

EPISODE NO. 1

SERIES 2

THE AVENGERS

THE FEAR MERCHANTS

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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PREPARED BY:

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

FEBRUARY, 1967

MAIN TITLES

EXT. WEMBLEY STADIUM

Meadows awakens and reacts to empty stadium.

FX CROWD CHEERING

EPISODE TITLE superimposed over Meadows's head on the grass.

AVENGERS I.D. CARD

AMERICAN COMMENTATOR:

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

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA enters and STEED follows.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

STEED:

Richard Meadows . . . found at Wembley Stadium in his pyjamas.

EMMA:

Maybe he sleepwalks.

STEED:

Some walk. He resides in Birmingham . . . now that's a hundred . . and . . er . . . .

EMMA:

Thirteen miles away . . . so he went to bed in Birmingham.

STEED:

And woke up in Wembley. He's deranged . . a complete mental wreck.

EMMA:

What's he do ?

STEED:

He runs English Earthenware. Now that's one of our top dollar earners . . but it won't run without him.

EMMA:

That could be the trouble . . . the pressure of big business . . . he wouldn't be the first.

STEED:

How right you are Mrs. Peel . . he isn't the first. John Tyler, found on top of a mountain.

EMMA:

In his pyjamas ?

STEED:

And dressing gown. David Wallace, found on a raft in the English Channel.

EMMA:

In his bathing suit.

STEED:

Dinner jacket and umberbund.

INT. GYMNASIUM

Martin Fox and Saunders  
using gym apparatus.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. LOCKER ROOM

Martin Fox reacts  
to mouse.

Cries and whimpers.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

EMMA: It's the same old pattern.

STEED: His name is Fox. Went berserk in a gymnasium,  
scared out of his wits.

EMMA: By what ?

STEED: A mouse.

EMMA: A mouse!

STEED: Been known to stampede a herd of elephants.

EMMA: Martin Fox, director of Fox, White and Crawley.

STEED: They make bone china. . . .

EMMA: Meadows ran English Earthenware.  
Right . . . and Tyler's Company produces . . . .

STEED: Pottery.

EMMA: And Wallace ?

STEED: The same line, ceramics.

EMMA: It is the same old pattern.

STEED: Almost. They ran one man concerns. Fox has  
two fellow directors.

EMMA: Mr. White and . . . .

INT. FOX, WHITE & CRAWLEY

STEED: Mr. Crawley.

CRAWLEY: Yes.  
I'm Crawley, Fox White & Crawley, Bone China.

STEED: How do you do.

CRAWLEY: Your name is ?

STEED: Steed . . . John Steed, C.P.C. . . Central  
Productivity Council.

CRAWLEY: Oh, sorry to have kept you. Some darned chap  
dropped in from some market research firm  
asking a lot of pointless questions. Upset  
the entire morning.

STEED: WLEN

I'll be brief Mr. Crawley. If we're to compete in world markets we must reduce wastage, eliminate bottle necks, increase productivity. The Prime Minister agrees with me... er... Now if you have any problems.

CRAWLEY:

We've a problem all right. Just lost one of our directors, Fox.

STEED:

Managerial dispute ?

CRAWLEY:

Sudden breakdown... extraordinary. No indication... yesterday he was as right as rain.

STEED:

Will it affect production ?

CRAWLEY:

Of course... Fox was the expert in fine glazing. Very difficult to replace. Excuse me Mr. Steed, my secretary.

CRAWLEY:

Yes.

SECRETARY (on distort)

Your car has arrived Mr. Crawley.

CRAWLEY:

I'll be right down. You'll have to excuse me Mr. Steed. I have an urgent appointment. I must find a replacement for Fox. Ah, White... Mr. Steed, Central Productivity Council. Now you're late. I wanted to go through these figures.

WHITE:

Got held up. Some chap from market research.

CRAWLEY:

Oh, you too.

WHITE:

I couldn't see him, so he left a questionnaire. There's been some trouble at the kiln.

CRAWLEY:

What's wrong ?

WHITE:

I wouldn't know. That was Fox's territory. Needs an expert eye.

CRAWLEY:

Let's hope we can find one.

STEED:

Oh thank you.

EXT. FACTORY:

Crawley drives away in ROLLS and Steed finds chauffeur's body on ground.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED'S CAR travelling.  
CRAWLEY'S ROLLS travelling.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ROLLS ROYCE

Crawley on back seat.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Steed's car, travelling, then stops.

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL ONE

801 ft. 11 frames.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

CRAWLEY'S ROLLS  
travelling, inter-cutting  
with Crawley in back of  
car, then ROLLS accelerating.

NO DIALOGUEINT. CRAWLEY'S ROLLS

CRAWLEY: Williams, Williams . . . Williams.  
Williams!  
What are you doing?  
You know my limit's forty-five.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

ROLLS SPEEDING.

CRAWLEY'S VOICE: Williams.

INT. CRAWLEY'S ROLLS/intercutting with P.O.V. COUNTRY ROAD.

CRAWLEY: Williams. Slow down.  
Williams! Stop. Stop!  
Williams. Williams -  
you know I can't . . . Stop!  
Williams.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Car stops. Chauffeur  
gets out. Crawley  
slumped in back of car.

NO DIALOGUECOMMERCIAL BREAKEXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED: Mrs. Peel!  
EMMA: Found something?  
STEED: Magnificent, isn't it? Aluminium,  
eight cylinder, twin exhaust.  
EMMA: Seven thousand c.c. Nine to one compression  
ratio. . . .  
STEED: Do a hundred and twenty miles an hour at  
least, wouldn't you say?  
EMMA: Hmm. I would judging by those skid marks.  
STEED: Really?  
EMMA: Well they run for at least eighty yards.  
Take a look.  
EMMA: Steed! Steed!

INT. CRAWLEY'S CAR

STEED: In here, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Ah!

STEED: "X" Marks the spot.

EMMA: Crawley?

STEED: Found right here. . . shattered, broken and witless. Indian or China?

EMMA: Coffee.

STEED: Coffee it is.

EMMA: Well. . . with Fox, Meadows and Crawley gone.

STEED: That leaves Mr. White. One lump or two?

EMMA: Mmmm . . .

STEED: A clue?

EMMA: An offer. . . from somebody called Jeremy Raven.

STEED: Oh, an offer of what?

EMMA: Rising costs would suggest a merger of the following companies . . . A merger.

STEED: Of which companies?

EMMA: Those controlled by Richard Meadows . . .

STEED: Oh! He was the one found in a football stadium.

EMMA: John Tyler. .

STEED: On top of a mountain.

EMMA: David Wallace. . .

STEED: On a raft in the middle of the channel.

EMMA: And Fox, White and Crawley.

STEED: Let me have a look.  
. . . I await your reply with interest . . .  
Jeremy Raven, Director, British Porcelain. . .  
Jeremy Raven.

EMMA: I'd be very interested to discover just what Crawley's reply was.

STEED: Oh, it's probably in the files, at Fox, White and Crawley.

INT. OUTER OFFICE, FOX WHITE & CRAWLEY.  
INTER-CUTTING WITH INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE.

Emma enters the outer office,  
looks around, flips inter-com  
switch.

WHITE (o.s.) on distort.

You're lucky to find me...two of my colleagues  
have been taken ill.

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE inter-cutting with  
OUTER OFFICE. FOX, WHITE & CRAWLEY.

WHITE: Now what did I do with the questionnaire . . . here somewhere. Ah, yes, here we are . . . I hope that's all right.

GILBERT: (o.s.) You haven't completed section twelve.

WHITE: Oh haven't I ?

WHITE: (on distort) Oh yes, I see. Do you dislike animals ?

WHITE: That's an odd question. Well I don't dislike them all, but I do have an aversion to . . . Oh blast! My pen's run out of ink.

GILBERT: Try mine . . .

WHITE: Thank you.

WHITE: (on distort) These questions on my childhood . . . are they relevant ?

GILBERT: If they weren't, they wouldn't be there.

WHITE: All right.

WHITE: (on distort) You market research people certainly probe don't you.

WHITE: Did you hear something ?

GILBERT: No . . .

WHITE: I'll just check.

WHITE investigates in the outer office and returns to the Director's Office and reacts to Gilbert's disappearance.

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU.

GILBERT: White's questionnaire duly completed.

PEMBERTON: Thank you Gilbert. As President of a Business Efficiency Bureau I abhor complacency, but a well chosen compliment stimulates enthusiasm. Congratulations Dr. Voss, your diagnosis of Crawley was excellent.

VOSS: I receive an excellent remuneration Mr. Pemberton.

PEMBERTON: You too, Gilbert, for dispatching Crawley with such speed.

GILBERT: I enjoyed the drive.

PEMBERTON: I gather he didn't.

GILBERT: A trifle car sick.

PEMBERTON:

Into the dead file. Now to our Mr. . . .

GILBERT:

White. He's the junior Director of . . .

PEMBERTON:

Fox, White and Crawley. Hmm. Your conclusions Gilbert ?

GILBERT:

Mmmm very unstable character. . . ideal for our purposes. As you can see, his father was an ornithologist.

PEMBERTON:

I see . . . Doctor . . . ?

DR. VOSS:

Hmmm. White looks most promising. Infantile hand, regressive personality. . . and these replies indicate a very definite panic area.

PEMBERTON:

Then confirm it at once. I want White disposed of immediately.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED:

You found out nothing ?

EMMA:

Hmmm. Nothing in the files of Fox, White and Crawley, not even the courtesy of a reply.

STEED:

Well that won't please Raven. He wanted to set up a monopoly.

EMMA:

I should think it positively displeased him.

STEED:

Well, I must go and don a new disguise and - a - you keep an eye on White.

EMMA:

And you cast an eye over Raven.

STEED:

I intend to.

END OF REEL TWO

650 feet 3 frames.



INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY

RAVEN: Ah, the lesser billed white throated crimson nighthawk.

STEED: Charming, quite charming.

RAVEN: Not quite charming enough Mr. Steed.

I can't stand the slightest flaw.....  
Majolica....alkaline glaze.

STEED: Exquisite.

RAVEN: But I aim at unparalleled excellence...

STEED: Well, Mr. Raven I .....

RAVEN: Jeremy please .....

STEED: Well, Jeremy, I.....

RAVEN: Since I took over I personally inspect every piece.....

STEED: Er - may I say that you're extremely young to run a place of this size.

RAVEN: Youth at the helm and all that.....  
Oh, I don't deny I've inherited a great tradition. Also some pretty archaic methods, but we'll soon change all that.  
Oh, yes indeed. Do you know my motto?

STEED: Do tell.

RAVEN: Creation by automation. A classic piece in every home. Here....Now then, you name it - I'll make it....Grecian Urn ...Corinthian vase?.....Minyan jar?.... or do you prefer Chinese....Florentine... Persian....Very well...stand clear. Still in the experimental stage....Now before long we shall cover the entire field of ceramics. Capture world markets.

STEED: Which brings me to the point of my visit. Now if you would Mr. Raven....er...Jeremy...

RAVEN: Monopolies Commission.

STEED: I'm just a minor official.....

RAVEN: Well, you're certainly monopolising my time, Mr. Steed.

STEED: Oh, please carry on.

It's about this letter you sent, suggesting the formation of United Ceramics.

RAVEN: Oh, darn good idea, don't you think? Pool knowledge, reduce overheads...cut costs....and what's the result?

STEED: You corner the market.

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY

RAVEN: True, true, but the customer gets the best at the cheapest price. Oh, excuse me. Oh, you've had a wasted journey Mr. Steed, my offer was rejected by one and all.

STEED: Oh?

RAVEN: ~~(Stammering)~~ They're...They're...dunderheads'. No more foresight than that damned thing.

STEED: That's very decorative. You say everyone turned down your offer to merge.

RAVEN: They did indeed.

STEED: Fox, White & Crawley?

RAVEN: Unanimously.....Excuse me.

STEED: Yes, old dishards! They said modernisation'd ruin craftsmanship....Well has it?.... I ask you.....has it?

RAVEN: I agree.

STEED: Ahh'. Mr. Steed. That's perfection.

RAVEN: Persian?

STEED: Well, as I said - in the experimental stage.

RAVEN: Well, your sales are certainly rocketing.

STEED: New promotion techniques....only way to survive. Otherwise you soon fall by the wayside.

RAVEN: A few of your competitors already have.

STEED: It's a highly competitive business. Show the slightest weakness....and you crack. A simple matter of elimination.

RAVEN: Elimination!

STEED: To coin a phrase.....the secret is to survive, Mr. Steed.

RAVEN: You seem to have found it Jeremy.

STEED: Indeed I have.

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

PEWERTON: Well?

VOSS: We have the key to White's destruction.

INT. CAR/EXT. ROAD

GILBERT driving along road. Cage on seat beside him.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

WHITE walks into the outer office

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FOX, WHITE & CRAWLEY

GILBERT removing covered cage from car

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

WHITE terrified by bird falls through glass window.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. DRIVEWAY

EMMA arrives. Sees White's body.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Emma investigating.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. OUTER OFFICE

Display rack pushed towards Emma

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

Emma finds black feather

NO DIALOGUE

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED:

A feather....a solitary feather.

EMMA:

An empty bird cage....and one Mr.White .....extremely dead.

STEED:

He fell out of the window.

EMMA:

Through it actually....fell...pushed or jumped. Or maybe he suffered from a delusion. Maybe he thought he was a bird. Perked up, preened himself.... flapped his arms....and....

STEED:

Maybe he was migrating south.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: Well, that's one feather we can't put in our caps. Somebody else was there.....

STEED: Eh?

EMMA: In Mr. White's office. Somebody tipped a display cabinet on me. Half a ton of china came hurtling down.... quite unnerving.

STEED: I can imagine how you felt.

EMMA: How did you get on with Jeremy Raven?

STEED: Not sure.....he seemed genuine enough.

EMMA: Seemed....?

STEED: Well, the proof is in the pushing. I've got to get him off balance..... agitated....I think I must start putting some pressure on Mr. Raven.

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY

RAVEN : I'm a patient sort of chap Steed, but one more question and I shall throw you out.

STEED: You mean you'll try to throw me out.

RAVEN: Now look, if I've bagged most of the market it's morely the fruits of enterprise.

STEED: They seem to have ripened rather quickly.

RAVEN: Well, you know what they say - "fresh soil brings an early harvest". I've given the old firm a face lift...that's all. I see we're still sceptical. Very well...

STEED: Handy.

RAVEN: Huh. I-I have a licones for it...I was after that brochure.

STEED: If you don't mind, I'll go after it.

RAVEN: I saw their ad. and -a-called them in. Efficiency's hardly a orime.

STEED: Depends how it's applied.

RAVEN: Well, you- ah - know the sort of thing they do. They study the market. Observe the competitors, examine statistics.

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY

STEED:

I've been doing a little of that too. Out of your seven main competitors, six have been driven out of their minds.... and the seventh fell through a plate glass window.

RAVEN:

I-I don't.....

STEED:

Eliminate your competitors. Didn't you say? You've certainly done that Jeremy, but if one of these six men recovers maybe we'll learn just how. And then.....

COMMERCIAL BREAK

AVENGERS I. D. CARD

AMERICAN COMMENTATOR:

The Avengers will continue immediately after Station identification.

END OF REEL THREE

848 feet 8 frames

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

PEMBERTON: Ah! Mr. Raven....your 'phone call was somewhat irate. What's troubling you?

RAVEN: Do I need to tell you?

PEMBERTON: No conundrums, please. Do be seated Mr. Raven.

RAVEN: I'd better come straight to the point.

PEMBERTON: Would you? A direct approach is the essence of good management. Well, Mr. Raven you have our undivided attention.

RAVEN: Look. I engaged you to study the market and improve the firm's efficiency.

PEMBERTON: Well, from your sales figures I'd say we'd succeeded admirably. Your profits have soared.

RAVEN: It's not the profits I'm here about.

PEMBERTON: Please sit down Mr. Raven.

RAVEN: It's your methods.

PEMBERTON: Our methods?

RAVEN: Oh, you know what I mean. I've been to the hospital....I- I've seen Fox and the others.....

PEMBERTON: But we were merely carrying out your instructions, Mr. Raven.

RAVEN: What! I never asked you to.....

PEMBERTON: Didn't you. That's a short memory you have. Great handicap for a young executive. You haven't forgotten our first interview surely?

PEMBERTON: You wish to employ us to what end, Mr. Raven?  
(taped voice)

RAVEN: To increase my share of the market and eliminate competition.  
(taped voice)

PEMBERTON: You're very ruthless, Mr. Raven.  
(taped voice)

RAVEN: Oh, one has to be. You've a free hand. I leave it to you. Blow 'em all up if you have to.  
(taped voice)

RAVEN: But I didn't mean that literally.

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

PEMBERTON: Then how did you mean it. You wanted your competitors eliminated. We've carried out your instructions.... and now we trust you'll honour your part of the bargain. Your cheque? .....Most gratifying.

RAVEN: It's the last you'll get.

PEMBERTON: We'll see you as usual on the first.... Oh, and should you consider criticising our methods any further, how would you explain this? We have the assurance of your continued patronage?

RAVEN: Yes.....Yes, of course.

PEMBERTON: Good. You know your way out, Mr. Raven.

VOSS: He lied to the last question.

PEMBERTON: Give me Raven's file.

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY/STUDY

STEED: (on distort) This is John Steed.

RAVEN: Mr. Steed.

STEED: (on distort) Your call is being answered by a recording device. Kindly dictate your message in three seconds from now.

RAVEN: This is Jeremy Raven. I must see you Steed. I'm at the factory. Can you call? It's very urgent.

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

VOSS: It's bad. I did warn you about Raven. Ruthless in business, but has a strong moral sense. He'll talk - I promise you.

PEMBERTON: Pity. Time we stopped trading with young Mr. Raven. His questionnaire?

VOSS: Already programmed.

PEMBERTON: And.....

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY/STUDY

Raven waiting nervously for telephone to ring. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. ROAD/INT. CAR

Gilberts car travelling. Spider Box on seat. NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. FACTORY

Car arrives

NO DIALOGUE

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY/STUDY

RAVEN waiting by 'phone

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FACTORY/STUDY

GILBERT approaching  
with box. Tips contents  
through window

NO DIALOGUE

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY/STUDY

RAVEN asleep. Awakes and  
reacts to spider

RAVEN:

Screams and cries

EXT. FACTORY/STUDY

STEED AND EMM. arrive.  
They enter Raven's  
Study.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. RAVEN'S FACTORY/STUDY

RAVEN:

Whimpering

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA:

The Business Efficiency Bureau  
offering a unique means of building  
your business up....by knocking  
your opponents down. Bring science  
and psychology into the battle for  
bigger and better profits. Steed  
what are you doing?

STEED:

What am I doing?.....practicing  
my high powered tycoon look....Now  
Crawley filled in a questionnaire form.

EMMA:

Right.

STEED:

And Crawley is now....and then White....  
and then Raven....and before that Tyler,  
Wallace, Meadows, and Fox...Right?

EMMA:

Right.

STEED:

The conclusion is obvious.

EMMA:

The B.E.B. is involved, right?

STEED:

Right....and they only deal with  
the best business people....and I,  
Mrs. Prial, am the best business people...

EMMA:

And what time is your first appointment  
sir?



VOSS: With modern psychiatric techniques,  
we study your competitors....

PEMBERTON: Probe their entire histories.....

GILBERT: Pinpoint their deficiencies.

VOSS: Their defects.

PEMBERTON: Their flaws and then.....

STEED: Pierce the chink in their armour.

PEMBERTON: Nicely put Mr. Steed.

STEED: And the cost of this service?

PEMBERTON: Fifty per cent. of your increased  
profit. Modest I think you'll agree.

STEED: I agree

PEMBERTON: We'll need a list of your competitors.

STEED: Well there's only one in the area that  
I operate.

PEMBERTON: The name?

STEED: Mrs. Peel.....Mrs. Emma Peel

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. HOSPITAL

DOCTOR HILL

Raven's improving. He has moments  
of sanity.....but we'd better hurry  
they don't last very long.

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

PEMBERTON: Our methods will delight you, Mr. Steed.

STEED: It's results I want.

PEMBERTON: They're guaranteed.

What's wrong?

VOSS: He lied to every question.

PEMBERTON: Follow him.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

STEED: You've talked to Raven?

EMMA: I tried.....another relapse. How'd  
you fare at the Bureau?

STEED: They took me on.....but they seemed  
more interested in my competitors. So  
I produced one.

EMMA: Who?

STEED: You. We're in the travel business. I provide luxurious igloos in Iceland.

EMMA: Complete with a deep freeze.

STEED: Bearskin rugs.....

EMMA: And hot and cold running Eskimos.....

STEED: Why not.....that's quite an idea.

EMMA: And where do I operate?

STEED: From your flat.

EMMA: How very convenient. But if you want my opinion.....

STEED: I'd love it.....but we have to observe the priorities.

EXT. HOSPITAL

GILBERT: (Into Mike) Pemberton? Steed's at the hospital. I don't like it.

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

PEMBERTON: Voss was right. Deal with him.

INT. HOSPITAL CELL

STEED: Raven....what happened last night? You called me, why?

RAVEN: (Cries & whimpers) Take it away, please, please, please. Take it away. No.....No.....No.....

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

DOCTOR HILL: A spider?

STEED: Raven went berserk when he saw it.

DOCTOR HILL: Arachnophobia....so that's the trouble.

STEED: Eh?

DOCTOR HILL: A dread of spiders. There are hundreds of repressed fears and phobias without a complete history,....difficult to diagnose. Even the patient might be unaware of it.

STEED: There's a fear of mice, isn't there?

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

DOCTOR HILL:

Pretty common.

STEED:

And speed?

DOCTOR HILL:

I've known cases. And the more usual, like being shut in..... claustrophobia.....fear of open spaces....agoraphobia.....

STEED:

Er - with a fear like that, how would a man react if he woke up in a vast open space.....say Wembley Stadium..?

DOCTOR HILL:

It'd be like removing a foundation... he'd crack.....disintegrate.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED driving along  
in Bentley

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. GRAVEL PIT

STEED arrives and  
walks up to edge of Pit  
then descends into pit.

NO DIALOGUE

Bulldozer approaches edge  
of pit and Steed reacts.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED fights with  
Gilbert. Tractor moves  
down on them

NO DIALOGUE

END OF REEL 5

881 ft. 5 frames

INT. MAIN OFFICE  
BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

PEMBERTON: I rang for Gilbert.  
VOSS: He hasn't reported back.  
He's always punctual.  
PEMBERTON: I'm well acquainted with Gilbert's virtues.  
This woman Steed mentioned ....?  
Mrs. Peel....  
She may supply the answer!

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

EMMA: What a strange set of questions for market research.....  
VOSS: They're extremely revealing, I assure you.  
EMMA: I was sure I'd be asked what kind of detergent I used ....  
There! I think that's it!  
Any more questions?  
VOSS: Just one.  
EMMA: Yes?  
VOSS: You won't be troublesome, will you?

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU  
MAIN OFFICE

PEMBERTON: So "travel's" your business, Mrs. Peel?  
EMMA: Well, it's so broadening.  
PEMBERTON: And your main competitor is John Steed.  
EMMA: I-have-no-competitors!  
PEMBERTON: But you and Steed are in the same line of business?  
EMMA: Yes, I suppose you could say that.  
PEMBERTON: But it has nothing to do with travel, has it?  
EMMA: Are you asking me or telling me?  
PEMBERTON: I'm showing you!

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU  
MAIN OFFICE

PEMBERTON: (Continued)

That chair .....it's an advanced form of lie detector. Records the slightest variation of pulse, respiration, blood pressure and....

EMMA:

I know. It goes around and around and it .....all comes out there!

PEMBERTON:

We are not playing, Mrs. Peel. The stakes are too high. Now.... How much does Steed know?

EMMA:

Well, I'd say he had a pretty high I.Q.....

PEMBERTON:

The questionnaire.

Hm. Some interesting answers.

EMMA:

Eight out of ten?....Eight and a half?....Nine?.....

PEMBERTON:

I'd rate you higher than that, Mrs. Peel. Much higher. But we don't tout for accuracy. What we sell are hidden truths. Our territory is the mind. Our merchandise is fear.

The inner fabric of us all, Mrs. Peel. A dark balloon we try to hide. Prick it....and....  
...Well, you'll see.

INT. EMMA'S APARTMENT

STEED enters, moves to foreground and finds card with "HELP" written on.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

PEMBERTON:

What's this?

VOSS:

What it says. She has a high fear index. We'll need to probe further.

PEMBERTON:

There isn't time.

You're extremely well adjusted, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA:

And just look where it's got me.

PEMBERTON:

Remarkable. A woman without fear.

INT. BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

EMMA:

Oh, I have my fears, don't you...?

But I've learnt to live with them.

PEMBERTON:

All of them, Mrs. Peel? The universal fear? The ultimate in horror.....?

Pain, Mrs. Peel.....! Pain!

EMMA reacts to surgical instruments on tray.

INT. OUTER OFFICE  
BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

STEED enters

NO DIALOGUE

INT. MAIN OFFICE  
BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

VOSS:

Pemberton!

STEED:

Forever an open house!

PEMBERTON:

I rarely see clients without an appointment. But you're privileged, Mr. Steed.

STEED:

So I see.

PEMBERTON:

Over there! And.....

You see, Mrs. Peel. Fear of death makes a man obey. His very presence here demonstrates his fear for you!

STEED:

And you, Pemberton? What about you?

The fear of discovery perhaps....?

PEMBERTON:

But that's one that need no longer concern me.....

STEED:

Maybe you have another pet fear? Let's have a guess, shall we?

PEMBERTON:

Doctor, emergency lighting!

STEED:

Thought so. Afraid of the dark, eh?

FIGHT SEQUENCE

Ad Lib Noises, Groans, etc.

STEED:

May I offer you a light?

VOSS:

How very obliging of you, Mr. Steed.

INT. MAIN OFFICE  
BUSINESS EFFICIENCY BUREAU

EMMA: Steed? Steed!

STEED: No need to shout, Mrs. Peel.

EMMA: Didn't think I'd get here in time, did you?

STEED: The thought never entered my head!

EMMA: Never, Mrs. Peel?

STEED: Never, Mr. Steed.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. EMMA'S FLAT

STEED: Don't move!

EMMA: Ah! .....

STEED: Ah! .....

EMMA: Ah! Completely safe.

STEED: Lights on. Curtains drawn against the-a-the birds....no spiders..... not a mouse in sight, You're not afraid of mice?

EMMA: Chocolates!

STEED: You're not frightened of chocolates surely?

EMMA: They really are chocolates!

STEED: Naturally.....

EMMA: For services rendered. Now - where do we keep the Champagne?

STEED: I've run out.

EMMA: Not a drop in the place.

STEED: What?

EMMA: No, that really frightened you, didn't it?

STEED: Ah!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMENTATOR: The Avengers has been brought to you by .....

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END OF REEL SIX

Prepared by:  
TELEFON LIMITED,  
A. B. P. STUDIOS, BOREHAM WOOD,  
HERTS.

759 ft. 9 frames

OVERALL LENGTH - 4663 ft. 8 frames

THE END

FEBRUARY, 1967