

" THE AVENGERS. "

" MAN--EATER OF SURREY GREEN. " B/w

MASTER 341

Dialogue Sheets

Taken off copy of
film in OCTOBER 1980

" THE AVENGERS. "
"MAN-EATER OF SURREY GREEN."
Dialogue Sheets.

MAIN TITLES

INT. GREENHOUSE:

LAURA BURFORD: Alan....darling... Look ! It's taken.
Do you see ?

ALAN CARTER: I think you're right.

LAURA: Reared from a seed - Amnicus Gloria (?)
The first in captivity and it'll blossom too,
I promise you.

ALAN: You're a very clever girl. .

LAURA: Yes of course I am. I caught you, didn't I ?
Hey you'll get me the sack. I'm off.

ALAN: Don't forget my good morning kiss!

LAURA: See you later.

EXT. GROUNDS:

LAURA walks through grounds and then stops, reacting.
C.U. of her hands as she drops plant pot - then she turns as if in
a dream and walks back.

INT. GREENHOUSE:

ALAN working as LAURA walks past outside - CAMERA TRACKS IN on ALAN.

EXT.GROUNDS/ROAD:

LAURA walks through flower bed, trampling down flowers. She walks
through trees and stops. Then she moves to waiting car and gets in.
CHAUFFEUR drives away.

Episode Title:

MAN-EATER
OF
SURREY GREEN.

INT. STEED'S HOUSE:

EMMA PEEL: I didn't know you had green fingers !

JOHN STEED: Economics - law of supply and demand - cut out
the middle man. Private enterprise.
I'm growing my own buttonholes.

EMMA: Oh why ?

STEED: Well, it's got to start somewhere - Morning Sunrise. A fully fledged bloom of delicate russet tints in a haunting bouquet for you, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: I sense a bribe.

STEED: Nonsense I want you to get the first fruits of my labour.

EMMA: Hm - what nasty situation have you got in store for me this time, hm ? You have your own built in early warning system, you know. A certain look in the eye ! Roses..... Roses !

STEED: Roses.

EMMA: Roses. Ah ! The missing horticulturalists.

STEED: Bull's eye.

EMMA: Professors Taylor and Knight, and Doctor Connolly - all disappeared without a trace - right?

STEED: The score now stands at four. Another one joined the merry band yesterday. Walked out of a greenhouse, trampled across a lot of prize plants, and hasn't been seen since. An old acquaintance of yours - Laura Burford.

EMMA: Laura ?

STEED: I'm afraid so. You introduced me to her once. Fair, glamorous creature - and expert in plant deceases.

EMMA: Uhm. One of the best. What do you think's happened to her ?

STEED: Well, it's too soon to know; but the whole thing's very baffling. Four experts - all brilliant in their own field of horticulture, just disappear.

EMMA: Have you anything to go on ?

STEED: Not much. What there is is tenuous. They all disappeared in this area.

EMMA: Surrey ? Who told you about Laura's disappearance ?

STEED: Carter.

EMMA: Who ?

STEED: I thought you knew. She got engaged a couple of weeks' ago to a chap called Alan Carter. He's a botanist too.

INT. GREENHOUSE:

ALAN: I can't believe that she could go like this.

EMMA: Like what, Mr. Carter - exactly what did happen yesterday ?

ALAN: Well nothing. One moment she was here happy and excited - and then the next...

EMMA: Did you see or hear anything ?

ALAN: No: but then I might not. It's a bad habit I'm afraid; but, sometimes when I'm concentrating I turn the volumn down. But it was the way that she went, you see - trampling on the flower bed - smashing through frames of glass, destroying months of research... almost as though... almost as though it didn't matter any longer.
(He looks at his watch)
Mr. Steed, I've got to go. There's a meeting of the Horticultural Circle. Ordinarily I'd cancel it, but the President's ill and I've got to stand in for him.

EMMA: Sir Lyle Peterson ?

ALAN: Yes. It's the first meeting he's missed for ten years. Everything seems to be going wrong lately. I would be grateful if you....

STEED: If I find anything, I'll be in touch.

ALAN: Thank you. Do stay in here until the rain stops.
He leaves.

STEED: There was something I hadn't the heart to ask him?

EMMA: Laura and another man ?

STEED: It's possible.

EMMA: Anything's possible.
For instance, it might just be coincidence Sir Lyle Peterson, an eminent horticulturist missing his first meeting in ten years, and his home is situated in Surrey Green.

EXT. SIR LYLE PETERSON'S HOUSE:

STEED drives up. He rings front door bell.

STEED: My name is Steed. I have an appointment with Sir Lyle Peterson.

LENNOX: Yes sir. Come in.

INT. SIR LYLE PETERSON'S HOUSE:

LENNOX: Sir Lyle will see you shortly, sir.

STEED: Thank you.

LENNOX: Would you wait here ?

STEED looks around whilst he wait. He looks at statues.

STEED: Good morning (indistinct)
I hope to see more of you.

INT. ROOM:

GROUP rise from table.

INT. CORRIDOR/HALL:

STEED reacts to sound of door off and across and watches GROUP leaving.

SIR LYLE: Well that's all for the moment, gentlemen.
Further reports later today.
Ah, Miss Burford, I didn't have a chance
before. Welcome to our little group.
Now if there's anything you want, don't
hesitate to come to me.

LAURA: Thank you.

STEED sees LENNOX speak to SIR LYLE.
He hurries back across room and LENNOX enters with SIR LYLE.

SIR LYLE: Mr. Steed.

STEED: Sir Lyle.

SIR LYLE: Tree Preservation Society, isn't it ?

STEED: That's right.

SIR LYLE: Well we can talk in my office.

END OF REEL ONE: (793 feet 8 frames)

REEL TWO:

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE/OFFICE:

SIR LYLE: Do you er drink brandy, Mr. Steed ?

STEED: If you mean am I accustomed to drinking brandy,
Sir Lyle, the answer is yes. If you mean would
I like one now, the answer is also yes.

SIR LYLE: Yes. Man differs little from plant life.
Liquid nutriment is vitally essential.

STEED: I do so agree.

SIR LYLE: Difficult to survive without it.

STEED: And relatively unnecessary.

(SIR LYLE laughs)

STEED: Thank you.

SIR LYLE: Yourer call interested me.

STEED: Trees are our national heritage. Now indiscriminate felling, mutilation, is as criminal as an act of violence.

SIR LYLE: We think alike, Mr. Steed.

STEED: I'm so glad because we are pressing the Government to increase compulsory planting in cities and towns. Now yourname on our list of memberships would ensure success.

SIR LYLE : You shall have it.

STEED: Thank you and this is delicious.

SIR LYLE: Oh I'm so glad. You know, Mr. Steed, people often regard plants like these wax figures, passive, inanimate.

STEED: What pretty hair.

SIR LYLE Yes, real too.
Yet see how these plants climb.
For all we know they... they feel, perhaps even think. I want to show you something.
My favourite plant - the Venus Fly Trap.
It devours insects. It's quite a gourmet.
Aren't you, my pet? Very partial to bluebottles, but can't abide the domestic house fly.

STEED: Hm !

SIR LYLE : However, I have a treat for you today, specially imported. I'll see how you like these, hm? Yes. Now..now..now..don't snap. That's right. There you are my pretty. There, that's right (mutters inaudibly) Now then all right. All right. Let go. (laughs) There, that's it. Good.. good.

STEED: What an interesting gadget.

SIR LYLE: Er yes it's um experimental. Controls soil temperature and water supplies. There's no substitute for first class equipment. All brains...

STEED: You're certainly well-stocked with both. Oh by the way, wasn't that Laura Burford I heard, and surely Doctor Connolly just leaving ?

SIR LYLE: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, the cat's out of the bag, I see. Well the..the fact is that I'm engaged on some research with great commercial possibilities... new flowering shrubs. So naturally I gathered the greatest team of experts I could find. Perhaps I have been a trifle over-cautious. You're certainly very observant.

STEED: Well the Press have been full of them.

SIR LYLE: Oh...you say you know Miss Burford ?

STEED: I've met her.

SIR LYLE: Then let's have her in.

STEED: Mm.

SIR LYLE: (into intercom.) Er Lennox, would you send in Miss Burford please ?

LENNOX: (over intercom.) Right away, sir.

SIR LENNOX: Oh another drink ?

STEED: Oh thank you no, I'd rather not sully such a perfect vintage with repetition. Fascinating.

SIR LYLE: Ah Miss Burford. Come in. Come in. I have an old friend of yours here.

STEED: You remember, John Steed. I met you at Mrs.Peel's.

LAURA: Oh yes, of course. How are you ?

STEED: More to the point, how are you ?

LAURA: I'm sorry ?

STEED: I ran into your fiance the other day, frantic about he, he is.

LAURA: Oh yes, I can imagine. It isn't often one gets an opportunity like this. It was such an exciting project, so when Sir Lyle called me, I just dropped everything.

STEED: What exactly are you doing ?

LAURA: What ?

STEED: The project.

LAURA: Oh !

SIR LYLE: As I told you, we're experimenting with a new flowering shrub.

LAURA: Yes, the new flowering shrub.

STEED: Oh.

LAURA: Well I must be getting back.

STEED: So must I. I have some fledgling forests from Cambridgeshire I must attend to.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HALL:

STEED: I'll send you those membership forms.

SIR LYLE: Please do.

STEED looks around before he leaves. He opens box, revealing oil derrick.

INT. SIR LYLE'S OFFICE:

SIR LYLE reacts and presses inter-com.

SIR LYLE: (into intercom) Lennox.

INT. HALL:

STEED closes box - then looks at Venus Fly Trap. LENNOX watches him.

EXT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

STEED is about to get into his car - reacts - finds prickly plant under rug on driver's seat.

INT. STEED'S ROOM:

STEED: Imagine sitting on that !?
If my car had a roof, I'd have gone through it !

EMMA: You'd have gone further than that,
These barbs are deadly.

STEED: I wonder what we did to upset Sir Lyle.

EMMA: Oh I don't know. Finding Laura and the others.

STEED drops barb on the floor.

STEED: Ooh : We've dropped it.

EMMA: Where's it gone ?

STEED: Underneath there.
I must say that oil derrick puzzles me.

EMMA: Well whatever they're drilling for, it's not oil.
There is no oil in Surrey.

STEED: You called the equipment company ?

EMMA: Yeah. Peterson placed two orders about a month ago. One was for the Estate.

STEED: And the other one ?

EMMA: Ah got it ! They're calling me back.
It was supposed to go to some farmer or other, but at the last minute Peterson cancelled.

STEED: Did they say why ?
EMMA: No. (PHONE RINGS) Do you mind ?
(into phone) Yes, this is Mrs. Peel speaking.
Would you repeat that ?
Yes, I've got that. Moat Farm, Fending (?)

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/FARM:

STEED & EMMA drive up to farm.

EMMA: There. This isn't my idea of striking it rich.
(STEED laughs)

STEED: No wonder Peterson cancelled his order. Uph !
Mind the puddle.

EMMA: Well after you. .

STEED: No after you.

EMMA: (laughs) So kind.

STEED: It's a pleasure, Mrs. Peel.

INT. FARMHOUSE:

STEED: I prefer the West Wing.

EMMA: Oh this is not bad.

STEED: What for ?

EMMA: A 'pied a terre'.

Something is knocked onto the floor - they look up and see a hen.

EXT. FARMHOUSE:

STEED & EMMA look around.

EMMA: Steed.

STEED: Looks as though there's been a fire.

EMMA: Mm. And there's something under there.

She holds up a spade. They uncover a skeleton.

END OF REEL TWO: (786 feet 13 frames.)

REEL THREE:

EXT. ROAD/OUTSIDE FARM:

C.U. Sign reading: " War Department
ROAD CLOSED
Positively
No Admittance. "

STEED & EMMA drive down road and up to site.
They stop and get out.

WING COMMANDER

DAVIES: Steed. Mrs. Peel. Well we have a clear identification.

EMMA: And.....?

DAVIES: A space ship. Lost about a year ago.

EMMA: And what happened to it ?

DAVIES: Technical failure just after launching. Poor chap died... up there...alone...five thousand miles up in the cosmos. We tried to hush the whole thing up, of course: since the ship and the body have been circling in orbit.

STEED: What caused re-entry?

DAVIES: Aah that's the question ! Collision ?

EMMA: Collison .. with what ?

DAVIES: That we are about to find out.

Haulage machinery is put into action.

STEED: What on earth's that ?

DAVIES: Looks like some sort of mad octopus.

STEED: Well what was it doing up in the cosmos ?

DAVIES: The dent it made in the spacecraft - the impact must have been enormous. Probably weighs half a hundredweight.

STEED: Animal, vegetable or mineral ?

EMMA: It's vegetable.

DAVIES: Vegetable ?

EMMA: These aren't tentacles, they're pappus.

STEED: Oh papae, huh !

EMMA: Definitely vegetable.

DOCTOR SHELDON: Thirty years' of botany and I've never seen anything like this before.

EMMA: But it is of vegetable origin?

DR. SHELDON: A pappus no doubt. Come. I'll show you. Now then. Look. This is the seed case, containing the embryo and reserves of food. Huh. Rather damaged in collision I'm afraid. And these are undoubtedly pappus.

STEED: Very observant of you, my dear.

DAVIES: Can you hazard a guess which family of plant life does it belong to ?

DR. SHELDON: Well, it's unusual, very unusual. It's not tropical, of that I'm certain. Of course I should want a complete analysis.

DAVIES: Er just a guess, Miss Sheldon.

DR. SHELDON: Well, don't hold me to it, but I think it's a compositor.

STEED: Really ?

DR. SHELDON: You'll know it better as a parachute seed - dispersed on the wind - like the common or garden dandelion.

EMMA: Just as Miss Sheldon said like hundreds of little parachutes.

STEED: Dispersed on the wind. Where does that little beggar come from ?

EMMA: Mars.

STEED: Mars ?

EMMA: (O/lapping) Mm or even the Moon. Recent photographs show whole areas of vegetation.

STEED: Does it also show some outsize dandelions ?

DAVIES: Mr. Steed ...

STEED: Yes, Commander.

DAVIES: A message has just come through from the Air Ministry - Radar Control. They've checked back and they find that a meteorite was reported on the fourth of last month. Fits in with all this.

EMMA: And you think in fact the meteorite was the spaceship re-entering ?

DAVIES: I'm sure of it. Well I just thought you'd like to know.

STEED: Thank you, Commander. The fourth of last month. That's odd. That's the day that Knight, Connelly and Taylor disappeared.

EMMA: Is there any connection ?

STEED: Whatever it is, Peterson has got it behind barbed wire.

EMMA: Well we can always cut our way through.

STEED: You go and have a chat with the locals - see what they know about it.

ENMA: And you ?

EXT. GREENHOUSE;

STEED outside window.

STEED: Mr. Carter.

He KNOCKS ON WINDOW.

INT. GREENHOUSE:

STEED enters.

STEED: Mr. Carter...

CARTER: Oh sorry.

STEED: Terrible weather we're having. I ran into your fiancée.

CARTER: Laura ? Where is she ?
Is she all right ?

STEED: She's quite all right. I've spoken to her.

CARTER: But where is she ?

STEED: She's with Sir Lyle Peterson.

CARTER: If this is some kind of joke, I think it's in the worst possible taste.

STEED: Oh that's where she is. She's working for him.

CARTER: Working for him ! But she loathes him. Peterson's one of her pet hates. Every theory he's ever had is diametrically opposed to Laura's. She'd no more work for him than fly to the Moon.

STEED: All the same that's where she is. With Knight, Taylor and Connelly.

CARTER: What are they doing there ?

STEED: Well the same as her, they're developing some new flowering shrub according to Sir Lyle.

CARTER: But you can't lift or graft shrubs at this time of the year.

STEED: That's what I heard. All the same I should get Laura to explain it to you. Call her.

CARTER: What ! After she walked out on me without a word ?

STEED: Surrey Green 1141.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD:

EMMA drives down road and stops outside Pub.

INT. PUB

VOICE OFF: Same again, John.

EMMA: I'm looking for Joe Mercer - Farm Suppliers - is he here ?

PUBLICAN: Yes miss.
Joe there's someone for you.

JOE MERCER: Er looking for me lady ?

EMMA: Yes. My name is Mrs Peel, and I've just bought a small holding near here. I gather you...
I gather you supply a friend of mine - Sir Lyle Person

JOE MERCER: He's my best customer.
John and a pint for the lady.
I supply him with everything - er wire fencing, insecticides and this stuff.

EMMA: Oh what's the polythene for ?

JOE: Conserves heat and moisture, and helps seedling to germinate. Mind you this is all I've got left.
It's the same with the fertilizer. He's had every ounce in the place.

EMMA: Thank you.

JOE: Well cheers.

EMMA: Cheers. What's he growing up there ?

JOE: I wouldn't know: but I must have supplied him with twenty tons in the past month - in fact the last lorry load's just gone up.

EXT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

LORRY being unloaded: supervised by LENNOX. JOE MERCER looks through trees to see what is happening to the fertilizer. He runs away. LENNOX follows with gun. JOE starts to drive away then stops,. He becomes mesmerized - gets out of Lorry and walks back to LENNOX who raises rifle and shoots him.

EXT. FARM:

DR. SHELDON: Commander Davies...Commander Davies... Come here. Come here. Now then take a look at that - go on - no no focus it...focus it. now then, what do you see ?

DAVIES: It looks like a .. a sponge !

DR. SHELDON: A sponge! Oh this is unbelievable history in the making. What you see there are cells, brain cells ! This thing has an embryonic brain - Oh what a disaster that it was damaged. Imagine a plant that could think....think !!

INT. STEED'S HOUSE:

CARTER holding ringing telephone receiver. He replaces it.

CARTER: There you see I've tried more than a dozen times and there's never anyone there.

STEED: Probably the phone's out of order.

CARTER: No I had it checked. Are you sure Peterson is there ?

STEED: He was when I left.

CARTER: I've been thinking about what you said. About Peterson and Laura. It doesn't make sense. Why should she work for him ? She's got a good job and full research facilities.

STEED: Money ? Brains are marketable and Peterson wants the best.

CARTER: But that's just my point. Laura's clever. She was a pupil of mine. That's how we met. But she's got a lot to learn.

STEED: That wouldn't be sour grapes ?

CARTER: Look, if Peterson had approached me I would have said "No". I'm surprised he didn't. But for that matter if I were looking for the most able Botanist, I wouldn't have picked Connolly, but Doctor Sheldon. And why all this secrecy?

CARTER:
(Cont) Why didn't she discuss the matter with me ?

STEED: Well ask her.

CARTER: I would if I could reach her.

STEED: Well I'll do my best.

TELEPHONE RINGS.

STEED: Excuse me.
(into phone) Yes Steed speaking. Hello.

CARTER: I'm not going to wait any longer.
I'm going over to Peterson's to see what
it's all about, and I'll break in if I have to.

STEED: (into phone) Oh Doctor Sheldon....
Carter.... Carter....
(into phone) Yes... you what ?

END OF REEL THREE: (990 feet 8 frames)

REEL FOUR:

EXT. SIR LYLE PETERSON'S HOUSE:

CARTER climbs under the "KEEP OUT" notice into grounds.
He sees LAURA and shouts through barbed wire at her.

CARTER: Laura....Laura....Laura....

She ignores him. He tries gate - it is locked.

CARTER: Laura.

HE PUTS HIS HAND UP onto electrified wire fence and is killed.
LAURA moves past him without looking.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE/OFFICE:

SIR LYLE: And now as our project is nearing completion
I should like your reports in order of priority.
Germination, Professor Taylor ?

TAYLOR: Satisfactory - expected at 1800.

SIR LYLE: Under-soil heating, Professor Knight ?

KNIGHT: The specified temperature is being maintained.

SIR LYLE: Irrigation, Doctor Connolly.
CONNOLLY: All channels tested and working normally.
SIR LYLE: Excellent. Finally pest control ?
LAURA: All preparations on schedule, Sir Lyle.

EXT. FARM:

EMMA: These cells they're identical to the human brain cells.
DR. SHELDON: Yes, but the shape. In my opinion this is the seed of a climbing plant, a bean stalk - now then, where are we ? Yes. The average bean's about half an inch long and grows say four or five feet high - proportionately this would grow to well say two hundred times higher than the Empire State building.
STEED: Charming prospect!
DR. SHELDON: And think of the tendrils.
EMMA: I'd rather not !
DR. SHELDON: Reaching out for miles. If it were allowed to seed, it would cover the earth in well a matter of weeks !
STEED: Well there'd be no shortage of beans.
DR. SHELDON: Ah but this isn't the common or garden vegetable. If it has brains, it has reflexes. The tendrils would move, feed, grow, protected...

She hits EMMA in the face with her hand.

DR. SHELDON: Oh I beg your pardon.
Now then - what puzzles me is its digestive system. To germinate it would require tons of fertilizer, enormous heat and endless supplies of water.

DAVIES: Miss Sheldon this has just arrived.

He hands envelope to her.

DR. SHELDON: Ahah now I shall be able to tell you something. A report from the Laboratory. I sent some specimens up for analysis. Oh Hydrochrome Oxytate (?) A chemical enzyme present in the tissue.

EMMA: But enzymes are perfectly harmless.

DR. SHELDON Yes but essential for growth -
 aaahh - we may consider ourselves lucky
 that this was damaged.

STEED: Why ?

DR. SHELDON: On Earth there's only one source of
 Hydrochrome Oxytate (?) - man.

STEED: Man ?

DR. SHELDON: Yes. This was a man-eating plant.
 If it had germinated, it would have required
 as..just as much as we require green vegetables...
 aah it's lucky there's only one of them.

EXT. SIR LYLE'S GARDEN:

SEEDS germinating under polythene.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

C.S. Meter. Group working.

SIR LYLE: Increase temperature five degrees.
 Please indicate rate of growth.

KNIGHT: Three hundred rising steadily.

They look outside at seeds germinating.

EXT. GROUNDS

Men beside polythene.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

Meters working.

EXT. GROUNDS:

MEN beside polythene - seeds rising up under polythene.

INT. STEED'S HOUSE:

EMMA: Oh !!

STEED enters.

EMMA: Where's Miss Sheldon ?

STEED: Collecting the herbicide.

EMMA: Oh... (mutter inaudibly) She'd better be quick or we'll all be on the menu.

STEED: That's only one of our problems.

EMMA: Oh !

STEED: The missing Horticulturists, they must have been under some sort of spell.

EMMA: How's that ?

STEED: Well take Peterson. He orders supplies of special drills for planting at the right depth. Well how does he know ? He must have been directed. No, those missing scientists were hand-picked by the plant.

EMMA: Why not pick on Alan or Miss Sheldon - they were much more qualified?

STEED: Why not indeed. Now put that on. Well don't you recognise a deaf-aid ?

EMMA: Pardon ?

STEED: A deaf aid.

EMMA: Who needs a deaf aid ?

STEED: For breaking into the Estate. Now go on put it on.

EMMA: But if Alan and Miss Sheldon didn't ...

STEED: Were immune... what did they have in common ?

EMMA: Ah !

STEED: Mm. Now how does it work ?

EMMA: Well it's probably a transisterized circuit -- acts as a barrier.

(speaks into deaf aid) A barrier...

STEED: Ooh! Yeah well don't lose it, will you ?

EMMA: Why not? The plant's only man-eating !

EXT. SIR LYLE'S GROUNDS:

Seedling rising under polythene.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

SIR LYLE: Temperature to maximum.

EXT. SIR LYLE'S GROUND:

Seedling rising under polythene - MEN watching.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

All are mesmerized.

EXT. SIR LYLE'S GROUNDS

Seedlings rising.

EXT. ROAD:

STEED walks forward to EMMA & DR. SHELDON, in car.

STEED: This herbicide, are you sure it'll work ?

DR. SHELDON: Oh yes. Nothing more effective than popyonic(?) acid. A teaspoonful of this would kill a large oak tree.

EMMA: Good. Well let's hope the plant's no bigger by the time we arrive.

They drive off.

INT. PUB:

General activity - PUBLICAN puts his hand into till.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

SIR LYLE: Excellent ! Excellent! My friends you've done well and I promise you your services will not go unrewarded. Your experience will prove invaluable. Have no fear - no fear, Protection will be afforded to you all when we have complete control.

EXT. ROAD:

STEED, EMMA & DR. SHELDON drive along road. They stop as road is blocked by vehicle.. EMMA sounds horn.

EMMA: Where's the driver ?

STEED: I give you three guesses. Come on we'll park here.

They get out of car and move along lorry - STEED turns off it's engine. They go towards Pub in b.g.

END OF REEL FOUR: (826 feet.)

INT. PUB:

STEED, EMMA & DR. SHELDON enter Pub. It is empty.

EMMA: Well where is everybody ?

They move over and see that there is one man sitting in Pub - wearing a hearing aid ! Suddenly DR. SHELDON reacts and starts to move out of Pub.

EMMA: The battery must've.....
Miss Sheldon....

They run after her and replace deaf aid - she reacts.

DR. SHELDON: (exclaims) Oh dear, how very extraordinary.

STEED picks up the herbicide dropped by DR.SHELDON. They leave Pub.

EXT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

STEED, EMMA & DR. SHELDON move through trees and react at what they find. They run away from LENNOX, who fires at them. They hide in bushes. LENNOX passes them. SCREAMS OFF.
They look towards House. EMMA picks up rifle. LENNOX peers out from bushes holding rifle.

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

STEED and the others enter. They move across Hall.
STEED reacts as he sees LENNOX pointing rifle at them.

STEED: Look !

EMMA shoots LENNOX. DR. SHELDON reacts and moves to plant.

DR. SHELDON: Oh ! Amnicus Gloria (?)
Oh you should see it in the summer.

They react to noise off.

DR. SHELDON: It's the roof - the foliage - the rate of growth is fantastic. You can actually see it moving.

EMMA: It's growing darker every second.

STEED: Peterson's office - the controls are in there.

They move to door - it is locked. DR. SHELDON looks behind her.

DR.SHELDON: Oh !

They all react to plant. STEED kicks door open - they move down CORRIDOR into OFFICE - react to what they find.

STEED: There's the panel.

They look around. SIR LYLE enters holding gun. STEED is beside panel.

SIR LYLE : Don't touch that !
Get away from it, do you hear me ?
Get away from it.

EMMA is crouched on ground looking at something on floor.
SIR LYLE doesn't see her. She jumps on him. STEED moves forward
and puts deaf aid in SIR LYLE's ear.

SIR LYLE: It's taken all...everyone...you try but you
can't resist it.

EMMA: I'll get you a drink.
It's covered the whole building.
In a few hours it'll seed.

SIR LYLE tries to take out deaf aid.

STEED: Keep it in.
It'll act as a barrier against the pull of the
plant.

EMMA: Now is there anything we can do ?

SIR LYLE: Nothing.

STEED: How does this work ?

SIR LYLE: Oh it's too late for that.
It's out of hand. It's like some pre-
historic monster. No, the only chance is a
powerful herbicide.

STEED: We've got some.

EMMA: Miss Sheldon...

The plant has been slowly creeping forward and has taken DR. SHELDON.

STEED: Where's the herbicide ?

EMMA: You had it last.

STEED attacks the plant as it drags DR. SHELDON away.

EMMA finds herbicide. She fights plant with handle of rifle.
Then she fires at it and picks up herbicide. Part of the plant
hits her and out drops her deaf aid. It falls to the ground.

END OF REEL FIVE: (677 feet 7 frames)

REEL SIX:

INT. SIR LYLE'S HOUSE:

STEED & SIR LYLE help the rescued DR. SHELDON along.

DR. SHELDON: Oh ! I'm all right.. thank you so much.
 Aah !

She continues to react.

STEED: Wait there.

He finds EMMA pouring away the herbicide - she and STEED fight.
Herbicide is knocked over. STEED overcomes EMMA and sees
deaf aid on the ground. EMMA stops STEED replacing it in her ear.

STEED: Mrs. Peel, don't you recognise me ?
 Apparently not !

She fights him again and puts her foot on deaf aid. He picks up
herbicide - she kicks it over. SIR LYLE fires on plant.
STEED & EMMA continue to fight. EMMA is finally over-powered.

SIR LYLE: It's all around. We won't be able to get out.

STEED: The herbicide - get it.

DR. SHELDON: What ?

STEED: The herbicide.

DR. SHELDON: Ooh - oh yes.

SIR LYLE: For heaven's sake hurry.

They use herbicide.

STEEL: Come on.

DR. SHELDON: Do you think it'll work ?

Slowly the plant retreats. The wind blows. It all calms down.
STEED takes out his deaf-aid.

STEED: Huh !

He bends down to EMMA.

EMMA: Steed ! What happened to.....?

STEED: Oh that ! I'm a herbicidal maniac, didn't you know ?

CAMERA TRACKS IN on herbicide.

EXT. ROAD:

STEED seated in back of hay lorry.

STEED: Lunch first I think - then amble away across the Surrey Downs. Through woodlandglades - just in time for tea and clotted cream with an old friend of mine. He runs a nursery - grows all sorts of things. Roses, daffodils, giant climbers....

EMMA appears behind hay:

EMMA: What ?!

STEED: They grow as tall as this.

EMMA: What are it's feeding habits ?

STEED: (laughs) Strictly vegetarian.

Ohho,bwong !

END TITLES:

END OF REEL SIX: (611 feet 8 frames)

END OF EPISODE: Total Footage: 4,685 feet 12 frames
 Running Time: 52 minutes.