

MASTER

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(WITH MISSING PAGE
ADDED)

"THE AVENGERS"

"A SENSE OF HISTORY"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

B/w

Episode 24.

MASTER 341

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"A SENSE OF HISTORY"

DIALOGUE SHEETS.

REEL ONE.

THE AVENGERS TITLES.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. NO DIALOGUE.

INTERCUT INT. ROLLS ROYCE. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE.

BROOM drives along, stopped by STUDENT in road. Others appear, one waves tin labelled 'RAG FUND'. BROOM falls, shot by arrow.

TITLE: 'A SENSE OF HISTORY' superimposed.

INT. GARAGE.

Emma's car drives in.

EMMA: Steed ...

STEED: Can I have my arrow back please. It's the only clue I've got.

EMMA: What clue?

STEED: To the death of James Broom. He was found murdered yesterday. That arrow nearby, something more lethal in his back.

EMMA: James Broom the economist?

STEED: The brilliant economist.

EMMA: His plans were revolutionary. Unite the financial resources of Europe.. Banish poverty forever.. Europia .. It was a nice dream.

STEED: Broom was close to making it a reality - and was was the operative word. I'll show you where it happened.

EMMA: Steed ...

STEED: Aah, Mr. Carlyon.

CARLYON: Yes.

STEED: John Steed. (To Emma) I asked him to meet me here. Er Mrs. Emma Peel.

CARLYON: Oh er how do you do.

STEED: Carlyon was Broom's right hand man.

EMMA: Working under cover?

CARLYON: Er I was looking for this actually. (Produces briefcase) Taped up under the back there. Jimmy Broom was a cautious man he often carried things that way.

STEED: Valuables?

CONTINUED..

REEL ONE. CONTINUED.

CARLYON: I haven't the faintest idea.

STEED: Shall we find out?

CARLYON: Distressing business.

EMMA: Very.

CARLYON: Yes it quite spoilt my appetite when I heard.

EMMA: It ruined James Broom's.

CARLYON: What? Oh yes yes I see what you mean.

EMMA: Where was he going?

CARLYON: To see some one - a fellow economist.

EMMA: Who?

CARLYON: Someone who was in violent opposition to our plan. Someone intent on stopping it at all costs. Broom wouldn't confide the name of the man to me. 'Too dangerous' he said. But he did mention something about - a university.. that the man was connected with a university.

STEED: St. Bodes ...

CARLYON: Yes - how did you know?

STEED: It's on these papers here, St. Bodes.

EMMA: St. Bodes and James Broom. Seems logical. They have the finest economics department in the country.

STEED: Really my dear. Isn't it time you furthered your education?

EMMA: One and one are two .. two and two are ... I think you're right.

EXT. CLOISTERS.

PAN on to Lecture Room door. 'Lecture by Dr. Gordon Henge. A.D.Phil.'

INT. LECTURE ROOM.

HENGE: What I have tried to show you is the inevitability of history. What must be must be. We (titters from students) we delude ourselves that we are in charge of history. That we alter its course by our own efforts. This must be doubted. In fact refuted. It can not be true. There is no evidence to support such an assertion. Indeed history itself does not uphold this viewpoint. All the great events and changes in this world have been the result ... or as I was saying have been the .. have been the result of circumstance of chance even. I hope I have been conclusive. (Loud yawn from MILLE:SON) I ask you to ponder my arguments. To digest them. That is all. Now if there are any questions ...

PETTIT: Er yes I have a question Dr. Henge.

HENGE: Yes.

CONTINUED...

REEL ONE, CONTINUED

PETTIT: I take it that if someone were to suggest that one man in the right place and at the right time could himself change the course of history you would disagree?

HENGE: Mr. Pettit. Since I have spent the last hour saying so, you may take it that I would disagree. (Titters from students)

PETTIT: But there are other people of course who er hold other views?

HENGE: I suppose so.

PETTIT: It 's not a matter of conjecture. For instance Professor Acheson doesn't agree does he?

HENGE: He is entitled to his view as I am to mine.

PETTIT: One of you must be wrong though wouldn't you say? (Titters from students)

HENGE: I take it that on the whole you disagree with me, and agree with Professor Acheson.

DUBOYS: I think what Pettit was trying to suggest sir is that for the past .. er fifty three minutes you have assaulted our ears with a load of stupid pretentious old rubbish.

HENGE: Mr. Duboys you have the manners of a guttersnipe!

DUBOYS: You are entitled to your views sir as I am to mine.

(Laughter and catcalls)

EXT. CLOISTERS.

EMMA: Dr. Henge ... Dr. Henge ... Oh! (bumps into ACHESON)

ACHESON: Oh I do beg your pardon. Er isometrics ..

EMMA: Mn?

ACHESON: Exercises without apparatus...

EMMA: Oh.

ACHESON: I'm afraid I got carried away. Er, David Acheson.

EMMA: Professor Acheson?

ACHESON: That's right. Oh you must be Mrs. Peel. Told to expect you. Welcome to St. Bodes Mrs. Peel. Er..er..do you mind? In such a sedentary occupation one must be fit. (He continues exercises)

(Students yell as they go by)

ACHESON: (laughs) End of term. Excuse for high spirits.

EMMA: Yes well I just attended one of Dr. Henge's lectures. It didn't seem to be all high spirits.

ACHESON: Ah well Henge aggravates them a bit.. asks for it.

CONTINUED..

REEL ONE. CONTINUED

INT. DUBOYS ROOM.

DUBOYS: Who is she? Anyone know? .. Well?

MILLERSON: Nobody knows.

EXT. GLOISTERS.

EMMA: There was one student in particular. A young man named Duboys.

ACHESON: Eric Duboys. A very clever lad.. A very promising e-conomist. (Gets stuck, Emma pulls his neck round) Oh thank you very much.

EMMA: I'd like to meet him.

ACHESON: Oh well, up that staircase. Staircase three. Number Eighteen.

INT. DUBOYS ROOM.

PETTIT: She's coming this way.

DUBOYS: Is she now?

INT. CORRIDOR. NO DIALOGUE. (Emma jumped by yelling student)

INT. DUBOYS ROOM.

DUBOYS: Well well. What have we here?

END OF REEL ONE.

REEL TWO.

EXT. CARAVAN AREA.

STEED: Ah....

CARLYON: Steed take a look at this. Amongst Broom's papers an economic thesis.

STEED: 'Economics and a Sense of Histry'. Hm.

CARLYON: Well read it.

STEED: I am reading it.

CARLYON: No I - I mean this paragraph here particularly.

STEED: Pretty strong stuff.

CARLYON: Yeah..

STEED: So is this. (The coffee)

CARLYON: What do you mean it's continental roasted. There you are you see it gets progressively more hysterical. It's not an economic thesis, it's a political document. And it reeks of ideals and dogma.

STEED: With the faintest whiff of jackboots.

CONTINUED...

REEL TWO. CONTINUED

CARLYON: Good heavens.

SPEED: No author's name.

CARLYON: But it has the college crest.

INT. DUBOYS' ROOM.

DUBOYS: A most unfortunate encounter Mrs. Pecl. Most unfortunate. Rag Week. You see we - jump first year students and persuade them to contribute to whatever charity it is. (Breath) But to land a real live lecturer ... I do apologise for the impetuosity of my little band.

EMMA: Accepted.

DUBOYS: We normally wouldn't dream of being discourteous to our - betters.

EMMA: No?

DUBOYS: No.

EMMA: I would have thought differently. I was at Dr. Henge's lecture.

DUBOYS: Oh Dr. Henge .. Dr. Henge.

MILLERSON: Dear Dr. Henge.

ALLEN: Poor dear Dr. Henge.

PETTIT: Poor dead sad Dr. Henge.

EMMA: Why do you despise him so much?

DUBOYS: Well despise. Well who said despise. No no it's merely a - a lack of admiration. (Laugh) A negative appraisal. We call him - Stone Henge.

EMMA: Why?

DUBOYS: Because he's a fool. A dodderer. He lives in the past. All his ideas and philosophy come from the past.

EMMA: Many of his ideas haven't been bettered. Newton's Law of Gravity still keeps our feet firmly on the ground.

DUBOYS: A succinct remark like that merely points the lack in Dr. Henge. He would be incapable of reasoning such a - simple reply.

EMMA: Yet he's a knowledgeable man. And he has many distinguished friends who respect him. James Broom C.B.E. for example. I suppose you've heard of James Broom?

DUBOYS: Of course.

EMMA: A brilliant man.

DUBOYS: Brilliant. (Breath) Quite brilliant. Or rather he was.

EMMA: Well, thank you, for the coffee. (She goes)

DUBOYS: Watch her.

CONTINUED...

REEL TWO. CONTINUED.

EXT. CARAVAN.

STEED: St. Bodes is only a quarter of mile away. I'll walk it from here. A tattered gown, a sign of experience.. of belonging. Only a freshman would be seen wearing a new gown. I'll be in touch.

He exits down lane, leaving Carlyon.

EXT. UNIVERSITY. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. GLOISTERS.

STEED: (To Student) I'm terribly sorry young fellow. All in a good cause.

INT. LECTURE ROOM.

ACHESON: Oh there we are. Oh that's the one for the house lights, if you're taking slides or a film.

EMMA: Oh no I have all I need thank you.

ACHESON: Well er if there should be something that you've overlooked just go along to the porter's lodge. They'll fix you up.

EMMA: Thank you.

ACHESON: Oh oh good morning.

STEED: Good morning. Who was that?

EMMA: Professor Acheson.

STEED: And the er ... (Mimes)

EMMA: Isometrics. Exercise without apparatus.

STEED: Oh can't say I approve. I like my professors stooped and er venerable.

EMMA: And I like my students to be wide eyed and innocent. What on earth are you doing here anyway Steed?

STEED: Advanced research into the corelationship of the upper crested newt and Mrs. Sybil Peabody.

EMMA: Mrs. Sybil Peabody?

STEED: An aunt of mine. Drinks like a fish. No - recapture my college days. The tea and crumpets. The proctor and his bullfrogs.. larking about in a punt. The moments of triumph on the rugger field..

EMMA: The moments of failure in the examinations.

STEED: I'm here to find out who wrote this. Found in Broom's briefcase. Makes very interesting reading.

EMMA: But it's diametrically opposed to everything Broom stood for.

STEED: Exactly. The motive for Broom's murder. Bound up nicely in foolscap vellum with the college crest. The point is who wrote it?

CONTINUED...

REEL TWO. CONTINUED.

EMMA: Well there should be a record of it somewhere with the author's name. Ah Dr. Henge, perhaps you could help us? Dr. Henge this is Mr. John Steed. We're trying to trace - excuse me - we're trying to trace the details of a thesis on economics. It's called erm "Economics and a Sense of History". Are you familiar with it?

HENGE: This university was founded in 1642 Mrs. Teel. Since then there must have been five thousand graduate theses, two thousand doctoral dissertations on this subject alone. That means that within the University archives we have ...

STEED: An awful lot of theses.

HENGE: And you expect me to be familiar with one particular thesis? Do you know who wrote it?

STEED: I mean to find out.

HENGE: Try Grindley. The University archivist. He may be able to help you.

EXT. CLOISTERS.

Notice on door: 'ARCHIVES - D.B. Grindley M.A. Archivist.'

INT. ARCHIVES.

GRINDLEY: A thesis Mr. Stead?

STEED: Steed.

GRINDLEY: Er Steed. Yes well as you can see we have a surfeit of them here. You may borrow them individually or by the dozen.

STEED: This is a particular one. 'Economics and a Sense of History'. I don't want the paper itself just the author's name. I thought with your filing system you ...

GRINDLEY: (overlapped) There is no filing system Mr. Stead - er Steed. No the system is all here (raps head). That's the way we like to work at St. Bodes. Modern methods just involve rush and tear. Knowledge cannot be attained in a hurry. It must be studied quietly.. gently in the traditional manner.

STEED: Of course.

GRINDLEY: Now then just the author's name you want - 'Economics and a Sense of History'.

STEED: Yes.

GRINDLEY: Well I'll see what I can do for you.

STEED: As soon as possible, in the gentle traditional manner. Thank you.

EXT. CLOISTERS.

STEED: I beg your pardon. (Passes Henge)

CONTINUED...

REEL TWO. CONTINUED.

INT. ARCHIVES.

HENGE: Grindley that man who just left ...

GRINDLEY: Who Stead .. er Steed? Oh yes he seemed a very pleasant fellow.

HENGE: Asked you to check up on a thesis did he?

GRINDLEY: Yes.

HENGE: But he isn't a member of the College or Faculty. It isn't done Grindley, it's not done at all. We have a tradition to maintain a position to uphold. Comes in here treating this place like a public library.

GRINDLEY: But he said he used to be a student here.

HENGE: Oh and you believed him?

GRINDLEY: Does it matter if I did or if I didn't. Quite polite he was and that makes a change these days you know. Quite a touch of charm.

HENGE: Nevertheless. Making use of our facilities. Putting you personally to a great deal of trouble ..

GRINDLEY: Huh it wasn't as difficult as all that.

HENGE: You found what he was looking for?

GRINDLEY: No, but I know just what to do about it.

HENGE: Well I suppose you know your own business best.

GRINDLEY: Indeed. Well now I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to excuse me. I have a lecture to give and I'm late already. I think I put my notes over here somewhere.. (Henge exits)

GRINDLEY: .. Millerson. I - I didn't know you were there.

MILLERSON: Didn't you sir?

INT. LECTURE ROOM.

DUBOYS: Who's this chap Steed I've seen around?

PETTIT: An ex student of St. Bodes.

DUBOYS: What's he doing here?

PETTIT: Research of some kind. To do with newts - or something or other.

DUBOYS: Newts. Better check up on him. Yes I think the big man would like that.

MILLERSON: Duboys.

DUBOYS: (Sniggers) Well Grindley's late. Keeping us waiting. Calls for a demonstration don't you think to express our displeasure. (Bangs on desk) We want Grindley.

CHORUS: We want Grindley. We want Grindley. We want Grindley. We want Grindley. We want Grindley. We want Grindley.

CONTINUED...

REEL TWO. CONTINUED.

INT. ARCHIVES.

GRINDLEY: Yes.. yes that's it. (Hums to himself)

EXT. CLOISTERS.

VOICES OVER: We want Grindley. We want Grindley. (ad lib)

MILLERSON: Mr. Grindley ..

INT. LECTURE ROOM.

CHORUS: We want Grindley. We want Grindley.. (ad lib)
STUDENTS (Laughter)

(GRINDLEY falls, arrow in back).

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

END OF REEL TWO.

REEL THREE.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

INT. ARCHIVES.

EMMA: Obviously Grindley found out who wrote that thesis.

STEED: And was on his way to tell me.

EMMA: Poor man. Well it can't have been Duboys, he was in the lecture room.

STEED: He has his minions that young man. Then there's the severe Dr. Henge. He was just coming in here as I was leaving.

EMMA: And Henge is an economist.

STEED: He could have written that thesis.

EMMA: Oh this is no good. They have absolutely no system whatsoever.

STEED: Well then, you'll just have to trust to luck.

EMMA: I?

STEED: I have an appointment with Richard Carlyon.

(EMMA blows dust off folios)

EXT. CLOISTERS.

STUDENTS: (Owl hoots and cat calls)

DUBOYS: You have to pay a toll to walk these cloisters at night. Rag Week.

STEED: Rather misplaced levity isn't it?

CONTINUED...

REEL THREE. CONTINUED.

DUBOYS: Oh old Grindley you mean? You think we should put on the sackcloth and ashes bit eh? Oh that isn't the way we do things at St. Bodes. We his students bore him away and laid him to rest as the college tradition demands. That's the way he would have wished it. And that's the way it was. But you should know all about that shouldn't you? You're supposed to be an ex student.

STEED: Supposed? You disbelieve me?

DUBOYS: Very sharp of you old man. (Laughter from rest)

STEED: Calling me a liar?

DUBOYS: Mmm, sharper and sharper. (More laughter). Another incisive mind getting straight to the point.

STEED: I object to having my word doubted. I object very strongly.

DUBOYS: Take your hand off me...

STEED: Very strongly indeed..

DUBOYS: Get him. (They struggle)

ACHESON: What on earth's going on down there?

STEED: Ah Professor. We were just having a little - academic conversation.

ACHESON: All right. Well get away from here... All of you. (They go)

ACHESON: Huh I've no idea what was going on Mr. Steed. But I apologise for them. End of term you know. And this dreadful business of Grindley .. there's hysteria in the air.

STEED: Oh please I understand completely.

ACHESON: You do? That's jolly decent of you. They're basically a decent set of chaps.

STEED: Oh I like them enormously.

ACHESON: Yes.. Well if Duboys gives you any more trouble just report him to the Proctor.

STEED: I'll do better than that. I'll break his arm.

INT. ARCHIVES.

(EMMA listens)

EMMA: Dr. Henge.

HENGE: Still looking for that thesis Mrs. Peel?

EMMA: Well Mr. Grindley promised he would

HENGE: Dr. Grindley is dead. I am in charge of the archives now.

CONTINUED...

EXT. CARAVAN & COUNTRYSIDE

(Owl hoots)

CARLYON: Steed. I'd given you up.

STEED: Sorry, I ran into some fractious students. Find out anything?

CARLYON: No but I read through the thesis again.. analysed it.

STEED: And?

CARLYON: Well the reasoning behind it suggests a very mature mind ...

STEED: Fingers? (indicating food)

CARLYON: What? Oh yes yes so sorry. (Gives him knife) Almost the work of a senior member of the faculty.

STEED: Or an exceptionally brilliant student?

CARLYON: What?

STEED: By all accounts Dubois is exceptionally brilliant and exceptionally nasty.

CARLYON: Well now what about a drink?

STEED: Thank you.

CARLYON: Here we are. Well what's the next move?

STEED: With Broom dead what chance is there of his economic plan going ahead?

CARLYON: Every chance .. I'll see to that. I intend finishing off the good work he'd begun.

STEED: Someone is determined to kill the plan.

CARLYON: Impossible. Not while I'm alive.. Good heavens. You- you don't think that

STEED: You're the key man now.

CARLYON: I'm sorry, but you must forgive me, but the thought that my life might be in danger...

STEED: Ssh ...

CARLYON: What? Oh it's just an owl. It's been hooting away all the evening.

STEED: I think there are two of them.

CARLYON: Oh now look here Steed. I mean are you really serious? Do you really think that I need protection?

STEED: (overlapped) No there's several of them. They're calling to each other.

CONTINUED....

REEL THREE. CONTINUED..

CARLYON: Really Steed. At a time like this your interest in the habits of the nocturnal bird are
(Steed pushes him down)

CARLYON: Mr. Steed I really must make the strongest protest

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/EXT. CARAVAN. NO DIALOGUE. Fight.

END OF REEL THREE.

REEL FOUR.

INT. LECTURE ROOM.

STEED: Marianne, isn't it? Marianne Grey? (Shows wallet)
Have a look at it it's a very good likeness.
Who is he? Er who does this belong to? ...
He's in serious trouble. Now you be sensible and er...

PETTIT: (overlapped) Leave her alone.

STEED: Is this yours?

PETTIT: Yes. That's right. It's mine. But get out of here and keep away from us.

(STEED fells him)

STEED: Shall we talk?

PETTIT: I've nothing to say.

STEED: Last night you severely damaged my bowler hat - incidentally you nearly killed me. Why?

PETTIT: We were just trying to scare you that's all.

STEED: And Grindley? You've scared him right out of his archives.

PETTIT: I had nothing to do with Grindley.

STEED: There's somebody bigger isn't there? Somebody Duboys is scared of
I'm trying to be nice to you you know. I don't think you're worth the trouble.

PETTIT: All right. There is someone. But I don't know who.

STEED: But you could help me to find out.

PETTIT: How?

STEED: I should like to know who wrote this.

PETTIT: Well it should be on file. The archives...

(STEED hits him, PETTIT yells)

STEED: The archives are a shambles. Grindley poor old fellow is the only man who knows the system.

CONTINUED...

PETTIT: Did he tell you that? He's trying to sound important, that's all. That shouldn't be difficult to trace. Anyone that's used to the archives will be able to find that in less than - five minutes.

STEED: You for instance? ... You're in this right up to your neck.

PETTIT: ... All right I'll do my best. But later. Tonight - when there's no one around.

DUBOYS: Pettit .. Marianne. Haven't forgotten the Rag Week meeting have you?

PETTIT: Coming

INT. ARCHIVES.

ACHESON: Ah Mrs. Pecl. Still hard at it?

EMMA: Well, I seem to have got them into some semblance of order at long last.

ACHESON: Rather a big task isn't it? Or are you looking for something in particular?

EMMA: No, I'm just interested that's all.

ACHESON: Well let me give you a hand. (Knocks over a pile of files) I'm most dreadfully sorry.

EXT. CARAVAN.

CARLYON: Coffee?

STEED: Thank you very much. I must say I'm very partial to your er continental blended.

CARLYON: Oh oh I'm not taking any chances. Not after last time. Oh .. black or white?

STEED: Well since you don't seem to have any milk, black.

CARLYON: Oh - right here we are then. That enough?

STEED: That's fine thank you very much.

CARLYON: Oh I er hope you don't mind old chap - I don't like exposing my back for too long.

STEED: I quite understand.

CARLYON: It's not that I'm frightened you know. It's not that at all.

STEED: No no.

CARLYON: (Breath) To tell you the truth I'm absolutely petrified. I mean I'm not cut out for this sort of stuff. Murder .. mayhem .. lurkings after dark - attacks by young savages .. Not to mention the damp.

STEED: The damp?

CONTINUED...

CARLYON: Yes. It always gets me here.. Ooh!

STEED: (overlapped) Oh!

CARLYON: Oh I do beg your pardon I thought that was me...
... Old wound you know.

STEED: Really? German bullet - World War Two?

CARLYON: Umbrella - January sales. Darned stupid woman.
Now what are we going to do about my Minister?

STEED: I beg your pardon?

CARLYON: He demands to know when I'm going to return to my
department.

STEED: Oh I see.

CARLYON: He's a most difficult man Steed - most difficult.
What am I going to tell him?

STEED: Send him a memo ... Engaged in work of the utmost
importance ..

CARLYON: Utmost importance .. Yes I like that. Er I say -
do you mind if I make a few notes?

STEED: Not at all.

CARLYON: Oh .. Good. Now fire ahead.

STEED: ..That the entire future of Europe is in your hands..

CARLYON: The entire future of Europe .. Yes I like that...

STEED: Beyond that your lips are sealed...

CARLYON: Ham.

STEED: That in due course the full account of your heroism
will be revealed to him...

CARLYON: (grunts)

STEED: ..and add, that that if he hasn't heard from you
within the week, he must presume that you died for
your country.

CARLYON: I say, that's very good ... What! (Thunder heard)
But it's it's a bit strong isn't it Steed? Dying
for my country.

STEED: There's a storm brewing.

CARLYON: You know I - I don't mind a little suffering -
not too much pain mind you, but I mean actually
dying ..

STEED: I must get back to the University.

EXT. SKY. Thunder & lightning.

CONTINUED...

REEL FOUR. CONTINUED.INT. DUBOYS ROOM.

DUBOYS: Steed said no more than that?

PETTIT: Look Duboys I've told you a dozen times ..

DUBOYS: Tell me again. .

PETTIT: He just asked me a lot of questions about the University. He wanted to know how their attitudes had changed since he'd been here.

DUBOYS: He was never here.

MILLER: We checked.

PETTIT: Oh well that's what he told me.

DUBOYS: And that's all he told you?

PETTIT: Yes.

DUBOYS: You're sure?

PETTIT: Yes for petes sake. How many times do I have to tell you?

DUBOYS: Just asking dear fellow. Just asking. You're a bit on edge aren't you?

PETTIT: Yes, I'm a little tired of all these questions.

DUBOYS: Too many late nights old chap. Well cut along now. Have an early night.

PETTIT: Yes I think perhaps I will.... That was all Steed wanted to know. (He goes)

DUBOYS: Marianne. Marianne, you'd better run along now too. Before the Troctor finds you. Run along my dear. (She goes.)

DUBOYS: He's lying.

MILLERSON: Yes.

DUBOYS: Well?

MILLERSON: Oh no, not this time. I've had my share of the dirty work. Come to that so have you.

DUBOYS: What are you driving at?

MILLERSON: The big man. Well he's in charge isn't he? He keeps finding nice little tasks for us to do. Well now it's his turn. We're committed why not him? Let him get his hands dirty for a change.

DUBOYS: Millerson that is a very real contribution. A very astute idea
(On Phone) Hello sir... Duboys here...

EXT. SKY. Thunder & lightning.

CONTINUED...

REEL FOUR. CONTINUED..

INT. ARCHIVES/ INTERCUT EXT. CLOISTERS. NO DIALOGUE UNTIL...

INT. ARCHIVES.

PETTIT: Look out you fool!....

EXT. CLOISTERS.

HENGE: There's been an accident, a terrible accident!

INT. ARCHIVES. NO DIALOGUE.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

END OF REEL FOUR.

REEL FIVE.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

EXT. UNIVERSITY. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. ARCHIVES.

EMMA: I doubt if we'll have any luck. The thesis will probably have been destroyed by now.

(Tolling church bell off)

STEED: 'Carried on the shoulders of four stalwart students laid to rest, mourn no more'.

EMMA: You shouldn't blame yourself Steed.

STEED: It goes back to the days of the Plague, old college tradition. Bury 'em quick. Forget 'em quick. I should never have let him go it alone.

EMMA: He must have known the risks he was taking.

STEED: In that case, so should I.

EMMA: What did Dr. Henge have to say for himself?

STEED: He found the archives door open. Went in to investigate and found Pettit.

EMMA: That's all he saw?

STEED: That's all he said he saw.

MILLERSON: Ah there you are. Been looking for you. The Rag Committee asked me to deliver these.

STEED: Thank you.

MILLERSON: You will come I hope. Tomorrow night. Going to be quite mad, a rava. Anything could happen and er probably will. Great fun.

EMMA: They certainly do don't they? Bury and forget.. Anything can happen ...

CONTINUED...

STEED: And probably will. Wonder who else ...

EXT. CARAVAN.

STEED'S VOICE CONTD. OVER: ... has been invited?

INT. DUBOYS ROOM.

DUBOYS: Gentlemen. We are on the very threshold of shaping history... I ask you to reaffirm your vows ...

(Ceremony performed)

DUBOYS: Yes....

DUBOYS: With blood we bind, and in blood we advance ...

DUBOYS: (answering door) Well Marianne?

MARIANNE: This just arrived.

DUBOYS: Thank you Marianne.... It's from Carlyon.
He's bit.

MILLERSON: He's accepted?

DUBOYS: He has accepted. He will arrive tomorrow night.
And this will taste blood again.

EXT. CLOISTERS.

STEED: It occurs to me that the one person we've omitted
to talk to is the principal.

EMMA: Ah well he's on an extended leave.

STEED: Really?

ACHESON: Oh my goodness I'm most dreadfully sorry. There
might have been the most dreadful accident.

STEED: There might indeed.

ACHESON: (Laugh) Foolish isn't it? One would expect it
perhaps from one of the students but not from the
professor of the faculty. Well the truth of the
matter is that I couldn't resist trying it out
before tomorrow night.

EMMA: Tomorrow night?

ACHESON: Rag Night. It's an integral part of the whole
affair. You don't mean to tell me that you didn't
know? I thought that everybody knew. It's fancy
dress and this is to be the theme.

STEED: Bows and arrows?

ACHESON: But of course. The central theme is Robin Hood.

EXT. CLOISTERS.

(Students yelling etc. Ad lib)

DUBOYS: Has he arrived yet?

MILLERSON: No.

CONTINUED...

REEL FIVE CONTINUED.

DUBOYS: Well when he does, stay close. And remember the Lecture Room. We must lure him to the Lecture Room.

INT. LECTURE ROOM.

EMMA: Steed. So you finally decided on your costume. The Sherriff of erm - Bashful Bend?

STEED: Nottingham.

EMMA: Well I hate to mention it, but in all the books I've read the Sherriff is a baddy.

STEED: Beneath this doublet beats a generous heart.

EMMA: That looks a bit droopy.

STEED: Wait till it's challenged. (She chuckles) After you Robin Hood.

EXT. CLOISTERS.

(Laughter etc.)

DUBOYS: (Laughs) Here he is... Oh Mr. Carlyon sir. Very glad you could make it .. Duboys..

CARLYON: Oh how do you do.

DUBOYS: Have some punch.

CARLYON: Oh thank you.

MILLERSON: (overlapped) How is the plan going Mr. Carlyon?

CARLYON: The plan? Oh the plan.

DUBOYS: The plan, the Europa Plan..

CARLYON: Yes.

DUBOYS: ..We all admire your audacity Mr. Carlyon.

CARLYON: Audacity?

DUBOYS: Well that you should think it could succeed. That it would be allowed to succeed.

CARLYON: I hope it is.

MILLERSON: Why don't we discuss it further?

ALLEN: In greater detail.

DUBOYS: It would be much quieter in the Lecture Room.

STEED: Ah Dicky. Dicky Carlyon. Haven't seen you for ages. Do you remember Mrs. Peol. I've told you about Dicky.

DUBOYS: Oh we were just going to show him the Lecture Room.

CONTINUED...

STEED: (overlapped) We must talk over old times. Come and have another drink.

(General chatter)

DUBOYS: Mrs. Peel, we seem to be in competition. Two Robin Hoods, that will hardly do. One will hardly do. One will have to be eliminated don't you think?

EMMA: I don't think we need bother. In a situation like this the gentleman would bow to the lady.

(General chatter)

MILLERSON: Well, what do we do now?

DUBOYS: I see Carlyon has been thoughtful enough to provide us with a target.

(Laughter etc.)

CARLYON: Honestly Steed, aren't you carrying this faithful watchdog business a bit far? I mean this young chap Duboys he's

STEED: Helped to murder Broom.

CARLYON: Oh oh, you you you don't think he might attempt, I mean, he might try me!

EMMA: You.

STEED: That's why you're here old man.

EMMA: We want to bring the top man into the open.

STEED: And you're just the live bait to do it.

CARLYON: What?

STEED: Don't worry. Circulate - move around .. keep your eyes open.

(Laughter, ad lib chatter etc.)

MARIANNE: Mrs. Peel ... they killed John didn't they? They killed him.

EMMA: It might have been an accident.

MARIANNE: No they killed him just as they did the others.. D'you want the man behind it all? The big man. Well he'll be here. They're going to meet him in the Lecture Room.

DUBOYS: Marianne ...

MARIANNE: Look for Friar Tuck ...

DUBOYS: What were you saying to Mrs. Peel? It must have been important. You don't often have much to say for yourself do you?

MARIANNE: She asked me where I got this dress.

(Laughter, general chatter etc.)

CONTINUED...

REEL FIVE. CONTINUED.

STEED: There you are old boy.

CARLYON: Oh thank you. I don't know how they ever wore these things. It's killing me.

STEED: (overlapped during above) Excuse me.

EMMA: (To Steed) Friar Tuck.

STEED: Eh?

EMMA: The man we want is Friar Tuck.

STEED: Who told you that?

EMMA: Marianne. He's due here soon. There's to be a meeting in the Lecture Room.

STEED: Friar Tuck. Of course it would be.

EMMA: Yes he was the real brains behind the Robin Hood set up.

CARLYON: Here I can't hear a word. Is anything wrong? Some sort of trouble is there?

STEED: On the contrary. Your troubles are almost over.

STEED: My dear Friar ...

EMMA: We'd like a word with you.

STEED: A private word.

INT. ARCHIVES.

EMMA: What do you want .. Historical memoirs or Encyclopaedia Erotica?

STEED: Memoirs, they're heavier.

EMMA: Right. (She hits Friar Tuck on head)

STEED: Dr. Henge.

EMMA: Back to the party?

STEED: Back to the party.

END OF REEL FIVE.REEL SIX.EXT. CLOISTERS.

(Laughter, ad lib chatter etc.)

STEED: Ah my dear chap, as I said your troubles are over. You can relax now, enjoy yourself, have a drink, have fun. We have the top villain under lock and .. key...

STEED: Take cover.

CONTINUED...

REEL SIX. CONTINUED.

STEED: My dear dear Friar ...

INT. ARCHIVES.

STEED: The Erotica.. (She hits Friar on head)

STEED: Professor Acheson.

EMMA: So much for isometrics.

STEED: They can't both be the man we want.

EXT. CLOISTERS.

(Laughter etc.)

DUBOYS: Just stroll along with us Mr. Carlyon. Somebody wants to meet you. Quietly please ...

INT. ARCHIVES.

STEED: Thank you for your assistance. (To Marianne). We bagged two of them. But could you point out which ...

EMMA: (overlapped)..Which is the right one?

MARIANNE: But it's neither of them.. and they've taken Carlyon to the Lecture Room.

INT. LECTURE ROOM.

DUBOYS: This is an historic moment Mr. Carlyon.

CARLYON: I-I-I don't understand.

DUBOYS: I should have said perhaps we are about to create an historic moment. To change the course of history. Hence the small ceremonial of the occasion. Allen ...

DUBOYS: We have followed you this far sir - the triumph and the coup de grace belongs to you.

GRINDLEY: Grindley, D.B. Grindley, M.A.

CARLYON: But you're dead, Steed told me ..

GRINDLEY: A small piece of pantomime stage managed by my worthy pupils here.

DUBOYS: Things were hotting up. We thought it better if Grindley was no more.

GRINDLEY: After all he was only an archivist. Just a small man of no consequence. Only an archivist, a sort of glorified librarian. And yet one tends to overlook that such a man spends his entire life surrounded by thoughts committed to paper. Ideas. Wisdom. And I am a voracious reader Mr. Carlyon. And in the end I wrote a modest thesis myself. 'Economics and a Sense of History'.

CARLYON: I've read it.

CONTINUED...

REEL SIX. CONTINUED.

DUBOYS: Then you appreciate its genius. The pure simplicity of its basic premise.

CARLYON: What - that history can be created to order?

GRINDLEY: Yes, well, an understatement, but quite near enough.

CARLYON: Poppycock!

DUBOYS: Disagree. ..

GRINDLEY: I am afraid we shall have to. You see we are going to manoeuvre the course of history here and now in this very room, with your death Mr. Carlyon. We shall create a small economic snowball we shall then guide it downhill, charting its progress, watching its growth and changing with it the entire economic face of Europe.

DUBOYS: Do it, do it now!

GRINDLEY: You shall have your immortality Mr. Carlyon. You shall have your rightful place in history!

(STEED & EMMA enter, all fight)

EXT. CLOISTERS. NO DIALOGUE.INT. ARCHIVES. NO DIALOGUE.INT. LECTURE ROOM. NO DIALOGUE UNTIL:-

STEED: Mrs. Peel was right.

INT. ARCHIVES. NO DIALOGUE. (Fight Emma/Dubois)INT. LECTURE ROOM. NO DIALOGUE UNTIL:-

CARLYON: You said you'd look after me.

STEED: I'm terribly sorry old chap.

EXT. CLOISTERS. NO DIALOGUE.INT. LECTURE ROOM.

EMMA: (Looking at Grindley) I wonder if history will be kind to him?

EXT. COUNTRY.

STEED: (Getting into sidecar) Ahoy for the open road. Marvellous day.. an invigorating nip in the air.. Ah the air is so fresh.. Open her up Mrs. Peel, let's feel

EMMA: What was that?

STEED: I said let's feel the wind in our faces.

CONTINUED..

REEL SIX. CONTINUED.

EMMA: Steed, you're a fraud.
 An unmitigated fraud.

EMMA drives motor cycle and side car away
along road.

FADEOUT/FADE IN

END TITLES

FADE OUT/FADE IN

ABC
PRODUCTION

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE