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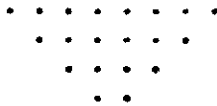
EPISODE NO. ONE.

SERIES 2

THE AVENGERS

"THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE COUNTLESS CLUES"

DIALOGUE SHEETS



PREPARED BY :

ABC TELEVISION FILMS LIMITED
Associated British Elstree Studios,
Boreham Wood,
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MAIN TITLES

INT. DAWSON'S APARTMENT

EARLE: Careful Gardiner, don't smudge those prints.

GARDINER: I won't sir.

EARLE: Well -
It's quite clear the murderer entered through here . . from the balcony. . these muddy prints - fix the time between ten and twelve.

GARDINER: Uhuh.

EARLE: Size eight shoe. Suggesting man of medium height... round a hundred and forty pounds, wouldn't you say ?

GARDINER: No doubt about that.

EARLE: Our victim's a non-smoker, so this shows that the murder's definitely a man of means.
Havana number seven.

GARDINER: You're a wonder sir.

EARLE: Every indication of a struggle, during which he lost a button.
Victim shot in the chest. Death instantaneous.

GARDINER: It certainly looks that way.

EARLE: Mmm - a brutal killing.

GARDINER: Oh dastardly sir.

EARLE: Quick!

DAWSON: What the

EARLE: Are you Reginald Hubert Dawson ?

DAWSON: Yes....

EARLE: The occupant of this apartment.

DAWSON: Yes . . . who are you ?
What's happened ?
Has there been an accident.

EARLE: No sir - a murder.

DAWSON: A murder. But who's been murdered...?

EARLE: You sir.

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED
over Dawson's body.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED: I can't see where it's broken...

TARA: It's not broken... just bumped.....
bruised and badly dislocated.....
•otherwise I'm ...

STEED: Perfect.
That's a perfect tibia.
And a perfect astrogalus.
How d'you get this ?

TARA: The Doctor propped me up in front of
a machine and pushed a little button
and

STEED: The accident . . . how did it happen ?

TARA: Oh the accident.
Well, I was swishing down the upper
slopes when this careless but handsome
Italian crossed my path.

STEED: I hope he said 'sorry'.

TARA: 'Scusi' actually.

STEED: Well I don't suppose it was serious
what with your remarkable powers of
recuperation.

TARA: And your bedside manner.
Oh, must be one of my anxious friends.
They've been ringing me up all day....
(into phone) Hullo - oh just a moment
it's for you.

STEED: Thank you... hullo.... oh yes Sir Arthur..
what ..right away oh very well, if
you say so. Goodbye.
Sir Arthur Doyle...he's in trouble.

TARA: Isn't he with Scotland Yard ?

STEED: Not exactly.

TARA: What then . . Security ?

STEED: No ... Sir Arthur - he's a sort of a -
well he's kind of a . . .
I really must ask him.

INT. DAWSON'S APARTMENT.

SIR ARTHUR: He fell just here. Reginald Hubert
Dawson.

STEED: Ministry Official ?

SIR ARTHUR: No.

STEED: Secret Agent ?

SIR ARTHUR: No. Man of absolutely no real importance. I see you walked through the park this morning....your shoes carry a film of pale blue dust..... peculiar to that area..... and this blossom is from the Tibetan Mountain Cherry.... near the gate. Deduction Steed.... deduction.

STEED: I see you've changed your secretary. The last one was brunette. Seduction, Sir Arthur ?

SIR ARTHUR: Err the murderer came right through here... the window ...these muddy footprints fix the time between ten and twelve. Size eight shoe - that means he was approximately a hundred and forty pounds, and then there's this

SIR ARTHUR: Havana Number Seven.

STEED: The victim was a non-smoker ?

SIR ARTHUR: Ha. Exactly. Exactly.

STEED: The murderer was a man of means then.

SIR ARTHUR: Ha. definitely. . . definitely.

STEED: And incredibly careless.

SIR ARTHUR: Ha eh ?

STEED: Well he seems to have left everything behind except for his name and address.

SIR ARTHUR: It was unpremeditated. There was a struggle. This button came off in the struggle. Then he took out his point three eight revolver and . . .

STEED: Which he just happened to have with him in case he felt like killing someone. Now what's all this about Sir Arthur ? This is a routine Police matter, why send for me ?

SIR ARTHUR: Sir William Burgess.

STEED: Willy asked for me. Well, I know he's a Cabinet Minister and an industrialist and all that, but I hardly think that he would a - a -

SIR ARTHUR: You're missing the point Steed.

STEED:

Which is ?

SIR ARTHUR:

The fact is, after the killing a Rolls Royce was seen speeding away from the scene of the crime. A witness just glimpsed part of the licence number 'W. B.' We've checked all Rolls Royces with that registration and one of them belongs to Sir William Burgess.

STEED:

So ?

SIR ARTHUR:

We can't send a Policeman to one of our leading Cabinet Ministers to ask 'What were you doing between the hours of ten and twelve last night'. It comes better from a friend - mm - a casual enquiry from an old friend.

(LAUGHS)

INT. BILLIARD ROOM

STEED:

Not your day Willy, something troubling you?

BURGESS:

Trouble - what do you mean, trouble ?
What on earth makes you think that -

STEED:

I meant you seem to be off form.

BURGESS:

Don't I now.

STEED:

Been better if I'd dropped by yesterday evening, eh ?
Where were you yesterday evening, by the way ? Between ten and twelve o'clock ?

BURGESS:

Between ten and twelve I had a breakdown on my way home. I was there the whole time - and I have a witness to prove it.

STEED:

Your word's enough for me, Willy . .
more than enough.

BURGESS:

I'm sorry Steed, edgy. Ministerial Meetings you know. Working too hard.

STEED:

Whatever happened to your Grandfather ?
The portrait by Horsborough.

BURGESS:

It's being restored.
Look Steed do you mind if we call it a day,
I am very tired.

STEED:

No, of course not.
Perhaps I could call you sometime next week.

EXT. BURGESS HOUSE

GARDINER'S CAR
arrives. STEED
is leaving house.

INT. GARDINER'S CAR

EARLE: Who's that - ever seen him before.

GARDINER: No...

EARLE: Well, there's too much at stake to take chances. Follow him - find out what you can about him.

GARDINER: Right.

EXT BURGESS HOUSE

STEED'S car drives away, GARDINER'S car follows.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM

EARLE: I see you've had a visitor, Sir William.

BURGESS: Just a casual friend, I assure you.

EARLE: I hope so. One word to the authorities and - well ...

BURGESS: I haven't spoken to anyone, believe me .. you have my word.

EARLE: But it's this I came for. I'll want your signature. We must keep it legal.

EXT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED'S car drives up and stops. GARDINER'S car follows.

END OF REEL ONE

818 + 0 frames.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: So naturally you went to see Burgess.

STEED: Naturally.

TARA: Naturally.... and ?

STEED: He had an alibi.

TARA: Naturally.

STEED: Un-naturally, he was nervous and on edge.

TARA: But you can't think that -

STEED: Of course not.

TARA: I mean Willian Burgess is

STEED: As you say.

TARA: It's unthinkable that he ...

STEED: Unthinkable - yes.

TARA: Completely out of the question that he could -

STEED: Completely.

TARA: On the other hand . .

STEED: Yes...

TARA: There is just a possibility.

STEED: Just.

TARA: We'll have to check his alibi.
That story about a breakdown....

STEED: Well, I don't like doing it, after all
Willy and I are old - WHOOPS -Ha! Ha!

TARA: Well instead of just sitting here, I'll
go and make some enquiries.
See if Burgess could have known Dawson.

STEED: Hang on to the coffee.

TARA: I'll keep it till tea time.

EXT. TARA'S APARTMENT inter-cutting
with TARA AT WINDOW.

STEED leaves and walks
towards his car. TARA
watches from window.

INT. GARDINER'S CAR

EARLE'S voice over
speaker:

Where are you ?

GARDINER:

I followed Burgess's visitor.
His name's Steed.

EARLE'S voice:

Forget him.
We've more important things to do.
Flanders, remember, our next victim.

GARDINER:

O.K.

INT. FLANDERS' PUBLICATIONS.

LIFTMAN:

Good afternoon Mr. Flanders.

FLANDERS:

Good afternoon.

GARDINER:

I'm terribly sorry. I'm terribly sorry.
How stupid of me.

FLANDERS:

No - no - no - that's quite all right.
Oh don't worry about that, it'll brush off.

GARDINER:

Are you sure you're all right.

FLANDERS:

Yes, quite sure,
Thank you. Oh, thanks.

GARDINER:

Newspaper.

INT. CAR PARK / EXT. CAR PARK.

FLANDERS MOVES TO
HIS CAR. MEANWHILE,
Earle & Gardiner leave
building.

NO DIALOGUE

BENTLEY drives away - the
Estate follows.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROADS

BENTLEY & CITROEN Estate
travelling.

NO DIALOGUE

C.U. FLANDERS in car.

FLANDERS' BENTLEY
stops.

NO DIALOGUE

GARDINER'S CAR (Citroen)
travelling. IT STOPS.

EARLE & GARDINER
get out and move
to Bentley.

NO DIALOGUE

Meanwhile FLANDERS
waits impatiently.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE

BENTLEY stops.
GARDINER & EARLE
get out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

FLANDERS: Am I glad to see you.
STANLEY: What's the trouble sir.
FLANDERS: Well I was driving along and she just
packed up on me.
STANLEY: Ah, it sounds like a fuel blockage to me.
Well don't worry, we'll soon have you going.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE:

EARLE walking,

NO DIALOGUE

P.O.V. (Inter-cutting)

EXT. SCOTT'S COTTAGE

NO DIALOGUE

Establishing shot.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

FLANDERS: How's it going ?
STANLEY: Try her again, now sir.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE & SCOTT'S COTTAGE

EARLE fires at SCOTT.

EARLE runs off WILKS
watches.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END OF REEL TWO

534 feet + 10 frames

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: Hi!

STEED: Greetings.

TARA: Och.

STEED: Apples from the sun kissed orchards
of Kent...
Keep the Doctor away.

TARA: Thank you. For at least two weeks.
Hey, they're not ripe yet.

STEED: Not ripe yet. Is that the way to
accept the solicitations of a friend.
Not ripe yet.
Do you suppose that when Eve approached
Adam on that creative day he said 'Not
ripe yet'.

TARA: So that's the way you view the situation,
a sort of Garden of Eden.

STEED: Well you must admit they look very
attractive.
Nevermind, here is something that has
been ripening since nineteen fifty seven.

TARA: You're in a good mood.

STEED: Well it's good news. I checked Willy's
alibi ... and a garage did give assistance
to a Rolls Royce between ten and twelve.

TARA: Oh!
Oh dear, is that why we're celebrating.

STEED: Yes, that's why.....

TARA: Sir William Burgess did know Dawson....
I checked. Reginald Dawson used to work
for an organisation called Acme Enterprises.
And Acme Enterprises is owned by

STEED: Willy Burgess.

TARA: I'm sorry.

STEED: I'm sorry. Allow me.

TARA: Thank you.
(into phone) Hullo. Yes, just a minute please.
For you M'Lord.

STEED: (into phone) Hullo. Sir Arthur -
Another - where ?
Yes, I'm on my way.

STEED: Another delicate matter.

TARA: Mmm.
Oh Steed.

STEED: Call you later.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT intercutting
EXT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA watches Steed as
he crosses to his car.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. SCOTT'S COTTAGE

SIR ARTHUR:

The victim fell just here.
Chap named Scott. Shot through the heart
with a point three-o-eight rifle bullet.

STEED:

Sporting.

SIR ARTHUR:

Huh ?

STEED:

A point three-o-eight sporting rifle.

SIR ARTHUR:

Ah - yes.
The murderer entered through those trees.
We've got some excellent footprints and
a number of vital clues... a handkerchief...
a button...

STEED:

Another careless killer.

SIR ARTHUR:

(laughs)

Ha... if they didn't make mistakes...
we'd never catch 'em would we ?

STEED:

You mentioned a delicate situation.

SIR ARTHUR:

Yes. Extraordinary coincidence
but after the killing
a car was seen speeding away. A Bentley.
A witness just glimpsed part of the number
plate - the letters F-L-A . . .

STEED:

You've checked all the owners ?

SIR ARTHUR:

One of them - Robert Flanders.

STEED:

The financier ?

SIR ARTHUR:

You were quite close to the family at
one time....

STEED:

Well

SIR ARTHUR:

Or rather close to Flander's sister, eh ?

STEED:

I hope you're not suggesting ?

SIR ARTHUR:

Of course not. No, indeed. Not enough
evidence..... Just the same old chap
... if you could have a discreet word with
Flanders. Find out where he was between
three and four o'clock yesterday - be
awfully grateful.

STEED:

All right - but . . .

SIR ARTHUR:

Splendid. Capital. You'll find Flanders
at his country house.

INT. FLANDERS' STUDY

STEED: That's new . . . The Valdesco.

FLANDERS: Yes, I daren't tell you what it cost - but I wouldn't part with it, not at any price.

STEED: I thought everything had it's price.

FLANDERS: Oh that's a fallacy. What price freedom ? Honour ? Reputation . . .

STEED: Good sound advice.

FLANDERS: Hmm ?

STEED: That's why I came to see you. I've been offered some shares today - Quilton Investments. To buy or not, yes or no ?

FLANDERS: No.

STEED: Enough said.

FLANDERS: Is that all ?

STEED: All ? With one word you've saved me a small fortune. And believe me mine is a small fortune.

FLANDERS: (LAUGHS) Well you know where I am, you should have rung up.

STEED: I did. You're very elusive.

FLANDERS: Oh ?

STEED: As a matter of fact I nearly ran into you just outside Crawley, it must have been oh between three and four yesterday. You were whizzing along.

FLANDERS: It wasn't me, I wasn't whizzing anywhere, the car broke down.

STEED: The car broke down ?

FLANDERS: Yes. It does happen you know, even to the best and most benign machinery.

STEED: I hope someone came along and helped you in the nick of time.

FLANDERS: Why yes, as a matter of fact they did, it was a breakdown truck - was quite a coincidence.

STEED: Quite. I see you got rid of your three-o-eight.

FLANDERS: Not likely. It's up at the Hunting Lodge. My favourite gun - adaptable. You can shoot almost anything with it.

STEED: I sincerely hope not.

FLANDERS: What do you mean ?

STEED: Well thank you very much for your advice Bobby. I hope I haven't taken up too much of your time. We must meet again.

FLANDERS: Yes - we must.

STEED: No, I'll see myself out.

FLANDERS: Oh.

EXT. FLANDERS' HOUSE

STEED leaves -

NO DIALOGUE

EARLE & GARDINER'S
P.O.V. from car.

STEED: I'd recognise that sylph-like silhouette anywhere.

JANICE: John!

STEED: Hello Janice.
How very nice to see you -
especially looking a -

JANICE: Well. Happy. Contented. Bored!

STEED: As lovely as ever.
It really is very good to see you.

JANICE: I don't suppose for one moment
it's me you came to see. It's brother
Bobby, isn't it ? Business.

STEED: Bobby. Business.
Which reminds me, if you'll forgive me...

JANICE: You really must go.

STEED: I knew you'd understand.

JANICE: I don't.

INT. CAR. GARDINER:

You see, it can't be coincidence.
First of all, he's at Burgess's
place..... then Scott's Cottage, and
now here.

EXT. FLANDERS' HOUSE & COUNTRY LANE

STEED drives away.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

EARLE: Yes, we may need to deal with him.

GARDINER: Right.

EARLE: No, Gardiner, no. We'll put our own techniques against him, like Burgess and Flanders.

GARDINER: Okay.

EARLE: Need to find out a bit more about him. But, first things first. Bobby Flanders.

INT. STABLE (FLANDER'S HOUSE)

EARLE: Mr. Flanders.

FLANDERS: Yes.

EARLE: My name is Earle. We haven't met, but we did bump into each other a while ago.

FLANDERS: Oh, I'm so sorry, but I don't remember.

EARLE: No, you wouldn't. But I stole your handkerchief. Perhaps you'd care to read that? The account of a rather nasty murder. A man named Scott. Note the description of the wanted man. Could be you. Shall we talk inside? So much more comfortable.

INT. FLANDERS' STUDY

EARLE: Extraordinary, isn't it. All the clues point to you. Cigar butt - your brand - your kind of handkerchief. And the button - I took from your coat.

FLANDERS: You're mad - quite mad.

EARLE: Foresighted. Merely shrewd. You see Mr. Flanders, crime these days rarely pays. The scientific evidence soon seeks out the criminal. So I have turned a drawback into a virtue. I have made you - a murderer. Do I make myself clear?

FLANDERS: You've tried -- attempted to build up some circumstantial evidence, to involve me in a killing..

EARLE: We have pointed the finger of suspicion at you. I advise you to hear me out. The murder weapon.....

FLANDERS: And that's where your whole scheme falls apart.

EARLE: The murder was committed with a point three-o-eight rifle. You own such a gun.

INT. FLANDERS' STUDY

FLANDERS: Exactly.
And Ballistics will conclusively prove that my gun did not kill this man.

EARLE: On the contrary, Mr. Flanders. Ballistics would conclusively prove that your gun did kill him. We borrowed it from your Hunting Lodge. You clean all your own guns, so it still has your prints on it. Only yours. We kept them intact.

FLANDERS: What about my motive. This man Scott. I've never even met him.

EARLE: Oh but you have.
He was an accountant with your Company some years ago.
A tenuous link. But a link, nevertheless.

FLANDERS: It's blackmail of course.

EARLE: You hand over the Valdesco - we return the rifle. The vital, the incriminating evidence is removed for ever.

FLANDERS: According to this, the murder was committed at about four o'clock.

EARLE: Three-fifty seven to be precise.

FLANDERS: In that case Mr. Earle, I think you're in for a bit of a surprise.
A very nasty surprise.

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION inter-cuts
INT. GARAGE/INT. STUDY

FLANDERS: Hello, is that Sanders Garage ?

STANLEY: Yes sir, can I help you ?

FLANDERS: Yes, you certainly can.
My name is Flanders. We met yesterday, you were kind enough to give me a hand.

STANLEY: The gentleman with the Bentley ? Oh yes sir, I remember perfectly.
Come over right away ? Well yes sir, I think I can do that.

FLANDERS: Good. Soon as you can. I'll be waiting.

END OF REEL THREE

851 feet + 6 frames.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: Steed.
He's gone.

STEED: Who's gone ?

TARA: The man who isn't there anymore.

STEED: What ?

TARA: He was following you.

STEED: Following me where ?

TARA: Where ever you went. Where did you go ?

STEED: I went to Bobby Flanders.

TARA: Oh. Oh! the one with the sister.

STEED: Bobby seems to be in the clear.

TARA: Did you see her ?

STEED: Yes. Got the same alibi as Burgess.
A breakdown van, a helpful mechanic.

INT. HALL & STUDY (FLANDERS' HOUSE)

FLANDERS: In here.
I hope you don't bruise too easily.
Ah, come in. Good of you to be so
prompt. Kindly tell this gentleman
where I was at about four o'clock
yesterday afternoon.

STANLEY: I beg your pardon sir.

FLANDERS: I'd like you to confirm that I broke down
along the A-ten.

STANLEY: The A-ten ? That's not even in my area sir.

FLANDERS: But you - you fixed my carburettor.
You remember me, surely ?

STANLEY: Sorry sir. But I've never seen you before.

FLANDERS: But you said you remembered me. I
telephoned you and you said . . .

EARLE: The usual, Stanley ?

STANLEY: Thank you sir - mmm - just a touch of soda.

EARLE: He's not very good at repairs, but
excellent at alibis.
He can either be for you or against you.

STANLEY: Keeps a jolly good brandy.

EARLE: Well naturally. You know I only do business with men of taste. They have so much more to offer. So very much more. You know this has always been a favourite of mine. I never dreamt that one day I might own it.

FLANDERS: Take it. Take it and get out of here.

EARLE: Oh we will - we will Mr. Flanders, but not without a bill of sale. We don't want you retracting later on, do we? And a bill of sale makes it all nice and legal, . . .

INT. HALL

EARLE'S VOICE: ...so if you don't mind..... Remember, not a word about this Mr. Flanders, not one word.

EARLE: We'll see ourselves out.

STANLEY: Good afternoon.

INT. FLANDERS' STUDY

JANICE: Bobby? What's the matter...

FLANDERS: Nothing. Everything's fine.

INT. BURGESS'S BILLIARD ROOM

BURGESS: Another one. You scoundrel. You blackguard.

EARLE: Unmitigated.

BURGESS: We made a bargain. I gave you the painting, you were to hand over my gun.

EARLE: That was before.....

BURGESS: Before what?

EARLE: Before I had a fancy to own another Horsborough. This one. Yes, definitely this one. Masterly brushwork, don't you think... and the details round the eyes...

BURGESS: Put that down. Put it down and get out of my house.

EARLE: I hope you know what you're doing.

BURGESS: I'm doing what I should have done when you first showed your nose in here. Start with a blackmailer and you never stop him.

EARLE: I'm sorry to lose that picture. Still
it's nothing to what you're going to
lose.

BURGESS: I'm gaining. Re-gaining my self respect.

EARLE: And losing your freedom.

EXT. BURGESS' HOUSE:

EARLE moves to car.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

EARLE: Trouble.

GARDINER: For us ?

EARLE: For Sir William Burgess.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR: THE AVENGERS will continue following
this pause for station identification.

A.B.C. LOGO CARD

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT
intercutting with
INT. BURGESS'S HOUSE **

TARA: It's for you.
Well it's bound to be.

STEED: ** Hullo yes.

BURGESS'S VOICE: Steed.

STEED: Oh, Willy.

BURGESS: Listen Steed. I lied to you.

STEED: What about ?

BURGESS: The murder. Dawson's murder. I want
to confess.

STEED: Look, sit tight Willy, I'll be right
over. Quick as I can.

TARA: Sir William ?
STEED: Wants to make a confession.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

STEED's car travelling. NO DIALOGUE

INT. BURGESS'S BILLIARD ROOM

SIR ARTHUR DOYLE: Are you Sir William Henry Benedict Burgess ?
BURGESS: Oh now come off it Arthur
SIR ARTHUR DOYLE: Are you Sir William Henry Benedict Burgess ?
BURGESS: You know very well who I am - we've played golf together for the past ...
SIR ARTHUR DOYLE: I am arresting you for the wilful murder of Reginald Hubert Dawson. In as much that on the twelfth of this month between the hours of ten and midnight, you did, with this - a point three eight revolver, shoot down and wilfully kill the aforesaid - a -
BURGESS: All right then.
SIR ARTHUR DOYLE: Oh but I haven't finished
BURGESS: The sooner we clear up all this business the better.
SIR ARTHUR DOYLE: But I haven't finished the charge... I haven't finished.
BURGESS: Oh come on Arthur.
SIR ARTHUR DOYLE: I must warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence....

EXT. BURGESS' HOUSE

INT. CAR

GARDINER: There we are.
That takes care of Sir William.

EXT. BURGESS' HOUSE

DETECTIVES LEAVING AND STEED'S ARRIVAL intercuts.

INT. CAR

GARDINER: He's getting to be a nuisance.

EARLE: You prepared a dossier on him ?

GARDINER: It'll be easy.
Use the girl - Tara King.

EARLE: Well, that's what we'll do then, after
we've talked to Flanders....
another pretty picture Gardiner.
Another pretty picture from Mr. Flanders.

INT. FLANDERS HALL & STUDY

JANICE moves into
the hall and overhears
the conversation in the
study.

FLANDERS: When I signed that bill of sale, you
promised to return my gun.

EARLE: O.S. And so we will.
After you've handed over this.

FLANDERS: One picture, that was the arrangement.
O.S. One.....

EARLE: O.S. That was the arrangement.

FLANDERS: O.S. No.... d'you hear.
No.

END OF REEL FOUR

644 feet + 11 frames.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED: But Willy Burgess on a murder charge...

TARA: What did Sir Arthur have to say ?

STEED: Elementary my dear Steed. And all those clues.... buttons.....footprints..... cigar butts.

TARA: And the gun.

STEED: Well that clinches it - Willy's own gun, complete with finger prints.

TARA: And then there's Flanders.

STEED: But he's got an alibi.

TARA: I think you'd better sit down. I checked. He could have known the murder victim. Scott once worked for him. Same old story.

STEED: Co-incidence.

TARA: It's not locked.

JANICE: John....

STEED: Janice, what's wrong ?

JANICE: It's Bobby. The Valdesco's gone, there are two men - they're threatening him.

STEED: Easy - calm down. Now ?

JANICE: It's Bobby. He's in trouble.... I think he's being blackmailed.

STEED: By whom ?

JANICE: Two men who are at the house now.

INT. FLANDERS STUDY

EARLE: I've enjoyed our difference of opinion, even if it was rather lengthy. Nice that you've seen sense at last... very nice.

FLANDERS: My gun. The Rifle !

EARLE: Will be returned to you in due course. In due course.

EXT. FLANDERS' HOUSE & GROUNDS

BENTLEY drives up.

JANICE: John, the men are leaving.

STEED'S CAR follows
CITREON.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

EARLE: Ooh, look at the texture. I'll be
sorry to put this one up for auction.

EXT. EARLE'S COTTAGE & GROUNDS

CITREON drives up.

STEED arrives.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. EARLE'S COTTAGE

GARDINER: Well I think this calls for a small
celebration, don't you ?

EARLE: (laughs) Yes.

GARDINER: It's dead.

EARLE: I'll get a bottle of wine.

INT. HALLWAY (EARLE'S COTTAGE)

EARLE crosses hall.

STEED enters.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. EARLE'S COTTAGE

STEED: I wouldn't like you to choke to death
on a cheap cigar.

GARDINER GASPS FOR BREATH

STEED: I'll give you just enough air to stay
alive and tell me who's behind all this...
Three breaths, that's enough,
now talk.

GARDINER GASPS FOR BREATH

GARDINER: I think it's about time we -

EARLE: You're right. It is about time.
We'll get rid of Mr. Steed. Dispose
of him immediately.

STEED rises and moves
to door.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EARLE'S COTTAGE

STEED drives away.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY LANE

STEED's Bentley
stops.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR /EXT. CAR.

EARLE: He seems to be having a spot of trouble.

GARDINER LAUGHS

GARDINER: I wonder why ?

EARLE: That takes care of Steed... now let's get going... mustn't keep the victim waiting.

GARDINER: Do you know, I didn't fancy the others - but Miss King!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STANLEY: Having a spot of trouble sir.

STEED: Yes, I haven't a clue what's wrong. Not much of a hand with cars.

STANLEY: Well perhaps I can help - err -

FIGHT SEQUENCE

STEED: Who's the victim ?
Who am I going to murder ?

STANLEY GASPS.

STEED: Who am I going to murder ?

STANLEY: It was Miss King - Miss Tara King.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: I just hope you don't turn out to be a girl's best friend.....
Where is he ?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED: I'll tell your boss you got the sack.

EXT. TARA'S APARTMENT

INT. CAR

GARDINER: That's her place.

EARLE: Patience Gardiner. We have Steed's accessories, let's make use of them.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED driving,
stops by Telephone
Box.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TELEPHONE BOX intercutting with TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED moves into box
and dials:

TARA: Hullo. Oh Steed, thank goodness you
called. I've been sitting here

STEED: Stop talking and listen.
O.S. * * Now in words of one syllable *
Your life is in danger,
Someone is trying to kill you.

TARA: What ?

STEED: Just shut your doors. Bolt your windows
and don't move till I get there.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA carries out
STEED'S instructions.
Reacts to phone ringing.

TARA: Steed! Hullo, who's there ?
Hullo.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX

BIG HEAD EARLE
listening on phone.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: Hullo.

TARA tries telephone
then hops upstairs. NO DIALOGUE

TARA: Ouch.
Ad lib noises as she
struggles upstairs.
(Sighs, etc.,)

END OF REEL FIVE

925 feet + 13 frames.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA gasps for breath.
Reacts to doorbell.
Tara struggles across
room to close door.
TARA reacts to GARDINER.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED travelling.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

EARLE:

Yes, you were right Gardiner. She is the
sort of woman a man would kill for....
Ooh.
Or Kill. A crime passionel.
It will make an interesting variation.

TARA: (cries)

Aah. ah.

EARLE:

Gardiner. Watch her.
Now the charade. The circumstances
leading up to your death.... at the
hands of John Steed.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INT. VAN.

STEED driving.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

EARLE:

A quiet tete a tete. That's how the
evening began. That fatal evening Steed
arrived at shall we say eight o'clock.
Entered - placed his hat and umbrella
here., ear-rings - car-rings. I think
you might have worn a hint of sparkle
for him. That subtle touch. Gardiner, I wonder
what would have happened next Miss King ?
Would you have thrown your arms around him..
kissed him perhaps... or talked about the
weather ? No, not the weather.
Put them on. Charming. Quite charming.
You lost it during the struggle.

TARA:

But why should Steed want to kill me ?

EARLE:

Who knows - a tiff - you had both
been drinking. Who knows why Steed
killed you - the fact remains that
he did. His gun, you see.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED travelling.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

EARLE: There. Music Gardiner.
GARDINER: Okay ?
EARLE: Exactly right.
Gardiner.... the scene of the crime.
And one last ingredient.....
The corpse.

FIGHT SEQUENCE STARTS

TARA: (tries door) Oh. Oh. Oh.

FIGHT SEQUENCE ENDS

STEED: Miss King.
TARA: Arc there you arc. Had a good day.
STEED: Oh fair to middling.
How about you ?
TARA: Nothing to speak of. Come on down
I'll tell you all about it.
STEED: Right.
TARA: Stecd!
STEED: Oh - no.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: Scissors.
STEED: Scissors.
TARA: Tweezers.
STEED: Tweezers.
TARA: Needle.
STEED: Nec ... needle.
TARA: Thread.
STEED: Thread.
Well, the operation - is it ...
TARA: Successful.
STEED: You've done it then,
another first for Great Britain.
The first ever "Brim-graft".

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: As good as new.
STEED: How's your ankle, then ?
TARA: Mended.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX 889 feet + 0 frames

T H E E N D

LENGTH OF EPISODE ** 4663 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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