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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE APPLE A DAY AFFAIR

Prod. #8453

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Apple A Day Affair"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

1

The night is black and wet. A soupy, depressing fog hangs in the air. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY TO INCLUDE a doorway in the foreground.

CLOSEUP

2

A sharp-faced ferret of a man (HIRAM) huddles there. He holds two paper bags. From the smaller one, he takes a false nose with eyeglasses and mustache attached -- the novelty shop variety. He puts them on.

WIDER ANGLE

3

Hiram steps out of the doorway and heads for a newsstand close by.

ANOTHER ANGLE

4

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON the newsstand and reveals that the vendor half-hidden by the magazines and newspapers is none other than ILLYA KURYAKIN.

A NEW ANGLE

5

Hiram is suddenly standing before Illya. Very slowly, he places the second paper bag on the newsstand counter. The two of them are tense with apprehension.

HIRAM

You know, son, you remind me of a relative back home.

ILLYA

Your uncle?

5
CONT'D
(2)

HIRAM

Yep.

ILLYA

Uncle Waverly?

HIRAM

That's the one, all right.

Hiram slides the bag toward Illya.

HIRAM (cont'd)

Now, my predicament is, I'm a mite short of money for bus fare home.

ILLYA

How short?

HIRAM

'Bout fifteen hunnerd dollars.

Illya hands him a magazine.

ILLYA

How about a magazine to read on the bus?

HIRAM (tensing)

I ain't here for no magazines. I was told I'd get fifteen hunnert.

Illya opens the magazine to reveal several pages pasted with hundred dollar bills.

ILLYA

There are lots of pictures in this issue....

Hiram takes the magazine and greedily begins to count the bills.

ANOTHER ANGLE

6

SOLO glides out from around the side of the stand. Hiram swivels his head and stares at Solo, his eyes wide with fright.

SOLO

I don't suppose you'd care to take
off your nose and stay awhile.

6
CONT'D
(2)

Hiram shoots a-look at each of them, grabs up the magazine
and scurries off into the night.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

7

Illya reaches into the bag and takes out an apple -- a
fancy, wrapped apple. Solo takes it and unwraps it. It
is, indeed, an apple.

SOLO

I think that clever little man just
sold us his lunch.

ILLYA

He knew all the right countersigns.

Illya takes out another apple.

SOLO

He knew how to sell apples.

Solo takes the second apple and examines it. He shakes
it, smells it, even puts it to his ear to listen to it.
Illya takes out a third apple.

SOLO

Well, I hope that Mr. Waverly knows
what this is all about. I certainly
don't under----

Solo raises his eyes.

SOLO'S POV

8

Illya, still holding the third apple, has his hands raised
in the air.

ILLYA

We have company.

BACK TO SHOT

9

Solo slowly raises his hands. A hand in a chain mail glove reaches out and slowly and ever so carefully takes the apple from Solo's hand.

FULL SHOT

10

Solo slowly turns around: there are three Thrushmen. The one with the gloves (GLOVED THRUSHMAN) is flanked by two bearing tommy guns (FIRST and SECOND THRUSHMAN).

CLOSER ANGLE

11

The Gloved Thrushman very, very gently places the apple in a foam lined, heavy iron, safe-like, wire mesh box...

REACTION SHOT

12

Solo and Illya watch this strange behavior with special interest.

FULL SHOT

13

The Gloved Thrushman, concentrating intently, takes up the apple on the newsstand and places it in the box.

REACTION SHOT

14

A look of understanding passes between Solo and Illya.

BACK TO SCENE

15

The Gloved Thrushman points to the apple Illya is holding.

GLOVED THRUSHMAN

I'll take that one, too.

ILLYA

Certainly....

He exchanges a quick look with Solo, then tosses the apple to him.

ILLYA (cont'd)

Give the man his apple, Napoleon.

15
CONT'D
(2)

The Thrushmen pull back in terror as Solo feigns juggling it. When the First Thrushman drops his tommy gun, Solo slugs him a good one.

ANOTHER ANGLE

16

Illya bounds over the counter and throws himself on the Gloved Thrushman. The Second Thrushman raises his machine gun to polish Illya off. Solo fakes tossing him the apple.

SOLO

Here, catch.

The terrified man fumbles with his machine gun to catch the apple which never comes. Solo lays one on him, and the man crumbles.

A NEW ANGLE

17

Unfortunately, at this moment, Illya flips the Gloved Thrushman with a judo maneuver. The man's foot catches Solo's arm beneath the elbow. The apple goes sailing straight up into the air.

ANGLE DOWN

18

The Thrushes gape up at the flying apple. They are terror-stricken. They claw at the ground, trying to crawl away.

WIDER ANGLE

19

Solo and Illya dive behind the newsstand -- just as the apple comes down and the entire scene blows to smithereens. FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

20

WAVERLY, Solo, Illya, a couple of the salvaged apples (in the lead-lined box we have seen earlier), a projector and a blackboard. Waverly holds an apple.

SOLO

You mean it is a real apple, sir?

WAVERLY

Oh, it is, indeed. Though I would hardly recommend your eating it.

SOLO (slight shudder)

I -- ah -- I'm not sure I'll ever eat an apple again.

Waverly puts the apple gently in the box, snaps on the projector.

WAVERLY

Look at this, gentlemen. What do you see?

ANGLE TOWARD SCREEN

21

The projected image of a spectrograph, displaying brightly colored bands.

SOLO

A spectrograph.

WAVERLY

Come, Mr. Solo. We can be more specific than that.

ILLYA

It looks like an organic compound. Six carbons. Perhaps a benzene ring with several attached radicals.

Solo throws Illya a look.

WAVERLY

Commendable, Mr. Kuryakin. And the compound you describe is known by the common name of --

21
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Apple juice.

WAVERLY

Recognize it, Mr. Solo?

SOLO (he doesn't)

Well, ah ---

Waverly snaps another spectrograph in below the one already there. It matches in some respects, but several colored bars are obviously different.

WAVERLY

Recognize this one, gentlemen?

SOLO

Apple juice?

WAVERLY (pointing)

Not quite. You will notice the addition of a nitrate band and a broadening of the hydroxide group.

ILLYA (he has it)

A nitrogen polymer.

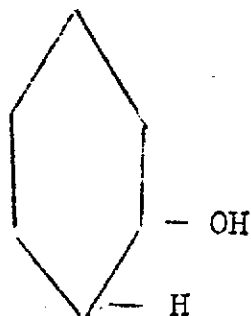
WAVERLY

Correct again, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

Tri benzol nitrate.

Waverly snaps the projector off. Illya goes to the blackboard and draws a benzene ring.



WAVERLY

Add a two to the hydroxide, Mr.
Kuryakin.

(as Illya does so)

Now add three nitrate radicals to
the hydrogen.

21

CONT'D

(3)

Illya adds .3 NO₃.

ILLYA (triumphant)

That gives us our three nitrate
polymers.

ON SOLO

22

He looks glum.

RESUME SCENE

23

WAVERLY

Excellent.

(to Solo)

In lay terms, Mr. Solo, Thrush has
added a new ingredient to the common
apple. It causes a reaction that --
(breaks off; dryly)

-- well, you've observed it.

ILLYA

Only one thing, sir. Such a reaction
is impossible without a cyclotron to
provide the energy.

WAVERLY

Precisely. Therefore, gentlemen,
your mission is twofold. Find the
apples that have been turned into
weapons of destruction -- and find
the cyclotron that accomplished the
task.

SOLO

Just as a point of information --

WAVERLY

Yes, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Why has Thrush gone to all this trouble?

23
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Oh, I thought you'd already been briefed on that.

(to both)

In a word, they intend to use this explosive to detonate a nuclear stockpile.

The boys react.

ILLYA

When?

WAVERLY

Very soon. We're quite certain of that.

SOLO

Where?

WAVERLY

That, I am afraid, we do not know.

ILLYA

...And we can't keep ordinary apples away from every nuclear complex in the world....

WAVERLY (glumly)

Right once again, Mr. Kuryakin.

(to both)

I'd suggest you get started at once.

ILLYA

Where do we begin?

Over this, Solo has been examining the apple. Now he looks at the wrapper.

SOLO

Purple Valley.

ILLYA (to Solo)

How do you know that?

SOLO (holds up wrapper,
with "Purple Valley" on it)
Elementary, my dear Mr. Kuryakin.

23
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY

It's in the Appalachians, gentlemen.
What some people refer to -- perhaps
crudely -- as hillbilly country.

*IN AVALON - Pope's table - rather
brutally*

ZIP PAN TO:

24-27 OUT

EXT. PICKS' HOUSE - DAY

28

Middle class, Southern, rural, gingerbread, with a porch
in front. On the porch, in a wicker rocker, sits COLONEL
PICKS. Red, grainy, dissipated face, small cruel eyes,
chunky body. He wears boots, britches, a sweat-stained
quasi-military blouse and a large greasy hat. A black
bull-whip lies coiled on his knee. He is slicing up an
apple and eating the pieces off the point of his long,
sinister knife. Assorted hillbilly THRUSHES languish
about. Unseen DOGS BAY in the background.

ANOTHER ANGLE

29

Hiram, without his disguise, is cowering before him.
Helping to terrorize him is SHERIFF SKULLY, a Neanderthal
in sheriff's costume -- elaborately armed, belted and
capped.

ON PICKS

30

Colonel Picks holds up a piece of apple.

PICKS (Southern accent)

Gentlemen, that there is the finest
specimen of fruit in the whole of
North America.

(shoves it in his mouth)

Us Picks's been growing them apples
since eighteen-ought-five. Juicy,
succulent, health-giving apples.
Sheriff Skully?

SKULLY

Yes, sir?

30
CONT'D
(2)

PICKS

Sheriff Skully, how riled do you
reekon I'd git if I found one of the
hands was stealing Picks' apples --
special fancy apples?

The puny Hiram trembles.

SKULLY

Mighty riled. Mighty riled.

PICKS

And what do you think I'd do with an
apple poacher, Sheriff Skully?

SKULLY

Horse-whip 'em. That's what I'd do,
Colonel Picks.

PICKS

Well, now, Sheriff, that seems
reasonable enough. But I look down
at this poor trembling creature and
I think his constitution couldn't take
that kind of punishment.

SKULLY (smiling cruelly)

Maybe he needs some exercise.

ON PICKS

31

Picks' mood turns suddenly violent. He points a greasy
finger at Hiram and leans his face forward.

PICKS

Okay, boy, let's see how fast you kin
run.....Go ahead, RUN!

WIDER ANGLE

31X1

Hiram high-tails it out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

32

The countryside is barren and depressing; the dirt road bumpy and overgrown. Solo and Illya bounce along in a jeep. They pass a sign.

INSERT - SIGN

33

Broken-down, decaying sign: "Welcome to Beautiful Purple Valley."

BACK TO SHOT

34

Solo and Illya exchange looks.

SOLO

Beautiful Purple Valley.

ILLYA

I have a feeling we're not going to dispose of too many encyclopedias out here.

SOLO

That's not a proper attitude for our gold star salesman.

EXT. PICKS' HOUSE - DAY

35

Picks is sipping on a mint julep. He checks his watch.

PICKS

Okay, Skully, I think that poacher has enough of a start to make it an interesting chase.

WIDER ANGLE

36

Skully walks toward a shed about twenty-five yards from the house.

ON SKULLY

37

as he approaches the small three-sided structure. On the open side are a double-decker row of dog cages. As he

near it, the dogs begin to BARK, GROWL, scratch,
and leap around in their cages.

37
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

38

INCLUDES Colonel Picks in the distance. Skully puts
his hand on a lever at the end of the shed and turns
toward Picks. Picks gives him a nod. Skully pulls
the lever. A pack of vicious hounds pour out of the
cages and take off after the unfortunate Hiram.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

39

Solo and Illya are still bouncing along. Solo is
desperately trying to steer around the pot holes.

THEIR POV

40

At a narrow place in the road stands a jackass
munching away at a tuft of grass growing smack in
the middle.

BACK TO SCENE

41

* Solo brakes to a stop. There's not enough room to
* drive around. He HONKS the HORN. The jackass doesn't
* budge. Both boys climb out of the jeep. Solo heads
* for the back of the jackass.

SOLO

What does the manual say about
moving a jackass?

ILLYA

Don't push from the rear.

CLOSE ON BOYS

42

* Solo ponders this judiciously, then draws his gun.

*Chgs.

ILLYA

*

What are you going to do?

42
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

I'm merely going to frighten the animal off.

ILLYA

*

I suggest you don't. You'll have the whole countryside on our necks.

*

Solo bolsters his gun. They get in front of the jackass again and give a good pull. The beast is rooted to the spot. Over the SOUND of the boys' grunting, we HEAR the amused LAUGHTER of a girl. Solo and Illya look up from their labors.

THEIR POV

43

Standing before them, unable to control her amusement, is NINA LILLETTE. A round-faced beauty. Snow white skin sprinkled with sunny freckles, long, lush lashes, and lips that don't quite close over her bunny teeth. She wears one of those short, all-purpose, gray, limp, cotton dresses. A nothing dress that is really something on the right female -- which Nina is.

FULL SHOT

44

Illya and Solo don't take to being laughed at too gracefully.

NINA

That jackass is eatin' her dailies.

SOLO (looking at the grass)

Is that what that is?

ILLYA

From your laughter I take it we're not going about this the right way.

Nina shakes her head.

NINA

You city fellers....

She reaches down and pulls out the tuft the cow is chewing on. Still holding on to one end while the cow holds on to the other, she leads him off the road.

44
CONT'D
(2)

Cow

REACTION SHOT

45

The boys exchange looks that are a mixture of admiration and chagrin.

RESUME SCENE

45X1

NINA

I guess now you boys are obliged to give me a ride into town.

SOLO (admiring Nina)

I was hoping you'd ask.

ILLYA (protesting, to

Solo)

Napoleon, I can understand your needs, but we are --

SOLO

She can show us the way.

Solo motions for her to join them.

ILLYA

We have a very good map.

SOLO

Good. You use the map....

While the boys dispute, Nina hops in.

NINA

Now, ain't you neighborly? I'm Nina Lillette.

The boys climb in.

SOLO

This is Illya Kuryakin, and I'm Napoleon Solo.

NINA

My, what funny names. Yo'all can't
be from 'round here.

45X1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

We're from up north.

NINA

Traveling salesmen?

SOLO

Ah...yes...in a way.

Gradually the SOUND of DOGS BARKING and YELPING works in
under the dialogue and grows louder and louder.

NINA

You want to know something? I've
heard so many stories 'bout traveling
salesmen, and in all my born days I
never met none.

As Solo starts the jeep: <NO

SOLO

There aren't too many of us left.

NINA (sudden suspicion)

Say, you ain't revenue agents --

SOLO

No, no.

NINA

That's good. Two years ago, come
spring, couple a revenuers come
through. Busted up near two hunnerd
stills 'fore they was caught on to.

(a beat)

They said they was encyclopedia sales-
men.

REACTION SHOT

46

Solo and Illya exchange looks.

RESUME SCENE

47

NINA (cont'd)

Daddy Jo -- that's my grandpapry --
He never did tell me what they did
to 'em. Said it weren't fer a
innocent girl's ears.

NEW ANGLE

48

* At that moment, the dogs come tearing across the
road in front of the jeep. Solo jams on the brakes.
The dogs disappear into the woods. *Illya behind
he looked. Jeep
stopped*

* SOLO

What is this, a game preserve?

* NINA

I think them hounds are out after
somebody.

* The boys look at each other, start out of the jeep.
Before they can do so, Sheriff Skully rides up and
blocks them off.

SKULLY

Hold it right there.

Skully examines Solo and Illya coldly.

SKULLY

Jest who be you, stranger boys?

SOLO

We're salesmen.

SKULLY

What'cha sellin'?

SOLO

Fertilizer.

(simultaneously)

ILLYA

Chemicals.

SOLO

Chemical fertilizer.

Skully gives them a fishy stare.

SKULLY

You boys is from up north, ain't'cha?

48
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Illya)

I guess we have accents.

The SOUND of the chase seems to rise in the background.

SKULLY

Well, now, you jest climb back into that there vehicle and drive as far away from here as you possibly kin. Y'hear?

- * He turns to Nina and tips his hat, a cool rather than a courteous gesture.

SKULLY

- * Mornin', Miss Nina.

- * She does not reply. Skully gives the boys a final look, wheels about and rides out of frame to resume the chase.

SOLO (to Nina)

Who's your friend?

NINA

That's Sheriff Skully. He's the second most hateful man in the valley.

SOLO

Who's the first?

NINA

His boss, Colonel Picks.

ILLYA

Who is Colonel Picks?

NINA

Don't you boys know nothing? Colonel
Picks owns the biggest apple orchard
in these parts.

48

CONT'D

(3)

Solo and Illya exchange looks.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PICKS' HOUSE - DAY

49

Sheriff Skully pulls up, dismounts, and approaches Colonel
Picks, who is in his rocker, sipping a mint julep.

SKULLY

Got some bad news for you, Colonel.
That puny little apple poacher up
and died on us.

PICKS

Well, that warn't very considerate of
him, now, was it? We got to get at
least a thousand bushel of apples down.
(dramatically)
We...ship...tonight.

SKULLY

Tonight? I'm going to need lots more
hands, Colonel. I better send the
truck into Picksville.

PICKS

You do that, Skully.

SKULLY

By the way, Colonel, I passed a right
interestin' sight on the road a little
while ago. Couple of bright-lookin'
stranger boys.

PICKS (reacts)

Oh? Do tell.

(thoughtfully)

Big city boys, were they?

SKULLY

Sure looked like it. Said they was
salesmen....I tole 'em to high-tail
out of these parts.

*

PICKS (thoughtfully)
Salesmen, huh? Well, I just wonder
about that.

49
CONT'D
(2)

*

SKULLY

I tole 'em to high-tail it out
o' these parts. I did right,
huh?

*

PICKS (a beat)
No, I don't think so, Skully...
Like to talk to them fellows...
Suppose you just go and fetch 'em.

50 OUT

*Chgs.

ANOTHER ANGLE

51

They approach the town of Picksville. It's a tiny rural community of a dozen buildings, dominated by a little old courthouse. They pass a sign reading "Picksville, Pop. 132."

SOLO

Picksville.

(to Nina)

Named for Colonel Picks.

NINA

Sure. He owns everything in town...

An' almost everybody.

THEIR POV

52

Some distance away in the middle of the road they see Geaugeau Lillette, Jo-Jo to his friends, and DADDY JO to his granddaughter. He's small, wiry and feisty. He carries a large bore shotgun and wears an angry scowl.

SOLO

That...wouldn't be your grandpappy by any chance, would it?

NINA

Sure is. Woweee, he looks madder'n a tomcat.

SOLO

Because you're riding with us?

NINA (nods)

Uh-huh. Grandpa don't take kindly to my bein' with strangers. Men strangers, that is. He thinks they only got one thing on their minds. You know?

ILLYA

Napoleon isn't like that at all.

Solo favors Illya with a glance.

NINA

I know. Neither o' you boys made a
pass at me.

(a beat, and, with just a
tinge of disappointment)

You sure you're travelin' salesmen?

52

CONT'D

(2)

NEW ANGLE

53

They arrive.

SOLO (bright and friendly)

Howdy.

Nina starts to climb out of the jeep. But no matter how
hard Solo tries to move out of the way, she climbs all
over him.

SOLO

We...were...just...giving...your
granddaughter...a lift. We're sales-
men...

ILLYA (helpfully)

Chemical fertilizers.

DADDY JO

My advice to you slickers is git on
with whatever it is you're selling,
and then git.

SOLO (soto voce, to

Illya)

Their favorite word around here seems
to be "git."

Nina's face is close to Solo's. She takes the opportunity
to give him a big kiss.

NINA

Thanks for the ride.

Solo is lost. Daddy Jo is furious.

DADDY JO

We don't hold to no strangers travelin'
through here messin' with our women.

SOLO

We were just giving her a lift....

53
CONT'D
(2)

Daddy Jo waves his shotgun.

DADDY JO

I'll give you a lift with two pound
of lead shot!

Daddy Jo takes Nina by the arm and hauls her off.

DADDY JO (cont'd)

Come on, girl!

(calling over his shoulder to
the boys)

Remember I warned you.

Solo and Illya watch them go.

ILLYA

I don't think she was your type any-
way, Napoleon.

SOLO (shrugs)

I guess I'll never have the chance
to find out.

ILLYA (pointing off)

What's going on over there?

SOLO

Shall we take a look?

ANGLE ON COURTHOUSE

54

In front of the tiny courthouse, a seedy CREW MANAGER is writing on a blackboard. "HANDS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY. PICKS' ORCHARD. TOP RATES." A truck stands nearby, and men are already climbing aboard. Illya's and Solo's jeep drives up. From the jeep, the boys examine the sign, look at one another.

SOLO AND ILLYA

55

ILLYA

What do you think?

Solo takes out a coin and flips it.

SOLO

Top rates. We can't pass that up.

55
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Besides, we can't both be vagrants.
(calls the toss)

Tails.

Solo lets him see it. It's heads. Illya takes off his jacket and tie, and takes a straw hat from the back of the jeep.

SOLO

Who knows, this may open up a whole new career for you. Maybe someday you can even open your own apple orchard.

ILLYA

You city people just don't appreciate the good life.

SOLO

You're going to miss the boat.

Illya hops out of the jeep and swings onto the truck just as it pulls away.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. WORKERS' SHACKS - DAY

56

The truck pulls up at the edge of the orchard beside the migrant workers quarters.

ANOTHER ANGLE

57

Illya, with the other men, hops off the truck. He signs up at an outside table.

ILLYA

How much do we make?

CREW MANAGER

Eight dollars. Just for the rest of the day.

ILLYA

Do we get dinner?

57
CONT'D
(2)

CREW MANAGER

For four dollars, you do.

ILLYA

Four dollars? Isn't that a little -
steep?

CREW MANAGER

We don't force nothin' on our hands.
You kin eat in town. We provide the
transportation. A dollar each way.

ILLYA (shrugs)

Can't expect to ride for nothing.

The Crew Manager tosses him a basket. Illya turns to leave.

CREW MANAGER (calling
after him)We require a dollar deposit on that
there basket.Illya shells out a dollar. He walks away with the other
men, then ducks behind a shack. He takes out his communi-
cator.

CLOSER ANGLE

58

ILLYA (into communicator)

Open channel "D". Come in...

He is struck a crushing blow from behind with a tree branch
club.

ANGLE WIDENS

59

Sheriff Skully stands over him, holding the club. Illya
tries to drag himself off the ground. He is struck another
savage blow.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. PICKSVILLE - DAY

60

Solo is in a secluded niche near the courthouse, communicating.

SOLO (into communicator)

Come in, Illya....Illya?

Solo readjusts the communicator.

SOLO (cont'd)

Open channel "D", please. Emergency relay.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

61

Waverly adjusts the tuner.

WAVERLY

Go ahead, Mr. Solo.

INTERCUT AS REQUIRED

62-65

SOLO

I just received a communication from Illya. But it was cut off before I could answer.

WAVERLY

Where is he?

SOLO

At the Picks orchard. In Purple Valley.

WAVERLY

Mmmmm....It's just possible, then, that he's found what you're looking for....You'd better get out there, immediately. We've just received information that those explosives will be shipped tonight.

SOLO
Tonight?

62-65
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
Yes...If so, I can only hope there
will be a tomorrow. Over and out,
Mr. Solo.

SOLO
Over and out.

Solo clicks off, and we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CRATE NAILING SHED - DAY

66

Illya is tied with a crate board across his shoulders,
scarecrow fashion. Colonel Picks lounges on an apple
crate, menacingly slicing up another apple. Assorted
hillbilly Thrushes hover nearby.

PICKS
Man, them's real apples. Notice how
that juice runs right out when you
slice 'em up. That's real good
eatin'. I can't say I blame people
for snooping around. They wants to
find out jest how these apples is
growed. Right, boy?

Illya is still in a dazed condition. He doesn't answer.
The Colonel gets up and stands in front of Illya.

PICKS (cont'd)
What's the trouble, boy? Cat got
your tongue?

The Colonel sticks the point of the knife through a piece
of apple and thrusts it toward Illya's face.

PICKS (cont'd)
Try a piece o' this apple. Maybe
it'll loosen up your tongue a mite.

Illya turns his head. A Thrushman grabs him and holds his
head steady.

PICKS (cont'd)

That ain't very good manners for a
city boy to refuse an offering from
his host.

66
CONT'D
(2)

The Colonel puts the piece into Illya's mouth.

PICKS (cont'd)

Don't move now, boy, I wouldn't want
to cut you.

He withdraws the knife.

PICKS (cont'd)

There, now. I think in return for my
hospitality, you ought to take me into
your confidence. What are you doing
on my property?

ILLYA (swallows the
apple)

The truth of it is, I had a good job
in the city in a luggage factory, but
it was all indoor work and I just
couldn't take it. I wanted to breathe
free out under the open skies....

PICKS

Now, that kind of smart aleck talk
ain't going to git you nowheres, boy.
We ain't jest ignorant hill people
down here. Now what can I do to
convince you of that...?

As the Colonel fingers his bull-whip:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

67

In his jeep, Solo is tooling along about seven miles an
hour -- the feasible maximum on the rutted road.

NEW ANGLE

68

Sheriff Skully comes riding up. He reins up in front of
Solo and motions him to stop.

SKULLY

I thought by now you'd be miles away
from here, boy.

68

CONT'D

(2)

Solo holds up an industrial envelope containing a granular
substance.

SOLO (cheerily)

I haven't sold my quota yet.

SKULLY

Chemical fertilizer?

SOLO (shaking envelope)

Soilarama. Best fertilizer in the
world.

SKULLY

Okay, boy, jest follow me. I'm takin'
you in.

SOLO

For what?

SKULLY

Speeding.

SOLO

Speeding?

SKULLY

You was streakin' down this here
county highway like a racoon in a
forest fire. I clocked you sixty
mile an hour.

SOLO

That's impossible.

SKULLY

Don't come on surly with me, city
boy, you're already in enough trouble.

SOLO

Aren't there any other law officers in
this valley?

SKULLY

Sure. I'm taking you in to see the magistrate right now. We do everything real legal in this here county.

68

CONT'D

(3)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CRATE NAILING SHED - DAY

69

The Colonel uncoils his whip. The Thrushmen back out of the way.

PICKS

You ticklish, boy? Maybe a little tickling'll loosen you up a mite. I once tried to tickle a man on the end of his nose, but I ain't always too accurate, and I --

One of the hillbilly Thrushes has raised an apple to his lips. The whip cracks and splits it in two. The Thrushman licks his stung fingers.

PICKS (cont'd)

-- plucked his eyeball clean out of his head.

NEW ANGLE

70

Skully comes in, excited, and whispers in Colonel Picks' ear. The Colonel nods and coils his whip.

PICKS

I'm sorry to cause you to wait, but I have some pressing business. But don't fret none, we'll continue after a spell.

The Colonel and Skully exit.

EXT. THE DOG SHED - DAY

71

Colonel Picks' house is in the background. Two Thrushmen shake Solo down while two others search the jeep. They toss the seats out, rip the top, slash the tires, and continue taking it apart.

ANOTHER ANGLE

72

Colonel Picks and Skully approach.

SOLO (referring to the
car)
Sheriff, I don't like to complain, but
that's a rented car....

SKULLY
This here's Colonel Picks. He's the
owner of the Picks orchard.

SOLO
I thought we were going to see the
magistrate.

PICKS
I'm also the magistrate.

SOLO
Oh. Well, we can kill two birds with
one stone --
(apologetically)
-- if you'll excuse the expression.

PICKS
Boy, you're standing on my property.
Now, I reckon you better tell me just
what you're doing here.

SOLO
Well....I'd like to talk to you about
your apples. I noticed coming down
here that they have a slight yellow
cast to them. Now, I hate to be the
one to tell you this, Colonel Picks,
but -- you have zinc-poor soil.

The Thrushman next to him is holding in his hands Solo's
personal effects. Solo reaches over and takes the
industrial envelope. He opens it and pours out a handful
of granular material.

SOLO (cont'd)
Let me introduce you to the best
friend your apples ever had.
Soilarama. It contains the minimum
daily requirements necessary to keep
your apples blooming. Our motto is
"Put zinc in your soil and you'll put
red in your apples...."

During this spiel, the Colonel has been getting more and more angered. His men have seen this and have been closing in on Solo. Now, the Colonel gives the signal, and the Thrushmen pounce on Solo.

72
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

But Solo has been maneuvering into position. With a few deft judo chops, he breaks out of the encirclement and races around the side of the house.

CLOSER ANGLE

74

Skully has his gun out and gets a wild shot off. Colonel Picks slaps him.

PICKS

I want him alive.

WIDER ANGLE

75

Skully and two Thrushmen go around one side of the house, while Picks and the other two go around the other. As soon as they are out of sight, Solo emerges from the front door. He heads away from the house. In a second the Colonel and his men emerge in pursuit. As they pass the dog shed the Colonel pulls the lever. The dogs come piling out and take off after Solo.

LONG SHOT

76

Solo runs for his life, chased by man and beast alike.

ON THE THRUSHES

77

Colonel Picks halts his men.

PICKS

Let the dogs have him for awhile.
They'll run some of the starch out
of 'im.

The Colonel stalks off.

INT. CRATE NAILING SHED - DAY

78

Illya, having been left alone, works diligently to free himself from his bonds. He has almost accomplished this task when the Colonel enters. The Colonel uncoils his whip and gets right back to business.

PICKS

Okay, son, I want some answers and I want 'em fast.

The Colonel's whip cracks out. Illya has worked his forearm loose just in time to shield his eyes. He gets a deep gash on the back of his hand. Picks is angry.

PICKS

Tie him up right.

ON ILLYA

79

A Thrushman ties his arm back to the crate board.

PICKS

How about it, son? You feel like talkin' yet?

Illya doesn't answer. The whip sings out again. Illya stretches his face up and to the side. He gets a gash on his jaw.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

80

Solo is still running from the dogs at top speed. His clothes are torn in a few places. He trips on a rock and goes sprawling. Before he can recover, the dogs are upon him, tearing at him. He drags himself up against a tree and tries to fight them off.

NEW ANGLE

81

Nina appears. She has known the dogs since they were pups, and immediately sets about shooing them away.

NINA

Go 'way. Scat. Skeeter! Rover!
Josh! Git off him! Skeedaddle.

81

CONT'D

(2)

The dogs move off. She hits the last straggler with her purse. She turns to Solo, who, to put it mildly, is relieved.

SOLO (wryly)

I'm glad you're a friend of theirs.
They wouldn't listen to me.

NINA

Those hounds? Shucks, I've known 'em
since they were pups. 'N' they were
pretty good pups, too, till Colonel
Picks got 'em.

SOLO

I'm beginning to share your dislike
for the Colonel.

NINA

That kinda makes us friends, don't
it, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

I would hope so, Nina.

NINA

I mean, if Colonel Picks is out after
you, you must be a pretty good feller.

(a beat)

My, look'at those critters done to
yer nice suit.

SOLO (surveying the

damage)

That's okay, it's almost a month old.

NINA

Well, you jest come along home with me
and we'll see about gittin' you
stitched back together.

SOLO

I appreciate the offer, but I'll be
all right.

NINA

I'm not going to bite you. All I want to do is patch up your clothes. I'm pretty good at sewin'.

81
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO

I'd like to take you up on it, Nina. I really would. But -- well, I have something else to do first.

We HEAR the DOGS BAYING in the background.

NINA

Mr. Solo, if'n I leave you alone in these here woods, them dogs is gonna be right back at your throat.

As if to punctuate this, one of the dogs lets out an ear-shattering BAY. Solo suppresses a shudder.

SOLO

You've talked me into it.

They exchange friendly grins.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MINE CORRIDOR - DAY

82

Very narrow. Rotting shoring posts and beams. A string of bare bulbs overhead lights the way. Illya, now wearing iron shackles and sporting several other gashes, is marched down the corridor by Skully and two Thrushmen. He is on the verge of passing out. NO

SKULLY

I never seen a boy stubborn as you. Why didn't you talk to the man?

He pushes Illya along to the end of the passage -- a cul de sac where GARDNER, a clean-cut young Negro man is chained to an eyebolt in a shoring post.

SKULLY (to Gardner)

Brought you some company, son.

Skully chains Illya to the same eyebolt.

83

WIDER ANGLE

Skully then supervises the placing of a rope around a ceiling beam.

SKULLY (to Thrushmen)

Okay. Tie it in there. Real good.

Once the rope is firmly in place, Skully leads the Thrushes back down the corridor, holding the rope.

SKULLY

Now pull. Hard!

The Thrushmen tug, pull the beam down.

ILLYA'S POV

84

The ceiling gives way and tons of loose dirt fall, blocking the captives' exit.

ON ILLYA AND GARDNER

85

They look up at the ceiling bulb as it flickers, dims almost to dark, then brightens. Illya breaths a sigh of relief.

ILLYA

Well, at least we'll have light.

GARDNER

...For as long as it lasts.

ILLYA

My name is Illya Kuryakin.

GARDNER

Gardner, Gardner Brown.

Illya begins to examine his surroundings.

ILLYA

I take it you also had a falling out with the Colonel.

GARDNER

All I did was take a couple of lumps of coal.

ILLYA

From in here?

85

CONT'D

(2)

GARDNER

If'n you look hard enough you can still find a few pieces here and about.

ILLYA

Seems like the Colonel's awfully touchy about a little coal.

GARDNER

They said I was spyin' on them.

ILLYA

Is there anything else in the mine besides coal?

GARDNER

Coal's the only thing I ever took.

ILLYA

But did you see anything that you shouldn't have?

GARDNER

They asked me if'n I knew about the big room.

ILLYA

What's the big room?

GARDNER

That's a place with a lot of machines and things -- but I don't know what they're doing in there.

ILLYA

Do you think you could find it again?

GARDNER

I don't think I want to.

ILLYA

But could you?

The lights flicker again. The two men look up apprehensively.

GARDNER

If I had to. But we got to get out
of here first.

85

CONT'D

(3)

ILLYA

You've got a deal...

They set to work trying to pull the eyebolt loose from the
post.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LILLETTE COTTAGE - DAY

86

Solo and Nina are in a combination living room, dining
room and kitchen. Nina has her sewing basket out and is
needling away at Solo's clothes. Solo is seated by the
fire, wrapped in a patchwork quilt. His bare shoulders
indicate the thoroughness of Nina's project.

NINA

I reckon you meet lots of interesting
people in the chemical fertilizer
business.

SOLO (now that you
mention it)
Yes, lately I have....

NINA

Did you ever see two hogs kiss?

SOLO

Nina, please hurry with my clothes.

NINA

They rub their snouts together.
That's kissin', ain't it? Can you
imagine kissin' a bristly old hog?

Solo drums his fingers.

SOLO

Maybe you have to be a hog yourself
to appreciate it,

NINA

I once had me a couple of hogs'd
rather kiss than eat. D'you believe
that?

86
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

I have little reason to doubt your word.

NINA

I seen 'em with my own eyes near every
day. Them hogs kept gittin' thinner
and thinner. Finally kissed themselves
right into the grave.

SOLO

That's a shame.

NINA

Heck, we didn't care none. By that
time we had a whole barnyard full of
hogs.

SOLO

Nina, please hurry.

NINA

Well, goshen, jest keep your...quilt
on.

Solo gets up and paces.

NINA

I'll bet you're wondering if I'm a
good kisser.

SOLO

Nina, concentrate on your work.

Nina cuts a huge plaid patch and applies it to Solo's
plain gray pants.

NINA

Ain't you curious?

SOLO

I'm more in a hurry.

NINA

Kiss me and you'll find out.

SOLO

After you finish.

86

CONT'D

(3)

Nina puts down her work and heads for Solo. He pulls the quilt a notch tighter.

NINA

Now. I think I already earned one kiss.

Solo works his way around to his clothes. But she grabs and kisses him.

ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

87

Geaugeau Lillette bursts in, shotgun clenched in his fists and rage in his eyes.

DADDY JO

Why, you tight-pantsed, hot-lipped Casanova, I caught you red-handed this time.

SOLO

I know it's something of a cliche, Daddy Jo, but things aren't always what they seem.

DADDY JO

You honey-tongue city slicker! Comin' into this here valley, gettin' our womenfolk all worked up.

Daddy Jo holds up Solo's torn shirt, to indicate precisely what he means, attributing it to Nina's passion.

SOLO

No, no. I was attacked by dogs.

Keeping his shotgun aimed at Solo, Daddy Jo edges over to the wall phone. He spins the old crank.

DADDY JO

What line of work you in, son?

NINA

Chemical fertilizers, Daddy Jo.

SOLO
It's very unsteady work. Seasonal.

87
CONT'D
(2)

ON DADDY JO

87X1

DADDY JO (into phone)
Helen? Get Eugene for me.
(to Solo and Nina)
Chemical fertilizer ain't exactly my
cup of tea, but by jiminy, you're the
last traveling man's gonna---
(in phone)
Eugene? Yep, this is Jo-Jo. Git
right on over here with your marryin'
book. Nina's got herself a live one.

REACTION SHOT - SOLO

88

Solo reacts as we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. SEALED MINE CORRIDOR - DAY

89

Illya and Gardner are still pulling at the eyebolt.

ILLYA

I think it's loosening.

They continue pulling at it.

GARDNER

If we get out of here do you really
want to go to the big room?

ILLYA

That's what I came here for.

GARDNER

Are they making moonshine in there?

ILLYA

I'm not a revenue agent.

GARDNER (relieved)

I'm glad of that. There ain't nobody
in these hills that takes kindly to
revenueurs.

ILLYA

I'm after something a little more
powerful than alcohol.

GARDNER (interested)

I didn't know there was anything more
powerful than alcohol.

ILLYA

What I'm after is powerful enough to
set off World War Three.

GARDNER

If I was you I wouldn't drink none
of that at all.

Illya examines the eyebolt.

Together they give a healthy yank. Instead of the eye-bolt coming loose, the whole post pulls down. There is a sickening crackling and rumbling SOUND. The light flickers.

89
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE UP

90

The ceiling sags. A few chunks drop down, but it holds.

RESUME SHOT

91

The post is lying on the ground. Illya and Gardner are still chained to it. They put their feet on the post and finally manage to pull the eyebolt loose. Thus, they are now free of the post but remain chained to each other. And still within the sealed corridor.

GARDNER
Maybe we can dig our way out.

They check the dirt blocking the entrance.

ILLYA

I don't think we'd have the time.
There's not enough air.

ANOTHER ANGLE

92

At the base of the dirt, Illya notices a beam across the floor.

ILLYA

They wouldn't put a beam in a floor....There must be a passage underneath this one.

With Gardner's help, Illya uses the post to pound a hole through the floor near the beam. He peers into it.

ILLYA'S POV

93

He looks down into another corridor -- complete with a chained skeleton.

disappointed.

ILLYA

No use going down there.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LILLETTE HOME - DUSK

94

A touching domestic scene. Solo is wrapped in his quilt, looking very glum. Nina is sewing away at his clothes -- and doing a terrible job of it. Daddy Jo keeps his shotgun trained on Solo. Solo tries once more to explain.

SOLO

I'll explain it to you once more.
My partner and I are UNCLE agents.
We're looking for a plant that is
turning apples into high explosives.

Daddy Jo slaps his knee and has a real good laugh.

DADDY JO (barely able
to stop)

Woowweee. Son, you got a eemagination
like to set me wild. Woowee. I told
some purty tall ones in my time, but
that thar is the craziest tale I ever
did hear. Having you fer a son-in-law
ain't too proud, but it's sure going
to be a heap of fun.

SOLO

Well, I've wasted enough time trying
to explain it to you. I'm going to
have to go now.

ANOTHER ANGLE

95

Solo crosses to his clothes. Daddy Jo jumps to his feet
and cocks his gun.

DADDY JO

I wouldn't try that, son.

Solo finds his pants on a chair.

NINA
I ain't finished with those.

95
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
— Thanks for what you've done.

CLOSER ANGLE

96

He holds them up. They are full of grotesque patches.
WHAMO. Daddy Jo shoots a large round hole right
through the seat and front.

ON SOLO

97

"Good grief!"

BACK TO SCENE

98

DADDY JO--
You're not going to get far in
that quilt -- or were you figuring
to go in your birthday suit.

Solo is licked. He slumps into a chair.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MINE PASSAGES - DAY

99

Illya and Gardner, still chained together, are climb-
ing down into the lower corridor, the one with the
skeleton. When they complete their descent:

ILLYA (as he starts
moving down the corridor)
Which way to that big room?

99
CONT'D
(2)

Gardner stops -- which means, of course, that Illya
can't continue.

GARDNER (no)

Uh - uh.

ILLYA

What's the matter?

GARDNER

I'm not going.

(displaying shackle)

And you can't go without me.

ILLYA

It's very important that I get
there...

GARDNER

To you, Mr. Kuryakin. Not to me.

I've got a wife and three kids.

They're important to me.

(a beat)

Look, let's get out of here --
get loose from each other. Then
you can go back....

ILLYA

There may not be time... Gardner,
I know I have no right to ask you --

GARDNER (cutting in)

But you're askin'.

ILLYA (a beat; levelly)

For a very good reason.

There is a long pause as the two men look hard at each
other. Finally:

GARDNER

You say it's more powerful than
alcohol, huh?

ILLYA

It's an explosive, Gardner. It
can blow up a lot of -- wives and
children.

(as Gardner reacts)

(Continued)

ILLYA (continued)

And Colonel Picks and his people
are planning to use it.

99
CONT'D
(3)

Gardner takes a brief moment to digest this. Then:

GARDNER (indicating)

Off to the left....

100-103
OUT

SHOTS

104-106

They jog through a maze of passageways, several of
them blind, until they arrive at a white wooden
door.

The apples are placed with a needle in a
certain position.

Colonel Picks and Skulls enter from another door.

You're still the same boring boring boring.

I'm working the job as hard as I can.

Work them harder. The trucks have to
be on the road by nine-thirty.

Skulls directly toward ILLYA and Gardner. Skulls

Will it take me much effort?

After a while a man enters.

The man enters and says to Gardner.

Listen. It's up to you. I'll be
right in your way.

This is it.

Illya gives it a push. It opens a crack. They peer in.

THEIR POV

107

A cavernous room, brightly lit and humming with white and stainless steel apple processing equipment. White-coated technicians scurry about, keeping the equipment operating just so.

CLOSER ANGLE

108

The main operation takes place in the center of the room where the apples are pierced with a needle and injected with a chemical reagent.

WIDER ANGLE

109

Colonel Picks and Skully enter from another door.

PICKS (angrily)

We're still two hours behind schedule.

SKULLY

I'm working the men as hard as I can.

PICKS

Work them harder. The trucks have to be on the road by nine-thirty.

Picks walks directly toward Illya and Gardner. Skully follows.

SKULLY

Will it make that much difference if we're a crate or two short?

PICKS

The amount of explosive has been fixed. It's up to you to furnish every last pound.

BACK TO SHOT

110

Illya motions Gardner back into the shadows. They do their best to hide behind a narrow post.

ILLYA

Don't move, no matter what.

Picks and Skully come through the door, still talking animatedly.

SKULLY

I'll try.

PICKS

You'll do better than try.

They disappear down the passageway.

ANOTHER ANGLE

111

Illya and Gardner breathe a sigh of relief. They are still blinded by the bright light of the room, and in the process of shifting about, Gardner stumbles on something, makes a loud NOISE. An ALARM SOUNDS. They pick up the post.

ILLYA (as he and Gardner

flee)

Which way?

GARDNER

Through here.

SHOTS

112-116

A bevy of Thrushmen appear and chase them through the maze of passages.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

117

Illya and Gardner emerge, running. Then, as they pass a tool box near the mine entrance:

ILLYA

Hold it!

He leads Gardner to the tool box, quickly searches through it.

117
CONT'D
(1)

GARDNER (urgently)

Hurry up!

Illya finds what he's looking for -- a cold chisel.

Illya directs Gardner's attention to the mine entrance.

117
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

We haven't yet.

THEIR POV

118

Thrushmen come racing out with flashlights and lanterns.

LONG SHOT

118X1

Illya and Gardner race off toward the woods.

ANGLE TOWARD PICKS' HOUSE

119

Picks and Skully come out to investigate the noise. They see the pair disappear into the woods.

SKULLY

The UNCLE agent's escaping!

PICKS

Sound the alarm, you fool.

ANOTHER ANGLE

120

Skully hits an alarm that starts a WAILING SIREN that underscores the next several scenes. Picks heads for the dog shed.

ANOTHER ANGLE

121

The Crew Manager comes running from the direction of the crate nailing shack with Illya's coat. The Colonel grabs it and moves it along the cages to give the dogs the scent. He pulls the lever. The dogs come piling out, BARKING and YELPING and race after the fugitives. The men follow after with lights and guns.

ON SKULLY AND PICKS

122

SKULLY

Don't worry, they ain't never going to git away from them dogs. There ain't no place to hide in them woods.

PICKS
Unless one of our hill people
takes 'em in.

122
CONT'D
(2)

Picks thinks about it. He collars a Thrushman.

PICKS (cont'd)
Spread the word that the two
strangers are revenueurs.

The Thrushman races away.

CLOSER ANGLE

123

Picks and Skully exchange satisfied looks.

PICKS
You get after them and make sure
they're finished off.

SKULLY
Right, Colonel.
(Skully takes off)

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

124

Illya and Gardner stumble through the woods. For
the moment they seem safe.

ILLYA (indicating shackles)
Let's get rid of these.

Gardner picks up a rock, starts hammering at the
chisel which Illya has put to his shackle. After a
few blows:

ILLYA
We've nearly got it now...

ANOTHER ANGLE

125

But there's not enough time. They HEAR the DOGS
close. Still chained together, they dash into the
thickets, Illya carrying the chisel, just as several
SHOTS RING OUT. Buckshot splatters the spot they
just vacated.

NEW ANGLE

126

Skully, several armed Thrushmen, and the dogs come upon the post. They mill around for several seconds, then pick up the trail and are off again in hot pursuit.

INT. RURAL SALOON - NIGHT

127

A dozen or so HILLBILLIES lie about in various degrees of drunken stupor. The Crew Manager enters and announces in a loud, clear voice:

CREW MANAGER

Fellas? Gi' me your attention,
huh?.....

(when he gets it)

Now I ain't inferrin' that anyone here present is the owner of an illegal still, but jest in case they do have a still -- I jest now received the word that them two city strangers you seen around is in actual fact agents of the Treasury Department.

There is a second or two of silence while the pronouncement works its way through alcohol-saturated brains, then a mad scramble as the entire occupancy grabs hats and guns and flies out the door.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. A CLEARING - NIGHT

128

Illya and Gardner, both gasping for breath, still shackled together, arrive in the clearing. Men and dogs are close behind.

GARDNER (gasping)

I don't think I can make it.

ILLYA (indicating)

What's over in that direction?

GARDNER

Swamp.

Illya takes hold of Gardner and practically carries him.

ILLYA

Come on. We'll have a chance in there.

128
CONT'D
(2)

They head into the swamp.

SHOTS

129-134

They slosh through the black mud. The water gets deeper and deeper. It's slow going. They HEAR their pursuers right on top of them. They duck under the surface of the water.

ANOTHER ANGLE

135

Skully and the dogs arrive at the spot. The dogs circle madly trying to pick up the scent. The men search the brush.

SKULLY

You blasted hounds, they cain't be but right here. They didn't jest disappear.

ANGLE DOWN

136

The surface of the water remains unbroken.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LILLETTE HOUSE - NIGHT

137

Solo, wrapped in the quilt, sits glumly in a chair. Daddy Jo watches out the window for the preacher.

ANOTHER ANGLE

138

Nina is trying to impress Solo with her cooking. She's making up a big pot of hog's jowls.

DADDY JO

One thing I'll say fer Nina, she ain't too bright, but she kin cook and sew -- which is more'n I kin say fer her grandma.

Solo sniffs the air - ugh!

138
CONT'D
(2)

ON NINA

139

She sees Solo's distress. She crosses to him and talks softly.

NINA

I got you into an awful mess, didn't I?

SOLO

It wasn't your fault.

NINA

You're mixed up in somethin' real important, aren't you. You're after that nasty old Colonel Picks.

SOLO

Uh-huh. And I have to get out of here - fully clothed.

NINA

Don't you like me just a little bit?

SOLO

I like you a lot but I need my clothes.

NINA

I'll git 'em for you.

Nina goes over to Solo's clothes, picks them up, hiding them from Daddy Jo's occasional glance. She takes them back to Solo and slips them under the quilt.

SOLO

I like you even more.

NINA (smiles)

I'm glad.

Solo puts on his clothes under the quilt.

SOLO

Now as soon as I'm dressed I'm going to make a dash for the door.

NINA

You're sure you're really not angry
with me?

139
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Not at all. As a matter of fact, as
soon as this is all over I'd like to
try to prove it to you.

NINA

I cain't hardly wait.

SOLO

Okay, I'm dressed. When I start to
move drop to the floor -- just in
case.....

DADDY JO

All dressed there, young feller?

Daddy Jo has known all along. He covers Solo with the
shotgun.

SOLO (defeated)

Yep. All dressed.

Solo drops the quilt to reveal his clothes grotesquely
patched.

DADDY JO

Good, 'cause here's the preacher.

On Solo's and Nina's dismayed reactions, FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.....

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

140-141
OUT

FADE IN:
EXT. SWAMP AREA - NIGHT

142

Skully, the armed men, and dogs comb the area. They can find nothing.

ANGLE ON WATER

143

Two hollow upright reeds drift slowly across the surface of the water.

WIDER ANGLE

144

Skully gives up.

SKULLY

We must have lost them back there.

He sets out to retrace their steps. The men and dogs follow.

ON WATER

145

Illya and Gardner pop out of the water, their lungs near bursting. They drag themselves up on the far bank.

CLOSER ANGLE

146

Illya and Gardner resume working on Illya's shackle.

ILLYA

...Once or twice more should do it...

A couple of more blows and Gardner succeeds in knocking Illya's shackle open.

GARDNER

Do you know your way back to the mine?

ILLYA

The swamp ends about a hundred yards
that way.

146
CONT'D
(2)

GARDNER

Right. There are some houses there.
The hill people will help you. They
hate the Colonel almost as much as they
hate revenueurs.

ILLYA

Thanks. Will you be okay?

GARDNER

I know these here swamps bettern'
the hound dogs. Goodbye and good luck.

Gardner shakes Illya's hand and disappears into the night.
Illya takes off in another direction.

INT. LILLETTE HOUSE - NIGHT

147

Solo is wearing his patched suit. The ceremony is pro-
ceeding. In the distant background we HEAR the SOUNDS of
men and dogs.

PREACHER (reading from
book)

...and whomsoever hath reason to
cause these two not to be joined --

SOLO

May I say something...

PREACHER (surveying
Solo's clothes)

You ought to be right happy Nina's
marrying a poor feller like you...

(continuing)

-- joined in holy wedlock let him
speak now or forever hold his peace...

ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

148

The door swings open. Illya crawls in. He's covered with
mud. His clothes are ripped to shreds. He drags himself
up to a chair.

*NO
8-11-67*

SOLO

I thought you'd never get here.

Solo helps him into the chair. Daddy Jo notes this, but is too wrapped up in the wedding ceremony.

PREACHER

...speak now or forever hold his peace.

SOLO (to Illya)

Speak, speak....

ILLYA (gasping)

I....I....What's going on?

Daddy Jo raises his shotgun.

DADDY JO

A wedding. Any objections?

Illya shakes his head in mock disgust.

ILLYA

Let me tell you the truth about this man...

SOLO (whispering to

Illya)

Make it good. He's a tough old cookie.

NINA

The truth?

DADDY JO

Out with it, boy. Out with it.

ILLYA

I have to apologize for my brother-in-law here.

NINA

Brother-in-law?

ILLYA

He's the father of my sister's nine children. He does this all the time. We have to watch him every minute. My sister even put him on a spice-free diet, but it didn't help.

DADDY JO

Nine children?

148
CONT'D
(3)

Illya counts on his fingers and nods yes.

DADDY JO

A pack of lies. Nobody these days
has nine children. These two are in
cahoots. On with the wedding.

PREACHER

Now let's see, where was I? Oh, yes
-- speak now or forever hold his peace.

ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

149

The men and dogs are suddenly right outside their door,
making a terrible ruckus.

DADDY JO

What in tarnation's going on out
there?

Daddy Jo and the Preacher for a moment resist the tempta-
tion to investigate, but the SOUND of GUNFIRE sets them off
and they dash outside.

150-151
OUT

EXT. THE LILLETTE HOUSE - NIGHT

152

Hillbillies and dogs are everywhere. The entire country-
side is up in arms. Daddy Jo collars one of the men.

DADDY JO

What's going on?

MAN

Them two strangers is revenooers.

Daddy Jo almost drops his teeth.

DADDY JO

Revenuers? By gum, I'd sooner see my
granddaughter marry a hoss thief than
a revenuer.

Several men crowd around.

152
CONT'D
(2)

DADDY JO (cont'd; loudly)
Find 'em! Why, them revenuers' is
right inside that door, trying to
insinuate themselves into my family.

The cry goes out to those far away - Over here!
Daddy Jo leads the brigade of hillbillies into the
house.

INT. LILLETTE HOUSE - NIGHT

153

Daddy Jo and the men enter.

NEW ANGLE

154

They find Nina in the center of the room sobbing and
pointing to an open rear window.

NINA
...Out the back!

DADDY JO (understanding
immediately)
After 'em.

The army of men funnels out the door and races after
the fugitives.

ANOTHER ANGLE

155

Nina checks to see if they've all gone. They have.
She turns to the table with the long table cloth.

NINA
You can come out now.

HER POV

156

Solo and Illya come out of hiding from under the table.
Also emerging is the gagged preacher.

SOLO (to Preacher, as
he undoes the gag)
Sorry, Parson.

(Continued)

SOLO (continued)
(to Nina)
Thanks, Nina, we'll never forget
you for this.

156
CONT'D
(2)

NINA
Jest couldn't let them string you up.

SOLO
Even if I were a revenuer?

The Preacher reacts.

NINA
Even if you was a revenuer.

PREACHER
What's this about revenuers?

ILLYA (pointing)
They're chasing a couple of 'em.
Out that way.

PREACHER
They are?!
(calls out)
Hey! Wait fer me!
(he darts out one door)

ILLYA (to Solo)
We've got to get back to the mine.
Let's go!

Nina stops them.

NINA
Wait. If you want to get there in
a hurry, there's a fast way through
the swamp.

As Solo and Illya hesitate briefly:

NINA (cont'd)
C'mon -- I'll show you!

Nina sprints out the door (not the one the Preacher
went through). Solo and Illya follow after her.

ZIP PAN TO:

157 OUT

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

158

A grant truck sits on the road under the glare of huge floodlights. We also note a late model automobile, presumably Colonel Picks'. Men with machine guns are everywhere. Colonel Picks and Sheriff Skully are directing the loading of apple crates into the last truck.

ANGLE ON SOLO, ILLYA AND NINA

159

as they creep up to a point a couple of hundred feet away.

SOLO

We'll have to work fast. They're almost loaded.

ILLYA

159
CONT
(2)

I'll work around from that side.

Illya darts off to the right and disappears into the night.

SOLO

Nina, you stay right here.

Solo starts around to the left. He scoots along about ten yards then drops behind some cover to survey the truck area. His sharply honed sixth sense tells him someone's behind him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

160

Solo rolls to one side, spins around and grabs -- Nina's ankle. Nina goes sprawling to the ground. Solo is miffed.

SOLO

I told you to stay back there.

NINA

I want to help. I hate Colonel Picks
jest as much as you do.

Their attention is attracted by a skirmish on the far side of the area.

THEIR POV

161

Daddy Jo is pointing his rifle like a beagle hound.

DADDY JO (aloud, to
himself)

I got me one of them revenuers.

CLOSER ANGLE

162

Skully and two armed Thrushmen converge on Daddy Jo and the revenuer -- Illya. Illya takes on the Thrushman in a fierce but brief battle that ends when Skully gets behind him and crashes his gun butt down on Illya's skull. Illya slumps to the ground. Skully then grabs Daddy Jo's gun and gives him the back of his hand.

ON SOLO AND NINA

163

In spite of Solo's attempt to restrain her, Nina leaps up and runs to her grandpappy's aid.

NINA

Stop that, you big bully!

Instinctively Solo runs after her.

SOLO

Nina, come back....

FULL SHOT

164

The floodlights swivel around and catch them in a criss-cross of blinding illumination. They are encircled by armed Thrushmen.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - NIGHT

165

As before the room is brightly lit. Solo, Illya, Nina and Daddy Jo are being tied to various pieces of machinery by four Thrushmen under the direction of Colonel Picks.

PICKS (to Solo and Illya)

I'm sorry you're not going to be around to see the fireworks tonight. You might have been valuable to help pick up the pieces.

SOLO

Will there be pieces to pick up?

PICKS

Sure. And people to pick them up. Thrush agents all over the world have been given the exact time of detonation.

INSERT

166

Solo's hands behind his back. He pulls off the button from his shirt cuff, opens it like a clam and starts cutting through his bonds.

ILLYA

plays for more time.

ILLYA

I still don't understand how you were able to convert the apples into explosives without a cyclotron.

PICKS (with great pleasure)

Mr. Kuryakin, you are actually inside a cyclotron. This room is situated between two rich veins of iron oxide.

ILLYA

Magnetite, natural magnets.

PICKS (nods)

You said it, boy. Natural magnets seven thousand feet long -- with this room between opposite poles, the natural beneficiary of ten billion electron volts.

Skully enters.

SKULLY

It's ready to roll, Colonel.

PICKS

Good.

(then)

Well, my friends, I must join the driver of the truck. So goodbye.

(to Skully)

Sheriff Skully, take care of our friends while I'm gone.

(looking around the room)

And don't worry about the equipment, we're finished with it.

The Colonel exits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Skully takes an apple from a crate of apples -- left for the purpose.

SKULLY

The Colonel gave me my choice on how we was to git rid of you folks but you needn't worry. I'm not a violent man.

168
CONT'D
(2)

Skully inserts a fuse in the apple, lights it and places it on top of the crate.

SKULLY (cont'd)

I'm going to make it easy for you.
Nice and quick -- one big flash and it's all over.

Skully and the four Thrushmen turn to leave. Solo and Illya, now out of their bonds, leap forward.

THE FIGHT - VARIOUS ANGLES

169-176

In which:

Solo and Illya must use all their skill and agility against Skully and the four Thrushmen.

Daddy Jo gets loose and gets Nina loose, then dives for the sputtering apple. In his haste he knocks it off the crate. It rolls under a machine. He tries but can't reach it.

Illya disposes of the last Thrushman as Solo disposes of Skully.

The boys hustle Nina and Daddy Jo out the door.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

177

as the boys, Nina and Daddy Jo emerge on the run -- a split-second before a mighty BLAST destroys the mine. When they've recovered from the effect of the shock, Solo and Illya look down the road. The truck isn't there.

SOLO

The truck's gone!

Illya indicates the parked auto.

ILLYA

Come on!

The boys sprint to the auto, climb in, zoom off, leaving Daddy Jo and Nina behind. Daddy Jo regards Nina with bafflement.

177
CONT'D
(2)

DADDY JO (to Nina)

Lot o' things I don't understand about all this.

NINA

One thing's fer sure.

DADDY JO

What's that?

NINA

That Mr. Solo and his friend -- they ain't revenooers.

Daddy Jo nods sagely.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

178-183

on the brief chase. The car catches up with the truck quickly, pulls in front of it to cut it off. The truck screeches to a stop. Illya and Solo leap out of their vehicle, move toward the truck. Thrushmen pile out the back, pin down Illya and Solo with their weapons. In the course of the blazing gun battle, Colonel Picks, tommy gun in hand, emerges from the cab of the truck. One by one, the Thrush underlings are dropped by the boys' fire. In due course, only Picks is left -- standing near the rear of the truck, crying out in rage and frustration as he shoots. Illya's bullet finally catches him. Picks' trigger finger remains on his tommy gun as he spins -- and his bullets spray into the back of the truck. As he falls to his death, some of those bullets find their unintended target within the truck -- the apple explosives -- and a mighty BOOM reverberates through the valley, blasting the truck to smitereens. The boys, their mission accomplished, turn to each other as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

184

(This Tag will run approximately two pages and will involve Waverly, Solo, Illya, Nina and Daddy Jo.)

FADE OUT.

THE END