

# the avengers

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED  
ON THE WAY TO THE STATION



" THE AVENGERS "

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STATION"

Screenplay

by

Roger Marshall

(c) TELEMEN LIMITED,  
Associated British Elstree Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts.

FEBRUARY, 1967.

THE AVENGERS

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STATION"

FADE IN:

1. EXT. MAIN LINE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 1.

Establish typical night scene at a main line railway terminus. PASSENGERS arriving at train; goods being stored in luggage van; sandwiches, tea, magazines, etc., being sold. Engine ticking over. Station announcements over P.A.

2. EXT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. (STUDIO) 2.

A long, dark, damp, tiled corridor leading from Tube station to Main Line. LUCAS, a man of about fifty, an old school British agent, runs breathlessly into SHOT. Footsteps echo under the tiled roof. He hurries to a fork. Which leg shall he take? He hesitates - gasping for breath and wiping sweat from his brow - then hurries on. He comes to a recess in the wall (perhaps a padlocked 'Private' door). He slips into the shadows.

Another MAN hurries up to the same fork. He hesitates. Which way did LUCAS go? He shouts LUCAS's name a couple of times. Echo, but no answer. At the junction there is a puddle. LUCAS's footprints solve the problem for him. He smiles, then hurries on.

LUCAS tries to control his rattling breath.

The MAN approaches the recess. As he passes, LUCAS pounces. His ferocity belies his appearance. He drags the MAN into the shadows, chokes him and leaves him. He hurries away.

3. EXT. TELEPHONE BOX. STATION. NIGHT. (STUDIO) 3.

LUCAS hurries into the box and shovels coins into the machine. Station SOUNDS o.s.

CAMERA PANS away to SALT. A man busily sucking a carton of milk through a straw. As he approaches the box, CAMERA establishes that he has a hearing aid in one of his ears.

LUCAS is now speaking urgently into the phone. At first we don't hear what is said. Then, as SALT arrives outside the box, we suddenly pick up his end of the conversation.

LUCAS'S VOICE

... I think I've got it. Can't talk now. Meet me off the eight-ten at Norborough.

(Emphatically)

Norborough!

He slams down the receiver and hurries out, past SALT. CAMERA CLOSES on SALT as he thoughtfully removes his hearing-aid from his ear, then PANS to a suction connection crimped to the glass window of the box.

(CONTINUED)



3. CONTINUED:

SALT pulls it off. He turns into CAMERA. HOLD his grim expression.

3.

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE STATION"

FADE IN TO:

'Steed goes off the rails.  
Emma finds her station in life'.

4. INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

4.

STYLISED OPENING,

CAMERA OPENS CLOSE on a very modest clockwork train going round a very simple circle of rail.

CAMERA PANS UP to show EMMA, the train box in hand - gift wrapping paper close by, watching it fondly.

Suddenly STEED's head appears next to hers. He looks at her, down at the railway, then back - disapprovingly - at her. (Conveying that he's starting to have his doubts).

STEED

Mrs. Peel. We're needed.

CUT TO:

5. EXT. NORBOROUGH STATION. PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

5.

CAMERA OPENS on B.R. nameplate: NORBOROUGH. Then PANS AWAY as STEED and EMMA arrive beside it. They look o.s. as for approaching train. STEED glances at his watch. EMMA blows on her hands, waves her arms and stamps her feet.

EMMA

Well?

STEED looks at her blandly.

EMMA

To drag a girl away from her fireside, her electric blanket. Must be important.

STEED

It is. We must pinpoint their Headquarters.

EMMA

(interrupting)

Whose?

STEED

We're not certain. Splinter-group. Troublemakers.

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED:

5.

EMMA  
What sort of trouble?

STEED  
That's the other thing we're  
not certain about.

EMMA  
(memorising)  
The Headquarters and what they're  
about. Right.

STEED  
We located them via their radio.  
We know their frequency, call  
signs and channel.

EMMA  
So what's the problem?

STEED  
Soon as we get a 'fix' on it -  
bingo! It's moved. Nine times  
in the past four weeks.

EMMA  
Why Norborough?

STEED  
We're meeting Lucas. He thinks  
he's on to something.

EMMA  
'Lucas'. I don't think I ...

STEED  
(cutting in)  
You don't. Brilliant linguist.  
Bounced round the Empire. Each  
time the Union Jack came down,  
so he was the last aboard the  
gunboat. Eventually, of course ...

EMMA  
No more gunboats.

STEED  
Exactly.

EMMA  
And now he's speeding through the  
Home Counties on a Cold Thursday.

6. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

6.

The train comes bursting, whistle screaming, out of a  
tunnel.

7. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

7.

LUCAS places a tip on his bill saucer and gets up. He  
makes his way out of the Restaurant car, passing an  
ATTENDANT.

(CONTINUED)

7. CONTINUED:

7.

ATTENDANT  
Thank you, sir.

The ATTENDANT starts to clear the table.

8. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

8.

LUCAS comes swaying along the corridor. He brushes past a MAN, smoking, in the corridor. Next he passes a compartment with a 'Just Married' card and a lucky horse-shoe hanging on the door. Seated inside are the GROOM and his BRIDE. (The GROOM is the psychopath killer in the Organisation. As he kills, he always hums or whistles Mendlesohn's 'Wedding March').

LUCAS continues down the corridor to his own compartment. He goes inside.

9. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

9.

LUCAS comes in. The compartment is empty. He lowers the three blinds on windows overlooked by the corridor. He then sits down and puts his foot on the door handle so that no-one can slide it open. He jots some numbers on the fly-leaf of his book, rips it out, folds it up and slips it in a pocket behind the maker's tag inside his jacket. He then stands up, raises the blinds and sits down to read his book.

10. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

10.

The sliding door connecting one carriage with another opens. In comes the TICKET COLLECTOR. He slides the door to behind him. Glancing at his watch, on a chain across his waistcoat, he starts off down the swaying corridor.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Next stop - Norborough. Norborough.

He passes the 'Just Married' compartment, then arrives at LUCAS' just as LUCAS slides open the door.

LUCAS  
Norborough?

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(nodding)  
Next stop, sir.

LUCAS nods. The TICKET COLLECTOR goes on down the corridor, opens and closes the door, going through into the next carriage.

11. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

11.

LUCAS, leisurely pulls on his overcoat, slips his book into his pocket and crosses to the window to look out. The train is obviously slowing. He turns away and goes out of the compartment.



12. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

12.

LUCAS comes down the corridor to the end. As the train slows, he lowers the window.

13. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

13.

A train slows down as it approaches a station. Slows then halts.

14. EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

14.

LUCAS, looking out of his lowered window, opens his door and gets out.

PORTER'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Norborough.

He slams the door shut behind him and starts to walk slowly past a lighted carriage. O.S. SOUND of other doors slamming.

15. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

15.

Train starts off again, pulling away from the station into the night.

16. EXT. PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

16.

Identical set to scene 5 - save that this station is derelict.

LUCAS suddenly realises he is alone. He looks around in surprise. SOUND of the train rushing off into the night. The station sign 'NORBOROUGH' reassures him. He walks along the ill-lit platform to the light shining beside the exit. His footsteps echo hollowly on the uneven cobblestones. A little ground mist.

LUCAS arrives at the station buildings. There is no-one in sight.

LUCAS  
(calling out)  
Hello? Hello.

He tries to open the door leading to the station vestibule. It won't open.

Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, he raises his hands. CAMERA reveals that the GROOM has materialised out of the dark behind him and obviously stuck a gun in his back. The two MEN stand stock still. Everything is quiet apart from a dog barking closeby. Then, in the far distance, comes the SOUND of an approaching train. It gradually draws closer. The rails start to vibrate. LUCAS looks puzzled that nothing has happened. SOUND of train drawing quite close. Suddenly the two MEN's faces and station area are lit up by a train as it thunders past o.s. As it does so, CAMERA PANS off as a pane of glass in the nearby vestibule mysteriously shatters. LUCAS then slowly topples forward on to his face: shot as

(CONTINUED)

16. CONTINUED:

16.

train sound muffled gun shot. (We don't want to see shooting because it's a messy one, rigged to look like suicide).

The GROOM then crosses to 'NORBOROUGH' station sign. He reaches up and slides it free. As he removes it, we read beneath: 'CHASE HALT', a very battered old sign.

17. EXT. NORBOROUGH STATION. PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO) 17.

STEED and EMMA, still beside NORBOROUGH sign, stand shielding their eyes against the bright lights of the train. They react to the fact that nobody is getting off. EMMA glances at STEED who looks worried.

EMMA

Think he missed it?

STEED shakes his head; not knowing what to think. Then - as GUARD's whistle blows o.s. - he starts forward.

STEED

Come on. Maybe he's asleep.

EMMA follows.

18. EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. (STUDIO) 18.

STEED whips open door and climbs in. He holds out a hand and helps EMMA in.

19. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 19.

Train gathers speed and pulls away into the night.

20. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 20.

STEED comes swaying along the corridor, towards CAMERA, looking in compartment windows. He arrives at the 'Just Married' compartment and looks in.

21. P.O.V. SHOT - INTERIOR COMPARTMENT. 21.

The BRIDE is now seated opposite SALT! They are drinking champagne; ice-bucket close by. They look resentful of STEED's curiosity.

22. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 22.

STEED smiles and raises his bowler by way of congratulations. He continues on his way.

23. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT. 23.

EMMA has her face close up against glass of door. She looks curious.



24. P.O.V. SHOT - INTERIOR COMPARTMENT.

24.

A MAN has a newspaper over his face. He is suspiciously still.

25. ANOTHER ANGLE.

25.

EMMA opens the door and tip-toes towards the MAN. She carefully takes hold of a corner of the paper and peels it back. Suddenly the MAN, with wild popping eyes, leaps up into CAMERA.

MAN

Boo!

26. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

26.

STEED comes to the end of the corridor and passes over the swaying connection between coaches. As he steps carefully over it, the train whistle screams as it passes into a tunnel.

27. INT. GUARD'S VAN. NIGHT.

27.

STEED comes into the wired compound of the van. Stacks of boxes of Day Old Chicks cheep noisily.

Suddenly STEED stops. An Egyptian Mummy is laid out on a trestle. He crosses to it curiously. The lid isn't screwed on, but it's difficult to lift. He raises it and looks inside. Nothing, apart from a paper bag. Mystified, he opens it and, finding it full of sandwiches, he tries one.

TICKET COLLECTOR'S VOICE

Well?

STEED looks up. The TICKET COLLECTOR is looking at him suspiciously.

STEED

(smacking his lips)  
Bread's amazingly fresh. Liver sausage. Been better on rye.

TICKET COLLECTOR

What are you doing?

STEED

Looking for someone.

TICKET COLLECTOR

In there?

STEED

He always was a mummy's boy. Norborough is the first stop?

TICKET COLLECTOR

Right.

STEED

Then he must still be on the train.

28. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

28.

EMMA sits at a table, book propped up in front of her. ATTENDANT pours her some coffee. She doesn't look up.

EMMA

Thank you.

STEED comes into the car, nods genially to everyone in sight and takes a seat at the opposite table to EMMA. ATTENDANT comes up to him, looking apologetic.

ATTENDANT

I'm afraid you're too late for dinner, sir.

STEED

That's all right. I'd like a large brandy and some coffee.

ATTENDANT

Certainly, sir.

As he moves away, so the TICKET COLLECTOR comes into the car. He shakes his head. STEED nods, pointing to seat opposite.

STEED

Sit down.

He does, although he's a little diffident about it.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Shouldn't really, not on duty.

STEED

Take your cap off. No-one'll notice you.

He does so. ATTENDANT comes up and serves STEED, who talks throughout to TICKET COLLECTOR.

STEED

It's not the money. I don't want you to think that.

TICKET COLLECTOR obviously doesn't understand what STEED is talking about.

TICKET COLLECTOR

Money?

STEED

Not at all. I mean what's a fiver between friends. 'Friends'!  
(Laughs bitterly)  
Never seen the chap before.

TICKET COLLECTOR

A fiver? Excuse me. I think I've lost you. What's this about money?

STEED

This man. The one sitting opposite me. He disappeared.

(CONTINUED)



28. CONTINUED:

28.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Yes? I've got that.

STEED  
Well, I lent him a fiver.  
That disappeared with him.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(now grasping what it's  
all about)  
I see. Maybe he slipped off at  
Norborough.

STEED  
Definitely not. I stood out on  
the platform and watched.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
I can't say I noticed him, but ...  
they're just so many tickets to  
me. I might spot a pretty  
ankle, but ...  
(He shrugs)

STEED  
It's not ankles, it's five pound  
notes I'm interested in.

The TICKET COLLECTOR thoughtfully unwraps a lozenge and  
slips it in his mouth. He notices that STEED was  
watching.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Tranquilizer. Twenty years on the  
railway and  
(Touching stomach)  
it still plays me up. Hate travel.  
Always have.

STEED finishes his brandy and starts to get up.

STEED  
I'll take one more look. Just  
in case.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Good luck.

STEED  
Thanks for your help.

As STEED goes, CAMERA CLOSES on EMMA. Her role is to  
see what reaction STEED's probing has - if any. She  
watches over the top of her book. The ATTENDANT comes  
up, collects STEED's cup and glass.

ATTENDANT  
Can't trust anybody these days.

The COLLECTOR nods, somewhat sadly.

29. EXT. MAIN LINE TERMINUS. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 29.

The train is pulling into platform. PASSENGERS are lowering windows, flocking out, etc. PORTERS touting for luggage. PEOPLE meeting PASSENGERS. The usual bustle. P.A. station announcements.

30. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT. 30.

STEED is pulling on his coat. EMMA is opening the door to the corridor.

STEED

Bet my pension to a penny he's  
not on the train.

Suddenly the ATTENDANT appears in the doorway. He blows, as if he'd been hurrying to catch STEED.

ATTENDANT

'Scuse me, sir. Gentleman  
asked me to give you this.  
Said he apologises for any  
inconvenience.

He hands STEED an envelope.

STEED

Thank you.

ATTENDANT nods and goes o.s. STEED looks at the envelope for a moment, then opens it. He takes out ... counting them one by one ... five one pound notes. EMMA and STEED exchange puzzled glances.

STEED

(pockets money)

I must try that one more often.

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK

---

FADE IN:

31. EXT. MEWS. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 31.

Wet cobbled mews. STEED and EMMA (Doubles) get out of a taxi and go towards mews cottage.

32. INT. DOOR TO LUCAS'S FLAT. NIGHT. 32.

Double clad door. STEED and EMMA are at the door. There is a small visiting card in brass fitting. It says: 'F. LUCAS, Esq.'

STEED rings door bell.

EMMA

Is there a Mrs. Lucas?

(CONTINUED)



32. CONTINUED:

32.

STEED shakes his head. After a moment he reaches up on top of the door ledge, runs his hand along and produces a key. He inserts it in the door. He opens the door, reaches inside and flicks on the light.

33. INT. LUCAS'S FLAT. NIGHT.

33.

STEED and EMMA stand poised in the doorway. Eyes riveted on ...

The dead LUCAS sitting propped up in a chair. STEED and EMMA approach. EMMA carefully picks up a pistol from the floor.

EMMA  
.25 Beretta.

STEED  
Lady's gun.

EMMA  
Not this lady.

STEED turns up a letter which is still in a typewriter on the nearby table. He and EMMA read it. He grunts.

STEED  
As Confucius say: 'Never trust  
typewritten suicide note'.  
(Indicating body)  
Meet the late Mr. Lucas.

EMMA glances at the watch on LUCAS's wrist.

STEED  
How late?

EMMA  
Nine twenty.

STEED  
Mm. And we were due to meet  
him at Norborough at nine-thirty.

EMMA  
He certainly wasn't thrown off.  
Do you think he could've missed  
it?

STEED  
He was at the station. I could  
hear the announcements when he  
phoned me.

He opens LUCAS's jacket, undoes the pocket behind tailor's name tag and produces the note. He reads it, then hands it to EMMA.

EMMA  
(intrigued)  
Four, one, sixty-seven?

STEED  
Is that a one or is it an 'I'?

(CONTINUED)

33. CONTINUED:

33.

EMMA  
Don't know. Fourth of Jan,  
sixty-seven?

STEED  
(looking around)  
Could be.

STEED crosses to a leather framed photo of a sweet grey haired, Katie-Johnson type, conventional English 'mum'. He picks it up and shows EMMA.

STEED  
Auntie Emma. Meet 'Auntie  
Maud'.

He starts to remove photo from frame. EMMA joins him.

EMMA  
You know her?

STEED  
MAUD. Microfilm And Uncyphered  
Documents. Army issue pouch.

EMMA  
Agents - for the use of.

STEED  
In the field.

EMMA  
Where else?

He takes out some papers, handing half to EMMA. They each sort through them.

EMMA recognises a man in a photograph.

EMMA  
Steed. This man was on the  
train.

STEED  
Show me.

She holds up a photo of SALT.

STEED  
I noticed him. Name's Salt.  
He's a clerk.

EMMA  
Where?

STEED  
The Admiralty. 'Where else'?

34. INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

34.

CAMERA OPENS TIGHT on SALT, who is photographing documents on Admiral's desk with a minnox camera. PULL BACK to show oak panelled office: charts, photographs and busts of great British Admirals dotted round walls.

(CONTINUED)



34. CONTINUED:

34.

A red-scrambler-telephone rings on the Admiral's desk.  
SALT answers it.

SALT  
CNS's office ... No. He's not  
at the moment. Who is that?  
... Oh, I beg your pardon. I  
didn't recognise you, my lady.  
He's talking to some journalist.  
... I'll get him to call you.  
... No trouble. Goodbye.

As he hangs up so the office door opens and in come  
EMMA, the journalist - with notepad in hand, and the  
uniformed ADMIRAL. He bears a strong facial resemblance  
to Nelson, even down to the patch over his eye. Carrying  
a Top Secret file in his hand, he leads her to a seat at  
his desk. CAMERA establishes the minnox camera left on  
the Admiral's desk.

EMMA  
Thank you, Admiral, for the  
tour. I didn't think my readers  
warranted more than a junior aide.

ADMIRAL  
Public Relations. You write a  
good piece for us, helps recruit-  
ment, we get a better choice of  
man. Good job all round. What?

EMMA  
(spotting minnox  
camera)  
True.

ADMIRAL  
After all, your women readers  
want much the same thing as  
the Admiralty.

EMMA  
Really?

She moves a file on the desk to make room for her notebook.  
By doing this, she carefully conceals SALT's camera.

ADMIRAL  
More able-bodied men, what?  
(He winks and laughs)

While he talks, the ADMIRAL takes up a carefully  
prepared 'casual' pose beside a bust of Nelson.  
Identical pose, expression, etc.

EMMA  
A few more questions?

ADMIRAL  
Fire away.

EMMA  
Amongst our readers, we have a  
fair number of sailors' wives.

(CONTINUED)

34. CONTINUED:

34.

As he talks, the ADMIRAL fiddles with a Nelson-like telescope.

ADMIRAL  
Bless their hearts. Never married myself. Never had me anchor in one port long enough.

EMMA  
We get letters from wives of men serving on nuclear submarines, and they want to know ....

ADMIRAL  
Huh! Don't want to sound evasive, Mrs. Peel, but - in security terms - we're getting 'warm'.

(To SALT)  
Which reminds me ... Salt! Pop this file back to the Top Secret Registry.

SALT  
Sir.

EMMA watches impassively as SALT collects what is obviously a very important file. He also claims the minnox.

SALT  
By the way, sir. Lady Hamilton called.

ADMIRAL  
I'll speak to her. See Mrs. Peel ashore, will you.

EMMA  
Thank you, Admiral. For your ... co-operation.

He takes her by the arm and leads her towards the door.

ADMIRAL  
Pleasure, my dear.

EMMA smiles. Ad lib goodbyes. SALT and EMMA go out. The ADMIRAL returns to his desk. He lifts the receiver on the red phone.

ADMIRAL  
(crisply)  
Scramble this call.

He dials a number and waits.

ADMIRAL  
Hello, you gorgeous little sailor's friend ...

35. EXT. CHASE HALL PLATFORM. DAY. (STUDIO)

35.

SOUND and reflection of an express train hurtling through the deserted station. Signs swing, etc. After it's

(CONTINUED)



35. CONTINUED:

35.

gone and its echo died away, CAMERA, following a piece of paper as it blows hither and thither, PANS deserted station - tufts of grass growing everywhere, old posters peeling off walls, doors slamming.

The wind blows eerily through the deserted buildings. That same dog continues to bark close by. O.S. SOUND of a car arriving.

36. INT. STATION VESTIBULE. DAY.

36.

Cobwebby and long-deserted. The dirt of ages. Floor strewn with old newspapers and rubbish. Old weighing machine and slot machine. Someone is trying to push the door open, against a pile of rubbish. Filthy windows prevent one seeing in or out. Eventually door pushes open. STEED comes in, followed by EMMA. They look around. STEED bursts cobwebs with his broolly. EMMA sniffs.

EMMA

What's the smell?

STEED

Old steam, decaying time-tables,  
sunny seaside posters ...

They search around. STEED prods around with the tip of his umbrella. EMMA slips a penny into the machine and weighs herself. According to the dial, she weighs nine pounds.

EMMA

Flatterer!

STEED

The 8-10 was on time when we met it. Right?

EMMA

Correct.

As he speaks, STEED tries to open the door on to the platform. It sticks.

STEED

But it was three minutes early at Wrighton Signal Box.

EMMA

Conclusion?

STEED

The train must've stopped.

EMMA

Here?

(Nodding o.s.)

As she says that, STEED throws open the door.

37. EXT. CHASE HALT PLATFORM. DAY. (STUDIO)

37.

STEED and EMMA come out on to platform.

STEED  
Fits with the time on Lucas's  
watch. Ten minutes from  
Norborough.

EMMA  
(thoughtfully)  
How do you stop a train? Hardly  
hitch your skirt a couple of  
notches and put up your thumb.  
(She adopts hitch-  
hiker's pose)

STEED  
Hardly.

He turns and goes back inside.

38. INT. STATION VESTIBULE. DAY.

38.

STEED picks up a cardboard box.

STEED  
(reading)  
'One Gross packets sea-sick  
tables'.  
(Tosses it down)  
Must be a worse sailor in the  
world than me.

EMMA comes up behind him.

EMMA  
My friend the Admiral for one.

She notices something about one of the windows in the  
door. STEED has got engrossed in one of the old news-  
papers; a copy of 'The Times'.

EMMA  
Steed.  
(No answer)  
Steed!

STEED  
(half to himself)  
I didn't know she'd had twins.

EMMA  
Look.

STEED  
(thoughtfully)  
'54. Must be at Eton by now.  
(To EMMA)  
My dear?

He crosses to join her.

EMMA  
The smell. Fresh putty.

(CONTINUED)

38. CONTINUED:

38.

He removes some, rolls it in his fingers then smells them.

STEED  
(sighing nostalgically)  
Ah, takes me back.

EMMA  
Where to?

STEED  
I used to oil the cricket bats  
for the First Eleven.

EMMA  
(pointing)  
Odd! Repairing windows in  
deserted stations.

As they ponder this, they hear SOUNDS from up the platform.  
A MAN singing.

STEED  
Did you say 'deserted'?

They start out.

39. EXT. CHASE HALT PLATFORM. DAY. (STUDIO)

39.

STEED and EMMA hurry up the platform towards waiting room.

40. INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

40.

Another filthy old cobwebby room. CREWE, a train enthusiast is singing as he cleans the grime encrusted windows. He cleans a small area about as big as a head. Suddenly EMMA's face then STEED's appear in the space. CREWE reacts. Angrily he makes for the door, as STEED and EMMA walk in.

CREWE  
Trespassing. You know that?

STEED  
So are you then.

CREWE  
It's my station.

STEED  
What?

CREWE  
I bought it. Well ...  
(Bluffing)  
... I'm negotiating to buy it.

EMMA  
You mean you live here?

CREWE  
That's right.

(CONTINUED)



40. CONTINUED:

40.

EMMA  
Isn't it noisy?

CREWE  
(laughing  
scornfully)  
Does a Venetian complain of the  
sound of water?

EMMA  
I didn't realise it was quite  
the same thing.

CREWE  
My name's Crewe. I live in the  
signal box.  
(Pointing o.s.)  
Humble beginnings, but the  
Station next. Then - one day -  
one day a main line station!  
A terminus! That's what I've  
set my heart on.

STEED  
Are you always here?

CREWE  
Did Adam leave Eden?

EMMA  
Yes!

CREWE  
Ah, well. Wasn't a very good  
image then.

STEED  
Were you here last Thursday night?

CREWE  
Of course.

STEED  
Are you sure?

CREWE  
Yes!

EMMA  
Absolutely.

STEED  
Hundred per cent?

CREWE  
Hundred per ...  
(Breaking off)

EMMA  
Yes?

CREWE  
'Thursday', you said.

(CONTINUED)

40. CONTINUED:

40.

STEED  
That's right.

CREWE  
(looking from one  
to the other  
suspiciously)  
Why do you ask?

STEED  
My question first.

CREWE  
Thursday. I had a phone call.  
From a dealer with an 1892  
station water cistern. Mint  
condition. At the price it was  
a giveaway. Absolute giveaway.

EMMA  
Did you get it?

CREWE  
When I got there - it was a  
hoax. Final insult - I missed  
the last train. Had to take a  
bus.  
(Horrified)  
A bus!

At that moment a TRAIN crashes past outside. The building  
shakes. CREWE automatically glances at his watch.

CREWE  
The eleven forty-six. Driver's  
name's Watkins. Welshman, nice  
fella! The Welsh've got a feel  
for the diesel.

EMMA  
Do trains ever stop here?

CREWE  
No! Not for the past nine years.  
One likes to see a station go  
out on a high note. A blaze of  
glory. I wrote to the Queen, but  
she didn't answer. Must've got  
the wrong address. Locospotters,  
are you?

STEED  
Loco? Yes, yes.

CREWE  
Why not drop in at the Signal Box?

STEED  
Some other time.

CREWE  
Suit yourself. Must get back.  
Shut the door when you've finished.

(CONTINUED)

40. CONTINUED:

40.

Ad lib goodbyes. He goes out. STEED and EMMA exchange glances. He crosses to the cleaned portion of window and looks out.

EMMA

Think he's involved?

STEED

(punning on word)

Very involved. 'Obsessed', I'd say.

41. EXT. CHASE HALT PLATFORM. DAY. (STUDIO)

41.

CREWE comes walking proudly along the platform. He removes one particularly large clump of grass. At the end of the platform, he takes to the rough track running beside the lines.

42. INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY.

42.

As STEED moves away from the window, his foot catches something wrapped in sacking. It makes a metallic rattle. He undoes the parcel. It's a pair of station name-plates with the name 'NORBOROUGH' written on them.

EMMA

Two Norboroughs for the price of one.

STEED

(nodding)

Maybe this was their headquarters.

EMMA

The oldest established permanent floating Headquarters.

STEED

From one derelict station to another?

EMMA

Could be. Hence the repaired window.

STEED

Mm. We'll give friend Salt at the Admiralty a little crumb of information. See where he takes it.

43. INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

43.

The red-scrambler-telephone rings. The ADMIRAL lifts receiver, automatically pressing scrambling device.

ADMIRAL

CNS .....

His face becomes grim as he listens. Quivering at the anticipation of action. SALT looks up and listens.

(CONTINUED)



43. CONTINUED:

43.

ADMIRAL

Yes. I've got your coded signal  
in front of me.

(He picks it up)

Is the Pyrocantha equipped for the  
job?

As the ADMIRAL talks, SALT crosses to open a porthole.

ADMIRAL

Periscope photographs. Yes, I  
like it. Like it very much.

The draught, from the open porthole, blows the flimsy  
signal off the desk on the floor. The ADMIRAL clicks  
his fingers to SALT, who - back to the ADMIRAL - stoops  
to retrieve it for him. As he does so, he minnox  
photographs it. Then he hands it back to the ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL

Rodney. One other thing. This  
is a scrambled call, isn't it? ...  
Can't be too careful. The Chief  
of the General Staff's retiring.  
There's a collection. What do  
you think? Ten shillings or go  
mad and give him a pound? ...  
Okay, just wanted to clear it with  
you ... Yes, I'll destroy it right  
now. Mustn't fall into the wrong  
hands. Could be most embarrassing.

He hangs up. By now SALT is back at his desk. There is  
a tape-recorder by his chair. The ADMIRAL applies a  
light to the signal.

ADMIRAL

Some action at last.

SALT

(innocently)

Action, sir?

ADMIRAL

(patriotically)

Top secret manoeuvres - tour of  
the enemies off shore installations!

He grinds the ashes of the signal into a saucer. SALT  
watches.

44. EXT. MAIN LINE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

44.

Establish scene.

45. EXT. TELEPHONE BOX. STATION. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

45.

SALT, evening paper in hand, comes past hoarding and  
telephone box. He then passes o.s. CAMERA CLOSES on  
box. The door opens. It's STEED. He follows SALT.  
O.S. SOUND of station announcements.



51. CONTINUED:

51.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Glad you got it back.

He clips SALT's ticket. He's a methodical man, carefully snipping and catching piece of ticket as he does so.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
First stop Norborough.

He slides open the door and goes o.s., closing door behind him. SALT hasn't yet returned to his paper.

STEED  
Do the journey often?

SALT  
Pretty often.

52. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

52.

The eight-ten to Norborough speeds through the night.

53. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

53.

SALT is drinking coffee and reading his paper. STEED sits at the opposite table, sipping a glass of brandy and keeping an eye on him. The ATTENDANT puts a bill on a saucer in front of SALT. He also hands one to STEED.

SALT puts a note on the bill. The ATTENDANT picks it up and starts away.

STEED  
Steward!

The ATTENDANT crosses to him.

ATTENDANT  
Sir?

STEED  
Open the window, could you?

ATTENDANT  
Certainly, sir.

As the ATTENDANT leans forward to open the window, STEED swaps a note of his own for the one on the tray. ATTENDANT exits. Then SALT gets up and starts out.

STEED, glancing quickly at SALT's note, follows him.

54. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

54.

SALT, followed some distance behind by STEED, comes down the corridor and stands smoking outside his compartment.

STEED, following him, suddenly stops. The familiar 'Just Married' card and lucky horseshoe hang on a compartment door. He looks inside.



55. P.O.V. SHOT - INTERIOR COMPARTMENT.

55.

Seated inside, with the iced champagne routine, are the original BRIDE and GROOM. They look up.

56. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

56.

A baffled STEED (he only recognises the BRIDE) raises his bowler and continues on his way. SALT stands outside the compartment, finishing his cigarette.

57. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

57.

STEED comes in and settles in SALT's seat, still puzzling. After a moment SALT returns. He sits directly opposite STEED. He picks up his paper. Then, almost immediately, he lowers it.

SALT  
Would you mind if we changed  
seats?

STEED  
Not a bit.  
(He gets up)

SALT  
Makes me feel sick to have my  
back to the engine.

STEED settles, pretends to prepare for a doze.

58. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

58.

(An exact reprise of earlier scene). The sliding door connecting one carriage with another opens. In comes the TICKET COLLECTOR. He slides the door to behind him. Glancing at his watch, on a chain across his waistcoat, he starts off down the swaying corridor.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Next stop - Norborough. Norborough.

He passes the 'Just Married' compartment, then Steed's and on down the corridor. He opens and closes the door leading to the next carriage.

59. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

59.

STEED, still pretending to be asleep, is surprised when SALT suddenly gets up. He stretches, then puts his paper in his briefcase, pulls on his coat and - as the train obviously starts to slow up, he goes out into the corridor. STEED, very puzzled, looks back at where SALT sat. CAMERA ZOOMS in on reserve note pinned to seat.

60. INSERT - NOTE.

60.

"Seat 4, Compartment 1, Carriage 67"

61. CLOSE SHOT - STEED.

Puzzled, he reads it aloud.

61.

STEED  
Four, aye, sixty-seven!

62. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

SALT comes down the corridor to the end. As train continues to slow, he lowers the window.

62.

63. EXT. CARRIAGE. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

SALT, looking out of his lowered window, opens his door and gets out.

63.

64. EXT. NORBOROUGH PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

SALT comes away from the train and heads for the waiting room. STEED follows. SOUND of GUARD's whistle and light from train as it pulls out of station.

64.

NOTE: All areas of NORBOROUGH STATION are identical to that at CHASE HALT - save that one is in use - the other is derelict.

65. INT. NORBOROUGH WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

65.

SALT comes into the waiting room. It's empty apart from TWO DECORATORS painting busily. Every move seems to suggest he knows exactly what he's doing. He lays down his briefcase and crosses to the fire to warm his hands. CAMERA PANS away to STEED watching him from the window. STEED now looks even more puzzled.

QUICK MIX TO:

66. EXT. NORBOROUGH WAITING ROOM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

66.

A notice on the door says 'Wet Paint.' Closeby, STEED, still lurking in the shadows, stamps his feet and throws his arms around to keep warm. He peeps inside.

67. P.O.V. SHOT - SALT.

67.

He is poking the waiting room fire and yawning contentedly.

68. CLOSE SHOT - LOUDSPEAKER

68.

A muffled voice.

ANNOUNCER  
The train approaching platform  
one is the eleven-four, non-stop,  
to London.

69. INT. NORBOROUGH WAITING ROOM. NIGHT.

At the SOUND of the approaching train, SALT gathers his stuff together and goes out the opposite door from which he entered. CAMERA PANS from one door to the other. STEED comes in, shivers as he crosses room and goes out after SALT.

69.

70. EXT. NORBOROUGH PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

As a train slowly draws up at the platform, SALT approaches it. He opens a carriage door and gets in.

70.

71. CLOSE SHOT - STEED. (STUDIO)

In the shadows. He looks absolutely dumbfounded.

71.

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK

---

FADE IN:

72. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. NIGHT.

72.

The bell is ringing continuously as EMMA goes towards the door. She opens it. It's a very weary-looking STEED. He hands her his bowler and umbrella.

He crosses to a settee and flops down.

STEED

Four and a half hours. And nothing to show for it ... but a stiff neck.

(He turns it awkwardly)

EMMA makes for the bar, preparing to pour.

EMMA

Your usual?

He nods. She hands him a large drink, keeping a smaller one for herself.

EMMA

'Confusion to our enemies'.

STEED

Whoever they are.

EMMA

Where-ever they are!

STEED

And whatever they're after!

EMMA produces a cigar humidor. Offers STEED a cigar.

STEED reacts with mildly suprised pleasure.

(CONTINUED)



72. CONTINUED:

72.

EMMA starts to rub his shoulders and neck.

STEED rolls his cigar against his ear. He makes pleased sounding noises.

STEED  
(rolling cigar)  
Supposed to sound like a naked  
girl rolling in hot grass.

EMMA  
Does it?

STEED  
Never got the grass at the  
right temperature. Something  
to look forward to.

EMMA  
Feeling stronger?

STEED  
Much.

EMMA  
Brace yourself.

STEED  
Eh?!

EMMA  
At nine-forty your little  
tit-bit of leaked news went  
out over their radio.

STEED  
What!

EMMA  
Nine-forty.

STEED  
Impossible. It would've taken  
a computer at least an hour to  
break the code. Not to mention  
contacting the Headquarters  
which he didn't!

EMMA  
It's a fact.

STEED  
But at nine-forty we were still  
on the train.

EMMA  
Sorry.

She hands him written confirmation which he glances at.

STEED  
Salt didn't speak to anybody.  
Not a soul. I was with him  
every second.

(CONTINUED)

72. CONTINUED:

EMMA looks concerned.

72.

EMMA  
Maybe while you looked the  
other way ...?

STEED  
I didn't.

He looks worried.

STEED  
How long to get changed into  
something more suitable for  
midnight lurking?

EMMA  
Minute?

STEED  
You're on.

73. INT. ADMIRAL'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

73.

The GROOM, armed with a torch, is busily searching SALT's desk. As ever, he wears a carnation in his button hole. He finds the Minnox camera and pockets it, also various papers, code books, etc. Suddenly he hears the SOUND of steps o.s. He hides behind some wall length drapes, fastened back from an ornate chart of the layout of the Battle of Trafalgar.

The door opens and in comes SALT. He crosses hurriedly to his desk and appears to go through much the same routine as the GROOM.

CAMERA PANS to the GROOM. He steps out from his hiding place. He produces a pistol from a shoulder holster. As he starts to fit a silencer, he begins to hum 'The Wedding March'.

SALT spins round. He obviously recognises the GROOM.

SALT  
(scared)  
You! What do you want?

The GROOM doesn't interrupt his humming.

SALT  
Why? What have I done?

GROOM  
I think you forgot who pays you.

SALT  
What?

GROOM  
The signal you gave us - it  
was spurious - a fake!

(CONTINUED)

73. CONTINUED:

73.

SALT  
But I got it from the Admiral's  
desk. Believe me.  
(GROOM shakes head)  
You've got to believe me.

GROOM  
Sorry. It's too close to D Day.

He shoots. SALT falls behind his desk. Humming the  
crescendo part of the music, the GROOM crosses to make  
sure his work is complete. It is. He smiles, tossing  
down his buttonhole as he does so. SOUNDS O.S. of voices  
and footsteps. As he hurries out one door, so the other  
opens and in come STEED and EMMA.

STEED  
... and that's why it's called  
Grog.

Once again EMMA starts to sniff. STEED reacts.

STEED  
What is it this time?

EMMA  
Whiff of grapeshot.

They cross to SALT's desk and go through the same search  
routine.

EMMA  
Not very tidy, is he?

STEED comes up with a stack of railway tickets, done up  
with a rubber band.

STEED  
'London to Norborough. First  
class Return'.

EMMA  
Must be a hundred of them.

STEED  
All punched.

EMMA  
Straight through the middle  
'O'.

STEED  
And the hole's about the size ...

EMMA  
Of a self-respecting micro dot.

STEED  
(thoughtfully)  
Mm!

EMMA  
Salt fills the O ...

STEED  
Not any more.

(CONTINUED)



73. CONTINUED:

He nods o.s. EMMA walks round and looks at SALT's body,  
beneath the desk.  
She picks up the rose.

73.

STEEED  
Someone realised we were on his  
tail.

EMMA  
Whatever or whoever they're  
after, must be very important.

STEEED  
Recap. Salt fills his 0 with  
a self respecting micro-dot ...

EMMA  
The ticket collector clips it  
out again ...

STEEED  
Then what?

EMMA  
He passes it on.

STEEED  
But the message was on the air  
before I left the train.

EMMA nods thoughtfully. STEED presses the 'Play' button  
on the tape recorder. This releases a tape of slow  
undecipherable SOUNDS. STEED quickens the speed until  
the SOUND becomes identifiable as the 'diddly-pom,  
diddly-pom' SOUND, of a train.

STEEED and EMMA listen, puzzled.

74. EXT. RAILWAY LINE. DAY. (LOCATION)

74.

CAMERA PANS a train past.

75. INT. SIGNAL BOX. DAY. (STUDIO)

75.

CREWE and STEED watch the train disappearing up the line.  
SOUND gradually fades.

CREWE  
The Iron Horse - a King of the  
railroad - A mammoth monolithic  
moving majestically.

STEEED  
Would you listen to this now?

STEEED switches on a tape-recorder. We hear the same  
"diddly-pom, diddly-pom" train SOUNDS. After a moment,  
STEEED switches off.

STEEED  
Well?

(CONTINUED)

75. CONTINUED:

75.

CREWE  
Beautiful! They don't lay lines  
like that anymore.

STEED  
Would it be possible to pinpoint  
the exact section of rail which  
made that noise?

CREWE  
Noise? 'Poetry', sir. Pure  
poetry. Another stanza?

STEED plays a further extract. CREWE concentrates.  
After a moment he raises a finger. STEED stops the tape.

CREWE  
Interesting high fluting sound  
made by the bogie wheels. A  
sixty-three foot underframe.  
Very fine. Little more?

STEED switches on once more. CREW goes off into  
transports of delight, humming refrain to himself.  
Suddenly his face falls. STEED switches off.

STEED  
What's wrong?

CREWE  
This a trick?

STEED  
Not at all.

CREWE  
Very even section of rail.  
Suspiciously so. No obvious  
increase or diminution of speed.  
Can't place it at the moment.  
You'll have to leave it with  
me, Mr. Steed.

STEED  
You disappoint me.

CREWE  
I disappoint myself. But  
there's no fixed 'pom pom'  
couplet at the end of each  
fourteen beats. Diddly-pom,  
diddly-pom, diddly-pom, diddly-  
pom. Pom! Pom! No, as I say,  
leave it with me.  
(Thoughtfully)  
Vaguely reminiscent of the  
Nairobi narrow gauge. No,  
perhaps not!

STEED  
You'll call me?

(CONTINUED)

75. CONTINUED:

75.

CREWE  
Immediately. I'll get together  
with some fellow enthusiasts.  
(Touching tape  
recorder)  
Nice machine. Funny thing. One  
of the trains plays havoc with  
my radio reception. Faulty  
suppressor, I s'pose.

STEED  
Which train?

CREWE  
The 8.10.

76. EXT. TRAIN. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

76.

A train goes hurtling through the night.

77. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

77.

The TICKET COLLECTOR comes swaying along the corridor.  
He arrives at the 'Just Married' compartment. This  
time the blinds are pulled down over the three windows.  
He gives what is obviously a coded knock. Immediately  
the door slides open. The GROOM, dressed as ever,  
opens the door just far enough for the COLLECTOR to come  
in.

78. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

78.

The GROOM shuts and blocks the door. The BRIDE is working  
at installing a bomb beneath the corner window seat.  
The TICKET COLLECTOR crosses to inspect the work.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
How's it going?

GROOM  
Lovingly.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Reassure me. How do we know the  
vibrations of the train won't  
set it off?

BRIDE  
You'll have to take my word  
for it.

GROOM  
She has a good list of credits.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Well, what does trigger the bomb  
off?

BRIDE  
A signal from our radio  
transmitter.

(CONTINUED)



78. CONTINUED:

78.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
There must be at least a mile  
between us.

GROOM  
Relax. We all have our worries.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
What's yours?

GROOM  
How do we get this carriage on  
'that train'?

TICKET COLLECTOR  
That's my problem.

As he says this he produces a 'Reserved' sticker, licks it and slaps it on the window.

GROOM  
And this is ours. Each man -  
one problem. 'Forsaking all  
other'.

He smiles. The TICKET COLLECTOR is satisfied. He turns and goes out. The GROOM locks the door behind him.

79. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

79.

The TICKET COLLECTOR returns up the corridor, passing from one carriage to .....

80. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

80.

The TICKET COLLECTOR comes in. The ATTENDANT is setting tables. COLLECTOR flops down. He produces one of his queasy stomach lozenges.

ATTENDANT  
Get you anything?

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Yes. I'll have a straight soda.  
A double.

ATTENDANT goes o.s.

81. INT. SIGNAL BOX. DAY.

81.

CREWE is hunched over various charts and maps. The tape-recorder is playing the 'diddly-pom, diddly-pom' train SOUNDS. Suddenly the SOUND cuts out. CREWE looks up to find a suspicious-looking MAN in a mackintosh beside the tape-recorder.

MAN  
Mr. Crewe?

CREWE  
Yes. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED:

81.

MAN  
(ignores question)  
Do you live alone?

CREWE  
(nervously)  
Yes.

MAN  
(produces gun and  
merely plays with  
it - no direct  
menace)  
Then you'll be glad of some  
company.

CREWE  
What for?

MAN  
Put the kettle on. There's  
a good chap.

CREWE reacts most suspiciously.

82. EXT. RAILWAY SIDING. DAY. (LOCATION)

82.

A lone carriage is parked in a siding.

83. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY.

83.

Stationary train. A red carpet is laid the length of the corridor. The ATTENDANT and TICKET COLLECTOR come towards CAMERA with Prime Minister's SECRETARY, an officious fussy little man. The ATTENDANT opens a compartment door, ushering the SECRETARY in.

84. INT. COMPARTMENT. DAY.

84.

The THREE MEN come in. Compartment is scrupulously clean, fresh antimacassars, but identifiable by 'Reserved' sticker on window. SECRETARY looks around.

SECRETARY  
Oh, yes! Yes. Definitely!  
Got an air to it.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
We thought perhaps the corner  
seat.

He points to the one with the bomb underneath it. He and the ATTENDANT exchange looks.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Facing the engine. Nice view.  
Push button for service.

SECRETARY  
Excellent. He'll like that.

(CONTINUED)

84. CONTINUED:

The SECRETARY sits down, bouncing up and down half a dozen times. This is watched somewhat apprehensively.

84.

SECRETARY  
Little soft in the springing,  
perhaps.

The ATTENDANT looks anxiously at TICKET COLLECTOR.

SECRETARY  
No matter. This'll be fine.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Thank you, sir.

SECRETARY  
He may want to thank you personally.  
You'll both be on the train, I  
suppose?

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(evasively)  
Afraid not, sir. We're on the  
8.10.

SECRETARY  
Oh! Then we'll pass one  
another.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(greasily)  
So we will.

85. INT. SIGNAL BOX. DAY.

85.

CREWE sits cowering at his desk. The Special Branch MAN is hiding behind the door, pistol in hand.

STEED'S VOICE  
Mr. Crewe. Are you there?

The MAN nods to CREWE.

CREWE  
(calling out)  
Yes.

MAN  
(harsh whisper)  
Come in.

CREWE  
(calling)  
Come in!

SOUND of steps outside. The door opens. In comes STEED. As the door closes behind him, so the MAN slips into position behind him.

MAN  
Keep walking. Nice and slowly.

(CONTINUED)



85. CONTINUED:

85.

STEED  
(pained)  
Mr. Crewe. You've disappointed  
me again.

CREWE  
It wasn't my fault.

MAN  
Keep quiet. Get your hands up.

STEED complies. As the MAN comes in close to frisk him,  
STEED hooks his foot round the MAN's leg and smartly  
upends him.

STEED is about to brain him with his umbrella when he  
stops. He reverses the umbrella so that the MAN can  
grab hold of the handle and be hauled to his feet.

STEED  
George! - What are you doing  
here?

MAN  
Steed! - I could ask you the  
same thing.

STEED  
I thought of it first.

MAN  
Special security watch on the  
London-Liverpool Line.

STEED  
Oh? Someone important travelling  
along it?

MAN looks at CREWE - then:

MAN  
(confidentially)  
Very important.

Slight pause. CREWE feels "out of it" - then:

CREWE  
Mr. Steed? The recording. It  
isn't a train at all.

STEED  
Not a train?

CREWE  
Stake my life on it. It's  
just a lot of jumbled noises.

86.

86. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. NIGHT.

The tape recorder is playing the familiar diddly-pom,  
diddly-pom train SOUNDS. STEED and EMMA have obviously  
been hard at work, deciphering same. STEED stops the  
tape. EMMA has a padful of pencil jottings. STEED  
rubs his eyes tiredly.

(CONTINUED)

86. CONTINUED:

86.

STEED  
What've we got so far from  
the dreaded "diddly-pom" code?

EMMA  
D - vowel - L - B - L - vowel  
- D - G - E. Dolblidge.

STEED  
'Blidge', that sounds promising.

EMMA  
Dalblidge? No. Delblidge.  
Dilblidge. Dulblidge.

STEED  
Dulblidge. Dulblidge?

EMMA  
Sounds like a Chinaman.

STEED  
Durbridge!

EMMA  
Where's that?

STEED grabs railway map.

STEED  
Durbridge Junction. I've seen  
the name from a train somewhere.  
Durbridge ... Durbridge.  
(Pointing)  
There it is!

EMMA  
On the Norborough line.

STEED quickly looks at his watch.

STEED  
And you know who's travelling  
on that line tonight?

EMMA  
Us?

STEED  
(nodding)  
Besides us.  
(She shakes her  
head)  
The Prime Minister!

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK

---

FADE IN:

87. EXT. MAIN LINE RAILWAY STATION. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 87.  
Establish.

88. CLOSE SHOT - STATION CLOCK. (STUDIO) 88.  
Time is 8.9. As the hand ticks on to 8.10, so comes the SOUND of a GUARD's whistle. A cloud of steam blows across FRAME.

89. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT. 89.  
EMMA slides open the door and comes in. She places a grip in the luggage rack. Sitting in the "four, i, sixty-seven" seat is a WOMAN, reading a magazine. As she lowers it, we see that it's the BRIDE. They nod somewhat warily to one another.

90. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 90.  
The TICKET COLLECTOR comes along the corridor.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Tickets. Have your tickets  
ready, please.

He slides open the door to EMMA's compartment.

91. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT. 91.  
The COLLECTOR clips EMMA's ticket.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Thank you.

He then goes to clip the BRIDE's. EMMA watches carefully. As before, he cups the clipper so that he collects the piece of ticket.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Restaurant Car that way if you  
want it, ladies.

He goes out. EMMA pointedly picks up the fragment clipped from her own ticket and drops it in an ash-tray.

92. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 92.  
The TICKET COLLECTOR passes along the corridor and into .....

93. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT. 93.  
The TICKET COLLECTOR comes into the deserted restaurant car. The ATTENDANT comes anxiously up to him.

(CONTINUED)



93. CONTINUED:

ATTENDANT  
Everything all right?

93.

The TICKET COLLECTOR nods.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Let's see what the chef's got  
on for tonight.

Both MEN walk through the car into ...

94. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

94.

The door swings open. In come ATTENDANT and TICKET COLLECTOR.

The kitchen is an Ops Room. Computer, radio, telex, close circuit television, coding devices, etc. Manning the controls are FOUR MEN, dressed in Dining Car uniforms.

The TICKET COLLECTOR places the minute portion of ticket in front of one of the men. He nods, reaching for microscope. The TICKET COLLECTOR then crosses to an electronic chart. Two points A and B are marked. At these two points are two miniaturised trains. One carries the inscription "8.10". It's already on the move. The other is marked "9.5". It is still stationary. As the trains move, so the line behind them fills with mercury like a thermometer. The TICKET COLLECTOR points to a spot, closer to B than A. He taps it, marking it with a chinograph 'X'.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Durbridge Junction. Population:  
214. Principal industry:  
manufacture of glass eyes for  
Teddy Bears. Fame: non-existent.

(Proudly)  
By tomorrow night, there won't  
be a person in the civilised  
world who hasn't heard of it.

95. INT. NORBOROUGH STATION: PLATFORM. NIGHT. (STUDIO)

95.

STEED appears - paces for a moment.

O.S. SOUND of approaching train. PASSENGERS come out of waiting room.

96. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

96.

Train is stationary. EMMA watches the BRIDE, surprised that she hasn't made a move to get off.

EMMA  
(looking out)  
Norborough, isn't it?

BRIDE  
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

96. CONTINUED:

She returns to her magazine. EMMA is very puzzled. 96.  
GUARD's whistle blows o.s. Train jerks into movement.

97. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEED comes down the corridor. He spots EMMA, slides 97.  
open the door and goes in. No sign of recognition between  
them.

98. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The '8.10' miniature has now progressed about a quarter 98.  
of its journey. The TICKET COLLECTOR is standing  
beside the telex which is chattering out tape. All  
sorts of activity in b.g. Computer working, radio  
signals being received, etc.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(from telex)  
"The Prime Minister completed  
his Speech at 8.40 ... Applause  
... Left the hall at 8.57 ...  
Arrived at the station at 9.03".

99. INT. PRIME MINISTER'S COMPARTMENT. NIGHT. 99.

CAMERA is shooting through steamy window. The SECRETARY  
is dancing around, flapping round a figure who remains  
unseen. O.S SOUND of a guard's whistle. SECRETARY opens  
window an inch.

100. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT. 100.

The second train, 'the 9.5', starts its journey towards  
point 'X'. The TICKET COLLECTOR nods as the ATTENDANT  
comes up. He lowers his voice so they're not overheard.

ATTENDANT  
The man who lost the fiver.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
What about him?

ATTENDANT  
Got on the train at Norborough.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(thoughtfully)  
Mm. What compartment?

ATTENDANT  
Four, aye, sixty-seven!

The TICKET COLLECTOR reacts.

101. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

101.

STEED turns the pages of his paper. Doing so, he makes a considerable lot of noise. EMMA yawns and looks across at him. She sees the newspaper headline:

'PRIME MINISTER RETURNS TO NO. 10'

She reacts. The BRIDE lays down her magazine. STEED offers her a piece of the paper. EMMA appears to doze off again.

STEED  
Like a piece?

BRIDE  
No, thank you.

STEED  
Have it all in a minute. Just reading my horoscope. "A cautious time of the month. Not a day for taking initiatives".

EMMA gets the message. The BRIDE starts to wind her watch.

BRIDE  
Do you have the time?

STEED  
(glancing at his watch)  
Nine twelve.

BRIDE  
Thank you.

STEED  
The Prime Minister's travelling tonight.

BRIDE  
Really?

STEED  
You'll be able to see him out that window.  
(Pointing)

BRIDE  
I'll keep a look-out.

STEED  
We should pass about 10.40.

EMMA opens one eye to look at STEED.

102. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

102.

The two miniature trains are slowly converging on one another.



103. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

103.

STEED sits drinking coffee. The car is relatively crowded. The GROOM, button-hole and dressed as ever, comes down the centre gangway and sits opposite STEED. They nod to one another. The ATTENDANT comes up.

Sir? ATTENDANT

GROOM  
Pot of tea for one, please.

The ATTENDANT nods and goes away towards the kitchen.

STEED  
Splendid carnation.

GROOM  
(admiring it)  
Isn't it. My Best Man got them.

STEED  
Trouble with weddings. The Best Man never gets the chance to prove it ... Like our friend Salt!

The GROOM eyes STEED carefully. The ATTENDANT comes up with a pot of tea, water jug, milk, etc. Although the GROOM takes hold of the tea-pot handle, he makes no move to pour out.

GROOM  
Going far?

STEED  
All the way.

He makes a move to get up.

GROOM  
Don't go!

STEED reacts; noticing that the tea-pot spout is now levelled unerringly at his heart. He looks up inquiringly at the GROOM who nods.

GROOM  
The tea-pot gun. Remember?

STEED sits down.

GROOM  
Very inquisitive traveller, aren't you, Mr. Steed.

STEED  
I'm at a disadvantage.  
(GROOM smiles)  
You know my name.

(CONTINUED)

103. CONTINUED:

GROOM  
They call me the Groom. A  
session with me and people 'Forever  
hold their peace' - so to speak.  
103.

He smiles. STEED makes a small overt move, and:  
The GROOM fires the tea-pot gun. STEED looks at the  
large bullet hole in the upholstery near his head.

STEED  
(tut-tutting)  
Vandalism.

104. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The chart. The distance between the two trains has now  
lessened considerably. 104.

105. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

EMMA anxiously takes a glance at her watch. STEED seems  
to be taking an inordinate time. The BRIDE looks at her  
and smiles. 105.

106. INT. RESTAURANT CAR. NIGHT.

The LAST CUSTOMER walks out. The GROOM nods to STEED  
who gets uncertainly to his feet. 106.

STEED  
Which way?

GROOM  
The kitchen.

STEED  
Knew it would come to that  
in the end.

The GROOM now produces a more authentic gun and prods  
STEED towards the kitchen.

107. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR is speaking into a two-way radio. 107.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
... after the explosion, we  
uncouple the restaurant car at  
10.55. Mile Nine Junction.  
Two cars are waiting for us.  
At 11.05. the restaurant car  
blows up - by that time we shall  
be in the air. Over and out.

As he passes the radio speaker to another man, so STEED  
and the GROOM come in.

(CONTINUED)

107. CONTINUED:

107.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Mr. Steed. Welcome. How do  
you like our set-up?

STEED  
Pretty thorough.  
(Indicating telex)  
Don't get the Racing Results  
on that, do you?

TICKET COLLECTOR  
No. We're more politically minded.

STEED  
So I gather.

The TICKET COLLECTOR points to a button set in the control  
panel. It has a perspex shield over it.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
You don't need me to tell you  
what that is.

STEED  
(shaking head)  
I'm sure you shouldn't use it  
when the train's in the station.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(laughing)  
I'm sure you're right. Imagine  
the chaos there will be when our  
bomb explodes!  
(Sinisterly)  
Imagine how someone prepared  
could capitalise on that chaos.

108. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

108.

The ATTENDANT is coming along the corridor, tray of  
coffee cups in hand. He glances into the BRIDE's  
compartment and spots ....

109. P.O.V. SHOT - INT. COMPARTMENT.

109.

EMMA, who looks up and recognises the ATTENDANT.

110. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

110.

The ATTENDANT continues on his way, puzzling to himself.

111. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

111.

STEED, chaperoned everywhere by the GROOM, is still being  
lectured by the TICKET COLLECTOR. He points to a large  
clock which is on 10.25. Second hand whips round busily.  
At 10.40 a black 'X' has been marked.

(CONTINUED)



111. CONTINUED:

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Fifteen minutes left. Perhaps  
you'll press the button for  
us when the time comes.

111.

STEED  
Hate to deprive you.

The ATTENDANT comes hurrying in, takes the TICKET COLLECTOR to one side and whispers in his ear. STEED turns to the GROOM.

STEED  
Didn't they ever tell him it  
was rude to whisper?

The TICKET COLLECTOR crosses to one of his staff at the control panels.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
Scramble this message. Transmit  
to seat four, aye, sixty-seven.  
"Kill - repeat kill - the lady  
opposite!"

The MAN starts to type this on to the computer-scrambling machine. STEED reacts.

112. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

112.

EMMA is now even more anxious. The BRIDE is casually reading. Suddenly she stiffens. CAMERA CLOSES on her, then the lamp over her head. We hear a faint train SOUND other than the usual one from outside. It's a tinny little noise as if it were bouncing around in the light bulb.

EMMA glances once more at her watch. Suddenly, and in EMMA's eyes for no apparent reason, the BRIDE opens her handbag and takes out a pistol. She levels it at EMMA. EMMA kicks it aside. They fight. In the narrow space between the two seats, EMMA soon gains the upper hand. She subdues her opponent then decides to pull the communication cord. She does. Nothing happens. She hurries out.

113. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

113.

EMMA hurries along the corridor to the end. She tries to open the sliding door leading to the next carriage. The door won't open. EMMA tries again. It still won't open. She crosses to the carriage door and opens the window to look out. The train is screaming through the night. She then opens the door. The wind howls around her. Again she looks out. Her hair is blown all over the place. She then steps out on to the foot-plate running along the side of the train. Gradually - much clinging by fingernails - she disappears from view.

114. INT. GUARD'S VAN. NIGHT.

STEED, accompanied by the GROOM and the ATTENDANT, is  
marched in.

114.

The ATTENDANT starts to slide open the heavy door.

GROOM  
If you know cause or just  
impediment ... ?

STEED  
Till death us do part. I know.

115. INT. COMPARTMENT. NIGHT.

A VICAR, reading 'Church Times', looks up as EMMA passes  
outside across his window. He nods, smiling wetly, then  
resumes reading.

115.

116. INT. GUARD'S VAN. NIGHT.

The door is now open. Wind rushing in. The GROOM  
motions STEED towards the open door.

116.

GROOM  
Out you go!

The GROOM and the ATTENDANT laugh at STEED's predicament.

STEED takes one step forward, then stops.

STEED  
Sounds cold.

GROOM  
You won't notice.

Suddenly EMMA appears at the open door - jumps into  
GUARD'S van. She takes the GROOM, because he's armed.  
Fight. STEED and EMMA eventually win, with the GROOM  
going-screaming-out into the night. EMMA looks unusually  
dishevelled.

STEED  
Mrs. Peel, your hair.

EMMA  
(touching it)  
Blow-waving. It's all the  
rage.

STEED  
Come on!

They run out.

117.

117. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The clock now shows 10.35. The two miniature trains are  
virtually together. The TICKET COLLECTOR is supervising  
destruction of equipment.

118. INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

STEED picks the lock. EMMA watches, shading her eyes.

118.

119. INT. GALLEY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The TICKET COLLECTOR removes the cover from the bomb button. Clock ticks on to 10.38. Suddenly the telex starts to chatter. He crosses to it.

119.

As he does so EMMA and STEED burst in. Big punch up.

TICKET COLLECTOR  
(shouting)  
The button!

Lots of play with someone about to press it and either STEED or EMMA just thwarting them.

Eventually the TICKET COLLECTOR gives STEED the slip, jumps across the galley and triumphantly presses the button. EMMA has just succeeded in ripping out the leads. She holds them up. Suspense! Who got there first?

The clock buzzer sounds. The two miniature trains have met.

STEED, EMMA and the TICKET COLLECTOR look o.s. Outside the Prime Minister's train thunders past.

Relief. STEED dusts his hands.

EMMA

Steed.

(Uncertainly)

I suppose we did the right thing?

STEED

(double take)

Lady Emma. Sir John. Can't be bad.

They agree.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

FADE IN:

120. INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

120.

Stylised closing.

END TITLES

FADE OUT: