

EPISODE NO.8.

SERIES 2

THE AVENGERS

"THE HIDDEN TIGER"

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

EXT. HOUSE

DOG sat in kennel.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOUSE

WILLIAMS puts saucer of milk
on floor. Looks out of
window as DOG barks O.S.

NO DIALOGUE

B.C.U. WILLIAMS'S eyes,
re-acts with terror - falls
on floor.
DOG barks O.S.

WILLIAMS:

(Screams and whimpers)

TIGER SKIN falls on WILLIAMS.

EPISODE TITLE:

"THE HIDDEN TIGER"
superimposed over.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA is stripping paper off
wall, underneath she sees:

"MRS. PEEL -

STEED whipping paper off the
the wall to reveal:

WE'RE NEEDED"

MASTER COPY
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INT. HARPER'S STUDY.

STEED: Williams was found in here, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Sir David Harper's butler, I gather?

STEED: Butler, Valet, General Factotum ... his services were terminated just there.

EMMA: All the family silver's intact - a motiveless murder.

STEED: Not a single clue, just a few shreds of evidence.

HARPER: Whatever did that, Mrs. Peel, was wild, inhuman, bestial!

EMMA: I wouldn't argue on that point, Sir David.

STEED: Yet it appeared without warning ...

EMMA: And disappeared without a trace ...

HARPER: Which I believe carries it clearly into your territory.
Oh, I'm not concerned with my own personal safety. But you know what I'm running down here?

STEED: Some kind of experimental farm, isn't it?

HARPER: Hm. Dairy product among other things. I'm in charge of research.

EMMA: And you fear an attack on the farm?

HARPER: We've valuable livestock out here, Mrs. Peel. Whatever killed Williams is still on the loose. We've got to find it ... and quickly.

STEED: We'll check around the grounds.

EXT. HARPER'S HOUSE/INTERCUT WITH INT. HOUSE.

STEED & EMMA walk around grounds.
Meanwhile HARPER moves to drinks cabinet, then re-acts to DOG barking O.S.

NO DIALOGUE

B.C.U. HARPER, terrified.
Tries to ward off attacker.
(Camera in role of attacker)

Meanwhile outside house the DOG rushes to the door followed by STEED & EMMA.

INT. HARPER'S STUDY.

STEED: The same way ... No footprints, nothing ... looks as though it could have been a cat of some kind.

EMMA: We plead not guilty.

STEED: No. Mrs. Peel I think it was something a little larger than that!

INT. NESBITT'S STUDY.

NESBITT: There's the devil ... he's whiffed our scent ... watch him ... watch him close. Well, hope my party piece hasn't bored you, Mr. Steed.

STEED: On the contrary, Major Nesbitt, it brought back the full flavour of the hunt.

NESBITT: Giant of a beast, eh? Weighed a quarter of a ton if he weighed a pound. Had quite a job carting him back.

STEED: You brought him back?

NESBITT: Yes.

STEED: Here?

NESBITT: Yes, there he is - that's him... I reckon I know as much about the big cats as any man living.

STEED: That's why I'm here, Major.

NESBITT: Ruthless, natural born killer.. Even in captivity you'll never subdue it. Nothing walks the earth more cunning, barbarous or savage. Killed an entire village this chap.

STEED: This is interesting.

NESBITT: I used to keep a small cub once. Got too big. In the London zoo now. Couldn't risk him getting out. Tiger on the loose could create havoc.

STEED: One already has. Two of your neighbours were mauled to death not a mile from here.

NESBITT: Mmm?

STEED: Sir David Harper and his butler Williams.

NESBITT: Harper?

STEED: You knew him?

NESBITT: Yes ... served on several committees ...
mauled you say?

STEED: Yes.

NESBITT: Huh. Impossible, Steed! This isn't just
an ordinary nose, this is a built-in cat
detector. If there was one on the loose
I'd know it.

STEED: Well assuming there was one, where do we
start to look for it?

NESBITT: Well, can't remain hidden for long. A
beast that size eats meat, and plenty
of it.

END OF REEL ONE

Length: 832 ft. 5 frames.

EXT. EXPERIMENTAL HUSBANDRY FARM

Establishing shot.

INT. LABORATORY.

EMMA: So this is where Sir David carried out most of his research?

ERSKINE: That's right. New feeding techniques, fertilizers, livestock breeding ... he tackled them all.

EMMA: Very important work.

ERSKINE: Definitely.

EMMA: But hardly what I'd call hush-hush.

ERSKINE: Hardly.

EMMA: And through here?

ERSKINE: That's the specimen store. 'Morning Peters.

PETERS: 'Morning, Mr. Erskine.

ERSKINE: This is Mrs. Peel.

PETERS: 'Morning.

ERSKINE: Perishable specimens are stored in here.

INT. SPECIMEN STORE.

ERSKINE: ... Milk, meat ... all the facets of our experiments.

EMMA: Interesting.

ERSKINE: I think so.

EMMA: But again - nothing sinister about it.

ERSKINE: You're looking for a motive for Sir David's murder?

EMMA: I'm ... just looking, Mr. Erskine.

PETERS: Mr. Erskine ... Mr. Erskine ...

INT. LABORATORY.

PETERS: Mr. Erskine, sir! It's the bull, sir, the prize bull.

ERSKINE: What about it?

PETERS: It's been attacked, sir ... It's dead!

ERSKINE: Dead!

EXT. CATTLE SHED.

ERSKINE: Ooh - but what could do that to a full-grown bull?

EMMA: What indeed? Your security here seems pretty strict. How strict?

EXT. FARMYARD.

ERSKINE: Stricter than you think. The farm's ringed with traps ... look! We put 'em down to safeguard the poultry ... against the odd fox, or dog. Nothing could pass this barrier without our knowing. One foot in the wrong place ... and ...

INT. NESBITT'S STUDY.

NESBITT: Reminds me of the old days in Bengal! What! Ha! Is there anything more exciting than hunting the big cats? The shank! That's the spot to aim for. The shank!

STEED: But, not my shank! Huh. I don't fancy my profile up there!

NESBITT: Well remember, old man. I bag the head. Make a nice companion set.

STEED: Let's bag the big cat first.

NESBITT: Let's organise a safari. Just like the old times! Eh! Like old times.
(They laugh)

EXT. UNDERGROWTH.

NESBITT: Unusual, old man - woman on a big game hunt.

STEED: Unusual woman ... All set, Mrs. Peel?

NESBITT: Nor, nor east ... Best to stay up wind of the cattle, err let's split up, I'll make for the high ground. Anything on the prowl on the lower down you should spot it from here.

EMMA: I'll - a - cover the farm area.

STEED: On your own down there? Won't you be lonely?

EMMA: I shan't be on my own. Erskine's working late tonight.

INT. FARM EXPERIMENTAL LAB/
INTERCUTTING WITH EXT. FARM

ERSKINE working at bench.
Meanwhile, EMMA is making her
way towards house.
ERSKINE re-acts to cattle
noises from outside. He moves
into storeroom to churns and
looks terrified at what he
sees:

ERSKINE: (Whimpers)

EXT. FARM (Undergrowth)

NESBITT: Came from over there.

ERSKINE tries to fight off
attacker and gets foot
caught in trap. He screams.

ERSKINE: (Screams)

EMMA runs towards him then
into Farm.

INT. FARM.

EMMA looks around at chaos
caused by attacker.

COMMERICAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

STEED: It's illogical, Mrs. Peel ... Three men
mauled to death ... and not a single
report of an escaped lion - or tiger.

EMMA: Or anything.

STEED: Well, if you want my view ... someone
is heading for disaster.

EMMA: Disaster? Oh, sorry.

STEED: My hat. "Humour in Milk", milk and
it's derivatives. Do you mean to say
you've waded all the way through these?

EMMA: I think the word is "skimmed".

STEED: What about Sir David's notes.

EMMA: Nothing in them to suggest a motive.

STEED: Oh, back on safari.

EMMA: I'm prepared. Here, take this. It'll pick up the slightest sound. So what the eyes can't see ...

STEED: ... the ear may very well hear!

EMMA: What?

STEED: You're not switched on.

EMMA: Oh.

STEED: You play it your way and we'll let the Major play it his way.

EMMA: And what has the Major in mind?

STEED: A secret recipe.

EMMA: What's his 'recipe'.

STEED: What did you say?

EMMA: What does it do?

INT. NESBITT'S STUDY.

NESBITT: Attracts the big cat Steed, like honey to bees. They can't resist it. Never been known to fail, it carries for miles.

STEED: It looks ... delicious.

NESBITT: It is.

STEED: I'm sure. But will it work?

NESBITT: I'd stake my life on it.

STEED: Is there enough room in there for a big cat?

NESBITT: That's not for the cat, old man. That's for me. Be safer inside. Now if you'll oblige. Better make yourself scarce, Steed, and watch the water-hole.

STEED: Thank you, Major.

END OF REEL TWO

Length: 702 ft. 1 frame.

EXT. FARMYARD INTERCUTTING WITH
EXT. UNDERGROWTH.

EMMA scatters ball bearings
around.
Meanwhile STEED gets out of
Landrover and starts to unpack
hamper.
They talk to each other via
receivers.

NO DIALOGUE

EMMA: Steed? Are you there? Are you receiving
me?

STEED: Remarkably loud and clear, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Where are you nestling?

STEED: I'm high up on a hill between the farm
and Nesbitt's place - the perfect bird's
eye view.

EMMA: Well, the miniature mikes are scattered.
All ready to switch on.

STEED: Hold on a second, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA Cheers, Steed!

STEED: Cheers, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: I thought everybody had left?

PETERS: Had a few things to clear up. You still
on safari?

EMMA: Yes, want to come along?

PETERS: Not me. I haven't forgotten that bull
... or Erskine.

STEED: Who was that?

EMMA: That was Peters, not the most
chivalrous of gentlemen!

STEED: We're few and far between!

EMMA: May we now establish radio silence?

INT. NESBITT'S STUDY INTERCUTTING WITH
EXT. UNDERGROWTH.

CLOSE SHOT bubbling cauldron,
TILT UP to see NESBITT in case.

Meanwhile STEED listens in the
undergrowth and talks to EMMA
via their pocket receivers.

STEED: Mrs. Peel ... you hear it?

EMMA: Yes?

STEED: What is it?

EMMA: I don't know.
STEED: It's heading your way.
EMMA: It's getting quite near.
STEED: Can you see anything?
EMMA: Not yet.
STEED:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL FARM.

EMMA enters from yard, crosses
to SPECIMEN ROOM and goes in,
then rushes out into yard.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FARM & UNDERGROWTH.

STEED: Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel. Are you alright?
EMMA: Yes I'm fine.
STEED: What was it?
EMMA: I fell over the empties!
STEED: I thought I heard ...
EMMA: Shhh ... Whatever it was was here and
now it's turning North.
STEED: I've got it.
EMMA: And now it's moving West ... Due West,
towards Nesbitt's place.
STEED: I'm on my way.

INT. NESBITT'S STUDY.

NESBITT on guard in cage.
He re-acts with terror at
what he sees:

NESBITT: (Screams)

EXT. FARM.

STEED is approaching in
landrover. Enters farm.

INT. FARM (NESBITT'S STUDY).

STEED enters, unlocks cage,
looks at body and picks up
Medallion.

STEED: Purrrr!

REEL THREE

Reel 11

THE HIDDEN TIGER

COMMERCIAL BREAK

AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

THE AVENGERS will continue following
this pause for STATION IDENTIFICATION.

ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL THREE

Length: 622 ft. 12 frames.

EXT. P.U.R.R.

MILK FLOATS drive up to gates. STEED'S BENTLEY is among them.

FLOAT DRIVER:

Come on, ain't got all day.

INT. P.U.R.R. RECEPTION.

CHESHIRE:

Were you a friend of the deceased?

STEED:

Not exactly.

CHESHIRE:

He will be sadly missed. He was always such good company. Cheshire. Edwin Cheshire.

STEED:

John Steed.

CHESHIRE:

Yes, he was indeed a true companion. You may proceed, gentlemen. Hardly ever spent a night out on the tiles.

STEED:

Very commendable.

CHESHIRE:

He had his funny little ways, of course.

STEED:

Don't we all?

CHESHIRE:

Yes - he used to love to take a snooze inside the back of this harmonium. I cured him of it though ... sleeping in the harmonium .. poked him out with my umbrella, I smeared his nose with butter. It's a sure cure.

STEED:

But a bit drastic I should have thought.

CHESHIRE:

Here he comes now ... Prince Courtney of Chippenham - champion of champions ... is there a cat-lover anywhere who will not mourn his passing? Farewell ... farewell ... faithful, fair and fulsome feline friend! But life must go on! You've come to join PURR no doubt?

STEED:

Indeed.

CHESHIRE:

The Philanthropic Union for Rescue, Relief and Recuperation ...

STEED:

Of cats?

CHESHIRE:

But, of course - of cats. Those leggy, lovable, lithesome creatures. We care for them - we care for them all ... A lot of work, a great deal of work ... Why in London alone our membership stands at ... er ...

ANGORA:

One million, one hundred and ten thousand and forty three ...

CESHIRE: Ah, Angora. An application form for Mr. Steed, please ...
.... Thank you.
... Now, Mr. Steed - the name of your beloved pussy?

STEED: Oh ... er ... Emma.

CESHIRE: Emma
.... Pedigree?

STEED: Family tree ... that long.

CESHIRE: Colouring.

STEED: Er. Reddish brown.

CESHIRE: Ah - a cuddly bronze tabby ... and what a joy it must be for you when she's curled up in your lap.

STEED: Oh well I never thought of it in that way ...

ANGORA: Sign please.

STEED: Thank you.

CESHIRE: Now - may I offer you a drink?

STEED: Well ... I wouldn't say no ...

CESHIRE: Let's see, we have homogenised, pasteurized, full cream, dairy special - or - a - or perhaps you'd prefer a short?

STEED: Well, I ...

CESHIRE: Ah! I've got some condensed here somewhere.

STEED: Er ... no it is a little soon before lunch.

CESHIRE: Oh, but its the food of the Gods. And Gods these creatures are. Worshipped by earlier civilisations. Such grace, beauty and intelligence ... It was said that one day cats would inherit the earth and one day they shall - one day they shall.

MANX: On the bottle, again, Cheshire?

CESHIRE: Ah, Doctor Manx - may I present Mr. Steed.

STEED: How do you do, Doctor Manx.

MANX: Hello.

CESHIRE: Doctor Manx is our Medical Adviser ... sees everything in very cold and clinical terms no feeling, no rapport with our feline friends at all

MANX: I look after them well, though.

CHESHIRE: Ah - there we see eye to eye.

MANX: Joining PURR Mr. Steed?

STEED: Just my cat.

MANX: Hmm, very wise move - Mr. Cheshire here will look after your cat's welfare ... I shall look out for its health.

STEED: Splendid, do you deal with all cats?

MANX: Naturally.

CHESHIRE: All cats are welcome here.

STEED: Even the big one?

ANGORA: Don't forget your brochure, Mr. Steed.

EXT. DRIVEWAY P.U.R.R.

STEED gets into BENTLEY,
looks through brochure.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. BELLAMY'S COTTAGE.

BELLAMY running through
grass.

NO DIALOGUE

B.C.U. BELLAMY as he re-acts
with terror.

BELLAMY:

(Screams and whimpers)

STEED'S BENTLEY approaching.
He stops and gets out and
runs to BELLAMY's body.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

EMMA:

He-went-that-er-way!
A to D?

STEED:

E to K.

EMMA:

"The Philanthropic Union for Relief,
Rescue and Recuperation of cats"?

STEED:

A feline paradise run by a man called
Cheshire.

EMMA:

So that's our Mr. PURR!

STEED:

You read on. That'll make you bristle
you beautiful bronze tabby!

EMMA:

Purr ... Sir David ... Major Nesbitt ...
Erskine ... the three men who ...

STEED:

Four. Bellamy was mauled to death about
an hour ago.

EMMA: A penchant for committee members?
Well, now who's for dessert?

STEED: Mr. Samuel Jones? Unless we can get to
him first ... ah ... Jones ... Jones ...

EMMA: About this Mr. Cheshire...?

STEED: Loves cats. Prefers 'em to humans.

EMMA: Well, they're much more cuddley.

STEED: Ah. The little ones, I'd love to know
where he keeps these big ones.

EMMA: Let's put a pigeon among the pussies!

STEED: Right. While you're on the wing, Mrs.
Pigeon, I'll forage through these Jones's.
Mr. Samuel Jones Jones Jones
Jones Jones Jones ...

INT. P.U.R.R. RECEPTION.

CESHIRE: Have no fear, Mrs. Peel we'll find your
little John for you.

EMMA: I do hope so.

CESHIRE: Oh yes, if we can't locate him direct
our vast membership will certainly co-
operate. Come with me.
.... Now, I've noted your description
and I've built a composite picture ...
as you can see. Now tell me, is that
right?

EMMA: No, little John's nose is much more
aristocratic.

CESHIRE: Of course ... of course. How about that?

EMMA: The eyes are a little too small.

CESHIRE: Is that better?

EMMA: Yes, that's him.

CESHIRE: You see our identicat system never fails.

EMMA: I just knew your society could help...

CESHIRE: But Mrs. Peel PURR is not a society, it
is a union ... A union of souls! We
rescue and relieve the lost, neglected
and homeless....

EMMA: And where do they recuperate?

CESHIRE: Uh, through there ... but first, tell me
has your little John any other
peculiarities?

EMMA:

Well he's very bad tempered first thing
in the morning until he's had his first
glass of champagne.

CHESHIRE:

Yes.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

STEED:

Hello? ... Do I have the right number
for Mr. Samuel Jones?
... Samantha ... what a charming name -
yes - but I must find Samuel.
(sighs) Ahh!

END OF REEL FOUR

Length: 856 ft. 8 frames.

INT. P.U.R.R. CORRIDOR.

CHESHIRE:

Ah, what a joyous sound! Almost time for tea ... come in, dear lady. Through these portals have passed a hundred thousand strays ... our membership includes over ninety per cent of the entire feline population
 ... but I will not rest until every cat wears our medallion.
 Mm, ah, look at them. I must have a look at my tabbys ... just a minute ... Hello my pets! Ready for your tea. Now then, Ah, hello, Elfrida, Wellington. Mmm - shan't be long my petties.
 ... Oh, they're so sweet ... now these are ...
 ... Ooops, sorry! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 ... the new arrivals are at the far end...
 Yes.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

SPEED:

...You're the heavyweight champion of where? ... Oh, there ... I'm extremely sorry to have troubled you.

INT. P.U.R.R. CORRIDOR.

CHESHIRE:

Take a peep, Mrs. Peel. Well, is your cat amongst them.
 Ah, have courage, my dear. He'll return, I know it.

EMMA:

And here ...?

CHESHIRE:

That is our treatment room.

EMMA:

And who's that getting the treatment?

CHESHIRE:

Ah, Doctor Manx.
 ... Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel has just lost her dearest companion ...

MANX:

Not among the new arrivals?

EMMA:

Alas, no
 ... What a beautiful cat.

CHESHIRE:

Oh that one, yes. A complete mental wreck on arrival. Persecution mania. Thought she was being persued by a Poodle. But a few sessions of psycat-therapy, and look at her now.

EMMA:

Psycat-therapy?

ANGORA:

A new form of treatment devised by Doctor Manx.

MANX:

Oh, I can hardly take all the credit - Mr. Cheshire's our guiding light ... He's supplied the finance ...

CHESHIRE: Oh that reminds me, I have a note from the committee

ANGORA: Have we a description of your cat, Mrs. Peel?

CHESHIRE: Yes ... yes ...

ANGORA: Follow me, please.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

STEED: Oh, he's away ... for how long?
... eighteen months with remission?
Oh, I am sorry madame.

INT. P.U.R.R. RECEPTION.

ANGORA: Well, that's all, Mrs. Peel. We'll circulate his photograph and description in our members' bulletin ... You'll receive your medallion in due course ...

EMMA: Thank you.

ANGORA: ... Don't forget your coat, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Oh!

ANGORA: I'll see you out.

EMMA: Thank you.

PETERS: I've brought the van.

ANGORA: All equipped?

PETERS: As per instructions.

ANGORA: Good. Zero hour's fixed for twenty three hundred.

PETERS: Tonight, but I thought that we

ANGORA: You were never employed to think, Peters. Saturation point has been reached. The experimental stage entirely satisfactory... There is no point in delaying the operation.

PETERS: There's still Samuel Jones.

ANGORA: Don't panic ... that matter is well in hand.
Where on earth's that woman going?

PETERS: Mrs. Peel!

ANGORA: You know her?

PETERS: She was the one at the farm with a man called Steed.

ANGORA: Steed? You're certain it's her?
PETERS: Well, if you need confirmation?
Leave this to me!
ANGORA: No!
PETERS: But they're on to us, they must be!
ANGORA: How? Suspicious, perhaps ... so were
Harper and Nesbitt. But remember, Peters,
there's more than one way to skin a cat!

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT INTERCUTTING
WITH INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

JONES picks up telephone and
talks to STEED (cross-cutting)

JONES: Hello? ... Yes, this is Samuel Jones ...
Yes, indeed I am on the Governing
Committee ...
STEED: Look, Mr. Jones, I can't explain, but
you're in extreme danger. Yes, I have
your address ... now, bolt all your
doors and windows and I'll be right over...
JONES: But really, Mr. Steed, I'm quite safe
here. I live in a penthouse flat.
STEED: Please do as I say.
JONES: Oh, very well, I'll be expecting you.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD &
EXT. JONES'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

STEED drives along in HENTLEY,
and arrives at block of flats.

INT. JONES'S APARTMENT.

STEED breaks in through door and
re-acts to JONES'S body on floor.
CAT comes in through cat door.

INT. P.U.R.R. RECEPTION.

ANGORA: You can stop worrying about Mr. Samuel
Jones. He's been dealt with.
PETERS: And now for Mrs. Peel ...
ANGORA: Put that away! We'll dispose of Mrs.
Peel as we disposed of the others. Here
.... take that to Cheshire
.... Peters
.... Aren't you forgetting something?

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT INTERCUTTING
WITH INT. STEED'S APARTMENT.

EMMA: Oh, Steed. Did you trace Jones?

STEED: Yes I traced him ... but too late. How did you get on with the cats?

EMMA: Well ... there's an odd laboratory there and a van equipped like a small apartment.

STEED: Really?
.... Mrs. Peel, I'll call you back. The cat's out of the bag!.

EMMA: Mr. Cheshire?

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

CHESHIRE: Your sorrows are at an end, dear lady ...
... the lonely gap in your heart will soon be filled ...
.... No, don't thank me, the look in your eyes is gratitude enough

EMMA: Err, but supposing little John were to come home?

CHESHIRE: Then your heart will be doubly filled.

EMMA: But, Mr. Cheshire?

CHESHIRE: I'm so glad we've found someone to take care of you.

INT. DAWSON'S WORKSHOP.

DAWSON: It's this additional circuit that is intriguing ... it's a recent development called the electrophon - transmits brain waves.

STEED: What effect do they have?

DAWSON: On humans, negligible. We've too many barriers. On animals they release the primitive instincts

STEED: They have any effect on a cat?

DAWSON: Ideal subjects. Beam these waves into the brain of a cat ... and you'd find yourself with a tiger in your lap!

END OF REEL FIVE761 ft. 15 frames.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

EMMA strokes cat.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. P.U.R.R. BUILDING.STEED looks in van. PETERS
appears.
STEED hits PETERS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. NEW ARRIVALS' ROOM.

STEED:

Shh ... I'll be as quiet as a mouse!

INT. P.U.R.R. LABORATORY.

STEED hits CHESHIRE.

ANGRA:

How very obliging of you Mr. Steed.
You've saved us the trouble.

STEED:

Us?

MANX:

Welcome back Mr. Steed.
Now as you've doubtless heard curiosity
killed the cat, well in this case the
cats are going to kill the curious.

STEED:

Err, that equipment ... it transmits brain
waves into those receivers in the medallions,
there.

MANX:

Inside every cat there's a hidden tiger ...
Well, I can release it! And shortly I
shall blanket the entire country.
Every cat wearing a medallion will revert
to its savage ancestry. And our member-
ship runs into millions.
Few will survive. But for those who do -
they'll be wealth ... unlimited wealth.
In banks ... safe deposits ... diamond
vaults ... and all by the mere flick of
a switch.INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.EMMA re-acts to attack by
CAT.INT. P.U.R.R. LABORATORY.

MANX:

Easy isn't it?

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT.

EMMA:

I think that was good grounds for divorce!

INT. P.U.R.R. LABORATORY.

MANX:

Yes, it was a pity about the governing committee, but they became curious about my expenditure.
Still, they were very useful guinea-pigs in the experimental stage. Err....
Let them out, and meet me in the van.
I regret my departure, Mr. Steed. But you won't be alone for long

EXT. P.U.R.R. DRIVEWAY.

EMMA arrives, pushes ANGORA inside Van.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. P.U.R.R. LABORATORY.

MANX:

It's set to transmit in exactly one minute from now.
... Goodbye, Mr. Steed
... You did say you were fond of cats.

INT/EXT. P.U.R.R. BUILDING.

PETERS leaves, gets in Van.
EMMA looks around in building.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LABORATORY.

STEEED:

Mrs. Peel!

EMMA:

Pussies galore!

STEEED:

Get that thing switched off!

EMMA:

Is there a master switch?

STEEED:

Try the lot.

Shall I put the cat out?

EMMA:

Do!

INT. VAN.

MANX:

Angora.....Peters,.....At this moment.....Angora.....

MANX: (Screams)

No, no, get away from me.

INT. P.U.R.R. LAB

EMMA:

We just made it.

Int. VAN

MANX:

Angora....Peters....where are you?

EXT. P.U.R.R.

EMMA AND STEED leave
P.U.R.R.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: A man's doodles reveal his psycho
character

STEED: Really, well what do you think of
that?

EMMA: Definitely a repressed personality.
With extrovert undertones.

STEED: Ha! Ha!

EMMA: It certainly took full marks for
originality. Dr. Manx's scheme.
Fiendishly feline. Release the
savage beast within - tear down the
barriers of inhibition. Let the
primeval instincts run riot....

STEED: Well, one thing's for certain - by
acting as we did...we narrowly averted
a terrible....

EMMA: Catastrophe!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX

872 ft. 15 frames

OVERALL LENGTH:

4648 ft. 8 frames

THE END

PREPARED BY:

TELEMETEN LIMITED
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BOREHAM WOOD,
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ENGLAND

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