MHSTERA

THE AVENGERS.

HONEY FOR THE PRINCE

DIALOGUE SHEETS.

342

(26)

PREPARED BY:

学会报院

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

MARCH, 1966.

"HONEY FOR THE PRINCE"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

REEL 1.

THE AVENGERS TITLE.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

George and Ronny enter.
George picks up Aladdin's Lamp
and rubs it. Great Flash and
Bang and Vincent appears firing
George is shot. Ronny is
wounded but gets sway. Track
to window - Big Ben at 3.0'clock.

NO DIALOGUE

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED.

EXT. HAMSTEAD HEATH.

Emma and Steed, in evening dress walking over bridge laughing and fooling around. They walk off.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

EMMA

I'll make the coffee.

STEED

Excuse me.

EMMA

Steed.

STEED

Phone for a doctor.

RONNY

No - mustn't let it leak out. Top security...I'm finished anyway. No doctor.... Steed listen carefully George Reed and myself, we stumbled onto something big. Important (coughs) Dry..mouth's dry...dry.

STEED

You and George stumbled onto something

Ronny.

RONNY

The full story..full report in George's

room (drinks). Evidence.

STEED

And where's George?

RONNY

George ... dead . . dead .

STEED

Who did this? Who was it?

RONNY

Genie.

STEED

Jeannie. Who's Jeannie? Who is she?

RONNY

A...honey.

STEED

Ronny Westcott was one of the best undercover men in the business...Jeannie. A woman

called Jeannie.

EMMA

A good looking woman. He said a honey.

REEL 1.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT - cont.

STEED

Ring Col. Robertson. Tell him what's happened..arrange to have the body taken

away.

EMMA

Where will you be?

STEED

He said there was full report in George's room. I'll collect it.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

ARKADI

George Reed..mmm...You sage the other one

got away?

VINCENT

Yes

ARKADI

A pity, still, can't be helped. Thing to do now is to cover all traces. You go to this address...see what you can find.

VINCENT

Right...

ARKADI

And Vincent, whatever you find .. destroy.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Vincent, masked, takes file and starts burning papers in a metal bin. He hears a sound and hides. Steed enters -Vincent jumps out with knife they fight. Steed throws Vincent through window.

STEED

Well I never.

EXT. GROUND OUTSIDE.

Vincent sprawled across Mini roof - scrambles off.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Steed examines remains of burnt papers. Moves to cupboard and sees jars of honey.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

POSTMAN

Goodmorning.

EMMA

Goodmorning.

POSTMAN

Registered package. Sign here please.

END OF REEL 1.

REEL 2.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Steed taking each jar of honey in turn and pouring contents into bowl.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI

So you left him there. That was foolish

Vincent, very foolish.

VINCENT

But I destroyed the files, Mr. Arkadi. I

made sure of that.

ARKADI

Nevertheless, there may be a general hue and cry. We must continue to cover up all traces.

The honey shop. Take Bernie with you.

VINCENT

Yes, Mr. Arkadi.

INT. HONEY SHOP.

BUMBLE

Good morning...Good morning dear lady..
Oh forgive me - I have just been attending to my little charges. Buzzing around the

hives so to speak.

EMMA

Exhausting work.

BUMBLE

But rewarding you know. Rewarding.
Bumble. B. Bumble at your service. Yes,
most rewarding. Treat my bees like children
you know. Happy bees make bumper honey. Yes,
like children. One of them has a bad knee at
the moment. I may have to operate. Well then

dear lady.

EMMA

I'd like to send some honey to a friend. You

can arrange that.

BUMBLE

Indeed I can. Bumble's honey encircles the globe! Nectar in Nyasaland'. Syrup in Sweden! Honey in the Himalayas! You just give me the address - and I dispatch post haste. Now how

much did you want to send?

EMMA

Just a jar or two.

BUMBLE

Which particular kind? Our six legged friends are very versatile you know. I have three hundred and sixty-five different kinds of honey. Just imagine - breakfast toast for a whole year

- and never the same flavour twice.

EMMA

Except in a leap year.

BUMBLE

Eh? Oh, quite so, quite so.

EMMA

Well I thought this would be rather nice.

BUMBLE

Oh yes..strength three - pure syrup without

wax. Two jars you said.

...Won't keep you a moment gentlemen..Now, if you'll just put the address on these labels.

EMMA

Thank you..it was sent by a friend of mine, A Mr. George Reed..perhaps you remember him?

REEL 2. cont.

INT. HONEY SHOP cont.

BUMBLE

Reed? Reed? We get so many customers.

EMMA

But it was sent only the day before yesterday.

The postmark on the package

BUMBLE

Ah..in that case I wouldn't remember him - and you dear lady must be mistaken. The day before yesterday I was at the Barabian Embassy - making a personal delivery of my delicious honey. And

this shop - was shut. Will that be all?

FMMA

Yes thank you..

BUMBLE

I'll invoice this and dispatch it right sway. Well now gentlemen what can I do for you.

VINCENT

You can just keep quiet. Follow that girl

Bernie ... you know what to do.

Behind the counter, come on ... come along.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Steed completing search of honey jars. Phone rings.

HOPKIRK's voice (over phone) Hello...Hello....

STEED

Hello

HOPKIRK

Is that Mr. Reed?...Mr. George Reed?

STEED

Speaking. Who is this?

HOPKIRK

We haven't actually met, but I am Ponsonby

Hopkirk ... of the Q.Q.F.

STEED

Oh yes.

HOPKIRK

Understand you've made an appointment to see me at the Q.Q.F. this morning. Well wonder if you'd mind making it a bit later..say twelve

o'clock. That be alright?

STEED

Oh yes ... perfectly.

HOPKIRK

Good, see youlater then.

STEED

Mr. Hopkirk..it's extremely silly of me, but I seem to have forgotten the address of the

Q.Q.F.

HOPKIRK

Beaver Street, Mr. Reed...ten Beaver Street.

INT. CORRIDOR.

C/U of door "Q.Q.F. Inc" Steed appears and enters.

NO DIALOGUE.

REEL 2. cont.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

STEED How do you do...I'm looking for Mr. Hopkirk,

Mr. Ponsonby Hopkirk of the Q.Q.F. Er..je vous en prie Monsieur...pardon mon general..

mon brave general...je cherche Monsieur

Hopkirk.

HOPKIRK Aha...Mr. Reed, isn't it.. George Reed?

STEED. Yes I...

HOPKIRK Hopkirk, Ponsonby Hopkirk. Welcome to the

Q.Q.F. Doubly welcome. Sorry about this -but I'm afraid I'm still not ready for you yet. Little contretemps behind the scenes. In any great hurry are you?...You'll wait? Splendid - do take off your coat. Aha....dinner jacket eh.. I detect a suppressed desire..want to be a band leader perhaps? Or break the Bank at Monte Carlo. We'll see...we'll see..would you

like tea, coffee, a drink perhaps....?

-220 200) OULGG; & GILIN PEHIAPS, ...,

STEED A drink would be....

HOPKIRK Right away..right away.

HOPKIRK Won't keep you long Napoleon. Wellington's

just getting his boots on.

Well! What do you think of my little genie?

STEED Jeannie.

HOPKIRK Of the Lamp. Service with a smile eh?

STEED Oh yes...thank you....

HOPKIRK All fixed up then...mind if I leave you to it?

STEED Er...

HOPKIRK Capital, excellent...if you need anything else

... just rub..live up to our name eh? The Q.C.F.

STEED Oh . . . quite .

HOPKIRK Quite Quite Fantastic. Now if you'll just

excuse me... I have to go and climb the Matterhora

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI This woman at the honey shop - what was her

name?

VINCENT Don't know - but she was talking about Reed.

ARKADI Bernie's following her?

VINCENT That was right wasn't it?

ARKADI Perfectly right my dear Vincent. He knows

what to do, of course.

VINCENT Oh yes, Mr. Arkadi...he knows what to do.

REEL 2. cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARIMENT.

Emma hears door buzzer. She opens door and sees Bernie with gun concealed behind his hat. She throws him and as he falls, his gun goes off and he dies.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

End of Reel 2.

REEL 3.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

HOPKIRK

Goodbye...goodbye..we'll climb Everest next week.

Now then gentlemen....Napoleon...everything's

Now then gentlemen...Napoleon...everything's ready for you...Waterloo Room ...end of the corridor. Mr. Prentice...what was it for you today? Indian Wars - stagecoach ride2.of course...gunfight at the O.K. Corral - third door on the right. You'll find them all ready and waiting to ambush you. Mr. Reed. Sorry you've been kept waiting, but now you have my undivided attention - so tell me - what can the Q.Q.F. do for you?

STEED

I should like to know a bit more about it.

HOPKIRK

You mean you haven't received our advertising literature? Oh dear, how remiss of me. Well, the Q.Q.F., the Quite Quite Fantastic..Incorporated can help you quite simply to satisfy/ your most repressed desires.... in a nutshell Mr. Reed... we will create your fantasies and let you live them. Would you like some tea and honeyed muffins.

STEED

Honeyed!

HOPKIRK

Or jam or treacle.

STEED

No thank you.

HOPKIRK

It all began with the Arabian Nights you know, the Q.Q.F. As a boy I was fascinated by the tales of the Arabian Nights. I would dream of living in that exotic era. then one day I thought why dream? Why not make my dream a reality. After that it was easy. A matter of the right decor. the right atmosphere. a few tricks. This for example. rubbing you see sets up an electronic impulse that rings a bell in the cellar. My little genie then pops up through a trapdoor in the floor. Just a theatrical trick, but a very effective one...don't you think.

STEED

Very.

HOPKIRK

Then I began to think of the commercial possibilities - creating other people's dreams and fantasies..and so the Q.Q.F. was born..within these portals Mr. Reed, you can stand beside Nelson at Trafalgar.....

REEL 3. cont.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM cont.

HOPKIRK

...fight with General Custer..become Genghis Khan - a Roman Emperor. heavyweight champion - ruler of the world...a million dreams to order. Fantasies created with a few simple tricks, such as you have already seen.... Don't worry Old Man, better luch next time. Now Mr. Reed...your own fantasy. Might I suggest an intrepid trapper...or a cavalryman at Balaclava riding into the Valley of Death.

STEED

Well I thought that I might...

HOPKIRK

Got it...you're a secret agent. Yes indeed... ideal for you...licenced to kill - pitting your wits against a diabolical master mind. Make a change from your everyday humdrum existence wouldn't it.?

STEED

Oh....certainly make a change.

HOPKIRK

But no doubt you have a little fantasy of your

own.

STEED

I'd like the same as Ronny Westcott.

HOPKIRK

Eb!

STEED

Ronald Westcott. He is a client of yours.

HOPKIRK

Mr. Westcott, yes here just the other day as a matter of fact....haven't heard from him

since.

STEED

Unavoidably detained..but whatever you fixed

for him - fine for me.

HOPKIRK

Oh I would hardly think that....

STEED

You did create a fantasy for him?

HOPKTRK

I was working on it. Yes. But I wouldn't

have thought it was you.

STEED

Oh No..no..no. If it was good enough for

Ronny..

HOPKIRK

Very well...I'll let you know when it's

arranged.

STEED.

Fine - what is by the way? This Fantasy.

What am I to be.

HOPKIRK

Chief Eunuch in a harem.

INT. STEED'S FLAT.

STEED (into phone)

Colonel Robertson.. Steed here. Did Mrs. Peel call and tell you about the body in my appartment? She did? .. well will you have it removed right away please. It's very untidy. You already have. Hold on Colonel. I'm most terribly sorry Colonel - it's another body entirely...Yes a different body...Look Colonel I'm not responsible for what happens in my appartment when I'm not in it. No I'm not trying to corner the market .. and furthermore REEL 3. cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT. cont.

EMMA's voice on tape

recorder.

Steed - sorry about the body - but he was too big to sweep under the carpet. Nothing on him to identify him - but I saw him earlier today at B. Bumble and Co. That's a honey shop by the way. Tell you all about it later - must buzz back to Bumble's - Message ends.

INT. HONEY SHOP.

EMMA

Mr. Bumble Mr. Bumble . Hey!

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI

Well Vincent..what has happened to Bernie?

VINCINT

He should have reported back by now. He ought

to have dropped the car.

ARKADT

He should he ought been better if you had attended to the girl yourself. We'll give him one hour..no more...and then we must presume the worst...and act accordingly.

VINCENT

The Q.Q.F.?

ARKADI

Well you are due ther soon aren't you? Hurry up my dear Vincent, you mustn't miss your third fantasy, must you?

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

HOPKIRK

Well Mrs. Peel..I've given you a general outline of the service I offer - what else can I add?

EMMA

My readers would be interested in more specific cases.

HOPKIRK

Mmm..this interest from the Press is most gratifying - more specific cases? Mmm..well I suppose my most ambitious fantasy to date was the sinking of the Titanic. Several of my staff had to be resuscitated afterwards. Then there was Hannibal crossing the Alps. an assassination...riding a Derby winner.

EMMA

An assassination!

HOPKIRK

Yes, had several of those ...very difficult to

set up.

EMMA

How do you go about an assassination?

HOPKIRK

First we allow our client to select his victim / --a real person..a V.I.P. perhaps...or an important/businessman - then we provide our elient with/this. and put him in a position to use it. We allow him to actually get his

victim in his sights and then...

EMMA

HOPKIRK

He has a fine photograph to commerate the occasion. A camera gun...helps him to get something out of his system - but nobody gets hurt.

REEL 3. con+.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM. cont.

EMMA I see....Now Mr. Hopkirk, if I could know a bit

more about your clients.

HOPKIRK Clients?

EMMA Vincent East for instance...he is a client of

yours?

HOPKIRK Mrs. Peel...I'm afraid that I am unable to discuss

individuals - the ethics of my business...my lips

are sealed. /

EMMA But surely....

HOPKIRK I must insist.

EMMA Oh well..thank you anyway.

HOPKIRK Nat at all Mrs. Peel...if if ever you should wish

to join the Q.Q.F...a fantasy perhaps?

EMMA No thank you...I haven't yet exhausted reality.

HOPKIRK Pity:

Ah! Mr. Vincent .. ready for your third fantasy ..

In a nice murderous mood are we?

INT. HEALTH CENTRE

ARKADI Telephone:

Q.Q.F. May I speak to Mr. East please.

Vincent? Bad news. Bernie has not returned. Well of course I know what that means. You'll

have to kill Hopkirk.

End of Reel.

REEL 4.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

STEED You know what?

EMMA What?

STEED We are getting nowhere fast.

EMMA There's the honey.

STEED Mmmm.

EMMA There has to be a link somewhere, why else would

Reed have sent it to you?

STEED Because ... I dunno. But one thing's certain. Reed

Because...I dunno. But one thing's certain, Reed and Westcott weren't killed for a jar of honey.

EMMA Then there's the Q.Q.F.

STEED Quite Quite Fantastic. Well that turned out to

be a dead end. So what was Ronnie doing there?

I can understand the harem bit. But....

EMMA Harem?

STEED Yes, that was part of the fantasy Ronnie ordered.

REEL 4. cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARIMENT. CONT.

EMMA

Harem..and Bumble said something about the Barabian Embassy. He made a delivery there.

STEED

Barabian Embassy. Harem. Two Agents killed.

EMMA/STEED

Snap!!

EMMA

Hopkirk sometimes dreams up an assassination.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

HOPKIRK

Now let's rehearse it again. I am the Orown Prince Ali. and you. his murderer are concealed ..say here. I am perhaps/enjoying a quiet smoke...you have not revealed yourself yet. The moment of surprise has yet to come. You hold your gun at the ready..the gun, Vincent, the gun. Now then ... you choose your moment well ..am then..up you pop..no no man - you're not putting enough into it. You won't get any satisfaction out of your fantasy unless you put something into it...think...think murderously. Your expression, your whole attitude is too bland...too unconvincing. You wouldn't frighten a fly off a wall. Get a firm grip on the gun... higher...point it at me....here. No, that's not very good..you won't get anywhere unless you concentrate. Fix me with your eye and think to yourself - I am going to kill him. I am going to kill him. Much better ... much more real....listic.....

Fantastic....quite quite fantastic...

STEED

Hopkirk...you've arrangedanother fantasy haven't

you?

HOPKIRK

One too many I'm afraid.

STEED

I mean the assassination of Prince Ali....

when's it to takeplace?

HOPKIRK

Tonight.

EMMA

How . . . ?

HOPKIRK

Too late.

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI

Splendid...quite splendidly detailed. No doubt that if we follow these instructions you will penetrate the security of the Barabian Embassy ...and then..our task is over...Hopkirk certainly

knows his business.

VINCENT

Knew his business.

ARKADI

As you say, my dear Vincent, as you say.

REEL 4. cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

EMMA.

Why don't you just go to the Crown Prince

and tell him there's to be an attempt on his

life tomorrow.

STEED We can't possibly do that. You know why he's

coming here?

EMMA To sign over oil concessions in our favour.

STEED In return for which we give his country full

military protection.

EMMA Well?

STEED Well, he won't have much confidence in our

military protection, if we can't even protect

him. One man in our own country.

FMMA I wonder what weapon the assassin will use?

A gun? A knife? A rope or poison? I was thinking of the honey. It's important somehow.

STEED Well he'd have to get within tasting distance

to to that.

EMMA Prince Ali won't step outside the Embassy once

he has arrived. So the killer has to get smuggled

in or be there. But he has to get into the

Embassy somehow.

STEED And so do I.

INT. RECEPTION.

Gong sounds.

VIZIER I crave pardon for this intrusion your Majesty.

PRINCE What is it Grand Vizier?

VIZIER An Effendi from the British Government. Oh

Most High and Gracious One. He begs to be admitted to your Most Illustrious Presence.

PRINCE Is he to be trusted?

VIZIER His credentials have been checked once, twice

and thrice times over Oh High and Mighty. His person has been searched for offensive weapons. I, who am a more speck upon the Camel's back a poor lowly ignorant toad in your Most All

Seeing Eyes, think he can be trusted.

PRINCE Let him be admitted.

VIZIER At once, Oh Pearl of All Wisdom ... will all speed.

REEL 4. cont.

INT. RECEPTION cont.

VIZIER

You enter with head lowered...do not speak until His Royal Highness has addressed you.

Effendi Steed your Royal Highness.

Hat off - head lowered.

PRINCE

What is your business Mr. Steed.

STEED

A social call your Majesty. I am with the Ministry of Eastern Affairs....we merely wish to ensure that you are enjoying your stay in

this country.

PRINCE

We thank you. May may gaze upon the Royal

and Most Noble Features.

On behalf of my peoples and my country - I, Ali, Mortashan, Gubran, Crown Prince of Barabia ...Defender of the Faith...Soother of All SoulsLighter of Dark Corners...Fountain

of Wisdom...Welcome thee. Vizier!

I say do you play cricket?

STEED

Well yes .. I do ... but ...

PRINCE

Bowler or batsman

STEED

Bit of an all rounder.

PRINCE

Jolly good...keep an eye out for the Vizier.

Come on ... at the double!

Mr. Steed...now Henry mid-on...Herbert short leg. Florry - first slip. Ethel second slip. Field alright for you Mr. Steed?

STEED

Thank you very much...but I prefer Florry at

silly-mid on.

PRINCE

Right.

STEED

What will it be?

PRINCE

Middle and leg.

STEED

Not too bad...that's just right. Thank you Florry.

PRINCE

Send them down. Come on old boy...keep 'em coming - that's a royal command.

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI

That's right my dear...keep me cool...I enjoy the ultra-violet...but not the heat. Just here and here...splendid...quite splendid.

VINCENT

I'm ready to go.

ARKADI

Nothing overlooked.

VINCENT

No...except the pay-off.

ARKADI

Half now...half when the job is finished... those were the agreed terms.

VINCENT

0----

Yes...but when you said 'half' I expected...
I thought you meant......

ARKADI

We must trust one another my dear Vincent..

we really must.

REEL 4. continued.

INT. HEALTH CENTRE. cont.

ARKADI

And take your time about it...a sure aim .. and one nice big bang.

INT. RECEPTION.

Vase is shattered by cricket ball.

End of Reel.

REEL 5.

INT. RECEPTION.

PRINCE

Well, I think a break for tea is clearly indicated. Would you like some tea Mr. Steed?

STERD

Thank you.

Gong sounds.

VIZIER

You sommoned me, O Great and High One.

PRINCE

I certainly did. Tea for myself and my guest Vizier.

VIZIER

Instantly your Royal Highness...

STEED

Well, that is service.

PRINCE

Oh, we don't stand for any laxness, you know. If they get too idle, we chop off a few of their toes...gingers them up no end. They're a couple of my wives...number four and number ...thirty three. Charming girl....cost me a bag of salt and four goats. I've got lots more out the back.

STEED

Goats?

PRINCE

Wives. Got to have a lot of them. Matter of status you see. What was it at the last count?

VIZIER

Three hundred and twenty.

PRINCE

Aha!...I can see your European eyes flashing at the prospect. But did you ever pause to consider that a man with three hundred and twenty wives also acquires three hundred and twenty mothers -in law.

STEED

That's a very sobering thought.

PRINCE

Very. Now then...I'll have one of those and one of those.

VIZIER

Yes, Your Royal Highness.

PRINCE

No discomfort?

VIZIER

No, Your Royal Highness

PRINGE

Not even the slightest twinge?

nnnammunumatarkatappatikkiisistikkiin oo oo lakkiisistii oo oo oo lakkiisistii oo oo oo

VIZIER

No, Your Royal Highness.

REEL 5 cont.

INT. RECEPTION cont.

PRINCE He tastes everything for me...there's always

someone trying to pop me off you see..have to be careful. What about you, Mr. Steed...

what will you have?

STEED You don't seem to have any honey.

PRINCE Honey! You want honey? Personally I loathe

the stuff - but if it's what you want?

STEED No please don't bother. This is fine.

So you don't take to it eh? Honey...

PRINCE Never touch the stuff...far too sweet for my

taste. My wives though - they love it. I've had to order loads of it while I'm here.

nad to order toads of it white I'm here.

STEED From.B. Rumble and Co.

PRINCE That's right. Forty jars of the stuff, another

three truck loads this afternoon...

STEED Three trucks..for forty jars this size?

PRINCE Weren't that size, Old Boy, more that size...

forty man-sized jars.

STEED Man-sized? May I see them?

PRINCE They're all out there.

STEED Well in that case I'm sure your Majesty won't

mind.

PRINCE That's quite impossible Mr. Steed. You can't

go in there. No man can, except me. That is

my harem.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

STEED It suits you - brings out the colour of your

eyes.

EMMA No!!

STEED But Mrs. Pecl. Only a woman has any hope of

getting into that harem.

EMMA I absolutely refuse.

STEED That's where the killer will be hiding. I'm

sure of it - hidden in a honey jar.

EMMA No Steed.

STEED Very well, but if Prince Ali is murdered and you

have to go through life thinking "If only I'd

agreed to help.....

EMMAa human life could have been saved. Tell

me the worst.

STEED The Prince has invited me to dinner tonight.

REEL 5 cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT, cont.

EMMA

And you're taking a guest along.

STEED

Well not a guest examply. Tell me Mrs. Peel what size do you take in Turkish trousers?

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI

To the last lace hole try now ... that's better

... much better.

I'm afraid I won't be able to smuggle that in....
the search is too rigorous...it should be quite

a night. Quite a night.

IMT. RECEPTION.

PRINCE

For you...because you are my friend..and have

found favour in my eyes.

STEED

Thank you.

PRINCE

It is the left eye of a mountain rat. A very

rare delicacy.

STEED

I also have a gift for you.

COMMENTATOR (from tape

recorder)

...Scott Gordon is at the wicket surveying the field with that marvellous eye of his. Farns Barnes bowls, Scott takes a terrific hook and its gone for a six....a six. Oh No. He's caught at the boundary. He's out! Scott's out

for a duck!

STEED

That's a full commentary of the last test match.

PRINCE

This is most kind - most kind. We are pleased

to accept.

STEED

It's a twin track..press the other side and you

get this.

PRINCE

That is charming..makes me quite homesick.

STEED

Now quite apart from that, we have some enter-

tainment.

Gong sounds.

ARKADI

Your Highness, may I present my compliments.

PRINCE

Arkadi. Nice to see you again.

ARKADI

It was most gracious of you Sire to invite me. I trust your Highness is in excellent health?

PRINCE

Indeed. No sit down.

Oh Mr. Steed, may I present Mr. Arkadi. He is a rival of yours, Arkadi, -Mr. Steed is with

the British Government.

AHKADI

Then congratulations, you beat us to it.

STEED

OH?

PRINCE

The oil concessions.

REEL 5. cont.

INT. RECEPTION cont.

ARKADI

My Government hoped to obtain them, in exchange

for our Military protection.

PRINCE

Mr. Steed was about to arrange an entertainment

for us.

STEED

So I was.

Your Majesty, with your permission...may I present the lustrous luminous star of the

East - Emma.

Gong sounds.

Erma appears and dances.

PRINCE

Mahaba...mahaba...six veils. I counted only

six. There is one to go.

STEED

She was poorly educated Your Majesty. Alas she

cannot count.

PRINCE

I would speak with this woman.

STEED

Certainly your Majesty.

EMMA

What's your party turn...Gizelle?

STEED

We don't want of offend the Effendi.

Your Majesty Emma.

PRINCE

Here woman, sit here.

STEED

Excuse me.

PRINCE

A shy one...but not much...you say?

STEED

Retarded your Majesty. Definitely what you'd

call retarded.

PRINCE

Nevertheless...I offer twelve goats. It is a great deal for just a woman. But I have taken a fancy to her. Yes, I will buy her from you.

But your Majesty, I couldn't possibly....

STEED ARKADI

It seems Your Majesty, that the British have no respect for your wishes. Now if it were

my government....

STEED

I was about to say, Your Majesty, I couldn't possibly accept any...well any goats for her. No, not the timiest nanny. If you like her... you take her...she's yours. I give her to you. You can put her into your harem any time

you like.

PRINCE

It is agreed then....Vizier! Go with him woman. I shall be along later.

End of Reel.

REEL 6.

INT. HAREM.

Emma begins to explore. She looks in the cubicles and honey jars.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. RECEPTION.

STEED

Your Majesty...tell me more about your camels.

ARKADI

I fear we are detaining his Majesty. His

Majesty is anxious to retire.

PRINCE

Yes I....

STEED

But the evening's young ... and so entertaining.

ARKADI

But another entertainment awaits His Majesty.

Mminm?

STEED

Your Majesty, did I ever tell you about the

cricket match I played in Rawpindi?

INT. HAREM.

Emma, still searching, finds a honey jar with air holes

drilled in it.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. RECEPTION

PRINCE

I am rather tired. I fear you were right Arkadi.

ARKADI

In that case your Majesty.

PRINCE

Think I'll cut along now.

STEED

But your Majesty I was going to....

PRINCE

No need for you to rush off - stay on and enjoy

yourself.

STEED

But your Majesty....

INT. HAREM.

EMMA

Excuse me.

PRINCE

Emma, Emma, Little Star of the East.

is Saturday.

Your Prince is here. Emma! Emma! Emma! Emma! My patience is running thin.... Emma! Show yourself woman. Emma!

Show yourself woman. Emma!

Emma and Vincent begin to

fight.

INT. RECEPTION

ARKADI

The Prince is renowned for his ardour.

continued.

me & Vincent fight. Lince watches.

NO DIALOGUE.

PRINCE

Get back woman..it's a man! None must look.

VINCENT

No No...it was Arkadi's idea...not me. Arkadi's

the man you want!

INT RECEPTION.

EMMA

Where's Arkadi?

STEED

Cone

EMMA

Well?

STEED

Don't worry ... I know where to find him.

PRINCE

My friend..I don't know what this is all about - but clearly you have saved my life. Anything I have is yours. My horses, my jewels, my

favourite wife.

EMMA

Steed.

PRINCE

I'll throw in a goat or two as well.

INT. ARAPIAN ROOM.

Arkadi rushes in and searches for his passport and tickets. Sees Emma. As he is about to fire, Emma rubs Aladdin's lamp. With great flash Steed appears and knocks out Arkadi.

EMMA

Well done!

Steed?

Steed disappears again. Emma hears knocking under the floor. She rubs lamp and with a great flash - Emma disappears.

FLYING CARPET.

EMMA

Quite nice - though I think I preferred the

old automobile.

STEED

Ah the dear old girl...but I can never resist a bargain. They threw in two dozen goats as well.

Nannies, of course.

EMMA

Of course.

STEED

And it has extra advantages...it's easy to run, very quiet...floats way above any traffic jam.

Just one thing though...brakes. How do you stop

STEED

That's a very good question.

They ride off on a lorry piled with carpets.

THE END.

OVER-ALL FOOTAGE:

4,719 ft.

TELEMEN LIMITED.