP BODILY AND CHUCKS
HIM AGAINST A MEAT CARCASE. KREUZER
CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND.

AS THE OTHER DOCKERS GO FOR SCHNEIDER
AND WILL, SCHNEIDER DRAWS A GUN AND
IS SMART ENOUGH TO DRAW IT ON KEEL.

SCHNEIDER: One move from any of you
your friend dies. Keep them covered
Willi.

WILLI HAS DRAWN HIS LUGER AND
SWINGS IT SLOWLY ROUND THE GROUP,
THEN, BRINGING IT THE FULL CIRCLE,
SHOTS SCHNEIDER.

WILLI: That was for lying
about my father.

(HE TURNS THE GUN ON THE OTHERS)
WILLI TAKES MARGARITA'S ARM AND
BACKS WITH HER TO THE DOORWAY.

KREUZER: (STRUGGLING UP FROM
THE FLOOR) Willi!

WILLI: I'm going to be free
of all of you now.

KREUZER: Your freedom won't do
you much good Willi. Remember
you were my first experiment.

WILLI: What of it?

KREUZER: My first experiment
failed when I examined you
later I found the living tissues
were not being replaced. You will
not live another six months.

MARGARITA: Oh no!

WILLI STUNNED, LOWERS THE GUN FOR A
MOMENT. IMMEDIATELY STEED GRABS IT
AND ONE OF THE DOCKERS PINIONS HIM
FROM BEHIND.

STEED: (TO HARRY) (AS THE DOCKERS
CART THEM OFF) Well thanks mate.

HARRY: That's alright mate. But I
suppose you know it's double time
after seven o'clock.

STEED: I was told time and
a half.

HARRY: Double time. Danger
money. Agreed?

STEED: Agreed.

HARRY: Alright lads, knock it
off.

STEED: (BENDING OVER THE
BODY OF KEEL) And get an ambulance
will you.

INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY.

KEEL IS SEATED IN AN ARMCHAIR,
A BLANKET WRAPPED ROUND HIS
LEGS, CAROL OPENS THE DOOR TO
STEED.

STEED: Well, how's the patient
this morning.

CAROL: I think he's got influenza.

KEEL: It's not influenza, it's
just a bad cold.

STEED: Maybe you caught a chill
somewhere.

KEEL: I find your sense of humour
a bit heavy handed at times. Have
you released your illegal immigrant
yet?

STEED: What illegal immigrant?

KEEL: Dr. Fischer, the man
who's place I took.

STEED: O him...er...well, as
a matter of fact he didn't
exist. But I had to get you
inside the organisation somehow.

KEEL: (RISING OUT OF HIS CHAIR)
I thought it was too much of a
coincidence.

STEED: (WAGGING A FINGER) Uh huh!
If you're not careful you'll get
a temperature.

THE END