

MASTER 1

THE AVENGERS .

HONEY FOR THE PRINCE

DIALOGUE SHEETS.

..... 342
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..... (26)

PREPARED BY:
TELEMEN LIMITED
A.B.P. STUDIOS
BOREHAM WOOD
HERTS.
ENGLAND.

MARCH, 1966.

"HONEY FOR THE PRINCE"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

REEL 1.

THE AVENGERS TITLE.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

George and Ronny enter.
George picks up Aladdin's Lamp
and rubs it. Great Flash and
Bang and Vincent appears firing
George is shot. Ronny is
wounded but gets sway. Track
to window - Big Ben at 3.0'clock. NO DIALOGUE

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED.

EXT. HAMSTEAD HEATH.

Emma and Steed, in evening dress
walking over bridge laughing and
fooling around. They walk off. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT.

EMMA I'll make the coffee.

STEED Excuse me.

EMMA Steed.

STEED Phone for a doctor.

RONNY No - mustn't let it leak out. Top security...I'm finished anyway. No doctor.... Steed listen carefully George /Reed and myself, we stumbled onto something big.) Important (coughs) Dry..mouth's dry...dry.

STEED You and George stumbled onto something Ronny.

RONNY The full story..full report in George's room (drinks). Evidence.

STEED And where's George?

RONNY George...dead..dead.

STEED Who did this? Who was it?

RONNY Genie.

STEED Jeannie. Who's Jeannie? Who is she?

RONNY A...honey.

STEED Ronny Westcott was one of the best undercover men in the business...Jeannie. A woman called Jeannie.

EMMA A good looking woman. He said a honey.

Cont.

REEL 1.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT - cont.

STEED Ring Col. Robertson. Tell him what's happened..arrange to have the body taken away.

EMMA Where will you be?

STEED He said there was full report in George's room. I'll collect it.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

ARKADI George Reed..mmm...You say the other one got away?

VINCENT Yes

ARKADI A pity. still, can't be helped. Thing to do now is to cover all traces. You go to this address...see what you can find.

VINCENT Right...

ARKADI And Vincent, whatever you find..destroy.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Vincent, masked, takes file and starts burning papers in a metal bin. He hears a sound and hides. Steed enters - Vincent jumps out with knife - they fight. Steed throws Vincent through window.

STEED Well I never.

EXT. GROUND OUTSIDE.

Vincent sprawled across Mini roof - scrambles off. NO DIALOGUE

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Steed examines remains of burnt papers. Moves to cupboard and sees jars of honey. NO DIALOGUE

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

POSTMAN Goodmorning.

EMMA Goodmorning.

POSTMAN Registered package. Sign here please.

END OF REEL 1.

REEL 2.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Steed taking each jar of honey in turn and pouring contents into bowl. NO DIALOGUE

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI So you left him there. That was foolish Vincent, very foolish.

VINCENT But I destroyed the files, Mr. Arkadi. I made sure of that.

ARKADI Nevertheless, there may be a general hue and cry. We must continue to cover up all traces. The honey shop. Take Bernie with you.

VINCENT Yes, Mr. Arkadi.

INT. HONEY SHOP.

BUMBLE Good morning...Good morning dear lady.. Oh forgive me - I have just been attending to my little charges. Buzzing around the hives so to speak.

EMMA Exhausting work.

BUMBLE But rewarding you know. Rewarding. Bumble. B. Bumble at your service. Yes, most rewarding. Treat my bees like children you know. Happy bees make bumper honey. Yes, like children. One of them has a bad knee at the moment. I may have to operate. Well then dear lady.

EMMA I'd like to send some honey to a friend. You can arrange that.

BUMBLE Indeed I can. Bumble's honey encircles the globe! Nectar in Nyasaland'. Syrup in Sweden! Honey in the Himalayas! You just give me the address - and I dispatch post haste. Now how much did you want to send?

EMMA Just a jar or two.

BUMBLE Which particular kind? Our six legged friends are very versatile you know. I have three hundred and sixty-five different kinds of honey. Just imagine - breakfast toast for a whole year - and never the same flavour twice.

EMMA Except in a leap year.

BUMBLE Eh? Oh, quite so, quite so.

EMMA Well I thought this would be rather nice.

BUMBLE Oh yes..strength three - pure syrup without wax. Two jars you said. ...Won't keep you a moment gentlemen..Now, if you'll just put the address on these labels.

EMMA Thank you..it was sent by a friend of mine, A Mr. George Reed..perhaps you remember him?

Cont.

REEL 2. cont.

INT. HONEY SHOP cont.

BUMBLE Reed? Reed? We get so many customers.

EMMA But it was sent only the day before yesterday. The postmark on the package....

BUMBLE Ah..in that case I wouldn't remember him - and you dear lady must be mistaken. The day before yesterday I was at the Barabian Embassy - making a personal delivery of my delicious honey. And this shop - was shut. Will that be all?

EMMA Yes thank you..

BUMBLE I'll invoice this and dispatch it right away. Well now gentlemen what can I do for you.

VINCENT You can just keep quiet. Follow that girl Bernie...you know what to do. Behind the counter, come on...come along.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM.

Steed completing search of honey jars.
Phone rings.

HOPKIRK's voice (over phone) Hello...Hello....

STEED Hello

HOPKIRK Is that Mr. Reed?...Mr. George Reed?

STEED Speaking. Who is this?

HOPKIRK We haven't actually met, but I am Ponsonby Hopkirk....of the Q.Q.F.

STEED Oh yes.

HOPKIRK Understand you've made an appointment to see me at the Q.Q.F. this morning. Well wonder if you'd mind making it a bit later..say twelve o'clock. That be alright?

STEED Oh yes...perfectly.

HOPKIRK Good, see you later then.

STEED Mr. Hopkirk..it's extremely silly of me, but I seem to have forgotten the address of the Q.Q.F.

HOPKIRK Beaver Street, Mr. Reed...ten Beaver Street.

INT. CORRIDOR.

C/U of door "Q.Q.F. Inc"
Steed appears and enters. NO DIALOGUE.

REEL 2. cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

Emma hears door buzzer. She opens door and sees Bernie with gun concealed behind his hat. She throws him and as he falls, his gun goes off and he dies.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

End of Reel 2.

REEL 3.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

HOPKIRK

Goodbye...goodbye..we'll climb Everest next week.
Now then gentlemen....Napoleon...everything's ready for you...Waterloo Room ...end of the corridor. Mr. Prentice...what was it for you today? Indian Wars - stagecoach ride? of course...gunfight at the O.K. Corral - third door on the right. You'll find them all ready and waiting to ambush you. Mr. Reed. Sorry you've been kept waiting, but now you have my undivided attention - so tell me - what can the Q.Q.F. do for you?

STEED

I should like to know a bit more about it.

HOPKIRK

You mean you haven't received our advertising literature? Oh dear, how remiss of me. Well, the Q.Q.F., the Quite Quite Fantastic..Incorporated can help you quite simply/to satisfy/ your most repressed desires...in a nutshell Mr. Reed..we will create your fantasies/and let you live them. /would you like some tea and honeyed muffins.

STEED

Honeyed!

HOPKIRK

Or jam or treacle.

STEED

No thank you.

HOPKIRK

It all began with the Arabian Nights you know, the Q.Q.F. As a boy I was fascinated by the tales of the Arabian Nights. I would dream of living in that exotic era..then one day I thought why dream? Why not make my dream a reality. After that it was easy. A matter of the right decor...the right atmosphere...a few tricks. This for example...rubbing you see sets up an electronic impulse that rings a bell in the cellar. My little genie then pops up through a trapdoor in the floor. Just a theatrical trick, but a very effective one...don't you think.

STEED

Very.

HOPKIRK

Then I began to think of the commercial possibilities - creating other people's dreams and fantasies..and so the Q.Q.F. was born..within these portals Mr. Reed, you can stand beside Nelson at Trafalgar.....

REEL 3. cont.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM cont.

HOPKIRK ...fight with General Custer..become Genghis Khan - a Roman Emperor..heavyweight champion - ruler of the world...a million dreams to order. Fantasies created with a few simple tricks, such as you have already seen..... Don't worry Old Man, better luck next time. Now Mr. Reed...your own fantasy. Might I suggest an intrepid trapper...or a cavalryman at Balaclava riding into the Valley of Death.

STEED Well I thought that I might...

HOPKIRK Got it...you're a secret agent. Yes indeed... ideal for you...licenced to kill - pitting your wits against a diabolical master mind. Make a change from your everyday humdrum existence wouldn't it.?

STEED Oh....certainly make a change.

HOPKIRK But no doubt you have a little fantasy of your own.

STEED I'd like the same as Ronny Westcott.

HOPKIRK Eh!

STEED Ronald Westcott. He is a client of yours.

HOPKIRK Mr. Westcott, yes here just the other day as a matter of fact...haven't heard from him since.

STEED Unavoidably detained..but whatever you fixed for him - fine for me.

HOPKIRK Oh I would hardly think that....

STEED You did create a fantasy for him?

HOPKIRK I was working on it. Yes. But I wouldn't have thought it was you.

STEED Oh No..no..no. If it was good enough for Ronny..

HOPKIRK Very well...I'll let you know when it's arranged.

STEED. Fine - what is by the way? This Fantasy. What am I to be.

HOPKIRK Chief Eunuch in a harem.

INT. STEED'S FLAT.

STEED (into phone) Colonel Robertson..Steed here. Did Mrs. Peel call and tell you about the body in my apartment? She did?...well will you have it removed right away please. It's very untidy. You already have..Hold on Colonel..I'm most terribly sorry Colonel - it's another body entirely...Yes a different body...Look Colonel I'm not responsible for what happens in my apartment when I'm not in it. No I'm not trying to corner the market..and furthermore....

REEL 3. cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT. cont.

EMMA's voice on tape recorder.

Steed - sorry about the body - but he was too big to sweep under the carpet. Nothing on him to identify him - but I saw him earlier today at B. Bumble and Co. That's a honey shop by the way. Tell you all about it later - must buzz back to Bumble's - Message ends.

INT. HONEY SHOP.

EMMA

Mr. Bumble....Mr. Bumble. Hey!

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI

Well Vincent..what has happened to Bernie?

VINCENT

He should have reported back by now. He ought to have dropped the car.

ARKADI

He should!....he ought!.....been better if you had attended to the girl yourself. We'll give him one hour..no more...and then we must presume the worst...and act accordingly.

VINCENT

The Q.Q.F.?

ARKADI

Well you are due ther soon aren't you? Hurry up my dear Vincent, you mustn't miss your third fantasy, must you?

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

HOPKIRK

Well Mrs. Peel..I've given you a general outline of the service I offer - what else can I add?

EMMA

My readers would be interested in more specific cases.

HOPKIRK

Mmm..this interest from the Press is most gratifying - more specific cases? Mmm..well I suppose my most ambitious fantasy to date was the sinking of the Titanic. Several of my staff had to be resuscitated afterwards. Then there was Hannibal crossing the Alps..an assassination...riding a Derby winner.

EMMA

An assassination!

HOPKIRK

Yes, had several of those ...very difficult to set up.

EMMA

How do you go about an assassination?

HOPKIRK

First we allow our client to select his victim / --a real person..a V.I.P. perhaps...or an important businessman - then we provide our client with this..and put him in a position to use it. We allow him to actually get his victim in his sights and then...

EMMA

Then?

HOPKIRK

He has a fine photograph to commerate the occasion. A camera gun...helps him to get something out of his system - but nobody gets hurt.

Cont.

REEL 3. cont.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM. cont.

EMMA I see....Now Mr. Hopkirk, if I could know a bit more about your clients.

HOPKIRK Clients?

EMMA Vincent East for instance...he is a client of yours?

HOPKIRK Mrs. Peel...I'm afraid that I am unable to discuss individuals - the ethics of my business...my lips are sealed.

EMMA But surely....

HOPKIRK I must insist.

EMMA Oh well..thank you anyway.

HOPKIRK Not at all Mrs. Peel...if if ever you should wish to join the Q.Q.F...a fantasy perhaps?

EMMA No thank you...I haven't yet exhausted reality.

HOPKIRK Pity!
Ah! Mr. Vincent ..ready for your third fantasy..
In a nice murderous mood are we?

INT. HEALTH CENTRE

ARKADI Telephone!
Q.Q.F. May I speak to Mr. East please.
Vincent? Bad news. Bernie has not returned.
Well of course I know what that means. You'll have to kill Hopkirk.

End of Reel.

REEL 4.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

STEED You know what?

EMMA What?

STEED We are getting nowhere fast.

EMMA There's the honey.

STEED Mmmm.

EMMA There has to be a link somewhere, why else would Reed have sent it to you?

STEED Because...I dunno. But one thing's certain, Reed and Westcott weren't killed for a jar of honey.

EMMA Then there's the Q.Q.F.

STEED Quite Quite Fantastic. Well that turned out to be a dead end. So what was Ronnie doing there? I can understand the harem bit. But.....

EMMA Harem?

STEED Yes, that was part of the fantasy Ronnie ordered.

Cont.

REEL 4. cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT. CONT.

EMMA Harem..and Bumble said something about the Barabian Embassy. He made a delivery there.

STEED Barabian Embassy. Harem. Two Agents killed.

EMMA/STEED Snap!!

EMMA Hopkirk sometimes dreams up an assassination.

INT. ARABIAN ROOM.

HOPKIRK Now let's rehearse it again. I am the Crown Prince Ali..and you..his murderer are concealed ..say here. I am perhaps/enjoying/ a quiet smoke...you have not revealed yourself yet. The moment of surprise has yet to come. You hold your gun at the ready..the gun, Vincent, the gun. Now then...you choose your moment well ..and then..up you pop..no no man - you're not putting enough into it. You won't get any satisfaction out of your fantasy unless you put something into it...think...think murderously. Your expression, your whole attitude is too bland...too unconvincing. You wouldn't frighten a fly off a wall. Get a firm grip on the gun... higher...point it at me....here. No, that's not very good..you won't get anywhere unless you concentrate. Fix me with your eye and think to yourself - I am going to kill him. I am going to kill him. Much better...much more real....listic.....!

Fantastic....quite quite fantastic...

STEED Hopkirk...you've arranged another fantasy haven't you?

HOPKIRK One too many I'm afraid.

STEED I mean the assassination of Prince Ali.... when's it to take place?

HOPKIRK Tonight.

EMMA How...?

HOPKIRK Too late.

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI Splendid...quite splendidly detailed. No doubt that if we follow these instructions you will penetrate the security of the Barabian Embassy ...and then..our task is over...Hopkirk certainly knows his business.

VINCENT Knew his business.

ARKADI As you say, my dear Vincent, as you say.

Cont.

REEL 4. continued.

INT. HEALTH CENTRE. cont.

ARKADI

And take your time about it...a sure aim ..
and one nice big bang.

INT. RECEPTION.

Vase is shattered by cricket
ball.

End of Reel.

REEL 5.

INT. RECEPTION.

PRINCE

Well, I think a break for tea is clearly
indicated. Would you like some tea Mr. Steed?

STEED

Thank you.

Gong sounds.

VIZIER

You sommoned me, O Great and High One.

PRINCE

I certainly did. Tea for myself and my
guest Vizier.

VIZIER

Instantly your Royal Highness...

STEED

Well, that is service.

PRINCE

Oh, we don't stand for any laxness, you know.
If they get too idle, we chop off a few of
their toes...gingers them up no end. They're
a couple of my wives...number four and number
...thirty three. Charming girl....cost me a
bag of salt and four goats. I've got lots more
out the back.

STEED

Goats?

PRINCE

Wives. Got to have a lot of them. Matter of
status you see. What was it at the last count?

VIZIER

Three hundred and twenty.

PRINCE

Aha!...I can see your European eyes flashing at
the prospect. But did you ever pause to consider
that a man with three hundred and twenty wives
also acquires three hundred and twenty mothers
-in law.

STEED

That's a very sobering thought.

PRINCE

Very. Now then...I'll have one of these and
one of those.

VIZIER

Yes, Your Royal Highness.

PRINCE

No discomfort?

VIZIER

No, Your Royal Highness

PRINCE

Not even the slightest twinge?

VIZIER

No, Your Royal Highness.

Cont.

REEL 5 cont.

INT. RECEPTION cont.

PRINCE He tastes everything for me...there's always someone trying to pop me off you see..have to be careful. What about you, Mr. Steed... what will you have?

STEED You don't seem to have any honey.

PRINCE Honey! You want honey? Personally I loathe the stuff - but if it's what you want?

STEED No please don't bother. This is fine. So you don't take to it eh? Honey...

PRINCE Never touch the stuff...far too sweet for my taste. My wives though - they love it. I've had to order loads of it while I'm here.

STEED From B. Bumble and Co.

PRINCE That's right. Forty jars of the stuff, another three truck loads this afternoon...

STEED Three trucks..for forty jars this size?

PRINCE Weren't that size, Old Boy, more that size... forty man-sized jars.

STEED Man-sized? May I see them?

PRINCE They're all out there.

STEED Well in that case I'm sure your Majesty won't mind.

PRINCE That's quite impossible Mr. Steed. You can't go in there. No man can, except me. That is my harem.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT.

STEED It suits you - brings out the colour of your eyes.

EMMA No!!

STEED But Mrs. Pecl. Only a woman has any hope of getting into that harem.

EMMA I absolutely refuse.

STEED That's where the killer will be hiding. I'm sure of it - hidden in a honey jar.

EMMA No Steed.

STEED Very well, but if Prince Ali is murdered and you have to go through life thinking "If only I'd agreed to help.....

EMMAa human life could have been saved. Tell me the worst.

STEED The Prince has invited me to dinner tonight.

Cont.

REEL 5 cont.

INT. STEED'S APPARTMENT. cont.

EMMA And you're taking a guest along.

STEED Well not a guest exantly. Tell me Mrs. Peel what size do you take in Turkish trousers?

INT. HEALTH CENTRE.

ARKADI To the last lace hole....try now...that's better ...much better.
I'm afraid I won't be able to smuggle that in.... the search is too rigorous...it should be quite a night. Quite a night.

INT. RECEPTION.

PRINCE For you...because you are my friend..and have found favour in my eyes.

STEED Thank you.

PRINCE It is the left eye of a mountain rat. A very rare delicacy.

STEED I also have a gift for you.

COMMENTATOR (from tape recorder)

...Scott Gordon is at the wicket surveying the field with that marvellous eye of his. Farns Barnes bowls, Scott takes a terrific hook and its gone for a six....a six. Oh No! He's caught at the boundary. He's out! Scott's out for a duck!

STEED That's a full commentary of the last test match.

PRINCE This is most kind - most kind. We are pleased to accept.

STEED It's a twin track..press the other side and you get this.

PRINCE That is charming..makes me quite homesick.

STEED Now quite apart from that, we have some entertainment.

Gong sounds.

ARKADI Your Highness, may I present my compliments.

PRINCE Arkadi. Nice to see you again.

ARKADI It was most gracious of you Sire to invite me. I trust your Highness is in excellent health?

PRINCE Indeed. No sit down.
Oh Mr. Steed, may I present Mr. Arkadi. He is a rival of yours, Arkadi, -Mr. Steed is with the British Government.

ARKADI Then congratulations, you beat us to it.

STEED OH?

PRINCE The oil concessions.

Cont.

REEL 5. cont.

INT. RECEPTION cont.

ARKADI My Government hoped to obtain them, in exchange for our Military protection.

PRINCE Mr. Steed was about to arrange an entertainment for us.

STEED So I was.
Your Majesty, with your permission...may I present the lustrous luminous star of the East - Emma!

Gong sounds.

Emma appears and dances.

PRINCE Mahaba...mahaba...six veils. I counted only six. There is one to go.

STEED She was poorly educated Your Majesty. Alas she cannot count.

PRINCE I would speak with this woman.

STEED Certainly your Majesty.

EMMA What's your party turn...Gizelle?

STEED We don't want of offend the Effendi.
Your Majesty...Emma.

PRINCE Here woman, sit here.

STEED Excuse me.

PRINCE A shy one...but not much...you say?

STEED Retarded your Majesty. Definitely what you'd call retarded.

PRINCE Nevertheless...I offer twelve goats. It is a great deal for just a woman. But I have taken a fancy to her. Yes, I will buy her from you.

STEED But your Majesty, I couldn't possibly....

ARKADI It seems Your Majesty, that the British have no respect for your wishes. Now if it were my government....

STEED I was about to say, Your Majesty, I couldn't possibly accept any...well (any goats for her. No, not the tiniest nanny. If you like her... you take her...she's yours. I give her to you. You can put her into your harem any time you like.

PRINCE It is agreed then...Vizier! Go with him woman. I shall be along later.

End of Reel.

Cont.

EL 6. continued.

P. HAREM.

I
The Prince & Vincent fight. The Prince watches.

PRINCE

NO DIALOGUE.

Get back woman..it's a man! None must look.

VINCENT

No No...it was Arkadi's idea...not me. Arkadi's the man you want!

INT. RECEPTION.

EMMA

Where's Arkadi?

STEED

Gone

EMMA

Well?

STEED

Don't worry...I know where to find him.

PRINCE

My friend..I don't know what this is all about - but clearly you have saved my life. Anything I have is yours. My horses, my jewels, my favourite wife.

EMMA

Steed.

PRINCE

I'll throw in a goat or two as well.

INT. ARAPIAN ROOM.

Arkadi rushes in and searches for his passport and tickets. Sees Emma. As he is about to fire, Emma rubs Aladdin's lamp. With great flash Steed appears and knocks out Arkadi.

EMMA

Well done! Steed?

Steed disappears again. Emma hears knocking under the floor. She rubs lamp and with a great flash - Emma disappears.

FLYING CARPET.

EMMA

Quite nice - though I think I preferred the old automobile.

STEED

Ah the dear old girl...but I can never resist a bargain. They threw in two dozen goats as well. Nannies, of course.

EMMA

Of course.

STEED

And it has extra advantages...it's easy to run, very quiet...floats way above any traffic jam.

EMMA

Just one thing though...brakes. How do you stop it?

STEED

That's a very good question.

They ride off on a lorry piled with carpets.

THE END.

OVER-ALL FOOTAGE:

4,719 ft.

TELEMEM LIMITED.