

EPISODE NO: 27.

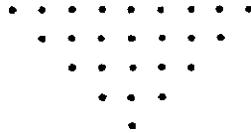
SERIES 2.

" THE AVENGERS "

**MASTER 345**

"HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE"

DIALOGUE SHEETS



**MASTER COPY**  
**NOT TO BE ISSUED**

Prepared by:

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

MARCH 1969

MAIN TITLES

EXT. STREET

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ROOM

GEORGINA:

Any sign of him Harriet ?

HARRIET:

Not yet.

GEORGINA:

Perhaps he won't come.

HARRIET:

Of course he'll come. I made the most stringent enquiries with regard to his activities. Of course he'll come Georgina.

GEORGINA:

If you say so Harriet.  
Well, I know it's wicked of me but I really am looking forward to this.

HARRIET:

So you should after the trouble it took planning it.

EXT. STREET

HARRIET'S P.O.V. OF CAR.

INT. ROOM

HARRIET:

Here he comes now.  
He's here. He's here. He's here.  
Ready Georgina ?

GEORGINA:

Ready Harriet.

HARRIET:

Now we'll surprise him.

SUPERIMPOSE EPISODE TITLE  
"HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE"

COMMERCIAL BREAK

RESUME TWO SHOT OF  
HARRIET & GEORGINA  
HOLDING GUNS.

MOTHER:

Well Rhonda it's really quite chilly these evenings.  
No! No!  
My Mother would never forgive me.

HARRIET:

Nephew!

GEORGINA:

Dear nephew.

HARRIET:

A very happy birthday to you.

GEORGINA:

A happier birthday.

MOTHER: Aunt Harriet. Aunt Georgina  
what a lovely surprise.

HARRIET: We meant it to be.

GEORGINA: We planned it that way.

HARRIET & GEORGINA: We brought you these.

HARRIET: For your birthday.

GEORGINA: We do hope you like them.

MOTHER: Delightful. Absolutely delightful.  
Thank you very much Aunties, thank you.  
Err - Rhonda, some tea. Would you like  
some tea.

HARRIET: Please.

MOTHER: And a large whisky for me.

HARRIET: Whisky ?

GEORGINA: We're disappointed in you.

MOTHER: Purely for medicinal purposes.

HARRIET: We thought you'd have five fingers of  
old red-eye.

MOTHER: What ?

GEORGINA: We read all the spy books you know.  
'Five Fingers of old red-eye'. It's  
the conventional thing.

MOTHER: Oh, I see. Five fingers of old red-eye.

HARRIET: Well dear nephew, what's been happening, eh?

GEORGINA: Are you just back from an assignment ?

MOTHER: Yes, I am.

HARRIET: Then you're heeled at the moment.

MOTHER: Heeled ?

GEORGINA: Yes, are you carrying a gat - a rod.

HARRIET: A good old equaliser.

MOTHER: No I'm afraid I'm not carrying a gat.

HARRIET: Karate's enough for you, eh ?

GEORGINA: The good old killing blows.

HARRIET: I suppose you wouldn't like to chop that  
table in half for us, would you ?

MOTHER: No - err - as a matter of fact I haven't been  
err - too well recently.

HARRIET: Well, could you arrange a trip for us round the black museum ?

GEORGINA: Or the morgue ?

HARRIET: Either would be equally entertaining.

MOTHER: No I'm afraid that won't be too easy.

GEORGINA: We hoped you'd amuse us.

HARRIET: We really hoped.

MOTHER: Well - I - err - I err....

HARRIET: What about a story.

GEORGINA: An inside story.

MOTHER: A story ?

GEORGINA: Torn from the annuals of time ... every fibre of emotion laid bare.

HARRIET: Every gory fact presented in its ghastly factuality.

MOTHER: A story.

HARRIET: The real thing.

MOTHER: A true story. Well now - The Great - Great Britain Crime. The Crime of the Century!

GEORGINA: Wow!

HARRIET: How did it start ? With a killing, eh ?

MOTHER: Yes, I'm afraid it did. You see one of our agents was on the trail of something inexplicable, something big.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING (S.F.C.)

MOTHER'S VOICE: He had been lured to a night rendezvous but found it to be a trap. Two arch villains awaited him intent on ...

HARRIET'S VOICE: Rubbing him out.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Intent on engineering his demise. He tried to make his escape on some scaffolding near by.

HARRIET'S VOICE: Why do they always run up!

MOTHER'S VOICE: Because - because they always do, that's why. He couldn't shake his pursuers, they stalked him relentlessly.

NOTE: S.F.C. = Special Film Clip intercutting from another Episode.

MOTHER'S VOICE:

But one of the villians planned to put a spanner in the works. Things looked black - and then putting all his strength into one last effort - summoning all his reserves - he made one prodigious leap and gained safe ground - but then -

INT. ROOM

GEORGINA:

Well go on - go on - what happened then ?  
He fell.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING INTERCUTTING (S.F.C)

MAN SCREAMS:

Ah.....

INT. THE ROOM

MOTHER:

As soon as the news of this agent's death reached me I knew I was onto something big - inexplicable.

HARRIET:

You've already said that once.

MOTHER:

I was just reinforcing the point.

GEORGINA:

Well what happened next ?

MOTHER:

A second agent stumbled on the same trail.

EXT. LAKE AND TREES (S.F.C.)

MOTHER'S VOICE:

He too became a hunted animal running from an armed villian.

HARRIET'S VOICE:

He's the one who put the spanner in the works.

MOTHER'S VOICE:

Our man continued his desperate run to get away and then he spied a boocour -

HARRIET'S VOICE:

A Prisoner of War camp ?

MOTHER'S VOICE:

A Fire post. He strove to get there, to call Headquarters. Alas he was foiled in his ....

GUNSHOTS DROWNED DIALOGUE.

INT. ROOM

GEORGINA:

Gosh, you were really having bad luck, weren't you.

MOTHER:

It happens. It happened again. This gang organization knew no bounds. They were ruthless, utterly ruthless - they struck again -

EXT. STREET (S.F.C.)

MOTHER'S VOICE OVER:

- catching our man off guard when he was enjoying a quiet pint in a local hostelry.

INT. ROOM

MOTHER: But this time our agent managed to contact Headquarters with a message before he was gunned down.

HARRIET: Convenient.

MOTHER: The message consisted of one word..

HARRIET: Help ?

MOTHER: Intercrime!

HARRIET: Surely that's two words ?

MOTHER: Intercrime. It was the first hint that we had that this organization was really organised. I put the word out - find out all you can about Intercrime.

HARRIET: That's seven words.

MOTHER: Informers were primed. I was prepared to pay any amount for information. Then I sat back and waited and waited -

GEORGINA: And waited.

MOTHER: That was when we got our first nibble. A man named Cartwright contacted Steed and said he had information we might be able to use. He would deliver it at Steed's apartment, personally. But what he didn't know and what we didn't know -

GEORGINA: - was that he was driving straight into a trap - an ambush -

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

JAGUAR TRAVELLING -  
then stops - blocked.

MOTHER'S VOICE: His car was blocked - stopped and Cartwright himself dragged from it brutally with utter disregard that his suit might be creased, torn irreparably ruined, Cartwright was taken away by the murky minions Fuller.

HARRIET'S VOICE: Who's Fuller ?

MOTHER'S VOICE: I was coming to him. Fuller's second in Command of the Intercrime - England. Nervous, ice cold. He cared not for life, limb or status. His only joy was money, - - - so imagine his delight when he found Cartwright's piggy bank. Meanwhile,

EXT. GRAVE (INTERCUTTING)

MOTHER'S VOICE: ...it was over, Cartwright was dead. Things looked very grave indeed - or did they ?

HARRIET'S VOICE:

Well did they ?

MOTHER'S VOICE:

On the surface, yes. But -

GEORGINA'S VOICE:

But -

MOTHER'S VOICE:

Beneath the surface - Fuller and his execution squad, satisfied that all was well made their get-a-way, but little did they know that Cartwright survived - Cartwright lived.

END OF REEL ONE:

832 feet + 12 frames

INT. ROOM

HARRIET: Just a minute. Cartwright was riddled with bullets.

MOTHER: Precisely.

HARRIET: Then how could he...

MOTHER: Bullet proof vest. He was one of those sort of fellows. Cartwright struggled out of his grave..in his bullet proof vest...and made his way to where TaraKing and John Steed were waiting for him.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: What's your information Cartwright ?

CARTWRIGHT: You'll pay me?

STEED: That depends.

CARTWRIGHT: You know that Intercrime are after me !

TARA: What's Intercrime ?

STEED: The opposite to - err - Interpol. Interpol helps the police against the criminals. Intercrime helps the criminals against the police.

TARA: I see.

CARTWRIGHT: That's a robbery that Intercrime have set up for tomorrow.

STEED: BondStreet Jewellers. Well that's not my line at all - you ought to know that Cartwright.

CARTWRIGHT: It's a diamond consignment worth three quarters of a million pounds.

STEED: Well ask Scotland Yard. They'll help you.

CARTWRIGHT: I know something that is for you.

STEED: What ?

CARTWRIGHT: They're planning on a big crime. "The Crime of the Century" they call it.

MOTHER'S VOICE (over) "The Crime of the Century" - it was our first intimation that such a crime was planned.... But it WAS - BEing planned - in the headquarters of Intercrime....

INT. DUNBAR'S OFFICE

MOTHER'S VOICE (over) ....the most powerful criminal organisation in the whole world.

DUNBAR: Those against. The motion fails. Well before our next Annual General Meeting, which will take place...In Tokyo. I should like to urge our  
continued...



DUNBAR cont. members from the United States and the U.S.S.R. to reconsider...the application of the Chinese Tong Society. The political differences of our Government are no concern of ours. Well gentlemen, I think that concludes...today's business.

JACKSON: We haven't dealt with the robbery.

DUNBAR: I should like to postpone discussion on that subject... for the time being.

JACKSON: Look here Dunbar - we're all over in this country of yours for one reason, to see if Intercrime...can pull off what you call the Crime of the Century.

JACKSON: What I would like to know is - what century?

DUNBAR: There are still preparations to be made Mr. Jackson.

JACKSON: Look, if you're up to your old tricks again -

OSAKA: Mr. Dunbar is our elected President.

JACKSON: Yeah - and I know how he rigged that.

DUNBAR: The cars are waiting?

FULLER: Yes Mr. Dunbar.

DUNBAR: Well gentlemen, your sight-seeing continues today - with Buckingham Palace.

INSERT: MAPS

STEED'S VOICE: Buckingham Palace? Do you think they could be planning to raid Buckingham Palace?

TARA'S VOICE: Well, if they did - how would they come in..?

STEED'S VOICE: Several approaches...This way - or -

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED: Hyde Park Corner. Buckingham Palace Gardens.

CARTWRIGHT: I say old man.

STEED: Birdcage Walk and the Horseguards' Parade.

CARTWRIGHT: I say old man this suit is rather well cut.

TARA: Very well cut. You look awfully good Freddie,

CARTWRIGHT: Do you really think so.

TARA: Mmmm. Don't you Steed.

STEED: Yes I do.

CARTWRIGHT: Oh good. I say old man...

STEED: The brandy's over there old man.

CARTWRIGHT: Thanks old man.

STEED: The Queen's apartments there. Banqueting rooms. Picture Gallery.

TARA: Of course they might come in from the Embankment, along the sewers - the back way.

STEED: Huh. That'd mean they'd surface, alongside the Falmingo pool outside the stables, or in the middle of the Parade ground.

TARA: Err - well, there's always the direct approach. Sorry. What time's the robbery.

CARTWRIGHT: What?

STEED: Nor this. The Bond Street diamond consignment.

CARTWRIGHT: Oh, two thirty. There'll be two men and a woman. The men'll...be dressed as window cleaners.

INT. INTERCRIME CONTROL ROOM.

MOTHERS VOICE: Two men, dressed as window cleaners. Some might have said they looked like complete fools. But..well ha! ha! appearances can be deceptive.

FULLER: Rossi?

ROSSI: Si.

FULLER: Kruger?

KRUGER: Ja.

FULLER: What's the alarm system?

ROSSI: Thompson Partridge Mark Six Electronic eye warning system. Locked from Head Office. Two metres from door. Height thirty centimetres.

FULLER: Haben sie verstanden.

KRUGER: Voll komme verstanden.

FULLER: The regular window cleaners go in at exactly fifteen hundred hours. Make sure you're there by fourteen-thirty. Good luck.

INT. ROOM

MOTHER: Intercrime had planned a jewel robbery - and we planned to let it happen.

GEORGINA: Why ?

MOTHER: A stake-out. Isn't that it Aunt, let the heist happen then follow the hoods back to their pad - bring up the heavy mob, open fire with tommy guns - gats and tear gas, ha! ha! that's how it happens isn't it. Ha! Ha! Ha!  
No, no, it doesn't really. No.  
Now where we we ?

GEORGINA: The Bond Street heist.

MOTHER: Ah, the Bond Street heist.

HARRIET: Just a minute. You make Tara King a blonde.

MOTHER: Yes.

HARRIET: I've seen her. She's a brunette.

GEORGINA: That's right.

MOTHER: Now look here Aunts, this is my story and if I wish to make Tara King sky-blue pink, I will!

GEORGINA: Oh - you're so forceful.

MOTHER: Now let us get back to the heist, the robbery. Simply planned. Simply executed.

INT. JEWELLER'S SAFE ROOM/EXT. STREET

MOTHER'S VOICE: Kruger and Rossi overpowered their victims. The spoils were theirs. But outside, Steed and Tara were waiting with an equally simple plan. Little did Rossi and Kruger know what fate awaited them....but as they ran from the jewellers, the robbers were robbed!

HARRIET'S VOICE: They WERE two complete fools.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Well, I told you appearances could be deceptive. Anyway, our plan had worked - but we made two mistakes.

COMMERCIAL BREAKINT. CONTROL ROOM:

MOTHER'S VOICE: To continue - we made two mistakes - The first was to assume that Intercrime had a sense of humour. They didn't.

FULLER: Execution Department please.

INT. ROOM

HARRIET: You said you made two mistakes ?

MOTHER: Yes, Cartwright, you remember Cartwright.?

HARRIET: The one with the convenient bullet proof vest.

MOTHER: Steed had lent him his suit. Now he foolishly left Steed's apartment wearing it. He was followed to a restaurant by Intercrime's Execution Squad and then -

EXT. SOHO RESTAURANT

CARTWRIGHT IS SHOT.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ROOM

HARRIET: Well, well, well, forgot his bullet proof vest, eh.

MOTHER: It can happen.

GEORGINA: What next ?

MOTHER: Another attack on Steed. He was a marked man, a telephone call lured him to some earthworks.

EXT. EARTH WORKS. (S.F.C)

MOTHER'S VOICE: Steed found himself trapped at the bottom of a pitiless pit. And the villains planned to fill him in! Earth cascaded down on our dauntless hero. Tons, hundreds of tons of shale and rubble fell in on him - until all that remained in sight was the last battered symbol of a very gallant English gentleman: His bowler hat. It seemed that Inter-Crime had triumphed. But had they ? Had they ? No! Our indomitable hero was not finished yet! With one bound - Steed was free!

INT. ROOM

MOTHER: But Steed had proved too much for them. Another phone call - another lure, this time to a house in the country. Another attack.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE:

MOTHER'S VOICE: But the attacker had not reckoned on Steed's physical expertise. His will to win. Time and again he eluded the clutching hands of his adversary. Steed absolutely through himself into the fight - his ability was starting to tell.

HARRIET'S VOICE: His ability to do what ?

MOTHER'S VOICE: To fall so nicely. His attacker was weakening.

HARRIET'S VOICE: Weakening ?

MOTHER'S VOICE:

The chair was a very inferior manufacture. Steed pulled every trick out of the book, finally the attacker made his fatal mistake he made Steed very angry.

INT. ROOM

MOTHER:

Another failure .. Steed survived.

GEORGINA:

AND THEN?

MOTHER:

we had a lucky break

HARRIET:

ah I was waiting for one of those

MOTHER:

Dunbar - the European head of Intercrime took over from the hot headed Fuller. He forbade all murder attempts, on the contrary he had other plans for Steed.

END OF REEL TWO:

740 feet + 4 frames.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

DUNBAR: Well the background is right .....  
we could use this man Steed

FULLER: He stole from us Sir.

DUNBAR: Execute him after.

FULLER: What about the girl?  
Steed's accomplice .. We've traced her.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

DUNBAR'S VOICE: Bring her in.

Car chase sequence.

NO DIALOGUE.

MOTHER'S VOICE: So, with Tara now in their clutches,  
Intercrime put part two of their  
plan into operation. Steed.

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT/INT. CONTROL ROOM

STEED: (into phone) Hello.

FULLER: (V.O.) We want to talk to you Mr. Steed.

STEED: Huh. Is it about putting holes  
into Freddie Cartwright.

FULLER: (V.O.) Write down this address Mr. Steed.  
One nine nine Royal Avenue, S.W.7.

STEED: I'll remember it. Goodbye.

EXT. STREET.

MOTHER'S VOICE: The vital contact had been made.  
Inter-Crime were asking to see Steed.  
He hurried to a waiting taxi - but  
Inter-Crime's skullduggery was still  
at work.  
An armed man planned to 'escort' Steed  
to their headquarters.  
Steed had other thoughts.  
He was alone now ... and driving straight  
into the jaws of Inter-Crime - and untold  
dangers....  
The first hurdle safely crossed.  
The second hurdle to be encountered..

INT. CONTROL ROOM.

BACKGROUND CHATTER AD LIB.

MARY: Good evening Mr. Steed.

STEED: Good evening.

MARY Will you come with me ..

MOTHER'S VOICE:

The last hurdle lay ahead,  
Steed had penetrated the ugly heart  
of Inter-Crime... Now he had to meet  
the man on whose word his life might  
hang in the balance - Dunbar!

DUNBAR:

My name is Dunbar, I am the Head of  
Intercrime in Europe -  
Oh - please sit down

STEED:

Thank you.

DUNBAR:

Mr. Steed. You should be dead.

STEED:

Ha! Ha! I gathered that.

DUNBAR:

Mm. You're here because I am considering  
putting you on probation.  
We have of course checked up on your  
records.

STEED: (softly)

Of course.

DUNBAR:

And I think we have a job for which  
you may be particularly qualified.  
There is also the matter of seven hundred  
and eightyfive thousand pounds worth of  
diamonds which you and your accomplice  
stole from us.

STEED:

Ah - we'll give you back the diamonds.

DUNBAR:

You can keep the diamonds Mr. Steed..  
if you make a success of this job.

STEED:

What sort of job.

DUNBAR:

The crime of the Century.

INT. ROOM.

MOTHER:

There it was again the Crime of the  
Century. Steed had penetrated Intercrime.

HARRIET:

But...

MOTHER:

His ploy in pretending to be a superior  
thief had worked.

HARRIET:

What about ..

MOTHER:

Steed and Dunbar

HARRIET:

ah

MOTHER:

What is it then?

HARRIET:

what about Tara?

GEORGINA:

Yes what happened to her?

MOTHER:

She was in another part of the woods  
under the hot lights.

INT. CELL

FULLER: Where are the diamonds?  
TARA: I don't know what you're  
\*talking about.  
FULLER: Miss King, it would go easier if  
you made a statement.  
TARA: I don't know anything.  
FULLER: We know you and Steed took the diamonds  
TARA: I don't know anyone called Steed.

INT. ROOM.

GEORGINA: oh she was brave  
HARRIET: stoical  
GEORGINA: she didn't squeal  
MOTHER: Squeal. I sincerely hope not.  
She's not a mouse you know.  
Now where was I?  
HARRIET/GEORGINA: Intercrime  
MOTHER: Oh yes Steed had got his feet under  
the table ..Dunbar was even offering  
him drinks.

INT. DUNBAR'S OFFICE.

DUNBAR: We give our criminals legal aid and  
pension scheme. Paid holidays.  
Everything a good company man can hope  
to find on - on the other side.  
STEED: Who is my company, you or Orpheus Tours?  
DUNBAR: The same. Orpheus Tours will take you  
on a tour anywhere.  
STEED: That's extremely good of her.  
DUNBAR: To commit a crime.  
STEED: And where's the one you want me to  
commit?  
DUNBAR: Here.  
DUNBAR: (in French) Sixty-five Dubois. I want you to talk  
your way into a top Security Establishment.



STEED: Where

DUNBAR: You will be taken. Colonel Corf is in command.

STEED: Corf?

DUNBAR: You went to the same school. You belong to the same clubs. The same background - more or less.

STEED: But I don't know him.

DUNBAR: Here's a complete file on him. Read it and use it to gain his confidence. Then without his knowledge, open his safe and photograph the entire contents.

STEED: What's in the safe?

DUNBAR: Colonel Corf has a top security telephone. The scrambler code is changed every twenty four hours. The current code is kept in the safe. I want a picture of it.

STEED: Why?

DUNBAR: (V.O.) Dubois from our French section will go with you to open the safe.

DUNBAR: Ca va Dubois?

DUBOIS: Oui.

DUNBAR: He is the best cracksmen in Europe.

STEED: But he's a criminal. He looks like a criminal. I couldn't get him into a security establishment. I doubt if I could even get him into a prison.

DUBOIS: Qu' est-ce-que-c'est?

DUNBAR: Rien. Rien. Taisez vous.

DUNBAR: (V.O.) You must open the safe.

STEED: I suppose I could open it myself, but I prefer to use Miss King.

DUNBAR: We'll test her.

INT. ROOM

GEORGINA: Oh dear 'Test' her?

HARRIET: Did they make her sit for an exam. or something?

MOTHER: No no dear dear Aunt, they were putting her up against the brilliant Dubois. The man with the beret.

MOTHER: (Laughs) Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!  
Tara was sent for.

INT. DUNBAR'S OFFICE.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Not knowing, poor child, what The Fates had in store for her - but determined to grit her teeth, keep a stiff upperlip, keep her back to the wall and charge fearlessly forward...

HARRIET'S VOICE: That's anatomically impossible!

MOTHER'S VOICE: She was brought to where Dubois had opened the safe in 59 and point one five seconds. Flat. Tara King was given the unenviable task of beating the fiendish Frenchman's time. She had to open the safe faster than he. It was an acid test. Steed could only stand by - powerless to help her - But Tara did not flinch from the task, she did not turn away from the job assigned to her, she did not avert her eyes from the dangers. She did not ...

HARRIET'S VOICE: I imagine she agreed to do it?

MOTHER'S VOICE: Exactly.  
She was alone on her own merit now. Could she beat, or even equal Dubois' time of 59 and point one five seconds? The tension mounted. The seconds, fatal seconds, ticked by. Nerves were drawn tighter than a violin string. And then .. At the traditional last moment.  
Her file.

DUNBAR: Her file.

FULLER: Sir.

DUNBAR: You go with Steed.

EXT. PACKING YARD.

MOTHER'S VOICE: So, Steed and Tara had achieved their first objective to be accepted by Intercrime.. They made their way to the security vaults now to dupe the razor sharp mind of Colonel Corf....

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD

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

ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL THREE

744 ft. + 4 frames.

INT. HOBSON'S OFFICE

CORF: Please Sergeant Smith - please.

SMITH: Sorry sir, I mean "guv'nor".

CORF: Hmm. Yes.

STEED: John Steed, your Security Inspector. My Assistant, Miss King.

CORF: Security Inspector! Didn't know we had one.

STEED: Of course not. Security!

CORF: Ah - uh, haven't seen any of you chaps for years.

STEED: Well changes at Downing Street you know.

CORF: Yes - err - well, what can I do for you.

STEED: I'd be very obliged if you'd show me around.

CORF: Sh - show you - oh no - no, no -  
I - I'm afraid I couldn't possibly do that.  
No - I'm awfully busy at the moment, I'm  
afraid, awfully busy. It's nearly time for  
lunch anyway, tell you what, you come back  
some other day. Be awfully much -

STEED: Of course. Corf!

CORF: What ?

STEED: Dumble Corf. St. Justin's House.

CORF: Well yes....

STEED: There's a picture of you in the Pavilion.  
The time you took ten for seventeen.

CORF: No, ten for sixteen.

MOTHER'S VOICE OVER: So, pretending to be an old school chum,  
recalling those good old days -

INT. ROOM:

MOTHER: Steed infiltrated the Security Establishment.

HARRIET: Security Establishment ? Sounds more like  
a dreary old warehouse to me.

MOTHER: That is the cover. Down more than five  
hundred feet down - is the heart of the  
matter - where Corf kept his safe.

GEORGINA: That's why Intercrime sent them there.

MOTHER: Exactly. To photograph the scrambler code  
that was kept in it.

HARRIET: How did they do that ? How did they fool  
Corf and his Razor sharp mind ?

MOTHER: Tara King - -

INT. VAULTS

MOTHER'S VOICE: - feigned a faint. Then Steed took Corf  
off and she was left there alone.

CORF: Paintings!

STEED: What paintings ?

CORF: Great Britain's heritage.

INT. VAULTS - OFFICE (INTERCUTTING)

TARA moves to safe.

INT. VAULTS

CORF: One of my favourite's that. I like animals,  
don't you ? Over there - Gainsborough's,  
Constables, etcetera.... and down that  
Gallery, you've got your foreigners.

CORF: All these are your - a - Flemish School.  
Primitives.

STEED: I like them.

CORF: Mam - yes, well...

STEED: More paintings ?

CORF: Sacred objects.

INT. VAULTS - OFFICE (INTERCUTTING)

TARA has opened the safe.

INT. VAULTS

CORF: The Crown Jewels! There.

STEED: That is very beautiful.

CORF: (mutters as lib) Yes it is, isn't it.  
Ooops.

STEED: Huh!

INT. VAULTS - OFFICE

TARA TAKING PHOTOGRAPHS. NO DIALOGUE

INT. VAULTS /INT. VAULTS OFFICE

CORF: The finest forgeries in the world. Yes.. well ....

STEED: A very impressive collection Colonel.

CORF: Thank you. Thank you. Now then how d'you feel ?

TARA: Much better thanks.

CORF: Good girl. Good girl. There you are - Hot line!

STEED: Scrambled ?

CORF: New scrambling code every twenty four hours. Keep it in the safe. Nothing wrong with our security Steed.

STEED: No, I'm sure not. Err, what happens when you get the call - 'Operation Rule Britannia'?

CORF: Haven't the faintest notion. Never had it, have I, thank goodness.

STEED: So you don't know what 'OPERATION RULE BRITANNIA' means.

INT. ROOM

GEORGINA: He didn't know ?

MOTHER: No.

HARRIET: I'm not surprised. He doesn't seem like a young man that knows anything much. Hasn't got all his marbles if you ask me.

MOTHER: Nobody knew anything about 'Operation Rule Britannia'. Nobody, that is, except for me. An impasse was reached.

GEORGINA: What's an impasse ?

MOTHER: It is ...

HARRIET: (interjects) When they run out of plot!

INT. MOTHER'S HEADQUARTERS.

MOTHER'S VOICE: And that's when I made my own indispensable contribution to the case.

STEED: D'you get my message ?

MOTHER: About Operation Rule Britannia - yes ?

STEED: Well, what is it ? And why is Colonel Corf guarding a heap of forgeries ?

MOTHER: In the event of War, operation 'Rule Britannia' is the signal to clear all art galleries and palaces of their treasures and put them in the safety of Colonel Corf's vaults.

STEED: Colonel Corf's Vaults ?

MOTHER: Yes, and hang the forgeries in their place.

STEED: Oh, and that would prevent alarm and despondency throughout the countryside.

MOTHER: Exactly. To prevent a panic. Now what would you do if War was looming and you saw them tucking all the Picasso's, Cezanne's and Matisse underground ?

STEED: What would I do ?  
Ha! Ha!  
I'd go somewhere else as soon as possible.

MOTHER: Right. But - they are part of our National Heritage.

STEED: Ah!

MOTHER: Something to rally round. They must be seen proudly, aggressively a symbol of our confidence.

STEED: And the real ones are all safely tucked away.

MOTHER: That is beside the point.

STEED: I've got the point - the Crime of the Century.

MOTHER: What ?

STEED: Now what would you think the chances are of robbing the National Gallery, Buckingham Palace, The Tate Gallery, all in one afternoon ?

MOTHER: Nil.

STEED: But - make an all out concerted effort on one area - however well guarded -

MOTHER: Well - err - I suppose there is a chance, yes.

STEED: Give the signal - operation 'Britannia' put all your art eggs in one basket - Colonel Corf's vaults - and then ?  
I'd better get back to Intercrime.

INT. DUNBAR'S OFFICE

DUNBAR: Gentlemen, the scrambler code to Colonel Corf's priority telephone.

JACKSON: Yes, Dunbar, now I will have that drink.

JACKSON: Who's fixing the phones ?

DUNBAR: Nogushu. The best in the business.  
DUNBAR: From the territory of Mr.Osaka.  
Dozoe.

EXT. STREET/INT.DUNBAR'S OFFICE

MOTHER'S VOICE: Cleverly using a Japanese as the man most likely to be overlooked in a busy European Street. Intercrime put themselves in direct contact with Corf. They now had the link, the scrambler code . . . and all that was needed was to put Operation Rule Britannia into effect.

OSAKA: (into phone) Osaka ...

OSAKA: You are now in contact with Colonel Corf Mr. Dunbar.

DUNBAR: (in foreign language) Thank you. Mr. Osaka.

DUNBAR: (into intercom) Send in Miss King and Steed.

DUNBAR: (into phone) Nogushu. Get me Colonel Corf please.

JACKSON: You're doing it now ?

DUNBAR: V.O. The scrambler code changes every twenty-four hours. I wanted to speak to Colonel Corf. Fuller - a drink for Miss King. Tell him it's 'Operation Rule Britannia'.

STEED: He can hardly be expected to believe me.

DUNBAR: He knows your voice. You're on his hot line. He can only believe that you're speaking from the Prime Minister's Office.

STEED: (into phone) Colonel!

INT. CORF'S OFFICE. (INTERCUTTING)

CORF: Operation Rule Britannia! Well I'd no idea the situation was so explosive.

STEED: I'm with him now, there's no alternative.

CORF: Right Steed.

MOTHER'S VOICE: The diabolical plan had worked. The ruse succeeded. Colonel Corf was completely taken in by -

HARRIET'S VOICE: I'm not surprised.

MOTHER'S VOICE: I am perfectly aware of your opinion of Corf. He was taken in. He opened his sealed instructions, and started the ball that was Operation Rule Britannia - rolling. The biggest tickle in history. The most gigantic robbery in the annals of crime - had begun!

EXT. DUCKINGHAM PALACE/ART GALLERIES

MOTHER'S VOICE:

The mighty plan had swung into action. First, our National Galleries - haven of our most revered artistes were emptied - stripped of their most precious sculptures and canvasses.... The Tower of London - repository of the Crown Jewels and of England's history - even the Palace itself., the very seat of Government... all were denuded of their art treasures, and forgeries were put in their place. While the REAL treasurers were despatched to the safety of Colonel Corf's vaults. But, as the gallant Colonel personally supervised the stowing of this precious cargo, little did he know that the safety of his vaults was no longer safe, nor was his personal safe safe any longer - - - if - - err - you know what I mean.

INT. VAULTS:

CORF:

Nude with Violin - right at the back please. Careful man!

INT. DUNBAR'S OFFICE

MOTHER'S VOICE:

Meanwhile, back at the -

HARRIET'S VOICE:

Ranch ?

MOTHER'S VOICE:

Back at Intercrime Headquarters - Steed's desperation mounted. Watched though he was he shirked not from his duty. He attempted to call us - to warn us - but...

DUNBAR:

Who were you going to call, Mr. Steed ?

STEED:

My bookmaker.

DUNBAR:

Gambling can be very dangerous Mr. Steed. We took a gamble with you.

DUNBAR:

Get the girl.  
I'm not going to lose now.

STEED:

You won't win without me. Corf trusts me, I made sure of that. But you won't get in without me and my fee is a hundred thousand pounds.

DUNBAR:

All right Steed, you get us in and we'll meet your price.

STEED:

Good.  
And Miss King comes too.

DUNBAR:

Oh no. Miss King stays here, your hostage.

DUNBAR:

Put her in the cell.



INT. ROOM

MOTHER: Their villainy knew no bounds! Steed found himself helpless to their ploy. The count-down had begun. The final preparations were made.

INT. DUNBAR'S OFFICE

DUNBAR: Anaesthetics. Tranquillisers. Hacksaw. Nylon rope.

LUMBA: What's this ?

DUNBAR: A miniaturised transmitter. Twenty pounds in gold sovereigns. Before going on a mission, each man would be issued with one of these survival kits.

OSAKA: Good idea.

DUNBAR: Phrase book in fifteen languages.

OSAKA: (reading) I am on the run from the Police. Kindly direct me to a suitable hideout.

THEY ALL LAUGH

DUNBAR: Six drugged cigarettes. Cigarette lighter. Turn the fuel screw round ... the mechanism is now primed. Flick it - in three seconds there will be a concentrated explosion sufficient to blow a gap in a prison wall up to ten feet thick.

DUNBAR DEMONSTRATES -  
GROUP REACT --

DUNBAR: Of course, you have to release the safety catch.

INT. ROOM

MOTHER: The scene was set...

HARRIET: They were well equipped.

MOTHER: Yes they were. The time...

HARRIET: Just one thing...

MOTHER: Yes ?

HARRIET: How on earth did they carry it all ?

MOTHER: The time had come -

INT./EXT. INTERCRIME HEADQUARTERS.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Dunbar and his nefarious nasties - his felonious fellows, his cronies in crime, made their final move.

MOTHER'S VOICE: (continued) They set out to accomplish their evil coup. Steed could do nothing but accompany them... hoping for a lucky break.

HARRIET'S VOICE: You've had your ration of those.

MOTHER'S VOICE: But the break did not come. Steed's mind was troubled as he and the top brass of Intercrime set off - en route to -

HARRIET'S VOICE: Now hold it -

INT. ROOM

INT. ROOM

HARRIET: Intercrime are going to commit the crime of the century - yes.

MOTHER: Right.

HARRIET: And Steed's helping ?

MOTHER: Right. He had no option. He tried to call us...

HARRIET: Why did he give them Colonel Corf's scrambler code in the first place ?

GEORGINA: Good question.

MOTHER: Ah...

HARRIET/GEORGINA: Well ?

MOTHER: Steed had to go along with the whole plot. Suppose the theft of the scrambler code was just a test. A test of Steed's loyalty to Intercrime.

GEORGINA: Good answer. It is you know Harriet.

HARRIET: Oh well, I suppose so. But Miss Christie and Mr. Earl Stanley Gardner never leave such loopholes.

MOTHER: May I continue ?

HARRIET/GEORGINA: Please do.

EXT. ORPHEUS TOURS BUILDING /INT. CELL

MOTHER'S VOICE: Intercrime made their move en route to pillage the vulats... and Steed forced to accompany them.

However, they had overlooked one factor, the courage and resourcefulness of Miss Tara King. She launched into the attack and disposed of her adversary. But the game was not yet won.

INT. CORRIDOR - ORPHEUS TOURS

TARA: Excuse me! Could you help me for a moment.

TARA emerges from  
room - after fight  
F.X. - wearing white  
over-all.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. INTERCRIME CONTROL ROOM

TARA ENTERS - GENERAL  
AD LIB BACKGROUND CHATTER.

GIRL: Hey!

MACHINE GUN FIRES S.F.X.

GIRL: Ah! You've laddered my stockings.

TARA RUSHES OUT OF  
CONTROL ROOM TO MAKE  
HER GET-A-WAY. PURSUED  
BY HEAVY.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. ORPHEUS TOURS

TARA EMERGES FROM  
BUILDING AND RUSHES  
TO CAR - HEAVY RUSHES  
OUT AND MACHINE GUNS  
S.F.X.

NO DIALOGUE

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. ROOM:

GEORGINA: My goodness, they were an awfully noisy  
lot, weren't they ?

HARRIET: Awfully.

MOTHER: As I told you - they were ruthless -  
utterly ruthless - they cared not who  
they aroused. They were unconcerned  
that sleeping children - tender babes -  
might be awaked by the noise of their  
shooting.

HARRIET: Dreadful.

GEORGINA: Despicable.

HARRIET: Beyond the pall.

GEORGINA: They certainly were not gentlemen.

MOTHER: They certainly were not. Now, shall I  
continue ?

GEORGINA/HARRIET:

Please.

MOTHER:

Where was I.

HARRIET:

Steed, hoping to penetrate Intercrime, set himself up as a thief, achieved his aim...

GEORGINA:

...and was given the task of getting Colonel Corf's scrambler code... Corf's vaults being the repository for the real art treasures of Great Britain in times of emergency.

HARRIET:

Fake ones having been put in their place... and Intercrime, holding Tara as a hostage forced Steed to accompany them on the big heist.

GEORGINA:

Tara having engineered her escape, and was on her way to foil the plot

MOTHER:

Well dear Aunts you have been paying attention.

THEY ALL LAUGH

Ha! Ha! Ha!

MOTHER:

Tara was on her way to foil the plot...

END OF REEL FIVE

783 feet + 5 frames

EXT. WAREHOUSE YARD

MOTHER'S VOICE:

Tara, brilliant, gallant, blonde  
Tara. The last hope of foiling the plot...  
climbed into Corf's security area, where  
even now the last of the forgeries were  
being despatched. She ran pell mell to  
find Colonel Corf - to warn him what was  
afoot. If she could reach him in time...  
while there were still precious minutes  
to spare before the Intercrime mob arrived,  
she could...

HARRIET'S VOICE:

Now just a moment....

INT. ROOM

HARRIET:

You said the Intercrime team left ahead of  
Tara...

MOTHER:

That's right.

HARRIET:

Then how did she get there first ?

MOTHER:

They took the pretty route - they wanted  
to see the sights.

HARRIET:

On their way to a crime ?

MOTHER:

This is my story.

GEORGINA:

Go on - please go on.

MOTHER:

I will endeavour to - now where was I ?

GEORGINA:

Tara had arrived at the warehouse.

MOTHER:

Oh yes. She tried to persuade a sceptical  
Colonel Corf that his warehouse was in  
danger of a mass raid. She told him of how  
she opened his safe before and she even  
opened it again, to prove it.

INT. VAULT'S - CORF'S OFFICE

TARA:

Now d'you believe I photographed your codes?

CORF:

Excuse me - Yes, yes I do. And of course  
I know what's going on. When Steed rang  
me I was suspicious. I read the newspapers  
you know Miss King.

TARA:

What does that mean ?

CORF:

This country's not in danger of going to  
War.

TARA:

That's what I've been telling you.

CORF:

And it was Steed who gave that false alarm.

TARA:

Yes.

CORF: As a security check on me and my little Unit.

TARA: No.

CORF: New brooms sweep clean. Oh, I know all about Whitehall Miss King.

TARA: This is not a Security exercise. This is a plan by a criminal organisation called - ... Intercrime.

CORF: Mmmm.

TARA: They're going to break in here and steal all of this.

CORF: And - a what should I do?

TARA: Let them in. Once they're here, seal the place off - and make an armed arrest.

CORF: Yes - well - it's a little complicated for my taste - but then I suppose that's how Security minds work.

TARA: But this is not a Security check.

INT. ROOM

HARRIET: One thing I can't understand.

MOTHER: What?

HARRIET: This Colonel Corf - how did such a fool come to be in charge of a top security vault?

GEORGINA: Oh, Harriet let him go on! We're almost at the big fight - aren't we?

MOTHER: Indeed we are.  
Now Tara hid herself in the vaults ... whilst Corf ...

HARRIET: Did he marry into an important family?  
Is that how he got the job?

MOTHER: Whilst Corf - thinking the whole thing to be an elaborate exercise - awaited the arrival of the Intercrime team ...  
He didn't have long to wait ...

INT. VAULTS

CORF: In the Queen's name gentlemen, you are my prisoners and I must ask you to lay down your arms.

DUNBAR: Be your age Colonel.

FULLER: You are our prisoner Colonel

CORF: But you can't say that.  
I said it first. Where's the Umpire.

STEED: These men are criminals. They're trying to steal the most valuable pieces here.

CORF: But that's what Miss King said - I didn't -  
FULLER: Miss King. Find that woman.  
MOTHER'S VOICE: So ... whilst armed men were dispatched to dispatch Miss King - to hunt her down like a - like a - hairy beast .... Dunbar and Co. indulge in a different kind of hunting ... ferreting out our art treasures... splitting them up amongst themselves .. a nude here, a violin there, gloating over the Gainsboroughs, drooling over the Da Vinci's sharing the profits of their ill-starred scheme. They were worse than Philistines, they were Villainstines. Art to them was just loot - cabbage - spondulicks - cold hard cash - they showed no respect for anything .. anything at all...  
GROUP: Ah ....  
DUNBAR: Yes. Though I'm afraid we'll have to break this one up, gentlemen. It's rather a pity, isn't it,  
LUMBA: Britain's Crown Jewels.  
Tara runs away.  
Men chase her.

INT. ROOM

HARRIET: Well go on - go on!  
GEORGINA: Why have you stopped?  
HARRIET: You CANT stop now!  
MOTHER: I haven't stopped ...  
HARRIET & GEORGINA: But you ...  
MOTHER: Merely pausing. I have run out ....  
HARRIET: ... of ideas.  
MOTHER: ... of breath.  
My throat is dry. I think I'll take a glass of ...  
HARRIET & GEORGINA: Five fingers of old red eye.  
MOTHER: Ah! That's better, now I will continue.

INT. VAULTS - STORAGE SPACE. DAY.

JACKSON: It's a double cross, isn't it Dunbar?  
DUNBAR: ... check the office.  
LUMBA: Over there - .....  
DUNBAR: We'll take the corridors.  
Tara hits heavy.

REEL SIX

"HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE"

CORF: Well done. Look out.  
Pwhew ...

STEED: Hold it - Oooh!

COLONEL: Yes.

Gun fight sequence.  
Gun shots.

CORF: ... By jove.

STEED: Your gun Colonel.

CORF: Thank you.

STEED: Thank you.

CORF: Oh dear, it was the only one I liked.

Explosion F.X.

INT. ROOM.

HARRIET: Game, set ...

GEORGINA: ... and match.

HARRIET: It all ended happily ever after.

MOTHER: Naturally.

HARRIET: But they ALWAYS end like that!

GEORGINA: Couldn't we have a DOWN-BEAT ending for once!?

MOTHER: Well as a matter of fact there WAS a slight tragedy!

HARRIET: Really!?

GEORGINA: Oh! Tell us.

MOTHER: ... Steed sprained his thumb ... and Tara ... poor girl ...

HARRIET & GEORGINA: A fate worse than death!?

MOTHER: Worse.

HARRIET & GEORGINA: Worse!?

MOTHER: The shock turned her Brunette.

COMMERCIAL BREAK



REEL SIX"HOMICIDE AND OLD LACE"INT. MOTHER'S HEADQUARTERS

MOTHER: Your card Steed.

STEED: It's astonishing.

MOTHER: What?

STEED: Rhonda.

MOTHER: Yes she is rather tall, isn't she?

STEED: No, no I don't mean that. I mean that after all this time I haven't heard a squeak out of her.

MOTHER: I sincerely hope not. Rhonda squeaking that would mean skullduggery afoot.

STEED: Oh, no, no I mean I've never heard her say a word.

MOTHER: What word.

STEED: Well any word.

MOTHER: She's not the chatty type, I like her that way.

STEED: Yes but you would have thought that say once a month or so that she'd say a word.

MOTHER: Bothers you?

STEED: Unaccountably yes.

MOTHER: Oh, Rhonda. Say hello to Mr. Steed. Hello Mr. Steed.

STEED: That's her?

MOTHER: (laughs) No T'was me. Rhonda's lost her voice. I was practicing my ventriloquial art.... A B C D E F G H I J K. Gottle of Geer F G .....

They all laugh.

COMMERCIAL BREAKEND TITLESABC LOGO CARDCOMMERCIAL BREAKABC PRESENTATIONEND OF REEL SIX881 feet 0 frames.LENGTH OF EPISODE:4693 feet + 8 frames