

T H E   A V E N G E R S

T H E   G I R L   F R O M   A U N T I E

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

"THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE"

by

Roger Marshall

IN WHICH STEED ALMOST OUTBIDS HIMSELF  
AND EMMA IS A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE.

September, 1965.

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Associated British Elstree Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts.

THE AVENGERS

THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE

FADE IN:

1. EXT. ROAD/LARGE HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION) 1.

OPEN CLOSE ON A POSTER fixed to one of a pair of big, elegant gates. It reads: "M.F.U. CHARITY BALL - FANCY DRESS - 8.30 UNTIL DAWN".

PULL OUT TO REVEAL that the poster is fixed to gates at the entrance of a driveway leading up to what could well be a stately home. The road outside these gates is deserted and silent - it is very early morning - somewhere a COCK IS CROWING.

Outside these gates are parked several cars - amongst them EMMA's Lotus.

Faintly off screen - from the direction of the house we hear VOICES saying: "Good-bye...marvellous evening... good-bye...drive carefully".

PULL OUT now to reveal a MALE & FEMALE GUEST leaving the house - making their way to their car parked just outside the main gates. Both are in fancy dress - the MAN (if possible) should wear a huge animal head - the GIRL (if possible) should be in bikini and fur wrap.

They reach their car - are about to alight - then:

VOICE  
(faintly o.s.)  
'Bye.

THE MAN turns to wave off screen towards the house - then he and the GIRL get into their car - start up and drive away.

PAN WITH THEM - as they drive up the deserted road - they pass an OLD LADY coming down the road towards the house.

Lose the car - stay with the OLD LADY - she is heavily veiled, and she sits upright and sedate on one of those high, old fashioned bicycles. In front of the handlebars is a basket - and in the basket a knitting bag with knitting needles and balls of wool projecting.

THE OLD LADY cycles very slowly - and still has some way to go to reach the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

On the house.

EMMA'S VOICE (off)  
Good-bye - thank you.

PICK UP EMMA as she exits from the gates - turns to wave back - then moves to her car. EMMA is wearing a cat suit - bedecked with feathers.

EMMA starts to unlock her car - and at this moment the OLD LADY cycles on past.

HOLD ON EMMA - just about to enter her car - when a LOUD CRASH (OFF SCREEN) causes her to swing round - and see:

A yard or two down the road - the OLD LADY has fallen off her bicycle - and now struggles to get up.

EMMA reacts - quickly hurries down the road to the OLD LADY - she bends down to assist her - and:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

As startlingly - the OLD LADY jerks a hypodermic into view - jabs off screen at EMMA with it.

CLOSE SHOT. EMMA - like someone bitten by a snake - she stares at her arm in horror and disbelief - then she stares at the OLD LADY, who is still veiled - but now suddenly seems sinister - then EMMA takes a step back - opens her mouth to cry out - but the drug overcomes her - EMMA keels over and lies still.

CAMERA WHIP PANS AWAY fast to BALL OF WOOL with KNITTING NEEDLES STUCK IN IT - that has fallen from the overturned bicycle basket.

HOLD THIS.

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE

FADE OUT:

2. DELETED.

2.

\_\_\_\_\_  
COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.  
\_\_\_\_\_

FADE IN:

3. EXT. LONDON STREET. DAY. (LOCATION)

3.

A taxi is parked at the kerb. (Presumably the airport bus has dropped STEED off.)

4. INT. TAXI. DAY.

4.

Watched by a bemused TAXI DRIVER, STEED is loading

holiday equipment into the taxi: golf clubs, polo mallet, a selection of assorted racquets, gun case, saddle and riding boots, snorkel mask and flippers, fishing rods and fly-laden hat, parcels ... in other words, almost every possible permutation for a sporting holiday.

Eventually the last item is stowed aboard and STEED himself - broolly in hand - settles back amongst his luggage. The DRIVER looks at him quizzically through the connecting partition. STEED smiles blandly.

STEED

Been away for a couple of weeks.

The DRIVER nods: "I've got a right one here." He starts up the taxi.

5. EXT. LONDON TRAFFIC. DAY. (LOCATION)

5.

The taxi, bowling along, is overtaken by EMMA's distinctive Lotus.

6. INT. TAXI. DAY.

6.

STEED, looking out the window, has spotted the Lotus. He watches it O.S.

7. P.O.V. SHOT - TRAFFIC. (LOCATION)

7.

The Lotus stays in view, a few yards in front of the taxi. The number plate can be clearly read.

8. EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS. DAY. (LOCATION)

8.

The Lotus pulls up in one lane. The taxi pulls into another lane, just a few yards behind it - so STEED can't actually see into it.

9. INT. TAXI. DAY.

9.

STEED lowers the window and, taking his umbrella, leans out to rap on the roof of the Lotus which is, of course, much lower than the taxi.

STEED

(calling)

Mrs. Peel ... Mrs. Peel!

10. EXT. TRAFFIC. DAY. (LOCATION)

10.

STEED is rapping on the Lotus roof and calling ... the lights change and the Lotus, with a smart gear change, quickly races away.

11. INT. TAXI. DAY.

11.

STEED withdraws broolly as taxi moves forward. He

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

then leans forward and gives fresh instructions to the DRIVER, through connecting partition.

STEED

Take me to Hampstead.

The DRIVER nods and STEED settles back comfortably.

12. EXT. EMMA'S FLATS. DAY. (LOCATION).

12.

The Lotus pulls up, the door opens, a long pair of legs come out, the dress is pulled down over the knees ... CAMERA CUTS AWAY to taxi turning into the block. CUT BACK to 'EMMA' as CAMERA FOLLOWS her legs and feet into the flats.

STEED leans out of the taxi window.

STEED (O.S.)

Mrs. Peel!

'EMMA' pushes into the building before STEED's cry registers.

13. INT. TAXI. DAY.

13.

STEED, parcel in hand, addresses DRIVER through partition.

STEED

If you get tired of waiting -  
you should find something to  
amuse yourself.

He indicates the stack of equipment.

14. EXT. TAXI. DAY. (LOCATION)

14.

The DRIVER watches, slightly bemused, as STEED - parcel in hand - goes briskly into the flats.

15. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

15.

'EMMA' - back to CAMERA - arrives at her flat door, searches in her handbag for the key, unlocks the door, and lets herself in. She's about to close the door, when STEED calls 'Mrs. Peel'.

The door re-opens and we see as she steps into FULL SHOT for the first time that it isn't Emma. It's GEORGIE PRICE-JONES. She smiles.

GEORGIE

Yes?

CLOSE SHOT - GEORGIE AND STEED.

There is a long pause before either of them speaks.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE

What can I do for you?

STEED

I'm to deliver this to Mrs.  
Emma Peel,  
(indicates parcel)

GEORGIE

I'm Mrs. Emma Peel.

Again there is a slight beat before STEED's innate craftiness takes over.

STEED

Friend of yours, John Steed,  
sent it.

GEORGIE

Steed?

STEED

Little fat chap with grey  
moustache.

GEORGIE

(relaxing into  
a smile)  
'Course. Now I remember.  
Thank you.

She is about to take the parcel and close the door -  
but STEED blandly insinuates himself past her and  
into the flat.

16. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY.

16.

STEED comes in, looks around - seeking out some clue  
as to what has happened to EMMA.

GEORGIE

(eyeing parcel)  
What's in it?

STEED

Don't you know?

GEORGIE

(slightly  
flustered)  
Should I?

STEED

I imagined you would.

GEORGIE

Well, I don't.

STEED

It's a lobster.

GEORGIE

How super.

(CONTINUED)

STEED

Where shall I put it? In here?

He quickly makes for the bedroom.

GEORGIE

I wouldn't, not unless it's sleepy ... That's the bedroom.

STEED reacts, then hands her the parcel.

GEORGIE

... The kitchen's over there.

She nods towards the kitchen and goes into it.

STEED quickly looks around, spotting his own postcard on the mantelpiece. GEORGIE returns.

GEORGIE

How was he?  
(STEED looks baffled)  
Steed!

STEED

Oh, well ...

GEORGIE

Good!

STEED

(continuing)  
... as can be expected.

GEORGIE

(amending)  
Of course.

STEED decides on a course of action and promptly starts out.

STEED

This won't get the lobsters delivered. Good-bye, Mrs. Peel.

GEORGIE

Good-bye ...

STEED hurries out.

17. INT. EMMA'S FRONT DOOR. DAY.

17.

STEED leans against it: thoughtful and worried. He strides away.

18. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY.

18.

GEORGIE is in the kitchen, putting the lobster on a plate when the telephone rings. She hurries through

(CONTINUED)



to answer it. She grabs up the receiver, takes one second to put herself 'in character', then answers.

GEORGIE

Emma Peel ...

19. INT. PHONE BOX. DAY.

19.

CLOSE SHOT (against backing). STEED - looking grim speaks hurriedly muffling his voice with a handkerchief.

STEED

Emma ... it's old lover boy himself. Just got back - be at the flat in a couple of jiffs. See you!

He hangs up hurriedly before she can say a word.

20. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY.

20.

GEORGIE, with a buzzing phone in her hand, throws a minor tantrum. She hangs up, paces up and down, then - deciding on something - she hurries out.

21. EXT. EMMA'S FLATS. DAY. (LOCATION)

21.

GEORGIE comes rushing out of the flats and gets into EMMA's car. She drives hurriedly away.

22. INT. TAXI. DAY.

22.

The DRIVER, miniature clay pipe upside down in his mouth, turns inquiringly to STEED.

STEED

Follow her!

STEED sits back confidently.

23. EXT. EMMA'S FLATS. DAY. (LOCATION)

23.

The taxi, spinning on its lock, races away.

24. DELETED.

24.

25. INT. ART INCORPORATED. DAY.

25.

A rather swish contemporary reception area: desk, numerous telephones, close circuit television, cod 'Uncle' control panel - lights continually flashing, and efficient forty year old RECEPTIONIST. She is listening on a telephone. Standing watching her is GREGORIO AUNTIE, a suave man in his late thirties.

RECEPTIONIST

... Very well. I'll tell him.  
Thank you.

She hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST

(contd.)

'Lot 17' has been safely stowed,  
sir.

AUNTIE

No problems over shipment?

RECEPTIONIST

None at all.

AUNTIE

Excellent. What about 'Operation  
Cast Off'?

RECEPTIONIST

Being attended to.

AUNTIE

Mm. Everyone associated with  
'the fake Mrs. Peel'? ...

RECEPTIONIST

(nodding)

Will be eliminated - Beginning  
with the Theatrical Agents.

26. EXT. BACK STREET. DAY. (LOCATION)

26.

The Lotus arrives. GEORGIE gets out and hurries  
into an office block. Taxi pulls up. STEED gets  
out and hurries off. The DRIVER shakes his head,  
thoroughly bemused.

27. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

27.

The glass door opens. GEORGIE comes in. Her face  
falls.

The theatrical agents' office - walls covered in old  
theatre bills - is totally empty.

STEED's silhouette appears at the door. He bursts in.  
She looks surprised. He looks amazed.

STEED

Time for explanations, isn't it?

GEORGIE

I don't know what you mean.

STEED

Starting with the fact that  
you're not Mrs. Emma Peel,  
who are you?

GEORGIE

(sadly)

Wasn't I very convincing?

(CONTINUED)

STEED  
No. Now, who are you?

GEORGIE  
(reluctantly)  
Georgie Price-Jones.

STEED  
All right, Georgie. Why are you trying to pass yourself as Mrs. Peel?

GEORGIE  
I was hired to.

STEED  
Who by?

GEORGIE  
I don't know.

STEED  
Where's the real Mrs. Peel?

GEORGIE  
I don't know that either. I just answered an advert ... got the job - impersonating Mrs. Peel.

She sees STEED isn't believing her.

GEORGIE  
Look,  
(producing news-  
paper advert from  
her handbag)  
If you don't believe me, here it is.

STEED glances at it briefly. From now on, he obviously believes some of her story.

STEED  
And you were briefed in here?

GEORGIE  
That's right.

STEED spots something on the floor and stoops down.

CLOSE SHOT - BALL OF WOOL.

STEED picks it up and starts to re-wind it.

STEED  
How long was the deception supposed to last?

BACK TO SCENE:

A loose strand of wool leads STEED to a cupboard door.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE

Forty-eight hours. Starting  
at nine this morning.

(sadly)

Didn't run, did it?

STEED opens cupboard door.

CLOSE SHOT - CUPBOARD.

A body hovers for one instant before it falls out,  
face down. GEORGIE screams.

BACK TO SCENE.

STEED, grim-faced, withdraws the murder weapon from  
the dead man's back.

STEED

That's show business.

He holds it up. It's a thick knitting needle. Puzzled  
reactions from both of them.

FADE OUT:

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COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

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FADE IN:

28. INT. TAXI. DAY.

28.

STEED and GEORGIE sit in the back. She is eating a  
large ice-cream cornet. STEED is reading the news-  
paper advert Georgie answered.

STEED

"Young lady wishing excitement."

He angrily screws it up in his hand.

GEORGIE

Well, I'm reasonably young,  
still a lady and very much  
in need of excitement.

INTERCUT: TAXI DRIVER'S reaction.

STEED

So you answered the advert,  
were auditioned and got the  
job?

GEORGIE

Correct.

STEED

Didn't it strike you as odd?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE

'Course it did. But I'm  
after excitement, aren't I?  
So, the odder the better.

To the DRIVER's annoyance, STEED closes the connecting  
partition, thereby shutting the DRIVER out of the  
conversation.

STEED

Why couldn't you be conventional:  
like the statistics say - marry  
a company man and have 2.7  
children?

GEORGIE

Because I'm tired of men who  
look like clothes hangers and  
suffer from rigor mortis of  
the upper lip.

STEED brushes the flying ice cornet to one side.

STEED

Price-Jones. No relation to  
Admiral...?

GEORGIE

(cutting in)  
Daughter.

STEED

Good lord. Is he still serving?

GEORGIE

Retired. Lives at Bath.  
Writes letters to the Times.  
Enjoys the best of very rude  
health.

STEED

Glad to hear it. At this  
audition ...

GEORGIE

The audition?

STEED

Yes - Who else was there?

GEORGIE

Just these two men from the  
Advertising Agency ...

STEED

What were their names?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE  
Bates and Marshall.

29. INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY OFFICE. DAY.

29.

Open on the legend on a glass door: "BATES & MARSHALL".

STEED and GEORGIE read it. STEED nods, impressed.

GEORGIE  
You know them?

STEED  
(nodding)  
Not personally. I believe  
they're quite promising.

As he says this, the old VEILED LADY comes out.  
STEED, toujours la politesse, steps to one side. The  
LADY acknowledges. STEED and GEORGIE go in. A coffee  
pot is percolating noisily on the side.

The office is smartly furnished - bamboo and rubber  
plant motif. But there is no sign of the occupants.

GEORGIE  
(looking round)  
Some agency. How do they  
work - remote control?

STEED crosses to the crowded desk and starts snooping  
around: desk diaries, note-pads, story-boards,  
promotion schemes, etc.

GEORGIE  
What are you doing?

STEED works busily throughout.

STEED  
Wetting its feet.

GEORGIE  
(puzzled)  
What for?

STEED  
See if it sneezes.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE  
(boggling)  
You just lost me.

STEED  
Ad lingo. 'Drop it in the  
water - see if it fizzes'.  
'Wet its feet - see if it  
sneezes'.

GEORGIE  
Oh, I see.

STEED has subconsciously picked up a piece of wool and  
is threading it round his fingers.

STEED  
What's the time?

GEORGIE  
Eleven fifteen.

STEED  
(reading out  
of diary)  
Eleven o'clock - appointment  
with Auntie!

GEORGIE  
(nodding O.S.)  
Maybe that was her.

STEED  
She can't have taken them  
with her.

GEORGIE finds a torn scrap of paper. She reacts  
excitedly.

GEORGIE  
Steed. Listen.  
(reading)  
"S1, K9, K2 tog, tbl."  
(she looks up  
triumphantly)

STEED  
Well?

GEORGIE  
(excited)  
Don't you see? It's a code.

STEED  
More like someone learning to  
type. Here's the first half  
of your fee.

He hands her a cheque.

GEORGIE  
Isn't that super.

STEED  
Who's it from?

GEORGIE

Solicitors: Barratt, Barratt  
and Wimpole.

STEED

Let's go.

They start out.

GEORGIE

(spotting STEED's  
wool)

What's that?

STEED

Just a bit of wool.  
(reacting)

Wool!

STEED pauses and halts in front of a double-doored pair of cupboards. He and GEORGIE look at one another, nod and go to the doors. They whip them both open and out fall two bodies. Each has a knitting needle clearly protruding from his back.

STEED

Knit One ... Purl One ... !

30. EXT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE. DAY. (LOCATION)

30.

CAMERA OPENS on a battered old office plaque: 'Barratt, Barratt and Wimpole. Solicitors and Commissioners for Oaths'.

CAMERA then PANS the OLD LADY across to her old bicycle, parked at the kerb. She mounts it and pedals sedately away. As she does so, a taxi draws alongside - CAMERA then PANS with taxi.

The taxi arrives at the kerb, spilling out STEED and GEORGIE. The DRIVER leans out.

STEED nods to him, takes GEORGIE's arm and propels her O.S. The DRIVER watches them incredulously.

They cross to an old-fashioned saloon car parked some yards away. A DEAD MAN sits in both the near front and near rear seats.

GEORGIE

(indicating men)

Messrs. Barratt  
(opens front door)

... Barratt  
(opens rear door)

...

STEED throws up the boot - a foot was protruding from it.

STEED

... and Wimpole.

WIMPOLE is crumpled up inside the boot.



STEED and GEORGIE - looking shaken - are back in the taxi.

GEORGIE

Six bodies in an hour and  
twenty minutes - what do you  
call that?

TAXI DRIVER reacts.

STEED

A good first act.  
(without looking  
up, he closes the  
communicating  
partition)  
Where next?

GEORGIE shrugs.

GEORGIE

I don't know.

STEED

You disappoint me.

They sit in silence for a moment. GEORGIE then produces the code.

GEORGIE

There's always "S1, K9, K2  
tog" et cetera.

STEED

T - o - g.

GEORGIE

Togs - that's a thought.

STEED

Who provided them?

GEORGIE

They did.

STEED

Theatrical costumiers?

GEORGIE

Yes.

STEED

Which one?

GEORGIE

The four Jacques brothers.  
John, Paul, George ...

STEED reacts: expecting the inevitable.

GEORGIE

(continuing)  
... and Fred.

The room is bang full of the most incongruous set of costumes ever assembled in one place: everything from Roman tunics to pantomime horses, Mounties outfits to Napoleon rigout. Four mirror-covered cupboards stand against the wall.

STEED and GEORGIE come in.

STEED  
(calling)  
Hello. Anyone home?

There is no answer. As they each stroll around, STEED one way, GEORGIE the other, they accidentally end up in front of the four mirrors. STEED and GEORGIE look at one another.

GEORGIE  
I've heard of history repeating  
itself, but ...

STEED ultra-cautiously approaches the first cupboard, opens it and nothing happens.

GEORGIE  
Losing your touch.

STEED  
Obviously.

He opens the second and third cupboards - again nothing. GEORGIE sighs with relief - leans against cupboards - causes a fourth cupboard door to open and: out pitch the four Jacques brothers - each in different period costume - one on top of the other. All have knitting needles in the back.

GEORGIE  
One of them isn't dead.

They stoop down. GEORGIE cradles the head of FRED JACQUES. He struggles for a second or two in extremis. His eyes flicker for an instant, then roll desperately.

FRED  
(gasping)  
Auntie ... Auntie did it!

He lolls back - dead - STEED and GEORGIE get up - look at each other.

GEORGIE  
Auntie!?

STEED  
Auntie who?

He paces away - GEORGIE gazes after him.

GEORGIE  
Know what I think?

STEED absently gestures - as he looks through an order file.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE

Someone's kidnapped your friend  
Mrs. Peel ... mon cher.  
(claps a Napoleon  
hat on and poses)

STEED

The same thought had occurred  
to me.

GEORGIE

Great minds!

STEED

Don't they.

GEORGIE

Maybe they'll demand extortion  
money.

(building it in  
her mind)

"A hundred thousand pounds! -  
in milk checks - at the  
fourteenth milestone on the  
Maidstone by-pass!"

STEED

I don't think it's that sort  
of kidnapping.

(pointing)

Your order's been taken off  
the file - it now goes from  
214 to 216. Dead end.

STEED moves away from desk.

GEORGIE

(producing 'code')

There's always old "S1, K9,  
K2 ..."

STEED

Et cetera.

HETTY (off)

Where is it?

They both look up to see AUNTIE HETTY, middle-aged  
and in tweeds and brogues, bearing down on them.  
She holds a bag of knitting: needles protruding:  
in her hand - plus numerous parcels. The desk  
masks her view of the carnage.

HETTY

I'm quite sure I left it here...  
but just where...? Ah!

HETTY moves around the desk - STEED and GEORGIE both  
move - trying to spare her the sight of the bodies -  
but they are too late - she gets around the desk -  
picks up paper.

HETTY

My knitting pattern. I knew  
I left it here...

(CONTINUED)

Then she turns - spots the four bodies on the floor - she beams short-sightedly through her spectacles.

HETTY

Naughty boys! Always up to some game or other....

STEED

(at last)

Er...Madam...

He takes HETTY's arm, just in time to prevent her bending and touching the bodies. He leads her away the other side of the desk again.

HETTY

(rambles on)

Naughty, naughty boys...but so sweet, don't you think?

STEED

Madam, you...er know the... gentlemen...?

HETTY

John, Paul, George and Fred? Why of course I know them...

(calls over the desk)

You can get up now...

(beams at STEED)

My favourite nephews - absolutely my favourite.

GEORGIE

Nephews!?

HETTY

Naturally...

(beams back over desk)

And I like to think I am their favourite Auntie!

STEED and GEORGIE react over the rambling old lady.

HOLD THEM.

FADE OUT:

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

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FADE IN:

33. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY.

33.

HETTY seated on sofa - GEORGIE pouring tea - STEED proffering buttered crumpets.

(CONTINUED)

HETTY

It WAS kind of you to invite  
me home to tea ... charming  
gesture ... one meets with  
them so seldom nowadays...  
(frowns)

But I really ought to have  
had a word with John Paul  
George and Fred first....

STEED

(hastily)

They were resting....

GEORGIE

(hastily)

It was their express wish  
that they remain undisturbed.

HETTY

I understand...absolutely dead...  
(sips tea - STEED  
and GEORGIE react)  
...to the world. Heavy sleepers.  
Runs in the family you know.

STEED

Madam....

HETTY

(finishes tea)

Delicious.

(pulls out  
knitting)

You don't mind if I go ahead  
with this... the troops you  
know - have to keep them warm -  
I'm told it's absolutely  
freezing out there in the  
Crimea.

STEED and GEORGIE react.

STEED

(more firmly)

Madam...about your nephews....

HETTY

John, Paul, George and Fred?  
Dear boys all of them...dear,  
dear boys...

(stares at STEED)

I'd love to do you in Poodle  
Wool. With a V-neck - double  
ribbed bottom and a Raglan  
sleeve. Do you mind?

HETTY puts a skein of wool over STEED's hand - proceeds  
to roll it into a ball during subsequent scene.

GEORGIE

You were saying - about John,  
Paul etcetera...?

(CONTINUED)

HETTY

Well what did you want to know?

STEED

You saw them recently...?

HETTY

Just this morning - that's when I left my knitting behind ... Knitting calms the nerves you know - also, SUCH a comfort to our dear dear boys in the...

STEED

Crimea...Yes, Madam - I appreciate that - but I would like to talk about your nephews?

GEORGIE

You saw them this morning.

STEED

Were they alone?

HETTY

That could hardly be - after all there ARE four of them. When John's alone - there's always Paul, George and Fred - and when Paul's alone....

STEED

Just the four of them in fact?

HETTY

(eyes STEED)

Perhaps an oiled, natural wool would suit you better...

STEED

Did they have any callers this morning?

HETTY

Yes.

(STEED and  
GEORGIE react)

Me. I always call in on a Thursday you see....

STEED

Madam! Have you ever seen this before?

He produces one of killing needles. HETTY peers at it.

HETTY

Why yes - that's a double 0.

GEORGIE

Seven?

HETTY

Just a double 0 - used for heavy stuff....

(CONTINUED)

She takes needle - turns it over so that initials "A.K.C." can be clearly read.

HETTY

Why, my dear man - you're a member too!

STEED

Member of what?

HETTY

The A.K.C. - see.

She indicates initials.

GEORGIE

A.K.C.?

HETTY

Naturally.

STEED

And what does "A.K.C." stand for?

HETTY

But you MUST know surely? The Arkwright Knitting Circle!

HOLD ON HETTY.

34. INT. TAXI. DAY.

34.

CLOSE ON DRIVER - half turned round - reacting to previous line.

PULL OUT - STEED and HETTY are in the back.

STEED

That's right - The Arkwright Knitting Circle.

DRIVER reacts again - then drives off.

35. EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY. (LOCATION)

35.

TAXI pulls in - STEED alights - helps HETTY to alight - together they move to enter office block. STEED now holds HETTY's knitting.

36. INT. TAXI. DAY.

36.

DRIVER reacts to STEED and knitting - watches them go.

37. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

37.

STEED moves along corridor - following HETTY - until they reach a door marked "ARKWRIGHT KNITTING CIRCLE". HETTY beams.

(CONTINUED)

HETTY

In here, dear boy.

She enters - STEED follows.

38. INT. KNITTING CIRCLE. DAY.

38.

STEED reacts - loud, distorted sound of needles clicking throughout scene. The atmosphere of a Bingo parlour.

STEED and HETTY step out into the room - A DOZEN ELDERLY WOMEN are seated around the room - knitting furiously, never pausing to look up - most of them succeed in looking remarkably like the Old Lady assassin. A substantial amount of completed knitting fills the centre of the room. Walking around the room is ARKWRIGHT - everything he stands up in is knitted - as he tours the room he 'calls' in the manner of a Square dancer caller - in a very fruity, British voice.

ARKWRIGHT

Look alive - take a pair of fives. Cast on and watch it grow - knit along, and away we go.

STEED looks at HETTY - who nods, beams towards ARKWRIGHT - STEED approaches him.

STEED

Mr. Arkwright...?

ARKWRIGHT

Sh!

He hastily draws STEED and HETTY to one side.

ARKWRIGHT

Good afternoon, Madam - lovely to see you again.  
(to STEED)

Don't want to spoil their concentration....

STEED

(voice lowered)  
Oh...quite.

ARKWRIGHT

Between now and the tea interval - could be critical.

HETTY

This is Mr. Steed - he wants to know more about our little circle....

HETTY takes her place amongst the knitters.

ARKWRIGHT

Really?  
(brightens)  
Do you knit?

(CONTINUED)



STEED  
(whispers)  
Only my brows.

ARKWRIGHT  
(darkens)  
No levity if you please.  
Knitting is one of the  
neglected arts - binds  
the family together....

STEED  
Entwined as one...

ARKWRIGHT  
It brings peace to the home...  
The sheer serene sound of  
clicking needles...Excuse me.  
(calls)  
Fingers nimble, fingers sprite -  
cast to the left - cast to the  
right - First one purl - and  
then one plain - and then two  
purl - and back again.  
(resumes with STEED)  
I used to get back from the  
office tired and irritable -  
but - nowadays, half an hour's  
knitting - and what have I got?

STEED  
(helpfully)  
A Fairisle pullover?

ARKWRIGHT  
Peace of mind, Mr. Steed -  
peace of mind. That's what  
I offer - and I've scooped  
the pool you know - here -  
you see the cream of the  
nation's knitters.

STEED  
The leading knits.

ARKWRIGHT  
Look at that - Mrs. Bullsover -  
beautiful mover - nothing forced -

STEED  
One of Nature's knitters.

ARKWRIGHT  
And there - Mrs. Grampian-  
Hardy. Different technique  
entirely - sharp, precise -  
but all joy - all joy....  
(calls)  
All right, Ladies - De...sist...  
knitting!

As one - all knitters stop - lower their needles - the  
silence is sudden.

(CONTINUED)

ARKWRIGHT

I'm agitating for it to be included in the next Olympics you know...Just imagine - a Gold in knitting!

STEED

Not to mention the record for underwater knitting.

ARKWRIGHT

(thoughtfully)

Underwater!? That had not crossed my mind before...yes...shrink proof wool and...

STEED

(produces needles)

Do you recognise these?

ARKWRIGHT

Do I? It's one of our special double O's.

STEED

Licensed to knit?

ARKWRIGHT

Twenty identical pairs.

STEED

Where are the others?

ARKWRIGHT

Didn't I tell you. They were stolen. From the 'wool sack' - that's our store-room.

STEED

Why would anyone steal knitting needles?

ARKWRIGHT

Industrial sabotage. Put us a week behind in the schedules.

STEED

Any idea who it was?

ARKWRIGHT

You think I'd stand chatting about it if I had. I'd string 'em up.

STEED

(pretending to be offended)

String?

ARKWRIGHT

An unfortunate image.

STEED

I like your tie.

ARKWRIGHT

(examining it fondly)

Parting gift from the class of '64. Runners up in the Free style knitting Cup.

STEED

Thank you for your help.

(starts O.S.)

ARKWRIGHT

Remember, 'When you're tired and depressed, spending more but enjoying it less - knit along with Arkwright.'

(CONTINUED)

STEED registers this profundity, raises his hat to HETTY and goes out. ARKWRIGHT turns to look at HETTY. HOLD THEM.

## 38A. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

38A.

STEED closes the door. As he does so, he hears another door closing further up the corridor. He glances up, sees a MAN closing another office door... then does a double-take.

The other MAN starts off up the corridor. STEED hurries after him. He stops briefly to glance at the legend on the office door.

INSERT - LEGEND

"ART INCORPORATED"

RESUME SCENE:

STEED takes a couple of paces, then calls after the other MAN.

STEED

Ivanov!

IVANOV turns to face him. He nods recognition. IVANOV is a very suave Russian. He even carries an umbrella. Maybe he even 'apes' STEED.

STEED

(continuing)

I thought you were in Siberia.

IVANOV

I was 'resting'.

STEED

Oh, those in-jokes.

(quickly changing  
subject and pace)

Didn't know you were interested in Art.

IVANOV

Uh?

STEED

"Art Incorporated".

(nods towards  
office)

IVANOV

Buying a painting for a friend.

STEED

I see.

The OLD LADIES from the knitting circle pass between them - down the corridor. Amongst them we see the OLD LADY. STEED doesn't see her.

STEED

Spare me a minute?

IVANOV looks around to make sure they're not overheard.

IVANOV

No more crises. Please.  
Another incident like the last

IVANOV  
(contd.)  
and ... they've threatened  
to post me.

STEED  
Where would they send you?

IVANOV  
(with revulsion)  
China!

STEED  
(sympathetically)  
How ghastly. All that rice  
and they take everything so  
literally ... They still  
believe Four Year Plans'll  
work - and in Four Years!

They start to walk. IVANOV swings his umbrella.

STEED  
Not too aggressive with the  
umbrella. Sprightly, but  
not eager. The British dis-  
trust eager people. It's the  
next worst thing to enthusiasm.

They go O.S. together.

38B. INT. TAXI. DAY.

38B.

STEED is settling himself in the back. IVANOV has  
his head poked in through the open window.

IVANOV  
Sometime I'd like you to look  
at a bit of land for me in  
Surrey.

STEED  
Love to.

IVANOV  
Good day then.  
(starts to leave)

STEED  
Ivanov! Aren't you forgetting  
something?

IVANOV  
Am I?

STEED  
You haven't asked how Mrs.  
Peel is.

IVANOV  
Why should I?

STEED  
You usually do.

(CONTINUED)

IVANOV

All right. How is she?

STEED

She's away for a few days.

(firmly)

I'm expecting her back soon.

IVANOV nods and goes O.S. STEED watches uncertainly. The TAXI DRIVER turns to him for his orders.

STEED

Round the block.

The DRIVER shakes his head. He's given up.

39. EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY. (LOCATION)

39.

CAMERA PANS the taxi out right of frame ... then PANS it into frame left almost immediately. STEED gets smartly out and, watched by the incredulous DRIVER, goes back into the office block.

40. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

40.

STEED comes down the corridor to the "ART INCORPORATED" door. He knocks, waits, then tries the handle.

41. INT. ART INCORPORATED. DAY.

41.

RECEPTIONIST, gun in hand, sits nonchalantly at her desk - she hears door being tried - sees handle being turned - calmly ignores it.

42. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

42.

STEED, mildly puzzled, leaves the door - moves along corridor to Arkwright Knitting Circle - as he gets there - the door opens - STEED ducks away behind it - as ARKWRIGHT emerges - moves away. STEED eyes the door - tries it - enters:

43. INT. KNITTING CIRCLE. DAY.

43.

STEED enters cautiously - the place is empty - he closes door - begins a fast, methodical search - this culminates when he finds a thick quiver of the '00' needles in a cupboard - he eyes them thoughtfully - and then reacts to faint voice nearby:

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

Payment will be in the usual way... We want no mess - no fuss....

STEED has reacted - has found a small grill above the cupboard - inclines to it - to hear:

CLOSE ON RECEPTIONIST - TALKING OFF to someone who is unseen.

RECEPTIONIST

The deception hasn't worked - a man named Steed - came back from holiday a day or two early ...  
So the fake Mrs. Peel...

45. INT. ARKWRIGHT KNITTING CIRCLE. DAY.

45.

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

Has to be eliminated. Get going.

STEED reacts - swings away from the cupboard - turns - and: A vase is shattered over his head.

STEED goes back into a corner - sags there, very groggy -

ARKWRIGHT and HETTY stand over him - HETTY holding remainder of shattered vase in her hand.

HETTY stares at STEED - then:

HETTY

Oh, my goodness, it's Mr. Steed.

HETTY and ARKWRIGHT move to help the groggy STEED to his feet.

ARKWRIGHT

My dear fellow, we had no idea....

HETTY

It's all my fault.

ARKWRIGHT

When I heard someone scuffling about in here ... I imagined - I thought....

HETTY

We were SURE you were a burglar.

ARKWRIGHT

Stealing our knitting needles again.

HETTY

He looks a bit shaken - perhaps a woollen muffler over his head...?

STEED

N..no... really I'm quite all right...

(winces)

quite. Excuse me.

He hastens for the door.

(CONTINUED)

ARKWRIGHT

Really, old chap - if we had  
know it was YOU.

But STEED has gone.

46. INT. TAXI. DAY.

46.

DRIVER alerts as STEED slides into the cab, and:

STEED

Take me back to Hampstead.

DRIVER nods - then pauses - intrigued as STEED picks a  
piece of vase handle out of his hair.

STEED

Hurry!

DRIVER gets going.

47. EXT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY. (LOCATION)

47.

The now familiar bicycle and basket is leaning against  
the main entrance.

PAN UP BUILDING TO TOP - and:

48. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

48.

Outside EMMA'S FLAT. PANNING CLOSE ON THE LEGS & SKIRTS  
of the OLD LADY as she approaches EMMA's door.

49. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY.

49.

GEORGIE holds one of EMMA's fighting suits against her -  
looking at herself in full length mirror - she decides  
it is NOT for her - discards it - moves away - picks up  
an apple - then sees a book on table - she picks it up.  
The book is called: "SELF DEFENCE - NO HOLDS BARRED".

GEORGIE looks at it - then settles on her stomach on  
sofa - she opens the book - begins to read.

THE DOOR HANDLE slowly beginning to turn.

But GEORGIE is getting 'into' the book.

GEORGIE

(reads sotto voce)

"Turning the force of the attacker  
to advantage...bringing the knee  
up into the rib cage of the  
opponent with a sickening..."

('Crunch' as she  
crunches into the  
apple - then shudders  
deliciously)

Oooo!

(She glances around  
the room)

She must have some VERY  
aggressive boy friends!

GEORGIE returns to the book.

THE DOOR is slowly opening a crack or two now.

GEORGIE is back into the book again now - open at a page with a very complex judo diagram on it.

GEORGIE

(reading)

Take the right hand of your opponent - cross over the left hand...bringing the palm of YOUR right hand uppermost - with the left elbow pointing towards the ground...

As she mutters - she starts to work out the position - getting pretty mixed up in the process.

The door opens - and shuts - and now, the inner side of the door - we see SKIRTS & LEGS of OLD LADY - her hands delve into knitting bag - and slowly draw out knitting needle from ball of wool; then OLD LADY starts to advance on GEORGIE's back.

GEORGIE, quite unsure, is still working out the movement -

GEORGIE

(reads)

Then, half turning the left arm, and getting leverage under the opponent's left armpit - slowly pivot the torso round to the left - right hand outstretched...

She does this - and we now see that her right hand is almost touching OLD LADY's hand, holding knitting needle.

GEORGIE

(reads)

...and firmly gripping the opponent's wrist....

She stops dead - as she firmly grips a wrist - she dare not turn - she feels up the wrist - satisfies herself it is another human being - then suddenly swings round - screams as:

GEORGIE'S EYELINE - the heavily veiled OLD LADY bending quite close to her - needle held ready.

GEORGIE now pivots her body - and, as much a surprise to her as anyone - she is so poised that she pulls and throws the OLD LADY right across the room. The OLD LADY hits the wall - lies still for a moment - and during this GEORGIE scrambles to her feet - glancing at the book - and finishing the paragraph:

GEORGIE

"...pivot the hips and throw the opponent" ...

(stares at OLD LADY)

Oh my gosh!

(CONTINUED)



GEORGIE

(contd. Then - as the  
OLD LADY scrambles to  
her feet again - and  
comes back on the attack)

Oh, my gosh.

GEORGIE backs away - snatching up the book - ruffling through the pages - clearly trying to find some tuition - but she does not have time - the OLD LADY comes in with knitting needle ready - intent on stabbing GEORGIE - they circle the room.

GEORGIE

Now please ... let's not do  
anything ... hasty ....

She jumps back - still flicking through the book. THE OLD LADY plunges in - and GEORGIE, in a last desperate measure, slams the book (which is quite a heavy bound one) over the OLD LADY's head - the OLD LADY staggers back towards the door - GEORGIE rushes into kitchen - slams the door shut...just as OLD LADY gets to her feet - and throws the knitting needle like a knife - it slams into the locked door.

OLD LADY moves to try the door - but it is firmly locked.

50. EXT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY. (LOCATION)

50.

As STEED's taxi rounds a corner - speeds up to flat - stops - STEED is out before it stops - and running towards the flat.

51. INT. TAXI. DAY.

51.

DRIVER watches him go - then glances casually at:

52. EXT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY. (LOCATION)

52.

OLD LADY - mounting her bicycle - riding away.

53. INT. EMMA'S FLAT. DAY.

53.

As STEED bursts in.

STEED

Georgie...!

He stops - sees signs of the fight.

STEED

Georgie...

He moves further into flat - then stops - his back to the kitchen - looks around hopelessly. Behind him - the kitchen door slides open - and suddenly - crunch - a vase is shattered over STEED's head - he groggily staggers to the sofa - and GEORGIE emerges - holding shattered pieces of vase.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE

Steed!

(moves to minister  
to him)

I thought you were a little  
old lady with a veil and  
knitting needles.

STEED

(heavy sarcasm)

I can see the mistake.

GEORGIE

Are you all right?

STEED

(winces)

This is beginning to be a  
habit. A bad one.

(sits up)

What's this about old ladies?

GEORGIE

One attacked me a few moments  
ago - really - at her age too!  
She looked old enough to be  
someone's grandmother....

STEED

Or auntie.

HOLD THEM.

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

---

FADE IN:

54. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

54.

LADIES of the knitting circle file down the corridor  
to enter Knitting Circle Office - PULL OUT TO REVEAL  
GEORGIE & STEED studying them as they go past.

STEED

Well?

GEORGIE

Could be anyone of them....

STEED

Mmmm - you'll have to get closer,  
that's all.

(GEORGIE reacts)

You CAN knit, can't you?

GEORGIE

Well, at Roedean - amongst the  
more mundane pursuits...

(CONTINUED)

STEED

Excellent...

(urges her away)

Oh - and I take size nine in  
socks - nothing too garish!

GEORGIE looks at him - slightly bewildered - then she moves to enter the Knitting Circle Office.

HOLD ON STEED - his face tightens as he turns to look at the 'ART INCORPORATED' door. He strides up to it - opens it - breezes in.

55. INT. ART INCORPORATED. DAY.

55.

STEED in doorway - stops - reacts to:

A NOTICE READING: "ART INC. THE UNOBTAINABLE OBTAINED - THE PRICELESS ACQUIRED...AT A PRICE".

PAN ON - next to the notice is a large Gladstone type bag - with wool and huge needles projecting from it.

THE RECEPTIONIST is doing her nails - oblivious for a moment - then:

STEED

Hmm. Hmm.

RECEPTIONIST swings round - hastily putting on her professional face.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, sir - can I help you?

STEED, who is playing the art fancier, will appear fey - remote.

STEED

Possibly, possibly - I must acclimatise ....

He closes his eyes for a long moment - 'sensing' like mad. RECEPTIONIST stares at him - is he having a fit or something?

RECEPTIONIST

(anxiously)

Sir....?

STEED's eyes snap open - and he beams.

STEED

Yes. Definitely yes - the atmosphere 'breathes' well ... my nerve endings are quite tingly.

(seriously)

I MUST strike up a rapport with the surroundings before I can even consider ... You do understand that.

(gestures airily)

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

(awed)

Yes...Yes, sir.

STEED

(surveys the place)

Yes, my sensibilities are assaulted - an ethereal enfold-  
ing to the bosom....

(beams)

I think I can do business here.

RECEPTIONIST

Y..yes, sir...may I have your  
name please?

STEED

My name is....

He takes out his wallet.

CLOSE UP. STEED'S WALLET - we see he has hundreds of  
different size and shape visiting cards - his fingers  
hesitate as he decides who he shall be. Finally he  
selects a card.

STEED

(hands over card)

Wayne, Pennyfeather ffitich.  
With two small 'f's' - doubtless  
you've heard of me...?

RECEPTIONIST

(she hasn't)

Well, I....

STEED

Please...don't adulate me. My  
reputation I admit merits mental  
applause - but if you pander to  
me you'll dull my critical  
abilities....And with this he turns his back - moves to inspect a  
water colour.

STEED

Ah - a veritable Gibson - painted  
during his Arles period...

RECEPTIONIST

Yes, that's right....

STEED

Painted on a Thursday I should  
say... only up-strokes. Gibson  
NEVER used down strokes on a  
Thursday...

RECEPTIONIST

I never knew that....

STEED

(gestures)

My knowledge sometimes frightens  
even me - it's a rare thing -

(CONTINUED)

STEED

(contd.)

a perception that only the fortunate VERY few are born with ... a gift....

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. ffitch ... How can we help you...?

STEED

I wish to acquire some treasures - some rare treasures...

(taps the notice)

And I see your proud boast - the unobtainable obtained....

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, sir...but we have a rule - we can only deal with clients who are personally recommended.

STEED

Excellent idea. Keeps the place exclusive. No riff-raff....

RECEPTIONIST

Then you'll understand, sir that I can't...

STEED

Will Colonel Ivanov do...as a personal recommendation?

This pulls RECEPTIONIST up with a jerk. Before she can answer - the door leading to inner sanctum opens - and aged LADY BRACKNELL appears - veiled, etc., she could be the old lady.

Ushering her out is GREGORIO AUNTIE.

AUNTIE

Please do come again, your ladyship.

He kisses her hand - retires into inner sanctum. LADY BRACKNELL turns - moves to the door - but:

RECEPTIONIST

Don't forget your handbag, Lady Bracknell.

STEED watches as LADY BRACKNELL graciously accepts the big bag holding knitting. She exits - STEED gazes after her.

STEED

That THE Lady Bracknell?

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. ffitch - what kind of treasure did you want us to obtain for you?

(CONTINUED)

STEED

That is hardly for your delicate ears...Perhaps - someone in the higher echelon...?

He nods towards sanctum door.

RECEPTIONIST

I'll have to let you know.

STEED

Oh, but surely....

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, Mr. ffitch - but that is the way we do business. We'll be in touch.

STEED regards her - then nods.

STEED

As you say. Good-day to you.

RECEPTIONIST

Good-day, Mr. ffitch.

STEED exits.

56. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

56.

STEED remains thoughtfully outside the door for a moment - then he glances towards Knitting Circle Office - smile flits across his face as he hears:

ARKWRIGHT (faint - off)

...Counts to ten - and back again.  
row after row - and on we go.

STEED moves away. HOLD ON Knitting Circle door.

57. INT. ARKWRIGHT KNITTING CIRCLE. DAY.

57.

ARKWRIGHT - OLD LADIES - and GEORGIE - all knitting away like mad - GEORGIE is not having much success.

ARKWRIGHT

Nimble needles to and fro  
keep right on to the end of  
the row.

He moves in on GEORGIE.

ARKWRIGHT

Oh, dear me - we ARE rusty,  
aren't we? Don't rush, my  
dear...Now...it's all in the  
grip you know...THAT's better...  
one, two, three, one, two,  
three...very promising - nice,  
natural action.

Beaming - he moves away.

(CONTINUED)

ARKWRIGHT

Grab that skein - and begin again.  
Knitting's friendly - it's smart -  
it's fun. And soon we'll have  
that sweater done.

GEORGIE knits on - all the while studying the faces of  
the OLD LADIES - but they all could be THE old lady.  
Then she reacts as the door opens - HETTY enters - sees  
GEORGIE - nods, smiles - moves to take seat alongside her.

HETTY

Hello, my dear ... and how are  
you today?

GEORGIE

A bit bewildered - wondering  
what I'm doing here.

HETTY

Couldn't keep away, eh? It's  
like a drug isn't it ... the  
lovely shiny, sharp needles -  
(She proffers them  
at GEORGIE)  
Feel them ... go ahead.

GEORGIE feels tip of needles.

HETTY

Sharp, aren't they?

GEORGIE

V.Very sharp.

HETTY

I hone them myself.

GEORGIE

(getting ready  
to go)  
Yes, well...nice to have met  
you....

HETTY

But you're not going - not yet.

And suddenly HETTY produces a gun - points it at  
GEORGIE...who immediately sits down again - and:

GEORGIE

I'm not going?

HETTY

I got it to deal with my nephew.

GEORGIE

Nephew...?

HETTY

The youngest one - on my  
brother's side.  
(waves gun)  
This should keep him quiet,  
don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE

V. Very.

HETTY

I hope so ... yes....

She points gun away - pulls trigger - water comes out - we and GEORGIE realise it is a water pistol - a toy.

HETTY

Not too old for him, is it?  
He's only six.

GEORGIE

(very relieved)  
I think it's lovely -  
absolutely splendid. A  
beautiful gun.

HOLD ON HETTY & GEORGIE - with GUN PROMINENT.

58. INT. ART INCORPORATED. DAY.

58.

REAL GUN lying on top of card marked "WAYNE PENNYFEATHER  
ffITCH".

PULL OUT as hand takes card from under gun - REVEAL  
AUNTIE studying it - RECEPTIONIST nearby.

AUNTIE

ffitch, eh?

RECEPTIONIST

(nods)

Wayne, Pennyfeather.

AUNTIE

Doesn't ring any bells - what  
did you make of him?

RECEPTIONIST

He COULD be our kind of client -  
but...

AUNTIE regards her - then presses intercom - talks  
into it.

AUNTIE

Come out here, will you?  
(to RECEPTIONIST)  
We'll have him checked.

Door opens - the OLD LADY emerges. AUNTIE hands her  
the card.

AUNTIE

This chap ffitch...see what you  
can find out about him. A personal  
call I think. He claims to be  
very big on art.



CLOSE ON GOYA PAINTING - "Dona Isabel Cobos de Porcel"  
(the actual original does hang in the National Gallery -  
32 x 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ )

PULL BACK AS STEED straightens it on the wall - GEORGIE  
is watching him.

STEED

No luck at the knitting circle,  
eh?

GEORGIE

Almost any of those old ladies  
could be MY old lady...Steed -  
where did you get this?

STEED

Like it?

GEORGIE

It's beautiful - but where...?

STEED

The National Gallery.

GEORGIE

(tentatively)  
You didn't steal it?

STEED

You'd send me a cake with a  
file in it, wouldn't you?

GEORGIE

You didn't!

STEED

'Course not. I 'borrowed' it.

GEORGIE

They make a habit of lending  
out priceless paintings?

STEED

Only to true patrons. It is  
the right way up, isn't it?

She laughs. There is a ring at the door bell. STEED  
looks around.

STEED

Better hide.

GEORGIE

Don't waste time, do they.

STEED

I didn't think it would take  
long.

He ushers her through to the bedroom, then he crosses  
to the door. He opens up. It's the little OLD LADY.  
STEED reacts.

OLD LADY

Good afternoon.

STEED

'Afternoon.

OLD LADY

I'm collecting for the dogs' home.  
(Rattles can)

STEED

Of course. Canine-lover like me. Come in.

He brings her into the flat. Although she's quite jolly, her eyes never stop 'casing' the flat.

STEED

Our four-legged friends. Need all the help they can get. What will you have? Couple of bones or cash?

OLD LADY

The money, if you don't mind, dear sir.

STEED

Not so messy, is it. Now - where did I put my wallet?  
(Taps pockets)  
Excuse me.

He goes through into the bedroom. Immediately she starts to look around. Having found nothing, she concentrates on the painting and stands examining it through an eye glass. STEED 'finds' his money - in his pocket - and joins her.

STEED

Charming, isn't she?

OLD LADY

Delightful.  
(Examining it closely)  
Extraordinary good reproduction.

STEED

(blandly)  
Isn't it.

OLD LADY

Great affinity between artist and subject. A true rapport.

STEED

(nodding)  
Adumbrated visually in the harmony of rose and black ...  
flesh and silk....

CAMERA WHIP PANS away to bedroom door where GEORGIE listens, mouth open, thunder-struck, to STEED's analysis.

STEED

... luminous paint and luminous glance.

OLD LADY

(nodding)  
Quite. Quite so. Who was she?

(CONTINUED)

STEED

The Dona Isabel. Wife of a gentleman of Granada. Mm! That rare Spanish thing - a true blonde. Reminds me of...

(Breaking off with a laugh - as if not to embarrass his visitor)

... Happy Days!

He puts some money in the tin, giving it a pat.

STEED

Should be good for a couple of cold noses.

The OLD LADY scribbles a receipt, then returns receipt pad to her bag. Needles stick out one end of it.

OLD LADY

Thank you. That's most kind.

(Handing over receipt)

STEED

Nonsense. Someone's got to pay for the postman's trousers.

OLD LADY

Noble of you. Good-bye.

STEED

Good-bye.

STEED closes the door - then turns - as GEORGIE steps out of other door - they regard each other.

STEED

This business is thick with old ladies. Was that the one?

GEORGIE

Could have been - I'm not sure.

STEED

Well, one thing IS sure - they've taken the hook.

GEORGIE

What now?

STEED

A little nefarious skullduggery...

GEORGIE

Ooo!

She reaches for her coat.

STEED

(firmly)

Alone.

STEED is busily putting on tight-fitting gloves - then rolls torch and set of jemmies out of bag - selects the right housebreaking tools - then checks his pistol - then, as he prepares to get out of the taxi - he looks up - meets DRIVER's open mouthed gaze.

STEED

It's a party. Fancy dress.

He smiles - exits. DRIVER stares after him.

61. INT. ART INCORPORATED. NIGHT.

61.

The room is in almost total darkness. A narrow beam of light comes from under the door - a torch. Sound of someone working on the lock. The door springs open and STEED walks in. He shines the torch around, then flicks on the light. He crosses to the door leading to the inner sanctum. There is no handle. He searches around for a minute or so, then returns to the reception desk. He presses a button or two - the Uncle-style panel lights up, muzak starts to play, other lights go on ... eventually he pushes the correct button and the door opens. STEED crosses to it and goes inside.

62. INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE. NIGHT.

62.

We OPEN on STEED's reactions. What he sees is a modern version of Aladdin's cave.

CAMERA PANS - from his P.O.V. - over a horde of treasures: pieces of Greek and Roman sculpture, the Mona Lisa, other paintings by every famous and recognisable artists we can think of, Mummies, ceramics, carpets and Persian rugs, tables laid with gold plate, bejewelled swords, First Folio editions of Shakespeare, porcelain figures, manuscripts, etc. Each piece is numbered, as if for an auction.

STEED wanders around, weighing gold goblets in his hand, raising his hat to nude female statues, etc. He stands in front of the Mona Lisa and admires it. He then crosses to an empty space on the wall. A plaque reads: "Lot 17. Reserved". A flicker of STEED's eyes denotes that he has heard something O.S.: the distinctive sound of a gun being cocked. He casually returns to the Mona Lisa and stands very close to it, far too close in fact to see it.

AUNTIE, antique pistol in hand, comes out of the shadows and closes on STEED.

AUNTIE

Admiring the brush-work, Mr. ffitch?

STEED

Just thought you were less likely to shoot me standing in front of a da Vinci.

AUNTIE laughs, as he frisks STEED.

(CONTINUED)

AUNTIE  
How right you are.  
(Pocketing STEED's  
pistol)

STEED  
May I turn round?

AUNTIE  
Surely.

STEED turns slowly.

STEED  
I don't believe I've had the  
pleasure....

AUNTIE  
I am Auntie.

STEED reacts - so should the audience - this is the first  
time we hear this revelation.

AUNTIE  
Gregorio Auntie.

STEED  
(finally)  
How do you do.

AUNTIE  
I admire your persistence -  
your initiative, Mr. ffitch.

STEED  
Couldn't keep away....  
(surveys the room)  
The unobtainable obtained.

AUNTIE  
(chuckles)  
Reads like a high pressure  
sales blurb, doesn't it?  
Yet, it is the literal truth.  
We are a unique organisation,  
Mr. ffitch - we actually CAN  
get you anything - anything at  
all.

STEED  
For a price.

AUNTIE  
I see we understand each other.  
(nods)  
Yes indeed, the price is often  
very high indeed.

STEED strolls around the gallery of art treasures.  
He regards the Mona Lisa.

AUNTIE  
I've had that for three weeks  
now - rather reluctant to let  
it go.

(CONTINUED)

STEED

I should think the Louvre were  
reluctant to let it go too.

AUNTIE

(chuckles)

They don't know. Put a very  
nice reproduction in its place....

STEED

(blandly)

That's the way you work, is it?  
Whenever you steal...'something'  
...you replace it with something  
else.

AUNTIE

It always seems so much fairer  
that way. But I don't have to  
tell you that...Your Goya - the  
Dona Isabel. I was in the National  
Gallery yesterday - the reproduction  
you put in its place...

STEED

You like it?

AUNTIE

I do indeed...might I inquire  
who...?

STEED

A jolly little Flemish painter -  
fake Goyas are something of a  
speciality...I'll give you his  
address.

AUNTIE

I'm impressed by your connections.

STEED

And I'm impressed by your  
intelligence system...

(AUNTIE raises  
his eyebrows)

That you knew I had a Goya.

AUNTIE

Can I offer you some brandy?

STEED nods - AUNTIE, still holding the gun - pours  
brandy. STEED admires the glasses.

AUNTIE

George the Third crystal -  
stolen from the Tower of  
London. Your health.

They toast - drink - then AUNTIE's face hardens a  
little - he lifts gun higher.

AUNTIE

Now, Mr. ffitch - what can I  
get for you?

(CONTINUED)

STEED

Anything at all, you said?

AUNTIE

No task is too much - as a matter of fact my staff are employed at the moment - working out ways to acquire the Eiffel Tower!

(smiles)

A Texas millionaire has a fancy for it...wants to put it amongst his oil derricks....

STEED

(stares)

It must present difficulties.

AUNTIE

Stealing it...

(gestures)

we have already arranged that... the main problem is smuggling it out of Paris.

STEED is awed by the matter of fact AUNTIE.

STEED

A human being would be easier.

AUNTIE reacts - eyes him shrewdly.

STEED

You have dealt in human beings?

AUNTIE

(nods)

The odd diplomat - nuclear scientists...yes, there's a market for them - a demand. It is a human being you wish us to acquire for you?

STEED

(nods)

A woman. Her mind would be of the utmost value to me.

AUNTIE sips his brandy.

AUNTIE

And the lady's name?

STEED

Peel. Mrs. Emma Peel.

AUNTIE's eyes flicker. He sips his drink.

AUNTIE

This really is a splendid brandy.

(eyes STEED)

I'm afraid you are ten days too late, Mr. ffitich,

(CONTINUED)

He indicates plaque "Lot 17".

AUNTIE

We have already acquired her  
for another client. Lot 17.

STEED

Ivanov.

AUNTIE

I never divulge the names of  
other clients.

STEED

Whatever he's offered you -  
I'll double it.

AUNTIE

I'm sorry.

STEED

Treble it.

AUNTIE

I'm tempted - very tempted.

STEED

Well, then...

AUNTIE

(overrides)

But I must refuse - to renag  
on a contract.." That would be  
dishonest. I have a certain  
reputation...No, Mr. ffitch -  
Mrs. Peel is not for sale...  
but perhaps I could interest  
you in a first folio of Hamlet -  
stolen from the British Museum  
two nights ago....

STEED

I hate to tell you.

AUNTIE

(reacts)

You don't mean...?

STEED

(nods)

Reproduction. I already have  
the original...Perhaps - in a  
part exchange deal for Mrs. Peel...?

AUNTIE

I'm sorry...she is not for sale.  
But perhaps - some other time -  
we can do business?

STEED

I hope so. Er - by the way -  
where are you holding her?

AUNTIE has led STEED to the door - he opens it. He  
extends his hand.

(CONTINUED)



AUNTIE

(blandly - ignoring  
question)

A pleasure making your  
acquaintance. Good night,  
Mr. ffitch.

STEED

Good night.

STEED exits. AUNTIE closes the door - prowls thoughtfully -  
then moves to fruit bowl - selects a bunch of grapes -  
HOLD CLOSE ON THEM. As AUNTIE turns with them INTO CAMERA:

63. INT. BOX ROOM. NIGHT.

63.

CLOSE SHOT. EMMA - with grapes proffered to her.

AUNTIE

And how is Lot 17 tonight?

PULL OUT. REVEAL EMMA is in a gilded cage - AUNTIE  
'feeding' her through the bars.

AUNTIE

Like to spread your wings and  
fly, eh? Do have a grape.

EMMA accepts grapes.

EMMA

Feeding me up?

AUNTIE

No, no ... I find you .. er ..  
quite adequate... and your  
popularity is increasing.

EMMA

Encouraging.

AUNTIE

First Ivanov - and now a  
Mr. ffitch.

EMMA

ffitch?

AUNTIE

With two small 'ff's' - do  
you know him?

EMMA

(mouth full  
of grapes)

No...

AUNTIE

A charming fellow - that  
increasing rarity - a real  
English gentleman.

EMMA reacts - AUNTIE detects it.

(CONTINUED)

AUNTIE

Ah! You do know him...?

EMMA

No...I was just thinking - if I could have a tub in here ... might tread these grapes and ferment my own wine.

AUNTIE

I regret you will not be here that long. A pity - I enjoy beautiful things - and you ARE beautiful my dear. But a day or so ... and you will be gone....

EMMA

Gone where?

AUNTIE

Depends on Ivanov.

(turns to face her)

You must have a remarkable mind, Mrs. Peel - that he should pay so much. You hold many secrets, eh?

(EMMA stares at him)

No matter - that's Ivanov's concern.

He regards EMMA tenderly.

AUNTIE

I do hope he treats you with some concern...

(sighs)

But I fear - knowing his methods - that will not be the case. No indeed. I'm afraid that where YOU are going - this cage will seem like Paradise.

He smiles coldly.

HOLD AUNTIE &amp; EMMA.

FADE OUT:

---

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

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FADE IN:

64. INT. TAXI. DAY.

64.

GEORGIE PRICE-JONES and STEED sit, once more, in the back of the taxi.

GEORGIE

What next?

(CONTINUED)

STEED

Now we're going to sell you.  
To the enemy.

Reaction CUT-AWAY to DRIVER.

GEORGIE

Why me?

STEED

You fooled me for a few seconds  
and that's all the time I need.

As he speaks, he closes the partition - doing it without looking, part of an automatic procedure.

GEORGIE

(mystified)

What do you get out of it?

STEED

A talk with Ivanov. That's  
all.

GEORGIE

Can't you just go up to the  
front door and ring the bell -  
like anyone else?

STEED

Not quite.

GEORGIE

Tell me - what's so special  
about Mrs. Peel? You'd think  
she was Madame Curie and half  
a dozen others rolled into one.

STEED

It's her vital statistics.

GEORGIE

What!

STEED

The I.Q. variety. She knows  
about cyphers ... sintered fuels ...  
cybernetics. That's what Ivanov's  
interested in.

(Produces sticky tape  
and unwinds a length)

Hold that, would you.

GEORGIE

(holding)

I've heard of off-beat casting  
but ... I only just scraped  
through college - did you  
know....

STEED cuts a length of tape, then fits a wadded handkerchief on to it.

(CONTINUED)

STEED  
(interjects)  
Excuse me.

To her surprise, he binds it across her mouth. She boggles. He then starts to blindfold her.

65. INT. DRIVER'S SECTION: TAXI. DAY.

65.

CAMERA OPENS on driving mirror image of STEED trussing GEORGIE up.

CAMERA then PANS DOWN to TAXI DRIVER. He's seen quite a lot recently, but this takes the biscuit.

66. INT. TAXI. DAY.

66.

GEORGIE now quite well tied up - but her hands can be freed quite easily.

STEED  
Comfy?

She shakes her head violently.

67. INT. IVANOV'S APARTMENT. DAY.

67.

This is heavily Russian in character. Samovars a-plenty and, if it weren't for the '1812' on the radiogram, one would surely hear the 'Cherry Orchard' being chopped down O.S.

IVANOV, in immaculate smoking jacket, sits reading Pravda. The telephone rings. He turns the radiogram down and crosses elegantly to the telephone.

IVANOV  
Colonel Ivanov speaking.

68. INT. PHONE BOX. DAY.

68.

CLOSE SHOT (against backing). STEED, disguising voice, is on the phone.

STEED  
Colonel, Art Incorporated here.  
'Lot 17' has been despatched.  
Should be with you any minute.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY.

IVANOV  
But it wasn't until this afternoon.

STEED  
Change of plan. Our apologies,  
sir, but circumstances beyond  
our control.

STEED hurriedly hangs up.

IVANOV thoughtfully replaces the telephone. As he goes back to his chair, there is a knock at the door.

IVANOV  
(calling)  
Who is it?

STEED'S VOICE  
Special delivery. Perishables.

IVANOV crosses to the door and opens a small barred spy-hole.

70. P.O.V. SHOT - THROUGH SPY HOLE.

70.

Masked shot. GEORGIE, gagged and blindfolded, stands where IVANOV can see her. It's impossible to tell who she is.

71. RESUME SCENE.

71.

IVANOV starts to unbolt the many bolts and locks. As he finally opens the door, STEED rushes in, throwing him flat on his back. They fight.

GEORGIE quickly starts to free herself of the tape and blindfold.

72. INT. DRIVER'S SECTION: TAXI. DAY.

72.

The DRIVER is emptying some snuff out of a tin on to his hand and sniffing it up when there comes a tremendous crash from O.S. He drops the tin. He looks up with an aggrieved "I should've known" expression on his face, then starts to sneeze.

73. INT. IVANOV'S APARTMENT. DAY.

73.

IVANOV and STEED are fighting.

STEED  
(fighting)  
Pay the driver.

GEORGIE  
Now?

STEED  
Yes. The meter's ticking.  
I'm overdrawn on my expenses.

GEORGIE opens her handbag, then has to refer back to STEED.

GEORGIE  
And a tip?

By now STEED is busy piling into IVANOV. It's a few seconds before he can resume the conversation.

STEED  
Of course.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGIE  
Shouldn't I wait?

STEED  
What for?

GEORGIE  
You might need some help.

As she says this, STEED lands the decisive blow. IVANOV stays down. STEED turns to GEORGIE.

STEED  
What did you say?

GEORGIE  
Forget it.

She goes O.S.

STEED takes a bottle of vodka and pours it over IVANOV's face and head. He splutters. STEED grabs him by the shirt collar and gives him a couple of hefty smacks across the face. STEED is really tough: EMMA's life may be at stake.

STEED  
Where is she?

IVANOV  
(befuddled)  
Uh!

STEED continues to thwack him about.

STEED  
Mrs. Peel, where is she?

IVANOV  
I don't know.

STEED  
Auntie's got her. Now,  
where's he keeping her?

IVANOV  
I don't know! Honestly I  
don't. I was supposed to  
collect her.

STEED  
When?

IVANOV  
Late this afternoon.

GEORGIE returns.

STEED  
From 'Art Incorporated'?

IVANOV  
That's right.

(CONTINUED)

STEED

What was the price?

(Beat)

How much?

IVANOV

(reluctantly)

Two hundred thousand American dollars.

GEORGIE

It's over here in a briefcase.

She holds up a briefcase.

STEED

Fine. We'll take it with us.

STEED gets up from the recumbent IVANOV. He produces his gun and hands it to GEORGIE. She holds it the wrong way up: barrel downward. Deadpan, he corrects it.

STEED

If he moves - aim for the fourth button.

She nods, earnestly. STEED crosses to the telephone.

GEORGIE

Fourth from the top or the bottom?

STEED

Suit yourself.

He grabs up the phone and dials a number.

STEED

K? ... Steed here. I want you to pick up a parcel ... Yes, I'm with him now. And don't let them pull the old 'Diplomatic Immunity' ... No, no ... don't hush it up. Give it maximum publicity! .... That's right. Full coverage!

74. INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE. DAY.

74.

GREGORIO AUNTIE stands reading the early afternoon 'Standard'. The RECEPTIONIST sits watching: disciple at the master's feet. After a moment, AUNTIE starts to smile. Room is being prepared for the auction in b.g.

AUNTIE

One thing. You have to admire his technique.

The RECEPTIONIST boggles. She can't read into it what AUNTIE can.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST  
Technique?

AUNTIE  
ffitch. This is his handi-  
work.  
(Indicates newspaper)

RECEPTIONIST  
Really?

AUNTIE  
When you're in the market  
for a product. And you know  
someone else is also after it.  
You do one of two things. Out-  
bid your opponent, OR remove  
him from the contest.

RECEPTIONIST  
Does that mean ffitch gets  
Mrs. Peel?

AUNTIE  
It's what he wants.

RECEPTIONIST  
But does he get her?

AUNTIE  
No, I don't think so.

RECEPTIONIST  
His money's as good as anybody  
else's.

AUNTIE  
Then we should make him prove  
it.

RECEPTIONIST  
How?

AUNTIE  
Put her up for Auction!

The RECEPTIONIST smiles. She likes the idea.

RECEPTIONIST  
I'll circulate the details  
right away.

AUNTIE  
Particular attention to the  
Eastern bloc.

The RECEPTIONIST looks up concernedly from her note-  
making.

RECEPTIONIST  
Ivanov won't talk, will he?

(CONTINUED)



AUNTIE  
(miles away)  
Uh?

RECEPTIONIST  
What about Ivanov?

AUNTIE  
(smiling)  
It's all taken care of.

75. INT. CELL. DAY.

75.

CAMERA OPENS on a reflection on the floor made by the cell bars across the window, then PANS UP to IVANOV, lying on a bunk. There is a sound outside of the door being unlocked. IVANOV sits up. A WARDER's gruff voice shouts out.

WARDER (OFF)  
Visitor for you, Ivanov.  
It's your mother.

IVANOV  
(incredulously)  
Mother!

A look of extreme surprise comes across IVANOV's face. It is quickly replaced by one of fear as the familiar OLD LADY, knitting bag in hand, comes into the cell. The door is locked from outside.

OLD LADY  
(loudly for WARDER's  
benefit)  
They treating you well, son?

IVANOV immediately starts to back away.

IVANOV  
I've told them nothing.

The OLD LADY, smiling throughout, produces one of her familiar needles.

IVANOV backs until he's up against the wall. She stalks him relentlessly.

IVANOV  
It's Steed you want. It's  
all his doing. Not mine.

CAMERA CLOSES on IVANOV as he cringes back in terror.

IVANOV  
(babbling)  
Honestly, it's Steed ...  
I promise you can trust me ...  
Please! ...

Suddenly a look of intense surprise appears on his face and he sharply draws in his breath as the needle goes into his heart. He collapses against the wall and slides down it to the floor. The look of surprise never leaves him.

76. EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY. (LOCATION)

76.

The taxi parks outside. STEED and GEORGIE go into the block.

77. INT. DRIVER'S SECTION. DAY.

77.

The DRIVER sits, looking out of the window.

P.O.V. SHOT - THE OLD LADY. (LOCATION)

She pauses prior to going into the offices. She glances round to make sure she is unobserved, then pulls up her skirt and adjusts a garter on her leg. Inside the garter is a small automatic pistol.

RESUME SCENE:

The DRIVER boggles. He shakes his head in disbelief. When he looks up again, he gets another shock.

P.O.V. SHOT - ARKWRIGHT KNITTERS. (LOCATION)

A stream of similar looking LADIES disappear into the offices.

78. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

78.

GEORGIE waits outside Art Inc.

79. INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE. DAY.

79.

OPEN TIGHT on the Mona Lisa, on an easel. CAMERA PANS to a small desk where AUNTIE stands, gavel in hand.

AUNTIE  
One million, five?

CAMERA PULLS OUT to show prospective purchasers, all with programmes in hand.

There are about half a dozen men - all heavily Eastern - one in a Cossack hat - a Chinaman, etc.

RUSSIAN  
(to STEED)  
Quite splendid, isn't it?

STEED stares at him - so RUSSIAN hastily adds:

RUSSIAN  
A splendid example of filthy,  
decadent Western art! One  
million six.

AUNTIE  
Any advance on that? One  
million six... Sold to the  
gentleman there!

He bangs the gavel.

(CONTINUED)

AUNTIE

It will be delivered to your  
hotel suite, sir...

RUSSIAN

Er..hmm..hmm...

AUNTIE

(hastily)

I beg your pardon...To your  
submarine of course. Now  
gentlemen - the last item  
this afternoon... A most  
unusual item....

He flicks his fingers - and TWO MEN wheel a TV monitor  
screen into view.

AUNTIE

Marked on your programme as  
Lot 17 - it is Mrs. Emma Peel.

INTERCUT NOW - SHOTS of EMMA seen on monitor screen -  
in bird cage.

AUNTIE

A most desirable acquisition...  
I understand that she...  
(consults papers)  
...carries most of the dispositions  
of Western defence bases in her  
head - is a cypher expert of no  
mean ability - and would be a  
splendid addition to any  
Intelligence system anywhere  
in the world.

(looks up)

I must make it quite clear that  
I can NOT guarantee that she  
will betray her secrets - that  
is up to the purchaser. But  
undeniably she does carry some  
very special secrets - and so  
I must ask that the bidding  
begin at the reserve price of  
fifty thousand pounds.

RUSSIAN looks questioningly at STEED.

STEED

About 90,000 roubles.

RUSSIAN

Thank you. I open the bidding!  
Fifty thousand.

CHINAMAN immediately nods.

AUNTIE

Sixty.

RUSSIAN

Seventy.

CHINAMAN nods again.

(CONTINUED)

AUNTIE

I hear eighty.

RUSSIAN

Ninety.

(to CHINAMAN)

My country can outbid yours  
any time!

AUNTIE

It's ninety then. Ninety  
thousand pounds. I ask you,  
gentlemen - it's cheap at the  
price... observe this talented  
lady.

STEED

(enjoying the  
moment)

She doesn't seem very spirited.

80. INT. BOX ROOM. DAY.

80.

EMMA - reacts to STEED'S voice filtered through.

STEED'S VOICE

Can't you get her to move  
around a bit.

EMMA's mouth tightens at this typical bit of STEEDISM.

81. INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE. DAY.

81.

AUNTIE

Certainly.

He gestures at screen - and we see RECEPTIONIST  
prodding EMMA through the bars - making her move.

STEED

That's better - like to see  
what I'm buying. One hundred  
thousand pounds.

82. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

82.

GEORGIE waits fretfully - now she looks up - reacts -  
hides as - the OLD LADY appears - moves to enter  
Art Incorporated.

GEORGIE, who has clearly recognised the OLD LADY -  
looks worried - then she too moves to Art Inc. door.

83. INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE. DAY.

83.

RUSSIAN

One hundred and ten.

STEED

And eleven.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSIAN

And twelve.

STEED

Fourteen.

RUSSIAN

Fifteen.

STEED

Sixteen.

RUSSIAN

Seventeen.

STEED

Two hundred thousand!

RUSSIAN goggles at him - he is uncertain.

STEED

(sotto voce)

Think of the national budget -  
old man ... it'll mean cutting  
down on the Vodka.

RUSSIAN hesitates - finally sits down - defeated.

AUNTIE

Two hundred thousand I am  
offered. Two hundred thousand  
for this outstanding example  
of British pulchritude and  
learning. I say it once -  
twice - and...Sold - to Mr.  
Wayne, Pennyfeather ffitch.

The auction starts to break up - RUSSIAN, CHINESE,  
etc., start to leave.

PICK UP THE OLD LADY standing just inside the door...  
holding her hands behind her back.

84. INT. ART INCORPORATED. DAY.

84.

GEORGIE stands at outer door - watching RUSSIAN, etc.,  
stream out and past her - but her eyes go to the OLD  
LADY who stands framed in inner sanctum door - quite  
clearly - in one hand she holds a gun - in the other  
a large photo of Steed - bearing the name "JOHN STEED".

GEORGIE reacts.

85. INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE. DAY.

85.

STEED is writing a cheque.

AUNTIE

Well, your persistence is  
rewarded, Mr. ffitch.

STEED

When can I collect?

(CONTINUED)

AUNTIE  
Right away. Lot 17 is in  
our secret store...

STEED  
Far from here?

AUNTIE  
(smiles)  
You shall see....

ANOTHER ANGLE.

OLD LADY - now that the room is cleared - steps forward -  
pulling the gun.

86. INT. ART INCORPORATED. DAY.

86.

GEORGIE reacts.

GEORGIE  
Steed!

87. INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE. DAY.

87.

STEED, AUNTIE and OLD LADY react to the cry - all  
look at each other.

AUNTIE  
Steed?

OLD LADY  
(nods - proffers photo)  
Steed.

STEED  
(smiles - introducing)  
Steed.

GEORGIE  
(seeing OLD LADY  
lift gun)  
Steed!

GEORGIE launches herself at OLD LADY's back - throwing  
her aim as she fires - STEED acts quick - sends AUNTIE  
hurtling back over the desk.

AUNTIE  
(gasps)  
Steed...

STEED now turns to help GEORGIE who is grappling the  
OLD LADY.

AUNTIE  
Destroy Lot 17 ... destroy her..!

OLD LADY grabs up gun - turns, runs - STEED turns to  
go - but AUNTIE grabs his arm.

STEED  
Follow her.

GEORGIE runs out.

HOLD ON STEED - he grapples AUNTIE - finally fixes  
him by bringing the Mona Lisa bang down over his  
head - AUNTIE finishes up knocked out - his face  
where the Gioconda used to be.

STEED  
Very enigmatic.

He turns - runs out.

GEORGIE turns as STEED plunges out - points towards Knitting Circle office.

GEORGIE

She went through there...

STEED moves to enter:

89. INT. ARKWRIGHT KNITTING CIRCLE. DAY.

89.

The usual complement of LADIES knitting busily. The heap of completed knitting on the table now assumes a tremendous size. ARKWRIGHT paces round the table, 'calling'. He has a large paper pattern in his hand. As he sees STEED his 'song' becomes more and more hesitant till it finally peters out.

ARKWRIGHT

Cast on and watch it grow.  
Knit one - purl one, and away we go.  
Along again to the end of the row.  
A Doesie-do and a-....

STEED and GEORGIE come up to the table. ARKWRIGHT makes to intervene, but STEED pushes him to one side.

STEED

I won't spoil their concentration.  
Don't worry.

He walks round the table, carefully scrutinising the knitters. One of the first women STEED spots is AUNTIE HETTY. She looks up and is about to speak, but STEED, finger to his lips, dissuades her. He continues his scrutiny.

CAMERA PANS the circle. Each of the ladies has a huge length of knitting attached to her knitting needles. Eventually CAMERA CLOSES on one lot of knitting which is quite fresh ... only a couple of rows. CAMERA PANS UP to KNITTER: it's the veiled 'OLD LADY'.

STEED comes round the table behind her and pulls her chair back from the circle. 'She' tries to make a break for it, but STEED intervenes. They start to fight. ARKWRIGHT reacts at the sight of STEED pitching into an OLD LADY. Eventually the wig comes off and the KNITTERS, who have watched spellbound, react with screams. STEED assumes control.

STEED

Where is she?

The MAN points to a padlocked pair of doors at the end of the room. STEED throws him to one side, crosses to the doors and draws his pistol. ARKWRIGHT intervenes.

ARKWRIGHT

Not too much noise, please!

STEED

(pausing)  
What is it they're knitting?  
(indicating knitting)

(CONTINUED)

ARKWRIGHT  
 (proudly lifting  
 sample)  
 A bungalow.

STEED reacts and shoots the lock off the door. He and  
 GEORGIE burst into ....

90. INT. BOX ROOM. DAY.

90.

A cobwebby, dusty store-room - used by AUNTIE for  
 lesser exhibits: packing cases, suits of armour, etc.  
 EMMA is at the end of the room in the cage.

The RECEPTIONIST and a TOUGH are trying to move the  
 cage.

The RECEPTIONIST gets too close to the bars and EMMA  
 grabs her by the hair. Before the TOUGH can go to her  
 aid, STEED bursts in.

INTERCUT:

EMMA pulls the struggling RECEPTIONIST close to go for  
 her keys ...

STEED fights the TOUGH. Eventually GEORGIE hits the  
 TOUGH over the head with a vase. He collapses.  
 GEORGIE ends up with the handle of the vase in her  
 hand. STEED takes it.

STEED  
 Nice piece of Third Dynasty  
 Ming.

GEORGIE reacts. They cross to the cage where EMMA is  
 just getting hold of the keys. STEED watches, making  
 no effort to help. EMMA unlocks the door and walks  
 out.

EMMA  
 And no cracks please, about  
 Birds and Gilded Cages.

STEED  
 As if I would.  
 (EMMA snorts  
 contemptuously)

91. INT. TAXI. DAY.

91.

STEED sits between EMMA and GEORGIE.

EMMA  
 Steed. We haven't been  
 introduced.  
 (Indicating  
 GEORGIE)

STEED  
 How remiss. Mrs. Peel meet ...  
 (Introducing GEORGIE)  
 Mrs. Peel!

(CONTINUED)



The TAXI DRIVER reacts. Suddenly the taxi lurches and they all three end up on the floor.

92. EXT. STREET. DAY. (LOCATION)

92.

As the taxi veers wildly across the road to the driver's reaction.

FADE OUT:

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COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

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FADE IN:

93. EXT. SKY. DAY. (STOCK)

93.

A Tiger Moth-type plane does a couple of stunt rolls, then rights itself.

94. INT. PLANE. DAY. (B.P.)

94.

STEED and EMMA are sitting in the two cockpits. A long knitted scarf is loosely blowing from around STEED's neck. Roar of O.S. engine.

EMMA reaches forward and tugs at the scarf.

EMMA  
(shouting)  
Very smart. Boy's?

STEED  
(shouting)  
Present from Auntie.

As he says this, he pulls on the joystick, EMMA closes her eyes and the plane spins over ... Frame goes upside down.

95. EXT. SKY. DAY. (STOCK)

95.

The Tiger Moth is looping the loop. It eventually straightens out.

96. INT. PLANE. DAY. (B.P.)

96.

EMMA takes her hands away from her eyes and reacts in horror. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show why - STEED has disappeared!

EMMA immediately looks over the side to see if she can see STEED.

She starts to get worked up ... Suddenly STEED, smiling broadly, raises himself up into his seat (he'd slipped off on to the floor). EMMA reacts, shaking her fist.

(CONTINUED)

96. CONTINUED:

96.

EMMA  
(shouting)  
Don't you ever do that again!

STEED cups his ear, pretending not to hear.

97. EXT. SKY. DAY. (STOCK)

97.

STEED and EMMA in the plane fly off into the sunset.  
HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

END CREDIT TITLES

FADE OUT.

