

EPISODE NO.22

SERIES 2

" T H E A V E N G E R S "

"TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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prepared by :

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MAIN TITLES

INT. SHEPHERD'S APARTMENT

HOLLAND ENTERS AND DUCKS DOWN
AS SHEPHERD APPROACHES AND
PUTS ON RECORD.

NO DIALOGUE

STENORIAN VOICE:

Stop thief. Stop thief. Stop thief.
Stop thief. Stop thief. Stop thief.
Stop thief. Stop thief. Stop thief.
Stop thief. Stop thief. Stop thief.

RECORDED VOICE:

Unless my security device is re-set
I am timed to self destruct in fifteen
seconds. Fourteen
My security device is now primed.
I will give audible warning of any
unauthorised contact.

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED
OVER CASE

"TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER"

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. WAREHOUSE

MOTHER:

I am in a creative mood Rhonda - trundle me.
Top Secret memorandum to Grandma. Subject -
The Transmission of vital secrets, codes,
currency, plans and other sundry items used
by the other side. It is vital to both
security of the nation that all agents should
get their priorities right. We have found
that these items are situated in an attache
case which is being passed hand to hand by a
chain of enemy agents. Number unknown -
the destination of the case unknown. We
have however located it's first delivery
point, which at this very moment of time
is under the surveillance of Tara King and
Captain Andrews.

EXT. DESERTED AIR FIELD

TARA RUNNING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. GIANT CRATES

TARA:

Morning!

ANDREWS:

Morning Miss King.
Well we're all set.

TARA:

Anything happened yet ?

ANDREWS: Not a lot - take a look.

TARA'S P.O.V. OF DESERTED
AIRFIELD, EXCEPT FOR TRENT
ON MOTOR CYCLE.

ANDREWS: Well what do you see ?

TARA: Just a man on a bike.

ANDREWS: Nothing else ?

TARA: No. Nothing else.

ANDREWS: Good. Considering I've got over thirty
men staked out in the area, that's a
considerable achievement.

TARA: Who's the man on the bike ?

ANDREWS: He's the second link in the chain.
If my information is correct, somebody will
be bringing him the case very soon now.

TARA: And then we'll jump them.

ANDREWS: No no we won't. No, no, we shall let the
transfer take place and then a specialized
team will follow the case through all its
exchanges until it reaches its final recipient.

TARA: And that's the man we're after.

ANDREWS: That's right. The man at the top.

TARA: Mister Big.

ANDREWS: The master mind.

TARA: The arch villain.

ANDREWS: Exactly.

TARA: You've got enough equipment here to launch
a moon shot.

ANDREWS: (sighs) Ah!

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

TRENT ON MOTOR CYCLE.
TREN'S P.O.V. OF SCARECROW. NO DIALOGUE

INT. GIANT GRATES

TARA: Anything approaching on the detector ?

ANDREWS: No.

TARA: Is that the man on the motor bike ?

ANDREWS: That's right.

TARA: Well how are you going to follow him after he makes the pick-up ?

ANDREWS: I've got cars parked on all roads around here. Two helicopters permanently in the air. We shall stay closer to him than his own shadow and he'll never even know it. That's a definite contact.

ANDREWS: (into mic) All Units

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD (INTERCUTTING)

ANDREWS' VOICE OVER:intruder approaching from the north west.

VOICE OVER: (inaudible)

ANDREWS: (into mic) He should be in sight by now - report.

VOICE OVER: Nothing visible.

INT. WAREHOUSE (INTERCUTTING)

VOICES OVER:Area clear. Nothing in sight.
All clear.
Nobody in the area.

INT. GIANT CRATES

ANDREWS: (into mic) I've got a definite reading less than three hundred yards out now.

VOICE OVER: Still nothing - nobody in the area section clear.

VOICE OVER: All clear - nothing visible.

TARA: He's still coming - they must see him now.

ANDREWS: (into mic) Phillipson - he's very near you now.

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

SCARECROW: Absolutely nothing sir. Nothing in sight at all.

INT. GIANT CRATES

ANDREWS: (into mic) He's less than a hundred yards out. You must see him now.

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

SCARECROW: I'm sorry sir - there's nobody.

INT. WAREHOUSE / EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

MOTHER: Well what's happening Andrews - who have you got out there - the Invisible man ?

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

ANDREWS' VOICE:

He's still coming - fifty yards now.

TARA'S VOICE:

Nobody could get as close as this without being seen.

ANDREWS' VOICE:

Somebody's doing it.

TARA'S VOICE:

Still coming.

INT. GIANT CRATES

ANDREWS:

He's almost here.

TARA:

A dog!

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

VOICES OVER:

A dog.
It's a dog - only a dog.
A dog -
A dog!

INT. WAREHOUSE:

MOTHER:

A dog!

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

ALSATION DOG WITH ATTACHE
CASE MOVES TOWARDS TRENT.

TARA & ANDREWS WATCHING.

NO DIALOGUE

DOG SNARLS AT SCARECROW
AND ATTACKS.

TRENT DRIVES OFF.

INT. GIANT CRATE

ANDREWS: (into mic)

He's seen us. Pick him up.
Stop him.

EXT. DESERTED AIRFIELD

TRENT ON MOTORBIKE -
MEN CLOSING IN ON HIM.
ANDREWS DRIVES OUT OF
CRATE IN CAR AND TRENT
COLLIDES INTO CAR.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL ONE

761 feet + 4 frames

INT. WAREHOUSE

GLASGOW: The lock - that's this here.
The lock has been designed to take a number of different keys. Each key will turn the lock just a few degrees.

TARA: That looks like a tape recorder.

GLASGOW: Yes, that's my guess.

MOTHER: Can't you break it open ?

GLASGOW: Up here, that's over here. That's an explosive charge.

MOTHER: Huh.

GLASGOW: Nothing too powerful but enough to destroy the case if it's tampered with. Now behind all of this is a screen and behind the screen is a compartment.

MOTHER: Well, what's in it ?

GLASGOW: I don't know as yet. We'll have to get a few more X-Rays.

DR. STANMORE: Excuse me - Miss King - he's conscious now.

TARA: Oh thank you Doctor. Can he talk ?

DR. STANMORE: You'll have to be very quick.

TARA: Have you found anything ?

ANDREWS: No.

TARA: Nothing to help us find the next contact.

ANDREWS: No.

TARA: What about keys ?

ANDREWS: Ah yes there's some keys. They don't fit.

TARA: Trent, can you hear me ?
Where were you going to take the case ?
Who's next in the chain ? Trent, who gives you your instructions.?

TRENT: The case - it's all in the case.

TARA: I wonder why he took the jacket off on the airfield.

ANDREWS: Err - no idea.

TARA: Love. Love laughs at Locksmiths.
Look, look at this one.

ANDREW: What d'you think about it Major.?

GLASGOW: Could be. Could be.
D'you want to chance it ?

ANDREWS: What have we got to lose.

RECORDED VOICE: You will take me to room twenty seven at the Cremorne Hotel in Sloane Street. A reservation has been made in the name of Richard Strauss. Take me there at once. I will issue further instructions in precisely one hour's time. That is all.

STEED: Morning everybody.
Beautiful day.

MOTHER: I'd like you all to meet Mr. Strauss.
Mr. Richard Strauss.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. CREMORNE HOTEL -

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT/EXT. STEED'S CAR

TARA: Well I don't imagine it figures prominently on a list of the world's great hotels.

STEED: Oh I don't know, it has a sort of faded gentility. It's probably full of lovely old ladies in lavender lace who sit sipping tea and remembering.

TARA: Remembering what ?

STEED: Whatever old ladies remember.

TARA: Think I should come in with you ?

STEED: No, they're expecting Richard Strauss ... I'd better do it alone.

TARA: You'd better hurry because the hour's almost up.

STEED: Mmm - yes. The little man in there is due to deliver his next message.

TARA: Mmm.

STEED: I'll be back.

TARA: Watch out for the old ladies.

INT. HOTEL. CORRIDOR/BEDROOM.

STEED walks along corridor to bedroom.

RECORDED VOICE: Attention! Your contact will arrive within the next three hours. Put me safely out of sight in the wardrobe and make yourself comfortable.

RECORDED VOICE:

Thank you for your co-operation. That is all.

EXT. URBAN STREET

TARA OBSERVES CONDON -
HE LEAVES CAR AND
MOVES TO HOTEL ENTRANCE.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM

STEED RE-ACTS TO THE
DISAPPEARANCE OF THE
ATTACHE CASE AND WALKS
THRU DOOR IN BACK OF
WARDROBE.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. URBAN STREET

CONDON DRIVES AWAY.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. LONDON MEWS

CAR DRAWS TO A HALT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SALOON CAR

CONDON TAKES DOLL MASCOT
AND CAREFULLY PULLS OFF
LEG - ATTACHED TO WHICH
IS A KEY.

RECORDED VOICE:

You will take me to number eleven Heston
Avenue at eight o'clock this evening. You
will ask for Miss Graham. That is all.

TARA JUMPS UP FROM
HIDING AND GLOBBERS
CONDON.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. HESTON AVENUE

CLOSE ON SIGN.

INT. STEED'S CAR

STEED:

Number eleven.
Now if I'm not back in ten minutes ...

TARA:

I'll come looking.

STEED:

By the way, that was good work ... getting
this back.

EXT. HESTON AVENUE

STEED MOVES TOWARDS
HOUSE AND ENTERS.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL TWO

659 feet + 0 frames

INT. DOORWAY

AUDREY'S VOICE:
STEED ARRIVES:

And up and down and up and down and
down and down

AUDREY'S VOICE:

And up and round and up and round
and round and round and up and round
and up and round -

INT. REHEARSAL ROOM

AUDREY:

and round and round and up and up and round
and round and up and round and up and -
Good evening - and all the little fairies
are getting tired - very tired and rest!
And a few moments of free expression.

STEED:

Ah!

AUDREY:

Full of high spirits aren't they ?

STEED:

Very.

AD LIB BACKGROUND
CHATTER FROM CHILDREN.

.....

AUDREY:

Your set piece now Fairies - from your
tableau.

STEED:

Very interesting tableau - what is it -
Guster's last stand ?

AUDREY:

Wings Beryl, there's a good fairy.
Long. Audrey Long. Miss.

STEED:

Steed. John Steed. Mister.

AUDREY:

Beryl now stop that!

STEED:

All destined for the Bolshoi ?

AUDREY:

Oh gosh no, shouldn't think so.
Actually they're pretty awful. But I
teach them what I can.

STEED:

I see you include karate in your curriculum.

AUDREY:

Beryl!
All right you little - fairies -
on your feet and away for the day. The
Sandman's coming. Run along home then off
you go to your little
cages.
Sorry about that. Excuse me.

(screams)

Aaaaaaaaah!
Had to get that out of my system. If I
didn't do that at least once every day I'd
massacre them!

STEED:

Err!

AUDREY:

Oh - you haven't got a little monster ?
I mean a dear sweet child you wish to enrol..?

STEED: Oh no, no. Actually I came to try and find a Miss Graham.

AUDREY: Miss Graham ? Oh you mean Sally ?

STEED: So she is here ?

AUDREY: Mmm. I'll fetch her for you if you like. Sally. S-a-l-l-y..... Visitor for you.

SALLY: How d'you do ? I'm Sally Graham.

STEED: Oh. Oh - mm - I'm extremely pleased to meet you Miss Graham, my name is Steed, John Steed.

SALLY: I see you've brought my case Mr. Steed.

STEED: Err .. yes.

SALLY: Thank you very much. I have enjoyed meeting you. Good night Mr. Steed.

STEED: Good night.

AUDREY: Now all you little fairies be quiet as you go out. All on your tippy toes.

CHILDREN AD LIB: Goodnight. Good night.....

AUDREY: Nighty night.

AUDREY: Well if you'll excuse me Mr. Steed - I have to change. Jolly nice meeting you.

STEED: Jolly nice - - mmm - Miss

STEED: Ah Miss Graham - Sally. Err - Sally where's the case ?

SALLY: What case Mr. Steed ?

STEED: Let me put it another way. How would you like twenty large lollipops, like that one ?

SALLY: Are you trying to bribe me Mr. Steed ?

STEED: In a word .. yes.

SALLY: Oh good. Frankly, my susceptibility to bribes is one of my few failings.

STEED: Then we both know where we stand.

SALLY: Good. Then let's talk money and not lollipops.

STEED: Ten shillings ?

SALLY: Twenty-five pounds ?

STEED: Twenty-five!!

SALLY: You wouldn't want to take advantage of me just because I'm a little girl would you Mr.Steed.

STEED: I see your point. Now if you can get me that case

AUDREY CLOBBERS STEED.

AUDREY: It's here Mr. Steed.

SALLY: I wish you'd waited a minute longer Auntie Audrey. A girl can do a lot with twenty-five pounds.

AUDREY: Come on darling.

SALLY: Aren't we going to weight him with cement and toss him in the river ?

AUDREY: Not today darling.

SALLY: Aren't we even going to empty his wallet ?

TARA ENTERS.

FIGHT SEQUENCE TARA/AUDREY.

TARA: Oh how d'you feel ?

STEED: As though Nijinsky was dancing a pas brise inside my head wearing hob nail boots. Well you seem to have got everything under control.

TARA: Mmm - I've got the case.

STEED: Well look in her handbag for the key.

TARA: Right.

SALLY: You'd be wasting your time.

TARA: Why ?

SALLY: I know where it is.

TARA: You do! Well - mm - why don't you tell Uncle John and Auntie Tara and then we'll give you a lovely, lovely present.

STEED: Don't waste time on little girl talk. I should think she's one of the Gnomes of Zurich. How much ?

SALLY: Same price. Twenty-five pounds invested in blue chip equities could show a high yield by the time I'm twenty-one.

STEED: If you reach it.

SALLY: Thank you.

STEED: The key!

SALLY: Help me up.
I am Queen of the Fairies, and when I
wave my magic wand all your wishes will
be granted.
Al a kazaan kazaan!!

RECORDED VOICE: You will take me to the telephone box in
Cranleigh High Street. You will stand in
the box at precisely nine o'clock when I
will issue further instructions. That is
all.

TARA: Al a kazaan kazaan.

STEED: Oh Sally, just remember one thing...Money
isn't everything.

SALLY: Oh Mr. Steed don't shatter a little girl's
illusions.
Auntie Audrey - Audrey - time to get up.
And don't feel too bad, I'll cut you in
for five per cent.

INT. WAREHOUSE

MOTHER: Ah, Colonel Stonehouse, is this a social
visit ?

STONEHOUSE: I'm afraid not.
But then neither is it an official visit.
Just one department head talking to another.

MOTHER: Off the record.

STONEHOUSE: Exactly. May I be frank ?

MOTHER: I admire it. I abhor hyperbole.

STONEHOUSE: This man - err - the man at the top.
The one to whom we hope the oase will lead us.

MOTHER: Well what about him ?

STONEHOUSE: A number of people believe that he is a
person of considerable trust.

MOTHER: A view I share myself.

STONEHOUSE: Yes. A number of people also - I hope you
won't misunderstand - but a number of people
think ..

MOTHER: That the man at the top is me!?
Oh yes Colonel, it's my job to acquaint
myself with all rumours however malicious
or unpleasant. Yes I know that I am the
number one suspect.

STONEHOUSE: Needless to say I do not subscribe to this
theory.

MOTHER: Well you should. You'd be a darn fool if
you didn't. This case has been running on
now for eighteen months. Four of my agents
have been killed. I'm in a position to lay
false trails for them.

MOTHER: (continued)
(laughs)

(laughs)

Betray my own men.
Ha! Ha! - Colonel - I think I make a very
good number one suspect.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

And you, make a very good number two!

STONEHOUSE:

Me!

MOTHER:

Well that's what they're saying.

STONEHOUSE:

This is outrageous.
B....how dare they! Me!

MOTHER:

Once these rumours start - like
this wine - they leave an after taste.
The only way to eradicate them is total
success.

STONEHOUSE:

Our reputations depend on the real traitor
being uncovered.

MOTHER:

That's a burden I don't want Steed to know
that he's carrying. For the moment, all that
matters is that he doesn't let that case out
of his sight for one second.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX

RECORDED VOICE:

Your next contact has already passed the
telephone box and identified you. You will
now go to a place of safety where the transfer
can be made. Your contact will follow you.
That is all.

EXT. STREET

TARA EMERGES FROM TELEPHONE
BOX AND WALKS ACROSS ROAD
TO STEED'S CAR - WALKS ALONG
THE ROAD - CAR FOLLOWS.
STEED HESITATES THEN STARTS
UP HIS CAR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA ENTERS WITH CASE.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. TARA'S MEWS

STEED'S CAR ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL THREE

804 feet + 11 frames

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

CAVELL: I like that. I like your style.
We'd make a pretty good team.

TARA: If this is what you came for, take it
and get out.

CAVELL: There's no big rush - relax sweetheart.
Look you pour out some drinks - let's
talk a little...

TARA: Some other time.

CAVELL: When ?

TARA: Well I don't know.

CAVELL: I'll tell you what - I could come back later
tonight - the only thing I have to do is to
deliver the case.

TARA: Well that might take hours.

CAVELL: It never has yet.

TARA: Oh well where d'you have to take it.

CAVELL: I shan't know until I've used my key.

TARA: Well why don't you use it now and if it's
not too far away I might even come with
you.

CAVELL: Not even for you sweetheart - where I keep
my key and where I go are strictly top
secret.

TARA: I don't mind.

CAVELL: I'll tell you what - you - err - you put
a little wine on ice and play a little soft
music and change into something tight and
I'll be back before you know it.

TARA: I'll be here.

TARA'S P.O.V. OF MEWS
BELOW.

TARA: Don't lose him, Steed.

INT. OUTSIDE TARA'S FRONT DOOR

RECORDED VOICE: You will take me to room six in Colton
House. Before doing so however, there is
a matter of security to be taken care of.
You will kill your last contact. Repeat -
you will kill your last contact!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

ARC LOGO CARD

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. TARA'S APARTMENT

Establishing Steed in car.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: That didn't take long - did it ?

CAVELL: I'm sorry about this sweetheart - I really am sorry.

TARA: What are you talking about ?

CAVELL: I liked your style - I really did like your style.

TARA: And why the past tense ?

CAVELL: Turn around.

TARA: Now listen.

CAVELL: I said - turn around. It's the eyes - I don't like looking at the eyes when I do it.

TARA: You're not going to kill me are you ?

CAVELL: We could have had something rather good going for us. Keep looking straight ahead. Goodbye sweetheart, believe me I really am sorry.

GUN SHOTS

STEED: You - put your hands above your head.
You - on your feet - you - woman. Up.
Right down.
You - hands above your head. Stop.
You woman! Hands above your head.

CAVELL: Who are you ?

STEED: Steed - Security. We've been watching the woman for some time - but picking you up is quite a bonus.
Hands behind your back.
Jump me!
Jump me.

(whispers)

THEY STRUGGLE

STEED: Try that again young lady - right.
That should hold you.
Now, what have we got around here ?

TARA: (softly) Try and grab the rope with your free hand.

TARA: (softly) Where do I take it ?

CAVELL: " What ?

TARA: (softly) The case, I'll grab it and try and make a break for it, but I've got to know where to take it.

CAVELL: (softly) I can't tell you that.

TARA: (softly) Now listen, the only important thing is to get the case to its next contact. Just a minute - I'm free now - quickly, there's not much time - where ? Where ?

CAVELL: (softly) Room Six, Colton House.

TARA: (softly) I like your style sweetheart.

TARA: Number Six Colton House, that's what you wanted to know Mr. Steed.

STEED: You're a genius Miss King.

TARA: I'm sorry sweetheart - really sorry.

CAVELL: I was right about one thing - she certainly has style.

INT. WAREHOUSE

MOTHER: Now let me look at that. Now at that one. Just as I thought - something in that case has shifted position.

GLASGOW: Yes you're right.

MOTHER: Have you any idea what it is ?

GLASGOW: It's certainly not built in.

MOTHER: Well then it's - whatever it is - that has to be delivered.

GLASGOW: Yes that's probable. I'll send up some prints to Forensic. They might come up with something.

MOTHER: Let me know as soon as you hear.

STONEHOUSE: Anything ?

MOTHER: Not yet.

STONEHOUSE: I've been thinking, you know the chances of following that case through to its final destination must be ninety-nine to one against.

MOTHER: Well I wouldn't put them that high. However, I do anticipate difficulties.

STONEHOUSE: Let's face it Mother, the whole purpose of the chain of couriers it to make it impossible to follow. It's a brilliant concept, and as far as I can see, quite infallible.

MOTHER: Well it's worth a try. I'm sure that Steed and Tara are making progress.

STONEHOUSE: Then why haven't we heard from them ?

MOTHER: Probably too busy. Can't get near the telephone.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

STEED: Number Six Colton House.

INT. JUDO ROOM (INTERCUTTING)

AD LIB SHOUTING
AND MOANS -

.....

STEED: I can't go in there.

TARA: Oh come on Steed, just because he's a karate expert there's no reason to - err -

STEED: I know that man. It's Tim. Captain Tim. And he knows me.

TARA: Well he won't know if his contact's supposed to be a man or a woman, will he?

STEED: That's a fair assumption - but -

TARA: But ?

STEED: You've seen what he can do - now be careful.

TARA: Excuse me.

AD LIB SHOUT FROM JUDO.

TIM: This is a man's club.

TARA: That's nice.

TIM: You're not a man.

TARA: Decent of you to have noticed.

AD LIB SHOUT FROM JUDO.

TARA: That's my part of the job done.

TIM: Where d'you get this ?

TARA: You're not supposed to ask me that. And I'm not supposed to tell you.

TIM: I am asking.

TARA: Well I'm not telling.

TIM: Err let me put it this way - my contact's name would be Cavell.

TARA: Oh that's my name - Tara Cavell.

TIM: You!

TARA: Yes. I'm sorry I don't have any papers to prove it - I didn't think it would be necessary.

TIM: We can do better than this.

TARA: Really ?

TIM: You see, I know something else about my contact.

TARA: You do ?

TIM: Heard a lot about Cavell. Cavell is supposed to be the only person in the world who can beat me in a fight. All right Cavell. Prove it! Prove it!

INT. OUTER OFFICE (INTERCUTTING)

STEED'S EYELINE INTO
JUDO ROOM.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA/TIM KARATE FIGHT

STEED WATCHING FROM
OUTER OFFICE.

INT. JUDO ROOM.

TIM/TARA CONTINUE
JUDO FIGHT.

NO DIALOGUE

AD LIB SHOUTS.

TARA KICKS TIM THROUGH
GLASS WINDOW INTO

INT. OUTER OFFICE

STEED HITS TIM ON
THE HEAD.

TARA: Oh!

TIM: If anyone had told me, I'd never have believed it.

TARA: What ?

TIM: You. That last blow. What did you hit me with - an iron bar ?
You're good - very good. Superlative even.

TARA: And I'm Tara Cavell.

TIM: I'm convinced.

TARA: Good.

TIM: (groans) Ouch!

TARA: What's the matter ?

TIM: My leg - I think it's broken.

TARA: Oh your knee, d'you think.

TIM: That's it then.

TARA: What ?

TIM: It means you'll have to do it.

TARA: Do what ?

TIM: Take the case onto the next contact.

TARA: Err well I can't possibly do that because it's against the rules.

TIM: I know but this is an emergency. I mean, you don't expect me to hop there do you. Please, will you, for me ?

TARA: Well - all right.

TIM: You wouldn't like to do me another favour would you ?

TARA: What's that ?

TIM: Don't tell anybody you beat me.

TARA: It'll be our secret.

INT. STEED'S CAR

STEED: Well you must admit it was no trouble at all getting this key.

RECORDED VOICE: Take me to number eighty-four Patrick Street and leave me there at midnight precisely.

INT. SHEPHERD'S APARTMENT

STEED: No-one home. Come on in.
It's a wild guess, but I'd say that our contact was a musician.

TARA: Brilliant. Try another deduction, a man or a woman ?

STEED: Definitely. Well - err - shall we wait or - a - come back later ?

TARA: Oh no, the case was quite specific. We have to hand it over at precisely midnight.

STEED: Oh we've got five minutes to go - we'll wait.

TARA: How many more d'you think ?

STEED: How many more what ?

TARA: How many more contacts before we reach the man at the top ?

STEED: It's hard to tell but I should think we're pretty close by -
Oh! that's beautiful.

TARA: It is ?

STEED: Oooh - you can tell that at a glance.
Made by a pupil of Stradavarius...over the Patina. That mellow glow, that's been achieved by hundreds of years of caressing.
That's the work of a Master.

TARA: There's a label inside.

STEED: Probably the maker's signature.

TARA: Mmm - the East India Plywood and Timber Box Company.

STEED: Oh! Someone coming - quick - quick - quick!

SHEPHERD ENTERS

STEED: How d'you do ?
And let me make my position clear. I'm personally opposed to physical violence.

STEED: (continued)

So to avoid unpleasantness why don't you tell me where the key is ? This is no time for clarinet solo. 'A' Sharp I imagine.

SHEPHERD:

You should have just delivered the case and left. Now I'll have to kill you.

STEED:

I was curious to know where you kept the key.

SHEPHERD:

It's all in here man. All you have to do is play the right notes.

FIGHT SEQUENCE
STEED/SHEPHERD.

STEED:

That's a sad epitaph for a musician. He died flat.

TARA:

What about the key ?

STEED:

He said that all you have to do is to play the right notes. He was about to pick up one of these instruments before he went to the curtains. A sonic key.

TARA:

What ?

STEED:

You know the things they fix in garages - the doors open in response to the sound of a motor horn.....

TARA:

You mean the key is a note played on

STEED:

A note or a combination of notes.

STEED BLOWS:

TARA:

I thought you could play the tuber ?

STEED:

Eh ?

TARA:

You've got one in your apartment.

STEED:

That's to put flowers in.

TARA BLOWS ON TRUMPET

STEED:

I didn't know you could play the trumpet.

TARA:

First time.
Hold this.

TARA PLAYS TRUMPET

STEED:

That's very good. But it's no use. There must be hundreds and thousands of combinations. As far as I know, they're still searching for the lost chord.

RECORDED VOICE:

At precisely eight a.m. you will deposit me outside the luggage loading bay at Kings Cross Station. That is all.

INT. WAREHOUSE

STONEHOUSE: We have to face it Mother, it's evident that Steed has failed.

MOTHER: I'll not concede defeat until I'm defeated.

STONEHOUSE: It was a slim chance by any standard.

MOTHER: Nil desperandum Stonehouse. Chin up and all that sort of rot.

GLASGOW: We've identified the object in the case.

MOTHER: Well ?

GLASGOW: Half a million pounds in notes.

MOTHER: You know what this means, don't you ?

GLASGOW: Could be the final pay-off.

MOTHER: They won't use this system again if we don't pin down Mr. Big this time.

STONEHOUSE: Then we'll never get him.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. LUGGAGE ENTRANCE

STEED & TARA -
Steed puts case on
luggage trolley.
PORTER picks up case.

NO DIALOGUE

JACKSON & THEN WILLIAMS
APPEARS CARRYING ATTACHE
CASES.

EXT. BUILDING & GRASS

TARA FOLLOWS JACKSON.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. SIDE STREET

WILLIAMS GETS INTO CAR.
DRIVES OFF. STEED'S CAR
FOLLOWS.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. TIMBER STORE

JACKSON takes off
ring -
inserts key in case
lock.

RECORDED VOICE:

You will take me to Saint Bartholomew's
Church. Deposit me in the Cunningham
family crypt, that is all.

TARA DROPS PLANK ON JACKSON.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA:

The Cunningham Family Crypt.

END OF REEL FIVE

774 feet + 0 frames.

REEL SIX

EXT. CHURCH

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CRYPT

TARA creeps down steps and moves into another section of Crypt. She reacts as the door slams shut behind her.

NO DIALOGUE

RECORDED VOICE:

I thank you for your co-operation in bringing me here. Unfortunately, in the interests of security, sacrifices have to be made. I am a substitute case designed to mislead any pursuers. To maintain security it is necessary that you do not survive. The crypt is hermetically sealed, and I will shortly emit a poison gas. To make your last minutes more comfortable, I contain a small gift. Thank you and goodbye.

RECORDED VOICE:

Stop thief. Stop thief. Unless my security device is re-set, I am timed to self destruct in ten seconds. Nine - eight - seven - six - five - four - three - two - one - zero.

EXPLOSION.

EXT. STREET & WAREHOUSE

WILLIAMS' CAR DRAWS UP. HE GETS OUT AND MOVES INTO WAREHOUSE. MEANWHILE - STEED ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WAREHOUSE

STEED FOLLOWS WILLIAMS. STEED CLOBBERS WILLIAMS.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED:

Well, this is a surprise!

EXT. CHURCH

TARA JUMPS INTO
CAR AND DRIVES OFF.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WAREHOUSE

MOTHER: It's dastardly! To bring the case here!
Here!

STEED: Well they're obviously trying to cast
suspicion on you. It might have worked if
I hadn't been involved. Well you're
certainly no traitor. Huh! As far as I'm
concerned - despite your little foibles -
you're above suspicion.

MOTHER: Thank you very much for saying so.
Foibles!

STEED: The problem is

MOTHER: ... what Foibles ?

STEED: Now how will Mr. Big collect that from here?

MOTHER: Well let us see what might have happened.

STEED: Well you might have been relieved from your
assignment.

MOTHER: And the case given into the custody of
one of our Security people.

STEED: That's it - that's it. That's how he'll
collect it. Now someone will come here and...

GLASGOW: I rushed over as soon as I heard the news.
So it's true then - back to square one.
Well at least it'll give me a chance to
conduct a few more tests.

STEED: Not just yet, Glasgow.

GLASGOW: Why waste time ...

STEED: (overrides) Not just yet!

STONEHOUSE: Oh, so that's the case ?

MOTHER: Yes, but no sign of the man it was
destined for.

STONEHOUSE: I've been thinking about that. The money,
might be a chance of tracing it. That
would give us one end of the chain at least.

STEED: Possibly.

MOTHER: Perfectly.

GLASGOW: But you're forgetting one thing.
We can't open the case - not without
destroying the contents.

STONEHOUSE: Oh nonsense. My bomb disposal boys have handled trickier things than this. I think they at least ought to be given the opportunity.

RECORDED VOICE: My final collection is long overdue. I must assume that I have fallen into the wrong hands. I will self destruct myself and my contents in fifteen seconds. Fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three -

STEED: (over above recording) A little trap we set-up...

MOTHER: " " " And you swallowed it!

STEED: That rather surprised us.
We did you a dis-service old chap, we thought it was you.

STONEHOUSE: All right, so it was me all along. Doesn't matter now. There's enough here to enable me to disappear for ever. Goodbye Steed - Mother.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

TARA ARRIVES. STONEHOUSE
CLOBBERS HER AND JUMPS
INTO CAR. STEED & GLASGOW
RUSH TO TARA.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA: He's opened the wrong case!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED'S VOICE: Tara - it just won't work. There's not room in my apartment for both Fang the wonder dog and me. I hope you don't mind, but I've packed his little case and I'm sending him to you for his holidays.

TARA'S VOICE: Steed, I hope I'm not doing you an injustice, but I have a nasty sneaky suspicion that you're going to try and get me to adopt Fang. Well hard luck... I'm spending the weekend with my aged Aunt in Cheltenham.

STEED'S VOICE: I'm sure you'll both get along well. He's a teeny bit fussy with his food. Likes venison steak tataré and vintage port but other than that he's no trouble at all.

TARA'S VOICE: Now don't get me wrong, I like Fang, but I wouldn't be able to give him the exercise he needs.

STEED'S VOICE: A ten mile romp morning and evening is all he wants. Do you both good.

TARA'S VOICE: And anyway there's no where for him to sleep.

STEED'S VOICE: You'll find he'll curl up anywhere. Just
toss an old mink jacket into a corner and
he'll be happy.

TARA'S VOICE: Whatever you say Steed, the answer's
no - no - no!

STEED'S VOICE: I knew you'd understand.

STEED'S VOICE: Just one more thing.....
He will insist on inviting all his
friends around to stay!

TARA'S VOICE: It shouldn't happen to a dog.

- - -

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

ABC LOGO CARD
COMMERCIAL BREAK
ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL SIX

846 feet + 11 frames

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4723 feet + 8 frames

prepared by:

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Associated British Elstree Studios,
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