

THE AVENGERS

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A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE

342

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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PREPARED BY:

TELEMEN LIMITED,  
A.B.P.C.STUDIOS,  
BOREHAM WOOD,  
HERTS, ENGLAND.

MARCH 1966.

"A TOUCH OF BRIMSTONE"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

REEL ONE:

MAIN TITLES:

INT. COURTYARD:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE  
OVER T.V.SET:

And in a few moments we'll be taking you over to our London Studios where a famous visitor from Eastern Europe is waiting. BORIS KARTOVSKI, a man whose mission to this country has been headlines for the past few days. MR. KARTOVSKI'S untiring efforts to bring about a better understanding between the East and West have deservedly earned him the title PEACEMAKER. Ladies and Gentlemen we are pleased and proud to welcome BORIS KARTOVSKI.

T.V. SCREEN inter-cutting with  
INT. COURTYARD (CARTNEY seated  
watching T.V.)

KARTOVSKI:

Good evening. I have been asked here this evening to tell you - quite informally - the purpose of my mission to this country. It is simple - to seek and create a better understanding between East and West. I think, I hope, I may have succeeded. My talks with your Ministers of state have been fruitful - particularly fruitful.

I have been overwhelmed and warmed by my reception here - by the eagerness with which the hand of friendship has been extended..... and on behalf of my country.....I have grasped it gratefully.

Now my greatest wish is that with a better understanding, we will now find a new attitude between our countries...a unity...a friendship and finally - peace.

CIGAR EXPLODES

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED  
OVER CARTNEY IN CHAIR  
WATCHING T.V.

INT. THEATRE.

EMMA:

You were saying about Kartovski ?

STEED:

Packed his bags...went back across the wall and closed the door behind him. Well - wouldn't you ?

EMMA:

Humiliated in front of ten million viewers.

STEED:

Not going to be able to hush it up this time.

EMMA:

This time ?

STEED:

Oh, there've been other incidents...sneezing powder at Government receptions...plastic spiders in an Ambassador's soup.. and something quite outrageous in a Diplomat's bed...

CONTINUED.

INT. THEATRE

STEED: (CONTINUED) Nowhere seems to be sacrosanct now. Not even the House of Lords. Whoopee cushion under the woolsack. Some of them took it for a vote of censure. It's all very childish and very damaging.

EMMA: You're expecting trouble...so that's why we're here. It's over an oil treaty, isn't it..... and if anything goes wrong ?

STEED: Nonsense. What could go wrong ?

THEY RE-ACT AS SHEIK FALLS.

INT. CAR

STEED: So much for the oil treaty.

EMMA: A pretty poor joke.

STEED: Pretty expensive too....fifty million pounds in oil concessions....phftt....

EMMA: Have you any idea who's behind these incidents.

STEED: There's only one likely suspect. The Honourable John Claveley Cartney. Whenever one of these functions misfires, the Honourable John is usually in the vicinity...either before, during or just after the event. I think I'll look up one or two of his friends. Lord Darcy for instance.

EMMA: And what about the Honourable John ?

STEED: I'll leave him to you....

INT. COURTYARD

CARTNEY: Come in Darcy....we're quite alone...you can talk.

EMMA: I tried the door...then I heard you playing.... Mrs. Peel.....Mrs. Emma Peel.

CARTNEY: Mrs. ?

EMMA: I've come here to appeal to you Mr.Cartney.

CARTNEY: You certainly do that.

EMMA: A charity appeal Mr. Cartney.

CARTNEY: John.....would you like a drink Mrs.Peel ?

EMMA: No thank you.

CARTNEY: Er...you were saying ?

EMMA: I'm making up a charity list and I'd like to feel I have your support.

CARTNEY: You have it - five hundred guineas.

EMMA: Mr. Cartney.

CONTINUED.....

INF. COURTYARD

CARTNEY: A thousand.  
Your eyes have a remarkable depth. Will you dine with me tonight.

EMMA: A thousand guineas is most generous.

CARTNEY: Tomorrow night. I'll pick you up where ever you say.

EMMA: I'm sorry. I'm busy. But I should be most grateful for your donation...now.

CARTNEY: Remarkable depth. Sure you won't change your mind.....I could order dinner at the George Sanc - catch a plane to Paris this afternoon - dinner'd be waiting for us.

EMMA: I am busy - but thank you - for the donation.

CARTNEY: Oh by the way, what the devil am I contributing to ?

EMMA: A home for wayward girls.

DARCY: John. Oh! I thought you were alone.

CARTNEY: May I present Mrs. Peel - Lord Darcy -

DARCY: How do you do.

EMMA: How do you do.

DARCY: Er - John.

CARTNEY: Yes, yes, of course, will you excuse us a moment, some rather dreary business about the estate.

EMMA: I was leaving anyway.

CARTNEY: Well Darcy ?

DARCY: I went to the jolly old place, John, I did everything you said....and....

CARTNEY: Then it's all arranged.

WILLY: Yes...arranged.

DARCY: There Willy'll tell you, there was no hitch at all, no trouble.

CARTNEY: Good, excellent, you've done well, Darcy.

DARCY: Thank you John.

CARTNEY: You'd better go, we'll meet later.

DARCY: I Say, it's going to be quite a joke isn't it ?

CARTNEY: Oh yes, quite a joke.

CONTINUED.....

INT. DARCY'S STUDY

DARCY: Horace. Horace. Well how do I look ?  
HORACE: Ah, luvverly sir - really luvverly.  
HORACE: Will you be back for dinner, sir ?  
DARCY: Oh, I couldn't say.  
DARCY: Be back later this evening that's all I can tell you.  
HORACE: Right sir.

END OF REEL ONE:

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REEL TWO:

INT. DARCY'S STUDY:

STEED enters looks around, finds scissors:

HORACE: Hey!

INT. STEED'S ROOM

STEED: Rubber scissors. What do you make of that ?  
EMMA: Well I couldn't make a paper dolly.  
STEED: How did you get on with Cartney ?  
EMMA: He gave me a cheque for a thousand guineas.  
STEED: Really ?  
EMMA: Charity donation.  
STEED: Oh generous.  
EMMA: And handsome...and dynamic...very compelling... quite fascinating...we got on rather well.  
STEED: And whilst you were agog with each other..... did you find out anything else ?  
EMMA: No...oh there was an entry in his diary which didn't quite make sense.  
STEED: What was that ?  
EMMA: It said 'today' - 4.30 - Friendship.  
STEED: The Hall of Friendship...dedicated to peace between Nations.  
EMMA: Of course, and it's being opened today.  
STEED: At 4.30...some big wig is due to cut the tape..

T.V. SCREEN IN FRIENDSHIP HALL inter-cutting with STEED & EMMA IN CAR.

ANNOUNCER: And there too, just coming into the picture, the ceremonial scissors - which his Excellency will soon use to cut this tape .....  
CONTINUED.....

T.V. SCREEN intercutting with STEED & EMMA in car.

ANNOUNCER: (CONTINUED) ...and declare this fine new building open.

EMMA: Help, I've lost the picture.....

STEED: The aerial.....

EMMA: Oh!

ANNOUNCER: Those are the ceremonial scissors - especially forged for this occasion, made from steel wrested from the foothills of Wales.....

EMMA: (over Ann.voice) How much further is it?	{ tempered in the furnaces of the great North - honed razor sharp on good Cornish stone - a symbol of this Nation's unity. }
STEED: (over Ann.voice) About half a mile.	
EMMA: (over Ann.voice) Well it's starting.	
STEED: (over Ann.voice) Let's hope we get there in time to stop it.	

T.V. SCREEN inter-cutting with EMMA & STEED in car.

ANNOUNCER: This hall - this great hall of friendship falls quiet as the scissors are taken to His Excellency - and he accepts. In a few moments it will be over - in a few moments His Excellency will cut the tape and formally declare this Hall open. He cannot fail to be moved by the solemnity of this occasion...and finally he moves to the tape. He pauses, the introductions and speeches are over and we are nearing the big moment. And now the scissors are raised and.....

EXPLOSION:  
.....His Excellency has fallen - a gush of sparks - there's something wrong. People are running in.  
We are returning you to the studio.

INT. CAR:

STEED: Well, it's no joke anymore.

INT. DARCY'S STUDY

HORACE: Mr. Darcy. M'Lord.  
You're all wet. Here, you'd better get this off. Here we are sir.  
Catch a nasty chill that way.  
You're soaked right through, sir, walking in the rain. Couldn't you find a taxi, then?  
Don't you worry though sir, a nice hot cup of cocoa - are you all right sir. Have that cocoa for you in a jiff.

DARCY PICKS UP TELEPHONE  
AND HIS CONVERSATION IS  
INTER-CUT WITH -

INT. COURTYARD.

CARTNEY: Give me the phone.  
(into 'phone) Hello.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED.

DARCY: (into phone) John.... Darcy here. Look I must see you....

CARTNEY: Oh, Darcy. No I'm afraid I can't...I'm rather busy.

DARCY: But I - I must.

CARTNEY: Look Darcy...I've told you...I'm busy.....  
mummm.....no, I'm afraid it can't wait.....  
Look Darcy if you have a complaint to make  
bring it up at the proper time, at the  
meeting tonight.

INT. DARCY'S STUDY

HORACE: There we are, sir. A nice cup of steaming hot cocoa.

DARCY: Take it away.

HORACE: Sir.

DARCY: I'm going out to my Club.

HORACE: I'll lay out your costume sir.

DARCY: Not that club. My club in town.  
Take the rest of the evening off.

HORACE: Yes sir.

INT. STEED'S FLAT

STEED: Darcy and Cartney...they're both involved...

EMMA: Well, we don't know for sure that they are.

STEED: I think I'll find Darcy and try and get him talking...  
You exert your feminine wiles on Cartney.

EMMA: Alright...now.....oooo.....

INT. COURTYARD.

CARTNEY: I have to get ready...

SARA: Oh, Johnny....

CARTNEY: You're insatiable, aren't you.....

SARA: We don't have to go just yet.

CARTNEY: I've told you Sara darling when I say we do something - we do it -

INT. CLUB.

STEED: Lord Darcy isn't it... of course it is....  
nice to see you again. You remember me,  
we met at that excruciating house party given  
by lady (GULPS DRINK AS HE MUMBLES NAME)  
Six of her ladyship's corgies savaged Sir  
Maurice Plumtry as he tried to coax some bees  
out of the asparagus bed with his flute....  
last year.

CONTINUED....

CONTINUED

DARCY: Well, yes I think so.

STEED: Thought you would.....I hope you don't mind my saying so, but you really don't look up to power...what have you been up to ? Eh ? Eh ?.

INT. COURTYARD:

EMMA: I'm looking for Mr. Cartney.

SARA: He isn't here... I'll tell him you called.

EMMA: I'd rather wait if you don't mind.

SARA: I'm afraid he's busy....he won't have time to see you.

EMMA: He is expecting me.

CARTNEY: Mrs. Peel...this is a surprise.

EMMA: Half expecting.

CARTNEY: Oh this is Miss Bradley.

EMMA: How do you do.....if you're busy.

CARTNEY: Not at all. There's no reason who you shouldn't stay on. It might amuse you to see the fun. It's a sort of club that I helped to form..... we're meeting here tonight....

EMMA: What sort of club ?

CARTNEY: Well, it's mmm, slightly unusual. Won't you come along and see.

END OF REEL TWO

REEL THREE

INT. CLUB.

DARCY: I ought not to be telling you this...

STEED: You can trust me. After all, we're old friends, aren't we.

DARCY: It was a joke...rubber scissors....was just a joke.

STEED: You were supposed to change the scissors.

DARCY: (mumbling) No, no, th..that was Willy's job. My part of it was just to get him in there.

STEED: How did you manage that ?

DARCY: Got an Uncle....on the Committee...pinched his keys. My job was to get Willy into the place. But it was only supposed to be a joke. Never intended anybody to get killed.

STEED: Of course not. But why did you play the joke in the first place ? What was the idea behind it ? Darcy, why did you play the joke ?

CONTINUED.....



CONTINUED

DARCY: Oh, had to. It's one of the rules of the club.

STEED: Club ? What Club ?

DARCY: The Hellfire Club.

STEED: Hellfire.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

INT. HELL FIRE CLUB

GENERAL NOISES OF CLUB - drinking, shouting, talking.

ROGER: Gentlemen....hellfire.

CHORUS: Hellfire.

TUBBY: May it scorch and singe.

ROGER: Burn and boil.

WILLY: Seethe and scald.

ROGER: Combust and crackle.

WILLY: Until we are inflamed.

ROGER: Roasted.

WILLY: Toasted.

ROGER: Grilled.

CARTNEY: And....  
Cauterised. Until our bones crumble into  
that demonic heat. That fire...that hades....  
that realm of pluto - that unblessed limbo....  
that purgatory...that pit...that tartarus.  
Gentlemen - HELLFIRE.

CHORUS: Hellfire!

ROGER: Let the wenching begin.

GENERAL SHOUTING AND SCREAMING.

ROGER: Ah, Cartney. What have you there...a new wench for our pleasure.

CARTNEY: This is my guest of honour for the evening.  
My Lords Cartigan...Ragslan and Lacon...

ROGER: Ma'am...I pledge this good steel to thee.  
Prithee sit down.

WILLY: Pray sit down.

CARTNEY: Oh Willy, you are ill-mannered...pray sir,  
would you care to teach him better manners?

CONTINUED...

CONTINUED

CARTNEY: Willy's our champion duellist. Sabres, swords, pistols...he's come through quite a few skirmishes, haven't you Willy ?

ROGER: Pray sit down, Ma'am...

GENERAL NOISES OF HELLFIRE MEMBERS GOES ON.

INT. STEED'S FLAT:

DARCY: It's terribly kind of you....must be an awful nuisance.

STEED: Not at all. You'd do the same for me.

DARCY: Don't suppose you ever need it. You don't go making a silly ass of yourself do you ?

STEED: Ah, you must get some rest.

DARCY: Steed. You don't think I had anything to do with that murder do you ?

STEED: No. I think you were duped.

DARCY: You know Steed. Talking to you has helped me a lot. It's shown me what I have to do. I'm very grateful.

STEED: We'll talk about that later....first I'll fix you up with my very good hangover cure... I call it 'National Anthem'. Soon gets you on your feet. Now one dose of this and you'll.....

INT. HELLFIRE CLUB

SHOUTING AND SCREAMING AS MEMBERS WATCH FIGHT.

CARTNEY: I try to recreate exactly the days of the original hell-fire club...the same atmosphere and excitement and of course the same pleasures....a man controlled his destiny by the strength of his arm and the skill of his sword and the wit of his pen. And the divine right of his birth.

EMMA: And women.

CARTNEY: Mmm. mere vessels of pleasure.

EMMA: I see.

CARTNEY: Do I detect a note of disapproval ?

DARCY: Cartney, Cartney, I want to see you Cartney.

CARTNEY: Well, see me then.

DARCY: You used me, you planned the whole thing that way. The rubber scissors were just an excuse.

CARTNEY: Shut-up.

DARCY: I'm not going to shut up. We're going to talk about it.

CONTINUED.

CONTINUED

CARTNEY: All right...but at the proper time....I'll call a special meeting.

DARCY: Now.

CARTNEY: A special meeting of the superior members is called. Pray excuse me, ma'am.

INT. CATACOMBS

ROGER: You realise what it means to challenge an assembly of superiors ?

DARCY: Superiors. A lot of nonsense.

CARTNEY: The complainant will stand on the circle of justice.

DARCY: Oh all right.  
But if you think I'm going to...

ROGER: The Assembly of Superiors is now convened.  
The complainant will please state his name.

DARCY: You know my name.

ROGER: The complainant will please state his name.

DARCY: I'm not playing any more of your silly games, I just want an explanation that's all. Why you and Cartney - and the rest of you, plotted a murder. A filthy rotten murder - and involved me - well - why ? Well, I just thought I'd give you a chance to say something before I went to the Authorities and told them the truth. Well, why ? All right then.

DARCY SCREAMS as he falls through floor.

END OF REEL THREE

REEL FOUR:

INT. COURTYARD

STEED: He wasn't at all a bad chap. Misguided perhaps... he was drowned.....

EMMA: They did it....I'm sure of it....Cartney and his superior members...

STEED: What about this club.

EMMA: Well, it's a re-creation of the original hell-fire club...on the surface it's innocent enough.. dressing up, play-acting, but beneath the surface.....

STEED: When can I join....

EMMA: Right now perhaps...

CARTNEY: Mrs. Peel!

EMMA: He came to pay his last respects....

CARTNEY: You know Lord Darcy.

CONTINUED.....

CONTINUED

STEED: A passing acquaintance.

CARTNEY: A tragic accident.

STEED: Yes.

CARTNEY: I did warn him about it, but he would do it.

STEED: Bad timing too. He was just about to introduce me to your Club.

EMMA: I told Mr. Steed you'd be sure to agree.

CARTNEY: Well you can present yourself to the Assembly here tonight and see what they say Mr.Steed.

INT. HALL - HELLFIRE CLUB.

AD LIB MUMBLING AS MEMBERS  
SMOKE THEIR PIPES.

CARTNEY: Gentlemen, the first thing on the agenda is the initiation of a new member.

TUBBY: Do we know him ?

CARTNEY: Mrs. Peel does.

ROGER: Oh, well, that's good enough for me.

CARTNEY: Yes...but he still has to undergo an examination.

ROGER: Of course..of course... who is he anyway.

CARTNEY: Steed. John Steed. He's waiting outside. Willy, would you ?

WILLI: Mr. Steed.

STEED: Good evening Gentlemen.

CARTNEY: Welcome to Hellfire hall....do you still wish to become a member of this illustrious club ?

STEED: I do indeed.

CARTNEY: Are you aware of it's functions.

STEED: More or less I think.

ROGER: We believe in the power of Evil Mr.Steed. We believe in the ultimate sins. Have you ever committed an ultimate sin Mr. Steed ?

STEED: No. But I'm always open to suggestions.

CARTNEY: Give our guest a drink...the goblet we reserve for our special guests.

ROGER: Right-no....

CARTNEY: To the brim Willy.....mustn't let our guest think that we are ungenerous...Perish the thought...Mr.Steed it is customary for us to drink a toast upon the intriduction of a new member. We drain our glasses to its glory. Hellfire.....

CONTINUED....

CONTINUED:

MEMBERS: Hellfire.

ROGER: Hellfire.

STEED: Gentlemen.  
Do you mind...the drive down seems to have  
given me quite a thirst.MEMBERS LAUGH AND SHOUT  
APPROVAL - ad lib -CARTNEY: It appears you have achieved a measure of pop-  
ularity already. Good...all that remains is  
for me to welcome you as a member of the Hell-  
fire Club...

STEED: How do you do...

ROGER: Ragslans the name.

TUBBY: Lacon..

CARTNEY: Once you have passed the ultimate test...

ROGER: Er..look Cartney...we don't normally - err...  
I mean there's nothing in the rules.CARTNEY: I'm sure Mr. Steed won't object to another  
test.

STEED: Not at all.

CARTNEY: Whatever it may be.

STEED: Whatever it may be.

CARTNEY: Fetch it. Observe, a single solitary dried  
pea. Roger is somewhat of an expert with  
that! His accuracy and speed is something  
to marvel at. Watch...ready...now.....  
An impressive performance.

STEED: Very.

CARTNEY: Fast and accurate...terribly accurate.  
Do you think you could beat him. Do you  
think you could remove the pea before the  
axe falls. That is the test. When I give  
the signal. Personally I think Roger is  
unbeatable...so does Willy. He tried it  
once....for a bet. But you might be luckier.

STEED: Remove that...before.

CARTNEY: Exactly. But now you know what the test is  
perhaps you'd like to withdraw.

STEED: No. no. no.

CARTNEY: Are you ready Roger...Are you ready ?  
And when I give the signal... NOW!!!

STEED BLOWS:

CARTNEY: Well done!

STEED: Do you mind. I could use this in my whistle.

CONTINUED.....

CONTINUED

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB CONGRATULATE  
STEED - ad lib mumbling -

STEED: Thank you gentlemen.

MEMBER: Very clever, very clever, welcome to the club.

STEED: It's a pleasure to join.

MEMBER: That I should have tried myself.

ROGER: Congratulations Steed, you are one of us now.  
Tomorrow is the night of all sins.

STEED: The night of all sins.

ROGER: Yes, I hope we'll see you.

STEED: Couldn't keep me away.

END OF REEL FOUR

REEL FIVE

INT. HALL.HELLFIRE CLUB.

CARTNEY: Now Gentlemen let us get onto something  
much more serious...the final item on the  
Agenda. So far our plan of anarchy is  
taking effect. We have successfully  
embarrassed the Government and caused a  
great deal of unrest within it, and what is  
more important, upset negotiations...so far  
so good. The time has come for something  
much more important, a coup so outrageous  
that the whole country will be up in arms.  
It is simple...direct and deadly and we will  
put it in operation tomorrow evening.

ROGER: But tomorrow evening but that's the night of  
all .....

CARTNEY: Exactly. Our activities here will cover up  
the whole operation. I'll give you the  
details then...make sure you're all here  
at least half an hour before our guests  
arrive.....shhh.

STEED: Your box...intact..save for a pinch or two.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

INT. STEED'S FLAT.

EMMA: Aren't you ready yet Steed ?

STEED: Just coming Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: This is the first time I've had to wait for  
a man to get ready.

STEED: Ah! You're judging man by 20th Century  
standards.....now if it were two hundred  
years ago....

CONTINUED.

CONTINUED

EMMA: Odds bodikins.

STEED: Stap me vitals...well this is whnt the best dressed rake is wearing this year. Oh, I'll have to retain an upright posture all evening.. may I say you're uncommon handsome ma'am..... uncommon handsome!!

EMMA: Thank you sir. Steed, what's going to happen tonight.

STEED: The night of all sins...something big is brewing.....something big.

EMMA: Oooh!

INT. COURTYARD - HELLFIRE CLUB.

AD LIB SHOUTING AND SCREAMING  
OF MEMBERS AND GUESTS AS ORGY  
BEGINS:

TUBBY: Away with you!

STEED: I'm glad I haven't got the apartment upstairs.

TUBBY: Sara...come with me.

SARA: Oh Tubby, no.

STEED: Seen anything suspicious ?

EMMA: No, not suspicious.

STEED: Sara Cartney's ex.... might know something.  
Where is Cartney ?

EMMA: I haven't seen him. Steed.

STEED: Follow that chair.

INT. CATACOMBS

PIERRE & BIG MAN UNLOADING FIREWORKS,  
WATCHED BY CARTNEY:

CARTNEY: Careful!

INT. COURTYARD

AD LIB SHOUTING & SCREAMING  
AS ORGY CONTINUES.

EMMA: There are enough explosives  
in the catacombs to sink a battleship.

CARTNEY: So glad you could both come....and you're  
looking very attractive.....but not quite  
right for what I had in mind for you...let  
these Ladies in Waiting take you away and  
put on something more appropriate....

EMMA: Oh but I - I'd much rather.....

CARTNEY: Enjoy yourself.

CONTINUED....

CONTINUED

STEED:

Well I was....

SARA:

There you are...I thought you'd run off and left me.....everybody runs off and leaves me.....but you won't...will you ? You'll look after me.....

STEED:

Yes, I'll look after you.

SARA:

OOOH! it's fabulous, isn't it...an ..zact an ex-zact repro...replica of the 'riginal Hellfire Club.....in more ways than one... that's what John says.

STEED:

Cartney ? What does he say ?

SARA:

I told you....a zact....

STEED:

An exact replica of the Hellfire Club, in more ways than one.....what did he mean by that ?

SARA: GIGGLES:

STEED:

You were saying about the Hellfire Club ?

SARA:

Oh you dance divinely.

STEED:

Sara...what did John say about the club ?

SARA:

Now you must know about the 'riginal Hellfire Club.

STEED:

It was formed in 1759, indulged in activities like this....attracted all the most influential men of the time.....

SARA:

Became politically powerful - and for a while the Hellfire Club controlled the whole country. 'Topple the Government - then take over'. That's what John says. Oh, you're too intellectual. I want a drink.

STEED:

Did John say how he meant to topple the Government.

SARA:

Oh, I told you.....tunnels..under here - catacombs and tunnels...well, one of them leads to Culverstone House. Now you must have heard of that.

STEED:

Oh, yes, I've heard of that, there's a cabinet meeting there tonight.

SARA:

Not for long....one big bang and they're all gone.

STEED:

Excuse me.

END OF REEL FIVE



INT. COURTYARD AND INT. HALL

AD LIB SHOUTING AND SCREAMING:

CARTNEY: My Lords...Ladies and Gentlemen...midnight approaches. The Witching hour and as a sign of that hour, as a symbol of all that is evil, as the epitomy and purveyor of this night of sins, I give you the Queen of Sin... Mrs. Pecl....she is yours, to do with..... what you will.....

AD LIB SHOUTING AND SCREAMING  
AS CROWD SURGE TOWARDS HER.

TWO MEN FIGHTING  
CROWD EGGING THEM ON  
SHOUTING AND JEERING.

HORACE: Here...that's the man.

CARTNEY: What man, Horace ?

HORACE: The man who broke into Lord Darcy's place.

STEED: He's right you know.

CARTNEY: Gentlemen...it appears we have a spy in our midst.... You know the penalty for spies. But never let it be said that we lack a sense of fair play. You'll be given a chance against Willy here. The choice of weapons is yours...

STEED: Feather dusters at four hundred yards..... Swords...!

CARTNEY: The choice of time is yours.

WILLY: Right now.

STEED: Here.

WILLY: No holds barred.

STEED: Without interference.

WILLY: To the death.

CARTNEY: The terms are agreed then. Horace will be your second I'm sure.

STEED: Thank you.

HORACE: With pleasure sir.

CARTNEY: Tubby.

CARTNEY FOLLOWS  
EMMA.

WILLY: To the death Mr. Steed.

STEED: No holds barred.

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

CONTINUED.

INT. CATACOMBS

EMMA is watching BIG MAN  
& PIERRE lifting boxes.

EMMA & PIERRE FIGHT:

CARTNEY:                   Very impressive. How what are you like  
with the big boys.

CARTNEY LASHES  
OUT WITH WEEP:

CARTNEY FALLS TO HIS  
DEATH THROUGH FLOOR:

INT. COACH & HORSES

STEED:                    Can't really beat this mode of travel  
can you ?

EMMA:                    Definitely can't beat it.

STEED:                    That damned horseless carriage.

EMMA:                    Just a fad.

STEED:                    Can't possibly last. Giddiup...Giddiup.

Overall footage 4698

THE END

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