

# MASTER.

## THE AVENGERS

"Death's Door"

Dialogue List

19th September 1989

(c) MCMLXVIII  
ABC TELEVISION FILMS LTD.  
All Rights Reserved

Weintraub Entertainment Limited  
167/169 Wardour Street  
London W1V 3TA

Tel: 01-439 1790  
Fax: 01-734 1509

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE  
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

PRESS ATTACHE: In perfect diplomacy. They've all arrived together.

MUSIC: OUT

PAWRET: All except your man, Sir Andrew Boyd.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: IN

PAWRET (Cont): I do not see him.

PRESS ATTACHE: Oh, come now Pawret. United Europe was his idea. He's a presiding delegate. At least allow him the vanity of a star entrance ... Ah. Here he is.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

BOYD: Thank you gentlemen.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

PRESS ATTACHE: It's taken him years to get them all around one table ... Going through that door will be the climax to a magnificent career. The greatest moment of his life.

MUSIC: IN

LORD MELFORD: Sir Andrew ... What is it ...? Sir Andrew!

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

MAIN TITLE: DEATH'S DOOR

FX:

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

LORD MELFORD: Come in.

FX: DOOR

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: Ah! Where is Sir Andrew?

LORD MELFORD: Next door. Doctor's with him.

STEED: How is he?

LORD MELFORD: Seems all right ... Little overwrought, but he seems all right.

EMMA PEEL: What exactly happened?

LORD MELFORD: I'm not at all sure ... Now, you and Sir Andrew are old friends. Ever known him to run from anything?

STEED: Never.

LORD MELFORD: Well, this time he ran. He turned and bolted, like a frightened rabbit.

EMMA PEEL: But, the newspapers said he had a sudden attack of migraine.

LORD MELFORD: Well, that was arranged by Stapley Here. The conference was darned near wrecked. Had to tell them something.

STAPLEY: A press attache specialises in hard truth, Mrs Peel. Now, would you like to check this, my Lord? It's the remainder of the follow-up statement.

FX:

LORD MELFORD: Well, it seems fine ... Better put this out right away.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MELFORD (Cont): Oh, Steed. The conference. It re-convenes at six ... Sir Andrew's got to be there.

STEED: We'll deliver him personally.

LORD MELFORD: Thanks, old chap. Knew I could depend on you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: What do you think?

STEED: Well, you know Sir Andrew. He's not the type of man to irresponsibly turn and run.

EMMA PEEL: As witness this little number.

STEED: LAUGHS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: Hello, Andrew.

BOYD: Steed ...! Emma, my dear ... Yes, it's obvious that it was Melford's idea, getting you here.

EMMA PEEL: He was concerned.

BOYD: Commendable, but quite unwarranted. I've been overdoing it, that's all. Temporary black-out. Isn't that right, Doctor?

DR. EVANS: Very likely. Anyway, a couple of hours sleep, right now, would do him the world of good.

STEED: Well, that's our cue to depart.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): I'll pick you up at five-thirty.

BOYD: (LAUGHS) If you insist.

STEED: Well, let's say I prefer to. See you then.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: Goodbye.

BOYD: Bye, Emma.

DR EVANS: I'm going to get you some tablets.

FX: DOOR

MUSIC: IN

DR EVANS (Cont): Morning, Sir Andrew.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DR EVANS (Cont): Sir Andrew!

BOYD: Ah, Doctor.

DR EVANS: These won't knock you out. They'll just calm you down for a while. Help you to sleep. Sleep's all you need ... So, why don't you stretch out for an hour or two. I'll see that you're not disturbed.

BOYD: Disturbed.

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: Well, Frank Stapley certainly excelled himself. There's a great piece of double talk. Why Sir Andrew left the conference or how to say nothing in five hundred well chosen words.

STEED: Stapley can't help telling half-truths. He's in constant touch with politicians.

EMMA PEEL: Hadn't we better be off. You told Sir Andrew five-thirty:

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

TELEPHONE: RINGS

STEED: Might be important.

FX: RECEIVER BEING PICKED UP

STEED (Cont): (INTO PHONE) Hello.

BOYD: (INTO PHONE) Er, Steed.

STEED: (THRU PHONE) Andrew, we're just leaving.

BOYD: (INTO PHONE) Are you er ... still running the old Bentley?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Of course.

BOYD: (INTO PHONE) Will you be coming via Spout Hill?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) That's the shortest route.

BOYD: (INTO PHONE) Steed. When you get to Spout Hill ... Take it easy, will you?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Take it easy?

BOYD: (INTO PHONE) Yeah, it's a hill. Treat it, treat it with respect.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) All right, Andrew.

FX: REPLACES RECEIVER

EMMA PEEL: What was all that about?

STEED: Sir Andrew warning me to drive carefully.

FX: DOOR

FX: CAR MOTOR

EMMA PEEL: Apart from me, you're the best driver I know.

STEED: Yes. All the same, he did seem concerned about my having an accident ... It's odd. He even told me where.

FX:

STEED (Cont): The brakes have failed.

MUSIC: IN

STEED (Cont): Handbrakes too gone.



FX: CAR WHEELS SCREECHING.

STEED (Cont): Spout Hill ... I'll go and pick up Sir Andrew.

FX:

EMMA PEEL: I'll get this car checked.

MUSIC: OUT

BOYD: You're sure?

STEED: So it appears ... Of course we can't be certain 'til it's checked ... Who tipped you off, Andrew?

BOYD: What?

STEED: Who warned you it was going to happen? And why didn't you come out with it right away?!

BOYD: Well, nobody warned me ... No ... person.

STEED: Oh come now. You called me ... Take it easy down Spout Hill.

BOYD: Spout Hill. That's, that's where it happened.

STEED: Well, you must have got the information from somewhere, unless you've suddenly become psychic.

BOYD: Suppose I said I had, what would you say to that?

STEED: Have you?

BOYD: (LAUGHS) Oh ... (Spout) Hill is a black spot. I ... nearly bought it there, myself once. I just er ... I just had a feeling that's ... all it was. It couldn't have been anything else ... Well, we, we, we better go, Steed, hadn't we?

STEED: Yes. We've got more important things to do.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: IN

BOYD: How did that get there?

STEED: Well, it isn't broken.

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

STEED: Are you sure you're all right?

BOYD: Er ... Oh, yes, I'm ... Oh, I'm fine.

FX: DOOR

STEED: You did get some rest

DR. EVANS: We both did ... (YAWNS) Must have dozed off ... Right in the middle of the afternoon too. It's not like me at all.

STEED: Must be the weather.

FX:

STEED (Cont): Thank you.

FX: DOOR

STEED (Cont): What was all that about?

BOYD: I was just checking to see if he had a button missing.

STEED: Well, he has.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: CAR MOTOR

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

FX: RUSTLING

STEED: Find what you're looking for?

BOYD: No, thank goodness ... But it could have been on the radio ... Did you hear the news, this evening?

STEED: Yes.

BOYD: Was there anything about em ... about a lion?

STEED: (LAUGHS) No. Why? Have you lost one?

BOYD: Nothing at all?

STEED: But, first missing buttons and then a lion  
... What is it, Andrew?

BOYD: The lion ... is the last sign ... The last  
thing I saw before ...

STEED: Before what?

BOYD: Before I died.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

BOYD (Cont): I can't go in.

STEED: Andrew.

BOYD: No, if I do, I'll be killed.

STEED: Andrew.

BOYD: I'll be killed!

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: But he knew! He definitely knew he was  
going to die.

EMMA PEEL: How could he?

STEED: Well, how did he know about the missing button, or the lion ... And Spout Hill. He knew about that too.

EMMA PEEL: I told you, I checked the brakes. Faulty linkage. Could happen to anyone.

STEED: But it happened exactly how and where Andrew said it would.

EMMA PEEL: That does take some explaining.

STEED: Unless, you believe in a sixth sense. Premonition ... do you?

EMMA PEEL: I'm not sure ... It was that horoscope of mine, told me I'd collide with a tall, dark stranger ...

STEED: And?

EMMA PEEL: I ran into the back of your car, remember?

STEED: Oh, that was my fault. It was those titian tresses, they distracted me.

EMMA PEEL: Who will take over at the conference.

LORD MELFORD: I appreciate your calling, Steed. But quite unnecessary, I do assure. Nothing'll keep me out of that conference room. So don't worry.

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

MELFORD (Cont): Come in.

FX: DOOR

MELFORD (Cont): Yes, Stapley?

STAPLEY: The statement, sir.

FX: DOOR

STAPLEY (Cont): About the accident.

LORD MELFORD: What have you put ...? Oh yes ... Fine. You're a first rate liar, Stapley.

STAPLEY: Thank you, sir.

LORD MELFORD: To the press agency and a copy to all delegates.

STAPLEY: Fine.

LORD MELFORD: Oh Stapley. I'd like a call in the morning, please. Eight'll do. And arrange about my car, would you?

STAPLEY: Certainly, my Lord ... Goodnight.

LORD MELFORD: Thank you. Goodnight.

FX: DOOR

STEED: Are you staying here?

LORD MELFORD: Oh yes. They provide me with a suite, come and see where your tax goes.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: DOOR

STEED: Nice, isn't it?

LORD MELFORD: I thinks so.

STEED: What I'd call tasteful.

LORD MELFORD: You know Steed. I've an odd premonition.

STEED: Oh?

LORD MELFORD: This conference could well be the turning point in my career. But to bring it off, I shall need courage, tenacity, integrity ...

STEED: And a good night sleep ... Happy dreams.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: LIFT

EMMA PEEL: Haberdashery, ladies slumber-wear. I've checked security. Seems adequate.

STEED: Good. Let's retire, shall we?

EMMA PEEL: Lets.

FX:

MUSIC: IN

MAN (V.O.) Lord Melford.

LORD MELFORD: Yes.

MAN (V.O.): Your early morning call ... The car will be here in one hour. Don't forget your case, my Lord.

MUSIC: OUT

TELEPHONE: RINGS

LORD MELFORD: SCREAMS

MAN: (THRU PHONE) Lord Melford?

LORD MELFORD: Yes.

MAN: (THRU PHONE) Your early morning call, my Lord. The car will be here in one hour ... Don't forget your case, my Lord.

FX: REPLACES RECEIVER

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE  
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

END OF PART ONE



PART TWO

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE  
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

LORD MELFORD: Oh, Steed. Shan't be long.

STEED: Good morning, my Lord.

LORD MELFORD: Good morning.

FX: DOOR

STEED: Trust you slept well?

LORD MELFORD: Reasonably.

FX:

LORD MELFORD: What d'you do that for?

STEED: Today's date ... I hope you're not superstitious?

LORD MELFORD: No.

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

MELFORD (Cont): Come in.

STAPLEY: Your car's ready, my Lord.

LORD MELFORD: Thank you. Stapley. Stapley!

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STAPLEY: Yes, my Lord?

LORD MELFORD: You ... You've cut your face.

STAPLEY: Oh (LAUGHS) yes, er ... Yes, cut myself shaving. Em, gashed myself rather badly, I'm afraid. Er, didn't want to be late for the conference.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

STEED: After you, my Lord.

FX:

STEED (Cont): There's no light. Must be out of order.

LORD MELFORD: It can't be.

STEED: Well it is. Let's take the stairs.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): Lord Melford ... Lord Melford?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

FX: CAR MOTOR

FX:

FX:

LORD MELFORD: Steed ...

STEED (Cont): It's rather warm in here.

LORD MELFORD: Steed! Don't touch it ...! Don't touch anything.

FX:

FX: CAR WHEELS SCREECHING

STEED: Careless.

LORD MELFORD: It's criminal! Swerving like that ... The fool ought to be banned from the road! And why did he have to do it now!

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STAPLEY: Right. Please, gentlemen.

MAN: Thank you, my Lord. Allow me.

LORD MELFORD: I can't ... I can't go in.

STEED: What's wrong?

LORD MELFORD: I can't!

STEED: You must.

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: He gave no reason?

STEED: He was panic-ridden ... Numb with fear.  
Completely irrational. By the time I got  
him back, he was on the point of collapse.

EMMA PEEL: But why?

STEED: Well, if Doctor Evans can calm him down, I  
intend to find out.

EMMA PEEL: And the conference?

STEED: Stapley's concocting another statement.

EMMA PEEL: If they buy that, it'll be a miracle. It's  
already rumoured we're backing out. We've  
had second thoughts ... what's Melford's  
financial status?

STEED: Rich as they come. Couldn't be bought.

EMMA PEEL: There are other pressures. Blackmail.

STEED: I know Melford. Any trouble, he'd come  
straight to me.

EMMA PEEL: That takes care of that ... Unless he  
talks, we're at a dead end.

DR. EVANS: I've given him something. You can see him  
now.

STEED: Good.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

LORD MELFORD: Steed. Believe me, I, I need to talk to someone.

STEED: Then talk. Come on, you can trust me.

LORD MELFORD: I had (SIGHS) I suppose you'd call it ... a, a premonition ... It sounds childish infantile ... but it all began with a dream ... sort of horrific nightmare.

STEED: When was this?

LORD MELFORD: Last night. And then this morning ... it began to happen. Suddenly I was travelling the same path ...!

STEED: But George ...

LORD MELFORD: I know, it sounds ludicrous ...! But ... I could kick myself for being so foolish. But, at the same time, I felt that if I entered that conference room, I'd die I just knew it ...! I was as certain as if I'd been facing the barrel of a gun!

STEED: You're a logical man.

LORD MELFORD: I hope so.

STEED: Sir Andrew turned and fled from the conference room, exactly as you did today.

LORD MELFORD: You think I haven't considered that?

STEED: The coincidence of two men with the same premonition. That's hard to swallow. No, someone's up to something. Someone's trying to wreck the conference.

LORD MELFORD: How?

STEED: The incidents were rigged to fit your dream.

LORD MELFORD: But what about the dream itself ...? How can you rig a dream ...? Anyway, I told no one about it. So how could the incidents have been rigged to fit ...? Unless you know of a way of getting into a man's mind ... No, it was a sign ... A premonition of death ... I can't reason, how or why ... I can only accept it.

STEED: What about Sir Andrew's premonition?

LORD MELFORD: There was a difference ... His came true.

STEED: What about tomorrow ... You'll go through with it ...? You'll go through that door?

LORD MELFORD: I'll try.

STEED: Good. Now get some rest ... If you need me, I'm in the next room.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: DOOR

EMMA PEEL: A premonition of death ... What about Sir Andrew?

STEED: When I raised the point with Melford, he had to admit, there was no logical explanation.

EMMA PEEL: My intuition tells me, we should stick close to him.

STEED: You're psychic, Mrs Peel ... Who's for inside?

EMMA PEEL: Tails ... Hey ho.

STEED: I'll be in touch.

FX:

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: You know my wave length.

STEED: I do indeed ... Mrs Peel, do you hear me?

EMMA PEEL: Loud and clear.

STEED: Are we comfy?

EMMA PEEL: Well, hardly luxurious. But I've got an excellent view of Melford's room.

STEED: Splendid ... Now, in case of emergencies, don't hesitate to call.

EMMA PEEL: You're too kind.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MAN: Welcome you, my Lord. Allow me.

FX:

FX:

LORD MELFORD: SCREAMS

FX:

LORD MELFORD: (MUFFLED) (INDISTINGUISHABLE)

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

LORD MELFORD: I can't attend the conference ... You were in the next room. You can't explain it away now!

STEED: Explain what away?

LORD MELFORD: That nightmare. I had it again!

STEED: The same nightmare?

LORD MELFORD: More or less ... I'm sorry Steed, but that's it ... I won't be attending the conference.

FX: FOOTSTEPS



STEED: Now, let's be rational ...! You've had a bad dream ...

LORD MELFORD: It was more than that. A presentiment that had some sixth sense, some element of self-preservation. I can't ignore it!

STEED: Now, let's examine it. How did it begin?

LORD MELFORD: (GASPS) I, I recall the time ... Twelve o'clock. My watch, The hands were at twelve o'clock!

STEED: Well, you can relax there, because it's nine-twenty now. Your meetings ten-thirty.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

LORD MELFORD: Twelve o'clock.

STEED: You forgot to wind it ... Right, come along. Under the shower and you'll be all right.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: WATER

STEED (Cont): What else occurred in this nightmare?

LORD MELFORD: Er ... Well, em ... There was this mirror.

STEED: Yes.

LORD MELFORD: Em ... It was part of a cabinet ... Yes, a bathroom cabinet ... When I reached for the handle ...

STEED: Then what happened?

FX:

MUSIC: IN

STEED (Cont): (THRU RADIO) Mrs Peel. Mrs Peel ... Mrs Peel.

STEED (Cont): (INTO RADIO) Come in, Mrs Peel.

STEED (Cont): (THRU RADIO) Mrs Peel ... Come in Mrs Peel.

FX:

EMMA PEEL: Good morning!

STEED: I've been trying to get you for ages.  
Coffee or orange juice.

EMMA PEEL: Both.

STEED: Should've known ... Well, that's the whole story, and Melford refuses to budge. A premonition of death.

EMMA PEEL: First Sir Andrew and now Melford.

STEED: That crossed my mind. There must be some connection.

EMMA PEEL: If we could prove to him it save.

STEED: That also crossed it ... Take the official car, follow the same route that Melford's going to take.

EMMA PEEL: Walk through that door ourselves.

STEED: And watch out for flying chandeliers.

FX: CAR ENGINE

STEED (Cont): In Melford's dream, the next thing that happens is ...

EMMA PEEL: The handle comes off in his hand.

STEED: He leans forward to wind up the window ...  
It doesn't come off.

EMMA PEEL: And then?

STEED: Machine guns ... The car stops ... and  
there's the sound of machine gunning.

EMMA PEEL: That doesn't seem at all likely.

FX:

STEED: That figures.

FX:

STEED (Cont): In his nightmares. He stepped out, he was  
splashed with mud from a passing car.

FX:

EMMA PEEL: Not a car in sight?

FX:

FX: BIRDS

STEED: This is the last thing he sees before he goes through that door.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STAPLEY: Good morning Steed, Mrs Peel.

STEED: Good morning Stapley. Anyone in there?

STAPLEY: Er, no. Too early yet.

EMMA PEEL: Tell me. Is there a chandelier in that room?

STAPLEY: A chandelier?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm.

STAPLEY: Well I, er ... I think there is, but I honestly don't know. That room's really barred to everyone except top brass.

STEED: Has Lord Melford ever been in there?

STAPLEY: Oh, I doubt it. No, no, he can't have.

STEED: Well, thank you.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): Drive round the block.

CHAUFFEUR: Yes, sir.

FX: DOOR

FX: BIRDS

FX: CAR MOTOR

EMMA PEEL: Where are we going?

STEED: Round the block ... We got here early this Morning. Now, if Melford were coming, he'd be arriving at exactly ten-thirty.

CLOCK: CHIMES

STEED (Cont): Ten-thirty. Let's see what happens.

FX: DOOR

STEED (Cont): The handle ... Melford's nightmare.

EMMA PEEL: Right on cue.

STEED: It's time we re-examined these nightmares more closely.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): Here they are.

LORD MELFORD: But what's the point? I've made my decision. Already drafted my resignation.

STEED: Before you deliver it, have a look through those.

LORD MELFORD: I really don't see what good it'll do.

STEED: You will.

STEED (Cont): Recognise anyone?

LORD MELFORD: Yes of course. All these people are connected with the conference.

STEED: I meant your nightmare ... Have another look.

FX:

LORD MELFORD: That was the man by the door.

STEED: Do you know him?

LORD MELFORD: Yes, his name's Becker, Albert Becker.

STEED: An official observer, apparently, for the Eastern bloc. D'you know where he's staying?

LORD MELFORD: No, but I could find out at the Foreign Office.

STEED: Then let's do it?

LORD MELFORD: This is important.

STEED: Could be. We intend to check every aspect of these er, premonitions.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX: GUN SHOTS

STEED (Cont): Mr Becker? John Steed.

BECKER: Oh yes. You were at the conference, weren't you ...? Pity about your man ... The conference is finished, of course.

STEED: Temporarily ... That's a handy little tool, though I have no great admiration for the automatic carbine.

BECKER: What d'you mean?

STEED: Well, I feel, that in the right hands, one shot should be enough.

BECKER: I meant the conference. What d'you mean, temporarily?

STEED: Well, it will continue, I promise you. And our man Melford, will be there.

FX:

BECKER: But em ... I understood ...

STEED: You understood what, Mr Becker ...? Well, we've had a few minor set-backs. They're being investigated right now.

FX: GUN SHOT

STEED (Cont): Lord Melford's not the type of man to let us down.

FX: GUN SHOT

STEED (Cont): When he knows the real facts ... You know Lord Melford?

FX: GUN SHOT

BECKER: Met him once. The door of the conference room. I'm afraid our meeting was very brief.

STEED: So, that's the only time you've met him. The only time you've seen him face to face?

BECKER: I wonder, Mr Steed. Would you oblige me and set up a new target?

STEED: It'd be a pleasure.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: GUN SHOTS

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE  
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

END OF PART TWO



PART THREE

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE  
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: Steed!

FX: FIGHT

FX: GUNSHOTS/FOOTSTEPS

FX:

EMMA PEEL (Cont): Welcome ... to Nightmare Alley.

MUSIC: OUT

LORD MELFORD: I don't believe it. It's ridiculous.  
You're asking me to accept that I was  
lifted from my bed, taken to some warehouse  
and there someone created my dream?

STEED: Your premonition of death.

LORD MELFORD: And I woke up the next morning knowing  
nothing, whatever, about it?

STEED: You were semi-drugged the whole time.

LORD MELFORD: Oh.

STEED: They manufactured a dream out of reality. And then, still using reality, they started to make the dream come true. To scare you. To stop you from ever going through that conference room door.

LORD MELFORD: I never imagined you'd go to these lengths ... Making up a tale like that. It's immoral. Just to get me to go to that conference.

STEED: Now, this is the air gun that they used. It fires soluble anaesthetic darts. Put you out in a couple of seconds. Leaves no trace ... There's a slight feeling of discomfort, where ever it happens to pierce the skin.

LORD MELFORD: You don't really expect me to believe that?

STEED: Oh dear, I was afraid I was going to have to convince you. Sorry.

FX:

LORD MELFORD: What the devil do you think you're doing?!

STEED: They must have used it on Mrs Peel and myself, so that they could carry on their activities undisturbed ... Ready?

LORD MELFORD: Ready?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: Ready.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

STEED: Now, where would they have begun?

FX:

LORD MELFORD: Hello ... Thank you, very much.

MUSIC: OUT

LORD MELFORD: SCREAMS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: You see, George, it can be done ... It was done, for you and Sir Andrew ... Now, to prove this to you. We were going to take you through the whole sequence of events. But you were so strongly conditioned, the mere sight of a phone started it.

EMMA PEEL: Everything you see here are props. Just props.

STEED: Your nightmare was a reality. But they made you believe that it was a dream ... Then it was easy enough to make a dream come true.

EMMA PEEL: They had to wreck the conference, but they couldn't do it openly.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL (Cont): So, they instilled into you a premonition.  
A forboding.

FX:

LORD MELFORD: The delegates will be on their way to the  
airport by now ... And we need more than a  
few props to convince them. We need to  
tell them who these people are. We need to  
name names!

STEED: The key lies somewhere in the nightmare,  
I'm sure of it.

LORD MELFORD: I told you all I can remember.

STEED: Think back. Any tiny incident, anything.

LORD MELFORD: I'm sure we've covered everything!

EMMA PEEL: Watch?

STEED: Briefcase?

EMMA PEEL: Lift?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL (Cont): Cyclist, calender?

STEED: Phone?

LORD MELFORD: Yes, of course!

MELFORD (Cont): There was something else.

STEED: Stapley.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STAPLEY:

Steed, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL:

Are you leaving, Stapley?

STAPLEY:

Yes. There's nothing for me to do here. When Melford didn't show, the delegates walked out. I did my best, but I can't say I blame them ... There's em, little hope of a united Europe now.

STEED:

Leaving the smaller nations at the mercy of any agressor.

STAPLEY:

The effects will certainly be far reaching. Still, there's nothing we can do now.

EMMA PEEL:

We could issue a further statement. Informing the delegates of a deliberate plot to wreck the conference?

STAPLEY:

By whom?

EMMA PEEL:

Well ... How about you, for a start?

STAPLEY:

I don't know what you mean.

STEED:

He's supposed to have cut himself shaving.

EMMA PEEL:

Mmm. Heals very quickly.

MAN:

Must be you, Mrs Peel.

STAPLEY:

Being peace loving, I do so abhor violence ... but you leave us no alternative ... In there.

MUSIC: IN

STEED: Look out!

FX: FIGHT

STAPLEY: Aagh!

STEED: I'm afraid that broke his dream.

FX: DOOR/FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT/TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE  
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

(c) MCMLXV11  
ABC TELEVISION  
FILMS LTD

T H E E N D

Prepared & Word Processed by  
SAPEX SCRIPTS  
The Script House  
Elstree Studios  
Shenley Road  
Boreham Wood  
Hertfordshire  
Tel: 01-953 8331  
953 1600  
Fax: 01-207 0860