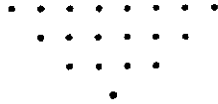


" THE AVENGERS "

" G A M E "

DIALOGUE SHEETS



**MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED**

prepared by:

ABC TELEVISION FILMS LIMITED,
Associated British Elstree Studios,
Boreham Wood,
Herts.
ENGLAND

SEPTEMBER 1968

MAIN TITLES

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

CLOSE SHOT DICE.

C.U. GIBSON IN RACING CAR.

BRISTOW'S VOICE:

You have - unfortunately, only one minute.

C.U. GIBSON IN RACING CAR
INTER-CUTTING WITH CAR
TRACK.

BRISTOW'S VOICE:

One minute - starting now.

CAR RACING AROUND TRACK
CAR MOCK UP - GIBSON
RE-ACTS IN HORROR -
CRASHES -

C.U. GIBSON'S FACE -
EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED
OVER: "GAME"

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA:

Hello.

STEED:

Hello Tara.
A present ?

TARA:

No, I found it up against your door.
It's got your name on it. Some unknown
admirer.

STEED:

Snakes and ladders!
No note.

TARA:

Someone's playing a game with you.

STEED:

It's odd though - who would send me a game
of Snakes and Ladders.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

MANSERVANT:

Very interesting sir.

INT. GAMES AREA - intercutting

MAN (DEXTER) climbing
up ladder.

NO DIALOGUE

HE RE-ACTS TO SNAKE AND
FALLS DOWN LADDER.

NO DIALOGUE

C.U. BRISTOW'S HAND AS IT
SLIDES COUNTER DOWN ONE
OF THE SNAKES ON THE
SNAKES & LADDERS GAME.

MANSERVANT:

I wonder if I might now serve tea sir ?

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA:

How about a game of Snakes and Ladders ?

STEED:

There's nothing I'd like more than a game
of Snakes and Ladders.

TARA:

(reading)

Oh, I thought you said there wasn't a note.
Go immediately to the Children's playground,
Merton Park.

STEED: (reading)

What you gain on the roundabouts you lose
on the swings.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

ESTABLISHING LONG SHOT.

NO DIALOGUE

DEXTER'S BODY ON SWING.

STEED & TARA ARRIVE AND
REACT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA:

Who was he ?

STEED:

Dexter.

TARA:

An old friend.

STEED:

Not not really. We were in the army
together. Hadn't seen him for years.

TARA:

How did he die ?

STEED:

Snake bite.
Oh, it's not as mad as it sounds.
He was a zoologist.

TARA:

Steed!

STEED:

Uhummm.

TARA:

You're not telling me something.

STEED:

Cootie Gibson. He was found dead last week.

TARA:

Coincidence ?

STEED:

He was found in a field, but his injuries
showed that he died in a car accident.
And he was a racing car driver.

TARA: And the Zoologist was killed by a snake bite. Two coincidences.

STEED: Three - excuse me.
This was found on Cootie's person.
(V.O.) Check them for me - at Jig Creations.

INT. JIGSAW SHOP

TARA: This is the Jigsaw centre ?

MANAGER: The centre of the Jigsaw Universe.

TARA: And you're the Manager ?

MANAGER: The Master. Royalty have walked through that door.

TARA: Well I have a king-sized problem.

MANAGER: With your jiggy ?

TARA: Yes.

MANAGER: You've nearly finished it and one of the pieces is missing.

TARA: Oh worse. I've only a few pieces and I can't find the rest.

MANAGER: Yes Madam, a problem indeed.

TARA: Can you tell me what puzzle these pieces are from ?

MANAGER: A few more pieces and I might be of some assistance. Perhaps if Madam were to search her home a little more diligently ? Perhaps under the sofa.

TARA: I'll think about it.
Oh dear rheumatism ?

MANAGER: Training madam, training.
Say ready, steady, go!

TARA: Ready, steady, go!

TARA: Tell me, what do you do on long winter nights ?

MANAGER: I ride a bicycle.

TARA: What else ?

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into phone) Thank you. You've been most helpful.
Goodbye.

TARA: No luck I'm afraid. It was a pretty far fetched idea. What about you ?

STEED: I've been checking Army records.
I've been trying to remind myself who
else served with Cootie, Dexter and myself.

TARA: When was it about ?

STEED: Towards the end of the war. The Units were
coming in and out all the time.....
so many names, so many faces.
If only I could remember.
Averman! Hubert. Horace!

TARA: Henry ?

STEED: Henry Averman!

TARA: Was he one of the group ?

STEED: Uhuh.
Averman, of course he was - A. B. C. -
he served with me on several - ah, here
we are - on several tribunals. Now that
must have been about the time that Dexter
and Cootie were -

(STEED MUMBLES)

....

TARA: Henry J. Averman.

STEED: That's the one. Henry J. . . .
I must go and see him. No use trying to
phone him. You probably have to book the
call two weeks in advance.

END OF REEL ONE

762 feet + 9 frames.

EXT. AVERMAN'S HOUSE

LONG SHOT ZOOMING IN
CLOSER.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. AVERMAN'S OFFICE/EXT.HOUSE (intercutting)

AVERMAN: (into phone)

Hello. New York.
I want you to buy at fourteen and a half.
No wait - fifteen thousand.
I don't care what I said before. Buy.

AVERMAN: (v.o.)

MANSERVANT MOVING TO
FRENCH WINDOWS - - -

AVERMAN: (into phone)

Hello Rome. Yes. You what ?
But how did that happen ?
Oh Rome that's very bad news - you're fired.

PHONES RINGING

AVERMAN: (into phone)

Oh hello. Yes Cairo. You did what ?
Tell me, what do I pay you for ? Very
well then do it.

EXT. AVERMAN'S HOUSE & GROUNDS

STEEDS ROLLS coming along
drive.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. AVERMAN'S OFFICE

AVERMAN: (into phone)

Tell him to take fifteen ninety five and
not a -
urghh.....

MANSERVANTS PUTS GAG
OVER HIS MOUTH:

EXT. AVERMAN'S HOUSE

STEED moving to door.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. AVERMAN'S OFFICE

MANSERVANT:

Cha cha cha.

EXT. AVERMAN'S HOUSE

STEED pushes bell push.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. AVERMAN'S OFFICE

STEED:

Averman!
Averman.

FIGHT SEQUENCE STEED/
MANSERVANT.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Lots of ice.

TARA: Right.
Did you get a good look at him.

STEED: Just a glimpse.

TARA: No-one you knew.

STEED: Or would want to know.

STEED: What's that ?

TARA: You said lots of ice.

STEED: I meant for this
STEED: (laughs) Ha! Ha! I meant it for this.

TARA: Oh.

STEED: I wouldn't like that on my head it would
freeze the brain cells.
Oooh.

TARA: Now you sit down. What's wrong with you ?

STEED: I'm worried. I've no idea, where or what's
happened to Averman.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

BRISTOW'S VOICE: Ah, Mr. Averman... you are coming round -
good - excellent. Don't distress yourself
Mr. Averman, take your time, take it easy.
Make sure you're fully recovered. I don't
want to play a game against an opponent who
lacks any of his faculties. There would be
no joy in that.

AVERMAN: Game ?

BRISTOW'S VOICE: I must apologize for having to abduct you.
But you did turn down several invitations
to dine with me.

AVERMAN: Busy. Busy man.

BRISTOW'S VOICE: Busy and arrogant.
You appear to be fully recovered now.
Shall we start the game ?

AVERMAN: My pills. I must have my pills.

BRISTOW'S VOICE: And you shall. If you play the game according
to your potential. You precious pills are
contained within the graph in front of you.
One end of the graph is sealed .. the other ..
that is, the peak .. is open. The pills will
be ejected as and when the market reaches peak.
You understand.

BRISTOW'S VOICE:

The papers give you current stock market prices . . and the teleprinter and the phones will give you second by second changes in those prices . . you will buy or sell accordingly ...your empire thus grows - or crashes. And you have four minutes - starting now.

Four minutes Mr. Averman.

Oh perhaps I should have made it clear - if you win the game, you will walk from here a free man. If you lose, your pills remain where they are. With the resultant loss of your life. Three minutes, thirty two seconds, Mr. Averman.

AVERMAN: (into phone)

Hello. Hello. Buy Universal. Sell Dale Iron. No sell. Hello. Sell. Sell. Sell. And keep selling.
Hello, option, yes take an option and hold. Hold. Yes.
Sell. Sell. Sell. And keep selling. No wait a minute. Wait. Buy. Buy. Buy. You sell. Sell.
Sell - - -

(gasping)

MANSERVANT:

Oh dear. I'm afraid the strain was too much for him sir.

END OF REEL TWO

652 feet + 4 frames.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into phone)

No sign of him.
I see. Well keep checking.

STEED:

Nobody's seen neither hide nor hair of
Averman. He seems to have disappeared
into thin air.

EXT. MANSERVANT'S CAR

DRIVES AWAY.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (reading)

What you lost on the swings -
you'll lose on the roundabouts.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

AVERMAN'S BODY ON
ROUNDAABOUT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA:

So far, it's mostly sky.
A few trees and a house. . .
I think - well a building of some kind.

STEED:

Gibson . . . then Dexter . . . now Averman.
It's always the same - pieces of a jig-saw
puzzle.

TARA:

The same puzzle.

STEED:

A deliberate clue....

TARA:

From the victims . . .

STEED:

Or the killer.

TARA:

Three men, no present connection.

STEED:

Except those jig-saw pieces.

TARA:

Which takes us into the past

STEED:

And into the army.

EXT. ROUGH GROUND

BATTLE SCENE.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FOXHOLE.

BROWN:

Steed! It is Steed isn't it ?

STEED:

So you remember Brigadier.

BRIGADIER: (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

STEED: May I introduce Miss Tara King.
Brigadier Wishforth-Brown.

BROWN: Delighted.

TARA: Hello.

BROWN: To what do I owe the pleasure.

TARA: Just thought we'd drop in.

BROWN: But I thought for a minute the enemy was
putting up some sort of diversional
attack. Never tell nowadays.
Down!

TARA: Who are the enemy ?

BROWN: Me. Or rather the second battalion, which
IS me, if you follow my meaning. Overall
command. The secret of a successful
exercise.

TARA: Even if both sides belong to you ?

BROWN: Absolutely my dear lady.
Would you care for some tea ?

STEED: Thank you.

BROWN: Even in times of war one must observe the
formalities.....
Well Steed I haven't seen you since - now
when was it - the last reunion ?
What brings you here.

STEED: Gibson, Dexter and Averman.

BROWN: Oh yes.

STEED: Or perhaps you'd know them as a -
Captain Gibson and Dexter and Major
Averman.

BROWN: Ah - old comrades eh ?

TARA: Then you do remember them ?

BROWN: No. The only chappie that's indelibly
printed on my memory is Steed here. And
that may be on account of that incident
with the Colonel's daughter at Montaigne ...

BROWN: LAUGHS: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

STEED: Oh.

BROWN: Well what's the connection. This Dexter,
Gibson and Averman chappie. What's it all
about ? Eh ?

TARA: They're all dead.

BROWN: Oh dear.
One lump or two ?

STEED: We were wondering if you remembered anyone
who served with them during the war ?

BROWN: Well it's a bit tough that - seeing I don't
really remember them.

TARA: But you could think about it ?

BROWN: Yes I could.
Now if you'll forgive me - I really must take
that hill by five thirty.
But, I'll think about it.

STEED: Fine - we'll call upon you later this
evening.

BROWN: Not tonight. Pressing dinner engagement.

TARA: Tomorrow then.

BROWN: Dawn - over by the bunker - now I really
must take that hill.
CHARGE!

TARA: I thought he already had that hill ?

BROWN: Don't dash of?. Finish your tea.

BATTLE SEQUENCE:

EXT. BRISTOW'S HOUSE

BRIGADIER WISHFORTH-BROWN
ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HALLWAY

BROWN: Brigadier Wishforth-Brown. I'm expected.

MANSERVANT: Indeed you are sir. May I take your hat
and stick. This way sir.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

MANSERVANT: Brigadier Wishforth-Brown sir.

BRISTOW: My dear Brigadier. How nice of you to come.

BROWN: Awfully nice of you to ask me.

BRISTOW: Well I thought we might dine immediately
and then savour a brandy and cigar at
leisure.

BROWN: Sounds fine - fine. I'm game for anything.

BRISTOW: Game for anything.

THEY LAUGH LIGHTLY

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Steed . . . Steed.

STEED: Urgh... what's wrong ?

TARA: Oh nothing - just we said we'd meet the Brigadier at dawn, and the time is dawn now.

STEED: Dawn ?
It's only midnight.

TARA: You don't mean my anti-magnetic - shock proof, waterproof, chronometer timed watch - it - stopped.
I'll make some coffee.

STEED: I'll make the coffee.
Midnight. The Brigadier won't have started his first brandy by now.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

BROWN: Superb meal.

BRISTOW: Thank you.

BROWN: I don't mind telling you - that when your invitation first came - right out of the blue, I said to myself - what does a chap like that want messing about with a rough old soldier-laddie like me for eh ?

BROWN: LAUGHS: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

BRISTOW: I am by nature something of a recluse. Although I make a point of keeping in touch with various aspects of the outside world. It prevents my mind from becoming closed.

BROWN: Broad horizons - broad base. Good thinking.

BRISTOW: Thank you. But now - we relax.

BROWN: Jolly good.

BRISTOW: Might I suggest - a little game ?
Purely recreational. An hour or so of friendly competition. Hmm ?

BROWN: Absolutely delighted old boy.
Ah Battle Stations.

BRISTOW: A reasonable choice for the professional soldier, don't you think ?

BROWN: Right up my jolly old strassé.

BRISTOW: Now with your particular capabilities - your chances of winning must be - what - evens ?

BROWN: Playing for money, are we ?

BRISTOW: Money - oh no, no, not money.
Evens, Brigadier. That's very fair.
Even you must agree that's very fair...

BROWN: I - -

BRISTOW: Much fairer than say - six to one against -
that's what you gave me -

BROWN: Gave you ?

BRISTOW: Me. No it wasn't Monty Bristow then of course.
I had another name, quite another name.
Who am I Brigadier, mm ? Don't you recognise
me ?
Six to one against - six to one.

END OF REEL THREE

678 feet + 12 frames

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT - GAMES AREA

BROWN: You can't be serious ?

BRISTOW'S VOICE: Deadly serious, Brigadier.

BROWN: But it's preposterous...

BRISTOW'S VOICE: Dexter, Gibson and Averman shared your view at first.

BROWN: Dexter, Gibson, Averman. You mean that you -

BRISTOW: I -
But we're wasting time. I've explained the rules. The prime objective is for you to take the hill ... it will be a test of skill and strategy. And you have, unfortunately only one minute. One minute, Brigadier, starting now.

BROWN STARING AT GAMES TABLE INTERCUTTING.

BROWN: Steady - steady - -

BATTLE SEQUENCE: SOUNDS OF BATTLE OVER DIALOGUE:

BROWN: Bom - bom- bom. Bom - bom bom -

BRISTOW: Excellent - Excellent.
He's really entering into the spirit of the thing.

MANSERVANT: The best to date sir.

BRISTOW: (LAUGHS) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

BROWN: I'VE WON - I'VE WON.

BROWN'S VOICE: I've beaten you - beaten you at your own game - d'you hear ?

BRISTOW: I think not Brigadier ... a splendid effort but I think not.

BROWN: Fault me then. Where did I go wrong ?

BRISTOW: You failed to scout out the land. That hill - straight ahead - you overlooked your enemies' artillery.

BROWN: I can't see it.

BRISTOW: Move a little to your left then.

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.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Tara ...

TARA: (sleepily) Hmm.

STEED: Tara. My Aunt Emily's battered brassy ancient alarm clock, with one hand missing tells me that .. dawn approacheth.

TARA: Oh.

STEED: So it's time we kept our appointment with the Brigadier.

EXT. MANOEUVRES GROUND

STEED & TARA arrive.
They react as BROWN'S
JEEP HITS TREE.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: About half way there -
we're sunk without more picces.

STEED: Uhuh! Well, let's try this.
Sergeant Daniel Edmund. Now he was Court-
Martialled -
nineteen fortysix in Germany for playing
the blaok market. He was tried by six
officers, four of whom are now dead.

TARA: Gibson, Dexter . . .

STEED: Averman and Wishforth-Brown.

TARA: So Edmund is the link. Where is he now ?

STEED: Missing. Believed killed while trying to
escape from detention fifteen years ago.

TARA: Believed killed.

STEED: That's what I thought.

TARA: You said there were six officers at the
court-martial.

STEED: And I've located the fifth -
Professor ex-Major Witney.

TARA: Professor ?
Shall I wear my gym slip.

STEED: I would if I were you.

EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING

STEED'S CAR ARRIVES:

NO DIALOGUE

INT. READING ROOM

STEED: I'm looking for Professor Witney.
STUDENT: DEN EINAI EDO.
STEED: He's not here.
TARA: Oh.
STEED: Greek.
TARA: Ah.
STEED: Have you any idea where he is ?
STUDENT: EIS LONDINON.
STEED: In London.
You don't know exactly where ?
STUDENT: EX EHEI PROSKLISI DIA GEVMA.
THEISTREPSI AVRIO.
STEED: He has a dinner engagement. Back tomorrow.
Thank you.
TARA: You know it's really marvellous the way he
speaks Greek.
STEED: Like a native.
TARA: So fluid.
STEED: He has a distinct advantage.
TARA: What ?
STEED: He is Greek. It's English he's studying.

EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING

STEED & TARA drive away,
observed by the MANSERVANT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Get me a list of all the scholastic
organisations in the country.
TARA: Right.
STEED: Professor Witney's dining with some-one -
let's hope it's his academioal colleagues.
TARA: If I remember correctly you said there were
six members of the court-martial.
STEED: That's right.

TARA: Well, Witney's only number five.

STEED: Right again.

TARA: I think we should start looking for the last one - number six.

STEED: I already know.
(into phone) Oh - a - may I speak to the Headmaster please.

TARA: You already know.

STEED: I've known for some time.
(into phone) Right - - I'll wait.

TARA: Oh but who is it ?

STEED: Me. Yes I'm number six on the list.
(into phone) Oh, good afternoon. I'm trying to trace Professor Witney. Is he by any chance dining with you tonight ? Oh - can you tell me where he might be dining ?

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

BRISTOW: A glass of brandy.

WITNEY: Oh - yes please.

BRISTOW: And a cigar ?

WITNEY: No thank you, I have my pipe.
Thank you.

BRISTOW: You know I envy you Professor.

WITNEY: Oh, surely not.

BRISTOW: The scholar, the man of letters, the mind...

WITNEY: I wouldn't go so far as to say that.

BRISTOW: Tell me Professor - do we shape our destinies - or does destiny shape us ?

WITNEY: The fault, dear Bristow .. Brutus .. lies not in our stars....

BRISTOW: But in ourselves. I wonder. Take me for example. Did I create myself . . . or did others create me ? I am what I am. Yes?

WITNEY: Yes, I would have thought that you were an excellent example of the ... self-made man. Excuse me, some lecture notes. Terrible memory.

BRISTOW: There again we differ. I have a vivid memory. Extremely vivid.

WITNEY: Yes, you - a - mentioned a game earlier on.

BRISTOW: Your memory is improving, professor.
Yes, I like to choose the game according
to my opponent. You are a literary man,
what better than a word-making game.

WITNEY: LAUGHS SOFTLY.

BRISTOW: Something amusing ?

WITNEY: Oh, no, no, no, I was just thinking --

BRISTOW: You were just thinking that such a game
will be child's play for a man like yourself.
Not such child's play professor, or should I
say Major Witney.
The luck of the game old chap, isn't that
what that fool Averman said...? The luck
of the game.

WITNEY: (vague) Averman, yes I knew an Averman once - the
army.....

BRISTOW: Yes, well he played my game - - but
unfortunately luck wasn't with him.

WITNEY: Averman - Game.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into phone) No, no, Professor Witney. Yes.
Ouch!!
Oh - oh he isn't in - I see - well thank you.

STEED: I've tried every number I can think of - no
Professor Witney. Tara, is it really necessary
to build up these defences ?

TARA: You're number six on the list and you're a
very valuable and unique commodity and you
must be very well looked after.

END OF REEL FOUR

868 feet + 10 frames.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT/INT.GAMES AREA.

WITNEY: You're mad. And I'm not playing your silly game.

BRISTOW'S VOICE: Oh, but you are Major - to my rules. Observe the letters above you.

BRISTOW: Seven letters to make a word of not less than six letters. There is also a time limit. Two minutes.

BRISTOW'S VOICE: With the control you will find in front of you, you can re-arrange the letters to your choice.

BRISTOW: Two minutes, Major Witney. Two minutes - starting now.

BRISTOW'S VOICE: No, you are not seeing things. The ceiling is descending. It will continue to do so until you find the key word. Find it - and the ceiling will automatically stop.

SHOTS OF WITNEY INTERCUTTING

BRISTOW: One minute forty five. Ah good, you have decided to enter into the spirit of the game - excellent.

WITNEY: I - I can't think - I - I can't think.

BRISTOW'S VOICE: Nonsense Major - it's child's play - remember ? Ah, very interesting Major, I can see a word shaping up already.

WITNEY: Stop it will you - I can't think. I can't think.

BRISTOW: Yes, indeed, a very appropriate word Major - because your time is up.

COMMERCIAL BREAKINT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (reading) Boys and Girls come out to play - Witney's dead -

TARA: (reading) Hip hip hooray.

EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

WITNEY ON SEE-SAW. STEED & TARA MOVE TOWARDS HIM.

NO DIALOGUEINT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

MANSERVANT: Sir.

BRISTOW: Steed. John Steed.

MANSERVANT: Yes sir.
BRISTOW: You know the bait to use ?
MANSERVANT: Yes sir, I know her.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: The Brigadier - Averman - Witney -
and now just Steed.
Well it's all a game really - the
thing is, are we the players or are we
the pawns..?
TARA: Any luck at army records ?
Question: when is a puzzle not a puzzle ?
MANSERVANT: When it's complete.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

MANSERVANT: The lady is accommodated sir.
BRISTOW: Everything is coming to a most satisfactory
conclusion. Now there's only one.
John Steed.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Tara!

INT. JIGSAW SHOP

STEED: Someone must have made it.
MANAGER: It is not in my records.
STEED: Well couldn't you check it again ?
MANAGER: No need to - I assure you, I know every
jiggy produced in this country. In the world.
This one, I have never seen before, it therefore
does not exist.
STEED: Could you have another look at it.
MANAGER: As I've already said
one moment.
STEED: Well ?
MANAGER: This house, I recognise it ... the Jiggy
Convention of sixty-four. This is where it
was held. One of our leading manufacturers.
That's it. This is the residence of Mr.
Bristow - the Games King.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INT. STEED'S CAR

STEED driving along. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. BRISTOW'S HOUSE

STEED ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HALLWAY

MANSERVANT:

Sir, I'm glad you were able to find us with such alacrity.

STEED:

You were expecting me ?

MANSERVANT:

Err - naturally sir - and the - a - young lady, Miss King is waiting for you.

STEED:

Oh good.

MANSERVANT:

Very pleasant weather for the time of the year sir.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

STEED:

Ha! Ha!

BRISTOW:

My dear Steed, won't you let my man take your hat.

STEED:

I wouldn't like to put him to all that trouble.

BRISTOW:

Of course you've met before.

STEED:

Of course.

BRISTOW:

Anyway. Glad you came.

STEED:

I couldn't resist it.

BRISTOW:

I made sure of that. Let me introduce myself.

STEED:

Daniel Edmund. Sergeant Edmund.

BRISTOW:

Bristow, actually. Monty Bristow.

STEED:

Oh you've changed your name, as well as your face.

BRISTOW:

Ah, but let me reassure you, underneath the mind ticks on in just the same way.

STEED:

Where's Miss King ?

BRISTOW:

Perfectly safe. Under glass in fact. A drink for Major Steed.

STEED:

I'll get it.

BRISTOW:

Ah, you don't trust me. Go ahead, help yourself, by all means.

MANSERVANT:

Soda sir ?

STEED:

Thank you.

BRISTOW: Well cheers.

STEED: Cheers.

BRISTOW: Not too much trouble finding your way here I hope.

STEED: Not too much trouble.

BRISTOW: Although without my help you wouldn't have had a clue.

STEED: I felt that you were pointing the way.

BRISTOW: I wanted you to be last.

STEED: Thank you.

BRISTOW: Of course I could have put all my eggs in one basket. I could have eliminated all six of you just like that. But then I thought, no, I'll play a little game with them, just as they played a game with me.

STEED: You were guilty.

BRISTOW: True.

STEED: You were caught and payed the penalty. Or should have payed the penalty.

BRISTOW: D'you know, I'm grateful to you. If I hadn't met the six of you I wouldn't be where I am today.

STEED: Ham. Where's Miss King ?

BRISTOW: Patience.

MANSERVANT: More whiskey sir ?

BRISTOW: Thank you.
Your concern for Miss King is splendid, absolutely splendid.

MANSERVANT: I think there's room for cautious optimism sir.

BRISTOW: Yes. You want her. You must win her.
A game Steed, you and I are going to play a little game.

STEED: I'm playing no game.

BRISTOW: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! But my dear fellow you already are. A five to one chance against your choosing the drugged decanter. Fair wouldn't you say ? Of course I was gambling on your choosing the brandy.
Our game has begun. The others played for their lives - well you in your profession your life is cheap - you set no store by it. But Miss King, let's just hope her life means a little more to you.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT/INT. GAMES AREA.

BRISTOW: Six. You're in luck, Major Steed.
 (V.O. on some lines) A six. You have six minutes in which to win or lose.
 Our game of Super Secret Agent.
 An appropriate choice don't you think.
 I devised the game myself, it's not particularly complex... but it calls upon all the qualities required of a secret agent. Courage, strategy, a certain degree of animal cunning, and of course embodied in the game is that traditional element of all spy sagas - the damsel in distress. Six minutes Steed - the game has started. Six minutes before Miss King suffocates. Six minutes before the sand fills the lower glass.
 Miss King can be reached, but only after you have played the game .. after you have surmounted certain obstacles.

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

BRISTOW: Well done.
 Bravo. Well played.
 You've earned a reward.

SHOTS OF TARA IN GLASS
 CASE WITH SAND INTERCUTTING.
 BRISTOW IN HIS APARTMENT
 AT DESK INTERCUTTING WITH
 STEED AT THE VARIOUS "GAMES"

BRISTOW: Problem two. The safe contains a bomb... when I activate it, you will have sixty seconds to open the safe and throw the defusing switch.
 Sixty seconds - starting now.

STEED WORKS AGAINST THE
 SECONDS TO OPEN THE SAFE.

BRISTOW: Twelve seconds, Major Steed. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two - one! Zero.

MANSERVANT: Sir. The reward sir.

BRISTOW: What ?

MANSERVANT: It is a rule of the game sir.

BRISTOW: Major Steed, your reward awaits you.
 Come and collect your reward.

INT. SIX SIDED ROOM /INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

BRISTOW: You now have a gun Steed, but you still need something to put in it!
 Of your selective powers. Six doors Major Steed, one is harmless, but the other five . .

BRISTOW: Very clever.

MANSERVANT: Very.

BRISTOW: Shut-up!

BRISTOW: Another reward Major Steed.
Oh yes, empty for the moment, but
you're nearing the end of the game -
don't forget what awaits you.
This way Major Steed.
Ah! this time we have him. This time!

MANSERVANT: He's got further than anyone sir.

BRISTOW: The game isn't over yet.

BRISTOW: The hardest part of the course, Steed.
Six assailants at six second intervals.
Six bullets, but only one is live.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

BRISTOW: Cheat! You cheated. You cheated!
cheat - cheat - cheat.

TARA IS NOW FREE
FIGHT SEQUENCE
CONTINUES

BRISTOW: Get in there and stop them.

INT. BRISTOW'S APARTMENT

BRISTOW: Gamesmanship Major Steed, I congratulate
you. But you're not the only player who
had a card up his sleeve. One final trick.
The master card Major Steed. The master;

STEED: Game set and - a - match.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED: Five. Good.

TARA: Steed...

STEED: Move to there - ah - another throw.

TARA: Steed.

STEED: Three.

TARA: Steed.

STEED: You were saying...

TARA: The last time I threw a five, you said I
had to move back to the beginning.

STEED: That's right - you didn't throw one
before.

TARA: One what ?

STEED: Four.

TARA: Well you never said anything about four.

STEED: Oh, yes I did. Six. I'm going to get another throw.

TARA: But I haven't had a go yet.

STEED: Yes you have.

TARA: Oh, one, and then you said I had to pay a forfeit.

STEED: That's right. You missed six goes.

TARA: I don't understand this game.

STEED: Watch carefully. I throw the dice. Three. One, two, three. There you are, you see. You owe me a pound.

TARA: Why ?

STEED: I am on a red square.

TARA: You never said anything about a red square,

STEED: First time round black square, second time round, red square. Your throw.

TARA: Mine ?

STEED: Yours.

TARA: Six.

STEED: Bad luck. Another pound.

TARA: Oh what is this game.?

STEED: Well surely you've played it before ?

TARA: No, I've never. What's it called ?

STEED: Steedopoly.
Oh bad luck.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES
ABC LOGO CARD
THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR: THE AVENGERS HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU
 TONIGHT BY -

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL SIX

Length of Episode

961 feet + 4 frames

4663 feet + 8 frames

Prepared by:
 ABC TELEVISION FILMS LIMITED,
 Associated British Elstree Studios,
 Boreham Wood, Herts. ENGLAND.

SEPTEMBER 1968.