

the AVENGERS

TONY PELLY

A.B.C. Television Limited,
Broom Road, Teddington,
Middlesex,
TEDDINGTON Lock 3252

REHEARSAL SCRIPT

Episode 47

Prod. No. 3520

VTR/ABC/2366

"THE WHITE DWARF"

by

MALCOLM HULKE

STORY EDITOR
RICHARD BATES

DESIGNED BY
TERRY GREEN

PRODUCER
JOHN BRYCE

DIRECTED BY
RICHMOND HARDING

Floor Manager Pat Kennedy
Stage Manager Shirley Cleghorn
Production Assistant Iris Frederick/Pamela Bedford

FIRST READING: Sunday, 3rd February, 1963. at 10.30 a.m. Rehearsal Rm 2A, Tedd.

REHEARSALS: Monday, 4th February, - Thursday, 14th February
Rehearsal Rm 2A, Tedd.

CAMERA REHEARSAL: Friday, 15th February, 1963. Studio Two, Teddington.

VTR: Saturday, 16th February, 1963. " " "

TXM: Saturday, 16th February, 1963. Networked.

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24.1.63.



ABC

CAST

STEED
CATHY
MINISTER OF SCIENCE
HENRY BARKER
MAXWELL BARKER
JOHNSON
PROFESSOR CARTRIGHT
ELIZABETH FULLER
LUKE RICHTER
PROFESSOR RAHIM

PROFESSOR RICHTER
BUTLER
MISS TREGARTH

SETS

STEED'S FLAT

HENRY BARKER'S OFFICE

MAXWELL BARKER'S APARTMENT

TELESCOPE CHAMBER

OBSERVATORY OFFICE

CORRIDOR

GUEST-HOUSE; LOUNGE AND HALL



- 1 -

ACT ONE

EXT. TOR POINT, OBSERVATORY. NIGHT.

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

INT. TELESCOPE CHAMBER. NIGHT.

CLOSE UP ON A SYDEREAL CLOCK, WHICH TICKS SLOWLY AND LOUDLY. WIDEN SHOT TO SHOW THE GIANT TELESCOPE ANGLED AT 45°.

CUT TO A VIEW UP THE SIDE OF THE TELESCOPE. IT IS "LOOKING" THROUGH A SEGMENT TAKEN OUT OF THE ROOF, AND THROUGH THIS WE CAN SEE THE NIGHT SKY AND SOME STARS.

CUT TO PROFESSOR RICHER SEATED IN THE OBSERVER'S CHAIR UNDER THE TELESCOPE. THE CHAIR IS TILTED BACKWARDS 45°. IN RICHTER'S LEFT HAND IS A COMPENSATOR-SWITCH, ITS LONG LEAD TRAILING OFF TO THE TELESCOPE'S ELEVATING MECHANISM. AS RICHTER OBSERVES, HE WORKS THE COMPENSATOR SWITCH WITH HIS THUMB. WITH HIS RIGHT HAND, HE IS MAKING NOTES ON TO A PAD FIXED BY THE CHAIR. NEAR TO HIS MOUTH IS A SMALL MICROPHONE ON A STALK, WHICH IS CONNECTED TO A TAPE RECORDER THAT IS RUNNING CONTINUALLY.

RICHTER: (INTO MIKE) The White Dwarf, Richter Alpha, is now in maximum luminosity, as previously calculated. I shall now compare its position with plates taken six months ago.

RICHTER REACHES OUT AND TAKES FROM PHOTOGRAPH PLATES. HE STARTS TO FIT A PLATE INTO THE SLOTTED FRAME UNDER THE TELESCOPE'S EYE-PIECE.

- 1 -

CUT TO RICHTER'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE TELESCOPE. WE SEE A SECTION OF THE NIGHT SKY THROUGH A CIRCLE (WE NOW SEE MANY MORE STARS PER SQUARE INCH THAN WE DID BY OUR "NAKED" EYE THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE OBSERVATORY, BECAUSE A TELESCOPE THROWS UP A VAST NUMBER OF FEEBLE STARS NEVER SEEN BY THE NAKED EYE).

THE STARS ARE BRILLIANT WHITE DOTS. NOW THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES SLIDES OVER OUR VIEW: AND, AS IT COMES INTO POSITION, THE STARS ALMOST BUT DON'T QUITE COINCIDE INTO THE SAME PATTERN. EACH STAR HAS BECOME DOUBLED IN OUR VISION, SINCE ALTHOUGH THE PLATE IS NOW IN POSITION THE TELESCOPE IS OFF TRUE AIM.

CUT TO RICHTER, AND DRAW ATTENTION TO THE COMPENSATOR SWITCH IN HIS LEFT HAND. HE WORKS THE TOGGLE TO THE LEFT, THEN TO THE RIGHT, ETC.

CUT TO RICHTER'S P.O.V. THROUGH TELESCOPE. THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATE SLIDES FRACTIONALLY FIRST TO ONE SIDE, THEN TO THE OTHER, SO THAT THE STARS DOUBLE, THEN BECOME SINGLE, THEN DOUBLE AGAIN. FINALLY THE TWO IMAGES LOCK-ON. ALL THE STARS MATCH IN POSITION EXACTLY, EXCEPT FOR ONE WHICH IS VERY SLIGHTLY BRIGHTER THAN THE OTHERS. OF THIS, WE NOW SEE TWO - ONE ON THE PLATE (THE WHITE DWARF AS IT WAS SIX MONTHS AGO) AND THE OTHER THROUGH THE PLATE (THE WHITE DWARF AS IT IS NOW)

CUT TO RICHTER.

- 3 -

RICHTER: (INTO MICROPHONE) As far as can be seen, the Dwarf ~~is~~ now three degrees from its previous position, on an elliptical orbit, which would seem to contradict previous expectations that the Dwarf would -

THE THIN FLEX OF THE COMPENSATOR SWITCH IS DRAWN OVER RICHTER'S FACE AND AROUND HIS NECK. HE IS STRANGLER BY SOMEONE STANDING BEHIND HIM, WHOM WE DO NOT SEE.

CUT TO THE SYDEREAL CLOCK. THERE IS NOTHING TO HEAR BUT THE STEADY TICKING OF THE CLOCK.

SUPER CREDITS:

THE WHITE DWARF.

INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

STEED IS ALONE, ON THEPHONE. HE IS IN A DRESSING GOWN.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Yes, all right, I've got that. She should be here any moment now - I phoned her this morning half an hour ago. Right, I'll call you back.

STEED HANGS UP. HE IS ABOUT TO POUR HIMSELF ANOTHER CUP OF MORNING COFFEE WHEN

SOUND: FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

- 3 -

- 4 -

STEED GOES TO OPEN THE DOOR. IT IS CATHY.
SHE ENTERS.

CATHY: (REGARDING STEED'S DRESSING GOWN
AND PYJAMAS) Well, who sounded as
though they'd got up with the lark on
the phone half an hour ago?

STEED CONTINUES POURING COFFEE.

STEED: I've been talking to One Ten
ever since then. Coffee?

CATHY: Thanks.

STEED GIVES CATHY A CUP OF COFFEE.

CATHY: What's all the panic?

STEED: Have you seen the newspapers
yet?

CATHY: You expect me to be round here
in thirty minutes flat, and to have read
the newspapers?

STEED: Take a look at this -

STEED SHOWS CATHY A COPY OF THE "MORNING
STANDARD", WHOSE HEADLINE ANNOUNCES:

ARMY LEAVE STOPPED

STEED: And this one -

- 4 -

- 5 -

STEED SHOWS CATHY A COPY OF "THE DAILY WORLD" WHOSE HEADLINE ANNOUNCES:-

RESERVISTS TO STAND BY

CATHY: (LOOKING AT THE NEWSPAPERS)
The army to be mobilised? Why? I thought the peace talks were going so well.

STEED: This has nothing to do with peace - or war. Do you know what a White Dwarf is? It's some sort of astronomical body.

CATHY: It's the core of a supernova.

STEED: Which, in words of not more than six letters, means what?

CATHY: Stars explode sometimes -

STEED: When you say "stars", you don't mean planets?

CATHY: No, no. The word "star" gets used very loosely. Stars are really like our sun - burning masses of gas. Every now and then one of them explodes.

STEED: "Every now and then" meaning every few million years?

CATHY: Not necessarily. There was one quite recently, in 1954. The Crab Nebula is the debris from it. You see, when a star explodes - as our sun will, one day - there's an enormous out-throwing of matter. During the next few days the light and heat of the exploding star increases from one

- 5 -

- 6 -

CATHY: (CONTINUED) to one hundred million times their original state.

STEED: And when it's all over, bar the shouting, you've got a White Dwarf?

CATHY: Yes. Probably not much bigger than our own Earth. After that, it becomes a space wanderer. There's a theory, you know, that our own Solar System started this way. First there were twin binary stars. One of them exploded, and some of the debris became the planets.

STEED: That's Professor Richter's theory, isn't it?

CATHY: If you've already read up on this, you're wasting my time, aren't you?

STEED: All I knew was that Richter had a theory about the White Dwarf, that it would come back into our Solar System one day.

CATHY: He still maintains that theory, so far as I know.

STEED: He doesn't maintain anything any more. He was murdered last night.

CATHY: (REALLY SHOCKED) That's terrible. Who would want to kill a man like him?

STEED: That's what I want to find out. Also, why Richter's notes were stolen, and a tape recorder he was using destroyed. You see, it seems Richter was making a very

- 6 -

- 7 -

STEED: (CONTINUED) important observation last night. Six months ago he reported to the Ministry of Science that the White Dwarf would re-enter the Solar System fifteen months from then. That gives us nine months to go. Last night he should have been able to confirm or deny his calculations.

CATHY: Do you know what the Dwarf's return would mean?

STEED: It would go for the Sun, wouldn't it?

CATHY: A thimbleful of White Dwarf matter weighs a thousand tons by our standards. It has more gravitational pull than anything else in the Universe. It would go for the Sun all right; but it would take us with it. If this news got out, there'd be world-wide panic.

STEED: (INDICATING THE NEWSPAPERS) The government know that. Hence the mobilisation of the armed forces, to keep law and order. But they're not telling anybody else yet.

CATHY: But other countries, and other observatories, have a right to know.

STEED: Not if there's the slightest possibility of a leak - which there might be if communiqués are sent all over the world.

- 7 -

- 6 -

CATHY: Just when is the Government going to let everybody know that the world's coming to an end?

STEED: That's being decided this morning. Our problem is to find out why Richter was killed.

CATHY: Your problem, Steed.

STEED GOES UP TO CATHY, HE IS VERY SERIOUS.

STEED: Have you ever been to Tor Point Observatory in Cornwall? I'm sure you'll find it a fascinating place. The Cornish Express leaves in half-an-hour.

CATHY: And just what will you be doing while I'm away?

STEED: What do you think? Having myself a good time, while there's still time to have it.

STILL - ESTABLISHING SHOT.

A SHOT OF BIG BEN.

EXT. MINISTRY OF SCIENCE. DAY.

CLOSE UP OF PLAQUE READING:-

MINISTRY OF SCIENCE

DIVISION OF ASTRONOMY.

SOUND: (O.S.) Boom of Big Ben.
London traffic.

- 8 -

INT. HENRY BARKER'S OFFICE, DAY.

SOUND: (O.S.) SUBDUED CARRY-OVER OF
BOOM OF BIG BEN.

THIS IS THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF
SCIENCE. WE CAN SEE BIG BEN THROUGH THE
WINDOW. HENRY BARKER IS WAITING. THE
MINISTER ENTERS, IN STREET CLOTHES AND
WITH BRIEF CASE.

MINISTER: Good morning, Barker. Is there
any further news?

THE MINISTER TAKES OFF HIS COAT, GETS
HIMSELF BEHIND HIS DESK, IS QUICKLY
GLANCING AT MORNING MAIL AS HE TALKS.

BARKER: No, sir.

MINISTER: I've been on to the Prime
Minister. He's seeing the Cabinet this
morning. (HE THROWS DOWN SOME PAPERS)
It's absolutely incredible - the one man
who had been following the path of the
Dwarf to be murdered!

BARKER: I phoned Tor Point again last
night, sir, and told Professor Cartright
not to inform the local police.

MINISTER: Yes, quite right. Whoever
killed him will have to go scott free for
the moment. Of course you know what the
Service chiefs will say? - Why didn't
we let them occupy the place six months
ago!

BARKER: That would have drawn too much
attention to it.

- 10 -

MINISTER: That's what I told the PM.
Have you found out when they can make
another observation?

BARKER: Yes, sir. Just before mid-night
on Wednesday.

MINISTER: But that's another four days!

BARKER: It's the first possible time
when this hemisphere will be facing
the Dwarf again at night.

MINISTER: Then I'll have to suggest
to the Prime Minister that he holds back the
communique to other governments until
after that observation. We certainly
can't pronounce world doom on the basis
of an observation made six months ago.
Tell Cartwright that we'll want to hear
from him by one a.m. on Thursday morning.
Meantime I'll tell the P.M. what's
happening.

BARKER: Yes, sir.

STILL- ESTABLISHING SHOT.

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF OBSERVATORY
EXTERIOR, DAY.

OFFICE.
INT. OBSERVATORY/ DAY.

CARTRIGHT IS ON THE TELEPHONE, BY HIM
ARE FULLER AND RAHIM. THE VOICE OF
HENRY BARKER IS AMPLIFIED FOR THE BENEFIT
OF FULLER AND RAHIM BY A TELEPHONE AMPLIFIER.

- 10 -

- 11 -

CARTRIGHT: (INTO PHONE) Mr. Barker,
we must inform the police.

BARKER: I'm afraid that's quite out
of the question, Professor Cartright.

INTERCUT TO BARKER AT MINISTRY ON
TELEPHONE - TIGHT CLOSE UP, NO SEE.

BARKER: (INTO PHONE, CONTINUING) It
is the Ministers express wish that no
one shall be informed. He wants you
to carry on normally, make the observation
on Wednesday as planned, and inform him
immediately of your findings. Is that
understood?

CUT BACK TO CARTRIGHT.

CARTRIGHT: (INTO PHONE) It's not
understood, but I take it we have no
option. Just what is supposed to have
happened to Professor Richter?

BARKER: (FILTER) So far as the
Ministry is concerned, Professor Richter
is on leave - indefinitely.

CARTRIGHT: (INTO PHONE) Thank you,
and good day, Mr. Barker.

CARTRIGHT REPLACES THE PHONE, TURNS
TO FULLER AND RAHIM.

CARTRIGHT: You heard that?

FULLER AND RAHIM NOD.

- 11 -

- 12 -

FULLER: Mount Palermo in California could make an observation tonight if we could tell them.

CARTRIGHT: But we can't. If there's a leak there may be a panic - and world-wide social disorder. That's far more important, of course, than any concern for scientific truth.

RAHIM: Perhaps they are right. If you had seen what people do when they are frightened or in panic, you might agree with the officials.

CARTRIGHT: (RISING) Well, I'd better tell Luke that Whitehall has sent his father "on leave".

FULLER: I'll tell him.

CARTRIGHT PAUSES.

CARTRIGHT: If you think it would come better from you, Dr. Fuller - by all means.

FULLER EXITS.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. DAY.

FULLER COMES FROM THE OFFICE, GOES ALONG THE CORRIDOR. A DOOR OPENS AND LUKE COMES INTO THE CORRIDOR. THROUGH THE DOOR WE CATCH A GLIMPSE OF A TABLE ON WHICH IS LYING A BODY DRAPED BY A SHEET.

- 12 -

FULLER: Luke.

LUKE: Yes?

FULLER: You really shouldn't go in there, you know.

LUKE: I hadn't properly seen him since last night.

FULLER: The Ministry's been on the phone. There isn't going to be an enquiry.

LUKE: Can they decide that?

FULLER: I think it would be better if we do what they want.

LUKE: I think it would be better if we told them to go to hell. If Cartright isn't going to call in the police, then I am.

FULLER PUTS A HAND ON LUKE'S ARM.

FULLER: You've had a terrible shock. We all have. But nothing's going to bring your father back.

LUKE: I just can't understand why anyone would want to kill him. I mean, can you?

FULLER: No. But it's no good your torturing yourself about it. Why don't you go back to the guest house and get some sleep.

LUKE: I've been trying to work out who could have done this. There are only three reasons why people kill each other. Because they're frightened; because they hate; or because they hope to get something out of it. Can you think of anybody with any of those reasons for killing my father?

FULLER: Certainly no one here.

LUKE: I wonder

INT. MAXWELL BARKER'S FLAT. EVENING.

MAXWELL BARKER AND JOHNSON ARE PRESENT.
JOHNSON IS ON THE PHONE.

JOHNSON: (INTO PHONE) When the price reaches two dollars fifty, sell. Yes, the lot. Credit my number one account, Bank of New York. And phone me again tomorrow, care of Maxwell Barker, (HE LOOKS AT TELEPHONE DIAL) Hyde Park 5011 - London.

JOHNSON HANGS UP THE PHONE.

JOHNSON: (TO MAXWELL) Well, that's enough for a day's trading. (HE PRODUCES A SLIP OF PAPER) I now make the total cash reserve ... (HE TOTS UP SOME FIGURES) ... seven and a half million English pounds. You know, if you'd let some other friends of mine in on this, we could make it up to thirty-forty million.

MAXWELL: And what would be in it for us?

JOHNSON: Ten percent - twenty percent, you could name your own price. They'd be glad of the tip off. And it'd all be extra for us.

MAXWELL: It would all be extra risk too.

JOHNSON: Not necessarily. When we start buying, our names are going to stick out like sore thumbs. If there are other people buying, it would make it look like we were not the only people who didn't believe the world was coming to an end.

MAXWELL: But we won't be buying under our own names, remember. At least I won't.

JOHNSON: But Max, couldn't we do with those additional percentages?

MAXWELL: We could, if we knew we were going to get them. You might get four shillings out of a man who's earned a pound on your tip-off. But you try getting four million out of anyone who's earned twenty million. He'd tell you to go and whistle.

JOHNSON: (PREPARING TO LEAVE) I just thought we might do some friends of mine a favour.

MAXWELL: When you are one of the two richest men in the world, that's the time to think about doing favours. Even then, I'd consider it a sign of moral weakness.

MAXWELL SHOWS JOHNSON TOWARDS THE DOOR.

WHEN MAXWELL OPENS THE DOOR HENRY BARKER IS STANDING OUTSIDE, ABOUT TO RING.

MAXWELL: Henry - I didn't expect you.

BARKER: (SEEING JOHNSON) I'm sorry I hope I'm not butting in.

JOHNSON: (TO BARKER) Don't worry about me. I'm just leaving. (TO MAXWELL) See you tomorrow.

JOHNSON EXITS. BARKER ENTERS.
BARKER AND MAXWELL COME FURTHER INTO THE ROOM.

MAXWELL: Well, let me get you a drink.

BARKER: Thanks.

MAXWELL GOES TO DRINKS CABINET.
BARKER SITS DOWN, VERY MUCH AT HOME.

BARKER: You're seeing a lot of that fellow Johnson these days.

MAXWELL: It's good to keep up overseas contacts. He's a big man on Wall Street.

MAXWELL GIVES BARKER THE DRINK.

BARKER: You know, for brothers we couldn't be more different, could we?

MAXWELL: (CHEERFULLY) I don't know. Just because you don't like my friends and I don't like yours.....

BARKER: I've got nothing really against Johnson. (SMILING) He's probably no more unscrupulous than you are.

MAXWELL: We can't all dedicate our lives to public service. Someone has to keep the wheels of commerce turning.

BARKER: Oh, is that what you call it. Well, if Professor Richter was right there aren't going to be any wheels of commerce any more - or anything else. All your efforts to scratch a meagre living of how ever many millions a year it is will be brought to nought.

MAXWELL: I thought there was going to be an announcement today?

BARKER: They couldn't make the observation last night.

MAXWELL GOES TO REFILL HIS GLASS,
TURNS AWAY FROM BARKER.

MAXWELL: Too cloudy or something

BARKER: A technical hitch.

MAXWELL: But the Government must tell the people fairly soon, surely?

BARKER: There are two points of view inside the Cabinet. One is to tell other governments straight away so that armies and police forces can be mobilised to maintain public order.

MAXWELL: Then what happens if you find out Richter was wrong?

BARKER: The world will have been thrown into social chaos for nothing. The other point of view is to say nothing until the Tor Point astronomers have been able to make sufficient observations to be completely sure that there's no hope. The one thing the Cabinet does agree on is that the world should learn its fate in a proper and orderly way.

MAXWELL: So between these two extremes, what masterstroke of British compromise has finally been decided?

BARKER: The next possible observation is Wednesday midnight. If Tor Point confirm Richter's theory then, communique will be sent to other governments at one o'clock Thursday morning, and the Prime Minister will speak to the country some hours later. What, of course, the Government would prefer is if there had been any other independent observations of the Dwarf.

MAXWELL: But surely all the time it's up there there's the possibility of some other astronomer seeing it?

BARKER: The chances of any astronomer even looking at the Dwarf, quite apart from observing its path, are on a par with your looking through a pin-hole and happening to pick out a particular seagull nesting on the cliffs of Dover.

MAXWELL: You really think this is going to happen?

BARKER: I find it difficult to believe Richter could have been wrong.

MAXWELL: I was thinking, if it comes to the worst, you and Mary might like to join me at my villa on the French Riviera. We could live it up a bit.

BARKER: I haven't planned my summer leave, yet.

MAXWELL: But you're forgetting, Henry. The world may be coming to an end. If we're going to be dragged into the Sun, it'll be summer all the way for all of us - until we melt.

EXT. TOR POINT GUEST HOUSE. NIGHT.

C.U. OF PLAQUE READING:-

TOR POINT GUEST HOUSE
VEGETARIANS ONLY
Prop: Miss Edwina Tregarth.

INT. TOR POINT GUEST HOUSE. NIGHT.

THE HALL IS LIKE THAT OF A PRIVATE HOUSE, EXCEPT FOR THE BELL PLACED ON A SMALL TABLE, AND A BAIZE LETTER RACK. THE HALL IS OVER-FURNISHED CLUTTERED WITH OBJECTS. A BAROMETER HANGS FROM THE WALL. CATHY ENTERS BY THE FRONT DOOR CARRYING A SUITCASE. SHE SEES THE NOTE READING "RING FOR ATTENTION" AND RINGS THE BELL. MISS TREGARTH APPEARS FROM THE BACK OF THE HALL IN A FLORAL HOUSECOAT.

CATHY: Good evening. I'm Dr. Gale.
You're expecting me.

MISS TREGARTH: Oh yes, I've got your
room ready. You'll be at the
Observatory, will you?

CATHY: That's right.

MISS TREGARTH: They all stay
here. There's been hardly a room
to spare since that place opened. There's
one of them waiting for you in the Lounge.

MISS TREGARTH GOES TO OPENING TO LOUNGE.

MISS TREGARTH: Professor Fuller, Dr.
Gale's here. (SHE TURNS BACK TO CATHY)

CATHY: Could I possibly have something
to eat?

MISS TREGARTH: Yes of course. Carrot
soup, herb omelette and baked bananas
be all right?

CATHY: Thank you.

CUT TO FULLER STANDING IN THE OPENING
TO THE LOUNGE.

FULLER: Dr. Gale? I'm Elizabeth
Fuller.

CATHY: It's nice of you to be here
to meet me.

FULLER: I was just having some coffee.
You might like to join me.

CATHY: Thank you very much.

MISS TREGARTH: I'll show you your
room after dinner.

MISS TREGARTH GOES. CATHY GOES INTO THE
LOUNGE.

CUT TO THE LOUNGE. FULLER HAS SOME
COFFEE THINGS ON AN OCCASIONAL TABLE
NEXT TO THE BAY WINDOW.

FULLER: This is the lounge - and tea
room. It's not quite the Ritz, but
we manage. Do you take molasses?

CATHY: I have done.

FULLER: You don't get sugar here,
or meat. We're all growing increasingly
thin and increasingly healthy.

CATHY IS ABOUT TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE.

FULLER: And we don't smoke at least not
when Miss Tregarth's around. I hope
you can stand the pace of our high living.

CATHY: This is the only
place to stay round here, isn't it?

FULLER:

It's the only place near the Observatory - unless you can afford to run a car. An astronomer's pay hardly allows such luxuries in this country. You've been working abroad, haven't you?

CATHY: I was at Madras for two years.

FULLER: India. That must have been interesting, but a bit remote.

CATHY: We managed to keep up with things.

FULLER: You knew Cartright and Richter of course?

CATHY: I know their work. Your's too, of course. I was very impressed with your paper on the asteroid belt.

FULLER: I didn't seem to impress Tikhov. You know him, I suppose.

CATHY: No, I haven't been to Russia. At least not to any observatories there. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) What is Professor Richter working on now?

CUT TO LUKE RICHTER STANDING IN DOORWAY.

LUKE: He's gone away, on indefinite leave.

CUT BACK TO FULLER AND CATHY.

FULLER: This is Dr. Luke Richter.
(TO LUKE) Dr. Gale.

- 23 -

LUKE ENTERS, SHAKES HANDS WITH CATHY.

LUKE: Very pleased to meet you, Dr. Gale.

FULLER: (BRIGHTLY) Dr. Gale's been at Mandasor the last two years.

LUKE: Then you should feel at home here. We have Professor Rahim on loan from Bombay - you must have met him out there. I'm sure he'll be delighted to see you again.

INT. OBSERVATORY OFFICE. NIGHT.

CARTRIGHT IS WORKING AT THE SPECTRUM METER, A BOX-LIKE OBJECT WITH SOMETHING LIKE A MICROSCOPE ON TOP, CARTRIGHT IS LOOKING DOWN THE MICROSCOPE. WHEN WE CUT TO HIS P.O.V. WE SEE A STRIP OF FILM BEARING GRADIATED LINES, LIKE A FENCE WITH A CURVED TOP. HE IS MAKING NOTES OF WHAT HE SEES. RAHIM ENTERS.

RAHIM: Professor Cartright?

CARTRIGHT: Yes?

RAHIM: What is the lowest possible angle of the telescope?

CARTRIGHT LOOKS UP FROM HIS WORK.

CARTRIGHT: Twenty degrees. Why?

RAHIM: I have been thinking about the Dwarf.

CARTRIGHT: (CUTTING IN) It won't be over the horizon.

RAHIM: I know, I know. Not for four more night. But we have the plates of Professor Fuller's observations of the comet Brondima -

RAHIM CROSSES TO WALL CHART TO EXPLAIN.

RAHIM: (CONTINUING) - which is also at an angle of 87 degrees to the planetary disc, but of course more distant than the Dwarf. It seems to me that any movement the Dwarf has made must be reflected in the curve of Brondima, owing to the Dwarf's immense density.

CARTRIGHT: Yes, that's possible.

RAHIM: I have been studying the spectrum readings that Richter took of the Dwarf.

CARTRIGHT: (CUTTING IN) Mainly iron, isn't it?

RAHIM: Yes, it is the typical Dwarf interleaving atomic structure, with a gravitational pull of two thousand to one compared with earth. I wish your permission to make an observation of the comet Brondima.

CARTRIGHT: Yes, of course. Go ahead.
(HE CHECKS ANOTHER CHART ON THE WALL)
There'll be no-one using the telescope
tonight.

CARTRIGHT: But the chances are remote
don't you think of making a calculation
on that basis?

RAHIM: Yes, but if the chance exists
I think we should take it. I will
let you know straight away if I am
successful.

CARTRIGHT: Thank you.

RAHIM EXITS. CARTRIGHT GOES TO WALL
CHART DIARIES RAHIM'S NAME.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

RAHIM COMES FROM THE OBSERVATORY OFFICE
GOES ALONG TOWARDS THE.....

INT. TELESCOPE CHAMBER. NIGHT.

RAHIM GOES UP THE STEPS TO THE
OBSERVATION PLATFORM AND SETS TO WORK.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND FULLER ENTERS.
FOLLOWED BY CATHY AND LUKE. THEY CROSS
TO THE OBSERVATORY OFFICE.

FULLER: You see, it's not very far
from the guest-house.

CATHY: Doesn't Miss Tregarth mind your going backwards and forwards at all hours of the night?

FULLER: She's got used to that. But I'm sure she thinks there's something immoral about sleeping during the day. This is the office.

FULLER OPENS THE DOOR.

INT. OBSERVATORY OFFICE. NIGHT.

CARTRIGHT AS AT THE WHITE DWARF FILE. THE DOOR OPENS, AND FULLER, CATHY, AND LUKE ENTER.

LUKE: (TO CARTRIGHT) This is Dr. Gale.
(TO CATHY) Professor Cartright.

CARTRIGHT HAS QUICKLY PUT AWAY THE FILE, GOES TO SHAKE HANDS WITH CATHY.

CARTRIGHT: Very pleased to meet you, Dr. Gale.

CATHY OPENS HER HANDBAG, PRODUCES A LETTER.

CATHY: My letter of introduction from the Ministry.

CARTRIGHT GLANCES AT THE LETTER.

CARTRIGHT: Yes, of course.
(HANDING BACK THE LETTER) Well we haven't started to observe Mars from here yet.

CARTRIGHT: (CONT'D) But you're very welcome. You'll be staying until its opposition, I suppose.

CATHY: I would like to.

CARTRIGHT: (A LITTLE EMBARRASSED BY THE INTRODUCTION OF A STRANGER) Not at all. You'll let me know if there's anything you want, of course. (HE INDICATES THE WALL CHART) We diary our programmes up here. It usually works out quite well.

FULLER LOOKS AT THE DIARY WALL CHART.

FULLER: I see Professor Rahip's using the telescope. I didn't know we had anything programmed for tonight.

CARTRIGHT: He had an idea about Alpha Richter. I will tell you about it later. (CHANGING THE SUBJECT) The journals have arrived.

FULLER: Thank you.

CARTRIGHT: (CONTINUING, NOW TO CATHY) If you'll excuse me, I have some plates to develop. Perhaps Dr. Richter could show you round?

CATHY: Thank you.

CARTRIGHT EXITS.

FULLER: (TO CATHY) If you don't mind, there's something I want to see in this month's "Astrophysical Review". (TO LUKE) I'll be in the library.

FULLER EXITS.

LUKE: (TO CATHY) I'm afraid you'll find us a bit preoccupied at the moment (HE OPENS THE DOOR) Would you like to see the telescope now.

CATHY: Thank you.

CATHY EXITS, FOLLOWED BY LUKE.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

CATHY AND LUKE ENTER FROM THE OFFICE GO IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TELESCOPE CHAMBER.

LUKE: They call this place new, but as you'll see half the equipment's been handed down. But the telescope itself is brand new.

THEY HAVE REACHED THE FOOT OF THE STEPS LEADING UP TO THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM. THE LOWER AREA WHERE THEY ARE STANDING WELL-LIT, BUT THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM JUST ABOVE THEM IS VERY DARK.

LUKE: Shall I lead the way up?

CATHY: Yes, please do.

LUKE GOES UP THE STEPS, FOLLOWED BY CATHY.

LUKE: Rahim will certainly be surprised to see you.

CATHY: It's possible he won't remember me.

THEY HAVE REACHED THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM, PAUSE AT TOP OF THE STEPS.

LUKE: (CALLING) Do you mind if I put some lights on?

THERE IS NO ANSWER.

LUKE: (CALLING) Rahim?

NO ANSWER. LUKE TURNS TO CATHY.

LUKE: Just a moment. I'll put some lights on.

CATHY CROSSES TOWARDS THE OBSERVER'S CHAIR, WHERE WE CAN SEE A RECLINING FIGURE. LUKE GOES TO A BATTERY OF SWITCHES ON THE WALL.

LUKE: (CALLING TO CATHY) Mind you don't trip over anything.

CATHY COMES UP TO THE OBSERVER'S CHAIR AT THE SAME TIME AS THE LIGHTS GO ON.

RAHIM IS IN THE OBSERVER'S CHAIR, DEAD.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT 11

INT. MAXWELL BARKER'S FLAT. DAY.

THE BUTLER GOES TO OPEN THE FRONT
DOOR. JOHNSON ENTERS.

JOHNSON: Mr. Barker's expecting me.

THE BUTLER TAKES JOHNSON'S HAT,
AND JOHNSON ENTERS THE MAIN ROOM.

CUT TO MAXWELL ON THE TELEPHONE.

MAXWELL: (INTO PHONE)

Yes, all right, (REPEATING AND WRITING
DOWN THE NAME) ^{Dr.} Gale. I've got that.
Thanks. 'Bye.

MAXWELL PUTS DOWN THE PHONE. HE TURNS
TO ACKNOWLEDGE JOHNSON, WHO IS MAKING
HIMSELF VERY MUCH AT HOME.

BUTLER: Would you like some coffee, sir?

JOHNSON: Thanks.

BUTLER GOES.

JOHNSON: Well, and what did your
brother have to say last night?

MAXWELL: Nothin' that we don't know. Except
that there are elements inside the
Government who'd rather not make the
announcement on the basis of our man's
observations. (INDICATING THE PHONE) I've
just had a call from the Observatory.
Professor Rahim was killed last night.

JOHNSON: Who?

MAXWELL: Rahim. He was from the University of Bombay.

JOHNSON: That could mean a police investigation.

MAXWELL: I know. The sooner this business is over, the better.

JOHNSON: You can't expect to make as much money as this without some risk. Or maybe I come from a tougher school than you.

MAXWELL: I doubt it. It's just that there's a Dr. Gale down there, as a guest of the Ministry.

JOHNSON: Never heard of him.

MAXWELL: It's a woman. Her visit may be just a coincidence, but it couldn't have happened at a worst time.

JOHNSON: Is this your brother's doing?

MAXWELL: No.

THE BUTLER ENTERS WITH MORNING COFFEE.

JOHNSON: (TO MAXWELL) You were saying about elements in the Government -
MAXWELL TELEGRAPHS TO JOHNSON TO SHUT UP
JOHNSON SHUTS UP. THE BUTLER EXITS.

MAXWELL: They don't want to take the risk of the newspapers getting hold of a story before they make an official announcement. On the other hand, they'd be much happier about making that announcement if there had been other independent observers.

JOHNSON: Maybe we could fix that?

MAXWELL: How?

JOHNSON: There's a man I can put pressure on. (HE TAKES UP THE TELEPHONE) Mind if I call New Jersey?

MAXWELL: Go ahead.

JOHNSON DIALS THREE DIDGETS.

JOHNSON: (INTO PHONE) Hello? I want to make a person-to-person call what? Yeah, a personal call to Professor James Larsen, University of New Jersey. This is Hyde Park 5011. Okay, I'll be by this phone.

INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

CATHY AND STEED ARE PRESENT. CATHY IS IN STREET CLOTHES.

STEED: You think Professor Rahim was looking for the White Dwarf?

CATHY: I'm certain of it. They all know what happened to Richter, and what he was on to.

- 33 -

STEED: So they're playing it dumb?

CATHY: They're doing exactly what they've been told. They're loyal.

STEED: Yes. But to whom? I've been doing some investigating on my own here -

CATHY: By remote control?

STEED: In a way, yes. I've been asking myself why would anyone want to kill Richter -

CATHY: Sounds like right-thinking.

STEED: (IGNORING HER, CONTINUING)
If the White Dwarf's coming, we'll all fry together. So there's no points in anyone murdering anyone else. But what if Richter was wrong?

CATHY: None of the people around him seem to think he was ever wrong.

STEED: But how can you say anything is right or wrong in astromomy?

CATHY: Obviously it's all theoretical. But "right" means a theory which is mathematically watertight. "Wrong" means one that isn't.

STEED: But scientists have been wrong, sometimes. And Richter was an old man. Just to be purely theoretical for a moment, who could gain anything out of a widespread panic about something that isn't going to happen?

- 33 -

CATHY: To gain a political point, or make money?

STEED: Either.

CATHY: Politically the social order will come to an abrupt stop the moment the news gets out. No one will care any more.

STEED: Exactly. There'll be chaos, and a general feeling that nothing matters. The country that knew this was a fake scare could march in wherever it liked.

CATHY: Except they'd have their own military forces to contend with. They wouldn't care, either.

STEED: Which brings us to one other possibility. What happens in the world's stock exchanges if there's a threat of war?

CATHY: Prices drop - except for armaments. I begin to see what you mean.

STEED: As soon as the Government sends out it's communique, every observatory in the world will be trained on the White Dwarf. But it'll be a day or two before they can deny or confirm the threat. That would give ample time for a shrewd operator to buy up half the world's stock market shares on the cheap - the biggest killing in history.

CATHY: That still doesn't explain Richter's death.

STEED: But it might if he was about to contradict what he'd told the Government six months ago.

(STEED PRODUCES A LONG SHEET OF PAPER.)
I've listed ^{every} well-known financier who has been selling on the grand scale in the past few months. The man who intends to buy up half the world is going to need every penny he can lay his hands on.

STEED HANDS THE LIST TO CATHY.

CATHY: But there are twenty or thirty names here.

STEED: Yes, but most of them have perfectly legitimate reasons for selling. It's the other I'm interested in.

CATHY: Just a minute - there's a name here that rings a bell....Maxwell Barker. (CATHY TAKES FROM HER HANDBAG THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION FROM THE MINISTRY OF SCIENCE) My letter of introduction from the Ministry of Science, (READING FROM THE LETTER) "I beg to remain your faithful servant - Something Something unreadable - for and on behalf of Henry Barker, Chief of the Division of Astronomy." They could be related.

STEED: (LOOKING AT THE LETTER) They could indeed.

INT. MINISTRY OF SCIENCE. DAY.

THIS IS HENRY BARKER'S OFFICE) -
(I.E. THE PREVIOUS OFFICE SET RE →
DRESSED) HENRY BARKER IS AT HIS DESK.
SEATED BEFORE HIM IS CARTRIGHT, IN
STREET CLOTHES. THE MINISTER ENTERS.
BARKER IS ABOUT TO RISE.

MINISTER: No, don't get up Barker.
(HE CROSSES STRAIGHT TO CARTRIGHT)
Good to see you again, Professor.

CARTRIGHT: (CONTINUING QUICKLY) I
can't tell you how shocked I am about
Rahim's death.

CARTRIGHT: I've been telling Mr.
Barker that I think it's time we did
go to the police.

MINISTER: I couldn't agree more. But
I'm afraid it's quite out of the question.

CARTRIGHT: But surely you must inform
Bombay about Professor Rahim! We can't
keep this "accident" quiet.

MINISTER: We'll have to. At least
until after the observation.

CARTRIGHT: Then we must have some
sort of protection at the observatory.
(SUDDENLY) I've really a good mind
to go straight round to Scotland Yard.

MINISTER: (TO BARKER) Have you tried
to explain the Government's views to
Professor Cartright?

BARKER: Yes, sir. (TO CARTRIGHT)
I'm afraid, Professor, that unless you
can give us your absolute assurance
that you will not inform the police,
we cannot even permit you to return
to the Observatory.

CARTRIGHT: I see. Then perhaps you'd
like to accompany me back there to
explain the official mind to my colleagues.

MINISTER: That might be a very good
idea, (WITH A SMILE) provided your
colleagues aren't going to regard Mr.
Barker as a Whitehall spy into their
private lives. (TO BARKER) You might
also be able to assist Professor
Cartright with some security arrangements.
(TO CARTRIGHT) I hope that would be
quite agreeable to you?

CARTRIGHT: We certainly don't want
any more trouble there.

MINISTER: Good. Then that's settled.
(TO BARKER) I shall want you to tele-
phone me at my private number immedi-
ately after the observation on
Wednesday night. (CONTINUING TO
CARTRIGHT) The Cabinet has decided
that if you are able to contradict
Richter, there will be no announcement
at all. But if your observation con-
firms his predictions, coded messages
will be sent to British embassies
throughout the world, and they will
inform the governments of the countries
concerned. The messages will suggest

MINISTER: (CONTD) that armed forces and the police be mobilised to maintain public order, and also that national observatories be alerted to track the Dwarf.

SOUND: INTERCOM BUZZES ON BARKER'S DESK.

BARKER: (INTO INTERCOM) Yes?

GIRL: (FILTER) There's a Mr. Steed to see you, sir.

BARKER GLANCES AT HIS DESK DIARY.

BARKER: (INTO INTERCOM) I'm rather tied up at the moment.

MINISTER: No, don't let me interrupt your work, Barker. (TO CARTRIGHT) Are you going straight back to the observatory?

CARTRIGHT: (SOURLY) If I may.

MINISTER: Then I'll have my chauffeur take you to catch your train. We'll be out of Mr. Barker's way.

THE MINISTER STARTS TO PROPEL CARTRIGHT OUT OF THE OFFICE, AS.....

BARKER: (INTO INTERCOM) All right, send Mr. Steed in.

CARTRIGHT PAUSES AT THE DOOR, TURNS TO BARKER.

- 39 -

CARTRIGHT: When do you plan to come down.

BARKER: That depends on the Minister -

MINISTER: (BEAMING, OPENING THE DOOR)
We'll see to all that, Professor.

STEED IS ABOUT TO ENTER THROUGH THE NOW OPENED DOOR. WE CAN SEE HIM STEP BACK TO LET CARTRIGHT EXIT.

MINISTER: (CONFIDENTIALLY TO BARKER)
We'll have a talk about this later.

THE MINISTER EXITS. AS HE DOES SO HE GIVES A BEAMING ELECTROAL SMILE TO STEED.

MINISTER: (TO STEED) Good morning.

STEED RAISES HIS HAT, BUT ALREADY THE MINISTER HAS HURRIED AWAY WITH CARTRIGHT. STEED NOW ENTERS THE OFFICE.

STEED: (ENTERING) It's a rare privilege to see Sr. Charles in person.

BARKER: Do you know the minister?

STEED: Not personally. The gentleman with him, that was Professor Cartright, of Tor Point Observatory, wasn't it?

BARKER: (CAUTIOUSLY) Yes. (LOOKING AT HIS DESK DIARY) I'm afraid I am not quite clear what you wanted to see me about, Mr. Steed. Your secretary wasn't very precise on the telephone.

- 39 -

- 40 -

STEED: You know how difficult it is trying to get a good secretary these days. In any case, I didn't want to worry the poor girl. (HE PRODUCES A VISITING CARD) My card.

BARKER TAKES THE CARD, LOOKS AT IT.

STEEL: We are stockbrokers for some of the most successful investors and financiers in the country. You've probably heard of us.

BARKER: I'm sorry, I'm not very well up on the City. (RETURNING THE CARD) I'm afraid I don't quite see what....

STEED: It's very simple really. I have to advise my clients when to buy and when to sell. And I thought you would be the best person to tell me whether we really are going to be wiped out by the White Dwarf?

HOLD ON BARKER'S REACTION.

INT. MAXWELL BARKER'S FLAT. DAY.

JOHNSON IS ON THE PHONE. MAXWELL IS STANDING BY.

JOHNSON: (INTO PHONE)...tell them that you didn't want to say anything until you were sure. Say you saw it the first time six months ago, if you like, and you've been studying the problem completely independently. I expect to hear some results of your observations within the next twelve hours. Okay? 'Bye.

- 40 -

- 41 -

JOHNSON HANGS UP.

SOUND: DOOR BELL RINGS.

JOHNSON: You expecting anyone?

MAXWELL: Not particularly.

CUT TO: THE FRONT DOOR. THE BUTLER APPEARS FROM ANOTHER DOOR OF THE FLAT, OPENS THE FRONT DOOR. HENRY BARKER IS STANDING THERE.

BARKER: Is my brother in?

BUTLER: Yes, sir.

BARKER ENTERS. BUTLER TAKES HIS HAT AND UMBRELLA.

BARKER: He's not expecting me, but I'm sure it'll be all right.

BUTLER: I'm sure it will be, Mr. Henry.

THE BUTLER LEADS THE WAY INTO THE MAIN ROOM.

CUT TO THE MAIN ROOM AS THE BUTLER ENTERS, BARKER BEHIND HIM.

BUTLER: (TO MAXWELL) Your brother, sir.

BARKER COMES INTO THE ROOM. BUTLER GOES OFF.

MAXWELL: Hello, Henry. I thought you'd still be at the Ministry.

- 41 -

- 42 -

JOHNSON ACKNOWLEDGES BARKER'S ENTRANCE,
BUT BARKER ALMOST IGNORES HIM.

BARKER: (TO MAX) There's something
I wanted to see you about.

MAXWELL: Well let me get you a drink
first.

BARKER: Not just now. (INDICATING
JOHNSON) It's rather personal Max.

MAXWELL LOOKS TO JOHNSON. JOHNSON RISES.

JOHNSON: (AFFABLY) I can take my-
self off to the study -

JOHNSON EXITS.

BARKER: (TO MAXWELL) I'll come
straight to the point, Max. There
was a man in my office just half an
hour ago from the City. He knew all
about the White Dwarf.

MAXWELL: I thought I was the only
person you'd told.

BARKER: That's true. But -

MAXWELL: Now just a minute, Henry,
before you jump to any conclusions.
How many people work in the Ministry
of Science?

BARKER: (TRYING TO KEEP DOWN HIS
TEMPER) I've no idea -

- 42 -

- 43 -

MAXWELL: (CONTINUING COOLLY) And how many people are employed at that observatory - Tor something or other.

BARKER: Tor Point. You know perfectly well how many people work there. You also know that so far as this end's concerned, I and the Minister are the only people who know what's going on.

MAXWELL: And the Prime Minister and the Cabinet.

BARKER: You are deliberately making this very difficult for me, Maxwell. He mentioned you by name.

CUT TO: JOHNSON, ROUND TURN OF WALL, EAVESDROPPING.

CUT BACK TO MAXWELL AND HENRY BARKER.

MAXWELL: Did he give you his name?

BARKER: I don't think that matters. He showed me a list of the stock you've been selling in order to raise capital. And he said that you'd been deliberately spreading a rumour round the City that the world was coming to an end.

MAXWELL: (TRUTHFULLY) That's not true!

BARKER: He had concluded that you were up to some big swindle, and that possibly there wasn't a White Dwarf at all, and that somehow you knew that!

- 43 -

- 44 -

MAXWELL: None of us are going to know that until Wednesday midnight, are we?

BARKER: (NOW GETTING ANGRY) You're just being clever and trying to switch the subject! I'd simply like to know how he got onto the Dwarf at all, if it wasn't through you.

MAXWELL: If no one in London knows anything about it except you and the Minister, what about your observatory people? You didn't answer my point about them. Maybe one of your tame professors has been indiscreet. After all you're putting them under a big strain thinking the world's coming to an end, and not being allowed to talk about it to anyone - not even their relatives, which is a restriction you didn't apply to yourself you'll remember!

BARKER: Now, Maxwell -

MAXWELL: You're accusing me of betraying you.

BARKER: This man mentioned you by name.

MAXWELL: (PROTESTING) If I saw some way of making capital out of this, I'd keep it to myself, wouldn't I?

BARKER: (PAUSE) I'm going to see the Minister tomorrow morning and offer my resignation.

- 44 -

MAXWELL: I swear I've said nothing about this to anyone.

BARKER: (PREPARING TO GO) I'll always stay fond of you, Max, but I'll never trust you again. I told you something because I was depressed and frightened. Now I see that I was a fool.

BARKER MAKES TO EXIT.

MAXWELL: Don't you think you ought to talk it over with Mary before you do this big Boy Scout act and ruin your career?

BARKER TAKES UP HIS HAT AND UMBRELLA,
TURNS TO MAXWELL.

BARKER: But if there is a White Dwarf, I have no career to ruin, is there?

BARKER EXITS.

CUT TO: HALLWAY. AS BARKER EXITS,
JOHNSON SLIPS BEHIND A DOOR TO BE
CONCEALED FROM BARKER. THE MOMENT
THE FRONT DOOR CLOSES BEHIND BARKER,
JOHNSON COMES OUT AGAIN.

CUT TO: MAIN ROOM. MAXWELL IS
CROSSING TOWARDS HALLWAY.

MAXWELL: (CALLING) Johnson!

BUT JOHNSON HAS ALREADY COME INTO
MAXWELL'S VIEW.

- 46 -

MAXWELL: I wanted to let you know
my brother had gone.

JOHNSON: Is that all you were going
to let me know?

MAXWELL: Were you listening?

JOHNSON: I've got stake money in
this too, remember. Do you reckon
he'll go straight home from here?

MAXWELL: What do you mean?

JOHNSON: You don't think I'm going
to let him keep his morning appointment
with the Minister, do you?

MAXWELL: Knowing my brother, I don't
think there'll be any way to stop him.

JOHNSON: There's always one way.

INT. STEED'S FLAT. NIGHT.

STEED AND CATHY ARE PRESENT.

CATHY: Do you think Henry Barker
fell for it?

STEED: Why not? After he'd thrown
me out of his office, I kept an eye on
the Ministry's front entrance. Ten
minutes later, there he was coming out
to hail a cab to take him straight to
his brother's magnificent apartment.
It couldn't have been more obvious.

- 46 -

CATHY: That doesn't prove he's done anything criminal. What would you do if someone came bursting in here and accused your brother of perpetrating a swindle?

STEED: I only had sisters. Anyway, whether Henry Barker's guilty of deliberately selling secrets, or just a fool who can't keep his mouth shut. the end result is the same.

CATHY: This is all presupposing, of course, that it's a swindle and there's no real Dwarf?

STEED PICKS UP A BOOK, READS FROM IT.

STEED: Listen to this. (READING)
"Based on the radioactive decay of uranium deposits which have turned into lead, the existence of the Earth as a separate body can be calculated as about two thousand million years. There is an alternative theory, put forward by the Archbishop of Armagh on 1654, that the Earth began at nine o'clock in the morning on the 26th October in the year four thousand and four, B.C., but later research would seem to question this." (HE CLOSES THE BOOK) Whichver of those dates you like to accept, Cathy, the Earth's been doing quite nicely, for a long, long time. I just don't see why it should go out of business now.

- 48 -

CATHY: That's probably what people were saying before the Flood. But it happened just the same. I know cosmic collision is a rare event in the Universe; but it can happen, and it could happen to us.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS.

STEED: Excuse me. (HE LIFTS THE PHONE, QUOTES HIS PHONE NUMBER) Yes... yes...All right. Thanks for letting me know.

STEED PUTS DOWN THE PHONE.

STEED: Do you know a man called Larsen in America?

CATHY: I've heard of him.

STEED: Professor Larsen has informed the American National Science Foundation that for the past six months he has been tracking a White Dwarf which is now dangerously near to us.

CATHY: Do you think this is genuine?

STEED: I would. If it weren't for Professors Richter and Rahim being murdered.

STEED GETS HIS HAT.

CATHY: Where are you going?

- 48 -

STEED: I think it would be a good idea to take a look at Mr. Maxwell Barker's place.

STEED EXITS. CATHY TURNS TO THE BOOK FROM WHICH STEED HAD READ THE QUOTATION. SHE CLOSES IT TO LOOK AT THE COVER. THE COVER IS A LURID MONTAGE OF PLANETS AND COMETS, AND IS ENTITLED: "BOYS BOOK OF SPACE".

INT. MAXWELL BARKER'S FLAT. NIGHT.

STEED BREAKS IN, USING SKELETON KEYS.

THE PLACE IS ALMOST COMPLETELY IN DARKNESS. STEED HAS A TORCH, AND MOVES ABOUT THE MAIN ROOM. HE CHECKS THE CONTENTS OF THE DRAWERS OF MAXWELL'S DESK, FINDS SOME PAPERS WHICH INTEREST HIM, AND POCKETS THEM. THEN HE LETS SLIP HIS TORCH. IT ROLLS ACROSS THE FLOOR, AND STEED GETS DOWN ON HANDS AND KNEES TO RETRIEVE IT. HE PASSES BY A LONG SETTEE, REACHES TO PICK UP HIS TORCH. A HAND FALLS ON HIS SHOULDER, ALMOST SEEMS TO GRAB HIS SHOULDER. STEED GRABS THE TORCH AND SWINGS IT ROUND. THE TORCH ILLUMINATES THE DEAD FACE OF JOHNSON.

END OF ACT TWO.

17
- 50 -

ACT THREE.

INT. MAXWELL BARKER'S FLAT. NIGHT.

HENRY OPENS AN INTERNAL DOOR LEADING OFF; HE SEES JUST THE FEET OF THE LATE JOHNSON. HENRY HAS ON STREET CLOTHES.

CUT TO MAXWELL, ALSO IN TOP COAT, NOW UNBUTTONED, BY THE DRINKS CABINET. HE IS IN A NERVOUS STATE, AND IS GIVING HIMSELF A DRINK.

MAXWELL: There was nothing else I could do.

MAXWELL TURNS TOWARDS HIS BROTHER. HENRY BARKER CLOSES THE DOOR, COMES INTO THE ROOM.

BARKER: When was this?

MAXWELL: I told you - just after you left here. Believe me, he was going to kill you.

BARKER: I've only got your word for that now.

MAXWELL: You'll have to help me, Henry.

BARKER: Who knows he was up here?

MAXWELL: Only you.

BARKER: And your man servant?

MAXWELL: I sent him out. He didn't see the body.

- 50 -

BARKER: I suppose we could dispose of him. This sort of thing's rather out of my line of country. Isn't anyone likely to start looking for him?

MAXWELL: I'll say he's disappeared. I'll carry on normally, as though nothing had happened. (TURNING TO BARKER) And you'll have to do the same.

BARKER: Meaning what, exactly?

MAXWELL: Your resignation. You can't go through with that now.

BARKER: What you've done doesn't make any difference to that.

MAXWELL: Oh but it does. If you stir things up for me, that'll be a clear invitation to the Fraud Squad. And they'll go on looking for Johnson until they find him. You know what happens to me then.

BARKER: I've no intention of mentioning you when I see the Minister tomorrow.

MAXWELL: You can't walk out of a job like yours on a week's notice: and they'll want to know why you are throwing it in. It's all going to come back to me - and then to him (INDICATING THE DOOR BEHIND WHICH IS JOHNSON'S BODY)

BARKER: I'll help you, Max, provided you do what I tell you. From now on, I want to keep my eye on you. The day after tomorrow I'm going to Tor Point Observatory - you are coming with me.

INT. STEED'S FLAT. NIGHT.

STEED AND CATHY ARE PRESENT. CATHY HAS IN HER HAND THE PAPERS WHICH STEED TOOK FROM MAXWELL BARKER'S DESK.

STEED: I had no idea who he was, until I checked his peckets. Name, Mervyn Johnson; American citizen, with an address in New York.

CATHY: And no idea how he got in there?

STEED: According to One Seven, Maxwell Barker and a man called Johnson - doubtless the same man - have been merging their business interests in recent months. So that's the end of a beautiful partnership.

STEED TAKES UP A LARGE ENVELOPE HANDS IT TO CATHY.

STEED: (CONTINUING) By the way, I collected these for you on the way back.

CATHY TAKES FROM THE PACKET SOME ASTRONOMICAL PLATES, LOOKS AT THEM.

CATHY: Thank you.

STEED: Have they done a good job?

CATHY: They look convincing enough to me. It all depends on whether they'll convince anyone else. (INDICATING THE NOTES IN HER HAND) These notes you found - they could be in Richter's writing. I'll have to check them when I get back to the Observatory.

CATHY: (Cont'd) But they don't prove or disprove anything. They could only tell someone where to look for the White Dwarf.

STEED: Such as Professor Larsen in America?

INT. GUEST HOUSE. NIGHT.

LUKE RICHTER AND ELIZABETH FULLER ARE SEATED AT A TABLE HAVING A MEAL. MISS TREGARTH IS SERVING THEM WITH SOMETHING ON A PLATE.

MISS TREGARTH: I thought Dr. Gale would be down by now.

FULLER: She's still in her room changing. Leave it - she shouldn't be too long.

MISS TREGARTH PLACES A DISH AT THE VACANT CHAIR.

MISS TREGARTH: Well I don't want it to spoil.

FULLER: No, really, don't worry.

MISS TREGARTH: All right then. I'll bring your tea in a minute.

MISS TREGARTH GOES OFF.

LUKE LOOKS AT THE DISH BEFORE HIM.

LUKE: What do you think it is?

FULLER: Stewed sea-weed, by the look of it.

LUKE: I suppose we should be glad of small mercies. Have you decided yet what you're going to do in our final nine months?

FULLER: It won't be nine months. It'll be six, if we're lucky. The Sun drew the Moon out of the Pacific. If you subscribe to that opinion. What do you think the White Dwarf's going to do before we actually collide?

LUKE: I can just imagine all the little armies and navies running around in circles, like a lot of crazy ants.

FULLER: I don't think so. Not once people can see the Dwarf in the sky.

LUKE: Yes, it may put some sense into the world. Is it going to put any sense into you?

FULLER: I don't know, Luke. What would you do if you knew there wasn't a Dwarf - that your father had been wrong?

LUKE: And that now means Larsen's wrong too, remember.

FULLER: Well, just supposing.

LUKE: Go to that overpaid job in America - if you'd go with me.

MISS TREGARTH APPEARS WITH THE TEAPOT.

CATHY APPEARS BEHIND MISS TREGARTH.

MISS TREGARTH: Here's your tea. Are you all working again tonight?

LUKE: Until midnight.

MISS TREGARTH: Oh, well it'll be nice for you to have a nights' sleep for a change.

MISS TREGARTH EXITS, AND CATHY SITS AT THE TABLE.

FULLER: (TO CATHY) (INDICATING THE STEWED SEA-WEED) I hope it's not spoiled, though actually it could hardly taste any different.

CATHY: That's all right. Shall I?

CATHY POURS THE TEA FOR THEM.

FULLER: (TO CATHY) Did you do all you had to do in London?

CATHY: Just some people I wanted to see there.

LUKE: You know I think our Dr. Gale's some sort of Ministry spy -

FULLER: Luke!

LUKE: But hasn't it struck you as odd how he's suddenly appeared just at this time.

CATHY: Just at what time, Dr. & Richter?

LUKE: You don't really think my father's on leave, do you?

FULLER: I don't think Dr. Gale wants to know about that.

LUKE: I think she's been sent here to see whether we are going to keep quiet about having a murderer amongst us.

FULLER: I'm speaking in your interests, Luke. I don't think you should pursue this.

LUKE: I love the way everyone can reduce my father's "disappearance" to what's in my interests. None of us have any interests any more. (TURNING TO FULLER) Do you think we might tell our guest about the White Dwarf, or would that be breaking the Official Secrets Act?

FULLER SAYS NOTHING. LUKE TURNS TO CATHY.

LUKE: We are making an observation tonight, Dr. Gale, to ascertain whether the entire Solar System is to be imploded by a wandering White Dwarf - which, according to my late father, is heading for the Sun and shows every sign of scooping us up on the way. This, however, is supposed to be a Whitehall secret.

CATHY: Don't you think that perhaps it's better that way?

LUKE: Not if it results in two people being killed.

FULLER: But Luke, there's surely no connection?!

LUKE: I wish I were as trusting as you, Elizabeth. (TO CATHY) But it's time everyone knew what was going on.

CATHY: (RISING) I think I'll get along to the Observatory now, if you don't mind. I suppose Professor Cartright's there?

FULLER: Yes. And you'll need this.

FULLER PRODUCES A MORTICE-LOCK KEY.

FULLER: (CONTINUING) By special orders of the Ministry - we're keeping the main entrance locked now.

CATHY TAKES THE KEY.

LUKE: You see - typical bureaucratic thinking! lock the stable door after the horses have bolted.

CATHY EXITS.

LUKE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Well, we were discussing our final six months.

FULLER: Let's talk about that - after the observation.

FULLER RISES.

LUKE: Where are you going?

FULLER: (STILL ANNOYED WITH HIM) To make a telephone call.

WE FOLLOW FULLER OUT OF THE LOUNGE INTO THE HALL, WHERE SHE PICKS UP THE PHONE. IT HAS NO DIAL.

FULLER: (INTO PHONE) Tor Point 265, please.

STILL. ESTABLISHING SHOT.

THE OBSERVATORY, AT NIGHT.

INT. OBSERVATORY OFFICE. NIGHT.

CARTRIGHT, ALONE IS WORKING AT SOME PAPERS.

SOUND: Telephone rings.

CARTRIGHT PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE.

CARTRIGHT: (INTO PHONE) Two six five. (HE LISTENS) Thank you for telling me. Yes, I'll know what to do about Dr. Gale.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

THE MAIN FRONT DOOR OPENS. CATHY ENTERS. SHE CLOSES THE DOOR QUIETLY BEHIND, AND WE FOLLOW HER ALONG THE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR AND PAST THE OBSERVATORY OFFICE DOOR TO THE ...

INT. TELESCOPE CHAMBER. NIGHT.

IT IS DIMLY LIT. CATHY MOUNTS THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM, CROSSES TO THE PLATES BOX BY THE TELESCOPE. SHE IS CARRYING A BRIEF CASE, AND TAKES FROM IT THE PLATES WHICH STEED GAVE TO HER IN AN EARLIER SCENE. SHE TAKES SOME PLATES FROM THE PLATES BOX, THEN PAUSES AS SHE HEARS A SOUND.

CUT TO CATHY'S P.O.V. DOWN THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE MAIN FRONT DOOR WE SEE PROFESSOR CARTRIGHT AS HE LEAVES THE OBSERVATORY OFFICE, CROSSES THE CORRIDOR AND ENTERS THE ROOM OPPOSITE (THROUGH WHICH DOOR WE PREVIOUSLY CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE DEAD RICHTER)

CUT BACK TO CATHY. SHE TAKES PLATES FROM HER BRIEF CASE, AND PUTS THEM INTO THE PLATES BOX. THE PLATES SHE HAS TAKEN SHE PUTS INTO HER BRIEF CASE. THEN SHE MAKES HER WAY BACK TO THE ENTRANCE CORRIDOR.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

(CONTINUOUS ACTION)

CATHY COMES ALONG THE CORRIDOR. A DOOR OPENS AND CARTRIGHT APPEARS BEHIND HER.

CARTRIGHT: Good evening, Dr. Gale.

CATHY: Good evening.

THEY PAUSE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE OBSERVATORY OFFICE.

CARTRIGHT: After you.

INT. OBSERVATORY OFFICE. NIGHT.

CATHY AND CARTRIGHT ENTER. CARTRIGHT
PUTS HIS HAND OUT FOR HER BRIEF CASE.

CARTRIGHT: May I?

CARTRIGHT TAKES CATHY'S BRIEF CASE,
PUTS IT ON A SHELF FOR HER.

CARTRIGHT: (CONTINUING) I believe you
know all about the White Dwarf now?
Fuller telephoned me. Young Richter
shouldn't have said anything, but there's
no point in our hiding things from you
any more.

CATHY: Knowing about this, you must
have all been under a considerable
strain the last few months,

CARTRIGHT: Perhaps at my time of life,
it doesn't seem so cruel. But for Luke
Richter and Professor Fuller, it must
seem rather unfair. And for you too, Dr.
Gale - knowing that you are going to die.

INT. GUEST HOUSE. NIGHT.

IN THE LOUNGE LUKE IS READING A BOOK.
HE CHECKS HIS WRIST WATCH. MISS TREGARTH
ENTERS. SHE HAS HER CURLERS IN.

MISS TREGARTH: Since you'll all be
back early, I'll leave some sandwiches
out for you.

LUKE: Thank you.

MISS TREGARTH: You wouldn't know about when your father's coming back, would you?

LUKE: No. I'll let you know about that.

MISS TREGARTH SEES SHE ISNT GOING TO MAKE ANY HEADWAY CONVERSATIONALLY AND RETREATS TOWARDS THE HALL.

CUT TO THE HALLWAY. STEED ENTERS IN STREET CLOTHES AND CARRYING A PIECE OF LUGGAGE.

MISS TREGARTH: Oh ... Good evening. Did you want something?

STEED: I wondered if you had any rooms for the night?

MISS TREGARTH: Just for one?

(IN BACKGROUND, FULLER IS DESCENDING STAIRS IN TOPCOAT. SHE CROSSES TO THE LOUNGE, AND WE CAN SEE LUKE RISE AS SHE ENTERS.

STEED: Yes. Just myself, for one night.

MISS TREGARTH: (FLUSTERED) Well, I ... It's rather late, isn't it?

STEED: That's why I need somewhere to sleep.

MISS TREGARTH: Are you with them? (SHE INDICATES LUKE AND FULLER)

LUKE AND FULLER ARE NOW COMING FROM THE LOUNGE, MAKING FOR THE FRONT DOOR TO EXIT.

STEED: No, I'm just with me.

LUKE AND FULLER PASS STEED.

STEED: (TO LUKE AND FULLER) Good evening.

THEY ACKNOWLEDGE HIM. MISS TREGARTH IS
LOOKING AT HER REGISTER.

MISS TREGARTH: Well, I had a room until
an hour ago. You see, it's all these
people from the Observatory.

STEED: I'm sure it's a problem. Those
two were from the Observatory?

MISS TREGARTH: Everybody. There's two
men just come from the Ministry. I've
got them sharing a room.

STEED: Perhaps you have a camp bed or a
mattress in the bath?

MISS TREGARTH: I wouldn't like to do
anything like that. I could let you have
some blankets on the settee in the lounge?

STEED: That would do admirably.

MISS TREGARTH: Oh well, that's all right.
I mean to say, just for one night - it
won't be the end of the world for you.

STILL. ESTABLISHING SHOT.

THE OBSERVATORY AT NIGHT.

- 63 -

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND LUKE AND FULLER ENTER. THEY CROSS TO THE OBSERVATORY OFFICE DOOR.

FULLER: What will you feel like if the observation proves your father was wrong?

LUKE: Delighted.

LUKE OPENS THE OFFICE DOOR.

INT. OBSERVATORY OFFICE. NIGHT.

CARTRIGHT AND CATHY ARE WORKING. CARTRIGHT ON PAPERS, CATHY AT THE SPECTRUM METER.

LUKE AND FULLER ENTER.

CARTRIGHT: (LOOKING UP) Ah. hullo.

LUKE: Is the telescope locked on yet?

CARTRIGHT: No. I'd better do that.

FULLER: It's all right. I'll do it.
(TO CARTRIGHT) Miss Tregarth's laying on late-night sandwiches for us as a special treat.

CARTRIGHT: After tonight we'll probably need them.

FULLER EXITS.

- 63 -

LUKE: (TO CATHY) Dr. Gale, I'm sorry I told you about the Dwarf so brutally. The events of the last few days have been rather a strain on me.

CATHY: I quite understand (TO CARTRIGHT) Will I be able to help you with the observation at all?

CARTRIGHT: It's a one-man job, really. But we might as well all be there.

SOUND: Clanging of a bell.

CARTRIGHT: Who the devil can that be?

LUKE: Miss Tregarth mentioned two men from the Ministry staying overnight.

CARTRIGHT: I thought they'd given that idea up. I'd better go and lay out the red carpet for them.

CARTRIGHT EXITS.

LUKE: (TO CATHY) Will you stay on here if we get an affirmative reading tonight? Observing Mars will seem a bit pointless, won't it?

CATHY: We'll see.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

CARTRIGHT IS OPENING THE FRONT DOOR TO HENRY BARKER AND MAXWELL BARKER.

CARTRIGHT: I trust you're satisfied with our security arrangements, Mr. Barker. We now keep the door locked.

BARKER: Yes, very good. You don't mind my bringing a colleague along with me?

CARTRIGHT: Not at all. Well, would you care to go into the dome straight away, or did you want to see around the place first?

BARKER: (CHECKING HIS WATCH) I don't think we really have time for the conducted tour. So if you'd like to lead the way, Professor.

CARTRIGHT: Certainly.

CARTRIGHT LEADS BARKER AND MAXWELL TOWARDS THE TELESCOPE CHAMBER.

INT. TELESCOPE CHAMBER. NIGHT.

THE LIGHTS ARE ON. FULLER IS STANDING CROUCHED UNDER ONE OF THE AIMING TELESCOPES. C.U. TO FULLER'S EYES, AND CUT TO HER P.O.V.

FULLER'S P.O.V. AS THROUGH A TELESCOPE, A LONG SHOT OF THE MOON IN ITS SLENDEREST CRESCENT. CLOSE UP TO THE MOON UNTIL WE CAN SEE ITS CRATERS; BUT THE CENTRE OF OUR CLOSING UP IS NOT THE ILLUMINATED CRESCENT, BUT THE OPPOSITE QUARTER OF THE MOON - THE "DARK" SIDE OF THE MOON. IT APPEARS NOW AS A ROUNDED BLACK PATCH MASKING HALF OUR VIEW. THE UNMASKED PART IS STUDED WITH STARS.

CUT BACK TO FULLER, AND WIDEN SHOT TO SHOW CARTRIGHT, MAXWELL, AND BARKER MOUNTING THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM. FULLER TURNS TO THEM.

CARTRIGHT: (TO BARKER) This is Professor Fuller. (TO FULLER) Mr. Barker, of the Ministry.

FULLER AND BARKER SHAKE HANDS.

CARTRIGHT: (TRYING TO INTRODUCE MAXWELL TO FULLER) And Mr ... er ...

BARKER: (TO FULLER) My colleague from the Ministry.

FULLER: Good evening.

CARTRIGHT: (TO FULLER) We're all set up, are we?

FULLER: Yes.

BARKER: I don't understand - if the telescope's at this angle, why can't you see the Dwarf now?

CARTRIGHT: Because the Moon's in the way. That's what's made observation of it so occasional. You may care to look - through this one.

CARTRIGHT INDICATES THE AIMING TELESCOPE, AND BARKER TAKES A LOOK THROUGH IT.

- 67 -

OBSERVATORY OFFICE. NIGHT.

CATHY AND LUKE.

LUKE: (CHECKING HIS WATCH) Well, this is about it.

LUKE MOVES TO EXIT.

CATHY: There's something I have to do first. I'll be along in a moment.

LUKE EXITS. CATHY WAITS UNTIL HE HAS GONE, THEN SHE ALSO EXITS, TAKING THE MORTICE-LOCK KEY FROM HER POCKET.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

CATHY COMES FROM THE OBSERVATORY OFFICE. SHE GOES QUICKLY TO THE FRONT DOOR, INSERTS HER KEY IN THE LOCK AND TURNS IT. THEN SHE POCKETS THE KEY AGAIN, PROCEEDS TOWARDS THE TELESCOPE CHAMBER.

INT. TELESCOPE CHAMBER. NIGHT.

FULLER, CARTRIGHT, BARKER, MAXWELL. LUKE IS ENTERING.

CARTRIGHT: Ah, this is Dr Richter.

BARKER AND LUKE EXCHANGE ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

LUKE: (TO CARTRIGHT) Dr. Gale's on the way.

BARKER: Who?

- 67 -

10

- 68 -

LUKE: Our guest. I thought you sent her down here?

BARKER: We're very departmentalised you know. I'm sure it's quite in order.
(TO CARTRIGHT) It's nearly time, isn't it?

CARTRIGHT: Yes. (TO FULLER) Could you see to the lights, please?

FULLER CROSSES TO THE BATTERY OF SWITCHES, AS CARTRIGHT SETTLES HIMSELF IN THE OBSERVER'S CHAIR. FULLER IS ABOUT TO TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, BUT PAUSES AS CATHY MOUNTS THE STEPS ON TO THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM. THEN FULLER TURNS DOWN THE LIGHTS.

- 68 -

CUT TO CARTRIGHT IN THE OBSERVER'S CHAIR. IN HIS LEFT HAND IS THE COMPENSATOR SWITCH, AND HE EXPERIMENTALLY WORKS THE TOGGLE WITH HIS THUMB. THEN CLOSE UP ON HIS EYE.

CARTRIGHT'S P.O.V. WE SEE THE DARKENED SHOULDER OF THE MOON STANDING OUT AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF STARS. VERY GRADUALLY ANOTHER STAR SLIGHTLY MORE BRILLIANT THAN THE OTHERS, APPEARS OVER THE HORIZON OF THE MOON.

CUT TO CARTRIGHT.

CARTRIGHT: (TURNING TO BARKER) Do you want to see it?

BARKER: Can you tell anything yet?

CARTRIGHT: Not until I make the comparison.

CARTRIGHT REACHES TO THE PLATES BOX, TAKES FROM IT THE PLATE WHICH CATHY PREVIOUSLY PUT THERE. HE FITS IT INTO THE PLATE HOLDER UNDER THE TELESCOPE EYEPiece. CUT TO A FEW REACTION SHOTS OF THE PEOPLE AROUND CARTRIGHT. CARTRIGHT SETTLES HIMSELF BACK INTO THE OBSERVER'S CHAIR AND SLIDES THE PLATE INTO POSITION.

CARTRIGHT'S P.O.V. THE NIGHT SKY IS HAZED OVER WITH TWICE THE NUMBER OF STARS, UNTIL THE PLATE IS FINALLY IN POSITION. THE WHITE DWARF'S ACTUAL POSITION IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE DWARF ON THE PLATE. CUT TO CARTRIGHT'S REACTION. HE LICKS HIS LIPS, AND WE SEE HIM WORKING THE COMPENSATOR SWITCH.

- 70 -

CARTRIGHT'S P.O.V. THE STARS HAVE ALL DOUBLED AGAIN, BUT NOW THE PLATE SLIDES BACK INTO POSITION AND THE PLATE EXACTLY MATCHES THE NIGHT SKY. THE WHITE DWARF IS STILL ONE AND NOT TWO.

CUT TO CARTRIGHT.

CARTRIGHT: Professor Fuller, you can put on the lights.

FULLER PUTS ON THE LIGHTS.

CARTRIGHT: (TO LUKE) Your father was correct. (TO BARKER) It's affirmative.

CUT TO A LOOK OF SELF SATISFACTION ON MAXWELL'S FACE. CARTRIGHT TURNS TO HIM.

CARTRIGHT: It's true. The Dwarf's still on the same course. You can see for yourself.

MAXWELL: (FRIGHTENED) But it can't be ...

CARTRIGHT: My only regret is that in the remaining few months of my life I should have had anything to do with someone like you.

INT. OBSERVATORY ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

THE MAIN DOOR OPENS. STEED ENTERS. HE PROCEEDS TOWARDS THE TELESCOPE CHAMBER.

INT. TELESCOPE CHAMBER. NIGHT.

RESUME.

- 70 -

- 71 -

CARRIGHT: (TO LUKE) I murdered your father, and Dr. Rahim. (TURNING TO MAXWELL) A million pounds - that was going to be my share, wasn't it?

BUT MAXWELL HAS DRAWN A GUN AND SHOOTS CARRIGHT AT POINT BLANK RANGE. CARRIGHT STAGGERS AND FALLS. CUT TO STEED HALF WAY UP THE STEPS TO THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM, ALSO WITH A GUN.

STEED: Drop that!

MAXWELL FIRES AT STEED, THEN EXITS, STEED IN PURSUIT.

FILM SEQUENCE OF CHASE AND GUN FIGHT.
STEED WINS.

INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

STEED AND CATHY. CATHY IS LOOKING THROUGH HIS RATHER SCHOOLBOYISH COLLECTION OF BOOKS ON SPACE.

CATHY: What are you going to do with all these?

STEED: Read them, eventually.

CATHY COMES ACROSS ONE ENTITLED "INSTANT ASTROLOGY", OR "WHAT THE STARS FORETELL"

CATHY: What's this - (READING)
"Instant Astrology, or What the stars foretell".
This is about astrology?

- 71 -

STEED: (COVERING UP) Well maybe the bookshop assistant didn't properly understand me. But it's rather good - look,

STEED OPENS THE BOOK TO ITS FIRST PAGE, WHICH CARRIES A CENTRALLY PINNED DIAL.

STEED: When were you born?

CATHY: November thirteenth.

STEED MOVES ROUND THE DIAL.

STEED: That makes you a Scorpio.
(MOVING A FURTHER DIAL) Now the thirteenth of November - that's three hundred and sixteenth day of the year, multiply by five, take away today's date, add the year, and then divide by eleven -

CATHY: Why divide by eleven?

STEED: I don't know. It's in the instructions. Right, there you have it. Page forty two, paragraph seven - your horoscope for all of next week.

STEED HANDS THE BOOK, OPEN, TO CATHY.

CATHY: (READING) "With the planet Mars now in opposition and Neptune in the ascendant, this is your chance to break out of that rut you live in. Throw care to the winds, come out of your shell. ^{Stop being a timid mouse.} Here at last is your great opportunity to live dangerously"

THE END