

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

The Concrete Overcoat Affair

Prods. #8433-8444

On the cover of Part I the credits
should read as follows:

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The Man From
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PART II

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

169X1

Decked out as it was during its heyday in the prohibition days, the place is a hubbub of excitement. At the tables and milling around, are a whole bunch of ELDERLY, tuxedo-clad GANGSTER-TYPES, most of them chomping on cigars and substituting loudness for class. In immediate f.g., Pretty Stilletto stands admiring SIX CHORUS GIRLS who are clothed in abbreviated versions of the Charleston dresses of the 1920's.

PRETTY (to chorus

girls)

Ah, lovely...lovely. Now you little chickadees'll be going on about a half-hour before the actual wedding. You know...warm the joint up a little. And after that...

(pinches one girl

lightly on cheek)

...Well, we'll think of something.

PINCHED CHORUS GIRL

My father's picking Emily and me up at 10:30, Mister Stilletto. See we've got this biology exam in the morning, and...

She breaks off in mid-speech as Pretty pulls his hand back, stares at her as though she had the pox, and shivers in repulsion before moving away, slightly nauseated.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT

169X2

as Pia and Grandmama enter the decorated saloon escorted by Feet. Grandmama is formally attired. Pia is dressed in wedding white, with her hair piled up as we haven't seen it before in the most stylish of coiffures. She looks and feels a bit uncomfortable but she looks gorgeous. The entering couple is greeted by WELCOMING SHOUTS and APPLAUSE.

FEET (indicating Pia)
How's this, you bums? The bride
to be!

CAMERA PANS and, MOVING in, follows Pia, Grandmama and Feet into the main area of the club.

PIA (very unsure)
Napoleon is here, Uncle Federico?
I mean... he knows that... I mean...
the marriage is not..
(beat)
...objectionable to...

FEET (interrupts,
reassuring)
Relax, baby. We promise you a
bridegroom, you get a bridegroom.

CUT TO:

INT. REAR ROOM OF KIT KAT - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

169X3

Fingers stands watching as Crunch, Scissors and Arnold act half as guards and half as valets while they "help" Solo into a tuxedo.

SOLO
Look, Mister Stilletto...

FINGERS (interrupts)
You marry my niece, I'm your uncle.
You call me Uncle Fingers.

SOLO
...Uh...Uncle Fingers, at the risk
of being redundant, this is all
quite a misunderstanding, and --

FINGERS (cutting in,
rather harshly)
What misunderstanding! Look, nephew,
in my family, you take away a dame's
honor, it's right you give it back.
And what is she, ugly?

169X3
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
The lady is lovely, Uncle Fingers.
She is superb. She also is still
possessed of her honor...
(an afterthought)
... at least as far as I know.

FINGERS
Then shuddup. You're gonna get mar-
ried. Period. Half the crumbs out
there ain't been outa the woodwork
in thirty years. But for this...
for the wedding of the Stilletto Brothers'
niece... Listen, you oughta be proud.

SOLO (hopefully)
I'm -- uh -- I'm not Italian, you
know.

FINGERS
S'all right. Try to be proud anyway.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING KIT KAT CLUB - NIGHT - FULL 170

We HEAR music and laughter emanating from within
the ancient saloon, and CAMERA NOW PANS to discover
Strago's sedan as it stops -- its headlights out --
a few yards down the street. Its headlights BLINK
on and off twice, in some sort of signal. CAMERA
NOW PANS quickly back past the Kit Kat facade
toward the far end of the street. Another sedan,
stopping as did Strago's, answers with a double
BLINK of its own.

CUT TO:

INT. STRAGO SEDAN 171

TWO THRUSHMEN sit in the front seat, and a THIRD sits
next to Strago in the rear. They're unusually mean-
looking THRUSHIES -- i.e., the closest thing sophis-
ticated THRUSH might have to a "goon squad." Strago
himself now picks up a telephone from its place on the
inside door panel, and pushes a button several times.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRAGO WHARF - NIGHT - FULL - ESTABLISHING 172

the crate-laden wharf in f.g. (onto which DOCK WORKERS are bringing the last of a whole flock of oblong crates), and the semi-darkened Strago warehouse in b.g. We HEAR A BUZZING NOISE at our end of the wharf, and Professor Von Kronen -- who's been supervising the stacking of the crates (M.O.S.) -- now moves to one of the wharf pilings nearest us.

CLOSE SHOT - VON KRONEN 173

as he unhinges the top of a wharf piling and picks up the telephone receiver secreted within the hollow piling-top.

VON KRONEN
This is Dr. Von Kronen...

INTERCUTS - EXT. WHARF - INT. STRAGO'S CAR 174-175

as Strago and Von Kronen converse via telephone.

STRAGO
Strago here. Are the missiles ready for transportation, Doctor?

VON KRONEN
Ja... all out here on the wharf; all perfect.

STRAGO
And that U.N.C.L.E. agent....I assume Miss Diketon is still
(beat)
playing with him?

VON KRONEN
Wait one moment...
(to nearby worker)
...You... go see if the U.N.C.L.E. agent still lives....
(back into phone; as worker runs toward warehouse)
...Just one minute, Herr Strago...

CUT TO:

INT. STRAGO WAREHOUSE - MED. SHOT

176

Illya is hanging by his wrists from a raised fork-lift. Diketon, sitting on a nearby crate, holds an electrically charged rod which, presumably, she has been using on him; Illya's shirt is torn, and he looks pretty battered.

DIKETON (warm; really
sweet and girlish)
You're...awfully attractive, Illya...
(points rod at him)
...I mean, I've known a lot of
fellows...in college and everything,
before I joined THRUSH; but...
(touches him with rod; it
CRACKLES; he GRUNTS in
dark pain)
Well, they couldn't hold a candle
to you...

CUT TO:

INTERCUTS - EXT. STRAGO WHARF - INT. STRAGO SEDAN

177-178

Von Kronen sees the worker (who's been looking through the warehouse window in b.g.) turn and nod his head vigorously.

VON KRONEN (into phone)
Ja, Herr Strago. She still
(beat)
toys with him.

STRAGO (into phone)
Fine. Tell her I don't want him
killed... However painful that may
be to her... I'll be with you soon.
Right now, however...
(looks o.s. toward Kit Kat)
...I've got still another U.N.C.L.E.
agent to round up. Orders from
Central. Take care, Professor...
(hangs up; to THRUSHMEN)
Let's go... And remember -- we want
Solo alive.

EXT. STREET FRONTING KIT KAT CLUB - MED. FULL 179

as Strago, the three henchmen from his car, and FOUR THRUSHMEN from the vehicle down the street, move toward the Kit Kat Club. Four enter the alley at the side of the building. All are well-armed. CAMERA MOVES IN on the Kit Kat itself, as we

CUT TO:

180 OUT

INT. KIT KAT CLUB - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DOOR TO REAR ROOM 181

as the door opens and the occupants of the room emerge. Fingers Stillette comes out first. Behind him, well guarded and prodded by Crunch, Scissors and Arnold, comes a very trepidatious Solo.

INTERCUTS - GUESTS (FAVORING PIA) - SOLO 182-183

As Solo enters the room, the crowd YELLS cheerily and APPLAUDS once more. Pia, however, rises slowly -- almost involuntarily -- as her eyes lock with those of Solo. Her demeanor reflects both anxiety and apology. Solo is gently prodded forward. Suddenly, however, he stops dead in his tracks -- in a sort of dumb shock - for the combo has now begun PLAYING "HERE COMES THE BRIDE". Feet has put Pia's arm through his own in paternal fashion. The damned thing is actually commencing.

FINGERS (softly in
Solo's ear; his gun at Solo's
back)

Now or never yes or no. You wanna
get married or you wanna get dead?

It is, of course, Hobson's Choice. Solo glances in distaste at the musicians, feels the gun prod his back again, and takes a very deep breath.

SOLO (very softly)
Right now...I want my mother.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. KIT-KAT CLUB - NIGHT - INTERCUTS - SOLO,
PIA ET AL - FRONT DOORWAY

184-185

There is no time lapse. Solo moves in pessimistic resignation toward Pia and Feet and Grandmama. Suddenly the front doors burst open, as Strago and three of his men (each with THRUSH rifles at-the-ready), come smashing in with an immediacy that commands instant silence and attention throughout the saloon.

STRAGO

Right where you are, please,
everyone!

Some of the ex-mobster guests have begun -- reflexively -- to reach toward their shoulder holsters; for whoever these newcomers are, they're uninvited and they've got guns and this the mobsters can understand without discourse. They all freeze, however, as Strago's four remaining men enter, their guns drawn, from the kitchen area in the rear. Strago and Solo exchange knowing -- if not friendly -- stares.

FINGERS

What is this!...

(looks around at
THRUSHMEN)

...What d'you bums think you're...

(suddenly recognizes
Strago)

...Ahh...Mister Strago...

STRAGO (bowing to

Fingers)

Mister Stilletto...I hope you'll not
mind too much, but I've, uh...come
to collect the bridegroom...

(beckons to Solo)

...Mister Solo?

PRETTY (to Strago)

So you do know Solo. You lied to
us. He is your man!

STRAGO (ignoring Pretty -
to Solo)

Come on, Mister Solo...

(as Solo hesitates)

...Now you don't really wish to get
married, do you?

SOLO (eyes Thrush guns)
Well now, I'm just not so sure
about that, uh...

184-185
CONT'D
(2)

FINGERS (seething at
Strago)
Nobody draws on the Stiletto
Brothers, Strago. Nobody!

STRAGO (smiles at
Fingers)
Move, Mister Solo.

Near Solo, Crunch Battaglia stands snarling. The butt of the gun he'd held on Solo was unceremoniously jammed into his pocket when "Here Comes The Bride" started. And now, after only a step or so forward, Solo lunges behind the closely grouped Crunch, Scissors and Arnold - grabbing Crunch's gun as he does so. One of the Thrushmen FIRES at him, but only succeeds in hitting Arnold in the shoulder. Solo FIRES from between Arnold and Crunch, dropping the Thrushman in his tracks.

FEET (to mobster guests)
Get 'em!

The four Thrushmen who've spread out in the rear of the room find themselves suddenly being jumped by the elderly but rough-and-tumble mobsters. One of withdraws a tommy gun from a violin case. Another fits a set of brass knuckles to his hand. Fingers pushes a table over on end for cover (as do Pretty and several others), and draws his own weapon to FIRE at the Strago crew. After the first short hail of gunfire from everywhere and everyone, Strago and his men take cover behind a pillar, in the check room, behind a front table, etc. Grandmama has moved behind a table and is happily CHEERING the battle along, sipping a glass of wine as she does so. Pia is the only one in the room whose instincts aren't geared to a saloon shoot-out. Thus it is that she just stands paralyzed, until Solo dashes from behind a table to literally tackle and knock her to the floor out of the firing line, Strago sees this. He pokes one of his men, and makes a gesture which says "let me have it." The Thrushman reaches into his pocket and pulls forth a small capsule grenade which he hands to Strago.

DRAGO (shouting)
Hold it! Stop firing! Everybody!

184-185
CONT'D
(3)

No one moves from his or her place of cover, but the firing STOPS.

DRAGO (to all)
I have in my hand a capsule grenade
potent enough to blow half this room
apart...
(waits for that to sink in)
...Mister Solo... will you step this
way, please...

The silence is electric. Slowly, Solo rises from behind the cover of the table - and drops his gun.

DRAGO (continuing -
an afterthought)
The young lady, too, I think. Just
a bit of insurance...
(nods at Panzas)
...against renewed hostilities.

FINGERS
Drago, we'll get you for this, I
swear it. On my honor... on the
Code...
(flips thumbnail forward
from between clenched teeth -
the sign of VENDETTA)
...I swear it!

As Pia rises and joins Solo to approach Drago at the front of the room, both Feet and Pretty - having seen Fingers' gesture, repeat it themselves with equal fervor. Now, "guided" by Drago's men, Solo and Pia exit the place, followed one by one - and with their weapons still carefully levelled - by all but two of the Thrushmen. Those two will stand at the front entrance, covering the mobsters, until Drago, his men and his captives, are safely in their cars.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING KIT KAT CLUB - NIGHT - MED.

186

as Solo and Pia are led toward Drago's car.

DRAGO (to Solo)
Sorry to tear you away from your
(beat)
friends, Mister Solo, but Central has
dictated that I'm to drag you and
Mister Kuryakin along on a little
journey. Don't know why myself,
really... interrogation, I suppose.

186
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
You've...got Illya?

DRAGO (as they reach
car)
what there is left of him, yes...

SOLO (as rear door is
opened)
Look; Thrush Central doesn't need
this girl. I'm sure they couldn't
care less about...

DRAGO (interrupts)
I care, Mister Solo...
(touches Pia's cheek
lightly)
...After you, my dear...

Thoroughly frightened, Pia does enter the car. One of the Thrushmen is already in the driver's seat, and while another stands on Solo's side of the car, a third stands on the opposite (i.e., the street) side. It is this last Thrushman whom we see reach into the car window and clamp Pia's wrist to the door panel as soon as she enters.

DRAGO
We're already quite late, Mister
Solo. Now will you be getting into
the car under your own power...or
not?

As he finishes his last sentence, Drago has extended his arm toward the rear seat in a casually inviting gesture. So quickly that the armed Thrushman next to him has no time to prevent it, Solo grabs that extended arm of Drago's and twists it into a half-nelson wrestling hold, so that Drago is standing helplessly (his own arm twisted behind him) between Solo and the Thrushmen. With his one free hand, Solo takes the pistol out of Drago's and levels it at the armed Thrushmen.

SOLO (to First
Thrushman)
Drop it!...
(to Second, as the First
drops gun)
You too...now unlock that girl's
wrist and let her out of there...

186
CONT'D
(3)

As the Second Thrushman begins to comply, ANGLE
WIDENS so that we can see along the street. The
men in the second Thrush vehicle, who've been
waiting for Drago's sedan to take off first, are
not so far away that they can't see there's
trouble. The headlights of the second vehicle go
on, and it peels out from the curb.

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO

187

Seeing the second vehicle coming toward them, Solo
realizes he hasn't got time to do anything but run.
He SHOVES Drago viciously against the First Thrush-
man, knocking them both off balance.

SOLO (yelling to
trapped Pia)
I'll be back, Pia!...

FULL SHOT

188

as the second vehicle comes abreast of Drago's.

DRAGO (pointing after
Solo)
After him! Don't let him get away!

CAMERA FOLLOWS the second car as it pursues Solo
down the street. Solo ducks into an alley, the
Thrushmen jump out of their car to follow him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - ON SOLO

189

as, thinking fast, he lifts a manhole cover, climbs
down, pulls the cover over his head. An instant later,
later, the Thrushmen race by. The manhole cover
is raised just a little. Solo cautiously peers out
as we

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DAY

190

CUT TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

191

of Solo and Waverly, as they stand before a large size wall projection map of the western half of the world.

WAVERLY (pointing)
We've traced them here ... A
privately owned little dot of
an island in the Caribbean ...
from which point apparently
they intend to launch the missiles
to divert the Gulf Stream.

SOLO
... Unless we can prevent it.

WAVERLY
Precisely.
(a beat)
In exactly sixteen hours, Mister
Solo, we will launch three
entire assault groups against
this island. Supported by B-52
bombers, we shall reduce the
island ... and everything on
it ... to rubble.

SOLO

Well... Illya, sir. Strago missed out with me, but...if he is on that island, he's got Illya with him.

191X1
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY (turns away)

I am aware of that, Mister Solo.
(goes to sit at his desk)

SOLO (to his back)

All right; Illya's a Section Two agent and he's expendable just like the rest of us. But what about the girl, Mister Waverly? What about Pia Monteri!

WAVERLY (tired)

Yes, I...read your report about her, Mister Solo. And yes, I realize that she's probably on that island as well.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

191X2

They enter from the corridor, move toward Waverly's desk.

SOLO

Sir; whether through my own fault or not...whether directly or indirectly...I'm responsible for Pia's being there. Illya knows the risks; he's a volunteer. But not that girl!

Waverly is behind his desk now. We have never seen Solo at such an emotional level. Neither has Waverly. There is now a long, long moment of electric silence.

WAVERLY (coldly calm)

Are you an operative in this organization, Mister Solo? If not... I'll have your credentials, please.

SOLO (after a long pause and a deep, calming breath)

I'm...sorry, sir...

(doesn't know what to do with himself)

...I guess I'll...

(turns to leave)

...go get some coffee, or something.

WAVERLY (as Solo
reaches the door)
Mister Solo...

191X2
CONT'D
(2)

(as Solo turns back)
...We will demolish that island
sixteen hours from now, and I swear
to you that there won't be a living
thing left on it...
(softer, as he pretends
to scan a paper on his desk)
...So you won't have time for coffee
if you expect to get there in time
to do anything for those two young
people.

SOLO (a very relieved,
very grateful smile)
Thank you, sir.
(he runs out)

Left alone, Waverly looks up at the door through
which Solo's gone. There is no need now to maintain
the cold, objective facade; and he sighs accordingly.
And he's annoyed with himself.

WAVERLY (to himself;
a deprecating mutter)
Alexander Waverly...sentimental
grandmother of the year...
(flicks intercom switch;
uses the meanest voice
he can muster)
...Why isn't the Strago file on
my desk! You people all asleep
out there?

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN ISLAND - DAY - FULL SHOT (STOCK)
ESTABLISHING

192

A lush, sunny paradise, surrounded by clear blue
water.

EXT. THRUSH COMPLEX - DAY -
(STOCK OR PAINTING)

192X1

INT. MAGNETRON AND ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY - FULL

193

This immense room is, for practical purposes, divided into halves: On one side is a gargantuan machine (the Magnetron) that HUMS like one of the generators at Boulder Dam. It is shaped like a cylindrical pyramid. At present, Professor Von Kronen is raising the volume of the HUMMING noise by operating some knobs and watching a meter on a massive instrument panel set into the wall nearby. The other side of the room is taken up by a long assembly line, at which small box-like objects are being fitted into missiles (such as the ones Illya discovered earlier) by SEVERAL WOMEN, most of whom are young and decidedly attractive. Now, CAMERA picks up Miss Updike as she comes out of an elevator, walks past the assembly line, and heads for another elevator at Von Kronen's end. She is carrying a large sealed envelope. Von Kronen stops her as she passes.

VON KRONEN

Ah, fraulein...Miss Updike.
You go to see Herr Drago?

UPDIKE

Just taking him some orders
we've received from Central.

VON KRONEN (indicates
machine)

You will tell him, please, that
the Magnetron is activated
perfectly by the Heavy Water. And
if these very clever women of his
keep on as they are, the missiles
shall be armed and ready for lowering
to the launching room by evening.

UPDIKE

I'll tell him, Doctor...
(continues walking)

VON KRONEN (an after-
thought)

Uh...Miss Updike. I must tell you...
I cannot forget how
(beat)
beautifully you tortured that Uncle
agent. I would like you to know
that...I admire you very much.
(CLICKS his heels,
and bows)

UPDIKE (blushes)

Why, thank you, Professor. That's
awfully sweet...from a real
professional like you...

Uplike pushes a button which opens the elevator door. As it closes behind her, we

193
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DRAGO'S SUITE - DAY - TWO SHOT

194

of Pia and Drago - as she backs slowly away from him. Behind her is an open balcony (and what appears to be a long drop to the rocks below). The suite itself is magnificently - but antiseptically - decorated.

PIA

You no touch me, you hear?
You stay away!

DRAGO (softly;
bemused)

How odd it is. I, who am impeccable;
who cannot abide that which smacks
of the common...the grimy...

(reaches out
to touch her
face -

she recoils)

...How is it that I desired to bring
you with me to this island...

(he approaches, she
retreats)

...that you, who embody everything
vulgar in the world...fascinate me...

She can see that he's just about a swallow away from climbing all over her. Panicked, she rushes out to the balcony - to its very edge.

PIA

Stay away! I die before you touch
me!

(as he steps toward her)

...I will jump!

Smiling, he intends to call what he believes to be her bluff. She, not bluffing at all, is really going to jump if this creep takes one more step. Just as he leans toward her - and she leans toward the oblivion side of the balcony - they both HEAR the door SLAM on the other side of the room.

194
CONT'D
(2)

INTERCUTS - DRAGO - PIA - UPDIKE

195-197

The slamming of the door has broken the spell for Drago. He wheels around to see Updike standing (with the envelope) inside the room - staring at both him and Pia.

DRAGO (coldly furious)
How dare you...

Updike has just caught the man she idolizes - the man who has been for her unapproachable - making a pass at another girl. Her glance at Drago reflects hurt and bitterness. Her glance at Pia reflects unqualified hate.

UPDIKE (holding out
envelope)
I did knock, sir...twice...

He whisks the envelope out of her hand and uses a knife-like letter opener from his desk to rip its seal.

UPDIKE (cont'd)
It didn't occur to me that you
might be occupied...
(her eyes on Pia)
...with that.

Drago's anger (and embarrassment, really) brings him face to face with Updike in such a strident manner as to command her complete attention. But his anger is no less than Pia's. Her eyes widen in Sicilian indignation as she hears Updike's slur, and her anger takes her part way back into the room. She is now standing right next to the desk on which Drago negligently dropped the letter opener.

DRAGO (can he sluff
it off?)
Don't be absurd, Miss Updike...
(aside; a glance toward Pia)
...disgusting creature...

As Drago reads the contents of the envelope, Updike glares across at Pia. Pia glares back. It is only as Drago finishes reading, and speaks to Updike, that Pia has a chance to make a surreptitious grab for the letter opener. She holds it behind her back, tucking into the rear of the wide cloth sash she wears as a belt.

195-197
CONT'D
(2)

DRAGO (finishing reading)
So that's why I had to keep that
Uncle agent alive. Miss Updike,
go see to it that Kuryakin is
brought up here at once, please...
(as Updike hesitates, eyeing
Pia again)
At once, Miss Updike!

Updike turns and leaves. Drago now regards Pia once more, as he goes to sit down behind his desk. He stares at her and stares at her, as we

ZIP PAN TO:

198-199 (2)

200 OUT

EXT. SPEEDBOAT ON CARIBBEAN - DAY - MEDIUM

201

Solo is alone aboard this sleek twenty foot runabout, as it cuts through the water at a good clip. The surrounding sea is flat and the horizon empty.

ZIP PAN TO:

202 OUT

INT. STRAGO'S SUITE - DAY - FULL SHOT

203

as Illya, preceded by Updike and flanked by his Two Guards, is led into the suite. Pia stands - still tensely - against the far wall. Strago lounges easily behind his desk, the orders from Central in his hands.

STRAGO

Mister Kuryakin; THRUSH Central has decreed that I am to keep you alive and in good health...Does that surprise you?

ILLYA (to Pia)

Are you all right?

STRAGO

I'm speaking to you, Kuryakin!

ILLYA (blandly)

Uh...quite surprised, thank you.
May I ask why?

DRAGO (smiles)
You'll find out in due course.
Meanwhile --

203
CONT'D
(2)

The intercom BUZZES. As Drago flicks its switch, Illya and Pia exchange hapless glances. Updike sees this, and moves so as to stand between them. If Illya's going to look at anybody, Updike would prefer that it be her.

DRAGO (into
intercom)
Well?

RADAR MAN'S VOICE
(filtered)
Orange alert, sir ... fifteen
mile perimeter, coming straight
in from the mainland side. Good
rate of speed, sir.

DRAGO (into intercom)
Oh? ... Prepare the barrier.
I'll come up personally ...
(flicks off intercom;
rises - to Illya)
You may as well come too, Mr.
Kuryakin. Under the circum-
stances, I see no reason why
you shouldn't be given the
guided tour.
(to Pia)
... You, my dear, will remain
here, please ...
(to Updike - indicating
Pia)
... See that she does.

Illya, still flanked by the Two Guards, follows Drago out of the room. Pia and Updike are left to glare at each other.

UPDIKE
Sit down.

Pia remains standing - defiantly - as we

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT

204

The Officer and Radar Man are watching the screen. The Officer's hand is poised above a panel of switches and knobs, but he comes to attention as Strago enters, flanked by Illya, followed by the Two Guards.

STRAGO (in mid-conversation)
...And so Mr. Kuryakin, while much of America and Europe becomes an icy waste, Greenland will become Thrushland...And we shall all live happily ever after...

ILLYA
Will you? What's to prevent the other countries of the world from destroying Thrushland?

STRAGO (indicating
panel of switches)
...That's what I've brought you here to see...
(to Officer)
How close?

OFFICER
Eleven and a half miles, sir.

STRAGO
Set the barrier for ten miles.

As the Officer turns a knob, Strago beckons Illya over to a large, high-powered telescope set upon a tripod before one of the immense windows. Strago points the telescope, steps back.

STRAGO (indicating
scope)
Take a look, Mister Kuryakin.

As Illya looks through the telescope, we

CUT TO:

ILLYA'S POV - THROUGH TELESCOPE

205

A large concave disk is rising on a steel pole straight up out of the ground.

STRAGO'S VOICE (o.s.)
In the bowels of this island, are over one hundred thousand tuning forks...all ready to vibrate at the top of their lungs...

BACK TO SHOT

206

STRAGO (Cont.)

Their cumulative vibration is joined
and funnelled up in a single channel
to that reflecting disk...

(to Officer)

...Activate the barrier, Captain...

(as the officer flicks
switches)

...If sufficiently intense, sound
waves can kill. Ours are magnified
and intense enough...to obliterate...

(looking out to sea)

...Focus in on the approaching
vessel, Mister Kuryakin. Pretend
we're already on Greenland...

(quickly)

...Thrushland...and the United Nations
has sent that vessel to destroy us...

(to Captain - sharply)

...Now, Captain!

As Illya looks through the scope, we

CUT TO:

EXT. SPEEDBOAT ON CARIBBEAN - MED. CLOSE SHOT

207

of Solo, at the controls of the speeding craft.
He suddenly begins to wince in pain. An instant
later, he claps his hands over his ears to shut
out excruciating vibrations. And indeed, the boat
itself has begun to vibrate, as though being shaken
by the scruff of its neck. Solo falls writhing
to the deck. The vibration gets worse and worse.

CUT TO:

ILLYA'S POV - THROUGH TELESCOPE

208

The boat, though still far away, is clearly seen
to explode - i.e., disintegrate - with its pieces
flying all over the ocean. FRAME FREEZES AND
BLURS.

END ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. DRAGO'S SUITE - DAY

Alone in the suite, Pia and Updike have had just about enough of each other.

PIA

You are mad in the head,
I would not spit on your great
Signor Drago...And I have no fear
of you.

Updike stands between Pia and the door; and now Pia slowly, warily advances.

PIA (cont.)

You let me go out of this place...
(pulls letter-opener from sash)
...or I swear I cut you up like a
chicken.

Updike is surprised to see the letter-opener, but her eyes light up at the prospect of tangling with Pia. She smiles in anticipation of combat as she reaches for her own bejeweled stiletto (still carried in a sheath on her leg, as we saw it earlier).

UPDIKE

Oh, I think you should try to
escape: yes...
(both brandishing weapons, they
begin to circle each other)
...Yes....I'm going to love your trying
to escape.

Still circling - silently now - each woman looks for an opening; an opportunity to lunge. Then, as Updike tries a low horizontal slash, Pia grabs her wrist. But, as Pia's about to use the letter-opener, Updike uses her free hand to grab Pia's wrist in the same manner that hers was grabbed. For a long moment, they remain immobile in the center of the room, each trying through sheer strength to free their respective wrists from the grasp of the other. It is Pia who wins. She doesn't use the letter-opener, though; for as she rips her weapon-hand free, she clouts Updike with her closed fist. Updike is knocked down, and Pia rushes to the door. She flings it open - and runs smack into Drago and Von Kronen, for whom the Corridor Guard was just about to open the door. Drago SLAPS the opener out of Pia's hands, and holds her arms immobile as he takes stock of the situation. Updike is picking herself up off the floor. Drago glares at her, then thrusts Pia into the care of the Guard.

DRAGO (to Guard; icily)
Take her back to her cell.

211
CONT'D
(2)

Drago and Von Kronen (who carries a large sheet of paper) enter the room, as the Guard takes Pia o.s. down the corridor. Drago, absolutely furious with Updike, just glares at her as he and Von Kronen move across the room to Drago's desk, and Von Kronen lays the paper out for their observation.

DRAGO (still eyeing Updike)
Go ahead, Doctor....

CLOSE SHOT - PAPER

212

We are looking over their shoulders as Drago and Von Kronen study the paper, on which is drawn a cutaway view of two rooms on the same level, marked "STORAGE" and "LAUNCHING", respectively, and with a long section dividing them, which is marked "TUNNEL". There is also a tunnel (smaller and narrower) running from the launching room through the bedrock of the island to a point beneath the surface of the sea. This last, smaller tunnel is marked "LAUNCHING TUBE", and the point of exit into the sea is marked "EXIT POINT".

VON KRONEN

Two things, Herr Drago; both of which concern the fact that these rooms and this launching tube are located seventy five feet below sea level. First; the tremendous water pressure against these outer doors...

(points to "Exit Point")

DRAGO (interrupting)

You needn't worry about that, Professor. When we're ready to launch the missiles, this tube will be adequately pressurized...I don't intend to drown my people.

INTERCUTS - DRAGO AND VON KRONEN - UPDIKE

213-214

UPDIKE (meekly approaching)
Mister Drago...

DRAGO (to Von Kronen;
pointedly ignoring Updike)
Your second point?

213-214
CONT'D
(2)

VON KRONEN
I would advise that we advance our
timetable; say...twelve hours.
By launching the missiles sooner, we
can take advantage of the tides.

DRAGO
I see. Well, if you can get them
ready that soon, we'll launch them
that soon. Now...

Her stiletto still held absently in her hand, and
fully aware of Drago's anger with her, Updike
once again approaches the desk; her eyes pleading
for his good graces.

UPDIKE
Please, Mister Drago...

DRAGO (to Updike; a quietly
frigid hiss)
I told you to keep that girl here.
I return to find her on her way out -
wielding my letter opener - and you
flat on your back like some rank
amateur.

UPDIKE
Mister Drago...

DRAGO (takes her stiletto;
eyes it disgustedly)
You have failed in your job -- and
Thrush does not tolerate failure...
and you're sick, Miss Updike; even
for Thrush, you're very, very sick...
(gets up, paces floor)
You're aware that my superior at
Central is arriving tonight to approve
our plans and wish us well. I shall
ask him to see that you are transferred.
(a pessimistic afterthought)
For rehabilitation, if possible.

UPDIKE (her world
(collapsing)
Transferred...Away?...From you?

DRAGO

With as unsatisfactory a rating as I
can give you. For I am also sick, Miss
Updike; sick of the very sight of you
and the thought of your

(beat)

unclean mind corrupting the very air I
breathe! You are dismissed, Miss Updike!

213-214
CONT'D.
(3)

Von Kronen likes Updike. His face reflects commis-
eration. But she is too benumbed by Drago's words
to take notice of such things. In shock, she moves
to the door and very quietly exits - shattered.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - UPDIKE

215

As she emerges from Drago's suite and just stands
there for a moment, in sadness. Then, her head
comes up slightly - her eyes narrow - her chin
begins quivering with rage. She's getting mean; and
she now has AN IDEA. She moves, purposefully, out
of FRAME, as we

CUT TO:

INT. DRAGO'S SUITE - VON KRONEN AND DRAGO

216

VON KRONEN

Each missile will be numbered, and
each will travel approximately one mile
farther than the one launched before it.

The intercom on Drago's desk BUZZES.

DRAGO (into intercom)

Yes?

RADAR MAN'S VOICE (filtered)

Sir, we've got another vessel within the
fifteen mile perimeter. Larger and slower
...fishing boat, probably.

DRAGO

Well, don't use the sound barrier this
time. I don't want a lot of debris
that'll bring search planes into the
area...

(eyeing Von Kronen for emphasis)

We're going to launch the missiles tonight
and I want no delays. Send out a patrol
boat instead.

ZIP PAN TO

EXT. CARIBBEAN - DAY - FULL SHOT

217

of an old, lumbering fishing boat as it lies motionless in the water.

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO - CLOSE

218

as he is hoisted off his slab of debris, out of the water and over the side of the boat, by two pairs of arms. He lies on the deck for a moment, catching his breath. ANGLE WIDENS as he looks up - into a revolver aimed at his nose.

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO - PANZAS - CRUNCH - SCISSORS

219

It was Crunch and Scissors who (dressed in fishermen's garb) hauled Solo in. It is Fingers who holds the gun on him. Pretty and Feet stand right behind Fingers.

SOLO (unpleasantly surprised, and very tired)
Oh, well, just...toss me back in, will you? We'll call it even.

FINGERS
Some of our old pals -- They traced Drago's boat out of Chicago and down through the Gulf. We know he's on that island. Why ain't you?

FEET
Yeah! You're his buddy, ain't ya?

SOLO
Not exactly, no.

PRETTY
And where's Pia? Is she on the island?...
(advances menacingly)
Where's our niece, Punk!

SOLO (rises unsteadily)
 Look; you want Pia safe. So do I.
 But if you want to get any closer to
 that island, you'd better know how
 to swim, 'cause they've got some kind
 of a doozey of a weapon there that'll
 stop you just as...

219
 CONT'D
 (2)

FEET (interrupting)
 And we want Drago. Pia and Drago.

SOLO
 Yeh, I know; your Vendetta.
 Still, you can't just go
 galumphing into...

Solo stops as he sees that the faces he faces are like
 stone walls. He utters a deep sigh, and looks at
 his watch.

SOLO
 Let's get in out of the sun, shall
 we? And I'll tell all you nice
 people a story; about the Gulf
 Stream, and nuclear missiles, and
 a wicked little bird called THRUSH...
 How 'bout it?
 (as they hesitate)
 We haven't much time, gentlemen...

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CELL - ILLYA AND PIA

220

The place was carved out of the rock, and is bare save for two narrow cots. The door is of steel, with a small barred window.

PIA

I did not mean to cause such complicated thing for Signor Solo. But since now you tell me he is policeman...now I understand.

ILLYA

Well, we're not exactly policemen, really. We're more of a...

PIA (interrupting)

And you. I make trouble for you, too. Now you must worry about my life as well as your own...

(very straightforward)

You know...you are a very nice fellow. I like you.

ILLYA (smiles)

I like you, too.

PIA (appraising him frankly)

Si...very nice. You, uh...

(little thoughts are blossoming)
...you no Italian, eh?

ILLYA (quickly)

Uh, no; no...definitely not, no...

(to be gallant)

Pity, isn't it?

PIA (moves closer)

Oh, it not matter really. It is just that Grandmama, she always say...

Pia is interrupted and Illya saved by, the SOUND of a LIGHT TAPPING of the steel cell door. Both Illya and Pia come alert, and he moves quickly to peer out of the barred window.

INTERCUTS - INT. CELL - INT. CELL CORRIDOR

221-222

as Updike, alone in the short, semi-lit corridor,
exchanges whispers with Illya through the bars.

UPDIKE

I only have a minute. If I help
you get free...what then?

ILLYA (suspicious)

Who wants to know?

UPDIKE (softly;

off somewhere)

Listen to me, Illya. Strago --
I hate him. I want to see him
fail...see him crawl. Then I'd
like to kill him...slowly...I'd
like to...

ILLYA

Eh...you said you only have a
minute.

UPDIKE (back

to reality)

There'll be a party tonight. I
think you're supposed to -- provide
some of the entertainment.

(as Illya reacts

in some puzzlement)

Promise me you'll destroy Louis
Strago, and I'll help you get free...
yes or no?

ILLYA

What about Pia? I won't leave
without...

UPDIKE (interrupts)

Just you, I said...yes or no.
Quickly!

Illya turns to Pia. She nods -- and the nod says 221-222
 "I understand -- go." Illya turns back to Diketon. CONT'D
 (2)

ILLYA (in torment)
 ...Yes...
 (as Diketon leaves
 abruptly)
 ...Hey...wait!....

But Diketon is gone.

ZIP PAN TO:

223 OUT

EXT. STILLETTO FISHING BOAT - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

224

As Crunch and Scissors work along the decking (one coiling rope, the other draining the bilges aft), we HEAR Solo and the Stilletto's through the open hatch in the side of the cabin.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)
 Well, that's the story, gentlemen...

PRETTY'S VOICE (o.s.)
 ...And we used to think Mafioso
 was something big. Huh! They're
nuts, these THRUSH guys.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)
 Granted, granted...But that fact
 doesn't help us get to them on that
 island. Now in a very few hours, my
 friends are going to be coming to
 level the place. So if we're...

224
 CONT'D
 (2)

COMERA MOVES IN on Crunch, as he looks o.s. toward
 the horizon, and catches sight of something.

FINGERS (interrupting)
 They're gonna run the world, eh?
 With punks like that Drago guy.
 Why, that Unamerican pinko fascist...

LONG SHOT - CRUNCH'S POV

225

Still far off, but coming fast, is a Thrush patrol
 boat.

FINGERS' VOICE (cont. -
 o.s.)
 ...His bunch ain't gonna ruin my
 American way of life, I can tell
 ya!

BACK TO SHOT

226

as Crunch moves swiftly to the cabin doorway.

CRUNCH (calling
 inside)
 Hey, Feet...Fingers, Pretty!...We
 maybe gonna have some visitors.

Solo and the Panzas come barreling out of the
 cabin to look in the direction (o.s.) that Crunch
 is pointing.

SOLO
 Coming straight out from the island.
 Patrol boat, probably.

FINGERS (disdainful)
 Try rum-running for a while, kid.
 You learn how to handle patrol boats
 pretty good...
 (to his fellows -- almost happily)
 ...You guys remember, Eh?

As the others nod with relish.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING BOAT - PATROL BOAT - FULL SHOT

227

as the THRUSH patrol boat, with twin .50 calibres mounted behind its bridge and the Officer we saw in the Control Tower in command, pulls abreast of the fishing boat. There is a FIRST THRUSHMAN at the helm, a SECOND at twin .50's, and (besides the Officer) a THIRD and FOURTH THRUSHMAN brandishing their respective weapons. The FOURTH THRUSHMAN tosses a line across to Scissors, as the two vessels come together.

MEDIUM SHOT

228

Solo, Crunch and Scissors, who appear to be fisherman (Solo has removed his shirt and jacket, and replaced them with a seaman's sweater) have been laboring at their "fishing boat chores" in full view of the THRUSHMEN. Also in full view, is Fingers. He is still in his business suit, and sits in a chair, shielded from the sun by the shadow of the cabin, quietly enjoying a good cigar.

OFFICER (through
bull-horn)
You are in restricted waters.
Please turn all hands to, and
prepare to be boarded for...

INTERCUTS - FISHING BOAT - PATROL BOAT

229-230

CAMERA IS CLOSE on the cabin hatch of the fishing boat. The barrel of Pretty's revolver sneaks out and interrupts the Officer in mid-speech, as it FIRES at the Second THRUSHMAN - knocking him from the machine gun mounting. As the Third THRUSHMAN FIRES at the hatch opening, Feet (who now pokes his head and submachine gun up through the hatch cover in the bow of the fishing boat) GUNS DOWN the Fourth. While this is happening, Solo has taken a flying leap from his position atop the old cabin, and lands heavily on the Officer. They both crash to the deck of the patrol boat, as Crunch flings a wrench which misses the Third THRUSHMAN'S body, but does strike his hand. His weapon knocked from his grasp, the Third now dashes up toward the .50 calibres. Feet FIRES at him with the sub-machine gun, but his position (still firing up from the hatch in the bow) does not give him a clear line of fire at the Third THRUSHMAN, who does reach the mounting. Solo has a half-nelson of the Officer, as they lay flat on the patrol boat decking.

SOLO (applying
physical pressure)
I suggest we keep our heads down.

229-230
CONT'D
(2)

The Third THRUSHMAN RAKES part of the fishing boat's deck - hitting Scissors - before Pretty, emptying his clip, blows the Third right off into the water. The Officer being held down by Solo is now the only one of the opposition left. Crunch sees the fallen Scissors and rushes toward him.

CRUNCH
Scissors!...Scissors!

He kneels down beside his fallen friend. After a moment:

CRUNCH (looking
up, almost in bewilderment,
to the others)
He's dead....

Now his seeming disbelief turns to anguish and then rage. He rises, advances toward the Officer, whom Solo has hoisted to his feet.

CRUNCH (indicating
Scissors)
Thirty-five years I knew this bum!
(to the Officer, livid)
And you guys killed him!

He lunges at the Officer like some great, dumb monster. The Officer tries to back away, but Crunch, clumsy-footed though he is, manages to grab him around the neck with one ham-like paw, and is about to choke the life out of him when:

SOLO
No, Crunch!

Solo seizes Crunch, turns a beseeching glance toward the Panzas, who promptly come to his aid and pull Crunch off the hapless, gasping Officer.

PANZAS (ad lib)
Easy, Crunch...Take it easy, kid...
It's okay, pal....etc.....

Solo Turns to the Officer and:

SOLO (to Officer)
If you don't want us to turn him
loose, my friend, I'd suggest you
take us to your little island home.

229-230
CONT'D
(3)

A look at the Officer's face suggests that he more
than welcomes this alternative, as we:

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ISLAND DOCK - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

231

as the THRUSH patrol boat pulls quietly into its slip. No guards are visible either on the small dock, nor on the path which leads from the dock to a wooded rise, beyond which is the main part of the island. Crunch jumps onto the dock and secures the vessel to its moorings. Solo motions the officer to step to the dock and follows him. Solo wears a Thrush uniform.

MEDIUM SHOT - ON DOCK

231X1

SOLO (calling back
to boat)
Ready?

FINGERS (v.o.)
Ready...

He and his brothers come into frame, onto the dock. They are wearing Thrush uniforms, taken from their attackers.

SOLO
..Come along, Captain...And if any of the information you've given us is wrong, you are going to have a very baaad evening. Crunch; this boat'll probably be our only transportation out of here. We'll need a good man to stay aboard.

CRUNCH
Me and the boat'll be here...
(as the group leaves him)
...Good luck, you guys.

MEDIUM SHOT

232

following Solo, the Stilletto and the Officer (who is flanked and held by Pretty and Feet), as they slink off the dock and into the island underbrush. As they reach cover, we HEAR a HELICOPTER approaching overhead. They all drop to the ground and look up.

SOLO (to Officer)
What's he doing?

INTERCUTS - SOLO AND GROUP - HELICOPTER (STOCK)

233-234

as the 'copter flies directly over them from the seaward side, and disappears behind a hill in b.g. The Officer is reluctant to answer. Feet jams his weapon into the Officer's stomach.

OFFICER

Big-wig from THRUSH Central.
Mister Strago's boss, I think.

SOLO (reflectively)

Come to celebrate the kick-off,
eh? Okay, gentlemen...we've got
a long walk ahead. Let's get it
done.

They move off into the underbrush, as we

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

235

With SEVERAL GUARDS standing at attention at left b.g., Drago greets (MOS) MISTER WINER, a short, bald, fat man with a 300 dollar suit and a gold handled cane. CAMERA PANS slightly to discover Updike and Professor Von Kronen, standing near the guards. Drago has pointed to Von Kronen, and Winer - all smiles and benevolent interest - steps toward the Professor and (the rather sullen) Updike.

WINER

...A great privilege, Professor Von Kronen. We at THRUSH Central are grateful for your help, sir.

DRAGO (to Von Kronen)

Professor, this is Mister Winer... my immediate superior.

VON KRONER (clicking heels)

Honored, Sir.

WINER (notices Updike)

Ah, the faithful Miss Updike...
(pinches her cheek; she smiles and blushes)

...You'd be a fortunate man Drago... if you were human...

(doesn't notice icy stares between Updike and Drago)

...Oh, that U.N.C.L.E. agent. I trust you've still got him....

DRAGO

Of course, sir.

WINER

Good. I'll be wanting to chat with him a bit...A sort of prelude, you might say.

UPDIKE (before Drago
can reply)
Uh...if you'll excuse me, Mister
Winer, I'll go have the guards
clean him up a litte
before you meet him. I'll be
joining you at the party.

235
CONT'D
(2)

WINER
Splendid, my dear. Run along...
(to Drago, as she leaves)
...A party! In my honor, I trust?

DRAGO (looks o.s., after
Updike)
Naturally, sir. Uh...Mister Winer;
I'm afraid I've had to write a
distinctly unsatisfactory fitness
report on Miss Updike. I'd like to
request that she be transferred out
of my command.

WINER (surprised)
That bad?

DRAGO
Incorrigible, Sir. And irreparably
corrupt, I'm afraid.

WINER (as he starts
away, Strago following)
Well, we certainly can't have
corruption in Thrush, can we?
But don't transfer her, Drago.
Just kill her and have done with
it, will you?... save all that
annoying paperwork...

As Drago follows Winer out of SHOT, CAMERA HOLDS
and MOVES IN on, Von Kronen. He's worried for
Updike, and looks in the direction taken by her.
Slowly - indecisively - he heads in that direction.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

236

Updike stands nearby as a Thrush (FIRST) GUARD
unlocks the cell door, and gestures with his gun
for whoever's inside to step out.

UPDIKE
Just the young man...

236
CONT'D
(2)

As Illya emerges, hands behind his head, Updike closes the cell door, locks it, and hands the keys back to the First Guard.

ILLYA (turning back)
Pia...

But the Guard prods Illya away from the cell with his gun. Behind them, Updike and Pia exchange sneers through the barred cell window.

UPDIKE
How fortunate we don't have to
make her presentable for Mister
Winer...
(absently, as she follows Illya
and guard)
...Probably couldn't be done.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Illya, Updike and the First Guard around a corner and up a few steps to a steel door, next to which is a button that Updike PUSHES.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF CELL CAVE - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT 237

A SECOND GUARD, on duty just outside the large steel-doored entrance, HEARS a BUZZ, and throws back the bolts on the door. It opens. Illya and the First Guard, who covers him, emerge first, with Updike following.

FULL SHOT - COURTYARD 238

as the trio crosses the courtyard.

UPDIKE
To the Workers' elevator.
Get him a shower and a shave, at
least.

As they go O.S., Von Kronen enters FRAME from behind CAMERA. He stands brooding for a moment, than looks back in the direction from which he came (weighing his decision), and finally moves off to follow Illya, Updike and the Guard.

CUT TO:

EXT. AREA OFF COURTYARD - CLOSE TWO SHOT

239

following Illya and the First Guard, as they march through some shadows in a deserted part of the path. Suddenly, the First Guard stiffens, utters a GRUNT of surprise and pain, and then sinks to the ground - with Updike's bejeweled stiletto in his back. ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Updike herself.

UPDIKE (softly feminine)
Oooh, that was lovely.

Illya has wheeled around, and now grabs both the Guard's weapon and his jail cell keys. He then begins stripping off the Guard's uniform.

ILLYA (undressing Guard)
I'm going back for Pia.

UPDIKE
That's not only nauseating, it's insane. Listen; they keep a very fast patrol boat anchored on the other side of the island. I don't know how many guards they've got watching it, but...

ILLYA (interrupting, as he puts Guard's pants on over his own)
I said I'm going back for Pia.

VON KRONEN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Ach, so, fraulein...

ANGLE FAVORING VON KRONEN

240

As Illya and Updike turn - shocked - to see that he stands several yards behind them. He has seen it all. Yet even as Von Kronen speaks, Illya does not stop his donning of the Guard's uniform.

VON KRONEN (cont.)
Herr Drago was not wrong after all. And I, who came to warn you about him; must now go to warn him about you.

UPDIKE (to Illya, who's got Guard's gun)
Shoot him. Shoot him!

ILLYA (finished dressing, advances on Von Kronen)
No, they'd hear us.

VON KRONEN (his own
gun out)
I don't mind if they hear me!

240
CONT'D
(2)

Illya goes for Von Kronen's weapon, knocks it loose.
In the brief struggle, Von Kronen falls heavily --
and lies motionless. Illya regards him for a moment
with surprise, then kneels over him.

ILLYA
It must have been the fall...or
his heart.
(a beat)
In any case, he's dead.

Diketon has come up beside him, absorbs this, looks
down at Von Kronen.

DIKETON (after
a beat)
If the circumstances were different,
I'd feel sorry for him....The Doctor
and I --
(looks up at Illya)
-- we were soulmates.

Illya gives her a slow, you-were-indeed look, then:

ILLYA
Come on.

He and Diketon start away, through the shrubbery.

241-250
OUT

EXT. PATH AMID DENSE FOLIAGE - CLOSE - NIGHT

251

TRAVELLING with Illya and Diketon, as they race along
the narrow path, flanked by almost impenetrable foliage.
An arm suddenly enters FRAME, and YANKS Illya right
off his feet and back into the foliage. The same
thing happens to Diketon on the other side of the
path.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

252

as they thrash around in the underbrush for a moment.
Illya, not knowing it's Solo who's grabbed him, fights
to free himself. All Solo knows is that he's grabbed
a guy in a THRUSH uniform. All Illya knows is that
he's been grabbed by a guy in a THRUSH uniform.
Suddenly, however - just as Solo's about to bop Illya
with a gun butt - they recognize each other. Both
freeze, with Solo's gun butt still raised.

SOLO (recognizing
Illya)
Oh!...
(limply; an apologetic smile)
Hi...

252
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (eyeing gun butt)
Hi...I'm -- uh -- getting a little
tired of violence.
(still eyeing gun butt)

SOLO (explaining)
The uniform. I, uh... thought,
uh...

ILLYA (eyeing Solo's
Thrush uniform)
So did I.

SOLO (realizes gun
butt's still poised)
...Oh...sorry...
(defensively; as Illya
just glares at him)
...Well I said I'm sorry. How
could I know you'd have the brains
to get free on your own?

ANGLE WIDENS to discover the Stillettos (with Feet
holding onto the Officer), as they bring the vio-
lently struggling Diketon to where Solo and Illya
lie.

ILLYA
I bring Lucrezia Borgia, and you
bring the Mafia. Oh, we're in
splendid shape.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. LARGE CLEARING - THALER AND STRAGO

253

as the party -- or luau -- blares on all around
them, complete with drummers, all the appropriate
trappings. As Thaler dances with a voluptuous girl,
he says to Strago, who sort of follows him along:

THALER
...I trust it was no imposition.

STRAGO

On the contrary, sir. It was a pleasure to get Kuryakin for you. I only regret that we couldn't bring Solo as well.

253
CONT'D
(1)

THALER (philosophically)

Well, one is better than none...
You do understand, Strago. Here I've ordered the deaths of any number of U.N.C.L.E. agents and I've never witnessed a single execution!

(shakes his head ruefully)

...I don't want to get a reputation as strictly a desk man, you know. I want to be with my troops.

In b.g., a Guard approaches.

STRAGO

I understand fully, sir. And Kuryakin's death, which I assure you will be a unique one, should make a nice climax to the party. The piece de resistance, if you will...

The Guard silently beckons Strago.

STRAGO (to Thaler)

Excuse me for just a moment, sir.

He steps away, joins the guard who whispers something to him. Strago first registers shock, then his face becomes livid.

253
CONT'D
(2)

THALER (noting this)
Something wrong, Strago?

STRAGO (striving to
control his rage)
Nothing, sir...Nothing that can't be...
taken care of...

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CELL - CLOSE

254

as the Guard on duty opens the cell door to admit Strago, who grabs Pia, flattens her against the stone wall and sticks his infuriated nose within an inch of hers.

STRAGO
You little scum...Where is he!
Who let him out!...
(shakes her violently)
ANSWER ME!

ZIP PAN TO:

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - NIGHT

255

Solo, Illya, the Stilletto, the Officer and Diketon.
Solo sits on the ground, studying a map. The others
are either seated or standing around him.

FINGERS (to Solo,
indicating Illya)
Look, we got your buddy, right?
Okay. So all we gotta do now is
grab Pia and get back to the boat....

FEET
Sure! And by the time your bombers
get here -- what is it, three hours? --
we're fifty miles away!

SOLO (looks up from
map)
That -- uh -- was our original
intent, gentlemen. But I'm afraid
it's not that simple any more.

FEET
Waddeya mean, it ain't that simple?!

ILLYA
Well, for one thing, if my --
(glances at Diketon)
playmate here is telling the truth,
Strago has changed his timetable.
In three hours, half the missiles
will have already been launched.

DIKETON
It's the truth.

OFFICER (smug)
What's the difference? With our
sound-wave barrier, your bombers
couldn't get near this island whether
they were on time or not.

Pretty advances on the Officer menacingly.

PRETTY (to Officer)
Who asked you to mess in, Fauntleroy?
How'd ya like ta --

Solo raises his hand to restrain Pretty.

255
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Pretty)

...As it happens, he's probably right.

(a beat)

Which means we have three jobs,
(holds up a finger for each)

Rescue Pia... destroy that sound barrier contraption... and stop the launching of the missiles.

(indicates map)

Let's all gather round the map which --
uh -- Fauntleroy has so graciously given us.

All gather round. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE to spot the details of the map.

SOLO (continuing -
indicating)

Here's the launching area... well below sea level. It can be reached by either of these two elevators....

ILLYA

I'll handle that end.

DIKETON

I'll take you part of the way.

ILLYA (drily,
to Diketon)

Thank you. I only wish your motives were nobler.

SOLO (indicating
map again)

All right... The sound barrier is controlled from the tower. I'll go up there --

(turns to Officer)

-- with your help.

The captive Officer makes no reply. He has no choice but to accede.

FEET

What about Pia?

ILLYA (pointing to
map now)
The cells are here -- one level
down. I'll stop for her first
and bring her up to you.

255
CONT'D
(2)

DIKETON
There won't be time for that....
Look, I'm helping you because I
want to see Louis Strago fail....
see him crawl for cover like the
ungrateful insect he is. But to
risk my life for that sniveling
peasant girl....

FINGERS (with menace)
Watch your mouth, Baby. I'll put
a grapefruit in it for ya.

ILLYA (reassuring
Fingers)
Don't worry. There'll be time.

PRETTY
What do we do? Sit around reading
pomes to each other?

SOLO
I hope not.
(indicates map)
I'll be up here... Illya will be
down here....
(points to ground level
area)
I suspect there'll be a number
of Thrushies in between....

FINGERS (rubs a fist
into the palm of his other
hand in anticipatory delight)
Yeahh-h-h.....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

255X1

Thaler is dancing with a couple of lavishly endowed
girls now as Strago comes into scene, pauses to whisper
to a Guard.

STRAGO (a whisper)
Yellow Alert! See to it that the
UNCLE Agent is tracked down and
brought to me immediately. He can't
get far on this island.

255X1
CONT'D
(2)

(as the Guard acknowledges
with a gesture, starts to
turn away)

And Guard!

(the Guard turns back)

Miss Diketon. I would like to
see her, too.

The Guard moves off. Strago puts on a smile, steps
to the breathless Thaler, who is still whirling the
two girls about.

THALER (puffing
joyously)
Wonderful party, Strago. Haven't
enjoyed myself so much in years!

STRAGO (weak smile)
I'm very happy, sir. Uh -- there's
been a slight delay in readying the
special equipment for the UNCLE
agent's -- grand finale.... May I
suggest we save his -- performance --
till after the launch?

THALER (amused, as
he breaks off with the girls)
You do have a sense of the theatrical,
my dear Strago. Frankly, I never
thought you had it in you.

STRAGO (a nervous
chuckle)
Yes...I'm afraid it's time for the
party to -- uh -- break up, sir.
We do have to get to work now.

THALER
To be sure... Where do we go from
here?

STRAGO (leading Thaler off)
May I show you the facilities? They're
quite impressive, you know.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

256

Two GUARDS patrol the courtyard, tommy-guns slung
over their shoulders.

CLOSER ON PATROLLING GUARDS

257

As the Guards pass each other, not far from the entrance door to the building, Fingers steps out from behind some shubbery. Hearing him approach, the Guards tense, their guns swing up to the ready. Then their features relax as they see Fingers' THRUSH uniform.

FINGERS (pleasantly)
'Scuse me, you guys. One of ya got a light?

The Guards exchange brief glances; Fingers does not look like a typical Thrushman. Then one of the Guards reaches into his pocket, withdraws a lighter, starts to light Fingers' cigarette. The Guards are standing very close together at this moment, so it's no problem at all for Pretty and Feet, who have sneaked behind them, to bump their heads together. The brothers work in perfect synchronization. The Guards fall. Fingers thereupon gestures o.s., and a couple of seconds later Solo, Illiya, the Officer and Diketon come into frame.

ILLYA (to Fingers,
approvingly)
Very nice.

FINGERS (shrugs
deprecatingly)
It used to be our living.

SOLO (to the
brothers)
Stay around here. Keep the courtyard clear.... They may want to bring in reinforcements.

PRETTY (fingering
his newly-taken tommy-gun)
Gee, I hope so.

SOLO (to Officer)
All right. Let's go up to the tower.

He gently prods the Officer with his own gun. The officer starts toward the main elevator, Solo a step behind.

ILLYA
Once you're up there, just yank every wire you can find on that sound barrier thing.

SOLO
Check... And good luck in the basement.

ON ILLYA AND DIKETON

258

as they move through the courtyard toward the Workers' Elevator which will take them down -- first to the cell area for the hoped-for rescue of Pia, next to the launch area.

ILLYA

How long before they start launching the missiles?

DIKETON

Not very long. Ten or fifteen minutes, maybe. The favorable tides are --

She stops speaking as they pass a doorway from which emerges a THRUSH-uniformed Guard who, to distinguish from the other Guards, we will call the CORPORAL.

CORPORAL

Hiya, Miss Diketon.
(to Illya)

Hiya....

Quite nervous, Diketon gives him the barest of terse smiles as he passes.

ANGLE ON CORPORAL

259

He's puzzled. He doesn't recall having seen the THRUSH-clad Illya before. He turns now, thoughtfully watches Illya and Diketon disappear from view. Then, tentatively:

CORPORAL

Guard?

ZIP PAN TO:

260 OUT

261-262
OUT

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - FULL SHOT

263

as Strago and Thaler observe the workers, the assorted mechanical devices and, most of all, the very impressive freight lift on which missiles are being lowered.

STRAGO

Now that elevator carries the missiles - numbered and armed - down to the storage room. And in exactly --

(looks at watch)

-- nine and a half minutes, the first load of them will be moved from storage, through the tunnel to the launching room. Following that --

The conversation is interrupted by a VOICE over the LOUDSPEAKER.

263
CONT'D
(2)

VOICE (filtered)
Mister Strago, please. Communica-
tions line two...Mister Strago, please.

STRAGO
Would you pardon me for a moment,
sir.

Strago moves to a phone set into a hutch nearby.
He presses a button and lifts the receiver.

STRAGO (into phone)
Strago speaking.

INT. SEA LEVEL CORRIDOR - CLOSE

264

The Corporal speaks to Strago over a phone set into
the corridor wall.

CORPORAL
Sir, this is Williams. Section L
Enforcement. I'm sorry to trouble
you, but I saw Miss Diketon a minute
ago, and....

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM - STRAGO

265

STRAGO (listens
intently)
...Yes? What do you mean you didn't
recognize the guard she was with?
Are you sure?

Thaler is not within close earshot, but Strago looks
nervously over at him. He doesn't want his superior
to get wind of any possible further trouble.

STRAGO (listens)
I see,....

(a beat)

All right, Williams. Now you get on
the field telephone and contact every
guard unit that's searching the
island for that U.N.C.L.E. agent.
We launch in about ten minutes, and
I want every single one of those men
back here...Right....
(hangs up)

CAMERA FOLLOWS STRAGO as, composing himself and managing an off-handed smile, he moves back to where Thaler's been watching the workers.

265
CONT'D
(2)

STRAGO

If you'll excuse me, sir --
it appears I'm needed upstairs
for a minute or two.

THALER

Certainly. I'll go down to the
storage and launch level....see
how it's done.

STRAGO

Well, I'll be working in the
launching apparatus from up in
the control tower, sir. If
you'd rather...

THALER (interrupting)

No, no... This is a big moment
for THRUSH, Strago. I want to
see that first missile go.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

266

as Diketon approaches the Guard, who has a tommy-gun.

DIKETON

Mister Strago wants the girl.
Open, please.

CELL GUARD (confused)

But -- he's already taken her
out, Miss Diketon. And I think
he's looking for you, too.

DIKETON

Yes, I'm...
(a beat)
...sure he is.

Illya appears from behind a corner now, pistol in hand.

ILLYA (to Cell

Guard)

All right. Drop it...

In response, the Cell Guard tries to fire. Illya shoots first. The Guard falls, his short burst plowing harmlessly into the corridor ceiling. Quickly now, Illya grabs his keys, opens the barred door, enters the cell block and reaches Pia's cell, Diketon a step behind him. The cell is empty.

DIKEFON

He must have taken her to his suite.

266
CONT'D
(2)

Illya wheels and starts away, obviously hell-bent on going there. She grabs his shoulder.

DIKEFON

There's no time! They're going to start the launchings any minute!

(as Illya hesitates,
knowing she's right,
desperately torn)

Look, you go down. I'll go to Strago's suite.

(as Illya reacts sharply)

Oh, I won't hurt her if she's there. Not that I wouldn't like to -- that dreary little peasant girl -- I'd really like to make her suffer!

(a beat)

But I care much more about Strago.

(a beat; her eyes alight)

You go downstairs, Illya. Flood the missiles, destroy them, I don't care.

(a beat)

My only interest is in seeing Louis Strago's face when you do it.

CUT TO:

INT. STRAGO'S SUITE - NIGHT

267

Pia is standing alone on the balcony as Strago enters. She wheels around, her defiance commingling with her fear. This time, however, Strago's eyes hold neither lust nor romance. For the very first time, we see him close to pushing the panic button as he closes the door and advances menacingly toward Pia.

STRAGO

Brooding again about whether or not to jump, were you? Well, perhaps you'd better, my dear. Because if you don't tell me what I want to know....

Really scared now, Pia tries to keep circling slowly so that Strago won't be able to grab her again. But he closes in.

PIA

Tell you? What have I to tell you? I know nothing....You stay away!

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

268

as three jeeps, loaded with armed THRUSH Guards, speed into the courtyard and halt in its center. As the Guards begin piling out, we

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING CORRIDOR AT ENTRANCE

269

Fingers, Pretty and Feet still kneel at the doorway, with the courtyard - and the THRUSH Guards getting out of their jeeps - in b.g. As they speak, Feet and Pretty cock their submachine guns.

FEET (watching guards)
Hey, Pretty...you remember a certain
St. Valentine's Day a few years back?

PRETTY (patting his gun)
I sure do...

Without another word between them, the Stilletos open fire on the THRUSH Guards in the courtyard. One or two of them fall immediately. The remainder take cover (behind jeeps, the steps leading to the entrance of the building, etc.) and begin to return the fire.

INTERCUT - STILLETOS - GUARDS

270

It is a real shoot-em-up, with the Stilletes raking the jeeps (occasionally hitting a guard), and the guards firing back with bullets that POCK the doorway. One guard tries to reach the machine gun mounted in the back of one of the jeeps, but he's mowed down before he reaches it. The guards are pinned down, as we

CUT TO:

INT. STRAGO'S SUITE - STRAGO AND PIA

271

Pia is just about to lose consciousness under the pressure of Strago's 'insistent' persuasion, when he HEARS the GUNFIRE in the courtyard. He lets go of her as he listens for a moment. Then, forgetting Pia altogether, he rushes to the intercom system on his desk, and flicks a switch.

STRAGO (into intercom)
Hello...Control Tower...Captain!

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT - MEDIUM FULL

272

As the officer answer's Strago's call, we can see an unconscious guard slumped - bound and gagged - against the wall, and that Solo is holding his gun at the back of the officer's head. The instrument panel in f.g. has wires protruding from it, and the radar screen is smashed.

OFFICER (into mike)
Yessir, Mister Strago...

STRAGO'S VOICE (filtered)
There's gunfire in the courtyard.
Is everything all right up there?

OFFICER (as Solo
prods him)
Yessir...nothing wrong at all, sir.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. STRAGO'S SUITE - FAVORING STRAGO

273

STRAGO (into intercom)
I'm coming up immediately. We're
launching those missiles right now!
(switches off intercom)

Ignoring Pia, who's just getting unsteadily to her feet, Strago rushes to the door, flings it open and dashes out into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR

274

Bursting from his office, Strago runs right into Miss Diketon, who's been coming toward his office with a gun in her hand.

DIKETON
Mister Stra...

That's as far as she gets. For with hardly a break in his stride, Strago BACKHANDS her viciously, knocking her against the wall - and out cold. She falls to the floor as he rushes toward the elevator at the end of the corridor, and pushes its button feverishly.

CUT TO:

INT. STRAGO'S SUITE - PIA

275

The door to the corridor is still open. Slowly, almost experimentally - as if expecting to be suddenly grabbed - Pia moves toward it.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DIKETON AND PIA

276

As Pia emerges into the corridor, Diketon is just beginning to MOAN her way back to consciousness. For a moment, Pia's stare is clinical, even cold. But she is not by nature cold enough to stand aside when she can give aid. Almost in spite of herself, she kneels over Diketon and begins massaging her neck and rubbing Diketon's hands vigorously between her own. Diketon's eyes open - focus - and grow wide with surprise at what Pia's doing. She starts to move.

PIA (holds her down)
Stay still. You hurt...
(continues rubbing hands)

276
CONT'D
(2)

DIKETON
You're...helping me?

Embarrassed at appearing weak or gentle in Diketon's eyes, Pia doesn't know quite what to say.

DIKETON (cont. - smiles)
Get out of here...quickly. Your
uncles are waiting...get out...
(points in direction
opposite the way in
which Strago went)
...that way...

PIA (after a pause)
Grazie...

Pia runs off down the corridor. Left alone, Diketon starts to gather herself together. She looks toward the elevator taken by Strago, and with narrowed eyes and hefting her pistol, she begins to rise from the floor.

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

277

of Solo and the officer, as they stand before the ruined instrument panel. Solo, though still covering the officer with his gun, gives some wires a last yank - for good measure.

SOLO
Strago said he was coming up here
to launch the missiles...
(looks around room)
...How?

The officer remains tight-lipped, as CAMERA TILTS DOWNWARD and MOVES IN on his hand (which is behind his back) as it fumbles around on the wrecked instrument panel, and now grasps (unseen by Solo) one of the heavy handles ripped out previously from the panel.

SOLO
How, Captain? Where's the
launching apparatus?

INT. LAUNCHING ROOM - FULL SHOT

278

There are three large hatches -- like oversized torpedo tube hatches -- at the end of the large room. There is a good deal of the type of equipment appropriate to this sort of thing. The first three missiles have already been loaded, and, because the entire operation will be handled principally by automation, there are only two workers in the room -- TWO PANEL OPERATORS who sit at a large instrument panel, each giving his total concentration to his particular set of knobs and dials. The other person present is Thaler, who is moving about, examining things with the awe of a schoolboy.

Now a ceiling hatch opens and Illya, nervous, alert to the prospect of almost anything, descends the circular staircase to the room. Though he still has his pistol, he has no intention of opening fire. He's here to get the lay of the land before deciding on his course of action.

THALER (looking
up; amiably)
Hello, there.

ILLYA
How do you do.

THALER
I'm Mister Thaler. From Central.

ILLYA
I'm -- uh -- honored, sir.

THALER (expansively;
he's about to ask
a favor)
Yes... You know, I was hoping
one of these men --
(indicates the
panel operators)
-- would show me around. But
I'm afraid they're much too busy,
and I certainly wouldn't want to
interrupt their concentration.
(smiles winningly)
Could you give me a sort of --
tour?

ILLYA (after
a beat)
It would be my pleasure -- sir.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL TOWER - NIGHT - ANGLE FACING ELEVATOR

279

Solo and the Officer are in f.g. as the elevator doors open to reveal Strago, who stops dead in surprise at the sight of Solo, who, not suspecting the handle in the Officer's hand, allows Strago just enough of his attention to enable the Officer to quickly bring the handle up and BOP Solo on the head. Solo falls unconscious. Nobody notices that the elevator doors close; the lift, of course, has been summoned by Diketon.

OFFICER

Sir, they had me prisoner.
I couldn't....

STRAGO (interrupting)

Never mind that now....

Strago moves quickly to one of the window hinges. He presses down on it, and we see that one bare wall in the control room begins to reverse -- revealing a complicated instrument panel, replete with dials, switches, microphone and pressure gauges. The Officer joins him at the controls.

STRAGO (into panel
mike; as Officer flicks
switches and turns dials)
Launching Room....Attention,
Launching Room....

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNCHING ROOM

280

Illya has been showing Thaler around -- and in the process has been learning a few things himself. Now both he and Thaler pause as Strago's voice comes over the loudspeaker in the room.

STRAGO'S VOICE (filtered)
...Missile Number One ready
for launching...
(a beat)
The outer hatch is open....
(a beat)
Missile will be fired in
exactly thirty seconds.

Over this, Illya's eye has been roaming -- rather frantically -- along the banks of levers, switches, dials, etc.

THALER (to Illya,
indicating the inner
hatch of the first
tube)

280
CONT'D
(2)

Do you mean this -- uh -- inner
hatch here is the only thing
that keeps the ocean from coming
in on us?

STRAGO'S VOICE (filtered)
...Twenty seconds....

ILLYA (to Thaler,
rather abstractedly, as
his eye continues to
roam)
Hmm? Oh, yes.... That's about
the size of it....

STRAGO'S VOICE (filtered)
...Fifteen seconds....

Illya's eye falls on a row of switches above which
are the words: "INNER HATCHES - TUBE 1, TUBE 2,
TUBE 3."

ILLYA (to Thaler)
Here.... I'll give you a graphic
demonstration...

In a flash, he knocks one of the Panel Operators
off his stool, pulls the switch under "TUBE 1" and
races for the circular stairway.

STRAGO'S VOICE (filtered)
...Ten sec--

The voice is drowned out by a mighty rush of water
that bursts, jet-like, into the room as the Number
One hatch opens.

VARIOUS ANGLES

281-285

as the incoming torrent of sea water carries
everything -- or almost everything -- in its path.
Thaler was directly in front of the hatch when it
opened. He is hit full on by the water, knocked
into a wall and to his death, either by drowning
or by the force of his collision with the bulkhead.
The two Panel Operators, equally unprepared, meet
a similar fate. Equipment is knocked loose, etc.

Only Illya, who is clinging desperately to the ladder for support, appears momentarily safe from the onrushing torrent and the rising water in the room. But his handhold slowly gives way, he is knocked loose. He tries to get back to the ladder, first staggering futilely toward it, then swimming as the water rises over his head. And, with a superhuman effort, he manages at last to make it, bursts to the ever-rising surface, climbs the remaining steps up the ladder to the ceiling exit hatch.

281-285
CONT'D
(2)

INT. ROCK TUNNEL - NIGHT

286

Illya staggers into it, up through the hatch, and even as he does so, the rising water pours into the tunnel. It's up to his ankles, then it's up to his knees as he reaches the Workers' Elevator. The elevator is here; Illya was the last one to use it. And, its mechanism yet undamaged by the flood, the elevator begins to rise....

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

287

On the floor, Solo is beginning to regain consciousness as the Officer and Strago concentrate on their instrument panel.

STRAGO (into
mike)
Why don't you answer down there!...
Hello, Launching Room...What's
wrong!

SERIES OF SHOTS

288-290

As the mountain of ever-rising water blasts into the Assembly Room, carrying everything before it, knocking objects loose from their moorings, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

291

STRAGO (to Officer as he
frantically pushes launch button)
No power! No instrument reaction at
all! You'd better get down there!

Solo, unseen till now, has lurched to his feet, moves toward the Officer. Now, as Strago turns, he spots Solo.

STRAGO (to Officer)

Kill him!

The Officer draws the gun (which, of course, he had taken from the fallen Solo). Solo grabs his arm, judo-throws him over his shoulder. The gun clatters across the floor. Solo goes for it, but Strago reaches it first, spins loose from Solo's grasp, is about to fire when:

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

292

as the door opens and Miss Diketon stands there, gun in hand.

DIKETON

Mr. Strago...

SCENE

293

Diketon waits just a bit too long. Perhaps she wants to savor this moment to the fullest. She fires, but not before Strago has whirled from Solo and shot at her. Strago's bullet hits the mark. Hers, fired a split second after she has been hit, goes wild. Then Diketon crumples.

The diversion enables Solo to close with Strago again. There is a brief but fierce battle. It ends with Strago's death -- perhaps being crushed by the descending hydraulic lift which goes the few feet to the observation tower, perhaps in some other manner. (The precise means will be at the discretion of the director, making the most dramatic use possible of the set's uniqueness.)

Solo moves now to the fallen Diketon.

DILETTON (mortally
wounded)
The pain... It's... wonderful....
Do you know that? ... You have no
idea how ... how good it feels....
(she gasps pleasurably)
I...saw you fail... Mister Strago....
And I saw you die....

293
CONT'D
(2)

(NOTE: ONLY THE LAST TWO LINES OF THE ABOVE SPEECH
WILL BE USED IN THE VERSION FOR TELEVISION RELEASE)

There is nothing more that Solo can do. He moves
quickly into the elevator, and the doors close be-
hind him.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SEA LEVEL CORRIDOR JUNCTION - LONG SHOT

294

A sopping wet, bedraggled Illya comes dashing into
f.g. from the Workers' elevator and Solo does like-
wise from the direction of the Tower elevator. As
they reach each other:

ILLYA (breathless)
Pia! Have you seen her?

SOLO (alarmed)
No.... I thought....

He breaks into a run now, as does Illya beside him.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

295

All three Stilletto Brothers have emerged from the
main building doorway and now advance -- their
weapons still levelled -- to cover those few of the
THRUSH Guards who still remain vertical in the court-
yard. The Guards stand clustered together with their
hands raised in surrender.

PRETTY (quietly, to
Feet)
I got a confession.... I didn't
enjoy this like I thought.

FELT (shakes his
head sadly)
It ain't like it used to be. Not
like the old days at all.

CAMERA PANS toward the doorway from which the Corporal emerged earlier, and we see Pia stick her head out cautiously from behind the doorway. Seeing it's all over, she rushes forward to her uncles.

1.141
295
CONT'D
(2)

PIA
Uncle Federico.... Uncle Enzo....
(rushes to kiss each
one on the cheek)
...Marviglioso!.... Ah, Uncle Arturo....
Grandmama, she be so proud of you!

CAMERA PANS BACK to the main building doorway as Solo and Illya burst out. Now, seeing that Pia is safe and that all is in order, they just lean weakly -- but peacefully -- against the entrance walls.

SOLO
One thing.

ILLYA
Mmm?

SOLO
We should leave soon. Before
the bombers get here.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - FULL SHOT - DAY (STOCK)
TO ESTABLISH

296

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING PIZZERIA - DAY - FULL SHOT

297

of the front of this small, quaint establishment. The sign above the door reads: "PIZZERIA DI PIA", and above that is a cloth banner which proudly proclaims the "GRAND OPENING".

INT. PIZZERIA - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

298

of the three "Wanted by the F.B.I." posters, which carry the faces of the Stilletto brothers, and which we saw in Sicily. They are hanging - framed - on

the wall. We HEAR LAUGHTER and some APPLAUSE.
CAMERA PANS to discover a long table at which Solo,
Illya, the Stillettos and Waverly are happily re-
ceiving the monstrous platter of pasta. Pia
now sets down in the center of the table.

298
CONT'D
(2)

PIA

Eat, my men...eat. Put the
muscle on your chest.

MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP

299

As 'the boys' dig in, we see Pia's Grandmama step
from the kitchen in b.g., to see - at a discreet
distance - how the men react to her cooking..

WAVERLY (tastes food,
makes an 'okay' sign to
Grandmama)
Grandmama, you are a genius.
Chicago is going to love you.

Solo and Illya would agree, if they weren't both
concentrating so hard on Pia. She stands between
them, just behind their chairs, and returns their
smiles. Illya reaches out and takes one of her
hands. Seeing this, Solo reaches out and takes
hold of the other. Suddenly, however, Fingers
SLAPS Solo's hand away and Feet grabs Illya's
arm and puts it back where it should be. All
the Stillettos are scowling frighteningly, and
Grandmama has moved forward as though ready to do
battle.

FEET (to Illya)
You keep your hands where they
belong, Blondie.

FINGERS (to Solo)
We'll share the food with ya...
We'll share the wine with ya...
but that's all, Punk.

GRANDMAMA (moves in
menacingly)
My Pia...mia cuore...She don't
get touched by no lousy coppers!

There is a distinctly uncomfortable silence, as
FRAME FREEZES and BLURS.

FADE OUT:

THE END