

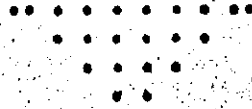
EPISODE NO.4

SERIES 2

THE AVENGERS

FROM VENUS WITH LOVE

DIALOGUE SHEETS



MASTER COPY  
NOT TO BE ISSUED

PREPARED BY:

TELEMEN LIMITED,  
Associated British Productions Ltd.,  
Elstree Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts,  
ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1967.

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:  
INT. COSGROVE'S OBSERVATORY:

COSGROVE:

Hallo . . . . yes . . . . yes . . . .  
what are the co-ordinates. . . . .  
declaration . . . right ascension. .  
right.

Cosgrove moves to window  
and looks through telescope.  
PAN to glass of beer on the  
table. COSGROVE looks through  
telescope at NIGHT SKY.  
ZOOM out from white circle,  
revealing book on desk  
'VENUS OUR SISTER PLANET'.  
Glass of beer, bubbling now,  
is inter-cut with COSGROVE  
who turns and reacts then  
collapses.

NO DIALOGUE

CLOSE SHOT COSGROVE,  
. . . . with white hair.

NO DIALOGUE

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED  
"FROM VENUS WITH LOVE"  
"Steed is shot full of holes  
Emma sees stars".

THE AVENGERS I.D.CARD

COMMENTATOR:

Tonight's episode of THE AVENGERS  
is brought to you by . . . . .

COMMERCIAL BREAK:

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT:

NO DIALOGUE

CLOSE SHOT red heart on  
sacking figure. TRACK back  
revealing EMMA. STEED enters  
holding card which reads:  
"MRS. PEEL, WE'RE NEEDED".

INT. COSGROVE'S OBSERVATORY:

EMMA:

Did he trip or was he pushed.

STEED:

Neither Mrs. Peel. Not a mark on him.  
Ernest Cosgrove... War Ministry.

EMMA:

Important.

STEED:

Up and coming.

EMMA:

His age here says . . . . .  
But from his hair.

STEED:

He looks sixty.  
It happened in the early hours.  
From his notes he was observing Venus.  
He took these.

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EMMA: They're fogged.  
 STEED: Hmm. . . so am I.  
 It's a curious death Mrs. Peel.  
 EMMA: It's the first?  
 STEED: So far. . .

INT. SIR FREDERICK HADLEY'S DEN:

CLOSE ON BOOK 'VENUS OUR SISTER  
 PLANET' lying on table. TRACK  
 BACK revealing SIR FREDERICK.  
 He moves towards door and then  
 goes into TELESCOPE ROOM.  
 HE LOOKS THROUGH TELESCOPE  
 AT NIGHT SKY-telescopic view  
 of VENUS. HE REACTS TO THE  
 INTENSE HEAT AND FINALLY  
 flops back in chair.  
 M.C.S.HADLEY LIFELESS IN THE  
 CHAIR, hair, beard, eyebrows,  
 white.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED: They found him here Mrs. Peel.....  
 EMMA: Oh.....grey.  
 STEED: Snow white. Identical to Cosgrove.  
 EMMA: Any connection.  
 STEED: Keen astronomers..... that's about all.  
 EMMA: Ah, both had their eyes on Venus.  
 STEED: Steed. The film - it's missing.  
 EMMA: It isn't you know.  
 STEED: Ah, think it'll show some bug eyed monster.  
 EMMA: Oh, whatever it was it turned two men white.  
 STEED: Although I shouldn't have thought Hadley  
 would've scared that easily. The business  
 tycoon.... extremely tough.....  
 EMMA: With some remarkable pen friends.  
 STEED: Oh.  
 EMMA: Dear Freddie.....  
 STEED: Freddie.  
 EMMA: Well, Sir Frederick I suppose.  
 STEED: Had a message from Venus. Next meeting  
 Friday the 13th.....  
 EMMA: Very ominous. Any signature?  
 STEED: No.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE.

BERT O.S.

(Singing) ad lib.

EMMA:

Good morning.

BERT:

Good morning.

EMMA:

I'm looking for Bert Smith.

BERT:

Then look no further dear lady for I  
am he. I don't believe . . . .  
. . . . . that -a- I've had the pleasure.

EMMA:

Oh, Peel, Mrs. Emma Peel.

BERT:

How do you do. Huh, you look rather  
well . . . surprised.

EMMA:

I am. Frankly when I read your card. .  
I didn't expect....

BERT:

Ah, it was the name that fooled you.  
Huh, Bert Smith, it always does.  
Huh, actually it's Bertram Fortescue  
Winthrop Smythe.... to be absolutely  
accurate. Had to change it of course.

EMMA:

Of course.

BERT:

Firstly, it was too long to go on the  
card. And such a name is a terrible  
disadvantage in this business. After  
all, whoever heard of anyone having  
their chimney swept by a Fortescue  
Winthrop Smythe, ha! ha!

EMMA:

Ha! Ha! Who indeed.

BERT:

Yes, it's sheer prejudice Mrs. Peel. Yes  
they'll have me in for cocktails...but if  
I so much as go near their chimneys. . .

EMMA:

You're out. . .

BERT:

Ostracised . . .

EMMA:

Social death.

BERT:

Exactly and terribly unfair too. You see,  
sweeping chimneys is all I'm really fitted  
for . . . . It's the only thing I know -  
now - fact . . . family tradition. Man and  
boy we've been chasing up chimneys since  
William the Conqueror. Sir Matthew  
Fortescue Winthrop Smythe was actually  
knighted for services rendered to Queen  
Anne's flus.... ha! ha! but I dally on.

Dear lady, please forgive me. How ill  
mannered of me. I didn't enquire your  
business here. Now is it a maladjusted  
snokestack ?

EMMA:

No.

BERT:

A bothersome burner.

EMMA:

No, it's Sir Frederick Hadley.

BERT:

Old Freddy Hadders. You're a friend of his ?

EMMA:

I met him in a professional capacity.

BERT:

Professional. Oh, well then you must be interested in astronomy.

EMMA:

Desperately.

BERT:

How perfectly marvellous. Then we have something in common.

EMMA:

We have.

BERT:

Yes, yes. Astronomy is my second love.... after chimneys of course. But the two go hand in hand really.

You see in my position, sweeping chimneys . . . the thing I see most of is the sky. Glinting away up there at the top of a jepson brick long flue double burner triple stacked hayes and hayes mark three chimney. A tiny patch of sky. . . what more natural than that I should become interested in astronomy.

EMMA:

It had to happen.

BERT:

Now are you going to become a member of the B.V.S ?

EMMA:

B.V.S?

BERT:

Yes, we all are you know...Freddy . . me . . . all enthusiasts. I'll probably be on watching duty tonight.

EMMA:

Watching what?

BERT:

Oh Venus of course.... for the B.V.S. British Venusian Society.

EMMA:

Oh.

END OF REEL ONE

863 feet 7 frames.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT cross-cutting INT. COUNTRY HOUSE

STEED: (into phone) To the British what ?

EMMA: (into phone) Venusian Society. Hadley. . . Cosgrove . . . and Bertram Fortescous Winthrop Smythe. They're all members. They do some sort of nightly watch. Did you get that print from Hadley's camera.?

STEED: (into phone) Huh, funny you should ask... most peculiar. It looks like a fireball charging through outer space.

EMMA: (into phone) Well, can't you enlarge it up. Hold on.

EMMA RE-ACTS AND DROPS PHONE THEN LOOKS AT BERT SMITH LYING DEAD IN FIREPLACE.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED: (into phone) Mrs. Peel.

STEED: (O.S. thru phone) Mrs. Peel. . . . Mrs. Peel.

INT/EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE:

EMMA moves to door and exits. NO DIALOGUE  
She comes out of house and re-acts to the glowing white bright light. (Laser beam).

EMMA gets into her car and drives away.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: British Venusian Society.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. BRITISH VENUSIAN SOCIETY

CRAWFORD: Venus, a man called Steed's arrived.

VENUS: Does he look interesting ?

CRAWFORD: Extremely.

VENUS: Then show him in, Mr. Crawford... show him in.

CRAWFORD: This way Mr. Steed.

VENUS: I am Venus Browne. Secretary of the British Venusian Society.

STEED: How do you do I'm John Steed.

VENUS: You have a beautiful golden aura.

STEED: How very nice of you to say so.

VENUS: Find yourself a comfortable seat, Mr. Steed.

STEED:

Oh, thank you.

VENUS:

I understand you wish to apply . . .

STEED:

To apply for membership.

VENUS:

We are a very small select group.

STEED:

Good. I abhor overcrowding.

VENUS:

With stringent rules.

STEED:

I shall obey them stringently.

VENUS:

And a very high subscription.

STEED:

The sky's the limit - a - to coin a phrase.

CRAWFORD:

We're not composed of elderly eccentrics  
Mr. Steed.

STEED:

I can see that.

CRAWFORD:

We choose our membership with great care.

STEED:

Good.

VENUS:

You are a keen astronomer ?

STEED:

Dedicated. I put my baby teeth on a  
telescope.

VENUS:

Your occupation.

STEED:

Following father's footsteps. He spent  
his life depositing money. I spend mine  
withdrawing it.

VENUS:

How lovely.

CRAWFORD:

You're familiar with our activities  
Mr. Steed.

STEED:

Err., some of them... but - a - do go on.  
Tell me all about.....

CRAWFORD:

Well firstly we oppose the present space  
programme.

STEED:

I didn't realise we had one.

VENUS:

But we shall Mr. Steed, we shall.

CRAWFORD:

And our efforts won't be squandered on  
the moon. Our target is the planet Venus.  
There's evidence it could support life.

VENUS:

We believe it does.

CRAWFORD:

For years we've detected radio signals.

STEED:

From Venus ?

CRAWFORD:

From that direction.

VENUS:

Our members keep watch every night for any signs of life.

STEED:

Oh good. Have they spotted anything.

CRAWFORD:

Some flashes of white light.

VENUS:

Behind those clouds Mr. Steed are beings.

STEED:

I hope they have a friendly aura.

VENUS:

Who can say.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

EMMA'S CAR TRAVELLING. SHE RE-ACTS TO BRIGHT LIGHT. SCARECROW IN FIELD BURSTS INTO FLAMES. EMMA REACTS THEN DRIVES ON. SHE STOPS, GETS OUT OF CAR AND RUNS TOWARDS THE BARN TO THE FLASHING WHITE LIGHT. SHE ENTERS BARN AND LOOKS INTO MIRROR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BRITISH VENUSIAN SOCIETY

STEED:

But to launch a private space programme would take enormous capital.

VENUS:

Indeed it will. We can't hope to compete with the major powers. Our aim's a small satellite.

STEED:

But you'd need the know how.

VENUS:

Which we have. I was trained at Joderell Bank. Mr. Crawford is a radio astronomer. And then of course there are a host of others.

STEED:

Yes, but the cost...

CRAWFORD:

Venus is extremely persuasive. We've acquired the backing of the Cuthbert Foundation.....

STEED:

You must be persuasive.

VENUS:

We also lean heavily upon our members.

STEED:

Well - a - I have a broad aura.

VENUS:

We will gladly accept a contribution Mr. Steed but after your election.... First you must have an eye test.

STEED:

An eye test. . .

VENUS:

One false sighting could discredit the society.

STEED:

But I'm a first class shot.

VENUS:

No exceptions Mr. Steed. Now I suggest you visit our Dr. Primble.

STEED:

Primble.



INT. BARN

EMMA enters and looks around.  
Re-acts to noise and laser  
beam. Bales of hay fall.  
Emma moves to outside.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. BARN cross-cutting with  
INT. STEED'S APARTMENT.

EMMA: (into phone)

STEED.

STEED: (into phone)

Oh, Mrs. Peel, now where've you been?

EMMA: (into phone)

Chasing an unidentified object.  
That's the vernacular, isn't it?

STEED: (into phone)

An unidentified object?

EMMA: (into phone)

A sphere....a ball of bright light....  
a thing.

STEED: (into phone)

Ah - from outer space.

EMMA: (into phone)

Ah, you're not trapping me into an  
opinion. It was very very strange,  
unlike anything I've ever seen before.  
If it's facts you want, our gentleman  
sweep is dead. Even the soot was white.

STEED: (into phone)

Well his was one of five names on a duty  
roster at the B.V.S. Now three of them are  
dead. You'd better get to the other two  
before anybody else does. Start with Mansford.

EMMA: (into phone)

And you?

STEED: (into phone)

I'm going to have my eyes tested.

INT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

NO DIALOGUE

STEED waiting in surgery-  
moves to door marked  
DR. HENRY PRIMBLE and  
walks through.

PRIMBLE O.S.

Stay where you are.

STEED:

Dr. Primble I presume.

PRIMBLE:

You presume right.

STEED:

What are you looking for?

PRIMBLE:

Oh, contact lenses. . . . .

STEED:

Is that it?

PRIMBLE:

Yes, that's it.  
Ah, my glasses. Oh, thank you.  
Well - a - much obliged Mr. . . . er

STEED:

Steed.

PRIMBLE:

Steed... Steed. Have you an appointment?

STEED:

No.

PRIMBLE:

Then I can't see you.  
I never see anyone without an appointment.

STEED:

Can I make one ?

PRIMBLE:

Oh certainly.

STEED:

How about today - at two forty-five.?

PRIMBLE:

Oh that suits me fine... take a seat.

EXT. VAULT DOOR

JENNINGS:

I'm so sorry Mrs. Peel. I'm afraid you've just missed Lord Mansford.

EMMA:

When do you expect him back ?

JENNINGS:

He isn't out. He's in the vault perusing his art treasures. . . . security . . . . it's a time lock . . . Nobody gets in and he can't get out until the clock strikes three.

INT. VAULT

Lord Mansford perusing painting.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. VAULT DOOR

Emma & Jennings waiting.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

PRIMBLE:

From the top if you please.

STEED:

Trilby - homburg - bowler - cap - jockey  
porkpie - topper - boater - busby - fes.

PRIMBLE:

Bravo. Excellent.

STEED:

That's what I told Miss Browne.

PRIMBLE:

We're not through yet.

PRIMBLE:

So you hope to join us Mr. Steed.

STEED:

Can't wait.

PRIMBLE:

Look up - down - left - right. Have you seen Miss Browne's new book, VENUS OUR SISTER PLANET.

STEED:

I've got it on order.

PRIMBLE:

It's become the bible to our society. Though I must confess I find it a trifle disconcerting.

STEED:

Oh, in what way. ?

PRIMBLE:

Well if there is life on Venus, it certainly isn't as we know it. It's hot up there, very hot.

STEED: Too hot for humans.?

PRIMBLE: Precisely. Though of course life can exist in many forms. Solid . . liquid . . gas. I plump for gas - a very fiery gas.

EXT. VAULT DOOR

EMMA & JENNINGS  
waiting outside. NO DIALOGUE

INT. VAULT DOOR

MANSFORD perspiring. NO DIALOGUE

INT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

PRIMBLE: Eyes perfect Mr. Steed. Welcome to the fold.

STEED: Um.

PRIMBLE: And - a - on the cover - her impression of Venus.

STEED: How extraordinary.

PRIMBLE: Where did you get these ?

STEED: Taken with an astro-camera last night. What is it Doctor ?

PRIMBLE: I warned them . . Venus . . Crawford . . I warned them all.

STEED: What about ?

PRIMBLE: This probe to Venus. If you plan to invade a strange world. They might follow suit and invade us. Perhaps they already have.

INT. VAULT

MANSFORD reacting to heat and bright laser beam.

EXT. VAULT DOOR/INT. VAULT

JENNINGS & : NO DIALOGUE  
EMMA move towards Mansford.  
They react.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

COMMENTATOR: "THE AVENGERS WILL CONTINUE FOLLOWING THIS PAUSE FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION".

ABC IDENTIFICATION CARD

AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

END OF REEL THREE 778 ft.10 frames.

INT. VAULT

EMMA: They were taken by a security camera in the vault door.

STEED: Oh, Striking.

EMMA: Very....

STEED: Through six inches of solid steel. Now what could have done that?

EMMA: Something did.

STEED: Venusians.

EMMA: Well we've got to the moon....somethings bound to make a return visit some day. Has anything leaked out.

STEED: Not a word. Complete security block.

EMMA: The last man on duty watch - Brigadier Whitehead....did you get him?

STEED: I tried to....but his 'phone's off the hook.

INT. WHITEHEAD'S STUDY

WHITEHEAD: Well -  
As you can hear, gentlemen, zero hour is approaching. Invasion is imminent. We must counter-attack without delay...now you've all received your operational orders... You Major Collins, you will lead the first battalion. You Captain Smith, you will follow through with the second...and you Lieutenant, you will command the support company. Right, well that's all gentlemen....Good Luck...

WHITEHEAD: (Into Mike) As my Officers departed, I drove hurriedly to the front. Shells were bursting all around us. Suddenly...suddenly...the guns stopped firing. There was complete silence....

VENUS: Brigadier .....

WHITEHEAD: Blast....

VENUS: I tried the door bell. Sorry if I'm intruding...but your 'phone's off the hook.

WHITEHEAD: Yes, I knew....

VENUS: Oh, still on your memoirs....

WHITEHEAD: Yes...er...it's my new Long Player. "The Invasion of Italy"....look, you - you must excuse me...

WHITEHEAD: (Into Mike) Just landed at Catania, when messenger drove up.....I tore open the Dispatch... news was bad...I'd lost my Battalion Commander. I had to reach 'O' Group. I grabbed the bike from the messenger

INT. WHITEHEAD'S STUDY

WHITEHEAD: (CONTINUED)  
(Into Mike)

and roared off to Headquarters. Suddenly, a grenade exploded. I jumped for cover...

WHITEHEAD:

Can I get you a drink?

VENUS:

I'd rather have a contribution.

WHITEHEAD:

What another?

VENUS:

If we're to launch our satellite...

WHITEHEAD:

You've already had 20,000, you know...

VENUS:

Which didn't quite pay the fuel bill.

WHITEHEAD:

Huh...well, pay a few of mine... what...(laughs)

VENUS:

(Laughs)...Now, Brigadier...

WHITEHEAD: (Interrupts)

Now, now...I'm sorry. I refuse to dip any deeper until I've had a peep at the accounts.

VENUS:

The accounts.

WHITEHEAD:

Yes, the Treasury Report...Hadley and Mansford are of the same mind. We'd like to know where the money's going, you know.

VENUS:

Well, where do you think it's going?

WHITEHEAD:

Well, that's what we'd like to know.

VENUS:

We'll discuss it later.

WHITEHEAD:

Er...oh, Venus...er..look. I...er...can't manage duty watch tonight. Battle of Palermo....nearly bought it there. Had the luck of the Devil.

VENUS:

Well, I hope it stays with you - the second time around?

WHITEHEAD:

Damn hot in here to-day...like the ruddy tropics....

EXT. WHITEHEAD'S HOUSE

Venus comes out of house. STEED drives up. He watches Venus as she walks down drive. Steed moves towards house, reacts to o.s. gun shots.

INT. WHITEHEAD'S STUDY

WHITEHEAD: (into mike)

I was up to my waist in mud. Blinded and choked by smoke, and somewhat hampered by a severe shoulder wound. Nevertheless I reached for a grenade which was just within my grasp.

INT. WHITEHEAD'S STUDY. (continued)

WHITEHEAD (into mike)

And pulled the pin with my teeth,  
hurling the grenade into the enemy  
dug-out.  
The enemy were still advancing when . . .

EXT. WHITEHEAD'S HOUSE/INTER-CUT WITH INT. STUDY.

STEED stands by entrance.  
WHITEHEAD re-acts to light flashing.  
Falls back. STEED comes into the  
room, looks around reacting to  
the scene.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED switches on tape  
recorder:

WHITEHEAD'S VOICE:

The enemy were still advancing when . . .

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED:

Care for a drink ?

EMMA:

What on earth was all that about ?

STEED:

The swan song of one Brigadier Whitehead.  
Officer Gentleman deceased. Exit Brigadier  
Whitehead.

EMMA:

Whiteheaded ?

STEED:

The pattern as before.

WHITEHEAD'S VOICE  
(Recording)

The enemy were still advancing when . . . .

STEED:

He died as he lived. In the thick of battle.  
Bravely facing the enemy.

EMMA:

An enemy without a face.

STEED:

He made some very funny noises.

EMMA:

I never heard anything like it before,  
did you ?

STEED:

Can't say I did.

EMMA:

Well it narrows down the list of people  
watching Venus.

STEED:

There's always me. I'm a fully fledged  
member of the B.V.S. I've volunteered  
for watching duty.

EMMA:

I thought it was part of your policy never  
to volunteer for anything.

STEED:

Yes - but you volunteered to return the  
recording to Venus Browne -  
I thought I'd volunteer.

EMMA:

It's got to be telepathy.

INT. BRITISH VENUSIAN SOCIETY

VENUS: Where did you get this ?

EMMA: It was sent to my newspaper by a close associate. Together with these photographs. It was suggested we were being invaded by Venus.

VENUS: That is quite possible Mrs. Peel. But well, photographs can be faked.

EMMA: That's why I've come to see you. You're an expert in this field. What's your view.

VENUS: I couldn't say without a second opinion. Oh dear, it's very hot in here. Excuse me a moment.

I'll call our Mr. Crawford. He's an expert in radio astronomy  
The tape is more in his line.

VENUS (into phone) Mr. Crawford. Venus. There's something I'd like you to listen to.

Well, what do you think ? Oh - oh  
I see. Well how soon could you be here.  
Very well.

VENUS: He can't tell over the phone.

VENUS & EMMA react  
to bright light.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END OF REEL FOUR

886' 6 frames.

EXT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

Establishing shot

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

PRIMBLE:

And you say five of our members....  
Hadley....Cosgrove....Mansford....

STEED:

And Smith and Brigadier Whitehead  
and an attack on Miss Browne.

PRIMBLE:

.....Have you seen these men ?

STEED

Yes, they died of shock. Their hair  
and clothes bleached with an intense  
light.

PRIMBLE:

Then I was right. The Venusians  
are here.

STEED:

Well nothing's been reported from  
Radar Control.

PRIMBLE:

If they're composed of gas, they'd  
never be detected. They could be  
travelling with the speed of light.

STEED:

In an extra terrestrial vehicle.....  
an unidentified object.

PRIMBLE:

Possibly.

STEED:

Well thank you for your help.....must  
go now. I'm on duty tonight.....  
observing Venus....

CLOSE SHOT PLANET VENUS

NO DIALOGUE

INT. COSGROVE'S OBSERVATORY

STEED: (Into Phone)

Ah, Mrs. Peel. Yes, all set up.  
Any luck with the tape?

EMMA: (Into 'Phone)

Not yet. We're expecting Crawford.  
He's certainly taking his time. Don't  
worry, I shan't let Venus out of my  
sight.

STEED: (Into 'Phone)

Me neither...

STEED:

How's it going old chap...

STEED pours drink.  
Picks up book and  
sits down. Re-acts  
to noise, liquid  
boiling and flash of  
bright light. Dummy  
bursts into flames.

NO DIALOGUE

PRIMBLE:

Steed, Steed, did you see it? That  
flash of light. It came from the  
cemetery....



INT. CEMETERY

STEED: Doctor.....Doctor Primble...  
Doctor Primble...

STEED re-acts to  
flash of light

NO DIALOGUE

PRIMBLE: Steed.....Steed.....Steed.....  
The Venusians - I told you - They're  
here. They've landed....

CLARKE: Earth's still warm.

STEED: It was a lot warmer a little while back,  
Professor. Hot enough to carbonise...

CLARKE: Need a temperature of at least two  
thousand degrees to do this.

STEED: Really....

CLARKE: Wasn't a flame thrower. Nothing  
volatile.

STEED: I saw a flash of white light.

CLARKE: A flash of white light...Hm....

STEED: It had a partiality to gravestones if  
that's any help.

CLARKE: And Doctor Primble....did he see anything?

STEED: He was badly shocked. His descriptions  
vary. But Mrs. Peel says she swears that  
she saw some kind of space craft. It  
was silver....er.....mirrored...

CLARKE: Mirrored....ah, ah....mirrored. Well  
needn't bother with this, but I would like  
to hear this recording.

STEED: Yes - it's in my car....

INT. B.V.S.

CRAWFORD: I'm sorry I was so long, the Ministry  
called. Primble was attacked. By  
Venusians he said. Steed too....it  
may interest you to know he's from the  
authorities.

VENUS: The authorities?

CRAWFORD: So's your Mrs. Peel.

ELLA: Oh, dear....

CRAWFORD:

Not just yet Mrs. Peel. I don't believe in this invasion anymore than you.

EMMA:

Or Venusians...

CRAWFORD:

Come now, Mrs. Peel, does any one really know what's up there. On Venus or Mars... or even the Moon. Discoveries always begin as a guessing game. We may be right. We may be wrong. If you don't explore, you don't find out. But we shall one day. Our funds are growing fast...

EMMA:

While your membership dwindles... This is becoming a habit...

CRAWFORD:

That tape you brought. I'd like to hear it.

EMMA:

Recognise the sound, Mr. Crawford?

CRAWFORD:

I most certainly do, Mrs. Peel .....

EXT. STEED'S CAR

CLARKE:

It's the sound of light amplification of stimulated emission of radiation.

STEED:

In a word of two syllables - a Laser Beam.

INT. B.V.S.

EMMA:

A Laser Beam...of course...it has a bleaching effect and boils liquids...

CRAWFORD:

Plus a very distinctive sound...

EMMA:

Where are they used?

EXT. STEED'S CAR

CLARKE:

All over the place....dentistry.... communications....eye surgery....

INT. B.V.S.

EMMA:

Eye Surgery!

EXT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY/  
INT. GARAGE

NO DIALOGUE

EMMA drives up. Walks around house and breaks into garage. Re-acts to discovering the car.

MARTIN enters, they fight

AD LIB GROANS

INT. PRIMBLE'S GARAGE

PRIMBLE:

. . . . and who is this ?

MARTIN:

The one at the farm...her name's Mrs. Peel....friend of Steed.

PRIMBLE:

Hm. And what are we doing here Mrs. Peel?

EMMA:

Well, I haven't come here for an eye test.

PRIMBLE:

And does Steed know you're here?

EMMA:

I consider that a highly personal question.

PRIMBLE:

Martin, I think the scientific approach. It's held us in good stead...

END OF REEL FIVE

891 ft. 2 frames.

INT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

PRIMBLE:

Yes Mrs. Peel - - - - A Laser.  
But a rather advanced model which I'm  
sure you'd like to see in action.  
There's just one thing - Steed -  
how much does he know.

EMMA:

He's in the book, who don't you call him.

PRIMBLE:

Martin, we've been hoping for a guinea pig,  
I think we've found one.

EXT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

STEED ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE.INT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

PRIMBLE:

Excellent.

EMMA:

Not from where I'm sitting.

PRIMBLE:

Ah, a sense of humour . . . admirable.  
Mine vanished when the Cuthbert foundation  
began diverting its funds . . . from medical  
research to the Society's Space Project.  
I couldn't beat them, so I joined them.  
And now I've almost destroyed them.

EMMA:

With Venusians as an alibi.

PRIMBLE:

An original one, you'll admit.

EMMA:

That's about all I will admit.

PRIMBLE:

You know, this model's remarkably accurate.  
It can drill holes in diamonds and goes through  
steel plate like butter. . . .  
but as for living tissue . . . .  
we shall just have to experiment.

EMMA RE-ACTS TO  
LASER BEAM

PRIMBLE:

Feeling more co-operative ?

EMMA:

No, I feel positively stubborn.

PRIMBLE:

Your last chance Mrs. Peel. You've seen  
what it does to people.

EMMA:

Well it's quicker than a peroxide rinse.

PRIMBLE:

Very well.

STEED ENTERS AND  
FIGHT SEQUENCE STARTS

AD LIB GROANS.

EMMA:

Primble!

PRIMBLE:

Aaaaahhh!

STEED:

It's all done with mirrors.

INT. PRIMBLE'S SURGERY

EMMA: Aah, aah, thank you Steed. Are you ready ?

STEED: My hat.

EMMA: Hey!!  
Might catch on.

STEED: You think so. . . .

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: Won't be a minute, Steed.

STEED: No hurry.

EMMA: You know it's a pity about Primble. He could have made a fortune out of his laser device.

STEED: What with the communications business.

EMMA: The laundry business. Just think of all those white white shirts.

STEED: Ha, Ha, do a very good job on my lemon spot pyjamas. Hungry ?

EMMA: One meal away from malnutrition.

STEED: We're having dinner on Venus.

EMMA: On Venus ?

STEED: Venus Browne. Her Society's so delighted with us they're giving us a slap up dinner. Oh you didn't really think we were gonna have . . . .

EMMA: I saw my oufs in orbit.

STEED: Ha! Ha! dinner amid the stars. A table for two overlooking the galactic sea. Or a big crater or something or other. And the head waiter, beady eyes, looming over us.

EMMA: But none of your favourite wine.

STEED: No wine ?

EMMA: Not up there. You know your claret doesn't travel.

SPONSERS MESSAGE

END TITLES

END OF REEL SIX 575ft. 6 frames.

OVER-ALL LENGTH 4663 ft. 8 frames.

Prepared by: THE END  
 TELEFEN LIMITED,  
 A.B.P. STUDIOS, BOREHAM WOOD, HERTS.

JANUARY 1967

19.1.67.

TO ALL CONCERNED:

TELETYPE UNIT LIST

Further additions:

WARDROBE ASSISTANT	GLADYS JAMES	2 Malden Road Borehamwood Herts. ELSTREE 1278
PRODUCTION SECRETARY	CAROLINE LANGLEY	44 Stanhope Gardens South Kensington London SW7. FREMANTLE 6467
ASST. TO SET DRESSER	SIMON WAKEFIELD	9a Allen Street London, W8. Messages: FREMANTLE 2149
MAKEUP	BASIL NEWALL	"Four Acres" Sand Pit Hill Cholesbury Nr. Tring Herts. CHOLESBURY 515
ASSOC. ART DIRECTOR	HERBERT SMITH	309 Fulham Palace Rd. London, SW6. RENOWN 5647
MAKEUP ARTIST	SYLVIA CROFT	34 Thurloe Court Chelsea London SW3. KNIGHTSBRIDGE 0723
<u>Page 5:</u>		
HAIRDRESSER	JEANNETTE FREEMAN	47 Canberra Road Charlton London, SE7. GREENWICH 1596

Amendments

Page 4: Ken Tait - capacity is now ART DIRECTOR

Page 6: Telephone number for Lionel Selwyn should read WATFORD 43546