

57.29

~~SECRET~~
DRAFT SCRIPT

MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED

341

"THE AVENGERS"

"THE MURDER MARKET"

B/W

by

(9)

Tony Williamson

(c) TELEMEN LIMITED,
Associated British Elstree Studios,
Borehamwood,
Herts.

OCTOBER, 1964.

THE AVENGERS
THE MURDER MARKET

FADE IN:

1. INT. AQUARIUM. DAY.

1.

OPEN CLOSE on tropical fish blinking at CAMERA. PULL OUT to show that we are in a large aquarium, the walls lined with tanks of fish. JONATHAN STONE stands in one corner, a little nervous, obviously waiting for someone. He is well-dressed, in late forties, wears a carnation and carries the 'Times'.

BARBARA WAKEFIELD enters, looks round, sees JONATHAN and starts walking towards him. They are the only people in the aquarium.

CLOSE SHOT - JONATHAN.

He recognizes BARBARA. Straightens himself, smiles.
NEW ANGLE. TWO-SHOT.

JONATHAN
Miss Wakefield?

BARBARA smiles and nods.

JONATHAN
... I recognize you from the
photograph - although it
doesn't do you justice.

CLOSE SHOT - JONATHAN.

BARBARA makes no reply. He smiles, nervously, clears his throat awkwardly.

JONATHAN
That's the trouble with blind
dates ... You never know if
you'll recognize each other.

CLOSE SHOT - BARBARA.

She is still smiling, but now there is a cold, calculating quality.

NEW ANGLE. JONATHAN is becoming a little puzzled by her silence.

JONATHAN
Well, er - now you've seen me,
what do you think?

CLOSE SHOT - JONATHAN.

Awkwardly he waits for her reply. Suddenly his eyes widen, he backs away from her, suddenly afraid.

CLOSE SHOT - BARBARA.

She holds a gun, fitted with a silencer, and points it at him

PULL OUT. JONATHAN reacts - backs away - comes hard

(CONTINUED)

1. CONTINUED:

1.

up against the fish tanks.

He opens his mouth, but no sound will come - BARBARA impassively aims the gun - fires three times - the gun makes three little silenced 'swishes'.

JONATHAN remains against the fish tank - giving no visible sign that he has been hit - then slowly he crumples - falls down out of shot.

HOLD ON FISH TANK - water starts to pour from the three neat little holes that have appeared in it.

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

THE MURDER MARKET

FADE OUT:

1. 1/4

COMMERCIAL BREAK U.S.A.

FADE IN:

2.

2. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

OPEN CLOSE on large complex graph on the wall.

PULL OUT to show STEED working on the graph, extending one of the subject lines. He consults a map of Britain, also pinned on the wall with various symbols marked over different cities.

EMMA enters. STEED looks round briefly, then returns to the graph, starting to make calculations on a slide rule.

STEED

Good morning, my dear. Help yourself to coffee.

(CONTINUED)

2. (COOLY).

2.

EMMA crosses to the coffee - pours a cup - watches STEED, who is engrossed, drawing lines on graph, he seems to have forgotten EMMA.

EMMA

Always the perfect host.
(studies graph, this way
and that)
May one ask exactly what you
are doing.

STEED

One may.
(draws line)
Plotting.

He draws more lines - the graph is becoming a crazy complex
EMMA studies it.

EMMA

For your accountant? A
museum of modern art?
(he draws a long, downward
line).
I see! Your popularity poll.

STEED (drawing)

Actually, just looking into a
rather curious situation.
(steps back - indicates
graph).
Eleven murders in six months -
no clues, no apparent motive -
no suspects... or rather, the
people who DID have motives were
conveniently elsewhere at the time.

EMMA

Coincidences?

STEED

This says no. (graph) Everything
points to eleven organised murders.
The chances of coincidence are in
the region of...

EMMA (Coolly)

Twenty seven million to one.
(smiles)
That's a generality - I can
work out the exact figure if
you like.

STEED

No, to the nearest million will do.
(back to graph - draws another line)

EMMA

Unfortunately, mathematics won't tell
you who did the murders.

STEED

No, but I'm hoping those might.

He hands her some photos of men - all the same style and size.
EMMA studies them.

STEED

By a... coincidence quirk of fate, all the
... their photographs taken - recently.

2. CONT.

2.

EMMA

All egotists
 (turns photos over)
 And all taken at the same studio.

She looks at him.

EMMA

C urious.

STEED

I thought so too.

He takes photo of JONATHAN STONE from the batch - holds it up to EMMA.

STEED

He was number eleven ... Jonathan Stone. Actually, I thought it would be a good idea if we offered our condolences to the widow.

EMMA

We! But I don't know her.

STEED

Neither do I ... But someone ought to go, don't you think?

EMMA

But of course, YOU can't?

STEED (smiles)

Right first time. Have to dash. I'm having my photograph taken!

And he is on his way.
 HOLD ON EMMA'S reaction.

1.5-9

3. INT. PHOTO STUDIO. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT. A MODEL - she is in a very avant garde pose - she wears bikini and long thigh boots - carries a parasol - she is leaning on the parasol, which is in turn, leaning in a dustbin. On her wrist is a watch. The backcloth is a blow up of a railway train coming towards us.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL BEALE - he is a modern young man - sweater and jeans. Around his neck hang several cameras - throughout this scene, he never stops clicking the shutter - climbing up on step-ladders, lying on his back, crawling on top of cupboards - doing anything and everything to get a new angle. He takes about fifty pictures a minute.

BEALE

Give it some life - Animate, honey.
 (MODEL hardly smiles)

Think of your latest boyfriend.

(MODEL relapses into deep gloom)

No. It's not right. Mundane. No snap.

No give. Not right. Needs ... needs something. The spark of life. The added ingredient.

STEED (off)

Allow me.

STEED enters shot - puts his bowler on MODEL'S head - BEALE reacts.

BEALE

Hold that. Just that! Wow!

His camera clicks like a machine gun.

BEALE

Great. Great. I'm obliged.

He carries on clicking at the MODEL - swinging from place to place to do so.

(CONTINUED)

3. (CONT'D).

STEED (eyes MODEL)
 Rather a confusion of ideas,
 isn't it?

BEALE (clicking)
 Advert. One of the glossies.
 The watch. It's to advertise
 the watch.
 (clicking)
 What can I do for you by the way?

STEED
 Keep clicking the old shutter.
 (BEALE keeps clicking)
 Matter of fact I was recommended
 to you by a friend. You took him
 a few weeks ago.

BEALE (actually stops
 clicking)
 Huh? Can't have been me. Too
 busy. (clicking again)
 Commercial work. No time for
 portraits.

STEED
 I'm certain I saw your name on
 the prints. Just head and
 shoulders they were.

BEALE
 Not a chance... I don't...
 (stops)
 Wait a minute. Togetherness
 client?

STEED
 Sorry?

BEALE
 This friend - was he a Togetherness
 client?

STEED
 Togetherness? I really
 don't know...

BEALE (clicking again)
 Very exclusive. Only the best
 people - but a marriage bureau
 just the same.

CLOSE SHOT. STEED - reacting.

1.42

4. INT. STONE'S HOME. LORNE. DAY

4.

It is a large house, quietly luxurious. A picture of JONATHAN is draped in black. A wreath is on the table. It is a mournfully oppressive atmosphere. EMMA (Alone at the moment) crosses to the picture of JONATHAN and is looking at it.

MRS. STONE (OOV)

Mrs. Peel?

EMMA turns. NEW ANGLE.

MRS. JESSICA STONE, in black, stands behind EMMA. She is about 35, attractive in an austere sort of way. She has firm features, a strong character subdued at present. Standing beside her is ROBERT STONE, early thirties, square-cut type with an intensely sympathetic manner.

EMMA

I'm terribly sorry to bother you at a time like this, but I'm with the Industrial Times Magazine and as your husband was quite prominent in the business world, I'm writing a - er - biography.

ROBERT

What did you want to know?

MRS. STONE

Oh, this is my brother-in-law, Robert Stone.

EMMA

(nods)

Well, I need some background details?

ROBERT

That's simple enough.

EMMA

And I'd like a recent photograph.

ROBERT and MRS. STONE exchange glances.

MRS. STONE

Well, I don't really think ...

ROBERT

No problem. I saw some in his desk only last week.

A brief evasive reaction from MRS. STONE.

MRS. STONE

I'm sure you're wrong, Robert.

ROBERT

Do you have the keys? I'll take a lock.

MRS. STONE looks at ROBERT in irritation.

MRS. STONE

It's quite all right, I'll go.

4. (CONT'D.)

4.

MRS. STONE leaves. ROBERT offers EMMA a cigarette. She takes one.

EMMA
Thank you.

ROBERT lights EMMA's cigarette.

ROBERT
Tragic business.

EMMA
Yes. Strange that he should be killed - without reason?

CLOSE SHOT - ROBERT - a 'look'.

NEW ANGLE. TWO-SHOT.

EMMA
I mean, his business interests were quite ordinary... weren't they?

ROBERT looks at EMMA a little suspiciously. He is about to reply when MRS. STONE enters.

MRS. STONE
(sharp)
I'm sorry, you must have been mistaken Robert. I can't find any photographs.

CLOSE SHOT - ROBERT.

He reacts, guarded.

1.16

5. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY

CLOSE SHOT - EMMA.

EMMA
I think she was lying... but why?

FULL BACK. STEED is searching the telephone directory and the classified. He looks up briefly.

STEED
Interesting thought... How about the brother?

EMMA
Oh, you know - educated, charming, sophisticated... rather good looking.

STEED
Where's the catch?

EMMA
Edgy.
(STEED reacts)
Tense, nervous...

STEED
Something to hide?

EMMA
If so, he kept it hidden.

STEED returns to directory thoughtfully.

EMMA
How did you get on with the photographer?

STEED (reading directory)
He did his best. Interesting fellow ...

Noting an address - he looks up - glances at his watch.

EMMA
My poor dear, you must be famished.
What about some simple bourgeois cuisine?

He picks up her coat, moves to her.

STEED
A charming little restaurant where they
do a perfect Escalope a la Creme ...

EMMA
With asperge ...?

STEED
Parmesan - the lightest touch of garlic -
and their crepes are superb.

EMMA
I can see I'm in for a feast of surprises ...

STEED
It's a marvellous place - and not a
stone's throw from the library.

EMMA
Ah! The library.

STEED
After lunch, you'll be able to browse
through all the press reports on these
murders. Arm yourself with a multitude
of facts.

EMMA
And in particular?

STEED
Were all the victims married.

EMMA
What has marriage got to do with it?

5. (CONT.)

5.

STEED
Marvellous institution, my
dear. As a matter of fact,
I'm seriously contemplating
it myself.

CLOSE SHOT - EMM.

She reacts. Disbelief.

NEW ANGLE. STEED is adjusting his tie in the mirror.
REFLECTED 2-shot. He smiles.

STEED
I offer myself on the
market today.

CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

He turns, smiling.

STEED
Every bid considered...
nevertheless
(pats her cheek)
... I shall be very choosy...

HOLD ON STEED.

FADE OUT:

1.27

COMMERCIAL BREAK U.S.A.

FADE IN:

6. INT. TOGETHERNESS INC. OUTER CORRIDOR. DAY.

6.

STEED, in bowler hat and umbrella, is at the door to the
marriage bureau. The door is marked "TOGETHERNESS INC",
and underneath has: "Where there is always a happy ending".
STEED smiles, looks up at two cupids suspended at the corners
of the door. Using his umbrella, he rings the bell which
chimes out the first bar of the Wedding March. STEED is
impressed. The door is opened by SIMMONS, who wears a
top hat and morning suit. He gestures for STEED to enter.
He is the heavy - ex-wrestler.

22

7. INT TOGETHERNESS INC. RECEPTION. DAY.

7.

As STEED enters through the door a shower of confetti
comes from above the door. He looks vaguely surprised,
enters the room brushing it from his coat. SIMMONS
stands beside the door, stiffly formal, after closing it.

EYE-LINE PAN.

The room is lavishly furnished with a profusion of romantic
statues, the centre piece being a replica of The Lovers.
The walls are adorned with flowers, hearts, cupids, etc.

RECEPTIONIST:

A number of legends clutter on the walls, either in hearts or floral displays - "Two Hearts In Harmony" - "Always" - "Togetherness is Happiness" - "Face Tomorrow Together." Background music is "Always". The door to MR. LOVEJOY'S office, at the end of the room is in the form of a church arch, in alcoves on either side stand life-size wax figures of a bride and groom. END PAN on the RECEPTIONIST, to the right of the door to MR. LOVEJOY'S office. She is dressed as a bridesmaid, sits in the centre of a glowing heart. Her desk is also heart-shaped. She smiles at STEED.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Steed?

NEW MUGLE. STEED nods, crosses to her desk.

STEED

Charming place.

RECEPTIONIST

Thank you. Would you take a loveseat, please?

STEED, raising his eyebrows, takes one of the ornate seats. He sits down.

RECEPTIONIST

(Continued)

Mr. Lovejoy will see you in a moment. He's just congratulating one of our happy couples.

STEED

Really.

RECEPTIONIST

Would you like a glass of "Champers" and a piece of wedding cake?

STEED

Er, no thank you. Not just now.

The RECEPTIONIST smiles, starts to do some paper work. STEED picks up one or two magazines from a table. They range from "Your Wedding" and "Wedding Bells" to "Love Story" and "True Romance". He puts them down.

EYE-LINE PAN OF THE ROOM.

SIMONS stands stiffly at the door. The door to Mr. Lovejoy's office opens and a very tall, thin GIRL comes out. She wears a "going away" outfit. She is followed by a short fat MAN with a carnation in his lapel. MR. LOVEJOY follows. He is about thirty-five, well-groomed, effusive and wears an impeccable morning suit.

LOVEJOY

Good-bye - and I wish you both all the happiness in the world.

The COUPLE look at each other affectionately, the GIRL giggles and they leave arm-in-arm. The GIRL tosses her bridal bouquet to Receptionist, but STEED catches it.

STEED

Lucky!

7. (CONT'D.)

7.

STEED (turns to
LOVEJOY)
Keeping the old bells ringing,
ch.

LOVEJOY
Mr. Steed? Do come in...
(gestures)
Yes, another couple on the
road to happiness.

MR. LOVEJOY shows the way into his office.

8. INT. MR. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. DAY.

8.

STEED enters, MR. LOVEJOY follows and goes to his heart-shaped desk. The decor is ornate, cupids and hearts predominating. A six-foot wedding cake dominates one corner of the room while a door left is marked 'TOGETHERNESS COUNSELLOR' - this is DINSFORD'S office. Church bells chime faintly in the background.

STEED takes a seat while MR. LOVEJOY consults a file.

LOVEJOY
Now er, since you called we've
drawn up a basic file. What we
need now are the more personal
details so that we can assess
your emotional and physical
compatibility rating.

MR. LOVEJOY'S manner, and STEED'S reaction to this line sets the pattern for the interview. MR. LOVEJOY is sugar-coated efficiency, with the suggestion that he doesn't take himself too seriously. STEED, making the most of the situation, sends him up politely.

STEED
It all sounds very scientific.

LOVEJOY
Extremely. We take the un-
certainties out of marriage,
Mr. Steed. If you're an early
riser, then your wife will be
laughing and gay at seven a.m.
If you're the outdoor type, then
she will be also. Compatibility
is the key, Mr. Steed. But
first your background. You
understand we do have to be
rather - how shall I put it...
Careful?

STEED
Oh quite.

LOVEJOY
Our clients come from all the
best families, you know. Now
how about military service.
You were commissioned, of course?

8. CONTINUED:

8.

MR. LOVEJOY takes notes.

STEEED
Naturally.

LOVEJOY
Regiment?

STEEED
Guards, of course.

LOVEJOY
Of course. Which Guards?

STEEED
The Guards.

LOVEJOY
Splendid! ... Er ... Public
school?

STEEED
Expelled from three.

LOVEJOY
Oh?

STEEED
(grins)
Too much polo and rowing.
Interfered with the old
studies, you know.

LOVEJOY
Oh, excellent. - Now, after
leaving the Guards what
position did you take?

STEEED
Position?

LOVEJOY
Your work?

STEEED
Work!?

LOVEJOY
Oh, I'm terribly sorry. We
do have the occasional client,
you know ...

STEEED
Tried working once - didn't
care for it much - too much
like ... er ... work, y'know -
Yes, I pottered around at the
Foreign Office for a while.
Dreadful bore.

LOVEJOY
I must say, Mr. Steed, you seem
eminently suitable. Do you have
any particular preference with
regard to your marital partner?

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

8.

STEED

Hmmm, well I suppose it ought to be a female - eh?

LOVEJOY

(dry smile)

Yes. I was thinking more in terms of special qualities you might require.

STEED

(thoughtfully)

Oh, I don't think so... As long as she sits a good horse, plays a fair hand at bridge, mixes a fair martini - and can whip up a passable souffle -
(smiles)
must think of the old tum, eh?

LOVEJOY

Oh - quite.

DINSFORD enters, carrying a file.

DINSFORD

... Adrian, here's the file on Henshaw, it's urgent.

LOVEJOY

Ah, yes ...

(to STEED)

You haven't met Mr. Steed have you? This is our Counsellor of True Love, Mr. Dinsford.

DINSFORD

(hurried)

How do you do? ... I'd like you to look at this right away. It's getting a bit tricky.

LOVEJOY

All right. As soon as I've finished with Mr. Steed.

DINSFORD

Let me know, will you. I don't like the way it's going.

LOVEJOY

(sudden strength)

All right, Walter.

DINSFORD turns to go.

DINSFORD

Nice to have met you, Steed.

The door to DINSFORD's office bursts open and HENSHAW stands there. He is tense, afraid to the point of panic..

HENSHAW

Look, Dinsford, there's no

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

8.

HENSHAW

(cont'd)

point in my staying here.
I've told you, I'm not going
through with it.

MR. LOVEJOY and DINGSFORD are immediately on the alert.
MR. LOVEJOY starts to rise. DINGSFORD, moving quickly,
grabs HENSHAW by the arm and starts back into his office.

DINGSFORD

We'll talk about it in my office.

HENSHAW

There's nothing more to say.
You're not going to push me into
this one.

DINGSFORD

Henshaw! - In my office ...

DINGSFORD closes the door. MR. LOVEJOY relaxes, smiles at
STEED who has watched the exchange with sharp interest.

LOVEJOY

(casual)

Marvellous fellow, Dingsford. An
expert in psychology and emotional
response, you know. He'll be
computing your compatibility rating.

STEED

I can hardly wait - Even so, the
course of true love doesn't always
run smooth - even here.

MR. LOVEJOY looks puzzled. STEED gestures at DINGSFORD'S door.

LOVEJOY

Oh er - I shouldn't bother about
that. A different matter altogether.
Now I'll just arrange an appointment
for you. Tomorrow suit you?

STEED

Yes. Why not.

LOVEJOY

(writing on pad)

Frankly, Mr. Steed, I see no
difficulty in placing you. No
difficulty at all.

STEED

Auntie will be pleased.

MR. LOVEJOY starts to make entry into diary. STEED looks at
DINGSFORD'S door. HOLD IT: TRANSITION

DISSOLVE TO:

3.15

19.11.64.

INT. DINSFORD'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

9.

HOLD ON DINSFORD'S door. PULL OUT to reveal entire office. The office is silent. STEED has just broken in and is moving quietly towards the desk. He goes quickly through the drawers, finds nothing. He goes to the door to DINSFORD'S office and lets himself in.

(.22)

10. INT. DINSFORD'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

10.

STEED in, lights on. The office is furnished along executive lines with none of the ornate flamboyance of MR. LOVEJOY'S. A large modern desk dominates one end of the room with easy chairs facing it. Behind the desk is a large mural depicting two nude lovers holding hands beneath an apple tree. They are surrounded by cupids. STEED admires it for a moment, then starts to search the office. In a filing cabinet he finds photographs of all the clients. He selects a few at random, finds nothing interesting, puts them back, closes the drawer. He locks round the office, goes to study the mural. He notices a faint line down the centre. Taking out a penknife he runs it down the crack.

STEED

Sorry to break up the party.

The mural divides, sliding back to reveal a board listing about a dozen names. Some of the names have heart symbols against them. HENSHAW'S name has an arrow pointing into it. STEED studies it for a moment, sees that STONE'S name is on the board with an arrow through it. There is an address in one of the columns next to each name.

STEED picks up the phone and dials.

STEED

Mrs. Peel? Don't talk, listen!
Go at once to 14 Spurley Court -
just round the corner from you -
a man named Henshaw. No, I can't
explain now. Please don't argue -
it's urgent. I told you - no
time to explain.

SOUND OF outer door opening. STEED reacts, glancing towards door.

STEED

(sotto voce)

Can't say any more. I
have unexpected guests.
'Eye for now.

STEED puts phone down, moves quickly to light switch and puts out the lights. We hear the door to MR. LOVEJOY'S office open, the lights go on. STEED, flattened behind DINSFORD'S door, quietly opens it about an inch and looks into MR. LOVEJOY'S office.

(1.4.5)

INT. LOVEJOY'S

EYE-LINE SHOT through partly open door. DINSFORD is

10. CONTINUED:

10.

talking to MR. LOVEJOY at his desk. SIMMONS stands silently in the background.

DINSFORD

I tell you we can't afford to push Henshaw any more. He could smash the whole operation!

107

11. INT. MR. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

11.

CLOSE SHOT - MR. LOVEJOY.

He is hard and cool.

DINSFORD

I tell you something's got to be done, and fast!

LOVEJOY

The trouble with you, Walter, is you worry too much. A full report on Henshaw has already been sent in.

DINSFORD

And I'm saying it's too late for reports.

MR. LOVEJOY sighs, picks up the phone and starts to dial.

DINSFORD

What are you doing?

LOVEJOY

The only thing that'll shut you up. I'm getting a ruling on it ... from the Managing Director.

DINSFORD

About time.

MR. LOVEJOY on phone.

LOVEJOY

Hello, Lovejoy here ... Yes, I know that but it's an emergency. ... It's about the trouble we're having with Henshaw. Walter thinks he might crack ... What? ... Oh ... That's fine, then ... Yes, good-bye.

MR. LOVEJOY puts the phone down, sits looking at DINSFORD for a moment. He is relaxed, smiling slightly. DINSFORD, impatient, controls himself with an effort.

DINSFORD

Well?

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

LOVEJOY
As I said, Walter, you worry too much. The matter has already been taken care of.

DINSFORD
You mean ?

LOVEJOY
As far as you're concerned, the Henshaw file is closed - permanently.

1.04

12. INT. DINSFORD'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

12.

CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

He reacts to MR. LOVEJOY'S words, looking anxiously at the phone, obviously thinking of MANTHA.

06

13. INT. DOOR. HENSHAW'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

13.

EMMA walks up to the door, about to ring the bell - but then the door opens, BARBARA WAKEFIELD emerges rather hurriedly - preoccupied for a moment, pulling a fur wrap on over the sexy cocktail dress she wears. She is just a bit taken aback as she sees EMMA.

EMMA
Good evening. Is Mr. Henshaw in?

BARBARA (edgy)
No - yes - he's taking a bath.

EMMA
I'm sure he won't mind if I wait - it is rather important.

BARBARA hesitates - EMMA has subtly stopped her closing the door - BARBARA would like to close it - but this would seem too overt an action.

BARBARA
Suit yourself.

She turns - hurries away. EMMA gazes after her thoughtfully.

EMMA (soft)
Thank you.

35

She enters the flat.

14. INT. HENSHAW'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

14.

EMMA enters - stops - looks around. The apartment is in darkness - save for one corner, lit only by candle-light. OFF, we hear the faint sound of water running into a bath.

In the one candle-lit corner, a table is set for an intimate dinner for two - a seductive dinner for two. There is: a silver candelabra - an immense bowl of flowers - a silver service of glassware - sterling silverware

CONTINUED.....

14. CONTINUED:

14.

- some covered silver salvers, and Champagne in an ice bucket.

Puzzled, EMMA moves to examine the scene - she picks up the orchid - sees that the Champagne bottle has been opened - she lifts lid of salver - sees that a dinner for two has yet to be served from it - and then she sees that by the other set place there is an overturned, shattered Champagne glass - she reacts - picks it up - is lost in thought for a moment (During this moment, the sound of the bath water is loud and clear).
(Note: also on table - a still smoking cigar.)

EMMA (whispers)
Taking a bathi?

Then she reacts - swings round towards the door leading to bathroom - EMMA snatches up the candelabra - moves to the door - then reacts as she sees:

CLOSE SHOT. FOOT OF BATHROOM DOOR.
Water seeping under the door.

EMMA throws open the door - enters:

15. INT. HENSHAW BATHROOM. NIGHT.

15.

CLOSE ON HENSHAW (Lit by the candelabra) - wearing immaculate dinner jacket (complete with carnation in buttonhole) - and floating face up in the overflowing bath.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK U.K. & U.S.A.

FADE IN:

16. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON STEED - he is seated deeply and comfortably in an armchair - clutching an enormous tuba - thinking - blowing the occasional note.

Pause - then door opens - EMMA bursts in - stands, bitter determined - staring at STEED - who blows a deep note.

STEED (a note)
Ah. (note) I was hoping you might drop by.

EMMA
Steed....!

STEED
Sit down, my dear (a note) help yourself to a drink.

EMMA
I went to that address

STEED
So you saw Henshaw?

EMMA (grimly)
I SAW him. But HE didn't see me.
He was ...

STEED
Dead? (EMMA reacts - he blows another note)
Murdered?

For a moment EMMA cannot find her voice - then, in an angry whisper:

52

53

16. (CONT.)

16.

~~Dead? STEED
(EMMA reacts - stares at him)
Murdered?~~

For a moment EMMA cannot find her voice - then, in an angry whisper:

EMMA

You knew... You knew it was going to happen! Why didn't you stop it...

STEED

Of course I didn't know - not soon enough - and when I did - well, that's why I sent you round.

EMMA

Too late.

STEED (grimly)

JUST too late. When I overheard Lovejoy and his partner... I phoned you - then I tried Henshaw - to warn him. He didn't answer. How about that drink now?

EMMA cools down a bit, she nods.

EMMA

I didn't do much better - (STEED looks at her) I let the murderer walk right past me.

STEED

Did you recognise him?

EMMA

Her.

STEED reacts.

EMMA

Young, very pretty.

STEED

A woman.

blows off
He paces away thoughtfully.

STEED

Wonder if she's looking for a husband?

EMMA reacts.

STEED

The marriage bureau's involved in all this - involved right

16. CONTINUED:

16.

STEED

(cont'd,)

up to its bridal bouquet.
 (he indicates reports)
 Your report on the other
 cases - all the victims were
 bachelors ...

EMMA

All except Jonathan Stone.

STEED

Yes, that's a bit of a poser.
 (brighter)
 Still, may find out a bit more
 tomorrow ...

EMMA looks inquiringly.

STEED

... They should have found me
 a suitable partner by then.
 (smiles at her)

The marriage bureau - very
 'scientific' - they analyse your
 'personality' - and then find you
 a compatible companion.

EMMA is more relaxed now - she sips her drink.

EMMA

Must have set them a problem.

STEED frowns.

EMMA

Finding a match for you

STEED

Oh, I don't know - educated, charming ...

EMMA

Ruthless, devious, scheming.
 Have to be quite a girl - a
 mixture of Lucretia Borgia and
 Florence Nightingale.

STEED (grins)

Sounds like every woman I ever knew.
 (strolls away)

By the way - isn't it high time YOU
 thought of marrying again?

EMMA reacts - STEED beams at her.

17. INT. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE.DAY.

LOVEJOY on intercom.

LOVEJOY

Send Mr. Steed in now ...

Pause - LOVEJOY picks carnation from arrangement of flowers -
 puts it in his buttonhole - then STEED enters. LOVEJOY moves
 to meet him.

9.15
 2.02

17.

17. CONTINUED:

17.

LOVEJOY

Mr. Steed. Do sit down. We're very satisfied with your rating. Mr. Dinsford computed the probabilities himself and feels there'll be no trouble at all. In fact, he described you as one of our most eligible clients.

STEED

Splendid.

LOVEJOY

Now are you free for the rest of the day?

STEED

Of course.

LOVEJOY

Good. Good. We've arranged a rendezvous for noon. The client is quite impressed and is ideally suited.

STEED

You don't waste any time.

LOVEJOY

Mr. Steed, I'll be perfectly frank with you. Some of our clients would even make cupid lose hope, but with someone like yourself - well, our entire range is at your disposal.

STEED

Fascinating. Do you have a catalogue?

LOVEJOY

(not quite sure
how to take it)

Er - no. We think you'll find Miss Wakefield most compatible.

STEED

How do I recognize her?

LOVEJOY

She'll recognize you, Mr. Steed. You'll both be wearing red carnations. Normally we like to provide photographs, but there really hasn't been time. But don't worry, it will be quite all right. However, we would like you to have your photograph taken, just for the files. I can arrange a sitting?

STEED

No need, old chap, I've got quite a few. Brigade of Guards, playing polo - in the nude.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED:

17.

LOVEJOY
(politely)
Oh, I don't really think we
need to ...

STEED
(smiling)
Mind you, I was only eighteen
months old at the time. I'll
drop one in the post for you.
Will head and shoulders be all
right?

LOVEJOY
Oh yes, I should think so.

STEED
(checking time)
Mustn't be late on my first
date, eh? ... If you'll just
give me the details ... ?

LOVEJOY
(hands him an
envelope)
All in here, Mr. Steed ...

MR. LOVEJOY escorts STEED to the door.

1-35

18. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

18.

STEED leaving MR. LOVEJOY's office. MANTHA is
waiting. As STEED walks by he looks at her, turns
and nods at MR. LOVEJOY in approval.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Lovejoy will see you now,
Mrs. Peel.

MANTHA
Thank you.

MANTHA crosses to office door. MR. LOVEJOY, beaming,
holds it open for her. She enters, the door closes.

20

19. INT. AQUARIUM. NOON.

19.

OPEN on WIDE ANGLE of fish in tank. PAN to show STEED
on other side of glass looking in.

NEW ANGLE. STEED turns away from the fish. We see
he is waiting in the aquarium, wearing a red carnation.

CLOSE SHOT - GIRL.

A GIRL in her twenties, and most UNattractive, enters
and looks around for someone.

CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

Reaction.

NEW ANGLE. The GIRL turns and leaves. BARBARA WAKE-
FIELD enters. She walks across to STEED.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED:

17.

LOVEJOY

(politely)
Oh, I don't really think we
need to

SPEED

(smiling)
Mind you, I was only eighteen
months old at the time. I'll
drop one in the post for you.
Will head and shoulders be all
right?

LOVEJOY

Oh yes, I should think so.

STEED

(checking time)
Mustn't be late on my first
date, eh? ... If you'll just
give me the details ... ?

LOVEJOY

(hands him an envelope)
All in here, Mr. Steed

MR. LOVEJOY escorts STEED to the door.

18. INT. RECEPTION DAY.

18.

STEED emerges with LOVEJOY - a woman stands nearby, her back to us.

STEED

Well, thanks again, and good day ...

He moves to door - WOMAN turns - we see it is EMMA - they exchange
a look.

LOVEJOY

Good day to you - and ... good luck.
(moves to EMMA)
Now, dear lady ... what can Togetherness do
for you ...?

STEED hangs back - gives her a look on this line - then exits.
EMMA turns to LOVEJOY.

EMMA

Peel. Mrs. Emma Peel ... I'm looking
for a husband.

During this - the phone rings - RECEPTIONIST answers it.

LOVEJOY

Then you have come to the right place ...
(starts leading her to his office)
indeed you have. If you would kindly
step into my office, we'll ...

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Lovejoy ...

LOVEJOY

Not now, not now - I'm busy

18. (CONTINUED)

18.

RECEPTIONIST

It's the managing director.

LOVEJOY reacts - RECEPTIONIST gestures with phone.

RECEPTIONIST

Urgent.

LOVEJOY'S manner changes towards ELLA.

LOVEJOY

Oh ... er ... well, there is little we can do without photographs, full face, full length, head and shoulders ... we recommend a photographer at this address ... (takes card from reception desk)

ELLA

Oh, but I ...

LOVEJOY

(urges her away)

He'll fix you up - tell him it's for us ... then we'll talk about it, eh?

ELLA

Mr. Lovejoy, I

He has the door open now - she is almost out.

LOVEJOY

Nice meeting you, Mrs. Peel. Hurry
back with those photographs. Good day.
Good day.

Beaming, he closes the door on her - then turns to the RECEPTIONIST, his face hard and tough.

LOVEJOY

Put it through to my office.

He exits into his office.

18A. INT. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. DAY.

18A.

LOVEJOY hurries over and picks up the phone.

LOVEJOY

Hello ...? Yes, Lovejoy speaking ...
Yes, we HAVE had a new client - a real
prospect too ... our type you might say
... Who have I arranged for him to meet?
(smiles)

Why - Barbara of course ...

(glances at watch)

It should be taking place, just about ... now.

HOLD ON LOVEJOY (This statement could be sinister)

19. INT. AQUARIUM. NOON

19.

OPEN on WIDE ANGLE of fish in tank. PAN to show STEED on other side of glass looking in.

NEW ANGLE. STEED turns away from the fish. We can see he is waiting in the aquarium, wearing a red carnation.

CLOSE SHOT - GIRL.

A GIRL in her twenties, and most UNattractive, enters and looks around for someone.

CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

Reaction.

NEW ANGLE. The GIRL turns and leaves. BARBARA WAKEFIELD enters. She walks across to STEED.

CONTINUED.

19. CONTINUED

19.

STEED

Ah. Miss Wakefield?

BARBARA smiles and nods. STEED, playing a little nervous.

STEED

Handy things carnations,
eh... For blind dates...

CLOSE SHOT - BARBARA.

She smiles slightly, but seems to be coldly calculating.
She looks round to see if anyone is in the room.

NEW ANGLE. STEED, awkward, tries again.

STEED

Well er - now that you've
seen me, what do you think?

CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

Slightly puzzled by her silence.

CLOSE SHOT - BARBARA.

She suddenly smiles warmly.

BARBARA

The first impression -
very favourable.

STEED

Thank you. Well... er...
Tally Ho! How about lunch
by the river, feed the swans,
watch the jolly punters -
followed by a brisk trot across
the meadows... on horseback of
course.

BARBARA

Oh, I'd love to , but I...

She looks down at her clothes - inadequate for riding.

STEED (Takes her arm)

Don't worry about that - my
riding club will soon fix you
up...

As they move away.

1.000

20. INT. PHOTO STUDIO. DAY.

CLOSE ON PHOTO OF EMMA.

BEALE

There we are, Mrs. Peel ...

PULL OUT. BEALE & EMMA behind some sort of screening - concealing them from the main door. EMMA takes the photos from BEALE.

EMMA

My pictures, thank you.

BEALE (interjects)

Not pictures, Mrs. Peel.

I don't take pictures - I capture the very essence of your personality - the essential you.

EMMA (concealed amusement)

Will a cheque be all right?

BEALE nods - EMMA starts to write cheque - BEALE studies her.

BEALE

You know, if Togetherness get many more clients like you - I might take a whirl myself ...

ROBERT (off)

Mr. Beale!

BEALE

Excuse me.

He moves away - towards main door - EMMA peers around screen after him - she reacts to ROBERT STONE who has just entered. He and BEALE carry on a muttered conversation - of which we only hear snatches:

ROBERT

... Jonathan ... my brother ... have you checked...?

BEALE

No question about it ... not from here ...

Eventually ROBERT nods - turns to leave. BEALE turns back to EMMA, who affects to be preoccupied with the cheque.

EMMA

There we are.

BEALE

Thank you ...

EMMA

Good day, Mr. Beale ...

She moves away. HOLD ON BEALE gazing after her.

1.05

20.

BARBARA

The pose, Mrs. Peel. The pose.

20.

1.50

21. INT. CHANGING ROOM. D.Y.

21.

A kind of olde worlde locker room - adjoining a riding stables - all oak and low beams. Herday.

STEED is just adjusting his formal riding gear - nearby are racks of saddles, harnesses, riding crops, whips - and (most predominant feature) a rack lined with shiny riding boots.

STEED, almost ready, selects a riding whip - tests it with a few strokes - then:

BARBARA (off)

How do I look?

STEED turns - BARBARA has entered to display herself in jodphurs and formal riding jacket.

STEED

Stunning.

BARBARA moves to sit on a rough wood stool.

BARBARA

I ought to warn you - flattery will get you anywhere at all.
(wiggles her stockings nervously)
Just one thing missing.

STEED smiles - eyes her feet.

STEED

'Fours'?

She nods - STEED moves to select several pairs of boots - bends to start helping BARBARA into a pair.

STEED

Try these...

As he forces the boot on - BARBARA gazes down on him.

BARBARA

~~Do you wear these often?~~

STEED (Grins)

BARBARA (Simultaneously)

Only during the rainy season!

STEED

Oh, four or five times a week...

(sits back)

There.

BARBARA gets to her feet - tries the boot.

BARBARA

Too tight.

STEED reacts - gets another pair of boots. BARBARA is removing the uncomfortable boot with the aid of a 'boot-beetle'.

BARBARA

You don't have to work then?

STEED

Oh, a small little piece you know -
cumbler to be certain, certain standard.

21. (CONTINUED:)

21.

BARBARA

You ride here a great deal then?

STEED

When I'm in the area. Tell the truth - couple of polo ponies here I'm rather attached to.

(sits back)

Try that.

BARBARA stands to test the boot.

BARBARA

Too tight.

STEED

Oh.

He pulls off the boot - lingers over her long, extended leg.

STEED

Longer in the fetlock than I thought.

He selects another boot - starts to put it on.

BARBARA

Do you own them?

(STEED looks questioningly)

The polo ponies?

STEED

Only wish I did.

(pauses - sits back - a far away look)

Yes, I wish I did.

(briskly, pushing on boot)

Just hire them I'm afraid. Can't afford to do otherwise. Mind you, if circumstances had been different

BARBARA

Oh?

STEED

It's the old, old story - black sheep of the family. My cousin was the favoured one. He inherited the REAL fortune - all I get is the income from a modest trust - enough to maintain a certain standard but that's all. How's that?

BARBARA tests boot.

BARBARA

Much better.

STEED

Good.

He moves to select riding whip for her. BARBARA studies his back.

BARBARA (lightly)

I suppose if this cousin of yours were dead - you'd inherit?

STEED (tests whip)

That's about the size of it.

BARBARA

You must resent him very much.

STEED

Resent him. (turns) I loathe him!

He looks BARBARA in the whip - says nothing. BARBARA watches him thoughtfully.

27

24. THE LOVEJOY'S OFFICE, O.Y.

LOVEJOY beams across his desk.

LOVEJOY

Together we will solve all your problems, Mrs. Peel.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL EMMA.

EMMA

I only have one - finding a suitable partner,

LOVEJOY

Yes, ah, hum ... well we will do our best.

(pulls form round on desk - pencil poised)

Now then - what are your requirements - age group, physical aspect. Just let me know what you need.

EMMA

Well, he would have to be mature, a man of culture and intelligence ...

LOVEJOY mutters to himself as he ticks off words on the form.

LOVEJOY

Maturity ... cultured, intelligent ...

EMMA

With stamina.

LOVEJOY

(Slightly taken aback)

Ah, hum, quite so. Of course, our Soberness Counsellor will take care of the FINE details...

Necessary you know, many of our clients are very picky... some even stipulate a title.

EMMA

I'm far more interested in the man really.

LOVEJOY

An admirable sentiment, Mrs. Peel. Admirable. And, ah... financial status? You would wish your... er... opposite half to be reasonably wealthy? A rhetorical question really... an exclusive concern such as this, we do not accept... ah, you understand, the lower orders...?

EMMA

Naturally.

LOVEJOY

I see we understand one another, Mrs. Peel. If I may recapitulate... mature... cultured... intelligent...

(hesitates)

... stamina... independent means. Will that do...?

EMMA

That is all right, Mr. Lovejoy. Oh, by the way, the telephone asked me to...
...
...
...

24. (CONTD.)

24.

EMMI takes an envelope containing photographs from her handbag. She hands them to MR. LOVEJOY who takes out a photograph.

LOVEJOY

Ah, yes. Excellent. I must say, Mrs. Peel, we'll have no difficulty placing you at all.

MR. LOVEJOY stands, beaming, moves round his desk. EMMI stands.

LOVEJOY

(Continued)

We'll be getting in touch with you.

1.41

24. (CONT.)

24.

LOVEJOY escorts her to the door -

LOVEJOY

Good day, Mrs. Peel ...

EMMA exits.

LOVEJOY starts to close the door - benignly examining her photographs - an idle curiosity.

25. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

25.

EMMA moves across the foyer - to main door - A WOMAN stands nearby - her back to EMMA.

EMMA exits - the WOMAN turns into camera - she is BARBARA!

26. INT. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. DAY.

26.

LOVEJOY, still examining the photos, moves back towards his desk - Dingsford's office door opens - LOVEJOY finds himself face to face with DINGSFORD - who holds some scissors. LOVEJOY smiles - hands him the photos.

LOVEJOY

Mrs. Peel ... charming woman.

He moves back to his desk - DINGSFORD examines photos. Then suddenly door bursts open - BARBARA enters.

BARBARA

What was SHE doing here?!

LOVEJOY looks questioningly.

BARBARA

That woman who just left ...

LOVEJOY

Mrs. Peel ... a new client, and

BARBARA

That was the woman who saw me at Henshaw's apartment!

LOVEJOY reacts - stares at her - then his eyes go to DINGSFORD - their eyes meet and hold. Slight pause - then DINGSFORD lifts his scissors - and we see him cut the full length photo of EMMA across - severing the head from the body. He tosses the two pieces on LOVEJOY'S desk - they stare at each other.

FADE OUT.

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

25. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

25.

MANTHA leaving MR. LOVEJOY's office, crossing reception. He stands at door, watching her leave. BARBARA is waiting, her back to MANTHA. As MANTHA exits she turns.

She is tense, moving quickly to MR. LOVEJOY.

BARBARA

(sharp)

What's she doing here!?

LOVEJOY

Mrs. Peel? A new client.
Why?

BARBARA

That was the woman who saw me at Henshaw's apartment!

MUSIC CUE.

HOLD CLOSE ON MR. LOVEJOY, no longer the charming adviser. His face is hard and cruel.

FADE OUT:

26

COMMERCIAL BREAK U.S.A.

FADE IN:

26. INT. BILLIARD ROOM. DAY.

26.

OPEN CLOSE on snooker triangle. A ball breaks the triangle and we PULL OUT to see that STEED has just started the game. MANTHA is chalking her cue, weighing up the various positions.

Well? ~~What was she like?~~

How did Paul 'together'?
Set together go?

MANTHA selects a red, takes up her position.

STEED

Hmmm? Oh, my blind date.
Charming. Absolutely charming.
Attractive too.

CLOSE SHOT - MANTHA.

She smashes the red ball into a corner pocket.

MANTHA

She would be!

NEW ANGLE. MANTHA moves into position to take the pink ball.

MANTHA

I suppose you realize she's probably deadly serious about all this? ... Pink.

(CONTINUED)

NEW 26A. EMMA STEED'S APPOINTMENT. DAY.

NEW 26A

CLOSE ON TUBA - pulling out to reveal STEED embracing it - playing the first notes of "Wedding March."

EMMA

How did your togetherness get-together go?

PULL OUT FURTHER to reveal EMMA. STEED blows tuba note.

EMMA

Your blind date - what was she like?

STEED

(blows cheeky note)

Absolutely charming - and very attractive.

EMMA paces away - finds a golf ball on desk - tosses it in her hand.

EMMA

I suppose you realise that SHE may be deadly serious about all this.

STEED, who has blown a scale of notes - now stops - looks at her.

STEED

With the accent on the deadly.

EMMA reacts.

STEED

She was very careful - but obviously planted to find the more personal financial details.

EMMA

That doesn't necessarily follow - after all, if she IS genuine, those are just the kind of details she COULD want to know.

As she talks - she places golf ball on floor - starts to "putt" it with STEED'S umbrella.

STEED

Ah - but she showed an inordinate interest in my cousin.

EMMA

(putting)

Cousin?

STEED

(blows note)

The rich one.

(blows note)

The one who stands between me and the family fortune.

(blows note)

I invented him - as bait.

EMMA

And she bit?

STEED

Hook (a note).. Line.. (a note).. and sinker (a discordant note) She took to ME too. How did you get on with Lovejoy, by the way?

23 INT. BILLIARD ROOM. DAY.

26.

CLOSE ON SHOOKER TRIANGLE. A ball breaks it -
PULL OUT - STEED has started the game - EMMA is
chalking her cue.

EMMA

How did your Togetherness
get together go?

(STEED looks inquiringly)

Your blind date. What was
she like?

STEED

Absolutely charming - and very
attractive.

EMMA lines up shot - puts down the red - as:

EMMA

I suppose you realise
that she may be deadly serious
about all this? Pink.

STEED

With the accent on the deadly.

EMMA looks at him inquiringly.

STEED

She was very careful - but
obviously wanted to find out
the more personal financial
details.

EMMA pots the pink. STEED resets it up.

EMMA

That doesn't necessarily
follow - after all, if she
IS genuine, those are just
the kind of details she WOULD
want to know.

EMMA cues at red - but misses - STEED starts to play.

STEED

Ah - but she showed an inordinate
interest in my...
(pots red)
cousin. Black.

EMMA

Cousin?

STEED

(lines up black)

The rich one. The one who
stands between me and the
family fortune

(misses black)

Oh dear - blackballed again.

(looks at EMMA)

I invented him - as bait.

EMMA

(lines up)

And she hit?

HEM 26A. etc.

HEM 26A etc

EMMA

(putting)

"I must say, Mrs. Peel - we'll have no difficulty placing you at all..."

STEED

Ah, yes...

(blows a sort of hunting horn series of notes)

Good for the old ego, isn't he? Makes one feel as though whole brigades of one's opposite half are positively panting to get at you....

(blows note - then thoughtfully)

Which could be true, of course.

EMMA gives him a look - puts on.

EMMA

I went to the photographers, too.

STEED

(blows note)

Friend Beale? How'd you get on?

EMMA

Robert Stone was there.

STEED is blowing a note - it suddenly becomes a discordant squeak.

STEED

Stone? What was he up to?

EMMA

Talking to Beale.

STEED

What about?

EMMA

Too far away - I couldn't hear.

STEED

(soft - thoughtful)

Pity. Great pity...

Then, with great exuberance, he launches out into a cheeky, jolly little tune - full of rich, fruity raspberry notes (such as the little tune often played by Jimmy Edwards). This as he strides AWAY FROM CAMERA. Finally he stops - turns back and, thoughtfully:

STEED

A big silver horse-shoe - or a miniature bride and groom ...?

EMMA is lining up a shot.

EMMA

What?

STEED

Decorations for wedding cakes. Lovejoy's invited me along to a 'wedding cake tasting'...

Cheerfully he starts to blow some notes. EMMA plays her shot. It is a close shot. The ball clicks and says: CLOSE SHOT - as it drops into the mouth of the actor. EMMA - stopped 'mid-bl at'. HOLD HER.

STEED
Hook, line and sinker.
I'd try it in off from about
here...
(indicates how her shot should be played)

EMMA
(plays completely different shot)
Sorry to disagree with you.

She plays the shot - and DOES sink the red she aimed for.
STEED reacts. EMMA smiles at him very sweetly.

STEED
Er, yes, that WAS another way
of playing it.

EMMA
Wasn't it though? Green.

EMMA lines up shot on green.

STEED
How did YOU get on with Lovejoy
by the way?

EMMA (mimics Lovejoy)
"I must say, Mrs. Peel - we'll
have no difficulty placing...
(plays shot and misses)
...you at all".

STEED
(Grins)
Good for the old ego, isn't he?
Makes one feel as though whole
brigades of one's opposite half
are positively panting to get at you.

He lines up shot on red, glances and grins at her.

STEED
Which could be true, of course.

EMMA
I went to the photographer's too.

STEED
(concentrates on shot)
Mmm?

EMMA
Robert Stone was there.

STEED is about to pot - he mis-cues altogether - turns to
stare at her. EMMA calmly moves in to take over the game.

STEED
Stone? What was he up to?

EMMA (pots red)
Talking to Beale. Black.

STEED
What about?

EMMA
Couldn't very well find out - not with-
out introducing my self and answering
a lot of awkward questions.

She looks at him, and then at the red ball, and smiles a little.

EMMA misses potting the black, but leaves STEED well and truly snookered.

STEED (chalking up his cue)
Pity you didn't see what was in the package.

EMMA
I couldn't very well introduce myself - not without answering some VERY awkward questions

STEED thoughtfully starts to line up his shot - shooting away from red - a cushion shot coming up.

STEED
Mmmm (eyes up his shot) Where do we go from here?

EMMA
Snookered?

STEED
Mmmm ...

He plays his shot.

CLOSE SHOT BILLIARD TABLE. A very tricky shot - away from the red - from cushion to cushion - coming in from behind the snooker, and eventually potting the red.
STEED steps back.

STEED
I think not.
(smiles at EMMA)
It depends on the approach.

CUT
~~3.02~~
3.02
~~3.25~~
~~3.17~~

31. INT. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. DAY.

31.

CLOSE ON WEDDING CAKE DECORATION - Bride & groom or entwined cupids.

PULL OUT. A LONG LINE of wedding cakes - each has a few small wedges ready cut - during this scene - LOVEJOY walks along the line with DINSFORD, tasting each cake - and then pushing a little flag into it - reading either: "Yes" or "No". Occasionally LOVEJOY hands DINSFORD a piece for confirmation. STEED is nearby.

LOVEJOY

I'm happy to say that Miss Wakefield has taken to you, Mr. Steed ... Ah yes ...

(tastes)

A conquest in fact.

STEED

Must say I found her very compatible too.

LOVEJOY

Have Dinsford to thank for that - his selection system never fails.

(tastes)

Bland. Bland, but not unpleasant. Yes, a complete conquest.

STEED

Fine. Then all we have to do now is to make the necessary arrangements and ...

LOVEJOY

I'm afraid it isn't going to be as easy as that ... (hands STEED cake)
What do you think?

DINSFORD

It's a question of finance, Mr. Steed.

STEED (eats)

Finance?

He looks at LOVEJOY.

LOVEJOY

Too many currants?

STEED

Eh? (realises) Oh, yes.

LOVEJOY

Thought you'd agree.
(moves on)

You see, Mr. Steed - from what you have told me about your financial status ... we, that is, Dinsford and I, are not sure you could afford to keep Miss Wakefield.

DINSFORD

In the manner to which she's been accustomed.

STEED (disappointed)

Oh!

LOVEJOY

Naturally, we wish only that we make you happy. But we have an obligation to Miss Wakefield too.

DINSFORD

Naturally.

31. (CONTD.)

31.

STEED

Naturally.

LOVEJOY (indicates cake decoration)

Far too vulgar for us, Dinsford. Flair - but subtlety - those should be our requirements.

DINSFORD

Yes, Mr. Lovejoy.

LOVEJOY

It really is a great pity about your cousin - a great pity. Inherited the bulk of the family fortune.

STEED

Yes, quite a few million.

LOVEJOY (tastes)

Not half sweet enough. This cousin, Mr. Steed - he's... er... in excellent health? No chance that he might... er... ?

STEED

Afraid not. The keep fit type. Plays a lot of games.

LOVEJOY

Er... dangerous games? An accident perhaps...?

STEED (Shakes head).

Too careful.

LOVEJOY

Keep fit and careful. Dear me.

(tastes)

Ah superb. One can savour the brandy coming through. Mr. Steed?
(hands him some cake)

STEED (eats)

Nice.

DINSFORD (smiles)

But you prefer your liquor more... 'liquid', eh, Mr. Steed?

He moves to where a row of ice buckets, contain opened bottles of Champagne for tasting. STEED beams - DINSFORD pours glasses for them all. STEED toasts - drinks.

DINSFORD

You were in the Guards I believe.

STEED

Correct.

LOVEJOY

Saw some action, eh?

STEED

Enough.

LOVEJOY

So I imagine you HAVE taken human life - you have killed your fellow man?

31. (CONTINUED):

31.

STEEED

We had a quota.

LOVEJOY

But you've not ... or ... killed
anyone recently?

STEEED

Eh? It's illegal isn't it?

LOVEJOY (sips drink)

Not half positive enough, Dinsford.
(eats cake)

There's no marriage between the two.
(tries another bottle)

STEEED'S glass is recharged.

STEEED

Oh, really ...

LOVEJOY

Nonsense. Your opinion would be
appreciated.

STEEED sips his drink.

LOVEJOY (suddenly)

If he died tomorrow, you wouldn't
shed a tear?

(STEEED is startled)

This cousin of yours ...

DINSFORD

Stands between you and a fortune.

LOVEJOY

A fortune you regard as rightfully
yours.

DINSFORD (softly)

If he were dead ...

STEEED stares at them - then:

STEEED

Oh, don't think I haven't considered
THAT one!

(they react)

The convenient accident - cake of soap
on the stairs. Popping the old blighter
off! Oh, I've toyed with that idea
many times.

DINSFORD recharges his glass.

DINSFORD

Only toyed ... ?

STEEED

Always stopped short - better than
getting stopped short at the end
of a rope. Too risky.

(fingers his neck)

I've always worn soft collars -
besides, the idea of getting up
at eight o'clock in the morning ...

LOVEJOY wanders away, glass in hand - to taste cake again - fiddle
with decorations.

LOVEJOY

But that presupposes you would
be found out.

STEED

Of course I would. With MY motive...

DINSFORD (recharges his glass)

That's the whole point.

STEED looks puzzled.

LOVEJOY (at cakes)

There are hundreds of people like you Mr. Steed. Wanting to get rid of someone - but not daring because THEY would be the first to be suspected.

DINSFORD

But suppose YOU eliminated someone else's victim...?

LOVEJOY is swapping wedding cake decorations around.

LOVEJOY

And as a favour in return - THEY eliminated your victim?

DINSFORD

You could have a water-tight alibi.

STEED

Swap murders? Ingenious - but it wouldn't work!

LOVEJOY

You think not?

STEED

Well, it would require planning - a vast organisation.

LOVEJOY AND DINSFORD exchange a look - this is the crucial moment.

DINSFORD (finally)

Suppose... just suppose such an organisation existed - would you avail yourself of its... 'services'?

STEED

Of course I would. Like a shot. (lighter) But how could it...? Completely anonymous - free from detection - it would have to be brilliantly worked out - have a cover where people - strangers could come and go and meet at... will...

He trails off - as he realises.

LOVEJOY (beams)

A marriage bureau in fact!

He touches tinkling decoration - as it tinkles:

CLOSE UP LOVEJOY - as he reaches to re-charge STEED'S glass - HOLD ON LOVEJOY'S BOTTLE coming right up to camera.

4.5.2

32. INT. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. DAY.

32.

CLOSE ON BOTTLE - just being up-ended, empty, into STEED's glass. PULL OUT. It is much later - STEED & CO. have been talking for some time. The mood has changed, become more serious, more sombre, tense.

STEED paces away - DINSFORD & LOVEJOY watch him closeley. STEED pauses by ice bucket - sips his drink - then examines label on fresh bottle.

DINSFORD
(tense)

Well, Mr. Steed?

STEED

Excellent. Dry, but not too dry. A lingering bouquet.

LOVEJOY moves forward - picks up unopened bottle - offers it to STEED.

LOVEJOY

Then perhaps you will accept a bottle with our compliments?
(carefully)
...To celebrate our new...
'alliance'?

STEED hesitates - turns - both DINSFORD and LOVEJOY are very close, watching his face intently - seeking his answer there. Pause - then finally STEED accepts the bottle.

STEED

Very well, gentlemen - you can count me in.

DINSFORD and LOVEJOY react with delight.

LOVEJOY

Delighted to have you, dear chap.

DINSFORD

Delighted.

STEED

Well then - when would I have to... er...?

LOVEJOY looks at DINSFORD.

LOVEJOY

Well... er...

DINSFORD

(briskly cuts in)

Almost immediately, Mr. Steed. There is a rather... 'pressing assignment' we have to deal with...

LOVEJOY

And you would be ideal for the job.

DINSFORD

Is...!

32. (CONTD.)

32.

He moves to produce silenced revolver.

DINGFORD

This will be the... er... tool
of your trade, so to speak...

(hands STEED the gun)

It's from our stock - efficient,
accurate - and completely
untraceable.

LOVEJOY

(beams)

And this, Mr. Steed - is your
victim.

He hands photo to STEED - STEED reacts - it is EMMA.

HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A. & U.K.

FADE IN:

33. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. EVENING.

33.

STEED opening bottle of Champagne - EMMA entering.

STEED

Glad you could make it.

He pops the bottle of champagne - starts to fill
glasses.

EMMA

You still haven't told me -
why the sudden celebration?
The subversive champagne?

STEED

It's a sort of farewell
gesture.

EMMA

(hopefully)

Oh! Are you leaving?

STEED

(shakes head)

Sorry to disappoint. It's
more of an assignment.

EMMA

Assignment or assignation?

STEED

(toasts - sips drink)

Like it?

EMMA

(sigh)

F.S.

1.05

33. (COVER.)

33.

STEED
Gift from my employers. For
services about to be rendered.

BETH
Lovejoy and Dinsford?

STEED
The very same.
(produces gun)
They even provided me with
the means.

33. (CONTD.)

33.

STEEED
~~Oh, that's who I'm doing it
for.~~

~~STEEED produces the gun and holds it casually.~~

STEEED
~~They even provided me with
a gun.~~

EMMA
Good. Then we've got them?

STEEED
(shakes head)
I still have to find out who
is behind Togetherness, and
I can't do that until I've done
the assignment.

EMMA
What assignment?

STEEED
Hmm? Oh, I have to murder
somebody!

EMMA
Someone in particular - or
can you choose at random?

CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

He takes out photograph and admires it.

STEEED (devious)
No, the choice has been made.
They even provide a photograph
of the victim. I must say it's
rather flattering.

NEW ANGLE.

EMMA
(suspiciously)
Steed...! Who are you supposed
to kill?

STEEED hands the photograph of EMMA to EMMA.

CLOSE SHOT - EMMA.

She looks at STEED in amazement.

STEEED
You, my dear.

NEW ANGLE. STEED is now pointing the gun at EMMA.

SCENE 34 - DELETED

1.18
34
deleted

35. INT. DINSFORD'S OFFICE. DAY.

35.

DINSFORD has the mural open - putting an arrow through the heart, by the name of MRS. EMMA PEEL (where her address should be, it reads: "address to be confirmed") LOVEJOY is nearby.

LOVEJOY

Very fortunate finding this Steed chappy - seems to be very efficient.

DINSFORD

Seems.

LOVEJOY

Eh?

DINSFORD

I don't believe in anticipating results - not until we know the result of the results - if you get my meaning?

LOVEJOY

Quite so. Nevertheless, I think we have a winner in Steed (sly look) Might use him again, eh?

DINSFORD

Don't forget Henshaw - we pushed HIM too far.

LOVEJOY

Ah, but Steed's differenty type altogether. Yes, yes, ought to use him again.

At this moment - door opens - STEED enters.

DINSFORD

Mr. Steed.

LOVEJOY

Just talking about you, dear chap ...
(eyes him)
You ... er ... wanted something?

Slight pause - then STEED produces gun.

STEED

Thought I'd better return this.

They react - LOVEJOY takes gun - sniffs it - it has been fired.

LOVEJOY

You mean you've ... er ...?

STEED

I don't believe in wasting time, Mr. Lovejoy.

DINSFORD

No problems?

STEED

None at all.

DINSFORD reacts - quickly starts to wipe EMMA's name off the board.

LOVEJOY

Commandable efficiency, Mr. Steed.
Highly commendable.

35. CONTINUED:

35.

DINGSFORD

Admirable. First class.

STEED

Thank you, gentlemen ... but I'd rather your compliments took a more ... 'tangible form'?

(THEY react)

YOUR part of the bargain.

LOVEJOY (hearty)

Of course, of course.....

STEED

I thought I might pop the question to Barbara ... then, while I'm honeymooning on the Riviera ... my dear cousin ...

DINGSFORD

Becomes your dear departed cousin?

STEED (beams)

Exactly.

DINGSFORD

Exactly.

LOVEJOY

Exactly. And speaking of exactitudes - you will understand? It is imperative that I ... or ... see for myself, that you HAVE completed your task.

DINGSFORD (beams)

A formality.

LOVEJOY (gestures)

Shall we ...?

As STEED & LOVEJOY move:

36. INT. FUNERAL HALL. DAY.

36.

EMMA in coffin. PULL OUT. C coffin is set in centre of room - with ornate pillars along the sides, candelabra and angels, etc. A wreath is set at foot of coffin - a silken rope surround prevents anyone getting too close.

We hear echoing footsteps. Then STEED & LOVEJOY enter - move up to the coffin - LOVEJOY stares at the waxen faced EMMA. LOVEJOY mutters something in Latin - tantamount to saying, "Rest in peace" or what have you.

1.45

36. CONTINUED:

36.

LOVEJOY

A job well done ... she looks so ...
'peaceful' ...

STEED

Doesn't she though.

(at EEMA)

We must hope that her past sins - and
I understand there were many - will be
overlooked, and that she will ...

(his eyes lift upwards)

LOVEJOY

We must hope so.

STEED

Sincerely.

LOVEJOY

Most sincerely.

(sudden, disturbing thought)

I take it there was no ... She...er...didn't ...?

STEED (reassures)

She didn't feel a thing.

LOVEJOY

That IS comforting.

THEY move away from the coffin.

LOVEJOY (lighter)

Well, Mr. Steed - my trust in you was not
misplaced.

STEED

I hope not.

LOVEJOY

On the contrary - I ... er .. hope we will
be seeing you again?

(STEED looks puzzled)

I'll be quite frank with you. A man of
your calibre, Mr. Steed, is worth ten of
those we usually work with. We COULD use
you again - many times ... (quickly) ...
it could be extremely profitable work ...

(smiles)

Also, I know my man. I sense a certain
restlessness, eh? Life needs a dash of
flavour for you. A little danger, eh?

STEED

I must say I'm tempted.

LOVEJOY

Capital, then we'll

STEED (blandly interjects)

But I'd have to talk it over with your
Managing Director.

LOVEJOY is taken aback - STEED leans closer - warily.

STEED

You'll have to let me know, don't you?

37. (CONTD.)

37.

LOVEJOY

Good afternoon, Steed.

STEED

'Afternoon. Come in, won't you?

LOVEJOY

Ah... I won't if you don't mind, dear chap. Matter of fact, in rather a hurry...

STEED

Oh?

LOVEJOY

A small change in plan. Mrs. Peel, y'know... concerns Mrs. Peel.

STEED

Mrs. Peel? What are you talking about? She's dead. I killed her, remember?

LOVEJOY

(beans)

In that case, dear chap - you won't mind helping us bury her?

STEED reacts - as with that, MR. LOVEJOY produces a black top hat - dons it - and, from either side of the doorway step DIESFORD and a LARGE MAN (SIMMONS) - both, like Mr. LOVEJOY, wearing top hats - in mourning.

1.23

39. EXT. CEMETERY. D.Y.

39.

A bleak cemetery. (NOTE - whole burial scene to be shot for the oppressive, sinister atmosphere). In EXTREME LONG SHOT we see the coffin BEARERS moving towards a newly dug grave - followed by a few MOURNERS (Undertaker's mates' and a couple of

39. CONTINUED:

39.

heavily veiled WOMEN). As they move through a maze of battered gravestones we get them in silhouette against (if possible) a dreary sky.

CLOSE SHOT.

STEED - walking slowly behind the coffin - aware of the glances of DINSFORD and MR. LOVEJOY.

The coffin and PALL BEARERS move towards and OVER CAMERA - screen goes black - and then:

The coffin being lowered into the grave.

CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

He watches the coffin going down - he glances at DINSFORD and MR. LOVEJOY - and the few MOURNERS - then he reacts as - some way away, under a tree, stands a dim figure.

CLOSER SHOT. The figure is ROBERT STONE - now he turns away - walks away through cemetery.

STEED turns to watch him go - then returns his attention to the coffin going into the grave. We see soil being thrown onto it.

GRAVEDIGGERS are starting to fill in the grave - STEED stares down at it - his thoughts are impossible to guess at - then MR. LOVEJOY touches his arm.

STEED turns - then turns to follow MR. LOVEJOY & CO. out of the cemetery.

HOLD ON THE GRAVE - the coffin rapidly disappearing under the soil now.

40. INT. HEARSE. DAY.

40.

STEED and MR. LOVEJOY sit in first two seats behind SIMMONS the driver - behind them sit DINSFORD, and TWO MOURNERS (one of them a VEILED WOMAN).

LOVEJOY

(brightly)

Well, Steed - that's over and done with, eh? All doubts dispelled, eh?

STEED

Doubts? You knew she was dead.

LOVEJOY

Ah, but a sudden turn of events - had to be sure y'know.

STEED

And now you ARE sure?

LOVEJOY

Completely, eh, Walter?

DINSFORD

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

40. CONTINUED:

40.

STEED

So when do I meet your Managing Director?

MRS. STONE (OFF)

Right now, Mr. Steed.

STEED swings round - the female mourner in the back has removed her veil - she is MRS. STONE!

.35

41. EXT. ROAD. DAY.

41.

As hearse speeds past CAMERA.

.06

42. INT. MR. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. EVENING.

42.

It is dark in the office. The door opens quietly and a MAN enters. He is just a silhouette and we cannot identify him. He goes to the door to DINSFORD'S office.

.08

43. INT. DINSFORD'S OFFICE. EVENING.

43.

The office is in darkness - the MAN enters - moves across the office, when suddenly the lights go on - the MAN is ROBERT STONE - he is dazed by the sudden light - and startled to find - very close to him ... MANTHA!

Before he can recover - MANTHA pokes a gun into his ribs - forces him back, closes the door.

ROBERT

(gapes)

You ... ? But ... but I saw you buried!

MANTHA

Correction, Mr. Stone - you saw my coffin buried. But not me - sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Stone.

Still he stares at her in disbelief - MANTHA advances on him - gun at the ready.

ROBERT

(reacts)

Disappoint?

MANTHA

(looks around)

A nice organisation you have here.

ROBERT

I have ... ? Now wait a minute, you've got your wires crossed ...

(CONTINUED)

43. CONTINUED:

43.

MANTHA
(interjects)
I saw you at the photographer's
- ~~AND I overheard your little~~
~~argument with Mrs. Stone.~~

ROBERT
And you thought that I ... ?
You imagined it was ... ?
(suddenly)
I went to the photographer's
for one reason - the same
reason I broke in here tonight
- to find out who murdered my
brother!

MANTHA stares at him.

ROBERT
You have to believe me - I've
snooped and pried and peeped -
and I've found out that Jonathan
was supposed to meet someone
from here the day he was killed.

MANTHA stares at him - beginning to believe.

ROBERT
Look, I thought if I could get
in here - They must keep records
of meetings between clients ...

MANTHA realizes he is genuine - she lowers the gun.

MANTHA
You try the desk.

ROBERT relaxes - begins to search desk drawers -
MANTHA searches file cabinets.

ROBERT
I still don't understand -
You ... ? The coffin ... ?

MANTHA
(working)
Steed thinks ahead, I'll give
him that - a lead floor to the
coffin to give it weight ...
and a hinged side to give me
an emergency exit - if I needed
it ...
(pauses - smiles)
And I needed it!
(back to file cabinet)
Here.

She brings to light a big ledger - she and ROBERT
study it on the desk - MANTHA flicks through it -
finally points an entry.

MANTHA
Here ... Jonathan Stone ...

(CONTINUED)

43. CONTINUED:

43.

ROBERT
(softly)
... Barbara Wakefield!

BARBARA
That's right.

MANTHA and ROBERT spin round - BARBARA stands by the door - MANTHA reacts - moves to where she has placed her gun on the desk - but:

BARBARA
I wouldn't.

MANTHA finds herself staring at the automatic BARBARA holds.

A tense pause - then BARBARA, fully in command of the situation, gestures that they move back.

BARBARA
Mr. Lovejoy isn't going to like this, Mrs. Peel - he isn't going to like it ^{one bit} ... ~~... tight smile~~
Still It means arranging your funeral all over again.

MANTHA and ROBERT exchange a look.

BARBARA
Still - I'm sure a double funeral is much cheaper.

At this, we hear door open - voices off - and:

LOVEJOY (OFF)
Barbara?

BARBARA
(calls)
In here.

Slight pause - then door opens - MRS. STONE, DINSFORD, and MR. LOVEJOY enter - they react to MANTHA.

LOVEJOY
What the devil ... !

BARBARA
I found them snooping around.

DINSFORD
(turns on MR. LOVEJOY)
Steed! We WERE right about Steed!

MRS. STONE
Fools! Both of you - Fools!

LOVEJOY
He went back to his flat -

DINSFORD
(moves)
We can ...

(CONTINUED)

43. CONTINUED:

43.

MRS. STONE
Later. We'll attend to Steed
later.

(eyes EMMA and ROBERT)
The first thing is to take
care of these two.

MRS. STONE
DINGSFORD, back the car up to
the front entrance.

DINGSFORD nods - turns about - MRS. STONE eyes EMMA and
ROBERT.

MRS. STONE
They'll have to be found far
from here ...

2.42

44. INT. MR. LOVEJOY'S OFFICE. EVENING

44.

DINGSFORD
As ~~SIMMONS~~ crossed it and enters:

ob

45. INT. RECEPTION. EVENING.

45.

DINGSFORD
SIMMONS appears - suddenly senses something - starts to turn -
the frame goes dark as something moves in front of CAMERA.

ob

46. INT. DINGSFORD'S OFFICE. EVENING.

46.

ROBERT stares at MRS. STONE.

ROBERT
Why, Jessica - why?

MRS. STONE
Kill Jonathan? Kill my own
husband?

(bitterly)
He wasn't content - we had a
good organisation here -
infallible - but he wasn't content
- he had to get involved - one
girl after another - so I used the
organisation - our organisation
against him.

EMMA
The only married man.

MRS. STONE
You noticed that? Clever -
very astute. But it won't do
you much good now.

(TO MR. LOVEJOY)
DINGSFORD should be ready by now ...

She hands SIMMONS the gun - gestures - SIMMONS and

46. CONTINUED:

46.

MR. LOVEJOY lead EMMA and ROBERT from the room.

HOLD ON MRS. STONE and BARBARA. MRS. STONE picks up the ledger.

MRS. STONE

Waste basket.

BARBARA reacts - but brings the steel waste basket closer - MRS. STONE eyes it - smiles - then touches a light to the papers in it - as it flares up, she opens the ledger - begins to tear the pages out of it.

MRS. STONE

It was a mistake to keep these ...

She is going to destroy the entire ledger.

47. INT. RECEPTION. EVENING.

47.

As EMMA and ROBERT emerge from MR. LOVEJOY's office - being urged forward by SIMONS and MR. LOVEJOY. They stop short - looking down on - the unconscious DINSFORD.

SIMONS reacts - swings round - gun ready - the place is empty - but then, as he swings the other way - the 'groom' in the alcove jumps down on him - it is STEED (dressed for a wedding - having swapped clothes with dummy).

STEED tackles SIMONS, sends the gun flying - whirls him up and around. ROBERT turns to tackle LOVEJOY - but just at this moment - SIMONS' flaying body comes round - knocks ROBERT out and to the ground - continues and knocks LOVEJOY aside.

STEED (to EMMA)

Mrs. Stone!

EMMA turns and runs back - STEED & SIMONS struggle - crash into a statue - and this triggers off a romantic song - they fight as the melody croons on.

48. INT. DINSFORD'S OFFICE. EVC.

48.

The waste basket flaring - MRS. STONE just feeding the ledger in - then she and BARBARA react as EMMA charges in, grabs waste basket, upends it on the floor - still smoking, but flames extinguished - no sooner has she done this - than MRS. STONE picks up desk lamp - uses it like a club. EMMA throws her into a corner - where she remains, winded, cowering, throughout rest of fight. EMMA turns just as BARBARA comes in, holding a paper knife - they circle one another - BARBARA stabbing at EMMA - EMMA dodging.

50