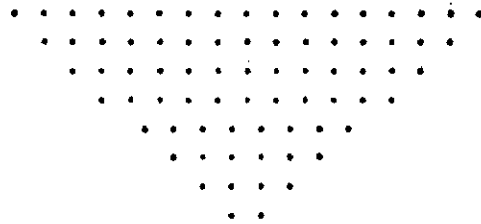


THE AVENGERS
.....

"SOMETHING NASTY IN THE NURSERY"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

COPY
ISSUED
14



PREPARED BY:

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ENGLAND.

MAY 1967.

REEL ONE

"SOMETHING NASTY IN THE NURSERY"

EXT. WILMOT'S HOUSE

Debson runs towards house.

NO DIALOGUE

Wheelchair travelling
towards camera.

DOBSON climbs through
window of house.

INT. WILMOT'S DEN

DOBSON walks across
room.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. WILMOT'S HOUSE

Wheelchair travelling
towards camera.

INT. WILMOT'S DEN

DOBSON: (into phone)

It's Debsan . . . get me General Wilmot
and hurry.... it's urgent. What? Well
find him - Tell him I'm at his house.

HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE

INT. DREAM NURSERY

DOBSON:

Nanny

NANNY:

Now come along time for bed . . .
give that to Nanny . . . now come along. . .
don't be naughty . . give it to me.
There's a good boy.

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK:

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT:

EMMA in armchair, gets
up, re-acts to carousel
revolving with banner
Mrs. Peel.

STEED:

We're needed!

INT. WILMOT'S DEN

WILMOT:

Ah, ah, Steed.

STEED: Certainly M'Lord. At a recent Defence Meeting certain vital secrets were passed to you by General Wilnot.....

BEAUMONT: Ssh. All very hush hush, wouldn't do for it to leak out.

STEED: It already has, that's why I'm here

COLLINS: What ?

STEED: Here. . . . if you want proof.

END OF REEL ONE: FOOTAGE 876 feet 7 frames.

EXT. BEAUMONT'S HOUSE

EMMA moves to wheelchair and reacts to deserted garden.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BEAUMONT'S DEN

BEAUMONT: I don't believe a word of it Steed.

STEED: It comes from an unimpeachable source.

BEAUMONT: Well, maybe, but as far as I'm concerned there's only one place for this there.

WEBSTER: What on earth

COLLINS: Willy.

WEBSTER: Willy this is serious, if there has been a leak, we're in the soup.

BEAUMONT: Stand clear Georgie . . . I used to bowl for the first eleven, you know.

BEAUMONT: You put me off.

WEBSTER: Has he been at the bottle.

BEAUMONT: In you go or old Robert'll be after us, eh Freddie ?

WEBSTER: Robert - Oh, sorry I

BEAUMONT: Oh, don't worry.

BEAUMONT: Oh!

COLLINS: I say are you all right ?

BEAUMONT: Yes, oh yes, I can manage.

COLLINS: Come and have a seat - here - sit down here.

WEBSTER: Look Steed, I must be getting back. I've got a pile of paper-work to do. No point in hanging around here. Anymore questions I'll be at my home.

EXT BEAUMONT'S DRIVEWAY

EMMA moves away as Webster walks towards his car, gets in and drive off.
EMMA moves to her car and drives away.

INT. BEAUMONT'S DEN

COLLINS: Bad business this.

COLLINS: Oh, well it's time I'm off. Call me if you want anything.

STEED: Yes. Are you alright M'Lord ?

BEAUMONT: I'm so sorry. Made a complete fool of myself. Really must not drink on an empty stomach.

STEED: Who's Robert's M'Lord.?

BEAUMONT: Huh ?

STEED: A little while ago you mentioned someone called Roberts.

BEAUMONT: Did I ? That's an odd coincidence. I had a dream about her. My old Nanny. Nanny Roberts. An odd sort of dream. Ball came bouncing in here - I was back in the nursery. Dear old Nanny Roberts, haven't thought about her for years. But there she was - large as life.

STEED: Nanny Roberts ? I'd like to meet her.

BEAUMONT: Oh, I don't even know if she's still alive. I could show you a photograph of her.

EXT. WEBSTER'S HOUSE

WEBSTER'S jaguar drives up.

INT. MINIVAN - EXT.GROUNDS

GORDON: Webster's arrived. Stand-by.

INT. WEBSTER'S STUDY

WEBSTER: No, don't go, James, I want you.

JAMES: Yes, sir ?

WEBSTER: James, those old photographs you took . . . years back - of me and old Nanny Roberts. . .

JAMES: They weren't very good sir.

WEBSTER: Nevermind that. Where are they ? I want them.

JAMES: In the cellar, I believe sir.

WEBSTER: Well get them for me please. Go on! Right away.

JAMES: Very well sir.

INT. CELLAR

James collects box.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WEBSTER'S STUDY

JAMES:

Why, there's one of old Nanny, sir!
It must be a good thirty years.

WEBSTER:

Hmm... must be . . . funny . . I had a
dream. Thought it was her. Now I'm
sure. Odd, Willy mentioning her.
Thank you James.

No, I'll hang on to this one.

INT. CELLAR

JAMES returning box.
He reacts - his face
transfixed with
horror.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WEBSTER'S STUDY

WEBSTER:

James! James! Where are you ?

INT. CELLAR

WEBSTER:

James.

INT. WEBSTER'S STUDY

HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DREAM NURSERY

WEBSTER on rocking horse.
NANNY enters frame.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. WEBSTER'S HOUSE

EMMA arrives.

INT. MINI-VAN

GORDON:

There's a visitor. Hurry you haven't
much time.

INT. WEBSTER'S STUDY

EMMA:

Lord Webster.

WEBSTER: (Mumbles).

EMMA:

Lord Webster.

INT. CELLAR

EMMA reacts as pike is
thrown near her, suit
of armour falls over and
we see JAMES, dead, on
rocking horse.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL TWO:

821 feet 11 frames.

INT. BEAUMONT'S DEN

BEAUMONT:

I do hope I haven't bored you.

STEED:

Not at all. When did you last hear
of Nanny Roberts.?

BEAUMONT:

Oh, haven't seen her for years. Then she
was running a sort of school for Nannies.
Her and her old lavender. Funny how one
recalls things like that. She always wore
old lavender. Used to smother herself in it.
Ooch, and another thing. That ball I saw in
my dream - it was called a baby bouncer. I
remember she took me with her to buy it.

STEED:

Where ?

BEAUMONT:

Only one place for the nobility.
Old Martin's toy shop.

EXT/INT. TOY SHOP

STEED:

And son and son.

INT. TOY SHOP

STEED:

Goo - Good morning.

MARTIN:

Welcome to my humble establishment.
At your service in a moment Sir.
Downyou go. Ooh, stubborn little fellow.
Now sir, er . . . I trust I am addressing
you correctly.

STEED:

Yes.

MARTIN:

Ah. Royalty and nobility are the rule
here rather than the exception.

STEED:

Are they ?

MARTIN:

Yes, it's usually your Highness or your
Ladyship or your Grace. One must be correct.

STEED:

Undoubtedly.

MARTIN:

They're very touchy you know - er -

STEED:

Oh, Mr. Steed. Mr. John Steed.

MARTIN:

Just Mister?

STEED:

Just.

MARTIN:

Not even an Honourable.

STEED:

Fraid not.
Oh, that's a lovely toy. I used to have
one of these when I was

MARTIN: (interrupts)

How nice. Most of our toys are created to
instil character. Ambition and patriotism.

STEED: For launching ships of the line.
MARTIN: Laying foundation stones.
STEED: Ha! Ha! and conferring Knighthoods.
Oh, I'd like one of those. Baby bouncer.
MARTIN: They're not for sale.
STEED: Why not ?
MARTIN: Err - customers own design - specially made.
Have been for over half a century.
STEED: But surely after all this time.
MARTIN: I'm afraid they're GONN.
STEED: Gone . . . gone where ?
MARTIN: No. G. O. N. N. The Guild of Noble Nannies.

EXT. GUILD OF NOBLE NANNIES

STEED drives up.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. RECEPTION HALL G.O.N.N.

STEED enters and listens
by door.

INT. TRAINING ROOM

GOAT: Excellent Ladies, excellent. Free wheeling
if you please.
Can I help you ?
STEED: Well, I was looking for Nanny
GOAT: Goat.
STEED: I beg your pardon.
GOAT: I'm Goat, the senior tutor.
STEED: How d'you do ? My name's Steed.
John Steed.
GOAT: I can guess why you're here.
STEED: You can ?
GOAT: An aura of proud fatherhood surrounds you.
STEED: Oh ?
GOAT: My warmest congratulations and welcome to
the guild of Noble Nannies.
STEED: Thank you.
GOAT: Observe then, Mr. Steed. The epitome of
efficiency poise and dignity, so sedate,
demure, maternal.

STEED: I can see, thoroughbreds of gentility.

GOAT: Oh, I like that. May I quote you.?

STEED: Please do.

GOAT: They offer a child security Mr. Steed and nothing's more important than security.

STEED: I agree.

LISTER: Then we must do our best to accommodate you Mr. Steed.

GOAT: Ah, our Secretary, Miss Lister.

STEED: Charmed.

LISTER: You're enquiring about a Nanny ?

STEED: Yes. As a matter of fact I'm a bachelor.

GOAT: Oh!

STEED: Oh, it's my old Nanny I came to see.

GOAT: Ah!

STEED: Nanny Roberts.

LISTER: Nanny Roberts ?

STEED: It's a good many years since I saw her. But I gather that she used to manage this place.

LISTER: Well she did, but -

STEED: Don't tell me that . . .

GOAT: Oh, no, no, no, but she's just not as young as she was. Completely chair ridden I'm afraid.

STEED: Then I'm sure she'd welcome a visit from an old baby.

LISTER: That isn't possible. Doctor's orders forbid.

GOAT: Oh come now Miss Lister. Surely we can stretch a point in Mr. Steed's case. One of her little charges.

LISTER: But Nanny Roberts is taking her afternoon nap.

STEED: I'll wait.

GOAT: Good, then, that's settled.

LISTER: You're due in the nursery Mr. Goat.

GOAT: Oh, so I am. Carry on rocking ladies. Do make yourself at home Mr. Steed. She usually wakes around four.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

GORDON: I'm getting a little tired of playing nursemaid to a "nanny".

MISS LISTER: How is she ?

GORDON: Tough, I'll say that for her.

MISS LISTER: She's going into action again.

GORDON: Oh, when ?

MISS LISTER: At three.

INT. TRAINING ROOM

NANNY SMITH: Tea time Ladies.

I say, you've got a nice kind face.

STEED: Why thank you - I -

NANNY SMITH: Look after things for a moment will you ?

STEED: Look - I'm not very exper.....

BABIES CRYING

STEED: That's all right.
Ha! Ha! there we are.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR: The Avengers will continue following this pause for station identification.

A.B.C. LOGO CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. RECEPTION HALL

GORDON: Who's playing ball this time ?

MISS LISTER: The Noble Knight.

GORDON: Ah! Georgie Porgy pudding and pie.

MISS LISTER: You'll deliver it personally.

GORDON: What about Nanny ?

MISS LISTER: She's ready.

EXT. G.O.N.N. DRIVEWAY AND HOUSE

EMMA drives up.

INT. TRAINING ROOM

EMMA LAUGHS

REEL ONE"SOMETHING NASTY IN THE NURSERY"

STEED: Mrs. Peel. . .General Wilmot, Defence Chief.

WILMOT: He - a - he tried to reach me. They got to him before I arrived.

STEED: Poor old Dobson. One of our best agents.

EMMA: He'd obviously discovered something.

STEED: Vital defence secrets have been reaching . . . Dobson traced the leak to three men isn't that so General ?

WILMOT: Dah! it's ridiculous. Minister's of the Crown. My colleagues. Personal friends. It's utterly . . . it's ridiculous.

EMMA: Sir George Collins...?

WILMOT: Son of the Attorney General...

EMMA: The Viscount Frederick Webster.

WILMOT: D.S.O. and Bar... Huh!

EMMA: Lord William Beaumont...?

WILMOT: Second cousin to Prince . . it's ridiculous.

EMMA: Did anyone else have access to information?

WILMOT: No! I conveyed it personally at various meetings.

STEED: So it must be one of them. It - it - it's ridiculous.

WILMOT: Quite. These men are from the best families. Their British to the core. Look this is tricky, Steed, you - you'll have to see them.

STEED: We have a meeting set up at his Lordship's.

WILMOT: Well, if one of these men's a traitor, I'll I'll.. eat my hat.
Due at the Ministry . . I got to rush.

EMMA: That smell . . . it's like lavender.

STEED: The General's after-shave.

EMMA: Fragrant General. He's right though. These men are above suspicion.

STEED: Unless one of them's under pressure.

EMMA: Blackmail ? They're all far too honourable. British to the core. No-one could get at them.

STEED:

No.
How about Dobson ? Armed, windows latched...
door locked. Somebody got in.

INT. BEAUMONT'S STUDY

BEAUMONT reacts as ball
is thrown into room.

NO DIALOGUE

HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DREAM NURSERY

BEAUMONT:

Nanny!

EXT. BEAUMONT'S HOUSE AND GROUNDS

EMMA and STEED arrive.

STEED: (O.S.)

There's Viscount Webster. . . . and
Sir George.

EMMA:

But his Lordship, it appears, is not at
home.

INT. BEAUMONT'S STUDY

STEED:

I'm sorry my Lord I - I tried the bell
but there was

BEAUMONT:

Oh did you. Butler's out. Must've dozed
off. Anyway come in.

WEBSTER:

Hello Willy.

BEAUMONT:

Freddie.

BEAUMONT:

Georgie.

COLLINS:

Well, here we are again.

BEAUMONT:

Ha! Ha! Here we are again. Here we are
again.

Drinkies all round. Goody. Come and get
it boys.

COLLINS:

We're very bright this morning, aren't we
Willy ?

BEAUMONT:

And why not pray.

COLLINS:

Well I gathered there was a flap on - this
meeting -

BEAUMONT:

Yes, I know, darn nuisance.
I wanted to go out and play.

COLLINS:

Golf ?

BEAUMONT:

Yes of course. Can't wait. Well let's
get on. All busy little boys.

STEED: Help!

EMMA: Ah, just like you - you'd make a dreadful Daddy.

EMMA: Sssh.

STEED: How did you get on with Webster.

EMMA: Well

INT. RECEPTION HALL.

GORDON: I'll bring the car round the back.
Tell Nanny to hurry.

MISS LISTER: Good.

INT. TRAINING ROOM

STEED: and the ball was gone.

EMMA: hnn. hnn.

STEED: About this size - spiral design ?

EMMA: Yes, but how did you know ?

STEED: Baby bouncers. Made by Martin's Toy Shop.
Exclusive to this guild.
Did you find anything else ?

EMMA: This.
She was Webster's Nanny too.

STEED: He had a similar day dream ?

EMMA: Yes, but was it a dream. That smell
of old lavender.

STEED: But she's in her eighties.
Chair ridden.

EMMA: Are you certain.

STEED: I soon will be.

EMMA: You don't suppose she could've also
have fostered Sir George.

STEED: There's one way of finding out.

EMMA: What's his address.?

REEL FOUREXT. BLOCK OF FLATS.

COLLINS approaching.

NO DIALOGUEEXT. CAR PARKGORDON opens door
of Rolls Royce.NO DIALOGUECOLLINS gets in car
and reacts to ball.NO DIALOGUEHALLUCINATION SEQUENCENO DIALOGUEINT. DREAM NURSERYCOLLINS lying on floor
smiling.NO DIALOGUEEXT. CAR PARKEMMA arrives. Walks
across car park.
GORDON in minivan,
rushes at her.NO DIALOGUEEXT./INT. ROLLS ROYCE

EMMA:

Sir George. . . . Sir George . . . !

COLLINS:

Georgie Porgie pudding and pie,
kissed the girls and

Mrs. Peel! What happened....?

EMMA:

You tell me.

COLLINS:

I got into my car. . . yes . . . that's
right I got into my car. There was a
ball on the seat, a baby bouncer, used
to have one when I was a child. Began
to spin . . . I fell asleep . . . and
then there was Nanny. My old Nanny . .
Nanny Roberts.INT. TRAINING ROOM

LISTER:

Nanny Roberts is awake. She'll see
you now.

STEED:

Ah!

LISTER:

Oh, excuse me. She finds the light
a strain.

STEED:

Hello Nanny.

LISTER:

Nanny . . . Nanny Roberts. Your
visitor's here.

NANNY: Murners.

LISTER: The visitor I mentioned
 One of your former charges - Mr. John Steed.

NANNY: Steed - Steed.

STEED: Surely you remember me don't you Nanny.

LISTER: I'm afraid her memory isn't what it was,
 bless her.

STEED: I remember you.

NANNY: Steed you say.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

GORDON looks through
records book.

INT. TRAINING ROOM

LISTER: She's getting very tired. I think you
 ought to go.

STEED: Of course. Well Goodbye Nanny.

NANNY: Goodbye.

STEED: Thank you, I'll find my own way out.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

GOAT (o.s.) Excellent Ladies, excellent.
 Now Ladies my subject for today is
 child welfare and health care -
 an absorbing subject and one you should
 all pay attention to. . .

INT. TRAINING ROOM

LISTER: I told you it was a mistake. Gordon
 checked. . . look. . . you never were
 Nanny to a "John Steed".

GORDON: Don't worry. If he was snooping, it'll
 be the last time he does.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED - (humming)

EXT. ROAD (intercutting with NO DIALOGUE
INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

GORDON'S MINIVAN travelling
towards camera.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED picks up ball (bomb).
It explodes.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

MISS LISTER: Well ?

GORDON: Goodbye Mr. Steed.

MISS LISTER: We've got another delivery.

GORDON: So soon ?

MISS LISTER: Mmm, they've cancelled the defence meeting.

GORDON: No more secrets then ?

MISS LISTER: Oh, no. This time we go right to the top.

GORDON: You know I'd still like to know how Steed got on to us....

MISS LISTER: There's only one possibility.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

EMMA: Steed!
Trying to reach top 'C'.

STEED: Target practice. I always indulge myself.

EMMA: Well it looks like it went with a bang.

STEED: Definitely. Someone sent me a surprise package.

EMMA: Sir George received one too. A baby bouncer. When I got there he was behaving as though he were back in kindergarten.

STEED: Dreaming of Nanny Roberts ?

EMMA: Mmm, but I wasn't dreaming when I saw her leaving the car park.

STEED: But she's confined to bed . . . a baby bouncer, eh.

EMMA: Exclusively from Martin's toy shop.

STEED: I see. Then that shop deserves another visit.

EMMA: You'd better hurry.

STEED: Why ?

EMMA: Haven't you noticed - as soon as we can discover someone who can supply the answer

STEED: Someone always...

EMMA: Gets to them first.

STEED (LAUGHS).

INT. MARTIN'S TOY SHOP

MARTIN: Can I help you Madam, it's a repair job is it ? Leave it with me.

EXT. TOY SHOP

LOW ANGLE - Nanny's feet
leaving shop and walking
to manivair.

Steed drives up and walks
into shop.

INT. MARTIN'S TOY SHOP

MARTIN: Do you mind - Ah, Mr. Steed, back again.
It was Mr. Steed wasn't it ?

STEED: Yes.

MARTIN: Just Mister, not even an hon.

STEED: Well, I - a -

MARTIN: Yes ?

STEED: I'm travelling incognito.

MARTIN: Ah, I thought so, I thought you had the
look of an honourable at least.

Ah, the lid's stuck, excuse me.
Now what can I do for you, Mr. Steed.

STEED: My heart is still set on a baby bouncer.

MARTIN: Oh, I'm very sorry my entire stock was
collected barely an hour ago.

STEED: By whom ?

MARTIN IS SHOT.

MARTIN: (gasps) By....by....

END OF REEL FOUR

855 feet 1 frame

REEL FIVE

"SOMETHING NASTY IN THE NURSERY"

INT. RECEPTION HALL

MISS LISTER: You idiot!

GORDON: What . . .

MISS LISTER: You said you'd dealt with Steed.

GORDON: Well I did. . . I . . .

MISS LISTER: He's in there. And now he knows about Wilmot.

MISS LISTER: And do it right, this time.

INT. TRAINING ROOM

Nannies walking around with prams. Gordon runs to window.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

GORDON: He's gone. The windows.

MISS LISTER: Head him off. I'll call Nanny.

EXT. G.O.N.N. & SHRUBBERY

GORDON running after STEED.

NO DIALOGUE

GORDON hides under Bentley. STEED attacks him.

WHEELCHAIR TRAVELLING towards camera.
TOMMY GUN IS FIRED.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. WILMOT'S DEN

STEED: It's my opinion General, you're next on the list.

WILMOT: Me ?
(He laughs) Don't be ridiculous.

STEED: You've planned the new missile bases.

WILMOT: Yes, but it's all piled away out here old man. Imbedded in the concrete - what! Excuse me, got to take a shower.

STEED: But General, they got at a - - -

WILMOT: Don't worry, no-one's gonna get at me.

STEED: They got at Beaumont, Webster and Collins.

WILMOT: How ?

REEL FIVE

"SOMETHING NASTY IN THE NURSERY"

WILMOT: But where does Nanny Roberts fit in ?

STEED: She creates a sense of security. She supplies all the more intimate details. A child's pet name for instance. I'm sure you had one.

WILMOT: Err - yes. But Nanny Roberts. One of them.

STEED: Well I should think they're using her. You know this dream always starts with this . . . a . . baby bouncer.

BALL COMES THROUGH WINDOW

HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE

WILMOT: Hello Nanny.

GOAT: Hello cuddles, now relax, there's a good boy.

MISS LISTER: Goat!

GOAT: That's all right. He's touched it, he's back in the nursery too.

LISTER: You're sure.

GOAT: Oh, absolutely. This drug is an advance on all other psychadelic drugs. Absorbed through the skin it produces immediate hallucinations of infancy, but the memory remains unaffected, enhanced even, as long as they feel secure. They'll tell Nanny anything. Here Cuddles, come here, there's a good boy. Look what Nanny's brought for you.
Come along then, there's a good boy.

Now then, you show Nanny where you keep those pretty little missiles.

WILMOT: (indicates) Ooooooo!

GOAT: There's a good boy, and another one.

WILMOT: (indicates) Eee, bom.

END OF REEL FIVE

741 feet 6 frames.

INT. DREAM NURSERY

C.S. EMMA.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. WILMOT'S DEN

GOAT:

There's a good boy. Now then Cuddles for being such a good boy, here's a present. Now he's an Indian, you're a cowboy. Wa-Wait till Nanny's gone, then you can shoot him. Off you go.

WILMOT: (LAUGHS)

ta.ta. da. da.

EXT. ROAD.

EMMA in car.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. WILMOT'S DEN

MISS LISTER:

We'd better hurry!

GOAT:

I'll just get the map.

STEED: (GROWLS).

GOAT:

Naughty! Give that to Nanny. Give it to me.

STEED: (Growls).

MISS LISTER:

He's wearing gloves!

FIGHT SEQUENCE.

STEED:

Oh, he's back in the nursery!

EMMA:

I know just how he feels.

STEED:

Well, I got the plans of the missile base. It was child's play.

GOAT:

Yes, it was, wasn't it? Now pick up the map, all the little pieces.

STEED:

All.

GOAT:

There's a good boy. Come along.

WILMOT:

You're not my Nanny. Well - err - who - what happened?

EMMA:

Once upon a time...

STEED:

There was a big bad Nanny.

WILMOT:

No..no...no..no..no..Did they get anything from me? Did I give away any secrets? Well?

STEED:

A few minor indiscretions.

EMMA:

Personal details.

WILLMOT:

What d'you mean ?

STEED:

It'll all be in my official report...Cuddles.

WILLMOT:

Cuddles, cu- oh!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED:

What do you see, Madam Peel ?

EMMA:

You wish to know all ? Even if it be bad ?
Even if it be sorrow ?

STEED:

I am braced for the worst.

EMMA:

I see a violent death.

STEED:

It always starts that way.

EMMA:

I see you and I on the scene.

STEED:

Something lurking in the background.

EMMA:

Yes, I see another violent death.

STEED:

The trail's warming up.

EMMA:

I see danger approaching. It comes closer.
I see you attacked by two large . . .

STEED:

What ?

EMMA:

Things!

STEED:

I dispose of them ? I do dispose of them ?

EMMA:

No, I do. We are in a dark catacomb.

STEED:

The villains headquarters.

EMMA:

We enter...we fight...we are hopelessly
trapped. We are seconds, inches away from
death.

STEED:

And then ?

EMMA:

The glass has gone cloudy. I can't see.

STEED:

Can't you, just give it a

(Steed blows).

EMMA:

I see some writing.

STEED:

Yes.

EMMA:

It says . . .

STEED:

Yes, yes.

REEL SIX

"SOMETHING NASTY IN THE NURSERY"

EMMA: Watch next week.
STEED: Is that all ?
EMMA: That's all.
STEED: Let me look.
I see . . .
EMMA: Well ?
STEED: Ah, ha!
EMMA: What ?

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

T H E E N D

REEL SIX 542 feet 15 frames.

OVERALL FOOTAGE 4663 feet 8 frames.

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Elstree Studios,
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