

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. GARAGE

STEED: Got your message Mother.

TARA: Came as soon as we could.

STEED: A very important job you said.

MOTHER: Very.
An agent was killed this morning.

TARA: Ours?

MOTHER: Theirs.
The point is, he was carrying copies of the most top secret code.
Codes only available at Cypher H.Q.

TARA: Then it'll be a very important job ?

MOTHER: Vital.

STEED: Biggest job in months.

MOTHER: As you say - pity we won't be handling it.

STEED: What!!

MOTHER: The Minister feels that it's time M.I. 12 were "blooded", so to speak. So he's put the whole matter in their lap.
I'm sorry, and all that sort of thing.
Can I drop you somewhere ?

STEED: The employment bureau.
So M.I.12 are hot foot and panting at the leash.

MOTHER: Oh yes, they've got their man Jarret at Cypher Headquarters already.

EXT. CYPHER H.Q.

JARRET running.....
Surrounded by masked men.
He is shot - bundled into van.

NO DIALOGUE

ZOOM IN ON WINDOW -
GEORGE WEBSTER staring
at the whole incident.

NO DIALOGUE

BETTY: Hello Masters. What kind of a day has it been ?

GUARD: Oh the usual Monday Miss..... routine and boring.

BETTY: Nobody trying to steal the s ecret papers ?

GUARD: Just routine and boring.

EXT. FIELD

MOTHER: So the Minister had to call us in after all. It's a feather in our caps.

STEED: Definitely.

TARA: A whole Indian head-dress.

MOTHER: It's also a darned nuisance. M.I.12 losing one of their men, having the audacity to ask us to find him.

STEED: Roger Jarret.

TARA: How long's he been missing.

MOTHER: Twenty-four hours. That's M.I. 12 for you. Complete panic. Typical of them - terrible preoccupation with gimmicks and gadgets ... I said no gadget will ever take the place of a man.

STEED: Or woman.
Where does the trail start.

MOTHER: Jarret's apartment.

TARA: And ends ... ?

MOTHER: Cypher H.Q. Jarret was supposed to be there all day yesterday.

TARA: I'll take Jarret's apartment.

STEED: And I'll go and brush up on my Cyphers.

EXT. CYPHER H.Q.

STEED ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WEBSTER'S OFFICE

BETTY: Excuse me Mr. Webster - Mr. Steed to see you.

WEBSTER: Well send him in.

STEED: How do you do ?

WEBSTER: How do you do ?

STEED: I suppose the Minister told you to expect me.

WEBSTER: Yes - but frankly, I didn't really understand what it was all about.

STEED: Well it's just routine. We want to pin-point exactly the time that Jarret left here yesterday.

WEBSTER: Jarret ? I've never seen this man before.

INT. JARRET'S FLAT

TARA: (reads) This might mean something
'With all my love - Yvette'.

FERRET: With all - means urgent. Love - crash priority.
And Yvette is our man in Paris.

TARA: You actually go in for that sort of thing
at M.I. 12 ?

FERRET: Very careless of Jarret, this should have been
destroyed immediately.

PETERS: I've finished in the - a - bedroom, Ferret,
and a few prints in the bathroom.

FERRET: All right Peters, cover the area on that
table and the door.

PETERS: For the collection.

TARA: Your Mr. Jarret's certainly an elusive chap.

FERRET: A requisite of the profession Miss King.

TARA: I thought all Agents were supposed to leave
hundreds of clues behind them.

FERRET: Which is exactly what Roger Jarret did.

TARA: Oh!

FERRET: The bottle of milk in the kitchen -- sour.
The dregs in this cup -- mouldy. The shaving
brush in the bathroom -- dry.
Each one a clue Miss King, proving that he
hasn't been in this flat for two days.
I can say quite definitely that Roger Jarret
left here on Sunday.

TARA: I'm afraid not.

FERRET: I beg your pardon ?

TARA: It seems Mr. Jarret didn't leave at all.

END OF REEL ONE

817 feet + 4 frames.

INT. WEBSTER'S OFFICE

STEED: Well either Jarret disappeared on his way here - or - a ...

WEBSTER: Or he arrived here and I didn't see him. Well that's extremely unlikely. As Director of this H.Q. I am aware of everything that happens here.

STEED: All the same -

WEBSTER: You may check with my staff, if you wish.

INT. CYPHER OFFICE

WEBSTER: Myra - this is John Steed.

STEED: How do you do?

WEBSTER: Myra records all departures and arrivals at this department...

MYRA: Mmm. Handsome, but not really my type.

WEBSTER: Have you ever seen that man before, Myra.

MYRA: No. Who is he anyway?

STEED: Well his name's Jarret. He was supposed to have arrived here yesterday on a spot security check.

MYRA: Well in that case, I certainly would remember him ... IF I'd seen him.

STEED: Well perhaps you were - out to lunch when he arrived.

MYRA: That's possible. Oh but certainly not yesterday. I didn't go out to lunch yesterday ... the weather was against me.

STEED: Oh.

WEBSTER: Satisfied Mr.Steed?

INT. WEBSTER'S OFFICE

WEBSTER: We are very proud of our security here, people do not just wander in and out unnoticed. Your Mr.Jarret was never here.

STEED: The weather?

WEBSTER: The weather?

STEED: Myra. She said she didn't go to lunch because the weather was against her. Now why should she say that?

WEBSTER: Obviously that it rained heavily yesterday.

STEED: Rained ? Did it ?

WEBSTER: Mr. Steed, I appreciate your concern but it's quite clear I'm unable to help you, and I am rather busy.

STEED: Of course. Oh, while I'm here - your security arrangements. Err - an establishment like this - well it's responsible for all top secret codes ... we tend to worry old chap.

WEBSTER: You've already seen our perimeter. And every filing cabinet out there is wired to an alarm. And should they fail - the master alarm.

STEED: Oh!
Just testing gentlemen - just testing.
Err, very impressive Mr. Webster.
Very impressive.

INT. JARRET'S FLAT.

FERRET: Oh come along Peters!

PETERS: You know that always was his bad side, I don't suppose we could -

FERRET: No you cannot.

PETERS: Oh.

FERRET: Now Miss King, if we could make a list of his personal possessions....

TARA: Certainly sir.

FERRET: In duplicate.

TARA: Quite. Personal possessions.
Combs - one.

FERRET: High frequency resonators - one.
Special issue.

TARA: Tie pin - one.

FERRET: Microphone - one.

TARA: Wallet ?

FERRET: Sorry - survival kit. K-Issue.

TARA: I'll bet that's not a cigarette case ?

FERRET: Point two-two automatic pistol with twin magazines and self loader. You open it to fire.

TARA: A hand operated short range grenade.

FERRET: Hard luck! It's his despatch case.

TARA: Astonishing!

FERRET: I don't know - twist the top -

TARA: No I mean - a - astonishing that Mr. Jarret should have all these marvellous gadgets and still disappear.
April first.

FERRET: How very odd.

PETERS: What was so special about yesterday..?

TARA: His death.

FERRET: Hmm... But why the page of a calender...?

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS.

CHARLES MASKIN gazing thru telescope:

HIS P.O.V. of

FERRET at window.

MASKIN: (into mic)

Maskin to control. They seem to have found something.

VOICE (F/X) over mic:

Can you make out what it is ?

MASKIN: (into mic)

Well it looks like . . .
like a page from a calender.

VOICE: (over mic)

Anything more ?

MASKIN: (into mic)

No, it seems quite ordinary.
There's a car coming, I'll call you back.

INT. JARRET'S FLAT

FERRET: Most annoying. The one thing that could help us is missing.

TARA: What's that ?

FERRET: His cigarette lighter.

TARA: I don't see how that can help us.

FERRET: By taking pictures.

TARA: Ah - but of course, you mean the single lens reflex automatic magazine load--cigarette lighter!

FERRET: Absolutely.

STEED: With the built-in light meter.
No smoker should be without one.

FERRET: Mmm, it's Jarret's all right.
Was there a film ?

STEED: Yes, I had it developed.
But I really - a - can't see why he bothered.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS

MASKIN still watching flat.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. JARRET'S FLAT

FERRET: Then he did go to Cypher H.Q.

STEED: The camera cannot lie -- which is more than you can say for the Director.

TARA: Webster ?

STEED: Mmm. He swore on every civil service manual that he'd never laid eyes on Jarret.

FERRET: Impossible. Webster had a triple star clearance. He can't lie.

STEED: He can't lie. I'm delighted to hear that. How come I found this on his desk.

FERRET: Then someone else took it there.

TARA: Wait a minute!
The calender. It's the same page!

FERRET: This is most disturbing. Every code we use comes from Cypher H.Q. If there's a leakage there

PETERS: These aren't right.

STEED: What aren't ?

PETERS: The photographs - there's no point to them. Why should Jarret go to all the trouble of taking sneak pictures of scenes like these ?

STEED: Why indeed.

FERRET: To prove he was there, perhaps ?

PETERS: But why bother -- unless he knew he wasn't going to get out. I'd like to spend a bit of time with these. Blow them up on the projector.

FERRET: All right Peters. We're about finished here anyway.

PETERS: Right.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS

MASKIN still observing Jarret's flat.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. JARRET'S FLAT

STEED: There's still the problem of finding Jarret.

TARA: We didn't tell him, did we ?
STEED: Tell me what ?
TARA: Jarret.
STEED: Yes.
TARA: You're sitting on him.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS.

PETERS LEAVES BUILDING.
LADDER IS REMOVED.

MASKIN: He's got the photographs with him.
VICKERS: That's handy.

EXT. MINISTRY BLOCK

PETERS CAR
ARRIVES. WINDOW
CLEANING VAN ARRIVES.

INT. PHOTO LAB.

PETERS at work. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. MINISTRY BLOCK (INTERCUTTING)

LADDER put into
position. MAN climbing. NO DIALOGUE
Intercutting.

INT. PHOTO LAB.

PETERS: Hello Steed. Peters here. I was right -
those photographs

STEED'S VOICE (thru phone) Peters ? Hello. Peters ?

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END OF REEL TWO 897 feet + 4 frames

INT. PHOTO LAB.

TARA: This is how they did it.

STEED: Foresight. It's not every assassin that carries his own ladder.

TARA: And in broad daylight.

STEED: They seem to get away with quite a lot of things in broad daylight.

TARA: Especially murder.

STEED: Yes. It's a pity Peters didn't have time to tell me what he'd found out.

TARA: What about the photographs ?

STEED: Ah! A trifle over exposed, I'd say.

TARA: Oh. Well at least we know what he wanted.

STEED: And what they didn't find. I still have the negative.

TARA: Oh then we can make more prints.

STEED: Precisely. Tara will you join me in my dark room ?

TARA: Etchings!

STEED: Bromide papers.

TARA: Going down.

EXT. MINISTRY BLOCK

TARA sliding down
the ladder.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Fresh from the bromide.

TARA: And not a clue in sight.

STEED: There must be one somewhere.
Ah!

TARA: Look. It's that van.

STEED: Classy Glass Cleaning.

EXT. FIELD

MOTHER: Ah ha. Window cleaners.

STEED: We've known stranger methods of cover.

MOTHER: Yes I'm glad you brought that up.

MOTHER: (continuing)

(laughs)

Cover.
First Jarret -- Now Peters. The whole
of M.I. 12 will be in a panic.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
Oh bad business.

TARA:

Very.

STEED:

Dreadful.

MOTHER:

No - that's why we're taking over.
I'm sending someone into Cypher H.Q.

TARA:

Undercover.

MOTHER:

That's it.

STEED:

Well they know me already.

MOTHER:

Ah! Splendid opportunity for you, my dear.

TARA:

Me.

MOTHER:

Mmm. You. You start tomorrow.
And you Steed.

STEED:

Will be having my windows cleaned.

EXT. GLASSY GLASS CLEANERS

MAN'S VOICE OVER:

Take your places. Right. March on.
Usual drill.

VANS DRIVE OFF.

EXT. COUNTRY LANES

WINDOW CLEANING VANS
TRAVELLING ALONG.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CYPHER OFFICE

MYRA:

... have a light ?

TARA:

Mmm.

WEBSTER'S VOICE: (over
inter-com)

Miss King - come in please.

TARA:

Yes sir.

INT. WEBSTER'S OFFICE

WEBSTER:

Get me the Q Cypher file please.
Give this to the guard.

TARA:

Yes sir.

INT. CYPHER H.Q. OFFICE

TARA: "Q" File.

EXT. CYPHER H.Q.

TARA'S P.O.V. OF VAN NO DIALOGUE

INT. CYPHER H.Q. OFFICE

GUARD: Come along Miss.

OPERATOR V.O. Number please.

TARA: (into phone) Outside line please.

MYRA: Have you got a light ?

TARA: Oh sorry, I completely forgot.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TELEPHONE RINGING...F/X.

EXT. CLASSY GLASS CLEANERS

STEED ARRIVES. NO DIALOGUE

INT. CLASSY GLASS CLEANERS

LATHER: Good morning, sir. Lather's the name.
Charles Lather.

STEED: John Steed. Looking for a window cleaner.

LATHER: Then look no further. At Classy-Glass
the world is our window. Now, what did
you have in mind ?

STEED: Well - I -

LATHER: Anti-clockwise James - always anti-clockwise.
Apprentices, they will try the easy way.

STEED: You can't be too careful.

LATHER: Exactly. There are no short cuts to the
top of our ladder. Here, we really care
about windows.

STEED: I'm delighted to hear it.

LATHER: Beautiful Wilson. Lovely touch with a
leather. A - but just a shade more wrist
action, there's a good lad.
We only use the finest camel skin you know.

STEED: Camel skin ?

LATHER: Hold twice as much water.

STEED: Of course.

LATHER: Now we can offer you three services. Wash and dry. Cream shampoo with a hot air finish. And our full deluxe treatment with leather glazing and crystal clear finish.

STEED: Nothing but the best.

LATHER: Splendid. I'll book you for our deluxe. Now, approximately how many windows will require treatment ?

STEED: Approximately - one.

LATHER: One!

STEED: Oooh, it's a very beautiful window - it's the family seat. Had to have the rest of them boarded up.

LATHER: Boarded - you've boarded up your windows.

STEED: I know it's tragic but it's death duties you know. We've only got one room left.

LATHER: I'm sorry Mr. Steed, but we owe a duty to our employees. The sight of all those boarded windows . . . men have cracked under less.

STEED: Pity, it's just round the corner from one of your regular clients.

LATHER: Oh ?

STEED: Yes, the Cypher Headquarters.

LATHER: I don't recall . . .

STEED: Ministry of Defence.

LATHER: The Cypher Headquarters.?

STEED: Oh, what are they on now ?

LATHER: Oh, - bathroom windows. Eyes front Wilson. Cypher Headquarters you say. Ah, of course, I remember, double glazed with moulded frame -
. . . urghh - ghastly.
But we haven't touched them for months. We used to have the contract, yes, but gave it up - uneconomic. Besides, all that grey concrete -- quite soul destroying.

STEED: Oh I see.

LATHER: But if you ever decide to re-open your windows -

STEED: If I ever decide to re-open - you'll be the first to know.

STEED:

If I ever decide to re-open. You shall be the first to know.

LATHER: (LAUGHS)

Ha! Ha! Ha!
Anti-clockwise gentlemen.

EXT. CLASSY GLASS CLEANERS

STEED'S CAR DRIVES OFF -
VAN FOLLOWS.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED'S CAR followed
by VAN.

NO DIALOGUE

CHASE SEQUENCE

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

END OF REEL THREE

793 feet + 13 frames

INT. CYPHER H.Q. OFFICE

MYRA: Thanks Tara.

TARA: That's all right.

WEBSTER: Miss King!! Haven't you got that Q file yet ?

TARA: Oh, I'm sorry Mr. Webster. I must have forgotten to - - -

WEBSTER: (interjects) Is that really the time - it's almost five o'clock.
Well there's no time to deal with it now, let me have it first thing in the morning.

EXT. CYPHER H.Q.

TARA: Air conditioning - At last!

STEED: Compliments of Classy-Glass.
The people who really care about windows!

TARA: So they are involved ?

STEED: Well I was expecting you to tell me - weren't they here ?

TARA: No.

STEED: That's odd. What time did Ferret leave you ?

TARA: Ferret.?

STEED: Well he was here all this afternoon.

TARA: Steed, I've had a perfectly ordinary - perfectly boring day. And if Mr. Ferret had been in the building, I'd have seen him.

STEED: No window cleaners ?

TARA: Anyway, they'd hardly clean the windows when it's been raining all day.

STEED: Raining!
Dry as a bone.

TARA: Steed that's ridiculous. I'm sure it was raining.

STEED: But if it wasn't

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Then I imagined it.
But that's impossible.
And yet

STEED: Yes.

TARA: You said Ferret went to Cypher H.Q.

STEED: Well he was supposed to, but he obviously didn't get there or you'd have seen him.

TARA: Yes.

STEED: You didn't see him, did you ?

TARA: I don't think so.

STEED: You'd either know or you wouldn't.

TARA: I didn't see him.

STEED: And nothing unusual happened all day.

TARA: It was a perfectly ordinary, perfectly boring day. Well, what's the next move ?

STEED: Late night lurks.

TARA: Where ?

STEED: Classy Glass Cleaning.

EXT. CLASSY GLASS YARD

TARA: I suppose it could be a perfectly harmless company ?

STEED: With a very lethal line in ladders.

STEED: You take that side.

TARA: Steed.....

STEED: One of the tricks of the trade!

TARA: I told you he wasn't at Cypher H.Q.

STEED: That's what they said about Jarret!

MASKIN: Time to take him home.

VICKERS: Right, Anything special ?

MASKIN: Yes, put him in the bath. Could look like an accident.

VICKERS: Right. What about tomorrow. Is it still on ?

MASKIN: Of course it is.
Tomorrow is yesterday again.

TARA: But how did they do it ?
I was watching those cypher files all day and nothing happened.

STEED: Except that it rained.

TARA: Yeah.
And I forgot the Q file.

STEED:

Hmmm?

TARA:

Nothing. Except that I've the strangest feeling, as though today didn't happen at all.

STEED:

Well then tomorrow we'd better make certain. You ring me every half hour, what ever happens.

TARA:

And if I stop ?

STEED:

I'll be with you - post haste - -

TARA:

Make sure you don't walk under any ladders.

EXT. CYPHER H.Q.

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

END OF REEL FOUR

746 feet + 8 frames

INT. CYPHER H.Q. OFFICE

TARA: Good morning Mr. Webster, the Q file.

WEBSTER: Oh, yes - yes - I must get on with it today.
 (clears throat) May I have your attention please. I think I should tell you all now that the output from our cypher and decoding departments has deteriorated remarkably during the past week. Now while I realize the work is demanding, and accuracy is vital, there is simply no excuse for this present lack of effort. I trust that you will all rectify this situation without delay.

MYRA: Don't know why he's so upset. We've been working the same as always.

TARA: Mmm. Did it rain yesterday ?

MYRA: Of course.

TARA: And the day before ?

MYRA: Miserable. What's that got to do with it ?

TARA: Nothing - I was just thinking. Hmmm.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT (Inter-cutting for telephone conversation)

TARA: (into phone) Hello Steed.

STEED: (into phone) Oh good morning. How's the weather ?

TARA: " " Changeable.

STEED: V.O. " " Splendid.

TARA: " " By the way, it might be worth taking another look at those photographs.

STEED: " " Any particular reason ?

TARA: " " Well according to Mr. Webster - output has deteriorated remarkably.

STEED: " " Oh I see. Well we mustn't waste time in idle chatter. Backs to the wheel. Goodbye.

TARA: V.O. " " Goodbye.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED brooding at projected pictures. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

GLASSY-GLASS VANS TRAVELLING. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT / INT. CYPHER OFFICE intercutting

TARA: (into phone) Ten o'clock and all's well.
STEED: (into phone) Any faces at the window?
TARA: (into phone) All clear.
WEBSTER: Miss King.
Personal calls are not allowed.
TARA: I'm sorry Mr. Webster, I didn't know.
WEBSTER: Come in Please.
TARA: Yes sir.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

VICKERS: The line's blocked sir.
MASKIN: Right. Harper and Lang cover the road.
Davis and Waller - the trees at the back.
DAVIS: Same procedure as before?
MASKIN: Yes, scare off any unwelcome visitors....
unless Steed shows his face.
DAVIS: And then?
MASKIN: Put a bullet in it!
VICKERS: All clear at the gate.
MASKIN: Right, masks on, usual drill.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED still at projector. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CYPHER H.Q.

MASKIN: (thru mask) I'll take care of the main entrance. Make sure they hit those ventilators fast.

EXT. ROOF CYPHER H.Q.

MASKED MAN putting cylinder pipe thru ventilator. NO DIALOGUE

INT. CYPHER H.Q.

VAPOUR SEEPING THRU. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED re-acts to
projected picture.
Picks up telephone.

OPERATOR V.O.thru phone:

I'm sorry sir but the line is out of order.

INT. CYPHER H.Q.OFFICE

MAN:

We're okay now.

MASKIN:

You've checked the tapes ?

VICKERS:

Yes, sir.

MASKIN:

Get moving then.
And get these files open I want this
job finished today.

VOICE OVER:

The time is ten thirty and it has just begun
to rain. It is a perfectly normal, perfectly
ordinary day, and work continues as it would
on any ordinary day. It is eleven fifteen.
Raining quite heavily now. But still a
perfectly ordinary day. It's been a perfectly
normal, perfectly ordinary day. Raining quite
heavily, but still a perfectly ordinary day.
..... perfectly ordinary day
a perfectly ordinary day.

END OF REEL FIVE

636 feet + 12 frames

EXT. CYPHER H.Q./INT.WOODS.

STEED grabs Man and changes clothes.

NO DIALOGUE

MAN'S VOICE:

Fred! Fred!

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

INT. CYPHER H.Q. OFFICE

MASKIN:

How many more to go ?

MAN:

The last lot now sir.

MASKIN:

The perfect operation.

VICKERS:

Sandwich sir ?

MASKIN:

Oh what's she got today ?

VICKERS:

Ham and chutney.

MASKIN:

Oh no thanks. Time to check ou patients.

VICKERS:

Right.
STEED!

FIGHT SEQUENCE

STEED:

With or without milk ?

VOICE OVER:

It's been a perfectly normal day.

MAN'S VOICE: AD LIB SHOUTING

..... Your turn Steed....

VOICE OVER:

It's been a perfectly normal day.....

INT. WEBSTER'S OFFICE

VOICE OVER:

It is now three thirty-five and it has been a perfectly normal, perfectly ordinary day. In a little while you will hear a bell, perhaps a telephone, or a clock, but at the sound of a bell you will awaken with no memory other than of a normal ..ordinary day - a bell.....
a bell.....

TARA:

Oh hello Steed.

STEED:

Busy day ?

TARA:

Mmm. not really. Nothing unusual happened.

STEED:

Funny you should say that.

TARA:

But what happened....?

FIGHT SI JENCE

STEED: You were asleep. Hypnotic gas.

FIGHT SEQUENCE CONTINUES- IN CYPHER OFFICE

STEED: There we are.

INT. WEBSTER'S OFFICE

LATHER: That will be quite sufficient Mr. Steed.

STEED: Ah, Mr. Lather, I was wondering which window you'd drop into.

LATHER: You've caused us a great deal of trouble, but your mistake was in meeting us on our own ground.

STEED: Like Mr. Ferret ?

LATHER: Hmm. He died without even disturbing the office routine. You see, that's the beauty of hypnotics. People only see what you want them to see.

STEED: Splendid idea. Climb in any window - no-one blinks an eye.

LATHER: Exactly. Even when I pull this trigger....

STEED: Sorry old chap, you've forgotten the cardinal rule for window cleaners.

LATHER: What's that ?

STEED: Never leave your ladder unattended.

STEED: They could use you in the Fire Brigade.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

TARA: I just can't seem to do it.

STEED: Ah!
Solved it. What were you saying ?

TARA: That I didn't think I'd ever be a hypnotist.

STEED: Oh don't be ridiculous. It's the simplest thing in the world. But this part of it is highly elementary. All you need, is a superior mind.

TARA: You mean you can do it ? Hypnotize people ?

STEED: Well of course.

TARA: Show me.

STEED: Now ?

TARA: Why not ?

STEED: Good question.
And as I said I can't think of a good answer -
I'll go right ahead.
Now Tara, I'm going to take you back into
the darkest recesses of your subconscious -
to experience again the long forgotten moment
of childhood - a tour of your mind.
You're sitting comfortably ?

TARA: Mmmmm.

STEED: Concentrate on the watch.
Back and forth. Back and forth. Back and
forth. Slowly, slowly, your mind is beginning
to empty of all cares. Darkness, black as
a Raven's wing is beginning to engulf you.
Your eyes are heavy....
You want to sleep. You must sleep. Deeply.
Deeply.
Sleep.
Sleep

(sleepily)

STEED: YAWNS:

TARA: Steed! Steed!

STEED: What is your command ?

TARA: Stand up. Now walk to the door.
Stop. Now you're going to go downstairs
and get into your car and drive out into
the country to our favourite restaurant
and buy a very expensive dinner for two.

STEED: I obey.
Who's paying ?

TARA: I am.

STEED: (music overlaid) I obey. Indubitably I obey.

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 771 feet + 15 frames

LENGTH OF EPISODE: 4663 feet + 8 frames

prepared by:

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

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