

Recapitulation:

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS A CONTRACTION (ELIMINATING SOUND EFFECTS, ETC.) OF EPISODES 23, 24 & 25, ILLUSTRATING TYPICAL ADAPTATION OF THE SCRIPTS TO BOOK FORM

Crafty Carson Carpetbag, the sneaky snake, has become a spy at Womera Rocket Range. Chased by the Doctor, he disappeared up a pipe into a secret laboratory called Room Z. Outside its door a hasty conference was called by —

(singing) The F — D

The Doctor asked again, "What happens in Room Z?"

The Scientist explained that only the most secret experiments of the most secretive scientists were carried out in there: all sorts of strange inventions...

"Well, ^{please} open the door," the Doctor said. "We must get Crafty out!"

"We can't open it," said the Secret Service Man. And he explained that there were only three keys to Room Z. One was held by the topmost scientist, one by the Prime Minister, and one by the cleaning lady who swept it out in the evening.

"The topmost scientist is in Sydney," he sighed. "And the Prime Minister is in Canberra. And the cleaning lady doesn't come around till five o'clock."

"Then we must be here when she comes," said the Flying Doctor, and they all settled down to wait.

Meanwhile, Crafty Carson Carpetbag had been slithering up the ^{long dark} pipe that led to Room Z. When he emerged into the light he found himself in the most scientific-looking room he had ever seen. There were coils of wire and spirals of glass tube and oily-looking things boiling in glass vases, puffing yellow steam, bubbling and hissing, ~~effects of bubbling, hissing etc.~~

and lights switching on and off and dials with needles hovering near the danger marks, and springs and wheels and levers and switchboards...

But not a single living creature other than himself.

Crafty slid around the room, examining it all. He felt a little uncomfortable and frightened at first, because he was not very scientific and had no idea what any of it meant. But at least, he thought, I'm safe from the Flying Doctor for a time, and gradually he began to enjoy himself, watching

a steamy, oily mixture in a test-tube which emitted a strange sort of whistling, humming, electronic noise.

Effect: ~~electronic hum~~

Outside the door, the Flying Doctor was listening to Crafty's movements around the room. He held his scientific stethoscope to the keyhole and it magnified ^{for him} every sound. "Crafty has stopped now in and seems to be examining something," he reported to the others. "It seems to be making a sort of humming, whistling noise."

"Oh No!" said the Secret Service Man. "Stop him, somebody! That's Mixture 8X - the most secret invention of them all!"

Inside the laboratory Crafty was becoming very interested in his whistling mixture.

He read the notice, ^(printed on the) test tube: "Mixture 8X. Special Reducing fluid. Danger. For use when travelling in small satellites. One teaspoon three times daily."

"I wonder what 'Reducing Fluid' means," thought Crafty, and he tasted a little on the end of his tail. Almost immediately he felt a funny shrinking feeling starting at his head and shooting round and round his coils down to his tail.

He tried a bigger sip.

Outside, the Doctor looked at his watch. It was one minute to five.

Then, around the corner, came the cleaning lady. "Quick!" the Secret Service man ^{cried,} jumping up efficiently. "Your keys! We must have the key to Room Z."

He grasped the key ^{from her,} turned it in the lock and flung ^{open} the secret door.

LEAVE A LINE SPACE BEFORE ~~(on next page):~~ CONTINUING

Inside Room Z, Crafty... (etc)

V.O. End title:

~~Have they~~ Are they in time? What has Crafty done to himself in the secret laboratory of mysterious Room Z? See the answers in the next episode of

(sing) The F D