

THE AVENGERS

"INVASION OF THE
EARTHMEN"

Dialogue List
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Prepared & Word Processed by:
SAPEX SCRIPTS
The Script House
Elstree Studios
Shenley Road
Boreham Wood
Hertfordshire
Tel: 01-953 8331
953 1600
Fax: 01-207 0860

Prepared for:
Weintraub Entertainment Limited
167/169 Wardour Street
London W1V 3TA

Tel: 01-439 1790
Fax: 01-734 1509

TITLE MUSIC: IN/OUT

THE AVENGERS

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MAN: GROANS

MAN: Help! Help me! (GROANS) Help ... me.
(GROANS)

INVASION OF THE EARTHMEN

MUSIC: OUT/IN

TARA KING: Shoulder ... under. Now ... backs straight
and ... squeeze ...

MR STEED: You're supposed to throw him through a
plate-glass window.

TARA KING: Why?

MR STEED: Accepted agent's practice. You should
always try, wherever possible, to toss your
opponent through the nearest window ...
double glazed preferably. It's more
effective ... and much more spectacular.

TARA KING: I'll remember.

MR STEED: Better than that, you may have the chance
to prove the theory.

TARA KING: Action?

MR STEED: One Mr Grant has gone missing.

TARA KING: I'll get my coat ...

MUSIC: IN

TARA KING (Cont): ... and the disguise.

MR STEED: Disguise?

TARA KING: I want to try it out. (PAUSE) Like it?

MR STEED: Yes.

TARA KING: Good. Now, where are we off to?

MR STEED: The trail starts where Mr Grant stopped ...
at a small country hotel.

FX: CAR

TARA KING: Your friend Mr Grant certainly travelled
light ... not even a change of clothes.

MR STEED: He's not a friend ... a colleague.

TARA KING: So what was your colleague doing?

MR STEED: I don't really know. But he's a very odd
character ... he's certainly lax about
sending reports. Even so, three weeks
silence is unusual even for him.

FX: UNZIPPING BAG

TARA KING: I checked that.

FX:

TARA KING (Cont): What do you think's happened to him?

MR STEED: I think he's dead. Just a feeling you get.

FX:

MR STEED (Cont): Ah.

TARA KING: Sorry.

MR STEED: There's no reason why you should know ... regulations.

TARA KING: What is it?

MR STEED: A prospectus for Alpha Academy.

TARA KING: That symbol, it's on a Land Rover outside.

FX:

MUSIC: IN

TARA KING: Are they watching us or the room?

MR STEED: The room I imagine. Let's go out to Alpha Academy ... English education astonishes me.

TARA KING: And so it should.

FX: CAR

MR STEED: The Land Rover's following us.

TARA KING: Maybe they're just going back to the academy.

MR STEED: Let's find out. (PAUSE) Deserted, isn't it?

TARA KING: It's like the other side of the moon.

MUSIC: OUT

TARA KING (Cont): They're not getting out of the Land Rover.

MR STEED: Well, let's ring for service.

FX: CAR HORN

MR STEED (Cont): Friendly little group, aren't they?

FX: CAR HORN

MAN: Yes?

MR STEED: That's the answer. Perhaps you'd like the question?

MAN: What do you want?

MR STEED: A word with your headmaster.

MAN: Have you an appointment with the Commander?

MR STEED: No, no ... we just dropped by on the off-chance of seeing him.

MAN: Advise control we're escorting visitors in.

WOMAN: (INTO RADIO) Gate security to control ... visitors entering.

MAN: (THRU RADIO) Very well ... proceed with escort.

WOMAN: (INTO RADIO) Over and out.

MUSIC: IN

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MAN: Visitors to see the Commander.

EMILY: By appointment?

MAN: No.

EMILY: Very well. If you wait in the Commander's office, I'll inform him you're here.

MR STEED: You're very kind.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

FX:

MR STEED (Cont): Kind of makes you feel wanted, doesn't it?

FX:

MUSIC: CONTINUES

FX:

MR STEED (Cont): Agh! Gave me a bit of a shock.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

MR STEED (Cont): The whole thing's electrified.

FX:

BRIGADIER BRETT: Good evening ... I'm Brigadier Brett.

MR STEED: Good evening.

BRIGADIER BRETT: You were having some difficulty with the lock?

MR STEED: The door was, um, stuck. I hate locked rooms ... the war, you know.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Oh yes, of course. You wanted to see me, Mr, er ...

MR STEED: Colonel ... Colonel John Steed, 8th/9th Lancers. My wife ...

BRIGADIER BRETT: Mam ...

MR STEED: I'm afraid, er, I'm in the Civil Service now.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Yes, it does happen. Won't you sit down?

TARA KING: Thank you.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

BRIGADIER BRETT: What can I do for you?

MR STEED: It's about our little boy, isn't it, my dear?

TARA KING: Oh yes, our little boy ... Aubrey.

MR STEED: Neville. Aubrey Neville.

TARA KING: A delightful child.

BRIGADIER BRETT: How old is he?

TARA KING: Eighteen in June ... by John's first wife.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Ah.

MR STEED: We're going to be shifted to the Colonies
... or should I say the Commonwealth?

TARA KING: John doesn't want the child to be exposed
to foreign influences, so we've decided to
leave him in England. You do take them
from eighteen years?

BRIGADIER BRETT: From eighteen to twenty.

MR STEED: I suppose you're running a military
academy?

BRIGADIER BRETT: Not at all. The discipline is strict, of
course, but, er, well you must be the first
to admit, Colonel, there is little future
in today's world for a soldier.

MR STEED: More's the pity. But I'm glad to see that
you're putting some backbone into today's
youngsters.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Today's youngsters are tomorrow's people.

MUSIC: IN

BRETT (Cont): Perhaps you'd like a copy of our prospectus
... or have you already seen it?

MR STEED: No. How?

BRIGADIER BRETT: Mr Grant, who's staying at the same hotel as you ... I gave him a prospectus three weeks ago. I thought you might have met.

MR STEED: No. Of course, we only just arrived today. We've not even booked in ... just had time to, er, look around the rooms.

BRIGADIER BRETT: I see.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MR STEED: Wasn't this the way out?

MAN: Hey!

FX:

MAN: Sorry, sir ... I tripped. I think you've taken the wrong turning.

MR STEED: Oh not at all, I've a splendid sense of direction. It's the homing pigeon in me, you know. No, I think we'll go through ...

EMILY: No, sir. That way.

MR STEED: Well, that's most peculiar. I'm quite certain we came this way. Well, let me see ... when we came into the house we turned, er ... right, then first left ... or was it second ...

MUSIC: BUILDS

MR STEED: What happened?

MAN: The lady must have stumbled, sir. Hit her head.

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

MR STEED: How's the head ... the brunette one?

TARA KING: Still there ... just.

MR STEED: They said you stumbled. Did you?

TARA KING: Possibly on to something important.

MR STEED: What happened?

TARA KING: Well, I recall seeing stars.

MR STEED: (CHUCKLES) That's not surprising if they thumped you.

TARA KING: No, before they hit me. And then there was Humpty Dumpty.

MR STEED: Sitting on a wall?

TARA KING: No ... bobbing about in mid-air.

MR STEED: You really were hit.

TARA KING: Steed, I'm not making it up. I really saw an inflated astronaut that looked like Humpty Dumpty. I saw him through a window.

MR STEED: But there weren't any windows.

TARA KING: There was one behind the blackboard.

MR STEED: A very strange place to put one.

TARA KING: Exactly. Perhaps your Mr Grant stumbled on the same thing.

MR STEED: Well, I think that that Alpha Academy warrants another visit.

TARA KING: Mmm. This time unescorted.

MR STEED: We already are escorted.

TARA KING: What?

MR STEED: Right behind us.

TARA KING: Mmm.

FX:

TARA KING (Cont): This is becoming a habit.

MR STEED: Then let's break them of it whilst they're still young.

FX: CAR

TARA KING: They're still with us.

MR STEED: Hold on to your hair.

FX: CAR SCREECHES

TARA KING: You've lost them.

MR STEED: Yes.

TARA KING: Right, now let's get back to the academy and ...

MR STEED: Later.

TARA KING: Later?

MR STEED: Much later, when the hue and cry has died down. Now I'll pick you up at ten thirty.

FX: CAR

MAN: (THRU RADIO) We've lost them, sir.

BRIGADIER BRETT: (INTO RADIO) Very well. Return here immediately. Colonel and Mrs Steed have eluded our escort. Security condition yellow.

MUSIC: IN

MR STEED: Miss King?

TARA KING: Come in.

MR STEED: I already am.

TARA KING: Oh Steed, I hope you've come prepared to go and investigate our son's future school?

MR STEED: Adequately.

TARA KING: Me too. Look in the case.

MR STEED: Why the running shoes?

TARA KING: For beating a hasty retreat. Have I overlooked anything?

MR STEED: Yes, there is just one thing.

TARA KING: What?

MR STEED: A porter to carry it. You know it's after ten-thirty?

TARA KING: I know ... exactly two minutes after.

MR STEED: I hate to remind you but punctuality is the first requirement. Suppose Wellington had been late for Waterloo?

TARA KING: He was, wasn't he?

MR STEED: Ah well, there you are then.

TARA KING: I'm sorry, I'm almost ready, Steed.

MR STEED: Good.

TARA KING: I've only got to wash my hair, have a shower, paint my nails and get dressed.

FX:

MR STEED: (SIGHS) Ah.

TARA KING: Of course, you could speed things up for me.

MR STEED: How?

TARA KING: You could do my hair.

MUSIC: OUT

EMILY: Night survival as usual, sir?

BRIGADIER BRETT: Of course.

FX: BLEEPS

EMILY: Perimeter wire, west sector, sir.

BRIGADIER BRETT: That'll be Steed and his wife.

EMILY: I do hope so, sir.

MUSIC: IN

TARA KING: We must be near to the school building.

MR STEED: It's over on the right, I think. This quarry almost encircles the entire place, according to the map. Incidentally, watch how you go ... there's been a lot of mining around here. Look out for big holes.

TARA KING: Steed!

MR STEED: That's interesting.

TARA KING: What could have made it?

MR STEED: I don't know.

TARA KING: It's certainly big.

MR STEED: Bigger than both of us, Miss King? Watch.

MUSIC: CONTINUES

TARA KING: What was he doing?

MR STEED: I don't think he was a guard ... he wasn't armed. I wonder what that jump was for? It's just a rabbit snare.

TARA KING: Let me see.

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

TARA KING (Cont): That's no way to catch rabbits.

FX:

MR STEED: There may be more traps around.

TARA KING: I'm sure.

FX: NATURAL

MR STEED: I'm going to try and get inside the building.

TARA KING: I could check the grounds for you.

MR STEED: All right. We'll meet back at the car in an hour. I make it eleven-nine. Synchronise watches.

TARA KING: Oh ... eleven-seven and thirty seconds.

MR STEED: Make it eleven-ten. Good luck.

MUSIC: IN

TARA KING: Thank you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: CONTINUES

FX: BLEEPs

MUSIC: BUILDS

FX: Bleeps

MUSIC: OUT

BRIGADIER BRETT: Now you two are the only ones from your course who have not completed night survival. You will stay out in the survival area until dawn. Now you know there are dangers, traps everywhere in these grounds ... but you don't know where they are. You also know that somewhere out there in the darkness is an enemy. You will seek him and destroy him. Exactly. You are enemies and only one of you must return. Any questions?

MAN: Sir ... there's a yellow alert.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Yes. Everyone you meet is an enemy and must be destroyed.

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

TITLE MUSIC: IN

THE
AVENGERS

TITLE MUSIC: OUT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN/OUT

FX:

FX: DOOR CREAKS

MUSIC: IN

FX:

TARA KING:

Look out!

FX:

MUSIC: CONTINUES

TARA: GASPS

MUSIC: BUILDS

EMILY: We have the intruder, sir.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Well done. Any sign of Steed?

EMILY: No, sir.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Security condition red.

EMILY: Sir.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Take the prisoner inside.

EMILY: Yes, sir.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: OUT

BRIGADIER BRETT: Welcome back, Mrs Steed.

TARA KING: It's not important, but it's Miss King.

BRIGADIER BRETT: As you say, it's not important. Where is Steed?

TARA KING: I don't know.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Well, I imagine we'll find him soon enough. Now, Miss King, you must have been out there for an hour. I congratulate you on your powers of survival.

TARA KING: They're instinctive.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Did you meet up with any of our ... pets?

TARA KING: A boa constrictor.

BRIGADIER BRETT: There are several.

TARA KING: One isn't enough?

BRIGADIER BRETT: Well, they're incurably lazy after a meal. For example, Mr Grant ... Steed's colleague. The boa constrictor Mr Grant encountered will sleep for at least another three weeks.

TARA KING: There was a scorpion as well.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Oh really? I didn't know there were any left. They don't do well in this climate, you know.

TARA KING: And two of your young men, they seemed to be hunting each other.

BRIGADIER BRETT: They are.

TARA KING: Why?

BRIGADIER BRETT: The quarry, as they call it, figures in only a small part of our curriculum but an essential part ... the survival course. The quarry is our survival area. There it's kill or be killed.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

BRIGADIER BRETT: There is the future, Miss King. The new worlds of space ... hanging like ripe plums in the sky, waiting for the first men who have the courage to snatch them. Earth ... over-populated, under-fed ... it's wealth sucked dry.

TARA KING: And how do you plan to reach the stars?

BRIGADIER BRETT: Just by waiting, Miss King. East and West are competing like schoolboys to create methods of space transportation. When the means is available, I shall lead my armies into these new worlds and colonise them.

TARA KING: Your army?

BRIGADIER BRETT: My army of astronauts.

TARA KING: The young men and women here? You're training astronauts?

BRIGADIER BRETT: Astronaut soldiers to be precise.

TARA KING: To wage war on other astronauts?

BRIGADIER BRETT: To wipe them out, Miss King. I will invade the new territories out there while this world makes formal protests and looks at the rule books.

TARA KING: It's happened before.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Exactly, Miss King.

TARA KING: But it may be fifty years before space travel's made that easy. Your army will be old by then.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Cryo-biology, Miss King. We have perfected the deep freezing of human tissues. Already I have eighty young men and women fully trained at their mental and physical peak who will grow no older ... their lives suspended until the moment of reactivation. In two years time I shall join them.

TARA: GASPS

BRETT (Cont): Your instinct for survival interests me,
Miss King.

MR STEED: What other equipment is there?

MAN: Laboratories, test chambers, gymnasium,
physical/psychological unit ... everything.

MR STEED: And what's the tunnel?

MAN: We only go there towards the end of our
training ... when we're conditioned.
(GROANS) There's a series test to find out
... the Brigadier says everybody's got a
secret fear. In that tunnel you come
face-to-face with that fear.

FX:

BRIGADIER BRETT: This unit is on the survival course at
present. I will release you. Sixty
seconds later they will start after you.
Their objective ... to kill you. I know I
can rely on you, Miss King, to try to
survive as long as possible.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

BRETT (Cont): Ten seconds. You may run anywhere you
wish, Miss King. Do try to give them good
chase. Five, four, three, two, one ...
zero.

MUSIC: BUILDS

BRETT (Cont): Thirty seconds.

FX:

BRETT (Cont): Ten seconds. Five, four, three, two, one
... zero.

FX:

MUSIC: CONTINUES

TARA: GASPS

MAN: Why don't you kill me?

MAN: There's a security condition red. Steed's
the enemy now.

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

FX: FOOTSTEPS

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: BLEEPS

FX:

MAN: Try that door.

FX:

MAN: It's bolted.

MAN: Right, I'll cover you. Check the bushes.

MUSIC: CONTINUES/OUT

FX: RUNNING

MUSIC: IN

SARAH: Lock her in, I'll report to the Commander.

MUSIC: OUT

FX: WATER

TARA: GASPS

FX: WATER

FX:

MUSIC: IN

TARA: GASPS

MUSIC: OUT

BRIGADIER BRETT: She's in the tunnel. I want sections B and C to the quarry exit.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX: Bleeps

BRETT (Cont): You want to watch?

EMILY: Thank you, sir.

FX: Bleeps

BRIGADIER BRETT: She's coming to the tube.

EMILY: The tube?

FX: WATER

MUSIC: IN

FX:

MUSIC: OUT

FX:

MUSIC: IN

TARA: GASPS

FX: BANGING

MUSIC: OUT

FX: Bleeps

MUSIC: STING

EMILY: There's someone in the quarry end of the tunnel.

BRIGADIER BRETT: Steed ... using the tunnel to get into the school.

MR STEED: Might as well have it all.

MUSIC: IN

FX: MICE/RATS

MR STEED (Cont): Over the hurdles.

MUSIC: OUT

BRIGADIER BRETT: We're going in after them. I'll send in sections B and C from the quarry end. You take in the group at the southern entrance.

EMILY: Yes, sir.

BRIGADIER BRETT: (INTO RADIO) This is Brigadier Brett, B and C sections go in after them. (THRU PHONE) Carter's group is through the other end so they can't escape.

MAN: (INTO RADIO) Right away, sir. Out. (TO MEN) Now let's make sure it's our group that gets them first. Inside all of you. Inside and fast!

FX:

SARAH: Right, into the pool everybody. The other end's covered so they're trapped.

FX: SCREAMS

MR STEED: Miss King ... I thought this was one way.

TARA KING: Oh Steed.

MR STEED: Yes ... it is a trifle harrowing, isn't it?

TARA KING: (SIGHS) Can we get out that way?

MR STEED: No, there's a hunting party not far behind.

TARA KING: Well, there's one coming this way as well, so we're caught in the middle.

MR STEED: Exactly.

TARA KING: Well, what are we going to do?

MR STEED: Miss King, have I ever let you down?

TARA KING: There's always a first time.

MR STEED: Telling the truth can be very destructive to a relationship. Now, as you can see I've developed this plan. Note particularly that feature.

TARA KING: Steed, you're marvellous.

MR STEED: Thank you.

MUSIC: IN

FX:

FX: BLEEPS

FX:

MAN: Where are they?

SARAH: You let them past you.

MAN: Nobody went past us. You let them get back.

SARAH: We never saw them.

MAN: Then they must be somewhere in the cavern. Spread out, all of you. Find them.

FX: FOOTSTEPS

FX:

MR STEED: Give us a hand.

EMILY: Over here.

TRUMP: Ventilator shaft. Get after them.

FX:

MR STEED: I'll join you as soon as I can.

TRUMP: Isn't he out yet?

SARAH: He's said it's closed off, there's a rock against it.

TRUMP: Put your shoulder to it! Move it!

MAN: I can't shift it, it's solid.

TRUMP: Then they've got out into the grounds.

SARAH: While we're all in here.

TRUMP: Both exits, move!

FX:

BRIGADIER BRETT: (INTO RADIO) Yes?

TRUMP: (INTO RADIO) Trump here. Intruders have escaped. Tunnel entrance door has been locked, sir. Request orders.

BRIGADIER BRETT: (INTO RADIO) I'm coming down.

FX:

MUSIC: IN

MR STEED: (WHISPERS) Don't move ... above you ... a big snake.

FX:

MUSIC: BUILDS/CONTINUES

MR STEED: Stars in his eyes.

TARA KING: Head in the clouds.

MUSIC: OUT

MR STEED: Feet apart.

TARA KING: Uh-huh.

MR STEED: And I get my right leg between your feet. I get my right shoulder under your right arm. I keep my back straight, feet parallel and put the opponent off balance and ... heave!

TARA KING: Oh!

MR STEED: Get it?

TARA KING: Yes.

MR STEED: Oh, good.

TARA KING: Right. Right, feet apart and bring up my shoulder under you.

MR STEED: Right, back straight.

TARA KING: Back straight, feet apart, opponent off balance and ... heave. Heave. Oh I'll never get the hang of it.

MR STEED: Yes you will. You didn't get your opponent off balance.

TARA KING: Oh.

MUSIC: IN

TARA KING (Cont): I'm sorry, Steed.

MR STEED: That's what I call devious, Miss King.

TARA KING At least I didn't break the plate-glass window.

MR STEED: Thoughtful.

TARA KING: Well, what'll it be? A quiet tete-a-tete? Dinner in the country? Or a ride in the park?

MR STEED: Practise ...

MUSIC: OUT/TITLE MUSIC: IN

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TITLE MUSIC: OUT

T H E E N D

Prepared & Word Processed by:
SAPEX SCRIPTS
The Script House
Elstree Studios
Shenley Road
Boreham Wood
Hertfordshire
Tel: 01-953 8331
953 1600
Fax: 01-207 0860