

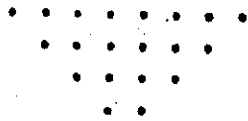
EPISODE NO. 20.

SERIES 2

THE AVENGERS

THE FIFTY THOUSAND POUND BREAKFAST

DIALOGUE SHEETS



MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED

PREPARED BY:

TELEMEN LIMITED,
Associated British Productions Ltd.,

MAIN TITLES

EXT. COUNTRY LANE

CAR TRAVELLING.

INT. CAR

RHODES: (humming)

RHODES: All right, Charlie ?

CHARLIE'S VOICE: All right if you are, Dad.

RHODES: That's my boy.

CHARLIE'S VOICE: Where we going this time ?

RHODES: Zurich, Switzerland.

CHARLIE'S VOICE: ZZZurich. Gee, that's hard to say for a little chap.

RHODES: Ha! Ha! Now try this on your piano.
"Zany Zanzibar Zebras in the Zealous Zoo
on the shores of the Zider
Zee.

CHARLIE'S VOICE: Again, you do it so beautifully.

RHODES: Zany Zanzibar Zebras in the

EXT. COUNTRY LANE CROSS ROADS.

CAR CRASHES INTO HAYCART.

RHODES IS LIFTED OUT OF HAYCART.

VENTRILOQUIST'S DUMMY FALLS OUT OF CAR.

INT. HOSPITAL.

1ST DOCTOR: Seen anything like this before, Jim ?

2ND DOCTOR: What are these white blobs ?

1ST DOCTOR: Indigestible breakfast. Not at all the thing to go to work on.

2ND DOCTOR: What ?

1ST DOCTOR: Diamonds.

2ND DOCTOR: Diamonds ?

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EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED OVER
X-RAY PLATE.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK:

INT. LITOFF'S PENTHOUSE

1ST ASSISTANT: Hello - Litoff organisation. No, he's
taking no calls today. Can I help you ?

Ajax Industries. Hello, Litoff Organisation.
Yes, I'll hold.

MISS PEGRAM: How's the market ?

1ST ASSISTANT: Opened steady. Insurances weak. Motor's
dull.

2ND ASSISTANT: Litoff Organisation.

MISS PEGRAM: Spoken to Wildenheim ?

1ST ASSISTANT: Yes. He's calling us when Ocean steel
nears thirty hillings.
Litoff Organisation.

MISS PEGRAM: Mmm. Tell him Mr. Litoff says to accept
twenty-nine. Not less. We have two
hundred thousand to go.

FIRST ASSISTANT: Might be a thought to split 'em up into
two parcels.

PEGRAM: Do it.

2ND ASSISTANT: Un momento - per favore.

1ST ASSISTANT: Get me Wildenheim.

2ND ASSISTANT: Milan - Miss Pegram. Do you want them ?

MISS PEGRAM: Coming. Tell them to keep trying for
National Traction. Si Vicelli.....

1ST ASSISTANT: Check. Mr. Wildenheim ?

MISS PEGRAM: No.

1ST ASSISTANT: Litoff Organisation here.

MISS PEGRAM: ...Duemila ottocento,

1ST ASSISTANT: (in back-
ground) What's the German market like.

MISS PEGRAM: Va bene.

MISS PEGRAM: Get me Goldsmith in Paris.

2ND ASSISTANT: (into phone) Get me Paris will you ?

NOTE: The 1st & 2nd
Assistant's dialogue
is spoken into the
phone concurrently:
*** **

1ST ASSISTANT: Sell two hundred thousand Ocean Steel
at twenty nine shillings.
check. . . two thousand five hundred
maritime investments at forty-seven
shillings and sixpence. Check.

2ND ASSISTANT: Allo. Paris ? Je veux parler a Monsieur
Goldsmith a Paris sil vous plait
Je vous attends, Paris.

Litoff Organisation.

1ST ASSISTANT: Two thousand five hundred Yorkshire Tar
at eighty-nine shillings and sixpence. ***

2ND ASSISTANT: Thank you.

MISS PEGRAM: Yes, hullo.

1ST ASSISTANT: Litoff Organisation.

MISS PEGRAM: Yes, this is she.

EXT. COTTAGE HOSPITAL

AMBULANCE ARRIVES -
nurse alights.

STEED & EMMA arrive:

EMMA: No.

STEED: } Why ?

EMMA: I enjoyed the spin in the country, the sauce
hollandaise was worth crossing four counties
for, now tell me why.

STEED: Now surely, you don't suggest. . . .

EMMA: Why ?

STEED: High level anxiety at the treasury.

EMMA: Really ?

STEED: There are certain valuables and currency
leaving the country.

EMMA: And who do we see ?
STEED: Dusty Rhodes.
EMMA: Treasury man ?
STEED: Ventriloquist.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

STEED: Age forty-one. Comes from an old music hall family.
EMMA: Looks like it could be his farewell appearance.
STEED: Easily.
EMMA: Where was he going ?
STEED: Switzerland. His seventh trip in four weeks.
EMMA: Yodelling lessons ?
STEED: He's been unconscious for five days and likely to remain so.
EMMA: And the currency and valuables keep turning up in Switzerland.
STEED: Three and a half million. That's only the bit we know about.
EMMA: Wow. Meet my best friend.
STEED: Ha. Ha., flashy friend. That's a ten carat brilliant, there's a twenty five carat Wesselton and there's a fifteen carat top oape.
EMMA: Knows his diamonds.
STEED: Has a taste for them. Garnished with white coffee and toast.
EMMA: Literally ?
STEED: The only way to travel.
EMMA: Makes the souvenirs in my smalls look modest.
STEED: Ha. Ha. Ha. His father swallowed things.
EMMA: What sort of things ?
STEED: Razor blades, swords, nails.
EMMA: He obviously inherited the talent . . . or . . .

EXT. GARAGE FORECOURT

EMMA: Hello, little man.

MECHANIC (O.S.): Afternoon Miss.

EMMA: Steed! That was magnificent!

STEED: Beginners luck.

MECHANIC: Mr. Steed? They said you'd be down.

STEED: What have you found out?

MECHANIC: Nothing. Car's clean.

STEED: And the smash?

MECHANIC: Genuine accident, I'd say. The boys will look at it tomorrow but the brakes, steering, everything's a hundred per cent.

STEED: Thanks.

EMMA: D'you suppose he always travels on a full stomach?
Six trips at fifty thousand a time.
Another diamond eater?

STEED: Never know your luck.

EMMA: What are you going to do with him?

STEED: Take him back.

INT. DUMMY SHOP

VOICE OFF: SHOP!

STEED: Oh, that's a very fine tartan and a very fine complexion. Cost me a lot of money.

MRS. RHODES: Lord Jock.

STEED: How do you do, Mrs. Rhodes.

MRS. RHODES: Nice little act. First on after the interval. Couldn't keep off the bottle.

STEED: I had an Auntie like that.

MRS. RHODES: On the halls?

STEED: Yes, skating act. Bit between the teeth, dancing on the marble top table.

MRS. RHODES: Like a bit of juggling myself. Or a levitation act.

STEED: Do you know him ?

MRS. RHODES: Charlie! How did you get him ?

STEED: Your husband's been involved in an accident.

MRS. RHODES: Tragico.

STEED: You don't sound exactly heart broken.

MRS. RHODES: Observant, aren't we ?

STEED: He used to go to Switzerland several times a week. Do you know why ?

MRS. RHODES: Big market. Those refugee homes where they look after kids. The Litoff homes.

STEED: Litoff. Alex Litoff ?

MRS. RHODES: That's him. He started a lot of them. Always good for a hospital or a library roof - so they say.

STEED: Does your husband know Litoff ?

MRS. RHODES: Dusty! Yes, known him for years. They met out there. He used to do a fair act himself. That's how we met. I was touring in the "Belle of New York" . . . chorus, mind you.

STEED: Excuse me, I'll leave him with you.

MRS. RHODES: Thanks.

STEED: Good-bye Mrs. Rhodes.

MRS. RHODES: In hospital you say.

STEED: That's it.

MRS. RHODES: Be all right, won't he ?

STEED: Oh, I should think so.. Perhaps you could - a - go and see him.

MRS. RHODES: Go grovelling to him - fat chance!

INT. LIVING ROOM (SHOP).

MRS. RHODES: Now you sit there darling. You're going to stay here with me. Visit Dusty! I'd only laugh. Bunch of flowers and a box of choos - be no holding him. What do you say, sweetheart ?

EXT. CEMETERY

MINISTER:

Let us regret nothing, bemoan nothing, but look forward only to the long awaited dawn, the dawn of re-union. And so we commit to the earth the body of our best friend.....

(coughs)

. . . not in sadness but in love and expectation.

D'you know, at times like this I find it very hard to offer sympathy. One cannot help thinking that our friends have moved to a far far better place.

GLOVER:

It was a great loss.

MINISTER:

You were close ?

GLOVER:

Very. Been together for almost nine years.

MINISTER:

Nine years. A mere drop in the ocean of time. It's only a separation, you know.

GLOVER:

Hard to think of it in those terms sir.

MINISTER:

You must try, dear fellow. You must try. What took him in the end ? A thrombosis ? A gallant heart tired at the end of its life's work ?

GLOVER:

Distemper.

MINISTER:

But - mm - hadn't he been vaccinated ?

GLOVER:

Million to one chance. So the vet said.

MINISTER:

'The Happy Valley Resting Place'. Every Anniversary a card of remembrance will arrive on your table - from your four legged friend. Incidentally, while we're on the subject. To whom do I send the bill ?

GLOVER:

Mr. Litoff, sir.

EXT. PENTHOUSE BLOCK

BENTLEY travelling
along road.

INT. PENTHOUSE

MISS PEGRAM:

Yes. Yes.

2ND ASSISTANT:

Hello, Monsieur Goldsmith . . .

*** Dialogue

2ND ASSISTANT:
(dialogue in background
of Miss Pegram's last
speech).
Also this dialogue is
O.S. after Miss Pegram's
line: Tell him we'll
secure.

Organisation Litoff. Nous nous etion
d'accord pour acheter dix mille actions
pour autant qu'elles de pesasseraient
pas 100 a 150 francs.... au dela de ce
chiffre nous n'en acheterions que sept-
mille cinq-cent . . . d'accord...
Bon, tres bien...
Au revoir Monsieur Goldsmith.

GLOVER:

Would there be anything for half an hour
Madam ?

MISS PEGRAM:

I don't think so. Has Mr. Litoff had
his breakfast ?

GLOVER:

Two three and a half minute eggs and a
grapefruit. I ran his bath for him:
ninety-five degrees farenheit.

MISS PEGRAM:

Where are you going ?

GLOVER:

To take Danocer for a walk.

MISS PEGRAM:

Fine.

GLOVER:

Madam. ***

MISS PEGRAM:

Get me Sullivan, and try and get that
Zurich number again.

STEED:

Good morning.

GLOVER:

Good morning to you sir.

STEED:

What a marvellous dog. I used to have one
myself. They need an awful lot of excoercise
of course.

GLOVER:

Yes, very true sir. Have you an appointment
sir.

STEED:

. . . I just dropped in. I wanted to see
Mr. Litoff.

GLOVER:

But I'm afraid that's impossible, Mr. Litoff
is in bed.

STEED:

Still ?
What about the early bird catching the
worm.

GLOVER:

He's indisposed.

STEED:

Oh, my mistake.

GLOVER:

Yes, the bowler, sir, Benson's ?

GLOVER: Oh, young master Arthur ?

STEED: Yes, but young Master Arthur is in his late forties. He has seven little trilbies . . .

GLOVER: LAUGHS.

STEED: Err - surely Mr. Litoff has a number one, who can arrange things.

GLOVER: Yes, sir, Miss Pegram, but I'm afraid I couldn't disturb her.

STEED: This is rather special. I want to return something. Fifty thousand pounds.

GLOVER: I'll do my best. Would you be so kind?

STEED: I'd be delighted.

STEED: Come on. And what's your name ? Dancer., eh, I shouldn't think you've seen a decent tree in years.

GLOVER: Your name sir ?

STEED: Steed.

GLOVER: Thank you. Would you come this way.

STEED: After you Dancer.

GLOVER: O.S. Mr. Steed.

General background office chatter.

STEED: Fascinating.

MISS PEGRAM: What is ?

STEED: The sight of so many people making so much money.

MISS PEGRAM: I understand you're returning something.

STEED: I could have sworn that Big Ben moved. Oh it must have been the Worcester Sauce in the - a - tomatoe juice.

MISS PEGRAM: It's us that's moving Mr. Steed. The Litoff Organisation never stands still.

STEED: So I see. But could you remain motionless just for one moment to have a little look at - at these ?

MISS PEGRAM: Interesting. How did you get them ?

STEED: Ha! I happened to be in the right place at the right time.

1ST ASSISTANT: Excuse me, Miss Pegram...

MISS PEGRAM: Yes, what is it ?

1st ASSISTANT: Shall I take these in for Mr. Litoff's signature ?

MISS PEGRAM: Yes, may I ask why you brought them back ?

STEED: I assumed they'd be worth something to you.

MISS PEGRAM: They are worth something Mr. Steed. They're worth something to anyone, even you.

STEED: Say five thousand pounds ?

MISS PEGRAM: On the most conservative estimate they are worth ten times that.

STEED: I'm not greedy. But I'm not fool enough to sell them on the open market. I think it's worth five thousand to get them back.

1ST ASSISTANT: Mr. Litoff would like to speak to you.

MISS PEGRAM: Excuse me. Yes sir, Pegram here.

LITOFF'S VOICE O.S. over phone: What the devil is wrong with everybody today ?

MISS PEGRAM: Wrong sir, I don't follow.

LITOFF'S VOICE O.S. Follow my foot. Why hasn't that Bulawayo copper deal gone through.

MISS PEGRAM: We're waiting for Wall Street sir.

LITOFF'S VOICE O.S. We ?

MISS PEGRAM: I am waiting.

LITOFF'S VOICE O.S. Then say so. You're not a Queen or an Archbishop. Wall Street or not, I want the deal to go through today. Understand ?

MISS PEGRAM: Yes sir. Mr. Steed, as I understand it, the basis of blackmail is that the person you are blackmailing has performed a criminal act. The only person you're in a position to blackmail is Rhodes, and as he has little or no money, I think you're wasting your time.

STEED: I'd be willing to bet that you'd say you'd never met him

MISS PEGRAM: Pursuit of that line would be equally unrewarding. Rhodes stole the diamonds and presumably was taking them out of the country.

STEED: Why didn't you tell the police ?

MISS PEGRAM: You don't know much about the Litoff Organisation do you Mr. Steed.

STEED: Nobody does. Now that's what's so intriguing.

MISS PEGRAM: In a day's trading in this office we handle monies worth five to fifteen million pounds sterling. . . .

2ND ASSISTANT
(in background on telephone) Yes. Yes.
One moment.

MISS PEGRAM: A loss of fifty thousand is negligible.

2ND ASSISTANT: Miss Pegram.

MISS PEGRAM: Yes.

2ND ASSISTANT: Could you speak to Vicelli again.

MISS PEGRAM: Is it urgent ?

2ND ASSISTANT: He says it is, yes.

MISS PEGRAM: Excuse me will you.

MISS PEGRAM: Si Vicelli.
Yes, yes. As we agreed.
I am speaking for Mr. Litoff.
Right. Goodbye.

STEED: I thought it might lead to the

1ST ASSISTANT: No sir, it doesn't!

STEED: If it's not worth five thousand for diamonds, maybe it's worth it for me to say nothing ?

MISS PEGRAM: I'll put it to Mr. Litoff at our next conference. You may call tomorrow.

STEED: How about noon ? Then you can offer me a drink.

MISS PEGRAM: It would be a

STEED: A pleasure ?

MISS PEGRAM: As good a way as any of saying goodbye. Mr. Steed, you've forgotten something.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

1ST ASSISTANT:

Any change.

SECURITY MAN:

That'll be the day. Be weeks before he opens his mouth again.

1ST ASSISTANT:

I have to change these dressings. It'll take twenty minutes. Time for you to pop into the canteen before it shuts.

SECURITY MAN:

I mustn't leave the bedside.

1ST ASSISTANT:

Ooh, I won't write a report about it, and nobody's likely to steal him while I'm here.

SECURITY MAN:

You're sure.

1ST ASSISTANT:

Go on.

SECURITY MAN:

All right. Thanks. I'll only be about five minutes.

1ST ASSISTANT:

Fine. Fine.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END OF REEL TWO:

735 feet + 9 frames.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD

STEED: A man in a Doctor's housecoat and mask.
Correction: An educated man.

EMMA: How do you know ?

STEED: He knew enough about medicine to check
Rhodes temperature and pulse and to enter
it in the correct column.

EMMA: Educated and enterprising.

STEED: Very.

EMMA: Motive - obvious. To prevent Rhodes
talking.

STEED: (into phone) Steed.

EMMA: All right, don't tell me.

STEED: They found some hairs on Rhodes' suit.

EMMA: Blonde, brunette or red-head ?

STEED: Blonde. A specimen of Russian wolf-hound
or Borzoi.

EXT. GARAGE.

EMMA: Which one was Rhodes' car.

STEED: Well it's not here. Hello!

MECHANIC: Mr. Steed!

STEED: What happened ?

MECHANIC: I had a call. Man said it was the police -
come to pick up Rhodes' wreck. It sounded
phoney, then a few minutes later . . . Bingo!

STEED: Well the car's gone.

MECHANIC: Ooh! I'm sorry.

STEED: That's not your fault. Don't worry.

EMMA: It's almost re-assuring.

MECHANIC: Oh, how come ?

EMMA: Well, it means they're getting worried.

STEED: Or careful. Did you see anybody ?

MECHANIC: No, not a soul. Well, what do they want
with the car ?

EXT. COHEN'S CAR CRUSHER

RHODES' CAR BEING CRUSHED. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: That's Litoff.

EMMA: Where ?

STEED: In the balcony.

EMMA: Up or down?

STEED: Down.
The Ascot Gold Cup fifty seven. That was his horse phase - bought a couple of stables.

EMMA: Where is he ?

STEED: Talking to the jockey on number eight.
Oh blast!

EMMA: When was this ?

STEED: Thirty six or thirty seven.

EMMA: Stead, that's more than thirty years ago.

STEED: It's the best they've got.
Oh well, shall we rewind or go on to Pop-Eye.

EMMA: Ah, complete waste of time, all I've seen is the back of his head and the tips of his fingers of his left hand.

STEED: He's very retiring.

EMMA: Mmm, so I've learnt.
Have you read this morning's times ?

STEED: Not yet.
Coffee ?

EMMA: Please.
There's something rather interesting in it.
Cocktail party at No that's not it.
Ah, this is it.' 'At last night's performance at Covent Garden . . . the singing of Madame standing ovation. . . are here - also present was Mr. Alex Litoff accompanied by his niece, Miss Judy Chanarin.

STEED: Very interesting, black or white ?

EMMA: White please. Now she is an assistant at

STEED: The tie Boutique behind Bond Street.

EMMA: How do you know.?

EMMA: Well anyway, she went to Roedean and Somerville, which means we have a great deal in common.

STEED: But you weren't at Roedean or Somerville.

EMMA: I was - Now!

INT. TIE BOUTIQUE

JUDY: Looking or buying ?

EMMA: Buying.

JUDY: Boy friend, husband, lover ?

EMMA: Does it make any difference to the tie ?

JUDY: Certainly. Colour of hair, colour of eyes. Disposition. It's our belief that a man should change his neckcloth as often as he changes his mood. We're opposed to the old idea of a man buying a tie and then just wearing it until you can't see the original for egg stains, and gravy and tomatoe sauce etcetera.

EMMA: What's this one ?

JUDY: The Old Anonians.

EMMA: Old Anonians ? What are they ?

JUDY: It's the old boys' tie for people who've never been to school. The Old Etonians and Harrovians - they all have their ties. This is the neck wear for the self-made man. 'ANON' The school of hard knocks.

EMMA: I see.

JUDY: And then we have a range of ties that look exactly like famous clubs and regiments, but aren't quite. A current favourite is the Irish guards with a fig leaf on - just for luck, so to speak.

EMMA: I'll take this one.

JUDY: Uh - good choice. Shot silk. Italian import. Gift wrapped ?

EMMA: Mmm. Please. Aren't you Judith Chanarin ?

JUDY: Yes, that's right.

JUDY: Were we ?

EMMA: Uhhmm! I'm Emma.

JUDY: Emma ?

EMMA: Emma.

JUDY: You're not the girl who climbed the clock tower and put the unmentionable on top of the do you know - I can still see the sun glinting on it. And the Head girl called the whole school to give three cheers for the Constable who brought it down.

EMMA: How's your Uncle ?

JUDY: Which one ?

EMMA: The rich one. Mr. Lit Litvanov ?

JUDY: Litoff.

EMMA: Litoff.

JUDY: Oh, still as rich as ever.

EMMA: Is he still an invalid ?

JUDY: Mmm. Kidney trouble. We went to the Opera the other night. Business men! We arrived late and had to leave before the last scene. Do you know, I've seen Faust three times and I still don't know what happens to him in the end. There we are. Cash or account ?

EMMA: Account please. And would you send it to this address.

JUDY: Certainly.

EMMA: I read that he was leaving London.

JUDY: Who ? Uncle Alex ?

EMMA: mmm!

JUDY: Never! He was born an Armenian, but he's British to the core. Excuse me.

EMMA: And the devil claims his soul.

JUDY: I beg your pardon.

EMMA: Faust!

INT. PENTHOUSE

1ST ASSISTANT: What's the best price you can offer for Bakewell tools ?

2ND ASSISTANT: And another ten thousand previns

1ST ASSISTANT: ...fifteen hundred.

2ND ASSISTANT: to go at forty-five U.S. dollars. Can you get twenty-seven shillings for five thousand ? Just a sec. Nothing better than twenty-six.

PEGRAM: Is that the last five thousand ?

2ND ASSISTANT: Yes. Do we accept ?

PEGRAM: Take it.

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY

GLOVER: Oh, good morning, Mr. Steed.

STEED: Good morning, Glover.

STEED: No dog today ?

GLOVER: He's had his walk sir.

STEED: Miss Pegram expecting me ?

GLOVER: Err, she is sir.

STEED: Tell me Glover, what is Mr. Litoff like ?

GLOVER: Oh the kindest of men, sir, a privelege to work for.

END OF REEL THREE

INT. LITOFF'S PENTHOUSE

2ND ASSISTANT: (into phone) Hallo Paris.
Hold on.
Paris.

GLOVER: Mr. Steed. Madam.

MISS PEGRAM: Thank you Glover.

STEED: Here we are again, Miss Pegram.
Are we in business ?

MISS PEGRAM: I put your proposition to Mr. Litoff. He
authorised payment of four thousand pounds...

STEED: Four thousand. I thought we talked about
five thousand.

MISS PEGRAM: Once Mr. Litoff has made a decision, I am
not empowered to amend it.

STEED: But can't you go back and ask him if he
could a -

MISS PEGRAM (interrupts) It wouldn't be any good., Mr. Steed,
this is not a street market.

2ND ASSISTANT
(on phone in background) Copenhagen - we're moving into your
territory next week. That's right, we're
taking over

STEED: I'm not entirely satisfied.

MISS PEGRAM: You can always put these diamonds on the
market. But if you did, we should have to
prosecute, of course.

STEED: Or you could have me knocked on the head
and take them back.

MISS PEGRAM: Come. come, Mr. Steed, those are hardly
business methods.

2ND ASSISTANT: Shall we hold ?

MISS PEGRAM: SELL!

2ND ASSISTANT: But Mr. Litoff said

MISS PEGRAM: Sell!

2ND ASSISTANT: Very good.

MISS PEGRAM: Once again Mr. Steed, I must repeat that you
know very little about the Litoff Organisation.

STEED: Fear of publicity isn't necessarily an
indication of honesty.

MISS PEGRAM: I joined the Litoff Organisation fourteen years ago - as a Chartered Accountant. A woman in a world of pin stripe and grey flannel. An alien. Mr. Litoff gave me a job and taught me everything I know. But if he were to die tomorrow, my name would mean nothing. Shunning publicity, you see, can have its disadvantages.

STEED: You resent that ?

MISS PEGRAM: No, but my vanity would like to be fed occasionally.

STEED: Credit where it's due.

MISS PEGRAM: Exactly.

STEED: He's a remarkable man.

MISS PEGRAM: Very remarkable.

1ST ASSISTANT: Excuse me.

MISS PEGRAM: I can't sign that. That's Mr. Litoff's personal account! He's had his nap, you can go in now.

1ST ASSISTANT: Very good.

MISS PEGRAM: Well, Mr. Steed, four thousand.

STEED: You're a very good business woman. Didn't you say something about a drink ?

MISS PEGRAM: Help yourself.

STEED: Can I get you one ?

MISS PEGRAM: Not before sun down.

SIR JAMES: Alex. You're incorrigible. You'll live to be a hundred.

MISS PEGRAM: Do you know Sir James - James Arnell. Drop your bed-side manner a moment James. This is John Steed.

STEED: How do you do, sir.

SIR JAMES: I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Steed. Not that there looks to be much I can do for you.

STEED: I hope not. We've never met. But I know you by reputation.

SIR JAMES: Hard earned I assure you. Not that I believe in rating surgeons like restaurants. Sir James Arnell. Three crossed spoons.

MISS PEGRAM: How is Mr. Litoff ?

SIR JAMES: Well. Surprisingly well, considering how you maltreat him. How long was your evening conference yesterday ?

MISS PEGRAM: Under an hour.

SIR JAMES: And the morning one ?

MISS PEGRAM: A little longer.

SIR JAMES: And then he goes gallivanting off to the Opera. It's too much. Restrict it to one conference a day, and he must be in bed by ten.

MISS PEGRAM: Yes I know, Sir James, but

SIR JAMES: Talk to him. Persuade him. If he has another stroke I warn you, they'll be dusting off the obituary notices. It's a disgusting thought Mr. Steed, that they're all written, waiting to be produced and shuffled like a hand of cards.

MISS PEGRAM: I'll speak to Glover about it, he's the only one who has any real influence on him.

MISS PEGRAM: Yes, sir.

LITOFF'S VOICE
over inter-com: When Weissman calls from New York, tell him I want to speak to him.

MISS PEGRAM: Yes sir.

LITOFF'S VOICE
over inter-com: And keep that old quack out of here. Talks about me as though I was an old roue.

STEED/JAMES: (LAUGH)

MISS PEGRAM: Yes sir.

SIR JAMES: Are you in this crazy business, Mr. Steed ?

STEED: Well, I'm allied to it.

SIR JAMES: It's ridiculous, the pursuit of wealth far greater than anybody could possibly need. One's only hope is some kind of physical and mental simplicity.

STEED: I'm sure you're right.

SIR JAMES: Should you need me I'll be in my surgery till five. And after that, I'll be at home or at Jerez Brothers. They're having a reception.

MISS PEGRAM: We'll see you tomorrow, Sir James.

MISS PEGRAM:

Without being rude, Mr. Steed, I hope not.

STEED:

Oh I don't know, I enjoyed our little chat.

INT. ENTRANCE LOBBY

GLOVER:

Err- Sir James is waiting downstairs, sir.

STEED:

Oh good.

GLOVER:

Business concluded ?

STEED:

Most satisfactory. Charming lady. We got on splendidly. By the way, did you ever know a fellow called Rhodes ?

GLOVER:

A - vaguely sir. He was connected with the charitable homes entertainment. Always telling jokes. A rather tedious gentleman.

STEED:

Ha! Ha! Did he have anything to do with 'Dancer' ?

GLOVER:

Good gracious no sir. The dogs are my responsibility and mine alone.

STEED:

I see.

STEED:

Dogs ?

GLOVER:

Sir ?

STEED:

You said dogs. Do you have more than one ?

GLOVER:

Oh I beg your pardon - yes, I - a - it was a force of habit. We did have two. But one of them, Bellhound, died, a tragic loss.

STEED:

Oh dear. Well, goodbye.

GLOVER:

Good day sir.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

The Avengers will continue following this pause for Station Identification.

A.B.C. LOGO CARD

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. PENTHOUSE

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PENTHOUSE

GLOVER: Yes ?

MRS. RHODES: I'd like to see Miss Pegram.

GLOVER: Have you an appointment madam ?

MRS. RHODES: No.

GLOVER: I - I suggest you write, stating your business.

MRS. RHODES: It's important.

GLOVER: So is Miss Pegram's time - that's why she can't be disturbed.

MRS. RHODES: Tell her I'm Dusty Rhodes' widow.

GLOVER: It wouldn't make the slightest difference.

MISS PEGRAM: What is it, Glover ?

GLOVER: It's Dusty's widow Madam, she wanted to speak to you and I was just telling her...

MISS PEGRAM: Come in.

MISS PEGRAM: I'm sorry. I had no idea Mr. Rhodes' injuries were so serious.

MRS. RHODES: Without regaining consciousness, isn't that the phrase ? Very convenient.

MISS PEGRAM: I can understand you feeling bitter, but I can't understand why you're here, or how I can help.

MRS. RHODES: He told me a lot about those Swiss trips he was making.

MISS PEGRAM: Won't you sit down. Must be open season for blackmail. You're the second this week.

Mrs. Rhodes, your husband did something which - to put it crudely - would have cost him his job, had he lived. However, as he was still in our employ, we shall of course grant you an annuity. It won't be a fortune..

MRS. RHODES: I shall need more than that. You see, I know where Bellhound is.

MISS PEGRAM: Bellhound is dead.

MRS. RHODES: My husband was supposed to kill him. But Dusty was an animal lover. About the only thing we had in common.

INT. LIVING ROOM (DUMMY SHOP)

VOICE OFF:

SHOP!

INT. DUMMY SHOP.

MRS. RHODES:

Hello ?
Who is it ? I know you're here.
So why not say something ?

EXT. CEMETERY

GLOVER gets out of car and
Assistant brings the dog
'Bellhound' over to the car.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

EMMA:

His Doctor says he suffers from heart trouble.

STEED:

He should know.

EMMA:

But his niece says he suffers from kidney
trouble.

STEED:

She should know.

EMMA:

You pays your penny and you take your choice.

STEED:

What I suggest is that you break into Sir
James' car.

EMMA:

You do ?

STEED:

Get hold of his little black bag and find out
what treatment he's been giving him.

EMMA:

Fine. What sort of car ?

STEED:

Rolls. What else ?

EMMA:

And where will it be ?

STEED:

Parked outside
Jerez Brothers, the Cigar merchants.

EMMA:

Chauffeur ?

STEED:

No.

EMMA:

Oh, and where will you be ?

STEED:

With Sir James.

EMMA:

Where else.

INT. JEREZ BROTHERS

GENERAL BACKGROUND CHATTER

SIR JAMES: Swiss ?

JEREZ: Excellent.

SIR JAMES: Interesting, mild, intriguing.

JEREZ: Anything else ?

SIR JAMES: Mass produced, the conveyor-belt and not the "fat thigh"

JEREZ: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! It is not fair.

STEED: Sir James.

SIR JAMES: Mr. Steed.

STEED: This is a very pleasant surprise.

SIR JAMES: I didn't know you were a cigar man. You know Juanita Jerez ?

STEED: El gusto es mio, senora.

JEREZ: Senor Steed. Excuse me.

SIR JAMES: Do sit.

STEED: Thank you. Why the "jungle music" ?

SIR JAMES: One of Pedro's little eccentricities. The Spanish word cigarra means cicada.

STEED: Interesting.

SIR JAMES: Nice smoke ?

STEED: Yes, tell me about this dream of yours.

SIR JAMES: Dream ?

STEED: The simple life, away from the stresses of the Litoff household.

SIR JAMES: Oh that, Asia perhaps. Yes, Asia, a clinic, where one's skill, such as it is, can be put to better use than it is in London.

STEED: I can hardly see your patients allowing that.

SIR JAMES: My dear fellow, can you conceive how one longs to get away from fatty degenerates; gluttons, sybarites.

STEED LAUGHS.

EXT. CUL-DE-SAC

EMMA breaks into the ROLLS
ROYCE boot.

NO DIALOGUE

ASSISTANT creeps up behind
her.

THEY FIGHT.

EMMA shoves him into boot.

HENCHMAN FIGHTS WITH EMMA.

STEED: I'm on your side.

EMMA: Recognise him ?

STEED: One of Litoff's Assistants. What did
you find out ?

EMMA: Cardiac arrest four years ago.
Enlarged left ventricle. Heart's very
unsound.

STEED: Do you know anybody who owns a Borzoi ?

EMMA: No.

STEED: I think I do.

INT. DUMMY SHOP

VOICE OFF: SHOP.

STEED: Too late, I'm afraid.

EMMA: The dog left in a hurry.

VOICE OFF: SHOP.

MAN: Anybody home ?
Oh, good evening.
Mrs. Rhodes ?

EMMA: No, I'm afraid she's just dropped out for
a minute.

MAN: Oh, I've called for the dog. Answers to the
name of Bellhound. Three pounds of meat,
half a biscuit and at least one bone.

STEED LAUGHS:

STEED: Oh, yes - no -
she's changed her mind, I'm afraid.

MAN: What! It's not half an hour since she
phoned. Must be tonight. Couldn't wait.

MAN: Handsomely, thank you. You're sure ?

STEED: Quite sure.

MAN: Well, if you say so sir. Goodnight
Mum.

STEED: Oh, Bellhound, what breed of dog was that ?

MAN: Mmmm. Russian Wolfhound.
Borzoi.

STEED: Thank you.

VOICE OFF: SHOP!

EMMA: Curiouser and curiouser.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. PENTHOUSE

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. PENTHOUSE WINDOW

STEED climbs through and
starts to walk along
the parapet.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED reacts to view
below. HIS P.O.V. of
streets, etc.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED climbs in through
Penthouse window.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PENTHOUSE

STEED walks into
apartment, reacts to
ticker tape.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED walks to Private
door.

INT. LITOFF'S BEDROOM

GLOVER: Mr. Steed.

MISS PEGRAM: Looking for something Mr. Steed.

STEED: As a matter of fact I am, Miss Pegram,
a dog -
Borzoi, called Bellhound.

MINISTER: My dear, they all come here, eventually.

EMMA: 'Bellhound'. Mr. Litoff's Borzoi.

MINISTER: Over here.

EMMA: Ah, yes.

MINISTER: Splendid creature. Lovely lady.

EMMA: Lady?

MINISTER: Yes, I think so.

INT. LITOFF'S BEDROOM

STEED: When did Mr. Litoff die?

GLOVER: He passed away - a some few days ago, sir.

STEED: Who killed him?

GLOVER: Killed him? It was the third coronary that took him.

STEED: Oh really Glover.

GLOVER: Mr. Litoff had been ill for some considerable time. You've only to ask Sir James.

STEED: All the same, when he died you became very rich.

GLOVER: Miss Pegram is very experienced in the financial field. Anyway, it would all have gone in death duties, seemed so pointless.

STEED: As a matter of interest, how much do you expect to clean up?

GLOVER: Clean up sir?

STEED: Collect.

GLOVER: The last time I worked it out, my share was in excess of eleven million pounds.

STEED: Eleven million?

GLOVER: Ahh. give or take a few hundred thousand.

STEED: (LAUGHS) So there's not much point my offering you a bribe?

GLOVER: No sir. I could, however, offer you one.

STEED: How did you bribe Litoff's niece, the one in the tie shop?

GLOVER: Sixty-five sir. A fit sixty-five.

STEED: Fifteen years in jail -
a conservative estimate, that takes you
to eighty.
A trifle aged to enjoy all those millions.
And I say fifteen years, I'm assuming you
can prove your innocence of murder.

GLOVER: I told you Mr. Litoff had a coronary.

STEED: Not Litoff. Dusty Rhodes.

GLOVER: He died of his injuries.

STEED: He was murdered, so was his wife.

GLOVER: I'm sorry sir, I don't believe you.

STEED: How are you going to spend all this money ?

GLOVER: I hardly like to say.

STEED: Why not ?

GLOVER: You'll think less of me.

STEED: Oh no I won't.

GLOVER: It's the power which excites me, Mr. Steed.
I want to be ill mannered, and rude and
uncouth - and order people about -
especially women,
I look forward to being excessively rude to
a considerable number of handsome women.

END OF REEL FIVE

865 feet + 2 frames.

EXT. CEMETERY

MINISTER:

Just because they're dogs and cats, anyone with the price of a spade can open a grave any time he wants to

GRAVE-DIGGER beckons to Emma & Minister, who walk over towards grave. Meanwhile Glover -who has arrived at the cemetery- reacts when he sees:

EMMA & MINISTER looking into grave.

EMMA & MINISTER react to "feet" in grave.

INT. LITOFF'S APARTMENT

MISS PEGRAM: (into phone)

I want clearance on Mr. Litoff's private plane LITOFF! L...I...T...O.. double 'F'. To leave for Zurich within the hour.
Right!

MISS PEGRAM:

Don't panic Glover. Official wheels turn very slowly.

GLOVER:

I'm frightened.

MISS PEGRAM:

Don't be.

GLOVER:

It's the element of chance. If I hadn't been to the graveside.

MISS PEGRAM:

Never mind that. Any sign of Sir James ?

GLOVER:

No Ma'am.

MISS PEGRAM:

Must be the traffic.
Keep an eye out for him.

GLOVER:

Well, I only went there to lay a small floral tribute. . . one's last respects... you understand, ma'am ?

INT. LITOFF'S BEDROOM

STEED:

Leaving ?

MISS PEGRAM:

Don't flatter yourself.
Steed... we were leaving anyway.

STEED:

Obviously been planning it for some time.
What d'you say Bellhound ?

STEED:

It all becomes quite clear now. Glover can go round being rude to people. You can prove you were the power behind the throne, and Sir James, well I must say he surprised me, I may even say, disappoints me.

MISS PEGRAM:

He was a hard nut to crack. Took five years to find his weak spot.

STEED:

The clinic.

MISS PEGRAM:

You can get a lot of clinic for twelve million.

MISS PEGRAM:

That'll be him now.

INT. LITOFF'S APARTMENT

EMMA:

Mr. Litoff's ?

GLOVER:

Correct.

EMMA:

The Pedigree Kennels. I've come to collect the dogs.

GLOVER:

Follow me.

MISS PEGRAM:

Yes ?

GLOVER:

The lady's from the kennel's Madam.

MISS PEGRAM:

Fetch the dogs, Glover.

EMMA:

Do you have any baskets or rugs?

MISS PEGRAM:

Yes, in the hall.
What's the game?

GLOVER:

She was at the pet cemetery.

EMMA:

Hey-ho! Where's Steed ?

MISS PEGRAM:

Would you like to join him ?

INT. LITOFF'S BEDROOM

EMMA:

There's something to be said for an elaborate hair style.

STEED:

What, exactly ?

EMMA:

Hair-pins.

STEED:

Can I help you ?

EMMA:

Eh, perfect for the job.
What is it.

EMMA: ooh!

STEED: Ouch!

EMMA: Sorry.

STEED: Now if it was Glover we just had to deal with,
we'd stand a chance.

EMMA: What about Sir James.?

STEED: Well, nor him.
But with the three of them...

EMMA: Miss Pegram is the tough one.

STEED: Mmmm.

INT. LITOFF'S APARTMENT

MISS PEGRAM: Rubbish!

GLOVER: We can't kill them.

SIR JAMES: It's against my whole code of life. The
Hippocratic oath.

GLOVER: I'll offer you a percentage of my out. Say
another two million.

SIR JAMES: And I'll make it five.

MISS PEGRAM: I don't want your money.

SIR JAMES: Well - then couldn't we take them with us ?

MISS PEGRAM: Don't be stupid.

GLOVER: But why not ?

SIR JAMES: And leave them stranded somewhere.

MISS PEGRAM: Yes.

SIR JAMES: You think so ?

MISS PEGRAM: We'll take them with us, and drop them off
somewhere. Somewhere over the sea.
Read it!

GLOVER: Twelve fifteen. Body exhumed from London
Pet Cemetery. Definitely identified as Alex
Litoff, Armenian Financier.

MISS PEGRAM: We'll use the roof exit. I'll meet you
up there.

INT. LITOFF'S BEDROOM

FIGHT SEQUENCE

GLOVER: Please sir, the gun, it really isn't necessary.

SIR JAMES: Our dreams have forsaken us Glover.

GLOVER: They have sir.

STEED: Gilt edged bonds?

EMMA: Un-negotiable.

STEED: Home James.

GLOVER: I assume you wish me to go too sir.

STEED: I'm afraid so, Glover.

GLOVER: After you, madame.

EMMA: Oh no Glover, after you.

GLOVER: Madame.

STEED: Glover.

GLOVER: Sir.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

EMMA: There they were, all alone, completely abandoned. Well, I couldn't just leave them there, could we?

STEED: Couldn't we.

EMMA: I'll think of something.

STEED: Will you?

EMMA: How about a pair of bath mats, His and Hers? I brought you a present.

STEED: That's very generous of you, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: One thing still puzzles me. That voice on Litoff's inter-ocm?

STEED: Glover.

EMMA: Some Butler.

STEED: He comes from an old theatrical family. Did imitations and bird im - pressions.

REEL SIX

Page 33

"THE FIFTY THOUSAND POUND
BREAKFAST"

STEED:

Mrs. Peel, I am an Englishman and therefore a dog lover, but I prefer not to have dogs either in my domain or upon my necktie.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

T H E E N D

END OF REEL SIX

740 feet + 11 frames.

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4648 feet + 8 frames.

NOTE: THIS EPISODE IS TEN SECONDS SHORTER FOR PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT. IN ADDITION, FILM CONTAINS 50 FEET OF BLACK FRAMES AND SPONSOR'S MESSAGE TITLE, REMOVED BEFORE TRANSMISSION.

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