

ABC Presents

# THE AVENGERS

## "LOBSTER QUADRILLE"

Transmission Dialogue Script  
12th November 1997

(c) 1990 Weintraub Entertainment (Rights) Limited.  
All Rights Reserved.

Prepared & Word Processed by:

SAPEX SCRIPTS

The Script House

Millennium Studios

No: 5, Elstree Way

Boreham Wood, Hertfordshire

WD6 1SF ENGLAND

Tel: 0181-236 1600

Fax: 0181-236 1591

E.Mail: [Scripts@sapex.demon.co.uk](mailto:Scripts@sapex.demon.co.uk)

URL: <http://www.scripts@sapex.demon.co.uk>

Prepared for:

UGC UK

Pinewood Studios

Pinewood Road

Iver

Bucks

SLO ONH

Tel: (+44) 01753 631111

Fax: (+44) 01753 655813

JINGLE: IN

TITLE CARD:

"LOGO"  
A B C  
presents

JINGLE: OUT

TITLE MUSIC: IN

TITLE CARD:

T H E  
A V E N G E R S

ACT ONE

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

FX:

FX: WHISTLE

BUSH: Hi, Geoff.

GEOFF: (Oscar.)

FX:

BUSH: (SIGHS) That's the lot. Are you ready?

MAN: Uh-Uh.

BUSH: Oh, come on, let's get going. It's late.

QUENTIN: Now, wait a moment.

BUSH: Ach, look, he's not gonna turn up. I told you, he's just a nosey journalist or something. You don't think he's gonna get out of a warm bed on the off chance of finding you.

QUENTIN: Well, you're wrong, Bush. He already has.

BUSH: What do you mean?

QUENTIN: He arrived while you were down at the boat.

BUSH:                    Hmm?

QUENTIN:                Came in here. Started asking questions.  
He, he wanted to know who I was.

BUSH:                    What did you say?

QUENTIN:                I told him.

BUSH:                    (TUTS) Don't blame me if it blows up in  
your face.

QUENTIN:                It won't.

BUSH:                    Did you find out exactly who he was?

QUENTIN:                I think he said his name was Williams. You  
should have been here. It was amazing how  
much he knew. Quite extraordinary really,  
I'd never have thought anyone could have  
pieced it all together. It's quite  
extraordinary.

BUSH:                    Why d'you let him go?

QUENTIN:                I didn't.

FX:

BUSH:                    What are we gonna do?

QUENTIN:                Destroy the evidence.

BUSH:                    Hmm?

FX:/FIRE:    CRACKLES

QUENTIN:                Come on.

TITLE CARD:

      L O B S T E R  
      Q U A D R I L L E

MUSIC:    IN

MUSIC:    OUT

DOOR:    OPENS

FX:    FOOTSTEPS

FX:    SNEEZE

CATHERINE: Did you know him?

STEED: Only by sight, he was a contact man for a job I once did in Paris. He usually worked in France.

CATHERINE: What was he doing on this side of the Channel?

STEED: That's what we're trying to find out.

CATHERINE: It was number fifteen, wasn't it?

STEED: Mmm. Over there.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

STEED: SIGHS

CATHERINE: How did it happen?

STEED: He was found in the ashes of a burnt out hut early this morning. Johnathan Williams, bachelor, aged thirty-eight. Height, five foot ten, weighed eleven stone two. Next of kin, mother, Cheltenham.

CATHERINE: Is it your man?

STEED: Oh, it's a little hard to tell. The Pathologist'll give a more positive identification. There's plenty for him here. Teeth, fingerprints, the lot. I wonder what they did with his personal stuff.

CATHERINE: It's here I should think.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CATHERINE (Cont): Number fifteen.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: CLEARS THROAT

FX:

STEED: Nine and fourpence and a hundred French Francs. Well that wouldn't get him very far.

TELEPHONE: RINGS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): (INTO PHONE) Steed. Yes we have. Doctor Stannage. Thank you. Bye.

FX: REPLACES RECEIVER

CATHERINE: Steed, what do you make of this?

STEED: Knight (Own). It's an unusual piece. I wonder why he was carrying that around.

CATHERINE: I've tried. It's genuine. And valuable too. As far as I know there are only two places in this country that deal in pieces as unusual as that.

STEED: Well, as Mr Williams can't help us perhaps you'd try and find out where the rest of the set is.

CATHERINE: Where will you be?

STEED: At the scene of the crime.

FX: SEAGULLS

FX: SEA

STEED: Doctor Stannage?

STANNAGE: Yes, that's right.

STEED: My name is Steed. John Steed.

STANNAGE: Oh. How do you do? I was warned you were coming. I can't remember who by though.

STEED: Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

STANNAGE: Ah, yes of course. Hush-hush job, isn't it? Something to do with fishing. Can't say you look the part though.

STEED: Well, someone has to keep the books, you know.

STANNAGE: Suppose so. Not that these local people will see it that way. Stubborn you know in this part of world, can't abide interference. Think they know everything. Same trouble with medicine these days. Patients think they know more than their doctors. That's why I turned to Pathology.

STEED: Corpses can't argue.

STANNAGE: Ha-ha. He was shot.

STEED: Who?

STANNAGE: Your Ministry friend. A thirty-eight at a guess. Entered the body just below the right side of the rib cage. Punctured the right lung, left the body between seventh and eight ribs. That's what I'm looking for.

STEED: The ribs?

STANNAGE: No, no, the bullet. Don't think I'm going to find it though. What was he, er, doing down here?

STEED: He was making some enquiries about fishing conditions and so on. There's a lot of lobster fishing here you know.

STANNAGE: Yeah, so I believe. Can't abide shellfish myself. Bad for my liver.

FX: SEAGULLS

STEED: There's a question of waste material from the new power station affecting the lobster bed. He was making a provisional investigation. We didn't want to alarm the locals until we have some proof.

STANNAGE: Well, hardly a motive for murder, though. Oh, I don't think I'll do much more here.

FX:

STANNAGE (Cont): You, you, er ... If you care to, er, stop by later at the mortuary, I'll give you a full report.

STEED: Thank you very much, sir.

FX:

FX: SEAGULLS

FX:

STEED (Cont): Oh dear, lobster thermidor.

BUSH: What are you doing here?

STEED: Oh, I was making some enquiries about this mysterious fire. What are you doing?

BUSH: These huts are private property, you know.

FX: SEAGULLS

BUSH (Cont): Belong to Captain Slim.

STEED: Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. My name is Steed. John Steed. I'm from the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

BUSH: Ah, I see. Well is there anything I can do to help?

STEED: Not unless you can tell me how this fire started.

BUSH: I wish I could. Captain's blaming me for it. Seems to think I should check the huts personally every night.

FX: SEAGULLS

BUSH (Cont): Probably a tramp left a cigarette burning.

STEED: Doesn't explain what Williams was doing here.

BUSH: No, I suppose not.

STEED: Perhaps I should speak to the captain. Maybe he can give me some idea.

BUSH: Oh, I don't think ...

STEED: Some time this afternoon. Would that be suitable?

FX: SEAGULLS

BUSH: (CHUCKLES) Oh, all right. Come up after lunch.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

MASON:: Ah-ha, I got you this time. Got you this time.

FX:

MASON (Cont): Oh, check-mate.

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: DOORBELL

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MASON: Oh, good morning.

CATHERINE: Good morning.

MASON: Let me guess. Sixteenth century. A reproduction I suppose. In red and white. Here. This is the one for you.

CATHERINE: Well actually no, that's not what I want.

MASON: For a lady of your intelligence and beauty this has to be the one for you.

CATHERINE: Isn't there a proverb in your country that says everyone ...

MASON: Not Confucius, please. What was wisdom to my ancestors is now mere pomposity in this enlightened age. Today we need new rules.

CATHERINE: What's your philosophy for life?

MASON: Humour. Laugh and the world laughs with you.

CATHERINE: I can't argue with that.

MASON: Good. Now, what can I do for you?

CATHERINE: I'm interested in buying a set made up of pieces like this one.

MASON: This looks familiar.

CATHERINE: Yes, it was lent to me by a friend. Johnathan Williams. I understand he bought the set from you.

MASON: Yes, indeed. It's a beautiful piece of work.

CATHERINE: Mmmm.

MASON: I can understand why you want a set like it. I'll just go and check Mr Williams' order.

CATHERINE: Thank you.



FX: FOOTSTEPS

MASON: (SHOUTS) How is Mr Williams?

CATHERINE: Oh, he's very well. He's staying with me for a few days.

FX:

MASON: Really? I thought he was in France.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MASON (Cont): We were playing a game by post. You know, sending each other the moves by letter.

CATHERINE: Oh yes, I know.

MASON: Perhaps you'd be kind enough to take him my last move. I was just going to post it.

CATHERINE: Yes, I will.

MASON: Of course I haven't got a set like this in stock. But if you could come back in a few days time, I might have found one by then.

CATHERINE: Right. Thank you very much.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MASON: Give Mr Williams my regards.

CATHERINE: Yes I will. Goodbye.

MASON: Goodbye.

FX: DOORBELL

DOOR: CLOSES

SLIM: It's a mystery. Complete mystery.

STEED: Was there nobody around at all?

SLIM: Not at that time of night. The beach would be deserted. (PAUSE) Low tide.

STEED: You know when the fire started then?

BUSH: Approximately. 2am. The coastguard was making his hourly check. Saw the flames, gave the alarm.

SLIM: Good thing too. Enough to confuse a ships captain, a thing like that.

BUSH: Mmm.

SLIM: Lucky not to have anybody around the grounds.

STEED: Had either of you ever met Williams? Or seen him around?

SLIM: Wouldn't know. Don't know what the fella looked like even now. Er, Bush?

BUSH: No, no, I don't think I ever met him.

STEED: Pity.

SLIM: Say he was one of your people, Steed? Ministry man.

STEED: Yeah.

SLIM: He was trespassing, you know. May not have realised it of course, but he was trespassing. Now, I can't think what he was up to at that hour of night. Bush?

BUSH: No idea.

SLIM: Should have come straight to me if he wanted to know anything. I'm the only person who does any real fishing off this coast.

STEED: Yes, so I understand.

SLIM: And I'd have helped him, gladly. After all, we've got nothing to hide. (PAUSE) Bush?

BUSH: (LAUGHS) No, course not.

SLIM: Mystery. Complete and utter mystery.

BUSH: If you'll excuse me -- I've got work to do.

SLIM: Mason coming down tonight?

BUSH: I think so, yes.

SLIM: Good. Good. That's a friend of mine, Steed, with an insatiable appetite for lobsters. I have to keep him half a dozen every week.

STEED: Hm-hm.

SLIM: He will eat them with soy sauce though.  
Ruins the flavour.

STEED: That's terrible. It's like, er, mustard  
with lamb. It's interesting, I didn't  
realise these little pink creatures could  
be so renumerative.

SLIM: Hmm. It's just a question of filling a  
market, you know. I mean people all over  
Europe want to eat fresh lobster, we supply  
it. Look, er, would you like to take a few  
back with you?

STEED: That's very kind of you.

SLIM: Not at all. I'll get Jackson to put up a  
box.

STEED: Thank you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

STEED: Who painted this picture?

KATIE: My husband.

STEED: I'm terribly sorry, I thought you were ...  
Er, my name's Steed. John Steed.

KATIE: How'd you do, Mr Steed.

STEED: I know the face but not the name.

KATIE: (LAUGHS) Katie Miles, currently appearing  
at the Alice Club.

STEED: That's right, I passed there the other  
night. Your name is up in lights.

KATIE: Well next time don't pass, drop in.

STEED: I will, thank you very much. Um, so your  
husband painted this.

KATIE: Yes.

SLIM: Ah, Jackson'll have the stuff ready for you when you leave.

STEED: Thank you very much. He's a good painter.

SLIM: He was, Mr Steed. I'm afraid my son's dead.

STEED: I'm sorry.

SLIM: Thank you. He was a good boy. A rotten sailor of course, couldn't even navigate but he was a good boy.

KATIE: My father-in-law feels I don't show enough respect for the dead. (TO SLIM) That is true, isn't it?

SLIM: Mmm. Perhaps.

FX:

STEED: What happened?

SLIM: The poor lad couldn't swim. He insisted on going out alone one night. One of these freak channel storms blew up and capsized the boat. It's just gone twelve months ago now, hasn't it? (PAUSE) It was my boat.

KATIE: I'm afraid he blames himself.

STEED: Well, I'd better be going now I think. I don't want to miss the three-thirty.

SLIM: I'm so sorry. I'll see you ashore.

STEED: Thank you very much. (TO KATIE) I'm gonna drop around to that club one evening.

KATIE: Good, I'll forward to it.

STEED: Goodbye.

KATIE: Bye.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

SLIM: He's dead. Sometimes you seem to forget that.

FX:

KATIE: Father!

DOOR: SLAMS

MUSIC: IN

MUSIC: OUT

CATHERINE: Must mean something. The letter to Williams contains these two similar lists.

FX: RUSTLING

CATHERINE (Cont): Here. See what you can make of them.

FX:

STEED: Typed list of moves for a chess game between M. Wright and D. (NAME)

CATHERINE: (NAME)

STEED: (NAME) Well, that seems straightforward enough.

CATHERINE: Yes, but it isn't. I've tried the moves on that one, they don't make sense. There's no pattern.

STEED: Well let's try the other one.

FX:

STEED (Cont): I'll take white.

FX:

STEED (Cont): Will you read out the moves.

CATHERINE: Pawn to Queen four.

STEED: Oh, there's nothing wrong with that.

CATHERINE: Pawn to Queen's Bishop four.

STEED: That's promising.

CATHERINE: In your next move, you bring out your Queen's Rook.

STEED: (MUTTERS) Doesn't work.

CATHERINE: Quite. None of these moves'll work.

FX:

MASON: He should keep me going for a while.  
BUSH: Why don't you go and eat it then?  
MASON: What's wrong with you today?  
BUSH: We had a spot of trouble last night.  
MASON: Oh?  
BUSH: Your friend Williams.  
MASON: Williams? What do you mean trouble?  
BUSH: He came down here. Seems he was some sort of spy. We -- don't know who for. Had to get rid of him.  
MASON: When?  
BUSH: Last night. Now's what wrong?  
MASON: A friend of his, a woman, came into the shop. She said she'd be seeing Williams so I gave her his mail.  
QUENTIN: That was silly of you, Mason. Very silly.  
BUSH: What can we do?  
QUENTIN: Find out who she is. We dealt quite successfully with Williams. We might have to do the same for her.

FX: CIGARETTE LIGHTER

TITLE MUSIC: IN

TITLE CARD: (Left)

T H E  
A V E N G E R S

END OF ACT ONE

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

TITLE MUSIC: IN

TITLE CARD: (Lower Left)

T H E  
A V E N G E R S

ACT TWO

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

SLIM: Not bad.

BUSH: Well considering the weather they're good.

SLIM: But below average. How many this week?

BUSH: Eight hundred so far. Then there are the regular weekend orders. We shall need two thousand all together.

SLIM: Men'll have to double their efforts tonight. Tell 'em so. If necessary they'll have to go round twice. The weather looks clear.

BUSH: What, you expect them to work the weekend.

SLIM: Wind's in the south. It should stay moderate.

BUSH: They'll need a rest.

SLIM: We're paying them double time. They don't get a rest as well.

BUSH: They'll have worked twenty hours without a break.

SLIM: They can take it. They're fit enough.

BUSH: This isn't the Navy, captain.

SLIM: But I am still the officer commanding and don't you forget it. Now look, to be really successful we've got to run this thing exactly like the service.

BUSH: SNIGGERS

SLIM (Cont): I know it's not easy giving orders, especially to the men on this side but if we don't keep discipline the whole system would break down.

SLIM (Cont): It's up to us to run both sides of the operation efficiently because one can't exist without the other.

BUSH: All right.

SLIM: Now get that double trip organised for tomorrow. And, Bush -- do it now.

BUSH: Aye-aye, sir.

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

MUSIC: IN

MUSIC: OUT

B.G. MUSIC: IN

KATIE: Hello.

STEED: Hello.

KATIE: May I?

STEED: I should be very disappointed if you don't.

KATIE: Thank you. Well, cheers.

STEED: Cheers and here's to this evening.

KATIE: This evening?

STEED: Well we do have a dinner date, don't we?

KATIE: Yes, so we do. (PAUSE) Yes, I'm afraid it's very non vintage.

STEED: No, it's very very nice.

KATIE: Um, did you ever find out how that fire started?

STEED: No, it's not really my job. It's a job for the police.

KATIE: Why were you there then?

STEED: I was enquiring about Williams' death on behalf of my elders and betters at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

KATIE: (LAUGHS) I see. (SIGHS) Yes, poor Williams.



STEED: Did you know him?

B.G. MUSIC: CONTINUES

KATIE: No, I heard Arnold Bush talking about him once. I think they were going to do some business together.

STEED: What sort of business?

KATIE: Lobsters, I suppose. Do they do anything else?

STEED: I was hoping you'd be able to tell me that.

KATIE: I wouldn't know. I'm only a weekend guest.

STEED: You're still part of the family.

KATIE: Oh, yes. He's very good to me, you know. I owe him a lot. My father and the captain were in the Navy together. When my father died, the captain became a sort of guardian to me. Yes, I owe him quite a lot.

B.G. MUSIC: CONTINUES

KATIE (Cont): Education, you know. He even supported me while I was learning to sing.

STEED: I'm sure it's very well worth it. Let's say, er, ten o'clock, eh?

KATIE: Mmm. I think so.

STEED: Good.

KATIE: Well, I'll see you ashore as the captain would say.

STEED: LAUGHS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

QUENTIN: Who was that with Kate?

BUSH: Steed.

QUENTIN: Oh, yeah. The man from the Ministry. Has she seen him before?

BUSH: They met at the captains. I did tell you.

QUENTIN: I hope there's nothing going on. Hardly becomes a widow.

BUSH: LAUGHS

QUENTIN Cont): See what you can find out about him?

BUSH: With pleasure.

B.G. MUSIC: OUT

PARROT: SQUAWKS

MASON: Come on. Come on. Your favourite: lobster and noodles. No? A little soy sauce, huh?

FX: DOORBELL

MASON (Cont): Ah, good afternoon.

CATHERINE: Good afternoon.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

CATHERINE (Cont): So, did you manage to find me a set?

MASON: No, I'm afraid not. It's very rare. I can't match it. Of course I shall make further enquiries. But in the meantime why don't you have one of these. They're only two pounds.

CATHERINE: I suppose that's an idea. I do need something to practice with. Um, do you have any literature on the subject?

MASON: Yes. Er, but you're quite right, there's no substitute for practice. Of course the history of chess is fascinating. It's origins are still lost in obscurity.

CATHERINE: I thought it came from India.

MASON: That's one theory. Others are that it came from China or Egypt or even Wales.

CATHERINE: Ooh, I think a bit of practice is what I need at the moment. I wonder, um, could you find me an opponent?

MASON: Certainly. I have friends all over the world. I'm sure I could find you a partner. Now let me see, Mr Donner in Frankfurt. Now he's just a beginner. I'll contact him.

CATHERINE: That's very kind of you.

FX:  
FX: DOORBELL  
FX:  
MASON: Er, may I have your name and address,  
please?  
CATHERINE: Mrs Gale. Number five, Westminster Mews.  
MASON: Excellent. You'll be hearing from us in  
due course.  
CATHERINE: Thank you. Good afternoon.  
MASON: Good afternoon.  
FX:  
FX: DOORBELL  
MUSIC: IN  
STANNAGE: Thank you. That's your lot.  
MUSIC: OUT  
MAN: SNEEZES  
FX:  
STANNAGE: SIGHS  
FX: FOOTSTEPS  
FX:  
BUSH: Doctor?  
STANNAGE: Yes.  
BUSH: Wonder if I could have a word?  
STANNAGE: (SIGHS) I'm rather busy, you know.  
DOOR: CLOSES  
BUSH: CLEARS THROAT  
BUSH: Can't we talk in here.  
STANNAGE: (SIGHS) All right. I suppose so.  
BUSH: It's about Steed.

STANNAGE: Steed?

BUSH: You remember, the inspector from the ...

STANNAGE: Yes, yes, yes, I remember.

BUSH: I wonder if you know where I might get in touch with him?

STANNAGE: Why?

BUSH: Captain Slim is rather anxious to see him.  
(PAUSE) It's cold in here.

STANNAGE: It has to be.

FX:

BUSH: Well?

STANNAGE: Well what?

BUSH: Do you know where he lives?

STANNAGE: Who?

BUSH: Steed?

STANNAGE: Yes, yes, yes.

FX: WATER

STANNAGE (Cont): I know where he lives.

BUSH: Good.

FX:

STEED: A few quiet glasses of champagne then on to a little dinner at my club.

CATHERINE: Surely a small diversion over Richmond Hill to look at the river.

STEED: Do you think she'll like that?

CATHERINE: Have the others?

STEED: Depends on the lass. Don't worry, I'll get Harry to send you up some sandwiches.

CATHERINE: Oh that's all right, I've got some, er, smoke salmon and some pouilly fume in the fridge.

STEED: Do you know I think you're wasting your time. We should get the experts to do that.

CATHERINE: I have a feeling it isn't that complicated.

TELEPHONE: RINGS

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Steed. (PAUSE) Well, that's what I thought. Thank you. Bye.

FX:

CATHERINE: Quentin Slim?

STEED: According to our files he was under suspicion for smuggling. Another couple of days he'd have been arrested.

CATHERINE: Convenient time to disappear.

STEED: And a convenient place to do it. A channel storm. Hardly expect to find the body. Hardly costs anything. All you've got to do is to lose a small yacht and charter a fishing (boat) to pick you up. It's cheap at the price.

CATHERINE: And very difficult to prove.

STEED: Anyway, we're having a look for him on the Continent. Apparently he's gone to ground there. Certainly suit his particular line of business.

FX: WAVES

FX:

FX:

BUSH: Did that woman come back?

MASON: Yes, her name's Mrs Gale.

BUSH: Get her address?

MASON: Yes.

BUSH: Good.

FX:

MASON: Be worth a lot.

BUSH: Now, Mason? (PAUSE) Remember -- Steed?

MASON: Hmm?

BUSH: The man I told you about?

MASON: Oh, yes.

BUSH: I think he was working with Williams.

MASON: That I feel is your business, not mine.

BUSH: Uh-uh, not quite. He lives in London. That's your department. Here's his address.

MASON: (READS) Five Westminster Mews?

MUSIC: IN/OUT

B.G. MUSIC: IN

KATIE: Yes, I'm sorry we can't leave yet.

STEED: Ah, well, the night's young.

KATIE: Isn't it annoying? I've got to stay here until ten-thirty.

STEED: Tonight I hope.

KATIE: (LAUGHS) Yes, of course.

STEED: Good, otherwise there'd have to be a radical change of plan. I'll give you three guesses what we're gonna do.

KATIE: Up to your flat for coffee.

STEED: But first?

KATIE: Um, dinner at your club?

STEED: Oh, one of my clubs.

KATIE: A drive back through the park.

STEED: Over the hill actually.

KATIE: And then up to your flat for coffee.

STEED: You are a good guesser. ... you're accustomed to it.

B.G. MUSIC: CONTINUES:

KATIE: What makes you think that?

STEED: Well, your husband left you very well provided for.

KATIE: My husband was well off but not exactly rich. No, I shall never be a rich man's wife now.

STEED: There's time yet.

KATIE: What do you mean?

STEED: Well ...

KATIE: No. I shan't marry again.

STEED: I wouldn't worry about once bitten twice shy. ... I'm sure that you and I ...

FX: PHONE BUZZER

STEED (Cont): (INTO PHONE) Steed. I'm very busy. (TO KATIE) Oh, I'm terribly sorry, it's for you.

KATIE: CHUCKLES

KATIE: (INTO PHONE) Hello. Oh, yes -- right. (TO STEED) We can leave now.

STEED: That's very nice of them. I hope you don't have to be in by midnight.

KATIE: So do I.

FX:

STEED: I'll see you ashore.

KATIE: As the captain would say.

KATIE: SNIGGERS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

QUENTIN: Bush?

BUSH: Yep.

FX:

QUENTIN: Well?

FX:

QUENTIN (Cont): Well, what's the news?

BUSH: You were right.

QUENTIN: Steed?

BUSH: Yeah. I checked with the Ministry of Fisheries.

QUENTIN: And they'd never heard of him, had they? Well had they?

BUSH: Look, there's no sense in panicking. Let's, let's sit down and reason it out.

QUENTIN: Not me, baby. You reason it out. I'm going into town.

BUSH: Huh, to see Kate?

QUENTIN: Ah-ha.

BUSH: Well, Kate'll be at the club now.

QUENTIN: I know.

BUSH: The club'll be packed with people at this time.

QUENTIN: Okay, so I'll be careful.

BUSH: Careful, careful. Careful isn't good enough. You've got to be sure. Suppose you run into someone you know?

QUENTIN: I have to see Kate. Look, she's been running around with Steed, hasn't she? You said so yourself. She's probably with him right now.

BUSH: Probably.

QUENTIN: Are you crazy? Listen, baby, Steed is pumping her for information. She's got to be warned.

BUSH: And that's the reason you're running up to town?

QUENTIN: Isn't that good enough.



BUSH: More than good enough if I could believe it.

QUENTIN: And just what is that supposed to mean?

BUSH: Steed's got a lot of charm. Kate's an attractive woman.

QUENTIN: Fine. They make a nice couple. So why should I care?

BUSH: You're jealous! Jealous is illogical. Something we can't afford to be.

QUENTIN: Stuff it, Bush.

BUSH: Look, you'll stay here or nurse a bad headache.

QUENTIN: All right. Pax. (PAUSE) All right then. What's your idea?

BUSH: Bring Steed to us.

QUENTIN: Oh, nice, yes. What shall we say, dinner at eight? Black tie. RSVP.

BUSH: SNIGGERS

BUSH: Mrs Gale? If she were to disappear the odds are Steed would come looking for her.

FX: BIG BEN

CATHERINE: A. Y. Ten pounds due Marseille. Wednesday.

DOORBELL: RINGS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MASON: Good evening, Mrs Gale.

CATHERINE: Good evening.

MASON: I think I've found a suitable partner for your first chess tournament.

CATHERINE: Good.

MASON: And as I was in the neighbourhood I thought I'd drop by. May I come in?

CATHERINE: Please do.

DOOR: CLOSES

CATHERINE (Cont): Would you, er, like a drink?

MASON: No, thank you, I don't. I hope you've been practicing, Mrs Gale.

FX:

CATHERINE: Yes, I've just been trying out a few moves.

MASON: Very important.

FX:

MASON (Cont): One piece can decide the whole game.

CATHERINE: So I believe.

MASON: One unexpected move from your partner can mean 'check-mate', Mrs Gale.

TITLE MUSIC: IN

TITLE CARD: (Lower Left)

T H E  
A V E N G E R S

END OF ACT TWO

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

TITLE MUSIC: IN

TITLE CARD: (Lower Left)

T H E  
A V E N G E R S

ACT THREE

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

FX:

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: CHUCKLES

DOOR: CLOSES

KATIE: Thank you. Pity about that fog.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: You'll just have to take my word for it.  
On a clear evening you can see right across  
the river to the \*\*\* at Kew.

KATIE: Well, this is cosy.

STEED: Well, it's warm.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): My weekend place's more comfortable though,  
of course.

KATIE: I'll take your word for that.

STEED: You can come and see for yourself. It's a  
beautiful part of the world. No lobsters,  
but fine hunting country.

KATIE: Oh!

STEED: Whoops! -- Are you quite comfortable?

KATIE: Yes.

STEED: You'd better get warm by the fire.

KATIE: (CHUCKLES) I will. Thank you.

FX:

STEED: And we'll have a little coffee and brandy.

FX:

KATIE: Ah.

STEED: What's the matter?

KATIE: Oh, I'm so sorry.

STEED: Not to worry, no damage.

FX:

KATIE: What's the matter?

FX:

STEED: I'm not sure.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

KATIE: Well, what's happened?

STEED: It's a message from a friend of mine, she wants me to go round.

KATIE: I see.

STEED: It's not like that at all. She's a very old friend. Look, we'll have to postpone the coffee and brandy. I'm sorry.

KATIE: You are sending me home.

STEED: I'm afraid so. This matter's very urgent.

KATIE: A matter of life and death, I suppose?

STEED: Could be.

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

STEED (Cont): I'll get you a cab. I'll come round and see you at the club tomorrow evening.

FX:

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: DOORBELL

PARROT: SQUAWKS

STEED: And the same to you.

FX:

STEED (Cont): Scotch gambit.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: (SNIFFS) Lobster thermidor.

CLOCK: CHIMES

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

SLIM: Good evening. (PAUSE) You're very late.

KATIE: Yes. I've been out for dinner.

SLIM: Celebrating?

KATIE: What's that supposed to mean?

SLIM: It's exactly a year ago tonight since Quentin died. Doesn't that mean anything to you.

KATIE: Do you really expect me to treat every day of the year as a day of fasting? What does it matter how long it is?

SLIM: Matters to me. I think it should matter to you.

KATIE: It does matter to me. I just can't go on wearing widow's weeds all my life.

SLIM: I don't imagine my son ever meant a great deal to you. Now he's gone I think you should respect his memory if only for one night a year.

FX:

KATIE: Look, I think it's about time this charade ended and you knew the truth.

SLIM: I don't wish to discuss it further. I can't talk to you about my son, or his death. And especially tonight.

KATIE: You only knew one side of him. You don't know what he became. You're son ...

SLIM: That's enough! High time you went to bed.

KATIE: All right.

SLIM: And feeling as you do it might be better if you started looking for another home.

KATIE: Very well. But you must know the truth about Quentin.

SLIM: I know everything I want to know -- about my son. Goodnight.

KATIE: Goodnight.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

DOOR: CLOSES

STEED: DIALS

STEED: (INTO PHONE) John Steed here. Is Mrs Gale in by any chance? Look, could you get her to ring me the moment she comes back. Yes, yes, yes. Thank you.

FX: REPLACES RECEIVER

FX: FOOTSTEPS

TELEPHONE: RINGS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): (INTO PHONE) Steed. Oh, yes, sir. Well of course I'm working on it. Yeah. I've just come back from the chess shop, it's as we expected, heroin. Well, that's the trouble, Mrs Gale has disappeared.

FX:

TELEPHONE: RINGS

BUSH: LIFTS RECEIVER

BUSH: (INTO PHONE) Hello. Yes, speaking. Oh, good, I've got the loading schedules ready. I'll bring them over right away.

SLIM: Who was that?

BUSH: REPLACES RECEIVER

BUSH: Morning, captain.

SLIM: (SIGHS) Well, who was it?

BUSH: The airport. Weather's cleared. They expect to start flying in about an hour.

SLIM: I didn't know there'd be any sort of delay.

BUSH: There was some early morning fog. You know what it's like this time of the year.

SLIM: Somebody should have told me.

BUSH: There was nothing we could do. It's just a question of waiting.

SLIM: We might have been forced to re-route the stuff.

BUSH: I'd already arranged to fly it from London if we weren't cleared from here by midday.

SLIM: All right. You should have called me. You know I like to check everything, personally.

BUSH: Sorry.

FX:

BUSH (Cont): I took Kate to the station this morning.

SLIM: Did you?

BUSH: Yeah. She told me you'd had a row. Is she leaving here for good?

SLIM: That's up to her.

BUSH: Is it? (PAUSE) I wouldn't let her go if I were you.

DOOR: OPENS

SLIM: But you're not, are you, Bush? No, I'm still running this show and I'm getting sick and tired of constantly reminding you that you only work here. You're not a member of the family. Now remember that.

FX:

FX:

B.G. MUSIC: IN

FX: WATER

FX: BUZZER

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Steed.

KATIE: (INTO PHONE) Oh, Mr Steed, I hope you will forgive this anonymous phone call, but I have something rather interesting to tell you.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Is this an outside call?

KATIE: (THRU PHONE) Oh, please, do not ask questions. Are you listening?

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Yes, yes, I'm listening.

KATIE: (INTO PHONE) I believe you wanted to know about Quentin Slim. I think you know already that he was wanted by the police when he disappeared. Oh, yes, he has only disappeared you know. He is not dead. (THRU PHONE) He lives in France. In Le Havre (INTO PHONE) Mr Steed, Mr Steed, are you listening? Oh, look, I don't want you to worry about who I might be. If what I have told you is of any use to you I should be very happy.

FX:

KATIE: (INTO PHONE) Au revoir.

FX: CHATTER

KATIE: Hello.

STEED: How about that postponed brandy?

B.G. MUSIC: OUT

MUSIC: IN



FX: SHOUTS

FX: FIGHT

MUSIC: OUT

DOOR: OPENS

FX: FOOTSTEPS

KATIE: Captain.

SLIM: Steed?

STEED: Good evening, captain.

DOOR: CLOSES

SLIM: What on earth are you doing here?

STEED: Your daughter-in-law wanted me to talk to you about your son.

SLIM: SNORTS

SLIM: What cock and bull yarn she been spinning now?

KATIE: Oh, you tell him, Mr Steed, he won't believe me.

STEED: We have reason to believe he's been engaged in contraband activities.

SLIM: That's ridiculous.

STEED: Everything points to it. Now those trips abroad ...

SLIM: Look, Mr Steed, now I know Quentin used to bring stuff in occasionally but who doesn't? He went over to France quite a bit, you know, on business. He'd always try and bring something back. Oh, a few cigarettes, bottle of brandy, box of cigars, possibly, but nothing more than that. And nobody's perfect, are they?

STEED: No.

KATIE: He didn't stop at that.

SLIM: What does that mean?

STEED: He was using your fishing business as a cover for something more serious than cigarettes and brandy.

SLIM: Such as what?

STEED: Drugs.

KATIE: It's true, father.

SLIM: (SIGHS) You would believe a thing like that, wouldn't you? You'd enjoy believing it.

KATIE: It's the truth. If only we'd been able to talk about Quentin, I could have told you ages ago. You've never really seen your son as he was.

SLIM: I don't care what Quentin was or what he did. He was my son and I loved him.

KATIE: You didn't even know him. (SHOUTS) I know him. I'm married to him.

SLIM: Were -- married. Quentin's dead.

STEED: I understand your feelings, captain, but, er, we have a strong suspicion that may not be true.

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR

SLIM: Come in.

DOOR: OPENS

BUSH: Excuse me, captain.

SLIM: Not now, Bush, I'm busy.

BUSH: It's urgent, sir, could you come down to the shed?

SLIM: Get out!

STEED: I'd rather he stayed, captain, if you don't mind. He may be able to help us.

BUSH: Help you?

STEED: Were we talking about Quentin Slim.

BUSH: Quentin? It's just a year, isn't it? He was one of my best friends, Steed.

KATIE: He still is, isn't he?

BUSH: What?

KATIE: Quentin didn't drown. The whole thing was planned, father. He took the yacht over to the French coast we he'd arranged to meet a fishing boat. He deliberately capsized the boat and left it.

SLIM: Ludicrous!

BUSH: Fantastic!

STEED: That's a pretty fair account of what happened. Where is Slim?

BUSH: Go and ask the mermaids.

KATIE: You must know. (TO STEED) He helped to plan the whole thing.

STEED: The French police know where he was living. They found letters from you to him. That's all the proof we need.

BUSH: I think we've had enough, don't you, captain? I don't know what these two are playing at but I think it's time the British police heard about it. Come on, Steed.

STEED: You go, they'll be delighted to see you.

BUSH: I mean it, Steed.

SLIM: Better do as he says -- Steed.

BUSH: SHOUTS

STEED: Thank you, captain. Keep an eye on him. I'll go for Mrs Gale that way we may find your son.

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

QUENTIN: Get the boat out. Hurry! Okay, Mason.

FX:

DOOR: OPENS/CLOSES

QUENTIN (Cont): Well, I'm sorry we don't have time to get better acquainted, Mrs Gale. I should've liked to talk to you.

CATHERINE: Questioned me, you mean. You could've tried.

QUENTIN: I should succeed.

CATHERINE: I doubt it.

QUENTIN: You sound very sure of yourself.

CATHERINE: I am.

FX:

QUENTIN: Perhaps you've been trained to resist pain. Is that it? (PAUSE) Well let's see.

FX: LIGHTS MATCH/FIRE: CRACKLES

MUSIC: IN

FX: FIGHT

CATHERINE: GROANS

MUSIC: OUT

SLIM: (INTO PHONE) Yes, they told us all about that at the police station. You what? Well, who is it? No, I, I think I better come down and find out for myself.

SLIM: REPLACES RECEIVER

KATIE: What did they say?

SLIM: They've got somebody out of the hut. They want me to down to the hospital.

KATIE: Let me go.

SLIM: No, I've got to find out who it is.

KATIE: Well, I'm coming with you.

SLIM: Well, I suppose you have a right.

FX:

STANNAGE: SINGS

STEED: Do you mind? They're certainly taking their time, aren't they?

STANNAGE: Ambulances rarely rush to the morgue, Mr Steed.

STEED: I'm sorry. Are you sure about that message.

STANNAGE: Quite sure. I took the call myself. A body has been removed from a burnt out hut on Captain Slim's estate.

STEED: And they didn't say whether it was male or, or female?

STANNAGE: They did not. But we'll know soon enough. Oh, no.

SLIM: We heard they'd found someone.

STANNAGE: Yes, that's right.

KATIE: Is it Quentin?

STEED: We, er, we don't know yet.

SLIM: Steed, I, I don't quite know how to say this, but if anything's happened to your friend, I can't help feeling I'm responsible.

STEED: No, no, no. Mrs Gale was my responsibility.

DOOR: OPENS

SLIM: That's Quentin.

CATHERINE: I tried to get him out. I did all I could. I'm sorry.

KATIE: I kept on trying to tell you.

SLIM: But I wouldn't listen.

KATIE: Come on, I'll take you home.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED: All right. (TO CATHERINE) I'm going to take you home too.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

STEED: You look really wonderful, my dear.

CATHERINE: Thank you.

STEED: Look, I've hung you in the place of honour.

CATHERINE: Yes, very touching.

STEED: I told you a few days complete relaxation and you'll be as right as rain.

FX:

STEED (Cont): How are the burns by the way.

CATHERINE: Oh, only superficial.

STEED: Good, I'm delighted to hear it, cause I've got something for you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

STEED (Cont): To replace the wardrobe you lost in the, er, in the line of fire.

CATHERINE: Oh, that's nice of you, Steed.

FX:

CATHERINE: Here, who told you?

STEED: Told me what?

CATHERINE: That I'm taking a holiday.

STEED: Are you?

CATHERINE: Yes, I leave tomorrow. I'm off to the Bahamas.

STEED: No! What a coincidence. As a matter of fact there's just a, um ...

CATHERINE: ... little bit of trouble out there?

STEED: That's right. It's, it's not in the least dangerous.

CATHERINE: No, no, no, of course not.

STEED: And as you're gonna be out there anyway, pussy footing along those sun soaked shores.

CATHERINE: You thought I might do a little investigating?

STEED: That's right. What d'you say?

CATHERINE: Goodbye, Steed.

STEED: Eh?

CATHERINE: That's what I said. Goodbye.

STEED: But that isn't asking too much.

CATHERINE: Oh, yes it is. You see I'm not going to be pussy footing along those sun soaked shores, I'm going to be lying on them.

DOOR: OPENS

STEED: Not pussy footing. I must have been mis-informed.

DOOR: CLOSES

FX:

STEED: CLEARS THROAT

STEED: DIALS

STEED (Cont): Hello, my dear. John Steed. Eh? Well, I've been very busy you know. Hey, how are the little Salukis? Really? Vicious little beasts. Huh? It's, terrible weather for the time of year, isn't it? Very inclement as my Auntie (NAME) used to say. Bodes bad for the bulbs. Look, I think you should get a little sunshine, you know. Beautiful blue skies, sandy beaches. I've got a little job I want you to do for me.

TITLE MUSIC: IN

STEED (Cont): Well of course we'll discuss it as our leisure. What about tonight? Say eight o'clock? I know a little place down by the river ...

TITLE CARD:

(c) 1990 Weintraub Entertainment (Rights) Limited.  
All Rights Reserved.

TITLE MUSIC: OUT