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R E H E A R S A L S C R I P T

"THE AVENGERS"

Episode 2

"BROUGHT TO BOOK"

by

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Stage Manager Barbara Sykes

ON NO ACCOUNT MAY THE CONTENTS OF THIS SCRIPT BE USED
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FADE IN:

(NOTE: COMMENTARY TO FIT WHATEVER RACE
TRACK STOCK AVAILABLE).

1. EXT. (FILM) RACE TRACK. DAY. 1.
AS THE TAPES FLASH UP AND A DOZEN OR
MORE HORSES RACE AWAY.

COMMENTATOR'S VOICE

They're off.....Dragon Seed is well
away with Farmer's Joy, Pure Love and Jax.....

2. EXT. (FILM) RACE TRACK. DAY. 2.
AS THE HORSES ENTER A TURN.

TANNOY VOICE (FILTERED)

....and as they enter the first turn
it's still Dragon Seed leading from
Farmer's Joy, Pure Love....and now
Strongbow is coming up fast on the outside.....

3. EXT. (FILM) RACE TRACK. DAY. 3.

CLOSE SHOT. HORSES HOOVES. DRUMMING
ON THE TURF.

4. EXT. (FILM) RACE TRACK. DAY. 4.

THE HORSES OUT OF THE TURN NOW AND
RUNNING DOWN THE BACK STRAIGHT.

TANNOY VOICE: (FILTERED)

...into the back straight now....
and as they come up to the second furlong
post it's still Dragon Seed...Farmer's
Joy....Strongbow....with Pure Love
dropping back.....

THROUGH TO:

5. INT. BOOKMAKER'S OFFICE. DAY. 5.

AUSTERE LITTLE ROOM - DOMINATED BY A
BIG 'BETTING BOARD' ON ONE WALL -
COVERED WITH PRICES, BETS, ETC. NEARBY
IS A LONG TABLE WITH ABOUT A DOZEN PHONES.
AT THIS TABLE ARE SEATED PRENTICE THE
BOOKIE, WITH JOHNS AND LALE HIS TWO
ASSISTANTS. THEY ARE GATHERED AROUND
A RADIO LISTENING TO:

TANNOY VOICE: (CONTD)

.....and Strongbow's under the whip
now....neck and neck with Dragon Seed
with a furlong to go....Farmer's Joy's
challenging on the outside....Dragon
Seed is tiring now.....

PRENTICE (MURMURS) Come on Strongbow....

TANNOY VOICE: (CONTD) Strongbow's
going ahead....Farmer's Joy still
challenging.....100 yards to go....and
it's still Strongbow from Farmer's Joy
with the favourite tailing off...Strongbow
and Farmer's Joy racing it out to the post
now....Strongbow and Farmer's Joy....and at

TANNOY VOICE: (CONTD)

the post it's Strongbow by a neck from
Farmer's Joy....then Dragon Seed, Pure
Love....Merry Field.....Jax.....

PRENTICE SNAPS OFF THE RADIO --- LOOKS
AT LALE.

PRENTICE: Nice turn up. How do we
figure.....?

LALE MOVES TO THE BETTING BOARD - CHALKS
UP A FEW FIGURES - DRAWS A TOTAL.

LALE: With what we laid off....best part
of two grand up.....

PRETTY BOY:(OFF) Very nice pickings....

PRENTICE & CO REACT - THEY TURN TO THE
DOOR. WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL 'PRETTY
BOY VANCE AND BART.

'PRETTY BOY' LIVES UP TO HIS NICKNAME
- NOT EFFEMINATE, BUT VERY HANDSOME IN A
SOFT FEATURED WAY - BUT HIS SMILE IS HARD.
HE IS ABOUT 26. BART IS A LARGE MUSCLE MAN.

PRETTY BOY:Just in time to collect
our little donation, Prentice.

PRENTICE: (WARILY). Hello, Pretty Boy..

PRETTY BOY MOVES UP TO THE BLACKBOARD
- WETS HIS FINGER AND RUBS '50' off
the total figure '2508.

PRETTY BOY: Settle for that, eh?

PRENTICE: You're in the wrong house, Pretty Boy.

PRETTY BOY: (VERY GENTLE) Oh...? Don't think so do you, Bart? We was very careful to read the plate outside...."B.Prentice - Turf Accountant". We was most careful.....

SUDDENLY HIS FACE BECOMES HARD.

PRETTY BOY: Now make with the cash.

PRENTICE: I'm not paying you.

PRETTY BOY: Now that wouldn't be wise would it? Think of the service we offer. The last year you've been paying us everything's been quiet hasn't it....? (HARDER)...Nobody's come in and bust up your place have they?.... Nobody's played jig-saws on that chubby little face....?

PRETTY BOY, SMILING SWEETLY, RUBS HIS HAND ON PRENTICE'S CHEEK - PRENTICE IS SCARED - NOW PRETTY BOY GETS A BIG FINGER AND THUMB FULL OF PRENTICE'S CHEEK AND PINCHES IT HARD. PRENTICE WINCES.

PRETTY BOY: Now have they? You've been protected, Prentice....full cover... protected from fire, theft, earthquake, flood, Act of God....and me.....

HE PATS PRENTICE'S FACE - A SHARP, STINGING BLOW.

PRETTY BOY: So let's have the premium.

PRENTICE: No.....

PRETTY BOY: STEPS IN MENACINGLY.

PRENTICE: I.....I can't,.....

PRETTY BOY GRABS HIM, AND HIS VOICE
RISES TO A SQUEAL:

PRENTICE: I already paid someone....
(PRETTY BOY.REACTS)

PRETTY BOY: Paid someone? It
wasn't me....

PRENTICE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

PRETTY BOY: Someone else....?

PRENTICE: (NODS) I was strongarmed
into it..... I can't pay for
protection twice.....

PRETTY BOY: (ICY) Who's muscling
in on us....? Who did you pay, Prentice?

MASON: (OFF) He paid us.....

PRETTY BOY REACTS - SWINGS ROUND TO
DOOR . IN THE DOORWAY STANDS MASON,
A SMOOTH LOOKING MAN OF 45; SPICER AND
PETERS, TWO HARD CASES.

PRETTY BOY: (WHISPERS) Mason....!

NOW HE RECOVERS HIS WITS - MAKES A QUICK MOVE - BUT MASON HAS NODDED - SPICER AND PETERS MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING THRUSTING BART AWAY TO THE GROUND BEFORE HE CAN MOVE - PRETTY BOY IS RUNNING TO THE REAR DOOR - PRENTICE AND COMPANY MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO HELP OR HINDER.

PRETTY BOY GRABS THE DOOR HANDLE - IT IS LOCKED - HE TURNS - JUST IN TIME TO BE PINIONED BY SPICER AND PETERS. THEY TURN HIM AROUND - AROUND TO FACE MASON. MASON MOVES IN, HIS HAND IN HIS POCKET.

MASON: I'm moving in, Pretty Boy. Tell your big brother that....Tell him I mean business. This kind of business.....

ANOTHER ANGLE. LALE, PRENTICE AND COMPANY REACTING TO A SCUFFLE OFF SCREEN. WE HEAR PRETTY BOY YELL - LALE REACTS. THEN THERE IS A PAUSE - THEN A THUD O.S. PAUSE - THEN PRENTICE AND COMPANY STARE AT MASON AND COMPANY AS THEY BACK AWAY FROM PRETTY BOY (O.S.) MASON PAUSES TO LOOK AT PRENTICE.

MASON: From now on you pay me. Understand?

PRENTICE NODS. MASON AND COMPANY EXIT. NOW PAN TO BART, STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET - STARING O.S.

PAN TO PICK UP PRETTY BOY. HE IS A HUDDLE BY THE REAR DOOR - FACE AWAY FROM US - HIS HANDS TO HIS FACE....(HE HAS BEEN RAZOR CARVED - ALTHOUGH WE DO NOT SHOW IT).

BART: (ANXIOUSLY) Pretty Boy.....?

PRETTY BOY SLOWLY STARTS TO TURN.

ANOTHER ANGLE. BART. PRENTICE AND COMPANY
- REACTING IN HORROR AT WHAT THEY SEE
OFF SCREEN.

BART: (HOARSELY) You need a doctor....
(MOVING IN)....You need a doctor bad....

AS HE MOVES IN TOWARDS PRETTY BOY (O.S.)

THROUGH TO:

6. CLOSE ON KEEL AND TREDDING'S
BRASS PLATE. 6.

THROUGH TO:

7. INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY. 7.
CLOSE ON BOOKSHELF. PAN ALONG A LINE
OF THE USUAL MEDICAL BOOKS - SOME BOOKS
ON PSYCHOLOGY.

PAN OUT TO REVEAL GRANT. HE HAS HIS
BACK TO THE CAMERA, AND IS STARING OUT
OF THE WINDOW - UNMOVING - DEEP IN
MELANCHOLY THOUGHT.

HOLD HIM FOR A MOMENT.

CAROL: (OFF) Dr. Keel.

CAROL REVEALED. THE NEW RECEPTIONIST
A PRETTY GIRL OF ABOUT 23. SHE HOLDS
SOME X-RAY PLATES.

CAROL: Dr. Keel.

KEEL: Eh? (HE TURNS)

CAROL: What shall I do with these X-Rays?

KEEL: (STILL FAR AWAY) Put them away. I'll look at them later.

CAROL: Where shall I put them?

KEEL: Surely you know where to put them- (HE RISES AND AT THE SAME TIME REMEMBERS WHERE HE IS) Oh, of course. You won't know - I am sorry.

CAROL: That's quite alright doctor if you will just tell me.

KEEL: (SPEAKING WITH CLEAR EMPHASIS TO HAVE DONE WITH THE MATTER) They are X-Rays of a difficult fracture that is taking some time to mend. The patient's card is on my desk. Just file them in the cabinet and I will look at them later.

HE SPEAKS WITH COMPLETE DETACHMENT THAT MIGHT BE MERELY PROFESSIONAL: BUT ACTUALLY HE DOESN'T WANT TOO CLOSE A CONTACT WITH THE NEW RECEPTIONIST TOO SOON. HIS ABSENT MINDED MOOD RETURNING HE MAKES FOR THE DOOR TO THE SITTING ROOM WITHOUT A FURTHER WORD AND PASSES THROUGH.

CAROL, THOUGHTFULLY, ALMOST UNDERSTANDINGLY, SETS ABOUT DOING WHAT HE ASKED.

7a. SITTING ROOM.

KEEL HAS ENTERED. TREDDING IS SITTING COMFORTABLY DRINKING A CUP OF COFFEE. KEEL, DEEP IN THOUGHT, APPEARS NOT TO NOTICE HIM AND INDEED PACES SLOWLY PAST HIM.

TREDDING: (MILDLY) Coffee?

KEEL: (VAGUELY) Thanks.

TREDDING: Black or White?

KEEL: (WAKING UP AND LOOKING AT TRAY) None for me, thank you.

TREDDING: (TRYING ANOTHER TACK) How is our new receptionist shaping?

KEEL: She will be alright when she knows where things are.

TREDDING: She's got ~~very~~ good references and she's pretty too - don't you think?

KEEL: (NOT THINKING AT ALL) Very pretty.

TREDDING: And kind

KEEL: (AS ABOVE) and kind, yes.

TREDDING: She brought me some coffee without being asked.

KEEL: (AT LAST SEEING WHAT HE IS THINKING) Dick, I'm all right, you know. I can talk about what's happened. I can talk about Peggy's death quite rationally

KEEL: (CONTD)

(QUICKLY PUTTING HIMSELF IN TREDDINGS PLACE FOR A MOMENT) Oh, I don't mean that you are deliberately making polite conversation "to take my mind off it" -

TREDDING: (TRYING TO HELP) If you want to talk about it -

KEEL NODS

TREDDING: After all you are not a child.

KEEL: (EAGERLY NOW, HAVING BEEN GIVEN HIS OPPORTUNITY) I feel like one. I feel awfully like a child. You know that feeling one had when events were taken out of one's hands? And one didn't understand enough to control anything? Well I am an adult now living in the adult world and suddenly I can't control it.

TREDDING: You haven't done too badly.

KEEL: Well, at least I know a little more.

TREDDING: We know a lot more. (TAKING THE PLUNGE INTO "TALKING ABOUT IT") We know Peggy murdered because she discovered purely by chance the contact man of a really big drug ring. And - at an appalling sacrifice - that ring is now broken up, David - largely due to you.

KEEL: (KINDLY BUT FIRMLY) You are leaving out just those parts of the story that worry me. You know you are Dick. The man who killed my fiancée is still at large and also....(SLIGHT PAUSE)

TREDDING: What?

KEEL: Also the man who helped me - who must have been helping me or I'd have been killed.

TREDDING: Yes, I don't understand that part.

KEEL: Nor do I.

TREDDING: I can't fit him into the story at all.

KEEL: So now do you see what I mean? How it gets on my nerves? Not understanding. Not being in control.

(SOUND OF TELEPHONE FROM SURGERY - CAROL ANSWERING)

TREDDING: You will be your old self soon enough.

KEEL: (SHARP AND FIRM) Yes I will. I shan't rest till I am -

ENTER CAROL

CAROL: Excuse me Dr. Keel. There's someone on the telephone - she insists on talking to you personally.

KEEL: (IMMEDIATELY PROFESSIONAL) Did she give her name?

CAROL: No.

KEEL: (GLAD OF AN OPPORTUNITY TO RELIEVE NERVOUS TENSION) Always get the patient's name please. Sometimes a serious mistake can be made -

CAROL: (TOPPING HIM POLITELY BUT FIRMLY) I asked her several times to give her name and she flatly refused. But she said it was urgent....so

TREDDING: Quite right to come in.

KEEL: (RISING) I'll come and see what she wants.

CAROL RETURNS TO SURGERY. KEEL
TURNS AT DOOR.

KEEL: (EMBARRASSED WHISPERING OR MOUTHING) What's her name (INDICATING CAROL)

TREDDING: (WHO HAS TOLD HIM THIS SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE - SMILING) Wilson. Carol Wilson.

KEEL NODS A LITTLE DISTRACTED AND ENTERS SURGERY.

SURGERY.

CAROL TALKS TO TELEPHONE AS KEEL ENTERS

CAROL: Dr. Keel is coming now. SHE PUTS HER HAND OVER THE MOUTHPIECE. There's something odd about her. The voice - I can't place it.

KEEL CROSSES TO TELEPHONE

KEEL: Young? Old?

CAROL: A girl's voice.

KEEL TAKES TELEPHONE AND COVERS
MOUTHPIECE

KEEL: English? Foreign?

CAROL: Foreign - sort of.

KEEL ANSWERS TELEPHONE

KEEL: Keel here.

CHINESE GIRL'S VOICE: (FILTERED)

Dr. Keel someone is asking for you.

KEEL: Yes. Who?

INTERIOR "RISING SUN" DAY

C.S. CHINESE GIRL TALKING INTO TELEPHONE

CHINESE GIRL: You are wanted.

KEEL: (FILTERED) Yes - who by -

CHINESE GIRL: - Very badly indeed,
I was to say.

RESUME SURGERY

KEEL: Yes, but who told you? (FEELING
THE CONVERSATION IS GETTING OUT OF HAND:
MORE FORMALLY) And what is your name please?

CHINESE GIRL: (FILTERED) One moment
please (MUFFLED SOUNDS OF DISCUSSION)

CHINESE GIRL: (CONT'D) Yes, yes,
I will tell him. I will give it
him now (SPEAKING DISTINCTLY) NOW
TO KEEL) Dr. Keel, will you take down
the address please. It's the house
of the Rising Sun. Do you have that?

KEEL: Now just tell me who you are.

CHINESE GIRL: (FILTERED) (REPEATING)
The House of the Rising Sun, Soho.
You are expected at once.

KEEL GLANCES AT CAROL REALISING THAT HE
MUST BY NOW BE MAKING RATHER AN ODD
IMPRESSION. HE THEREFORE SPEAKS QUITE
NORMALLY IN AN EFFORT TO GIVE THE
APPEARANCE OF A RUN-OF-THE-MILL TELEPHONE
CONVERSATION.

KEEL: I have the address. Now please
don't get excited - just tell me quietly:
is it a patient? Is someone seriously
ill? Just explain in your own words.

CHINESE GIRL: (FILTERED) Come at once.
Please don't delay. Please.
(INDISTINCT MURMURS) Yes. Yes. Alright
(CLEARLY TO KEEL) Goodbye.

KEEL HOLDS THE TELEPHONE FOR A MOMENT
AND THEN HANGS UP. HE PAUSES A MOMENT,
HIS MIND RACING, THEN BECOMES CONSCIOUS
OF CAROL AND SPEAKS.

KEEL: (LYING) A call - um - a patient.
Rather a curious one. I know her of

KEEL: (CONTD) course. Rather a nervous type really. Still you never know. I think I'd better go. If you would just....

CAROL, INTELLIGENTLY UNDERSTANDING, SPEAKS AS KEEL MOVES SWIFTLY TO LEAVE, TAKING HIS BAG.

CAROL: I will explain to Dr. Tredding and ask him to take over if necessary.

KEEL: (BY DOOR) Explain to Tredding - (AT LAST REGISTERING HER QUIET COMPETENCE) Yes, that's right. Good. What's your name?

CAROL: (SMILING AND NOT IN THE LEAST PUT OUT) Carol - Carol Wilson.

KEEL: Yes, you are quite right. That's what Dick said (SMILING NOW AT HIS OWN ABSURDITY) I am sorry. Look after things. (HE GOES)

CAROL WATCHES HIM FOR A MOMENT, DROPPING HER MANNER OF HELPFUL EFFICIENCY A LITTLE AND REPLACING IT WITH AN EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHETIC BEWILDERMENT.

TREDDING: (O.S.) It's alright Carol. Let him go.

TREDDING: (REVEALED) (HAVING ENTERED FROM SITTING ROOM DOOR)

CAROL: It was rather an odd call.

TREDDING: You must expect him to have quite a number of odd calls. Just let me know - I will always take over.

CAROL: You understand him, don't you.

TREDDING: I think so. As far as anybody can.

CAROL: Well, if there is anything I can do to help.

TREDDING: I know. I know we can count on you. The agency told you what happened; we insisted they should.

CAROL: (LESS FORMAL NOW - MORE CONVERSATIONAL) Why though? To tell a girl that her predecessor was killed -

TREDDING: (SO THAT THERE SHALL BE NO DOUBT) Murdered.

CAROL: (WITHOUT FLINCHING) To tell a girl that her predecessor was murdered isn't the usual way to get someone to work for them.

TREDDING: But if you do, you know she's alright. CAROL CANNOT FAIL TO BE PLEASED.

TREDDING: It means if things get difficult she won't back out.

CAROL: (QUIETLY) Are things getting difficult?

TREDDING: (LOOKS AT OR TAPS TELEPHONE WITH HIS FINGERS) Yes. Yes. My guess is - yes, they are.

MLX.

THROUGH TO:

10. INT. RISING SUN. DAY. 10.
OPENING CLOSE ON CHINESE GIRL FROM SC. 8.
WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL KEEL.

CHINESE GIRL:

Do you mind coming this way, Doctor....?

KEEL: At the moment I don't mind where
I go.

SHE LEADS KEEL ACROSS THE MAIN ROOM OF THE
TEA HOUSE CUM CLUB BAR. IT HAS SMALL
TABLES ON ONE SIDE, A LONG BAR AT THE
OTHER - AND A NUMBER OF BEADED CURTAINED
ALCOVES AT THE REAR. THE PLACE IS
DIMLY LIT - WITH NO CUSTOMERS AS YET.

CHINESE GIRL: Here.....

SHE THRUSTS ASIDE BEAD CURTAIN - KEEL
HESITATES - THEN DUCKS UNDER CURTAIN
AND INTO THE ALCOVE.

11. INT. ALCOVE. DAY. 11.
AS KEEL ENTERS, THE CHINESE GIRL LETS
THE BEAD CURTAIN BACK INTO PLACE -
AND SHE IS GONE.

THE ALCOVE IS VERY DIM - KEEL PEERS INTO
THE SHADOWS - HE TURNS TO HIS RIGHT -
STRIKES AGAINST SOME HANGING CHINESE
ORNAMENT - TINKLING PIECES OF CUT GLASS....
STARTLED, HE TURNS AWAY - AND FINDS HIS
FACE INCHES FROM A FIENDISH DRAGON MASK.
KEEL REACTS.

STEED: (OFF) Doctor Keel.....

KEEL TURNS TO THE REAR OF THE ALCOVE -
A MAN STANDS IN THE SHADOWS. WE CAN
SEE IT IS STEED, BUT KEEL DOESN'T
AT ONCE RECOGNISE HIM.

KEEL: Yes, are you a patient?

STEED: I don't mind being, if you want
someone to practice on. But not now.

STEED MOVES TO LIGHT HAVING CHECKED
ALL IS WELL OUTSIDE

KEEL: I am sorry. I am not in the
mood for jokes -

STEED SWITCHES ON LIGHT.

STEED: Nor am I. This is serious or
I wouldn't have got you here.

KEEL STUDIES STEED AND THEN, RECOGNISING
HIM, SITS.

KEEL: I see. I wondered when we'd
meet again....

STEED: I had to arrange it like this.
Can't take chances you see.

STEED SITS.

STEED: (CONTD) But I am glad you realised
that we'd meet again.

KEEL: (NODS) It seems to me, you saved
my life.

STEED: Ye-es. I wouldn't have brought it up myself; people don't always want their lives saved for them. Take me now -

KEEL: Why. Why did you do it?

STEED: Ah - That's a complicated question.

THE BEAD CURTAINS RATTLE.

STEED: Tea! (AN EXCLAMATION).

ENTER A PRETTY CHINESE GIRL - LILA - WITH A TRAY OF DELICATE CHINESE CUPS AND SMALL ALMOND CAKES ETC.

EXIT LILA

STEED: (CONTD) Tea? (A QUESTION)

KEEL: (INDIFFERENT) Alright.

STEED: It's very good tea.

STEED HANDS KEEL A CUP

KEEL: So I should imagine. Now please tell me who you are and what you are doing.

STEED: I am called Steed - John Steed. And as to what I am doing - well, the first thing I am going to do is to trust you. Later I hope you will trust me -

KEEL: Well I have nothing to lose - so perhaps I will if you answer me one question -

STEED: I will try (MORE GENTLY) There was an occasion in the past when you didn't trust me, though -

KEEL: (FRANKLY) There was. I had caught Peggy's murderer and I let him go.

STEED: Because you saw his companion and me with guns in our hands?

KEEL: I thought it was two against one. Did the chap with you try and kill me?

STEED: Yes.

KEEL: And you shot him first?

STEED: Yes.

KEEL: And then made off?

STEED: Yes.

KEEL LEANS BACK.

KEEL: Yes that explains it. That's the answer to my question. (HE RELAXES AND SIPS TEA) It is good tea.

STEED: (ALREADY SIPPING) You must have thought it was three against one.

KEEL: (NODS) The man who got away.

STEED: Yes. The murderer. He is back now.

KEEL NOW LOOKS AT STEED GRAVELY AND STEADILY.

STEED: (CONTD) His name is Spicer. He is a rare bird for this country. He will kill or dispose of a body - if you pay him enough.

KEEL: (LOW VOICED AND HUSKY) Why hasn't he been arrested?

STEED: Proof.

KEEL: But I am a witness. I would recognise him again.

STEED: Yes, for attempted murder. I am the other witness - and if I once give evidence in a court of law my usefulness is over.

KEEL: You mean you will be recognised from then on - a marked man?

STEED: And I'd lose my job which would be a pity 'cos I am rather good at it.

KEEL: Even so - the man who was sent to kill me - Spicer - must have been the man who actually did kill Peggy.

STEED: Yes, and the only other witness to your fiancée's murder is dead. So you see -

KEEL: (MORE KEENLY) I think I do see. You - whoever you are -

STEED: John Steed

KEEL: Are working under cover.

STEED: Right under cover

KEEL: And I am one of the few people who would know Spicer again.

STEED: And Spicer has a new master but the same job. So if you will come under cover too, we should have better luck next time.

(SHORT PAUSE)

KEEL: (DECIDING IN FAVOUR OF STEED)
I think it adds up. (LEANING SLIGHTLY FORWARD) Go on.

KEEL FINISHES HIS TEA.

STEED: The old protection racket has started up again. The victims are bookmakers. They must pay for "protection" or take the consequences.

KEEL: I think I read about it somewhere.

STEED: The man behind it is Ronny Vance. You will meet him soon. But meanwhile something even worse has happened.

KEEL: Worse than meeting Ronnie Vance?

STEED: Worse than one protection racket.

KEEL: Two rackets?

STEED: Another gang has moved in...
Nick Masons. The Police pushed them
out of Brighton and so they are trying
to take over here.

KEEL: And that means gang war....

STEED NODS

STEED: One of the worst things that
can happen. Innocent Bystanders hurt.
Honest men wronged. A reign of terror -
in a small area perhaps - but real
terror nonetheless.

KEEL: How do you know all this?

STEED: I work for Nick Mason.

STEED FINISHES HIS TEA.

KEEL: The heck you do! How much of a
risk is that?

STEED: It's my job. But why should
I worry? One has to make one's own
excitement. Life isn't all that
interesting on its own.

ENTER LILA

STEED: (CONTD) Unless of course it
presents one with certain delicious
(LILA CLEARS TEA) and irresistible
pastines.

EXIT LILA ESCAPING FROM STEED'S
OUTSTRETCHED HAND.

KEEL: (AMUSED) It seems your pastimes
are quite able to resist you.

STEED: Oh that's just for the look
of the thing. (SERIOUS NOW) Well
there's the set up.

KEEL: Seems simple enough.

STEED: Doesn't it? However Nick
Mason has decided to dispense with gang war.

KEEL: He will make peace with this
Vance chap?

STEED: On the contrary. His gang without
Vance is nothing. Mason is paying to
have Vance murdered.

PAUSE AS KEEL GRASPS SITUATION.

KEEL: And the murderer is to be Spicer?

STEED NODS.

STEED: And this time we want proof.

KEEL: How can I help?

STEED: Doctor Keel, I must be fair with
you..... if you agree to help me,
it may not be a pleasant experience.....
you may have to forget some old friendships
you face a serious risk and there'll be
no turning back.....

KEEL: (QUIETLY) How can I help?

STEED: I need someone in the opposite camp - somebody working for Vance.

KEEL REACTS.

STEED: You are tailor-made for the job.

KEEL: Why me particularly.

STEED:
Vance has a younger brother - good looking boy. So good looking they call him 'Pretty Boy'. He met Nick Mason less than an hour ago, and he isn't pretty any more - he needs a doctor. He needs expert needlework,

KEEL: Surely these kind have their own contacts?

STEED: They had a contact. In Brighton. So I thought I'd arrange for them to have one here.

KEEL: Do they know?

STEED: No. But Vance urgently needs a Doctor who won't ask awkward questions and they're not so easy to find.

KEEL UNDERSTANDS THE IMPLICATION.

STEED: Well?

KEEL: If I allow myself to become implicated with the Vance gang...it would be easy to discredit me.....

STEED: Very easy. I warned you there was risk.

KEEL: How would I contact this man Vance?

STEED SMILES - RISES - GESTURES. HE AND KEEL MOVE TO THE CURTAINED DOORWAY - STEED THRUSTS ASIDE CURTAIN.

12. INT. RISING SUN. DAY. 12.

EYELINE FROM ALCOVE TO BAR. CHINESE GIRL AND LILA ARE SEEN (PERHAPS A CUSTOMER OR TWO?)

STEED: The empty stool at the end of the bar....it's reserved for Ronny Vance. It commands a view of the front and rear doors.....

13. INT. ALCOVE. DAY. 13.

STEED DROPS CURTAIN BACK INTO PLACE.

STEED: (CONTD) ...he's a cautious man... and he's due here any minute.

KEEL: What do I do? Just go up to him and offer my services....?

STEED: A few minutes after Vance arrives a....er....small drama will be enacted....The police will burst in (EYES KEEL).....looking for a crooked doctor.....

KEEL: Me?

STEED: You, Now the details.
The Detective Inspector is the only
other person who will know this ia a
put up job....the fewer people who know
the better....sit down and I'll tell
you the rest.

HE LEADS KEEL BACK TOWARDS TABLE.

14. INT. RISING SUN. DAY. 14.
AS THE MAIN DOORS ARE OPENED BY LILA
OBSEQUIOUSLY - RONNY VANCE ENTERS (SMALL,
ROUND, IMMACULATELY DRESSED) PRECEDING
HIM IS BART WHO CAREFULLY 'CASES' THE
PLACE, THEN NODS 'O.K.'. LILA CLOSES
THE DOOR AS VANCE MOVES TO HIS FAVOURITE
STOOL.

CHINESE.. GIRL MOVES TO HIM.

CHINESE GIRL: Mr. Vance...Sir...what
is your pleasure?

BART EYES HER UP AND DOWN.

BART: Dames. What's yours....?

BUT VANCE IS IN NO MOOD FOR BANTER.

VANCE: Scotch. Two Scotch.

CHINESE GIRL NODS - MOVES AWAY.

TRACK IN CLOSE TO VANCE. BART IS
WATCHING HIM A LITTLE WARILY.

BART: We can't do any more, Mr. Vance,
The word's out we need a doctor....

VANCE: So where is he?

BART: Shouldn't be more'n a hour or so.

VANCE: An hour or so. You saw Pretty Boy's face!

BART SITS BACK.

VANCE: You saw it all right. You saw them do it to....

BART: Mr. Vance....

VANCE: What I pay you for, eh? I pay you to look after my brother.... and what do you do?

BART: They jumped us....I told you....

VANCE: Yes....yes, you told me....

HE LOOKS OFF.

WIDEN ANGLE. KEEL IS MOVING TO THE BAR FROM THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE ALCOVES. HE MOVES UP TO THE BAR - SOME WAY AWAY FROM VANCE AND COMPANY. HE PLACES HIS MEDICAL BAG PROMINENT ON BAR.

VANCE: (SOFT) We know him?

BART SHAKES HIS HEAD. KEEL SITS DOWN WITHOUT A GLANCE THEIR WAY.

BART: He's all right.

VANCE: How would you know? How would you know anything? I pay you good money to look after my brother - and poof he's grinning out the side of his face. How would you know!?

DART SHRINKS AWAY.

PAN AWAY TO KEEL. THE CHINESE GIRL SERVES VANCE AND BART THEN LOOKS INQUIRINGLY AT KEEL.

KEEL: Scotch. A large one.

CHINESE GIRL NODS, TURNS AWAY - THEN SPINS ROUND AS THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN. DET. INSP. WILSON AND DET. SGT. STRIDE IN.

BART: (WHISPERING) The law!

HE MAKES A MOVE . VANCE GRABS HIS ARM.

VANCE: So what have we got to hide?

BART GRINS SHEEPISHLY.

KEEL SUDDENLY OPENS BAG. HE SLIPS OUT WHITE PACKET AND QUICKLY SCOOPS OUT SOME OF THE PLANTS IN A BOWL AT THE BAR, SLIPS THE PACKET UNDER THEM, TOSSES THE PEANUTS BACK, SMOOTHING THEM OUT. KEEL SLIDES THE BOWL ALONG THE BAR - FURTHER AWAY - AND TOWARDS VANCE -

CHINESE GIRL: Come in, come in, gentlemen...

WELSH PUSHES PAST HER - STRIDES INTO THE PLACE TO STOP FACING VANCE.

CHINESE GIRL: (BUSTLING AROUND)

This is a very respectable place....

WILSON: I can see...by the very
respectable clientele....

VANCE LIFTS HIS HANDS HIGH.

VANCE: I'm clean, Inspector....

WILSON: You'll never be clean, Vance
.....not if you took a dozen baths a day.

VANCE: (CONFIDENT) Is it a sermon or
a pinch.....?

WILSON: We're not doing business
with you today, Vance...(LOOKS AROUND)
.....not today.....

HE SEES KEEL'S BACK - THE DOCTOR'S BAG.

WILSON: It's the medical profession
we're interested in.....

HE STRIDES UP TO KEEL.

KEEL TURNS - REGARDS WILSON.

WILSON: Doctor David Keel?

KEEL: Yes.

WILSON: Search that bag, Sergeant....

SGT LEANS FORWARD TO TAKE BAG - BUT
KEEL GETS THERE FIRST, GENTLY YET
FIRMLY HOLDING IT.

KEEL: There is surely some mistake?

WILSON: Did you fail to enter heroin
on your register by mistake? Do you
say you forgot?

KEEL: Who laid this information?

WILSON: Are you going to open that bag,
doctor?

KEEL: Are you going to show me a warrant?

WILSON: As it happens, I am. (HE
TRIUMPHANTLY PRODUCES WARRANT - KEEL
RELUCTANTLY LETS SGT TUG B AG AWAY
AND OPEN IT.

15. INT. ALCOVE. DAY.

STEED PEERING THROUGH DEAD CURTAIN -
EYELINE TO KEEL & CO. SGT IS
SEARCHING BAG

16. INT. RISING SUN. DAY.

SGT FINISHES SEARCHING - SHAKES HEAD
AT WILSON

KEEL: Are you satisfied?

WILSON: Search him.

SGT STARTS TO SEARCH KEEL
VANCE & BART ARE WATCHING KEENLY -
NOW VANCE LEANS ACROSS AND PICKS UP
PEANUT BOWL.

VANCE: Excuse me.

KEEL'S EYES FLICKER AT VANCE AS HE
STARTS TO EAT NUTS.

SGT: Nothing, sir.

KEEL: Now are you satisfied?

VANCE EYES THE BOWL HE HOLDS - THEN
OFFERS IT TO WILSON

VANCE: Have a nut, Inspector.....

HE ENJOYS THE SHARP LOOK ON KEEL'S
FACE. WILSON IGNORES HIM.

KEEL: I know nothing about any heroin.....

WILSON LOOKS AROUND.

SGT: He may have passed it on already,
sir....

HIS EYES MEET VANCE'S. VANCE SMILES
CONFIDENTLY.

VANCE: (AGAIN LIFTS ARMS TO BE SEARCHED)
I ask you, Inspector....would Ronny
Vance be picked up with snuff in his
pocket?

WILSON: If it's not you - it must
be somebody -

WILSON MOVES AWAY TOWARDS THE ALCOVES
- PAN WITH HIM. HE THRUSTS ASIDE
ONE CURTAIN - THEN THE NEXT - THEN
THE ALCOVE IN WHICH STEED IS HIDING.

17. INT. ALCOVE. DAY.

WILSON THRUSTS ASIDE THE CURTAIN -
AND FOR A LONG MOMENT STARES STRAIGHT
AT STEED IN THE SHADOWY RECESSES -
FINALLY HE TURNS AWAY.

WILSON: Not a soul.....

18. INT. RISING SUN. DAY.

AS WILSON MOVES RIGHT BACK TO FACE
KEEL.

KEEL: It seems you've been barking
up the wrong tree, Inspector.

WILSON: (TIGHT - EYEING HIM)

It's the right tree and you're right
about barking (HARD)
Next time, Doctor, I'll bite.

HE GESTURES TO SERGEANT - THEY TURN AND
EXIT.

A FAUSE - THEN KEEL RELAXES HEAVILY -
TURNS TO WHERE VANCE HAS REPLACED THE
PEANUT BOWL. HE REACHES FOR IT, BUT
VANCE SUBTLY GETS THERE FIRST - EATS
A FEW NUTS.

NOW HE DIGS HIS FINGERS DEEP INTO THE
NUTS - FINDS THE PACKET - MAKES A SHOW
OF SURPRISE.

VANCE: Hello! Bit of a lucky dip....

HE PRODUCES PACKET - SHAKES IT -
LOOKS AT KEEL.

VANCE: Wonder what this could
be...?

KEEL, PLAYING INTERESTED, MAKES TO
TAKE IT. VANCE CLOSES HIS HAND OVER
IT.

VANCE: Nothing I don't suppose. Well
I'd better hand it in. Never know -
might be a reward -

KEEL: Yes. Yes, but I might be able
to find the owner - so if you don't
mind I'll -

VANCE: Oh, how would you know who this
belongs to? Seen it before?

KEEL: If I could just have a look
I'd be able to tell you a bit better.

VANCE RISES.

VANCE: Yes, but we don't want everybody
joining in, do we?

KEEL RISES AND VANCE MOVES TOWARDS
ALCOVE.

KEEL: (QUICKLY) No, no we don't.

KEEL FOLLOWS VANCE.

VANCE: (AS HE GOES) Just you and me, eh? - Dr.?

INTERIOR ALCOVE.

STEED SEES VANCE AND KEEL HEADED FOR HIM.

RESUME RISING SUN

VANCE ENTERS ALCOVE. KEEL HESITATES AND FOLLOWS. ENTER VANCE. STEED HAS SUNK OUT OF SIGHT IN THE SHADOWS AND OR MOVED THROUGH A CONCEALED DOORWAY OR HIDDEN ROUND THE CORNER OF THE ALCOVE OR OTHERWISE DISPOSED OF HIMSELF.

ENTER KEEL.

VANCE: (HOLDING PACKET) If this was yours, Doctor... Would you offer a reward for it?

KEEL: I haven't any money.

VANCE: Course you haven't (ROUGHLY) You wouldn't be sticking your neck out so far if you had.

KEEL: I don't understand. Sticking my neck out?

VANCE: You're green. Boy - you're green. This is the first time you have fiddled the books? Or the drug register or whatever you call it?

NO ANSWER

VANCE: (CONTINUED) You have never passed the stuff before have you? I reckon this is your first time. What are you doing here? Looking for a customer?

KEEL'S SILENCE PROMPTS VANCE TO USE SHOCK TACTICS.

VANCE: When were you struck off?

KEEL: (QUICKLY) I wasn't! I am not.
(AVERTS GAZE) Not yet.

VANCE WHISTLES.

VANCE: Still legitimate, eh? Got a practice?

KEEL: Yes.

VANCE: (ANSWERING HIS OWN QUESTION) But it doesn't pay, eh?

KEEL: Not enough to accomodate my tastes in life.

VANCE: Legitimate practice! What a front for a medicine man. How would you like to earn this back? (SHAKES PACKET) and a little more besides?

KEEL: Not interested.....

VANCE SLOWLY WEIGHS THE HEROIN PACK
IN HIS HAND.

VANCE: Oh...? More interested in a
five to seven stretch.... That's what
pushers are getting these days.

VANCE: (TO KEEL) Five to seven's a
long time... (HEFTS BACK) and they won't
accommodate for your tastes much, will
they?

KEEL: What do you want?

VANCE: I need a man with talent...
(TOUCHES BAG) Your kind of talent....
A little consultation....private....
and Harley Street fees.....

KEEL: Who are you?

VANCE: That doesn't matter for the
moment....Thing is I need a doctor
....someone from the.... 'shady side of
the street....'?

KEEL: You've made a mistake about me....
so did the police.....

HE RISES TO GO.

VANCE SMILES - PULLS HAND FROM POCKET
AND FANS OUT A QUANTITY OF NOTES.

VANCE: Hard to get - and cautious too
....I like that..... (WAVES NOTES IN
FRONT OF KEEL.....) everyone's got a
price.....

KEEL LOOKS AT THE NOTES, THEN
QUICKLY TAKES THEM.

KEEL: All right.

VANCE: (INDICATES PACKET) And you'll
have this back when you've done a little
job for me. Now let's go and have a
drink.

VANCE SHOWS KEEL OUT

STEED RE-EMERGES

STEED: The spider and the fly.....

LILA APPEARS AT HIS SHOULDER

LILA: Which is which?

STEED: (SERIOUS) That remains to
be seen.

THEN HE TAKES LILA'S HAND AND SMILES AT
HER. THE INFERENCE IS THAT THERE IS
QUITE A RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THEM.

FADE TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. VANCE'S PLACE. DAY

OPEN CLOSE ON KEEL - BENDING OVER PRETTY BOY (HIS BACK OBSCURING PRETTY BOY). HIS BAG AND IMPLEMENTS ARE NEARBY.

VANCE STANDS CLOSE BY, SMOKING NERVOUSLY. THE ROOM IS PART OF A SUPER MODERN HOUSE - IMPECCABLY FURNISHED. PRETTY BOY GROANS OCCASIONALLY - THEN YELPS.

VANCE: How's it going?

KEEL PUTS A PAD TO PRETTY BOY'S CHEEK

KEEL: Hold that there.....

PRETTY BOY DOES. KEEL MOVES TO GET SURGICAL NEEDLE AND THREAD.

VANCE: How's it going to be?

KEEL: It's a bad gash.

PRETTY BOY: Will it mark me? Will it mark me bad?

BEFORE KEEL CAN ANSWER, THE DOOR OPENS AND JACKIE ENTERS. SHE IS ABOUT 19 - SEXY - A 'DARDOT'. SHE HAS A SMALL, RIDICULOUS VOICE.

JACKIE: Pretty Boy.....?

SHE STOPS - FACE TO FACE WITH KEEL - OBVIOUSLY LIKING THE LOOK OF HIM IMMEDIATELY (ANYWAY, SHE IS THE KIND WHO HAS TO MAKE A PLAY FOR EVERY NEW THING IN PANTS).

JACKIE: Oh...Hello....

KEEL: Hello....

JACKIE: I was looking for Pretty Boy...

SHE MOVES BEYOND KEEL - REACTS TO THE SCENE.

JACKIE: Pretty Bo....!

PRETTY BOY: (INTERJECTS) Keep away from me! Don't look at me!

JACKIE: What's the matter?

PRETTY BOY: Get out. Get her out of here!

JACKIE FROWNS - MOVES CLOSER - BUT
VANCE GRABS HER, PULLS HER CLOSE IN
A PAINFUL GRIP - JACKIE STARES AT
HIM, SCARED.

VANCE: He got carved...(MEANINGLY)
You want to know how?

JACKIE: N...No.....

SHE RETREATS WITH A LAST LOOK AT KEEL
- THEN TURNS TO EXIT QUICKLY. KEEL
HAS NEEDLE AND STITCHES READY NOW.

KEEL: This may hurt a bit....

HE MOVES IN ON PRETTY BOY.

INT. POOL ROOM. DAY

CLOSE ON SNOOKER TABLE. JUST AS TWO
BALLS SNICK TOGETHER.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL MASON CHALKING UP
HIS CUE - PREPARING FOR ANOTHER
SHOT. NEARBY STANDS STEED IN SHIRT
SLEEVES, CUE IN HAND.

IN THE BACKGROUND STANDS SPICER -
AND PETERS.

MASON: It's a good idea. If it works.

STEED: We won't move until we're
quite sure it's going to work....

MASON: (SMILES REFLECTIVELY) Knock
over the Vance brothers...? (PLAYS A
SHOT) ...What about the rest of the
bunch?

STEED: Just so many geese - they have to follow someone...If there's no one else - they'll have to follow you.....

PAUSE - STEED LOOKS AT THE MAN IN THE SHADOWS.

STEED: It's time Spicer started earning his keep.....

SPICER: I'm ready...

HE STEPS FORWARD (NOTE: HE IS THE KILLER FROM EPISODE I) SPICER SLAPS HIS UNDERARM.

MASON: (SHARP) You're not carrying a shooter!? Not in this company?

SPICER GRINS - OPENS HIS COAT - THERE IS NO GUN

SPICER: Just a habit. But I got one tucked away.

STEED: And man's work this time, eh? Not gunning for women.

SPICER: What woman? Who've you been talking to?

STEED SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF BEING KEENLY WATCHED BY SPICER, MASON & PETERS. IT IS A BAD MOMENT.

STEED: It's my job to know things, Spicer.....

SPICER: Not about me.

STEED: (SMILES - CALM) I have sharp ears... (TO MASON) ... That's why you pay me, isn't it? To get accurate information...Such as...when is the best time to move in on the Vance brothers....

HE HAS CHANGED THE SUBJECT - KILLED SUSPICION.

MASON: When is the best time?

STEED: Not yet. But I'll let you know. Soon.

MASON SMILES AGAIN.

MASON: Put me at the top of this Manor wouldn't it? The Vance brothers put down for good. (GRINS).....
(NODS) We'll do it.

HE SMILES HAPPILY AT THE THOUGHT -
MAKES ANOTHER SHOT...CLOSE ON SNOOKER TABLE. THE BALLS ROLLING ABOUT.
INT. VANCE'S PLACE. DAY
KEEL STANDS BACK FROM PRETTY BOY. WE SEE THAT PRETTY BOY NOW WEARS A BIG PLASTER ALONG HIS CHEEK. HE FINGERS IT, THEN TENTATIVELY MOVES TO A MIRROR.

PRETTY BOY: How's it look?

PRETTY BOY STARES AT HIMSELF IN MIRROR.

PRETTY BOY: Am I going to mark, doc...?

KEEL: You'll scar. But with the right attention it'll be a thin one...

PRETTY BOY FINGERS THE PLASTER.

PRETTY BOY: Thin 'un, eh? (BRIGHTENING)
Just here. Maybe it won't be so bad, eh, Ronny? I mean lots of fellers wear a mark...some of the biggest. Proves something don't it...? Maybe it won't be so bad....

VANCE: (SOFTLY) Nobody ever marked me.

PRETTY BOY DOES NOT HEAR - HE MOVES TO DOOR - OPENS IT.

PRETTY BOY: Jackie...Jackie!

JACKIE APPEARS - STILL VERY NERVOUS.
PRETTY BOY HAS TO GRIP HER WRIST AND PULL HER INSIDE.

PRETTY BOY: Doc fixed me up good - didn't you, doc? ...fixed me up good...

JACKIE LOOKS FROM PRETTY BOY TO KEEL

JACKIE: You must be ever so clever,....

PRETTY BOY: Just a thin 'un... (TOUCHES PLASTER) that's all it'll leave...

JACKIE: I was going to be a nurse once you know...I have very soothing hands....

SHE EXTENDS HER HANDS TO KEEL
PRETTY BOY MOVES TO VANCE.

PRETTY BOY: Nick Mason's not going
to get away with this is he, Honny?
You'll show him he can't touch a
Vance...You'll show him won't you...?

VANCE: It was your face.

PRETTY BOY: Huh?

VANCE: (HARD TO PRETTY BOY)
We don't do a thing for a while.

PRETTY BOY: What do you mean....?
He carved me didn't he...? You going
to let him...

VANCE: We've got to go carefully.
We start something now, and Mason'll
tell the rozzers just that - that we
started it...The rozzers don't know
about this carving remember...But
don't worry - we'll fix him...

KEEL IS PUTTING INSTRUMENTS AWAY IN
BAG - JACKIE NEARDY.

PRETTY BOY: That's more like it. I'll
tell the boys at the spieler they can...

VANCE: You'll tell them nothing -
because you're not going out.

PRETTY BOY: Huh?

VANCE: You don't go outside this house until I say so...

PRETTY BOY: Ronny... I just wanted to...

VANCE CLASPS A VICE LIKE GRIP ON PRETTY BOY'S WRIST.

VANCE: I never have to tell you twice do I, Pretty Boy?

PRETTY BOY: (SCARED) No...No, Ronny... of course not.

VANCE RELEASES HIM - THEN GESTURES TOWARDS JACKIE.

VANCE: You won't be missing anything. You brought your toy along.... Go and play.

PRETTY BOY GIVES HIM ANOTHER SCARED GLANCE, THEN TAKES JACKIE'S ARM AND LEADS HER AWAY. THEY EXIT. JACKIE GIVES LAST SMILE AT KEEL. NOW VANCE TURNS TO KEEL.

VANCE: Now, doc...How about a drink?

KEEL: You owe me something.

VANCE GRINS - TAKES WHITE PACKET FROM HIS POCKET AND TOSSES IT TO KEEL

VANCE: You earned it... (OPENING BOTTLE) Scotch?

KEEL NODS.

VANCE:and a grand besides...
I'm not an ungrateful man, doc...
never welshed in my life... (SMILES)
Except when I was broke, and that don't
count....

HE HANDS KEEL DRINK - TOASTS HIM.

VANCE: To life, eh, doc....? (DRINKS)
You've got the power of life in your
hands - and in that little black
bag of yours.....

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT HE LOOKS A LITTLE
SAD.

VANCE: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF) That
must be something...that kind of power
...starting off new lives....saving
old ones...

HE SMILES - THE OLD VANCE AGAIN.

VANCE: The only life I ever gave a
tupenny dam for was my own...Good
philosoph, eh, Doc?

KEEL: I suppose it works for some.

VANCE: That's what I like about you
...You understand. Nobody around
here understands....You're a man of
culture like me...You can tell can't
you. The way this place is furnished
...Set me back 9000 - just for the
bare furnishings...

VANCE: (CONTINUED)See this picture...Original...See....It's by Corot...No, Rousseau...No, well, French anyway.

HE LOOKS AT KEEL.

VANCE: The right attention? That's what you said. If Pretty Boy gets the right attention he'll hardly scar at all....

KEEL: The big danger is the stitches bursting....

VANCE: Right. So from now on I want you to be on call for me...You don't have to 'drop' your practice...it's a good front....

HE MOVES AWAY - SMILING BRIGHTLY.

VANCE: I want you as my 'personal physician'...You know like Napoleon and Nero....they both had personal physicians...

KEEL: (SOFTLY) And both at Waterloo....

VANCE: Huh ?

KEEL: (BRIGHTER) A comment on history.

VANCE: History...Yeah. That's it... Let's drink to that, eh, doc?

AS THEY DRINK

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY
TREDDING AND CARROL.

CARROL: It's not that he's away so much - that doesn't worry me....

TREDDING: David Keel's not the sort of person who can sit passively while other people tell him what's happening. He's got a lot of problems and he means to solve them himself.

CAROL: Of course I understand that. And you can look after things here wonderfully well.

TREDDING: Now you've joined us, yes.

CAROL SMILES HER THANKS AND HURRIES ON.

CAROL: But when he is at home he's - he's more than restless, Dr. Tredding, it's as though he was waiting for something all the time.

TREDDING: (SERIOUS) Something he seems to want and yet dread, I know.

CAROL: Strain. That's it. He's under some special strain. (BEFORE TREDDING CAN INTERJECT "OBVIOUSLY") No, more than he was when I first came.

DOOR SLAMS - FOOTSTEPS.

TREDDING: (ADMITTING IT AND SPEAKING FAST) I know. And I know a little more than you, Carol. And frankly, I'm worried.

FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE DOOR. ENTER KEEL. HIS NERVOUS TENSION SHOWN ONLY IN HIS BEING EVEN MORE THAN USUALLY QUICK AND ACTIVE.

TREDDING: (CONTINUED) Ah, there you are.

KEEL: Sorry, I've been deserting you both a bit I'm afraid.

TREDDING MOVES KEEL TOWARDS SITTING ROOM

TREDDING: Oh, don't worry David. You've been busy.

KEEL: Rush of work you know.

TREDDING: There's just one or two matters I'd like your advice about.

KEEL: Well, of course.

TREDDING EASES KEEL INTO SITTING ROOM.

SITTING ROOM

ENTER KEEL AND TREDDING.

TREDDING: Look, David, I'm a bit worried about you. I- know it's hardly my business, but -

KEEL: Dick, if that's all you have to say, please don't there's a good chap. I know what I'm doing -

TREDDING: Of course you do. But - um - not everybody may realise that. (HASTENING ON) You've got a fine practice - it would be foolish to jeopardise that and your career.....

KEEL: Do you honestly think I would.

TREDDING: No - not consciously, of course - but there've been rumours.

KEEL: There always are.

TREDDING: Rumours that you've been see by various patients in some very odd places, with some very odd people. David, you know your own business best, but please be careful. You know how vulnerable a doctor is -

KEEL: (FENT UP EMOTION) And when a doctor fights back he can show how dangerous he is too. And any decent person who knows anything about the matter should rejoice and help him all they can!

TREDDING: I do. I will. How can I help.

KEEL: Just by leaving me al---

ENTER CAROL

CAROL: I'm sorry to interrupt.
There's a man here (TO KEEL) says he
wants to see you.

KEEL: No, not now, is he a patient?

CAROL: He's come as a private patient,
with an appointment, he says.

KEEL: Oh, what's the matter with
him?

CAROL: His eyes are troubling him.

THE EFFECT ON KEEL IS IMMEDIATE.

KEEL: I'll come at once.

EXIT ~~CAROL~~. KEEL PAUSES BY DOOR.

KEEL: Sorry, Dick- um - sorry -

KEEL SMILES. TREDDING MAKES A GESTURE
DISMISSING THE WHOLE MATTER. EXIT KEEL

SURGERY

ENTER STEED FROM WAITING ROOM, WEARING
SINISTER LOOKING DARK GLASSES. CAROL
CLOSES DOOR BEHIND HIM. ENTER KEEL
AND SEEING STEED HE KNOWS THERE IS
SOME URGENT NEWS FOR HIM.

KEEL: Oh yes, of course. I was expecting
you.

STEED: Good of you to see me, Keel,
I think the trouble's coming to a
head.

KEEL: Sit down. (INDICATES EYES) Now
let's have a look at the trouble -

STEED SITS

STEED: That's the advantage of using
a doctor - one can put one's troubles
in his hands and from then on
they're his troubles.

KEEL: (CONCEALING EXTREME IMPATIENCE)
That'll be all for the moment, Carol,
thank you.

EXIT CAROL, KEEL MANAGES TO WAIT.
THEN BOTH KEEL AND STEED DROP
DR-PATIENT RELATIONSHIP.

KEEL: I've been expecting you all week.

STEED: Trouble your end?

KEEL: It's only that if something
doesn't happen soon I won't have a
friend left.

STEED: It'll happen soon all right.
And your reputation will remain
unblemished. Right - ready to
concentrate?

KEEL: Just a moment - somebody may
walk in.

KEEL PICKS UP EYE TORCH AND RETURNS TO STEED, CARRYING OUT A SPURIOUS EXAMINATION AS THEY TALK.

KEEL: Put your head back. I sent you the plan of Vance's house. Was it clear?

STEED: Quite clear. You have done pretty well with Vance.

KEEL: Been living in his pocket. He trusts me now.

STEED: Excellent. I told you it would work.

KEEL: I don't want it to work a second longer than necessary.

STEED: And it won't wither. In fact dear boy you will be meeting our friend Spicer again very soon. Tomorrow afternoon to be exact.

KEEL HARDENS, HIS INTEREST RIVETED.
ENTER CAROL WITH SOME LETTERS. SHE GOES ABOUT HER BUSINESS UNSELF CONCIOSLY (SHE IS ABOUT TO CHECK THE LETTERS AND BOOK APPOINTMENTS FROM THEM)

KEEL: (EXAMINING STEED) Yes - Well - we'll just have to be patient for a little and -

CAROL: Dr. Keel, may I take the appointment book for a minute? - Dr. Tredding wants to check something -

KEEL: (HIS VOICE SOUNDING ALMOST CASUAL) Yes. Very well Carol. Bring it back though.

CAROL: (GOING) Thank you.

EXIT CAROL. KEEL NOW SPEAKS URGENTLY.

KEEL: All right, Steed - now tell me the lot - Find Spicer

STEED: He's been paid to get the Vance brothers tomorrow. Extraordinary conscientious fellow- he's actually looking forward to it.

KEEL: (BREATHING THE WORDS) He's going to kill again! (TO STEED) Where?

STEED: At your headquarters, dear boy - Vance's place.

KEEL: But he'll never get past the front door.

STEED: He will - with your help. You're to make sure the front door is unlocked, unbolted, unbarred.

KEEL: An accessory to murder! Me?

STEED: An accessory to an arrest. There will be no murder.

KEEL: Go on.

STEED: At the appointed hour Spicer walks in.

KEEL: Into the arms of Vance's thugs.

STEED: No. Vance and his brother will be alone. You see, tomorrow morning, Nick Mason's lucky lads are going to move in on Vance's country with ~~sv~~vengeance. A real take over bid. Vance will have to fight back with all he's got - He'll send every man out to meet it.

KEEL: I'll say he will! But he won't go himself...he's too fly...neither will Pretty Boy...he's too scared. They'll both stay at the house.

KEEL: I'll be there too.

STEED: Just where we want you. As soon as the Vance brothers are alone... you call me...

HE HANDS KEEL SLIP OF PAPER

STEED: This number, visualise it - memorise it - destroy it...

KEEL: Vance will be right beside me...listening to everything I say...

STEED: In his eyes you're a crooked doctor....

KEEL: So?

STEED: And gambling, far from supplying your wordly needs, has become your downfall. But you can't keep away from it. So, if the brothers are alone ring me up and tell me there are only two runners worth considering. If you tell me you think it's any man's race that will mean they are not alone and Spicer's visit will be postponed - Get it?

KEEL: It sounds very jolly...I'm alone in the house with a killer and two thugs.

STEED: As soon as you tell me your two thugs are alone, the police will move in. They have your plan of the house already. You'll have unlocked the door so they'll be right there in the house when Spicer makes his murder attempt...just one step behind him, every inch of the way.

KEEL: That's cutting things fine.

STEED: I know, but we have to, to get the right kind of evidence. So far we've been unable to pin anything on the protection racketeers...not even a parking ticket. But this way we'll pull them in, in connection with a murder attempt...

KEEL: Will that be strong enough?

STEED: Don't believe in honour
amongst thieves...it doesn't exist.
Once Spicer is arrested, he'll talk
- just to save his own hide he'll
talk...he'll implicate Mason...
we'll pick him up, and he'll
implicate Vance...Vance will...
(GESTURES)...You get the picture?

KEEL: In glowing red. Just one thing
- Spicer is going to recognise me,

STEED: (NODS) I'm counting on it.
It'll give him the moment of panic
we need - the uncertainty...and in
that moment the police will move in,
And no one will talk his way out -
because you, Doctor Keel will have
helped us to provide eye witnesses
to the whole train of events. Neat?

THEY LOOK UP AS CAROL ENTERS WITH
APPOINTMENTS BOOK.

CAROL: Everything's up to date, now.

KEEL: Thank you.

STEED: Well, Doctor...you've certainly
helped me a great deal... (EYES
CAROL)...When I arrived here I
thought your receptionist was quite
plain...middle aged in fact....

CAROL REACTS

STEED: But now...Now I can see quite
clearly how wrong I was,....

CAROL FLUSHES. STEED IS OPENLY EYEING HER UP AND DOWN.

STEED: Sharp vision has so many compensations.....

KEEL: (SLIGHT SMILE) Your wife and brood of children will be pleased to hear that....

STEED HAS BEEN FRANKLY ADMIRING CAROL AND RECEIVING HER ATTENTION - NOW HE REACTS - CAROL POINTEDLY TURNS AWAY.

KEEL: I'll see you out...

HE USHERS STEED AWAY. CAROL GAZES AFTER THEM.

CAROL: Married men! Always the worst.

KEEL: (AT DOOR) I hope you don't speak from experience

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. (FILM) STREET. DAY.

FAIRLY BUSY, NARROW LONDON STREET.

THIS MONTAGE MUST ACHIEVE IN QUICK, BRUTAL CUTS, THE PICTURE OF A VICIOUS GANG WREAKING MAYHEM AMONGST THE MEN, MACHINES AND PROPERTY OF A NUMBER OF DOCKMAKERS. VIOLENCE

PRECIPITATED FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

PICK UP & PAN A BIG SEDAN AS HE ROARS DOWN THE STREET - IT DRAWS LEVEL WITH A GLASS FRONTED SHOP - SLOWS - A MAN LEANS FROM THE CAR AND POKES A SHOTGUN FROM THE WINDOW - THE SHOTGUN BLASTS - THERE IS A SMASHING OF GLASS - THE CAR ROARS ON.

CLOSE SHOT. GLASS DOOR. (FILM?) DAY.
SHATTERED AND RIDDLED WITH BUCKSHOT.
A FEW PIECES REMAIN IN THE FRAME
AND WE CAN JUST READ:~
"...OBINSON & SONS...TURF ACCOUNTANTS".

INT. BOOKMAKER'S OFFICE. DAY.
THESE VARIOUS CLOSE UP SHOTS ARE SHOT IN
A RE-VAMP OF SCENE 5.

CLOSE SHOT. BETTING BOARD.
HANDS RIP IT FROM THE WALL.

CLOSE SHOT. TICKER TAPE.
HANDS OVERTURN IT - WRIP OUT SALIENT
WIRES.

CLERKS AT TABLE.
THE CLERKS SIT IN A LINE - EACH
TALKING INTO THE PHONES WHICH
ARE CONSTANTLY RINGING - SUDDENLY
A HAND APPEARS ON CLERK'S SHOULDER
- PULLS HIM BACK - TIPPING HIM BACK
IN HIS CHAIR SO THAT HE FALLS OUT OF
SHOT. THE OTHER CLERKS REACT - BUT
HANDS ARE PULLING THEM AWAY - HANDS
SWEEPING BETTING LEDGERS TO FLOOR
- TEARING THEM UP.

CLOSE SHOT. CHAIR.
BEING LIFTED AND SMASHED ON THE
FLOOR - TO LIE AMID A LITTER OF
PAPERS.

EXT. (STUDIO) BOOKIE'S STAND. DAY.
CLOSE SHOT. A BOOKIE STANDS YELLING
ODDS - WITH HIS OWN 'HONEST JOE' STAND
AND SIGN BEHIND HIM AS A BACKGROUND.
NOW SPICER STEPS INTO SHOT - JERKS
THE BOOKIE ROUND - HITS HIM - THEN
TEARS AWAY HIS MONEY BAG AND UPENDS
IT - THEN SCATTERS HIS MANY BETTING
SLIPS TO THE WIND.

OVER ALL THE ABOVE MONTAGE SHOTS -
THE MUSIC SHOULD BE MOUNTING IN PACE AND
VOLUME. IT FINISHES ON THE HIGH PITCHED,
STRIDENT RING OF A TELEPHONE.

INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY
CLOSE ON PHONE RINGING. PULL OUT
AS KEEL PICKS IT UP.

KEEL: Hello...Yes....

INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY
CLOSE SHOT. STEED TALKING INTO
PHONE (TIGHT SECTION - JUST A DARK
FLAT AS BACKGROUND).

STEED: Over to Vance Keel -
Quick. Yes, this is it!

INT. KEEL'S SURGERY DAY.
KEEL SLOWLY THOUGHTFULLY HANGING UP -
BUT NOW HE BECOMES MORE BRISK AS HE
RISES, REACHES FOR HIS COAT, ETC.
AT THIS MOMENT CAROL ENTERS.

KEEL: I have to go out now.....

CAROL: Oh, will you be taking surgery,
Doctor Keel?

KEEL: I don't think so... If I'm not
back by three - then please call
Doctor Tredding...he said he will
stand in for me.....

CAROL: Yes, doctor.....

HE PICKS UP HIS BAG, COAT, ETC.....

KEEL: Tell him I'm particularly
anxious about the Tomson's little girl
...I'll go along and see her tonight no
matter how late I am..... (CLEARING
DESK) ...Oh, and these plates should
be in the post tonight....must be
verified at Guy's.....

HE PAUSES - LOOKS AT HER - SHE IS
REGARDING HIM STEADILY.

CAROL: It's going to be over soon,
isn't it?

KEEL: How did you - how do you mean?

CAROL: Whatever's threatening you -
You're going out to face it now.

KEEL: I'm - I'm going out to - to do
my duty - to do what I think best
for

CAROL: (A LITTLE IRONICAL) For
a patient?

KEEL: For us all.

CAROL: (QUIET) I know. Good luck.

HE GOES

FADE TO:

SECOND BREAK.

FADE IN ACT THREE

END OF ACT TWO

INT. VANCE'S PLACE. DAY.

VANCE PACING AROUND - ANGRY, AGITATED.

VANCE: I told Murphy to phone....
what's keeping him?

WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL BART, PRETTY
BOY KEEL WATCHING HIM.

THE PHONE RINGS - PRETTY BOY IS
NEAREST - PICKS IT UP, BUT VANCE
SNATCHES IT FROM HIM.

VANCE: Hello.....? Yeah...when?
How many.....? All right...wait
there, I'll take care of it....

HE SLAMS DOWN PHONE.

VANCE: (TO BART) Mason's boys are
moving in on Sarny Cohen's spieler...
Couple of car loads....Murphy's going
to need help.....get going - round
up the rest of the boys.....every
one you can find....Got to stop
Mason wrecking Sarny's place.

BART NODS - EXITS QUICKLY.

VANCE: Mason....! When I catch up
with him....

HE STOPS - LOOKS AT KEEL,

VANCE: There's going to be a lot
of work for you later. (TO PRETTY BOY)
Murphy says Mason's boys are chained up....

VANCE: (PACING) Oh, this is going to cost a lot of money...a lot of money.....

PRETTY BOY: (NERVOUS) Think.... think Mason'll come for us?

VANCE: We're safe here....

KEEL RISES CASUALLY.

KEEL: I'm backing you, Vance....
(GESTURES) Nothing to worry about....
(POURS DRINK)....A drink....

HE CASUALLY MOVES TO PHONE....

VANCE REACTS, BUT THEN:

KEEL: and a bet on the 3.30....

VANCE: (STARES AT HIM WITH SOME ADMIRATION. SUDDENLY LAUGHS) That's cool. I knew why I like you.... you don't panic....(SLAPS KEEL ON BACK) Put a pony on for me....Keel.

KEEL NODS, LIFTS PHONE - THEN, WITH HALF AN EYE ON PRETTY BOY, HE STARTS TO DIAL. TOWARDS THE END OF THE DIALLING, PRETTY BOY SAUNTERS NEARER AND LOOKS AT PHONE.

INT. VANCE'S PLACE. DAY.

KEEL TALKING INTO PHONE - PRETTY BOY & VANCE INCHES AWAY.

KEEL: Only two runners worth
considering....Put fifty on will you?

INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

STEED: How about the front door....
have you unlocked it....?

INT. VANCE'S PLACE...DAY.

KEEL: Not yet....I'll do that now...
All right? Good....

HE STARTS TO HANG UP.

INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

STEED SLOWLY LOWERS PHONE ONTO HOOK -
LOOKS AT WILSON.

STEED: He's attending to it. You'd
better be on your way, Inspector.

WILSON NODS - MOVES OUT OF SHOT.
HOLD ON STEED - HE SLOWLY DIALS ANOTHER
NUMBER.

INT. POOL ROOM. DAY.

WALL PHONE RINGING. MASON LOOKS AT
SPICER. SPICER ANSWERS.

SPICER: Hello....

INT. PHONE BOOTH...DAY.

STEED: Hello, Spicer? It's fixed.

PRETTY BOY: One of our boys.

KEEL: (EASILY) I don't think so.

PRETTY BOY: Well, use one of our boys.

KEEL: Everyone knows me. (INTO TELEPHONE) Hello. Keel here. Dr. Keel.

PRETTY BOY: (RETURNING GRUMBLING) Should use one of our boys.

KEEL: What price are you offering on the favourite in the 3.30.?

INTERIOR PHONE BOOTH.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Hello Keel! Well, what's your expert opinion? The door will be open....

HE STARTS TO HANG UP.

INT. POOL ROOM. DAY.

SPICER: (TO MASON) Door will be open. (TO TELEPHONE) ..Where are you calling from?

INT; PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

STEED FROWNS.

STEED: A street booth....why?

INT. POOL ROOM. DAY

SPICER: Just checking. Like to know where everybody is before I make my own moves - on a day like this. Where are you going now....? Where can I reach you?

INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

STEED: I'll be at the Rising Sun if you need me....

SPICER: (FILTERED) Fine...See you... afterwards.

THERE IS A CLICK - THEN STEED STARES AT THE DEAD PHONE FOR A MOMENT - THEN SHRUGS - PREPARES TO MOVE.

INT. POOL ROOM. DAY.

SPICER LOOKS AT MASON.

SPICER: (TO MASON) All set.

MASON: Good, let's have a nice neat job, no mess....

SPICER: There never is with me - (GRINS) ...no mess and no mistake.

SPICER MOVES AWAY.

HE EXITS.

INT. VANCE'S PLACE. DAY.

KEEL EDGY - AWAITING AN OPPORTUNITY.

PRETTY BOY: How am I now, Professor?
I don't feel all of one piece yet.

RELUCTANTLY KEEL TURNS TO EXAMINE HIM.

KEEL: Let's see.

KEEL LOOKS UP AS DOOR OPENS AND JACKIE
ENTERS, SHE WEARS SLACKS. SHE SMILES
AT KEEL - MOVES ACROSS TO OPERATE
RADIO - IT BLARES OUT LOUD MUSIC -
JACKIE MOVES TO THE MUSIC.

VANCE: Cut it out....!

JACKIE PAYS NO ATTENTION - VANCE
MOVES TO SNAP OFF THE MUSIC.

SHE STARES AT HIM.

JACKIE: What's a girl supposed to do?

VANCE: You want to play that thing -
go to your own room....

JACKIE: It's lonely there....and
here too....it's like a morgue....
Pretty Boy.....

SHE MOVES TO HIM - HE IS BITING HIS NAILS.

PRETTY BOY: You heard him....

JACKIE: What's the matter with everybody....?

VANCE: Go for a walk.

JACKIE: On my own? I don't like going out on my own....I go out on my own and I meet somebody...and Pretty Boy doesn't like that. He doesn't like me to even talk to people.

VANCE: He won't mind you talking to the doc....

JACKIE TURNS TO KEEL.

VANCE: You take her for a walk, doc...

SHE MOVES CLOSER - NEAR KEEL.

JACKIE: That'd be nice....

KEEL IS WORRIED - HOW CAN HE REFUSE.

JACKIE: I've never been for a walk with a doctor - that's not struck off yet.

ARE
SHE TAKES HIS ARM - THEY/AT THE DOOR.

PRETTY BOY: Just a minute.

THEY STOP.

PRETTY BOY: Nobody asked me.

HE MOVES CLOSER.

PRETTY BOY: You go up West...on
your own.

JACKIE: But Pretty Boy....

PRETTY BOY: (HANDS HER MONEY)
Buy yourself some pretties....

SHE BRIGHTENS.

JACKIE: That's different...Thank,
Pretty Boy.....

SHE OPENS DOOR.

PRETTY BOY: Make 'em black and
lacey, eh?....

SHE GIGGLES - EXITS. KEEL IS
RELIEVED.

VANCE: Women!

HE MOVES TO POUR DRINK - UP ENDS
BOTTLE INTO GLASS - KEEL SEES THIS -
MOVES NEARER.

KEEL: I could do with one myself...
(TILTS BOTTLE) Where do you keep the
replacements?

PRETTY BOY: In the kitchen...(RISES)
....I'll....

KEEL: Don't bother....

HE EXITS. VANCE LOOKS AT PRETTY BOY.

VANCE: Well, say something.

PRETTY BOY: Say what?

VANCE: Something - anything...This waiting is driving me nuts....

HE TURNS TO SWITCH ON RADIO - MUSIC BLARES OUT - OVER THIS THE PHONE BEGINS TO RING. VANCE SNAPS OFF RADIO - MOVES TO PHONE.

VANCE: Hello....Yeah, Vance speaking... Who!? (SOFT - WONDERING)....Who...?

EXT. VANCE'S PLACE. (FILM) DAY.

RICH BIG STYLISH.

PAN IN CLOSE TO DOOR. SUDDENLY IT CLICKS - MOVES AN INCH. IT IS OPEN.

INT. VANCE'S PLACE. DAY.

VANCE TALKING ON PHONE.

VANCE: When? I'll be here...Alone? Sure. There's no harm in talking is there....?

VANCE HANGS UP - PACES AWAY THOUGHTFULLY - WITH PRETTY BOY WATCHING HIM CLOSELY.

NOW KEEL RE-ENTERS WITH A NEW BOTTLE OF LIQUOR - HE STOPS - LOOKS AT VANCE - SENSING 'SOMETHING' - BUT THEN CASUALLY CLOSES THE DOOR - PUTS THE BOTTLE ON TRAY - STARTS TO OPEN IT.

HOLD ON KEEL.

THIN DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VANCE'S PLACE. (FILM) DAY.

LONG SHOT - AS AN OMINOUS BLACK CAR NOSES TO A STOP AND A MAN ALIGHTS AND MOVES UP TO THE HOUSE. A LONG ENOUGH SHOT SO THAT WE ARE UNABLE TO IDENTIFY THE MAN.

INT. VANCE'S PLACE. DAY.

VANCE STANDING BY THE WINDOW - SMOKING FRETFULLY - PRETTY BOY DEEP IN AN ARMCHAIR NEARBY.

KEEL SITS, ALMOST FACING THE DOOR - AND HIS EYES CONSTANTLY STRAYING TO IT.. ALTHOUGH HE AFFECTS TO BE CASUALLY DRINKING.

BUT NOW KEEL REACTS.

CLOSE SHOT. DOOR HANGLE. IT IS SLOWLY TURNING.

CLOSE SHOT. KEEL. BECOMING TENSE.

CLOSE SHOT. DOOR HANDLE. ALMOST AT THE FULL LIMIT.

WIDER ANGLE.

KEEL WATCHING THE DOOR - VANCE AND PRETTY BOY OBLIVIOUS OF IT.

THE DOOR STARTS TO OPEN - THEN - MID-WAY, THERE IS A TAP ON THE DOOR. KEEL IS ON HIS FEET - VANCE AND PRETTY BOY SPIN ROUND.

IN THE DOORWAY STANDS MASON!

KEEL REACTS - THIS IS NOT THE KILLER!

VANCE: Mason!

MASON: Take it easy....I came alone like I said....

VANCE: Why did you call me...? What's this about....?

MASON: Someone's playing both ends against the middle....

THE DOOR BEHIND HIM BURSTS OPEN - WILSON AND SERGEANT APPEAR (PERHAPS WITH OTHER POLICEMEN SEEN IN B.G.?)

WILSON: Just stay right where you are... all of you!

MASON: Who's moving....?

HIS EYES MEET VANCES.

MASON: See what I mean?

WILSON IS QUICKLY FRISKING HIM -
PUZZLED TO FIND NO GUN.
FROWNING, HE MOVES TO DO THE SAME
TO VANCE & PRETTY BOY - BUT NEITHER
CARRY WEAPONS. WILSON'S CONSTERNATION
INCREASES - HIS EYES MEET KEEL, BUT
KEEL'S FACE IS EQUALLY PUZZLED.

SERGEANT: (EYEING KEEL) You keep the
nicest company....lift your arms.

KEEL IS SEARCHED.

SERGEANT: Nothing, sir....

VANCE: I hope you have a warrant,
Inspector?

WILSON: (FLICKS PAPER) I have...
(TO MASON) What are you doing here?

MASON: Ronny and me are old pals....
just a quiet little chat....ain't that
right, Ronny?

VANCE: I invited him over....But he's
the only person I invited....

HE EYES WILSON.

VANCE: I pay my taxes.....I'm entitled to my privacy.....So if you've finished you can get out.....all of you....

WILSON: Vance, if I ever get the chance to.....

HE STEPS CLOSER - VANCE REGARDS HIM MOCKINGLY.

VANCE: What will you do, Inspector? Tell me I'd like my lawyer to know about it...

WILSON GRUNTS IN EXASPERATION.

WILSON STEPS IN.

SERGEANT: Inspector!

WILSON STOPS - REGAINS CONTROL. VANCE SMILES AT HIM.

WILSON: One day, =Vance.....one day....

VANCE: One day men'll grow wings!
(HARD) Now get out!

WILSON AGAIN LOOKS AT KEEL - SEEKING, BUT NOT FINDING AN EXPLANATION - THEN NODS TO SERGEANT - AND TOGETHER THEY EXIT.
THE SERGEANT CASTS A LAST SCATHING LOOK AT KEEL.

AS THE DOOR SHUTS:

PRETTY BOY: What do you think they...?

VANCE GESTURES HIM TO SILENCE -
CAREFULLY OPENS THE DOOR - PEERS OUT
- OFF A DOOR SLAMS. VANCE TURNS
BACK INTO THE ROOM.

MASON: You see. It was the big
fix. You and me caught brawling
together....or you and my men....

VANCE: Who, Mason? Who!?

MASON: The same boy who stirred all
this trouble....the same boy who gave
me ambitions....This town's big
enough for both of us, Vance.

VANCE: Who!?

KEEL REACTS. NOW TRACK IN CLOSE
AS MASON AND VANCE TALK.

MASON: Oh, a smooth talker. But
a nark...playing us off against each
other, hoping we'd end up as cell
mates....Lucky I fell in just in time.

VANCE: (HARD) Where can I find him?

MASON: Now - at the Rising Sun; tomorrow in the
morgue! I've got a hired man taking
care of.....You've heard of Spicer?
Good man. Doesn't make mistakes.... He
just has to pick up a shooter and and
then he'll be taking care of Mr. Smart
Alek (LOOKS AT WATCH) Ought to be there
any minute now.

VANCE: We could have fallen heavily -
both ended up in the nick.

MASON: That was the idea. Clever...
(GRINS) I wonder if the nark can
play a harp as well as he plays the
double cross?

VANCE: (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Just a
minute. How did you walk in here...?
The door was locked....?

MASON: Inside job. A man was
planted here....

VANCE FROWNS - THEN GETS A TERRIBLE
THOUGHT - SPINS ROUND.

VANCE: Keel!

WIDER ANGLE. KEEL HAS GONE -- THE DOOR
IS HALF OPEN.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE VANCE'S PLACE.

(FILM) DAY.

THE CAR STARTS TO MOVE - KEEL HAS TO
JUMP ASIDE.

KEEL: Wait....hold on....

BUT THE CAR ROARS OFF UP THE ROAD.
KEEL TURNS INTO CAMERA - WORRIED -
ANXIOUS - BUT NOW HE MOVES OUT OF SHOT
WITH ALACRITY.

INT. RISING SUN. DAY

STEED SITS UP AT THE BAR - RESTLESS,
 ANXIOUS WITH AN ANXIETY HE CANNOT
 QUITE PIN DOWN. HE PAYS LITTLE
 ATTENTION TO THE ATTENTIVE LITTLE
 LILA BESIDE HIM.

SHE EYES HIS WORRIED FACE - THEN
 ASKS A QUESTION IN CHINESE.

STEED: You wouldn't understand....

HIS FACE IS WORRIED.

STEED: He's an amateur...a damned
 amateur....and I sent him in....It
 was my idea.....

HE CONTROLS HIMSELF - LOOKS AT THE
 ANXIOUS FACE OF LILA. HE SMILES.

STEED: You don't understand at all,
 do you? But you don't have to...
 (TOUCHES HER CHEEK)all you
 have to do is be.....decorative....

LILA UNDERSTANDS THIS - SHE SMILES
 WARMLY. THEN BOTH SHE AND STEED TURN
 AS THERE IS A CLATTER AT THE DOOR.

WIDEN ANGLE.

KEEL RUSHES IN - PUFFED, DISHEVELLED,
 WILD LOOKING.

STEED: Keel.

KEEL: You've got to get out of here...

STEED: (IRRITATINGLY CALM) Why....?
I haven't finished my drink.....

KEEL: For pity's sake...do as I say...

STEED: Now, look....I know what's
best....just take your time and
explain, and I'll....

AT THIS MOMENT THERE ARE FOOTSTEPS
OUTSIDE...KEEL WASTES NO FURTHER TIME
- HE SLAMS A TERRIFIC PUNCH INTO
STEED'S FACE.

STEED FALLS HEAVILY FROM HIS STOOL -
AND LIES ON THE GROUND. KEEL BENDS
OVER HIM.

AT THIS INSTANT - THE DOOR CLATTERS
BACK AND SPICER ENTERS - HIS GUN OUT.

SPICER: O.K. Steed....! (HE MOVES IN -
THEN STOPS - SEEING KEEL, TURNS BACK TO
HIM, CROUCHING OVER THE SILENT FIGURE
OF STEED. HE MOVES NEARER.

KEEL: He's dead....

SPICER: (REACTS) Dead?

CLOSE SHOT. KEEL BENDING OVER STEED -
STEED COMING ROUND NOW - STARTS TO MOVE -
BUT THE WARNING PRESSURE OF KEEL'S HANDS KEEP
HIM DOWN.

KEEL: Muscular failure probably.
He just fell and....Not a chance....

SPICER LOOMS UP BEHIND KEEL - KEEL CAN SEE THE GUN HANGING LAX IN HIS HAND.

KEEL: You won't have to kill him now - will you, Spicer?

STEED AND SPICER REACT TO THIS.

SPICER: Hey....how did you know...

HE TURNS KEEL AROUND - REGOGNISES HIM.

SPICER: You!

HE STARES INTO KEEL'S FACE.

KEEL: (TIGHT-CONTROLLED) She was young, she had a full life ahead of her....but you made it a short one...!

SPICER: Recovers now - jerks the gun up - but Keel is quicker - lunging in - forcing Spicer's gun arm up. The gun goes off.

KEEL STRUGGLES WITH SPICER FOR ANOTHER BRIEF MOMENT, THEN, IN A JUDO THROW - TURNS HIM - AND TOSSES HIM ALONGSIDE THE BAR.

AS SPICER STAGGERS BACK - PAN WITH HIM - PICK UP STEED - ON HIS FEET NOW, AND STANDING AT THE BAR - EVEN AS SPICER GETS TO HIM -SO STEED BOPS HIM ON THE HEAD WITH THE BOTTLE HE HAS SNATCHED FROM THE BAR.

SPICER GROANS AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

STEED AND KEEL REMAIN STARING AT EACH OTHER.

STEED: What went wrong?

KEEL: Everything.....

HE LOOKS DOWN ON SPICER.

KEEL: Will he talk? Will you get what you need?

STEED: I ...I don't know...not now...

KEEL: He's got to talk...

HE TAKES ANOTHER BOTTLE FROM STEED- IT CONTAINS WATER - KEEL UPENDS IT OVER SPICER - WHO STARTS TO STIR.

KEEL(IN COMMAND NOW) Hold him...

STEED - WONDERING THAT HE IS OBEYING THE INTENSE YOUNG MAN, PULIS SPICER TO HIS FEET, HOLDS HIM THERE, HIS ARMS FIRMLY PINIONED BEHIND HIM.

SPICER COMES AROUND - STIRS - STRUGGLES - THEN STARES AT KEEL AS HE TAKES A SMALL CASE FROM HIS INSIDE POCKET - OPENS IT - SELECTS A HYPODERMIC (KEEL IS TAKING CARE TO KEEP THE INSTRUMENT INCHES FROM SPICER'S SWEATING FACE)

NOW KEEL TALKS AS THOUGH SPICER WERE NOT THERE.

KEEL: There may not be enough evidence to put him away...but that doesn't matter anymore. I'll do the job myself.....

STEED: 'CATCHES ON' - ACTS UP TO IT.

STEED: Look, Keel...blind revenge...

KEEL: It will be a service to society....

HE TAKES PHIAL FROM WALLET-CASE -
STICKS NEEDLE INTO IT - DRAWS OFF
FLUID.

HE TESTS THE NEEDLE IN FRONT OF
SPICER'S TERRIFIED FACE.

STEED: What is it?

KEEL: SC 20 (check formula please)...
It may not be as quick as the hangman's
rope...but equally effective....

HE MOVES IN AND STARTS TO ROLL UP
SPICER'S SLEEVE

SPICER: You're....bluffing.....

KEEL: Am I...? (TO STEED) All right

STEED PINIONS SPICER MORE TIGHTLY.

SPICER: You...you won't....you're a doctor
....you won't do it.....

KEEL CALMLY GRABS SPICER'S ARM FOR
THE INJECTION.

KEEL: Look into my face, Spicer. Can
you see anything there that says I
won't do it?

SPICER BREAKS NOW - STRUGGLING WILDLY.

SPICER: No....no...please.....

KEEL: Please? From a man like you?
Did Peggy get a chance to say please?

HE ALMOST PUTS THE NEEDLE ON SPICER'S ARM.
SPICER STRUGGLES WILDLY.....ALMOST
BROKEN NOW.

SPICER: It wasn't just me...I was doing
what I was paid to do.....

KEEL: You were paid...(LOOKS AT STEED
QUICKLY) ...the same way Nick Mason
paid you to kill Vance....?

SPICER: Yes...

STEED: And you were paid to help enforce
the protection racket.....

SPICER: Yes...yes...Please don't do it....

KEEL: Give us some more names, Spicer...
who else is in this?

SPICER: Mason and...and Freddy Martin...
Lilly Vincent....they're all in it...

KEEL: (TO STEED) Is that enough?

WILSON: (OFF) More than enough.....

KEEL TURNS - WILSON & DETECTIVE STAND
IN DOORWAY.

HIS FACE HARDENS AS HE STEPS UP TO THE
BROKEN SPICER.

WILSON: And there'll be more who
come forward once they know Spicer's
safe behind bars.

HE GESTURES - STEED THRUSTS FORWARD -
THE DETECTIVE AND WILSON GRIP SPICER
- HUSTLE HIM AWAY.

STEED LOOKS AS KEEL SIGHS WITH RELIEF -
LEANS HEAVILY ON THE BAR. STEED PICKS
UP THE NEEDLE.

STEED: How far did your hate really go?
If you hadn't got a confession....
(SQUIRTS NEEDLE)
.....would you have used it?

KEEL: Yes!

STEED REACTS.

KEEL: Your medical education has been neglected...SC 20....Sodium Pentathol...(CHECK PLEASE).... a harmless barbiturate...wouldn't have hurt him at all...

STEED STARES AT THE NEEDLE - THEN AT KEEL - HE LAUGHS SOFTLY.
KEEL SLOWLY GATHERS HIMSELF TOGETHER-GETTING READY TO LEAVE.

KEEL: I have a practice to attend to....

STEED: Doctor Keel....

KEEL HESITATES.

STEED: A few minutes ago....I stood in this bar and slandered you as an amateur....(SHAKES HEAD) I was wrong. You're as professional as they come...(SLOW)...in our business we can use professionals.....

KEEL LOOKS AT HIM - SMILES, WRYLY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

KEEL: I'm just a C.P.....

HE MOVES, BUT STEED INTERCEPTS.

STEED: A G.P. with a knowledge of the intricacies of the human mind...
KEEL REACTS - STEED SMILES.

STEED: Before we use a man...we make it our business to know him thoroughly....(MOVES CLOSER).... We could use you, Doctor Keel...

THEN QUICKLY - AS KEEL STARTS TO PROTEST.

STEED: And you could use us...Crime is a disease and the criminal mind is most complex and unpredictable... vicious, grasping....yearning.... Work with us and I'll take the lid of that mind for you...You can probe ...examine it.....

KEEL IS DEFINITELY INTERESTED.

STEED: There's not so much good in this world that we can't use a little more.....

KEEL REGARDS HIM.

KEEL: Is John Steed your real name?

STEED: If you work with us you will know me as many people....I may be the man who runs a bookie stand..... Or the playboy who gives expensive 'chenny' parties....The drunk down on his luck...The seaman with contraband in his pocket....

KEEL LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG MOMENT.

KEEL: This... 'organisation' you work for.....?

STEED: Undercover Squad, Q men...
Secret Enforcement Detail...
Call us what you will....(SMILES)
You will be close to the truth.
(HARD) Well, doctor?

KEEL: (HESITATES) I....have a flourishing practice...

STEED: It won't suffer I promise you.
We'll only call on you when you're needed - really needed.

HE WATCHES KEEL - AWAITS HIS ANSWER.

KEEL: (SLOWLY) You speak of crime as a disease...? (STEED NODS)....I must help to fight disease whatever the circumstances....it is my vocation... (SLIGHT SMILE).....You know where to find me.

STEED: I do....Thank you, Doctor Keel.....

LILA: APPEARS AT STEED'S SHOULDER.

LILA: (LOOKING TOWARDS KEEL) Good evening. You are the amateur gentleman?

STEED: (CUTTING IN) No, I was wrong. I'm not often wrong. When I am I admit it.

KEEL: Nobody's wrong - I am an amateur at this work. (TO STEED)
You are the professional.

LILA: Is that a good thing? Which is better?

STEED: A good professional and an inspired amateur - I'd say, put them together and you have one of the strongest things on earth.
(TO KEEL) And this time you saved my life.

THEY SHAKE HANDS AND MOVE OUT TOGETHER.

FADE OUT:

N.B. FILM SHOTS RETAINED IN THIS VERSION ONLY TO CONTINUE CONTINUITY OF STORY AND ACTION.