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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

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"THE AVENGERS"

EPISODE 18

"DOUBLE DANGER"

by  
JOHN LUCAROTTI *Put on New Order  
General Version.*

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Directed by  
Designed by  
Story Editor

ROGER JENKINS  
JAMES GODDARD  
JOHN LUCAROTTI

Producer: LEONARD WHITE

P.A.  
F.M.  
S.M.

IZABELLA LUBICZ  
PATRICK KENNEDY  
JOHN WAYNE

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1.

ACT ONE.

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT. EXTERIOR PRISON.  
NIGHT.

MIX TO: SHOT OF HIGH WALL OF PRISON. A  
CLOSED CAR IS DRAWN UP NEAR WALL. THE  
ENGINE IS RUNNING. HARRY DEW IS INSIDE  
CAR AT WHEEL. LEW SLEATER IS STANDING  
BESIDE CAR. THERE IS A ROPE DANGLING  
FROM TOP OF WALL. LEW LOOKS AT TOP OF  
WALL AND THEM IMPATIENTLY AT HIS WATCH.  
WE SEE THAT THE TIME IS SEVEN O'CLOCK.  
BOTH MEN ARE KEYED UP AND TENSE. TED  
MACE SUDDENLY APPEARS AT TOP OF WALL.  
HE IS IN CONVICTS DRESS. HE SLIDES  
DOWN THE ROPE. LEW BUNDLES HIM INTO  
THE BACK OF THE CAR, GETS IN BESIDE  
HIM, AND THE CAR DRIVES AWAY.

MIX TO: DESERTED STREET. NIGHT. LIGHTS  
OF CAR APPEAR AT END OF STREET. AS THEY  
DRAW NEARER, ANOTHER CAR MOVES OUT OF

1.

2.

SIDE TURNING AND BLOCKS ROAD. THE APPROACHING CAR IS FORCED TO PULL UP. AL BRADY AND BERT MILLS JUMP OUT OF CAR, CARRYING AUTOMATICS, AND RUN TO CAR CONTAINING TED MACE, LEW, AND HARRY. THEY PULL MACE OUT, FIRE A BULLET INTO THE FRONT TYRE OF CAR, PUSH MACE INTO THEIR OWN CAR AND SCRAMBLE IN AFTER HIM. AS THEY DRIVE AWAY, LEW JUMPS OUT OF CAR, PULLS GUN FROM HIS POCKET, AND FIRES AFTER CAR.

CREDIT TITLES.

DISSOLVE TO: KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM.  
NIGHT.

CAROL IS PUTTING AWAY SOME FILES. KEEL COMES IN. HE IS LAUGHING.

CAROL: (LOOKING ROUND) What's the joke?

KEEL: Old McCleary.

CAROL: Not again?

KEEL: He'll never give up trying to get certificates out of me. I'm sure he's got hold of a medical book from somewhere and is steadily working his way through it.

CAROL: What's matter with him this time?

KEEL: Same as always constitutional aversion to work. I suppose that in itself could be

2.

classed as a disease. How's the coffee situation?

CAROL: It's ready. I'll pour it out.

CAROL GOES TO SIDE TABLE AND POURS COFFEE.

CAROL: There was a message from the hospital. Mrs. Kershaw's specimens were negative.

CAROL BRINGS KEEL A CUP OF COFFEE.

KEEL: I thought they would be.

THERE IS A RING ON THE FRONT DOOR BELL.

KEEL. Oh, Lord, now what.

CAROL: Drink your coffee

SHE GOES TO DOOR LEADING TO HALL.

KEEL: Unless it's urgent they 'll have to come back in the morning.

CAROL GOES OUT.

CUT TO: HALL AND FRONT DOOR.

THE BELL RINGS AGAIN AS CAROL WALKS TO FRONT DOOR. LOLA CARRINGTON, A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, LOOKING EXTREMELY AGITATED, IS STANDING ON STEP AS CAROL

4.

OPENS DOOR. BEYOND HER, DRAWN UP AT  
KERB, IS A CLOSED CAR.

LOLA: Is the doctor in?

CAROL: Surgery's over...

LOLA: It's an emergency...  
My husband has had an accident. he's  
terribly hurt...

SHE PUSHES PAST CAROL AND ENTERS HALL.

CUT TO; KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM.

LOLA ENTERS QUICKLY, FOLLOWED BY CAROL.

LOLA: Doctor, you must come with me at  
once. It's my husband...He's...

KEEL: I heard you tell my receptionist  
Why didn't you go to your own doctor?

LOLA: I did, but he's out. Do, please,  
hurry.

KEEL: What kind of accident was it?

LOLA: My husband was carrying a tray-  
with a lot of glasses. He slipped -on  
the rug. He's dreadfully cut - on the  
broken glass. The bleeding won't stop...  
Please don't waste time. I've got my  
car outside...

KEEL: Very well.

4.

5.

KEEL PUTS ON OVERCOAT.

CAROL: Will you give me your name and address, please?

LOLA: Marsden - Mrs. Marsden - Palmers Drive... Do Hurry!

KEEL PICKS UP HIS BAG AS CAROL ENTERS NAME AND ADDRESS IN BOOK.

KEEL: I'm ready - come along.

CAROL: I'll stay until you get back, doctor.

KEEL: All right

HE GOES OUT DOOR FOLLOWED BY CAROL AND LOLA.

CUT TO: HALL AND FRONT DOOR

KEEL OPENS FRONT DOOR AND STANDS ASIDE FOR LOLA TO GO FIRST. SHE GOES DOWN TO WAITING CAR.

KEEL: I'll be as quick as I can.

KEEL HURRIES AFTER LOLA. CAROL WATCHES HIM GET IN BACK OF CAR WITH LOLA. CAR DRIVES AWAY. CAROL SHUTS FRONT DOOR AND STARTS TO WALK BACK ALONG HALL.

CUT TO: INTERIOR OF CAR.

5.

6.

BERT MILLS IS AT WHEEL. KEEL IS IN BACK SEAT BETWEEN BRADY AND LOLA. HE LOOKS SURPRISED.

KEEL: Here? What?

BRADY: (CURTLY) Blindfold him.  
Just a precaution, doctor.

LOLA FOLDS SCARF. BRADY PRODUCES AUTOMATIC FROM HIS POCKET.

KEEL: What do you think you're playing at.

BRADY: I'm not playing

LOLA TIES SCARF OVER KEEL'S EYES.

KEEL: Then what's all this about?

BRADY: We're taking you to your patient, doctor.

MIX TO: FILM CLIP. EXTERIOR OF BUNGALOW NIGHT. CAR CONTAINING MILLS, BRADY, LOLA AND KEEL, TURNS INTO SHORT DRIVEWAY AND PULLS UP AT FRONT ENTRANCE. LOLA GETS OUT FOLLOWED BY KEEL, STILL BLINDFOLDED, AND BRADY. THEY ENTER BUNGALOW. MILLS GETS OUT OF CAR AND FOLLOWS THEM.

CUT TO: HALL OF BUNGALOW. LIVE.

6.

7.

LOLA, BRADY, AND KEEL HAVE JUST COME  
IN FRONT DOOR.

BRADY: You can take that off now,  
doctor.

MILLS SLIPS QUIETLY IN FRONT DOOR AS  
KEEL PULLS SCARF FROM HIS EYES AND  
LOOKS ROUND.

KEEL: I suppose, that this isn't  
Palmer's Drive, your name isn't Marsden,  
and there has been no accident? The  
whole story was a fake?

BRADY: Not entirely. In here.

BRADY, STILL HOLDING AUTOMATIC, GOES  
TO DOOR OPENING OFF HALL AND OPENS IT.  
HE MOTIONS TO KEEL TO GO IN. KEEL DOES  
SO. BRADY FOLLOWS HIM.

CUT TO: BEDROOM.

IT IS DIMLY LIT. MACE IS LYING IN BED,  
UNCONSCIOUS. HE LOOKS VERY PALE AND ILL.

BRADY: You see, there really is a  
patient.

KEEL GOES OVER TO BED AND EXAMINS MACE.  
LOLA AND BRADY WATCH HIM. KEEL LOOKS  
UP.

KEEL: (SHARPLY) This man has been shot!

BRADY: A promising diagnosis.

7.



8.

KEEL: He should be removed to a hospital at once or is that out of the question?

BRADY: In a nutshell, doctor.

KEEL: If he doesn't have immediate and proper treatment, there's a very good chance that he'll die.

BRADY: Why do you think you're here?

KEEL: There are no facilities and bullet must be removed at once.

BRADY: Go ahead.

KEEL: I don't have the necessary instruments.

BRADY: Do it with what you've got.

KEEL: Don't be a fool.

BRADY: Easy doctor you got them at your surgery?

KEEL: Yes

BRADY: There's someone there?

LOLA: His receptionist.

BRADY: Make a list of what you need  
(TO LOLA) Get some paper.

LOLA NODS AND GOES TO DOOR. BRADY  
CALLS AFTER HER.

BRADY: And tell Mills to come in here.

8.

9.

LOLA'S VOICE: All right.

BRADY: You'll get your instruments.

KEEL: Thanks.

BRADY: He'd better not die.

KEEL: He's already very weak.  
He's lost a lot of blood. Even if he  
survives the operation, he'll need  
careful nursing

MACE STIRS UNEASILY AND GROANS. KEEL  
BENDS OVER HIM.

LOLA COMES BACK WITH PAPER AND PEN.  
SHE GIVES THEM TO BRADY.

LOLA: I've told Mills.

MILLS COMES IN.

MILLS: You want me?

BRADY: Yes. (TO KEEL) Here - write your  
list.

HE GIVES KEEL PAPER AND PEN.

BRADY: THE THINGS YOU NEED. NOTHING ELSE.

KEEL PUTS PAPER ON BEDSIDE TABLE AND  
WRITES.

9.

10.

BRADY: (TO MILLS) Take that to his surgery. Give it to his receptionist. She'll give you some things to bring back.

MILLS: Okay.

BRADY: Don't answer any questions. You don't know anything, see?

MILLS: Okay.

KEEL: Here you are.

HE GIVES LIST TO BRADY. BRADY LOOKS THROUGH IT QUICKLY.

BRADY: What's this - at the bottom? It's not English.

KEEL: Fomum Equus. It's Latin.

BRADY: What is it?

KEEL: It's the name of a sterilizing solution.

BRADY: All right (TO MILLS)  
Get going

LOLA: That girl is waiting for Keel to come back.

BRADY: Is she? (TO MILLS). Tell her the doctor says he'll be very late and she's not waiting.

MILLS: Okay.

10.

MILLS TAKES LIST AND GOES OUT QUICKLY.  
DISSOLVE TO: SHOP FRONT IN SOHO. NIGHT.  
IT IS A SMALL NEWSAGENT AND TOBACCONIST.  
MIX TO: A ROOM AT BACK OF SHOP. NIGHT.

LEW SLEATER IS PACING UP AND DOWN. DEW  
IS SITTING AT TABLE TRIMMING HIS NAILS  
WITH A PENKNIFE. THEY BOTH LOOK WORRIED.

DEW: (IRRITABLY) Can't you stop prowlin'  
about like a blinkin' Hyaena?

SLEATER: Hyaenas laugh - I'm not  
laughing.

DEW: It wasn't our fault. How was we  
to know someone else wanted Mace?

SLEATER: We were supposed to bring Mace  
here, and he was snatched from under our  
flippin' noses. The boss ain't gonna like  
that.

DEW: Let him sweat on it. As far as we  
were concerned, it was to be a straight  
up and down job.

SLEATER: Yeah - well- let's hope he  
sees it like that.

HE TAKES A PACKET OF CIGARETTES FROM  
HIS POCKET, FINDS IT EMPTY, AND HURLS  
IT AWAY DISGUSTEDLY.

SLEATER: Got a cigarette?

DEW THROWS A PACKET OVER TO HIM. SLEATER  
CATCHES IT, TAKES A CIGARETTE AND THROWS  
PACKET BACK. HE LIGHTS CIGARETTE.

12.

SLEATER: 'Ere - he wouldn't've had anythin' to do with that hold-up, would 'e?

DEW: The Boss? Come off it. Why should he.

SLEATER: You never know what's at the back of 'is mind. Still an'all, if he had - it 'ud let us out.

DEW: Look, we did what we was told

SLEATER: Except - we ain't got Mace.

DEW: We can't do nothin' about that now, can we?

HE STOPS PACING AND LISTENS.

SLEATER: He's here now.

THEY BOTH LOOK AT CLOSED DOOR. IT OPENS AND STEED COMES IN. HE LOOKS QUICKLY ROUND.

STEED: Where's Mace?

DEW: He ain't 'ere.

STEED: I can see that for myself. Where is he?

SLEATER: We don't know.

12.

13.

STEED: (COLDLY) You don't know?  
Look, I went to a lot of trouble...

BOTH: It was like this....

THEY BOTH STOP. STEED LOOKS AT THEM  
COLDLY.

STEED: One at a time, Please?

DISSOLVE TO: KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM.  
NIGHT.

CAROL IS PUTTING VARIOUS ARTICLES IN  
A BAG. CONSULTING LIST ON TABLE AS  
SHE DOES SO. MILLS IS STANDING BY  
DOOR.

CAROL: Why Doctor Keel should want  
all this.

MILLS: Search me, miss. I just brought  
the list.

CAROL: But Mr. Marsden was injured by  
broken glass?

MILLS: That's right.

CAROL: Then why does the doctor want  
an anaesthetic for a spinal injection...  
and what are all these other instruments  
for?

13.

14.

MILLS: Lady, I've told you. I don't know. He wrote the list. That's what he wants.

SHE IS DEFINITELY PUZZLED. SHE CHECKS LIST AND STOPS AT THE LAST ITEM.

CAROL: "Fonum Equus?"

SHE FROWNS.

MILLS: I know that. It's a sterilizing solution. He told me.

CAROL: Yes, of course. It's already in there. Well - that's everything.

SHE STOPS ABRUPTLY. THE EXPRESSION OF HER FACE SHOWS THAT SHE HAS GOT IT.

MILLS: The doctor said you were to go on home. Not wait for him. He said we'd be very late.

SHE CLOSSES BAG AND GIVES IT TO MILLS. HE GOES TO DOOR. CAROL MOVES TOWARD HIM.

MILLS: Don't bother, I can find my way out, miss.

HE GOES OUT. CAROL PICKS UP LIST AND STARES AT IT. SHE PUTS DOWN LIST AND GOES TO TELEPHONE, LIFTS RECEIVER, AND DIALS NUMBER.

14.

15.

CAROL: This is Doctor Keel's residence.  
Could I speak to Mr. Steed, please?....  
Oh, I see. Do you know what time he will  
be back?..... No...no, there's no message.  
I'll ring again.

CAROL PUTS DOWN RECEIVER. SHE FROWNS.  
HER EXPRESSION IS WORRIED.

MIX TO: ROOM AT BACK OF SHOP. NIGHT.

SLEATER, DEW, AND STEED.

STEED: What were these two men like?

SLEATER: Did'nt get much chance to see.

DEW: It was all so quick.

SLEATER: One of 'em was short - the other  
was on the tallish side...

STEED: Very helpful!

SLEATER: We didn't expect anythin' like  
that to 'appen.

DEW: (TO STEED) Did you?

STEED: No, I wonder how they knew  
about the escape?

DEW: (SHRUGS) What do we do now?

15.



16.

STEED: Find Mace.

DEW: Have you any idea where to look?

STEED: Not the faintest. But I've a shrewd idea who was behind that snatch.

MIX TO: PUBLIC CALL-BOX. NIGHT.

BRUTON IS IN BOX. HE IS A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, ON THE STOUT SIDE. HE IS WEARING AN OVERCOAT AND HAT. HE PUTS FOUR PENNIES IN SLOT AND DIALS NUMBER. HE PRESSES BUTTON 'A'. WE HEAR BOTH SIDES OF ENSUING CONVERSATION.

BRUTON: Brady?

BRADY: Yes.

BRUTON: How's Mace?

BRADY: Still unconscious. The doctor says he's in a bad way.

BRUTON: What's being done about it?

BRADY: The doctor's operating now.

BRUTON: He's using an anaesthetic?

BRADY: Yes.

BRUTON: Keep with him - sometimes people talk under anaesthetics.

16.

17.

BRADY: The doctor says it'll be touch  
and go.

BRUTON: He's got to recover - long enough  
to tell us what we want to know.

BRADY: Can you keep in touch?

BRUTON: I'll ring up again in about  
an hour. Don't leave Mace - and make  
sure of that doctor. If he hears anything  
he might talk.

BRADY: I'll take care of him

BRUTON HANGS UP RECEIVER.

MIX TO: BEDROOM. NIGHT.

KEEL, IN MASK AND RUBBER GLOVES, IS  
OPERATING ON MACE. A STANDARD LAMP  
WITHOUT SHADE HAS BEEN PLACED NEAR BED  
TO GIVE LIGHT. LOLA IS STANDING NEAR.

KEEL: (WITHOUT LOOKING UP) More hot  
water.

LOLA NODS AND HURRIES AWAY. KEEL WORKS  
ON INTENT ON HIS JOB. BRADY COMES IN  
AND WATCHES. KEEL HAS NO INTEREST IN  
ANYTHING BUT HIS PATIENT.

BRADY: Well?

17.

18.

KEEL: Can't tell - yet.

LOLA COMES BACK WITH KETTLE OF BOILING WATER.

LOLA: Here's the water.

KEEL: Empty the bowl and refill it. Put in some of that - not that, the other bottle. About a teaspoonful.

LOLA EMPTIES BOWL INTO PAIL AND REFILLS IT FROM KETTLE. SHE POURS IN A LITTLE ANTISEPTIC. KEEL STRAIGHTENS UP WITH BULLET HELD IN LONG, THIN FORCEPS. HE PUTS THEM DOWN, PICKS UP SWAB AND GAUZE, SOAKS IT IN BOWL, AND BENDS DOWN OVER MACE, WIPING WOUND.

KEEL: Give me the lint.

LOLA GIVES HIM LINT. HE CUTS PIECE WITH SURGICAL SCISSORS AND FORMS IT INTO A PAD.

KEEL: Now the bandage.

LOLA GIVES HIM ROLL OF BANDAGE. KEEL SMEARS ANTISEPTIC FROM TUBE ON LINT PAD, LAYS IT OVER WOUND, AND BANDAGES WOUND. HE STRAIGHTENS UP, TAKES OFF MASK, STRIPS OFF RUBBER GLOVES, AND WIPES HIS FACE.

18.

19.

KEEL: Help me turn him over - slightly on his side.

LOLA HELPS HIM.

KEEL: Gently.

MACE IS EASED OVER ON HIS SIDE. KEEL SMOOTHES BEDCLOTHES.

KEEL: That's the best I can do.

HE RINSES HIS HANDS IN BOWL AND WIPES THEM ON TOWEL.

KEEL: Nasty wound. The bullet has mushroomed slightly.

BRADY: When's he likely to come to?

KEEL: It's difficult to say - his condition's not too good.

BRADY: But he will recover?

KEEL: With the proper treatment. He needs a blood transfusion.

BRADY: Can't you give him that?

KEEL: Not here - he'd have to go to a hospital.

BRADY: Then you'll have to do the best you can.

19.

KEEL: I can't stay here indefinitely.  
I've a practice to attend to...

BRADY: You don't think I intend to  
let you go.

KEEL: And when I fail to turn up at  
my surgery tomorrow morning?

BRADY: That doesn't concern me.

KEEL: My receptionist will probably  
inform the police.

BRADY: Not if you send her a note with  
a plausible explanation.

KEEL: Such as?

BRADY: How should I know? You're  
the doctor.

KEEL: And when I want a day off I  
customarily give my nurse an ample  
warning.

BRADY: This time it's sort of special.

KEEL: And 'bund to arouse her suspicions.

BRADY: I'd avoid that if I were you.  
Look, she'll have gone home by now.  
You can say there was a telephone call  
for you when you got back & you had to  
leave town at once - a sick relative -  
something like that.

21.

KEEL: And if I refuse?

BRADY TAKES AUTOMATIC FROM HIS POCKET  
SUGGESTIVELY.

KEEL LOOKS AT HIM CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

KEEL: That wouldn't do you much good.  
Kill me and the patient'll probably  
die. Obviously, you don't want that to  
happen.

BRADY REALISES THAT KEEL IS IN A GOOD  
POSITION.

BRADY: You' want to force the issue?

KEEL: No, I have a duty to try and save  
this man's life.

BRADY: Then we have something in  
common, don't we?

KEEL: Which makes your threats a little  
futile, remember that, chum.

KEEL TAKES ANOTHER LOOK AT MACE. BRADY  
AND LOLA EXCHANGE GLANCES.

KEEL: What made you pick on me?

LOLA: I looked in the phone book. You were  
the nearest doctor.

21.

22.

KEEL: So, inspite of the apparently long drive, we're not very far away?

BRADY: Never you mind where we are! Are you going to write that note to your receptionist?

KEEL: Yes. But not because of that, (HE POINTS TO AUTOMATIC).

BRADY: Of course doctor - it's your patient who counts.

KEEL: Do me a favour.

BRADY: Do me a favour. Now write that note.

MIX TO: KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM. NIGHT.

CLOSE SHOT. CLOCK. IT IS ELEVEN-THIRTY. PULL BACK TO CAROL. SHE HAS HER COAT ON. HER EXPRESSION IS ANXIOUS. SHE IS MOVING AIMLESSLY ABOUT THE ROOM. SHE STOPS AT TELEPHONE AND LIFTS RECEIVER.

CAROL: Oh, this is Doctor's Keel's receptionist again. Has Mr. Steed come in yet?....Oh, you did? Thank you. I'm sorry to keep on bothering but it's urgent. Yes - perhaps he will. Thank you.

23.

AS SHE PUTS DOWN RECEIVER THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. CAROL GOES QUICKLY OUT DOOR.

CUT TO: HALL AND FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

CAROL HURRIES TO FRONT DOOR AND OPENS IT. STEED IS OUTSIDE.

CAROL: Oh, I'm so glad to see you!

STEED: That's the sort of greeting I like from a pretty girl.

CAROL: Come in.

STEED COMES IN AND SHE SHUTS DOOR.

STEED: What's the trouble? They told me you'd been ringing up all the evening.

CAROL: I have.

SHE LEADS THE WAY TO DOOR OF CONSULTING ROOM.

STEED: Where's Keel?

CUT TO: KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM. NIGHT.

CAROL AND STEED COME IN DOOR.

23.



CAROL: That's just it - I don't know.  
I'm terribly worried...

STEED: Oh, tell me.

CAROL GIVES HIM LIST.

CAROL: Look at that.

STEED LOOKS AT IT QUICKLY.

STEED: A list of surgical instruments?...

CAROL: Look at the last item.

STEED: What? 'Fonum Equus'. This is supposed to be Latin?

CAROL: Yes.

STEED: Floreat Etona! 'Equus' means horse but 'fonum'...?

CAROL: Isn't a Latin word at all.  
Don't you see? Equus the horse means you...

STEED: Hardly complimentary but I get the idea.

CAROL: So obviously he couldn't get a message to me openly...

STEED: It's ingenious but very vulgar Latin. 'Fonum Equus' - Phone horse, otherwise Steed, what happened.

CAROL: A woman came here after surgery this evening. She said her name was 'Mrs. Marsden' and she lived in Palmer's Drive. (STEED QUESTIONS HER WITH HIS EYEBROWS) I've looked up the directory and there's no Marsden living in Palmer's Drive.

STEED: Good girl, go on.

CAROL: This woman said that her husband had met with a bad accident - fallen on some broken glass. She wanted Doctor Keel to go with her at once. She had her car outside and I saw them drive away. Later on a man came with that list. You wouldn't want those things for someone who had been cut with broken glass...

STEED: What would you want them for?

CAROL: Some kind of operation.

STEED: What was the man like who brought it?

CAROL: Short - rather thin ... That's not much of a description, is it? But he was like that - very ordinary.

STEED: You'd know him again?

CAROL: Yes. The Doctor's in some kind of trouble.

STEED: Leave it to me. Stop worrying, and get some sleep. No doubt, he'll be here in the morning - to greet you with a warm, solicitous smile. Come along, I'll see you on your way home.

STEED TAKES HER ARM AND LEADS HER TO DOOR. CAROL GOES RELUCTANTLY. AS THEY GO OUT, STEED SWITCHES OUT LIGHT.

CUT TO: HALL AND FRONT DOOR.

CAROL AND STEED WALK TO FRONT DOOR.

CAROL SWITCHES OUT LIGHT AS STEED OPENS DOOR. THEY GO OUT.

CUT TO: FILM CLIP. EXTERIOR. KEEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

CAROL AND STEED SHUT FRONT DOOR AND WALK UP STREET. A CAR APPEARS FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTION AND PULLS UP IN FRONT OF KEEL'S HOUSE. MILLS GETS OUT.

CUT TO: CLOSE SHOT. CAROL AND STEED. LIVE. THEY HAVE STOPPED AND ARE LOOKING OUT OF SHOT.

CAROL: (LOW VOICE) That's the man - the one who brought the list.

STEED: Right, Go along home.

27.

HE LEAVES CAROL QUICKLY.

CUT TO: FILM CLIP. EXTERIOR. KEEL'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

MILLS GOES TO FRONT DOOR AND PUTS LETTER HE IS CARRYING IN LETTER SLIT IN DOOR. STEED OPENS CAR DOOR QUICKLY AND SLIPS INTO BACK SEAT, CROUCHING DOWN. MILLS COMES BACK TO CAR, GETS IN, AND DRIVES AWAY.

CUT TO: CLOSE SHOT. CAROL WATCHING. LIVE.

SHE WATCHES CAR. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF CAR FADE AWAY IN THE DISTANCE. SHE RUNS BACK TO THE SURGERY DOOR AND OPENS IT. SHE GOES INSIDE.

DISSOLVE TO: BEDROOM. NIGHT.

MACE IS LYING IN BED STILL UNCONSCIOUS. LOLA IS SITTING IN CHAIR NEARBY. SHE HAS AUTOMATIC IN HER LAP. KEEL IS BY THE BEDSIDE, INTENTLY WATCHING MACE.

LOLA: This is getting on my nerves.

KEEL: (WITHOUT LOOKING AT HER) You have your own remedy.

LOLA: Meaning I can go and leave you alone with him. Oh, no.

27.

28.

KEEL: In which case you'll just have to put up with your nerves.

LOLA: How long is he going to stay like that?

KEEL: That depends. The effect of the injection should be wearing off - but his general condition...

LOLA: Can't you give him something?

KEEL: He's my patient. I'll prescribe the treatment and he needs all the best he can get. What you want from him will have to wait.

THERE IS A CHANGE IN MACE. HE MOVES SLIGHTLY. KEEL BENDS DOWN OVER HIM. LOLA GETS UP AND COMES TO OTHER SIDE OF BED. SHE CARRIES AUTOMATIC.

LOLA: Is he coming round?

KEEL LOOKS AT HER ANGRILY AND WITH DISGUST. THEY BOTH WATCH MACE INTENTLY. HE IS STILL AGAIN - NO MOVEMENT. THEN HE MOVES HIS HEAD VERY SLIGHTLY ON PILLOW.

LOLA: Look... He's moving...

LOLA GOES QUICKLY TO DOOR.

LOLA: Al!

MACE SIGHS. HIS EYES FLICKER AND OPEN.  
HE MOVES HIS HEAD FROM SIDE TO SIDE AS  
THOUGH IN PAIN.

MACE: (WEAKLY) My....back....

KEEL: (SOOTHINGLY). Try and keep still.

MACE: (WITH DIFFICULTY) The plot... (HE  
CHOKES SLIGHTLY) it's..John.....John  
Bartholomew's....plot.

LOLA GOES TOWARDS BED, SHE DOES NOT HEAR.

MACE'S HEAD SUDDENLY FALLS SIDEWAYS.  
KEEL IS BENDING VERY CLOSE. BRADY  
COMES IN QUICKLY

BRADY: She says he's unconscious...

KING: STRAIGHTENS UP.

KEEL: She's wrong. He's dead!

LOLA AND BRADY EXCHANGE GLANCES OF  
CONSTERNATION.

FADE.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

FADE IN:

FILM CLIP. CAR COMING ALONG ROAD. NIGHT.  
IT TURNS IN TO SHORT DRIVE TO BUNGALOW  
AND PULLS UP OUTSIDE FRONT ENTRANCE.  
MILLS GETS OUT. HE GOES TO FRONT DOOR  
AND ENTERS BUNGALOW. AFTER SLIGHT PAUSE,  
STEED GETS OUT OF CAR. HE LOOKS ABOUT.  
SURVEYS FRONT OF BUNGALOW AND THEN GOES  
CAUTIOUSLY ROUND TO BACK. HE TRIES THE  
HANDLE OF A BACK DOOR BUT FINDS IT LOCKED.

MIX TO: BEDROOM. NIGHT.

KEEL IS STANDING ON ONE SIDE OF THE BED  
BRADY AND LOLA ON THE OTHER. LOLA IS STILL  
HOLDING AUTOMATIC.

BRADY: Are you sure he's dead?

31.

LOLA: He can't be...

KEEL: Look for yourself.

LOLA LEANS FORWARD. KEEL REALISES THAT NOW MACE IS DEAD HE IS NO LONGER IN A STRONG POSITION. HE MAKES A SUDDEN GRAB AND SNATCHES THE AUTOMATIC FROM LOLA'S HAND. SHE STARTS BACK WITH AN EXCLAMATION. KEEL COVERS BOTH SHE AND BRADY WITH AUTOMATIC

KEEL: As we have nothing in common anymore, you'll do what I tell you, for a change. Keep quite still - both of you.

KEEL COMES ROUND THE FOOT OF BED. BRADY MAKES A MOVEMENT TOWARD HIM.

KEEL: I said - keep still!

BRADY: You wouldn't shoot...

KEEL: Do you want to force the issue?

KEEL MOVES ROUND TO DOOR. FACING THEM ALL THE TIME. THEY TURN SLOWLY WITH HIM. HE BACKS TO DOOR.

BRADY: Listen...

KEEL: Save your breath - you'll need it for all the explaining you'll have to do later.

31.



KEEL HAS NEARLY REACHED DOOR. MILLS APPEARS BEHIND HIM AND TAKES IN SITUATION. KEEL HEARS HIM AND SWINGS ROUND. MILLS LEAPS ON HIM AND GRABS HIS WRIST. TRYING TO WRENCH THE GUN OUT OF HIS HAND. KEEL HITS HIM WITH HIS OTHER HAND. MILLS STAGGERS BUT HANGS ON TO HAND WITH GUN.

BRADY: Hang on to him, Mills.

BRADY SPRINGS FORWARD TO AID MILLS. THEY FALL, STILL STRUGGLING. LOLA WATCHES HER OPPORTUNITY AND KICKS THE AUTOMATIC OUT OF KEEL'S HAND. SHE PICKS IT UP.

LOLA: All right - break it up!

MILLS AND BRADY HAUL KEEL ROUGHLY TO HIS FEET. HE IS BREATHELESS.

BRADY: Give me the gun!

LOLA GIVES IT TO HIM. HE TAKES AIM.

BRADY: You asked for this.

LOLA: Wait! Make him tell you what Ted said before he died.

KEEL: How do you know he said anything?

LOLA: I know he did. I heard him mumble something. You were listening.

33.

BRADY: Come on, out with it. What did he say?

KEEL: What were you expecting him to say?

MILLS: Tell us what he said.

KEEL REMAINS SILENT. BRADY MAKES A THREATENING GESTURE WITH AUTOMATIC.

BRADY: I mean this... or....

KEEL: Another murder? That man would've lived if he'd been taken to a hospital.

LOLA: We didn't kill him ....

BRADY: Never mind the moralizing - tell me what he said.

KEEL STARES AT BRADY.

BRADY: I'll give you ten seconds.

LOLA: He knows, Al - Ted said something.

KEEL: If you heard, you tell him.

MILLS: I'll soon make him talk.

KEEL SUDDENLY JERKS MILLS IN FRONT OF HIM AS A SHIELD BETWEEN BRADY'S GUN AND HIMSELF. HE PUTS A JUDO LOCK ON MILLS, RENDERING HIM HELPLESS.

33.

KEEL: Go ahead - make me talk!

MIX TO: EXTERIOR. DOOR AT REAR OF BUNGALOW.  
NIGHT.

STEED IS TRYING TO OPEN IT WITH  
SKELETON KEY. HE FINDS THAT IT IS BOLTED  
ON THE INSIDE. HE GOES TO WINDOW. WITH  
PENKNIFE HE FORCES BACK CATCH, SLIDES  
UP WINDOW QUIETLY AND CLIMBS THROUGH.

CUT TO: HALL. BUNGALOW. NIGHT.

STEED COMES IN FROM BACK OF BUNGALOW.  
THE DOOR OF THE BEDROOM IS OPEN. STEED  
STOPS AND LISTENS.

MILLS'S VOICE: Let me go...

KEEL'S VOICE: If you struggle you'll  
break your arm.

STEED SMILES. HE SEES HALL TABLE WITH  
LARGE VASE OF FLOWERS ON IT.

KEEL'S VOICE: I'm waiting for you to  
make me talk.

STEED REACHES OUT WITH THE CROOK OF  
HIS UMBRELLA AND PULLS TABLE AND VASE  
OVER. THEY FALL WITH A CRASH. STEED  
DRAWS BACK INTO ALCOVE NEAR BEDROOM  
DOOR. THERE IS A STARTLED CRY FROM  
LOLA, OVERSCENE.

BRADY'S VOICE: What the devil was that?

BRADY RUNS OUT OF BEDROOM DOOR HOLDING GUN. STEED NEATLY HOOKS HIS LEG WITH UMBRELLA HANDLE. BRADY FALLS. HE STILL RETAINS AUTOMATIC. LOLA FOLLOWS HIM QUICKLY PREVENTING STEED FROM JUMPING ON HIM. SHE IS IN THE WAY.

LOLA: What happened? What was....?

LOLA SEES STEED. THEY RECOGNISE EACH OTHER.

STEED: Good evening, Mrs. Mace!

LOLA GIVES A STARTLED GASP. BRADY GETS UP.

BRADY: Beat it! There may be more of them...

STEED: The army, the navy, and the air force, old boy!

LOLA RUNS TO FRONT DOOR AND OPENS IT WHILE BRADY COVERS STEED WITH AUTOMATIC.

BRADY: Don't move!

BRADY BACKS TO FRONT DOOR. KEEL, STILL HOLDING MILLS, COMES OUT BEDROOM DOOR. HE SEES STEED.

KEEL: Steed!

36.

STEED: Like the proverbial 'bad penny',  
old boy - always turning up!

BRADY: ( AT FRONT DOOR) Let him go - or  
I'll plug your friend.

KEEL RELEASES MILLS.MILLS DASHES TO  
FRONT DOOR.

BRADY: (COVERING KEEL AND STEED WITH  
AUTOMATIC) Start the car - you'll find  
Lola there.

MILLS NODS AND RUNS OUT FRONT DOOR.

KEEL: They'll get away...

STEED: I'm not fighting a Webley with  
an umbrella.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF CAR STARTING OVER-  
SCENE. BRADY BACKS OUT DOOR HE LOOKS AT  
KEEL AND SLAMS IT SHUT.

BRADY: I owe you this.

HE FIRES. KEEL DIVES CLEAR.

BRADY DUCKS OUT THE DOOR AND SLAMS IT  
SHUT.

STEED: Are you all right, old boy?

KEEL: Yes.

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF CAR DRIVING AWAY  
OVERSCENE.

36.

STEED: I'm glad. It wasn't a very friendly gesture. What did you do to upset him? Were you being heroic?

KEEL: There's a dead man in there, Steed. I'd better phone the police.

STEED: Wait a minute.

KEEL FOLLOWS STEED INTO BEDROOM.

CUT TO: BEDROOM. NIGHT.

KEEL GOES OVER TO BEDSIDE. STEED JOINS HIM.

KEEL: I did everything I could...

STEED: Ted Mace!

KEEL: You know him?

STEED: I ought to. He escaped from prison a few hours ago. I arranged it.

KEEL: You did - what? Arranged his escape. He was important to me.

STEED: Remember the Hatton Garden robbery?

KEEL: No.

STEED: About four months ago. Two hundred thousand pounds worth of uncut diamonds taken from the safe in the offices of Lowenstein and Brune...

KEEL: (NODDING TOWARDS BED) By him?

STEED: That was the boy! He was an expert safe-breaker. Nothing clumsy, but his work was too specialised. There was never any doubt who did it. He was arrested two days after the robbery. But the diamonds weren't found. And he wouldn't say what he'd done with 'em.

KEEL: So that's what they wanted from him.

STEED: They weren't the only ones. I went to a great deal of trouble to get Ted Mace out of prison.

KEEL: How do you come into it?

STEED: The insurance company, old boy. They've paid out the claim but they're not very pleased about it. They'd like to know what happened to those diamonds.

KEEL: I see. What's John Bartholomew got to do with this?

STEED: Eh?

KEEL: Mace mentioned the name just before he died.

STEED: What did he say? Exactly?

KEEL: 'Just - it's John Bartholomew's plot.

STEED: That was all?

KEEL: Yes.

STEED: John Bartholomew. Never heard of him.

KEEL: Do you think he had anything to do with shooting Mace?

STEED: No. I think it was an accident. The escape car I arranged was ambushed Mace dragged out of it and pushed into another before my men knew what was happening. They fired after the car...,

KEEL: And hit Mace?

STEED: Probably. Bad luck. I wondered how my plans had leaked out. Now I know. Mrs. Mace.

KEEL: Mrs. Mace?

STEED: The charming lady who entertained you here this evening was Ted Mace's wife.

MIX TO: INTERIOR. STUDY. NIGHT.

BRADY IS SITTING IN CHAIR. BRUTON IS WALKING UP AND DOWN. HE LOOKS ANGRY.

BRUTON: Where are the others?



BRADY: I sent Lola home. Mills went back to keep an eye on the house.

BRUTON: Why you all ran like scared schoolboys robbing an orchard, is beyond me.

BRADY: How was I to know there were just the two of them.

BRUTON: What a mess!

BRADY: You can't blame us for Mace getting shot. It was an accident.

BRUTON: I blame you for not making sure that he wasn't!

BRADY: Well, he was! And he's dead!

BRUTON: And now there's no hope of finding the diamonds. Mace was the only person who knew what he did with the stones.

BRADY: He was conscious for a moment before he died. Lola was there - with that doctor. But Mace was dead before I could get there.

BRUTON: You should never have left him. I told you not to. I wouldn't trust that wife of his an inch....

BRADY: Will you listen? Lola says that Mace said something to Keel.

BRUTON: If it was anything about the diamonds, Keel will have told the police.

BRADY: I took a shot at him as I left but I think I missed.

BRUTON: If I'd known what sort of man Mrs. Mace was recommending to me....

BRADY: You can cut that. I've had enough.

BRUTON: You're a dead loss!

BRADY GETS UP ANGRILY.

BRADY: You can find the blasted diamonds yourself!

BRUTON: Fat chance, of anyone finding them, now!

BRADY: I don't know about that.

BRUTON: You got a sensible suggestion to make...?

BRADY: Not on the old terms. I want fifty-fifty split.

BRUTON: I'll see you in h...

BRADY: Half's better than nothing.

BRUTON: So that's your game, is it?

BRADY: I'll be taking the risks - why should I do it for chicken-feed?

BRUTON: I don't trust you, Brady.

BRADY: Drop dead.

BRUTON CONSIDERS, FROWNING.

BRUTON: (RELUCTANTLY) All right - I'll agree. But if you double-cross me, like that swine, Mace, did, I'll....

HE STOPS ABRUPTLY AND CONTROLS HIMSELF WITH AN EFFORT. HE'S A LITTLE SCARED OF BRADY.

BRUTON: What's the plan?

BRADY: IT's simple. That doctor knows what Mace said. I'm going to make him tell me, how I'm going to do it?..... Do you want to know.

MIX TO:BEDROOM. NIGHT.

STEED IS SEARCHING THE ROOM WHILE HE TALKS TO KEEL.

STEED: No personal belongings. The place was probably rented furnished.

43.

KEEL: You don't know who the two men were?

STEED: No - only the charming Lola.

KEEL: Why didn't Mace tell her what he'd done with the diamonds?

43.

STEED: Domestic relations were rather strained, old boy, though obviously, on one of her prison visits he must have told her about the escape plans.

KEEL: What about 'John Bartholomew'?

STEED: I don't know.

KEEL: I'd better get on to the police. What shall I tell them?

STEED LOOKS AT KEEL IN MOCK SHOCK.

STEED: The truth, old boy. Only - er - keep my name out of it.

KEEL GIVES STEED A DIRTY LOOK. STEED PICKS UP HIS UMBRELLA.

KEEL: May I ask where you're off to?

STEED: I thought I'd hop down to the country.

KEEL: At this time of night?

STEED: Of course. I do all my best work at night. You should know that. By the way, your Latin was atrocious but the idea was good.

KEEL: I hoped Carol would understand.

STEED: She did. Brainy as well as pretty. Useful combination.

45.

STEED GOES TO DOOR.

STEED: Bye, bye.

STEED GOES OUT. KEEL LOOKS AFTER HIM AND SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS WITH A RESIGNED EXPRESSION.

CUT TO:

FLIM CLIP.

EXTERIOR OF BUNGALOW.

STEED COMES OUT FRONT DOOR AND WALKS QUICKLY AWAY. MILLS APPEARS FROM WHERE HE HAS BEEN WATCHING IN A SHADOWED DOORWAY AND FOLLOWS HIM.

CUT BACK TO:

KEEL IN HALLWAY OF BUNGALOW. HE PICKS UP TELEPHONE. GOES TO DIAL 999. THEN CHANGES HIS MIND AND CALLS ANOTHER NUMBER.

KEEL: Carol?

CAROL: Doctor - are you all right?

KEEL: Yes. Now don't worry about anything. I'm fine.

CAROL: I saw that note - what does it mean?

KEEL: Forget it. I'll be there in the morning.

45.

CAROL: Are you sure you're all right?

KEEL: Yes - now go on home and get some sleep.

CAROL: Is Steed with you?

KEEL: He was here. But he had to leave.

CAROL: Leave?

KEEL: Yes. He's gone. To the country -

CAROL: The country -

KEEL: Now don't start asking me why. Because I don't know.

CAROL: What's going on?

KEEL: I'll explain it to you in the morning. Now go home and go to bed. 'Night.

KEEL DEPRESSES THE RECEIVER STUD.  
THEN HE RELEASES IT AND STARTS  
TO DIAL 999.

DISSOLVE TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT. VILLAGE WITH  
OLD CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD. NIGHT.

MIX TO:

CORNER OF COTTAGE PARLOUR. NIGHT.

WINDOW AND FIREPLACE. OLD FURNITURE  
STEED IS FACING BYLES, AN OLD MAN WITH  
AN OVERCOAT OVER A NIGHTSHIRT. HE IS  
VERY DEAF. STEED HAS TO SHOUT.

STEED: Who owns the cottage next door -

BARTHOLOMEW: Eh? I'm a bit 'ard of  
'earin'.

STEED: I said - who owns the cottage  
next door.

BARTHOLOMEW: Do you want to rent it?  
'ave to know all about you. Last  
people were a bad lot.

STEED: I just want to know who owns  
it.

BARTHOLOMEW: Ah, then you've come to  
the right place. I bought it forty  
years ago. It's nice - not damp -  
you'll like it - course I'll have to  
find out about you.

STEED: Never mind! Have there been  
any letters for Mrs Mace?

BARTHOLOMEW: Ah! - that's a nice piece.



STEED: What!

BARTHOLOMEW PICKS UP A LACE MAT FROM  
TABLE.

BARTHOLOMEW: My old mother made that.  
Eighty-three she were.

STEED: I said 'Mace' not 'Lace'.

BARTHOLOMEW: I never 'ad nuthin'  
to do with 'im. Pinched, 'e were,  
for stealin' a lot o' diamonds...

STEED: I know. (SPEAKING LOUDLY AND  
SLOWLY) Did - Mrs Mace - leave - any -  
address - to - forward - letters - to?

BARTHOLOMEW: You don't 'ave to shout.  
I can 'ear if you speaks clearly.

MILLS APPEARS AT WINDOW. STEED AND  
BYLES DO NOT SEE HIM.

BARTHOLOMEW: There was only one letter.  
I give it back to the postman.

STEED: I see.

BARTHOLOMEW: There were another lette,  
but it weren't for Mrs Mace.

STEED: Who was it for?

BARTHOLOMEW: Four. I never said  
'four' - just one -

STEED: What was the name on this other Letter?

BARTHOLOMEW: It were a Miss - a Miss Lola somethin' or other... Carrington - that were it - Carrington.

STEED: Have you got it?

BARTHOLOMEW: No, I ain't forgot it. I give it to the postman...

THERE IS A SHOT AND BREAKING GLASS AS MILLS FIRES AT STEED THROUGH WINDOW. STEED DUCKS. THERE IS A SECOND SHOT. STEED MAKES A DASH FOR THE DOOR. WE HEAR A THIRD SHOT OUTSIDE.

BARTHOLOMEW: NOT RENTIN' TO 'IM, I'M NOT. JUST LIKE THEM MACES UP TO NO GOOD. WELL, OLD JOHN'S NOT BEIN' 'AD AGAIN. HE CAN'T 'AVE THE PLACE-----!

BARTHOLOMEW GOES TO DOOR.

DISSOLVE TO: KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

CAROL IS BUSY SORTING THE MORNING MAIL.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

CAROL: Doctor Keel's surgery? Oh! Yes, Mr. McCleary. No, I'm afraid he is'nt. Is it urgent? I see. Well, I know he'll be back in time for the morning surgery. Perhaps you could come over and see him then.

(SMILE) You will if you feel well enough.

CAROL: All right Mr. McCleary. What was that? No, I'm afraid he could'nt issue a certificate without seeing you first. Goodbye.

CAROL SMILES, SHAKES HER HEAD IN AMUSEMENT, AND GOES TO THE FILING CABINET. SHE TAKES OUT SOME PATIENTS' REFERENCE CARDS AND STARTS TO CHECK THEM. THERE IS A RING AT THE FRONT DOOR BELL. SHE GOES TO ANSWER IT.

CUT TO: HALL AND FRONT DOOR. DAY.

CAROL GOES TO DOOR AND OPENS IT. BRADY IS STANDING ON STEP. HE PUSHES HIS WAY QUICKLY INTO HALL AND PULLS OUT AUTOMATIC.

BRADY: KEEP QUIET AND YOU WON'T GET Hurt.

HE SHUTS DOOR WITH HIS FOOT.

BRADY: I know he's not here. I saw him leave.

CAROL IS FRIGHTENED BUT SHE TRIES NOT TO SHOW IT.

CAROL: What do you want?

BRADY: You! Get your coat.

CAROL: Look....!

BRADY: Don't talk - do as you're told.

BRADY FORCES HER ALONG HALL TO  
CONSULTING ROOM.

BRADY: Get a move on!

HE STANDS IN OPEN DOORWAY WHILE CAROL  
GETS HER COAT AND PUTS IT ON.

CAROL: Where are you taking me?

BRADY: Come on. The car's waiting.

HE TAKES HER ARM AND PRESSES AUTOMATIC  
INTO HER SIDE. THEY GO TO FRONT DOOR.

BRADY: Remember - No fuss or you'll be  
sorry.

HE OPENS FRONT DOOR.

CAROL: I understand.

THEY GO OUT. BRADY SHUTS THE DOOR.

MIX TO: ROOM AT BACK OF SHOP. DAY.

STEED IS AT TELEPHONE. THERE IS A SMALL  
STRIP OF FLESH -COLOURED PLASTER ON HIS  
TEMPLE. WE HEAR BOTH SIDES OF THE  
ENSUING CONVERSATION.

STEED: One-Ten? Steed. Was there ever  
anyone named John Bartholomew connected  
with Ted Mace?

ONE-TEN: John Bartholomew?

STEED: That's right.

ONE-TEN: Did he have a speciality?

STEED: I can't tell you anything about him, except his name, and the fact that I think he was in on the kidnapping.

ONE-TEN: Mace was a lone hand, you know. He never worked with any gang. But I'll see what I can turn up on Bartholomew.

STEED: Let me know as soon as possible, will you sir?

ONE-TEN: I'll do what I can.

STEED: Thanks, One-Ten.

ONE-TEN: Anything else to report?

STEED TOUCHES THE PLASTER ON HIS HEAD.

STEED: Only a couple of near misses, Sir.

ONE-TEN: Theirs - or yours?

STEED: Their's, Sir.

ONE-TEN RINGS OFF AND STEED HANGS UP THE RECEIVER AS SLEATER COMES IN.

SLEATER: No luck?

STEED: 'Fraid not. No one seems to have heard of him.

SLEATER: I've checked out this Lola Carrington . It's her all right Mrs. Ted Mace. Here's the address.

HE GIVES STEED A SLIP OF PAPER.

STEED: Good. Maybe we should have a chat with her.

SLEATER: She's got a steady.

STEED: Who's that?

SLEATER: Al Brady. He's a rough lot.

STEED: Let's see how rough he gets when we swipe his girl.

SLEATER: Bring her in?

STEED: Please.

SLEATER STARTS TO LEAVE.

STEED: And Sleater - be a good chap. Don't shoot this one!

STEED LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. THE TIME IS NINE-FIFTEEN.

MIX TO: KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

CLOSE SHOT OF CLOCK. THE TIME IS NINE-THIRTY. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO KEEL AS HE COMES IN QUICKLY. HE LOOKS ROUND, GOES TO DOOR AND CALLS.

KEEL: Carol....Carol....

HE IS PUZZLED AT NOT GETTING ANY REPLY. HE GOES OVER TO DESK AND SEES THE FILE CARD

BOX OPEN. SOME FILES ON THE DESK. HE IS PUZZLED. THERE IS A RING AT THE FRONT DOOR BELL. KEEL GOES OUT DOOR. WE HEAR HIM OPEN FRONT DOOR.

KEEL'S VOICE: Carol - Oh, it's you!

STEED'S VOICE: Hello, old boy. Greeting the customers personally, this morning?

KEEL'S VOICE: Carol's not here.

KEEL AND STEED COME IN DOOR.

STEED: Does't surprise me. She's been keeping shockingly late hours recently.

KEEL: But she was here earlier. I saw her. Then I had to go to the police about last night.

STEED: She probably dashed out to do some shopping, old boy. You know women. How were the police?

KEEL: Difficult.

STEED: I'm sure you were magnificent.

KEEL: Look Steed, it's my surgery.

STEED: I shan't keep you long. Are you sure that name was John Bartholomew?

KEEL: Yes, why?

STEED: I've made enquiries. Nobody's heard of him.

KEEL: He distinctly said - it's John Bartholomew's plot.

STEED: Funny. You'd've thought he'd've said something about the diamonds. They'd be uppermost in his mind.

KEEL: Maybe he left them in Bartholomew's care.

STEED: I doubt it. Mace wouldn't trust anyone with a fortune like that...

KEEL: What have you been up to?

KEEL POINTS TO PLASTER ON STEED'S TEMPLE.

STEED: A little souvenir of last night. It's only a graze, but it stopped me catching the man who fired the shot.

KEEL: Any idea who it was?

STEED: One of those two men, I think.

THE TELEPHONE BELL RINGS.

KEEL: Excuse me. Where on earth can Carol be?

KEEL PCKS UP RECEIVER.

CUT TO: PUBLIC CALL-BOX. DAY.

BRADY IS IN BOX TELEPHONING.

BRADY: Doctor Keel?..... We have your receptionist. She is unharmed - at the moment. It's up to you whether she remains so.... Please don't interrupt me.... I want to know what Mace said before he died.



CUT TO; KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.

KEEL AT TELEPHONE. HIS EXPRESSION IS TENSE. WE HEAR BOTH SIDES OF ENSUING CONVERSATION.

KEEL: If you harm her...

BRADY: It's up to you. Tell me what I want to know.

KEEL: He said nothing that made sense.

BRADY: I'll be the judge of that.

KEEL: How do I know that you'll release my receptionist if I do tell you?

BRADY: Your gamble and you know I will harm her if you don't tell me.

KEEL HESITATES.

KEEL: All right. This is what he said. It's John Bartholomew's plot.

BRADY: I'm not fooling, doctor.

KEEL: Neither am I - that's what he said.

BRADY: I'll give you half-an hour to think it over. What did he say?

KEEL: I've told you....

THERE IS A CLICK AS BRADY RINGS OFF.

KEEL: They've got Carol...

STEED HAS BEEN LISTENING AND GATHERED  
WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

STEED: Hold on.

HE TAKES RECEIVER FROM KEEL AND DIALS.

STEED: We may be able to trace the call.

CUT TO: PUBLIC CALL-BOX. DAY.

BRADY LEAVES CALL-BOX. HE LOOKS ANGRY.

BRUTON IS WAITING FOR BRADY OUTSIDE THE  
PHONE BOOTH.

BRUTON: Did he tell you?

BRADY: He said something.

BRUTON: What?

BRADY: It's John Bartholomew's plot.

BRUTON: Who's John Bartholomew?

BRADY: I don't know. Do you?

BRUTON: No. Maybe the doctor's lying.

BRADY: He's a fool if he is.

BRUTON: Where have you got the girl?

BRADY: Never mind about that. You  
find Bartholomew.

BRUTON: Maybe you're the one who's lying.

BRADY: Wha -?

BRUTON: Suit you nicely, wouldn't it? Me off  
on a wild goose chase while you collect  
the stones.

BRADY LOOKS AT BRUTON DANGEROUSLY.

BRADY: Look Bruton- if you want your fifty percent - you find Bartholomew- and be quick about it.

BRADY WALKS AWAY. BURTON STANDS UNCERTAINLY.

CUT TO: KEEL'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY.  
STEED IS AT TELEPHONE. KEEL IS PACING ABOUT ANXIOUSLY.

STEED: (AT TELEPHONE) Thank you. (PUTS DOWN RECEIVER) Public call-box.

KEEL: Where?

STEED: Corner of Hart Street.

KEEL: He's ringing again....

STEED: Why?

KEEL: He didn't believe me.

STEED: That's interesting - it means he doesn't know John Bartholomew either.

KEEL: Blast Bartholomew - what about Carol?

STEED: Leave it to me, old boy it's surgery. You attend to your patients, and don't look so worried. I still know a trick or two.

STEED PICKS UP TELEPHONE. KEEL NODS AND EXITS. STEED DIALS NUMBER.

STEED: Hello...Give me extension seven,..

MIX TO: INTERIOR. GARAGE. DAY.

THE WALLS ARE WHITE-WASHED AND VERY DIRTY. THERE IS A BENCH DOWN ONE SIDE. THE FLOOR IS STREWN WITH RUBBISH. MILLS IS PERCHED ON BENCH SMOKING A CIGARETTE. CAROL? BOUND AND GAGGED, IS PROPPED UP AGAINST THE WALL IN ONE CORNER. THE ONLY LIGHT COMES FROM A DIRTY BULB IN THE ROOF. BRADY COMES IN.

BRADY: What about this one?

MILLS: She's been be'avin. Find out anythin'?

BRADY: Ever heard of a John Bartholomew?

MILLS: No.

BRADY: That's the trouble -neither have I.

MILLS: How about Bruton?

BRADY: He says he hasn't.

MILLS: You don't trust 'im.

BRADY: If he finds Partholomew before I do. and he tells me, he's in. If he doesn't -

MILLS: The diamonds are ours?

BRADY: That's right.

MILLS: What are you going to do about 'er?

BRADY: Do? She can identify us.

MILLS: She's not the only one. There's that doctor and the other geezer.

BRADY: You should have put him away for keeps last night.

MILLS: For a moment I thought I had.

BRADY: I'll see you get a second chance. And this time at all three of them. Him - her - and the doctor.

CAROL REACTS.

END OF ACT 11.

ACT THREE

FADE IN.

INTERIOR. BRUTON'S STUDY. DAY.

BRUTON IS ALONE IN HIS STUDY. HE IS PACING UP AND DOWN ANGRILY. HE STRIKES THE PALM OF ONE HAND WITH HIS OTHER HAND AS A FIST. HE STOPS SUDDENLY. HE LOOKS AT THE TELEPHONE. HE SMILES. HE GOES OVER TO THE PHONE. PICKS IT UP AND DIALS A NUMBER.

WE HEAR RINGING TONE. THEN -

BRUTON: Lola?

LOLA: Yes.

BRUTON: It's Leonard Bruton, dear.  
Is Brady there?

LOLA: No, he isn't.

BRUTON: Oh. I must get in touch with him immediately. It's terribly important.

LOLA: Have you tried his flat?

BRUTON: Yes - there was no reply.

LOLA: Well - I'm not sure that I can help -

BRUTON: It is vital that I locate him at once.

LOLA: Have you tried the garage?

BRUTON'S EYES LIGHT UP. HE SMILES.

BRUTON: The garage - dear?

LOLA: It's a lock-up on Hart Street. Seventeen A, I think it is.

BRUTON: Seventeen A, Hart Street.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. LOLA'S FLAT. DAY.

LOLA: That's right. He went there with Mills and - er - the other person.

BRUTON: Thank you, dear. Thank you very much.



LOLA: Has this something to do with --?

LOLA'S PHONE GOES DEAD AS BRUTON HANGS UP. LOLA LOOKS AT HER PHONE WITH A PUZZLED EXPRESSION. THEN SHE SHRUGS AND HANGS UP.

SHE PICKS UP A WOMAN'S MAGAZINE AND GOES TO A CHAIR. SHE IS ABOUT TO SIT DOWN WHEN THERE IS A KNOCK ON HER DOOR.

SHE GETS UP AND GOES OVER TO THE DOOR.

LOLA: Al?

THERE IS A MUFFLED MALE REPLY, VERY INDISTINCT.

SHE OPENS THE DOOR SLIGHTLY AND SLEATER STICKS HIS FOOT INTO THE DOOR AND THEN PUSHES IT OPEN. HE HAS A GUN IN HIS HAND.

LOLA: Here! What's the big id -

SLEATER: Put your coat on. You're going visitin'.

LOLA IS ABOUT TO ARGUE. THEN SHE SEES THAT SLEATER IS NOT JOKING. SHE LOOKS FRIGHTENED.

CUT TO:

GARAGE. INTERIOR. DAY.

CAROL HAS FALLEN ASLEEP FROM EXHAUSTION. WE HEAR A NOISE AT THE DOOR. SOMEONE IS FUMBLING WITH THE LOCK. THERE IS THE SOUND OF BREAKING WOOD AS THE LOCK GIVES WAY. CAROL IS WIDE AWAKE. SHE LOOKS EXPECTANTLY TOWARDS THE DOOR. IT OPENS AND BRUTON COMES IN. CAROL'S LOOK TURNS TO ONE OF FEAR. BRUTON GOES OVER TO HER QUICKLY.

BRUTON: It's all right. I'm here to help.

BRUTON UNTIES CAROL QUICKLY AS WE:

MIX THROUGH TO:

ROOM. AT THE BACK OF THE SHOP. EVENING.

LOLA, SCARED AND ANGRY, IS SITTING IN A CHAIR. STEED IS STANDING OVER HER. HE SMILES.

LOLA: Who do you think you are? Dragging me down here like this? What do you want from me?

STEED: Can't you be more originally indignant than that, Mrs Mace? Or should I call you Miss Carrington?

LOLA: Call me what you like.

STEED: Don't tempt me, dearie.

THE SMILE FADES FROM STEED'S FACE.  
HE LEANS FORWARD OVER LOLA.

STEED: About your boyfriend -  
Mr Brady -

LOLA LOOKS UP IN ALARM.

STEED: Oh, yes, I know all about  
him. Except one thing. He's got  
Doctor Keel's receptionist. I want  
to know where.

LOLA LOOKS AT STEED IN DUMB SILENCE.

STEED: Dearie, you're overlooking one  
detail. I've got you. Quid pro quo.  
Tit for tat.

LOLA: I don't know what you're talking  
about.

STEED: What a pity.

LOLA: Look, you've nothing on me -

STEED: Oh, you'd be surprised. But I'm  
in a forgiving - and giving - mood.  
Fair exchange is no robbery. Where  
is she?

LOLA IS SILENT AGAIN. STEED SIGHS.

STEED: You're trying my patience, Lola.

LOLA FOLDS HER ARMS AND SITS BACK.

LOLA: I don't mind staying.

STEED: I'm afraid you can't. Not here. But there is a cellar below. A storage room for unredeemed junk. You should be at home there. (TO SLEATER) Did you get rid of the tenants?

SLEATER: No - them bleeders are so big they frightened the flippin' cat away.

STEED: I told you to use poison.

LOLA IS NOT MISSING THIS EXCHANGE.  
SHE BEGINS TO LOOK FRIGHTENED.

SLEATER: But - what kind? You didn't say.

STEED: Obviously - poison for rats who frighten cats.

LOLA: Here - you wouldn't -

STEED: Where's Carol Wilson?

LOLA: Al 'ud kill me.

STEED: Dearie - some rats have two legs, some have four legs - make your choice.

LOLA: I've told you. It's more than my life's worth.

STEED: I'm not joking.

LOLA SEES THAT HE ISN'T.

LOLA: If I tell you - will you keep me out of it?

STEED: You can trust me, dearie. I never let a - lady - down.

LOLA: There's a lock-up on Hart Street. Seventeen A. She's there.

STEED: Come on, then. Let's go and see.

LOLA: Me?

STEED: I can't let you out of my sight. I promised you protection.

STEED TAKES LOLA BY THE ARM. SHE STANDS UP. STEED LOOKS AT SLEATER.

STEED: You wait here. I'm going to pick up the Doctor on the way.

SLEATER: O.K. boss.

STEED AND LOLA GO TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MIX THROUGH TO:

TELEPHONE KIOSK. HART STREET. NIGHT.

BRADY IS ON THE TELEPHONE. MILLS IS STANDING BESIDE HIM. THE DOOR IS OPEN. BRADY IS WAITING FOR THE PHONE AT THE OTHER END TO BE ANSWERED.

MILLS: Do you think the doctor'll come?

BRADY: Running.

MILLS: What you goin' to tell him?

BRADY: To come and collect her.

MILLS: He might bring the police.

BRADY: I'll warn him off that one.

MILLS: You'd better. We'd 'ave the uglies if half the force showed up.

BRADY: They won't.

THERE IS A PAUSE.

MILLS: Not answerin'?

BRADY: No.

MILLS: Everyone's scarpered today. First of all, we go lookin' for Bruton. He's not in. Then we try to find a geezer called Bartholomew. No luck. (TO PHONE) And now 'e's out. Maybe we should check up on the girl. See if she's still there.

BRADY: She'd better be. You tied her up.

MILLS: (EDGE OF DISCOMFORT) Yeah - well.

BRADY: We'll try/<sup>him</sup>again in a few minutes.

BRADY PRESSES BUTTON B. HE GETS HIS MONEY BACK. MILLS SUDDENLY STIFFENS.

MILLS: 'ere - look at that!

CUT TO: (IF POSSIBLE)

FILM CLIP. OUTSIDE GARAGE. NIGHT.

CAR PULLS UP. STEED, KEEL AND LOLA GET OUT. THEY GO TO THE GARAGE DOOR. THE SMALL DOOR SWINGS OPEN AT THEIR TOUCH.

OR

IF NO' FILM CLIP

STAY WITH MILLS AND BRADY.

MILLS: It's them!

BRADY: Saved me the price of a phone call.

MILLS: They've got Lola.

BRADY: And the door's open - come on.

THE TWO MEN MOVE AWAY FROM THE KIOSK.

CUT TO:

GARAGE. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

KEEL COMES IN QUICKLY. FOLLOWED BY  
LOLA AND STEED. THEY LOOK AROUND THE  
SEMI-DARKENED GARAGE.

STEED: There should be a light in here,  
somewhere.

LOLA: On the wall beside the doors.

STEED: Here it is.

A SMALL DIM LIGHT ILLUMINATES THE  
GARAGE. KEEL LOOKS AROUND. IT IS  
EMPTY.

KEEL: She's not here - !

LOLA: This is where Al brought her!

KEEL: You're lying!

LOLA: I'm not. Al phoned me. He  
said he'd got the girl here. He  
must've moved her.

STEED: Obviously.

LOLA: I'm telling you the truth.  
Straight up.

STEED: All right. Where's Brady?

BRADY: Here!



THEY SWING AROUND TO FACE BRADY WITH HIS AUTOMATIC. HE IS STANDING IN THE DOOR.

MILLS: The girl's gone.

BRADY: What?

MILLS: The girl -

BRADY: Bruton -!

LOLA STARTS INVOLUNTARILY. BRADY SEES THIS.

BRADY: Did you tell Bruton - as well?

LOLA: He phoned me, Al. He said it was urgent. Said he had to get in touch with you. I didn't know -

BRADY: You stupid -

STEED: Well, well, well, the thieves have had a parting of the ways.

BRADY: Shut-up. (TO MILLS) There's some lengths of flex over there. Get 'em.

STEED: And Old Leonard Bruton, too-- I suppose he had Mace steal the diamonds from the company safe.

BRADY: I told you to shut up.

STEED: But this is interesting old boy. Mace double crossed Bruton. And Mrs. Mace double crossed her husband. Then you double crossed Bruton. And Bruton double crossed you. It's almost as complicated as politics.

BRADY: Shut up!

MILLS RETURNS WITH THE FLEX AND LOOKS AT BRADY.

BRADY: Tie 'em up.

LOLA: Al what are you going to do?

BRADY: Get you lot out of the way.

LOLA: Al - you can't - listen.

BRADY: You most of all! You'd  
play up anyone for your own dirty  
little skin, wouldn't you?

STEED: You can hardly blame her, old  
boy. Bad habits are catching.

BRADY: (TO STEED) Look - I told you -

HE THREATENS STEED WITH THE AUTOMATIC

LOLA: I swear I didn't mean to -

BRADY: Then you can die with a clear  
conscience.

KEEL: We forced her to tell though I  
don't suppose that makes any difference  
to you.

BRADY: It doesn't

MILLS JERKS KEEL'S HANDS BEHIND HIS  
BACK. KEEL KICKS BACK WITH HIS FOOT  
AND CATCHES MILLS ON THE SHIN.

MILLS: Ah!

BRADY SPINS AROUND. HE ALMOST FIRES  
HE CHECKS HIMSELF. HE SMILES.

BRADY: For a moment there, doctor, you  
almost got yours. But that's what you  
want, isn't it? The hero's end - fighting  
to the last. No, you'll go like the others.

MILLS STOPS RUBBING HIS SHIN. HE HITS KEEL IN THE KIDNEYS. KEEL COLLAPSES. STEED WATCHES THIS. HE FLINCHES SLIGHTLY. HE TURNS TO BRADY.

STEED: As a somewhat interested party may I ask what your intentions are?

BRADY: Sure. I'm backing your car in here - and then forgetting to switch off the engine.

STEED: That still leaves two others - Carol and Bruton.

BRADY: I hadn't forgotten.

CUT TO

BRUTON'S STUDY. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

CAROL IS IN A CHAIR. SHE HAS A CUP OF TEA ON A TABLE BESIDE HER. BRUTON IS SITTING OPPOSITE HER. HE SMILES.

BRUTON: Feeling better?

CAROL: Much better, thanks.

BRUTON: It was an unpleasant situation.

CAROL: And I'm grateful to you for getting me out of it. You're one of Mr. Steed's men, aren't you?

BRUTON: Steed?

CAROL: Yes.

BRUTON: Who I am is of no importance.

CAROL: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be tactless. How did you find me?

BRUTON: There are ways and means -

CAROL: (SMILES) That's a typical Steed reply.

BRUTON: Who is this Steed?

A DOUBT IS SOWN IN CAROL'S MIND.

CAROL: He's a friend of the Doctor's

BURTON: Of course. I know the man.

CAROL: Why did you rescue me?

BRUTON: Brady's a very dangerous man.

CAROL: Brady?

BRUTON: The man who held you prisoner  
He'd've killed you.

CAROL PICKS UP HER CUP OF TEA. IT IS AN ATTEMPT TO DEFEND HERSELF AGAINST WHAT SHE IS NOW SURE IS COMING. SHE TRIES TO BE CASUAL BUT SHE IS CALCULATED.

BRUTON: The Doctor spoke to Brady over the telephone. Do you know what was said?

CAROL: No.

BRUTON: The Doctor gave him a message.  
It's terribly important that I know  
what it was.

CAROL: I'm sorry but I can't help you.

BRUTON: Brady didn't discuss it in  
front of you?

CAROL: No.

BURTON: Did he mention the name John  
Bartholomew?

CAROL: I don't think -

BRUTON: Yes ?

CAROL: Nothing -

BRUTON: You were going to say something.

CAROL: Well, as a matter of fact, he  
did mention the name.

BRUTON: What did he say?

CAROL: He said he didn't know anyone  
called Bartholomew.

BRUTON STANDS UP AND GOES OVER TO CAROL.  
HIS VOICE CARRIES THE EDGE OF A THREAT.

BRUTON: Everything - I must know  
everything he said -

CAROL: I remember. Yes, that's it. He  
also said that Bruton didn't know him  
either.

AT BRUTON, BRUTON REACTS SLIGHTLY.

CAROL: Bruton - that's who you are !

SHE LETS HIM HAVE THE CUP OF HOT TEA  
IN THE FACE. BRUTON REELS BACK WITH  
HIS HANDS OVER HIS FACE. SHE JUMPS TO  
HER FEET AND DASHES FOR THE DOOR.

BRUTON ATTEMPTS TO PURSUE HER AND TRIPS.  
HE FALLS HEAVILY AND LIES STILL.

CAROL DASHES OUT OF THE ROOM, TAKING  
THE KEY WITH HER, SHE LOCKS THE DOOR  
FROM THE OUTSIDE.

CUT TO

THE GARAGE. INTERIOR. NIGHT

KEEL AND STEED ARE TIED UP. GAGS IN  
THEIR MOUTHS. LOLA IS TIED UP. MILLS  
IS ABOUT TO STUFF A GAG IN HER MOUTH.

LOLA: Al - please - please.

BRADY SUDDENLY LOOKS AT HER.

BRADY: Hold it Mills. O.K.,  
Lola, you've got one more chance.

LOLA: Anything, Al, I'll do -

BRADY: Just answer this -

LOLA: Yes?

BRADY: Your life depends on it. Remember that. Who is John Bartholomew? Did Ted know anyone by that name?

LOLA ALMOST CRIES WITH RELIEF. SHE NODS HER HEAD VIGOROUSLY.

LOLA: John Barthol - yes, yes, Ted knew him - I know him.

BRADY: You do? Then who is he?

LOLA: He's the old boy who rented us the cottage.

BRADY: What?

LOLA: The cottage we had. He lives next door.

BRADY SUDDENLY SMILES.

BRADY: Isn't that interesting. Lola, you're a darling, I'll never forget this. (HE LOOKS AT MILLS) You can gag her now.

LOLA HOOKS AT BRADY HORRIFIED.

LOLA: Al - you promised - you -  
MILLS STUFFS THE GAG IN HER MOUTH.

BRADY LOOKS AT MILLS.

BRADY: Get the car.

MILLS GOES OUT. BRADY LOOKS AT KEEL  
STEED AND LOLA.

BRADY: The old man who lives next door.

HE STARTS TO LAUGH AS WE HEAR A CAR  
ENGINE START UP.

SLOW MIX THROUGH TO

BRUTON'S STUDY. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

BRUTON IS ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES. HE  
STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET. AND SHAKES HIS  
HEAD. SUDDENLY HE REMEMBERS. HE RUSHES  
TO THE DOOR AND TRIES TO OPEN IT. IT  
IS LOCKED. HE HEAVES. IT WON'T OPEN.  
HE TUGS FRANTICALLY. IT WON'T BUDGE.  
HE STARTS TO HAMMER ON IT.

BRUTON: Hey! Someone! Hey! Someone  
let me out! Hey!

BRADY: (OFF - INDISTINGUISHABLE) O.K.,  
I'm coming.

BRUTON STOPS HAMMERING. HE WATCHES THE  
DOOR. WE HEAR THE LOCK BEING TURNED.

BRUTON: Thankyou - thankyou very much.

THE DOOR OPENS AND BRADY STEPS INTO THE  
ROOM, AUTOMATIC IN HAND. BRUTON SEES  
BRADY AND RECOILS IN DOOROR AND FEAR.

BRUTON: Brady!



BRADY: Where's the girl?

SUDDENLY BRADY LOOKS AT BRUTON  
AGAIN. HE LOOKS AT THE DOOR. HE  
LOOKS AT BRUTON AND BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

BRADY: Hey, Mills - come here!

MILLS APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

MILLS: Yeah?

BRADY: The girl - she did it - she  
locked him in.

MILLS LAUGHS WITH BRADY.

MILLS: What? And he had the nerve to  
say we messed things up!

BRUTON: She tricked me. She'd never  
have got away. But I tripped.

BRADY: He tripped!

MILLS: Yeah, tripped.

BRADY SUDDENLY STOPS LAUGHING. HE  
TURNS ON MILLS.

BRADY: Get over to that surgery.

MILLS: Right;

BRADY: And hurry up. Then come back here. I'll meet you in front.

MILLS: O.K.

MILLS GOES. HE LEAVES THE DOOR OPEN.  
BRUTON IS TERRIFIED.

BRUTON: I know what you're thinking, Brady. I wasn't double crossing you. Honest. I just wanted to check up on the Doctor. Make sure he gave you the right message.

BRADY: Of course, he gave me the right message. I told you. 'It's John Bartholomew's plot. That's what Mace said. And I told you to find out who Bartholomew was  
Did you?

BRUTON SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BRADY: I did. I know who he is. I found out, Bruton.

BRUTON: All right. You can have seventy-five percent. Eh? Seventy-five percent. That's fair.

BRADY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

BRADY: One hundred percent, Bruton. That's my share. You're out of the running.

BRADY PUSHES THE DOOR CLOSED. THE CAMERA IS OUTSIDE THE ROOM. THE DOOR CLOSES.

BRUTON'S VOICE: No - Brady - Brady -  
no -

WE HEAR THE SOUND OF A VICIOUS BLOW BEING  
STRUCK

CUT TO

GARAGE. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

THE CAR IS IN THE GARAGE. THE ENGINE  
RUNNING. THE CAR DOORS ARE SHUT. THE  
LIGHT IN THE GARAGE IS ON. LOLA HAS  
FAINTED AND STEED AND KEEL ARE TRYING  
DESPERATELY TO WORK THEIR WAY TOWARDS  
ONE ANOTHER THEY SUCCEED. STEED MANAGES TO  
GET HIS BOUND HANDS TO KEEL'S MOUTH AND  
PULL OFF KEEL'S GAG.

KEEL THEN STARTS TO TEAR AT THE FLEX ON STEED'S  
HANDS WITH HIS MOUTH.

KEEL MANAGES TO LOOSEN THE FLEX. THEN HE  
GOES LIMP.

STEED, FRANTICALLY ROLLS TOWARDS THE CAR. HE  
IS WORKING HIS HANDS FURIOUSLY. AS HE  
REACHES THE CAR HIS HANDS COME FREE. HE  
TEARS THE GAG FROM HIS MOUTH AND COUGHING  
AND SPUTTERING HAULS HIMSELF UP AND OPENS THE  
CAR DOOR. HE FALLS ACROSS THE SEAT AND  
GRABS THE IGNITION SWITCH. HE SWITCHES OFF  
THE ENGINE. HE SLIDES OUT OF THE CAR. FOR A  
MOMENT HE LIES STILL ON THE GROUND. THEN INCH BY  
INCH HE STARTS TO CRAWL TOWARDS THE GARAGE DOOR.

THE DOOR SEEMS A LONG WAY AWAY. AS WE

CUT TO

INTERIOR. LOBBY. KEEL'S. NIGHT

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CAROL COMES IN. SHE  
LEAVES THE DOOR OPEN. SHE GLANCES BACK OVER HER  
SHOULDER. SHE DOESN'T SWITCH ON THE LIGHT.

CAROL: Purse? - Er - oh, yes, I know.

SHE GOES TO THE SURGERY DOOR AND OPENS IT.

CUT TO

INTERIOR: SURGERY: NIGHT:

CAROL COMES INTO THE SURGERY AND SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT. MILLS IS SITTING BEHIND KEEL'S DESK. MILLS HAS A GUN.

MILLS: You took yer time, gettin' 'ere - where yer bin?

CAROL: You!

MILLS: Look - I just left Bruton's. What took you so long?

CAROL: (LYING) I 've been to the police.

MILLS JUMPS UP.

MILLS: The police!

CAROL: Where did you expect me to go? Home and a warm bath and then to bed?

MILLS: It 'ud been better for you if you 'ad.

CAROL: Where's Doctor Keel?

MILLS: Dead by now I wouldn't wonder.

CAROL: Dead?

MILLS: Yeah - and that other geezer. And Bruton. You're the only one what's left -

CAROL: They'll catch you - the police.  
They know what you look like.

MILLS: At least you won't be at the  
identification parade.

CAROL STARES AT THE GUN AS MILLS' FINGER  
TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER.

TAXI DRIVER CALLS FROM THE LOBBY.

TAXI: You goin'ter be all night, miss?  
What about my fare?

MILLS STARTLED LOOKS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

CAROL: Look out. He's got a gun.

THE TAXI DRIVER COMES IN. MILLS IS THROWN  
MOMENTARILY. THE DRIVER QUICKLY SWITCHES  
OFF THE LIGHT. MILLS DASHES FOR THE  
DOOR. THE TAXI DRIVER TRIES TO GRAB HIM.  
MILLS COLLIDES WITH THE DOOR. HE DASHES  
OUT. HE LEAVES HIS GUN BEHIND ON THE FLOOR.  
WE HEAR THE FRONT DOOR SLAM. SILENTLY, THE  
TAXI DRIVER GETS UP AND SWITCHES ON THE  
LIGHT. THERE IS NO SIGN OF CAROL.

TAXI: Here - miss! Miss!

CAROL COMES UP FROM BEHIND KEE'LS DESK.

CAROL: Yes?

TAXI: Are you all right?

CAROL: I think - I think so.

TAXI: Bit of luck I came in after yer.

CAROL: Yes - how- how much do I  
owe you?

TAXI: Four and six on the clock, miss.

CAROL LOOKS AROUND. THEN SHE BURSTS INTO  
TEARS.

TAXI: There, miss, don' t take on so -  
please- don' t take on. You're all right,

CAROL: I can't find my purse. It's in  
here somewhere - but I can't find it.

IT'S ON THE DESK IN FRONT OF HER. THE TAXI  
DRIVER GOES OVER AND COMFORTS HER.

TAXI: Strewth!

HE IS COMFORTING CAROL AS WE.

CUT TO

GARAGE. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

THE DOORS ARE OPEN. STEED IS STANDING UP,  
LOOKING DOWN AT KEEL WHO IS ATTENDING LOLA.

STEED: Is she all right?

KEEL: She'll recover.

STEED: We'd better get down to old John  
Bartholomew's cottage. Though I can't imagine  
what he's got to do with all this.

KEEL: You know him?

STEED: Yes - I went down there. But  
I never asked him his name.

KEEL: Why not?

STEED: Too complicated, old boy. He's  
as deaf as a post.

KEEL: What?

STEED: He's about a hundred and ten. That's  
what's so ridiculous. How could he be involved  
in this?

KEEL: All I can tell you is that Mace said 'It's John Bartholomew 's plot'- and one hundred and ten or not - he darned nearly put us all in the nearest cemetery.

STEED SUDDENLY REACTS.

STEED: Cemetery -plot - that's it.

KEEL LOOKS UP IN SUPRISE.

STEED: Come on, old boy.

KEEL: What about her?

STEED: Oh - bundle her in the back.

KEEL STARTS TO PUT LOLA, NOW GROANING, IN THE BACK OF THE CAR. STEED HELPS.

STEED: I only hope we're in time to save what's left of the old boy's life.

CUT TO

BARTHOLOMEW'S COTTAGE. INTERIOR. NIGHT

OLD BARTHOLOMEW IS SITTING IN A CHAIR LOOKING ANGRILY AS BRADY AND MILLS TEAR HIS LITTLE COTTAGE APART. THE PLACE IS ALREADY A SHAMBLES. BRADY AND MILLS ARE MASKED WITH NYLONS.



MILLS: I can't find'em.

BRADY: They're here. Keep looking

BRADY GOES OVER TO THE OLD MAN.

BRADY: Where are the diamonds?

BARTHOLOMEW: The - what?

BRADY: The diamonds you old fool. Where  
are they?

BARTHOLOMEW: They bain't here!

BRADY: Look, I'll kill you. One more  
or less don't matter. Where are they?

BARTHOLOMEW: They're behind there

HE POINTS TO A HUGE OLD FASHIONED CEILING  
HIGH CUPBOARD.

BRADY: Come on, Mills.

THE TWO MEN GO OVER TO THE CUPBOARD AND SWEAT  
AND STRAIN TRYING TO MOVE IT. OLD BARTHOLOMEW  
WATCHES THEM. THERE IS A TRACE OF A SMILE  
FLICKERING AT THE CORNERS OF HIS MOUTH.

BRADY AND MILLS SWEAT AS WE

CUT TO

FILM CLIP.

STEED'S CAR SCREAMING THROUGH THE NIGHT  
ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD.

CUT BACK TO

BARTHOLOMEW'S COTTAGE. INTERIOR NIGHT.

THE CUPBOARD IS MOVED AWAY FROM THE WALL.  
BRADY WAITS AS MILLS SCRAMBLES BEHIND IT  
LOOKING FOR THE DIAMONDS.

BRADY: Well?

MILLS: I can't see anything.

BRADY GLANCES TOWARDS BARTHOLOMEW.  
THE OLD MAN IS LAUGHING. BRADY GOES LIVID.

BRADY: You old -

BRADY RUSHES OVER TO BARTHOLOMEW AND RAISES  
HIS GUN.

BRADY: I'm going to ...

BARTHOLOMEW: (CALM) That'll be nice -to see Gladys again.

BRADY: What are you drivelling about?

BARTHOLOMEW: Old Gladys. She be gone these last fifteen years. She be. Gon on, sonny, shoot. Everythings took care of. All paid for. Not a penny owing. All paid for - coffin, headstones, me plot - just waitin' for me it be.

BRADY: You asked for this....

MILLS: Brady! Did you hear what he said? His plot -his plot's paid for. That's where the diamonds are - in his plot.

BRADY: Of course.

HE RAISES THE GUN.

MILLS: Oh leave him alone. He don't know us from Adam - and we've got the diamonds.

BRADY HESITATES.

MILLS: Come on.

BRADY LOOKS AT BARTHOLOMEW. MILLS AND  
BRADY GO OUT. OLD BARTHOLOMEW STANDS  
UP. HE GOES TO A CLOSET AND FETCHES A BROOM.  
HE GOES UP TO THE CUPBOARD AND SMILES.

BARTHOLOMEW: Been wantin' to sweep behind  
this these last ten years -

HE STARTS TO SWEEP AS WE

CUT TO

GRAVEYARD. NIGHT

A ROW OF HEADSTONES. A FLASH LIGHT TRAVELS  
ACROSS THE NAMES OF THE HEADSTONES. NAMES  
LIKE JONES, HETHERINGTON, SIMMONDS. GREYSTONE.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHT LANDS ON ONE ON IT THE  
LEGEND 'Sacred to the Memory of Gladys  
Bartholomew. Born 1872. Died 1946. R.I.P.

MILLS: ( EXCITEDLY) Here it is. Gladys  
Bartholomew.

BRADY: What's beside it?

MILLS FLASHES THE LIGHT ONTO A BARE PLOT OF  
LAND.

MILLS: Nothing.

BRADY: John Bartholomew's plot.

MILLS BENDS DOWN AND FLASHES HIS LIGHT.

IT STRIKES A PATCH OF DEAD GRASS.

MILLS: Look, dead grass.

BRADY: Dig.

MILLS: What with?

BRADY: Your hands.

MILLS STARTS TO SCRAPE AWAY AT THE EARTH.

IT COMES AWAY QUITE EASILY. HE SCRABBLES

DOWN INTO THE EARTH. SUDDENLY HE LOOKS UP.

MILLS: There's somethin' here. A box.

BRADY: Get it out.

MILLS GETS THE BOX OUT OF THE GROUND.

BRADY: Open it.

MILLS STARTS TO OPEN THE BOX AS BRADY DRAWS

HIS GUN.

BRADY: Well -?

MILLS LOOKS INSIDE THE BOX. THE DIAMONDS  
ARE THERE.

MILLS: They're here.

BRADY: Good. You got the girl, didn't  
you.

MILLS: (LYING) Girl? Yeah - yeah-  
I got her.

BRADY: Good. That only leaves you.

MILLS LOOKS UP IN ASTONISHMENT.

MILLS: You wouldn't. Not me. I'm your

STEED STEPS UP BEHIND BRADY WHO HAS THE  
GUN POINTING AT MILLS. STEED PRODS HIS  
UMBRELLA INTO BRADY'S BACK.

STEED: Drop it, Brady.

BRADY DROPS THE GUN. KEEL MOVES IN QUICKLY  
AND PICKS IT UP. HE COVERS BOTH MILLS AND  
BRADY AS STEED STEPS AROUND BRADY JAUNTILY  
SWINGING HIS UMBRELLA.

STEED: I'll take those.

HE TAKES THE DIAMONDS FROM MILLS. HE SMILES AT KEEL.

STEED: I told you I did my best work at night, old boy. Particularly with this.

HE WAVES HIS UMBRELLA AT KEEL.

STEED: Of course, I have to get my beauty sleep during the day.

KEEL: Bully for you. I have surgery.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. KEEL'S SURGERY.

CAROL IS POURING COFFEE INTO A COUPLE OF CUPS.

CAROL: I ran home from Bruton's. Of course my key was in my purse - here so I took a taxi. When I came in I felt such a fool. Crying like that But I couldn't stop. And that poor taxi driver - trying to comfort me and get his four and sixpence. He was so embarrassed.

SHE PICKS UP THE COFFEE CUPS AND TAKES ONE OVER TO THE DESK WHERE KEEL IS STANDING THUMBING THROUGH THE CARDS.

KEEL: Look, you had a rough night. Why don't you take the day off?

CAROL: And you?

KEEL: I'm all right.

CAROL SMILES AT HIM. KEEL SMILES BACK.

KEEL: Who's first on the list?

CAROL: Mr McLeary.

KEEL: Oh, no! What the dickens does he imagine he's got this time?

CAROL: He fell down stairs and broke his arm.

KEEL: Did he? Well, I suppose I shall have to give him that certificate at last.

THEY BOTH LAUGH.

FADE OUT.