

MASTER
342

"THE AVENGERS"

CASTLE DE'ATH

DIALOGUE SHEETS

EPISODE 15

Prepared by:

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"THE AVENGERS"

CASTLE DE'ATH

MAIN TITLES:

EXT. CASTLE NO DIALOGUE

INT. MAIN HALL

INT. DUNGEON

TITLE "CASTLE DE'ATH" superimposed over
face of Iron Maiden.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE & LGCH

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CASTLE & COURTYARD

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MAIN HALL

MCNAB: You're not be letting people traipse all over
the place I hope.

IAN: I'm thinking about it McNab.

MCNAB: Man where's your dignity ? You've a position
to maintain.

IAN: And a Castle to keep up no small expense
these days.

MCNAB: Rather be poor than let strangers peep and pry.

IAN: Do you think I want it man ?

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

CAR DRIVES UP NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL

EMMA: Excuse me... where will I find Mr. De'ath.

IAN: Right here.

EMMA: I'm Mrs. Emma Peel. It's a beautiful place you
have here very beautiful. I shall enjoy
staying here.

IAN: Staying here.

EMMA: MMM. Well, the job will take a day or two. But I
thought my letter made that clear.

IAN: What letter ?

EMMA: The one in reply to yours.

IAN: My letter.

EMMA: You are Mr. Angus De'Ath.

INT. MAIN HALL (Continued)

IAN: No, no, I'm Ian De'Ath.

MCNAB: The thirty-fifth laird.

IAN: The man who wrote to you is my cousin. What's this all about anyway?

EMMA: I'm sorry. It's my mistake. Your cousin has hired my Company as Consultants.

IAN: What Company would that be ?

EMMA: ABORCASHATA.

IAN: Abor ca what ?

EMMA: It's the Advisory bureau on refurbishing Castles and Stately homes as a tourist attraction. My card.

Your cousin wrote and told us that the Castle was being opened to the public.

IAN: Did he now ?

EMMA: Mmm and our brief was to advise him on the various things to do to attract the visitors.

MCNAB: If you'll excuse me, he's got a nerve.

IAN: Mistress Peel.....as Laird of the Clan De'Ath I am the one to make the decisions about the future of the Castle. And when I see Angus.....

ANGUS: BULLSEYE.

IAN: You damn fool Angus. You could have killed somebody.

ANGUS: Oh, aye, but I didn't, did I?

EMMA: So what's your next trick. Splitting an apple on this gentlemen's head ?

ANGUS: You must be Mrs. Peel. Welcome to Castle De'Ath.

EMMA: Thank you. I've already tripped over the mat.

IAN: Angus, you might do me the courtesy of letting me know exactly what you're up to. First, Scottish historians, and now publicity consultants.

ANGUS: Oh, I'm terribly sorry Ian. It must've slipped my mind.

EMMA: Perhaps I'd better

IAN: No...no... Angus invited you here, and I'll have no-one accuse the De'Ath's of being inhospitable. But remember this, both of you...when the time comes to make any decisions, I'm the one to decide what we will do or we will not do. Good day to you Mistress Peel. Come on McNab.

EMMA: Squelch. Really Mr. De'Ath. I think you might have warned me that there were two of you.

ANGUS: Don't let Ian upset you. He's a bit too much caught up in the honour and glory of Clan De'Ath - that sort of thing.

INT. MAIN HALL (continued)

EMMA: Your cousin mentioned a Scottish Historian.

ANGUS: Yes.... there's a chap here interested in writing a book on the thirteenth Laird. Ian's not too keen about it.

EMMA: But surely that's the honour and the glory.

ANGUS: Ho, ho, not the thirteenth Laird. No he's the blot on the family escutcheon. The traitor who betrayed the Clan.

EMMA: A hereditary trait, Mr. De'Ath.

ANGUS: Ha, ha. Yes.. well Ian will get over his tantrum. Come on let's meet the tame historian. Ah, this is the banqueting hall. And here's the table around which the clan used to gather in the old days.

EMMA: And nowadays ?

ANGUS: Just Ian and me...

EMMA: Passing the salt must be a bit tricky.

ANGUS: Ha! Ha! Ah! here is our tame historian. Mrs. Peel may I introduce Mr. McSteed.

EMMA: How do you do Mr. McSteed ?

STEED: Everyone calls me Jock. How do you do.

EMMA: You don't have a Scots accent.

STEED: I was carried south by marauding sassenachs when I was a bairn. Ha, but this is my spiritual home.

EMMA: I hear you're planning a book?

STEED: Yes....on Black Jamie the Thirteenth Laird of De'Ath.

EMMA: I don't see him here.

ANGUS: Oh, we're not very proud of him Mrs.Peel. Oh no Black Jamie's portrait is hung where it belongs in the bowels of the earth. In the dungeons.

EMMA: In the dungeons.

ANGUS: In the dungeons.

EMMA: Dungeons.

STEED: No self-respecting castle would be without them.

ANGUS: I'm afraid ours are in a very poor state of repair. Ian is most reluctant to let anyone go down there

EMMA: Oh what a pity.

ANGUS: We're planning on opening our castle to the public. Mrs. Peel here's our publicity consultant.

EMMA: And one can do so much with dungeons.

INT. MAIN HALL (continued)

STEED: In the middle ages, they were full of jolly ideas.... Well if you'll excuse me, I must continue my research. A walk across the glen and by yon bonny banks just to get the feel of things. Oh by the way, do I have to get the laird's permission for fishing in the loch?

IAN: What kind of fishing did you have in mind Mr. McSteed?

STEED: Bent pin and string variety.

IAN: Just as long as you're not one of those aqualung people.

STEED: Water is the fish's habitat. Not mine.

ANGUS: Aye, it's a pity others don't think as you do Jock.

EMMA: Why?

ANGUS: Well there was an amateur frogman drowned in the loch last week. His body was found on the banks..... three miles from here.

EMMA: How tragic - what happened?

IAN: They say the mechanism of his aqua-lung jammedstill whatever it was, there'll be no more diving in the loch. I've made up my mind to that.

STEED: But you have no objection to rod and line.

IAN: I wish you luck.

STEED: When fishing, I usually need it. A.... Mrs. Peel.... Mrs. Peel...this weighty tome has a comprehensive history of Castle DE'Ath. Did you know that Mary Queen of Scots refused to sleep here. Did you also know that the frogman was four inches taller when he was dead than when he was alive. He'd been on a rack.

IAN: Which room is for Mistress Peel, Angus.

ANGUS: I thought the Flora MacDonald room would be best. May I show it to you.....

EMMA: Thank you.....

EXT. CASTLE: NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. BATTLEMENTS:

MCNAB: That's McSteed. Where's he going.

ROBERTON: A walk by the loch o' it.

MCNAB: Keep your eye on him Robertson. The Chief's orders.

EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS cross-cutting with BATTLEMENTS

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. BATTLEMENTS:

ROBERTON: Man, that's ridiculous....he's sailing a wee paper boat.

MCNAB: He's what.....

EXT. MOAT: NO DIALOGUE.

END OF REEL ONE.

INT. MAIN HALL EMMA'S FOOTSTEPS.
NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DUNGEONS. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL.

IAN: Did you enjoy your walk Mr. McSteed ?

STEED: It was fascinating. How deep is your moat ?

IAN: Deep enough for it's purpose.....
Mistress Peel.

STEED: Are you all right.

IAN: What were you doing down there anyway ? You'd no
right - not without asking me first..... those
dungeons are dangerous.

EMMA: I couldn't agree more.

STEED: What happened ?

IAN: You slipped I'll wagerslipped and hit your head eh ?

EMMA: Yes.

IAN: Yes yes...just as I thought.... those steps are
slippery as glass. McSteed you look after Mrs. Peel,
will you ? I'll go and get a key and lock this door...
we don't want any repetition of this sort of thing.....

EMMA: Uh! Uh!

STEED: Lean on me Mistress Peel. As much as you like.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM.

EMMA: Oh.....

STEED: Now then what really happened ?

EMMA: I was jumped.

Oh! By two very large gentlemen both whom had
disappeared by the time I came round.

STEED: Very inconsiderate of them.

Was there a rack down there ?
In good racking order.

EMMA: I didn't have time to find out. Shouldn't be at all
surprised..... All right Steed...who was he ?
the dead frogman.

STEED: Nothing to do with us. Just a fellow who happened
to like skin di .. oh..skin diving, obviously somebody
else thought otherwise and decided to torture him to
find out.

EMMA: An unexpected talent.

STEED: During my childhood...I was junior all-England
Amateur hopscotch champion.

EMMA: I've run out of puff.

STEED: Huh! Huh! Pity.....I was just getting steamed up.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM (continued)

STEED: It's all to do with the price of fish...well the dead frogman...strange goings on. You must have heard about the latest fishing crisis. Why our fishing industries one of the main stays of our economic life

EMMA: And at the present moment there's hardly a fish to be seenthey've all disappeared.

STEED: Or been driven away. Now our trawlers are having to fish in deeper water ...in unprotected water.

EMMA: In competition with all the other fishing fleet.

STEED: And that bites hard.

EMMA: Is Castle De'Ath involved.

STEED: Why else are we here see you at dinner.

INT. MAIN HALL.

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. CASTLE

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL

ANGUS: This belonged to Ewen De'Ath..... The fifth Laird he was one of Wallace's men.....

EMMA: Wallace ?

IAN: William Wallace.... A Scottish patriot.

ANGUS: Ewen De'Ath and William Wallace were executed by the English in thirteen o four.... the sixth laird..... Charles used this. He was at Barnockburn with Robert the Bruce. The Seventh Laird.

IAN: Like all the others was also a fighter. There was a De'Ath at the Battle of Pinkie, at Flodden Field, and at Alemain.

EMMA: It's a proud tradition.

IAN: An exploitable Mistress Peel.

EMMA: That's a harsh word.

IAN: An honest one I think.

ANGUS: Away man. People are interested in the past man.

EMMA: And the castle is an historical treasure trove.

IAN: Which could be made to pay.

ANGUS: Handsonely.

IAN: What's your opinion, Jock ?

STEED: Oh, don't forget, I have a vested interest in the clan. I expect that Black Jamie will sell.

INT. MAIN HALL (continued)

IAN: Oh aye, that book of yours.

EMMA: Angus tells me Black Jamie betrayed the clan.

STEED: He made a pact with the other clans and then led his own people into a trap.

IAN: The massacre of Glen De'Ath was a bitter day.

ANGUS: To hear you talk man, you'd think the massacre happened yesterday. Not five hundred years ago.

IAN: Well, he keeps the memory of it alive, doesn't he ?

EMMA: Black Jamie.

IAN: Aye, his treachery was uncovered and he was walled up in the East tower for it.

EMMA: And he's still in there.

IAN: Since the last stone sealing it off was set in place, not a living soul has entered the tower.

ANGUS: But his ghost walks playing the lament of Glen De'Ath on the bag pipes.

EMMA: His ghost. You've seen it.

ANGUS: Aye.

EMMA: And you, Ian ?

IAN: Aye.

STEED: Isn't it about time we dropped in on the poor old fellow.

IAN: No.

STEED: He must be very lonely.

IAN: Walled up till Doomsday was his sentence and till Doomsday he will stay there.

ANGUS: Would you like to see where the last stone was set in place.

EMMA: Very much.

ANGUS: Come on then.

EMMA: Ian.

IAN: I've seen it Mistress Peel.

STEED: But you'll excuse us and our curiosity ?

IAN: More manmore.

END OF REEL TWO.

INT. GALLERY. NIGHT.

STEED: What a magnificent armoury you have here Angus.

ANGUS: Aye. And every bit of it blooded.....
You see the gallery continues right round here
and if you look carefully you can see where
Black Jamie was bricked in. Well, they say that
the centre stones were the last ones to be put
in place..... and when they were about to do it
..... Black Jamie was seen on the other side
playing his bag-pipes.....

STEED: Good for Black Jamie Game to the last.
(Laughs).

ANGUS: And since that time - at dead of night - his
ghostly piping is still to be heard.

EMMA: Well he can't do much harm, I mean not
walled-up.

STEED: Mrs. Peel, the first thing a ghost learns is to
walk through walls. It's a fundamental part of
any self respecting spirit's basic training.

ANGUS: Oh, now you're scoffing. But seriously, there
IS a ghost - I've heard it and I've seen it on
occasions.

STEED: Well he'll have to have a lot of wind in his bag
to disturb me tonight...combination of the guid
Scot's air..and excellent brandy. I am off. Will
you excuse me Mrs.PeelAngus....

EMMA: Goodnight Mr. McSteed.

STEED: The flowers of the forest are all we'ed away....

EMMA: A what ?

STEED: Must be Robee Burns...

ANGUS: Goodnight Jock.

STEED: Goodnight.

ROBERTON: There's an east wind springing up...inclined to
howl around this room, Mr. McSteed....so I've taken
the liberty of moving your things.

STEED: Thank you.

ROBERTON: The Lord Darnley Room sir ...there

INT.LORD DARNLEY'S ROOM.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. GALLERY.

ROBERTON extinguishing lights.
NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. CASTLE. NIGHT.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. THE MAIN HALL:

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM:

EMMA AWAKES. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. LORD DARNLEY'S ROOM:

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. GALLERY. NIGHT. & INT. DUNGEONS.

EMMA WALKING ALONG HALLWAY.....
AND DOWNSTAIRS.....
TO DUNGEONS. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. LORD DARNLEY'S ROOM:

CANOPY CRUSHES STEED'S HAT.

NO DIALOGUE.

I.D. CARD "THE AVENGERS"

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

I.D. CARD "THE AVENGERS"

EXT. CASTLE.

VIEW OF COUNTRYSIDE AND MOAT
AROUND CASTLE.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL.

IAN: Ah McSteed..you noticed it to eh....well you're right man, there's not enough salt in it. That's better - much better.... here you are ..help yourself ... take plenty of it.

ANGUS: Good morning Jock, morning Ian.

IAN: Good morning.

STEED: Good morning, Oh, salt ?

ANGUS: Ah, thanks.... nice morning.

IAN: How would you know. Twenty seven minutes past eight it's nearly lunchtime. Oh, by the way, insurance. This er...this Mistress Peel woman of yours...does her Company cover her against accident, because I will not be held responsible for any accident she has here, the way she goes traipsing about the place.

ANGUS: Man, Ian, you certainly work hard at this canny Scot bit, don't you. Mrs. Peel is perfectly capable of looking after herself. Where is she by the way?

STEED: In her room I imagine. You know these lie abed types.... sleep half their life away.

ANGUS: Aye.

(THEY LAUGH)

INT. MAIN HALL. (continued)

ANGUS: And how about yourself, Jockie. Did you pass a good night ?

STEED: Thank you, yes.

IAN: No disturbances ?

STEED: None that I noticed.

ANGUS: (Laughs) I think he means our Ghost. I think he was abroad again last night.... I heard the skirl of the pipes.

STEED: I'm a very heavy sleeper.

IAN: But you didn't notice anything. Nothing at all.

STEED: Only the bed. Gave me a touch of claustrophobia. I spent the night in a chair.

ANGUS: Ha. Ha. Ha. Man sorry to hear that.

IAN: Well, perhaps we'll be more successful with another room.
Coffee Mr. McSteed.

STEED: Thank you. Good early morning coffee gives me that glad to be alive feeling. Did you visit the Dungeons last night ?

IAN: Aye, as a matter of fact I did. You remember, you expressed an interest in Black Jamie's portrait. Well I have brought him up for you to see. Come over here. I'm afraid - er - the light isn't very good here.

STEED: How long has the Castle been on the mains ?

IAN: It isn't. We generate our own electricity. There's a wee diesel generator in the stables.

STEED: That's better. Pierce-looking fellow, isn't he ?

IAN: But you didn't hear him last night ?

STEED: Does he give regular concerts?

IAN: No...no. Sometimes we hear him three times in the one week, and then we don't hear him again for another month.

STEED: Unusual for a Ghost. They usually operate on a regular schedule. Full moon, anniversaries, second Tuesday in every month.

IAN: Not Black Jamie.

STEED: He's certainly got an independent air.

IAN: Aye, now if you'll excuse me, I have work to do. Come on Angus.

INT. DUNGEONS:

EMM: Oh, Steed.

STEED: Good morning. I thought you might like an early morning walk but you weren't in your room so I imagined you were out picking early morning daffodils.

INT. DUNGEONS. (Continued)

STEED: I'm extremely sorry to disturb you... well the door was closed. You are here on your own.

EMMA: I was locked in all night. And this thing wasn't designed for sleeping on.

STEED: Spent a pretty restless night, eh? Well luckily so did I.

EMMA: Luckily.

STEED: They've got a spot on service here..... tried to press my best shirt last night while I was still wearing it.

END OF REEL THREE:

REEL FOUR:

INT. MAIN HALL.

ANGUS: The gathering of the clans. It's a good idea.

IAN: It's the first reasonable suggestion I've heard.

ANGUS: But there's so much more we could do like son et lumiere

IAN: You mean music and coloured lights.

ANGUS: Why not? If it's good enough for the palace of Holyrood house.....it should be good enough for us.

IAN: What else have you got in mind. Saturday night hops in the courtyard if it's fine. Bingo in the main hall if it's not?

ANGUS: Exactly ... the thought had crossed my mind.

IAN: Well you can forget it. As long as I'm a laird... the public stay outside Castle De'Ath.

EMMA: Is that Black Jamie? There's not much family resemblance.

STEED: I'm not so sure?

EMMA: Oh?

STEED: You locked up all night.....me destined to be suffocated..... I think we've been rumbled.

EMMA: So what have you got in mind?

STEED: Some research. There's the history of the De'Aths in this book. I'd like to know how many entrances were sealed up when they popped Black Jamie into the East Tower.

EMMA: Why?

STEED: I think there's more behind these walls than a Ghost.

EMMA: Well I'll see what I can find. What are you going to do?

REEL FOUR

INT. MAIN HALL. (continued)

STEED: I'm going fishing.

EMMA: No In the Loch ?

STEED: No, in the Moat.

EXT. CASTLE:

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL:

MCNAB: How much longer are they staying Mr. Ian ?

IAN: You'd better ask Mr. Angus. They're his guests
McNab.
Finished your research Mr. McSteed ?

STEED: I have it in my satchel. I need to refer to it
between bites.

EXT. CASTLE, AND MOAT:

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL

IAN: Hello.... you researching too ?

EMMA: Oh, I'm just improving my general knowledge of Clan
De'Ath.

IAN: And what have you learnt ?

EMMA: That Bonnie Prince Charlie asked the twenty-fifth
Earl to help him. He was in.....

IAN: WILD WILLIE! A rising of the clans was planned
in the main hall here and Wild Willie persuaded
men who had been mortal enemies to sit side by side
at that table over there. He brought them together
to serve the pretender.

EMMA: Now if that moment were re-created.

IAN: With dummies ?

EMMA: In traditional costume.

IAN: It would be a moneymaker, eh Mistress Peel ?

EMMA: I was about to say it would be a moment in history
that everyone could share..... thanks to you.

IAN: Huh young woman do you realise that amount of work
that would be involved if I opened this castle to
the public ?

EMMA: I think it would be worth while.

IAN: And I've got a business already. A small
foundry in Edinburgh.

EMMA: I didn't know that.

IAN: Well, you do now. I spend a great deal of my
time there.

INT. MAIN HALL. (continued)

EMMA: And Angus is in Glasgow.
IAN: That's right.
EMMA: So who manages the Castle ?
IAN: McNab.. with the other gillies.
But McNab's in charge.

INT. BATTLEMENTS:

MCNAB: He's fishing in the moat is he ?
ROBERTON: Aye. Down yonder.
MCNAB: I canna see him.
ROBERTON: Aye, he's behind a bush. But if you look carefully
you'll see the point of his rod.
MCNAB: Aye....I've got him.
Keep a close watch Roberton. The Chief's gonna
deal with him as soon as possible.

EXT. CASTLE:

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL.

EMMA AT DESK WALKS TO DOOR.
NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DUNGEONS

EMMA IN DUNGEONS
NO DIALOGUE

INT. MAIN HALL.

ROBERTON: McNab - McNab.
MCNAB: What is it ?
ROBERTON: There's something in the moat.
MCNAB: What do you mean - there's something in the moat.

INT. DUNGEONS.

ROBERTON: Control sent a man up to the battlements. To see
if I'd seen anything. They've got a distinct blip
on the radar.
MCNAB: Have you told the Chief ?
ROBERTON: No not yet.
MCNAB: What about McSteed ?
ROBERTON: He hasn't moved. Probably dozed off...
MCNAB: Right. You get back to control. I'll have a
word with the Chief.... and check McSteed.

EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DUNGEON cross-cutting with
INT. MAIN HALL.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. GALLERY

ANGUS: Looking for someone.

EMMA: Ah, Jock McSteed. You haven't seen him have you ?

ANGUS: No....not since he went fishing some while ago.
Why ?

EMMA: Oh, it's not important.

ANGUS: Well if I see him I'll tell him you're looking
for him.

EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. GALLERY

IAN: Mistress Peel.

EMMA: Yes Ian.

IAN: Mistress Peel.....I've come to a decision about
the future of Castle De'Ath.

EMMA: Oh ?

IAN: Under no circumstances whatsoever will I permit the
castle to be opened to the public.

EMMA: Oh but a

IAN: I've made up my mind on it. So there's no point
in further discussion.

EMMA: I see.

IAN: And to save any embarrassment, I think it would be
better if you left.

EMMA: When - now ?

IAN: As soon as is convenient.

EMMA: I'll pack my things immediately.

IAN: However..... I do apologize for my apparent
rudeness.

EMMA: It's all right. I quite understand.

IAN: Do you ?

INT. CONTROL ROOM:

STEED WAKES UP. NO DIALOGUE.

I.D. CARD "THE AVENGERS"

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

END OF REEL FOUR

I.D. CARD.

INT. MAIN HALL.

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. COURTYARD.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL

ANGUS: Where did Mrs. Peel go ?

IAN: She's left.

ANGUS: What do you mean - she's left.

IAN: I asked her to go.

ANGUS: You did - what ??

IAN: I made it plain to her that I had not the slightest intention of turning this castle into a funfair and that she was wasting her time here.

ANGUS: Who d'you think you are ?

IAN: The Laird...and it's about time that you remembered that.

ANGUS: Now, just a minute.....

IAN: That's enough. I don't want to discuss it any further.

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

ROBERTON: I'll never ken how you work that thing.

CONTROLLER: You don't have to. Just remember not to touch anything. Especially those.

ROBERTON: Oh, what's so special about them ?

CONTROLLER: They open the seacocks and flood the pen.

ROBERTON: Oh.

CONTROLLER: What's the chief going to do about McSteed.

ROBERTON: He hasna'a said.....

CONTROLLER: He's a diver. We could always have another accident.

ROBERTON: Two in so short a time. No....but...a. there will be some sort of mishap. One way or another when they go out tonight..... so will McSteed.

INT. SMALL ROOM

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL

IAN: Well I think I'll go for a breath of fresh air McNab. When will dinner be?

INT. MAIN HALL. (continued)

MCNAB: In about fifteen minutes Mr. Ian.

IAN: Right, I'll be back.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD cross-cutting with INT. MAIN HALL.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DUNGEONS

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. MAIN HALL

IAN: Would it be impertinent to enquire where your friend McSteed is ?

ANGUS: I have no idea. In fact, I thought you might know.

IAN: Well I don't.

INT. SMALL ROOM

GUARD: I'll take over.

STEED: Good evening.

INT. MAIN HALL

MCNAB: Is there anything else you wish Mr. Ian.

IAN: No. No. McNab... off you go to your bed.

MCNAB: Thank you Mr. Ian. Goodnight gentlemen.

IAN: Goodnight McNab.

ANGUS: You're really determined.

IAN: Aye.

ANGUS: You're a fool.

IAN: Aye.... you'd think that of anybody who'd turn down money.

ANGUS: When it's there for the asking.

IAN: You seem to forget that I have a tradition to uphold.

ANGUS: Oh your granny....you have a tradition to uphold, have you ?

IAN: And I'll not let you nor anybody flog it on the market.

ANGUS: You're pompous.

IAN: And you're greedy.

ANGUS: Aye, I'll admit I've a taste for money. But what's the matter with you Ian, are you scared that a wee bit of money will taint you ? Or have you some other kind of skeleton locked up in a cupboard.

IAN: And what do you mean by that.

ANGUS: Exactly what I say. What are you hiding Ian. Why are you so frightened about people coming in here.

INT. MAIN HALL (continued)

IAN: Shut up! When I get back I will expect you to have left Castle De'Ath.

ANGUS: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Aye, you can push women around but don't try it with me.

IAN: Angus I mean what I say... get out of here.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CONTROLLER: Zero minus thirty. One of you had better go and alert the crews.....and you can help bring McSteed down here. I bet he's having a snake.

INT. SMALL ROOM.

STEED: Hey Bonzo....Can I have a wee drop of that ale.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CONTROLLER: I can't get any reply from the power plant.

ROBERTON: Who's on duty there.

CONTROLLER: Rodnik.

ROBERTON: I'd better go and see what's happened to him.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CONTROLLER: Oh McNab. It isn't often we get a visit from you down here.

STEED: Nor me either. This is most extremely interesting.... a do it yourself submarine pen.

MCNAB: So you found out. May I ask how ?

STEED: Vibrations.

MCNAB: Oh ?

STEED: Yes, you see the sound of the bagpipes - they wipe out the sound of the generators but not the vibrations. My swim in the moat helped me too. That great big plug hole in the bottom. The submarines come in from the open sea, under water, then go into the loch, then by underground channels into the moat and then into the flood pens and you pump the water back into the moat again. Oh and do the submarines use some kind of ultra sonic waves to drive the fish into deep water.

MCNAB: Your guess is as good as mine.

STEED: I should think very slightly better. Answer it. It's probably the boss.

CONTROLLER: Control room. Yes.... what ? Are you certain. Yes he's here, I'll tell him..... that was Robertson.... he's in the Power plant. The duty engineer's been attacked. No, not him. A woman.

MCNAB: A woman.

STEED: Bless her.

INT. CONTROL ROOM (Continued)

MCNAB: I would enjoy very much putting a bullet into you MacSteed.

STEED: But the wee hole would show when they found my corpse in the loch.

MCNAB: You're an astute man...now if you'll forgive me MacSteed I have an appointment with Black Jamie.

END OF REEL FIVE

REEL SIX

INT. SMALL ROOM.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CONTROLLER: ZERO MINUS FIVE.

ROBERTON: Right get the crews into the pen.

CONTROLLER: What about him ?

ROBERTON: He stays here until we've got the woman as well.

EXT. CASTLE MOAT & CASTLE & GROUNDS:

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

CONTROLLER: It's zero minus two. Does he go in there now ?

ROBERTON: McNab's orders were to hold him until we have got the woman.

CONTROLLER: Come on man..... we can't wait for ever....

ROBERTON: All right. Take him down.

STEED: Guns scare me.... I always keep the safety catch on.

CONTROL PANEL BLOWS UP

ROBERTON: The pen's flooding.

STEED: Going rather well.....

INT. GALLERY

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. CASTLE

NO DIALOGUE

INT. GALLERY.

Fight sequence:

EMMA: Personal appearance tonight.
Help.....
Angus grab him.

INT. MAIN HALL

IAN: ANGUS.....stop.....Angus.

INT. GALLERY

STEED: Not that way old fellow. Your little boats have sprung a leak.....

INT. MAIN HALL

EMMA: Steed.....the Iron Maiden... it's a door.

INT. DUNGEONS.

STEED: You thought it was Ian didn't you.

EMMA: Yes.

STEED: You also said it was a door.

EMMA: Well it is. The back opens automatically.

STEED: Not this time. It's jammed.

INT. CAR. B.P.

EMMA: Sorry you didn't get any real fishing in.

STEED: Fishing we're going to now.

EMMA: What ? In those clothes ??

STEED: Why not Mrs.Peel.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

CAR DRIVES OFF INTO SEA.

END TITLES.

Length: 4732 feet.

Telemen Limited,
A.B.P.C. Studios,
Bareham Wood,
Hertfordshire,
ENGLAND.