

T H E A V E N G E R S

DEATH OF A BATMAN
BY
ROGER MARSHALL

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the AVENGERS

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REHEARSAL SCRIPT

Episode 62

'DEATH OF A BATMAN'

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25.7.63.
E.M.C.



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DEATH OF A BATMAN

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C A S T

STEED	Pat Maenee
CATHY	Marion Blackman
LORD BASIL DE WITT	Audrie Monell
ERIC VAN DOREN	Philip Madoc
COOPER	Ray Browne
EDITH WRIGHTSON	Kitty Attwood
JOHN WRIGHTSON	David Burke
LADY CYNTHIA BELLAMY-BARNETT	me
GROVE	Geoffrey Alexander
'GOLIATH'	

Katy Greenwood (Lady Cynthia)

S E T S

STEED'S FLAT
 WRIGHTSON'S BEDROOM
 WRIGHTSON'S KITCHEN (DOUBLE-CLAD DOOR)
 GROVE ELECTRONICS
 VAN DOREN'S BANK: DE WITT'S OFFICE
 VAN DOREN'S OFFICE
 CATHY'S DESK
 WEST END FLORIST'S

Can't remember mother - father was single, he was a Marquis De Witt was joined to the family for years probably in love with her mother. Clean, fast of life, at freedom from the other girls, has had 3 by affairs, expects it, likes men but is a bit of a P.T. Has her hair done at Tidal Sassoons - has accounts with the Knightsbridge stores and has a service for the right side of the country - clothes by Mary Quant and Jacques Estelle - has a vintage Rolls which always in the garage so she takes taxi - this is alright as she is the sort of girl who gets in the queue hour when it rains. Owns 2 boys of a business car which she...

ACT ONE

1. INT. WRIGHTSON'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

THE WIND IS LASHING THE RAIN AGAINST THE BEDROOM WINDOW. THE SMALL AND CHEAPLY FURNISHED ROOM IS BADLY LIT. CAMERA OPENS ON THE WALL ABOVE THE BED. THERE IS A LINE OF ABOUT A DOZEN PICTURE FRAMES - INSIDE THEM ARE ORNATE FOREIGN BANK-NOTES, SHARE CERTIFICATES AND BEARER BONDS. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE BED. IN IT IS OLD MAN WRIGHTSON. HE IS DYING. HIS BREATHING IS FAINT. HIS HEAD IS PROPPED UP ON A PILLOW SO THAT HIS ARMS AND THE TOP PORTION OF HIS CHEST ARE OUTSIDE THE SHEETS. PINNED TO THE LEFT BREAST OF HIS PYJAMAS IS A BAR OF ABOUT EIGHT OR NINE CAMPAIGN MEDALS. HOLDING HIS LEFT HAND - TO TAKE THE PULSE - IS WRIGHTSON'S WIFE, EDITH (MID-SIXTIES). SHE IS QUIETLY RECITING A PRAYER TO HERSELF. BESIDE HER IS HER SON, JOHN (THIRTY-FIVE.) HE IS RESTLESS. ANXIOUS FOR SOMETHING TO DO, HE CROSSES TO LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW, THEN RETURNS TO THE BED-SIDE TABLE, COVERED WITH MEDICINE BOTTLES AND GLASSES. HE TAKES UP A BATTERED OLD ALARM CLOCK AND STARTS TO WIND IT. THROUGHOUT THE SCENE THERE IS THE METALLIC SOUND OF RAIN WATER PLONKING THROUGH A LEAK IN THE ROOF AND INTO A BUCKET OR METAL BOWL. QUITE SUDDENLY, WRIGHTSON'S EYES FLICKER OPEN AND HE DIES. EDITH BEGINS TO SOB AND JOHN CROSSES TO HIS FATHER'S SIDE AND SYMBOLICALLY REMOVES THE MEDALS. HE TAKES THEM ACROSS TO AN OLD CHEST /OF DRAWERS AND SLIPS THEM

OF DRAWERS AND SLIPS THEM IN THE TOP DRAWER. CAMERA PANS UP TO ANOTHER TWO PHOTOGRAPHS: A VERY DISTINGUISHED YOUNG MAN IN 1914/18 WAR OFFICER'S UNIFORM (BADGES OF RANK WERE WORN ON CUFF, NOT SHOULDER). THE OTHER IS OF A YOUNGER VERSION OF STEED IN 1939-45 OFFICER'S UNIFORM.

SUP. EPISODE TITLE:

DEATH OF A BATMAN.

MIX TO:

2. INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

STEED IS HURRIEDLY PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO HIS MOURNING SUIT -- FOR WRIGHTSON'S FUNERAL. A LARGE WREATH ON THE TABLE BEFORE HIM. HE FINDS A COUPLE OF LONG DOG HAIRS ON HIS TROUSERS, CURSES THE DOG CURLED UP MISERABLY ON THE FLOOR AND BEGINS FRANTIC BRUSHING. THE DOOR BELL RINGS. STEED CURSES AND HURRIES ACROSS TO ANSWER IT. IT IS CATHY, WITH MACKINTOSH AND UMBRELLA. THE WALLS OF THE FLAT ARE LIBERALLY COVERED WITH POLO PRINTS.

CATHY: Morning.

STEED: Still raining?

CATHY (TIPPING RAIN OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS): Still raining!

STEED: It ruins the pitch.

CATHY LOOKS PUZZLED. THEY GO INSIDE.
STEED CONTINUES PREPARING HIMSELF TO
GO OUT.

CATHY (JOKING): You look as though
you're going to a funeral.

STEED: I am.

CATHY: Oh, I'm sorry. Anyone very
close?

STEED NODS, PRETENDING TO LOOK VERY UPSET.

CATHY: Who?

STEED: My old batman! (HANDS HER
INVITATION)

CATHY: You had a batman! When was
this?

STEED: 1945, Munich.

CATHY: What were you doing?

STEED: Watching some adjutant.

CATHY: What was he doing - watching
the C.O.?

STEED: Smuggling coffee beans.

CATHY: Big stuff!

STEED: It's not all of us who come in
at the top, you know. Many a good security
man cut his teeth on coffee beans or a couple
of tubes of penicillin.

STEED INDICATES POLO PRINTS. SHE EXAMINES THEM.

STEED: Only one way to get ahead today - Polo. Couple of chukkers at Cowdray Park and you're away.

CATHY: What time is the service?

STEED: Three.

CATHY: You'd better hurry.

STEED LOOKS AT HER 'SWEETLY'. SHE STARTS THUMBING THROUGH A MAGAZINE.

STEED: Thank you. (TAPS HIS POCKETS). Loose change, handkerchief, wallet ... I might need it. A little contribution to the widow's weeds. (TAKES UP WREATH, POSES). Rosemary - that's for remembrance.

CUT TO:

3. INT. WRIGHTSON'S KITCHEN. DAY.

A N.S. NEIGHBOUR IS PREPARING THE 'FUNERAL TEA'. THE BACK DOOR OPENS AND IN COME EDITH AND JOHN, FOLLOWED BY STEED AND LORD DE WITT (ABOUT SIXTY-FIVE). JOHN COLLECTS THE UMBRELLAS AND STANDS THEM IN THE SINK. THE OTHERS CONGREGATE ROUND THE RANGE FOR A WARM. ALL IN MOURNING OR SUNDAY BEST.

JOHN: Excuse the kitchen, but it's warm.

EDITH: Spoiled the service.

JOHN: No, it didn't, Mother. Did it, Mr. Steed.

STEED: Not a bit.

EDITH: You sure? You're not just saying that?

STEED: Quite sure.

EDITH: All that rain on the roof - you could hardly hear the Vicar.

JOHN: You got the general drift of it. And the hymns, now - didn't drown the hymns.

EDITH: I don't know about them. They would have been his choice, I know that....

DE WITT: My dear lady, that's all that matters.

EDITH: You think so?

DE WITT: I do.

EDITH: 'Fight the Good Fight' ... not too aggressive for a funeral, is it?

DE WITT: Not a bit. Fine old military hymn.

JOHN: It was a very nice service.

EDITH: And you see the proper Organist couldn't get away mid-week. There should have been a little descant in the psalm.

STEED: One would never have known.

EDITH: You are kind. Some lovely flowers, I must say that. Folks have been very good ... very good. (ALMOST IN TEARS).

JOHN: Sit down, Mother. (TO NEIGHBOUR) Could you excuse us, Fred? See no-one comes in, will you? (NEIGHBOUR NODS AND GOES OUT). Thank you. While we've got a minute I'd like to nip through the Will.

STEED: I'll leave you then.

JOHN: No, no, Mr. Steed. You stay where you are. And your Lordship. You do know one another, don't you?

STEED: No, we don't.

JOHN: Oh, I'm sorry. This is Lord de Witt, the banker, and this is Mr. Steed. Dad 'batted' for his Lordship in 1918 and for you, Mr. Steed, in 1945.

STEED: How do you do, Sir?

DE WITT: Pleased to know you. My card. (HANDS HIM CARD) What were you in - the Brigade?

STEED: No, I was attached to the 'I Corps.'

DE WITT: Back of the hand stuff, eh?

JOHN: Sit down, gentlemen, please.
The Will!

THEY ALL SIT. JOHN PRODUCES A LARGE ENVELOPE CONTAINING THE WILL AND SLITS IT OPEN.

JOHN (READING): "This is the last Will and Testament of me, Clarence Arthur Wrightson of" ... that's just his address ... "I hereby revoke all Wills and Testamentary instruments heretofore made by me." Now he names the Executor - that's me, same address. "I direct that all my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses shall be paid as soon as conveniently may be after my decease." Begins with the minor bequests. "To my old governor, Lord De Witt, I return the Military Cross which he so generously presented to me on Armistice Day, 1918". Is that right, your Lordship?

DE WITT: Yes. Should by rights have been his. Fine soldier, your father. I was straight out of OCTU - wet behind the ears. Carried me, that man did. Carried me. He'd bring my tea - empty salmon tins, that's what we were drinking out of - and he'd go over the day's plans with me. "Right Flanking ... move the Lewis gun up on the left".... fine soldier ... great man! (EDITH ACKNOWLEDGES WITH A LITTLE SOB INTO HER HANDKERCHIEF).

JOHN: Thank you, sir. (PICKS UP
WILL) "To Mr. Steed, my 'governor' at
the end of the last war, I return the
ten pounds which he never expected to
see again, which he lent me in Munich".
Is that correct?

STEED (NODDING): I'd forgotten about it.
He saw this set of German draughtsman's
tools. I remember he could raise a lot of
the money and I lent him the last ten.
There was no need ... I mean, I'd forgotten
about it years ago.

EDITH: A debt is a thing of honour, Mr.
Steed.

STEED: As you say, Mrs. Wrightson.

JOHN: "To my son, John, I leave the sum
of one hundred pounds." (LOOKS TO HEAVEN)
Thank you, Dad. "The balance of the estate
and whatsoever effects I possess or shall
accrue at my death I leave to my beloved
wife, Edith. 'Because of her the road seemed
less long'. At the time of making his Will,
the estate is valued at Four hundred and
eighty thousand pounds."

THERE IS A SUDDEN SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH.

MIX TO:

4. INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

STEED LETS HIMSELF IN, TAKES IN THE SCENE.
HE HAS A LONG, AWKWARD-SHAPED BROWN PAPER
PARCEL.

STEED: Any calls?

CATHY: No.

STEED: No-one rang about a polo pony?

CATHY: No. How was the funeral?

STEED: You've seen one, you've seen 'em all. (STARTS UNWRAPPING PARCEL. CATHY IS INTRIGUED, BUT WON'T LET STEED SEE THIS. HE PRODUCES A POLO STICK AND TAKES A FEW PRELIMINARY SWINGS. CATHY IGNORES IT.

STEED: I got a mention in the Will.

CATHY: Owing, or owed? (MIXING DRINKS)

STEED: Owed. Ten quid. So I spent it. (INDICATES POLO STICK)

CATHY: You must've made a good impression - in those days.

STEED: He was a twenty pound a week draughtsman. Worked for a printing company. Foreign stamps, bank-notes, share certificates.

CATHY: Interesting!

STEED: And he left four hundred and eighty thousand pounds.

CATHY: Even more interesting! On twenty pounds a week. What was it? Bank-notes under the bed?

STEED: Property.

CATHY: And he really owned it?

STEED: I've just checked at Bush House. Owned everything he said he did.

CATHY: And he was your batman. You're slipping, Steed. (HANDS OVER DRINK).

STEED: Evidently. You know, even if you assume that he always earned twenty pounds. He worked ... say forty years ... that's forty-one thousand, six hundred.

CATHY: Just four hundred and thirty eight thousand, four hundred short.

STEED: That's assuming he never spent a penny. No house, clothes, food, cigarettes ... (WIGGLING HIS STICK) ... Sport.

CATHY: Not even income tax.

STEED: That's right.

CATHY: Any other beneficiaries?

STEED: Widow, son and Lord De Witt.

CATHY: The merchant banker?

STEED: None other. I know they don't deal in cash over the counter ... what do Merchant Bankers do?

CATHY: Arrange mergers, take-overs, finance foreign trade, assist new companies.

(STEED HANDS CARD TO CATHY)

CATHY (cont'd.): De Witt and Van Doren, Throgmorton Street." Classy - doesn't even say it's a bank. What did he get - twenty-five?

STEED: A medal.

CATHY: Hardly worth bothering. Know what I think?

STEED: Surprise me.

CATHY: I think your batman-friend was probably a Forger.

STEED: Mrs. Gale. You've been working with the criminal fraternity too long. (HE SMILES HIS MOST DISARMING SMILE) Still got that miniature camera?

CATHY: Yes. Why?

STEED: Thought I might get you to take some photos for me.

CATHY WONDERS WHAT STEED IS UP TO.

CUT TO:

5. INT. VAN DOREN'S OFFICE. DAY.

THIS IS A VERY PLUSH, SUPER MODERN OFFICE. TICKER TAPE, CURRENCY EXCHANGE CHARTS, INTERCOM. ETC. SEATED AT HIS DESK DICTATING INTO A TAPE RECORDER IS ERIC VAN DOREN. HE IS ABOUT FORTY AND, DESPITE HIS NAME, QUITE ENGLISH.

VAN DOREN: The period following the Second World War has been completely different, stop. Higher taxes and stiffer death duties have signalled the end to the private family business and economies of scale and international competition favours the formation of larger firms, stop. This has resulted in a welter of mergers, take-overs and new issues on the London Stock Exchange, stop. The Merchant Banks and Issuing Houses, because of their financial skills, have done well out of this new business, stop. We, at De Witt and Van Doren, pride ourselves that we have had our fair share of this financial pie ...

THE DOOR FLIES OPEN AND IN COMES DE WITT (STRAIGHT FROM THE FUNERAL). ERIC VAN DOREN FLICKS OFF HIS TAPE RECORDER.

VAN DOREN (cont'd.): How did it go?

DE WITT: Disastrously.

VAN DOREN: What do you mean - what happened?

DE WITT: Clarence Arthur Wrightson
left everything in his Will.

VAN DOREN: How much?

DE WITT: Four hundred and eighty
thousand.

VAN DOREN: No! As much as that?

DE WITT MERELY NODS.

DE WITT: What are we going to do?

VAN DOREN: You tell me. (BEAT)
Four hundred and eighty thousand!

DE WITT: Tied up in property.

VAN DOREN: What did his family say?

DE WITT: Flabbergasted. Thought it
was a joke!

VAN DOREN: Some joke! Anybody else
there - solicitor?

DE WITT: No. Fellow named Steed.
Met in the army. Second War. (ANXIOUSLY)
What do you think'll happen?

VAN DOREN: When the Will goes up for
Probate, everything will break loose.
All the tax inspectors in the country'll
be in on the act.

INTERCOM BUZZES. VAN DOREN SNAPS IT ON.

DE WITT: What do we do?

VAN DOREN: Just sit tight. (BEAT)
Don't like saying it, but he was your
responsibility, Basil.

DE WITT: I know. You don't have
to remind me.

VAN DOREN: Trouble was we became
dependent on him. That didn't matter
so much - it was the fact that he knew.

DE WITT: We could have got by without
him.

VAN DOREN: Rubbish! We're an
anachronism - you know that.

DE WITT: It's not true.

VAN DOREN: Four generations ago,
Dutch know-how was allied to English
aristocracy. That was fine - then!
But what's left? An Englishman with
a Dutch name and one very faded old
school tie.

DE WITT: We represent some of the
finest families in the country.

VAN DOREN: We're a couple of financial pimps - that's what we are. Regimental dinners, Varsity Matches, ancestral homes, golf clubs. Bet you haven't missed an Eton Wall Game since the war ... have you?

DE WITT: Which war? (NODS SADLY)
And I still don't understand what it's all about.

VAN DOREN: Why didn't he ask us for advice?

DE WITT: His sense of humour, no doubt.

VAN DOREN: Why? Why? Why?

DE WITT (BITTERLY): What do you want me to do - go up to the cemetery and ask him?

INTERCOM BUZZES. VAN DOREN SNAPS IT ON.

VAN DOREN: Yes?

SECRETARY'S VOICE: Sir Ian De Lisle
to see Lord De Witt.

VAN DOREN: Very well, I'll tell him.
(FLICKS OFF) What about Meitson's?

DE WITT: Do we call it off?

VAN DOREN: When's it due?

DE WITT: End of next week.

VAN DOREN: Should start buying right
away.

DE WITT: What do we use for money?

VAN DOREN: Don't worry. I'll think
of something.

DE WITT: I do worry. If we don't
clear seventy thousand, we can't exercise
our option on the Grove Electronic stock.

VAN DOREN: We will, and we're going to
gain control of Groves. We must. Let
there be no doubt of that. No doubt at
all.

MIX TO:

6. INT. WRIGHTSON'S BEDROOM. DAY.

COOPER IS SEARCHING THE ROOM - HURRIEDLY
OPENING DRAWERS AND NEATLY RIFLING THROUGH
THEM. AS HE WORKS, HE HEARS A CREAK ON THE
LANDING OUTSIDE. LOOKING AROUND, HE CHOOSES
/TO HIDE HIMSELF IN A

TO HIDE HIMSELF IN A CURTAINED ALCOVE WHICH SERVES AS AN EXTRA WARDROBE. DUST POTTERS UP AND HE BEATS IT DOWN WITH HIS HAND. THE DOOR OPENS QUIETLY AND CATHY SLIPS IN. SHE CROSSES TO THE BED, AND, USING HER MINIATURE CAMERA, STARTS PHOTOGRAPHING THE FRAMED EXHIBITS ON THE WALL. WHILE SHE WORKS (BACK TO COOPER), HE CAREFULLY PARTS THE CURTAINS AND WATCHES HER. IN DOING SO, HOWEVER, HE CREATES MORE DUST, AND ALTHOUGH HE TRIES DESPERATELY TO STOP HIMSELF, HE SNEEZES. CATHY SPINS ROUND. PUTTING HER CAMERA DOWN, THEY FIGHT. CATHY OVERCOMES HIM, TAKES ONE LAST PHOTO AND HURRIES OUT. AS SHE GOES WE DISCOVER THAT WRIGHTSON HAS BEEN WATCHING.

MIX TO:

7. INT. DE WITT'S OFFICE. DAY.

THIS IS EQUALLY OPULENT, BUT IN A DIFFERENT WAY. THERE IS A LARGE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN, A MILITARY TAPESTRY, PORTRAITS OF ODD GENERALS FROM MARLBOROUGH ONWARDS, REGIMENTAL COLOURS AND PLAQUES. LADY CYNTHIA BELLAMY-BARNETT SITS OPPOSITE DE WITT, WHO IS PLACING A TRAY OF TEA IN FRONT OF HER. BY NOW, DE WITT IS HIS UNRUFFLED SELF.

BARNETT: ~~Didn't~~ I ask for a Bloody Mary?

DE WITT: Did you?

BARNETT: Yes! What's this?

DE WITT: Tea.

BARNETT: Tea!

DE WITT: Lapsong souchong, with lemon. Blended by one of our own companies.

BARNETT: Why? Why tea?

DE WITT: It seemed more appropriate in view of the time.

BARNETT: What's wrong with a Bloody Mary?

DE WITT: Nothing, my dear. I'm sure it's an excellent beverage - in its place.

BARNETT: You treat me as if I were still at Roedean. *CO*

DE WITT: Shall I pour?

BARNETT: I can manage, thank you.

DE WITT: How are the kennels? (ACCEPTS CUP FROM HER)

BARNETT: Kennels? Oh! You are an old moth ball. That was years ago. There's been the Slimmerama, the riding-stables - or was ~~that before?~~ *the riding-stables - the old* I don't know. I have jobs like other people have colds.

DE WITT: You should try and settle.

BARNETT: Settle - nothing! How do you know what it's all about if you haven't tried it?

DE WITT: You don't have to swallow the Ocean to describe salt water.

BARNETT: Smart! Where did that come from?

DE WITT: Off a match box. (SHE LAUGHS) Anyway, what are you doing now?

BARNETT: I've a florist's.

DE WITT: Of course. (SECOND THOUGHTS) What do you know about flowers?

BARNETT: Not much. You don't need to. People point. You say 'How many?', and then you wrap them up. No-one gives a toot whether you can tell an antirrhinum from a dandelion.

DE WITT: Important thing is, are you enjoying it?

BARNETT: Mm. ~~And~~ there's this rather dishy porter from Covent Garden.

DE WITT: No more scandals, please, Cynthia. The Scandinavian air steward - that was quite enough.

BARNETT: Spoil sport! That blond
hair and all those ~~open~~ ^{written to my legs} sandwiches.
The way he said "ømorgasbord", ^{sounded}

DE WITT: Business! ^{ømorgasbord}

HE TAKES UP BARNETT'S FOLDER.

BARNETT: I don't know why we bother.
It must bore you to distraction and I
never understand a word of all these
percentages.

DE WITT: It's only reasonable that
you know what we're doing with your
money.

BARNETT: As long as the dividends
come through, I'm quite happy. I
thought when I got this sudden summons,
we'd all gone bust.

DE WITT: Hardly! Here you are.
(HANDS HER COPY)

BARNETT: It's a waste of time. I
wouldn't know a preference share if it
got up and bit me.

DE WITT: It's easy. Preference means
what it says. The dividend is paid before
any is paid on the ordinary stock - in
preference.

BARNETT: You make it sound so simple.

DE WITT: It is.

BARNETT: It's like the garage. The mechanic explains what's what - this is the cylinder ~~head~~^{cap}, this is the distributor. *Good!*
 Next time I look it's the same old jumble of wires and metals.

DE WITT: Oldfields - fine company.

BARNETT: Really, what do they do?

DE WITT: Mail order.

BARNETT: Do you think they could order me one?

DE WITT: Cynthia, please! (TAPS PAPER)

BARNETT: I'm sorry. You go on.

DE WITT: Walker's ~~Books~~^{foods} - they're high, but they should go higher. Hammonds - the grocery chain - very good interim report, perhaps you'd ... no, perhaps not. Stott's - they raised their final by two points. A.G.M., next week.

BARNETT: *ASM?*
DE WITT: *Annual*
BARNETT: What about Glovers?

General Meeting

DE WITT: Record results last April. Higher dividend, bonus issue. Chairman optimistic. Well represented in Europe. Fine holding! I say so myself, it's an excellent list ... Penny's Biscuits ... Leather Development.

BARNETT: You wouldn't change anything?

DE WITT: Definitely not. I wouldn't sell a single share. They'll all beat the Index. Keep you warm in your old age. I advise you not to sell a solitary.

BARNETT: You're a genius. Now can I go?

DE WITT: Of course. I'll see you again after Christmas.

BARNETT: ~~Fair enough.~~ Goodbye, *you're a darling* *pop!*

~~Witt.~~ (KISSES QUICK KISS)

DE WITT: Goodbye, my dear. *133*

HE SHOWS HER TO THE DOOR. COOPER COLLECTS THE TRAY. WE RECOGNISE COOPER - THE UNCTUOUS SERVANT - AS THE MAN CATHY KAYOED THE PREVIOUS NIGHT.

DE WITT: How's the market today, Cooper?

COOPER: F.T. Index up at lunch by 0.6. Golds are firmer, sir.

DE WITT (HANDING OVER PAPER): Give this to Mr. Van Doren.

COOPER INCLINES HIS HEAD. AFTER HIS EXIT, DE WITT FLICKS ON THE INTERCOM. HE PICKS UP CYNTHIA'S LIST.

DE WITT: Eric?

VAN DOREN (o/s): Yes?

DE WITT: Alone?

VAN DOREN (o/s): Yes.

DE WITT: Cooper's bringing you a copy of Cynthia's portfolio. You can start selling every shareholding. The lot - everything!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

8. INT. GROVE ELECTRONICS. DAY.

THIS IS ONE OF THE WORK-SHOPS. IT IS LAID OUT IN DISPLAY STANDS. EACH STAND CARRIES SAMPLES OF THE COMPANY'S PRODUCTS: MULTI-WAY CONNECTORS, WIRE-WOUND AND FILM RESISTORS, SWITCHES, COILS, ATTENUATORS, FADERS, ROTARY AND LINEAR POTENTIOMETERS. AMONGST THE PEOPLE GOING ROUND EXAMINING THE STANDS ARE STEED AND CATHY, EACH WEARING A ROUND NAME-TAG ON LAPEL. STEED USES HIS OCCASIONALLY AS A MONOCLE.

CATHY: Exhausting, isn't it?

STEED: Never seen so many bits of wire.

CATHY: Still, if you've got money in a Company you've got to show an interest.

STEED: Speak for yourself. Twenty three applications and not a single share.

CATHY: I only got a hundred.
(PICKING UP A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT)

STEED: Only! How many did you apply for?

CATHY: A hundred.

STEED: People make money all round me, but it doesn't do me any good.

CATHY: What's the latest on the batman?

STEED: No-one's heard from him.

CATHY: What about my photos?

STEED: They weren't forgeries.
End of chapter.

CATHY: Why couldn't you go?

STEED: And meet that 'grisly assailant' - could've put me out of polo for the rest of the season.

GROVE, A MIDDLE-AGED, EARNEST SCIENTIST,
COMES UP TO THEM.

GROVE: Good afternoon. I'm Victor Grove. I'd like to welcome you to the 'At Home'.

STEED: Thank you. We're having a marvellous time. Haven't understood anything for hours.

GROVE: It's a bit tricky, isn't it? You get used to it.

STEED: Do you have pieces in the Canavarel rockets?

GROVE: Oh, yes. We've probably got something up there right now. Is there one up at the moment? Difficult to keep track. Aircraft, rockets, missiles, computers, television, transistors - that's us.

STEED: You must be proud to see it all doing so well.

GROVE: Yes, it's very gratifying. Rewarding, too.

STEED: What made you decide to go public - if you don't mind me asking?

GROVE: Not at all. One of the principle reasons is that I had a coronary last year - trying to do too much. The doc. said to take things easy and this is one way of doing it. There were financial considerations.

STEED: The reason I ask is that I have dreams of doing the same myself one day. Smaller scale, of course.

GROVE: What's your line, Mr. Steed?

STEED: Dog kennels.

CATHY WINCES TO HERSELF AND LOOKS HURRIEDLY AWAY.

GROVE (NODDING): Constant demand, I suppose.

STEED: Yes. And the accessories, the 'Fido' bowl and brush - you probably know them.

GROVE: I suppose I must - yes.

STEED: What made you choose De Witt and Van Doren's Bank?

GROVE: Oh, they are very competitive. Perhaps you'd like to see their brochure?

STEED: If it's not too much trouble ...

GROVE: Not a bit. Be a pleasure. Just hold on.

STEED: I thought it was rather good on the spur of the moment. 'Steed's Kennels'. We turn barks into snores.

CATHY: Why the interest in Van Doren's?

STEED: They have a healthy appetite for Electronics Companies.

CATHY: Meaning?

STEED: In the past four years, twenty-seven companies have come to the market.

CATHY: How many via De Witt and Van Doren's?

STEED: Nineteen. Good average!
Each time De Witt and Van Doren's
have gained effective control.

CATHY: How big are they?

STEED: Can't tell exactly. It's
an exempt private company - doesn't
include a balance sheet in its annual
return.

CATHY: Suspicious, isn't it?

STEED: Highly. A relatively small
company controlling one of Britain's
key defence industries.

CATHY: How do they do it?

STEED: And why? Perhaps Mr. Grove
will tell us.

GROVE RETURNS WITH PRINTED BROCHURE.

GROVE: Here we are. Keep it.
I've got several.

STEED: Thank you. That's very kind.
(FLICKS OVER PAGES) Looks as though
they've got a good clientele.

GROVE: They have. They look after
a lot of the top people.

CATHY: Really!

GROVE: You remember Lord Earnott?
Chappy who sold his ancestral home
and shipped it out to the States?

CATHY: Yes, it went off section by
section, didn't it? They misplaced
one of the turrets.

GROVE: That's him. I've seen his
daughter, Lady Cynthia there. Must
be rolling in it. Now, if you'll
excuse me - perhaps I'll see you later
in the marquee. Tea's at four.

HE POPS OUT OF SIGHT.

CATHY: You fancy a dehydrated cucumber
sandwich?

STEED: Can't wait. (TURNING AWAY)
Don't look yet, but just behind you ...

CATHY: Yes?

STEED: Lord De Witt.

CAMERA PANS TO WHERE DE WITT IS TALKING
EARNESTLY TO GROVE.

MIX TO:

9. INT. VAN DOREN'S OFFICE. DAY.

ERIC VAN DOREN IS AT HIS DESK. HE
HAS A TELEPHONE RECEIVER FITTED TO A
GADGET WHICH AMPLIFIES THE MESSAGE.
HE IS WORKING DOWN A LIST OF SHARES
(CYNTHIA BELLAMY-BARNETT'S)

VAN DOREN: What are Walkers' Tools
this morning?

REPLY: Er ... fifty nine - sixty
one shillings.

AFTER EACH QUESTION THERE HAS TO BE A
PAUSE WHILE THE REPLIER LOOKS UP THE
INDIVIDUAL SECURITY.

VAN DOREN: Can't you jack them up
a bit? I've got 500 to go at sixty-
three.

REPLY: You're an optimist.

VAN DOREN: That's why I'm a Banker.
Stott's?

REPLY: Property?

VAN DOREN: That's it.

REPLY: Fifteen and six - sixteen
shillings.

VAN DOREN: Mm. Could you unload
five thousand at fifteen and nine?

REPLY: Might be able to.

VAN DOREN: Try.

REPLY: Aye, aye, sir.

VAN DOREN: What about Glover's?

REPLY: Twenty-eight - twenty-eight and
nine.

VAN DOREN: They're going down.

REPLY: So?

VAN DOREN: Well, the results were fabulous - pre-tax profits up by 40%.

REPLY: It's the jobbers, they can't read. I think there's a parcel come on the market. Probably an estate.

VAN DOREN: Always got an answer, haven't you?

REPLY: I thought that's what you paid me for.

VAN DOREN: No. It's your sunny disposition.

DE WITT COMES AND OVERHEARS THE TAIL END OF THE CONVERSATION.

VAN DOREN: Sell two thousand at not less than twenty-eight.

REPLY: May take a couple of days.

VAN DOREN: I'm not that impatient. That's my lot.

REPLY: No buys?

DE WITT MOUTHS THE WORD GROVES ELECTRONICS TO VAN DOREN.

VAN DOREN: What about ~~Groves Electronics~~ *Mertson*?

REPLY: Again?

VAN DOREN: You heard.

REPLY: Hold on. (BEAT) Thirteen
and six - fourteen shillings.

VAN DOREN: Buy another ten thousand.
Don't go above fourteen.

REPLY: All rightee. That it?

VAN DOREN: Thank you.

REPLY: Call you back.

VAN DOREN HANGS UP. DE WITT SITS
DOWN.

DE WITT: How's it coming on?

VAN DOREN: Shifted everything, but
for these six parcels. (POINTING TO
PAPER)

DE WITT: Good. What about ~~Grove~~
~~Electronics?~~

Melrose

VAN DOREN: When he gets that ten we'll
have sixty thousand.

DE WITT: How many more can we afford?

VAN DOREN: Assuming we clear the
portfolio and the price doesn't react
too much - about another hundred and
forty thousand.

DE WITT: It's moved up a shilling
so far. Hope the ^{GIBBS.} deal is worth it.
^

VAN DOREN: It will be.

DE WITT: I'd like there to be
something left for Patrick.

VAN DOREN: Pathetic! 'Course
there'll be something left. Now, let's
join the others in the parlour. Are
you coming?

DE WITT: I suppose so. Balance of
payments were good again.

VAN DOREN: Excellent! (STARTING OUT)
Things are brightening up - even Cooper
says so. We might survive another week
... even now.

CUT TO:

10. INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

STEED AND CATHY ARE GOING THROUGH TATLER,
SPHERE, QUEEN, ETC. TO FIND REFERENCE TO
CYNTHIA BELLAMY-BARNETT. CATHY TOSSES
ANOTHER MAGAZINE DOWN ON TO THE FLOOR.

STEED: Nothing?

CATHY: No.

STEED: Must be a reference to her
somewhere.

CATHY: Perhaps she's not a big socialite.

STEED: That's not what I hear.
They don't start these things until
she arrives. (FLICKING OVER PAGES)
Ascot ... Newmarket ... Kempton Park -
no wonder so many of them look like
horses.

CATHY (READING): Lady Priscilla
Marryat-Price enjoys a joke on the
stairs. (SHE MIMES IT).

STEED (TURNING PAGES): Paging Miss
Bellamy-Barnett. Wonder if she plays
polo?

CATHY: Somehow, I doubt it.

STEED: It's like a family album.
Look at this fat one. (POINTS) I've
seen it at least five times and it's
always wolfing ice-cream.

CATHY: It's the same party really.
They just keep it moving - like a
floating crap game.

STEED: Really! (TURNING PAGES)
Hold everything! (TAPS PAGE)

CATHY: Where?

STEED: (POINTS) There she is.
Bless her décolletage.

CATHY (READING): 'Lady Cynthia
Bellamy-Barnett sits this one out
with Colonel Foster, M.F.H., at the
Honourable Jeremy Barnes' Mayfair
party.'

STEED: Good for Jeremy - what?

CATHY: Good for the Colonel.

STEED: Yes. Where's his hand?
(LOOKS) Oh, I see. Officer and
a Gentleman.

CATHY: Just.

STEED TOSSES MAGAZINE DOWN ON A PILE.

CATHY: Now what?

HE GOES OFF AND COLLECTS 'PHONE BOOK,
A TO D.

STEED: Liaise with the aristocracy.

MIX TO:

11. INT. WEST END FLORIST'S. DAY.

THE SHOP IS A PROFUSION OF FLOWERS,
VEGETATION AND GARDEN STATUES, RANGING
FROM A VENUS DI MILO (LARGE) TO DWARFS
AND GNOMES. CYNTHIA BELLAMY-BARNETT IS
PERCHED ON A PAIR OF STEPS PINNING UP
SOME CREEPERS AND GIVING A NICE LEG SHOW.
AS SHE MOVES, SHE ADJUSTS HER SMOCK TO
COVER HER KNEE. SHE THEN NOTICES SOMETHING
O.V. IT IS STEED, LEANING ADMIRINGLY ON
AN UMBRELLA, WATCHING HER THROUGH THE SHOP
WINDOW. SUDDENLY WATER STARTS TO POUR
DOWN THE INSIDE OF THE WINDOW, MASKING HIS
VIEW. BARNETT COMES DOWN TO GROUND LEVEL
AS STEED ENTERS THE SHOP.

turn away

STEED: Good afternoon.

BARNETT: Afternoon, sir.

STEED (LOOKING ROUND): I'd like
two dozen red roses.

X behind counter

BARNETT: Yes, sir. (SELECTS SOME
FOR STEED'S APPROVAL)

STEED: Fine. And send them to
Mrs. Catherine Gale. (HANDS HER CARD
AND TWO NOTES) This address.

BARNETT: Thank you, sir.

STEED GLANCES AT THE VENUS.

STEED: That's what comes of biting
your fingernails.

SHE SMILES, MAKES NOTE AND THEN HANDS
~~OVER THE CHANGE.~~ STEED PRETENDS TO
RECOGNISE HER.

STEED: Excuse me, but don't I know
your face?

BARNETT: No, I think it's the knee
that you know. *that'll be 2 guineas*

STEED: My apologies. But then I
don't believe roses were born to blush
unseen - or knees. *gr-h*

BARNETT (INDICATING ROSES): I'll see
they're sent off straight away.

STEED: I remember you from
somewhere. Now - don't tell me.

BARNETT: I can't. I don't know.

STEED: A party. Yes, I've seen
you at a party.

BARNETT: Could be.

STEED (WHIPPING OUT A DIARY): Polo?

BARNETT: No, don't dig the gee-gees.

STEED: No? Not a point-to-point?

BARNETT: Definitely not. ~~Excuse me.~~

down

SHE GOES TO AN OLD SAFE BEHIND THE
COUNTER. TAKES OUT A CARDBOARD BOX
OF MILK, A SMALL MINK NECK-TIE, COUPLE
OF LARGE ENVELOPES AND HER PURSE, CONTAINING
DIARY.

STEED: Debs' ball?

BARNETT: Whose? (FLICKS PAGES)

STEED: The Creighton-Stuarts?

BARNETT: Don't know them. Graham
Scott's?

STEED: No. (TURNS PAGES) Campbell-
Cunningham? (SHE SHAKES HER HEAD) You
missed nothing. (CONSULTING DIARY)
It was more recent than that. Henley
Regatta?

BARNETT: Can't stand the water.

STEED: Nor me. Wimbledon?

BARNETT: ~~Impossible~~ ^{KINKY}. (CLICKS
HER TONGUE LIKE A METRONOME AND MIMES
TENNIS SPECTATOR FOLLOWING PLAY).

STEED: No. It's a party. I know
it. Roy Musgrove's?

BARNETT: Charming name, but I don't
know him.

STEED: South African. (TURNING
PAGES) Jonathan Oakes with an 'a'?

BARNETT: Peter Couper - with a 'u'?

STEED: Jeremy Barnes?

BARNETT: Snap!

STEED: Jeremy's. Of course!
Marvellous do, wasn't it?

BARNETT: Was it?

STEED: But you must remember.
I've never seen so much champagne.

BARNETT: That's why I don't remember.

STEED: (NODDING KNOWINGLY) Un peu
gris?

BARNETT: Very much so. *tw*

STEED: You don't remember meeting me there - enjoying a joke on the stairs? Old bug-whiskers Foster? 'What ... what?' (TWISTS IMAGINARY MOUSTACHE)
The thin red line bit.

BARNETT: Vaguely. Very, very vaguely.

STEED: How did you get home?

BARNETT: Floated, I think.

STEED: Surely you've not forgotten the taxi-ride?

BARNETT: Taxi? Yes, I must have done.

STEED: You disappoint me, young lady. It's like writing on water.

BARNETT: We shared this taxi?

STEED: Indeed we did! You don't remember ... (NOTICES PROMINENT DWARF ON THE COUNTER) Not bugged for sound, are they? (SHE SHAKES HEAD) ... telling the driver 'Knightsbridge via Hornchurch'?

BARNETT: I said that?

STEED: Yes. (SHE SHAKES HER HEAD)
Then you started talking 'money'.
You said you'd advise me on some investments.

BARNETT: Me? I don't know anything about finance!

STEED: You mentioned a name ...
Von ... Van ...?

BARNETT: Van Doren's?

STEED: That's right.

BARNETT: Yes, they're my bankers and advisers. ~~'Least, they look after Daddy's money that's come down to me.~~ But I can't think why I offered to help you.

STEED: So now you're withdrawing the offer?

BARNETT: Not a bit. I promised to help - then help I will.

STEED: When?

BARNETT: You know Fratelli's? The steaks are this thick and the zabaglioni *is fab.*

STEED: *Davie*
What time?

BARNETT: *Eight, 11*
Eight. *11* What about ...
(LOOKS FOR CARD) What about Mrs. Gale?

STEED: My old governess. Her seventy-ninth. I'll call for you.
(STARTING OUT) Bring your portfolio.

BARNETT: I never step outside without it.

STEED SMILES AND GOES OUT, RAISING HIS HAT TO VENUS AS HE DOES SO.

CUT TO:

12. INT. DE WITT'S OFFICE. DAY.

DE WITT AND VAN DOREN ARE TOGETHER. DE WITT IS ON THE 'PHONE, WAITING FOR AN ANSWER. VAN DOREN IS LOOKING AROUND HIM.

VAN DOREN: Should get some of this junk off to the laundry.

DE WITT: Never! That's genuine mud from Waterloo.

VAN DOREN SCOFFS. DE WITT SPEAKS INTO THE 'PHONE.

DE WITT: Yes? ^{Meitkang} ~~Grove Electronics~~
Twenty one shillings. Thank you very much indeed. Speak to you later, John.
(HANGS UP)

VAN DOREN: Twenty-one bob.

DE WITT (NODDING): Now we can sell.

VAN DOREN: Definitely.

DE WITT: Not bad - buy at fourteen, sell at twenty-one.

VAN DOREN: Soon as we start selling the price might slip.

DE WITT: A little. Not much.

VAN DOREN: We must start buying back Lady Cynthia Bellamy-Barnett's shares.

DE WITT: I'll get on to it right away.

DOOR OPENS AND IN COMES CATHY, WHO IS NOW OBVIOUSLY AN EMPLOYEE OF THE BANK. SHE HAS SOME FOLDERS IN HER HAND.

CATHY: Excuse me, sir. You asked for the H.P. contracts - also the list of Acceptances.

DE WITT: Thank you, Mrs. Gale.

CATHY: Also Tuesday is the end of the Account.

DE WITT: Thank you. Eric, this is my new personal assistant, Mrs. Gale.

VAN DOREN: How do you do? (TO DE WITT) Very sudden.

DE WITT: Yes, Jenny got an unexpected passage to Sydney. Someone had to cry off.

VAN DOREN: I thought she was going to have to wait for months.

CATHY: I think a few strings were pulled somewhere, sir.

VAN DOREN: You're probably right.
The rich get richer and the strings
get pulled.

DE WITT: Thank you, Mrs. Gale. I'll
look through these. We'll go over them
later.

CATHY: Very good, sir.

SHE GOES OUT. VAN DOREN NODS. HE IS
IMPRESSED.

VAN DOREN: What's the secret, Basil?
How do you do it?

DE WITT: No secret. It's as I tell
Madge. If a man spends eighteen hours
a day at work then he might as well spend
them with pleasant people.

VAN DOREN: You old villain.

INTER-COM BUZZES. DE WITT FLICKS IT
ON.

DE WITT: Yes?

CUT TO:

13. INT. CATHY'S DESK. DAY.

CATHY IS AT INTER-COM. STEED IS
LOOKING ON.

CATHY: A Mr. John Steed to see you,
sir.

DE WITT: John Steed? Has he an appointment?

CATHY: No, sir.

DE WITT: Very well, tell him I'll see him in a few minutes.

CATHY: Very good, sir. (FLICKS OFF)

STEED LOOKS AT CATHY ENQUIRINGLY.

CATHY: Give me a chance.

COOPER COMES UP WITH THE MAIL. HE HANDS IT TO CATHY. SHE REACTS. HE IS SO POKER FACED IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL WHETHER HE RECOGNISES HER OR NOT.

COOPER: You'll ring if you want anything, Mrs. Gale? My name's Cooper.

CATHY: I won't forget.

COOPER: (TO STEED) Waiting for his Lordship, sir?

STEED: Yes.

COOPER: Sherry ... port?

STEED: Sherry, please.

COOPER: Dry?

STEED: Very. (COOPER GOES O.V.)
Convivial way to do business. (SEES
HER EXPRESSION) What's wrong?

CATHY: You'll have to get me out
of here, Steed.

STEED: Why? You look as though
you grew there.

CATHY: That man. He was the snooper
at Wrightson's.

STEED: (INCREDULOUS) Him? Are you
sure?

CATHY: Yes.

STEED: Did he recognise you?

CATHY: You tell me.

STEED: (NODDING) Stay where you are,
luv. Should produce some action - one
way or another.

CUT TO:

14. INT. DE WITT'S OFFICE. DAY.

VAN DOREN GOES OUT THROUGH CONNECTING
DOOR - TO HIS OWN OFFICE. DE WITT
FLICKS ON THE INTER-COM.

DE WITT: Send Mr. Steed in, please.

HE PICKS UP A SHEAF OF PAPERS. AFTER
A MOMENT, STEED COMES IN.

STEED: Good afternoon, sir.

DE WITT GETS UP AND SHAKES HANDS.

DE WITT: Good to see you again,
Steed. Sit down. Smoke? (STEED
DECLINES)

STEED: I like the office.

DE WITT: (NODDING) My partner deals
with the more contemporary element -
so he has the brass and chrome. I
specialise in the 'quality' market.

STEED: Have you heard any more about
our friend Wrightson?

DE WITT: No. I didn't think there'd
be any more to hear. The grave's pretty
irrevocable.

STEED: Any theories on how he made the
money?

DE WITT: Theories - don't deal in them.
Couldn't have been legal.

STEED (AGREEING) : His widow seemed
as surprised as any of us.

DE WITT: Four hundred and eighty
thousand. Who wouldn't be?

COOPER COMES IN WITH TWO GLASSES ON A
SILVER TRAY. HE GIVES ONE TO STEED
AND ONE TO DE WITT. STEED WATCHES
HIM CAREFULLY.

STEED: I approve of the way you do business - very civilised.

COOPER OUT.

DE WITT: Banking's always been civilised. Probably because it was started by Italians. Don't quote me. Cheers!

STEED: Your health. (DRINKS)
Excellent sherry.

DE WITT: Fringe benefits. We have a Spanish subsidiary and an excellent cellar. Now! What can I do for you?

STEED: I promised to contact you on behalf of a friend.

DE WITT: Yes. Fire away.

STEED: He's in business - doing extremely well - and he needs a loan to extend his plant. Think you could help?

DE WITT (SHAKING HEAD): Obviously I'd need more facts - the balance sheet. Figures for the past few years, etc. But I'm afraid we can't. We're fully committed. Perhaps one of the other banks ... possibly an Insurance Company.

STEED: I'll suggest that.

DE WITT: Like to help, but you can only spend your money once.

STEED: I understand.

DE WITT: We're heavily committed on the Hire Purchase side ... It's a big drain and we've pulled off a couple of fair-sized deals in Europe - specialist knowledge of the Dutch scene. There's a limit.

STEED: Still. No harm in asking.

DE WITT: None at all. Very kind of you.

STEED (GETTING UP): Good. I like to see these chaps get a break.

DE WITT: So do we.

STEED: So easy for them to pull up stakes and go off to America.

DE WITT: Agreed.

STEED: Thank you for your time.
(OFFERING TO SHAKE HANDS)

DE WITT: Not at all. What line's your friend in?

STEED: Electronics.

DE WITT: Electronics. Why didn't you say so before?

HE STARTS TO LEAD STEED BACK TO HIS DESK.

DE WITT: Perhaps it's worth a closer look. Not that I can guarantee anything, but ...

MIX TO:

15. INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

CATHY PRACTISING SWINGS WITH
STEED'S POLO STICK. STEED
ENTERS.

STEED: How you'd gladden their
hearts ~~at~~ Cowdray Park. Fancy
a chukker with you myself.
Like my button hole?

CATHY: Compliments of Cynthia?

STEED: She didn't think the
green carnation suited me.
(HANDS HER PAPER) What do you
think of that for a list of shares?

CATHY: Cynthia?

STEED: We owe a lot to that
girl. I took it to a broker
contact of mine. He was very
impressed. "Very nice mixture
of growth and income" I quote.
But (PRODUCES FINANCIAL TIMES)
Look at today's prices. The Index
has been around 300 - 310 for
some weeks. No steep ups and
downs. Yet, all the shares on
Cynthia's list - I've checked them
all - have gone down. All by
equivalent amounts. See. This
pound share's down eight shillings
and this five-bobber by two shillings.
Same thing. Now (STANDS BACK
PROUDLY) what do you deduce
from that?

CATHY: They've all been sold.

STEED'S REACTION.

MIX TO:

16. INT. WRIGHTSON'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

EDITH WRIGHTSON IS POURING TEA FOR HERSELF AND CATHY. OLD FASHIONED TEA COZY, ETC.

EDITH: That's right. My solicitor - a Mr. Jones - he's taken it up with the Tax People. I don't know what's happening. If John were here, he'd tell you. But, you know, it's all way beyond me.

CATHY: Four hundred thousand - it's beyond most of us.

EDITH: I thought it was a joke. Honestly - a joke. I really did.

CATHY: That's understandable.

EDITH: I mean where did Clarence get his hands on that sort of money? A little in the Post Office - yes, or a bit of a divi, but ...

CATHY: You haven't any idea.

EDITH: No. No wiser than when John sat at this very table and read it out. Sugar?

SHE PASSES A CUP OF TEA OVER, THEN TAKES UP HER DARNING WHICH SHE WORKS ON THROUGHOUT.

CATHY: Thank you.

EDITH: Don't mind tea, do you?

CATHY: Not at all.

EDITH: I'm sure it's not what you're used to in the evenings. (SPOTS CATHY'S HANDS) Nail varnish - I always wanted to try it. Clarence wouldn't have it, though. 'Painted Women' he used to call them. No offence.

CATHY: Possibly your husband got the money from his firm.

EDITH: Pinched it, you mean?

CATHY: Well ...

EDITH: I thought of that. (SHRUGS) You think of everything, don't you? Not much of a Company that didn't miss that lot. He was a straight man, Mrs. Gale. You should've heard what Lord De Witt said about him. Made me quite proud.

CATHY: I'm sure.

EDITH: It's a long time - 1918.

CAMERA PANS AWAY TO A FACE PRESSED AGAINST THE WINDOW - JOHN WRIGHTSON.

CATHY: Did your husband see a lot of Lord De Witt? After the war, I mean?

EDITH: I don't know that he saw him at all. Apart from Regimental do's. Remembrance Day, things like that.

DOOR OPENS AND JOHN COMES IN. HIS MANNER IS COLD AND SUSPICIOUS.

EDITH: Hullo, son. This is a friend of Mr. Steed's, Mrs. Gale.

CATHY: How do you do?

JOHN: What do you want?

EDITH: Mrs. Gale called to see if there was anything she could do.

JOHN: Did she. Well, there's not.

CATHY: In that case, I won't waste my time.

JOHN TAKES UP A POSITION SO THAT HE'S BLOCKING HER WAY OUT. CATHY IS VERY COOL -- PULLING ON GLOVES, ETC.

JOHN: Who sent you?

CATHY: Steed. Your mother just told you.

JOHN: What's his interest?

CATHY: I imagine he'd like to help.

EDITH: 'Course he would. Don't be suspicious.

JOHN: Eighteen years we've been here - no-one wanted to help us before.

CATHY: Maybe you didn't need help before.

JOHN: You know something, don't you?

CATHY: I know that you're scared - scared stiff.

JOHN: Who's scared?

HE PUTS OUT A HAND TO GRAB HER. CATHY GRABS IT AND TWISTS IT UP BEHIND HIS BACK.

CATHY: All right?

HE NODS. SHE RELEASES HIM. HE RUBS HIS SHOULDER.

JOHN: Tell Mr. Steed we can manage. Thank you very much!

CATHY: Goodnight, Mrs. Wrightson. Thank you for the tea.

EDITH: You're welcome, my dear.

JOHN OPENS THE DOOR, WATCHING HER SUSPICIOUSLY. CATHY - IMPERTURBABLE - WALKS OUT. JOHN WATCHES FOR A MOMENT THEN SLAMS THE DOOR.

JOHN: Vultures! They'd have the old boy out of his box if they could. (RUBS ARM).

EDITH: Weren't very friendly, were you?

JOHN: Why should I be? (POURS TEA)

EDITH: I thought she was very nice.

JOHN: Don't be taken in, Mum. They're all after the same thing. "Where did it come from?" Bet she asked you, didn't she?

EDITH: (HESITANTLY) 'Course she didn't.

JOHN: See, you're not even a good liar!

EDITH: Wish we knew.

JOHN: (NURSING CUP) I'd tell you, if I thought it'd do any good.

EDITH: You know something?

JOHN: Yeah, I reckon so. I reckon I know where we can put the screw on - when we need to. We'll be all right, Mum. Don't worry.

BUT SHE DOES WORRY.

CUT TO:

16A. INT. WEST END FLORIST'S. NIGHT.

STEED IS MOVING THROUGH THE GARDEN-LIKE SHRUBBERY, USING A SHIELDED TORCH TO SEE BY.

THE SHOP IS INTERMITTENTLY LIT BY A FLASHING NEON FROM THE STREET O.V. OCCASIONAL TRAFFIC SOUNDS ALSO. STEED ARRIVES AT THE SAFE BEHIND THE COUNTER. THE DOOR IS OPEN AND HE STARTS TO GO THROUGH IT. NEON REVEALS A HUGE MAN, GOLIATH, STANDING IN THE SHADOWS WATCHING STEED. STEED QUICKLY SATISFIES HIMSELF THAT THERE IS NOTHING OF INTEREST FOR HIM IN THE SAFE - UNLESS HE TAKES A NIBBLE AT A HALF EATEN BAR OF CHOCOLATE - AND STARTS OUT. GOLIATH REVEALS HIMSELF. THEY FIGHT. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT GOLIATH COULD END THE SERIES IF HE GOT A GRIP ON STEED. HE DOESN'T. STEED THROWS HIM, KNOCKS HIM OUT AND WALKS CALMLY OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE:

FADE UP:

17. INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

THERE IS A RING AT THE DOOR BELL. IT CONTINUES TO RING UNTIL STEED EMERGES FROM HIS BEDROOM, WEARING HIS DRESSING GOWN.

STEED: All right! All right!

HE OPENS THE DOOR. THERE STANDS CYNTHIA BELLAMY-BARNETT, A LARGE HAT BOX-SIZED PARCEL IN HER HAND.

BARNETT: You darling! You absolute darling!

SHE SUDDENLY REACHES UP AND KISSES HIM.

STEED: What happened?

THEY GO INTO THE FLAT.

BARNETT: You're not wounded, or anything?

STEED: Of course not.

BARNETT: How did you do it?

STEED: Do what?

*2 kisses
X to enter
Room
X to D Send
of Sqa.*

BARNETT WALKS AROUND HIM,
TESTING HIS MUSCLES.

BARNETT: You don't look all
that muscular. You must be
very deceptive.

STEED: I am.. What have I done?

~~BARNETT: Golly! I knocked
him out. Spark out - that's
what he says.~~

~~STEED: Who's Golly?~~

~~BARNETT~~ ^{Golly -} Goliath - my devoted
bodyguard.

^{ch, the man}
STEED: ~~Not that big stiff~~ in
the chop?

^{you knocked him out}
BARNETT: ~~He's~~ (STEED IS
DISAPPOINTED) ~~Holds as tough as~~
~~Irish whip? How did you do it? An~~ ^{was it a}
~~Irish whip? Or a Boston Crab?~~ ^{Pallo piledriver}
~~Or a Pallo piledriver?~~ ^{a foot} I adore
wrestling don't you? All those
big, strong men grunting at one
another. ^{Crab or whip}

STEED: Preferably not in the
middle of the night - amidst
the potted palms.

^{did you}
BARNETT: (LAUGHING) ~~You didn't~~
wreck the shop as well, ~~did you?~~

STEED: Not quite.

Oh How divine!

BARNETT: ~~What's that?~~ Anyhow Golly's very upset. He was a Contender.

STEED: What for?

BARNETT: Oh, I don't know. But I know he contended - more than once, I think. I'll have to ask him. (SHOWS BOX) Look ...

STEED: Let me ask you something first.

BARNETT: Blast off, Samson.

STEED: You haven't sold any of your shares, have you?

BARNETT: Shares? 'Course not. Open up. (OFFERS BOX)

STEED: What is it?

BARNETT: It's for you.

STEED OPENS THE BOX. CAMERA GOES RIGHT IN CLOSE. IT'S A POLO HELMET. NICE POLO MUSIC.

MIX TO:

18. INT. DE WITTS OFFICE. DAY.

VAN DOREN IS SITTING DOWN, OPERATING AUTOMATIC ADDING MACHINE. DE WITT STANDS WATCHING.

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DE WITT: Machine-mad, that's what we are.

VAN DOREN: Made by one of our own companies.

DE WITT: Oh, is it? (EXAMINES IT) Excellent bit of kit.

VAN DOREN: Hypocrite! For the record, we bought at an average price of 14/-, sold at 21/-. Profit of seven shillings. We bought 2,000,000 shares. So we made a profit of seventy thousand pounds.

DE WITT: Excellent piece of business. I congratulate you, Eric.

VAN DOREN: The last - from that particular source.

DE WITT: (SADLY) Unfortunately. We shall miss him. Best batman any officer ever had.

VAN DOREN: We've taken up our option on the Grove Electronics Stock?

DE WITT: Yes.

INTER-COM BUZZES. DE WITT ANSWERS.

DE WITT:... Hulloo?

CATHY (v/o): A Mr. John Wrightson
on the 'phone for you, sir.

DE WITT AND VAN DOREN LOOK AT ONE
ANOTHER SUSPICIOUSLY.

VAN DOREN: Take it here.

DE WITT: Put him on. (REACHES FOR
'PHONE)

CUT TO:

19. INT. CATHY'S DESK. DAY.

CATHY:(INTO INTERCOM.) Yes, sir.
(INTO 'PHONE): Putting you through
now, Mr. Wrightson.

CATHY SWITCHES THE CALL THROUGH AND
THEN LIFTS THE EXTENSION RECEIVER
HERSELF. SHE LISTENS IN. CAMERA
PANS TO DOORWAY WHERE COOPER STANDS
WATCHING HER. HIS EXPRESSION GIVES
NOTHING AWAY.

19A. INT. VAN DOREN'S OFFICE. DAY.

DE WITT IS STILL ON THE 'PHONE. HE
IS GRIM-FACED.

DE WITT: ... tonight then - nine p.m.
(HANGS UP)

VAN DOREN: What did he want?

DE WITT: Wants to see me.

VAN DOREN: What for?

DE WITT: "To do a deal", whatever that means. You think he's on to us?

VAN DOREN: Don't you?

DE WITT: How?

VAN DOREN: You'll be able to tell me that tomorrow.

DE WITT: What shall I say?

VAN DOREN: I expect he'll do most of the talking. Say as little as you have to.

DE WITT: He hasn't any proof - he can't have.

VAN DOREN: Four hundred and eighty thousand pounds worth - if only he knows how to use it.

MIX TO:

20. INT. WRIGHTSON'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

JOHN WRIGHTSON SITS AT THE TABLE LISTENING TO A TRANSISTOR RADIO. THIS AND ONE OR TWO OTHER ARTICLES IN THE KITCHEN ARE INDICATIONS OF THE 'NOUVEAU RICHENESS'.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. WRIGHTSON'S BACK DOOR. NIGHT.

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DE WITT, WEARING BRITISH WARM,
ARRIVES AND KNOCKS. ALMOST
IMMEDIATELY THE DOOR IS OPENED
BY JOHN WRIGHTSON. HE GLANCES
AROUND TO MAKE SURE DE WITT IS
ALONE.

JOHN: Come in.

DE WITT DOES SO.

CUT TO:

22. INT. WRIGHTSON'S KITCHEN.
NIGHT.

THE TWO MEN COME IN.

JOHN: Excuse the kitchen.

JOHN SITS DOWN AT THE END OF
THE TABLE.

JOHN: Sit down. (DE WITT DOES
SO) Glad you could make it.

DE WITT: It didn't sound much
like an invitation.

JOHN SMILES AND PRODUCES A BOTTLE
OF BEER AND AN OPENER.

JOHN: Beer? (DE WITT DECLINES)
I think I know how it was done.
(BEAT) Aren't you interested.

DE WITT: Should I be?

JOHN: No, I guess not. (CASUALLY)
Would you pass me a glass?

DE WITT LOOKS AT HIM FOR A MOMENT,
THEN GETS UP AND FETCHES ONE FROM
A CLOSED DRESSER ('CLOSED' SO THAT
GLASSES ARE NOT ON SHOW)

HE PASSES IT TO JOHN WHO
LEISURELY POURS HIMSELF A BEER.

JOHN: (INDICATING GLASS) Glad you
remember where they live. (HE
NODS COCKILY. DE WITT LOOKS
ANNOYED) Foxy, eh?

DE WITT: You think I was involved
with your father?

JOHN: That's the general drift
of it.

DE WITT: Odd bedfellows, wouldn't
you say?

JOHN: Supply and demand - that's
what they call it. You got some-
thing and it's good - you can
usually find a market for it.

DE WITT: 'Who' supplied 'who'
in this mythical enterprise of your's?

JOHN: Dad supplied you - with
information. Financial information.

DE WITT: Dad and you - it was an
unlikely team. That was good.
Who'd expect a twenty-quid-a-week
man to hobnob with a big banker?

DE WITT: Who indeed?

JOHN: Dad was top draughtsman, so when an order comes through for a new bank-note or a new Share Certificate - he was first to be told. This is before it's publicly announced - right? Now, I'm no master-mind, but I can guess what it was worth to you. Knowing that ...Ecuador is revaluing its currency or... so and so's stores are making some new issue. It's even better than doping horses.

DE WITT: Absolutely fantastic.

JOHN: Think so?

DE WITT: Where's your proof?

JOHN: Oh, I don't need proof.

DE WITT: No?

JOHN: No. That's up to the police. I leave the proof-finding to them.

DE WITT: You think they'd believe you?

JOHN: With four hundred and eighty thousand quid to account for - they'd believe anything...

DE WITT TAKES THIS NEWS CASUALLY
LIGHTS CIGARETTES, ETC.

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DE WITT: Have you mentioned this to the police?

JOHN: Not yet. (BEAT) Look at it like this, could I have my old mother living off dishonest money? Well, could I?

DE WITT: Sentiment seems to enter rather late into your argument.

JOHN: That's me. Business first. God helps those.

DE WITT: What do you want from me?

JOHN: A pension.

DE WITT: For your mother?

JOHN: For me! Something nominal - ten thousand a year.

DE WITT: That's a lot of money.

JOHN: You can afford it.

DE WITT: Haven't you got enough already?

JOHN: It's not mine and - from what I hear - there isn't going to be much of it left.

DE WITT: I'll need time.

JOHN: Of course you will. Call you tomorrow.

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DE WITT GETS UP AND GOES OUT.
JOHN SMILES - HE THINKS HE
HANDLED THAT RATHER WELL. HE
RETURNS TO HIS BEER.

CUT TO:

MIX TO:

23 INT. STEED'S FLAT. DAY.

CATHY WITH PAPERS.

CATHY: That's it. Every single one of them.

STEED: All the investments have gone back up?

CATHY: By almost identical amounts. Lady Cynthia is in pocket again.

STEED: In other words, the investments have been repurchased.

CATHY: Exactly.

STEED: Why?

CATHY: It's an expensive game - brokerage, stamp duty, registration fees....I think.. somebody needed cash in the hand.

STEED: Just for a few weeks?

CATHY: Yes. (GOES TO PAPER)
And I think I begin to see why. Van Doren mentioned a company called Meitsons a couple of days ago. They made a surprise issue. Caused quite a stir.

STEED: Much effect on the share price?

CATHY: Oh, yes. It moved up quite sharply. From about fifteen to twenty-one shillings.

STEED: Good thing to be in on.

CATHY: And I'm certain Van Doren and De Witt were in on it.

STEED: You think maybe it wasn't such a surprise issue for them?

CATHY: Maybe.

STEED: Who knows when an issue is going to be made?

CATHY: As few people as possible. The board of directors, obviously. Then, of course, it isn't confirmed 'till the Annual General Meeting.

STEED: That's a formality, isn't it?

CATHY: Yes. The share certificates are usually posted the next day.

STEED: Wait. What about the people who make the certificates? They have to know in advance too, in order to print them.

CUT TO:

24. INT. VAN DOREN'S OFFICE. DAY.

VAN DOREN: We'll have to sell our interest in one of the electronics firms.

DE WITT: No. Never!

VAN DOREN: Don't be so stupid, Basil. They're crippling us.

DE WITT: They're doing well, aren't they?

VAN DOREN: That's not the point. We've nothing in hand. No cash. We haven't got Wrighton to rely on and now we've got this leach of a son of his bleeding us dry.

DE WITT: We're still not selling.

VAN DOREN: What's the alternative?

DE WITT: I'd kill him sooner than that.

VAN DOREN IS APPALLED FOR THE FIRST TIME HE LOSES THE 'LEADERSHIP' IN THEIR RELATIONSHIP.

VAN DOREN: Kill him?

DE WITT: Yes.

THERE IS A LONG PAUSE.

VAN DOREN: You're that determined.

DE WITT: I am. We have a unique role to fill, Eric. Nothing must change that. You and I can help save the world - that's a reasonable life's achievement.
(VAN DOREN SHAKES HIS HEAD)
You don't think so?

VAN DOREN: I don't know, Basil. I'm a Banker, not a politician or a soldier. I don't know.

DE WITT: (LAUGHING) Soldiers - There aren't such things. They're as dead as those stupid drapes. (POINTS TO THEM. AS HE WARMS TO HIS SUBJECT, THERE IS ABOUT HIM A FERVOUR OF DEDICTED LUNACY)
But you still have to match force with force. . . . And the only Force that matters today is the sort that ourcompanies provide. The Companies that we financed and developed. I can't fight on the battlefield any longer, but we've fought on the field of finance. Grove started with three men and his wife - today he employs eighteen hundred people. It's a reasonable life's achievement.

VAN DOREN IS NOT SO SURE.

CUT TO.

25. INT. WRIGHTSON'S BEDROOM DAY.

THE ROOM APPEARS EMPTY. THE DOOR
OPENS AND STEED SLIPS IN. HE
CROSSES TO THE BED, TAKES DOWN
ONE OF THE FRAMED CERTIFICATES AND
EXAMINES IT.

JOHN'S VOICE: Satisfied?

STEED SPINS ROUND TO SEE JOHN
COVERING HIM WITH A PISTOL. HE
OBVIOUSLY FOLLOWED HIM INTO THE
ROOM.

JOHN: I wondered who wanted
mother out of the way. She
should've told you I'd given up
my job.

STEED: It would've helped.

JOHN: Did you find what you
were looking for?

STEED: I think so.

JOHN: The bits are starting
to fit. I'm sorry you got
interested - it's a shame.

STEED: You think I've spiked your
guns?

JOHN: (SHAKING HEAD) I think
you've spiked your own.

STEED REALISES THAT THE SITUATION
IS BEGINNING TO LOOK UGLY.

CUT TO:

26. INT DE WITTS OFFICE. DAY.

DE WITT IS WORKING AT HIS DESK
AS VAN DOREN COMES IN.

VAN DOREN: Basil, have you got
the draft agreement with Grove.

DE WITT: No, I sent it down
to records. Do you want it?

VAN DOREN: Please.

DE WITT: (FLICKING ON INTER
COM) Mrs. Gale?

CATHY'S VOICE: Yes, Sir?

DE WITT: Did you take that
draft agreement down yet?

CATHY'S VOICE : The Grove
Electronics yes.

DE WITT: Oh. Sorry to disturb
you, but would you bring it up
again.

CATHY'S VOICE: Certainly. (DE WITT SWITCHES OFF)

VAN DOREN: Still don't trust her.

DE WITT: Relax, Eric. Honestly. Does she look like Inland Revenue?

VAN DOREN: No, but I still don't trust her.

THE OUTER DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND IN COMES STEED, FOLLOWED BY JOHN WRIGHTSON. A MACKINTOSH OVER WRIGHTSON'S ARM HAS CONCEALED HIS GUN.

DE WITT: Steed! (TO WRIGHTSON) You shouldn't have brought him here.

STEED (TO WRIGHTSON): Thank you for the ride.

JOHN: He's on to you.

VAN DOREN: What do you mean?

JOHN: He knows how it was done.

VAN DOREN: So much for his friend's electronics company.

DE WITT: Is this true?

STEED CASUALLY LAYS HIS HAT AND UMBRELLA ON A SIDE TABLE.

STEED: The tip off's from
Wrightson ... the spectacular
'Killings' on the stock market ...
using your client's money. Yes,
it's true.

JOHN: See. You'll be reading
it in the papers next.

DE WITT: You've no proof.

STEED: What about the sell-off of Lady Cynthia Bellamy-Barnett's investments, then their repurchase. All the deals would be recorded.

VAN DOREN IS RATTLED. HE LOOKS TO DE WITT TO EXTRICATE THEM. DE WITT IS STILL CALM, THE LATENT SOLDIER IS ASSERTING ITSELF.

DE WITT: What do you want? To ruin us? My partner and I are directors of sixty or seventy companies. Can you imagine the effect this would have?

STEED: Isn't it a bit late to think of that?

VAN DOREN: We didn't do this to make ourselves money, you know. We've hardly a penny in cash between us.

STEED: And Wrightson - my old batman - a percentage man - made four hundred and eighty thousand?

VAN DOREN: He wasn't supporting a fewdozen name scientists.

STEED: Why was it always electronics?

DE WITT: Because somebody had to support them. The country wouldn't. What Mr. Van Doren told you is almost the truth, Mr. Steed.

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DE WITT: (CONTD) We've made very little profit. Even less since Mr. Van Doren started manipulating the books.

VAN DOREN: I never realised.....

DE WITT: Oh, yes. I've known for some years. But it didn't matter. (TO STEED) These men - engineers and scientists - they're our only hope. Don't you see that? We lent capital to a man who was working alone in a garage in Cricklewood. Today his electronics firm leads the world. Grave Electronics.

VAN DOREN: He was one of the good ones. One of the few.

DE WITT: There isn't a rocket or missile - in the Western World that doesn't owe something to him... and us. Mr. Steed, I beg you. Can't you forget what you know?

STEED: I'm sorry.

DE WITT: Money?

STEED: No.

DE WITT: I'm a patriot, not a traitor. (STEED MERELY SHAKES HIS HEAD) That's your last word? (STEED NODS, HE TURNS TO JOHN) You wanted a pension. Very well, you can have it. First, though you have to earn it. (HE NODS AT STEED)

JOHN: You want me to kill him?

VAN DOREN GOES TO OBJECT, DE WITT
STOPS HIM.

DE WITT: Execute him, that would
have been my word. But that's what
I want.

JOHN: (DELIBERATING) All right,
you're on.

STEED: Money talks, doesn't it?

DE WITT: Take him in there. (IN-
DICATES VAN DOREN'S OFFICE) Eric,
stay with them while I get rid of
Mrs. Gale.

JOHN HUDDLES STEED OUT. DE WITT
BECKONS VAN DOREN.

DE WITT: (WHISPERING) We'll fix
it so it looks as though they
killed each other.

VAN DOREN NODS HIS HEAD AND GOES
O.V. DE WITT FLICKS ON INTER COM.

DE WITT: Mrs. Gale, would you come
in for a moment, please?

SWITCHES OFF,
AFTER A SECOND, CATHY COMES IN -
PAPERS IN HAND.

CATHY: The draft agreement. (LAYS
IT ON DESK)

DE WITT: Thank you. Mrs. Gale,
I want you to do an errand for me.
I must have some papers collected
from Jennings of Municipal Insurance.
Cheapside. Would you do that?
Take a taxi - have some lunch while
you're out. Put it on a chitty to
the chief accountant.

CATHY: Very well, sir.

SHE TURNS AWAY. AS SHE DOES SO.
SHE SPOTS STEED'S HAT AND UMBRELLA.
SHE STOPS.

DE WITT: Is there something wrong?

CATHY PICKS UP THE HAT. THEY LOOK
AT ONE ANOTHER FOR A MOMENT. THEN
THE CONNECTING DOOR OPENS - JOHN
WRIGHTSON STEPS IN. HE SPOTS
CATHY AND STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.
THEY RECOGNISE ONE ANOTHER.

CUT TO:

27. INT. VAN DOREN'S OFFICE. DAY.

VAN DOREN, PISTOL IN HAND, IS
COVERING STEED.

STEED: Nervous, aren't you?
Somehow, I don't think you fit into
this. You're playing second fiddle
to a crank. You realise that?

VAN DOREN: Quiet!

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STEED: It's still not too late. What's a little fraud between friends? But murder - that's very anti-social. Come on. Give me the gun.

VAN DOREN: Keep away. (RETREATING)

STEED: You're a business man, Van Doren. Making money - that's your life. He's not. He's a soldier. Killing - that's his vocation. Don't you see that? Me, Mrs. Gale, Wrightson - who'll be next, You?

28. INT. DE WITT'S OFFICE. DAY.

OBVIOUSLY JOHN HAS NOW TOLD DE WITT WHO CATHY IS. THEY ARE BOTH CUTTING OFF CATHY'S ESCAPE ROUTE.

DE WITT: Grab her.

JOHN: That's not so easy.

DE WITT: Think of your pension. Come on, lad.

JOHN PICKS UP A CHAIR AND ADVANCES ON CATHY. SHE RETREATS. HE SWINGS AT HER, SHE DUCKS AND THE CHAIR CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

CUT TO:

29. INT. VAN DOREN'S OFFICE. DAY.

AT THE FIRST SOUNDS OF THE FIGHT, VAN DOREN MOVES ACROSS TO THE CONNECTING DOOR. WHEN HIS CONTRACTION LETS UP, STEED POUNCES. THE PISTOL IS DASHED TO THE GROUND AND THEY FIGHT. STEED KNOCKS HIM DOWN. VAN DOREN HAS VERY LITTLE TO OFFER IN THE WAY OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH, AND COURAGE.

CUT TO:

30. INT. DE WITT'S OFFICE. DAY.

CATHY HAS JOHN DOWN WITH HIS ARM TWISTED UP BEHIND HIS BACK. DE WITT THREATENS TO INTERVENE.

CATHY: Keep back.

JOHN: (IN PAIN) For God's sake - do what she says. She'll break my arm.

STEED GUN IN HAND, PUSHES VAN DOREN IN....

STEED: Okay, luv?

CATHY: Fine.

DE WITT: (RESIGNEDLY) All right Steed. Call off the blood-hounds We're finished.

AT THAT MOMENT COOPER COMES IN. HE BOGGLES AS CATHY ALLOWS JOHN TO STAND UP.

COOPER: (TO STEED) Excuse me, sir. I heard the fracas and took the liberty of calling the police.

DE WITT: (DEAD PAN) Good man, Cooper. Or should I say 'quisling'?

COOPER: I trust that was right, sir.

STEED: Yes, that was very thoughtful Cooper. Very good.

COOPER: Will there be anything else, sir.

STEED: No, I don't really think there will.

COOPER NODS AND LEAVES.

VAN DOREN: Are you going to let him get away? (STEED SHAKES HIS HEAD)

STEED AND CATHY START MARCHING THE TRIO OUT.

CATHY:Steed. Next time you're invited to a funeral - don't go. It'll save a lot of trouble.

STEED: (SMILING AND ADJUSTING BUTTON HOLE) And just when I can get cost price wreaths. I don't know. Have to think about it. Doing anything special on Sunday afternoon?

CATHY: (CONTD) It'll save a lot
of trouble.

STEED: (SMILING AND ADJUSTING BUTTON
HOLE) And just when I can get cost
price wreaths. I don't know. Have
to think about it. Doing anything
special on Sunday afternoon?

(MYSTIFIED)
CATHY: / I don't know. Why?

STEED: Thought you might like
to watch me playing polo.

THEY FOLLOW. CAMERA PANS TO THE
OLD REGIMENTAL COLOURS AND DRAPES.

FADE DOWN.

END.