

SHOOTING SCRIPT

MASTER COPY

MASTER 341 NOT TO BE ISSUED

" THE AVENGERS "

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW" (12)

by

Brian Clemens

IN WHICH STEED BECOMES A GENTLEMEN'S
GENTLEMAN AND EMMA FACES A FATE WORSE
THAN DEATH.

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Associated British Elstree Studios,
Boreham Wood,
Herts.

NOVEMBER, 1965.

T H E A V E N G E R S

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW".

FADE IN:

1. INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT.

1.

Opulent, stately in the Grand Manner. A room a Victorian Empire Builder might have retired to with his decanter of port, and cuspidor of cigars. A man's room - leather armchairs, darkly textured woods.

OPEN CLOSE ON MR. X'S HAND - fingers drumming thoughtfully on a table top. It is a strong hand, used to hard work. Close to it there is a small silver bell, adorned with a handle of distinctive shape - perhaps a cupid, or a horse rampant. *Amendment*

PULL OUT. The room is softly lit, with deep shadows. MR. X is seated in a deep 'wing' chair - completely concealed from us - save for his hand, and his extended legs - immaculately clad, and with highly polished shoes.

WALTERS (O.S.)

Well, that's it, sir.

PULL OUT FURTHER. WALTERS stands near the chair - he can see MR. X. - although we never do.

WALTERS is about 35, thinnish, soberly dressed as befits his employment of valet. There is an anxiety about him - he has been aggressive, but thinks he may have 'overstepped the mark'.

WALTERS

I've said my piece. The job's getting more dangerous every day - I think it merits a rise in pay.

A pause - MR. X'S fingers continue to drum for a moment - then pause - thoughtfully caress the silver bell.

WALTERS

Either you double my cut - or count me out!

MR. X'S fingers suddenly stop touching the bell - a decision is made - he grasps the bell firmly - lifts and rings it. It rings out a tiny, tinkling little peal. WALTERS waits, wonders.

Slight pause - then the door at the far end opens - and BENSON enters.

BENSON is about 40, well made, distinguished, with just the right touch of obsequiousness - in dress, manner and appearance he is absolutely the traditional perfect butler. Carrying a silver tray, he pads soft-footed to stand by MR. X'S chair.

BENSON

You rang, sir?

(CONTINUED)

1. CONTINUED:

1.

MR. X's fingers suddenly snap towards the tray. BENSON bows slightly - extends the tray towards MR. X.

Only now do we see that the tray bears a single item - a large gun.

MR. X. picks it up - aims it at the startled WALTERS - and fires.

WALTERS crashes back against a table - then slowly slides to the floor - dead.

BENSON has remained absolutely impassive throughout - now he extends the silver tray towards MR. X. again - MR. X. places the gun back on the tray. BENSON gazes down on him.

BENSON

Will that be all, sir?

HOLD ON BENSON's implacable face.

THE AVENGERS

Episode Title

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

2. EXT. AIRPORT. DAY. (LOCATION)

2.

As a big jet touches down at large airport.

Then starts to taxi towards main buildings.

3. INT. ARRIVALS AREA. DAY.

3.

OPEN CLOSE ON DOOR MARKED 'ARRIVALS' - OFF we hear MURMUR OF LOUDSPEAKER announcing arrivals.

PULL OUT FROM DOOR - PAN ACROSS TO what we are primarily concerned with - a bank of five telephone booths - all little boxes - with glass sides - so that one can look from booth number one - right through to booth number five.

(Note: The set need be no longer than is necessary to accommodate the phone booths).

STEED stands inside booth number 5 - the door open. STEED glances at his watch - then towards 'Arrivals' door.

(CONTINUED)

2. INT. BARBER SHOP. DAY.

OPEN CLOSE ON HEAD SWATHED IN CLOTHS. Just a nose poking out - the head is back at an angle, and for a moment we could be in a morgue but then we PULL OUT AND REVEAL that it is a man seated in a barber's chair, under hot towels - his body concealed by barber's smock. We are in a small, exclusive barber's shop - just two chairs and one barber, who is at present adjusting the hot towels around the MAN.

BARBER

Not too hot for you is it, sir?
(MAN grunts)

AS HE SPEAKS - DOOR OPENS - STEED ENTERS. BARBER regards STEED clearly they know one another well. STEED locks meaningfully at swathed MAN.

STEED

Can you take me right away -
(fingers his chin)
Quick scrape and a hot towel or two?

BARBER hesitates - looks at swathed man - then nods.

BARBER

(to MAN)

Leave you to stew for a while?
(MAN's head nods)
Right sir.

He escorts STEED to the other empty chair - sits him down - puts smock around him - takes up jug of lather and brush. He proceeds to lather STEED'S face.

STEED (sotto voce)

What's happening your side of the wall?

BARBER (sotto voce)

We are buying British Defence secrets.
(STEED reacts)

STEED (sotto voce)

Who from?

BARBER

Not much of a day, is it, sir?
(sotto voce)
Someone in your War Office.

STEED (takes his cue)

Let's hope it brightens up later on.
(sotto voce)

Who at the War Office?

BARBER puts down lather - leans CLOSE TO STEED - stropping a cut-throat razor against strap attached to the chair.

BARBER (sotto voce)

You know the chance I'm taking - If I were found out.....!

STEED (sotto voce)

That's the problem of playing the double agent - you double the risk....and the remuneration.

2. CONTINUED

BARBER reacts - stops stripping as STEED'S hand appears out from under smock - clutching bank-notes.

BARBER hesitates - then smoothly takes the notes - adjusts STEED'S chin at an angle - and :

BARBER

Thank you sir!

(shaving away - sotto voce)

I've narrowed it down to three men.

Group Captain Miles.

(scrapes razor up one side

of STEED'S face - making a

rasping noise)

Brigadier Ponsonby-Goddard.

(scrapes the other side)

and Vice Admiral Willows.

(scrapes STEED'S chin)

One of them must be your traitor.

He steps back. STEED'S face is clear of lather now.

BARBER

Hot towel for you, sir ?

STEED (a bit stunned)

Eh ? Oh, yes.....

BARBER moves away - nearer MAN'S chair, to get hot towel. He gets it - moves away - but we HOLD THE MAN - slight pause - then we see his hand sneak out from under the smock - and we see on one finger the DISTINCTIVE RING worn by Mr. X. in SCENE 1. He puts two fingers through the handles of the scissors and draws them towards him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STEED & BARBER

He folds the hot towel over STEED'S face - enveloping it.

STEED (muffled - sotto voce)

Question is - which one is the rotten apple.

Any ideas ?

But at this moment THE MAN grunts - moves slightly. BARBER reacts.

BARBER

Just coming, sir

He hurries over to the MAN.

BARBER

Finish you off in half a second sir.....

As he talks - he whips away the smock - then reacts as:

SCISSORS - held in MAN'S HAND - come straight at him (and camera).

BARBER - reacts as he is stabbed - he opens his mouth to cry out - but the MAN is quicker - he neatly stuffs a lather brush into BARBER'S OPEN MOUTH.

ANOTHER ANGLE

STEED - under hot towels - slight pause - then: BARBER'S HAND enters shot.

(CONTINUED)

2. CONTINUED

Slight pause - then the hand begins to grip STEED'S shoulder -
then to slide - taking the smock with it.

STEED reacts - sits up - pulls the hot towel off his face - and
stares at:

The BARBER - DEAD - with scissors in his chest - and lather brush
in his mouth --

STEED swings round to the other chair - it is now empty!

HOLD HIM:

SCENE 3
DELETED

4. EXT. WILLOWS' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

CLOSE ON FLAG OF ROYAL NAVY - fluttering in the wind.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL that flag is actually a pennant
adorning a very tiny motor boat - pulling into the
bank adjacent to the big, elegant house on the river -
belonging to VICE-ADMIRAL WILLOWS.

At the helm of the tiny boat - proud and erect - stands
STEED - he now wears a NAVAL COMMANDER'S UNIFORM - and a
HUGE, bushy beard practically covering his whole face -
under his arm he carries a telescope.

SCENE 4 CONTINUES AS PER ORIGINAL SCRIPT PAGE 6.

57E-1

CONTINUED:

ON THE SOUND TRACK WE HEAR a pastiche of a sailor's hornpipe.

Throughout this sequence STEED's manner will caricature a Naval Officer - a terse, salty type.

STEED 'docks' the boat - then takes a bosun's whistle from his pocket - and solemnly 'pipes himself ashore'.

Then he moves up towards the house and the front door.

5. INT. WILLOWS' HALLWAY. DAY.

5.

SOUND OF DOORBELL.

Elegant, furnished with Naval prints, ship's wheel, etc.

CLOSE ON MAN's back as he moves to open the door - STEED stands there.

STEED

Ahoy there! Commander Red requests permission to board! I have an appointment with Vice-Admiral Willows.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

REVEALING that the man is BENSON - dressed (as all the butlers are in this episode) in frock coat, wing collar, etc.

BENSON

Ah, yes, Commander - you are expected.

WILLOWS (O.S.)

Benson! Benson! Darnit - where are you man? Benson!

VICE ADMIRAL WILLOWS charges out into the hallway - he is about 50, sports a white beard, and a salty manner. He is in the process of getting dressed - wears uniform trousers and shirt - is tying his tie.

WILLOWS

Ah - there you are! Where the devil is the top half of my number one blues?

BENSON

Sir?

WILLOWS

My jacket, man! My uniform jacket!

BENSON

Yes, sir, right away, sir ... (pauses) Oh ... and this is Commander Red, sir.

BENSON scuttles away - WILLOWS starts to adjust his tie in hallstand mirror.

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED:

5.

WILLOWS

Commander. Admiralty business, isn't it?

STEED

Yes, sir -

WILLOWS

(interjects)

Well, too busy now - no time - first race starts at 1.30.

STEED

Race, sir?

WILLOWS

Sandown Park. Don't want to miss it - there's a little filly running - had my eye on for some time.

STEED

Well, sir - perhaps tomorrow ...?

WILLOWS

(shakes head)

Golden Guinea Stakes tomorrow - can't miss that.

STEED

Then the day after ...?

WILLOWS

(shakes head)

Kempton Races.

(brisk)

Might be able to fit you in next week.

STEED reacts - and now BENSON returns to help WILLOWS on with his jacket.

WILLOWS

That's better - and my British Warm.

BENSON

Sir?

WILLOWS

My British Warm! My great-coat!

BENSON

Oh - yes, sir.

He scuttles away again.

WILLOWS

Darned land-lubbers! Wish Walters hadn't disappeared like that.

STEED

(reacts)

Walters?

(CONTINUED)

5. CONTINUED:

5.

WILLOWS

My butler - chap I had before
this Benson fellow ... Now he
really looked after me -

STEED

But he disappeared? How, sir?

WILLOWS

(shrugs)

Don't know what happened to
him - went AWOL - jumped ship -
fell overboard.

6. EXT. LAKESIDE. DAY. (LOCATION)

6.

CLOSE ON WALTER's dead face - poised for a moment - then
it falls out of frame - and:

ANOTHER ANGLE. As WALTER's body splashes into the lake
and disappears. PULL BACK. MR. X. stands up in small
row-boat - his back to CAMERA throughout - gazing down
and starting to row away.

HOLD HIM.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

7. EXT. BRIGADIER GODDARD'S HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

7.

OPEN CLOSE ON ARMY REGIMENTAL FLAG fluttering in the
wind.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL that the flag is actually a pennant
adorning an ARMoured CAR coming up the driveway leading
to the big, elegant house of Brigadier Ponsonby-Goddard.

ON SOUND TRACK WE HEAR a pastiche of a Military (Army)
March.

Armoured car stops - pause - then:

CLOSE SHOT. The armoured turret - as suddenly the 'lid'
opens - falls back - and STEED pulls himself up into
SHOT - pausing on the rim of the turret for a moment.
He now wears Army Major's uniform, and a typical military
moustache - on his head, at a rakish angle, is a beret -
he pushes his goggles down to hang around his neck -
and now he looks like a caricature of 'Monty'.

Throughout this sequence his manner will caricature the
Army Officer - stiff upper lip, clipped speech and
manner - rigid, 'proper' posture.

He climbs down from the car - surveys the house - then
snaps a swagger stick under his arm, and marches to the
front door - to ring the bell.

8. INT. BRIGADIER GODDARD'S STUDY. DAY.

CLOSE ON MINIATURE CANNON. OFF, OVER WE HEAR PAINT RINGING OF DOOR BELL. PULL OUT TO REVEAL a very military room - old bugles, Regimental colours, etc.

REEVES' VOICE (O.S.)

If you will wait in here, Major White.

PICK UP STEED being ushered in by REEVES - about 40, perfectly garbed as a butler of the old school.

STEED

(clipped)

Thank you.

REEVES

I will inform the Brigadier that you are here.

STEED

Right.

REEVES exits - STEED rigidly moves about the room - touching this and that - then his attention is drawn to a life size replica horse in the study - seated upon it is a life sized man. STEED looks at the horse then his EYELINE GOES UP TO THE MAN - he is about 70, verging on senility - he wears uniform, plus tin helmet - carries a sabre - a whistle is in his motionless mouth. He is MAJOR GENERAL PONSONBY GODDARD.

Then - to STEED'S astonishment - the figure moves - the whistle blasts out - the man is real!

MAJOR GENERAL

Down man, down!

STEED, alarmed, falls to a crouch. Slight pause - nothing happens - so STEED has the temerity to raise his head for a fraction - but:

MAJOR GENERAL HAS DISMOUNTED - and is now crouching beside STEED.

MAJOR GENERAL

Get your head down!

STEED lowers his head again - slight pause - then:

MAJOR GENERAL

By George! That was close!

He turns now to study STEED.

SCENE 8 CONTINUES AS PER ORIGINAL SCRIPT PAGE 10.

8. CONTINUED:

8.

STEEED
...Er...Brigadier Ponsonby-
Goddard?

MAJOR GENERAL
Brigadier!?
(indicates his
insignia)
What do you think this is -
fruit salad!? Major General
Ponsonby-Goddard.

STEEED
Oh, sorry, sir ...

MAJOR GENERAL
(irritably)
It's my son you want - young
Percy. Lucky you came along -
you can reconnoitre the West
Ridge.

STEEED
Er ... the West Ridge, sir?

MAJOR GENERAL
Over there - by the fire-
tongs. Off you go, then.
(He swings his
ancient rifle
round)
I'll give you covering fire.

STEEED crawls towards the sofa.

MAJOR GENERAL
And keep your head down!

MAJOR GENERAL now crawls away to another part of room.

MAJOR GENERAL
What did you want with him
anyway?

STEEED
Sir?

MAJOR GENERAL
Young Percy. That's who you
came to see, isn't it?

STEEED
Oh - er - short biography of
his military career.
(MAJOR GENERAL
reacts)
For the Regimental magazine.

MAJOR GENERAL crawls towards him.

MAJOR GENERAL
I wouldn't print a word about
young Percy - a traitor, that's
what he is. Ought to be shot!

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

8.

STEED reacts - then:

BRIGADIER (O.S.)

Father!

STEED and MAJOR GENERAL swing round - there in the door stand REEVES and BRIGADIER PONSONBY-GODDARD.

STEED stares - 'Young Percy' is about 55 - looks older - he too has the Ponsonby look - be-whiskered, bloated - wearing army uniform.

BRIGADIER

Father, I've told you before about playing around in here ...

MAJOR GENERAL

Playing! Playing!?

BRIGADIER

(wearily)

Manoeuvres then. Kindly confine your activities to the garden.

(irritably)

All right then - off you go!

PARLIAMENT

MAJOR GENERAL scuttles away. BRIGADIER turns to STEED.

The BRIGADIER seems pretty edgy.

BRIGADIER

Major White, isn't it? War Office told me to expect you. Regimental magazine or something...?

STEED

That's right, sir.

BRIGADIER

Sorry about that - the old boy's a nuisance. Like a drink?

STEED

Not so early in the day, sir.

BRIGADIER moves to pour himself a prodigious drink - his hands shaking slightly.

BRIGADIER

Yes, a nuisance - but quite harmless really.

STEED

Not to you, sir.

(BRIGADIER reacts)

He was making some strange accusations.

BRIGADIER

Accusations?

STEED

Said you were a traitor.

BRIGADIER stares at him - then tosses down his drink - pours another large one.

(CONTINUED)

8. CONTINUED:

8.

BRIGADIER

Oh, that. That's because I'm the only member of the family not in a cavalry regiment. He can't understand that the cavalry simply doesn't exist any more. He can't adjust.

STEED

(coldly polite)

Really, sir?

BRIGADIER stares at him - drinks half his drink - then touches his forehead.

BRIGADIER

Major, this interview - not terribly urgent, is it...? Tomorrow perhaps ... I have a rather bad headache... altogether upset ... something I ate.

STEED

(polite - cold)

Something you ate? Certainly, sir.

BRIGADIER

I'll have my butler show you out ... Reeves!

STEED

Please don't bother, sir. I can find my own way...

He salutes - moves to the door - exits to:

9. INT. GODDARD'S HALLWAY. DAY.

9.

Virtually identical to Willows' hallway - save that it has an Army atmosphere in props and dressing.

STEED emerges - then reacts to:

REEVES - talking into phone.

REEVES

(sotto voce)

..I told you not to call me here... No, I haven't chickened out. Look - I can't talk now - Meet me here tonight - the study - after eight - I'll leave the windows unlatched.

He then becomes aware of STEED - and:

REEVES

(change of tone)

No, I'm sorry, sir...Brigadier Ponsonby-Goddard is at home to no one.

He hangs up - turns, the perfect butler, to STEED.

REEVES

Good morning, sir.

He hastens to open the front door.

STEED

(a bit puzzled)

Good morning.

STEED exits.

THROUGH TO:

10. EXT. MILES' HOUSE: DAY. (LOCATION)

10.

OPEN CLOSE ON ROYAL AIR FORCE INSIGNIA.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL that it is painted on the side of a HELICOPTER just touching down in the grounds of the big elegant house of GROUP CAPTAIN MILES.

ON SOUNDTRACK WE HEAR a pastiche of the RAF March.

Helicopter touches down - and STEED steps from it - he wears the uniform of an RAF Officer - sports a HUGE RAF moustache - throughout this sequence his manner will caricature the RAF officer 'type' - extrovert - fruity voice.

STEED rings the bell - no answer - he rings again - no answer - now he tries the door - it gives to his touch and STEED enters:

11. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

11.

Elegant and tasteful. A hall-stand holds Officers' great-coats, peaked caps, etc. Nearby are several flying pictures.

STEED enters - looks around - then:

HOGG (O.S.)

Help you, old boy?

STEED turns - to see SQUADRON LEADER HOGG - in uniform, a round, cheery idiot face - and a RAF moustache almost as big as STEED's.

STEED

Actually I wanted a word or five with Group Captain Miles.

HOGG

Out I'm afraid.

STEED

Oh - bad show.
(extends hand)
Squadron Leader Blue.

HOGG

(shakes hands)
Squadron Leader Hogg. Anything I can do?

STEED

Actually I wanted a blurb or two about the Old Groupie. Official magazine, y'know. I'm acting as P.R.O.

HOGG

From G.H.Q.?

STEED

(shakes head)
B.H.Q.

HOGG

On T.T.R.?

(CONTINUED)

11. CONTINUED:

11.

STEED
J.J.V. Seconded from Z.H.P.

HOGG
Really. How's the G.S.M.?

STEED
A.I.

HOGG
And the M.O.I.?

STEED
Shifted to P.P.R.

HOGG
Downgraded to O.O.7.?

STEED
(shakes head)
Upgraded to B.B.5.

HOGG
Got his G.G.Q. then?
(brighter)
And how's the C.O.?

STEED
O.K.

A small, awkward pause.

HOGG
Oh - bang on.

STEED
Jolly good show.

HOGG
First class. Good to hear it.

Another awkward pause. Then - STEED gestures back at door.

STEED
Sorry to barge in like this -
door was open.

HOGG
It's that butler feller - Hemming
- disappeared again. Come in,
old fruit.

STEED reacts to 'disappeared' - quickly follows HOGG into:

12. INT. MILES' ^{apart} LIVING ROOM. DAY.

12.

Large and elegant - one area a sort of 'at home' H.Q. -
a large bureau loaded with official looking 'bumpf'.
The remainder is an elegant room - sumptuously
furnished.

HOGG
Like some coffee ... ?

(CONTINUED)

12. CONTINUED:

12.

He moves to where percolater bubbles - starts to pour two cups.

STEED
Disappeared?

HOGG
Eh?

STEED
The butler.

HOGG
Eh? Oh - yes - Hemming - dis-
appeared into the garden.

He gestures towards window - STEED gazes out through window - beyond it can be seen HEMMING - cutting some roses. HEMMING is between 40-50, the butler of them all - staid in dress and manner.

HOGG
Always out there - trimming roses or something or other. Green fingered y'know. The O.C. indulges him - been with the family a long time y'know. Well, old bean - what can I tell you about the O.C.? Decent sort of chap - officer n' gentleman an' all that - demon for work ...

STEED
Amongst other things.

STEED - is gazing at many framed photos of various girls on bureau.

HOGG
Eh?
(chuckles)
Oh yes - see what you mean.
(moves closer -
studies photos)
That's Georgie Porgie for you.

STEED
Georgie Porgie?

HOGG
The O.C. - Group Captain Miles - that's what the girls call him - You know - 'Georgie Porgie pudden n' pie ... "

STEED
'Kissed the girls and made them cry.' Does he?

HOGG
Dunno about making them cry, old top. From what I've seen they rather enjoy it.

STEED
Likes the poppies does he?

(CONTINUED)

12. CONTINUED:

12.

HOGG

Likes!? With Georgie it's a vocation - a life work. Runs his amorous adventures like a military operation ...

(grins)

Fresh supplies coming in now ...

He gestures to window: STEED gazes off at:

VIEW THROUGH WINDOW. HEMMING pauses in his rose trimming to turn towards SERGEANT MORAN - he is about 35-45, chunky, rugged, wearing Army uniform and Sergeant's chevrons.

insert
13. EXT. GARDEN OUTSIDE WINDOW. DAY. (STUDIO)

13.

RESTRICTED AREA of garden and rose bushes.
HEMMING & MORAN - MORAN has a bag containing several bottles of Champagne.

MORAN

Afternoon, Mr. Hemming.

HEMMING

Good afternoon, Sergeant Moran.

MORAN

Four magnums of Champagne - caviar, pate de foie gras.

HEMMING

Ah - thank you ...

MORAN

Your gentleman is entertaining again tonight, eh?

HEMMING

That is correct.

MORAN

Another young lady, eh? What is it this time - blonde, brunette or redhead ... ?

HEMMING

Really, Sergeant - you know perfectly well I do not indulge in gossip about Group Captain Miles ...

MORAN

Don't have to. Common knowledge, isn't it? How susceptible he is to a pretty face ...

PAN AWAY TO ANOTHER CLUMP OF ROSES - REVEAL STEED listening thoughtfully.

14. INT. THREE SERVICES BAR. NIGHT.

14.

CLOSE SHOT. EMMA.

STEED (OFF)

The question is - how susceptible?

(CONTINUED)

14. CONTINUED:

14.

PULL OUT. REVEAL EMMA & STEED seated at table in the Three Services Bar. Beyond them in D.G. is the bar itself - military in manner - the draped flags of the three services over it - and indeed, all the clientele appear to be OFFICERS of the Navy, the Army and the RAF.

All the tables are draped with Union Jacks as table-cloths.

EMMA

That's what you want ME to find out?

STEED

Mrs. Peel - if a man's susceptibilities are to be strained to nerve-jangling breaking point - if he's to be pushed to the very edge of betraying Queen and Country - then who better than you to ...

EMMA

(interjects)
Steed. Flattery.

STEED

(hopefully)
Will get me anywhere at all?

EMMA

(thoughtfully)
Vital you said?

STEED

It would not be exaggerating to say that The Fate of ...

EMMA

... The Entire Nation Was In The Balance?

STEED

(nods - smiles)
That's about it. Defence Secrets are being sold to the ...

EMMA

... Other Side ... ?

STEED

(nods)
And it must be one of three men ...
(ticks off)
An Admiral who gambles too much ...
a Brigadier who drinks too much ...
And a Group Captain who ...
(hesitates)
A Group Captain.
(regards her)
Well?

EMMA is about to reply - but at this moment MORAN enters shot. He is about 35-45 - chunky, rugged - wears white steward's jacket emblazoned with

(CONTINUED)

THE AVEENERS
WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

REV:9.12.65.

14. CONTINUED.

EMMA
What's his name ?

STEED
Georgie Miles. He uses this bar
most days. Should be easy to
pick up.....

EMMA
I'm not in the habit of picking men
up.....

STEED
But surely in this case.....

EMMA (over-rides)
He will come to ME.
(STEED reacts)
I'll start planning my campaign
right away.

STEED (beams)
Excellent.

MORAN
Excuse me, sir ...Madam.....

They look up as MORAN enters shot - now wearing WHITE STEWARD'S
JACKET - emblazoned with chevrons and regimental badges.

MORAN
Can I get you another drink ?

STEED
For the lady - yes - but I'm just leaving.

EMMA reacts to this - MORAN nods, snaps his tray under his arm -
about turns - marches away.
EMMA looks at STEED questioningly - he consults his watch.

STEED
The Brigadier's butler made a rendezvous
tonight - have to hurry if I'm to find out
who with.

SCENE 15 DELETED

16. INT. BRIG. GODDARD'S STUDY, NIGHT.

Dark, eerie, silent for a moment - then we hear creak - STEED
enters from behind drapes at french windows - he pauses for
a moment - listening - but all is quiet - then he moves across
the room.

ANOTHER ANGLE In deep F.G. is a spiked helmet (such as the Kaiser
wore) - we see BR.X'S hands - wearing the DISTINCTIVE RING - enter
shot and pick up the helmet - turn the spike towards STEED'S
unprotected back.

STEED - moves across the study - stumbles against something behind
the sofa - looks down - sees PEEET projecting - looks over the sofa
and sees:

(CONTINUED)

THE AVENGERS
WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

REV: 9.12.65.

16. CONTINUED

THE DEAD REEVES lying face-up - a bayonet projecting from his chest,

STEED - stunned - stares at him.

IN DEEP F.G. MR. X. & SPIKED HELMET move in -
THE RING chinks against the metal of the helmet.

STEED HEARS the faint sound - FREEZES - but does not turn.

MR. X. - swings the helmet and spike like a battering ram.

STEED - moves just in time - turns - jumps aside just as the
spiked helmet is swung at him. STEED stumbles backwards - is
vulnerable - MR.X. swings helmet again - STEED fends it off
with his bowler....jerkng it aside and: the helmet slams
into woodwork with a thud - remains, pinned there by t e spike.

STEED has fallen to his knees in avoiding it - he starts
to scramble up - but MR.X. overturns a chair or table onto
him - then turns and sprints for the french windows.

STEED - gets to his feet - tosses aside furniture encumbering
him - runs to the french windows - stops - stares out as HE
HEARS A CAR (O.S.) ROARING AWAY.

CONTINUE AS PER AMENDED SCRIPT PAGE (Pink 7.12.65) NO.20.
but amend heading to read SCENE 16 continued.

THE AVENGERS
WHAT THE BUTLER SAW
16. (Cont.)

18. INT. BRIG. GODDARD'S STUDY. NIGHT.

18.

CLOSE ON STEED - as headlights flash across his face for a moment - and he realises that pursuit is impossible.

He turns back into the room for a moment - gazing towards the DEAD REEVES - then:

BRIGADIER'S VOICE (O.S.)

What the devil's happening down there ?

MAJOR GENERAL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Call out the guard! Call out the guard!

And a cracked bugle starts to blow the alarm O.S.

PAN AWAY TO DOOR - it bursts open - BRIGADIER AND MAJOR GENERAL rush in. BRIGADIER wears dressing gown - MAJOR GENERAL wears night cap - and night shirt emblazoned with insignia and medal ribbons, he carries his ancient rifle - has a bugle slung around his neck.

THEY stop - gaze at: The empty room - STEED has gone - then they move forward to look down on the dead REEVES.

Then MAJOR GENERAL moves forward - puts his bugle to his lips; and begins to play the 'Last Post' over his body.

HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

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

FADE IN:

19. EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY. (LOCATION)

19.

EMMA'S CAR parked in completely deserted stretch of countryside - if possible on a slight rise - or in middle of field area to heighten the odd isolation of the LONG SHOT.

Suddenly, faintly, we HEAR a phone start to ring - and we ZOOM IN TOWARDS THE CAR - and:

19A. INT. EMMA'S CAR. DAY. (MATE)

19A

EMMA is casually sitting in it - polishing her nails - the phone is ringing. She reaches down under dashboard - or behind the seat - and produces a white phone receiver.

EMMA (into phone)

Hello.....?

STEED'S VOICE

MRS. PEEL.I've been trying to reach you for hours. Where are you ?

EMMA

In the middle of the countryside.

(CONTINUED)

19A. CONTINUED

19A

STEED'S VOICE

En! ?

EMMA

Enjoying a breath of fresh, country
air.....

STEED'S VOICE

What about Miles - have you contacted
him yet ?

EMMA:

No.

STEED'S VOICE

Well, I hate to interrupt your parochial
pleasures, but don't you think you ought
to get a move on.

EMMA

Oh, I've done that.

(consults her watch)

Five, four, three, two, one.....zero!

(smiles)

Operation Fascination has just begun against
~~Group Captain~~ Miles.

HEART HROB

19B INT. MILES' OFFICE. DAY.

19B

CLOSE UP. As door opens - and GROUP CAPTAIN GEORGIE MILES
enters wearily. He is about 35; very handsome in a latter
day manner - slick dark hair, flashing teeth, a David Niven
moustache - fruity voice - very confident. But at the moment
he is very jaded - he nurses the grand-daddy of a hangover.

He (metaphorically) limps to his desk - picks up a bell - rings
it - and then instantly clutches it to stop it ringing - to stop
the piercing sound shrieking through his head.

Slight pause - then the door opens - and HEMMING enters.

HEMMING

You rang sir ?

MILES (nods)

Coffee, Hemming. Black coffee.

HEMMING

Yes, sir.

HEMMING exits. MILES sits - grips his head - then reacts to a
clatter of bottles outside - he turns to the window - looks out
at:

POV THROUGH WINDOW TO CONSERVATORY

MORAN is collecting up many empty Champagne bottles - dropping
them into a crate.

MILES raps on the window - MORAN looks up.

MILES

I say - not quite so much noise, old chap.

(CONTINUED)

"WHAT THE BUTLER SAW"

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SCENE 19 B (Continued)

19B

MORAN grins understandingly - cheerily waves champagne bottle at MILES - who, nauseated by the sight of it, turns away and sits heavily at the desk - puts his head in his hands - then reacts as he sees:

In the waste-basket - a full length photo of EMMA - MILES frowns - picks it up - looks at it back and front - finally discards it - opens his desk drawer - takes out some pills - is about to swallow them - but then reacts - looks back in drawer - sees another photo of EMMA. MILES stares at it - pill mid-way to his mouth - then he hastily swallows pills - takes photo - examines it - his consternation growing.

He feels his head - moves to open small wall cabinet to get a bottle of tonic wine - reacts - pinned on the inside of the door is yet another photo of EMMA.

MILES stares at this - is still staring at it - when:

HEMMING re-enters with tray of coffee - starts to put coffee onto desk.

MILES jerks out of his daze - moves back around the desk to sit down and sip the coffee - then he gags on it - as he sees for the first time: All the framed photos of different girls - now contain identical portraits of EMMA!

MILES cannot take his eyes off them - HEMMING is at the door now.

MILES

Hemming.

HEMMING (pauses)

Sir?

MILES

I brought a young lady home with me last night?

HEMMING

Yes, sir.

MILES

Who was she - d'you know?

HEMMING

You did not confide the young lady's name to me, sir...

(regards MILES)

Are you all right, sir?

MILES

Eh? Oh yes, yes,.....

(dismissal gesture)

HEMMING exits.

HOLD ON MILES - as he again turns and stares at the several photos of EMMA.

- 20 C -

SCENE 19 C - INT. THREE SERVICES BAR. DAY.

19 C

CLOSE ON EMMA - wearing enormous dark glasses. Seated at table away and concealed from the bar proper.

STEED sits down on seat just other side of semi-concealing slat arrangement.

STEED

Well?

EMMA

Well?

STEED.

That's Miles up at the bar now.

EMMA leans back - looks towards bar - MILES can be seen there with MORAN

ANOTHER ANGLE.

MORAN & MILES. MILES looking a bit hungover.

MORAN

Don't mind my saying so, sir...you don't look too well this morning.

MILES

Hungover.

MORAN

Heavy night, sir...?

MILES (nods)

Tell you the truth - don't remember much about it...

(he drinks)

Wish I did.....

He stops dead as he goes to put his glass down on beer-mat - reacts to EMMA'S face on beer-mat - smiling up through glass at him. MILES snatches the beer-mat - stares at it.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

STEED & EMMA

STEED

You don't seem to be making much progress....I mean - you're here and he's there.....

He glances off - reacts to:

STEED'S P.O.V. - MILES turning to TWO PRETTY W.A.A.F. OFFICERS as they move up to the bar - MILES greets them warmly.

STEED

And the competition is mounting all the time...

EMMA glances casually towards the bar.

EMMA

Competition?

(casually)

Oh well - Butler spring the trap I suppose....

THE AVENGERS
WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

Rev: 8.12.65.

19c
~~19c~~ CONTINUED

19c

STEED
And the competition is mounting all the
time.

EMMA glances casually towards the bar.

EMMA (smiles)
Competition....?
(casually)

Oh, well
suppose it's time I did something
about it.

And now - ultra casual - EMMA removes her sun-glasses - turns or leans back so that she is in full view of the bar at last.

ANOTHER ANGLE

GEORGIE & WALFS at the bar - he has a drink in his hand - and his back to EMMA.

MILES

There I was y'see - guns jammed - controls shot away - enemy coming at me on all sides and

He half turns - sees EMMA - a terrific reaction - he gapes - he drops his glass - he is absolutely struck.

So is STEED - stunned by EMMA'S effect on MILES. He looks at EMMA in admiring awe.

MILES is now leaving the bar and walking right down towards EMMA.

EMMA smiles casually at STEED - and then adjusts one of the slats - closing STEED from view.

HOLD ON THE STUNNED STEED.

20. INT. EMMA'S CAR. DAY. (LATE)

20.

CLOSE ON EMMA.

EMMA

I'm dining with him tonight.

PULL OUT - EMMA drives - STEED sits alongside - throughout the scene he is fraying his shirt cuffs with a razor.

STEED

Mrs. Peel, you're remarkable.
Turn left here.

EMMA turns wheel - reacts as:

CONTINUE AS PER SCRIPT PAGE 21. SCENE 21.

DELETE SCENES 19 & 20 ON PAGE 21.

19. CONTINUED:

19.

He darts away after EMMA - picks up the handkerchief - and:

MILES

I say ...

EMMA stops - MILES is on floor with handkerchief - as he rises we get his P.O.V. - PANNING SLOWLY UP EMMA'S LONG LEGS, BODY - to her smiling face.

MILES

(taken aback)

I ... I think you dropped this ...

He stops dead as he meets EMMA's eyes. Her eyelashes flutter - and:

EMMA

(Marilyn Monroe voice)

Oh ... Thank you ... so very much.

HOLD THEM - he hands her handkerchief - she takes it - their hands meet - touch - and never part. MILES is smitten!

HOLD THIS SHOT - with its promise of so much ahead - and:

20. INT. EMMA'S CAR. DAY. (MATTE)

20.

CLOSE ON STEED - throughout this scene he has a razor blade in his hand - and is intent on fraying his shirt cuffs with it.

STEED

So you got off to a flying start?

PULL OUT. REVEAL EMMA driving - alongside STEED.

EMMA

Having lunch with him today.

STEED

I'm sure you'll press home your advantage. Turn left here.

EMMA turns the wheel and reacts as:

21. EXT. BUTLERS' SCHOOL. DAY. (LOCATION)

21.

P.O.V. SHOT - as from car.

A SIGN - "BUTLERS' & GENTLEMEN'S GENTLEMEN ASSOCIATION - THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT - THIS WAY ... IF YOU PLEASE."

An arrow points to a Victorian house set amid its own grounds.

22. INT. EMMA'S CAR. DAY. (MATTE)

22.

EMMA reacts ... looks at STEED questioningly.

STEED

Admiral Willows and Brigadier Goddard - both lost their butlers - both had replacements sent from

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED:

22.

STEED
(contd.)
here ... Hence ...
(indicates his
frayed cuffs)
... the shabby genteel look.
(plummy voice)
Would there be anything else,
Modom?

EMMA
I don't think so.

STEED
(alighting)
Enjoy your lunch date with
Georgie ...
(pauses)
And remember - don't do anything
I would do.

And he is gone.

23. EXT. BUTLERS' SCHOOL. DAY. (LOCATION)

23.

As STEED alights from EMMA's car - moves up to the house -
the car pulls away - and STEED moves on up to house -
rings the door bell - no answer - he touches the door -
it gives to his touch - he enters the house.

24. INT. SMOKING ROOM. DAY.

24.

Same set as for Scene 1.

OPEN CLOSE ON THE DISTINCTIVE SILVER BELL. A MAN'S
FINGERS thoughtfully drum close to it.

PULL BACK - almost same shot as Scene 1 - MAN unseen,
seated in deep wing chair.

Slight pause - then the door opens and STEED enters -
looks around the room - sees the MAN in the armchair -
moves closer.

STEED
Oh - excuse me. I rang the
front door bell but ...
(he gestures)

No answer - so he moves closer - he now stands exactly
where Walters stood in Scene 1.

STEED
Steed. John Steed. I ...
er ... wish to enrol.

Slight pause - then the MAN's HAND lifts up the bell
and sets it tinkling. STEED is a bit bewildered -
then the door opens - and BENSON is framed there -
silver tray in hand.

BENSON
You rang, sir?

(CONTINUED)

24. CONTINUED:

24.

MAN's FINGERS suddenly snap towards BENSON - then the MAN rises up out of the chair - and we see he is HEMMING.

HEMMING

Yes, indeed I did, Benson.
How did this gentleman get
in here unannounced?

BENSON looks at STEED for the first time - STEED tenses
- will BENSON recognize him?

BENSON

I'm sorry, sir - I was taking
a suit sponging class and ...

HEMMING

No excuses! You have set a very
poor example to Mr. Steed here.

BENSON

Yes, sir.
(eyes STEED)
Steed? Haven't we met before?

STEED

I'm afraid not.

HEMMING

All right, Benson.

BENSON nods - turns to leave.

HEMMING

Benson! Aren't we forgetting
something?

BENSON

Forgetting som... ?
(he realizes -
reacts)
Will that be all, sir?

HEMMING

(nods)
You may go, Benson.

BENSON bows - turns to leave - with a last searching
look at STEED.

HEMMING now advances on STEED, hand extended.

HEMMING

Hemming. Hubert Hemming. I
am the Principal here.

STEED

(reacts)
But surely you are in service
with the Miles' household?

HEMMING

(beams)
"... in service with the Miles'
household". Admirable, Mr. Steed -
a fine grasp of the vernacular.

(CONTINUED)

24. CONTINUED:

24.

HEMMING

(contd.)

Yes, indeed ... I do serve
Group Captain Miles.

STEED

Then, if you'll forgive the
question, how do you find time to ...

HEMMING

A labour of love, Mr. Steed. Benson
- myself - all the tutors here -
contribute what time we can manage
on a voluntary basis - we train raw
recruits in the craft of butling -
and we also endeavour to raise our
own standards in the process.

STEED

I see.

HEMMING

Now then - yourself - I gather you
wish to enrol ... ?

STEED

Right away if possible.

HEMMING

You have been in service before?

(STEED nods)

Then you have references ... ?

STEED nods - produces envelope - HEMMING starts to thumb
through references.

HEMMING

The Duke of Duffup. The Earl of
Isley - the Honourable Flegghorn
... these really are MOST excellent ...

~~He starts to pace right around STEED - examining him.~~

HEMMING

... And your general demeanour -
appearance ... promising. Yes,
indeed, Steed - I think we might
well make something of you.

HOLD HIM.

STRAIGHT THROUGH TO:

25. INT. TRAINING CENTRE. DAY.

25.

CLOSE ON STEED - he now has his hair parted in the
middle - wears butler's frock coat and supercilious
expression - holds a silver tray.

PULL OUT - STEED stands at the head of a line of identically
garbed BUTLERS - also holding trays. They stand in a
training centre - a large, sparsely furnished, functional
room. Across the room are ranged - a door in free-standing
frame - a section of dining table - a small table - an easy
chair with large arms - to the rear of the room are
trestle tables bearing irons and sponging necessities - a
big, dry cleaning drum (big round box with glass porthole
at front - through which can be seen clothes rocking to
and fro).

24. CONTINUED:

24.

HENNING scrutinises STEED.

HENNING

Your general demeanour - appearance - promising - most promising. Yes, indeed, we might make something of you

(he paces away)

But it will not be easy. Oh, no - you will find the course an arduous one but you will learn many things - many crafts

He turns back towards camera.

HENNING

You will start at the bottom - learning to polish the master's shoes.

WE PULL OUT - and realise that we are now in:

25. INT. TRAINING CENTRE. DAY.

25.

CLOSE ON HENNING - straight transition from preceding shot - but as we PULL OUT - we see that HENNING now faces STEED - a man named FRED - and THREE other TRAINEE BUTLERS - all five wear baize aprons - all five are seated on identical stools, holding identical shoes and brushes at an identical angle - it is military like in its precision.

The room itself is large and sparsely furnished. A HUGE notice announces "Better- Brighter More Beautiful Butling".

HENNING

Remember - a firm, steady stroke ... and one two three

STEED & CO start polishing shoes to numbers.

HENNING

And watch that welt ... and polish and shine and one two three.

HOLD STEED & CO - then PAN TO HOLD ON HENNING.

HENNING

Excellent, gentlemen, excellent ... you'll soon be ready to move on to more skilful things Pressing the master's trousers

PULL OUT.

Time has gone by - STEED & CO all wearing linen aprons - are now at a line of identical ironing boards - with identical irons.

HENNING

Right - begin - one two three and ...

STEED & CO all wet a finger and dab it on the iron.

HENNING

test the temperature ... and poise that iron ... poise, Jenkins - poise ... and down and along and back and forth

STEED & CO iron away in unison.

Contd.....

15. CONTINUED:

25.

PULL OUT - HEMMING watches STEED approvingly - BENSON moves into shot alongside him.

HEMMING

Nice easy style, hasn't he?

BENSON

Sure I've seen him somewhere before.

HEMMING

Standing groom at a race meeting perhaps?
Or at one of Her Majesty's garden parties ...

He moves in to adjust FRED'S ironing arm. HOLD ON BENSON.

BENSON (sotto voce)

Or one of Her Majesty's prisons?

ANOTHER ANGLE.

HEMMING - turns into camera - claps his hands - and:

HEMMING

Sponging and cleaning!

PULL OUT - STEED & CO are ranged along a trestle table - behind them is a big dry cleaning drum (big box with round porthole at front).

All wear identical white coats. HEMMING has porthole open - is removing clothes from the drum - lining a suit in front of each TRAINEE. Each takes up a sponge and a cloth.

HEMMING

And press and sponge - and attack that stain ...
attack, Wilkins, attack. That's better, man.
And when we are finished we will take our suits
and learn how to pack the master's overnight bag

CLOSE PANNING SHOT - along five tiny suitcases - each with a huge mound of clothes alongside it.

PULL OUT - HEMMING is supervising STEED & CO in packing the clothes into the tiny cases. All wear shirt-sleeves and armlets.

HEMMING

Let's not have such a despondent look, Harrison.
Nothing is impossible to the perfect butler.
Right, gentlemen - let us begin - the shoes in first....
now the suits ... and the sweaters

STEED & CO pack in unison.

HEMMING

Easy controlled movements - but dignity!
Dignity at all times. Splendid! Soon be
time for you to appear from below stairs -
and enter the master's living room.

THROUGH TO:

25A... INT. TRAINING CENTRE. DAY.

25A.

CLOSE ON SMALL TABLE - on it is the familiar silver bell - then hand enters shot - rings the bell and:

CLOSE SHOT. DOOR - as there is a tap at it - then: PULL OUT & REVEAL

Contd.....

25A... CONTINUED:

25A.

five free-standing doors ranged along the training centre - as one - they open - as one - STEED & CO all with hair parted in the middle, all wearing butler's tail-coats - all carrying a silver tray - all poised at the same angle - appear through the five doors.

STEED & CO

You rang, sir?

HEMINGWAY moves forward - they stand motionless - soldiers on parade - HEMINGWAY moves along - inspecting them.

HEMINGWAY

Higher with the tray

Waistcoat button undone

You're smiling, Jenkins! Obsequious, man - obsequious.

(JENKINS adjusts his smile)

Nice turn out, Steed.

Having moved along the line - he stops - turns - regards them.

HEMINGWAY

Right then - are we ready? Quick glide!

As one man - STEED & CO step off and as they move forward - fall into a straight line.

HEMINGWAY

And one two three and

STEED & CO

Dinner is served, M'lord.

They pause - half turn to say this line - then move on.

HEMINGWAY

Watch that stance ... and one two three ...

They pause - and:

STEED & CO

Your carriage awaits.

HEMINGWAY

Wilson - your head is nodding - nodding.

You should be bowing!

and one two three and ...

THEY pause and:

STEED & CO

A gentleman to see you, sir.

HEMINGWAY

Much better, much better. Right, gentlemen ... at ease.

THEY pause. He regards them.

HEMINGWAY

I'm proud of you - coming on very well indeed. But there's still work to do - lots of work until you become master of your chosen craft ... and let's not forget our slogan, gentlemen? (he indicates notice)

Contd.....

25A. CONTINUED

STEED & CO
Better, brighter, more beautiful butling.

HEMING beams.

HEMING
And our masters shall want for
nothing at all.

26. INT. THREE SERVICES BAR. DAY.

CLOSE ON EMMA & MILES - seated at bar - faces very close -
just staring and staring and staring into each other's eyes -
their hands lightly touching.

HOLD THIS a moment - then MORAN appears in B.G.

MORAN
Excuse me, sir
(no answer)
Sir...telephone for you

MILES (unmoving)
I'm not here.

MORAN
It's the C.F.E.E., sir.

MILES
Tell them I'm
(looks at MORAN for first time)
C.F.E.E. ?
(MORAN nods)
Excuse me, my dear.

MILES MOVES AWAY.

EMMA looks at MORAN.

EMMA
C.F.E.E. ?

MORAN (polishing glass woodenly)
Commission for Eastern Europe.

HOLD EMMA'S reaction. MORAN continues polishing his glass.

CONTINUE AS PER ORIGINAL SCRIPT PAGE NO.28. BUT DELETE SCENE 26.

26. CONTINUED:

26.

MILES
Whatever you ...
(reacts to MORAN)
Eh?

MORAN
Telephone, sir..

MILES
I'm not here.

MORAN
It's the C.F.E.E., sir..

MILES
Oh! Oh, in that case, better
take it ... Excuse me, my dear.

He moves away.

HOLD ON EMMA - MORAN polishing a glass woodenly.

EMMA
(lightly)
The C.F.E.E.?

MORAN
Commission for Eastern Europe.

EMMA reacts. HOLD HER & MORAN polishing his glass.

NOTED ON
Bottom page
27

27. INT. TRAINING CENTRE. DAY.

27.

CLOSE ON DOOR - there is a knock - then door opens -
and STEED, the perfect butler appears, holding tray
bearing a visiting card.

STEED
I beg your pardon, sir. But
there is a Lady Mic...

HEMMING (OFF)
No, no ... no! ~~COUSIN THE CARD!~~

PULL OUT - REVEAL that we are in centre of the training
centre room - and that the door STEED has entered is
just that - ~~the~~ door in its frame - ~~standing isolated in~~
~~centre of the area.~~

HEMMING steps in - he is putting STEED through his paces.

STEED
(consults card)
There is a Lady Micklebiddie
to see you, sir.

HEMMING
Do I know the Lady?
(he shakes head)

STEED
I think not, sir.

(CONTINUED)

27. CONTINUED:

27.

HEMMING

What does she look like?
(hisses)
'young and pretty'.

STEED

The lady is young and ...

HEMMING

No, no - a slight cough, a clearing of the throat after 'the lady is' ... implying that this is a delicate matter, and you are aware of it ... 'hmm hmm' - a most discreet sound. Try again.

STEED

The lady is ... hmm ... hmm ... young and rather pretty, sir.

HEMMING

Splendid. 'Rather pretty'. Rather. I like that - a nice touch - full marks for originality, Steed.

BENSON (O.S.)

Hubert!

HEMMING turns - BENSON is at the door.

HEMMING moves away - HOLD STEED IN F.G. - but aware of an intense conversation between BENSON and HEMMING - STEED can only hear snatches:

BENSON

... won't you reconsider ... ?

HEMMING

No ... I gave you my answer ... I'm not leaving ... and that is final!

He turns - moves away and back to STEED - BENSON gazes after him - then exits.

STEED

(casually)
Trouble, sir?

HEMMING

Eh? Oh, no - nothing.

STEED

Heard you say something about 'leaving'.

HEMMING

Yes - flattering really. I've had a very substantial offer to leave the service of Group Captain Miles.

STEED

But you've turned it down?

(CONTINUED)

27. CONTINUED:

27.

HEMMING

Yes.

STEED

If you had accepted - had left Group Captain Miles - I suppose we would send him a replacement wouldn't we?

HEMMING

(stares at him)

Too much gossip below stairs, Steed - Continue with your sponging and pressing!

He moves away - exits. STEED deep in thought - moves to trestle table - idly takes down suit hanging nearby - and prepares to iron it.

BENSON (O.S.)

What the devil are you doing!?

STEED turns - BENSON stands there glaring - he indicates suit STEED is pressing - only now does STEED realize it is a Group Captain's uniform.

BENSON

You practice on those suits there - these are not to be touched!

He takes uniform - hangs it back whence it came - next to a Brigadier's and Admiral's uniform.

HOLD ALL THREE UNIFORMS HANGING UP.

FADE OUT:

COMMERCIAL BREAK - U.S.A.

FADE IN:

28. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. NIGHT.

28.

CLOSE ON ADMIRAL WILLOWS (in uniform) BRIGADIER GODDARD (in uniform) - and MILES (in uniform) - WILLOWS & GODDARD have just relinquished their top coats to HEMMING.

MILES

Right, gentlemen ...
(moves to living room)

We're not to be disturbed, Hemming.

HEMMING

Yes, sir.

MILES & CO enter living room - door closes. HEMMING

(CONTINUED)

28. CONTINUED:

28.

turns to move away - but then hall phone rings.
HEMMING lifts it.

HEMMING

Group Captain Miles' residence. Yes, speaking ...
What? No, I can't possibly leave now ...

HEMMING listens a moment - his eyes straying to living room door.

HEMMING

Well, all right - if it's that urgent - I'll slip out now - He's in conference, and will probably be tied up for a while ...

HEMMING leaves - PAN TO LIVING ROOM DOOR.

an end

29. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. NIGHT:

29.

WILLOWS & GODDARD - MILES.

MILES
If you don't mind, gentlemen - like to get this conference over soon as poss.
(glances at watch)
I have a date later on.
WILLOW
Another young filly!
MILES
(grins)
Name's Emma Peel - a smasher.

GODDARD

(sits down)

Let's get on with it then. I'd like to discuss Defence Installations on the East Coast ...

MILES

Not a word, Brigadier - not yet.

WILLOWS & GODDARD react as MILES produces an enormous plastic bag - stands on it.

MILES

If you'll join me.
(they react)
New security ruling - to foil concealed microphones.

WILLOW & GODDARD stand on plastic - MILES draws it up over their heads.

HOLD ON ALL THREE MEN - talking away (unheard) in plastic bag about size of a telephone booth!

~~30. EXT. BUTLERS SCHOOL. NIGHT. (LOCATION)~~

~~30.~~

~~STEED some way from the house - starts towards it - then ducks back behind shrubs as he hears footsteps. He watches HEMMING walk by and up to the house - here HEMMING pauses - looks about furtively - then enters.~~

~~STEED silently moves to follow him.~~

31. INT. TRAINING CENTRE. NIGHT.

31.

Completely empty and silent - full of dark shadows - then door creaks open - and HEMMING enters - blinking in the gloom.

HEMMING

(softly)

Benson? Benson ... ?

Then he reacts to the soft whirr as electrical machinery starts up - then there is heard a regular glug-glug sound.

HEMMING turns - moves to the source of the sound - the big dry cleaning drum - it is empty save for fluid slushing back and forth - but the big top is open as though to receive clothes.

HEMMING frowns - moves to peer closely at the machine - then he hears a rushing sound behind him - and as he URNS INTO CAMERA:

32. INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT.

32.

CLOSE ON MR. X's HAND - fingers drumming on table - pause - then we hear door open - PULL OUT as BENSON enters - looks towards MR. X (who is unseen) and nods triumphantly.

BENSON

Hemming won't stand in our way anymore, sir - it's all over.

Abruptly, MR. X's fingers stop drumming - then his hands reach for the dark overcoat and homburg placed nearby. BENSON hurries to intercede.

BENSON

Allow me, sir ...

MR. X starts to stand up out of the chair - and at the moment we would see his face, so BENSON whirls the overcoat around to help MR. X into it - for a moment the overcoat blacks out the screen - then:

screen clears as MR. X's overcoated back moves away from it - and we FAVOUR BENSON.

BENSON

Oh, by the way, sir ... the new man - Steed - I checked his references, he is an imposter.

(smiles)

But don't worry - I'll attend to him too ...

(CONTINUED)

32. CONTINUED:

32.

Then he hurries to open the door for MR. X - the door opens INTO CAMERA - and again prevents us from seeing MR. X.

BENSON

(calls after X)

Good night, sir.

Then he closes the door - half smiles - moves to pick up Steed's reference envelope - pulls out photo of Steed - taps it thoughtfully against his palm - then suddenly he reacts as he hears a FAINT TINKLE OF GLASS O.S.

BENSON listens a moment - then opens bureau drawer - takes out gun - checks it - moves to the door.

33. INT. TRAINING CENTRE. NIGHT.

33.

STEED has entered through the window - he pauses - looks around - the place is still dimly lit, shadowy - but the regular glug-glug of the dry cleaning drum continues.

Puzzled, STEED moves to the dry cleaning drum - but there is nobody there - he cannot understand it - is just turning to move away when he reacts to:

HEMMING's FACE - seen through glass porthole in front of drum - his head gently slushing back and forth - a gentle see-saw motion to the movement of the drum
HEMMING is inside!

STEED stares at this - then suddenly door is slammed back.

STEED spins around - BENSON stands in the free-standing doorway in centre of room - gun in hand - STEED looks from BENSON to the dead HEMMING - then back to BENSON again - BENSON gestures with the gun - STEED has no option but to obey - to move to precede BENSON through the real door.

THEY EXIT.

PAN BACK TO HOLD ON HEMMING.

34. INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT.

34

CLOSE ON STEED - the perfect butler - warming brandy glass in his hands - pouring a measure - swirling it around the glass - putting glass on silver tray - then turning to serve it to:

BENSON seated deep in armchair - gun pointed at STEED.

BENSON

And a cigar.

STEED

Why don't you just shoot
and ...

(CONTINUED)

BENSON

(hard)

A cigar!

STEED offers cuspidor to BENSON, who selects cigar with care - hands it to STEED - who shrugs - takes cigar cutter and trims it. - hands it back to BENSON, who shoves it in his mouth.

BENSON

Light!

STEED hesitates - but again BENSON points the gun at him - STEED gives him a light - BENSON puffs happily.

BENSON

Not bad. Not bad at all.
You make an excellent butler
- but a very poor forger!

STEED reacts - BENSON tosses references forward.

BENSON

These references - "The Duke of Duffup" - "The Earl of Isley" - "The Honourable Flegghorn" - I checked - they are all the names of pubs!

STEED

Well, you see I ...

BENSON

What's the real story?
Kicked out for stealing the family silver?

STEED

Something like that.

BENSON

Thought so. A thief - a petty thief.

(unexpectedly)

Sit down - pour yourself a drink.

He puts the gun down - STEED reacts - then moves to comply.

BENSON

(chuckles)

Forged references are just about the best recommendation you could have.

(STEED reacts)

I'm going to give you the chance to make some REAL money, Steed.

FADE OUT:

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

FADE IN: *insert original scene* X

35. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

35.

CLOSE ON MILES in uniform - sizing up the long sofa - picks up some cushions - arranges them strategically - then changes his mind - rearranges them - then he moves to ring bell nearby - pause - during which MILES studies painting of a stud bull nearby - then:

STEED (OFF)

You rang, sir?

MILES turns - STEED stands obsequiously in the doorway - fully dressed as the perfect butler - with manner to match.

MILES

Ah, yes, Steed - now you are quite clear about what you are to do?

STEED

I think so, sir.

MILES

A drink as soon as she arrives - then we are to be left alone until - or unless I ring for you.

STEED

I shall endeavour to give satisfaction, sir.

MILES

Yes ... course Hemming used to attend to all this for me - pity he had to go dashing off like that - a sick uncle wasn't it?

STEED

I understand so, sir.

DOOR BELL RINGS - MILES reacts.

MILES

That'll be her now.

STEED nods - bows his way out. MILES checks up on himself in mirror - then sprays the room with perfume.

36. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

36.

As STEED opens the front door - sees EMMA there, her back to him.

STEED

Good morning, Modom.

EMMA

(turns)

Good morning, I have ...

(reacts to STEED)

... an appointment ...

(CONTINUED)

PAGE 35.

SCENE 35. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

35

CLOSE ON MILES in uniform - moving around the room - spraying it with perfume - arranging cushions on long sofa - making the last minute touches prior to seduction.

Then DOOR BELL RINGS - and MILES hastily checks himself in mirror.

SCENE 36. INT. MILES HALLWAY. DAY

36

CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR - as it is opened to REVEAL EMMA - she turns saying:

EMMA

Good morning, I have.....

She reacts to: STEED - obsequiously standing by open front door - dressed as perfect butler, with manner to match.

EMMA

....an appointment....

STEED

You ARE anticipated, Madam.
Won't you come in please?

He pulls door wider - EMMA enters - still fascinated by STEED.

STEED

May I take your coat, Madam?

He removes EMMA'S coat - revealing her chic outfit beneath.

STEED

May I venture to say - that Madam
looks the cat's whiskers.

At this moment - living room door opens - MILES appears - he is positively panting from the word go.

MILES

Emma! Darling, you look ravishing...
Come in, my dear.....

EMMA gives STEED a look - then enters living room - MILES looks at STEED, and:

MILES

Steed - you may serve the aperitifs immediately.

He turns and charges after EMMA.

Delete remainder of Scene 36 on Page 36.

Continue Scene 37, as per script.

36. CONTINUED:

36.

STEED

You are anticipated, Modom.

He pulls door wider - EMMA enters.

STEED

May I take your coat, Modom?

He removes EMMA's coat - revealing that she is dressed in a slinky outfit.

STEED

May I venture to say - that
Modom looks the cat's whiskers?

At this moment - living room door opens - MILES appears - he is positively panting from the word go.

MILES

Emma! Darling, you look
ravishing ...

(frankly leers)

... ravishing. Come in,
my dear.

EMMA hesitates - STEED leans close and whispers:

STEED

Remember - it's For England.

EMMA gives him a look - then moves to enter the living room - giving her bottom an impertinent little swing at STEED.

MILES moves to follow - then pauses and:

MILES

Steed - you may serve the
aperitifs immediately!

MILES charges after EMMA.

37. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

37.

EMMA enters - looks around - and sees some etchings on one wall - moves to examine them. MILES pads up behind her - eyeing her lasciviously.

MILES

Like my etchings?

EMMA

(smiles)

You actually DO have some.
They're excellent.

MILES

Best of the collection is
upstairs.

EMMA reacts - then - a tap at the door - STEED enters with tray of drinks.

(CONTINUED)

37. CONTINUED:

37.

STEED
An aperitif, Madom?

EMMA
Thank you.

STEED hands EMMA & MILES a drink.

STEED
I took the liberty, sir - of
preparing a little concoction
of my own. I call it ...
Romantica ...

He looks at EMMA - bows low - exits.

Slight pause - MILES eyes EMMA - then:

MILES
Sit down, won't you? Make
yourself comfortable.

EMMA moves to sit on the sofa - MILES wanders away
towards record player.

MILES
Have a bit of music, shall we?

CLOSE SHOT. MILES - his finger hovering over a switch
marked: "Master Switch".

MILES
Anything in particular?

EMMA
No, I'll leave the choice ...

MILES operates master switch.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

EMMA - reacts as:

The drapes are suddenly drawn.

Soft lights spring on.

Smoochy music starts to play.

Around the side of the sofa - swishes a small table -
bearing Champagne and glasses - flowers, etc.

The side of the sofa - that EMMA is leaning against -
suddenly goes flat - she is thrown back.

EMMA
(over above action)
... Entirely up to ... you.

'You' as she arrives flat on her back - staring up at:

CLOSE SHOT. MILES - leaning sexily over the sofa -
he now wears a silk lounging jacket - smokes through
a long cigarette holder.

(CONTINUED)

37. CONTINUED:

37.

MILES

That's MUCH cosier ... Now ...
let's get to know each other
better, eh?

MILES moves in.

38. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

38.

STEED - listening at the door - now he straightens up -
a slightly 'mock-shocked' look on his face.

39. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

39.

(Although it is now virtually a night scene - soft
lights and music!)

MILES is now seated beside EMMA - who is starting to
struggle up from the recumbent position.

MILES

Emma ...

He plunges in - but she is faster - she grabs her glass
- lifts it to her lips. MILES' teeth clunk against
the heavy base 'highball' type glass.

EMMA

Oh, I'm so sorry ... I've
hurt you?

MILES

(through pain
wracked lips)

No ... No, not at all ...

He again plunges in on EMMA - but: she is gone.

EMMA

That's a jolly little painting
... Didn't notice it before.

EMMA studies painting on wall - MILES pursues her.
He plunges in.

EMMA

Who painted it?

MILES

Carter Someone or other ...
(plunges in)

EMMA

When?

MILES

About 1820 ...
(plunges in)

EMMA

It looks like a Parisian street.
Was it painted in Paris?

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTINUED:

39.

MILES
Eh? Oh, I think so ...
(plunges in)

EMMA
Watercolour, isn't it?

MILES
Er ... yes ...
(plunges in)

But EMMA has moved to another painting.

EMMA
What about this one?

MILES
Painted by Jonathan Peabody in Rome -
in 1923, oils and tempera darling!

And this time he is too quick - he connects - grabs her and then:

STEED (O.S.)
Hmm. Hmm.

MILES turns about - glares at STEED in the doorway.

STEED
I beg your pardon, sir -
but would you wish me to
serve the first course now?

MILES
(irate)
No.

STEED
Right, sir.

STEED bows out - and MILES grabs EMMA again. He pulls her close, but:

STEED (O.S.)
Hmm. Hmm.

MILES, very irate now - turns to glare at STEED in doorway again.

MILES
What the devil is it now!?

STEED
The Champagne, sir. Would
you wish me to open it now?

MILES
No. And don't come in
again unless I ring!

STEED bows out again - MILES spins round on EMMA - He grabs her - forces her back - EMMA slyly reaches out her hand - feels for the bell - then neatly flicks it over - as it falls it rings.

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTINUED:

39.

ANOTHER ANGLE. THE DOOR.

Instantly it opens and STEED appears.

STEED

You rang, sir?

MILES sighs in exasperation - EMMA coolly moves away.

MILES

Er yes I think you CAN open the Champagne now, Steed.

STEED

As you wish, sir.

STEED starts to open Champagne - MILES waits impatiently - the cork pops - STEED starts to pour - but MILES intervenes.

MILES

All right, I'll do that. You can go!

STEED bows out - MILES pours Champagne - offers it to EMMA - then, as she starts to take it - he flicks it away - grabs her tight in his arms -

EMMA'S hand lightly traces down MILES' spine.

MILES reacts - takes it as encouragement - attempts to kiss her - but: EMMA'S HAND is merely selecting the right spot - now she slams the edge of her hand into MILES' spine.

MILES - falls to his knees in astonishment - gazes up at her:

MILES

Amazing - remarkable I never felt like this before!

She steps away - he pursues her on his knees for a moment - then rises to his feet - snatching at her again.

MILES

Emma!

EMMA throws him.

40. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

40.

STEED just moving away from the door - when he hears a terrific crash from within - he stops dead - reacting comically.

41. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

41.

CLOSE ON MILES - lying half upside down - having landed very awkwardly - he stares aghast at EMMA.

EMMA (firmly)

Georgie - it's time you and I had a little talk.

(she moves closer)

You said you'd do anything for me. Anything at all.

He stares up at her.

42. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

42.

STEED now has a tumbler pressed against the door, attempting to listen through it - but it is clear he isn't hearing as much as he'd like to.

43. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

43.

MILES - struggles to his feet - to stare at EMMA.

(CONTINUED:)

43. CONTINUED:

43.

MILES
You can't be serious!?
(stares at her)
Betray secrets! The idea
that I ... that you think I
would ... You can't be serious!

EMMA regards him - then:

EMMA
(smiles)
No. I was just testing you.

MILES
Testing ... ? And I've failed.

EMMA
No - as a matter of fact -
you passed.

MILES
Eh? I don't understand ...

EMMA
Now then - let's let some
light in here ...

She moves to draw the curtains - daylight floods in.

EMMA
Sit down - and have a nice
cup of tea. And you must be
awfully warm in that ...

She starts to peel his robe off - revealing his uniform
underneath.

MILES stares at her.

MILES
But ... but ...

EMMA
Yes?

MILES
Surely you expect me to ... ?
I mean, all the others
expect ...
(he gestures
around the room)

EMMA
Corney - and terribly boring.

MILES
(warming to her)
I say - d'you mean that?
(she nods)
You really won't mind if I
don't try to seduce you?

EMMA
Don't give it a second thought.

(CONTINUED)

43. CONTINUED:

43.

MILES

(beams)

I'd love a cup of tea.
It's this reputation of mine,
y'see - don't know how it all
started - now I'm stuck with
it - the full Casanova bit.
It's sometimes VERY tiring.

EMMA

You poor thing - well you just
put your feet up and rest.

She now has him recumbent on the sofa.

MILES

There IS one thing I would
like to do with you.

44. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

44.

STEED - now has a kitchen funnel to the keyhole -
listening - but still without much success. From
within the room he hears EMMA's girlish laughter -
then MILES' laughter - then silence.

At this moment the phone rings - exasperated - STEED
moves to pick it up.

STEED

Group Captain Miles' residence ...

(listens)

Yes, sir. Yes, sir, I'll tell
him.

He hangs up - turns to the living room door - pauses -
hears EMMA's giggle again - hesitates - then, firmly
closes his eyes - knocks - and enters:

45. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

45.

CLOSE ON STEED - at door - eyes firmly closed.

STEED

Sorry to intrude, sir ...
but there is a telephone
message.

Off - we hear a curious rattling sound - then:

MILES

Well, what is it?

STEED opens his eyes - and reacts to:

EMMA & MILES playing ludo - the shaking was the dice
in the cup.

STEED

(flabbergasted)

A ... A Defence Conference has
been called - you are required
to attend right away, sir.

(CONTINUED)

PAGE 43.

SCENE 45 CONTINUED.

45

MILES

Blast! Sorry about this
(he rises)

Where is the conference being held?

STEED

Brigadier Goddard's residence sir.

MILES (to Emma)

No need for you to rush off. Stay
and have that tea. Steed will take
care of you. See you later.

MILES exits.

STEED turns to look at EMMA. She casually rolls dice.

EMMA

We can eliminate Georgie Porgie - I
put him to the test.

STEED.

Really - what did you offer him?

EMMA

Never you mind. He's no traitor - take
my word for it.

STEED helps himself to Champagne.

STEED

I'd already reached that conclusion
(she reacts)

Well, nobody knows a man like his own
butler.....

THEIR eyes meet meaningly.

EMMA

That's what his business is all about.

STEED (nods)

Getting the right man into the right
households..

EMMA

And stealing Defence Secrets..but how,
Steed? You're on the inside now.

STEED (thoughtfully)

They haven't let me in on THAT secret
yet.

Delete continuation of Scene 45 on Page 44.
Continue Scene 46, as per script.

45. CONTINUED:

45.

MILES

Blast. Sorry about this, my dear. I was winning too.

(he rises)

Where is the conference being held?

STEED

Brigadier Goddard's residence, sir.

MILES

(to EMMA)

No need for you to rush off. Stay and have that tea. Steed will take care of you. See you later.

MILES exits.

HOLD ON STEED & EMMA - EMMA shakes the dice - rolls out the dice.

EMMA

(casually)

Care for a game?

STEED stares at her - astonished - questioningly.

EMMA

We can eliminate Georgie Porgie - I put him to the test.

STEED

Really? What did you offer him?

EMMA

Never you mind. Just take my word for it - he's not our traitor.

STEED helps himself to Champagne.

STEED

I'd already reached that conclusion.

(she reacts)

Well, nobody knows a man like his own butler. And talking of buttlings ...

EMMA

You'll get my tea?

STEED

(a look)

... This business is all bound up with buttlings - and getting the right men into the right households ...

EMMA

That's why Hemming was killed?

(CONTINUED)

45. CONTINUED:

45.

STEED

He wouldn't be bribed into
leaving Georgie - so ...
(he gestures)

EMMA

And YOU are sent in to take
his place - but why? What
are you supposed to do?

STEED

They haven't let me in on
THAT secret yet.

EMMA

(thoughtfully)
Bound to have something to
do with the Defence
conferences.

46. INT. BRIGADIER GODDARD'S STUDY. DAY.

46.

CLOSE ON WILLOWS & BRIG. GODDARD are already standing
in their communal plastic bag - holding it open to
receive MILES who has just entered.

GODDARD

Hurry up, man - haven't got
all day!

MILES hurries - climbs into bag - then bag is pulled
up over all three men - HOLD IT, as they start to
talk (unheard).

NOW SLOWLY PAN DOWN TO THE TABLE - under it - in full
battle kit - lies MAJOR GENERAL GODDARD. HOLD HIM.

47. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

47.

EMMA sipping tea.

Slight pause - then we hear:

STEED (O.S.)

Right, Benson - I've got
that.

Slight pause - then EMMA looks up as STEED enters the
room, looking very puzzled indeed.

EMMA

What is it?

STEED

I've just been told why I'm
here. Georgie Porgie - as
soon as he gets back from
the conference - I'm to spill
wine all over him!

HOLD THEIR REACTION.

48. INT. BRIGADIER GODDARD'S STUDY. DAY.

48.

BRIGADIER GODDARD just ushering MILES & WILLOWS out.

GODDARD

See you again soon, gentlemen ...

They exit. BRIGADIER GODDARD now rings bell - paces away - slight pause - then TRAINEE BUTLER FRED enters with tray of drink - 'accidentally' stumbles - spills drink all over BRIGADIER GODDARD.

GODDARD

Idiot!

(peels off his jacket)

Get it cleaned up at once ...

(feels his shirt)

I'll have to change my shirt.

He exits. HOLD ON FRED - holding uniform jacket - well pleased - then he too exits.

PAN DOWN TO BELOW TABLE - lying there, in battle outfit, is MAJOR GENERAL GODDARD - eyes bright - obviously having witnessed the whole incident.

49. INT. ADMIRAL WILLOWS' HALLWAY. DAY.

49.

WILLOWS - having just entered and taken off top coat - now he turns - collides with BENSON, who holds tray of glasses - drink spills over WILLOWS.

WILLOWS

Clumsy fool! That's the third uniform you've ruined this month!

(peels jacket off)

Well, see to it, man - see to it!

He stalks off - leaving BENSON holding uniform - smiling slightly.

50. INT. MILES' LIVING ROOM. DAY.

50.

As MILES enters - STEED turns holding wine bottle - spills it all over him.

MILES

Ham fisted ass! Look at it.

(peels off jacket)

Well, you did it - you attend to it!

STEED exits with uniform.

51. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

51.

STEED emerges from living room - very preoccupied checking the uniform jacket - DOOR BELL SOUNDS - he moves to answer it - but still interested in the jacket.

(CONTINUED)

51. CONTINUED:

51.

BENSON (O.S.)

I'll take that.

STEED reacts - looks up - BENSON stands in doorway - with Admiral's and Brigadier's uniforms draped over his arm.

BENSON

I'll get it cleaned for you.

And he takes Miles' uniform jacket - and is gone.

STEED, taken aback, stares off at:

52. EXT. MILES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

52.

STEED's P.O.V. to BENSON hurrying to his car - getting in and driving away. Immediately, we hear another car start up - and EMMA's car noses out from place of concealment.

53. INT. MILES' HALLWAY. DAY.

53.

STEED signals to EMMA (off) - then strips off his frock coat - reaches for his own jacket and slips it on - he is just moving away - when:

MILES (O.S.)

Steed ...

MILES has appeared.

STEED

Sorry, sir ...

MILES

Steed, I ...

But STEED tosses the discarded frock coat - it envelopes MILES for a moment.

MILES

(outraged)

Steed!

He pulls the coat aside - but STEED has gone - he gapes off at:

54. EXT. MILES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

54.

LONG SHOT
~~STEED~~ *STEED* appearing to EMMA's car - jumping in - it starts to speed away almost immediately.

55. INT. TRAINING CENTRE. DAY.

55.

CLOSE ON BENSON - with Miles' uniform spread out on table - BENSON spreads it with loving care - then takes a large pair of scissors, and begins to cut open the shoulder pad - he pulls out some of the padding - and then:

(CONTINUED)

55. CONTINUED:

55.

CLOSE UP. SHOULDER PAD - nestling in the padding is a tiny metal box.

BENSON smiles - then takes tiny box - flips it open with some tweezers and:

CLOSE UP. AS TWEEZERS remove a tiny spool from the tiny box.

BENSON picks up two similar spools - hefts them all in his hand - smiles - turns to exit.

PAN ALONG TRESTLE TABLE - REVEAL MILES' torn uniform - then the uniforms of Willows and Goddard - similarly torn. Then O.S. we HEAR A CRACKING SOUND.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL EMMA & STEED just breaking in through a window or a side door.

They move to the table - react to torn uniforms. Then EMMA picks up tiny metal box.

EMMA

Steed ... a miniature tape recorder ... and look ...

She finds that the box fits neatly into a torn shoulder pad - STEED & EMMA look at each other.

STEED

Every word of every conference ...

EMMA

Recorded for posterity ...

56. INT. SMOKING ROOM. DAY.

56.

CLOSE ON DEVICE - tiny spools turning - and we hear:

MILES' VOICE

... if we tighten up radar stations along the East Coast it should help.

GODDARD'S VOICE

I agree.

WILLOWS' VOICE

I'm not so sure - don't forget our deployment of Polaris submarines are ...

The device is cut short as MR. X's HAND enters shot and switches it off.

PULL BACK. More or less same shot as for Scene 1 - MR. X deep in armchair - BENSON standing facing him.

BENSON

I think we have - as they say - delivered the goods, don't you, sir ... ? I think we can ...

(CONTINUED)

56. CONTINUED:

56.

He stops dead as he hears SOUND O.S. - sound of a vase overturning - or similar. BENSON freezes - then looks in panic towards MR. X.

MR. X's fingers snap urgently - gesture that BENSON take up position of hiding beyond the door.

BENSON hurries to comply - MR. X's hand opens bureau drawer - takes out a gun, checks it - places it close at hand - concealed. He then douses the main lamp standard.

Slight pause - then door handle turns - door creaks inwards - then STEED & EMMA cautiously enter the dark room - they pause - then STEED crosses quietly to the lamp standard - switches it on - and: finds himself staring into the muzzle of MR. X's gun.

STEED freezes - EMMA reacts - turns to the door - and finds BENSON there, gun aimed at her.

A long, frozen pause - and then:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

As MR. X stands up from the chair - and we see he is MORAN!

He casually moves to pour himself a drink - aware of their surprised faces.

MORAN

Yes, I'm the boss around here - me - poor old Sergeant Moran - barman, dishwasher - "Yes, sir", "No, sir", "Three bags full, sir". That's what they did to me - 22 years service - front line service with a good regiment - they gave me a medal for it ... and then they relegated me to polishing glasses. Me - Sergeant Moran!

He gets a grip on himself - then he smiles.

MORAN

Well, it's my turn now - I'll show them.

(to BENSON)

Get rid of them. Somewhere in the grounds.

BENSON

(smiles)

Certainly, sir.

He grasps his gun - gestures that they move towards the draped French windows.

BENSON

(polite menace)

This way if you please ...

(CONTINUED)

56. (CONTINUED)

56.

He keeps his eye on them - pulls aside the drapes - and instantly there is a strident blast of bugle sounding the charge.

ALL REACT - there, poised in the open french windows is MAJOR GENERAL GODDARD - in full battle order - brandishing a pistol and a sabre.

MAJOR GENERAL
CHARGE!

AND he does - right into BENSON - sending him crashing back against MORAN - STEED moves into grab at BENSON.

MORAN darts for the fallen gun - but EMMA kicks it - it goes skidding out through the door to:

56A. INT. BUTLERS' SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

56 A

CLOSE ON GUN - skidding out into hallway.

56B. INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT.

56 B.

MORAN chases out after it, charging EMMA aside as he does so.

56C. INT. BUTLER'S SCHOOL ENTRANCE HALL. NIGHT.

MORAN - rushes out - scoops up gun - keeps on going.

56D. INT. SMOKING ROOM. NIGHT.

EMMA moves to follow - but is momentarily impeded by STEED & BENSON fighting - then she too is gone.

CONTINUE AS PER ORIGINAL SCRIPT PAGE 49 - BUT DELETE from the top of the page down to "and MORAN runs after EMMA".

56. CONTINUED:

56.

He keeps his eye on them ^{as} pulls aside the drapes - and instantly there is a strident blast of a bugle - sounding the charge.

ALL REACT - there, poised in the open French windows is MAJOR GENERAL GOODARD - in full battle order - brandishing a pistol and a sabre.

MAJOR GEN.

Charge!

And he does - right into BENSON - sending him crashing back against MORAN - STEED moves in to grab at BENSON - EMMA darts for MORAN's fallen gun - but MORAN recovers, just in time - jerks the gun up and fires - but just too late - EMMA darts out of the door and slams it shut - the bullet drills a hole in it.

MORAN

I'll get the girl ...

~~And MORAN runs off after EMMA.~~

HOLD ON STEED & BENSON - fighting for possession of the gun - STEED makes him drop it - it lies between them - they circle each other - each trying to reach the gun.

MAJOR GEN. now stands up on a table - blowing bugle call - then directing the battle with his sabre.

MAJOR GEN.

His left flank - go for his left flank ... No, don't retreat man - into battle ... charge ... !

STEED's fighting more or less follows the MAJOR GEN's commentary.

MAJOR GEN.

Ah - the clash of arms ...
(as STEED and BENSON collide)
Ah, ah - strategic withdrawal.
(as BENSON picks up heavy ornament to brain STEED)
Outflank him - and ... a pincer movement ...

STEED brings both his fists either side into BENSON's ribs - BENSON goes back - STEED closes with him.

HOLD ON MAJOR GEN. Tooting his bugle

MAJOR GEN.

(as STEED leaps the sofa)
Forward men - over the top - into battle - let 'em see what British beef is made of!

57. INT. TRAINING CENTRE. DAY.

57.

^{EMMA}
As MORAN rushes in - then stops - listening carefully - then she hears a faint noise - ~~smiles~~ turns ~~his back~~ to the noise.

~~EMMA, singly behind him~~ starts towards the door - but MORAN suddenly ~~swings round~~ - gun pointed right at her - she is trapped. ^{APPEARS}

MORAN eyes her - smiling, then he lowers the gun.

MORAN

A gun? To kill a woman?

EMMA is utterly fascinated by his cold approach - he throws the gun aside.

MORAN

No. I was a Commando Sergeant
- taught to kill with my hands ...
(he flexes his
huge hands)
... my bare hands. It'll be
just like the old days.

There is an icy cold horror about him - he is really enjoying the anticipated kill as he moves in on EMMA.

His approach is unhurried - EMMA is frozen - and then suddenly MORAN strikes like a snake - EMMA is faster - his bare hand chops a piece off some wooden furniture, or chops it in half - there is no doubt that EMMA faces an expert killer.

The fight proceeds - MORAN is very much the aggressor - intent on mayhem - he fights 'unarmed combat' style - EMMA counters him.

The fight is short, sharp exciting - and it builds to a climax where MORAN seems about to kill EMMA, but at the last moment she deals him a blow with her knee - he folds up - she Irish whips him - he crashes to the floor - and she springs astride him - leans close and deals him two blows with the point of her elbow - one to each side of the face.

MORAN lies still - EMMA shakily gets to her feet - it is probably the worst fight she has ever experienced.

58. INT. SMOKING ROOM. DAY.

58.

CLOSE ON MAJOR GEN. standing on top of table - triumphantly blowing his bugle.

PULL OUT - BENSON lies out cold - STEED is just getting to his feet - it has been a tough fight.

MAJOR GEN.

Bravely fought. Splendid battle!

STEED

(breathless)
Major General, how DID you turn up here?

(CONTINUED)

58. CONTINUED:

58.

MAJOR GEN.
Superior intelligence work.
Saw a butler feller mucking
about with young Percy's
uniform ... knew something
was up.

Door opens. EMMA enters.

MAJOR GEN.
I'll see you're mentioned
in dispatches.
(sees EMMA -
frowns)
Also have a word about young
gels in the front line ...
don't like it at all ... most
distracting ...

STEED & EMMA look at each other - smile - and:

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

59. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (STUDIO MATTE)

59.

CLOSE ON STEED & EMMA (in some vehicle to be determined
later).

STEED
Splendid day.

EMMA
Excellent.

STEED
Might rain though.

EMMA
Might.

A pause.

EMMA
Steed - why don't you
say it?
(STEED looks
at her)
Go on, I KNOW you're dying
to say it ...

STEED
Say what?

EMMA
That despite all the
possible suspects ...
(looks at him
in anticipation)

STEED
(grins)
... The butler did it!

THEY SMILE.