

MASTER

THE AVENGERS

"Return of the Cybernauts"

Dialogue List

13th September 1989

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TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

THE AVENGERS

RETURN OF THE
CYBERNAUTS

STEED: LAUGHS

PAUL BERESFORD: I swear it's the truth, Steed. Look, ask Emma, she'll confirm it.

EMMA PEEL: Emma will confirm what?

STEED: The name of this monstrosity.

EMMA PEEL: A portrait of the artist as a young man.

STEED: Poor fellow.

PAUL BERESFORD: (LAUGHS) Steed refuses to believe it's a self-portrait.

STEED: Terrible thing to do to one's self ... and in bronze too.

PAUL BERESFORD: It was done at the height of his career.

STEED: It looks as though it was done at three o'clock in the morning with a flaming hangover.

EMMA PEEL: Oh, I don't know. It has a certain appeal.

STEED: Appeal?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm. A man doesn't have to be handsome to be attractive. There's a sort of ugliness for its own sake. And if you look closer you'll find a sense of humour. And the eyes are kind.

STEED: It hasn't got any eyes.

PAUL BERESFORD: Now that interests me.

EMMA PEEL: Oh, why?

PAUL BERESFORD: Everything you say interests me. And particularly what it is you find attractive in a man.

STEED: How's business, Paul?

PAUL BERESFORD: It's booming.

EMMA PEEL: It always is.

PAUL BERESFORD: You give me too much credit. But I've no illusions about myself. I'm a sort of parasite really. I feed on other people's talents ... invest in them. Well, I've very little talent of my own unless it's the ability to surround myself with beautiful things. But what are you two up to these days? How's business for you?

STEED: Well, er ...

PAUL BERESFORD: I'm sorry, I've embarrassed you. It's probably all very hush-hush and I shouldn't have asked.

EMMA PEEL: Oh it's not all that secret. You must have heard about the missing scientist?

PAUL BERESFORD: Professor Chadwick.

EMMA PEEL: Uh-huh.

PAUL BERESFORD: Yes. What's the true story? Has he defected?

STEED: Mislaid. The Ministry prefer to say mislaid. It makes it less permanent.

FX: TELEPHONE

PAUL BERESFORD: Excuse me.

FX: TELEPHONE

PAUL BERESFORD: (INTO PHONE) Paul Beresford. Yes, he's here. Hold on. (TO STEED) Steed ... for you.

STEED: Thank you. (INTO PHONE) Hello? Yes. When? Well, who was he? Right, we're on our way. (TO BERESFORD) Very sorry, we have to leave you now.

PAUL BERESFORD: So soon? Oh not bad news I hope?

STEED: Well, it'll be all over the papers tomorrow so there's no harm in telling you. Another scientist has disappeared ... Doctor Russell. Sorry to break up your evening.

PAUL BERESFORD: There'll be another one.

STEED: Goodnight, Paul.

PAUL BERESFORD: Goodnight, Steed, and good luck.

STEED: Thank you.

EMMA PEEL: Goodnight, Paul.

PAUL BERESFORD: Surely Steed can handle this alone?

EMMA PEEL: He could but I mustn't let him find out.

PAUL BERESFORD: Goodnight, Emma.

MUSIC: IN

FX: BUZZER

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

EMMA PEEL: I don't know my own strength.

STEED: You're not the only one it seems.

EMMA PEEL: Well, whoever it was, was in a great hurry to get to Russell.

STEED: And get him they did.

EMMA PEEL: Um. All the violence and no blood.

STEED: Let's hope he's still alive.

EMMA PEEL: I wish I had that optimism.

STEED: Ha. You like Beresford, don't you?

EMMA PEEL: Yes, why? Don't you?

STEED: He has a good line in claret, particularly the twenty-nine.

EMMA PEEL: He's charming, witty and intelligent. There's nothing to dislike about him, is there?

STEED: No. But if I try hard enough I'm sure I'll find something. Well, there seems to be no link here between Professor Chadwick and Doctor Russell.

EMMA PEEL: Except that both of them are missing.

STEED: But why? Where's the common factor? They're poles apart. Take Chadwick ...

PAUL BERESFORD: Chadwick's a physiologist, knows more about anatomy than any man alive. And Russell here is an engineer, you give him any problem in his field and he'll solve it. Now all I need is an electronics expert, Benson, and I shall have a complete set.

BENSON: I've located the man you need.

PAUL BERESFORD: Good.

BENSON: His name's Neville ... Doctor Neville.

PAUL BERESFORD: An ingenious idea, Benson, cardiograph.

BENSON: A man's heart beat, as distinctive as his fingerprint. Once programmed he can find a man in a city of ten million.

MUSIC: IN

PAUL BERESFORD: Programmed.

FX:

MUSIC: BUILDS

FX: CAR TYRES SCREECH

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: Are you coming up?

STEED: Now is not the time for a glass of claret, even a twenty-nine. No, I think I'll stay here.

MUSIC: IN

PAUL BERESFORD: (INTO PHONE) Yes?

BENSON: (INTO PHONE) They've both come back.

PAUL BERESFORD: (INTO PHONE) What?!

BENSON: (INTO PHONE) And the Cybernaut's due back at any moment. You've got to get rid of them.

PAUL BERESFORD: (INTO PHONE) It's all right. Just ...
don't worry about that, I'll deal with it.
Bye.

FX: TELEPHONE BEING REPLACED

PAUL BERESFORD: Emma, my dear.

EMMA PEEL: I'm sorry to have startled you, but the
door was open.

PAUL BERESFORD: What a delightful surprise.

EMMA PEEL: It's not a social visit I'm afraid. I left
my purse here last night.

PAUL BERESFORD: Your purse?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm.

PAUL BERESFORD: Oh, your purse. Well, it should be here
somewhere.

MUSIC: IN

PAUL BERESFORD: Ah, here it is, Emma. Should have looked
there in the first place.

EMMA PEEL: Thank you so much.

PAUL BERESFORD: I'll see you again?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm. Goodbye.

PAUL BERESFORD: Goodbye, Emma.

FX:

STEED: (INTO PHONE) I see. Yes, I've got that.
(TO EMMA) There's been a third victim ...
Doctor Neville ... within the last hour.
If we hurry we may pick up a fresh trail.

BENSON: That was close.

PAUL BERESFORD: Very.

MUSIC: OUT

BENSON: I told you it was a mistake to get to know
Steed and Mrs Peel. Cultivating their
friendship like that.

PAUL BERESFORD: Cat and mouse, Benson. A game of cat and
mouse.

STEED: And the roof was shattered. Split asunder.
Well ...

EMMA PEEL: Well?

STEED: What could have done that?

EMMA PEEL: If we cast our minds back ...

STEED: Huh ... to a nine letter word beginning
with 'C'.

EMMA PEEL: Cybernaut.

STEED: The invention of the late unlamented Doctor
Armstrong.

EMMA PEEL: But he's dead. We saw him killed.

STEED: Well someone has inherited his know-how.

EMMA PEEL: Even if that was true, why kidnap Chadwick, Russell and Neville?

FX: LIFT

PAUL BERESFORD: Come in, gentlemen.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

PAUL BERESFORD: Be seated. Please ... no questions ... not yet. There's something I want you to see. The epitaph of a very great man, a genius. I see you recognise him.

PROF CHADWICK: Doctor Clement Armstrong.

PAUL BERESFORD: The most brilliant automation expert of our time. Amongst other things he invented the Cybernaut, an automated robot. The most efficient of killers ... his brain-child, yet his own destruction ... Doctor Clement Armstrong. Video-tapes ran continuously to pin-point errors within his factory. It was typical of the man ... methodical, incisive and nothing left to chance. And yet ... and as you've just seen they also recorded the manner of his death. An untimely death. Benson here worked with him. He'll tell you he was a man of vision, genius. Clement Armstrong was my brother, that's why you're here. Before each of you is one hundred thousand pounds in cash. I'm prepared to double it ... if you are successful.

DR NEVILLE: Successful in what?

PAUL BERESFORD: Destroying those who killed my brother. Oh, I could have hired some killers, paid assassins. But that would have been too quick and I don't want anything quick, gentlemen. He would have devised something imaginative, poetic. You are men of ideas, produce me an idea, a new idea ... a rhapsody of suffering.

DR RUSSELL: It's monstrous, barbaric.

PAUL BERESFORD: Oh, Doctor Russell, I've offended you. You dissent?

DR RUSSELL: Dissent? I refuse absolutely.

PAUL BERESFORD: Then you are free to go.

MUSIC: IN

PAUL BERESFORD: There's the door.

FX:

PAUL BERESFORD: Don't move.

MUSIC: OUT

PAUL BERESFORD: Sit down, Doctor Neville. I shall need another engineer, Benson, but he served a purpose I think. I take it, gentlemen, you will be co-operating?

PROF CHADWICK: (WHISPERS) Yes. (PAUSE) After all, I've had the same request before. A new idea, new horror and for what? A pittance and a Government pension.

PAUL BERESFORD: Ah, you're talking sense Professor Chadwick. Doctor Neville?

DR NEVILLE: You offer us no alternative.

PAUL BERESFORD: It's settled then. And now let me show you your targets for destruction. John Steed ... adventurer, agent extraordinary. And the most delectable Mrs Emma Peel. I want them destroyed. Utterly, totally ... agonisingly.

MUSIC: STING

STEED: Doctor Russell, dumped back here about an hour ago.

EMMA PEEL: His neck's been broken. That's the trademark of the Cybernaut.

STEED: Well if they have built another Cybernaut they must have had access to Doctor Armstrong's papers.

EMMA PEEL: I'll check his file.

STEED: Where shall we meet?

EMMA PEEL: Well, Paul's invited us over for a drink.

STEED: I'll see you there then.

EMMA PEEL: Right.

STEED: Who will they replace you with I wonder?

FX: DRUMS

ROSIE: (INTO PHONE) It's all very well for you, I said to him, but if you think I'm that kind of a girl well, you're absolutely right. He didn't take me up on it though. Kept on asking for more fruit cake. He's so kinky. Oh, won't keep you a moment. Oh, I'll call you back, Glad.

MUSIC: IN

ROSIE: Good morning. Can I help you? I love men with big shoulders. They really ... send me.

FX:

ROSIE: GASPS

FX:

ROSIE: SCREAMS

FX: BUZZER

ROSIE: I expect there'll be hundreds of pictures.

STEED: Eh?

ROSIE: In the papers ... pictures of me. Ravishing blonde beauty defends her honour to the last. Well, I would have done. Have I got time to change? Before the photographers arrive. I've got a super bikini. It's ever so revealing. Do you know I've nearly been arrested twice wearing it.

STEED: Well, there won't be any photographs ... security, you know.

ROSIE: Oh. Oh.

STEED: What did he look like, this man that you saw?

ROSIE: Oh ... he was ever so big, and strong. He attacked me. I could tell I'd inflamed him. His eyes were all misty with desire.

STEED: His eyes? You saw his face?

ROSIE: Well, not exactly.

STEED: What happened? Did you, er, get in his way and he pushed you aside, like this? Isn't that what really happened?

ROSIE: Well, sort of. But I'm sure he found me madly attractive.

STEED: I'm sure he did.

ROSIE: He was distracted you see. Nobody's ever taken Doctor Garnett away like that before. It must have been ever so urgent. You know he didn't even have an appointment.

STEED: TUTS

MUSIC: IN

PAUL BERESFORD: Well, Doctor Garnett.

DR NEVILLE: We, er, we've explained the situation to him.

PROF CHADWICK: Er, he's, er, seen sense. He'll go along with us.

PAUL BERESFORD: Can't he speak for himself? Is that so?

DR NEVILLE: You must, you've no alternative.

DR GARNETT: I'll help you.

DR NEVILLE: Good. After all, research is research ... whatever the situation. And, er, who knows what we discover here may benefit mankind.

PROF CHADWICK: A small section of it anyway. (CHUCKLES)

PAUL BERESFORD: Whatever you need will be supplied. You are my guest until your work is completed. When you have devised a new torment ... a means of destroying without killing.

EMMA PEEL: Paul?

PAUL BERESFORD: And here, gentlemen, is your first adversary. Beautiful, isn't she? It's all right, she can't see you. Study her. Study her well.

FX:

PAUL BERESFORD: Why, Emma, looking lovelier than ever. How nice to see you again. Will Steed be joining us?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm ... later.

PAUL BERESFORD: Then I have you to myself for a little while. Sit down. Let me help you with your coat.

EMMA PEEL: Thank you.

PAUL BERESFORD: Here ... oh, I'm so sorry. How clumsy of me. I know this face. It's an automation expert, Doctor Clement ...

EMMA PEEL: Armstrong.

PAUL BERESFORD: Clement Armstrong. Yes, yes. He approached me once ... for finance. I wasn't able to help him, I was too committed at the time. But I recall being most impressed by him. Extremely brilliant. Exceptional.

EMMA PEEL: He was certainly that. A complete megalomaniac. Government by automation ... that's what he wanted. A madman's dream.

PAUL BERESFORD: As you say.

STEED: I'm not late, am I?

PAUL BERESFORD: Just in time, Steed.

BENSON: That's Steed.

DR GARNETT: Yes. Yes, I met him once.

BENSON: So did I.

PAUL BERESFORD: They Louisville twenty-eight, pride of my cellar.

STEED: I'm certainly looking forward to that. I'm expecting a call. I left your number. Do you mind?

PAUL BERESFORD: Not at all ... liberty hall. Help yourself.

EMMA PEEL: What's the latest?

STEED: Well the score stands at four. A fellow called Garnett ... (THRU SCREEN) a Doctor Garnett ... (TO EMMA PEEL) nothing to show for him but a hole in the door.

EMMA PEEL: By the way Paul knew Armstrong.

STEED: Really?

PAUL BERESFORD: Oh, very brief acquaintance. He's dead now, isn't he?

STEED: Well his work goes marching on. I'm expecting to find out how when I see his lawyer.

PAUL BERESFORD: A lawyer? I thought Armstrong was in the automation field?

STEED: He was.

PAUL BERESFORD: Well then, how can a lawyer help you?

STEED: Next of kin. I'm hoping to trace his next of kin.

PAUL BERESFORD: Ah. Steed, look at that. Now as an expert, wouldn't you say that was corked?

STEED: Indubitably.

PAUL BERESFORD: Mmm ... not a brave little traveller.

STEED: Ah.

PAUL BERESFORD: Excuse me. I'm so sorry. I'll just get another bottle.

STEED: Can I help you?

PAUL BERESFORD: No thanks old chap. Won't be a moment.

STEED: I must say you're very much at home here.

EMMA PEEL: Paul is very hospitable.

STEED: Especially if you're fair, female and quite beautiful.

EMMA PEEL: You're quite pretty yourself. I happen to like him. He's civilised, good to be with, interesting to talk to.

STEED: And there rests the case for the defence. I must say he took great pains to get to know you.

EMMA PEEL: Now you know very well we met accidentally at an auction.

STEED: And after that? Great pains.

EMMA PEEL: (LAUGHS) Steed, you're jealous.

STEED: Oh no, I wouldn't say that, Mrs Peel ... just thoughtful.

BENSON: I told you that lawyer was dangerous. We should have dealt with him earlier.

FX: TELEPHONE

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Hello, Steed?

CONROY: (THRU PHONE) Conroy here. You were enquiring about Armstrong's lawyer.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Yes, that's right. Did you trace him?

CONROY: (THRU PHONE) Yes, John Hunt, High Pines, Edgington. Got that?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) High Pines, Edgington. Yes. Thank you very much, Conroy. Goodbye.

FX: TELEPHONE BEING REPLACED

FX: LIFT

BENSON: Get that address?

PAUL BERESFORD: Transport him there, in a hurry. I'll delay Steed. You've work to do ... get on with it!

STEED: Here we are ... Paul, I'm terribly sorry but I'm afraid I have to go.

PAUL BERESFORD: That seems to happen every time you come here, Steed. Oh, look just one little sip.

STEED: Louisville, I'm very tempted.

PAUL BERESFORD: Oh come on, just a little glass. I mean, we couldn't possibly open it without ...

STEED: I'm afraid not, Paul. Mrs Peel will help you out.

PAUL BERESFORD: Well there'll be a third time.

STEED: Third time lucky. Bye-bye.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: You'll never open it with that.

PAUL BERESFORD: (LAUGHS) Where was I?

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: BUILDS

JOHN HUNT: Keep back. I'm warning you.

FX:

FX: GUNSHOTS

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: Oh, no thank you. I'm driving.

PAUL BERESFORD: Why bother? I've guest room's galore.

EMMA PEEL: You're very kind.

PAUL BERESFORD: I wish you'd allow me to be kinder.

EMMA PEEL: I really must go. Thank you for a marvellous evening, Paul.

PAUL BERESFORD: Oh, don't forget this. Goodnight, Emma.

EMMA PEEL: Goodnight.

MUSIC: IN

FX: BUZZER

BENSON: Yes, Garnett.

DR GARNETT: I need some equipment.

BENSON: Oh, we've had an idea, have we?

DR GARNETT: Yes.

BENSON: And what have you got in mind for Steed and Mrs Peel?

DR GARNETT: Well, it's purely theoretical at the moment. More in the nature of an experiment.

BENSON: This is a bit costly.

DR GARNETT: I understood we had unlimited resources.

BENSON: You'll get what you need.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

EMMA PEEL: How's the head?

STEED: What head? I'm numb from ear to ear.

EMMA PEEL: Never tangle with a Cybernaut.

STEED: Tangle! I was almost decapitated.
(GROANS)

EMMA PEEL: Well, this ice should ...

STEED: Should be in a glass with a large whisky wrapped around it.

EMMA PEEL: All right.

STEED: (GROANS) Ohhhhh! Ah well, it's part of the great tradition. Unless one's head is in two separate halves, huh, the show must go on.

EMMA PEEL: Where are you going?

STEED: You wrestle with Armstrong's file, will you? (GROANS) I'm going up to the Ministry.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

ROSIE: (GASPS) Oh it's you, Mr Steed.

STEED: It is I. Mr Conroy in?

ROSIE: Yes.

STEED: Hmm ... there's a very good chance that you may be nearly arrested again.

ROSIE: (SQUEALS) Ooooh.

CONROY: Oh hello, Steed. Trying to get some semblance of order into Garnett's papers. Nothing on him yet?

STEED: No, I was going to ask you about him.

CONROY: Who ... Garnett? Brilliant fellow. Ideas man.

STEED: Ideas ... about what?

CONROY: Well, anything pertaining to defence or aggression.

STEED: And Neville and Chadwick?

CONROY: Vastly different fields of operation, of course, but ... yes, they're all the same breed. They're all what you might call specialists.

STEED: In destruction?

CONROY: Well, you could put it that way. Here's something very odd. Garnett's medical file. The cardiogram is missing. It was the same with Chadwick and Neville. Their cardiograms were missing too.

STEED: Could you tell me some more about these men?

CONROY: Garnett, well he specializes in explosive devices.

MUSIC: IN

FX: BUZZER

DR GARNETT: Take me to Beresford.

PAUL BERESFORD: Well, Garnett? I see it but what does it do?

DR GARNETT: This.

FX:

PAUL BERESFORD: Stop him! Stop him!

FX: GUNSHOTS

PAUL BERESFORD: Stop him!

FX: GUNSHOT

BENSON: He's got away.

PAUL BERESFORD: Then we'll just have to bring him back,
won't we?

MUSIC: OUT

FX: LIFT

MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: Doctor Garnett.

DR GARNETT: You ... Steed. Warn you.

EMMA PEEL: Don't talk.

FX: WATER

FX:

MUSIC: IN/OUT

PAUL BERESFORD: I'll deal with him later. Where's Neville?

BENSON: He's in with Chadwick.

PROF CHADWICK: It's feasible, you'll agree Neville ...
it's feasible ... and clever.

DR NEVILLE: It's diabolically clever.

PROF CHADWICK: Exactly what Beresford wants.

DR NEVILLE: You're like him ... worse ... you're ...

PROF CHADWICK: Logical ... that's what I am, logical. You
saw what happened to Russell, and Garnett
didn't get very far, did he? Now we have
to play along with him and then ...
(CHUCKLES) there's the money. Two hundred
thousand. One could do a lot with that
kind of money. Neville? When it's all
over you could, you could benefit mankind
... if you wish.

PAUL BERESFORD: I trust you are not abusing my hospitality,
gentlemen?

PROF CHADWICK: On the contrary, I think we've found the
answer. Eh, Neville?

PAUL BERESFORD: A means of destroying Steed and Mrs Peel?

PROF CHADWICK: The ultimate.

PAUL BERESFORD: I like it, gentlemen. I like it very much.
The very nature of it appeals to me. It's,
it's an extension. They will not die and
yet they'll wish they were dead.

BERESFORD (Cont): A perpetual torment. My brother would have approved. Your idea is worthy of him.

DR NEVILLE: There are still some difficulties.

PAUL BERESFORD: What sort of difficulties?

PROF CHADWICK: Merely details. Of course, we shall need certain information about them ... the conductivity of the skin, epidermal resistance.

PAUL BERESFORD: How do you propose getting this information?

PROF CHADWICK: Well, if it could be arranged that they touch or hold some metallic object, we could secrete our instruments inside it.

PAUL BERESFORD: Then it's easy.

MUSIC: IN

PAUL BERESFORD: You shall have your information.

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: How's the head?

EMMA PEEL: (GROANS) What head?

STEED: It's numb from ear to ear. Well you never should ...

EMMA PEEL: I know ... tangle with a Cybernaut.

STEED: And this Cybernaut's an advance on Armstrong's. The cardiographs missing from the files suggests it's directed by the heartbeat.

EMMA PEEL: That's a handy little toy to have.

STEED: Mmm. Find out anything from Armstrong's files?

EMMA PEEL: Nothing worth pursuing. But Garnett said something that implied a threat against us.

STEED: Us?

FX: TELEPHONE

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Hello?

PAUL BERESFORD: (INTO PHONE) Er, Steed. Paul here.

STEED: (THRU PHONE) Oh, Paul, yes.

PAUL BERESFORD: (INTO PHONE) It's about Armstrong. Are you still interested in him?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Yes, of course I'm interested. Why?

PAUL BERESFORD: (INTO PHONE) Well, then, I may have some information for you. Can you drop by later?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Be right over.

PAUL BERESFORD: (THRU PHONE) Good, I'll expect you.

FX: TELEPHONE BEING REPLACED

PAUL BERESFORD: They're on their way.

FX: CAR

STEED: I know her.

EMMA PEEL: Do you like it?

FX:

STEED: I prefer the original. But then I'm prejudiced.

PAUL BERESFORD: Oh, and I meant to surprise you.

EMMA PEEL: You certainly have.

FX: DOOR CLOSES

PAUL BERESFORD: It's mended. But I far prefer the original.

EMMA PEEL: Mmm.

STEED: You found out something about Armstrong?

PAUL BERESFORD: Well I thought I had. Turned out to be very unfruitful I'm afraid. His factory was sold to some warehouse company and everything else went for scrap. I'm sorry to drag you over here for that but there's ... always the wine.

STEED: A loaf of bread and thou.

FX:

MUSIC: IN

PROF CHADWICK: It's complete.

BENSON: And the control box?

PROF CHADWICK: Will fit into your pocket.

BENSON: It's very convenient.

DR NEVILLE: So terrifyingly simple.

PROF CHADWICK: Merely an advance on the pacemaker. If a man's heart stops beating it can be kept going by an electrical impulse, but the device in this watch is more versatile. Once switched on it, er, jams the brain, so to speak, takes over the will.

DR NEVILLE: Entire nervous system.

PAUL BERESFORD: And yet they remain conscious ... they'd be fully aware of what's happening to them?

PROF CHADWICK: Fully aware ... fully. But unable to resist, and they will be no more than puppets.

PAUL BERESFORD: Or human Cybernauts.

BENSON: Yes. Human Cybernauts.

PAUL BERESFORD: This is first class, gentlemen, but it's only a theory. I would like a practical demonstration.

DR NEVILLE: A practical demonstration?

PAUL BERESFORD: Uh-huh.

PROF CHADWICK: Oh but that's impossible without a ...
human guinea pig.

PAUL BERESFORD: But we have a human guinea pig, Professor
Chadwick.

FX:

MUSIC: IN

DR NEVILLE: Garnett?

PAUL BERESFORD: And why not Garnett? Right, Benson. No,
Professor Chadwick ... you demonstrate.

MUSIC: BUILDS

PAUL BERESFORD: Stop. You're right. A puppet ... a human
Cybernaut.

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

DR NEVILLE: His heart. You've killed him.

PAUL BERESFORD: It's as well to know the limits of this
device. I regard it as a full test and a
successful one. Well done, gentlemen.

PROF CHADWICK: Thank you.

PAUL BERESFORD: Benson? Exchange this with Steed's watch
tonight.

BENSON: And Mrs Peel?

PAUL BERESFORD: I'll deal with her personally.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

EMMA PEEL: But, Paul, I couldn't. I couldn't possibly.

PAUL BERESFORD: You don't like it.

EMMA PEEL: Well, of course I do but ...

PAUL BERESFORD: Then accept it in the spirit it is given ... as a mark of my esteem and my admiration. I, um, I ask only one thing in return ... wear it for me tomorrow?

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Exactly as I found it, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: Are you sure there's nothing missing?

STEED: Not a penny piece.

EMMA PEEL: It's very mysterious.

STEED: Very.

EMMA PEEL: Lunch is at one.

STEED: Er, when Paul phoned I was in two minds.

EMMA PEEL: Oh, why?

STEED: Well, there's an old saying three's a crowd. Of course, there's equally an old saying, er, safety in numbers. Er, what's the time?

EMMA PEEL: Twelve-thirty.

STEED: Oh. Paul?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm ... he practically thrust it on me.

STEED: Well, you could have stepped aside or at least thrust it back.

EMMA PEEL: I just might do that.

STEED: Hmm ... I'll get my coat.

PAUL BERESFORD: I should say they're about ready to leave. So let's put your brain-child into action ... now.

MUSIC: IN

STEED: Mrs Peel? Mrs P ...

FX: CAR

STEED: Mrs Peel!

FX: CAR

MUSIC: OUT

FX: SONAR BLEEPS

PAUL BERESFORD: They should be here at any moment.

BENSON: If it operates over the distance.

PROF CHADWICK: It will, it will.

PAUL BERESFORD: I hope so. I do hope so.

FX: CAR

MUSIC: IN

FX: CAR HORN

FX:

PROF CHADWICK: They're here.

FX: NATURAL

PAUL BERESFORD: Where's Steed? What's happened to Steed?

PROF CHADWICK: I don't know.

PAUL BERESFORD: You said nothing could go wrong.

PROF CHADWICK: But it could be a loose connection.

DR NEVILLE: Well perhaps he dropped it. It's a very delicate mechanism.

PROF CHADWICK: Yes, it's delicate. It does work. You can see.

PAUL BERESFORD: Well, my dear Emma. A trifle late but you're forgiven. And wearing my gift I see, thank you. It's a very special one as you must have guessed by now. You can hear me, Emma? Yes, I see you can, good.

(LAUGHS)

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

PAUL BERESFORD: Emma. Come here. You will obey me immediately. I like that. Is anything more gratifying than obedience from a beautiful woman?

BENSON: Beresford.

DR NEVILLE: He's not wearing the watch.

PAUL BERESFORD: Do you have a spare?

PROF CHADWICK: Yes. Yes, I have.

PAUL BERESFORD: Then why don't you get it.

BENSON: The Cybernaut?

PAUL BERESFORD: No. Our new puppet.

MUSIC: IN

STEED: Mrs Peel! Mrs Peel. What's wrong? You know you're behaving in a very strange way.

MUSIC: OUT

PAUL BERESFORD: Yes, my brother, Mr Steed.

STEED: Nice time to tell me.

PAUL BERESFORD: I've waited a long time for this moment. Such a long time. I've been very ... very patient. Not an ordinary watch, Mr Steed, it controls the will. The entire nervous system.

STEED: But does it keep good time?

PAUL BERESFORD: You destroyed my brother and now is the time for retribution ... an endless retribution. Oh, I may kill you one day if it amuses me to do so. But for the time being you'll be like her ... a puppet without self-will or control, a prisoner inside yourself. Obeying my every whim, my every wish. Soon you will envy this steel monster here. It's just a machine. He has no feeling, no awareness. Yes, I think you'll come to envy him. Benson ...

MUSIC: IN

DR NEVILLE: Steed, you must understand. We had no choice ... no ...

FX:

STEED: Sorry, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: My pleasure.

FX:

PAUL BERESFORD: Nick, the controls.

MUSIC: BUILDS

FX:

STEED: He's had some kind of nervous breakdown.

EMMA PEEL: I'd say he was on the verge of a total collapse.

STEED: My turn.

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: Any luck, Steed?

STEED: Yes, extremely delicate. But almost complete.

EMMA PEEL: I must say I never thought you'd do it.

STEED: Though I do say it myself I have a certain electronic talent. There ... your toaster good as new.

EMMA PEEL: Yes, but will it work.

STEED: As it has never worked before. Do you know, we should be very grateful.

EMMA PEEL: For what, pray?

STEED: For living in the twentieth century. The world of thermostats, computers, transistors.

EMMA PEEL: Not forgetting automatic toasters.

STEED: Indeed not. Hot fresh toast at the merest flick of a switch ... light, medium, well done.

FX: TOASTER EXPLODES

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Congratulations.

STEED: That's the first thing Great Britain's ever
got into orbit.

EMMA PEEL: Shall I butter them or preserve them for
posterity.

MUSIC: OUT

TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

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