

# MASTER.

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## THE AVENGERS

"The Positive Negative Man"

Dialogue List

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TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

FX: CRACKLING

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CHARLES GRAY: Yes ... Who is it?

FX: CRACKLING

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CHARLES GRAY: Who are you?

CRACKLING: CONTINUES

THE POSITIVE NEGATIVE MAN

FX: EXPLOSION

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Extraordinary.

EMMA PEEL: To make that sort of impact, he must have weighed about ten tons or be travelling about a hundred miles an hours.

STEED: Roller skates?

EMMA PEEL: He wasn't wearing any, I don't think.

STEED: Maybe he was practicing his ski jump, launched himself from over there, flew through the air ...

EMMA PEEL: And forgot to apply his brakes.

STEED: Huh, no explanation at all.

EMMA PEEL: Well, whatever it was, it was something very nasty.

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

CYNTHIA: Mister Steed, Mrs Peel ... I'm Cynthia (Wentworth Howe), top hush secretary to the Minister.

STEED: How do you do?

EMMA PEEL: Top hush?

CYNTHIA: We assistants come in four grades. Confidential, secret, most secret and top hush.

STEED: Er, you've reached the top of your profession then?

CYNTHIA: Not quite. My ultimate ambition is to achieve the special category of button lip. The pinnacle of secrecy, not a single syllable past on before being vetted,

CYNTHIA (Cont): examined, coded and cleared ... But to business, I must assist you in any way I can.

STEED: Good! Let's start with the man who got plastered then.

CYNTHIA: Pla ... We assistants don't approve of levity, Mister Steed. The gentleman in question, was Doctor Charles Gray AD Mem of Royal (Instavic) CBE, RIP. Doctor Charles Gray was a brilliant and respected scientist, engaged on electronic development for the Ministry. His work was of a specialised and highly secret nature.

EMMA PEEL: Electric fans.

CYNTHIA: I beg your pardon?

EMMA PEEL: This is the diagram of an electric fan.

CYNTHIA: Oh ...

EMMA PEEL: Specialised and highly secret?

STEED: I think we'd better have a look in the safe.

CYNTHIA: What?

STEED: Doctor Gray's safe, we'd like to have a look at his papers.

CYNTHIA: His - his secret papers?

STEED: Yeah, you have the right idea.

CYNTHIA: You'll have to sign a chit.

STEED: Fine.

CYNTHIA: In triplicate.

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: The three-headed bureaucrat.

EMMA PEEL: Now - Grey wasn't killed for the plans of a fiendishly new electric fan.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

STEED: Still warm.

MUSIC: OUT

CYNTHIA: I should warn you, that if you have to take any papers away, they'll have to be a special dispensation from security.

MUSIC: IN

STEED: There's no need to bother.

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: Now that's a neat trick, burn the inside of a safe, while it's locked and sealed on the outside.

STEED: What were the papers in there?

CYNTHIA: I suppose they were the details of Project Ninety.

EMMA PEEL: Pardon?

CYNTHIA: The Project Ninety.

EMMA PEEL: Now that sounds more interesting.

CYNTHIA: I've no idea what the project was. It was abandoned some months ago. They over-spent their allocation and got no results.

STEED: They?

CYNTHIA: This was the team ... They were based at Risely Dale Research Centre. That's been closed-down too now. You recognise Doctor Grey, of course. And that's Doctor Creswell, Mister Mankin, Mister Jubert and poor Mister Bryant.

EMMA PEEL: Poor Mister Bryant?

CYNTHIA: He fell out of a window, only last week.

STEED: Badly hurt?

CYNTHIA: Mortally - It was on the twelfth floor.

STEED: SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH

STEED: Well, that leaves Mankin, Creswell and Jubert! And it has a fine gaelic ring to it, and your french is impeccable.

EMMA PEEL: Au revoir.

STEED: LAUGHS

EMMA PEEL (Cont): Er - don't forget to return the key.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: CRACKLING

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MISS CLARKE: Mister Jubert ... you missed lunch again  
... You really ought to eat something ...  
Mister Jubert.

MAN: Call the generator men.

MAN: Hurry - tell them there is something wrong  
with the power supply, quickly.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MISS CLARKE: Hello ... hello?

FX: CRACKLING

WOMAN: SCREAMS

FX:

JUBERT: Did you get the generator room? Miss  
Clarke!

FX: CRACKLING

FX:

FX: CAR MOTOR

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

MISS CLARKE: What - what happened.

EMMA PEEL: I was rather hoping you could tell me.

MISS CLARKE: I - I'm not sure (SIGHS) I came out to use the phone and - there was someone here - a man I think ... and a sound - strange sort of sound.

EMMA PEEL: Strange ... how ... what kind of sound?

MISS CLARKE: Well, it was - weird ... like ...

FX: CRACKLING

CLARKE (Cont): Like that.

MUSIC: IN

FX: BIRDS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: CAR MOTOR

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN

FX: BIRDS

EMMA PEEL: Steed! ... Steed!

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: SIGHS

EMMA PEEL (Cont): Steed.

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: You don't happen to be carrying around a large brandy, do you?

EMMA PEEL: No, I'm travelling light. What happened, are you alright?

STEED: Huh, huh. Well, it happened like ... I haven't the faintest idea.

BIRDS: CONTINUE

STEED (Cont): It was something to do with a door, no doors that fight back - yes, it was a car door ... It was around here, there was blue van.

EMMA PEEL: And it bit you?

STEED: Well, I went to open the rear door, and then, bingo! A galaxy of stars, then oblivion.

EMMA PEEL: Do you think someone came up behind you?

STEED: No, no, I'm sure they didn't ... And I remember, there was a very, very odd noise.

EMMA PEEL: What kind of noise?

STEED: Well, very odd, it's hard to describe.

FX: CRACKLING

EMMA PEEL: Like that?

STEED: Yes (LAUGHS) like that.

EMMA PEEL: Maurice Jubert's secretary heard it too, the late Maurice Jubert - He's dead.

STEED: Well, it seems to me, we're on the right track.

EMMA PEEL: And that's about all ... Steed - could it have been a woman, whoever it was, that attacked you? ... It's make-up? ... An odd greasy sort of make-up.

STEED: Looks as though we're dealing with a slippery customer.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Doctor Creswell, it's very nice to see you.  
Er, this is the gentleman I came down to see.

EMMA PEEL: How do you do?

STEED: Oh, allow me, huh, my name is Steed, I'm sure the Ministry told you we were coming.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh yes, er - yes, that's right. Er, but I wasn't expecting ...

STEED: Oh, er, Mrs Peel is, at times, a little impetuous.

EMMA PEEL: Do you always greet your visitors at gun-point?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, good heavens, no, no. I - had been out shooting rabbits, you see, and I - I didn't expect ...

STEED: Please don't apologise, very glad to contact you.

EMMA PEEL: You were in charge of Project Ninety?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Er - yes ...

STEED: Absorbing project.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, you mean you know about it?

EMMA PEEL: Couldn't understand why it was cancelled.

STEED: You still have a lot of friends at the Ministry.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, do - does that mean that the project is going to be opened again?

STEED: Not here. Let's discuss it later. Er - at your home, you do live near here, I believe?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, well yes, yes, as a matter of fact, just about a quarter of ...

STEED: Over a cup tea.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, well ...

STEED: Maybe even a drink?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well, I suppose so ...

STEED: Good man ... Oh, Mrs Peel will join us later, she wants to have a thorough look round Risely Dale.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

STEED (Cont): Well, this is a pleasant spot, and very conveniently close to the old Research Centre.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Er, yes, yes - well I didn't think there was much point in moving - and I must say that - retirement doesn't have any of the terrors I expected.

STEED: Why did you retire so early?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: (CHUCKLES) Well, I didn't have very much choice, did I?

STEED: Oh, of course, Project Ninety getting the chop and all that?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Yeah, more or less - Naturally, I disagreed with the decision.

STEED: Naturally ... All the same, we could do with a few break-throughs in that field.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, exactly - High frequency electronics has tremendous potential ... sherry?

STEED: Thank you. High frequency electronics, eh ... Yeah, well the Americans have poured millions into it.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well, of course they have ... and we were well established, you know. We were developing ultra-high frequencies, when the team went dotty.

STEED: Dotty?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Broadcast power.

STEED: Oh, Broadcast power.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: I was against the idea, you know, from the start! Well it just isn't feasible - Broadcasting electricity by radio wave.

STEED: But you were the director of the project.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Yes, well, at first it seemed harmless enough, you know, simple bench tests. But, before I knew it, they were building generators. They were using funds allocated for other work, then the whole thing just got completely out of hand.

STEED: And then the Ministry closed it up?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Mmm ... years of work, thrown away on a senseless pipe-dream. An entire project ruined by one man.

STEED: One man?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: The fool who started us on broadcast power, Mankin, James Mankin.

FX: CRACKLING

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Remarkable ... Astonishing.

MUSIC: OUT

CRESWELL (Cont): Em, some kind of natural phenomenon.

STEED: Natural!

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Em - yes - em - er, a power-ball em - you know, a cloud of static electricity - em, some sort of freak phenomenon.

STEED: Oh, well, it could be possible ... Well, I won't detain you any longer, Doctor Creswell, thank you very much for the drink.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, well ...

STEED: Don't worry, I'll find my own way out.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX: BIRDS

STEED (Cont): Find anything?

EMMA PEEL: Yes, I also heard something a few moments ago, a sort of - crackling sound.

STEED: You should have seen the fireworks in there, I'll tell you about it later.

EMMA PEEL: Look, Steed, just there.

STEED: A hand print.

EMMA PEEL: Preserved in make-up.

STEED: When did - you get your first bite.

CYNTHIA; Never, if you keep on talking.

STEED: Oh - terribly sorry, I forget you're a top hush girl ... You know, it's quite surprising to find you doing this.

CYNTHIA: It's nice to get away from people once in a while.

STEED: I'm not people, I'm business, Ministry business.

CYNTHIA: My day off.

STEED: May I make a suggestion?

CYNTHIA: What?

STEED: I would say a Flaming Kestrel fly for these waters.

CYNTHIA: No, I prefer a Red Coachman ... You're a fishing man then?

STEED: I lease a stretch on the Test - As a matter of fact, I got a ten pound salmon last week.

CYNTHIA: Really, where?

STEED: In Bond Street - I was walking by a hotel and it fell out of the window, straight into my arms. There was a contratemp with the chef, he's a very volatile fellow. But he had no aim with a salmon. Of course I threw it back, it would be hardly sporting to hold onto it.

CYNTHIA/STEED: LAUGH

STEED (Cont): Now that suits you, very good for the face muscles, and you might as well get as much laughing as you can, before it happens.

CYNTHIA: Before what happens?

FX: DUCKS

STEED: Before you get elevated to button-lip, you can hardly laugh in button-lip.

CYNTHIA: (LAUGHS) Well, what can I do for you?

STEED: Project Ninety, I'd like to see the Ministry files.

CYNTHIA: The Ministry files, but that's utterly impossible. No-one sees the Ministry files, only red card holders.

STEED: But surely ...

CYNTHIA: I'm sorry, it's out of the question. Red card holders only, and the red card well - that's about as rare as a salmon in Bond Street.

FX:

CYNTHIA (Cont): Steed, I'd no idea (TUT-TUTS).

FX: DUCKS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CYNTHIA (Cont): All the confidential war records are kept here.

STEED: Have there been many confidential wars -  
Cleaning must be a bit of a problem - No  
cleaners with red cards. I can hardly see  
the Prime Minister whisking his way around  
here with a feather mop. Oh, I dunno,  
maybe I could.

CYNTHIA: (WHISPERS) Mister Steed, voices aren't  
raised here.

STEED: (WHISPERS) Oh, I'm so sorry.

CYNTHIA: This is the one you need - (WHISPERS)  
Project Ninety.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

STEED: We seem to have pyromaniac mice.

CYNTHIA: There'll be a terrible fuss, a full inquiry

STEED: Play havoc with your fishing - Now how do I  
find out about Project Ninety?

CYNTHIA: The only person who can help you now is  
Mankin - James Mankin.

RECEPTIONIST: Mister Mankin's very busy at the moment, do  
you have an appointment?

STEED: No, but I'm sure he'll see me, John Steed  
from the Ministry.

RECEPTIONIST: (INTO INTERCOM) Mister Mankin.

MANKIN (THRU (THRU INTERCOM) Yes, what is it?

RECEPTIONIST: (INTO INTERCOM) Mister Steed is here to see you. He says he's from the Ministry.

MANKIN: (THRU INTERCOM) Oh - very well, send him in, I'll see him.

RECEPTIONIST Go through please.

STEED: Thank you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: DOOR

STEED: Mister Mankin?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: IN

STEED: Mister Mankin?

MUSIC: OUT

MANKIN: Yes.

STEED: It's very kind of you to see me.

MANKIN: I'm very busy - You did say the Ministry, Mister Steed.

STEED: Yes, about Project Ninety.

MANKIN: Oh?

STEED:                   And broadcast power. Is it possible,  
Mister Mankin?

MANKIN:                   Your Ministry doesn't seem to think so.

STEED:                   But you do?

MANKIN:                   I spent years proving it. All it got me,  
was the sack.

STEED:                   Doctor Creswell thinks it wasn't fully  
proved.

MANKIN:                   Doctor Creswell doesn't think.

STEED:                   Why are you so sure about broadcast power,  
Mister Mankin?

MANKIN:                   Why are you so interested, Mister Steed?

STEED:                   Because someone has been trying to destroy  
all trace of Project Ninety and the people  
who worked on it.

MANKIN:                   I heard about Bryant and Charles Gray,  
accidents, they said.

STEED:                   No accidents - Yesterday, Maurice Jubert  
was murdered.

MANKIN:                   Well?

STEED:                   Huh, you seem to be taking it very calmly.

MANKIN:                   I'm busy and, also, I don't believe a word  
of it.

STEED: I can assure you they were not accidents!

MANKIN: I don't doubt it - but not because of Project Ninety.

FX:

MANKIN (Cont): The applications of broadcast power are quite ordinary, Mister Steed, there was no motive for murder in any of the work we did.

STEED: You could be mistaken.

MANKIN: Very well, I'll show you ... as simply as possible.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MANKIN (Cont): This device here (CLEARS THROAT) produces static electricity.

STEED: A development of a (Windshurst) machine.

MANKIN: Oh! - Oh well, that makes things easier. The electro static energy is converted into a very high frequency wave pattern here er - fed into this transmitter and er - just about ready - You see this electric fan, no wires, no hidden batteries, but - observe.

FX:

MANKIN (Cont): No power source other than the energy I'm broadcasting.

STEED: That's very strange ... You know Doctor Grey was designing a fan when he was murdered.

MANKIN: That doesn't mean a thing - This is the type of equipment we used on the project - Hardly the ultimate weapon, Mister Steed.

STEED: What if er ...

MANKIN: Do be careful.

STEED: What if the range and power were unlimited?

MANKIN: And it could be unlimited ... If we'd been given time to develop it, you could power anything, cars, aircraft, entire cities. But Creswell never believed in it. He treated it like a toy.

STEED: But he surely gave the authorisation for the research.

MANKIN: Yeah, and forced us into a demonstration we were all against.

STEED: And you failed?

MANKIN: Well, of course. I knew we'd fail, it was too soon, we weren't ready - At least Creswell got the sack, along with the rest of us.

STEED: What are you doing here? Still developing broadcast power?

MANKIN: Wish I was. This is a commercial outfit. I spend most of my time tarting up stereophonic sound and radar ... but whenever I get the chance, I return to this.

STEED: Then I should be careful, Mister Mankin ... I have a feeling someone has another use for broadcast power.

MUSIC: IN

FX: CAR MOTOR

FX: CRACKLING

FX: CAR WHEELS SCREECHING

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Mrs Peel - Do you know anyone who wants to buy a vintage Bently a new two-tone in a shade of green and slightly singed. I have just survived an electrifying experience, and I'll swop you all the details ...

EMMA PEEL: For a large brandy?

STEED: Ah - I was driving along the road, minding my own business - enjoying and breathing the good country air, contemplating the glories of England in summer-time.

EMMA PEEL: You were driving along.

STEED: When I noticed a van following me.

EMMA PEEL:           The one with handles that fight back.

STEED:                Right, and as soon as I recognised the fact, pop.

EMMA PEEL:           Pop?

STEED:                Bang splat.

EMMA PEEL:           Bang splat.

STEED:                All my car's wiring, burnt out. The car was full of smoke, I was blinded. It was a gatepost, rushing up towards me, but with tremendous verve and elan, and I may say, great driving skill.

EMMA PEEL:           And good deal of luck.

STEED:                Anyway - it was a very near thing. The car's still working - but all my little dials are kaput. Even the altimeter.

EMMA PEEL:           Never mind, if one day you happen to be driving at more than ten thousand feet, I'm sure you'll notice - What do you think did it?

STEED:                Broadcast power - Sending electricity, just as you would a er - a radio message. That's what Mankin was working on.

EMMA PEEL:           You saw Mankin.

STEED:                Oh yes, I saw Mankin - and I gave him something to think about.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: TELEPHONE RINGS

FX: RECEIVER BEING PICKED UP

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Hello, - yes, he's here ... For you.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Hello.

MANKIN: (INTO PHONE) Steed? Mankin - Look, what you were saying started me thinking - so I decided to ride out to Risely Dale.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Oh, you've actually been there?

MANKIN: (INTO PHONE) Yes, I'm there now ... Look Steed, I think you may well be right, something is going on.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Er, hold on Mister Mankin.

STEED (Cont): Mankin's at Risely Dale now, he's on to something.

EMMA PEEL: Or up to something.

STEED: Huh, do you want to meet him?

EMMA PEEL: I'll see you later at Creswells.

FX:

STEED (INTO  
PHONE):

Hello, Mister Mankin? ... Ah, Mrs Peel is  
on her way right now.

MANKIN (INTO  
PHONE):

Right, I'll be waiting.

FX: RECEIVER BEING PUT DOWN

MUSIC: IN

FX: CAR MOTOR . . .

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

FX: CRACKLING

FX: BIRDS

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: CAR MOTOR

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN

FX: CAR MOTOR

MUSIC: OUT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

STEED: Hello Doctor Creswell, not disturbing you I hope?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well I'm rather ...

STEED: Good - I thought if I caught you at this time, you'd be free.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well no, I'm extremely busy.

STEED: Forgive the unconventional entrance, it's basic training, old habits die hard eh. Do you mind?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Look Steed I - I do - don't wish to be rude, but I was deeply engrossed in this circuit diagram before you came in and I wish to get on.

FX: RUSTLING

STEED: I thought you were pacing the floor, before I came in - It looked to me as though you were waiting for someone, but you couldn't have been waiting for anyone if you were engrossed in the circuit diagram.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well, I - I was, I was thinking, you see.

STEED: Go ahead, I'll be as quiet as a mouse.

FX: RUSTLING

STEED (Cont): You're extremely edgy, Doctor Creswell, you've been working too hard. Try out some of this excellent sherry, it is excellent.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Steed, what do you want?

STEED: Information - Mankin seems to feel that you were sabotaging Project Ninety ... Are you sure you're not waiting for someone?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, it's ridiculous.

STEED: What is?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Mankin's suggestion. It's ridiculous, why should I, or anybody, wish to sabotage Project Ninety?

STEED: Broadcast electricity.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: I thought the Ministry had abandoned that particular little pipe dream ...

STEED: Perhaps the Ministry have, but somebody else is still pursuing it, it'd make a very neat little secret weapon if it were possible.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: If.

STEED: That's what I said, if.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Ah - er - Haworth ... This is an unexpected pleasure. I didn't expect to see you - er - this is Mister Steed - from the Ministry ... Er - this is Peter Haworth.

STEED: Delighted ... Ooh, forgive me, sprained a tendon playing bridge.

HAWORTH: You play a rough game, Mister Steed.

STEED: LAUGHS

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well, I expect you called for those papers - I'll er - here we are - We won't keep you then.

STEED: Don't go now, you've only just arrived - Doctor Creswell's the host, but I'm doing the honours, he's a trifle off colour today - you're an electronics expert too, I imagine, those papers, very complex to the layman.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well, he - he does occasionally assist me.

STEED: So you've worked together before, Project Ninety eh?

FX: CAR HORN

STEED (Cont): Ah, that must be Mrs Peel.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Mrs Peel?

STEED: Told her to meet me here, she may have some news from Risely Dale.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DOCTOR CRESWELL: I thought I told you to kill her?

HAWORTH: I thought I had.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: BIRDS

STEED: Mrs Peel, how did it go at Risely Dale?

EMMA PEEL: False alarm - Oh, I'm sorry, we haven't met.

STEED: Mrs Peel, may I introduce Peter Haworth ...

EMMA PEEL: How do you do?

STEED: ... You know Doctor Creswell.

HAWORTH: How do you do?

EMMA PEEL: Hadn't we better get going? We're going to be late for that dinner appointment with Mankin.

STEED: What dinner appoin ...

FX:

STEED (Cont): Oh - (LAUGHS) yes, thank you for jogging my memory ... I think gentlemen, we'd better say goodbye.

EMMA PEEL: Goodbye.

HAWORTH: Allow me.

EMMA PEEL: Thank you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: Ooh! (LAUGHS) I am sorry.

HAWORTH: My pleasure.

EMMA PEEL: I don't usually fall for strangers.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well, goodbye Mrs Peel - Steed.

STEED: Goodbye, Doctor.

FX: DOOR

FX: BIRDS

STEED/EMMA PEEL: Goodbye.

STEED: What was all that about? You didn't trip, we don't have a dinner engagement and to plum the depths of utter banality with "I don't usually fall for strangers".

EMMA PEEL: It was a corny situation, calling for corny measures - I wanted to get my hand on his collar - Didn't you see, it was thick with make-up - odd greasy sort of make-up - There should be enough here to put under a microscope.

STEED: Good girl - And Mankin.

EMMA PEEL: Dead, I'm afraid, electrocuted. So would I be if I didn't have rubber soles on my shoes.

STEED: And the kick on the shin?

FX: CAR MOTOR

EMMA PEEL: Oh that! I just felt like that.

FX: CAR WHEELS SCREECHING.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Are you sure you took care of Mankin?

HAWORTH: Oh yes! Gave him a nasty shock.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: So, they've all gone then. Mankin, Grey, Bryant, Jubert. All their files were destroyed. All the dangers are eliminated.

HAWORTH: Except for Steed and Mrs Peel.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Well, they can only guess as to what's happened, they don't know how it was done. I think it's about time we showed them.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: CLEARS THROAT

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Steed? Yes, I know it's late - I've been been doing tests on that sample of make-up - It contains particles of aluminium - and there are also traces of a non-conducting oil ... It doesn't conduct

EMMA (Cont): electricity - That's right, it acts as a sort of insulation.

FX: CRACKLING

EMMA (Cont): (INTO PHONE) It's perfectly logical, after all, an all sorts of things ... No, not those sort of things, against the wind and the weather, for example - So why not a make-up that insulates the wearer against high voltage ...? Umm - alright - yes, I'll see you tomorrow.

FX: CRACKLING

HAWORTH: I want you in my arms again, Mrs Peel - Into my arms.

MUSIC: OUT

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Good morning, Misses Peel, I trust you slept well?

EMMA PEEL: As well as can be expected. What time's breakfast. I would've rung, but as you can see, I'm all tied up.

HAWORTH: And you'll stay that way.

EMMA PEEL: Ah! It's you, my shocking friend - I hate to tell you, but I think you're losing your power.

HAWORTH: Quite deliberate, we didn't want to kill you - yet.

EMMA PEEL: And I'm sure you have a very good reason.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Certainly - I imagine you know where you are?

EMMA PEEL: I'm at Risely Dale, well that's obvious.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: And then there's the question of Steed.

EMMA PEEL: Steed?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: That's all we want - That's why we have to keep you alive, Mrs Peel - To get Steed to come here.

EMMA PEEL: I'm the bait.

HAWORTH: Two for the price of one.

EMMA PEEL: He'll know it's a trap.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Not if you call him ... And you will call him, when I have edited our little conversation.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: (TAPE RECORDING) "I imagine you know where you are?"

EMMA PEEL: (TAPE RECORDING) "I'm at Risely Dale"

FX: PHONE RINGS

STEED: (THRU PHONE) Hello?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Forgive me.

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Steed.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Good morning, how are you ...?  
Misses Peel, you alright ...? Where are  
you?

EMMA PEEL: (TAPE RECORDING) "I'm at  
Risely Dale."

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Mrs Peel ...? Hello.

FX: REPLACES RECEIVER

FX: FOOTSTEPS

HAWORTH: He'll be here in about thirty minutes.

EMMA PEEL: Perhaps.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Oh, he'll come - He may have his  
suspicions, but that won't matter - He  
won't suspect you - and you are going to  
kill him.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Oh! Spare my blushes.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Mrs Peel, you are looking at a super man.

EMMA PEEL: You're wrong, he's pectorals are far from  
perfect.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: He's a prototype, the first of many. He's  
power is unlimited.

EMMA PEEL: Balls! His power is limited by what your  
little blue van out there, your mobile  
generator, is capable of giving out - say,  
about er - ten thousand volts.

HAWORTH: Oh no, Mrs Peel, much more than that - We take the power from a small engine, but we build it up, transform it - pushing it up and up.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: Until he becomes a walking dynamo - The technique is so simple. First he is sprayed with a ...

EMMA PEEL: With a non-conductive oil - It acts as an insulation, a sort of protection - Then comes a substance containing aluminium particles, a sort of outer skin.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: You said that you had destroyed all the files?

HAWORTH: I did.

EMMA PEEL: It was an educated guess, Doctor Creswell - plus a little research.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: What a great pity Mrs Peel, that brilliant mind won't be with us much longer.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

HAWORTH: I must test the generator.

HAWORTH: A walking dynamo.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: My pectorals may leave much to be desired, Mrs Peel, but I'm the most dynamic man you are ever likely to meet.

FX:

HAWORTH (Cont): Hear that ...? Power, broadcast power, a live force flowing into me, fed by radio waves, making me the most powerful man on Earth, a king omnipotent.

EMMA PEEL: Careful you don't blow a fuse.

HAWORTH: Oh no, my protection is guaranteed. You see, you were right, the inner-skin protects me, the non-conductive oil.

EMMA PEEL: And the aluminium particles carry the electric charge.

HAWORTH: Very good, Mrs Peel, top marks. The power ripples across my skin like muscles. At least twenty-five thousand volts of it, I can - kill, burn, destroy - a superman

DOCTOR CRESWELL: And in a few months time, there will be a hundred like him.

EMMA PEEL: For what purpose?

DOCTOR CRESWELL: You might call it a take-over bid, Mrs Peel. Society owes me many things, and when my army of supermen moves in on society, I shall dictate the terms then. I will bring the Government to its knees. I will become the Government, I will rule.

EMMA PEEL: What happens if there's a power-cut?

MUSIC: IN

FX: BIRDS

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

DOCTOR CRESWELL: The table is completely insulated, Mrs Peel  
- But soon, you will be charged with  
twenty-five thousand volts, and then  
whoever touches you, will earth you and the  
shock will kill both you and the person who  
touches you.

HAWORTH: And I'm sure Mister Steed will want to free  
you.

DOCTOR CRESWELL: It's rather elaborate, but its in the  
nature of an experiment, a technique that  
we've been wanting to acquire for a very  
long time.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

HAWORTH: Steed's coming.

EMMA PEEL: (MUFFLED) (INDISTINGUISHABLE)

EMMA PEEL (Cont): (MUFFLED) (INDISTINGUISHABLE)

STEED: Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: (MUFFLED) (INDISTINGUISHABLE)

STEED: I'd recognise those eyes anywhere. I knew  
you had sterling qualities, but bright  
silver! Where are your hallmarks?

EMMA PEEL: (MUFFLED - INDISTINGUISHABLE)

STEED: Don't worry, have you out in a jiffy, time for pleasantries later.

EMMA PEEL: Steed, do you realise, I happen to be charged with twenty-five thousand volts!

STEED: I should do that to your personal magnetism.

EMMA PEEL: I mean it, listen to that generator.

STEED: It's lucky I'm not earthed then, I happen to be wearing rubber galoshes, the English gentleman's best friend. Guaranteed to protect you against the vagaries of our delightful climate and, also, twenty-five thousand volts.

EMMA PEEL: Oh!

FX:

FX: BIRDS.

FX:

DOCTOR CRESWELL: There's something wrong! She's still holding the charge.

HAWORTH: It's up to me then.

FX: CRACKLING

EMMA PEEL: Creswell's a complete megalomaniac. He's planning to take over the country.

STEED: Well, we've got to stop him - Well, how does that fit, madame.

EMMA PEEL: Well, not exactly snug, but adequate.

STEED: LAUGHS

FX: CRACKLING

MUSIC: IN

FX:

EMMA PEEL (Cont): Steed!

STEED: Now.

FX:

STEED (Cont): You ruined his make-up.

MUSIC: OUT

FX: BIRDS

EMMA PEEL: Steed ...? Where have you been? - I've been waiting for you.

STEED: I've been messing about with all this electricity - I don't know how, but I'm magnetised - I'm stuck to the car.

EMMA PEEL: LAUGHS

STEED (Cont): It's no laughing matter, Mrs Peel. How am I to ... how am I to call a garage and tell them I'm stuck to my - well ...

EMMA PEEL: LAUGHS

STEED (Cont): ... how am I to call a garage now?

EMMA PEEL: LAUGHS

STEED (Cont): Look, this is most indelicate of you.

EMMA PEEL: (LAUGHS) (CLEARS HER THROAT) Now let me see, how can I be constructive ...? Em - what are you A-C or D-C?

STEED: I've never had occasion to find out!

EMMA PEEL: Here - let me give you a hand.

FX: FOOTSTEPS/CRACKLING

STEED: Don't fight it Mrs Peel - we're inseparable.

MUSIC: IN

TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

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THE END

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