

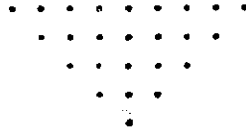
EPISODE NO. 18

SERIES 2

" T H E     A V E N G E R S "   
-----

"THE ROTTERS"   
-----

DIALOGUE SHEETS



prepared by:

ABC TELEVISION FILMS LIMITED,  
Associated British Elstree Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts.  
ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 1968

MAIN TITLES

EXT. FORESTRY RESEARCH CENTRE

VARIOUS ANGLES OF PENDRED,  
running towards camera. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. FORESTRY RESEARCH CENTRE

PENDRED STAGGERS IN AND  
MOVES TO HIS OFFICE DOOR. NO DIALOGUE

INT. PENDRED'S OFFICE

PENDRED LOCKS THE DOOR.  
TWO MEN APPEAR IN DOORWAY-  
KENNETH AND GEORGE:

KENNETH/GEORGE: (Laugh) Ha! Ha! Ha!

EPISODE TITLE superimposed  
over the two men in the  
doorway.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. PLASTIC'S ROOM

STEED: Sir James Pendred. Born nineteen  
nineteen.

MOTHER: Died eight thirty last night.

STEED: Dirty work?

MOTHER: Murder most foul.

STEED: How ?

MOTHER: At eight twenty-five he left his office,  
walked to the car park. Ambushed! Got  
away - ran back to his office, Assassins  
followed him and shot him dead.

TARA: Any idea why ?

MOTHER: No. He was a senior scientific adviser  
to the Government. At eight twenty last  
night he telephoned the Prime Minister.

STEED: And ?

MOTHER: He said that he wanted to meet him immediately  
on a matter of national importance. He  
wouldn't say any more on the telephone. The  
Prime Minister was most peturbed.

STEED: That's very understandable.  
Do you know what Pendred was working on ?

MOTHER: Nothing out of the ordinary.  
He was a Forestry expert.  
Well come along Rhonda, pump, pump.  
I'm taking on a starboard list.  
You'll -a - keep me informed Steed ?

STEED: Of course.  
You take his apartment.

TARA: And you'll - a -

STEED: Take the office.

INT. PENDRED'S OFFICE

CARTER: Yes ?

STEED: Steed.

CARTER: Oh yes, they told me to expect you. Mmm  
I'm Carter, Sir James Pendred's Secretary.  
Come in, won't you ?

STEED: There's nothing to stop me really.

CARTER: You know they stole the front door as well.

STEED: So I noticed.

CARTER: Can't imagine why they bothered to leave that.

STEED: Anything else missing ?

CARTER: Well not as far as I can see.

STEED: No secret papers. Memoranda ? Confidential documents ?

CARTER: We don't deal in secrets in this department,  
we plant trees. When they grow up, we cut  
them down.

STEED: What a full rich life you must lead.

CARTER: Well everything seems to be here.

STEED: May I ?

CARTER: By all means. Applications for annual  
leave. The red tick in the margin means  
Sir James has approved them.

STEED: I'm very glad to hear it. Anything else ?

CARTER: Statistics on the damage caused to young  
Norway Spruce by field mice.

STEED: Ooh. Grave situation.

CARTER: Well actually that report is rather  
disturbing.

STEED: Disturbing enough for Sir James to phone  
the Prime Minister?

CARTER: Err - no, no, hardly that.  
STEED: But something was.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS

"WORMDOOM" VAN pulls up.  
KENNETH & GEORGE alight. NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIR JAMES PENDRED'S FLAT.

BEALE: Yes ?  
KENNETH: Sir James Pendred's residence ?  
BEALE: Yes.  
GEORGE: We are Wormdoom Limited. Sir James asked us to call.  
BEALE: I regret to inform you that Sir James passed away last night.  
KENNETH: I was quite aware of that old fruit gum. We were there.  
BEALE: You can't come in here. Where do you think you're going ?  
GEORGE: Charming place.  
KENNETH: Has character.  
BEALE: Get out! D'you hear me ? Get out! Get out!  
KENNETH: I say, what a delightful painting.  
GEORGE: Oh it's awfully nice. Original do you think ?  
KENNETH: Yes, could be -  
(softly) could be.  
BEALE: It's a print. A copy - quite valueless. Oh there's very little of value in this house. No money - nothing.  
KENNETH: I detest imitations. I loathe anything inferior. You look rather inferior to me old man.  
BEALE: What do you want ?  
KENNETH: We'll see.  
GEORGE: We'll see.  
KENNETH/GEORGE: We'll see.  
GEORGE: We're looking for a photograph old bean.  
BEALE: A photograph ?

GEORGE: Taken just before the war. A group photograph. Some chaps. Students at the institute of Timber Technology.

BEALE: Oh Sir James was a student there.

KENNETH: We know. In fact he's one of the chappies in the photograph.

BEALE: Oh I think I know the one you mean. I'll get it for you. It's in the album, in the desk.

KENNETH: Don't concern yourself old trout, we'll find it.

GEORGE: In the album.

KENNETH: In the desk.

KENNETH LAUGHS.

KENNETH: You know I do despise the working classes. They're so - so -

GEORGE: Working class ?

KENNETH: Quite.  
Well shall we George ?

GEORGE: Mmmm.  
It's locked Kenneth, my old grapefruit.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS

TARA ARRIVES. NO DIALOGUE

INT. SIR JAMES FLAT/FRONT DOOR

TARA/KENNETH/GEORGE  
FIGHT SEQUENCE. NO DIALOGUE

TARA PICKS UP PHOTOGRAPH.

END OF REEL ONE

797 feet + 9 frames

INT. PENDRED'S OFFICE

CARTER: (into phone) Carter. Oh hold on a moment will you -  
CARTER: It's for you.  
STEED: Steed. Yes Tara.  
Uhuh. The Institute of what ?

INT. SIR JAMES PENDRED'S FLAT (INTERCUTTING)

TARA: (into phone) Institute of Timber Technology.  
STEED: ( " " ) Ooh. Excuse me. Hold on a moment, I'll  
note that down.  
Most odd.  
TARA: ( " " ) What is ?  
STEED: ( " " ) It's crumbling.  
TARA: (V.O. " ) What is ?  
STEED: (into phone) This pencil.  
Err look, if you've got a lead -  
you - you follow it up. I've got a  
problem on timber tech - technology, right  
here. Goodbye.

EXT. WALL - INSTITUTE OF TIMBER TECHNOLOGY

Establishing shot. NO DIALOGUE

EXT. BARREN MOUND

TARA'S CAR PULLS UP.

TARA: Professor Palmer ?  
PALMER: Don't move, stay exactly where you are.  
One more step and you'd have put your foot  
on a mighty redwood.  
TARA: Where ?  
PALMER: There! Little darling isn't she.  
Sequoia sempervirens.  
TARA: She doesn't look like a mighty Redwood.  
PALMER: Ah, not now perhaps, but you come back in  
a couple of thousand years. Then you'll see,  
That's if the frost doesn't get her this  
winter.  
TARA: Actually, I was looking for Professor  
Palmer.  
PALMER: Oh, how do you do ?  
TARA: Oh hello! Tara King.

PALMER: Very pleased to meet you. Well, don't let's hang about here - come along - up to base camp.

TARA: Right.

PALMER: Only mind where you step.

TARA: Oh.

PALMER: There - that's it - that's it. Here we are now, come along in. Take a pew m'dear.

TARA: Thank you.

PALMER: (overrides) Take a pew. That's it. There.

TARA: They said you might be able to help me.

PALMER: Well - well - I'll do what I can. Would you care for a snifter ?

TARA: It's a bit early for me, thank you.

PALMER: Yes. Quite right my dear, quite right. Never touch a drop before sundown. That's what makes people go to seed out here. The white man's grave.

TARA: Mmm. You don't happen to recognise any of these people do you ?

PALMER: No I don't. Yes - that's Pendred! Got himself a knighthood I believe. And that's Pym, he's an expert on timber decay.

TARA: I see. A friend of yours.

PALMER: Yes.

TARA: Who's that ?

PALMER: That's Forsythe. He went out to Africa in the Forestry service. And that's - that's Wainwright.

TARA: That one.

PALMER: Yes, he's a Managing Director of something or other I understand. Err - and - a ...

TARA: That one ?

PALMER: That one is Sawbow. Yes...

TARA: Sawbow ?

PALMER: Yes.

TARA: What happened to him ?

PALMER: I don't know. He's probably in prison. He's a bad lot, Sawbow. No principles. Bit of a rotter. Anything else you wanted to know about.

TARA: Well I was -----

PALMER: Oh I'm sorry my dear, I didn't mean to alarm you. It's the sparrows you know. After me seedlings. Gives them a bit of a fright this.

TARA: I dare say, huh.  
Mmm you don't remember anything unusual about this group of men, do you ?

PALMER: Oh yes, yes. They were all doing research on fungi.

TARA: Fungi!

PALMER: Yes. They discovered something -  
(mutters) err -  
quite by chance.

TARA: About fungi ?

PALMER: They wouldn't say. They got a bit worried. They took an oath of secrecy - they wouldn't say. But I knew what it was. Oh yes.

TARA: Did you ?

PALMER: I knew.

TARA: What was it ?

THEY ROLL DOWN  
SLOPE.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. PENDRED'S OFFICE

CARTER: How extraordinary.

STEED: Yes, isn't it ? You're an authority on timber. Have you got an envelope.

CARTER: Err not me old chap, timber was Sir James' province, I'm purely administrative.

STEED: Oh. Well - a - who would you recommend ?

CARTER: Offhand I would say Pym was your man. Leading authority on timber decay. Yes - yes, old Reggie Pym.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH

Establishing shot.



INT. CHURCH BELFRY

STEED: Mr. Pym ?

PYM: Shhhh.

STEED: My name is a -

PYM: Please...

STEED: I'm sorry,

PYM: Listen to this.  
Recognise it ?

STEED: I might if you played a bit more.

PYM: (mutters) err....

STEED: Wagner ?

PYM: Anobium Tessallatum.

STEED: Of course. The overture.

PYM: The mating call of the death watch beetle.  
In due course the female lays her eggs and  
the male departs.

STEED: And the roof collapses.

PYM: On the only wooden bell tower in this area.  
Not if we act in time Mr - err -

STEED: Steed - from the Ministry.

PYM: Really sir - and what can I do for you ?

STEED: I'd like your opinion on this.

PYM: I'll do my best to help you sir.  
Ah yes, quite unmistakable. Junuperus  
Virginiana.

STEED: A disease ?

PYM: A timber. The Virginian Pencil cedar.  
Is this the remains of a pencil.

STEED: Yes, quite recently.

PYM: Yes. Still not to worry sir they're very  
cheap luckily, you can easily buy another  
one.

STEED: Oh I'm not worried about the cost. It's not  
my pencil. No, what concerns me, is the  
cause.

PYM: Cause ?

STEED: Well - it just fell apart in my hand. It  
crumbled away to nothing.

PYM: Good gracious. Decay perhaps ? Some  
sort of decay.

STEED: Is this decay common ?

PYM: No sir, I would say most uncommon.  
In fact I think I only ever remember one...

STEED: Remember what ?

PYM: Oh nothing sir. Look I'm very tied up at the moment. As I told you just now I have *Anobium Tessallatum* in the hammer beam and I have *Hylotrupes Byjalum* in the purlins. So after all that, would you think me very rude if I went and had a sit down ?

STEED: No, after all that, I wouldn't.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH

KENNETH: Lovely old place, isn't it ?

GEORGE: Mmm. Charming. Adore the countryside.  
Have you ever strangled anybody old chap ?

KENNETH: Strangled. No, no, I can't say I have.  
Trees are awfully nice at this time of year, aren't they ?  
Don't you think ?

GEORGE: Mmm. Awfully nice. Just a hint of Autumn in the leaves. I wonder what it's like ?

KENNETH: What ?

GEORGE: Strangling.

KENNETH: Strangling. Rather unpleasant I should imagine. Not a method a gentleman would use.

GEORGE: Oh quite - quite. Awfully vulgar.  
Mmmmmmm. Country air jolly invigorating.

KENNETH: Yes -- it makes one glad to be alive.

GEORGE: Mmmmm. Shall we do it now.

KENNETH: I don't think so, no. Just get a good look at the geography and come back tonight.  
It's always better in the dark.

GEORGE: Much better. More sort of -- dramatic.

INT. CHURCH BELFRY

PYM: Ah the pencil yes. I'll examine this sometime Mr. Steed - might even put it under the microscope. I'll give you a ring - probably on the telephone at the end of the day.

STEED: I'll leave my number.

PYM: I'll ring you this evening without fail sir.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Had a busy day ?

TARA: Not more than usual. Here's the photograph.

STEED: Well that's Pym, isn't it ?

TARA: D'you know him ?

STEED: Yes, I spent the afternoon with him up in the belfry. He's a bit batty.

TARA: In the belfry ? Huh, well nevertheless he's an expert in timber decay according to the late Professor Palmer.

STEED: That's right.  
The LATE Professor Palmer ?

TARA: Mmm, cut off right in the middle of a conversation.  
By the way, how is Mr. Pym?

STEED: He was all right when I last saw him...

TARA: Mmm, considering the fact that two people in that photograph have already been murdered, perhaps -

STEED: (interjects) Yes, just what I was thinking.

INT. BELFRY

PYM knocks receiver off hook.

STEED'S VOICE THRU PHONE: Hello. Hello.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: Nobody there ?

STEED: There must be. Somebody picked up the receiver and left it off the hook.  
(Into phone) Hello! Hello!

TARA: Mr. Pym ?

STEED: Possibly.

TARA: On the other hand ....

STEED: Possibly not. Shall we go.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH

KENNETH & GEORGE  
moving towards  
church.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BELFRY

PYM at bench.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED'S CAR TRAVELLING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BELFRY

PYM at bench.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BOTTOM OF BELFRY TOWER

KENNETH & GEORGE at  
bottom of stairs.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BELFRY

PYM:

Somebody down there ? Anybody ?  
Is that you -

INT. BASE OF TRAP DOOR

KENNETH & GEORGE -  
KENNETH sprays door.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED'S CAR TRAVELLING.

INT. STEED'S CAR.

STEED:

There's the church bell.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH

VAN drives away.  
STEED pulls up.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. BELFRY

PYM:

Dry.... dry.

TARA:

Do you want water ?

PYM:

No thank you.  
Dry rot.

TARA:

Dry rot.

STEED:

Dry rot. Run riot.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

That's Pendred and Pym gone. Who are  
the others ?

TARA: The one with the moustache is Wainwright. He's Managing Director of Wainright Timber Industries. The one on the right is Forsythe. He's in Africa. The other one, that's Sawbow.

STEED: Where's Sawbow ?

TARA: Well, I had a bit of trouble locating him. His old college Professor seems to think he might have been in prison.

STEED: Where ?

TARA: In prison.

STEED: Well is he in prison ?

TARA: No. He's in the antique business.

STEED: Oh, stealing them ?

TARA: No, restoring.

STEED: What, to their rightful owners ?

TARA: No, to their original condition - at least that's what he says.

STEED: Well we can leave Forsythe in Africa. You can see Wainright.

TARA: And you of course...

STEED: Will see Sawbow, the College Cad - as far as I can see.

EXT. SIGN "MERVYN SAWBOW"

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. SAWBOW'S WORKSHOP.

STEED: How d'you do ?  
I'm looking for Mr. Sawbow.

SAWBOW: Are you ?

STEED: Mice ?

SAWBOW: Woodworm.

STEED: Shooting them ?

SAWBOW: Stimulating them.

STEED: Ah, it's nice to see the old crafts aren't dying out.

SAWBOW: What can I do for you ?

STEED: My name is Steed, of Steed and Hepplewhite. Antique Exporters. We have branches in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

continued.....

STEED: (continued) Toronto, Montreal. Seattle, Winnipeg - all points west - We're looking for select pieces.

SAWBOW: (mutters) Oh - of course. Oh - delighted to meet you.

STEED: How d'you do ?

SAWBOW: Err - What sort of pieces were you looking for ?

STEED: Quality pieces. No fakes. They've got to be genuine. Our American customers are very selective.

SAWBOW: Oh my dear chap, everything that leaves my premises is genuine, to the last detail.

STEED: Looks a bit new to me.

SAWBOW: Ah, well it's been restored you see.

STEED: Oh, I see, restored. Well we don't object to a certain amount of restoration, as long as it's done, shall we say - well how shall we say -

SAWBOW: Artistically.

STEED: Discreetly. Very, very discreetly.

SAWBOW: Of course. You can watch if you like.

STEED: I'd love to.

SAWBOW: And there you see - a - the - a - top of this has been renewed, so we have to distress it to - mm - match it up with the rest. That should distress it.

STEED: I'm sure it will.  
The - a - sides are genuine, aren't they ?

SAWBOW: No, they've been replaced.

STEED: Oh. How about the drawers ?

SAWBOW: No.

STEED: The legs ?

SAWBOW: One of them is.

STEED: Well you'd never know which one.

SAWBOW: Oh you're - you're looking at the top they've been replaced. The mm - the bottom's genuine.  
Mmmmm.

STEED: Oh this is a genuine Georgian oastor here. There's no mistaking that.

SAWBOW: Huh, there - look at that, eh.

STEED: Goodness me, that's magnificent. That represents two hundred years of fair wear and tear.

SAWBOW: Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Oh, it's not finished yet.  
It'll be as good as old in no time.

STEED: (laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha!

SAWBOW: By the way, who put you on to me ?

STEED: An old friend of yours, Reggie Pym.

SAWBOW: Pym ?

STEED: Yes, he said he was at college with you.

SAWBOW: Yes, yes, that's right - I mmm haven't heard  
of him for years. For all I know he could  
be - a -

STEED: Dead ?

SAWBOW: Oh I don't know - struck me as a possibility.

STEED: He is - he was murdered.

SAWBOW: Who are you ?

STEED: I thought we'd been through all that. I'm  
Steed of Steed and . . .

SAWBOW: Yes well I'd like to check up on your firm  
before we do any business. There's a lot  
of very shady people in this game.

STEED: You astonish me. As a matter of fact,  
there is something that we're very concerned  
about in old timber.

SAWBOW: What's that ?

STEED: Dry rot.  
Awful lot of it about lately. I'll pop  
in and see you later. Good day.

SAWBOW: (into phone) Sawbow here. Look there's been a chap in  
here asking a lot of questions. He knows  
something. Yes I'm sure of it. All right.  
I'll see you this afternoon.

EXT. WAINWRIGHT TIMBER INDUSTRIES

TARA'S CAR ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. WAINWRIGHT TIMBER INDUSTRIES. HALL.

TARA: Good morning.

SONIA: Good morning.

TARA: I'd like to see Mr. Wainwright.

SONIA: Yes, by all means.

TARA: I didn't make an appointment.

SONIA: It won't be necessary.

SONIA: This young lady would like to see Mr. Wainwright.

PARBURY: Of course. Come this way, won't you.

TARA: Mr. Wainwright ?

PARBURY: But of course. You asked to see him, didn't you ?

TARA: Oh - yes.

PARBURY: You're not staff, are you ?

TARA: No.

PARBURY: Well of course the main reason he is here is to enable the staff to pay their last respects. But of course friends and family are equally welcome.

TARA: What was the cause ?

PARBURY: Overwork. Sheer overwork. He never spared himself. Our firm was everything to him.

TARA: How long have you been with the firm ?

PARBURY: Well actually I'm with the B.B.C. British Burial Caskets. We're a subsidiary of W.T.I. This is one of ours, naturally. Handsome. English oak. Impregnated throughout with Neverot.

TARA: Neverot ?

PARBURY: A timber preservative. Made by another of our subsidiaries. Wormdoom.

EXT. WAINWRIGHT TIMBER INDUSTRIES

TARA GETS INTO HER CAR.

NO DIALOGUE



INT. MAINWRIGHT TIMBER INDUSTRIES

SONIA: (into phone) Yes, they're sure it's the same girl.  
Well he should be able to, she's  
only just left. Right.

SONIA: Sandford's going to deal with her.

EXT. ROAD JUNCTION & WOODS

LARGE TRUCK REVERSES -  
TARA SWERVES TO AVOID  
IT. SANDFORD MOVES TO  
TARA'S CAR TO ATTACK HER. NO DIALOGUE  
TARA RUNS INTO THE WOODS -  
FOLLOWED BY SANDFORD.

SANDFORD RUNS BACK TO  
TARA'S CAR.

SANDFORD SPRAYS GATE  
-IT DISAPPEARS - TARA  
REACTS - SANDFORD DRIVES NO DIALOGUE  
AWAY.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

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

ABC LOGO CARD

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: One minute the gate was there. The  
next minute it wasn't.

STEED: Just like that ?

TARA: Just like that.

STEED: Well you got the car back.

TARA: Eight miles I had to walk before I found  
my car.

STEED: Oh!

TARA: And then all the tyres were flat.

STEED: Now let's get back to this.

TARA: He'd let the air out.

STEED: Yes. Now why would anyone try and steal a  
photograph from - from Pendred's apartment ?

TARA: Well I should think it's because one of the men in the group -

STEED: Didn't want to be seen with the rest of the group.

TARA: Especially if he intended popping the rest of them off.

STEED: It's possible. Now we've got Wainwright, Pendred and Pym all dead. That leaves Forsythe and Sawbow. Now Sawbow is supposed to be seeing someone tonight. You keep tabs on him, perhaps you'd drop me at Forsythe's on your way.

TARA: In Africa ?

STEED: Africa, no, in Hertfordshire. I telephoned to his Mother she said he'd be back any minute. Do you really think I'd ask you to drive me to Africa.

TARA: Oh no.

STEED: (V.O.) There are certain things....

EXT. COUNTRY COTTAGE

STEED ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FRENCH WINDOWS

STEED: Mrs. Forsythe ?

MRS. FORSYTHE: Ah! Oh you did startle me.

STEED: I'm very sorry.

MRS. FORSYTHE: I'm a little excited today. To tell you the truth, I'm expecting my son, Victor. He's coming from Africa you know.

STEED: Err yes, he hasn't arrived yet.

MRS. FORSYTHE: No that stupid old plane was delayed.

STEED: Oh I see.  
That's very beautiful.  
Mmmm. lovely.

MRS. FORSYTHE: Look, I always prefer plastic flowers, they last so much longer.

STEED: Ha!

MRS. FORSYTHE: Are you a friend of his ?

STEED: Yes, my name is John Steed. Perhaps he's mentioned me.

MRS. FORSYTHE:

Not that I remember off hand.  
Err, would you care to come inside and  
wait for him?

STEED:

Oh that's very kind of you - may I?

MRS. FORSYTHE:

Oh - oh thank you. Do come in.

INT. SITTING ROOM

MRS. FORSYTHE:

Oh - err - these are two more friends of  
Victor's. They're waiting to see him too.  
Do you all know each other ?

KENNETH:

I don't think we do.

MRS. FORSYTHE:

Oh well, this is John,  
that's Kenneth and that's George.  
Do sit down. Now if you'll excuse me I'll  
go away with these silly old roses. I don't  
care what any one says, I like the plastic  
ones. They last so much longer.

STEED:

The weather's taken a turn for the better.

KENNETH:

Yes.

GEORGE:

Yes I suppose it has.

KENNETH:

Yes - could be a lot worse.

STEED:

It could be a lot worse.

GEORGE:

Yes I suppose it could really.

KENNETH:

Yes.

STEED:

Knows old Victor long ?

KENNETH:

Yes quite some time.

STEED:

Nice chap.

GEORGE:

Oh frightfully nice.

KENNETH:

One of the best.

STEED:

He's an awfully good pianist.

KENNETH:

Oh frightfully good, yes.

GEORGE:

Yes, I'll say one thing for old Victor.  
He really can play the piano.

STEED:

Pretty good on the violin too.

KENNETH:

Mmmm.

STEED:

Actually his real instrument is the clarinet.  
Now he was absolutely fantastic on the  
clarinet.

KENNETH:

Oh quite fantastic.

GEORGE: Yes he really can play the clarinet.  
Really can.

MRS. FORSYTHE: Who can, dear ?

STEED: Victor, Mrs. Forsythe.

MRS. FORSYTHE: Can he really ?  
He never told me.

STEED: Oh of course how stupid of me, it was  
Edwin who plays the clarinet.

MRS. FORSYTHE: Oh, I thought it couldn't be Victor, he  
can't play a thing, never could.  
Now I'll be back soon and we'll all have  
some tea.

STEED: Ah! Ah!  
Yes it was Edwin who plays the clarinet.  
He's another friend of mine.

EXT. LONDON MEWS

SAWBOW leaves his  
shop. TARA watches  
him and follows him.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. FORSYTHE SITTING ROOM

STEED: Well it's a great pity Victor can't play  
the clarinet. Lovely instrument.

KENNETH: Nevermind what he plays John. What are  
you playing.?

STEED: Ah, tea, splendid. Give the lady a hand,  
Kenneth.

FORSYTHE: (MRS.) A cup of tea is the best thing to calm us  
when we get excited.

STEED: Oh are we excited then ?

MRS. FORSYTHE: Well of course, we're all waiting for  
Victor.

STEED: Oh of course we are. How silly of me. Now  
do let me help you.

MRS. FORSYTHE: Err - now - do we all take sugar ?

STEED: I do. How about you Kenneth, one lump  
or two ?

MRS. FORSYTHE: Oh dear, I've forgotten to bring it in.

STEED: Nevermind, I'll start to pour out, shall I ?

FIGHT SEQUENCE

GEORGE: Interesting sound.

KENNETH: Yes, they don't write tunes like that anymore you know.

MRS. FORSYTHE: John, you're very naughty. Now you're to put those things in the piano, wherever it is.

END OF REEL FOUR

886 feet + 12 frames

---

REEL FIVE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD & WOODS

TARA'S CAR travelling  
- following SAWBOW'S  
CAR.

NO DIALOGUE

BOTH CARS PULL OFF  
THE ROAD.

NO DIALOGUE

TARA FOLLOWS SAWBOW  
INTO THE WOODS.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS

SANDFORD:

That's how they start. Carelessness like that.

SAWBOW:

Hmmm ?

SANDFORD:

Forest fires. That's how they start.

SAWBOW:

I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

SANDFORD:

Too late to be sorry. Too late when you've burned down three hundred acres of prime timber.

SAWBOW:

Well there's no harm done, is there ?

SANDFORD:

Come here to burn down our trees, did you ? Is that why you came ?

SAWBOW:

Oh don't be so ridiculous. Of course I didn't.

SANDFORD:

Oh you came here for something else did you ? You're a poacher, are you ?

SAWBOW:

Certainly not.

SANDFORD:

You look like a poacher to me.

SAWBOW:

This is stupid. I'm having a walk. I did no harm. Of course I'm not a poacher.

(screams)

Ah.....

SAWBOW: (struggling)

I've done nothing. Err -  
what is all this about ? Who are you ?

SANDFORD:

He doesn't know who we are. That's funny.  
Because we know who you are - Mr. Sawbow.

SAWBOW:

You'd better not do anything to me. I'm  
meeting somebody here any minute. I'm  
meeting somebody here - a friend.

SANDFORD:

Oh yes, your friend, he can't make it -  
so we've come instead.

SAWBOW:

Where is he ?

SANDFORD:

I've told you, he can't make it. He  
told us all about you though. About you  
knowing too much. Get on your feet.

TARA WATCHING:  
SHE RUNS AWAY:

SANDFORD:

See who that is. Just a temporary delay.  
We wouldn't want anyone to disturb us now,  
would we ?

JACKSON/TARA  
FIGHT SEQUENCE:

NO DIALOGUE

SANDFORD/SAWBOW  
FIGHT SEQUENCE

TARA RUNS INTO HUT.  
TARA REACTS AS HUT  
DISAPPEARS.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. PLASTIC'S ROOM

STEED:

Sawbow dead ?

MOTHER:

Yes. Shot, point blank. Body found about  
an hour ago. Probably dumped from a motor  
car.

STEED:

Any news of Tara ? She was tailing him.

MOTHER:

No, not yet. But I presume she'll contact  
us when she has something to report.  
Oh, there's one other matter of interest.

STEED:

Yes.

MOTHER:

Forsythe was supposed to be coming back  
from Africa wasn't he ?

STEED:

According to his Mother, Mother.

MOTHER:

Yes. Well he arrived in Paris a week ago,  
then disappeared.

STEED:

Then he could have been in London.

MOTHER: Mmmm. Precisely. I've got a dozen men trying to locate him.

STEED: It's not Forsythe I'm worried about, it's Tara. I wish I knew where she was.

INT. W. T. I. LABORATORY.

TARA: Acid!

SONIA: Compliments of the management.

TARA: Ah! And just specifically who are the management ?

SONIA: You'll find out in due course.

TARA: Mmmm. Ah! Fifty-three. Not a very good year was it ?

INT. PLASTIC'S ROOM

MOTHER: Will you stop walking about Steed.

MOTHER: (into phone) Mother.

STEED: Tara ?

MOTHER: (into phone) Oh, good.

STEED: Is it Tara ?

MOTHER: Forsythe's turned up in London.

STEED: Where is he ?

MOTHER: At your apartment. Waiting for you.

INT. W. T. I. HALLWAY

SONIA: Did you take a look at the girl ?

KENNETH: Yes we did. She's safe enough.

SONIA: We found she's working with a man called Steed. Don't worry though, somebody's dealing with him.

GEORGE: Oh, where ?

SONIA: In his apartment.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

FIGHT SEQUENCE  
FORSYTHE/JACKSON.

NO DIALOGUE

STEED: So you're Forsythe ?

FORSYTHÉ: No old chap, I am.

INT. W.T.I. LABORATORY

TARA: Hello.

SANDFORD: All finished ?

TARA: Oh I think there's a little wine left.

SANDFORD: Make the most of it darling. You weren't thinking of trying to clobber me with that bottle, were you ?

TARA: Oh well it had crossed my mind, I get so few pleasures down here.

SANDFORD: Oh, you'll get a few less in a short while.

TARA CLOBBERS SANDFORD

GEORGE/KENNETH AD LIB DIALOGUE:  
V.O.

.....fifty three....  
super .....  
must be mad.....  
Palatable.  
After all.....

WAINWRIGHT: Oblige me by dropping your gun.

TARA: I - I thought you were ...

WAINWRIGHT: Dead ? No Miss King, not dead,  
merely resting.

END OF REEL FIVE

848 feet + 3 frames



INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

FORSYTHE: My Mother told me a chap called Steed wanted to see me, I came here and he let me in and then he tried to kill me. Only he wasn't quick enough.

STEED: He wasn't Steed, either. I am.

FORSYTHE: Ha! Ha! come off it, I'm not falling for that one.

STEED: Well how about this!

FORSYTHE: Oh!.....

STEED: Now let's have a little chat, shall we? You and four other people joined the Institute of Timber Technology, now you jointly discovered something, what was it? Dry rot?

FORSYTHE: Yes. A mutation. Frightful stuff. Spreads like wildfire. We made a pact to keep quiet about it. All five of us.

STEED: You're the only one alive. The other four are dead.

FORSYTHE: Well hang on, old Wainwright isn't dead I spoke to him on the phone, not half an hour ago.

STEED: You what?

FORSYTHE: Yes I had a letter from him in Africa, something about a job..... I didn't like the sound of it. He sounded even madder than the last time I saw him.

STEED: So Wainwright's alive...

FORSYTHE: Yes and as mad as a hatter. He's using the dry rot for something. I say, have you seen what they did to Mother's piano?

STEED: Seen what they did. I was under it!

FORSYTHE: There was another thing - that chap there had two guns. One of them seems to be some sort of a spray gun.

STEED: Thank you. Oh by the way, just one other question. What have you been doing in the week since you left the plane in Paris?

FORSYTHE: Ah! Well, now that's a rather funny story.

STEED: I'm dying to hear it.

FORSYTHE: There was this awfully pretty girl....

STEED: (overriding) I've heard it. Now you stay here, give yourself a drink and don't budge till I get back.

FORSYTHE:

Why, where are you off to ?

STEED:

I'm going to see the late Mr.  
Wainwright.

INT. W.T.I. LABORATORY

TARA:

You fellows certainly know how to make a  
girl feel good.

GEORGE:

No offence Miss King - but killing girls  
is well -- a --

KENNETH:

...it's not cricket you see - it just  
isn't done.

TARA:

I'm glad to hear it.

GEORGE:

You see there are certain  
ethics, standards of behaviour - err -  
certain actions which a gentleman would  
never consider.

TARA:

Well then I wouldn't want to put you in  
an embarrassing position.

KENNETH:

Dashed decent of you Miss King.

TARA:

So why don't you just untie these silly  
ropes and let me go.?

GEORGE:

Oh, no no -- we couldn't do that -- impossible.

TARA:

I say, if you're friend knew that you'd  
killed a girl, he'd never forgive you.  
Would you ?

KENNETH:

She's got a point you know - I wouldn't.

GEORGE:

I say, it's a jolly awkward situation.  
Ah! I've got it.....

KENNETH:

Yes.

GEORGE:

We'll let Sandford do it.

KENNETH:

A splendid idea.

TARA:

Sandford ?

KENNETH:

Yes, he's a decent enough chap but  
well frankly he's a bit - -

TARA:

Mmmm.

KENNETH:

Still I'm sure he'll be delighted to kill  
you.

TARA:

Oh thanks very much.

GEORGE:

Oh not at all.  
My word that was a sticky moment...  
however, all's well that ends well.

GEORGE: Neat.

KENNETH: Frightfully. Hmm.

WAINWRIGHT: You two wait outside, we'll deal with this.

KENNETH: Well cheerio Miss King. Awfully nice to have met you.

GEORGE: Toodle dip old thing. Chin up.

WAINWRIGHT: I regret to inform you Madam, that your usefulness has ended.

TARA: I'm sorry to hear that. Why have you kept me here so long.

WAINWRIGHT: I thought we might need a hostage until your friend Steed was out of the way, but now however, he's been disposed of. Yes, but please don't distress yourself. I've decided that you're going to join him very shortly.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED DRIVING ALONG.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. W.T.I. LABORATORY

WAINWRIGHT: Let me give you a little demonstration - dry rot in action.

TARA: I've already seen it.

WAINWRIGHT: Ah but that was the retarded variety. That only destroyed the wood it was applied to and the area surrounding it. Now this is unretarded.

TARA: What's the difference..?

WAINWRIGHT: The difference ? This forms a large fungus. The fungus releases spores. The wind carries the spores and every piece of timber they touch rots.....  
(laughs hysterically) Ha! Ha! Ha!.....  
Rots! Rots!  
See that ?

TARA: It's a pillar box.

WAINWRIGHT: Is it ? Well it's not for letters. We're putting those at street corners all over England. D'you know why ?

TARA: You're collecting postage stamps .

WAINWRIGHT: It is not a post box, Miss King, but a giant spray. Like this, only that contains five hundred times more dry rot. They are activated by radio control. I push this button and the air is filled with rot from Lands End to John O' Groats. The whole country will rot.

WAINWRIGHT: (continued)

Roofs will fall. Floors will collapse and then the spores will drift across the channel. The whole of Europe will rot. The whole world. Unless of course they agree to my terms.

TARA:

Which are ?

WAINWRIGHT:

One thousand million pounds. A modest sum you'll agree.

TARA:

You don't really believe all this rot, do you ?

WAINWRIGHT:

Consider a world without wood Miss King... My dry rot will make the nuclear bomb.... the greatest earthquake.... the mightiest volcano, seem as insignificant as a tear drop in Niagara.

EXT. W.T.I. COUNTRY HOUSE

STEED ARRIVES.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. W.T.I. ENTRANCE HALL

KENNETH:

Steed!

FIGHT SEQUENCE  
STEED/KENNETH/GEORGE.

INT. W.T.I. LABORATORY

FIGHT SEQUENCE:

WAINWRIGHT:

Ah!

TARA:

He's got a plan to release dry rot and destroy the world.

STEED:

Haven't we all ?

INT. W.T.I. ENTRANCE HALL

STEED:

The quickest undertakers in the business. Shall we go ?

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

TARA: (V.O.)

Plain flour - two pounds.

STEED:

Hand milled on stone of course.

TARA: (V.O.)

Of course. Eggs, two, three, four dozen.

STEED:

All laid by pedigree hens within the last three hours.

TARA: (V.O.) Naturally. Salt.

STEED: From the coast of Brittany, coarse ground.

TARA: (V.O.) Seven rare and exotic herbs. Milk.

STEED: Llama's.

STEED:  
TARA: Is there any other kind ?

STEED LAUGHS: Ha! Ha! Ha!

TARA: (V.O.) Sugar.

STEED: Wild cane.

TARA: (V.O.) And pimentoes.

STEED: Whiskey.

TARA: What ?

STEED: That's for me.

TARA: Oh!

STEED: Mix together for ten minutes. Ten minutes later I will come in an administer the -- a --

TARA: Magic touch of the master chef.

STEED: And ten minutes after that we'll have Steed's crusted omelette of mushroom.

TARA: Mushroom.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

ABC LOGO CARD

COMMERCIAL BREAK

ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL SIX

788 feet + 15 frames

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4723 feet + 8 frames

prepared by:

ABC TELEVISION FILMS LIMITED,  
Associated British Elstree Studios,  
Boreham Wood,  
Herts.  
England.

DECEMBER 1968.