

MASTER.

THE AVENGERS

"The Forget-Me-Knot"

Dialogue List

13th September 1989

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TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

FX: GLASS BREAKING

MAN: No.

FX: FIGHT

FX:

MUSIC: IN

SEAN MORTIMER: (SHOUTS) Taxi!

FX: TAXI

TAXI DRIVER: Where to?

SEAN MORTIMER: I don't know.

TAXI DRIVER: Joy ride? Spin round the park?

SEAN MORTIMER: No, no, no. There's somewhere I have to go. There's someone I have to see. It, it, it's very urgent.

TAXI DRIVER: Look, come on guv, make up your mind.

SEAN MORTIMER: I can't remember where or who it is I have to see.

TAXI DRIVER: What's this all about?

SEAN MORTIMER: I can't remember that either. I can't even remember who I am.

FX:

MUSIC: BUILDS

THE
FORGET-ME-KNOT

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL: Twelve down ... an abbreviated story, usually of an amusing nature ... eight letters.

STEED: Many quip.

EMMA PEEL: Anecdote. Fifteen across ... tall man, well-built, wearing a tweed overcoat.

STEED: How many letters?

EMMA PEEL: There's a man down there, seems very interested in this place ... There, do you know him?

STEED: It's Sean, Sean Mortimer - Sean? Sean!

EMMA PEEL: Something seems wrong.

STEED: Sean? - Sean!

FX: FOOTSTEPS

SEAN MORTIMER: D'you know me?

STEED: (LAUGHS) Of course I know you.

SEAN MORTIMER: What's my name?

STEED: Sean Mortimer.

SEAN MORTIMER: Sean Mortimer.

STEED: Come inside, I think you need a drink.

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

STEED (Cont): Sean Mortimer.

SEAN MORTIMER: How do you do?

STEED: No you're Sean Mortimer, this is Mrs Peel.

SEAN MORTIMER: Oh ... then, who are you?

STEED: John Steed.

EMMA PEEL: And who is he?

STEED: Don't you start.

EMMA PEEL: I mean, what does he do?

STEED: He's an agent from my department, he's been missing for the last two weeks.

EMMA PEEL: Missing, on all cylinders.

STEED: There you are then, wrap yourself around that.

SEAN MORTIMER: Ah, thank you.

MUSIC: OUT

MORTIMER (Cont): You are Mrs Peel?

EMMA PEEL: That's right.

SEAN MORTIMER: Who are you?

STEED: Well, you must know who I am ... you found your way to my address.

SEAN MORTIMER: Yes, I walked - long way ... The street felt familiar so I turned down it ... There was someone I had to see.

STEED: Steed.

SEAN MORTIMER: Steed, who's Steed?

STEED: Now Sean - Look, we trained together, we're in the same organisation.

SEAN MORTIMER: Organisation, that's it, something to do with an organisation ... Yes, I had to tell something to somebody.

EMMA PEEL: Tell them what?

SEAN MORTIMER: The organisation had a traitor, that's it, there's a traitor inside the organisation.

STEED: Who?

SEAN MORTIMER: Who ...? I don't remember.

STEED: Stay with him, see what else you can get.

EMMA PEEL: Where will you be?

STEED: Situation like this, I'll just have to go and see Mother.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: CAR MOTOR

EMMA PEEL: You know, you must be president of the Anonymous' Anonymous. There's not a thing, not a single scrap of identification. Nothing to tell who you are or where you've been.

SEAN MORTIMER: But you said you knew who I am?

EMMA PEEL: I do.

SEAN MORTIMER: Sean Mortimer - You said I was Sean Mortimer.

EMMA PEEL: And so you are. What happened, was there an accident, did you get hit on the head?

SEAN MORTIMER: No, I don't think so.

EMMA PEEL: You've been missing for two weeks, you know.

SEAN MORTIMER: Two weeks ...? And a week has seven days, hasn't it ...? And your name is - Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: That's right ... And the man who just left,
can you remember his name?

SEAN MORTIMER: Steed - John Steed.

EMMA PEEL: Correct.

SEAN MORTIMER: And there was somebody else ... Mother?

EMMA PEEL: There's always Mother.

MUSIC: IN

FX: CAR MOTOR

STEED: Morning Giles.

GARDENER: Oh, good morning, sir.

STEED: Is Mother at home?

GARDENER: Yes, sir. Hasn't been out all week.

STEED: Poor thing.

FX:

STEED (Cont): How are the bulbs coming on?

GARDENER: Coming along nicely, sir.

FX: FIGHT

BRAD: Oh, no, no, no ... sixty-nine ... over
there ... Your target is over there,
sixty-nine - over there.

TARA KING: What ...? Oh.

BRAD: I'm terribly sorry about this, terribly
 sorry ... Why it's you, sir.

BRAD (Cont): I do hope you understand, sir. (SHOUTS)

BRAD (Cont): These new recruits sir, a touch over-eager.

STEED: A touch, well, there's no harm done.

BRAD: Well, it's very sporting of you to take it
 like sir.

STEED: Not at all, pleasure.

BRAD: Thank you, Mister Steed ...

JENKINS: Oh, good morning, sir.

STEED: Is Mother busy?

JENKINS: At the moment, I'm afraid so sir, but if
 you'd care to wait?

STEED: Thank you ... You'll tell Mother I'm here,
 won't you?

JENKINS: Immediately, sir.

SEAN MORTIMER: I see a big building ... dirty, cob-webs
 ... glass.

EMMA PEEL: Spectacles ...? or

FX:

EMMA PEEL (Cont): ... that?

SEAN MORTIMER: I don't remember ... I'm sorry.

EMMA PEEL: You're doing very, just take it step by step.

SEAN MORTIMER: You're really patient.

EMMA PEEL: A-ha, not by nature - Let's try word association - Say the first thing that comes into your mind ... Black.

SEAN MORTIMER: White.

EMMA PEEL: Up.

SEAN MORTIMER: Down.

EMMA PEEL: Bed.

SEAN MORTIMER: Sleep.

EMMA PEEL: Attack.

SEAN MORTIMER: Motor bike ... I see two motor bikes.

MUSIC: IN

MORTIMER (Cont): Two men.

FX: TELEPHONE BUZZING

FX: RECEIVER BEING PICKED UP

KARL: (INTO PHONE) Karl here.

MAN: (THRU PHONE) Sorry I couldn't get in touch with you

KARL: (INTO PHONE) Well, Mortimer's still in Steed's apartment ... Steed left some time ago.

MAN: (INTO PHONE) I know, he's here now ... waiting to see Mother ... He didn't leave Mortimer on his own?

KARL: (INTO PHONE) No, the woman's with him, Mrs Peel ... Look, that drug may be wearing off ... and if it does and he remembers ...

MAN: (INTO PHONE) I know! ... Alright, move in and grab him.

KARL: (INTO PHONE) And Mrs Peel?

MUSIC: IN

MAN: (INTO PHONE) I'd rather she didn't have any happy memories.

FX: REPLACES RECEIVER

FX:

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Now, let's start again.

FX: DOOR BELL

MUSIC: IN

FX: FIGHT

FX:

KARL: Here, go get his coat.

FX:

FX: MOTOR BIKE

MUSIC: OUT/IN

TARA KING: Hello..

STEED: Hello, who are you?

TARA KING: I'm Tara ... You didn't say it!

STEED: Say what?

TARA KING: (Raboomdiya).

STEED: I very seldom do.

TARA KING: Perfectly everyone does when they hear my name ... Tara you see, (Tararaboomdiya).

STEED: Incredibly subtle.

TARA KING: My full names's Tara King - Miss.

STEED: Well, it's very nice to meet you.

TARA KING: You didn't think so a few minutes ago.

STEED: A few min ... Oh, so that was you.

TARA KING: It was me - I'm terribly sorry - I'm training here you see.

STEED: So I gathered.

TARA KING: You're John Steed, aren't you?

STEED: Yes ... My feeding time is one-thirty.

MUSIC: OUT

TARA KING: I'm awfully sorry, I was staring.

STEED: (LAUGHS) You was.

TARA KING: I know everything about you.

STEED: Everything?

TARA KING: Everything ... That's on your file.

STEED: Oh.

TARA KING: Your name crops up almost everyday in training - We're taught the Steed method for this and the Steed method for that - No, no, that's not the way John Steed would have done it, or yes, exactly, that's just how John Steed would ... You've rather a reputation - You're very admired, the star pupil ... Do you want my address and phone number?

STEED: I beg your pardon?

TARA KING: I told you I saw your file, it details everything ... even your Achilles Heel.

STEED: Rubber-soled shoes?

TARA KING: The opposite sex - I was going to write it with invisible ink, but I couldn't find any ... You do want my address, don't you?

STEED: Oh, a gentleman can hardly refuse.

TARA KING: You're not going to put it in your wallet?

STEED: Course not, restricted information ... there.

FX:

SIMON FILSON: Steed?

STEED: Simon! ... Have you two met? Simon Filson.

TARA KING: We've met.

SIMON FILSON: Mother will see you now.

STEED: Good! Excuse me.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

STEED (Cont): Mother.

MOTHER: John! - Sit yourself down ... Sorry to have kept you waiting.

STEED: Oh, that's alright ... Hotline to Washington?

MOTHER: Lukewarm line, things are pretty quiet, I'm afraid ... What are you doing here?

STEED: Sean Mortimer.

MOTHER: Mortimer's missing.

STEED: Not anymore. He's at my apartment.

MOTHER: You'd like a drink, I imagine?

FX:

MOTHER (Cont): No, it's alright, I can manage.

FX:

MOTHER (Cont): It's the only exercise I get ... got to keep fit.

FX:

MOTHER (Cont): Mortimer's on the suspect list, I suppose you know that?

STEED: Yes.

MOTHER: If a man goes missing, we must presume that he's defected.

STEED: Understandable.

MOTHER: Soda?

STEED: Thank you.

FX:

MOTHER: What's Mortimer doing at your place?

STEED: Trying to remember ... He seems to be suffering from some kind of amnesia.

MOTHER: Drugged?

STEED: Possibly.

MOTHER: Brainwashed?

STEED: Perhaps.

MOTHER: Cheers.

STEED: Cheers ... One thing he does remember, he says there's a traitor in the organisation.

MOTHER: What do you need?

STEED: A team of experts standing by. Doctors, psychiatrists, specialists. Been brain-washed.

MOTHER: They'll be here. Go and bring Mortimer in.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

STEED: Ah, Mrs Peel ... Where is he?

EMMA PEEL: Ah, where's who?

STEED: Well, Sean Mortimer. Sean!

EMMA PEEL: And who is Sean Mortimer?

STEED: Now, don't be ridiculous, I left him sitting there, on the sofa.

EMMA PEEL: Nobody was here, certainly nobody called Mortimer - I, I would have remembered ... Hey, Steed - you been having hallucinations?

MUSIC: OUT

SIMON FILSON: (INTO PHONE) What do you mean Steed? You said he was there, how can he have gone ...? Mother's going to be very cross.

MOTHER: (INTO PHONE) John, Mother ... Now what's all this about?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) It's Mortimer, sir, he's missing again.

MOTHER: (THRU PHONE) I see, where's he gone!

STEED: (INTO PHONE) I've no idea, he's just vanished ... and Mother, that team of experts ... (THRU PHONE) ... are they still standing by?

MOTHER: (INTO PHONE) Well, if Mortimer's missing, we won't need them!

STEED: (INTO PHONE) They'll be needed alright ... for Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: There we are - one lump or two?

 STEED: LAUGHS

 FX:

MOTHER: Filson.

SIMON FILSON: Yes Mother?

MOTHER: Get everything Steed requires and have it
 standing-by.

SIMON FILSON: Yes Mother.

 FX:

MAN: Here - what's the panic?

SIMON FILSON: Steed - bringing Mrs Peel in.

 MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: It's rather an (odd) time in the day for a
 party, isn't it?

 MUSIC: OUT

STEED: He is an eccentric party-giver.

EMMA PEEL: Who did you say he was?

STEED: (Mater) Professor (Mater).

EMMA PEEL: And what's he professor of?

STEED: Er, what's that pology you're interested?

EMMA PEEL: Anthro.

STEED: That's it, Anthropologist, one of the best.

EMMA PEEL: But I've never heard of him.

STEED: Way ahead of his time.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

KARL: Brad! The boss just phoned - Another job for us, urgent.

BRAD: Well she's not working.

KARL: Well we'll take this, come on ... come on!

FX:

FX: MOTOR BIKE

FX: CAR MOTOR

EMMA PEEL: Rather on the spur of the moment, wasn't it, this party invitation?

STEED: He's that kind of chap, impetuous.

EMMA PEEL: And eccentric.

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

EMMA PEEL (Cont): You said the invitation included me.

STEED: Specifically.

EMMA PEEL: Well, how this Professor what-ever-his-name-is know that I'd be at your apartment?

STEED: Intuition.

EMMA PEEL: Why does he want to meet me, anyway?

STEED: He wants to examine you.

EMMA PEEL: Examine me?

STEED: Yes, he wants to examine your theories - on Anthropology.

EMMA PEEL: Well, how does he know I've got any?

FX:

STEED: Look out!

FX: CAR WHEELS SCREECHING

MUSIC: IN

FX: FIGHT

KARL: You alright ...? Look, you take her back to the glass factory.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: MOTOR BIKE

FX:

FX: MOTOR BIKE

SEAN MORTIMER: Who are you?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

SIMON FILSON: He should have been here hours ago.

MOTHER: I know, I know, I know ... Something's happened.

FX:

SIMON FILSON: Begging your pardon, sir, but what could have happened? Steed was merely bringing Mrs Peel from his apartment to here.

MOTHER: You know the business we're in ... anything can happen.

SIMON FILSON: We've had no official contact from Steed for nearly nine hours ... Well, sir, according to regulations, we should put Steed ...

MOTHER: Don't quote the regulations to me, I made them!

FX:

MOTHER (Cont): Alright ... put Steed's name on the suspect list ... Warn all agents, he could be a possible enemy.

SIMON FILSON: Yes, Mother.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FILSON (Cont): Burton, get a communique out to all agents immediately - name to be added to the suspect list.

GEORGE BURTON: Who?

SIMON FILSON: John Steed.

TARA KING: What!

SIMON FILSON: Mother's orders - Mother knows best.

TARA KING: Not Steed, I mean, what's he done?

SIMON FILSON: Defected to the other side.

TARA KING: You don't know that to be a fact?

SIMON FILSON: No, but Sean Mortimer did discover a traitor in the organisation.

GEORGE BURTON: Steed?

SIMON FILSON: Even the biggest idols can have feet of clay.

MUSIC: IN

SEAN MORTIMER: This is really very strange.

EMMA PEEL: Certainly a coincidence ... that we both seem to be suffering from amnesia.

SEAN MORTIMER: What's amnesia?

EMMA PEEL: Loss of memory.

SEAN MORTIMER: Ah ... Who's lost their memory?

EMMA PEEL: We have.

SEAN MORTIMER: Sorry (SIGHS) I'd forgotten.

EMMA PEEL: Steed.

SEAN MORTIMER: Steed.

EMMA PEEL: I remember the name Steed.

SEAN MORTIMER: (WHISPERS) So do I ... That must be you then?

EMMA PEEL: Well, it must be.

SEAN MORTIMER: How do you do? Now we're getting somewhere, eh - Steed ... and I remember another name ... Peel, that must be me! ... Hello ... and what about Mother?

EMMA PEEL: Mother?

SEAN MORTIMER: I keep remembering Mother.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: I don't honestly think that could be either of us.

SEAN MORTIMER: At least we know, you're Steed ... and I'm Peel ... Where do we go from here?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

EMMA PEEL: Not far, I'm afraid ... the door's locked.

SEAN MORTIMER: There doesn't seem to be any other way out.

EMMA PEEL: There doesn't, does there ...? You know, I don't actually remember, but I think - we're prisoners.

NURSE: Doctor?

MUSIC: OUT

DOCTOR SOAMES: Coming round, is he? What's your name ...? Did you complete the examination?

NURSE: No physical injuries, x-rays, negative.

DOCTOR SOAMES: Em - probably drink ... What's your name?

STEED: It's really very embarrassing but - er - I can't remember.

DOCTOR SOAMES: What were you doing wondering down that country lane?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: What country lane?

NURSE: There's something terribly wrong, doctor.

DOCTOR SOAMES: One drink too many, that's what's wrong with him ... Give him a sedative.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

SEAN MORTIMER: It's no good, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: (WHISPERS) Mrs Peel ... that's me!

SEAN MORTIMER: But if you are me - who am I?

EMMA PEEL: Ah! ... Now! - I'm Emma Peel, right?

SEAN MORTIMER: Right.

EMMA PEEL: Then you must be ...

MUSIC: IN

FX:

NURSE: Feeling better?

STEED: I would if I knew who I was ... My pockets.

NURSE: Empty ...? Nothing to tell us who you are?

STEED: Would you do me a great favour?

NURSE: Yes.

STEED: I'd love a cup of tea.

NURSE: Of course!

MUSIC: IN

DOCTOR SOAMES: Where do you think you're going?

STEED: Out!

DOCTOR SOAMES: Oh, no. There are still some enquiries to be made about you.

FX: STRUGGLE

STEED: Tara King, 9 Primrose Crescent.

FX:

SIMON FILSON: Tara.

TARA KING: Simon?

SIMON FILSON: We've had news of Steed. A man answering his description, attacked a local doctor in a local hospital ... Looks as though I was right.

TARA KING: You assume too much, Simon - you really do.

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Don't move ... Is your name King, Tara King ...? Don't be alarmed, I want to talk, that's all, just talk.

TARA KING: I suppose you know you're on the wanted list?

STEED: I knew it! The way I opened that lock, as though I'd been doing it all my life ... I'm a burglar.

TARA KING: They think you've defected.

STEED: Defected!

MUSIC: IN

STEED (Cont): Who are they?

TARA KING: The organisation ... Simon says, you've let Mother down badly.

STEED: Let Mother down! Must be a thoroughly bad lot.

TARA KING: You are John Steed.

STEED: Who's he?

EMMA PEEL: He loves me, he loves me not ... he loves me - he loves me not ... Steed! ... John Steed.

SEAN MORTIMER: Me! ... Do you remember who he is?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm Hmm ... We were going to a party just, driving along ... and then there were two men.

SEAN MORTIMER: On motor bikes?

EMMA PEEL: We've got to find away out of here.

SEAN MORTIMER: No chance ... no chance at all.

FX:

STEED: I'm John Steed, I work with Mother ...
There's still something missing, it was ...
a woman.

TARA KING: Me?

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: No ... but there was a woman ... My
apartment! ... That's where it all started,
my apartment ... Where is my apartment!?

TARA KING: Don't you remember?

STEED: No, don't you?

TARA KING: I told you, you're a secret agent, your
address is restricted information.

STEED: But couldn't you find out?

TARA KING: Well, I suppose I could, but ...

STEED: Good girl.

TARA KING: ... and Mother's ...

STEED: Now, I'll wait here, phone me as soon as
you have it.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

FX: TELEPHONE RINGS

STEED (Cont): (INTO PHONE) Hello?

TELEPHONE: CONTINUES

STEED (Cont): (INTO PHONE) Hello?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): (INTO PHONE) Hello?

TARA KING: (INTO PHONE) Steed?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Ah!

TARA KING: (INTO PHONE) Steed, I've found it.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Go ahead.

TARA KING: (INTO PHONE) Listen, you live at three Stable Mews.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Three Stable Mews, three Stable Mews, thank you very much Miss - Miss er ...

TARA KING: (INTO PHONE) King, Tara King - Bye.

FX: REPLACES RECEIVER

FX:

SIMON FILSON: And what do you think you're doing here?

TARA KING: He's on the wanted list, isn't he ...? If I'm going to help catch him, I'll have to find out all I can about him - won't I?

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX:

STEED: Sean Mortimer.

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): An-ec-dote ... Mrs Peel ... Mrs Emma Peel
... Must call headquarters?

FX:

STEED (Cont): Where is headquarters?

FX:

STEED (Cont): Ah, Miss King, I'm terribly sorry to bother
you again, but I want to contact Mother, do
you have the number?

TARA KING: You're on the wanted list.

STEED: (LAUGHS) You told me that, the phone
number?

TARA KING: Anyone on the wanted list, turn them in at
once, those are the orders.

STEED: Yes, we've been through all that, now, you
offered to help, surely you haven't -
forgotten?

MUSIC: IN

TARA KING: Sorry, but it's the rules.

STEED: See, you're using the single-handed death grip. Ooh!

TARA KING: It's recommended.

STEED: Your judo master teach you counter to it?

TARA KING: No.

FX: STRUGGLE

STEED: Highly recommended ... I hate to do this to you, I just want to send you to sleep.

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): Mother's address. There.

FX:

TARA KING: Steed.

FX:

SIMON FILSON: That's far enough, Steed.

FX:

STEED: Mother ...? I'm sorry to disturb you, I'm afraid there's been er - well a bit of a mix-up.

GEORGE BURTON: Mother's not here ... gone into hiding.

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: I'm not surprised, Mother is vulnerable at the best of times ... and with the possibility of a traitor in the organisation.

GEORGE BURTON: I thought we'd found our traitor.

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Perhaps it would be a good idea to hear me out.

GEORGE BURTON: Alright.

STEED: Well, er - there are gaps ... Blanks in my memory.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): But there's one thing I do recall and that's Mrs Peel ... I was driving her along - trying to find - somewhere.

GEORGE BURTON: You were bringing her here for psychiatric examination.

STEED: Of course! - Yes, yes ... We were ambushed on the road. Now there two men, that's right - and one of them said to the other, "take her to the glass house" ... Well, you remember the glass house - that's where we did our basic training, the glass house, the glass factory.

GEORGE BURTON: Yes, I remember it.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: Haven't been to the glass house for ages,
it'll be nice to see the old place again.

GEORGE BURTON: Yes, won't it?

SIMON FILSON: Hold it.

FX:

GEORGE BURTON: I'm going along with you, but I haven't
bought your story, you understand ...? You
want the next left turn.

SEAN MORTIMER: You sure this will work?

EMMA PEEL: No, no I'm not, but at least it's a try.

SEAN MORTIMER: But supposing it ...

EMMA PEEL: Shh ...

FX:

SEAN MORTIMER Status Quo.

EMMA PEEL: Not quite, we've got this.

SIMON FILSON: (INTO PHONE) Mother? Filson here sir,
sorry to disturb you so late ... Steed's
just left sir ... I wasn't er - compos
mentis, sir ... I'm not sure sir, but it
looks as though he's taken Burton with him.

TARA KING: It was the other way around.

SIMON FILSON: (INTO PHONE) What ...? Oh, it seems pretty conclusive sir, using Burton as a hostage. Steed must be the traitor.

TARA KING: He fired some kind of dart of me, it makes you lose your memory.

SIMON FILSON: (INTO PHONE) Miss King is confirming it sir. Steed fired some sort of dart.

TARA KING: No, you fool, it's Burton! Burton's the traitor!

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

FX: CAR MOTOR

STEED: It can't be far now.

GEORGE BURTON: Quarter of a mile or so.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MORTIMER/EMMA: Ahhh.

FX: CAR WHEELS SCREECHING

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Your directions were faultless, which, I must say, is surprising. I don't think I'd have remembered how to get here - It's an awful long time since we used this place - before you joined the organisation in fact - Remarkable, you should know it so well ... When did you defect to the other side, Burton?

MUSIC: IN

FX: FIGHT

MUSIC: OUT

STEED (Cont): I suppose that Sean found out you'd defected and you used some kind of drug against him.

GEORGE BURTON: That's right.

STEED: Why didn't you kill him?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

GEORGE BURTON: A killing would have stirred up too much too soon. Besides my orders were to test the drug - it works, erases the memory.

STEED: Only temporarily.

GEORGE BURTON: Well, it varies from person to person - that is according to the dose used - but it's close to perfection - Meanwhile, a bullet erases the memory completely.

GEORGE BURTON: Karl! Karl! ... Looks like I'll have to do the job myself. There's a well over there.

STEED: Good place to hide a body.

GEORGE BURTON: Very good place.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FIGHT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Amazing thing! The ring-leader had a head start on me, there was nothing to stop him getting away and suddenly, he didn't get away.

EMMA PEEL: I think he forgot to, and talking of forgetting, just to remind me, are you the man who ...

STEED: I'm afraid so.

SEAN MORTIMER: It's very important, I must tell somebody, There's a traitor in the organisation.

EMMA PEEL: And who are you?

MUSIC: IN

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Yes Mother, I've seen the papers ... Yes, it looks as though I'll be needing a replacement ... As soon as possible ... You know my taste - I'll trust your judgement.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Steed ...? You seen the newspapers?

STEED: Yes.

EMMA PEEL: Trust him to make a dramatic reappearance
... Found in a jungle.

STEED: The Amazonian jungle.

EMMA PEEL: It's corny.

STEED: Ridiculous.

EMMA PEEL: They've flown him back - He'll be picking
me up in a few minutes.

STEED: Here?

EMMA PEEL: Always keep your bowler on in times of
stress.

EMMA PEEL (Cont): (WHISPERS) And, watch-out, you're a
diabolical mastermind.

STEED: I'll remember.

EMMA PEEL: (WHISPERS) Goodbye, Steed.

STEED: Emma - thanks.

FX: DOOR

FX: FOOTSTEPS

TARA KING: Excuse me, apartment three?

EMMA PEEL: At the top of the stairs.

TARA KING: Thanks.

EMMA PEEL: Em - he likes his tea stirred
anti-clockwise.

MUSIC: IN

FX: CAR DOOR/MOTOR

TARA KING: Mother sent me.

STEED: Raboomdiya!

TARA KING: Tea?

STEED: LAUGHS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

T H E E N D

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