

VENCI

EPISODE NO. 6

SERIES 2

THE AVENGERS

THE WINGED AVENGER

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

MARCH, 1967

MAIN TITLES

Publishers

EXT. UNDERGROWTH

WINGED AVENGER moving towards Penthouse.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. PENTHOUSE

WINGED AVENGER'S claw scratches nameplate.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PENTHOUSE

PETER:

It's going to be difficult father. //

SIMON:

All business is difficult. A decision like this takes strength. Strength is power, remember that. /

PETER:

Yes father.

SIMON:

He expects us to confirm his appointment to the Board, instead of which we are going to dismiss him.

EXT. PENTHOUSE

WINGED AVENGER clawing up wall.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PENTHOUSE/INTERCUTTING WITH EXT. PENTHOUSE

SIMON:

After a blow like this, he is going to be against us - you can depend on it. The only answer is to dispense with his services forthwith. //

PETER:

Well, how are you going to tell him?

SIMON:

The truth, my son. The plain unvarnished facts. That's what you're going to tell him.

PETER:

Me!

SIMON:

Sit down. Now keep it short, sharp and to the point. Don't give him a chance to argue or talk back to you. // These things are best done quickly - so hit him and hit him hard.

DAWSON:

Come in.

SIMON:

Thank you Simon.

DAWSON:

My son is speaking for us both on this occasion.

Oh, I see.....youth at the helm.... all that sort of thing. eh....

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INT. PENTHOUSE/INTERCUTTING  
WITH EXT. PENTHOUSE

PETER: Don't sit down.

DAWSON: What?

PETER: You won't be staying here long...I intend being...short, sharp and to the point. It has been decided that you will not be appointed to the Board!..

DAWSON: Not.....

PETER: Under the circumstances, we feel it would be unfair for us...unfair for you to remain with the Company hereafter. ||Goodbye and good luck.

DAWSON: Just like that, eh...you mean...you...

PETER: I really don't think there's any point in discussing it further.

SIMON: I'm proud of you, Peter....Admirably handled.

PETER: I still have a lot to learn, father.

SIMON: You will, my boy, you will....now you run along and enjoy yourself.

PETER: Right father.

SIMON is attacked by  
WINGED AVENGER

SIMON: (Screams)

EPISODE TITLE:  
"THE WINGED AVENGER"  
superimposed over broken  
window.

AVENGERS I. D.CARD

COMMENTATOR: Tonight's Episode of THE AVENGERS  
is brought to you by:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA is completing a  
painting on canvas. She  
stands back.

EMMA: Yeah!

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA then reacts to her name already painted on canvas. Steed appears.

*The W A*

*Steed says that walking  
some does a counter strike*

STEED:

We're needed.

INT. PENTHOUSE

EMMA:

A sheer drop.

STEED:

Absolutely.

EMMA:

And no way down from above....

STEED:

None.

EMMA:

Well, whatever it was it must have flown in....

STEED:

Could be...

PETER:

The door was locked, securely locked. I opened it....and found him. //..his clothes were torn to pieces....and the marks on him....he'd been clawed to death...// as though by some bird....some huge obscene bird....

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

An albatross....it's got a twelve foot wing span. |)

EMMA:

It's big, but not vicious....it's supposed to be a sailor's friend. //it's got to be a bird of prey.

STEED:

Bird of prey....cormorants, no....darters, boobys, and gannets. //herons and their.... allies....old world.. //vultures, hawks, eagles, kites, carriers....we'll get the golden eagle ||

EMMA:

It's been known to attack man, but only in isolated cases. |

STEED:

Yes, but this isn't an isolated case.

EMMA:

Simon Roberts wasn't the first.

STEED:

There have been four deaths lately in high places. //It's very strange, you know, the way successful businessmen always live at the top of buildings.

EMMA:

And they were all businessmen.

STEED:

And all apparently killed by a bird.

EMMA:

A high flying eagle.

REEL ONE

Page 4

THE WINGED AVENGER

EXT. PENTHOUSE

The W. A.

WINGED AVENGER arrives  
and starts climbing up  
walls.

INT. PENTHOUSE INTERCUTTING  
WITH/EXT. PENTHOUSE

PETER:

Dear Sirs....with regard to your...  
outstanding account. You asked for  
three weeks grace in order to find the  
money. Under no circumstances can we  
allow this...correction...under no  
circumstances can I allow this. and we  
will proceed with legal action against  
you immediately.

END OF REEL ONE

84.1 ft. 9 frames

EXT./INT.PENTHOUSE

PETER draws curtains  
and looks doors.

PETER: (Into Mike)

There seems to be some controversy  
about our owning all rights to the  
book in question. || I can state quite  
categorically that, even if we have to  
go to Court we shall fight to retain  
our rights. || We will fight the author  
Sir Lexius Gray and....

(Screams)

WINGED AVENGER attacks  
PETER.

INT.PENTHOUSE

STEED:

The door was securely locked...the burglar  
alarm was working.....

EMMA:

Exactly the same pattern as before.

STEED:

Straight through the window....

EMMA:

Opening it this time.

STEED:

If it was a bird, it showed a lot of  
discretion....maybe it was well trained.

PETER'S VOICE:

We shall fight to retain our rights.  
We will fight the author, Sir Lexius Gray  
and....

(Screams)

STEED:

If the killer didn't fly through the  
window, maybe he climbed up the wall.

PETER'S VOICE:

(Screams)

STEED:

Sir Lexius Gray.

EMMA:

The mountaineer.

INT,CRAY'S STUDY

SIR LEXIUS:

Take in the slack....now give me your hand.  
Comfy?

EMMA:

Yes, thank you....

SIR LEXIUS:

Is this the sort of thing you want?

EMMA:

The experience....yes....

SIR LEXIUS:

There's nothing like authenticity.

EMMA:

That's the way my readers see it.

SIR LEXIUS:

The third ledge of the Eiger...always gave me trouble. Fancy a cup of tea, Mrs. Peel...?

EMMA:

Lovely...Ah, thank you.

SIR LEXIUS:

Not at all....

Give us a cup of tea will you, Tay Ling.

Grand chap that, better than all your dogs... the only snag is that...if the worst comes to the worst, you can always eat a dog.!.but I wouldn't feel right tucking into old Tay Ling...tea on the terrace, then dear lady....

EMMA:

Fine.

SIR LEXIUS:

See you downstairs then....Cheer-Ho...

EXT. CRAY'S TERRACE

SIR LEXIUS:

The main thing is confidence...confidence in your partner...

EMMA:

As in all things.

SIR LEXIUS:

Eh, quite so young lady...quite so.

EMMA:

My magazine has had rather a set back. The owner and his son died suddenly...in quick succession.!.I believe you know them... Simon Roberts and Son.

SIR LEXIUS:

Roberts and Son....both....

EMMA:

Both. You did know them. || P.

SIR LEXIUS:

Oh, I knew them all right...couple of blackguards....shouldn't speak ill of the dead and all that...but if you want my reaction - it's good riddance. Neither of them had a heart...and then there was that business over my book...! |

EMMA:

What business?

SIR LEXIUS:

They published my memoirs recently and then tried to do me down....tried to do me out of the profits...ne.... ||

EMMA:

Must have been very galling..... P

SIR LEXIUS:

There were times when I could have taken them both by....but then, that's over now.. they're dead and that's the end of it... |

EMMA:

Well, you've been most helpful Sir Lexius and thank you for my delicious tea. ||

SIR LEXIUS:

My pleasure, dear lady...let me have a sight of the old scribble will you?

EMMA:

I will. Goodbye.

SIR LEXIUS:

Goodbye

EXT. CRAY'S TERRACE

SIR LEXIUS:

A charming young lady, Tay Ling.

TAY LING:

Most charming, Sir.

SIR LEXIUS:

A little inquisitive, but nothing we can't handle, what....

TAY LING:

As you say, Sir...

EXT. SIR LEXIUS' GROUNDS

*Sir Robert's son murdered*

EMMA gets into her car.  
Reacts to bird of prey  
flying towards terrace  
to SIR LEXIUS CRAY

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. CRAY'S STUDY

TAY LING:

Ah, good evening....my name is Tay Ling. //  
No. You do not know me....but I know you.. //  
I have been reading about your notorious //  
exploits....exploits..//also I know how //  
you have done such strange things.//I know //  
because of a letter...sent to my employer by //  
a man named Poole.// Ah, I see I have //  
captured your attention...oh, yes... //  
I have the letter here...beneath my //  
hand.// shall we then commence then to //  
talk business. //Naturally we can meet... //  
shall we say...around midnight...

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

The scientific approach....the Robert's  
building. //The ground below...height...  
wind velocity...temperature. I have all  
the facts at my finger tips. //

EMMA:

Good...and what do you intend doing with them?

STEED:

Assessing them and evaluating them.

Now someone or something got from here...  
to there....without being detected. Now  
there must be an explanation...and I  
intend finding it.... //

EMMA:

With a shoe box?

STEED:

They laughed at Edison...

EMMA:

Only when he was serious....well while  
you pursue theory, I'll try a more  
practical approach. A midnight visit to  
Sir Lexius Cray.



EXT./INT. CRAY'S HOUSE (STUDY)

EMMA drives up in Lotus and walks through grounds towards house, where TAY LING is waiting. WINGED AVENGER'S FEET walking through undergrowth.

NO DIALOGUE

EMMA opens french windows and moves into house. We see hooded eagle on perch. Gloved hand takes off eagle's hood. EMMA moves to stairs and reacts to screams from bird. Meanwhile TAY LING opens Study window. TAY LING screams as WINGED AVENGER attacks. EMMA rushes into room.

INT. CRAY'S STUDY

SIR LEXIUS:

Stay right where you are.

Tay Ling....but what.... //

EMMA:

That's what I came to find out. (It looks as though he's been attacked by a bird. A bird of prey.

SIR LEXIUS:

Surely, you don't think that....!!... we climbed to the top of the world together....an experience like that creates a bond that's hard to break... even in death. //

EMMA:

You came through that door right on cue, Sir Lexius.... //

SIR LEXIUS:

I heard a sound....the sound of a bird... so I got Freddy here and we started searching the grounds....then I heard the scream.... //

EMMA:

Well, whatever was in here....made a mess of your desk. Is anything missing?

SIR LEXIUS:

Nothing as far as I can see....

EMMA:

What about this? What was in here?

SIR LEXIUS:

Oh, letters, just letters.

EMMA:

From a person named Poole.

SIR LEXIUS:

Yes Professor Poole.

EMMA:

Concerning....

SIR LEXIUS:

Well, he was an inventor chap who wanted me to endorse one of his ideas....

INT. CRAY'S STUDY

EMMA: What kind of idea?

SIR LEXIUS: Boots....

EMMA: Boots!

SIR LEXIUS: Oh, no ordinary boots by all accounts. According to the Professor, when you put them on you can walk up the side of a house....

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Boots....

EMMA: Boots...for climbing up walls....

STEED: Boots.

EMMA: Does it ruin your theories...?

STEED: I have two possible alternatives...the murderer inflates a small balloon...he rises up the nearest building...he fires a rocket line across to the penthouse; he drops a trampoline...bounces on it in through the window...possibility number one.

EMMA: And possibility number two.

STEED: He bribes the doorman...boots, boots...?

EMMA: Special boots...just the thing for climbing mountains...you don't have to be roped together... ||

STEED: Ah, that takes all the romance out of it... Well, think of the Matterhorn during the tourist season.... ||

EMMA: The upper slopes of that mountain packed with sight-seers all out for a vertical stroll...

STEED: Vertical souvenir stalls....

EMMA: Vertical salesmen....

STEED: Selling vertical souvenirs. || The last bastions of peace and solitude are threatened.

EMMA: And that's not the only threat...if these boots do what's claimed...we know how he gets to the window, but.... ||

STEED: But we've got to find out who goes through the window...What's Professor Poole's address? || P

EXT. POOLE'S HOUSE

STEED AND EMMA drive up in Bentley. They walk up the steps to POOLE'S front door. They react to Professor Poole who is on the lawn flapping his arms trying to fly.

NO DIALOGUE

Professor Poole comes up the steps towards STEED and EMMA.

POOLE:

Ad Lib mutterings to himself.

INT. POOLE'S HOUSE

STEED:

Professor Poole?

My name is Steed. This is Mrs. Peel;

EMMA:

Professor.

POOLE:

Peel...m...Peel...Poole...Peel, Poole. The indonesian marsh rambler. U. peel... poole...you know the indonesian marsh rambler.

EMMA:

Not over well.

POOLE:

Delightful creature...delightful creature.. what do you want?

EMMA:

We're very interested in your work.

STEED:

We wanted to ask you a few questions...

POOLE:

Questions...me...no time...no time...

STEED:

Professor.

POOLE:

Goodmorning.

STEED:

Good morning.

EMMA:

It's a very nice morning...splendid flying weather.

POOLE:

I thought you'd gone....

EMMA:

Ah, now Professor, if you remember you promised to show us your latest invention. ||

POOLE:

Nonsense....consider the ostrich...what have we done with the ostrich. ||

STEED:

True....but could you possibly... l

POOLE:

To watch a man walking is to see a clumsy machine. To watch a bird flying is to witness a vision. ||

EMMA: Ah, but even a bird has to come  
down to earth sometimes. ||

POOLE: A mere detail..... my work is to free  
man from his shackles.. ||

STEED: And if not on the wing...then why not  
in boots.

POOLE: Precisely.....boots.....I have work to do...

STEED: ~~Mrs. Peel spoke to Sir-Lexius Gray.~~

EMMA: He told me about the boots you'd offered  
him.

STEED: Put them on and you can walk up the side  
of a house.

POOLE: I know nothing at all about this.

EMMA: Oh, come now, Professor...you wrote...

POOLE: Why do you persist in bothering me?  
Why can't you leave me alone? Was not  
the dodo warning enough....?

STEED: Dodo.....

POOLE: Wouldn't leave that alone...and now it's  
extinct...gone...and so have I...

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

END OF REEL THREE

902 ft. 1 frame

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Poole was lying.

EMMA: To be strictly accurate....he was hanging....upside down. //

STEED: Well, he merits another visit...

EMMA: Later....after dark...and meanwhile  
back at the apartment.

---

STEED: There's one aspect of these murders we've overlooked....the victims. //

EMMA: They were all businessmen...all ruthless businessmen. //

STEED: The kind who treat their staff badly. Grind their competitors underheel.

EMMA: Sort of Dumayn types.

STEED: Eh?

EMMA: Edward J. Dumayn...he's the current 'cause celebre' of the business world. He's in all the newspapers to-day... //

STEED: Dumayn automates his factories...thousands will be made redundant...that is just the sort. Now there's a potential victim if over I saw one.

EXT. SHRUBBERY

DUMAYN: Fothers. Fothers.

FOTHERS: Yes, sir, Mr. Dumayn, sir... //

DUMAYN: A pigeon Fothers...that was a darned pigeon.

FOTHERS: Y-yes sir...

DUMAYN: I pay you to stock this land with game. Pheasant, partridge....real game. //

FOTHERS: Yes sir... //

DUMAYN: Then produce some man. Get beating and produce some.

FOTHERS: Yes sir. Right away, sir. //

DUMAYN: And flush me out something worth shooting at this time. Flush me out something big.. //

WINGED AVENGER attacks  
DUMAYN.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: The pattern as before...

EMMA: And the bird has flown.

STEED: What's that?

EMMA: Items found at the scene of the crime.

STEED: Your items don't look very interesting.

EMMA: It's a load of rubbish.

STEED: You know I'm beginning to have doubts about this bird theory. The killer is too.....

EMMA: Selective...

STEED: He seems to know - yes, he seems to know where and who to strike...He's a sort of judge, jury and executioner all rolled into one.

EMMA: A sort of Winged Avenger.

STEED: Eh?

EMMA: The Winged Avenger strikes again.

STEED: He fights a lone fight against evil. Have a look.

INT. STUDIO

*To A enterprise*

ARNIE: Hold it.

JULIAN: Julian.

JULIAN: Yes, Arnie.

ARNIE: Julian, you're swooping in on this beautiful girl...carrying her off to your nest. And what do you say?

JULIAN: Ooh, I say - arrrrr....

ARNIE: You say - arrrrr....well for heavens sake feel it.

JULIAN: Arr....I can't somehow.

ARNIE: Stanton, he can't say your lines.

STANTON: Try that.

JULIAN: Ee-urp....ee-urp...that's much better, Mr. Stanton, much better.

STANTON: You see....no trouble.

ARNIE: A pity you didn't write it that way in the first place.

INT. STUDIO

STANTON: It didn't seem to fit with your drawing.

ARNIE: What's the matter with my drawing.

STANTON: It doesn't measure up to my writing.

ARNIE: Measure up...I should say it was the other way around.

STANTON: You'd say...my stories-are the key to this cartoon strip.

ARNIE: Your stories are dull.

STANTON: Dull....

ARNIE: Dull...my visuals bring some fire into them.

STANTON: And where would you be without plot, eh? Where would you be without me? [I breathe life into the Winged Avenger...I make him a reality.

STEED: Steed....John Steed.

STANTON: What do you want?

STEED: Back numbers of The Winged Avenger...I have a young nephew...I said I'd drop in and...

ARNIE: Oh - a - Gerda, would you look after Mr. Steed and show him the files.

GERDA: A pleasure...

STEED: And mine too.

ARNIE: I must apologise for my partner's bad manners, Mr. Steed. He's - a - been over-working.....losing his grip.

STANTON: Losing my grip....I'm sick of your insinuations.

ARNIE: And I'm sick of you...

JULIAN: Ee-urp....ee-urp....

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: There he stood, large as life.

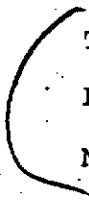
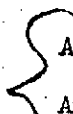
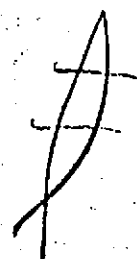
Flapping his wings and making noises.

EMMA: Noises.

STEED: Ee...urp...ee...urp. That's probably the bird equivalent of 'goodbye and nice to have met you'.

EMMA: Well I'm off to make a return visit to Professor Poole's.....ee.....urp...

STEED: Ee....urp....



EXT. POOLE'S HOUSE

EMMA drives up and enters house.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. POOLE'S HOUSE

EMMA goes upstairs, enters room.

EMMA: My dear Professor. What are you up to...apart from the ceiling?

---

POOLE: You've no right coming in here.

EMMA: May we talk?

POOLE: Go away.

EMMA: I wouldn't dream of it. Now shall I come up there...or will you come down here?

POOLE: All right....all right...

EMMA: You've been practicing with your boots. ||

POOLE: Of course.

EMMA: But the last time we were here, you denied having any.

POOLE: I don't want everybody to know.

EMMA: What about the blood rushing to the head?

POOLE: Practice on the parallel bars.

EMMA: So the secret's in the little black box...

POOLE: Magnetic fields, you know...

EMMA: If you didn't want anyone to know, why write to Sir Lexius Gray?

POOLE: That was before I got a better offer.

EMMA: Do I assume then that before long everybody will be walking on ceilings? It'll ruin the carpet trade.

POOLE: No, no, no. I sold the exclusive rights to the only other pair in existence.

EMMA: So somebody else has a pair...

POOLE: Our agreement was that the boots be kept secret until they had been perfected. As a matter of fact....

EMMA: Yes...

POOLE: He doesn't even know I have a pair myself.

EMMA: Naughty.

POOLE: You won't say anything, will you?



INT. POOLE'S HOUSE

EMMA:

Not a syllable. That is, if you'll  
tell me who has the other pair of boots. ||

POOLE:

Er, I don't know the man...the business  
was conducted through a third party... ||  
I did, however, make a note of the  
Company he represented. || Winged Avenger  
Enterprises....

END OF REEL FOUR

773 ft. 0 frames

INT. STUDIO

ARNIE: O.K. Fine....that's it...

STANTON: Packer. Packer...about the way our latest story is going...

ARNIE: As far as I'm concerned it's going fine. ||

STANTON: As far as you're concerned the Winged Avenger should be omnipotent... a law unto himself. || He seeks out evil.. he seeks out men without humanity... wicked men who don't deserve to live. He seeks them out || he swoops down on them and then and then. you're taking my creation an entirely different way. A wrong way.

ARNIE: That's a matter of opinion. ||

STANTON: Is it...Is it....

EMMA: *8 2nd* Mrs. Emma Peel. You did receive a letter from our London office?

ARNIE: Not a word....

EMMA: Ah, now that was very remiss of them. I understood they would write.

STANTON: And what did you understand they would say?

EMMA: Well.... ||

JULIAN: Goodbye. I'll see you tomorrow.

ARNIE: A - Julian. |

JULIAN: Eh. Oh, er, sorry I forgot...er... sometimes it seems like a part of me...

STANTON: What is it you wanted, Mrs. Peel? |

EMMA: Er...I represent a company dealing in novelty items...and we've come up with an interesting gadget that might tie in nicely with your cartoon strip.... ||

STANTON: Gadget.

EMMA: Oh, it's not a gadget really....a pair of boots...with these boots you could walk up the side of a house.... |

ARNIE: Up the side of a house...Ha, Ha, Ha, and across the ceiling too, eh...(laughs)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Struck a nerve when you mentioned the boots, eh?

EMMA: Well, Packer laughed his head off and Stanton looked a bit bleak.

STEED: Well, it could be one or t'other... ha..ha...or both! //

EMMA: I don't think so. The Winged Avenger definitely works alone.

STEED: Look it's a cartoon...a fiction....

EMMA: After the fact....don't forget Dumayn,

STEED: Who else was at the Studio?

EMMA: A number of girls in various stages of exposure..

STEED: Ah....

EMMA: And Mr. Ee....urp....

STEED: Julian....

EMMA: I must say the Winged Avenger outfit fits him very well...

STEED: We mustn't overlook Julian....

INT. STUDIO

WINGED AVENGER admires himself in mirror. He reacts to ARNIE in WINGED AVENGER costume, who smashes mirror and starts to fight.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Well, what do you think?

EMMA: I think you should take another look around the Studio.

STEED: Exactly. And I've worked out a way for you to get in....

EMMA: Oh no, it's your turn....I'm going home to relax and put my feet up.

STEED: Ee....urp....

*La Mr. Ee...urp... die... 7-*

INT. STUDIO

STEED at door. Goes inside. Puts on light. Lifts poster and reveals JULLAN.

STEED:

Um!

*Subjudicial  
and to those who  
stand between me  
and my purpose*

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT INTER-  
CUTTING WITH INT. POOLE'S HOUSE

EMMA:

Hallo.

POOLE:

Mrs. Peel....Poole here...Professor Poole.

EMMA:

Yes, Professor, what is it?

POOLE:

It is imperative I see you tonight.  
Now. At once. Right away.

EMMA:

You mean immediately. All right. I'll  
come right now.

POOLE:

Thank you....thank you!! and please tell  
no-one.

INT. STUDIO

STEED looking at cartoons. STANTON comes in with gun. STEED grabs him.

STANTON:

Aw!

What the devil do you think you're doing?

STEED:

Since you ask, disarming you.

STANTON:

Julian!

STEED:

Yes, Julian. Yes and the Professtr.

STANTON:

Professor....what Professor?

STEED:

Poole.

STANTON:

I've never heard of him....

STEED:

Oh.....

STANTON:

What's this...Arnie must be working on  
his own now....and writing his own stuff too.  
Look at this...Elma Peem....I never wrote  
a character of that name.

STEED:

It's an anagram for Emma Peel.  
Let's have a look at these....

EXT. POOLE'S HOUSE

EMMA runs up steps.

INT. STUDIO

STANTON:

What does it all mean?

INT. POOLE'S HOUSE

EMMA:

Professor Poole. Professor Poole.

INT. STUDIO

STEED:

Come on.

STEED'S CAR T.M.

STANTON:

It all ties in...for the past six months, Arnie's completely taken over... everything I do is wrong. //..everything has to be his way....he's mad....he's power mad.

INT. POOLE'S HOUSE INTER-CUTTING WITH/STEED'S CAR

EMMA is confronted by WINGED AVENGER. She slams door. Winged Avenger climbs up to window. Meanwhile, Emma reacts to Professor Poole hanging on ceiling, dead. EMMA takes the Professor's boots and puts them on. Meanwhile, the Winged Avenger is climbing up the outside wall.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED'S CAR T.M.

STEED:

How are we doing?

STANTON:

Not too good.

*Curri stam?  
Nu fuzer*

INT. POOLE'S STUDY

EMMA:

The odds are a little more equal now.

WINGED AVENGER:

It won't do you any good, Mrs. Peel. I am the eradicator of all evils...I deal out justice and vengeance to those whom the law cannot touch...and to those who stand between me and my purpose....

EMMA:

I am the Winged Avenger, Mrs. Peel.

Just a myth, a cardboard character...

INT. POOLE'S STUDY

WINGED AVENGER:

Cardboard, Mrs. Peel.....cardboard... 2

Creator and creation, fused into one  
 being....indivisible. || omnipotent...  
 unstoppable. Nothing | nothing stands  
 in my way. Least of all you, Mrs. Peel...  
 least of all you....

WINGED AVENGER starts  
 attacking. Meanwhile,  
 STEED'S car arrives  
 and STEED and STANTON  
 rush in. The fight  
 continues. Winged  
 Avenger falls through  
 window.

STEED:

Packer's really got his wings  
 clipped.

Oh, thank you.

EMMA:

Hey, I'm coming down.

STEED:

Es....urp!

(They Laugh)

COMMERCIAL BREAKINT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA:

Ah well, it's nice to be the right  
 way up for a change.

STEED:

At least you know where you stand.  
 Ah, champagne. Now with that we'll  
 have a dozen Whitstable oysters...  
 la tortue claire au xeres...turtle  
 soup to you.

EMMA:

I know.

STEED:

Le saumon d'ecosse beue vue with  
 nineteen fifty-nine Chablis.

EMMA:

Poo! (Laughs) Premier cru.

STEED:

What did you say?

EMMA:

It just went with a wallop...

STEED:

Marvellous. Le supreme de volaille a la  
 kieff with a Chateau Mouton Rothschild...

EMMA:

Ah, deuxieme cru twenty-eight.

STEED:

Ah!

EMMA:

A little younger, twenty-nine...

STEED:

Crepe surprise...peeled walnuts and a  
 tawny or custy port.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA:

It all sounds marvellous, but where  
do you find it all at this time of night...

STEED:

I've drawn it for you.

EMMA:

Ah....

STEED:

Will you serve or shall I?  
I will.....

EMMA:

Hey.

STEED:

The benevolent Avenger strikes again.

EMMA: (Laughs)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX

719 ft. 15 frames

OVERALL LENGTH:

4663 ft. 8 frames

THE END

Prepared by:

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MARCH, 1967