

THE SECRET SERVICE

A CASE FOR THE B.I.S.H.O.P.



Voices

Stanley Unwin.....	Father Stanley Unwin
Gary Files.....	Matthew
Jeremy Wilkin.....	The “Bishop”
Sylvia Anderson.....	Mrs. Appleby

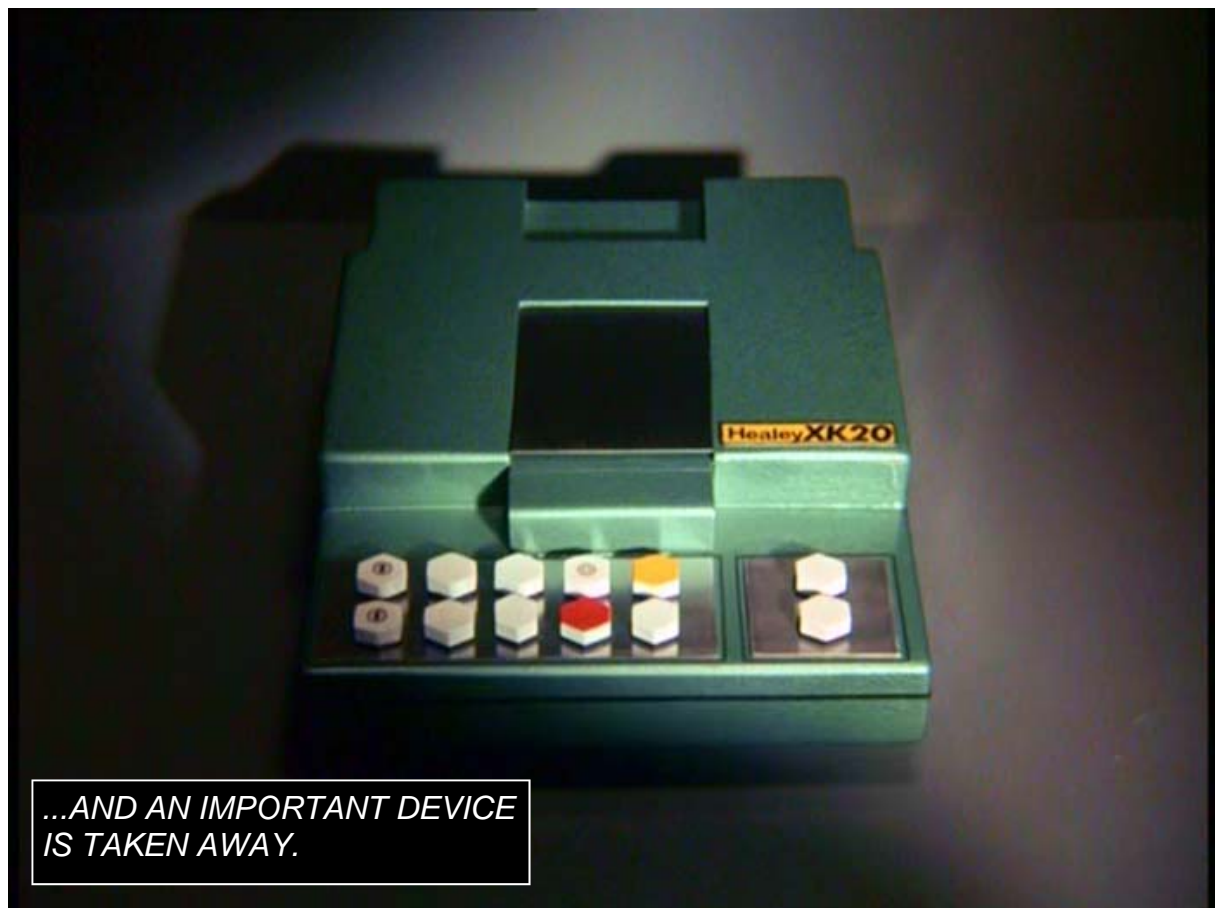
NIGHT IN THE BUILDING OF AN
ELECTRONICS COMPANY.

HEALEY AUTOMATION
COMPUTER
EXPORT DIVISION



AN INTRUDER HAS COME IN.





*...AND AN IMPORTANT DEVICE
IS TAKEN AWAY.*



LONDON, THE MORNING AFTER.

IN THIS BUILDING THERE ARE
SOME VERY SECRET OFFICES.

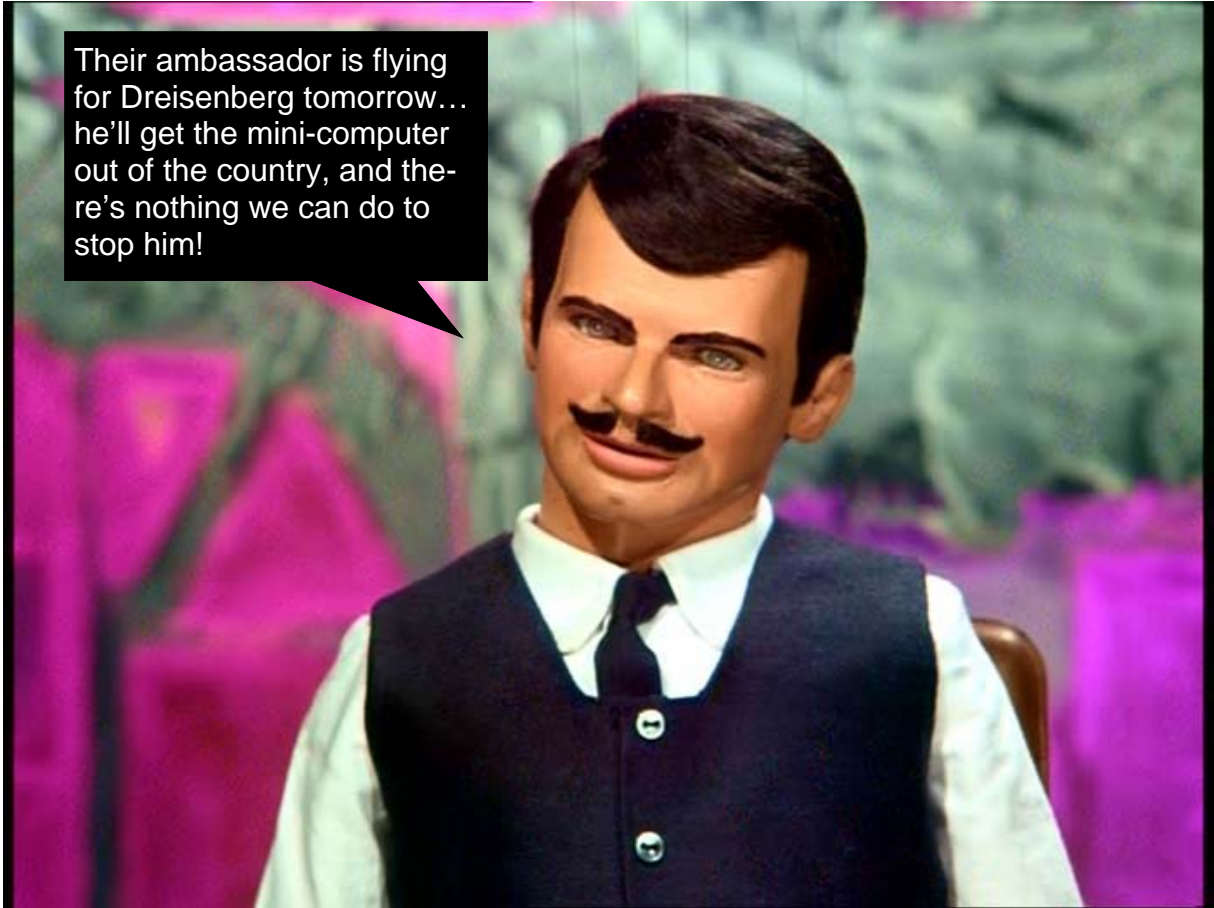


From what you say there's
no doubt that the new KX20
mini-computer was stolen by
Dresienberg agents!

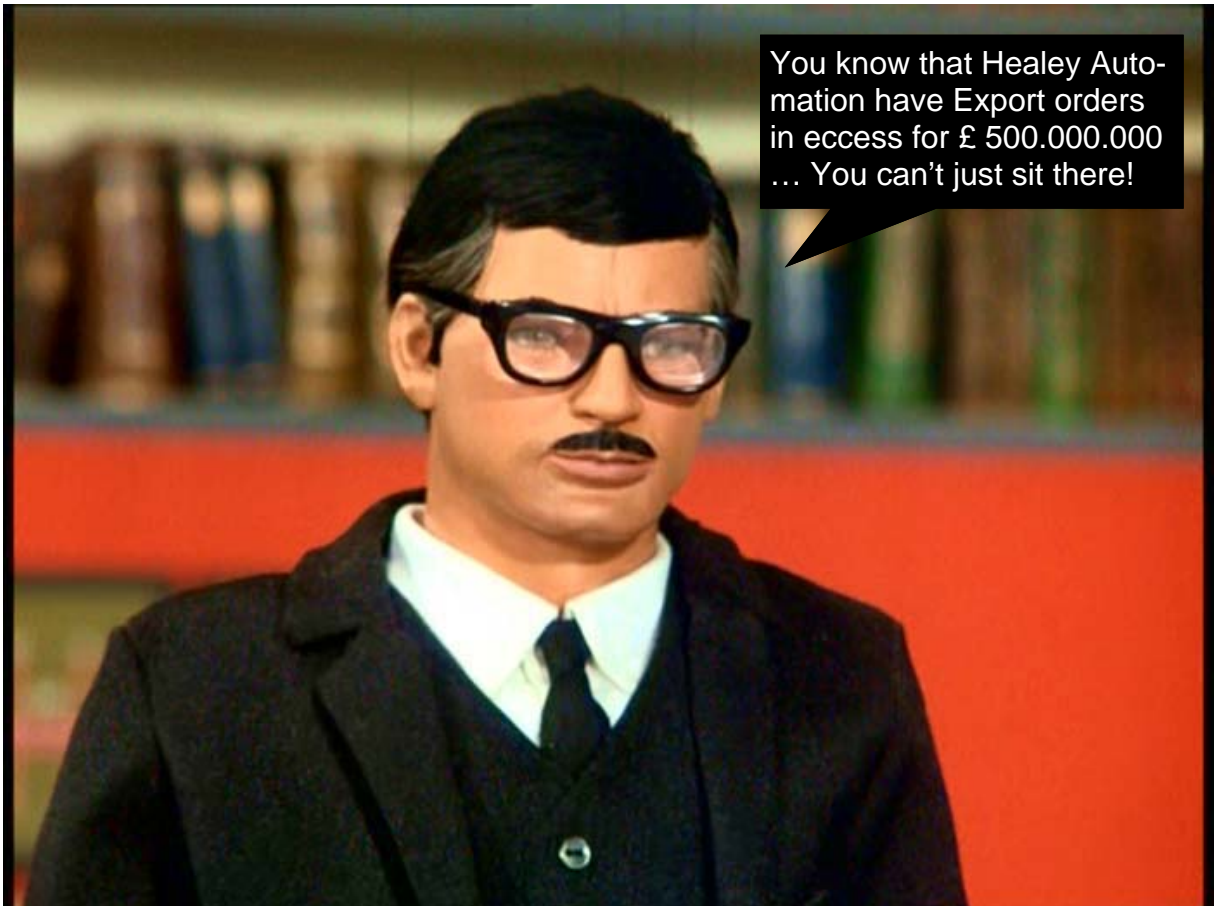
That's right... now it is
in their embassy and
we can't do anything
because of diplomatic
immunity!



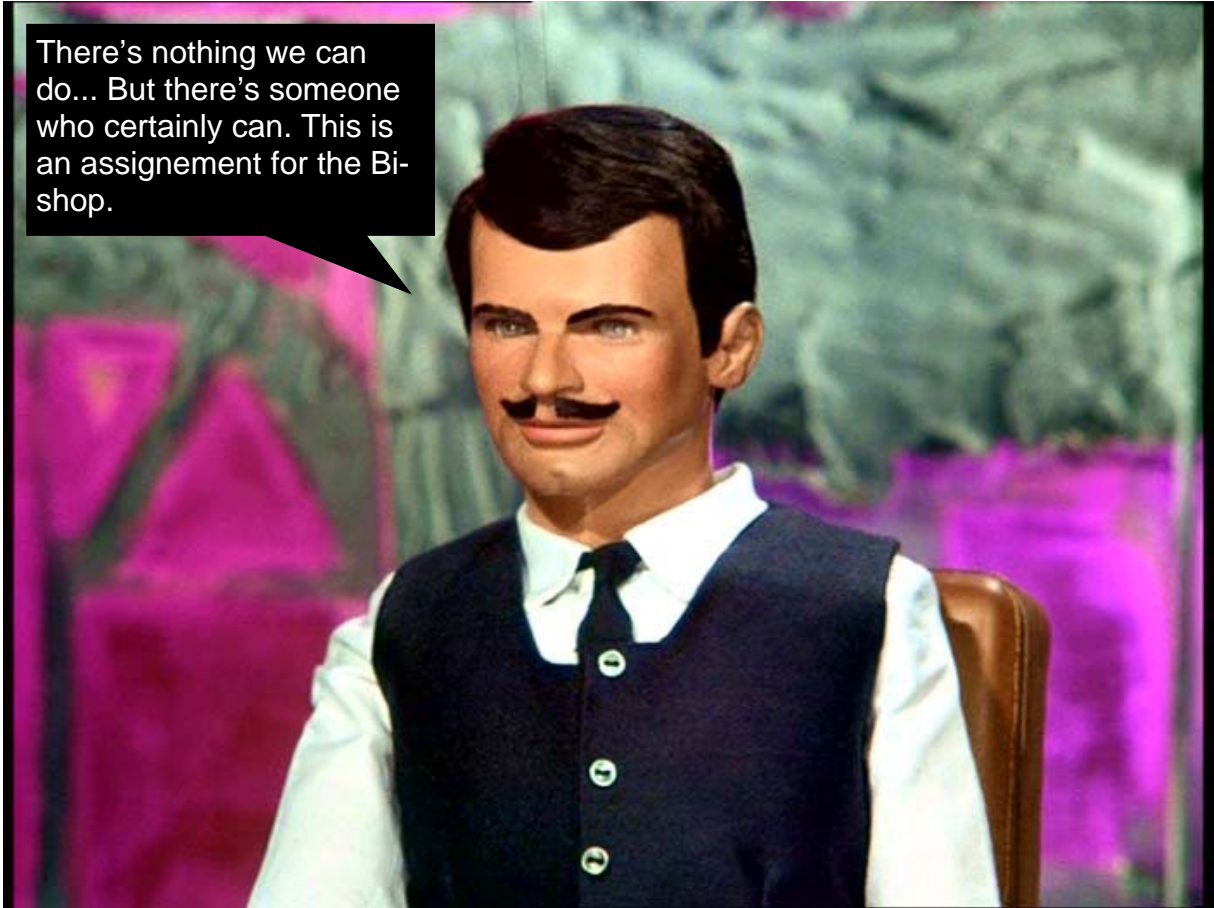
Their ambassador is flying for Dreisenberg tomorrow... he'll get the mini-computer out of the country, and there's nothing we can do to stop him!



You know that Healey Automation have Export orders in excess for £ 500.000.000 ... You can't just sit there!



There's nothing we can do... But there's someone who certainly can. This is an assignment for the Bishop.



WHITEHALL, LATER.



THE BISHOP'S OFFICE.



*British Intelligence Service Headquarter
Operation Priest.*



This is the
Bishop.

We have a very im-
portant assignement
for you, Bishop!

MORE LATER, A COUNTRY PARISH.



*FATHER STANLEY UNWIN IS
THE VICAR.*

Yes... I understand perfectly... your wishes will be carried out...

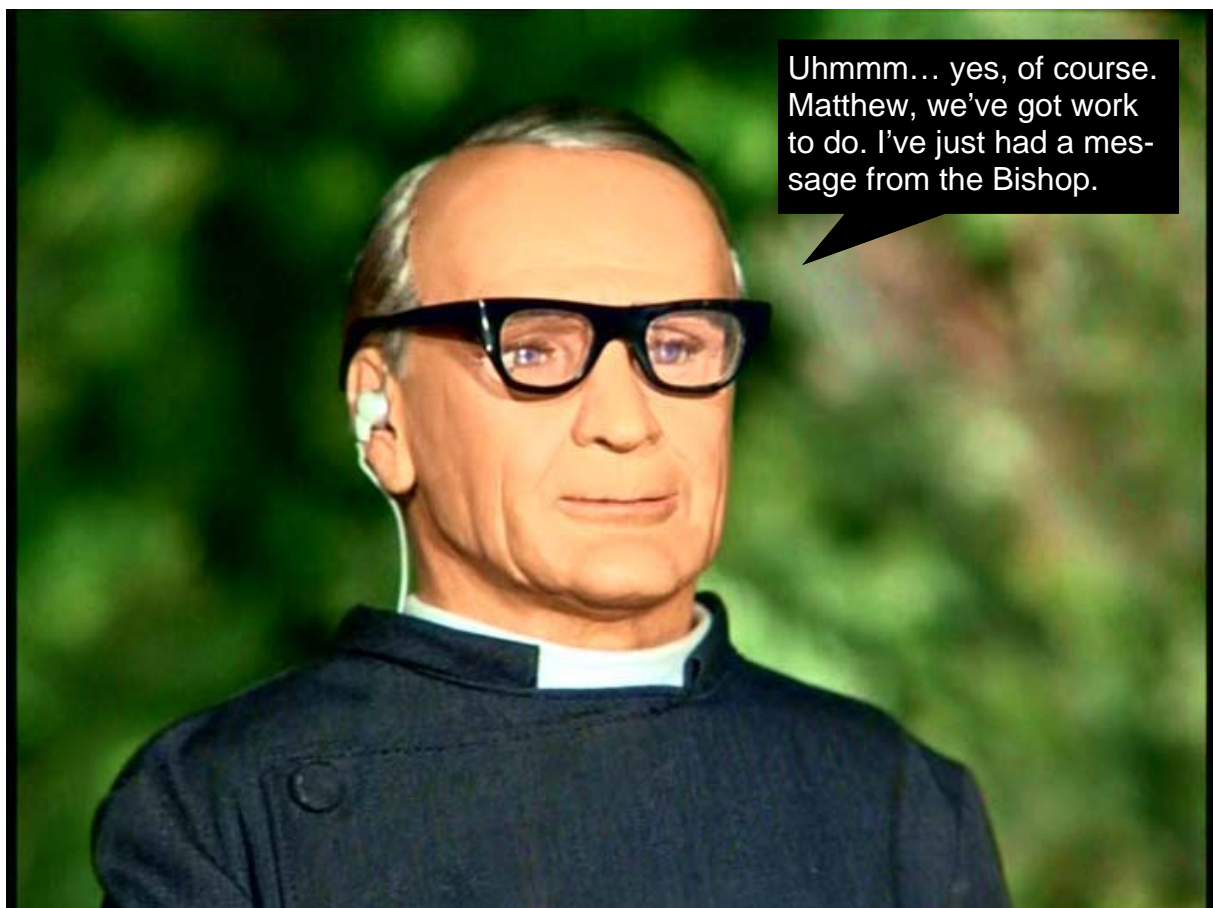
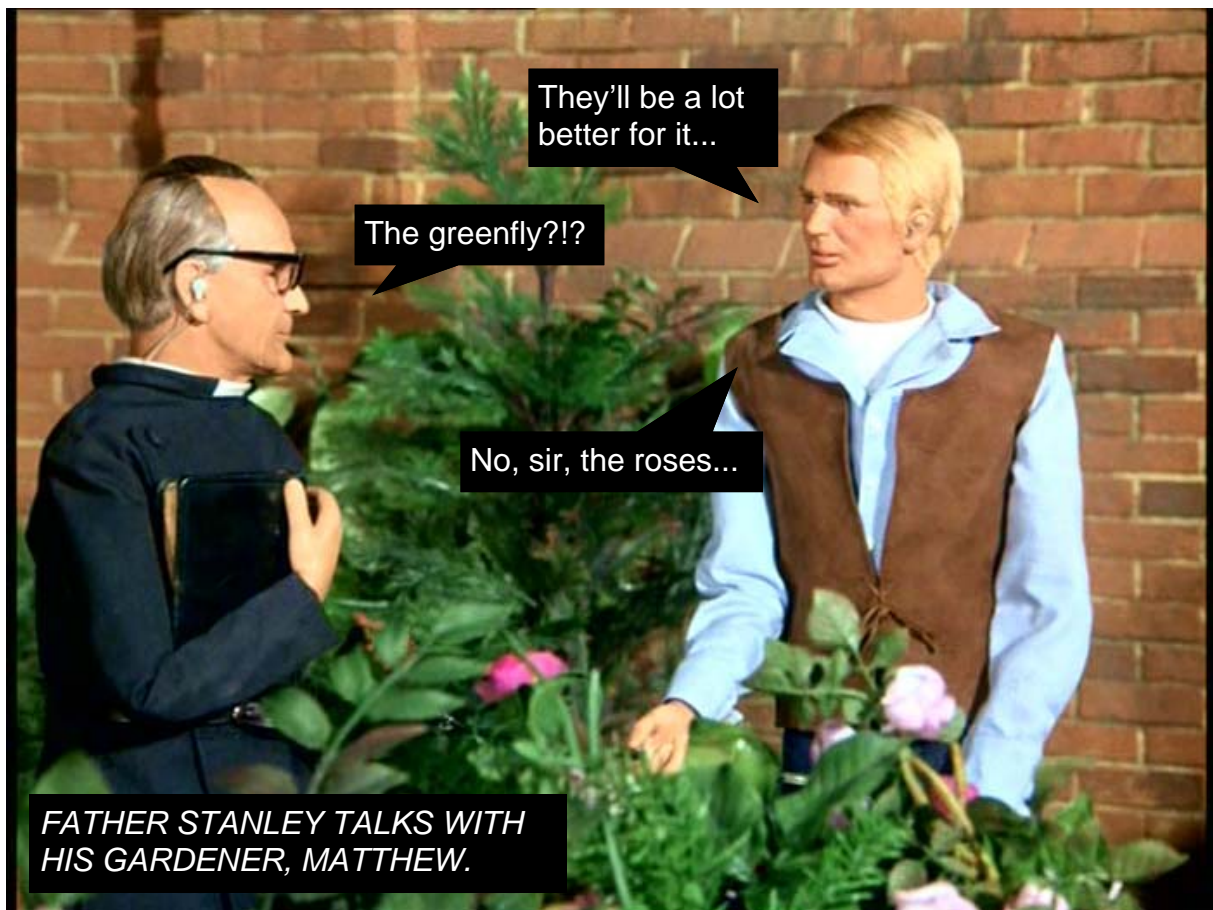


WHAT COULD LOOK LIKE AN ACUSTICAL PROTHESIS IS A TRANSMITTER..

And, whatever happens...

...interception MUST NOT take place at London Airport!

AND AS ALL VICARS, FATHER STANLEY TAKES ORDERS BY HIS BISHOP...!





A perfect plan... this time tomorrow we shall be flying home with the mini-computer and the british aren't even able to open our cases...



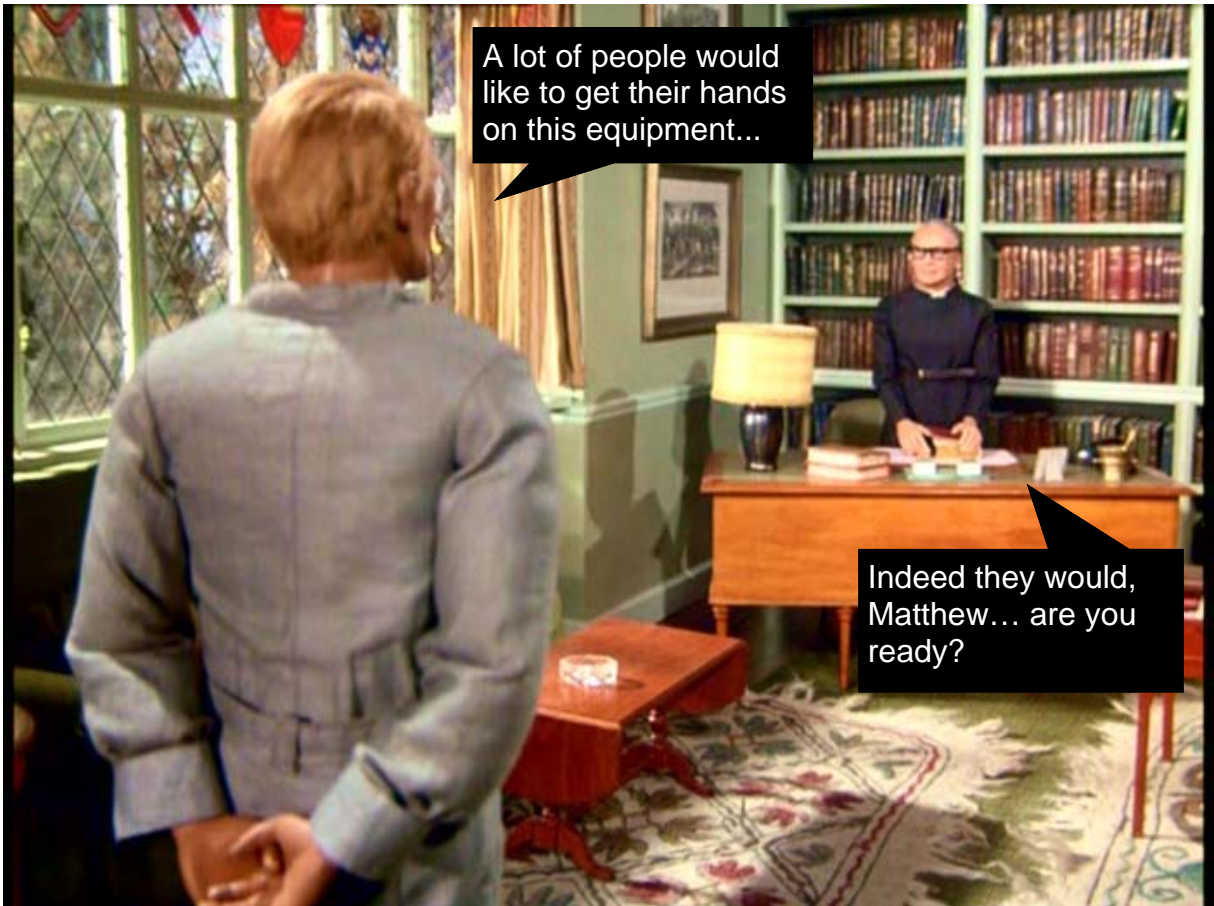
FATHER STANLEY PICKS UP FROM HIS LIBRARY A RARE AND ANCIENT BIBLE...



MAYBE MORE PRECIOUS THAN IT COULD SEEM.

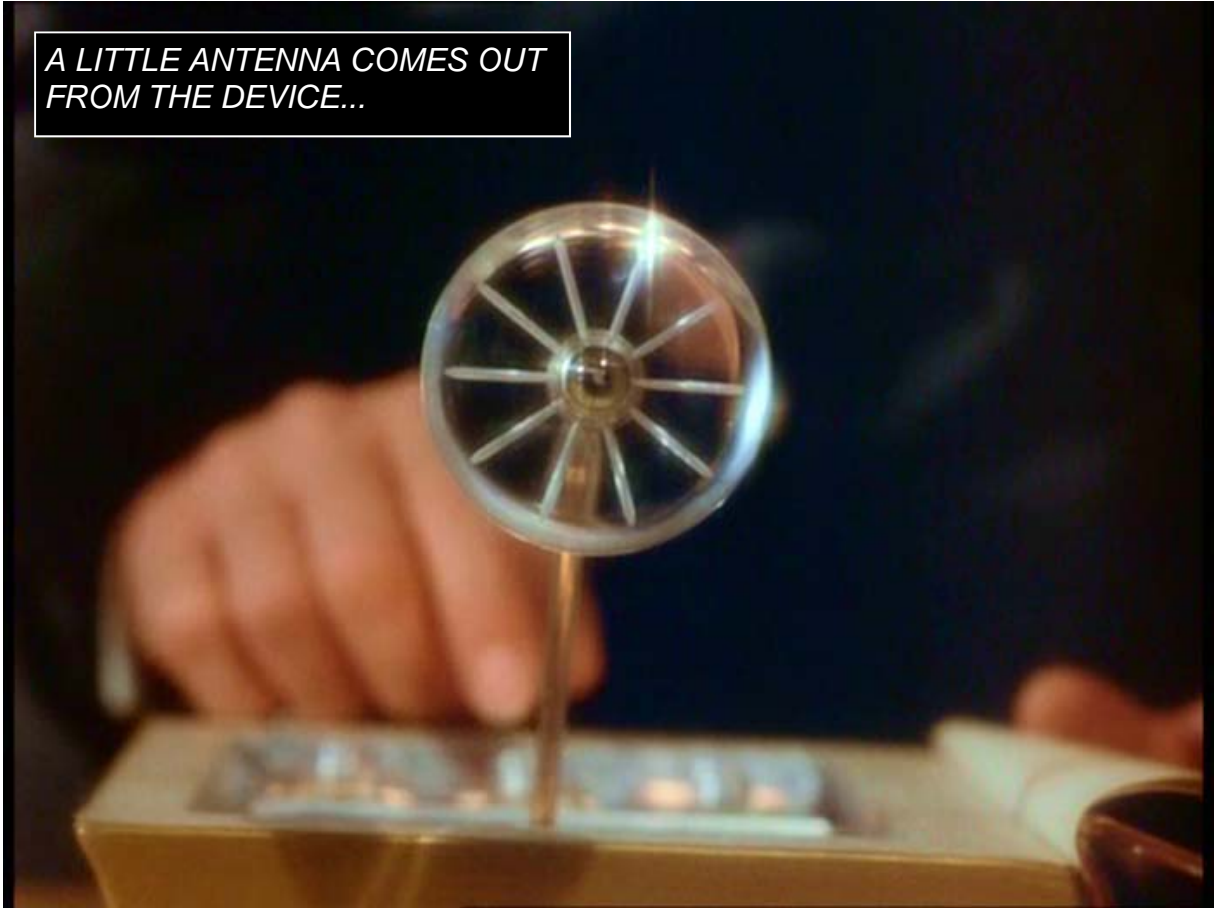


A lot of people would like to get their hands on this equipment...



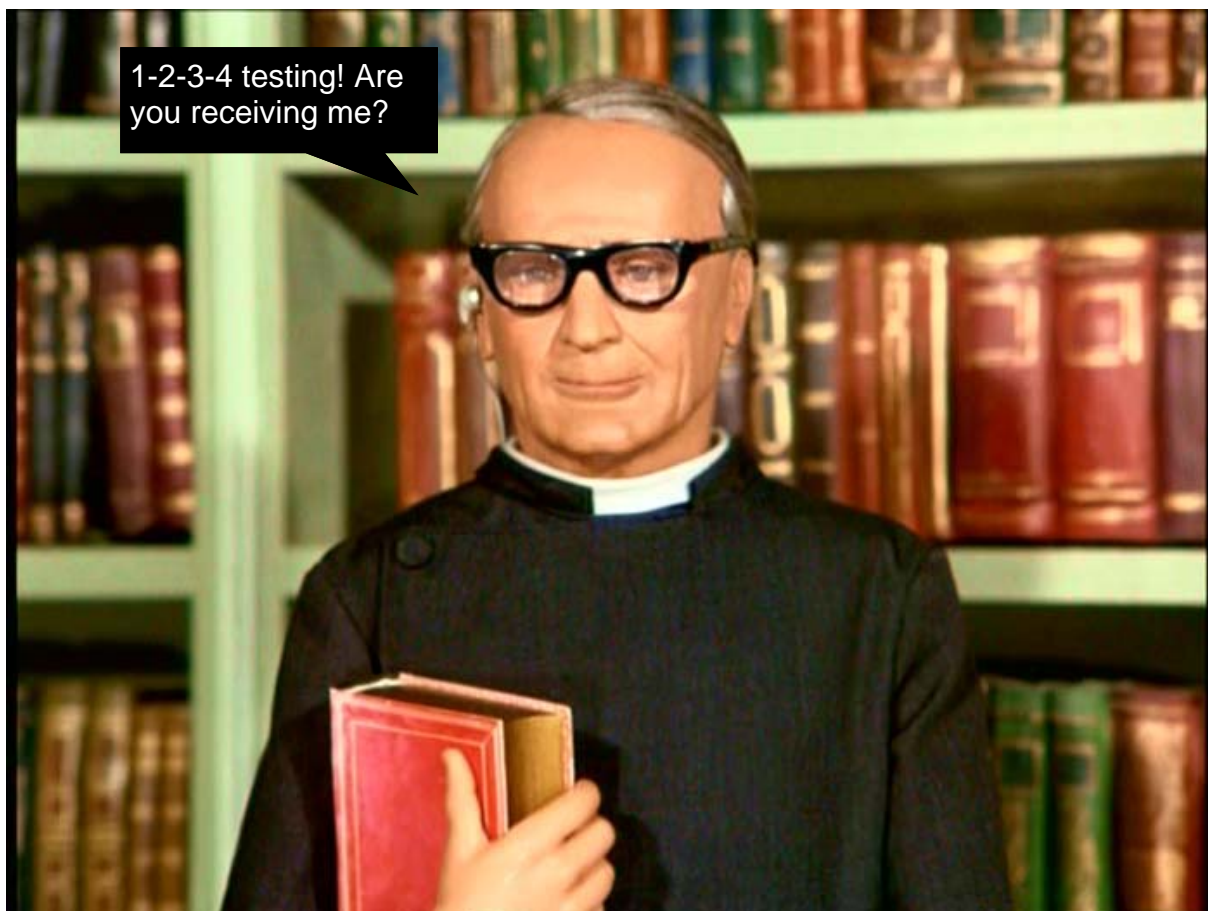
Indeed they would, Matthew... are you ready?

*A LITTLE ANTENNA COMES OUT
FROM THE DEVICE...*



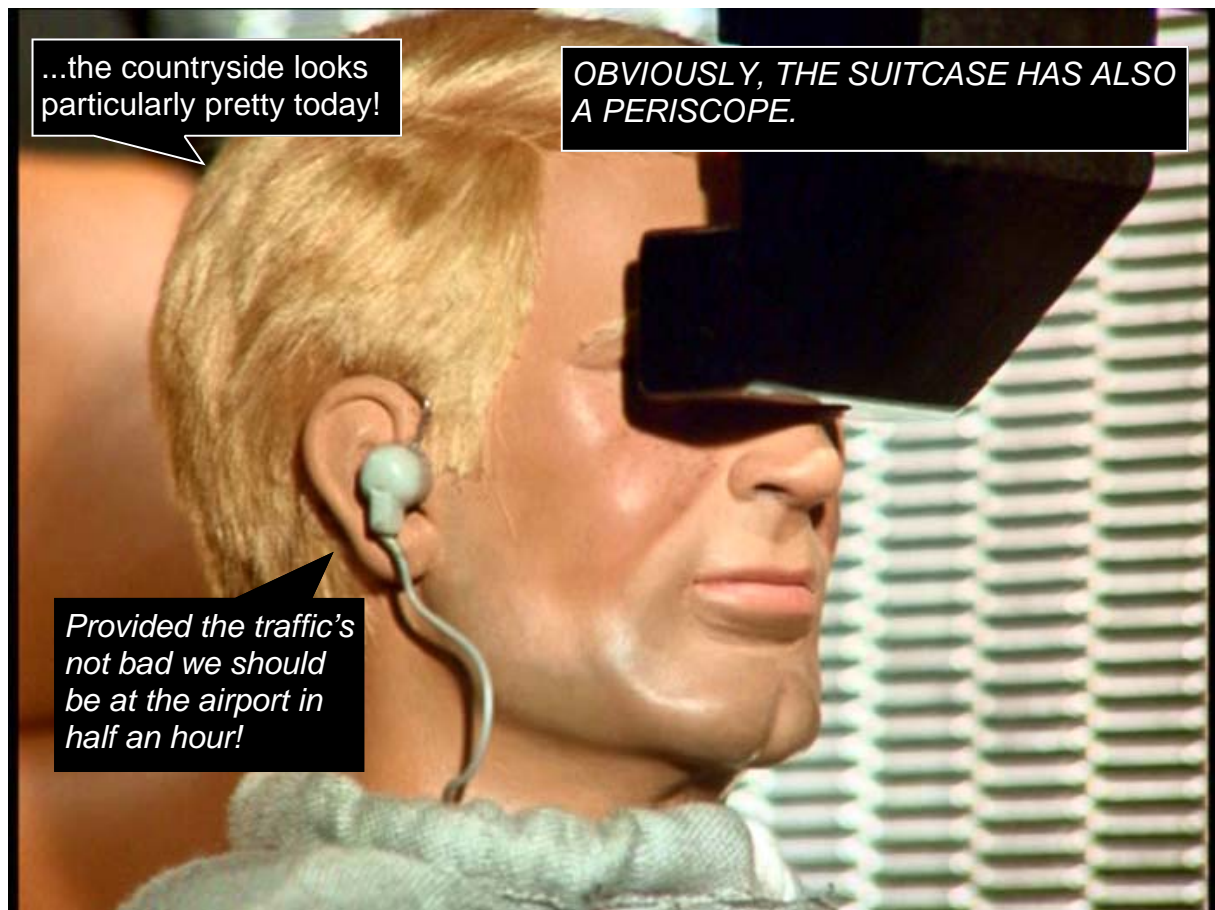
*AN ENERGY BEAM SHRINKS MATTHEW
TO A THIRD OF HIS SIZE!*











*FATHER STANLEY DISCREETLY REACHES THE
PERSONNEL'S CLOAKROOM...*



*...AND COMES OUT WEARING THE AIRPORT
KEEPERS UNIFORM.*





*THE AIRCRAFT WHICH WILL LEAVE FOR DREI-
SENBERG TOMORROW IS RECOVERED THERE.*



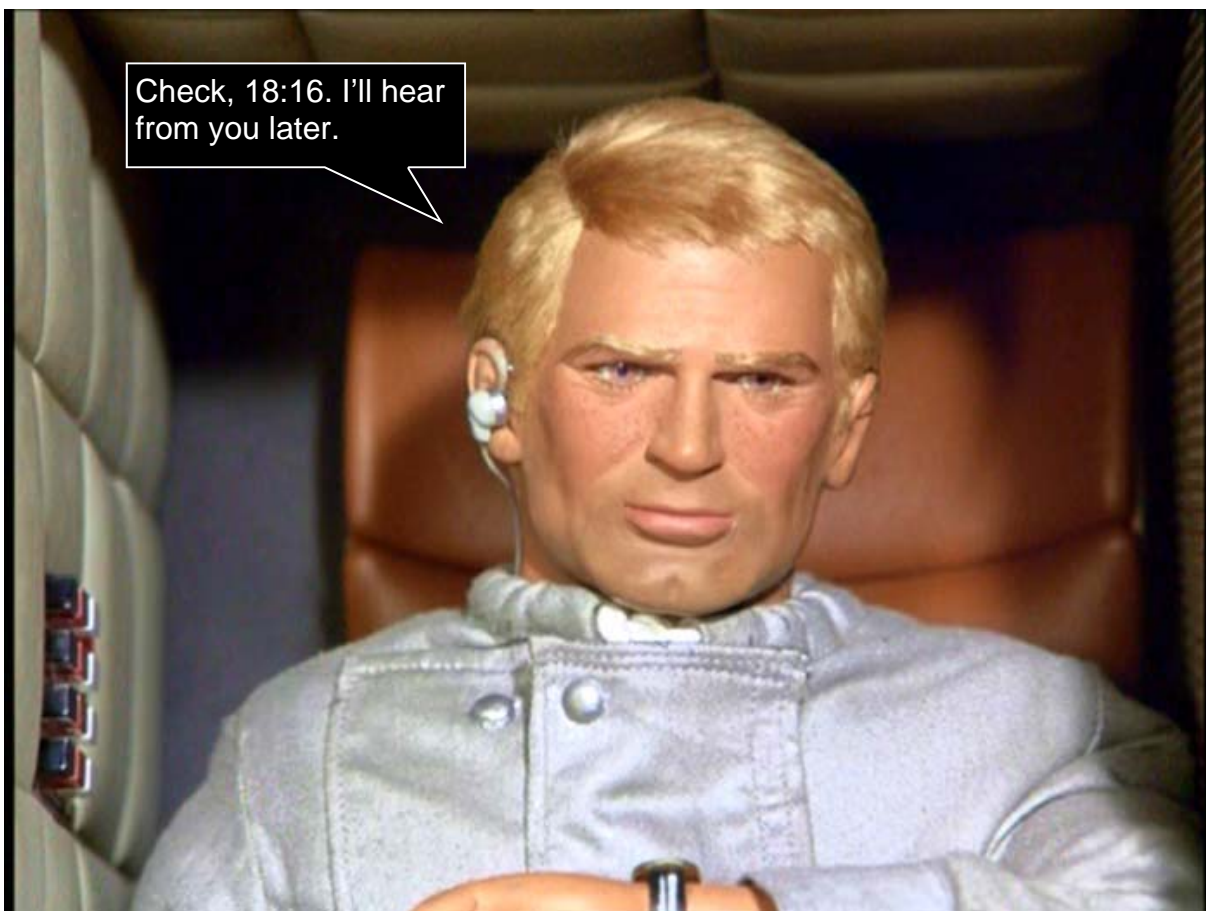
*FATHER STANLEY PUTS DOWN HIS
SUITCASE IN A HIDDEN CORNER.*



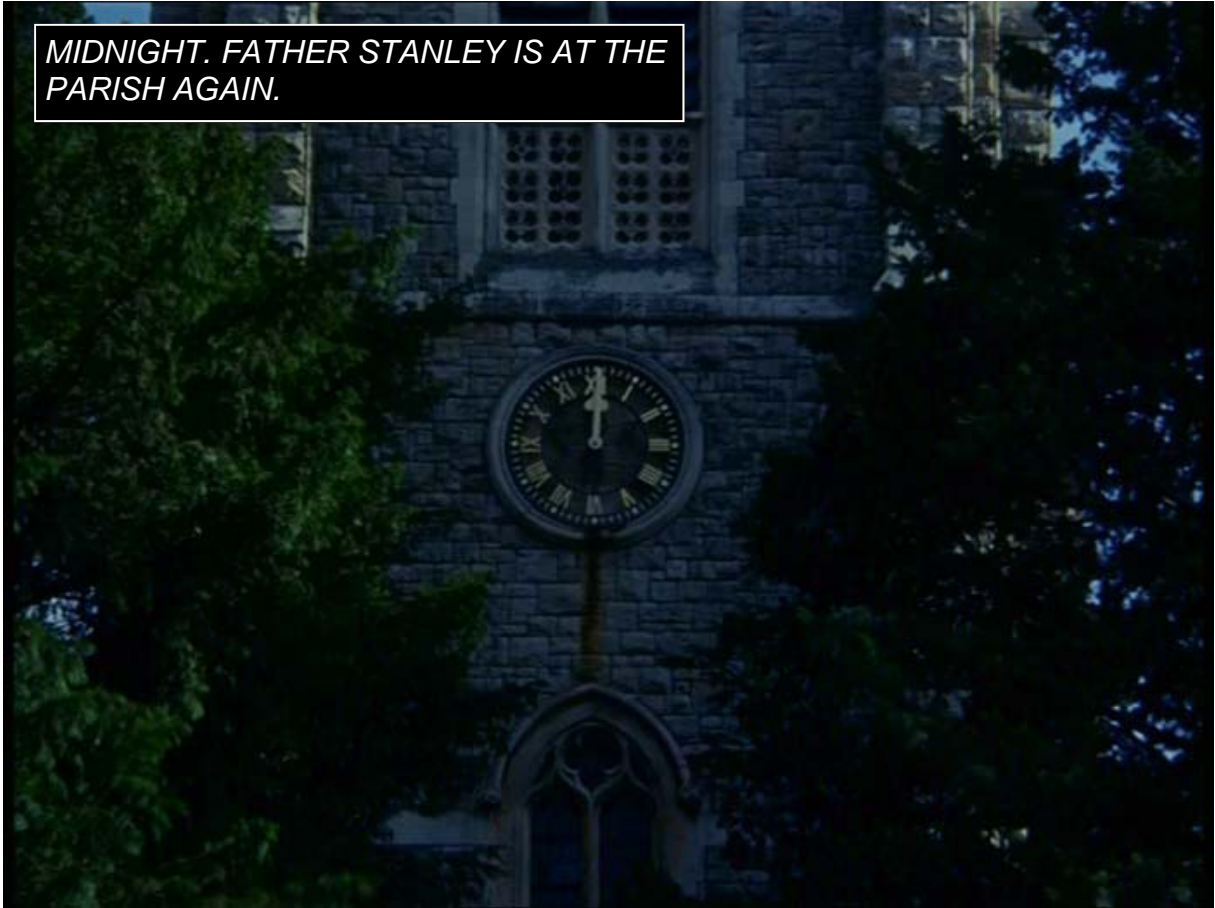
Alright, Matthew... you should be safe here. Now synchronize watches... it's just coming up to 18:16. I will call you again at 24:00 hours.



Check, 18:16. I'll hear from you later.



MIDNIGHT. FATHER STANLEY IS AT THE PARISH AGAIN.

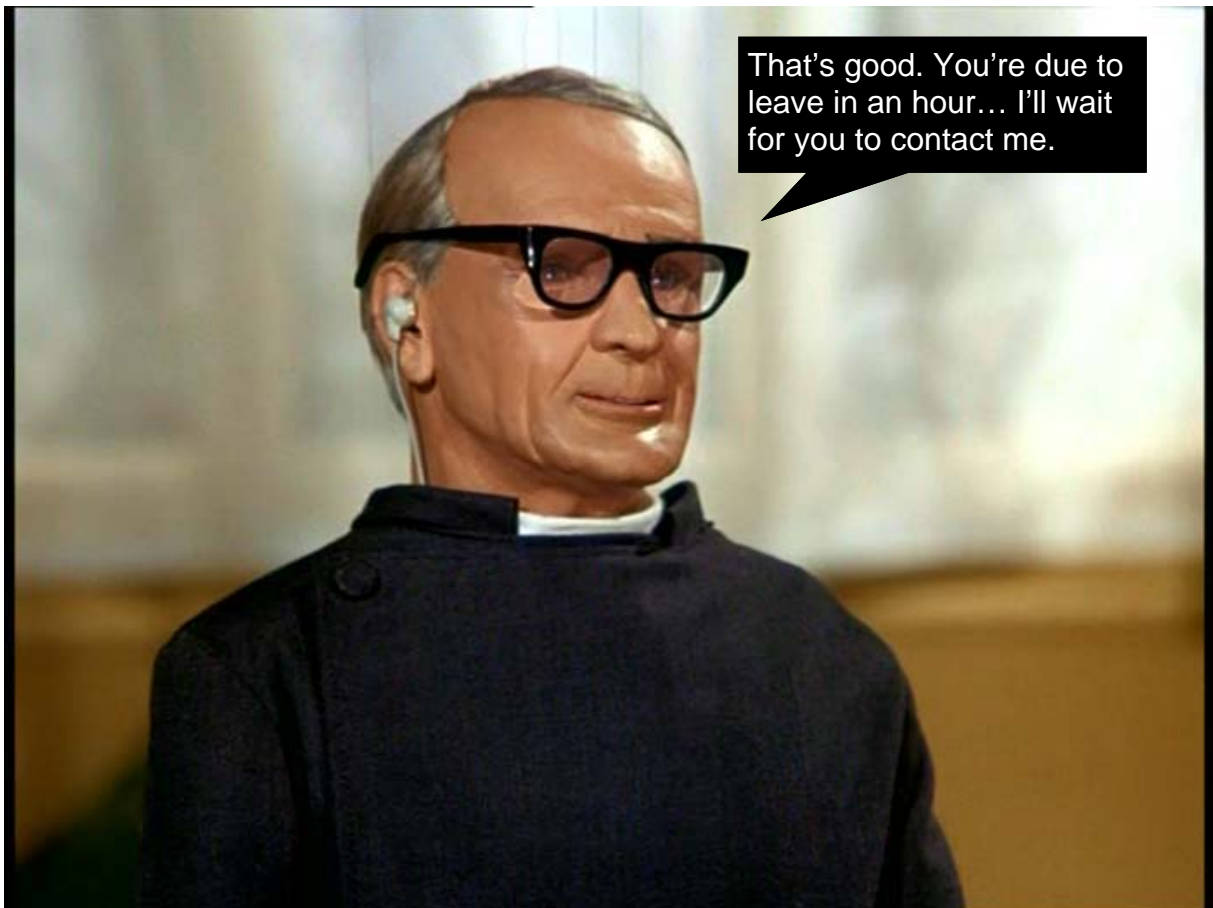


Matthew, can you hear me?





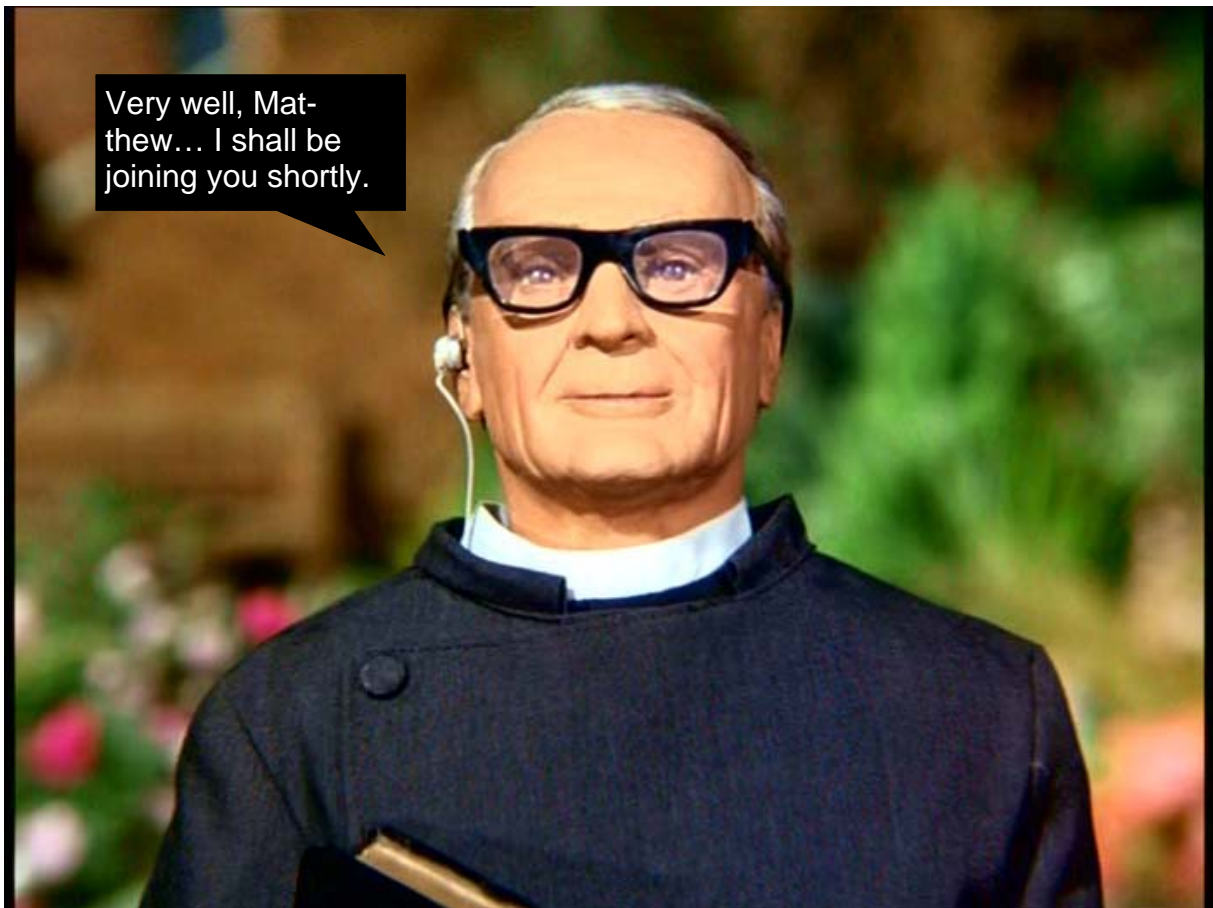


















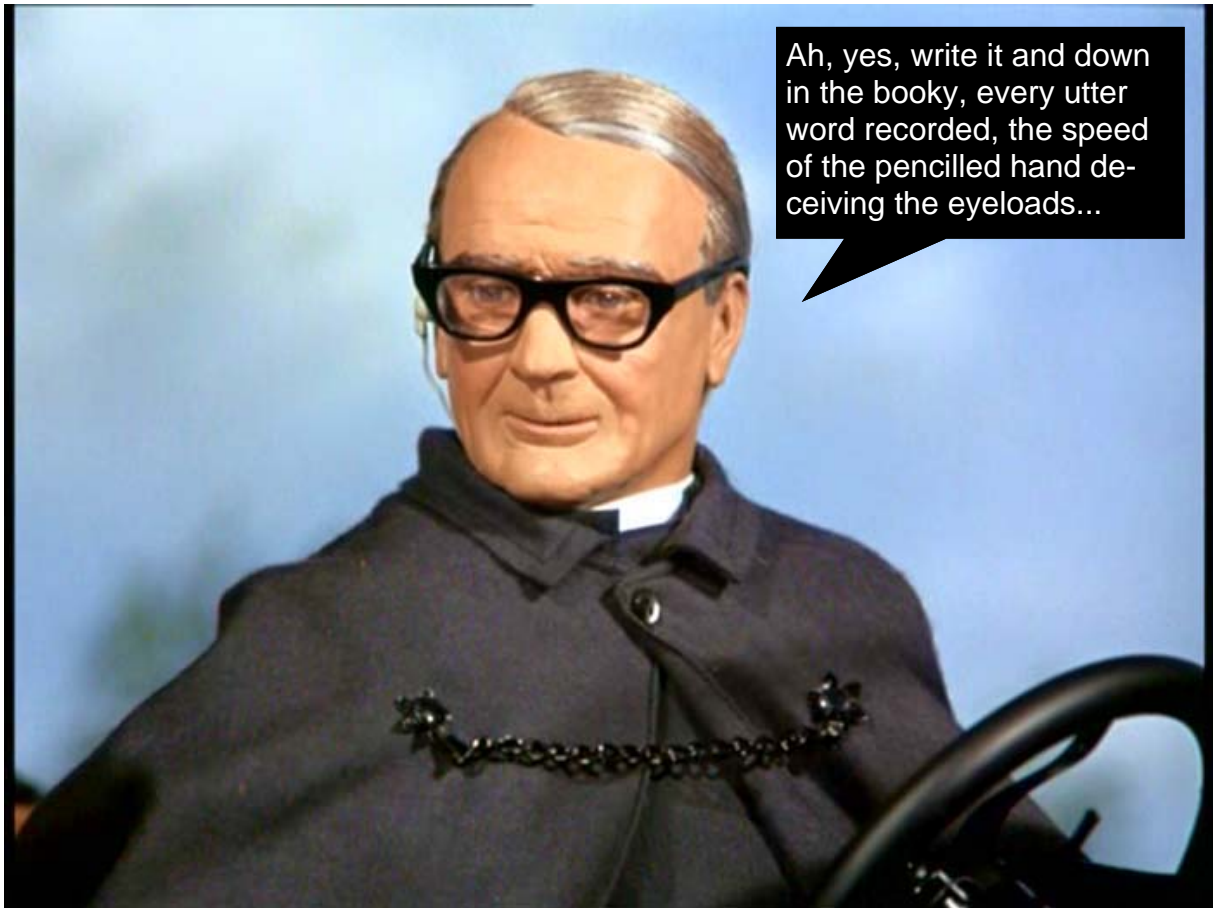
FATHER STANLEY LEAVES AGAIN TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION.



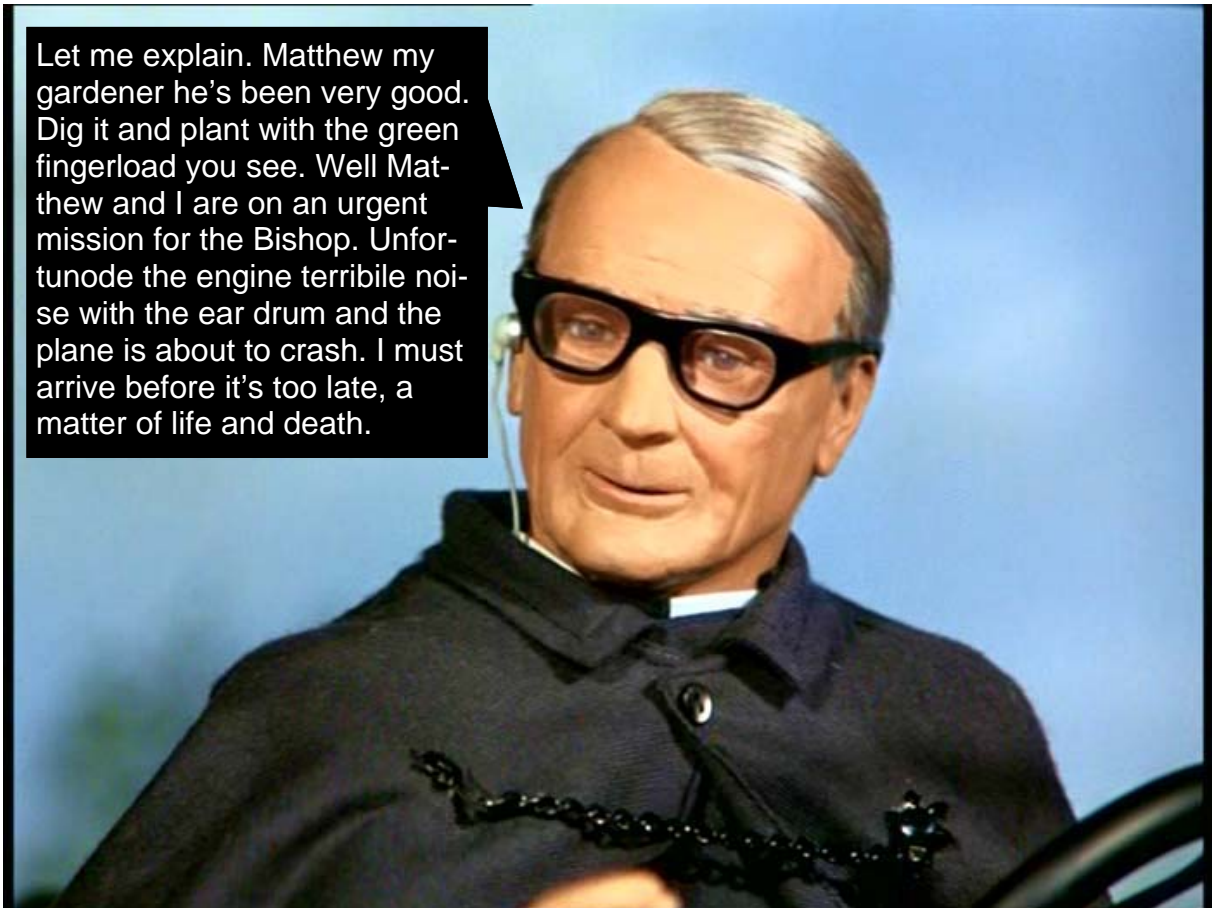
Matthew? According to my calculations you should now be over Oxford...







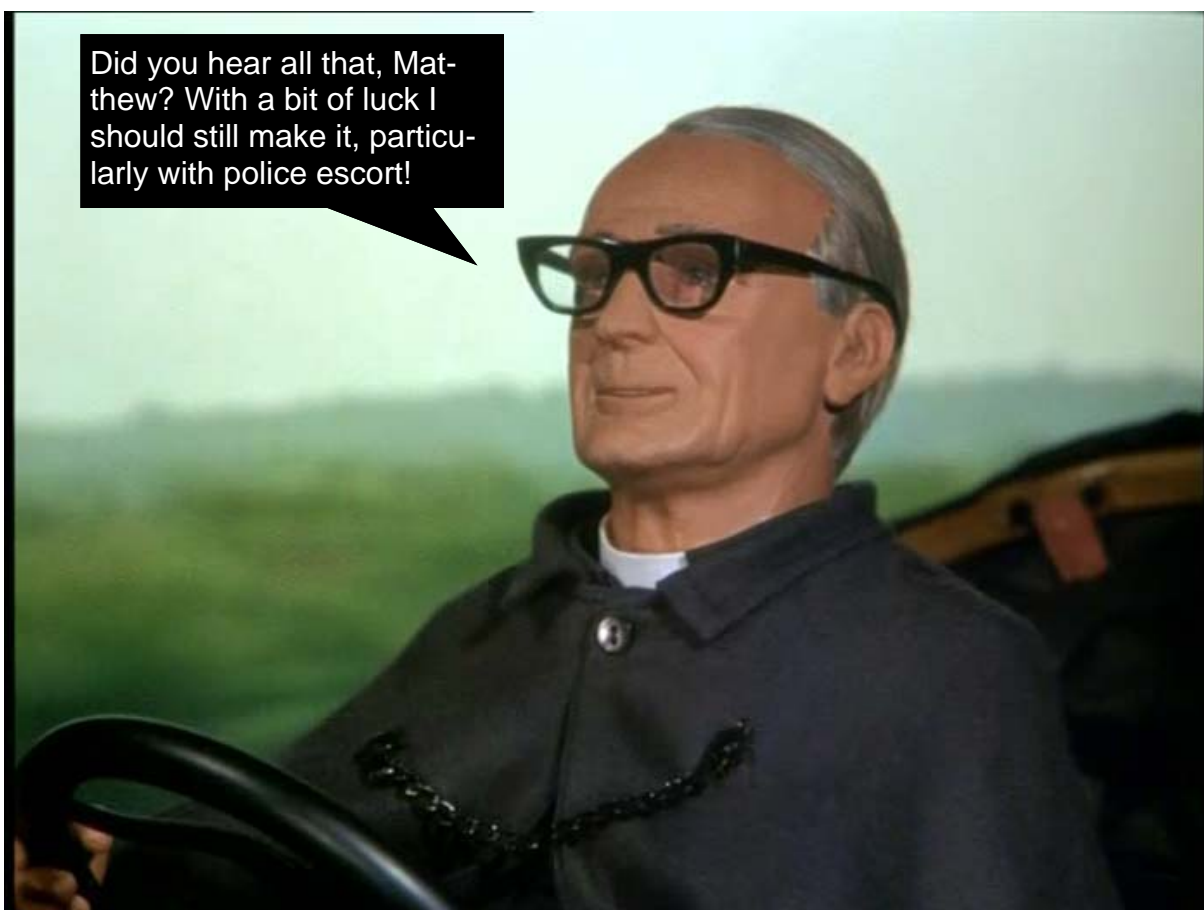
Let me explain. Matthew my gardener he's been very good. Dig it and plant with the green fingerload you see. Well Matthew and I are on an urgent mission for the Bishop. Unfortunately the engine terrible noise with the ear drum and the plane is about to crash. I must arrive before it's too late, a matter of life and death.



A matter of life and death you say, sir...?

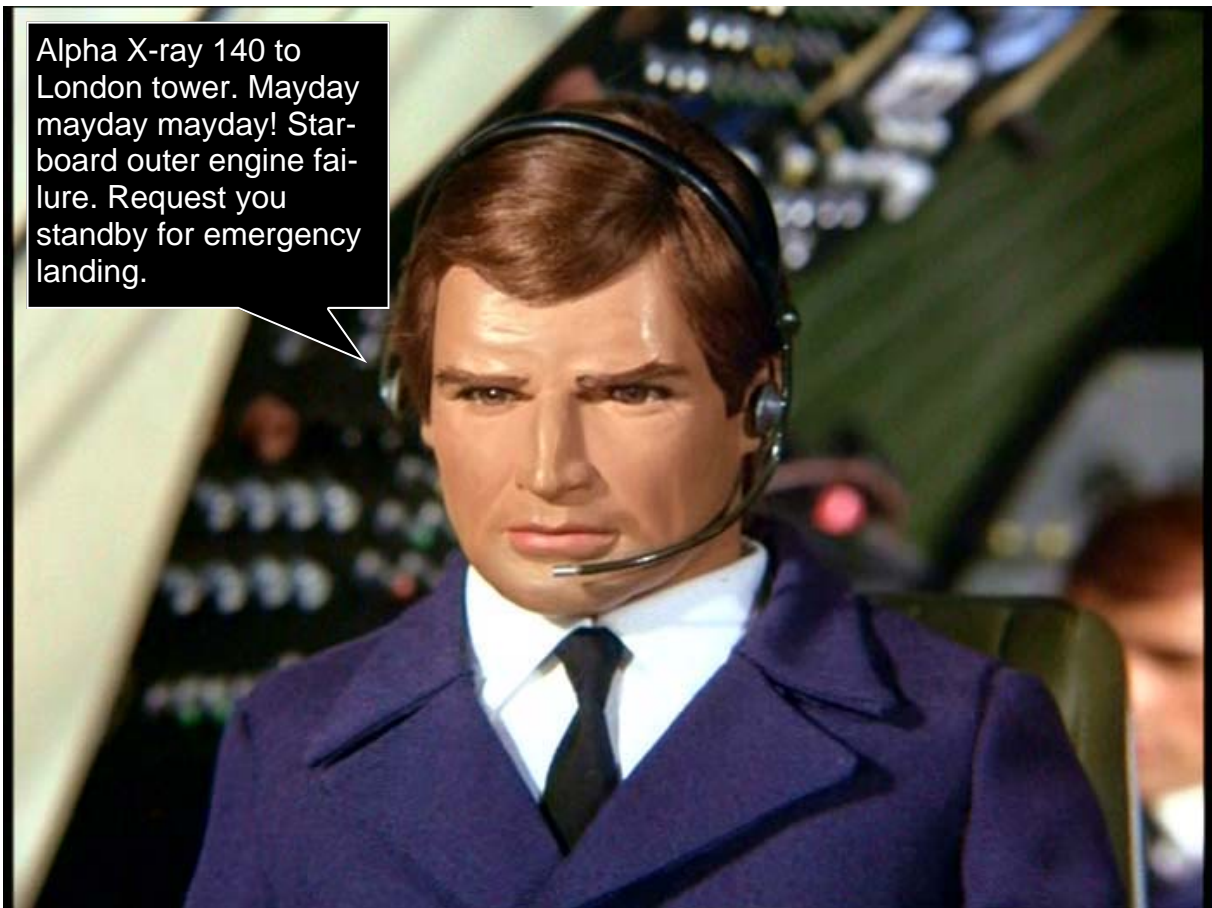
THE POLICEMAN IS MORE AND MORE CONFUSED.









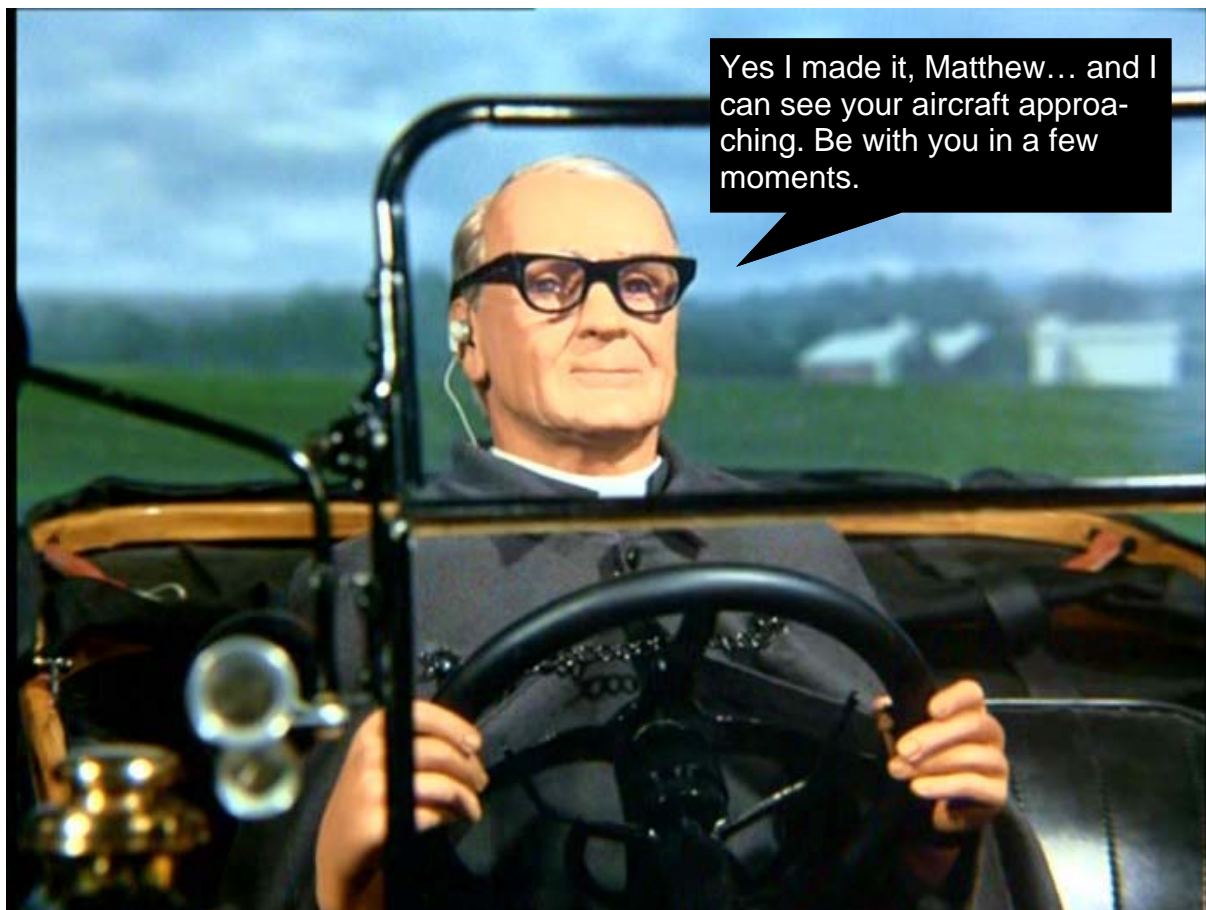






FATHER STANLEY IS ARRIVING TOO.



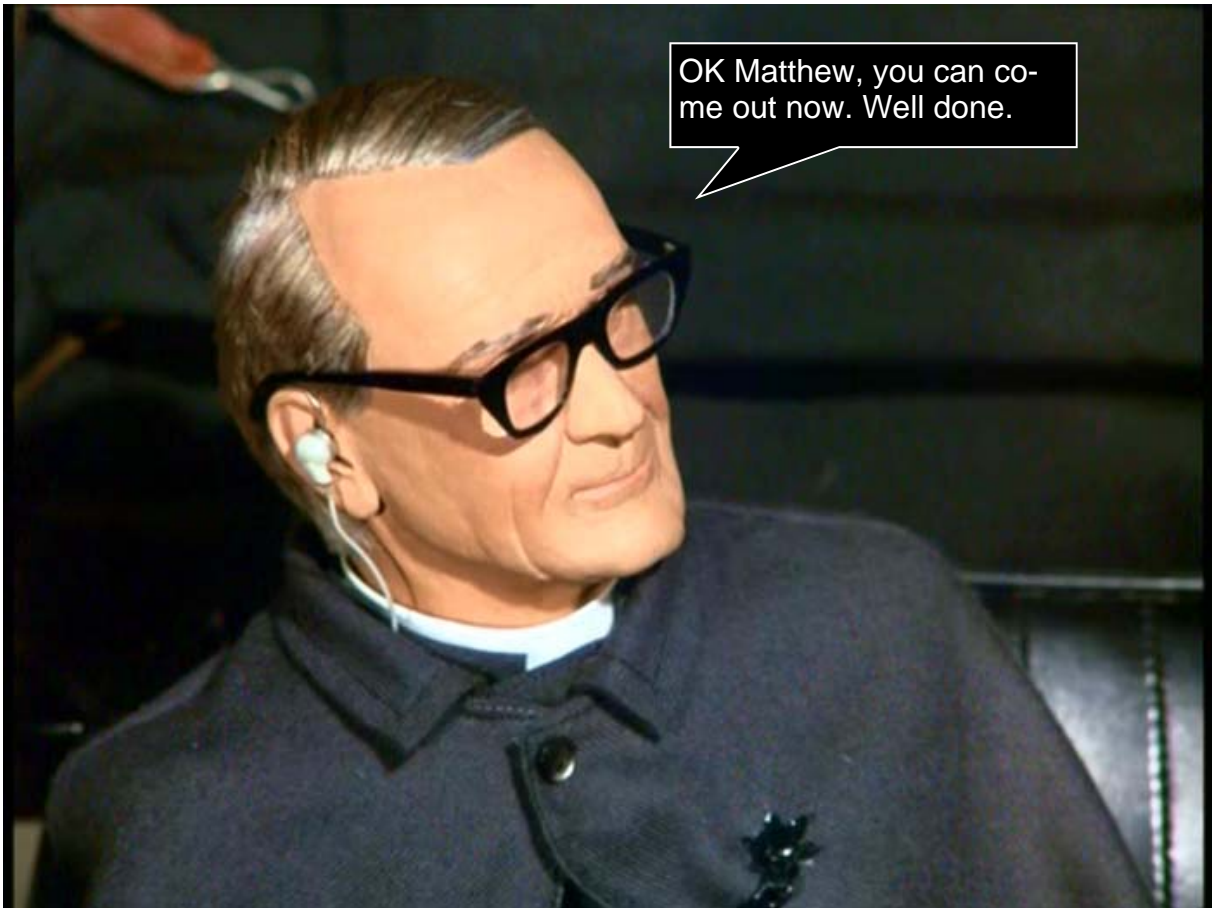




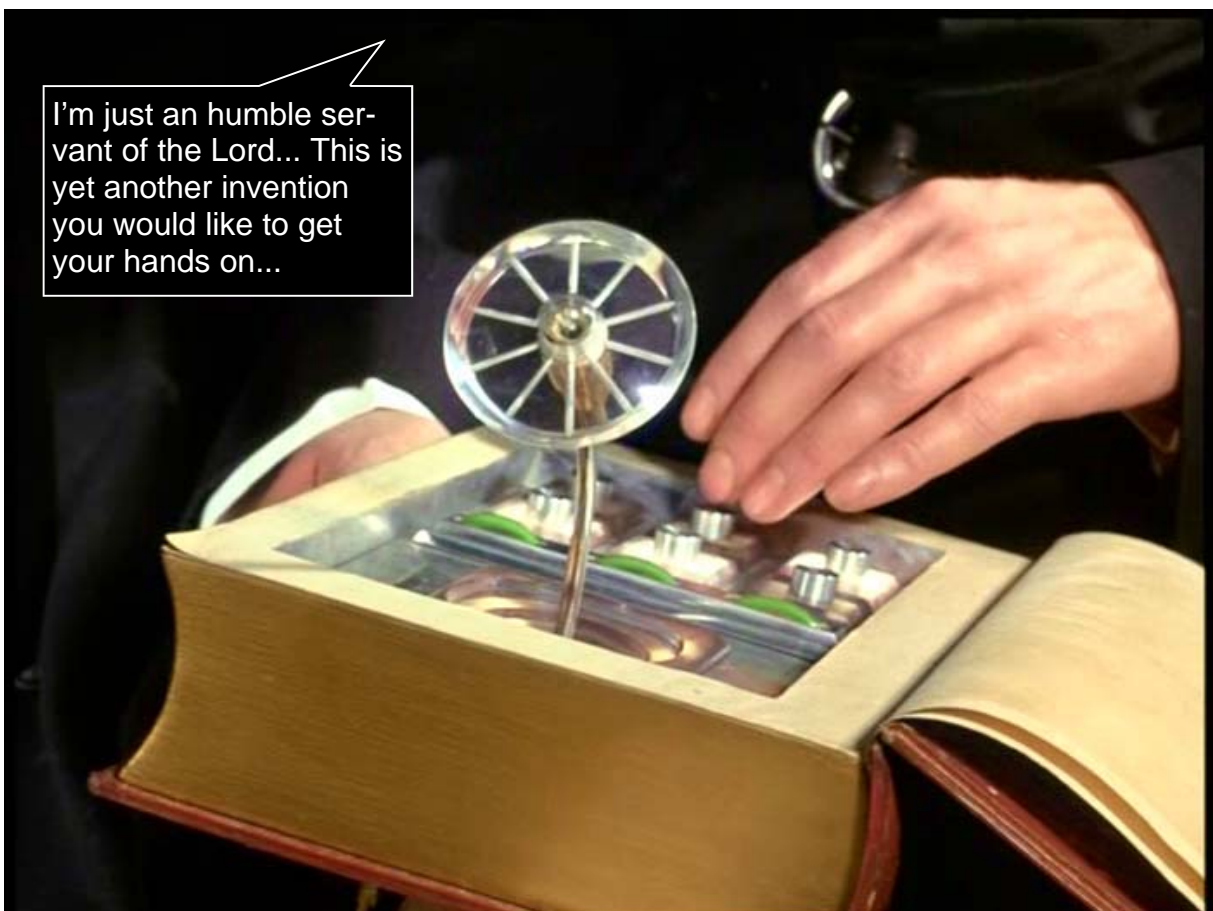
FATHER STANLEY IS UNDER THE AIRPLANE.



OK Matthew, you can come out now. Well done.







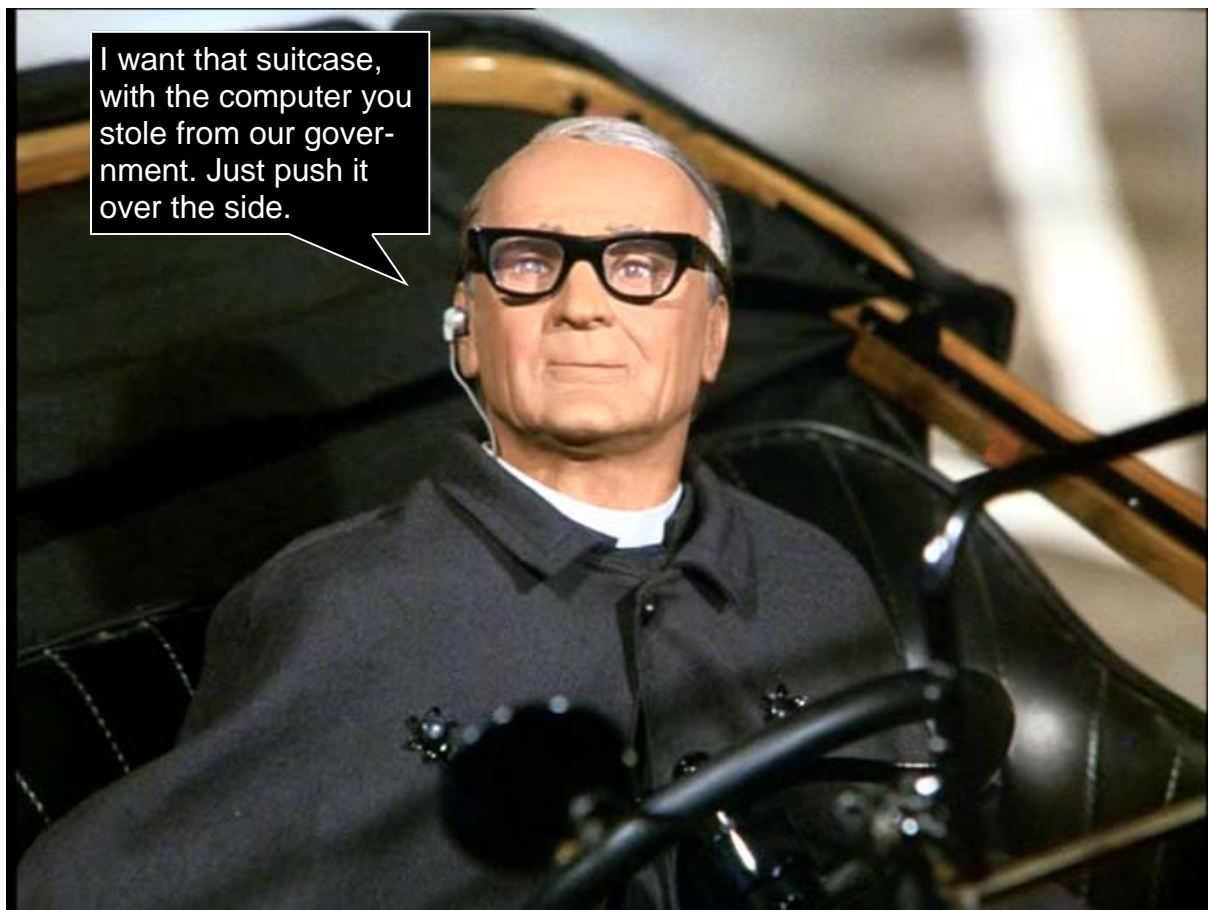
THE BEAM SHRINKS THE
AMBASSADOR!



Your Excellency...!







*BUT THE AMBASSADOR IS ABSOLUTELY
INTENTIONED TO OBEY.*



*THE SUITCASE FALLS INTO THE
CAR... THE MISSION IS ALMOST
ACCOMPLISHED.*



*FATHER STANLEY BRINGS THE AMBASSADOR
BACK TO HIS PROPORTIONS BEFORE RUN-
NING AWAY.*



THEN COMES THE POLICE.

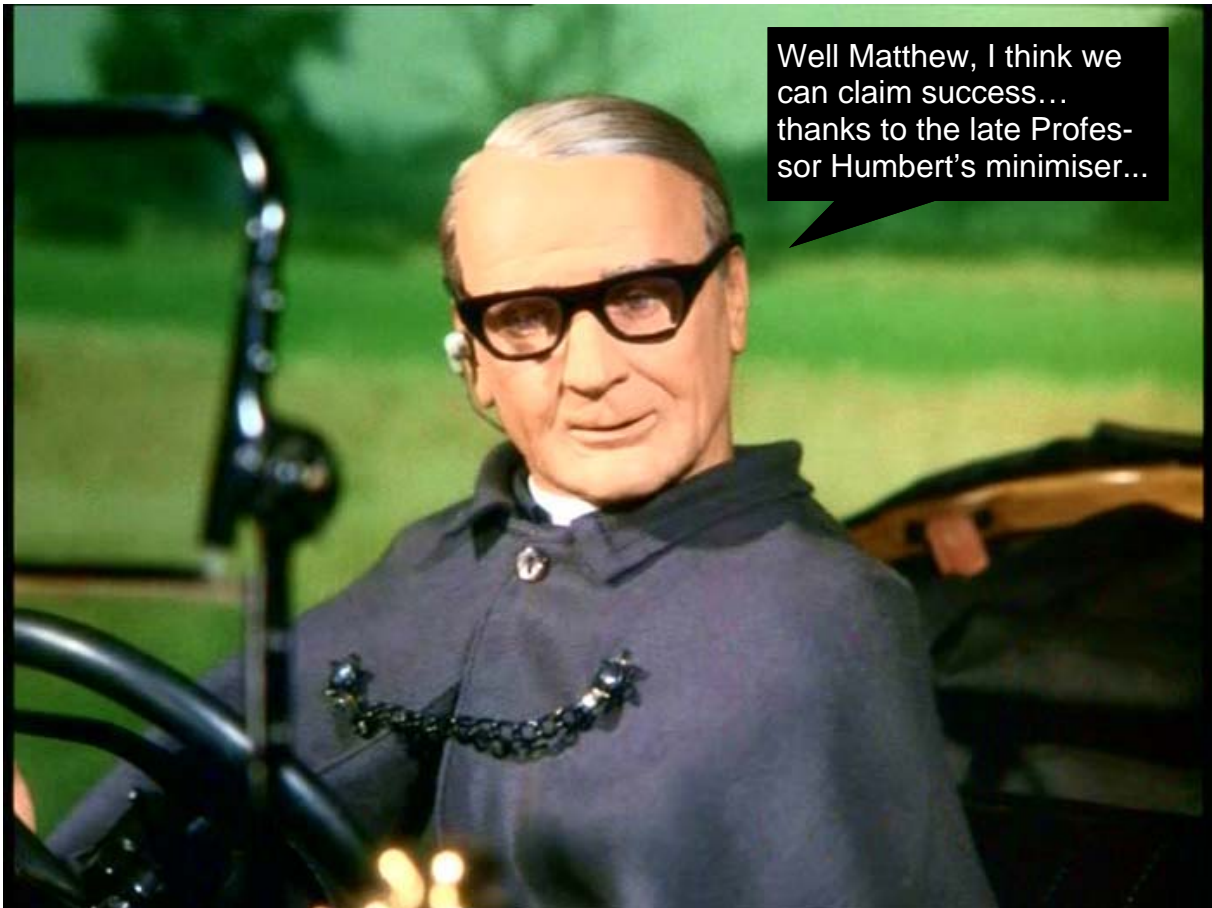




FATHER STANLEY GETS OUT QUICKLY.



Well Matthew, I think we
can claim success...
thanks to the late Profes-
sor Humbert's minimiser...



*BUT BEHIND THEM THE POLICE CAR IS
CLOSING RAPIDLY.*



AND ITS PASSENGERS OPEN FIRE!





*THE AMBASSADOR IS DRIVING
THE POLICE CAR.*



AND HIS ASSISTANT IS FIRING.

FATHER STANLEY PUSHES HARD TO
ESCAPE THE CHASE...



...WHILE MATTHEW IS
TRYING TO FIRE BACK. BUT
HE'S STILL MINIATURISED
LIKE HIS GUN...



A TRACTOR IS NEARLY AVOIDED ...



BUT THE CHASERS AVOID IT TOO.





We're nearly home,
Matthew...



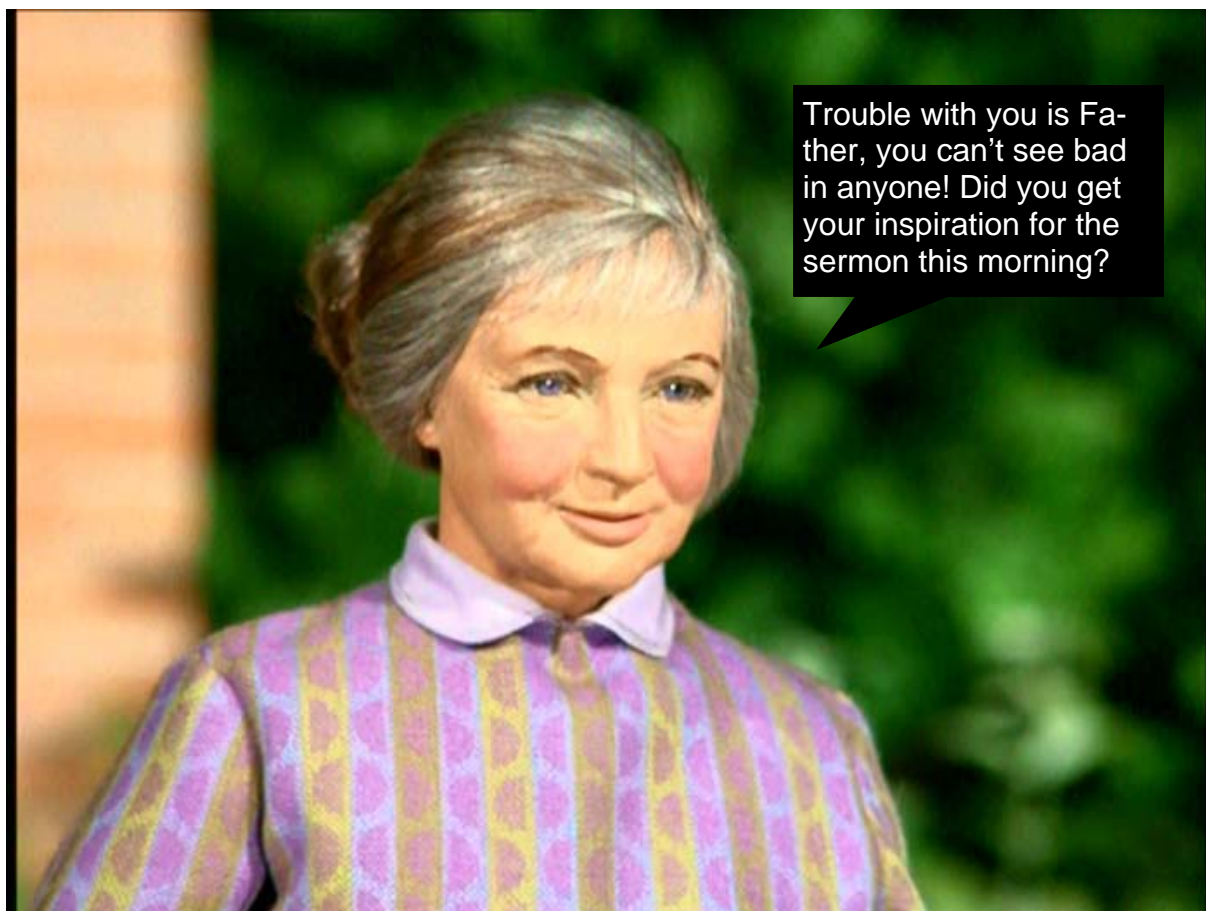
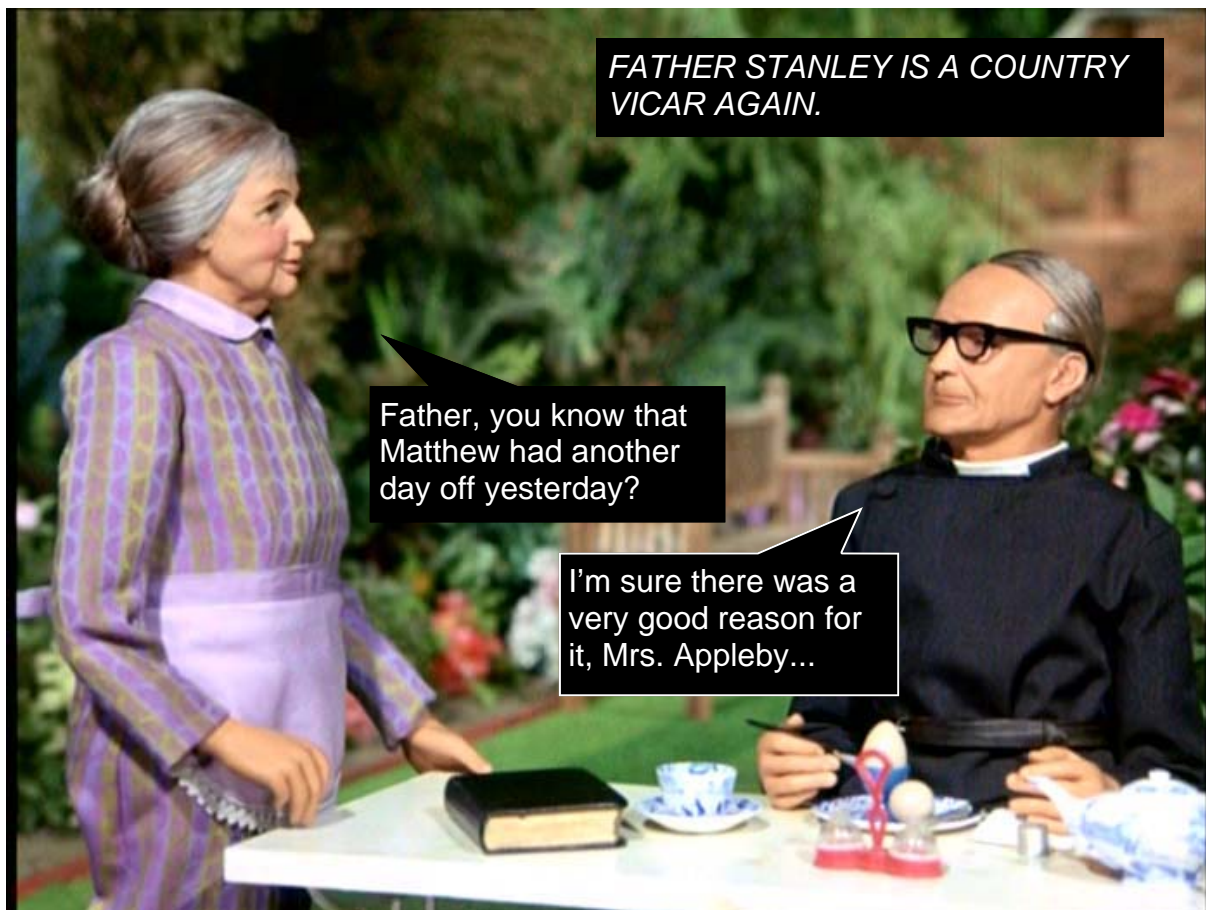
WITH A SUDDEN STEERING, FATHER STANLEY
ENTERS HIS CHURCH SQUARE...

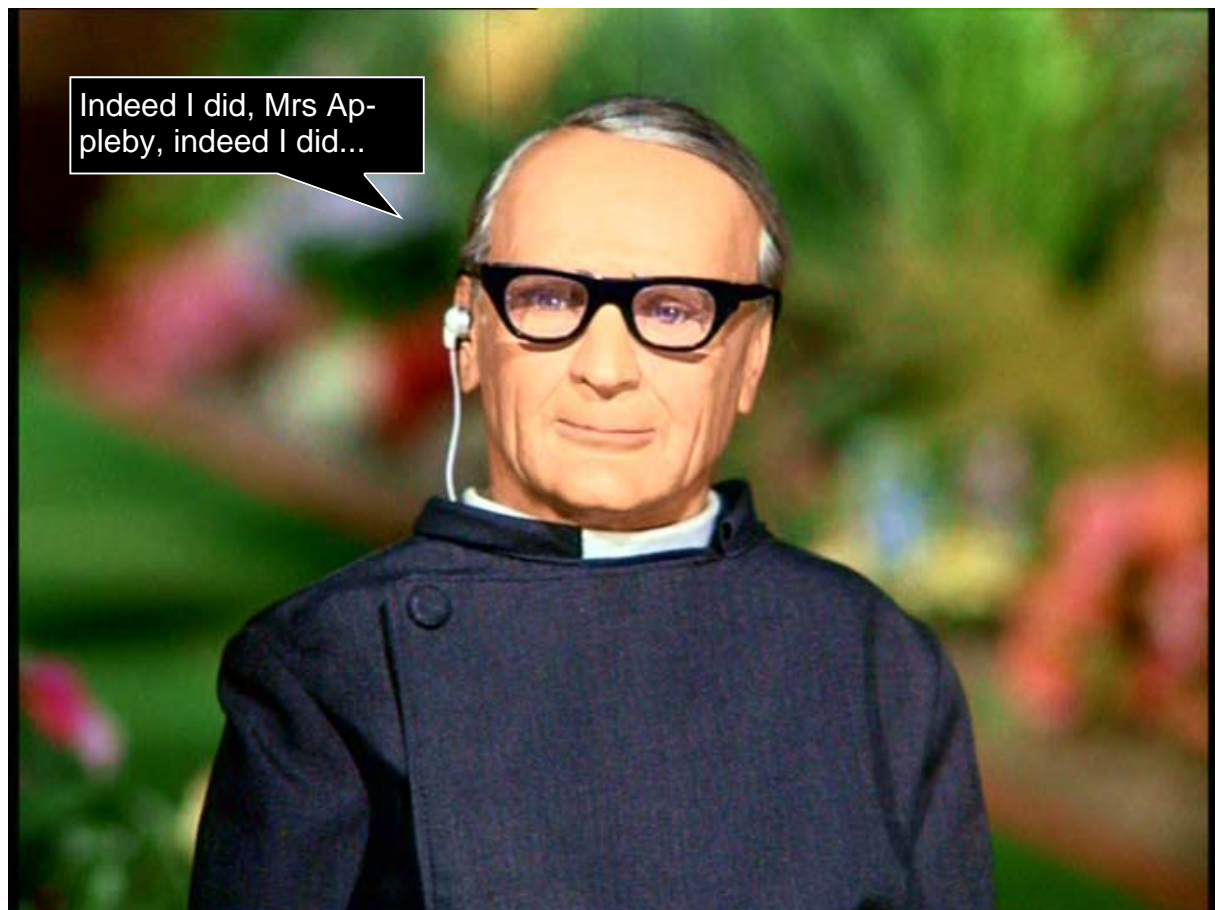
*HIS CHASERS DON'T SEE HIM AND GO AHEAD
AT MAXIMUM SPEED.*



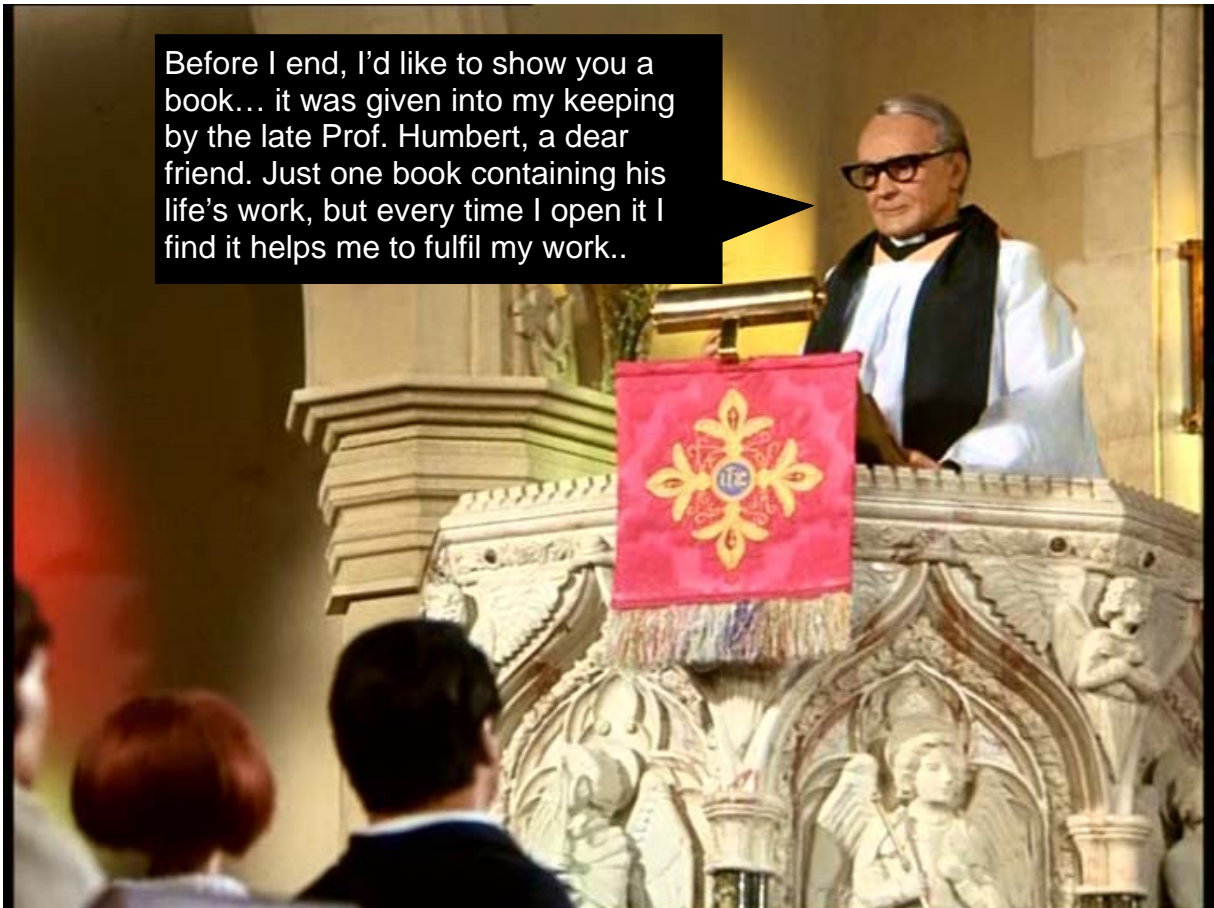
*THE FORD T ENTERS THE GARAGE. MISSION IS
FINALLY ACCOMPLISHED.*



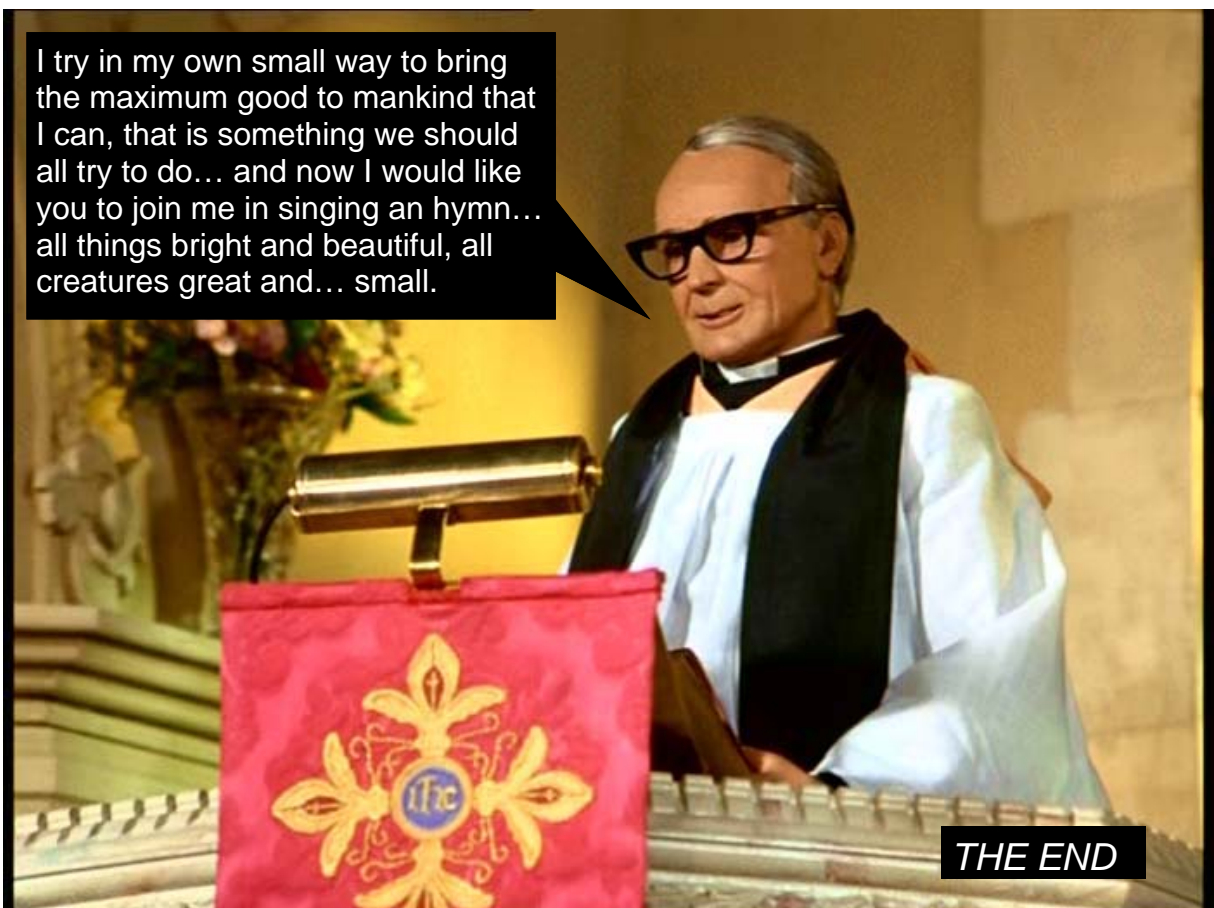




Before I end, I'd like to show you a book... it was given into my keeping by the late Prof. Humbert, a dear friend. Just one book containing his life's work, but every time I open it I find it helps me to fulfil my work..



I try in my own small way to bring the maximum good to mankind that I can, that is something we should all try to do... and now I would like you to join me in singing an hymn... all things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and... small.



THE END