

EPISODE NO. 23

SERIES 2

THE AVENGERS

---

"MURDERSVILLE"

C.S.1

DIALOGUE SHEETS.

MASTER COPY  
NOT TO BE ISSUED

PREPARED BY:

TELEMEN LIMITED,  
Associated British Productions Ltd.,  
Elstree Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts.  
ENGLAND.

OCTOBER 1967.

MAIN TITLES

CLOSE SHOT VILLAGE SIGN:  
"Welcome to Little Storping"

NO DIALOGUE

ZOOMING OUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT VILLAGE.

EXT. VILLAGE PUB.

MICKLE: Nice day Hubert.

HUBERT: Ah,  
it is a nice day.

MICKLE: Yesterday was nice too.

HUBERT: Ah. yesterday was a nice day.  
Might rain, though.

MICKLE: Oh, I dunno.

WILSON somersaults out  
of pub. MARTIN follows  
and shoots him down.

MICKLE: You might be right, Hubert -  
a funny old day. Might rain.

M.S. WILSON'S BODY on  
ground ZOOMING OUT TO  
L.S. VILLAGE.

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR

TONIGHT'S EPISODE OF THE AVENGERS  
IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

EMMA: Steed. Major Paul Croft.  
John Steed.

CROFT: Sorry, I haven't a hand to offer you.

STEED: Come in Major, delighted to see you  
at last.  
How was the trip ?

EMMA: He was two hours late.

CROFT: Held up in Karachi.

CROFT: Steed.

STEED: How do you do.  
Do sit down, won't you.

CROFT: Thank you.  
I've heard a lot about you.

STEED: That puts us on equal terms then, Mrs.  
Peel has been talking about you all week

CROFT: Oh...?

EMMA: I've been looking forward to seeing you  
again.

STEED: I gather you've known each other for a  
long time.

EMMA: Since I was seven.

CROFT: Six. She was a leggy little horror with  
pigtails.

STEED: I can't believe it.

CROFT: Oh, it's true. We lived next door to  
each other. I often used to climb over  
the wall and . . .

STEED: No, no, I meant the Champagne. I  
specifically asked my Vintner for a  
twenty-six. He's sent me a twenty-seven.

EMMA: What's a digit between friends ?

STEED: But on his first day home  
After years of defending some far flung  
corner of the British Empire. He  
deserves a more than special vintage.

CROFT: Oh the twenty-seven will be fine Steed,  
really, and you don't have to call me  
Major. Not any more.

EMMA: Oh ?

CROFT: It's a fact. I'm resigning my commission.  
I've bought a little house in the country,  
and I'm going to settle down and grow  
things. Breed horses, or something.

EMMA: Paul, that's marvellous. Where is this  
place ?

CROFT: Just outside little Storpington.

EMMA: Little Storpington ? I don't know it.

CROFT: Neither do I. I bought the place,  
sight unseen. I saw an advert in  
"THE TIMES". It sounded just the sort

EMMA: Thank you.

CROFT: Thank you.

STEED: So, you're going onto Little Stopping later ?

CROFT: Yes, Forbes has gone on ahead to tidy up.

EMMA: Forbes ? Private Forbes ? Is he still with you.

CROFT: Oh yes, after all these years., I still can't get rid of the beer soaked rascal. He ought to be there by now. Knowing him, he's probably stopped off for a drink at the local pub.

EXT. PUB.

Establishing shot.

INT. PUB

FORBES: We've had some good times the Major and me.

JENNY: Father it's nearly twelve o'clock.

FORBES: Is it now ? I'd better be moving then, before the Major starts chasing after me.

PREWITT: I thought you said you had him trained properly ?

JENNY: Father, you know there's an event at twelve o'clock.

PREWITT: I'd forgotten.

FORBES: Event ?  
Local carnival or something. Anything worth watching ?

MICKLE: Oh, no, no, no, nothing really interesting, really.

FORBES: Well.....

MICKLE: You're not going yet, are you.

HUBERT: Not without another.

PREWITT: Oh, of course he's not, particularly as this one's on the house.

FORBES: Well, it's the last one mind.  
I must say, this is a friendly little  
place

HUBERT: Ah, well, we don't get many strangers passing through.

MICKLE: Off the beaten track you see. Hardly anyone knows it's here.

FORBES: What exactly is this event.

MICKLE: Pardon.

FORBES: An event at twelve you said, just . . . Did you hear that ?

MICKLE: Hear what ?

FORBES: Gun shots. Sounded like gun shots.

MICKLE: Gun shots. Gun shots ? Did you hear anything like that Hubert ?

HUBERT: Like what ?

MICKLE: Gun shots ?

HUBERT: Eh ?

FORBES: Seemed to come from right outside.

PREWITT: Probably a car back-firing or just your imagination.

FORBES: Well I - a - I really must be going this time.

PREWITT: See you again perhaps - next time you're passing through.

FORBES: You'll be seeing me sooner than that, and more often. Moving into the area.

PREWITT: Moving in ?

FORBES: Yeah.

MICKLE: Permanently ?

FORBES: That's right, just taken the old house on the hill.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

CROFT: Emma, you know I could just as easily hire a car.

EMMA: I wouldn't hear of it.

STEED: A stubborn streak.

CROFT: But it's quite a way.

CROFT:

It's not new. It's just a big honest country house.

EXT. CROFT'S HOUSE.

Establishing shot.

FORBES:

Hello.

Come to give me a hand, have you ?  
That's what I call neighbourly.  
Really neighbourly.

Careful with that, though, valuable.

I told you to be careful!

MICKLE:

That was clumsy Hubert.

HUBERT:

Ah.

MICKLE:

Wonder what's in that box, Hubert ?

HUBERT:

Oh - aye.

FORBES:

No!

HUBERT/MICKLE: LAUGH:

END OF REEL ONE:

884 feet + 7 frames.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

EMMA'S CAR travelling.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

EMMA & CROFT. Emma overtakes Morgan in his limousine.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. VILLAGE SIGN.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. PUB.

WILLIAMS takes gun from inside car.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. VILLAGE STREET

EMMA and CROFT arrive.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. EMMA'S CAR.

EMMA:

Now there's a funny thing.  
Did you notice that man back there?  
Frederick Williams. Big financier.  
Or at least he was.

CROFT:

Sorry, I've been out of touch for quite a while.

EMMA:

Well his empire crumbled a few weeks ago. He was virtually ruined.

CROFT:

What's funny about that?

EMMA:

Did you notice the driver of the big limousine we passed a few miles back.?

CROFT:

Thick set chap?

EMMA:

Samuel Morgan.  
The man who slipped the financial knife into Williams. Quite a coincidence.  
Out of the way spot like this and two of the deadliest enemies within a mile or so of each other.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD AND CROFT'S DRIVEWAY

Emma's car travelling.

INT. EMMA'S CAR

CROFT:

I can't tell you how much I appreciate all this Emma. The places I've lived in the last few years. Lonely and remote

CROFT: What the...!

EXT. CROFT'S HOUSE

CROFT'S P.O.V. of  
debris scattered  
around car.

CROFT: He must have got drunk. Raving drunk.  
Forbes. Forbes.  
o.s. Forbes. Forbes. Forbes.

CROFT: I'll break him. I'll personally take  
hold of his scraggy little neck.....

EMMA: Paul, you don't know what's happened here.  
You don't even know if it was him.

CROFT: Of course it was him. I've warned him  
before about drinking, a hundred times.  
I mean, who else would ....

EMMA: Well, he doesn't seem to be here.

CROFT: No, he's probably skulking in the bushes  
somewhere, or else gone back to get  
recharged. I'm going to check the pub.  
I'll roust him out.

EMMA: Paul.

CROFT: You stay here.

EMMA: Take my car.

EXT. THE PUB.

HUBERT & MICKLE outside.  
Croft approaching along  
road.

HUBERT: Ah.

INT. THE PUB.

JENNY: O.S. Good afternoon sir.  
Can I help you ?

CROFT: Yes. I'm looking for a man called  
Forbes. About so high, neat looking  
fellow - clean shaven.

JENNY: Sorry.

CROFT: But you didn't even stop to think.

JENNY: I don't know anyone named Forbes....  
and that means he's a stranger and I



EXT. CROFT'S HOUSE

EMMA picks up sickle, walks across grounds and finds Forbes' body.

EMMA: FORBES!

Emma turns and reacts as log comes into frame - aimed at her.

INT. THE PUB

JENNY: I think she's coming round.

PREWITT: The brandy did the trick.

HAYMES: Are you feeling better ?  
I'm Doctor Haymes.  
You've been lucky. No bones broken.  
But you've taken rather a nasty bump.

JENNY: Would have been nastier if she'd hit that wall.

PREWITT: Yes, she must have skidded past it by inches.

EMMA: Wall ? Skidded ?

JENNY: See for yourself.

Emma moves to door and looks out.

EMMA'S P.O.V. of crashed car.

EMMA: I don't remember driving back.  
I was with Forbes.

PREWITT: There was nobody else in the car when we pulled you out.

EMMA: I had just found his body.  
Somebody had murdered him with a sickle.

HAYMES: Sit down, you'll feel better.

EMMA: I didn't imagine it, he was there,  
in the grounds of Paul's house.

HAYMES: Paul ? Who's Paul ?

EMMA: Major Croft.  
He was coming here. You must have seen him ?  
I don't know what's happening here, but

EXT. CROFT'S HOUSE

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EMMA:

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Somebody had murdered him with a sickle.

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Sit down, you'll feel better.

EMMA:

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in the grounds of Paul's house.

HAYMES:

Paul ? Who's Paul ?

EMMA:

Major Croft.  
He was coming here. You must have seen him ?  
I don't know what's happening here, but

EMMA: There's a dead man in the grounds of Paul's house. If you don't believe me, why don't you come and see for yourself.

PREWITT: It's a waste of time.

HAYMES: You seem very sure of your facts.

EMMA: I am. Are you coming ?

PREWITT: Come now Doctor.

HAYMES: All right, I'll come with you, but we'd better take my car.

EXT. CROFT'S HOUSE DRIVEWAY.

HAYMES car travelling.

INT. HAYMES CAR

EMMA: Paul went beserk when he saw the wreckage. He just wasn't thinking clearly. He jumped to the first assumption that Forbes had got drunk. Mind you, one can hardly blame him, when he saw those beautiful things - just destroyed.

EXT. CROFT'S HOUSE

HAYMES: Well, where are we supposed to find the body ?

HAYMES: Higgins!

HIGGINS: Doctor Haymes, you gave me a scare, Sir, I must have dozed off.

EMMA: Do you know this man ?

HAYMES: Oh yes, everybody knows him. Best jobbing gardener in the village, when he's awake.

EMMA: What are you doing here ?

HIGGINS: Why looking after the gardens, of course.

EMMA: For Major Croft ?

HIGGINS: I don't know anyone named Croft. No, the Estate Agents ask me to keep the place a bit tidy . . . just in case they ever sell it.

EMMA: But it has been sold.

HAYMES: Well the important question is - how long have you been sleeping here ?

HAYMES: The whole time?  
HIGGINS: Afraid so. You know me Doctor - heavy sleeper.

INT. HAYMES' CAR

HAYMES: I shouldn't worry about it you know. This sort of thing happens. A blow on the head can lead to all sorts of things, amnesia, even hallucinations. It'll soon pass. Look my surgery's not - a - not far from here, it's on the road out. If you'd like to call in there with me I'll give you some pills.

EMMA: Can you give me an explanation, too?

HAYMES: Well, no that, that, I'm afraid I can't do.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET

HAYMES CAR STOPS.  
EMMA ALIGHTS.  
MOVES TO HER CAR  
WHERE MICKLE & HUBERT  
are laughing and talking  
ad lib.

MICKLE: (O.S) ad lib. . . . . you might send on fire ...

MICKLE: Nice little motor.  
Oh, did you find the body then?

EMMA: I'll take you up on that offer. The pills.

HAYMES: Oh - yes - O.K. fine. Well it's not far, follow me.

EMMA: Do you mind?

EMMA'S CAR follows  
HAYMES' along road.  
Stopping outside  
his house.

INT. HAYMES' SURGERY

HAYMES: Here we are then, if you just take two of these four times a day, you'll feel fine.

EMMA: May I use your phone?

HAYMES: Yes, surely. What about the pills?

EMMA: Oh, they were only an excuse, I didn't want them to suspect.  
Operator?

(into phone)

HAYMES: Come now -- come on now --  
look, if I could persuade you to take a  
sedative and rest up for a while.....

EMMA: I'm perfectly all right.

EMMA: (into phone) Operator ?

INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

EMMA'S VOICE OVER: Give me the police please.

MAGGIE: Police ?

EMMA'S VOICE OVER: That's right. Get me the nearest  
police station and please hurry.

MAGGIE: One moment please.

INT. HAYMES' SURGERY

HAYMES: Well I hope you know what you're doing ?

EMMA: I know.

HAYMES: I can't support you over this you know.  
I mean medically you're suffering from....

BANKS' VOICE (from phone) County Police.

EMMA: Hello. Police ?

BANK'S VOICE: Sergeant Banks here, can I help you ?

EMMA: You certainly can. I'd like to report a  
murder.

BANKS' VOICE: A murder ?

EMMA: Possibly two.

BANKS' VOICE: Your name ?

EMMA: Mrs. Emma Peel.

BANKS' VOICE: And where are you phoning from Mrs. Peel.?

EMMA: Doctor ?

HAYMES: Haymes.

EMMA: Doctor Haymes's Surgery, Little Storpington.

BANKS' VOICE: Stay there, we're on our way.

HAYMES: This is ridiculous. I've known the  
people of this village more than  
half my life.

EXT. VILLAGE

POLICE CAR TRAVELLING.

PREWITT AND JENNY  
watch as it passes  
The Pub.

INT. HAYMES' SURGERY

BANKS:

It's a strange story Mrs. Peel, very  
strange.

EMMA:

You've probably heard stranger.

BANKS:

Not many. No, not many.  
You say you went up to the house with her  
and saw nothing.

HAYMES:

No, nothing.

END OF REEL THREE

728 feet + 11 frames.

INT. HAYMES SURGERY

HAYMES:

Sorry but that is the truth.

BANKS:

Well, don't worry about it.  
We'll soon get to the bottom of all this.  
We'll take a run up there and make a  
thorough check. I can contact you here  
later ?

HAYMES:

Oh, you're welcome to stay.

EMMA:

Oh, but surely, oughtn't I to go al.....

BANKS: (Interrupts)

From now on it's police business,  
Mrs. Peel. I think we can handle it.

EMMA:

The watch!  
I forgot to tell him about Paul's watch.

EMMA'S P.O.V.  
EXT. SURGERY

BANKS getting in car.

EMMA starts to say  
something but stops:

(Reacts to coloured socks).

Bu.....

INT. HAYMES' SURGERY

HAYMES:

Well, did you catch him in time ?  
Well that little tit-bit about  
the watch must have added credibility  
to your story.

EMMA:

Had you ever seen him before ?

HAYMES:

Banks ? No, no, he must be the County  
Police - I - a -  
Are you all right, Mrs. Peel ?  
I think you ought to lie down and have  
a rest.

EMMA:

So you wouldn't know if he were a Policeman  
or not ?

HAYMES:

Oh now look, you saw him arrive - in a  
Police car . . and wearing uniform.

EMMA:

And patterned socks. Did you ever see  
a uniformed policeman wearing brightly  
coloured patterned socks ?

HAYMES:

I see.

EMMA:

What are you doing ?

HAYMES:

Calling the hospital.  
It appears that blow on the head has  
caused more trouble than I anticipated.

MAGGIE'S VOICE  
THROUGH PHONE:

Hello. Hello.

HAYMES: (into phone)

Maggie.  
Call a meeting.  
An emergency meeting.

Sorry about that.

FIGHT SEQUENCE STARTS:

EMMA:

Uh. Paul.

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. VILLAGE STREET.

LONG SHOT

EMMA'S car travelling.  
then

MED. SHOT EMMA'S car  
stops by cottages.  
EMMA gets out and  
goes to door, moves  
across road.

NO DIALOGUE

NO DIALOGUE

EMMA knocks on cottage  
door and walks along  
looking in the windows.

NO DIALOGUE

EMMA enters THE PUB.

INT. THE PUB

EMMA reacts to swinging  
ball chain and moves to  
counter.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LIBRARY:

PREWITT:

Something's got to be done and quickly.

BANKS:

Well I gained us a bit of time. I  
told her to stay put at Haymes place.

JENNY:

And we've got Maggie to thank for that.

PREWITT:

Yes, if she'd lost her head when this  
Peel woman started asking for the police...



MICKLE: That's only because you're the only one that'll fit into that uniform.

BANKS: Now just a minute.

MICKLE: Look, we're wasting time. What we're here for is to decide what are we going to do about Mrs. Peel ?

AVRIL: Where's Haymes ?  
After all, he called this meeting, didn't he ?

PREWITT: Yes, that's quite right -  
where is he ?

INT. HAYMES' SURGERY

HAYMES staggers to his feet and walks to door.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. THE PUB

EMMA: (into phone) Hello. Hello.

INT. TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

EMMA'S VOICE: Hello.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET

HAYMES car travelling, stops outside library.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LIBRARY

HAYMES: Mrs. Peel.  
She's got away.

EXT. THE PUB AND VILLAGE STREET.

JENNY'S VOICE: There she is.

EMMA RE-ACTS, the villagers start to close in on her.

EMMA runs around buildings to farm. Wrestles with farmer.

FARMER: Ouch.

EMMA rushes off around farm. Crowd pursue her. SHE throws them, one by one.

EXT. FIELDS & HEDGEROW

HELICOPTER CHASE

EXT. FIELDS & HEDGEROWS

EMMA runs across fields,  
tries to climb over iron  
fence but gets entangled  
in barbed wire. She  
starts to free herself:

NO DIALOGUE

EXT./INT. HELICOPTER

They have spotted EMMA.

NO DIALOGUE

HELICOPTER DESCENDING IN  
EMMA'S DIRECTION.

EMMA is knocked flat by  
the wind from the helicopter's  
blades.

NO DIALOGUE

EMMA rises and runs across  
field. HELICOPTER CHASES  
HER.

EVENТУALLY EMMA FALLS TO  
THE GROUND AND HELICOPTER  
STARTS TO DESCEND NEAR HER  
BODY.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. MUSEUM DOOR

LITTLE STORPING MUSEUM.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MUSEUM

PAN AROUND MUSEUM  
stopping at  
EMMA in chastity belt.

JEREMY:

I'm afraid it's no use.  
We've all of us tried.  
I'm afraid these old things were  
made to last.

EMMA:

Where is this place ?

JEREMY:

Little Storpington Museum. I often used  
to help the Curator here. Forgive me,  
my name is Purser, Jeremy Purser. I  
was once the Vicar here.  
This is George Miller. He was the  
Police Sergeant for this district.

MILLER:

Miss.

JEREMY:

And Mr. Chapman. The local magistrate.

CHAPMAN:

How do you do ?

HILARY o.s. (Grunts).

JEREMY:

Oh yes Hilary she was the telephone

HILARY: (grunts).

JEREMY: They thought she was yelling too much.

EMMA: They? You mean those mad men outside?

JEREMY: Oh, they're not mad.

EXT. MUSEUM

TWO MEN BY FENCE,  
one is machine gunning  
the other.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MUSEUM

EMMA: What is going on here?

JEREMY: Little Storpington has become a boom town.

EMMA: What happened?

JEREMY: Little Storpington seemed doomed.  
We had all met to write it's epitaph...

CHAPMAN: And then it happened . . .

EMMA: What happened?

JEREMY: Two strangers. Two men we'd never seen  
before - they came out of the Pub. They  
were arguing and then one took out a  
gun and killed the other.

CHAPMAN: We saw the whole thing from the window.

HILARY: (GRUNTS).

JEREMY: He committed murder in front of the whole  
village. In front of all those witnesses.

EMMA: And you - you went out and arrested him?

MILLER: He came into us.

CHAPMAN: That's when he offered us the deal.

EMMA: What deal?

JEREMY: He was a rich man. Very rich. He  
offered us one million pounds to be equally  
divided amongst the whole village.

CHAPMAN: If we promised to keep our mouths shut  
about what we'd seen.

HILARY: (GRUNTS)

EMMA: And then . . .?

CHAPMAN: Well, it was a tempting offer...  
particularly coming when it did.

EMMA: Surely it wasn't taken seriously.

CHAPMAN: Oh, but it was - deadly serious.

JEREMY: And it was carried.  
There were only four dissenters -  
Us four.

EMMA: They . . . took the money. . ?

JEREMY: The whole village - as one man.  
They all connived at murder.  
Doctor Haymes swore the victim had  
died of a heart attack - and the murderer  
had as many witnesses as he needed to prove  
it. He bought an entire community. The  
perfect crime.

EMMA: But since then ?

CHAPMAN: Oh then, the seeds were sown, weren't  
they ?

HILARY: (GRUNTS)

JEREMY: A million divided wasn't enough -  
the people had tasted money - they  
became greedier. So they held another  
meeting.....

CHAPMAN: And agreed to offer the same service  
to others.

JEREMY: For a fat fee - you can lure your enemy  
to this village - and then kill him at  
will - and get away with it.

MILLER: The town's wide open.

EXT: VILLAGE STREET

BODY is pushed out  
of car.

INT. MUSEUM:

JEREMY: Anything can happen in Little Stopping.  
Anything at all.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. VILLAGE

GROUP moving towards  
Village sign., around pond.

INT. MUSEUM

EMMA: You can't just stand by and let this  
nightmare continue.

JEREMY: As I told you - we have tried -  
but our predicament is an impossible one.

EMMA: Nothing's impossible.

EXT. VILLAGE

The villagers approaching.

INT. MUSEUM

EMMA tries to reach knife.  
DOOR bursts open and the  
"mob" enter.

NO DIALOGUE

HAYMES: Mrs. Peel. We've come to a  
decision about you. You are to disappear.  
You were never in Little Storpington.

EMMA: I wish that were true.

HAYMES: There is a slight problem.

PREWITT: We've checked up on Croft's papers  
He and his man only just arrived in  
this country, so nobody's going to  
miss them.

HAYMES: But you, Mrs. Peel . . . we know very  
little about you.

EMMA: Shall I give you a thumb-nail sketch ?

HAYMES: Who knows you're here, Mrs. Peel. Who's  
going to miss you ?

MICKLE: I'll make her talk.

HAYMES: Yes, she'll all yours.

EXT. THE VILLAGE.

HAYMES: You could spare yourself this, Mrs. Peel.

HAYMES: You know what we want.

EMMA GASPS.

HAYMES: Who knows you're here ?  
WHO!!!

JENNY: Isn't that enough ?  
Haymes!

HAYMES: Let her up.

EMMA GASPING:

EMMA: All right. I'll tell you.

END OF REEL FIVE

792 + 7 frames

INT. THE PUB.

HAYMES: Who knows you're here ?  
EMMA: Only one person.  
HAYMES: Who ?  
EMMA: John. My husband.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED answers phone:  
STEED: Hello.

INT. THE PUB

EMMA: (into phone) John Darling. It's Emma.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (reacts) Emma,  
Oh - a - Mrs.....

INT. THE PUB

EMMA: (into phone) Don't be silly darling, your wife.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

EMMA'S VOICE thru phone: How's my little Johnsie-Wonsie.  
STEED: (into phone) Johnsie-Wonsie's fine.  
But you sound as though you've been soaking up just a tiny bit too much grape juice.

INT. THE PUB

EMMA: You haven't been out all day.  
You really should darling - drive out - take the children with you.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into phone) CHILDREN!  
You're in trouble aren't you.

INT. THE PUB

EMMA: (into phone) That's right.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into phone) Is there somebody listening.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT (INTERCUTTING WITH )

INT. THE PUB:

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION  
BETWEEN EMMA & STEED  
CONTINUES.

STEED: (into phone) Oh.  
Err - would you mind telling me where you  
are.

EMMA: (into phone) No darling, that would be silly.

STEED: (into phone) Are you in Little Storpington ?

EMMA: (into phone) Yes.. I had some trouble with my car.  
I had to drive over to -

HAYMES: Salisbury.

EMMA: (into phone) - to Salisbury.  
I'm calling from there.

STEED: (into phone) That's what they want me to think.

EMMA: (into phone) That's right darling.  
(distort) Kiss Little Albert for me,  
And Julian, and Gordon and  
baby Brian.

STEED: (into phone) Look, can you give me a clue, a hint,  
anything.

EMMA: (into phone) Don't forget you promised to take them  
to the museum. You can do that after  
you've been to the Pub.

HAYMES: That's enough.

STEED: (into phone) A pub and a museum.  
You want me to meet you in the Pub at  
Little Storpington.

EMMA: (into phone) Good bye darling.

STEED: (into phone) Mrs. Peel.

TELEPHONE CONVERSATION  
ENDS. RESUME INT. THE PUB.

HAYMES: Excellent. We're in the clear -  
she was in Salisbury when she disappeared.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (murmurs) 'Take them to the museum - after  
I've been to the pub ? Pub and  
Museum.

INT. THE MUSEUM

EMMA: What else do you have in mind ?  
HUBERT: I tell you what I got in mind..  
MICKLE: And I tell you what I got in mind.  
HAYMES: Just a little helicopter ride over the sea and a long drop down.

INT. THE PUB

JENNY: Oh!  
STEED: I was admiring the - a - your old customs. Good evening. I'd like a pint of your very best ale please.  
JENNY: Right away sir.  
STEED: Nice little place.  
JENNY: Oh, we like it sir. Just passing through, are you sir ?  
STEED: Yes, just passing through. I thought I might have a loo in your museum. Thank you. You do have a museum ?  
PREWITT: Yes we have one.  
STEED: Oh!  
PREWITT: Quite a nice one in fact, but I'm afraid it's shut at this time of night.  
STEED: Oh dear, and I've driven all this way - I was thinking perhaps I could get hold of the Curator - persuade him to show me around.  
JENNY: Oh - a - that's impossible.  
PREWITT: He's away.... for several weeks. The place will be all locked up for sometime.  
STEED: Tut-tut-tut. Dear me, what a pity. Mrs. Emma Peel. Wanted to see your reaction.  
I'll leave you to tidy up.

INT. LIBRARY/READING ROOM:

STEED enters and looks around. Moves to MUSEUM door., then back behind shelves.



INT. MUSEUM.

EMMA: Steed.

STEED: Mrs. Peel. Are you all right ?

EMMA: So far.

STEED: Be with you in a moment, gentlemen.  
Now, where shall I start.  
Well, took your advice, went to the  
Pub. The landlord was extremely  
inhospitable. He came at me with a  
twelve bore. . . I didn't even  
criticise the beer.

EMMA: The whole village is crooked.  
The only people you can trust are  
those you can see here.

STEED: How d'you do ?

HILARY: (GRUNTS).

EXT. THE VILLAGE STREET:

HAYMES, MICKLE & HUBERT  
are making their way  
along road.

INT. THE MUSEUM

STEED: It may surprise you to know that I've  
had very little experience with this  
type of garment.

EMMA: Aah. I told them you were a whiz with  
locks.

STEED: Ah - now.

EMMA: Oh.

STEED: Not a word.

STEED: Ready.

FIGHT SEQUENCE STARTS

HAYMES: Uurrghh.

AD LIB GRUNTS AND GROANS.

STEED: All right ?

EMMA: Hold it!  
You run the telephone exchange - right ?  
Well THIS time you're going to put through  
a genuine call. Little Stopping is finished  
and you've got a great deal to tell the  
authorities.

STEED: This'll be something to tell the children.

STEED: Little Julian, Albert, Gordon and baby Brian.

HILARY: (GRUNTS).

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: I don't know why you had to put it on in the first place.

EMMA: Well, you were there.  
You saw for yourself.  
For protection, and on that occasion, it served its purpose.

STEED: True.  
Not only are we gonna be late for this party, but the Ambassador's gonna take it as a personal affront.

EMMA: Oh ?

STEED: We all know his reputation as a womaniser, but to turn up in armour - it really is very inconvenient.

EMMA: You're telling me.  
I couldn't find a dress to match it.

STEED: Ah, maybe you could pass it off as one of the latest Paris fashions.

EMMA: Steed, will you please . . . .

STEED: Hold on. Ready ?

EMMA: Uhumm.

STEED: I'll do the very best I can. What we really need is a safe cracker.

EMMA } Ahhhhhh. (laughs)  
STEED } There.

STEED: There - it's perfectly simple.  
You just hadn't adjusted it properly.  
All you had to do was to slip it into place - bop - like that - and when you want to remove it - you -

EMMA: (LAUGHS) Ha! Ha! Ha!

STEED: Mrs. Peel.  
Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: (LAUGHS) My knight in shining armour -  
mmm - have a sip.

REEL SIX

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"MURDERVILLE"

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX

890 feet + 0 frames.

T H E     E N D

LENGTH OF EPISODE: 4663 feet + 8 frames.

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