



" THE AVENGERS "

"THE CYBERNAUTS"

B+w

by

Philip Levene

342

IN WHICH STEED RECEIVES A DEADLY
GIFT - AND ENMA POCKETS IT !

JANUARY, 1965.

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THE AVENGERSTHE CYBERNAUTS

PAGE IN:

1. INT. HAMMOND'S STUDY. NIGHT.

1.

OPEN CLOSE on distinctive fountain pen. It is of stainless steel and has unique torpedo-like shape.

PULL BACK to reveal fountain pen lying amidst a pile of business reports scattered across a large study desk. The room is sparsely lit, illuminated only by a solitary table lamp. The character of the room suggests a well-to-do business executive.

PULL BACK FURTHER and TILT DOWN to include a diffuse pool of light through the open study doors as we hear the sound of a man's feet hurriedly approach, o.s. - his steps echo along the strip flooring of the corridor.

TILT UP from pool of light as the FEET hurry into frame - and reveal HAMMOND, in his mid-fifties, with the demeanour of an ex-Army officer, wearing shoes, trousers and a well-cut dressing-gown. (The impression should be that he has been disturbed, has investigated, and the result has caused him to return hurriedly.) As he reaches the open doors of the study, he is breathless and alarmed. A distant shattering of glass, o.s., causes him to wheel quickly and close both doors simultaneously, as in a deliberate move to set up a barrier.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP - as, still breathless, HAMMOND turns key and quickly bolts the door, top and bottom. As he throws the final bolt home, slow, heavy footsteps are heard approaching, o.s., accompanied by an eerie menacing theme suggesting that what lies beyond the doors is no ordinary intruder. HAMMOND's ears prick up quickly at the sound of the footsteps. Anxiously, he peers around for anything to act as a second line of defence.

PANNING with him, as he reaches out and pulls across a low settee, jamming it against the door handle. Realizing this is an ineffective barrier, he grabs at anything, chairs, a small occasional table ... piling them on top of the settee. There is a brief moment of silence as the o.s. footsteps halt - followed a moment later by a frenzied, rhythmic o.s. hammering.

REVERSE SHOT as HAMMOND moves to the desk, grabs at telephone receiver, dials hurriedly - as o.s. hammering continues. As he completes dialling, he looks back at doors.

CLOSE SHOT of large period door. Under pressure, the hinge is creeping away from the surrounding jamb.

REVERSE SHOT - HAMMOND's hand is beating impatiently through the air as he waits for number to answer - when we hear a slow, splintering sound indicating the imminent collapse of the study doors. HAMMOND panics and drops the 'phone back into its rest.

PAN WITH HAMMOND as he reaches for large shot gun on the wall behind the desk. Hammering and menacing theme build as he reaches into desk drawer and quickly loads two shells, then briskly snaps the barrel back into place.

REVERSE SHOT - as study doors fall away from CAMERA, hitting the pile carpet with a resounding thud.

(CONTINUED)

1. CAMERA

1.

CAMERA TRACKS, as though intruder, towards HAMMOND - who, with gun in hand, backs away towards the desk, staring at the approaching menace with confused terror - and positioned so that he stands between the intruder and distinctive pen on desk. HAMMOND's mouth drops inarticulately, and his mounting tension culminates as he fires shot gun towards CAMERA, emptying both barrels. CAMERA continues to TRACK FORWARD, a dark, undefined figure of the intruder enters frame - and the picture goes to BLACK, as we hear a sharp whip-like sound, followed by a cry from Hammond.

CLOSE SHOT - as HAMMOND falls into frame, hitting the floor heavily by the side of the desk.

PAUSING slowly from HAMMOND's body towards shot gun, lying a few feet away, as heavy footsteps recede o.s.

TRACK IN to CLOSE SHOT of metallic barrel of gun, twisted into a curved loop like a piece of soft wire.

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

THE CYBERNAUTSSCENES 2-3 DELETED

FADE OUT:

 COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

4. INT. HAMMOND'S STUDY. ^{NIGHT}

CLOSE SHOT - as STEED'S FEET nonchalantly approach CAMERA, crossing the heavy study doors, to the accompaniment of an ironical, lilting theme. The tip of his umbrella probes the large period hinge still attached - though

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:

4.

hanging loosely by a solitary bent screw.

TILT UP as he stares down curiously at the shattered door.

REVERSE SHOT as STEED moves silently into the room. Casually he lifts umbrella so that it rests on his shoulder and with a professional eye, he takes in the room. The body of HAMMOND has now been removed, but the twisted shot gun lies on the desk. He props his broolly by it and reaches for the shot gun. As he does so, EMMA's voice is heard off.

EMMA
(off screen)
Steed!
(louder)
Steed!

STEED
(as he lifts gun)
In the study, Mrs. Peel.

REVERSE SHOT as EMMA arrives briskly in the doorway carrying a small folder. She halts suddenly, raising an eyebrow with amusement.

M.S. of STEED with shot gun raised to his shoulder, the front of the barrel twisted into a loop is pointing towards the ceiling.

STEED
(taking aim)
Rather unique, isn't it?
Wherever you aim, you hit the
chandelier.

PULL BACK as STEED replaces gun and EMMA enters frame.

EMMA
(holding up
folder)
Here's the file. Should I
recap?

STEED
Do.

EMMA
(briskly as she
peruses file)
First victim, "Walter Carlson,
found dead in his apartment on
the fifth. Fractured skull."
Number two, Andrew Denham in
his penthouse on the sixth.
Fractured skull. And last
night -
(indicating former
position of body)
Samuel Hammond ...

STEED
Don't tell me ... Fractured
skull?

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:

4.

EMMA
Broken neck.

STEED
Beg your pardon.

EMMA
(handing sheet
to STEED)
Well, here's a list of their
holdings.

(as STEED
peruses list)
Carlson was chairman of Commer-
cial Imports, Denham head of
Auto-engineering and Hammond
on the board of Electrical
Industries.

STEED
(still perusing list)
Hm. All way up in the top bracket.

EMMA
(pointedly)
Where the vultures gather.

STEED
Meaning?

EMMA
It's difficult to reach the
top without making enemies.
(shrugging)
Revenge? Some hired assassin?

STEED collects his broolly and moves round desk.

STEED
(indicating doors)
But professional killers don't
use a battering ram ... Whoever
came through those doors was in
a wild frenzy.

EMMA
(moving to him
behind desk)
I suppose Hammond wasn't
expecting anyone?

REVERSE SHOT of STEED to include desk diary as he
examines entries.

STEED
(his finger rests
by an entry reading
"HARACHI. 230.")
(casually)
Had an appointment today. No
other entries.

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:

4.

TWO SHOT - EMMA and STEED.

EMMA

Well, looks like a dead end,
Steed. Correction. Three
dead ends.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED as he taps chin with his umbrella handle.

STEED

(with concern)

Hm. Wonder if there'll be a fourth?

5-6. DELETED.

5-6.

7. INT. CORRIDOR. I.D. OFFICES. DAY.

7.

CLOSE SHOT of large heavy black shoes as they move along composition floor of corridor in modern office block. Each firm step is accompanied by the slowly building menacing theme from Shot 1.

TILT UP from feet to the back of a large heavily built MAN as he arrives at a T junction facing a notice reading, "ADMINISTRATION - INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENTS LTD. (GREAT BRITAIN)"

The MAN's shoulders are massive, and his height is in the region of 6'4". He wears a black coat turned up at the neck and a black trilby. The impression is similar to the American hood of the prohibition era. His hands hang stiffly by his side and he wears shiny black gloves. Simultaneously as he arrives at T junction we hear SECURITY GUARD call off screen.

SECURITY GUARD

(off screen)

Hey you!

REVERSE SHOT of SECURITY GUARD moving hurriedly towards CAMERA.

M.C.S. of MAN's back moving away from CAMERA without slightest reaction to GUARD's call. GUARD enters frame and grabs MAN's arm. With the speed of lightning, a sharp cutting thrust, accompanied by the whip-like sound, sends the SECURITY GUARD sliding along the corridor which appears like a bowling alley.

CLOSE SHOT of SECURITY GUARD as he collides heavily with the wall. Stunned, he shakes his head, and with difficulty gets to his feet and reaches for the wall phone.

8. INT. LAMBERT'S OFFICE. DAY.

8.

M.S. from above - of LAMBERT seated at his desk, pen in hand. (Identical to the one in HAMMOND's possession from Shot 1.) LAMBERT is in his late forties, a well-groomed, high-powered executive. He

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

8.

is leaning across the desk towards the intercom engaged in a conversation with a member of the staff.

LAMBERT
Got that figure, Jim?

JIM
(voice only)
Yes, fine, Bob. How's the Harachi deal?

LAMBERT
Seeing the rep this afternoon.

The telephone rings. LAMBERT lifts it briskly.

LAMBERT
(into intercom)
Hang on, would you.
(into phone)
Lambert here ... What?
(annoyed)
Well, why call me? ...
You've got a dozen men in Security ... Now, don't bother me again!

LAMBERT slams down phone and returns to intercom.

LAMBERT
(into intercom).
Still there Jim?

JIM
(voice only)
What's the trouble?

LAMBERT
Someone's got in without a pass.
(to business)
Look, I'd like the estimated cost for the first quarter ...

Sound of crash of glass from outer office. LAMBERT looks up sharply.

LAMBERT
What the ... ?
(to intercom)
Hold it, would you Jim ...

LAMBERT pushes back his chair and rises.

CLOSE SHOT of LAMBERT's office door. A gloved fist bursts through the soft wood panel, and is withdrawn quickly.

CLOSE SHOT as LAMBERT stares at the door incredulously.

CLOSE SHOT as centre panel of the door splinters and buckles a few inches into the room.

M.C.S. as LAMBERT opens desk drawer and produces a gun.

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

8.

CLOSE ANGLE SHOT from the side wall, as office door collapses into the room torn from the hinges.

TRACKING with MAN as he enters the room. LAMBERT moves round the desk pointing gun towards advancing figure. The music is now building to menacing climax.

LAMBERT

Who are you? What do you want?
Now, keep away or I'll ...

LAMBERT continues to back away till he finds himself trapped against the far wall. Sensing the inevitable danger, his hand tightens on the gun and he fires a single shot at the approaching figure. To LAMBERT's horror, the MAN continues to advance and LAMBERT finally empties the entire barrel. The figure obliterates the frame - the picture goes to BLACK - and we hear sharp whip-like sound cut through the air.

CLOSE SHOT as LAMBERT's body falls into frame by filing cabinet. The distinctive pen falls from his pocket onto the carpet.

A gloved hand reaches into frame, picks up the pen, CAMERA TILTS UP as the hand rises, and crushes pen as though it were made of tin foil.

JIM

(voice only.
With concern)

Bob, what's happening? You all right? Bob, can you hear me?

CAMERA TILTS DOWN from the hand onto the intercom.
CAMERA PANS BACK onto the body of LAMBERT.

9. INT. LAMBERT'S OFFICE. DAY.

9 may edit.
9.

CLOSE SHOT of EMMA's feet as they cross the shattered wooden door into LAMBERT's office. We hear the ironic lilting theme that accompanied STEED's first entrance. TILTING UP as EMMA moves into office and crosses to STEED who stands by a shattered glass door on the wall a few feet behind the desk. LAMBERT's body is still in the room covered with a sheet. EMMA carries a batch of statements in her hand.

EMMA

(as she reaches STEED)

The statements.

STEED

(still perusing door)

Extraordinary. Much easier to use the handle.

EMMA

(perusing statements)

They vary a little.

STEED

(turning)

Hm?

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

9.

EMMA
(indicating)
The witnesses' statements.
Male, they say, between six-
two and six-six ...

STEED
Six-six?

EMMA
Wearing dark coat, hat, gloves,
some say spectacles ...

STEED
They'd never seen him before?

EMMA
No.

STEED
(thoughtfully)
Odd. In spite of the maze of
corridors, he knew exactly
where to find Lambert.

STEED moves around the desk and taps the intercom as
he does so.

STEED
How about the ear-witness?

EMMA
Heard the door, the shots, and
a sort of whip-like sound.

STEED
(puzzled)
Whip-like?

EMMA's arm cuts through the air to demonstrate,
accompanied by an audible imitation.

STEED
(with sarcasm)
Very helpful. And to add to
the confusion he's bullet proof.

STEED reaches onto the desk and produces bullet with
flattened nose. EMMA joins him and takes bullet.

CLOSE SHOT of bullet with flattened nose.

TWO SHOT of EMMA as she joins STEED. He leans across
the desk and peruses papers in both in-coming and out-
going trays. Suddenly he withdraws a letter from the
in-coming tray with interest.

STEED
(without turning)
Mrs. Peel? ... Hammond's diary
... there was an appointment for
this afternoon, remember it?

EMMA
(matter-of-fact)
Yes, at the Harachi Corporation
wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

STEED

Hm.

EMMA

(casually)

They're a Japanese electronics firm. He probably did business with them.

STEED

(pointedly)

So did Lambert. Listen to this.

(with slight

Japanese accent.

Reading)

"Honourable Gentlemen" ...

(to EMMA)

So polite, aren't they?

"Our representative, Mr.

Tusumo, will be in your capital

London city ..."

(chuckles at the

wording)

" ... on the twelfth. Would you

kindly lift the telephone for an

appointment. We remain obedient

and faithfully." ... Isn't that

nice? On behalf of Harachi

Corporation ... etc., etc.

STEED replaces letter, simultaneously referring to LAMBERT's diary.

STEED

It appears the late Mr. Lambert did "lift the telephone". He made an appointment for three.

EMMA

(reflecting)

Harachi were in the news a few weeks back. They've developed some new circuit element to replace the transistor.

STEED

(moving round desk to body)

Really?

EMMA

Could revolutionise the electronics industry. Lambert may've been competing for the European concession.

STEED kneels and lifts sheet.

STEED

Well, this "honourable gentleman's" out of the race now. Difficult to 'compete' with a broken neck.

STEED is about to replace sheet, when EMMA puts a restraining hand on his arm.

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

9.

EMMA
 One second, Steed.
 (she looks en-
 quiringly at
 the body)
 ... The position of his head.
 He's been hit from the front ...
 yet there's not the slightest
 bruise on his face.

STEED
 (looking up at her)
 Conclusion, honourable lady?

TILTING UP with EMMA as she rises.

EMMA
 (thoughtfully)
 Jinchu.
 (pronounced Yinkoo)

STEED rises into frame to join her in TWO SHOT.

STEED
 Jinchu? Mind translating?
 My Japanese is a bit rusty.

EMMA
 (demonstrating)
 It's a blow from the deadly
 art of Karate. Delivered by
 an expert, breaks the neck
 easier than a hangman's noose.

STEED
 Many in this country?
 Experts?

EMMA
 Very few. Barely a handful in
 the whole of Europe.

10. INT. PASSAGEWAY. KARATE SCHOOL. DAY.

10.

M.S. of bamboo curtain as two hands part the strands
 of wooden beads revealing EMMA as she enters the
 subtly lit passageway leading to practising room. The
 passageway is bordered by a trellis of Far Eastern
 design and interwoven with artificial flowers. At the
 end of passageway is a door in true Japanese style
 containing wide panels of frosted glass. On the
 right, vertically bordering one side of door are
 large Japanese characters about 12" in height, and
 would read vertically, "practising room". In the
 centre glass panel of the door leading to the room is
 a black circle containing the words "Karate Dojo".

As EMMA enters through the curtain the silence of the
 passageway is broken by a shout from the practising
 room.

SENSAI
 (off screen)
 Hajime!
 (begin)

(CONTINUED)

10. CONTINUED:

10.

Almost simultaneously a slow rhythmic thud is heard followed by a sharp whip-like sound. EMMA stops and reacts with interest, and then moves off slowly towards the door of the practising room.

CAMERA PANS away from EMMA onto the trellis work revealing a girl's face. The girl (OYUKA) is blonde with her hair swept tightly back in a bun, about mid-twenties and appears of Scandinavian origin.

TRACK IN to CLOSE UP of girl as her eyes follow EMMA with suspicion.

11. INT. PRACTISING ROOM. DAY.

11.

CLOSE SHOT of STUDENT's arm and shoulder approaching CAMERA at speed. The arm is thrust through the air with a cutting stroke, the loose under-arm portion of the practice suit creating the whip-like sound.

PULL BACK as the figure passes CAMERA revealing THREE MALE STUDENTS in a row advancing down the practice room with a slow but firm stamping rhythm, simultaneously applying the cutting movement. At first glance, there appear to be six students, caused by the reflection of a large mirror running along one wall of the room. The STUDENTS all wear identical dress. Practice suits of white interwove cotton sheeting, and brown belts. The room is approximately six yards wide and ten yards long. The ceiling is composed of horizontal battens giving the appearance of a pergola. The walls are of hardboard, covered with prints and Japanese characters. The floor contains large mats (Tatami) each three feet by five feet arranged in a special pattern and are composed of rice straw covered with canvas. The lighting is subtle and ingeniously hidden to create an almost reverent atmosphere. At various points of the practice room are long poles of solid oak padded with medium rope. These are special practising blocks, used similarly to a punch ball, for strengthening the hands. Surrounding the matted area is a narrow strip of wood floor on which stands the instructor (SENSAI). He is a small tanned man of about fifty, with closely cropped white hair, and although European, his travels have cloaked him with an oriental personality and calmness. He too, wears a practice suit, with the broad patterned black belt of a seventh dan at Karate. As the THREE STUDENTS approach the end of the matted area, he shouts an instruction to them.

SENSAI

Sono mama!
(halt)

REVERSE SHOT, with STUDENTS facing CAMERA, as in response to the command they halt simultaneously like well trained soldiers, remaining crouched, motionless, with an arm raised and a foot extended in a panther-like stance.

CAMERA PANS to pick up SENSAI as he approaches along the surround of the practice area, slowly perusing the STUDENTS and casting an expert eye on their point of balance. As he arrives at the front of the area, OYUKA enters through the door from the passageway. She, too, wears a practice suit. She approaches the SENSAI, bows,

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

and whispers softly in his ear. He turns towards the CLASS and claps his hands sharply together.

SENSAI

Yasame!
(dismiss)

The THREE STUDENTS relax, turn and bow towards SENSAI, and recede quickly into the darkened area of the practice room. OYUKA moves back towards the door and beckons to EMMA, who has appeared from the passageway. OYUKA then exits.

TRACKING with EMMA as she moves along wooden surround. The SENSAI has turned and reached for a towel from a narrow shelf and is not facing EMMA as she joins him.

SENSAI

(in a soft oriental
monotone)
Please state your business,
Mrs. Peel?

EMMA

(a trifle thrown
by his coldness)
Well ... I'm interested in
Karate.

SENSAI

(turning)
"Interest" is for the onlooker.
From students we require
dedication.
(continuing briskly)
Nightly attendance for practice
and demonstration. We never
tolerate absentees.

EMMA

I appreciate that ...

SENSAI

(quickly)
Then appreciate too, Mrs. Peel,
that Karate, unlike Judo, is not
a sport. It is a science ... an
art ... a discipline! The word
Karate ...

EMMA

(smiling)
Yes, I know. It means "empty
hands".

SENSAI

(flexing fingers)
But the hands, though "empty",
can become more deadly than any
weapon. It is the concentration
of force ...

Like a flash of lightning, his hand cuts through the air with the whip-like sound.

SENSAI

(continuing)
... And the development of
courage.

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

His hand shoots out and he strikes a nearby practising block with the impact of a steam hammer. One expects his fist to be smashed to a pulp, instead he flexes it with a smile as though he had hit a soft pillow.

SENSAI

(proudly)

Some of my students can split a roof tile with one finger. And one - whom we call "Oyama" - the "tall mountain" - can shatter a door with a single stroke.

CLOSE SHOT of EMMA as she reacts to the word "door".

TWO SHOT as SENSAI joins EMMA.

SENSAI

(patronising)

It is difficult for a woman to compete in such company.

EMMA

It's the idea of "competition" that appeals to me.

SENSAI

Then I suggest that perhaps fencing would be more suitable for your purpose.

EMMA

(firmly)

Forgive me, if I disagree, Mr. ... ?

SENSAI

(quickly)

Here, I am known as "Sensai" - (pointedly) the "knowledgeable" one.

He claps his hands sharply.

CLOSE SHOT as OYUKA appears in doorway.

REVERSE SHOT as SENSAI indicates door to EMMA.

SENSAI

(to OYUKA)

Oyuka, Mrs. Peel is leaving now.

EMMA turns towards CAMERA and approaches OYUKA by the door in the foreground.

TWO SHOT as EMMA turns and indicates OYUKA.

EMMA

(with sarcasm)

And ... what makes 'Oyuka' so special?

SENSAI

(smiling)

Oyuka - the "immovable one" - is a third dan at Judo. A first at Karate. There are few men who could pass her if she did not wish them to.

(CONTINUED)

EMMA regards OYUKA with a smile. OYUKA looks at her coldly, her motionless figure, firm and impassive.

EMMA

And if I could?

CLOSE SHOT SENSAI

SENSAI

(chuckles)

I shouldn't try, "Obake".

CLOSE SHOT - EMMA turns her head enquiringly.

CLOSE SHOT SENSAI

SENSAI

(translating)

The "foolish one". But if you can, you will be most welcome.

TWO SHOT - EMMA OYUKA in doorway. The fight which ensues is composed of an attempt by EMMA to pass OYUKA - followed by a simple Karate attack (Sthutouchikeni) to which EMMA counters with the Judo defence and attack (Iponkumite). The movements are as follows: EMMA, facing OYUKA, takes a step to the left in an effort to pass her. OYUKA draws back her left arm and, with wrist uppermost, thrusts her palm sharply forward to deliver a blow beneath EMMA's nose. EMMA counters by grabbing OYUKA's wrist from above with her left hand and swinging it back, causing OYUKA to double up. EMMA then brings her right hand firmly down on the base of OYUKA's neck, then side steps and, with a forward thrust, pushes OYUKA from the doorway into the practising room, where OYUKA somersaults and lands flat on her back.

CLOSE SHOT - SENSAI, reacting with astonishment.

REVERSE SHOT - he moves towards OYUKA, who is now resting on her elbow, stunned and breathless.

CLOSE SHOT - SENSAI, smiling, though shaking his head reproachfully.

SENSAI

(to OYUKA)

You attacked her as a woman, but she has the skill of a man. A bad mistake, Oyuka.

CLOSE SHOT EMMA, in doorway.

EMMA

(a parting shot)

"Oyuka"? ... I think it's time you renamed her!

12. INT. RECEPTION. HARACHI CORPORATION. DAY.

12.

PANNING ACROSS from dragon-like mouth and weird inlaid shapes on a patterned Japanese screen.

PICK UP STEED as he passes several screens bordering a door marked "Private". As he moves towards Reception Hall, this door opens and BENSON appears. He is about 50 - a small, wiry man, but his well-cut clothes cannot hide a somewhat shifty personality. He carries a brief-case and coat over one arm. As he closes the door, he catches sight of STEED entering the reception hall and looks towards him with interest.

H.S. - as STEED appears from behind another screen and looks towards CAMERA.

REVERSE SHOT - a small, sparsely lit reception hall backed by a further area of screens. In the centre of the hall, with her back to us, is a kimono clad Japanese GIRL, seated on a large silk cushion which itself is placed on a raised dais. A few feet from her is a complex electronic structure and, at a glance, it is as though the GIRL is seated before some Holy shrine, until we see that the small table by her side, also on a raised dais, contains a modern telephone with intercom, and a small tea-tray. There is another cushion a yard or so from the dais.

TRACK with STEED as he approaches the GIRL (RECEPTIONIST) from behind. She remains completely motionless.

STEED
(with a cough)
Excuse me. I - er - represent Industrial Developments. Mr. Tusamo's expecting me at 3.

RECEPTIONIST
(gesturing without turning)
Will you please be seated.

STEED glances around for a chair, then reaches for the cushion which has been indicated and squats uncomfortably.

STEED
Thank you.

The RECEPTIONIST reaches for a tea-cup and offers it to him, revealing her striking Eurasian face for the first time.

RECEPTIONIST
Tea, Mr. Lambert?
(then, quickly)
You are not Mr. Lambert.

STEED
No - regrettably he is indisposed.

RECEPTIONIST
(replacing cup)
You have a letter of authority?

STEED looks at her. There is a moment of hesitation, and you wonder for a moment if STEED has the letter. Then he reaches into his breast pocket - withdraws his authority, which he hands to the RECEPTIONIST. She peruses the letter, returns it to STEED, then reaches for the switch of the intercom.

TUSAMO'S VOICE
(on distort)
Yes?

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Lambert is indisposed. Mr. Steed is here from Industrial Developments.

TUSAMO'S VOICE
(on distort)
Please ask him to come in.

RECEPTIONIST
(indicating a wall of screens)
Please go in.

12. CONTINUED

12.

STEED

(rising, giving a broad smile)

Thank you so much.

STEED moves towards the wall of screens, but the door is not indicated. He turns and glances back at the RECEPTIONIST, who indicates a large screen with a dragon.

STEED reaches for the handle and enters.

M.S. as BENSON appears in the opening of the alcove.

CLOSE SHOT as the RECEPTIONIST looks up; and nods almost imperceptibly.

CLOSE SHOT as BENSON reacts with concern, turns and exits quickly.

13. INT. TUSAMO'S OFFICE. DAY.

13.

M.S. STEED - as he closes office door.

CLOSE SHOT TUSAMO - a plump Japanese business man in his early forties, with sleek black hair, spectacles, and immaculate in his black serge suit, well-cut collar and morning tie. His eyes peruse a folder in front of him.

TUSAMO

Please be seated, Mr. Steed.

STEED

Thank you.

TUSAMO

You will forgive briefness of meeting. Time is short and there are many representatives.

STEED

I understand.

TUSAMO picks up a pencil and ticks a name on the file which contains his list of interviews. STEED eyes the list with interest and strains forward to get a better view, but TUSAMO closes the folder. He leans back, clasps his hands and turns his swinging chair to face STEED at an angle and also regarding a large aerial photograph of the Harachi factory which covers the entire side wall.

TUSAMO

You are acquainted with our recent development?

STEED

Well, I'm aware you've produced a new circuit element to replace the transistor and I'm here to negotiate the rights for concession.

TUSAMO rises, and with the air of a salesman, continues in precise, clipped English.

TUSAMO (as salesman)

This heralds a new age, Mr. Steed. Computers no bigger than a cigarette box - rocket television - and radios smaller than a wrist watch ...

STEED

You've a world-wide patent?

13. CONTINUED:

13.

TUSAMO

Hardly necessary. The manufacture of the element is complex, and would require capital outlay of fifty million. Ten years, before we have competitor.

STEED

(with smile)

So the concession will go to whichever company offers you the largest slice of profit.

TUSAMO

(pleased)

Admirably put, Mr. Steed.

STEED

(a broader smile)

Be pointless to ask what offers you've had already?

TUSAMO

We have saying, Mr. Steed ...
"In darkness - 'ceiling' is always higher".

STEED

Confucius?

TUSAMO

(indicating himself with smile)

Tusamo. Regret that other competitors cannot be disclosed.

STEED

(rising)

Well, naturally I'll have to consult my Board, but I'm sure our offer will be favourable.

(deliberately indicating aerial photo with umbrella)

Of course, we can't compete with your production facilities ...

TUSAMO beams at STEED's flattery and crosses to photograph, his back to STEED.

TUSAMO

We began with room no bigger than this ...

STEED

(leaning against desk)

Really? Please, go on ...

TUSAMO continues - indicating various parts of photograph.

TUSAMO

(like lecturer, with his back to STEED)

This was site of first plant -

(CONTINUED)

13. CONTINUED:

13.

TUSAMO

(contd.)

producing transistor radios.
Extended in 1958 following
record exports.

CLOSE SHOT as STEED leans across desk and opens folder
containing list of competitors.

M.S. of TUSAMO - another angle against background of
photograph.

TUSAMO

(continuing)

Research division established
in 1960 to produce inexpensive
record-player. Most successful -
and achieved highest profit for
company ... which enabled us to
extend factory and brought many
government contracts ...

As TUSAMO continues off screen - CLOSE SHOT as STEED
raises umbrella, with a quick movement he lifts handle
revealing small minox camera above the gold plated ring.
We hear sound of an almost silent shutter as STEED
photographs list. As he does so, the intercom buzzer
sounds; quickly he replaces handle.

REVERSE SHOT as TUSAMO turns. STEED, in background,
just lowers broolly in time.

TUSAMO

(returning)

Excuse, please.

TUSAMO arrives at desk and presses switch of intercom.

TUSAMO

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST

(on distort)

Your next appointment is here,
Mr. Tusamo.

TUSAMO

In one moment.

STEED deliberately moves back to door from reception.

STEED

Well, you'll be hearing from
me shortly.

TUSAMO

(quickly indicating
door marked "private")

This way, please.

STEED smiles and crosses with TUSAMO to the door.

TUSAMO

(with bow and
shake of the hand)

Good-bye.

(CONTINUED)

STEED

Goodbye.

STEED exits into passage by screens. TUSANO closes the door and returns quickly to desk and presses switch of intercom.

TUSANO

I am ready now.

TUSANO returns to desk to await the next interview.

CLOSE SHOT - glass door. A dark shadow of a MAN approaches door. The shadow is massive and ominous, and fills the entire doorway. The handle is turned and the door, masking the visitor, opens into CAMERA.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

14. INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. DAY.

14.

MED. CLOSE - STEED'S HAND holding developed photographic print as he enters from kitchen, CAMERA PULLING BACK, and crosses to table, laying wet print face downwards on blotting pad to remove excess moisture.

EMMA moves into frame, joining him.

EMMA

(regarding print on blotter)

How'd you manage it?

STEED

As Tusano might say -

(in Japanese accent)

"We have a proverb - 'He who talks too much, forgets his listener'."

EMMA

(smiling)

That's not Confucius.

STEED

(smiling)

How right you are!

(indicating himself)

Steed.

(then)

How often do the Karate mob get together?

EMMA

Nightly.

STEED

Is there a list of members?

EMMA

Wouldn't help. They all seem to have Jap pseudonyms. I can't wait to meet "Cyano" ... "The Bull Mountain".

STEED

What's he got that I haven't?

14. CONTINUED.

14.

EMIL

A hobby.
 (with gesture)
 Splitting doors.

STEED lifts the dry print and turns it over, then purses his lips with interest.

STEED

Well now ... isn't that interesting.

CLOSE SHOT - list of competitors.

2.15 p.m. Commercial Imports
 2.30 p.m. Electrical Industries
 2.45 p.m. United Automation
 3.00 p.m. Industrial Developments
 3.15 p.m. Jephcott Products Ltd.
 3.30 p.m. Auto Engineering.

STEED'S VOICE continues over, ticking the appropriate companies in turn.

STEED (o.s.)

Victim one, Carlson - negotiator,
 Commercial Imports. Two, Denham -
 Auto Engineering. Hammond - Electrical
 Industries. Lambert - Industrial De-
 velopments.

TWO SHOT - EMIL & STEED

EMIL

(puzzled)

But if you kill off one negotiator,
 they replace him with another.

STEED

Not so easy. There's a lot of paper work -
 meetings - discussions - and Tusano's only

14. CONTINUED:

14.

STEED
(contd.)
in London for thirty-six
hours.

(back to list)
Anyway, that leaves us with
"Jephcott Products" and
"United Automation". Any
preference, Mrs. Peel?

15. INT. SHOWROOM. JEPHCOTT PRODUCTS. DAY.

15.

CLOSE UP of small toy robot approaching CAMERA. It
is shot from a LOW ANGLE below table and appears
menacingly like a giant as it slowly plods along to
the sound of its whirring mechanism.

TILT UP to include EMMA kneeling by the table watching
the tiny robot with amusement.

EMMA
(rising)
That's very cute.

TWO SHOT as EMMA rises to include MISS GREEN,
JEPHCOTT's secretary.

EMMA
What do they retail at?

MISS GREEN
Four pounds. And our terms are
very favourable with orders
above a gross.

M.S. as EMMA kneels again by table.

EMMA
Well, I'm certainly taken with
this. Though I would like a
word with Mr. Jephcott.

MISS GREEN
(off screen)
Oh, here he is now.

EMMA reaches out for robot which has moved to the edge
of the table and replaces it nearer the centre. As
she turns to rise, JEPHCOTT's oversize feet enter
frame. EMMA turns and looks up.

TILT UP from her EYELINE to the massive figure of
JEPHCOTT towering over her.

REVERSE SHOT - CAMERA SHOOTING over JEPHCOTT's broad
shoulders as EMMA rises and appears quite short in
comparison.

TWO SHOT as JEPHCOTT extends a hand. He is in his
thirties, fair, good-looking, with the personality
of a sportsman rather than an executive.

(CONTINUED)

15. CONTINUED:

15.

JEPHCOTT

How'd you do, Mrs. Peel? Sorry to have kept you.

MISS GREEN

If you'll excuse me now ...

EMMA

Of course.

JEPHCOTT

I gather you represent the Gorringes stores?

EMMA

Yes. We've just opened a toy department.

JEPHCOTT

Well, I'm sure we can find plenty to interest you. We've no equals in the field of electronic toys.

He moves towards another table in the showroom.

JEPHCOTT

Here's something we're all very proud of.

(lifts a small woolly dog and places it further down table)

It comes when it's called. Go on, try.

EMMA

Here, come here, boy!

The dog, in response to call, slowly moves towards EMMA.

EMMA

That's marvellous!

JEPHCOTT

Of course novelties are only a fraction of our business. We produce everything from tea-makers to radar equipment ... and with the new advance in electronics ... we've lots more ideas on the drawing board.

EMMA

Have you a catalogue?

JEPHCOTT

(extending hand)

I brought you one.

(glances at watch)

I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I have an appointment.

EMMA

Don't worry, so have I.

(CONTINUED)

15. CONTINUED:

15.

JEPHCOTT

I hope we shall see you again.

EMMA

(pointedly)

I'm sure you will.

16. INT. KARATE SCHOOL. PRACTISING ROOM. NIGHT.

16.

CLOSE SHOT as STUDENT in practice dress falls into frame hitting the mat with a large resounding thwack as he takes the fall correctly. He immediately rolls forward, and rises to his feet with perfect control.

There is a round of applause from small GROUP off screen. TWO STUDENTS bow to audience.

CAMERA PANS onto group of DOZEN STUDENTS in practice suits to include EMMA. They stand in a darkened section of practice room, with only the demonstration area lit by a small spotlight. The TWO STUDENTS engaged in the previous demonstration recede into the background, and into the spotlight steps the SENSAI. As he holds up his hand the room is silent.

SENSAI

And now a demonstration of Temeshawari by a student of whom I am truly proud. A fifth dan at Judo - a fourth dan at Karate - Oyama is an example of what can be achieved through practice and dedication.

We hear sound of gong, and into the lighted area OYUKA arrives carrying a large eighteen inch block of wood. (Its thickness may vary from two inches of hard wood to four inches of soft wood.) She takes a firm stance, and with both hands holds the wood before her, ready for the block to be struck.

SENSAI

(turning with gesture)

I give you, Oyama!

We hear a second gong.

CLOSE SHOT of EMMA as she peers across the shoulders of surrounding STUDENTS looking towards demonstration area.

CLOSE SHOT as MAN's bare feet enter frame and pool of light of demonstration area, halting by feet of OYUKA.

TILTING UP to include only middle section of MAN's body until block of wood is completely in frame. MAN draws back his arm and with a sharp thrust forward with bare fist - accompanied by whip-like sound - he strikes the board with tremendous force and splits it completely in two. Large bursts of applause from AUDIENCE. MAN slowly turns to face them.

(CONTINUED)

16. CONTINUED:

16.

CAMERA TILTS UP SLOWLY - THEN TRACKS IN FAST to JEPHCOTT's smiling face.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK U.K. & U.S.A.

FADE IN:

17. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

17.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED's hand with glass as he lifts it to soda siphon.

PULL BACK QUICKLY to reveal STEED with GILBERT. About forty, a forthright though friendly man, with the look of both a scientist and administrator.

STEED

(warmly)

Sure you won't, Gilbert?

GILBERT

(smiling)

Daren't.

(glancing at watch)

Seeing the Minister about those research estimates ... Which gives you exactly three minutes ...

REVERSE SHOT as STEED turns.

STEED

Time enough. Just want to know what goes on at United Automation.

TWO SHOT as GILBERT joins STEED.

GILBERT

(casually)

Oh ... they produce domestic and industrial contraptions.

STEED

Do you know who runs it?

GILBERT

(with smile)

Should do. Worked under him for quite a spell ... Dr. Armstrong.

STEED

Why'd he leave the Ministry?

GILBERT

(automatically

lowering his voice)

Well, you know what we're doing there. Armstrong refused to

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED:

GILBERT

(contd.)

toe the official line. Felt we should be 'constructive' instead of destructive. Had some crazy idea of building some machine for clearing debris in radio-active areas. Top brass said "no" - but he went ahead.

(with a shrug)

There was an accident. Wrecked the building, lost half his staff and put himself permanently in a wheel chair.

STEED

So they got rid of him?

GILBERT

(nodding)

Hm. With few tears, I might add.

STEED

(with interest)

Tell me more.

GILBERT

(reflecting)

Well, I think Armstrong was born with a slide rule in his mouth.

(lightly)

I'm sure his first words were Py-R-squared. Given a choice between Lollobrigida and his electronic calculator, he'd prefer the equation every time.

STEED

(pointedly)

Well, he's certainly elusive. How does one reach this "human computer"?

GILBERT

Not easy. He's buried himself in a jungle of gadgetry. I'll need to pull a few strings.

STEED

Then start pulling.

18. INT. ANTE ROOM. UNITED AUTOMATION. DAY.

18.

M.S. as door opens from corridor into a small darkened room. BENSON enters briskly. (There should be no indication at this point as to our exact whereabouts.) BENSON carries his overcoat and brief case.

PANNING with him as he crosses quickly to a panel containing a variety of switches, dials, and a television screen. There is also a telephone on a bench nearby. He puts down his brief case and reaches for a switch.

(CONTINUED)

18. CONTINUED:

18.

REVERSE SHOT from behind low control panel. As BENSON presses switch, the light from the T.V. screen is reflected across his face.

ARMSTRONG
(on distort. Voice
only throughout)
Well, Benson?

BENSON
(uneasy)
I've seen Tusamo again.

ARMSTRONG
Go on.

BENSON
There are two offers still
to come in.

ARMSTRONG
(with surprise)
Two? Who's the other one?

BENSON
I don't know ...

ARMSTRONG
(quickly)
I thought the girl was being
co-operative ...

BENSON
She is. But it's not easy.
He has the names in a con-
fidential file. She's trying
- I should be hearing from her.

ARMSTRONG
When you do, call me at once.
Understood?

BENSON nods obsequiously and switches off screen.

19. DELETED.

19.

20. INT. ^{EMMA'S} ~~STEED'S~~ APARTMENT. DAY.

20.

From BLACK - STEED moves away from CAMERA revealing EMMA leaning over table pouring coffee.

STEED
(reproachfully)
... I thought you were trailing
Jephcott.

EMMA
(pot in hand)
I was. But he's in a board
meeting till six. Seemed little
point in squatting outside the
factory till then.
(quickly)

(CONTINUED)

20. CONTINUED:

20.

EMMA

(contd.)

No, fear, I'll be back on the
beat before he's through.

(hands STEED cup
of coffee)

STEED

Thanks.

EMMA

~~Don't thank me. Your coffee.~~ All part of the service.

(pours her
own cup)

How was United Automation?

STEED

Impregnable. Admission by
appointment only.

(gaily)

And don't forget your punch
card?

EMMA

Your what?

From his pocket STEED produces computer punch card and
hands it to EMMA.

CLOSE SHOT of a small rectangular card about three
inches by four inches, with numerous small holes
scattered at various positions. The words "United
Automation" are boldly printed with the following
underlined: "It is essential to bring this card with
you."

TWO SHOT - STEED and EMMA.

EMMA

(returning it)

What do you do with it?

STEED

Won't know till I get there.

EMMA

But why'd you come back?

STEED

(brightly)

To collect one brief case -
and -

(he fingers lapel
of jacket)

slip into something with a more
literary sheen. John Steed.
Journalist. Collecting some
gen on ... "Automation in
Modern Society". You know, will
the machine supplant Man? ...
Or woman, for that matter?

EMMA

And will it?

(CONTINUED)

20. CONTINUED:

20.

STEEED
(eyeing her
shapely figure)
Not from where I'm sitting.

21. INT. ENTRANCE HALL. UNITED AUTOMATION. LIFT
DOORS. DAY.

21.

From BLACK - STEED moves away from CAMERA and we TRACK with him as he approaches to imposing doors. They have a metallic quality of an impregnable vault. Protruding from the wall by the side of the doors is a small box-like attachment with a narrow slit which resembles a clocking-on device. Above the attachment is a small notice which reads:

"INSERT YOUR APPOINTMENT CARD HERE"

STEEED
(amused)
With pleasure.

STEEED drops in the card. There is a brief moment's silence followed by a series of clicking sounds, terminating in the ping of a bell. Doors slide open revealing a lift. A stilted impersonal voice is heard. "Please enter lift". STEED steps into the lift.

22. INT. LIFT. UNITED AUTOMATION. DAY.

22.

REVERSE SHOT as lift doors close. A humming sound commences. STEED peruses the lift which is lined with padded leather, and includes a row of buttons with one marked "Assembly Shop". After a brief moment humming ceases, and lift doors slide back revealing ARMSTRONG's library.

23. DELETED.

23.

24. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. DAY.

24.

As STEED enters, he finds himself in a large artificially lit room. There is no knowing whether he is in the penthouse or basement. The wall to the left of the door is one complete layer of bookshelves, covered from floor to ceiling. The large significant volumes immediately catch STEED's eye.

PANNING with him as he peruses the titles - which should cover a variety of subjects including - World History - Economics - Geography - Mathematics - Science and Military matters.

Then PANNING FURTHER - PICKING UP the side wall.

STEEED'S EYELINE - A large electronic computer filling the entire stretch of wall and impressively arrayed with complex dials and indicators. Above the chest-high computer is a wide radar scanning screen about

(CONTINUED)

24. CONTINUED:

24.

2'6" by 18" and below it, two television monitoring screens, and a second control panel independent of the computer with a set of drawers beneath. Beyond the equipment is a floor level grille leading to air conditioning shaft, and large enough for a man to enter.

STEED moves into frame and turns to face the wall opposite.

M.S. of far wall, containing solitary door, in front of which stands a large desk.

REVERSE SHOT as STEED approaches. In the foreground of frame, slightly off centre, stands a large, square-shaped black leather chair with broad arms. To the right of the chair is a low table, containing a reading lamp. As STEED approaches the chair his steps resound across the stone floor, the doors of the lift having closed behind him.

As he glances towards the desk the silence is broken by a repetitive buzzing sound.

CLOSE SHOT as STEED looks up towards the solitary door.

CLOSE SHOT as the heavy door moves slowly back, revealing ARMSTRONG seated in an identical black leather chair behind solid box-shape desk entirely hiding his legs. ARMSTRONG is in his fifties, a bald, overweight man, his flabbiness showing in a layer of double chins. He is confident, though unnaturally obsessive on the subject of automation - his gadgets are his children. Slowly the chair slides forward as if by remote control as ARMSTRONG arrives behind the desk.

ARMSTRONG

Mr. Steed?

STEED

(taking a step towards him)

Yes.

ARMSTRONG

(quickly)

Please, stay where you are. My infirmity in no way impedes my activity.

CLOSE SHOT of ARMSTRONG, the cover of the broad arm of his chair revealing a series of buttons, numbered and similar to the base section of a piano accordion. He presses a button.

TRACKING with ARMSTRONG, the chair and shoulder in foreground as the chair slides forward with a smooth movement, circling and arriving at the front of the desk, within a few feet of the other chair, and now positioned between the desk and the computer. He extends a hand to STEED. We observe his legs are covered with a rug.

(CONTINUED)

24. CONTINUED:

24.

ARMSTRONG

I'm Dr. Armstrong.

STEED

How do you do?

ARMSTRONG

(indicating chair)

I'm afraid this will have to be
brief - but please.

STEED seats himself in the leather chair, and produces notebook.

ARMSTRONG

(indicating buttons)

This is the age of the push-button,
Mr. Steed -

(indicating)

My factory is entirely automated.

STEED

That appointment card was rather
neat ... but couldn't it be duplicated?

ARMSTRONG

It's recoded for every visitor.

STEED

You've no staff at all?

ARMSTRONG

Just for maintenance, and for sales.

(smiling)

As a journalist, you'll appreciate
that we human beings are ... fallible,
temperamental and so often unreliable.

(tapping chair arm)

The machine, however, is obedient,
and invariably more competent.

STEED

(lightly)

Machines do go wrong.

ARMSTRONG

Oh, indeed. So one builds each circuit
in triplicate. Failure can be rectified
automatically -

(pointedly)

without risk of haemorrhage or surgery.

(beaming)

A perfect trouble-free labour force ...

(indicates both his own &

Steed's chair)

... available at one's fingertips, as
you can see.STEED glances down, and lifts arm of his own chair, revealing
duplicate set of controls.

ARMSTRONG

(simultaneously pressing button)

For security ...

The lift doors, visible in b.g., close quickly, STEED turning as the doors
resound. ARMSTRONG quickly presses second button and the room is flooded
with light from numerous recesses.

ARMSTRONG

... efficiency ... comfort ...

(presses further button)

CLOSE SHOT ventilator shaft - several attached streamers
flutter as air pours into room.

CLOSE SHOT STUB - as gust of air almost blows notebook
off arm of chair. ARMSTRONG switches off cold air and presses
final button.

ARMSTRONG
... and relaxation.

As he presses final button, a restive classical waltz fills
the room.

STEED
That kind of music wasn't
written by a computer.

ARMSTRONG
(s-riciously)
It will be .. in time. To-
day we've machines that not
only work - but think.

REVERSE SHOT - as ARMSTRONG presses another button.

M.S. - as section of circular pillar slides back, revealing a
section of complex computer to include slots for punch card
and delivery of tape. ARMSTRONG's chair slides into frame
towards computer.

TWO SHOT as STEED joins him.

(NOTE: Please delete first three words i.e. "... frame,
joining him" at top Page 52)

frame joining him.

ARMSTRONG
(holds up punch
card)
This card is programmed for
a complex equation. We drop
it in.
(drops card
into machine)
Press a button.

There is a brief clicking sound as card runs through
machine. A moment later a strip of punch tape is
delivered.

ARMSTRONG
The answer.

STEED glances at the strip of undecipherable punch
tape.

STEED
(smiling)
I'll take your word for it.

ARMSTRONG
(excitedly)
Correctly programmed the machine
could answer questions on finance,
science, even military or
political matters.
(overdone)
It could supplant the human
brain entirely!!

STEED
(smiling)
Is that for publication?

ARMSTRONG
(recovering)
I'm theorizing, of course.
(indicating computer)
The problem is size. But with
the development of new circuit
elements, it can only be a
matter of ...

A small buzzer sounds.

ARMSTRONG
Excuse me.

STEED
(moving further
down computer)
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

24. CONTINUED:

24.

ARMSTRONG opens the other arm of chair revealing small internal telephone. He lifts it from the rest.

ARMSTRONG
(into phone)
Yes?

BENSON
(on distort)
I have the information.

ARMSTRONG
Go on.

25. INT. ANTE ROOM. UNITED AUTOMATION. DAY.

25.

BENSON is looking at the T.V. screen, his face illuminated by the picture.

BENSON
An offer is expected from
Industrial Automation.

M.S. of television screen. ARMSTRONG in C.U. with telephone, against background of chair. STEED is not visible.

ARMSTRONG
(on screen and
quietly on distort)
But Lambert's dead. They've
no one else to negotiate.

BENSON
(off screen)
Well, someone else turned up.

ARMSTRONG
Who?

CLOSE SHOT of BENSON.

BENSON
A man called Steed. John Steed.

M.S. of T.V. screen. ARMSTRONG still in C.U.

ARMSTRONG
(with sharp reaction)
Steed?

BENSON
(off screen)
Yes.

M.S. of ARMSTRONG on T.V. screen as his chair pivots round out of shot revealing STEED over by computer.

ARMSTRONG
(now off screen)
Is that him?

CLOSE SHOT BENSON.

(CONTINUED)

25. CONTINUED:

25.

BENSON
(excitedly)
Yes. He's the one that
followed me in.

M.S. as ARMSTRONG's chair swings round, masking STEED.

ARMSTRONG
All right. Leave this to me.
I'll see you in a moment.

26. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. DAY.

26.

CLOSE SHOT as ARMSTRONG's hand replaces phone in the arm
of chair.

TILT UP as ARMSTRONG stares icily towards STEED.

ARMSTRONG
I hope this has been of interest?

STEED
(joining him)
I has indeed.

ARMSTRONG
(pointedly)
Well, I never let visitors
leave empty handed.

ARMSTRONG extends a hand towards drawer of bench by
computer.

CLOSE SHOT of drawer revealing a dozen or so distinctive
pens, similar to those in the possession of HAMMOND and
LAMBERT.

ARMSTRONG
(producing pen)
We hope to market these very
shortly. Solid ink.

STEED
(puzzled)
Solid?

ARMSTRONG
(explaining)
The temperature of the hand
electronically feeds a stream
of carbon particles into the
nib - emitted only on contact.
Cannot leak, dry out - refilled
once in ten years.

STEED
(taking pen)
The ink manufacturers'll love
you.

The doors to the corridor slide open. STEED walks into
frame and turns.

STEED
It's been most informative,
Dr. Armstrong.

(CONTINUED)

26. CONTINUED:

26.

CLOSE SHOT of ARMSTRONG.

ARMSTRONG
(pointedly)
My pleasure.

STEED steps into the corridor and the doors close behind him.

CLOSE SHOT as ARMSTRONG presses button on control arm.

M.S. as wall swings round and BENSON briskly enters through gap and CAMERA PANS with him as he approaches ARMSTRONG.

BENSON
(concerned)
What was he doing here?

ARMSTRONG
(calmly with smile)
Snooping, undoubtedly.

BENSON
Why let him go?

ARMSTRONG
Benson, you're employed to take orders, not give them. I may be confined to this chair but I'm quite capable of dealing with Mr. Steed.
(briskly)
But we've someone else to deal with first.

CLOSE SHOT as BENSON's mouth drops with uneasiness.

ARMSTRONG picks up the telephone from arm, and presses internal switch.

ARMSTRONG
(into phone)
Roger? Prepare for target assignment.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK U.S.A.

FADE IN:

27. INT. SHOWROOM. JEPHCOTT PRODUCTS. NIGHT.

27.

CLOSE SHOT of telephone - face masked till CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal JEPHCOTT seated at desk.

JEPHCOTT
(into phone)
Yes, fine ... that'll be
O.K. Good-bye.

(CONTINUED)

27. CONTINUED:

27.

JEPHCOTT replaces phone. The desk area at the end of the showroom is lit only by a solitary desk lamp. He leans back momentarily in his chair toying with distinctive pen. He then rises and pockets pen. He collects his coat from stand, then reaches out and switches off table lamp.

28. EXT. EMMA'S CAR. OUTSIDE JEPHCOTT FACTORY. NIGHT. 28.

CLOSE SHOT of EMMA in front seat. She turns her head towards STEED.

EMMA
(impatiently,
glancing at watch)
He's taking his time. That
light went out ages ago.

PANNING to PICK UP STEED in front seat.

STEED
No other exit?

EMMA
Warehouse. But his car's
parked out front.

STEED inclines his head towards car door and reaches for handle.

29. INT. SHOWROOM. JEPHCOTT PRODUCTS. NIGHT.

29.

PANNING through darkened showroom along shelves of large dolls and animals, interwoven with grotesque masks and mardi-gras heads.

REVERSE SHOT as STEED approaches CAMERA - EMMA a few feet behind him. STEED looks down as his foot collides with something. He stoops and picks up doll. As he does so, it emits a bright high pitched voice. "I love you, Daddy, I really do."

EMMA
(reproachfully)
You never told me, Steed ...

STEED
How do you shut it up?

EMMA
(grabbing it)
Lay it down.

STEED
Very life-like.

EMMA lays it on the shelf and the doll is silent. STEED moves off ahead of EMMA.

REVERSE SHOT as STEED approaches the office area of the showroom at the end of the display shelves. As he does so, he reacts to something at floor level.

EMMA joins him and follows his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

29. CONTINUED:

29.

C.S. of JEPHCOTT's legs protruding from the back of the desk.

TILT UP as STEED enters frame and kneels by body. EMMA reaches out and switches on desk lamp.

STEED

Looks as though he's been hit by
a five ton truck.

EMMA

(puzzled)

But who could? ... I mean, he was
a Karate expert.

STEED

(rising)

Well apparently not expert
enough.

EMMA looks up, reacting sharply to something on the far wall.

EMMA

Steed!

STEED follows her gaze.

N.S. of back wall of showroom. There is a large splintered gap in the wooden partition leading to warehouse, as though someone has walked straight through the wall.

STEED (complete with bowler hat) moves into frame and stands in the man-shaped gap which dwarfs him.

STEED

Well, whoever he was ... you
couldn't call him "shorty".

EMMA (joins him)

(with a gesture)

In through here.

STEED

And exit Mr. Jephcott. Leaving
a clear field for Dr. Armstrong.

EMMA

But if he's confined to a wheel
chair ...

STEED

He could still hire someone.

EMMA

(with a glance at the
wall)

But who on earth could tackle Jephcott
and walk through here ...?

STEED is about to answer when a low whirring is heard together with the clicking of a metallic clockwork sound. He turns and looks towards large display table a few feet from them.

CLOSE SHOT of group of small cuddly animals, which slowly part, and from behind the light-tight toys, the mechanical robot approaches walking slowly towards them.

THE END as they both react simultaneously with the solution.

30. INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

30.

CLOSE SHOT of scissors cutting around a United Automation punch card.

PULL BACK to REVEAL STEED in the final stage of producing a copy of the card with EMMA watching with interest.

STEED

(as he cuts)

Had a feeling I'd be paying Armstrong
a second visit ... so I got Gilbert
to produce what you might call a ...
"skeleton key" ...

STEED trims the last strip of surplus cardboard and holds up two punch cards identical in shape to the original, complete with perforations.

STEED

How's that?

EMMA

Masterly. But why two?

STEED

It's one thing getting into the place,
it's another getting out.

STEED props the card against the side of small clock on coffee table.

STEED

You hang on to this one.

EMMA

(firmly)

Now, I'm not staying here ...

STEED

(quickly)

Well, it's important you contact
Tusamo. Try the Harachi Corporation.
I'll give you his number ...

STEED takes out pen, squats on the couch and scribbles note of number on pad.

EMMA

(eyeing pen)

That's nice.

STEED

(looks up and then
at pen)

Oh, this? A wee gift from Dr. Armstrong.

STEED tears off page and hands it to EMMA and leaves the pen on the table.

CONT.....

30. CONTINUED:

30.

EMMA

What if Tusamo's left the office?

STEED

Try the big hotels. He's on an expense account ... Say you're my secretary and we'll be making an offer first thing tomorrow.

(thoughtfully)

Armstrong must want that concession pretty badly - but somehow I don't think it's just for profit!

STEED moves briskly to door.

EMMA

(reluctantly)

All right. But you'd better be back here by eleven thirty.

CLOSE SHOT as STEED turns by door.

STEED

(smiling)

And if I'm not?

CLOSE SHOT - EMMA picks up the punch card and waves it at STEED.

31. INT. ENTRANCE HALL. UNITED AUTOMATION. LIFT DOORS. NIGHT.

31.

CLOSE SHOT of punch card in STEED's hand.

PULL BACK as STEED glances cautiously around the silent and darkened entrance hall, finally dropping the punch card into the slot by the lift gates. The audible clicking sound is heard terminating with the ping of a bell and the lift gates slide open. STEED enters the lift.

32. INT. LIFT. NIGHT.

32.

REVERSE SHOT as lift gates close behind STEED. Humming commences as lift rises. STEED waits expectantly for the lift to reach its destination. The humming ceases and the lift gates slide open.

33-34-35. DELETED.

33-34-35.

36. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

36.

STEED'S EYELINE - A figure is seated in the black leather chair. The room is illuminated by the small reading lamp directed towards the floor, and the impression should suggest that ARMSTRONG is the occupant. CAMERA TILTS DOWN from the motionless figure to his hands which appear to hang lifeless over the broad arm of the chair.

(CONTINUED)

36. CONTINUED:

36.

TRACKING SLOWLY with STEED as he cautiously approaches the seated figure.

REVERSE SHOT as STEED skirts the chair, but only the silhouette of the motionless figure is visible. LOW ANGLE SHOT as STEED reaches for the reading lamp near chess board, and slowly directs it towards face of the seated figure. His face muscles tighten to the sight that greets him.

CLOSE SHOT - of hatless indefinable face covered with light coloured stockinged mask, and wearing dark glasses.

PANNING with STEED as he reaches out and removes the glasses, then slowly pulls away the stocking covering the hidden face.

CLOSE SHOT - as the stocking is pulled out of frame revealing the metallic face of the CYBERNAUT. (Indicated in script as 1st CYBERNAUT.) The face of this automated man has the smoothness of polished stainless steel, shaped in the natural contours of an adult male. A straight nose, angled to give the impression of nostrils, but though shaped, both the eyes and mouth are sealed. He wears dark coat and his hat is resting on his lap.

REVERSE SHOT as STEED reaches out and taps the face of 1st CYBERNAUT which remains motionless. STEED quickly replaces mask and glasses and crosses back to doors, but is shaken to find they are closed to him. The silence is suddenly broken by the repetitive buzzing sound. STEED spins round and looks up.

STEED quickly looks around for some place of refuge. There appears to be no avenue of escape. Suddenly he catches sight of the large grille, leading to air conditioning shaft. Quickly he lifts the central latch, withdraws the grille and climbs into the shaft.

CLOSE SHOT - the heavy door which is slowly sliding back finally revealing ARMSTRONG in his chair, with BENSON a foot or so from him.

CLOSE SHOT as STEED pulls ventilator grille into place.

REVERSE SHOT as ARMSTRONG's chair slides into the room.

BENSON quickly follows him in but is pulled up by the sight of the motionless CYBERNAUT. ARMSTRONG observes his reaction as his chair slides towards second control panel near computer.

ARMSTRONG

(smiling)

He's quite harmless - until programmed. Then even I can't stop him. Of course, it's only a prototype,

(like a father)

like a child, really. But one day he'll have a brain more efficient

(indicating)

(CONTINUED)

36. CONTINUED.

36.

ARMSTRONG

(continued)

than this computer ... He'll be powered by solar energy and that casing will stand the blast of an atomic shell.

(opens drawer and takes out pen)

But even now he travels with the accuracy of a guided missile, directed

(indicating pen)

by a simple radio transmitter. Now, Steed's frequency is point-double-one-three.

ARMSTRONG presses switch. Panel in circular pillar slides open revealing large radar screen, plus TV monitor.

CLOSE SHOT radar screen, displaying map. There is a small square surrounded with a black line which indicates "UNITED AMERICA" factory. About six inches away, a small flashing light appears on the screen.

ARMSTRONG

(indicating screen)

There he is.

(with relish he taps his jacket)

With the pen nestling comfortably in his breast pocket ...

37. INT. AIR CONTROLLING SECT. NIGHT.

37.

M.S. STEED, listening by the grille. He quickly reaches for his breast pocket and realizes he has left the pen at his apartment. His reaction reflects his concern for EMMA.

38. INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

38.

M.S. EMMA - seated on the couch by the coffee table, telephone in hand and a conversation in progress. In f.g., we see the small clock, which reads 8.30 p.m. The punch card is still visibly propped against it.

EMMA

(into 'phone)

... Thank you, Mr. Fusano. I'll get Mr. Steed to call you tomorrow morning without fail ... Yes, I've got that ... Eleven thirty. Goodbye.

EMMA reaches out for the pen as she replaces receiver. CAMERA TRACKS IN to pen as she makes note of appointed time.

39. INT. LIBRARY, UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

39.

CLOSE SHOT of flashing pinpoint of light on radar screen.

PULL BACK to REVEAL ARMSTRONG now facing control panel, with BENSON a few feet from him.

ARMSTRONG
(with relish)
We now switch Roger to the same frequency.

ARMSTRONG presses a switch and turns frequency control until a faint bleeping is heard.

CLOSE SHOT of BENSON whose eyes move up to radar screen.

CLOSE SHOT radar screen as a second flashing light (larger than the first point) now appears in the defined "UNITED AUTOMATION" area.

CLOSE SHOT of ARMSTRONG. His face glows with satisfaction and he turns and looks towards 1st CYBERNAUT.

CLOSE SHOT of 1st CYBERNAUT as the hand holding hat is slowly raised and the hat is placed firmly and squarely on its head.

The 1st CYBERNAUT then rises from the chair, pivots slowly and heads for the door.

CLOSE SHOT - ARMSTRONG. He presses control button on the arm of chair.

CLOSE SHOT as library doors slide open and 1st CYBERNAUT exits into corridor.

CLOSE SHOT - ARMSTRONG.

ARMSTRONG
(looking up at
BENSON)
The concession is ours.

40. INT. AIR CONDITIONING SHAFT. NIGHT.

40.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED crawling hurriedly along shaft towards CAMERA.

REVERSE SHOT as he passes CAMERA and arrives at another grille.

CLOSE SHOT as his hand grips the wires of the grille as he tries to open it.

41. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

41.

CLOSE SHOT - REVERSE ANGLE of grille. STEED's fingers protrude as he tries to force open the grille.

TRACK IN to the latch firmly closed and resisting STEED's desperate efforts to open it.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK U.K. & U.S.A.

FADE IN:

42. INT. ^{EMMA'S} ~~STEED'S~~ APARTMENT. NIGHT. 42.

CLOSE SHOT of the distinctive pen lying on the coffee table near small clock. EMMA's hand reaches into frame, but bypasses pen and picks up the clock. TILT UP as she regards it with concern.

43-44. DELETED. 43-44.

45. INT. AIR CONDITIONING SHAFT. NIGHT. 45.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED still attempting to loosen grille leading to corridor. His hands are raw and his forehead dripping with perspiration. He realizes the futility of continuing to force grille. Quickly he turns in the narrow space, and crawls along the shaft away from CAMERA.

46. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT. 46.

CLOSE SHOT radar screen. The smaller pinpoint of light still flashes in the identical position. The larger pinpoint of light representing 1st CYBERNAUT is moving slowly, though visibly towards it.

TWO SHOT of ARMSTRONG and BENSON both watching the screen.

47-48. DELETED. 47-48.

49. INT. AIR CONDITIONING SHAFT. NIGHT. 49.

M.S. of STEED crouching breathless by the library grille. He glances at his watch. His reaction indicates the urgency. He peers into the darkness of the shaft and quickly crawls off in the other direction.

50. INT. ^{EMMA'S} ~~STEED'S~~ APARTMENT. NIGHT. 50.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - EMMA is seated on the couch glancing at the crossword in the evening paper, pen in hand. She fills in a clue, then with sudden impatience discards the newspaper.

TRACK IN to CLOSE SHOT as she unconsciously slips the pen into her jacket pocket.

51. DELETED. 51.

52. INT. AIR CONDITIONING SHAFT. NIGHT.

52.

M.S. as STEED crawls towards CAMERA and he finds himself in an enlarged junction of the shaft. Partially lit from a source beyond a high grille.

TILT UP as he rises and observes a door with notice reading, "AIR CONDITIONING, MAINTENANCE UNIT".

STEED climbs small angled ladder leading to unit. As he opens door we hear whirring sound of fan.

53. INT. MAINTENANCE UNIT. NIGHT.

53.

STEED lowers his head as he appears through the door into the circular shaft of the maintenance unit. (In shape it resembles the ventilation shaft of the London Underground.) The actual air conditioning unit is in the centre, containing numerous control taps, dials and a visible thermostat and temperature indicator. Surrounding the unit is a narrow pathway bordered by a blank circular wall, broken by the visible line of a door, but without an interior handle.

PANNING with STEED as he moves along surround observes the door and attempts to grip the edge in an effort to open it. Failing to do so, he glances at the control unit.

CLOSE SHOT as an idea hits him and a smile flits across his face.

REVERSE SHOT as he reaches out and alters the thermostat control from 65 degrees to "MAXIMUM". The speed of the fan increases - blowing more hot air into the shaft. STEED peers towards temperature gauge.

CLOSE SHOT as mercury level of the temperature gauge begins to rise quickly.

54. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

54.

CLOSE SHOT of air conditioning grille.

PULL BACK to REVEAL BENSON watching screen. He takes out handkerchief and mops his brow.

BENSON
(turning to
ARMSTRONG)
It's getting warm in here.

ARMSTRONG
(scornfully)
It's your nerves.

BENSON
(glancing at wall
thermometer)
It's over seventy.

ARMSTRONG
What?

(CONTINUED)

54. CONTINUED:

54.

BENSON

Take a look.

ARMSTRONG glances towards thermometer.

ARMSTRONG

Must be a faulty thermostat.
I'll call maintenance.

He picks up phone from arm of chair and presses button.

55. INT. MAINTENANCE UNIT. NIGHT.

55.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED's hands among oil rags by side of unit. His hands locate a spanner. He rises, wraps a rag around the end of spanner and positions himself behind the door. As he does so, we hear key in lock and door opens, and footsteps approach as MAINTENANCE MAN enters.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED, spanner about his head. He is about to bring it down towards CAMERA, when his arm stops in mid air.

Slowly, and with difficulty, he squeezes past the MAINTENANCE MAN and the edge of the door and exits into the corridor.

PANNING on MAINTENANCE MAN - picking up figure in white boiler suit, who turns as CAMERA TILTS UP to REVEAL metallic face of second CYBERNAUT. (Indicated in script as 2nd CYBERNAUT.)

56. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

56.

CLOSE SHOT of radar screen. The larger pinpoint of light is now within half an inch of the flashing signal from STEED's apartment.

57-58. DELETED.

57-58.

59. INT. ^{EMMA'S} STEED'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

59.

M.S. of EMMA - pen visible in pocket - pacing restlessly. She approaches small table by couch and looks down at the clock.

CLOSE SHOT of small table clock reading "11.29". The duplicated punch-card is propped up against it.

60. DELETED.

60.

61. INT. ANTE ROOM. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

61.

M.S. as door opens into the darkened ante room, and STEED enters cautiously from the lighted corridor. He looks towards CAMERA. Boldly situated in foreground of frame is an external telephone.

62. DELETED.

62.

63. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

63.

CLOSE SHOT of BENSON'S perspiring face. PANNING onto ARMSTRONG, both intently watching screen.

ARMSTRONG

It's all over.

CLOSE SHOT radar screen as two pinpoints of light converge.

64. INT. ^{EMMA'S}STEED'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

64.

CLOSE SHOT as glass door to fire escape shatters into CAMERA.

65. INT. ANTE ROOM. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

65.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED as he dials the last digit. Number commences to ring on distort.

66. INT. ^{EMMA'S}STEED'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

66.

CLOSE SHOT of telephone ringing.

PANNING onto clock now reading "11.31". The duplicated punch-card has gone. TILT UP QUICKLY and PANNING TO LEFT as 1st CYBERNAUT is moving away from CAMERA and bursts through the door of STEED'S apartment disappearing from view.

67. EXT. ^{EMMA'S}STEED'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

67.

EMMA enters frame and moves briskly away from CAMERA towards her parked car.

Car in MEDIUM LONG SHOT. EMMA climbs in, quickly switches on ignition. As car pulls away, large silhouetted figure of 1st CYBERNAUT appears in foreground of frame.

68. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

68.

M.S. as doors from the corridor slide open and 2nd CYBERNAUT in white overall enters and takes a step away from CAMERA. *A visible oil stain respects the white uniform.*

TRACKING with CYBERNAUT as it moves towards large computer punch-card clearly visible in CYBERNAUT'S hand. Shot now to include ARMSTRONG and BENSON who observe its approach.

ARMSTRONG (gratified)

It's come to report.

2nd CYBERNAUT reaches computer and inserts card. There is an audible clicking sound from the computer. The CYBERNAUT turns and faces ARMSTRONG now completely motionless. A moment later, from a narrow slot in the computer, a few inches from ARMSTRONG'S chair a strip of punch-tape appears dotted with minute holes of the computer's vocabulary. ARMSTRONG reaches out, tears off the strip - his skilled eye immediately interpreting the tape. His calm expression changes and he looks up sharply.

BENSON

What's wrong?

ARMSTRONG

The thermostat was altered manually.
There's an intruder in the building!

69. INT. LATE ROOM. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

69.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED with telephone still ringing on distort. His hand beats through the air with impatience as he waits anxiously for EMMA to answer. Finally, he replaces the receiver. He moves across the room and takes in the T.V. screen and control panel. Suddenly he hears the sound of approaching footsteps and he moves briskly behind the door.

From STEED'S EYELINE the door opens partially into CAMERA and is then pulled away to REVEAL the 2nd CYBERNAUT. STEED quickly attempts to side-step the CYBERNAUT.

CLOSE SHOT as 2nd CYBERNAUT's gloved hand cuts across CAMERA with the sharp whip-like sound.

70. EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

70.

M.S. of EMMA's car approaching and passing CAMERA at speed.

71. INT. EMMA'S CAR. NIGHT.

71.

M.S. of EMMA at wheel. The distinctive pen clearly visible in her jacket pocket.

72. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

72.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED as his eyes slowly open.

PULL BACK to REVEAL the semi-conscious STEED lying in the black leather chair. ARMSTRONG faces him and BENSON stands a few feet away with gun in hand. The 2nd CYBERNAUT has gone. STEED recovers, shakes his head and takes in the surrounding company.

CONTINUED:

ARMSTRONG

Count yourself fortunate, Mr. Steed. The Cybernaut was programmed to capture - not kill.

STEED

(rubbing chin)
How remiss of you.
(eyes BENSON)
Oh, is that another one? Looks almost human.

BENSON's hand tightens on the gun.

ARMSTRONG

(calmly)
Put it away, Benson.

BENSON looks at ARMSTRONG and reluctantly pockets the gun, and turns back towards the radar screen.

ARMSTRONG

(smiling as he indicates BENSON)
That's the trouble with "man". Such an impulsive creature. Cannot cope with crises. Today, one wrong decision, one simple error, could bring total destruction.

STEED

(sceptically)
And I suppose you've an answer, Doctor?

ARMSTRONG

(indicating computer)
There, Mr. Steed. The electronic brain.

(quickly)

Oh, not this one.

(indicating head)

I have the blueprint here.

(he mimes a shape similar to human brain)

A small, complex computer - built with these new circuit elements -

(indicating library)

Programmed with every known fact of science, economics, world history! Incapable of a wrong decision.

STEED

And what's your end product? The perfect politician?

ARMSTRONG

Exactly.
(slowly)
Government by automation.

(CONTINUED)

72. CONTINUED:

72.

STEED

Sounds to me like an electronic dictatorship.

ARMSTRONG

(firmly)

It's the only solution!

STEED

I'd say that was up to the voters.

(with irony.)

They might disagree?

ARMSTRONG

(pointedly)

Once we take delivery from Harachi an army of Cybernauts is only a matter of time ...

BENSON

(urgently off screen)

Doctor!

ARMSTRONG turns his chair towards BENSON, who is indicating radar screen.

BENSON

Look!

CLOSE SHOT radar screen. The smaller pinpoint of light is approaching "United Automation" area. The larger pinpoint of light is a short distance behind.

TWO SHOT as ARMSTRONG turns to STEED.

ARMSTRONG

A friend of yours, Mr. Steed?

STEED remains silent, anxiously watching the screen.

ARMSTRONG

Well, it's an opportunity to demonstrate my radio controlled Cybernaut.

73. EXT. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

73.

M.S. as EETA's car draws up by factory wall. She climbs out and moves towards CAMERA.

74. INT. ENTRANCE HALL. UNITED AUTOMATION. LIFT DOORS. NIGHT. 74.

M.S. of lift doors as EETA moves into frame and deposits her card in the slot indicated. Lift doors slide open.

REVERSE SHOT as EETA steps into lift and doors close behind her.

75. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

75.

THREE SHOT ACROSS MONITOR to indicate that EMMa's arrival has been witnessed by ARMSTRONG, STEED and BENSON on television screen.

ARMSTRONG
(watching screen)

What a charming young woman ...
I'm sorry she won't be joining us.

He reaches out towards panel marked "Lift Control".

CLOSE SHOT as ARMSTRONG's finger presses button marked "Assembly Shop".

76. INT. LIFT. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

76.

ANOTHER ANGLE of EMMa. Humming commences as lift descends. After a brief moment, humming stops. And lift doors open.

77. INT. ASSEMBLY SHOP. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

77.

M.S. as lift doors slide back and EMMa cautiously steps into darkened area of the assembly shop.

TRACKING BACK as she moves into the shop. The lift doors close behind her. After a few steps CAMERA halts with her as she reacts to the contents of the assembly shop.

REVERSE ANGLE - EMMa's EYELINE - An array of long benches and high shelves cluttered with boxes of varying sizes - stamped with clear stencilled lettering - some reading, "Head sections" - "Trunks" - "Right Arms" - "Left Arms" etc.

TRACKING FORWARD from EMMa'S EYELINE to reveal sections of dismantled Cybernauts - limbs, arms, trunk, and head section with empty brain cavity. There is also an open box with a partially completed electronic brain. EMMa lifts the brain out of the box. Across the top of brain is a clearly marked label reading "Awaiting miniturised circuits" She places the incomplete brain into the head section. It fits perfectly and snugly.

78 - 79 DELETED

78 - 79.

80. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

80.

LOW ANGLE SHOT as ARMSTRONG'S chair swings away from screen. He addresses STEED as he travels behind desk.

ARMSTRONG

I think you'll agree the automated assassin was a stroke of genius. Loyal, obedient ... and extremely efficient. Just how efficient you'll be seeing any moment.

STEED looks up toward T.V. screen, reacting with concern.

SCA. INT. ASSEMBLY STOP. NIGHT.

80A

M.S. of lift doors as they open. 1st CYBERNAUT leaves the lift at a slow menacing pace, and passes WARDEN as the gates close behind it.

SOB. INT. LIBRARY. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

M.S. of STEED who makes an effort to rise from the chair. BENSON quickly withdraws gun.

BENSON

I shouldn't if I were you.

BENSON, with the gun directed at STEED, moves round the chair and backs towards ARMSTRONG's direction, finally seating himself on the edge of the desk facing the radar and television screens.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED reacting to radar screen.

CLOSE SHOT radar screen. The larger pinpoint of light is closing in on the smaller pinpoint.

STEED

(to ARMSTRONG

Indicating screen)

This your idea of progress?

ARMSTRONG

If I can prevent the ultimate catastrophe.

STEED

But at what price? A Cybernetic police state. People aren't machines. Of course, they're fallible. That's what makes them human!

STEED grips the chair in another effort to rise. As he does so, he glances down at the broad arm. An idea suddenly strikes him as he recalls the duplicate control panel. He looks up towards the television screens.

REVERSE SHOT - STEED in foreground as he observes the position of BENSON and ARMSTRONG both watching the screens.

CLOSE SHOT as STEED's hand slides to the edge of the chair arm. With a quick movement he opens the arm revealing the panel. And with tremendous force, he brings down his forearm simultaneously pressing the majority of the control buttons.

A MONTAGE of quick intercutting CLOSE SHOTS as ARMSTRONG's chair swivels out of control. A rush of air from the ventilator causes a mass of papers off Armstrong's desk to blow in all directions. The lights are suddenly dimmed - music blazes and the lift gates open. STEED rises quickly. BENSON, thrown by the confusion, stumbles forward, the gun still in his hand.

CONTINUED:

80B. CONTINUED:

80B.

LOW ANGLED SHOT as STEED's hand enters frame and delivers a sharp rabbit punch, and BOB ON crumples into a heap.

PANNING with STEED as he races for the open doors of the lift.

81. INT. LIFT. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

81.

STEED enters the lift.

CLOSE SHOT as his finger presses button marked "Assembly shop".

82. INT. ASSEMBLY SHOP. NIGHT.

82.

H.S. of EMMA as she reaches the end of the assembly shop. A metallic clatter causes her to turn sharply.

EMMA'S EYELINE - as she faces another row of packing cases. Slow footsteps are heard approaching.

H.C.S. as EMMA quickly draws small automatic.

CLOSE SHOT of 1st CYBERNAUT's feet moving firmly through assembly shop.

C.U. as EMMA peers through the dimly lit shop for a sign of any movement, and backs behind a row of storage shelves.

CLOSE SHOT of 1st CYBERNAUT's feet as it changes direction.

TITING UP as 1st CYBERNAUT heads straight for a pile of boxes and crashes straight through them.

CLOSE SHOT as EMMA spins round.

EMMA'S EYELINE - a tall pile of boxes containing trunk sections falls towards her, suddenly revealing the menacing figure of the hatted, bespectacled 1st CYBERNAUT.

83. INT. LIFT. UNITED AUTOMATION. NIGHT.

H.S. of STEED impatiently watching indicator as lift descends.

84. INT. ASSEMBLY SHOP. NIGHT.

84.

H.C.S. as EMMA is backing away from CAMERA as though from approaching CYBERNAUT - and moves around a high block of storage shelves. As she does so she looks up with horror.

EMMA'S EYELINE as storage shelf falls towards CAMERA, scattering boxes in all directions.

CLOSE SHOT as EMMA falls heavily against wall as she throws herself clear.

CLOSE SHOT of 1st CYBERNAUT's feet as it plods through a pile of boxes and metallic sections.

CLOSE SHOT of EMMA as she watches the approach of the 1st CYBERNAUT. She grips the gun firmly and fires the entire chambers towards CAMERA.

REVERSE ANGLES - CYBERNAUT approaching at speed towards CAMERA.

CONTINUED:

84. CONTINUED:

84.

REVERSE ANGLE - EMMA drops the gun and retreats into the corner of assembly shop, which offers no avenue of escape.

M.S. as STEED enters the assembly shop.

STEED

Emma, quick, throw me the pen!

M.S. of the back of 1st CYBERNAUT in foreground, now within feet of the trapped EMMA.

STEED

(off screen)

The pen! Throw it to me!

The CYBERNAUT continues its approach as EMMA fumbles for the pen.

As 1st CYBERNAUT arrives within two feet of her, its frame swings to the left, its right arm is pulled back in readiness to deliver the whip-like blow. EMMA removes the pen, and throws it across the shoulder of the CYBERNAUT towards STEED.

CLOSE SHOT of STEED as he catches pen.

CLOSE SHOT of 1st CYBERNAUT from EMMA's P.O.V. as its arm remains suspended in mid-air, and the CYBERNAUT turns slowly to face STEED.

MEDIUM SHOT of STEED, pen in hand.

STEED

(breathlessly to EMMA)

It's a short wave device! Works like a guided missile.

TWO SHOT of EMMA and CYBERNAUT leaving frame in STEED's direction.

EMMA.

Well, get rid of it!

C.S. of STEED.

STEED

Don't worry, I will!

ARMSTRONG

(off screen)

That won't help you, Steed.

STEED turns as though to move in opposite direction and is pulled up sharply by what faces him.

REVERSE ANGLE - M.S. of 2nd CYBERNAUT in white overall, ARMSTRONG is in wheel chair a yard or two behind.

ARMSTRONG

This one has a brain of its own.

STEED turns for some avenue of escape.

STEED'S EYELINE - 1st CYBERNAUT is also approaching, with EMMA in background.

CLOSE SHOT as STEED turns in the other direction, 2nd CYBERNAUT is now advancing.

CLOSE SHOT of EMMA.

EMMA

Steed, throw back the pen!

STEED ignores EMMA's call, instead, he shoots a quick glance at both advancing CYBERNAUT, then turns and approaches the 2nd CYBERNAUT. As it reaches him, its

(CONTINUED)

84. CONTINUED.

arm cuts through the air with a whip-like crack. STEED ducks and backs a step or two towards the advancing 1st CYBERNAUT.

EMMA (o.s.)

Steed, quickly ... the pen!

The 2nd CYBERNAUT has closed in on STEED again, and its arm cuts through the air again like a flash of lightning. STEED ducks again, but this time for a purpose.

CLOSE SHOT as his hand reaches out, and with a precise movement he slips the clip of the fountain pen on the overall belt of the 2nd CYBERNAUT. Almost simultaneously, the 1st CYBERNAUT arrives and delivers a resounding blow at the head of the 2nd CYBERNAUT. The 2nd CYBERNAUT falls against stack of shelves and STEED rises and passes through the now available gap.

The shelves behind the 2nd CYBERNAUT topple, scattering more boxes in all directions. The 2nd CYBERNAUT retains its balance and delivers tremendous cutting stroke at the 1st CYBERNAUT, which staggers back for several feet.

CLOSE SHOT ARMSTRONG - reacting with horror at the ensuing battle.

ARMSTRONG

(hysterical)

Stop! Stop!

MEDIUM SHOT - as STEED moves into frame and joins EMMA behind another storage shelf. The CYBERNAUTS are hidden from view.

M.L.S. ARMSTRONG - as he propels his chair forward in an effort to separate the CYBERNAUTS.

REVERSE SHOT - as ARMSTRONG's chair reaches the 2nd CYBERNAUT and collides with him.

The 2nd CYBERNAUT turns and delivers cutting stroke towards CAMERA.

CLOSE SHOT - ARMSTRONG's horrified face as CYBERNAUT'S ARM enters frame.

LOW ANGLE SHOT - as ARMSTRONG's chair comes hurtling towards CAMERA and overturns as though in collision with wall.

TWO SHOT - STEED & EMMA wheel around towards the ensuing crash.

CLOSE SHOT - the overturned wheelchair, with the motionless ARMSTRONG pinned beneath it.

EMMA takes a step forward, but STEED quickly puts a restraining hand on her arm.

STEED

No!

A resounding metallic clash is heard as one of the Cybernauts is struck o.s.

M.S. - as 2nd CYBERNAUT falls heavily against a storage shelf, and 1st CYBERNAUT moves quickly into frame in pursuit.

TWO SHOT - EMMA & STEED behind storage shelf, boxes toppling in all directions, as the clash of Cybernauts echoes o.s. behind the rack. Finally the complete storage section falls away from CAMERA with tremendous crash - dust and debris spilling everywhere.

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84. CONTINUED.

84.

STEED appears through the dust with EIRA at his shoulder, as a final resounding clang echoes at his feet, terminating in complete silence. STEED looks down.

CAMERA TILTING DOWN towards the mass of wreckage and storage boxes.

TRACK IN CLOSE to the dented, twisted head of one of the CYBERHAUTS.

85. EXT. A DRIVEWAY. DAY.

85.

TIGHT M.S. - across open sports car. STEED is leaning against the side of the boot. EIRA approaches, brightly dressed for a day's outing, complete with hat.

STEED

Lovely morning, Mrs. Ieal.

EIRA

Perfect for a nice, quiet drive ...

STEED

(smiling)

Away from the bustle and bustle - into the primitive countryside ...

EIRA

(pausing by door)

You know, Steed, there are times when I wish somehow we could turn the clock back.

STEED

Wish granted.

EIRA has already reached for the car door.

STEED

(quickly)

No, not this one.

(indicating off)

That one.

CAMERA PANS from modern sports car onto as ancient a vintage car as one would wish for. EIRA withdraws scarf from her pocket, drapes it over her hat to complete the dated picture. STEED enters frame, holds open the door for EIRA and she climbs in, followed by STEED.

TWO SHOT - as STEED puts on cap and dark aeronautical goggles.

STEED

Now for our nice quiet drive.

STEED switches on ignition. Car backfires with enormous explosion and, for a brief second, they are obliterated by exhaust smoke. STEED coughs, raises his goggles, exchanges a laugh with EIRA and engages the gear.

Vintage car moves off towards bright horizon.

HOLD THEM INTO LONG SHOT.

FADE OUT

 CO-MERCIAL FROM U.S.A.

END OF

END OF REEL