

T H E A V E N G E R S

STRICTLY FOR THE WORMS

SHOOTING SCRIPT

" T H E A V E N G E R S "

"STRICTLY FOR THE WORMS"

by

Roger Marshall

IN WHICH STEED WATCHES BIRDS
AND EMMA GOES HUNTING.

MAY, 1965.

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Associated British Elstree Studios,
Boreham Wood,
Herts.

T H E A V E N G E R S

STRICTLY FOR THE WORMS

FADE IN:

1. EXT. FIELD. DAY. (LOCATION)

1.

Arable land. CLOSE SHOT as numerous birds are pecking around. Suddenly something squeaks and they all fly away. CAMERA PANS UP to a tattered old scarecrow. Bits of tin rattle from the cuffs of his coat. His face is a huge sugar-beet, with knife-slashes to denote eyes and mouth. On his head is an old trilby. He gently swings in the breeze. CAMERA PANS UP TO:

2. EXT. SKY. DAY. (LOCATION)

2.

CAMERA continues to PAN over a fleecy summer sky to a gnarled, old tree. The birds, cawing to one another, have squatted on its branches.

3. EXT. TREE. DAY. (LOCATION)

3.

Sitting on the branches of the tree are the usual complement of crows and rooks.

CAMERA ZOOMS in to one particular bird. It sits very still. Suddenly it keels over.

4. EXT. GROUND BENEATH TREE. DAY. (LOCATION)

4.

CLOSE SHOT as the bird falls to the ground. It lies very still: a sad, dead bundle of feathers. Suddenly another falls dead beside it. Then another.

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

STRICTLY FOR THE WORMS

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

5. EXT. RIVER ESTUARY. DAY. (LOCATION)

5.

To background of STEED singing or humming "Eton Boating Song" style music. RESTRICTED ANGLE through overhanging trees at water's edge - we see a punt pole being tossed up and brought down into the water, then the prow of the punt as it passes. A figure, concealed by parasol, sits in the prow of the punt. We can't see who it is, or who is doing the actual punting because of the foliage of the trees.

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED:

5.

CLOSE SHOT - Parasol. Suddenly the sound of punting stops, then the singing, the parasol is lifted and STEED looks up in surprise. He is wearing traditional blazer and boater. A pair of binoculars hang round his neck. EMMA rests the pole and flops down wearily.

STEED

Tired?

EMMA

Exhausted.

STEED

No stamina.

EMMA

No comment.

STEED smiles and starts to wind in a line which trails in the water.

STEED

Know just how you feel.

EMMA

How? How would you know?

At the end of STEED's line is a bottle of wine. He pulls it in and tosses it up, like a head waiter for inspection. EMMA is pleasantly surprised.

STEED

Viola!

(Reading label)

'Serve at river temperature'.
Wasn't too sure about the
weather, so I played safe.
Brought a rosé. Adaptable
little wine.

EMMA

(holding up her hands)

Good for blisters?

STEED smiles, opens his binocular case and takes out two glasses. He flicks one, holds it briefly to his ear and then hands it to EMMA. He becomes more serious.

STEED

A year ago, this estuary was
full of martlets.

(Starts to open
bottle)

'The temple-haunting martlet' -
the bard, you know.

EMMA

Macbeth. Act One, Scene Six.
Banquo.

STEED

As I was saying, no martlets.

EMMA

Agreed: no martlets. I
didn't know you cared.

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED:

5.

STEED

My dear, don't be so callous.
Think of all the bird watchers.

EMMA

Is that what you're doing?

STEED

(filling her glass)
All those gumboots and disappointed
faces.
(Hands her the glass)
Try that for size.

EMMA objects to being sidetracked, but tastes her wine -
impatiently.

EMMA

Fine. Now answer the question.

STEED toasts and drinks, smacks his lips and nods
approvingly.

STEED

Mm. I like a wine that fights
back.

EMMA

(firmly)
Steed! What's happened to the
martlets?

STEED

I don't know. If I did, I
wouldn't be down here - trying
to eavesdrop on a few harmless
birds.

EMMA

(sarcastically)
Eavesdrop!

STEED

It's indecent.

EMMA gives him a look.

STEED

(contd.)
Well, how would you like people
following you around - spying
on you with binoculars? Catch-
ing you at your most intimate
moments.
(second thoughts)
They do have 'intimate moments'?

EMMA

Think of the birds and the bees.

STEED

(fondly)
I do. Often. Cunning little
devils!

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED:

5.

EMMA
We're wasting time.

STEED pulls the punt towards the bank.

STEED
Not entirely.

EMMA
How do you mean?

STEED
About a hundred yards behind
you.
(She makes to move)
Don't look!

EMMA
A martlet?

STEED
A man. Up a tree. Watching
us through glasses.
(steps ashore)
I must be off back to London.
Find out what he wants, will
you?

He smiles, raises his boater and starts off. EMMA,
still pretty staggered, watches him go (off).

LONG SHOT.

EMMA in punt. CAMERA slowly pulls out, till it becomes
masked (binoculars) SHOT.

6. DELETED.

6.

7. EXT. TREE. DAY. (LOCATION)

7.

QUINCE, a bird-watcher, leans out on a branch - trying
to keep EMMA in view. CAMERA ZOOMS IN.

8. CLOSE SHOT. QUINCE.

8.

Binoculars in position, thick-pebble glasses pushed
up high on his forehead - it looks as though he has
two pairs of eyes. He lowers the binoculars. Those
myopic slits - called eyes - are almost shut. He
fumbles the spectacles down on to his nose and
squints - how this man watches birds must remain a
closed mystery. He hotches along the branch and
drops to the ground.

9. EXT. FIELD. DAY. (LOCATION)

9.

QUINCE gets to his feet. He wears a camouflage-
commando-style jacket, trousers with numerous flap
pockets, and lace-up jungle boots. He picks up a
knapsack from the base of the tree and starts off
across the field. As he passes a tree, EMMA
suddenly steps straight into his path. QUINCE
jumps in surprise and gasps.

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

9.

QUINCE

You shouldn't do that. Gave me such a turn.

EMMA

Why were you watching me?

QUINCE

Watching you? You're mistaken. I was watching for birds.

EMMA

Any particular one?

QUINCE

Yes.

EMMA

Tell me.

QUINCE

(craftily)

The Black Capped Petrel.

EMMA

Really?

QUINCE

That's right.

EMMA

What's your name?

QUINCE

Quince.

EMMA

Mr. Quince. No one's seen a Black Capped Petrel in England for a hundred years. You know it and I know it - so don't let's play games.

QUINCE

1850 it was. Norfolk.

EMMA

(coolly)

There are 300,000 sparrows in London. A peregrine falcon can fly a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Let's assume we both know something about birds, shall we?

QUINCE

I can ask you something you don't know.

EMMA

I'm sure you can.

QUINCE leans forward.

(CONTINUED)

9. CONTINUED:

9.

QUINCE

Where have all the martlets
gone?

He gives another crafty little grin. EMMA is puzzled.

10. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. (LOCATION)

10.

A Rolls purrs through the countryside. A CHAUFFEUR is up front and as car passes CAMERA we see some crest or insignia on the rear door.

11. INT. ROLLS ROYCE. DAY. (MATTE)

11.

STEED and the MINISTER sit in the back. MINISTER sneezes violently into his handkerchief. He then pauses to see if there's another one coming - there is, his nose starts to twitch and he sneezes.

STEED

Bless you.

MINISTER

It's the country air.
(dabs at his nose)
Daughter's wedding ... wore a
carnation ... even that gave
me Hay Fever.

STEED

(lowering voice)
Can we talk shop?

MINISTER

(uncomprehending)
Shop?
(realising)
Oh, yes. 'Course.

Choosing the exact finger with fastidious care, the MINISTER pushes a button which raises the glass partition, shutting off the CHAUFFEUR.

MINISTER

Always gives me a kick. Ah,
'little things'! ... You were
saying?

STEED

You were right, sir.

Suddenly a muffled telephone starts to ring.

MINISTER

Excuse me.

He picks up the receiver.

MINISTER

Yes.
(listens intently)
Yes ... Ridiculous! Tell them
to move Harding across to right

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

MINISTER

(contd.)

back ... I don't care whether
he likes it or not - tell him
it's an Order. Ministerial
level!

He hangs up.

STEED

Still running the Ministry
hockey team?

MINISTER

They can't find anyone else.
It's ridiculous.

MINISTER produces inhaler and sniffs fiercely. He
suddenly remembers.

MINISTER

(contd.)

So I was right.

STEED

No martlets. Not so much as
a feather.

MINISTER

(nodding gravely)

That's how it began last time.

STEED

Last time! I don't follow.

MINISTER

(nodding)

Now you know why I asked you
to come with me.

STEED

Where are we going?

MINISTER

Manderley.

Although STEED repeats the name to himself, he is
obviously puzzled.

12. EXT. ROAD JUNCTION. DAY. (LOCATION)

12.

Small countryside junction. The Rolls speeds past.
CAMERA CLOSES on the signpost arm which says:
'MANDERLEY. NO THROUGH ROAD.'

13. EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY. (LOCATION)

13.

CAMERA is inside car, beside DRIVER. A 'W.D. PROPERTY
- KEEP OUT!' sign looms up large. Followed by 'MAXIMUM
SPEED - 5 M.P.H.'

14. EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY. (LOCATION)

14.

The Rolls pulls up at a check point. A uniformed MILITARY POLICEMAN, revolver holster on, comes up to car. The MINISTER lowers window and flashes a pass. Nevertheless the POLICEMAN looks carefully inside the car, before he salutes and waves to a colleague that the barrier may be raised. The Rolls passes through.

15. EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY. (LOCATION)

15.

Another car, emerging from Manderley, is having its wheels sprayed by an ATTENDANT in radio-active type protective clothing. STEED and MINISTER step out of the Rolls. MINISTER touches his forehead.

MINISTER

Slight headache.

STEED

Probably the noise of the car,
sir.

MINISTER reacts - pointedly turns and looks at the Rolls.

STEED

(explains)

The clock ticking.

MINISTER grunts and starts off towards an ATTENDANT sitting behind a trolley - like a Walls Ice Cream trolley.

MINISTER

The usual.

The ATTENDANT opens up and hands him a pair of huge, white goloshes. STEED comes up.

STEED

Do I need a pair?

MINISTER

Yes.

STEED

Nines, please.

The ATTENDANT hands them over. Both STEED and the MINISTER pull the goloshes on as over-shoes.

STEED

Prefer them in brogues myself.

MINISTER starts off. STEED hurries to catch up, but the goloshes are clumsy. CAMERA follows as they start to plod up hill.

(NOTE: Shots of Manderley and other areas laid waste would be more effective in the studio. An air of artificiality would heighten the atmosphere.)

16. EXT. MANDERLEY. DAY. (LOCATION OR STUDIO?)

16.

STEED and the MINISTER walk slowly and awkwardly uphill towards CAMERA. Suddenly STEED's expression changes to one of puzzled horror. They stop. The MINISTER looks at STEED, who looks intently o.s.

MINISTER

Manderley.

17. P.O.V. SHOT - STEED'S VIEWPOINT (LOCATION OR STUDIO?) 17.

CAMERA PANS across a dead, silent field. No grass, no sounds, no shrubs, dead pieces of hedge and withered up trees: grotesque shapes.

18. EXT. MANDERLEY. DAY. (LOCATION OR STUDIO?)

18.

STEED, followed by the MINISTER, walks into the dead field. He looks around him with utter disbelief. He kicks up a cloud of dust.

STEED

What happened?

MINISTER

'Silent Dust'.

STEED

What's that?

MINISTER

Should've been an organo-chlorine fertilizer.

STEED

Some fertilizer!

MINISTER

It went wrong. Instead of renewing - replenishing, it killed.

STEED

Best pesticide I've ever seen.

STEED chooses a quite substantial looking tree. He gives it a light push. To his surprise, it keels over: throwing up another cloud of dust. STEED bends to touch the soil, the MINISTER intervenes.

MINISTER

Don't touch!

STEED

It's like dust. Lifeless.

MINISTER

Kill the earthworm, Steed, and ultimately you kill everything. Soil ... birds ... animals ... Man!

STEED

Fantastic!

(CONTINUED)

18. CONTINUED:

18.

MINISTER

It's been like this for nearly ten years.

STEED

Will it recover?

MINISTER

No one can tell.

STEED

(looking round)

Do we know when it's happening?

MINISTER

(nodding)

Even has its own Early Warning system.

(beat)

All the birds disappear.

STEED looks at him in surprise.

FADE OUT.

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

19. EXT. FIELD. DAY. (LOCATION)

19.

CAMERA is on the road. EMMA and QUINCE, who've been bird-watching together, approach a fence which separates the field from the road.

QUINCE'S VOICE

Seventy-eight per cent less wrens ... Fifty-nine per cent less thrushes ... Eagles, kites and osprey virtually extinct. Even affects the butterflies.

CAMERA WHIP-PANS to MELLORS, the gamekeeper, with his dog. They are further up the road. MELLORS, a double-barrelled shot-gun tucked snugly under his arm, looks angry. He and the dog hurry forward to intercept. They meet up as EMMA is crossing the fence. Dog starts to bark. MELLORS silences it with one short whistle.

MELLORS

I've warned you before, Quince. This is Private Land - now keep out.

EMMA

It was my fault. I didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

MELLORS

The Master's got a partridge
shoot down there. Doesn't want
you putting 'em all to flight.

EMMA

We didn't do any damage.

QUINCE

Didn't see any partridge either.

MELLORS

(aggressively)
You calling me a liar?

OMROD rides up on his horse. Conversation stops as he
comes up, handsome and smiling. He affects a "Squire-
like" moustache.

OMROD

What's the trouble, Mellors?

MELLORS

Trespassers, sir. I was just
telling 'em ...

OMROD

All right, Mellors, I'll see
to it. There's a break in
the fence quarter of a mile
back - fix it, will you.

MELLORS

Yes, sir.

With a whistle to the dog, MELLORS starts off, still
looking hostile and sullen. OMROD dismounts. He
smiles.

OMROD

Must apologise for Mellors -
he means well, lacks charm,
that's all ...

He studies them - particularly EMMA.

OMROD

(to QUINCE)

I know your face. I've seen
you around ... but I don't
recognise you, Miss.

(lightly)

Suppose I ought to keep a tab
on trespassers.

EMMA

Mrs. Peel - from the British
Trust for Ornithology. This
is Mr. Quince.

OMROD

Pleased to meet you. Been
looking for anything in
particular?

(CONTINUED)

19. CONTINUED:

19.

QUINCE

Martlets.

OMROD

(casually)

What's so special about them?

EMMA

There aren't any.

OMROD

(laughing)

Really? I wouldn't know ...
Frankly, if you can't hunt it
or shoot it - I'm not interested.

EMMA

Shame on you.

OMROD

Stay around, Mrs. Peel. I'll
argue that out with you some
day.

He swings back onto his horse - eyes her admiringly.

OMROD

Do you ride?

EMMA

Yes.

OMROD

I've a middleweight bay hunter
- suit you to a T.
(remounts - easily)
Any time you feel like shaking
up your liver...? Good day.

He gives a cheery smile and rides off. EMMA watches.

EMMA

Seems a very charming man.

QUINCE

Oh, yes, he seems!

19A. EXT. BARN. DAY. (LOCATION)

19A.

OMROD rides up on his horse, dismounts and goes towards
barn. SOUND of chopping from inside.

20. INT. BARN. DAY.

20.

PHIL JUGGINS, an ox of a man, is splitting logs with
scornful ease. As one splits, he beds the axe in a
tree trunk and grabs up a stone jar of scrumpy. He
pours half a pint or so down his throat, then wipes
his mouth. OMROD comes in.

OMROD

'Morning, Juggins.

(CONTINUED)

20. CONTINUED:

20.

JUGGINS
(grunts)

Ah!

OMROD
Thirsty work?

JUGGINS nods and offers bottle.

JUGGINS
Home brew. Thirty miles to
the gallon.

OMROD
Not for me, thank you.
(coming to business)
Tomorrow night. Can you make
it?

JUGGINS
(grinning)
What do you think?

OMROD
Won't take us much longer.
Another couple of sessions.

JUGGINS
Slaughtered a bullock yesterday.
I'll drop some ribs in.

OMROD
Bloodthirsty villain.

JUGGINS
Lucky for you I am. Isn't it?

He grins as OMROD walks off. He spits on his hands,
takes up his axe and swings.

21. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

21.

STEED and SIR MANFRED FELLOWS, chairman of the
fertilizer company which made 'Silent Dust', are at
a long laboratory bench. In front of them is a rack
of test tubes containing samples of the company's
latest experimental fertilizers. SIR MANFRED sniffs
at one with all the wariness of a wine taster. He
passes it across to STEED.

FELLOWS
Try this one.
(reads label)
'Peach Melba'.

STEED
(sniffing)
Mm. Delicious. You wouldn't
know it was a fertilizer.

FELLOWS
Exactly. It's gone too far.

STEED
It has?

(CONTINUED)

FELLOWS

The Egyptians started it all.
Used to dose the Nile with
cedar oil. Now it's a six
million pound industry. They've
even started putting smells back.
'Make your old car smell like a
new one'.

STEED

'Make Rex's rubber bone smell
meaty.'

FELLOWS

Really?

STEED

Why not? Think of all those
jaded canine palates. An
entire new market waiting for
a fresh slobber. Not to mention
'jasmine-scented waterproof baby
pants'.

FELLOWS

You're pulling my leg?

STEED

Gives baby a new start in life.
Could put psychiatry out of
business.

FELLOWS is miles away, sniffing at his fertilizer.

FELLOWS

If it smells likes peaches,
people won't believe it does
any fertilizing.

(sniffs another one)

Last year we had a winner.
Smelt like old leather ...

STEED

(sniffs)

Sir Manfred.

FELLOWS

Yes.

(continues sniffing
and making the odd
note)

STEED

I know you're a busy man ...

FELLOWS

Get to the point. That's what
I always tell my salesmen.

STEED

'Silent Dust'!

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:

21.

FELLOWS

(looking up aghast)

What! What did you say...?

STEED

'Silent Dust'.

FELLOWS

Shsh!

(looking around him)

I won't talk about it.

Those words haven't been mentioned here in years.

STEED

You've seen the Ministry report, sir. If someone's got hold of a quantity of it - then you must help us.

FELLOWS

Mr. Steed. There isn't one atom ... molecule, call it what you will - of that unmentionable produce in the world today.

STEED

Who was working on the project?

(beat)

The man in charge.

FELLOWS

(reluctantly)

Chemist named Prendergast.

STEED

Can I talk to him?

FELLOWS

You don't think he's still here, do you?

STEED

What happened?

FELLOWS

(as if it were the most obvious thing in the world)

He was sacked. Couldn't get him out of the building fast enough.

STEED

Will 'Personnel' have his file?

FELLOWS

Possibly. I'll not discuss it any more.

He turns away. STEED hesitates, then starts out.

FELLOWS

Prendergast had a daughter.

(STEED spins round)

Girl named Clare.

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:

21.

FELLOWS squints at him over his test-tube.

22. INT/EXT. CLARE'S STUDIO. DAY. (STUDIO)

22.

Directly outside the studio windows is a terrace. Someone is lying, back to CAMERA, swinging in a hammock which is suspended between two supports. An attractive twenty year old, CLARE PRENDERGAST, is behind an easel painting the man's picture. A hand reaches out of hammock for a glass.

CLARE

Fine subject you are. Keep still.

(working)

Bet Picasso doesn't have this trouble.

O.S., faintly, SOUND of door bell.

CLARE

(exasperated)

Dash!

The hand invites her to go. She lays down her brush and hurries off, closing windows behind her. The hand reaches out for the glass.

23. INT. CLARE'S STUDIO. DAY.

23.

Filled with canvases, paints, pieces of sculpture, etc. The SOUND OF THE DOOR BELL O.S. is much louder here. Door opens from studio into conservatory-style porch.

CLARE opens the door.

STEED stands there.

STEED

Miss Prendergast?

CLARE

Yes.

STEED

Steed. John Steed.

(she frowns)

I called you earlier.

CLARE

Oh, yes, come in, Mr. Steed ...

(as he enters)

Sit down, won't you?

STEED

Profile or full face?

CLARE coldly ignores the flippancy.

CLARE

You said you'd been to the Company - spoken to Sir Manfred.

(CONTINUED)

STEED

That's correct.

CLARE

Then why come here? Surely you've heard it all by now.

STEED

I find there's usually two versions to a story.

CLARE

Not to this one.

STEED

Really?

CLARE

My father was sacked - humiliated. Treated like a lab. boy.

STEED

Miss Prendergast, I'd like to see your father. I think I can help ...

CLARE

Help? It's too late for that, Mr. Steed.

She indicates a small cremation urn on the mantelpiece. STEED is surprised.

CLARE

(contd.)

A very Still Life.

STEED

I'd no idea.

CLARE

Remember the cold snap at the end of March?

(STEED nods)

That's what killed him ...

(correcting herself)

No! That's what finally killed him.

STEED

I'm sorry.

CLARE

So was I. And the two other people who followed the coffin.

(bitter laugh)

What do they say - 'To err is human. To forgive divine'.

Not a lot of divinity in the world, is there, Mr. Steed?

STEED

If there's anything I can ...

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED:

23.

CLARE

There is. I just want to be
left in peace, Mr. Steed.

STEED gets to his feet. They go out. CAMERA DOLLIES OUT
towards terrace.

24. INT/EXT. CLARE'S STUDIO. DAY.

24.

The hammock swings idly to and fro. The hand's fingers
waft lazily over the glass. CLARE returns, fresh paint
in hand.

CLARE

Dead six months and still they
won't let him alone.

(She takes up her
brush, resumes
painting)

He wanted to help father. To
'help'. That's a laugh.

(beat)

If you hadn't been around we'd
have starved.

(reacting)

Hey! Sit still.

OMROD'S VOICE

What was his name?

CLARE

Steed.

25. ANOTHER ANGLE.

25.

The person in the hammock is OMROD. He sits up.

OMROD

Steed?

He repeats it to himself, shaking his head - he doesn't
know the name. He lies back, swinging thoughtfully in
the hammock.

MIX TO:

25A. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

25A.

An old-style cobbled yard. One or two rustics come
out, full of ale. QUINCE approaches.

26. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

26.

A country inn where EMMA is staying. The bar is full
of smokey beams, copper pots, glasses of fish and
photos of riders drinking from the 'stirrup cup' in
the inn yard. EMMA is sitting at a table with CROFT,
a local rose-grower. CROFT, a man of about sixty, is
currently sporting a large bloom in his buttonhole.

(CONTINUED)

CROFT

Down for the weekend?

EMMA nods and leans over to sniff the rose.

EMMA

Mm! Beautiful.

CROFT

(reciting)

"The fairest things have fleetest
end, their scent survives their
close: But the rose's scent is
bitterness ... "

EMMA

"... To him that loved the rose."
Francis Thompson.

CROFT

Quite right.

EMMA

"Ne'er the rose without the
thorn."

CROFT

Herrick.

EMMA

(smiling)

Fifteen all. Your service.

He laughs, then points to the rose.

CROFT

I grow 'em - or rather I create
them - crossing, inter-pollen-
ating. This little beauty took
me ten years...

(as if introducing
the rose to EMMA)

... Whimsical Folly - out of
Bate's Joy and Whimsy Dad ...

He hands EMMA the rose - she examines it.

EMMA

Whimsical Folly? But of course,
I know it - I've seen it at
several shows...

CROFT

(suddenly taciturn)

Ah, you would - growing in half
the gardens from here to Tim-
buktoo - my brainchild, and not
a penny piece do I get for it.

EMMA

Oh, but I thought ...

(CONTINUED)

26. CONTINUED:

26.

CROFT

Royalties for rose-growers?
Yes, something's been done
about it at last - Too late
though - too late for me. I'd
be a rich man if they'd only
done it ten-fifteen years ago.
Too darned late!

EMMA looks at him with curiosity - for a moment he has
been completely incensed - a changed man, a dangerous
one. Then he controls himself - meets her puzzled eye
- then looks beyond her. During his anger he has ripped
his rose to pieces.

CROFT

(contd.)

Friend of yours?

She looks to where QUINCE is standing trying to catch
EMMA's eye.

EMMA

Excuse me.

She gets up and crosses to QUINCE's side. He draws her
nervously outside.

26A. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

26A.

QUINCE furtively leads EMMA across the yard to the
water trough. Even then he looks around before he
starts to speak.

QUINCE

I've found out something.

EMMA

About the martlets?

QUINCE

Could be. I'd like to show
you.

EMMA

Where is it?

At that moment MELLORS walks out, glass in hand, from
the bar. He looks as evil as ever, and takes up a
position where he can keep an eye on them. QUINCE
is scared. He can't get away fast enough.

QUINCE

Know where you saw me that
first morning?

EMMA

Yes, I remember.

QUINCE

Meet you in the spinney close
by. Ten o'clock, tonight.

(CONTINUED)

26A. CONTINUED:

26A.

EMMA

How will I find you?

QUINCE pulls a bird-watcher's whistle from his pocket - puts it to his mouth, and:

27. EXT. SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

27.

CLOSE UP - QUINCE - gently warbling on his whistle.

28. EXT. SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

28.

EMMA, wrapped up against the night, pushes through the dark trees. She glances at her watch. Suddenly she stops, she can hear QUINCE's whistle warbling away. She re-orientates herself and starts off in a different direction.

29. EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 29.

QUINCE, wearing his usual bird-watching regalia, is warbling away on his whistle. He stops and listens. His head goes from side to side in furtive fear.

30. EXT. SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

30.

It is now quiet. EMMA pushes through the trees and undergrowth. The warbling restarts: much closer this time.

31. EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 31.

QUINCE is whistling again. Suddenly a huge pair of hands closes round his neck. He stops warbling.

32. EXT. SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

32.

EMMA is puzzled - why should QUINCE stop mid-warble?

33. EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 33.

QUINCE tries desperately to pull the hands away. He can't. He's gradually forced to his knees. We see a rose tattoo on his attacker's forearm, but nothing else.

34. EXT. SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

34.

EMMA hears sounds of movement in the undergrowth.

EMMA

(calling softly)

Mr. Quince! Mr. Quince!

She hears another louder crash and immediately starts to run forward. CAMERA PANS her through the bushes.

35. EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF SPINNEY. NIGHT. (LOCATION) 35.

EMMA rushes into the clearing where QUINCE had been. She looks round. Suddenly she kicks something. She stoops to pick it up; it's the warbler's whistle. She looks mystified. Then she spots something else. Suspended on a bush are QUINCE's spectacles. She picks them up - one lens is shattered. She looks at it.

FADE OUT:

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

FADE IN:

36. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

36.

CLOSE ON QUINCE's shattered spectacles. PULL OUT. EMMA and STEED - STEED examining the spectacles. They are beside a window overlooking the inn yard.

STEED

He stopped mid-warble ...?

EMMA

(nods)

Haven't seen him since.

STEED

Any idea what he wanted to show you?

EMMA

He'd have told me there and then - but somebody frightened him ...

STEED looks questioningly.

EMMA

Mellors.

STEED

Who's he?

EMMA

Local gamekeeper.

STEED

(reacts)

Mellors? Not the ...?

EMMA

(a look)

He works for Peter Omrod.

STEED looks questioningly.

EMMA

Local squire-type. Chairman of every committee, rides to hounds...

SOUND of hooves O.S.

36A. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

36A.

MISS SNOW rides up.

36B. INT. INN. DAY.

36B.

STEED has spotted her.

STEED

I know the sort - old country family.

(suddenly)

How are your contacts in industrial science?

EMMA

Fair.

STEED

Check on a chemist named Prendergast - used to work for "Fellows Fertilizers" - find out who his friends were ...

(rises - smiles)

I'll see what I can pick up here ...

At this moment MISS SNOW, the local beauty, in smart riding kit, enters and moves to the bar to talk to barman PONSFORD.

EMMA

(follows his gaze)

I'm sure you will.

(He looks at her vaguely)

Pick up something.

She moves away - STEED adjusts his tie - moves towards the bar and MISS SNOW.

MISS SNOW

I don't know what's wrong with him! Does nothing but sweat and keeps biting at his stomach.

PONSFORD

Sounds nasty.

MISS SNOW

Constantly trying to lie down.

STEED

Raving drunk.

MISS SNOW spins round.

MISS SNOW

I beg your pardon!?

STEED

Raving drunk - if it's a man.

(smiles)

But if it's a horse - sounds like colic.

MISS SNOW

Colic?

(CONTINUED)

36B. CONTINUED:

36B.

STEED

Definitely. They're classic symptoms.

MISS SNOW

Oh! What should I do then, Mr ... er ...?

STEED

Steed, John Steed. Don't let him lie down - keep him walking and send for the vet.

MISS SNOW

I've done that.

STEED

Don't have to worry then.

MISS SNOW

That's very reassuring. Do you know a lot about horses, Mr. Steed?

STEED

Used to do a bit of steeple-chasing.

MISS SNOW

Oh, I would have thought you a little too tall in the saddle.

She eyes him - frankly admiringly.

STEED

(grins)

Actually it helps a bit over the jumps ... stick your feet down and help the gee-gees over.

MISS SNOW giggles.

STEED

May I buy you a drink, Miss ...?
(hesitates)

MISS SNOW

Beryl Snow.

(They shake hands)

Why, yes, I'd love to ...

OMROD (OFF)

Beryl!

STEED and MISS SNOW turn - OMROD is there with CROFT. He taps his watch.

OMROD

Time we were off.

MISS SNOW

(nods and turns to STEED)

Oh, I am sorry - meeting you know - some other time.

(CONTINUED)

36B. CONTINUED:

36B.

STEED

Of course.

He smiles - turns to watch her go - meet OMROD and CROFT - disappear outside. He crosses to window.

36C. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

36C.

MISS SNOW, CROFT and OMROD mount and ride off.

36D. INT. INN. DAY.

36D.

STEED casually turns back to PONSFORD.

STEED

Horse type.

PONSFORD

(nodding)

Omrod's Master of the Hounds. They're all on the Hunt Committee. Probably some last minute arrangements.

STEED

Oh - that was Mr. Omrod? Carrying on the old family traditions, eh?

PONSFORD

(busy behind bar)

Oh, no - Omrod's new to these parts - only been here, let's see - fourteen years!

STEED

(reacts)

New boy.

PONSFORD

Not like Miss Snow - the Snow's have been here for centuries - setting the style.

(beat)

Until recently that is.

STEED

Oh, what happened?

PONSFORD

Lost all their money. The soil went sour on them - something like that.

HOLD ON STEED'S reaction.

37. INT. OMROD'S SPORTING ROOM. DAY.

37.

Oak-pannelled room, with french windows. Preponderance of sporting prints, stuffed heads and cased fish. A rack of well-cared for shot-guns and fishing rods.

(CONTINUED)

37. CONTINUED:

37.

OPEN on a stuffed fox's head, PAN DOWN to CROFT, methodically pulling petals off his rose. MISS SNOW sits patiently. OMROD is fretful, glancing at his watch and drumming his fingers.

After a moment's silent wait, the door bursts open and JUGGINS comes in, steaming hot and still carrying his scrumpy bottle.

OMROD

Where the devil have you been?

JUGGINS

Sorry I'm late. Had to slit a sow's throat. You could hear the squeal three miles away.

He thumps his bottle down on to the table.

MISS SNOW

You measured it, no doubt?

JUGGINS

Vicar told me.
(indicating bottle)
Scrumpy anyone?
(To MISS SNOW)
Snowdrop, put some meat on your bones and fire in your belly.

MISS SNOW

(stiffly)

Thank you, I can manage without.

She contrives to give the impression that JUGGINS smells. She crosses to the window, and opens it.

JUGGINS

(smacking his chops)
Should have heard that sow.
(wistfully)
Was like music.

OMROD

All right, Phil. That's enough.
Let's get down to business.

From the slightly playful way they talk, we realise something more than the Hunt is afoot.

OMROD

Have we got clearance from the farmers?

JUGGINS

All that we need.

OMROD

Don't want to upset anyone, do we?

CROFT

(smiling)

Not round here anyway.

(CONTINUED)

37. CONTINUED:

37.

OMROD

Beryl, what about the hounds?

MISS SNOW

Ready and rarin' to go.

OMROD

I trust they'll be in good voice.
That's important.

JUGGINS

Tank 'em up on scrumpy, 'fore
we start.

OMROD

And have 'em go to sleep on us?
No, thank you.

(Turning to CROFT)

What sort of turn-out will it
be?

CROFT

Hundred per cent. Do you have
any last minute invitations?

OMROD

I might. One or two.

JUGGINS

Come on, stop playing. The
Hunt can take care of itself.
What I want to know - is when
do we get fertilizing?

38. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

38.

OPEN CLOSE on EMMA, who is trickling fertilizer through
her fingers into a small box. CAMERA PULLS OUT, to
show her standing beside a filing cabinet. HOWARD,
a pathetic Company Man - loyal to the last insult -
is with her. He has a stack of dusty files at his
elbow.

HOWARD

If I remember correctly -
Prendergast didn't have any
particular assistant.

EMMA

Lone wolf type?

HOWARD

Exactly. Yes, that describes
him very well.

EMMA

Did you know him?

HOWARD

(flattered by the
suggestion)

He was a star in his own way,
you know. 'Cafeteria' not
'canteen'. That's what divides

(CONTINUED)

38. CONTINUED:

38.

HOWARD

(contd.)

the Men from the Boys - so to speak.

(laughs at his own felicity)

Next year - all being well - I'll be in the 'canteen with waitress service'.

EMMA

(produces photo from file)

What's this picture?

HOWARD

(glancing over)

Oh, that's the Annual Conference. Representatives from all branches - subsidiary companies ...

He stops short, noticing the change in her expression.

HOWARD

What's wrong?

EMMA

(pointing)

That man. Who is he?

HOWARD looks, then turns photo over to look at 'legend'.

HOWARD

Third from the left. Oh, yes. That's Mr. Omrod. Charming man.

(hastily qualifying himself)

Not that I've met him myself, of course.

EMMA

What's he to do with the company?

HOWARD

Nothing, he's a ... what do they call 'em? ...

(flicking fingers)

... Farmers who try out a few experimental products. Agricultural Adviser!

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

39. INT. OMROD'S SPORTING ROOM. DAY.

39.

CAMERA OPENS on OMROD. The quartet is still together.

OMROD

It's agreed then? - Forty million pounds? Made available in the Zurich bank?

He looks up - round the faces.

CROFT

Switzerland - lovely country for roses.

(harshly)

Yes, that's fine.

OMROD

Beryl.

MISS SNOW

Forty million. Adequate compensation - I'd say. Yes!

OMROD

Phil?

JUGGINS

(nodding)

I leave the wordifying to you - that's not my department. Forty million - you reckon that's enough, do you?

OMROD

Oh, yes. Don't you?

JUGGINS

Split four ways, you know.

OMROD

It's still ten million each.

JUGGINS

Got my eye on an Aberdeen Angus. Always wanted to cross one with my Holstein-Friesian.

OMROD

You'll be able to cross everything from a Black Angus to a cottage loaf.

JUGGINS

And there'll be a spot left over for some scrumpy?

OMROD

More than you'll ever be able to drink.

JUGGINS

(throws up his hand)

Fair enough then.

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTINUED:

39.

MISS SNOW

And if they don't pay up?

OMROD

They will. After we've
destroyed Dorset - and we'll
go on destroying - county by
county - until they do pay!

(bright - intense)

We'll destroy the whole country
if need be!

40. EXT. HEDGEROW. DAY. (LOCATION)

40.

STEED, stick in hand, comes waltzing happily along
the hedgerow. He appears to know where he's going.
He vaults nimbly over a stile and crosses a small
copse. He looks around - spots something.

41. P.O.V. SHOT - STEED'S EYE LEVEL. (LOCATION)

41.

A farmhouse. It looks pretty derelict.

42. STEED.

42.

He starts to make his way forward - he has to push
aside some shrubs - then some more - then some more -
then suddenly, startlingly he finds himself face to
face with MELLORS - who has his shot-gun at the ready.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

MELLORS

That's far enough, mister.

STEED

Oh, terribly sorry - just out
for my usual constitutional
you know - seem to have lost
my way ...

MELLORS stares at him for a long moment - then jerks
the gun.

MELLORS

Road's back that way.

STEED

Oh, thank you, thank you very
much ...

He turns away.

MELLORS

And, mister.

STEED pauses - turns.

MELLORS

I almost took you for a poacher
just then.

(CONTINUED)

42. CONTINUED:

42.

He cocks the gun - a chilling, distinctive sound.

MELLORS

I got orders to shoot poachers.

STEED stares at him - then beams.

STEED

How very discouraging for
them. Good day.

(doffs his hat)

He retraces his steps. HOLD ON MELLORS - watching him go.

43. EXT. HEDGEROW. DAY. (LOCATION)

43.

STEED returns to the stile - but instead of crossing it, he suddenly becomes cautious - ducks low - slips back towards the woods - taking a different route this time.

44. EXT. CLEARING. DAY. (LOCATION)

44.

A slight clearing amongst the trees. STEED almost treads on a gin-trap. He avoids it distastefully then looks up O.S.

45. P.O.V. SHOT - STEED'S EYE LEVEL. (LOCATION)

45.

The same farmhouse - only this time seen from the rear.

46. ANOTHER ANGLE. (LOCATION)

46.

STEED, keeping well out of sight, advances on the farmhouse. He scans it eagerly. There is no movement or sign of life.

47. EXT. FARMHOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

47.

STEED arrives outside. There is a sign: "KEEP CLEAR: FALLING MASONRY". He looks up - the sky can be seen through the patchwork roof. He slips inside.

48. INT. FARMHOUSE. DAY.

48.

STEED comes inside. It's a large cobwebby room which runs straight through to the back. There are dozens of skips of apples stacked neatly down the centre. STEED crosses to a cupboard door. It's locked - with a brand new padlock. STEED notes this. He tries to pull the door open - it won't budge. He's about to apply more pressure, when he spots a trail of powder leading along the floor towards the back door. He traces it back to its source: beneath the apples. He pulls an envelope out of his pocket and fills it with the powder. He retraces his steps and goes out, helping himself to an apple as he does so.

49. EXT. REAR OF FARMHOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

49.

STEED, eating the apple, comes out of the back door, still following the trail - he moves on a few paces - then stops - reacts - looks down at his feet.

WE SEE IN CLOSE SHOT - that STEED has waded forward, almost ankle deep, in the bodies of dead birds of all kinds.

STEED stares at the birds - then his eyes lift - to:

50. EXT. REAR OF FARMHOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION OR STUDIO?) 50.

(Like Manderley - this would be much more effective in the studio.)

STEED'S EYELINE - stunted trees, dead earth - the same atmosphere as we saw at Manderley. But even more sinister because of the emptiness, the silence of the place.

STEED: Looks around him - then sees that to one side of the rear of the farmhouse a couple of oil drum incinerators are smoking - parked near them is a wheelbarrow of dead birds - STEED moves through the sea of dead birds - examines the wheelbarrow and incinerators. He tosses the apple into the incinerator.

While he is doing this - he suddenly hears the distinctive sound of a shot-gun being cocked.

STEED instantly reacts - spins round - jumps to one side - but:

MELLORS - stands near the farmhouse - shot-gun aimed - he fires.

STEED - as behind him a farmhouse window shatters - and he, STEED, is caught in the shoulder by part of the blast - he is spun aside - he falls against the farmhouse wall.

MELLORS aims the second barrel -

STEED - wounded, escapes around the side of the building, just as:

MELLORS - fires the second barrel - reacts as he sees he has missed - then runs after STEED, reloading as he runs - expertly.

51. EXT. WOODS. DAY. (LOCATION)

51.

STEED gains the first fringe of cover - he glances back - MELLORS is glimpsed - he fires again - STEED ducks, jumps forward into more concealing shrubbery - he is holding his wounded shoulder - he runs on.

MELLORS pursues him - the forest is getting thicker now.

(CONTINUED)

51. CONTINUED:

51.

STEED runs on - he has left MELLORS behind now - he plunges into a concealing thicket - then suddenly stops - jerks with pain - we see that his ankle has been snared in a huge gin-trap - STEED falls, rolls under cover of shrubs - lies there. Slight pause - then we see MELLORS appear above the bushes - look around - strike off in another direction eventually.

Only then does STEED start to work on the gin-trap, already weakened by the shoulder wound, he finds it a very tough job indeed. Finally, with a prodigious effort, he snaps the gin-trap open, releases his ankle - and then sinks back - unconscious! HOLD ON STEED.

52. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. NIGHT.

52.

EMMA is urgently pacing up and down. She looks worried. She glances at her watch, then turns to PONSFORD.

EMMA

You're sure Mr. Steed didn't leave a message?

PONSFORD

Yes, Miss. He went out - right after lunch. Saw him from that very window.
(pointing)

EMMA

Did he say anything about dinner?

PONSFORD

Ordered it before he left.

PONSFORD goes back to the other end of the bar. EMMA eventually decides on a course of action. She grabs up her jacket and starts for the door. Before she can get out, OMROD walks in, riding crop in hand.

OMROD

Evening, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA

Mr. Omrod.

She tries to go past but he deliberately blocks her.

OMROD

Haven't taken me up on my offer yet.

EMMA

I haven't forgotten.

OMROD

Beautiful three year old, just waiting to be exercised. Ever done any hunting, Mrs. Peel?

EMMA

A little.

(CONTINUED)

52. CONTINUED:

52.

OMROD

Fascinating.

(As he talks he gets
carried away)

Pitting your wits against a
master of deception and
craftiness. Point .. counter-
point .. finally cornering him
and Killing!

(Relaxes and laughs)

It's a good day's sport. Well,
what do you say?

EMMA

I'll let you know.

EMMA hurries out. OMROD watches her: puzzled by her
haste. He shrugs and goes up to the bar. PONSFORD
comes up to serve him.

PONSFORD

(knowingly)

Boy friend let her down.

OMROD

Who's that?

PONSFORD

Chappy who drives that vintage
job. Name's Steed.

The name awakens echoes for OMROD. He reacts.

53. EXT. FARM AND OUTBUILDINGS. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

53.

Moon rolls from behind some clouds, showing EMMA -
leather coat and head scarf - approaching the farm-
house.

An owl hoots.

She stops dead, looks around then starts again. As
she creeps along the side of a barn wall - a door
bangs.

EMMA freezes. The door bangs again. She closes
on the door and waits for the wind to catch it. As
it does so, she slams the door to. She hurries past
towards the deserted farmhouse and goes inside.

54. INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

54.

A narrow beam of torch-light comes towards CAMERA.
EMMA follows. She looks around for a few seconds,
then finds an old dusty hurricane lamp. She shakes
it - it sounds half-full. She lights it and trims
wick. As she raises it up over her head to get a
good look round, a bat flutters down at her from out
of the darkness. She almost drops the lamp. She
then spots the cupboard door and the new padlock.
She tries to open it and fails. She looks around,
spots a crow-bar and, placing it under the clasp,
forces the lock. She drops the bar, pulls the lamp
close and starts to open the cupboard door. It
sticks. She gives it a hefty yank.

55. INT. CUPBOARD. NIGHT.

55.

It is piled high with apples. The force of opening the door sends one apple scudding out across the farmhouse floor. As EMMA watches, the apples start to slip away and cascade on to the floor. As they do so, a shape becomes apparent. The cascade becomes an avalanche of apples. Suddenly the doubled-up body of QUINCE becomes visible.

56. INT. FARM HOUSE. NIGHT. BACK TO SHOT.

56.

EMMA slams the door to. She takes a couple of deep breaths before she turns and starts slowly out. As she does so, a blood-stained figure lurches at her from behind the apples. The figure slumps to the floor. CAMERA PUSHES IN. It's a very gory-looking STEED.

FADE OUT:

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

FADE IN:

57. INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHTMARE.

57.

SHOT ENTIRELY from the EYELINE of a recumbent STEED.

OPEN ON a couple of Western "Wanted" posters - depicting OMROD and MELLORS - both wearing cowboy hats - both looking very villainous - both headed: "Dead or Alive".

Then we see STEED's booted legs stretched out on a bare, scrubbed table. Then a face enters SHOT - the face of the DOC - who is a typical 'Doc' from any Western. DOC peers down at his patient - then lifts to his lips a bottle clearly labelled, "Red Eye".

DOC takes a swig - then leans in, starts to tear away STEED's shirt - he removes an enormous Sherrif's star from the shirt - then he purses his lips - opens his old carpet bag, takes out a huge Bowie knife and quickly starts to heat it in a candle flame.

CLOSE UP. STEED - staring up in trepidation.

The DOC - takes another swig - then leans in with the knife, and begins to 'operate'. Slight pause - then he leans back, holding an enormous (larger than life) bullet - which he drops into a metal bowl. As it makes the satisfying, familiar 'ping' of bullet into metal bowl - the FRAME SPINS - CLOUDS OVER - and we

MIX THROUGH TO:

58. INT. FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

58.

FRAME UNCLOUDS to show BIG CLOSE UP of EMMA looking down into CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

58. CONTINUED:

58.

EMMA
Feeling better?

CAMERA CUTS to show STEED - propped up on EMMA's coat - orientating himself. He shakes the nightmare from his eyes, then spots his arm in an efficient-looking sling, made from EMMA's head scarf.

STEED
(indicating
shoulder)
Will I ever play the violin
again?

EMMA
"Fleshy", but not serious.
What happened?

STEED
I met Mr. Mellors - down the
business end of a twelve bore.
(looking round)
Don't I get a grape? Preferably
chateau-bottled and vintage.

EMMA
Are you feeling well enough
to stand a shock?

STEED
Break it to me gently.

EMMA
Peter Omrod was an adviser with
Fellows Fertilizers.
(STEED reacts)
And! He holds a pilot's licence
- he's quite an expert on crop
spraying.

STEED struggles up to stare at her.

EMMA
You're as sound in mind and
limb as you'll ever be ...
(glances at watch)
... so I'll leave you to it.
I have an appointment with
Clare Prendergast.

STEED
Not that you'll have much luck
there.

She looks at him questioningly.

STEED
Well, my dear, I tried - put on
my most charming smile and ...

EMMA
Steed, some women DO have a
built-in resistance to men
like you.

(CONTINUED)

58. CONTINUED:

58.

STEED
(grins)
Name three.

She gives him an exasperated look - turns away - picks up her coat, prepares to go.

STEED
You wouldn't happen to pass
the analyst's?

EMMA
Yours or mine?

STEED produces an envelope from his pocket.

STEED
I'd like an opinion on this.

EMMA
What is it?

STEED
I think it might be "Silent
Dust" ...

He hands it to her - then makes a show of sighing - lying back.

STEED
I'd take it myself - but, well,
you know - must rest, regain my
strength ...
(smiles)
... You can spare a thought for
me once in a while - lying here,
spent - alone ...

EMMA
(grim little smile)
Not quite alone.

STEED looks puzzled.

EMMA
Quince.

STEED
Where?

EMMA
(pointing)
In that cupboard.

STEED reacts.

EMMA starts out. She tosses him an apple.

STEED reacts.

59. INT. CLARE'S STUDIO. NIGHT.

59.

CLOSE ON bald-headed Emma - then hands slap huge mass of clay onto bald-head. We realise it is a bust of Emma.

(CONTINUED)

59. CONTINUED:

59.

REVEAL EMMA, who sits perfectly still and talks through stiff lips, almost as if she were imitating a ventriloquist.

EMMA

Always wanted to live in the country. No traffic problems. No smoke.

CAMERA PULLS OUT to show CLARE PRENDERGAST modelling EMMA's head in clay.

EMMA

More relaxed way of life. You're not a local, are you? 'Least you don't speak like one.

CLARE

No, I'm not.

EMMA

It's a charming village.

CLARE

Glad you like it.

EMMA

(hoping to pump
CLARE)

I s'pose it's changed, like everything else?

CLARE

I suppose so. You can take a rest now, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA relaxes, massaging the stiffness out of her neck. CLARE watches her intently, then resumes work as EMMA moves around the studio, examining paintings, sketches, and half-finished pieces of sculpture.

EMMA

Are these all for sale?

CLARE

Most of them.

EMMA picks up a water-colour and shows it to CLARE.

EMMA

What happened to the fountain? It isn't there any more, is it?

CLARE

A lorry ran into it. The Council decided to remove it: wasn't safe.

EMMA

When was this?

CLARE

Two years ago.

EMMA picks up a riding crop, from a small table, and examines it.

(CONTINUED)

59. CONTINUED:

59.

EMMA

Do you do much riding?

CLARE

There's a saying in the village,
Mrs. Peel. 'No sense going
round Top Farm to reach mid-
summer meadow!'

EMMA

What's it mean?

CLARE

It means 'Come to the point'.
If you want to get to the meadow
you don't go six miles out of
your way to do so.

EMMA

When your father lost his job,
you had the whole of England
to choose from. What made you
choose this village?

CLARE

He not only lost his job, he
lost all his friends. Only
one of them stood by him, one
good friend. He brought us
down here.

CAMERA CLOSES on EMMA. She has spotted a canvas which
has caught her eye.

CLARE

That one's not for sale.

EMMA looks up.

EMMA

No?

CLARE

(shaking her head)
He's the one good friend.

EMMA looks down. CAMERA CLOSES on the canvas. It's
the painting of OMROD.

60. INT. OMROD'S SPORTING ROOM. DAY.

60.

OMROD is busy at a bench cleaning one of his guns:
a beautifully hand-finished twelve bore. OMROD takes
a couple of practice sighting swings. The third time
he does it, STEED is looking down the barrel. He
coughs and fastidiously pushes the gun to one side.
(He has come in through the French windows.)

STEED

Hope you don't mind. I told
the butler not to bother.

OMROD

We haven't met, have we?

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED:

60.

STEED
The name's Steed.

OMROD glances at his oily hand then offers to shake hands.

OMROD
(apologises for
not shaking hands)
Sorry. Oil.

STEED shrugs his coat to one side, revealing the sling.

STEED
(apologises)
Sorry - buckshot.
(walking round
bench)
You'll have to excuse me.
Nice gun.

OMROD
Should be.

STEED
Weatherby's. I've got its
brother - only with a walnut
stock. Better use 'em while
we can, hadn't we?

OMROD
What do you mean?

STEED
Birds are getting scarcer every
minute.

OMROD
I hadn't heard.

STEED
(taking a gun
from rack)
You should ask your gamekeeper.

OMROD
Mellors?

STEED
(nodding)
Mistook me for a partridge.
Silly me - wandering off the
path.

OMROD
I'll speak to him. He ought
to be more ...
(pausing)

STEED
Accurate?

OMROD
Careful!

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED:

60.

STEED

(looking at gun)

Cartridges seventy bob a hundred
- my old father'd spin in his
grave.

OMROD

Was there anything else, Mr.
Steed?

STEED

(as if remembering)

I'm negotiating for some land.
Got a bit of capital, y'know ...
(replaces gun)
... I wondered what opinion
you had of local prospects.

OMROD

You intend to farm?
(STEED nods)
Arable?

STEED

Little of everything. Livestock,
grain, sugar beet ...

OMROD

I'd forget it.

STEED reacts.

OMROD

Take your capital and look
elsewhere!

STEED reacts - OMROD smiles blandly.

OMROD

Just a piece of friendly advice.
This isn't the easiest country
to farm - lots of problems -
the soil isn't any too rich
you see.

STEED

(smiles)
That explains it.

OMROD reacts.

STEED

I've been chatting to the local
suppliers. So that's why you
buy such an awful lot of phos-
phates!
(Going out through
windows)

OMROD reacts - snaps his gun closed - and crosses to the
window to watch STEED walk away. CAMERA CLOSES on him:
mean and thoughtful. Suddenly he turns away from the
window, to find CROFT looking over his shoulder. MISS
SNOW and JUGGINS are just coming through the door.
They wait for OMROD to speak.

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED:

60.

OMROD

Steed's becoming a problem.
I've warned him, but it didn't
do any good.

CROFT

What excuse has he got for
snooping around?

OMROD

Says he wants to buy some land.

JUGGINS

I'll give him some free - for
nothing!

This surprises everyone.

MISS SNOW

You will?

JUGGINS

Six feet of it.
(beat)
We've done enough talking.
It's time for action ... a
little pole-axing party.

There is a slight pause. Everyone looks to OMROD for
a lead. After a moment he nods.

OMROD

I agree.

CROFT

We're only a few hours away
from success. Tomorrow we
destroy Dorset. The next
day the Prime Minister gets
our ultimatum - we can't
afford to take risks.

OMROD

And Steed's a big risk.

MISS SNOW

(wistfully)
Seems such a pity. He's just
the sort of risk I fancied.

CROFT

I'm not so sure about the girl
either.

MISS SNOW

Nor me.
(OMROD looks doubtful)
Didn't you say she'd been
quizzing Clare?

This makes OMROD think again. He nods and starts to
waver.

CROFT

Is Mrs. Peel coming to the Hunt?

(CONTINUED)

60. CONTINUED:

60.

OMROD

I invited her.

JUGGINS

(grinning)

Lot can happen on a Hunt.
Remember young Willy Gans?
Solo treble in the choir.
A treble when they set off.
An alto by the time he got
back.

(nods)

Wise move to invite Mrs. Peel.

CROFT

Get Steed there too, and we
can make a clean sweep of it.

OMROD

(nodding determinedly)

You're right. It's the best
way.

JUGGINS rolls up his sleeves, revealing the Rose Tattoo.

JUGGINS

And I've got a brand new
cleaver needs christening.
Beautiful blade - honed to a
whisker.

OMROD

No!

JUGGINS

Why not?

OMROD

Must look like a hunting
accident.

CROFT

(dubiously)

A double one?

OMROD

Why not? More original.

JUGGINS

Devil's Dyke.

MISS SNOW

How do we know they'll accept.

OMROD

Leave that to me.

JUGGINS

Tally Ho! Tally bloomin' Ho!

61. DELETED.

61.

62. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

62.

OPEN CLOSE on HUNTSMAN blowing horn.

(CONTINUED)

PAGE 43 - Scene 62.

Into this general 'gathering of the hunt' scene - INSERT:

A MALE CRANK (perhaps accompanied by a FEMALE CRANK?) - he is bespectacled and bearded, and wears jacket with leather patches, polo neck sweater (If accompanied by FEMALE - her attire should more or less match his).

MALE CRANK carries several long poles with boards nailed to them, announcing: "DOWN WITH BLOOD SPORTS" - "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" "DOWN WITH VIOLENCE".

Attempting to picket the huntsmen - he puts one of his boards in prominent position - but the huntsmen pay no attention to it or the MALE CRANK.

62. CONTINUED:

62.

PULL OUT - the yard is starting to fill up with MOUNTED RIDERS - all in hunting rig - amongst the group we see OMROD, CROFT, JUGGINS and MISS SNOW.

(NOTE: Miss Snow's hat and jacket should be different to that which we see Emma wearing in next scene).

63. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63.

STEED is dressed in hunting rig - still making some adjustment to his costume - admiring himself in mirror in quiet corner away from the bar - in B.G. other HUNTSMEN and WOMEN move out into the yard - off we can hear barking of hounds - hunting horn tooting away.

EMMA suddenly appears - she too is in hunting rig - she reacts as she sees STEED.

STEED

Well! Do you ken Emma Peel!

EMMA

When did you get an invitation?

STEED

This afternoon. 'The unspeakable in pursuit of the uneatable'.
Sounds very innocent.

EMMA

I wouldn't bank on it.

STEED

As though I would.

EMMA

I picked up the analyst's report.
(He looks questioningly -
she nods)
You were right.

STEED

Silent Dust?

EMMA

(nods)
Highly concentrated. One sackful
would destroy forty square miles.

STEED is tying his cravat - he glances off out of window nearby.

63A. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

63A.

As CLARE PRENDERGAST rides up and moves to where OMROD is seated on his horse.

63B. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63B.

STEED & EMMA.

STEED

What did you think of Clare Prendergast?

(CONTINUED)

63B. CONTINUED:

63B.

EMMA

An innocent. Omrod only had to
flash his Sunday smile....

63C. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

63C.

STEED'S POV TO OMROD flashing his 'Sunday' smile -
CLARE responding innocently.

63D. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63D.

STEED & EMMA.

STEED

Mmm...You could be right. It
was either his smile - or his
cheque book.

EMMA

Cynic.

STEED

Aren't I though - how does it
look?
(the cravat)

EMMA

Here.

She moves close to make a final adjustment for him -
STEED is looking over and beyond her to the window.

63E. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

63E.

JUGGINS dealing with restless horse.

STEED (OVER)

How about Juggins?

63F. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63F.

EMMA

Juggins is easy - mayhem for
its own sake.

STEED reacts to this - and as he sees:

63G. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

63G.

JUGGINS quelling the horse with a crack from riding
crop - or similar unnecessary brutal action.

63H. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63H.

STEED

Sort of frustrated Sweeney Todd.

EMMA

(a look)
Exactly. There.

(CONTINUED)

63H. CONTINUED:

63H.

She steps back - his cravat adjusted.

STEED

Thank you, my dear ...
(thoughtfully moves
to window)
And then there's Croft ...

63I. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

63I.

CROFT - who is not mounted yet - seen clearly.

STEED (OVER)

He's an embittered failure ...

63J. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63J.

STEED

(contd.)
Thinks the world owes him a
fortune.

EMMA

For his roses?
(STEED nods)
And what about your 'friend' -
Miss Snow?

STEED smiles slightly - as he looks out to where:

63K. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

63K.

MISS SNOW - dismounted - is looking at her horse - she
looks very fetching from this angle.

63L. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63L.

STEED

(dreamily)
Ah - yes - Miss Snow...

EMMA

Well?

STEED

The soil went sour - and so did
she...

EMMA

So that leaves us with Omrod.

STEED's face hardens. He leans right up against window
to stare fixedly out at:

63M. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

63M.

OMROD - a tall figure in the saddle - SHOT LOW to
accentuate the image.

63N. INT. STIRRUP CUP INN. DAY.

63N.

STEED & EMMA.

STEED

Power.

EMMA moves closer.

EMMA

As simple as that?

STEED

As simple as that.

Off - there is a more insistent blast of hunting horn.

STEED

(turns)

Overture for beginners.

They exchange a meaning look.

64. EXT. INN YARD. DAY. (LOCATION)

64.

BUGLER stands apart - blowing a 'Tally Ho' on hunting horn.

PICK UP OMROD - he turns - it is time to go - he exchanges a meaning look and a nod with MISS SNOW and CROFT. CROFT nods back - moves to disappear to one side of the yard.

The hounds, straining at their leads, are led away.

A LIVERIED SERVANT brings up the 'Stirrup Cup' for OMROD to drink from. He raises it up.

OMROD

To the Hunt.

OTHERS

The Hunt.

OMROD drinks. The cup goes round the assembly. EMMA appears from the Inn. OMROD waves to her.

OMROD

Glad you could make it.

She waves back. OMROD turns and smiles at JUGGINS, who is obviously measuring EMMA up for the 'cleaver'.

The assembly is preparing to move off after the hounds (off) now.

PICK UP STEED - just adjusting girth strap - EMMA sits on her horse nearby - waiting for him.

Another blast from hunting horn - and the assembly starts to move away.

STEED puts foot in stirrup is about to swing up into the saddle - then:

MISS SNOW (OFF)

Mr. Steed?

(CONTINUED)

64. CONTINUED:

64.

STEED pauses - turns - MISS SNOW stands by corner of the building (or near darker recesses of yard).

MISS SNOW
I wonder if you could help me...
(gestures back)
It's my horse...

STEED hesitates - he meets EMMA's eye for a moment - then:

STEED
What's the trouble?

MISS SNOW
Can't get him away from the trough - just seems to want to keep on drinking.

STEED hesitates - EMMA waits - both aware it could be a trap.

STEED
(finally - gaily)
I had an auntie like that.

He follows MISS SNOW around corner of building.

HOLD ON EMMA - gazing after him - unsure what to do - the yard is almost empty now - but then OMRD rides up in front of her - obscuring her view of Steed's exit.

OMROD
(smiles)
Mrs. Peel ... Don't want you to get left behind.

EMMA hesitates - then has no alternative but to follow OMRD away - with a last glance back towards Steed's exit.

65. EXT. INN YARD/STABLE AREA. DAY. (LOCATION)

65.

Snow's horse stands by drinking trough - STEED and MISS SNOW appear - STEED pauses - looks at the horse - then moves forward to examine it. PAN WITH STEED.

STEED
(examining horse)
Well ... looks healthy enough ...
no sign of...

He half turns - reacts - PULL OUT - he is alone - there is no sign of Miss Snow - even as he realises this - he hears a HORSE GALLOPING AWAY O.S.

STEED reacts - turns back to the horse - and is just in time to meet the rush of CROFT - who has stepped out from hiding - wielding a curved scythe like farming tool.

STEED dodges the first blow - lets CROFT half slide by him - then he clobbers him - throws him...into the horse trough.

(CONTINUED)

65. CONTINUED:

65.

CROFT, semi-conscious falls into the trough - STEED grabs him as he comes up gasping - pushes him under again - holds him there for a moment - then pulls him up.

CROFT is gasping for air - all the fight gone out of him.

STEED

(grim)

All right, Croft - what's it all about?!

HOLD CROFT - there is no doubt he is about to 'talk'.

66. EXT. SKYLINE. DAY. (LOCATION)

66.

Silhouetted against the sky. OMRD leads the half-a-dozen RIDERS across the skyline. They are well strung out.

67. CLOSE SHOT - EMMA.

67.

She is riding along, intent on following OMRD.

68. P.O.V. SHOT - EMMA'S EYELINE.

68.

The Hunt is well spread out with OMRD at its head.

69. EXT. CLEARING. DAY.

69.

OMRD reins and turns. Others gather round. Hounds barking in distance. OTHER RIDERS arrive, horses blowing, in the clearing. EMMA joins assembly. She reacts as she sees:

70. P.O.V. SHOT - MISS SNOW.

70.

She has already caught up with the others. Her horse is a distinctive dappled white.

71. CLOSE SHOT - EMMA.

71.

Puzzled, surprised. Then she turns to look round for STEED.

72. PANNING SHOT - FROM EMMA'S EYE-LEVEL.

72.

There is no sign of STEED.

73. EXT. CLEARING. DAY. (LOCATION)

73.

CLOSE SHOT - BUGLER. As he blows another blast on the horn.

74. DELETED.

74.

PAGE 49. Scene 68.

As the hunt rides up - we again see the HOLE CRANK - sticking one of his notice boards up in the ground - but again the hunt pass by without paying attention.

PAGE 49 - Scene 73.

Into this shot - INSERT - another of the warning, notice boards
stuck up nearby.

75. EXT. HEDGEROW. DAY. (LOCATION) 75.

The Hunt, with OMROD at its head, clears the hedge and starts across a field. The pace is quickening.

76. EXT. BUSHES. DAY. (LOCATION) 76.

By now, OMROD is some way out in front. He reaches some cover and immediately pulls his horse to a halt. He waits.

THE OTHERS gallop past.

OMROD smiles and then starts to ride away in a different direction.

77. EXT. FIELDS. DAY. (LOCATION) 77.

THE HUNTSMEN chase across another field. MISS SNOW is now trying to lose EMMA. But EMMA for her part is sticking grimly to her tail.

78. EXT. TREES. DAY. (LOCATION) 78.

MISS SNOW breaks away from the Hunt. The sound of hounds and hoof-beats recedes into the distance. She starts to ride away. CAMERA PANS to trees.

EMMA starts to follow.

MISS SNOW, on her distinctive dapple white, realises this, but can't prevent EMMA catching her up. They ride alongside one another for a moment. EMMA is trying to unseat MISS SNOW by putting her foot under SNOW's stirrup. She tries it once and MISS SNOW pulls her horse away. EMMA prepares for a second attempt.

79. EXT. BARN. DAY. (LOCATION) 79.

OMROD gallops up and straight into the barn.

80. INT. BARN. DAY. 80.

OMROD quickly dismounts, stables his horse and joins JUGGINS who is busy transferring 'Silent Dust' from large sacks into smaller containers.

JUGGINS
Everything okay?

OMROD
Smooth as clockwork.

JUGGINS
What about Snowdrop?

OMROD
She won't be a minute.

JUGGINS
No hitches with the helicopter.

(CONTINUED)

OMROD

Good.

JUGGINS

Nice day for it.

(laughing)

Not that I've got anything
against Dorset. My brother
Jethro used to farm there.

SOUND of horse's hooves outside. In comes EMMA leading Miss Snow's distinctive horse. She has contrived to position the horse between herself and the others so that they don't see that it isn't Miss Snow, although they hardly bother to look up. (EMMA wears Miss Snow's hat and jacket)

OMROD

Hurry up, Beryl.
(Grunt from EMMA)

JUGGINS

Reckon this'll bring the
Government to their knees?

OMROD

(nodding)
Don't you?

JUGGINS

Wouldn't mind having a fiver
on it. Acre on acre of dead
ground. Should do the trick.

CLOSE SHOT - EMMA.

Tying up the horse. She nods to herself, interested in JUGGINS' revelation. She produces a pistol from inside her riding habit and steps out of the stall.

EMMA

Dorset. Thank you, gentlemen,
for the warning.

JUGGINS and OMROD look up.

JUGGINS starts to move forward.

EMMA

I'd keep still if I were you.

JUGGINS wavers.

OMROD

Do as she says, Phil.

As they talk, MELLORS tip-toes silently out of the next stable.

EMMA

Now, put your hands up over
your heads and turn round.

JUGGINS reacts to MELLORS. Spotting JUGGINS' reaction, EMMA is half-ready. MELLORS pounces. He smashes down on the pistol with a wooden pin. EMMA reacts fast,

80. CONTINUED:

80.

grabs MELLORS' arm and Irish-whips him into some bric-a-brac. He lies still. EMMA ducks for the barn door. JUGGINS tries to cut her off. But she is too nimble for him and ducks under his floundering arm. He crosses to the door and watches her running away. OMROD hurries up.

JUGGINS
(calmly)
She's off across the fields.

OMROD
Then let's get after her!

JUGGINS
Sure.

He reaches up for a hunting whip.

JUGGINS
Wanted a day's hunting, didn't you?

He grabs his horse.

JUGGINS
The thrill of the chase and all that.

OMROD
Wait for me.

OMROD goes for his horse.

81. EXT. BARN. DAY. (LOCATION)

81.

JUGGINS mounts up, with the whip held in his great hand like an insignificant tooth-pick. OMROD joins him. He has a hunting horn in his hand. He shows it to JUGGINS.

OMROD
Normal hunting calls.

JUGGINS
Fine. First to get her has the ears.

OMROD nods, blows a clarion blast and they gallop off after EMMA.

82. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. (LOCATION)

82.

EMMA runs across field, glancing over her shoulder at approaching sounds of pursuit.

OMROD and JUGGINS split up.

EMMA crosses stile, but her heavy riding boots are become a great encumbrance. She pulls them off and runs in her stockings.

OMROD crosses a field at a spanking gallop, jumps the hedge and spots on EMMA's boots. He reins up and prepares to blow a blast on his horn.

82A. EXT. BARN. DAY. (LOCATION)

82A.

STEED rides up and straight into the barn.

83. INT. BARN. DAY.

83.

STEED sits in the saddle, looking down at MELLOR's body. At the sound of the horn, he looks up and rides out.

84. EXT. BARN. DAY. (LOCATION)

84.

STEED gallops off towards sound of horn. Sound track carries a 'larger than life' cavalry pursuit theme.

85. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. (LOCATION)

85.

EMMA runs desperately under some low-branched trees.

OMROD is hard-pressed to follow her and has to lie almost flat on the horse's back to get under.

Suddenly EMMA runs out of cover. She looks around desperately.

OMROD spots her predicament.

EMMA races for the nearest ditch.

OMROD gives chase.

At the last possible instant, EMMA dives head-first into cover.

OMROD has to try and persuade his horse to jump at the last moment. It unseats him. He crashes to the ground.

The riderless horse careers away.

EMMA moves in towards OMROD - who is shaken - lying on the ground - he sees her approaching - starts to struggle up - tugging a gun from his jacket as he does so.

EMMA reaches him just as he stands upright - gun aimed - with one high-kick she sends the gun flying away - then she closes with OMROD - they fight for some moments - then EMMA throws him high and hard - he lands heavily - lies still.

EMMA, breathing hard, getting her breath back - stands looking towards OMROD for a moment - then she reacts to the pounding of hooves - turns and sees:

EMMA'S POV SHOT - JUGGINS and HORSE bearing down on her - even as we see him - so the whip cracks out.

EMMA dodges the first crack of the whip - turns to run.

JUGGINS calmly flicks the whip again.

CLOSE SHOT. EMMA'S BACK - as the whip tears the cloth across.

(CONTINUED)

PAGE 54 - Scene 85.

As STEED rides down to ERMA's rescue - INSTEAD of a pitchfork imbedded in the ground - there is a notice board - reading: "DOWN WITH BLOOD SPORTS" on one side - and "DOWN WITH VIOLENCE" on the reverse.

It is this that STEED plucks from the ground - he charges down to the rescue - clobbers JUGGINS with the "DOWN WITH VIOLENCE" side of the board - then reverses it - and uses the pointed end of the stick to jab JUGGINS up the backside.

JUGGINS eventually falls - and STEED finishes him off by bringing the notice board down hard over his head - it splits in the middle - and JUGGINS finishes up - wearing the notice board like a collar - and announcing, "DOWN WITH BLOOD SPORTS".

85. CONTINUED:

85.

EMMA stumbles - half turns away.

JUGGINS - flicks the whip out again.

CLOSE SHOT. EMMA'S ANKLE - whip coiled around it.

WIDER ANGLE.

As EMMA is brought to the ground by the whip.

JUGGINS, enjoying every moment - gazes down on her - then dismounts - coiling the whip preparatory to the next lash.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

LOW ANGLE SHOOTING UP TO A SLIGHT INCLINE. As the mounted STEED appears at top of incline - silhouetted for a moment (cod-shot of the lone cowboy).

CLOSE SHOT. STEED - looking down on:

EMMA, limping slightly - moving away from JUGGINS' relentless advance.

STEED - spurs his horse.

CLOSE SHOT. HORSE'S HOOVES drumming down the incline.

STEED - in the saddle - riding furiously.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

On STEED's route there is a pitch-fork imbedded in the ground - stuck there by some farmer at the end of a day's toil.

JUGGINS - advances on EMMA.

STEED - reaches the pitchfork - and without slowing pace for a moment - he plucks it out of the soil - and thunders on.

The hunting horn bugle call has now become a pastiche of the familiar U.S. Cavalry Charge.

CLOSE SHOT. HORSE'S HOOVES - drumming away.

JUGGINS & EMMA - JUGGINS finally becomes aware of sound of horse's hooves - he turns - reacts:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

JUGGINS seen from STEED'S POV - with PITCHFORK looming on out of the shot.

JUGGINS turns, but in vain. STEED chases him across the field, giving him a succession of hefty prods up the backside before finally hefting him head-first into a duck-pond

ANOTHER ANGLE.

As STEED reins in - dismounts - looks at the fallen OMROD and JUGGINS - then moves to help EMMA.

(CONTINUED)

85. CONTINUED:

85.

He looks at her - then cannot resist picking up OMROD's fallen hunting horn - and blowing a long, triumphant call on it.

HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

86. EXT. BASKET. DAY. (STUDIO)

86.

CLOSE ON EMMA - standing in a basket - with ropes running up above her. (NOTE: If possible, we should not know just what they are in, or what they are at)

STEED'S BOWLER can just be seen - because he is bending down into the basket.

EMMA

Steed, you are sure you know how to handle one of these?

STEED (O.S.)

Absolutely my dear ... nothing to worry about....

He rises up into SHOT - exerting himself to lift a large sand-bag into view.

STEED

(a look)

...unless we spring a leak of course.

EMMA

Oh, that's not much of a worry. Not with you aboard.

STEED pauses - resting the sand-bag on edge of basket.

STEED

Oh?

EMMA

(smiles)

Plenty of hot-air about - always refill it.

He gives her a look - then tosses the sand-bag over the side. As the basket rocks:

87. EXT. BALLOON ASCENDING. DAY. (STOCK LIBRARY)

87.

A balloon with basket below - ascending towards a bright sky. HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

END CREDIT TITLES

FADE OUT.