

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

" F O G "

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.

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MAIN TITLES

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

WE HEAR BARREL ORGAN AND
SEE BLIND MAN WALKING
ALONG ALLEY.

NO DIALOGUE

KNIFE GRINDER:

Put an edge on this what you've never seen before sir. A stroke that way - a stroke that way. A little polish. Fine steel this, sir. Yeah, very fine. Like a surgeon's scalpel. Thank you sir, thank you very much.

INSERT BILL -

100 Guineas Reward for information leading to the arrest of the person known as the GASLIGHT GHOUL.

EPISODE TITLE "FOG"
SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE BILL.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

C.U. POSTER "VISIT SUNNY BRITAIN".

STEED:

Welcome gentlemen, my name is John Steed. Mr.Haller. Mr. Stretlsov, Mr.Vailarti, Mr. Gruner .. may I welcome you on behalf of the British Government.

HALLER:

Has a steam pipe broken or something ?

STEED:

Eh ? Oh that's fog. That's fog Mr. Haller, we still lead the world in that department. Now, I do want your stay to be a happy and secure one, so if you are in any trouble, all you have to do is to contact me.

GRUNER:

Good bye.

STEED:

No. no. no. Verneto - esquavo - uneto - vinto - Steedski!

GRUNER:(AD LIBS)
(Made up language)

.....

STEED: (overrides)

I apologise for the accent but you understand what I mean. Now there's a car waiting for you to take you to your hotel.

STEED AND DELEGATES
WALK ON - GRUNER
LAGS BEHIND - TAKES OFF
HIS GLASSES TO WIPE THEM -
DROPS THEM - THEY SHATTER.
GHOUL OBSERVES HIM.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED: Mr. Haller. Mr. Vailarti. Mr. Stretlsov.
And where is Mr. Gruner ?

CARSTAIRS: What ? Oh - I - I don't know - I thought
he was following us.

STEED: See them back to the hotel.

CARSTAIRS: What.

STEED: I'll try and find him.

GRUNER, hopelessly lost.
Wanders along alleyways.

BLIND MAN APPEARS.
GRUNER speaks to him.

GRUNER: (Ad lib made up language)

FLOWER SELLER: Lucky white heather. Lucky white heather.
Who will buy ?

GRUNER: Pliss. Stab-Lee Mee-wes ?

FLOWER SELLER: Lucky White heather sir.

GRUNER: Stab-Lee Mee-wes ?

FLOWER SELLER: Stable Mews!

GRUNER: (murmurs) Ah.

FLOWER SELLER: Right over there sir.

GRUNER: Havadictoche. Dank you too much. Hello.

FLOWER SELLER: Lucky White heather

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

GRUNER: Goodbye.

TARA: Goodbye.

GRUNER: Steedski - Steedski - Stab-Lee - Mee-wes.

TARA: Oh yes. Mr. Steed lives here but he's not
in at the moment.

GRUNER: Err - Pip Pip old chap.

TARA: I think so - won't you come in.

GRUNER: (mutters ad lib)

TARA: But you see, he's not here at the moment.
Steed - err - Steedski.

GRUNER: Steedski!
(ad lib dialogue
made up language)

TARA: Now, he's not here - and he might not be back - he might be delayed by the fog - fog - fog.

GRUNER: Lovely weather we're having for time of year. Good bye.

TARA: What's your name ? Name - err - My name is Tara King. Me, Tara King.

GRUNER: (stammers) King - King - King. (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha! Buckingham Palace.

TARA: Buckingham Palace. This goes on for ever. Mmmr you see, Steed has gone to meet a very important foreign delegation.....

-Tara suddenly breaks off mutters ad lib

TARA: Are you a member of the disarmament committee? Wait a minute - come here. Sit!

TARA REACHES FOR GUN
GRUNER REACTS:

GRUNER: (shouts) Ah.....

TARA: Ah. Now - Disarmament Committee - you ?

GRUNER: (ad lib dialogue made up language)

TARA: Good - now you sit down there - you sit down there and I'll go and see Mother, yes ? I'll find Steed.

GRUNER: Steedski (ad lib comment made up language)

TARA: Or something. Right - Good bye.

GRUNER: Hello!

EXT. STREET & ALLEY COMPLEX.

TARA walks along. GHOUL appears.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREETS AND ALLEY COMPLEX.

DENSE FOG. CAR APPEARS.

TARA: Mother! Mother!

EXT./INT. MINI - MOKE

MOTHER: I'm here.

TARA: Oh Mother - I've just left Steed's apartment and there's this man there waiting for him.

MOTHER: Foreign fellow. Speaks no English.

TARA: Why, yes.

MOTHER: Oh I shouldn't worry, Steed's gone to collect him. You missed him by seconds.

TARA: Oh - thanks Mother.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT/INT. TELEPHONE BOX INTERCUTTING

GRUNER: (into phone) Goodbye.

MALE VOICE: (into phone)
ad lib foreign language.

GRUNER: (into phone)
ad lib made-up language
obviously agreeing
to something.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

GHOUL emerges from telephone box. We HEAR the cries of

RAG & BONE MAN: Rag and bones - rag and bones -

GRUNER wandering along Streets.

STEED walking along.

FLOWER SELLER: O.S. Who will buy. Who will buy.

FLOWER SELLER: Lucky White heather sir - Lucky white heather.

GRUNER: (ad lib - made-up language)
(He buys some heather)

FLOWER SELLER: Bless you sir.

Gruner meets Ghoul.
Greet's him in made-up language.

EXT. S STREET & ALLEY COMPLEX.

GRUNER:
 (made-up language)
 His voice becomes anxious.
 GRUNER: O.S. (screams) Ah!....

TARA REACTS AND RUSHES TO
 GRUNER. OBSERVES THE
 GHOUL AND KNOCKS SWORD
 FROM HIS HAND. NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX/INT. MINI MOKE

MOTHER: A beard, top hat and cape.
 TARA: And a cricket bag.
 MOTHER: A Victorian Sword stick I'd say.
 TARA: That ties in with the Hansom cab.
 MOTHER: Yes the Hansom cab, I'd forgotten about that.
 You know this has all the making of an
 International incident. Gruner, a revered
 member of the disarmament committee. Only
 been in the country half an hour.
 STEED: Mother! Mother, no sign of Gruner.
 MOTHER: Gruner has been found.
 STEED: Really -- where ?
 MOTHER: Gunthorpe Street. No doubt, Steed, as a
 student of crime, you will recall Gunthorpe
 Street.
 STEED: Well naturally. It was the scene of the
 Gaslight Ghoul murders. When was it - err -
 October - November eighteen eighty-eight.
 TARA: And we're just entering the month of
 November now.
 MOTHER: Can you recall any other facts about those
 murders.
 STEED: Of course. They never found the Ghoul and
 he always got away in a Hansom cab.
 MOTHER: And the weapon he used.
 STEED: A sword stick. A Victorian sword stick.
 MOTHER: Tara found Gruner's body. She'll show you
 exactly where.
 It'll - a - be safer in there, Steed.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

CLOSE ON SIGN - GUNTHORPE STREET.

TARA: (screams)

Ah!

STEED:

Oh, now we know how, when and where -
where's my sword - we still don't know why.

TARA:

Or who!

STEED:

Oh you've already found that out.
Top hat, beard, cape, carrying cricket
bag, hansom cab - whatever -

TARA:

You don't believe me, do you ?

STEED:

If the Gaslight Ghoul was still riding around
he would be - oh I'd say a hundred and fifty
years old by now.

STEED:

Oh it's no good, we'll never find him in the
fog.

TARA:

Well at least we've not left him behind us.

STEED:

Is that a label ?

TARA:

Yes look - "The Mask and Face" Theatrical
Costumiers, Fifteen Corder Street.
What they call in the trade - a clue.

STEED:

You'd better follow it up.

TARA:

Mmmm. what are you going to do ?

STEED:

Find out where this came from.

KNIFE GRINDER: O.S.

Knives to grind - Knives to grind -
hone - to hone
Knives to grindINT. MASK AND FACE.

FOWLER:

What d'you want at this time of night ?

TARA:

I'm returning some of your property.

FOWLER:

Bring it back tomorrow.

TARA:

Oh no I can't do that.

FOWLER:

All right - all right - you'd better come in.
You theatricals have no sense of time.
All this fog, it's bad for my chest.
What costume is it then ?

TARA:

Oh well, I was hoping you'd be able to tell
me, I found it in the street.

FOWLER:

You found it in the street.

TARA:

Gunthorpe Street to be precise.

FOWLER: That's a coincidence. That's where the Gaslight Ghoul committed

TARA: His first murder.

FOWLER: Correct.

TARA: But I don't think this has been lying there for the past eighty years.

FOWLER: No, no, no. Of course not. But it is part of one of our Gaslight Ghoul outfits.

TARA: You have more than one ?

FOWLER: Oh yes - very popular line this. The macabre element you know.

TARA: Any way of telling which outfit this belongs to ?

FOWLER: Of course. Every garment is numbered.

FOWLER: Here we are, this is number seven.

TARA: I don't suppose your records would show who hired it ?

FOWLER: Yes.
It's all in the book.
Let's see now.
The addresses aren't in this book but we should find the -- ah ha - there we are - Mr. C. Osgood.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

STEED: Doctor Watson.

TARA: Mr. Holmes, what brings you to this neck of the woods ?

STEED: Just followed the trail.

TARA: All roads lead to Rome.

STEED: So it appears. Osgood's toga ?

TARA: Part of it.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: Yes ?

STEED: Ah! Mr. Osgood back yet ?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: Back ? He hasn't been out sir.

TARA: Are you sure ?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: He told me he was going to bed early.

STEED: And he's there now ?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: Hmmm - as far as I know sir.

STEED: Then we'd like to see him.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: Well I - I don't know about that sir - he doesn't like to be disturbed.

TARA: Do you recognise this ?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: Why yes, it looks like part of his Gaslight Ghoul costume.

TARA: Perhaps you'd be good enough to check for us.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: Come in.

INT. OSGOOD'S HOUSE

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: Mr. Osgood!
Well there's a strange thing.

STEED: Not here ?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: No sir and I never heard him go out.

STEED: Is he wearing his Gaslight Ghoul outfit ?

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: I - I'll just see.

STEED: Thank you - ah - the Old Curiosity shop.
Hullo.

TARA: He moved.

STEED: (reading) Hundred Guineas reward for information leading to the arrest of the person known as the Gaslight Ghoul. Perpetator of many vile and grisly murders.

TARA: What year did the Gaslight Ghoul commit his first crime ?

STEED: Eighteen eighty eight. Why ?

TARA: Look.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY: His costume's not there sir - so I suppose he must be wearing it.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

KNIFE GRINDER: Oh it's you again sir.
Err - we'll soon put an edge on this for you sir. Restore the lustre for you. There we are sir - as sharp and as keen as ever.
Again.

MAN:
(Foreign language greeting)

ORGAN GRINDER: Good evening.
SCREAM O.S. Ah...
ORGAN GRINDER: Thank you.

END OF REEL TWO 897 feet + 11 frames.

REEL THREE

INT. OSGOOD'S HOUSE

STEED: Somebody coming ?
TARA: Plan fourteen ?
STEED: Subsection 'D'. Gaslight Ghoul.
Mr. Osgood!
OSGOOD: You again.
STEED: The proverbial bad penny.
OSGOOD: Well is it incumbent of you to be so rough ?
STEED: Better safe than sorry. Have a look in the
bag.
STEED: Well ?
TARA: Mmm. quite an interesting assortment.
STEED: Swords ?
TARA: Sandwiches - ham, cheese - lettuce -
OSGOOD: If you're some species of cut-purse,
you're welcome to my wallet. I detest
violence.
STEED: It seems we're at cross-purposes Mr. Osgood.
Let's give you a hand.
OSGOOD: Urghh. I'm glad to hear it - upon my life
I am.
STEED: Why were you running away in Gunthorpe Street?
OSGOOD: Well did you expect me to do otherwise ?
Some dissolute dog and his accomplice
advancing manacingly towards me in a dark
alley. Why did you attack me ?
TARA: Well we thought you were the Gaslight Ghoul.
OSGOOD: Oh I see. How exceedingly droll.
(they all laugh) Ha! Ha! Ha!

STEED: May we share the joke ?

OSGOOD: Ah - my card.

STEED: (reading card) Charles H.Osgood. Gaslight Ghoul Club.

OSGOOD: Formed to investigate the unsolved murders of the Gaslight Ghoul.

TARA: Bit late in the day don't you think ?

OSGOOD: Well the identity of the Ghoul has remained a source of constant fascination through the years Miss King. Tonight it seems, he stalks again through the alleys of the East End.

STEED: It seems - with somebody else's weapon.

OSGOOD: Where on earth did you get that ?

STEED: Gunthorpe Street.

OSGOOD: When ?

STEED: Tonight - after the murder.

OSGOOD: But it's mine!

STEED: I know. Can you explain it.?

OSGOOD: Well I didn't even know it was missing. It's kept in the Club's Black museum.

TARA: Then any of the members could have taken it ?

OSGOOD: You surely not suggesting that one of them....

STEED: No, all we're suggesting is that you take more personal care of your possessions, Mr. Osgood, and good night.

OSGOOD: Goodnight Sir. Mr. Steed, I'm obliged to you.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

TARA: Was it a good idea to leave the sword with him ?

STEED: I doubt if he's our man.

TARA: Why ?

STEED: No murderer in his right mind would return to the scene of the crime an hour later.

INT. OSGOOD'S HOUSE

THE GASLIGHT GHOUL appears.
OSGOOD reacts.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

OSGOOD: (SCREAMS O.S.) Ah.....

STEED & TARA rush
back into the house.

INT. OSGOOD'S HOUSE

STEED & TARA react to
OSGOOD'S BODY. Insert
card on floor -
"Don't interfere -
The Gaslight Ghoul".

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX

HEADLIGHTS OF
MINI-MOKE THRU. FOG.

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT/INT. MINI-MOKE

MOTHER: The Gaslight Ghoul Club.
A society of harmless eccentrics.

STEED: Harmless ?

MOTHER: So far. You thinking of joining ?

STEED: Yes.

MOTHER: Well it won't be easy. Restricted membership.

STEED: My Great Aunt Florence will smooth the way.
She kept a diary.

MOTHER: Did she ?

STEED: No she didn't. I made it up. It contains
an account of a Gaslight Ghoul murder.
Hitherto undiscovered. It goes something
like this - 'Twas the very witching hour of
midnight -

MOTHER: " - when I passed a dishevelled maiden of
no more than seventeen summers"....

STEED: " - and she was hurrying in the direction
of Great Tower Street"...

MOTHER: " - At the entrance to the Saddle of Mutton
Public house.."

STEED: " - A monster! in a black beard a top hat
and a cape, carrying a cricket bag,"...

MOTHER: " - dragged his victim into Miller's yard.
A blood curdling scream echoed over the
cobble streets.."

STEED: Mother - I don't think we need take this

MOTHER: (overrides) " - as his knife flashed in the gaslight..."

STEED: Mother - we ...

MOTHER: (Overrrides) " - her crumpled body fell - like a broken doll upon the place beneath..."

STEED: Mother!

MOTHER: I'm sorry Steed, I was carried away.
(THEY LAUGH) Ha! Ha!
It will be delivered to your apartment within the hour.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: How's your breaking and entering ?

TARA: Err - rusty.

STEED: Here's a chance to brush it up.

TARA: Where ?

STEED: Home of Sir Geoffrey Armstrong. President of the Gaslight Ghoul Club.

TARA: And what am I looking for ?

STEED: I've no idea.

TARA: Well that could be difficult.

STEED: I know. As my Aunt Clara used to say -

TARA: "Life is not a bowl of cherries".

STEED: I didn't know you'd met her.

TARA: Well your Aunts are all so predictable.
Well where are you going ?

STEED: Well, as they always say - "Life is not a bowl of cherries". "If you can't beat them join them". "All that glitters is not gold".

TARA: What's that ?

STEED: My entry card.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

C.U. SIGN "GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB"
MEMBERS ONLY.

STEED PRESSES BELL THEN OPENS
DOOR AND ENTERS. NO DIALOGUE

INT. GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB.

STEED: Bearded in the den.

PRESIDENT: May I direct your attention to the notice outside. These are private premises.

STEED: So I should hope. I'm not in the habit of frequenting Public houses.

PRESIDENT: Oh dear -- when I say private I mean exclusive.

STEED: Oh quite right. We don't want any Tom, Dick or Harry wandering in, do we ?

PRESIDENT: We ?

STEED: We members.

PRESIDENT: I didn't know the club was open for new membership.

STEED: Well didn't poor old Charles put you in the picture.

PRESIDENT: Charles ?

STEED: Charlie Osgood. He's dead you know.

PRESIDENT: Yes, we've just heard. Tragic news. Tragic.

STEED: Ah well, it's an ill wind and all that. Here I am.

PRESIDENT: Well Mr. -

STEED: Steed. John Steed.

PRESIDENT: ..Steed - perhaps you'd like to explain why.

STEED: To drop a bombshell ?

PRESIDENT: Ah! A bombshell!

STEED: This. My favourite Auntie's diary. Page a hundred and ninety-four, paragraph two.

PRESIDENT: Hmmm. My dear fellow! This is a fantastic revelation.

STEED: Yes it is, isn't it. I thought you'd be interested.

PRESIDENT: Interested! In a Ghoul murder. This'll give the old club a new lease of life. Gentlemen! This is Mr. Steed who has unearthed a tenth Gaslight Ghoul Murder.

PRESIDENT: Would you like to sit down.

STEED: Thank you.

PRESIDENT: The club was first founded about eighty years ago after the first Ghoul murders. When it became apparent the police were getting no where, several amateur detectives decided to form a society to bring the murderer to justice.

STEED: And you're carrying on the good work ?

PRESIDENT: Yes. Of course nowadays the chances of discovering anything new are remote, but the motto of the Club is -

TRAVERS: Never say die!

PRESIDENT: Ah Travers - meet our new member - Mr. Steed. Mark Travers our Secretary and Black Sheep.

TRAVERS: Always glad to welcome a fresh face.

STEED: How d'you do ?

PRESIDENT: Travers treats the Society with a little less respect than one would wish.

TRAVERS: Well it doesn't do to get too involved. One must keep a sense of proportion. Come along and I'll show you the nasty things in our wood shed.

STEED: Hmmm.

END OF REEL THREE

734 feet + 10 frames.

INT. BLACK MUSEUM:

TRAVERS: Yes, cosy little place, isn't it. Right out of the pages of my favourite author. Edgar Allan Poe, would have approved of this.

STEED: Quite a home from home.

TRAVERS: Take a look at this.

STEED: Some of these figures are remarkably life-like, aren't they.

WELLBELOVED: Oh - you gave me quite a shock sir.

STEED: Me too.

TRAVERS: Hul'lo Wellbeloved. This is Mr. Steed a new member.

WELLBELOVED: Pleased to meet you sir.

STEED: How d'you do ?

TRAVERS: Wellbeloved is the Curator of the museum. Now this will interest you Steed. What do you think of that ?

STEED: Absolutely ripping.

TRAVERS: Victorian Scalpel. They don't make them like that anymore.

STEED: I should hope not.

TRAVERS: Can you imagine that in the wrong hands ? Clean, quick and efficient. Nineteenth Century duelling pistols, aren't they beauties ?

STEED: Depends which way you're looking at them.

TRAVERS: Guaranteed accurate at fifty paces. Hul'lo!

STEED: Something missing ?

TRAVERS: Swords - and some of them quite valuable. Wellbeloved!

WELLBELOVED: Yes sir.

TRAVERS: Have you seen this ?

WELLBELOVED: Good gracious!

TRAVERS: When did you last check the swords ?

WELLBELOVED: This morning. They were all present and correct then.

TRAVERS: Then they must have been stolen earlier this evening.

WELLBELOVED: I don't see how. Sir Geoffrey was here all the time.

CLOSE-UP NAMEPLATE
SIR GEOFFREY ARMSTRONG

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PRESIDENT'S STUDY

TARA ENTERS AND SWITCHES
ON LAMP.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB.

TRIVERS: Rowley, where's the President ?

ROWLEY: Gone home.

STEED: When ?

ROWLEY: Ten minutes ago...sent his apologies.

STEED: Does Sir Geoffrey often dash off like that ?

TRIVERS: It happens quite often. He's permanently
on call, you know how it is with these
surgeons.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

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

ABC LOGO CARD

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. PRESIDENT'S STUDY

PRESIDENT: Perhaps you'd like to explain what you're
doing ?

TARA: Just admiring your toys.

PRESIDENT: But they're not toys for little girls to
play with.

TARA: Oh - just when I was having such a good time.

PRESIDENT: Now put them down, there's a good girl.

TARA/PRESIDENT
FIGHT SEQUENCE.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: I'm a Ghoul.

TARA: Steed.

STEED: Didn't fool you, eh ?

TARA: No, I'd recognise you anywhere.

STEED: How ?

TARA: Oh, the nape of the neck. Unmistakably primitive.

STEED: That's a family characteristic. All the Steed's have it.

TARA: Oh.

STEED: It's a bit hard on the Steed girls though. Find out anything at Sir Geoffrey's place ?

TARA: No, just that the furniture's breakable.

STEED: Trouble ?

TARA: Nothing a healthy girl couldn't handle. Why the disguise.?

STEED: The Gaslight Ghoul Club. That's the standard kit.

TARA: Oh, so Auntie's diary worked a treat.

STEED: They welcomed me with open arms.

TARA: Mmmm.

STEED: There's been another murder.

TARA: Anyone we know ?

STEED: A chap called Valarti. Another member of the World Disarmament Committee.

TARA: Where ?

STEED: Near the scene of the other killing. Several people say that they heard a hansom-cab driving away.

TARA: Well - I mean how many hansom-cabs can there be in London.

STEED: Well we can only find out - there's the address.

TARA: (reading) "Bartholomew Sanders. Conveyances of Quality".

STEED: It's a hansom-cab hire service. Should be a mine of information.

TARA: What's that ?

STEED: These are the remaining two names of the disarmament committee. I've got to get to them before the Ghoul.

FXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

COMMISSIONAIRE: Sorry Mr. Haller. Not much chance of a cab tonight.

HALLER: I'll walk.

HALLER MOVES AWAY DOWN AN ALLEYWAY. WE SEE THE FIGURE OF THE GHOUL.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMISSIONAIRE: Well I'll see about that later.

STEED'S CAR DRIVES UP AND STOPS OUTSIDE HOTEL.

STEED: Excuse me.

COMMISSIONAIRE: Can I help you sir.

STEED: I'm looking for Mr. Haller.

COMMISSIONAIRE: Oh you've only just missed him sir. He went down that passageway a minute or so ago.

HALLER WALKING ALONG REACTS TO FOOTSTEPS - GHOUL CONFRONTS HIM - HALLER IS TERRIFIED.

STEED: Mr. Haller. Mr. Haller.

HALLER: (SCREAMS) O.S. Ah.....

STEED: Mr. Haller.
Mr. Haller.

HALLER: Thank heaven you've come. You saved my life.

STEED: For the moment.
Now look, I'll send my security people to you, but I think it'll be wise until then if you go to your hotel.

HALLER: Surrounded by bright lights and a lot of people.

INT. HANSOM-CAB GARAGE

SANDERS: She's a little beauty Miss King. Trim and easy to handle.

TARA: I'm sure she is Mr. Sanders, it's just that I've got my heart set on another one.

SANDERS: Oh, what does she look like ?

TARA: Oh that's the trouble, I haven't seen her.

SANDERS: (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
You've set your heart on something you haven't seen.

TARA: Oh but I've heard her - she just sounds so luxurious. The doors shut with such a satisfying click.

SANDERS: Oh well, that's not much of a description to go on.
Here .. anything like that?

TARA: No.

SANDERS: What about that ?

TARA: No.

SANDERS: Ring a bell ?

TARA: I'm afraid not. It's obviously still out on hire.

SANDERS: Well where did you hear it ?

TARA: Just about everywhere really - I just can't find anyone who's actually seen it.

SANDERS: That's odd.

TARA: It is, isn't it. You'd have thought something as large as a hansom-cab would be difficult to miss.

SANDERS: I can't see how I can help you Miss King.

TARA: I see - well, if you do hear of any cab owners who've been driving around an awful lot lately, will you let me know ?

SANDERS: With pleasure!

SANDERS: Never seen it. Only heard it.
Only heard it.

SANDERS: (into phone) Oh good evening sir - Sanders here. I'm sorry to trouble you at this time of night. Err - you remember that Cab you hired from me the other day... you wanted it for a special purpose you said....

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

INT./EXT. MINI MOKE

MOTHER: Do you mean to tell me he drove away in a horse-drawn vehicle and you couldn't catch him ?

STEED: I can't understand it - it seemed to disappear into thin air.

MOTHER: I don't know what the department's coming to - any suspects ?

STEED: Too many.
All the members of the Gaslight Ghouls club
for a start. What do you know about Sir
Geoffrey Armstrong ?

MOTHER: Eminent surgeon. Served as a fighter pilot
in the Battle of Britain. Politically
extreme right wing... and a member of
the S.A.D.O.B.E.

STEED: Eh ?

MOTHER: The Society Against the Disintegration of
the British Empire.

STEED: Interesting.

MOTHER: Why ?

STEED: What would constitute to him a threat to
the British Empire ?

MOTHER: Defence pacts. Trade agreements.

STEED: Disarmament Conferences.

MOTHER: Yes, I see what you mean.

STEED: I suggest you put a round-the-clock guard
on the other delegates.

MOTHER: Par thinking Steed.

STEED: And I'll keep an eye on Sir Geoffrey.

END OF REEL FOUR

836 feet + 0 frames

INT. GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB

TRAVERS (O.S.) That's not cricket is it Steed ?

TRAVERS: Is it Steed ?

STEED: No it isn't - but I'm a rowing man.

TRAVERS: What were you looking for ?

STEED: A wolf - in wolf's clothing.

STEED: Burning the midnight oil eh Sir Geoffrey.

PRESIDENT: What ? Oh hullo Steed, I didn't recognise you it's time you grew a beard.

STEED: Successful operation.?

PRESIDENT: I beg your pardon.

STEED: The one you were called away to perform. No complications ?

PRESIDENT: Oh no, went like clockwork. Just came back here to relax for half an hour before going home you know. My profession plays absolute havoc on the nerves.

STEED: So I can imagine.

PRESIDENT: Well, I'm off. You coming ?

STEED: Soon. I think I'll just soak up the atmosphere for a bit.

PRESIDENT: Brave man. I wouldn't care to be left alone in here for a night. Lock up when you go will you ? And don't forget to turn the gas off., and fog.

STEED: Of course.

PRESIDENT: Goodnight Steed.

STEED: Goodnight.

EXT. STREETS& ALLEY COMPLEX.

AS PRESIDENT EMERGES FROM
GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED EMERGES - WALKS ALONG
ALLEYWAYS.

STEED IS CLOBBERED.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT/INT.GARAGE INTERCUTTING.

TARA: (into phone) Hello.

SANDERS: (into phone) Hello, it's Sanders here Miss King, you asked me to telephone you if I discovered anything about your elusive cab.

TARA: Yes.

SANDERS: Well I think I can explain the mystery. Only, err, it's a bit more complicated than you thought. Could you come round and see me ?

TARA: I'll be there in five minutes.

INT. SANDER'S GARAGE.

SANDERS: Oh it's you sir. Come to hire another....
.....

SANDERS REACTS AND
BACKS AWAY FROM THE
SWORD -

SANDERS: (SCREAMS) Ah.....

TARA: Mr. Sanders!
Mr. Sanders.

TARA REACTS AS CART
WHEEL IS PUSHED TOWARDS
HER.

NO DIALOGUE

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF
THE HANSOM MOVING AWAY.

TARA FINDS INVOICE -
which reads:
TO THE HIRE OF ONE HANSOM
CAB - FOUR WEEKS RENTAL
IN ADVANCE - £80.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

TARA SEES HANSOM-CAB OUTSIDE
PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AND DECIDES
TO INVESTIGATE.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED: Where to Miss ?

TARA: Oh Steed, what are you doing here ?

STEED: Making sure the fox doesn't break cover.
Any news ?

TARA: Yes Sanders.

STEED: Dead ?

TARA: Yes.
Found this in his garage.

STEED: Mmm. Looks as though we're barking up the right tree.

TARA: Are you sure Sir Geoffrey's at home ?

STEED: He arrived a few minutes ago.

INT. PRESIDENT'S STUDY.

PRESIDENT: Who's there ?

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

STEED: Next thing I knew I was lying on some very hard cobblestones and there was no sign of him.

TARA: So you waited for him here ?
Well he must have been on his way to deal with Sanders when you lost him.

STEED: When you arrived he ran away. That fellow has the luck of the -

STEED REACTS - Ssshhh.
He's got some more business in hand.
Look my car's down there, take it and follow him. I'll look around the house.

TARA: Right.

TARA MOVES TO
STEED'S CAR -
STEED GOES INTO
THE HOUSE.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PRESIDENT'S STUDY

STEED: Sir Geoffrey! What happened ?

PRESIDENT: Stabbed.

STEED: Did you see who did it ?

PRESIDENT: No he took a file from the cabinet -

STEED: What file ?

PRESIDENT: See which number's missing.

STEED: One - two - three - four - five - seven.
Six is missing. What was in it ?

PRESIDENT: Names and addresses - club members.

STEED: And professions.

PRESIDENT: Yes - what - what d'you mean ?

STEED: His profession could have been the clue to his motive.

PRESIDENT: He said - he said something curious.

STEED: What was it ?

PRESIDENT: He said "That's the cure for your fever".

STEED: Fever! Fever - fever - of course!
Is there a duplicate - is there a duplicate file.?

PRESIDENT: At the club.

STEED: Oh - I was afraid of that. There isn't much time and I must get you a Doctor.

PRESIDENT: I am a Doctor - I'll be all right. But you can send me an undertaker.
And you - find out who did it.

STEED: I know who did it.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

STEED'S ROLLS FOLLOWING
CAR.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED APPEARS FROM
THE HOUSE., JUMPS INTO
HANSOM-CAB AND DRIVES
AWAY.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL FIVE

741 feet + 6 frames.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

TARA FOLLOWING SIR GEOFFREY'S
CAR TO THE - NO DIALOGUE

EXT. GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB

TARA WATCHES GHOUL
moving to the Club. NO DIALOGUE

FLOWER SELLER: Lucky white heather lady ?

TARA: No thank you.

TARA LOOKS INSIDE SIR
GEOFFREY'S CAR - FINDS
THE TAPE RECORDER - NO DIALOGUE
SWITCHES IT ON - AND
HEARS "HANSOM-CAB" TRACK.

TARA ENTERS GASLIGHT GHOUL
CLUB. NO DIALOGUE

INT. GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB.

TARA ENTERS AND TURNS
ON THE GAS MANTLE. NO DIALOGUE
WALKS ACROSS THE ROOM
TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE OF
BLACK MUSEUM - ENTERS.

GLOVED HANDS APPEAR
AND SWITCH ON THE
FOG INDICATOR. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

HANSOM CAB TRAVELLING. NO DIALOGUE

INT. BLACK MUSEUM

TARA INVESTIGATING.
REACTS TO NOISE -
RUSHES FROM MUSEUM
INTO - NO DIALOGUE

INT. GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB & INT. MUSEUM

TARA SCREAMS AS SHE
COMES FACE TO FACE
WITH THE GHOUL - -

TARA: (screams) Ah.....

TARA RUSHES INTO
MUSEUM - MEANWHILE
THE GHOUL TURNS THE
INDICATOR AGAIN. NO DIALOGUE

INT. BLACK MUSEUM

TARA SCREAMS: Ah....

TRAVERS: I warned you not to interfere.
I can't allow anyone to come between me
and my objective.

TARA: The disruption of the Disarmament Conference?

TRAVERS: Of course.

TARA: But why ? What do you think you'd achieve.

TRAVERS: The protection of my livelihood. Armaments!
Guns. Ammunition. All the trappings of
war. These fools want to disarm the world.
A bunch of wooden headed idealists who'd
make me as extinct as the dodo! Well I
couldn't have that could I ? I'm conducting
my own fight for survival.

TARA: With this Club as a perfect cover.

TRAVERS: Until you and Steed appeared.

EXT. STREETS & ALLEY COMPLEX.

STEED ARRIVES. NO DIALOGUE

INT. GASLIGHT GHOUL CLUB AND BLACK MUSEUM

TARA: Steed!

STEED: Ah! not so good at long range, eh Travers ?

TRAVERS: We shall see.

STEED: We will. But I don't think you'll be
curing my fever. You know you gave yourself
away when you said that you could cure
Sir Geoffrey's fever for him. How did the
poem go - ? "The lingering illness is over
at last....."

TRAVERS: "... and the fever called living is
conquered".

STEED: That's it! That's it - by Elgar
Alan Poe. I remember you saying that
Poe was your favourite author.

TRAVERS: Not so effective at long range, aren't I ?
I have another poem. A couplet - "Contrive
to stay Alive".

STEED: Kisorky of the Russian Imperial guard
taught me the sabre Travers.
He was unique. He used to fire darts
faster than the eye could see.

THROUGHOUT THIS DIALOGUE
TRAVERS HURLS SWORDS AT
STEED WHO DIVERTS THEM.

STEED: (continued)

Instinctive reflex training he used to call it. If those darts struck - they hurt. I wasn't often hurt. Now that's a problem, easily solved.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

STEED:

Phew! Saved you from a state
fate worse than -

Do you mind.

TARA:

Not at all.
I think I prefer you with an umbrella.

STEED LAUGHS:

Ha! Ha!

STEED:

Oh.

TARA:

Oh Steed you're a gentlemen and a scholar.

STEED:

Thank you very much. How's your - how's your
ankle ?

TARA:

I just can't bear traps.
Ooh.

STEED:

Ooh. All right ?

TARA:

Mmmm.

STEED:

I'll take you out into the - oh! - bright
clear daylight.

TARA:

No fog.

STEED:

Well that's marvellous. Makes life a lot
easier.

TARA:

For everyone. Hey, including Mother.

STEED:

Ah poor Mother, I wonder how she's getting on.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED: V.O.

Tara!

TARA: V.O.

Over here Steed.

STEED: V.O.

Is your glass full ?

TARA: V.O.

I can't see, wait a minute.
No, it's empty.

STEED: V.O.

I'll recharge it for you. I can't seem to
locate the drinks table.

TARA: V.O.

Straight ahead. But look out for
my favourite china ornament.

STEED: V.O.

It Ah, here we are.
Pity about your air conditioning system.

TARA: V.O.

Great pity.

STEED: V.O. Going into reverse on a foggy day like this.
Now where are you ?

TARA: V.O. Over here.

STEED: V.O. Keep talking - keep talking - I'll soon
find you

TARA: V.O. What shall we talk about ? Oh that reminds
me, Mother. I wonder if his navigation
system's worked ?

STEED: V.O. Oh undoubtedly, Mother isn't one to ---

MOTOR HORN F.X.

MOTHER'S VOICE: That's it Rhonda - left here . . .
then on we go - we're on the home straight
now.

MINI MOKE F.X.
THROUGH ROOM.

STEED: V.O. Tara!!

TARA: V.O. Yes ?

STEED: V.O. I think you left the front door open.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

ABC LOGO CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ABC LOGO CARD

THE END

END OF REEL SIX

778 feet + 5 frames.

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4723 feet + 8 frames.

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