

EPISODE NO. 29

SERIES 2

" THE AVENGERS "

"REQUIEM"

MASTER

DIALOGUE SHEETS

345

prepared by:

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MAIN TITLES

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

RISTA: It's four thirty.

MURRAY: Yeah - I know.

RISTA: Are you sure they're going to come back
this way ?

MURRAY: Got to. Got to park the car in here.
Look, Miss Miranda Loxton and her
appointed bodyguard left here last
night at nine o' clock. They were
going to a part and they're due
back any moment now. They'll come
through that door over there and
they will drive over there and they
will park the car and she will get out
through the door of her car and then
we shall kill Miss Loxton.

RISTA: Suppose the bodyguard drops her off
at the main entrance ?

MURRAY: Leaves her alone ? Mmm mmm.
They'll be coming here.

CAR DRIVES IN AND
PARKS - RISTA/MURRAY
FIRE AT DAME AND CAR
DRIVES OFF.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND GARAGE

AS CAR DRIVES AWAY.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. UNDERGROUND CAR PARK

MASK FALLS OFF DAME
REVEALING MAN -
EPISODE TITLE
SUPERIMPOSED
"REQUIEM"

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Hello Tara....

TARA: Hello - how's - -

TARA: Mother!

MOTHER: Tara.

TARA: Mother away from Headquarters - you checking a gun. It must be very important.

MOTHER: Very.

TARA: Well - well of course if it's such a big secret that you can't even tell me what it is

MOTHER: It is.

STEED: Well almost. You've heard of Miranda Loxton ?

TARA: Who hasn't ? Lovely Miranda's the key witness against Murder International. When she gives her evidence next week....

STEED: (interjects) If she gives her evidence next week. Her car was attacked early this morning - her bodyguard was murdered...

MOTHER: She's gone into hiding and refuses to come out until we guarantee her safety.

TARA: And can we ?

MOTHER: We can do our very best - put her under the wing of a top executive. He can take her to a hiding place known only to him.

TARA: You ?

STEED: Me.

TARA: Just the two of you.

STEED: Simple but safe.

STEED: Ready Bobby ?

BOBBY: Ready.

STEED: Meet Tara King - this is Bobby Cleaver.

BOBBY: HI!

STEED: By the way you can take my car it's a little too conspicuous for me. . . . and I'll give you three rings as soon as I'm installed at Fort Steed.

TARA: Very cosy too.

MOTHER: I must say, I do enjoy my visits here.

TARA: Fort Steed. And just exactly where is he meeting Miranda ?

MOTHER: Mmmm - oh, in a car park on the other side of town.

EXT. STREET & CAR PARK

STEED PULLS INTO
CAR PARK.

NC DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

STEED: I can see her.
Are you ready ?

BOBBY: Yes. How do things look ?

EXT. CARP PARK

STEED'S P.O.V.OF VAN.

INT. CAR

STEED: Possible raider astern. Stand by all systems.

BOBBY: Right.

EXT. CAR PARK

RISTA FIRES GUN
SHOTS - STEED
CROUCHES DOWN
WITH MIRANDA.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

STEED: How d'you do - my name's Steed - John Steed.
We should have a nice quiet journey.

EXT. CAR PARK

AS CAR DRIVES OFF.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Oh when do you expect him to call.

MOTHER: Who ?

TARA: Steed.

MOTHER: I've no idea. Whenever he reaches safety.

TARA: Well I've got things to do. Mother you
will tell me won't you - I mean if anything
should go wrong.

MOTHER: Wrong ? Miss King, if anything should go
wrong the whole department will know about it.

EXT. STEED'S MEWS

TARA GETS INTO STEED'S
CAR.

MURRAY: Just keep driving - don't turn round and
don't do anything.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEEDS PULLS INTO
SIDE ROAD.

INT. CAR

STEED: No need to be frightened now Miss Loxton.
Look, why don't you make yourself comfortable.
Take off your nose.

STEED: That's better.

MIRANDA: Phew!

STEED: Now that is much better. There's no
need to worry - whoever was chasing us
is miles away by now.

EXT. STREET & WAREHOUSE AREA

TARA PULLS UP.

MURRAY: Get out!

FIGHT SEQUENCE
MURRAY/TARA.

END OF REEL ONE

754 feet + 2 frames

INT. LOCKED ROOM

MURRAY'S VOICE: The thing's going well so far.

RISTA'S VOICE: It better be.
What's the plan ?

MURRAY'S VOICE: Booby trap. It's already underway.

RISTA'S VOICE: Where's it planted ?

MURRAY'S VOICE: In Steed's apartment. We may have lost Steed but we'll finish Mother. It's poetic too, you'll like that.

RISTA'S VOICE: How poetic ?

MURRAY'S VOICE: Mother's waiting for the telephone to ring three times.

RISTA'S VOICE: I don't see the poetry in that.

MURRAY'S VOICE: The third ring denotes the booby trap. On the third ring - the bomb explodes.

RISTA'S VOICE: Nice surprise packet, eh.

MURRAY'S VOICE: Nice. It was my idea, the boss fell for it immediately.

RISTA'S VOICE: Three rings on the phone.

MURRAY'S VOICE: One. Two. Three. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Third time, unlucky. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

RISTA'S VOICE: Poor old Mother.

INT. CORRIDOR/INT. ROOM

TARA BREAKS WINDOW AND
RISTA & MURRAY REACT -

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. HOUSE AND GROUNDS

TARA RUNS TO STEED'S
CAR. TARA STARTS TO
COLLAPSE. EVERYTHING
SPINS.
MURRAY'S VOICE OVER F.X.

NO DIALOGUE

(laughs)

Get the telephone to ring - three times -
three times - three times - On the third
ring - Steed's apartment - Steed's apartment-
one - two - three -
Ha! Ha! Ha!

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE STEED'S APARTMENT

MURRAY'S VOICE OVER F.X. Ha! Ha!! Ha!
Third time - unlucky.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

EXPLOSION

TARA: (screams) Ah.....

INT. STEED'S WRECKED APARTMENT

TARA: Mother! Mother!

COMMERCIAL BREAKINT. STEED'S WRECKED APARTMENT

FIRTH: Miss King. Miss King.
WELLS: No don't try to move, you've been injured.
FIRTH: We'll get you to hospital as soon as we can.
TARA: I tried to warn him - is he all right.
FIRTH: Don't talk now.
WELLS: Now you mustn't exert yourself, you've been hurt, badly hurt.
TARA: How badly ?
WELLS: I don't know for sure yet. Are you in pain?
TARA: No. My legs - my legs are numb.
WELLS: We must hurry.
FIRTH: How can we move her ?
WELLS: I'll have to give her a shot - put her out for a while.
TARA: (moans) Ah...
WELLS: Don't worry. We'll take good care of you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

JILL: Doctor....
WELLS: Major.
FIRTH: How are you feeling ?
TARA: I don't know. Err - my legs....
FIRTH: You're a very lucky girl.
TARA: Lucky ?
FIRTH: At least so, according to the Doctor here. That right Doctor Wells ?
WELLS: There is no permanent spinal damage -
TARA: But -
WELLS: At least, not as far as we can see.
TARA: But what about the rest of

WELLS: Now - now - easy now please.
You have sustained multiple fractures of
both legs and severe lacerations - so you
must rest.

TARA: Legs broken - both legs.

WELLS: Broken but fortunately not crushed.

FIRTH: That's what I meant by lucky.

WELLS: In a couple of months you'll be walking
about again.

TARA: Mother, I must warn Mother.

FIRTH: Easy now - easy.

WELLS: Go ahead, but try not to tire her too much.

FIRTH: Now - err - perhaps I'd better introduce
myself. My name is Firth - Major Firth.
Oh we haven't met before but - err -
of course I know all about you from the
file. Do you feel up to answering a
few questions.
You've been - err - delirious for some
time,
Talking about two men who grabbed you -
Kidnapped you...

TARA: That's right. Two men.

FIRTH: Any idea who these men were ? Or where they
took you ?

TARA: Yes I should have - I left - I left there
in Steed's car - it was a house - a house
with grounds - well I must know where
the house is ...

WELLS (interjects) Firth - don't force her to remember too much
too soon.

FIRTH: Right. All right, we'll err - we'll skip
that for a moment.
You arrived at Steed's apartment...

TARA: Yes. I don't remember how I got there I
was just suddenly there.
The booby trap. Three rings on the
telephone and Mother was there.

FIRTH: Is that all.

TARA: Oh I don't know my mind's in such a muddle.

FIRTH: Tara, listen to me. Your kidnapping -
the booby trap - none of it seems to link
up in any way. We don't know why you were
grabbed - why the bomb was planted - it's it's
all so - inexplicable.
The only one who can help us is Steed.
Where is he ?

TARA: He's away - he's on a secret assignment.
FIRTH: That much I do know - but where ?
TARA: I don't know, he didn't even tell me.
FIRTH: (sighs) Ah.
TARA: Why not ask Mother - why not ask Mother -
he's sure to -
FIRTH: I - err - can't ask Mother.
TARA: Why not ?
FIRTH: Mother is dead!

END OF REEL TWO

735 feet + 6 frames

INT. PLAY ROOM

MIRANDA: Thank you.

STEED: Fort Steed.

MIRANDA: Are we staying ?

STEED: Can't think of anywhere safer. To my certain knowledge there's only two people who know of it's existence.

MIRANDA: And they won't talk ?

STEED: Talk ? Stinks Wilkins and Fatty the Gorger talk! They're sworn to the utmost secrecy on the solemn oath of 'last one in's a ninny'. Besides if they ever did talk I wouldn't let them holler down my rain barrel! Not ever. Used to play here as a kid. It's not exactly the Savoy but - err - well, why don't we observe the niceties anyway.

MIRANDA: Thank you. How long do you think I'll have to stay.

STEED: Oooh... not long, just until it's time for you to give evidence. There we are ... whoops...

MIRANDA:
MIRANDA: Oh but that's a week away.

STEED: Oh, time'll fly. Don't you worry. It always did here in the old days. This place reeks of grand old British Military History.

MIRANDA: It does.

STEED: All the most glorious battles were fought here. Corunna, Waterloo, Balaclava. Wellington's run after Napoleon. General Declare's ignominious retreat.

MIRANDA: There was nothing ignominious about that. Declare was forced into impossible terrain.

STEED: When Delcare led his troops into Corby's Bluff...

MIRANDA: (interjects) He was doing exactly the right thing....

STEED: Taking into account that he was outflanked on the right....

MIRANDA: He shouldn't have been outflanked if his first division had got through as they were supposed to.

STEED: Supposed to! my dear young lady it was an open and shut - - would you like to reconstruct the battle - you can be General Declare.

MIRANDA: I'd be delighted.
STEED: Good.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

FIRTH: Fort Steed. That's all he said.
TARA: That's all.
FIRTH: Fort Steed...? It means nothing to you?
TARA: I don't think so.
FIRTH: You don't think so. You're not sure?
TARA: I don't know.
FIRTH: Then you're not absolutely sure?
TARA: I don't know.
FIRTH: Fort Steed Think, Tara.
Think! Fort Steed!
WELLS: Gently.
WELLS: Oh yes of course. I'm sorry.
Tara, I'm sorry I don't mean to press you
like this, but don't you see how vital it
is that we locate Steed, he's the key to
this whole thing. If we don't find him....
BARRETT: Major Firth.
FIRTH: Yes.
BARRETT: This, you should see this sir.
TARA: What is it?
BARRETT: Plans for another booby trap bomb.
We found it near Mother's body.
FIRTH: Obviously dropped by the person who wired
the phone.
The explosive charge is out in here and wired
to a gold pencil. When the button is
pressed -
What's the matter?
TARA: This pencil - it's the same as the one I
gave Steed for Christmas.
FIRTH: Are you sure?
TARA: Well of course I'm sure.
Look at - look at the crown signia there -
it's the same - it's the same pencil.....
STEED: Then he's walking around with a bomb in
his pocket. Tara, you must think - help
us to find out what he meant by Fort Steed.
Help us to find him before this goes un-

INT. PLAY ROOM

STEED: Ready ?
Right!
You keep score for you - and I'll keep
score for me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

FIRTH: All right. Let's take it step by step.
Steed has gone to earth. He'd chose a
hiding place he was - err - familiar with.
He'd know every approach -
every exit. That's good training - good
sense.

TARA: It'd be some place he'd used before.

FIRTH: Exactly. So somewhere, sometime along the
line he must have given you some kind of hint-
given you some kind of clue - A hunting lodge
perhaps - an apartment by the sea - a friend's
house...

TARA: No - I don't know. But surely Records is
the place to look for that kind of information.
Why don't you look in Steed's files ?

FIRTH: That's the very first...

BARRETT: (interjects) Sorry sir. It's almost time.

FIRTH: Oh yes.
I'll be with you in a moment.
I shan't be gone long. An hour at the most.
Keep thinking.

TARA: Major Firth!
Mother ?

FIRTH: Yes.

TARA: Take me with you.

FIRTH: Are you sure you're fit enough ?

TARA: Steed or me - one of us ought to be there.
Please take me.

FIRTH: It's up to you Doctor.

TARA: Please!

WELLS: Very well.
But I'll have to give you a sedative.
Two sedatives. One to get you there
and one to bring you back.

EXT. GRAVEYARD

FIRTH: Are you all right ?
It was a mistake, you shouldn't have come.

TARA: I had to come.

INT. HEARSE:

FIRTH: All right we'd better go back.

TARA: Bobby.

FIRTH: What ?

TARA: Bobby Cleaver. He was on the assignment with Steed. He might know where he is.

FIRTH: Cleaver ? D'you know his address ?

TARA: Twenty-five Cranbrook Road.

FIRTH: (into trans) H.Q. Major Firth here. I'm on my way to twenty-five Cranbrook Road, to see a Mr. Bobby -

TARA: Cleaver.

FIRTH: Cleaver. He was on an assignment with Steed. He may have something important to tell us. Have you got that. He may have something important to tell us.

MALE VOICE OVER: Message understood.

FIRTH: (softly) Right.
Twenty-five Cranbrook Road.

EXT. CRANBROOK ROAD

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HEARSE

FIRTH: Well let's hope your friend Cleaver's at home - it could put an end to this business in one go.

EXT. CRANBROOK ROAD & HOUSE

FIRTH RUNS UP THE PATH TO THE DOOR.

FIRTH: Mr. Cleaver - my name is Major Firth - I would

CLEAVER FALLS DOWN DEAD.

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

END OF REEL THREE

796 feet + 12 frames

INT. PLAYROOM

MIRANDA: You still have half a battalion left.

STEED: The wise General always tempers strategy with humanity. There's been enough bloodshed already. I capitulate. I offer you my sword.

MIRANDA: And I - accept!
Don't look too despondent. I cut my teeth on deployed strategy and pincer movements. Outflanking manoeuvres. My father was a Military Historian.

STEED: Military Historian, eh ?

MIRANDA: Recorded everything - sort of - err - since the Battle of Hastings on.

STEED: Ha! Ha! Ha!!
Then he wouldn't know much about - err - Naval battles - eh.

MIRANDA: No.

STEED: So how about fighting - the Battle of Trafalgar ?

MIRANDA: A Sea Battle ?

STEED: Be a nice change for you. Of course, if you don't feel capable ...

MIRANDA: Oh....I'm willing to learn.

STEED: You're the French fleet. That's a ship of the line.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

TARA: Ships!

FIRTH: He's on a ship ?

TARA: No. It's a conversation we had once about ships on the river., and Steed said "boats go on the river - ships go on the sea".

FIRTH: I don't understand - boats and ships - what's this go to do ...

TARA: (overrrides) No, no, no. It's the river - the river's important. It's a conversation we had once about Steed's childhood. Some place he used to play - a place on the river.

FIRTH: What river ?

TARA: Oh I don't know, he didn't mention it, but I'm sure he meant the Thames.

FIRTH: The Thames!

TARA: Yes.

FIRTH: Have you any idea how far it stretches - the Thames - how many houses there are on it...

TARA: Henley. Henley, that's where it is. He used to steal his father's binoculars and then go across the field and watch the Regatta. Well, that's where they hold the Regatta, isn't it? At Henley.

FIRTH: Yes. Yes. Henley. It's a big area to cover.

TARA: Well it's something. I mean it's a start.

FIRTH: If we knew what kind of house we were looking for...

TARA: Well, it would be a big one. Steed's childhood is simply littered with grand and stately houses.

FIRTH: There are plenty of those around Henley too. But did he ever tell you about it in any way? Describe it to you?

TARA: Oh he may have. The only thing I know for sure, is that it's on the river.

INT. PLAYROOM

STEED: And what d'you think you're doing?

MIRANDA: My Rear Admiral - up to the front of the line I think.

STEED: But - but you can't do that.

MIRANDA: Why not?

STEED: Well - it's simply not done - Rear Admiral he stays at the rear. That's why it's called a Rear-Admiral.

MIRANDA: Supposing all the other boats turn around - then he's at the front of the line - isn't he?

STEED: All right. But you'll regret it. Oh, and it's ships by the way. The correct vernacular - ships not boats.

MIRANDA: Oh.

STEED: What are you doing with that?

MIRANDA: Covering myself from a surprise attack from those.

STEED: Oh - those. And what leads you to believe that they're going to make a surprise attack?

MIRANDA: Feminine intuition.

STEED: Poor Nelson, what he had to put up with.
Oh and what have you got in mind for those ?

MIRANDA: Oh I don't know - they make rather a pretty
pattern, don't you think ?

STEED: Pretty patterns.

FOGHORN F.X.

MIRANDA: What's that ?

STEED: Captain Cleghorn and his fog horn. He's
a local eccentric, he's retired from the
sea now and lives by the river - tooting
his horn at passing ducks.

MIRANDA: We're close to the river then ?

STEED: About a quarter of a mile away across
the fields.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

FIRTH: A house on the river, near Henley. A big
house. Almost certainly an old one. It's
a kind of progress - but it's not enough.
There must be something else.

TARA: I'm sorry. I've tried.

FIRTH: If Steed told you that much he must have told
you something else - err - a casual remark -
a snippet of conversation.
Think Tara!

TARA: I am thinking!
Wait a minute - Steed once took me to a
house in the country, and he said it - it
reminded him of a similar house.
A house he used to live in.

FIRTH: Describe it.

TARA: Well I - I can't.
It was surrounded by a wall - with urns along
the top.

FIRTH: Urns ?

TARA: Yes you know urns - vases in stone, set
at intervals along the wall.

WELLS: A kind of rococo, Grecian style many of the
Victorians affected.

FIRTH: Quite. Yes well now we know what type of
house it is - a Victorian....

WELLS (interjects) I'd say early Victorian.

FIRTH: Oh....

TARA: But we're only guessing anyway. The house
might not look anything like Steed's and
he might not even be there.
What about an association of ideas.

FIRTH: What ?

TARA: You know, the psychiatric trick for making people remember - associate one thing with another.

FIRTH: What are you driving at ?

TARA: Steed's apartment.
If you were to take me there - well, it might trigger something off. It's worth a try.

FIRTH: What do you think, Doctor ?

WELLS: Another journey. All this strain and excitement.

FIRTH: It is worth a try.

WELLS: She's still a very sick girl.

FIRTH: And Steed's a very dead man unless we get to him in time. Can you make her fit to travel? Can I take her there ?

WELLS: Very well. But I must insist on the same conditions as before. Two sedatives.

TARA: One to get me there and one to get me back.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE STEED'S APARTMENT

FIRTH: Tara. Tara.
Are you all right ?
Are you sure you want to go through with this.

TARA: Yes.

INT. STEED'S WRECKED APARTMENT

FIRTH: Well.
The contents were taken to Forensics. You can see them later if you wish.
Tara, does that mean anything ?
Model of a ship's cannon sixteen
seventy-two. Well ? Is there anything else that - err - fits your process of association ...

TARA: (interjects) Roses - look! Roses.

FIRTH: They're carnations.

TARA: No, no, no, I mean roses. Roses. Steed said they were roses around the front door of the house. A house set in it's own grounds. Gates - he used to swing on the gates. Iron gates - with faces in them - one laughing and one crying.

FIRTH: Two faces - that's good - good. Anything else ?

TARA: I don't think so.

FIRTH: Well it's something.
Nurse, I think it's time we were getting her
back to hospital.
I'll have my men start looking for those
gates. It's progress, in the right
direction.

END OF REEL FOUR

800 feet + 1 frame

REEL FIVE

INT. PLAY ROOM

STEED: In any case - the British can't lose the
Battle of Trafalgar.

MIRANDA: Sorry, but I think they have.....
Unless you care to take on my warships with
this...?

STEED: That is awash with survivors. I don't
understand. Mine was a copy book attack.
How you managed to -

MIRANDA: It was my Uncle. My Uncle Charlie - he was
a Naval Historian.

STEED: Oh! Oh! I think I'd better stick to what
I know best. Ha! Ha! My Uncle was a Chess
Grand Master.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

WELLS: Any luck ?

FIRTH: I've got two teams combing the Henley area...
but a pair of iron gates - however distinctive
..... it's err it's like looking for a
needle in a haystack.
We've got to try something else.
Tara. Tara!

WELLS: Let her rest.

FIRTH: There isn't time.
Tara. Tara - that house. You've got to
remember it. The name of it for instance -
the road it stood in.

TARA: I can't remember.

FIRTH: You've got to

TARA: (screams) Oh...

FIRTH: You stay out of this...

WELLS: I'm her Doctor, remember!
Talk outside.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

FIRTH: What are you trying to do, sabotage the whole thing.

WELLS: She really does need rest.

FIRTH: She hasn't time to rest. If we don't find Steed before very long ...

WELLS: You'll get nothing this way I promise you. Let her sleep for a while, and when her mind's a bit fresher ...

FIRTH: (interjects) ...look I told you ...

WELLS: (over-rides) She genuinely does need to rest.

FIRTH: How long ?

WELLS: An hour or so - no longer.

FIRTH: Very well. One hour. That's all.

INT. PLAY ROOM

MIRANDA: What do you think the chances are ?

STEED: Depends on your Knight.

MIRANDA: No, I meant about me, or us. Is this place really safe ?

STEED: I can't think of anywhere safer. No-one knows at the department.

MIRANDA: No-one ?

STEED: Never breathed a word to any-one, except, - err - well, she doesn't know enough to find the place. And anyway why should she talk about it.

MIRANDA: Oh but surely, if if if

STEED: (interjects) Look, you go on it's your move.

STEED: Mmmm - making a game of it, eh ?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

MURRAY: Comfortable ?

TARA: Yes thank you. I'm very thirsty.

MURRAY: Yes, I thought you might be.

MURRAY: What's the matter ?

TARA: Oh nothing.

MURRAY: I thought you were thirsty ?

TARA: I am.
Ocoo!

MURRAY: Clumsy.
I'll mix you another.

TARA: Oh Major Firth ...

FIRTH: You wanted something.

TARA: Yes, I want to tell you something.

TARA: (whispers) ...that man...

FIRTH: Yes.

TARA: ...behind you...

FIRTH: Yes.

TARA: He's one of the two men who grabbed me.

FIRTH: Are you sure ?

TARA: (whispers) Yes.

FIRTH: Don't worry Miss King, we'll arrange something.

TARA: Thank you Major Firth.

FIRTH: Oops. Sorry.

TARA: Ouch.....

FIRTH: One of the men who grabbed her. She recognised him.

WELLS: You didn't have to hit him so hard.

FIRTH: Didn't I ?

FIRTH: Intruder! Have him searched. Find out who he is and how he got in here. Sorry about that.

TARA: Oh....

FIRTH: When I find out the man who let him in... Oh don't worry, it's all over now, don't think about it.

TARA: A gun. A cannon! That's what I've been trying to think of. A cannon shaped weather vane, it's on top of the house. It's just a landmark - you can see it for miles.

FIRTH: That's just what we've been waiting for -
now we'll find that house.

TARA: Oh.

INT. PLAY ROOM

MIRANDA: Your Uncle was a Chess Grand Master ?

STEED: Mmmmm.

MIRANDA: I think I ought to warn you. I had an
Aunt, who was a Chess Grand - Grand -

STEED: Mistress ?

MIRANDA: Mmmmm.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

TARA REACTS - a lump
of plaster fallen away
from her leg., no sign
of damage to the leg.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. RIVER AREA

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. QUIET ROAD

FIRTH'S CAR PULLS
UP.

INT. FIRTH'S CAR

FIRTH: Hold it - better divide the area up.
Go through it piece by piece. Go that way.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

FIRTH'S CAR DRIVES
AWAY FROM CAMERA.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

TARA PREPARING
TO LEAVE.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

AS TARA EMERGES FROM
ROOM.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S WRECKED APARTMENT

TARA DESCENDS STAIRCASE
INTO APARTMENT - REACTS
REALISING IT IS A MOCK-UP.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL FIVE

783 feet + 8 frames.

REEL SIX

INT. LOCKED ROOM

TARA: Steed.

INT. STEED'S WRECKED APARTMENT

TARA: Doctor! Come to congratulate me on my
miraculous recovery!?

WELLS: I think you are about to have a relapse.

TARA: A fake. The whole thing was a fake to get
me talking. And Steed's pen, it doesn't
have a bomb in it.

WELLS: Nevertheless, he will die., now that you've
helped us to find him. Steed and the witness
he's protecting.

TARA: A booby trap. Steed had no-one and nothing
to fear. Nothing except my stupidity.

WELLS: I wouldn't reproach yourself too much....
the situation we created, helped by drugs
of course....

FIGHT SEQUENCE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

TARA EMERGES AND
MURRAY APPEARS.
TARA PUSHES TROLLEY
TOWARDS HIM.

MURRAY: Aaah.....

EXT. GROUNDS OF HOUSE

TARA RUSHES TO STEED'S
CAR. DRIVES AWAY.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PLAY ROOM

MIRANDA: Check mate, I think.

STEED: That's it. How about taking me on at -
wrestling.

MIRANDA: Oh any time.

MIRANDA WHISTLES.

EXT. ROAD & HOUSE

FIRTH'S CAR TRAVELLING. NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR

BARRETT: No urns Major.

RISTA: No weather vane either.

FIRTH: Keep going.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: (kisses Mother) Mmmmmmm
Mother.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD

AS FIRTH'S CAR CRUISES
ALONG. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

MOTHER: What a fantastic story! Dastardly plan.
Fiendish!

TARA: And another thing. It worked!

MOTHER: Quite!

TARA: Well what are we going to do about it.
I mean Firth and his men will be looking
for

MOTHER: Looking he may be - but he hasn't found
him yet. Steed's hourly signal to say
that all is well.

TARA: For the time being.

MOTHER: Special services.
Now, we have a bigger organisation than
them if we can use it in time. I want
a prominent house - one that they can't
easily overlook.

MOTHER: (into phone) Special services ? Mother. I have a number
one priority job for you at Henley on Thames.
Immediately. Yes. I require -

MOTHER: What do I require ?

TARA: Oh, Grecian Urns. Roses, the gates, the
weather vane.

MOTHER: Yes.

MOTHER: (into phone)

Now, I require...

EXT. FAKE HOUSE

MOTHER'S VOICE OVER:

...one dozen Grecian urns. Two iron faces. One laughing, one crying. One crate with plastic roses. For the door - use of. And one cannon shaped weather vane.

INT. PLAY ROOM

STEED:

Ah! One, two, three, four, five, six.... I knew I'd hit upon your Achilles heel somewhere along the line. It's in the blood of course.

MIRANDA:

You had an Uncle who was World ludo champion? An Aunt ?

STEED:

Cousin Desmond.

MIRANDA:

Not Demon Desmond the World Ludo Champion ?

STEED:

Uhhmmmm. Desmond the Demon Dice Loader.

MIRANDA:

Groovy baby.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

FIRTH'S CAR TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CAR /EXT. HOUSE

FIRTH:

Stop! Look, there it is. See ?
The weather vane. Come on.

INT. PLAY ROOM

STEED SHAKING DICE.

MIRANDA:

Mmmmm.
Oh.

INT. DESERTED ROOM & HALL

FIRTH AND MEN MOVE
INTO ROOM -

MOTHER:

Ah Gentlemen, I'm afraid you've come to the wrong address.

FIGHT SEQUENCE

MOTHER:

Game set and match. All that's needed now to complete the tournament is for Tara to find the real house.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

TARA'S CAR PULLS UP.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. REAL HOUSE

TARA ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA:

A cannon. C-A-N-O-N.

INT. PLAY ROOM

TARA: (V.O.)

Steed!

TARA:

Oh - Steed! What's the difference between a Canon, a Cardinal and a Bishop ?

STEED:

I haven't the faintest idea.

TARA:

Do you know, that's what's so marvellous.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

Come on in, the door's open.

TARA:

Good morning!

STEED:

'Morning, help yourself to coffee.

TARA:

Thank you.
What are you doing, planning the Western Defences?

STEED:

More important than that.

TARA:

What Operation Overkill ?

STEED:

Tracing my lineage.
That's my family tree - the mighty oak of the Steed's that has bestrode this green and pleasant land for - well for a long time - come and have a look.

TARA:

Uhhmmmm.

STEED:

Have a look at him.

TARA:

Who's he ?

STEED:

Steed - the - Ready.
He dominated three shires in the Dark Ages. And there - Sir Steedalot.

TARA:

One of the Knight's of the Round Table.

STEED:

He invented the Round table.

TARA:

He did ?

STEED:

Unintentionally, you see originally the Round Table was square, but Sir Steedalot had a bad habit, he couldn't resist whittling away with his sword at any piece of wood that came to hand.

STEED: I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!
Eureka!

TARA: What is it ?

STEED: I've proved what I've always suspected.
Come and have a look.

TARA: Yes - what ?

STEED: Now, going back on my great-grandfather's
side to my great-great cousin, twice
removed through my great Uncle's cousin's,
aunt's sister, on my mother's side that is...
and taking into account my father's father's
father's brother who was four times
removed from my Uncle's cousin's sister's
brother's nephew I had an ancestor
who was related by marriage to the brother
of the father of the sister of King Noffin
of the Fens.
It's as I always suspected - I am of Royal
Blood.

TARA: Oh, Your Majesty....

STEED: You're Knighted!

THE END

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

ABC LOGO CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL SIX

823 feet + 11 frames

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4693 feet + 8 frames

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