

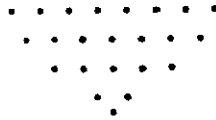
EPISODE NO. 5.

SERIES 2.

"THE AVENGERS"

"LOOK -
(STOP ME IF YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE)
BUT THERE WERE THESE TWO FELLERS..."

DIALOGUE SHEETS



PREPARED BY:

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

MAY, 1968.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Miss Charles sets out
pads and leaves room.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. OFFICE

SIR JEREMY:

Come in.

MISS CHARLES:

Everything's set for tomorrow's board
meeting Sir Jeremy.

SIR JEREMY:

Good.

MISS CHARLES:

If there's nothing else, I would like
to get away early.

SIR JEREMY:

Oh certainly.

MISS CHARLES:

Thank you.

SIR JEREMY:

Important date Miss Charles ?

MISS CHARLES:

I just want to leave early, that's all.
Goodnight Sir Jeremy.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK

Miss Charles walks
to her car, drives
away.

NO DIALOGUE

INT./EXT. TAXI

MARTIN & JENNINGS
exchange glances.

NO DIALOGUE

Their P.O.V. of

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

NO DIALOGUE

The two men move
towards the building.

INT. OFFICE/INT.CONFERENCE ROOM

Sir Jeremy reacts to noise
and investigates.
He opens door and reveals
Martin & Jennings.
Martin shoots Sir Jeremy.

NO DIALOGUE!

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED OVER
THE TWO MEN DANCING:

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

TARA:

I suppose the area has been thoroughly
searched.

STEED:

Thoroughly.
The results are waiting for us in
Sir Jeremy's office.

TARA:

Right.

STEED:

Haven't you forgotten something ?

TARA:

It's two hundred and thirty shopping
days to Christmas....
It's your birthday.

STEED:

Why have WE been called in.

TARA:

Why have we been called in.

STEED:

This Company - The Caritol Land and
Development Corporation, have just landed
'the' contract.

TARA:

I see. Which contract ?

STEED:

Cupid.

TARA:

Cupid.

STEED:

Cupid.

TARA:

Who is he ?

STEED:

What is it.
In the event of War, where would the
Government go ?

TARA:

The moon.

STEED:

Underground. Cupid. The Cabinet Underground
Premises in Depth.
To be built by this Company.

TARA:

So naturally when one of their Directors
gets popped off. . .

STEED:

We are very concerned.
Let's have a look at the evidence.

INT. OFFICE:

TARA: And what is exhibit one ?

STEED: A footprint found in the grounds.

TARA: I hope they took a plaster cast.

STEED: Whoops. Ah!

TARA: What does that say.

STEED: Well apparently despite the size of the shoe, the depth of impression suggests the person was of normal weight.

TARA: Not a giant.

STEED: Unless it was a very thin giant. And, What may I ask is that ?

TARA: I don't know - it looks rather like a a bunch of flowers.

INT. TARA'S CAR

STEED: Could be a clue of course.

TARA: Could be.

STEED: If it is . . . immortality is ours. Well it's bound to go into the archives of the Criminal Museum - with a little card - discovered and donated by Steed and King. One bunch of ... bananas. It was a walking stick when you found it - err - them.

TARA: It was.

STEED: Metamorphosis. Tadpole into frog.

TARA: Could be awkward.

STEED: Swaggering down Bond Street with a - a bunch of bananas.

TARA: Imagine yourself hailing a cab.

STEED: Hmm. bound to happen right outside my club. I can see it now. Taxi! Air conditioning.

TARA: I already have it.

STEED: Extra air conditioning.

TARA: I think you'd better put that down.

STEED: I should have eaten the bananas when I had 'em. As it is - very theatrical.

INT. MAIN ROOM

MUNCH'S VOICE: (squawking) Ha! Ha! Ha!
Excellent, excellent gentlemen, excellent.
Are you sure no one saw you?

MARTIN: Quite sure. There was no-one about.
It was just like first house on a Monday.

JENNINGS: (Hoots)

MARTIN: (continues)
(ad lib squawking) A wet Monday.

CLOWN PUPPET: Sir Jeremy was only one of the Board.
Our revenge will not be complete until
all the Director's are gone.
Look at this man gentlemen.

ANOTHER PUPPET: Another Director of the Caritol Land
and Development Corporation.
The Honourable Thomas Randolph Cleghorn,
your next victim. Strike and strike now.
He must be killed.

CLOWN PUPPET: Killed.

ANOTHER PUPPET: Killed.

CLOWN PUPPET: Killed.
Killed. Killed. Killed. Killed. Killed.
Killed.

PUPPETS: SQUAWKING.

EXT. SECTION OF TREES & BUSHES.

CLEGHORN, lying on grass
reacting to duck call.

JENNINGS blows "duck call" NO DIALOGUE

CLEGHORN is clouted,
falls into water.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Ah.
Fifteen eight.

TARA: What do you think it is.

STEED: Well - a red ping pong ball with a hole in
it.

TARA: Of course, it needn't necessarily have
anything to do with Cleghorn's murder.

STEED: It was found at the scene of the crime.

TARA: I know. But rhe Honourable T.R. Cleghorn
was drowned.

STEED: And bopped severely on the top of his
aristorcratic head.

TARA: Bopped with the traditional bopper.

STEED: A blunt instrument.

STEED: Ah!
It just doesn't make sense. Gigantic
footprints. Magical bunches of flowers.
Red ping pong balls.

TARA: (Sings) Da-da-da-da-da-.....

STEED: Now why didn't I think of that.

TARA: Think of what ?

STEED: Noses. Red noses. What does that
conjure up ?

TARA: Inebriates.

STEED: Now there's a long word for you.

TARA: I know lots actually.
Anti-disestablishmentarianism.

STEED: You've been doing the cross word again.

TARA: Trying.

STEED: What does it mean - ?

TARA: Hmm ?

STEED: Anti-disesta - or whatever you said.

TARA: Clowns.

STEED: Eh ? You're not going to tell me that
anti-dises.... or whatever - means.....

TARA: No, no.... the vermilion proboscis!
A nose by any other name.

STEED: Aha.

TARA: Now, this nose is part of a clown's make-up.

STEED: This is the section on clowns.
Jesters, mimes, mummers, harlequins.

TARA: And what does it say ?

STEED: It says - see section two four seven -
Vaudeville.

TARA: And what does that say ?

STEED: It says, turn to appendix G Five,
'Dying Arts'.
Vermilion Proboscis....Proboscic Vermilion.

TARA: I'm going through a phrase.

STEED: Ah - eggs.
.....
(mutter's)

STEED:

Eggs!

TARA:

Eggs.
Clowns don't lay eggs.

STEED:

(reading)

The bad ones do.
Are this is more important.
Each clown's make-up is copyright and is
as individual as fingerprints. These
make-ups are painted and preserved on
eggs..... ah - err ...
by one Marcus Rugman.
Eggs.

END OF REEL ONE

909 feet + 2 frames

INT. REGISTRATION OFFICE

TARA: Marcus Rugman..... make-up registration artist.

MARCUS: Yes.

TARA: I'm Tara King. I phoned you earlier.

MARCUS: Well ?

TARA: May I come in ?

MARCUS: Come in.?

TARA: Yes....

MARCUS: It's most unusual.

TARA: You are a Public office.

MARCUS: Yes, that's the trouble.

TARA: But I have a query. An important one.

MARCUS: You've read the notice ?

TARA: I like it.

MARCUS: One section applies to you. No handbags.

TARA: I'll leave it outside.

MARCUS: You must be very, very, careful. Eggs break you know.

TARA: So I believe.

MARCUS: You see before you, twenty two years of patient brushwork..... every Clown's face in Britain, registered and copyrighted, by being painted on an egg.... large size.

TARA: I'm here to trace a Clown.

MARCUS: Well, if you know what he looks like, we can find him.
Please, no wandering, please follow me.
Keep to the white line. Then they're out of reach.
And be careful.

TARA: I promise. I promise. Ooch!

MARCUS: You promised

TARA: I didn't know you were going to stop.
It won't happen again.

MARCUS: Well done Miss King. Well done.
Now what does this Clown of yours look like.?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

STEED: I think it's a red nosed comedian.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

DESSINGTON: A red nosed comedian ?

STEED: That's the line we're following up, Lord Dessington.

WILTSHIRE: I like a good baritone myself, or a troupe of young girls, you know, high stepping young fillies.

DESSINGTON: Yes, but where's the sense in it. Two of our board have been murdered, and now you're trying to tell us that some fellow wearing a red nose.....

STEED: Would be excellently disguised.

SEAGRAVE: Mmm, you've got a point there, all clowns look alike.

DESSINGTON: All right, I'll concede that Seagrave, but I still say, where's the point in it. Steed here was brought in because of project cupid and because these murders might be part of a bigger plot to wreck the project. And now we're talking about Comedians.... red noses.

WILTSHIRE: Been nothing but trouble from the start.

SEAGRAVE: Eh.

WILTSHIRE: Project Cupid.

SEAGRAVE: Oh come now Brigadier Wiltshire.

STEED: What do you mean trouble... I understood it was all going smoothly.

SEAGRAVE: Why, and so it is.

WILTSHIRE: What about the fights we've had. Bradfoot and Cleghorn arguing about the choice of materials., and you and Dessington arguing about the choice of sub contractors.

DESSINGTON: Uh, perfectly normal procedure in a project the size of cupid. Ha! Ha! Oh certainly there have been differences of opinion as to how to tackle the job. And there have been disagreements.

SEAGRAVE: Oh but on perfectly amicable terms.

DESSINGTON: Oh perfectly.

STEED: I see. Well I won't keep you gentlemen any longer. I don't have to warn you to be on your guard.

DESSINGTON: Against Comedians.

WILTSHIRE: What'll he do. Tickle us to death.

STEED: (laughs) Ha! Ha!
Oh by the way Mr. Seagrave, you were wrong.

SEAGRAVE: Mmm ?

STEED: ...about all clowns looking alike. They don't. Every make-up is copyright and preserved on eggs.

WILTSHIRE: Eggs....

INT. REGISTRATION OFFICE

MARCUS: It'll take time, Miss King, Time. There are so many faces, and you have so few clues...

TARA: How long ?

MARCUS: Hard to say, though - I might just put my finger on him in a few minutes, there again, it might take a few days.

TARA: I'll come back.

MARCUS: No! No! no. There's a - there's no need for you to actually come back here - in person - mm - perhaps I could phone you.

TARA: Okay. I'll give you my colleague's phone number. It's in my handbag.

MARCUS: (shouts) Uh. Handbag. Err. Miss King. Uhm.

MARCUS: Follow me Miss King.

TARA: Certainly.

TARA: (O.S. thru door) Hey, wait a minute.

TARA: Here's Steed's card. Now you will ring.

MARCUS: Yes. Yes. Don't worry. Yes I will ring.

TARA: Goodbye.

INT. MAIN ROOM. ARTISTES' HOME.

FUNCH & JUDY (ad lib) Emergency.....Emergency ... Emergency.
Squawking/shouting.

MRS.FUNCH: We summund this emergency meeting because we do have an emergency.

MAXIE MARTIN: But we were all set to go against Brigadier Wiltshire.

CLOWN: Wiltshire will have to wait. You carelessly left part of your make-up at the scene of the crime.

MAXIE: Oh no I didn't.

OTHERS: (in unison) Oh yes you did.

MAXIE: Oh no I didn't.

OTHERS: Oh yes you did.

MAXIE: Oh no I didn't.

MRS. PUNCH: A red ping pong ball. It was a vital clue to your identity.

MAXIE: But we work better in full make-up.

MRS.PUNCH: But your make-up is distinctive to you.

MAXIE: That's right. And if I found anybody pinching my act...I'll....

JENNINGS: (hoots)

MAXIE: Marcus.

INT. REGISTRATION OFFICE

PANNING along row of eggs. MARCUS moves to phone. MAXIE/JENNINGS enter.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT:/INTERCUTTING/INT.REGISTRATION OFFICE

TARA: (into phone) Hello.

MARCUS: (into phone) Oh hello, Miss King. Marcus here. I think I've found what you were looking for.

STEED: What's that.

TARA: It sounded like eggs breaking.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. REGISTRATION OFFICE

STEED: All the King's Horses..

TARA: And all the King's men...

STEED: He must have been trying to tell us something.

TARA: But what ?

STEED: 'What' indeed. And who killed him.?

TARA: Look!

STEED: Merry Maxie Martin.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK

MAXIE & JENNINGS move
across to Wiltshire's
Bentley and plant bomb.

NO DIALOGUE

WILTSHIRE picks up bomb.

BOMB EXPLODES.

INT. MAIN ROOM.

PUNCH:

Congratulations gentlemen.

EXECUTIONER PUPPET:

Superbly, if you will forgive the pun,
executed.

MRS. PUNCH:

And Marcus, the Egg man ?

MAXIE:

They don't call me the man with a million
cracks for nothing!

AD LIB NOISES, tooting,
squawking, laughing.

MAXIE:

I don't think Marcus saw the yoke.

VENTRILQUIST PUPPET:

What's next, or rather, who ?

MRS. PUNCH:

Another Director.

END OF REEL TWO

752 feet + 15 frames.

INT. MAIN ROOM

EXECUTIONER PUPPET: But first, think carefully. Is there anyone else like the Egg man..... someone from your past who might expose you

MAXIE: He's dead.

MRS.PUNCH: Right. Off you go then. Your target will be working late tonight. It should be as easy as....

MAXIE: Pie ?

PUNCH: Right gentlemen, that ends our session.

VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL: Just a minute. Merry Maxie Martin didn't write all his own material, did he ?

TENOR: You know I think you're right.

VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL: I am right. Merry Maxie always used the same gag writer.

MRS. PUNCH: Someone who could lead to us.

VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL: Possibly.

PUNCH: Who is it! Who is it ?

VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL: Bradley something.

TENOR: (sings) Bradley - do-ray-me.

MRS.PUNCH: Right. Get on to him. Find out where Bradley Dorayne is.

TENOR: No, no, no, you misunderstand me. His name is Marler. Do - ray - me - far - so - la - tce - do. Bradley Marler.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into phone) No, I don't want to hire a Comedian. I'm enquiring about one Merry Maxie Martin... Martin. You are the Vaudeville Artistes Information Bureau. Think I've got the man who killed Vaudeville, personally.

(To Tara)

TARA: (whispers) Pick a card.

STEED: (Into phone) No I don't want Hilarious Harry Horsefly. I want Maxie Martin.

TARA: (whispers) Quick.

STEED: (into phone) Retired ? Semi retired. Resting - ?.

STEED: He's out of work.

TARA: Put it back.

STEED: (into phone) Yes, well that's the chap. Now where can I find him ?
Through his gag writer.
What - who ?
Marler. Bradley Marler.
Thank you.

STEED: Well what's the card?
Three of Clubs. In your handbag.

INT. WRITER'S OFFICE

BRADLEY: (laughing) Ha! Ha! Ha!

BRADLEY: Come in.

STEED: Bradley Marler.

BRADLEY: Well if I'm not Bradley Marler
I'm having a great time with his wife.
(Laughs) Having a great time with his wife.
That was a joke. I'm not even married.
A great time with - phh....

STEED: Bradley Marler the comedy writer.

BRADLEY: Here - look - look.
This girl was gonna marry this millionaire
see - and one of her friends says "Look
do you know what you are doing ? It's
eighty-seven" - and the girl said "Look,
if somebody gives you a cheque like that
you don't look at the date".
(laughs) Ha! Ha!
You liked that one.

STEED: It has a certain humorous shape.

BRADLEY: (splutters) Don't - well - well
Don't go away - 'cos it's -
it's here somewhere.
Let's see now - err - err.

STEED: I'm hoping that you can help me.

BRADLEY: Oh well - what - what is it you're doing ?
A Stag party - a Club - Barmitzvah.

STEED: I'm not in the entertainment business.

BRADLEY: Oh, television.
(laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha!
Here look, I've got an hilarious brain
surgeon routine. It's only been used
once.

STEED: I want some information.

BRADLEY: Oh, I see.
Look - Doe Rabbit.
Doe Rabbit comes out of the Prairie Bush -
she looks back and she says "I wouldn't
do that again for fifty bucks".
Ha!Ha!Ha!
Ah - forget it.
(laughs)

STEED: I understand you used to write for
Merry Maxie Martin.

BRADLEY: Maxie Martin. Oh dear old Maxie Martin.
Whatever happened to him ?

STEED: Well I was hoping you might be able to
tell me.

BRADLEY: No. No. Haven't seen him for years.
Maxie Martin - Uh! He was a great
comedian, he was.

STEED: Red Nose. Big feet.

BRADLEY: Yeah, that was Maxie.
He's a quick change artiste you know.
Fastest in the business .
You know he could make about six changes
of costume just walking across the stage.

STEED: But you don't know where he is now.

BRADLEY: No - I mean, where do they go ?
Theatres and Music Halls close.
Vaudeville Variety die,you know,
Maxie's act was of the old style, you see.
Couldn't adjust himself to the new.
Oh, 'ere are - 'ere are. A feller comes
out of this house, throws himself in the
road - wallop! - old lady passes by, she
says "Ere, are you all right". He says
"Yes, but I could have sworn I had a car".
Ha! Ha!
No - forget it.
(laughs)

STEED: Tell me some more about Maxie.

BRADLEY: I mean what is there to tell.
He ruled the Gladchester Palladium.
Worked there for years he did.
They loved him.

STEED: Gladchester Palladium ?

BRADLEY: Yeah, well, it's closed now Isn't it.
You know, it's been standing empty for
I don't know how long. Falling to pieces
I shouldn't wonder, like all the other
old theatres.

STEED: Times change.

BRADLEY: Yes I know but - it's a bit sad to think
you're not going to see those big feet
of his again.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

BIG FEET move in door.
DESSINGTON leaves his
desk, moves forward.
Hand comes in and
beckons him, then throws
Custard pie in his
face.

NO DIALOGUE

MISS CHARLES: Lord Dessington.

DESSINGTON: Call Steed.
Tell - tell him someone's tried to
kill me.

STEED: Mmm. lemon flavoured.....
Glue.

DESSINGTON: Yes and extremely fast setting.
If I hadn't managed to pull it off...

STEED: At least it proves one thing, our
killer is quite capable of making a
mistake. You're still alive.

DESSINGTON: Just.

SEAGRAVE: No thanks to you Steed.
Three of us dead already and now another
murderous attack.
What are you doing about it ?
Chasing eggs ? Or is it red noses
this time.

STEED: One red nose. Attached to one
Merry Maxie Martin. Clown Comic,
Quick change artiste. Star of the
Gladchester Palladium.

DESSINGTON: But this Company owns the Gladchester
Palladium.

STEED: What ?

DESSINGTON: Yes....get the file on it, will you.

MISS CHARLES: I'm afraid it isn't available. It's
gone into our archives.

DESSINGTON: Eh - well take my word for it.
The Gladchester Palladium is ours. Oh,
we bought it with a whole chain of
Vaudeville Theatres. Thirty or forty
of them, all due for demolition. Huh!
as you know Vaudeville's dead.

STEED: Looks as though Vaudeville may have just
decided to fight back.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR:

THE AVENGERS WILL CONTINUE FOLLOWING
THIS PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION.

A.B.C. LOGO CARD

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

PUNCH: (Ad lib squawking)

What a pity.....what a pity.
What a pity.....what a pity.

MARTIN:

We're sorry Mr. Punch.

MRS. PUNCH:

Sorry ? It was a failure.

PUNCH:

A failure. A failure.
Oh what a pity. What a pity.

MARTIN:

But we can do it properly second
performance.

MRS. PUNCH:

Lord Dessington should now be dead.

MARTIN:

He will be - we - we'll leave right away.

GHOST PUPPET:

W-A-I-T... there is another matter.
Even more urgent.

MRS. PUNCH:

I asked you earlier, if there was anyone
who knew you - who could be a danger.

MARTIN:

There's nobody.

VENTRILOQUIST DOLL:

We think differently.

MARTIN:

Who ?

VENTRILOQUIST DOLL:

Your old gag writer.
Bradley Marler.

INT. WRITER'S OFFICE

BRADLEY: (laughing)

Ha! Ha! Ha!.....

(laughs)

I don't get it.

Ha! Ha!.....

(laughs)

Maxie!

Ha! Ha!.....

Maxie. How are you boy.....

..... looking great.....

All right.

(laughing)

Here - here - here.

Come in and have a chair. Have a chair.

Hey there was - there was a feller here

looking for you.

MARTIN:

Yeah.

BRADLEY:

Well I mean that's no way to find work,
is it ? Where have you been hiding - eh ?

JENNINGS HOOTS

BRADLEY:

Vuadevilla. Ha! Ha! Ha!
You can't fool ne Maxie. I know why you're
here. I know why you're 'ere.....
Material. That's what you want, isn't it ?
Material. I tell you I got some lovely
material 'ere.

I was doing one this morning which was
a beauty. Just right.
D'you remember that ? Do you remember
that lovely knife throwing routine
I showed you - wasn't that sensational.
A sensational routine. And then what
about that girl you had in there, eh ?
What a beauty - standing there - the
rolls on the drums and -

(splutters ad lib)

.....
you had to be drunk - that was it - you was
drunk. All the time tottering about -
Ha! ha! ha! Ha!

Great stuff you were - and then when you
threw that knife. Oh!
Ha! Ha! Ha!

(laughs)

END OF REEL THREE

820 feet + 13 frames

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Now are you quite sure you know what to do ?

TARA: Three things.
One, stay close to Dessington.

STEED: Very close.

TARA: Two. Never let him out of my sight.

STEED: Not for a second.

TARA: Three. Be prepared for another attempted murder.

STEED: At any time.
Good!

TARA: I'll get right on duty.
Anything else ?

STEED: Yes, why did you hold up four fingers ?

TARA: I can't seem to manage three.
They all bend.

INT. WRITER'S OFFICE

A HAND of BRADLEY
MARLER's is reaching
out of sea of paper.
Grabs telephone.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT / MARLER'S OFFICE intercutting **

STEED: Why didn't she do it with her thumb ?

STEED: (into phone) Hello.

MARLER O.S. (Thru phone) Steed.

STEED: (into phone) Marler.
MARLER:** O.S. Yeah.
I don't know what you're going to make
of this - but they killed me.
Maxie was here - Merry Maxie Martin.

MARLER O.S. (Thru phone)

STEED: (into phone) Did you get his address ?

STEED: O.S. ** Where is he now ?

STEED: (into phone) Hello. Hello.

MARLER O.S. ** Uhh. I'm still here. Uuuh.
I wrote it down. It's on the desk.

STEED: (into phone) Marler. Marler!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

MISS CHARLES: Is that everything Mr. Seagrave ?

SEAGRAVE: Yes. There are a few queries but I'll raise those with the architects myself. I've a couple of visits to make now anyway.

MISS CHARLES: Will you be back today ?

SEAGRAVE: That depends on when I get through. I'll a - I'll phone in for any messages.

Miss Charles knocks on door -

DESSINGTON: O.S. Come in.

INT. DESSINGTON'S OFFICE

MISS CHARLES: It's the correspondence on project CUPID sir.

DESSINGTON: Well ?

MISS CHARLES: The private and confidential correspondence.

DESSINGTON: Oh yes - a - thank you.

TARA: Just go ahead - act normal.

DESSINGTON: Darn it - I am normal. Who is this person ?

TARA: King. Tara King. Steed sent me.

DESSINGTON: Steed sent you. Why.

TARA: To look after you.

DESSINGTON: ... Look after me.

TARA: Personal bodyguard.

DESSINGTON: Really - is this absolutely necessary.

TARA: Oh extremely.

DESSINGTON: Ah well I suppose there's no real harm in her.

MISS CHARLES: Not really my place to say sir. I thought I'd leave if you had no objection.

DESSINGTON: Leave. Now ?

MISS CHARLES: If you don't mind.

DESSINGTON: Oh, no - no, of course not. Off you go.

MISS CHARLES: Thank you.

DESSINGTON: Well, well. Bodyguard, eh ?
Well, well. King you said ?

TARA: Uhhh. Tara King.

DESSINGTON: Tara King. Well, well. Bodyguard.
Perhaps you'd care for a drink ?

TARA: No thanks.

DESSINGTON: Well - perhaps you wouldn't mind if I
had one.

TARA: Not at all.

INT. WRITER'S OFFICE

STEED: Marler ?
Written on the desk.

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

MAXIE MARTIN: Bradley Marler has taken
his last curtain call.

CROWD SHOUTING AD LIB:

POLICEMAN PUPPET: Excellent. Excellent. But you must leave
at once and rectify your previous mistake.
Lord Dessington.

PUNCH: He must be killed... killed... killed.
Killed. Killed. Killed. Killed. Killed.
Killed. Killed.

INT. DESSINGTON'S OFFICE

DESSINGTON: Well, well, well.
Bodyguard, eh ?
Well, well. And - a - you've come
to keep an eye on me, eh ?

TARA: That's the idea.

DESSINGTON: Well-well-well.
I don't suppose you were ever in the army ?

TARA: No.

DESSINGTON: No, no. Course not. Foolish of me.
I spent most of my time in the Middle
East. Funny place..... Hot...err err
Lots of sand - err err lots of sand.
I was in charge of camels. I don't
suppose you - a - no, of course not.

INT. WRITER'S OFFICE

STEED: (reading) There was a young lady of Gloucester -
She met a young

EXT.OFFICE BLOCK

TAXI drives up.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

DESSINGTON: Are you sure you won't join me ?

TARA: No, quite sure.
I was once in North Alaska.

DESSINGTON: North Alaska...

TARA: Have you been there ?

DESSINGTON: No, never. Very interesting I believe.

TARA: I don't remember. I was only two years old at the time.

DESSINGTON: Oh! No camels in North Alaska.

TARA: Oh, I believe it's one of the main features of the place.

DESSINGTON: What ?

TARA: The absence of camels.

DESSINGTON: Oh yes, I see.

INT. HALL/LIFT.(Outside door of Conference Room)

MAXIE/JENNINGS arrive and push carpet under door.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

DESSINGTON: O.S. Lots of sand. Lots of sand.

TARA: I beg your pardon ?

DESSINGTON: Oh, in the middle East.

TARA: Oh.
Lord Dessington. Please relax, after all we must have something in common besides camels.

DESSINGTON: Well let's try, shall we ?
Cricket ?

TARA: Ski-ing ?

DESSINGTON: Stock exchange.

TARA: Fashion.

DESSINGTON: Golf.

TARA: Motor racing.

DESSINGTON: Glass walking sticks.

DESSINGTON/TARA:

Music.

TARA:

Classical or modern ?

DESSINGTON:

Either. I like Bach.
Don't mind a spot of Hinderminth either.

TARA:

Or Brubeck.

DESSINGTON/TARA:
(THEY LAUGH)

I went to a concert
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

EXT. DOOR OF CONFERENCE ROOM

MAXIE/JENNINGS pushing
carpet under door.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

DESSINGTON: O.S.

A great concert. A great symphony.
A great conductor. Oh joyous, joyous.

DESSINGTON:
(sings)

I particularly like that violin
stanza that goes -
Da. Da. Da.

TARA:

And then the symbols.

DESSINGTON:

And then the flutes.

TARA:

Brass rising up.

DESSINGTON:

The piano.

TARA:

Piccolo.

DESSINGTON:

Now the string come in again.

TARA:

French horns.

DESSINGTON:

The Cello.

TARA:

A wave of sound building up.
The drums. . . .A roll.

DESSINGTON:

Building up to a pitch.

TARA:

A crescendo.

DESSINGTON:

The whole orchestra joins in.....
the grand finale.....
Da. Da. Da.....

TARA rushes out of
Conference room.

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK

MAXIE/JENNINGS rush out
to their taxi.

TARA gets in A.C.
Both cars drive away.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WRITER'S OFFICE

STEED going through papers.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MARTIN'S TAXI /EXT.COUNTRY ROAD

MARTIN: She's still on our tail.
No. No. No. Straight on.
I've got an idea.

END OF REEL FOUR

879 feet + 11 frames.

REEL FIVE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD & HOUSE

TAXI travelling -
turns into driveway.
TARA'S A.C. appears.
TARA moves to telephone
kiosk.

TARA: Oh!

MARTIN: Could I be after helping you now Miss.?

TARA: Oh Officer, thank goodness you're here.
You see there were these two men.....

MARTIN: Which two men would they be now then

TARA: Oh, well they just went in there in a
taxi cab you see and I err
.....Oh.....

INT. WRITER'S OFFICE

STEED: Vauda Villa.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

PUNCH: Who is it. Who is it.
ad lib squawking
ad lib squawking That's the way to do it. Excellent gentlemen.
Excellent - - - - . Did anybody see you ?

MARTIN: No, she was on her own.

MRS. PUNCH: Well then, the solution is simple. She
must be eliminated.

MARTIN: Not me. I'm not killing a woman.

MRS. PUNCH: Why the distinction Mr. Martin.

MARTIN: I don't care, I won't do it.

FIERY FRED: Let me have her Mr. Punch.

PUNCH: Who is it. Who is it ?

FIERY FRED: It's me. Fiery Frederick.
I need a new assistant to perfect my act.

ALLIGATOR PUPPET: Yes, give her to fiery Frederick.

GROUP SHOUT AD LIB:
TARA: (groans) No. Yes. Yoohoo.
Err. Oh.....

MRS. PUNCH: There will be a final meeting this evening at six o'clock.

MARTIN: But there's only one Director left.

PUNCH: Six.... six.... six.... six....six.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED driving along.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ARTISTES' HOME/INT. BACK ROOM.

FIERY FREDERICK: You'll go down in history my girl.
The very first woman to be burnt in half.
Oh I know plenty who have been sawn in
two... but burnt, never.
Ha! Ha! Ha!

(laughs)

TARA: (moans) Uh.

FIERY FREDERICK: But it's in it's early stages you understand.
I think it might work. But even if it
doesn't... it's stage history, isn't it ?
Relax my girl, relax.

EXT. GATES AND HOUSE

STEED arrives.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF HOUSE

MERLIN: Yes.

STEED: Gentleman Jack. A smile, a song,
and an umbrella.

MERLIN: Oh - Merlin the Magnificent Magician.
I'm the principal here. Can I help you ?

STEED: This is Vauda Ville. The stopping
place for resting artistes.

MERLIN: Yes.

STEED: Then you can - because I'm a resting
artiste.

MERLIN: Ah. Oh - ah - I'm afraid we've no room.
No vacancies. You can't stay here.

STEED: But surely you can show me around.

MERLIN: Errr.

STEED: Good, that's settled then.

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

MERLIN: We're very comfortable here.
This of course is the lounge... stage...
reading room.

STEED: Charming. I can't wait until a place
becomes available.
Now what goes on in there ?

MERLIN: Just a storeroom. Props and hampers,
you know.

INT. BACK ROOM:

FIERY FREDERICK
is burning away
at Box.

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

MAXIE: Who's that ?

MERLIN: Gentlemen Jack. A smile a song and
an umbrella.

MARTIN: Oh.
Get rid of him. It's nearly time
for our meeting.

MERLIN: I'm trying. I'm trying.
Gentleman Jack - I'm sorry but that's
private. I really must ask you to leave now.

STEED: But I haven't seen anything.

MERLIN: Some other day perhaps.

STEED: I haven't met any of your guests.
How d'you do ?

VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL: Very well thank you.

STEED: Nice fellow.

MERLIN: Gentleman Jack please...

STEED: But I was so looking forward to meeting them.

MERLIN: Oh you wouldn't like them you know.
They're all eccentric... all of them...
all of them... except me, of course.

INT. ARTISTES' HOME./BACK ROOM.

FIERY FREDERICK still
burning away at box.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. ARTISTES' HOME

STEED puts case in
car then moves
around house.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

Group assembling
for meeting.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BACK ROOM

STEED enters.

FIERY FREDERICK:

Ah. Err.

TARA:

No gags.

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

FUNCH: (ad lib squawking)

Do-dee-doo-dee-doo-dooo.
Welcome everybody, welcome.

JUDY:

And now for the final stage of our plan.

FUNCH:

Ho! Ho! Ho!

JUDY:

I have a big surprise for you.

AD LIB CHATTERING.

INT. BACK ROOM

TARA:

What are they planning ?

STEED:

To wreck CUPID.

TARA:

Is that a fact ?

STEED:

A guess.

TARA:

And the merry vaude-villians ?

STEED:

They're being duped.
They think they're hitting back at the
Company that closed their theatres.

TARA:

So what do we do. Join the meeting ?

STEED:

In a suitable disguise.

END OF REEL FIVE

640 feet + 12 frames.

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

MRS. PUNCH: And now the big surprise. We have decided to call a halt to operations for a while.

MARTIN: We can't stop now... there's one Director left.

TENOR: That's right. Get rid of him and we can get back to theatres again.

VENTRILOQUIST'S DOLL: We can't stop now.

AD LIB CHATTERING FROM ALL THE GROUP.

.....

PUNCH' VOICE over chatter: Be quiet. Listen. Listen. Listen. Listen.

MRS. PUNCH: This whole operation was ours.

MARTIN: We want action.

CROCODILE PUPPET: Action you will get.

AD LIB CHATTERING FROM ALL THE GROUP.

.....

MARTIN: We demand an enquiry. There's only one Director left. Isn't there only one Direc.....

FIGHT SEQUENCE:
STEED/MARTIN.
TARA/JENNINGS.

MARTIN: Young man, you're sitting on my washing.

FIGHT SEQUENCE CONTINUES.

AD LIB GROANS AND SHOUTS.

INT. BACK ROOM:

TARA: What's next.

STEED: Find out who really pulls the strings around here.

TARA: Oooh.

INT. ARTISTES' HOME

STEED: Did I ever tell you about the chap who wanted to clean up with a foreign power ?

TARA: No, you never did tell me about the chap who wanted to clean up with a foreign power.

STEED: Thought he'd sabotage CUPID.

TARA: Sabotage cupid ?
STEED: Persuaded a group of variety artistes
to do his dirty work for him.
TARA: Steed, you forgot the punch line.

PUPPET SQUAWKING

TARA: The last Director.
STEED: Seagrave.
TARA: Curtain.
STEED: Curtain.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Tara! More beautiful than ever. Come in.
And on time, too.
TARA: Steed, you promised to take me to the Opera.
STEED: I know I did. I thought it would be a
change from red nosed comedians.
TARA: But the performance starts in half an hour.
STEED: Oh - Oh, I see.
TARA: But you'll never be ready.
STEED: I promise you won't be disappointed.
TARA: No.
STEED: No.
STEED: Well you can't work on a case like that
without learning something.
Shall we go.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX

660 feet + 3 frames.

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4663 feet + 8 frames.

T H E E N D

In addition, completed Episodes contain
50 feet of Commercial Break and Black
Frames, not included in this footage.

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