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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

~~THE PROJECT STRIGAS AFFAIR~~

Prod. #7426

in Date 11-24-64
REVISED FINAL

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation.

Produced by
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Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Sam Rolfe

Written by:

Henry Misrock

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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Project Strigas Affair"

Prod. #7426

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - FOREIGN EMBASSY - NIGHT

CAMERA IS CLOSE on a tall, impressive looking man, AMBASSADOR KURASOV, as he angrily pounds on the table before him and speaks in sharp, bitter tones.

KURASOV

That is why, gentlemen...my government, together with all the peace loving governments throughout the entire world denounce the representatives of East and West alike as hypocrites and imperialistic war mongers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (calmly)

No...no...no...lower the level of your voice...It has too much bluster.

PULL BACK to reveal MADAME KURASOV, attractive, well-poised in a smartly styled lounge coat, leafing through the latest American fashion magazine.

MADAME KURASOV

If you are to upset the disarmament conference, your tone must be more vital! And much more threatening.

KURASOV (smiles)

Your criticism is most useful, Lubchek.

He leans over and kisses her on top of the head and then begins to rehearse his speech again; with much more menace in his voice now.

KURASOV

And...that is why, gentlemen...
my government, together with all
the...

1
CONT'D
(2)

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS

2

WAVERLY, ILLYA KURYAKIN and NAPOLEON SOLO sit before
a radio listening to Kurasov deliver his speech.

KURASOV'S VOICE (continued)

...true peace loving governments
all over the world denounce the
representatives of East and West
alike...

Waverly's hand moves in and flips off the sound. He
turns to Illya and Solo.

WAVERLY

Ambassador Laslo Kurasov, speak-
ing at the disarmament conference
...gentlemen...a ruthless and
dangerous war monger, hiding
behind a cloak of diplomacy.

ILLYA

One part Molotov - one part Von
Ribbentrop; salt with Ghengis
Khan, garlic with Machiavelli.

Solo is looking at the cover of a weekly news maga-
zine. A picture of Kurasov is on the cover.

SOLO

This magazine puts it well:
(opens, reads)

"Though his nation is only a spit
in the Balkans, Kurasov's power
is awesome. An old revolutionary
comrade of his Premier, the Ambassa-
dor also speaks for those who are
eager for a war between East and
West..."

ILLYA

Objective: the Premier and his
country pick up the remains.

WAVERLY (lighting pipe)

Then you'll understand Section One's
decision --

Solo, Iliya look at each other, then at Waverly.

2
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY (to Solo)

It will be your job, Mr. Solo -- along with Mr. Kuryakin here, to see to it that Kurasov is "removed" from the international scene.

ILLYA

Permanently?

WAVERLY

Yes, but not by any means that might make him a cause celebre. He is to be reduced to a nonentity -- made completely useless to his government and allied disrupters of world peace.

SOLO

Any idea how we're to accomplish that?

WAVERLY

I'm sure the two of you are capable of creating some kind of diabolical scheme.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR - EMBASSY - DAY

3

Elegant staircase. On wall, Embassy seal and heroic portrait of Premier. At large desk, VLADECK, efficient, rather dense, handing reports to subordinates. A beat, then a HATLESS MAN, desperate, breathless from running, bursts through door.

MAN (frantically; a heavy foreign accent)

I must see your ambassador!

TWO POLICEMEN come through door and move to the man.

VLADECK (rising)

This Embassy is foreign soil. American police are not permitted without authorization.

1ST POLICEMAN

You'll have to take it up with the State Department, sir. This man is badly wounded. He needs medical aid immediately!

Project Strigas - UNCLE
Chgs. 9-29-64 P.4

They grab man. He struggles fiercely, then directly
to Kursov: 3 CONT'D
(3)

MAN
Strigas! --YL-893...

He collapses to ground -- revealing blood on back.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING KURASOV 4

coming down staircase, observing consternation of
staff as they view stricken man. The two policemen
ignore Kursov and Vladeck and concentrate on
checking the man's condition.

KURASOV (now the
calm, imperturbable diplomat)
What is the explanation of this?

1ST POLICEMAN
He got into an argument with another
man just outside the Embassy. The
other man pulled a knife, stabbed
him and ran.

VLADECK
He cannot be moved without the
Ambassador's consent!

1ST POLICEMAN (checking
the man)
His pulse is very weak...we've got
to get him to a hospital immediately!

KURASOV (after tense
moment)
My government does not wish an
incident --
(nods to policemen)
-Take him out--

Police leave with prisoner.

KURASOV (snaps)
Vladeck - check it!

VLADECK
Check what, sir?

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KURASOV (a bitter,
sarcastic smile)
Find out if Strigas YL-893 has any
significance, you fool!

-4
CONT'D
(2)

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

5

as it pulls to a stop near a warehouse.

INT. POLICE CAR

5X1

CAMERA IS CLOSE on the faces of the hatless man and
the two policemen seen in previous scene at Embassy.

SOLO'S VOICE

Splendid job, gentlemen --

PULL BACK to REVEAL Solo taking knife out of hatless
man's back. Illya is with him.

SOLO

Thanks, Charlie -- My compliments
to Section Three. You may return to
headquarters. First drop me off at --

As they get into the police car.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CONTINENTAL EXTERMINATOR COMPANY - DAY

6

A small, dilapidated office. CAMERA IS CLOSE on an attractive girl in her mid-twenties. This is ANNE DONFIELD. She is speaking into phone.

ANNE

Continental Exterminator Company.
Mr. Donfield's office.

(beat)

I'm sorry Mr. Donfield is in a board meeting -- may I take the message?

(reacts)

Oh! Just one moment.

(she cups the phone)

Surprise, Mike! It's somebody inquiring about getting an estimate for some exterminating.

PAN ACROSS the room about eight feet to a desk and introduce MICHAEL DONFIELD; twenty-nine, bright looking and ruggedly handsome.

MIKE (smiles, picks up phone)

Hello --- Donfield.

(beat)

Yes -- we'll be happy to give you an estimate, sir. If you'll give me the address I can have one of my men out there within the hour.

(writes down address)

Yes, sir....and thank you.

Mike hangs up, beams slightly and begins to take off his suit jacket, replacing it with white coveralls as he speaks.

MIKE

Luxury View Motel --
(crossing his fingers)
Could be a big job.

ANNE

I hope so.

(picks up stack of bills marked unpaid)

Or the National Exterminator Company may be exterminated by its creditors.

Mike moves to Anne and kisses her cheek affectionately. There is a KNOCK on the door. They pay no attention to it.

MIKE (a gentle smile)
Patience, Mrs. Donfield. In no
time at all we'll be out of the
red -- and into a white little
home in suburbia -- complete with
rose bushes, built-in barbeque,
and --

6
CONT'D
(2)

The KNOCKING continues.

ANNE (softly)

Children ---

MIKE (kisses her again)

An automatic washer, dryer,
built-in stove -- and --

ANNE (returns the kiss)

And children ---

The next kiss is interrupted by ANOTHER KNOCK on
the door. They break.

MIKE (a slight scowl)

-- And creditors!

Solo stands at the door, Illya behind him. Illya
carries a large, heavy carton which he deposits on
the floor. Through the scene he silently prowls the
room, examining walls, floor, furnishings. Anne
watches him warily.

SOLO
Good morning.

MIKE (slightly defensive)
That depends.

SOLO (smiles)
My name is Napoleon Solo -- I
represent an organization
designated as the U.N.C.I.E.

ANNE (searches her
stack of bills marked unpaid)
We haven't received your bill.

SOLO (smiles)
On the contrary... I'm here to
eliminate your bills. A rich
UNCLE has just come to life and
is about to take care of all
your debts.

MIKE (wary)
That's nice of you - but I don't
remember entering any contest.

ANNE

And I know all his relatives.
No rich uncles. I didn't
marry him for his money.

6
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO (knowingly)

Mrs. Anne Donfield...Formerly
Anne Cortney. Graduate of
Bennington -- class of --- '60?

(at her curious stare
he turns to Mike)

And you, Mr. Michael Donfield -
graduated from M.I.T. -- top of
your class in '58 -- chemical
engineering.

(goes on quickly)

Mr. Donfield...I need a man,
and I need him quickly. He must
have the right background, and
it must be legitimate since a
certain party will have it
thoroughly checked. You're
that man to a T. You've even
made a---rather peculiar move
recently. That will intrigue
this fellow who checks up on you.

ANNE (a touch of
sarcasm)

You mean his quitting a thirty-
five thousand dollar a year job
with a large firm -

(waves a hand)

for all this.

MIKE (losing patience)

I just want to have my own
business! Mr. Solo, would you
get out, unless you have some
pests you want eliminated.

SOLO (smiles)

Yes, I want to eliminate one
large pest and, more important,
preserve world peace. We'd like
you to accept a position with a
non-existent corporation...
manufacturing a non-existent product.

Illya finds what he wants under the sink. He drags
his carton over and reveals a radio-phone. As he
starts to install that.

ANNE

Here - what are you doing?

6

CONT'D

(4)

ILLYA

Installing a telephone.

ANNE

Thank you - but we already
have a telephone.

ILLYA

Not like this one.

MIKE (on his feet)

All right - I may be a little
out of shape, but I think I
can still toss you two out of
here.

SOLO

Mr. Donfield - I'm sure you
can toss us out of here. But
it won't be necessary. Hear
me out. Then if you turn us
down, we'll leave quietly.(Mike and Anne exchange
a look)Five minutes. That's all I
need to tell you about...Strigas!

FLASH PAN TO:

7-8 OUT

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - DAY

9

Anne, radiant in evening gown, sipping champagne.
Mike every inch a successful executive in black tie
and dinner jacket, as is Solo who is holding a mink
wrap for Anne.

MIKE (to Anne)

You look beautiful.

ANNE

It's all very beautiful...
(frowns)

But that doesn't make it right.

SOLO (puts on mink

wrap)

Your chauffeured limousine is
waiting.

ANNE

And when does it turn to a
pumpkin?

9
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (smiles)

I assure you it won't.

(to Mike)

One final briefing: in the
next hour or so Ambassador
Kurasov and his aides will have
discovered that YL-893 is the
code designation of a Michael
Donfield. A man who uses a
shabby pest control business
as a front for Strigas head-
quarters. At the party tonight
Ambassador Kurasov will discover
that Michael Donfield is extremely
bright and very cautious....but
he has two vulnerable spots. He
likes beautiful women and strong
martinis.

(beat)

Think you can convince him of that?

MIKE (brightens a bit)

I can try.

ANNE (a hint of
warning)

Just don't overplay your role,
darling.

Mike leans over and kisses her. PAN UP TO Solo as
he begins to adjust his black tie.

INT. UPSTAIRS SITTING ROOM - EMBASSY - NIGHT

10

CAMERA IS CLOSE on Kurasov as he adjusts his black
tie. PULL BACK to reveal he is in dinner jacket
looking as urbane as any Wall Street financier.
Vladeck also in black tie enters.

VLADECK

The man who was taken from the
Embassy died in the hospital.
His identity was obliterated
by U. S. Army Intelligence.

His identity?

Kurasov shows a slight reaction.

Obliterated by U. S. Army
Intelligence.

Kurasov shows a slight reaction.

KURASOV

What do our agents report on
Strigas YL-893?

10
CONT'D
(2)

VLADECK

YL-893 is a Michael Donfield. He
was one of America's most promising
chemical engineer. Last year he
resigned from a large firm to open
a small exterminating company on
Staten Island.

KURASOV (casually)

The business could be a shield for
some other activity.

VLADECK (wryly)

Strigas!

(smiles)

You are very clever, Excellency.

KURASOV

No. You are an idiot. Not one of
our agents has ever encountered the
word Strigas -- either published or
in secret file. So please don't
come to any more of your insipid
conclusions.

VLADECK (his face
drops)

Yes, sir.

KURASOV

But I suggest you have one of our
comrades make a night-time visit
to the offices of the Continental
Exterminator Company and see what he
can see.

VLADECK (an obsequi-
ous bow)

I'll take care of it myself, sir.

KURASOV (indifferently)

No. I'd prefer you sent someone
more intelligent.

Madame Kurasov enters in Bergdorf gown looking very
charming.

MADAME KURASOV

We shall be late for the Secretary
General's Ball.

Kurasov nods and they move out. CAMERA HOLDS on the
blank face of Vladeck.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. EXTERMINATOR OFFICE - NIGHT 11

lighted only by a dim moon. The door opens slowly and we see the dark silhouetted figure of a man holding a flashlight. PAN WITH him as he crosses searching the room. We see the gloved hand and the flashlight as he rifles the drawers, whipping his flashlight to all areas.

ANOTHER ANGLE 12

Flashlight strikes and holds on a suspicious-looking box under the sink. Man moves in on the box and cautiously opens it. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE to REVEAL a concealed telephone within the box. The man picks up the receiver.

SOLO'S VOICE (from telephone)
This is 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.
Hot line for Strigas open. The
President is unavailable at the
moment - will the Secretary of
Defense do?

CLOSE SHOT - MAN'S FACE 13

as he reacts and slams down the receiver in panic.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT 14

Colorful party. Internationally-costumed guests conversing in groups near buffet table. MUSIC in background. CAMERA PICKS UP Mike, Anne, Solo entering. Other couples turn, look at Donfields.

SOLO
Keep smiling--

MIKE (smiles, whispers)
It's easy.

QUICK PAN - MIKE'S POV - NUMEROUS ATTRACTIVE WOMEN 15

staring at him with interest.

16 OUT

ANGLE TO KURASOV AND MADAME KURASOV

17

as they make their entrance. A GUEST greets them; gestures to Madame for a dance - she nods and moves out with him leaving Kurasov and Vladeck.

BACK TO SOLO AND DONFIELDS

18

SOLO (sotto voce)
Time to make yourself known.

Solo escorts Donfields to a group of guests.

DONFIELDS AND SOLO - KURASOV'S POV

19

Mike helping himself to another glass of champagne as he introduces Anne to a group of guests.

BACK TO KURASOV - DONFIELDS AND SOLO IN B.G.

20

Kurasov nods to Vladeck.

VLADECK

The one on the right is Michael Donfield -- on the left his wife.

KURASOV (to wife -
with meaning)
Entertain Mr. Donfield, dear.
(she leaves)
Who is the other man?

VLADECK

Napoleon Solo...an agent with the U.N.C.L.E.

KURASOV

Uncle?

VLADECK

Obviously Mr. Solo has been assigned to protect him.

KURASOV

Too obvious. And why should a member of a multi-national security complex be assigned to an American project?

As a waiter enters with champagne on tray,

Kurasov takes champagne, nods to Vladeck that his company is not wanted. Vladeck moves out. Kurasov is about to take a sip of his champagne. The stranger puts his hand over the glass to block his drinking and drops a pellet in it. PULL BACK to REVEAL a small man, black-haired, mustached, wearing dark glasses.

20
CONT'D
(2)

STRANGER (sotto voce)

Do not drink the champagne. Merely dip your finger in it and taste it.

(at Kurasov's curious look)

Do as I say!

Kurasov tastes champagne with finger and winces.

STRANGER

Cyanide.

(at Kurasov's nod)

It will be the first of many attempts on your life.

Kurasov eyes him a moment, then moves to a potted plant and pours the drink into it. The stranger moves with him.

ANGLE BEHIND POTTED PLANT - STRANGER AND KURASOV 21

KURASOV

I am not naive, Mr. Stranger. You could have planted the poison in the drink.

STRANGER

Perhaps this will help to convince you that I did not.

The stranger takes out cigarette case, removes cigarette for himself, then slides backing of case away -- revealing photograph of himself, Slavic writing, code number. He slides cover back.

KURASOV

When did you arrive in the United States?

STRANGER

This morning.

Some women go past -- into powder room. They continue conversation -- as though talking of other matters.

VLADECK (putting out light)

Colonel Michaelovitch Donyev, eh. How long have you been assigned to supervising diplomatic personnel -- abroad? ~~been assigned to supervise~~
~~in diplomatic personnel -- abroad?~~

STRANGER

Five years. You were with the State Secret Police much longer.

A waiter enters with a tray of hors d'oeuvres.
Kurasov does not accept, the stranger does. The
waiter moves along.

21
CONT'D
(2)

KURASOV

That is not generally known.

STRANGER

We are still indebted to you, Your
Excellency, for ridding the depart-
ment of deviationists.

KURASOV

You may tell General Kolodin that
I do not require watching by his
running dogs in the Secret Police.

STRANGER

I have nothing to do with General
Kolodin. I am serving as a personal
courier for the Premier.

TIGHT SHOT OF STRANGER'S HANDS

22

Surreptitiously he removes false fingernail from
thumb, reveals small black dot which he carefully
removes.

STRANGER

You may read the microdot at your
convenience. If you are still
doubtful you will see that the
message is in the Premier's own
handwriting.

DANCE FLOOR AREA

23

Mike is dancing with Madame Kurasov. He stumbles
a bit as he misses a beat.

BACK TO SCENE

23X1

Kurasov remains silent -- his eyes shift cautiously
as the stranger continues.

KURASOV

Why did the Premier send you?

STRANGER

The Premier wishes you to know, as an old and loyal comrade, that your position is in grave danger. Your work disrupting the disarmament conference has been too satisfactory. You are being spoken of as his heir apparent. Those who have ambitions for the succession are working for your elimination.

23X1
CONT'D
(2)

KURASOV (a touch
of fear)

General Kolodin! In the end it will be either he or I who succeeds to the First Secretariat.

STRANGER

He is accusing you of anti-Stalinism. Your other political enemies now constitute a majority in the Central Committee. Unless you can achieve a political coup -- that would make your position so impregnable no one would have the courage to denounce you publicly.

Kurasov reacts. He takes a deep breath, then:

KURASOV

Have you ever encountered the word -- Strigas?

STRANGER

Yes -- but General Kolodin discounts its importance.

KURASOV (reflectively)

The General does, eh? It could be the answer to the Premier's message.

STRANGER

There is to be no answer. The message is to be destroyed after reading.

-(as Vladeck moves closer,
indicates the Aide)

Trust no one too much.

The Stranger moves away as Vladeck glares jealously after him.

VLADECK

Our agent has inspected the National Exterminator Company.

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UNCLE

P.20

KURASOV (impatiently)
I know he has inspected it. But
did he find anything suspicious?

23X1

CONT'D

(2a)

VLADECK

A secret phone -- with a direct
line to the President of the
United States.

At Kurasov's reaction:

23X1
CONT'D
(3)

WHIP PAN TO:

ANOTHER AREA OF ROOM - SOLO, ANNE, MADAME KURASOV
AND MIKE

24

Madame Kurasov and Mike seem to be hitting it off pretty good; Solo and Anne watch them in B.C. Anne becoming more embarrassed by her husband and a bit annoyed, but never overplaying it.

MIKE (clicks his champagne glass to Madame Kursov's)

"If all be true that I do think,
There are five good reasons we
should drink;

Good wine -- a friend - or being dry -

Or lest we should be by and by

(pause)

Or any other reason why."

The guests enjoy Mike and laugh heartily. At Solo's nudge Anne moves to Mike on cue.

ANNE (politely)

Excuse me, Madame Kurasov --

(trying to be tolerant with Mike)

Darling I think you've had enough to drink. It's time for us to be leaving.

MIKE

Thank you, young lady -- but I'm a married man.

ANNE (to Solo)

I've had all I can stand. Will you see that he gets home... I'll take a cab.

SOLO (nods)

If you wish.

Anne stalks out.

BACK TO KURASOV AND THE STRANGER

25

Kurasov stands with the stranger; Vladeck nearby -- and at Kurasov's nod he moves to Mike and Madame Kurasov.

VLADECK

Excuse me. Is there some trouble?

MIKE (greet's Vladeck cheerfully)

Well if it isn't Calvin Coolidge -- you old son of a gun. How 'bout a little taste, Cal?

Solo moves in graciously and addresses Vladeck.

SOLO

Sorry. I'm afraid he's over-trained a bit.

Vladeck nods as Solo turns to Mike.

SOLO

Mr. Donfield -- I think you've had enough for tonight. I'll see you home.

MIKE

Bless you, brother -- The true democratic spirit.

(a wave to the group)

Bless all of you.

Solo begins to lead the wobbly Mike out as inconspicuously as possible. PAN BACK to Kurasov who nods; PAN TO two toughs in tuxedos who catch the nod and turn to nod; PAN TO two other toughs.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

26

Solo, Mike edging way into the garage and through cars.

MIKE (tensely)

We're still being followed.

SOLO

Naturally... Here we are. Get in -- quick!

Mike gets into car. Solo goes around, jumps in behind wheel.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

27

They enter.

MIKE

Now, what?

SOLO

We're going for a ride -- and
wait for them to get rid of me.

MIKE

How?

SOLO

One never knows. On second
thought, maybe the ride's out.

Through windows, we see men slowly converging on
car -- from all directions. Solo turns on ignition.
There's an immediate PING -- and a cloud of smoke
is released.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

28

Two men draw revolvers, stand guard.—Others enter car, remove an unconscious Mike, place him in nearby car. Men with guns jump in, car drives off - leaving Solo collapsed at wheel.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
INT. BEDROOM - BLURRED, SPINNING - DAY 29

Comes into focus as elaborately feminine. Perfumes on dressing table; period furniture favored by Madame Pompadour.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FEATURING MIKE 30

in a satin bed - shaking head to clear it. He takes in rest of surroundings, clothes over chair. Panic grips him, tosses sheet back to find himself in shorts. Makes bolt for clothes, gets into trousers, shirt as door opens. ERICA enters. She's a graceful, poised young woman whose blonde hair, good bones suggest ski slopes. She's wearing a flowing silk robe.

ERICA (brightly)
Good morning, darling.
(sits at dressing table,
brushes out her hair)

MIKE (swallowing
hard)
Who -- are you?

ERICA
Mike -- Surely your memory is
better than that!

MIKE (continuing
to dress quickly)
Last thing I remember is some
smoke.

ERICA

(looks at him reproachfully)
You really don't remember!
Fortunately a friend dropped in
last night -- with a camera.

She hands him snapshots. Mike looks at them.

MIKE (angrily)

These are all faked!

ERICA

By experts you must admit.

He destroys them.

ERICA (cont'd)

I've other copies -- for your wife,
newspapers. Also an explanation.
In your intoxicated state, you used
engine trouble as an excuse to
escape Mr. Solo and visit me.

Mike gestures for her to turn her head; she does and
he begins to dress.

MIKE

All right -- it's blackmail! What
do you want?

ERICA

Only to know what Strigas is?

MIKE

-- I never heard of it.

ERICA

Let's not play games. I know your
exterminator business is only a
front. Cooperate -- and there'll be
money enough for five lifetimes of
security. On the other hand, consider
the alternatives:

(takes more snapshots from
dressing table, flips
through them)

Nationwide publicity, personal
humiliation.

Mike looks at her for a long moment, then smiles and becomes rather flip and confident.

30
CONT'D
(3)

MIKE
Pretty bad move on your part.
Even if I was involved in this
Stigas -- or whatever - top
security business your quacking
about -- you don't figure I'd
sell out for some phony snapshots.

(beat)
You can turn around. You really
know how to make me feel like I'm
Erica turns to him.

ERICA
How about the nationwide publicity?

MIKE
I'd like that.
(beat)

Personal humiliation?
(shrugs)
Fortunately I was born a very
amoral man.

ERICA
That is fortunate for both of us.

MIKE (treating her
like a child)
You play the game well, honey.
But not well enough. If I do
business it isn't with the clerk
at the five and ten cent store. I
like to talk with the guy in charge.
(pats her cheek)
Watch your weight.

Mike moves out; CAMERA HOLDS on the humiliated face
of Erica.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PARK IMPERIAL SUITE - ANNE AND SOLO - DAY

31

ANNE (in tears)
I shouldn't have let him out of my sight!

SOLO (softly)
I realize how you feel, Anne -- but --

ANNE (snaps)
Do you, Mr. Solo? Do you really know how it feels to know that you've allowed your husband to become involved in a mess like this?

SOLO
I can only assure you that the place was under constant surveillance and that ---

Door opens. Mike, still in dinner jacket, enters.

ANNE
Mike!
(runs to him, embraces him wildly)
Oh, Mike -- Are you all right?

MIKE (nods)
As far as I can remember. They drugged me.

SOLO
A woman?

MIKE (to Solo)
Just as you predicted. Probably dragged me up to her -- room -- and --
(beat)

Well like you said, pictures, blackmail, the whole standard business.

ANNE
I hate to interrupt all this fun -- but what did you mean...?

SOLO
Nothing happened, Anne. Believe me...they faked some compromising pictures to blackmail him.

MIKE

Please stay out of this, Honey.

31
CONT'D
(2)

ANNE

Is this where you tell me a woman's place is in the kitchen? I have a stake in peace, but I also have a stake in you.

SIGNAL KNOCK on door. Solo opens it. Stranger enters. Stranger removes mustache, wig. Of course, it's --

ILLYA

Kurasov insisted I spend the night at the Embassy.

SOLO

How did your part go?

ILLYA

Fine. The more I counselled caution, the more intrigued Kurasov became. He is now concerned that his enemy, General Kolodin, may be secretly after Strigas to enhance his own position.

SOLO

Sounds good.

ILLYA

One possible danger. That aide, Vladeck, is very jealous of his position. He suspects I may be trying to replace him. He could be troublesome.

PHONE RINGS. Solo pounces on it, connects a listening device to it, then hands the phone to Mike.

MIKE (into phone)

Hello.

MAN'S VOICE (Linkwood)

Mr. Donfield?

MIKE

Yes.

MAN'S VOICE

Mr. Smith here. Understand you're interested in selling your exterminator business? I might have a purchaser. He would like to meet with you.

31
CONT'D
(3)

Solo's lips silently form the word "when"?

MIKE (into phone)

When?

MAN'S VOICE

Monday -- three p.m. That busy orange-colored hot dog stand off Second Avenue. If you will hold two hot dogs -- as though one were for a friend --

MIKE (into phone)

I've one problem: I'm under strict surveillance whenever I leave this hotel.

MAN'S VOICE

If you'll walk past the newsstand -- further down that street -- say at two-fifty p.m., your problem will be given special attention.

SOUND phone clicking. Mike hangs up.

MIKE

Why a busy hot dog stand?

SOLO

Initial contacts are always made in public places. Safer. Everything must be complicated...nothing must be too easy. Not for them -- not for us. Or Kurasov will become very suspicious.

ANNE (looking at Mike)

What about the newsstand?

SOLO

That's where they take me out again. But I promise -- nothing will happen to Mike.

ANNE

That's what you said before.

Project Strigas - UNCLE
Chgs. 9-29-64 P.31

MIKE (enjoying himself)
But nothing did -- far as I can
remember.
(puts arm fondly about
her shoulder).

31
CONT'D
(4)

SOLO
Illya, you'd better get back to
the Embassy. Keep his appetite
whetted for Strigas.

FLASH PAN TO:

32-33
OUT

INT. EMBASSY - ILLYA, VLADECK, KURASOV - DAY

33X1

ILLYA (strongly)
Strigas could be some diabolical
scheme. I do not trust this --
Napoleon Solo and the organization
he works for.

VLADECK
But how can you say it does not
exist, when ---

ILLYA (snaps at him)
I did not say that! I am merely
trying to be extremely cautious.
For His Excellency's sake!

KURASOV (shoots a
disdainful look at Vladeck)
Of course, comrade.
(to Vladeck)
How much can we rely on Mr. Smith?

VLADECK
Mr. Smith has always been one of
our most effective agents --

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLOSE ON WINDOW OF NEWSSTAND - DAY 34

CAMERA PULLS BACK to busy sidewalk -- people walking past newsstand.

MOVING SHOT - MIKE AND SOLO by two o'clock 35

MIKE

Isn't it a bit ridiculous for you to walk straight into a trap? You could get killed.

SOLO

Possible -- but, in broad daylight on a busy street, I'll probably be strong-armed by some plug-ugly...

ANGLE TO STREET 36

A NURSE is trying to console a concealed baby in a carriage. Solo and Mike stop. The baby CRIES LOUDER. The flustered nurse takes a plastic baby-bottle from her large purse and in her eagerness to stop the baby from crying she drops the bottle. Mike smiles and picks it up. He hands it to the nurse. She gives him a very thankful smile as she squirts a bit of milk on his face.

NURSE

Oh -- I'm sorry.

MIKE

It's okay.

She turns and gives the bottle to the baby as Mike and Solo move on.

MOVING SHOT - MIKE AND SOLO 37

as they walk, suddenly Mike stops.

EFFECT SHOT - MIKE'S POV 38

Solo and the world start spinning.

BACK TO SOLO AND MIKE

39

as Mike begins to slump.

SOLO
What's wrong?

MIKE

I think I just got my two o'clock
feeding.

He slumps in Solo's arms. Solo hails a cab.

SOLO

Taxi!

A taxi moves up and stops, the door is opened by
the driver. Solo shoves Mike in, saying:

SOLO (to driver)

The lovely little nursemaid.
Either she confused us or she
was a bad shot with her tran-
quilizing fluid.

(beat)

I'll have to chance keeping the
appointment myself. Take him
back to the hotel.PAN AWAY to the cab driver. It is Illya. He nods
and the cab moves out.

SOLO

40

standing before a curious group of bystanders.

SOLO (to group)

Nice guy -- but he drinks.

He moves past the group. CAMERA HOLDS on their
reaction a moment.

SOLO

41

runs for the woman but she has disappeared down a
subway entrance. The baby carriage is in the street.
Solo dashes to it, as a car SCREECHES to a halt in
front of it. Solo reaches down to get the CRYING
baby.

CLOSE SHOT - INT. CARRIAGE

He pulls back the baby blanket to reveal a small tape recorder. He extracts it. The same group of people who watched him dump Mike in cab now stare at him curiously as he flips the BABY CRYING SOUND OFF.

SOLO (to group)
Just needed to be burped.

At their reaction:

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN: Solo and Mr. Smith's business interests.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT - SECOND AVENUE - DAY 43

She signs in front of a sign.

ZOOM IN ON:

EXT. SIDEWALK - BUSY HOT DOG STAND IN B.G. - DAY 44

Solo, hot dog in each hand, being jostled by scurrying crowds. Odd-looking characters pass, eye him. A very pretty BRUNETTE, casually dressed in skirt, flat-heeled shoes, smiles as though amused by his awkward position. He returns self-conscious smile. She walks back.

BRUNETTE

If one of those is a spare --

SOLO (anxious to be rid of her)

Sorry. It's for a friend.

BRUNETTE (taking Solo's frank)

I'm friendly, Mr. Donfield. By the way, I'm Mr. Smith.

(he looks at her -- incredulously)

Would you like to take me for a walk and see my credentials?

SOLO (smiles)

I'd like that very much.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE STREET - DAY 45

Solo and Mr. Smith walk along.

SOLO (softly)

Your credentials are very much in order. And you are very pretty, Mr. Smith. But you don't look like the type that goes around buying a broken down pest-exterminator business.

MR. SMITH (a deadly smile)
Killing pests is a hobby of mine.
(pause)
And your business interests me.

45
CONT'D
(2)

She stops in front of a brownstone.

MR. SMITH
Can we sit awhile?

SOLO
Why not.

They climb a few steps and sit. A group of kids in f.g. playing hopscotch.

CLOSE ANGLE - MR. SMITH AND SOLO

46

MR. SMITH
Tell me, Mr. Donfield. What formula do you use in your pesticide?

SOLO
It's kind of a secret -- and besides, I don't think your friend could afford it.

MR. SMITH
Is it Strigas?

SOLO (shrugs)
Could be. How much is your friend willing to pay to find out?

MR. SMITH
That all depends on what Strigas is.

SOLO
You can tell him it's a little something the Pentagon's developed -- with the help of the country's largest industrial corporations.

MR. SMITH
A hundred thousand dollars?

SOLO
You're thinking small. Two million would be more to my taste.

MR. SMITH (jumps up)
Out of the question!

46
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (carefully)
Not for someone who realizes he's
been hopelessly compromised -- and
the penalty for selling military
secrets is death.

MR. SMITH
I might be able to arrange for half
that amount -- if I could tell my
friend exactly what Strigas is...

SOLO (rising)
It's an invisible substance being
manufactured underground, guarded
by an impenetrable security complex.
(smiles)
That's for free. For additional
information, there will have to be
a down payment of -- a hundred
thousand dollars.

MR. SMITH
How about a binder in subway tokens?
(fishes about in handbag)

Solo glances over shoulder, sees small revolver in
handbag as she takes out pad, scribbles something.

MR. SMITH (cont'd)
If you'll be at this address between
one and two --
(hands him paper, then
takes piece of cereal box
from bag, gives it to him,
too)
-- with this torn cereal boxtop,
there'll be someone with the other
half. He will continue the nego-
tiations.

SOLO
Thanks.

MR. SMITH
Goodbye, Mr. Donfield.
(smiles -- kisses him on
cheek)

SOLO (bows)
Mr. Smith --

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PARK IMPERIAL SUITE - DAY

47

Mike, still badly hung over from tranquilizer, being walked up and down room by Illya and Anne. Solo waiting.

MIKE

Oh, my head --

ANNE

Worse things will happen to it before they're through with you!

SOLO

Anne, we're getting there. Each step takes us closer to Kurasov. The next move may bring him into the net.

She looks at him, then Solo.

ANNE (in defeat)

What do you want me to do while he's going to keep that appointment?

ILLYA

Pray that Mr. Smith doesn't discover she did business with the wrong man. The others know Napoleon, so he could not continue the deception.

SOLO (looking at watch)

Twelve thirty, Mike.

MIKE

Goodbye, honey.

ANNE

Please be careful.
(she kisses him)

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE NEW YORK SKYCRAPER - (STOCK) - DAY

48

as CAMERA PANS UP and HOLDS.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY

49

CLOSE ON desk sign, it reads: H. L. LINKWOOD - GROUP DEPT. PULL BACK to see Mike seated along-side the desk. The insurance man, LINKWOOD - a fat, congenial little man moves up and sits. (In B.G. we see lines of desks with secretaries and other agents.)

LINKWOOD

Mr. Donfield?

MIKE

That's right.

LINKWOOD (cheerfully)

Linkwood, sir -- at your service. My secretary tells me you're interested in taking out a group policy on the employees of your firm.

MIKE

That's correct. Continental Exterminator Company.

LINKWOOD

All right -- (takes out form from desk) If you'll bear with me while I fill out this form.

(Mike nods as he writes)

How many are employed in your firm, Mr. Donfield?

MIKE

Two.

Linkwood does a very slow take as he looks up from the form. Mike eyes him cautiously.

LINKWOOD

Did you say two, sir?

49
CONT'D
(2)

(sigh) MIKE (sigh)

I said two, sir. My wife and I.

LINKWOOD (slowly)

Your wife and you -- I see.

With each line it should become more and more apparent that Linkwood has no idea of the meeting and that it is slowly becoming apparent to him that Mike is slightly off center.

LINKWOOD

Well, sir -- I can hardly make it, Mike gives it out a group policy for two -- Mike takes the other half -- he takes it to his place -- MIKE (thinks he's back into his chair playing)

Oh -- we're going to expand. We plan to have children -- my wife and I -- that is.

LINKWOOD (patiently)

That's nice. (rises)

Linkwood. Mr. Donfield -- I think you've got the wrong department. Family insurance plans are handled -- LINKWOOD

He stops as Mike tosses the torn cereal boxtop on his desk. Linkwood looks from the boxtop to Mike blankly.

MIKE

If it's references you want -- (nods at boxtop)

LINKWOOD (blankly; sotto voce)

A boxtop from a cereal carton?

Mike is beginning to feel very foolish now and he looks around sheepishly. Linkwood hands him the boxtop back.

Linkwood looks at Mike with a revealing expression as he passes the boxtop back.

LINKWOOD

LINKWOOD (casual, revealing) Mike, I've got a photograph of your wife recorded reading out your...

MIKE

It's no good without the other half --

(a bit sickly)

I mean if you want to get the free stuffed teddy bear -- you know --

(at Linkwood's blank stare)

No I guess you don't know -- do you?

LINKWOOD

May I....

He reaches for the cereal top half. Puzzled, Mike gives it to him. Linkwood opens his drawer and takes out the other half. He matches it to his piece. It is an exact fit. As Mike sinks back into his chair....

LINKWOOD

Now, about Strigas?

MIKE

What about it.

Linkwood opens desk, takes out large bulky envelope, presents it to Mike.

LINKWOOD

Your down payment - one hundred thousand dollars.

(as Mike checks contents)

Now, what is Strigas?

MIKE

(takes deep breath - the final commitment)

It's a -- chemical formula that will revolutionize modern warfare even more than Einstein's E-MC2.

LINKWOOD

Continue, Donfield.

MIKE

(smiles wryly)

That's all for now.

Linkwood opens the large drawer in his desk revealing a camera and a tape recorder whirling away.

LINKWOOD

You've passed the point of no return. You've been photographed... and recorded selling out your country.

49
CONT'D
(3)

MIKE (bitterly)
I see.

49
CONT'D
(4)

LINKWOOD
I will have to have all your data immediately. Directives, locations, production costs, formula...

MIKE (fakes a stall)
I'll need time.

LINKWOOD (strong)
You will have until the day after tomorrow at ten P.M.
(gives him both halves of boxtop)

EXT. INSURANCE OFFICE - FULL SHOT - SOLO - DAY 50

Solo stands in the hallway, a briefcase under his arm, as if waiting for someone to pick him up. From the briefcase, Linkwood's and Mike's voices can be HEARD.

LINKWOOD'S VOICE
Put the two pieces together -- dip them in a solution of hydrochloric acid and peroxide. They will tell you where we can talk.

MIKE'S VOICE
Now look... I don't want to talk to anyone but the man with the money in his hand....

Through this Solo looks up and sees:

INT. HALLWAY - POV - MR. SMITH - DAY 51

The elevator door is opening and Mr. Smith starts out. Her compact in hand, she is checking her hair in its' mirror as she walks, unaware of Solo before her.

BACK TO SCENE 52

Solo quickly presses the catch on his briefcase and the voices break off. He positions himself before the door, gives it a slight push, and starts away from it as if he has just left the office.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM, HOLDING AS he encounters Mr. Smith a few steps away. She looks up at him and smiles. Solo moves slightly past her before he stops so that she has to turn her back to the door to talk to him.

52
CONT'D
(2)

MR. SMITH
Why, how nice to see you, Mike.

SOLO
Delighted, Mr. Smith. Were you just passing by?

MR. SMITH
I was in the neighborhood and thought I'd investigate the insurance possibilities. Did you find a policy to suit your needs?

SOLO
Not really. If I don't see a good pay plan on my next interview, I may just have to give up the whole idea of insurance.

MR. SMITH (starts towards door)
Don't do that at this stage. It would be a shame if you were to die abruptly...leaving nothing for your widow.

Solo clutches her arm...anything to keep her out of office.

SOLO
Well then let's get down to it. We complete our transaction on the next contact ... or forget the whole thing...

He breaks off as the door opens silently behind Mr. Smith and Mike comes out. Mr. Smith senses that someone is passing behind her but she doesn't turn, not wanting to attract attention. After one hasty glance at the couple, Mike simply ducks his head slightly and walks past them, disappearing down the hall. Mr. Smith smiles and pats Solo's cheek.

MR. SMITH
Patience, darling. I'm sure that the Doctor will give you your final examination at your next appointment.

She blows a kiss and goes into the office. Solo blows air in relief and follows Mike down the hall.

INT. INSURANCE OFFICE - DAY 53

Mr. Smith comes in and walks over to Linkwood's desk. He looks up at her and in response to her questioning look he makes a circle "OK" sign.

MR. SMITH

I just met him outside. I think he's ready.

LINKWOOD (nods)

Yes. It is time for our friend to complete the negotiation.

FLASH-PAN TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM - EMBASSY - NIGHT 54

Kurasov stands before a buffet table upon which a million dollars is neatly stacked. He is carefully, almost reverently loading the bills into the open dispatch case before him. Illya as the Stranger paces nervously:

ILLYA

I don't like it.

KURASOV

Come - come. You are not at home where one must always be tuned to the gentle nuances of the plot and counterplot...the sly scheme to undo one by one's own, most ambitious friends. You know, even better than I, the importance of securing all possible information about Strigas.

ILLYA

How can you be sure that Donfield will not take our government's money and give you in exchange the formula for floor wax or some other ridiculous capitalistic product? In the field of diplomacy you are without equal...but where direct espionage is concerned, you would be wise to leave events to professionals such as myself.

Kurasov laughs happily as Vladeck enters.

KURASOV

Thank you, but this will be my
own, personal coup.
(to Vladeck)

So?

54
CONT'D
(2)

VLADECK

Linkwood just phoned. Mr. Donfield
has arrived at the apartment. I
have a car at the entrance.

Kurasov snaps the lid of the briefcase shut.

ILLYA

At least let me go with you...let
me examine these documents. I have
a good deal of experience in these
matters.

KURASOV (thoughtfully)

Mmmm...perhaps that would be wise.
Very well. Come along...but only
as an observer.

VLADECK

But, sir...as your aide it should
be my place to..

He is cut off sharply by the furious Kurasov.

KURASOV

You aid me best by keeping out of
my sight. Stay in your room until
we return.

He lifts up the briefcase and stalks out of the
room. As Iliya follows he waves mockingly at
Vladeck. Left alone, Vladeck stews for a moment,
then he turns and lifts the telephone. He dials
three digits, then into phone...

VLADECK

Code-room? Have you not yet broken
down the Premier's answer to my
request for information on Colonel
Michaelovitch Donyev?

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

55

Mr. Linkwood, dressed in slacks and a smoking jacket, is mixing a cocktail. Mike sits stiffly in a chair, still wearing a topcoat, a briefcase clutched in his arms. Linkwood offers Mike a drink.

MIKE (at drink)

No thanks.

LINKWOOD (sets drink
down)

Don't be afraid... it isn't drugged.
(sips his own drink)

Are you sure that you slipped out
tonight without Mr. Solo's knowledge?

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT (INTERCUT THROUGH SCENE)

56-56X2

Solo is just climbing across the rail and slipping towards the door. As he crouches, watching the men inside, we can HEAR Mike's voice.

MIKE (disgruntled)

I slipped a very strong sedative
into the coffee at dinner.

BACK TO SCENE

57

The BELL RINGS; Linkwood crosses to open the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

58

Kurasov, carrying his briefcase, enters, followed by Iliya. Iliya manages to look very suspiciously at Mike through the balance of the scene.

LINKWOOD

All is in readiness, Excellency.

KURASOV

I will handle it from here.

58
CONT'D
(2)

Linkwood moves back, taking a seat and enjoying his drink as he watches the proceedings. Kurasov crosses to Mike who retains his seat, clutching his briefcase.

KURASOV

Good evening, Mr. Donfield.

MIKE

(nods at Kurasov's briefcase)

Is that my money?

KURASOV (indicates Mike's briefcase)

Is that my information?

MIKE

Maybe.

KURASOV (reaching)

May I see?

Mike ignores the reaching hand. He opens the briefcase and removes a letter. He hands the letter to Kurasov.

MIKE

You may have an hors d'oeuvre. Photostat of the original letter sent to the President urging immediate development of Strigas.

Kurasov reads with interest, then passes it for study to Ilya who has been standing closely at his elbow.

MIKE (cont'd)

You'll recognize the signatures of America's leading scientists. This is what started the whole thing.

Kurasov looks at Ilya who has been studying the letter. Ilya responds with a half-shrug, half-nod.

KURASOV

And just what is Strigas?

MIKE

It stands for STRIKE GAS -- the most carefully guarded secret in the United States since the Manhattan project. Not even Congress has been advised of its existence.

58
CONT'D
(3)

KURASOV

And its function?

MIKE

To provide the White House with the answer to the strategy of Overkill.

KURASOV (with mounting excitement)

The White House now has that answer?

MIKE

In the form of a harmless chemical with the capability of putting entire urban and rural populations to sleep. The advantages are obvious: Where nuclear weapons would not only destroy whole populations, but the enemy's economy and natural resources as well, Strigas would render the military and civilian communities impotent for days. During that period, paratroopers would be dropped; the country overrun and disarmed. . . . When the effect wore off, the invaded nation would be conquered but physically intact.

KURASOV (overwhelmed)

I've heard of America's nerve gas where one drop will kill -- but this! Let me see what you have.

He grabs the briefcase from Mike's arms. Mike sits, watching grimly as Kurasov pulls a mass of loose papers from the briefcase. Illya eagerly closes in to look at the papers. They both look up at Mike in consternation.

KURASOV

What trick is this? These are telephone books...old newspapers... worthless junk...

58
CONT'D
(4)

MIKE (cynically)

And what's in your briefcase... cigar store coupons?

Kurasov hesitates, then smiles grimly.

ILLYA (cynically) SKURASOV (ing the papers as Kurasov
You are a cautious man, Mr. Don-
field. Well, then...see for
yourself.

He places the briefcase upon a table and opens it, exposing the reams of bills. Mike rises and crosses to the table. He picks up a sheaf of bills and carefully examines one. Then he quickly counts the stacks, rifling the bills to see if there are any tricks.

KURASOV

The balance of your million dollars. So?

Mike removes his topcoat. He tears open the lining and a flood of papers and documents spill to the floor. Immediately Kurasov and Illya scramble on the floor, assembling the papers. Illya has a map spread out...various areas circled.

ILLYA

This map?

MIKE

The red circles mark the underground locations of our plants in Alaska where Strigas is being produced in mass quantities. The blue circles indicate the locations of the ICBMs and Strategic Air Force Bombers which have been allocated to deliver the Strigas.

(indicates papers Kurasov holds)

Those are the primary targets.

(a paper Illya holds up)

Production methods, analysis, and assemblage.

KURASOV

And this?

INSERT CLOSE ON FORMULA

59

A very involved equation.

MIKE (O.S.)

That...is the formula for Strigas.

BACK TO SCENE

60

Illya is carefully scrutinizing the papers as Kurasov turns to him triumphantly.

KURASOV

Well?

ILLYA (almost reluctantly)

It all appears to be in order.

KURASOV (crowing)

Appears! Appears! I guarantee you, Colonel. These papers represent my promotion to the position of First Deputy Premier.

(to Mike)

Take your money, Mr. Donfield. You have earned it...

Mike snaps the money briefcase closed and turns towards the door.

MIKE

Thank you, gentlemen. Good...

He breaks off as the door suddenly flies open revealing Vladeck standing there, gun pointed.

MED SHOT - THE GROUP

61

As they all freeze for a moment, Vladeck steps into the room, kicking the door shut behind him. His gun is for Mike and Illya. Linkwood is on his feet now.

VLADECK

Stay where you are.

KURASOV

Just what do you think you are doing, you fool.

Vladeck takes a cablegram from his pocket and passes it to Kurasov.

VLADECK

I took the liberty of cabling the Premier...in your name, Sir, requesting verification of the courier he was supposed to have sent. You hold his answer.

61
CONT'D
(2)

KURASOV (looks up at Illya)

He sent none!

ILLYA

The Premier doesn't dare confirm...

VLADECK (interrupts strongly)

He dares! My cablegram stressed the dangers to us all.

Illya has moved over so that he stands beside Mike, two isolated men.

LINKWOOD (indicates them)

Then who are these people?

KURASOV (dangerously)

Who, indeed? What was your purpose, gentlemen?

(no answer)

What is your apparatus? C.I.A.? The French Deuxieme Bureau. The British Fourth Section?

(no answer)

Colonel Donyev, or whoever...you shall return to the embassy with us.

I assure you...before the sun has risen...the both of you will tell me everything.

Illya suddenly opens his hand revealing a capsule. Before anyone can move he has popped the capsule into his mouth and swallowed it.

ILLYA

I will tell you nothing. The price of failure, gentlemen. We all know it...

He drops to the floor, gasps once, and lies still. As Mike stares in horror with the others, Linkwood drops to his knees and leans over Illya, sniffing at his lips.

LINKWOOD

The scent of bitter almonds...
Cyanide.

61
CONT'D
(3)

KURASOV (to Mike)

And do you chose the same method of
escape?

Mike looks at Illya, shakes his head tightly, and
stands in place.

KURASOV

No? In that case, it gives me
pleasure to leave you to the not
very tender mercies of your own
people. I don't wish for my friend,
Mr. Linkwood, to have any...
embarrassment over this incident in
his apartment. We will give you one
hour in which to dispose of your
companion's body. It would be
best for all of us, your organiza-
tion included, that we have no
further fuss. But if Mr. Linkwood
returns and this...

(kicks Illya)

...is still here, we will arrange
things so that the police have incon-
troversial proof that you murdered him.
Good night.

Laughing, Kurasov picks up his briefcase and leaves,
followed by Linkwood and Vladeck.

ANOTHER ANGLE

62

Mike quickly moves to kneel beside Illya as Solo
enters from the terrace. Solo ignores Illya and
crosses to pick up Mike's untouched drink.

MIKE (worried)

Illya...you didn't really...

Illya rolls over and sits up, disgusted, rubbing his
side.

ILLYA

Not really - no. However, when Mr.
Waverly hears of this I shall probably
wish I really had.

SOLO (toasting)

Well...there goes the old ball game.

As he drinks.

FREEZE FRAME

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN: INT. LINKWOOD PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

63

It is only a few minutes later. Illya is gathering up the phoney papers as Solo stands near the terrace, staring out, thoughtfully. Mike sits in a chair, looking miserable.

MIKE
I'm sorry, fellas. I sure thought we had him there. He almost swallowed the hook.

ILLYA
Almost. A word that sticks edge-wise in the throat to strangle one.
(admiring the formula)
Still..it was a lovely little scheme.

SOLO (turning back)
Too lovely to blow at this stage. There must be some way to recoup. No ideas, Illya?

ILLYA
How can I have ideas? I am dead.
MIKE
For a minute I believed it...

He breaks off as Solo snaps his fingers.

SOLO
That's right! You are dead! But who sent you?

MIKE
What do you mean?

ILLYA (watching Solo, waves at Mike)
Quiet...my friend has a thought, I just felt the floor tremble.

Illya is alone, face down on the floor, apparently still dead. Linkwood kneels by the door as if to address the body.

LINKWOOD (for himself)
I thought you'd be dead.

SOLO (taking out
radio)

63
CONT'D
(2)

I feel it is terribly important
that Ambassador Kurasov know who you
work for, my dear Colonel Michaelo-
vitch Donyev.

(into radio)

Open Channel D.

(radio BEEPS electronic
response)

Alert Section Four... Photography
and documents for an emergency
operation. I'll be there in fif-
teen minutes.

He clicks off and returns the radio to its case.
He quickly gathers up all the false documents and
tosses them into Mike's briefcase.

MIKE

But what can we do now?

Solo grabs his arm and hustles him towards the door,
still carrying the briefcase.

SOLO

You and I are going to have a few
special pictures taken.

(to Illya)

Illya, you wait here for Mr.
Linkwood to return. Bring him
home, alive and unmarked.

ILLYA (as they go)

Must you qualify your requests...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LINKWOOD'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The room is dark as the door is being unlocked. The
door is opened and Linkwood enters. He steps in,
closes the door, and turns on the lights. For a
moment he looks around with smug satisfaction, then
as he steps past the couch he sees:

ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE ILLYA

Illya is lying face down on the floor, apparently
still dead. Linkwood kneels beside him, as if to
inspect the body.

LINKWOOD (to himself)

I thought you'd be gone...

ILLYA (sitting up)
But where would I go?

65
CONT'D
(2)

Linkwood drops into a sitting position, his mouth flying open in frightened surprise.

LINKWOOD
But you...you're...you're dead...

ILLYA
In that case, this should not hurt you at all.

And he lifts both hands, bringing them down to chop into the sides of Linkwood's neck. Linkwood slumps over, unconscious as Illya rises, brushing himself off.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

66

Waverly, Solo, Illya standing. A tight-lipped Linkwood seated. Waverly offers him a cigarette from box on desk. Linkwood desperate, takes one.

WAVERLY (lighting it)
Sorry about the rough stuff, but believe me, Mr. Kuryakin was handling you almost tenderly...in comparison to what he plans to do to you...
(Linkwood inhales deeply, watches glowering Illya)
However, I might persuade him to allow you to live...provided you tell us a few odds and ends about Mr. Kurasov...about your intelligence apparatus.

Linkwood shakes his head "no", then inhales again, grimaces at the odd taste of the tobacco.

WAVERLY
No?...pity... We'd be happier with you if you volunteered the information. As it is, when we get the information from you...without your cooperation, I won't be able to protect you.

SOLO
It's criminal, the way truth drugs in a cigarette spoil the pleasure of smoking.

Linkwood looks at the cigarette, drops it like a hot iron. Solo smiles pleasantly at him.

66
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
In about thirty seconds you are going to tell us everything we want to know. That's how long before the drug takes effect. Afterwards...we'll toss you to Illya.

LINKWOOD (panic)
Wait! It isn't necessary! I'll tell you... Kurasov has little to do with the espionage apparatus. He is primarily diplomatic. Mr. Smith is in charge of my unit...she reports directly back to General Kolodin through the diplomatic pouches... that's where Kurasov comes in...
(breaks off)

But...it's more than thirty seconds. I don't feel any change...

SOLO (takes a cigarette from box)

Why should you? Turkish cigarettes have a very strong taste but some people learn to like them.

LINKWOOD (livid)
Do what you will to me! I will tell you nothing more!

Waverly presses a button. Panels open...revealing camera and tape recorder whirling away.

WAVERLY
I doubt that. We've done for you - as you did for Donfield. These tapes and film could find their way to General Kolodin. I understand he disposes of his mistakes by garotte.

Linkwood's face reflects his panic.

WAVERLY
You are our animal as of now. Actually, we don't need any of your information. We now know enough about your network to scoop in all the pieces any time we wish. We only have one small errand we wish you to perform.

LINKWOOD

What...what is that?

66
CONT'D
(3)

Waverly nods towards Solo. Solo reaches down and brings a small suitcase up from the floor. As he places it on the table:

SOLO

You're to go to the Embassy and wake up Ambassador Kurasov. And then you're to tell him.....

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM - EMBASSY - NIGHT
CLOSE ON LINKWOOD

67

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Linkwood talks to reveal him standing, shaken, before Kurasov standing in pajamas and bathrobe, obviously summoned from his bed... looking appalled. Vladeck, also in pajamas and bathrobe stands nearby trying to absorb the information. Linkwood is talking rapidly, the suitcase standing open on a table nearby. It seems empty.

LINKWOOD

...and when I returned, the body was still on the floor. Donfield had apparently bolted, leaving things as they were. But before I could set in motion the steps to implicate him for murder, I received a most urgent report from our Z Section. It seems that Colonel Michaelovitch Donyev is really one of our people!

KURASOV (grabs his throat)

What are you saying?! Vladeck has the communication from the Premier...

LINKWOOD

The Premier didn't send the Colonel. General Kolodin sent him...secretly...

KURASOV (releases Linkwood)

Kolodin! For what? To spy on me?

LINKWOOD

To secure the Strigas objective..
and to keep you off the trail.

(silence in the room, then)

General Kolodin wants Strigas for
himself! To enhance his own position
with the Secretariat. To advance
himself politically! It was to be
General Kolodin's personal coup.

67

CONT'D

(2)

KURASOV

That's why Donyev kept trying to
turn me off... tried to take over
the operation himself.

(breaks, slams his fist
on desk)

No! No..no..no! I don't believe
it! What proof do you have of all
this?

Linkwood moves to the suitcase.

LINKWOOD

I felt as you...so I went to Donyev's
place and tore it apart. I found
this suitcase. The bottom is false...

(lifts out bottom,
revealing papers)

...and inside.....see for yourself.

He takes out papers and photographs, passing them
to Kurasov for inspection as he talks. Mme. Kurasov,
in negligee, comes in sleepily as the scene continues.

LINKWOOD

Colonel Donyev has been trailing
Mike Donfield and Mr. Solo for
weeks. He took these photographs...

(displays photos)

...with a telephoto lens. He caught
them entering the White House for
conferences...then he followed them
to Nome, Alaska...

As Linkwood continues to pass photos to Kurasov,
who reacts as he examines them. Linkwood hands
him a report from the suitcase.

LINKWOOD (continued)

Here is the Colonel's report. They disappeared in the Alaska range... by helicopter. They couldn't be tracked by radar due to the mountain barrier. The Colonel had deduced that the manufacturing plant for Strigas was there. It's all in the report.

(Hands him tape recordings)
I've played these tape recordings. They are conversations from the White House to Donfield... the Colonel had discovered the direct line and tapped it.

MME. KURASOV (entering)

What is all the excitement about?

They all ignore her.

VLADICK

But Excellency, why would Colonel Donyev kill himself?

KURASOV (beside himself)

This is all your fault! Don't you see even yet? He had failed Kolodin! We had exposed him... and it was to be my coup! If he had talked, I would have destroyed Kolodin after my promotion! The promotion that would have been mine if I had secured the secrets of Strigas. I had it in my hand. I threw it away.

MME. KURASOV

Really... what have you thrown away?

They continue to ignore her.

67
CONT'D
(3)

LINKWOOD

You've thrown all our lives away, Excellency. When General Kolodin finds out that we destroyed his agent... that we let Strigas slip out of our hands, he will turn us all over to the central committee. You know how his mind works.

67
CONT'D
(4)

KURASOV (sweating)

I know! He will claim that we violated his area of authority... that we botched his operation... that we wrecked his apparatus! He will have us killed...
(a thought)
...unless!

LINKWOOD (cautiously)

Unless... Excellency?

KURASOV (thundering)

Unless I send home Strigas!

FLASH PAN TO:

68-69 OUT

INT. PARK IMPERIAL SUITE - NIGHT

70

The place is a mess. Suitcases are standing open, apparently hastily packed with clothing. Anne and Mike are standing in the middle of the room, dressed, kissing. As they break, Solo's VOICE comes from the TV set:

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)

Sorry to interrupt, but Illya just sent up word that Kurasov and Linkwood are on their way up.

Anne jumps away from Mike, flustered, addressing herself to the TV set.

ANNE

Darn you, Mr. Solo. I forgot that we have no privacy since you came into our lives.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)

My apologies...but Kurasov won't talk with me in the room...so closed circuit TV is the only way I can sit in.

MIKE (to Anne)
When this is over, honey, it'll be you and me in a canoe in the middle of the Atlantic ocean for a week. I promise.

ANNE (indicates TV set)
He'll be there...in a submarine... with a periscope...watching.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)
No I won't. I'll be too busy in my own canoe. All right now...this is our last chance. Go into your act.

ANNE
I don't know if I can act the way you want....

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)
You'll be great. No more talk from me. He should be here now.

A CLICK is heard as Solo flips a switch. Anne and Mike look at each other. Mike kisses her lightly.

MIKE
Like the man said, dear...you'll be great. Go ahead!

They quickly move to work, throwing clothing into the suitcases. They whirl around as the door is abruptly opened and Kurasov enters, carrying his briefcase, followed by Linkwood.

KURASOV
Running away, Mr. Donfield?

As they talk, Linkwood closes the door and Kurasov advances further into the room.

ANNE (angrily)
Get out of here!

MIKE (arm around her)
Of course we're running away! What else can I do after this mess you've got me into?

ANNE (to Kurasov)
Why couldn't you leave him alone?!

KURASOV (to Mike)

So, you've told her. (to Anne)
I only meant to enrich your husband,
my dear. Really...this is not
necessary.

70
CONT'D
(3)

MIKE

No? What do you think I'm going to
do? Hang around? Oh, you boys are
cute. You kill each other and tag
me for it - huh? You turn in evi-
dence against me for murder, treason,
immorality...what else? You do a
good job!

KURASOV

All a misunderstanding that can
easily be cleaned up...

MIKE

No thank you! You've done enough to
me! I'm getting away while I've got
a chance!

KURASOV (smoothly)

Getting away...? To where? Do you
have money? Can you run far? Can
you hide without it? And you're not
simply a murderer whom only the police
will pursue. All the forces of your
government will be looking for a per-
son who disappears from your position.

MIKE

I don't have much choice--you've seen
to that!

KURASOV

You do have a choice. We will get
rid of the Colonel's body. That
will eliminate the murder charge.
And--after we complete our little
arrangement, you will be wealthy.

(opens briefcase on desk
revealing money)

And you will still be able to retain
your position of trust.

ANNE (pleads with Mike)

Don't listen to him, Mike. You
can't believe anything he tells you.

KURASOV (angrily)

I assure you, Madam... I want trouble no more than you do.

(to Mike)

Now where are those documents?

MIKE

Oh, now you believe me - huh?

Suddenly; you want to buy again.

Why?

Kurasov draws a gun and points it at them. His voice is low, dangerous.

KURASOV

"Why" need not concern you. There

is an airplane leaving for my nation

in one hour. Those papers of yours

must be aboard. Close our deal now -

or I'll kill you both.

ANNE

Oh, Mike...

MIKE (to Kurasov)

As usual... you don't give me any choice, do you?

KURASOV

None!

There is a moment as their eyes meet. Then Mike steps away from Anne. He picks up the topcoat that he had worn to Linkwood's apartment and tosses it to Kurasov.

MIKE

The papers are where they were before.

Quickly Kurasov opens a corner of lining and pulls out a paper. It is the formula. He glances inside at the contents, then satisfied, throws the coat over his arm. He backs to the door beside Linkwood.

LINKWOOD

Are they the right papers?

KURASOV

All here. Within twenty-four hours, I shall be the hero who secured Strigas for our Secretariat. And General Kolodin shall be dead. And you my friend -- I will see that you are rewarded later.

LINKWOOD (weakly)

I ask nothing, your excellency. Let
all the credit be yours.

70
CONT'D
(5)

He opens the door and scurries out. Kurasov hesitates
in the doorway and waves the coat at Mike.

KURASOV

I'll keep your coat, Mr. Donfield.
Buy yourself a new one.

(indicates briefcase)

You can afford it.

He laughs and exits. He is no sooner out of the room
than Ann blows air in relief and sinks onto the couch.
Mike leans over and kisses her heartily, then turns
to the T.V. set.

MIKE (to T.V.)

Watch, Brother...and learn how to
kiss a woman.

The bedroom door opens and Solo enters.

SOLO

I'll watch from up close now. You
two were just wonderful. A very
professional act.

He is closing the money briefcase as the hallway door
opens and Ilyya enters.

ILLYA

The fish has bitten?

SOLO

And been reeled in.

(tosses briefcase to Ilyya)

Now put him in the frying pan. Our
pilot is waiting.

Ilyya starts for the door.

ANNE

What are you going to do with all
that money?

SOLO

Deposit it. You see, before we
started, we arranged for a Safety
Deposit box in a Swiss bank. It
isn't in Ambassador Kurasov's name,
but we've let some information leak
to General Kolodin that makes it
appear that Kurasov owns the box.
The General's agents have been
watching the box since.

ILLYA (pats briefcase affectionately)
Now...into that box goes this million dollars. General Kolodin has the serial numbers of all monies issued to the embassies. These serial numbers included.

70
CONT'D
(6)

ANNE
Why...why that's positively diabolical!

SOLO (modestly)
We try...

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. EMBASSY SITTING ROOM - DAY

71

Kurasov, quite pleased with himself, stands adjusting his tie. Madam Kurasov enters, her frock open in back. She offers him her back.

MADAM KURASOV
Would you, dear?

KURASOV (zipping it closed)
Of course. And may I tell you how lovely you are looking?

MADAM KURASOV
Why thank you. You know, you seem very pleased with yourself these days. Are you anticipating something?

KURASOV
As a matter of fact, I am. Perhaps a little surprise.

MADAME KURASOV
Surprise?

KURASOV
Something on the order of returning to our country...as the First Secretary.

MADAME KURASOV
Laslo! Have you heard something?

Before Kurasov can answer, Vladeck enters. There is something in his manner...a bit of smugness...arrogance, perhaps.

KURASOV

And since when do you enter here without knocking?

VLADECK (broadly)

A thousand pardons, Excellency. But I had some news that could not wait. A dispatch from home.

Madam and her husband reacts with undisguised pleasure.

KURASOV

We are to return...yes?

VLADECK

Yes...Excellency. You are to return. On the very next plane.

Kurasov and his wife embrace.

KURASOV (to wife)

See...see...I told you.
(to Vladeck)

There was more? Perhaps something of an advancement?

VLADECK

Oh, yes. I have been advanced... to take your position here. I am the Ambassador now.

KURASOV (frowns)

I will see about that when I get home.

VLADECK

When you get home, you will be very busy explaining to the Secretariat why you sent them the formula for American Floor Wax.

There is stunned silence for a moment. Kurasov and his wife turn to each other, Kurasov gasping for breath.

MADAM KURASOV

What is he talking about?

KURASOV (to Vladeck)

But it can't be! I sent them the plans for Strigas.

VLADECK
They know nothing of Strigas.
They believe there is no such
thing. You sent them floor wax.

71
CONT'D
(3)

Kurasov is sweating now.
Kurasov barely sees Mike before they come upon Mike
and Anne kissing. KURASOV: The couple break
long enough. Now wait...wait...there's some-
thing wrong here. A mistake,
perhaps...but an honest mistake.
I was only doing my duty...

VLADECK
Your duty? Well --- General
Kotodin has a few questions.
Something about a million dollars
of our government's money,
deposited in your safety deposit
box in Switzerland.

KURASOV (a hoarse cry)
What are you talking about???

VLADECK (smoothly)
The General will explain it all
back at to you upon your arrival.
cut-off sight.

He steps aside and two extremely tough looking men
step in, bulges under their arms indicating their
position.

VLADECK
Mike and I believe you know these two
gentlemen from our Z Section.
They will escort you to the
airport and accompany you on
your flight.
(in Kurasov's old tone)
Get out of here, you fool.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

72

A sleep jet plane, loading passengers.

INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR - DAY

73

CAMERA IS MOVING DOWN THE HALLWAY WITH Kurasov, his
wife, and their two-man escort. He looks numbed,

disbelieving. She is furious with him. They come abreast of Solo who leans casually. As they pass.

73
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (waves)
Bye.....

Kurasov barely sees him before they come upon Mike and Anne kissing in the corridor. The couple break long enough to wave as the group passes.

MIKE
Have a good flight.

ANNE
Wear a warm coat.

They go back to kissing as Kurasov gropes, trying to stop, but the escort forces them on. They now come abreast of Illya (not in disguise). Illya waves.

ILLYA
I'd give you a pill, but it failed to work on me, you see.

Kurasov is forced on. Dawning realization as to who Illya is shows in Kurasov's eyes which stare back at the Russian in horror. Then he is forced out of sight.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA, SOLO, MIKE AND ANNE

74

Mike and Anne stand where they had been, kissing, as Solo and Illya close in on them.

ILLYA
Where are we sending these two?

SOLO
Top secret. Mr. Waverly wouldn't even tell me. Something about a second honeymoon.

ILLYA
I understand he's quite a successful business man now. A lot of work is flowing in.

SOLO
So I hear. Mr. Waverly has been recommending his work to several large concerns.

ILLYA

Well we know they are excellent exterminators. Do you suppose there is anything else we might do for them?

SOLO

I wouldn't think so. They seem to have everything now. Except - I do understand they want some children.

ANNE (breaks kiss,

looks up)

Thanks! But that we can take care of all by ourselves.

SOLO

Well, if you're sure....

MIKE

We're sure.

They go back to their kiss. Illya and Solo look at each other, shrug, and start walking away from the couple, TOWARDS CAMERA as we:

FREEZE FRAME:

THE END