

" THE AVENGERS "

"LOVE ALL"

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.

JANUARY 1969.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. MINISTRY BUILDING

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MINISTRY CORRIDOR

MARTHA scrubbing floor.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

SIR RODNEY:

..finally may I impress upon you that this is a matter of the utmost secrecy. The Report must on no account be discussed outside these four walls. Each of you will read it in turn and then pass it on to the man whose name is next on the list. When you are all fully acquainted with its contents, we will meet again to put its recommendations into effect. That is all gentlemen.

INT. CORRIDOR

SIR RODNEY:

Thank you. You needn't wait any longer.

GUARD:

Very good sir.

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

SIR RODNEY:

Darling!

MARTHA:

Rodders!

SIR RODNEY:

I'm sorry the silly old meeting took so long.

MARTHA:

What did you talk about.

SIR RODNEY:

Oooh! Routine stuff, all very dull I'm afraid.

MARTHA:

Tell me about it.

SIR RODNEY:

Not now. We've got more important things to talk about.

MARTHA:

I want to hear about the meeting.

SIR RODNEY:

But our little secrets are so boring my love, they couldn't possibly interest a lovely girl like you.

MARTHA:

Oh but that's where you're wrong Rodders, I'm interested in everything about you, especially your secrets.

EPISODE TITLE "LOVE ALL"  
SUPERIMPOSED.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. STREET.

STEED's legs walking along -  
drops thru. manhole.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MOTHER'S H.Q.

STEED: What's the problem ?

TARA: That's what I'm waiting to find out.

MOTHER: You know what a sticky wicket is, don't you ?

TARA: A difficult one.

MOTHER: Well we're all batting on one now.

STEED: Why ?

MOTHER: There's a security leak at the Ministry.

TARA: Which department ?

MOTHER: Missile Re-Deployment.

STEED: Hard luck!

MOTHER: That's impossible, all Missile personnel  
has a top Q.R. Security Rating.

MOTHER: The evidence is overwhelming. The other  
Side seems to know our every move almost  
before we make it.

TARA: Any suspects ?

MOTHER: Every man in the department. I've had them  
under surveillance for two months.

STEED: Have you checked all their contacts.

MOTHER: With a microscope. Perfectly legitimate.

TARA: Who is in charge there ?

MOTHER: Sir Rodney Kellogg.

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

SIR RODNEY: So that's the situation my love. The Report  
proposed a streamlining of the divisional  
areas, and an overhaul of the entire National  
Security System.

MARTHA: Oh I see.

SIR RODNEY: Though why you should bother your pretty  
little head with such tedious stuff is  
beyond me.

MARTHA: It's fascinating Rodney. Only, there's just  
one thing that I'm not quite clear about.

SIR RODNEY: Mmm - and what's that my love ?

MARTHA: Well what happens to the Purbeach base after the re-organisation ?

SIR RODNEY: Oh, it will be used as a decoy.

MARTHA: Oh.

SIR RODNEY: Err - the new centre of the East Anglian complex will be -

METCALFE: That's enough, Sir Rodney.

SIR RODNEY: Who - who are you ?

METCALFE: Metcalfe - Security. I thought something like this was going on. I must ask you both to accompany me to Headquarters.

MARTHA: I'm sorry darling - it was all my fault.

SIR RODNEY: No, no, my love. It was I who was foolish. You mustn't blame yourself.

MARTHA: Oh but I do. I got you into this mess and it's up to me to get you out.

EXT. MINISTRY

AS STEED ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MINISTRY CORRIDOR

MARTHA: (SCREAMS) Ah.....

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

STEED: Hmmm. three shots - very civil.  
You even shoot people in triplicate.

INT. GASANOVA INK/INTERCUTTING/INT.MINISTRY PHONE BOX.

BROMFIELD: (into phone) Yes ?

MARTHA: (into phone) Things are getting a bit hot I'm afraid.

BROMFIELD: What do you mean ?

MARTHA: They're on to Sir Rodney.

BROMFIELD: Then break contact. Throw him to the Wolves.

MARTHA: That's exactly what I have done.

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

STEED: I'm putting you under house arrest pending a full enquiry. See that he's confined to his office until further notice.

STEED: There's one more thing Sir Rodney.  
Has it escaped your notice that there's  
been a Security leak from this department.

INT. MOTHER'S H.Q.

MOTHER: What did he say ?

STEED: Nothing - he looked at me as  
though I was speaking Mongolian.

TARA: So you don't think he knew who Metcalfe was.

STEED: I don't think he knew who anybody was. He  
was too busy thinking about something else.

MOTHER: Any idea what ?

STEED: No. He spent the entire interview in a kind  
of trance. He kept looking into infinity  
with an idiotic smile on his face.

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

SIR RODNEY PACING FLOOR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CORRIDOR

SIR RODNEY: I wonder - would it be possible for me to  
see the Personnel file ? It's - mm - it's  
in Mr. Tait's office.

GUARD: I don't see why not sir. I'll fetch it  
for you.

SIR RODNEY: Thank you.  
Thank you -

INT. MOTHER'S H.Q.

MOTHER: D'you think he's been got at ?

STEED: Intimidation.

MOTHER: Blackmail.

TARA: Infatuation.

MOTHER: I must ask you to control your natural  
frivolities Miss King. This case could  
have very serious consequences.

TARA: Sorry.

MOTHER: Anyway, whoever heard of a respectable  
gentleman like Sir Rodney, losing his head  
over a woman. I've never heard anything so  
ridiculous in my life.

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

GUARD:

There we are sir.

SIR RODNEY:

Yes thank you - thank you very much.

INT. CORRIDOR

GUARD:

Why would he want the staff list ?

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

SIR RODNEY: (mumbling)

Ah! Martha! Martha!

Martha. Martha. Martha.

.....

(mumbles)

Ah, Martha Roberts.

Four Chester Place, London, E.13.

Nothing will keep us apart now dearest.

EXT. MINISTRY

SIR RODNEY RUSHES OUT AND  
JUMPS INTO ROLLS - DRIVES  
OFF. GUARDS REACT.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL ONE

796 feet + 11 frames

INT. MOTHER'S H.Q.

MOTHER: So you don't think Sir Rodney killed Metcalfe ?

STEED: I'm certain he didn't. He told me he had a firearms permit.

MOTHER: And you've checked.

STEED: There's nothing registered in his name.

MOTHER: Then who's he covering up for ?

STEED: The person who gave him this.

MOTHER: Ah! Fancy handle - that suggests -

TARA: A woman.?

MOTHER: Not necessarily. A lot of men used these in the nineteenth century.

MOTHER: (into phone) Yes. Mother. What ? Incompetent bunglers!

STEED: Sir Rodney's escaped ?

MOTHER: Jumped through a window - twenty feet from the ground. Now what on earth would make a middle aged civil servant do a stupid thing like that.

STEED: Desperation.?

TARA: Love.?

INT. ROLLS/EXT. STREET

SIR RODNEY DRIVING ALONG.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. MARTHA'S FRONT DOOR

SIR RODNEY: Oh!

MARTHA: Yes.

SIR RODNEY: I was looking for Martha - Martha Roberts.

MARTHA: Oh Auntie ? I'm afraid she's in the bath at the moment. Can I give her a message ?

SIR RODNEY: Well, not really. It's a - well it's personal.

MARTHA: Oh I see. Well, can I say who called ?

SIR RODNEY: Err - just tell her it's - a - Rodders.

MARTHA: Rodders.

SIR RODNEY: That's right - Rodders.

MARTHA: She'll know who that is, will she ?

SIR RODNEY: Oh yes - yes indeed she will.

MARTHA: Right. I'm afraid I can't ask you in - we're in a terrible mess at the moment and Auntie doesn't receive visitors until she's had a chance to tidy up.

SIR RODNEY: (Mumbles) Oh yes.

INT. SIR RODNEY'S OFFICE

STEED: Personnel file. Now why should he want to see the personnel file.?

GUARD: No idea sir. I didn't see any harm in it so I went and fetched it for him.

STEED: Did you touch something in here ?

GUARD: No sir. We left everything exactly as it was.

STEED: Mmm. I wonder what sort of personnel he was looking for ?

EXT. MARTHA'S FRONT DOOR

MARTHA: Rodders!!

SIR RODNEY: Darling.

MARTHA: Have they let you go ?

SIR RODNEY: No, I escaped.

MARTHA: Escaped! Oh, you shouldn't have done that.

SIR RODNEY: I know. I just had to see you again.

MARTHA: You must go back - immediately.

SIR RODNEY: Out of the question.

MARTHA: But they'll be looking for you. I mean, you don't want to bring me into this, do you ?

SIR RODNEY: They'll never find us. We'll go - we'll disappear together, somewhere far away, where we can be safe.

MARTHA: All right Rodney, I'll go with you.

SIR RODNEY: (whispers) Darling....

MARTHA: Take me wherever you please.

SIR RODNEY: Darling you've made me so happy. You'll never regret this I promise.

MARTHA: But you might.



SIR RODNEY:

Never! Come on.

INT. MERCEDES (INTERCUTTING)

Driver's hand on wheel.  
His P.O.V. of -

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREET

AS SIR RODNEY & MARTHA  
walk to car and drive off.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ROLLS

MARTHA:

Pull up over there Rodders.

SIR RODNEY:

But darling we haven't much time.

MARTHA:

Please do as I say - darling, I've got  
something I want to ask you.

SIR RODNEY:

Very well.

EXT. STREET (INTERCUTTING)

MARTHA:

Kiss me Rodney.

SIR RODNEY:

Of course my love - But don't you  
think we ought -

MARTHA:

No buts.  
I want to make sure that you love me.

SIR RODNEY:

You know I do darling.

MARTHA:

And you'll never leave me ?

SIR RODNEY:

Never.

MARTHA:

Promise.?

SIR RODNEY:

Promise!

MARTHA:

Ah! what a pity.

GUN SHOT

INT. MERCEDES

MARTHA:

I'm sorry darling. There was no other way.

BROMFIELD:

Nevermind. There are plenty more fish  
in the sea.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. STREET

Establishing Rolls.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ROLLS:

TARA: Poor Sir Rodney. This is one murder he won't be able to accept the responsibility for.

STEED: There's no sign of a weapon ?

TARA: None at all.

STEED: I wonder what he was doing around here ?

TARA: Eloping ?

STEED: Now we don't want to go into that again.

TARA: I'm telling you, in cases like these you've got to consider every -  
cherchez la femme!

STEED: What is it ?

TARA: French perfume - very exclusive.

STEED: Can you identify it ?

TARA: Of course. It's RECKLESS ABANDON.

STEED: Then it's highly appropriate.  
Who makes it ?

TARA: A Company called Bellchamber Brothers.

EXT. PERFUMIERS:

AS TARA ENTERS BUILDING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PERFUMIERS

BELLCHAMBER: Aha! And what can I do for you Madam.

TARA: Ah, I'm looking for Mr. Bellohamber.

BELLCHAMBER: Oh he's away at the moment in Provence, crushing Lily -

TARA: Really, I'm surprised she doesn't object.

BELLCHAMBER: Crushing Lilies for Lily of the Valley Madam. James always pops over about this time of year.

TARA: Well if he's your brother, why isn't your name Bellchamber ?

BELLCHAMBER: It is Madam.

TARA: Well then, how d'you know I wasn't looking for you ?

BELLCHAMBER: Nobody ever does, madam, you see, I've got no personality.

TARA: What! None at all.?

BELLCHAMBER: Not an iota. My brother says that as a Salesman I'm a total disaster.

TARA: Really ?

BELLCHAMBER: Ummm.  
When he's here he usually shuts me up in the back of the shop. Now how can I be of service ?

TARA: Well, you could tell me something.

BELLCHAMBER: Certainly.

TARA: Is - mm - "Reckless Abandon" a popular brand ?

BELLCHAMBER: Among the wealthy and the discerning madam. It's - mm - priced a little high for most pockets.

TARA: So the average number of clients that would use it - would be - mm ...?

BELLCHAMBER: Ten, fifteen, twenty at the most.

TARA: You couldn't give me a list of their names could you ?

BELLCHAMBER: It's a little irregular madam.

TARA: Oh well you see, I'm writing this article err - "PERFUMES OF THE ARLSTOCRACY". I didn't think you'd be adverse to a little publicity ?

BELLCHAMBER: Mmm, so long as it's discreet madam. If you'll wait here a moment, I'll see what I can do.

TARA: Thank you.

BELLCHAMBER: Here we are Madam. As far as I can tell from our records that's the complete list.

TARA: I'm very grateful. Thank you.

BELLCHAMBER: Perhaps you'd care to express your gratitude in a tangible form ?

TARA: Oh I see. Mmm yes - could you send me a case of Lily of the Valley ?

BELLCHAMBER: Certainly madam.

TARA: Crushed by your brother of course.

EXT. STREET

DRIVER'S P.O.V. AS TARA  
DRIVES OFF.

NO DIALOGUE

MARTHA RUSHES TO CAR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

MARTHA:

Get after that girl!

BROMFIELD: V.O.

Why ?

MARTHA:

She's got a list with my name on it.

BROMFIELD: V.O.

Has she now ?

MARTHA:

I've got her address.

BROMFIELD: (into mic)

Freeman, I've got a job for you.

INT. CASANOVA INK

FREEMAN: (into phone)

Yes chief.

Oh, what's the address again.

Okay Chief. Yeah, I'll get there  
right away. Yeah.

EXT. TARA'S MEWS

TARA's car arrives.  
Freeman watches.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT /INT. MOTHER'S H.Q. INTER-CUTTING.

TARA: (into phone)

I want you to help me eliminate some of  
the names on this list Mother. Mmmm  
tell me about Lady Vanessa Cholmondley  
Davenport.

MOTHER:

Oh you can forget her. I've known her  
since she came out in nineteen thirty eight.

TARA:

The Honourable Malvena Treadworth Smith ?

MOTHER:

You can leave her out as well. She's a  
Platoon leader in the Girl Guides.

TARA:

The Duchess of ....  
just a second Mother, there's someone at  
the door.

FREEMAN:

The list! Light.

FIGHT SEQUENCE  
TARA/FREEMAN.

MOTHER: (into phone)

Oh come along Tara, I haven't got all day.

TARA: Casanova Ink.  
TARA: (into phone) Hello Mother. Sorry to keep you waiting. Tell me, what do you know about Casanova Ink ?

EXT. MINISTRY BUILDING

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TAIT'S OFFICE

TAIT: A woman. You say Sir Rodney was killed by a woman.?  
STEED: It looks like it Mr. Tait. Did you ever see him with one ?  
TAIT: Never! Avoided them like the plague. I can't say I blame him really ?  
STEED: Why ?  
TAIT: Extraordinary creatures. Never been able to understand what makes them tick.  
STEED: And did Sir Rodney feel the same ?  
TAIT: But they were anathema to him, Steed, sheer anathema. Mention women's suffrage and he'd go purple in the face!  
STEED: Perhaps he was having an unhappy love affair ?  
TAIT: Impossible! Like myself he was a confirmed bachelor.  
Come in!  
And let's face it, when one gets to be my age, we're far too set in our ways to allow a woman to change it.  
What is it ?  
FRANCES: The Commission's Report, Mr. Tait.  
TAIT: Ah! Thank you.  
FRANCES: If you'll just put a tick against your name when you've read it and then pass it on to the next on the list.  
TAIT: Right.  
STEED: You were saying . . .?  
TAIT: I was saying that what you suggest is out of the question Steed. If Sir Rodney was "carrying on" as they say, I would certainly have known about it.  
STEED: I see. Then I'm sorry to have wasted your time.

TAIT: Oh not at all. Glad to have scotched the rumour before it spreads.

STEED: "De mortuis nil nisi bonum".

TAIT: "De mortuis - " yes, yes, yes exactly.

TAIT: (to himself) "De mortuis ....." Does DE take the dative or was it the accusative ?.

TAIT: (into phone) Roxby ? Guess what ? Just had a fellow in my office suggesting that Sir Rodney was playing about with a woman!

INT. ROXBY'S OFFICE.

ROXBY: (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha!  
That's ridiculous. Rodney was a dedicated misogynist. One time he and I even considered forming a club for genuine woman haters. Rodney having an affair - what rubbish!

MARTHA: I got to go now darling.

ROXBY: So soon dearest ?

MARTHA: Well I can't hang around here all day, I've got work to do.

ROXBY: When shall I see you again ?

MARTHA: When you've got something to tell me.

ROXBY: There are so many things I want to tell you.

MARTHA: Yeah - not those sort of things. Important things. Things I asked you to find out for me.

ROXBY: How will I find you again my angel ?

MARTHA: You won't have to, Basil, I'll find you.

INT. CORRIDOR

FRYER: Darling!

INT. MOTHER'S H.Q.

MOTHER: Casanova Ink ? Never heard of them!

TARA: Well they've obviously heard of me.

MOTHER: You seem to hold an attraction for them.

TARA: I wasn't even trying.

MOTHER: They were very eager to get rid of that list. Can you remember any of the names on it ?

TARA:

Only the ones I told you.

MOTHER:

Pity. You obviously didn't get to the one that really mattered.

INT. CORRIDOR

MARTHA scrubbing floor.  
Rises and moves along  
corridor to telephone.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MINISTRY PHONE BOX

MARTHA: (into phone)

Tait's nearly finished the book. He's had long enough now. I'm moving in.

INT. CORRIDOR

MARTHA:

Oh no!

INT. TAIT'S OFFICE

TAIT:

Come in!

POLICEWOMAN:

Are you the owner of the car number three o' eight, HYH ?

TAIT:

Yes.

POLICEWOMAN:

You're parked in a "No Parking Zone".

TAIT:

Am I ?

POLICEWOMAN:

Yes.  
Have you anything to say.

TAIT:

Yes. I love you.

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

EXT. MINISTRY BUILDING

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MINISTRY PHONE BOX

MARTHA: (into phone)

Darling - darling it's all gone wrong. I can't explain on the phone. I must see you. No, no, not tonight, now! I'll be there as soon as I can.

INT. TAIT'S OFFICE

STEED:

Was it really necessary to handcuff him ?

POLICEWOMAN:

He handcuffed me! Muttered something about "Those whom the Law hath joined together let no man put assunder".

TAIT:

Isn't she lovely ? I want to take her away from London into the soft warm sun .. to a place where her delicate fragile beauty can blossom into the rare exotic flower she really is.

STEED:

Well that's nice.

TAIT:

Do you realise this sweet innocent child lives in constant danger. I mean, how would you like to face violent criminals unarmed ?

STEED:

I wouldn't like it at all. Err - tell me Mr. Tait, have you always felt so strongly about the welfare of our Policewomen ?

TAIT:

Not always.

STEED:

Why the sudden interest ?

TAIT:

Because someone came into my life. Yes - number seven-two-nine Policewoman Grimshaw.

POLICEWOMAN:

Just my luck. My first case. A simple parking offence and I end up chained to a chronic Casanova!

END OF REEL THREE

754 feet + 14 frames



INT. MOTHER'S H.Q.

MOTHER: Have you checked on Tait ?

STEED: Uhuh! He thinks our Policewomen are wonderful.

MOTHER: Where is he now ?

STEED: In custody.

MOTHER: This wretched affair's taking on a pattern and I don't like the picture.

STEED: No, neither do I.

MOTHER: Still, we do have a slight lead.

STEED: "Casanova Ink". What's that got to do with it.

MOTHER: Do you know I haven't the slightest idea.

STEED: I'd better find out.

TARA: Well what about me ?

MOTHER: The Ministry seems to be ravaged by a disease, get back there and see if you can isolate the virus that's causing it.

TARA: Sir.

EXT. MINISTRY BUILDING

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TAIT'S OFFICE

TARA INVESTIGATES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CASANOVA INK. CORRIDOR..

STEED walks along corridor and knocks on door.

THELMA'S VOICE: Please - please take the blindfold off my eyes.

INT. CASANOVA INK. OFFICE.

THELMA: (continues)

I know you're there. I sense the aura of evil that surrounds you. I beg you, untie my hands. I can hear you. Your breathing. I can hear your breathing. Why do you torture me this way. Do you keep me in this foul dungeon just to stand and silently gloat over me. Scarlett's voice caught in her throat and she sobbed helplessly. Blinded by the velvet band across her eyes, she was unable to see the claw-like hand that reached forward to stroke the ivory flesh of her shoulder.

THELMA: (gasps) Ah!...

Oh my goodness you frightened the life out of me.

STEED: I'm most terribly sorry.

THELMA: I should think so too.  
Scare like that could give a girl grey hair.

STEED: I'm sure that whatever the colour of your hair, you'd still be equally attractive.

THELMA: Oooh dear - thank you - it's not original you know.

STEED: Your hair ?

THELMA: Your line - it's not original.

STEED: Oh it's been said to you before ?

THELMA: Lord Digby Covington said it to Samantha Pride in "Love Under Southern Skies"... It was just after he'd rescued her from the gorilla who fancied her.

STEED: Of course. I remember now. "Love Under Southern Skies".. It was a very touching story. I read it three times.

THELMA: Something went wrong that day. Couldn't get the end of the story to work. Instead of boy gets girl, it kept coming out girl gets gorilla.

STEED: That's a tricky situation.

THELMA: Very.

STEED: But you solved it with your customary skill. I hope you won't think me immodest if I claim to be your greatest fan.

THELMA: Really ?

STEED: I've read all your books.

THELMA: What, all four hundred and thirty seven ?

STEED: On a cold winter's night, I like nothing more than curling up in front of the fire with Rosemary Z. Glade.

THELMA: That's nice.

STEED: It's been my life-long ambition to meet Rosemary Z. Glade, in the - if you'll excuse the expression, flesh. So you can see it's a rather special moment for me Miss Glade. Or may I call you Rosemary ?

THELMA: You may if you like. My name is Thelma.

STEED: You're not Rosemary Z. Glade ?

THELMA: No. She is.

STEED: That... writes all those moving novels ?!

THELMA: She's a computer - quite clever really. You see every romantic situation in the world is built into her memory circuits. The keys activate the situations.

STEED: Moonlight kisses. Wife hears rumours. Girl meets wife. Wife sues girl. Wife leaves husband. Husband leaves wife. Girl returns ring. Boy gives flowers. AH! Fascinating!

THELMA: Once we've picked out the situation, the machine does the rest. It chooses the scenes from the dialogue bank and bingo.... another best selling Rosemary Z. Glade romance. I'll show you if you like.

STEED: Please. The creative arts have always fascinated me.

THELMA: (laughs lightly) Ha! Ha!

THELMA: There you are. Instant romance.

STEED: Brilliant.

THELMA: We keep adding new dialogue to the memory banks. That's what I was doing when you came in.

STEED: The machine's a genius.

THELMA: Oh I don't know. It's a very bad speller sometimes but Mr. Bromfield's working on that.

STEED: Mr. Bromfield ?

THELMA: Oh he's lovely, and ever so clever with electronic things and stuff. He invented Rosemary.

STEED: Oooh! Well I'd like to meet him.

THELMA: Oh he's not here at the moment.

STEED: Pity, well I'll call back - later.

STEED: Aren't they attractive rings.

THELMA: Just junk jewellery. We send them off to the Rosemary Z. Glade fan club. Have one if you like.

STEED: Thank you. Come to think of it, I saw someone wearing one of these the other day and I can't remember his name. He was tall, thick-set dark, with a moustache.

THELMA: Sounds like Freeman. Works in our Printing room.

STEED: Is he here ?

THELMA: Not sure. We'll go and see. I'll take you through.

STEED: Thank you.

INT. PRINTING ROOM

THELMA: Athene. This is Mr. - err -

STEED: Steed.

THELMA: He'd like a word with Freeman.

ATHENE: Not here. A friend of yours ?

STEED: In a way. He said he'd show me around if I was passing.

ATHENE: Well not much to see really. Printing press in there, despatch department in here.

STEED: It's really rather like a shrine. The very place where all that undying prose is printed for posterity.

THELMA: Mr. Steed is a fan.

THELMA: Perhaps you'd like an advance copy of Rosemary's latest .... "Love on the Moon".

STEED: Would I not.

ATHENE: (shouts) Not that one!  
These are library copies. I'll get you a de luxe edition. There you are - with the compliments of Casanova Ink.

STEED: I'll treasure it. Oh there is just one other thing, I've never seen a printing press - I wonder, might I have a peep ?

ATHENE: Why not.

STEED: I can't thank you enough. It's been very good meeting you Madam.

INT. CASANOVA INK OFFICE

STEED: It's been a very informative visit. Thank you so much.

THELMA: Fans are always welcome.

STEED: I beg your pardon.

BROMFIELD: Not at all.

STEED: I don't think we've met.

THELMA: Mr. Steed, this is Mr. Bromfield.

STEED: The Mr. Bromfield ? The master mind who created Rosemary ?

THELMA: Mr. Bromfield's a genius.....

STEED: I agree.

THELMA: and ever so passionate!

STEED: I'll take your word for it.

BROMFIELD: You're very kind Mr. Steed, and now if you'll excuse me I'm afraid I am a very busy man.

STEED: (Overrides last line) Oh but of course, of course, of course, of course. The world is waiting for Rosemary Z. Glade's newest masterpiece. And I don't want to delay it for a second it's so good of you to see me - ah! goodbye.

INT. CORRIDOR

STEED leaves as MARTHA arrives.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL FOUR

776 feet + 6 frames.

INT. CASANOVA INK OFFICE

MARTHA: That man who just came out of here ...

BROMFIELD: What about him ?

MARTHA: I've seen him at the Ministry.

BROMFIELD: What ?

MARTHA: He came to interview Sir Rodney. I saw him again in Tait's office.

BROMFIELD: What did he want - what did you tell him ?

THELMA: I didn't tell him anything. We only talked about Rosemary.

BROMFIELD: Did he go in there?

THELMA: Only to look at the press. Oh don't be cross with me Nigel.

BROMFIELD: We can't take any chances. He'll have to be dealt with.

MARTHA: But how ?

BROMFIELD: Fryer - he's in love with you, isn't he ?

MARTHA: Naturally.

BROMFIELD: And a jealous man will do anything for the woman he loves.

INT. FRYER'S OFFICE

MARTHA: He'll always stand between us, you know that George. He can spoil everything for us. I just wish there was some way, some way I could be rid of him.... But it's impossible. He's always sworn he'll never let me go as long as he lives.

FRYER: Who is he ?

MARTHA: Steed. John Steed.

MARTHA: I wouldn't want anything to happen to you darling. He's a very dangerous man. Take this. Just in case.

INT. CORRIDOR

FRYER MOVES AWAY -  
MARTHA SEES TARA AT  
DESK IN TAIT'S OFFICE.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MINISTRY PHONE BOX/INT.CASANOVA INK (INTER-CUTTING)

BROMFIELD: (into phone) Yes ?

MARTHA: Darling we're in trouble. That girl I saw at the Perfumiers, she's in Tait's Office.

BROMFIELD'S VOICE: That's not important. She can't prove anything.

MARTHA: (into phone) No, no, no, it's not that. She's reading the book.

BROMFIELD: (into phone) I'll attend to this personally. Go back and lock the door I don't want anybody else going in there before I arrive.

MARTHA: (into phone) Be as quick as you can.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Fryer come in - come on in.  
I think I'm on to something.  
Forgive me for being so pre-occupied  
but this really is rather fascinating.  
Help yourself to a drink. I'll be with you.  
If you're wanting to sell that - I - mm - I  
have one already.  
Forgive my mentioning it but you have the  
safety catch off - that's a very dangerous  
way to handle a gun.

FRYER: I'll never know any peace without her.

STEED: Are you sure you don't want a drink.

FRYER: No don't come near me.

STEED: You're going to use that ?

FRYER: I've got to. I've got to kill you.

STEED: Now don't do anything I might regret.

FRYER: It's the only way. She told me about herself,  
and about you. She doesn't love you Steed,  
you know that.

STEED: Look - who are you talking about ?

FRYER: She told me that you'd never let her go.  
So it's the only answer. I've got to do it  
Steed, she means too much to me.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

STEED: She must be quite a woman - whoever she is.

INT. TAIT'S OFFICE

TARA FINISHES BOOK AND  
MOVES TO DOOR WHICH IS  
LOCKED.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CORRIDOR

BROMFIELD: She seems to be getting excited.  
MARTHA: Perhaps she knows what's in store for her.  
BROMFIELD: Relax my dear, love is just around the corner.

INT. TAIT'S OFFICE

TARA: Oh!  
Who locked the door, what .....!  
BROMFIELD: You were saying my dear ?  
TARA: Nothing - just that I think you're wonderful.  
BROMFIELD: Yes.  
TARA: I love you.  
BROMFIELD: Who doesn't ?  
Ah. Shall we go my dear ?  
TARA: Anywhere.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Have some more brandy.  
Well at least you're now believing me.  
FRYER: Yes it was stupid and thoughtless. But I  
tell you honestly, I've never known an  
emotion like it. I lost control. There was  
no logic, no reason. I was just insanely,  
unthinkingly jealous.  
STEED: Who is she ?  
FRYER: Her name's Martha Roberts.  
But why should she tell me there was  
anything between you.  
STEED: Perhaps she had some reason for wanting me  
dead.  
FRYER: But why ?  
STEED: I don't know.  
FRYER: You know the thing that terrifies me -  
that really terrifies me - is - that I still  
love her. I might have you killed you tonight  
- ended both our lives - but it doesn't  
change anything, I still love her.  
STEED: Where did you meet her ?



FRYER: At the Ministry.

STEED: How ?

FRYER: She came into my office. I was reading and looked up - like magic.

STEED: Reading ? Reading what ?

FRYER: I don't know. D'you think it's important.

STEED: Was it something - err - like this ?

FRYER: Why yes - yes that's the one.

STEED: All right, now you rest here - stay here as long as you like. I have to go.

INT. CASANOVA INK OFFICE

BROMFIELD: Is that the location Fryer gave you.

MARTHA: Yes.

BROMFIELD: Are you sure it's accurate ?

MARTHA: Well there's no reason to doubt it - he was as hooked as all the rest.

BROMFIELD: Yes. How's it feel to have every senior Official at the Ministry in love with you ?

MARTHA: Well it's hardly my fatal attraction - they just can't help themselves.

BROMFIELD: Huh, my little micro-dots work wonders, don't they ? Constantly projecting their subliminal message through every page. And perfect in a thick book that requires a great deal of concentration.

MARTHA: Why did you choose love as the emotion to work with ?

BROMFIELD: Because it's been scientifically proven that love is the most potent emotion in the Universe. Well unlike jealousy, hate, fear, Love is the emotion of co-operation. The man or woman in the thrall of love is as easily manipulated as soft putty.

MARTHA: Well it's certainly proved itself. Now is there anything else you want me to find out?

BROMFIELD: No. No, this is a perfect picture of the new Security System. We've fulfilled our contract.

MARTHA: And when do we get the money ?

BROMFIELD: As soon as we get this out of the country. Athene! Thelma! Now let's start getting this stuff out of here.

MARTHA:

Oh, what about the girl ?

BROMFIELD:

Oh yes I'd quite forgotten about her.

MARTHA:

Oh, what are we going to do about her ?

BROMFIELD:

Nothing.

MARTHA:

Nothing!

BROMFIELD:

It won't be necessary.  
She'll do anything for me.  
You will, my dear, won't you ?

TARA:

Anything.

BROMFIELD:

She'd even die for me.

END OF REEL FIVE

767 feet + 3 frames

INT. CASANOVA INK. OFFICE.

BROMFIELD:

Come over here child. Look outside.

TARA'S P.O.V. OF  
STREET BELOW. (INTERCUTTING)

BROMFIELD:

You don't like heights.  
But if I asked you to - you'd step out  
onto that ledge wouldn't you ?

TARA: (Whispers)

Yes.

BROMFIELD:

Good. Well prove it - for me. Step out  
there - and do it!  
If you knew there could never be anything  
between us. If I told you your love was  
hopeless, what would you do - ?

BRL

TARA:

I don't know. I wish you wouldn't say  
things like that.

BROMFIELD:

There'd be no point in your continuing to  
live would there ?

TARA:

No.

BROMFIELD:

So you'd jump, wouldn't you ?  
Be the only way.  
Get your things.

EXT. STREET

STEED:

Tara!

INT. CASANOVA INK. OFFICE.

BROMFIELD:

I want you to prove that you can't live  
without me. I want you to jump - d'you  
hear me my dear - jump!

INT. CORRIDOR

STEED ARRIVES - MARTHA &  
BROMFIELD MOVE AWAY DOWN  
CORRIDOR.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. WINDOW OF CASANOVA INK.

TARA PREPARING TO JUMP.

STEED:

All right. All right I've got you now.  
Coming up - come on.

TARA SCREAMS:

Ah!.....

INT. CASANOVA INK. OFFICE

STEED: What's the matter ? What are you trying to do ?

TARA: Trying to end it all - you should have let me fall.

STEED: What are you talking about ?

TARA: He doesn't love me - there's no reason for me to live.

STEED: Who ?

BROMFIELD: Me! Mr. Steed!

FIGHT SEQUENCE  
STEED/BROMFIELD.

TARA: You've hurt him - you might have killed him.

STEED: Hey look, we're supposed to be on the same side ...

STEED: I know they say that love is blind but this is ridiculous.  
They'll never get this into paper-back.

INT. PRINTING ROOM

STEED: (reading) "You will fall in love with the next person you see."  
Huh, this could be more devastating than the atom bomb.

INT. CASANOVA INK. OFFICE

MARTHA: Darling.

MARTHA: You poor darling.

THELMA: (over-rides) Have they hurt you lover ?

ATHENE (over-rides) Dearest, what have they done to you ?

BROMFIELD: Steed! He must be in the Printing Room.

INT. PRINTING ROOM

STEED: Now if one of these takes a few hours to work - I wonder what twenty will do ?

INT. CASANOVA INK. OFFICE

STEED: Go on admit it - I'm irresistible.

BROMFIELD: Well I - I must say Steed you seem a very decent sort of chap to me.

MARTHA: Darling.

ATHENE: Command me.

THELMA: Ooh, you're lovely.

STEED: Gently ladies, gently. There's enough of me for all of you. Now let's go and have a nice chat with that Security man, eh? There we are.

TARA: You're not taking him anywhere.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: What is it?

STEED: They're after me.  
Help me - cover the door - quickly  
cover the door.

TARA: Oh!

STEED: Oh, dear me.

TARA: How many are there?

STEED: Twenty- twenty-five, maybe more.

TARA: Well we can't handle them all by ourselves.  
D'you think we should call Mother for help?

STEED: There's no time. That chair.

TARA: Oh!

NOTE: SCREAMING O.S. THROUGH-  
OUT THIS SEQUENCE HAS  
NOW BECOME VERY LOUD.

STEED: Quickly. I think that should do it. Oh.

TARA: Who are they?

STEED: I went to meet my niece from school. There were hundreds of teenage girls coming out. I'd forgotten I was wearing the trick buttons. They are crazy about me.

TARA: D'you think you'll be safe here. I should think you'll be all right.

STEED: It is no joke being a teenage idol.  
..... insanity.

STEED: Oh no Tara - no! You've been through all that. I mean - look - now can I explain - this is ridiculous - I'd better take it off.

continued.....

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

ABC LOGO CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ABC PRESENTATION.

THE END

END OF REEL SIX:

831 + 11 frames

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4723 feet + 8 frames.

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