

# the avengers

B. Clemens

SPLIT!

T H E A V E N G E R S

S P L I T !

by

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Elstree Studios,  
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THE AVENGERS

SPLIT!

FADE IN:

1. EXT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

1.

Outside the walls and main gate of a large country house flanked by vast grounds.

The element we are 'selling' is the tremendous security.

On top of the walls either side of the main gate are searchlights - the gates themselves are manned by FOUR ARMED GUARDS who wear an indeterminate uniform and who carry rifles or automatic carbines.

Signs warn us: "KEEP OUT - KEEP CLEAR - UTTERLY RESTRICTED AREA - MINISTRY OF T.S.I. - NO CAMERAS, NO VISITORS, NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT PROPER AUTHORITY".

PAN ACROSS THESE SIGNS and FINISH PAN ON MAIN GATES - we see two signs here: "YOU MAY BE DELAYED WHILE YOUR SECURITY CLEARANCE IS DOUBLE-CHECKED" - and, "INTRUDERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT - YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!"

Through the gates, and beyond the GUARDS manning it, we see the grounds leading up to the house in far background - and in these grounds we see AGENTS patrolling in pairs with GUARD DOGS.

NOTE: apart from the uniformed men on the gate - all other security agents will wear ordinary suits - but under each suit is a gun in a shoulder holster - they should look like American G-Men.

HOLD THE SCENE within the grounds - then START ZOOMING IN TOWARDS THE HOUSE AND:

CUT TO:

2. INT. ENTRANCE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

2.

The first area we encounter after passing through the main doors. A long, long, long corridor - utterly bare, save for chairs placed at intervals along either side of the corridor - one on the left - then, a few yards on, one on the right - then, a few yards on, another on the left...and so on. Each of these chairs is occupied by an AGENT - they are all relaxed, yet alert - and when one reaches for his cigarettes, he pushes aside his jacket, and we clearly establish the shoulder holster he wears.

HOLD THIS SCENE FOR A MOMENT - then ZOOM TOWARDS the far end of the corridor where there is a lift marked: "SECURITY EXECUTIVE ONLY".

HOLD THIS and:

CUT TO:

3. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

3.

An area well within the building. Only the occasional AGENT patrols here. There is a door to the lift -

(CONTINUED)

3. CONTINUED:

3.

leading out onto the corridor which is quite elegantly furnished - in contrast to the austerity we have seen earlier. Off the corridor are various doors to offices - and, at the far end, is an opaque glass door marked: "EXECUTIVE REST AREA".

FRANK COMPTON, a young rugged agent, emerges from an office door and makes his way to the "Rest Area" - he opens it, and enters:

4. INT. REST AREA. NIGHT.

4.

A pleasant, tranquil room - there are desks, phones, comfortable chairs, sofas, etc. A place where an agent can relax, or sit and catch up on his reports.

The only source of light (apart from that filtering through the opaque glass of the door) is from a lamp placed on the desk HARRY MERCER sits at.

HARRY is about 30-35; tough, intense, dedicated. He is writing up routine reports, and we should establish that he writes in a neat, precise hand. He looks up as FRANK COMPTON enters.

HARRY  
Hello, Frank...

FRANK  
Harry.

HARRY  
Anything happening?

As FRANK talks, he will remove his jacket - remove the restricting gun and shoulder holster, and place it down on HARRY's desk.

FRANK  
Nobody stole the secret papers.  
Nobody infiltrated anywhere.  
Nobody shot the Prime Minister.  
Nobody pushed the red button.  
The world is still intact.  
(smiles)  
I guess nothing is happening...

HARRY grins - they are old friends.

FRANK  
Can I buy you a beer?

HARRY  
Sorry, I have to finish these reports.

FRANK shrugs - moves towards locker room door, jacket slung over his shoulder.

FRANK  
You know, Harry - with you,  
dedication is a vice.

FRANK exits into locker room. HARRY grins after him - then returns to his report.

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:

4.

TIGHT ON HARRY - writing away in neat, precise hand. Slight pause - then phone rings. Without stopping his writing, HARRY lifts the phone.

HARRY

Hello?

CONSTANTINE'S VOICE

May I speak to Boris, please?

HARRY

Who?

CONSTANTINE'S VOICE

Boris. Is he there?

HARRY

Sorry, you must have the wrong number.

He hangs up - continues with his report. WE HOLD ON HIM - and now we start to detect a subtle change in his personality:

His left shoulder starts to slope - his left hand begins to gnarl into a twisted claw - but most important, his right hand begins to write in a different handwriting! Whereas before it was neat and small, the writing becomes over-large, flourishing, extrovert. HARRY's forehead beads with perspiration.

HOLD THIS some moments - then - locker room door opens - FRANK emerges, combing his hair back, spruced up and ready to leave. As he talks, he will move towards the desk to pick up his gun.

FRANK

Sure I can't persuade you to change your mind? After all, all work and no play....

He reaches for his gun - but reacts as HARRY's hands snatch it up first - point it at him.

FRANK stares at HARRY - who stares at him with hate and loathing.

FRANK

(tentative)

Harry...?

He is cut short as HARRY fires the gun - FRANK is thrown back by the bullet - right back against a sofa some way away. He remains against it - his hand clutching his chest - his eyes staring at his old friend HARRY - then he falls - across and out of sight behind the sofa.

HOLD ON HARRY - stares off a moment - then quickly wipes the butt of the gun, puts it back - picks up pen - and begins writing.

ANOTHER ANGLE. REVEALING that HARRY's handwriting is again normal - the neat, precise script taking over from the extrovert scrawl. His left hand and shoulder are normal again now.

(CONTINUED)

4. CONTINUED:

4.

HOLD HIM - he reaches end of report - signs it - covers it with blotter, then sighs, gets to his feet - reaches for his top-coat nearby.

He moves towards the door, shrugging into his coat as he goes - then he freezes as he sees:

Lying behind the sofa - the body of FRANK COMPTON.

HARRY stares at him - then:

HARRY  
(murmurs)  
Frank...!

He crouches to touch the body of his friend - reacts - then spins away to grab a phone nearby. He rattles the receiver - and:

HARRY  
(into phone)  
Mercer here - this is an  
emergency - someone's murdered  
Frank Compton!

HOLD HIM - then PAN TO FRANK'S BODY - then PAN TO THE DESK:

The report is not fully covered by blotting paper - a section sticks out - we clearly see HARRY's normal handwriting, leading straight into the extrovert writing, then out to the normal writing again.

HOLD THIS.

EPISODE TITLE:

"SPLIT!"

(NOTE: the word 'Split' should be held - then we see the word itself split down the middle)

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK

---

FADE IN:

5. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY. DAY. (LOCATION)

5.

OPEN ON THE SKY - a pin-point of shape is getting nearer - growing larger, until we see it is a helicopter or a light plane coming in to land.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

REVEALING TARA's CAR parked nearby.

6. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 6.

TARA KING alone at the wheel - gazing up and off as:

7. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY. DAY. (LOCATION) 7.

The helicopter or plane touches down to land.

8. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 8.

TARA reacting as:

9. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY. DAY. (LOCATION) 9.

From the helicopter or plane steps a man - LORD BARNES - about 35-40 - a handsome, athletic man, a man to be obeyed and respected, a man of action. Smartly dressed, and carrying a brief-case.

He moves away from the plane - looks around and sees:

TARA'S CAR - the headlights wink at:

BARNES - who quickly hurries towards the car.

10. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 10.

TARA leans across to open door - and BARNES climbs in. No sooner has he slammed the door shut - than:

11. EXT. OPEN COUNTRY. DAY. (LOCATION) 11.

TARA'S CAR speeds away.

12. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 12.

TARA & BARNES - a small silence - then:

TARA  
I'm sorry about your holiday,  
Lord Barnes.

BARNES  
So am I!

TARA  
We wouldn't have called you back  
if it hadn't been urgent.

BARNES  
I wouldn't have come back if it  
hadn't been urgent!

Then he regrets his outburst - he smiles slightly.

BARNES  
Sorry, but this business has  
knocked me sideways.

As he talks - TARA swings the wheel hard - he rocks  
'sideways'.

13. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION) 13.

TARA'S CAR takes a sharp corner flat out.

14. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 14.

TARA at wheel - BARNES just straightening up again.

BARNES

An agent murdered is bad enough -  
but when it happens inside the  
most security conscious area in  
the country...when it happens  
inside the Ministry of Top Secret  
Information...!

CUT TO:

15. EXT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I. DAY. (LOCATION) 15.

Outside the main gates - as TARA'S CAR drives up and is  
stopped by GUARDS.

16. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 16.

An ARMED GUARD leans in and takes from TARA & BARNES at  
least three security clearances each - and carefully checks  
each one as:

BARNES

Frankly I don't believe it. Or  
at least, I don't know HOW to  
believe it! This place - it's  
an absolute model of maximum  
security.

TARA

It was.

As she says it - the check over - she sets the car moving.

17. EXT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I. DAY. (LOCATION) 17.

TARA'S CAR recedes through gates and towards the house  
at speed.

18. INT. ENTRANCE CORRIDOR. DAY. 18.

SCREEN BLACKED OUT MOMENTARILY - then TARA & BARNES  
move away from CAMERA - and we see them walking along  
the long, long corridor towards lift.

En route - they are wordlessly challenged by every  
AGENT along the corridor. Each agent goes through the  
same routine - pushes aside jacket and puts his hand  
on his shoulder-holstered gun - and extends the other  
hand for their passes (or at least for a look at them) -  
as each AGENT 'clears' TARA & BARNES, he steps back to  
allow his jacket to fall back into place over the  
shoulder holster again. This is repeated several  
times - but done so smoothly that TARA & BARNES hardly  
have to break step in their move along the corridor.

(CONTINUED)



18. CONTINUED:

18.

They reach the lift - BARNES thumbs the button and looks back at the line of efficient AGENTS.

BARNES  
I still don't believe it!

Lift doors open - and COLONEL PETER ROOKE stands there - he too has his hand placed under his jacket. (This action - of the agents always ready to draw a gun from a shoulder holster, should become a familiar feature of the T.S.I. area).

ROOKE is about 35, a professional - the hardest and most incisive of them all - well built, athletic - like steel.

ROOKE  
(grim)  
Hello, sir.

BARNES nods - he and TARA enter lift.

19. INT. SECURITY LIFT. DAY.

19.

TARA, BARNES & ROOKE. Door shut - ROOKE presses button - we hear lift start to ascend. A small silence - then:

BARNES  
All right, Colonel Rooke - the profound silences are MY prerogative! What progress are we making?

ROOKE  
None.

BARNES reacts - lift stops - doors open. They move to exit.

20. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR. DAY.

20.

As TARA, BARNES & ROOKE emerge from the lift.

ROOKE  
Harry Mercer found the body.

BARNES  
Good man?

ROOKE  
None better. Steed's questioning him now.

And they enter the Rest Area.

21. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

21.

CLOSE ON HARRY - PULLING OUT TO REVEAL STEED - and eventually - TARA, BARNES & ROOKE appearing through door in background.

HARRY  
He must have been lying there the whole time - that's what gets me!

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:

21.

HARRY (cont.)

I was sitting there, writing my reports, and all the while Frank was....

(He gestures, shakes his head, very upset - then, savagely)

When we find out...if...

STEED

(interjects)

We'll find out.

BARNES

Steed.

STEED

(turns)

Oh, good morning, sir.

BARNES

It's a bad morning. A disastrous morning!

(moves to MERCER)

You're Mercer?

HARRY

Yes, sir.

BARNES

And you found him, eh?

HARRY

Yes, sir.

BARNES

And the murder weapon? You made an immediate check!?

(To the room in general)

I want it found! I want the whole area combed until....

STEED

(interjects)

We already have it.

BARNES reacts. ROOKE picks up holster and gun from desk.

ROOKE

Compton's own gun.

BARNES stares at him - then has to sit down.

BARNES

(eventually)

I'd better have all the facts - from the beginning.

ROOKE

Mercer was in here, writing up his reports.

BARNES

Alone?

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:

21.

MERCER

Yes, sir.

NOTE: As ROOKE starts to explain - we should FAVOUR TARA - who, having exchanged a look with STEED - now roams around the room - reaches the desk, touches the holstered gun - then sees the report sticking out from under blotter - she pulls it free - sees two styles of handwriting - frowns at it, and eventually folds it up and secretes it in her clothing. Meanwhile:

ROOKE

He finished at...

MERCER

Nine thirty exactly.

ROOKE

He started to leave...moved to about here...and then he saw Frank Compton...lying just there, behind the sofa...

MERCER

And then I gave the alarm.

TARA's action should finish here. And now we should FAVOUR STEED as the phone rings - and he moves to answer it. Meanwhile:

ROOKE

Of course we made an immediate check. A run down on all personnel - all exits...we double-checked all visitors admitted yesterday.

STEED

(into phone - over  
above conversation)

Hello? Who? Boris?

CUT TO:

MERCER, on the fringe of the group now, reacting slightly to the name, 'Boris'.

RESUME STEED on phone.

STEED

No, I'm afraid you must have the wrong number.

He hangs up, forgets the incident as he turns back to the group as:

ROOKE

(continuing from  
previous speech)

The answer was negative. Cellar, roof, grounds, gates, every office, every exit...nothing unchecked - no one unaccounted for. Negative.

(CONTINUED)

21. CONTINUED:

21.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

As the scene continues we should FAVOUR MERCER in DEEP FOREGROUND. We see his left shoulder start to slope - his hand starts to gnarl.

BARNES

Well I won't accept 'negative'!  
I won't accept anything less  
than 'positive'! Positive action -  
A positive plan. Results!

ROOKE

We're covering all visitors  
admitted to the area within  
the past month.

BARNES

The past month!? The past YEAR,  
Colonel! - I want every member  
of the staff re-screened and  
interrogated....

ANOTHER ANGLE.

FAVOURING STEED & TARA - MERCER has now moved away to stand near the door - deep in thought - hand gnarled.

BARNES (cont.)

...I want a complete run-down on  
Frank Compton - his movements  
retraced to the last second  
before he died! The case he  
worked on - the people he met...

STEED

(interjects)

Excuse me, sir...

BARNES

(looks at him)

You won't be needing us at the  
moment.

BARNES looks at TARA & STEED.

BARNES

No, but...

STEED

(gently)

I'd just like to sit back and  
think about things...quietly.

And with a smile, he takes TARA through the door.

CUT TO:

22. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR. DAY.

22.

STEED & TARA move out past MERCER who still stands by the door, deep in thought, hand gnarled.

(CONTINUED)

22. CONTINUED:

22.

STEED  
(reacts mildly)  
Something wrong with your hand,  
Harry?

MERCER  
(stares ahead -  
deep in thought)  
Legacy from Berlin - October '63.

STEED  
Eh!?

MERCER seems to come out of his trance - he looks at STEED - holds and covers his gnarled left hand with his right. A moment, then MERCER turns back into the Rest Area.

HOLD ON STEED - gazing after him - puzzled. Then he turns to TARA, who has paid little heed to the incident, she is already making her way towards the lift. STEED follows her - she presses lift button.

TARA  
(flatly)  
A word.

STEED looks at her curiously - TARA smiles.

TARA  
Well, I haven't said 'a word'  
in ten minutes.

Then the lift doors are open - and TARA is entering it. STEED gazes at her - then again he frowns back down the corridor after Mercer. Then STEED enters the lift - as the doors shut:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

As BARNES & ROOKE briskly emerge from Rest Area door.

ROOKE  
We'll begin in Operational  
Security...

BARNES  
Then the micro-files.

They move away.

HOLD ON DOORWAY - MERCER appears - hand gnarled - he grips it - his eyes are strange and fevered.  
HOLD HIM.

CUT TO:

23. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

23.

CLOSE ON ELEGANT TEA CUP. PULLING OUT TO REVEAL TARA having prepared tea for herself and STEED, who paces thoughtfully in BACKGROUND.

TARA  
Indian, China, Burmese?

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED:

23.

As she talks, she produces three tea-pots. STEED reacts.

STEED  
(craftily)  
Tibetan.

And then he reacts as TARA blandly produces another tea-pot - starts pouring tea, produces a large jar of evil looking butter.

TARA  
(during this action)  
No sugar. Served luke-warm with -  
a knob of Yak butter.

STEED is utterly taken aback as she hands him the repulsive mixture.

TARA  
I don't know HOW you can drink  
the stuff.

STEED does - he has to make a show of liking it.

TARA  
A sophisticated palate?

STEED meets her smiling eyes - admits defeat.

STEED  
Masochistic.

He rejects the tea - TARA immediately starts pouring a more conventional brew.

STEED  
He must have been mistaken.

TARA  
Who?

STEED  
Harry Mercer - when he said he  
was in Berlin in October '63.  
He couldn't have been. I was  
in Berlin at that time - got  
involved in quite a little  
fracas too - and I'm quite  
sure Harry wasn't anywhere  
in the area.

TARA  
(hands him tea)  
Well, as you said - he was  
mistaken.

STEED  
Or lying. No, it's impossible -  
he got his dates mixed up, that's  
all.

TARA  
Not the only thing he got mixed  
up.

(CONTINUED)

23. CONTINUED:

23.

STEED looks questioningly - TARA produces the written report bearing two handwritings. She hands it to STEED.

TARA  
Ambidexterous.

STEED stares at the report.

STEED  
Where did you get this?

TARA  
From Mercer's desk.  
(eyeing report)  
Funny, isn't it? Clearly the handwriting of a gay, humourless, strong, weak, carefree, anxious man...

STEED  
Is that a fact?

TARA  
(shakes head)  
I made it up.

STEED  
Then let's find someone who CAN give us the facts!

HOLD THEM.

CUT TO:

24. INT. HANDWRITING EXPERT'S PLACE. DAY.

24.

A small set - the dominant feature is the back wall, covered with tiny writing - but a huge magnifying glass is placed in front of the wall, so that an area of the tiny writing becomes enormous and legible.

OPEN CLOSE ON SWINDIN, the expert. A sombre man, he wears thick pebble lens glasses, and holds a magnifying glass in each hand - angled so that he looks at Mercer's report through three lenses.

SWINDIN  
Remarkable. Quite remarkable.  
Remarkably remarkable...

PULL OUT TO REVEAL STEED & TARA awaiting his decision.

STEED  
Would you care to remark on the remarkability?

SWINDIN  
Well.

A pause.

TARA  
Well?

(CONTINUED)

24. CONTINUED:

24.

SWINDIN

Well.  
(indicates report)  
This first section here...  
(looks at them)  
You want the facts?

STEED

The facts.

TARA

Factually.

SWINDIN

It's remarkable.

STEED

You said that.

TARA

Twice.

SWINDIN

The first section of writing -  
a neat, precise hand - the work  
of a reliable man ... a man to  
be trusted...

THROUGH TO:

25. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

25.

CLOSE ON MERCER - pouring through files - working  
industriously.

SWINDIN'S VOICE (carried over)

...an industrious man - gentle  
by nature, yet strong in character.  
Dedicated ... a man of...

CUT TO:

26. INT. HANDWRITING EXPERT'S PLACE. DAY.

26.

SWINDIN, TARA & STEED.

SWINDIN (cont.)

...great loyalty and moral strength.  
(squints at report)  
But this next section!  
(shakes head)

The penmanship is the same - it's  
definitely written by the same  
hand - and yet I...I can't see  
how it could be.

STEED

Why not?

SWINDIN

Because the personality of the  
writer has completely changed!  
It...it's fantastic!

(CONTINUED)



26. CONTINUED:

26.

STEED  
How has it changed?

SWINDIN  
Well, THIS handwriting indicates  
a mind of great cunning.  
(STEED & TARA react)  
A brutal, extrovert man, the  
kind of man who would...

CUT TO:

27. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

27.

CLOSE ON MERCER - his hand gnarling - he tosses down the files - eventually gets to his feet and starts to limp across the room, dragging his left foot - his left shoulder sagging. As:

SWINDIN'S VOICE (carried over)  
...stop at nothing to achieve his  
purpose. A man to whom cruelty  
would be a pleasure - to whom  
loyalty would mean nothing. A  
mean man - devious, scheming,  
dangerous....

CUT TO:

28. INT. HANDWRITING EXPERT'S PLACE. DAY.

28.

SWINDIN, TARA & STEED.

SWINDIN (cont.)  
A thoroughly nasty piece of work  
in fact.

He sits back - a pause - then STEED picks up the report.

STEED  
This kind of man - would he be  
capable of murder?

SWINDIN  
Very, very capable.

HOLD ON SWINDIN's pebble-glasses look.

CUT TO:

29. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

29.

As TARA & STEED enter.

TARA  
Odd.

STEED  
Very. AND quite a coincidence.

TARA looks questioningly - STEED, very thoughtful,  
pours a drink.

(CONTINUED)

29. CONTINUED:

29.

STEED

"A brutal, extrovert man - who'd stop at nothing. Mean, scheming, dangerous".

(turns to her)

A tailor made description of Boris Kartovski - one of their top agents.

TARA

So where's the coincidence?

STEED

Kartovski was the man I was involved in that little fracas with - in Berlin - October '63!

TARA reacts - STEED is studying the handwritten report - now he picks up the phone and starts dialling.

30. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

30.

CLOSE ON ROOKE as he enters door.

ROOKE

The panic's still on.

PULL OUT to REVEAL MERCER some way away - ROOKE notices the discarded files (from Scene 27). He moves to touch them thoughtfully.

ROOKE

Have you got anywhere?

MERCER

No. I checked all the files - nothing.

MERCER seems tense - ROOKE eyes him curiously - then PHONE RINGS. ROOKE picks it up.

ROOKE

Hello? Yes, Steed?

31. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

31.

STEED talking into phone - TARA in B.G.

STEED

Rooke, I'd like you to root out the file on one of our opposite number. Chap named Kartovski. Boris Kartovski.

32. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

32.

ROOKE on phone - MERCER in B.G.

ROOKE

Well, that should be simple enough - bound to have some information on him...

33. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

33.

STEED & TARA.

STEED

No, it's not information I want -  
it's a specimen of his hand-  
writing!

34. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

34.

ROOKE on phone - MERCER in B.G.

ROOKE

Eh? We..ll I'm not sure if...

35. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

35.

STEED & TARA.

STEED

(interjects)

He must have passed messages -  
broken a code - or something.  
See what you can dig out.

36. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

36.

ROOKE on phone - MERCER in B.G.

ROOKE

I'll do my best - can't promise  
though. Right, goodbye.

He hangs up - turns towards MERCER.

ROOKE

(gently)

You ought to call it a day,  
Harry. Get some rest...

(Moves to door -  
thoughtfully murmurs)

Boris Kartovski...?

ROOKE exits. HOLD ON MERCER - having reacted to the 'Boris'. His face works for a moment - then he tries to 'pull himself together'. He concentrates on straightening up his files - then sits down to complete writing a report. HOLD HIM - as he writes we see his hand start to gnarl - his handwriting starts to change. MERCER flings the pen away in horror - stares at the paper with the two handwritings. He backs away from it - then suddenly, he pulls his tie down - flexes his arms - and starts to go through a routine of isometric exercises. He seems to be 'pulling himself together'. Then one of the exercises is a knee-bend. MERCER goes down and up - down and up - then down. This time he stays down. And then - he starts the first familiar movements of the famous 'Cossack' type dancing. With a great effort he pulls himself upright - flings himself towards the desk - leans against it - then sees: his gnarled left hand - he tries to straighten it - then, in a growing panic, he snatches up the phone - and:

(CONTINUED)

36. CONTINUED:

36.

MERCER  
Put me through to the... To the...  
(remembering)  
the ... Nullington Private  
Hospital.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION)

37.

ESTABLISHING the exterior of a small, discreet hospital.  
A sign announces: "NULLINGTON PRIVATE HOSPITAL".

CUT TO:

38. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

38.

A small reception area - a desk inside the main door area -  
behind the desk sits PETRA, a young and lovely nurse,  
crisp and efficient in white uniform. Behind her is a  
lift marked: "HOSPITAL STAFF ONLY".

One of several phones on the desk rings - PETRA answers  
it.

PETRA  
Nullington Hospital.

39. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

39.

TIGHT ON MERCER on phone - a man fighting the two  
personalities in his mind now. He will switch from one  
to the other as:

MERCER  
The..doctor. Tell the doctor...

40. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

40.

PETRA reacts.

PETRA  
What? Who is this?!

41. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

41.

MERCER's face twists as:

MERCER  
Harry. Harry Kartovski.

42. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

42.

PETRA reacts - already she is reaching for another phone.

43. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

43.

MERCER.

MERCER  
Tell doctor. Tell him...it's  
Boris...Mercer! Help...me...  
help...me...

44. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

44.

PETRA urgently talking into another phone.

PETRA  
Doctor Constantine....

45. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

45.

NOTE: at this stage we see very little of the area (although we are aware of a strange, regular noise in background throughout) - we see a small desk, chair, phone - a window nearby. DOCTOR CONSTANTINE - a tall, intense looking man, holds the phone as:

PETRA'S VOICE  
I have Mercer on the line.

CONSTANTINE  
What!?

46. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

46.

PETRA puts one phone against the other as:

PETRA  
Listen.

The mouthpiece of one phone is against the ear-piece of the other.

47. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

47.

CONSTANTINE reacting as he hears:

MERCER'S VOICE  
I'm breaking apart...must...help  
me...help Boris...help Harry...  
help us...me...

CONSTANTINE's face is changing dramatically as he listens - then the phone is jerked away from him by HINNELL - a large, Eastern European looking man, who wears a double-breasted suit of rather bad cut. A hard, merciless man. His face is ice as he listens to:

48. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

48.

MERCER babbling into phone. Gnarled hand prominent.

MERCER  
I..I can't take any more...he's  
killing me - Boris is killing  
me...Just stop it...stop Harry  
from killing me....

49. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

49.

As HINNELL coldly thrusts the phone back at CONSTANTINE - who quickly talks into the phone.

CONSTANTINE  
Petra?

50. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

50.

PETRA listening into one phone - holding the other too.

CONSTANTINE'S VOICE

Talk to him - calm him down...  
tell him to sit tight...

51. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

51.

CONSTANTINE talking into phone.

CONSTANTINE (cont.)

Tell him we'll help him.

He hangs up - turns to meet HINNELL's grim face.

HINNELL

He's breaking up.

CONSTANTINE

(defensively)

I told you - I explained there  
might be an element of failure  
risk.

HINNELL

But to Mercer - and right now,  
at this moment. We are so  
close, Doctor - so close -  
and he could destroy everything...  
(turns)

Unless we destroy him first.

A pause - CONSTANTINE stares at him - licks his dry lips -  
then nervously picks up phone again and starts dialling.

52. EXT. BARNES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

52.

LONG SHOT - ZOOMING IN TOWARDS opulent house set amid  
vast grounds. As we ZOOM IN the SOUND OF A PIANO,  
playing beautifully - gets louder and louder until:

CUT TO:

53. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

53.

CLOSE ON LARGE, COLOURED GRAND PIANO. BARNES' HANDS  
caressing across the keys.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL LORD BARNES, seated at piano, playing  
brilliantly, despite the fact that obviously his mind is  
elsewhere, tackling bigger problems.

HOLD HIM a few moments - then the room is shattered by  
the PHONE RINGING. BARNES stops playing, sighs, picks  
up his brandy from nearby, and moves to answer the phone.

BARNES

Hello?

CONSTANTINE'S VOICE

Hello? Is that you, Boris?

(BARNES freezes)

We have a job for you.

HOLD BARNES.

CUT TO:

54. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

54.

CLOSE ON STEED - as he picks up phone - starts to dial.  
TARA moves into shot, looks at him inquiringly.

STEED  
(dialling)  
It occurs to me that Lord Barnes  
might have intercepted code  
material...

TARA  
(interjects)  
...Bearing a specimen of Kartovski's  
writing?

STEED  
(nods)  
It's worth a try.

He listens on phone as:

55. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

55.

CLOSE ON PHONE RINGING.

HOLD THIS - then:

56. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

56.

STEED listens for a moment - then gestures.

STEED  
Nobody home.

And as he starts to replace the receiver:

57. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

57.

CLOSE ON PHONE - still ringing - then stops. THEN WE  
PAN OUT ACROSS THE DESK to pick up a note-pad bearing  
LORD BARNES writing - which then becomes the familiar  
extrovert script!

HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK

---

FADE IN:

58. EXT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I. NIGHT. (LOCATION)

58.

As BARNES' CAR - with BARNES at the wheel, pulls up at  
main gates.

CLOSER SHOT - as ARMED GUARD leans in to flash a torch  
on BARNES' face - check his credentials - then step back,  
salute - and wave open the gates.

BARNES' CAR recedes towards the building.

59. INT. ENTRANCE CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

59.

The line of armed AGENTS - then they alert as: BARNES enters through main doors - starts to walk slowly towards the lift. He holds his security credentials out in front of him in his left hand. As he approaches the FIRST AGENT - the man steps forward, gives the credentials a quick glance and:

FIRST AGENT  
Good evening, sir.

BARNES nods - moves on - the same action is repeated with the next AGENT - and the next, the next, and so on - each one checking him out and saying 'Good evening'.

BARNES is about halfway along the corridor when we start to notice that the fingers of his left hand are beginning to 'gnarl' around the credentials he proffers - to notice that his left shoulder is starting to slope - that his left leg is starting to drag - at first ever so slightly, but becoming a pronounced limp on his last two steps up to the Security Lift. He presses the button - doors swish open - BARNES limps into:

60. INT. SECURITY LIFT. DAY.

60.

BARNES enters - doors shut - lift starts to ascend. BARNES is now completely subjugated to the other personality within him. His hand is completely gnarled - and with his right hand, he slides a gun into view; a gun with a silencer.

The lift stops - doors swish open and:

61. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

61.

BARNES steps out of the lift - the area is silent, deserted - but a light shows through the opaque glass of the Rest Area door.

BARNES starts his relentless walk towards the door - gun ready, hand gnarled, limping.

He pauses by the door - then lifts the gun - pushes open the door and enters:

62. INT. REST AREA. NIGHT.

62.

EYELINE TO MERCER - his back half to us, he is scribbling something on a pad - he spins round to face:

BARNES in the doorway - gnarled hand clearly seen - his eyes are hard and cold as he lifts the gun to the aim.

MERCER - is transfixed for a moment - but then he throws up his left hand in futile defence - and we see that his hand too is gnarled.

MERCER  
No!

BARNES fires - a silenced swish - several times.

(CONTINUED)



62. CONTINUED:

62.

MERCER is hit several times - he staggers against the desk - sends his note pad falling to the floor - then he falls nearby.

BARNES stares at him coldly.

MERCER - in his dying moments - lifts his head to stare at BARNES - then he slumps dead. And, as the life leaves his body - so his gnarled hand relaxes into normality - he becomes 'himself' again.

BARNES merely looks at him - then turns to exit.

HOLD ON MERCER - lying dead - then PAN TO the note-pad nearby. On it is scrawled, "Help - me". "Help" is in Mercer's normal handwriting - the 'me' is in the extrovert script.

HOLD THIS - LOCK OFF CAMERA - and:

THROUGH TO:

63. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

63.

CLOSE ON NOTE-PAD as STEED's HAND picks it up.

WIDER ANGLE.

STEED regards note-pad. Beyond, in B.G., MERCER's body is covered by a sheet - his ungnarled hand projects from under it. Then ROOKE enters the room, carrying files - STEED smoothly tears off the 'help-me' note from pad - secretes it in his hand.

He turns to regard ROOKE, who regards him grimly - a pall hangs over the area.

ROOKE  
(finally)  
Mercer's file. And that other  
thing you wanted...

He hands STEED a file and an envelope. STEED looks inquiringly.

ROOKE  
Specimen of Kartovski's hand-  
writing...

STEED is galvanised into action - eagerly opening envelope to take out scrap of paper. ROOKE turns to lift the sheet and look at MERCER's body.

64. INT. UPPER CORRIDOR. DAY.

64.

TARA & BARNES moving towards Rest Area door.

BARNES  
(shattered)  
I must have been within a few  
yards of the killer - within  
seconds of the murder!

They enter:

65. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

65.

STEED reacting to scrap of paper from envelope - and the note-pad paper.

TARA & BARNES enter - BARNES moves to ROOKE and to MERCER's body. He stares down on it.

STEED

Tara...

He takes her away a pace or two - surreptitiously shows her:

INSERT:

'Help me' note and scrap of Kartovski's handwriting juxtaposed. The writing matches the 'me'.

RESUME STEED & TARA - she looks at him comprehendingly - wordlessly nods, takes the two scraps of paper - and moves to exit. STEED, still holding Mercer's file, turns back to BARNES & ROOKE.

BARNES

I know how he must have felt when he found Compton. Baffled - and so...so helpless!

ROOKE

We all do. A case like this - there's usually some lead - something to follow up! But...  
(He gestures)

STEED

He was admitted to hospital.

They turn to him - he has MERCER's file open.

STEED

Mercer.  
(taps file)  
Three weeks ago he had a minor accident - was admitted to hospital for a few hours.  
(They look at him)  
The only unusual occurrence in an otherwise routine existence.

ROOKE

Not that unusual.

BARNES

Could happen to anyone. Happened to me some time back.

STEED

(closes the file)  
Nevertheless, I think I'll take a look at the hospital.

CUT TO:

66. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION)

66.

SIGN: "NULLINGTON PRIVATE HOSPITAL" in DEEP F.G. - we see STEED'S CAR draw up in B.G.

67. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

67.

CLOSE ON PETRA - working away on some charts or papers - we hear doors open - PETRA looks up, smiles welcomingly at:

STEED.

PETRA  
Good morning, sir.

STEED  
Good morning.  
(leans on desk)  
Mercer.

PETRA  
Well, Mr. Mercer what can I...?

STEED  
(interjects)  
No, no... you misunderstand.  
I'm inquiring about Mr. Mercer.

PETRA  
(frowns)  
We have no one in the hospital  
of that name.

STEED  
(smiles)  
A casualty. Minor road accident -  
about three weeks ago? Harry  
Mercer.

PETRA has given no reaction - but:

WE SEE HER FLIP DOWN a couple of switches below desk level.

68. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

68.

CLOSE ON INTER-COM DEVICE on desk - red light starts to flash - CONSTANTINE & HINNELL turn - CONSTANTINE flicks a switch and we HEAR:

PETRA'S VOICE  
Well, Mr...er...?

STEED'S VOICE  
Steed. John Steed.

HINNELL & CONSTANTINE react, exchange a glance.

69. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

69.

PETRA & STEED.

PETRA  
Just how can we help you  
concerning...Harry Mercer?

She says this name deliberately - for benefit of the inter-com.

70. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

70.

CONSTANTINE & HINNELL reacting.

STEED'S VOICE

I'd like to talk to the doctor  
who handled the case...

HINNELL snaps off the inter-com.

HINNELL

Get down there!

71. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

71.

STEED & PETRA.

PETRA

...it may not be possible,  
Mr. Steed - it will mean going  
through the records, and if the  
doctor is not on duty... well,  
it would mean a long wait for  
you.

STEED

(blandly)

Then I'd better make myself  
comfortable...

To PETRA's consternation, he moves to sit down in chair  
nearby.

But at this moment - lift doors open - CONSTANTINE steps  
out.

PETRA

(gratefully)

Ah, Doctor Constantine...this  
gentleman would like to know  
about a casualty patient named  
Mercer.

CONSTANTINE

Mercer?

STEED

(on his feet again)

Harry Mercer.

CONSTANTINE

Mercer? Ah, yes - remember it  
perfectly - road accident,  
wasn't it? Nothing serious -  
mild concussion.

STEED

You handled the case?

CONSTANTINE

I did.

STEED

And?

(CONTINUED)

71. CONTINUED:

71.

CONSTANTINE

(frowns)

And what? Forgive me, but what exactly is it you wish to know?

STEED

How long was he here?

CONSTANTINE

Oh, an hour - possibly two - certainly no longer.

STEED

Did he have any visitors?

CONSTANTINE

No.

STEED

And there was nothing at all unusual about the case?

CONSTANTINE

(smiles)

I told you - mild concussion - of the simplest nature. I only wish all our road casualties were so minor.

Slight pause - then:

STEED

Well, thank you anyway. Good day.

HOLD ON CONSTANTINE as he stares after STEED.

CONSTANTINE

Good day.

72. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION)

72.

CLOSE ON STEED as he gets into his car - then pauses - looks thoughtfully back and up at the hospital.

73. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

73.

CLOSE ON HINNELL - peering down and off at STEED from window. Then CONSTANTINE moves into shot alongside him, and both gaze down and off at:

74. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION)

74.

EYELINE AS FROM WINDOW - DOWN TO: STEED'S CAR starting to move away.

75. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

75.

HINNELL & CONSTANTINE.

(CONTINUED)

75. CONTINUED:

75.

CONSTANTINE  
I don't like it. When Steed gets  
this close....

HINNELL  
(turns from window)  
Uncomfortably close.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE.

REVEALING the gnarled hand of a MAN in F.G. (The man is recumbent, but we should conceal as much detail as possible at this moment). In BACKGROUND we see CONSTANTINE & HINNELL gazing towards the gnarled hand.

HINNELL  
We'd better get rid of Mr. Steed.

CUT TO:

76. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION)

76.

STEED'S CAR speeds along - then suddenly grinds to a stop.

77. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS)

77.

STEED sits deep in thought for a long moment - then he makes a decision. He lifts car phone into view - starts to dial a number.

78. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

78.

CLOSE ON PHONE - IT RINGS - BARNES picks it up.

BARNES  
Hello? Yes, Steed?

79. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS)

79.

STEED talking into phone.

STEED  
Lord Barnes - you mentioned that  
YOU were involved in an accident  
recently?

80. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

80.

BARNES on phone.

BARNES  
Oh, yes - just a minor bump,  
you know - nothing....

81. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS)

81.

STEED talking into phone.

(CONTINUED)

81. CONTINUED: 81.
- STEED  
(interjects)  
But you were admitted to  
hospital?
82. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY. 82.
- BARNES on phone.
- BARNES  
For a short time - yes.
83. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 83.
- STEED on phone.
- STEED  
Mind if I come over right now  
and talk about it?
84. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY. 84.
- BARNES on phone.
- BARNES  
If you think it's important.  
Yes, I'll be expecting you.
- BARNES hangs up - drums on table with his left hand -  
we see that the fingers of the hand are starting to  
gnarl.
- HOLD THIS.
85. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION) 85.
- STEED's car speeds along.
86. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 86.
- STEED at the wheel.
87. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY. 87.
- CLOSE ON BARNES' GNARLED HAND - as he draws the drapes  
across windows.
- BUTLER'S VOICE (off)  
You rang, sir?
- BARNES turns - his elegant, sombre BUTLER stands in  
doorway.
- BARNES  
Yes, Miller. Take a few hours off...  
(BUTLER reacts)  
I need to be alone, you understand?  
I don't want to be disturbed. Go  
off and enjoy yourself.

(CONTINUED)

87. CONTINUED:

87.

BUTLER

Yes..thank you, sir.  
(He turns to go)

BARNES

And, Miller....  
(BUTLER pauses)  
Leave the front door unlocked.

BUTLER

(slight frown)  
As you wish, sir.

BUTLER exits. And, for the first time, BARNES moves - we now see that he is limping heavily - he moves to the desk - selects a thin paper knife - holds it menacingly. Then limps to light switch - flicks it off. The room is suddenly dark and shadowy. HOLD ON BARNES - holding knife in his gnarled fingers.

88. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION)

88.

STEED'S CAR speeds along.

89. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS)

89.

STEED swings the wheel and:

90. EXT. BARNES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

90.

STEED'S CAR swings into driveway and starts to stop outside the house.

91. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

91.

BARNES hides in shadows near door - he reacts as he hears STEED'S CAR ARRIVE O.S.

92. EXT. BARNES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

92.

As STEED leaves the car - moves to front door - rings bell.

93. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

93.

CLOSE ON BARNES - drawing further back into hiding as he HEARS THE BELL ECHO HOLLOWLY THROUGH THE HOUSE.

94. EXT. BARNES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

94.

STEED tries bell again - frowns - then tries the door - it gives to his touch.

95. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

95.

BARNES hiding, knife ready - listening as he HEARS FRONT DOOR OPEN - then FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. FOOTSTEPS STOP OUTSIDE DOOR.



96. INT. OUTSIDE STUDY DOOR. DAY.

96.

DOUBLE CLAD OF STUDY SET. STEED stands by the door.

STEED

Lord Barnes?

He taps on the door again - then starts to open the door.

97. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

97.

BARNES pressed back into the shadows as the door creaks open and STEED starts to warily enter.

STEED takes a few paces into the room - the area is half lit by light shafting in through the open door. STEED looks around him.

STEED

Lord Barnes...?

And suddenly the door slams shut behind him, and the shaft of light has gone.

STEED swings round - just as his shadowy attacker (BARNES) lunges at him with the knife. STEED never quite makes the turn - he is attacked from behind, and has no chance of seeing his attacker's face. BARNES' gnarled left hand encircles STEED's throat - he raises the knife high in his right hand. STEED cranes his head back - sees the knife descending, and flings a hand up to stop it.

With his other hand he tugs at the fingers round his throat - and clearly registers the fact that the fingers are gnarled.

The fight is vicious, but brief - STEED holds off the knife - and then jabs his elbow backwards into BARNES' ribs - BARNES grunts, weakens - STEED tears the knife from his hand - starts to turn on him - but: BARNES rabbit punches him across the neck - STEED flies forward to fall heavily (never having turned towards his attacker) - and suddenly BARNES has turned and gone through the door.

STEED lies winded and shaken - the shaft of light through the now open door illuminating him.

STEED shakes his head, starts to pull himself up - HEARS FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP - a shadow falls across him - and he turns - ready for more trouble - but:

Standing in the doorway is BARNES - hand ungnarled now - his face full of anxiety as he moves towards STEED.

BARNES

Steed, old chap - what's happened?

(Helping STEED  
to his feet)

For pity's sake, man - are you all right?!

HOLD THEM.

98. INT. HANDWRITING EXPERT'S PLACE. DAY.

98.

CLOSE ON 'Help - me' note - and specimen of Kartovski's writing.

PULL OUT TO REVEAL SWINDIN & TARA. Finally, he sits back:

SWINDIN

Miss King, in all my years -  
and from the depths of my vast  
experience as a calligraphist  
and a...

TARA

(gently interjects)  
Please. Just a simple explanation.  
(As he opens his mouth)  
Words of one syllable.

SWINDIN reacts, looks at her - then picks up the two pieces of paper.

SWINDIN

Identical.

TARA

Identical!?

SWINDIN

(holds both scraps  
of paper)  
This - and this - both the work  
of the same personality.

TARA

But that's impossible!

SWINDIN

My dear lady, I AM the foremost  
authority.

TARA

(turns - considers)  
The same personality?  
(SWINDIN nods)  
Brutal, extrovert, dangerous?

SWINDIN

(nods)  
Very, very dangerous.

CUT TO:

99. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

99.

CLOSE ON BARNES, proffering bottle to a shaken STEED who sits nearby. STEED accepts another drink.

BARNES

Feeling any better?

STEED

(drinks)  
Much - thank you.

BARNES

Must have shaken you up.

(CONTINUED)

99. CONTINUED:

99.

STEED

(rises)

Occupational hazard. One gets used to it.

BARNES regards him - then looks around.

BARNES

He's cool, whoever he is - to attack you here - under my roof...

STEED

(interjects)

The front door was open.

BARNES

(frowns)

Yes, that would be Miller.

(Explains)

My butler. I'll talk to him, don't you worry.

He recharges his own glass.

BARNES

Which reminds me. YOU had something to talk to me about?

STEED

Yes - that accident of yours...?

BARNES

Yes?

STEED

Which hospital were you taken to?

ANOTHER ANGLE.

FAVOUR BARNES - the hand around his drink starts to gnarl - his 'other' personality starts to assert itself - he becomes evasive.

BARNES

Which hospital? Which - hospital? Well, d'you know, Steed - I really can't remember! It was quite a while ago... ridiculous - completely slipped my mind...

STEED eyes him.

STEED

Well...when it does occur to you...

BARNES

Of course - let you know right away.

Slight pause.

STEED

Well. Cheers.

BARNES

(smiles)

Cheers.

(CONTINUED)

99. CONTINUED:

99.

We see his hand gnarl around the glass as he drains it - then, suddenly, startlingly, BARNES shatters the empty glass in the fireplace.

STEED is a little taken aback (so too, in a curious way, is BARNES) - vaguely embarrassed, he meets STEED's inquiring eyes.

BARNES  
(passing it off)  
I was feeling a bit...a bit  
extrovert.

STEED nods - he is still puzzled. Then he moves towards the door.

STEED  
You'll let me know when you  
remember?

BARNES  
Eh?

STEED  
The name of the hospital.

He smiles - exits.

HOLD ON BARNES - as he murmurs:

BARNES  
Yes - yes, I'll let you know.

He is very disturbed - he looks at the remains of his glass in fireplace - then he paces away - finally he sits down at the piano and begins to play - play well - he starts to relax in the music - to think straight again. HOLD HIM - playing brilliantly for a moment - his hands caress the keyboard - then we see his left hand starting to gnarl, and suddenly the music becomes a discordant crashing of chords - like a child's fists beating the key-board. Suddenly BARNES has become someone who cannot play the piano!

BARNES is horrified - he sits back, looking at his hands - looking at the gnarled hand. He tries to straighten it - but cannot - the perspiration beads on his forehead. Then suddenly he gets up and hurries to his desk - he is beginning to limp by the time he reaches it. He pulls paper and pen round and starts to write:

BARNES  
(as he writes)  
'Subject: Myself. I am  
alarmed to check a change in  
my behaviour and...'

He stops dead as he sees that from and including the word 'change' - his writing is now the extrovert script. He stares at the paper - then suddenly writes his own signature across the paper - Lord Barnes, Lord Barnes - Lord Barnes - each signature is in the extrovert script.

BARNES drops the pen - stands up - grips his gnarled hand - then spins round to stare at himself in a mirror -

(CONTINUED)

99. CONTINUED:

99.

the slope of his shoulder is quite noticeable.

HOLD BARNES staring at himself - then he steps back - and his gnarled hand opens desk drawer - reveals silenced gun nestling there. BARNES' right hand stretches out for the pen - but suddenly he makes himself slam it shut - turns so that his body is against the drawer, holding it shut. BARNES is in a growing terror now.

HOLD HIM - his eyes go towards the phone, but he cannot bring himself to pick it up.

CUT TO:

100. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

100.

CLOSE ON TARA - pacing back and forth - pausing to re-examine, to frown at the two scraps of paper she holds. Then - door opens - STEED enters.

TARA  
(eagerly)  
Steed...!

She is cut short as the PHONE RINGS. STEED hurries past her to answer the phone.

TARA  
(eagerly)  
I checked with the handwriting expert... the two specimens of handwriting are...

STEED  
(a gesture as)  
Yes, sir...?

101. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

101.

CLOSE ON BARNES talking into phone. His face contorted with effort now.

BARNES  
Steed, get back here right away.  
Hurry!

He slams down the phone.

102. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

102.

STEED holding phone.

STEED  
What's the...  
(Line is dead)  
Lord Barnes!?  
(Rattles receiver)

Now, alarmed, he turns to hurry towards door.

TARA  
Steed.

(CONTINUED)

102. CONTINUED:

102.

STEED  
Call you later.

TARA  
But, Steed....

STEED exits.

TARA is left waving the two scraps of paper - she reacts - regards them ruefully.

HOLD HER.

103. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

103.

CLOSE ON HANDCUFFS - being taken from drawer by BARNES. PULL OUT - he is having a terrific struggle against his own personality now - but he manages to handcuff his gnarled hand to some prominent object - he turns the key - and then turns to toss the key away. He makes the gesture of throwing it, but his fingers will not let go - we see him making the effort to throw the key away - but he cannot. Inexorably, his hand, with the key, returns to the handcuffs.

104. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

104.

CLOSE ON TARA - as she petulantly sits down, back to door, puts her chin on her hands - then DOOR BUZZER SOUNDS - she brightens - turns - runs to open it, expecting STEED.

TARA  
Steed...

Her face drops as she sees it is ROOKE.

ROOKE  
He isn't here?

TARA  
No.

ROOKE  
(frowns)  
I wanted to talk to him about some handwriting.

TARA  
(casually)  
So did I.

ROOKE nods idly - then both realise what has been said - they spin round on one another.

ROOKE & TARA  
What have you found out?

TARA produces two scraps of paper.

TARA  
Both the work of Boris Kartovski.

(CONTINUED)

104. CONTINUED:

104.

ROOKE stares at the papers - then produces his own paper - a letter - written by BARNES - and lapsing into the extrovert script. TARA stares at it - then her eyes lift to ROOKE.

ROOKE

A letter written by Lord Barnes.

TARA

(reacts)

Barnes!? But that's who Steed's gone to see! Lord Barnes!

CUT TO:

105. EXT. BARNES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

105.

STEED's empty car outside the house.

CUT TO:

106. INT. OUTSIDE BARNES' STUDY DOOR. DAY.

106.

At the instant STEED kicks the door open:

CUT TO:

107. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

107.

CLOSE ON DOOR - at the instant it bursts open and STEED is revealed.

STEED

Lord Barnes!?

He enters the room - looks around - then reacts to:

The study is empty - and nearby the empty handcuffs dangle from prominent object in room.

HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK

---

FADE IN:

108. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION)

108.

BARNES' car screeches around a corner.

109. INT. BARNES' CAR. DAY. (PROCESS)

109.

BARNES alone at the wheel - he is resolutely driving somewhere - but his 'other self' wants to prevent him. BARNES' hand gnarls on the steering wheel - then reaches out for the ignition key - but then BARNES forces the hand to straighten - and to keep driving.

HOLD THIS - then he swings the wheel and:

110. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION) 110.

BARNES' CAR skids to a stop outside the hospital. The car door opens - BARNES steps out - stares at hospital - then starts towards it. He holds his gun.

111. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY. 111.

CONSTANTINE & HINNELL - one seated, one standing, going through medical charts spread on desk. PETRA is near the window - she looks off, reacts:

PETRA

Doctor!

CONSTANTINE & HINNELL look up.

112. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION) 112.

BARNES walking normally towards the hospital. He reaches the door - stretches out a hand to open it - then the hand gnarls - he stops dead - and slowly he turns about and, left shoulder sloping, he limps back towards his car.

113. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY. 113.

CONSTANTINE & HINNELL gazing down and off as:

114. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION) 114.

BARNES gets into his car.

115. INT. BARNES' CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 115.

BARNES' gnarled hand turns ignition - sets car moving.

116. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION) 116.

BARNES' CAR starts to speed away again.

117. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY. 117.

HINNELL & CONSTANTINE turn from window.

HINNELL

Failure number two.

(CONSTANTINE stares  
at him)

He's breaking up, Doctor - it's obvious, he's breaking up - like Mercer.

CONSTANTINE

We DID anticipate a....

HINNELL

(interjects)

...a failure risk. You said that.  
All right. I accept that. The

(CONTINUED)



117. CONTINUED:

117.

HINNELL (cont.)  
question is - what do we do  
now!?

HOLD THEM.

CUT TO:

118. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION)

118.

TARA'S CAR speeding along.

119. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS)

119.

TARA driving - ROOKE alongside.

TARA  
It doesn't make sense - Lord  
Barnes, murdering his own  
agents...

ROOKE  
(interjects)  
Perhaps it makes a kind of sense.  
(jaw tightens)  
Anyway, one thing's certain -  
Barnes is a traitor - a dangerous  
traitor!

120. EXT. BARNES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

120.

As BARNES' CAR stops - BARNES alights - gun in hand -  
looks at the house - moves to enter - and, at the moment  
he goes through the front door:

PAN BACK TO PICK UP TARA'S CAR speeding in.

121. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (LOCATION)

121.

TARA & ROOKE - ROOKE reacting as he gazes off - pulls  
gun into sight.

ROOKE  
There he is...!

He starts to open the door.

122. EXT. BARNES' HOUSE. DAY. (LOCATION)

122.

TARA'S CAR screeching to a halt and ROOKE (STUNT DOUBLE)  
jumping from the car and running towards the house before  
the car is finally stopped.

123. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

123.

STEED is snooping through BARNES' desk - then suddenly  
the door crashes open - STEED spins round to find him-  
self facing BARNES, who holds the gun at the ready.

BARNES  
Steed. Steed, I must...I must...

(CONTINUED)

123. CONTINUED:

123.

He is actually going to say, "I must tell you everything" - but his manner COULD be interpreted as, "I must kill you".

BARNES is cut short by a blast of gunfire. BARNES staggers - his eyes stare at STEED - then he staggers to stare at his killer:

ROOKE framed in the doorway, grim faced, gun in hand -

Then BARNES' eyes glaze and close - he falls to the floor - dead!

STEED stares at BARNES' body - then at ROOKE - then he moves to crouch and examine BARNES.

At this moment TARA runs into the room - stops dead as she sees the scene. She looks from the body, to the gun in ROOKE's hand. STEED rises from the body.

STEED

You killed him. Lord  
Barnes...

ROOKE

I killed Boris Kartovski!

STEED reacts - ROOKE hands him scraps of paper.

ROOKE

Specimen of Kartovski's hand-  
writing. Letter from 'Lord  
Barnes'.

STEED looks at the identical extrovert script on each paper.

ROOKE

(moves to look down  
on the body)  
I don't know how they did it.  
A new technique? - plastic  
surgery? But HE was Boris  
Kartovski.

STEED

Impossible.

ROOKE & TARA turn to stare at him.

STEED

You see, I shot Boris Kartovski.  
Berlin - October '63. I shot  
him through the heart!

HOLD THEM.

CUT TO:

124. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

124.

CLOSE ON SURGICAL TRAY - with several hypodermics in it - then PETRA'S HANDS pick it up - and we move with PETRA & PULL OUT to see the area fully for the first time. CONSTANTINE is nearby - checking heart and lung

(CONTINUED)

124. CONTINUED:

124.

machine. In the centre of the area - highlighted by bank of lamps directly overhead - is a trolley bearing a kind of huge Perspex tray - this tray is packed with ice - and in this ice lies BORIS KARTOVSKI, a big, muscular man - but utterly without movement - save for his eyes, which are bright, intelligent, constantly darting from place to place - and the fingers of his gnarled hand. Even though he is lying down, we see that his shoulder slopes slightly. He is connected up by various wires to the machine which is keeping him alive. We hear this machine regular 'pinging' to his heart beat. Elsewhere in the room stands MORELL - a young 'heavy'.

PETRA places the tray down on table near KARTOVSKI and turns to move away.

KARTOVSKI's eyes follow her until she moves out of his line of vision - and then:

His gnarled hand presses a button on a tiny panel beneath the hand. A buzzer sounds.

PETRA pauses - looks back at KARTOVSKI - she looks a bit apprehensive. KARTOVSKI continues to push the button. CONSTANTINE turns - meets PETRA's uncertain eyes.

CONSTANTINE

He wants you to stand where he  
can see you.

PETRA does not move. CONSTANTINE grips her arm - moves her back to the foot of the trolley.

CONSTANTINE

He likes to look at you.

KARTOVSKI (whose face is incapable of movement) stares hungrily at the discomfited PETRA.

CONSTANTINE

He was always one for a pretty  
woman. His appetite was remarkable -  
voracious... and he could be cruel...  
so cruel...

PETRA

(querulous)  
He frightens me.

CONSTANTINE

There's no reason why he should.  
He's not a monster - on the  
contrary, he's a monument - a  
medical triumph.

(Smiles at KARTOVSKI)

Isn't that so, Boris?

NOTE: Throughout this scene we should INTER-CUT shots of KARTOVSKI's eyes, flickering from face to face, following every word, reacting accordingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONSTANTINE

(to PETRA)

When they brought him to me, he was without hope. Not dead - but with a bullet - Steed's bullet...

(KARTOVSKI's eyes flash with hatred)

...so deep in his heart that to operate was out of the question.

(Smiles)

But I kept him alive. Didn't I, Boris? With my skills I kept you alive?

PETRA

(stares at KARTOVSKI)

You call that alive!?

CONSTANTINE

His brain still lives!

(softer - yet intense)

The mind and personality of Boris Kartovski - still unimpaired - lucid - brilliant! And that is only the half of my achievement...

(He is 'on his pet kick' now)

To take that mind - the mind of the best agent we ever had - and with this...

As he talks, he now picks up the brain 'transfuser' - a device with a head plate of shiny steel at each end.

CONSTANTINE (cont.)

...transfuse it...infuse it into another man's brain...and to restore Kartovski to active duty....

He trails off - PETRA is rigid - the horror of the story hangs in the air - and then is broken as door opens and HINNELL hurries in.

HINNELL

Barnes is dead!

They stare at one another. HINNELL moves close to CONSTANTINE - regards him grimly.

HINNELL

He'll have to be replaced - you know that?

They both look at KARTOVSKI - slight pause - then CONSTANTINE moves to open file cabinet and start sorting through it.

CONSTANTINE

We are still in the experimental stage - you agree that?

HINNELL

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

124. CONTINUED:

124.

CONSTANTINE turns, file in hand.

CONSTANTINE

I would like to go a step further - explore a new avenue.

(HINNELL looks questioningly)

The personality of Kartovski - of a man - within the brain of a woman.

HINNELL reacts. CONSTANTINE takes photo out of file and shows it to him.

INSERT. PHOTO.  
Of TARA.

RESUME HINNELL and CONSTANTINE. They both look at photo - then at each other.

CUT TO:

125. INT. BARNES STUDY. DAY.

125.

CLOSE ON TARA as she leans around the door and calls to STEED, who is now going through various papers, desks, etc., making a mammoth search. BARNES' body has been removed - and ROOKE is nearby, checking the windows, etc.

TARA

Steed?

(he looks up)

I want to get a second opinion on that handwriting.

(she waves scraps of paper)

I'll call you?

STEED

Right.

TARA smiles - exits.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

ROOKE turns to STEED.

ROOKE

No sense in both of us searching. I'll be better employed tackling it from the Ministry end.

STEED

(nods)

I'll check with you later.

ROOKE nods - he too moves to exit.

HOLD ON STEED - starting the big task of going through many papers.

126. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION). 126.  
TARA'S CAR speeds along.
127. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS). 127.  
TARA alone at the wheel - relaxed and easy.
128. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION). 128.  
TARA'S CAR enters a bend.
129. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS) 129.  
TARA straightens the wheel after the bend - then reacts ahead to:
130. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION). 130.  
EYELINE - TRAVELLING SHOT AS FROM TARA'S CAR - ahead of her, half up a grass verge is a small, open car - it is at a slight angle - the passenger door hanging open - it looks just like a road accident.
131. INT. TARA'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS). 131.  
TARA reacts - starts to brake.
132. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION). 132.  
As TARA'S CAR stops near the 'accident'. TARA alights and moves to the little sports car. She looks in it and around it - seeking the hapless occupant - but the area is empty - then, she senses something - starts to turn - and: MORELL and HINNELL are right behind her - HINNELL clamps a pad over her face - while MORELL pinions her arms. TARA struggles for a moment - but then succumbs to the chloroform - she starts to slump - and instantly - HINNELL drops her by the open door of the sports car - TARA has now become the 'accident' victim. HINNELL gestures to MORELL, who runs to climb into TARA'S CAR, start it up and speed away in it - meanwhile, HINNELL gestures - and from the far end of the road - an ambulance appears from side turning or similar place of hiding.  
Bell clanging, it races to the scene of the accident.  
The whole incident has taken only seconds.  
Now other vehicles appear along the road - slowing as they reach the scene of the accident - one MAN stops altogether, and watches as:  
CONSTANTINE and HINNELL lift a stretcher bearing TARA, and place it in the ambulance. The whole scene would fool any passer-by.  
The MAN in the car watches as the ambulance starts to move away, bell clanging.

CUT TO:

133. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

133.

PETRA looks up as doors open - and stretcher is wheeled in on trolley - by HINNELL and CONSTANTINE - with MORELL in attendance. TARA is unconscious on the stretcher, and has acquired some bandages which swathe her arms and legs, and effectively pinion her.

The entourage enters the lift.

134. INT. HOSPITAL LIFT. DAY.

134.

Big enough to take the trolley. CONSTANTINE, MORELL and HINNELL enter with TARA on trolley. Doors shut, they start to ascend. TARA - starts to come round - her eyes flicker open - she reacts in alarm - opens her mouth to yell - and instantly, expertly, CONSTANTINE pops a swab into her mouth, and binds it tight with a bandage.

HOLD THE gagged TARA.

CUT TO:

135. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

135.

OPEN CLOSE ON KARTOVSKI lying in ice. PAN AWAY to the double doors as they are pushed open by the trolley bearing the helpless TARA. HINNELL, CONSTANTINE and MORELL in attendance.

HOLD THEM as they wheel TARA into position - her head in close juxtaposition to KARTOVSKI'S.

HOLD THIS TWO SHOT. TARA'S frightened eyes - KARTOVSKI'S eyes squinting at TARA.

HOLD THIS.

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

---

FADE IN:

136. INT. BARNES' STUDY. DAY.

136.

STEED sits back, sighs - he has checked the last of the mound of papers and other materials. He gets to his feet - starts to pour himself a drink. As he does this - the BUTLER enters.

STEED:

Ah, Miller.

BUTLER:

Sir?

STEED:

About Lord Barnes....

(CONTINUED)

136. CONTINUED:

136.

BUTLER

Oh, it's a tragedy, sir - a terrible tragedy.

STEED

Do you feel like talking now?

BUTLER

(nods)

But I really don't think I can add to what I've already told you, sir.

STEED

He gave you the afternoon off?

(BUTLER nods)

And when you came back later - he was getting into his car?

BUTLER

He was in a panic, sir... at least, that's how it looked to me. Very distraught..I..I thought there might have been an accident, sir.

STEED

(frowns)

What made you think that?

BUTLER

Well, I'm sure I heard him mention, a hospital, sir. Something about ... 'having to get to the hospital'.

HOLD ON STEED as he turns into camera - reacting.

STEED

(soft)

The hospital!

CUT TO:

137. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

137.

TARA and KARTOVSKI juxtaposed - PULLING OUT TO REVEAL CONSTANTINE bending over them - in his hands he holds the brain transfuser device. In B.G. HINNELL stands watching as:

CONSTANTINE

You will feel no pain, Miss King - no pain at all - unless you try to fight it. Then...

(gestures)

...well, your suffering will be considerable - and so unnecessary, because the technique is irresistible. Ultimately we must win.

As he talks, he fastens the brain plate to KARTOVSKI'S head.

(CONTINUED)



137. CONTINUED:

137.

CONSTANTINE

I would advise you to relax.  
Relax, and you will experience  
only a sense of well being -  
of drifting into sleep...

And he moves in on TARA with other brain plate. TARA  
struggles against her bonds - gurgles under the gag.

138. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION).

138.

As STEED'S car screeches around a corner - hurtles  
along the road.

139. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS).

139.

STEED at the wheel - face set and determined as he  
drives hard.

140. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

140.

CLOSE ON TARA - struggling, murmuring under the gag -  
but CONSTANTINE and HINNELL hold her, and finally the  
brain plate is connected to TARA'S head. She and  
KARTOVSKI are now linked.

CONSTANTINE steps back to where a machine is linked  
up to the transfuser device. He starts to adjust  
knobs and dials.

CONSTANTINE

Remember, Miss King - relax -  
and let his mind flood into yours.

And now he throws a switch and the transfuser starts  
to throb into life (probably a light darts from one  
end of machine to the other - suggesting a growing  
link, an invasion of TARA'S mind by KARTOVSKI'S.

HOLD THIS MOMENT - then CONSTANTINE looks at HINNELL.

CONSTANTINE

I think we might allow ourselves  
the luxury of splitting a bottle  
together, don't you? A small  
celebration? After all - this  
will take some time....

HINNELL

Excellent idea.

CONSTANTINE and HINNELL move to exit - but then  
HINNELL pauses - turns to KARTOVSKI.

HINNELL

(smiles)  
Boris, don't forget you are dealing  
with a lady. Think some nice  
thoughts!

(CONTINUED)

140. CONTINUED: 140.  
He chuckles - he and CONSTANTINE exit.  
HOLD ON TARA and KARTOVSKI - alone together. The machine throbs.
141. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION). 141.  
As STEED'S car enters the area.
142. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS). 142.  
STEED switches off the engine - and:
143. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION). 143.  
STEED'S car glides silently to a stop in a place of some concealment.
144. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS). 144.  
STEED starts to lift himself up out of his seat - then he stops - staring off at:
145. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION). 145.  
STEED'S EYELINE - TARA'S empty car - parked in place of concealment some way away.
146. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS). 146.  
STEED reacts - then his eyes go to:
147. EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY. (LOCATION). 147.  
STEED'S EYELINE TO THE BUILDING.
148. INT. RECEPTION. DAY. 148.  
CLOSE ON PETRA, working on some charts - then she slips them into a folder - and moves to put folder in file cabinet nearby. HOLD CLOSE ON HER as she puts file away, closes cabinet - turns - then is shocked out of her life to find STEED right behind her.  
She opens her mouth to yell - but - STEED smiles as he doffs his bowler, but keeps the movement going and neatly bangs her on the head with the crown of his bowler. PETRA falls down without a sound. STEED replaces his hat - turns - sees lift - moves to it. He thumbs button - a pause, during which STEED looks around him cautiously.  
Then - the lift doors swish open - and MORELL is about to step out when he sees STEED - who instantly steps in, taking MORELL back with him. The lift doors swish closed on the two of them.

(CONTINUED)

148. CONTINUED:

148.

HOLD ON LIFT DOORS. We hear vague sounds of a terrific fight going on inside. Then silence - a pause - lift doors swish open again - and MORELL tumbles straight out - unconscious. STEED thumbs button - lift doors swish shut - we hear lift starting to ascend.

HOLD ON MORELL and PETRA - knocked out.

149. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

149.

TARA AND KARTOVSKI - she is fighting the process - and suffering - moaning under the gag, her body jerking to the occasional stab of pain. KARTOVSKI'S eyes are malignant, filled with concentration.

The machine throbs - its tempo increases - as though its power is building up against TARA - who struggles and moans, trying to resist, but losing the battle - then suddenly - her eyes pop wide open as:

STEED rushes in through the door.

KARTOVSKI'S eyes flash with hatred as he sees his old arch-enemy again.

STEED hurries over and removes TARA'S gag.

TARA

Steed...the machine...

She jerks her head towards transfuser - STEED hurries over to it - runs his hand along the line of buttons or switches.

TARA

That one.

He throws the indicated switch - the transfuser dies away to silence - only the throb of the machines keeping KARTOVSKI alive continue.

STEED now quickly picks up scalpel from surgical dish and cuts through TARA'S bonds.

STEED

Are you all right?

TARA

I think so.

She stands up - her legs give way - and she clings very, very close to STEED for a moment. Then she recovers, stands on her own two feet.

TARA

At least I'm still me.

STEED reacts - she indicates KARTOVSKI.

STEED

Boris Kartovskii!

(CONTINUED)

149. CONTINUED:

149.

TARA  
(nods)  
Not exactly up and around -  
but still alive - and very  
active - mentally anyway.

She has removed the transfuser plate - and now holds  
it out for STEED to see.

TARA  
Here's the real villain of  
the piece.

STEED takes it - examines it - looks at her question-  
ingly.

STEED  
New home-perm device?

TARA  
(shakes head)  
Some kind of...of mind-transfuser  
- so they can put HIS mind into  
somebody else's!

STEED reacts as he takes this in - then, urgently:

STEED  
Get back to the Ministry - find  
Colonel Rooke - tell him what's  
happening here...

TARA nods - starts to move - then stops - looks at  
STEED.

STEED  
I'll be all right - now hurry!

TARA nods - exits.

HOLD ON STEED as he again gazes down on KARTOVSKI.  
Their eyes meet and hold. KARTOVSKI'S gnarled hand  
moves slightly - he would like to get it around  
STEED'S throat.

STEED  
I'd LIKE to chat to you about old  
times, Boris - but I'm afraid  
it'll have to wait.

And he turns - surveys the area - sees the desk or  
table nearby - moves to start spilling out the drawers.

150. INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

150.

CLOSE ON MORELL - unconscious - then hands slap his  
cheeks - he comes round - looks up at VITCH - a  
white coated, heavy. He stares at him - then sits  
up - looks to where PETRA lies unconscious - then he  
starts to scramble to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

150. CONTINUED:

150.

MORELL

Call the doctor - warn him  
that....

He stops dead as he hears lift starting to descend. MORELL quickly gestures to VITCH - they move to stand either side of the lift. Pause - lift stops - doors open - TARA steps out - and instantly - VITCH and MORELL plunge in at her from either side - TARA smartly steps back into the lift again - VITCH and MORELL collide heavily - both are winded - TARA quickly chops MORELL across the throat - he falls away and down - then she turns on VITCH, gets a hold on him - then throws him right across the reception area - a prodigious throw. VITCH ends up in a heap - out cold.

TARA hurries on to the exit door.

151. INT. OPERATING THEATRE. DAY.

151.

CLOSE ON STEED - he has produced several folders from drawer - the first is marked "FIRST EXPERIMENT" - he opens it, reveals a photo of MERCER. The next is marked "SECOND EXPERIMENT" - he opens it - and reveals a photo of BARNES. The last is marked "THIRD EXPERIMENT" - STEED is about to open it - when a shot crashes out.

INSERT. The third file in STEED'S HANDS.  
A hole has appeared through the middle of it.

RESUME STEED.

He drops to a crouch - swinging round to see that HINNELL and CONSTANTINE have appeared through another door - HINNELL holds gun. He fires again - but:

STEED has heaved the table over as a shield - the bullet has smacked into it.

HINNELL runs in - gun ready -

STEED whips off his bowler - poises it - then spins it away.

HINNELL. CLOSE SHOT.

As the brim of the bowler catches him across the face - he staggers.

PULL OUT. HINNELL drops the gun - and instantly STEED rushes to close with him.

HINNELL and STEED lock - rock - smash back against the heart and lung machine. It rocks - something fuses.

CONSTANTINE is about to scoop up the gun when this happens - he forgets the gun - turns - runs towards the machine.

CONSTANTINE

The machine!

He starts to throw switches - but the power is dying away -

(CONTINUED)

151. CONTINUED:

151.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

HINNELL AND STEED. As HINNELL punches STEED away - and in the same movement, bends to scoop up the gun - STEED is a sitting duck.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

CONSTANTINE - panics as the machine dies. He turns.

CONSTANTINE

The machine...Hinnell....

He grabs HINNELL'S arm as HINNELL fires at STEED - the shot goes wild. CONSTANTINE is utterly wild now - he clings to HINNELL, hampering him.

CONSTANTINE

My life work....Hinnell, please  
....Hinnell...

HINNELL finally turns and fires the gun at him. CONSTANTINE is thrown away to hit against and cling to the trolley bearing KARTOVSKI - moving it away slightly.

Simultaneously - STEED has used the diversion to leap at HINNELL - he takes him right back against a wall - thumps him hard against it - the gun is between them - it fires. HINNELL AND STEED stare at one another - then KARTOVSKI'S eyes glaze and close - he falls dead, still holding the gun.

STEED recovers - turns - reacts to:

CONSTANTINE lies half clinging to the trolley - he too is dead.

STEED rushes to the trolley. KARTOVSKI now lies in a wash of water - the ice has melted - the machine has stopped. KARTOVSKI stares at STEED for a long moment - then his eyes flutter and close for the last time. Finally KARTOVSKI is dead.

HOLD STEED - he stares at the scene for a moment - then turns - and his foot kicks against: The third file marked "THIRD EXPERIMENT" - the file with the bullet hole in it. The photo has slipped out of the file now - and STEED picks it up - stares at: photo of ROOKE! HOLD THIS.

CUT TO:

152. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

152.

CLOSE ON ROOKE.

ROOKE

The Nullington Private  
Hospital?

BULL OUT TO REVEAL TARA by the door - ready and eager to leave.

(CONTINUED)

152. CONTINUED:

152.

TARA  
That's right. Steed's there  
- waiting for us.  
(she turns)  
Come on.

ROOKE (OFF)  
Not just yet.

TARA turns - reacts to:

ROOKE pointing a gun at her.

TARA stares at him - then her eyes go down and react to:

ROOKE'S LEFT HAND.  
ZOOM IN ON IT TO REVEAL that it is now gnarled.

TARA lifts her eyes to ROOKE'S face - he is having a terrific struggle with his 'other self'.

ROOKE  
Close - the - door.

TARA does. A pause.

TARA  
Colonel Rooke....

ROOKE  
(interjects)  
Not Rooke. NOT.....Rooke.  
(a struggle)  
B.....Boris.

It is almost as though his other self has won the battle.

153. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY. (LOCATION).

153.

STEED'S car speeding along.

154. INT. STEED'S CAR. DAY. (PROCESS).

154.

STEED at the wheel - driving hard. PAN TO THE SEAT BESIDE HIM - lying on it is the photo of ROOKE.

155. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

155.

ROOKE staring at:

TARA.

ROOKE  
Barnes and Mercer - they were failures. Abject failures.  
They...they broke up.

TARA  
The way you're breaking up!

(CONTINUED)

155. CONTINUED:

155.

ROOKE

No! Perfect. I - am - the -  
perfect prototype. I...

(slaps his chest)

Boris Kartovski.

(the braggart)

I don't need to be triggered  
in any way. He-I think for  
myself....

(proudly)

The perfect prototype.

(a sudden, terrified  
appeal)

Help me!

TARA takes a step towards him - and suddenly his other  
self reasserts, and he jerks the gun up at her again.

ROOKE

(hard again)

I will have to kill you, Miss  
King.

(terrified whisper)

For pity's sake - help me....

(tough)

I will have to kill you.

He levels the gun - starts to take first pressure on  
trigger.

ROOKE

I will. I will.

ROOKE is trying NOT to pull the trigger - his other  
self is trying hard to pull the trigger - a terrible  
struggle which is reflected in ROOKE'S perspiring  
face.

ROOKE

I..will....kill....you.

CUT TO:

156. EXT. MINISTRY OF T.S.I. DAY. (LOCATION).

156.

At the moment STEED has passed through the gates -  
and is speeding towards the building in his car.

157. INT. REST AREA. DAY.

157.

CLOSE ON ROOKE as he fires.

REVEAL TARA - utterly shaken - bullet mark in wall -  
inches from her head.

ROOKE'S face tightens - he fires again - but at the  
last moment we see his hand involuntarily (it seems)  
- jerk aside - shift the aim.

TARA - reacting to a second bullet hole - again -  
inches away.

(CONTINUED)



157. CONTINUED:

157.

ROOKE

He won't best me....he won't...  
best....Boris...Kartovski....

He lifts the gun to the aim again - then the door bursts open - STEED stands there - ROOKE stares at him.

STEED

Rooke....  
(gently)  
Colonel Peter Rooke....

ROOKE still has the gun pointed at him - then, he makes his hand place the gun on the desk - makes his hand push it a few inches away.

ROOKE

Pick it up!

His own hand is stretching towards the gun - but again he stops it - struggles to keep his hand away from the gun.

ROOKE

Steed - pick it up and kill  
me! PLEASE. Pick up the  
gun and kill me!

STEED takes a step closer. ROOKE'S hand stretches out for the gun again - but he slams it down with his left, gnarled hand and struggles to hold it there. His face is full of anguish.

ROOKE

Kill me...  
(struggling - one hand  
against the other)  
If you don't, I'm going to kill  
you! Kill me! Kill me.....

On this last, he breaks - his hand snakes out and picks up the gun - aiming to kill STEED.

But - STEED is a fraction faster - he swings his umbrella round like a mighty cricket swipe - smashes ROOKE right across the head - and sends him flying to the floor - out cold.

Only now does STEED step in and pick up the gun - then he looks at TARA - then, gently, sympathetically down at the unconscious ROOKE.

STEED

(murmurs)  
Kill you, old chap? I'd  
rather cure you.

HOLD THEM.

FADE OUT:

---

COMMERCIAL BREAK

---

FADE IN:

158. INT. STEED'S APARTMENT. DAY.

158.

CLOSE ON DOOR - it opens - TARA enters.

TARA  
Steed....?

STEED'S VOICE (OFF)  
Come on in.....

TARA does -

STEED'S VOICE (OFF)  
Won't keep you a moment.

TARA  
That's all right.

STEED'S VOICE (OFF)  
Help yourself to a drink. What  
do you fancy...?

TARA  
What have you got?

STEED'S VOICE (OFF)  
Everything.

TARA  
(murmurs)  
Everything?  
(she smiles wickedly)  
Well....in that case....

She flounces airily to sit herself down like a  
Grecian goddess awaiting the slave-boys.

TARA (cont.)  
.....I'd like a tall, crystal  
glass of crushed ice - permeated  
with Grenadine - laced with a  
mixture of Cantonese saki and  
creme de violette - topped off  
with measure of calvados, a  
spoonful of Devonshire cream -  
and a fresh, unripe strawberry.

STEED'S VOICE (OFF)  
The bottom drawer down.

She reacts - he means he's actually got this mixture!?  
She opens bottom drawer down - and, as STEED talks,  
she starts to withdraw a bottle of Champagne.

STEED'S VOICE (OFF)  
Haven't got any of those things -  
but Champagne's much nicer.

TARA reacts with a wry smile.

STEED'S VOICE  
Sorry to keep you waiting....

STEED emerges from another area - pulling up his tie.

(CONTINUED)

158. CONTINUED:

158.

STEED

... but I was just changing.

TARA stares at him - he has limped into the room -  
and his left hand is gnarled.

TARA

(alarmed)

Changing!?

STEED reacts - realises what she thinks.

STEED

(hastily)

My suit!

TARA still stares at his leg and his hand.

STEED

These are a legacy from the fight  
at the hospital. See!

He flexes the gnarled hand - we realise it is not  
permanently so - he can move it normally.

TARA

Sorry ...

(smile appearing)

... but for a moment, I wondered  
WHAT had got into you?!

HOLD THEM - they exchange a smile - then they are  
reaching for Champagne glasses.

HOLD THIS..

FINAL FADE OUT:

THE END.

