

MASTER
B+W.

THE AVENGERS

342

THE DANGER MAKERS

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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EPISODE 20

PREPARED BY:

TELEMEN LIMITED,
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ENGLAND.

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"THE DANGER MAKERS"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

REEL ONE:

THE AVENGERS TITLE.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD.

L.S. Motor cyclist - in near collision with van, then in collision with lorry.
MOTOR-CYCLIST on grass,
MEN run to his aid and find he is an elderly man in uniform, with medals and a rose on his jacket.

NO DIALOGUE

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED:

EXT. MILITARY HOSPITAL

CAR DRIVES UP.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LONG'S OFFICE

EMMA: Don't tell me, he's a psychiatrist.

STEED: Harold Long. Consultant with the psychological Warfare Department. Read this.

EMMA: I've read it. Nothing remarkable about chicken-running.

STEED: Except when practised by a sixty year old general.

EMMA: What!

STEED: General Woody Groves...the next in line for the Chief of General Staff.

EMMA: Chicken running.

STEED: Then there's dear old Admiral Jackson he decided to cross the Atlantic in a force eight gale...in a canoe.

EMMA: Any others ?

STEED: Six.

LONG: Well, seven actually.

STEED: Oh, Mrs. Peel....this is Doctor Harold Long.... Mrs. Emma Peel.

EMMA: How do you do.

LONG: How do you do.

EMMA: Who is it this time ?

LONG: Lamble.

STEED: Gordon Lamble ? Head of the Chemical Warfare Establishment.

(CONTINUED)

INT. LONG'S OFFICE. (CONTINUED)

EMMA: And what was he up to ?

LONG: He was trying to climb the side of St. Pauls, when he fell.

EMMA: Is he dead ?

LONG: No, no, just bruises...abrasions...slight internal injuries.

STEED: Has he regained consciousness.?

LONG: No.

STEED: Do you mind if Mrs. Peel stays here.

LONG: Not at all. Glad to have you aboard...what are you going to be up to ?

STEED: Rejoining the colours.

EXT. DRILL PARADE:

Soldiers marching. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STUDY

STANHOPE: This is General Groves study sir....

STEED: Did you know the General ?

STANHOPE: Oh yes sir, everybody in the battalion knew him. He was that sort of officer. You'd do anything for him.

ROBERTSON: Good morning.

STANHOPE: Mr. Steed from the War Office sir. Major Robertson.

ROBERTSON: Very good Stanhope.

STANHOPE: Sir!

ROBERTSON: Come to cause trouble?

STEED: To prevent it, I hope.

ROBERTSON: If there's one thing I can't take...it's a good man's name being dragged through the dirt.

STEED: Had you known General Groves long ?

ROBERTSON: Since I was a Cadet at Sandhurst. I've served under every General you've heard of and a few you haven't. Not one was his equal.

STEED: You might be biased.

ROBERTSON: 'Course I'm biased. He had the humanity of Caesar...the tenacity of Wellington and the brilliance of Napoleon.

STEED: Good company.

ROBERTSON: The best.

STEED: Then why did he do chicken run.

(CONTINUED)

INT. STUDY (CONTINUED)

ROBERTSON: Mmm ?

STEED: The motor bike ?

ROBERTSON: I don't know, I honestly don't know.
Mmm. part time prenologist.....
you can always tell a military head.

STEED: Bullet-shaped ?
Chicken runs are for thrilled starved teenagers....
not for men with a chestful of battle honours.....

ROBERTSON: He was a man of action Steed. It fretted him to
sit around.

STEED: Couldn't adjust to admin.

ROBERTSON: Exactly. Rubber stamping, that wasn't for him.
He was a soldier, not a clerk.

STEED: You admired him.

ROBERTSON: Oh yes, I admired him.

STEED: Well, I'll get back to London and pour oil on
the War Office waters.

ROBERTSON: Oh, thank you.

STEED: War wound ?

ROBERTSON: No, twisted it on the assault course.

STEED: Goodbye Major.

ROBERTSON: Goodbye Steed...

STEED leaves,
MAJOR reaches
for gun and
fires at head.
(a la Russian
Roulette).

INT. HOSPITAL

LAMBLE gets out of his
bed and walks onto
window ledge, his POV
of buildings below.
LONG & EMMA enter
room.

LONG: Close the door, will you ?

END OF REEL ONE

INT. GRENADE BAY

STANHOPE: All right...come on out...I've got you cornered.

GUN SHOTS:

STANHOPE: You're surrounded can't you see that. Throw out your arms...come out with your hands up this is your last chance.

STEED: How's it going. Can we flush 'em out ?

STANHOPE: Ha! Ha! It's a cinch sir, I think they're about ready to pull up sticks. We usually try and get as close as possible to old 'bucket head'.

STANHOPE: Great shooting sir.

STEED: As a cricketer I bowled a trifle more to leg.

STANHOPE: Well that's the end of old bucket head.

STEED: Tell me...how long had General Groves owned a motor bike.

STANHOPE: He didn't....borrowed it from one of the junior officers.

STEED: Odd thing to do.

STANHOPE: Very.

STEED: Well you don't sound surprised.

STANHOPE: Well, he did odd things.

STEED: For instance?

STANHOPE: Well, one morning he swam Kenton Reservoir in full battle kit.

STEED: At his age.

STANHOPE: Oh, he was very fit.

ROBERTSON: Stanhope.

STANHOPE: Sir.

ROBERTSON: I hate to cramp your social life, Stanhope, but you're wanted at the range with 'B' Company at eleven hundred.

STANHOPE: Very good' sir.

ROBERTSON: Hope he was some help.

STEED: Yes, extremely helpful.

ROBERTSON: Nothing like a grenade at close quarters.

STEED: No nothing.

ROBERTSON: Don't set too much store by what Stanhope says. He's a father figure, they hung on his every word.

STEED: THANKS for the warning!

(CONTINUED)

EXT. GRENADE BAY (CONTINUED)

ROBERTSON: Jupiter.

PETERS: Mercury. I have an assignment for you from Apollo.

ROBERTSON: A dangerous one ?

PETERS: Dangerous.

ROBERTSON: Very.

PETERS: Very dangerous.

ROBERTSON: How dangerous - tell me.

PETERS: Life and death.

ROBERTSON: Well, what is it ?

PETERS: Gordon Lamble. He's turned chicken. He has to be eliminated. You're not turning chicken too, are you Major ?

ROBERTSON: Right, seven second fuse.
When I say three...one...two...three.
Lamble, you said ? When ?

PETERS: As soon as possible. Tonight.

INT.PRIVATE WARD

LAMBLE asleep in bed.
ROBERTSON comes in through window. NO DIALOGUE.

WE HEAR STEED'S VOICE coming from INT.LONG'S OFFICE next door.

STEED: (O.S.) Just lie back - relax - clear your mind of everything save the problem in hand.....
concentrate.
Together we will apply our minds and come up with a solution....Now - let me recapitulate...

ROBERTSON opens door
we see P.O.V.
INT.LONG'S OFFICE

STEED: (O.S.) You first became aware of the problem when you saw Lamble standing on a window ledge.

EMMA: (O.S.) Yes.

STEED: You were puzzled - upset - there was incipient anxiety ...but you made no move to assist him...* you were afraid a sudden movement would push him over the edge,

EMMA: Yes.

STEED: That was perfectly normal behaviour.
The most intelligent course as a matter of fact.

(CONTINUED)

INT. PRIVATE WARD:

ROBERTSON plunges pillow
over LAMBLE:

STEED'S V.O. (mumbling))the question
heard faintly) the vital question..is why did LAMBLE attempt
such an action. Was it merely a man in the
throes of delirium....? Or something deeper,
much deeper.

INT. LONG'S OFFICE:

EMMA: According to Long, he's in a similar state to
(she yawns) shell shock - uncontrolled excitatory symp
tons. Mmm - this is a very comfortable position.

INT. PRIVATE WARD

STEED: The white feather.

INT. STUDY

STEED enters, listens
to ROBERTSON, playing
"LAST POST".
Looks at plaque "To
Woody from Wing Comm.
Watson. R.A.F.Hamelin".

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. AIR BASE

SOUND OF JET FIGHTER

STEED: I'm looking for Wing Commander Watson ?

OFFICER: I'm afraid you're out of luck old boy,
that's him up there.

TANNOY VOICE: Nice going Watson, how does she feel ?

WATSON'S VOICE: All things normal and responding....and
talking of respnses...you listening in
Freddy... Have someone call that blonde
in the pub for me will you. Tell her I'll
see her tonight.

OFFICER: Will do old boy!

WATSON'S VOICE YOU'LL find the number in my jacket.

TANNOY VOICE: Runway clear for landing.

WATSON'S VOICE: Roger, I'm coming down.

TANNOY VOICE: Watch your air speed.
Pull her up man, you're going to over shoot.

WATSON'S VOICE: Stop flapping, I can handle her.

TANNOY VOICE: Your approach is wrong - pull her up.

OFFICER: He must be mad.
He's too late...he's left it too late.

JET CRASHES.

AVENGERS I.D.CARD.
COMMERCIAL BREAK.
END OF REEL TWO

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

INT. EMMA'S FLAT

EMMA: What have we got so far ?

STEED: Two black roses.
Three corpses.

EMMA: Four white feathers....

STEED: And a partridge in a pear tree....

EMMA: And in each case the pattern's identical.

STEED: Three respected gentlemen.

EMMA: No psychological quirks....

STEED: Not that we know of

EMMA: Yet each of them is dicing with death.

STEED: Like irresponsible beatniks.
Robertson said he turned his ankle on the
Assault course.

EMMA: So ?

STEED: There is no Assault Course.

EMMA: I'm looking forward to meeting this Major -
how do I play it ?

STEED: Show him - show him your bumps.
He's a part time phrenologist.

EMMA: Oh!

INT. GENERAL GROVES' STUDY.

ROBERTSON: Yes ?

EMMA: Major Robertson ?

ROBERTSON: Yes.

EMMA: I'm Mrs. Emma Peel - of Willis and Ferguson
- auctioneers, valuers, specialists in
Probate....

ROBERTSON: Oh yes, do come in, I was told to expect you.
Forgive me. Frankly I was expecting a dusty
old man leaning heavily on a gnarled stick.

EMMA: I hope you're not disappointed.

ROBERTSON: On the contrary. Well, what do you think ?

EMMA: I think - we could dispose of all this for you.

ROBERTSON: For the family - not for me. If I had my
way I'd leave it all intact....the way he
always had it. Does that interest you ?

CONTINUED.....

INT. GENERAL GROVES' STUDY: (CONTINUED)

EMMA: Force of habit. It's a hobby of mine - phrenology.

ROBERTSON: You are full of surprises. And how do you rate Napoleon....?

EMMA: Alpha-alpha...

ROBERTSON: ...Minus ?
I dabble in phrenology myself. I am right ? aren't I ? Alpha-alpha minus ?

EMMA: In my estimation. Poor old Boney wasn't up to the standard of Alexander the Great.

ROBERTSON: Or Caesar.

EMMA: Or Washington - or Hannibal.
Do you know, Major, all things Military have a fascination for me.

ROBERTSON: May I ask why ?

EMMA: The whole concept of life....a sense of challenge, change of scene - adventure, excitement - danger...!

ROBERTSON: Danger! ?
Oh, I'm forgetting my manners. May I - mm offer you a drink.

EMMA: Thank you.

ROBERTSON: Adventure, excitement - oh, partly true I suppose. There are very few wars nowadays. They're rapidly becoming push button affairs. No your concept of military life is changing Mrs.Peel.

EMMA: I would have said progressing - come now Major - I won't admit that the Military man is defunct....

ROBERTSON: Ah that's exactly what he is becoming. Defunct - obsolete - A Dodg....
It's easier for the younger men of course - they have no idea....but I have, you see..... it was as you said - you've no idea what it does to a man - a feeling of something about to happen - and always the danger of it all, you've no idea what the does. Living with danger as your companion. Travelling with it in your knapsack.
Restricted information. You really ought to visit the Regimental Museum while you're here, Mrs. Peel. Just across the square. I'll join you there in a few moments.

EMMA: Thank you. See you later.

ROBERTSON: Yes, indeed.

ROBERTSON:(into phone) Appolo ? Mercury. Look I've found the papers. No there's nothing more to connect Groves with the Organisation. Ah, don't worry I'm destroying them now.

CONTINUED

INT. LONG'S OFFICE

STEED: But what about this Danger Kick ? I mean scaling St. Pauls. Chicken running.

LONG: Who can tell.

STEED: It wasn't as though they have to prove anything. The Wing Commanders, Generals....

LONG: Nevertheless, each of them is seeking his own private nirvana, what our Zen friends would call Satori.

STEED: Like drug addiction ?

LONG: Yes. Except there was no trace of drugs found in the bodies.

STEED: Quite. Some self destructive Society ?

LONG: A 'Death Wish Incorporated'.

STEED: What about those shakes now. How do they fit in.

LONG: Neurotic re-actions. Like soldiers suffering from Battle Fatigue
(into phone) Long here....yes. For you.

INT. LONG'S OFFICE inter-cut with INT.GROVE'S STUDY for telephone conversation.

STEED: (into phone) Hello...look you'll have to speak up.

STANHOPE: Lock, Mr. Steed, Stanhope, here. I've got to see you.

STEED: Would tomorrow do ?

STANHOPE: No, it must be tonight. Look, I've found something - you ought to have.

STEED: Ooh, I see, well you name the place.

STANHOPE: Remember the Grenade Bay ?

STEED: Yes, what time ?

STANHOPE: Twentyone thirty hours.

STEED: (into phone) All right Stanhope, I'll be there.

LONG: Progress.?

STEED: Possibly, I'll let you know after tonight....

EXT. GRENADE BAY

STANHOPE: Mr. Steed! Mr. Steed! Stanhope here, I'm over here in the Grenade Bay. Is that you Mr. Steed. I'm over here.

GUN SHOTS:

STEED: (reading post card) "Manton House. Open to the Public May to October - every day except Wednesday"Manton!

END OF REEL THREE

CONTINUED

INT. EMMA'S FLAT

EMMA: Manton ?

STEED: A Military Museum....Birthplace of Colonel Jolyon Adams.....Fell of his horse at the King's Parade never regained consciousness.

EMMA: He died at the Battle of Saratoga.

STEED: Oh really.

EMMA: What's your next move ?

STEED: The Curator of the Museum is a Colonel Adams O.B.E. Robably full of pepper and memories of the Kyber Pass.....I think I'll have a word with the old boy. How did you get on with Robertson.

EMMA: I struck a nerve. It was curious. When we got onto the subject of danger - he re-acted - very positively. He also re-acted to me - in the nicest manner.....

STEED: Oh ?

EMMA: A charming gesture..... please note..... chocolates.

STEED: You haven't opened them yet ?

EMMA: No - why ?

STEED: Don't ...give 'em to me. Stand back.

EMMA: Found anything....

STEED: Shhhh.... I thought so.

EMMA: What ?

STEED: Seen them before.

EMMA: What is it - a Booby Trap ?

STEED: Whatever you do - don't touch the wrapped ones.....

EMMA: Why not ?

STEED: 'Cause I like 'em.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE & MANTON HOUSE

STEED in BENTLEY. NO DIALOGUE

INT. GALLERY

ADAMS: It was afterwards discovered that 9,000 British had kept 40,000 Russians at Bay. This Battle became known as the Soldiers' battle.

STEED: Inkerman ?

ADAMS: Correct.....General Forsythe Adams 1841-1909.

CONTINUED.

INT. GALLERY (CONTINUED)

STEED: Spy and Cop.

ADAMS: Correct. General Sir Archibald Adams, 1917 killed on the Somme - never could keep his head down.

STEED: And you're the last of the line.

ADAMS: Correct. And I know what you're thinking.... last press of the grapes and all that.

STEED: Not at all.

ADAMS: Women can also 'serve' Mr. Steed, besides standing and waiting.

STEED: Women should never be kept waiting....and as for letting them 'stand'.

ADAMS: You're mocking me.

STEED: My dear lady.

ADAMS: 'Colonel' if you don't mind.

STEED: This is extremely interesting....

ADAMS: Ah....that's the Adams family Crest. Granted by Special Quarter in 1803. The Black Rose Rampant.

STEED: And the White Feather.

ADAMS: Couchant of course.

STEED: Of course.

ADAMS: The Black Rose of Courage...that's the way Colonel Soames Adams described it. You remember him - he's up in the Waterloo room.

STEED: The one with the moustache and the rather vivid complexion. Marvellous library.

ADAMS: The finest private collection extant.

STEED: Really ?

ADAMS: Any young officer wants to polish up his buttons. he's welcome to do it here..... They use the place as a sort of club. Dropping in at all hours...ha! Ha! bit boisterous some of 'em. Still you know what young officers are like. Dear fellows...all of them. Autographs in this book alone must be worth a fortune. U.S. Army. Ah, of course that was before he became President. He was here just before he joined the eighth Army. There's one of his old berets up in the Alamein Room...'

STEED: So you knew General Groves ?

ADAMS: "Woody" ? Course..... Charmer. Bring the birds down off the trees., that man

STEED: Tragic ending.

CONTINUED

INT. GALLERY. (CONTINUED)

ADAMS: Generous to a fault.

STEED: Really ?

ADAMS: He spent hours here. Helping young officers with their problems. Most generous man.

STEED: Surprising him using a motor cycle.

ADAMS: Not a bit. Wouldn't ask anybody to do something he couldn't do himself.

PETERS: Telephone Colonel.

ADAMS: Bother. Will you excuse me.

STEED: Of course.

ADAMS: Look after Mr. Steed.

PETERS: Yes sir. You're early.

STEED: Thank goodness. I thought I'd come to the wrong place.

PETERS: You're from the Northern chapter ?

STEED: That's right.

PETERS: Peters...

STEED: John Steed...does Colonel Adams know about us.

PETERS: No.... she lives in a dream world. She's recreating the Indian Mutiny in the Potting Shed. Now come along I imagine you'd like to see the Inner Temple.

PETERS: How are things up North ?

STEED: Pretty hectic.

PETERS: You weren't in on that Liverpool job ?

STEED : Unfortunately not.

PETERS: No.....I'd love to know how you got away with it.

STEED: So would I...

PETERS: You can say that again.....

STEED: I may have to.

INT. BLACK ROSE CHAMBER:

PETERS: The Black Rose Chamber.

PETERS: Six faces of courage.

STEED: I recognise him.

PETERS: Ah, Pegasus. He was killed in an air crash.

STEED: Oh yes, I read about it. Quite a few casualties.

PETERS: So have you. CONTINUED.

INT. BLACK ROSE CHAMBER. (CONTINUED)

STEED: True. Just a comment. Nothing more.

PETERS: The book of valour. Citations of Deeds of exceptional courage.

STEED: Posthumously.

PETERS: Well, the others will be along soon.

STEED: Posthumously.

PETERS: Big night tonight.

STEED: Post...really ?

PETERS: Apollos' coming.

STEED: Good.

PETERS: Oh by the way, your name ?

STEED: What about it ?

PETERS: What abou....what is it ?

STEED: Steed, I told you.

PETERS: Your Society name ?

STEED: Er....hadn't we better wait till the others arrive. Apollo and Company.

PETERS: I don't see why.

STEED: Oh all right. Bacchus.

PETERS: Help yourself to any of this old man.

INT. STUDY.

ROBERTSON: Mrs. Peel....how're we doing....

EMMA: Very well...

ROBERTSON: Isn't it time you took a break..... You've been at it most of the day.

EMMA: I'll just finish this top line. Thanks for the chocolates. By the way, they were delicious.

ROBERTSON: Are you - a - going to be busy later on ?

EMMA: What d'you have in mind ?

ROBERTSON: Were you serious the other afternoon.

EMMA: What about ?

ROBERTSON: We were talking about the spice going out of living...the lack of danger in everyday life....I thought...you seemed to agree with me...

EMMA: There's too much emphasis on safety.

CONTINUED.

INT. STUDY. (CONTINUED)

ROBERTSON: Were you serious the other afternoon ?

EMMA: What about ?

ROBERTSON: We were talking about....about the spice going out of living.....about the lack of danger in everyday life. I thought...you seemed to agree with me.

EMMA: There's too much emphasis on safety. Security from cradle to graveside.

ROBERTSON: Yes.

EMMA: Safety straps...safety matches.

ROBERTSON: Valves....Precautions...Guards..regulations.

EMMA: It's like always driving in second gear.

ROBERTSON: That's it...that's exactly it.

EMMA: Life should be landscaped with danger..man used to live by the strength of his arm.....

ROBERTSON: And the sharpness of his sword.

EMMA: Now it's all he can do to lift a mug of beer to his mouth. He's dead...

ROBERTSON: Dehydrated.

EMMA: Sterile.

ROBERTSON: Frightened.

EMMA: Tasteless.

IN UNSION: Atrophied....

EMMA: Nine to five. Rushing home to his window box.

ROBERTSON: Wrestling with the crossword...

EMMA: Keeping up with the Jones's.....

ROBERTSON: Paying the next installments.

EMMA: Life's for living...

ROBERTSON: For living!!

ROBERTSON. We'll go right away...

EMMA: Where ?

ROBERTSON: A place you'll find very interesting.... Manton.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD
COMMERCIAL BREAK.

END OF REEL FOUR

AVENGERS I.D. CARD

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD:

EMMA & ROBERTSON in car.
NO DIALOGUE.

INT. GALLERY (MANTON HOUSE)

ROBERTSON: Good afternoon Gentlemen.... I'd like to introduce Mrs. Peel. A possible new recruit.

MAN: How d'you do ?

ROBERTSON: Make a nice Diana, don't you think ? Or Pallas Athene.

EMMA: What is this ? Are you casting for a show or something.

ROBERTSON: A little Society we run.

INT. BLACK ROSE CHAMBER

ROBERTSON: Steed.

STEED: Major.

ROBERTSON: Why didn't you mention it.

STEED: Why didn't you.

ROBERTSON: Never occured to me.

STEED: You've no idea the wangling to get that Groves assignment.

ROBERTSON: Good thing you did. Oh, I'm sorry my dear... this is Mr. Steed from the War Office. Mrs. Peel. She's cataloguing the Groves collection.

STEED: And you thought you might make her a member ?

ROBERTSON: Why not. An Amazon Chapter. I think Apollo'd like the idea.

STEED: Could be.

ROBERTSON: Steed, I haven't told Mrs. Peel much about the Danger Makers. Perhaps you'd put her in the picture.

STEED: Certainly. On second thoughts she's your protoge. Why don't you initiate her ?

ROBERTSON: Yes. Yes, I see what you mean. Well the DANGER MAKERS, that's the name of the Society. It's aim is to put - some of the spice back into life - re-awaken that jaded palette we were talking about. We recruit new members very carefully. The BLACK ROSE, that's the emblem of full membership. As you can see, a collection of our finest flowers. Do you mind if I sit down for a moment, this wet weather gets my leg.

CONTINUED.

INT. BLACK ROSE CHAMBER (CONTINUED)

EMMA: How does one get ones rose ?

ROBERTSON: Ah a series of tests. The labours of Hercules....we call them. They're psychologically devised. And they get progressively more difficult.

EMMA: And if one fails ?

STEED: One doesn't even mention the word.

ROBERTSON: Quite right.

EMMA: May I ask one more question.

ROBERTSON: Certainly.

EMMA: You're a soldier...can't you find enough danger in that capacity ?

ROBERTSON: Oh, you'd think so. But today, Mrs.Peel, there just isn't enough War to go round. Once you've tasted danger, you're hooked. You need it. Just as you need food..... Oh they promised me Korea...what happened ? I was sent to Shape in Paris. Cyprus ? Oh definitely I can go to Cyprus. Attached to the British Embassy in Washington. Malaya ? The Jungle...bandits. Three years at the Tower of London. Hence the DANGER MAKERS. And now Mrs.Peel, do you still care to join us ?

EMMA: Yes.

ROBERTSON: You realise that once you have begun there's no turning back.

EMMA: I understand.

ROBERTSON: Good. I'll arrange to have you initiated then. You'll excuse me a moment.

STEED: Clearer.

EMMA: Much. A bunch of schizoid paranoic psychopaths.

STEED: And incidentally, dangerous. The problem is - who is Apollo ? The Commander in Chief...Apollo's his nom de guerre.

EMMA: And yours ?

STEED: Bacchus.

EMMA: I might've guessed.

STEED: It seemed appropriate.

ROBERTSON: Mrs. Peel, we're ready..are you coming Steed.

STEED: I'd like to finish this excellent brandy., and inspect the premises....Good luck Mrs.Peel. Pump him.

EMMA: Good evening Mr. Bacchus.

CONTINUED

INT. TEST ROOM

ROBERTSON: This is the initiate's test, Mrs. Peel. A test of concentration and steady nerves. You walk along the see-saws, passing the loops along the cables - without touching either of them.....simple really.

EMMA: Childishly simple.

ROBERTSON: Oh that will depend on the mechanism here. My friend Albert will demonstrate. These cables are electrified. I'm switching on the mechanism now. If you touch them while the pointer is in the White Zone, a bell will ring..... But if you touch them when it's in black.....

(ALBERT'S HEAD EXPLODES:)

ROBERTSON: Now....the length of the room on the see-saws. Please tell me when you're ready. Steady...you'll kill her before she starts. Do sit down. Five thousand volts, don't want to ruin her concentration.

EMMA WALKS ALONG
SEE-SAW.

BELL RINGS.

MAN COUGHS.

ROBERTSON: Wonderful...that was absolutely first class.

LONG: Well done Mrs. Peel. My congratulations.

ROBERTSON: Apollo.

LONG: And you too Mr. Steed - Welcome to the DANGER MAKERS.

INT. CELLAR.

LONG: Mmmm. you've done very well.

STEED: Thank you.

LONG: Tell me, what put you onto Manton?

STEED: Stanhope.

LONG: Ah, yes, poor Stanhope. What do you think of my little set-up.

STEED: Very impressive.

LONG: Mmmm. It was almost accidental you know. Almost accidental. When I was treating cases of combat fatigue during the war, I found a small percentage of them...perhaps one in a hundred, suffered mental regression because he actually missed the shock of war. Grown used to it, you see... conditioned to danger.

STEED: I bet that set you thinking.

CONTINUED

INT. CELLAR. (CONTINUED)

LONG: MMM. I began wondering about all those men who actually enjoyed their various wars... all that potential energy...destructive energy...if one could harness it...direct it.. I think I've done it you know.

END OF REEL FIVE

REEL SIX

INT. CELLAR (CONTINUED)

LONG: Those men upstairs, I've taught them to need danger - to crave it.

STEED: Like drug addicts.

LONG: Yes...you could call it an addiction to danger. And just as the drug addict needs larger and stronger doses to satisfy his craving.....

STEED: Your men need more and more danger....

LONG: Exactly.
Oh the chicken running, climbing St.Pauls.... really its not enough...now the biggest danger of all awaits themand the biggest prize awaits me. For centuries men have dreamed of breaking into the Tower and stealing the crown. Yes, there's always been too many pitfalls, haven't there? Too many dangers... Do you follow me? But for my little band, the dangers will act as the spur... they will face death, some of them will certainly die, but that will not matter.....it will only make it the sweeter.

STEED: And when is this coup due to happen?

LONG: Tomorrow. I issue final instructions tonight. It will be the crime of the century. But of course you will not be around to read about it, will you.... what a pity. Goodbye Mr. Steed.

STEED: You want something?

ROBERTSON: I've got to kill you.

STEED: Don't make too much noise about it will you?

ROBERTSON: I said I've got to kill you.

STEED: My goodness me, British tin down another point.

ROBERTSON: Stand up.

STEED: Why?

ROBERTSON: Because I'm going to kill you.

STEED: I'm far more comfortable sitting down.

ROBERTSON: Stand up....I said "stand-up".

STEED: Major...your hand isn't shaking at all. It's as steady as a rock. (CONTINUED)

INT. CELLAR. (CONTINUED)

STEED: Look, where's the danger in this. I'm handcuffed, you've got a gun..... There's more danger in - well - in stamp collecting. Now if we both had an equal chance, by the side of that table.....the gun in the middle... I can see the point in that.

ROBERTSON: Put your chair over there.
Sit down.
I shall count up to three...when I say three...
One....two....

STEED: Sorry Major....I never did believe in rules!!!

ROBERTSON: Steed...give me that gun...

STEED: How did you get out ?

EMMA: I Knotted some sheets and climbed out of the window.

STEED: Oh, that old thing.

EMMA: Well, originality didn't seem important at the time.

INT. BLACK ROSE CHAMBER

LONG: Tomorrow you will face a task which calls for the utmost of courage.
The tower gentlemen and the riches it holds.
It is within our grasp, nothing can stand in our way.

STEED: Oh, I wouldn't say that.

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

STEED: Three against one...not very dangerous is it ?
Let's abide by our code, shall we ? Why not reduce the odds to evens.
Now if it were single combat...man to man...
Me against the bravest of you all.....
your glorious leader. It's up to the Doctor to set an example. Man to man.

INT. CORRIDOR

COLONEL: Hey there.

PETERS: Sorry sir...can't stop.....

ADAMS: Dear boys....boisterous as ever.

INT. TEST ROOM

PETERS: Apollo - he's unarmed.. He's unarmed.

ADAMS: Tea up...come and get it....

(CONTINUED)

EMMA: Steed...I still don't understand how
you stumbled on the DANGER MAKERS.

STEED: Simple Mrs. Peel. When Groves died, I saw
Long, who put me onto Lambie, who led me to
Robertson, through whom I met Stanhope, who
later was killed, who passed on information
about Manton, where I met Colonel Adams.....
I simply put two and two together.

EMMA: Elementary.

STEED: Basic. Shall we drive ?

THEY MOVE AWAY IN GO-CARTS:

END TITLES

THE END

OVER-ALL FOOTAGE: 4,724.

PREPARED BY:

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