

MASTER

341

"THE AVENGERS."

"THE MASTER MINDS."

93/w

Dialogue Sheets.

Taken off copy of
film in OCTOBER 1980

"THE AVENGERS."
"THE MASTER MINDS."
Dialogue Sheets.

MAIN TITLES.

INT. STRONG ROOM

LEEMING: Kill 'im.

Episode Title; THE
 MASTER
 MINDS

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/SIR CLIVE TODD'S HOUSE:

STEED drives car down country road and up to House with EMMA PEEL asleep beside him. He stops outside House - gets out and KNOCKS ON DOOR.

STEED: Mrs. Peel. (clicks his fingers) Mrs. Peel.
(She groans.)

STEED: Come along. No time for nodding off.

EMMA: Yes it is. Did it have to be the middle of the night, Steed?

STEED: Night ? It's morning. A bright new morning. It's the best part of the day. The dew is pearly - the morning chorus is in full throat.

EMMA: And everyone in their right minds is still asleep. Where are we, anyway ?

STEED: The country residence of Sir Clive Todd.

EMMA: Todd ! The Minister for Promo....(yawns)

STEED: Come now his speeches aren't that bad !
(KNOCKS ON DOOR)

BUTLER: Good morning sir .. madam.

STEED: Good morning. My name is John Steed and this is Mrs. Peel. We're expected.

BUTLER: Quite so. Will you come in please.

INT. SIR CLIVE TODD'S HOUSE:

BUTLER: May I ? Oh excuse me. (removes handkerchief from nose) I have been assisting. I will inform the gentleman you are here.

STEED: Thank you.

EMMA: Steed, you did wake me up a few minutes ago ?

STEED: There is a kind of fantasy about it all, isn't there ? Toy soldiers, and all that.

EMMA: Is it some kind of fancy dress party?

STEED: You might call it that - last night in Whitehall. This is an ideal little costume for lurking around government buildings in peace time. This is exactly how he broke in.

EMMA: Who broke in ?

STEED: The burglar. The man who wore this. You see the man he's....

BUTLER: He will see you now, sir.

STEED: Thank you.

INT. SIR CLIVE'S BEDROOM:

STEED: How is he, doctor ?

DOCTOR: He's lucky. The bullet just missed his brain.

BUTLER: Come this way please.

MAJOR PLESSY: You've come to see...

STEED: Our burlar.

EMMA: I still don't understand. Why bring him to Sir Clive Todd's house ?

STEED: Where else ?

EMMA: But this is...

MAJOR PLESSY: Sir Clive Todd.

INT. STUDY/HALL

STEED: Caught with his own portcullis down.

SIR JEREMY: A Minister of the Crown.

EMMA: And a burglar.

STEED: Something of an all rounder.

SIR JEREMY: Really Stee... hilarity at a time like this.

STEED: Sorry Sir Jeremy. It must have been quite a surprise to find Sir Clive was a member of another gang - er apart from your own gang, that is!

SIR JEREMY: Oh the whole idea's preposterous, incredible.

EMMA: But undeniable.

MAJOR PLESSY: Hm there's no doubt about that. Sir Clive and some persons unknown did manage to break into that government strongroom last night. During the course of the raid, which was entirely successful by the way, Sir Clive managed to get himself shot.

STEED: But not killed. He'll pull through.

SIR JEREMY: Which is more than can be said for the Government at this moment. The Prime Minister's ordered complete secrecy. That's why Sir Clive was brought to his own home. He will remain here. And we will issue a simple announcement to the Press.

EMMA: A hunting accident ?

SIR JEREMY: A check-up... in the fullest sense. I leave the rest to you. The Prime Minister's waiting for me - Steed...Mrs. Peel.

STEED: Hm... I didn't like the way he scuttled out - makes me feel like a sinking ship.

MAJOR PLESSY: Well you may be right at that ! If this case isn't broken !! Good morning.

EMMA: Do you suppose the Prime Minister would mind if you let me in on the secret ?

STEED: I don't suppose he would. It's state security and it's been riddled with a series of raids over the past few months. Well just like last night. Boldly conceived - superbly executed. Behind them there must be a brilliant planner at work.

EMMA: A genius.

STEED: A diabolical master mind.

EMMA: Sir Clive ?

STEED: He's just a pawn in the game. The man we're after is the king.

EMMA: Whoever he is.

STEED: Has anyone ever remarked on the astonishing resemblance between yourself and Florence Nightingale?

INT. SIR CLIVE'S BEDROOM

SIR CLIVE: Where is this place ?

EMMA: This is your home.

SIR CLIVE: And you ?

EMMA: Your nurse.

END OF REEL ONE: (677 feet 1 frame)

REEL TWO:

INT. SIR CLIVE'S BEDROOM:

EMMA leaves SIR CLIVE.

INT. STUDY/SIR CLIVE'S HOUSE:

EMMA: Amnesia.

STEED: Eh ?

EMMA: Amnesia - Sir Clive. He came round for a few minutes. Doesn't appear to remember anything.

STEED: Concussion ?

EMMA: I doubt it. Doesn't seem to even remember his own name.

STEED: Bluffing ?

EMMA: Hm that's your problem Mr. Steed. I'm just the nurse around here, remember ?

STEED: Better chat to the old boy - nothing here.

EMMA: What were you hoping to find ?

STEED: At the risk of ribald laughter 'clues'.

EMMA: What kind of clues ?

STEED: I don't think that should concern you, Mrs. Peel. You're only the nurse here, remember ?

INT. BEDROOM:

SIR CLIVE: I..I...I'm sorry it's just a complete blank.

STEED: But you do feel up to talking, do you sir ?

SIR CLIVE: I..I want to help all I can.

STEED: Let's start with the robbery. Who planned it? You?

SIR CLIVE: Probably.

STEED: Was it your first or had you taken part in others?

SIR CLIVE: There must be some mistake, I don't know anything about any robberies. I manufacture computers.

STEED: You did before you went into politics.

SIR CLIVE: Ohh yes - I'm in politics. Does my wife know I'm here ?

STEED: You've been a widower for five years.

SIR CLIVE: Oh yes, of course. Kate's dead. Davinia, my daughter, where's.... Of yes, of course. The South of France.

STEED: Yes sir.

SIR CLIVE: Davinia's on holiday in France.

EMMA: Then you remember that.

SIR CLIVE: What ?

STEED: About your daughter.

EMMA: Davinia.

SIR CLIVE: Who is Davinia ?

EMMA: Sounds like amnesia.

STEED: Well he could be bluffing. He was one of the smartest minds in Westminster.

CAMPBELL: Then we may be in for an interesting challenge Mrs. Steed.

STEED: Yes.

CAMPBELL: Campbell - Doctor Fergus Campbell - Security told me to er...

STEED: Oh that's all right. This is Mrs. Peel.

CAMPBELL: Security seemed to think that I... that a psychiatrist.

STEED: A psychiatrist was my suggestion.

CAMPBELL: Indeed.

(SIR CLIVE moans)

CAMPBELL: Sir Clive...excuse me.
Nothing feigned - no bluff about his condition.
Post operative shock - general physical and mental disorientation and the effects of the anesthetic not fully worn off.

STEED: Quite a hangover one way and another.

CAMPBELL: Your facetiousness, Mr. Steed, covers an edgy temperament. In fact I'd say your nerves mostly jangle like wires in the wind.

STEED: A few notes on the patient who matters.

CAMPBELL: Hm - an impressive subject. Do you mind telling me why I've been singled out for this job ?

STEED: He's an official secret - and I imagine you are still covered by the Act. You are a Service Psychiatrist, aren't you ? By the way, what did you manage to straighten out on the Wavy Navy ?

CAMPBELL: Seasick.

STEED: Traces of an incipient inferiority complex !
I should watch it.

CAMPBELL: Has he said much so far ?

EMMA: No - not so far.

INT. STUDY:

STEED pours himself a drink and sees gun round curtain. He jumps on assailant. It is DAVINIA TODD.

STEED: Hello !

DAVINIA: I'm going to scream in a moment.

STEED: Oh dear I hope not.

DAVINIA: Loud and I've excellent lungs.

STEED: I can believe it.

DAVINIA: Enough to wake the dead.

STEED: I'm John Steed. I'm here on business and I'm not going to harm you.

DAVINIA: Oh how dull. Well why were you searching my father's study ?

STEED: Your father ?

DAVINIA: Yes. His papers were all over the floor. Everything in an uproar.

STEED: So you're Davinia.

DAVINIA: Yes, of course.

STEED: But you're supposed to be on holiday.

DAVINIA: Oh well I was, wasn't I ?
South of France. Naturally - but I got bored on the beach so I jumped into a taxi and took the next plane home. My clothes are following.

STEED: Oh yes. Now - Miss Todd...

DAVINIA: Davinia. Or Dorothy - take your pick.

STEED: Davinia.

DAVINIA: That was a super tackle you made - ssshwp !
Scrum half ?

STEED: (laughs) Wing three quarter.
Now Davinia - your father...

DAVINIA: Yes, where is Daddy by the way ?

STEED: He is in bed resting.

DAVINIA: Tell me - was he plastered ?

STEED: No.

DAVINIA: Well what has become of him then ?

STEED: I'm afraid I can't explain.

DAVINIA: Oh secrets ?

STEED: Yes.

DAVINIA: Ahm !

STEED: You might be able to help. Your father has suffered a temporary loss of memory. He'll be all right in a few days: but until then...

DAVINIA: Master spy might flee the country.

STEED: Exactly.

DAVINIA: And what exactly can I do ?

STEED: We've had great difficulty in purporting your father's movements last night.

DAVINIA: You try Alan St. Johns ? Daddy spends a lot of evenings with him.

STEED: An opposition M.P. ?

DAVINIA: An opposition at Chess. They're old pals. Anyway surely it's all in the diary.

STEED: The diary ? Well I looked I didn't...

DAVINIA: No, you wouldn't. Daddy's little secret. He thinks that even I don't know. I wouldn't have screamed. I'd just have accepted my fate.

STEED: I'll bear that in mind.

DAVINIA: There's a secret drawer. I can't always work it. Daddy's a child about gadgets - yes like that Chinese puzzle.

STEED: Like a St. Bernard's dog collar.

DAVINIA: No. You pass circles through squares. There ! Very difficult - a ghastly bore.

STEED: He certainly seems to enjoy exercising his mind.

DAVINIA: He's like most fiends, who go on stimulating their muscles into old age.

(STEED laughs)

DAVINIA: Actually you know he's a very rare politician. He really has a high I.Q. High enough to belong to RANSACK.

STEED: RANSACK ?

DAVINIA: Yes - it's a club for eggheads. They wade through test papers and problems, just for fun. Ah !

STEED: No !! Acid ... poured in through the lock. Now what was that ?

DAVINIA: Daddy's diary.

EXT. LONDON - HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT:

Establishing shot.

INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT/LOBBY:

SIR JEREMY: When you see St. Johns go carefully Steed. If he didn't meet Sir Clive last night, well then drop the subject and back out. Alan St. Johns' a good sort - a friend and all that - but if our opponents get wind of this business before you find an explanation, there'll be a bigger explosion than ever Guy Fawkes could have caused !

SECRETARY: Mr. Steed.

STEED: Yes.

SECRETARY: I'm sorry you've been kept waiting. Mr. St. Johns has been interviewing a constituent. What did you want to see him about ?

STEED: It's a personal matter. I'm a friend of Sir Clive Todd.

SECRETARY: Oh !

STEED: I believe that he was with Sir Clive last night.

SECRETARY: That's right. They left the House together. I expect he's finished with the constituent by now.

INT. ALAN ST. JOHN'S ROOM:

SECRETARY SCREAMS on finding body. STEED sees letter from RANSACK on desk.

STEED: Did you know the person who came to see him ?

SECRETARY shakes her head.

END OF REEL TWO: (752 feet.)

REEL THREE:

INT. SIR CLIVE'S BEDROOM:

EMMA: Steed - think we might be getting somewhere ? He's talking. Not making much sense so far, but he's talking. Get Campbell will you ?

INT. STUDY:

STEED: Doctor Campbell - er...

LEEMING: Good evening - Desmond Leeming.

STEED: I'm John Steed.

LEEMING: I dropped by to enquire about Sir Clive.

STEED: So did I. Were you a friend of his ?

LEEMING: Well, in a manner of speaking. We have a strong interest in Sir Clive's well-being, and when we read about the accident...

STEED: "We" ?

LEEMING: Professor Spencer, myself and one or two other interested people. We run a little organisation, strictly a hobby you understand - it's an academic exercise. Now Sir Clive was one of our star members.

STEED: Mr. Lemming what is the organisation ?

LEEMING: RANSACK, perhaps you've heard of it?

STEED: I have indeed. I'm an old friend of Sir Clive's - he's been trying to get me to join for ages. I must say he made it sound a very attractive proposition.

LEEMING: You wish to become a member ?

STEED: Right away, if possible.

LEEMING: Well, if Sir Clive has told you about it, I take it you understand the object of RANSACK.

STEED: Confirming one's superior intelligence.

LEEMING: Honing the mind, Mr. Steed - bending it, stretching it, burrowing down into the mass of neglected cells - on a community basis.

STEED: A kind of er scrambling of eggheads ?

LEEMING : (laughs) Yes, if you like. I have some entry papers with me, if you care to complete them. No cheating though.

STEED: Of course not.

LEEMING: And our minimum entry is an I.Q. rating of at least 145. So if Sir Clive has recommended you, we could use another keen mind, Mr. Steed.

STEED: Thank you.

LEEMING: Well I'd better be running along.
I'm glad to hear Sir Clive's doing so well,
Doctor. And Dr. Campbell you'll let me know
if there should be any change for the worse -
if you should have to resort to drugs.

INT. SIR CLIVE'S BEDROOM:

EMMA: All right, let's try some more. Um...

STEED: Let me try a word. RANSACK.
RANSACK. What does it mean to you, Sir Clive ?
You know that word. RANSACK.
It's imporant, isn't it ?
Think of RANSACK. Think !

SIR CLIVE dies after being given an injection by CAMPBELL.

STEED: You killed him..... why ??

CAMPBELL: I don't know. I don't know why.

AVENGERS' TITLE.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

AVENGERS' TITLE.

INT. STUDY:

CAMPBELL: I don't know, Steed. I don't know what made me
do it. I just can't remember. But I did do it.
You said I did.

STEED: There's no doubt about it. It was a lethal
injection.

CAMPBELL : But why...why ? I examined him this morning.
I can remember that. Then I left him with a
woman - a nurse.

STEED: Mrs. Peel.

CAMPBELL: That's right.
Then I came back in here. I stood over there.
Then someone came to fetch me.

STEED: That was me.

CAMPBELL: Was it ? I went back in his room.
I prepared an injection and then....then.....
It's no good, Steed. From there on it's just
a blank. A complete blank.

STEED: Very convenient.

CAMPBELL: I swear to you I just don't remember.

STEED: You've got so far. Now the rest.
Self-analysis, Doctor.

CAMPBELL: I must have made a mistake.
There must have been something else on my mind
when I prepared that drug.

STEED: Killing was on your mind. Now why should you
want to kill him? Who told you to do it?

CAMPBELL: I had no inclination to end his life.
No conscious inclination, so it had to be
an error of judgement.

STEED: You've done hundreds of injections. You never
killed a patient before.

CAMPBELL: No, I know. I've tried to rationalize,
search for compulsive reasons.

STEED: Yes.

CAMPBELL: I don't know. No, it's stupid.

STEED: Try me.

CAMPBELL: Compulsive reasons. That seems to ring a
bell somewhere. Compulsive... As though someone had
told me. Commanded me.

STEED: As though someone had commanded you to
kill Sir Clive?

CAMPBELL: It's just not possible.

STEED: Who had you met today?

CAMPBELL: No-one. I haven't been outside the house all day.
I've met no-one except...

STEED: Except Desmond Leeming from the RANSACK Organisation.
Now does that ring a bell to you RANSACK?
It meant something to Sir Clive and it means
something to you too.

CAMPBELL: Well why not? After all I'm a member of
RANSACK myself.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT:

CAMERA TILTS UP onto BIG BEN.

INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT/LOBBY:

MAN: Good evening.

EMMA: Good evening.

STEED: Lobbying ?

EMMA: Don't have to. The state of the nation suits me very well. Did you see Leeming ?

EMMA: And Professor Spencer ?

STEED: How was your intelligence quotiented ?

EMMA: Well above average ?

STEED: Better than mine ?

EMMA: Roughly the same. That's hardly surprising since I also did your papers for you.

STEED: So they accepted you ?

EMMA: Better than that. I got a job there. It appears that Professor Spencer requires a secretary.

STEED: Someone with charm, intelligence, discretion.

EMMA: I start at the School tomorrow.

STEED: School ?

EMMA: They run their courses at a boarding school near Oxford. The Dorrington Dean Academy for Young Ladies.

STEED: Young Ladies !

EMMA: The girls are on holiday.

EXT. DORRINGTON DEAN COLLEGE FOR YOUNG LADIES:

STEED drives up and looks at notice reading:

"PRIVATE
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
TRADESMEN
ENTRANCE BY NORTH GATE.
BEWARE OF DOGS. "

CAMERA TILTS UP to "DORRINGTON DEAN
COLLEGE
FOR YOUNG LADIES
Principal Desiree Winter M.A.Camb."

CAMERA TRACKS IN on "DEFEND THY HONOUR." over the top

HOLLY : Brace.... Take a point of aim. Watch those upper limbs. And loose.

Hello.

STEED: How do you do ?

HOLLY: You come to enlist ?

STEED: I didn't realize archery was part of the programme !

HOLLY: I'm not part of the RANSACK mob if that's what you think. Know something about toxophily ?

STEED: Eh ?

HOLLY: Archery.

STEED: I play darts.

HOLLY: (laughs) Holly Trent's my name.

STEED: John Steed.

HOLLY: I'm the School's Games Mistress - left as Custodian during the holidays. Watch out, I lure the intelligentsia from their course whenever I get the chance.

STEED: Well you seem to have raised a fine body of yeomen.

HOLLY: Oh they're the school employees, but maybe I'll have better luck with you. Care to have a go right now ?

STEED: Well I er ...

HOLLY: Good. Marjory....
We'll loose at the same target.
Ready - (Fires arrow) Goal.

LEEMING: Miss Trent.

(STEED fires arrow - it hits window.)

It's very distracting having people....

HOLLY: So was that distracting. You ruined his aim.

LEEMING: Oh, it's you Steed. You'd better come with me.

STEED: Ah.... Always breaking windows at school I was !

STEED: A refreshing change from the more gamey type of Games Mistress.

LEEMING: Oh Holly's all right, but she can be a bit of a menace. Although we encourage a certain amount of exercise for our fitter members, we prefer them to be mentally, rather than physically, over-active.

INT. SCHOOL:

VOICE OFF: It's a question of applying algebraic principle.

ANOTHER VOICE: But surely you mean 'x' equals 'y' to the power of three minus ten, don't you ?
You did in your papers.

WOMAN: It was Bernard Shaw who calculated phonetically - he didn't allow for the Liverpool sounds.

OFFICER: it's a logical construction.
I mean take a word like 'yoghurt' for example...

LEEMING: I'll introduce you to Professor Spencer first.

OFFICER: It's a Norse word, and to be the basis of the Norse language....

END OF REEL THREE: (869 feet 8 frames)

REEL FOUR:INT. GYM/SCHOOL:

PROFESSOR SPENCER standing on his head. LEEMING & STEED enter GYM.

LEEMING: Professor - this is Mr. Steed. I.Q. 152.

PROFESSOR: Delighted you have volunteered to give us your time, Mr. Steed. We will (mutters inaudibly) up after a few days here.

LEEMING: Ah, Mrs. Peel, a new addition to the course - Mr. Steed. Will you take care of him ?

EMMA: Certainly. Will you come with me, Mr. Steed? There are just some additional details I need to check with you.

INT. CORRIDOR/SCHOOL:

EMMA: Just for the record you understand, w like to keep our files up to date. So many new members - it's always a problem. There'll be another test paper tomorrow.

STEED: Oh dear !

EMMA: Here are the answers.

STEED: Whew !

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM:

Examination in progress.

EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT:

L.S. School.

INT. STEED'S ROOM:

STEED looks at notice reading: "IF YOU CAN'T
SLEEP RING FOR
A MISTRESS, "

KNOCK ON DOOR.

STEED: Come in.

EMMA: Here's your cocoa. And, if you're very good,
I'll tell you a bedtime story !

STEED: I brought my own nightcap !

EMMA: Tut tut.

STEED: Even if it does corrode my grey matter.

EMMA: You can always try standing on your head!

STEED: You can feel the blood circulating, I know.

(EMMA laughs o/lapping)

STEED: What did you find out at the office ?

EMMA: Nothing. The Professor's genuine. The whole
set-up seems innocent. On the face of it any
interest in crime would be purely academic.

STEED: A mating of mater minds.

EMMA: Hm. And we still have to find the master mind.

STEED: The best brain of all. Oh and speaking of
brains, it's just as well you passed me a
few of the answers - that exam was a sweat.
Did I make a fair showing ?

EMMA: Hmm. You scored under 100. I added sixty on
- and now you're brilliant - genius level.

EXT. SCHOOL GROUNDS - NIGHT:

L.S. GROUNDS.

INT. STEED'S ROOM - NIGHT:

STEED looking out into CORRIDOR and sees the others walking down
in crocodile file - He puts on his shoes and follows them.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT:

Everyone files down stairs and along Hall. STEED hurries after them.
They have disappears into GYM. Door is locked. STEED climbs up on
chair and looks through window part of door. Everyone seated watching
film.

INT. GYM - MORNING:

HOLLY: Oh - good morning Mr. Steed.

STEED: Good morning, Miss Holly.

HOLLY: You're bright and early.

STEED: Up with the lark !

HOLLY : Come to get limbered up ?

STEED: A few modest press-ups - nothing too strenuous.
(HOLLY laughs)

LEEMING: Couldn't you sleep ?

STEED: Like a top.

LEEMING: Yes?

STEED: Sleep of the just. I thought you ran a mile from this sort of thing ?

LEEMING: No, I don't mind a spot of p.t. before breakfast. You'll find some gym shoes in that cupboard over there.

STEED: Thank you very much.

What was it all about last night. I tried to get in but the door was locked against late comers.

EMMA: Well what do you mean "What was it all about?"

STEED: Don't tell me you were sleep-walking ? You went with the others.

EMMA: Where ?

STEED: You all came in here and watched a film show in the middle of the night.

EMMA: Are you all right, Steed ? I never left my bed last night.

STEED: What !?

LEEMING: Good morning everyone. Before we start today's activities I have an announcement to make. As you know, usually at RANSACK, we have a discussion hour between six and seven. Tonight we have a special event in store. Will you all please meet in this Gym at six ?

END OF REEL FOUR: (566 feet 7 frames)

REEL FIVE:

INT. SCHOOL:

Clock chiming six o'clock.

INT. HALL:

STEED comes down stairs and moves along hall to GYM.

INT. GYM:

STEED enters empty Gym. He goes out.
CAMERA TILTS UP onto PROFESSOR hanging upside down at top of ropes.

INT. HALL:

STEED stands at bottom of stairs and looks around. He goes into room.

EXT. SCHOOL:

STEED comes out and looks around. He passes target. ARrow comes in R-L. HOLLY runs forward, followed by others.

HOLLY: Mr. Steed...Mr. Steed are you all right ?

STEED: I nearly joined good King Harold - ten sixtysix and all that - huh !

HOLLY: That stupid gardener. We shifted the butts down this end because of the way the wind was blowing - I told him to put back the sign. Why didn't you go with the others ?

STEED: Have you seen them ?

HOLLY: They went off in the School mini-bus half an hour ago.

STEED: But we were supposed to meet in the Gym at six !

HOLLY: Didn't you get the message ? They changed the time to half past five.

STEED: Do you know where they've gone ?

HOLLY: I'm afraid not. Why don't you ask Professor Spencer?

INT. GYM:

PROFESSOR SPENCER is hanging upside down at top of ropes.

PROFESSOR: Slipped up (mutters inaudibly) Mr. Steed.

STEED: Where did they go ?

PROFESSOR: Leeming's taken them off to do outdoor I.Q. Yes.

STEED: In the dark ?

PROFESSOR: Sort of twilight country ramble.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE:

Sign reading: "DANGER -
ELECTRIFIED FENCE."

EMMA moves forward with others.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM:

STEED wakes up and looks at his watch. He gets up and looks out of window.

EXT. SCHOOL:

MINI-BUS drives towards camera. It stops outside school.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM:

STEED puts on shoes and leaves.

EXT. SCHOOL:

MINI-bus - STEED watches. They carry large object into school from mini-bus. STEED looks inside back of bus and sees sand.

INT. SCHOOL/STEED'S ROOM:

STEED: I didn't attend the meeting the previous night so they made sure I missed the trip to the seaside.

EMMA: We didn't go near the seaside. We spent the evening in the forest, walking on leaves.

STEED: You were out all night !

EMMA: (sighs) Hey !

STEED take off EMMA's shoe and out fall sand!

EMMA: Sand ! But we weren't on a beach ! We..we just ambled about answering questions and picking up fir cones -

She puts her hand in her pocket and takes out object.

EMMA: Look !

STEED: This doesn't grow on trees ! No not the kind they gaily loose off in a school ground .

EMMA: The arrow - the guided missile!

STEED: There's a base about sixty miles from here.

EMMA: On the coast !

AVENGERS' TITLE CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

AVENGERS' TITLE CARD

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY:

Establishing shot.

INT. SCHOOL:

STEED: (into phone) Major...let me have that again !
Last night ? I see.

He replaces receiver and exits. CAMERA TILTS UP onto MAN at top of stairs listening.

INT. GYM:

STEED: I got it straight from the horse's mouth -
the possible success of the Polaris.

EMMA: Gone - snatched just like that ! How ?

STEED: The people that made the security know how the
thieves got out; but not how they got in.
Look, do you mind ? It's like watching a
game of perpendicular tennis !

EMMA: A marvellous sensation.

STEED: The naval base was surrounded by an
electrified wire.

EMMA: Weightless like an astronaut.

STEED: The wire wasn't cut, and even if it
had been alarms would have blasted off.

EMMA: Soaring up...soaring down...
Ladders ! They must have used long ladders.

STEED: That would have blasted the alarms off too.
Before you start blasting off again -
last night did the group split up ? Did
by any chance some of them start wandering away?

EMMA: I told you, it was all perfectly simple.
We went on a moonlight ramble and we all stayed
together. If anything funny had been going on,
you don't think I wouldn't have known ?

STEED: However the fact remains, the Naval base was
broken into.

EMMA: Might have used a helicopter. Whee !

STEED: Someone would have heard.

EMMA: Quite impossible then. How else could anyone
jump over a fifteen foot barbed wire ?

INT. SIR CLIVE'S HOUSE:

PLESSY: Do you know what time it is ?

STEED: I'm not being social, Major.

CAMPBELL : It's no good, Steed. I've tried and tried to think - but I just can't remember.

STEED: That's not why I'm here, Doctor.Campbell. I want your advice, as a psychologist. You use hypnosis as part of your work.

CAMPBELL: Frequently, but ...

STEED: Do you find one particular kind of person more susceptible than another ?

CAMPBELL: We're all susceptible. It's the approach that varies that's all.

STEED: Explain that.

CAMPBELL: Well, suppose.. suppose I were to say like now I was going to hypnotise you. You'd resist no doubt - you'd make difficulties. So if I were to hypnotise you I'd have to do it without your knowledge.

STEED: Take me off guard.

CAMPBELL: Mm.

STEED: How would you do that ?

CAMPBELL : There are many ways. The easiest would be to get you to take a sedative - relax you.

STEED: Put me to sleep in fact - or wait until I was asleep.

CAMPBELL: Oh that would be ideal. The brain is more receptive when relaxed.

STEED: I have to get back.

INT. STEED'S ROOM/SCHOOL:

Clock chimes. STEED looks at his watch. He takes a drink of coffee - smells it then puts it down. He takes off his watch then washes his face. He reacts to SOUND OFF and moves to door. He looks into corridor and sees everyone filing past.

INT. HALL:

Everyone moves down stairs.

INT. CORRIDOR:

STEED comes out of his room and sees EMMA.

STEED: Mrs. Peel..... Mrs. Peel.

She ignores him and walks on past him. He goes into her room.

INT. EMMA'S ROOM:

VOICE OVER
RADIO:

As you dress you feel your limbs completely relax....relax... It's a very pleasant feeling like being asleep: but you're out of bed and on your feet. And you're going down to the Gymnasium. You're going to the Gymnasium.

END OF REEL FIVE: (810 feet 15 frames)

REEL SIX:INT. GYM/SCHOOL:

VOICE OFF:

The problem we are about to solve is how to steal a plane from this airfield. The airfield is a top security establishment, with armed troops and outer perimeter of barbed wire; a regular picket system. This picket system is broken into four regular patrols. The first commencing at dusk, and thereafter continuing until daybreak. Now then may I have suggestions from the floor please ?

EMMA:

A fire to create a diversion.

VOICE OFF:

Excellent !

EMMA:

And if the fire were to be placed around the Guard's quarters...

VOICE OFF:

Good thinking. We'll note that.

STEED:

Might I make another suggestion ?

VOICE OFF:

By all means, Mr. Steed.

STEED:

Cut the water supply outside the airfield - that would add to the general confusion.

VOICE OFF:

The best idea yet, Mr. Stted.

INT. CORRIDOR & STEED'S BEDROOM:

MAN walks down and into STEED's room. He looks around and opens cupboard. He moves across and sees radio unplugged. He puts plug in.

VOICE OFF:

The problem with this airfield.

INT. GYM:

VOICE OFF:

Is the final plan fully understood by everyone ?

CHORUS:

Yes.

VOICE OFF:

Yes. You will all go back to bed and in one hour you will hear me tell you to get up. Our meeting point will be the Archery Range in one hour.

MAN: Steed's a fake.

LEEMING: What do you mean ?

MAN: He can't have been under. I checked his room and found the radio disconnected again.

LEEMING: So it wasn't an accident he failed to join in the night before last.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM:

STEED looks at his watch and puts on his jacket. He goes out.

INT. OFFICER'S ROOM:

OFFICER getting dressed.

VOICE OVER Disregard the previous instruction. Do not
RADIO: I repeat do not go to the rendezvous I gave you
- report instead to the Gymnasium. Report to
the.....

INT. HALL:

STEED comes down stairs and goes out.

INT. OFFICER'S ROOM:

VOICE OVER Report to the Gymnasium. Report instead...
RADIO:

OFFICER goes out of room.

INT. CORRIDOR:

Everyone moves down corridor - including EMMA.

EXT. SCHOOL:

STEED at Archery Range alone.

INT. GYM:

VOICE OFF: There has been a change of plan, but the exercise
arranged for tonight has been cancelled.
I have discovered a spy in our midst. I
refer to John Steed, who is now waiting for
us to gather at the Archery Range -
so we have a new problem for our minds to
grapple with. Steed must be killed in such a
way that no blame may attach to anyone.

LEEMING: Lieutenant Hardcastle ?

HARDCASTLE: Steed has a car. There's an unfenced road
by the river.

VOICE OFF: It would mean rendering him unconscious
first. The Police might detect it.

EMMA: Wouldn't it be simpler to deal with Steed
where he is right now ?

LEEMING: Carry on, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Well, if he's in the Archery Range, why not get one of Miss Trent's bows and kill him with an arrow ?

VOICE OFF: First class.

EMMA: When he's found it can be claimed he wandered in front of the targets.

VOICE OFF: That's an idea we can adopt without wasting any more time. The question is who will do it ?

EMMA : I've done some archery - let me kill Steed.

EXT. ARCHERY RANGE:

STEED looks at his watch then towards School. EMMA aims arrow towards STEED and fires.

EXT. AIRFIELD:

Plane taking off.

INT. GYM:

EMMA returns to LEEMING.

LEEMING: Well Mrs. Peel ?

EMMA: Steed is dead.

LEEMING: You should have burned your colleague's note.

C.U. OF NOTE: "UNPLUG YOUR RADIO."
(reading)

LEEMING: A bad mistake Mrs Peel. Very bad.

STEED appears in Gym. He swings on rope and kicks gun out of LEEMING's hand. Fight follows. He knocks out LEEMING and fights other man.

MAN (shouts) Get the girl !

EMMA knocks MAN down.

EXT. AIRFIELD:

HOOTERS SOUNDING - MEN run out.

INT. GYM:

EMMA kicks in door. STEED fights MAN - INTERCUT WITH SHOTS OF SCREEN OF AIRFIELD. EMMA fights FIGURE behind SCREEN. STEED wins his fight. EMMA comes through screen with FIGURE, who falls to ground. STEED looks at figure.

STEED: Miss Holly ! The Master Mind !

EMMA: Steed - are you all right ?
(into mike)

STEED: Yes - are you ?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD:

STEED & EMMA in car.

EMMA: You know it was a marvellous idea getting all those great minds together, applying them to the common task.

STEED: Yes. Think of what they might have done with my Income Tax Returns !! Still I came out of it with something - an I.Q. of genius level.

EMMA: You are a genius.

STEED laughs.

EMMA: At cribbing ! (laughs)

END TITLES:

END OF REEL SIX. (761 feet 12 frames)

<u>END OF EPISODE:</u>	<u>Total Footage:</u>	4,437 feet 11 frames
	<u>Running Time:</u>	49 minutes.