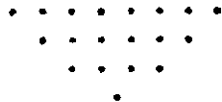


" THE AVENGERS "

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"ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS"

DIALOGUE SHEETS



**MASTER COPY**  
**NOT TO BE ISSUED**

prepared by:

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

SEPTEMBER 1968.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

ARKIN'S CAR DRAWS UP.  
ARKIN ALIGHTS.

NO DIALOGUE

ROGER'S CAR DRAWS UP.

ROGER: (into phone) Mother ?

MOTHER'S VOICE: Yes ?

ROGER: (into phone) Roger here, sir.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Roger ?

ROGER: (into phone) That's right sir.

MOTHER'S VOICE: No, no, no. I mean "roger" - I'm receiving you. . Roger.

ROGER: (into phone) Oh yes sir. Look, I've followed Arkin to some wooded country south of the establishment.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Is he alone ?

ROGER: (into phone) So far.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Then he's going to make contact with someone.

ROGER: (into phone) That's my reading.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Stay with him - and remember - Arkin is their official receiver - any secrets will be leaked to him.

ROGER: (into phone) Yes Mother.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Find out who contacts him. THAT'S who we want.

ROGER: (into phone) Roger.

MOTHER'S VOICE: "Roger" Roger.

ARKIN: By the way, we're very pleased with the way things are going. All this information is invaluable. What is the density, the velocity of this device ?

MAN'S VOICE: That's the real big secret - haven't been able to get hold of that yet. Shall I continue with the equations ?

ARKIN: Yes, just as soon as I've got this down. You've done very well. Very well indeed. Now, shall we continue ?

MAN'S VOICE: Yes, we'll - ARKIN BEHIND YOU!

HOLD ON DEAD ROGER & ARKIN

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED OVER MIRROR WITH FLARE  
AND ARKIN'S HEAD.

"ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS"

"THE AVENGERS" I.D. CARD.

COMMENTATOR: Tonight's episode of THE AVENGERS  
is brought to you by -

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. SWIMMING POOL.

STEED: I must say Mother, it's a bit thick -  
putting me under close arrest.

MOTHER: I couldn't agree with you more Steed.  
But you must appreciate my position.  
Secrets have been leaking from the  
Carmadoc Research Establishment and  
you've spent some time there recently.

STEED: At your request - to investigate the  
leakages!

MOTHER: Oh yes, you and I know that - but the  
people at the Establishment don't.  
so what more natural than that they  
should vent their spleen and -

STEED: (interjects) ... the only stranger in their midst.

MOTHER: Exactly. That's why I told them you were  
under arrest. Pending a full enquiry.  
You don't really mind, do you ?

STEED: Well - I -

GIRL: (V.O.) Good morning Mr. Steed.

MOTHER: As you can see - I've a - tried to make  
the conditions of your arrest as - a -  
congenial as possible.

STEED: You have me there. But this doesn't solve  
the problem of Carmadoc.

MOTHER: I'm putting someone else on to it.

STEED: Oh!

MOTHER: Tara.

STEED: Tara!

MOTHER: Tara.  
You don't think she can do it ?

STEED: Well I - I wouldn't say that.

MOTHER: But -

STEED: Well she's - Female!

MOTHER: Exactly. A new intuitive approach to things.

STEED: And she's vulnerable.

TARA: (V.O.) Mother...?

MOTHER: Ah, Tara my dear.

TARA: Steed.

MOTHER: You're in for some sea air. Carmadoc. Papers are on there.

GIRL: Grapes ?

STEED: I have some, thanks.

TARA: Good. When do we leave.

MOTHER: Steed will not be accompanying you. He's under arrest.

TARA: Arrest!

STEED: I'm innocent. Entirely innocent.

TARA: Yes - but for how long ? So I go it alone, do I Mother ?

MOTHER: No.  
(Blows whistle)

WATNEY: Sir!

MOTHER: This is Watney. He'll be going with you.

EXT. COAST & CLIFF TOP

PANNING FROM SEA TO CLIFF TOP -  
MAN RUNNING ALONG CLIFF EDGE.  
HIS P.O.V. OF SIGN:  
CARMADOC RESEARCH EST.

MAN (GUTHRIE) LOSES SPECTACLES  
ON GRASS.

MAN'S VOICE: Guthrie! No don't turn around. I'm right behind you. On your feet. Move.

GUTHRIE: What are you going to do ?

MAN'S VOICE: We'll see about that Guthrie. Keep coming.

GUTHRIE: I wasn't going to tell anyone. I swear to you, I wasn't going to tell anyone.

MAN'S VOICE: Keep coming.

GUTHRIE:

I wasn't going to tell anyone.  
I wasn't going to tell anyone.  
I wasn't going to tell anyone.  
I wasn't going to tell anyone.

(screams)

Aaaahhhh.

MAN'S VOICE:

Goodbye Guthrie.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD:

WATNEY'S CAR travelling.

INT. WATNEY'S CAR

WATNEY:

I trust you are completely familiar  
with the ramifications and complexities  
of this assignment ?

TARA:

Yes, I have read the file.

WATNEY:

We've intercepted coded radio messages  
for the past few weeks giving ....

TARA: (interjects)

... up to the minute reports on all the  
work done at Carmadoc Research.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

WATNEY'S CAR TRAVELLING.

INT. WATNEY'S CAR

WATNEY:

Ah, here we are.

EXT. CARMADOC RESEARCH

GUARD:

Good morning sir. Passes, please.

INT. WATNEY'S CAR

WATNEY:

Major Sparshott's in charge of security  
here - something of a tartar I believe...  
so you'd better let me deal with him.

INT. SECURITY AREA

SPARSHOTT:

Anti-bugging device. Hidden detectors.  
Long range mikes. Stand no chance against  
this stuff. All right so far ?

WATNEY:

Perfectly.

SPARSHOTT:

You know what we're doing here of course ?

WATNEY:

Accelerating solar power with a view to....

TARA:

....Harnessing the power of the sun.

SPARSHOTT: That's the simple way of looking at it. But as you can see, it isn't simple.  
Professor Carswell - Miss Tiddiman - Doctor Saligman....  
I personally screened each one of them.

TARA: Well, then I think we can assume it's an outside job.

WATNEY: But we've no right to make such an assumption...

TARA: Yes but there's no reason why we can't. Err - now about the outside Major Sparshott, have there been any - mm - unusual occurrences lately, anything particularly out of the norm ?

SPARSHOTT: Well - but there can't possibly be any connection .. but the other day, a local resident fell over the cliff edge.

TARA: What was his name ?

SPARSHOTT: Guthrie.

MARKIN (Radio op.) is listening in:

SPARSHOTT: (V.O.) Walter Guthrie.

TARA: (V.O.) Does he live near here ?

SPARSHOTT: (V.O.) A cottage - about a mile away.

TARA: You can provide me with transport ?

SPARSHOTT: Well - yes, but I -

TARA: Right then shall we go ?

WATNEY: Yes - but - a ...

TARA: Oooh - much better if you stay here. After all you're familiar with the ramifications and complexities of this assignment.

INT. CELLAR

MARKIN: (into phone) Markin here.  
The girl, Tara King - she's on her way to Guthrie's place now!

EXT. GUTHRIE'S COTTAGE

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA drives up. Knocks at Cottage door. Enters.  
ZOOM IN TO - EMILY watching Tara.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. GUTHRIE'S DEN.

TARA investigates.

EMILY: I made the tea twice.  
He isn't home yet.  
Not himself at all.

TARA: Who isn't ?

EMILY: Mr. Guthrie.

TARA: But Mr. Guthrie is ....

EMILY: ..isn't home yet.  
He's always so very punctual.  
So very punctual.  
I should know I've kept house for him  
for ten years now.

TARA: Oh then you knew him - err - you know  
him quite well, do you ?

EMILY: Oh like my own son.  
Such a nice gentleman. I wish he'd  
come home for his tea.

TARA: He's - a - very interested in astronomy  
isn't he.

INT. CELLAR

MARKIN: (into phone) No luck. Still not receiving.  
You're sure you're spot on.  
Try another angle.

END OF REEL ONE

919 feet + 1 frame.

INT. GUTHRIE'S DEN

EMILY: There. I'll set another cup for dear Mr. Guthrie for when he returns.

INT. CELLAR

MARKIN: (into phone) Still no good, keep going.

INT. GUTHRIE'S DEN/INTERCUTTING WITH INT. CELLAR

TARA: Seven years bad luck they say.

EMILY: Mmm ?

TARA: The mirror.

EMILY: (v.o.) Oh, Mr. Guthrie did that.  
I helped him.

MARKIN: (into phone) Hold it!

EMILY: "Take a hammer, Emily," he said.  
"Take a hammer and smash everything shiny".

MARKIN: (into phone) Loud and clear.

EMILY: It was rather wicked of me but I quite enjoyed it.

TARA: But didn't he tell you why ?

EMILY: Why what dear ?

TARA: (v.o.) Why he wanted you to smash everything up.

EMILY: Oh not everything, just the shiny things.  
Uh.

TARA: Yes.

EMILY: I think it had something to do with Mr. Williams.

TARA: Mr. Williams ?

EMILY: Oh, would you help me dear ?  
Such a nice man, Mr. Williams. He and Mr. Guthrie share the same interests. Stars you know, except that Mr. Williams is different. I don't understand it. Mr. Guthrie watches the stars from this, but Mr. Williams watches them through a wireless.

TARA: A radio astronomer.  
Tell me, where do you think Mr. Williams lives ?

MARKIN: (into phone) She mentioned Williams.  
Frederick Williams. Then it went dead as a door nail. Yes, we'll have a head start.  
I'll get on to it right away.



INT. CELLAR

MARKIN: Gozzo. Williams' place.

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE.

Williams at bench. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE

GOZZO moves to house and enters. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

TARA driving mini-moke. NO DIALOGUE

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE

WILLIAMS - SCREAMS.

EXT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE

TARA arrives. NO DIALOGUE

INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE

GOZZO'S foot pressing down on Williams' hand. NO DIALOGUE

EXT/INT. WILLIAMS' HOUSE

TARA enters and reacts.  
GOZZO appears -  
FIGHT SEQUENCE TARA/ GOZZO starting inside the house and finishing on the lawn.  
TARA moves to her car - looks at envelope then off towards:  
NO DIALOGUE

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

TARA'S P.O.V. NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

LONG SHOT AS THROUGH BINOCULARS. NO DIALOGUE

INT. TEST LABORATORY

WATNEY: I'm going to recommend that binoculars are forbidden within this establishment.

CARSWELL: I understood that you were from the Ministry.

WATNEY: That's right.

TIDDIMAN: On an educational tour.

WATNEY: Not strictly true. I'm here to investigate the leakage of secrets. Specially chosen for the job in fact.

CARSWELL: To investigate the leakages.

WATNEY: Correct.

TIDDIMAN: Or us ?

WATNEY: Both if necessary. You'll find me fair but totally dedicated. I'm sorry - Doctor - but mm - the binoculars for the time being.

CARSWELL: Are utterly necessary to our work here. Doctor Seligman is our meteorologist, he has to keep an eye on approaching weather. Of course, if you're willing to take the responsibility of bringing the entire project to a halt, I will call the Minister and explain that you are - - -

WATNEY: No, no, no, no, Doctor Seligman can keep his binoculars, for the time being.

TIDDIMAN: Which one of us do you suspect ?

WATNEY: Eh ?

TIDDIMAN: Well it has to be someone in this room, doesn't it ?

WATNEY: Excuse me. Everyone who has full knowledge of the techniques being used here. Yes.

TIDDIMAN: Well that's the three of us then.

SELIGMAN: And Sparshott. He sits on every conference.

TIDDIMAN: For security reasons.

SELIGMAN: Did I suggest otherwise?

TIDDIMAN: I would have thought so.

SELIGMAN: Mr. Watney, the fruits of our labours, solar power...

\* - \* (whisper) \* Like to talk to you \*.....

(whisper) \* Still in its infancy of course.

\* The woods beyond the establishment. Meet me there in ten minutes.\*

WATNEY: But big developments ahead. Just get a breath of fresh air.

EXT. WOODED COUNTRY

SELIGMAN IN WOODS -  
WATNEY APPEARS.

MARKIN'S VOICE:                    Doctor Seligman. Over here Doctor Seligman.  
                                  (laugh)                    Ha! Ha! Over here Doctor Seligman -  
                                  (laugh)                    Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
                                  (laugh)                    This way Doctor Seligman.  
  Ha. Ha! Ha! Ha!

SELIGMAN:                            I was right.  
  My theory was right.

MARKIN'S VOICE:                    That's right Doctor Seligman.

SELIGMAN IS SHOT.

SELIGMAN:                            Watney - I know how it's done -  
  mirrors - all done with mirrors.

MARKIN'S VOICE: (LAUGHING)        Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! ....

SPARSHOTT:                          You don't think that I - - -

WATNEY:                              I'm trained to question everything Major.  
  Everything. I heard someone calling him  
  and then a laugh close by.

SPARSHOTT:                          Couldn't have been anyone over there - I  
  would have seen them.

WATNEY:                              Very close by - perhaps in that direction.

SPARSHOTT:                          Do you often hear voices ?

WATNEY:                              There was someone here. Right here.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

LONG SHOT ESTABLISHING -  
TARA moves towards door.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. DOOR OF LIGHTHOUSE

TARA:                                Hello.

KETRIDGE:                            Yes.

TARA:                                I'd like to see the Lighthouse keeper.

KETRIDGE:                            There isn't one. This lighthouse doesn't  
  function any more, it's a private residence.

TARA:                                Oh well, I'd love to see inside.

KETRIDGE:                            Hey, just a minute, you can't go in there.

INT. BASE ROOM (LIGHTHOUSE)

TARA: But I would like to meet the owner.

KETTRIDGE: Would you.

BARLOW: Kettridge! What's the trouble.

KETTRIDGE: She wants to speak to the Colonel, sir.

BARLOW: Oh I'm sorry, I'm afraid you'll have to forgive Kettridge - he sometimes tends to be too diligent. I'm Timothy Barlow, the Colonel's Secretary.

TARA: Tara King -- hello.

BARLOW: Well Miss King, the Colonel doesn't like to be disturbed with what he calls trivialities, so if you could enlarge upon the nature of your business ....

TARA: It's about the man who fell off the cliff Mr. Barlow, hardly a triviality.

BARLOW: Guthrie!

TARA: Yes.

BARLOW: Well yes, as you say, mmm - excuse me!

BARLOW: (into speaking tube) Oh, Colonel, there's a Miss King here - who'd like to speak to you. Yes sir, I think it is important. Yes sir, I'll bring her up immediately.

BARLOW: Miss King. Colonel Withers will see you - this way.

TARA: Thank you.

INT. STAIRS

TARA: A Colonel in a Lighthouse ?

BARLOW: Yes odd isn't it. The Colonel comes from a family of soldiers, yet at heart he always wanted to be ...

TARA: A sailor!

TARA: How far is it ?

BARLOW: Oh about a year. The Colonel's little joke. There are three hundred and sixty five of these stairs. He says it takes about a year to climb them.

TARA: Three hundred and sixty-five.

BARLOW: The lamp room.

INT. LAMP ROOM

BARLOW: Miss King sir.

COLONEL: Uh.

BARLOW: Colonel Withers.

TARA: How do you do ?

WITHERS: Spartan! Amazonian!

TARA: I beg your pardon ?

WITHERS: Not even out of breath. I like that. Physical fitness. I like that too. How d'you do ?

TARA: Hello.

WITHERS: Well Barlow? Said it was important. What ?

BARLOW: Oh it's about - poor Mr. Guthrie sir.

WITHERS: Oh!

BARLOW: The fellow who toppled off the cliff.

WITHERS: Relative ?

TARA: No - a - interested party.

WITHERS: Idle curiosity. Morbid interest - uh ?

TARA: No, more intimate concern.

WITHERS: Ah, that's better. Not enough concern these days, not half enough. Err - can't help you.

TARA: But I haven't asked for any help yet.

WITHERS: Oh - got spirit, eh ? I like that - like that - still can't help you. Never even knew the fellow.

TARA: Yes but I thought perhaps you saw him when you -

WITHERS: (interjects) Do you mind! Saw him? Did I see him Barlow ?

BARLOW: Well it is possible sir. Perhaps when you were in the village ?

TARA: No, no, no. I meant because the lighthouse overlooks the cliff edge, perhaps you saw him from the telescope.

WITHERS: The cliff edge - . the cliff edge - take a look young woman.

TARA'S P.O.V. OF SEA:

WITHERS: And what do you see? The sea - that's what you see. The great, grand rolling ocean. And ships. Ships under sail, under way, heading for exotic destinations. Oh no Miss King, you won't find me looking at the land.

TARA: Nevertheless - on a clear day you could almost reach out and touch the cliff - and shake hands with your visitors.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - inter-cutting

TARA'S P.O.V. OF PANDORA arriving.

WITHERS: But I've already explained - I practically never spend time looking at the - Visitors!

TARA: Mmm - looks like she's coming to stay quite some time.

WITHERS: Barlow!

BARLOW: I've no idea who she is sir.

WITHERS: Well find out then. You know how I hate being disturbed.

TARA: So - a - you don't know Guthrie?

WITHERS: That is correct.

TARA: Hmm. I suppose that means that you wouldn't know his friend Mr. Williams, either?

WITHERS: Probably not - ask Barlow.

TARA: You seem to rely on Barlow for an awful lot.

WITHERS: He takes care of the trivialities Miss King - the trivialities. Good day.

TARA: Thank you Colonel.

BARLOW DESCENDS STAIRS - FOLLOWED BY TARA - who reacts to cigarette that Markin has left on sill. MARKIN re-appears.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR: THE AVENGERS WILL CONTINUE FOLLOWING THIS PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION.

A.B.C. LOGO CARD.  
THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD  
COMMERCIAL BREAK.

END OF REEL THREE

883 ft. + 9 frames.

INT. BASE ROOM

BARLOW: I'm sorry Miss Marshall.

PANDORA: But of course the Colonel will see me, and of course I must stay here.

TARA: I must say a year passes more quickly on the way down.

PANDORA: Ah - perhaps you can throw a little light on this. Pandora Marshall. I arranged weeks ago to interview Colonel Withers, and to stay here as his guest. He agreed that I should investigate all his developments...

BARLOW: Miss King knows nothing about this.

TARA: He's right. I can't help you.

BARLOW: And the Colonel's a very busy man.

TARA: Well he doesn't seem very busy and he is inclined to forget things. He asked me to ask you where Mr. Williams is.

PANDORA: Look, this is getting me no where. If I could just speak to Mr. Barlow.

TARA: But this is Mr. Barlow.

PANDORA: Mr. Barlow ?

BARLOW: Yes.

PANDORA: But surely - the Mr. Barlow who wrote me this. But you agreed to all the arrangements. To my interviewing Colonel Withers - to staying here. That is your signature Mr. Barlow ?

BARLOW: Oh yes, yes of course it is. I'm sorry I owe you an apology. I'm obviously getting as forgetful as the Colonel. Kettridge! Take Miss Marshall's suitcases along to one of the guest cabins will you. I'm awfully sorry.

PANDORA: Then I do get to see the Colonel.

BARLOW: Yes of course. As soon as he's free. We'll run we'll get you settled in first.

TARA: Enjoy your stay.

PANDORA: Miss King - what line of business are you in ?

TARA: Oh, not unlike yours. I investigate developments.

BARLOW: Miss Marshall.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

TARA driving mini-moke.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BASE ROOM/INT. STAIRS

KETTRIDGE AND BARLOW  
move towards stairs. NO DIALOGUE

PANDORA comes out from  
cabin door - investigates -  
moves towards stairs and  
starts to climb. NO DIALOGUE

BARLOW AND KETTRIDGE  
going upstairs.  
PANDORA pauses..... NO DIALOGUE  
THEN CONTINUES UP  
STAIRS.

INT. LAMP ROOM

PANDORA peers through  
telescope.  
Her P.O.V. of - NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CLIFF HEAD

TARA stands in mini-moko.  
Looks towards lighthouse. NO DIALOGUE  
Then moves to cliff edge  
and looks out to sea.

INT. LAMP ROOM

PANDORA still peering  
through telescope. NO DIALOGUE  
Her P.O.V. of -

EXT. CLIFF HEAD

EXT. CARMADOC RESEARCH STATION/INTERCUTTING WITH INT.LAMP ROOM

WATNEY'S VOICE: ... all totally baffling. I - I just can't  
understand it. I mean it's quite incredible.  
The area was absolutely deserted.

SPARSHOTT'S VOICE: Well Mr. Watney, we went through those woods  
with a fine toothcomb. Not a sign of anyone.

WATNEY'S VOICE: But I heard voices, coming out of thin air.  
I really did.

PANDORA WHISTLES:

WATNEY'S VOICE: What was that ?

SPARSHOTT'S VOICE: What was what ?

WATNEY'S VOICE: It sounded like - like someone whistling.

SPARSHOTT'S VOICE: Oh - not hearing things again I hope.  
Come on you need a drink.



INT. LAMP ROOM/EXT. CLIFF TOP (intercutting)

PANDORA: What a handy little toy.

PANDORA: Miss King, don't be alarmed. I'm speaking from the lighthouse. I knew something funny was going on as soon as I met this so called Mr. Barlow. You see I've met Barlow before and it wasn't the same man.  
Miss King. Miss King. It's me, Pandora Marshall.

TARA: Where are you ?

PANDORA: I'm here - at the - Light -  
urgghh.....

KEMTRIDGE GRABS PANDORA:

BARLOW: Why that's Miss King.

BARLOW: Oh it's alright, she's leaving.  
No, wait a minute, she's trying to contact somebody.  
I wonder just how much you told her.

PANDORA: You're not Barlow.

BARLOW: Shut her up.

TARA: (into mic) Hello Watney. Tara.  
Listen, I'm out on the cliff edge and there's something very funny going on.

INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR/EXT. CLIFF (intercutting)

WATNEY: (into phone) What do you mean - funny ?

TARA: (into mic) Well I thought I heard a voice -  
coming out of the thin air.

INT. LAMP ROOM (intercutting with above sets)

WATNEY'S VOICE: You heard what ? A voice.  
Well that's marvellous news.  
Jolly good work Tara - excellent!

TARA: You'll come right out then. I'll be waiting.

BARLOW: So you did get to talk to her.  
Nevermind. You'll be able to talk to her again. I will lure her to the edge of the cliff.  
Oh no, you will say exactly what I tell you to say. D'you understand.

EXT. CLIFF EDGE

PANDORA'S VOICE: Help. Help. Over here. Here.  
Please help me.

TARA: Where are you ? I can't see you.

TARA SCREAMS:

INT. LAMP ROOM

BARLOW: Good bye Miss King.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END OF REEL FOUR 809 feet + 13 frames.

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REEL FIVE

EXT. CLIFF EDGE

WATNEY: Tara! Tara!  
Well she said she'd be here.  
She must have gone off somewhere.

SPARSHOTT: We'd have seen her.

WATNEY: Oh - there's no other way down from here.

SPARSHOTT: Oh yes there is - one other way.

WATNEY: It's her necktie.  
What am I going to tell Mother.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL

MOTHER: (into phone) Yes. What. When. I see.  
What are the chances. Keep searching!  
Well of course you keep searching.  
Call me as soon as you hear anything further.

STEED: Well ?

MOTHER: It's early days I - I never set much store by first reports.

STEED: Is Tara in trouble ?

MOTHER: When I think of the times  
it's been reported and confirmed to me that you were -

STEED: That I what ?

MOTHER: Were missing.

STEED: Missing!  
I felt she shouldn't go in there.

MOTHER: She's been trained to take care of herself.

STEED: It's just a game to her - she goes charging in.

MOTHER: There's no room for sentimentality Steed.  
STEED: You know that what I say is logical.  
Now what are the chances.  
MOTHER: Chances! If she survived the fall - if  
she missed the rocks. If she wasn't  
swept out to sea I'd say her chances were  
quite good.  
STEED: I'm releasing myself from close arrest.  
MOTHER: Very well then. Steed - I hope -  
what I mean to say is - let's both hope  
that Tara -  
STEED: Let's!  
MOTHER: Rhonda!

EXT. ROCKS

TARA climbing up  
rocks.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BASE ROOM

THOMAS, SWEENO,  
KETTRIDGE - playing  
cards.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE & ROCKS

TARA approaching.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BASE ROOM

SWEENO:

Some day your luck's going to change.  
Let's get out of here.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE

TARA moves to door  
and knocks.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BASE ROOM/INT. STAIRS

KETRIDGE MOVES TO  
DOOR - TARA MOVES IN  
KNOCKING HIM BACK.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA MOVES UP STAIRS.

INT. CELLAR/INT. STAIRS

MARKIN AT DESK. TARA  
MOVES TO DOOR. MARKIN  
OPENS IT. TARA KICKS  
HIM DOWN STAIRS.

NO DIALOGUE

PANDORA: (gagged) Muffled moans.

PANDORA: But you're dead. The cliff. I saw you  
fall.

TARA: No, they pushed me, that was their mistake.  
They pushed me clear of the rocks - and then  
- well I can swim. Who are you ?

BARLOW: (gagged) (muffled) Barlow.

BARLOW: Barlow. Timothy Barlow.

TARA: Oh! Then you must be -

COLONEL: Colonel Withers.

PANDORA: All the others are imposters - secret  
agents.

BARLOW: They're stealing secrets from the research  
establishment.

TARA: I see - but how ?

COLONEL: With my retro-meter.

PANDORA: That's why I came down to interview him -  
it's a tremendous achievement.

COLONEL: Transmits sound along a beam of light.  
All you need is a shiny surface.

PANDORA: And you can receive or transmit.

TARA: Or eavesdrop. Ah! and Williams and  
Guthrie, who are they ?

COLONEL: Astronomers. They stumbled onto the whole  
scheme and so they silenced them.

TARA: Hmm. Listen, I've got a friend that can  
open these at the drop of - a - bowler -  
hat - but - un...

COLONEL: (interjects) Look, nevermind about us. Use the  
retro-meter to fetch help.

TARA: Where is it ?

COLONEL: Upsairs

COLONEL: Upstairs, in the lamp room.

INT. SECURITY CORRIDOR

WATNEY: Err, yes Mother. No Mother. No further news  
Mother. Yes Mother. Immediately Mother.

SPARSHOTT: Recalled ?  
WATNEY: Recalled, and replaced.

INT. BASE ROOM

BARLOW AND CO.  
ENTER BASE ROOM. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STAIRS

TARA going up stairs. NO DIALOGUE

INT. LAMP ROOM

TARA ENTERS AND  
KNOCKS WITHERS  
ONTO FLOOR. NO DIALOGUE

INT. BASE ROOM

BARLOW: The lamp room!

INT. LAMP ROOM

TARA at telescope. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CARMADOC RESEARCH STATION

TARA'S P.O.V. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STAIRS

MEN RUSHING UP STAIRS. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CARMADOC RESEARCH STATION

WATNEY: Well.  
SPARSHOTT: And no more hearing voices, eh ?  
WATNEY: I hope not.

INT. LAMP ROOM/EXT. CARMADOC RESEARCH STATION (intercutting)

TARA: Watney!  
Watney - you -

INT. STAIRS

MEN climbing up  
stairs. NO DIALOGUE

INT. LAMP ROOM

TARA moves to door.  
Back to telescope.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA'S P.O.V. of

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE.

PANNING SHOT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STAIRS

MEN approaching  
lamp room door.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LAMP ROOM

TARA still at telescope  
panning the countryside.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/INT. CAR.

WATNEY'S CAR TRAVELLING.

TARA'S VOICE:

Watney! Help me - I'm in the Lighthouse.

END OF REEL FIVE

633 feet + 12 frames

INT. LAMP ROOM

SWEENO & THOMAS  
crash into room.

SWEENO:

Grab her. Grab her.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

INT. GUTHRIE'S DEN

MISS EMILY drops tray.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LAMP ROOM

TELESCOPE SWINGING.  
FIGHT SEQUENCE.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. RESEARCH LAB.

TIDDIMAN AND CARSWELL  
REACT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LAMP ROOM - intercutting

INT. SECURITY AREA

SPARSHOTT:

I'm taking the rest of the day off.

INT. LAMP ROOM/INT. STAIRS

TARA kicks SWEENO down  
the stairs.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CELLAR /INT. STAIRS

COLONEL, PANDORA, BARLOW  
RE-ACT AS MEN TUMBLE DOWN  
STAIRS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STAIRS

TARA:

Three twenty three - three twenty four -  
three twenty five -

INT. BASE ROOM

BARLOW REACTS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STAIRS /intercutting.

TARA:

Three hundred and sixty-four - three hundred  
and sixty five.

TARA:

Leap year!

INT. BASE ROOM/INT. LAMP ROOM

BARLOW: Very clever Miss King. Very clever indeed.  
But there's still only one way out of this place. You have to get past me.

INT. STAIRS

TARA creeping slowly down stairs.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BASE ROOM

BARLOW: Don't turn around. Just drop the gun very carefully.  
Very impressive. But not quite impressive enough. You've done a lot of damage. Disrupted our whole organisation, and I don't like that. I don't like that at all.

WATNEY: I say. I do beg his pardon, whoever he is.

TARA: He's one of them.

WATNEY: Don't move!

TARA: That's right.  
Now you keep an eye on him, I'll go and look after the other five.

WATNEY: Right.  
Five!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

LONG SHOT STEED'S ROLLS. NO DIALOGUE

INT. LAMP ROOM

TARA at telescope. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/INT. CAR./INT. LAMP ROOM intercutting.

TARA'S VOICE: Steed.

STEED: Tara!

TARA: I'm awfully flattered really, you dashing into the rescue like this - but I'm afraid you're just the tiniest bit too late.

STEED: Tara!

TARA: Nevermind. It's the thought that counts.

STEED: Where are you ?

TARA: Don't worry, I won't haunt you.  
If you promise to take me out to dinner tonight.



INT. STEED'S CAR/INT. LAMP ROOM (continued)

STEED: Disembodied and still got an appetite.  
TARA: Ravenous. Must be all the exercise I've been taking.  
STEED: Where are you ?  
TARA: Just head on over to the lighthouse and I'll be with you in - in less than a year.  
STEED: Table for one and one ethereal voice!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. FIELD

TARA: Oh Steed, just talking about food is torture.  
STEED: The table's ready.  
Now, what would you like ?  
TARA: You mean anything, anything at all ?  
STEED: We aim to please.  
TARA: Well, there is one thing...  
STEED: Your wish is my command.  
TARA: Have you got a great big, juicy, rare fillet steak ?  
STEED: Well it's a little mundane you know, but - a - since you ask - yes.  
Done to a turn.  
TARA: Steed, what can I say. You're unbelievable.  
STEED: Well it's very nice of you to say so.  
I always say that the simplest pleasures of life are the most enjoyable.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ABC LOGO CARD. the end

END OF REEL SIX 758 ft. + 14 frames  
LENGTH OF EPISODE 4663 ft. + 8 frames.

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