

" THE AVENGERS "

"STAY TUNED"

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.

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MAIN TITLES

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Windows locked. Lights off. Papers.
Passport. Tickets. Money. Telephone.
Telephone!

STEED: (into phone) This is Brighthall nine eight one nine.
My name is John Steed. I shall be away
for the next three weeks. So will you
transfer my calls to the usual number.
Mmm - holiday - ha! - well thank you
very much, I shall do my very best to enjoy
myself. Yes. Thank you. Goodbye.

STEED: How d'you do ?

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED
OVER DOOR:

"STAY TUNED"

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Windows locked. Lights off. Papers.
Passport. Tickets. Money. Telephone.
Telephone.

STEED: (into phone) Operator ? Oh this is - err - Brighthall
nine eight one nine. John Steed. I shall
be away for the next three weeks, so will
you have my calls transferred to the usual
number. Mmm - holiday. Oh thank you very
much I shall do my very best to have a good
time. Thank you. Goodbye.

TARA: Hello.

STEED: Hello and goodbye.

TARA: Goodbye ?

STEED: Stay if you want to - you know where the
drinks are. Play my records too if you
wish, but as for me - goodbye.

TARA: Well that's very funny but come on we've got
work to do.

STEED: You've got work to do. The only work I'm
doing is lying on the beach. So you can
tell Mother this is one holiday I'm not
cancelling.

TARA: I know - you've met a girl.

That's a marvellous thought.

TARA: Steed, you are joking, aren't you ?

STEED: Nice try, but it doesn't work this time.
Now just wish me bon voyage and I'm on my way.

TARA: You've just got back.

STEED: You never give up do you.
Now you just tell Mother you did your best
but I'm not falling for it.
Goodbye. I'll send you a postcard.

TARA: You already did - from Naples.

STEED: October the twenty-first.

TARA: That's right.

STEED: Well today's October the fourteenth.

TARA: No it's not.

STEED: Well it can't be. It's October the fourteenth.
The day I go on holiday.

TARA: No, you've already been on holiday for three
weeks.

STEED: It's ridiculous. Huh! I did all my paper
work here last night.

TARA: All right. When did you pack ?

STEED: Late last night.

TARA: I see. Do you normally pack your dirty
shirt. Do you always take your souvenirs
on holiday with you ?

STEED: (reading) To Tara. Breton et fils. 17, Rue du
Balzac. Bordeaux.

TARA: What's in it ?

STEED: I haven't the faintest idea.

TARA: What is it ?
She's pretty. Who is she?

STEED: I've never seen her before in my life.

STEED: (into phone) John Steed. Yes, that's right, about ten
minutes ago. I asked for all calls to be
transferred ... what!? You've already done
it. When ? For the past three weeks. Mmmma.
Thank you.

STEED: You can't just lose three weeks.

STEED: But why Doctor Meitner, why does it happen ?

MEITNER: An emotional stress. Perhaps mental strain. Then of course there's the classic reason so beloved of fiction writers - the blow on the head.

STEED: What can we do about it ?

MEITNER: Very little. But I can assure you, you have nothing to worry about.

STEED: Really.

MEITNER: You have no history of amnesia. No apparent wounds. Oh I think it's a very temporary condition.

STEED: How temporary ?

MEITNER: How long is a piece of string. But I think that each day you will see some image which will spark a memory and when you have struck enough sparks, there will be a conflagration and your memory will have returned with all the blanks filled in.

STEED: Isn't there some way of making this conflagration spark up a bit quicker ?

MEITNER: Yes, rest. Peace and quiet. You come in and see me tomorrow. Meanwhile get a good night's sleep. You could probably do with it, eh ?

STEED: I can't remember.

EXT. STREET

TARA'S CAR TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S CAR

STEED: I usually keep in touch while I'm away, now why didn't I phone.

TARA: You did. From Rome and from Paris. Mother took the calls.

STEED: Well that should be easy enough to check up on.

TARA: Mother's away right now, Father's taken over.

STEED: I see.

TARA: Steed worrying about it isn't going to help at all.

STEED: (chuckles)

Ha! Ha!
Remind me of it.

TARA:

It was a Roman statue. It looked exactly
like Mother. It was a statue of Bacchus.
The likeness was perfect.

STEED GRABS THE STEERING
WHEEL AND THE CAR SKIDS -

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD INTERCUTTING

TARA'S CAR SWERVING AND
SKIDDING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S CAR

TARA:

What happened ?

END OF REEL ONE

798 feet + 9 frames

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: That's a good three weeks dust.

STEED: I started out by losing three weeks of my life. Now that's bad enough, but I could cope with it. Stress, strain, overwork, emotional upset. Well there are a dozen reasons that account for it. Take a few weeks and eventually I'd be able to adjust to losing part of my memory.

TARA: You still have to adjust. You did lose your memory, it's a fact of life.

STEED: Do you realize what happened today. I tried to kill you, tried to kill us both. A calculated and a deliberate attempt to wreck the car. An impulse I - I had no control over it at all. It happened suddenly out of the blue. No warning. No reason. And worst of all, I might try again and next time I might succeed. I'd better alert the department. Tell them what's happened. Look will you ring Mother and say I'd like to see him right away.

TARA: I told you Mother's away, Father's running things. Don't you remember ?

INT. FATHER'S STUDY

FATHER: Please come in and close the door. John Steed.

STEED: Hello, Father.

FATHER: You're still using the same tailor, hmm. Well sit down. Draw the curtains if you want. You don't like dimly lit rooms do you ?

STEED: There are three weeks of my life that are in total darkness.

FATHER: It's beautiful isn't it.

FATHER: All the things in this room have a distinctive textural quality. They produce very individual sounds. Well now, well now, Tara's given me her report.

STEED: I've got to find out about those missing weeks.

FATHER: Our Forensic people are checking your car. They should be able to tell if it's been out of the country.

FATHER: Already have.

STEED: And ?

FATHER: It was your voice.

STEED: I see.

FATHER: I'm having every aspect of your case checked. A few more days and I imagine it will be sorted out.

STEED: And until then ?

FATHER: Until then you might as well relax. I'll keep you informed of any further developments. Goodbye Steed.

STEED: Hmma. You shouldn't touch me..... you never know where I might have been.

FATHER: Collins! Come in a moment. Steed's name is to be removed from the active service list.

COLLINS: Steed!

FATHER: His security rating is reduced to third class. That's all.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Sea.

STEED: Breeze.

TARA: Paris.

STEED: Spring.

TARA: Cafe.

STEED: Cognac.

TARA: Car.

STEED: Autostrada.

TARA: Coliseum.

STEED: Rome.

TARA: Photograph.

STEED: Girl.

TARA: Name.

STEED: Place.
It's no good, I can't remember, might just as well have been in Tibet.

STEED: A face. An oriental face.
A grinning face. A Chinese weight-
lifter.

TARA: Anything else. Do you remember anything else?

STEED: No, just a face, smiling, all the time just
smiling.

TARA: Maybe you ought to stop trying for a
while.

STEED: A Chinese weightlifter! In London.
He's here in London.

TARA: Now you're pushing it. Sit down and I'll
make you a drink.

STEED: But you see what this means...

TARA: Oh yes I know. Now we'll talk about it
quietly. I'll get some coffee.
Steed, I've got some sleeping pills for
you if want - Steed!

EXT. STREET (INTERCUTTING)

INT. PROCTOR'S CAR

C.U. PROCTOR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TAXI

DRIVER: Exactly what are you looking for sir ?

STEED: I don't know, but I know it's somewhere in
this area. I'm sure it's here.

DRIVER: We could spend all night cruising the streets.
Do yourself a favour sir, turn it in.

STEED: I suppose you're right.

DRIVER: Home ?

STEED: Yes.

STEED: Stop here.

EXT. STREET

STEED leaves the taxi.
Starts to walk along
street. PROCTOR follows.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED - tense and
bewildered backs against
wall. A fist strikes
out at him and knocks

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Windows locked. Lights off. Papers.
Passport. Tickets. Money. Telephone.
Telephone.

STEED: (into phone) Operator. This is Brighthall nine eight
one nine. My name is John Steed.

I
shall be going away for the next three weeks
so would you have my calls transferred to
the usual number. Mmmm - holiday.

STEED REACTS TO THE
DEAD CARNATIONS -
ANSWERS DOOR AND TARA
STANDS IN DOORWAY.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE

MEITNER: And you distinctly remember a man who looked
like this.

STEED: I see that face all the time.

MEITNER: Now if what you've drawn is a true
representation, it's rather inhuman.

STEED: That's him. He exists. Somewhere.

MEITNER: Last night Steed, do you remember last night?

STEED: Huh! I remember perfectly. I went to bed
and woke up yesterday morning.

MEITNER: You are forcing yourself into a vicious
circle Steed. The more you worry the more
deeply blanked off does the missing time
become. You must let it filter back
naturally.

STEED: Or disappear permanently.

MEITNER: There is no danger of that. The human mind
is a quite robust piece of equipment. Yes,
now I am going to give you a prescription,
Just a harmless tranquillizing tablet. It
will help you to rest easy and that's what I
want for you - complete rest.

STEED: I understand - complete rest.

END OF REEL TWO

840 feet + 7 frames.

EXT. TARA'S MEWS

Establishing Tara's car. NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S CAR

TARA: What did he say ?

STEED: Tranquillizers and rest.

TARA: Sounds sensible to me. We'll go and get the prescription filled and then I'll run you home.

STEED: Not yet. I've just remembered something.

TARA: What ?

STEED: They must have finished the forensic tests on my car by now.

TARA: Oh!

STEED: Well you can't drive through three countries without picking up a clue or two.
Ha! Ha!

INT. PLASTIC GARAGE

STEED: Travers!

TRAVERS: Ah Steed, Steed and Miss King. I've just finished - just finished. Now, get rid of these.

STEED: Well, have you completed your check ?

TARA: Where has the car been, Mr. Travers ?

TRAVERS: France. The Bordeaux region. I found a little piece of leaf in the filter, it comes from a vine grown only in that area. The Italian part of the trip provided dozens of clues. I found a mosquito here, a species exclusive to southern Italy.

STEED: Anything else ?

TRAVERS: A chip of marble in the tread of the tyres. There was some human hair too. Blonde. Traces of lacquer on it. Made by an Italian Cosmetics firm.

TARA: Seems pretty conclusive doesn't it ?

TRAVERS: We thought so.

STEED: Did you check the petrol ?

TRAVERS: We did. Refined in France.

TRIVERS: Oh Mr. Steed, the little graze you got on the nearside rear wing....

STEED: Graze ?

TRIVERS: Another car must just have - err - glanced against you and left some of it's paint behind. I had my chaps rub it down, there's no trace of it now.

STEED: Did you check the paint ?

TRIVERS: Naturally. A standard colour used by two large Italian Automobile manufacturers.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

SALLY: Are you Mr. Steed - John Steed ?

STEED: Yes.

SALLY: Oh thank goodness I caught you, you just never seem to be at home.

STEED: Won't you come in.

SALLY: That divine car of yours has been on my conscience for the past fortnight.

STEED: My car ?

SALLY: Yes, I did wait a little while but you just didn't come back. Well I traced your number.

STEED: Why ?

SALLY: Well, I scraped my car against yours.

STEED: Well, it's very ...

SALLY: (interjects) I was in a terrible hurry and I turned up into Fitzherbert Street and there was this awful truck and ...

STEED: (interrupts) Fitzherbert Street, did you say Fitzherbert Street. You're sure about that, Fitzherbert Street in London?

SALLY: Of course.

STEED: Was yours an Italian car ?

SALLY: Well how did you know that. Daddy -

STEED KISSES HER.

STEED: That's marvellous!!

SALLY: Scraping your car's marvellous ?

STEED: (continued)

Now look, I'm busy for two days, after that I'll take you out for the best celebration you've ever had.

SALLY:

Gosh, then honesty is the best policy.

STEED:

My car was in Fitzherbert Street two weeks ago.

EXT. FITZHERBERT STREET

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S CAR

TARA:

Fitzherbert Street. Recognise anything ?

STEED:

Not yet.
Look you stay here,
and I'm going to prowls around.

TARA:

Well what are you looking for ?

STEED:

I don't know. I won't be long.

EXT. FITZHERBERT STREET

STEED REACTS TO THE DOOR KNOCKER (SHAPED LIKE AN ORIENTAL FACE). MOVES ACROSS TO TELEPHONE BOX AS CAR PULLS UP AND LISA ALIGHTS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TARA'S CAR

STEED:

I've found him.

TARA:

Who ?

STEED:

The highly scrutable Oriental.

TARA:

Who ? You've seen him ?!

STEED:

Well not so much seen him as it.

TARA:

What are you talking about ?

STEED:

I'm talking about the face. Oh it doesn't solve anything, but at least it proves that I'm not out of my mind.

TARA:

Well no-one ever thought that.

STEED:

I did. Look, come and meet him. You may find him a most repulsive creature but to me, he's beautiful.

STEED: Tara King - meet the Face.

TARA: I don't understand.

STEED: It was here. A door knocker in the shape of a face and the girl - she went in there.

TARA: Girl ?

STEED: Yes.

TARA: Well I guess there's only one way to make sure.

TARA KNOCKS AT DOOR
KREER OPENS DOOR:

KREER: Yes.

TARA: Sorry to bother you but - err - I wonder if we could have a word with your daughter.

KREER: My daughter ?

STEED: A young woman - she came in here, ten, fifteen minutes ago.

TARA: She is your daughter ?

KREER: I'm afraid there's been some mistake, I have no daughter and there certainly is no young lady in this house.

TARA: I'm awfully sorry. We obviously have the wrong address.

TARA: There must be some explanation.

STEED: I don't understand how they knew. They must have moved very fast.

TARA: You might have made a mistake you know. Come on, I'll drive you home.

STEED: I'll get a cab. I'll speak to you later.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into mic) This is intended to be an informal report just for the record. My apparent loss of memory, my seemingly odd behaviour, can be accounted for in only two possible ways. One, that I'm being got at and two, that I'm genuinely suffering from some mental aberration.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: (into mic) So I want to try and analyse what's happened. But first of all I want to make it perfectly clear that I don't think that you, Steed,

TARA: (continued)

I believe you did see a girl go into that house. And that can only mean one thing -- that the house is being used for a front for someone.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into mic)

If the man at the house in Fitzherbert Street was genuine, I must accept the second alternative.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: (into mic)

There's only one way to be quite sure about the house and that's to go inside. You probably won't like that, but that's what I intend to do.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into mic)

For my own peace of mind, I have to see inside that house. I'm going in tonight.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: (into mic)

So, if I don't come out again....

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: (into mic)

.... at least you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that I was right.

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

EXT. FRONT DOOR

TARA OPENS DOOR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HALLWAY. KREER'S HOUSE.

TARA ENTERS AND LOOKS AROUND - OPENS STUDY DOOR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CONDITIONING ROOM

KREER: Miss King, isn't it ?
You were not content.

TARA: Just thought I'd find out for myself.

KREER: Pity. Do you - err - do you like my room?

TARA: Hmm, most colourful - rather hypnotic.

KREER: Yes, isn't it.

TARA: Is this where you hypnotized Steed ?

KREER: Yes. Steed is my most valuable subject.
He's too valuable to lose.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

INT. HALLWAY/INT. CONDITIONING ROOM

LISA: Don't move.
Ah! Kreer's dead.

PROCTOR: In there.
Steed's on his way.

LISA: Then it's finished ?

PROCTOR: Not yet it's not. Get out of sight.

TARA: The girl's right you know, it is finished.
The moment Steed sees this room and him...
he won't be fooled any longer.

PROCTOR: Then you'd better make sure he stays fooled.
Because the minute Steed remembers, he's
dead.

TARA: Well how can I make sure ?

PROCTOR: Tell him that he killed Kreer. Tell him you
saw him.. then he'll think it's another
blackout.

TARA: What, with you standing here pointing a gun
at me. Don't be so stupid.

PROCTOR: (laughs) Then you don't know our little secret.?

TARA: What.

PROCTOR: A post hypnotic suggestion. It's part of
Steed's conditioning. He was told I do not
exist. My image has been hypnotised from
his mind. He can't see me.

TARA: And what's the rest of the conditioning ?

PROCTOR: (continued)

But remember this, as far as Steed is concerned I do not exist. I can put a gun to his head and he won't even see it. Now if you force me to, I'll pull the trigger.

INT. HALLWAY - KREER'S HOUSE

STEED arrives.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CONDITIONING ROOM

STEED enters.

TARA:

Why did you do it ?
Did you have to kill him ?

STEED:

I didn't do this.

TARA:

I thought there was something wrong when you telephoned.

STEED:

Telephoned! I didn't phone.

TARA:

Oh Steed, I'm trying to help. You telephoned and then said that it was all Kreer's fault and you were going to try and force him to talk. I didn't think you'd have to ---

STEED:

I came through that door only a few minutes ago.

TARA:

Now that's not true, I saw you kill him.

PROCTOR:

That was beautiful.

TARA:

Yes.

INT. FATHER'S STUDY

FATHER:

You know the Chinese have a marvellous way of releasing tension. Better than any tranquillizer.

STEED:

Hmmm.

FATHER:

You just hold it - fondle it - stroke it. You'd be surprised how quickly the tensions drain away.

STEED:

Oh. Would you have that typed for me.

FATHER:

Yes of course. Is this a social visit Steed ?

STEED:

No, as a matter of fact I'd rather expected you'd send for me. You've had Tara's report about last night.

FATHER:

I have no report. She telephoned just to say goodbye.

FATHER: A relative was taken seriously ill. She wanted a few days leave of absence.

STEED: I didn't know that.

FATHER: What did happen last night ?

STEED: Nothing special.

FATHER: Any progress with the amnesia, Steed ?

STEED: Getting clearer by the minute.

FATHER: Good.

STEED: Well I don't think there's anything else.
If you'll excuse me.

FATHER: Of course.

STEED: There'll be no need to have that typed out now.

FATHER: (into intercom) Collins, I want Steed followed. Twenty-four hour watch.

EXT. FITZHERBERT STREET

COLLINS watches as STEED moves along street followed by PROCTOR. STEED moves to house.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HALLWAY. KREER'S HOUSE.

STEED enters. PROCTOR follows.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CONDITIONING ROOM

STEED reacts to the room - chandelier gone, etc.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HALLWAY. KREER'S HOUSE

COLLINS enters.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL FOUR

725 feet + 12 frames

INT. CONDITIONING ROOM. KREER'S HOUSE

COLLINS: Steed!

STEED: Collins, what are you doing here ?

COLLINS: Following you! Father's orders.

STEED: That was lax of me, I should have expected it.

COLLINS: Where's he gone ?

STEED: Run out, I imagine. They all have.
At least it means I'm getting close.

COLLINS: No, no, no, I mean the man who followed
you in here. Where is he ?

STEED: Who ? Who are you talking about ?

COLLINS: I don't know who he is. He's been following
you all day.

STEED: Somebody else following me.

COLLINS: Well that's what I couldn't understand.
There were virtually times when you were
walking side by side. He had to step out
of your way on a couple of occasions.

STEED: You say he came in here....

COLLINS: Through the front door. Right after you.

STEED: But the whole place is deserted. There's
no-one here. The furniture - it's empty.

COLLINS: But I tell you there was a man here. I saw
him.

STEED: What's important now is the fact that Tara
lied to me. She told me that I killed
Kreer. And this whole place, it's so
familiar - the colouring. The whole
atmosphere.

INT. STUDY. KREER'S HOUSE

TARA: (muffled thru
gag) Ahhhh....
Steed.

LISA: We've got to do something.

PROCTOR: I intend to.

LISA: Well then do it.

PROCTOR: You're getting nervous, Lisa.
Don't worry, I'll handle it.

STEED: Yes, but I didn't. I'm quite sure that I didn't. Now what was her motive, why?

COLLINS: It's all too mixed up for me.

STEED: The answer's somewhere in this room. I have to find a key - anything. Something that can help me start breaking through this mental block.

INT. STUDY

TARA: (screams thru gag) Ah.... Steed... Steed.

INT. CONDITIONING ROOM

COLLINS: Let's get out of here Steed. Tell Father the whole thing.

STEED: No, no, not yet. It's beginning to come. It was in this room. It was here - they were all here - the girl too. Kept saying the same thing - Day after day, kept repeating it over and over again.

COLLINS: Saying what?

STEED: I don't know. I can hear the voices but no words - just sounds.

COLLINS: Steed!

STEED: What is it?

COLLINS: Well can't you see?

COLLINS IS SHOT:

COLLINS: Urghh!

PROCTOR: I'm behind you Steed. No, to your right. Behind you again.

STEED IS KNOCKED OUT.

INT. STUDY. KREER'S HOUSE.

WILKS: It's all part of the conditioning. His mind... it's been conditioned to perform one single act, until that act is done, there's no escape. Every time he tries to break out of the mental cell we've created we simply start the cycle over again.

TARA: Ah! what are you conditioning him to do?

WILKS: To kill.
Steed is going to kill someone.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Windows closed. Lights off. Papers.
Passport. Err....

Lifts telephone
receiver:

OPERATOR: (V.O.) Number please. - Can I help you ?
Number please.

STEED: (into phone) Steed. Has Mother got back yet. Mmmm.
I want to see him immediately.
Of course it's priority. Thank you.
I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

PROCTOR: Steed the gun - don't forget the gun.

INT. STUDY. KREER'S HOUSE

LISA: How much longer ?

WILKS: An hour. Maybe two. Depends what time
Steed goes out there.

TARA: Or if he goes.

WILKS: He'll go.

TARA: Where ?

WILKS: There's only one place he can go now the
holiday's over. Mother's.

WILKS LAUGHS: Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

WILKS: Well how about a cup of coffee ?

LISA: Well if you feel like making it.

WILKS: Oh we are a bowl of fun today, aren't we.
Everybody's little helpmate.

LISA: I'm not a housekeeper. If there's something
you want go and get it.

WILKS: I've got to watch the girl, haven't I?

LISA: Well I've got eyes and she's not exactly
dangerous.

WILKS: Oh all right all right.
All right.

TARA: You could be wrong you know, Lisa.

LISA: About what ?

TARA: About me not being dangerous.

LISA: Then why don't you try something.

TARA: I will. When I'm ready.

TARA: You see, you can't tell whether -
whether or not I've got my hands free,
can you.

LISA: It wouldn't do you any good.

TARA: Oh I don't know. You'll have to take
your eyes off me sometime. It would
only take a second.

LISA: I'm going to pull those ropes so tight,
your fingers will go blue.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED'S CAR TRAVELLING. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STUDY AND HALLWAY. KREER'S HOUSE.

TARA FINISHES TYING UP
LISA. OPENS STUDY DOOR
INTO HALL AND SEES WILKS
APPROACHING WITH TRAY.

NO DIALOGUE

WILKS: Lisa. Lisa open the door.
Lisa! Lisa what's going on in there.
Open the door.

LISA: (moaning thru gag)
(intercutting) Oh! Oh!

END OF REEL FIVE

798 feet + 15 frames.

INT. KREER'S STUDY/INT.CONDITIONING ROOM

MIRROR EXPLODES IN WILKS
FACE.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA SEARCHES THE
ROOM AND FINDS A
TAPE RECORDER -
SWITCHES IT ON.

KREER'S VOICE:

Look at this photograph. He is a man you
know well Steed. Concentrate on him. This
man is your enemy. Your enemy. Your -
- You will forget everything until
you hear the trigger word. The word Bacchus.
Bacchus. Concentrate Steed. When you next
hear the word Bacchus, you will kill Mother.
Kill Mother.

INT. FATHER'S STUDY

MOTHER:

Well now Steed, how are you ?

STEED:

I wish I knew.

MOTHER:

Oh, this amnesia business. Overdoing
things I should imagine. Well that's what
holidays are for.

STEED:

Would you call it overdoing things if I
said that I thought that I'd killed somebody?

MOTHER:

You thought - Anyone we know ?

STEED:

I'm not sure. It could be Tara King.

MOTHER:

Oh, anything concrete to go on., or is it
just -

STEED:

Imagination. Breakdown. Instability.
I don't know - I'm not sure. Every time
I try to remember I find it's yesterday
again.

MOTHER:

I see. Did you - mm - come across
Collins at all ?

STEED:

Collins ? No, why should I have ?

MOTHER:

Just a thought. He's missing.

STEED:

No. At least I don't remember. All I
have is this obsessive feeling that I've
killed somebody.

MOTHER:

But you'd know a thing like that Steed,
there'd be no doubt.

STEED:

Yet I think it would be safer for everybody
if I stayed here until Tara King and Collins
have been found.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

TARA'S CAR TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

PROCTOR LEANING AGAINST
STEED'S CAR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. FATHER'S STUDY

MOTHER: What you need is a good stiff drink Steed.

STEED: Thanks.

MOTHER: Now cheer up, you're going through a bad patch at the moment, a couple of weeks and it'll all clear itself up.

STEED: But at the moment I must be considered a security risk.

MOTHER: Cheers!

STEED: Don't evade the issue. Am I a security risk ?

MOTHER: Well, I suppose we could check you out like everybody else. Mind you, if that should leak out.... However, don't worry about that, Cheers!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD (INTERCUTTING)

STEED'S P.O.V. OF HIS
CAR. FOR A MOMENT THERE
IS A BLURRED OUTLINE
OF PROCTOR.

NO DIALOGUE

MOTHER: Come along Steed. Relax. Sit down, tell me about your holiday.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

TARA ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. FATHER'S STUDY

MOTHER: So you don't remember anything about your holiday at all ?

STEED: It's as though I'd never been.

MOTHER: Extraordinary. Perhaps I can refresh your memory, trigger something off.

STEED: You can try.

MOTHER: Now let me see. You telephoned me a couple of times. And of course you sent me the card.

MOTHER: Yes, rather amusing. I think I've got it here somewhere. I suppose I should have been offended but - err - I must say it does look like me.

STEED: What does ?

MOTHER: The photograph of the statue - the photograph of Bacchus.
What is it Steed, what's the matter ?

TARA: Steed - he's not Bacchus.

STEED FIRES GUN

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

PROCTOR REACTS AS HE
HEARS GUN SHOTS.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. FATHER'S STUDY

MOTHER: Steed always was a superb marksman.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED KNOCKS OUT
PROCTOR

STEED: Huh! What I need is a really good holiday.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

TARA: Ah! Windows locked. Lights off. Newspapers. Tickets. Passport. Money. Telephone.

TARA: What are you doing here ?

STEED: We've got work to do.

TARA: Work ?

STEED: Tell me - how was the holiday ?

TARA: What ?

STEED: The holiday - how was it ?

TARA: Nice try, but I'm not giving up my holiday for anyone. Tell Mother he'll have to find another amnesia case.

STEED: Well it was worth a try. It's a pretty simple job though, I think I can find a replacement to work with me.

STEED: I just thought you might have enjoyed the golden sands. The warm sea. The tropic nights. But - err - nevermind.

TARA: Steed! Steed, where is the assignment?

STEED: Bermuda. Have to dash. Bye.

TARA: Oh!!! Wait for me. Oh Steed - oh wait for me. Steed! Please wait.

TARA: Oh!

STEED: Plane leaves in half an hour.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

ABC LOGO CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ABC LOGO CARD

THE END

END OF REEL SIX

748 feet + 8 frames

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4723 feet + 8 frames

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