

# THE AVENGERS

"DEATH AT BARGAIN PRICES"

Dialogue List

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P A R T O N E

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

FX: CLOCK CHIMES

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: LIFT STOPS/STARTS

FX: GUNSHOTS

MUSIC: IN

DEATH AT BARGAIN PRICES

MUSIC: OUT

FX: CHATTER

MR FARTHINGALE: May I help you, sir?

STEED: Yes, may I see some hats, please.

MR FARTHINGALE: Headwear? Certainly, sir. (TO MASSEY) Mr Massey. (TO STEED) Our Mr Massey will escort you. (TO MASSEY) Headwear, Mr Massey.

MR MASSEY: Yes, sir.

MR FARTHINGALE: And, Mr Massey, your carnation is crooked. Kindly adjust it.

MR MASSEY: Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir. This way, sir.

EMMA PEEL: Ah, Steed.

STEED: What a pleasant surprise meeting you here, my dear. I think I'll just, er, browse around the stock if you don't mind.

MR MASSEY: Certainly, sir.

EMMA PEEL: What do you mean ... pleasant surprise? There I was deep in thermodynamics ...

STEED: I think a curly brim, don't you?

EMMA PEEL: You'll be wearing a curly brim for a collar unless you tell me exactly ...

STEED: One of our best agents was murdered yesterday. His name was Moran, he was shot six times and dumped in an alley.

EMMA PEEL: Ostentatious.

STEED: Eh?

EMMA PEEL: Six times.

STEED: Oh yes. He was on to something big but unfortunately we don't know what. Ah, I think this cuts rather a dash, don't you?

EMMA PEEL: If he was dumped in an alley, what are we doing here?

STEED: We've only got one lead. This was found in his pocket. It's a receipt from Pinters.

EMMA PEEL: Just an ordinary store receipt.

STEED: Have a look at the date.

EMMA PEEL: And yesterday was Sunday.

STEED: The store was closed.

MR MASSEY: Did you find anything to suit you, sir?

STEED: Thank you, I'll take twelve of these on account.

MR MASSEY: Certainly, sir.

STEED: Oh, and I've got to collect something for a friend of mine. What department was it now?

EMMA PEEL: Nineteen.

MR MASSEY: Through the next department on the right, sir.

STEED: Thank you. It may help us to find out what Moran was buying.

EMMA PEEL: Mmmm. Did he have any children?

STEED: Not so far as I know.

ASSISTANT: May I help you?

STEED: Oh yes, is this department 19?

ASSISTANT: That is correct.

STEED: Then it's the right place.

ASSISTANT: Yes, of course, of course. This must be a very happy time for both of you.

STEED: Oh, er, it's not exactly ...

ASSISTANT: Well, I wonder if you're buying a cot if I might recommend this one, sir? Baby will be very happy in it.

EMMA PEEL: I think baby's too big. Come along, my dear.

STEED: Excuse us. Now what would he have wanted with a pram?

EMMA PEEL: Perhaps his nanny had her licence endorsed.

STEED: For reckless pushing?

EMMA PEEL: That's funny.

STEED: What?

EMMA PEEL: It isn't Old Bates at all, it's Royal Creighton.

STEED: That's quite an easy mistake.

EMMA PEEL: Not to anyone with half an idea about china. Old Bates and Royal Creighton are as different as chalk from cheese. Someone in this store doesn't know his job.

STEED:                    Perhaps.   Perhaps they need an assistant.

JARVIS:                   Mrs Peel?

EMMA PEEL:               Yes.

JARVIS:                   Jarvis.   House dick ... detective.  
Settling in okay?

EMMA PEEL:               Yes thank you.

JARVIS:                   That's the ticket.   Ever worked in a store  
before.

EMMA PEEL:               No.

JARVIS:                   Well, watch out for those with big shopping  
bags, the open type.   Especially if they  
put it on a counter.   Get half the store in  
a bag like that, never see it go.   Oh,  
cheques.   Don't accept any big ones without  
I say so, go it?

EMMA PEEL:               I think so.

JARVIS:                   You'll do.   Oh, um, don't worry about not  
knowing the ropes.   None of them here do.

FX:   KNOCKING

STEED:                   May I have some service, please?   Charming.  
I asked the chief predator where to find  
you and he said "our Mrs Peel is in ladies  
underwear".   I rattled up the stairs three  
at a time.

EMMA PEEL: Merry quips department on the fifth floor, sir.

STEED: 'Our' Mrs Peel, 'our' ... only been working here half a day, already enfolded to the communal bosom. Find anything?

EMMA PEEL: Yes. None of the staff here have the faintest idea about running a store. Whatever they are, they're certainly not salesmen.

STEED: Fact?

EMMA PEEL: Instinct.

STEED: Interesting.

EMMA PEEL: What have you been doing?

STEED: Pintners were taken over a year or so, lock stock and barrel, the whole chain of stores, by Horatio Kane.

EMMA PEEL: King Kane?

STEED: One of the original fathers of industry.

EMMA PEEL: So that's what they meant. I heard some of the staff talking about the king upstairs.

STEED: He's here?

EMMA PEEL: Uh-huh. Living at the top of the building. A disused department's been converted for him.

STEED: Really? Where is it?

EMMA PEEL: The department of discontinued lines. You should fit in rather well.

STEED: That's a matter of opinion.

EMMA PEEL: It's the top of the building, sir. Up the stairs and beyond the executive staff restaurant.

STEED: Extremely civil of you, modom, thank you.

MUSIC: IN

FX: KNOCKING

FX: LIFT

MR FARTHINGALE: (INTO PHONE) Mr Wentworth? It's Farthingale here, sir. I fear there may be an intruder somewhere on the top floor. Yes, sir, I understand.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

FX: LIFT

MUSIC: OUT

RECORD PLAYER: IN

MR KANE: Wentworth? Wentworth? Who are you?

STEED: My name is Steed, sir. John Steed.

MR KANE: I don't know you.

STEED: No, sir. My company told me to look for some business, we're efficiency experts. We step in and try to ginger up any business that may be failing.

MR KANE: Yeah, know what you want, go out and get it. That's the way fortunes are made, the key to power. D'you think my business is failing.

STEED: Well frankly, sir, I wasn't very impressed with what I saw downstairs.

MR KANE: Oh, weren't you now, weren't you?

STEED: You staff seem to be a little inexperienced, which in my book is inefficiency. But don't you worry. My company will put it right. If we just have your co-operation, access to your records and, er ...

MR KANE: The department of discontinued lines, that's what they call this place ... discontinued lines. Relics of a bygone age, Steed.

STEED: Yes, sir.

MR KANE: A glorious age, gracious, leisurely, ordered. A time for many things. A machine was a thing of joy then.

FX: HORN

MR KANE: Built to last a man's lifetime. Now it's out of date before it's left the assembly line. Rush, tear, grab and grub ... that's life today. Out of date ... that's what they say about me, you know. They say that this is where I belong ... a discontinued line, the old man run-down at last. Yes, run down. They say that I live only for the good old days, try to recapture them. Well, that's partly true but it's only half of it. A man can possess a Michelangelo can't he, Steed, and still appreciate a Picasso? I can't compete any more! That's what they say. Haven't got the grasp of modern technique. Haven't got the grasp ... well, I'll surprise them yet. I'll show them that Horatio Kane can still ...

STEED: Yes, sir ... how can you show them?

MR KANE: Efficiency expert, eh?

STEED: Er, yes, sir. But you were just about to ...

MR KANE: You're talking to the wrong man. I'm just a sick old man. Foolish, sick old man. Robert Wentworth governs the policy of this store, you'll have to impress him with your ideas.

WENTWORTH: That's correct. I'm sorry about this disturbance, sir. This man had no right to come up here.

MR KANE: He says his name's Steed. Thinks he can improve our business. Well, perhaps he can. After all, he did get up here to see me.

WENTWORTH: This way, please.

MR KANE: I enjoyed our little chat. Very enjoyable.

WENTWORTH: You should have used the proper channels, Mr Steed.

FX: LIFT DOORS CLOSING

WENTWORTH: Written to us, made an appointment.

STEED: You would have turned me down.

WENTWORTH: Perhaps. You see, we have to be careful whom we allow in to see Mr Kane. He's a frail man these days ... susceptible. So many dubious characters try to talk him into putting up money for even more dubious schemes. We have to protect him. Excuse me.

FX:

WENTWORTH: It's not always easy. Old age can sometimes be querulous. On the whole, we do a very good job. But once in a while someone finds a chink in our armour. I imagine you used the emergency stairs. Yes, we'll post a man there in future.

FX: LIFT DOORS OPENING

WENTWORTH: Well, goodbye Mr Steed.

MUSIC: IN

ASSISTANT: Goodnight, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: Goodnight.

ASSISTANT: See you tomorrow.

EMMA PEEL: Uh-huh.

MR GLYNN: Really, Jarvis. What this store is coming to I do not know.

JARVIS: What's up now?

MR GLYNN: Another staff meeting tonight and again I'm not invited. Really, I told Mr Wentworth.

JARVIS: Another one tonight, eh?

MR GLYNN: The third this week.

JARVIS: Same as before, senior staff only?

MR GLYNN: The selected few. After all I am chief window dresser here and one might think that ...

JARVIS: Never mind. Everything's changing round here since the takeover. It might be just growing pains.

MR GLYNN: Well, I hope you're right.

EMMA PEEL: Is that usual, three staff meetings in one week?

JARVIS: Sometimes more than that. Sometimes every night of the week.

EMMA PEEL: Even Sundays? Mr Wentworth really believes in working his staff hard round here, doesn't he? Where do they hold their meetings, in the store?

JARVIS: That's right, and I should get that idea right out of your head ... staying on to find out what happens.

EMMA PEEL: Now why should I want to stay on.

JARVIS: They're pretty careful about that. They check the store from top to bottom. I've seen you today ... listening in to every conversation, watching every little move. You didn't come here just to sell ladies nighties, Mrs Peel. Look, I'm with you. There is something odd going on round here. Well, I could help you. Well, nothing much escapes old Jarvis. Besides, I've got a pass key.

EMMA PEEL: Ministry of Labour. Not satisfied with the way things are being run round here. Need to know more. You can reach me here.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

JARVIS: I'll keep my eyes open, let you know.

MR FARTHINGALE: Goodnight, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: Goodnight, Mr Farthingale.

MUSIC: OUT.

FX: DOOR BELL

STEED: I know just how you feel. Come on, open up.

EMMA PEEL: Go away, I'm not at home.

STEED: Mrs Peel, you can't possibly send me away.

EMMA PEEL: I'm contagious. I've got beriberi, myxomatosis and hard-pad.

STEED: But I'm grievously wounded.

FX:

EMMA PEEL: Come in.

STEED: Cyclops.

EMMA PEEL: Oh, well. Whatever happened to you?

STEED: Department of discontinued lines, Wentworth threw me out.

EMMA PEEL: I've got just what you need.

STEED: Mmmm. I'm thinking of lodging a complaint against the management. It proves one thing though, they must have something to hide.

EMMA PEEL: Jarvis thinks so, too ... house detective.  
He's agreed to help. Cheers.

STEED: I expected a larger glass. (YAWNS -  
GROANS)

EMMA PEEL: Really, Steed, the fuss you make over a  
tiny bruise.

STEED: Tiny? What on earth's that?

EMMA PEEL: Um? Oh, it's an exploded molecular  
construction.

STEED: So that's what hit me. Oh, I feel as  
though I'm sprouting two heads.

EMMA PEEL: Have you room for expansion?

STEED: You're supposed to be a ministering angel.  
Here am I grievously hurt.

EMMA PEEL: Bruised.

STEED: My pride was hurt.

EMMA PEEL: Come now, surely you've been thrown out of  
places before?

STEED: Only the best places.

EMMA PEEL: You'll survive.

STEED: (GROANS)

EMMA PEEL: Would you like a drink?

STEED: Intravenously. (GROANS) Well, you didn't waste your time today. You made an ally.

EMMA PEEL: Jarvis?

STEED: You do you think you can trust him?

EMMA PEEL: I don't know.

STEED: (SIGHS) Ah, the corpuscles are beginning to function normally.

EMMA PEEL: Good. Then perhaps you can function normally and get back to work. I have a paper to prepare on thermodynamics.

STEED: A conflict of science and humanity. Equations, isotherms ... I have a dynamic, too, you know.

EMMA PEEL: Mmmm, very colourful.

STEED: Red-blooded.

EMMA PEEL: Goodnight, Steed. You've had a strenuous day.

STEED: Oh ... you're quite right. I broke into Wentworth's apartment earlier today, found this. Makes very interesting reading.

FX: DOOR CLOSES

MUSIC: IN

WENTWORTH: Well, gentlemen, our campaign is nearing its conclusion. It's been a long hard road, sometimes a dangerous one, but the end is in sight. Our main strike area is set up. All that remains now is to trigger off the final action.

TONY MARCO: When will that be, Major?

MR MASSEY: Yes, when is 'D' day?

WENTWORTH: Well, that depends on the Professor, of course. And on your security arrangements, Michael. Are they all fixed up?

MUSIC: BUILDS

WENTWORTH: Well, how are you Professor, fit and ready for another night's work? Um? We're all getting anxious. We'd like to know when the job will be completed. Oh come, come now. Surely ... surely you're not going to be stubborn again, um? I thought we'd cured you of that.

PROFESSOR POPPLE: I'm doing my best. Working as fast as I can? What else do you expect when I'm cooped up here all the time?

WENTWORTH: You'll have to work faster, Professor, then you won't be cooped up here any longer. Will you?

FX: GROANS

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

FX: TELEPHONE BEING DIALLED

FX: TELEPHONE RINGS

EMMA PEEL: Oh, get your wires crossed.

FX: TELEPHONE RINGS

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Hello? Yes, who's speaking?

JARVIS: (INTO PHONE) It's Jarvis. Jarvis. I told you I'd keep my eyes peeled, didn't I? I found something that might interest you. Ground floor camping display. I left the side door unlocked. Make it snappy.

FX: TELEPHONE RECEIVER BEING REPLACED

MUSIC: IN

MUSIC: BUILDS

THE AVENGERS

MUSIC: OUT

E N D O F P A R T O N E

P A R T T W O

MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: So you left the body there?

EMMA PEEL: I had to. Couldn't raise the alarm without explaining what I was doing there.

STEED: This morning?

EMMA PEEL: Not a sign of it.

STEED: Probably dumped in an alleyway by now.

EMMA PEEL: Uh-huh.

MR FARTHINGALE: Mrs Peel?

EMMA PEEL: Excuse me. (PAUSE) It's quite simple, sir. All you have to do is pull a few strings.

STEED: Just like the Civil Service. Quick promotion ... from lingerie to spaceage woman in one big jump.

EMMA PEEL: Store policy. Move you around.

STEED: So even with one man dead business as usual?

EMMA PEEL: Not quite. Mr Glynn was dismissed this morning ... chief window dresser.

STEED:                   Where is he now?

EMMA PEEL:               You might find him just through there.

STEED:                   Mr Glynn?

MR GLYNN:               Yes.

STEED:                   I'm John Steed. I'm a shareholder in Pinters and I've been hearing some very disturbing rumours about the way the store is being run.

MR GLYNN:               Rumours? Ha. Not rumours, Mr Steed, this store has gone to pot. Look at me ... after six years of faithful service ...

STEED:                   Why were you sacked, Mr Glynn?

MR GLYNN:               Your guess is as good as mine. All I did was to tell Mr Wentworth about my ground floor display.

STEED:                   Ground floor display, what about it?

MR GLYNN:               Someone keeps changing it ... last night, and the night before. I set out a display on the ground floor and then the next morning it's all changed. Strange things happening here, Mr Steed. Six years of faithful service, and I won't be the last to go either. Julie will be next.

STEED:                   Julie?

MR GLYNN: Julie Thompson in the food market, she'll be the next, you see if she isn't. And it isn't her fault about the food.

STEED: Eh?

MR GLYNN: The food that disappears during the night.

STEED: Good morning.

JULIE THOMPSON: Good morning, sir.

STEED: Cheese.

JULIE THOMPSON: Yes, sir.

STEED: Stilton. Port fed, its feet firmly manacled.

JULIE THOMPSON: Firmly mana ... you want a very ripe one, sir.

STEED: Leaping about.

JULIE THOMPSON: I'll see if I can catch one for you.

STEED: Splendid, I'll take half an ounce.

JULIE THOMPSON: Will that be all, sir?

STEED: Goodness me no, a list as long as my arm. One tomato, two egg whites, handful of chives, half an onion, and a squeeze of lemon. It's a recipe.

JULIE THOMPSON: So I gathered. Do you want it wrapped?

STEED: Except for the squeeze of lemon. Pour in pint and half of Burgundy, add three pounds of best steak and leave to marinate.

JULIE THOMPSON: Mmm ... sounds marvellous.

STEED: More than enough for two. We could leave out the half an onion.

JULIE THOMPSON: Is that a proposition?

STEED: More of a sly suggestion. Where does the food disappear to? I've been speaking to Mr Glynn, where do you think the food disappears to?

JULIE THOMPSON: I've really no idea.

STEED: But it does disappear? Oh come now, I'm trying to help.

JULIE THOMPSON: Well, I really haven't any idea. All I know is that for the past few weeks food has been disappearing.

STEED: During the night?

JULIE THOMPSON: It seems the only possible explanation.

STEED: Any particular kind of food?

JULIE THOMPSON: Cans of fruit, bread, some ripe Stilton and some bumblebees, honey bumblebees ... we import them from Japan.

STEED: And all this stuff disappears every night?

JULIE THOMPSON: Just lately. It's funny now I come to think of it.

STEED: Eh?

JULIE THOMPSON: The honey bumblebees ... why someone should steal them? I mean, we hardly ever sell any in the store. As a matter of fact we only stock them because a customer placed a special order.

STEED: What customer is this?

JULIE THOMPSON: Mr Popple. Well, Professor Popple really. You know, the one who disappeared a few months ago.

STEED: More?

FX: DOOR BELL

STEED: Too many late nights.

EMMA PEEL: Come in. I've got nine and a half minutes to finish my lunch and get back to the store.

FX: DOOR CLOSES

STEED: I've brought you a bottle of wine to go with your lunch.

EMMA PEEL: Lovely.

STEED: Specially imported for Pintners. D'you know a Professor Popple?

EMMA PEEL: Popple? Mmmm ... physicist. Expert on nuclear fission ... atom splitter. Did he disappear a few weeks ago?

STEED: That's right. He was addicted to bumblebees ... honeyed bumblebees. Pinters keep a special stock in for him.

EMMA PEEL: Eight minutes, forty-five seconds. Pinters and Popple, do you suppose there's any connection?

STEED: Moran was the catalyst.

EMMA PEEL: Mmmm.

STEED: He was found dead with a receipt from Pinters in his pocket. It was dated on Sunday. So he must have broken in.

EMMA PEEL: It's worth seeing if it has any special significance. Mmmm, I shall use it when I get the opportunity. Oh, eight minutes. Go on with the jigsaw.

STEED: Kane?

EMMA PEEL: Discontinued ... senile.

STEED: Ha, perhaps. Wentworth?

EMMA PEEL: Pinters' strong arm salesman.

STEED: I shall take great pleasure in closing my account there.

EMMA PEEL: Oh, seven minutes forty. Go on.

STEED: Jarvis, Glynn, Julie Thompson ... er,  
Professor Popple ... bumblebees.

FX: TIMER RINGS

EMMA PEEL: Time's up. Got to go.

STEED: Bumblebees.

FX: DOOR CLOSES

STEED: Now who would want to steal some honeyed  
bumblebees?

FX:

WENTWORTH: Pilfering, Massey. You know I don't stand  
for pilfering.

MR MASSEY: No, sir. It's just for the Professor, sir.  
He's not a bad sort of chap, sir, and he's  
not to happy with the grub we are feeding  
him so ... well, I thought ...

WENTWORTH: You thought you could disobey my orders!  
Where's Marco?

MR FARTHINGALE: Marco, sir?

WENTWORTH: Yes, Marco. He's in charge of the  
commissariat. Where the devil is he?

MR FARTHINGALE: Downstairs I think, sir. Trying his luck  
with the new girl.

TONY MARCO: Mrs Peel? Tony Marco, I'm the chief accountant here. Would you mind checking your documents, make sure I have all the details correct.

EMMA PEEL: Um, that's correct.

TONY MARCO: I notice one important omission, your, er, telephone number.

EMMA PEEL: I think you have all the necessary details.

TONY MARCO: We ought to keep all our goods on the top shelf.

EMMA PEEL: Have you nothing better to do, Mr Marco?

TONY MARCO: I'm open to suggestions. Can you think of a better way of passing the time?

EMMA PEEL: As a matter of fact I can. This receipt doesn't seem to belong to our department. I wonder if you'd mind checking it for me.

TONY MARCO: For you, anything.

MUSIC: IN

TONY MARCO: Where did you get this?

EMMA PEEL: I found it. Why, what's wrong?

TONY MARCO: Nothing at all. You did right to show it to me. Mr Wentworth will want to talk to you about it. This way, Mrs Peel.

MUSIC: .CONTINUES



MUSIC: IN

FX:

WENTWORTH: Idiot!

MUSIC: BUILDS

THE AVENGERS

MUSIC: OUT

E N D O F P A R T T W O

P A R T T H R E E

MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

FX:

MR FARTHINGALE: What can I do for you, sir?

STEED: Oh, the lady assistant who served me earlier.

MR FARTHINGALE: Mrs Peel?

STEED: Yes.

MR FARTHINGALE: What about her?

STEED: Well, it's nothing really. She said she might have a drink with me.

MR FARTHINGALE: Mrs Peel was dismissed for philandering with the customers. This is Pinters, you know sir. We don't stand for that kind of thing here.

STEED: No, right.

MR FARTHINGALE: I'm afraid that Mrs Peel is no longer with us.

STEED: (TUT-TUTS)

MR FARTHINGALE: If there's anything else you might require, sir? The store is just about to close.

STEED: Well, er, no thank you.

MUSIC: IN

FX: TRAFFIC

MUSIC: OUT

WENTWORTH: Farthingale.

MR FARTHINGALE: Sir. Everything secure, Major.

WENTWORTH: Good. Where have you got Mrs Peel?

MR FARTHINGALE: Furniture department, sir.

WENTWORTH: Who's guarding her?

MR FARTHINGALE: Massey.

WENTWORTH: Right. I'll go check the detonation area,  
carry on.

MR FARTHINGALE: Sir.

MUSIC: IN

MR MASSEY: That's the winner.

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: (GROANS)

STEED: Eeny, meeny, miney, moe.

EMMA PEEL: (GROANS)

STEED: That's how I like my mummies ... well preserved.

EMMA PEEL: (GROANS) Carpet-bagger.

STEED: I take it you're not hurt.

EMMA PEEL: Only my pride. Steed, there's a fully equipped laboratory upstairs.

STEED: That fits in ... Professor Popple. Oh ...

EMMA PEEL: Hey!

STEED: Drugged.

EMMA PEEL: Steed ...

STEED: Store receipts.

EMMA PEEL: Uh-huh. Feed cards for this computer.

STEED: High pressure accounting.

EMMA PEEL: Let's see, shall we? Hold on to your hat.

FX: COMPUTER

EMMA PEEL: It's a perfect cover ... conceal these programming cards by making them look like ordinary store receipts. Moran must have stumbled on to it.

STEED: Well, it certainly isn't a shopping list.

EMMA PEEL: I told you to hold on to your hat. I think it's the plans for a nuclear bomb.

STEED: Now how can you tell Madam Curie?

EMMA PEEL: Thermodynamics, Mr Magoo. The two sciences are co-related.

PROFESSOR POPPLE: Bomb ... must stop them. Got to stop them.

EMMA PEEL: This bomb, is it your invention?

PROFESSOR POPPLE: My job is finished.

STEED: Where have they got it, Professor? Where have they hidden it?

PROFESSOR POPPLE: In the store. It's down there in the store. Stop them. I've got to stop them.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Ah, oh we'd better start somewhere.

STEED: Yeah.

EMMA PEEL: What sizes do bombs come in anyway?

STEED: Well, it could be any size from this to well this.

EMMA PEEL: Well, let's just look.

STEED: The size depends on what they intend ... what would Pintors want with an atom bomb anyway?

EMMA PEEL: Perhaps they intend mushrooming out ...  
expanding.

FX:

STEED: You have a kind and considerate nature, how  
true.

EMMA PEEL: You search upstairs.

EMMA PEEL: (EXCLAIMS)

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Any luck?

EMMA PEEL: No.

STEED: Nor me.

EMMA PEEL: We've searched this store from top to  
bottom and there's not a sign of it.

STEED: It has to be here.

EMMA PEEL: What makes you so sure?

STEED: A feeling, intuition. Let's have a look at  
that. Toddlers' toy fair, ladies  
underwear, gentlemen's outfitting, large  
persons, small persons ... we've been  
through the lot. It has to be somewhere.

EMMA PEEL: Steed!

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: We've found our bomb.

STEED: We're standing in it.

MUSIC: BUILDS/OUT

STEED: What have you got to lose?

MR KANE: Inefficient that's what you said, wasn't it, inefficient? Well, what do you think now? My biggest takeover bid yet. Yes ... this store is a bomb. The entire fabric of it ...

MR FARTHINGALE: Mr Kane.

MR KANE: Oh, nonsense Farthingale, it can't do any harm now. Besides, I'm proud of my scheme. I want them to know.

EMMA PEEL: What were you hoping to achieve?

MR KANE: A takeover, Mrs Peel. Tomorrow I'm going to take over the entire country, hold it to ransom ... with my bomb.

EMMA PEEL: It won't work. They'll agree to your demands, then play for time, locate the bomb and dismantle it.

MR FARTHINGALE: They won't know where to look, will they?

MR KANE: Only you know that.

STEED: Suppose they don't believe you? Suppose they, er ...

MR KANE: Oh, they'll believe me ... after I've destroyed London. I told you, didn't I Steed, Horatio Kane isn't finished yet. No grasp of modern techniques ... well, let's see what they think after I've turned their modern techniques against them. A demonstration of power. Tonight I, and my special staff, will be on our way to somewhere far from here. Tomorrow the store will open as usual and then, some time during the day, this store and fifty miles surrounding it will disappear completely from the map. That ought to convince them, don't you think?

STEED: Some time during the day?

EMMA PEEL: Surely you can be more exact.

MR KANE: The bomb, this store, will explode with the first customer who buys a washing machine. You tell them, Farthingale.

MR FARTHINGALE: It's really terribly simple. All bombs need a detonator and ours is embedded in the floor of the lift shaft on the northern side. Yes, I know that lift's been out of order lately ... alterations, structural repairs. But that's all been seen to now, hasn't it, sir?

MR KANE: All working smoothly again now. The customers will be able to use it as usual tomorrow.

EMMA PEEL: And washing machines are in the basement.

MR FARTHINGALE: Sooner or later a customer will ask to be taken there. He'll step into the lift ...

MR KANE: The lift will descend ... down, down, down, down and then ... brmmm! Wentworth, is that you?

WENTWORTH: Yes, sir.

MR KANE: Over here in the corner.

WENTWORTH: You again.

STEED: Came for my teddy bear ... can't sleep without one.

MR KANE: I'm tired of these two, Wentworth. You deal with them.

WENTWORTH: With pleasure. Any last request?

STEED: A ride on a tornado roadster ... or this?

FX: TOY GUN

MR KANE: (SHOUTS) Get out, get out, get out you idiots! Get out after them, after them! Massey ... after them, after them!

MR MASSEY: What sir?

MR KANE: Don't let them reach the door! Go on, after them. After them! After them, you fool. After them!

MUSIC: IN

STEED: We'd better go to the basement.

EMMA PEEL: Better split up.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

TONY MARCO: What's wrong?

WENTWORTH: They've escaped.

WENTWORTH: Split up ... cover the exits.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MR FARTHINGALE: Don't move.

FX: STRUGGLE

MUSIC: OUT

MR MASSEY: Right ... back up.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Give me the gun.

MR MASSEY: Back up.

EMMA PEEL: Give me the gun.

FX: FIGHT

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

STEED: Mrs Peel, you're remarkable. Oh, I've broken my umbrella.

TONY MARCO: Here they are.

FX: GUNSHOT/FIGHT

FX: KNIFE BEING THROWN

STEED: Straight drive to mid-on. It's all in the grip, you know.

EMMA PEEL: Really?

FX: GUNSHOTS

WENTWORTH: Kane! Kane! It's no use. It's all over.

MR KANE: Over?

WENTWORTH: Yes, Steed, the woman ... they, they've beaten us.

MR KANE: Over? No, Wentworth ... not yet.

WENTWORTH: No ... come back! No! NO!

MR KANE: (SHOUTS) Ah!!!!

FX: LIFT

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: The lift.

FX: STRUGGLE

STEED: Try the hardware.

MUSIC: BUILDS

FX: LIFT

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: Are you sure it was all right, Steed,  
taking these?

STEED: Of course, Mrs Peel. It was a gift for  
services rendered. After all, we did save  
them from the biggest closing down sale of  
all time.

TITLE MUSIC: IN

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TITLE MUSIC: OUT

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