

SHOOTING SCRIPT

MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED

" THE AVENGERS "

"THE QUICK-QUICK-SLOW DEATH"

by BWS (19)

Robert Banks Stewart

MASTER 341

IN WHICH STEED HAS TWO LEFT FEET
AND ENMA DANCES WITH DANGER.

OCTOBER, 1965.

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Associated British Elstree Studios,
Boreham Wood,
Herts.

"THE AVENGERS"."THE QUICK-SHOCK-SLOW-DEATH".

- 1 -

FADE IN:

1. EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION) 1.

It is probably fairly early in the morning - because there is no-one around.

Then: into shot comes WILLI FEHR - the wrong side of forty, a powerful man now gone to sea. WILLI is pushing a large, Victorian pram or basinette - clothes swaddle the top and conceal the 'baby' from us.

WILLI is heading towards a phone booth - he reaches it - stops and:

CLOSE SHOT. We see him apply the brake of the pram.

WILLI now enters the phone booth - starts to put money in box.

During this action we see:

The brake of the pram starts to slip - the wheels start to turn.

The pram slowly begins to move - it stands on a steepening incline - and as it moves will gradually gather momentum.

WILLI, oblivious to this - is still trying to get through to his number - searching for change, dialing, etc.

The pram - starts to move faster now - gathering speed as it runs away from the phone booth until:

WILLI - just as he presses button A and is about to talk - glances off and becomes aware of the pram. He reacts - drops the phone - pushes the door open.

The pram - rocking now as it speeds down the incline towards a cross-roads or intersection.

WILLI - desperately gives chase - he appears to be gaining on the pram.

The pram - reaches the bottom of the incline - bumps off the kerb - and careers across the centre of the road.

At this moment - WILLI catches up with it - makes a flying dive to grab at the handle of the pram - just about touches it - then:

CLOSE UP. WILLI turns right into camera as - he hears violent HOOTING OF A HORN - SCREECH OF BRAKES.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

WILLI'S EYELINE - to a car or van rushing up at him - skidding to try and avoid him - but too late - for:

CLOSE UP. As WILLI is caught by the vehicle's bumper and knocked aside.

CONTINUED:

- 2 -

1. CONTINUED:

1.

CLOSE UP. THE PRAM - as WILLI'S hands are thrown clear of it - finally overturns.

WILLI - hits the road and lies still.

THE PRAM slowly tips up - and:

ANOTHER ANGLE - as the contents spill out - a MAN in full evening dress - sprawls out of the pram and into the road - he lies face up - across his 'dickey front' is a neat line of bullet holes. He is quite dead.

HOLD THIS.

(SCENES 2 - 9 DELETED)

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

THE QUICK-QUICK-SLOW DEATH.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

10. EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

10.

CLOSE-UP - ON A WEBLEY TARGET LAUNCHER. (This is a device made by Webley and sold at about £4 - it is held in the hand and uses a blank cartridge to loft empty beer cans about 60 feet into the air - where they can be used for practice by clay-pigeon shooters).

The launcher holds a can clearly labelled 'BEER' -

CONTINUED:

10. CONTINUED:

10.

even as we see it - the launcher is operated - and the beer hurtles up and OUT OF SHOT.

ANOTHER ANGLE

ON BEER CAN sailing up in the air.

CLOSE SHOT. TARGET LAUNCHER - as MAN'S HANDS quickly drop it back onto a bench - and pick up a shotgun nearby. PAN WITH SHOTGUN TO PICK UP STEED - pulling it in to his cheek - taking a snap shot at:

BEER CAN whirling through the air.

STEED - fires.

CLOSE-UP. BEER CAN - suddenly hit.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL STEED - he stands in the grounds of a country house - on the trestle bench nearby are a couple of shotguns, boxes of shot-gun shells - a line of beer cans - and a couple of target launchers.

STEED - picks up the second launcher - already charged with a beer can - again he launches it - drops it back - snatches up a shot gun - fires off at the can.

CLOSE-UP. BEER CAN - suddenly hit - starting to fall.

WHIP PAN DOWN TO:

CLOSE-UP. EMMA'S HANDS - as the beer can falls into them, and she neatly fields it.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL EMMA.

EMMA

Howzat!

She strolls closer - observes STEED reloading shotgun.

EMMA

Good morning, Steed.

STEED

'Morning, my dear - ^{mind} ~~are~~ ~~you~~ making yourself useful?

He indicates target launcher - EMMA takes it up - loads a beer can into it.

EMMA

Not at all. But you didn't get me out here to act as gun-bearer ...

She launches beer can.

STEED pulls gun to his shoulder.

STEED

No ...

(fires)
Someone I want you to meet.
(fires second
barrel)

(CONTINUED)

10. CONTINUED:

10.

STEED
(contd.)
Willi Fehr. Used to be a top
agent - but relegated now to
traffic control ...

EMMA
Traffic control ...?

She fires second target launcher.

STEED
Yes. For incoming spies.
(fires)
The man who makes the general
arrangements - sees to accommod-
ation, money, that sort of thing.

EMMA is loading target launchers again.

EMMA
Why should I meet him?

STEED
He had a little accident last
night - ran off the road - and
in the wreck of the car ... No,
not that one!

He is too late - EMMA has loaded and fired a beer can.
STEED sadly watches it (off) sailing away.

STEED
THAT was my lunchtime refreshment.

EMMA
Oh? Oh! You were saying - 'in
the wreck of the car' ...?

STEED
(still sad)
Hate to see good beer going into
orbit.
(back to the
subject)
They found a dead man in full
evening dress.

EMMA
(reacts)
And what does Mr. Willi Fehr say
about that?

STEED
Let's ask him, shall we?

He turns her towards the house - as they move towards it:

11. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

11.

CLOSE ON CAPTAIN NOBLE - a tough-looking Army
Captain - in uniform, wearing holstered revolver.

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

CAPTAIN

He just isn't saying anything.
Not a darned thing.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL WILLI FEHR sitting in a straight-backed chair - his head and arm bandaged. The room is utterly bare save for a wall phone, and a long table.

CAPTAIN is addressing STEED and EMMA who are regarding WILLI.

STEED

That's not like Willi. Not like him at all. Usually quite talkative. Isn't that so, Willi?

(smiles down

on WILLI)

Remember the old days, Willi - back and forth across the wall like a game of ping-pong ...

(sympathetically)

A bit of a come down from those days, eh? Making you do dreary old disposal work ...?

(gently urges)

Who was he, Willi? Who was the man you were supposed to dump? And why the evening dress ...?

WILLI merely stares back.

CAPTAIN

Of course, it could be delayed concussion.

STEED

(shakes head)

It's a case of good old-fashioned stubbornness, that's all.

EMMA

What about the dead man - where does he lead?

CAPTAIN leads them to the table where the evening dress is laid out.

CAPTAIN

Completely unknown to us - here's the suit he was wearing. Pockets were empty - all labels removed ... had been recently dry-cleaned.

STEED

No clues at all?

CAPTAIN

(shakes his head

- smiles)

Unless you count the fact that it didn't fit him properly.

(EMMA looks

questioningly)

The evening dress - not a perfect fit for the dead man.

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

EMMA

Then perhaps he hired it.

CAPTAIN

Possible. But where does that take us ...?

(shakes head)

No, our only hope of identifying him is this ...

He takes a photo from the table.

INSERT. PHOTO.

It shows a flowery design with EROS in the middle - and the name 'LUCILLE' across the bottom.

STEED and EMMA - look at the photo - then at CAPTAIN questioningly.

CAPTAIN

The only label they couldn't remove. It was tattooed on the dead man's arm.

STEED looks at EMMA - holds the photo out to her again.

12. INT. TATTOOIST'S SHOP. DAY.

12.

CLOSE ON matching design of Eros (with blank space for a name beneath) which is on display. OVER WE CAN HEAR THE WHIR OF A DRILL.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL small tattooist's shop - FINTRY, the tubby, jolly little tattooist is busy engraving a snake on the stomach of a pretty JELLY DANCER as he chatters away to EMMA - his conversation punctuated by the chatter of the drill.

FINTRY

Eros? Yes, that's it there - one of my most popular designs - comes right behind "I love ... who-ever-it-is" and "What is home without a mother's loving touch".

(sits back - muses)

A lovely thought, that is ...

"What is home without ..."

(brisk - back to work)

Of course, that's only good for the big ones - need plenty of room, you see ... tried to put it on a skinny one once ... disastrous ... ran out of space - so it finished up ... "What is home without a moth?" Ridiculous. Spoilt what should be a lovely sentiment.

(glances at EMMA)

What can I do for you, miss?

EMMA

Well, I ...

(CONTINUED)

12. CONTINUED:

12.

FINTRY

Engraved garter around your left leg? I enjoy doing those ...

EMMA

Well, actually I ...

FINTRY

No, no, you'd be rosebuds. Pretty pink rosebuds. One on each.

EMMA

(interjects)

Do you recognise this?

She thrusts photo under his nose. FINTRY pauses - squints at the photo. Then peers at EMMA.

FINTRY

You wouldn't be his wife?

(EMMA looks

questioningly)

That chap - one who had Lucille on his arm.

EMMA

No, I'm not his wife.

FINTRY

Ah! Pays to be cautious, you see. Very discreet business this. Knew a chap once - had to always keep his shirt on - in case his wife saw ...

EMMA

Then you DO recognise it?

FINTRY

Of course I do. That's my handiwork all right. Lucille with two L's. A mis-spelling can be very tricky in this business.

EMMA

And the man who had the tattoo - do you remember him too?

FINTRY

(nods)

Mr. Peever.

(eyes her)

Sure you won't indulge. There's a bird's eye view of Sydney I've always wanted to ...?

EMMA

What was Peever like?

FINTRY

(working again)

Funny little chap. Thinning hair, glasses. Middle-aged. Nervous. There!

(CONTINUED)

12. CONTINUED:

12.

He stops working - tenderly pats the belly of the BELLY DANCER - who wordlessly rises - tries out the snake tattooed on her belly - moving so that the snake writhes and wriggles. Then she turns and exits.

FINTRY gazes after her - smiles.

FINTRY

Lovely girl....lovely....

(suddenly)

He wasn't married.

EMMA

What?

FINTRY

Peever. Get to know a lot about people in this business.

(chuckles)

Get under their skin so to speak. Peever wasn't married - fairly sure of that. What's he done anyway?

EMMA

Done?

FINTRY

Well, asking so many questions about him - he must have done something.

EMMA

He was involved in an accident.

(eyes FINTRY)

What YOU might call - a write off?

13. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

13.

CLOSE ON CAPTAIN - pacing to and fro.

WILLI FEHR - feigning lethargy - watches the CAPTAIN from beneath lowered lids - he watches:

THE HOLSTERED GUN AT THE CAPTAIN'S BELT. Jiggling as the CAPTAIN paces.

Then WILLI's eyes go to:

THE WALL PHONE.

There is a knock at the door - the CAPTAIN moves to it - unlocks it - then reaches out beyond the door.

WILLI tenses - his eyes on the gun. Slowly he removes his tie. The CAPTAIN withdraws into the room with a tray of food - and, slightly hampered by it, he starts to struggle to relock the door.

WILLI gets to his feet.

CLOSE SHOT. CAPTAIN - locking the door - just straightening up - then suddenly - WILLI flips his tie around his neck and pulls - the tray of food crashes to the floor.

(CONTINUED:)

13. CONTINUED:

13.

The CAPTAIN, struggling under the tie - his hand claws down to his gun - he draws it.

WILLI holds on the pressure.

CLOSE UP. THE REVOLVER - in CAPTAIN'S HAND - as it jams against WILLI's side, and the trigger is pulled.

WILLI jerks under the impact of the shot, but tenaciously holds onto the tie until the CAPTAIN passes out - only then does he release him. CAPTAIN falls to the floor - WILLI - holding his wounded side, holds the wall for support - staggers to the phone.

Painfully he dials.

Then:

WILLI

(into phone)

Fehr ...

(sharper)

Willi Fehr! Listen ... had road accident ... they found ... Peever. Yes, all identification removed ... but ... we overlooked ... evening suit ... It was ...

(in great pain)

It was hired from Lichen and Co ...

Even as he says it - so his eyes glaze - he slides down the wall - lies still. The phone hangs limply.

14. INT. DRESS HIRE SHOP. DAY.

14.

An establishment along the lines of Moss Bros. There is a counter - various types of dress hire on show (ranging from evening wear to military No. 1's). Nearby is a row of curtained changing booths.

OPEN CLOSE ON HUGGINS - dressed, as are the other assistants in the shop, in Ascot wear - grey topper, morning suit, binoculars slung around his neck.

At the moment HUGGINS is holding up a suit of tails in dismay.

HUGGINS

Yes, this is definitely one of our suits - recognise the cut ...

(examines bullet

holes in jacket)

But dear me - his decorations must have been worn VERY clumsily - these holes, we'll never get those invisibly mended.

STEED

The hirer can't exactly be mended either.

HUGGINS

(reacts)

Sir ...?

(CONTINUED)

14. CONTINUED:

14.

STEED

Do you remember who he was?

HUGGINS

Oh, quite definitely ... fitted
him myself ...

(demonstrates
on suit)

Long in the arm - but short in the
leg - unusual combination ...

STEED

Who was he?

HUGGINS

(blankly)

Sir?

STEED

(patiently)

The man who hired this suit?

HUGGINS

Don't you know?! After all, you
are returning it, and with these
holes, I'm afraid we'll have to
keep his deposit.

STEED

The deposit is yours.

HUGGINS

I made it all quite clear to Mr.
Peever - if there's any damage,
I said, then you forfeit your
deposit ...

STEED

(interjects)

Peever!?

HUGGINS

Yes.

STEED

Do you have his address?

HUGGINS

It'll be in my book - but that
kind of information - strictly
confidential ...

STEED

Not between business associates
surely?

(HUGGINS reacts -

STEED becomes
confidential)

Baggy Pants Limited.

HUGGINS

Baggy Pa... !?

STEED

Shhh! Top secret work -
diplomatique corps only.

(CONTINUED)

14. CONTINUED:

14.

HUGGINS

But Baggy ...

STEED

Shh! You've seen pictures of
visiting Russian diplomats,
haven't you?

(HUGGINS nods -
a bit agog)

Well, where do you think they
get those terrible clothes from?

HUGGINS reacts - then points at STEED as though to
say 'you?' STEED gravely nods.

HUGGINS

I'll get Peever's address for you.

Awed - he hurries away, towards a door beyond the
changing booths.

HOLD ON STEED - eyeing some of the dress wear for
hire - trying on, and admiring himself in an
Admiral's hat.

ANOTHER ANGLE

HUGGINS - reappears from the door - holding a ledger -
starts along row of changing booths - then suddenly -
a curtain of them is drawn aside and:

~~IVOR~~ BRACEWELL

Excuse me ...

HUGGINS pauses - looks into changing booth at IVOR BRACEWELL -
a suave, smarmy, ziggle type - dressed in tails. His tie is
undone.

~~IVOR~~ BRACEWELL

(indicates tie)

Do you mind - never could manage
one of these things.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As HUGGINS nods - steps into changing booth - puts down
the ledger - moves to adjust ~~IVOR'S~~ tie. HOLD THEM
BOTH IN CLOSE TWO SHOT. ~~BRACEWELL~~

~~IVOR~~ BRACEWELL

Often thought of getting myself
one of those made-up ones.

HUGGINS

My goodness, sir - that would
never do - not at all ...

CLOSE TWO SHOT. BOTH MEN'S WAISTS. We see ~~BRACEWELL'S~~
HAND quietly slip a knife into view.

CLOSE TWO SHOT. ~~BRACEWELL~~ AND HUGGINS.

HUGGINS

(continues)

The mark of a real gentleman -
that he actually ties his tie.

(CONTINUED)

14. CONTINUED:

14.

HUGGINS

(contd.)

In fact there are some places
just will not allow you in
unless you are ...

He suddenly jerks - stops dead - his eyes open wide -
he stares at ~~READ~~ in horrified disbelief.
REACTS WITH

ANOTHER ANGLE

STEED - trying on another strange hat - then he frowns -
what is keeping HUGGINS - he turns towards the door -
just missing seeing ~~READ~~'s face - as ~~READ~~ strolls away
(not seeing STEED either).

There is no sign of HUGGINS - STEED shrugs - is about
to turn back to the hats again - when he reacts -
stares along the room to the changing booths.

STEED'S EYELINE - TO: CHANGING BOOTH - a MAN'S HAND
projects limply from under a curtain.

ZOOM IN CLOSE ON IT - HOLD IT - then STEED bends INTO
SHOT - jerks aside the curtain and stares at:

HUGGINS - crumpled face up on floor of changing booth -
a knife in his chest - and quite dead.

Lying across his body is the ledger - STEED picks it
up - opens it - sees that all the pages have been torn
out of it.

STEED grimly looks at HUGGINS again - HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

15. INT. DRESS HIRE SHOP. DAY.

15.

CLOSE UP. A GREY TOPPER.

PULL OUT. Two MEN are carrying out a stretcher bearing
HUGGINS - his body is covered over with a sheet - but
his elegant striped trousers, and shiny black pumps
protrude - on his chest resides the topper - there
is an air of ceremony about his departure.

REVEAL STEED - doffing his bowler in deference - and
nearby SYDER, another morning suited assistant,
doffs his topper.

SYDER

(shakes head)

Such a terrible thing - at Lichen's
too. We dress the entire nation

(CONTINUED)

15. CONTINUED:

15.

SYDER
(contd.)
you know ... why, without us,
Ascot Race Week would look like
a nudist's convention!

STEED nods sympathetically - gets back to the job in hand - touches the empty ledger - which resides on top of the returned evening suit.

STEED
This ledger was your only record?

SYDER
I'm afraid so, sir.
(messing about
with the suit)
Tut, tut, the condition of this
suit ...!

STEED
(thoughtfully)
Tell me - Mr. Peever had to leave
a deposit ...? Might he have paid
by cheque?

SYDER
Very likely, sir ...
(sharper)
And that would be on record.
If he DID pay by cheque, we'd
have the name of his bank.

STEED
Do you mind checking for me?

SYDER
Not at all, sir ... I'll ...

He reacts as a scrap of paper floats to the ground from the suit.

STEED
(reacts)
But the pockets were empty!

SYDER
All our suits have a gentleman's
secret pocket, sir ...
(he indicates pocket
in waistband)
It must have been in there.

STEED
(examines paper)
Hmm ... shoe repair ticket.

SYDER
(scans it)
For Piedi's ... no ordinary shoe
repair then.
(STEED looks
questioningly)
Well, Piedi's, sir! Everything
hand-made - must be one of the
smartest shoe shops in town!

STEED looks thoughtfully at the ticket:

16. INT. SHOE SHOP. DAY.

16.

CLOSE ON EMMA'S BARE FEET - her toes wriggling provocatively. A hand enters SHOT - begins to caress her feet.

PULL OUT. EMMA sits in a throne-like chair in the hushed and hallowed atmosphere of a tiny, but very exclusive shoe shop.

All around are casts of feet - drawings of feet - big toes, etc.

At the back of the area is a small door marked "CREATIVE WORK ROOM".

The man caressing EMMA's feet is PIEDI himself - about 40, slim, dark, sensual. Nearby stands BERNARD, a huge traditional cobbler in leather apron, who holds a bowl of plaster on top of a tray.

PIEDI

So pale, so slender, so exquisitely elegant ... they are a poem, Madame - they sing, they soar ...

EMMA

They're also terribly useful for walking on.

PIEDI

Ah - you make the mock! But it is true what I say ... such expressive feet - they talk to me.

(EMMA wriggles toes madly - PIEDI slaps them playfully)

Naughty little chatterboxes! Bernard!

BERNARD moves forward with the bowl of plaster - puts it on the floor.

PIEDI

I shall cherish them, I shall compose a shoe to them ... encase them in the softest leather, finely tooled, superbly sewn, devastatingly designed. I shall treat them with delicate care.

And with this he plops EMMA's feet into the bowl of plaster. EMMA reacts - PIEDI gazes up at her.

PIEDI

Piedi never measures - he moulds.
(gazes at her feet squiggling up and down in the bowl)
Adorable. Twin treasures! I am at your feet, Madame.

EMMA

(darkly)
So I notice.

17. TIGHT ON SIGN:

17.

"MULBERRY'S BANK LTD".

18. INT. BANK CUBICLE. DAY.

18.

TIGHT SHOT on barred grille in bank counter - BANK MANAGER is one side - STEED has to bend down to peer in the other - entire scene plays this way.

MANAGER

Yes, Arthur Peever had an account here.

STEED

Had? Then you know ...?

MANAGER

Yes. Sad.

STEED

Very sad.

MANAGER

Very, very sad.

STEED

Quite a shock?

MANAGER

Oh, shocking. Very shocking. When he came in here this morning and ...

STEED

This morning?

MANAGER

Of course. Walked right in and closed his account.
(shakes head)

Bad.

STEED

Very bad.

MANAGER

Very, very bad.

STEED

Did he give you a forwarding address?

MANAGER

Yes. Was a bit reluctant about that at first - but when I explained I have to send details of his balance and ...

STEED

Do you have the address?

MANAGER

(nods - produces paper)

Care of Purbright & Co. Mackidockie Street.

19. EXT. STREET. DAY. (LOCATION)

19.

CLOSE ON SIGN: "MACKIDOCKIE STREET".

(CONTINUED)

18. INT. BANK GRILLES. DAY.

18.

BANK MANAGER is one side of a line of four grille openings - STEED the other. The MANAGER is counting and checking piles of money throughout - a pile at each grille - his movements are quick and sharp like a bird - he flits from grille to grille - STEED - on the other side - pursues him from grille to grille. The entire scene is punctuated in this manner.

MANAGER

Yes, Arthur Pesver had an account here.

STEED

Had? Then you know....?

MANAGER

Yes. Sad.

STEED

Very sad.

MANAGER

Very, very sad.

STEED

Quite a shock?

MANAGER

Oh, shocking. Very shocking. When he came in here this morning and....

STEED

This morning?

MANAGER

Of course. Walked right in and closed his account.
(shakes head)

Bad.

STEED

Very bad.

MANAGER

Very, very bad.

STEED

Did he give you a forwarding address?

MANAGER

Yes. Was a bit reluctant about that at first - but when I explained I have to send details of his balance and...

STEED

Do you have the address?

MANAGER

(nods - produces paper)
Care of Furbright & Co. Mackidockie Street.

19. EXT. STREET. DAY. (LOCATION)

19.

CLOSE UP SIGN: "MACKIDOCKIE STREET".

(CONTINUED:)

19. CONTINUED:

19.

PULL OUT to REVEAL STEED passing by with a glance - then moving to a tall, dreary looking office block.

He pauses - consults a notice board outside - it bears names of several companies - and, right at the top: "PURBRIGHT & CO - Ninth Floor".

STEED enters the building.

20. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

20.

CLOSE ON DOOR - marked "PURBRIGHT & CO."

PULL OUT - it is one of several doors in a shabby, bare corridor.

PICK UP STEED as he arrives at far end of corridor - moves along - inspecting the doors - he stops at 'PURBRIGHT & CO' - in the letter-box some envelopes are protruding.

STEED raps on the door with his umbrella - pause - no answer - he raps again - no answer - so STEED tries the door - the handle turns - but the door is stiff - STEED pushes it - then gives it a real shove with his shoulder - and STEED bursts through to:

Steed loses his bowler

CLOSE UP. STEED'S FACE as he reacts to:

21. EXT. EMPTY SITE. DAY. (LOCATION)

21.

STEED'S EYELINE - the other side of the door is nothing - but a sheer drop down to a building site far below. His bowler spinning down to the ground below.

22. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

22.

STEED - with sky background seen through open door beyond - clinging to the door - fighting to get his feet back onto terra firma in the corridor. At last he manages it - gets back into corridor - gazes down again at:

23. EXT. EMPTY SITE. DAY. (LOCATION)

23.

STEED'S EYELINE DOWN TO the dizzy drop below.

24. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

24.

STEED mops his brow in relief - pulls the door to again - regains his composure a little.

25. INT. SHOT SHOP. DAY.

25.

CLOSE SHOT. EMMA'S FEET firmly encased in hard plaster cast now. A tiny golden hammer and chisel enter SHOT.

PULL OUT as PIEDI delicately breaks the cast into two roughly equal halves.

(CONTINUED)

25. CONTINUED:

25.

EMMA wriggles her toes in relief.

PIEDI

An excellent cast - a truly beautiful reproduction, right down to the tiniest toenail! Bernard!

He hands the casts to BERNARD.

PIEDI

We will now pour in wax - and soon, you shall have two pairs of feet. Those attached to your legs - and a duplicate pair for me ... from which to make shoes which will be like puffs of air upon your feet.

He is helping EMMA to her feet, having put her shoes on.

PIEDI

And now, Madams ... is there anything else I can do for you? Slippers for the boudoir? Wellington boots in the kinkiest black ...?

EMMA

I'd like to collect these ...

She hands PIEDI a ticket - he frowns at it.

PIEDI

A repair?

EMMA

For Mr. Peever. You do know Mr. Peever don't you - right down to his tiniest toenail?

PIEDI has opened a cupboard - to produce some patent leather pumps with tag on them.

PIEDI

It saddens me to admit it - but these shoes were not specially fitted.

(sighs)

Even the craftsman must corrupt his standards on occasion. These were part of a job lot we delivered - all of different sizes.

EMMA

A job lot for whom?

PIEDI

A team of dancers.

(EMMA reacts)

Ballroom dancers - you know, men in tails - women in tulle and sequins - and all of them thrashing

(CONTINUED)

25. CONTINUED:

25.

PIEDI
(contd.)
their poor arches to destruction -
doing IRREPARABLE damage to their
extremities.

EMMA
This team of dancers - where do
they come from?

PIEDI
Terpsichorean Training Techniques ...

26. EXT. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY. (LOCATION)

26.

CLOSE ON NOTICE in glass frame - it bears a motif of
two pairs of shoes (men's and women's) close together
- and the name: "TERPSICHOREAN TRAINING TECHNIQUES
inc" - and pasted across it - "DANCE INSTRUCTRESS
WANTED" Dance diagrams decorate the floor - and, in one instance, continue
up the wall.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL EMMA looking at the notice - then
moving to enter doorway of the dance school building.

SOUND CUT AHEAD OF VISION AS:

27. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

27.

LUCILLE'S VOICE (off)
Slow, slow, quick, quick, slow!

And suddenly the strains of dance music - a cod
pastiche of Victor Sylvester.

OPEN CLOSE ON DISPLAY - bearing two pairs of shoes
facing each other - men's and women's.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL a smallish, baroque foyer - with
doors leading off on either side.

EMMA has entered - she stands, listening to music -
and gazing at signs: "DANCING FEET ARE HAPPY FEET".
"TANTALISING TERPSICHOREAN TECHNIQUES TAUGHT".
"STRICT TEMPO OBSERVED". "TRY IT - THE LATIN
AMERICAN WAY!"

LUCILLE'S VOICE (off)
Lead, lead, back, back, lead ...

EMMA traces the sound of music and voice to the
studio door - she pushes it open - enters.

~~28. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.~~

~~28.~~

~~Large, more or less bare save for a baroque display
piece - all columns and angels, etc. at one end.~~

~~Placed near this display is a MAN - conducting the
music - as we PULL OUT FROM HIM - we see that he is
'conducting' a large horn gramophone.~~

~~(CONTINUED)~~

- 12 -

22. CONTINUED:

28.

The music is coming from a large horn gramophone.

NICKI, a slim, pretty dance instructress - is dancing with a CHUBBY MAN who is very heavy on his (and her) feet.

LUCILLE BANKS supervises the instruction - she is a glamorous, if slightly hard, blonde of about 30 - clearly SHE is in charge because she wears a flowing white robe - like the Goddess of the Muse - with shades of Isidora Duncan - certainly Grecian.

LUCILLE

Slow, slow, quick, quick - and back - lead - turn - and back and swing those feet and watch that balacne, and up, up UP on our toes and... round and round and..Oh!

This as CHUBBY MAN spins round - loses grip of NICKI - whirls to the door, and ends up embracing....EMMA.

CHUBBY MAN

Oh dear, I AM sorry - so sorry....do beg your pardon.

LUCILLE

(Steps forward)

Yes, well....perhaps you had better sit down for a moment or two.

CHUBBY MAN nods, retires to the background with NICKI. LUCILLE faces up to EMMA - smiles - extends her hand.

LUCILLE

I am Miss Banks - the principal here - can I help you....?

EMMA

I hope so - Peel - Mrs. Emma Peel.....

LUCILLE

(interjects)

And you wish to train to trip the terpsichorean light fantastic...? Well, Mrs. Peel, I can assure you I....

EMMA

Actually I want a job.

LUCILLE reacts - her manner changes - she is dealing with a menial.

LUCILLE

Indeed?

EMMA

Yes, I saw you were advertising for an instructress, and I thought perhaps... if the post were still vacant...

LUCILLE

My dear - you're very tall - could be a disadvantage - well, we'll put you to the test, shall we?

At this moment the door opens.

LUCILLE

Ah! Iver...just in time....

EMMA looks at: IVOR BRACEWELL - as silly as ever - lightly sneering his thin mustache as he drunkenly eyes EMMA.

CONTINUED:

28. CONTINUED:

28.

LUCILLE

This is Mrs. Peel....Ivor Bracewell...our senior male tutor. Take Mrs. Peel around the floor will you?

BRACEWELL

With pleasure.

He extends his hands - EMMA hesitates - then quickly slips into his arms and...they begin to dance. LUCILLE looks on.

LUCILLE

Yes, you move quite well...have you had much experience?

EMMA

(dancing)

Only the most practical kind...My father....

(whirls around)

...he entertained a good deal...a preponderance of heavy...elderly gentlemen...It was important that I

(whirls around)

made them FEEL as though they could dance.

LUCILLE

I see...(claps hands) Yes, that will do.

BRACEWELL & EMMA stop dancing.

LUCILLE

I'll give you a chance to show what you can do, Mrs. Peel, we'll give you a week's trial.

(claps hands)

Nicki. Show Mrs. Peel around the establishment.

(to EMMA)

We will see how you shape up by the end of the week.

EMMA nods, smiles - turns to exit with NICKI.

LUCILLE gazes after her then:

BRACEWELL

I'd say she shapes up pretty well.

LUCILLE meets his oily grin.

BRACEWELL

Per..retty well.

29. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

29.

NICKI and EMMA stand in the 'office area' of foyer - by reception desk covered with brochures.

NICKI

We're expected to take six pupils each per day - one hour session each. It isn't hard work - so long as you have unlimited energy, the constitution of an ox - and cast iron feet!

EMMA

It's as bad as that?

CONTINUED:

29. CONTINUED:

29.

At this moment, a door opens and CHESTER READ appears - he is an ageing bandleader - once slim and aquiline, but now running to seed - but still putting on a veneer, a facade - but...he is a drinker.

NICKI

Afternoon, Mr. Reed.

READ focusses her blearily.

READ

(slurred)

Afternoon.

NICKI

This is Mrs. Peel - she's just joined us.

READ

(slurred)

Howdoyoudo.....

He moves on - exits through another door.

NICKI

Chester Read. Our pet band leader....
(confidentially)

He drinks too much.

(brighter)

Dance Night's our busiest day - every week or two they hold a dance for all our budding pupils - WE finally limp away about midnight... and Lucille sees to it that we don't rest for one mc....

EMMA

Lucille:?

NICKI

Miss Banks. LUCILLE Banks..Oh, oh!

This, as a mousey looking MAN enters.

NICKI

(whispers)

Our prize toe-crusher.

Well, you have to start somewhere - might as well be him.

(puts on a patent smile)

Well, well, well - good afternoon.

MAN

Good afternoon.

NICKI

You are looking debonair today.

MAN simpers and blushes.

NICKI

And just in time to meet our latest instructress.
An unrivaled expert in Latin-American.

(EMMA reacts - NICKI adds sotto voce)

He won't know the difference.

(smiles)

May I present Miss Peel....

Mr. Arthur Peever.

CONTINUED:

29. CONTINUED:

29.

EMMA has smile and hand extended - but she stops dead - reacting to the name.

HOLD EMMA & PEEVER.

FADE OUT:

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

FADE IN:

30. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

30.

INSERT: PHOTO OF PEEVER - obviously a candid camera shot.

PULL OUT. STEED holds photo - EMMA nearby.

EMMA
(indicates photo)
Thinning hair - timid - mousey

STEED
And there's a superficial
resemblance to the man we
found in the car.

EMMA
So it seems we have TWO Arthur
Peevers. One dead

STEED
And one learning to swing a
dainty shoe....

EMMA
Trouble is - which is - or was -
the real one? What do you think,
Captain....?

PULL OUT - REVEAL CAPTAIN nearby - wearing ridiculously
thick bandage around his throat - he reacts - talks
animatedly - but all we hear is a series of wheezes
and gasps.

STEED
Must forgive him - a slight
tightness of the throat.
(brisker - waves
photo)
Well, this will help -- I'll
let the bank manager have a
look at it... Good idea, don't
you think, Captain?

CAPTAIN talks - wheezes and gasps again.

(CONTINUED)

30. CONTINUED:

30.

STEED

Knew you'd agree.
(turns to EMMA)
And you, my dear - better get
back to your pupils - and be
quick, quick slow about it.

EMMA

I intend to ... and do my
Cinderella bit.
(produces shoe)
This was made for Arthur Peever...
and if the shoe fits....!
(smiles at CAPTAIN)
Good day, Captain.

CAPTAIN talks again - wheezes and gasps unintelligibly.
EMMA smiles and nods - waves the shoe as she exits.

31. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

31.

Empty - then EMMA appears - moves to door marked:
GENTLEMEN'S LOCKER ROOM. EMMA glances about her - then
knocks loudly on the door - no answer - so she slips
inside, carrying pair of pumps.

32. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

32.

Merely a corridor of lockers. EMMA appears - moves
along until she finds that marked "PEEVER" She opens
it - puts the pair of shoes inside - closes the door -
then turns - reacts as she finds READ right beside her -
he holds a glass in one hand - a bottle in the other -
he is slightly tight.

READ

Out of your territory, aren't
you?

EMMA

Oh! I ... I got lost I'm
afraid - took the wrong door.
I'm new here.

READ

Yes, I know. I know you're
new.

He regards her for a long moment - then pours a drink.

READ

Read - Chester Read. I conduct
the band here.
(tosses drink down)
That's if we had a band.
"Musical director of Terpsichorean
Training Techniques" ... "Inc"..
hic!
(He hiccups)
Like a little drink?

EMMA

(backs up)
No thank you.

(CONTINUED)

- 20 -

31. INT. FOYER. DAVID SCHYLL. DAY.

31.

As EMMA enters, pumps in hand - then hastily thrusts them behind her as READ appears - crossing from door to door in foyer - lurching slightly - EMMA nods pleasantly at him - he pauses - tries to fix her with a bleary eye - cannot focus - gives up - moves on - exits.

Only now does EMMA again bring pumps into view - moves to door marked "GENTLEMEN'S LOCKER ROOM". EMMA glances about her - then raps heavily on the door - no answer - she slips inside.

32. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

32.

Merely a corridor of lockers. EMMA appears - moves along until she finds locker marked "PLEEVEY" - she opens it - puts the pumps inside - closes the door - turns - then reacts to find BRACEWELL right beside her.

BRACEWELL

Out of your territory, aren't you?

EMMA

Oh..I...got lost. Took the wrong door I'm afraid.....

BRACEWELL

'Little girl lost'.....

He suddenly grips her arm - pulls her towards him - EMMA resists.

BRACEWELL

(smiles)

I'm only going to lead you back where you belong.

EMMA

I can find my own way thank you.

She moves - but BRACEWELL bars the way - leering at her.

BRACEWELL

Pays to be nice to me.

EMMA

I'll remember that.

She again moves - around a locker - but again BRACEWELL bars the way.

BRACEWELL

Starting now.

He is about to make another grab - but EMMA is faster - she suddenly leans against, or pushes a locker door - slamming it shut on - BRACEWELL'S hand - he howls with pain - grips his hand.

EMMA

(innocently)

Oh, my goodness, Mr. Bracewell - I DO hope I haven't hurt you.

BRACEWELL

(very angry)

Don't think you can monkey me around.
I'm important...you're important.
You'll treat me with respect or.....

He lunges towards her - but:

CONTINUED:

32. CONTINUED:

32.

LUCILLE (OFF)

Ivor:

He stops dead - turns as LUCILLE hurries up.

LUCILLE

Mrs. Peel - I believe you have a pupil awaiting tuition.....

EMMA

Yes, Miss Banks I was just....

LUCILLE

(interjects coldly)

Please attend to it.

EMMA

Yes, Miss Banks.

She moves away - exits - and as soon as the door closes:

LUCILLE - strikes BRACEWELL across the face.

LUCILLE

Foell:

BRACEWELL

Lucille, I....

She strikes him again.

LUCILLE

I've told you before - keep away from the girls!

(simmers down)

What was she doing in here anyway?

BRACEWELL

Huh? I dunno....in one of the lockers I think.

LUCILLE

Which one?

BRACEWELL frowns - then shrugs - LUCILLE'S eyes narrow as she gazes off after Emma.

33. INT. BANK CUBICLES, DAY.

33.

As before - scene is played with MANAGER moving along line of grilles - STEED moving on the other side - entire scene is punctuated this way. MANAGER is frowning at photo of PEEVER.

CONTINUED:

32. CONTINUED:

32.

READ

I only had one - maybe two

LUCILLE

With you - two is too much!
What was she doing in here?

READ

(drunkenly)

Huh?

LUCILLE

Mrs. Peel - what was she doing?

READ

I dunno ... in one of the
lockers I think ...

LUCILLE

Which one?

READ shrugs. HOLD LUCILLE - her eyes narrow as she
surveys lockers - then turns to gaze off after EMMA.

33. INT. BANK CUBICLE. DAY.

33.

As before - scene is played with STEED and BANK MANAGER
crouched either side of a grill. MANAGER is frowning
at photo.

MANAGER

Yes, that's him.

STEED

You're sure?

MANAGER

Very sure.

STEED

Very, very sure?

MANAGER

Positive. That is Arthur Peever.

STEED

(disappointed)

I see.

MANAGER

Yes, never forget a face - and
despite the fact I only met him
once, my memory has never yet
failed me....

STEED

(reacts)

You only met him once!?

MANAGER

Naturally - the day he came
in to close his account.

HOLD ON STEED's reaction.

34. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

34.

CLOSE ON CAPTAIN - wheezes and gasps.

STEED (OFF)

So he could STILL have been
an imposter.

PULL OUT as CAPTAIN wheezes and nods - to REVEAL STEED.

STEED

After all - the bank may have
been dealing with the REAL Arthur
Peever - and it was a fake one
who closed the account.

CAPTAIN nods - wheezes - goes into long gasping,
unintelligible conversation.

STEED

Just yes or no would be more
practical, Captain. Did you
call, Mrs. Peel?

CAPTAIN nods and wheezes.

STEED

Get the address of that tattooist
from her?

CAPTAIN nods and wheezes - produces paper.

STEED

(takes paper)
Good-~~U~~see what he makes of the
photograph.

He moves to door - then stops at a sudden thought -
looks back at CAPTAIN.

STEED

Of course, it may be a trade
secret ... but when you phoned
Mrs. Peel ... how did you ...
er ...?

CAPTAIN purses his lips - starts to whistle Morse dots
and dashes. STEED stares at him as though he is a
raving nut.

35. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

35.

CLOSE ON HORN GRAMOPHONE belting out cod Sylvester
music.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL EMMA and NICKI - each dancing with
LARGE MEN - clumsy men. HOLD THEM A MOMENT - as long
as the partners are gazing into their faces - EMMA and
NICKI are smiling - but every so often they catch sight
of each other over the backs of their partners and
grimace - we realise the two HEAVY MEN are killing
them.

NICKI

Why, you're making enormous
improvement, Mr. Wattikins ...
so light on your feet.....

(CONTINUED)

35. CONTINUED:

35.

NICKI
(sotto voce
to EMMA)
He's murdering mine.
(as partner's face
turns to hers)
That's right - back - back -
back....

The music ends - EMMA and NICKI gratefully stop.

NICKI
I think I need a bone graft.

But EMMA is gazing elsewhere - as CHUBBY MAN, PEEVER
and LUCILLE enter.

LUCILLE
(to HEAVY MEN)
Right gentlemen ... another
delightful session finished?
Run along then and we'll see
you both again tomorrow.

HEAVY MEN nod - start to exit - LUCILLE turns to CHUBBY
MAN and PEEVER.

LUCILLE
And are we ready, girls - for
our next delightful session?

NICKI
So soon ...?

LUCILLE
Ah, ah ... do I detect a teeny
note of discontent in the camp ...
certainly not ... she is teasing
you, gentlemen ... you are her
favourite pupils.

EMMA's eyes have not left the pumps PEEVER carries in
his hand.

LUCILLE
Mrs. Peel

EMMA
Yes, Miss Banks

LUCILLE
You will partner ... Mr. Marsh ...
Fox-trot - rhumba and black
bottom.

NICKI
(sotto voce)
Watch out for flying glass!

CHUBBY MAN leers in anticipation.

LUCILLE
And you, Mr. Peever.....

She turns - reacts now as she sees PEEVER trying to
pull his shoes on. EMMA has noticed this too.

(CONTINUED)

35. CONTINUED:

35.

LUCILLE looks from EMMA to PEEVER - then quickly:

LUCILLE

Ah - naughty, Mr. Peever...!

She literally snatches the shoes from him - he is startled.

LUCILLE

I've warned you before....

(waves the shoes)

Nails protruding ... you'll
absolutely RUIN our beautifully
sprung floor...

PEEVER

(startled)

Oh...I...I'm sorry

LUCILLE

Come along - we'll get you
another pair....

Shoes in hand - she urges PEEVER to the door - then glances back - at EMMA who has watched the scene with some chagrin.

LUCILLE

Get on with the lesson, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA has no option - she turns to meet CHUBBY MAN's face - he is shaking ludicrously.

CHUBBY MAN

Ai, ai, ai...rhumba...ai, ai,
ai...rhumba...!

Resignedly - EMMA takes him in her arms..

36. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

36.

CLOSE ON PUMPS - being pulled onto PEEVER's feet -
PULL OUT to REVEAL PEEVER and LUCILLE.

LUCILLE

There - do they fit all right,
Mr. Peever?

He smiles - nods - then leans over to lace the shoes up - as he does this, his sleeve rides up his arm. LUCILLE reacts - bends forward - pushing his sleeve higher to look at his arm (off screen or concealed).

PEEVER

What is it?

LUCILLE

Nothing you need bother about.

She turns - moves to exit.

DELETE SCENE 36 on PAGE 28.

36. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

36.

As PEEVER enters with LUCILLE - and, with a startling change of manner;

PEEVER

Neit, skeindovski, bulsomani...!!?

LUCILLE

(interjects)

English! I've told you...speak only, only
English here.

PEEVER

What was that all about?

LUCILLE

Nothing that need bother you...
You're just Arthur Peever remember?
A quiet little Englishman...change into
these and get back there....

She has taken down some new pumps - hands them to him - PEEVER gazes at her - then shrugs and grunts - starts to pull on the pumps. As he does so - his sleeve rides up - LUCILLE reacts to his arm - then suddenly she whirls around and is gone.

PEEVER reacts.

37. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

37.

BRACEWELL, admiring himself in mirror is dancing along - humming softly - going through a complicated dance step or two.

LUCILLE barges out into him.

LUCILLE

Get hold of the Commander - it's urgent -
very urgent!

BRACEWELL

What's up?

LUCILLE

The tattoost - we forgot about the tattoost!

BRACEWELL reacts.

DELETE SCENE 37. AT TOP OF PAGE 29.

37. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

37.

READ is sprawled at the desk - feet up on it - LUCILLE appears - pushes his feet off the desk - this brings him to his senses with a start. He stares at her - she bends close.

LUCILLE

You've got to contact the
Commander - there's something
we've overlooked - something
very important.

38. INT. TATTOOIST'S SHOP. DAY.

38.

FINTRY, the tattooist, has a huge garlic sausage in front of him - he is tattooing a design on it.

The shop bell rings behind him.

FINTRY

Come in, come in....

UNKNOWN MAN hoves into view behind him.

FINTRY

Mind holding on a moment?
Little fad of mine - garlic
sausage - helps keep my hand
in when business is slack ...
VE..RY delicate touch needed -
one false move and the skin is
torn.....

The UNKNOWN MAN leans one hand alongside FINTRY - leans it on the bench - FINTRY glances sideways - reacts as he sees:

On the UNKNOWN MAN'S WRIST is clearly tattooed a rose.

FINTRY reacts - puts the drill down.

FINTRY

Oh ... that's nice - not my
work of course, but I can
always appreciate another
craftsman's endeavours and....

He stops dead - as INTO SHOT the UNKNOWN MAN's other hand lifts a silenced pistol.

FINTRY stares at it - then reacts - but too late.

SILENCED PISTOL barks out once -

FINTRY - is hurled to one side.

UNKNOWN MAN's FEET move away and out of the shop - we hear the shop bell tinkle.

PAN TO: TATTOOIST'S DRILL - still whirring away - jerking and jumping on the end of its cord.

PAN AWAY TO: FINTRY - mortally wounded - he stirs - then weakly raises his head - stares at the drill - painfully drags himself towards it - then he manages to grasp it - and as he prepares to use it:

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

39. INT. TATTOOIST'S SHOP. DAY.

39.

CLOSE ON DRILL - hanging, jerking on the cord again - still whirring.

We hear shop bell - then PULL OUT as STEED enters.

STEED

Shop!

He pauses - looks around - frowns at the drill - moves to switch it off - and the silence is profound - he glances around - then reacts as he sees foot projecting from behind the work bench.

STEED moves around it - finds FINTRY flat on his face - he turns him over - FINTRY's eyes are staring - he is dead.

STEED now reacts as he sees that, clasped in FINTRY's HAND - not unlike a corpse holding lilies - is the huge garlic sausage.

Wonderingly, STEED takes it from FINTRY's HAND - examines it - then reacts to:

A message tattooed along the sausage. It reads: KILLER HAS ROSE TATTOO ON RIGHT WRIST".

STEED studies this - then paces away - huge sausage in hand.

40. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

40.

CLOSE ON CHUBBY MAN - seated - looking up hopefully as EMMA moves towards him with tea on tray - but she moves right past him and sits next to PEEVER.

EMMA

May I offer you some refreshment, Mr. Peever?

PEEVER

You're most kind.

EMMA

Nonsense - part of my job - besides - I want to get to know you better.

(PEEVER reacts)

Well, if we are to be seeing quite a lot of each other in the future....

PEEVER

I regret - that will not be the case, Mrs. Peel.

(EMMA reacts)

I shall soon be passing out.

(CONTINUED)

40. CONTINUED:

40.

EMMA

I beg your pardon?

PEEVER

I am within a 'fish-tail' of receiving my diploma in ballroom dancing - when I have that, I shall have no further need to attend classes...I shall pass on, Mrs. Peel...and we will not meet again.

He peers at her - EMMA, vaguely disturbed, studies his face.

PEEVER

Excuse me.

He moves away - EMMA gazes after him - then NICKI enters shot.

NICKI

Put them above your head.

(EMMA reacts)

Those poor abused feet - if you put them up in the air it soothes them to such an extent that the agony is only excruciating!

EMMA

(thoughtfully)

Nicki...Mr. Peever was telling me that he'll be receiving his diploma soon.

NICKI

That's right.

EMMA

But I'VE danced with him - IF dancing is the word...

NICKI

I know - he's terrible.

EMMA

Then why the diploma...?

NICKI

(leans back)

Good for business I suppose. Take their money - a few lessons - hand them a diploma ... and another satisfied customer.

(frowns)

Funny though - how Lucille hands out those diplomas....

EMMA

What's funny?

NICKI

It isn't everyone who gets one. Just the selected few - diploma in hand and...

(gestures)

he disappears.

(CONTINUED)

40. CONTINUED:

40.

EMMA
Disappears?

NICKI
(casually)
Well, as far as we're concerned -
I never knew one come back yet.

EMMA is about to pursue the point - but at this moment -
door opens and LUCILLE enters airily.

LUCILLE
Here we have our most EXCLUSIVE
dance studio - with a beautifully
sprung floor - and fully trained
instructresses in attendances at
all times...you can see just how
well equipped we are, Mr. Steed.

EMMA reacts - spins round to find LUCILLE showing STEED
the place. He meets her eyes.

STEED
You are indeed - fully equipped.

LUCILLE
Right - well now, we can take
some particulars.... *

INSERT

During this scene - READ appears - fairly tipsy - staggering
past in mock dignity. STEED, while answering LUCILLE'S
questions - watches READ go past - LUCILLE, embarrassed,
ignores the entire incident.

41. INT. FOYER.

STEED seated one side of desk - LUCILLE the other.

LUCILLE
(filling in form)
Jonathan Steed. A fine old
English name.

STEED
Came over with the Vikings -
they were between raids and
discovering America at the
time.

LUCILLE
Then you are British by birth?

STEED
Birth, nature and inclination...
love the Old Country...although
I haven't spent much time here
of late - been abroad you know.

LUCILLE
Just recently returned?

STEED
A week ago.

LUCILLE
To...er...see your family....

(CONTINUED)

41. CONTINUED:

41.

STEED

I regret - I have no family....

LUCILLE

Still...you must have many
friends here...

STEED

(shakes head)
Afraid I've lost touch.

LUCILLE studies him intently.

LUCILLE

And you wish to learn to dance?

STEED

Brush up more than anything...
once upon a time I swung a
rather elegant shoe...but I'm
fearfully rusty now.

LUCILLE

If you will forgive me, Mr.
Steed - isn't your motive
deeper than that?
(He looks
questioningly)
You come here hoping to make
friends...You are a lonely man?

STEED

Abysmally. I don't have a
friend in the world.

LUCILLE reacts - she is pleased.

LUCILLE

(rises)

Many of my clients are in the
same boat - and I like to feel
that I - that my little
establishment - offers them
some solace - a chance to mix -
to make new acquaintances....

(extends hand)

I trust you will be happy
joining our little group,
Mr. Steed - you may have
your first lesson whenever
is convenient....

STEED

Why not right now?

LUCILLE

Very well ... I'll make the
necessary arrangements...if
you'll excuse me....

LUCILLE exits through one of the several doors.

Slight pause - during which STEED frowns at and reacts
to the various notices scattered around - then dance
studio door opens - ENMA appears - moves to STEED.

(CONTINUED)

DELETE FINAL PARAGRAPH OF DIRECTIONS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE 33.

41. CONTINUED:

41.

A pause STEED takes the opportunity to study the notices around the foyer. The dance diagram running up the wall intrigues him then suddenly: READ appears again - still rolling crossing the room - a classic drunk - he catches STEED'S eye this time.

READ
(nods slurred)

Good....afternoon.....

He more or less collapses through a door.

STEED
(intrigued)

Good afternoen.

Then dance studio door opens - EMMA appears moves to STEED.

CONTINUED:

41. CONTINUED:

41.

EMMA

What are you doing here?

STEED

Looking for a killer with a
rose tattoo.

EMMA

What!?

STEED produces the huge garlic sausage - hands it to
EMMA.

STEED

Read it - then destroy it.

EMMA reads the sausage - then looks at STEED.

EMMA

Destroy...?

LUCILLE appears at door again.

LUCILLE

Mr. Steed.

STEED

(sotto voce
to EMMA)

Eat it.

(beams at LUCILLE)

Yes, dear lady.

He moves to LUCILLE, who, taking his arm, leads him
towards dance studio.

LUCILLE

I have decided to undertake
your tuition myself -
personally....

They exit into dance studio - leaving EMMA staring at
the garlic sausage.

42. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

42.

STEED and LUCILLE dancing back and forth.

LUCILLE

(conversationally)

I'm surprised you are still a
bachelor, Mr. Steed ... er ...
you ARE still a bachelor?

STEED

Yes. Oh, there was a girl
once...

(shakes head sadly)

...but alas...she is no more....

LUCILLE

(deep sympathy)

She...passed away tragically....

(CONTINUED)

42. CONTINUED:

42.

STEEED
Eaten by a crocodile...!
(LUCILLE reacts)
One of those Amazonion treks.

43. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

43.

EMMA - sans sausage now - moves towards studio door -
when:

BERNARD (OFF)
Psst! Is the coast clear!?

EMMA turns - reacts as she sees BERNARD, from the shoe
shop standing there - large parcel in hand. She reacts
to him - he frowns at her.

BERNARD
Where's Nicki?

EMMA
Not here at the moment...I'll
fetch her...

BERNARD
No...just see she gets this...
(hands over parcel)
Seen you before somewhere,
haven't I?

EMMA
I don't think so.

BERNARD
Sure I've seen you before....

He studies her for a moment - then shrugs.

BERNARD
Hand it to Nicki - no one
else see?

He moves to the door - pauses to glance back at her.

BERNARD
Very familiar.

He exits.

EMMA now regards the parcel - looks around her - then
tears some of the paper - and reveals several pairs
of shiny new dancing pumps.

NICKI (OFF)
Not in here!

EMMA spins round - sees that NICKI has appeared from
a door - now hastily moves to take the parcel and
urge EMMA to the locker room door.

NICKI
Mustn't open that in here...
if Lucille saw....

She urges EMMA into locker room.

44. INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

44.

EMMA & NICKI enter - NICKI loses her agitation - opens parcel - examines the shoes - proceeds to unlock a locker - carefully puts them inside.

NICKI
I suppose Bernard told you
about our little arrangement?

EMMA
No.

NICKI looks at her for a moment - then:

NICKI
Oh, well ... suppose you'll
have to know... I'll cut you
in for one third....

EMMA
One third of what? - What
'little arrangement'?

NICKI
Bernard works for Piedi - the
shoemaker...and Piedi sells all
our pupils their FIRST pair of
dancing pumps.

Pause.

EMMA
Well?

NICKI
But only the FIRST pair, you
see ... after that, Bernard
supplies them on the side...
cuts out Piedi - cuts out the
middle man...the pupils get
cheaper shoes - Bernard makes
his profit...and there's some-
thing in it for me -
(gestures)
everyone's happy - nobody suffers.

EMMA is very thoughtful.

EMMA
But isn't it risky for you -
approaching the pupils right
here....

NICKI
Bernard attends to that - he
waits outside after school -
buttonholes them then....

EMMA
I see - so Bernard meets all
the pupils some time or other?

NICKI
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

44. CONTINUED:

44.

EMMA

Including Mr. Peever?

NICKI

Of course. We'd better get back.

EMMA & NICKI exit. HOLD ON LOCKER ROOM - then suddenly a locker door which has been open all the time, is swung shut - READ stands there, bottle and glass in hand - his face curious looking.

HOLD HIM a moment then he looks up as door opens - LUCILLE looks in.

READ smiles pours himself a drink. He could be drunk.

READ

I've just heard the funniest thing, Lucille.
The funniest thing.....

45. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

45.

STEED IN DEEP F.G. with PEEVER alongside - both lacing up their shoes tighter. STEED looks at PEEVER's right wrist - then suddenly grabs it - pushes the sleeve back - the arm is bare of a tattoo. PEEVER is startled but STEED:

STEED

Oh, is that the time....?
(smiles affects to adjust
his watch to fit PEEVER's)
Mine must have gained a bit. Thank you.

PEEVER pulls free - moves away. HOLD ON STEED - then: EMMA appears through the door.

EMMA

(soft)

Steed....!

He moves to her - they converse surreptitiously.

STEED

He's an imposter....
(she reacts)
Chap who calls himself Peever....
No tattoo lovingly inscribed to 'Lucille'...
Trouble is the tattocist - our only
witness, is dead.

EMMA

There may be another.
(STEED reacts)
The shoe shop man named Bernard -
he may be able to help.....

LUCILLE

(enters)

Now then, gentlemen.....

EMMA

(quick)

I'm going to see him.

She turns to LUCILLE.

CONTINUED:

45. CONTINUED:

45.

EMMA

Oh, Miss Banks ...
(LUCILLE turns
to her)

My shoe - I'm afraid the heel
is loose - likely to break any
moment ... I wondered if I
might pop out and

LUCILLE

Yes, yes, get it attended to
right away - and hurry back....

EMMA is already hurrying to the door.

~~46. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.~~

~~46.~~

~~CLOSE ON READ at desk - talking into phone.~~

~~READ~~

~~Yes, Commander - that's what
I heard - man named Bernard ...
works at Piedi's
(glances at watch)
They'll be shut right now ...
Hold on.~~

~~This as EMMA appears - hurries past him - exits - then
READ returns to phone - listens, and:~~

~~READ~~

~~Yes, sir ... right, sir ...
you'll attend to it.~~

47. INT. SHOE SHOP. DAY.

47.

The shop is empty - save for BERNARD who has a big
bowl of plaster - he is stirring it.

He is intent on his work - PAN AWAY to PICK UP MAN'S
SHINY DANCING PUMPS - entering the shop quietly -
moving up towards BERNARD.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

BERNARD'S BACK towards CAMERA - hunched over the bowl
of plaster he stirs.

SUBJECTIVE CAMERA ADVANCES IN ON HIM.

HOLD THIS - then ~~EMMA'S~~^{BERNARD'S} HANDS stretch out towards
BERNARD'S neck - and suddenly seize it - and force
his head down - at the moment BERNARD'S cry is
muffled by the wet plaster his face encounters.

48. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

48.

CLOSE ON STEED & LUCILLE as they whirl around to the
music.

(CONTINUED)

48. CONTINUED:

48.

LUCILLE

Oh, come now, Mr. Steed - there must be someone in this big city you know.

STEED

Afraid not. I told you - haven't been back long ... all my friends have moved away - and I've no family ...

LUCILLE

You poor, poor man ... why if you disappeared tomorrow - no one would know - or care.

49. INT. SHOE SHOP. DAY.

49.

EMMA - surreptitiously entering the shop - moving further in - then reacting to BERNARD's legs sticking out from behind some furniture.

EMMA moves around to look at the body - then reacts - BERNARD's head is now a perfect bowl-shaped lump of plaster - rock hard.

EMMA takes small hammer - taps the plaster - it breaks into two halves - and BERNARD's dead face is revealed.

HOLD THIS.

50. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

50.

STEED & STUDENTS leaving the Studio - moving across the foyer to exit.

LUCILLE & READ are by the desk.

LUCILLE

Good-bye, gentlemen ... don't forget your next lesson
(grips STEED)

... Especially you, Mr. Steed - you'll be here on time?

STEED

Couldn't keep me away.

He exits - LUCILLE smiles after him - then finally turns to READ - her face hardening.

LUCILLE

You can call the Commander - tell him John Steed will be our next victim!

HOLD THEM.

FADE OUT:

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

- 39A -

DELETE SCENE 50. AT BOTTOM OF PAGE 39.

50. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

50.

STEED & STUDENTS leaving the Studio - moving across the foyer to exit.

LUCILLE is by the desk.

LUCILLE

Goodbye, gentlemen...don't forget your next lesson. Especially you, Mr. Steed - you'll be here on time?

STEED

Couldn't keep me away.

He exits. LUCILLE smiles after him - then her face hardens, and she becomes aware of BRACEWELL standing beside her - removing his coat. She looks at him questioningly.

BRACEWELL

(grins - gestures)

Easy. No trouble at all.

LUCILLE

(pleased)

Good. The Commander will be pleased.

BRACEWELL

(nods)

I'll tell him.

LUCILLE

You can also tell him about John Steed.

BRACEWELL

What about him?

LUCILLE

(picks some flowers in vase)

He will be our next victim!

HOLD THEM.

FADE OUT:

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

FADE IN:

51. INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. DAY.

51.

CLOSE ON INSIDE OF PLASTER CAST - showing rough replica of Bernard's face.

PULL OUT to REVEAL STEED holding it.

STEED

So poor old Bernard got himself plastered.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL CAPTAIN & EMMA. CAPTAIN wheezes and gasps.

STEED

I do so agree ...
(turns to EMMA)
... All right, so we've lost our last victim - so now we have to go ...

EMMA

Back to square one ...?

STEED

... To the heart of the matter.

CAPTAIN wheezes and gasps - STEED nods indulgently.

STEED

STEED

Feever is an imposter - and the dancing school is conniving to the deception....So....

~~to the deception ...~~

EMMA

Carry on dancing?

CAPTAIN wheezes and gasps.

52. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

52.

As a strip poster is pasted across dance picture. It reads:

"TONIGHT - TERPSICHOREAN GET-TOGETHER - GALA DANCE FOR OUR PUPILS - DISPLAYS & DANCE CONTEST".

PULL OUT to reveal READ just finishing pasting it across - then he moves away - and EMMA enters SHOT - to read the strip-poster.

NICKI (OFF)

Oh well ... the mixture as before

EMMA turns to see NICKI there.

NICKI

Gala dance ...! Happens once a fortnight - Dance to Chester Read and his records. A couple of currant buns - half a glass of lemonade - and they all go into an ecstasy of rhythm!

(CONTINUED)

52. CONTINUED:

52.

EMMA

Is this when the advanced students receive their diplomas...?

NICKI

Yes. Only one this time - Mr. Peever.

She turns to move away - but:

EMMA

Nicki ...

NICKI pauses - EMMA moves to her.

EMMA

Since you've been here, have you ... noticed ... any .. er ... 'changes' in Mr. Peever?

NICKI

Hardly - but then I wouldn't ... he's more Lucille's client than mine ... I remember - when he first enrolled, she really kept him to herself

EMMA

Does she often do that?

NICKI

Once in a while ... nearly always the mousey, anonymous ones ... keeps them under wraps ... sometimes three or four weeks before I'm even allowed to SEE them!

NICKI moves away - exits through a door - EMMA remains - thoughtfully pondering the last speech - then she moves briskly towards the dance studio door - grasps it - but it is locked - she frowns - listens at the door - and faintly hears: MUSIC and:

LUCILLE'S VOICE

One, two, three, one two three ...
back, back, turn

EMMA frowns - tries door again - then looks around her - sees small door flanking the wall of the studio - she opens it - and enters:

53. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

53.

Narrow and dim - clearly flanking the dance studio - for we can hear the MUSIC LOUDER here - and LUCILLE's VOICE:

LUCILLE'S VOICE

Right, now let's try it again....

EMMA looks up - sees fanlight running along top of wall (or a grating) - nearby are a few crates - she pulls them closer - climbs on them - and looks into:

54. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

54.

LUCILLE is dancing with a 'PARTNER' - both fully dressed in ballroom dancing evening gear.

LUCILLE
Remember, it's got to be
absolutely smooth ... glide
into it ... no hesitation ...
ready? One, two, three, one,
two three....

Counting the steps - LUCILLE begins to dance around the floor - then she turns and:

55. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

55.

EMMA reacts as:

56. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

56.

LUCILLE turns - and we see that her 'PARTNER' is a stuffed model - attached to, and moving with her feet quite smoothly and fairly lifelike. On the back of the evening dressed dummy is a large Number 9.

57. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

57.

EMMA stares in amazement as:

58. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

58.

LUCILLE - and PARTNER whirl around the floor. They dance closer to the big display piece at one end.

LUCILLE
Be ready ... and a one two
three ... whirl

LUCILLE and 'PARTNER' disappear behind the display piece - and almost immediately reappear the other side - then LUCILLE turns.

LUCILLE
And close and back and quick
and slow....

59. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

59.

EMMA reacts to:

60. INT. DANCE STUDIO. DAY.

60.

LUCILLE has turned - and we now see that her 'partner' is BORIS - a real live man - wearing evening dress and a Number 9.

LUCILLE
Splendid - much better ...
you'll be perfect for the
takeover tonight.

- 42A -

61. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

61.

EMMA is still frozen by what she has seen - then she hears footsteps - scrambles down off the crates - pushes them aside - turns - and almost collides with READ.

He is drunk as usual - and merely leans in at a terrific angle - trying to focus her - staring ridiculously....for a long, long moment - until:

EMMA

I....I was looking for another door.

She moves past READ to:

62. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

62.

EMMA & READ.

EMMA

This one is locked.

(READ stares)

But there's someone in there - listen.

READ listens foolishly - we hear MUSIC.

READ

(slurred)

Lucille....Jus.....Lucille.....rehears...hic
...rehearsi....hic....(in a rush)....
rehearsingforGalaNight.

He grins stupidly - shambles away.

DELETE SCENES 61 & 62 ON PAGE 43.

61. INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

61.

EMMA is still frozen by what she has seen - then she hears footsteps - hastily she scrambles down - pushes the crates away - turns - just in time as READ appears at the door.

READ

Gone astray again, Mrs. Peel?

EMMA

I was looking for another door....

She moves past READ to:

62. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

62.

EMMA and READ.

EMMA

This one is locked.

READ

That's just Lucille ...
rehearsing for the Gala Night.

HOLD EMMA.

63. INT. DRESS HIRE SHOP. DAY.

63.

PANNING UP STEED - REVEALING HIM resplendent in full tails.

SYDER stands admiringly by.

SYDER

A SPLENDID fit, sir....

STEED

Thank you. Now .. er ..
where is the gentlemen's
secret pocket.

SYDER

Right here, sir.

He demonstrates secret pocket in waistband - or elsewhere in suit.

STEED

Excellent.

He drops a small gun into it. SYDER stares at him.

STEED

Might run into a spot of
bother tonight.

SYDER

I .. I see ... hm .. hm ...
If you will forgive me, sir ...

(STEED locks
enquiringly)

The .. er ... suit ... you won't
forget that it IS on hire from
us....

(CONTINUED)

- 44 -

63. CONTINUED:

63.

STEED

Don't worry. If the worst comes to the worst...
I'll endeavour to get shot where it doesn't show.

SYDER

(relieved)

Very thoughtful of you, sir.

HOLD STEED in his evening wear.

64. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. NIGHT.

64.

DANCE MUSIC is playing - LUCILLE, in sequins and tulle is welcoming GUESTS in full evening dress - she shakes hands with PEEVER.

LUCILLE

Good evening, Mr. Peever - so glad you could make it.

PEEVER

I wouldn't miss one of your little soirees for
the world, Miss Banks.

PAN AWAY - the foyer is fairly crowded - with MEN in evening dress - WOMEN in tulle and sequins. EMMA stands near desk - wearing her own variation of a dance dress. She surveys the people - as they enter - are greeted by LUCILLE - then go on into the dance studio.

EMMA now reacts as STEED appears - wearing topper, cloak, carrying silver topped cane.

LUCILLE

Mr. Steed.....How resplendent you look.

STEED doffs his topper - bows - straightens up - and we see him catch sight of EMMA.

STEED

Good evening, Miss Banks.

CONTINUED:

64. CONTINUED:

64.

LUCILLE

This is your first experience of one of our
little events. I do so hope you will enjoy it ...

She stops as she sees READ - in full evening dress - swaying across
the foyer.

LUCILLE

Excuse me

She hurries away to talk to READ in a muttered undertone - then she
turns to snap her fingers at BRACEWELL.

LUCILLE (muttered)

... black coffee ...

STEED watches this scene - then moves to help himself to canapes -
strolling closer to EMMA.

EMMA

It's bigger than we think, Steed.

STEED, who has just selected a sausage on a stick - reacts mildly.

EMMA

Some kind of swap system - a take-over ...

STEED (mildly)

Of the entire country?

EMMA

Of another man's personality. I saw a whole
dress rehearsal. Lucille danced around the
ballroom - a quick whirl out of sight ... and
.. (gestures) ... changed partners

STEED

Perfect.

(she reacts)

After an extraordinary one-way conversation with
Captain ... (he wheezes) ... Noole ... (he whistles
Morse code) ... I worked out the real purpose of
this school ...

(Emma looks questioningly)

A means of infiltrating foreign agents into the
country ... First select a lonely, anonymous
bachelor

EMMA

... Whom no one will miss.

STEED (nods)

Get rid of him - and replace him with a highly
trained agent ...

EMMA

Off with the old - on with the new.

64. CONTINUED:

64.

STEED

Marvellous method. Don't want to make a
move yet though - want to catch them red
handed.

EMMA

You'll get your chance tonight ...
(Steed reacts)
They're planning another swap tonight.

STEED

Any idea who?

EMMA

Haven't found out yet, but ...

STEED

Watch it ...

As LUCILLE approaches - STEED whips out dance card and silver pencil.

Cont

STEED
 (to EMMA)
 No, no, dear lady ... even if
 you went down on your knees and
 begged - I'm absolutely booked
 until dance number twelve ...
 of course I MIGHT be able to
 fit you in between Sir Roger
 de Coverley and the Lancers

LUCILLE
 Mr. Steed ... we're all going
 into the ballroom now ... if
 you're ready ...?

STEED turns, smiles - offers her his arm - glances over
 his shoulder at EMMA - and:

STEED
 Don't give up hope ...

He stalks away with LUCILLE - HOLD ON EMMA's reaction.

PULL OUT & PAN WITH HER - she sees that the foyer is
 rapidly emptying as all the GUESTS troop off into the
 dance studio.

Seeing this - EMMA now makes her way to the desk -
 forces the drawer - starts to search through the
 contents - then freezes as she hears:

~~GRACEWELL~~ (OFF)
 All right ... clear to come
 in now ...

EMMA ducks down behind the desk.

~~GRACEWELL~~ enters with BORIS - ~~BORIS~~ ^{GRACEWELL} takes him towards door
 flanking dance studio - door leading to corridor.

~~BORIS~~ ^{GRACEWELL}
 Through here - then round
 to the back of the studio ...
 You're clear on what you have
 to do?
 (BORIS nods)
 He'll be wearing Number nine ...
 (pins large Number 9
 on BORIS)
 ... like you ...

He turns him back again.

~~BORIS~~ ^{GRACEWELL}
 No slip ups - the Commander
 doesn't like slip ups.

BORIS nods, grins, produces a cosh and smacks it into
 his palm.

~~BORIS~~ ^{GRACEWELL}
 Good - off you go then.

(CONTINUED)

64. CONTINUED:

64.

BORIS disappears through door to corridor. ~~BRACEWELL~~ BRACEWELL turns - adjusts his bow-tie - then moves to enter the dance studio.

Only now does EMMA pop up from behind the desk again -

65. INT. DANCE STUDIO. NIGHT.

65.

CLOSE ON LUCILLE ~~standing in the doorway.~~

LUCILLE

And now.... Competition time....Chester Read has kindly consented to do the judging....

(polite applause
for READ - who sways on the
rostrum)

.....and as usual.....contestants will be
masked.....

She smiles at STEED.

LUCILLE

... I must explain to our newer members - that this is to do away with any possibility of favouritism ... Chester will be judging you on your dancing ability alone ...

ANOTHER ANGLE.

EMMA enters - looks for - sees STEED - moves to him.

EMMA

I've located the next victim.

STEED

Who?

EMMA

He'll be wearing Number 9 ...

At this - LUCILLE appears - handing masks to EMMA & STEED - large ~~black~~ masks, covering quite a bit of the face. *Black for the men - white for the women*

LUCILLE

Mrs. Peel ... Mr. Steed ...
and this is your number.

She hands STEED a large Number 6 - smiles - moves on - STEED looks at the 6.

STEED

Well ... we can eliminate me.

BRACEWELL comes up.

BRACEWELL

Mrs. Peel ... I understand YOU
have been chosen to partner me ...

EMMA hesitates - she wants to dance with - stay close to STEED - but STEED nods warningly - EMMA moves away with BRACEWELL.

(CONTINUED)

65. CONTINUED:

65.

LUCILLE returns to STEED ... she takes his number from him.

LUCILLE

Mr. Steed ... we are dancing together ...

STEED

Charmed.

LUCILLE

Allow me.

She turns him round - starts to pin his number on - but she reverses it - so the 6 - becomes ...9. STEED is oblivious to this.

LUCILLE

There.

READ - apparently a bit tight, puts on a record - and as the big horn gramophone starts to turn - he conducts it Sylvester style. Now, for the first time, we see that READ conducts a "cut-cut" band.

One, two. One, two, three ...

The MUSIC starts up - READ conducts it for a moment - then, Sylvester style he turns his back on it - continues to beat time - as he watches the dancers start to move.

LUCILLE offers herself to STEED.

LUCILLE

Shall we ...?

LUCILLE and STEED start to take the floor amongst the other dancers.

EMMA dances with BRACEWELL - catches STEED's eye as he glides past. Then reacts as:

STEED & LUCILLE turn - EMMA sees the 9 on his back. She stops dancing.

BRACEWELL

Something wrong?

EMMA starts - continues dancing - dances towards STEED - and, over BRACEWELL's shoulder, she attempts to warn him - STEED remains oblivious - taking her gestures as waves - waving back.

EMMA finally, almost burtally, turns BRACEWELL right round so that his back is squarely to STEED - and the 6 is clearly displayed.

STEED sees it - reacts - then dances away - trying to turn his neck and look at his own back.

LUCILLE

Are you attempting a reverse double flip feet ...?

STEED

Eh? Oh, yes

(CONTINUED)

65. CONTINUED:

65.

LUCILLE

Mad, impetuous man ...!

They dance on - then EMMA gets very CLOSE to STEED - he looks at her -

EMMA

(nods - murmurs)

It's you.

She smiles ever so sweetly - dances away - STEED stares after her - then reacts as he sees:

CLOSE SHOT. BRACEWELL's ARM embracing EMMA - a rose tattoo clearly seen on his wrist.

STEED reacts to this - then dances after EMMA - gets close and:

STEED

And you are dancing with ~~the~~
~~bracket~~ 'Cardic Sauvage' ...

EMMA reacts - he taps his wrist meaningly.

EMMA, comically half climbs up over BRACEWELL's shoulder - looks down on the rose tattoo - reacts - comes back to find STEED's face quite close. He smiles ever so sweetly - dances away.

Then suddenly - as the MUSIC becomes a TANGO - LUCILLE starts to vigorously dance STEED away towards the display. STEED reacts - realises something is up - is almost at the display - when:

STEED, doing the oddest of cod tangos - reverses - takes LUCILLE right back from the display piece - slap into BRACEWELL's back.

CLOSE UP: STEED's tango outstretched hands removes top pin from BRACEWELL's Number 6 - the card pivots on the lower pin - and now reads: 9.

LUCILLE suddenly reverses - and again tangos STEED away towards display piece.

STEED reaches up over to his back.

CLOSE SHOT: STEED removes top pin from his 9 - it pivots and becomes 6.

READ conducts - smiles as LUCILLE and STEED disappear behind display piece.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Behind display piece - BORIS waits there - cosh in hand - cosh held up ready to strike - as LUCILLE and STEED dance into SHOT. BORIS reacts as STEED's exposed neck and back come towards him - LUCILLE is anticipating the blow - but BORIS sees the 6 - hastily puts the cosh away. Just in time - for STEED turns and sees him.

STEED

(nods pleasantly)
Good evening ...

(CONTINUED)

65. CONTINUED:

65.

Then he dances LUCILLE on - she staring back at BORIS - confused - not knowing why he didn't strike.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

READ - reacts as STEED & LUCILLE dance out the other side of display piece. He looks questioningly at LUCILLE - she raises her hands in despair - neither know what has gone wrong.

STEED & LUCILLE - STEED dances closer to EMMA - then gestures towards display piece - points at BRACEWELL - indicates that she take him behind display. EMMA frowns - then suddenly puts on the steam - tangos BRACEWELL towards the display.

READ conducts - suddenly reacts as he sees BRACEWELL disappearing behind display - wearing Number 9. He quite forgets to conduct.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

BEHIND DISPLAY - as BRACEWELL & EMMA swing around - BORIS reads the 9 on his back - coshes him - BRACEWELL falls unconscious behind display - EMMA is left - staring down on him - it has all happened so fast - then suddenly BORIS is in her arms - and dancing on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

READ - reacts as EMMA & BORIS reappear together.

LUCILLE - reacts to BORIS dancing out - forgets to dance - releases STEED - and he quickly slips away towards the display.

EMMA & BORIS - she sees STEED going towards display - he gestures to her.

EMMA - starts to force BORIS towards display - then does a dramatic dance turn - and: she and BORIS disappear behind display.

LUCILLE & READ react - exchange a look.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BEHIND THE DISPLAY.

BORIS - having just been clobbered by STEED - sinks slowly to the ground alongside BRACEWELL - EMMA looks down at BRACEWELL.

EMMA

How did you do it?

STEED turns BRACEWELL over - displays the 9.

STEED

I neurfed his soixon.
Shall we dance?

EMMA & STEED dance away.

(CONTINUED)

65. CONTINUED:

65.

ANOTHER ANGLE

LUCILLE - just grabbing PEEVER -

LUCILLE

Peever....Stay close to them....

LUCILLE produces tiny gun - has it concealed - yet pointing towards STEED & EMMA - as she and PEEVER dance towards them.

STEED & EMMA perform several turns - trying to escape LUCILLE & PEEVER but LUCILLE matches turn for turn.

STEED.

They're gaining on us....

They swing towards the display - LUCILLE & PEEVER see this - swing in from the other side.

Simultaneously - both couples disappear - either side of the display.

READ watches - then:

CLOSE UP. STEED & LUCILLE dance out from one side. (At this stage we do not know it IS LUCILLE).

STEED

We've given him the slip I think ... head for the door....

READ stares - then his eyes swing to:

CLOSE UP: EMMA & PEEVER - dancing close.

EMMA

We've given them the slip I think ... head for the door.

READ stares off in amazement - then - baton in hand - he hurries away across the floor - avoiding the other dancers who have been dancing throughout - oblivious.

66. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. DAY.

66.

CLOSE SHOT. As STEED & EMMA - with LUCILLE & PEEVER - emerge from the double doors - each with their back to the other.

Then STEED & EMMA each turn back to close a door and:

EMMA & STEED

Turn the key and.....

New Page 51

66. CONTINUED.

66

She too turns - with both of them launch into a flying drop-kick (or a combined mauler charge) EMMA hits LUCILLE - sends her flying away to end up - embracing one of the cut-out dance figures, so that she in effect has taken the place of the cut-out woman - and now dances with the cut-out man. She is out cold.

STEED hits PEEVER, who creaks back against the wall or furniture.

STEED & EMMA move in on him - but:

PEEVER
Commander...Commander.....!

PEEVER calls out beyond them - they half turn - in time to see READ appear at the side door - far from drunk now (we realise it was all an act) - holding his baton.

STEED tackles PEEVER - EMMA turns away to deal with PEEVER - rushes him - then stops dead as READ 'draws' his baton - it is in fact a kind of sword stick baton - a thin blade is revealed.

READ stabs at EMMA - but she dodges - and suddenly:

67. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

67.

EMMA & READ face each other in the narrow corridor - EMMA sees that the dummy man lies on the floor - and just as READ stabs at her again - she lifts up the dummy - READ'S blade enters the dummy - EMMA then throws it at him - hampering him - while moving further in to tackle him.

68. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. NIGHT.

68.

STEED - throws PEEVER - he tumbles towards the corridor.

69. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

69.

PEEVER staggers against EMMA - who instantly turns - and throws him out again.

70. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. NIGHT.

70.

PEEVER is thrown out - hits the ground - rolls up to his knees - just in time - and nicely poised for STEED to clobber him with a dance shoe, or similar handy prop. PEEVER falls unconscious.

STEED
Keep them coming.....

71. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

READ & EMMA - fight away - the dummy well mixed up and integrated with them - READ'S baton falls to the ground. Then EMMA throws a man.

72. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. NIGHT.

72.

STEED - as MAN is thrown out - engages him - clobbers him with shoe - then realises the 'MAN' is a dummy.

STEED reacts - turns towards the corridor - just as EMMA & READ whirl out of corridor - clobber together - Balls and balls flying - they might well be dancing to the WIRE MUSIC CLEARLY HEARD NOW.

STEED poised - ready to react to one sound again - has a couple of abortive steps - then a 'clobber' sound.

(continued)

New Page - 52

72. Continued.

72.

STEED
Change partners.....

He steps in - EMMA whirls away - fairly exhausted - STEED now is clutching READ - they whirl around together - virtually dance round the room - then STEED speeds up - goes into a fast spin - finishing it by lifting READ by his coat front - and throwing him clear across the desk.

It is over.

STEED turns to EMMA - then glumly brushes off his torn evening jacket.

EMMA
Oh dear...I'm afraid you'll lose your deposit.....

HOLD THEM.

FADE OUT.

"QUIC -QUICK-SLOW DEATH".

REVISED. 29.10.65.

Delete after Emma says: "When I should have done this"
(on Amendment issued on 27.10.65.) Scene 66 Page 51.

67. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

67.

As STEED plunges in on PEEVER - so READ appears - baton in hand -

PEEVER

Commander ...!

READ - far from drunk now - we realise it was all an act - holds his baton - then pulls - it is a 'sword-stick' type baton - the sheath pulls away to reveal a long, thin blade.

STEED downs PEEVER - then sees the dancing dummy lying on floor - as READ plunges with the blade - STEED jerks the dummy up - the blade enters the dummy - STEED throws dummy at READ - hampering him - while STEED grabs PEEVER by his lapels.

68. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. NIGHT.

68.

EMMA finishes up - NICOLLE is just getting her breath - when:

69. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

69.

STEED throws PEEVER out.

70. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. NIGHT.

70.

PEEVER hits the ground - rolls up to his knees - just nicely poised for EMMA to put a headlock on him and throw him across the room.

EMMA

Keep them coming

71. INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

71.

STEED & READ - hampered by the dummy between them - fight. READ'S baton falls to the ground.

72. INT. FOYER. DANCE SCHOOL. NIGHT.

72.

EMMA - as MAN is thrown out - and she engages him - lifts him for a throw - then realises the 'MAN' is the dummy.

Then she steps back - amazed - as STEED and READ whirl out of the corridor - locked together - both in tails - tails flying - as they whirl around the room.

WALTZ MUSIC FROM THE STUDIO IS CLEARLY HEARD NOW.

STEED & READ virtually dance around the room. Then STEED goes into a fast spin - finishing it by lifting READ by his coat front - and throwing him clear across the desk.

It is over.

STEED turns to EMMA - then glumly brushes off his very torn evening jacket. EMMA moves to assist.

EMMA

Oh dear ... I'm afraid you'll lose your deposit.

HOLD THEM.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

73. INT. BLACK VELVET SET.

CLOSE UP. EMMA.

EMMA
Aren't you ready yet, Steed?

STEED (off)
Just coming.

EMMA
We'll be late.

STEED (off)
Won't be a jiff.

CLOSE UP. TINY TABLE - containing silk hat and silver topped black cane - STEED'S HANDS pick up the silk hat - linger on the cane - then discard it.

PAN WITH SILK HAT to REVEAL STEED - in full tails (a la Astaire) - he tips the silk hat at a jaunty angle - adjusts his white tie - flips his tails.

PULL OUT. REVEAL EMMA waiting against black velvet background. STEED moves towards her.

EMMA
We'll have to hurry.

STEED
Right.

And suddenly, in a camp manner, they embrace each other for The Dance -

STEED
But I still think it would be quicker by taxi.

And as they dance off - we see that a bright horizon appears in the darkness - smoke effect swirls around their ankles. It is a pastiche of every Astaire Rogers film we have ever seen.

HOLD THEM INTO LONG SHOT.

FADE OUT:

BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

END CREDIT TITLES

FADE OUT: