

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE NEPTUNE AFFAIR

Prod. #7405

**REVISED FINAL**

Executive Producer:  
Norman Felton

Producer:  
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Story by:

John W. Bloch

June 15, 1964

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Script dated: June 15, 1964

Name changes:

FROM:

TO:

DR. STILLWELL

DR. FOSTER

Wherever the name "Macklin", "Marklin", "Fennely"  
or "Markham" appears in this script, this should  
be changed in each instance to DR. MARTIN.

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CAST

SOLO  
ILLYA  
HEATHER

JONAS LAVIMORE  
FELICIA LAVIMORE  
VINCENT LOCKRIDGE  
GABE MELCROFT

RUSSIAN PEASANT  
2 MEN OF RUSSIAN SHORE PATROL

FIRST GROUP OF PASSENGERS ON DRIFT FISHER INCLUDING:

FAT MAN (DR. FOSTER)

DR. MARTIN

(THIS FIRST GROUP ALSO MANS THE FORTRESS CONTROL  
ROOM)

SECOND GROUP OF PASSENGERS ON DRIFT FISHER (INCLUDE  
SOME OF THE FIRST GROUP)

DR. ROSS

BOY AT FIREWORKS  
GIRL AT FIREWORKS

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SETS

RUSSIAN BEACH  
SOLO'S OFFICE  
PERSONALITY INDUCTION ROOM AT U.N.C.L.E.

DECK OF RACING SLOOP  
CABIN OF RACING SLOOP

THE PIER  
EXT. OF FANNY'S SHOP  
STEPS LEADING TO THE "BONNIE K'S" DOCK  
THE REPAIR FLOAT

DECK OF DRIFT FISHER  
CABIN OF DRIFT FISHER

DINGHY

PLATFORM OF TOWER

FORTRESS UNDER FLOOR OF SEA  
ELEVATOR  
VESTIBULE  
HALLWAY  
CONTROL ROOM  
STORE ROOM  
VINCE'S OFFICE  
JONAS'S ROOM

THE PIER, EXT. OF CRYSTAL MAZE

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TEASER

FADE IN:  
INT. PERSONALITY INDUCTION ROOM - U.N.C.L.E.

Al

Solo lying on the contour couch. An attractive female RESEARCHER stands before the mass of dials and lights. Solo pops his head up and looks FULL INTO CAMERA (the machine and Girl in b.g.).

SOLO  
Good evening...My name is Napoleon Solo...

A FLASH OF LIGHTS and a continuous PING -- PING -- PING RINGS OUT from the machine. The Girl shoots a rather annoyed look at Solo.

SOLO  
Sorry...my ~~name~~ is Robert Vaughn...

Another series of LIGHTS FLASH...and again PING...PING...PING! And again the Girl shoots Solo a disdainful look.

SOLO (with  
midwestern drawl)  
Now wouldn't that just take the crick outta the ole pump handle. You see, accordin' to this here complicated gadget my real name is Harvey Muller.

The girl delivers a satisfied smile - and flips off a series of switches. Solo points over his shoulder believing he's pointing at the machine, but is pointing directly at the Girl.

SOLO (still  
playing Harvey)  
Ever think of all the work that goes into buildin' one of these...

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Solo suddenly realizes he's pointing at the Girl  
and now directs his finger to the machine.

A1  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (playing  
Solo)

Sorry -- This is a personality  
induction machine and when you  
flip it on...

(she flips it on --- Solo  
becomes Harvey again)

I become somebody I really ain't...  
but have to be for this here yarn  
we're gonna spin tonight.

(she smiles, flips it off)  
A story we believe has all the  
ingredients: action, adventure,  
intrigue and some very bizarre  
characters. So why don't you...

(points)

And you...and all of you come along  
and meet the bad -- the beautiful --  
and the bizarre characters who  
devoutly believe the only way to  
straighten out the ills of the  
world is to...well...let's see just  
what they have in mind.

CAMERA MOVES IN PAST SOLO and HOLDS on the Girl  
as she gives a big fat wink.

FADE OUT

END TEASER

The Man From  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BEACH ALONG A STRETCH OF RUSSIAN COAST - 1  
NIGHT

The moonlight is sharp and clear and glitters on the water. In the shallow wash along the shore a metal object shaped like a double-ended torpedo or an obese cigar rocks in the motion of the waves, catching the glints of the moonlight.

CLOSE UP - THE FLOATING CONTAINER 2

White foam is spilling out of a hatch-like opening in the container as if an aerosol propellant were forcing some substance out of the hatch.

MED. SHOT - THE BEACH, THE CONTAINER F.G. 3

PEASANT, stands, nervously, hat in hand, staring. Three armed, uniformed members of a Russian SHORE PATROL stand beside him. The lights of the Patrol reach the container and stop. The Peasant is obviously not wanting to go too much closer, but eager that the Patrol examine the container. One of the Patrol pinpoints the container in his light and the officer leans over to examine it. We SEE that the officer is ILLYA.

CLOSE UP - THE CONTAINER 4

The hands of the Patrol move in gingerly and touch the container.

THE PEASANT AND THE PATROL

5

As the Patrol holds the foaming container up into the light, realization of what they've found and the danger it represents floods his face.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. SOLO'S OFFICE AT U.N.C.L.E. - DAY

6

The same container lies on Solo's desk. ILLYA watches as SOLO examines the container. Illya has been transmitting all the information he has to Solo, both verbally and from a dossier of research papers. He still holds the dossier. Maps used in this briefing hang on a stand and lie tossed over a chair.

SOLO

The hatch opens when the missile hits the water --

(Illya nods)

The propellant shoots chemical fungus into the air. The air currents wash the fungus over the Russian wheat fields -- and that's it?

ILLYA

The grain shrivels and twists as if it were burning. The entire harvest turns to ash.

SOLO

It's so simple! Like a toy!

ILLYA

I saw the damage this toy can do!  
(indicating the northward progress of the missiles on a map he grabs from the chair)

Petkof! Vorensk! Balograd!  
Each missile timed to infect the wheat just as it ripens! The next fields to ripen are at Orbesk -- where I'll be tomorrow.

SOLO (thoughtfully)

Our Russian friends must be getting a trifle irked.



ILLYA

One more missile falling on  
Russian soil will trigger off  
instant retaliation. Then,  
counter-retaliation -- then...  
(he shrugs hopelessly)

6  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

But are these missiles being  
fired from America --??

ILLYA (stopping him  
firmly)

Napoleon! The trajectory pattern  
proves these missiles were fired...  
within fifty miles of here!

(touches the container)  
The casing -- ferrous palladium.  
American! The propellant --  
American! The booster-coupling --  
American!

SOLO (emphatically)

It's too obvious!

ILLYA (handing a  
photograph to Solo)

Then here's one more American  
product.

INSERT - PHOTO OF JONAS LAVIMORE

7

JONAS is a distinctive, small-featured, bald man  
whose wide eyes stare from behind the protective  
lenses of thick, utilitarian glasses.

ILLYA'S VOICE

Dr. Jonas Lavimore.

SOLO AND ILLYA

8

SOLO

I thought he died five-six years ago --

ILLYA

No. Lavimore, involuntarily -- and bitterly -- "retired". Forced out of the university by people who thought his research was too radical. This strain of fungus was Lavimore's discovery. Until last month Dr. Lavimore was here -- (indicating it on the sea coast map) -- on the west coast --- Southport. (conclusively) Unfortunately, he's vanished again. (hands him the dossier)

SOLO (accepting the dossier, thoughtfully)  
I had better take a leisurely sail down the California coast. (acknowledging the realization of what he has to do with a slight lift of his eyebrows)  
How much time do I have to find Dr. Lavimore, and the missiles?

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8

CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

The harvest at Orbesk will be ready on the twentieth. This fungus loses effectiveness after seventy-two hours. That would set the firing at the eighteenth.

SOLO (quietly)

Exactly three days; that's a relief. For a while I thought this was going to be a rush job...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A PERSONALITY INDUCTION ROOM AT U.N.C.L.E. - DAY

9

Solo is lying on a contour couch in a state bordering on a hypnotic trance. The arm of a machine flashes bursts of light into his face and makes persistent monotonous PINGS. Standing over him and watching his reactions closely is HEATHER, a more than attractive, though antiseptic-looking, specialist in thought induction and mechanical teaching.

HEATHER (testing him)

Mr. Solo. Mr. Solo!  
(there's no response)

Heather leans forward and puts him to the real test of his new personality as she almost croons.

HEATHER

Harvey.

Solo stirs slightly as if coming out of sleep.

HEATHER

Harvey Muller.

Solo moves restlessly. Heather touches him.

HEATHER

Harvey Muller, you are such a doll.

Solo smiles contentedly and his arm reaches up and starts to pull her down to him. Heather quickly switches off the machine.

HEATHER (efficiently)  
All right, Mr. Solo.

9  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo's eyes open.

SOLO (soberly)  
How'd I do?

HEATHER  
Admirably. There are certain  
aspects of Harvey Muller's  
unattractive personality your  
mind seems to grasp immediately.

She moves the arm of the machine away and continues  
briskly.

HEATHER (ignoring him)  
When you drop anchor in Southport  
Harbor you will be Harvey Muller of  
Drako, Kansas; wheat-grower--  
rich, spoiled, with a native  
brightness. Interests, wheat and  
women, in that order.

SOLO (dryly)  
In that order I can't be too  
bright.

HEATHER  
In case of duress--in case  
you're--  
(hesitates for a beat)  
--captured, questioned, we'll  
prepare a phrase, a short phrase,  
you can repeat. The instant you  
repeat it, your mind will be un-  
shakeably locked into the per-  
sonality of Harvey Muller for a  
period of hours.

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9  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO

What about this--  
"Goodbye, Harvey Muller".

HEATHER (briskly)

Fine. Simple, easily introduced  
into conversation--

(a beat)

--but a trifle downbeat, wouldn't  
you say?

SOLO (thoughtfully)

Yes, Heather, now that you mention  
it, this assignment certainly is.

Solo takes head-phones Heather holds out to him  
and is adjusting them, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOLO'S SLOOP - DAY

10

LONG SHOT of Texas Tower, framed in what is  
obviously binoculars.

ANOTHER ANGLE

11

Solo is lolling on the deck of his boat peering  
off into the distance. As he puts his glass down,  
his eye is suddenly attracted to the water.

POV

12

The water is thick with floating, dead fish.

ANOTHER ANGLE

13

Solo leans over gunwale of the boat and snags several of the fish in a scoop. He idly examines the carcasses, then sniffs one tentatively -- and the results are electric. He sniffs it again, then sniffs the other fishes, getting happier and happier as he continues. A thoughtful beat, then he lowers himself into the cabin of the boat.

INT. SOLO'S SLOOP CABIN - DAY

14

It's the typically snug, excessively tidy living compartment of a small, expensive boat. Solo takes his pocket radio, clips it to an electric fixture, then clicks it as he speaks into the mike.

SOLO (into mike)  
Open Channel D, please.

INT. HEATHER'S OFFICE AT U.N.C.L.E. - DAY -  
CLOSE SHOT - HEATHER

15-20

talking into phone device.

HEATHER  
Channel D is open.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as she speaks, and we SEE that she's on the contour couch, a sun lamp poised above. She wears a bikini and is getting her suntan as she leisurely talks into the nearby mike.

SOLO  
The subject: fish...floating  
all around me, belly-up --  
dead as -- well, you name it.

15-20  
CONT'D  
(2)

HEATHER

Mackerel. I presume there's  
more, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Odd note department: all the  
fish have been cooked by something  
very warm -- like the blast from  
a rocket, for instance --

HEATHER (impressed)

Shall I check with Ichthyology?

SOLO

Yes. Find out if anything else  
could have fried these fish. And  
what do you hear from Illya?

HEATHER

The entire Orbesk coast is manned...  
on red alert...

SOLO

If another container floats ashore,  
we may start hearing some very  
loud, destructive noises...

At this point the bulb in her sun lamp suddenly  
shatters.

HEATHER (apologetically)

The sun lamp popped.

SOLO

Thank you, you just took a big  
load off my mind. Over and out,  
Heather.

Solo flicks off switches, replaces mike and is re-  
assembling gas-burner into original state, when  
he's suddenly jarred off his feet as the cabin  
assumes an extraordinary, off center position.

EXT. SOLO'S SLOOP - DAY

21

The boat is still rocking violently as Solo clambers out of the cabin, and immediately his eye is riveted by something off...

ANOTHER ANGLE

22

A succession of huge bubbles are erupting to the surface of the sea, nearby -- and plainly outlined in one of the bubbles is the figure of a man thrashing about. A beat, then Solo dives into the water after him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - IN WATER

23

Stroking vigorously, Solo comes up to the floating figure of the man, who is now seen to be moving very feebly -- Solo takes him in tow and starts swimming back to the boat -- only the boat is running before the wind and drifting away faster than he can close the gap. HOLD on the face of the man -- eyes open, lips moving, etc., then

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

24

CAMERA still HOLDS on the face of the man, but now his eyes are closed and the lips motionless. Solo's face reflects great fatigue as he strokes doggedly -- then he treads water, lifts his head, and peers off yearningly...

HIS POV - THE BREAKWATER

24X1

the white foam of water breaking over the rocks.

BACK TO SOLO

24X2

as he resumes his leaden-armed stroking for the shore. A beat, then he's re-vitalized at the SOUND of:

GABE'S VOICE

Ahoy, there in the water!



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EXT. SHOT OF BONNIE K - ESTABLISHING - DAY

24X3

heading INTO CAMERA.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BOW OF BONNIE K

24X4

showing GABE MELCROFT, a large, muscular young man wearing a yachtsman's cap and dungarees, as he tees off with a life preserver, then sends it sailing through the air, trailing its line as it goes... (in back of him looking on excitedly, we see FELICIA LAVIMORE, an attractive girl in her early twenties).

BACK TO SOLO

24X5

as the preserver lands near him and he latches onto it.

GABE'S VOICE

Hang on! It'd be quicker to tow you in...

Solo nods and we see the slack of the preserver line being taken up until Solo and the man are caught up with a jerk and are being towed through the water--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOCK - EVENING

25

we see hands gently lowering a limp form (face downward) to the dock, then CAMERA ANGLES to show Solo being helped up onto the dock, still clutching the life preserver. As Gabe tosses a blanket across Solo's shoulders and takes life preserver from him, Solo plants a grateful kiss on its canvas surface. Felicia is looking on wide-eyed at the other man still lying on the dock.

SOLO (panting - as

Harvey Muller)

Case a gopher pops out of a hole and asks you, that was the purtiest life preserver a fella goin' down for the third time ever spied--

(extending hand)

Mrs. Muller's boy Harvey--much obliged.

GABE (shaking hand)

Gabe Melcroft. Glad we were around when you...

During the above, one of the seamen has turned over the limp form of the other man and Gabe reacts visibly. Solo spots this--Felicia is much too excited to notice.

25  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Y'know the man?

GABE

What? No--no, I don't.  
(to seaman)

Frank, bed him down right where he is with blankets 'til the ambulance gets here.

As the seamen start draping blankets over the unconscious man, Felicia turns her gaze on Solo.

FELICIA

How did you fall in, Mr. Muller?

SOLO

Well, now, I'll tell you, Miss, the fact of the matter is, neither of us fell in...

FELICIA

You didn't? Then how...?

SOLO

I jumped into the water when I saw this fella --  
(points to unconscious man)  
-- come poppin' up outta the water!

GABE (sharply)

How's that?

SOLO

Fact! It was the doggondest thing...  
(sudden thought)  
Hey, what's happening to that li'l ol' boat of mine, anyway?

GABE

She'll be all right. She'll probably drift aground off the point. You were saying?

SOLO

Oh, yes. Well, all of a sudden, bubbles! Like all the bicarbonate of soda there is goin'! Whooshin' up outta the water...!

GABE (harshly)  
Mr. Muller, you're going to get  
chilled wearing those wet clothes.

25  
CONT'D  
(3)

He takes Solo's arm and guides him firmly away.

EXT. DOCKSIDE TACKLE SHOP - EVENING

26

as Gabe leads Solo up to the doorway with Felicia  
following, until she's stopped by Gabe.

SOLO  
...and right smack in the middle  
of all them bubbles was this fella...

GABE  
Felicia, the man could use some  
hot coffee.

FELICIA  
Oh, sure, I'll get some from the  
boat, right away.

As she moves off, Gabe reaches in and takes a  
large towel from the wall and hands it to Solo.

GABE  
Here you are. Mr. Muller, you can  
do yourself some good with this.

INT. TACKLE SHOP - EVENING

26X1

with Solo visible in the doorway, drying his hair  
with Gabe's towel. Gabe goes to phone on wall  
and dials. A beat, then:

GABE (sotto-tensely,  
into phone)  
Orville? Gabe here. Let me talk to  
him right away--  
(sharply)  
Well, get him! This is urgent!  
I'll hang on--  
(aloud, to Solo, as he  
waits)  
You know, Mr. Muller, I was just  
thinking; bubbles--people popping  
out of the water like Porpoises--  
a fellow could easily get himself  
laughed at, repeating that story.

BACK TO SOLO

27

Solo, rubbing towel on his hair, pauses, reflecting, then decides the proper note to strike would be virtuous indignation.

SOLO

Now hold it, Mr. Melcroft, it's purely the truth! I saw it happen with my own eyes!

BACK TO GABE

28

GABE (tolerantly  
amused)

I wished I had a plugged nickel for every summer visitor who has seen mermaids and sea serpents-- with their own eyes.

(at CLICKING SOUND,  
picks up receiver)

Hello, Gabe here, sir, I--hold on please.

Solo has started to enter shack.

SOLO

You trying to tell me that I'm seeing things!

Gabe sets the receiver down, takes Solo's arm, and guides him to the door during the following.

GABE

Believe me, there have been times I've been confused, too. Felicia oughta be along any minute with your coffee.

(closes door)

EXT. TACKLE SHOP - EVENING

29

Solo turns, then irritably slaps the side of the wall as he goes--CAMERA ZOOMS INTO A CLOSE SHOT, and we see that with the action, Solo has fastened a small metallic spot to it by means of its suction cup base.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AT DOCK RAILING

30

as Solo lounges up and takes a position there, apparently absorbed in watching the circling sea-gulls.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

31

Now we see that he holds the pocket radio against his ear--and we HEAR emerging from the device:

GABE'S VOICE

...can only mean one thing, Mr. Lockridge. In my opinion...

VINCE'S VOICE

(peremptorily)

I'm well aware what it all means, Gabe. The question right now is, what about this castaway you picked up?

GABE'S VOICE

Nothing to worry about there, sir. Alfalfa type, not too bright. I've got him buffaloed into believing...

Solo suddenly reacts annoyed and he clicks receiver CUTTING OFF SOUND--a beat and we see why, as Felicia comes up, carrying a mug of coffee, which she extends to him.

FELICIA

Here you are, Mr. Muller, this'll warm you up.

SOLO (taking cup)

Much obliged, Miss, but I'm plenty warm right now -- under the collar!

FELICIA

What?

SOLO (solemnly indignant)

I have seen all-fired unpleasant customers in my day--

(stabbing finger in Gabe's direction)

--but that one's the all-firedest!

FELICIA

Gabe? Why, what did he....?

SOLO

Practically called me a fool, is all. As much as claimed I'm wall-eyed --

FELICIA

Gabe did?

SOLO

The insultin', cock-sure pup!

FELICIA (tight-lipped)

Mr. Muller...

SOLO

If you ask me, that trick captain's  
cap he wears is cuttin' off the  
supply of blood to his brain...

He stops as Gabe emerges from the tackle shop,  
carrying clothes, and comes up to them. Felicia  
slips her arm through Gabe's as she says following,  
smiling acidly at Solo.

FELICIA

Gabe, dear, I'm going to run along.  
(turns to go, then:)  
Oh, and Gabe, after we're married,  
promise me you won't wear that cap  
any more...

GABE

Huh? Why not?

FELICIA

I wouldn't want you to wind up  
with anemia of the brain, dear.

She turns and walks off, leaving Gabe staring  
bewildered after her.

GABE (to Solo)

What brought that on?

SOLO (gaily)

Just female small talk, if you  
ask me...

Gabe shrugs, then holds out the clothes to Solo.

GABE

You can use the shack to change  
into these dry duds, if you'd like.

SOLO

I'd like that real fine.

Solo goes to shack, enters, then looks off at dock...

HIS POV

31X1

the man Solo rescued is lying on the deck, bundled up in several blankets, with the Bonnie K berthed nearby.

BACK TO SCENE

31X2

Solo turns and enters the shack, as we

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TACKLE SHOP - EVENING

31X3

Solo emerges still buttoning the dry shirt he has put on. As he looks off toward dock, he reacts.

HIS POV

31X4

the man in the blankets is no longer there. Gabe is lounging at the dock railing nearby as Solo comes into view.

SOLO (indicating spot  
where man used to be)  
Where'd my friend go?

GABE  
His wife showed up and took him off to the hospital. Oh, your sloop was picked up off the point and berthed at the Marina.

SOLO  
Well, thanks a whole lot, Mr. Melcroft. You been a mighty big help.

GABE  
Any time, Mr. Muller. Can I give you a lift, maybe?

SOLO  
Thanks, but don't bother.  
Where can I get a cab?

GABE

At the end of the pier. You  
going to the hotel?

31X4  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

No -- I'm fixin' to visit a fella  
I know of -- old Doc Lavimore.  
See you around, Mr. Melcroft,

Gabe reacts and slowly turns around to stare after  
Solo as he jauntily walks off --

DISSOLVE TO:

32-35 OUT

EXT. LAVIMORE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

36

OVER the DIMINISHING SOUND of a TAXI PULLING AWAY,  
Solo comes into view mounting the couple of steps  
leading to the front door of the house, goes to  
the old-fashioned revolving bell, twirls it and  
waits -- then he cautiously tries the front door.  
It obviously is locked. Solo lifts front door mat --  
doesn't find anything under it, sighs, and removes  
from his pocket a series of pick-like instruments  
attached to a common pivot. He selects one, starts  
to apply it to the lock of the door, then, on an  
impulse, he runs his hand over the door frame --  
and we see his face light up with a smile as he comes  
away with a key that was resting there.

INT. LAVIMORE PARLOR - NIGHT

37

As Solo unlocks front door and lets himself in,  
he closes door and looks around briefly, then  
turns on floor lamp. He wanders out of room,  
we HEAR refrigerator being opened, then he re-  
turns carrying a glass of milk that he sips  
throughout scene. Solo goes to an old-fashioned  
secretary, opens front and starts examining a  
batch of letters in the pigeonholes...

38-40 OUT



EXT. FRONT DOOR - LAVIMORE HOUSE - NIGHT

40X1

Felicia steps to the front door. She reaches for the key, finds it gone. Puzzled at first, her face lights up suddenly. She thrusts open the door.

INT. LAVIMORE FOYER - NIGHT

40X2

As Felicia bursts in...

FELICIA

Dad.....

HER POV - IN PARLOR

41

Solo is sipping his glass of milk, apparently lost to everything else but the book he is reading. As Felicia comes into view, furious, he looks up, in pleasant surprise.

SOLO

We-e-e-ll, now, this sure is a small world, ain't it?

FELICIA

Yes, practically microscopic. What are you doing here?

SOLO

Same thing you are, I expect. Waitin' t'meet Dr. Lavimore. You got an appointment with the man?

FELICIA

I don't need one. The man happens to be my father --

(picks up phone)

Operator, this is an emergency; get me the police.

Solo looks at her bewilderedly, then he reaches into his jacket and comes up with a sheaf of papers he holds out to her.

SOLO

Now hold your fire, Miss Lavimore --  
maybe you oughta run your eye over  
this before y'go off half-cocked.

41  
CONT'D  
(2)

Felicia glances coldly at the papers, starts to  
say something in answer to SOUNDS of someone  
on the other end, then reacts, staring at paper.

FELICIA (into phone)

I -- never mind, thank you.

(hangs up, picks up  
papers and reads)

A contract? For my father?

SOLO

Yep. To head up the Research  
Department of the Emporia  
Institute. And you'll notice  
when y'come to the part about  
compensation, it's blank. Your  
daddy can fill that in t'suit  
hisself. No hagglin'.

FELICIA (her turn to  
be bewildered)

But -- but I don't understand --  
who are you?

SOLO

Just a country boy who made  
good, if I do say so myself.  
They voted me chairman of the  
trustees, and it's a job I  
take seriously, I can tell  
you. "Who's the best man for  
the job," I asked, and that's  
when your daddy's name came up.

FELICIA (troubled)

Well, he's -- he's away...

SOLO

Well, s'pose you tell me where.  
(sudden disturbing thought)  
Or, do you think maybe he won't  
be interested in the deal?

FELICIA

Oh, no, I'm sure he'll be  
interested but -- he's in  
Chicago...

SOLO (picks up  
phone)

Where's he stoppin', Miss Lavimore?  
We'll nail this down right now...

FELICIA

That is, he was in Chicago,  
but -- he left for Newport...

SOLO (dialing)

Newport, hey?  
(into phone)  
Operator, can you get me...

FELICIA (hastily)

But he's not there any more!  
(as Solo stares at her)  
Mr. Muller, I haven't the faintest  
idea where my father is -- and  
I'm -- very worried.

SOLO

When was the last time you saw  
your father?

FELICIA

It was three weeks ago tomorrow.  
He said he was going...  
(she stops, biting her  
lip)

SOLO  
Going where?

41  
CONT'D  
(4)

FELICIA  
Night fishing.

SOLO  
Aboard the Bonnie K?  
Gabe Melcroft's boat?

Felicia nods. Solo gets to his feet and paces.

FELICIA  
But Gabe said Dad never came  
aboard that night. And then  
the next day I got the note  
from him, telling me he'd been  
called away on urgent business.

SOLO (thoughtfully)  
What time does Gabe's boat pull  
outta dock tonight, Miss Lavimore?

FELICIA  
Eight o'clock -- why?

SOLO  
Oh, I just feel like goin'  
fishing tonight...

EXT. LAVIMORE HOUSE - NIGHT

41X1

We are outside the open window of the Lavimore  
parlor, we will come to realize, with the darkness  
barely relieved by the light filtering through the  
shaded

window--and then we become aware of a glowing point  
--that becomes brighter as we see that the glow is  
the end of a cigar being puffed by someone listen-  
ing to what is being said inside...

41X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO'S VOICE (continued)  
...on old Gabe's boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STEPS LEADING TO BONNIE K'S DOCK - NIGHT

42

During the following, and OVER the SOUND of CAROUSEL MUSIC, a group of passengers will be seen crossing gangplank onto Bonnie K. They look like anything but the mackinawed, booted crowd that usually throngs the drift fishers. Several of the men even carry unwieldy boxes and containers instead of tackle boxes. They're a strangely mute, cheerless crowd. And standing between the ticket booth and the gangplank, is Gabe, making unobtrusive notations on a pad with the boarding of each passenger. He looks up, reacting, as he sees Solo come strolling up to ticket booth and look inside.

SOLO

Hi, Mr. Melcroft. Who's selling the tickets, this trip?

GABE

What? Oh, no one, Mr. Muller. This trip is booked solid.

SOLO (winking)

Y'mean, after me, no one gets to come aboard?

GABE

I'm sorry, Mr. Muller, I wish I could find room for you, but these men've had the boat reserved for a month, now. It's a club.

Solo takes out a bill and waves it around during the following:

SOLO

I understand how it is, Gabe, but I'll bet you a twenty dollar bill that I can sneak aboard the Bonnie K without you even knowing it...

ANOTHER ANGLE

43

In the darkness of bordering shrubbery, we see a glowing point of fire. It glows brighter, and we see that it's Lockridge puffing on a cigar as he watches the scene being enacted between Gabe and Solo. Suddenly he steps out of the shadows and toward the two.

VINCE

Good evening, Gabe. Problem?

GABE (irritably)

I'm trying to explain to Mr. Muller that we're all booked solid, but I'm not getting across.

SOLO (mournfully)

I just had my heart set on comin' along tonight, I really did.

VINCE

Gabe, I'm surprised at you, turning down anyone who wants to go aboard as badly as this gentleman does.

(extending hand)

Vincent Lockridge is my name, sir.

SOLO

Harvey Muller here, Vincent, and I like your style!

GABE (bewilderedly)

But Mr. Lockridge...

VINCE

Not another word, Gabe, I'll take full responsibility.

He puts his arm around Solo's shoulders and beaming delightedly, Solo and he step across the gangplank onto the Bonnie K, jostled by the silent, cheerless group accompanying them, as we

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:  
INT. BONNIE K CABIN - NIGHT

44

A circle of zombie-like passengers ring Solo as he stands before them, drink in hand. The passengers all hold glasses as if the liquor in them might turn out to be radio-active. Gabe leans in the doorway, somberly listening. Only Vince, among the passengers, wears a smile as he listens to Solo.

SOLO

Now here's another comical story for you, fellas -- it's about two fleas who came out of a movie theater...

Solo breaks up laughing and can't go on for a while...

SOLO (continued)

Oh, this is a belly-buster, all right! The two fleas come out of the movie, and one turns to the other and says, "Shall we walk or should we take a dog?"

Solo is reduced to helpless laughter, a laughter that only Vince joins in, then Solo stops, admiring a burst of fireworks that is seen through the cabin windows.

SOLO (continued)

Fireworks! Say, now, that's real purty...

VINCE

Oh, that's just penny ante stuff, Mr. Muller. They put on a real fireworks show on Saturday night.

SOLO

Tomorrow? For a fact, eh?  
(as the ship lurches,  
causing him to stagger)  
Whoa, Nelly...

VINCE

We aren't even out of the harbor yet. But you'll get used to the feel of the waves.

(to the men)

Harvey's first time out for albacore, isn't that so, Harvey?

SOLO (proudly)  
I'm a sailor, not a fisherman.

VINCE  
They're going to be striking hard  
and fast tomorrow morning. It's  
about time we gave you a few  
pointers.

SOLO (pleased)  
Now I take that real kindly.

VINCE  
Gabe. Show Harvey how to bait a  
hook, why don't you...

GABE  
Sure thing, Mr. Lockridge.

VINCE  
This isn't easy. The barbs are  
sharp.

Gabe brings a hook and a pail of anchovies.

GABE  
The trick is to set the anchovy firmly  
on the hook so it doesn't pull off.  
(demonstrating)  
Like this.

SOLO (watching  
attentively)  
Not much to that.

VINCE  
Oh, you'll get onto the hang of it  
before you know it. Here, try it  
for yourself.

SOLO  
Why, sure.

Gabe and the others crowd around and watch as Solo  
starts wrestling with hook and bait.

GABE (watching him)  
Uh, uh, Mr. Muller, deeper. That won't  
stay on. Let me ---

He jostles Solo's arm and the hook catches Solo's  
hand.

SOLO (as it bites in)  
Yeee --- !



VINCE

Gabe! That was unpardonably clumsy of you!

(looking off)

Dr. Marklin, will you take a look at this, please.

44

CONT'D  
(3)

A dark, intense-looking man comes up and examines Solo's hand.

SOLO

You sure do travel in style -- a doctor and all.

VINCE

Always ready for emergencies.

(to doctor)

What do you think, Doctor?

SOLO (as doctor

flips open bag)

Look, it's not all that bad -- let 'er bleed a while, I say...

VINCE

Nonsense. Dr. Marklin has just the thing for a cut like that. Don't you, Doctor?

Dr. Marklin takes a bottle and a daub from his black case. Solo instinctively starts to retreat.

SOLO

Fellas, if it's all the same to you, I'd just as leave...

VINCE

Dr. Stillwell, Laidlaw, you'd better hold Harvey's arm so he don't jiggle.

Harvey suddenly finds himself being held very firmly by an oddly quiet little group. He beams around with an effort, relaxing.

SOLO

You're right. A feller'd be crazy taking a chance on infection. Let 'er rip, Doc.

Dr. Marklin daubs his cut firmly.

VINCE

You should feel warmth around the cut. Do you?

SOLO

Warm? It's -- it's burnin' up,  
sure enough, that's what it is...

44

CONT'D  
(4)

VINCE

You don't feel faint, do you?

CLOSE - THE FACES OF VINCE AND THE OTHERS AS THEY  
STARE DOWN AT SOLO

45

as we watch, the images blur, recede and advance.

SOLO (voice miles away)

I don't? Wanna bet...?

(as he goes under)

Goodbye -- Harvey -- Muller...

The words "Harvey Muller" echo on and on and on, as  
we

BLUR OUT:

BLUR IN:

46

OVER a shred of "Harvey Muller" still echoing on  
in B.G., to a burst of fireworks, dream-like in its  
slow motion as it blossoms and unfolds like a rose,  
then dissipates, leaving only a glowing spot -- a  
spot that increases in brilliance, illuminating the  
face of Vince, puffing on a cigar as he stares down  
into CAMERA (Solo, that is).

A Man is thrust into place next to Vince (who  
remains immobile, throughout) by a set of brutal  
hands -- the man's face is in shadow, but as we  
watch, he is illuminated just enough so that we  
see that he's JONAS LAVIMORE, seen earlier in  
Illya's photo. As the haggard face of Lavimore  
contemplates Solo:

VINCE'S VOICE

Well, Doctor, who is he?

LAVIMORE

I -- I don't know....!

VINCE'S VOICE

You've never seen him before?

LAVIMORE

Never -- I swear it, never....!

"Never" echoes on and on as the figures blur and recede, until nothing remains but Vince's glowing cigar tip, as we

46  
CONT'D  
(2)

BLUR OUT:

BLUR IN:

47

The word "Never" is still persisting in a WHISPER, as a Roman candle arcs through the blackness of space, leaving only drifting sparks that coalesce into Vince's glowing cigar tip -- HOLD, then blot out as a body on a stretcher is carried past Solo's field of vision. The head bobs from side to side as only the very dead can, but we recognize it as belonging to Dr. Vogel, the man Solo dove into the water for -- as Vince's glowing cigar tip becomes visible again, it explodes into a massive display of fireworks, that wavers, blurs and recedes, as we

BLUR OUT:

BLUR IN:

48

To the glowing spot -- increasing in brilliance until it illuminates the face of Vince, puffing at his cigar.

A face in silhouette thrusts itself near Vince's ear -- lights come up until we recognize him as Dr. Foster, the fat, jolly man seen earlier aboard the Bonnie K -- Dr. Foster is bubbling over with cheery good humor as he says:

DR. FOSTER

I say get rid of him -- toss  
him overboard right now...

During the above, another face in silhouette has come into view beside Vince's other ear -- lights come up until we see that it is the dour Dr. Martin, who says vehemently:

DR. MARTIN

Why take a chance, Mr. Lockridge?  
He may be missed -- they may come  
around snooping -- let him live,  
I say...

Dr. Foster's loud "Get rid of him!" is interposed, then Dr. Martin's "Let him live..." the two get

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mixed up in a ghostly, echoing contest, as everything begins to blur, advance and recede, until nothing is left but Vince's glowing cigar tip --

48  
CONT'D  
(2)

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

GLOWING CIGAR TIP

49

it dissolves into the sun, framed by a porthole, as we find we're in:

INT. BONNIE K'S CABIN - DAY

50

Solo is lying on the long bench running the length of the cabin, blinking painfully at the sun in his eyes. Vince smilingly stands over him, with a grave-faced Gabe at his side.

VINCE

Time to get up, Mr. Muller. We're heading into port.

SOLO (starting to rise)

Y'mean I --

(sinking back with a groan)

Ooooh -- any of you gents seen my head floatin' around? Y'can't miss it, it's a big, king-sized one...

VINCE

Mr. Muller, confess it -- you were pretty well fortified by the cup that cheers before you even came aboard the Bonnie K -- weren't you?

SOLO (groaning)

Now why ever would you say a thing like that for, Vince?

VINCE

Well, from the way you were barking like a fox, and leaping like a tuna, it certainly was a merry trip while it lasted.

With a groan Solo rises to a sitting position.

SOLO

I'm getting up -- get some air...

Vince and Gabe exchange swift looks.

50  
CONT'D  
(2)

GABE

Stay in your bunk till we dock,  
why don't you?

SOLO (stubbornly)

No. Gotta get some air.

He gets unsteadily to his feet. Vince signals Gabe to let him go.

EXT. DECK OF BONNIE K - DAY

51

A very unsteady Solo comes up out of the cabin, followed by Vince and Gabe. The entire mood of the boat is different. There's a loud, insistent conversation from the passengers -- it seems like an entirely new bunch of passengers -- and as Solo surveys them groggily, it comes to him that it is.

SOLO

I'm lookin' t'thank that nice  
Doc Martin -- but I don't see him...

VINCE

Martin? Do we have a Dr. Martin  
aboard, Gabe?

Gabe shakes his head stonily -- Solo puts on a very convincing imitation of bewilderment as he looks over the passengers.

SOLO

The one who doctored my hand --  
remember? And that nice, big round  
man, the one did all the laughing --  
I don't see him neither...

Solo suddenly becomes aware that Vince and Gabe are exchanging covert, pitying glances.

VINCE

I'll say one thing for you.  
When you tie one on,  
you do a very workmanlike job.

SOLO

Now wait a minute! I don't care how  
many I lowered, I couldn't've imagined  
that I...

He stops, goggling, as a COUPLE OF MATRONS walk briskly by.

SOLO (continued)  
Females! There wasn't any when  
I came aboard last night -- or  
were there?  
(groaning - gives up)  
Oh, Mrs. Muller's boy Harvey is a  
sure enough mixed up cookie...

51  
CONT'D  
(2)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN ON SOLO'S SLOOP - DAY

52

Solo's head is swathed in a large, wet towel as he  
talks over his radio.

SOLO  
Heather, when we have that mid-  
night supper -- no albacore.

INT. HEATHER'S OFFICE AT U.N.C.L.E. - DAY

53

Heather is seen knitting away at a long, tube-like  
garment during the following. (NOTE: during the  
following, INTERCUT.)

HEATHER  
Yes, sir, I'll make a note of it.  
Anything else?

SOLO  
Yes, I want a heap of Geodetic  
Survey Data on Southport Harbor --  
for instance, is it deep enough  
and unobstructed enough for a large  
submarine to tool around in?

CAMERA PULLS BACK during this and we see that a  
small dachshund is sitting in a chair near Heather's  
desk, gazing adoringly at her. As she talks, Heather  
matches the garment she's knitting against the length  
of the dachshund, so we realize it's a dachshund  
jacket she's making.

HEATHER  
... A sub large enough to launch  
a Polaris type missile, I take it.

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SOLO

That's the general idea. Oh, and  
you can log this little tidbit.  
Last night I saw...

53  
CONT'D  
(2)

A muffled NOISE causes him to look up...

HIS POV

54

Felicia, wide-eyed, is looking over the edge of  
the cabin entryway.

SOLO

More later, Heather. A snoopy  
friend just dropped by.

EXT. SOLO'S SLOOP - DECK - DAY

55

as Solo climbs up and meets Felicia's burning,  
loathing-filled eyes.

FELICIA

Whatever ~~happened~~ to that cute  
Farmer Brown that used to be  
around?

SOLO

A mere detail. The important thing  
is...

FELICIA (erupting)

That you're a liar! That you told  
me nothing but lies!

SOLO

The important thing is, I saw  
your father last night.

FELICIA

Liar!

She gets to her feet and darts out of the picture.  
Solo waits, unmoving, and then Felicia slowly returns  
into view.

FELICIA

My father? Last night?  
(at Solo's nod)  
Who are you, Mr. Muller?

SOLO

There's an organization called  
U.N.C.L.E. Perhaps you may have  
heard of it?

(at her hesitant nod)

I belong to it. And without  
going into tiresome details,  
we're interested in locating  
your father. Do you believe that?

FELICIA (distractedly)

Yes--no--oh, I don't know what to  
believe! You said you saw him--  
where? How is he?

SOLO

He's fine. As to where --

(shrugging)

I don't know.

FELICIA

But surely you must know something.,!

SOLO

Miss Lavimore. Last night I went  
out on the Bonnie K. It rates very  
highly on my list of unforgettable  
experiences. Some place out there,  
within half an hour of the harbor,  
we made a switch. We dropped people,  
we picked up people -- among others,  
your father.

FELICIA

Aboard the Bonnie K? I don't  
believe it!

SOLO (wearily)

Look, I don't mean he's still there

(continued)



SOLO (continued)  
now, but he was, last night. As  
to where he could be at this  
moment --

(scanning horizon)  
Is there an island out past the  
Harbor?

FELICIA  
No, not that close. But Mr. Muller...

SOLO  
They wanted me taken care of before  
we'd been gone half an hour.

FELICIA  
There's nothing out there -- Just  
the --

The realization dawns on both Felicia and Solo.

SOLO  
The oil tower.

FELICIA  
But that's ridiculous. The tower's  
only a platform and an oil shaft.

SOLO  
Is it? Or is that what we're supposed  
to think?

(suddenly)  
Felicia. Do you have a boat?

FELICIA  
No. Dad used to take the rowboat --  
the Hanson's rowboat!

SOLO  
Good! A rowboat's perfect. I want  
something that'll get me out there  
tonight -- quietly.

FELICIA  
All right. But you'll have to take  
me with you.

SOLO  
No!

FELICIA  
But Mr. Muller...

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SOLO (sternly)  
It's out of the question, Felicia,  
you hear?

55  
CONT'D  
(3)

FELICIA (meekly)  
All right, Mr. Muller, just as you  
say.

FLIP TO:

EXT. THE DINGHY IN THE BAY - NIGHT

56

Solo is rowing, Felicia is sitting in the stern.  
Both cast looks at something off.

POV

57

The Texas Tower (STOCK) - Night

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PLATFORM OF THE TOWER - NIGHT

58

as Solo hauls Felicia over the side of the platform.  
It's cold and windy on the platform. Besides the  
machinery, there's only the top of the shaft that  
pumps oil up from the undersea oil deposit. Felicia  
is shivering from the cold as she looks around with  
distaste.

FELICIA  
Nothing but a lot of pipe...

SOLO  
Um-hm. Let's just look it over.

Felicia follows, shivering, as Solo examines the  
superstructure, walks around it, then suddenly  
becomes very interested in the part of the shaft  
attached to the platform. As he traces an invisible  
(to us) aperture along its length, it suddenly  
parts, bathing the startled Felicia in a flood of  
light.

ANOTHER ANGLE

59

Felicia is clinging to Solo as the aperture increases

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until there's a door-sized opening facing them.

59  
CONT'D  
(2)

VINCE'S VOICE

Very well, Miss Lavimore, Mr. Muller.  
Please come in.

As Felicia hangs back:

SOLO

Now, Felicia, let's not keep  
the gentleman waiting...

They enter the shaft and the aperture closes behind  
them, leaving the platform to the darkness and the  
wind, as we

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR INSIDE OIL TOWER SHAFT - NIGHT

60

Felicia and Solo in a starkly unadorned metal cylinder. WHIRRING SOUNDS and instruments on the wall with moving dials combine to give effect that we are in a swiftly descending elevator.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON FELICIA

61

She puts trembling hands to her lips and moves closer to Solo, who puts a comforting arm around her.

FELICIA

Mr. Muller, I'm scared!

Solo gives her a significant "the walls have ears" look, then does the hearty, jovial bit:

SOLO

Scared? Why, it's no more scary than going down into the basement of Eaton's Department Store --  
(calls out for Felicia's benefit)

Hey, we on the right elevator for Hardware and Garden Supplies?

FELICIA (wincing; hands to ears)

And my ears!

VINCE'S VOICE

Keep swallowing, Miss Lavimore. The pressure will be equalized by the time we reach bottom.  
(a beat)

I suggest you both take hold of the grab rail.

Felicia takes a tight grip on the rail bisecting elevator -- then there is a HISSING SOUND of air and Felicia and Solo sag, their knees buckling, to indicate arrested movement. The entry doors start to slide open, then quickly reverse themselves and slide shut again.

VINCE'S VOICE

One moment, please. Your gun, Mr. Muller.

(as panel flips up near Solo)

In here, please.

SOLO (blankly)

Gun?

VINCE'S VOICE (long-suffering sigh)

The one the scanner shows in your shoulder holster.

SOLO

Oh, that gun.

(admiringly, as he puts gun in wall opening)

I declare, Vince, you got eyes on you like a store detective.

61  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. VESTIBULE AT BOTTOM OF SHAFT - NIGHT

62

The elevator doors slide open again. Felicia and Solo emerge, look around wonderingly, then Felicia's gaze is suddenly arrested as she reacts with a sharp intake of breath.

P.O.V.

63

Against the b.g. of a series of radiating corridors all opening into the common elevator vestibule, we see a body on a high, wheeled stretcher, all but the face covered by a sheet. Felicia follows, gaze averted, as Solo comes into view, looking keenly at face:

SOLO

Well, I sure do recognize that body.

VINCE'S VOICE

Yes, it is the same man you fished out of the water.

SOLO

Sure havin' one heckuva time gettin' buried, ain't he?

VINCE

I'm afraid he never will. It was Dr. Vogel's personal destiny to be in a side corridor when a Freon wall collapsed. Dr. Vogel's remains will be incinerated and disposed of...

63  
CONT'D  
(2)

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero, minus fifty-five minutes.

VINCE'S VOICE

...as soon as we can spare time from the more pressing duties at hand.

(a beat)  
Ah, but here's our good Dr. Foster who will escort you to me.

CAMERA ANGLES to show Dr. Foster emerging from one of the many doors puncturing the long corridor. Dr. Foster is dressed in white coveralls (as is everyone else) and beaming broadly.

DR. FOSTER

Well, hi there.  
(gesturing expansively)  
Welcome to our Valhalla beneath the floor of the sea.

He throws back his head and laughs merrily. Solo turns to Felicia.

SOLO

Now that's what we like, honey, right? A happy man.

DR. FOSTER (chuckling)

Right this way, please.

He bustles off. CAMERA HOLDS on Solo with a smile still pasted on his face as he murmurs to Felicia out of the corner of his mouth.

SOLO

Laugh it up, Felicia, and keep on your toes -- I'm going to jump our fat friend as soon as I get a chance.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CORRIDOR

64

Framing the foreground is a huge, truss-like structure that has been set into position against the arched wall and ceiling of the corridor. Blackened,

twisted portions of the wall indicate that a violent blast may have occurred here. Dr. Stillwell turns a corner and comes into view, walking briskly, followed by Solo and Felicia. As Solo reaches the truss he pauses, looking up at it.

64  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Hey. This where that Vogel caught it, Doc?

DR. STILLWELL (pauses - turns)

What? Yes, so it is, Mr. Muller.  
(chuckling)

Terrible thing to happen to the old boy.

SOLO

If it ain't too painful reminiscing, what did happen?

DR. STILLWELL (shrugging)

We'll never really know, but if you ask me -- Vogel was doing routine maintenance on the Freon system.

SOLO

Freon system?

DR. STILLWELL (taps wall)

Crystalized Freon gas...maintains a counter pressure against the ocean floor all around us. Vogel must have turned up the valve of a Freon pipe by accident.

SOLO

Well, naturally, of course.

(NOTE: During the following, Dr. Stillwell is sublimely unaware that Solo has flicked a glance at Felicia, alerting her. Solo's interested smile never leaves his lips as he covertly balls his fist and sidles toward the doctor.)

DR. STILLWELL

It's in a class with T.N.T.! Why, thirty seconds with the valve turned up and it probably built up enough pressure to shatter, blowing out the seawall.

VINCE'S VOICE (whip-  
like)  
Don't Mr. Muller!

64  
CONT'D  
(3)

Solo teeters, catching himself just as he's about to lunge. Dr. Foster just looks bewildered.

VINCE'S VOICE (cont'd)  
You're under constant observation,  
so don't play the fool.  
(crisply)  
Dr. Foster. Stay alert -- Please.

DR. FOSTER (hastily)  
Yes, sir!

He looks reproachfully at Solo, then hurries off. Solo shrugs, takes Felicia's arm and they follow after.

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

65

CLOSE - on massive metal door as it swings open, disclosing Dr. Foster as the opener. He looks coldly at Solo as he and Felicia enter, then retreats, closing himself out of the room. As Solo and Felicia stare around, CAMERA ANGLES to show they are in a huge, octagonally-shaped room, the walls of which are lined with bank after bank of dials and controls, lights flashing on and off in intricate patterns. In the center, completely surrounded by an octagonally shaped desk, Vince sits, pre-occupied with a panel of illuminated buttons. Off to one side, his back turned to us, a man in the inevitable white coveralls stands, jotting down instrument readings on a clipboard.

VINCE (rises,  
bowing)  
Come in, please.

FELICIA  
Mr. Lockridge, where's my...

She stops reacting incredulously as the man with the clipboard turns around and we see that it's Gabe

FELICIA (continued)  
Gabe!

She rushes to him and throws her arms around him.



CLOSE SHOT - FELICIA AND GABE

65X1

Her eyes closed, her arms around him--we see him automatically start to put his arms around her, in return, then he drops them to his side. We see Felicia's eyes open, puzzled, unbelievably, at his lack of response. (NOTE: as she embraces Gabe, her eyes are almost on a level with the butt of a revolver that can be seen protruding from a flap in the white coveralls that he wears.)

BACK TO SCENE

65X2

As Felicia pulls away from Gabe a little, still smiling up at him.

FELICIA

Gabe--what is it?

GABE (to Vince)

All the responses check out to the five micro level, Mr. Lockridge. Might as well run a check on the forward auxiliary, too.

VINCE

By all means, Gabe.

FELICIA

Gabe....?

As Gabe starts to go around her, she counters, blocking his path.

FELICIA

Now just a minute! Clear something up for me, will you?

(pointing)

Why are you carrying a gun? And whatever happened to that nice Gabe Melcroft I wanted to spend my life with?

Gabe looks impassively over Felicia's head. Solo speaks up softly:

SOLO

It's the same man. The light's just different down here.

GABE

I'm sorry, Felicia, I did what I had to do.

FELICIA

Did you?

(suddenly erupting)

You mean you were using me-- you were using me to get at my Dad. That's what it was. Right?

65X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero, minus fifty minutes.

GABE (a beat)

It's a lot more complicated than that, but -- well, I'm glad you're here, anyway. After tonight you'll understand.

FELICIA

I understand now!

(stepping aside)

Oh, go on -- go on and check your -- precious auxiliaries, your....!

She turns and buries her face in Solo's shoulder. Gabe walks to the door. The lights over the door sparkle and the door opens. A SMALL MAN stands in a slot, blinking behind thick glasses. (DR. LAVIMORE) A GUARD follows the doctor as he emerges.

FELICIA

Daddy!

She runs to him and embraces him -- this time, at any rate, there is equal response. Dr. Lavimore pats Felicia's shoulder as he talks. Gabe exits quietly and the door closes behind him.

DR. LAVIMORE

No, no, Felicia, don't cry.  
I'm fine -- fine...

VINCE

There, you see, my dear? Your father is an honored -- and most helpful -- guest, that's all.

(to guard)

I think Dr. Lavimore and his daughter can have their pleasant little reunion in his quarters.

(to Dr. Lavimore)

But first, Doctor, will you be good enough to make a final check of the potting shed?

Dr. Lavimore nods silently, then he and Felicia, arms about each other, are led away by the guard. Vince turns smilingly to Solo.

65X2  
CONT'D  
(3)

VINCE

And now, Mr. Muller, how shall we employ the shining hour? Some entertainment, perhaps...

SOLO (cheerfully)

Nothing I like better, Vince.

As Vince walks past the control panels, followed by Solo a HUGE GUARD unobtrusively materializes and falls into step behind them. Vince looks quizzically at Solo, then shakes his head with reluctant admiration.

VINCE

Remarkable. You're far from being a stupid man -- your stupidity is much too authentic. But I'm sure your name is not Harvey Muller.

SOLO

How'd you like it if I went around  
telling folks that your name wasn't  
really Vince Lockridge?

65X2  
CONT'D  
(4)

ANOTHER ANGLE - AT ALCOVE

65X3

CAMERA has followed them as they come up to the large screen. During Solo's last speech, Vince has flicked a switch and the screen lights up, showing a group of women dressed in the inevitable white coveralls, their faces covered by surgeon's masks.

VINCE

That is what we laughingly refer to as 'the potting shed'. Would you like to see the merchandise we gift-wrap there, Mr. Muller?

SOLO

Sure would. I got an aunt -- Aunt Libby -- and she has a birthday comin' up soon...

He peers closely at the scene.

66-69 OUT

HIS POV - CLOSE

70

Now we see that each woman has a cigar-shaped canister (with a panel removed, giving access to its interior) in front of her. Each wears surgeon's gloves and is rapidly and deftly plucking with forceps at bowls on a conveyor belt that pass before them, then transferring whatever it is they pluck to interior of canister. As we watch, Dr. Lavimore comes into view, followed by Felicia. Dr. Lavimore peers closely at the women as they work, occasionally making an unheard comment to them.

VINCE'S VOICE

Is everything in order, Doctor?

DR. LAVIMORE (looking

up, nodding somberly)

Everything's in order.

VINCE'S VOICE

Excellent. Thank you, Doctor.

BACK TO SCENE

71

As Vince flicks switch and screen goes blank, Solo turns disappointed eyes to Vince's.

SOLO

What's all that fuzzy stuff the females were packin'?

VINCE

Mycetae Virulans. A strain of fungi with most devastatingly unique properties -- developed by Dr. Lavimore.

SOLO (shaking his head)

I don't think it's the kind of gift anyone really needs.

VINCE (triumphantly)

All a matter of opinion, my dear Mr. Muller, because I think it's the kind of a gift the world needs -- badly! ~~But~~ a gift is not actually a gift until it's delivered, eh? And here is the charming vehicle we employ to make deliveries.

Vince flicks another switch and the screen springs into life...

CLOSE SHOT - SCREEN

71X1

We see a huge rocket surrounded by the walls of its silo, resting on its pad. Whiffs of vapor escape from four refueling hoses attached to its nose.

72 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

73

His jaw, tightens momentarily as he looks at the rocket, then he affects an open-mouthed admiration.

SOLO

Well, I gotta hand it to you, Vince.  
You get great TV reception down  
here. Cape Kennedy, ain't it?

73  
CONT'D  
(2)

VINCE

My dear Mr. Muller,  
(pointing to rocket)  
- that is situated approximately  
sixty yards from here. It works  
on the same principal as the  
Polaris missiles.

As we watch screen, one of the hoses falls from  
the nose of the rocket, just as:

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero, minus forty-five minutes.

SOLO

But Vince, ain't rocket firin' kind  
of a government monopoly, like? I  
mean, won't they kick up a fuss when  
they catch wise to what you're doin'?

VINCE

At this very moment a barge is  
being towed and anchored directly  
above this spot -- soon a truly  
magnificent display of fireworks  
will take place from the barge.  
And the culmination -- do you  
know what the culmination will  
be, Mr. Muller?

SOLO

Old Glory? Or a portrait of the  
President?

VINCE

No, Mr. Muller, an extremely  
realistic duplication of a  
rocket being launched...

As we watch screen, another of the three remaining fuel lines attached to the nose of the rocket falls away, and simultaneously we HEAR:

73  
CONT'D  
(3)

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE  
Zero, minus forty minutes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

74

as Vince takes Solo's arm and leads him away from the alcove and toward the front door.

VINCE  
But surely your organization has briefed you on all this, eh, Mr. Muller?

SOLO  
Y'keep talkin' about organizations -- y'mean the Grange? Or the 4H Club?

VINCE (shaking head  
admiringly)  
You remind me of Dr. Lavimore when we first brought him here -- he kept protesting -- until we paid a little visit to our 'Conversation Room'.

SOLO  
Conver -- what?

VINCE  
It's a room equipped with a most unique kind of apparatus. You might call it a 'mental centrifuge'. A device for separating fact from fancy...

SOLO  
And that's where we're going, now?

VINCE  
Yes, Mr. Muller...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

74X1

as Vince and Solo emerge from Master Control Room, Vince preceding as he and Solo walk down the long, ECHOING corridor, trailed by the towering guard.

VINCE

You see, if our rocket flight proves successful, finding out what your organization is becomes an academic matter. If not, then the information...

Vince never gets any further with his discourse; Solo has whirled around with a chopping Karate motion that begins low and ends high-- flush against the Adam's apple of the guard behind them. The guard goes down like a seven-foot sack of grain and Solo is off -- running...

ANOTHER ANGLE - CORRIDOR

75

Solo is pounding along, when he brakes to a halt...

HIS POV

76

Down the long corridor, GUARDS are pouring out of connecting galleries and running toward him--and the atmosphere reverberates to ELECTRONIC WHOOPS, the kind that go with attempted prison breaks.

BACK TO SOLO

77

as he reverses direction and runs--passing Vince who is calmly watching his efforts--and again Solo brakes to a halt...

HIS POV

78

More guards are charging out of galleries, into the corridor and full tilt toward him.



BACK TO SOLO

79

stopped again, with Vince looking on, shaking his head pityingly.

VINCE

You disappoint me. I thought you had given up that "Prisoner of Zenda" escape nonsense.

Solo looks around with hunted eyes, then, as he sees an open door nearby, he grabs Vince and hustles him into the room.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

80

The room Solo and Vince find themselves in is a bare cubicle lined on three sides with racks of stored supplies. Solo scrabbles at the edge of the sliding door flushed into the wall, but can't close it. (Note: from here on in Solo speaks as Solo.)

SOLO

How do you close the door, Vince?

VINCE

Don't be an idiot.

With the SOUND of running footsteps in the corridor as a spur, Solo seizes Vince's arm and levers it up behind him in one painful sweep. Vince grimaces painfully, remains silent, but his eyes inadvertently flicker to a lever projecting from a slot in the wall. This is not lost on Solo. At the SOUND of running footsteps very close now, he hurls Vince into a corner and reaches out for the lever.

VINCE (startlingly  
vehement)

Don't pull that lever or the door closes -- for good!

Solo yanks hard on the lever and the door slides  
swiftly closed.

80  
CONT'D  
(2)

VINCE (continued)

Don't for the love  
of....!

Vince lowers his head until it's touching the floor,  
holds it for a beat, then slowly raises a face dis-  
figured by trembling lips and staring eyes...

VINCE (continued)

You colossally stupid fool!  
You're dead, do you know that?

SOLO

Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say  
that. The way I figure it, I've  
got the head man of the outfit --  
I ought to be able to do some hoss  
trading.

GABE'S VOICE

Mr. Lockridge, Dr. Martin's waiting  
for you.

Vince gets to his feet and goes to the intercom  
grill, massaging his arm.

VINCE (an attempt at  
calmness)

Gabe, Dr. Martin will handle the  
launching alone. Mr. Muller is  
holding me hostage in --  
(glancing at door  
plate)

--first aid room forty-nine...

SHOT - GABE

81

seated before a control console, speaking into mike. Several other members are seen behind Gabe as he talks -- but they don't see the momentary spasm of horror and grief that clouds Gabe's face as he hears:

VINCE'S VOICE (through  
mike)  
...you will, of course, put Plan A  
into effect immediately. Dr.  
Martin will assume full command.  
(a beat)  
Goodbye, Gabe.

BACK TO VINCE AND SOLO

82

as Gabe's voice comes through their intercom grill.

GABE'S VOICE  
Good -- goodbye, Mr. Lockridge.

VINCE  
Oh, one thing more, Gabe -- how  
much oxygen do we have?

GABE'S VOICE (emotion-  
less now - a beat)  
For the two of you -- at a normal  
rate of respiration -- about  
eighteen minutes.

VINCE  
Thank you. And good luck.

As he turns away from the intercom he becomes aware of Solo staring speculatively at him through narrowed eyes.

SOLO  
So that's what Plan A is --  
complete abandonment by colleagues  
and buddies, eh?

VINCE  
You can't understand that, can you?  
How hard the old moralities die --  
the moralities based on the value  
of one life. My life is worth as

(continued)

VINCE (continued)  
little as yours. A  
basic agreement on joining this  
organization is that all men who  
make mistakes that might endanger  
the organization are expendable.

82  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo, listening with disgust, reaches out and jiggles  
the lever that closed the door experimentally.

VINCE (continued)  
The door can only  
be opened from the outside, so I  
invite you to relax and...

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE  
Zero, minus thirty-five minutes.

SOLO  
Thirty-five minutes. And accord-  
ing to sliderule Charlie back  
there, we've only got seventeen  
minutes to hang around.  
(regretfully)  
We're not going to be around to see  
the balloon go up, are we, Vince?

CAMERA MOVES IN to CLOSE SHOT of VINCE AND SOLO --  
Vince with hooded, icy eyes -- but with the corner  
of his mouth agitated by a slight tic -- and Solo,  
taking it all in, as we

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:  
INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

83

Solo and Vince lie motionless on the floor. In the dim light you could easily suppose they were dead. And then, BOOMING OUT we hear:

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE  
Zero, minus fifteen minutes.

Solo stirs and raises his head groggily, squinting at clock on wall.

SOLO  
Vince, boy, you still there? We've got two minutes left -- I thought you'd like to know...

Still lying motionless, we hear Vince MUMBLING, then as he raises his head, his words become audible.

VINCE (obviously wandering)  
...so we precipitate a clash that will destroy both nations--because both nations are honeycombed with dry-rot and decay--and then--  
(louder and louder, with growing evangelical ardor)  
--then we emerge--like Neptune from under the floor of the sea! Ready to take over and re-establish the world on a logical, emotionless, scientific basis!

SOLO (applauding weakly)  
Bravo. What a pity you won't be around to see the big day. But I suppose Dr. Martin will be able to handle things...

VINCE  
Yes, he will! I designed and built this organization well!

SOLO  
Or Gabe. There's a bright boy, eh, Vince?

VINCE (starting to  
ramble vaguely)  
Gabe? Yes. I trained him--  
nurtured him--brought him to his  
full potential...

83  
CONT'D  
(2)

Vince catches himself, like a driver starting to  
doze at the wheel. He turns a malevolent smile on  
Solo.

VINCE (continued)  
You're pathetic. Do you actually  
think you can needle me into  
breaking? Why? My life is ful-  
filled! In ten minutes the plan I  
conceived will be in operation--  
a plan that cannot be stopped--  
must succeed!

SOLO  
But you won't be around to take the  
bows, will you?

VINCE (gasping now)  
Unimportant...

SOLO  
In fact, as far as you're concerned,  
it will never have happened--you'll  
be dead, Vince, dead!

VINCE  
Shut up...!

SOLO  
This whole elaborate plan of yours,  
you know what it is? Your own  
personal way of being blotted out--  
of committing suicide! You'll be  
dead, Vince. Dead!

CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT of Vince, his face  
beaded with sweat, his eyes flickering with an idea  
that he tries to fight...

VINCE (hoarsely -  
involuntarily)  
Gabe!  
(beat, then shout)  
Gabe!

BACK TO SCENE

84

Clawing for support from the bins of supplies  
Vince staggers to his feet and lurches to the  
intercom grill.

INT. FIRE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

85

Gabe is seen seated before the master control console. Behind him we see Dr. Martin, with his eyes fixed on the huge sweep second hand of a clock.

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE  
Zero, minus thirteen minutes.

DR. MARTIN  
Seal off the firing area.

Gabe reaches out to stab at a lever when he is riveted by:

VINCE'S VOICE (hoarsely  
clamorous)  
Gabe, please--- please...!

Gabe involuntarily starts to rise from his chair, then:

DR. MARTIN (sternly)  
Mr. Melcroft! Seal off firing  
area!

Gabe sinks back in his chair, flicks several switches on his console, then, with startling abruptness, he's on his feet and running.

85  
CONT'D  
(2)

SHOT - CORRIDOR

86

A huge door is silently sliding across the corridor to seal it off. Gabe comes pounding into view, skins through the opening just before door slides shut like a vault, continues his flight.

INT. STOREROOM - NIGHT

87

Solo and Vince motionless on floor. Solo where we saw him last, Vince crumpled up before intercom grill on wall. The door slides open, Gabe enters in a rush, goes to Solo long enough to see he's not Vince, then spots Vince, kneels beside him and starts administering artificial respiration.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON SOLO

88

as he stirs, revived by the rush of fresh air. He rolls over and watches Gabe clumsily working on Vince and shakes his head weakly, then gets to his feet and lurches out into the corridor.

SHOT - CORRIDOR

89

as Solo emerges, starts down the corridor, stops, reverses himself, then leans his head against the cement wall, breathing deeply. He goes back into the storeroom.

STOREROOM

90

Gabe is still working on Vince as Solo enters.

SOLO

Which way to the rocket, Gabe?

Gabe remains silent. Solo looks desperately at the immobile Gabe, then:

SOLO (continued)

Gabe--!

(stops-adopts a casual tone)

They're not going to like this, are they?



Gabe continues working away on Vince as if he's deaf.

90  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (continued)

You broke a lot of club rules,  
didn't you? Disregarding Plan A --  
leaving your post -- acting like a  
human being -- what'll they do to  
you for all that?

GABE (bursting out)

You think I'd let him die?  
Mr. Lockridge?

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero, minus ten minutes,

Solo's jaw muscles tighten as the words boom out,  
then he reacts tensely as Gabe starts to scoop  
Vince up in his arms.

SOLO

Where are you going?

GABE

I don't know -- They'll be looking  
for him afterwards -- I'll find  
some place to hide him...

SOLO

No good...he'll die. You've  
got to get him to a doctor,

GABE (helplessly)

Doctor? But Martin -- Foster --  
they'll kill him...

SOLO

Dr. Lavimore wouldn't. He's  
funny that way.

SMASH DISSOLVE TO:

91-93 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - DR. LAVIMORE

93X1

his head in an almost horizontal position -- PULL BACK and we see that he's listening intently, his head pressed against the chest of Vince, still lying on floor in an unconscious state. (Dr. Lavimore's black bag is open and nearby, and there is evidence that a hypo has been administered, etc.) In the b.g. Solo, Gabe and Felicia look on.

LAVIMORE

He's coming around -- he'll be all right.

CLOSE SHOT - GABE

93X2

As he relaxes, exhaling in relief, we HEAR BOOMING out:

P.A. SYSTEM

Zero minus five minutes.

BACK TO SCENE

93X3

SOLO

Turnabout is fair play, Gabe; do something for us, now...

All eyes turn to Solo, as he advances to Gabe.

SOLO

Like helping my stop that rocket from being launched.

GABE (woodenly)

Why should I?

SOLO

What future is there for Vince or you now if you don't?

GABE (like a hunted animal)  
It -- it can't be done! At Zero minus all controls were locked into automatic --

93X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
But there's got to be a destruct button, even in a place as cock-sure as this.

GABE  
Sure. In Central Fire Control. And the corridor leading to it has been sealed shut.  
(shaking his head)  
No, nothing can be done.

SOLO (looking at wall)  
What's that gas that caused Vogel's section to blow out?

GABE  
Freon -- why?

#### ANOTHER ANGLE -- ON VINCE

94

All eyes are turned away from Vince, stretched out on the bed. He opens his eyes and listens to the following....

#### SOLO'S VOICE

What if we turn up the Freon Valve, like Vogel did...only in the pipeline leading to the rocket area? There'd be particular heck to pay in short order, wouldn't there?

#### BACK TO SOLO AND THE OTHERS

95

Gabe is considering Solo's question, open-mouthed -- then he nods reluctantly.

GABE  
It would blow the walls out and bring the ocean floor down...

VINCE'S VOICE (feebly)  
Gabe -- help me...

95  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

95X1

Gabe eagerly goes to Vince, who is making dazed efforts to get to his feet. Gabe puts his arm around Vince and tenderly helps him rise...

CLOSE SHOT

95X2

We see Vince's hand snaking into Gabe's coverall flap and removing Gabe's pistol.

BACK TO SCENE

95X3

As Vince suddenly straightens up, suddenly no longer dazed. He trains the pistol on Solo and the others.

Dr. Lavimore puts his arm around Felicia and they back away from him. Gabe is oblivious to everything but Vince's recovery.

GABE

How do you feel, Mr. Lockridge?

VINCE

A little shaky, but fit enough  
for what has to be done --  
(to Solo)

Don't try anything ill-considered.

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero minus three minutes.

GABE (puzzled)

They'll be coming to look for us  
soon -- maybe we can hide...

VINCE

No, there's no need for us to  
run, my boy. I should have  
realized -- there are ways of  
reinstating ourselves with the  
Committee --

SOLO

Let me guess. A grandstand  
effort to impress the Committee  
with the heroic struggle you and  
Gabe put up, right?

(softly)

A bullet for each of us, Vince?

VINCE (smiling

affably at him)

See? I told you you weren't  
stupid.

(waving his gun)

Back up against the wall, all  
of you.

95X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

As Solo, Felicia and Dr. Lavimore move against wall:

95X3  
CONT'D  
(3)

GABE

No, Mr. Lockridge!

VINCE (annoyed)

Stand aside.

(pasting on a smile)

Just part of the necessary sacrifices of war, boy.

SOLO

Sure, Gabe, easy come, easy go.  
What's a Dr. Lavimore, more or less? Just another quack -- and Felicia? Last year's model -- get rid of her...

GABE

You don't understand -- you called for help -- and they also helped you. You almost died...

VINCE

So?

GABE (waving  
at group)

So you can't kill them. You owe them their lives -- don't you see?

VINCE (suddenly harsh)

Get out of my way!

Gabe shakes his head and advances on Vince, then suddenly, he lunges forward and they grapple, locked -- culminating in a SHOT. Vince's snarling expression relaxes -- it softens into a surprised smile, then he drops to the floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

96

as Solo, Felicia and Dr. Lavimore surge forward and gather around Gabe, who has dropped to his knees beside Vince's prostrate form.

DR. LAVIMORE

He's dead.

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero minus one minute and thirty seconds.

SOLO

Gabe, show us the Freon valve...

96  
CONT'D  
(2)

Gabe, holding the gun in his hand, continues to look down at Vince, shaking his head. Solo suddenly grabs Gabe's lapels and jerks him to his feet.

SOLO

We need your help -- now!  
There's no time for feeling  
anything -- let's go!

Gabe's bulky form has tensed as if he's going to spring at Solo, then he relaxes, nods and strides for the door, followed by Solo and the others.

INT. CORRIDOR

97

Gabe emerges from one of a series of corridors that all terminate in the area of the huge, barrel-shaped structure housing the rocket followed by the others. Gabe points to a mass of piping that leads from corridors into the rocket house:

GABE

It's the yellow pipe -- and there's  
the control valve.

Solo is climbing the ledge that borders the rocket house wall before Gabe is finished speaking.

ANOTHER ANGLE - HIGH SHOT - SHOOTING DOWN

98

Solo and Gabe are both perched on the ledge, straining as they tug at the spokes of the large valve handle that refuses to move. Below, we can see the anxious faces of Felicia and Dr. Lavimore looking up.

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero minus sixty seconds.

Solo and Gabe redouble their efforts and then, with a suddenness that almost causes them to lose their grip, the valve wheel is turning freely.

98  
CONT'D  
(2)

#### ANOTHER ANGLE

99

as Solo and Gabe drop to the ground. Gabe sprints for one of the corridors and the others stream after him.

#### CLOSE SHOT - VALVE

100

As we watch it, Freon vapor starts to escape from the valve -- more and more, until everything is blotted out.

#### INT. CORRIDOR

101

CAMERA PANS with Solo, Felicia, Gabe and Dr. Lavi-  
more as they run through the darkened corridor--  
and suddenly they burst out into the light-drenched  
area of the elevator vestibule. Gabe goes to  
control box nearby, flips switches and looks ex-  
pectantly at elevator doors, which remain motion-  
less. Solo and the others look on helplessly as  
Gabe starts tugging at doors, which finally swing  
open.

#### LONG SHOT - CORRIDOR

102

Obviously impelled by massive pressure, the billow-  
ing Freon vapor sweeps down the long corridor with  
express-train speed,

#### ELEVATOR VESTIBULE

103

The Freon vapor emerges from the corridor and  
envelops the group as they scramble into the  
elevator, coughing, and swing doors shut.



INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

104

From the play of the dials and the attitudes of the passengers, the elevator is racing upwards. Traces of Freon vapor still swirl about in the elevator, causing Felicia to cough.

P.A. SYSTEM VOICE

Zero, minus ten seconds...

(a beat)

Zero, minus nine seconds...

(beat)

Zero, minus eight seconds...

(beat)

Zero, minus second seconds...

INT. MASTER CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

104X1

We see the corp of technicians manning control panels --and suddenly from several different sources, Freon gas billows in--creating panic. We see the searing effects of the gas as the ones in its path topple over--the others rush for the doors--which are irretrievably locked--on their panicky confusion as they beat futilely at the doors...

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

104X2

The elevator brakes to a stop as it reaches the top. Doors fly open and the passengers crowd out into:

EXT. DECK OF TEXAS TOWER - NIGHT

105

We are in the midst of an incandescent inferno of WHISTLING rockets, EXPLODING firecrackers and fiery tails of zooming roman candles. Solo motions the others to follow him as he races toward the side.

106 OUT

INT. MASTER CONTROL

106X1

On the TV screen Freon gas starts to cloud the Rocket.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

107

Gabe rowing furiously. The others are ducking and flinching as sparks of fire drift down on them in the night that is wracked by whistles, machine gun-like rattles and claps of thunder. Solo suddenly points off and all turn and stare in horrified fascination.

## POV

108

A tremendous underwater turmoil is boiling up from the deep, creating a circular tidal wave racing away from its source -- and suddenly there's a spreading mantle of fire on the surface of the water...

## BACK TO DINGHY

109

All brace themselves as the dinghy is suddenly lifted high into the air by the swell and capsized. Four heads can be seen bobbing about in the boiling water, as we

FLASH CUT TO:

## ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR SHORE

110

Four dark forms swim slowly into prominence against the foam of the breakers. Four forms rise to their feet and wearily stagger ashore and collapse on the beach, breathing heavily. Above the point where Solo, Felicia, Gabe and Dr. Lavimore lie sprawled, a YOUNG COUPLE is watching the fireworks display from the rocks, unaware, their faces illuminated by each successive burst.

## GIRL

Golly, that's neat, isn't it? Looks like the whole ocean's on fire.

## BOY

Oh, c'mon, Eadie, that's the oldest gag in the world. They do it all with some kind of chemical.

## GIRL

But the flames! Why the oil tower out there even looks like it's on fire, too...

BOY

Big deal.

(getting to his feet)

C'mon, let's start heading back.  
They're not going to have any moon  
shot tonight--probably never even  
planned to, the con artists.

110  
CONT'D  
(2)

The young couple pick their way along the rocks and  
disappear. Solo get heavily to his feet.

SOLO

Hear that? No moon shot tonight.  
We might as well shove off, too.

As the others get to their feet, Felicia sags wearily  
against Gabe, who puts his arm protectively around  
her, then they all start walking up the beach, until:

POLICEMAN'S VOICE

Hold it.

All turn to see a POLICEMAN, playing a flashlight on  
them, as he advances.

POLICEMAN (suspiciously)

What have you been up to?

SOLO

Well, you see, Officer, about three  
quarters of an hour ago, Miss Lavimore  
and I rowed out to that Texas tower,  
and--and--

(a beat-considering, then:)

Officer, do you mind if we skip the  
explanations? I have a feeling  
you'd never believe it...

Solo and the others turn and continue their way along  
the beach, with the policeman staring after them, as  
we

FADE OUT:

THE END

EPILOGUE

FADE IN:

INT. PERSONALITY INDUCTION ROOM - DAY

The same setting as in TEASER -- however, Solo now stands at the control panel and the girl is on the contour chair.

SOLO (shrugs)  
Well --- It's a shame we had to  
destroy a man's dream -- But ---  
(a shrug)  
As Mother always said --- "You've  
got to take the bad with the good."  
(looks off)  
Let's look in on the next episode  
and see what charming people we'll  
be meeting.

A SERIES OF SHORT TRAILER SCENES - THEN:

BACK TO SCENE

The girl continues to relax in the chair.

SOLO (smiles)  
Hope you'll all join us again  
next week ---

He looks down at the girl who is asleep on the contour chair. Then a thought hits him and he flicks on the machine.

SOLO (sotto voce)  
Miss Iceberg --- you are now Gina  
Lollobrigida!

Nothing happens. Solo looks up at audience with a shrug of disappointment and CAMERA ZOOMS in on the girl. Her frigid face melts -- she smiles, opens her beautiful eyes and gives us a big fat wink.

FADE OUT

THE END