

MASTER

DIALOGUE SHEETS

342

"THE AVENGERS"

"SMALL GAME FOR BIG HUNTERS"

EPISODE 17

Prepared by:

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"SMALL GAME FOR BIG HUNTERS"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

REEL ONE

"THE AVENGERS" TITLE.

EXT. SHRUBS, TREES & LAKESIDE.

NO DIALOGUE

KENDRICK moving through trees and struggling  
in lake, finally collapsing by milestone  
"LONDON 23 miles".

EPISODE TITLE superimposed

"SMALL GAME FOR BIG HUNTERS"

EXT. COTTAGE

EMMA drives up  
in car.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. COTTAGE - Bedroom

GIBSON: It's uncanny Steed....the amount of stimulant  
I've pumped into him, he ought to be showing  
some signs of life by now.

STEED: Not a murmur.....Ah, Mrs.Peel.

EMMA: Good morning Steed.

STEED: Good morning Mrs.Peel....may I introduce Dr.  
Gibson....Mrs.Peel.....

GIBSON: Goodmorning.

STEED: The gentleman in the bed is a latter-day sleeping  
beauty. His name is Kendrick. - Jack Kendrick -  
a local farm hand. Dr.Gibson there found him on  
the great south road and brought him here.

GIBSON: And I'm not having him moved.....not until he  
shows some sign of recovery.

STEED: Which suits us very well. If you want us we'll  
be in the next room.

INT. COTTAGE - Living Room

EMMA: Steed....what is wrong with that man ???

STEED: He's in a coma....but why ? That's what we've  
here to find out.....notice something about  
him ? How well he looks.

EMMA: Yes....he's got a good sun-tan.

STEED: And he was wearing these clothes.

EMMA: Tropical kit ?

STEED: Strange garb for this climate don't you think.

EMMA: Well he's probably just come back from some-  
where.

(CONTINUED)

INT. COTTAGE - Living Room (CONTINUED)

STEED: Well no doubt about that. Kendrick disappeared four days ago....along with three other locals -- he's the only one to turn up so far....oh yes, I forgot to mention it, he had that arrow stuck in his back....only a flesh wound though.

EMMA: It must be some kind of poison....a paralyzing drug ?

STEED: Well Dr.Gibson examined it under the microscope ....no trace of a drug. Intriguing isn't it ? The middle of the English countryside..up pops a missing man - sporting a tan it would take months to acquire, wearing tropical clothes and with a native arrow in his back.

INT. COTTAGE - Bedroom

GIBSON: Steed!!!

STEED: Kendrick....Kendrick.....Kendrick....

KENDRICK: (gasping). Ash...Huh.....Hah....

STEED: Four days ago you left your home ..... where did you go.....where did you go ?

EMMA: Steed....Listen.

EXT. COTTAGE inter-cutting with  
INT.COTTAGE.

EMMA re-acts to Professor Swain's arrival.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COTTAGE DOOR.

PROFESSOR SWAIN (Humming).

EMMA: Professor Swain...let me help you.

INT. COTTAGE - Living Room

SWAIN: Ah thank you.....thank you dear lady. You must be Mrs.Peel ?

EMMA: Yes, how do you do.

PROFESSOR: How do you do.

EMMA: It was very good of you to come down at such short notice.

PROFESSOR: Oh not at all...not at all. "Something of an acute interest to me" you said.

EMMA: Yes, I believe you are an expert on primitive tribes.

PROFESSOR: Oh, ho, ho, ho, you flatter me, dear lady you flatter me, no it's an interest, an interest, possibly a passing interest oh by profession I am an entymologist... my knowledge of a primitive people is - er - well.....no I....I lectured on entomology at the Kalan University until the new Government took over. Then like so many of my colleagues....I came back here and very happy to be back too. (CONTINUED)

INT. LIVING ROOM - COTTAGE. (continued)

EMMA: Professor, do you have experience of Shirenzai ?

PROFESSOR: Yes.

EMMA: What do you know about it. Does Shirenzai really exist ?

PROFESSOR: Yes. An odd admission from a Westerner. Oh yes, yes, it exists....a cult peculiar to Kalana... a more dreaded form of er well for want of a better term ....VOODOO, with roots as deep and mystical as the world itself ....oh...just a moment...I think I might have something here of particular interest to you...yes here it is, here it is, here it is, now you see, Shirenzai...in the Kalayan tongue..means 'The curse of sleep'. A curse inflicted upon evil doers by the ancient Gods.....who resided within this forbidden area.. protected by these Holy men now to enter the forbidden area was to transgress - to transgress.. Shirenzai.

EMMA: Excuse me.

PROFESSOR: Certainly.  
Used by the Holy men 'ARADI' the sweet sound of hell. The inescapable sound that precedes the everlasting sleep....

EMMA: Professor....you've seen victims of 'Shirenzai'.

SWAIN: Oh indeed yes.

EMMA: And you'd recognise the symptoms if you saw them again ?

PROFESSOR: Better than that.....I could tell for sure with this...you see.....one holds it over the victim...and if the Shirenzai has taken over.... round it goes.....I'd give you a practical demonstration if you could find me a suitable subject.

EMMA: I think it could be arranged.

END OF REEL ONEREEL TWO:INT. OUTFITTER'S SHOP

ASSISTANT: My goodness sir - this is a relic - one of our old, mid-tropical five button, broad weaves.

STEED: But who was it made for ?

ASSISTANT: Oh, it'll be on the files sir. Off to the tropics are you sir ?

STEED: Thinking about it.

ASSISTANT: Well you couldn't have come to a better place, this establishment prides itself on its service. No matter where you are - steaming jungle..... burning bush or arid desert - we always get our order through.....by plane to the nearest airport - motor vehicle to the nearest village...

(CONTINUED)

INT. OUTFITTERS SHOP (continued)

ASSISTANT: (continued).....and thence by native bearer to the very flap of your bivouac...Er...after big game are you sir ?

STEED: Very big.

ASSISTANT: Oh we specialise there too. All the best hunters come here... Simon Trent for one, oh yes, one of our very best customers - splendid chap sir. Once shot a bull elephant with a single barrell at forty paces.....Or ..mm... was it thirty. Do much shooting sir ?

STEED: On occasions. I once shot a bull elephant myself.

ASSISTANT: Really, what did you use ?

STEED: F8 at 500th of a second - and a small roll of film.

ASSISTANT: Oh.....Oh yes, Ah yes here we are sir...this shirt was made for a Colonel Rawlings - 17th Battalion, Fusiliers. Despatched to him by steanship.

STEED: Where ?

ASSISTANT: mm. Kalaya.

STEED: When ?

ASSISTANT: May 14th....19....29...!

INT. COTTAGE - Bedroom

GIBSON: This is mumbo-jumbo quackery.....

EMMA: Dr. Gibson...we can at least try.

PROFESSOR: Oh that's mine...the car seats very uncomfortable... Now first I must annoint the afflicted man with this.....

GIBSON: Why this is ridiculous. What do you expect to achieve with this nonsense.

EMMA: Well you must admit that so far, conventional medicine has had no effect.

GIBSON: Very well, it's your responsibility. But I'll have no part of it.

KENDRICK (Moans).

PROFESSOR: 'SHIRENZAI' - 'SHIRENZAI'.

EXT. BUSHES - OUTSIDE COTTAGE

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM

PROFESSOR: I'm sorry Mrs. Peel, there's nothing more I can do, I have diagnosed the sickness ...I do not hold the cure.

(CONTINUED)

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM. (Continued)

PROFESSOR: (continued) .....he sleeps the sleep of the living death. There is no awakening him - not by any means I have at my command.

EMMA: But surely there must be something ?

PROFESSOR: I'm sorry Mrs. Peol.

EMMA: Professor Swain, we're not living in a primitive jungle.....this is Hertfordshire, England.

SWAIN: Yes, yes, that's the puzzling part - how the poor chap came to offend.

EMMA: Offend who ?

SWAIN: 'A curse that follows across Continents - across the World'. The Kalayan Gods.....this is their punishment. The man is doomed....he'll sleep and eventually he'll rise..... and walk the dark forests of hell for all eternity.

EMMA: Walk ? That man couldn't take a single step - there's no response ...no reflex action.

SWAIN: Nevertheless ....that is the legend....

INT. LIVING ROOM

SWAIN: 'The dark forest of hell for all Eternity'.

EMMA: Professor....are there any members of this tribe living in Britain.....students perhaps or emigrants.

SWAIN: Well I - I really couldn't say.

EMMA: Well perhaps I can phone the Kalayan Embassy and find out .....

SWAIN: Well you can try - but my experience of that Government is that they are extremely unhelpful.....

EMMA: Well I shall try.

SWAIN: Well goodbye Mrs. Peol.

EMMA: Thank you Professor.  
Oh, got me the Kalayan Embassy please.....  
No Kalayan....K - Katie, A - Apple, L - Love....

EXT. COTTAGE:

CAR DRIVES OFF. NO DIALOGUE

INT. LIVING ROOM - COTTAGE

EMMA: Yes.....I've got that - Ex-Servicemen's Club....  
is that all ....alright ...thank you .....

EXT. COTTAGE:

EMMA moves forward,  
finds GIBSON. NO DIALOGUE

(CONTINUED)

INT. BEDROOM - COTTAGE

STEED: I've heard of forty winks...but this is ridiculous. Same as Kendrick.

EMMA: Not a murmur since I found him.

STEED: I'll have to get someone in to help you.... pity though, I wanted to keep this quiet.

EMMA: Well, I can handle it.

STEED: Mrs. Peel I wouldn't dream of leaving you here, all on your own.

EMMA: Really Steed, I can manage. Oh, don't worry - I'm an insomniac.

STEED: This Swain.....did you believe what he told you.

EMMA: Well it all sounded pretty fantastic ....but taken in context with what's been happening here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - COTTAGE

STEED: Under some ancient Kalayan spell...could be. Kendrick was in the army once...served most of his time in Kalaya.....so did the other three locals who disappeared.

EMMA: 'A curse that follows one across Continents....' That's what Professor Swain said and d'you know I'm beginning to believe him.

STEED: What else did he say.

EMMA: Oh nothing much....I took the trouble to phone the Kalayan Embassy and find out how many nationals there are living over here.....

STEED: And.....

EMMA: Actually there are very few. Three or four work in restaurants and the rest are servants in the Kalayan Ex-Servicemen's club...it's a weird sort of organisation run by a man called Rawlings.

STEED: Rawlings....A Colonel Rawlings.

EMMA: Yes...why ?

STEED: The tropical gear, that was bought in 1929 by a Colonel Rawlings.

EMMA: Well he's probably dead by now.

STEED: No I checked up at the War office, he was one of those old stagers. He did his entire military service in Kalaya. IN fact he stayed on there after he retired but when the Kalayans took over the country he was turfed out. Hang on, I've got his file in my car.

EXT. COTTAGE

NO DIALOGUE.

(CONTINUED)

INT. LIVING ROOM - COTTAGE

STEED: Had a spot of bother with the natives. A full blown savage with a very unfriendly disposition.

EMMA: Oh come now Steed.

STEED: It's the truth. He was wearing war paint..... sacrificial knife.....the lot. He practically ruined my bowler hat....and didn't do this much good either.

EMMA: What's missing.

STEED: Colonel Rawling' file. Fortunately he overlooked my cucumber sandwiches....

EMMA: Good. What about Colonel Rawlings.

STEED: That's no loss.... I read the thing twice. Got enough of the details.

EMMA: Enough.

STEED: To infiltrate the Kalayan ex-servicemen's association....and meet Colonel Rawlings. By the way what's the address of the organisation ?

EMMA: That's no problem.....see that house at the bottom of the garden...that's the Willows. The home of Colonel Rawlings....and Headquarters of the Kalayan ex-servicemen's association. Now isn't that a coincidence ?

STEED: Isn't it just ??

EXT. RAWLING'S HOUSE

STEED: Take me to your leader.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

END OF REEL TWO

REEL THREE

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

INT. RAWLING'S STUDY.

TRENT: Should've tried the front door, it's far less hazardous.

STEED: Fine time to tell me.

TRENT: Steed. Major Steed.... Oh for identification purposes.

STEED: Thanks.....can I pick your pocket now ?

TRENT: Trent....Simon Trent.

STEED: Of course your reputation precedes you. Shot a bull elephant at fifty paces isn't that so ?

(CONTINUED)

INT. RAWLING'S STUDY. (CONTINUED)

TRENT: Oh that's not all I've shot in my time.

STEED: But there can't be much hunting around here.

TRENT: You'd be surprised. It's amazing what turns up in the trap sometimes.

STEED: Isn't it ?

TRENT: Then the only thing to do is to put it out of it's misery. Are you here to see the Colonel ?

STEED: That was the idea.

TRENT: What about ?

STEED: I tell you what....you join us, you eavesdrop.

TRENT: Major, you're not very grateful, after all if I hadn't turned up when I did, you might've been stuck up there for days.

STEED: I'll show you my gratitude. If I hear of anyone who's pestered by a bull elephant, I'll let you know. Alright ? Now perhaps we'd better find the Colonel.

TRENT: If you want to see him, you'd better dress for the occasion. Hardly the thing to wear where you're going old boy. I think we can find something to fit you Major.

EXT. RAWLING'S STUDY.

TRENT: You'll soon get acclimatized Major...the tropical temperature's maintained by under soil heating.... the humidity by spraying, and the growth by filtered ultra-violet. One really might be back in the Kalayan jungle... mightn't one.

STEED: One might indeed.

TRENT: Better stick close Major... the jungle can be treacherous.

INT. LIVING ROOM - COTTAGE

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. JUNGLE AREA

TRENT: I suppose we can term you as a 'Guest' Major.....

INT. CLUB HOUSE

TRENT: The Colonel.

STEED: Oh yes.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CLUB HOUSE (CONTINUED)

TRENT: Colonel sir, Colonel Rawlings....there's a visitor for you sir.

RAWLINGS: Oh, err, huh, this blasted place is like a crematorium...the fans turning are they.. are they ?

TRENT: Yes of course sir.

RAWLINGS: Rain, can smell it..monsoon's on the way.. that means mud, filthy mud everywhere. Still..imperius prius ipse. Empire before self - huh... mmm.

TRENT: Someone to see you sir.

RAWLINGS: Eh.. where...oh, oh, huh wearing the old colours - er - my old regiment, presented after Mafekin. You weren't there, were you ? Oh, no, no, 'course not. But still I know you.... yes, yes, it's mmm....

STEED: Major -

RAWLINGS: Ah! Dah! Urrgh...don't tell me. Don't tell me, no, no, no, no, never forget a face or a name, used to know all the Kitchener's staff. Could recite 'em backwards, yes, yes you're...er ...Major...oh I know it's Major.. err.....

STEED: Steed.

RAWLINGS: Steed ? Steed ? Is it. Dah! Of course it is. I knew you at once. Number four Company wasn't it ?

STEED: Number two sir. I met you at Salunda.

RAWLINGS: Salunda ? Regimental dinner.

STEED: Farewell party.

RAWLINGS: Oh really, who's ?

STEED: Yours sir.

RAWLINGS: Yeah, of course, of course. Stand at ease lad. No ceremony in the mess you know.... and what have you been up to eh ?

STEED: Oh, when I got my gratuity I bought a plantation. Rubber.

RAWLINGS: Wise. Wise lad. Sound investment. can't lose.....

STEED: I did sir, lost the lot... when the new Government took over.....

RAWLINGS: What new Government ? This is British territory. No one's taken over here. We'll fight to the last man, to the last man, won't we Trent ?

TRENT: Yes indeed sir.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CLUB HOUSE. (CONTINUED)

RAWLINGS: Oh do you know Trent. Stout fellow, got guts. Brought down a bull elephant at twenty paces....or was it ten ?

TRENT: A drink for you Colonel ?

RAWLINGS: Yeah, I'm as dry as a bone.

TRENT: Major.

RAWLINGS: No..no...it's on my mess bill. What's your tippie.?

STEED: Brandy.

RAWLINGS: In this heat. You'll lacerate your liver. Keep it long and cool.

STEED: With a touch of soda.

TRENT: I'll have the same Major, sir.

MAJOR:(O.S. muttering) Ah three brandies old girl, will you.

TRENT: He couldn't survive the winds of change. The shock softened his brain. He's like a tropical plant. He'd die in any other conditions. It's an exact replica of the old club house. He still thinks he's there.

STEED: So you play him along ?

TRENT: Yes in return we have an ideal retreat.

STEED: He has a nice line in au pair.

TRENT: He's got a whole tribe of them out there... adds a little reality.

RAWLINGS: How'd you get here Major...come up river I suppose...I say, d'you come up river ?

STEED: Yes.

RAWLINGS: Tricky journey that ....specially during the rainy season.

INT. LIVING ROOM - COTTAGE

EMMA moves to door. NO DIALOGUE

INT. CLUB HOUSE

RAWLINGS: Ah that's better....always better after sundown. That blistering heat. You know ..times like these I long to be back in the old country...yes back in old mother England. Often dream about it. Little house of my own somewhere...in the country-Hertfordshire, yeah I'd plump for Hertfordshire. The English countryside, oh nothing to beat it y'know. You been back home recently Major ?

(CONTINUED)

INT. CLUB HOUSE (CONTINUED)

STEED: Fairly recently - yes Colonel.

RAWLINGS: Cows are still as green as ever, eh ?  
This country. Uncivilised. Sometimes  
wonder why I stay here...still, duty you  
know. Ah talking of duty, it's time I  
inspected the club area, yes, gotta have  
it swept clean you know.....just because  
we're out here - no lowering of standards,  
oh, no, no, we like to do things as we  
would back home in England.  
Ah, Fleming.

FLEMING: Evening sir.  
Trent I've just been out to the cottage...  
both of them are there an.....

TRENT: Fleming I - I don't think you've met John  
Steed have you ? An old com patriot -  
he's only just arrived - hasn't had time  
to settle down yet.

FLEMING: How do you do ?

STEED: How do you do.

TRENT: Fleming's our pet rubber expert.....  
experimenting with some new strains, aren't  
you Fleming ?

FLEMING: Yes, well of course. This is about the  
only place with ideal conditions.

STEED: I would have thought Kalaya had the tiniest  
edge over it.

FLEMING: Yes...well I mean the only place in this  
part of the world of course.

STEED: Seems a very strange place to grow rubber,  
isn't it - in England. Is Kalaya barred  
to you ?

TRENT: Steed, would you excuse us. Fleming  
would you come with me, I want to talk  
to you about the test trees on the north  
side. I'm rather worried about them.

FLEMING: Oh yes, yes, of course.

INT. JUNGLE AREA

TRENT: You darned fool. I told you to be more  
careful.

FLEMING: I'm sorry Trent - I didn't see him.

INT. CLUB HOUSE.

RAWLINGS: Ah....do you play polo Major ?

STEED: When I can, sir.

(CONTINUED).

INT. CLUB HOUSE (CONTINUED)

RAWLINGS: I played first team, number three myself....  
and got through to the Army finals at  
Jedra.

STEED: Did you ?

RAWLINGS: Do you know Jedra ?

STEED: A passing acquaintance.

RAWLINGS: Astonishing place. White man's grave -  
or used to be. Sticky. Definitely sticky.  
I got a snap of me straddling a polo pony  
somewhere...wanna see ? Here, course you  
do - come on.

END OF REEL THREE

REEL FOUR

INT. CLUB HOUSE

RAWLINGS: Ah, got them all here somewhere, er, -  
there we are.... the Army team of thirty  
one. Fine bunch of fellows, aren't they ?  
That's tubby Johnson there... behind that  
blessed thumb...that dashed man..never  
could take a decent photograph. Yeah,  
got through to the finals - ow, terrific  
fight, we got it all sewn up in the final  
chukka, when Johnson came swishing through..  
you listening Major ?

STEED: Yes, Colonel, I'm listening.

INT. JUNGLE AREA

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COTTAGE

NO DIALOGUE

INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM

EMMA awakes as door  
slams. NO DIALOGUE

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COTTAGE

NO DIALOGUE

INT. CLUB HOUSE

STEED: Your play Colonel.

COLONEL: Ah, you think you've got me don't you. It's  
not as easy as all that... cards are my  
strong point....I've got a mathematical  
turn of mind. Yes, a very pretty move on  
your part....snap.

THEY LAUGH.

(CONTINUED)

INT. CLUB HOUSE. (CONTINUED)

STEED: Tell me Colonel - have you known Trent for a long time ?

RAWLINGS: Trent ? Ah, splendid feller...do you know he once downed a bull elephant at.....

STEED: At twenty paces.....yes, I know. How did you get to know him, mmm ?

O.S. AD LID SHOUTS.

EXT. JUNGLE AREA

AD LIB SHOUTING.

INT. CLUB HOUSE

RAWLINGS: Two more...poor devils...

STEED: What's wrong with them ?

RAWLINGS: The sleep we've had a bad outbreak of it lately.

STEED: The sleep ?

RAWLINGS: The sleep of the living death.

TRENT: I see you've spotted our little charade. It all helps with the illusion. It needn't bother us though, but it amuses the old boy.

STEED: Convincing illusion. Well Colonel, I really think I'd better be getting back.

RAWLINGS: Getting back.

STEED: Up river.

RAWLINGS: Oh we can't allow that, can we ? Tell him Trent.

TRENT: The river floods at this time of the year. You'd have great difficulty in getting anyone willing to take a boat out onto it.

STEED: But really, I'm perfectly capable.

TRENT: Far too dangerous old chap...and you wouldn't want to upset the Colonel now would you ?

RAWLINGS: No wouldn't think of sending my worst enemy out on the river during the rainy season. No, no... we can put him up can't we Trent.

TRENT: Oh yes indeed sir....delighted to have you, stay Major....would you care for another drink.

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM

SWAIN: ...The dark forests of hell for all eternity! Well, I did warn you Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Professor Swain...both those men were incapable of walking...and windows were firmly locked...

(CONTINUED)

INT. COTTAGE - BEDROOM. (CONTINUED)

SWAIN: You know...the European mind is a literal one. It demands explanations..logic..... Now I've lived a great part of my life in the far East, and I have come to accept the inexplicable....

EMMA: I didn't say it was inexplicable..... I was in the next room, I dozed off..... It would have been perfectly possible for someone to enter the cottage..take both these men - and walk out - right past me.

SWAIN: D'you really think that's what happened ?

EMMA: I think it's possible.

SWAIN: It's hard to make you understand the ways of the native Kalayan - this legend of the sleep of the living death....

EMMA: Now that was something I wanted to ask you... while Kendrick and Gibson were still here - I had an opportunity to study then, I also had an opportunity to study this. Professor, are you familiar with the glossidae trypanasoma ? Come now Professor..you're an entymologist.... Glossidae trypanasoma... the common or garden tsetse fly.....

SWAIN: Yes - yes... I am aware of that..but what exactly are you driving at ?

EMMA: Sleeping sickness. A disease carried by the tsetse fly....and according to this book, the symptions are very like....

SWAIN: Not those two men. Now you don't honestly believe that I wouldn't recognise sleeping sickness if I saw it ?

EMMA: Oh, I didn't say it was sleeping sickness.

SWAIN: Of course it isn't.

EMMA: But I said it could be something like it.

SWAIN: No, no, no, nonsense...complete nonsense. I can assure you that my authority in this field has never been doubted.

EMMA: I do not doubt it now Professor....I was merely trying to point out that the symptions are similar.

SWAIN: Mrs. Peel. I've given you the benefit of my experience. I'm afraid I can be of no further service to you Goodnight.

EMMA: Professor Swain - Professor.

EXT. COTTAGENO DIALOGUE

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

END OF REEL FOUR

THE AVENGERS - I.D. CARD.

EXT. JUNGLE AREA NO DIALOGUE.

INT. CLUB HOUSE NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. JUNGLE AREA NO DIALOGUE.

INT. RAWLINGS STUDY inter-cutting with  
INT. COTTAGE - LIVING ROOM.

EMMA: Hello.

STEED: Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Steed. Where are you ?

STEED: Deep in wildest Kalaya.

EMMA: What ?

STEED: Listen....Kendrick and Gibson, they haven't by the smallest chance taken a little walk have they.

EMMA: How did you know.

STEED: They turned up here last night, I saw them being brought in.

EMMA: Steed....there's something else, Swain's just disappeared, he walked out of the cottage and .....

STEED: Have to go now....

EMMA: Steed! Steed!

INT. RAWLINGS STUDY.

TRENT: Ah, up bright and early Major?

STEED: Morning constitutional...old habits die hard.

TRENT: Yes, don't they. I find the same thing myself you know. This time of day if I see something moving, it's all I can do to stop myself from shooting it.

STEED: Very upsetting for the early risers in Kalaya when you were there.

TRENT: It's not loaded Major. Never load a gun unless you intend to use it....a good maxim I think.

STEED: And very comforting.

TRENT: Well if we get a move on, we should be in time for breakfast.

INT. JUNGLE.

TRENT: It must have been quite a blow to you when the Kalayans took over....

STEED: What ....oh..yes.

TRENT: I mean, you had your own plantation and that sort of thing. You didn't want to give that up did you ?

(CONTINUED)

INT. JUNGLE. (CONTINUED)

STEED: I didn't indeed.....

TRENT: I remember how I felt.....frustrated....I wanted to hit back.

STEED: But unfortunately there is no way of hitting back.....is there ?

TRENT: Quite.....

INT. CLUB HOUSE

TRENT: Ah good morning Colonel.

COLONEL: Morning.... morning..... a fine one it is too. How d'you sleep Major ?

STEED: Very well thank you sir.....

COLONEL: Oh capital, capital, have a spot of brekka....

STEED: Thank you sir.

FLEMING: A word with you Trent.

COLONEL: Mm, sorry about the cornflakes being soggy. The journey up river affects them you know. Might go out for a bit of sport later on eh ?

STEED: Sir ?

RAWLINGS: Big sticking you know, might be able to arrange a little chase of some kind.

STEED: Oh thank you sir.

RAZAFI: A thousand pardons Massa..... The juniper tree... midnight.

INT. JUNGLE

RAZAFI: Sorry to startle you old chap.....Razafi..... Lieutenant Razafi of the Kalayan Intelligence Service. Oh, how do you do ?

STEED: How do you do.

RAZAFI: I've been observing you Mr.Steed.....it appears that we're working to the same end....

STEED: I sincerely hope so.

RAZAFI: Oh do forgive me. Something very strange going on here Mr.Steed..... very strange and threatening to my Government.

STEED: Well I understand that Trent and Fleming were thrown out of Kalaya.....

RAZAFI: They were not thrown out I can assure you - they just did not choose to remain under our rule.

STEED: All the same ....they do bear a grudge.

(CONTINUED)

INT. JUNGLE (CONTINUED)

RAZAFI: And they are planning something....all that business at the cottage...the sleep of the living dead.....Shirenzai ...it's a lot of trickery to cover the real truth.

STEED: And what is the real truth.

RAZAFI: Come with me.....

EXT. RAWLING'S HOUSE NO DIALOGUE.

INT. RAWLINGS STUDY NO DIALOGUE.

EMMA enters and walks to  
b.g. windows.

EXT. JUNGLE

RAZAFI: You see, Mr.Steed - there is nothing primitive about all this. These men - and the others who disappeared - are just guinea pigs ..... test cases.

STEED: Testing what.....

RAZAFI: This is the cunning thing...they intend to...

LALA: Abou silla ha hama - abou silla ha hama.....

RAZAFI: Get away old chap - get away.

END OF REEL FIVE

REEL SIX

EXT. JUNGLE: NO DIALOGUE.

INT. HUT IN JUNGLE:

TRENT: Lieutenant Razafi.....a spy.... a dirty spy... Well old boy I've got to hand it to you...I didn't suspect him for a moment, but you spotted him right away, and dealt with him - quickly.... and quietly....I like that. I suppose it's about time I did some explaining....

STEED: It might help.

TRENT: I couldn't at first you know, not until we made sure of you - you do understand don't you ? They chucked people like us out of Kalaya Steed... but we're going back and taking this with us.

TRENT: Recognise then ?

STEED: Flies.....

TRENT: Mm a new strain of tsetse fly..... taken a long time to develop... under these ideal conditions - it's a very special strain. We've made them immune to all sorts of insecticides....once they're released, there's no stopping them. I think you're beginning to understand.

STEED: I am indeed.

(CONTINUED)

INT. HUT IN JUNGLE. (CONTINUED)

TRENT: Oh well, you can see for yourself how effective they can be.

TRENT: They won't affect us of course.

STEED: I'm very glad to hear it.

TRENT: A simple, secret inoculation ensures complete protection...but without that inoculation - tomorrow we fly back to Kalaya, Steed, we're going back, back and we're taking this with us... One thousand of the little beauties...that's all we need - and once they're released.....in a climate like that...

STEED: They breed like flies.

TRENT: Yes, they breed like flies.

SWAIN: The whole country will be paralysed within a week...and then we take over. A pretty plan, don't you think ?

TRENT: Professor.....this is the chap I was telling you about....Major Steed. Meet the brains behind the whole thing .....Professor Swain..... you look surprised Major..... it's the incongruity I suppose.... all this ..happening in England. But that's been our strength...we have been able to cover our activity with a little turbo-jumbo. Simple - yet so effective.

STEED: And ruthless. There were other guinea pigs ?

SWAIN: Oh yes ...a few local men who had served in Kalaya.....We had to make sure they hadn't developed an immunity to our nice new Tsetse fly... They hadn't. No resistance.....no resistance whatever.

TRENT: It needn't bother us though.

STEED: Your nice inoculation ?

TRENT: Insures complete protection.... We'd better get you fixed by the way. Oh Lala... get Mr. Fleming will you please. Lala, what is the matter ? Losing your wits or something.

SWAIN: The canister ....Trent.

TRENT: Don't worry... they can't get away.

EXT. CLUB HOUSE

RAWLINGS: What's all that racket ?  
Fleming, what's it all about ?

FLEMING: Trouble, just a local uprising sir....  
yeah..la lucco.

RAWLINGS: Uprising eh. Firm hand. That's what's needed. A firm hand. Take 'em some coloured beads.....always seems to help.

(CONTINUED)

INT. JUNGLE.

TRENT: Steed - and a woman - have taken the canister.. now split up and track them down in the jungle dead or alive.

EXT. CLUB HOUSE

RAWLINGS: Ah, doing a spot of hunting, eh. Bring us back a big 'un.

TRENT: I'll bring you back a couple Colonel.

RAWLINGS: Grab 'em young if you can.....The last one was as tough as old boots. Like something a bit tender.....something I can get my teeth into.

INT. JUNGLE

STEED: Mrs. Peel. Mrs. Peel.  
(GUN SHOTS)  
A Mowser...single barrel. You've had your five.  
My arithmetic's shocking!

EXT. CLUB HOUSE

COLONEL  
RAWLINGS: By jove the natives are restless tonight.

INT. JUNGLE

RAWLINGS: Oh I say, well done Major....bagged a big 'un eh? Have the boys bring him back - we'll have it stuffed.

STEED: Excuse me Colonel.

RAWLINGS: Ugly looking brute.

SWAIN: Fleming...Fleming....?

FLEMING: Over here...we've got her.

SWAIN: I'll do it ...you almost spoilt it Mrs.Peel. All that work almost in jeopardy because of you. That arouses me to violence.

TARZAN CALL

STEED: Me.... Steed.

EMMA: Me ....Emma.

EMMA: What's in this anyway ...the Crown Jewels?

STEED: Creepy crawly gorn laden flies.  
Let's get back to the old country,  
ah.....

INT. RAWLINGS STUDY

STEED: Good old England....beautiful weather don't you think?

EMMA: Well if you're dressed for it.

(CONTINUED)