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

"THE AVENGERS"

Episode 13

"ONE FOR THE MORTUARY"

b

BRIAN CLEMENTS

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FADE IN:

ACT ONE.

1. EXT (STUDIO) DOCKSIDE AREA. NIGHT.

TIGHT SECTION OF MORE OR LESS BLACK SET -
JUST A FEW JOISTS OR GIRDERS TO SUGGEST
THE BASE OF A DOCKSIDE CRANE.

EMPTY FOR A MOMENT THEN WILSON ENTERS SHOT -
HE IS CAUTIOUS, FURTIVE - HE LOOKS AROUND
FOR A MOMENT, THEN:-

WILSON: (SOFTLY) Steed....?

STARTLINGLY, IN THE DEEP SHADOWS, A MATCH
FLARES AND STEED IS REVEALED NEARBY.

STEED: Over here....

WILSON MOVES TO STEED. WE SEE THAT WILSON
CARRIES A BRIEF CASE.

WILSON: Right on time. I thought you might..

HE STOPS AS STEED MOTIONS HIM TO SILENCE-
STARING BACK BEYOND WILSON INTO THE DARKNESS.
A SILENT PAUSE, THEN:-

WILSON: I was careful.

STEED NODS, THEN SLIDES A THIN ENVELOPE FROM
HIS POCKET. WILSON NOW TAKES OUT A PAIR OF
HANDCUFFS, SNAPS ONE ON HIS WRIST - THE OTHER
AROUND HANDLE OF BRIEF CASE - HE OPENS CASE
AS STEED HANDS HIM THE ENVELOPE;

STEED: The microfilm's in here. Make sure
you...Wilson!

STEED MOVES IN - WILSON REACTS - HALF TURNING
DOUBLING UP AS HE RECEIVES A SWORD STICK
IN THE CHEST - WILSON FALLS BACK - THE
ENVELOPE FALLING INCHES FROM HIS HAND.

NOW WE SEE THAT A THUG AND BENSON HAVE
ATTACKED.

BENSON IS A QUASI GENTLEMAN. DARK JACKET,
PIN STRIPES AND BOWLER - THE SHEATH OF SWORD
STICK AN UMBRELLA - HE ALSO WEARS AN EYE
PATCH, GIVING HIS 'RESPECTABLE' APPEARANCE
A SINISTER QUALITY.

STEED GRAPPLES BENSON - THROWS HIM BACK AGAINST
GIRDER -THEN TURNS IN TIME TO CHOP A GUN
FROM THUG'S HAND - THEN HIT HIM LOW IN THE
BELLY. AS THUG FALLS AWAY, SO STEED AGAIN
TURNS TO GRAPPLE WITH BENSON - BENSON LUNGES
WITH SWORD STICK - STEED EVADES IT, STEPPING
INSIDE IT - MOVING IN CLOSE TO PINION....cont:

BENSON'S ARM. TWISTING IT, TRYING TO MAKE HIM DROP SWORD. BENSON IS TOUGH - HE RESISTS STEED'S STRENGTH FOR A WHILE.

BENSON: (PANTS) The film!

THUG, RECOVERING NOW MOVES TOWARDS THE FALLEN WILSON AND ENVELOPE...BUT STEED STICKS OUT A FOOT, TRIPS THUG -STILL NOT RELEASING BENSON. NOW, USING BENSON AS A BATTERING RAM, STEED TURNS HIM AROUND AND SMASHES HIM AGAINST THE THUG. AS HE DOES SO - SO STEED FLINGS OUT HIS ARMS AND GRABS A GIRDER EITHER SIDE, GRIPS THEM - AND WITH BENSON AND THE THUG PINIONED BETWEEN HIS ARMS, HE TUGS HARD - TURNING HIS HEAD TO WILSON.

STEED: (PANTS) Wilson.... Wilson!

WILSON STIRS - THEN PAINFULLY PULLS HIMSELF TOWARDS ENVELOPE - HE PICKS IT UP WEAKLY.

BENSON AND THUG MAKE TERRIFIC EFFORTS TO BREAK FREE FROM STEED'S GRIP -

STEED: Burn it man...burn it!

WILSON, COUGHING WITH EXERTION, FUMBLES FOR MATCHES, LIGHTS ONE, THEN COUGHS AGAIN - IT SEEMS HE WONT MAKE IT.

STEED'S HANDS ARE SLOWLY SLIPPING FROM THE GIRDER.

STEED: Wilson.

WILSON PUTS THE MATCH TO ENVELOPE AND IT BEGINS TO BURN. BENSON'S STRUGGLES INCREASE- NOW THUG MANAGES TO TURN AND HIT STEED TWO HEAVY/^{LOW}BLOWS, STEED GRUNTS - STARTS TO FALL AWAY - THUG HITS HIM AGAIN - STEED FALLS AND BENSON SPRINGS FREE TO RUSH

cont: TO WILSON - EVEN AS HE GETS THERE
SO WILSON FALLS BACK DEAD - THE CHARRED REMAINS
OF BURNED ENVELOPE NEAR HIS HAND.

BENSON'S FACE TWISTS AS HE GRABS FOR REMAINS -
BUT ALL HAS BEEN BURNED.

NOW HE TURNS TO STEED -THE SWORD HELD HIGH -
THEN OFF WE HEAR POLICE WHISTLES. BENSON
REACTS, SLAMS SWORD STICK BACK INTO HIS
UMBRELLA SHEATH - STARTS TO MOVE.

BENSON: Come on!

BENSON AND THUG EXIT - SLOWLY PAN AWAY
TO HOLD ON DEAD WILSON.

DISSOLVE TO:

2. INT. TURKISH BATHS. DAY.

CLOSE ON STEED, CHEST BARED, FACE, WRAPPED IN
TOWEL DOWN ON A SLAB, WHILE HENRY, A HUGE MAN
WORKS ON THE ABRASIONS ON HIS BODY. STEAM
GUSHES AROUND THEM.

KEEL: (OFF) Well, this is a fine time
of the morning to get me out.

STEED: (LIGHTLY) Come in.
Pull up a slab and sit down.

KEEL: (MOVES CLOSER) What have you
been doing to yourself?

STEED: (WITH DELIBERATE LIGHT BANTER IN
FRONT OF HENRY) I just knock myself about
occasionally; self-hate-it's a complex that
really lovable
people often suffer from. (TO HENRY)
Won't I do now Henry? I feel my
old self again.

HENRY NODS.

KEEL: Your orgy of self-destruction is over at last?

KEEL, UNDECEIVED, HAS NOTICED THE TENSION THAT STEED IS UNDER.

STEED: Oh, entirely.

EXIT HENRY.

KEEL: Then why are you gripping that slab till your knuckles show white?

STEED MANNER HAS CHANGED TO EXTREME GRAVITY. HE SITS UP.

STEED: For once in my life I've been caught on the hop - good and proper. (SERIOUS)
No witty sallies now.

KEEL: (QUIET AND SERIOUS)
I wasn't going to make any.

STEED PLUNGES STRAIGHT ON NOW TO GET HIS POINTS OVER.

STEED: You're off to Geneva today, aren't you?

KEEL: In three hours time -

STEED: The World Health Organisation invited you as a Doctor .

KEEL: Of course -

STEED: Not as a budding criminologist or anything?

KEEL: Certainly not -

STEED: Yes, it might be providential - you've heard of Philip Morgan?

KEEL: The Medical Research bloks? Died the other day.

STEED: That's him. Well, his friends and family have been in touch with the World Health Organisation about a new drug he was working on - they're calling it Morgantol, I believe.

KEEL: Probably one of the cortisone group - it was Morgan's speciality.

STEED: Whatever it was, it raised the roof in Geneva. The drug - appears to cure some of the worst diseases. But sometimes it actually does cure, or at least halt them.

KEEL: Do we know the proportion of success?

STEED: The guess is ten per cent.

KEEL: (IMPRESSED)
Then it's well worth having. And what happens in the majority of cases?

STEED: There's the rub. Morgantol will always mask the symptoms of the disease. Each time it's used the patient feels cured - and goes on dying inside.

KEEL: Then of course World Health wants to know about it. It'll have to be controlled and its use prescribed in the narrowest terms. Even so - just from what you've told me - it's a pretty big discovery. If it's properly exploited it could become a great one.

STEED: If it's improperly exploited? If it gets into the wrong hands -

KEEL: Can that happen?

STEED: It very nearly did happen - a few hours ago.

KEEL (WITH A GLANCE OF UNDERSTANDING AT STEED'S BRUISES) I see.

STEED: Now, I'm not defending myself, but I was handed the situation yesterday. I've had to move fast and it seems the secretary of the committee that's dealing with the Geneva end lost his head a bit - and warned his opposite number over here that the matter was top security.

KEEL: (WARMLY) He was dead right. The stuff could be peddled under the counter for any amount of money that a jumped up fly-by-night little pirate cared to ask.

(SHARP)

STEED: / But top security is not best served by saying so too loudly across Switzerland, France and the English Channel. (SOFTER) Anyway I was called in. I had the formula microfilmed and a courier laid on to deliver it quietly to the W.H.O.

KEEL: The original is safe?

STEED: (NODS) Yes. But we were jumped as I did the hand over.

KEEL: Phew! Something's pretty close behind you.

STEED: Yes - and with claws. The courier destroyed the film in time, but they got him - he's on another kind of slab now.

KEEL: Blimey! And what about you?

STEED: I got away without being seen. I didn't want to be traced again, so I avoided my flat and your place, and spent the rest of the night here.

KEEL: Uh! huh!, and now you have to send another courier.

STEED: (NODS) With as little fuss as possible.

KEEL: (IRONICALLY) One who happens to be going to Geneva today.

STEED: Don't assume too much, though. I've worked pretty hard here tonight but I haven't been able to hitch everything up yet. If I can get a new micro-film to you before you go, will you take it over?

KEEL: Of course. (CHECKS HIS WATCH) I can put off my flight if necessary.

STEED: No dont. You arranged for this week off some time ago, didn't you?

KEEL: Several months ago.

STEED: Good. Then stick to your arrangements. Don't cancel anything, don't do anything strange or unexpected. Don't call attention to yourself in any way.

KEEL: I never do.

STEED: And I'll try and get a chap to you before you leave - he'll say he's from the W.H.O.

KEEL: Right.

KEEL MOVES TO GO.

STEED: I'm not sure I should ask you to do this at all.

KEEL: Oh, come off it. I'm a godsend for pulling your microfilmed chestnuts out of the fire.

STEED: (A LITTLE RUEFULLY) Well, don't lose contact whatever happens. In an operation like this - it would be fatal to lose touch - ever - at any time.

KEEL: I won't. And don't worry. You haven't talked me into this. I suppose you realise - but I know, better than you, what's at stake. So long.

KEEL GOES.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH. DAY.

CLOSE ON BENSON WAITING WITH PHONE
IN HAND.

OPERATOR'S VOICE: (FILTERED)

Hello, caller.....

BENSON: Yes?

OPERATOR'S VOICE: Your call to
Geneva is on the line. Go ahead,
please.

BENSON: Thanks...Hello...

PALLAINE'S VOICE, FILTERED AND NOT
RECOGNISABLE, IS THAT OF AN INTELLI-
GENT MAN OF ACTION. IT BETRAYS
LITTLE EMOTION OTHER THAN THE SELF-
ABSORPTION OF THE NEUROTIC, WHICH
COMES TO THE FORE IN TIME OF STRESS.
(N.B. WE CAN CROSS-CUT TO PALLAINE'S
HANDS AND/OR CHESS SET, ETC. FROM
HERE.)

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Who is this?

BENSON: Benson, Sir.

PALLAINE'S VOICE: (SLIGHT PAUSE)

What news do you have for me?

BENSON: Not very good, sir --- I
found the --- er --- 'contact'.....

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Well?

BENSON: He --- er --- 'passed
away' --- sir...

PALLAINE'S VOICE: And the property
we are interested in?

BENSON: Burnt, sir...burned before
I could get to it.

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Are you sure?

BENSON: Quite sure, sir. I found
what was left of it.

PAUSE THEN: -

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Ah. One moment.
Talk to me while I'm thinking.

BENSON: Sir?

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Talk. Don't
let there be silence on the line.

BENSON: Well, sir - um - they're
sure to try again. They'll send
someone else. They'll have to.
There's no doubt of that - er -

PALLAINE'S VOICE: All right. Benson.
I've thought what to do. I'll tele-
phone you at your number shortly.

BENSON: Yes, sir.

THROUGH TO:

CLOSE ON OPEN SUITCASE. AS FEW FINAL ITEMS ARE ADDED TO ALREADY FULL CASE. WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL CAROL PACKING.

CAROL: (RELAXES) That's about it.

CAROL LOOKS TO WHERE KEEL IS GAZING OUT OF WINDOW THEN REACTS, MOVES TO PICK UP SOME PAPERS CARRIED IN PATENT 'WHO' FOLDER.

CAROL: Not quite. Your World Health Admission Cards. They won't let you in without them.

KEEL SMILES BUT THERE IS A TENSION ABOUT HIM, TAKES FOLDER, TOSSES IT ON TOP OF FILLED CASE AND BEGINS TO FORCE THE LID CLOSED. CAROL MOVES IN TO HELP. KEEL LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.

KEEL: X-Rays to go up to the hospital ...that prescription for Mrs. Martin... (SNAPS FINGERS)...The Patterson girl - did you?

CAROL: I did. She's being admitted to St. Mary's tomorrow.

KEEL: What about the case history?

CAROL: It's on it's way.

KEEL: Fine... (SUDDEN THOUGHT -
MOVES TO PHONE) I'll need a cab
to take me to the airport...

CAROL: It'll be here in 25 minutes...

(KEEL TURNS. SHE SMILES.)

I fixed it up this morning.

KEEL MOVES TO GAZE OUT OF WINDOW
AGAIN, HIS FINGERS DRUMMING IMPATIENTLY
ON THE SILL.

PHONE RINGS. KEEL SWINGS ROUND.
CAROL MOVES TO PHONE.

CAROL: Dr. Keel's surgery. Yes.
Yes, Mrs. Witham. I see. Hold on
please. (SHE TURNS TO KEEL) Mrs.
Witham. She says Joan's running a
temperature again.

KEEL: She can't be -

CAROL: I think she's a little
overwrought.

KEEL MOVES TO TELEPHONE.

KEEL: Keel here Mrs. Witham.
(CONTROLS IMPATIENCE AS HE TRIES
TO DEAL WITH AN HYSTERICAL MOTHER)
Yes...yes,^{so}/I understand. It's
not very likely you know. Look
Mrs. Witham, how many blankets have
you got on her?well, that would
account for it. I should take a few

KEEL: CONT'D.

off....I assure you, she could really get up now, but to be on the safe side... what? Yes I am. You remember, I explained I would be...for a little over a week, yes. (SIGHS) Well, I hardly think it's necessary, Mrs. Witham really, but - (TO CAROL, COVERING MOUTHPIECE) She wants me to call in.

CAROL: Could I go? They live in the news round the corner, don't they?

KEEL: No, no, it wouldn't take me a minute.

CAROL: Dr. Treading will go.

KEEL: Not till this afternoon - and it's her first baby you know, she's afraid the child will swallow her own shadow. (TO TELEPHONE) All right, Mrs. Witham. I'm on my way now. But I shall have to be very quick.

HE HANGS UP.

KEEL: This won't take long... (PAUSES) Carol I'm expecting a caller - from the World Health Organistaion. Just last minute details to attend to. When he arrives just let him wait in here.

CAROL: Right....

6 INT. MASSAGE ROOM DAY.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. STEED. HE WEARS HOT TOWELS. NEARBY STANDS SCOTT, YOUNG, EAGER, FRESH-FACES, INTELLIGENT. STEEDS SPEAKS URGENTLY AND WITH AUTHORITY.

STEED: You're quite clear/^{on} what you say to Keel?

SCOTT: (NODS) Yes, sir.

STEED: Give him this....
(ENVELOPE) Tell him to lock it away in his brief case. Make sure you're not seen together - no connection - understand?...

SCOTT: (GETTING HIS ORDERS CLEAR, INCIATING ENVELOPE) Actually this is valueless isn't it?

STEED: (TAPS CARD) This is the really vital document. Ask him to carry it quite openly - appear to take no special precautions about it, you understand?

SCOTT NODS AND TAKES CARD - SCANS IT.

SCOTT: (READS) "Admit one guest. World Health Organisation. Open day"...
(LOOKS AT STEED)

has a couple of them - all he has to do
is swap one for this... (TAPS CARD)
...and then see it is safely handed
over to the courier in Geneva. And
you understand about that too?

SCOTT: Yes, sir. (EYES CARD) Is
the film concealed in here?

STEED: See these full stops? Micro-dots.

HE LEANS BACK FOR THE FIRST TIME.

STEED: (SATIRICALLY) Isn't modern
science wonderful, Scott?

SCOTT: Isn't it, Sir?

STEED: (LEANING FORWARD AGAIN)
So is punctuality. You mustn't
miss Keel. Do you want to repeat
your orders again?

SCOTT: No, sir - it's quite clear.

SCOTT MOVES TO GO.

STEED: Scott (SLIGHT PAUSE) You heard
what happened to Wilson?

SCOTT: (NODS) Yes.

STEED: You're new, aren't you?

SCOTT: Yes, sir. (WITH ENDEARING CANDOUR,
GRINNING) This is pretty well my first
time without a nurse!

STEED: (GRINNING BACK, APPRECIATIVELY)
Well, go easy.

STEED RINGS A PUSH BELL.

SCOTT NODS - EXITS.

HOLD ON STEED WHO CHECKS TIME.

HENRY APPEARS, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND SCOTT.

STEED: My call through yet?

HENRY NODS.

STEED: I'll take it here.

HENRY BRINGS PHONE ON LONG FLEX

PLUGS IT IN FOR STEED.

HENRY GOES - STEED LIFTS RECEIVER.

STEED: Steed here, you have my call
to Geneva, switch it through please
(PAUSE).....Hello, Doctor Pallaine?

7. INT. PALLAINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

TIGHT SECTION. PHONE AND HALF DESK-
PALLAINE TALKS INTO PHONE. HE IS
RATHER FUSSY, UNNERVED BY HIS LARGE
RESPONSIBILITIES TO WHICH HE SEEMS A
BIT UNUSED, INCLINED TO BE TALKATIVE,
REPETITIOUS AND ADMONISHING.

PALLAINE: Monseieur Steed - is that
you? I am very worried. Very worried
indeed.

INTER CUT STEED AND PALLAINE.

STEED: Good morning.

PALLAINE: What? Oh yes. Good morning. I have been questioning the authorities here since breakfast time. Your courier has not arrived. Nothing has arrived. Nothing, you understand.

STEED: The courier is dead, Dr. Pallaine, very dead.

PALLAINE: Oh dear, dear, dear. I am sorry. Oh, of course that would account for it. How very sudden - poor fellow.

STEED: Very sudden. He was stabbed through the heart.

PALLAINE: Will you be sending someone else - what! What was that you said?

STEED: The courier was murdered in front of me, some hours ago.

PALLAINE: (HESITATES) But I am - I am (BREATHING IT) Mon dieu (TRYING TO RECOVER) Monsieur you must understand, The committee have placed very heavy responsibilities on my shoulders. I am responsible for the arrangements. And - and.....

STEED: I am responsible for the arrangements, Doctor - a little late in the day, I grant you, but I am fully responsible - not you.

PALLAINE: Well, it's a relief to hear you say so. I only hope my committee will take the same view. I told them, I'm a Doctor, a scientist, I can't be expected to -

STEED: (BEARING DOWN HEAVILY TO GET TO BUSINESS) Of course, you can't be expected to. And I'm sure your committee will take the same view. Now, we're trying again this morning, Dr. Pallaine.

PALLAINE: Oh, yes.

STEED: With Dr. Keel.

PALLAINE: We spoke of this man yesterday?

STEED: I said he'd do it if it were absolutely necessary.

PALLAINE: Then he has the film?
It is safe?

STEED: It will be, with him. My man's on the way to deliver it now.

SCOTT
DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:
8. INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY.
CAROL IS INTENT ON FILING, AND SO DOES NOT NOTICE DOOR OPEN AND SCOTT ENTER.

SCOTT: Excuse me.

A LITTLE STARTLED, CAROL TURNS.

20
SCOTT: I'm looking for Doctor Keel.

CAROL: He isn't here at the moment.
Can I help?

SCOTT: (CASUALLY) I'm from W.H.O...
(KINDLY EXPLANATORY) World Health
Organisation.

CAROL: Yes, he's expecting you....
(GLANCE AT WATCH) should be back
soon. Last minute call....little
girl recovering from an appendectomy....
(SCOTT LOOKS BLANK) An appendicitus
operation.

SCOTT: Oh, yes....(CAST DOWN)
I'm on the admin side - er - clerical
actually.

CAROL IS STILL SLIGHTLY SUSPICIOUS.

CAROL: Doctor Keel said you were to
wait here. If you'll excuse me, I
have work to do.....

SCOTT SMILES - WAITS UNTIL CAROL
EXITS - THEN TURNS TO KEEL'S
SUITCASE AND LIFTS LID.

9. INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. DAY.

OUTSIDE KEEL'S SURGERY. CAROL HAS
JUST EXITED - NOW SHE MOVES TO HER
DESK, SITS DOWN, STARTS TO FILL IN
SOME FORMS. HOLD HER - PAN AWAY TO
SIDE DOOR - IT STARTS TO OPEN AN INCH
OR TWO - WE SEE SHADOW OF A MAN THROUGH
THE CRACK.

10. INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY.

SCOTT HAS OPENED KEEL'S CASE - NOW FINDS "W.H.O." FOLDER, OPENS IT, SUBSTITUTES THE PASS FOR KEEL'S PASS, AND STARTS TO REPLACE THINGS.

11. INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. DAY.

CAROL GETS UP AND MOVES WITH SOME PAPERS INTO DOOR BEHIND HER - THE OFFICE IS EMPTY - NOW THE SIDE DOOR OPENS AND BENSON SLIPS INSIDE, CASTS A QUICK GLANCE TOWARDS DOOR CAROL EXITED THROUGH THEN MOVES SOFTLY AND QUICKLY TOWARD SURGERY DOOR.

12. INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY.

SCOTT HAS FINISHED HIS TASK. LOWERS LID OF SUITCASE, AND MOVES AWAY - NOW HE TAKES THE ENVELOPE FROM HIS POCKET AND TAPS IT AGAINST HIS PALM THOUGHTFULLY - PAN WITH HIM - SUDDENLY, STARTLINGLY PICK UP BENSON IN SHOT AND STOP PANNING. SCOTT REACTS, STARTS TO MOVE. BUT BENSON'S ARM MOVES LOW DOWN. SCOTT REACTS WITH PAIN, GRABS AT HIMSELF AND STARTS TO FALL AWAY - AS HE DOES SO BENSON JERKS THE ENVELOPE FROM HIS HAND AND BACKS UP. WE SEE NOW THAT BENSON HOLDS A SWORD STICK - THE UMBRELLA SHEATHING IT -

13. INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. DAY.

CAROL RE-APPEARS FROM REAR DOOR, MOVES TO SIT AT HER DESK - PAUSE - THEN KEEL ENTERS.

CAROL: You'll have to hurry - taxi's
due here any minute.

KEEL NODS.

CAROL: He's waiting for you.

KEEL EYES HER.

CAROL: In your office....from World
Health.....

CAROL HALF MOVES TOWARD SURGERY -
KEEL SUBTLY BARS HER WAY.

KEEL: Thank you, Carol. See I'm not
disturbed. (AND HE MOVES TO ENTER
SURGERY)

14. INT. SURGERY. DAY.

BENSON HASTILY THRUSTS ENVELOPE
INTO POCKET - 'COMPOSES' HIMSELF
JUST AS KEEL ENTERS AND SLOWLY,
FIRMLY CLOSES DOOR.

KEEL: Have to make it quick - I've
only a minute.

BENSON MERELY NODS AMIABLY.

KEEL: Well,....what did Steed say?

BENSON: Bcn voyage.

KEEL: Eh?

BENSON: That's all. The deal is off. You won't be needed.

KEEL REACTS - A LOAD IS LIFTED.

KEEL: Are you sure?

BENSON: (PLEASANTLY) Yes, quite sure. We will send it through, but later - possibly you'd help us then? When the heat's off?

KEEL: (RELAXES) Yes, of course - but -

BENSON: Perhaps you'd prefer to telephone and confirm this.

KEEL: No - (REMEMBERING) No he said there might not be time.

BENSON: Yes, we were rushing you to much. Have a nice trip...

KEEL: Thanks. I will now...(MOVES TO DOOR)

BENSON: (HUMOUROUSLY ADMONISHING) If you don't mind...the back way please. I still have a job to do...

KEEL: I understand...(OPENS SIDE DOOR) Give Steed my regards.

BENSON SMILES.

BENSON EXITS - HOLD ON KEEL -

A DIFFERENT MAN - HE TURNS MOVES OUT OTHER DOOR.

15. INT. CAROL'S OFFICE. DAY.

AS KEEL EMERGES FROM SURGERY.

CAROL: Your cab's waiting.

KEEL: Fine. I'm ready.....don't forget
Mr. Thompson's examination on Tuesday.

CAROL: Doctor Tredding will be here
soon to take care of things - just
forget about the practice for a few
days and relax.....

KEEL: (BRIGHT) That's what I intend
to do....really relax....(GRINS)....
I'll bring you back a cuckoo clock....

CAROL: That young man must have brought
good news. I'm glad.

KEEL: (OPENING DOOR) He was a one
eyed messenger of good cheer....'Bye....

CAROL: Goodbye....(KEEL EXITS - NOW
SHE FROWNS) 'One eyed'....?

HOLD HER PUZZLED.

THROUGH TO:

16. EXT. (STOCK) AIRPORT. DAY.

BUSY TERMINAL SCENE. PASSENGERS
STREAMING DOWN TO TAKE OFF BAYS.

NOTE: COULD DELETE FILM SCENES 16
AND 17 IF NECESSARY.

17. EXT. (STOCK) AIRCRAFT. DAY.
REVVING UP AND TAXI-ING FORWARD.

18. EXT. AIRCRAFT. DAY. (STOCK)
IN FLIGHT.

THROUGH TO:

19. INT. PLANE. DAY.

TIGHT SECTION. ON TWO SEATS ONLY.
KEEL AND YVETTE DECLAIR OCCUPY THESE
TWO SEATS. YVETTE IS TENSE AND
FEARFUL.

TANNOY:(OFF) Good morning, ladies
and gentlemen. You may now unfasten
your seatbelts and smoke. The Captain
and crew wish to welcome you aboard this
flight to Geneva. We will be flying at
20,000 feet at a cruising speed of
370 miles an hour....Our flying time
to Geneva will be 1 hour and 45
minutes. Refreshments will be served
during the flight.

DURING THIS SPEECH KEEL NOTICES YVETTE'S TENSION.

SHE TRIES TO RELAX AS SHE UNFASTENS HER SEAT BELT. KEEL WATCHES HER AS HE UNFASTENS HIS. YVETTE NOTICES. SHE'S A SOP^HISTICATED AND PROVOCATIVE WOMAN BUT UNDER STRESS AND THEREFORE AT THE MOMENT AT SOME DISADVANTAGE.

YVETTE: Take off. It always gives me a moment.

KEEL GIVES AND NOD OF UNDERSTANDING.

HE STARTS TO READ A FAIRLY HEAVY PILE OF W.H.O LITERATURE. YVETTE REMAINS TENSE.

KEEL TAKES OUT CIGARETTES, THEN LOOKS AT YVETTE. DOES SHE MIND? YVETTE SMILES. HE OFFERS AND SHE TAKES ONE; SHE TRIES TO CONTROL HERSELF AS KEEL LIGHTS HER CIGARETTE.

KEEL: Steady now (HE GETS HER CIGARETTE LIT) We're air-borne, you know. The sky's a pretty solid place, nowadays.

YVETTE: Yes, I know. This is my first flight for a long time. You must not laugh at me.

KEEL: I've no intention of laughing at you. (HE SMILES POLITELY AND RETURNS TO HIS READING. BY LOOKING AHEAD OF HER SHE IS QUICK TO AFFECT NOT TO NOTICE THIS.

YVETTE: I expect you are really. You are just being kind. But I'm afraid I'm simply not very brave anymore.

KEEL: (PREOCCUPIED) I'm sorry.

YVETTE: SHE GLANCES AT HIM, RECOGNISES THAT HE IS NOT LISTENING AND TURNS BACK STILL DETERMINED AT ASSUME THAT HE IS. You are brave though, I can tell you that. You know when the plane actually took off I wanted to scream or bite the back of my hand (SHE GLANCES AT HIM) Then I saw you sitting there - (DOES A SLIGHT COD "ENGLISHMAN") So calm, and collected and upright (KEEL CAN'T HELP SMILING TO HIMSELF AT HIMSELF) With a rounded down your back looking straight at the ash tray in front of you - then I knew I would be all right. (SMILING A LITTLE) I didn't see you changing the guard at Buckingham Palace, did I? (KEEL ACTUALLY LAUGHS)

KEEL: No, you didn't.

SHE SMILES A BIT MORE RELAXED.

YVETTE: Do you fly much? Is this just a business trip for you?

1201
KEEL: Not really. Sort of busman's holiday.

YVETTE: Busman?

KEEL: (HE SHOULDN'T HAVE STARTED THIS)
I mean the sort of holiday a busman would take if he drove a bus on -
(PAUSE) We're not going to get anywhere with this are we?

YVETTE: (BEMILDERED) I don't think so.

KEEL: Let's just say I'm leaving the dull old routine behind me for a few days.

HE RETURNS TO HIS READING. SHE IS ABOUT TO CONTINUE THE CONVERSATION.

20. THROUGH TO INT. KEEL SURGERY DAY.

AS CAROL ENTERS AND, PREOCCUPIED WITH PAPERS SHE HOLDS, MOVES TO THE BIG CUPBOARD IN ROOM - OPENS IT.
SHOCKS SHOT. CAROL REACTS AS SCOTT, BLOOD STAINING HIS FACE AND CLOTHES, SWAYS OUT OF THE CUPBOARD AND RIGHT INTO CAMERA.
21. INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

BENSON TALKING INTO PHONE - AS HE TALKS,
HE RE-EXAMINES THE ENVELOPE HE HAS TORN
OPEN TO REVEAL WADE OF BLANK PAPER.

BENSON: ... Nothing at all. Just
blank paper.

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Are you sure?

BENSON: Yes, sir.

PALLAINE'S VOICE: (THE OWNER OF THE
VOICE IS THINKING ALOUD) I see. I
see. I see. That means he has it and
is on his way over with it now.

BENSON: I'm sorry - but I told you -
I couldn't wait - as it was, I was
nearly seen -

PALLAINE'S VOICE: What else would he have
with him? The agenda of the congress.
Admission card. Minutes of the Committee
Meeting. Resulting ... h'm (MAKES UP
HIS MIND)

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Listen carefully,
PALLAINE'S VOICE: / The situation will
have to be handled from here now, and I
may need your assistance. Listen
carefully - there's a jet flight en route
from New York to Geneva; it will make a
refueling stop at London in about
75 minutes. Get on that plane, Benson,
and you'll arrive her quite soon after
keel.

But
BENSON: / I wont get a reservation now ...

PALLAINE'S VOICE: You already have a reservation. After your news this Monday, I covered every flight here for London.

BENSON: But -

PALLAINE'S VOICE: Be on that plane. At all costs you stay with Keel.

THE LINE GOES DEAD. HOLD ON BENSON

22. INT. KEEL'S SURGERY DAY.

CAROL BENDING OVER SCOTT - SHE HAS MADE HIM MORE COMFORTABLE ON SOFA - LOOSENED HIS CLOTHING.

CAROL: I'll get help ...

SCOTT: No! Steed ... call Steed ...
urgent ...

HE SLUMPS BACK - CAROL REGARDS HIM,
HESTITATES - THEN MOVES TO THE PHONE.

KEEL EATING BISCUITS AND DRINKING COFFEE
WITH GUSTO - YVETTE CAN ONLY TOY
WITH HERS.

YVETTE: Have some of mine.

KEEL: No, you have it.

YVETTE: I don't feel like it now.
(PAUSE) And what will you do in
Switzerland? Go climbing?

KEEL: Nothing like that this time
I'm afraid.

YVETTE: But if you're on holiday?

KEEL: Well, it'll seem like a holiday.
But there's a lot to do at the World
Health Organisation.

YVETTE: World Health?

KEEL: (NODS - EATING) Yes, there'll
be quite a few doctors from every country...

YVETTE: Doctor?!

KEEL: Yes. Didn't I mention it ...?
(SMILES)

YVETTE: No. No, you didn't.

(SHE LOOKS AWAY) I - was in an air crash
last year. I - I got rather tired
of doctors.

KEEL: I know how you must have felt.
Once you get into their hands it seems
you'll never get out.

YVETTE: (SHE APPEARS TO BE IN SUDDEN
PAIN) It seems I never will.

KEEL: Oh, we're not as bad as that.
(LOOKS AT HER AGAIN) Are you all right?
(SHORT PAUSE) Shall I call the
Stewardess?

YVETTE: (WITH AN EFFORT) No, no, I'm
quite all right, thank you.

25. THROUGH TO: INT. KEEL'S SURGERY.
DAY.

AS THE DOOR SLAMS OPEN AND STEED (WEARING
ONLY A JACKET OVER HIS BARE CHEST) RUSHES
IN - WITH TWO AMBULANCE MEN BEHIND HIM.
HE LOOKS AT CAROL, THEN MOVES TO GRIMLY
REGARD SCOTT.

STEED BENDS OVER SCOTT, AND GENTLY:-

STEED: All right, old man, we'll take
care of you ...

SCOTT'S EYES FLICKER.

STEED: Scott ... Scott, can you hear me?

SCOTT NODS - HIS MOUTH OPENS.

STEED: Don't try to speak - just nod
your head. Did you pass on the 'package'
as we arranged?

SCOTT NODS.

STEED: Whoever did this ... they didn't get the package?

SCOTT SHAKES HEAD.

STEED: Fine ... good man ...

HE GRIPS SCOTT'S ARM - THEN NODS TO AMBULANCE MEN WHO MOVE TO GENTLY LIFT SCOTT ON TO STRETCHER.

STEED TURNS TO CAROL.

STEED: You didn't see anyone?

CAROL: (SHAKES HEAD) I ... I let him in ... to wait for Doctor Keel ... Then I found him in there ... (CUPBOARD)...after Doctor Keel had gone.

(MEN ARE TAKING SCOTT AWAY NOW - SCOTT'S FACE TWISTS WITH PAIN AS:-

SCOTT: Steed...Steed!

STEED MOVES TO HIM QUICKLY.

STEED: Don't worry ... you're going to be all right.

SCOTT: Don't understand...I never met Keel...I didn't tell him anything....

STEED: What?

SCOTT: Keel doesn't know...about
package ...I...planted ... package...
but he doesn't know ... doesn't know...
instructions...

AND HE SLUMPS BACK UNCONSCIOUS.

STEED REACTS.

STEED: (SOFT) He doesn't know....

AND HE WHIRLS AROUND TO PICK UP THE
PHONE. CAROL MOVES IN ANXIOUSLY.

CAROL: What is it? Has Doctor Keel....?

STEED WAVES HER TO SILENCE - SPEAKS
INTO PHONE.

STEED: Operator. (MUTTER - GLANCES
AT WATCH) Twenty past now...(JIGGLES
PHONE) Operator....Operator! I want
a priority call to Geneva. Yes, priority.
(WITH AN EFFORT) Oh come now, no one with
a lovely voice like yours could be so cruel.
Just a little tiny priority call to Geneva.
If I say "please" nicely' (GREATER EFFORT,
WHISPERING) Please (HE RELAXES AND
NODS TO CAROL) That's better.

26. INT. PLANE. DAY.

KEEL AND YVETTE RELAXING BACK FOR A
MOMENT THEN AGAIN YVETTE GETS A SPASM
OF PAIN - KEEL NOTICES, HESITATES, THEN
TURNS TO HER:-

KEEL: Look, I can't help how you feel
about doctors; I'm a bit worried.

YVETTE: Why?

KEEL: You seem to be in some pain -
not just air sickness.

YVETTE: I'm still not 100 per cent fit.

KEEL: What seems to be the trouble?

YVETTE: I don't know really. I have
these sharp pains here (SHE RUBS HER
RIBS) Not all the time. They come and go.

KEEL: Doesn't hurt to breathe?

YVETTE: Yes, does rather.

KEEL: And do you feel sick as well?

YVETTE: Yes.

KEEL: Well, it doesn't have to be very
serious, but I advise you to let your
doctor have a look at you as soon as
you get home.

YVETTE: Oh, it's just a reaction.
It'll pass.

HOIE! THEM.

27. INT. KEEL'S SURGERY. DAY.

STEED TALKING INTO PHONE. GAYNE IN BG.

STEED: That's right Dr. Pallaine....he doesn't know he's carrying the film - he hasn't been briefed on what to do.

28. INT. PALLAINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

TIGHT SECTION. PALLAINE ON PHONE.

PALLAINE: But how can you tell me this! A man has already gone down to the airport to meet Dr. Keel.

INTER CUT S & P.

STEED: Keel won't recognise him.... can you get hold of your man - warn him.

PALLAINE: It may not be possible... This is most un-atisfactory...

STEED: Please Doctor, As long as Keel's unaware that he's carrying the film he's a sitting duck!

PALLAINE: My committee wont like this, they won't like it at all.

STEED: None of us like it Doctor. But we're still with it - this is really a matter of life and death - and you can tell that to your committee.

STEED HANGS UP - LOOKS AT CAROL
GLANCES AT WATCH.

STEED: 1.30. you said?

CAROL NODS.

STEED: (QUICKLY DIALS NUMBER).....
(MUTTERS - MORE TO HIMSELF THAN TO CAROL)
We've lost contact with him - the last thing I wanted to happen!....(INTO PHONE) Charley? Steed here - pull out the stops- get me on the next available plane to Geneva... (IRATE)
I don't care if it's tied up with string - get me there.

HE HANGS UP.

STEED: 1.30

HOLD THEM: THROUGH TO:

29. EXT. AIRCRAFT. DAY. (STOCK)

JUST TOUCHING DOWN TO LAND.

30. INT. PLANE. DAY.

KEEL AND YVETTE - HE LOOKS AT HER STILL STRAINED FACE.

TANNOY: (OFF) Welcome to Geneva, ladies and gentlemen.. You may now unfasten you seat belts. The stewardess will conduct you to the Customs bay. Have your landing cards and passports ready. Please....

KEEL SMILES - TOUCHES YVETTE'S HAND.

KEEL: Wasn't so bad was it?

YVETTE FORCES A SMILE -THEY PREPARE TO ALIGHT.
YVETTE RISES - MOVES TO GET HER LUGGAGE -
BUT KEEL MOVES FIRST.

KEEL: (SMILES) Right... It's really
been very pleasant, hasn't it?

HE GETS DOWN HER SMALL BAG -THEN TURNS TO
SEE HER SWAYING ON HER FEET -IN GREAT PAIN
- HE GRABS HER, STOPS HER FALLING.

KEEL: There is something wrong.

YVETTE: No, it is nothing...please...

BUT SHE ALMOST COLLAPSES NOW. KEEL SUPPORTS
HER.

KEEL: Is your apartment far from the
airport?

YVETTE SHAKES HER HEAD - TOO PAINED TO
SPEAK.

KEEL: I'll take you there.

YVETTE: Please you've already....

KEEL: I insist....(SMILES REASSURINGLY)
Ready....?

AND HE STARTS TO HELP HER AWAY.

31. INT, EXIT DOOR. DAY.

SIGNS IN VARIOUS LANGUAGES NEARBY ESTABLISH THIS AS AN EXIT DOOR FROM THE AIRPORT. TIGHT SECTION.

BORSH, A SMALL, HARRIED LOOKING MAN STANDS NEAR THE DOOR, WATCHING PASSENGERS PASS BY-LOOKING FOR A CERTAIN FACE - NOW HE REACTS AS KEEL AND YVETTE APPEAR - YVETTE STILL LEANING HEAVILY ON KEEL.

BORSH QUICKLY TUGS A CAP FROM HIS POCKET AND DONS IT - IT BEARS THE INSIGNIA:-
"ALSACE HOTEL"

KEEL: We'll get a cab...

BORSH: (STEPS IN) Doctor Keel? Welcome to Geneva, M'sieur. The Hotel Alsace...

BUT KEEL MOVES ON PAST -ALMOST TO DOOR
-BORSH FOLLOWS.

BORSH: Doctor Keel. I am from! Hotel Alsace....

KEEL: For goodness sake - can't you see this lady's not well?

BORSH: But I am the special courier sent to collect you, Doctor....

KEEL: I'll be along later...(PUSHES OPEN DOOR)

BORSH: (MEANINGLY) But I am the Special Courier, Doctor....(AS KEEL MOVES)....Doctor Keel!

KEEL: For Pete's sake, don't you understand English? Don't bother me now...
Later, I'll be along later...

AND HE AND YVETTE DISAPPEAR THROUGH DOOR -
IT SWINGS BACK IN BORSH'S FACE.
HOLD ON BORSH, WORRIED, UNCERTAIN, UNHAPPY.
NOW HE QUICKLY MOVES AWAY.

32. INT. PALLAIN'S OFFICE. DAY.

TIGHT ON PHONE. IT RINGS -PALLAIN ENTERS SHOT,
PICKS IT UP.

PALLAINE: Doctor. Pallain here.
(EAGER) Yes - Yes, Borsh.

BORSH'S VOICE: I did exactly as I was told...I said I was the special courier, but he didn't seem to understand.... He has left the airport - with a woman.

PALLAINE: (SNAPS) Don't wait, man...go after him...Don't lose him. Whatever you do, don't lose him.

BORSH'S VOICE: Yes, sir....of course,
sir....

PALLAINE: It's a matter of life and death.
THE LINE GOES DEAD.

33. INT. EXIT DOOR. DAY.

AS BORSH RUNS INTO SHOT -PUSHES OPEN DOOR
- STARES OFF HOPELESSLY - OBVIOUSLY KEEL
IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. YVETTE'S FLAT. DAY.

YVETTE IS ON SOFA STILL BETRAYING
SIGNS OF STRAIN. KEEL APPEARS
FROM BATHROOM WIPING HIS HANDS.
HE IS SOMEWHAT GRIM. HE HAS
USED HIS BAG WHICH NOW LIES OPEN
ON THE SOFA.

KEEL: Well, I've examined you.....

YVETTE: (IN SMALL VOICE, TENSE)
Yes?

KEEL: It's not possible of course
to approach clinical conditions
here but - one does not always
need to.....

YVETTE: No -

KEEL: I don't know what to say -
What do you expect me to say?
So far as a preliminary examination
goes, there is nothing on earth
wrong with you. (PAUSE) Did you
expect me to find something?

YVETTE: No.

KEEL: (EXASPERATED) Then why -
(CONTROLS HIMSELF) The fractures
you received in the air crash
have knit very well - you must have
been told that already - so I don't
see what you expected me to find wrong
with you -

YVETTE: (DEAD PAN) I'm sorry.

HE LOOKS AT HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN
AT HIS WATCH.

KEEL: (RESIGNEDLY) Oh well.

HE STARTS TO PACK QUICKLY. THE
W.H.O. FOLDER FLOPS OUT OF HIS BAG.
YVETTE BEGINS TO TRY TO RECOVER
HER SELF-CONFIDENCE.

YVETTE: What is that? (SHE REACTS
AGAINST KEEL'S ATTITUDE OF DISAPPROVING
INDIFFERENCE) World Health Organisation.
Open Day. Admit one guest.
(LOOKS UP) Why it's tomorrow!

KEEL: Yes.

YVETTE: I would like to go. I would
like to very much.

KEEL HOLDS OUT HIS HAND.

KEEL: Yes. It should be interesting.

SHE RETURNS THE ADMISSION CARD
AND FOLDER TO HIM. HE CHECKS THAT
HE HAS FORGOTTEN NOTHING, IN HIS
CASE WHICH IS ABOUT TO SHUT.

YVETTE: (SHARPLY) You're not leaving?

KEEL: Yes. Unless there is something
I can really do for you, there's no
point in my staying.

YVETTE: (AGITATED) Oh but there is.
There is really.

KEEL: Yes?

YVETTE: Please believe me there is -

KEEL: Well, don't get excited, what is
it?

YVETTE: It seems silly, but just
don't leave me alone, not now. Please!

HE WATCHES HER WITH GROWING COMPASSION
AS SHE TALKS

YVETTE: I don't know what to say - how
to explain. Those pains, I really
felt them, on the plane. I mean. I
was so frightened. I knew I would be.
I was dreading it. But I made
myself go by plane - I had to or
I knew I could never fly again.
It was terrible sitting there, trying
to be normal. Then, when I knew
you were a doctor, I wanted to tell
you - that - that I wanted to scream
or throw myself out - but I - I -

HE MOVES IN CLOSE TO HER.

KEEL: (SPEAKS GENTLY) What an ass I've been, looking for clinical evidence. You were testing yourself on this flight -

YVETTE: Yes, I was.

KEEL: - and when you couldn't tell me what you were feeling inside, you got pains, like the ones after the accident - so you told me about them.

YVETTE: Yes. (SHE SMILES AND FOR THE FIRST TIME APPEARS TO RELAX) Yes.

KEEL: (RETURNING TO HIS CASE HE UNPACKS THE FOLDER AGAIN) I'll give you a sedative. (HE TAKES TWO PILLS FROM A BOTTLE) Yours are very common stress symptoms. You probably feel better already, having told me about

YVETTE: I do. I had to tell you. I don't know many people to tell in Geneva - just an uncle. My parents were killed in the same crash.

HE HANDS HER THE PILLS.

KEEL: I see. I'll get you something to take it in.

HE MOVES OVER TO A DRINKS CABINET
AND RETURNS WITH A GLASS OF SODA
OR TONIC.

YVETTE: Will you have a drink?

KEEL: Just a tonic water if I may,
Look, of course I won't leave now
if you don't want me to.

YVETTE: No, I'll be all right now.
(TAKING THE PILLS) I know I will.
It was just not having anyone to tell.

KEEL: Time is the best cure for your
trouble. But take it easy now.
Nothing too strenuous.

YVETTE: Don't worry. I would hardly
call a visit to Bernard Bourg
strenuous -----

KEEL NODS ABSENTLY - PRE-OCCUPIED
WITH POURING HIS DRINK.

KEEL: Bernard Bourg-----

YVETTE: My uncle - a sweet old man.
I visit him as often as I can.

KEEL PICKS UP HIS BAG. THIS TIME
HE DELIBERATELY TAKES OUT THE
ADMISSION CARD.

KEEL: Oh, I see. Yes, that's an
excellent idea. (CLOSING BAG
AND HOLDING OUT CARD) And - er -
would you like to come along?

YVETTE: Oh, I am sure you have already planned who you are taking.

KEEL: I don't know a soul in Geneva. Here.

SHE TAKES CARD.

KEEL: Come along round at 12 - we'll have lunch together. My name's Keel, by the way.

YVETTE: (SMILES) It's time we met. I'm surprised you examined me before we were introduced.

KEEL GRINS AT THE RETURN OF THE OLD SPIRIT.
My name is Declair. Yvette Declair.

KEEL: You're sure you'll be all right, if I go now?

YVETTE: (RELAXED) Quite, quite sure. And thank you.

KEEL GOING.

KEEL: I'll see you tomorrow then. If you need me in the meantime, you can call me at the Hotel Alsace - Room 27.

YVETTE: Right - goodbye Mr. Keel.

KEEL: Goodbye.

35. TIGHT ON SIGN:- "HOTEL ALSACE".

THROUGH TO:

36. INT. OUTSIDE KEEL'S ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON DOOR MARKED "27". PAUSE -
THEN KEEL APPROACHES - PUTS DOWN HIS
LUGGAGE, STARTS TO INSERT KEY IN
LOCK.

NOW BORSH APPEARS IN SHOT.

BORSH: Doctor Keel.....

KEEL REACTS.

KEEL: You again.....

BORSH: I've been waiting for you.....
I have to talk to you.....

KEEL: Now look.....

BORSH: Not here, Doctor....inside....
(LIFTS SUITCASE) Your luggage too.....

KEEL HESITATES.

BORSH: Please, it is most important.....

KEEL CAPITULATES - OPENS DOOR.

KEEL: All right.

THEY MOVE INSIDE.

37. INT. KEEL'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY
SILENT AND EMPTY - DRAPES DRAWN -
ROOM IS DARK. KEEL AND BORSH ENTER.
KEEL MOVES TO PULL DRAPES - LIGHT
FLOODS IN.

KEEL: (TURNING) Now then.....

HE REACTS. WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL
BENSON HOLDING A GUN. BORSH REACTS
TOO - FLAPPING ASIDE HIS JACKET TO
HALF DRAW A GUN. BUT KEEL REACTS TOO
- HE RUSHES IN ON BORSH, GRAPPLES THE
GUN AWAY FROM HIM - PUSHES HIM AWAY.
AT THIS INSTANT BENSON FIRES A
SILENCED PLOP. BORSH GRUNTS, FALLS
AWAY.

KEEL: You didn't have to.....

HE GETS NO FURTHER FOR BENSON CLUBS
HIM WITH THE GUN - KEEL GOES TO
HIS KNEES, ALMOST OUT. ANOTHER ANGLE.
IF POSSIBLE. A TRICK SHOT. KEEL
GAZING UP FROM FLOOR - EYELINE TO
BENSON DISTORTED AND SHIMMERING.
BENSON MOVES IN CLOSE - WEILDING
GUN AT CAMERA.
AS GUN DESCENDS.

FADE OUT TO: BLACK SCREEN OR TICK EFFECT
FADE IN:

ANOTHER ANGLE ON KEEL.

HE IS STILL ONLY SEMI-CONSCIOUS -
FORCES HIMSELF UP ON ONE ELBOW, GROANS.
AROUND HIM ARE THE FEET AND LEGS OF
MEN. NOW HE WINCES, BRINGS A HAND
UP TO HIS BROW AND REACTS TO FIND
HE CLUTCHES A REVOLVER.

AT THIS INSTANT, WIDEN ANGLE AS A
SWISS DETECTIVE LEANS OVER HIM TO
FIRMLY TAKE THE GUN FROM HIM,
WRAPPING IT IN A HANDKERCHIEF.

KEEL STARES AROUND HIM - SWISS POLICE
ARE EXAMINING THE ROOM - WHILE BEYOND
IS BORSH, SLUMPED IN DEATH, A SHEET
BEING PULLED UP OVER HIM.

KEEL'S SUITCASE IS NEARBY, SLASHED
OPEN AND LOOTED.

2ND DETECTIVE (RISING FROM BORSH'S BODY -
IN FRENCH)

Looks like a 38 calibre.

SWISS DETECTIVE: 38 Calibre.....

(ENGLISH TO KEEL) Can you get up,
please Monsieur Keel.....

KEEL IS HALF ASSISTED TO HIS FEET.

HE STARES AT BORSH'S BODY - THEN
SWAYS TOWARDS IT. 2ND DETECTIVE
FIRMLY BARS THE WAY.

SWISS DETECTIVE SNIFFS AT THE GUN -
CAREFULLY CHECKS IT.

SWISS DETECTIVE: One chamber fired.

Accurate shooting.

KEEL GRABS AT HIS HEAD AGAIN - HARDLY
UNDERSTANDING THIS FOR A MOMENT -

THEN HE REACTS - STARES AT SWISS DETECTIVE.

KEEL: What?

SWISS DETECTIVE: Who was he? He carries no papers.

KEEL: Who was... (STOPS THEN)
...I don't know.

SWISS DETECTIVE: It is best to be frank at such a time.

KEEL: I never saw him before.

SWISS DETECTIVE: What was he doing in your room.

KEEL: He asked to come in,

SWISS DETECTIVE: Why invite him in. A perfect stranger?

KEEL: Said he had to talk to me...

SWISS DETECTIVE: What about?

KEEL: I don't know... it happened as soon as we got inside.

SWISS DETECTIVE: Ah? He attacked you perhaps? You acted in self defence...

KEEL: No...(RUBS HEAD - THEN REALISES)
I acted...?! Are you thinking I killed him?

SWISS DETECTIVE: The gun was in your hand...still warm when we arrived.

KEEL: But I - I was unconscious,
when you...

SWISS DETECTIVE: Unconsciousness can
be simulated.

KEEL: (FEELING HEAD) Feel my head -
that bump isn't simulated!

SWISS DETECTIVE: You will be examined
later.

KEEL REACTS - STILL VERY DAZED.
THE SWISS DETECTIVE CONTINUES THE
INTERROGATION -

38. INT. PALLAINE'S OFFICE: DAY.
CLOSE ON PHONE RINGING. PALLAINE
PICKS IT UP.

PALLAINE: Hello.....

STEED'S VOICE: Mr. Pallaine? Steed
here.

PALLAINE: Steed, oh, for goodness
sake I've been trying to reach you...
where have you been?

STEED'S VOICE: Up in the air.

PALLAINE: What?

STEED'S VOICE: I'm at Geneva Airport
right now. What's happened to Keel?

PALLAINE: That's it - I don't know.
We lost him at the airport... He went
off with some woman.

STEED'S VOICE: Keel did! What have
you done about it?

PALLAINE: What have I done? I'm
waiting for you to come and do
something.

STEED'S VOICE: All right, well,
I'm here. Now, you stay where you
are, Doctor. I must be sure I can
find you - we must not lose touch
do you understand.

PALLAINE: Yes. Right (HE HANGS UP
LOOKING MOST DISTURBED).

INT. KEEL'S HOTEL ROOM. DAY.
THE INTERROGATION CONTINUES.

KEEL. (SEATED ON HIS BED) REGAINS
HIS SENSES AND IS ON GUARD.

SWISS DETECTIVE: So there was another
man - waiting here when you arrived -
describe him, please.

KEEL: Tall, well built. I told you.

SWISS DETECTIVE: Again please...
(SMILES) ...you may have overlooked
some detail.

May
KEEL:/I have a glass of water?

SWISS DETECTIVE NODS TO 2ND DETECTIVE
WHO FILLS AND FETCHES GLASS - KEEL
DRINKS GRATEFULLY.

SWISS DETECTIVE: Well?

KEEL: (HEDGING) Sort of business
clothes and...Look, is there any point
in my describing a man whom you don't
believe ever existed?

SWISS DETECTIVE: (COLDLY POLITE) We
are interested, M'sieur. Please
continue.

KEEL: There isn't anything else...
I saw him...he fired...then he must
have hit me.

SWISS DETECTIVE: And you never saw
this man before?

KEEL HESITATES - THEN MAKES HIS
DECISION.

KEEL: Never.

SWISS DETECTIVE: So let us recapitulate
your statement. You are met by a man
you don't know...you take him to your
room. There you find another man you
don't know...the first man pulls a gun -
he is killed...you are knocked out
and...

KEEL: ...and that's all I remember -
until you arrived.

SWISS DETECTIVE: Ah...so you saw us arrive...? You were not unconscious...?

KEEL: No...no...that's not what I mean.

SWISS TEC: Then please say what you mean.

KEEL: I've told you everything.

SWISS DETECTIVE: Everything, M'sieur?

KEEL HESITATES FOR A FRACTION - THEN NODS.
SWISS TEC REGARDS HIM - PACES AWAY FOR A MOMENT.

SWISS TEC: Very well. Let us examine the facts. Why was the man waiting in your room - what motive did he have for killing?

KEEL: I don't know.

SWISS TEC: Could it have something to do with your visit here in Switzerland...?

KEEL: No.

SWISS TEC: Or something that happened in London?

KEEL: (FIRMLY) No....

SWISS TEC: So it seems we must accept for the moment the fact that there are no facts -

THE DOOR IS SUDDENLY OPENED. A LARGE MAN, STEED, IN HOTEL UNIFORM BUNDLES IN CARRYING AN ENORMOUS LAUNDRY BASKET THAT ALL BUT OBSCURES HIM.

STEED: (IN AN OVERWHELMING MERCILESS
SING-SONG FRENCH) Pardon Messieurs!
De le blanchissens! Numero Vingt-sept!
(ONE EYE SPOTS KEEL) Ah - le voila!
Attendez un instant! (STEED HAS BUNDLED
ACROSS THE ROOM AND OPENED THE WINDOW)
(WHISPERING TO KEEL) Take the door
nearest to you, then down the fire
escape. (LOUDLY AS HE TRIPS) Allerton!
Hoop le! (HE OVERWHELMS THE DETECTIVE
IN LAUNDRY. THEN HE AND KEEL EACH
STUN THE NEAREST DETECTIVE TO THEM. THEY
LEAVE QUICKLY BY THE WINDOW.

MIX:

INT. PALLAINE'S OFFICE. DAY.

KEEL, STEED, PALLAINE, IN THE MIDDLE
OF EARNEST CONVERSATION.

KEEL: I think I've got this
straight, as far as it goes but -

PALLAINE: It's all most irregular -
really most irregular.

STEED: (TO KEEL) What's worrying you?

KEEL: Well, if I'm to bring the film over
anyway, why not tell me? Why plant it on
me?

STEED: Because things didn't work out
that way. The man I sent along put the
film in your luggage, but never got a chance
to brief you on it....

KEEL: The man you sent told me I wasn't needed. He had every opportunity to tell me...

STEED: What man? Scott said he never saw you.

KEEL: He saw me all right. What's more he's right here in Geneva...I know this isn't a pretty business, Steed - but when one of our chaps committs cold blooded murder....

STEED: Scott is lying in a London hospital right now - he may not pull through.

KEEL: But that's impossible...
(STOPS - REALISES) Scott? Well built - thirty-ish....wears an eye patch.

STEED: Scott is slight, fair, and he may not live to see 25!

KEEL REACTS.

STEED: (SOFTLY) So that's how they did the job...^{they're}whew.../close! I can feel them breathing down my neck!

KEEL: The man who was killed -who was he?

PALLAINE: That was Borch. Poor fellow - he was to meet you at the airport, bring you back to your hotel, and take over the microfilm. But where is it? My committee will want to know who has it now?

STEED: (TO KEEL) It was in your suitcase, it's gone,

PALLAINE: It's too terrible to believe! So much good work - wasted - I feel it personally, you see.

STEED: Doctor Pallaine has been in on this from the start, he assisted Philip Morgan in the early days.

PALLAINE: Yes, such days they were too- And now - just think of the terrible damage that will be done.

KEEL NODS - THOUGHTFULLY MOVES BACK TO TOUCH HIS SUITCASE.

KEEL: If only I'd known...Where was the film hidden?

STEED: Among your World Health documents....
KEEL NODS ABSENTLY.

STEED: The invitation you were carrying....

KEEL REACTS.

KEEL: What about it?!

STEED: That's how the film was concealed... micro-dots on the invitation.

KEEL: To admit one guest.....?

STEED: That's what I said. What's the...

KEEL: Then they haven't got it!

PALLAINE: What?! (SOFTER) What?

KEEL: (TOUCHES CASE) They haven't got the film!

STEED REACTS.

KEEL: It wasn't in my suitcase...I had already got rid of it. I'd given it away!

A SHOCKED PAUSE - PALLAINE IS ON HIS FEET.

PALLAINE: Who!? Who did you give it to?

KEEL: A girl I met on the plane...

PALLAINE: That woman you left with? What's her name?

KEEL: Declair - Yvette Declair...I took her back to her apartment and...

STEED: Do you know the address?

KEEL: (NODS) Big new block on the Rue d'Estelle.

PALLAINE: Les Halles.

KEEL: That's it.

STEED: We'd better get over there. Pallaine?

PALLAINE: No...I must report back to my committee...there will have been other developments...I don't know what I shall say to the Police.

STEED: I'm not going to tell them, if you're not.

PALLAINE: Tell them what?

KEEL: That you've harboured a fugitive from justice.

STEED: Together with the bandit who assisted him to escape lawful arrest.

PALLAINE: (CHANGING HIS TONE RATHER)
You will be careful no one sees you, won't you?

KEEL NODS. HE AND STEED GO.

HOLD ON PALLAINE - HE LIFTS THE PHONE AND DIALS.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. YVETTE'S APARTMENT DAY.

OPEN CLOSE ON BENSON - HE HAS RANSACKED APARTMENT WITHOUT FINDING THE FILM - HE IS JUST TEARING SOME PAPER FROM WALL, WHEN:-

KNOCK ON DOOR.

KEEL'S VOICE: Yvette....Yvette....

BENSON REACTS - QUICKLY MOVES TO SPRINT
TO WINDOW - OPENS IT - DISAPPEARS OUTSIDE
ONTO FIRE-ESCAPE - PULLING DRAPES CLOSES
BEHIND HIM.

KNOCK AT DOOR.

KEEL'S VOICE: Yvette!

PAN TO DOOR - IT OPENS - KEEL AND STEED
APPEAR.

STEED: Lock's been forced.....

KEEL IS ALREADY REACTING TO THE
RANSACKED ROOM.

KEEL QUICKLY MOVES TO PEER IN DOORS OFF

KEEL: Yvette!

FINALLY HE TURNS AND LOOKS AT STEED.

KEEL: Not here.

STEED REGARDS HIM - THEN MOVES TO WINDOW.

STEED: Get some light in here....

HE PULLS DRAPES - AND BENSON HAS GONE!
HE TURNS BACK TO SURVEY ROOM.

KEEL: So they know about her too.

STEED: You could have been followed from
the airport, or.....

HE LOOKS AT KEEL.

KEEL: Or what?

STEED: Who's idea was it to give her that invitation?

KEEL: Well....it was mine in a way...

STEED: At her prompting.

KEEL: M'yes. That is, she asked for it first.

STEED: Well then -

KEEL: (MAKES UP HIS MIND) No. I think the girl's genuine anyway. But this room proves it. Why ransack it for something she already has.

STEED: (HALF-CONVINCED) Could be a cover.

KEEL MOVES TO WHERE STEED FINGERS TORN WALL-PAPER.

KEEL: She had no reason to hide it it would be somewhere ordinary...in one of these drawers maybe...If they didn't find it, she's carrying it about with her now.

STEED: Did you tell her how to contact you?

KEEL: I told her she could reach me at the hotel. But I can hardly go back there now. I can't even be seen in the street.

STEED: All right. You wait here for her.

STEED MOVES TO DOOR.

KEEL: What will you do?

STEED: I'm going to try and pull enough strings to appease the local police.

KEEL: Pity you're not a bell ringer.

STEED GOES, SHUTTING DOOR. KEEL BUSIES HIMSELF TRYING TO SET THE FLAT TO RIGHTS. PAUSE. DOOR OPENS AND MAID ENTERS -

MAID: (VIEWING DILEMA) Oh!

KEEL MOVES. SHUTTING DOOR BEHIND HER.

KEEL: It's all right. It's all right. I didn't do all this. I'm putting it back. (PICKING UP CUSHION) Putting it back, see?

MAID: I should say so! (SEEING TELEPHONE) I call the police.

KEEL: No.

HE MOVES SUCESSFULLY TO INTERCEPT HER.

KEEL: No. If you call the police, I won't put anything back. Where is Mademoiselle Declair?

MAID: She is returning today, yes?

KEEL: I know that. Where is she now?

MAID: She should be here. Who are you?

KEEL: I'm a friend. A - a doctor from England. I flew over with her today. Who are you?

MAID: The maid.

KEEL: Well, can you please help? Do you know anywhere Mademoiselle Declair might be?

MAID: No, I am new. I am here for the first time.

KEEL: How did you come to be here.

MAID: Mademoiselle Declair's old maid left while madame was away ill. But she told a friend, and the friend told my uncle and my uncle told my aunt, and my aunt told Mama, and Mama wrote for me and Mademoiselle Declair wrote back to ask me to come today.

KEEL: (CONFUSED) I see. (THEN HE REACTS) Went! What was that you said went? Uncle? Uncle?

MAID: Yes, Monsieur. Told my Aunt and my Aunt told Mama -

BUT ALREADY KEEL IS MOVING PAST TO THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY.

KEEL: It was Bernard something...that was his name...

MAID: M'sieur....?

KEEL: Uncle Bernard...that's where she is.

MAID: I'm sorry, M'sieur, but I...

KEEL: Bourg! Bernard Bourg.

AND NOW HE STARTS TO RUFFLE THROUGH THE
DIRECTORY - EVENTUALLY FINDING THE NAME.

KEEL: Bernard Bourg...(READS)...37
Rue Viennes.

MAID: M'sieur...my uncle's name is not
Bernard...

BUT ALREADY KEEL HAS GRABBED HIS COAT AND
IS EXITING.

(PATHETICALLY) It's Maurice.

DISSOLVE TO:

COMMERCIAL BREAK:

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE:

43. TIGHT ON SIGN.

STREET SIGN: - RUE VIENNES.

44. EXT. NUMBER 37 DAY (LOCATION)

A SOMBRE, SINISTER BUILDING - IF POSSIBLE
DARK AND DREAR ARCHAIC.

PICK UP KEEL (DOUBLE) AS HE MOVES UP TO
FRONT DOOR AND PEERS AT FADED '37' - HE
PULLS BELL PULL, LOOKING ROUND TO MAKE
SURE HE IS NOT BEING FOLLOWED.

45. INT. NUMBER 37 DAY

CLOSE ON DOOR. THE PULL TYPE BELL RINGS
OFF - HOLLOW AND ECHOING. PAUSE - BELL
RINGS AGAIN.

PAUSE - THEN DOOR HANDLE TURNS - DOOR
SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN AND KEEL STEPS INSIDE.

HE STOPS - LOOKS ABOUT HIM - THEN PUSHES DOOR TO.

WIDEN ANGLE TO REVEAL THAT THE HALL IS DIMLY LIT BY SHAFTS OF LIGHT PENETRATING ORNATE GLASS WINDOWS - IT HAS A CATHEDRAL SOUND. ATMOSPHERE AND ASPECT ABOUT IT.

THE ROOM FACING KEEL IS LARGE AND VERY SPARSELY FURNISHED. WHITE LILIES ADORN LARGE POTS ALL ROUND, DRAPES CASCADE DOWN LUSHLY. WHILE IN THE CENTRE, CAUGHT IN A SHAFT OF LIGHT IS A RAISED DIAS - ON THIS DIAS IS A SHEET COVERED FIGURE.

SLOWLY, FEARFULLY, KEEL MOVES UP TO THE FIGURE. PAN WITH HIM - NOW HE STANDS OVER THE SHEET DRAPED FIGURE - HE HESITATES - THEN TWITCHES THE SHEET ASIDE.

SHOCK SHOT. UNDER THE SHEET - STARING UP AT KEEL IS A LARGE APE - ITS TEETH SET IN AN UGLY GRIN!

CLOSE ON KEEL - STARING AT THE APE - NOW TOUCHING IT - REALISING IT IS DEAD, THEN. STARTLINGLY:-

BOURG: (OFF) I wanted him swinging from a tree.

KEEL SPINS ROUND TO FIND A MAN'S FACE STARTLINGLY CLOSE TO HIS OWN. THE MAN WEARS THICK PEBBLE GLASSES - HIS EYES ARE BRIGHT BEHIND THEM - HE IS STOCKY, SINISTER, VERY PALLID. THIS MAN IS BERNARD BOURG.

LDIN
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BOURG: A plastic tree of course - they do these things so well nowadays - and plastic lasts - Not a whole tree - just a branch or two ... (TOUCHES APE) ... and then the poor creature swinging by one limb. Beautifully lifelike. (SIGHS) An immortal tableau - plastic lasts - and so do my children when I've finished with them.

KEEL HAS BEEN STARING AT BOURG.

KEEL: Bernard Bourg?

BOURG: (BOWS) At your service ... (SMILES AT APE) Do you like the finish? Notice how the coat still has a sheen to it? Like like ... better in fact.

KEEL: You're really Bernard Bourg?

BOURG: Of course. You have come to right man ... and you have suffered a bereavment, I can see it in your face ...

KEEL: You don't understand, I want to ...

BOURG: (INTERJECTS) Don't tell me. Let me guess. ...(COCKS HIS HEAD) You're a cockattoo.

KEEL: What?!

BOURG: (HASTILY) no, no, perhaps not ...
(EYES HIM) A dog ... yes, definitely doggy
... Now if it's a hunting dog I really
have the most artistic setting ... in full
pursuit ... with perhaps a dear little
bunny hiding in the bushes. No extra charge
for the bunny of course.

KEEL: What is this all about?

BOURG: Not a doggy? (WICKED GRIN)
... a cat then ... Siamese I'll wager ...
(NUDGES KEEL) I know how it is - I've a
soft spot for Siamese pussys myself ...

KEEL: What is this place?

BOURG: (REACTS - ADJUSTS HIS SPECTACLES.)

KEEL: What happens here?

BOURG: You're not serious?

KEEL: (LITTLE WEARY) Will you please
explain.

BOURG: This is a funeral emporium for
animals.

KEEL REACTS.

BOURG: Why not? (SILENTLY SINISTER - IN
FACT HE LAPSES INTO SINISTER TONE FOR
SEVERAL LINES NOW)

BOURG: Death awaits us all does it not?
Some sooner than others perhaps ... And
those left behind can mourn ... (SHARPER)
... My works range from ordinary taxidermy
to

KEEL: I'm looking for a girl.

BOURG: ... burial with full honours.

KEEL: Your niece.

BOURG: An extra charge if you wish to
have a private plot in the Animals Valhalla
I have no niece, M'sieur.

KEEL., Her name is Declair. Yvette Declair.

BOURG PAUSES - SQUINTS AT HIM IN WHAT COULD BE
A SINISTER FASHION.

BOURG: The Valhalla Fields are nicely chosen
for aspect and solitude....

KEEL: She's about 22, slim, pretty ...

BOURG: The name Declair means nothing to me.
You will not find this girl here, M'sieur ..
only animals. Dear departed pets preserved
in the most delicate fashion ...

HE MOVES TO A DRAFTER - DELVES INTO IT.

KEEL: But she said she was coming here.

BOURG JERKS AROUND - A THIN KNIFE IN HIS HAND.

BOURG: (AS KEEL STARES AT KNIFE) I enjoy my work, M'sieur ... an artist with the knife ... that is how I like to think of myself ... (SHARP GESTURE WITH KNIFE STARTLES KEEL) ... Precision - exactitude. I have no niece. You will not find ^{her} here.

KEEL: Look, perhaps I misunderstood ... perhaps she's a customer ...

BOURG: The name means nothing. I have told you.

KEEL: Couldn't you at least look. Your ledger there ...

HE MOVES TOWARDS IT - BUT BOURG SUDDENLY STABS THE KNIFE INTO THE LEDGER - INCHES FROM KEEL'S HAND - THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER, THEN BOURG SMILES COLDLY.

BOURG: Confidential, M'sieur. But I will look.

HE OPENS LEDGER - GIVES IT THE MOST CURSORY GLANCE.

BOURG: No, no Mamselle Declair.

KEEL: Are you sure ?

BOURG: Quite sure. She has not been here today - neither does she have an appointment.

KEEL: I don't understand it.

BOURG: You're sure she mentioned my name ?

KEEL: I was sure. But I must have got it wrong ... all the same, I'd swear she said Bernard Bourg ... and something about her uncle ...

BOURG: Ah, just a moment. Did she actually say 'my uncle's name is Bernard Bourg'?

KEEL: No ... I don't think so ... I just assumed ...

BOURG: Sprechen sie Deutsch, mein Herr ? Are you familiar with the German language ?

KEEL: Not very.

BOURG: Then I think I see your mistake ... It is possible the young lady said not Bernard Bourg ... But Bern Ardbourg ?

KEEL: It's possible. Why ?

BOURG: Because Bern Ardbourg is not a man but a place ... a small village ... German speaking, of course ... but not far from here.

KEEL: (EXCITED) Come to think of it, she said she was going to visit Bern Ardbourg. That's it ! (GLUM AGAIN) But how can I find her, I still don't know the address she was going to.

BOURG: Her uncle lives there presumably?

KEEL: Yes.

BOURG: Then I would advise you to phone the local exchange. A village of that size - the operator is bound to know everyone. (GESTURES) My phone is at your disposal ...

KEEL: Thanks ... (MOVES TO IT)

BOURG INTERVENES - SMILES.

BOURG: That will be fifteen francs.

KEEL PAYS HIM. HE STARTS TO DIAL - BOURG NOW SLIPS A BROCHURE IN FRONT OF HIM.

BOURG: There may be some delay ... You may find my brochure of some interest ... profusely illustrated ...

HOLD ON KEEL.

THEN DISSOLVE:

INT. PALLAINE'S OFFICE DAY.

PALLAINE: Really, I did like it - after all the police are the police.

STEED: (ALMOST AS THOUGH TO A CHILD) Of course they are, already they've agreed to find Mademoiselle Declair. Soon they'll understand things much better. But just at the moment.

PALLAINE: Just at the moment they still want to question Dr. Keel, and you have told me where he is and I ought to tell the police.

STEED: Keel has nothing to fear - he has no more reason to run away than you or I.

PALLAINE: Well, these are rather special circumstances - if you're sure he'll stay where he is - and - and not go off trying to find Mademoiselle Declair I suppose it's all right. (DRUMS NERVOUSLY WITH HIS FINGERS) We'll just have to sit and wait.

(IMPATIENTLY PALLAINE OPENS DRAWER, BRINGS OUT CHESSMAN OR WHATEVER OBJECTS FORM A RECOGNISABLE CONNECTION BETWEEN HIM AND THE TELEPHONE VOICE)

47. INT. COTTAGE. DAY

TIGHT SHOT. PHONE SITUATED NEAR WINDOW. ROSES PEEP IN AT WINDOW - BIRDS SINGING OFF - OBVIOUSLY A COUNTRY PLACE. IF NECESSARY THIS SET COULD BE DISPENSED WITH)

PHONE RINGS. PAUSE- THEN YVETTE ENTERS SHOT.

YVETTE: Hello. Yes, this is Yvette Declair.

48. INT. NUMBER 37. DAY

INTER CUT KEEL AND YVETTE.

YVETTE: Doctor Keel, how nice to hear from you. How did you find me ?

KEEL: It doesn't matter. I have, and you've got to listen to me carefully ... the invitation I gave you, do you still have it ?

YVETTE: Why, yes ...

KEEL: Are you sure ? Will you check. No now please ...

HOLD ON KEEL, WAITING THEN:-

KEEL: Yes ?

REVEAL YVETTE WITH PURSE OPEN LOOKING AT INVITATION.

YVETTE: It's here ...

KEEL: Right. Now whatever you do don't lose it, don't give it to anyone until I get there ...

YVETTE: You're coming here ? Why ?

KEEL: I don't have time to explain. Just tell me how to get there.

YVETTE: But I am returning to town ... can't I meet you ... at your hotel perhaps ?

KEEL: No. Not ... my hotel. Stay away from there

YVETTE: Well I have a car. I can be anywhere you say.

KEEL HESITATES - THEN -

KEEL: All right. Make your way to number 37, Rue Viennes ... 37 ... 37 ... I'll be waiting.

KEEL HANGS UP TURNS TO BOURG.

BOURG: If you are to wait here, perhaps you would like to see some of the caskets - hand carved - a choice of handles.

KEEL: (PRODUCING MORE MONEY) Do you mind if I use your phone again ?

BOURG TAKES MONEY. GESTURES.

KEEL: Thank you.

AND FROM A SCRAP OF PAPER HE STARTS TO
DIAL.

INT. PALLAINE'S OFFICE DAY.

STEED AND PALLAINE.

PALLAINE ANSWERS TELEPHONE.

PALLAINE: Hello.

KEEL ON TELEPHONE.

KEEL: Dr. Pallaine ? Keel here. I have
located the girl.

C.S. PALLAINE. HIS FACE HARD: HIS EYES
WATCHFUL.

PALLAINE: Ah.

RESUME KEEL.

KEEL: She is on her way to 37 Rue Viennes.
Is that clear ? Very well, now then ...

RESUME INT. PALLAINE'S OFFICE.

PALLAINE CONTINUES HIS TELEPHONE CONVERSATION
WITH STEED A FEW YARDS AWAY.

PALLAINE: (HE SPEAKS QUIETLY) That's good
... Yes, of course ... at once, I will
personally ... Thank you, thank you so much.
(HE HANGS UP)

STEED: Good news ?

PALLAINE: Pleasant news. Another party
of guests has arrived for the medical
congress. I must go and meet them.

(PALLAINE FETCHES HIS HAT: HIS WALK IS QUICK AND DETERMINED. INDICATING CHESSMAN) You had better stay by the telephone and pull strings. A pity you have no opponent. (HE MOVES TO DOOR)

STEED: I have got no opponent already - so far he has been invisible.

STEED REMAINS SITTING LOOKING AT PALLAINE'S EMPTY CHAIR.

MIX.

56. INT. NUMBER 37. DAY

KEEL NEAR A WINDOW, GAZING OUT FRETFULLY. BOURG IN BACKGROUND.

BOURG: "Embalming to last a death-time".
... that is my motto ... My tour de force is too large to have on show ... an elephant but if you'd like to see some photographs? M'sieur?

KEEL: Eh? (TURNS) I'm sorry.

BOURG: You are very preoccupied with this young lady. Important, eh?

KEEL: (SOFTLY) Could be life or death ...

BOURG: Death?! (SHARPENS) Really ... (ELABORATELY CASUAL TO CONCEAL INTEREST) That ... er ... wouldn't be the literal truth I suppose ...? I do get a small commission on any human business I can introduce to ...

KEEL: (AT WINDOW) Here she is ... Do you mind leaving us alone for a moment?

BOURG NODS - EXIT.

KEEL MOVES TO OPEN DOOR AND ADMIT YVETTE.

KEEL: Yvette.

YVETTE REACTS TO HIM AND TO SURROUNDINGS.

YVETTE: If this is some kind of joke ...

KEEL: Do you have the invitation ?

YVETTE HESITATES - THEN OPENS PURSE -
HANDS INVITE TO KEEL.

KEEL: Two men have died for this.

YVETTE: You can't be serious.

HE REGARDS HER - SHE STARES INTO HIS FACE.

YVETTE: You are.

KEEL: I was worried for you.

YVETTE STARES AT HIM. THEN STARTS AS THERE
IS A KNOCK. KEEL TURNS, MOVES TO DOOR -
BENDS CLOSE.

KEEL: Who is it ?

PALLAINE'S VOICE: (OFF) Dr. Pallaine.

KEEL REACTS SLIGHTLY - THEN UNLOCKS DOOR -
PALLAINE ENTERS. HE ASSUMES HIS 'NERVOUS'
CHARACTER.

KEEL: Where's Steed ?

PALLAINE: In the city somewhere. I don't
know I couldn't reach him ... I thought I'd
better come myself.

HE LOOKS AT YVETTE.

PALLAINE: Mamselle Declair ? (LITTLE BOW) Enchanted. (TURNS TO KEEL)
You have it ?

KEEL NODS PRODUCES INVITE - PALLAINE'S EYES GLEAM.

PALLAINE: Ah, good. You know, I wish I had never accepted this responsibility but the whole committee said I was the obvious choice.

HE EXTENDS HIS HAND - BUT KEEL HOLDS ON TO INVITE.

KEEL: Shouldn't we wait for Steed ?

PALLAINE: It may be many hours before he's reached.

KEEL: Have you any idea where he went ?

PALLAINE: None. I have heard nothing from him all afternoon. Now the sooner this is under lock and key the better -

AGAIN HE EXTENDS HIS HAND - AND AGAIN KEEL WITHDRAWS INVITE.

KEEL: Yes, somewhere safe.

HIS TONE CAUSES PALLAINE TO REACT SHARPLY

KEEL: You say you haven't heard from Steed all day ?

PALLAINE: Yes, quite. But I have left word, so he will get your message.

KEEL: Funny.

PALLAINE: Why ?

KEEL: He gave me your office number - he said I could get in touch with him through you ...

PALLAINE: (LAUGHING A LITTLE) So you will. Your message is waiting for him. Now if you would be so kind -

KEEL: But he never loses contact. Steed always arranges to keep in touch.

PALLAINE: Then I am sure he will get in touch. And now I must really ask you for the -

KEEL: (SIMPLY) No. I'm not letting go of this now. Not until Steed arrives. Just a precaution. I'm sure you understand.

PALLAINE: Dr. Keel, I appreciate your caution, but there is no longer any need for it.

KEEL: There might be.

PALLAINE: (TOUGHENING) The purpose of your mission is to deliver safely to me the formula for Morgantol.

KEEL: To deliver it safely to the World Health Organisation.

PALLAINE: In this case it is one of the same thing.

KEEL: I quite understand that the committee have entrusted the responsibility to you. But I can relieve you of it.

PALLAINE:
The committee elected me, Dr. Keel,
because I happen to have worked on this
project in the early days with Dr. Morgan.
I shall now be most interested to see
how he has developed my findings -

KEEL: Your findings ?

PALLAINE: Curs - we scientists never
think in purely selfish terms ..

KEEL: So I see.

PALLAINE: (TOUGH) But it is not only to
satisfy my personal interest that I must
ask you to hand over the film to me -
now -

KEEL: I'm sorry - no.

PALLAINE: Then you leave me no alternative.

PALLAINE JERKS OPEN DOOR AND BENSON STEPS
IN WITH GUN.

KEEL GLANCES FROM BENSON TO PALLAINE.

KEEL: I See (INDICATING BENSON) He was to get it. And you complain that it hadn't arrived.

PALLAINE NODS TO BENSON.

KEEL: (QUICKLY) Why did you abandon your experiments Doctor?

PALLAINE: (STUNG) I didn't. I was pushed aside. Morgen always wanted the limelight.

BENSON: STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD.

KEEL: But you hadn't worked on there long.

PALLAINE: Two years. That is long enough isn't it? Two whole years, every night. Morgen helped, I grant you. (IT AFFECTED PHRASES ONE FEELS) I've always given Morgan his due - why couldn't he do the same for me?

KEEL: Why couldn't he, Pallaine?

PALLAINE: He pretended not to need my help. He was very fair - oh, very fair - He thought I needed the money and tried to buy me out.

KEEL: He was fair then? You got your price.

PALLAINE: What a price! A few hundred pounds to clear my debts - and then to guess at the results of my work for years after. (TO BENSON) get that card.

BENSON MOVES FORWARD.

KEEL: Wait! (THE FORCE OF KEEL'S VOICE MAKES BENSON HESITATE) How do you know Morgen succeeded? How do you know this formula is worth anything at all!

PALLAINE: I know everything up to the time I left - if was already fifty per cent effective then.

KEEL: Then why didn't you complete the work - Morgen couldn't have stopped you -

PALLAINE: Because I couldn't do it! (STOP FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND) All right! I admit it! I admit it at last! I admit it out loud! I couldn't do it! I couldn't do it! You can sneer if you like - you won't sneer much longer!

PALLAINE MOTIONS BENSON TO MOVE. YVETTE SCREAMS. BENSON MOVES. KEEL TOPPLES A VAST SPECIMEN CASE ON BENSON, AND THEN KEEL TURNS TO PULL YVETTE TO SAFETY. AS HE TURNS TO FACE BENSON AND PALLAINE, STEED BURSTS IN WITH THE POLICE!

FIGHT.

POLICE REMOVE BENSON AND PALLAINE.

KEEL IMMEDIATELY ~~TENDS~~ TENDS TO YVETTE, WHO IS TOO BREATHELESS TO SPEAK.

YVETTE: It's all right. Don't worry,
I'm all right.

KEEL STILL GASPS. How are you?

YVETTE: (NODS) (SMILING A LITTLE) I don't
think I shall be afraid of much from now on.

KEEL: I'm sorry. I wouldn't have had this
happen for the worlds - but -

YVETTE: It seems to have been forced on you,

STEED APPROACHES.

KEEL: (TO STEED) How did you get here?

STEED: I was in the office when you
telephoned Pallaine. It was you wasn't
it?

KEEL: Yes.

STEED: You asked me to stop pulling strings
at once - something like that?

KEEL NODS.

KEEL: Well (PRODUCING CARD) It's about
time we delivered this.

STEED: We are all free to go. I have
squared the Police. (PAUSE) Well?
(PAUSE) Introduce us.

KEEL: Oh I am sorry - John Steed -
Mademoiselle Declair.

STEED: I feel I know you almost well
enought to call you Yvette.

YVETTE: (SHAKING HANDS) And so you shall -
When you really know me well enough

KEEL LEADS HER TO THE DOOR. STEED HASTENS
TO TAKE HER OTHER ARM.

T E E N D