

MASTER

"THE AVENGERS"

"THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

Episode 18

342

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"THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE"DIALOGUE SHEETSREEL ONE:

THE AVENGERS TITLES.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE

EMMA & COUPLE come. out of house.

NO DIALOGUEEXT. HOUSE & COUNTRY ROAD

OLD WOMAN cycling, falls
off, EMMA runs to assist
her, Old Woman jerks
hypodermic into EMMA.
EMMA passes out

CUT TO: INSERT BICYCLE IN
ROAD, with knitting basket.

TITLE: "THE GIRL FROM AUNTIE"
Superimposed.

EXT. WEST LONDON - TERMINAL

STEED gets into taxi:

STEED: BEEN AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS.

EXT. EMMA'S FLAT

EMMA's car drives up. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. STREET

TAXI travelling. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. EMMA'S FLAT

TAXI draws up.

STEED: Mrs. Peel.

STEED: (to driver) If you get tired of waiting...there should
be something there to amuse you.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDEEMMA'S FLAT.

STEED: Mrs. Peel.

GEORGIE: Yes... what can I do for you ?

STEED: I'm to deliver this to Mrs. Emma Peel.

GEORGIE: Well, I'm Mrs. Emma Peel.

STEED: A friend of yours John Steed sent it.

GEORGIE: Steed.

STEED: A small fat man with a grey moustache.

GEORGIE: Of course. Now I remember, thank you.

(CONTINUED)

INT. EMMA'S FLAT.

STEED: May I.

GEORGIE: What's in it ?

STEED: Don't you know ?

GEORGIE: Should I ?

STEED: I imagined you would.

GEORGIE: Well, I don't.

STEED: A lobster.

GEORGIE: How super.

STEED: Where shall I put it ? In here.

GEORGIE: Well, I wouldn't not unless it's sleepy.....
That's the bedroom..... the kitchen's over there.

STEED: OhHa! Ha! Ha!

GEORGIE: How was he ? Steed.

STEED: Oh well....

GEORGIE: Good.

STEED:as can be expected.

GEORGIE: Oh, of course.

STEED: Well this won't get the lobsters delivered.
Good day, Mrs. Peel.

GEORGIE: Good day.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT inter-cutting with INT.PHONE BOX.

GEORGIE: Emma Peel.

STEED: Emma, ha! ha! it's old lover boy himself.....
Just got back from Karachihe with you in
a couple of jiffs, hoity toi - ha! ha!

GEORGIE: Couple of jiffs.

EXT. EMMA'S FLAT.

GEORGIE gets into car. NO DIALOGUE
STEED's taxi appears.

INT. TAXI.

STEED: Follow her.

EXT. EMMA'S FLAT

LOTUS drives away. NO DIALOGUE

INT. ART INCORPORATED

RECEPTIONIST: Very well, I'll tell him. Thank you.
'LOT 17' has been safely stowed sir.

(CONTINUED)

INT. ART INCORPORATED. (CONTINUED)

AUNTIE: No problems over shipment ?

RECEPTIONIST: No, none at all.

AUNTIE: Excellent, but what about 'operation cast off'?

RECEPTIONIST: Being attended to.

AUNTIE: Mmm...and so everyone associated with the fake Mrs.Peel ?

RECEPTIONIST: Will be eliminated - beginning with the theatrical agents.

INT. OFFICE

STEED: Time for explanations isn't it. Starting with the fact that you're not Mrs. Emma Peel, who are you ?

GEORGIE: Wasn't I very convincing..?

STEED: No, who are you ?

GEORGIE: I'm Georgie Price Jones.

STEED: Hullo Georgie. Why are you trying to pass yourself off as Mrs.Peel.

GEORGIE: I was hired to.

STEED: Where's the real Mrs.Peel.

GEORGIE: I don't know....I just answered this advertisement and got the job to impersonate her.

STEED: And so you were briefed in here.

GEORGIE: By Mr.Lamb.
But where's he got to ?
So that's where he got to.

STEED: Was there anyone else here when you were hired.

GEORGIE: A couple of Advertising men - Bates and Marshall.

INT. OFFICE - ADVERTISING AGENCY

GEORGIE: What are you doing ?

STEED: Looking for clues.

GEORGIE: Oh I see..... clues....

STEED: Eleven o'clock....appointment with Auntie.

GEORGIE: Steed, listen to this.....S. One...K..... nine....K..two..TOG...T-B-L.

STEED: Well

GEORGIE: Don't you see, it's a code...it seems very clue like.

(CONTINUED)

INT. OFFICE. (CONTINUED)

STEED: Bates and Marshall.
GEORGIE: It's a cheque made out to me.....
the first half of my fee.....
STEED: Drawn against the account of Barratt,
Barratt and Wimpole.

END OF REEL ONE

REEL TWO

EXT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE.
OLD LADY comes out
of door. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK
TAXI pulls up. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CAR & INT. CAR.

GEORGIE: Messrs. Barratt....Barratt.
STEED:and Wimpole.
Six bodies in an hour and twenty
minutes....what do you call that ?
GEORGIE: A good first act.
STEED: Where next ?
GEORGIE: I don't know.
STEED: You disappoint me Mrs.Price Jones.
GEORGIE: Well there's always this.
STEED: S..one...K..nine...K...two..tog.
T-B-L ETC.
GEORGIE: Togs...clothes...theatrical costumiers.
Well would they supply the clothes and
wigs...the four Jacques Brothers, John,
Paul, George and Fred.

INT. THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS

STEED: Helloanyone home ?
GEORGIE: I've heard of history repeating itself
butlosing your touch.....
this one isn't dead.
BODY: Auntie...Auntie did it.
GEORGIE: Auntie.
STEED: Auntie who ?
GEORGIE: You know what I think ?
STEED: No what do you think.
GEORGIE: Someone's kidnapped your friend
Mrs. Peel.

(CONTINUED)

INT. THEATRICAL COSTUMIERS. (CONTINUED)

STEED: The same thought had occurred to me.

GEORGIE: Great minds.

STEED: Don't they.

GEORGIE: Maybe they'll demand extortion money.

STEED: I don't think it's that sort of kidnapping.... dead end.

GEORGIE: Well there's always old S..one..K..two... K...nine...

STEED: Double tog etc.

HETTY: Oh, where is it ? I'm quite sure I left it in here, but just where....ah..there it is...my knitting pattern. I knew I left it in here. Oh naughty boys..... always up to some game or other....

STEED: A....Madam...a.....

HETTY: Naughty, naughty boys...but so sweet don't you think ?

STEED: Do you know this gentleman ?

HETTY: What, John Paul George and Fred ? Well of course I know them..you can get up now.....they're my favourite nephews.....absolutely my favourites.

GEORGIE: Nephews.

HETTY: Naturally.....And I like to think that I am their favourite Auntie.

INT. EMMA'S FLAT.

HETTY: It was so kind of you to invite me home to tea.....such a charming gesture...one meets with them so seldom these days. But I do think I should have had a word with John, Paul, George and Fred before I left.

STEED: They were resting.

GEORGIE: It was their express wish that they remain undisturbed.

HETTY: I understand...absolutely dead....to the world. Oh it runs in the family you know, very heavy sleepers.

STEED: But madam.

HETTY: You don't mind if I go on with my knitting do you.

STEED: About your nephews.

HETTY: John, Paul, George and Fred. Dear boys all of them....dear dear boys. I would love to do you in poodle wool. With a V-neck - double ribbed bottom and a raglan sleeve. Would you mind ?

(CONTINUED)

INT. EMMA'S FLAT. (CONTINUED)

GEORGIE: Er, you were saying about John, Paul etcetera.

HETTY: Yes, what is it you want to know ?

STEED: Have you seen them recently....?

HETTY: Oh yes just this morning.....that's when I left my knitting pattern...knitting soothes the nerves you know.

STEED: Mm. I can quite understand that - but I would like to ask you about your nephews.

GEORGIE: You saw them this morning.

STEED: Were they alone ?

HETTY: No, that could hardly be - as there are four of them. When John's alone - there's Paul, George & Fred and if George's alone there's Paul

GEORGIE: Just the four of them in fact.

HETTY: Perhaps an oiled, natural wool would suit you better.

STEED: Did they have a visitor this morning.....

HETTY: Oh yes....me...I always call on a Thursday you see. Lovely.

STEED: Have you seen this before.

HETTY: Oh yes. My dear man, you're a member too.

STEED: A member of what ?

HETTY: Oh but surely you must know, the Arkwright Knitting Circle.

EXT. CORRIDOR.

HETTY: This way dear boy.

INT. KNITTING CIRCLE:

ARKWRIGHT: Look alive, take a pair of fives. Cast on and watch it grow...not too fast and not too slow...knit along and away we go.

AUNT HETTY: Mr. Arkwright.

ARKWRIGHT: Shhh. Good afternoon madam it's lovely to see you again...I don't want to spoil their concentration.

STEED: Quite.

ARKWRIGHT: Between now and the tea interval could be quite critical.

HETTY: Mr. Arkwright!

ARKWRIGHT: Yes.

(CONTINUED)

INT. KNITTING CIRCLE (CONTINUED)

HETTY: This is Mr. Steed. He wants to know more about our little circle.

ARKWRIGHT: Really, thank you. Now, do you knit? You should know..knitting is one of the neglected arts it binds the family together. It brings peace to the home, listen, the sheer serene sound of clicking needles..... excuse me.

ARKWRIGHT: Fingers nimble....fingers sprite....cast: to the left....cast to the right....first one purl..... and then one plain and then two purl and back again. Ha! Ha! Ha! D'you know I used to come home from the office rather tired and irritable... but nowadays....half an hour's knitting and what have I got? Peace of mind, Mr. Steed..... peace of mind. And I've really scooped the pool you know....here.....you see the cream of the nation's knitters. Now look there you see Mrs. Bullsover.....beautiful mover...isn't she.... nothing forced....and there, Mrs. Grampian-Hardy. Now that's quite a different technique, very sharp, very precise....but joy all joy.

STEED: Do you recognise these?

ARKWRIGHT: Do I? This is one of our special double O'S. We had some stolen from the store room last week.

STEED: Why would anyone want to steal them?

ARKWRIGHT: Industrial sabotage...put the whole schedule a week behind.

STEED: Any idea who it was?

ARKWRIGHT: No, but if I had I'd.....was there anything else Mr. Steed.

STEED: No, no, thank you for your help.

ARKWRIGHT: Well, don't forget.....the motto of A.K.C. 'When you're tired and depressed, spending more, enjoying less.....knit along with Arkwright, huh.

ARKWRIGHT: Alright ladies...desist....knitting. Tea time.

STEED: Ivanov.....I thought you were still in Siberia.

IVANOV: I was 'resting'.

STEED: Oh, didn't know you were interested in art.

IVANOV: Uh?

STEED: 'Art Incorporated'.

IVANOV: Oh - a -- buying a painting for a friend

STEED: I see
Not too aggressive with the umbrella.
Sprightly, but not eager.... Eagerness,
untrustworthy --- almost the next worst thing
to enthusiasm.

(CONTINUED)

INT. TAXI

IVANOV: Nice to see you again Steed. Good day then.
STEED: Ivanov.
IVANOV: Yes.
STEED: Haven't you forgotten something.
IVANOV: Have I ?
STEED: You haven't asked me how Mrs. Peel is ?
IVANOV: Why should I ?
STEED: You usually do.
IVANOV: All right. How is she then ?
STEED: She's away for a few days. I'm expecting her back soon.
Round the blockif you don't mind.

EXT. STREET

TAXI travelling. NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL TWO

REEL THREE

INT. TAXI. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. CORRIDOR

STEED enters. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. ART INCORPORATED inter-cutting with CORRIDOR

Receptionist at desk.
NO DIALOGUE.

INT. KNITTING CIRCLE

HETTY: Oh my goodness gracious..it's Mr.Steed.
ARKWRIGHT: My dear fellow, I'd no idea...
HETTY: Oh dear, it's all my fault.
ARKWRIGHT: You see, I heard someone scuffling about, and I
....well I
HETTY: We thought you were a burglar.
ARKWRIGHT: Yes stealing our knitting needles again
you see.
HETTY: He looks very shaken. Do you think a - a
woollen muffler for his head ?
STEED: No thank you, I'm quite all right, excuse me.
ARKWRIGHT: My dear chap...if I'd known it was you...!

(CONTINUED)

INT. ART INCORPORATED

RECEPTIONIST: Payment will be in the usual way.....
we want no mess - no fuss - our deception
hasn't worked.....a man called Steed came
back a day or two early from holiday.....
so the fake Mrs. Peel will have to be
eliminated.....Get going.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD.EXT. EMMA'S FLATNO DIALOGUEINT. EMMA'S FLAT

GEORGIE: "Turning the force of the attacker to
advantage...bringing the knee up into
the rib cage of the opponent with a
sickening...".....OOOH..she must have
some very aggressive boy friends!
"Take the right hand of your opponent
with the left elbow pointing towards
the ground...take the right hand of your
opponent with the left elbow pointing
towards the ground....should your opponent
attack from behind with a knife or gun
place your right hand over your right
shoulder and grasp the attackers wrist!"
Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!
Now please let's not do anything hasty.
"And kick".

GEORGIE & OLD
LADY STRUGGLE.

EXT. STREET & EMMA'S FLAT.

TAXI travelling, then
pulls up.

NO DIALOGUEINT. EMMA'S FLAT

GEORGIE: Steed...I thought you were an old lady
with a veil and knitting needles.

STEED: They do say I take after Granny.

GEORGIE: Are you all right ?

STEED: I should have kept my armoured hat on....
hey, what's this about an old lady.

GEORGIE: One attacked me a few minutes ago -
really - at her age too. She looked old
enough to be some-one's Grandmother..

STEED: Or Auntie.

INT. CORRIDOR

STEED: Well ?

GEORGIE: Could be anyone of them....

(CONT INUED)

INT. CORRIDOR (CONTINUED)

STEED: Got to get a bit closer...you can knit, can't you....

GEORGIE: Well I

STEED: I take a size nine and three quarters in socks...and .. a nothing too garish.

INT. ART INCORPORATED

STEED:(hurring) Mmmmmmm

RECEPTIONIST: Good morning sir....can I help you ?

STEED: Possibly...possibly.....yes.

RECEPTIONIST: Sir....?

STEED: Yes definitely yes - the air 'breathes' well...my nerve endings are positively tingly. I must strike up a rapport with the surroundings before I can possibly... yes, I can do business here.

RECEPTIONIST: Well sir, may I have your name.

STEED: My name - is Wayne, Penny Feather Ffitch.

RECEPTIONIST: Ffitch.

STEED: With two small "F" S" - doubtless you've heard of it ?

RECEPTIONIST: Well I

STEED: Naturally...A genuine Gibson..painted on a Thursday... only up-strokes. Gibson never used down strokes on a Thursday.

RECEPTIONIST: Mr. Ffitch...how can we help you.

STEED: Your proud boast...the unobtainable obtained.

RECEPTIONIST: Mr. Ffitch.....I'm so sorry. But we can only do business with clients who are personally recommended.

INT. OUTER OFFICE

AUNTIE: I very much look forward to your next visit your Ladyship....au revoir.....

WOMAN: Good bye.

RECEPTIONIST: Don't forget your handbag Lady Bracknell.

WOMAN: Thank you very much ... goodbye.

RECEPTIONIST: Exactly what kind of treasure can we obtain for you Mr. Ffitch ?

STEED: That is not for your Botichelli cars perhaps someone in the higher echelon...?

(CONTINUED)

INT. OUTER OFFICE (CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST: I'll have to let you know.....

STEED: But surely.

RECEPTIONIST: I'm sorry Mr. Ffitch...but that is the way we do business. We'll be in touch.

STEED: As you say. Good day.

RECEPTIONIST: Good day.

INT. CORRIDOR.

ARKWRIGHT V.O. Just cast on, watch it grow, knit one purl one - away we go - count to ten and back again.

INT. KNITTING CIRCLE

ARKWRIGHT: Row after row and on we go.

ARKWRIGHT: Nimble needles to and fro.....keep right on to the end of the row....

Oh dear... we are rusty aren't we..... now don't rush it dear....just remember it's all in the grip.. .that's better.... just one, two, three, just think of a waltz....one - two - three -one ...yes, that's very promising...very nice..... natural action there..very good indeed.. So is that very good....yes. Grab that skein and begin again. Knitting's friendly - it's smart, it's fun.....

HETTY: Hello my dear and how are you today ?

GEORGIE: Hello.

HETTY: I got it to deal with my nephew.

GEORGIE: Nephew ?

HETTY: The youngest one...on my brother's side. This should keep him quiet, don't you think.

GEORGIE: Very.

HETTY: I hope so. Don't think it's too old for him do you. He's only six.

GEORGIE: I think it's lovely....it's absolutely splendid... it's a wonderful gun.

END OF REEL THREE

INT. ART INCORPORATED (OUTER OFFICE)

AUNTIE: Ffitch eh ?

RECEPTIONIST: Wayne Pennyfeather.

AUNTIE: Doesn't ring any bells....what did you make of him ?

RECEPTIONIST: He could be our sort of client.....

AUNTIE: Come in here will you ? We'll have him checked.

AUNTIE: The man Ffitch...see what you can find out about him. A personal call I think, don't you. He claims to be an art expert.

INT. STEED'S FLAT.

STEED: Georgie.....No luck at the knitting circle.

GEORGIE: Almost any of the old ladies could be my old lady. Where did you get this ?

STEED: Like it ?

GEORGIE: It's beautiful...but where....?

STEED: The National Gallery. The Dona Isobel Goya.

GEORGIE: You didn't steal it.

STEED: Of course not, I only borrowed it.

GEORGIE: Are they in the habit of lending priceless paintings ?

STEED: Only to true patrons....

GEORGIE: Why ?

STEED: I didn't think it would take them long.

OLD LADY: Good afternoon.

STEED: Good afternoon Madam.

OLD LADY: I'm collecting for the dogs' home.

STEED: A very worthy cause...please come in. Our four legged friends need all the help they can get....Now what will it be...bones or cash ?

OLD LADY: The money if you don't mind, dear sir.

STEED: Excuse me, I'll just see where I've left my wallet. Charming isn't it ?

OLD LADY: Delightful. Great affinity between subject and artist. A true rapport.

STEED: Adunbrated visually in the harmony of rose and black.....Flesh and silk...luminous paint. Luminous glance.

INT. STEED'S FLAT. (CONTINUED)

OLD LADY: Quite, quite so.

STEED: Err, well this should be good for a couple of cold noses.....

OLD LADY: Oh, thank you, that's most kind of you.

STEED: Nonsense, someone's got to pay for the postman's trousers.

OLD LADY: Noble of you. Goodbye.

STEED: Goodbye. Well this business is thick with old ladies. Was that the one ?

GEORGIE: I didn't see her face. I'm not sure.

STEED: Well one thing is clear. They've taken the hook.

GEORGIE: What next ?

STEED: A little nefarious skullduggery.

GEORGIE: OOO.....

STEED: Alone.....

GEORGIE: Oooo.....

INT. TAXI

STEED: Going to a party. Fancy dress.

INT. OUTER OFFICE (ART INCORPORATED)

NO DIALOGUE UNTIL
AUNTIE ENTERS.

AUNTIE: Admiring the brushwork Mr. ffitch.

STEED: I thought you were less likely to shoot me standing in front of a Da Vinci.

AUNTIE: How right you are....may I take care of that for you.

STEED: If you don't mind.
May I turn round now.

AUNTIE: Surely.

STEED: I don't think I've had the pleasure.

AUNTIE: I'm Auntie...Gregorio Auntie.

STEED: How do you do.

AUNTIE: I must admire your persistence Mr. ffitch and your initiative.

STEED: Couldn't keep away.
The unobtainable obtained.

(CONTINUED)

INT. OUTER OFFICE (CONTINUED)

AUNTIE: It sounds an extravagant claim, doesn't it. But we are a unique organisation..we actually can get you anything - anything at all.

STEED: At a price.

AUNTIE: And sometimes the price is very high... Yes.....I've had her for three weeks now - rather reluctant to let her go.

STEED: I should think the Louvre also were reluctant to let it go.

AUNTIE: They don't know. Put a very nice reproduction in its place.

STEED: So that's how you work it. Whenever you steal anything...you replace it with a replica.

AUNTIE: It always seems to me to be the fairest way, don't you think ? Oh but then I don't have to tell you...your Goya...the Dona Isabel. I was in the National Gallery yesterday - the reproduction you put in its place.....

STEED: You like it ?

AUNTIE: I do....I do indeed....If I might inquire who...?

STEED: A jolly little Flemish painter - Goyas are a speciality of his.....I'll give you his address.

AUNTIE: I'm very impressed with your connections.

STEED: And I'm impressed with your intelligence system. That you knew I had it.

AUNTIE: Can I offer you a brandy. From the Tower of London. Votre Sante.

STEED: A La Votre.

AUNTIE: Well now Mr. ffitch - what can I get for you ?

STEED: Anything at all, you said.

AUNTIE: No task is too formidable....do you know what my staff are engaged upon at the moment - working out ways to transport the Eiffel Tower.

STEED: Where to ?

AUNTIE: A Texas millionaire has taken a fancy for it.... wants to put it down amongst his oil derricks... isn't that sweet ?

STEED: It must present difficulties.

AUNTIE: Acquiring it. No, we have already arranged that, no the main problem is smuggling it out of Paris.

STEED: A human being would be easier. You have dealt in human beings ?

(CONTINUED)

INT. OUTER OFFICE (CONTINUED)

AUNTIE: The odd diplomat...the occasional nuclear scientists...yes....there is a small market for them - a demand. Is it a human being you wish us to acquire for you ?

STEED: A woman ... her mind ...yes her mindwould be of the utmost value to me.

AUNTIE: And the lady's name ?

STEED: Peel. Mrs. Emma Peel.

AUNTIE: Not a terribly good brandy is it....I'm afraid you are ten days too late Mr.fritch. We have already acquired Mrs.Peel for another client. She's our, mm lot 17.

STEED: Ivanov.

AUNTIE: I never divulge the names of clients.

STEED: Whatever he's offered you - I'll double it.

AUNTIE: I'm sorry.

STEED: Treble it.

AUNTIE: I'm tempted...very tempted.

STEED: Well then....

AUNTIE: But I'm afraid I must refuse afterall I have a certain reputation...Mr.fritch...I'm afraid that Mrs.Peel is not for sale...on the other hand, if I could interest you in a first folio of Hamlet.. acquired from the British Museum two nights ago...

STEED: I hate to tell you ...a reproduction.

AUNTIE: You don't mean...

STEED: I have the original at home. Maybe in a part exchange deal for Mrs. Peel ?

AUNTIE: Oh, I'm sorry Mrs.Peel is not for sale. But, mm, perhaps you and I can do business some other time.

STEED: I hope so. By the way...where are you holding her ?

AUNTIE: I'm very happy to have made your acquaintance Mr.fritch. Goodnight.

STEED: Goodnight....

END OF REEL FOUR

INT. BOX ROOM.

AUNTIE: And how is LOT 17 tonight ? Like to spread your wings and fly, would you ?
Do have some grapes.

EMMA: Feeding me up.

AUNTIE: No, no, no, I find you perfectly adequate as you are and your popularity is increasing.

EMMA: That's encouraging.

AUNTIE: First Ivanov....and now a Mr. Pfitch.

EMMA: Pfitch ?

AUNTIE: Mmm., with two small 'FF'S' - do you know him ?

EMMA: No, I don't know him.

AUNTIE: A charming fellow...that increasing rarity.
A real English gentleman. You sure you don't know him.....?

EMMA: Yes, I'm sure. I was just thinking...If I could have a vat in here...might tread these grapes and ferment my own wine.

AUNTIE: (Laughs) I regret you will not be here long enough for that. A pity because I enjoy beautiful things... and you are very beautiful. But a day or so more and you'll be gone.

EMMA: Gone where ?

AUNTIE: That depends upon Ivanov.
You must have a very remarkable mind Mrs. Peel.... for him to pay so much for you. D'you have many secrets....no matter...that's IVANOV'S problem. I do hope he treats you with proper considerationthough I fear, knowing his methods - that will not be the case. I'm afraid that where you are going - this cage will seem like a paradise.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

INT. TAXI

GEORGIE: What next ?

STEED: We're going to sell you. To the enemy.

GEORGIE: Do what ?

STEED: Shhhh.

GEORGIE: What's so special about this Mrs. Emma Peel ? You'd think she was Madame Curie and half a dozen others all rolled into one.

STEED: Her vital statistics...the I.Q. Variety... hold that. She knows about Cyphers..... sintered fuels...cybernetics..... that's what Ivanov's interested in.

(CONTINUED)

INT. TAXI. (CONTINUED)

GEORGIE: It so happened that I nearly passed through college - I was going to specialise in

STEED: Excuse me.

GEORGIE: (Screams)

INT. IVANOV'S FLAT.

IVANOV: Who's there ?

STEED: Special delivery - perishables.

FIGHT SEQUENCE - AD LIB NOISES.

STEED: Pay the driver.

GEORGIE: Now.

STEED: The meter's ticking over.....

GEORGIE: And a tip....

STEED: Of course.

GEORGIE: Well shouldn't I wait.

STEED: What ?

GEORGIE: You might need some help.

STEED: What did you say.

GEORGIE: Forget it.

STEED: Where is she ?

IVANOV: Uh.....

STEED: Mrs. Peel, where is she ?

IVANOV: I don't know.

STEED: Auntie's got her, hasn't he ? Where's he keeping her ?

IVANOV: Oh, honestly, I don't know. Auntie wouldn't tell me.

STEED: What price is he asking for her ?

IVANOV: One hundred and forty thousand American dollars.

GEORGIE: It's over here in a briefcase.

STEED: We may as well take it with us.
If he moves point that at him at his second button.

GEORGIE: Second from the top or the bottom....

STEED: Suit yourself.

(into phone) Steed here. I want you to pick up a parcel. Yes, I'm with it now.....What, hush it up, of course not hush it up....give it maximum publicity.

(CONTINUED)

INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE

AUNTIE: Well well well....you have to admire his technique.

RECEPTIONIST: Technique.

AUNTIE: Ffitch. This is his handiwork.

RECEPTIONIST: Really ?

AUNTIE: Huh hmn. When you're in the market for a certain product, and you know someone else is after it also, you do one of two things - you outbid your opponent or you eliminate him from the contest.

RECEPTIONIST: Do you think Ffitch will get Mrs. Peel.

AUNTIE: It's what he wants.

RECEPTIONIST: But will he get her ?

AUNTIE: No, I don't think so.

RECEPTIONIST: His money's as good as anybody else's.

AUNTIE: Well, then - we must make him prove it..... mustn't we ?

RECEPTIONIST: How ?

AUNTIE: Put her up for auction.

RECEPTIONIST: I'll circulate the details right away.

AUNTIE: Particular attention to the Eastern bloc.

RECEPTIONIST: Do you think Ivanov will talk.

AUNTIE: Mmmmm.

RECEPTIONIST: Is Ivanov alright.

AUNTIE: It's all taken care of...

INT. CELL

V.O. Visitor for you Ivanov. It's your mother.

IVANOV: Mother.

OLD LADY: They're treating you well son.

IVANOV: I've told them nothing.
It's Steed you want. It's all his doing.
Not mine. Honestly, it's Steed.....
I promise you can trust me...please.....

END OF REEL FIVE

INT. ART INCORPORATED (CORRIDOR)

AUNTIE.(O.S.) I say it once, I say it twice,
Oh come now, gentlemen, it's cheap at the price.

INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE

AUNTIE: One million fiveany advance on
one million five...one million five
against you sir. One million five,
any advance on one million five.

RUSSIAN: Quite splendid isn't it...a splendid example of
filthy decadent western art. One million six.

AUNTIE: One million six...any advance on one million
six - no -- sold to the Gentleman over there.
I shall have it delivered to your hotel sir.

RUSSIAN. Hmm.

AUNTIE: Ah! I beg your pardon.... your submarine of
course. And now the last item this afternoon...
and a very unusual onemarked in your
catalogues as LOT 17, Mrs. Emma Peel.
A very desirable acquisition....I understand
that she carries most of the disposition of
western defence bases in her head - is a cypher
expert of no mean ability... and would be a
splendid addition for any intelligence system
anywhere in the world. I must make it quite
clear however that I can't guarantee that she
will betray her secrets.... that is up to the
purchaser. But she does carry some very special
ones and so I must ask that the bidding begin at
the reserve price of fifty thousand pounds.

STEED: Ninety thousand roubles.

RUSSIAN: Thank you. I open the bidding. Fifty thousand...

AUNTIE: Sixty.

RUSSIAN: Seventy.

AUNTIE: I hear eighty.

RUSSIAN: Ninety.

AUNTIE: Ninety thousand pounds I'm bid. Ninety thousand
pounds.... come now gentlemen...it's cheap at the
price. Observe this talented lady.

STEED: She looks a bit broody...can't you have her
nove about a bit.

AUNTIE: Certainly.

STEED: That's better, like to see what I'm buying.
One hundred thousand pounds.

RUSSIAN: One hundred and ten.

STEED: And eleven.

RUSSIAN: And twelve.

STEED: Fourteen.

RUSSIAN: Fifteen.

(CONTINUED)

INT. AUNTIE'S TREASURE HOUSE (CONTINUED)

STEED: Sixteen.

RUSSIAN: Seventeen.

STEED: Two hundred thousand...think of the National budget old boy...you'll have to cut down on the vodka.

AUNTIE: Two hundred thousand pounds I am bid. Two hundred thousand pounds for this outstanding example of British pulchritude and learning. 2,000.....I say it once....I say it twice... sold to Mr. Wayne, Pennyfeather Ffitch. Well Mr. Ffitch your persistence is rewarded.

STEED: When can I collect ?

AUNTIE: Immediately. Lot 17 is in our secret store...

STEED: Far from here ?

AUNTIE: You'll see...

GEORGIE: Steed....

AUNTIE: Steed....

OLD LADY: Steed....

STEED: Steed....

GEORGIE: Steed....

AUNTIE: Steed....destroy Lot 17...destroy her.

STEED: Follow her....
Very enigmatic.

GEORGIE: She went that-a-way!!!

INT. KNITTING CIRCLE

ARKWRIGHT: Along again to the end of the row...a doesie-do and.....

STEED: I won't destroy their concentration, don't worry.

FIGHT SEQUENCE AD LIB SCREAMS.

ARKWRIGHT: Oh..stop it...stop it....get off will you... please.

STEED: Where is she...?

AUNTIE: Round there....

ARKWRIGHT: Mr. Steed....I really must object to....

STEED: Quite unavoidable I assure you.....what are they knitting ?

ARKWRIGHT: A bungalow.

AD LIB CHATTERING

Now calm down ladies...calm down.

(CONTINUED)

INT. BOX ROOM

FIGHT SEQUENCE, then:

EMMA: And no cracks please about birds in gilded cages.

STEED: As if I would.

GEORGIE: Are you all right.... we've been so worried about you.

STEED: Oh, Mrs. Emma Peel, meet Mrs. Emma Peel.

EMMA: How do you do !!!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

MESSERSCHMITT & LAGONDA TRAVELLING ALONG.

INT. MESSERSCHMITT

STEED: What a charming lady.

EMMA: I wonder if she's going our way ?

END TITLES

The End

Overall footage: 4,731.

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