

MASTER .

THE AVENGERS

"The Superlative Seven"

Dialogue List

13th September 1989

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TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX: GUNSHOTS

THE AVENGERS

FX: CLINK OF GLASSES

FX: FOOTSTEPS

KANWITCH: This one.

JESSEL: Armed?

KANWITCH: No.

FX: FIGHT/STRUGGLE

FX: GROANS

JESSEL: Now.

KANWITCH: This one. Armed ...

FX:

FX: SHOUTS

FX: SWORD FIGHT

FX: FIGHT

JESSEL: Surely you cannot have any doubts now, um?

KANWITCH: I want one more test. One final test.

MUSIC: IN

THE SUPERLATIVE  
SEVEN

STEED FLIES TO NOWHERE  
EMMA DOES HER PARTY PIECE.

EMMA PEEL: Some party!

STEED: Full marks for novelty. See you later, Mrs Peel.

EMMA PEEL: You can depend on it.

AIR HOSTESS: Welcome aboard, sir.

STEED: Thank you.

MUSIC: OUT

PIANO: IN

MAX HARDY: Welcome. (CHUCKLES) Welcome to Waterloo, Mein Herr. This is a party, ha, ha, you will enjoy. Enjoy you understand. (GERMAN ACCENT) Das is an order.

MAN: Care for a drink?

MAX HARDY: Ha, ha, Hardy ... Max Hardy, old boy, and this is Jason Wade.

STEED: How do you do?

MAX HARDY: Joe Smith.

STEED: How do you do? John Steed.

MAX HARDY: Does champagne suit you, old boy?

STEED: That'll do me fine. Are you the Max Hardy who runs the fencing school?

MAX HARDY: I am indeed. Do you dabble in the foils, Mr Steed?

STEED: No, I prefer the sabre myself.

MAX HARDY: Er, come and meet the others.

STEED: Thank you. Ole.

MAX HARDY: This is Mr John Steed.

FREDDY RICHARDS: Hello.

STEED: How do you do?

FREDDY RICHARDS: I'm Freddy. Er, Kitchener's valet?

STEED: Eh?

FREDDY RICHARDS: Oh, super.

STEED: Thank you. And this gentleman?

HANA WILDE: I'm no gentleman.

STEED: I can see that.

HANA WILDE: How do you do? I'm Wilde.

STEED: Are you? Every minute of the day?

HANA WILDE: That's my name, Mrs Hana Wilde.

MAX HARDY: Musica, musica.

PIANO: IN

AIR HOSTESS: Welcome aboard, sir.

HANA WILDE: Anyone here you know?

STEED: No.

HANA WILDE: Nor me ... except by reputation.

STEED: Oh? Are we rubbing shoulders with the famous?

HANA WILDE: Depends on your definition of famous. Freddy Richards ... claims to be the world's strongest man. You've heard of Richards' rejuvenating recipes?

STEED: Sent under plain wrapper, build you up from a seven stone weakling ...

HANA WILDE: Into an eighteen stone grotesque. That's him.

STEED: And Joe Smith?

HANA WILDE: Ah, now he isn't wearing fancy dress.

STEED: Um? (SIGHS) Oh, Jose El Smithio.

HANA WILDE: Best of all British bullfighters. Killed four hundred bulls last season.

STEED: That is quite a lot of ... that's a very impressive record.

HANA WILDE: (LAUGHS) Then there's ... there's Max Hardy.

STEED: I know him, but I don't know you, Mr Wade.

JASON WADE: I track things down, Mr Steed.

STEED: And then?

JASON WADE: I despatch them ... as quickly as possible.

HANA WILDE: Big game hunter.

STEED: Highly talented group. And you?

HANA WILDE: Ho-ho ... here comes the chopper to chop off our head.

MAX HARDY: Ho-ho ... welcome. Welcome. My Lord High Executioner. (LAUGHS)

PIANO: IN

MARK DAYTON: Damn fool idea having a party on a plane.

HANA WILDE: Well, it's certainly different.

MARK DAYTON: Can't enjoy a party unless I've had a few.

MAN: Same here.

MARK DAYTON: How many invited anyway?

STEED: That seems to answer your question.  
(PAUSE) That's it.

HANA WILDE: Just the seven of us.

JOE SMITH: And our host. Where's he got to?

JASON WADE: Haven't seen him ... not since I came in anyway.

MAX HARDY: He's probably up in front. (GERMAN ACCENT)  
Mit the driver.

FX: LAUGHTER

CAPTAIN: (THRU INTERCOM) Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. This is your captain welcoming you aboard this special fancy dress flight. We are about to take off. Please be seated and fasten your seat belts. And no smoking now until we are airborne.

PIANO: IN/OUT

FX: AEROPLANE

PIANO: IN

HANA WILDE: Well, I've heard of getting high at a party but this is ridiculous.

STEED: LAUGHS

HANA WILDE: Well, it is sort of crazy, isn't it?

MAX HARDY: Highly eccentric.

STEED: It's just what you'd expect from Sir George Robertson.

MAX HARDY: Yes.

CAPTAIN: (THRU INTERCOM) You may now unfasten your seatbelts and you may smoke.

PIANO: OUT

STEED: Can I get you a drink, Mrs Wilde?

HANA WILDE: Thank you.

MAX HARDY: Oh, Steed, what did you mean just now Sir George Robertson ... who the devil's he?

STEED: Our host, of course.

JOE SMITH: You're at the wrong party, old boy. Our host is ...

HANA WILDE: Mark Salter.

MAN: Jack Peters.

MAN: Lance Quilley.

MAN: Nonsense. This is Charlie's party. You know, Charlie Reed.

JASON WADE: My invitation says Alfred Williams.

HANA WILDE: How strange.

STEED: Well ...

FX: LAUGHTER

MAN: They're all different.

STEED: Well I never.



MAX HARDY: You haven't said anything.

MARK DAYTON: I've already said it. Damn fool idea having a party on a plane.

HANA WILDE: Who invited you?

MARK DAYTON: A man named Godfrey.

JOE SMITH: Ha, it's a joke.

MAX HARDY: Ho. Let's go find out.

JOE SMITH: Yes, let's.

STEED: After you.

MAX HARDY: Now look here ...

CAPTAIN: (THRU INTERCOM) Ladies and gentlemen, you may be interested to know that the weather conditions are excellent. There is some cloud but we shall be climbing above that to a height of twenty thousand feet. At the request of your host, I am not at liberty to reveal our set course. Do go back, have your drink, relax. The party hasn't started yet.

MUSIC: IN

MAX HARDY: We've searched every inch, there's no-one else on board.

HANA WILDE: So, it's just us then. Just the seven of us.

JOE SMITH: And we are stuck up here.

STEED: And there's no way of getting down.

JASON WADE: There's no radio and the manual controls aren't working.

STEED: There's nothing but the auto pilot between us and the ground below.

HANA WILDE: But there isn't any ground below.

FX: AEROPLANE

FREDDY RICHARDS: What about the auto pilot? Can't we break ...

MARK DAYTON: Have you any knowledge of electronics? You damage that thing, cross a wire even ... and down we go.

FREDDY RICHARDS: You know all about it I suppose.

MARK DAYTON: I know enough to stop you killing us.

FREDDY RICHARDS: Well, you're taking it pretty calmly.

MARK DAYTON: Well, why not? The drink's good, there's plenty of it. As our friend said ... it's all a joke.

JOE SMITH: Joke? I wouldn't call it a joke my friend.

JASON WADE: Nor would I.

STEED: Now this has gone beyond a joke.

MAX HARDY: I agree. Whoever arranged this is in earnest ... deadly earnest. But why?

HANA WILDE: A mass kidnapping?

JOE SMITH: Oh, come, come ... in this day and age?

FREDDY RICHARDS: My money's all tied up.

MARK DAYTON: And I'm flat broke.

MAX HARDY: Joe's loaded.

JOE SMITH: I haven't got a penny to my name.

MARK DAYTON: So you can wash out that theory.

MAX HARDY: Nothing for it but to wait I suppose.

HANA WILDE: For how long?

STEED: Four hours at the most. I checked the fuel gauges. There's enough to keep us airborne for four hours.

HANA WILDE: Four hours ... and then?

FX: AEROPLANE

FREDDY RICHARDS: There must be something we can do. Sitting around is very bad for my muscles.

STEED: Why not drop out for a short stroll?

FREDDY RICHARDS: Oh, funny.

HANA WILDE: We should be looking for a common factor.

MAX HARDY: What do you mean ... common factor?

HANA WILDE: Yes ... the reason why we have been selected. Don't you see? Seven complete strangers.

JOE SMITH: But why us?

MAX HARDY: It's not money, we've established that.

STEED: No, it's not money. We don't know your name.

MARK DAYTON: Mark Dayton.

JASON WADE: Wasn't your picture all over the papers a few years ago?

MAX HARDY: Yes ... the Mad Major.

STEED: Didn't you invent a new method of unarmed combat? In fact, you were quite an expert in that field.

MAX HARDY: Expertise.

STEED: Mr Hardy. An expert swordsman.

JOE SMITH: A bullfighter.

JASON WADE: A big game hunter.

FREDDY RICHARDS: A professional strong man.

STEED: And you, Mrs Wilde ... the way you handle that gun, you're quite an expert.

HANA WILDE: Of course, that's the link. We all have a special proficiency.

FREDDY RICHARDS: A physical proficiency.

MARK DAYTON: What about you? What sets you out from the crowd?

STEED: Oh ... maybe the way I hold my umbrella.  
(GASPS/GROANS)

MARK DAYTON: That's no answer. I want to know what you do.

FX: AEROPLANE

STEED: As I was saying when we were so rudely interrupted ...

FX: CHATTER

JESSEL: Well, Kanwitch, they took that little scare pretty well. Um?

KANWITCH: Mmm ... no panic, no hysteria. Excellent.

JESSEL: Well, we'd better see about getting them down.

FX: AEROPLANE

STEED: We're still losing height.

JESSEL: (INTO INTERCOM) Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to land. Would you kindly extinguish all cigarettes ... (THRU INTERCOM) and fasten your safety belts please. Thank you.

STEED: Nice of him to warn us.

HANA WILDE: Look. Look, it's an island.

JOE SMITH: They're not going to put this thing down there.

MARK DAYTON: My advice is to get your backs against something solid.

KANWITCH: They're overhead.

FX: AEROPLANE

KANWITCH: How's it going?

JESSEL: Perfect.

KANWITCH: Good. We don't want to kill off our little guinea pigs. Not yet anyhow.

FX: AEROPLANE

FX: TYRES

JESSEL (V.O.): They're down.

FX: AEROPLANE

MAX HARDY: Steed? Here ... improperly dressed.

STEED: Oh. This is when the party begins. Now where's my hat.

MUSIC: IN

HANA WILDE: Any idea where we are?

STEED: I know where we aren't ... spring in Park Lane.

MARK DAYTON: Look ... over there.

HANA WILDE: What is it?

STEED: There's one way of finding out.

FX: KNOCKING

HANA WILDE: No-one at home.

STEED: But somebody lit that lantern.

FX: STORM

MAX HARDY: Fancy dress on the table too. Dinner is served.

MAN: Fine array of cutlery. I like the butter knives. (CHUCKLES)

HANA WILDE: Seven guns, swords ...

JOE SMITH: And seven of us.

MAX HARDY: But no napkins.

MARK DAYTON: Yes, we used to be issued with something like this. It's a tough job, guerrilla warfare, then we'd be given something like this.

MAN: But what for?

MARK DAYTON: To stay alive. These are survival kits.

MAN: Charming.

HANA WILDE: (GASPS) Oh.

MUSIC: IN

JASON WADE: Six brand new coffins.

JESSEL: That's set them thinking.

KANWITCH: Six coffins and yet there are seven of you. You're all wondering why you've been brought to this island. I can now tell you that you're all part of a fascinating experiment ... an acid test. A new system for training fighting personnel has been devised. The fine details are unimportant. All you need to know is that it is claimed that this system speeds up the reflexes to a super-human degree. It creates experts in all forms of combat ... armed and unarmed. It turns the ordinary man, or woman, into a lethal unbeatable opponent. It is necessary, however, to submit this claim to further tests, that is why you have been selected. You all have records of courage, fortitude. All of you are experts ... in your own manner. Your chance of survival will depend upon your individual alertness and ingenuity. But indeed the odds are on your side. In fact, when you stepped off that plane, the odds were six to one. This would be no test at all if it were not fair ... if the odds were not made clear to you. The simple fact is this. Your killer is in your midst. Your killer is one of you.



MAX HARDY: It's ridiculous.

HANA WILDE: Well, they've overlooked a couple of things. The eyes on the portrait don't move. And the suit of armour doesn't contain a ... (GASPS) ...

FX:

MUSIC: IN/OUT

THE  
AVENGERS

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

THE  
AVENGERS

JESSEL: Well, Kanwitch, that's shaken them, hasn't it?

KANWITCH: As we hoped. Speed up their reflexes, huh? Put them on their guard.

MAX HARDY: Well, what happens next?

FX: GUNSHOT

STEED: Just testing. They aren't blanks.

MAX HARDY: You might have killed me.

HANA WILDE: Oh no ... that was very fancy shooting.

STEED: Thank you, ma'am.

MARK DAYTON: All right, Steed, now we know you can bend pokers and shoot straight. Don't you think it's time that we planned something practical.

STEED: I quite agree. A search?

JASON WADE: That's a good idea. We'll split up then, shall we, and comb the whole island?

FREDDY RICHARD: Well, I'm game.

MAX HARDY: No.

STEED: Why not?

MAX HARDY: I think we should stick together.

MAN: Yes, I agree.

JOE SMITH: Well, I'm used to fighting alone.

FREDDY RICHARDS: Oh come on, I'll take this side.

HANA WILDE: Aren't you going to take advantage of what our hosts provided?

FREDDY RICHARDS: (LAUGHS) I've got all the protection I need.

JOE SMITH: The familiar weapons are the best.

MARK DAYTON: This is much cleaner and less noisy.

MAX HARDY: To each ... his own.

JASON WADE: What about you, Mr Steed?

STEED: A hunted animal returns to his lair.

HANA WILDE: You should know that, Mr Wade.

STEED: I'll wait for it.

MAX HARDY: You coming?

MUSIC: IN

FX: NATURAL

FX: GASPS/GROANS/SCREAMS

MUSIC: OUT

FX: GUNSHOT

HANA WILDE: I thought I heard someone yell out.

MARK DAYTON: It came from over there.

JASON WADE: Who's been doing all the yelling?

MAX HARDY: I've no idea. Who's been shooting at who?

HANA WILDE: It was me. Reflex action.

STEED: What's that cry?

MARK DAYTON: That's what we're trying to find out.

MAX HARDY: It came from here. Right here.

STEED: And that shot must have been heard half across the island.

MARK DAYTON: Any sign of the other two?

MAX HARDY: Whoever it is, is still trying to frighten us.

MAN: Succeeding is he, Mr Hardy?

MAX HARDY: We'll spread out ... make our way back to the house.

FX: GUNSHOTS

MARK DAYTON: Do you hear those shots?

STEED: Yes, those were no reflex action.

FX:

HANA WILDE: In there ...

MUSIC: IN

MAX HARDY: He's dead?

STEED: Looks as though his back was broken.

KANWITCH: Quite right, Mr Steed ... and then there were six.

JESSEL: Just the beginning. Just the beginning.

HANA WILDE: He was a professional strong man. Yet someone just took him in their hands ...

MARK DAYTON: Perhaps it was Steed ... in one of his extrovert moods. Yes, and you stayed behind. We all went off to search. And you stayed behind.

MAN: That's right.

STEED: I gave you my reasons.

MARK DAYTON: The killer is one of us ... that's what he said. The killer is in your midst.

STEED: That's what he said.

HANA WILDE: Just a minute, where's Smith?

STEED: Eh?

HANA WILDE: Joe Smith ... he isn't here.

JASON WADE: I haven't seen him since he left the house.

STEED: He's not in our midst.

FX: NATURAL

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MARK DAYTON: What's wrong?

STEED: I don't know.

MARK DAYTON: So this made the noise. I heard a cry.

STEED: Yes, I heard one too.

HANA WILDE: What happened?

STEED: I'm not sure. Have you seen Joe Smith?

HANA WILDE/MAN: No.

STEED: Well, we'd better carry on looking.

MARK DAYTON: Come on, try this way.

FX: OWL

FX:

JASON WADE: Sorry to startle you, old man, I ... I thought someone was stalking me.

FX: OWL

STEED: Someone's stalking all of us. Have you seen Smith?

JASON WADE: No.

FX: SWORD FIGHT

STEED: Spread out. We'll get whoever it is ... one side or the other.

FX: SWORD FIGHT

JASON WADE: Right.

FX: SHOUT

FX:

HANA WILDE: Hardy.

MARK DAYTON: And Mr Steed first on the scene of the crime again.

STEED: Oh don't be ridiculous. Wade and I were toge ... Where is Wade? He should have been here by now.

MAX HARDY: You tell us.

STEED: He was just behind me. There was a cry. He was just behind me. Oh, look, how could it have been me, I wouldn't be caught here with Hardy's sword in my hand.

HANA WILDE: Perhaps Wade went back to the house.

MARK DAYTON: Yes. You can drop the sword, Mr Steed.  
We'll go and take a look.

FX:

STEED: Of course, it could have been I. It could  
have been Major Dayton. It could have been  
you. We haven't been out of each other's  
sight for some time.

HANA WILDE: What now?

STEED: Wait for Wade.

MARK DAYTON: Yes, he's your alibi isn't he, Steed? If  
he's still alive.

STEED: You really should do something about that  
reflex of yours. Just getting myself a  
drink ... to ease the tension.

FX:

MUSIC: IN/OUT

THE  
AVENGERS

END OF PART TWO



PART THREE

THE  
AVENGERS

MUSIC: IN/OUT

MARK DAYTON: He's not coming back, is he?

STEED: Eh?

MARK DAYTON: Wade.

STEED: Oh.

MARK DAYTON: He's not coming back. What about your alibi now? Huh? What about it?

FX: OWL

STEED: Could be a genuine owl.

MARK DAYTON: Come on! We'll stick close together this time ... just in case you need another alibi.

MUSIC: IN

FX: GUNSHOTS

HANA WILDE: I saw something moving. It was keeping along side us.

MARK DAYTON: Are you certain?

HANA WILDE: Positive.

MARK DAYTON: In that case ... as there's someone in there ... we'll need your help, Mr Steed.

STEED: Thank you.

MARK DAYTON: We'll split up. Circle the area.

KANWITCH: Three down.

JESSEL: Three to go. You are convinced?

KANWITCH: Partially convinced.

JESSEL: Oh my dear, chum. You know my training system works. You've seen my proteges in action. I can create super-beings. It really works. And with your country's financial assistance, I can make an army of assassins.

KANWITCH: If your protege beats all six of them, then you shall have all the finance you want ... if.

MUSIC: IN

MARK DAYTON: Well, well, well ... a Malay tiger trap.

HANA WILDE: And the trap's been sprung.

MARK DAYTON: Wait. Surely a hunter like him wouldn't fall for that one.

HANA WILDE: Well, something's been in that net ... or someone.

MARK DAYTON: Well, if he was ... he's been cut down.

FX: SCREAMS/GROANS

MARK DAYTON: Well, Mr Steed, you've lost your alibi ... we've found our killer. It's either a large mistake or it's part of a plan.

STEED: What the heck ... I didn't kill any of them so it must be one of you.

MARK DAYTON: Shut up.

FX: AEROPLANE

MARK DAYTON: Well, Mr Steed, hoisted by your own petard.

STEED: Were you with Dayton the whole time? Did he leave you long enough to have killed Hardy and Wade or one of the others? Or maybe it was you. How about that then, Major? Could it have been her?

MARK DAYTON: We know who did it. Come on.

HANA WILDE: Where to?

MARK DAYTON: There must be some fuel on the plane. We'll light a beacon ...

STEED: There'll only be one of you coming back and then there's me ... I'm a sitting duck.

MARK DAYTON: I'll get us some fuel. You collect some brushwood.

HANA WILDE: Right.

FX: OWL

JASON WADE: You look startled, Mr Steed.

STEED: My adrenalin will bear witness to that.

JASON WADE: A fake death. Old hunter's trick.

STEED: Well, even for an old hunter to be in two places at once ... you were with me when Smith was killed.

JASON WADE: Shall we say a trade secret? You remember my trade, Mr Steed. I track things down and I despatch them as quickly as possible. My record is a hundred percent so far. Just you and the girl left, and I'm saving the girl till last.

STEED: Very decent of you not to despatch me while I was struggling in that net.

JASON WADE: That would have been most unsporting. What shall it be for you then? The bullet? The garrotte? Or the knife perhaps?

STEED: How about this for a start?

MUSIC: IN

FX: FIGHT

JESSEL: Steed is putting up the best fight to date, um?

KANWITCH: I always thought he would.

(PAUSE)

KANWITCH: An unmitigated failure. Beaten by a man who out-fought him at every level.

JESSEL: Wade isn't finished yet.

KANWITCH: What? But you saw. He took the spear full in the chest.

JESSEL: Wade will return. Sit down. My dear, chum, sit down and watch. Wade will return.

HANA WILDE: So ... you did get free.

STEED: Eh?

HANA WILDE: And you killed Dayton.

STEED: To be accurate Wade did.

HANA WILDE: Wade's dead.

STEED: He is now, but he wasn't. But don't ask me how.

HANA WILDE: Where did you put the body, Steed?

STEED: Come and see for yourself.

HANA WILDE: After you.

STEED: There you see.

MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX: OWL

FX: GUNSHOTS/SHOUTS

HANA WILDE: Shoot, kill me. Kill me like the others.

EMMA PEEL: Others?.

HANA WILDE: You've had us jumping, suspecting each other. And all the time you ...

EMMA PEEL: I've only just arrived.

HANA WILDE: How?

EMMA PEEL: I dropped in.

HANA WILDE: That plane we heard ... it was you?

EMMA PEEL: Mmm. We had you loud and clear on the radar screen until about an hour ago and then we lost you. I got a bit worried for a while and then I spotted the island and here I am.

HANA WILDE: You followed us? Why?

EMMA PEEL: Steed knew the invitation was a fake so we made a little arrangement. Where is Steed?

STEED: Back at the house. I'm afraid I clobbered him.

EMMA PEEL: Naughty. He won't like that.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

JESSEL: Game and set, I think.

KANWITCH: He hasn't finished ... yet.

JESSEL: Yet? A mopping up operation. A mere formality.

JASON WADE: This time there will be no mistake. Goodbye, Mr Steed.

KANWITCH: Who's that?

MUSIC: BUILDS/OUT

STEED: (SIGHS) I don't believe it. I just don't believe it.

EMMA PEEL: There's a reasonable explanation to everything.

MUSIC: IN

EMMA PEEL: Gemini. There are two of them.

STEED: Identical twins.

KANWITCH: A very elaborate fraud, my dear chum. You would have got your money and I would have got nothing. You tried to cheat me, Jessel. Me.

FX: GUNSHOTS

JESSEL: My dear chum.

EMMA PEEL: Seen anything, Steed?

STEED: Nothing.

MUSIC: OUT

JESSEL: Cowboy, eeh, we draw, bang!

FX: GUNSHOT

JESSEL: Good.

FX: GUNSHOTS

MUSIC: IN

HANA WILDE: Pity ... I was just starting to enjoy myself.

MUSIC: OUT

TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

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