

" T H E A V E N G E R S "

"THEY KEEP KILLING STEED"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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**MASTER COPY
NOT TO BE ISSUED**

prepared by:

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MAIN TITLES

EXT. EARTHWORKS

ZERSON: Arcos! Arcos!
 Arcos!

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ZERSON: He's ready.

VICTIM STEED: That's not me.

ARCOS: Mmm. The nose - nose is wrong.

VICTIM STEED: That's not my face.

ARCOS: The hairline is not good.
 The ears -
 ...mmm.....
 We need Steed. It w'n't work from photographs -
 we need Steed. The man himself. We need
 Steed - we can't do it without him. We must
 capture Steed.

VICTIM STEED: It's not my face.
 It's not my face.
 It's not my face!

(hysterically)

ZERSON: Dispensable.

ARCOS: Dispensable.

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED
THEY KEEP KILLING STEED

EXT. OPEN WATER

MOTHER: Ten degrees starboard.
 No - make it nine and a half.
 We're here.

MOTHER: (into phone) Mother!
 Ah - good morning General.
 The Peace Conference? Yes, it's all under
 control. Steed and Tara King are there.
 Huh. Treating it as a sort of holiday.
 Yes - they don't think they'll be any
 trouble. Yes, I'll keep you informed.

MOTHER: Prepare to abandon ship.

MOTHER: (into phone) Goodbye General.

MOTHER: I must say I'm looking forward to going
 under the water. It'll be very quiet
 down there.

MOTHER: (into phone) Captain Smythe? Mother!
 I would like you to liase with Steed
 and Tara King at the Peace Conference.
 I - I shall be working under cover.
 Yes. They'll be signing in at the Sun
 Hotel. Excuse me.

EXT. HOTEL

STEED & TARA arrive -
observed by ZERSON
& ARGOS.

INT. HOTEL - TARA'S BEDROOM.

PORTER: Thank you Miss.

TARA: Come in!
Hello. It's almost like being on holiday,
isn't it ?

STEED: Hardly a holiday. Ah! you've got a view
of the open air.

TARA: Why are we here ?

STEED: We are official observers of the Peace
Conference, it's quite a serious undertaking.

TARA: Mmm - very routine - very boring.

STEED: Well let's break the routine with a drink.

TARA: I'm sorry sir, the bar isn't open -

STEED: Steed's bar. Come to my room, it's exactly
the same as yours - except it faces a brick
wall.

TARA: (murmurs ad lib) Mmmmm.

INT. CORRIDOR/INT. TARA'S ROOM.

GIRL: Kurt darling, wait for me. Wait.
Wait for me.

STEED: The second time round we'll put up the
fences.

GIRL: (V.O.) Kurt! Here!

INT. TARA'S ROOM.

KURT: Will you marry me ?
Will you be my wife ?
Good day sir.
Please, just for a moment....

TARA: Be your wife ?

KURT: Just for five minutes or so.

TARA: Only five minutes.

KURT: Shssh

GIRL: (V.O.) I think he went in here.

HELGA: Kurt baby -

MIRANDA: You promised to choose between us.

BARON: Ladies, may I present my wife -
My wife!

TARA: Tara.

BARON: Tara.

HELGA/MIRANDA: Your wife!

BARON: Goodbye Helga. Goodbye Miranda.

BARON: You've earned my undying gratitude.
May I present myself - Baron Von Kurt -
always at your service.

STEED: Tara King. John Steed.

BARON: Please forgive my intrusion sir, but as you
can see -

STEED: You have problems.

BARON: My own fault - a foolish mistake -
I arranged - a rendezvous -

STEED: At the same time ?

BARON: We understand one another Mr. Steed.
Once again my thanks Miss King.
With your permission -

STEED: Indeed.

BARON: It was a privelege being married to you.

STEED: These holiday romances. They never last.
Let's have a drink.

EXT. THE HOTEL

ARCOS AND ZERSON
watching hotel.

ARCOS: Go on.

INT. HOTEL FOYER

ZERSON ENTERS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S ROOM

STEED: Here we are. Here's the bar.
Here's to a nice, quiet, uninterrupted -

TELEPHONE RINGS:

STEED: (into phone)

Hello.
Speaking. Captain Smythe.
No, we haven't met but it's - a -
extremely nice to talk to you.
Right away - uhuh. What's the address?
I'll be there in ten minutes.

STEED:

Captain Smythe of Security, wants to see
me right away.

EXT. THE HOTEL

ZERSON comes out of
hotel. ARCOS gets
into taxi.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED gets into taxi.

INT. TAXI

STEED'S VOICE:

Fourteen Wheelwright Street.

ZERSON leaps into
the taxi and
clobbers Steed.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL ONE

875 feet + 5 frames

INT. VILLAIN'S H.Q.

ZERSON: Nearly dry.

ARCOS: Mmm. Mmm.
Excellent.

STEED: Good evening gentlemen.

ARCOS: It is not the evening.

STEED: Oh isn't it. Gentlemen, I use the word loosely, I have a shrewd suspicion that there's dirty work afoot.

ARCOS: Yes. Yes. We intend to infiltrate the Peace Conference.

STEED: With a forged pass ?

ARCOS: No - with a forged face.
D'you recognise it ?

STEED: I can't say I do.

ARCOS: Mmm. Well that is your face Mr. Steed. With this face and with this pass, it will be child's play to get past the Security guards.

STEED: Won't it look a little plastered ?

ARCOS: Oh no - no - flesh!
Living flesh!

STEED: My goodness me.

ARCOS: Mmm. mmm.
Well I won't bore you with the technical jargon.

STEED: Thank you very much...

ARCOS: Plastoids and pigments and molecular reconstruction. But suffice to say that if a man should put upon his face - huh - like this. . .this mould - yah.

STEED: Yeah.

ARCOS: Then - if he should then inject himself with some of this -
(mutters) uh ?
Within minutes - his face will take on the shape and the texture and the exact detail of the moulded face.

STEED: Instant plastic surgery.

ARCOS: Yes. I could not have put that more succinctly myself.
Instant plastic surgery. That's very good.

STEED: Does it work ?

ARCOS: Oh yes. Well of course you shall have to take my word for it - huh ?

ZERSON: Here's a list of the Agents. All five of them are here in England. All five resemble Steed in build. Shall we use Perova ? Or Mintoff ? Mintoff. G ergio ?

ARCOS: Are you finished. Mmmm. Nadine,

ZERSON: But - -

ARCOS: We will use Nadine - now tell Bruno to take this kit to Nadine - all right ? Mr. Steed, in a few hours time, Nadine shall receive his kit - yeah - and he will inject himself and in a few moments he shall come to the door as you.

STEED: And the fake me will destroy the Conference.

ARCOS: Yeah. mmm. Clever, is it not.

STEED: Very clever.

ARCOS: I think it's brilliant.

STEED: Brilliant.

EXT. EARTHWORKS

ARCOS comes out of H.Q.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' AREA

STEED: What happens now ?

ZERSON: To you ?

STEED: Yes.

ZERSON: We shall keep you here until the job is done so there's no chance of a slip-up.

STEED: And then . . . ?

ZERSON: Then we shall kill you.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. EARTHWORKS

Establishing guard.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

STEED: Dedicated idealist or altruistic opportunist ?

ZERSON: Do what ?

STEED: Yes, well - err - if you were to untie me, drive me back to the hotel, I think I have five hundred quid in notes

ZERSON: (interjects) No chance . . .

STEED: No - no - no chance.
Ah well, it's worth trying - it happened before you know - jailor accepts a bribe -

ZERSON: Not this jailor.

STEED: Not this jailor.
Ah well, if I can't offer you money, maybe I can offer you - a -

ZERSON: What ?

STEED CLOBBERS
ZERSON.

EXT. HOTEL

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOTEL FOYER

BARON: Hello again. It's not my lucky day is it ?
You're not looking for me by any chance ?

TARA: Actually - no.

BARON: Ah! for your friend, Steed ?

TARA: Yes.

BARON: Well there's a good view of the door from here, perhaps while you're waiting you would care to join me. Apart from owing you a drink, I would be quite enchanted.
I hope Mr. Steed is engaged for some weeks.
Months even.

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

STEED opens door -
his P.O.V. of

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EARTHWORKS

GUARDS FIRE GUNS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

STEED: Nadine!

EXT. EARTHWORKS

ESTABLISHING GUARDS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

STEED looking at
bottles of fluid
etc.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EARTHWORKS - intercutting.

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

STEED:

Not bad. Perova. Mintoff.
Georgio. And for my next impression...

EXT. EARTHWORKS

ARCOS moves towards Guards.
Produces key.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

STEED:

This should confuse them - if it works.

ARCOS:

All right Mr. Steed.

STEED:

Thank you.

ARCOS:

Verno.

BRUNO:

D'you want something to be delivered ?

ARCOS:

Yes -
Zerson - Zerson you are a fool.

ZERSON:

He hit me.

ARCOS:

Huh. He shows wisdom.

EXT. EARTHWORKS - intercutting

INT. HOTEL FOYER

TARA:

What are you doing in England ?

BARON:

Well I need some new shirts, and I always
find the English shirtmaker out the front
much - -
Oh dear!

(reacts to girl)

TARA:

Situation as before ?

BARON:

Yes I'm afraid so - would you mind ...?

TARA:

Darling!

BARON:

Yes ?

EXT. STREET

BRUNO enters house.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOTEL ROOM

BRUNO & PEROVA.
Bruno leaves mask
for Perova.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOTEL FOYER

BARON: I wish you would let me show you the town
or the country or the beach or anywhere
you like. My car's just outside, I will
drive you to -

TARA: (interjects) To the ends of the earth.

SMYTHE: I'd like to see Mr. Steed. Tell him
Captain Smythe pays his respects and
wishes to see him.

CLERK'S V.O. I'll make enquiries sir.

TARA: Captain Smythe. Hello. Captain Smythe -
Baron Von Kurt.

SMYTHE: You must be Miss King.

TARA: Yes - how d'you do.

BARON: How d'you do.

SMYTHE: Hello.

TARA: Where's Steed ?

SMYTHE: In his room, I imagine.

TARA: But I thought he was with you - you rang
him up and asked --

SMYTHE: (interjects) Certainly not! Is that what he said -
- - - that I called him ?

TARA: Oh no, I must have made a mistake.

SMYTHE: Yes. Yes I think you have. So Steed
isn't here.?

TARA: No, not at the moment.

SMYTHE: I'll call back later then - goodbye.

TARA: Goodbye.
I think I'll take you up on that.

BARON: What ?

TARA: A ride in your car.

BARON: Where d'you want to go ?

TARA: The Old London Road.

INT. HOTEL FOYER

BRUNO: Err - Mr. Nadine.
DESK CLERK: Just a moment.

EXT. THE HOTEL

TARA/BARON get into car.
NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL TWO

818 feet + 7 frames

REEL THREE

INT. CORRIDOR

BRUNO goes into NADINE'S ROOM.
NO DIALOGUE

INT. NADINE'S ROOM

NADINE: Can I offer you a drink, Bruno ?
BRUNO: I have four deliveries to make.
See you baby.
NADINE: Bye bye.
NADINE: So I am to be Steed. John Steed.

EXT. STREET

BRUNO gets out of car moves towards building.
NO DIALOGUE

INT. DUSTY HOTEL ROOM

BRUNO hands MINTOFF the egg mask.
NO DIALOGUE

INT. DINGY HOTEL ROOM

BRUNO: Bowler - wake up!
Come on.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM

BRUNO: See you Georgio!

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: Mmm. Courageous but foolish.
The British are all the same, you treat
war like as if it were a game.

STEED: I didn't know we were at war ?

ARCOS: Your kind and my kind should always be
at war. Such links as there are between us...
are very tenuous.

STEED: Not too tenuous.

ARCOS: Unfortunate.

STEED: What's unfortunate ?

ARCOS: That I should have so little time to get
to know you.

INT. AGENTS' BEDROOMS

AS THEY FIT ON MASKS
AND PREPARE
INJECTIONS.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / EXT. BRIDGE

TARA & BARON driving
along and stopping
on bridge.

TARA: This is the place.

INT. BATHYSCOPE

MOTHER: There's someone at the door.
Well don't just stand there - you'll
catch your death.

TARA: Hello Mother.

MOTHER: Nice of you to drop in my dear.

TARA: Steed's missing.

MOTHER: Did you have any difficulty finding
the place ?

TARA: A bit.

MOTHER: Straight down stream and turn left at the
salmon nets.

TARA: Mother didn't you hear what I said about
Steed ?

MOTHER: Naturally I heard what you said about
Steed. Medically my hearing is A.I. plus.
Acute even.

MOTHER: (continued) That's why I'm very pleased to be trying out this new device for the Royal Navy. Delightfully quiet. Fish do not shout. At least not very loudly.

TARA: He's been missing nearly two hours.

MOTHER: Two hours you say, well I shouldn't worry about that. There are a lot of diversions in this part of the country. Steed is easily diverted.

TARA: He went to see Captain Smythe.

MOTHER: Well there you are then - Captain Smythe keeps a jolly good cellar. Cornered the market on a very fine dry claret. Not quite ambrosia you understand.

TARA: I've just seen Smythe and he hasn't seen Steed.

MOTHER: Not at the hotel and not with Captain Smythe. The question is - where is he ?

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: I see you rely a great deal upon your Knight.

STEED: Huh, I like his mobility. The unfettered free-lance of the board.

ARCOS: Hmmm. Yes you can tell - a - a man's character from the way he plays chess.

STEED: I couldn't agree more. You seem to rely heavily upon your pawns.

INT. FUSTY HOTEL ROOM

GEORGIO PULLS OFF MASK
AND IS NOW STEED TWO. NO DIALOGUE

INT. SEEDY HOTEL ROOM

PEROVA PULLS OFF MASK
AND IS STEED THREE. NO DIALOGUE

INT. DINGY HOTEL

BOWLER PULLS OFF MASK
AND IS STEED FOUR. NO DIALOGUE

INT. DUSTY HOTEL ROOM

MINTOFF PULLS OFF MASK
AND IS NOW STEED ONE.

STEED ONE:
(with Mintoff's accent) Hello Mr. Steed.

INT. NADINE'S ROOM

NADINE encased in mask.
AD LIB GROANS under
music.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: Uh, huh.

STEED: Mate in three.

ARCOS: (mutters) Err - err.

STEED: Oooh! Mate in two.

ARCOS: (mutters) Hmmm - mmmm.

STEED: Mate in one.

ARCOS: Oh - mmm.

STEED: You don't like losing do you ?

ARCOS: It's a bad habit.

STEED: Well you should be prepared to lose a few
battles along the way - but always win the
last one.

INT. BATHYSCOPE

MOTHER: (into phone) Now listen, he's been missing for over
two hours. You'll let me know immediately.

TARA: No news!

MOTHER: Kept it to yourself did you ?
Didn't tell Captain Smythe ?

TARA: Oh no.

MOTHER: Good. No use in starting a panic.
There's no use in our panicking either.
You'd better get back to your hotel.

TARA: And if something happens ?

MOTHER: I'll let you know immediately.
All right. Swim along now.

TARA: Bye.

END OF REEL THREE

659 feet + 9 frames

EXT. BRIDGE/COUNTRY ROAD

TARA is helped out of
the water by the BARON.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BARON'S CAR

BARON:

Where to now ?

TARA:

Back to the Hotel, and thank you for not
asking any questions.

BARON:

Hmmm. I wouldn't know where to begin.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

BARON'S CAR DRIVES
AWAY.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EARTHWORKS

ESTABLISHING GUARDS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS:

The Peace Conference starts at
two o'clock. Any minute now my man should
be on his way.

STEED:

Or on their way.

INT. FUSTY HOTEL ROOM

STEED TWO prepares to
leave.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SEEDY HOTEL

STEED THREE leaving.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DINGY HOTEL

STEED FOUR leaving.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DUSTY HOTEL

STEED ONE prepares
to leave.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. NADINE'S ROOM

MAID SCREAMS:

Aaaaaaah!

INT. HOTEL FOYER

MAID:

Upstairs!
Mr. Steed is upstairs and he's dead.

INT. PALACE.

CROWD OF GUESTS:
AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER. AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER

INT. ENTRANCE FOYER

FIRST GUARD: Welcome to the Peace Conference, sir.

INT. PALACE

STEED ONE enters and
moves around the guests.

CROWD OF GUESTS:
AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER. AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: Have you ever thought Mr. Steed, how a
man's character is affected by the face
with which he's born - hmm ?

STEED: Yes I have.

ARCOS: Mmm. Change his face. New character.

INT. ENTRANCE FOYER

SECOND GUARD: Welcome to the Peace Conference, sir.

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: I must concede that you have a certain wit
a certain talent.
But your potential - has never really been
developed, huh ?
Why, if ten years ago, I had met you
I could have done so much - but -

STEED: But ?

ARCOS: Now I have to kill you.

INT. PALACE

CROWD OF GUESTS
BACKGROUND CHATTER: AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER

STEED ONE AND TWO.
STEED ONE REACTS AS
HE SEES STEED TWO. NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIDE ROOM

STEED ONE KILLS
STEED TWO. NO DIALOGUE

INT. PALACE

STEED ONE emerges from
side door.

GENERAL BACKGROUND CHATTER. AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER

EXT. HOTEL

ESTABLISHING SHOT. NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOTEL FOYER

BARON: Listen - I - I don't pretend to know what
this is all about - but your friend Steed, he
he means a great deal to you - yes ?
Well, I'm sure he'll turn up again soon.

TARA: He's in trouble.

BARON: I only met him once but he seems to be a
man well able to look after himself.

TARA: Hmm.

BARON: Look, why don't you come with me down to
my country house, I promise you you'll be
well chaperoned and -

TARA: The Conference....

BARON: The Conference....

TARA: The Conference! That's why they grabbed
Steed. Make a fake Steed and get him past
the guards.

EXT. PALACE

STEED THREE arrives. NO DIALOGUE

INT. PALACE

FIRST GUARD: Welcome to the Peace Conference sir.

GENERAL BACKGROUND CHATTER. AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER

STEED THREE IS PULLED
INTO SIDE ROOM BY
STEED ONE. NO DIALOGUE

STEED ONE EMERGES.

END OF REEL FOUR 565 feet + 4 frames

INT. HOTEL FOYER

TARA:

Listen, I've got to go, I'm awfully sorry but -

BARON: (interjects)

But you can't explain.
It's all right, I understand, I'm getting rather used to it. All right, now I'll drive you where ever you want to go.

EXT. ROAD

CAR RUNBY.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: (V.O.)

You don't like losing, do you ?

ARCOS:

Mr. Steed, I believe you are a connoisseur of wine.

STEED:

Wine and people.

ARCOS:

Mmm edgy. A degree of bite, but a little devious, uh ?

STEED:

Instant plastic surgery. D'you reckon you'll get away with this ?

ARCOS:

I know we will.

STEED:

Hmmm. Well supposing the fake me gets successfully into the Conference - what then ?

ARCOS:

A percussion bomb.

STEED:

A percussion bomb ?

ARCOS:

On the Chairman's little - mmm -

STEED:

Little gavel ?

ARCOS:

Little gavel. Mmm.
And when he calls the Conference to order -

STEED:

Boom!

ARCOS:

Boon!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

STEED ONE ENTERS AND PICKS UP GAVEL.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. PALACE

BARON'S CAR ARRIVES.

INT. BARON'S CAR

TARA:

What's so funny ?

BARON: You seem to have accepted my invitation, afterall.

TARA: You mean this is

BARON: Is my house. I leant it to the Authorities for the Conference, It's the biggest place for miles.

TARA: But if you live here, why are you staying

BARON: Why am I staying at the hotel ?

TARA: Mmmm ?

BARON: I own that too.

TARA: LAUGHS.

BARON: Well you did ask.

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: Mmmm. Any minute now we should get the message, uh ? Mission accomplished - Conference kaput.

INT. PALACE (CONFERENCE ROOM)

STEED ONE working on Gavel.

INT. PALACE

BACKGROUND CHATTER.

AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER

SMYTHE: Ah, Miss King - good news, eh ?

TARA: What ?

SMYTHE: You haven't heard ? Steed's alive.

TARA: No!

BARON: There you see, I told you.

TARA: Well where is he ? Where is he ?

SMYTHE: Well my man told me he was admitted some time ago.

TARA: Let's find him.

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS: Mr. Steed, the planes of the human face are incredibly subtle. A touch here and we get a look of triumphant elation. A touch there and we get a mask of tragedy. Triumph and tragedy - sums up both our situations, doesn't it ?

SMYTHE: Someone wants to get into the Peace Conference.

BARON: And ...

SMYTHE: And they're creating duplicates of Steed to do it.

BARON: I don't believe it either.

SMYTHE: Under the circumstances we must believe that the real Steed is dead.

TARA: So ?

SMYTHE: So any other Steed's must be shot on sight.

EXT. EARTHWORKS

STEED climbs through ventilator and runs across desolate area.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

EXT. PALACE

STEED ARRIVES IN TAXI.

INT. TAXI

STEED: Err - would you mind accepting my Grandfather's Gold hunter as temporary payment. Excuse me, I've seen someone I know.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

CHAIRMAN: this may well prove as historic an occasion as the Congress of Vienna.

EXT. PALACE

AS STEED ONE JUMPS TO THE GROUND

NO DIALOGUE

MEANWHILE

INT. CAR

STEED
FIGHT SEQUENCE.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED RUSHES INTO THE PALACE.

INT. PALACE

CROWD OF GUESTS.

AD LIB CHATTER.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

MEMBERS seating themselves.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PALACE

BARON:

Look, I really don't think there's any point in staying here. If Steed is going to turn up again.....

TARA:

Steed!

STEED THROWS GUARD

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

STEED RUSHES IN.

CHAIRMAN:

And now gentlemen

STEED SNATCHES UP GAVEL.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. GROUNDS

STEED THROWS GAVEL.

NO DIALOGUE

EXPLOSION

STEED ONE REACTS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PALACE

AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER.

SMYTHE:

Search the grounds.
If you see him, shoot. Don't let him get away.

EXT. PALACE AND GROUNDS

GUARDS SEARCHING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PALACE

BARON:

I think I can do with one of these.
All right.

TARA:

Let's go.

EXT. THE PALACE GROUNDS

GUARDS SEARCHING FOR STEED.

NO DIALOGUE

VARIOUS SHOTS OF
STEED INTER-CUTTING.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA: It doesn't make sense.
BARON: What doesn't make sense ?
TARA: Well he didn't blow up the Conference.
BARON: He had the bomb in his hand.
TARA: But he jumped out the window with it.
BARON: ...was no alternative.
TARA: He could have left the bomb and jumped
out the window.
You don't suppose that
BARON: You go that way, I'll go this way.
TARA: Right!

SEARCH CONTINUES

TARA: Hold it!
Put up your hands.
STEED: It's me.
TARA: All right. What did I give you for your
birthday ?
STEED: What did I give you ?
TARA: Pearls.
STEED: Yes.
TARA: Now that doesn't prove anything.
STEED: Remember that time in Tibet ?
We rescued that little Llama remember -
friend of the Dali's. You must remember.
We used a light weight plane. Two passengers
fore and aft. open cockpit, remember ?
You and I shared the Pilot's cockpit. It
was a very lucky thing we did, we kept each
other warm. It's very cold in the Himalayas
at that time. Remember, as a result of all
that we delivered the little Llama safe and
sound. He had nothing worse than a -
than a frost-bitten nose.
Oh my goodness, it wasn't you at all.
TARA: Steed, you'd better remember something
quickly.
STEED: Strawberry shortcake ?
TARA: Steed!
STEED: Pinch a car!

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

TARA: Their orders are shoot to kill.
STEED: Pinch a car.

STEED ONE: So you've brought a car. How very
(Mintoff's voice) thoughtful.
TARA: Steed ?
STEED ONE: I'm afraid not.
(Mintoff's voice)
BARON: Look the woods are full of them.

EXT. PALACE

STEED DRIVES OFF. NO DIALOGUE
TARA & BARON FOLLOW. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CCOUNTRY ROAD

VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE
CARS AND ARTISTES. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EARTHWORKS

STEED DRIVES UP
AND FIGHTS GUARD. NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS H.Q.

STEED ENTERS. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EARTHWORKS

BARON & TARA ARRIVE. NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

STEED: Arcos!

ARCOS/STEED (dubbed with Arcos' voice) MMM. A nice touch of irony, hmm ?
I am now you.

EXT. EARTHWORKS

BARON FENCING WITH
GUARD. TARA FIGHTING
WITH GUARD. NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

ARCOS STEED: I shall walk away from here, hmm.
(Arcos' voice) as you, the most respected Agent in
the country.

STEED: I wouldn't go so far as to say that.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

EXT. EARTHWORKS

BARON/GUARD FENCING. NO DIALOGUE

INT. VILLAINS' H.Q.

FIGHT SEQUENCE CONTINUES.
STEED ARCOS RUSHES TO
EXIT. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. EARTHWORKS

STEED ARCOS APPEARS.
GUARD SHOOTS HIM.

STEED APPEARS.

TARA: That's Steed.
Who else could smile at a time like this.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: Steed!

STEED: mmmmmmm?

TARA: You were right you know.

STEED: Mmmmm.

TARA: Wasn't really a holiday, was it ?

STEED: Mmmmm.

TARA: We were to attend the Peace Conference as official observers. Just that and nothing more. That was our duty. Gadding about in the countryside.

STEED: We haven't any time for that sort of thing.

TARA: For what sort of thing ?

STEED: Gadding about in the countryside.

TARA: Mmmmm. Lolling about in the sunshine.
..on the beach.

STEED: Mmm. Ridiculous.

TARA: Irresponsible.

STEED: It's absolutely out of the question.

TARA: Unpatriotic even.
Still, I do think it's a bit mean of Mother.

