

the AVENGERS

A.B.C. TELEVISION LTD.,
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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

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ABC

CHARACTERS

STEED

VENUS

YAKOB BORB..... Generalissimo and president of the Balkans Republic
early forties. Good looking. well built, Charming.

STEPAN..... Balkans Ambassador to Britain. Fifties, Makoyan type.

ITO..... Vaguely Japanese. Promotor, manager and referee,
(small time) Squat. Ex wrestler.

HARRY RAMSDEN. Yorkshire wrestler. In his forties, running to fat.
Wrestles in a mask under the name 'The Dekapod'

EDNA RAMSDEN.. His wife. Snub nosed attractive blonde, broad scouse.

TEASER GIRL... Just attractive. Teaser only.

ONE LINERS.

Guards Officer type club client.
Pianist.

NON SPEAKING.

GEORGI.....Borb's first bodyguard. (Grunts only) Wrestler.

2nd.BODYGUARD.,Wrestler and bodyguard.

CIGARETTE GIRL,Fishnet tights.

CHAUFFEUR.....Uniformed.

CLUB CLIENTS.

ALL WRESTLERS EXCEPT ITO ARE NON-SPEAKING.

THERE IS ALSO A PIANIST.

S E T S

Shower section of bathroom

Balkan Embassy Room

Night Club (Int)

Night Club (Cloaks section)

Conference Hall (Int) (DESK ONLY)

Conference Hall. (Terrace)

Public Baths (Int.) (Adapted as a wrestling hall).

(A SECTION OF BATHROOM. ON A TOWEL RACK IS A BATH TOWEL INSCRIBED 'EMBASSY OF THE BALKANS'. INSTEAD OF A BATH HOWEVER, THERE IS A SECTION CURTAINED OFF BY A SEMI TRANSPARENT PLASTIC CURTAIN. THIS IS THE SHOWER SECTION. STEAM RISES FROM BEHIND IT, THE FIGURE OF A GIRL IS SILHOUETTED AGAINST IT.

A WHITE TELEPHONE IS STANDING ON A VANITY TABLE JUST OUTSIDE THE SHOWER AREA.

THE PHONE RINGS.

A STEAMING WHITE FEMALE ARM REACHES OUT FROM BEHIND THE PLASTIC CURTAIN AND PICKS UP THE PHONE.)

GIRL: Hullo? Yes? Oh just a minute.

(SHE COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE SHOWER CURTAIN, COVERS HERSELF WITH A BATH TOWEL AND CONTINUES INTO THE PHONE.)

GIRL: I was just going to bed, can't it wait till the morning? Yes, I think I've found out what you want to know. Bob became quite confidential. But we'd better not discuss it on the phone. I'll meet you in the morning while he's at the conference. Alright. Goodbye.

(SHE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE AND TURNS. STANDING BEHIND HER IS A LARGE WRESTLER DRESSED IN BLACK FROM SHOULDERS TO FEET LIKE A MEDIAEVAL EXECUTIONER. HIS HEAD HOWEVER IS COVERED COMPLETELY WITH A WHITE PAINTED NYLON STOCKING MASK WHICH FLATTENS HIS FACE SO THAT HE APPEARS TO HAVE NO FEATURES AT ALL)

AS THE GIRL SCREAMS, THE MONSTER RAISES BOTH HANDS AND BRINGS THEM DOWN ON HER NECK IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE 'JAPANESE DEATH CHOP'.

HER SCREAMS DIE OUT.

CAM HOLDS ON THE FEATURELESS FACE FOR) -

CREDITS. CAPTIONS.

EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS RICHLY FURNISHED WITH BALKAN DRAPERIES. CHANDELIER, HEAVY CARVED FURNITURE. DOUBLE PADDED DOORS. AT ONE END OF THE ROOM IS A DESK OVER WHICH IS A NATIONAL EMBLEM AND A PORTRAIT OF A HANDSOME MAN IN HIS LATE THIRTIES. UNDER IT IS THE INSCRIPTION 'YAKOB BORB'. THE HEAD AND SHOULDER PORTRAIT SHOWS MILITARY INSIGNIA AND EPAULETTES.

SEATED AT THE DESK BENEATH THE PORTRAIT IS BORB IN THE FLESH.)

BORB: (LOOKING UP) Come in!

(THE PADDED DOORS OPEN AND STEPAN,
THE BALKAN AMBASSADOR ENTERS WITH
STEED.)

STEPAN: Your Excellency this is
Mr Steed.

BORB: (RISING) Good morning.
To what do I owe the pleasure.

STEPAN: The British are naturally
concerned about your personal safety
while you are here in London.

BORB: That's very decent of them.

STEED: Not at all.

BORB: It's not so long ago since
your national newspapers were
referring to me as 'The Balkan
Bandit'. It's pleasant to see you
are now suddenly concerned about
my welfare.

STEED: While you're on British
territory we have an obligation to
look after you.

BORB: To be accurate of course
this Embassy is Balkan Territory,
even though it is in the Royal
Borough of Kensington.

STEPAN: Mr Steed is particularly
concerned at the death of the young
lady your Excellency.

BORB: So am I. She was a very attractive girl.

STEED: Your Ambassador tells me she was your private secretary.

BORB: My Ambassador is becoming an expert at Western diplomacy.

STEED: She was staying here I gather.

BORB: She had one of the residential flats upstairs. That's where the accident occurred.

STEED: You're quite sure it was an accident.

BORB: (WITH A LOOK OF SURPRISE)
I was given to understand she slipped as she was getting out of the shower and broke her neck. Isn't that what happened Stepan?

STEPAN: That is what we assume happened Excellency.

BORB: (WITH A SMILE) Then I don't think there is any cause for alarm Mr Steed.

STEED: I don't want a similar accident happening to you.

BORB: Thank you for the thought but I am well protected. I shall use my Ambassador here as a demonstration.

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BORB: (CONT) Reach into your pocket for your handkerchief Stepan.

STEPAN: I'm sure Mr Steed does not need convincing.

BORB: Do as I say Stepan.

(STEPAN RELUCTANTLY PUTS HIS HAND IN HIS POCKET.)

IMMEDIATELY THE TAPESTRY MOVES ASIDE AND THE SECOND BODYGUARD APPEARS HOLDING A PISTOL. FROM THE OTHER SIDE GEORGI, THE FIRST BODYGUARD SPRINGS FROM HIDING, LEAPS ACROSS AT STEPAN AND GRABS HIS ARM BEHIND HIM IN AN ARMHOLD.)

BORB: And Stepan here is my brother-in-law. (HE WAVES THEM OFF, THEY FALL BACK TO A RESPECTABLE DISTANCE) They arrived by plane this morning and while I am here they will be with me night and day. Now if you will excuse me (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) it is time I left for the Conference Hall.

(BORB SMILES AND EXITS. BOTH BODYGUARDS FOLLOW HIM OUT.)

STEPAN: (APOLOGETICALLY) Mr Steed I hope His Excellency has not given you the impression that we are not anxious to co-operate on security.

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STEED: Whether you're anxious or not, I must see he gets maximum protection so long as he's in this country.

STEPAN: I shall give you what cooperation I can. But he is a very difficult man to protect.

(THE DOOR OPENS AND BORB POKES HIS HEAD BACK IN.)

BORB: Oh Stepan, before I forget, would you arrange to get me another private secretary. You know my requirements.

(HE DISAPPEARS, CLOSING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.)

STEED: (WITH A HALF AMUSED SMILE)
I must say your duties as Ambassador seem quite varied.

STEPAN: (TIGHT LIPPED WITH EMBARRASSMENT) Yes Mr Steed, they are.

INT. NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT.

(SECTION OF FLOOR. A FEW TABLES WITH COUPLES SITTING AT THEM. A SMALL ORCHESTRA ON A DAISS AND VENUS STANDING ON THE APRON FINISHING HER NUMBER. "AVENGING ANGEL". WHEN SHE CONCLUDES THE NUMBER SHE COMES DOWN THROUGH THE TABLES TO APPLAUSE.)

(STEED HAS NOW ENTERED AND TAPS HER ON THE SHOULDER AS SHE GOES BY.)

VENUS: Well, hullo.

STEED: (GUIDING HER TO A TABLE)
Could I have a word with you?

(THEY SIT DOWN AT THE TABLE.)

STEED: Vee, how would you like a grand tour of the Balkans. All the number one halls.

VENUS: Really? What's the billing?

STEED: Solo.

VENUS: Who's promoting it, you?

STEED: No. A man called Yakob Borb.

VENUS: Sounds like a beat Jazz poet.

STEED: He's a generalissimo.

VENUS: What's the fee?

STEED: By arrangement.

VENUS: When would he want me to start this tour.

STEED: Just as soon as you can talk him into it.

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VENUS: Oh charming. You come to me with the most fabulous deals.
(SHE RISES AS IF TO LEAVE HIM)

STEED: (CHECKING HER) Now Vee, it's not like that.

VENUS: No? Well if it's on the level, you see my agent.

STEED: (GUIDING HER BACK TO HER SEAT AGAIN) There are reasons why I can't do that.

VENUS: I'll bet there are.

STEED: Now Vee, calm down. Mr Borb is a very important person, with an international reputation. You might say he's part of the international set.

VENUS: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Such as who?

STEED: Well, last week he had lunch with the Prime Minister. A few months ago he was entertained at the White House. And he spent Christmas in the Kremlin.

VENUS: And how come he's interested in me?

STEED: He's not at the moment. But I can fix the introduction. The rest's up to you. (LOOKING DOWN AT HER CLEAVAGE) I like your dress.

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VENUS: (COVERING IT) I'd want a proper contract.

STEED: Now Vee, let's not rush things. We don't even know if he's going to like you yet.

(HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS AT A GIRL IN FISHNET TIGHTS CARRYING A TRAY OF CHOCOLATES AND CIGARETTES. THE GIRL CROSSES TO THEM.)

STEED: Borb's also the Minister for Film Production by the way. Last year one of his country's pictures got a Venice Award.

(HE TAKES A LARGE BOX OF CHOCOLATES FROM THE CIGARETTE GIRL'S TRAY AND HANDS HER A NOTE) Still I don't want to push you. I'm sure Borb will have no problem finding talent.

(HE GIVES THE CIGARETTE GIRL A SMILE. SHE KEEPS THE CHANGE AND EXITS.)

VENUS: Well...I suppose there's no harm in seeing the man....

STEED: (PASSING HER THE BOX OF CHOCS) I'll arrange it for tomorrow morning, how's that?

VENUS: (TAKING THE CHOCOLATES) That's very sweet of you. I love these.

STEED: . I mean how about tomorrow morning?

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VENUS: Alright....

STEED: Marvellous. (HE RISES TO LEAVE) Balkan Embassy, Kensington, at ten thirty.

VENUS: But wait a minute. What am I supposed to do for this Borb character. I mean what sort of numbers go in the Balkans - folk songs?

STEED: Oh he'll tell you what he wants. Just chat him up a bit, you know how to do that. Oh, and you'd better not mention my name.

VENUS: Anything else?

STEED: Well I shouldn't mention business for a few days either. You know, encourage him to talk about himself. And let me know what he says - in detail. I'll be in touch. (HE EXITS, WINKING AT THE CIGARETTE GIRL AS HE PASSES)

INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

(C.U. ON TWO MALE BODIES. NAKED EXCEPT FOR TIGHTS, WRITHING ON THE EXPENSIVE EMBASSY CARPET. THEY ARE THE TWO BODYGUARDS OF BORB. ONE HAS GOT THE OTHER IN A DOUBLE LEG LOCK AND IS TRYING TO TURN HIM OVER FOR A BOSTON. BUT THE FIRST ONE BREAKS LOOSE AND STARTS WORKING ON THE OTHER ONE'S FOOT, JUMPING ON THE

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(THIGH MUSCLE SEVERAL TIMES. BOTH ARE SWEATING AND GRUNTING IN PAIN.

THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

CAM PULLS BACK TO SHOW BORB, ARMS FOLDED, STANDING WATCHING THE TWO WRESTLERS. BORB CALLS WHEN HE HEARS THE KNOCK.)

BORB: Come in?

(STEPAN, THE AMBASSADOR ENTERS.)

STEPAN: Excellency you have not forgotten you must be at the Conference Hall this morning.

BORB: (SNAPS) I don't have to leave for another ten minutes.

STEPAN: I know Excellency. I just wanted to make sure that you and your...delegation will be ready.

BORB: If you mean these two apes, they'll be ready when they've finished their morning exercise. (HE KICKS ONE OF THEM ON THE BUTTOCK) Break!

(THE TWO BODYGUARDS BREAK APART AND SIT BACK ON THEIR HAUNCHES BREATHING HEAVILY)

STEPAN: Excellency, I must point out that the Embassy apartments are hardly the place for this type of display.

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BORB: I decide what our Embassies shall be used for. (HE CLAPS HIS HANDS. THE WRESTLERS SET TO AGAIN) If I'm to be fully protected I would prefer to have fit men to protect me. Look out! (HE PULLS THE AMBASSADOR ASIDE AS ONE OF THE WRESTLERS THROWS THE OTHER ONE IN A SOMERSAULT ACROSS THE CARPET)

STEPAN: I'm sure this is hardly necessary for fitness.

BORB: Whether it is or not I find it a pleasant diversion from affairs of state. (HE LOOKS AT THE TWO WRESTLERS, THEY HAVE GOT THEMSELVES ENTANGLED IN DOUBLE LEG HOLDS AND CAN'T GET FREE) Idiots. (HE KNEELS DOWN TO UNFREE THEM) Is there anything else you wanted Ambassador?

STEPAN: Yes Excellency. I came to tell you there is a young lady to see you. A Miss Venus Smith.

BORB: Oh good. Bring her in. (HE RISES FROM THE FLOOR, LEAVING THE TWO WRESTLERS ENTANGLED)

(STEPAN OPENS THE DOOR TO LET VENUS ENTER.)

STEPAN: Would you come in now please.

(VENUS ENTERS.)

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BORB: Thank you Ambassador. Now I'm sure you'll want to return to your duties. (HE GUIDES STEPAN OUT AND CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM)

(MEANWHILE VENUS IS STARING INCREDULOUSLY AT THE TWO LOCKED FIGURES ON THE FLOOR.)

VENUS: (LOOKING UP) I'm sorry, I seem to have come at playtime.

BORB: Oh please don't mind them. They're just my bodyguards.

VENUS: I don't see how they can do much bodyguarding in that position.

BORB: Oh you'd be surprised how quickly they can move if they try. (HE STAMPS ON ONE OF THE BODYGUARD'S HANDS. HE LETS OUT A YELL OF PAIN, THEY BOTH PART AND DO BACKWARD SOMERSAULTS TO LAND ON THEIR FEET AGAIN. THEY STAND PANTING AT ONE ANOTHER)

VENUS: Who's won?

BORB: No-one wins. This is just a friendly bout.

(ONE OF THE BODYGUARDS HITS THE OTHER WITH A FOREARM SMASH. THE OTHER ONE LETS OUT A GROAN OF PAIN AND SINKS TO HIS KNEES.

BORB HELPS HIM TO HIS FEET AGAIN.)

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BORB: (CARRYING ON CASUALLY)
This actually is the champion,
Georgi. He has won many bouts at
home.

(GEORGI EXTENDS HIS GREAT PAW.

VENUS GINGERLY EXTENDS HERS.)

VENUS: Hi Georgey.

BORB: I want Georgi to wrestle over
here in England. I am trying to
arrange a bout for him with one of
your champions - perhaps the Butcher
of Islington. I think it will help
to promote good relations between
our two countries.

VENUS: I'm sure it'll do just that.

BORB: (TO THE BODYGUARDS) Alright
boys, get dressed.

(GEORGI EXITS. THE SECOND BODYGUARD
GOES OVER AND SQUATS BY THE DOOR.)

BORB: (GLANCING ACROSS) You
notice they only get dressed one at
a time.

VENUS: Are they shy?

BORB: No. Just obedient. Their
instructions are that I must not
be left without a guard even for a
moment.

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VENUS: Wouldn't it be cheaper to get a dog?

BORB: I'm inclined to agree but my Ambassador doesn't think so. Please let me take your coat.
(HE TAKES IT FROM HER AND DRAPES IT OVER A DIVAN. SHE IS WEARING A TIGHT SHEATH DRESS UNDERNEATH)

VENUS: Thank you.

BORB: (LOOKING HER UP AND DOWN)
Well, I can see you are unlikely to be carrying hidden weapons.

VENUS: Nice place you've got here.

BORB: I'm glad you approve. Please make yourself at home. Would you like a drink?

VENUS: Not before an audition. It affects my breathing.

BORB: (SLIGHTLY SURPRISED) I beg your pardon?

VENUS: Or perhaps you don't want to hear me sing at this stage.

BORB: Hear you sing? Why yes... I should like to hear you sing at any time. That would be most charming.

VENUS: Well I wasn't sure so I didn't bring my pianist.

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BORB: You didn't?

VENUS: But I've got him on short call. I only have to ring him up he could be round here in ten minutes.

BORB: Oh well I wouldn't bother. If you'd prefer it we'll just talk.

VENUS: Oh that suits me. (SHE SEATS HERSELF ON THE DIVAN)

(BORB SEATS HIMSELF AT THE OTHER END OF THE DIVAN.)

VENUS: Well...do you want to know something about my experience.

BORB: I think that would be most entertaining.

(SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR. STEPAN ENTERS. GEORGI, NOW DRESSED, ENTERS BEHIND HIM.)

STEPAN: Excellency I am very sorry to interrupt, but you will be late for the conference.

BORB: (SMAPS AT HIM) Alright. I'm coming. (TO VENUS) I am terribly sorry Miss Smith.

VENUS: Oh that's alright. Don't let me hold you up.

(THE SECOND BODYGUARD EXITS TO GET DRESSED.)

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BORB: Please regard this suite as your own while I'm away.

VENUS: That's very sweet of you, but I ought to be getting along. I have some shopping to do.

BORB: If you'd care to give your shopping list to your chauffeur, he'll see that it is done for you.

VENUS: My Chauffeur - since when did I have a chauffeur?

BORB: You will use one of mine, and an Embassy limousine, for the duration of your contract.

VENUS: You mean - I'm engaged?

BORB: (LOOKING HER UP AND DOWN) Yes, I think so. And if there is anything you need please ring for it.

BORB EXITS, FOLLOWED BY STEPAN AND GEORGI.

CUT TO. SECTION OF CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE SUITE.

BORB, STEPAN AND GEORGI ENTER FROM THE EMBASSY ROOM. THE SECOND BODYGUARD HAS NOW PUT A ROLL NECKED JERSEY ON AND IS WAITING OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

AS BORB PASSES HE NODS TO THE SECOND BODYGUARD WHO STATIONS HIMSELF OUTSIDE THE SUITE DOOR, GUARDING VENUS.

CONFERENCE HALL. OPEN TERRACE. DAY.

A MODERN TERRACE SECTION RATHER LIKE THE FESTIVAL HALL. e.g. PILLARED, MODERN, SENSE OF SPACE. ONE SIDE IS OPEN TO THE LONDON SKYLINE. A FEW MEN IN PINSTRIPED SUITS ARE STROLLING AROUND TALKING EARNESTLY. A SMARTLY TAILORED GIRL IS SCURRYING AROUND ATTENDING TO THEIR NEEDS.

A LOUDSPEAKER VOICE: Could I have your attention please. The conference will be resumed in ten minutes.

THE INSTRUCTION IS REPEATED IN FRENCH AND RUSSIAN.

LEANING CASUALLY AGAINST A PILLAR IS STEED. STEED TAKES OUT A CIGARETTE AND PLACES IT IN HIS MOUTH.

SOMEONE LIGHTS A MATCH AND DEANS OVER SO THAT STEED CAN LIGHT HIS CIGARETTE IT IS STEPAN.

STEPAN: An excellent conference don't you think Mr. Steed?

STEED: Oh yes, well, you know, as conferences go.

STEPAN: Yakob Barb was in superb form.

STEED: I must say nothing seems to worry him.

STEPAN: He is the most fearless man I have ever known. Everywhere he goes, all over the world, he is in danger of assassination. But he never shows any strain.

STEED: Just what makes everyone want to have a go at Borb?

STEPAN: Because no-one trusts him. At the moment he is in there (HE INDICATES THE INTERIOR OF THE HALL) negotiating a hundred million pounds worth of economic aid from the West in exchange for a few of our naval bases. But even now your Foreign Office suspects he will offer the same bases to the East in a year's time for another hundred million.

STEED: And will he?

STEPAN: He may have no alternative. If we are to remain neutral we must be fair to both sides.

STEED: I sympathise with your problems. International blackmail must be a dangerous occupation.

STEPAN: Not blackmail Mr. Steed. We are offered the aid.

STEED: You could always refuse it.

STEPAN: Yakob Borb would never refuse money. However, that is not for us to judge Mr Steed. We merely have to see that no-one decides it would be cheaper to get rid of the Generalissimo.

STEPAN: (CONTINUED) I'm sure you will agree with me there. There would be a considerable political scandal if he came to any harm on your territory.

STEED: It would make it a lot easier if he no-operated a bit.

STEPAN: I'm afraid he won't do that. After all he doesn't trust the West any more than the West trusts him. For all he knows you might be his intended assassin.

TANNOY VOICE: The Afternoon session of the conference is now being resumed.

STEPAN: I must return inside.

STEED: Did you get him his - private secretary by the way?

STEPAN: (COOLY) Yes. One arrived who seems to be suitable. She is at the Embassy now.

STEED: Well let's hope she's enjoying herself.

INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

VENUS IS FURIOUSLY PUSHING A BELL PUSH.

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE SECOND BODYGUARD ENTERS. VENUS TURNS ON HIM.

VENUS: Were you standing outside the door or something?

THE SECOND BODYGUARD, NOT UNDERSTANDING A WORD, GRINS.

VENUS: (ANGRILY) Well don't just stand there grinning. Tell me when they're going to let me out of here?

THE BODYGUARD JUST GRINS.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

VENUS: Oh go away. (SHE SNATCHES UP THE TELEPHONE) Yes! Oh it's you at last! Listen, what is this, a white slave kick or something? They won't let me out of this place. They've even placed a goon outside the door.

CROSS CUT TO STEED ON PHONE.

STEED: Now Vee, don't let your imagination run away with you!

VENUS: (FILTER) Imagination! Listen I'd have smashed a window and jumped out except there's no windows in this place!

STEED: Now keep calm, Vee.....

CROSS CUT BACK TO VENUS.

VENUS: Listen if I finish up in a harem I'm going to sue you for every penny you've got. And listen. Another thing, haven't they got any baths in this place?

CROSS CUT TO STEED.

STEED: What do you mean, baths?

VENUS: He rang me half an hour ago and said he wants me to go to the public baths - with him, tonight!

STEED: What public baths?

VENUS: North Paddington or something.

STEED: Well you just go along there Vee like a good girl. I shan't be far away. 'Bye. (HE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE)

CUT TO VENUS.

VENUS: If he turns out to be a weirdie I'm going to...(SHE REALISES THE PHONE IS DEAD AND SLAMS IT DOWN)

SHE TURNS TO SEE THE SECOND BODYGUARD HAS SILENTLY RETURNED INTO THE ROOM AND IS WATCHING HER BENIGNLY.

VENUS: What do you want now, a biscuit?

INT. NORTH PADDINGTON BATHS. NIGHT.

SOUND: MURMUR OF CROWD IN ENCLOSED SPACE.

CAM DRAWS ATTENTION TO THE CENTRE OF THE BATHS - A WRESTLING RING LIT BY ARCS.

IT IS JUST THIS SECTION AND THE FRONT ROW THAT IS USED THROUGHOUT THE SEQUENCE.

IN THE FRONT ROW, SEEN IN THE LIGHT SPILL IS AN ATTRACTIVE BLONDE ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OLD WITH A BEEHIVE HAIRCUT. SHE IS EDNA RAMSDEN. SHE HAS A PROGRAMME IN HER LAP.

SITTING NEXT TO HER IS STEED. BESIDE HIM IS AN EMPTY SEAT.

STEED: Excuse me. I wonder if I could borrow your programme.

EDNA: (IN BROAD SCOUSE) Do what? (SHE GIVES HIM A HOSTILE LOOK)

STEED: I said, I wonder if I might look at your programme.

EDNA: Aou. (SCOUSE SIGN OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT) (SHE HANDS IT ACROSS TO HIM)

STEED TAKES THE PROGRAMME AND OPENS IT.

STEED: Thank you.

CU. TO THE PROGRAMME. IT READS 'NORTH PADDINGTON BATHS' INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING.

THE BUTCHER OF ISLINGTON V THE DEKAPOD
GIANT GEORGE HIGGINS V CHENGIS KHAN.

THE PROGRAMME CONTAINS A PICTURE OF 'THE DEKAPOD' IT IS THE MASKED FIGURE WE SAW IN THE TEASER.

EDNA: You can buy one for sixpence. You know.

STEED: (WITH A SMILE) They'd sold out.

EDNA: Aou.

STEED HANDS HER BACK THE PROGRAMME.

EDNA: It's alright, you can have it.

STEED: Thank you.

EDNA: It's probably all wrong. It usually is.

VENUS ENTERS. WALKS ALONG THE FRONT ROW, THEN SEES THE EMPTY SEAT NEXT TO STEED.

STEED: Hullo.

VENUS: Oh, it's you. (SHE SITS NEXT TO HIM) Well I'm glad someone's turned up.

STEED: Where's Bobb?

VENUS: He and one of his goons went separately by taxi. He insisted I went in his car, I don't know why.

STEED: Probably a security measure. In case someone ambushes the car they'd only find you in it.

VENUS: Charming friends you've got.

THE CROWD START TO BECOME RESTIVE, BOO AND CATCALL,

A MAN IN A SHABBY DRESS SUIT ENTERS THE RING. IT IS ITO. ALTHOUGH SHORT HE IS SOLIDLY BUILT WITH VAGUELY JAPANESE FEATURES. HE CARRIES A HAND MIKE.

ITO: (INTO MIKE) Ladies and gentleman...

CROWD CHEER.

ITO: For the first bout this evening we have an alteration on your programme.

CROWD BOO LOUDLY.

EDNA: (TO STEED) Told you didn't I?

ITO: (HOLDING UP HIS HAND FOR SILENCE) The Butcher of Islington is unfortunately indisposed.

SHOUTS OF BOO AND YELLER FROM THE AUDIENCE.

ITO: However we have been most fortunate in being able to secure at very short notice the undefeated heavyweight champion of the Balkans and one of the President's personal bodyguards....Gorgon-Wild Beast of the Balkans.

CRIS OF 'NEVER HEARD OF HIM' AND 'FIDDLE'

GEORGI ENTERS THE RING AND ITO HOLDS UP HIS HAND.

VENUS: Hey, that's Georgi.

STEED: Bobb must be going into the promoting business.

ITO: Tonight Gorgon will defend his championship against none other than,....
The Dekapod.

THE WRESTLER WE SAW IN THE TEASER,
STILL MASKED BUT NOW WEARING A WHITE
SILK DRESSING GOWN ENTERS THE RING.
CROWD CHEER.

VENUS: What in Pete's name is a dekapod?

STEED: A giant squid with ten tentacles.
Octopus eight - dekapod ten.

THE DEKAPOD SWINGS AROUND, HIS ARMS IN
THE AIR. ON THE BACK OF HIS DRESSING
GOWN IS A BLACK EMBROIDERED U.S.
SQUID.

HE THROWS OFF HIS DRESSING GOWN AND COMES
UP TO THE ROBES. AS THE CROWD BOO AND
WHISTLE LOUDLY THE DEKAPOD GRABS THE
ROPES AND SHAKES THEM VIOLENTLY, MAKING
MENACING GESTURES AT THE AUDIENCE.

THE BOOING AND WHISTLING RISES AS THE
DEKAPOD, FEIGNING ANGER AT THE CROWD,
STARTS TO CLAMBER OVER THE ROPES
TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE. HE IS RESTRAINED
BY ITO, THEN TURNS ON HIM.
ITO RUNS OUT OF THE RING.

STEED NOTICES THAT EDNA IS CLAPPING AND
CHEERING.

VENUS: You mean poor old Georgi's got
to fight that big slob!

EDNA: (INDIGNANTLY) I beg your pardon.

STEED: He's a favourite of yours I take it.

EDNA: He's my old man.

VENUS: Your father?

EDNA: (INDIGNANTLY) My husband.

ITO HAS NOW RETURNED TO THE RING AS REFEREE, HE HAS SLIPPED A ROLLNECK JERSEY ON.

ITO: The contest is in five rounds of three minutes each round. Two falls, two submissions or one knock out to decide the winner.

HE STEPS ASIDE AS A BELL GOES AND THE TWO WRESTLERS GO FOR ONE ANOTHER.

AFTER A COUPLE OF THROWS, THE DEKAPOD FORCES GEORGI BACK ONTO THE CANVAS IN A STRANGLEHOLD, BUT GEORGI CLAPS HIS FEET TOGETHER OVER THE DEKAPOD'S EARS AND SPRINGS TO HIS FEET.

THE DEKAPOD GROANS WITH PAIN AND AS THE CROWD CHEER, GEORGI WAITS TILL HE GETS ON HIS FEET THEN GIVES HIM THREE FOREARM SMASHES AND A DROPKICK. THE DEKAPOD GOES DOWN AGAIN. GEORGI JUMPS ON HIS BEST.

THE CROWD CHEER, VENUS INCLUDED.

THE DEKAPOD GETS UP FURIOUSLY, PICKS GEORGI UP AND SMASHES HIM AGAINST THE CORNER POST.

THE CROWD BOO HIM. THE DEKAPOD IMMEDIATELY DOES IT AGAIN. GEORGI GROANS IN PAIN.

VENUS: Leave him alone you brute.

EDNA: Don't worry luv, they're not hurting one another.

THE DEKAPOD SUDDENLY RAISES BOTH ARMS AND BRINGS THEM DOWN IN A JAPANESE DEATH CHOP ON THE SIDES OF GEORGI'S NECK. GEORGI BEGINS TO CRUMBLE. THE DEKAPOD CONTINUES TO CHOP.

THE CROWD ARE NOW SCREAMING AND BOOING.

STEED: (TO EDNA) I wouldn't be so sure of that.

THE REFEREE TRIES TO PULL THE DEKAPOD OFF, BUT THE DEKAPOD THROWS HIM ASIDE.

EDNA: (SUDDENLY ALARMED) You're right I've never seen him like that.

THE CROWD NOISES TURN TO EARSPLITTING BOOING AS THE DEKAPOD CHOPS AT GEORGI WHO IS CAUGHT UP HELPLESSLY IN THE ROES. HE SLITHERS TO THE CANVAS, HIS HEAD FALLING LIFELESS OUT BENEATH THE ROPEY TOWARDS STEED, VENUS AND EDNA.

EDNA: (SUDDENLY SCREAMS) He's dead!

THE BOOING SUDDENLY STOPS AND THERE IS A MOMENT'S STUNNED SILENCE.

STEED LEAPS UP FROM HIS SEAT TO GO TO THE DEAD GEORGI. SUDDENLY THE DEKAPOD, WHO HAS BEEN STANDING LEGS ASTRIDE LIKE AN EXECUTIONER, LEAPS OUT OF THE RING, SHOVS STEED ASIDE. PICKS UP THE FIRST TWO CHAINS, RAISES THEM ALOFT AND SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE AUDIENCE WHO ARE NOW SCREAMING IN TERROR.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. N. PADDINGTON BATHS. DAY.

THE BATHS ARE NOW EMPTY OF PEOPLE. IT IS THE NEXT MORNING. PROGRAMMES ARE LITTERED ABOUT.

ITO IS STANDING BY THE RING IN ROLL NECK JERSEY. EDNA IS SEATED IN CHAIR NEARBY. STEED IS LOLLING AGAINST THE ROPES, IMMACULATELY DRESSED.

STEED: Strange he got away in that garb without anyone seeing where he went.

ITO: He must have had a car waiting for him outside. Or perhaps jumped into a taxi. But ... er, if you don't mind me asking, what is your interest.

STEED: My interest is in the other one.

ITO: The Balkan boy. You are his manager?

STEED: More or less.

ITO: I am deeply sorry about your boy. I have never know the Dekapod bahave like that. I just don't know why he did it.

STEED: (LOOKING AT EDNA) Perhaps Mrs. er.....

ITO: Ramsden, his real name was Ramsden.

STEED: Then perhaps Mrs. Ramsden might help us find him. Then we'd know.

EDNA: I don't know where he is. That's gospel truth. I've been up all night waiting. I've rung his Mum up North twice. In the end I come here to see if Ito knew.

ITO: I don't understand. I am his manager, his trainer and his friend, now when he is in trouble he doesn't come near me.

EDNA: I been married to him two years and he doesn't even tell me what's happened.

STEED: Did he often lose his temper?

EDNA: Lose his temper! Harry was as gentle as a lamb.

STEED: (TO ITO) How many of your boys practice judo?

ITO: A few of them try some of the holds.

EDNA: My husband never did.

STEED: Then how do you think he killed Georgi?

EDNA: I don't know. I've never seen that done before.

STEED: But Mr. Ito has, haven't you?

ITO: It is not part of judo. It comes from what we call kempo - the old samurai art of killing.

STEED: And that blow is
illegal isn't it? Even in Japan.

ITO: Yes. It is known as the death
chop.

STEED: (TO EDNA) So it looks
as though your Harry knew what he
was doing.

EDNA: I still don't believe it.
I don't care what any of you say
I don't believe he'd deliberately
kill someone.

ITO: (TACTFULLY) Try not to worry
Mrs. Ramsden, if Harry turns
up here I'll look after him.

ITO SMILES, GIVES A SMALL BOW
TO STEED AND PADS OFF TOWARDS
THE OFFICE.

STEED: (TO EDNA) If you
should happen to find out where
he is, I wonder if you could
get him to contact me.

EDNA: (SUSPICIOUSLY) What do you
want with him.

STEED: (SWITCHING ON HIS CHARM) I think
I could fix something up for Harry pretty
quickly. (HE HANDS HER A CARD) You'll
get me via this club. If I'm not there
ask for Miss Venus Smith.

INT. EMBASSY ROOM, DAY.

BORB IS SEATED AT HIS DESK WORKING ON SOME PAPERS. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

BORB: (WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Come in.

THE DOOR IS OPENED BY THE SECOND BODYGUARD. HE HOLDS IT OPEN FOR VENUS TO ENTER.

BORB SEES HER AND RISES TO GREET HER.

BORB: Ah, Venus, How nice to see you again. I have been trying to find you all day. Then I remembered you said you were working in a club.

VENUS: I got the message.

BORB: (INDICATING WITH HIS EYES FOR THE SECOND BODYGUARD TO LEAVE) And where have you been all day?

THE SECOND BODYGUARD EXITS.

VENUS: Where have I been? What happened to you last night? You tell me to meet you at this bearpit then don't show up.

BORB: (TAKING HER WRAP) I really am most terribly sorry.

VENUS: You know what happened I suppose.

BORB: To Georgi? Yes, it must have been a fantastic fight.

VENUS: Just how many bodyguards do you get through a week?

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BORB: Oh, I don't mean to appear callous.
I am very sorry for Georgi.

VENUS: Yes, I can see.

BORB: Oh come now, Venus, let's talk about
more pleasant things. I have a little surprise
for you.

VENUS: You want me to fight the Butcher of
Islington.

BORB: No No. I have a little gift for you.
(HE CALLS) Come in.

(THE SECOND BODYGUARD ENTERS CARRYING A HUGE
ARMFUL OF FLOWERS BIGGER THAN HIMSELF. LILIES
OF THE VALLEY IF SEASONAL)

BORB: I had them flown in this morning from
my own nurseries especially for you.

THE SECOND BODYGUARD BRINGS THEM UP TO VENUS.

VENUS: They certainly are beautiful.

BORB: (PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND HER) I thought
you would like them.

VENUS: (SIDESTEPPING) Perhaps you ought to
save them for poor old Georgi's funeral.

BORB: (SMILING) There are plenty more.
Please accept them.

VENUS: O.K. But how am I going to carry them
home.

BORB: I could have them taken straight up to
your flat, upstairs.

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VENUS: What flat upstairs?

BORB: It would be so much more convenient for you if you lived in the Embassy.

VENUS: Really I'm only a bus ride away. Thank you all the same. (TO SECOND BODYGUARD) Would you like to put them down here. (SHE GESTURES TOWARDS THE DIVAN)

SECOND BODYGUARD DOES SO AND PADS OUT.

VENUS: (AS THE BODYGUARD LEAVES) I take it he does double duty now.

BORB: For a couple of days, unless my ambassador arranges a replacement for Georgi. Please sit down. Would you care for a liqueur? I have a very special national liqueur made from plums. It is regarded as a great delicacy.

VENUS: No thank you. It affects my breathing. (SHE SITS ON THE DIVAN BESIDE THE FLOWERS)

BORB: Of course, you sing, don't you?

VENUS: (GIVING HIM A LOOK) That's right.

BORB: I must come down to your ... club and hear you some evening.

VENUS: Come tonight if you like.

BORB: I should love to. Perhaps you would allow me to take you out to dinner first of all.

VENUS: (DOUBTFULLY) You still owe me an explanation as to why you stood me up last night.

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BORB: I'm afraid you might find it a little difficult to believe.

VENUS: You can always try. I've heard most excuses.

BORB: I received a warning at the last moment that something was going to happen at the baths.

VENUS: What sort of a warning.

BORB: Just a voice on the telephone that told me to keep away then rang off.

VENUS: Then why didn't you warn Georgi to keep away as well.

BORB: There wasn't time. In any case I had no reason to think he was in danger.

VENUS: But who do you think is behind it?

BORB: It could be anyone.

(HE RINGS HIS BELL. THE OTHER BODYGUARD ENTERS AND STANDS SILENTLY WAITING)

BORB: (CONT'D) But the interesting thing is that apart from the wrestling promoter Ito, only my two bodyguards and yourself knew I was considering going to the Baths last night. They don't speak English, and I wouldn't have told anyone. So that only leaves you.

VENUS: Leaves me to what?

BORB: To tell someone that I would be at the Baths last night. Did you?

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VENUS: I ... don't remember doing so but if I did I didn't think there was any harm in it.

BORB: Well now you see how careful you have to be. What time is your show this evening?

VENUS: Not till eleven.

BORB: Then let us go and find ourselves a nice quiet restaurant and enjoy the evening.

VENUS: Are you ... er ... quite sure it's safe to go out?

BORB: My dear young lady, I'm sure no-one would want to harm you. In any case, we still have one faithful watchdog left.

HE INDICATES THE SECOND BODYGUARD. WHO SMILES, THINKING HE IS BEING COMPLIMENTED.

CONFERENCE HALL. EXT. TERRACE. DAY.

STEPAN IS LEANING OVER THE TERRACE BALCONY. STEED JOINS HIM.

STEED: I've just seen the pathologists's report on Georgi. You might be interested to know that the neck injuries were almost exactly the same as were found on that girl - the one who supposedly slipped in the shower.

STEPAN: I rather expected that.

STEED: Then we must assume the same person killed them both.

STEPAN: I had already assumed that.

STEED: Who was she ringing before she was killed?

STEPAN: (WITH SURPRISE) How do you mean?

STEED: Who was she speaking to on the phone before she was killed?

STEPAN: (WITH SURPRISE) How do you know she was speaking to anyone?

STEED: After I left you yesterday I took the liberty of looking around the Embassy. There were traces of soap on the telephone receiver.

STEPAN: I can check with the Embassy switchboard.

STEED: I've already done so. There were no outside calls at that time. So it must have been internal and didn't go through the switchboard.

STEPAN: Then it may be difficult to trace, unless someone admits to it.

STEED: Yes. Well let's look at it another way. Two people close to Borb have been killed. But so far no-one's had a crack at Borb himself.

STEPAN: Perhaps that is to come. They may be trying to isolate him so he will be easier to assassinate - or they may be doing it as a warning.

STEED: Warning against what?

STEPAN: Against accepting economic aid from the west. There is still time for him to walk out of the conference. Either way it will make little difference to Bobb, it will just amuse him.

STEED: He seems to have a heightened sense of fun.

STEPAN: That has gone of recent years. Up until then he was/dedicated revolutionary with a fine sense of responsibility.

STEED: But power corrupts, eh?

STEPAN: Absolute power, yes.

STEED: What's this passion for wrestling?

STEPAN: Once when he was in jail - before we came to power, he shared a cell with a wrestler and became an aficionado. He's kept it up ever since.

TANNOY VOICE: Calling Mr. Steed. Calling Mr. Steed. Mr. Steed is wanted on the telephone.

STEED: Excuse me.

STEPAN: I must go back to the Embassy, it is getting late.

INT. NIGHT CLUB. EVENING.

SOUND. DISTANT JAZZ TYPE BAND.

SECTION OF WALL WITH PHONE (COIN BOX TYPE)

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VENUS: (ON PHONE) Listen, I thought you promised to stick around.

STEED: (VOICE ONLY) I was having a late session at a conference. Why what's the matter Vee?

VENUS: Nothing's the matter, yet. It's just that whenever I'm out with Bobb I get nervous.

CUT TO STEED:

STEED: Where are you?

VENUS: In the club.

STEED: Does he know you're phoning me.

VENUS: I told him I was ringing my mother.

(SHE LOOKS UP AND SEES THE SECOND BODYGUARD STANDING A FEW FEET AWAY WITH HIS MONA LISA SMILE)

VENUS: Uh huh. Here's laughing boy. (SHE LOWERS HER VOICE) I've got to get back. Listen you'd better come down. There's someone wants to talk to you.

STEED: (VOICE ONLY) Who is it.

VENUS: Friend of yours, female.

SHE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE.

INT. CLOAKROOM SECTION, NIGHT.

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A HATCHECK GIRL HAS JUST TAKEN A HAT AND COAT FROM SOMEONE ENTERING. PUT IT UP ON THE RACK AND ISSUED A TICKET. A TIP IS PLACED ON A PLATE.

STEED ENTERS, HANDS OVER HIS SHORTIE COAT, BOWLER AND UMBRELLA. THEN HE SEES THE GIRL'S FACE. IT IS EDNA.

STEED: How long have you been doing this?

EDNA: This is my first evening. Your friend Miss Smith got me the job.

STEED: You needed one that bad?

EDNA: Harry never earned much even when he was fighting. Just a minute. (SHE TURNS TO TAKE A HAT AND SCARF FROM A CUSTOMER) Thank you sir. (SHE HANDS HIM A TICKET, THE MAN PASSES ON)

STEED: Was it you who wanted to see me?

EDNA: (NODS) Can't talk here. Go back behind them. (SHE INDICATES THE LINE OF COATS IN THE CLOAKROOM)

STEED GOES ROUND THE BARRIER AND BEHIND THE LINE OF COATS.

EDNA: (OFF) Thank you sir.

STEED IS STANDING BEHIND THE COATS WAITING WHEN A LARGE HAND RESTS ON HIS SHOULDER.

INSTINCTIVELY STEED JERKS ASIDE HIS HEAD AND TWISTS ROUND.

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HARRY RAMSDEN NOW IN AN ORDINARY SUIT AND
MINUS MASK IS STANDING BESIDE HIM.

RAMSDEN: I'm Harry Ramsden.

STEED: Ah - the man in the muslim mask

RAMSDEN: You wanted to see me?

STEED: That's right. Where have you been
Harry.

RAMSDEN: What's it to you?

STEED: How much did Ito pay you for a fight.

RAMSDEN: About six pounds.

STEED: And how often did you fight.

RAMSDEN: Once a week. Sometimes twice.

STEED: Not much to keep a wife on it, was
it?

RAMSDEN: It were reg'lar.

STEED: How old are you Harry?

HARRY: (TOUCHILY) There's a lot of
fellere as old as me still doing
alright.

STEED: How much did Ito pay you to kill
the Balkan?

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

STEED: Whatever he paid you I'll double.

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HARRY: For what?

STEED: To kill someone for me.

HARRY: (AFTER A MOMENT'S HESITATION) That'd be five hundred pound.

STEED: You can have it in cash.

EDNA: (WHO HAS COME BEHIND THE COATS) Don't take it Harry. If I'd known that's what he wanted I wouldn't have got you to see him.

HARRY: It's a lot of money.

EDNA: (GOING UP AND SHAKING HIM) You don't know what you're saying Harry. You couldn't kill a man.

STEED: He did it once.

EDNA: (TURNING ON STEED) Leave him alone and get out of here!

STEED: I'll make it a thousand Harry.

EDNA: (TO HARRY) Don't. Don't have nothing to do with it!

STEED: If he did it once he can do it again. It should be easier to kill the second time.

EDNA: (IN A FURIOUS TEMPER WITH STEED) He never killed nobody. He wasn't even there! He just told me he wasn't.

STEED: That's what I thought. (TO HARRY) The money Ito paid you was for staying away wasn't it? While someons else used your costume. Now who was it?

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HARRY: I don't know. I never saw the bloke. I were just told to keep away and keep me mouth shut till it were all blown over.

VOICE OFF: I say. Cloaks. Any service here?

STEED: (TO EDNA) You'd better not lose your job on your first night here.

EDNA GOES TO ATTEND TO THE MAN.

STEED: How long have you known Ito, Harry?

HARRY: Ever since he come over here. I was one of the first wrestlers he signed up.

STEED: Came over here from where, Japan?

HARRY: No, he hasn't been in Japan since before the war. He was in er ... I forget now, somewhere the other side of Europe ...

STEED: The Balkans?

HARRY: That's right. He run a gym there at one time.

STEED: Thanks. (HE PREPARES TO LEAVE)

HARRY: Er, just a minute. Edna said you might be able to do something for me.

STEED: Where are you staying?

HARRY: At a mens hostel in Bethnal Green Road, just till things quieten down.

STEED: I may be in touch.

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HE COMES OUT FROM BEHIND THE ROW OF COATS TO WHERE EDNA IS STANDING AT THE CLOAK COUNTER.

AS HE DOES SO:

VOICE OFF: (GUARDS TYPE) I say, do you know what time the cabaret starts?

STEED: (TAKING THE PROFFERED CURLY BRIMMED BOWLER) Should be starting about now.

GUARDS TYPE: Oh thanks old chap.

STEED: (PUTTING THE BOWLER ON A PEG AND HANDING THE MAN A TICKET) Not at all.

THE GUARDS TYPE TAKES THE TICKET AND PRESSES SIXPENCE INTO STEED'S HAND. THEN WALKS INTO THE CABARET SECTION.

STEED DROPS THE SIXPENCE IN THE PLATE AND FOLLOWS HIM.

INT. CLUB. NIGHT.

THE CLUB IS LIT DIMLY BY THE SPILL OF A SINGLE PROJECTOR SPOT - A FOLLOW SPOT MOUNTED ON A STAND. THE SPOT IS ON VENUS WHO IS ON THE DANCE FLOOR SECTION SINGING HER NUMBER:

AVENGING ANGEL

STEED ENTERS. AND MAKES HIS WAY DOWN TOWARDS THE DANCE FLOOR AREA.

VENUS SEES HIM IN THE LIGHT SPILL AND MOVES OVER TOWARDS HIM.

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THERE IS A BAR REST FOR THE VOCALIST,
JUST ENOUGH FOR STEED TO EXCHANGE A LINE WITH
HER.

STEED: (QUIETLY) Where's Bobb.

VENUS: (INDICATING SLIGHTLY WITH HER HEAD
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CABARET FLOOR) Just
leaving. So much for my big chance.

CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT OF BOBB AND THE SECOND
BODYGUARD GETTING UP FROM A TABLE. GOING
TOWARDS THE EXIT.

VENUS CONTINUES HER NUMBER.

STEED RISES TO MAKE HIS WAY OVER TO BOBB
AND SECOND BOB. AS HE DOES SO HIS VISION
IS MOMENTARILY OBSCURED BY THE CIGARETTE
GIRL WHO COMES UP TO HIM OFFERING HER TRAY.

STEED: (BRUSHING HER ASIDE) Not tonight
thank you.

THEN THE GUARDS TYPE GETS IN HIS
WAY AS HE FINDS HIS WAY TO HIS SEAT.
BY THE TIME STEED HAS GOT TO THE
EXIT AREA, BORB AND HIS GUARD HAVE
GONE. STEED LOOKS AROUND UNSURE
WHETHER THEY HAVE LEFT OR ARE STILL
STANDING IN THE GLOOM.

INT. CLOAK ROOM SECTION

LYING ON THE FLOOR IS THE SECOND
BODYGUARD, SPRAWLED, DEAD.

STEED ENTERS, LEANS OVER HIM, LIFTS
UP HIS HEAD, THE HEAD FALLS BACK
LIMP AS IF BROKEN. EDNA ENTERS FROM
CLUB.

STEED: Where were you?

BORB ENTERS FROM THE STREET ENTRANCE.
STOPS AND RAISES HIS EYES WHEN HE
SEES STEED STANDING OVER HIS BODYGUARD.

EDNA: I was watching the cabaret.
What happened to him?

STEED: He's sleeping it off.

BORB: (LOOKING AT THE DEAD BODYGUARD)
I was wondering what was delaying him.

STEED: What happened?

BORB: I have no idea. When the lights
went down in the club we decided to
leave. I have a natural suspicion of
semi-darkness. When I got into the
street I realised my watchdog was no
longer behind me. So I returned here.

STEED: Did you see anyone leave as you
came back to the club.

BORB: (SHRUGGING) I'm afraid I
wasn't taking that much interest.

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STEED: (WHO HAS CROSSED TO THE
LINE OF COAT HANGERS AND IS PULLING
THEM ASIDE) It might be better if
you did. You've lost your last
bodyguard. I'd better see you home.
(TAKES HIS COAT OFF THE PEG TO REVEAL
THE MUSLIN MASK OF THE DEKAPOD)

END OF ACT TWO

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ACT THREE.

CONFERENCE HALL. INT. DAY.

A CONFERENCE TYPE DESK WITH MICROPHONE ATTACHED AND BEARING THE INSCRIPTION: 'REPUBLIC OF THE BALKINS'.

STANDING AT THE DESK AND SPEAKING INTO THE MICROPHONE IS YAKOB BORB. SEATED NEXT TO HIM IS STEPAN. VARIOUS PAPERS ARE ON THE DESK.

BORB: (INTO MIKE) With the acceptance by the Western delegates of this final clause relating to terms of payment - that is to say - the transference of ten million pounds sterling into a Swiss Bank for immediate use in making European purchases, I am pleased to say that we are now prepared to sign the agreement without further reservation. Long live the Balkan Western Alliance.

HE SITS DOWN. STEPAN CLAPS HIM. HE CLAPS HIMSELF AND CLAPPING IS TAKEN UP (OFF).

STEPAN COLLECTS UP HIS PAPERS. THERE IS A GENERAL HUBBUB AND SCRAPING OF CHAIRS.

STEED COMES UP TO BORB AS HE IS GATHERING HIS PAPERS AND DOCUMENTS.

STEED: Congratulations.

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BORB: Thank you.

STEED: You certainly drove a hard bargain on that final clause.

BORB: I have a responsibility to my country.

STEED: I should have thought credit transfers would have been sufficient for that final ten million.

BORB: When I negotiate a loan I like to get as much as possible in cash. It's safer that way.

STEED: I hear you're signing the agreement this afternoon.

BORB: Your foreign office has rushed it through. They seem rather anxious to get rid of me. I'm sure you will be too Mr. Steed.

STEED: I don't know. Things will seem rather dull without you. Are you flying back tonight?

STEPAN: The generalissimo prefers to travel by day. He will be leaving tomorrow morning.

BORB: It will also give me a few hours to enjoy your beautiful city.

STEED: Perhaps I could show you round.

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BORB: Thank you but I have a guide book.

STEED: I shall be joining you just the same.

BORB: (RAISING HIS EYEBROWS) Really? Do I understand you're taking over the role of my personal bodyguard?

STEED: That's right. Until your plane leaves.

BORB: What makes you think I'm still in danger?

STEED: Whoever planned these killings either intends to isolate you so you can be picked off more easily, or wants to warn you off signing the agreement - well, you've ignored the warning.

BORB: I will sign this afternoon.

BORB PICKS UP HIS DOCUMENT CASE AND WALKS AWAY. STEED STANDS ASIDE TO ALLOW STEPAN TO FOLLOW HIM. THEN STEED ALSO FOLLOWS.

INT. CLUB. DAY.

THE TABLES ARE UP. THERE ARE NO CLIENTS EXCEPT FOR A PIANIST WHO IS PLAYING A PRACTICE PIECE. VENUS IS LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER STUDYING SOME SHEET MUSIC.

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EDNA ENTERS THE CLUB ROOM AND GOES UP TO VENUS. SHE HAS STREET CLOTHES ON.

EDNA: Could I see you a minute.

VENUS: Sure. (TO THE PIANIST)
Be with you in a minute Ronnie.

SHE GUIDES EDNA TO AN EMPTY TABLE.
THEY BOTH SIT DOWN.

VENUS: What is it?

EDNA: Harry's gone again.

VENUS: Who?

EDNA: My husband. I was on to the hostel and he never went back there last night.

VENUS: When did you last see him?

EDNA: Just before I came in to watch you in the cabaret last night - and that feller got killed. He said he was going straight back to the hostel.

VENUS: But you think he stayed here a little bit longer - is that it?

EDNA: I don't know. Honestly I don't know any more. Harry were a good wrestler. He was champion in the North. That's when I started going about with him.

VENUS: Yes.

EDNA: Then the young ones came along and they didn't want him any more. Then this Ito feller signed him up and he was so grateful he'd do anything for him.

VENUS: I'd like to help you but I don't see how I can.

EDNA: I thought p'raps your friend might be able to help.

VENUS: I'm sure he will if he can.

EDNA: If he could find Harry before he gets into any more trouble. That's all I want.

VENUS: I'll talk to him. I'm sure if anyone can find him my friend will.

PIANIST COMES OVER TO VENUS.

PIANIST: Vee you're wanted on the phone.

VENUS: (RISING) Don't worry. He'll show up. After all, he's big enough to look after himself.
(SHE SMILES AND FOLLOWS THE PIANIST TO THE PHONE)

VENUS: (TO PIANIST) Who is it?

PIANIST: Your boy friend.

INT. EMBASSY ROOM. DAY.

BORB IS ON THE PHONE.

BORB: My dear Venus how nice to hear your voice again. Are you engaged at the moment? Oh, I'm sure rehearsals can wait. I have so little time left here in London. I'll send my car round for you.

MIX TO:

SECTION OF CORRIDOR. INT.

IT IS JUST OUTSIDE THE EMBASSY SUITE CONTAINING BORB.

BY THE SUITE DOOR IS A CHAIR. SEATED ON THE CHAIR, RESTING BACK WITH HIS BOWLER OVER HIS FACE IS STEED.

VENUS WALKS PAST HIM AND UP TO THE DOOR.

STEED: (PEEPING FROM BENEATH HIS BOWLER) I recognise those legs.

VENUS: Are you punching tickets?

STEED: How long are you going to be with his nibs?

VENUS: How should I know. Why?

STEED: I've got some rather important things to do and I thought I might skip off for a bit while you keep an eye on him.

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VENUS: I thought you were supposed to be keeping an eye on me.

STEED: Oh don't worry Vee I am. But, you know, three's a crowd. (HE GETS UP READY TO LEAVE)

VENUS: While we're on that subject, when do I see this contract?

STEED: Just ... er ... leave it a few more hours Vee. Things are likely to get resolved any time now.

VENUS: You can say that again. Which reminds me, Harry Ramsden's wife wanted me to tell you he didn't come home for breakfast.

STEED: I didn't really expect he would. (HE SMILES PATERNALLY AND LEAVES HER AT THE DOOR)

INT. EMBASSY ROOM.

CUSHIONS HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY ARRANGED ON THE FLOOR, THE LIGHTING IS SUBDUED, BOXES OF CHOCOLATES ARE LAID OUT. A RECORD PLAYER IS SOFTLY PLAYING BALKAN TYPE MUSIC. BORB IS SEATED ON ONE OF THE CUSHIONS IN A SPLENDID DRESSING GOWN. SPREAD OUT IN FRONT OF HIM ARE TRAVEL BROCHURES.

BORB: (LOOKING UP) Come in!

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VENUS: (ENTERING AND SURVEYING THE SCENE) Oh, very cosy.

BORB: You were a long time. Do make yourself comfortable. (HE INDICATES THE CUSHIONS)

VENUS: (SEATING HERSELF CAREFULLY ON THE CUSHIONS) Thank you.

BORB ALSO SITS DOWN OPPOSITE HER.

VENUS: (TO MAKE CONVERSATION) I see you have a new bodyguard.

BORB: I should be a little careful what you say to him.

VENUS: Why?

BORB: Although I may seem indifferent, I am very concerned that two of my fellow countrymen died protecting me.

VENUS: Well I'm glad of that, but where does he fit in?

BORB: He was present on both occasions. (HE OFFERS HER A BOX OF LIQUEURS)

VENUS: (TAKING ONE) Thank you. Look, if you're so suspicious of everyone, why have you asked me along?

BORB: I don't like being alone. That's the one time when I really fear the assassin - when I'm alone.

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VENUS: (GENUINELY SORRY FOR HIM)
You must have a tough life.

BORB: (REACHING OUT AND TAKING
HER HAND) There are compensations.

VENUS: (NOT REMOVING IT) You know
you never heard me sing after all.

BORB: (MOVING IN) I hope I shall
have plenty of opportunities in the
future.

VENUS: (HOLDING OFF BUT NOT PUTTING
MUCH HEART INTO IT) I always make
a rule not to mix business with
pleasure.

BORB: Business? What business?

VENUS: (PULLING OUT) Now wait a
minute, let's have this out now. You
are supposed to be fixing me up a
tour.

BORB: Who told you this?

VENUS: A ,... er friend.

BORB: My dear Venus, I'm afraid
your friend has misinformed you.

VENUS: (ON HER FEET NOW) Then
I'll go along and have it out with
him right now.

BORB: (CHECKING HER AND LOOKING AT
HER APPEALINGLY) Oh, please don't go.

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VENUS: Now look, we're obviously both under some sort of misunderstanding so

BORB: I'd rather you didn't leave me here alone. I do so enjoy your company and after all, I shall be going home soon.

VENUS: (WEAKENING) Well, I really ought to be getting back to rehearsal....

BORB: Please. Just for today. And incidentally, you mention a tour. Oddly enough that is just what I was considering before you came in. Have you ever been to Switzerland?

VENUS: Er not recently.

BORB: I have to spend a few days there to make some financial arrangements. Then I want to go on to Venice. Then perhaps to California, through Mexico to the Carribean. I intend to visit all the most expensive holiday resorts in the world. Would you come with me Venus?

VENUS: (CAUTIOUSLY, BUT NOT EXACTLY WANTING TO THROW UP THE CHANCE)
Well, that is quite a proposition isn't it? I mean, are you quite sure you want to take me. There must be lots of other girls in your life.

BORB: None that I can trust - as I feel instinctively I can trust you.

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VENUS: Yes well, that's
very sweet of you.

BORB: But you don't have to decide
immediately. (RISING AND GOING OVER
TO THE BELL) I shall order tea and
then I would like to take you out
this evening.

VENUS: Can I ask where?

BORB: I want to keep that as a
surprise. (HE RINGS THE BELL) Let
us see if my new bodyguard can prepare
my afternoon tea as well as his
predecessors.

HE RINGS THE BELL AGAIN. THERE IS
NO RESPONSE.

BORB: (WRYLY) It seems our Mr. Steed
is not such an efficient watchdog
after all.

CONFERENCE HALL TERRACE. EVENING.

STEPAN IS WALKING ALONG THE DESERTED
TERRACE. STEED STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND
A PILLAR.

IMMEDIATELY STEPAN'S HAND FLIES TO
HIS INSIDE JACKET.

STEED: It's alright. Friend.
(HE TAPS STEPAN'S POCKET) You know
you have to have a licence to carry
guns here.

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STEPAN: I have one. I also have diplomatic immunity.

STEED: That's why I wanted you to meet me on neutral ground.

STEPAN: What did you want to see me about. I have work to do at the Embassy.

STEED: If you've decided to get rid of Jacob Borb why don't you do it in your own country?

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

STEED: Is it because he's too popular over there or is it a personal vendetta you're working off?

STEPAN: I hope you realise that what you have just said could cause an international scandal.

STEED: I've arranged for you to be arrested as you leave this building.

STEPAN: You can't hold me.

STEED: Oh don't worry. You'll be released - as soon as Borb has left the country. What happens to him after that is no concern of ours.

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(STEPAN'S HAND HOVERS TOWARDS
HIS JACKET)

STEED: (SHAKING HIS HEAD) It
won't do you any good. Are you
ready?

STEPAN: Do you think I'm going
to walk out and be arrested?

STEED: It's up to you. You can
stay here if you like. You won't
be allowed to leave the building.
But I don't intend to stay with
you, as I've got things to do.

(HE GOES TO LEAVE. STEPAN CALLS
HIM BACK)

STEPAN: Steed. (STEED STOPS) If
I wanted to kill Yakob Borb I could
have done so a dozen times over.

STEED: But you had to get rid of
his bodyguards first.

STEPAN: His bodyguards were
employed by me. They took their
instructions only from me. Why
should I want them killed!

STEED: What were their instructions?

STEPAN: That is no concern of
yours.

STEED: Don't you think it's time
you started trusting me - just a
little.

STEPAN: You have already accused me of conspiring to kill!

STEED: I had to do something to force you out of your shell. Now what exactly was the job of those bodyguards?

STEPAN: To keep Borb from escaping.

STEED: No wonder you wanted it kept quiet.

STEPAN: Borb became tired of holding office over a year ago. Ever since then he has been looking for a chance to get away.

STEED: Why couldn't he just resign?

STEPAN: He wouldn't be happy as a private citizen in our country. He wants to be a rich playboy - and to do that he would have to flee to the West.

STEED: So that's why you didn't want me to get too involved. You were afraid I might help him.

STEPAN: If he asked for asylum it would have made political headlines.

STEED: He hasn't asked for asylum. All the same you'd better get back to your Embassy and keep an eye on him. I'll come with you.

STEPAN: How about your police
cordon.

(STEED JUST SMILES AND SHRUGS.
THEY START TO WALK DOWN THE
TERRACE.)

STEED: Tell me something. If
Borb wants to get out, why
don't you let him?

STEPAN: Firstly because he
would be replaced by someone
worse. And secondly because
I am too fond of him to want
to see him waste his life.

INT. NORTH PADDINGTON BATHS. NIGHT.

(BORB AND VENUS ENTER THE
DESERTED BATHS. A UNIFORMED
CHAUFFEUR FOLLOWS THEM IN.)

VENUS: I like your idea of
taking me out for the evening.

BORB: I had to take one last
look at this place - for
sentimental reasons. Besides
I have a little business to
conclude. It won't take long.

(ITO PADS TOWARDS THEM. HE HAS
A FOLDER IN HIS HAND WHICH HE
HANDS TO BORB. BORB GLANCES
THROUGH THE FOLDER AS HE TALKS.)

BORB: Venus I'd like you to meet Ito - a very old friend of mine from the old days. I once shared a prison cell with him.

(ITO GIVES A LITTLE BOW. VENUS NODS RECOGNITION. BORB CLOSES THE FILE. SEEMS SATISFIED)

BORB: Thank you Ito. Oh, would you see to the chauffeur please.

(ITO SMILES ASSENT AND SILENTLY PADS UP TO THE CHAUFFEUR WHO IS STANDING BY THE DOOR MOMENTARILY LOOKING AT A POSTER. ITO PADS UP SILENTLY BEHIND HIM AND CLUBS HIM TO THE GROUND WITH A RABBIT PUNCH)

BORB: Thank you.

VENUS: (IN ALARM) Hey, what's the idea!

BORB: Please don't be alarmed. It wasn't a lethal blow.

VENUS: But what had he done wrong?

BORB: He was being paid by my Ambassador to report my movements.

VENUS: Look, do you mind telling me what's going on?

(ITO PADS OFF TO ATTEND TO THE CHAUFFEUR)

BORB: Before I do, would you give me an answer to the question I asked you this afternoon?

VENUS: Well, it's...not so easy as all that.

BORB: I thought you - rather liked me.

VENUS: I do. I mean really I do now I've got to know you.

BORB: Then why do you hesitate?

VENUS: Because..I mean it's all so sudden. (FLOUNDERING) I mean for a start I'd need a passport.

(BORB REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND PRODUCES TWO BRITISH PASSPORTS. HE HANDS ONE TO VENUS. SHE OPENS IT. READS FROM THE FLYLEAF.)

VENUS: (READING) Mrs Jacob Smith!

BORB: (OPENING HIS) And Mr Jacob Smith. I took the liberty of borrowing your surname.

VENUS: But where did you get this from? It's even got my photo in it.

BORB: Oh we have every facility for this sort of thing at the Embassy.

VENUS: (RISING AND TRYING HER BEST TO LOOK SCHOOLMARMISH) Now before you go any further with this Mr Borb, whatever is the custom in your country, I was brought up differently....

BORB: And before you go any further (HE OPENS THE FOLDER AND PRODUCES SOME DOCUMENTS) I have two air tickets to Geneva on a plane leaving in two hours and two suites booked on arrival.. (SHE TRIES TO INTERRUPT BUT HE CUTS IN) in different hotels. I am also providing you with a little spending money, so you can always come back if you want to.

(HE TAKES A SHEAF OF NOTES FROM HIS FOLDER, REACHES OVER AND POPS THEM IN HER HANDBAG)

BORB: Now what do you say?

VENUS: (TAKING A DEEP BREATH) I should have to ring my landlady to stop the milk.

BORB: Please do. There's a phone in the office. Ito and I have a few details to arrange.

(ITO PADS BACK. VENUS GOES TOWARDS THE OFFICE THEN STOPS TO CALL BACK)

VENUS: But I don't have any clothes!

BORB: (BLOWING A KISS) I shall buy you the most expensive outfit in Geneva.

INT. EMBASSY ROOM, NIGHT.

(STEED AND STEPAN ENTER. QUICKLY LOOK AROUND THE EMPTY ROOM)

STEED: Well it looks as though he's decided to make his break tonight. With his secretary.

STEPAN: I should never have left this Embassy and neither should you.

STEED: I imagine he'll be making for the airport.

STEPAN: If so his chauffeur will get in touch with me. There is a radio telephone in the car.

STEED: Let's hope he gets a chance to use it.

(THE PHONE RINGS. STEPAN FLIES TO IT. STEED CHECKS HIM)

STEED: (TAKING THE PHONE) It'll probably be for me. (INTO PHONE) Yes. Uh.huh. Oh fine. I'll be there in a few minutes. (HE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE) Well there was no need to fret after all. My man follow'd them. They're just round the corner at the baths.

(STEPAN MAKES FOR THE DOOR. STEED
CHECKS HIM)

STEED: I'd rather you stayed here
if you don't mind.

(HE EXITS PAST HIM)

INT. N. PADDINGTON BATHS. NIGHT.

(ITO AND BORB ARE IN A HUDDLE.
VENUS JOINS THEM)

BORB: Did you get through?

VENUS: Yes thank you.

BORB: How long will it be before
he gets here?

VENUS: Before who gets here?

BORB: Your friend Steed.

(BEFORE VENUS CAN DO ANYTHING
ITO HAS HER ARMS PINNED BACK)

BORB: I had exactly the same
trouble with the other young
lady - the one that had the
accident - only she used to
make her progress report to my
Ambassador.

VENUS: I rang my landlady about the
milk. Why should I report on you?

BORB: That is what you were sent to
me for. (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH) Now
we shall just have to wait for Mr
Steed and we shall be away.

VENUS: What do you want him for?

BORB: When you are trying to shake off a bodyguard the first essential is to know where he is. Otherwise you can't be sure you've shaken him off.

(HE TURNS AND EXITS TOWARDS THE OFFICE)

VENUS: How do you know I won't scream all the way to the plane.

ITO: Because I shall be beside you all the way. (WITH A LIGHTNING MOVEMENT HE CHANGES HIS GRIP SO THAT HE IS HOLDING HER BEHIND THE ELBOW) This is what we call a nerve spot. (VENUS WINCES WITH PAIN) There are a dozen others on your body I can reach in less than a second. With any one of them I could render you unconscious before you could even cry out. (HE INCREASES THE PRESSURE A LITTLE. VENUS TRIES TO SCREAM BUT CAN'T)

(CAM CUT TO STEED STANDING IN THE ENTRANCE TO THE BATHS)

STEED: (ADVANCING DOWN THE AISLE)
Stay where you are Ito. Let her go.

(ITO RELEASES HIS GRIP ON VENUS WHO PULLS AWAY FROM HIM, HOLDING HER ARM IN PAIN. ITO WAITS IMPASSIVELY UNTIL STEED COMES UP TO HIM)

ITO: We were expecting you Mr Steed.

(SUDDENLY THE ARC LAMPS GO ON,
LIGHTING THE AREA AROUND THE
PRACTICE MAT WHERE
ITO BACKS AWAY TILL HE IS BY THE
RING. THEN, WITH A SUDDEN SPRING,
JUMPS INTO THE RING.)

ITO: You'll have to come and get
me Mr Steed.

STEED: If that's what you want.

(STEED VAULTS INTO THE RING. AT THE
SAME MOMENT THE ARC LIGHTS COME ON,
LIGHTING THE RING ITSELF.)

(SIMULTANEOUSLY VENUS SCREAMS. CAM
CUT TO THE MASKED AND GOWNED FIGURE
OF THE DEKAPOD STANDING IN THE LIGHT
SPILL OUTSIDE THE RING.)

(FOR A MOMENT, AS STEED IS CAUGHT OFF
BALANCE, ITO KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS
HAND AND THE DEKAPOD SPRINGS INTO
THE RING.
STEED BACKS AWAY INTO THE OTHER CORNER)

(THE DEKAPOD WAVES ITO OUT OF THE RING.
ITO CLAMBERS OUT THROUGH THE ROPES.
THE RING, FLOODLIT NOW CONTAINS ONLY
STEED AND THE DEKAPOD. THE DEKAPOD GETS
STEED IN A CORNER AND RAISES HIS HANDS
TO GIVE THE DEATH CHOP WHEN THERE IS A
STRANGLERED CRY (MALE) FROM OUTSIDE THE
RING. THE DEKAPOD SWINGS ROUND TO SEE
HARRY RAMSDEN WHO HAS GOT ITO IN A
THROAT HOLD FROM BEHIND. HE THROWS ITO
TO THE GROUND AND JUMPS ON HIS CHEST THEN

D

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LEAPS INTO THE RING, CATCHES THE DEKAPOD OFF BALANCE, THROWS HIM AT THE ROPES AND CATCHES HIM ON THE REBOUND WITH A BACKBREAKER)

(A BACKBREAKER IS A SPECTACULAR HOLD WHEREBY ONE WRESTLER GETS THE OTHER UP OVER HIS OWN SHOULDERS AS THOUGH HE WAS GOING TO THROW HIM INTO THE AIR. THEN BRINGS HIM SMARTLY DOWN SO THAT HIS SPINE IS BENT BACK ON THE FIRST MAN'S SHOULDERS. IT LEADS TO A SUBMISSION IMMEDIATELY)

(THE DEKAPOD LETS OUT A SCREAM AND HARRY THUMPS HIM TO THE CANVAS. ITO HAS NOW RECOVERED AND TRIES TO SCRAMBLE INTO THE RING TO GET HARRY BUT STEED THUMPS HIM WITH A RABBIT PUNCH, THEN, RECOVERING HIS GUN FROM THE FLOOR THUMPS HIM AGAIN. ITO LAYS QUIET. HARRY LEANS ON THE ROPES OUT OF BREATH)

STEED: Thanks Harry, and thanks for the phone call.

STEED RIPS OFF THE MASK AND WE SEE IT IS YAKOB BORB.

STEED: Alright Borb. Get up.

BORB GETS UP AT GUNPOINT.

BORB: I demand asylum as a political refugee.

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STEED: Fine. We can now charge you with triple murder.

BORB: In that case I claim diplomatic privilege and demand to be returned to my own country.

STEED: I don't think you're going to be much better off. Not when they discover you were planning to embezzle ten million pounds of that loan to your own use.

(CAM CUT TO STEPAN STANDING IN THE AISLE)

STEPAN: Is that true Yakob?

BORB: I negotiated it. Without me there would have been no loan.

STEPAN: (DRAWING HIS GUN FROM HIS JACKET POCKET) Then no-one shall grant you asylum. (HE FIRES THREE TIMES. BORB CRUMPLES AND FALLS)

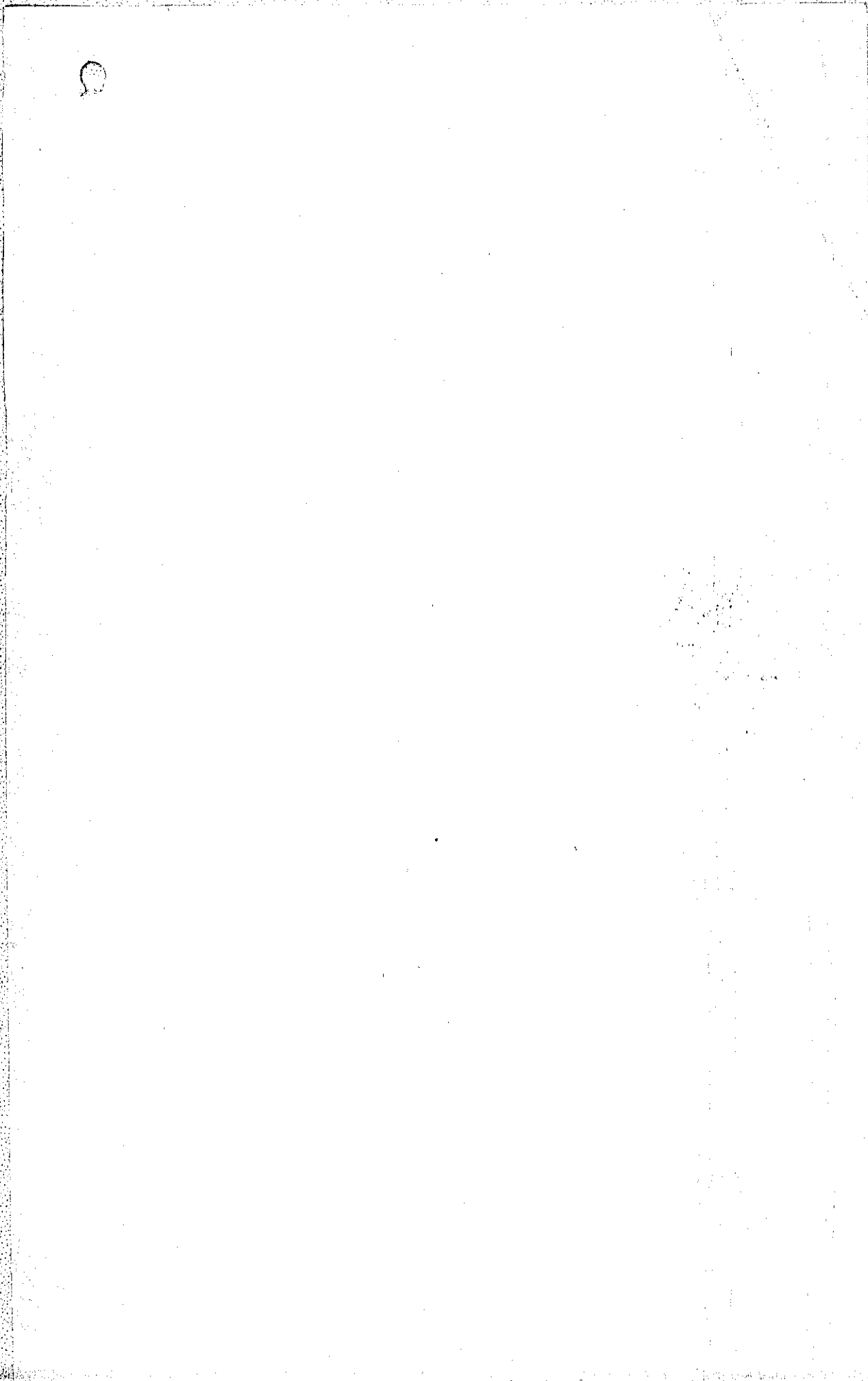
(STEED TURNS ON STEPAN, BUT STEPAN SURRENDERS HIS GUN WILLINGLY)

TIME MIX.

SECTION OF BATHS. LATER.

(HARRY RAMSDEN IS NOW DRESSED. STEED IS PEELING SOME NOTES FROM HIS WALLET. HANDS THEM TO HARRY)

STEED: Thanks Harry. Here's your fee.



HARRY: Any time you want a
fight fixed Mr Steed...

STEED: I'll know who to send for.
Now you'd better get on home to
your missis or you'll be in real
trouble.

(HARRY EXITS. STEED TURNS TO VENUS
WHO IS STANDING BY HIM WISTFULLY
HOLDING TWO PASSPORTS)

VENUS: And to think I nearly went
round the world with that brute.
Still, I must admit, he had problems.

STEED: He just had one big problem.
East and West kept giving him money,
but he never had a chance to spend
it himself.

VENUS: Incidentally, how did you
know we were here?

STEED: I had Harry tailing you
all the time. He rang me at the
Embassy. I didn't think you'd
get the chance to get to a phone.

VENUS: Oh but I did. Except I
didn't ring you. I rang my
landlady to stop the milk.

THE END.