

2134171

THE AVENGERS

C.S.1

"MISSION...HIGHLY IMPROBABLE"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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24

**MASTER COPY**  
**NOT TO BE ISSUED**

PREPARED BY:

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

OCTOBER 1967.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Two uniformed motor-cyclists,  
escorting ROLLS ROYCE.

C.U. SIR GERALD BANCROFT  
in the Rolls Royce.

EXT. OUTER PERIMETER POST

GIFFORD: Oh Johnson!  
Sir Gerald Bancroft, Treasury.  
I'll handle this.

GIFFORD: Good morning Sir Gerald.

BANCROFT: Good morning.

GIFFORD: I'm Gifford- Security.  
Can I see your pass, sir.

BANCROFT: Oh yes.

GIFFORD: Sorry, but I have to check everyone.

BANCROFT: There you are.  
All right ?

GIFFORD: Yes thank you.  
The testing area's two miles further on,  
I'll escort you to the gate sir.

BANCROFT: Right - fine.

EXT. COUNTRY LANES.

ROLLS TRAVELLING WITH  
MOTOR-CYCLISTS ESCORTING.

SUDDENLY, ROLLS HAS  
DISAPPEARED.

GIFFORD: Where's the Rolls ????

MOTOR-CYCLIST: It was in front of you, sir.

EXT. COUNTRY LANES:

MOTOR-CYCLISTS drive  
away.

GIFFORD stands, looking  
along empty road.

EPISODE TITLE  
SUPERIMPOSED OVER  
EMPTY ROAD.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

COMMENTATOR:

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

GIFFORD:

Steed ???

STEED:

Here Gifford.  
How very extraordinary.

GIFFORD:

Found something ?

STEED:

Watch it.  
Nest of the lesser throated warbler,  
that's usually found in the higher  
branches of an oak tree.  
That is quite a find.  
No sign of Sir Gerald or the Rolls.  
He was at the wheel you say ?

GIFFORD:

Yes and I was right behind him. Wasn't out  
of my sight for more than two seconds.

STEED:

He couldn't have passed your chaps up front.

GIFFORD:

No tyre marks. Nothing.

STEED:

Well, well, well.  
Well there's a coincidence.

GIFFORD:

The one we're after's a bit bigger than  
that. A full sized rolls can't just vanish  
into thin air.

STEED:

But it did.  
Now -if Sir Gerald was in the driving seat  
he can't be far away.  
Gifford! Who's that ?

GIFFORD:

Oh, that's Doctor Chivers. Works in the  
Testing area. Runs the metal Fatigue  
Division.  
Didn't know he collected butterflies.

BANCROFT: \*\*\*

Steed. Steed. Steed.

BANCROFT runs and  
gasps.

BANCROFT: \*\*\*

Help. Help.

GIFFORD:

Oh, he seems to have found something,  
even if we haven't.

STEED:

Lucky feller.

BANCROFT: \*\*\*

Steed. Steed.  
Let me out.  
Help. Help.  
Help. Help.  
Let me out.

EXT. FIELD

STEED: What do you think of these ?

GIFFORD: They're fresh.

STEED: Yeah, but not from the Rolls. The axle width is too narrow. And that off side tyre's badly worn.

GIFFORD: Strange, parking here.

STEED: Well, it overlooks the lane.

GIFFORD: Sir Gerald, from Treasury, wasn't he ? What brought him here, do you know ?

STEED: I will do shortly. I've got someone working on it.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED: Those tracks were found close by, now one tyre's worn smooth, but the others....

EMMA: Hexagonal multi-tread.

STEED: I've checked. They belong to an M.T.4. Military truck.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

BANCROFT'S VOICE:\*\*\*  
(muffled) Help. Help. Help. Help me.  
Help. Help.  
Help, Help, ---  
let me out.

EXT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

BANCROFT'S VOICE:\*\*\* Help. Help.

CHIVERS: Morning Professor Rushton.

RUSHTON: Ah, Chivers. Has Sir Gerald arrived yet ? I'm a bit late I'm afraid - I don't want to start off on the wrong foot.

CHIVERS: No . . . Sir Gerald's been delayed.

RUSHTON: Delayed ?

CHIVERS: Yeah, absolutely weighed down with a load of rubbish.

REEL ONE

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"MISSION...HIGHLY IMPROBABLE"

RUSHTON:

Err - rubbish!

CHIVERS:

Yes, bureaucratic rubbish. Ministerial red tape - that kind of thing, you know. I'm very glad really. I wanted to have a talk with you.

RUSHTON:

Oh!

END OF REEL ONE

713 feet + 6 frames

INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE

RUSHTON: You know Chivers, I can't wait to tell Sir Gerald. . . to see his face when I tell him.

CHIVERS: Now Professor, that's what I want to talk to you about....  
I really don't think the time is ripe.

RUSHTON: Why not ?

CHIVERS: Well, you said yourself, this is only a proto-type....

RUSHTON: Ah yes, but it works, doesn't it ?  
You've seen it.

CHIVERS: Yes, I know, but you've developed this whole project without ministry consent.

RUSHTON: Ah, well, that wasn't my idea.

CHIVERS: I know, but we're a testing division, not a research department. When I suggested you work in secret, I was only thinking of you Rushton.  
I mean you - you know these Civil Servants... I - I've suffered from them. They block you at every turn. You wouldn't have got a penny!  
Professor, this invention is going to put you among the greats.

RUSHTON: Oh, do you think so Chivers ?  
D'you really think so ?

CHIVERS: Well, of course once it's perfected.  
But I mean, we don't even know how it works. We must test it and test again!  
Without a word to anyone! Not even your daughter.

RUSHTON: Oh Susan hasn't the faintest idea. Though she has been questioning me about my expenditure.

CHIVERS: Yes, well any problems with her, just refer her to me.

RUSHTON: Oh, that's very good of you Chivers, but I should hate you to risk your job.

CHIVERS: Well the benefits could be enormous. It's worth taking a few risks.  
Oh, well.

SUSAN: Good morning Doctor Chivers.

CHIVERS: Good morning Miss Rushton.

SUSAN: What was all that about "taking risks"?

RUSHTON: Nothing for you to worry about, my dear.

SUSAN: Well, here's something for you to worry about. You've been overspending like mad and when Sir Gerald arrives....

RUSHTON: Ah, he's been delayed.

SUSAN: Well, he's bound to turn up sooner or later, and when he does he'll want to know why you've ordered equipment without authority.

RUSHTON: Yes, well, I admit - I have taken a few short cuts. But for a very good reason.

SUSAN: What reason? Well, if you won't tell me, I shall ask Doctor Chivers.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

CHIVERS: Can I help you?

STEED: I hope so Doctor. It is Doctor Chivers isn't it?

CHIVERS: Yes, that's right. Have we met?

STEED: At a distance. You were chasing butterflies.

CHIVERS: Ah - oh yes.

STEED: Steed . . . John Steed.

CHIVERS: Treasury?

RUSHTON: Oh, Chivers . . . Chivers.  
Susan is -

CHIVERS: Oh, Professor Rushton, this is a Mr. Steed.

STEED: How do you do.

RUSHTON: Ah, how do you do, Mr. Steed.  
My daughter, Susan.

STEED: How do you do?

CHIVERS: Mr. Steed is from the treasury.

RUSHTON: Ummm.

STEED: A very dull job compared to yours I'm afraid.

RUSHTON: Oh no, just routine.  
We test the endurance of metals you know.  
Corrode them, bombard them - a - and even reduce them....

RUSHTON: Once a weapon leaves here we guarantee that it'll survive the rigours of the battlefield..

CHIVERS: Oh that reminds me professor - tomorrows demonstration, the Saracen IV 603 - I would like to go over the final details with you...

STEED: Don't let me keep you. Perhaps Miss Rushton would show me around.

SUSAN: I'd be happy to Mr. Steed.

CHIVERS: Yes fine, well if you'll excuse us.

SUSAN: This way please.

INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE

SUSAN: We were expecting Sir Gerald Bancroft to arrive.

STEED: So were we. But he unaccountably vanished between the perimeter and the main gate.

SUSAN: Vanished? Oh but I thought . . . .

STEED: Yes?

SUSAN: When did this happen?

STEED: A few hours back. He was on his way to audit the accounts too....

SUSAN: Do look around. There's the laboratory.

STEED: Thank you.

STEED: Miss Rushton.

SUSAN: Yes.

STEED: Do you assist your father?

SUSAN: Err- not directly. I - I work in administration.

STEED: Then perhaps you could supply me with an inventory.

SUSAN: Inventory?

STEED: Of the division's equipment.

SUSAN: That covers a wide field.

STEED: Well let's start with military vehicles. How many trucks do you have?



SUSAN: Well, there's - a - one allocated to the Stores. It's parked out front, I believe.

STEED: I've seen that one. Any others ?

SUSAN: I can check. Why d'you ask ?

STEED: I'm looking for one with a worn front tyre. We found tracks near where Sir Gerald disappeared.

SUSAN: I'm afraid the vehicle inventory doesn't seem to be here.

EXT/INT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

GIFFORD breaks into shed.

NO DIALOGUE

CHIVERS enters shed.

NO DIALOGUE

GIFFORD picks up telephone:

GIFFORD: Give me John Steed. Administration somewhere.

Yes, I'll wait, but hurry, will you.

INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE  
INTERCUTTING WITH THE  
EXPERIMENTAL SHED.

SUSAN: (into phone) Professor Rushton's Office ?  
Who's that ?

It's for you Mr. Steed., Captain Gifford.

STEED: Hello.

GIFFORD: (into phone) Hello Steed ? Look, I've just . . .

CHIVERS OPERATES  
MACHINE AND REDUCES  
GIFFORD IN SIZE.

STEED: (into phone) Hello Gifford.

STEED'S VOICE  
(thru. giant phone) Hello!  
Where are you ?  
Hello! Gifford.

STEED: (into phone) Gifford,  
are you there ?

STEED'S VOICE Where are you.

CHIVERS PUTS HOSE  
PIPE ONTO GIFFORD:

GIFFORD'S VOICE: \*\*\*  
(very faint, sometimes  
inaudible)

Help. Help. I can't swim....  
I can't hold on.....

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED: It's utterly incredible. Two men and  
a Rolls to vanish into thin air.

EMMA: I presume the area was thoroughly searched.

STEED: Inch by inch with the finest of toothcombs.  
Anyway it was ringed with a live  
wire. The guards were armed to the teeth,  
and nobody could get in or out.  
What did you find out about Rushton ?

EMMA: ...considered quite brilliant in his day...  
if a trifle eccentric. But with age creeping  
on he was put out to grass at the fatigue  
division.

STEED: And Chivers ?

EMMA: Well, he might've done well but he  
stepped on a few political toes.

STEED: So they both could be pretty disgruntled.

EMMA: Probably are . . but it still doesn't  
account for the disappearances. . . .  
or their rising expenditure.

STEED: Oh, I think we'll find out about that in  
Rushton's desk.

EMMA: Oh ?

STEED: Oh, his daughter Susan has got it under  
lock and key.

EMMA: That should prove no problem.

STEED: There's gonna be a demonstration today  
of the SARACEN F.V. 603.

EMMA: The new alloy

STEED: Extremely new.

EMMA: I gather we're to attend.

STEED: I shall. You will be engaged elsewhere.

EMMA: Ah ha, I'd better get into my rifling  
Rushton's desk kit.  
Uh, no sneaky moves!

INT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

RUSHTON: There . . . happier now!

SUSAN: But this is the truck they were looking for. There's something very odd going on here, I know.

RUSHTON: I shouldn't worry my dear, Sir Gerald's bound to turn up.

SUSAN: And when he does, you'll be in serious trouble.

RUSHTON: I don't think so, Sue.

SUSAN: But you've spent thousands over the allocation.

RUSHTON: It hasn't been wasted, I promise you.

SUSAN: Well, where's the money gone ?  
When Mr. Steed was here, I lied for you,  
I covered up for you.  
I think you owe me an explanation.

RUSHTON: Oh, very well.  
It all started by accident.  
I was testing this new allow. Bombarding it with electrons, and the machine went wrong, so I had to improvise. Well, you know the routine. We take measurements before and after.  
Well, there's usually a slight shrinkage  
But this time it was more than five per cent! I couldn't believe it. The rays from the improvised machine had actually reduced its size. So I built a more powerful version. It's here.  
Now - there - that's it -  
that's where the money went. This machine can actually reduce matter and restore it to normal. I know it sounds fantastic - but then, take radio, aeroplanes, television.. didn't that seem inconceivable a hundred years ago ?

SUSAN: It really works ?

RUSHTON: Eh! You don't believe me, do you ?

SUSAN: No!

RUSHTON: Well, look, I'll show you.  
Now - mm - what shall we use - err -  
ah yes, yes, this crate.  
Err - ah!  
Here we go.

There, 'Twas money well spent,  
don't you agree dear ?

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: Who'll be there - at the demonstration ?

STEED: Usual top brass. Plus one or two observers from the other side.

EMMA: Isn't that rather dangerous.?

STEED: Well, they're hardly gonna walk off with an armoured car

EMMA: Somebody walked off with a Rolls.

STEED: Well, if there is a connection, it'll be interesting to see who turns up.

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY

JOSEF: Comrade Shaffer.

SHAFFER: What's this ?

JOSEF: Your jacket.

SHAFFER: My jacket ??

JOSEF: Fool! This is an army demonstration. Today I am a General not an Admiral!

JOSEF: I'm sorry - a - general - sir. General.

SHAFFER: Josef! As a representative of our great country, am I to appear half-naked ? Another medal, you fool! For bravery. Conspicuous bravery.

JOSEF: Of course.

1ST GIRL: Good morning darling. Or is it good evening. I thought you were a civilian.

SHAFFER: Who's that? How did she get here ?

JOSEF: You brought her here last night.

1ST GIRL: What lovely medals. Is - a - this one for endurance ?

SHAFFER: Get rid of her.

1ST GIRL: Oh, but darling....

JOSEF: Out . . .

1ST GIRL: You haven't shown me your icons....

JOSEF:(interrupts, slightly . . . . please . . . . come this way -

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY:

CHIVERS: Shaffer.

SHAFFER: Uh. What are you doing here ? Get out!

CHIVERS: I want to talk to you.

SHAFFER: Get out of here. Josef!  
I will not have you bursting in here . . .  
bursting . . . my head's bursting.....

CHIVERS: I've been trying to see you for weeks.

SHAFFER: All right, but not today, I feel so fragile.

CHIVERS: I can help you Shaffer -listen to me will  
you ?

SHAFFER: All right. All right. All right.  
I'll listen, but please a little lower  
with the voice.

CHIVERS: All right. My name's Chivers.

SHAFFER: Matthew Andrew Chivers - Doctor -  
You work at the Fatigue Division of  
the Testing Area, to which I've been  
invited today. You're completely and  
totally corruptable. I make it my  
business to find out these things.

CHIVERS: Good. So we can talk business.

SHAFFER: What possible use could you be to me ?  
The security of the area is beyond reproach.  
You would never be able to bring anything out.

CHIVERS: You don't think so ? What did you have in  
mind ?

SHAFFER: Well, ha! ha! if this - a - Saracen  
FV 603 is as good as I hear, I'll take  
that.

SHAFFER LAUGHS:

CHIVERS: It's yours. You shall have it after  
today's demonstration.

SHAFFER: But that's impossible.

CHIVERS: Oh no. Mission highly improbable, I  
grant you.  
But not impossible.

SHAFFER LAUGHS.

EXT. DEMONSTRATION AREA:

STEED: Well! Well! Well! I observe a most  
infamous observer!

SUSAN: The general.?

STEED: Last time I met him, he was an Admiral. His name's Shaffer.

SUSAN: He's versatile.

STEED: More than that. He's head of Intelligence.

SHAFFER: Steed! My dear fellow! What an unexpected pleasure!

STEED: General! It's certainly unexpected. You look as though you're entitled to a pension.

SHAFFER: Uh ?

STEED: Crimean War. You're very well preserved.

SHAFFER: How very kind of you to say so.

DREW: Here she comes.

SERGEANT: Gun crew stand-by.

SHAFFER: So that's your Saracen. It looks conventional.

DREW: Conventional vehicle. Made of unconventional metal.

SHAFFER: What do you British say ?  
The proof of the pudding, eh ?

SHAFFER LAUGHS.

DREW: All right General. Stand by for a "Taste".  
Carry on Sergeant.

SERGEANT: Number one gun - Fire!  
Fire two. Fire three. Fire four and five.  
Fire six. Cease fire.

DREW: Some pudding, eh, General ?

SHAFFER: Yes, indeed.

DREW: Sorry, we can't part with the recipe.  
Come and have a drink.

SUSAN: Actually it was a problem of re-occurring stress. But we're using a new additive.

STEED: Really. Well I must say, it's a very fine machine.

SUSAN: Drinks are being served Mr. Steed.

STEED: Thank you. I'll be along soon.

SHAFFER: Wonderful vehicle Doctor. How are you going to remove it ? In your raincoat pocket ?

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

END OF REEL THREE

742 feet + 4 frames.

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REEL FOUR

EXT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

STEED goes inside.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

STEED examines wheel  
of truck then moves  
to SARACEN. Gets inside:

NO DIALOGUE

CHIVERS ENTERS:

HE OPERATES MACHINE AND  
REDUCES THE SARACEN to a  
miniature - Steed is inside.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

DREW:

Oh be honest General. You've got nothing  
to match the Saracen FV 603.

SHAFFER:

One could hardly judge from such a brief  
inspection.

RUSHTON:

Come along then. You're welcome to another  
look.

SHAFFER:

Thank you. That would be very kind.

RUSHTON:

Come along.

DREW:

Why not ? Why not ?

INT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

CHIVERS puts "toy tank"  
into pocket.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE

EMMA enters, goes to  
unlock desk.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED

RUSHTON:

General.

SHAFFER:

Oh no, please, Professor.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL SHED.

RUSHTON:

Colonel!

INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE

EMMA reacts as alarm  
is sounded.  
SUSAN rushes in and looks  
out of window:

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Motor-cyclists, soldiers,  
etc., rushing - reacting  
to alarm.

ORDERS SHOUTED AD LIB O.S.

INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE

EMMA:

What's happened ?

SUSAN:

I don't know.  
What are you doing here ?

DREW: (into phone)

Give me Security.  
Security ? Colonel Drew - check  
all perimeter points. Give me an  
immediate check. Right.

SERGEANT:

All fences are intact sir.

DREW:

Good. They can't have got far.

SUSAN:

Father, what is happening ?

RUSHTON:

The - the Saracen - some-one's stolen it

SUSAN:

What ?

DREW:

Have you checked all visitors ?

SERGEANT:

Yes sir. Everyone's accounted for,  
except John Steed.

SUSAN:

What about her ?

EXT. OUTER PERIMETER POST

CHIVERS:

Hello Johnson.



INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE

DREW: That's in order.

SUSAN: But she's been through all your papers.  
I mean, she has no right, has she ?

RUSHTON: According to this pass she has every right.  
Mrs. Peel is working for the treasury,  
with Mr. Steed.

EMMA: And what has happened to Steed ?

DREW: I don't know, and frankly at this moment,  
he's not my first concern. The Saracen,  
that's the important thing. If that's  
fallen into enemy hands -

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY

SHAFFER: Ah, it appears I under estimated you,  
Doctor. How did you do it ?  
Where is it ?

CHIVERS: I brought it with me.

SHAFFER: You what! Where ?

CHIVERS: Here.

SHAFFER: (laughs) Oh what a perfect replica. But what did  
you do with the real one ?

CHIVERS: This is the real one. This is the one you  
saw being demonstrated. I took your advice  
Shaffer, I brought it out in my raincoat  
pocket.

SHAFFER: In your raincoat pocket ? Now the truth,  
the real truth.

CHIVERS: You see, Rushton's produced a machine.  
It reduces things.

SHAFFER: Reduces things.

CHIVERS: Yes, I know it sounds unbelievable, it did  
to me, at first. But how else do you think  
I could have got that out.  
Take a look at it Shaffer, take a really  
close look.  
Believe me, this is the real thing.

SHAFFER: If You're lying to me -

CHIVERS: Oh well, if you think that, I'll find  
another buyer.

SHAFFER: (to Rushton) No no no no no But it back But it back.

CHIVERS:

Miniature pass.

SHAFFER:

No panic. We mustn't panic. I have to inform my department - 'I am sending the Saracen FV 603 to you in a cardboard box '. No panic, I can deal with this in a cool, calm, collected, ordered, intelligent manner. I'd better radio for instructions. Come with me.

THEY LEAVE THE ROOM, STEED GETS OUT OF TANK AND WALKS AROUND DESK.

THEY RETURN:

SHAFFER:

You're sure no one knows of Rushton's work ?

CHIVERS:

Positive. Not even his daughter.

SHAFFER:

Then it's clear he hasn't realised its military significance. With such a machine we could shrink opposing armies to the size of ants. Ants!! And then- gleees-gleees-gleees-gleees.

Makes noise representing reducing size:

If we reduce a rocket to the size of a toy, how far would it travel.

Mimes noise of rocket:

The possibilities are gigantic in a very small way of course. And the machine is in the truck, you say ?

CHIVERS:

Yes, it's allocated to Rushton. Can't get it past the perimeter without his pass.

SHAFFER:

Then we must persuade him to deliver it personally. His - a - his daughter. He values her more than the machine ?

CHIVERS:

Well, I suppose so.

SHAFFER:

I'll have her picked up.

END OF REEL FOUR

786 feet + 14 frames.

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY

STEED, on giant desk.,  
dials Emma's number  
on giant telephone

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT (inter-cutting)

EMMA: Hello.

\*\*\* STEED: (into giant phone) Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel!

EMMA'S VOICE: thru phone: Steed, are you there ?  
What happened to you ?

\*\*\* STEED: (into giant phone) If I told you, you wouldn't believe it.

EMMA: into phone Speak up, I can hardly hear you.

\*\*\* STEED: (into giant phone) I'm not surprised. Look, I haven't got time  
to explain. Get over to Rushton's daughter  
and stay with her.

EMMA: into phone. Why ?

\*\*\* STEED: (into giant phone) Because she's in danger. Rushton's  
invented some kind . . .

EMMA'S VOICE: thru phone: Hello. Hello. Hello. Hello.

SHAFFER: Hello, who is that ? Hello.  
Hello, who is that ?  
Hello, who do you want ?  
Don't joke with me please.

EXT. RUSHTON'S HOUSE:

EMMA drives up, gets  
out of car.  
Moves to Susan's car  
and looks at papers.  
Emma is grabbed by  
man and pushed into  
car. SUSAN reacts.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY intercutting with

INT. RUSHTON'S OFFICE

SHAFFER: They're here. They've got the girl.

RUSHTON: (into phone) Hello.

SHAFFER'S VOICE thru phone: Professor Rushton ?

RUSHTON: (into phone)

My daughter ?

SHAFFER: (into phone)

We will return her when you deliver your machine to us.

RUSHTON: (into phone)

Hello. Hello.

SUSAN:

D'you see father, they've kidnapped Mrs. Peel and they think it's me.

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY

SHAFFER:

Josef, you know you are a fool.

CHIVERS:

All right Shaffer leave this to me.

SHAFFER:

I am surrounded by fools.  
So sorry you've been troubled, Mrs. Peel.  
A case of mistaken identity.

EMMA:

It happens.

SHAFFER:

No hard feelings ?

EMMA:

None.

SHAFFER:

You're very kind.  
Consider yourself my guest. I can promise  
you a most diverting evening.

EMMA:

I can't wait.

STEED: \*\*\*

Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel.  
Yes it's me.

EMMA:

Steed, it can't be. It's a dream - a dream -  
a tiny dream.

STEED: \*\*\*

If you insist.

EMMA:

Ough. Well you're recall enough. But how ?

STEED: \*\*\*

Rushton built some infernal machine.  
Chivers used it on the tank.

EMMA:

And you just happened to be inside.

STEED: \*\*\*

How did you guess ?

EMMA:

Tell me Steed, is everything to scale ?

STEED: \*\*\*

Ah. Ha.  
Now if you can get into a position where  
I can reach you. On the corner.  
Will you move it further onto the desk.  
Any assistance in keeping it taut will be  
appreciated, Mrs. Peel.  
Thanks.

REEL FIVE

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"MISSION...HIGHLY IMPROBABLE"

RUSHTON: Destroying my notes. Then I'll destroy the machine.

SUSAN: The machine ?

RUSHTON: I saw myself as a benefactor. But I've created a terrible weapon.

SUSAN: But what about Mrs. Peel ?

RUSHTON: I'll notify the authorities. It's clear that Chivers is behind it all.

CHIVERS: Correction! Chivers is behind you!

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY

EMMA: How are we doing ?

STEED: \*\*\* Another tug should do it.

EMMA: Ah!

EXT. PERIMETER POST

JOHNSON: Miss Rushton - Can't let this through without a pass.

SUSAN: Well - well as a matter of fact....

RUSHTON: It - it's all right Johnson.

JOHNSON: Carry on Miss.

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY: & DOOR ARCHITRAVE

STEED: \*\*\* How are we doing ?

EMMA: Almost there.  
Under you go.

STEED goes under door  
passes key to Mrs. Peel.

STEED: \*\*\* Mrs. Peel - the pen.

HENRIK: Ouch:

FIGHT SEQUENCE BETWEEN  
HENRIK & EMMA:

EMMA: Thanks.

FIGHT SEQUENCE BETWEEN  
KARL & EMMA:

KARL: Ouch.

STEED: \*\*\* Well I must say Mrs. Peel, the pen is  
niftier than the sword

EMMA'S P.O.V.  
OF TRUCK OUTSIDE  
SHAFFER'S HOUSE.

EMMA: I hate to tell you, but Shaffer's got  
the machine.

END OF REEL FIVE

866 feet + 10 frames.

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REEL SIX

EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE

SHAFFER: Well done.  
So that's your little brain child.

RUSHTON: Where is Mrs. Peel ? You said . . .

SHAFFER: You'll be joining her later.  
But now it's time for a practical  
demonstration.

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY.

STEED'S VOICE:\*\*\* Careful.

EMMA: Ooops., sorry.

STEED'S VOICE:\*\*\* Where are we going ?

EMMA: I'm trying to get you King sized again.

EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE

SHAFFER: That summer house will do.  
You will reduce it and bring it  
back to size again.

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY:

EMMA: Hold on. Here's your chance.

EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE

SHAFFER: Fantastic.  
Amazing Professor. Quite amazing. I  
congratulate you. Taken them into the  
house.

EMMA: I'm not sure I shouldn't keep you like  
this. After all it's one way to bag a  
man.

STEED: \*\*\* What happens now ?

EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE

SHAFFER: Today a summerhouse....tomorrow  
the world.  
LAUGHS. Now let's see your machine bring it  
back to size.

INT. SUMMERHOUSE:

STEED: Mrs. Peel.

EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE

JOSEF: Comrade Shaffer.  
SHAFFER: Yeah.  
JOSEF: Look.  
SHAFFER: It's Mrs. Peel.  
CHIVERS: Leave this to me.

EMMA is reduced  
in size.

SHAFFER LAUGHS.

CHIVERS: I presume you want her alive ?  
SHAFFER: Of course.  
CHIVERS: You'd better have the machine put in  
the house.  
SHAFFER: All right.  
CHIVERS: Josef, come with me.  
SHAFFER: Sergei - Ivan.

EXT. UNDERGROWTH & EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE.

CHIVERS & JOSEF search  
for Emma.

STEED: Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel.

CHIVERS: Well, well, Mr. Steed.

CHIVERS: I think you're going to need a magnifying  
glass to find her, but you are right, she's  
around here somewhere, but don't you worry,  
I'll gather her up in my little net. Take  
him back to the house.

REEL SIX

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"MISSION...HIGHLY IMPROBABLE"

SHAFFER: It will guarantee us world domination.  
But I cannot risk you being found here.  
If you will excuse me I must arrange for  
your disposal elsewhere.

STEED: My pleasure.

RUSHTON: SHAFFER LAUGHS  
By disposal I suppose he means....?

STEED: He does.

RUSHTON: Oh dear.

STEED: I'd love to help but my hands are tied.

EMMA: \*\*\* Shhhh.

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

EMMA: \*\*\* Now if you would return the favour  
Professor.

RUSHTON: Err- if you don't mind, Mr. Steed.  
Now, hold very still Mrs. Peel.  
There you are Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Well ?

STEED: Back to normal.

EMMA: Everything ?

STEED: Everything.

SUSAN: Mr. Steed.

EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE

SHAFFER: Here.

Doctor Chivers!

CHIVERS: I can't find her.

SHAFFER: Forget it. We can spray the whole  
grounds later.

INT. SHAFFER'S STUDY:

STEED: Professor!

RUSHTON: Right.

EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE



EXT. SHAFFER'S HOUSE/INT. STUDY

EMMA: Have you got them Steed ?

STEED: Yes Mrs. Peel, I think we've cut them down to size.

SHAFFER'S VOICE \*\*\* Mini bras and mini skirts, you never know when to stop.

EMMA LAUGHS

Help.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED: HOW'S THAT!

EMMA: Straighten her up a little bit.

STEED: O.K.?

EMMA: Uhumm... fine.

STEED: I could do with that reducing machine. Pity Rushton destroyed it. Just bean it around the room and you could move everything about like in a dolls house

EMMA: Certain things I'd like to see reduced. That monstrous apartment block for a start.

STEED: Government offices.

EMMA: Bank overdraft.

STEED: Elephants.

EMMA: Bermuda shorts.

STEED: Mini skirts.

EMMA: Wishful thinking I'm afraid. Rushton's destroyed his notes and he'll never build another.

STEED: Nevermind, we'll console ourselves with a gigantic feast.

EMMA: There's a storm brewing - I'd better get my coat.

STEED: No need to worry, take my brolly.

EMMA: B.....

STEED: Please don't bother, I'll be all right.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

REEL SIX

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"MISSION...HIGHLY IMPROBABLE"

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX

833 feet + 6 frames.

T H E E N D

LENGTH OF EPISODE 464.8 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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