

THE AVENGERS

"ROOM WITHOUT A VIEW"

Dialogue List

12th April 1989

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TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

MUSIC: IN

ANNA WADKIN: Shall I lead the way?

GRACE: If you would, Anna.

ANNA WADKIN: This way. Through here. Grace, will you sit here.

GRACE: Thank you.

ANNA WADKIN: And George ... here. And Olivia, would you sit there please?

OLIVIA: Mmm ... it looks delicious.

ANNA WADKIN: I hope you're going to enjoy it.

GRACE: Oh, how charming.

ANNA WADKIN: Yes, we had them at our home in Singapore. They'll catch any little breeze. They're supposed to make you feel cooler.

GRACE: Well, at this rate we'll all be refrigerated.

ANNA WADKIN: Ha-ha. There must be a window open.
Excuse me.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

ANNA WADKIN: John!

FX: GASPS

GRACE: Anna! Who is he?

ANNA WADKIN: John ... my husband.

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

ROOM WITHOUT
A VIEW

FX: CAR

STEED: John Wadkin, one of the country's top
physicists. He disappeared a couple of
years ago.

EMMA PEEL: Oh yes, I remember.

STEED: He went up to London for a routine meeting,
booked into a hotel, booked out a few hours
later and after that nothing until last
night and he suddenly popped up in the
middle of the chop suey.

EMMA PEEL: No explanation?

STEED: Not as yet. We hope he'll be able to tell
us something. He might be able to give us
a lead on the others.

EMMA PEEL: Others?

STEED: Physicists ... seven of 'em. All disappeared over the past year or so.

EMMA PEEL: Seven?

FX: CAR

STEED: Now we'll see what Wadkin has to say for himself. Oh, and Vernals will be there, too. Treat him gently, won't you?

EMMA PEEL: What do you mean?

STEED: He's seconded from the Ministry ... eager beaver, everything in triplicate. I wonder what he'll think of you?

VERNALS: The Ministry told me to expect you, Steed, but they gave me no instructions about you, Mrs Peel.

STEED: Perhaps they wanted to put your initiative to the test. Not to worry, I'll be responsible for Mata Hare.

VERNALS: Just the same, I think I should ring the Minister ...

STEED: It would do any good, old boy, he'll be on the golf course by now.

VERNALS: Well, the junior Minister then.

STEED: Out for his early morning ride.

VERNALS: Well, the senior secretary.

STEED: Oh, you'll get him all right. But we must take this situation seriously. Now, where is Wadkin?

VERNALS: The first rule of security is to double check everyone.

STEED: I'll sign for her later. Have you seen him? Have you spoken to him?

VERNALS: Yes.

STEED: Is he in bad shape?

VERNALS: Very.

EMMA PEEL: Is he answering questions?

STEED: Well, is he?

VERNALS: Hardly. He now has the intellect of a ... cabbage. Oh it's quite horrifying really, a man of his stature, brilliant physicist, potential Nobel prize winner and now ...

EMMA PEEL: What was his particular field?

VERNALS: Cryogenics, if you know what that means.

EMMA PEEL: The science of cooling things.

STEED: Er, well, we'd better go in and see him.

VERNALS: This way, please. Oh perhaps I should warn you, it's not a pretty sight.

STEED: Oh ... well ... if it worries you, you stay outside. After you, Mrs Peel.

JOHN WADKIN: Eight, seven, three, three-four, five ...

VERNALS: I've made a preliminary investigation. His psychological state is consistent with intensified reorientation and auto-suggestion techniques carried out over a long period.

EMMA PEEL: You mean he's been brainwashed?

VERNALS: I have also made a reaction comparison ... in accordance with the procedure laid down in the official charts, you know ... evaluated the psychological techniques used against him, and I think I would say that beyond any possible shadow of doubt he has until recently been held in a prison camp in Manchuria.

EMMA PEEL: Manchuria?

VERNALS: Yes. Furthermore, I think it extremely likely that the camp was Nee San camp in the north.

STEED: All that from the official charts.

VERNALS: Well they are very scientifically prepared, you know, Steed, almost infallible I'd say.

STEED: Oh good.

VERNALS: Since they are an official publication I'm rather surprised you haven't familiarised yourself with them.

JOHN WADKIN: (MUTTERS)

VERNALS: Yes, Nee San camp, I'd swear to it. Psychologically he measures up with other prisoners we've received from there and then there's his physical condition.

JOHN WADKIN: (MUTTERS)

VERNALS: Low blood count, malnutrition. It's consistent with a prolonged low calorie diet.

STEED: Rice husks, gruel, shavings of bad pork and water. Brackish water tasting of dust. Some friendly sort of place, Nee San. You have nothing to do all day but lie in a cell listening to the world go by ... marching feet, fog-horns on the ships going up river, and the chiming of the clock. And there's no sense of time because whatever the hour in Nee San, the clock always strikes three.

FX: CLOCK CHIME

JOHN WADKIN: Three o'clock.

FX: CLOCK CHIME

JOHN WADKIN: Three, three o'clock.

FX: CLOCK CHIME

JOHN WADKIN: Three o'clock.

STEED: He disappeared in London, and you're suggesting he was shipped to Manchuria for two years?

VERNALS: Proved conclusively by what we've just seen. And then, of course, there's the question of his attitude to Mrs Wadkin.

ANNA WADKIN: My husband can't stand the sight of me. He can't bear to have me anywhere around him. I don't know what they did to him, but now he's terrified of me. Would you like some tea?

STEED: Thank you.

ANNA WADKIN: Do you mind? Perhaps he'd take it from you.

VERNALS: Oh yes, of course.

ANNA WADKIN: It's because I'm Chinese ... that my husband's frightened of me. It's like that bad joke, now we all look alike to him.

STEED: It's most refreshing. Formosan tea, excellent.

ANNA WADKIN: Mr Steed, inscrutability is supposed to be my ploy. Do you wish to ask me some questions?

STEED: The day your husband disappeared ...

ANNA WADKIN: I drove him to the station, he caught the afternoon train. I didn't see him again until last night.

EMMA PEEL: Did he phone you from the hotel?

ANNA WADKIN: Yes, later. He said he'd arrived safely, the room was comfortable, and then I learned he'd left a few minutes later.

STEED: That's all?

ANNA WADKIN: Yes.

STEED: Where did you first meet your husband, Mrs Wadkin?

ANNA WADKIN: In Singapore when he was teaching at the university there.

EMMA PEEL: Was Singapore your home?

ANNA WADKIN: No, I was born in Peking.

STEED: And your parents ... they still live there?

ANNA WADKIN: I forgot to give you some rice cakes, I'll go and fetch them. Excuse me, please.

STEED: Well?

EMMA PEEL: I'd trust her. Is that what you want me to say?

STEED: You feel sorry for her.

EMMA PEEL: Of course. It doesn't necessarily colour my judgement.

STEED: Naturally. Still Peking though, and she ducked the question about her family.

EMMA PEEL: May have had unhappy associations for her.

STEED: I wish I had your trusting nature. I must leave you now, Mrs Peel. Please give my apologies to Mrs Wadkin.

VERNALS: Are you off, Steed?

STEED: Yes, I am. But Mrs Peel is staying on for a while. I've searched her for deadly weapons. And old colleague of Wadkins is coming here very soon. I'd like them to meet, it might produce a spark. I'll leave you to it.

EMMA PEEL: Steed? It would help if you told me the colleague's name?

STEED: I'm terribly sorry, my dear. Um, Cullen, Doctor Cullen.

EMMA PEEL: Mr Vernals, come and sit down, you haven't had any tea.

MUSIC: IN

DR CULLEN: You must remember.

EMMA PEEL: Try again, Doctor Cullen.

DR CULLEN: It's hopeless. You can see it's hopeless.

EMMA PEEL: Please try again, from the beginning.

DR CULLEN: Look, Jock, this is Cullen. George Cullen. Doctor George Cullen. Well, don't you remember all the work we did together? The break-through, the day everything began to make sense. It's no good. It's like talking to a fish in a tank.

EMMA PEEL: Try just once more.

DR CULLEN: But I'm not getting through. I don't know what happened to him or where he was held, but I ...

JOHN WADKIN: Six, six ... six-two, six-two, six, two, one.

EMMA PEEL: That's very good.

JOHN WADKIN: Six-two, two-one.

EMMA PEEL: That's right.

JOHN WADKIN: One.

EMMA PEEL: Six, two ...

JOHN WADKIN: Two.

EMMA PEEL: One.

JOHN WADKIN: One.

EMMA PEEL: Six hundred and twenty-one.

JOHN WADKIN: Six, two, one.

EMMA PEEL: Does that have any special meaning, Mr Wadkin? Six, two, one?

JOHN WADKIN: AGITATED

EMMA PEEL: Mr Wadkin?

JOHN WADKIN: No. No.

DR CULLEN: You're not getting anywhere either.

EMMA PEEL: It'll need patience and a great deal of time.

DR CULLEN: I'm sorry, but that's something I have very little of.

EMMA PEEL: You've made that patently obvious. This man needs help.

DR CULLEN: But not from me. Not the sort I can give. He doesn't even know me. I'm very sorry.

EMMA PEEL: I believe he once helped you ... pushed you into a research fellowship.

DR CULLEN: Yes, that's true. It's also true that he's a traitor.

EMMA PEEL: I think we'd better finish this elsewhere.

FX: CAR

EMMA PEEL: So you're convinced he's a traitor?

DR CULLEN: Well, he cracked, didn't he?

EMMA PEEL: We don't know what pressures he was subjected to.

DR CULLEN: Whatever they were, he didn't resist very long. Three weeks after his disappearance all our research became common knowledge ... because of him. Good day, Mrs Peel.

MUSIC: IN

FX: DOOR CLOSING

FX: FOOTSTEPS

ANNA WADKIN: I thought you might like some coffee.

EMMA PEEL: That's very kind of you.

ANNA WADKIN: Who are those men? What are they doing?

FX:

EMMA PEEL: Stay here.

FX: FIGHT/STRUGGLE

VERNALS: Just a minute, you.

FX: CAR

VERNALS: I'm most frightfully sorry. Oh ...

EMMA PEEL: Nothing.

VERNALS: Oh ... not even a footprint?

EMMA PEEL: Oh yes, several ... size nine, heavy brogue type.

VERNALS: Well then ... oh, yes.

EMMA PEEL: I'll take another look round in there.

MUSIC: BUILDS

MR PASOLD: It must have been some party. Have all the guests gone or is Cullen still here?

EMMA PEEL: What do you want?

MR PASOLD: Cullen, Doctor George. I was told he was here.

EMMA PEEL: Well, he isn't.

MR PASOLD: Look, I was told. I've called his laboratory and they said ...

EMMA PEEL: Doctor Cullen left half an hour ago.

MR PASOLD: Say where he was going? Pasold ... Leonard Martin.

EMMA PEEL: Well, I've no idea where Doctor Cullen went.

MR PASOLD: Well, next time you see him, tell him to call me.

EMMA PEEL: Tell him, Mr Pasold?

MR PASOLD: Ask. But say it's urgent, very urgent. A matter of life and death.

MUSIC: OUT

STEED: Pasold, I've never heard of him, why?

EMMA PEEL: Well, he walked into the study as though he owned the place.

STEED: Well, it's really open house here today, isn't it?

VERNALS: You can't blame me for that.

STEED: I'm not blaming anyone. It's a pity we lost Wadkin though before he was able to tell us anything.

EMMA PEEL: There was one thing. The number six, two, one ... seemed to mean something special to him.

STEED: Six, two, one. A project he was working on?

EMMA PEEL: Or the number of his cell at Nee San.

STEED: Perhaps. This chap Pasold ... what did he have to say then?

EMMA PEEL: Well, he was looking for Doctor Cullen.

STEED: Cullen?

EMMA PEEL: Uh-huh.

STEED: This will give you a chance to re-establish yourself with the Minister.

VERNALS: Uh?

STEED: There's another physicist travelling to London today. One night away from home for a routine conference. But I think we ought to keep an eye on him; Doctor Cullen, he's checking into the Chessman Hotel at eight.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MR CARTER: Doctor Cullen?

DR CULLEN: Yes.

MR CARTER: It's my pleasure to welcome you to Chessman Hotel, sir. Fine room, facing south.

DR CULLEN: Good.

MR CARTER: Room 621, sir. It is our sincere wish that your stay with us will be a happy one.

MUSIC: IN

DR CULLEN: Yes, I'm sure it will be. And now if you'll excuse me, I am feeling rather tired.

MR CARTER: Oh yes, of course, sir. This way if you please.

MUSIC: OUT

MR CARTER: For your amusement, sir. Wherever you are in a Chessman Hotel you may pit your wits ... against the chess grand master. The games are changed each day.

DR CULLEN: Very interesting.

MR CARTER: Excuse me. Your room, sir. Very fortunate, the sixth floor has the finest view of London you could hope for.

DR CULLEN: I shan't be spending much time looking through the window.

MR CARTER: Yes ... if you don't mind, sir. Mr Chessman prefers not. Gratuities do suggest a service beyond the norm. In a Chessman hotel all service is superlative. Goodnight, sir.

DR CULLEN: Thank you.

MUSIC: IN

MR PASOLD: Doctor Cullen? I've waited a long time for this.

FX: DINING ROOM

WAITER: Sir?

STEED: May I have some more butter, please?

WAITER: Certainly sir. Salted or unsalted?

STEED: Unsalted. I hope I'm not depriving the late risers?

WAITER: No, sir. Doctor Cullen had breakfast in his room ... about an hour ago.

STEED: Lucky man. Thank you. (PAUSE - INTO PHONE) Room 621 please.

RECEPTIONIST: Porter, taxi for Doctor Cullen please.

STEED: (INTO PHONE) Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST: I hope we have the pleasure of serving you again, Doctor Cullen.

MUSIC: BUILDS

FX: DOOR OPENING/CLOSING

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: ROOM BEING SEARCHED

FX:

VERNALS: Eleven-four, lights out. Seven forty-five, he opened his curtains and ... (YAWNS) ... excuse me. Eight twenty-five he came down to the foyer, he bought his paper, went back upstairs to his room and ...

STEED: Disappeared into thin air.

VERNALS: But he didn't, Steed. He couldn't have got past me. I didn't leave my post all night. You've searched his room? Oh sorry, yes of course, that is standard procedure.

STEED: Clean as a whistle. Reception didn't notice the change.

VERNALS: Um?

STEED: You go, night staff, day staff.

VERNALS: Oh yes. Um ... who's going to tell the Minister?

STEED: I will. Probably have to hand in my umbrella.

VERNALS: It isn't our fault. By the way, I came across a rather interesting coincidence in one of the files. Wadkin.

STEED: What about him?

VERNALS: The day he disappeared he was staying at the Chessman Hotel, too.

EMMA PEEL: I absolutely refuse to do it.

STEED: (SIGHS)

EMMA PEEL: I refuse to do it.

STEED: It'll grow on you.

EMMA PEEL: I dislike the idea of working in a hotel.

STEED: Then it will be a new fascinating experience.

EMMA PEEL: (SUCKS ON STRAW) I've had my fill of new fascinating experiences.

STEED: Now, it wasn't easy. But it's already fixed. I got you the job. You start on ...

EMMA PEEL: That's him. That man I told you about ... Pasold.

STEED: I'll see you soon.

MR PASOLD: What do you mean, he's checked out? I had an appointment with Doctor Cullen for lunch time.

RECEPTIONIST: I'm sorry, sir, but he has checked out. See for yourself.

MR PASOLD: I don't want to see the files. I want to see Cullen.

MR CARTER: Good morning Mr Pasold. Now, what's the trouble?

MR PASOLD: I had a lunch appointment with Doctor Cullen.

MR CARTER: Oh yes.

MR PASOLD: He's late. I asked the girl to phone his room and she tells me he checked out after breakfast.

MR CARTER: Well that is correct.

MR PASOLD: But he was staying here all day. He told me!

MR CARTER: (STUTTERS) True. But he changed his mind.

MR PASOLD: What are you trying to tell me?

MR CARTER: Mr Pasold, I, er ... I trust you're a man of the world ...

MR PASOLD: Try me.

MR CARTER: A young lady, in his room, small scene. Well, of course, we hushed it up but naturally we had to ask him to leave. No doubt he'll contact you but now if you would excuse me I should be in the dining room.

WAITER: Coffee and brandy, sir?

MR PASOLD: Thank you.

WAITER: And a game of chess.

STEED: May I join you, Mr Pasold?

MR PASOLD: Give me one good reason?

STEED: Cullen.

WAITER: Excuse me, sir.

MR PASOLD: Thank you.

STEED: And for me ... on Mr Pasold's account.

MR PASOLD: Sir. .

STEED: You can afford it, Mr Pasold. Or rather McBain's chemicals can afford it.

MR PASOLD: You've been checking up on me.

STEED: Fascinating game, chess. Pitting of wits, strategy, point, counter-point. Not unlike war. What's your interest in Doctor Cullen? Thank you.

MR PASOLD: You've heard of the brain drain? Well, meet one of the drains.

STEED: (LAUGHS) Hence Doctor Cullen.

MR PASOLD: As if you didn't know. Don't let me hog the conversation. You say something ... like who you are, who you represent, how much you offered him.

STEED: Have you seen Cullen?

MR PASOLD: Seen, signed and delivered.

STEED: Cheers. You beat me to it by a day. I had a message from my New York office late last night "sign Cullen". But you'd got there first. Kidnapped, right under my nose.

MR PASOLD: That's how the prune wrinkles. Order some more brandy, will you? Keep the home fires burning, I'll be back.

MR CARTER: Everything all right, Mr Steed?

STEED: Thank you.

MR CARTER: I wondered if you had any complaints.

STEED: Should I?

MR CARTER: I just happened to notice you talking with Mr Pasold, just a few moments after his little contretemps, and also, er, you do seem, if I may say so, to have spent a lot of time around the hotel.

STEED: I must confess something Mr Carter. I under-estimated you.

MR CARTER: Really?

STEED: You've heard of, er, Monsieur Gourmet?

MR CARTER: Oh, the poppy vert. Oh yes, of course. There's isn't a gaston over the world who hasn't heard of him ... You?

STEED: C'est moi. I wanted to keep it a secret, no special menu, no extra service. But, well, you forced my hand.

MR CARTER: Mr Steed, I had no idea. Of course, you were asking Mr Pasold if he had any complaints.

STEED: Naturellement.

MR PASOLD: (INTO PHONE) You checked his house? You're sure. What about his office? Plane tickets, that sort of thing. Leave it to me. I won't let this one off the hook.

FX: TELEPHONE RECEIVER BEING REPLACED

MR PASOLD: Sixth floor.

FX: LIFT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: DOOR OPENING/CLOSING

MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX: STREET CHATTER/MARCHING

GUARD: (CHINESE) Halt!

FX: GATES

GUARD: (CHINESE)

MAN: No, no.

GUARD: (CHINESE)

MAN: No, I've told you all I know.

GUARD: (CHINESE)

MAN: I've told you all I know. You promised.
You promised, stop! Please!

FX: GUNSHOT

DOCTOR CULLEN: Let me out of here.

FX: FISTS BANGING ON WALL

DOCTOR CULLEN: Let me out of here. Let me out of here.

GUARD: (CHINESE)

FX: MARCHING

JOHN WADKIN: It's no good.

DR CULLEN: What? Ah. Wadkin, can you hear me? John!

JOHN WADKIN: No name. I don't remember. No name.

DR CULLEN: Where are we? What is this place?

JOHN WADKIN: Somewhere? Just somewhere. What year is it?

DR CULLEN: Year? Why it's 1965, of course.

JOHN WADKIN: '65? Are you sure?

FX: CLOCK CHIME

JOHN WADKIN: Three o'clock.

FX: FOGHORN

GUARD: (CHINESE)

MUSIC: IN/OUT

MR CHESSMAN: Too much salt, um?

MR CARTER: Oh definitely.

FX: COUGHING

FX: SAUCEPAN LIDS BEING LIFTED

MR CHESSMAN: Ah, red grouse, the only hundred percent all British bird, Carter.

MR CARTER: Ah, cooked to within half a second of perfection, sir. The meat flakes, breaks to the slightest touch. Mmm. It's aromatic, savoury. A hint of spice. The rare haunting bouquet.

MR CHESSMAN: And the taste, Carter, the taste. Well?

MR CARTER: Superbly delicious, sir. It's a tang of bacon, delicately basted, the meat firm yet, er, tender. Flakes to the tongue. The natural juices mingling with the sauce.
(SNIFFS)

MR CHESSMAN: Black pepper, the faintest hint of black pepper.

MR CARTER: As you say, sir.

FX: SAUCEPAN LIDS BEING LIFTED

MR CHESSMAN: Manifique. Ambrosia.

FX: SAUCEPAN

MR CHESSMAN: Now, my lunch.

FX: SAUCEPAN

MR CHESSMAN: Am I allowed any mineral water today?

MR CARTER: (STUTTERS) Yes, sir.

FX:

MR CHESSMAN: (SIGHS) No banana. Now Carter, report to me on the hotel.

MR CARTER: We are fully booked for the next three months.

MR CHESSMAN: Naturally.

MR CARTER: Naturally and, er, rather a stroke of luck, sir, we have an exciting guest.

MR CHESSMAN: Oh.

MR CARTER: Monsieur Gourmet.

MR CHESSMAN: In this hotel?

MR CARTER: Yes, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: Why wasn't I told?

MR CARTER: I only found out myself a little while ago, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: A Vice President of the Epicurian Circle, a guest in my hotel, and I'm not told.

MR CARTER: I'm sorry, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: See to it that he dines with me this evening.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: DINING ROOM

MR CARTER: I hope you'll give us your Award of Merit, sir.

STEED: You mustn't ask that ... it makes me quite nervous. Likely to get quite severe indigestion.

MR CARTER: (CHUCKLES) I wouldn't want that, sir. Nor would Mr Chessman. He insists that you dine with him, sir. The King Suite at eight. He's very much looking forward to testing your reputation as a gourmet, sir.

STEED: I'd be delighted.

MR CARTER: Reception!

EMMA PEEL: Yes, sir?

MR CARTER: Oh it's you, Mrs Peel. And how are we settling in?

EMMA PEEL: Very well, thank you, sir.

MR CARTER: Good.

EMMA PEEL: Thank you.

MR CARTER: Excellent.

EMMA PEEL: Sir?

STEED: Keep smiling.

EMMA PEEL: I'll try.

STEED: Cullen was in room six, twenty-one when he vanished. So probably was Wadkin.

EMMA PEEL: Or alternatively, sir, you could always try our mystery tour.

STEED: Does that include the grottos? Check back and see.

EMMA PEEL: It's not as easy as that.

STEED: Why?

EMMA PEEL: Well, they change the register every year.

STEED: Well, it must be about somewhere.

EMMA PEEL: And where will you be?

STEED: Dining, gourmendising I hope, with Chessman.

EMMA PEEL: Well, don't come to me for the bicarbonate of soda.

MR CHESSMAN: My dear fellow, I've waited a long time for this.

STEED: I was not aware you are a disciple.

MR CHESSMAN: I've read every word you've written. I've often tried to picture you ... young, old, thin, fat. I'd have bet you were French.

STEED: Galiconian matters of taste. I see that business is flourishing.

MR CHESSMAN: Ils faut profiteuse.

STEED: Mmmm.

MR CHESSMAN: Hotels going up everywhere, overlooking Acropolis, overlooking Repulse Bay. You know what they say about Max Chessman, he never overlooks anything. (LAUGHS)

STEED: Pity it doesn't apply to your staff. I prefer his water colours.

MR CHESSMAN: What did you mean about my staff?

STEED: Well, you must have noticed?

MR CHESSMAN: Noticed what?

STEED: The malisole caviar at lunch.

MR CHESSMAN: What was wrong with the caviar?

STEED: Well, there was nothing wrong with the caviar.

MR CHESSMAN: Then what?

STEED: The butter on the rye bread.

MR CHESSMAN: What was wrong with the butter?

STEED: Normandy butter.

MR CHESSMAN: Yes.

STEED: It was salted.

MR CHESSMAN: I can't believe it. I do beg your pardon. I don't mean to question ...

STEED: I must admit I was surprised. (FRENCH)

MR CHESSMAN: Say no more. Leave it to me.

STEED: Mr Chessman, forgive me, it is a little hot here, don't you think?

MR CHESSMAN: Look at me, one of nature's jokes, a fat man with thin blood. I have to keep the temperature at a steady eighty degrees.

STEED: Quel damage? Would you mind if I ...

MR CHESSMAN: Of course. Allow me.

STEED: Merci beaucoup.

MR CHESSMAN: Ah, now Mr Steed, you're going to have to work for your supper. My doctor's won't let me eat, they won't let me drink. But they can't prevent me from watching.

STEED: Toast?

FX: TELEPHONE RINGING

EMMA PEEL: (INTO PHONE) Reception? Yes, sir, I'll make a note of it. Three, four minute eggs, black coffee, orange juice and the 'Times' at seven-thirty. Right sir.

FX: TELEPHONE RECEIVER BEING REPLACED

MR CARTER: Why have you got this out?

EMMA PEEL: I was checking, sir.

MR CARTER: Checking? What on?

EMMA PEEL: Oh, a letter we had from Senior Juan Elviras Fernandez Gonzalez Fowente Egathia.

MR CARTER: Yes.

EMMA PEEL: From Valencia.

MR CARTER: Yes, I know the senor.

EMMA PEEL: Oh well, he wrote asking for his usual suite and I was just checking up to see which one it was.

MR CARTER: Tut-tut, tut-tut, second floor. Bishop's Suite.

EMMA PEEL: Thank you, sir.

MR CARTER: Why didn't you ask me?

EMMA PEEL: I thought it my business to find out.

FX:

MR CARTER: No, no. Service entrance, round the back.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

MR CHESSMAN: Mmm. Monsieur Therno's bouillabaisse. One of the great dishes of the world.

STEED: Tried it just the other week.

MR CHESSMAN: Tell me, is it as great as it was?

STEED: Greater.

MR CHESSMAN: Impossible.

STEED: He told me himself.

MR CHESSMAN: What did he tell you?

STEED: He's changed the recipe.

MR CHESSMAN: I don't believe it.

STEED: Cut down a soupcon on the conger eel. Was it a favourite of yours?

MR CHESSMAN: Oh, I used to drive three or four hundred miles just for a bowl of it.

STEED: Used to be a favourite of a friend of mine, too. John Wadkin.

MR CHESSMAN: Wadkin. I don't think I know him.

STEED: You should. He used to stay here.

MR CHESSMAN: Host to the world, Mr Steed. That's what the papers say. But I don't come into contact with many of my guests unless, of course, they're of special interest like yourself.

STEED: Oh this chap was of special interest. He disappeared two years ago.

MR CHESSMAN: How intriguing.

STEED: He's back again though now. Remarkable story to tell.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

MR CARTER: Mrs Peel, we've been' looking for you. I understand that you were seen entering the laundry room.

EMMA PEEL: Yes, sir. A lady in five-thirty lost an article of clothing and she thought it might have been taken down by the laundry man.

MR CARTER: I see. For a receptionist you undertake a great many tasks, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: As a receptionist, Mr Carter, I expect to.

MR CARTER: Commendable. In that case, er, you won't mind undertaking another small task. Now a special guest is arriving, very pernickety, insists that his room is nice and airy when he arrives. Of course, I've given instructions but if you would double check.

EMMA PEEL: Yes, sir.

MR CARTER: Room 621. Well, Mrs Peel? Right away, if you please.

STEED: Rose or carnation, which do you think?

VERNALS: Really, Steed, how can you?

STEED: Lovely heady scent at this time of year. D'you see the man just inside the bar with snow on his boots? Name's Pushkin. Chess Grand Master.

VERNALS: Well?

STEED: Father of their Ministry of Interior. Perfect cover, don't you think? Over here to play chess. Oh, and talking of chess, did you know that Chessman was planning to build a string of hotels in the Black Sea?

VERNALS: Impossible. Why, they'd never give him permission ... Unless ...

STEED: They got something pretty big in return. Carnation I think.

FX: LIFT

MR CARTER: Mrs Peel's going up to the sixth.

FX: LIFT

STEED: Got a pen.

VERNALS: Oh that's funny, they've changed the shift.

STEED: Eh?

VERNALS: There's a new receptionist. Where's Mrs Peel got to?

FX: LIFT

STEED: Room 621. When was this?

RECEPTIONIST: Just now, sir. She was asked to check the preparations.

FX: LIFT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: (COUGHS)

MUSIC: OUT/IN

FX: DOOR OPENING

MUSIC: BUILDS/OUT

STEED: There's one way, just one, via Chessman.
He must know where she is.

VERNALS: We haven't tied him in with it yet.

STEED: We will.

VERNALS: We can't risk everything just for one girl.
It's against official procedure.

STEED: Maybe we won't have to.

FX:

STEED: You won't mind taking the service lift.

MR CARTER: (INTO PHONE) Right, thank you.

FX: TELEPHONE RECEIVER BEING REPLACED

MR CARTER: Pushkin's on his way up, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: You did a good job on Cullen. Very thorough.

MR CARTER: He was easy, sir. Cracked like an old stick. About the girl, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: What girl?

MR CARTER: Mrs Peel, the receptionist.

MR CHESSMAN: Oh yes.

MR CARTER: I'm afraid I shall have to dispose of her, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: Very well, very well. Just tell me when it's done. Now, about the refreshments.

MR CARTER: It's all laid on, sir. Balouga caviar, stone crabs ... And plenty to drink. An ample sufficiency of Vodka, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: Slivovitch. That's his particular poison.

MR CARTER: Oh, very good, sir.

MR CHESSMAN: The first luxury hotel on the Black Sea. Then cross East. Napoleon couldn't do it. But I will.

MR CARTER: Carter, hotel manager. Would you come this way?

MR PUSHKIN: It took nineteen seconds for this lift to arrive. This would not be tolerated at home.

MR CARTER: No, sir.

FX:

STEED: You take the one on the left.

VERNALS: What?

STEED: His jacket'll fit you better.

GUARD: Who are you working for? Who sent you to the Chessman Hotel? I asked you a question, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: Mr Carter asked me to go up to room 621 and ...

GUARD: And the laundry? Did he tell you to go there?

EMMA PEEL: I was looking for something.

GUARD: Oh yes, we know that. Why were you checking the register?

EMMA PEEL: Someone asked for the same suite and I was checking.

GUARD: You under-estimate me, Mrs Peel. We've never had a woman in this camp before. Never. You will tell us everything ... in a little while.

MR CHESSMAN: Quite sure you won't take off your jacket?

MR PUSHKIN: Quite sure.

MR CHESSMAN: You look very hot.

MR PUSHKIN: Let us talk terms.

MR CHESSMAN: Terms? That suggests an element of bargaining. Oh no my dear fellow, there can be no suggestion of that. You do know what I'm selling?

MR PUSHKIN: Not exactly.

MR CHESSMAN: A service. A unique service. Information, at leisure, without risk. Doctor Cullen, Wadkin, half a dozen more others are here at your disposal ... right here. You don't have the problem of smuggling them out of the country. They're here ready for questioning under the most ideal conditions.

MR PUSHKIN: Without the risk, you said. I heard a rumour, Wadkin ...

MR CHESSMAN: Wadkin was at liberty for a few hours, but he knew nothing so he could tell nothing. It was the merest chink in our security. It shan't happen again. Now my dear fellow ...

MR PUSHKIN: What are you asking?

MR CHESSMAN: Fifty thousand, plus permission to build my hotels.

MR PUSHKIN: Fifty thousand?

MR CHESSMAN: A modest price for such a service.

MR PUSHKIN: I will see what I can do.

MR CHESSMAN: Not good enough. I need more than vague promises.

FX:

MR CHESSMAN: Come in. Put the drinks over there.

MUSIC: IN

MR CHESSMAN: Now, if I'm not at the Black Sea by next summer, my five year plan is ruined, and my five year plan is to span the world with Chessman hotels. The name of Chessman, a businessman against the politicians, the soldiers ... all tried it, you know, but they failed ... to embrace the entire globe. My way is different. Subtle as a sauce Marianne. As forceful as haunch of venison. As insidious as the favour of chilled pomegranate sauce. I don't need your armies, your fleets of ships. You see, Pushkin ... (TO STEED) you! ... what are you doing here?

STEED: Cooling you off.

MR CHESSMAN: No.

FX: STRUGGLE

MR CHESSMAN: The temperature mustn't drop.

STEED: Where is Mrs Peel?

MR CHESSMAN: It must be a steady eighty. You'll kill me.

STEED: Mrs Peel, where is she? All right, I can wait. Take your time.

MR CHESSMAN: Please, please.

STEED: It's much better in here. Still a little close, open a few windows.

MR CHESSMAN: No. No. Seventh floor, room 621.

STEED: Seventh floor?

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MR CHESSMAN: Chessman hotels all over the world. A Chessman Empire.

MUSIC: IN

FX: DOOR CLOSES

FX: STRUGGLE

MUSIC: OUT

FX: CHINESE/CHATTER

FX: MARCHING

FX: FOGHORN

FX: CHINESE/CHATTER

MAN: You rang, madam?

EMMA PEEL: Yes. I want to change my room. There's a honeymoon couple next door.

MUSIC: IN

FX: CHINESE/CHATTER

FX: FIGHT/FOGHORN

MUSIC: OUT

FX: CHINESE

JOHN WADKINS: No, no.

FX: CHINESE

FX: SHOUTS

FX: GUNSHOT

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Hard labour?

STEED: You should see the other fella.

EMMA PEEL: Steady, Steed, it's a thirty mile an hour limit.

TITLE MUSIC: IN

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ABC PRODUCTION

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

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