

H. Hillon

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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE NEVER-NEVER AFFAIR

Prod. #7451

Jan 22 3-22-65

REVISED FINAL

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Sam Rolfe

Written by:

Dean Hargrove

February 1, 1965

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
GENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

2-1-65

The Man From
U.N.C.L.E.

The Never-Never Affair

Prod. #7451

Script dated: February 1, 1965

Name changes:

FROM:

GERVAIS

FRED BAKER

AL GARAGE

HAPPY TIMES ICE CREAM

Sixty-fifth Street and Third
Ave. (NEW CINEMA THEATRE)

TO:

VICTOR GERVAIS

DONALD BAKER

P.D.Q. GARAGE

HOPSY-TOPSY ICE CREAM

221 E. 70th

The Man From
U.N.C.L.E.

The Never-Never Affair

Prod. #7451

CAST:

U.N.C.L.E.

SOLO
ILLYA
WAVERLY

MANDY STEVENSON
FRED BAKER
WAVERLY'S SECRETARY
AGENTS (SILENT)
1ST AGENT

THRUSH

GERVAIS
VARNER
MISS RAVEN
ICE CREAM VENDOR
MECHANIC
AGENTS (SILENT)

NEUTRAL

JUICE STAND VENDOR (SILENT)
TOY VENDOR (SILENT)
GIGOLO (SILENT)
MOVIE FAN
ELDERLY LADY (SILENT)
MATRON (SILENT)
PEDESTRIANS, MOVIE FANS

The Man From
U.N.C.L.E.

The Never-Never Affair

Prod. #7451

SETS

EXTERIORS

WAREHOUSE STREET
WAREHOUSE ALLEY
MIRROR COMPANY
THEATRE
GARAGE BUILDING
VARIOUS CITY STREETS

INTERIORS

MANDY'S OFFICE
UNCLE HALLWAY
SOLO'S OFFICE
WAVERLY'S OFFICE
CONFERENCE ROOM
MICROLAB
ELEVATOR
MOVIE THEATRE LOBBY
" " DOWNSTAIRS
" " BACKSTAGE
GARAGE
GERVAIS' OFFICE
STOREROOM

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERTED STREET - NEW YORK CITY - LONG SHOT -
DAY

1

Early morning. There are only a few parked cars in this warehouse section of the city. WE HEAR the sound of far-off ships, then --- a man running. Illya runs INTO SHOT and down the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

2

Illya runs toward the CAMERA, then stops.

He looks in all directions. Not frightened, just professional caution. There aren't any outward signs of danger. Illya turns and runs O.S.

EXT. ALLEY

3

Illya runs down the alley. He stops for a moment, staying close to the wall. Reaching into his jacket, he withdraws an UNCLE two-way radio.

In the next instant, a high wall of flames bursts in the alley behind him. Illya moves away from the fire, drawing his revolver. One end of the alley is now blocked to him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ALLEY

4

A THRUSH agent by the street entrance fastens another incendiary grenade to his rifle. He fires the grenade, arching it high into the air.

STILL ANOTHER ANGLE - GRENADE

5

whining through the air.

RESUME - FALCHEK

6

The second grenade lands a few yards ahead of him. Illya shields his face with an arm. The flames move closer, almost engulfing him. Illya slowly falls to his knees.

RESUME - THRUSH AGENT

7

He has his rifle packed under his arm. The CAMERA FOLLOWS as he steps back into the street. A Rolls Royce limousine parked across the street pulls away from the curb and drives into the alley, past the agent.

ANOTHER ANGLE

8

name SP.
The flames are lowering. The rear door of the car opens and GERVAIS steps out. A tall, greying, well-dressed Frenchman, Gervais moves closer to the fire. They are joined by the 1st THRUSH agent. Varner, an ivy-styled American, climbs out of the car and walks over to Gervais.

name change

REVERSE ANGLE

9

We see the three THRUSH agents through the lowering flames. The fire burns down, out of sight.

RESUME ALLEY - GERVAIS, VARNER AND AGENT

10

Gervais, Varner and the rifle-bearing henchman look at each other, astonished.

ALLEY - THEIR POV

11

Smoldering --- but not a sign of Illya.

RESUME - GERVAIS, VARNER AND AGENT

12

Gervais walks into the still smoking area -- he nudges at something with his foot.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - GERVAIS'S FOOT

13

Gervais pushes what's left of Illya's jacket aside revealing a sewer manhole.

RESUME - GERVAIS

14

Angry. He takes the agent's rifle and pries off the manhole cover. He peers down into the blackness for a second.

GERVAIS
Fascinating.

He turns to Varner, who looks uncomfortable.

GERVAIS
It would have seemed simpler, perhaps, to shoot him in the leg. Then we might have searched and interrogated him. But then I never did understand your American strategy -- although I must say it intrigues me.

Varner tries to conceal his irritation through deference.

VARNER
It was just a little bad luck, Mr. Gervais. You can't anticipate everything.

GERVAIS
Perhaps it's my fault -- I probably expect too much from you.

VARNER (evenly)
We're doing our best to accommodate you, Mr. Gervais.

GERVAIS
Mr. Varner, it shall go on the record that the New York THRUSH office has been an admirable host to the head of the French division of THRUSH. The fine limousine, the comfortable lodgings - all are superb. But perhaps we could now concentrate on getting results. Do you suppose we could channel our energies in that direction?

Varner submerges his annoyance, turns to the limousine.

Add since first draft

Muted in film

VARNER (to driver)
Put through an emergency call. Use a high-clearance pattern to requisition some more operatives.
(looks at Gervais)
And not just anyone. Only the best local people.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. NEW YORK UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

15

The Del Floria, as usual.

INT. LANGUAGE TRANSLATION DEPARTMENT, PORTUGUESE DIVISION OFFICE

16

An office in the brisk, modern style of UNCLE. Three young ladies -- all noticeably attractive -- sit busily behind their desks. In the background are rows of file cabinets built into the wall.

MANDY STEVENSON is the one on the left. A lovely young woman, she has an intelligent look about her. Mandy has a sheaf of papers in front of her, and she speaks into an office recorder.

MANDY (into mike)

Added since 1964 script

Memo from the Language Translations Department, Portuguese Division, to the Transportation Department. Here is today's weather report for Brazil: In Rio, the high today will be 85 degrees, 65 per cent humidity with unlimited visibility....

Her phone BUZZES. She turns off the recorder and picks up the telephone receiver.

MANDY (into phone, brightly)
Portuguese translation, Miss Stevenson speaking.

(listens)

Yes. Yes. For Mr. Solo. Yes.
Fine. Goodbye.

NOT
LOCKED
NO COMBINATION

OUR CAMERA FOLLOWS Mandy. She walks to the wall of file cabinets, carefully manipulates a combination lock in the paneling. There is a loud CLICK and then she takes a key and unlocks a drawer. Mandy withdraws a file -- an enclosed case. She moves back to her desk, surreptitiously reaches underneath the center drawer.

16
CONT'D
(2)

17 OUT

MED. CLOSE SHOT - DESK - FROM BELOW

18

An automatic revolver is taped to the underside of the desk. Mandy's hand deftly removes the tape and frees the gun.

RESUME - MANDY

19

Mandy cautiously puts the file case in her lap. She opens it a crack and slips the gun inside. Mandy closes the file and heads for the door.

INT. UNCLE HALLWAY

20

Mandy walks down the hallway, carrying the file case. She passes by two AGENTS. They nod and smile. She stops in front of an office door. A few doors away, FRED BAKER steps out of the microlab. Baker is a somber-looking man with a black apron. He sees Mandy,

BAKER

Oh, Mandy.

Mandy turns, appropriately apprehensive.

BAKER

I've been looking for you.

MANDY

What is it, Fred?

BAKER

Would you pick up a sandwich at the commissary when you go to lunch. I've got a mountain of work today.

MANDY

Again? Sure, Fred. What do you want.

FRED

The usual. Thanks. I really appreciate it.

MANDY

Anytime, Fred.

He goes back into the lab. Mandy turns back to the door.

INT. SOLO'S OFFICE
ANOTHER ANGLE --- MANDY

20X1

The door slides open and she steps inside. Our CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she moves cautiously into Solo's office. Napoleon Solo turns away from a wall map as she comes closer, opening the file case.

SOLO

Hello, Mandy. I see you brought the file with your customary...

Mandy aims the pistol at him.

Added scene from 1st draft

omit

> - changed

MAP ON STAND

SOLO (continued)
...efficiency...

20X1
CONT'D
(2)

MANDY (coolly)
To the wall, Mr, Solo. Your back
to me.

Solo turns, outstretches his arms and props himself
up against the wall.

SOLO
I wouldn't have it any other way.

Mandy frisks him, taking his revolver and placing
it on the desk. *NOT DONE*

MANDY
Feet apart.

SOLO
Rather clever of you, I must admit.

MANDY
I hoped you'd like it. Keep your
hands against the wall.

Solo turns his wrist.

SOLO
Just checking my watch. / Not bad. *omitted*
A minute and thirty-seven seconds.

She puts the revolver against the back of his neck,
cocks it.

MANDY
Too late for you, Mr. Solo.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE DOOR

20X2

The hallway door behind Mandy slides noiselessly
open. TWO AGENTS step into the room, quickly draw
their revolvers when they see Solo's peril.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR SOLO

20X3

He sees the agents over his shoulder.

SOLO (to agents)
No, don't.

*ORIGINAL
7/2/74 FOR 2 AGENTS*

RESUME - WIDER ANGLE

20X4

She pulls the trigger. The weapon gives off a loud BEEP. Solo lowers his arms. The two agents move INTO SHOT, shouldering their arms.

1ST AGENT

What is this all about?

Mandy turns, startled.

MANDY

I didn't know you were...

SOLO (interrupts)

That's right. And they didn't know that this is a toy.

(takes gun from her)

They could have killed you. And I might have let them, except that good Portuguese translators are hard to find.

MANDY

That's very cynical of you.

(to agents)

I was just demonstrating how self-sufficient I'll be when he takes me to the Inter-American Conference with him as his personal translator.

SOLO

Except no one said anything about your going to Rio with me.

(to agents)

Mandy would like to experience some of the romance and glamour of espionage work.

1ST AGENT

So would I.

MANDY (to Solo)

I have some/vacation/time coming to me. If I just happened to be in Rio the same time you were there...

omit word

SOLO

....Mandy...

MANDY

...It would be a very bad idea.

SOLO (picks up
file)
Mr. Waverly's waiting for this
file.

20X4
CONT'D
(2)

(to agents)
Thanks. I think I'll be safe from
here on in.

omit line

He exits.

MANDY
Napoleon....

She exits after him.

INT. UNCLE HALLWAY

20X5

Mandy is catching up with Solo. WE DOLLY ALONG
WITH THEM.

MANDY
Napoleon.

No response. She takes the file from him. He
stops.

MANDY
Be open-minded, Napoleon. After all,
I did show up a breakdown in security.
I brought this gun in without any
trouble at all.

SOLO (sternly)
Mandy, Security knew you brought it
in. I checked out the bottom of
your desk myself.

He takes the file back from her, starts off again.

MANDY (in Portuguese)
Uma vez um espia sempre um espia.

SOLO
What does that mean?

She takes the file back again.

MANDY
Once a spy, always a spy.
Napoleon...

2-1-65

P.8B

SOLO

Mandy, my advice to you is simple.

20X5
CONT'D
(2)

MANDY

Don't try any more stunts like this.
Be content with the warmth and safety
of the Language Translation Department,
Portuguese Division. Walk, do not run.
Close cover before striking. Preheat oven to 375 degrees.
Here's your file, Mr. Solo.

She hands him back the file, turns and goes breezily
OUT OF SHOT. Solo is somewhat dazzled by her
tenacity.

21-26 OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE

27

Waverly is on the intercom. Illya, in shirt sleeves,
beside him. *BLACK TORTLE NECK*

WAVERLY (into intercom)
Report, please.

MAN (v.o.)
Internal Security confirmed, Sir.
Everything seems quiet for the
moment.

} omit

Solo enters, reacting to the activity.

WAVERLY (into intercom) — *ILLYA*
Put your people on temporary
standby.
(switches off)

SOLO
What's the matter?

WAVERLY
THRUSH is mounting an all-out oper-
ation.

ILLYA
They barely missed me on my way
in from Washington this morning.
They were after this.

He reaches for his belt and pulls a foot-long ticker-
tape sized paper from his belt buckle. Illya rips
it off at the buckle as you would the tape from an
adding machine. He hands it to Solo.

SOLO (reads)
Names and addresses....

WAVERLY
..Of twelve top THRUSH agents in
France.

ILLYA
THRUSH knows that we're on to some
of their men, but they don't know which
ones. From their viewpoint, it's
vital for them to find out which
names are on the list.

omit line

SOLO
All they need is one look at this.

Waverly knocks his pipe into a heavy ashtray.

WAVERLY

We must hand-carry this information to our Paris bureau so that they'll be prepared to move when section one gives them the go-ahead. Since Mr. Kuryakin has been spotted by THRUSH, someone else will have to take the list.

Waverly looks away from the two men and opens the humidor on his desk. It's empty.

SOLO (gives Waverly file)

I'll take the one o'clock flight this afternoon.

WAVERLY

Not you, Mr. Solo. I'm meeting that man from Rio this afternoon. I'll need you to sit in on the briefing. I've already arranged for a special courier. He'll be here in about an hour.

*omit lines**omit line*

Waverly switches the intercom on.

SECRETARY (v.o.)

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Would you come in here, please.

He looks back to the two men.

WAVERLY (annoyed)

Why is it, with all of the vast resources and power of this organization, why is it that I must always be without enough pipe tobacco?

Solo and Illya contain their smiles. THE SECRETARY enters.

SECRETARY

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Do we have any of my pipe mixture out there by an chance?

SECRETARY

No, sir, I don't.

WAVERLY

You're sure.

SECRETARY

Yes, sir.

He hands her the humidor.

omit lines

2-1-65

P.11

WAVERLY

Alright, then. Please arrange
for someone to take my humidor to
my tobacconist and get some of my
blend --- that's 'Isle of Dogs, No.
22'.

27
CONT'D
(3)

SECRETARY

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Thank you.

She exits.

SOLO

Anything else, Sir?

WAVERLY

Yes, there is. You might take this
list to Mr. Baker in the microlab
and ask him to transfer it onto a
microdot. And ask him to please
hurry. The courier will pick it up
from him. I'll meet you back here
in thirty minutes.

Waverly exits with the file.

SOLO

Yes, Sir.

Solo looks at Illya.

SOLO

Weren't you cold without your jacket?

ILLYA

It was quite warm, actually.

SWISH PAN TO:

check name
EXT. GARAGE STREET

27X1

The "A1 GARAGE" -- offices above. OUR CAMERA ZOOMS
IN on a second floor window.

ACME GARAGE

INT. GERVAIS' OFFICE

27X2

Large, ornately European decor. Maps on the walls,
telephones around the room. Some office equipment --
desk and two office chairs on casters. A large full-
length mirror by one of the street windows.

Gervais is by a map of New York City -- the east 50's section is studied with marker pins. Varner is beside him. A large, gargantuan woman in a jump suit -- MISS RAVEN -- is in the b.g. on one of the telephones.

27X2
CONT'D
(2)

NOT on phone
NO MAPS on wall

VARNER

These are the strategic locations around UNCLE headquarters.

(nods to Miss Raven)

Miss Raven will help coordinate from here.

GERVAIS

Well, you've certainly saturated the sector with your people. And I assume you've made provisions in case the courier passes the information -- you've alerted your men to watch for that, of course.

VARNER

No, I haven't yet....

GERVAIS

Oh? Now that we have so effectively announced our presence, it's quite probable that they will have the foresight to decoy us -- and use another courier.

VARNER

I'll admit that's one possibility.

Gervais frowns. We see the steel hand underneath all that oil. ---

GERVAIS

Mr. Varner, it has taken me fifteen years to build my organization throughout France. It would be nice to know which of my operatives are known to UNCLE -- or face the task of having to completely liquidate and start anew. Would you mind very much if I supervise this phase of the operation myself.

VARNER

That's your prerogative, of course.

GERVAIS

I'm afraid I must.

(smiles)

The stakes are rather high for me to stay home.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE ELEVATOR

Going up. Solo inside. The doors open and Mandy steps inside, carrying a brown paper bag. She self-consciously avoids Solo's glance for a moment, then...

MANDY

Napoleon, you're going to listen to me.

She presses the emergency stop button. The elevator stops between floors. A panel light flashes OFF AND ON.

SOLO

Mandy, take your finger off that button. You've set off the emergency signal.

MANDY

Not until you hear me out. Try to understand, Napoleon. I came to work here to find excitement. And the most exciting thing that happens to me is to miss my subway connection. I might as well be working for the telephone company.

SOLO

Well, if you really want to see some excitement, in about thirty seconds they're going to come down this elevator shaft after us--unless you release that button.

MANDY (becoming more animated)

You know what I mean, Napoleon. If just once I could have a chance to get involved in something...do something. Then at least I'd have a memory. It's bad enough I can't have a future, I can't even have a past.

(she leans back against the wall, release the button with a resigned sigh)

Solo is moved to sympathy.

SOLO

I wish I could help you, Mandy.

added since BH says

MANDY

Oh, Napoleon! I don't care whether
they have weather in Brazil any more.
Can't you see - I'm dying of acute
dullness!

31X1
CONT'D
(2)

The elevator doors slide open. Solo's rescuers
from the earlier encounter are there, guns drawn.

SOLO (to agents)

You can put away your tools. It's
just a personal malfunction.

He and Mandy move past the two startled agents.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO AND MANDY

31X2

MANDY (glumly)

I guess I've caused you enough
trouble. Thanks for being such a
good sport...

(pause)

Of course, there's another way to
look at it. If it wasn't for me,
Fred Baker might starve to death.
(looks at bag)

Mandy exits, O.S. Solo looks after her, registers
empathy. An idea.

SOLO (calls out)

Mandy, wait a minute.

STILL ANOTHER ANGLE - UNCLE HALLWAY

32

Mandy is standing in front of the microlab door.
Solo walks into SHOT.

SOLO

If there would happen to be some-
thing that you could do -- here
in New York --- do you suppose
that would satisfy you?

MANDY

Of course. That's all I want.
Just once. And then that'll
be the end of it. Just once.

SOLO

Now I wouldn't want to kid
you. It could be dangerous.

32
CONT'D
(2)

MANDY

That's the best kind. What is it?

SOLO

A courier assignment --- for Mr.
Waverly. An emergency. All of
our regular couriers are tied up.

She moves closer.

MANDY

What's the assignment?

SOLO (confidentially)

Mr. Waverly needs a special courier
to make a "delivery" to his tobacco
shop.

THE NOT HIS

MANDY (incredulous)

A tobacco shop?

SOLO (noncommittal)

You'll take Mr. Waverly's "humidor"
to the "tobacco shop". Ask the man
there for Mr. Waverly's special
blend --- "Isle of Dogs, No. 22"

MANDY (memorizing)

Isle of Dogs, No. 22. What's the
address?

Mandy pulls out a pencil and paper.

SOLO (writing)

Here -- over on East 76th Street.

MANDY

Any special route?

SOLO

Of course. You'll follow "evasion
pattern eight". Listen carefully.

(he hands her the pencil
and she scribbles away)

When you leave the building walk
four blocks then take the cross-
town bus for three blocks.

(cont'd)

Scene changed from 1st draft

WALK 3 BLOCKS TAXI 6 BLOCKS
WALK TO 49th to cross town
BUS

changed

SOLO (cont'd)

Double back two blocks on foot
then take a taxi two blocks. A
third avenue bus for four blocks.
Avoid the subways. Walk a few more
blocks. There are a lot of movie
theatres -- art houses -- in the
area. Go into one, wait for five
minutes -- then go out the side
entrance. Another taxi for three
blocks -- and there you are.

32
CONT'D
(3)

changed

MANDY (repeating
quietly)
...Taxi for three blocks...

SOLO
Do you have all that?

MANDY (qualified)
Yes, of course.

SOLO
Mr. Waverly's secretary will give
you the humidor. Just tell her I
sent you.

MANDY
Thank you, Napoleon. I'll leave
right away.

SOLO
By the way, this "humidor" should
only be opened by the man at the
tobacco shop.

CHANGED

---MANDY
You mean it's rigged to explode?
Is that it?

SOLO
Let's just say that he knows more
about humidors than you do. He'll
put something into it which you
will return here...reversing
"evasion pattern eight", of course.
Good luck, Mandy.

MANDY
Oh, Napoleon -- thank you.

He turns and walks away. Mandy brightens, the full
realization of the adventure setting in. She turns
and goes into the Microlab.

Never-Never Affair
Chgs.

UNCLE
2-2-65

P.16A

INT. MICROLAB

34

A room filled with technology. Baker is busy with the microdot. Mandy enters, exhilarated. She puts the brown paper bag on the counter.

2-1-65

P.17-18

MANDY

Fred, you cannot guess what's happened.

changed

34
CONT'D
(2)

Fred not only can't but won't try. This doesn't stop the zealous Mandy. She looks at herself in the mirror.

MANDY

So, to save you the speculation, I'll tell you. Mr. Solo, after some persuasion, has assigned me to be Mr. Waverly's special courier.

changed

(pause)

I think I'd better wear my contact lenses. It'd be a little more professional.

Fred holds up the microdot with a pair of tweezers, then drops it into a small plastic container. He looks over at Mandy as it sinks in.

BAKER

You're the special courier?

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE HALLWAY - DAY

35

Solo in the hall. Suddenly, the building goes ON ALERT. The warning SIRENS, the FLASHING LIGHTS. Agents pour into the hall. Solo draws his pistol, rushes to the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

36

Waverly is sitting at the round table. Illya and Falchek are standing by him. Waverly is on the inter-com. *No Falchek*

WAVERLY (efficiently)
Put through a scrambled call to the Paris office. Tell them to stand by for an alternate pattern.

Solo enters, Waverly hits another switch.

WAVERLY
Cancel my flight to Washington --
(holds photograph of Mandy,
looks at Solo)
Ah, Mr. Solo, it seems this Miss Stevenson informed Mr. Baker in the micro-lab that she was a special courier -- assigned by you. He turned over the microdot to her. Now, what is this all about, Mr. Solo?

Solo swallows hard.

SOLO
I was sending her to get your tobacco -- and I led her to believe that she was on a secret mission.

WAVERLY
Why did you do that?

SOLO
Well, Sir, I felt sorry for her. She's never had any excitement... and...it occurred to me that if she thought she was on a mission -- which she wanted very badly -- she would imagine all of the danger and excitement and...you know, everybody'd look suspicious to her...she'd sort of fantasize an adventure... you know..
(bites hard)
...it seemed like a good idea at the time..
(sees no reaction, shakes head sickly)
...you don't know...

WAVERLY (ice)
What about the microdot.

36
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
I would suppose that she also picked
up the microdot -- and is now taking
it to the tobacco shop, too.

WAVERLY
I see. By what route?

Solo opens his mouth to answer, then realizes that
he doesn't remember.

SOLO
..."Evasion pattern eight"...

WAVERLY
What?

SOLO
By a very complicated route that I
gave her...and that I don't remember
exactly.

Waverly hits the inter-com switch.

WAVERLY
Send out an emergency search and
seize order on Miss Stevenson.
She's heading for my tobacconist..
by a very complicated route that
Mr. Solo gave her and can't remember
exactly. I want all available
walking agents out immediately --
and empty the garage/--- distribute
her photograph to any agents that
might not recognize her. And brief
the men that she'll be carrying a
very old, expensive, irreplaceable
tobacco humidor.
(signs off)

omit part of line

ILLYA
There are THRUSH agents everywhere
today. Since they're already looking
for me, perhaps I'd better go back
out and try to draw their fire. If
I'm lucky, I can decoy them away.
Perhaps even to Trenton, New Jersey.

WAVERLY
You; Mr. Solo, had better cruise the
neighborhood. See if you can remember
the route you gave her. We'll have
to find her before THRUSH stumbles
onto her.

SOLO (determined)
We'll find her.

36
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY (soberly)
Yes - please - do that, Mr. Solo.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - EXT. SHOT - DAY

37

In the east 60's. Traffic.

CLOSER ANGLE - ILLYA

38

Walking. He pauses on the sidewalk for a moment scanning the street. A few yards ahead of him is a gaily-decorated ice cream wagon labeled "HAPPY TIMES ICE CREAM". The truck moves along lethargically and we HEAR its music-box theme song. Illya walks past the truck. The truck stops.

HOPSY TOPSY

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK - CAB

39

TWO VENDORS inside, watching him THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD. One of them picks up the telephone on the side panel.

1ST VENDOR

We've spotted him.

(listens)

Yes, Sir.

(hangs up)

The 1st vendor hangs up, nods to his associate. The two vendors step out of the cab.

EXT. TRUCK

40

The THRUSH vendors go to the rear of the truck, open the freezer compartment.

MED. TWO-SHOT - VENDORS

40X1

As the 1st vendor whistles a sinister reprise of the ice cream wagon theme, the 2nd agent surreptitiously pulls two revolvers from one compartment. The two men quickly fit the silencers onto their weapons, secrete them inside two small ice cream cartons.

No WHISTLE

WIDER ANGLE

40X2

An old lady comes up behind them, opening her change purse. She pulls out a coin.

1ST VENDOR

Beat it.

They cross in front of her and go down the sidewalk after Illya.

RESUME - ILLYA

41

Walking. He withdraws his UNCLE two-way radio without bothering to look behind at the two THRUSH agents. He holds the radio surreptitiously.

ILLYA

I've picked up two THRUSH agents.

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

42

Waverly at the master control.

WAVERLY (into mike)

Alright. Call me when you get to Trenton.

RESUME - ILLYA

42X1

ILLYA

I'm taking the next alley south.

LONG SHOT - ICE CREAM WAGON - FROM ACROSS THE STREET 43

MANDY WALKS INTO SHOT, going down the sidewalk across the street from Illya and the THRUSH killers. She is playing her role of espionage agent to the hilt. She pauses, pulls out a piece of paper from her purse.

MANDY (to herself)

Walk three blocks.
(she checks it off
with a pencil)

Mandy sees something out of the corner of her eye.

GIGOLO - MANDY'S P.O.V.

44

Check poster
A seedy-looking, mustachioed man is standing in front of a doorway poster that advertises "DANCE-LAND -- TEN BEAUTIFUL HOSTESSES--" The seedy man looks back at Mandy as she walks by.

No poster

RESUME - MANDY

45

Not sure who he is, of course. Might be the enemy. She picks up her step, holding on tight to the humidor.

WIDER ANGLE

46

The seedy gigolo admires her legs, then tosses his cigarette aside and starts after her.

RESUME - MANDY

47

Frightened.

WIDER ANGLE

48

Check

She walks over in front of the "MANHATTAN PLATE GLASS AND MIRROR COMPANY". The window display is an arrangement of a few dozen mirrors, angled so as to give the illusion of hundreds.

RESUME - MANDY

49

She holds her breath, looking into the mirrors.

MIRROR DISPLAY - MANDY'S P.O.V.

50

The gigolo - or is it two hundred gigolos - move in menacingly behind her.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MANDY AND GIGOLO

51

She wheels around to face him. The man pushes a lock of hair back out of his eyes.

Mandy shoves him aside forcibly, then dashes away. The man looks after her, shrugs.

MED. SHOT - MANDY

52

Hurrying. She doesn't dare look back. She looks across the street.

ILLYA - MANDY'S P.O.V.

53

Nearing an alley.

RESUME - MANDY

54

Hope. She starts hurrying across the street, ducking in and out of traffic.

Change
 ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

55

He is a few feet from the alley. Beside him is a sidewalk vendor with a portable display of cheap wind-up toys. Illya looks on down the sidewalk.

EXT. STREET - ILLYA'S P.O.V.

56

A car carrying Varner and two agents parks up ahead. Varner and one of the agents climb out and head straight for Illya.

*NOT IN CAR -
 AT CURB*

RESUME - ILLYA

57

He looks down the alley, then glances behind him.

EXT. SIDEWALK - ILLYA'S P.O.V.

58

The two THRUSH ice cream men.

RESUME - ILLYA

59

He turns back, a calculating smile on his face. Then he sees something o.s. that causes him to pale.

MANDY - ILLYA'S P.O.V.

60

Working her way through the last of the traffic.

MANDY

Illya!

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

61

Thinking quickly. Mandy runs up to him.

MANDY

Illya, I'm being followed.
 I think it's THRUSH.

STILL ANOTHER ANGLE - VARNER AND AGENT

62

They pick up their step, hurry toward Illya.

VARNER (to agent)
Did he pass it to her?

62
CONT'D
(2)

AGENT
I don't know.

RESUME - ILLYA AND MANDY

63

Illya shoves her into the alley.

ILLYA
Oh, Mandy - not now! I will
hold them off. Run, run,

Mandy doesn't argue -- she runs.

THE CAMERA FOLLOWS ILLYA as he steps up to the
vendor's stand. He picks up a few of the toys.
He accosts two innocent passersby.

ILLYA (hawking)
Here we are, folks. Usually a
quarter, but today they are
free. Part of our new public
relations campaign.

The toy vendor looks at him, aghast. Illya picks up
an armful, passes them out to passersby. The people
make a momentary wall between Illya and the Ice Cream
vendors.

ILLYA (passing
out toys)
Here we are. Get them while
they're hot. Give them to your
children, your neighbors. Free,
free. Remember, you saw them
here first.

He looks down the alley.

ALLEY - ILLYA'S P.O.V.

64

Mandy disappears around a corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR ILLYA

65

Varner and the agent close in on Illya. Illya
grabs a nearby garment rack from a man coming out
of a shop. He sticks a toy in the man's hand.

ILLYA
Here. See how this fits.

65
CONT'D
(2)

Prof He quickly takes the man's rack and shoves it into the two THRUSH agents, knocking them aside. Illya turns back and picks up the open-mouthed vendor's toys and tosses the whole tray as the two ice cream men bust through the crowd and go for him. *omit*

STILL ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

66

He runs out into the street. Cars are coming from both directions.

RESUME - ICE CREAM VENDORS

67

Pistols in their containers, they go after Illya.

RESUME - ILLYA

68

Standing in the center of the street. Cars coming from both directions.

RESUME - THRUSH

69

They raise their ice cream cartons to fire, then lower them slightly.

THEIR P.O.V. - ILLYA

70

We see Illya, then the two cars pass quickly by - and Illya's gone.

RESUME - THRUSH

71

They look at each other, astounded.

EXT. STREET CORNER

72

One of the cars pulls around the corner and WE SEE Illya hanging onto the rear door window ---

The car stops in traffic and the driver of the car, a matronly woman, turns to see Illya. Illya releases himself from the car.

72
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

This is my stop, thank you.

The shocked woman watches him dash away.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET

73

Illya moves next to a building and pulls out his two-way radio.

ILLYA

Napoleon.

INT. SOLO'S CAR -

74

Moving through traffic. Solo is looking up and down the street, trying to remember the instructions he gave Mandy.

SOLO (to himself)

...walk three blocks, then back
two...no...

The button light on the dash goes ON. Solo turns on the switch.

ILLYA (v.o.)

I've spotted the girl.

RESUME - ILLYA

75

ILLYA

THRUSH was closing in on
me. She got away.

RESUME - SOLO

76

SOLO

Where are you now?

RESUME - ILLYA

77

ILLYA
Corner of Sixty-third Street
and Third Avenue.

RESUME - SOLO

78

SOLO
I'm just a few blocks from you.
I'll be right over and pick you
up.

omit line

He switches the two way radio OFF.

EXT. STREET

79

Solo's car pulls off into traffic.

EXT. STREET

80

Varner and two agents are standing by their car.
Varner is on the radio-telephone.

VARNER (into phone)
We did get a good look at the
girl.

INT. GERVAIS LIMOUSINE

81

Gervais in the back seat. He pours himself a
snifter of brandy - experiences the aroma -
tastes it.

VARNER (v.o.)
I've got two of the men who
saw her act now. She won't
be hard for us to spot.

GERVAIS
Doesn't that strike you as being
rather remarkable, Mr. Varner?
You not only had the original
courier -- whom you missed
earlier -- but also the new
courier and somehow they both
escaped from you. That must
have taken an extraordinary
piece of bad luck, Mr. Varner.

2-1-65

P.30

VARNER (curtly, v.o.)
What are your instructions?

81
CONT'D
(2)

GERVAIS
Well, it would be nice if you
would find that girl.
(switches off; to
driver)

Notify all units to move into
Sector Four.

omit line

EXT. THEATRE

82

A theatre - "THE NEW CINEMA". Mandy pauses in
front, pulls out her list.

MANDY (making a
'check')
Go into a theatre.....

She walks over to the box office to buy her ticket.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR ICE CREAM TRUCK

83

As their truck comes around the corner, the two
ice cream vendors spot Mandy going inside the
theatre. They turn on their radio-telephone.

FIRST VENDOR
She just went into a theatre.

INT. GERVAIS'S LIMOUSINE

84

GERVAIS
Go inside and watch her. But please
don't do anything until I arrive.
What's the address?

FIRST VENDOR (v.o.)
221 East 70th. "The New Cinema"
theatre.

GERVAIS
Thank you.
(switches off; to
driver)
Notify Mr. Varner. And take me
there at once.

EXT. STREET - GERVAIS LIMOUSINE

85

The Rolls Royce drives OFF.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE

86

Dark. The flickering light and SOUNDS of o.s. Italian picture. Mandy edges into a seat in the center section. She glances at her watch and then looks around as her eyes become adjusted to the dark. She sees something o.s. left.

WAR
FILM

MED. SHOT - MOVIE FAN - MANDY'S P.O.V.

87

A gaunt-looking middle-aged man a few seats away, in the same row. He looks at her, clutching his box of popcorn.

RESUME - MANDY

88

She manages a tentative, apprehensive smile.

RESUME - MOVIE FAN

89

He gives her a hearty smile, takes a mouthful of popcorn.

RESUME - MANDY

90

For just a moment, she is engrossed in the picture.

MOVIE SCREEN - MANDY'S P.O.V.

91

An Italian gangster picture, with subtitles.

WAR
MOVIE

ANOTHER ANGLE

92

The two ice cream vendors come down the aisle. One of them takes a seat towards the rear, the second vendor moves on OUT OF SHOT.

EXT. THEATRE STREET

93

Gervais's limousine parks a few yards from the theatre as a second car pulls up - Varner and two THRUSH agents get out.

CLOSER ANGLE - GERVAIS LIMOUSINE

94

Gervais steps out, joined by Varner and the two agents.

GERVAIS.

I trust you remember what she looks like.

VARNER

We all saw her.

GERVAIS

Fine, fine. Now there are two men already inside. That makes seven of us against one girl. I would say that gives us an even chance, wouldn't you?

(to agent)

You might go to the rear of the theatre. I suggest you use a rifle with a sniper scope.

(to Varner)

Mr. Varner, it might be to our advantage if you would position yourself at that corner.

(nods to 3rd Agent)

This gentleman at the opposite end of the block.

VARNER

Where will you be?

GERVAIS

Personally, I'm very thirsty.

He walks toward a b.g. juice stand, next to the theatre.

GERVAIS

Good luck, Mr. Varner.

The agents head O.S.

coffee shop

ANOTHER ANGLE - JUICE BAR

95

Gervais sits on one of the stools. The attendant turns to him.

GERVAIS

This is a part of your sub-culture that I have yet to experience. I suppose I owe it to myself.

(reads, o.s.)

There are so many, aren't there?
I'll take an "Orange Backlash".

Far in the b.g., Solo's car is moving INTO SHOT near the parked ice cream truck.

omit

CLOSER ANGLE - SOLO'S CAR AND TRUCK

96

Solo and Illya climb out of their car and examine the ice cream truck.

omit ILLYA
This is it. / The truck they were using.

Solo looks, sees the theatre.

SOLO (remembering)
The theatre.

They hurry over to the box office.

INT. BACKSTAGE THEATRE

97

The 3rd THRUSH agent walks in through the fire door, a raincoat draped over his rifle. He removes the protective coat and walks to the movie screen. He can see out into the audience -- but no one can see him. He paces back and forth, looking for Mandy. From this ANGLE we can see that there are no more than a dozen people scattered throughout the downstairs section. He clicks the rifle ON. WE HEAR the flutter. A beam projects from the barrel.

THEATRE AUDIENCE - SCOPE P.O.V.

98

As seen THROUGH THE SCOPE of the rifle. A small dot of light moves across the empty seats as the rifle scope PANS ACROSS THE THEATRE. We see a cross-section of the audience: A few lone men -- a romantic couple -- an elderly man -- etc.

MED. SHOT - MANDY

99

Watching the O.S. movie. A hand slowly reaches INTO SHOT and taps her on the shoulder. Mandy is startled and the CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY to include the gaunt-looking man. He shakes the popcorn box invitingly.

MOVIE FAN
Popcorn.

RESUME - RIFLE SCOPE P.O.V.

100

Mandy. The white dot of light on her throat.

CLOSE SHOT - RIFLE

101

The agent squeezes the trigger.

RESUME - MANDY

102

Giving the masher one of her dirtier looks, she quickly moves over one seat. A WHISPERED SHOT ECHOES. Mandy's recently-vacated seat splinters. She ducks down as a SECOND SHOT FIRES, splintering the next seat.

INT. THEATRE - LOBBY

103

Solo and Illya near the aisle door. They dash into the theatre.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS THEATRE

104

Solo and Illya close the door behind them, crouch down in the aisle. They draw their weapons, attach silencers.

ILLYA

I don't see her.

SOLO (squints)

There's someone in the orchestra pit.

changed

Solo moves away from him, and CAMERA PANS as he cuts across a row of seats to the other aisle.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MANDY

104X1

Going for the side exit, by the wall curtains. The 2nd ice cream vendor raises up out of the pit, aims at Mandy.

RESUME - SOLO

104X2

He fires.

MED SHOT - THRUSH

104X3

He falls.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MANDY

105

She ducks out of the exit.

RESUME - SOLO

106

He heads down the aisle, after her.

MED. SHOT - BACKSTAGE THRUSH

107

He takes aim...

RESUME - SOLO

108

..fires. Solo drops down as a shot narrowly misses him. He ducks behind a seat, looks at the direction of the screen. Solo calculates.

EXT. THEATRE

109

Mandy comes down the sidewalk. She stops.

VARNER - MANDY'S P.O.V.

110

Standing on the corner.

RESUME - MANDY

111

Mandy looks the other way.

AGENT - MANDY'S P.O.V.

112

On the opposite corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

113

She cautiously moves over to the juice stand, sitting down by Gervais. Gervais is sipping his drink and he looks at her, somewhat admiringly. Mandy turns her back to him and pulls a compact out of her handbag. She looks into it, doing something with her contact lens -- we can't tell just what.

INT. THEATRE AISLE - ILLYA

114

In a crouching position, he goes down the aisle toward the screen.

ANOTHER ANGLE

115

The 1st ice cream vendor, raises up in his seat, aiming at Ilyia. A man a few rows behind him leans forward.

MAN

Down in front!

RESUME - ILLYA

116

He turns, sees, fires.

RESUME - VENDOR

117

Hit. He slumps out of sight.

MAN

Thank you.

RESUME - ILLYA

118

A SHOT from the screen strikes the aisle, barely missing him as he moves into a row of seats. Solo comes into SHOT, down the same row.

INT. THEATRE - SOLO AND ILLYA

119

Illya looks over at Solo, puzzled.

SOLO (stage whisper)
About three feet left of center.

Solo and Illya look back at the screen.

MOVIE SCREEN - THEIR POINT OF VIEW

120

The Italian melodrama is entering its finale of blood-letting. The Mafioso fire back and forth at each other.

WAR
movie

RESUME - FAVOR SOLO

121

He nods to Illya and the two men empty their revolvers at the screen.

RESUME - MOVIE SCREEN

122

One of the movie heavies gets his, toppling forward. A moment of quiet. Then the body of the backstage THRUSH agent rips through the screen and falls forward onto the stage.

WIDER ANGLE

123

Solo and Illya walk up to the stage, lean over the body.

MED. SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

124

They kneel over the body. The "THE END" titles are flashed onto the screen.

SOLO (looks at agent)
Too bad.
(turns to screen)
He'll never know how it came out.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN
EXT. JUICE STAND - MANDY AND GERVAIS

125

Gervais puts some change down on the counter, turns to leave. Mandy swings around, looking at the ground.

MANDY

My contact lens. I dropped it.

GERVAIS

Perhaps I might help.

She starts down off the stool. *Chair*

GERVAIS

No, no. You might step on it. Allow me.
(he gets down on his knees)

Hmmm. We know that it is here,
but we don't know exactly where,
do we?

Mandy looks o.s., anxiously.

MANDY

No...

GERVAIS

So we ask ourselves. What would a clever man do at this point? The answer might be.....that he would put himself in a position so that he could see a refraction of light from the lens.

Gervais puts his head down to the ground, closes one eye. He smiles, picks up the contact lens.

GERVAIS

And there it is.
(hands it to Mandy)

Mandy has been so entranced by these carryings-on that she has momentarily forgotten her danger.

MANDY

Thank you...

GERVAIS

It is always a pleasure to find myself on my knees in front of such beauty.

MANDY (smiles)

That's very sweet of you....
(she looks o.s., remembers
her peril)

I really must be going. Thank you
very much.

GERVAIS

So soon? My dear, after all we've
just been through together -- we
simply can't brush it aside without
a farewell drink.

(nods to juice bar)

MANDY

That sounds very sentimental, but I
really can't. Thanks just the same.

GERVAIS

Perhaps we'll postpone our little
drink until this evening...

MANDY (looks o.s.)

There is one thing you could do --
just for old times --- if it's not
too much trouble.

GERVAIS

It couldn't possibly be too much
trouble. Just say it.

MANDY

There's a man down the street who's
been...bothering me. If you could
just walk with me. Just across the
street.

GERVAIS

Of course.

He offers his arm, she takes it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SIDEWALK

126

They walk along together. Mandy's company buoys
Gervais somewhat.

GERVAIS

To think that it's not safe for a
young lady like yourself on the
streets of New York. Criminal.

125
CONT'D
(2)

MANDY

That's the way I feel about it.

126
CONT'D
(2)

GERVAIS

You must let me do something about that, in my own, small way.

They stop by his limousine.

GERVAIS

If you like, my driver will take you home. Just give him your address.

MANDY

I really don't think I should.

She looks o.s.

VARNER - MANDY'S P.O.V.

127

He looks and sees the two of them. Surprised, he hurries towards them.

RESUME - MANDY AND GERVAIS

128

MANDY

I'm very unpredictable. I accept your offer.

GERVAIS (opens door)

Fine, fine.

Mandy gets in. VARNER and the other sidewalk THRUSH agent run INTO SHOT.

VARNER

Congratulations.

GERVAIS

I beg your pardon.

VARNER (looks into car)

You've got her, haven't you?

Gervais is taken aback. He looks at theatre, then Mandy. He smiles.

GERVAIS

Yes, I certainly do. Won't you gentlemen join me?

2-1-65

P.41

VARNER
What about my men?

128
CONT'D
(2)

GERVAIS
It's a double-feature. They may
not even miss us.

The three men climb into the limousine.

EXT. THEATER - FAVOR SOLO AND ILLYA

129

They come out to the sidewalk. Solo nods at the
limousine pulling away from the curb. From here
WE CAN SEE Mandy through the back window.

SOLO
They've got her.

Solo and Illya climb into their car and roar off
after the Rolls Royce.

EXT. STREET

130

The Rolls is forced to stop in heavy traffic.

INT. GERVAIS'S LIMOUSINE

131

Mandy reaches for the door handle, making a break
for freedom. It's locked.

GERVAIS
Here, here. That's rather amateur-
ish, don't you think?

MANDY
How would you like it if I scream?

GERVAIS
An UNCLE agent scream? Now I am
surprised. I'm sure you realize the
car is completely sound-proofed.

MANDY
It's just that I scream very well,
that's all.

GERVAIS (smiles)
You really should relax, Miss. You've
done very well, so far. Besides, we
both know that this part of the game
is over.

2-1-65

P.41A

MANDY
Don't count on that.

131
CONT'D
(2)

Gervais pulls an atomizer bottle out of a box.

GERVAIS
I see. Then let me try to distract
you. Here, look at this. This is a
gift from a good friend of mine in
Paris.

He takes her wrist. A spray from the atomizer.

GERVAIS
There. Now smell that.

Mandy allows herself a few sniffs. Suddenly, her
head reels, eyes roll. She becomes very groggy.

MANDY
What is that?

131
CONT'D
(2)

GERVAIS
A cologne-scented tranquilizer.

Mandy leans back into the seat asleep. Gervais pats her hand, paternally.

EXT. STREET

132

Solo's car is stopped, somewhere behind Gervais's limousine.

ILLYA
I've got the number.

SOLO
You'd better radio in our position.

ILLYA
Right.

Illya hits the dash switch. The button light goes ON.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. GARAGE STREET

133

The Rolls Royce rounds the corner and drives into the "A-1 GARAGE".

INT. GARAGE

134

The limousine pulls into the small garage. A burly mechanic is at a nearby work bench. He hits a switch and the garage door rolls down.

EXT. STREET

135

Solo's car comes around the corner.

INT. SOLO'S CAR

136

Solo and Illya look around for the Rolls Royce.

ILLYA (nods)
There.

GARAGE DOOR - THEIR POV

137

We see the Rolls Royce inside -- just before the garage door clanks against the ground.

EXT. STREET

138

Solo's car goes on about two hundred feet, then pulls over to the curb.

INT. SOLO'S CAR

139

Solo looks back at the building.

SOLO
Probably a THRUSH field center.

ILLYA
We'll need some help.

He hits the dashboard switch. The dashboard light goes on.

INT. GARAGE

140

The machanic hits another wall switch and a section of the wall swings away. The limousine drives into another room.

INT. STOREROOM

141

Empty. A flight of stairs going up to the second story. The limousine parks and the wall section swings shut.

SLIDES

INT. LIMOUSINE - GERVAIS AND MANDY

142

Gervais pours a snifter of brandy from the limousine's bar as the others climb out of the car. He passes the glass under Mandy's nose. Mandy reacts groggily, moving her head away. Gervais holds it under her nose again. Her eyes open, blink, and she manages to look at the glass.

omit

GERVAIS (smiles convincingly)
Brandy. I hope you feel better
after your little nap.

142
CONT'D
(2)

Mandy takes a deep breath.

GERVAIS
We'll go upstairs now.

WIDER ANGLE - STOREROOM

142X1

Gervais helps Mandy out of the car.

GERVAIS (to Varner)
I would like to have a little chat
with the young lady in my office.
It would be nice if we were undisturbed.
Do you suppose that you
could arrange for us to have some
privacy.

VARNER (with rancor)
I'll take care of it personally.

OUR CAMERA FOLLOWS GERVAIS and MANDY as they start
up the stairs.

GERVAIS
That would be nice.
(to Mandy)
Watch your step here, my dear.
That's it. You'll find it much
more comfortable upstairs.

EXT. STREET - SOLO'S CAR

143

Solo opens the hood of his car. Illya climbs out
of the car and joins him.

ILLYA
Waverly should be here soon.

SOLO
I think I'll have my car checked
over.

ILLYA
I don't think they'll find anything
wrong. The headquarters garage
checked it out this morning.

Solo reaches inside the hood, tugs at a wire.

143
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

A loose distributor cap should fix that. I'll signal you if I need any help.

ILLYA
Solo

Solo climbs back into the car.

ILLYA

I'll wait across the street. Drive carefully, Napoleon.

WAIT HERE

LONG SHOT - STREET

Solo's car makes a U-turn and drives back to the garage. Ilyia starts across the street.

BACKS UP 144

INT. GARAGE

The mechanic is by his work bench, oiling a revolver. He puts the weapon in a bench drawer. Solo drives into the garage.

145
NOT SEEN

SOLO

Hi. Wonder if you could take a look under the hood. It keeps dying on me.

MECHANIC

Sure.

The mechanic raises the hood.

MECHANIC

Start 'er up again.

Solo turns on the ignition, climbs out of the car. The THRUSH garageman peers into the motor. Solo looks around, curiously. He can't imagine what might have happened to the limousine.

omit

INT. GERVAIS'S OFFICE

146

Mandy is sitting in an office chair. Miss Raven is handcuffing Mandy's hands behind her. The large woman gives Mandy a friendly smile.

GERVAIS
That will be all, Miss Raven.

146
CONT'D
(2)

MISS RAVEN (coolly)
Yes, sir.

Miss Raven exits.

MED. SHOT - GERVAIS

147

He has spread the contents of Mandy's purse across his desk. He opens her billfold.

GERVAIS
Miss Mandy Stevenson.
(to her)
It seems we overlooked the formalities of our encounter. I am Mr. Gervais.
(pause)
I realize you've had a trying day. May I relieve you of the information you're carrying?

MANDY
What information is that?

GERVAIS
Please, please. Let us treat each other with some respect. After all, we're both professionals.

MANDY
Oh, yes. Of course.

He picks up her cigarette lighter and begins to dismantle it, examining each piece carefully.

GERVAIS
Now you have a little list -- in some form -- You've concealed it in some manner -- I wonder what it looks like. Could I encourage you to show it to me?

MANDY
Maybe you shouldn't try. I'd hate to disappoint you.

Her opens her compact, empties out the powder. 5A-1

GERVAIS

Now on this little list are the names of several of my agents---and I really do need to know which ones -- that way I can spare myself the trouble of dismantling my entire organization. So you see, I'm really very anxious to have that information and, in all likelihood, you will give it to me.

147
CONT'D
(2)

Mandy plays her role.

MANDY

And once I give it to you --- you'll dismantle me. No thank you. You don't really think I'd give it to you -- if I had it. You're wasting your time. I don't have it.

GERVAIS

Bravo. That's what I like about you, Miss Stevenson. You have such a healthy spirit -- so lacking in many of our young people today.

MANDY

It's just the way the game is played, that's all.

GERVAIS

You're marvelous company, Miss Stevenson, but do we really have to involve ourselves with all of the crudities of interrogation -- the twisted arms, the disfigurements -- is that the American way?

MANDY

Don't expect any cooperation from me. You're on your own.

Gervais holds the humidor.

GERVAIS

I saved this for last because
it's the most interesting.

147
CONT'D
(3)

He looks at the humidor from all angles.

GERVAIS

A girl and her humidor. Odd,
that a girl would be carrying
this, isn't it? Really Miss
Stevenson, this is a little - *omit line*
obvious, don't you think?

MANDY

You're doing very well without *omit*
me.

GERVAIS

It looks like a tobacco humidor.
The right size, at least.

(sniffs it)

Smells like a humidor.

(smiles)

What do you suppose it is?

MANDY (smiles)

A humidor.

GERVAIS

A discerning answer.

He puts his hand on the lid as if to open it.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - MANDY

148

She flinches, almost speaks up.

RESUME - FAVOR GERVAIS

149

Noting this, he puts the humidor on the table.

GERVAIS

Of course, if it isn't the common-
place, everyday humidor, then it
might be dangerous to open --
unless one knew how.

Mandy tries to stay calm.

MANDY

That's one way to look at it.

GERVAIS

Perhaps you would oblige me.

149
CONT'D
(2)

MANDY

I'm afraid I wouldn't know,
either. It belongs to a friend.
He just lets me carry it.

GERVAIS

You're sure you don't know how?

MANDY

I guess I've never had the
desire to learn.

GERVAIS

That may prove to be a great
handicap to you, Miss Stevenson.

Gervais holds up the humidor, examines the seams,
sniffs it.

GERVAIS

A rather distasteful smell.
I can't place that odor.
It might be a new explosive --
-- or an odd brand of tobacco.
It's a difficult decision.

He runs his fingernails underneath the edge of the
lid.

MANDY

What are you going to do?

GERVAIS

Gamble with our lives. I'm
going to open your humidor.

Mandy is too afraid to speak -- he has his hand
firmly on the lid.

GERVAIS

C'est la vie, Miss Stevenson.

He slowly pulls the lid off the humidor. It's
empty. Mandy sighs, Gervais wipes his brow.

GERVAIS

It's much better to appear
foolish than be dead, my
dear.

MANDY

Well, you can't have it both ways.

GERVAIS (impatient)

I'm afraid you know our next step.
Do give me the information.

*omit**omit line**omit lines*

MANDY
No.

149
CONT'D
(3)

GERVAIS
* You've done such a good job so far,
it's a shame we have to make things
unpleasant at this point. But, I
I assure you, I will win this game,
too.

MANDY
You're a bad influence, but I won't
work. And let me warn you --- I
don't crack under pressure.

GERVAIS (wryly)
Not at all?

MANDY
Not noticeably, no.

The door opens, MISS RAVEN enters.

GERVAIS (to Mandy)
I'm afraid we'll have to start
by searching you.

Gervais steps outside, closing the door after him.
Mandy looks apprehensive. Miss Raven looks delighted.

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. GARAGE - STREET

150

Illya is standing by the curb, glancing at his
watch.

INT. GARAGE

151

Solo paces, examining the walls, ceiling, floor ---
anything that might give him a hint to the car's
disappearance. The MECHANIC rolls out from under-
neath the car.

MECHANIC
It looks bad. Real bad.

SOLO
What is it?

MECHANIC
Come here.

Solo joins him at the open hood.

MECHANIC

You know much about cars?

151
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Very little.

MECHANIC

Well, let me put it to you this way.
If this was my car I'd have it over-
hauled right away. Reline the brakes,
pull out the transmission, do the
whole works.

SOLO

Sounds pretty expensive.

MECHANIC

I wouldn't want to pressure you
into anything. That's just what
I'd do if it was me. Just a second.
Let me check your lubrication record.

The mechanic goes OUT OF SHOT. Solo turns away
and our CAMERA FOLLOWS. He looks around the room.

MED. SHOT - MECHANIC

152

He opens the car door, checks the stickers on the
frame. The button on the dash goes ON. the
mechanic reaches over and turns the switch ON.

INT. WAVERLY'S CAR

153

en route. Four UNCLE agents and Waverly. Waverly
on the phone.

WAVERLY

Give me a closed channel, please.
Code 'D'. Mr. Solo?

RESUME - MECHANIC

154

MECHANIC (into phone)

He'll have to call you back.

He hangs up and steps out of the car.

RESUME - WAVERLY

154X1

WAVERLY

Mr. Solo's in trouble. We'd
better hurry.

INT. GARAGE - WIDER ANGLE

155

Solo is standing a few feet away, looking around. The mechanic climbs out of the car, goes to the hood.

SOLO

Well, I don't know what I should do. If you could give me an estimate...

MECHANIC

Here's your trouble, over here.

Solo goes over to him.

MECHANIC

Your distributor cap is loose. See?

gas hose

Solo leans forward slightly. The mechanic slams the hood down on top of him. Solo rebounds quickly, uses a foot to shove him aside. Solo gets away from the car, draws his gun. The mechanic grabs his arm -- a struggle -- the gun falls free. An opening. Solo throws a punch that knocks his assailant back across the room. The mechanic quickly gets up, picking up an over-sized screwdriver. He throws, Solo ducks -- and the screwdriver sticks in an over-sized wall calendar pin-up. The mechanic lights the acetylene torch and cagily moves in on Solo. He has the torch on full blast as he backs him against the bench. The garageman lunges for Solo's face, but Solo kicks his kneecap, throwing him off balance. The UNCLE agent then grabs his arm and pulls it down into a bench vise. Solo spins the vise lever squeezing his wrist until the torch falls free. The mechanic breaks away and gets a swing at Solo -- the two men exchange blows. Solo slips on an oilspot. The mechanic knocks him down. Solo starts to get up. The THRUSH garageman opens the drawer and pulls out his well-oiled revolver. Solo picks up a spouted can of gasoline and douses the mechanic with a gasoline bath. The drenched mechanic drops the gun, desperately rubs his eyes. Solo grabs him by the collar, slams him against a wall.

changed

SOLO

Where is she?

The mechanic doesn't say anything, just rubs his eyes. Solo shakes him by the collar.

ending

SOLO
Where is she?

155
CONT'D
(2)

The THRUSH agent opens his eyes and Solo holds up his cigarette lighter. Solo lights the lighter and the man gasps. The UNCLE agent moves the flame closer to the soaked mechanic.

MECHANIC
Upstairs.

SOLO
Now solve the mystery. How
do you get there?

Solo puts the lighter away. The mechanic turns to the wall and hits a switch. The garage door lowers. Another switch and the wall section swings around. Then Solo sees something o.s.

WALL LIGHT - SOLO'S POV
flashing off and on.

156

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO AND MECHANIC

157

The mechanic dives for Solo's gun on the floor --- but Solo renders him unconscious. Solo picks up the gun, dashes over through the wall section.

INT. STOREROOM - FAVOR SOLO

158

The wall swings shut behind him. Solo drops his revolver, raises his arms.

WIDER ANGLE

159

Varner, the limousine driver and the other agent have the drop on him.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GERVAIS' OFFICE - MED. SHOT - SOLO

160

Solo is in an office chair. Miss Raven handcuffs his arms behind him. Solo grimaces with discomfort.

MISS RAVEN (amused)

Comfy?

SOLO

Couldn't be better, thanks.

Miss Raven moves OUT OF SHOT. Our CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY to include Mandy.

SOLO (stage whisper)

Are you alright?

MANDY

Yes, thanks. I'm sorry, Napoleon. I've made nothing but mistakes so far.

SOLO

It's not your fault, Mandy.

MANDY

It's nice of you to say that, but it is my fault.

WIDER ANGLE

161

Gervais is standing by the window, looking out into the street. Miss Raven is standing guard. Solo and Mandy are across from the two windows. Varner— enters.

ALREADY
THERE

VARNER

There's a man loitering down the street. We've been watching him. I think he's another UNCLE agent.

GERVAIS

Yes, I know. We haven't found anything on either of these two. I think we should take them to headquarters and take advantage of their more sophisticated question-and-answer facilities.

Gervais turns back to the window. He looks out to the street.

161
CONT'D
(2)

GERVAIS

Your friend looks very lonely out there, Mr. Solo. Waiting for reinforcements, no doubt.

EXT. STREET - ILLYA

162

Impatient. He looks off down the street, then over to the garage building.

EXT. GARAGE - ILLYA'S P.O.V.

163

We see that the garage door is still down. The second story windows are opaque.

RESUME - ILLYA

164

He makes a mental note of the closed garage door.

RESUME - INT. GERVAIS' OFFICE

165

He taps the window with a finger.

GERVAIS

Don't be alarmed. He can't see me through this. It's a specially-treated one-way glass.

(to Varner)

Mr. Varner, you might go downstairs and see if you can arrange a little surprise for our expected guests.

VARNER

My pleasure.

He exits.

SOLO

You're making a mistake. I just thought you'd like to know.

GERVAIS

And how is that, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Miss Stevenson isn't really a courier. She's a decoy. Part of a smokescreen to cover for the real courier.

165
CONT'D
(2)

GERVAIS

I'm sure you don't expect me to believe that. Consequently, I won't.

SOLO

Miss Stevenson is a translator in our Portuguese division. You don't really think we'd entrust her with such vital information, do you?

GERVAIS

If I had the information now, I could free her. If not, I'm afraid she will have to come with us --- to headquarters. You will come in any case, of course.

SOLO

Of course. I'm counting on it.

GERVAIS

Perhaps you would like to be truly noble, Mr. Solo. Save the young lady's life. Convince her.

Solo savors the dilemma. He looks at Mandy.

MANDY (to Solo)

Thank you, Napoleon.

(to Gervais)

But I'm not turning over anything to you. No matter what you do to me. So don't look so smug.

GERVAIS

I accept your decision. Please excuse me. We must be ready to welcome your rescuers.

Gervais exits, leaving them with Miss Raven. Miss Raven stands at the far end of the room, her arms folded around her submachine gun.

MED. TWO SHOT - SOLO AND MANDY

166

SOLO (stage whisper)

Are you sure you want it this way, *omit line*
Mandy? You don't have to do this.

MANDY

Let's don't kid ourselves. The
minute I turn over the microdot to
him, he'll kill me. Believe me, I
know the type.

SOLO

What did you do with the microdot?

MANDY

It's safe. *omit*

167-168 OUT

INT. GARAGE

169

Varner is twisting a heavy drum labeled "Gasoline"
across the garage floor. Gervais is standing near
the opening in the wall. Varner parks the drum
near the work bench, beside the unconscious mechanic.
He then opens a briefcase and removes a square
package, taping it to the drum. He unplugs a radio
from the work bench, cutting the wires. He attaches
the wires to the package on the drum.

VARNER

It will probably seem a little crude
to you, but it'll work. The wire
will detonate the explosive -- and
the gasoline.

GERVAIS

How strong will the blast be?

VARNER

We'll close off the wall and open
the door. The force of the blast
will go out into the street. We'll
be alright upstairs. You'll hardly
feel it.

Varner plugs in the cord.

VARNER

All I have to do is throw the cir-
cuit breaker switch upstairs and..

(looks at mechanic)

What about him?

PRESS
ALARM
BUTTON

omit question

GERVAIS

Aren't we closing down this office?

169

CONT'D

(2)

Varner looks at the mechanic, shrugs.

VARNER

Whatever you say, Mr. Gervais.

Knighton goes to a bench and throws a switch -- the garage door rolls up ---

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S CAR

170

Waverly and the UNCLE agents.

WAVERLY

There's Mr. Kuryakin.

EXT. STREET

171

Waverly's car pulls over, the men climb out and join Illya.

ILLYA

She's in there somewhere.

WAVERLY

Where's Mr. Solo?

ILLYA

He went inside the garage.

The agents start for the garage.

INT. GERVAIS' OFFICE

172

Standing by the window, Gervais looks out to the UNCLE agents.

GERVAIS

Miss Raven, I think you'd better join the other men.

Miss Raven is near the door. She exits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

173

Solo and the girl are in their chairs, Varner standing by the circuit box near a window. He tries out his revolver and puts it on the window ledge.

on desk

MED. SHOT - VARNER

174

VARNER (to Gervais)
I'll give them enough time to get inside before I explode the gasoline.

GERVAIS
I believe you've actually succeeded, Mr. Varner -- so far, at least.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

175

Looking quickly around the room.

MED. SHOT - VARNER - SOLO'S P.O.V.

176

The CAMERA PANS from Varner to Gervais.

GERVAIS
Get ready.

MED. CLOSE - SOLO

177

Sweating.

MED. SHOT - SOLO'S FEET

178

He can roll the office chair on its casters.

EXT. STREET

179

Waverly, Illya and the agents are walking towards the garage.

RESUME - GERVAIS' OFFICE

180

Mandy watches in amazement as Solo turns his chair around, bracing his legs against the wall. Suddenly, he shoves off the wall, propelling himself across the room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

181

Solo turns as he goes. Varner turns around at the last moment, in time to register horror as Solo catches him in the stomach with his feet. Varner drops his gun and is knocked backward, CRASHING INTO THE WINDOW.

EXT. STREET - MED. LONG SHOT - FAVOR WAVERLY

182

The UNCLE agents see Varner, now sprawled half out the window.

RESUME - GERVAIS' OFFICE

183

Solo turns around --- his hands still tied behind his back --- and picks up Varner's revolver from the radiator. Quickly turning his back, Solo uses the full length mirror to draw a bead on Gervais. Gervais looks at him for a moment, then starts for the circuit box.

SOLO

Don't do that.

Gervais pauses.

GERVAIS

Of course you're not serious.

He takes another step.

SOLO

Deadly.

GERVAIS

That's hardly a practical position to be in, Mr. Solo.

Solo cocks the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE

183X1

Waverly, Illya and the agents are inside. One of the men is trying to bring the mechanic around, the others look for an exit. Waverly stands near the fatal can of gasoline.

CUT TO:

RESUME - SOLO AND GERVAIS

183X2

Gervais takes a step toward the circuit box.

GERVAIS

You don't really think you can fire accurately that way, do you?

SOLO

I'd hate to count how many times I've done it.

Gervais takes another step.

SOLO

That's far enough.

GERVAIS

Offhand, I'd say you were aiming a little too high and wide to the right.

He takes another cautious step.

SOLO

Did anyone ever tell you that you're a big target?

GERVAIS

Perhaps.

He moves for the box. Solo FIRES, hitting him in the shoulder. He slumps against the wall.

SOLO (marveling at himself)

Well, how about that?

Mandy rolls over to him. We HEAR O.S. gunfire.

no

MED. SHOT - MANDY AND SOLO

184

Reflected in the mirror.

MANDY

You're wonderful, Napoleon.

SOLO (in wonder)

Yes, I am, aren't I!

WIDER ANGLE - ROOM

185

The door SMASHES OPEN. Waverly, Illya and two agents rush in, their guns drawn. Waverly and Illya go to Solo and Mandy. The two agents attend to Gervais and Varner.

MED. SHOT - GROUP

186

WAVERLY

How are you, Miss Stevenson.

MANDY

Just homesick, Sir. Other than that, I'm fine.

WAVERLY (to Illya)

Can you release them, Mr. Kuraykin?

Illya goes behind the couple.

ILLYA

Yes, Sir. I have a universal key.

He releases the handcuffs.

WAVERLY

Well, you two have had quite a busy day, haven't you?

Mandy stands, massages her wrists. Solo follows suit.

SOLO

Yes, we've kept busy.

AN AGENT enters.

AGENT

We have them all rounded up, sir.
The security truck will be here
any minute.

186
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Very good.

ANOTHER ANGLE

187

One of the agents has Gervais to his feet, helping him walk.

WAVERLY

Well, hello Victor. It's been some time. I'll be looking forward to talking to you...at length.

GERVAIS

I'll only admit one thing. Any organization with agents like Miss Stevenson...

(smiles)

Well, I must concede that you have something there.

WAVERLY (to Mandy)

You seem to have made quite an impression. Do you still have the microdot?

MANDY

Of course.

WAVERLY

May I have it, please?

MANDY

Yes, sir.
(nods)

There's a pair of tweezers among my things there on the desk.

Solo picks them up and hands them to her.

188 GET

MED. SHOT - MANDY

189

She removes the contact lens from her right eye. Then, taking the tweezers, she removes the dot off the center of the lens.

MANDY

I put it inside my contact lens for safekeeping.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE GROUP

190

She shows the microdot to Waverly.

WAVERLY

Rather inventive, I must say.

He takes a container from his pocket, places the microdot inside.

GERVAIS

Is that the lens I found for you?

MANDY

Small world, isn't it?

GERVAIS

And to think I've been abusing poor Mr. Varner. It's been a long, hard day.

MANDY

Don't expect a lot of sympathy. You should have known better than to take on UNCLE *out* in the first place.

GERVAIS

It wasn't quite a fair fight, with you on their side, Miss Stevenson. But at least it brought us together. Perhaps next time we'll meet on my grounds...and my terms.

MANDY

That's very *changed/out* flattering, but I don't like to make plans that far in advance.

The UNCLE agents are anxious to take him away. Waverly clears his throat.

GERVAIS

Goodbye, Miss Stevenson. It was somewhat of a pleasure.

The agent exits with Gervais. Waverly turns to Illya. He hands him the microdot.

WAVERLY

It seems we're back to you, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

Yes, sir. I would say that everything turned out rather well, wouldn't you, Napoleon?

190
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Well, we do have Gervais.
That's worth something.

WAVERLY

But that's not everything, Mr. Solo.
It seems that you gentlemen are over-
looking something most important.

(picks up humidor)

My tobacco. Miss Stevenson, on
your way back to the office...

MANDY (interrupts)

If it's all the same to you, sir...
I'm rather eager to get back to my
Portuguese weather reports.

WAVERLY

Of course. Besides a mission of
this importance should go to some-
one with special qualifications.
Mr. Solo.

(hands it to him)

SOLO

Yes, sir. Somehow I feel it's
coming to me.

FADE OUT:

THE END