

THE AVENGERS

"THE 13TH HOLE"

Dialogue List

12th April 1989

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PRODUCTIONS LIMITED MCMLXV

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ABC PRODUCTION

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P A R T O N E

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

TITLE: MUSIC: OUT

MUSIC: IN

FX: GOLF SHOT

REID: Two ...

FX: GOLF SHOT

REID: Four ...

FX: GOLF SHOT

REID: 303 ...

FX: GUNSHOT

THE
THIRTEENTH
HOLE

MUSIC: OUT

FX: ROOM BEING SEARCHED

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL (CALLS) Steed! Steed?

FX: FIGHT

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Nice of you to hurry over, Mrs Peel! I asked you to help me search but this --!

EMMA PEEL: Well, somebody beat us to it and you just missed him.

STEED: Must have taken the service stairs. Oh well ... Ted Murphy -- found dead in an alleyway last night.

EMMA PEEL: What was he working on?

STEED: That's the odd thing, just routine security. He was keeping tabs on some scientific types. Obviously he found something that wasn't routine. (SIGHS) I had hoped we might find a lead here.

EMMA PEEL: Somebody else had the same idea. That's strange ...

STEED: What's that?

EMMA PEEL: These golf cards.

STEED: Highly suspicious.

EMMA PEEL: I was just wondering why he never seems to have played beyond the twelfth hole. You see? They're all marked up to the twelfth and then ...

STEED: Smartly onto the nineteenth.

EMMA PEEL: And another thing -- this receipt -- all this equipment was bought only a (TAPE CUTS) ago.

STEED: Poor Ted. Never had a chance to swing his steel shafted handle to head balance niblick. He was shot with a rifle at long range.

EMMA PEEL: Right down the fairway?

STEED: Huh? Golf -- something to do with golf, d'you suppose?

EMMA PEEL: Perhaps this'll help. It's custom made.

FX: CAR

MUSIC: IN

STEED: I don't know about the tall one, but the stocky one is Adams, Doctor Peter Adams -- a scientist, one of those Murphy was keeping an eye on. Come on, hurry up, we'll catch them.

COLLINS: Members only this weekend. There's a tournament -- members only.

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Oh that's marvellous, I hate playing on a crowded course, don't you, Mrs Peel?

COLLINS: You're a member?

EMMA PEEL: Fully paid up as of yesterday. You're a secretary?

COLLINS: Acting, unpaid. The Secretary's away, I'm Collins, the club professional.

STEED: Extraordinarily nice of you to come out and welcome us. After you Mrs Peel.

MUSIC: IN

STEED: Any sign of Doctor Adams?

EMMA PEEL: No.

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Good. Beat him to it then. Come along, tee off! Nice innocent way of striking up an acquaintanceship with Adams. He'll be along in a moment. We'll ask to make up a four. Get off on the right foot. On a nice, friendly ...

REID: We're due off at three o'clock -- which is now.

STEED: Well, we'll just drive off then.

REID: Three o'clock, that's when we're supposed to leave. If you'll kindly step aside.

EMMA PEEL: Well, you got off on the right foot. That was a really friendly basis!

FX: GOLF SHOT

STEED: They seem to be in a bit of a hurry. Be a good idea if you inspected the course. Played a hole or two.

EMMA PEEL: Solo?

STEED: Much less conspicuous. Don't lose them, I'm going to snoop around the club.

MUSIC: IN

FX: GOLF SHOT

COLONEL: It's quite simple. Why not alter the playing schedule?

MUSIC: OUT

COLLINS: Well, it's not just a question of all the work involved altering the playing schedules, Colonel. I mean, it's also a matter of ... Mr Steed.

STEED: Oh, hello, I was just limbering up.

COLONEL: Well Collins?

COLLINS: Yes, Mr Steed -- Colonel Watson.

COLONEL: How do you do?

STEED: How do you do?

COLONEL: New member?

STEED: Yes.

COLONEL: Yes, I thought so, thought so. Quick to spot an unfamiliar face, eh Collins?

STEED: Oh, you know all your members?

COLONEL: Just about, yes.

STEED: Then you must know a friend of mine, Ted Murphy?

COLLINS: Shall we get on with your lesson, Colonel?

COLONEL: Hmm ... oh yes, yes, of course, right away.

COLLINS: No, no, now let's get the grip right first. Turn your left hand further round -- that's better.

COLONEL: I hope you like the club, Mr Steed.

COLLINS: Colonel!

COLONEL: Oh yes, sorry.

STEED: Very much. You're demons for punctuality here, aren't you? I tried to tee off a while back, a couple of chaps insisted they had it booked for three o'clock.

COLLIN: Ah, not bad. You're still not pivoting enough on that back swing. Pivot your shoulders and keep your head still. Let's try again.

STEED: Quite a tricky course.

COLONEL: Tricky, old chap. Eighth hole's an absolute boulder, isn't that right, Collins? An absolute boulder.

STEED: How about the thirteenth?

MUSIC: IN

COLLINS: Why the thirteenth?

COLONEL: Superstitious, old chap?

STEED: They say it's a hard one to finish.

FX: GOLF SHOT

FX: CADDIE CAR

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN/OUT

STEED: How long were they out of sight?

EMMA PEEL: Oh, about half a minute, no more. You moved that one.

STEED: Huh. You heard nothing?

EMMA PEEL: I was the tiniest bit pre-occupied.

STEED: Dodging -- driverless caddie cars, that's very good. Losing Adams worries me most.

EMMA PEEL: Well how important was he anyway?

STEED: Doctor Peter Adams, number one at --
Catherby ...

EMMA PEEL: Ah ...

STEED: ... Catherby, oh, that doesn't count,
sorry.

EMMA PEEL: Catherby Hall, now that's the research
centre for missile guidance system. They
must be very valuable. I'm doing rather
well.

STEED: Yes. Worth a caddie car or two. Right,
you stay here. Keep a steady hand, I'll
have another look around the staff room.

WAVERSHAM: Alone at last, got you in me power.
Waversham, Bertie Waversham, club captain.

EMMA PEEL: How do you do?

WAVERSHAM: How do you do?

MUSIC: IN/OUT

JACKSON: How did it go?

REID: Satisfactory, Jakcson, most satisfactory.

JACKSON: You had a good round, did you?

REID: Mmm ...

JACKSON: I'll take these for you.

REID: Er, treat them gently.

MUSIC: IN

WAVERSHAM: ... Then there's s nasty dog ... Then there's a nasty dog leg at the fourth, but you can ... I say dear lady, I'm not boring you, am I?

EMMA PEEL: Hmm?

WAVERSHAM: I said, I'm not boring you, am I?

EMMA PEEL: Who is that man?

WAVERSHAM: Frank Reid. As I was saying ...

EMMA PEEL: What does he do?

WAVERSHAM: Oh, some sort of technician, I think. Radio or something. Queer sort of cove, keeps very much to himself.

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

COLLINS: Lost your ball, Mr Steed?

STEED: On the contrary. Found it. With a vengeance. Someone forgot to shout 'fore'.

COLLINS: You seem to spend a great deal of time in here.

STEED: Looking for my clubs.

COLLINS: Those?

STEED: Oh, thank you.

COLLINS: You should have asked the caddie master, he'd have brought them to you.

STEED: Didn't want to bother him.

COLLINS: That's what he's here for.

STEED: Er, return this to its owner please. Shouldn't be hard to find -- a drive that could do this. Should be someone with a strong arm. Someone with the professional touch.

FX: DOOR

EMMA PEEL: Steed.

STEED: Yes, I've seen him. Also had a chance of studying his golf equipment.

EMMA PEEL: Fascinating!

STEED: Guaranteed to put a hole-in-one every time.

EMMA PEEL: Do you think Adams is dead?

STEED: Adams is far too valuable alive.

EMMA PEEL: Could they be holding him somewhere?

STEED: Very likely.

EMMA PEEL: But he's bound to be missed. Well they can't expect to cover up indefinitely, could they?

STEED: Well, let's ask Mr Reid.

EMMA PEEL: Oh, Mr Reid?

REID: Mmm ...

STEED: It's about Doctor Adams ...

REID: Adams?

STEED: ... your golfing partner.

REID: Oh, why?

STEED: Well the most extraordinary thing has happened, he seems to have disappeared.

EMMA PEEL: Into thin air!

REID: Disappeared? I left him just a few moments ago.

STEED: But a few moments ago you were in the bar, he wasn't with you.

ADAMS: Someone looking for me? Ah, there you are Frank. Care to put in a spot of practise before dinner?

REID: Ah, Collins. Just taking a peep at the playing order tomorrow. I see you haven't paired me off yet.

COLLINS: That's right.

REID: Haven't found a partner for Doctor Adams yet either?

COLLINS: No.

REID: It would be very convenient if I was playing Adams -- teeing off at eleven.

COLLINS: I'm afraid you'll have to take the luck of the draw.

REID: It would be -- very convenient, Collins.

MUSIC: IN

ADAMS: Did you manage to ...

REID: Yes, I think so. Well Adams, old boy, what's it to be then, then?

MUSIC: OUT

ADAMS: Are you sure we have time?

REID: Of course there's time. Relax. And for goodness sake, stop looking at your watch. Yes, I thought that birdie on the tenth today was quite a feat. Er, don't you agree, old boy?

STEED: What was the outcome of your pick-a-stick?

EMMA PEEL: Oh, very boring. I beat myself. Adams is twitching like a rabbit.

WAVERSHAM: Rabbits, dear lady? Not a chance. Green-keeper's too alert. Forages them out before they can start their little family habits. No, no, no, no rabbits on this course. Do you mind if I join you?

STEED: Not at all.

WAVERSHAM: It's a privilege, you know. Once I sit down, this becomes the Captain's table.
(LAUGHS) Oh, the darn thing's happening again.

EMMA PEEL: Again?

WAVERSHAM: Same thing happened last night. About the same time too. First the darn things dimmed and flickered and then they went out. Only for a few moments, mind.

MUSIC: IN

WAVERSHAM: There! Must be something on the blink at the local power station I think.

STEED: Excuse us, Captain.

MUSIC: OUT

FX: CADDIE CAR

MUSIC: IN

REID: Jackson!

JACKSON: Over here. Get a move on, we've got to hurry!

FX:

MUSIC: BUILDS

FX: STRUGGLE

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: All right, Mr Collins, what's going on? What are you doing out here and who else is out here with you?

COLLINS: Well, that's what I'd like to know. What brought you out here?

EMMA PEEL: I heard a sound and came to investigate.

COLLINS: It's a caddie car. There's one of them missing, there must be a reason.

EMMA PEEL: Involving Reid and Adams?

FX:

EMMA PEEL: Wouldn't it be better if we pulled our resources?

COLLINS: Yes, all right, all right. It is Reid. He keeps insisting that he be paired off with Doctor Adams. And always at the same time. Must tee off at eleven in the morning. Must tee off at three o'clock in the afternoon. He even tried to bribe me.

EMMA PEEL: So that he'd play Doctor Adams tomorrow? And will he?

COLLINS: Only if he beats his opponent. The luck of the draw. The winner plays Doctor Adams at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

EMMA PEEL: And what about ...

COLLINS: Shhh ...

FX: CADDIE CAR

COLLINS: ... Stay here.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

END OF PART ONE

P A R T T W O

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: (CALLS) Steed.

STEED: Over here, Mrs Peel. Very interesting.
There's been some sort of struggle.

EMMA PEEL: Mmm ...

STEED: A fight.

EMMA PEEL: Huh-huh.

STEED: And these footprints ...

EMMA PEEL: Are mine. Where have you been? I've been
half way over the golf course.

STEED: Chasing invisible men. About this fight of
yours.

EMMA PEEL: It was with Collins. He's over there on
the green. (PAUSE) Well, he was here.
Right here. Shot with a golf ball.

STEED: What?

EMMA PEEL: With a badge on it. And then I heard a
sound and I saw a sort of one-man tank with
a huge gun mounted on it.

STEED: Shot with a golf ball.

EMMA PEEL: Hmm-mm.

STEED: One-man tank. Er, Mrs Peel, are you sure that you ...?

EMMA PEEL: Positive. Collins was here.

STEED: Hmm ... Perhaps he isn't dead. Perhaps he's recovered and returned to the office.

EMMA PEEL: Perhaps I'd better go and see.

STEED: I'll check the club house. We'll take up the matter of that one-man tank later.

COLONEL: Ah, Steed, old chap, wondered where you'd got to.

STEED: Taking a quiet stroll around the course.

WAVERSAM: Round the course!

COLONEL: Oh, club rules, old chap, no night strolls, danger of damaging the greens.

WAVERSHAM: Most irregular.

COLONEL: Still er ... don't suppose you'll do it again now that you know. I've got the playing order for the Tournament here, just going to pin it up. I'm er, set against Waversham here. Hard luck old chap.

WAVERSHAM: (LAUGHS)

COLONEL: And er, you're up against Reid.

STEED: We tee off at eleven. Make quite a change for you playing someone other than Doctor Adams.

REID: We're paired together. How's your game?

STEED: Good at Gleneagles -- fair to middling at Pebble Beach.

REID: So we meet tomorrow.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

JACKSON: Good evening, sir.

ADAMS: Good evening.

JACKSON: Would you care to step inside? You can tell the boss that Doctor Adams is safely back.

REID: No slip-ups?

JACKSON: Only Collins.

REID: What?

JACKSON: Snooping about on the green. A bit too close for comfort. But you needn't worry -- he won't be bothering us again.

REID: You used that thing on him?

JACKSON: Much quieter. Much more effective.

REID: But you killed him. The boss won't like that.

JACKSON: No alternative.

REID: No, I suppose not. Anyway, by tomorrow afternoon it'll be over, thank goodness.

JACKSON: That's something I wanted to ask you. Have you seen the playing order, sir?

REID: Yes, I'm playing Steed at eleven then the winner plays Doctor Adams at three.

JACKSON: I hope you win, sir.

REID: I'll win.

JACKSON: We don't yet know how good a player Steed is.

REID: I don't care how good he is, I'll win.

JACKSON: You mean you'll win by hook or by crook?

REID: Yes, if I have to. Depend on it. I'll knock Steed out of the tournament. What the devil is that doing here? I told you to keep it out of sight.

JACKSON: It was out of sight.

FX:

JACKSON: I told him not to put those things up there.

REID: What's the matter with us. Jittery, on edge.

JACKSON: Never mind, tomorrow it will be plain sailing.

REID: Yes.

JACKSON: Oh, one more thing -- Should something go wrong tomorrow and this fellow Steed should win ...?

REID: Then he'll sign his own death warrant. If he wins -- you'll have to kill him.

MUSIC: IN

FX: GOLF SHOT

STEED: Ah ... Good morning ...

REID: Morning.

STEED: Well, very nice day for it.

REID: Shall we begin?

STEED: Right away.

JACKSON: Right gentlemen, you know the rules. Mr Steed.

STEED: Heads.

JACKSON: Heads it is.

STEED: Ah. Good start. Er, would you care to, er
...

MUSIC: CONTINUES

REID: Magnanimous ...

STEED: Er, low cunning. I like to assess the
opposition as soon as possible. Good shot!
Nor, Nor West by Nor. I shall be playing a
number three ball.

FX: GOLF SHOT

REID: Equally good shot.

STEED: Equally. A shade better, don't you think?
Of course, not me at my best, I have to er,
loosen up a bit.

FX: GOLF SHOT

STEED: Bad luck, old chap, hit a soft spot. Be
tricky playing that as it lies.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

REID: Oh you must be in the rough anyway.

STEED: Don't think so. Lucky again. Think it's
over there. Do play through, old chap.

MUSIC: OUT/STING

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Fear not, for e'er this day is done,
You shall have a hole-in-one. I am your
fairy godmother ...

STEED: You?

EMMA PEEL: Me. I want you to win this game.

STEED: Why? Have you got money on me?

EMMA PEEL: I overheard Mr Reid. He has to play Doctor
Adams at three o'clock this afternoon. In
order to do that, he's got to beat you.

STEED: And the way things are going, that doesn't
look too likely.

MUSIC: OUT/IN

REID: ... This is mine. No, you must have over-
shot. Probably into the bunker on the
other side. Do you mind, old boy?

STEED: Down in four, old boy.

REID: But I never saw you.

STEED: Fair's fair. I didn't see you come out of
that bunker.

EMMA PEEL: That was an auspicious victory.

STEED: Reid thought is was suspicious.

EMMA PEEL:

It was a good idea of mine, don't you think? Knock Reid out of the tournament, throw him off balance and see what he does next. I wonder what he will do next.

MUSIC: OUT

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

END OF PART TWO

P A R T T H R E E

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Further bulletins will be issued in due course. In the meanwhile, no callers ... ooh! ... and no sudden movements.

EMMA PEEL: It was a near thing.

STEED: If it hadn't been for my trusty hat ...

EMMA PEEL: It really is on a height of pessimism to have a hat lined with chainmail.

STEED: Well, we solved the problem of what Mr Reid would do next. Ah! Any further amusing speculations?

EMMA PEEL: Yep. One. This. I found it in the staff office, along with a very large telescope. Look. Here's a lion, he's leo -- and here is a star that doesn't exist. It's not marked on any of the charts.

STEED: New star?

EMMA PEEL: Possibly. I put through a call Greenwich Observatory, they should know.

COLONEL: How are you old chap? I heard about that nasty little accident of yours. Still haven't discovered the darned fool who drove up without shouting 'fore'.

STEED: Don't worry about me, Colonel, I'm on the mend.

COLONEL: Well just the same, bad luck. You're due to play Adams this afternoon, aren't you?

STEED: Yes.

COLONEL: Oh, darned bad luck.

STEED: Why?

COLONEL: Well -- you'll scratch from the contest, of course. I mean, we can't expect you to give it your best when you've just ...

STEED: I'm not scratching, I'm itching to play.

WAVERSHAM: Oh, we can't allow that, old chap. I mean, after a nasty crack on the head like that, you're ...

STEED: I'm perfectly fit. I'll play. I'll just rest here, conserve my strength for the tee up. Ah!

COLONEL: As you say, old man. That's darned courageous of you.

WAVERSHAM: Have it your own way.

STEED: My game against Adams seems to concern quite a lot of people.

EMMA PEEL: And what's so important about three o'clock this afternoon anyway?

ADAMS: Two fifty-five, he's going to be late.

JACKSON: Relax -- if he is, he forfeits the game.

ADAMS: Suppose the game drags? Suppose we don't reach the thirteenth until after four o'clock?

JACKSON: You'll be there. Just play your usual game. You'll be there dead on four o'clock.

ADAMS: And Steed?

JACKSON: When you get to the twelfth hole -- make sure he putts down first. Hmm. Then he won't bother you again.

WAVERSHAM: This is for you, Mrs Peel. From Greenwich Observatory.

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Professor Minley?

PROFESSOR MINLEY: (THRU PHONE) Mrs Peel -- got the answer to your question. That star you pointed out, quite right, it isn't on any of the official charts. Neither is it a new star. (INTO PHONE) Actually it's Vostic Two.

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Vostic Two?

PROFESSOR MINLEY: (THRU PHONE) Yes, the latest satellite in orbit. (INTO PHONE) Of course the Americans are much more advanced in this field. Vostic Two can only handle one channel.

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Channel? What sort of channel?

PROFESSOR MINLEY: (INTO PHONE) Why, television, of course. It's a communications satellite.

JACKSON: Don't forget what I told you. The twelfth hole.

STEED: Doctor Adams, we get to play at last.

ADAMS: At last?

STEED: Well you are rather an elusive fellow, you know.

ADAMS: Tails.

STEED: Would you like to go first?

ADAMS: Er, yes.

STEED: Got you worried, eh? The game ahead?

ADAMS: (LAUGHS)

PROFESSOR MINLEY: (INTO PHONE) Of course it appeared on that chart because at the moment it is in orbit over this country, it has been for the past month. Today's the last day though.

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) I'm in Surrey at the moment, what time will the satellite be over today?

PROFESSOR MINLEY: (INTO PHONE) Passed over Surrey at twelve o'clock and it's due next at four o'clock this afternoon. And that's it final orbit.

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) So they start play at three, to be in position by four.

PROFESSOR MINLEY: (INTO PHONE) Sorry. What was that?

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Professor, if I wanted to use this satellite, what would I need?

PROFESSOR MINLEY: (INTO PHONE) Well, television transmission equipment and ... (THRU PHONE) ... full co-operation from the Vostic technicians.

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Thank you, Professor.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Fore!

STEED: That puts you one up. Still, things may change around about the thirteenth.

REID: Wait ...

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

REID: Had to bring her along, sir. She was going to spoil everything.

COLONEL: Well, well, welcome Mrs Peel. Do sit down. No, no, no, I'm afraid that seat's already occupied. Poor Mr Collins, you know. Haven't been able to dispose of him yet.

FX:

REID: How's Jackson doing sir?

COLONEL: Up periscope.

MUSIC: IN

COLONEL: Oh yes, an admirable job. Let's pull your chair a little closer, Mrs Peel, so that you can see. Just over there -- on the twelfth green. Well, what do you see?

EMMA PEEL: Jackson.

COLONEL: And what is he doing?

EMMA PEEL: He's putting something into the cup.

COLONEL: Yes, indeed he is. Indeed he is. Cheerful little device. Land mine, very sensitive. The weight of an ordinary golf ball will set it off. And er, coming towards the twelfth is er ... Adams will see to it that Steed putts down first of course, and er, then ... I'm afraid it'll damage the greens considerably.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

COLONEL: Admirable shot. It won't be long now.
(PAUSE) Well, Mrs Peel -- how do you like our little set-up?

EMMA PEEL: Am I supposed to like it?

COLONEL: (CHUCKLES) Admire then? Perfect, hmm? Not only can er, Doctor Adams tell his secrets, he can actually show how to apply them in the minutest detail. Beamed across the world by Vostic Two. Like standing side-by-side in the same laboratory, hmm? Ah, good afternoon.

MAN: Good afternoon. Is Doctor Adams ready?

COLONEL: There'll be a delay.

MAN: Delay?! You know the satellite moves out of orbit within an hour. This is our last chance to communicate direct.

COLONEL: Don't worry. It'll only be a slight delay.

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

FX: EXPLOSION

REID: Goodbye, Mr Steed.

STEED: That was a close one -- wasn't it?

MAN: We're very anxious to see Doctor Adams again. Our engineers need some clarification of the diagrams he gave us last time.

REID: Here's Doctor Adams now, sir.

COLONEL: Come in Doctor, we're waiting for you.

MAN: Look out -- behind you!

MUSIC: IN

FX: FIGHT/SHOUTS

STEED: Wrong stick!

FIGHT: CONTINUES

STEED: I'm on your side.

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN/OUT

STEED: How about finishing the game? What's your handicap?

EMMA PEEL: I thought you said it could be done in one.

STEED: It can. Give me a chance. I've got to get it lined up.

EMMA PEEL: Well, you've had plenty of practice.

STEED: It's a very tricky procedure.

FX:

STEED: It's a question of the wrist action.
(CHUCKLES)

EMMA PEEL: Lovely.

STEED: That's the secret.

TITLE MUSIC: IN

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ABC PRODUCTION

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

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