

EPISODE NO. 30

SERIES 2

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

"TAKE-OVER"

DIALOGUE SHEETS

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MASTER 345

prepared by :

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

MARCH 1969.

MAIN TITLES

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Establishing limousine
cruising along.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. ROLLS

LOMAX SWITCHES THE
IGNITION ON/OFF. CAR
STALLS.

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

LOMAX LIFTS BONNET.
GRENVILLE JOINS HIM.
MEANWHILE GORDON ESCAPES
AND RUNS -

NO DIALOGUE

EXT. FIELD & COUNTRY ROAD

LOMAX & GRENVILLE V.P.
OF GORDON RUNNING ACROSS
THE FIELD.

NO DIALOGUE

GRENVILLE OPERATES
LIGHTER - -

CUT TO:

GORDON GRASPING HIS
THROAT - FALLS -

NO DIALOGUE

ROLLS DRIVES AWAY.

EPISODE TITLE SUPERIMPOSED
OVER GORDON'S BODY:

"TAKE-OVER"

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. STEED'S APARTMENT

STEED:

Beautiful gun, Tara.

TARA:

It is, isn't it. My Uncle had it made
specially, then he never used it.

STEED:

Why not ?

TARA:

Oh the young man married my cousin of his
own free will. Are you sure you don't
want to come sailing ?

STEED:

February in the channel is not my idea
of heaven. No, I'm going to the heart
of the country, shooting, fishing, fine
wine, good food, away from it all.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

Establishing the house -
ROLLS pulls up - GILBERT
SEXTON and co. alight.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. HALLWAY

GRENVILLE:

Sergeant Groom. Nice to see you old chap.
You're looking very fit, I don't know how
you do it, the years don't seem to leave
any mark on you.

GROOM:

Thank you sir.

GRENVILLE:

Well isn't that lovely. She's a beauty
isn't she ?

GROOM:

Yes sir.

GRENVILLE:

Well be a good chap, will you, give Sexton
and Lomax a hand with the bags.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE

GROOM:

I don't think we've met before sir.
I'm Sergeant Groom.

LOMAX:

But of course you are. Would you take those
two Sergeant.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

GRENVILLE:

Well isn't this a charming room. It's
absolutely charming.
And a log fire. You can keep all your
modern heating methods. Nothing compares
with an English log fire for keeping out
the chill of February.

LAURA:

Good morning.

GRENVILLE:

Laura. My dear Laura, you look absolutely
lovely. There's no doubt about it the
country life suits you, there's no other
word for it, you look radiant.

LAURA:

Thank you - I

LOMAX:

Good morning Mrs. Baxter.

GRENVILLE:

Oh Groom, put my bag into the blue room
will you, and the others go into the Guest
rooms.

CIRCE:

Oh - err - leave the attache case down here.

LAURA:

The guest rooms aren't ready - I ...

GRENVILLE:

Now don't you worry about that Sexton and
Lomax are perfectly well house trained.
They'll do all that has to be done.

CIRCE: I don't like your curtains at all, but these apples are really lovely.

GRENVILLE: Of course, you haven't met before. Circe Bishop, Laura Bassett.

CIRCE: Hello. Oh, I always use my left hand when I meet people, it confuses them. I think the white walls are very nice though.

GRENVILLE: Circe works very hard at being a "character", don't you Circe my dear. Now why don't you go upstairs and get yourself ready.

CIRCE: Ciao.

LAURA: Look, this may seem awful but I honestly don't remember our meeting.

GRENVILLE: Oh that's perfectly understandable my dear, don't give it another thought.

LAURA: You're friends of my husband ?

GRENVILLE: Where is Bill ?

LAURA: Oh he won't be long, it's just that he didn't tell me we were having guests.

GRENVILLE: Well there's no reason why he should. Now what's for lunch. To tell you the truth - I am famished.

LAURA: Lunch ?

GRENVILLE: Now don't you worry your pretty little head about it. We'll let Sexton take over the kitchen, he loves to cook.

LOMAX: It's perfect up there - a lovely view.

BILL (V.C.) Hello darling.

LAURA: That's Bill.

GRENVILLE: Oh good.

LAURA: Hello Bill you didn't tell me you were expecting people.

BILL: Mmmm.

LAURA: Your friends have been waiting for you.

BILL: I'm sorry. I don't understand. We haven't met, have we ?

GRENVILLE: No, never.

LAURA: But you said

GRENVILLE: No, no, my dear - you said ...

BILL:

Who are you ?

GRENVILLE:

My name is Fenton Grenville. And you're Bill Bassett. Well now we're all here, we might as well begin. Sexton would you please lock the door.

BILL:

Now just a minute - exactly what's going on?

GRENVILLE:

Now Bill - be a good chap. Up until now everything has been civilized and quite delightful. Don't spoil it.

BILL:

I'm not going to have perfect strangers walking into my -

SEXTON:

Sergeant Groom.

CIRCE:

I'm ready.

GRENVILLE:

Oh good, then let's begin with Sergeant Groom, shall we.

SEXTON:

Would you walk over to the table Sergeant. Now I don't want you to struggle, it isn't going to hurt.

GRENVILLE:

Now don't be heroic Bill, you're next. You'll see, it won't hurt at all.

SEXTON:

Excuse me.

GRENVILLE:

Please don't struggle.
We'll leave you until last my dear. I want you to see this.
Circe.

END OF REEL ONE

853 feet + 13 frames.

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED: The address where I'm staying...

TARA: (softly) Oh - thanks.

STEED: There's one other thing - you might like to call in on your way back, and I know they'd love to see you.

TARA: I will.
Right - lights off - windows locked - pencils - writing paper - your address.
Thanks.

INT. HALLWAY

CIRCE: (pretending to drive car) Brrrrrrrrr Brrrrrrrrr Brrrrrrrrr.

SEXTON: It's aw.....

CIRCE: " " Brrrrrrrrrrrrr Brrrrrr

SEXTON: It's awful coffee. It's not fresh. You'd think people who lived in a house like this would at least afford fresh coffee.

CIRCE: I'd like to pilot and airplane. That's what I'd really like to do. Just me and all that sky. I'd fly and fly and fly and fly.
Awful coffee.

SEXTON: Not fresh.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

GRENVILLE: Ah, coffee.

SEXTON: It's awful.

GRENVILLE: Will you join me ?

BILL: How long is this going on ?

GRENVILLE: I don't think they want any coffee.

SEXTON: Well I don't blame them, it's awful.

BILL: You could at least tell us the reason for all this.

GRENVILLE: Incidentally Sexton, the veal was superb.

SEXTON: My own recipe.

GRENVILLE: Oh it was quite superb. Sexton is going to open a restaurant of his own one day.

SEXTON: Just a tiny place. No more than ten tables. For people who really care about food, with fresh coffee.

BILL: For Heaven's sake, what are you trying to do ? Why ? What's all this about ?

GRENVILLE: I can't bear raised voices. And hysteria in a man is very unbecoming. If you'll excuse me, I must talk with Lomax.

SEXTON: We - err - shan't be watching you all the time, but honestly, I do think it would be better if you didn't try to leave the house.

GROOM: I want to try something sir.

Shhh.

BILLS V.P. OF CIRCE
SITTING AT THE WHEEL
OF THE CAR IN HALL.

BILL: I'm going to try and get to the village.

LAURA: No Bill.

GROOM: Let me do it sir. You stay and look after Mrs. Bassett.

LAURA: Please don't go Bill.

GROOM: She's right.

BILL: Alright.

LAURA: That girl - what did she do to us ?

BILL: I don't know. If they're in the turret room they'll see you if you go this way....

GROOM: My best chance is out through the front.

BILL: Yes, but the girl's out there.

GROOM: If you could get her away from there - I'd only need a few seconds.

LAURA: The one in the kitchen, what about him ?

INT. HALLWAY (INTERCUTTING)

CIRCE LISTENING.

BILL: (V.O.) Just hope he stays there for a while.

LAURA: I can talk to the girl.

LAURA: I might even be able to get her out of the hall.

BILL: Well then try it. Use your own judgement Groom. I'll keep an eye on the kitchen door, but once you start to go, don't stop for anything.

GROOM: You can depend on that sir. I'll be back with all the help we need.

CIRCE: I'm going to tell on you. What will you give me if I don't.

BILL: Now Sergeant. Now!

INT. HALLWAY

GROOM: They've locked it.

LAURA: The other key. Quick!

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE (INTERCUTTING)

GROOM SPRINTING AWAY. NO DIALOGUE

INT. HALLWAY

GRENVILLE: This should prove an interesting object lesson. Oh, and please let Circe go.

BILL: You can't stop him now, he's got away.

GRENVILLE: Go out and get him will you. I imagine he's somewhere between the gate and the shrubbery.

LOMAX: May I have the key please Mrs. Bassett?

GRENVILLE: You know I think this hallway is terribly attractive. But then you were an interior designer, weren't you Laura?

CIRCE: I still don't like the curtains.

BILL: Don't you understand Grenville? Groom has got away. Those two haven't got a hope of catching him.

LAURA: Whatever it was you wanted to do it won't work now. Groom will be back with help.

CIRCE: I'm going to get Sexton to make me a sandwich.

BILL: Listen, it's over. You're finished. Now get out of here.

GROOM IS DRAGGED IN.

GRENVILLE: I'm glad it wasn't either of you that made the break. You're both such delightful people. However, I trust that you will both learn from Sergeant Groom's unfortunate demise.

BILL: How did you kill him.?

GRENVILLE:

Oh that's not important.
No, the important thing is that you're both equally vulnerable. If you live or you die, is totally in my hands. I do want you to understand that.
Good, then from this moment on, you will both co-operate fully and do precisely what you are told. Now about dinner this evening. What gastronomic delights have you prepared for us, Sexton? Or perhaps you'd rather surprise us.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

STEED DRIVING ALONG.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

SEXTON:

February's an awful month for table setting. No garden flowers. And I do like flowers on my table.

GRENVILLE:

Have we time for one more sherry before we dress for dinner ?

SEXTON:

Yes of course sir.

GRENVILLE:

Will you join me ?

STEED:

Happy Christmas. Happy Christmas.
Hello Bill. Hello Laura and Hello Wotin.
Compliments of the season. Just a little something for the tree.

LAURA:

John.

STEED:

Laura. Good - good to see you again.

BILL:

Good to see you John.

STEED:

And you too Bill.
So, we've got other guests. It's going to be the greatest Christmas we've ever had.
John Steed.

GRENVILLE:

Fenton Grenville. Now what's all this about Christmas ?

STEED:

Bill, you haven't told them about Christmas. You haven't told them.

LAURA:

To tell you the truth, we'd forgotten.

STEED:

Forgotten! Christmas! Not to worry. I will explain. You see Bill and I were taken prisoners in Nanking - there was no window in the cell. We lost all track of time...

BILL:

So we made our own calender. Eventually we found we'd celebrated Christmas in February.

LAURA: So they've been celebrating their own special Christmas ever since. Only this time we really had forgotten.

STEED: Oh don't worry about that Laura. The main thing is that we are all here together. Now, any other guests ?

GRENVILLE: Yes, my two assistants, and my niece.

STEED: Your niece. Well that makes, one, two, three - seven! Great for party games. I've the crackers, the party hats, the lot! In the car - it'll be just like old times.

GRENVILLE: Then I consider myself fortunate to be able to join your celebration Mr. Steed. We were just about to change for dinner. Shall we leave the rest of the introductions until then ?

STEED: I think that's a very good idea. I'll just collect my things. And again, Happy Christmas.

GRENVILLE: Why didn't you tell me ?

BILL: We'd forgotten. It's true.

GRENVILLE: All right. All right. We'll go through with this charade. We're business associates. But if he guesses there's anything wrong - if you even hint at it. You are dead.

END OF REEL TWO

678 feet + 14 frames

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

GRENVILLE: You wish to hear it again Mr. Steed ?

STEED: No, I don't think so, Let's go ahead.

GRENVILLE: Very well. Shall I begin?

STEED: Hmm.

GRENVILLE: Er...Scorofino's Concerto for percussion and woodwind.

STEED: That's very good, perfectly right.

GRENVILLE: Now your turn. Conducted by?

STEED: Hemplehoffer...that magic baton you can't mistake it. It's like a sabre flashing on a sunny afternoon. Now it's your turn. The musicians?

GRENVILLE: Er...the Berliner ensemble.

STEED: That's very good. You're very good Mr. Grenville.

GRENVILLE: Recorded where.

STEED: Deucherekkord's studio M in Hamburg. There's a very distinctive resonance to anything recorded before 1959. Now after that time its not as easily identifiable.

GRENVILLE: You're quite an authority Mr. Steed.

STEED: Oh, just on simple ones. I'll ask you a simple question..the name of the percussionist?

GRENVILLE: Fritz Rhiner.

STEED: Oh hard luck, it was nearly right. Now that makes you owe me...
. . . . one,two,three four..twenty guineas.

GRENVILLE: Now wait a minute...you haven't named him yourself yet.

STEED: Hans Rhiner..it's Fritz' brother.. you see Hans uses drumsticks that are carved out of ivory..but Fritz's drumsticks are made of whalebone. That's how you can tell the difference.

SEXTON: Hans Rhiner it was.

GRENVILLE: You have a fine ear Mr. Steed. I hope you hang on to it.

STEED: Oh thank you. You did guess Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker suite. Err..what shall we play now?

LAURA: Would you excuse me. I have rather a headache.

STEED: I am awfully sorry. Maybe it was the music.

SEXTON:
SEXTON: Well, I'd better take Lomax some food though
I doubt if he'll appreciate it.

STEED: That makes four. How about a game of
bridge?

GRENVILLE: No I don't think so Steed...it's getting
late and Bill and I have to go over some
very important papers. I think we should
do that now, Bill. Will you excuse us.

STEED: I haven't seen a room clear so quickly
since Freddy Firman took a live skunk
into the turkish baths.

INT. HALLWAY.

GRENVILLE: Oh Bill, the less contact you have with
Steed the better...Go to your room
and stay there.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM.

CIRCE: You've got nice ears. Nice hair too...
Fenton doesn't like you very much. He's
very proud of his esoteric knowledge...
You shouldn't have won that bet.

STEED: I'm a bad loser.

CIRCE: (laughs) Do you think I'm pretty? I think
I am. I think I could be very pretty.

STEED: Who am I to argue with a lady.

CIRCE: Oh I'm not a lady. That's why I was
expelled from medical school ... It's
my name ... It's affected my whole
character.

STEED: The Greek Goddess Circe, who could
turn men into wild beasts...

CIRCE: (giggling) Except I can't...I'm going to have my
nose altered you know...Then I'll be
really pretty...

STEED: It's a very nice nose.

CIRCE: Oh it's all right. The second one I
had was the best though...I spend all
my money on new noses.

STEED: Well, everyone should have a hobby.

CIRCE: I spend absolutely every penny I get
on new noses.

STEED: Tut tut tut.

CIRCE: Every penny.
I'm going to bed now. Goodnight Mr. Steed.

STEED: Goodnight.

CIRCE: You ought to leave here Mr. Steed.
Fenton doesn't like you at all.

INT. HALLWAY.

CIRCE: Are you going to let me operate on him?

INT. LANDING.

STEED observes
SEXTON with tray. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM.

STEED reacts as he hears
LAURA sobbing from room
next door and BILL trying
to quieten her.

LAURA: (V.O.) Sobbing...

BILL: (V.O.) Ad lib murmuring ..

STEED decides to go into their room.

INT. THE BASSETT'S BEDROOM.

BILL: Come in.

STEED: I'm sorry. I just came in to say
goodnight.

BILL: Oh Sorry to've left you John...It...
it's been a bit hectic.

STEED: Oh don't worry about that. Circe,
she's an incredible creature, kept
me very amused. Grenville's an interesting
chap, have you known him long?

LAURA: No.

BILL: Yes.

LAURA: Bill's known him for some time...But
actually I've only just met him...

STEED: Oh but it's not important...but I...
have you hurt yourself Bill?

BILL: Oh no. That's just a scratch.
John, I'm afraid our celebration is
something of a frost this year.

STEED: Not at all.

BILL: No, no, I'm sorry about it...but err..
well...I've got rather a lot of
business worries...

STEED: Yes I understand that.

BILL: And I am going to be tied up in talks
tomorrow...pretty well all day..

STEED:(interjects) I'll amuse myself.

BILL: It won't be much fun for you...

STEED: It will. I'll take - I'll take my gun, I brought it down with me. In fact why doesn't Sergeant Groom...Now, he can come with me. Where is he by the way?

LAURA: He's not here. He won't be back for a few days.

STEED: Oh I am sorry...Well I..I'll go myself.

GRENVILLE'S VOICE: Go where Mr. Steed?

STEED: I thought I'd do a little shooting tomorrow. I want to get my eye in.

LAURA: We've just been trying to persuade John to go back to London...

GRENVILLE: Do you consider yourself a good shot then?

STEED: I'll tell you tomorrow.

GRENVILLE: We'll see tomorrow...

BILL: But what about our meetings...

GRENVILLE: Oh that can wait. We'll make an early start shall we...say six thirty?

STEED: Six thirty is fine. I'll see you then. Well, Goodnight Bill... Goodnight Laura.

INT. LANDING.

GRENVILLE: Is a hundred guineas too high for you Steed?

STEED: It's a good round figure.

GRENVILLE: Then that's the wager...a hundred guineas for the first kill of the day.

STEED: Goodnight.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM.

STEED takes off shoes.
Sits on bed, deep in thought.

NO DIALOGUE.

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD:

COMMENTATOR: The Avengers will continue following this pause for Station Identification.

A.B.C. LOGO CARD.

THE AVENGERS I.D. CARD.

INT. HALL/LANDING.

PANNING from CLOCK to upstairs.

NO DIALOGUE.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM / INT. LANDING.

STEED moves on to landing
and across to TURRET ROOM. NO DIALOGUE.
Tries to open door but it
is locked.

INT. TURRET ROOM. (INTERCUTTING).

LOMAX seated in chair. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. HALLWAY/INT. LANDING.

STEED's P.O.V. of SEXTON
as he switches off lights NO DIALOGUE.
etc. and comes upstairs.

END OF REEL THREE

943 ft. + 12 frames.

INT. HALLWAY & LANDING

STEED descends stairs.
Opens surgical case.

NO DIALOGUE

GRENVILLE: You've discovered my guilty secret Mr. Steed.

STEED: Huh, your guilty secret ?

GRENVILLE: I drink. At least, when the magic of sleep eludes me, I drink. Was it a brandy you were looking for ?

STEED: No, but it's a very good idea.

GRENVILLE: What line are you in Steed ?

STEED: Oh, this and that. One thing and another. I dabble. This seems excellent brandy.

GRENVILLE: If your palate is as good as your musical ear, I won't dispute your assessment.

STEED: I imagine if you're associated with Bill, you're probably in the antique business.

GRENVILLE: Like you - I dabble.

STEED: I'm sure you under estimate yourself. Bill tells me that you're an authority on modern art.

GRENVILLE: Oh Bill overrates me.

STEED: I'd like your opinion very much on a very fine impressionist, "La Premiere Sortie" by Monet. Strange as it may seem, I'm about to buy it. I'd very much like your professional advice...

(Steed drinks) Mutter...

GRENVILLE: I'd be delighted. But I'm afraid you're mixing your impressionists Mr. Steed. Auguste Renoir painted "La Premiere Sortie" not Monet.

STEED: How extraordinarily silly of me.

GRENVILLE: It's almost as if you were trying to catch me out Mr. Steed.

STEED: Now why should I be trying to do that. I shall sleep a lot better now.

GRENVILLE: We must be careful not to wake our hosts.

STEED: I didn't think that Laura looked well at all.

GRENVILLE: You didn't think so ?

STEED: No, I didn't think so.

GRENVILLE: She's probably just tired.

INT. LANDING.

STEED'S VOICE:

Have you known them long?

GRENVILLE'S VOICE:

Oh, two years perhaps.
When they're in Geneva they
both stay at my home.

STEED:

Oh good evening. Excellent
dinner.

GRENVILLE:

I get a lot of calls from the
United States...The time
difference means calls in the
middle of the night...Sexton
takes them for me.

STEED:

I feel very secure...a sentry
outside my door. Huh! Goodnight.

GRENVILLE:

Goodnight.

INT. STEED'S BEDROOM:

STEED assembles gun.

NO DIALOGUE.EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE.

Establishing shot.

NO DIALOGUE.INT. HALLWAY.STEED attempts to open
the oriental chest.
SEXTON appears - does not
see STEED.
STEED finally opens the
chest and reacts to
GROOM's body.NO DIALOGUE.

GRENVILLE:

A hundred guineas, Mr. Steed...
To the man who makes the first
kill of the day. Shall we go?EXT. COUNTRYSIDE.

Landrover travelling.

NO DIALOGUE.INT./EXT. LANDROVER.

GRENVILLE:

We'll draw for positions
gentlemen.

STEED:

Three.

BILL:

One.

GRENVILLE:

Oh, that makes you both flank
guns and puts me squarely between
you. Shall we start gentlemen?
You two can beat for us... We'll
drive across to the high ground
on the north. Oh, and do stay
away from the marshy ground won't
you. You could get trapped in
the mud and disappear.

SEXTON:

Without a trace.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE.

As men move into woods.

NO DIALOGUE.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE.

GRENVILLE:

Well, our little wager should be settled quite soon now Mr. Steed.

STEED:

One of us has to be wrong.

GRENVILLE:

May the best man win.

STEED:

Thank you. I intend to.

GRENVILLE:

Goodbye Mr. Steed.

GRENVILLE: (to Bill)

You'll make no attempt to contact him or reach him in any way... Do you understand.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM:

CIRCE (V.O.) Murmuring ad lib...

LAURA:

Stop it. Stop it.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE.

Various angles of STEED, GRENVILLE & BILL.

STEED places his hat in bushes.

NO DIALOGUE.

STEED (V.O.)

Move further into the open. Don't turn around.

BILL:

Where are you?

STEED:

In the third bush on the left. What is it Bill? What's happening?

BILL:

I don't know...I don't know anything.

STEED:

What hold have they got on you?

BILL:

I can't tell you.

STEED (V.O.)

I've got to know what it's about if I'm going to help you.

BILL (V.O.)

You can't help so just keep out of it Steed..I heard them talking.. Whatever it is will be all over by Wednesday..so please, just keep out of it.

STEED (V.O.)

Is it Laura? Is that the threat?

BILL:

Yes. Yes it's both of us. Steed.. They're going to kill you and I can't lift a finger to help you. If you run now you might just have a chance.

SEXTON:

Talking to yourself Mr. Bassett?

END OF REEL FOUR

734 ft. + 2 frames.

EXT. WOODS

Establishing Steed.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

CIRCE:

When I was little I used to get the most awful pains in my head. I used to think how nice it would be if I could cut a little hole in the temple and take the hurting part out. That's why Fenton and I are so much alike. If anything hurts him or gets in his way, he just removes it.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE AND WOODS

STEED:

Not much moving today Grenville.

GRENVILLE FIRES TWO SHOTS.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

CIRCE:

I like Mr. Steed. He said I was pretty. Nice man. Poor Mr. Steed.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE AND WOODS

LOMAX:

He's hit. He's wounded. Come on.

EXT. SWAMPY GROUND

STEED STAGGERING.

LOMAX'S VOICE:

Come on. Over here. This way.

STEED STUFFING
BAG WITH STONES.

LOMAX'S VOICE:
(shouts) ad lib.

Over by the mud.
.....
Come on.

STEED THROWS BAG WITH
GLOVE INTO MUD.

LOMAX'S VOICE:

He's wounded.

GRENVILLE:

The first kill of the day, gentlemen.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TURRET ROOM

LOMAX ROCKING IN CHAIR.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

GRENVILLE: I must insist you have a drink. I want to make a toast.

LAURA: How long is this going on ?

GRENVILLE: We shall be leaving you shortly. Our business is nearly completed.

BILL: What business ?

GRENVILLE: Ah. Suffice is to say that it is work of truly international importance. Incidentally, during our stay your dealings with tradespeople and callers will be absolutely normal. My friends and I are honoured guests. D'you understand ? Good, then I shall make the toast. Will you please raise your glasses - oh please . . . To the losers of this world, may they always lose, and I couple this toast with the name of John Steed.

LAURA THROWS HER GLASS INTO THE FIRE.

EXT. SWAMPY GROUND

Establishing Steed.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TURRET ROOM

LOMAX MOVES ACROSS TO THE WINDOW - PEERS THRU BINOCULARS - SITS DOWN AGAIN.

NO DIALOGUE

SEXTON'S V.O.

I've brought you some food.

INT. LANDING

SEXTON:
(softly)

I said I've
... .. oh forget it.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM/HALLWAY

GRENVILLE: You answer it, and remember - completely normal.

LAURA: Good evening.

CLIFFORD: Mrs. Bassett ?

LAURA: Yes.

CLIFFORD: I wonder if we might come in for a moment.

LAURA: What is it ?

CLIFFORD: Sorry to bother you at this time of night. Special Branch.

LAURA: Police ?

CLIFFORD: In a way - yes.
I'm Norman Clifford, this is Corby Trainer.

GRENVILLE: Good evening.

CLIFFORD: Good evening sir.

GRENVILLE: Can I help at all?

CLIFFORD: It's just a routine check, Sir. According to this there are three permanent residents here...Mr. and Mrs. William Bassett and a Sergeant Ronald Groom... Is that correct?

BILL: Yes, that's right...what's going on?

CLIFFORD: Anybody else staying at the house at the moment?

GRENVILLE: Yes, myself and three other friends.. Is there something special happening?

CLIFFORD: And your name, Sir?

GRENVILLE: Fenton Grenville.

CLIFFORD: And the names of the other guests?

GRENVILLE: Circe Bishop...Ernest Lomax and Gilbert Sexton. Just what is this?

CLIFFORD: I see, I think that's all...I'd appreciate it if you'd contact your local police station if you have any other guests... or if anything out of the ordinary happens..

LAURA: Out of the ordinary?

BILL: I think we're entitled to know why you're checking on us.

CLIFFORD: Simply a security matter Sir... There's a rather important event taking place in the area shortly...we just want to make sure there's nobody about who shouldn't be. Well, thank you for your help...I hope we won't have to bother you again...

LAURA: Mr. Clifford...

CLIFFORD: Yes, Mrs. Bassett?

LAURA: Er...I just thought I ought to mention that one of the names on your list..Sergeant Groom, ..he'll be away for a few days.

CLIFFORD: Thank you Mrs. Bassett. Goodnight.

GRENVILLE: Well that was absolutely perfect... Congratulations. Now as a matter of fact I'd expected a security check earlier than this... My reason for keeping you alive.

BILL: And now that it's over...

GRENVILLE: Well now that it's over, I could kill you without a qualm. I mean after all you've fulfilled your purpose.... But I'm a generous man...sentimental even. You can go on living. You never know...they might come back.

DOOR BELL RINGS

GRENVILLE: Bill, go into the dining room. Don't make any mistakes...just get rid of them.

TARA: Hello...I'm Tara King. Where's Steed?

EXT. WOODLANDS

STEED dragging himself ' along. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM.

GRENVILLE: Such a pity.

TARA: Yes.

GRENVILLE: He had a phone call this morning. It must have been urgent. He was packed and gone within the hour.

TARA: That's typical of Steed. A telephone ringing is like a gun going off for him.

GRENVILLE: We were awfully disappointed he had to leave. He was...he is a most fascinating man.

CIRCE: He thought I was pretty.

TARA: Well, I suppose I'd better be off. It's a long drive.... Goodbye Circe...it's lovely to have met you. Goodbye Mr.Grenville.

GRENVILLE: I'll see you out.

TARA: Goodbye.

INT. HALLWAY.

TARA: Well, perhaps we'll meet again.

LAURA: I hope so.

TARA: Goodbye.

LAURA: Goodbye.

GRENVILLE: It was careless of me to leave Steed's umbrella and hat...but it was even more careless of you to betray that you'd seen them. Very careless indeed Miss King.

EXT. WOODLANDS.

STEED manages to get to his feet. NO DIALOGUE.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

GRENVILLE: There. That should do until we can induce a state of more permanent co-operation. These are radio detonated phospher bombs. A little triumph of miniaturization. Circe developed them, and the method of using them...She really is terribly clever.

CIRCE: Oh yes I am. I'm terribly clever. I've got an I.Q. of...I've forgotten...It's terribly high. It's nice to be nearly a genius when you're as pretty as I am.

GRENVILLE: Circe... are you ready to operate on Miss King?

END OF REEL FIVE

794 ft. + 15 frames.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

STEED RUNNING.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TURRET ROOM

Establishing Lomax.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

TARA, tied and gagged,
watches CIRCE as she
prepares instruments.

NO DIALOGUE

INT. TURRET ROOM

LOMAX:

It's started.

INT. LANDING

LOMAX:

Mr. Grenville. It's started.
It's started.

INT. DINING/SITTING ROOM

GRENVILLE:

I want to see this. Can you manage ?

CIRCE:

Of course.

GRENVILLE:

Come on.

CIRCE:

Just a few deep breaths of this and you'll
know nothing about anything.

FIGHT SEQUENCE
TARA/CIRCE.

TARA:

Please cut the ropes.
Well what's the matter with you two,
cut the ropes. Please.
Come on, we've got to get out of here.

LAURA:

We can't.

TARA:

Why not ?

BILL:

You might have escaped Miss King, but you've
almost certainly killed us.

INT. TURRET ROOM

GRENVILLE:

Good. It's started.
Get ready.

INT. HALLWAY

GRENVILLE:

Well what is it ?

BILL: It wasn't our fault Grenville, we could do nothing about it.

GRENVILLE: Do nothing about what ? What are you talking about ?

LAURA: Please don't do anything.

BILL: Miss King escaped. Circe's unconscious.

TARA JUMPS GRENVILLE

TARA: They shouldn't under estimate us like that, should they. Tie him up.

BILL: His lighter. Get his lighter.

GRENVILLE: Oh you're wasting your time. I haven't got it.

BILL: Where is it ?

SEXTON: Is this what you're looking for ?

GRENVILLE: Checkmate Miss King. Now throw down the gun Miss King. I shall count three. One, two,

LAURA: Do it. Do as he says.

GRENVILLE: Thank you. Perhaps I haven't made the situation clear. Circe has inserted two of her little phosphor bombs into the throats of our friends here. The bombs are detonated by the lighter. One flick of the lighter and your friends are dead Miss King. Now, if you will kindly untie my hands... You see, Miss King, I could not allow you to come between me and the job I came here to do.

TARA: Which is ?

GRENVILLE: I intend to assassinate the Foreign Ministers of several countries. They're meeting at Critchley Manor.

BILL: That's all of eight miles from here.

GRENVILLE: It's seven miles. Eight hundred yards, and nine inches, to be precise Bill. And we need this house for our ultra long range weapon. It's the only house in the district with an unimpeded line of fire.

STEED FIRES CAPSULE.

GRENVILLE: (shouts) Sexton, don't touch the lighter. Don't touch the lighter.

TARA: Steed.

GRENVILLE: Don't touch the lighter.

FIGHT SEQUENCE STEED/
SEXTON.

STEED: Oh Grenville, the ultra long range weapon,
where is it ?

GRENVILLE: It's in the turret room.

STEED: Hold on to it.
Coming!

TARA: Yes sir.

INT. TURRET ROOM

LOMAX: It's beautiful. Beautiful! Just as if I
was right there in the room with them.
D'you want to see ?

STEED: Wonderful view.

STEED SWINGS GUN ON
TRIPOD AND CLOBBERS
LOMAX.

STEED: Well...

TARA: Well, how did you enjoy your stay in the
country ?

STEED: I should have stayed in town. That's the
trouble with the country - nothing ever
happens.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. TARA'S APARTMENT

STEED: Fore.....
Err - bad lie - think we'll have a
number eight.

TARA: What are you doing ?

STEED: Out of the way please.
You'll ruin my shot.

STEED: (Mutters ad lib)

TARA: Steed, do you feel all right ?

STEED: Never felt better.

TARA: Good.

STEED: The open air - challenge - D'you mind
moving that carpet. Co-ordination, mind
and body. Now excuse me, this is a very
difficult shot.

TARA: What are you playing ?

STEED: Invisible golf.

TARA: Invisible golf.

STEED: Much harder than the real thing.

TARA: Is it ?

STEED: Whoops. Needs enormous concentration.
Easy now - ah...

TARA: Well - err - Steed, I've never played
invisible golf, d'you think I could have a
try ?

STEED: But of course you can. There's the ball.
I'll find you a club.

TARA: Oh I've got one.

STEED: Err - well, nice loose steps, eye on the
ball, eye on the fair-way, but not at the
same time - and - hit it!
Oh - missed it - bad luck.
Ah well better luck next time.

TARA: Huh.

STEED: Catch!

TARA: Oh!

STEED: I think we'll have a little drink at the
club house.

TARA: Be with you in a moment.

STEED: Oh, pity. You should have used a number two
iron., or four.

THE END

COMMERCIAL BREAK

END TITLES

ABC LOGO CARD

END OF REEL SIX

688 feet + 0 frames.

LENGTH OF EPISODE

4963 feet + 8 frames.

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