

SCRIPTS 4
MASTER

342

"THE AVENGERS"

A SURFEIT OF H₂O

Dialogue Sheets

Episode 10

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"THE AVENGERS"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

"A SURFEIT OF H₂O"

REEL ONE

EXT. FIELD

STEED: This is where he was found.
Ted Barker, resident in lower Storpington
for forty two years - snare setter - pheasant
fancier - partridge pincher.

EMMA: You mean the local poacher. How did he die ?

STEED: Inhalation of fluid, resulting in asphxia.
He was drowned right here.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED & EMMA in
mini-moke.

EMMA: In the middle of a field - but that's
impossible.

STEED: All the same - that's what happened. Strange
isn't it.

EMMA: Mmmmm.

STEED: So's this. There's a chap called Jonah
Barnard and he keeps writing to the Times.
It's the tenth time this month.

EMMA: Have all the letters been like this.

STEED: Identical. Here we are "we should all
start building our arks - because the great
flood is coming.
Ted Barker lived there. His brother Eli's
still there.

EMMA: Chance for me to weave my home spun charn, eh.

STEED: That's the idea. I'm going to Jonah Barnard.
Meet me there. Treat Eli warily - he's a
weird old bird.

INT. ELI'S COTTAGE

ELI: The power of Evil. That's what Ted had in him -
the power of Evil. I warned him but he paid
no heed. He turned the sinners deaf ear to
my words and so he fell into the pit of
iniquity.
Do you take milk Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Mmmmm.

ELI: Milk ?

EMMA: Oh yes thank you.

ELI: My own brother with the mark of sin upon him.
He wasn't always like that - sinful. No, at
heart, he wasn't really bad. Did a bit of
poaching now and againbut poaching isn't
like stealing, is it ?

INT. ELI'S COTTAGE (continued)

EMMA: Did he do much fishing ?
I said, did he do much fishing ?

ELI: Fishing ?
Oh, there were blue skies this morning too.
No, he'd be hard pressed to go fishing.
There isn't a river for miles and Ted wasn't
one for travelling far.

EMMA: Well then how do you account for his death.

ELI: The demon drink.

EMMA: Oh, did he drink much ?

ELI: I wouldn't sit there Mrs. Peel not there.
You'll spoil your fine city clothes.

EMMA: Oh, thank you.

ELI: It's been like this for months now. This rain
this torrential rain. But the people, they
don't understand, see. They don't realise,
and they've been told. They've been warned
but they don't realise it's a sign
all the signs around themyet still they
do not heed.

EMMA: Oh you mean about the warnings of the flood ?

ELI: Ah, you've heard ?

EMMA: Well, I've heard about Jonah Barnard.

ELI: A great man - a fine man.

EMMA: And you really believe the flood is coming ?

ELI: Believe ? I know ... my seaweed see. It's
always wet.

EMMA: Oh.

ELI: Well, I can't be sat here gossiping time's
running out. I must be helping Jonah, helping
him to spread the word.

EMMA: Errr. Mr. Barker you were telling me about
your brother. You say he drank too much.

ELI: Imbided to excess on stolen liquors.

EMMA: Stolen.

ELI: Aye, he thought he was unobserved. But I saw
him sneaking into Grannie Gregson's.

EMMA: Grannie Gregsons ?

ELI: Grannie Gregsons glorious grogs incorporated.
Just beyond the village, a factory engaged in
the fermentation of intoxicating liquors.

EMMA: And you actually saw him going in
there.

ELI: Late at night creeping in to steal liquors....
to gorge on glorious grogs - and that was his
undoing you see - when he slipped and fell.

INT. ELI'S COTTAGE (continued)

EMMA: Into the pit of iniquity.

ELI: No. Into Grannie's sparkling spring water. Well now you make yourself at home Mrs. Peel, and finish your cup of tea.

EMMA: Spring water ?

ELI: Yes, they got tanks of it at the factory. Tanks big enough for a man to drown in.

END OF REEL ONEREEL TWOINT. JONAH'S BARN

JONAH: You see my friends, you see - then the Lord said to Noah - the end of all flesh is before me for the earth is filled with violence and behold I will destroy them with the earth - that's what the Lord said. Now my friends within the humble walls of this barn, my salvation is growing and your salvation too, if you will grasp it. There, my friends, is my ark.

1ST MAN: Burn it!

AD LIB LAUGHTER:

JONAH: I have seen the signs in nature my friends - and they do not lie. It is a forewarning - a hint of the impending doom of Nemesis, friends the flood is coming.

2ND MAN: Aye, and so is Christmas.

AD LIB LAUGHING & JEERING

JONAH: My friends, please - please, heed me, for behold it came to pass after seven days that the waters of the floods were upon the earth - friends the flood is coming.

MAN: You'll have to learn how to swim then.

AD LIB LAUGHTER & SHOUTING

JONAH: Act and act now. Take unto your families and build your arks as I am building mine now.

3RD MAN: The animals came in two by two.

AD LIB LAUGHTER & SHOUTING

ELI: No, no, listen to him he speaks the truth.

AD LIB JEERING

JONAH: Brothers, brothers, I implore you. Listen to me - I have seen the signs in the sky. My friends please act - act..... Ah, it's no use. No use.

INT. JONAH'S BARN (Continued)

ELI: You were marvellous Jonah - fire and brimstone that speech was - fire and brimstone.

JONAH: I have failed.

ELI: But you did your best Jonah you did your best.

JONAH: Not good enough.

STEED: A most interesting address this ark of yours it will really stand up to all weather.

JONAH: It will resist storm and tempest.

ELI: First class timbers throughout of the finest British oak.

JONAH: You did not close your eyes to me - you believe.

STEED: I certainly think it's a theory worth investigating. Steed, John Steed.

JONAH: Delighted to meet you sir, delighted to meet you. I am Jonah Barnard and this is Eli.

ELI: How are you ?

JONAH: You see Eli, my words do not fall entirely on barren soil. Oh, sir, you give me fresh heart. New hopes. Eli, it's a sign our work must go on.

ELI: Yes, I go to spread the word Jonah - Hallelujah!

JONAH: Hallelujah!

ELI: Hallelujah!

JONAH: Hallelujah. Mr.Steed as you see I am a simple man but you are more than welcome to my table.

STEED: Thank you.

JONAH: What turn of fate set your footsteps to my door Mr.Steed?

STEED: I read your letters in the Times.

JONAH: You did ?

STEED: You've had warning of the flood ?

JONAH: Indeed I have.

STEED: Something more positive than this, I

JONAH: Butterflies.

STEED: In the stomach ?

JONAH: In the district. The Marsh Fritillary. Oh a rare little creature usually found in watery districts but lately the village has been swarming with them. And then there's the birds - the birds, the bearded tits in from the marshland.

REEL TWO

INT. JONAH'S BARN (continued)

JONAH: Suddenly every tree is alive and bristling with their twitterings. I tell you Mr. Steed this part of the country is renown for its dryness. Yet we are invaded by creatures known to inhabit watery places. The balance, the balance of nature is disturbed, doom is in the air.

STEED: It's odd - I grant you, but not conclusive.

JONAH: How do you account for the weather we've been having lately ?

STEED: You can't convince me with that - not in this country.

JONAH: Mr. Steed suppose you saw the same cloud in the same position in the sky every day. Impossible you'd say. But I have seen such a thing. The same cloud in the same position in the sky, unchanging..... save that each day it gets a little larger.

STEED: Is it there today ?

JONAH: It's there everyday. Come, I'll show you on the chair if you please. There over the wine factory.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

MARTIN: Sorry I'm late Doctor - the weather you know.

STURM: Yes, most inclement, huh, try this what do you think of it ?

MARTIN: A little bit too dry.

STURM: (coughs) Yeah.

STURM: Yes ?

JOYCE (voice over inter-
com.) Excuse me Doctor Sturm

INT. WINE RECEPTION

JOYCE: ...there's a Mrs. Peel to see you.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: What does she want ?

INT. WINE RECEPTION

STURM (voice over inter-
com)do you know ?

JOYCE: It's something to do with a man named Barker, Ted Barker.

STURM: (voice over inter-
com) I'm coming.

JOYCE: He'll be with you in a moment.

INT. WINE RECEPTION (Continued)

EMMA: Thank you.

STURM: Ah, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Doctor Sturm.

STURM: I'm afraid I'm busy.

EMMA: Then I'll come right to the point it's about Ted Barker.

STURM: Oh yes I remember - very tragic - well ?

EMMA: Well he was found in a field nearby, as a matter of fact that field over there an extraordinary thing about it is, he was drowned.

STURM: I am familiar with the facts.

EMMA: I understand you have a number of water tanks in the area.

STURM: Tell me Mrs. Peel, what is your interest ? Are you a relative of the dead man trying to extort compensation.

EMMA: No, I'm a journalist. A free lance journalist.. and when I heard about Barker's death I thought there might be a story in it.

STURM: Our water tanks are within the compound of the factory. Our security arrangements are very strict..... no outsider could enter here without our knowledge. We need feel no responsibility.

EMMA: Then you have no objection to my looking around the area.

STURM: I'm afraid I have the strongest objections. Good day Mrs. Peel

EMMA: But Doctor Sturm.....

STURM: Good day to you Mrs. Peel.

INT. ELI'S HOUSE

ELI: Oh dear, dear, dear, dear, dear..... Mrs. Peel, it's you again. You should be preparing. The flood cometh.

EMMA: Yes..... well I put a down payment on a canoe. Eli, I want to know more about your brother.

ELI: He's gone.... There's no more to be said.

EMMA: You say you actually saw him going into the factory.

ELI: Several times ... late at night.

EMMA: Could you show me the place ? Eli, we have a responsibility now don't we ? We've got to remove temptation from the path of potential sinners ? Now if there is a way into the factory

INT. JONAH'S BARN (continued)

STEED: It could have been an accident. He decided to sip a surreptitious sup and slipped - splash.

EMMA: Impossible Eli was a teetotaler.

STEED: Ah, when the finger of temptation beckons.

EMMA: Also it was a water tank.

STEED: There seems to be a surfeit of H2O in this vicinity. How's your meteorological science ?

EMMA: Bright in patches.

STEED: There's a load of equipment waiting at the station to be picked up. Now ordinarily I'd collect it but err

EMMA: Extraordinarily you would collect it.

STEED: Hmm. We'll meet here in an hour I've got to buy some wine.....

INT. WINE RECEPTION

JOYCE: Can I help you ?

STEED: Any time. Steed. John Steed of Steed Steed Steed Steed Steed and Jacque Limited ...wine merchants extraordinary.

JOYCE: How did Jacque get in ?

STEED: He didn't. He doesn't exist. But in the wine trade you must have that French touch. So I invented Jacque.

JOYCE: Do your relatives approve ?

STEED: Eh ?

JOYCE: Steed ...Steed.....Steed.

STEED: As a matter of fact I invented them to. It looks better on the card.

JOYCE: You are the real Steed ?

STEED: I am he. And I have the pleasure of ...err ?

JOYCE: Joyce Jason.

STEED: Delighted. I have an appointment

JOYCE: Doctor Sturm told me to look after you.

STEED: Even more delighted.

JOYCE: You want to buy some of our wines

STEED: Oh yes, that was my intention. Surely your method of fermentation is a little primitive. It's more like chutney. That mighty cucumber.

JOYCE: Oh that was sixty years ago, things have changed since then especially since Doctor Sturm took over.

INT. WINE RECEPTION (Continued)

STEED: When was that ?

JOYCE: Two years ago, err. He's introduced modern equipments, scientific apparatus.

STEED: Well I hope I might be priveleged to meet him.

JOYCE: Well I don't know that errr

STEED: Oh come now If I like what I see I shall make a very substantial order. You want to sell your wine don't you ?

JOYCE: Of course. Of course we do. It's just that Doctor Sturm, he doesn't like - er - people prying.....

STEED: Appraising Miss Jason. I shall be appraising his ingenuity one doesn't buy the tree without sampling the fruit.

JOYCE: But our catalogue is very comprehensive.

STEED: Catalogue! Honeyed bla'berry wine. That means nothing to me Miss Jason. Where is the tang of blue-blackberries gathered in the early morning dew by barefoot peasant girls. The rich nectar taste of honey syrup. Not here, but here. The sun glinting on amber liquid and here. The nostrils assaulted by the heady aromatics of a perfect bouquet ... and here .. most of all here. Rolling smooth syrup sweet liquid around the mouth, alerting the taste buds, savouring the sheer sensuality of a unique experience. I have a very acute palate Miss Jason. I'm very sorry but I really can't find any help in this catalogue.

JOYCE: I'll talk to Doctor Sturm.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

MARTIN: We know nothing about this man. In my opinion you shouldn't have agreed.

STURM: Don't be silly, I told you - I checked on him when he made his appointment. He's a bona fide wine merchant.

MARTIN: But letting him wander around loose Suppose he sees something ?

STURM: What can he see ? Our secret processes are secret.

INT. WINE RECEPTION

JOYCE: Mr.Steed - this way.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: Good morning Mr.Steed.

STEED: Doctor Sturm ?

STURM: Yes .. this is my assistant Martin Smythe.

REEL THREEINT. WINE LABORATORY (Continued)

STEED: How do you do.. It's extremely kind of you to let me look around.

STURM: Oh not at all if you're going to sell our wines I think you should have a look around. Now this is our main distillation area.

STEED: Distillation of wine ?

STURM: Oh, I see what you mean. We ferment our wines of course. The final distillation is merely to ensure perfect quality. Over there we have a plant which cleans and prepares our raw materials. This is one of our pulping presses. You see the old method of treading won't do for us.

STEED: Oh ?

STURM: We make many vegetable wines, Mr.Steed. Have you ever tried to tread potatoes.

STEED: Ha! Ha! Point taken.

STURM: It's my own design by the way. On this panel I can control the drop of the press accurately to ten thousandths of an inch, so we can pulp yet not bruise. Now watch this Mr.Steed. This is a solid piece of brass - there - all I do is lift this lever.

STEED: Ha..Remarkable!

STURM: Forty tons to the square inch Mr.Steed.

STEED: Quite a giant.

STURM: Yet a gentle giant. .

STEED: And you designed it yourself.

STURM: Every inch of it.

STEED: A long way from wine making.

STURM: Oh, I wouldn't say that. After all it's an improvement on the old method isn't it ?
(Laughs) But then I dabble in many things.. many things.

STEED: Come now, you're too modest. That's a fine engineering fete.

STURM: Thank you very much indeed Mr.Steed. Well, we won't bore you much longer. I'm sure you would like to see our wine store wouldn't you ?

STEED: The main purpose of my visit ..thank you very much. Huh, scientificvery scientific. Err... thank you gentlemen.

STURM: Now Martin, you worry too much.

INT. WINE STORE

JOYCE: I think you'll find this a surprising wine. Not unlike a dry hock.

STEED: What is it ?

JOYCE: Old bark.

STEED: Must have put the dog in it too.

JOYCE: This then. A sparkling buttercup.

STEED: Buttercup eh. Mmm, now that's more my cup of tea filthy day. Must have been a great year for buttercups.

JOYCE: You've decided then ? Well, I'll be pleased to take your order.

STEED: Delicious. I always wondered why cows had that contended look - I thought it was something to do with the bulls. Obviously the buttercups.

JOYCE: Mr. Steed, I don't want to rush you.

STEED: Raining cats and dogs. What terrible weather we're having.

JOYCE: But I am rather busy.

STEED: I'm terribly sorry. I'll take a couple of gross of these ...confirm with you later.

JOYCE: Errr this way.

STEED: Lovely weather we're not having.

JOYCE: You can leave this way.

STEED: You've been a very great help. Well I'll be paddling along.

EXT. WINE FACTORY

STEED OUTSIDE
FACTORY: NO DIALOGUE.

INT. JONAH'S BARN

JONAH: Dear oh dear oh dear oh dear.....
Oh, Mrs. Peel, science cannot avert the approaching doom.

EMMA: Perhaps not. But science can at least prepare us for it.

JONAH: I can see you do not believe in the flood - you think I'm just a crazy old man.

EMMA: No Jonah I don't....but I'm not prepared to believe anything - until I've made a thorough investigation.

JONAH: What with a portable weather machine. I wish I could make you see. Help you to believe.

STEED: Have you shown her the cloud ?
All set Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Here, what's all this about a cloud ?

STEED: It's a kind of permanent fixture isn't it Jonah ? Same cloud - same place, every day.

INT. JONAH'S BARN (Continued)

JONAH: It's a sign.

STEED: It's a cloud ... you can see it, from over there I suggest you have a look. We can go out later and find out what your box of tricks makes of it all. You get a better view from the chair.

EMMA: Oh yes, near the wine factory.

STEED: As a matter of fact it's just over the field where Ted Barker was found.

EXT. FIELD

MINI-MOKE NO DIALOGUE.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

NO DIALOGUE NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. FIELD

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

MARTIN: Dr. Sturn.

STURM: Yes.

MARTIN: There - in the field.

EXT. FIELD

EMMA: It's impossible, Steed, quite impossible! A humidity reading as high as this!

STEED: Is that bad ?
EMMA: Well to get a reading as high you'd have to be in the jungles of Brazil - or parts of equatorial Africa - but here - in England - it's unheard of.

STEED: Yet here it is.

EMMA: Mmm. I know.

STEED: Couldn't have been that cloud brought it about ?

EMMA: No... a normal cloudy day only produces a reading of it must be the machine - it's given me a faulty reading.

STEED: Perhaps.
We'll check up on it.

EMMA: Oh. How ?

STEED: Heard of Sir Arnold Kelly ?

EMMA: Of course. He's the best meteorological man in the country.

STEED: I've sent for him. He should be waiting for us at Barnards now.

EMMA: Your flowers.

INT. JONAH'S BARN

STEED: Sir Arnold...

SIR ARNOLD: Mr. Steed.
Wov

STEED: Ha! Ha! Over here

SIR ARNOLD: Yes. So sorry, so sorry, these - a -
spectacles of mine. Keep misting up
can't understand it. Well now Mr. Steed.
Oh!

STEED: Mrs. Peel... Sir Arnold Kelly.

SIR ARNOLD: Ah very pleased to meet you - though how
anyone could mistake you for a man.....
ha!ha!ha!

STEED: Sorry to keep you waiting.

SIR ARNOLD: Oh, not at all. Not at all. Been having
a discussion with Mr. Barnard about the
weather, very droll (laughs). Well then,
what have we ?

EMMA: Well, I've made a preliminary reading.

SIR ARNOLD: Oh really..... with what results?

EMMA: These.

SIR ARNOLD: I'm sorry. I thought for a moment that read
67.8 per cent humidity.

EMMA: It does.

SIR ARNOLD: Eh? (laughs) A little joke, eh Steed ?

STEED: I'm afraid it's no joke Sir Arnold.

SIR ARNOLD: What ? Come now - 67.8 per cent -
ridiculous.

EMMA: That was the reading I got.

SIR ARNOLD: Well - equipment must be faulty then - no
other explanation.

STEED: Well perhaps you'd like to see for yourself.

SIR ARNOLD: Right away I think. Lucky I brought my own
equipment down.

EXT. FIELD

SIR ARNOLD: Now then, let's see. Broken! Absolutely
shattered ... no wonder you got a false
reading ... well never mind - use my own
equipment.

STEED: We'll see you later Sir Arnold.

SIR ARNOLD: Eh ? Oh, yes, yes, now let's see
...(muttering to himself).

EMMA: That equipment was all right when we left.

STEED: I know.

EXT. FIELD (Continued)

EMMA: What do you think ?

STEED: I think I'm going to sample another bottle of buttercup brew.

SIR ARNOLD:(voice) Goodbye.

INT. WINE RECEPTION

STEED: Terribly sorry to burst in on you like this.... Knew you wouldn't mind - decided to take home with me a couple of bottles of best buttercup taken at random ... just to test the overall qualityor - this way isn't it ?

JOYCE: Mr. Steed.

INT. CORRIDOR

STEED: Don't let me drag you away from your work - I can find my own way. All set for a wet winter I like that - think ahead. This way.

JOYCE: Mr. Steed.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STEED: Don't let me disturb you gentlemen

JOYCE: I tried to stop him

STEED: A bottle or two of buttercup brew ...

JOYCE: Mr. Steed.

STEED: Pass it around my friends ...give them a little taste.... all good for business.

JOYCE: Please Mr.Steed.

STEED: Be my guest my dear. I hope you don't mind.

STURM: Of course we don't mind Mr.Steed. As you say it's good for business.

STEED: Thank you young fellow ... after you my dear. I hope you don't mind my sampling a little of your brew while I'm in here ... my goodness me.... what have we here. Pulverized dry ice. Aha I've caught you out. Part of the secret process eh. That's what puts the sharp tangy flavour into buttercup brew.

STURM: You're quite right Mr.Steed .. you've caught us out.

STEED: Ahahaha excuse me my dear.

STURM: See he gets what he wants - then get the idiot out of here.

STEED: Ah.

INT.WINE STORE

STEED: One bottle of buttercup and one of dagweed.

INT. WINE STORE (Continued)

JOYCE: Will that be all Mr.Steed.
 STEED: I think so. Thank you very much.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STEED: Very kind of you to let me impose like this.
 STURM: Not at all.
 STEED: Splendid place you have here.
 STURM: I'm glad you approve.
 STEED: Absolutely first class. Strange about the rain though.
 STURM: Rain ?
 STEED: Yes. Back there, sound of rain all the time. Very odd.
 STURM: (laughs) Oh that's just an illusion Mr.Steed. What you hear is this. Liquid pouring into the vats. Many people make the same mistake.
 STEED: Really. Trouble with your washer. You mean to say it was that all the time.
 STURM: Yes.
 STEED: Oh, I can't believe it. I tell you what, you turn it off and I'll go back and listen.
 STURM: I'm afraid Mr.Steed, I must ask you to leave now. You are interrupting important work.
 STEED: I'm most terribly sorry. Very foolish of me. Well goodbye to you.
 STURM: Goodbye to you.
 STEED: Oh Miss Jason. I think I'll have a couple of gross of the wheat and raisin and two dozen of the jun.....
 STURM: (muttering and interrupting)IDIOT.
 Perhaps now I can get back to my job.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

MARTIN: Your troubles aren't over there's somebody down in the field again.
 STURM: Can you see who it is ?
 MARTIN: No it might be the same one as before... hard to say from here.

EXT. FIELD

MARTIN: (Voice over) He's alone this time anyway.
 STURM: Freddy, give me my glasses please.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: Thank you.

REEL FOUREXT. FIELD (as seen through binoculars)

STURM:(voice over) He's obviously got some new equipment.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: Here.

EXT. FIELD (as seen through binoculars)

MARTIN:(voice over) He's not wearing a mackintosh.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: Pity - looks like rain.

EXT. FIELD

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WINE LABORATORY

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FIELD

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: Do you know who he was ?

MARTIN: No.

STURM: Sir Arnold Kelly.

MARTIN: The Meteorologist.

STURM: Yes. One of the Nation's top weather men.
You got rid of him ?

MARTIN: He's safely out of sight.

STURM: Good... good. But what was he doing here.
And that woman who came to see us.

MARTIN: Mrs. Peel ?

STURM: Yes, where is she ?

MARTIN: She's down at Jonah's place. Waiting for Kelly
to come back.STURM: Sir Arnold Kelly and Mrs. Peel ... they didn't
arrive here by accident. No ... their interest
was aroused by something and I have an idea
just what the 'something' was.

MARTIN: Jonah Barnard and his letters to the "Times".

STURM: Yes..... I think he lowers the tone of the
neighbourhood don't you think so ? Something
should be done about it.

MARTIN: Naturally.

STURM: By the way Mrs. Peel was very anxious to see
over the plant, wasn't she ? I think we should
extend that courtesy to her

INT. JONAH'S BARN

MARTIN: Mrs. Peel. We haven't met before. Smythe.....
Martin Smythe - I work with Doctor Sturn.

EMMA: Oh!

MARTIN: Yes - fact is Mrs. Peel - the Doctor rather
regrets turning you away the other day ...
we can't antagonise the Press can we ? He'd
like you to come over now.

EMMA: Right at this minute.

MARTIN: Please.

EMMA: Well, I'm afraid its simply not convenient.

MARTIN: Please.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

NO DIALOGUE.

END OF REEL FOURREEL FIVEINT. JONAH'S BARN

JONAH: What are you doing there
what are you doing brother ?

FREDDY: I want to help you build your arc.

JONAH: But you're from the wine factory
you believe ?

FREDDY: Yeah, I believe, I want to be saved.

JONAH: You do, ch boy, how I've misjudged you.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURN: Well, Mrs. Peel. I don't think you've told
us all you know, but you will, I assure you,
you will. It may take a little time of course,
intervals of one thousandth of an inch. Not
an excessive pressure at the moment, huh.
Now I think another half an inch before
breathing becomes difficult but we'll give
you a little time to think about it Mrs. Peel
until we're back, then a fraction more pressure
and your ribs will bend, another fraction and
your ribs will crack. Well think about it and
be ready with your answers by the time we return
won't you, huh. Martin.

INT. BARN.

JONAH: Evil vipers through the land. Man has destroyed
mountains with his science, has caused his
fellows to suffer his sins need to be
expiated - cleansed - and for this the floods
will come - mountains will disappear, buildings
will crumble, and not a tree will be seen over

INT. JONAH'S BARN (Continued)

JONAH: the entire land. Well, well, thanks -
thanks friends. Act on it. Act. Act soon.
Thank you.

STEED: I think you won over the dog.

JONAH: Oh not just the dog Mr.Steed.

STEED: Oh, another convert.

JONAH: From the pit of iniquity itself.

STEED: Good, where's Mrs.Peel ?

JONAH: Oh she was here some time ago. I tell you,
all is not lost when I reclaim a soul from
that evil place of intoxicating liquors.

STEED: The wine factory ?

JONAH: The very place. And their foreman a
young fellow named Frederick.

STEED: He was here ?

JONAH: He was about a half hour ago. I tell you.
I was inspired. He came unbidden.

STEED: You haven't seen Mrs.Peel since he arrived ?

JONAH: Why no? What are you driving at ?

STEED: What did he do while he was here ?

JONAH: He listened to me

STEED: No, I mean ..where did he go ..where did he
stand ?

JONAH: Well he was interested in the ark.

STEED: Where was he then ?

JONAH: Well he was working there.
And he was most anxious to help.

STEED: These timbers ...how are they secured.

JONAH: Oh wooden pegs and waterproof glue.

STEED: As secure as they can be ?

JONAH: Sure, I made them myself. It'll last
a thousand years.

STEED: Stand back.
It was meant to kill you.

JONAH: You mean that man from the wine factory.
But why should anyone want to kill me ?

STEED: Why should anyone want to kill Ted Barker -
or Eli ? And Sir Arnold Kelly - he ought
to be back by now.

JONAH: Mr. Steed - I am not a violent man by nature
but when faced with the problem of survival.

EXT. FIELD

STEED: I had an Auntie who used to make biscuits like this.

JONAH: (reading) "Rain contains silver iodide - excessive amounts indicates it was introduced by man." What's silver iodide ?

STEED: They used it two or three years ago in Arizona.

JONAH: Arizona ? America ?

STEED: There was a big drought there - they were trying to find ways of making rain! Doesn't it strike you as odd ?

JONAH: Odd! Making rain! It's flying in the face of nature!

STEED: Now by all accounts, this field has a fairly high degree of rainfalland yet it never seems to stay very wet. What does that suggest to you ?

JONAH: Good drainage.

STEED: But this field is absolutely flat. There's no natural drainage.

JONAH: But you see Mr.Steed..... around here this part

STEED: Well Come on.

JONAH: Now what ?

STEED: Looks like being a damp journey.

JONAH: Now mind yourself. Mind yourself down there.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: Well Mrs.Peel ... are you ready to tell me who sent you here.

EMMA: No one sent me. I heard about Ted Barkers death and

STURM: Oh, no no no no no no. That won't do, that won't do at all. How about Sir Arnold Kelly. I suppose his presence here was merely accidental was it. Well, I'll just have to squeeze the information out of you.

INT. DRAIN:

STEED: This way.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

EMMA: NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DRAIN:

STEED: Come on.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: Uncomfortable Mrs. Peel but no pain I trust. No you are still one eighth of an inch from real pain. Believe you me Mrs. Peel, I don't enjoy this anymore than you do but I have to protect my interests. My colleague and I have reached the end of a long hard road. We don't want to have that jeopardised. Not now we have finally succeeded.

EMMA: Succeed - in what ?

STURM: Succeeded in making rain Mrs. Peel. Rain such as the world has never seen before. Torrential driving rain - to order.

INT. DRAIN

STURM'S VOICE Can you comprehend the power, now in my hands... a machine ... a system of convection, chemicals and electronics .. geared to one process ...

JONAH: What's that ?

STURM: The manufacture of rain.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: As you may know ..there is moisture in the air. We breath at all times and my machine makes use of that moisture. Excellent use.

EMMA: To what end ?

INT. DRAIN:

STURM: Originally, it would have been a very selfish end. I wanted to water my garden... but now I suppose I will grow fat on my discovery, because Martin wants to sell to the highest bidder.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: One of the big military nations has already put out feelers in certain parts of the globe.

EMMA: A military nation with a rain making device ?

STURM: But it's more than that Mrs. Peel, don't you see

INT. DRAIN

STURM: It is the biggest military weapon since the nuclear bomb. Relentless, never ceasing rain - rockets and planes grounded, whole armies bogged down or washed away - centuries of agricultural wealth destroyed in a couple of minutes.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

STURM: A great flood to order.

END OF REEL FIVE

INT. WINE LABORATORY

JOYCE: Dr. Sturm. We're waiting for you.

STURM: Yes, yes, yes, I'm coming. Forgive me Mrs. Peel, campaigns to plan - but I'll be back. You may depend on that.

EMMA: You diabolical master mindyou ...
Gentlemen should knock before entering.

STEED: What are you, the sparkle in the seaweed
soda.

EMMA: No, I'm the kick in the nettle noggin.

STEED: Nevermind I'll have you out of here in two
shakes of a swizzle stick. Doctor Sturm
told me how to operate this to - one
thousandth of an inchtwiddle this little
knob here ...turn this switch here and press
this lever up ..or was it down ?

EMMA: I - I think it was up.

STEED: Well let's make a change ..press it down....

JONAH: Hallelujah.....

STEED: You were looking at it upside down Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: (sighs).

JONAH: Come on chicken.... you must have had a
terrible experiencecome on ...you're
alright now

STEED: (In unison with
Jonah's lines) Here we are come on sit you down

JONAH: Terrible experience.....

STEED:you undo her ankles..
I'll warm her up - try and get the circulation
going.

EMMA: Ohh, did you know what you were doing or am
I just lucky ?

STEED: Of course I knew - I'll show you. Take one
ordinary common or garden bowler hat ..one
turn of this knob herepushes up this
lever and the gentle giant crushes down to
stop within one thousandth of an inch to my
bowler hat.

EMMA: It was over very quickly....I don't think it
suffered.

JONAH: You heard what Sturm said....the coming flood
is not the work of nature.

STEED: Some kind of machinery ...let's try through
there.

INT. WINE STORE

JONAH: Hallelujah....

STEED: Thank you Mrs. Peel.

INT. COURTYARD

EMMA: Lovely for the complexion.

INT. WINE LABORATORY

JOYCE: Dr. Sturn!

INT. COURTYARD

EMMA: It says on these charts that it's been raining here for about a year.

STEED: There it is. There about in for a dry spell.

JONAH: Ha the flood is herethe flood is here Hallelujah...ahhh...the flood is here
The flood is coming ... the flood is coming. I told you, I told you, the flood is coming. Get out of here, get out of here. The flood is coming, the flood is coming.
Come on push him in here where we can keep our eye on them all.

INT. WINE STORE

JONAH: One two three

STEED: Where's Doctor Sturn.

EMMA: I don't know ... I thought you

STEED: I thought you....

MARTIN: The machine's burned out.

INT. COURTYARD

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. MINI MORE

EMMA: (snoozes) Achoo!

STEED: Bless you!

EMMA: Oh, I think I'm catching a cold.

STEED: Get your feet wet.

EMMA: Mmm.

STEED: This'll do you good.... Grannie Gregson's narrow rum.

EMMA: What's that ?

STEED: I've got a ticket for Jonah's ark. I want to be on the safe side.

EMMA: Bon voyage. I see you're sharing a cabin..... with a jersey cow.

STEED: Ha. Ha. I've got a weakness for big brown eyes.

EMMA: Atishoo!

STEED: Bless you.

THE END