

MASTER

342

"THE AVENGERS"

"THE HOUR THAT NEVER WAS"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

Episode 14

MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED

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Prepared by:

TELEMEN LTD.
A.B.P.C. Studios,
Boreham Wood,
Hertfordshire,
ENGLAND.

"THE AVENGERS""THE HOUR THAT NEVER WAS"REEL ONEMAIN TITLESEXT. FIELD

NO DIALOGUE

DOG running through fields
barking, passes field of horses and
cows, COWS MOO.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

CAR DRIVING ALONG inter-cut with shots of
DOG running.
CAR CRASHES INTO NO DIALOGUE
TREE.

STEED: Oh, er, eer.

INSERT CLOCK IN CAR

INSERT EPISODE TITLE superimposed
over clock.

FADE OUT TITLE AND CLOCK.

EXT. COUNTRY ROADINT. CAR

STEED: Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel. Are you - are you all right ?

EMMA: Mmm. I think so. How about you ?
I'm a

STEED: Bit shaken that's all. Ooch, and a bruise you'll
just have to take my word for

EMMA: What happened ?

STEED: Dog.

EMMA: Oh yes, did we hit it.

STEED: My, oh, reflexes were in top form ooch, oh, they
needed to be too, streaked across the road just like (pst)
that.

EMMA: Wasn't chasing anything either, was it.

STEED: No, I don't think so.

EMMA: Strange behaviour for a dog ... well.....
what's the verdict ?

STEED: A good punch 'll push it into shape.
Oh the old girl.....Well she'll need some
lifting tackle.... I'll ring the garage as soon as
we get to the camp.

EMMA: And how far is the camp ?

STEED: About half a mile. If you don't mind walking....

EMMA: I'll need to change my shoes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (continued)

STEED: Ah, y'know this stretch of road hasn't changed in years. Cross the bridge, through the trees, across green grassy banks to R.A.F. Station 472 Hamelin. Ooh, ooh, I've driven across this road a hundred times during the war.

EMMA: Well since you know it so well, it's remarkable you couldn't stay on it.

STEED: Must confess - it's not the first time I've ended up in a ditch around here. Huh, I remember one Christmas-fifteen of us in a four seater car - the fire brigade had to cut us loose.

EMMA: Amazing really that we had time to win the war.

I thought you said the Main gate was

STEED: Short cut. Secret back entrance - very handy after lights out.

EMMA: After lights out how could you see in the dark.

STEED: Now there should be a bit of a gap here ha. ha. experience and remarkable vision.....
"CAT'S EYES" Steed... that's what they call me.
Returning from a mission - hunched over the controls..
Eyes rimmed with fatigue... the men groaning in the back.

EMMA: Where'd you been - the Rhur.

STEED: No, the local pub.

There's a gap in the wire.....place you can slip through.....
One... two... three.... four... five.... six....

EMMA: Do you know the backway into every camp in Britain.

STEED: There's one in Scotland I must have missed out.

EXT. FIELD

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. AIRFIELD

EMMA: Steed..... I know the camp is closing down and they're giving a party....but why are we invited.

STEED: I told you.....I spent a lot of time here during the war....it was an Agents launching pad. You'd get a posting....and

EMMA: 'You' personally.

STEED: Sometimes. A couple of nights later, you'd be on a plane bound for wherever it was..... Ah..... There she is.

EMMA: Looks a bit bleak.

EXT. SCANNER.

STEED: You should see it in the cold light of a ~~scanner~~
R.A.F. CAMP 472. Hamelin. As from tomorrow it won't exist.....you know there used to be thousands of men here and now there are about thirty.

EXT. SCANNER (continued)

EMMA: And tomorrow none.

STEED: The end of an era.

EMMA: 'Sic friat crustulum' that's how the cookie crumbles.

STEED: The latin cookie.

EMMA: What's going to happen to the survivors ?

STEED: They'll be scattered all over the globe, Aden, Singapore.... Germany.....wherever there's a British Air Base.

EXT. AIRFIELD.

EMMA: Look right...look left...look right again. And then, pssstt.

STEED: Ah..... the jolly old Officer's mess. That really takes me back.... I remember once..... after a rigger match with the Navy, we had a beer drinking contest... the two finalists were... Pee-Wee Hunt and Bussy Carr ... Now Pee-Wee Hunt... I'll tell you the rest of the story later.

END OF REEL ONEREEL TWOEXT. CAMP.

STEED: Ah.... they don't waste any time these boys. Probably been at it since breakfast. Be good to see them all again.

Bumper do.....

INT. OFFICER'S MESS.

STEED: Huh..... Anyone home ?
Come out, come out, wherever you are.

EMMA: As our host isn't here to receive us..... do have a drink Mrs. Peel.... Lt. Steed... so glad you could come to our little shindig.

STEED: Ha! ha! Mmm... shade too much grenadine.

EMMA: Your recipe I suppose.

STEED: Naturally, wherever I linger, I leave me mark.

EMMA: Well we have all the ingredients for a party. Where are all the people. You're sure you've got the right day, Steed.

STEED: Well it looks like a party. President and members of the Mess request the pleasure.....etcetera... etcetera..... Satuday eleven A.M.

EMMA: Well they can't have been gone long...or gone far...

STEED: I know where they are... There's an old training plane out there....two winged job. They take it up and do stunts. Ha! last time it ended up with the police from three counties after them. You must see this.

EXT. CAMP - DCME

EMMA: I don't hear a plane.

STEED: It takes a bit of coaxing to get it started.....so will you when you're that age.

EXT. CAMP- PETROL STATION

STEED: Mrs. Peel.

EXT. CAMP

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. BAKER'S SHOP

STEED: Well I never.... a Sergeant Henderson special. He made a cake when the old C.O. retired....it was the biggest cake you ever saw. There was a rather shapely W.A.A.F. girl inside it They iced it down....wheeled it in and everybody sang 'for he's a jolly good fellow'. But nothing happened, the lid didn't spring up, and the girl didn't jump out.

EMMA: Have you noticed the time.

STEED: Huh.

EMMA: What happened to her.

STEED: Apparently when they iced the - the lid down they cut off the poor girl's air supply. Only just got her out in time. Lots of memos about it, it all got very ugly.....

EXT. CAMP

MILK FLOAT GOING BY NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. CAMP

EMMA: UGH.....

STEED.

EXT. RUNWAY

EMMA: No milk today thank you.

STEED: Our host... Squadron Leader Risdale.... One pint... One straw yog daily... except Thursdays. Block A Chalet 7

EXT. FRONT DOOR. & INT. BUNGALOW:

STEED: Geoffrey..... Geoffrey.
Geoffrey..... Geoffrey where are you.
Geoffrey old bean.

EMMA: Geoffrey old bean.

STEED: Ah ... here he is ... Geoffrey Risdale.

EMMA: How do you do. He needs a bit of a dust.
Do you suppose he hopped a plane when he heard you were coming. Singapore.

STEED: So that's where the old blighter's been posted to

INT. BUNGALOW

EMMA: I suppose all the lines go through to the camp switchboard.

STEED: Come and have a look at this. My wedding present to Geoffrey.

EMMA: Oh...

STEED: My batman got this for me a fine fellow name of Pratt. Didn't drink, didn't smoke had eight kids.

EMMA: What shattered this glass.

STEED: Caruso.

EMMA: He's dead.

STEED: So's Pratt poor fellow..... and I'm beginning to wonder about Geoffrey the control tower... Birds-eye view of the camp from there

END OF REEL TWOREEL THREEEXT. CONTROL TOWER - AIRFIELD

STEED: If there's anyone around..... we should see them from up here.....

EXT. CONTROL TOWER - AIRFIELD.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. HANGAR.

STEED: The shot came from around here.....

EMMA: Well one thing's for certain they can't have flown away

STEED: There's nobody - there's nobody up here..... Not a soul. One dead rabbit.

EMMA: It's not dead. Look.

STEED: Unconscious.....But why? What did it?

EMMA: Rabbit punch.

THE AVENGERS - COMMERCIAL BREAKEXT/INT. HANGAR.

STEED:(VOICES ECHO) Hullo.... Hullo....Hullo....Hullo....Hullo, hullo no-one here.

EMMA: Might be comforting if there were another human being.

STEED: Razor's still running....Petrol gushing..... Unconscious rabbit....One dead milkman.

EMMA: Ten thousand bottles of milk.

EXT/INT. HANGAR (continued)

STEED: Thirty highly trained technical men just up and
dance away fromer.....

EMMA: Hanelin.

EXT. AIRFIELD. TARMAC

EMMA: Steed.

Well he was herethe milkman.

STEED: And he was dead.

EMMA: First a murder ...then a body snatch.

STEED: Makes a change from unconscious rabbits.

EMMA: Meet you under the clock.

EXT. AIR FIELD

EMMA FINDS MILKMAN
ON MILK FLOAT. NO DIALOGUE

HIGH PITCHED SHRILL NOISE.

STEED RE-ACTS
EMMA RE-ACTS. NO DIALOGUE - NOISE CONTINUES.

SKY SHOT NOISE CONTINUES.

STEED falls over and
gets up and runs
towards

FALL-OUT SHELTER NOISE CONTINUES

INT. FALL-OUT SHELTER

STEED still re-acting NOISE CONTINUES
to noise.

STEED comes out of
fall-out shelter NOISE STOPS

END OF REEL THREEREEL FOUR

EXT. AIRFIELD. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS

STEED pours
himself a drink. NO DIALOGUE

CUT TO CLOCK - NO DIALOGUE

STEED throws glass. NO DIALOGUE
Re-acts to noise
off:

EXT. CAMP.

DUSTBIN LID ON GROUND
PAN UP TO STEED. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. OUTHOUSES. CAMP.

HICKEY: I'm not doing any harm sir ...honest I'm not doing any harm.

STEED: Who are you ?

HICKEY: Hickey sir. Benedict Napoleon Hickey.

STEED: What are you doing here.

HICKEY: Nothing ...no harm that is. I'm just looking ..there's no harm in looking sir.

STEED: Looking for what ?

HICKEY: Victuals sir, sustenance and comforts. I've been living off dustbins all my working life, sir. From Biggin Hill --- Mildenhall - Cardington - Hamelin here....

STEED: All air bases....

HICKEY: Oh yes sir, "certainly" none of that Army or Navy rubbish for me. I'm loyal I am. Loyal to the Air force..... always have been. Best dustbins in the business. Surprising what they'll throw out

STEED: Surprising.

HICKEY: Take these boots.
Done forty operational flights. I wasn't in 'em at the time mind you, not me, I'm a con-see-men-sious sub-jector, I detest war....or violence....or stamp collectors.

STEED: Stamp collectors.

HICKEY: Filthy habit collecting stamps. All that old saliva. More disease gets spread that way. Generations of old saliva. Foreign saliva too.

STEED: How long have you been here ?

HICKEY: This camp ? Oh, about eight months. But it's closing down tomorrow.
It's good garbage, it's good garbage.

STEED: I mean how long have you been here and looking.

HICKEY: Oh, not long sir. I felt a bit dry and I thought I might find a drop in the bottom of a bottle....but er.. no luck.

STEED: Seen anything unusual.

HICKEY: Unusual sir.

STEED: A young lady for instance.

HICKEY: Well if I had.... that wouldn't be unusual would it..... I mean there's nothing unusual about a young lady.

STEED: Come onI'll give you a drink.

INT. OFFICERS MESS

HICKEY: Cor, that's lovely sir ...lovely.

STEED: Now Hickey....you were out there for some time.

HICKEY: I've never been inside this building before....not inside. I know my place, outside among the dustbins.

STEED: Were you on the camp first thing this morning.

HICKEY: It's nice in here. Oh mind you I've heard them enjoying themselves...singing away.

STEED: Did you hear them singing this morning.

HICKEY: Nice and cosy.

STEED: Hickey!! Did you hear anything in here.

HICKEY: They've all gone away haven't they sir. The camp's closing down.

STEED: That's tomorrow. The camp closes tomorrow.

HICKEY: Huh, it's a shame. Summer coming and all. It's like people dying just beofre Christmas. Always seems a shame. Nothing lasts..... does it sir. I saw them running up the flag this morning for the last time.

STEED: What did they do then ?

HICKEY: I felt funny.

STEED: Did you see them come back in here ?

HICKEY: My earsI - I felt funny. Dizzy, er...as though I'd had a few drinks. I hadn't had a few drinks though.

STEED: But you felt "drunk".

HICKEY: D'you think there'll be another war sir ?
I hope so, good for business.
Dustbins are always full during a war.

STEED: Huh. Hickey, when you "felt funny" what time was this ?

HICKEY: And rationing...I enjoyed that.my name on a little ration book. My name. Haven't done much reading since.

STEED: Was it early this morning - or later in the day ?

HICKEY: Lovely sunrise you get over runway number four.
Lovely. I heard the clock start striking.
Then it stopped. Just like that the clock stopped striking. It was eleven o'clock.

DOG BARKING OVERLAID

HICKEY: ROSEY.....YOU COME BACK EH...THERE'S A GOOD GIRL
You come back. You should have seen her this morning.
Took off like a mad thing. Over the fields as though the devil was chasing her. But you come back didn't you Rosie.

STEED: Your dog ?

HICKEY: Useful stuff string.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS

HICKEY: I've got the best collection in the South-East.
STEED: Does Rosey belong to you ?
HICKEY: Well in a manner of speaking. In my line of business
it pays to make friends with the Guards' dogs. Funny
dog for a Guard to have...still, she's got sharp ears.You
Should hear her bark.
STEED: She belongs to a guard, which guard ?
HICKEY: The feller on the main gate.
STEED: Help yourself.

EXT. CAMP - Main entrance.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ROOM. OFFICER'S QUARTERS.

STEED moves around
looks up at clock. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CAMP - Barrier at Main entrance.

POLE CRASHES DOWN
ON STEED. NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK:

END OF REEL FOUR

REEL FIVE

"THE AVENGERS" I.D.CARD.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD & LAKE

STEED gets up and
looks inside car.

STEED: Ah...uh.....
Mrs. Peel!

INSERT OF SMASHED
CAR CLOCK hands at
11 O'clock. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - BRIDGE

STEED comes across
bridge. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE BUSHES AND LAKE.
NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. WIRE FENCE
NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. AIR FIELD
NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. AIR FIELD - SCANNER.
NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. AIR FIELD.

STEED runs past bicycle on
ground. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CAMP.

STEED goes in Mess door.
NO DIALOGUE

INT. OFFICER'S MESS

STEED enters, WHIP
PAN TO PARTY. General
background chatter: BACKGROUND CHATTER

RISDALE: Steed.....John Steed. It's good to see you, haven't
seen you for ages.... it's been far too long.

WIGGINS: It's Steedy boy... welcome back.

PORKY: Johnny....glad you could make it.

WIGGINS: And bang on time as usual.

RISDALE: He's always on time when there's a drink to be had.
Come on. Help yourself to a drink.

PORKY: Let's finish this game

WIGGINS: True pull out the plug.

PORKY: Twenty seven, that's it, Zero, three, one, seven
four.

WIGGINS: Tke it easy old boy, what are you playing for,
your gratuities.

GEOFFREY: Now then ...is it still one dash and half a splash.?

STEED: Yes, that's right.

GEOFFREY: There you are....
See.... I remember after all those years. How's your
memory ? The Squadron toast. You can't have forgotten
that. 'Into the flight...fly right...bottoms up.....
and liquor down

STEED:fly right...bottomsup and liquor down.
Oh, I'm terribly sorry.

GENERAL BACKGROUND CHATTER.

RISDALE: Ah.the camp mascots. Bertha and Billy. Though I must
say I don't know which is which still I expect
they do.
You feeling all right.

STEED: ErI had rather a crack on the head. I have a....

RISDALE: Oh really, how'd you do that.

LEAS: Hellois that a cue for me.

RISDALE: Ah, I don't think you know Leas. Phillip Leas....our
tame dentist. John Steed.

LEAS: Glad to know you

STEED: How'd you do.

LEAS: Did I hear you're not feeling so well.....

INT. OFFICER'S MESS (continued)

STEED: Well I had a bit of a

RISDALE: He's had a crack on the head.

LEAS: Ahlet's have a look then.

STEED: It's just there.

LEAS: You must pardon my glee Mr. Steed.
But since the real M.O. left here, I've been
in charge of First Aid.

RISDALE: Ha! Ha! Ha! he's having the time of his life.
Playing at being a Doctor with nobody here to contradict
him. (laughs).

LEAS: That hurt.

STEED: Ooops.

LEAS: Well there is a slight bump there, but no abrasion.
Make you feel a bit groggy did it.

STEED: A little.

LEAS: Mmm. there's a chance of mild concussion, might get
a bit of giddiness... mind a bit hazy.... might even
get the odd hallucination.

STEED: Oh dear.

LEAS: How did it happen ?

STEED: I swerved to avoid a dog and the car ran off the road.

LEAS: I should stay off that if I were you.
There'll be more for me then won't there. Sorry to
hear about Mrs. Peel by the way, I was looking forward
to meeting her.

STEED: What's this about Mrs. Peel.

RISDALE: Easy.

STEED: What happened to her ?

RISDALE: You are shaken aren't you ?

STEED: What did he mean about Mrs. Peel ?

RISDALE: Merely that she couldn't make the party, that's all.
She phoned her apologies through about an hour ago.
Excuse me.

General background chatter

GEOFFREY: What's this... C.O.'s Inspection ? Ha! Ha! Ha!

STEED: Now look ... the Doctor ... I mean the Dentist....

GEOFFREY: Ah, don't worry about Leas.... one won't do you any
harm.....

STEED: That's not what he said.

GEOFFREY: And you look as though you need it. It's a sad day
for Hamelin 472, Steed ... splitting up.... You er...
you remember these.....light the blue paper and retire
immediately.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS (Continued)

GEOFFREY: Well you won't get all these chaps under one roof again. You know they'll all be in different parts of the world, all scattered... this time tomorrow I shall be en route to Singapore... and Porky there - he's away to Aden Wiggins off to Berlin.

STEED: What time did you get up this morning Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY: Oh about 9.30 I suppose.

STEED: And what did you do then ?

GEOFFREY: What did I do then.... what are you talking about...

STEED: It could be important. Please.

GEOFFREY: Well I climbed into a bath ... shaved.

STEED: Use an electric razor ?

GEOFFREY: Yes.

STEED: And then what d'you do ?

GEOFFREY: Well I got dressed.... left the house and came over here.

STEED: Had the milkman called ? The milkman, had he delivered the milk ?

GEOFFREY: Well I don't know. I suppose he had, yes.

STEED: What time d'you get here ?

GEOFFREY: Just a few minutes beofre you. About eleven.

STEED: Is Hickey still on the camp ?

GEOFFREY: Hickey.....

STEED: Yes, the fellow who lives off the air field. The scavenger.

GEOFFREY: Scavenger I haven't seen any Corporal.

CORPORAL: Sir.

GEOFFREY: Have you seen a tramp hanging about the station.

CORPORAL: A tramp sir. No sir. Have to stay pretty well hidden wouldn't he sir. 'Else security would soon throw him out on his ear.

GEOFFREY: John... all these questions, d'you mind telling me what it's all about.

STEED: Oh, it's all right, I put it down to this bump on the head.

GEOFFREY: Well, see you in a minute.

LEAS: Feeling any better.

STEED: Oh yes, I'm fine. Little fresh air and I'll be as right as rain.

LEAS: Good idea.

EXT. CAMP:

STEED comes out of Officer's Mess
and looks at watch. NO DIALOGUE.

CLOSE SHOT DOG BARKING.

STEED follows Dog to
Dead man. NO DIALOGUE.

MILK FLOAT approaches. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. CAMP. STREET:

STEED follows milk
float. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. OFFICER'S MESS:

RISDALE: Phil.... where's Steed ?

LEAS: I don't know.... said he was gonna pop out for
some fresh air.

RISDALE: Did he....

EXT. CAMP:

MILK FLOAT pulls up. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. COOK HOUSE.

MILKMAN: Good morning.

STEED: Good morning.

INT. BAKER'S SHOP.

EYELINE shot of man
icing cake. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. CAMP STREET

MILK FLOAT DRIVING AWAY.
STEED WATCHES. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTRE:
NO DIALOGUE.

INT. HUT OF MEDICAL CENTRE:

GLOVER: What kept you.

DRIVER: Easy, don't panic.

GLOVER: Who's panicing. We've still got these two
to put back. Hurry up before they wake up.

END OF REEL FIVE.

EXT. CAMP.

GLOVER AND MILKMAN carrying
body to Milk Float. NO DIALOGUE.
STEED runs forward to
R.A.F. man on ground
then to huts. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. HUT CORRIDOR

STEED enters NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DENTIST'S ROOM

STEED rushes Guard. NO DIALOGUE.

EMMA: Uhuh.

STEED: Mrs. Peel...how nice to see you again. I've heard
of being scared of dentists., but when they have to
tie you to the chair.....

EMMA: Oh!

STEED: What happened.

EMMA: Ahh. I suddenly felt dizzy and I must have passed
out, the next thing I knew - I was here, but how I
got here.....

STEED: Probably a milk float they do a regular service
door to door, every five minutes.

EMMA: Why a milk float ?

STEED: Well it's the most innocent thing they could find,
what would you think if you saw one - a milkman
doing his rounds.

EMMA: Steed. These ampoules.

STEED: C.ll.

EMMA: C.ll. It's a derivative of the truth drug....used
in brainwashing...suppose someone were to put this
entire camp into a comaa hypnotic state
and then brought them here - and went to work on
them...

STEED: With that.

EMMA: Don't play around with that Steed, it's notreous oxide.
Laughing gas.

STEED: Ha! Ha! all right. So that's what happened. What next
...Your watchtwenty past twelve...They wake up
at twelve o'clock and yet all the clocks in the camp
show eleven o'clock.

EMMA: Back where they started.

STEED: One hour of their lives gone - just like that....
and they don't remember a thing.

EMMA: But perhaps they do - one particular thing.....
Steed ...the unit's breaking up isn't it ? Dispersing
all over the globe ? Well if I'm right and they have
been brainwashed --- then something could have been
planted into their sub-conscioussomething that
could be triggered off at a moment's notice.

INT. DENTIST'S ROOM (continued)

STEED: A potential saboteur in every strategic air base in the world.

EMMA: Steed, must you ?

INT. OFFICER'S MESS

CROWD RE-ACT TO SONIC SOUND. BACKGROUND CHATTER AND SONIC SOUND

INT. DENTIST'S ROOM

STEED: Still one piece of the jig saw missing. A coma.....a hypnotic state ...it can't be as easy as that.

EMMA: Ultra sonic sounds.... Sounds well above the speech frequency range.....relayed out over the loudspeaker system.....effective in only a limited area.

STEED: How limited ?

EMMA: About the size of the average air field. That's it, Steed...it's got to be.

STEED: But how could that knock out a lot of people.

EMMA: Well...the electrical activity in the human brain has a fundamental frequency..... call it a limit of sound vibrations if you like a point beyond which it will break down much like a bridge.

STEED: You mean why soldiers break step before they march over it.

EMMA: Otherwise it vibrates too much and disintegrates.

STEED: The bridge.

EMMA: Yeah, Ultra sonic sounds affect the brain in much the same way. They've juggled the sounds around.. and come out with the right frequency.

STEED: Hence the ear-muffs - so they don't knock out their own people.

LEAS: Quite a creditable explanation. I could pretend it was years of experiment - my life work. But it wasn't. It was an accident found that by raising the speed of the drill, I could induce myself into a hypnotic state. I took it from there - ultra-sonic apparatus - high speed drill - simple....but remarkably effective don't you think ?

STEED: Quite remarkable....yes...

EMMA: What's the next step ?

LEAS: An auction. Thirty pre-conditioned brains to the highest bidder. Ought to make me a rich man but first I have to deal with you.

FIGHT SEQUENCE INTER-CUT WITH
INT. CORRIDOR - HUT.

INT. DENTIST'S ROOM:

STEED & LEAS STRUGGLING
AND LAUGHING. NO DIALOGUE.
FIGHT SEQUENCE.

INT. DENTIST'S CHAIR

STEED IS LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY.

EMMA: STEED...What is it
What's so funny...
What is it Steed.

EMMA starts to laugh
together with STEED.

EXT. AIR STRIP

STEED: Relaxing isn't it.....I promised you a quiet
ride in the country.

EMMA: What could be quieter than a milk float.

STEED: Especially the way you drive.

EMMA: Who's driving ?

END CREDIT TITLES

THE END

OVERALL FOOTAGE 4,682.

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