

MASTER

342

"THE AVENGERS"

"TOO MANY CHRISTMAS TREES" BTJ

DIALOGUE SHEETS

EPISODE 6

MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED

June 1965

Prepared by :-

Telemen Ltd.
A.B.P.C. Studios,
Boreham Wood,
Hertfordshire
England

"THE AVENGERS"

"TOO MANY CHRISTMAS TREES"

DREAM SEQUENCE: No dialogue

INT: STEED'S FLAT.

EMMA: Milko!

STEED: Oh..!'Morning Mrs. Peel, do come in.

EMMA: I warn you - I'm here collecting for a Christmas charity. I intend to separate you from at least fifty guineas...

STEED: Double it if you make the 'Voce' a little more 'sotto'. Just an octave or two.

EMMA: Oh... oh. Someone began his Christmas celebrations early. Coffee? Black?

STEED: Thank you.

EMMA: Whose party was it?

STEED: Why?

EMMA: The party last night... anyone I know.

STEED: Wasn't a party. Just a quiet dinner with an old friend.

EMMA: Blonde, brunette or redhead.

STEED: Shiny pink. Rear Admiral Keevers. Bald as a baby's elbow.

EMMA: It was just a quiet dinner, eh?

STEED: Wild time...

EMMA: Eh..

STEED: Thyme... with a 'th'... wonder if they make a silencer for these things...

EMMA: Well, Rear Admiral or not - he certainly led you into an orgy of excesses.

STEED: No such luck. The old boy's Seventy three years old.. half a bottle of chret... a glass of port and that was all.

EMMA: Well it can't be over work... Steed... what's wrong?

STEED: It's all right - nothing.

EMMA: Now don't suffer in silence - tell me what's wrong. ...

STEED: It's nothing.... I just haven't been sleeping very well the past week or so - been having nightmares.

EMMA: Well, you don't have a fever... must be your past catching up on you.

STEED: If it were that.... that would be fun.

INT. STEED'S FLIT (contd)

STEED: No this is terrifying. It's always the same nightmare... with variations.

EMMA: What kind of nightmare?

STEED: A Christmas nightmare.

EMMA: Seasonal.

STEED: I'm standing in a forest of Xmas Trees and I find a present addressed to me... I open it, but it is me. A photograph of myself... and the dream finally ends by me bumping into Santa Claus..... and he's a particularly nasty type.

EMMA: It's simple... a case of childhood regression dating back to the time you found out there isn't really a Father Christmas.

STEED: Oh dear, isn't there.... funny though ... funny how Freddy came into my dream last night.

EMMA: Who's Freddy.

STEED: Freddy Marshall. It isn't surprising, I suppose - he's been on my mind a good deal lately.

EMMA: Why?

STEED: Secrets have been getting into the wrong hands.

EMMA: And you think he may be responsible ?

STEED: I am certain he is responsible because the secrets that have been leaking out were only entrusted to two people ... him and me. I know it isn't me.

EMMA: So - no alternative but to suspect him.

STEED: I wish there were. We're old friends ... trained together.. we've been in some tight spots together.. and in my dream last night he was dead as a doornail.

EMMA: Your subconscious killed him off. You don't like your assignment - so in your dream you end it by having him killed.

STEED: Maybe you're right.

EMMA: I should forget all about it.... is this Freddy Marshall ?

STEED: Yes, why?

EMMA: Have you seen the morning papers ?

STEED: No.

INT. STEED'S FLAT (cont'd)

EMMA: Steed, Steed..... Wake up. Glad to see you took my advice - put your feet up. I've decided to spoil you, caviar, quails etts, asparagus - your favourite cheese.. we'll even open a bottle of champagne.

STEED: Freedy Marshall had some kind of brainstorm. I phoned the doctor in charge. He died of a brainstorm.

EMMA: A stroke you mean. Some kind of seizure?

STEED: A nervous breakdown exaggerated to enormous proportions - until the brain couldn't take it any more and so that it metaphorically speaking, exploded. Well, that's how the Doctor described it.

EMMA: Well it's over now so you'd much better forget it. Look I've brought your Christmas cards.. don't you want to open them.

STEED: Give me a hand will you...

EMMA: Mmm.. I love opening other people's cards.

STEED: See who hasn't forgotten me this time.

EMMA: Come fly with me, Amy.

STEED: Chocs away... Carlotta... Yes Carlotta...

EMMA: Best wishes for the future, Cathy.

STEED: Mrs. Gale. How nice of her to remember me. What can she be doing at Port Knox ?

EMMA: Longing for you, Irma.

STEED: Charming Irma... I can remember a terrible time in Monte Carlo when....

EMMA: Who is 'Boofums' ?

STEED: The Post Mistress at Ongar.

EMMA: Mmm. much more of this and I shall lose my appetite..... How would you like to come away with me for Christmas. House party... I've been invited to... you could come along too.

STEED: Whose party.

EMMA: Brandon Storey's.

STEED: The publisher. Didn't think you knew him.

EMMA: I don't.... well, hardly at all. The invitation came through a mutual friend... Jeremy Wade.

STEED: That's the fellow who deals in old prints and manuscripts... Is he still after your first edition.

EMMA: It would do you good.

STEED: Be delighted.

INT: STEED'S FLAT. (contd)

EMMA: Good. That's settled then.... You'll call for me.

STEED: Er... yes... yes... about ten.

REEL 2

INT. CAR - ON ROAD.

EMMA: Steed... isn't it time you bought a new car.

STEED: I'm loyal to my old loves.

EMMA: Yes I know.... wouldn't it be kinder to retire her to the British Museum.

STEED: The quality of a lady's performance is not measured by her years.

EMMA: (laughs) We go right I think.

STEED: No left.... just around the next bend.

EMMA: I thought you hadn't been here before.

STEED: I haven't....

EXT. HOUSE.

EMMA: Steed.....

EXT: FRONT DOOR.

EMMA: Good afternoon. I'm Mrs. Peel and this is Mr. Steed...

JENKINS: Good afternoon Sir... Madam... you are expected. Please come in.

EMMA: Thank you.

INT. MAIN HALL.

EMMA: Brandon Storey is a great authority on Dickens.

JENKINS: I expect you would like to retire to your rooms after your journey? If you will accompany me.

MARTIN: Well Jeremy.... what do you think now. Mrs. Peel has just arrived.....

INT. LIBRARY

MARTIN: ... and she brought Steed with her.

JEREMY: It's astonishing, Martin... she actually did invite him.

MARTIN: Never had any doubt that she would Jeremy. That part of it was easy - the real difficulties lie ahead.

JEREMY: You really mean to go on with it ?

MARTIN: Of course... the whole experiment is pointless unless carried to a logical conclusion. Sherry... Oh come along now Jeremy, you said yourself that this would make a fascinating exercise... and when Janice gets here....

INT: LIBRARY (contd)

JEREMY: Janice?

MARTIN: Yes, Janice Crane. She's a real find, Jeremy - her powers make you and me look like fumbling beginners..... we should make a breakthrough tonight.

JEREMY: Tonight? But I thought you said - I understood that when Mrs. Peel got here...

MARTIN: Forget Mrs. Peel now Jeremy.... concentrate on Steed....

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM.

STEED: Come in..

EMMA: Well how do you like it ?

STEED: Isn't exactly the bridal suite - but very well-appointed. Mr. Storey seems very singular minded.

EMMA: Mmm. he's obsessive about the works of Dickens.. tries to recreate the atmosphere of the books.

STEED: He seems to have given me the Old Curiosity Shop.

EMMA: You know... I've always rather fancied myself in one of these.

STEED: So have I... I mean, I have too. It's opulent... just the thing for... for old fashioned nightmares.

EMMA: I thought we came down here to forget about those.

STEED: So did I. But that festive display down there was straight out of my nightmare. Oh well, I suppose I'll just have to learn to live with it. My newly acquired psychic power... I say - d'you think I could be a reincarnation of someone.

EMMA: Like whom for instance.

STEED: Oh I don't know... Ghengis Kan, Napoleon.

EMMA: How about Rasputin. Seriously though.Steed I mean the Christmas decorations... how could you have known.

STEED: I knew about Freddy Marshall

EMMA: Yes, yes you did.

INT. MAIN HALL

JEREMY: Not here yet then?

MARTIN: Mmm.

JEREMY: Janice Crane?

INT. MAIN HALL (contd)

JENKINS: Mr. Trasker ?

MARTIN: Ah thank you Jenkins. She'll be here - don't worry.

STOREY: Ah, M'dear Mrs. Peel - A Merry Christmas m'dear... a Merry Christmas... and you, sir, you must be John Steed... delighted, dear fellow... delighted.. have a good run down? Capital, excellent. Peel like a drink now.. of course you do... Do you know anyone else here? Never mind time for introductions later..

STEED: Its good to make your acquaintance.

STOREY: Seasonal compliments Mr. Steed - and you, my dear.

EMMA: Merry Christmas.

STEED: You certainly go in for the traditional Xmas.

STOREY: Dickens old man. Dickens. Nothing quite like a Dickensian Christmas - try to keep on the pattern he set - splendid time of the year - renew old friendships - make new ones... the turkey, the puddings, the holly.

STEED: The mistletoe.

STOREY: (laughs) admirable custom.

EMMA: I admire your display.

STOREY: Adds the right touch don't you think.

EMMA: Did you design it yourself...

JEREMY: Emma...

EMMA: Jeremy how nice to see you.

JEREMY: How are you? You're looking radiant.

STOREY: Leave you in good hands.

EMMA: Jeremy... I'd like you to meet John Steed... Jeremy Wade.

STEED: How do you do.

JEREMY: Mr. Steed.. I trust you found your way here alright.

STEED: Instinctively.

MARTIN: Jeremy... could I have a word...

JEREMY: Oh.. may I introduce Martin Trasker.. this is Mrs. Peel... John Steed.

STEED: How do you do.

INT. MAIN HALL (contd)

MARTIN: How do you do. I'm sorry to butt in Jeremy, but you promised you'd show me those first editions. Sorry to drag him away, but we may not have another chance later.

EMMA: Go ahead. Well, feeling better ?

STEED: 'Christmas - splendid time of the year - renew old friendships... make new ones...'

STEED: Hullo..

GIRL Hullo.

INT. LIBRARY:.

JEREMY: I don't see why we have...

MARTIN: Phase two, Jeremy. We agreed we would progress to phase two.

JEREMY: Its a bit hard on this fellow Steed, isn't it.

MARTIN: Rumour has it he's a pretty tough nut. He can take it.

JEREMY: Take it. I thought you said there was nothing harmful about this. I thought you said that chap Freddy Marshall...

MARTIN: Died of natural causes.. complete coincidence that he died just when he did.

JEREMY: Are you sure about that ?

MARTIN: Told you... made a thorough investigation.

INT. MAIN HALL.

STOREY: Yes, I've done a great deal of globe-trotting in my time - Asia - Far East...

FELIX: Looking for first editions of Dickens no doubt. Good afternoon Brandon... nice to see you again.

STOREY: Oh... good afternoon. May I introduce Mrs. Peel... John Steed... Mr.. er?

FELIX: Teasel. Doctor Felix Teasel. How do you do ?

STEED: How do you do.

STOREY: Doctor.. of course, silly of me to forget - we met... where did we meet ?

FELIX: Oh it was a long time ago. Mrs. Peel - I've read some of your articles on psycho-analysis. They're very good - for the lay public.

EMMA: I take it you practice psychoanalysis.

FELIX: Yes I do... Tired, Mr. Steed ?

STEED: Oh... beg your pardon.

STOREY: I'll get you another drink.....

INT. MAIN HALL (contd)

STOREY: Develish odd.

STEED: What ?

STOREY: That chap Teasel. Claims he knows me - swear I never saw him before.

FELIX: Interesting case history. All this - the preoccupation with one man - bordering on obsessive compulsion don't you think. Still, I believe Storey's collection of Dickensiana is without parallel. Is it true that he has some of the original manuscripts here ?

EMMA: I wouldn't know - Jeremy would...

FELIX: Mmm.

EMMA: Jeremy Wade.. just through here...

INT. LIBRARY.

EMMA: Jeremy I...

TEASEL: Something wrong ?

EMMA: Funny, I was sure I saw him come in here.

FELIX: Well, he isn't in here...

INT. SECRET ROOM

MARTIN: Tired... irresistibly tired... lids are heavy... must sleep... sleep... it was a long drive down here today...

INT. MAIN HALL.

STEED: It was a long drive down here today... do excuse me...

FELIX: Then you are tired Mr. Steed.

STEED: I am rather.. I'll get my head down for an hour or so and I'll be as fresh as a daisy... do forgive me my dear.

FELIX: You look concerned.

EMMA: It's not like him.

FELIX: Oh, I shouldn't worry. Nothing like a good sleep to refresh the mind.

END

DREAM SEQUENCE.

No dialogue

INT. LANDING.

No dialogue

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM.

STEED: But I must have met her before.

EMMA: Janice Crane... but you've never met her.

STEED: I must have... it's the only logical explanation.

EMMA: How do you account for the ride in the Tunbril.

STEED: Yes, there I am dressed in the rig of the period and there's Madame Guillotine and suddenly - swish - no head.. no bowler.. Sydney Carton, he's the chap from 'A Tale of Two Cities'. "It's a far far better thing I do"... he had a one-way ticket to the guillotine... that's it. I saw this. 'It' registered, so I dreamt about it.

EMMA: You don't usually sleep in the afternoons.

STEED: I suddenly felt tired ... compelled to sleep.

EMMA: Compelled!

STEED: I suppose there is a compulsion to sleep when one is tired.

EMMA: Steed...These nightmares began with Freddy Marshall's death. And Marshall was betraying secrets. Well what kind of Secrets? I know you can't tell me in detail...

STEED: We've been through all that before... I told you.

EMMA: When did you tell me..

STEED: I didn't did I. I thought I told someone, and you're the only person I would confide in. Oh well, I must have dreamt it.

INT. LIBRARY.

MARTIN: Nearing the final phase now - that will be your responsibility Janice.. but first have to soften him up.

JEREMY: Soften him up.

MARTIN: Yes.. like a military operation, Jeremy - the last wave of shock troops before the final assault.

JEREMY: Don't you think we're really going a bit far.

JANICE: What do you propose.

MARTIN: A party game.. a small charade... an entertainment will be suggested. A piece of trickery. An experiment in mind reading.. It's perfect. Don't you see? We will approach Steed - get him to co-operate actively.

INT. LIBRARY (contd)

JENKINS: In front of the whole party ?

MARTIN: Well who's to know the difference? An amusing diversion.

JEREMY: For everyone except Steed. I don't like it.

MARTIN: You agreed to see the experiment through to the end.

JEREMY: Look why don't we tell Steed what we're doing.

MARTIN: But my dear Jeremy.. that would spoil the whole thing don't you see? When we disclose our findings there must be no loopholes - if Steed knew what was going on, the sceptics would say the whole thing was just a trick. A cheap trick, we can't have that now can we ?

JEREMY: But tonight.. we finish it tonight?

MARTIN: Yes.. we finish it tonight.

JEREMY: All right then.

JANICE: Is he indispensable.

MARTIN: No, not now that you are here. Why?

JANICE: I just think I should keep an eye on him. Too many anxieties. We don't want everything ruined now - when we are so close.

MARTIN: You may be right yes. Yes.. won't do any harm to 'observe' him.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM.

STEED: Come in..

JENKINS: Excuse me Sir.... with Mr. Storey's compliments sir.

STEED: Thank you. What is it anyway ?

EMMA: For the party tonight. The theme is Dickens.. Guess what I got.

STEED: Nicholas Nicholby.

EMMA: No.

STEED: Tiny Tim.

EMMA: No... Oliver Twist.

STEED: My word you have filled out.

EMMA: Let's see what you've got..... I hope it's 'Little Nell'.... 'The Tale of Two Cities'... Sydney Carton.

INT. MAIN HALL:

TEASEL: Ah Mr. Steed... refreshed anew.. after your little rest.

STEED: Yes thank you.

STOREY: Phew... treading a stately measure takes quite a bit of puff. Charming my dear, quite charming.

EMMA: Thank you.

STOREY: And Mr. Steed, a good fit I trust ?

STEED: Might have been made for me.

STOREY: Excellent, excellent, well dear fellow, the festive board awaits, eat, drink and be merry, but don't lose your head eh?? (laughs)

STEED: It certainly is a festive board.. lead me to the punch.

EMMA: Fine party Jenkins.

JENKINS: Thank you Madam.

EMMA: This fancy dress, who chose what to put who into what?

JENKINS: Just the luck of the draw Madam.

STEED: Thank you.

EMMA: I'll bet my bowl of gruel it wasn't that. These dreams of yours - the way the pattern keeps fitting..

STEED: You don't think it's just a psychic phenomenon?

EMMA: Well do you? Well do you?

STEED: No other explanation.

EMMA: Oh Doctor Teasel - a hypothetical case. A patient has a recurring dream.. a terrifying one.. and then when he awakes he finds that the fantasy of his dream is becoming a fact.

TEASEL: Or so he tells you. One cannot produce one's dreams as evidence - perhaps it works the other way round for this man. He sees the facts, the actuality and then tells you he has dreamt about them.

EMMA: You mean he deliberately lies.

TEASEL: Not deliberately. Such a man might not be responsible for his actions. A hypothetical case you said ? That is fortunate.

EMMA: Why ?

TEASEL: Such a man could be dangerous... clearly he is on the verge of a complete breakdown.

INT. MAIN HALL (contd)

SCENE 4

EMMA: Please sir... Please sir... I want some more.

STEED: I was never more convinced of anything in my life that that boy will be hung. I am glad to see you're getting the Xmas spirit at last.

EMMA: At last...

STEED: You've had that hooded fruit bat expression, keeping your beady eye on me as though I'm going to scuttle down my warren.

EMMA: Marley's ghost.

JEREMY: I hear you're not feeling too well Steed.

STEED: This preoccupation with my health. I feel I'm being surrounded by the beneficiaries of an insurance policy. Do I look as though I need care and attention.

EMMA: On the contrary you're looking very debonaire this evening.

STEED: I'd better press home the advantage.. May I ?

EMMA: Of course.

STEED: Excuse us.

MARTIN: Are you ready ?

JEREMY: Martin, I... I think we ought to reconsider..

MARTIN: Just do as we agreed Jeremy... that's all.

EMMA: Steed?

STEED: Mmmm?

EMMA: Have you thought of getting expert advice on your dreams ?

STEED: It's not worth bothering about.

EMMA: Well, I think it is. I think a chat with a good psychoanalyst might....

STEED: Psychoanalyst? Just because I've had a few dreams you think I'm going potty.

EMMA: I didn't say that.

STEED: You're implying it.

EMMA: I'm implying nothing of the kind - all I'm suggesting is that you want to get some advice...

STEED: I'm very happy to meet you again.

JANICE: Again. I think you must be mistaken - we've never met before.

MARTIN: Janice... Oh I see you've met Mr. Steed. Just in time my dear - a few minutes to midnight - soon be Christmas Day... the perfect moment to show us your party piece.

INT. MAIN HALL (continued)

JANICE: No really I can't

MARTIN: Oh nonsense .. of course you must Janice .. please.

JANICE: Very well perhaps you'd care to help me Mr.Steed.

STEED: Of course.

JANICE: You seem very much in sympathy.

STEED: I am ? I mean, I am!

JANICE: Very well, Martin.

MARTIN: Marvellous. Ladies and Gentlemen Ladies and Gentlemen ... I am very happy to be able to tell you that tonight we have with us Miss Janice Crane ... and she has very kindly consented to amuse us all tonight with her party 'Piece de Resistance'.

STOREY: Well, it's very kind of Miss Crane to provide a little entertainment isn't ityes of course it is. She has agreed toagreed to.....She has agreed to let you challenge her extra-sensory perception.... her 'occult powers'. Now we must have complete silencecomplete silence if you please.

JANICE: Thank you. First, may I introduce Mr.Steed who has kindly volunteered to assist me. Mr. Steed will vouch for the fact that, until a few moments ago, we had never met before, isn't that so, Mr.Steed ?

STEED: Absolutely yes. (applause).
Would you indentify this please ?

JANICE: A diary.

STEED: Correct ... and inside.

JANICE: A telephone number ... your telephone number Mr. Steed. (laughter).

STOREY: This ought to fix her.

STEED: Another object.

INT. MAIN HALL (contd)

JANICE: It's square... no.... rectangular... there are several... a pack of cards.

STEED: That 's right. Now which particular card.

JANICE: One of the court cards. A Queen. A Queen of diamonds. And the next... a black card.. You must help me... you must concentrate... help me... the Ace of Spades.. and the next... a red card.... concentrate... help me... you're slipping... you're letting go... concentrate... let your mind see nothing but the card... You must help me... you must concentrate. You're slipping... your letting go... Let your mind see nothing but the card. Open your mind to me ... relax... your fighting me.. don't fight me... Relax.... Open your mind to me... relax.

EMMA: I'm so sorry.

STOREY: It's Christmas everybody... A Merry Christmas.

EMMA: I do apologise... I ruined your act.

JANICE: Don't worry. There's always another time.

EMMA: Are you all right?

STEED: I think so - what happened ?

EMMA: I'll tell you later... Jeremy Jeremy... What's going on.

JEREMY: Going on? I don't know what you mean.

EMMA: That was no 'game' just now and you know it.

JEREMY: I... I didn't think it would go this far... an experiment, a psychic experiment, that's what they said...

EMMA: Who are 'they'.

JEREMY: Can't explain now... later.

EMMA: Where ?

JEREMY: Upstairs.... Hall of Great Expectations.

JANICE: Martin... Jeremy Wade, he's planning to betray us!

INT. HALL OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

EMMA: Jeremy..... Jeremy.....

5

INT: STEED'S BEDROOM.

EMMA: Steed..... Steed...

STEED: Oh my dear... haven't wished you a Merry Christmas yet.

INT: STEED'S BEDROOM (contd)

EMMA: Jeremy Wade is dead..

STEED: I've got a little present for you..

EMMA: Did you hear what I said...

STEED: Hope you like it... it isn't for writing
Oh no... you point in the desired direction
press the little clip and bingo.. it's
full of teargas... Well, that was a fine
party.

EMMA: Steed - Jeremy wanted to tell me some-
thing - about what's going on here...
what's happening to you.

STEED: My Christmas stocking. I must hang up
my Christmas stocking... Oh, it's a
delightful stocking... a splendid stocking.
Goodnight my dear... Oh it's a marvellous
piece of knitting... there never was such
a stocking.

INT. LIBRARY:

JANICE: Toes wriggling... that's all I can get...
an image of toes wriggling in soft woollen
socks.

MARTIN: He's resisting. Be all right once he's
asleep.

JANICE: If he sleeps.

MARTIN: Don't worry... he'll sleep.

INT: HALL & LANDING.

EMMA: Doctor Teasel.. I must see you, it's
Steed.

TEASEL: Oh... what about him.

EMMA: That complete mental breakdown you
spoke of... Well it's happening to him
and somebody's deliberately making it
happen.

TEASEL: Oicome now... don't you think you're
dramatising just a bit too much...

EMMA: No... Come with me...

INT. HALL OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

EMMA: Look... but it was there - just a few
moments ago.

TEASEL: What was there ?

EMMA: The body of Jeremy Wade.

TEASEL: Dead? In this chair. It is Steed who
has had a complete mental breakdown.

EMMA: I didn't imagine it - it was there.

INT. HALL OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

TEASEL: Mrs. Peel it is rather late, if you don't mind.

EMMA: Do you believe in telepathy, Doctor Teasel?

TEASEL: I don't disbelieve - the mind is still virtually unexplored. But until I have concrete evidence that...

EMMA: I think there is evidence - here in this house. Steed's been having nightmares - bad nightmares. I think they were specially created for him, and that game we saw this evening.

TEASEL: Really I don't see how.

EMMA: To break him down...

TEASEL: Telepathy... if it exists - is merely the exchange of thought between two individuals.

EMMA: Or a group. Jeremy said 'they'. Suppose a group of people - each of them telepathic, thought as one - wouldn't that increase their powers.

TEASEL: Nothing you have said to me so far is feasible and you have overlooked one important aspect - why should anyone wish to direct such a fantastic operation against Steed ?

EMMA: Because of the secrets he carries in his mind.

TEASEL: Mrs. Peel.. this discussion has gone on long enough...

EMMA: Drugs. To make him sleep... I must warn Steed.

TEASEL: That won't be necessary Mrs. Peel. We wouldn't want Steed to miss a good night's sleep, would we ?

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM.

STEED: The Grand Old Duke of York.. had ten thousand men.. Marched them up to the top of the hill.....

JENKINS: Thought you might like a small nightcap sir..

STEED: That's extremely charming of you - thank you very much.. and he marched them down again..

JENKINS: Not at all sir... Goodnight.

STEED: And when they were up they were up... Goodnight... and when they were down they were down.. and when they were only half way up, they were neither up nor down. That's extraordinarily tuneful..... Ah....

INT: HALL OF GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

TEASEL: I suggest you sit down Mrs. Peel.
EMMA: So you're involved..
TEASEL: I'd rather you didn't discuss that business -
rather you didn't even think about it.

INT: STEED'S BEDROOM.

STEED: The grand old Duke of York.. he had ten
thousand men - he marched them up to the
top of the hill...

INT. SECRET ROOM:

JANICE: He's drifting off.. sleeping.. he's asleep.
MARTIN: Good - now we feed him our questions.. Ready?
JANICE: Yes..

INT: STEED'S BEDROOM.

EMMA: Right... get up... wake up... you've been
drugged.
STEED: I haven't you know.. I poured it all down the
sink. There's enough there to knock out a herd
of buffalo... help them to get at my thoughts.
I'll give you Two-oh... I suspected as soon as I
saw those Xmas trees down there... Green Grow the
Rushes Oh... What is your two-oh? So I
thought I'd get at their thoughts. Two Two the
Lillywhite boys, clothes all in Green Ho...
It was Teasel's idea.
EMMA: Teasel?
STEED: Security intelligence - psychiatric division.
Where is he now by the way - Green Grow the
Rushes oh.....
EMMA: I knocked him out.
STEED: Oh. The War Office won't like that.
EMMA: Why didn't you tell me.
STEED: What is your three-oh... Green Grow the Rushes
oh.
EMMA: Why keep me in the dark... why didn't you
tell me. Will you please stop singing.
STEED: I must go on. They might be over-hearing us
now. What is your three-oh... What made you
invite me down here in the first place...
EMMA: Why I don't know. When I got the invitation
the thought just entered my head..
STEED &
EMMA: Two Two the Lillywhite boys... clothed all
in Green ho. One is one and all alone and
ever more shall be so.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM. (contd)

STEED: You're being rot at. I couldn't let you know, might have given the game away. What is your four-oh, Green grow the rushe's oh.

EMMA: I'll lay you four oh. Did it work? Did you find out about your dream.

STEED: Janice Crane had something to do with it. She was stark naked with a splinter in her foot.

EMMA: What?

STEED: Well it was my dream you know.

EMMA: Naked... with a splinter in her foot.

EMMA & STEED: Two two the Lillywhite boys.. clothed all in Green ho.. one is one.. and all alone and evermore shall be so.

INT. SECRET ROOM.

JANICE: There's something wrong.

MARTIN: Keep trying... we can't fail now.

REEL 6

INT. MAIN HALL.

STEED & EMMA: Here comes a candle to light you to bed...

STEED: Bit uncomfortable isn't it... someone poking around in one's inmost thoughts.

EMMA: Mmmm.

STEED: And you put that one in your crystal ball.

INT. LIBRARY.

STEED & EMMA: Here comes a chopper to chop off your head...

INT. MIRROR ROOM

No dialogue

INT. SECRET ROOM:

JANICE: Danger... I feel danger.. the Mirror Room... Steed very close... The Mirror Room.

INT. MIRROR ROOM

EMMA: Oh...oh.. ah...

STEED: Oh you mustn't cry.

EMMA: Oh.. it's that pen you gave me it broke.. oh...

STEED: Oh..yes... (they laugh)

EMMA: See what I mean.

INT. PONY & TRAP:

EMMA: Out of your mind..

STEED: What?

EMMA: They are.

STEED: I'll be able to get a good night's sleep
again.

EMMA: Sweet dreams..

STEED: Come on... Giddiup Prancer..... Giddiup.

Length - 4793 feet