

EPISODE NO. 22.

SERIES 2

" THE AVENGERS "

" S P L I T ! "

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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**MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED**

PREPARED BY:

ABC TELEVISION FILMS LIMITED,
Associated British Elstree Studios
Boreham Wood,
Herts.
ENGLAND.

MARCH 1968.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I.

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CORRIDOR

Panning to Rest
room door.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. REST ROOM

HARRY:

Hello Frank.

FRANK:

Came the dawn -
Hello Harry.

HARRY:

Anything happening ?

FRANK:

Nobody stole the secret papers.
Nobody infiltrated anywhere.
Nobody shot the Prime Minister.
Nobody pushed the red button.
The world is still intact.
Nothing it seems has happened.
Another uneventful night . . .
Can I buy you a coffee ?

HARRY:

Err - no thanks, I've got to finish these
reports.

FRANK:

You know Harry, for you, dedication has
become a vice.

HARRY: (into phone)

Hallo.

CONSTANTINE'S voice)
(over phone:)

May I speak to Boris, please ?

HARRY: (into phone)

Who ?

CONSTANTINE'S VOICE
(over phone)

Boris, is he there ?

HARRY: (into phone)

I'm sorry, you must have the wrong number.

FRANK:

Sure I can't persuade you to change your
mind Harry. After all, all work and no
play..
Harry.

HARRY:

Frank!
Frank.

(into phone)

Meroer here. This is an emergency.
Someone's murdered Frank Compton.

EPISODE TITLE "SPLIT!" superimposed
over Harry's writing.

TELEPLAY &
DIRECTOR'S CREDIT

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR: Tonight's episode of THE AVENGERS is brought to you by -

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY

HELICOPTER landing.
TARA watching from her car.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S CAR

TARA: I'm sorry about your holiday Lord Barnes.

BARNES: So am I.

TARA: We wouldn't have asked you back unless it had been very urgent.

BARNES: I wouldn't have come back if it hadn't been urgent.
Sorry, but this whole business has knocked me sideways. An Agent murdered is bad enough, but when it happens inside the Ministry of Top Secret Information..... the most security conscious area in the country... well, oh frankly I don't believe it.

INT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I. (CORRIDOR)

BARNES: I still don't believe it.

ROOKE: Hello sir.

TARA: Hi.

INT. MINISTRY LIFT.

BARNES: The profound silences are my prerogative Major Rooke. What progress are we making ?

ROOKE: None.

BARNES: Who - mm - who found the body ?

ROOKE: Harry Mercer.

BARNES: Is he a good man ?

ROOKE: None better. Steed's questioning him now.

INT. REST AREA

HARRY: He must have been lying there the whole time, that's what gets me. I was sitting there writing my report, and all the time Frank was - - When we find out - If we find out -

STEED: We'll find out.

BARNES: Ah Steed, I'm glad you're here.

STEED: Good morning Lord Barnes.

BARNES: It's a bad morning, it's a disastrous morning!
You're Mercer ?

HARRY: Err - yes sir.

BARNES: And you found him, eh ?

HARRY: Yes sir.

BARNES: And the murder weapon.
You made an immediate check. I want it found. I want the whole place combed....

STEED: We already have it.

ROOKE: Compton's own gun sir.

BARNES: His own gun.
Any fingerprints ?

ROOKE: Only his own.

BARNES: All right. You'd better tell me all the facts from the beginning.

ROOKE: Mercer was writing his report in here.

BARNES: Alone ?

HARRY: Yes sir.

ROOKE: He finished at . . .

HARRY: Five thirty exactly.

ROOKE: He started to leave and he moved to about here, and then he saw Frank Compton lying on the floor, there, under the table.

HARRY: Yes, and then I gave the alarm.

ROOKE: Of course we checked everything immediately. All the staff . . . personnel ... all the exits, and we double checked all the visitors to the area here yesterday.

INT. REST AREA

ROOKE: O.S.

The result was - a negative.

STEED: (into phone)

Hello.
Who ?
Boris.

ROOKE: (continues)

Cellar, the roofs, the grounds...

STEED: (into phone)

Oh I'm afraid you've got the wrong number.

ROOKE: (continues)

... nothing remains unchecked.
Negative.

BARNES:

Well - I won't accept negative.
I won't accept anything less than positive.
Positive action - positive plans - results.

ROOKE:

But we're covering all the visitors here within the last month.

BARNES:

The last month. The last year Major.
I want every member of the staff re-screened and interrogated.
I want a complete run down on Frank Compton. His movements retraced up until the moment that he died.
The case that he worked on, the people he met.

ROOKE:

Better try operational security.

BARNES:

Yes, then the micro-files.

STEED:

What've you done to your hand ?

HARRY:

A legacy from Berlin - October sixty three.

STEED:

Tut. Really.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

He must have been mistaken.

TARA:

Who ?

STEED:

Harry Meroer, when he said he was in Berlin in sixty-three. He couldn't have been. I was there at that time and I was involved in quite a little fracas too, and I know that Harry was no where in the area.

TARA:

Well, as you said, he must have been mistaken.

STEED:

Unless he's lying.
No, he must have got his dates mixed up, that's all.

TARA:

That's not all he got mixed up.
Ambidexterous.

STEED: Where d'you get this ?

TARA: Mercer's desk. Funny, eh.
Clearly the hand writing of a strong
weak happy sad, anxious, carefree man.

STEED: Is that a fact.

TARA: No, I made it up.

STEED: Well, let's find someone who can give
us the facts.

INT. HANDWRITING EXPERT'S PLACE (INT. REST AREA intercutting ***)

SWINDIN: Remarkable. Quite remarkable.
Remarkably remarkable.

STEED: Would you care to rem - remark on the
remarkability ?

SWINDIN: Yes I would.

TARA: Well...

SWINDIN: Well this first section here... you want
the facts ?

STEED: The facts.

TARA: Factually.

SWINDIN: It's remarkable.

STEED: Yes, you've said that.

TARA: Twice.

SWINDIN: This first section of writing - a neat
precise hand - the work of a reliable man.
- the work of a reliable man - a man to
be trusted. An industrious man, gentle by
nature **yet** strong in character. Dedicated.
A man of great loyalty -
And moral strength. But this next section here,
the penmanship is
the same - it's definitely written by the
same hand - and yet I can't see how it can
be.

O.S. ***
(*** dialogue played over
Int. Rest Area.) ***

STEED: Why not ?

SWINDIN: Well the personality of the writer has
completely changed. It's - it's fantastic...
remarkable.

STEED: How has it changed ?

SWINDIN: Well this writing indicates a mind of
great cunning. A brutal, extrovert man.
A man who would stop at nothing to achieve
his ends.

INT. REST AREA

ROOKE: (into phone)

What ?
Oooh, well I'm not sure if we can...

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into phone)

Well he must have passed messages or broken
a code or something like that.

INT. REST AREA

STEED'S VOICE over phone:

You dig out all you can.

ROOKE: (into phone)

Well, I'll do my best, can't promise though.
Yeah - right - bye.

ROOKE:

Well you should call it a day Harry -
get some rest.
Boris Kartovski.

There is a subtle
change in Harry's
personality)

NO DIALOGUE

HARRY: (into phone)

Put me through. Put me through to the
Nullington Private Hospital.

INT. RECEPTION

PETRA:

Nullington Hospital.

INT. REST AREA

HARRY: (into phone)

Tell the Doctor. Tell the Doctor ...

INT. RECEPTION / INTERCUTTING WITH INT. REST AREA

HARRY: (voice over phone)

... that....

PETRA:

What ? Who is this ?

HARRY:

O.S.

Harry. Harry.

Harry.
Harry Kartovski.

INT. RECEPTION / INTERCUTTING INT. OPERATING THEATRE

PETRA: (into phone)

Doctor Constantine. I have Mercer on
the line.

CONSTANTINE: (into phone)

What ?

PETRA:

Listen.

INT. REST AREA:

HARRY:

Tell the Doctor it's - Harry -
Boris.

INT. ENTRANCE CORRIDOR

FIRST AGENT: Good Evening sir.
SECOND AGENT: Good evening sir.
THIRD AGENT: Good evening sir.

INT. SECURITY LIFT

BARNES enters, his hand becomes gnarled.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR

BARNES moves to Rest Area door.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. REST AREA

HARRY MERCER: No!

ROOKE: Here's Mercer's file, and the other thing you wanted. A specimen of Kartovski's writing.

STEED: Ah!

BARNES: It must have happened just before I found him. I must have been within yards of the killer.... within seconds of the murder.. I know how he must have felt when he found Compton. Baffled and so so helpless.

ROOKE: So do we all. In a case like this there's usually some lead. Something you could follow up - but...

STEED: He was admitted to hospital - Mercer.... a few weeks ago he had a minor accident and was admitted for a few hours, that was the only unusual incident in an otherwise routine existence.

ROOKE: Not that unusual.

BARNES: Could happen to anyone. Happened to me some time ago.

STEED: All the same, I think I'll take a look at this hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL

Establishing shot.

No dialogue

INT. RECEPTION

PETRA: Good morning sir.

STEED: Good morning. Mercer.

PETRA: Well Mr. Mercer, what can I

STEED: (interrupts) No, no, no, you misunderstand me, I'm enquiring about a Mr. Mercer.

PETRA: We have no one of that name in the hospital.

STEED: A casualty, a minor road accident, about three weeks ago. Harry Mercer.

PETRA: Well Mr. err ...

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

STEED'S VOICE
over intercom: Steed. John Steed.

PETRA'S voice
over intercom: Just how can we help you concerning Harry Mercer ?

STEED'S voice
over intercom: Well, I should like to speak to the Doctor who handled his case.

HINNELL: Get down there.

PETRA'S VOICE
over intercom: It will mean going through the records...

INT. RECEPTION:

PETRA: (continues) ...and if the Doctor's not on duty, well it would mean a long wait for you.

STEED: Oh, not to worry, I'll make myself comfortable here.

PETRA: Ah, Doctor Constantine, this gentleman would like to know about a casualty patient named Mercer.

CONSTANTINE: Mercer.

STEED: Harry Mercer.

CONSTANTINE: Are you a relative ?

STEED: No - a - but I'm a close friend.

CONSTANTINE: I see. Well we don't usually give information but I do remember this A road accident, wasn't it.

STEED: Err.

CONSTANTINE: Nothing serious. A mild concussion.

STEED: You handled the case ?

CONSTANTINE: I did.

STEED: And ?

CONSTANTINE: And what ? Forgive me, but what exactly do you wish to know ?

STEED: How long was he here ?

CONSTANTINE: Oh an hour. Possibly two. Certainly no longer.

STEED: Did he have any visitors ?

CONSTANTINE: No.

STEED: And there was nothing unusual about the case ?

CONSTANTINE: I told you. Mild concussion, of the simplest nature. I only wish all our road casualties were so minor.

STEED: Well thanks anyway. Good day.

CONSTANTINE: Good day.

EXT. HOSPITAL

STEED drives away

NO DIALOGUE

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

CONSTANTINE: I don't like it. When Steed gets this close.

HINNELL: Uncomfortably close. We'll have to get rid of Mr. Steed.

INT. STEED'S CAR /intercutting with
INT. BARNES' STUDY

BARNES: Hello.

STEED: O.S. Lord Barnes

BARNES: Oh Steed, yes.

STEED: You said that you were involved in an accident recently.

BARNES: Oh yes just a minor bump you know.

STEED: But you were admitted to hospital ?

BARNES: For a short time, yes.

STEED: Do you mind if I come and talk to you about it ?

BARNES: If you think it's important. Yes, I'll - I'll be expecting you.

EXT. ROAD

STEED driving
along.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BARNES STUDY

BUTLER:

You rang M'Lord.

BARNES:

Oh yes Miller. You can take a few hours
off. I don't want to be disturbed for a
bit. You go and enjoy yourself.

BUTLER:

Yes thank you M'Lord.

BARNES:

Oh and Miller, don't bother to lock up.

BUTLER:

As you wish M'Lord.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED driving
along.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. BARNES' HOUSE

STEED arrives.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BARNES' HOUSE

STEED enters, walks
along corridor.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CORRIDOR

STEED:

Lord Barnes.

INT. BARNES' STUDY

STEED is attacked.

NO DIALOGUE

BARNES:

Steed, what has happened.
My dear fellow, are you all right ?

END OF REEL THREE

785 feet + 14 frames.

INT. HANDWRITING EXPERT'S PLACE

SWINDIN: Miss King, drawing upon my not
inconsiderable experience as a
calligraphist.

TARA: Please. Just a simple explanation.
Words of one syllable.

SWINDIN: Identical.

TARA: Identical.

SWINDIN: This - and this - both the work of the
same personality.

TARA: But that's impossible.

SWINDIN: My dear lady, I am the foremost authority.

TARA: The same personality? Brutal, extrovert
and dangerous.

SWINDIN: Very, very dangerous.

INT. BARNES' STUDY

BARNES: Feeling any better?

STEED: Much better, thank you.

BARNES: Must have shaken you up.

STEED: It's an occupational hazard, you get
used to it.

BARNES: He's very cool, whoever he is - to
attack you here, under my roof.

STEED: Well the front door was open.

BARNES: Ah, that would be Miller, my Butler.
I'll talk to him, don't you worry.
Oh which reminds me, you wanted to talk
to me about something.

STEED: Yes, that accident you had

BARNES: Yes.

STEED: Which hospital were you taken to?

BARNES: Which hospital... which hospital. D..
D'you know Steed, I - I simply don't
remember. It was some time ago -
ridiculous - it's completely slipped my
mind.

STEED: Well if it does occur to you...

BARNES: I'll let you know right away.

BARNES: I was a - I was feeling a bit extrovert.
STEED: (softly) Ha.ha.
You'll let me know when you remember ?
BARNES: What ?
STEED: The name of the hospital.
BARNES: Err yes, yea, I'll
err - let you know.
BARNES: (to himself) Subject myself.... I am alarmed to check
a change in my behaviour.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR: THE AVENGERS WILL CONTINUE FOLLOWING THIS
PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Ah, look at this. I checked with the
handwriting expert and both specimens
of the handwriting are exactly ----
STEED: (coughs) Hello.

INT. BARNES' STUDY

BARNES: Steed. Get back here straight away.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

BARNES VOICE O.S.
(over phone) Hurry.
STEED: Well what's the - -
Lord Barnes!
STEED: See you later.

INT. BARNES' STUDY

LORD BARNES handcuffs
his gnarled hand to
chair. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Oh Major Rooke.

ROOKE: Is he in ?

TARA: No.

ROOKE: Oh!
I wanted to talk to him about some
handwriting.

TARA: So did I.

ROOKE/TARA (in unison) Well what did you ...

ROOKE: I'm sorry.

TARA: Look.
Both the handwriting of Boris Kartovski.

ROOKE: A letter written by Lord Barnes.

TARA: But that's who Steed's gone to see.

ROOKE: What.

TARA: Lord Barnes.

EXT. BARNES' HOUSE

Establishing shot
showing Steed's car.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BARNES' HOUSE

STEED moves into
corridor then
Study.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT/INT. BARNES' CAR

BARNES' driving.

EXT. HOSPITAL

BARNES' car
drives up.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

Three shot, Hinnell
Constantine & Petra.

NO DIALOGUE

PETRA'S P.O.V. of

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

BARNES' car.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

PETRA:

Doctor!

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

BARNES at entrance.
He moves away, back
to his car.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

HINNELL:

Failure number two. He's breaking up
Doctor. It's obvious he's breaking up -
like Mercer.

CONSTANTINE:

Well, we did anticipate a...

HINNELL:

A failure risk. You said that. All
right, I accept that.
The question is, what do we do now ?

EXT/INT. TARA'S CAR

TARA:

It doesn't make sense - Lord Barnes killing
one of his own agents. And what about the
first killing, Lord Barnes wasn't even in
the country. It doesn't make sense.

ROCKE:

It makes some kind of sense.
One thing's certain, Barnes is a traitor,
a dangerous traitor.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/
EXT. BARNES' HOUSE

BARNES' driving,
stops outside his
house.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL FOUR

707 feet + 0 frames.

INT. TARA'S CAR

ROOKE: There he is.

EXT. BARNES' HOUSE

TARA's car
pulls up.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BARNES' STUDY

BARNES: Steed -
I must - I must tell you...

STEED: Lord Barnes was about ...

ROOKE: Not Lord Barnes, Boris Kartovski.
A specimen of Kartovski's writing.
Letter from Lord Barnes.
I don't know how they did it.
Some new technique, plastic surgery.
Anyway, that was Boris Kartovski.

STEED: Impossible.
I shot Boris Kartovski. Berlin, nineteen
sixty three. I shot him through the heart.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

CONSTANTINE: He wants you to stand where he can see you.
He likes to look at you. He was always one
for a pretty woman. His appetite was
remarkable. Voracious, and he could be
cruel. So cruel.

PETRA: He frightens me.

CONSTANTINE: Well, there's no reason why he should.
He's not a monster - on the contrary, he's
a monument - a medical triumph. Isn't
that so Boris? When he was brought to me
he was without hope, not dead - but with a
bullet, Steed's bullet, so deep in his heart
that an operation, even a transplant was
out of the question. I kept him alive,
didn't I Boris. With my skills I kept you
alive?

PETRA: You call that alive.

CONSTANTINE: Well his brain still lives. The mind and
personality of Boris Kartovski, still
unimpaired, lucid, brilliant, and that's
only part of my achievement. To take that
mind, the mind of the best agent we ever
had, and with this^{ego} transfuse it to infuse
his will, his thoughts, his ego, into
another man's brain. Into that part of
the mind that remains dormant in us all.
Unexplored and waiting. Waiting to receive
the personality of Kartovski, to restore him
to active duty. To give him a healthy body
again.

continued....

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

CONSTANTINE: (continued)

A strong hand in which to hold a gun.
Ha! Ha! the ultimate infiltration - a
traitor hidden within an unsuspecting
mind.

HINNELL:

Barnes is dead. We'll need a replacement
you understand that.

CONSTANTINE:

Very well, the same method as the others.
A faked road accident. Tell Morrell to
stand by. We are still at the experimental
stage, you agree that.

HINNELL:

Yes.

CONSTANTINE:

And I'd like to go a step further. Explore
a new avenue. The personality of Kartovski,
of a man, within the brain of a woman.

INT. BARNES' STUDY

TARA:

Steed. I think I'll get a second opinion
on this handwriting.

STEED:

Right.

TARA:

See you later.

ROOKE:

..... Look, there's no point
in both of us searching. I'll be better
off tackling things at the Ministry end.

STEED:

I'll check with you later.

ROOKE:

Right.

EXT. ROAD

TARA driving along
stops to investigate
'accident'.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA is attacked.

TARA:

Oh. mm. mmm.

INT. HOSPITAL

TARA is wheeled into
lift.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LIFT

TARA reacts with
horror, tries to
scream. (muffled)

Ahhh.
URGGGHHH.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

PANNING FROM
KARTOVSKI TO
TARA.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. BARNES' STUDY

STEED: Ah, Miller.

BUTLER: Sir ?

STEED: About Lord Barnes.....

BUTLER: Oh, it's a tragedy sir, - a terrible tragedy.

STEED: Do you feel that you can talk about it ?

BUTLER: Yes sir, but I really don't think I can add to what I have already told you sir.

STEED: He gave you the afternoon off ?
And when you returned later, he was getting into his car ?

BUTLER: He was in a panic sir... at least, that's how it looked to me. Very distraught...I I thought there might have been an accident sir.

STEED: What made you think that ?

BUTLER: Well, I'm sure I heard him mention a hospital, sir. Something about....'having to get to the hospital'.

STEED: The Hospital!

INT. HOSPITAL. OPERATING THEATRE.

CONSTANTINE: You will feel no pain, Miss King - no pain at all - unless you try to fight it. Then . . .well, your suffering will be considerable..

TARA: (gives a little cry) aah.

CONSTANTINE: And so unnecessary,the technique is irresistible. Ultimately, we must win.
I advise you to relax Miss King, and you will experience only a feeling of well being - of drifting into sleep.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED driving along.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

CONSTANTINE: Remember, Miss King - relax - and let his mind flood into yours.

TARA: (CRIES) Ahhh.

CONSTANTINE:

I think we might allow ourselves the luxury of splitting a bottle together, don't you ? A small celebration ? After all, this is likely to take some time.

HINNEL:

An excellent idea. Boris, don't forget you are dealing with a lady. Think some nice thoughts!

EXT. HOSPITAL GROUNDS:

STEED arrives.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION.

PETRA: (singing)

PETRA: (startled)

Oh! Ahhhh.

STEED attacks Morrell.
They move into lift.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED pushes Morrell
out of lift.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL FIVE

874 feet + 4 frames.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

TARA:
(struggling to free herself)

TARA: Urghhh. urghhh.

TARA: Ahh. The machine.
That one... no, on top.
There.

TARA: (murners) My head..

STEED: I can't promise you'll play the violin again.

TARA: Thank you Doctor, at least I'm still me.

STEED: Boris Kartovski.

TARA: Not exactly up and around but definitely alive and very active, mentally speaking. There's the real villain of the picoc.

STEED: A home porn device.

TARA: No, it's a sort of mind-transfuser. Makes his mind go into someone elses.

STEED: Get back to the Ministry. See Major Roche, tell him what happened here.

TARA: (interjects) Oh.....

STEED: I'll be all right, hurry! hurry!
I'd like to have stayed and had a chat Kartovski. It'll have to be later.

INT. RECEPTION

MORELL: Call the Doctor, tell him that -

FIGHT SEQUENCE
STARTS. TARA/VITCH/
MORELL. AD LIB MOANS AND GROANS.

PETRA: O.S. (muffled shouts) Help
(as from cupboard)

INT. OPERATING THEATRE

FIGHT SEQUENCE
STEED/CONSTANTINE/
HINNELL.

CONSTANTINE: The machine, Hinnell, the machine.
Hinnell, my life's work, Hinnel, Hinnell, please.
Hinnell please, it's the machine I tell you, listen.....

FIGHT SEQUENCE CONTINUES
STEED/HINNELL.

INT. REST AREA

ROOKE: Nullington Private Hospital.

TARA: That's right. Steed's waiting for us there, now. Come on.

ROOKE: Not just yet. Close the door.

TARA: Major Rooke.

ROOKE: No, not Rooko. Not Rooke. Boris.

EXT. ROAD

STEED travelling.

INT. REST AREA

ROOKE: The others - Barnes - Mercer, they were failures. Abject failures. They broke up.

TARA: The way you're breaking up.

ROOKE: No! Perfect. I am the perfect proto-type. I - Boris Kartovski. I don't have to be triggered in any way. We - I - think for myself. I am the perfect proto-type. Help me!

TARA: Oh.

ROOKE: I will have to kill you Miss King. Oh for pity's sake, help me.

TARA: Major Rooke.

ROOKE: I - I'm going to kill you Miss King. Kill.

TARA: No.

ROOKE: Kill. Kill. Kill.

EXT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I.

STEED arrives.

INT. REST AREA

ROOKE: He won't beat me, not me. Boris Kartovski.

STEED: Rooke. Rooke. Major Peter Rooke.

ROOKE: Pick it up. Steed, pick up the gun and kill me. Steed, pick it up and kill me. Please pick up the gun and kill me.

ROCKE: Oh Steed, if you don't kill me,
I'll kill you. Please.

STEED: Kill you old chap, I'd rather cure you.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Hello.

STEED: O.S. Come on in, won't keep you a moment.

TARA: That's all right.

STEED: O.S. Help yourself to a drink.
What do you fancy ?

TARA: What have you got ?

STEED: O.S. Everything.

TARA: Everything. Well - a - in that case
I should like a tall crystal glass of crushed
ice, permeated with grenadine.....
laced with a mixture of Cantonese saki
and creme de violette - topped with a
measure of calvados - a tablespoon of
Devonshire cream and a fresh unripe
strawberry.

STEED: O.S. The bottom drawer down.
Haven't got any of those, but champagne
sounds far more digestible.

STEED: I'M sorry to keep you waiting but I
was changing.

TARA: Changing.

STEED: Oh, my suit.
A legacy from the fight in the hospital.
Ah! Urgg.

TARA: Sorry.
TARA: For a moment I wondered who had gotten
into you.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX

865 feet + 11 frames

LENGTH OF EPISCDE 4648 feet + 8 frames. (In addition, completed Episodes
contain 50 feet of Commercial
Break and Black frames, not
included in this footage).

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