

MASTER

342

"THE AVENGERS"
"TOWN OF NO RETURN"

Dialogue sheets

Episode 1

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"THE AVENGERS"

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DIALOGUE SHEETS

EXT. BEACH.

BRANDON: Good morning. Could you direct me to little Bazeley.

SAUL: Over there ...turn left at the cross roads.

BRANDON: Thank you. Looks like rain.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

STEED: Good morning, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Good morning Steed. The door's open. Social visit ?

STEED: That's it. Happened to be passing by - thought I'd drop in.

EMMA: The coffee's over there.

STEED: Not enough flexibility in the wrist weight on the wrong foot. Friendly advice ... there doesn't appear to be any cream

EMMA: The cream is in the kitchen.

STEED: I could take it black. By the way .. are you busy just now ?

EMMA: Not very. I've just written an article for science weekly .. but that's finished. Why ?

STEED: Oh .. just interested. Marvellous day today ...certainly not the sort of day to be stuck in town is it ? We ought to get away..... down to the coast for a while.

EMMA: We ?

STEED: Why not ? We can build sandcastles together.

EMMA: I refuse to carry your bucket and spade.

STEED: Brisk walks along ..along the seashore ... sand beneath your feet. The breeze snatching at your hair. Have you ever fancied yourself as a school teacher.

EMMA: That was very dirty.

STEED: You're quite rightbut I didn't promise to fight fair No worry about driving, we'll take the train.

EMMA: When did you buy the tickets ?

STEED: Yesterday morning. We'll have to hurry... the train leaves in less than an hour. I'll explain the details to you on the way down.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: Where are we going ?
 STEED: Little Bazeley by the sea.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE

EMMA: Little Bazeley ?
 STEED: By the sea.
 EMMA: Why ?
 STEED: It's a long story.
 EMMA: Try the condensed version.
 STEED: No restaurant car I'm afraid, we'll just have to rough it. Indian or China ?
 EMMA: Indian. You were saying about Little Bazeley.
 STEED: Well it all started about a year ago - we got wind of something odd happening in Bazeley, nothing specific you understand, just something odd and so we sent in an agent to have a look around.
 EMMA: What did he find ?
 STEED: He never told us poor fellow. Milk or lemon ?
 EMMA: Lemon.
 STEED: It'll have to be milk. Then a few weeks later we had to send another agent to look for the first one - and a few weeks after that we had to send in another agent

IN UNISON

Who was looking for the agent...
 EMMA: Who was looking for the agent.
 STEED: That's the general idea.
 EMMA: And what's the score ?
 STEED: Four. Sugar ?
 EMMA: Four! ...Two.
 STEED: Are you sure you won't have a marzipan delight. So you can see why we're worried. Four agents in a row could be very serious.
 EMMA: You could run out of agents.
 SMALLWOOD: Good afternoon.
 STEED: Good afternoon.
 SMALLWOOD: I'm sorry - sorry. Little Bazeley you wouldn't be going to Little Bazeley would you ?
 EMMA: Yes, as a matter of fact I am.
 SMALLWOOD: Me too. Nice little town. Of course I haven't been there for a long time. I've got a brother living there.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE

EMMA: Oh really.

SMALLWOOD: Yes Tom Smallwood, Blacksmith, that's me brother runs the smithy in little Bazeley. Ha!Ha!Ha! a good lad is Tom. Big feller too, being a Smithy a big feller. Ha! ha! ha! would you like to see a photograph of him?

EMMA: Yes, I'd love to.

SMALLWOOD: Here ... look, there y'are.

EMMA: Very handsome.

SMALLWOOD: Good lad is Tom. I'm out of touch you know. I haven't heard of him for a long time now. Yes, hope he's all right.

EXT. STATION

STEED: There should be a pub opposite that church there.

REEL 2INT. INN

STEED: Whoo very chilly.

SMALLWOOD: Good evening.

STEED: Good evening ... very chilly weather ... Chilly is the word for it, decidedly chilly. What does one do to get service around here?

WARREN: Ah, good evening .. good evening. Sorry to keep you waiting. Well, welcome to the jolly old Grenlin, and what will it be - jar or two of the jolly old splosh, ha, ha, ha.

STEED: I'll have a large brandy please. And how about you Mrs. Er

EMMA: No thank you, I don't think I ought to.

STEED: Oh come on, travelling companions and all that. We'll have one for the lady as well. And how about you, Mr. err ...

SMALLWOOD: Smallwood. I'll have the same thank you very much.

WARREN: Right. Three tots of Napoleon's ruin coming up.

SMALLWOOD: The old thirty three. R.A.F. Fighter Squadron. Stationed near here during the war ... airfield just outside the village. Of course it's de-ict now.

WARREN: Oh, you know these parts then?

SMALLWOOD: No, no, not really. But my brother told me. Tom. You must know him?

WARREN: Tom?

SMALLWOOD: Tom Smallwood ...the blacksmith.

WARREN: Oh Tom. Yes, of course old boy of course I know him.

SMALLWOOD: How's he keeping?

INT. INN

WARREN: Oh fighting fit old man, fighting fit.

SMALLWOOD: Yes, those were the days. The good old fighting thirty three. Ah, this pub's the only reminder now. We used to be in here every night you know.

EMMA: Oh, were you here then ?

WARREN: Other side of the bar old girl. Flying Officer Warren. 'PIGGY' Warren.

STEED: One of the fighting thirty three.

WARREN: The really thirsty thirty three's more like it. Oh it was all bang on in those days. Great days. After it was all over - just couldn't settle down in Civvy street, so then oventually I came back here and took over the pub.

STEED: Not the friendliest proposition ...

WARREN: Eh ? Oh, the locals. Oh, they're not as bad as they look... country folk you know - take a bit of knowing ...suspicious of strangers at first ... but basically a fine bunch of chaps.

SMALLWOOD: What about the same again all round.

WARREN: Oh right you are. You're here to see Tom I suppose ?

SMALLWOOD: Surprise visit.

WARREN: And you old boy ? Just passing through.

STEED: No, I'll be here for two or three days. Oh that is if you can find a room for me.

WARREN: You got business with someone down here ?

STEED: I don't know a soul in the area. Property Developers you know - they give me a roving commission to locate likely building sites.

WARREN: You won't find much down here.

STEED: All the same, I think I'd better have a look don't you ? Got to justify the old expense account, eh!

WARREN: Ha! I get it, ha! ha! loud and clear.

STEED: Can you find a room for me then ?

WARREN: Certainly, five upstairs, take your pick.

EMMA: In that case you'll have room for me too. That is until I can find permanent lodgings. I shall be staying here for more than a few days.

WARREN: Oh ?

EMMA: Yes, I'm to teach at the school here.

WARREN: Thank you.

JILL: What did you say your name was ?

EMMA: Peel. Mrs. Emma Peel.

INT. INN

JILL: Mrs. Peel, I'm Jill Manson - Headmistress of the school here.

EMMA: Oh, then I'm very pleased to meet you.

JILL: Mrs. Peel, I've had no warning of your arrival here.

EMMA: But the Education Authorities were quite definite. Mmm here I have a letter, I hope there's no mistake. It's all in order isn't it ?

JILL: I didn't ask for another teacher.

BRANDON: But you can use one, can't you Miss Manson ? Brandon, Mark Brandon. I'm the School Inspector for this area.

EMMA: How do you do ?

BRANDON: I only arrived today, an opportune moment it seems. We can't have Miss Manson sending you away - if the Education authority is generous enough to allocate another teacher we must make the most of our opportunity, mustn't we. I'm sure we can sort this out tomorrow.

EMMA: Well, now I'm here, I think I ought to stay don't you ?

BRANDON: Of course you must - now you're here - you must certainly stay.

SMALLWOOD: Well it's time I went to see old Tom. Night all.

WARREN: Goodnight old boy.

STEED: Good night.
Well, I'm in no hurry.

WARREN: They're just off to do a spot of badger Hunting. More fun at night. Well I'll take you upstairs to your rooms.
There's that one for you old boy - and there's - you're further along Mrs. Peel.

INT. THE SMITHY

SMALLWOOD: Tom, Tom, Tom.

INT. INN

STEED: Hole in one.

EMMA: Hole in both. No hot water either. As for the sea breezes, well I shall have to take a couple of reefs in my bedclothes tonight.

STEED: One must be prepared to make concessions my dear - back to nature.

EMMA: Well you might have warned me. I'd have packed my pot of wood.

STEED: Funny isn't it.?

EMMA: Hmm. hilarious.

STEED: They don't seem to exactly welcome visitors.

INT. INN

EMMA: I had noticed.

STEED: Well United we stand. Show the flag.
May I escort you to dinner Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: You may Mr. Steed, though what they may have in
store for us what is that ?

STEED:Nailed up.

EMMA: Mine too prepare to repel boarders.

REEL 3 WARREN: Ah... chums.... Just in time for din-dins..
Hope you don't mind sharing a table ...We don't
want it to get cold now ... do we ?

STEED: Oh, I must post this letter.

BRANDON: I'm passing right by the boxglad to do it
for you. You'll find the school quite easily
Mrs. Peel. They're using part of the old air-
field. Goodnight.

WARREN: Badger hunting

EMMA: Hounds in full cry and they were chasing
something or somebody.

STEED: Badgers ?

EMMA: You surely don't believe that story ?

STEED: You know me Mrs. Peel oh dear ... I have a
very suspicious nature.

EMMA: How's it going ?

STEED: No good at all need an axe to shift that.

EMMA: Sounds quiet enough out there.

STEED: Yes, I think our friend Piggy Warren has gone to
bed. Well, I can't get out that way. I'll
choose a more conventional method, I'll go out
the front door. You stay here. Needs special
experience to move without noise. Superior
training - I can move like a cat in carpet slippers.

WARREN: Don't move What do you think you're up to ?

STEED: Ha. Ha. I just couldn't sleep I thought I
might have a nightcap. One of the consumable kind.

WARREN: I thought you were a burglar. Creeping about like
that you nearly got both barrels. Couldn't sleep
eh, Well, I know the feeling old man. One for
the road to nod, eh ? A quiet little snifter
before the old brain box bashes the pillow. Here
take it upstairs with you.

STEED: Thank you.

WARREN: I'll put it on your bill.

EMMA: What happened to pussy-footed pussy.

STEED: Isn't it time you were in bed. You have to be
up early tomorrow.

JILL: ..but what on earth are they thinking of ?

BRANDON: Those are our instructions and you will obey them without question.

JILL: But it's impossible to take another batch so soon.

BRANDON: Nothing is impossible remember I am in command now..... Mrs. Peel we didn't expect you so bright and early, did we Miss Manson.

EMMA: I thought I'd get into the swing of things as soon as possible.

JILL: But I'm afraid there's very little for you to do at the moment - the entire school is on holiday.

EMMA: In the middle of term ?

BRANDON: Ah yes - well you see, in a small place like this, we bend the rules if need be it was convenient for us to have the school closed at this moment - is that not correct Miss Manson.

JILL: Quite correct.

BRANDON: It permits Miss Manson to make a few alterations.

JILL: Yes - a new gymnasium to be laid out.

EMMA: Perhaps I can help.

BRANDON: Surely Mrs. Peel would be best employed in working out her class schedules. Then, when school re-commences you will be completely prepared.

JILL: Yes, that's an excellent idea Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: As you wish.

BRANDON: We must be careful - we nearly mishandled that like that ugly business on the beach last night.

EXT. BEACH

EMMA: Steed. Steed.
Well, we got here ahead of the rush.....

STEED: Solitude .. very good for the soul - relaxing.

EMMA: I've been down at the school ... something very odd going on there.

STEED: As odd as this ? A dozen pairs of feet.

EMMA: Man. big feet. Leading straight out to the sea.

STEED: Turtles sea mares ?

EMMA: Mermaids ?

STEED: You must know some very strange mermaids wearing boots.

EMMA: Merman.....Boots.... Steed there are about a dozen pairs of boots out at the school.

STEED: Pretty hefty pupils.

EMMA: Well, that's just it. Miss Manson says the school is empty all the pupils are on holiday.

EXT. BEACH

STEED: Surely it's term time ?

EMMA: Mmm... I mentioned that and she was very devious.

REEL 4

STEED: Curiouser and curiouser. . . END OF REEL 3
I've been surveying the countryside all the tractors are all stopped ploughs rusting in the furrows. All is not as it should be. By the way did you check the whole school ?

EMMA: No, I tried to. Brandon and Miss Manson made quite sure. I ... I think it's a shoe. It's two shoes and they're inhabited.

STEED: Brother Tom!

INT. SMITHY:

STEED: Mr. Smallwood ?

SMALLWOOD: (Saul) Yeah ... what can I do for you ?

EMMA: It's about your brother.

SAUL: Jimmy ? What about him ?

STEED: We wondered if we might have a word with him.

SAUL: You friends of Jimmy ?

EMMA: Not exactly.

STEED: Acquaintances really we met on the train coming down, and we sort of half made an arrangement to have a drink together.

EMMA: So if you could tell him we're here.

SAUL: He's not here. He's gone.

EMMA: But we understood he'd be staying down here for a few days.

SAUL: Had to go back to London. Urgent business he said. Left first thing this morning.

STEED: Oh He took the early train out of here.

SAUL: There is no early train out of here. He borrowed my car.

STEED: I see. Well, very sorry to have troubled you.

INT. INN.

STEED: 'Under the spreading chestnut tree ..the village smithy stands...'

EMMA: Except that he doesn't and he wasn't Tom Smallwood.

STEED: Not even remotely like him.

EMMA: Now who'd want to impersonate a simple village blacksmith and why ?

STEED: And where have all the people gone ? I haven't seen a postman a milkman a paper boy all day. I haven't seen a solitary soul.

INT. INN

EMMA: But there were some of the locals in the pub last night.

STEED: Armed for badger hunting.

EMMA: And all wearing gum-boots.

STEED: I think I'll take a look at that airfield.

EMMA: Where have all the people gone ?

STEED: Parish records ?

EMMA: The local Church.

INT. CHURCH

VICAR: I've got bats in my belfry you know. Oh I mean, quite literally - up there ... bats. Can't shift them. Amesbury, Jonathan Amesbury. I'm the Vicar here.

EMMA: Mrs. Peel.

VICAR: Delighted to meet you. Yes - bats, woodworm, death watch beetle..... We have all sorts of wild life here. We haven't met before have we Mrs. Peel ?

EMMA: No, I only arrived yesterday. I'm to teach at the school here.

VICAR: Oh splendid, then welcome to little Bazeley. You'll like it here.

EMMA: I'm sure I will

VICAR: Err.....what can I do for you Mrs. Peel ?

EMMA: Well, I'd like to know more about the village.

VICAR: Oh.....

EMMA: Mmm. I thought I'd start the class off with an essay on the history of little Bazeley.

VICAR: Well, I can't help you very much I'm afraid. I'm very new to this Parish myself almost as much of a stranger as you really.

EMMA: But surely the Parish records might tell us something - I mean - that is unless you mind my browsing through them ?

VICAR: Browse all you wish Mrs. Peel. They'll be in the Vestry..... oh dear .. it's those mice again ... er ... this way.

INT. CHURCH VESTRY

VICAR: They're not in any sort of order and as you can see - haven't been touched for years. Oh, I do beg your pardon.

EMMA: It's all right.

VICAR: But you're very welcome.

EMMA: Thank you.

INT. CHURCH VESTRY

VICAR: You don't happen to sing contralto do you Mrs. Peel. The choir you know I - I desperately need a contralto.

EMMA: No, sorry, I'm definitely top line.

VICAR: Oh, well, never mind ... perhaps I shall see you again ... amongst my little flock, eh? The congregation isn't large at the moment ... not large - but it's building up nicely.

EMMA: Mr. Amesbury.

AMESBURY: Yes.

EMMA: This covers the last twenty years in this parish.

AMESBURY: Yes

EMMA: Well?

AMESBURY: Well Iwell.....

EXT. BARRACKS AREA

SOLDIER'S VOICE:Halt!

INT. SCHOOL

MAN: No good no good I'm finished...

EMMA: Don't talk.

MAN: Must talk ... give warning ... below ... below ... must talk. Give warning.

EMMA: Warning of what? Who are you?

MAN: Brandon. Mark Brandon School Inspector... Found out too much .. look.... below ...below.

EMMA: Below?

MAN: Quick ... get away ... it's no use ...no use.

SAUL: Get back.

REEL 5INT.CHURCH VESTRY

VICAR: (singing) ...All things wise and wonderful...the Lord God made them all.

EMMA: Ah. Mr. Amesbury.

VICAR: Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: I've got something I want to show you -

VICAR: Oh not now dear lady.... I'm just about to take choir practice.

EMMA: This is very important and it won't take a minute.

VICAR: Very well.

EMMA: Now this photograph I found it at the school.

INT. CHURCH VESTRY

VICAR: Yes, but I really don't think

EMMA: It's an end of term photograph and it says here Headmistress Miss Jill Manson ... and there she is... right in the middle. Now that isn't the Miss Manson we know, is it ?
Mmm ?

VICAR: No.

EMMA: What about all the other masters, are they all imposters ? And I haven't met them. Perhaps you can tell me ... and what about this one here and this one and this one

VICAR: Yes, yes, yes all of them.

EMMA: I see.

VICAR: But then you're an imposter too aren't you Mrs. Peel. I mean all this school mistress business....? It was..it was all make believe wasn't it ?

EMMA: Oh but I had to ...

VICAR: Oh please don't apologise...not to me.... I know the importance of make believe.

EMMA: Now Mr. Anesbury, you wouldn't use that would you ? Not during choir practice.

VICAR: A very appropriate piece of music Mrs. Peel it's a requiem.

INT. INN

WARREN: Oh...hullo old boy, just trying to fix a jolly old fuse....d'you mind ?

STEED: Not at all.

WARREN: Errr.... d'you have any luck....

STEED: Mmmmm? Sorry ?

WARREN: I said, did you have any luck.....find any land worth building on 'round here.

STEED: Oh, no, not really.

WARREN: No, I didn't think you would old boy. Not round here Hold it up will you ?

STEED: Where's Mrs. Peel ?

WARREN: Mrs oh you mean the little popsie who arrived yesterday ? Halha!ha! gone old boy.

STEED: Gone ?

WARREN: Packed her bags and left ... just like that... not so much as a why or wherefore. Oh you fancied your chances, eh ? Halha!ha!

STEED: Well you never know your luck do you Piggy ? You don't mind me calling you Piggy do you ? It seems to suit you so well

INT. INN

PIGGY WARREN:

What ???

STEED:

You're expendable Piggy. You're dead remember ?
Killed in action 1942.....Where is she Piggy,
where is she ?

INT. SMITHY

STEED:

Mrs. Peel.

EMMA:

Would the winner come to the unsaddling
enclosure.

STEED:

All this is supposed to go on the horse you
know. Must be very uncomfortable....

EMMA:

It is.

STEED:

Never mind - soon have you unsaddled.

EMMA:

Oh, tight girth.

STEED:

Have to cut down on the oats.
Who put you on such a tight rein anyway.

EMMA:

The vicar.

STEED:

The vicar.

EMMA:

He's an imposter.... So's Mark Brandon
and Jill Manson. I found the real Mark
Brandon in the school house. And that's
not all I found.....

INT. SCHOOL

STEED:

Food

EMMA:

Enough to feed an army.

STEED:

An army.

EMMA:

Now Steed concentrate, what do you make of
this.

STEED:

Little Bazeley.

EMMA:

And this ?

STEED:

A submarine.

EMMA:

A submarine moored off shore. To what purpose ?

STEED:

Disembark people - small batches of them, say
a dozen at a time.

EMMA:

Why ? If you wanted to take over an entire
country ...how would you go about it?

STEED:

Launch a full scale invasion.

EMMA:

And risk a full scale reprisal.

STEED:

Don't let them know you're doing it ...

EMMA:

Take it over piece meal.

STEED:

Bit by bit.

EMMA:

How.

INT. SCHOOL

STEED: Wipe out the old population and replace them with your own kind.

EMMA: The Vicar, the schoolmaster....

STEED: The butcher ...the baker ...the candlestick maker - all imposters.

EMMA: But if someone were to arrive in the village, someone who can point the difference.

STEED: Like Smallwood.

EMMA: Mmm.

STEED: He disappears too. Now strangers, they allow in and out. To get rid of the whole lot would arouse suspicion.

EMMA: So the entire village is taken over.... what then ?

STEED: The next town and then the next...then the next and then the next and finally..... I went round the whole of this place and they were just empty buildings .

EMMA: Below. That's what he meant by "below". Mark Brandon just before he died - kept saying "below".

STEED: This airport was built during the war.

EMMA: So there must be bunkers. Underground shelters.

REEL 6INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER.

STEED: Don't touch that or we may be in orbit.

EMMA: You'd cause quite a constellation.

STEED: There's a whole army down here and up top they're searching for us.

EMMA: I feel like the filling in a club sandwich.

STEED: According to that map, there's only one way out of here.

EMMA: Through that door and up those stairs.

STEED: We could run the portcullis down.

EMMA: Jam the mechanism.

STEED: Right.

BRANDON: Hold it, right there. Now take your hands away very slowly and turn around.

STEED: We didn't expect you quite so soon did we Mrs. Peel ?

AD LIB CUCHES AND HUH'S IN FIGHT SEQUENCE.

EMMA: Quick!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

EMMA:

Now a long, leisurely dinner
in a cosy little inn where the claret
wines are heavy and the steak is thick.

STEED:

You concentrate on the driving. I'll
tell you what I have in mind.

THE END

Telenen Limited,
The Avengers.