

" THE AVENGERS "

"FALSE WITNESS"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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**MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED**

prepared by:

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

OCTOBER 1968

MAIN TITLES

EXT. CITY STREET

MELVILLE MOVES TOWARDS
TELEPHONE BOX.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

PENMAN GETS INTO ROLLS.
PICKS UP TELEPHONE.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX (INTERCUTTING)

PENMAN: (into phone)

The stuff's here all right.
Let me know if there's any sign of the
opposition.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE/INT. ROLLS.

PENMAN TAKING PICTURES WITH
MINIATURE CAMERA.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TELEPHONE BOX

MELVILLE watching.
HIS P.O.V. OF

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREET

BRAYSHAW walking along.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TELEPHONE BOX /INT. ROLLS (INTERCUTTING)

MELVILLE: (into phone)

Penman!

PENMAN: (into phone)

What ?
What is it. Someone coming ?

MELVILLE: (into phone)

No, it was nothing. No-one coming.
No-one.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

BRAYSHAW SHOOTS PENMAN.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREET

PENMAN:

Melville - why -
why didn't you warn me ?

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED
OVER EXT. STREET.

FALSE
WITNESS

COMMERCIAL BREAK:

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Seven. One-two-three-four-five-six-seven.
My game I believe.

TARA: Steed. You've just won the last twenty
games.

STEED: Yes, I have, haven't I.

TARA: It's not that I don't trust you...

STEED: Oh no, of course not.

TARA: It's just that I think such good fortune
ought to be shared.

STEED: Of course. Excuse me.
(into phone) Yes. Oh Mother. Yes right away.

STEED: Very sorry I've got to go.

TARA: Mother, eh ?

STEED: Yes, I might have guessed.

TARA: Why's that ?

STEED: It's Mother's Day.

TARA: It's Mother's Day.

EXT. STEED'S MEWS

STEED drives away.
PENMAN staggers
along mews.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREET.

STEED pulls up and
gets out...puts up
bus stop sign.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. STREET & BUS STOP

GOULD: Sorry, full up.

LITTLE MAN: What d'you mean, full up.

INT. TOP DECK OF BUS

STEED: Room for one more ?

MOTHER: Could we dispense with the jokes this morning,
thank you Steed.

STEED: Ah Rhonda, I'll have one of those.
I'm very sorry. Trouble in Botswana.

MOTHER: (into phone) * Trouble in the abdomen. Too many oysters.
* Lai Ka Ho La Lakitao. Ilya Ho To Ita.
* Lakitao. Lakitao.
I'm surrounded by incompetence.

STEED: In general or in particular ?

MOTHER: Both. That's why I have to involve you
in a case that a child of two could have
sewn up in half-an-hour.

STEED: Well, who's the fly in your ointment ?

MOTHER: Melville.

STEED: Melville. I thought he was your a -
your blue eyed boy.

MOTHER: He was.

STEED: What happened ?

MOTHER: I wish I knew. Ever since he started
work on the Edgefield case, the whole thing's
become a nightmare. The Department's losing
agents and I'm losing sleep.

STEED: What's the Edgefield case ?

MOTHER: Three months ago Sir Joseph asked us to
compile a dossier on Lord Edgefield.
Now our investigations have confirmed that
he has a long record of extortion and blackmail,
mostly directed against security and foreign
service personnel. Now we have a witness
prepared to give evidence against him, but
we needed conclusive proof.

STEED: And you assigned Melville to get it ?

MOTHER: Yes. A perfectly straight forward operation,
I should have thought, but so far the balance
sheet reads, gains, nil, losses, two men.
Last night I sent him out again, but if past
experience is anything to go by, he'll return
empty handed - and alone.

STEED: He was working with a partner ?

MOTHER: Oh, naturally.

STEED: Who ?

MOTHER: Penman.

EXT. STEED'S MEWS

PENMAN staggers forward.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Penman. Penman.

PENMAN: (very faint)

Look outside ... in dustbin and warn Steed.... Mother.

TARA:

Warn them about what ?

PENMAN:

Melville. Melville, Traitor!

INT. TOP DECK OF BUS

MOTHER:

There's something very odd about this case Steed.

STEED:

You're taking Melville off it ?

MOTHER:

No.

STEED:

Why not ?

MOTHER:

I want you to work together. Finish the job, and at the same time -

STEED:

Keep an eye on him.

MOTHER:

Both eyes Steed.

END OF REEL ONE

748 feet + 0 frames.

EXT. BUS STOP

MELVILLE boards bus.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TOP DECK OF THE BUS

MOTHER: Well, any luck ?

MELVILLE: No.

MOTHER: No photographs ?

MELVILLE: Nothing.

MOTHER: Notebook ?

MELVILLE: - wasn't there.

MOTHER: Where's Penman ?

MELVILLE: Oh he's gone home.

MOTHER: Is he all right.?

MELVILLE: As far as I know.

MOTHER: It's a good thing we've still got Plummer.

STEED: Who's Plummer ?

MOTHER: The star witness. It looks as if we're going to have to depend entirely on him. Sir Joseph's called a meeting this morning with Lord Edgefield and Plummer at eleven thirty at which the whole case will be reviewed.

STEED: The whole case resting at the moment on the evidence of one man.

MOTHER: Precisely. So you'd better get over there and look after him, as his market value has just risen one hundred per cent.

STEED: Right.

MOTHER: Oh, and Steed, take Melville with you. He's expecting you both.

INT. PLUMMER'S FLAT

FIGHT SEQUENCE

VOICE OFF:
(STEED) Plummer! Plummer!

STEED: What's happened ?

PLUMMER: Someone in my kitchen. Frightened him off. Disappeared down the fire-escape.

STEED: Maybe he thought you kept your jewelry on ice. Anything missing ?

PLUMMER: Not as far as I can see.
STEED: Anything here that shouldn't be here ?
PLUMMER: No.
STEED: Except this.
PLUMMER: What's the matter with it ?
STEED: Plucky, but from the wrong side of the hill.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA ENTERS WITH
DUST-BIN.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PLUMMER'S FLAT

MELVILLE: (V.O.) Thanks.
STEED: Milk Plummer?
PLUMMER: Yes please.
STEED: I gather you've had personal experience of the way that Edgefield operates ?
PLUMMER: That's one way of putting it. He was responsible for my brother's suicide.
STEED: Can you prove it ?
PLUMMER: Jack told me what Edgefield said to him and I have his cancelled cheques for the year before he died.
STEED: What do they show ?
PLUMMER: Blackmail. He paid Edgefield a total of ten thousand pounds over that period.
STEED: What department did he work in ?
PLUMMER: Security. Missile Division.
STEED: Then the question is -
PLUMMER: What else did he give him.
STEED: Makes it even more urgent to get Edgefield behind bars.
PLUMMER: Don't worry. Won't be long now.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA searching through
rubbish.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIR JOSEPH'S STUDY

SIR JOSEPH: You're certain the case is now watertight - Steed, no loopholes.

STEED: Quite certain. Those cheques speak for themselves.

SIR JOSEPH: Only if there were no legitimate reason for their payment.

STEED: There wasn't. Plummer's brother had told him that Edgefield was blackmailing him.

SIR JOSEPH: Good. Good. That makes it pretty conclusive. Now we shall want you to be as specific as possible, Mr. Plummer: don't leave him room to manoeuvre. We want the - a - exact dates - he's here all ready.

EXT. STREET. SIR JOSEPH'S HOUSE

EDGEFIELD ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIR JOSEPH'S STUDY

SIR JOSEPH: I'm making a recording of this historic interview.
Come in.

AMANDA: Lord Edgefield, Sir Joseph.

EDGEFIELD: Well, well, well. The vultures are gathering, it seems.

SIR JOSEPH: Good morning Edgefield. Mr. Steed.

STEED: M'Lord.

SIR JOSEPH: Melville. Mr. Plummer I believe you know.

EDGEFIELD: Yes indeed. I'm sorry to hear about your brother, Plummer.

SIR JOSEPH: Do sit down.

EDGEWORTH: Thank you. Before we begin Sir Joseph, I should like to make one thing quite clear. Damages for defamation of character in my case could be punitive.

SIR JOSEPH: Yes, I'm well aware of that.
However, I am assured that the charges about to be brought against you, can be substantiated. Mr. Plummer, I believe you attribute your brother's death directly to the fact that he was being blackmailed by Lord Edgefield. Now can you prove these allegations?
Mr. Plummer?

SIR JOSEPH: Would you tell us - err - please - in your own words of course - about the conversation that you overheard between your brother and Lord Edgefield.

STEED: Come on Plummer, there's nothing to be afraid of.

EDGEFIELD: It seems your little bird is reluctant to sing.

SIR JOSEPH: Were you or were you not present during that conversation ?

PLUMMER: No.

SIR JOSEPH: (coughs) Well, let me re-phrase the question. Have you any reason to believe that your brother's association with Lord Edgefield was a contributory factor to his suicide. ?

EDGEFIELD: This is outrageous. You're putting words into his mouth.

SIR JOSEPH: I am simply repeating what he said in his original statement. Was Lord Edgefield responsible for your brother's death ?

PLUMMER: No.

SIR JOSEPH: Did you not at one time hold such an opinion ?

PLUMMER: No.

STEED: But only an hour or so ago -

SIR JOSEPH: (interjects)
dialogue overlaid -just a minute Steed.
Am I to take it then that you have no charges to bring against Lord Edgefield ?

PLUMMER: No.

EDGEFIELD: I take it I may go.

SIR JOSEPH: Yes.

EDGEFIELD: Good day, gentlemen.

SIR JOSEPH: Thank you Mr. Plummer, you may go too.

PLUMMER: Thank you.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT:

STEED: Spring cleaning ?

TARA: You've got a visitor.

STEED: Anyone I know ?

TARA: I'm afraid so, Penman.
STEED: When did he arrive ?
TARA: Soon after you left.
STEED: Did he say anything ?
TARA: He told me to look in the dustbin.
STEED: Which you've been doing.
TARA: Hmmm.
STEED: What for ?
TARA: That, I suppose.
STEED: Interesting.
TARA: He said something else. He said I should warn you and Mother.
STEED: What about ?
TARA: That Melville is a traitor.
STEED: He needn't have bothered.
TARA: Why ?
STEED: It's self evident. Melville said they didn't get the films. Yet here they are.

EXT. STREET

BUS TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BUS

MOTHER: Now this is an unexpected development.
STEED: Under exposed ?
MOTHER: There are two possibilities. Either he genuinely didn't know that Penman got the photographs
STEED: Or it's a deliberate lie to turn the Edgefield interview into a fiasco.
MOTHER: We have to know which. Now there's only one way to be sure..... I want you to ...
STEED: You want me to partner Melville on an assignment.
MOTHER: At the same time you can find out what he's up to.
STEED: Kill two birds - with one stone.

END OF REEL TWO

724 feet + 11 frames

EXT. BUS STOP

STEED: Wrong number.
It says request stop.
We're refusing your request.

INT. TOP DECK OF BUS

TARA: This is asking for trouble Mother.

MOTHER: Well we have to be certain. The security
of the Department's at stake.

TARA: And Steed's life!

MOTHER: He'll be all right. Forewarned is
forearmed.

TARA: Not against a knife in the back.
There must be another way.

MOTHER: Can you think of one ?

TARA: No.

MOTHER: Exactly.

TARA: Well I still think it's an unnecessary risk.

MOTHER: Take your mind off it.

TARA: How ?

MOTHER: Pay Plummer a visit. See if you can find out
why he changed his testimony.

TARA: All right.

MOTHER: And Tara

TARA: Yes Mother ?

MOTHER: I shouldn't worry too much about Steed,
he usually knows what he's up to.

TARA: Huh.

INT. PLUMMER'S FLAT

TARA: Very clever.
You'd be a woman's best friend as well.

TARA: Now the trouble with you Suki - is
you're a liar.

EXT. STREET & TELEPHONE KIOSK

STEED: No reply.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

STEED investigates. NO DIALOGUE

INT. EDGEFIELD'S FLAT/INT. TELEPHONE BOX (INTERCUTTING)

MELVILLE: (into phone) Yes.
STEED: (into phone) Melville, I'm in. Keep me posted.
MELVILLE: (into phone) Right.

EXT. STREET & UNDERGROUND GARAGE

EDGEFIELD'S CAR ARRIVES.

INT. EDGEFIELD'S FLAT/INT. TELEPHONE BOX (INTERCUTTING)

STEED: (into phone) Melville ?
(V.O.) Any sign of Edgefield yet ?
MELVILLE: No.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

BRAYSHAW AND EDGEFIELD
walking across garage. NO DIALOGUE

INT. EDGEFIELD'S FLAT/INT. TELEPHONE BOX (INTERCUTTING)

STEED: (into phone) Melville.
Everything still clear?
MELVILLE:(into phone) Yes.
EDGEFIELD: Put this away Brayshaw.
BRAYSHAW: Very good sir.
STEED: Thank you.
BRAYSHAW: (groans) Ouch.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

STEED chased by
BRAYSHAW. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE/EXT. STREET.

STEED: Melville!

EXT. WOODS

STEED: Get out!
MELVILLE: What did you do that for ?
STEED: For services not rendered.

MELVILLE: What do you mean ?

STEED: Get up!
Why did you tell me that Edgefield
hadn't come back when you knew perfectly
well that he had.?

MELVILLE: I didn't.

STEED: I asked you if there was any sign of him -
you said no.

MELVILLE: I said yes.

STEED: You've been doing this for some time,
haven't you ?

MELVILLE: What ?

STEED: You've been feeding false information to
your partners.

MELVILLE: I have never given them false information
in my life.

STEED: Three of them are dead.

MELVILLE: They're not.

STEED: Get back in the car.

MELVILLE: Where are we going ?

STEED: To Headquarters.

MELVILLE: Why ?

STEED: To make a little - test.

INT. TOP DECK OF BUS

GRANT: No need to be nervous Mr. Melville. The Lie
Detector Test is mainly for the purpose of
exonerating innocent people.

MELVILLE: Let's get on with it then.

GRANT: Quite.
Mother ?

MOTHER: Were you telling the truth when you said
that you and Penman failed to get the
photographs ?

MELVILLE: Yes.

MOTHER: Were you telling the truth when you said
that Penman wasn't hurt ?

MELVILLE: Have you been feeding false information
to your fellow agents ?

MELVILLE: No.

MOTHER: Well ?

GRANT: All those answers were true.

STEED: Are you sure you haven't got your wires crossed ?

GRANT: I beg your pardon Mr. Steed ?

STEED: It is plugged in, isn't it ?

GRANT: Naturally.

MOTHER: Melville, did you deliberately give false information to Steed whilst he was at Lord Edgefield's apartment.?

MELVILLE: Of course not.

GRANT: True.

STEED: untrue.

GRANT: Mr. Steed this machine is infallible. It's never made a mistake.

STEED: Well there's always a first time - it is human.

MOTHER: Let us try a more direct approach Steed. Check the basic facts.

STEED: Right. Melville ?

MELVILLE: Yes.

STEED: Did you and I work together today ?

MELVILLE: No.

GRANT: According to the machine, that was true.

MOTHER: As you suspected. It seems that we've found our problem.

STEED: But not solved it.

MELVILLE: Problem ?

INT. PLUMMER'S FLAT

TARA searching through papers. Reacts to Milkman.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE / EXT. STREET

TARA chases Milk float.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. DAIRIES

EDGEFIELD'S ROLLS DRIVES UP.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL THREE

855 feet + 8 frames

EXT. STREET

MILK FLOAT TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SYKES' OFFICE

SYKES: Ah, the mountain comes to Mahoumed!

EDGEFIELD: I beg your pardon ?

SYKES: Oh merely a figure of speech.
I take it you have something for me ?

EDGEFIELD: Yes.

SYKES: Five thousand ?

EDGEFIELD: You're at liberty to count it.

SYKES: I trust you. "Noblesse Oblige" and all that.

EDGEFIELD: It worked. Like a dream.

SYKES: Good. Always happy to give satisfaction.

EDGEFIELD: But it's not enough.

SYKES: Of course not. That's why we've arranged
a regular delivery service.

EDGEFIELD: I mean, this will only give me a temporary
breathing space. It won't be long before
they come up with someone else to testify
against me.

SYKES: Well we can't deliver all over London you
know.

EDGEFIELD: I'm well aware of that.

SYKES: Then what else do you suggest ?

EDGEFIELD: That we stop attacking the body, and concentrate
on the head.

SYKES: I see. Sir Joseph ?
That would be very expensive, in view of the
risk involved.

EDGEFIELD: How much ?

SYKES: Another ten thousand.

EDGEFIELD: Very well. But you'll have to hurry.
There isn't much time.

SYKES: (into inter-com) Special delivery, Lane. Sir Joseph
Tarleton. Two pints please.

INT. MILK FLOAT

LANE: (into inter-com) Yes sir.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

THE AVENGERS WILL CONTINUE FOLLOWING THIS
PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION.

ABC LOGO CARD

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. SIR JOSEPH'S STUDY

SIR JOSEPH:

Come in.

AMANDA:

Mr. Steed Sir.

SIR JOSEPH:

Ah -

STEED:

I'm sorry to disturb you Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH:

Oh that's all right Steed. What's on your
mind ?

STEED:

It's these.

SIR JOSEPH:

What are they ?

STEED:

Edgefield's records of payments received
and from whom.

SIR JOSEPH:

Hmm. Manna from heaven, eh.

STEED:

Well heaven helps those who help themselves.

SIR JOSEPH:

(into inter-com)

Err, precisely.
Amanda! W - will you come in for a moment
please.

AMANDA: (V.O.)

Yes sir.

SIR JOSEPH:

Of course you realise that if none of these
men testify, we're back where we started.

STEED:

We've got nothing to lose.

SIR JOSEPH:

No, quite.
Amanda I want - a - all the telephone numbers
of all the people on this list please.

AMANDA:

Yes Sir James.

SIR JOSEPH:

As soon as possible.
Well make yourself at home Steed.
This looks like being a long job.

EXT. STREET

MILK FLOAT TRAVELLING.

NC DIALOGUE

INT. SIR JOSEPH'S STUDY

STEED: No luck ?

SIR JOSEPH: Closed up like an oyster.

STEED: How many left ?

SIR JOSEPH: (into phone) Three.
Mr. Nesbitt ?
This is Joseph Tarleton. A few months ago
you made a very large payment to Lord
Edgefield. May I ask what that payment
was for ?
I see.
Well in that case would you care to come
round and see me. Immediately.
Thank you.

STEED: Someone willing to testify ?

SIR JOSEPH: We've got a bite.

STEED: Plummer was willing to testify.

SIR JOSEPH: Quite. But this time nothing must go wrong.

EXT. STREET/EXT. DAIRY

TARA'S CAR FOLLOWING
MILK FLOAT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIR JOSEPH'S STUDY

NESBITT: I was going to come and see you anyway,
Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: Well you should have come to see me as soon
as Lord Edgefield approached you. Do sit down.

NESBITT: I realise that now. It was just that he
threatened to - make public a past indiscretion.

SIR JOSEPH: Hmm. Well I'm not interested in your private
life, Mr. Nesbitt. I'm interested in whether
you're willing to give us a sworn statement.

NESBITT: Yes - yes I am.

SIR JOSEPH: Good - do please sit down.
I suggest we go over the details before Lord
Edgefield arrives. Would you like a coffee ?

NESBITT: Thank you.

SIR JOSEPH: Steed ?

STEED: Please.

SIR JOSEPH: (into inter-com) Amanda! Coffee for three please.

AMANDA: (V.O.) (thru intercom) Yes sir.

INT. DAIRY

TARA investigates.
Observes SLOMAN pouring
liquid into vat.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MILK VAT ROOM

SYKES:

Worried about lack of vitamins ?

TARA:

Desperately. I'm just wasting away.

SYKES:

Then we must bring the roses back to your
cheeks, mustn't we ?

FIGHT SEQUENCE

TARA/SYKES.
TARA/SLOMAN.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA RUNS AWAY.

END OF REEL FOUR

727 feet + 11 frames

INT. MILK VAT ROOM

SYKES: Hey - hey!

SLOMAN: Oh - ouch.

SYKES: Did she get away ?

SLOMAN: Yeah, but I shouldn't worry too much if I were you.

SYKES: Why not ?

SLOMAN: She must have swallowed at least half a pint.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD & TELEPHONE BOX

TARS'S CAR SCREAMS TO A HALT. NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIR JOSEPH'S OFFICE

SIR JOSEPH: (into phone) I said immediately Lord Edgefield. We now have a witness who's impervious to your threats.

SIR JOSEPH: He's coming straight round.

STEED: Good.

SIR JOSEPH: Well, should be plain sailing now.

STEED: Should be.

SIR JOSEPH: Hmm. I must confess I'm rather looking forward to this.

SIR JOSEPH: (into phone) Yes.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX (INTERCUTTING)

TARA: (into phone) V.O. Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: (into phone) Oh yes Miss King.

TARA: (into phone) This is very unimportant.

SIR JOSEPH: Well, don't bother me now then, I'm rather busy.

TARA: (into phone) I don't want to warn you,

SIR JOSEPH: (into phone) I beg your pardon ?

TARA: (into phone) Whatever you do, don't be careful.

SIR JOSEPH: (into phone) Look - err - you're wasting my time Miss King.

TARA: (into phone) Sir Joseph.

SIR JOSEPH: Miss King.
Most extraordinary.

STEED: What did she say ?

SIR JOSEPH: She didn't say.
Well now, shall we have some coffee while
we're waiting. Black or with milk, Mr.
Nesbitt ?

EXT. SIR JOSEPH'S HOUSE AND STREET

SIR JOSEPH: Come in.

AMANDA: Lord Edgefield.

EDGEFIELD: Sir Joseph, I hope, for your sake, this
horse doesn't let you down.

SIR JOSEPH: I think you'll find that he's champing
at the bit.

EDGEFIELD: He's not under starter's orders yet.

SIR JOSEPH: Quite so. Perhaps you would care to
re-affirm your intention to testify Mr.
Nesbitt ?

NESBITT: Certainly.

SIR JOSEPH: Do please begin.

NESBITT: Lord Edgefield first came to my
office on the 9th of May. He told me that
unless I put certain documents at his disposal
he would reveal a past indiscretion to the
appropriate authorities.

STEED: And you gave him those documents ?

NESBITT: Yes. And since that time, under the same
threat, I've paid him a sum of money
regularly every month.

STEED: How much does that amount to in all ?

NESBITT: Approximately five thousand pounds.

STEED: That tallies with the entries in Edgefield's
notebook. Well guilty or not guilty Sir
Joseph ?

SIR JOSEPH: Not guilty.

NESBITT: But this is conclusive proof!

SIR JOSEPH: I disagree it's completely inconclusive.

NESBITT: Don't you see - we've got him where we want
him.

SIR JOSEPH: I repeat this evidence means nothing.

STEED: Don't you want to obtain a conviction ?

SIR JOSEPH: No. Lord Edgefield is the most incorrupt, irreproachable man in the country. An idealist, a philanthropist and a paragon of virtue.

EDGEFIELD: Then I take it the interview is over.

SIR JOSEPH: Of course.

EDGEFIELD: Good day Gentlemen.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: The return of the prodigal.

TARA: (V.O.) No.

STEED: Or the return of the thrifty.

TARA: Oh!

STEED: Why the enigmatic phone call ?

TARA: I phoned no-one.

STEED: You called Sir Joseph. I was there.

TARA: No.

STEED: Where did you go ?

TARA: Steed

EXT. STEED'S MEWS

LANE: (into mic) Tara King's gone to visit Steed sir.

INT. SYKES OFFICE (intercutting)

SYKES: (into trans) Don't worry, she can't do much harm - but just to be on the safe side -

LANE: (V.O.) Yes sir ?

SYKES: (into trans) Deliver Steed two pints.

LANE: (into mic) Right away sir.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Just a milk float, does that mean something to you ?

TARA:

No.

EXT. STEED'S MEWS

TARA chases milk float.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

What's the matter ?

TARA:

Nothing.

STEED:

Now look - look here.
Now what does the milk float mean to you ?

TARA:

Nothing.

STEED:

Was it the man driving it ?

TARA:

Nothing.

STEED:

Well have you ever seen him before ?

TARA:

No.

STEED:

Then why did you behave in that extraordinary
manner ?

STEED: (reading)

The milk is harmless.

EXT. STEED'S MEWS

TARA DRIVES OFF.
MELVILLE ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

Melville, just the man.

MELVILLE:

Just the man to what ?

STEED:

Illuminate my darkness.

MELVILLE:

Steed, Penman's dead.

STEED:

I know.

MELVILLE:

But why ? I gave him plenty of warning.

STEED:

Are you sure ?

MELVILLE:

What do you mean ?

STEED:

Only you saw someone come into the garage
when Penman was there.

MELVILLE:

Yes. The ohauffeur.

STEED:

And you warned Penman immediately ?

MELVILLE:

Of course. You don't think I'm responsible
for his death ?

STEED: Tell me something Melville -
MELVILLE: What ?
STEED: Do you take milk in your coffee ?
MELVILLE: Yes, usually.
STEED: In future, take it black.

EXT. DAIRY

TARA rushes inside.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DAIRY

TARA smashes milk bottles
and overturns the milk
churns.

SYKES: Well - if it isn't Miss King again.

INT. TOP DECK OF BUS

MOTHER: Analyse it ? What on earth do you expect
to find in it ?
STEED: The key.
MOTHER: To what ?
STEED: Three deaths.
MOTHER: Well it looks perfectly harmless to me.
STEED: That's the whole idea.
MOTHER: Gould!
GOULD: Yes Mother.
MOTHER: Have this analysed. I want the report in
half an hour.
GOULD: Yes, Mother.
MOTHER: Three deaths you say ?
STEED: So far.
MOTHER: What d'you mean by that ?
STEED: We'll be lucky - if we don't get a fourth.

END OF REEL FIVE

760 feet + 11 frames

INT. DAIRY

TARA: You see, I'm not alone, I have the whole place surrounded.

SYKES: My dear Miss King, you have such appealing eyes. If I didn't know you'd drunk our special milk - I'd almost be inclined to believe you.

TARA WHISTLES:

SYKES: Check the door.

SLOMAN: Nothing.

SYKES: Butter wouldn't melt in your mouth Miss King, or would it ?

SYKES: Sloman -

SLOMAN: Yes ?

SYKES: Put her in the butter machine.

INT. TOP DECK OF BUS

MOTHER: The Analst's report doesn't tell us very much. Colourless liquid extracted from milk in some form of Hallucinatory Drug defying analysis.

STEED: Hallucinatory Drug. Suppose it had the effect of -

MOTHER: - inverting the truth.

STEED: Ummm. Now Nesbitt and I had black coffee. Sir Joseph - white.

MOTHER: - and Plummer ?

STEED: He drank his while he was shaving.

MOTHER: Changed his testimony.

STEED: Tara tried to warn Sir Joseph.

MOTHER: But she couldn't.

STEED: So she warned me. Dreemy Cream Dairies.

MOTHER: What on earth is that ?

STEED: That was the name on the Milk float. And Tara must have gone there.

MOTHER: Then I suggest you do the same.

STEED: Milk Ho!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

BUS TRAVELLING AND COMING TO
A HALT AT STEED'S CAR. STEED
ALIGHTS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MILK VAT ROOM

SYKES: Comfortable ?

TARA: Have you got anything like air conditioning ?

SYKES: I shouldn't worry too much, you'll be
cooling off in a moment.

TARA: Well I spoke to Steed, he should be here
soon.

SYKES: I'm afraid I don't believe you Miss King.

TARA: Why ?

SYKES: For the simple reason that you were unable
to tell him. The lie drug saw to that.

TARA: Lie Drug ?

SYKES: A little invention of my own. It neutralises
the faculty that distinguishes the true from
the false. And as you may have already
guessed --

TARA: It's not in the milk.

SYKES: That's right. It's in the milk. Simple
but effective, don't you think.?

TARA: No.

SYKES: A distillation designed to eliminate
the George Washington syndrome.

TARA: Oh I don't see.

SYKES: I thought you would. So I'm afraid it's
highly unlikely that Steed will be coming
to your rescue.

TARA RE-ACTS: (Screams)
As milk pours down on her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED'S CAR TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MILK VAT ROOM

SYKES: Of course now that Lord Edgefield's affairs
are so happily resolved - we shall move on to
higher things. I need hardly point out the
chaos my drug would cause if one or two key
members of the National Security system were
to take it.

TARA: Complete organisation.

SYKES: Such a weapon would be worth a great deal of money, don't you think ?

TARA: No.

SYKES: I knew you'd agree with me. You'll appreciate we can't allow anyone to stand in our way now Miss King - so I've devised a rather unusual death for you.

TARA: Thank you.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

CLOSE SHOT STEED'S CAR TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DAIRY/MILK VAT ROOM

TARA struggling in butter machine.

NO DIALOGUE

EKT. DAIRY

STEED'S CAR ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DAIRY

STEED enters, followed by EDGEFIELD.

EDGEFIELD: Sykes! Sykes!
Ah! I thought we'd have a little celebration.

SYKES: Splendid idea. All go according to plan ?

EDGEFIELD: Like clockwork. My worries are over.

SYKES: So are ours. Let's drink to a trouble free future.

INT. SYKES' OFFICE

EDGEFIELD: To a successful association!

SYKES: To a formidable partnership.

THEY LAUGH:

SLOMAN: The first of many.

EDGEFIELD: Cheers.

SYKES: (V.O.) Cold enough ?

EDGEFIELD: (V.O.) Very refreshing.

EDGEFIELD: Any chance of buying some shares in your enterprise ?

SYKES: No I'm afraid not. We're a limited Company.

EDGEFIELD: Pity. I've accumulated a lot of capital in the last few years, and this seems like an ideal home for it.

SYKES: (V.O.) We've no shortage of capital, I assure you. And when our foreign branches are fully operative, we shall have an organisation of unparalleled resources.

SLOMAN: (V.O.) The envy of the commercial world.

SYKES: (V.O.) And the scourge of the rest of it.

SLOMAN: And all because of a colourless liquid. Huh, just think of the unsuspecting fools, waiting to lap it up.

THEY LAUGH QUIETLY

SYKES: Perhaps Lord Edgefield would like to see our milkmaid ?

EDGEFIELD: Your what ?

SYKES: Drink up and come with me. I'll show you how we deal with Company Spies.

EDGEFIELD: Sounds most intriguing!

INT. MILK VAT ROOM

SYKES: Poetic justice, don't you think ?

EDGEFIELD: A triumph of ingenuity! I congratulate you.

STEED: (V.O.) That cream could curdle.

STEED: Never count your chickens before they hatch.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

SYKES: This is where your chickens come home to roost, Mr. Steed. I hope you like our little coop ?

STEED: It's a great coop. Aren't we mixing our metaphors ?

SYKES: Hardly worth the trip, was it ? Especially as Miss King doesn't want to be rescued. Do you Miss King ?

TARA: No.

SYKES: There you are you see. Damsel seems to reveal in her distress.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

SYKES: Sloman ?

SLOMAN: Yes ?

SYKES: Any sign of Steed ?

SLOMAN: Yes, he's over there.

EDGEFIELD: What do you mean "over there"?
I'm over there.

SLOMAN: You're not. I am.

SYKES: Sloman ?

SLOMAN: What ?

SYKES: You're not lying.

SLOMAN: Nor are you.

EDGEFIELD: Steed! He didn't doctor our drinks.

SLOMAN: I can see him, can't you ?

SYKES: Yes, he mustn't be by the butter machine.

EDGEFIELD: Yes, I haven't looked there.
He mustn't be by the Milk Vat.

SYKES: Yes, I'm not over there now.

SLOMAN: Well, where isn't he ?

STEED: I'm not right behind you.

STEED PUSHES THE
MEN INTO THE MILK VAT.

STEED: Hmmm. Salted!

TARA: Steed! I really do hate you.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Steed! What are you doing ?

STEED: My Great Aunt Emily, who used to save up silver paper. Ended up with five tons of the stuff. That was before she went off with the scrap metal dealer, the one with the big moustache.

TARA: Is there a point to this story. ?

STEED: There is a moral. Waste not - want not. All this butter, seemed a pity to waste it.

TARA: What then, and endless picnic.

STEED: Sandwiches.

TARA: What now ? What about the celebration ?
STEED: Celebration ?
TARA: You haven't forgotten.
STEED: Yes.
TARA: You said you'd take me out to dinner.
STEED: No!
TARA: Oh you promised.
STEED: Never.
TARA: I even bought a new outfit, especially.
STEED: You didn't ?
TARA: I did. I say, d'you like it ?
STEED: No.
TARA: What ? Well what's wrong with it ?
STEED: Everything. Everything about it is delightful. I cannot tell a lie. The table is booked. The carriage awaits and you look ravishing.
TARA: And this ?
STEED: Oh that ? That's for itinerant cats.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END CREDITS

ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL SIX

906 feet + 15 frames

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4723 feet + 8 frames

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