

# MASTER

# 342

"THE AVENGERS"

"The Gravediggers"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

Episode 8

Prepared by:

Telemen Ltd.  
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"THE AVENGERS"

"THE GRAVEDIGGERS"

INT. CONTROLLER'S OFFICE

VOICE (thru' intercom) Dr. Palmer.  
PALMER: Yes  
Voice (thru' intercom) It's happening again sir...  
complete black out of section three...

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

BARON: It's on the blink again, sir.  
JOHNSON: Sound the alarm  
BARON: Emergency... emergency... emergency..  
emergency (ad lib)

INT. CONTROLLER'S OFFICE

PALMER: Well you can see for yourself... a complete  
blackout of this sector here.  
STEED: That's the only sector affected?  
PALMER: Yes thank goodness. Well, a partial blackout  
is tolerable - we are amply covered by our  
other early warning stations - but if the  
blackout area increased - or worse still,  
embraced the whole screen...  
EMMA: We would be in trouble ?  
PALMER: A mis sile attack could be launched on this  
country without any warning whatsoever until  
it was too late.  
STEED: Couldn't it be a technical failure this end.  
PALMER: Oh no absolutely not. All our systems are  
in triplicate. No.. this must be some kind of  
natural phenomenon.  
EMMA: Natural phenomenon!  
PALMER: Oh I know Hargreaves doesn't share my views.  
He's got some fanciful idea that the  
interference is man-made.  
STEED: But surely Doctor Palmer.  
PALMER: No.. no..no.. it's quite impossible.  
To black out a radar screen in this manner..  
no.. no. men have been trying for years to  
find some means of doing it - without success.  
EMMA: And you don't think someone can have succeeded  
by now.  
PALMER: No.. I've been closer to the problem than  
anyone. It was Marlow's life work.  
STEED: Marlow?  
PALMER: Yes Doctor Hubert Marlow. He used to work  
here.. brilliant fellow.. absolutely  
brilliant helped to make radar what it is  
today.. and then devoted the rest of his

INT. CONTROLLER'S OFFICE (contd)

PALMER: (contd) life trying to find a means of combating it.

STEED: He actually worked here ?

PALMER: Yes until a few weeks ago. I miss him a great deal... absolutely brilliant.

EMMA: And he was working on some kind of radar jamming device ?

PALMER: Yes that was his ambition. His grand illusion.

STEED: I'd like to meet this Doctor Marlow.

PALMER: Meet him! That's quite impossible I'm afraid, not with us any more.

STEED: You must have a forwarding address.

PALMER: Hardly, you see Hubert Marlow died four weeks ago.

STEED: Is this his file ?

PALMER: Yes..

STEED: May I.

PALMER: Of course. Well, this is just part of his file.. we keep very comprehensive records.

STEED: Would you mind if Mrs. Peel spent some time here and went through it.

PALMER: Not at all..

EMMA: Thank you.

STEED: Doctor Palmer.. if this interference were man-made...

PALMER: Not a chance.

STEED: But if it were... now surely the source of it would be situated somewhere within the sector that failed ?

PALMER: Presumably... but I can't believe for one moment that it was...

STEED: Would you mind ?

PALMER: Of course not. Well...we are... here.. The sector that failed covers this area.

STEED: Now suppose this mythical device had been placed somewhere near at hand... say within twenty miles..

PALMER: Twenty miles...

STEED: Now what sort of territory would that cover.

PALMER: Mostly open moorland.

STEED: There's a small town here.

INT. CONTROLLER'S OFFICE (contd)

PALMER: Yes... Pringby... that's a coincidence.  
STEED: Oh ?  
PALMER: The Church here... in Pringby... that's the place where poor old Marlow was buried.

EXT. GRAVEYARD.

STEED: Excuse me.. I'm looking for the grave of Doctor Marlow, Doctor Hubert Marlow.  
SEXTON: Ah... yes... funny one...  
STEED: I beg your pardon.  
SEXTON: Marlow... funny... odd. Didn't come from round here. see - but he insisted on being buried here. Me, I don't care where they bury me. .. Marlow cared... his relatives went to a great deal of trouble. Pringby Church yard he wanted and Pringby he got.  
STEED: Can you point out his grave to me.  
SEXTON: Eh that's it. All that trouble - and they changed their minds. wanted him moved... you just missed Doctor Marlow - he was exhumed... taken away.

REEL 2

INT. CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL.

SPRAY: Good morning Sir.  
STEED: good morning.  
SPRAY: Can I help you ?  
STEED: I've been trying to find a friend of mine... I think he was a patient here... Hubert Marlow.  
SPRAY: Marlow! .... no - I can't say that...  
STEED: Doctor Hubert Marlow.  
SPRAY: Doctor - I'm afraid we only accept railwaymen here sir.  
STEED: He was more on the executive side. You've never heard of him ?  
SPRAY: No.  
STEED: Maybe you remember his face...  
SPRAY: No.  
STEED: Well, I must be mistaken - thank you anyway.  
SPRAY: I'm sorry I can't be of more help  
THIRLWELL: (off) Nurse Spray....  
STEED: I'm very sorry to have bothered you.  
SPRAY: Yes sister?  
THIRWELL: Who was that man.... what did he want ?

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

JOHNSON: Stay away from that door. I told you to keep out of sight.

MARLOW: It's all very well for you, Johnson - you haven't been buried away for the past four weeks.

JOHNSON: You knew what it would entail -- you agreed.

MARLOW: And you agreed that there would be money - I need money for my experiments... the Ministry kept me short - otherwise I wouldn't be here - wouldn't be doing this. Scrimp and save and penny-pinch - you said it would be different here.

JOHNSON: It will be...

MARLOW: Well why can't I have some of the money now.

JOHNSON: Your timing's wrong Marlow... you can hardly plead your case just at this moment... when one of your units has almost jeopardised the whole scheme.

MARLOW: Well the insulation failed... I couldn't possibly foresee a thing like that...

JOHNSON: You should foresee every possibility... that's why you're here... that triggered off before we were ready... probably caused a blackout somewhere... and you can bet your boots there's an investigation underway already. That's not good Marlow... that's not good at all.

MARLOW: But don't you understand...

JOHNSON: Save the excuses. You'll get your money... all that we've promised..... but only when we're ready to move... when the job is done.

THIRLWELL: Doctor Johnson... .. There was a man here a few moments ago - he spoke to Nurse Spray - He wants to know if we had a patient here by the name of Marlow.

JOHNSON: Alert Baron - tell him to keep his eyes open.

THIRLWELL: Right Doctor. I'll attend to it.

INT. MATRON'S OFFICE.

STEED: Ah... and how are we today. On the mend eh? We'll soon have you up and leaping about.. John Steed.... Footplatemen's Friendly Association. I've come here to see that all is well with the Hospital. On behalf of the Footplateman's Friendly - Happy to sign your plaster for you. Comfortable.. Good. .. Charming... This will hasten on your convalescence quite a lot. You've no idea how lucky you chaps are to have a place like this... beautiful surroundings... the tireless activity of the staff... Well if there's anything you want... grapes... oranges... magazines... flowers... just get in touch with the Footplatemens Friendly...

SAGER: Grapes....

INT. MATRON'S OFFICE (contd)

STEED: Eh?

SAGER: I'd like some grapes.

STEED: Desperate for them I'd say..... remarkable recovery.

SAGER: My health is excellent and looks like staying that way - which is more than I can say for you.

STEED: Oh I don't know... I'm fairly fit.

INT. CORRIDOR.

BARON: Hey you!

STEED: Well it's all good for trade.

JOHNSON: What happened?

BARON: A man... snooping ... he got away.

JOHNSON: What did he look like ?

BARON: Tall fellow.... umbrella.... bowler..

THIRWELL: It's the same man.

JOHNSON: Things are hotting up. Get out of here... Clean this place up..... we've got to cover all traces.

MARLOW: What's going on ?

THIRLWELL: If he's found here...

JOHNSON: Phone Miller... tell him to prepare for business in Carling Street.

INT. CONTROLLER'S OFFICE

EMMA: Carling Street... Pringby...

PALMER: Eh... oh... are you still at it Mrs. Peel ?

EMMA: Marlow's file is as you said - very comprehensive. I'm having to cross-check every item.

PALMER: Carling Street did you say? What about it ?

EMMA: Well it's just an appointment in his private diary. 22, Carling Street, Pringby. Doesn't say who with or what for.

PALMER: Appointment was for Friday the thirteenth too.

EMMA: Supposed to be unlucky.

PALMER: Yes, it was for Marlow. That's the date he died.

EMMA: I think No. 22 deserves a visit.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Got you in my sights. Gun that shoots round corners.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT (contd)

EMMA: Second childhood..

STEED: Nephew's birthday.

EMMA: I have some very interesting news about Marlow..

STEED: Don't tell me. I'm way ahead of you...Saw him myself... They obviously had him very carefully hidden away, but now we know where he is we can move in and get him talking.

EMMA: Talking! When did you last see Marlow ?

STEED: About 11.30.

EMMA: Alive ?

STEED: Of course alive... you don't think I'd... you mean that you've seen...

EMMA: Dead... one p.m. an undertakers in Carling Street, Fringby. The body was supposed to be a certain 'Hubert Smith' - died of heart failure in a Nursing Home.

STEED: For ailing railwaymen ?

EMMA: Mmmmm...

STEED: That's where you'll find your answer..... yes... with your pleasing demeanour.... you'll get in there quite easily as a nurse. Have to pull a few strings of course. Yes, I'll get onto the Ministry right away. Whilst you're wagging a thermometer... I'll tackle Sir Horace Winslip... it's a charming place... you'll like it.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOSPITAL.

THIRWELL No music in your room, no male visitors... no nail varnish, no elaborate hairdos - regulation stockings and in by ten o'clock every night. Glad to have you with us Mrs. Peel. I hope you'll be happy here. Ah Nurse Spray. This is Emma Peel who will be joining us immediately. Will you familiarise her with the routine here.

SPRAY: Yes Sister.

EMMA: Sister....

THIRWELL: Mrs. Peel.....

SPRAY: Hope the dragon didn't put you off. Actually it's quite fun working here - hardly anything to do - masses of time off... especially when they're operating..... Oh sorry Doctor... Dreamy isn't he ?

EMMA: He's certainly interesting.

SPRAY: Doctor Johnson - Chief Surgeon and Chairman of the Hospital - he runs everything around here.

INT. MATRON'S OFFICE

JOHNSON: Is that the new girl I passed just now ?  
THIRLWELL: Mrs. Peel.  
JOHNSON: Allocated to us by the Ministry, I suppose.  
THIRLWELL: Like Nurse Spray. There's no way around it I'm afraid - they insist we take a quota of trainee nurses. Oh don't worry - she won't be allowed to see anything she shouldn't.

REEL 3

INT. WINSLIP'S MAIN HALL

FRED: Oh... you got a ticket.  
STEED: No.  
FRED: Can't get in without a ticket. .. Yes?  
STEED: I'd like a ticket please.  
FRED: Are you travelling far ?  
STEED: I Don't think so. I just want to have a look around.  
FRED: Platform tickets over there.  
FRED: All tickets please.... platform No. 2 Sir..  
STEED: Thank you.  
FRED: (on 'phone) Hullo Guv'nor - we've got a customer now.  
SIR HORACE: Splendid Frederick..... Welcome to Winslip Junction Sir. Where all the lines converge, and all friends meet. Winslip. Sir Horace Winslip.  
STEED: John Steed.  
SIR HORACE: Nice to have you as a passenger Mr. Steed. Ah.. Goodness.. we are in luck... just in time for the first sitting for lunch. You will stay for lunch?  
STEED: Thank you very much.  
SIR HORACE: This way.... ah... in here.  
STEED: Thank you.  
INT. CARRIAGE.  
SIR HORACE: Do sit here... I like to sit with my back to the engine.... um... the menu.  
STEED: Thank you.  
SIR HORACE: Yes it should be a smooth trip. Glad you dropped by Mr. Steed. It's jolly nice to share a carriage with you. Oh yes we're keeping extremely good time too.... should be approaching Hepplewaits Tunnel any moment now. Bang on time...  
STEED: Remarkable.... Do you mind if I close the window .  
SIR HORACE: Not at all Dear chap... Careful... dangerous to lean out of the window whilst the train is in motion you know.  
STEED: Quite true Sir Horace.



INT. CARRIAGE (contd)

SIR HORACE: Ah... wouldn't travel any other way would you ? Can't possibly enjoy a meal any other way. Brought up on trains y'know - my father made all his money out of trains and now if I attempt to eat a meal without the gentle rocking and the scenery flashing by... I get the most dreadful indigestion. Ah... brandy dear chap ?

STEED: Thank you.

SIR HORACE: It is a privilege to travel with you Mr. Steed. How did that come about by the way ?

STEED: Footplatemen's Friendly Society.

SIR HORACE: Eh ?

STEED: The Footplatemens Friendly. How shall I put it - I came aboard to tout a donation.

SIR HORACE: Footplatemen eh? Five thousand guineas All right ?

STEED: What ?

SIR HORACE: Well, well make it ten thousand then...

STEED: You're prepared to donate ten thousand guineas ?

SIR HORACE: Eh? Oh yes - I'll give you a cheque later on.

STEED: Sir Horace, I know you have a reputation for generosity but do you always part with your money so easily ?

SIR HORACE: Only for a worthy cause my boy - Railwaymen - salt of the earth. Railways made civilisation possible you know. Opened up the wild west - all sorts of new territories and made me a rich man. Ah... should be there any moment now... A delightful journey Frederick ....

FRED: It's a pleasure Sir Horace...

INT. MAIN HALL

SIR HORACE: Ah... the Iron horse, magnificent creature... and all being murdered by the motor car. Line after line closing down... Downside Line, The Firthington... The Pentwaite... all gone. I hang a wreath for each one you see. Well somebody has to remember.

REEL 4

INT. CORRIDOR (HOSPITAL)

THIRLWELL: I thought I instructed you to go to Ward C Mrs. Peel ?

EMMA: Yes Sister but when the flowers arrived, I naturally thought it best...

THIRLWELL: You are not here to think, but to obey. They're waiting for you .

EMMA: Yes Sister.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

JOHNSON: Excellent... we'll operate tonight then.

INT. MAIN HALL

SIR HORACE: And this is number two one four - Gladstone - she was averaging sixty miles an hour in 1890 .. they tore up the tracks to make a road - for motor cars. You are lucky if you can average twenty miles an hour on it now.

STEED: Sir Horace... how much do you have to do with the running of your hospital.

SIR HORACE: Now look at this. This is the Fair Maid of Perth... splendid beast. Eh? Hospital? Oh no, I've got a first rate chap looking after things there for me... Doctor Johnson... I just put up the money...

STEED: Exactly... you put up the money... it could be misused... and you'd never know.

SIR HORACE: Now look here dear chap... we don't want any of that sort of talk. Johnson and Miss Thirwell excellent people - and they share my love of railways...

STEED: So long as you continue to put up the money.

SIR HORACE: Nonsense. They do agree with my views.... what's more they're prepared to do something about it - in fact they have a scheme to.... don't touch that...

STEED: I'm terribly sorry... what kind of scheme.

SIR HORACE: That's all right dear chap. It's just that that is one of the original signal levers from Whittingham Junction... they are quite irreplaceable you know.

STEED: It looks very new to me.

SIR HORACE: Yes.. umm.. I've just had 'em renovated. Yes, they did an excellent job too... now.. what were we talking about?

STEED: This 'scheme' at the hospital ....

SIR HORACE: Oh yes,... I've forgotten what that was now. Tell you what... how'd you like to look round the grounds eh... I'll take you the main gate - the long way. Feel like a chug round myself.

STEED: Chug?

SIR HORACE: In John O' Gaunt... my own personal engine.

INT. CORRIDOR: (Hospital)

SPRAY: Sorry...

EMMA: Don't worry.

SPRAY: There's a dance in town tonight - coming ?

EMMA: I'm on duty.

SPRAY: You were. I just got the whisper - they're operating tonight. So you won't be needed. How about it... I'll wait for you if you like ?

EMMA: Mmmm ?

INT. CORRIDOR (HOSPITAL) (cont'd)

SPRAY: The Dance.

EMMA: Oh ... No... No thank you - next time - I have got other things to do.

SPRAY: All right - but if you change your mind...

BARON: Can I help you?

EMMA: I was looking for Matron - these papers.

BARON: They'll have to wait until morning. See the sign can't you? - operating.

EMMA: I see.

BARON: Goodnight Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Ah... I was just looking for you.

STEED: Thank you.

EMMA: They're operating tonight.

STEED: Are they?

EMMA: Mmm.. I just tried to get in there and Baron...

STEED: Who's the patient ?

EMMA: I've no idea.

STEED: They don't hang about there... do they ?

INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

JOHNSON: Right... let's get started.

INT. CORRIDOR (HOSPITAL)

STEED: No chance of getting passed her!

EMMA: We could force our way in.

STEED: Too soon to expose our hand. We'll just have to wait.

EMMA: I wish I knew what was going on in there...

REEL 5

INT. FLORISTS

STEED: Mechanised Flowers...

EMMA: Electronic cut-outs... condensers... and that believe it or not is a selenium rectifier.

STEED: This is a transformer isn't it ?

EMMA: MMM..... Hey!...

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR

EMMA: This is where I found Marlow.

STEED: Business seems to be dying off.

EMMA: Or they're expecting someone along pretty shortly.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR (CONTD)

EMMA: What do you make of this ?

STEED: It's a hole to breath through.

EMMA: In a Coffin ?

STEED: Mrs. Peel....have you ever heard of an undertaker booking funerals months in advance.

EMMA: There's one six weeks from now... and another a month from now.

STEED: Both on a Thursday... both out of this locality. Have you got that diary... the one with the map?

EMMA: As a matter of fact I have... there we are...

STEED: A funeral two weeks ago at Scarsby...

EMMA: Scarsby.....

STEED: Four weeks ago at Lennington.

EMMA: Lennington.

STEED: Then Noley....

EMMA: Noley....

STEED: Then another here at Pringby...

EMMA: Pringby... and the ones in advance ?

STEED: One's at Summerbrig.

EMMA: Summerbrig...

STEED: A charming little place... the other at Wayscale.

EMMA: Wayscale..... here.

STEED: Join 'em all up... and there you have slap in the centre...

EMMA: The Radar Station.

VOICE (off) This way please Gentlemen.

MILLER: Gently..... gently. Now this one Gentlemen.

INT. FLORISTS

STEED: A straight swap.

INT. UNDERTAKERS.

STEED: It's alive....

EMMA: Only to the light. It's a solar cell. Sensative to light.

STEED: Then what's it doing in a coffin ?

EMMA: I wonder? I thought so - it's telescopic. Long enough to reach the surface once this coffin is buried... some device that derives its power from the rays of the sun - this little device reaches up and feeds it.....

INT. UNDERTAKERS (contd)

STEED: And the device is in there ?

EMMA: Built up from parts like this..

STEED: With Doctor Marlow's know-how... a ring of jamming devices buried around our early warning stations.

EMMA: To black out all warning of enemy attack. We still have to find the central control.

STEED: They'll keep it well hidden of course.

EMMA: Be difficult... control for a thing like this would be pretty big. There'd be buttons to push, levers to pull... 'assembly should be carried out in a completely dust-free area'.

STEED: An operating theatre.

EMMA: I'd better follow that coffin.

STEED: Central control... big... buttons to push... levers to pull ..... levers to pull.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE.

JOHNSON: Ah the last one Miller - one more 'op' and our task is complete. Feels good, eh? The end of the road in sight ?

MILLER: (off) Extremely good.

JOHNSON: Now let's get it over and done with... where's Thirlwell? Can't begin without her.

SAGER: I'll take a look.

INT. CORRIDOR (HOSPITAL)

BARON: Hurry up - the doctor's waiting.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE:

JOHNSON: Let's get started.... Forceps..... micrometer..... Right - it's all yours. Quite a successful operation I think. Don't you Miss Thirlwell. Tonight we can celebrate. This calls for champagne.. we're home and dry. The end of our worries.

THIRLWELL: Except for Mrs. Peel.

MILLER: What... what are we going to do with her ? Oh no... I couldn't take another not so soon after Marlow.

THIRLWELL: He's right... another death from this hospital... be too risky.

JOHNSON: You've set us a problem Mrs. Peel. An accident.

MILLER: Everybody knows the old man's batty.

JOHNSON: He's a positive danger with that machine of his. Bound to hurt somebody some day.

REEL 6INT. MAIN HALL. (STATION)

SIR HORACE: I do so abhor violence... dear chap.  
Is this the way to repay my hospitality...  
Are you all right Frederick ?

FRED: Yes Sir Horace.. yes.

SIR HORACE: Go and lie down in the waiting room dear boy.

STEED: Sir Horace... you are being used... have you  
got any idea what this is for ?

SIR HORACE: Naturally...

STEED: You have..?

SIR HORACE: And What's more I entirely agree with what we  
are about to do.

STEED: Sir Horace... I can't believe that you would  
betray your own country.

SIR HORACE: You don't know what you are talking about dear  
boy.. Why the Winslips have served in five  
wars.... four Kings and Two Queens... faithfully  
and well... we were about to form the Royal Rail-  
way Regiment...

STEED: Then what's happened to your patriotism.

SIR HORACE: We appear to be talking at cross purposes dear  
boy. This won't harm the country...  
in fact... it will be of enormous benefit. Roads  
Clear again - get from A to B in half the  
time... end of petrol fumes.

STEED: Petrol fumes ?

SIR HORACE: When this evil vehicle is banished from the  
Queen's highway.

STEED: Sir Horace... you said you knew what this  
was for?

SIR HORACE: Yes. After all, I was in it from the beginning -  
when Doctor Johnson first put the scheme to me..  
I said...

STEED: What scheme did he put to you ?

SIR HORACE: A jamming device of course.

STEED: For jamming what ?

SIR HORACE: Motor cars...

STEED: Johnson says that that was what it was for ?

SIR HORACE: Certainly otherwise why else do you suppose I  
would make considerable money available.

STEED: It's a jamming device all right. But what  
it is intended to jam is the entire defensive  
system of this country.

SIR HORACE: Goodness me.

INT. MAIN HALL (contd)

SIR HORACE: That's John O'Gaunt.

STEED: Sir Horace... it's essential we destroy this installation.

SIR HORACE: What is going on... somebody's playing about with my own personal engine. No-one's got the right to operate that. What is going on? What is that young woman doing tied to the railway line... she'll break the engine.

STEED: Lets have a look.

SIR HORACE: What extraordinary people ...

EXT: TRAIN

STEED: Always felt I was cut out to be an engine driver. I was on the point of taking it up as a matter of fact.

EMMA: Family objected.

STEED: Oh no - they were all for it - I came to my senses just in time... no security... always on the move.

EMMA: I don't know... at least it would have kept you to the straight and narrow....

Length 4726 feet