

THE AVENGERS

THE BIRD WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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.....

MASTER COPY  
NOT TO BE ISSUED

PREPARED BY:

TELEMEN LIMITED  
Associated British Productions Ltd.,  
Elstree Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts.  
ENGLAND

FEBRUARY, 1967

MAIN TITLES

EXT. COUNTRY

ROBIN chases DANVERS.  
Fires shot. DANVERS goes  
up look-out TOWER. ROBIN  
fires gun up towards him.  
DANVERS FALLS.

NO DIALOGUE

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED  
OVER DANVER'S.

AVENGERS I. D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

Tonight's episode of THE AVENGERS  
is brought to you by .....

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA looks towards window,  
where STEED holds card  
on the end of an arrow,  
which reads "MRS. PEEL, WE'RE  
NEEDED".

EXT. COUNTRY (LOOK-OUT TOWER)

STEED:

Peroy Danvers, Under Cover man,  
he tried to 'phone me a little  
while back.

EMMA:

Have you any idea what he was working on?

STEED:

Might've been anything, he covered a very  
wide field.

EMMA:

Bird seed.

STEED:

Mmm.

EMMA:

Bird Seed.

STEED:

Now where on earth.....

EMMA:

Was he interested in bird watching?

STEED:

I don't think so, he had a lot of interests.  
I didn't realise they included bird watching.

EXT. PEARSON'S PLACE

ELRICK holds pigeon then  
puts it in cage. VERRET  
chases ELRICK with gun.  
ELRICK climbs scaffolding.  
VERRET fires. ROBIN joins  
VERRET. ROBIN chases up  
scaffolding after ELRICK.  
ELRICK falls.

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EXT. PEARSON'S PLACE (continued)

ELRICK: (Screams).....

ROBIN: (Laughs).....

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED: Tweezers.

EMMA: Tweezers.

STEED: Eyeglass.

EMMA: Eyeglass.

STEED: Hammer.

EMMA: Hammer.

STEED: Pin.

EMMA: Pin.

STEED: Carry on.....

Next.

EMMA: Next. Steed. Do you really think they can be carrying messages inside one of these seeds?

STEED: Or a micro container....or miniaturised transmitter. Do you know they brought over the whole of the Eastern Rocket programme in the eye of a needle.

EMMA: Ingenious.

STEED: Except for the fact that the courier lay down and rested in a haystack.

EMMA: You mean they.....

STEED: They're still looking for it. Now I can't leave anything to chance. Danvers was carrying these.....so there must be some significance. 'Phone.....

EMMA: 'Phone. Hallo, yes, he's here. It's for you.

STEED: Steed here, oh yes, when....where.... I'll be right over. Pathological lab. They've brought in someone who worked with Danvers.

EMMA: Door.

STEED: Door.

END OF REEL ONE

710 ft. 10 frames

INT. PATH. LAB.

STEED: Try that bit over there.

STEED: I was afraid so. We shared the same tailor. It's him all right.

EMMA: Who?

STEED: Frank Elrick. . . he was engaged on counter . . . counter . . . counter espionage.

EMMA: Well somebody countered his counter. Where was this found.

STEED: In a contractor's yard and just in time. Another hour or so and he would have been the corner stone of a new supermarket. Poor old Frank. . . He was a pretty solid sort of type.

EMMA: He still is.

STEED: Muswell's back.

EMMA: When did he leave ?

STEED: Muswell's back. A stretch of land near here. They've just completed a new missile installation. It's supposed to be top top top secret.

EMMA: Well Elrick was a counter.. counter.. counter espionage spy.

STEED: Aerial photos. But flying is supposed to be forbidden around here. Now in the wrong hands these prints . . . .

EMMA: But that's all they are Steed, prints . . . without a negative these are no good.

STEED: Frank must have been close to finding them. . . so they, Pearson . . . Franks partner . . . . . Now whatever Frank knew, he'd know. Pearson, Mark Pearson. . .

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

MARK: No . . . . it's your sister I'm waiting for . . . . .

EXT. STREET/INT. STEED'S CAR.

STEED: Pearson lives up there.

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

VERRET: Pigeons. . . stool pigeon.

EXT. PEARSON'S PLACE

STEED & EMMA walking towards front door. VERRET watches.

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

STEED:

Mark.

MARK:

Steed. Muswell's back. Missile Base.  
Photos. Aerial photos.

STEED:

Yes we know about those.

MARK:

The information being taken out of the  
country. Taken East.

EMMA:

Who's taking the information out. ?

STEED:

Pearson. . . who is he ?  
Who's the courier ?

MARK:

Crusoe . . . Captain Crusoe.

EXT. STREET/INT. CAR.

ROBIN:

Did you do it ?

VERRET:

Yeah.

ROBIN:

You have all the fun.

VERRET:

Commander. . . Verret here. Yeah O.K.  
Pearson had some callers though. Man  
and a woman - yes - I recognised the man.  
John Steed. Yeah, right, I'll deal with him.

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

STEED:

No. . . Crusoe . . Captain Crusoe.  
Yes I'll hold on.  
No Captain Crusoe on the current army  
or navy lists. They're checking back.  
Heathcliff Hall.

EMMA:

Do you think it's important ?

STEED:

Yes . . . still no luck. Well check  
pre World War One.  
I should find out.

STEED:

A dead end then. Ooh, another thing,  
you'd better get Pearson's body discreetly  
out of here. Good luck.

Yes, I'll be here when you arrive.

INT. CAR/EXT. STREET

VERRET:

It's Steed we want. The Commander said  
nothing about the girl.

ROBIN:

She's a locker.

VERRET:

Yeah.

ROBIN:

Where do you think she's off to ?

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

SAM: Hallo.

STEED: Good morning.

SAM: Is this a private party or can anyone join in?

STEED: I'm terribly sorry. I was expecting someone else.

SAM: Who?

STEED: A whole Company of Marine Commandoes.

SAM: My name's Steed. John Steed.

STEED: Sam. Samantha Slade.

SAM: Well how do you do? Your photographs hardly do you justice.

STEED: Oh, eh, those. Oh Mark will leave them lying around the place. Where is he by the way?

SAM: Mark? Err. He popped out for a while.

STEED: Popped out? But what about our lunch date.

SAM: Lunch date? Oh, of course, lunch date. He had a business appointment, it was rather urgent - he asked me to give you his sincere and abject apologies. He asked me to take you out to lunch myself. At least I'm sure he would have done had - had he remembered. Well?

STEED: Well - I'd be delighted to come out and have lunch with you.

SAM: It is my pleasure. You can tell me about Mark and yourself.

STEED: Mark?

SAM: I've been abroad for some time - lost touch with him. You can fill in the gaps. Tell me what he's been up to.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT./INT. HEATHCLIFF HALL

EMMA enters.

EMMA: Oooh, ooh.

TWITTER: The exhibition does not open until later today.

EMMA: Oh, well the door was open. So I . . .

TWITTER: Open.

EMMA: Mmmmm.

TWITTER: Unsecured. Which door?  
No, don't move. Are all the windows shut.  
A door open here.

EMMA:

The entrance door. I shut it behind me.

TWITTER:

Forgive me. But the idea of a door open here. These exhibits are priceless. I check every latch and fastening personally. Twitter.

EMMA:

Mmmm.

TWITTER:

Twitter.

EMMA:

I'm afraid bird impersonations are hardly my line.

TWITTER:

Oh, no, no, you misunderstand. I am Twitter. Edgar Twitter. Organiser of this feathered array.

EMMA:

Oh, Peel, Mrs. Emma Peel.

TWITTER:

How d'you do ?  
Yes . . . superb specimens of ornithological epulence.

EMMA:

And these are all yours ?

TWITTER:

Oh, alas no. Many are on loan from private collections. The Duke of Duffup for instance. The Lady Cynthia Cashwash

EMMA:

Captain Crusoe ?

TWITTER:

You are acquainted with the good Captain. ?

EMMA:

Oh vaguely - a friend of a friend of a friend. . of a friend.

TWITTER:

He's an absolutely splendid chap. That reminds me - I haven't - a - paid my respects to him this morning.

EMMA:

You mean, he's here ?

TWITTER:

Would you like to meet him ?

EMMA:

Oh, I'd love to.

TWITTER:

His quarters are this way.

END OF REEL TWO

776 feet 6 frames.

EXT. LAKE

SAM: Healthy appetite.

STEED: Verging on immortality. You were telling me about Mark.

SAM: Well, there's nothing more to tell really. I mean we get on well. Go places. Meet people.

STEED: Got a lot of friends.

SAM: Mmm. enough.

STEED: Including Captain Crusoe ?  
He does know a Captain Crusoe, doesn't he.

SAM: What's the time ?  
Oh, I must fly.

STEED: I'll give you a lift.

INT. FOYER HEATHCLIFF HALL.

TWITTER: Off his grapes.

CUNLIFFE: Good morning.

TWITTER: Ah - morning Cunliffe. This is Mrs. Peel.  
George Cunliffe.

CUNLIFFE/EMMA: How d'you do ?

TWITTER: George attends to all my P.R. work - travel arrangements and so on. Have you locked in on the Captain yet ?

CUNLIFFE: Err - no, not yet Sir.

TWITTER: Quite right too. He gets a little broody if we disturb him too early. Mrs. Peel is very anxious to meet the Captain.

CUNLIFFE: Oh, certainly sir.

INT. REAR STORE ROOM. (HEATHCLIFF HALL)

TWITTER: Come along Captain Crusoe. Lock alive there.  
Show a claw.

EMMA: You mean Captain Crusoe's a bird ?

TWITTER: Oh, not just a bird Mrs. Peel. A King.  
An Emperor among parrots.

EMMA: Well, the bird has flown.

CUNLIFFE: He's gone. The Captain's gone.

TWITTER: What are we going to tell the owner ???

EXT. MEWS AND COURTYARD

SAM: It's a lovely car. Why do you have straps on your bonnet ?



EXT. MEWS AND COURTYARD (Continued)

STEED: To keep it on.

SAM: Oh, well how many gallons does it do to the mile ?

STEED: You mean how many miles does she do to the gallon.

SAM: Well thank you for the lunch anyway.

STEED: No, no, no, it's a pleasure.

INT. STUDIO

TOM: Yeah, hold it there - now - err - extend the legs - yeah - waggle them - again - again - Sam.

SAM: Tom Savage. John Steed. Mr. Steed's a

TOM: Well I must say you're a cut above the ones they usually send. Very superior.

SAM: Oh but he's a model.

TOM: Sam you're late. Get changed, mmm, your clothes will do fine.

SAM: Yes, but you're making a mistake, he's a ....

TOM: (interrupts her) Sam I said get changed.

STEED: Now look I've got all the time in the world. It's quite alright, there's your bag. Now where do you want me ?

TOM: Mmm. Over here. You won't need these. Now then - could you - mmm - extend, well incline this way a bit. Yep. Face up - chin up - left foot back about four inches. Yeah, left arm out-right. Arm out - now could you look a bit less serious. . more sombre.

STEED: You're very well equipped. D'you do your own processing

TOM: Yeah, No - left foot in about four inches. Four inches, that's it. Yes we've got our own dark rooms.

STEED: Much commercial work ?

TOM: Ah, well, if they can afford to pay my price... I'll do it. That's the only criterion.

STEED: Ha. Ha. Aerial photography ?

TOM: Aerial photography ?

SAM: Tom, I'm ready.

INT. STUDIO (CONTINUED)

TOM:

Yeah, mmh. Over here Sam.  
Over here, this is a sitting one.  
On the left - on the left.  
No, no, no, clear the shoes. Clear the shoes.  
Ah huh, that's going to blend very well.  
We won't even have to press the trousers.

EXT. STUDIO

VERRET moves towards door  
and enters.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STUDIO

STEED:

Did Mark come here ?

SAM:

Only to pick me up.

TOM:

Face me.

SAM:

You ask a lot of questions, Mr. Steed.

STEED:

I'm an inquisitive fellow.

TOM: O.S.

That's good, Sam, good. Back a bit, back a  
bit. No, no, just the fellow. Stay where  
you are Sam. I can't see him. Ah, better,  
yes, turn away a bit. Ah huh, hold, hold,  
hold that.  
Look down a bit, oh, too much, now look away.  
Come back into it. Yeah, that's fine - hang on.  
Could you go back about a foot. That's too  
much. That's alright. Faces up, now look  
at each other.

STUDIO

That's all from you. Next costume, Sam.

INT. VERRET'S CAR

VERRET:

Fixed him.

ROBIN:

How ?

VERRET:

An impact grenade. It'll go off the moment  
he opens his umbrella.

ROBIN:

And it looks like rain. Ha! Ha!

INT. STUDIO

TOM:

That's very good. Very good. Was worth  
a bonus.

STEED:

Oh, no, the experience was enough. Most  
exhilarating.

EXT. STUDIO

STEED comes out of Studio,  
throws down umbrella, and  
shelters in doorway as the  
umbrella explodes.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: Apart from that what sort of a day have you had.

STEED: Laden with suspicion. And a girl called Sam. Samantha Slade.....she claims to be a friend of Mark's...

EMMA: Oh.....

STEED: She works for Tom Savage....Photographer... He employs models....long legged pulchitruide with whatever face and posture they're wearing this year.....you get my meaning....?

EMMA: I see you want me to infiltrate.... insinuate.....

STEED: And use those big beautiful brown eyes to keep an eye on our girl Sam.

EMMA: All right.

EMMA: I located Captain Crusoe....but the perch was empty....literally.....Captain Crusoe is a parrot....

STEED: A parrot....

EMMA: And a very fine one....a prince among parrots....

STEED: But Mark said Crusoe was the Courier....

EMMA: Well, maybe he was a Courier parrot..... anyway he's disappeared.....he was stolen last night.

STEED: Birds.....it's been bothering me....the height these aerial photographs were taken.

EMMA: Oh, I'd say about a hundred feet or so...

STEED: Yet that's impossible....a plane as low as that would be bound to be detected.

EMMA: Well, it has to be a plane....I mean what else is there....ohh.....

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

Pigeon in cage. STEED unzips bag. Takes out contents.

INT. STUDIO

EMMA: What....What are we advertising?

TOM: Eh...Oh....heavy agricultural equipment. That's why I wanted the hat....see....

EMMA: No.

TOM: It's symbolic of course.

EMMA: Heavily.

TOM: D'you think it's a little too unsubtle.

EMMA: Not - a - over obvious.

TOM: Ah, this'll divert the eye. Add a touch of humour do you think.

EMMA: Have them in stitches.

TOM: I like it . . . I like it . . . in fact I think it's great. I might keep this one for my own exhibition. Call it Fred eighty-nine and three quarters. That's my real name. I changed it to Tom because Fred's Fred's a bit plebian you know.

EMMA: I know.

TOM: Ah, there's something missing.

EMMA: No.

TOM: The prop.  
The most important prop. Sam said she'd bring it round. Where is she?

SAM: Oh, sorry I'm late Tom. Here we are.  
Now don't forget you promised to look after it -  
because it's very very valuable.

TOM: All right Sam, I promised.

SAM: Tom, this bird is irreplaceable.  
It's priceless.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

VERRET: Now this looks about right . . . we'll take a reading.

Well, there she is . . . what do you make it.

ROBIN: Due North West on the button.

VERRET: This is right then. Nice clear day too.

ROBIN: Good flying weather.

VERRET: Due North West . . .

ROBIN: Right over the missile installation. Verret!!

VERRET: A hm. Oh that's not one of ours.

ROBIN: It came out of the basket.

VERRET: Then where is it flying to?

END OF REEL THREE 905 ft. 7 frames.

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

STEED:

Hallo old boy .....  
Had a good flight? In you go.....  
temporarily grounded....

Mmm...very handy for holiday snaps...  
pre-set to start snapping once you're  
airborne.....for that a little present.  
Well, now we know how it's done.....the  
question is.....

STEED gets thumped  
by ROBIN.

ROBIN:

(Laughs)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

AVENGERS I.D.CARD

COMMENTATOR:

The Avengers will continue following  
this pause for Station Identification.

A.B.C. LOGO CARD

AVENGERS I.D.CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STUDIO

TOM:

Well, that's about it....thanks...  
You'll never get away with it....

EMMA:

Um...

TOM:

That's what the parrot symbolises....  
In the photographs.....the caged creature...  
the bird mouthing empty phrases....sums  
up the whole state of mankind....

EMMA:

Well, this parrot doesn't mouth empty phrases..  
he hasn't said a word all day.

TOM:

Perhaps he's a thinker....

EMMA:

Well, I'll return it for you....

TOM:

Um...

EMMA:

To Sam Slade....I can drop it in at her  
place on my way....

TOM:

Oh no....that parrot doesn't leave this  
Studio. I promised Sam. Besides I'm  
going to need it again tomorrow...it  
stays here....

EMMA:

Tom....I'd like some prints of the pictures  
you took to-day...

INT. STUDIO

TOM: Anything in particular?

EMMA: Oh, I don't know....a couple of poses....me and the parrot...

TOM: You and the parrot....

INT. HEATHCLIFF HALL  
REAR STORE ROOM

TWITTER: Quite impossible, Mrs. Peel.....to say whether this is the Captain Crusoe or not.....quite impossible without actually seeing the bird.

EMMA: But surely the markings....

TWITTER: The plumage is very like Captain Crusoe's....very like....

CUNLIFFE: But then there are probably ten thousand birds just like this....

TWITTER: Precisely.  
What makes you think this bird is Crusoe?

EMMA: I'm just guessing.

TWITTER: Can you bring him here so that I may make an identification?

EMMA: Well, I suppose.....

TWITTER: Where is the bird now?

CUNLIFFE: Oh, Tom Savage.

EMMA: Supposing I were to bring the bird here?

TWITTER: Then I could make an identification.  
But you must bring the bird here, Mrs. Peel...

INT. STUDIO/INTERCUTTING  
WITH INT. DARK ROOM

EMMA: If only you could talk.....  
Sshhh.....

EMMA struggles as she is grabbed and a pad put over her mouth - she goes unconscious.

INT. STUDIO

VERRET: We can't leave her to talk.  
No. We need an alibi....A cast iron alibi...  
Tie her to the chair.

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE/  
INTERCUTTING WITH INT.  
EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED picks up 'phone  
and dials.

EMMA'S RECORDED VOICE:

Hallo....

STEED:

Mrs. Peel.

EMMA'S RECORDED VOICE:

Steed....this is a pre-recorded  
message. The time is seven-forty-five.  
and I'm just on my way back to  
Tom Savage's Studio....he has a parrot  
there.....Sam Slade lent it to him.  
Now it may or may not be Captain  
Crusoe....I mean to find out..  
Message ends.

STEED:

Ten-thirty.....seven-forty-five!

INT. STUDIO

VERRET:

Ha! First person to come through  
that door....

ROBIN:

Does the job for us...

ROBIN:

(Laughs)

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INTERCUTTING  
WITH INT. STUDIO

Bentley travelling

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STUDIO/INTERCUTTING  
WITH INT. STUDIO

STEED arrives intercutting  
with EMMA reacting to gun  
placed near her head.

INT. STUDIO

STEED:

New habit - climbing in through  
windows.

Lucky for you I'm a devious fellow... ..

I've pulled a few strings in my time...  
but that one....

EMMA:

Would have had explosive repercussions.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED: A tried and tested pick-me-up...  
I always recommend it to my friends...

EMMA: After they've been tied to a chair  
facing a lethal booby trap.

STEED: Especially after they've been tied to  
a chair.....facing a lethal booby trap..  
Cheers..... Go ahead. Build you up.

EMMA: That's just the point...What is it  
building me up for?

STEED: The job in hand.

EMMA: And what's that?

STEED: We've got to find Captain Crusoe...

EMMA: Everything certainly seems to revolve  
around that parrot.

STEED: Who knew he was at the Studio?

EMMA: Tom Savage and Sam brought it there...  
And Twitter...I told Edgar J. Twitter.

STEED: Oh, and what's he like?

EMMA: Average height...brown hair...thirtyish...

STEED: Dangerous?

EMMA: Could be...

STEED: Have another drop Mrs. Peel.

INT. MAIN FOYER

TWITTER: Of course I knew about the bird, Mrs. Peel -  
you told me yourself.

EMMA: You mentioned it to m-one else.

TWITTER: Well, naturally not, since your report  
that the bird had been located was  
unconfirmed - now if you'll excuse me...  
We're extremely busy...the exhibition  
moves to Europe tomorrow.....

ED:   
EMMA: Mr. Twitter, that parrot was stolen again.  
Strange don't you think, since only you  
and I knew where it was.

TWITTER: And Cunliffe. He knew about it.

CUNLIFFE: Yes, of course I did - so for that matter  
did Jordan.

EMMA: Jordan?

CUNLIFFE: The rightful owner of Captain Crusoe.  
Remember Sir, you spoke to him last night?



INT. MAIN FOYER

TWITTER:

Oh yes, I'd forgotten, he called me last night.

EMMA:

And you told him I had found the parrot?

TWITTER:

Well, I may have mentioned it in passing. Yes.

EMMA:

I suppose this Mr. Jordan would know his own parrot if he saw it. I mean his identification would be much more reliable than yours Mr. Twitter?

INT. GARAGE

VERRET:

You said you wanted some of the fun, didn't you? The Commander just called me....remember that girl you took a fancy to -

ROBIN:

Mrs. Peel....

VERRET:

She's stirring up trouble....  
She's on her way to see Jordan now...

ROBIN:

You mean you want me to...

VERRET:

Yeah, both of them.  
Make it nice, Robin.

ROBIN:

Oh, it'll be nice Verret...if nothing else...it'll be nice.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END OF REEL FOUR

857' 9 frames

ok

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE

EMMA'S car drives up.  
Stops. She gets out and  
goes up to front door.  
Rings bell, then moves  
alongside of house.  
ROBIN'S car pulls up  
near house. He looks at  
house then swimming pool.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM

EMMA reacts as the  
birds start chirping  
loudly.

NO DIALOGUE

JORDAN:

All birds are welcome here....  
I am Jordan,

EMMA:

Peel....Mrs. Peel....the front door  
was shut so I.....

JORDAN:

My fault entirely. I was upstairs  
having a little warble...a sideline of  
mine.....I am composing a concerto  
for beak bird throat and warble. I  
find it most absorbing....what can I do  
for you Mrs. Peel?

EMMA:

It's about Captain Crusoe.

JORDAN:

Ah, he has been found. He has returned  
to the nest.

EMMA:

No, not yet.

JORDAN:

Oh, the noblest parrot of them all. A  
master of rhetoric....such a garrulous  
talker.....such verbiage.

EMMA:

Talker. That parrot didn't say a word.

JORDAN:

Had he been cued in?

EMMA:

Cued in?

JORDAN:

These birds around you Mrs. Peel....they  
were talking nineteen to the dozen when  
I entered....you will observe they are  
now silent. That is my training system,  
Mrs. Peel.....cution.....quite unique...  
I have gained their confidence....they think  
I'm one of them. Sometimes I wish I were.  
All my birds have conditioned reflexes...  
they speak only when they are signalled.  
Cued to speak....and each one has a  
different signal....thus....the blue  
parrot...

PARROT:

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was  
white as snow and everywhere that Mary  
went, the lamb.....

JORDAN:

And cued to stop....

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM

JORDAN: There!

EMMA: Oh!

CANARY: Long live the Queen.  
Long live the Queen.  
Long live.....

EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE  
SWIMMING POOL

ROBIN climbs to top of diving board.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM

BIRD: Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water, Jack fell down and broke his crown and Jill.....

JORDAN: Interesting don't you think.

EMMA: Astonishing.

JORDAN: Astonishing....oh, no, no....these are mere nursery rhymes, parrot phrases.. nothing compared to Captain Crusoe. His capacity for learning is astonishing. The whole of Hamlet's soliloquy without pause....Lincoln's Gettysberg address without fault....nothing to Captain Crusoe....and then there is his gift for mimicry....whoever teaches him a phrase.. he gets the tone and inflection of that person's voice exactly. A parrot paragon.

EMMA: And now he's a polly gone...

JORDAN: I should never have let that exhibition borrow him. But Twitter was so persuasive, so insistent.

EMMA: Mr. Jordan, could you pick Captain Crusoe out of a crowd?

JORDAN: Better than that....anyone could pick him out in the dark with the right cue...a top 'C' Captain Crusoe is cued to a top 'C'....

EMMA: And which one of those triangles is a....

JORDAN: Ah, Captain Crusoe's triangle is not here... He merits something better than this hoi palloi.....his is gold-plated.

EMMA: Can I borrow it....err, Captain Crusoe's triangle....It might help me find him.

JORDAN: It's in my car.....come....

Bird Noises.

EXT. HOUSE

ROBIN fires gun at  
EMMA and JORDAN.

JORDAN:

Oh dear, dear, dear....

EMMA:

Use it! On him.  
You keep him occupied,  
I'll get behind him.

EMMA makes her way  
to the diving board.  
Meanwhile ROBIN fires  
at JORDAN. EMMA  
reaches the top of the  
diving board and  
fights with ROBIN.  
ROBIN falls into pool.  
EMMA dives in after him.

END OF REEL FIVE

660' 2 frames

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

SAM:

Mark.

Mark.

Mark sent me a message....he said I was to come here.....

STEED:

Mark Pearson is dead....and you and I are going to have a little talk..

SAM:

A talk. What about?

STEED:

Cabbages and kings...life.....birds and the bees....but mostly about birds....

INT./EXT. JORDAN'S HOUSE

EMMA:

Oh!

Going in again? I want a little talk first. Now then, who's your boss? mmm?

ROBIN:

I don't know...urrgh....I never see him... Verret gives me my orders.

EMMA:

What about Captain Crusoe then? Where's he?

ROBIN:

Crusoe's back! Back where he belongs.

INT. PEARSON'S PLACE

SAM:

Mark gave me the parrot to look after... he said he didn't dare keep it here.....

STEED:

Now why should he say that?

SAM:

Mark is dead.....

STEED:

Extremely....

SAM:

Well, I suppose it can't do any harm now... Mark stole the bird from someone....well, he didn't exactly say that....but I'm sure that's what it was....he stole it...

STEED:

So Mark pinched it from them....whoever they are....he pinched it because the parrot's the key to the whole thing.

SAM:

Well, it was certainly no ordinary parrot, that's for sure. I mean the things it said....the missile installation has a - a - deployment on the North Western sector.. the launching ramps are of a very advanced design and all sorts of technical stuff.... it seemed such a weird thing for anyone to teach a parrot....

STEED:

It talks....it talks.....

SAM:

Well, of course it talks...don't all parrots talk?

STEED: } - In Unison  
EMMA: }

The parrot's taking the information out.

INT. STEED'S CAR

STEED: They've eliminated the human error.

EMMA: By eliminating the human element.

STEED: A pigeon flies over the installation and takes pictures.

EMMA: The pictures are translated into verbal information...

STEED: And fed to the parrot...

EMMA: And at the sound of a top 'C'...

STEED: He spouts it all out again. Perfect... no microphone to conceal...

EMMA: No secret papers...

STEED: And no human agent to crack under pressure..

EMMA: Well, you can't interrogate a parrot...

EXT. DOORS HEATHCLIFF HALL

EMMA and STEED enter

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MAIN FOYER

STEED: I'll give you two guesses which part of Europe.

Well, let's have a look around for our undercover Agent....

I do beg your pardon. Oop!

Ah! Well he is a parrot....

EMMA: He doesn't look too intelligent.

STEED: Very unprepossessing.

EMMA: Definitely cretinous.

STEED: Postively retarded. Play Maestro...

EMMA: We're not playing his tune.

STEED: I don't like to be pessimistic - but I think we're running out of parrots.

EMMA: Ah, this one looks more like an intellectual.

STEED: Intellectual - he's a politician. Perhaps he's disguised as the lesser crested fisher hen.

EMMA: Back where he belongs. That's what the man said.

STEED: Who?

INT. MAIN FOYER

EMMA: The man in the pool. Captain Crusoe is back where he belongs.

STEED: Well, he doesn't belong in here.....

EMMA: In the back room.....

INT. REAR OF MAIN FOYER

TWITTER: Far enough - perhaps you'd be kind enough to explain what you are doing?

EMMA: Twitter.

STEED: Bird impersonations are not my strong....

EMMA: His name is Twitter. Edgar J. Twitter.

TWITTER: Oh, correct. And I am still awaiting an explanation.

EMMA: We came to collect Captain Crusoe.

TWITTER: Crusoe's no longer here, he was stolen.

STEED: Well, how do you explain, err...?

INT. REAR STORE ROOM

BIRD: (Chatters ad lib)

EMMA: I know that voice...it's - a - it's Cunliffe.

CUNLIFE: Cunliffe, exactly Mrs. Peel. I see you took care of Twitter for me. Poor old Twitter. You hit the wrong man.

PARROT: (Chatters)

CUNLIFE: Better shut him up, I think.

There! That's better.

Now I'd better see about shutting you two up on a more permanent basis of course. Verret!

STEED: Well, it worked before.

Fight sequence starts.

STEED: Here you are...you...oh...you are all right. One Secret Agent....

EMMA: Safely behind bars.....

PARROT: I demand political asylum  
I demand political asylum

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: I wish you'd get used to using the telephones.....

STEED: I ran out of small change. Well, are you...

EMMA: Uh?

STEED: Busy at the moment?

EMMA: What did you have in mind?

STEED: I want you to meet a bird....

EMMA: A friend of yours....

STEED: Hardly...I intend basting it in red wine... and submerging it in a succulent sauce.

EMMA: Now that sounds like my kind of bird.

STEED: There's only one snag...I haven't shot it yet...but don't worry, it's all laid on - beaters - a stretch of grouse moor - I've even got a car...

EMMA: I'll put on something suitable for open-air motoring...

EXT. BEAULIEU GROUNDS  
(LORD MONTAGUE'S ESTATE)

EMMA and STEED get in Veteran car and reverse around grounds and through archway.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX

753 ft. 6 frames

OVERALL LENGTH - 4663 ft. 8 frames

T H E E N D

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FEBRUARY, 1967