

M E T R O - G O L D W Y N - M A Y E R I N C .

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

"THE ROUND TABLE AFFAIR"

Prod. #8403

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAINOUS REGION - ROADS - (STOCK) - DAY

1

Here, in the very middle of "Mittel-Europa", vast forests of black pine give the countryside a dark, rugged hue occasionally relieved by fields of gold and red swathes of oats and rye. An occasional tower, or red-tiled village is also visible. Our chiefest concern, however, is the winding narrow road coursing through the trees.

The ROAR of a sports car taking the turns at break-neck speed can be HEARD....

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

2

...and we see a dark, low-slung, obviously expensive foreign sports car, speeding recklessly around turns. In the distance we HEAR yet another sports car, quite apparently in pursuit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

3

From a bend in the road, we can see both cars, now...the first one tearing up the road, cutting corners, nearly plunging into the ravines, while, a turn behind it, out of sight to the first driver, but in full view of CAMERA comes the second car.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

4

As the second car darts PAST CAMERA we see it is driven by ILLYA, hair flying, wearing driver's goggles, urging his car on to every possible effort.

EXT. FLAT STRETCH OF ROAD - DAY

5

Up above, the second car rounds a turn to see the first car ahead. The second car leaps in pursuit, rapidly narrowing the distance.

INT. ILLYA'S CAR - DAY

6

Illya is able to FIRE and does so, aiming at the tires of the car ahead.

WIDER ANGLE

7

But there is a fortuitous turn ahead and before Illya can truly gauge his aim, the first car disappears around a curve, hidden by a stand of trees.

ANOTHER ANGLE

8

Angry, Illya guns his car to greater effort.

EXT. ROAD NEAR BORDER - DAY

9

The first car comes tearing down a stretch of wooded road.

INT. FIRST CAR - DAY

10

The driver, LUCHO NOSTRA, a big, heavy, dominant man, also wearing glasses and expensively clad in good Italian sports clothes. He bears down on his accelerator, the wind pushing his hair about.

EXT. BORDER - REVERSE ANGLE - DAY

11

Up ahead are signs of civilization. Suddenly, among the trees, appears a small striped "sentry" box. There is a lead-weighted pole, also striped, which acts as a border closure.

A pair of uniformed Border Police stand there, alerted by the SOUND of the competing engines.

The border pole is raised and....

WIDER ANGLE

12

as Lucho flashes past the sentry box with a frantic signal, the guards salute, only to immediately lower the border pole.

ANOTHER ANGLE

13

Illya comes whisking around the tree-studded road, coming upon the border pole (and sentry box) in surprise. However, his attention is on the fleeing Lucho and without regarding the pole or the sentries, Illya merely hunches down and, his car being low enough to go under the pole --

CAMERA PANS WITH ILLYA'S CAR

14

-- it goes right through, passing under the pole, as the guards scream and yell.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

15

Lucho's car barrels directly into the town square at high speed to pull to a *dramatic stop in front of an Inn bearing the image of a Round Table on its colorful sign.*

ANOTHER ANGLE

16

A moment later Illya's pursuing car comes into the square at equally high speed but, being unfamiliar with the terrain, he fails to quite make the turn and collides heavily with a local civic monument....

CLOSER SHOT

17

...an archaic but not unappealing representation of St. George and the Dragon.

Illya's car is tipped to one side and as Illya, indomitable as always, attempts to crawl out, still brandishing his gun....

ANOTHER ANGLE

...St. George and the Dragon topple over on him in a flurry of mortar dust, pinning Illya to the ground.

WIDER ANGLE

19

Lucho has gotten out of his car and now raises his gun in the general direction of Illya.

CLOSER SHOT

19X1

As he does, a gentleman's cane appears out of nowhere and deflects the gun's aim.

ARTIE'S VOICE

Lucho....You disappoint me!

WIDER ANGLE

19X2

Lucho turns, annoyed. A very good-looking, handsomely dressed, likable, masculine-appearing youthful man, obviously American, (ARTIE KING) grins at Lucho.

ARTIE

Birds in their little nest agree...
Remember?

He waves Lucho on. Lucho crossly replaces his gun, but goes into the nearby Inn.

Artie eyes the scene before him.

NEAR ILLYA AND MONUMENT

20

Illya spits out mortar dust, along with bits of St. George, struggling with the debris.

ILLYA

Stop that man....!

Again Artie's cane appears as Illya would get his gun in action.....Illya looks up in surprise.

WIDER ANGLE

21

ARTIE (amiably)

Count ten! An American citizen abroad must NEVER forget he's a roving ambassador of goodwill!

He beams at Illya, cheerily. Illya looks at him in complete disbelief, surrounded by statuary, looking not unlike a real-life if exceptionally turgid version of the Laocoon group.

21 P.5
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (grimly)
My error. Can you tell me, just
what I've HIT?

He picks up a piece of the dragon's tail.

ARTIE (imperturbable)
An important local civic monument -
St. George slaying the well-known
dragon.
(helping Illya)

ILLYA (with grim patience)
Look. That man is wanted by half the
countries in the world! I've a warrant
for his arrest in my POCKET....
(he struggles to find it)

ARTIE (easily)
Forget it. It's no good to you HERE.
Didn't you realize you'd crossed the
border?

ILLYA
What border?

ARTIE
This is the sovereign state of
INGOLSTEIN - small but mighty!

ILLYA
You mean that...sentry box --

ARTIE
...The Immigration Office!

Illya is getting a depressing feeling he may have done
the wrong thing.

ILLYA
...And those men in uniform?

U:
b

ARTIE

21
CONT'D
(3)

...The National Guard...? I'm very much afraid, my friend, the shoe is on the other foot. You are the fugitive...

(glancing at his gun)

...brandishing firearms...demolishing local monuments....speeding...violating the frontier....

He shakes his head with a gentle smile, abstracting Illya's gun from him.

ARTIE

A very disturbing list of offenses, indeed.

WIDER ANGLE

22

Now the sentries come running up, finally having caught up with Illya. They are black with anger and quite menacing.

ARTIE

Ah, Sergeant! I....detained the gentleman for you. I suggest you do your duty...

He hands the gun to the Sergeant, as he looks sorrowfully at Illya, shaking his head. Sergeant points to follow him, Illya does.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK - WAVERLY'S OFFICE -
DAY

23

WAVERLY is going over a map and some papers, SOLO peering
at the map in disbelief.

SOLO

Ingolstein? Where is it? I never
heard of it!

WAVERLY

Almost nobody has - which no doubt
is the explanation for its survival...

SOLO

What about Mr. Kuryakin? Have you
heard from him?

Waverly sighs and nods.

WAVERLY

Oh, yes.

(pressing a button)

Come in, Mr. Kuryakin. Tell Mr. Solo
where you are and what you can see.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. JAIL - INGOLSTEIN - DAY

24

Illya is in the tower jail, standing on a three-legged
stool and looking down on the square through a small
high barred window.

ILLYA (into communicator)

This is the city jail of Ingolstein
and from where I stand I can see LUCHO
NOSTRA.....

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - POV SHOT FROM ILLYA'S ANGLE - DAY

25

A number of recognizable "hoods" are seated at various sidewalk cafes, or otherwise scattered about admiring the local (scenic) beauties.

ILLYA'S VOICE (O.S.)

... "BULLETS" Malone, he is having an
expresso..... "Doc" Terwilliger, a beer
..... "The Banker" Cregano, something
stronger. A Calvados perhaps.

ZIP PAN TO:

RESUME UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK - WAVERLY'S OFFICE -
DAY

26

Waverly nods.

WAVERLY

Thank you, Mr. Kuryakin. I'm sure
Mr. Solo gets the picture.

He clicks off the communicator.

SOLO (surprised)

Lucho Nostra....Doc...Terwilliger?
Aren't they on our most wanted list?
What are they doing in Ingolstein?

WAVERLY

As it happens, Ingolstein has no
extradition treaties of any kind
with any other country. Never has
had. Some clever character recently
uncovered this fact, and now Ingol-
stein is rapidly becoming the impreg-
nable refuge of half the most wanted
fugitives from justice in the entire
world.

Solo looks a little blank.

SOLO

A rat hole.

WAVERLY

Exactly. And one we must plug without delay.

(opening a lever - speaking)

For this mission, Mr. Solo will require complete diplomatic kit. Including striped trousers.

SOLO (surprised)

To call on the chief of police...or whatever he is?

WAVERLY

We can expect NC assistance from the local authorities. Ingolstein is currently governed by the Regent, Prince Frederick, addicted to cognac, young ballet dancers, and roulette, in that order.

Solo absorbs this.

SOLO

Not exactly an Eagle Scout?

WAVERLY

You will explain the situation to the Grand Duchess herself....Victoria Adelaide Dagmar Alexandra Maude Xeniatwenty-third sovereign ruler of the duchy....

He passes a paper to Solo who reads it, hastily.

SOLO (reading)

"...at present at the Academy of the Sisters of the Royal Insignae on the outskirts of Paris."

(brightening)

Paris?

Waverly gives him a look.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ACADEMY - SALON - DAY

27

This is a handsome little salon, in the classic 18th Century tradition - discreet paneling, parquet floors, crystal chandeliers, etc.

E2.

Solo, perched on a gilt chair, top hat on another gilt chair, is the very model of a modern major diplomat.

27
CONT'D
(2)

Outside is the shouting of healthy adolescent girlish voices shouting imprecations at one another during the progress of some game or other.

French windows admit from the salon on to the playing field.

The girlish voices rise to a shout, there is a wild batting SOUND of hockey sticks, some violent (resultant) sobs and a triumphant voice topping all....

VICKY'S VOICE (O.S.)

NEXT time you cheat, I'll hit you
TWICE as hard!

There is more weeping, then the SOUND of the game being resumed.

A moment later a girl stomps in from the playing field, muddled from the game, wearing a hockey guard's full equipment, her hair muddled, her face muddled, a huge hockey stick in one hand and a bellicose expression on her face.

A puck follows her through the window. The girl pauses to field it deftly back out through the window as Solo stares, then she turns around surveying the room.

THE GIRL (peremptorily)

Well? What is it? I'm in the middle
of a game!

Suddenly an almost unseen SISTER, in habit, who has been reading a breviary in one corner, rises swiftly, curtsies and backs from the room.

Solo looks around to see who has caused all this commotion, then realizes it must be the hockey player. He rises hastily.

SOLO

Your Serene Highness....

VOICES (O.S.)

STINKY! Hurry up....

The girl gives an impatient look at the window.

SOLO

My credentials.

27

CONT'D

(3)

He hands a small leather folder to "VICKY", as the Grand Duchess is known. She gives him a sharp look and taking off her gloves, glances at the folder.

VICKY (sharply)

From UNCLE? I've been briefed on them, of course. I know what you represent. But what on earth could UNCLE want with me?

(swiftly, answering her own question)

It is about my country? Something's wrong in Ingolstein?

SOLO

I regret, Highness, to say it is. Something very serious.

VOICES (O.S.)

STINKY.....!

Vicky frowns.

SOLO

If I have Your Highness permission...?

Vicky closes the window.

VICKY

You have. Continue.

SOLO

You no doubt realize, Highness, that due to the ambiguous nature of the ancient Ingolstein legal code.... Ingolstein has not nor ever has had, extradition treaties with any other nation...?

VICKY (with spirit)

We have no treaties of ANY kind with ANY country. That's been our policy for eight centuries - non-involvement. Because of that, Ingolstein survived, free and independent.

SOLO

Exactly why I am here, Highness. At this moment the independence of your country is gravely threatened.

27
CONT'D
(4)

Vicky looks at him.

VICKY

My Uncle Frederick, the Regent, sends me most comprehensive reports monthly. I'm not aware of any political crisis.

SOLO

Not political, Highness. Criminal.

VICKY (looks at him,
smiles)

There IS no crime in Ingolstein. The jail hasn't sheltered anything but mice in years.

SOLO

They're not using the jail, Highness. They're using your best hotels, your most gemutlich inns, your very castle!

VICKY (baffled)

Who is?

SOLO

A very dangerous coterie of the world's top criminals. Wanted by their OWN governments, they are finding within YOUR borders, complete protection. No matter what a man's crime, Ingolstein is his sanctuary.

VICKY

I don't believe it! Perhaps you have mistaken Ingolstein for...some other little country. It happens quite often. Uncle Frederick wouldn't permit such a state of affairs for one moment!

Solo looks at the ceiling. Vicky looks at Solo.

WRITTEN

SOLO (discreetly)

Your Highness, the Prince is an elderly gentleman....brought up in the days when grand dukes and duchesses had expensive tastes. And you've probably heard what those tastes were. And that takes.....money. A great deal of money.

27
CONT'D
(5)

VICKY

The Regent would never sacrifice the good name of Ingolstein for...for... such things! Never!

Again Solo is silent.

VICKY

For eight hundred years our house has ruled Ingolstein! We have defended it with our blood.....we have.....

She stops, looking at Solo.

SOLO

How often do you see the Prince?

VICKY

Three or four times a year.

SOLO

And what do you do?

VICKY

Go to the Comedie Francaise.....the Eiffel Tower....Napoleon's Tomb....

She stops.

SOLO (with a smile)

I'm sorry, Highness, I shouldn't have brought it up.

RG.

VICKY (flaring up)
Have you a car?

27
CONT'D
(6)

SOLO
Of course, Highness.

The Grand Duchess is fighting an emotion which has no place in the life of either a form games captain or the ruling Head of a sovereign house.

VICKY
Get it. We leave for Ingolstein immediately. You'll make your apologies there!

As Solo looks at her.....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. INGOLSTEIN TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

28

The town is asleep as all small towns are at this time of night. CAMERA PANS UP TO see there is a light on, however, in the tower jail cell.

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

29

Illya is sprawled on the hay (his only bed) reading a well-thumbed copy of "Baedeker's Ingolstein", into the communicator.

ILLYA (reading)
"...lovely Ingolstein...dominated
by its ancient SCHLOSS..."

AN UNCLE GIRL'S VOICE
Oh, Mr. Kuryakin, it sounds so romantic.
I wish I were there with you.

ILLYA
So do I, dear.
(reading)
"...that intriguing monument to the
Middle Ages. Note the ceremonial
armour in the Great Hall, the ancient
tapestries, the many secret passages
in its massive walls...."

Suddenly there is a ROAR of a powerful CAR in the square below. Illya looks up and out.
ENDS.

30-31
OUT

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - POV SHOT FROM JAIL - NIGHT

32

Solo's powerful open automobile stops at the town gate.
Solo HONKS the HORN.

ANOTHER ANGLE

33

as the soldiers on duty run out of the guard house, glance
at the car and immediately spring to attention.

CLOSER SHOT

34

* There is an elaborate "royal" salute given with much
stamping of feet and banging of musketry.

WIDER ANGLE

35

The car, bearing Vicky, (still in her hockey outfit, mud
and all, her face somewhat tearful) and Solo, in striped
trousers, very correct - passes on.

* CLOSE - ILLYA

35X1

reacting to what he sees.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SCHLOSS - INGOLSTEIN - (STOCK) - NIGHT

36

As before.

INT. SCHLOSS - INGOLSTEIN - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

37

In considerable contrast to the grim appearance of the
castle on the outside, the interior is almost cozy at
the moment. We see banners, armour, weapons, etc.

' CHG.
' NEW SCENE

Drawn up before the great fireplace is a low table and seated before it is Artie King, relaxed and attractive in Italian sports clothes, playing gin with the Regent, PRINCE FREDERICK, a sporty-looking old gent who has taken off his shoes, opened the collar of his military tunic and is somewhat more than fuzzy from the champagne he has been drinking.

37
CONT'D
(2)

One of the castle maids, an attractive young thing wearing a dirndl more suitable to the village weinstube than the ducal schloss, is flitting about, tending to all wants, as required. Freddy eyes her affectionately.

The Prince, caught between the card game and the dirndled beauty, is a little confused. He puts down a card somewhat haphazardly watching the girl pour the wine.

ARTIE (with dispatch)

GIN!

The Prince looks up, startled.

FREDDY

Gin?

Artie nods at his cards, lighting a cigar...(the girl lighting it for him)....sipping at his wine.

FREDDY (vexed)

Again?

Artie nods.

ARTIE

That makes another five thousand
you owe me, Prince.

(to the girl)

Make a note, will you, honey?

The girl makes a note of it, happily.

FREDDY (staring at
the cards)

I don't know how you do it. Every
time we play, YOU win!

(looking at him)

Do you cheat?

He takes the note from the girl and passes it to Freddy.

37
CONT'D
(3)

ARTIE

Just scribble your John Henry on that,
will you, Prince? To keep the record
straight.

The Prince takes the note and signs, with a sigh.

FREDDY

It's incredible. I've never seen such
luck.

ARTIE

We always use YOUR cards.....your
dice....

He smiles, happily, reaching out for his *champagne*, and
glancing at the girl.

ARTIE (shuffling)

It's pretty late. Shall we call it a
day, Prince?

FREDDY

Just one more, if you don't mind, Herr
King. One gets very lonely in an old
place like this.

ARTIE (heartily, as he
shuffles the cards)

Just wait and see. In another six
months we'll have the "joint jumping."

He deals.

FREDDY (with almost
pathetic eagerness)

When I was young.....it was as you
say...."jumping"?

Artie looks slightly put out.

FREDDY (lost in lovely
reminiscence)

Ah, those were the days...The castle
lit with a thousand candles....scores
of lovely women --

He rises, humming, dancing with himself....failing to
HEAR in the near distance, doors opening and shutting
and sharp commands.

37
CONT'D
(4)

FREDDY

...love, romance....the sweet sound of
violins....and my dear cousin, the
twenty-first duchess.....coming to ME
to open the grand ball....you should
have seen us!

He takes the girl and starts waltzing with her -- Suddenly
the last of the double doors flies open.

He whirls around to see, standing in the doorway, hockey stick over her shoulder, an expression of violent disapproval on her face....his niece. Freddy's champagne glass drops with a strangely distinct tinkle.

37
CONT'D
(5)

FREDDY

...Vicky...!

VICKY (in emotion,
anger, disappointment)
Uncle FREDERICK!

She stares at him in deep disappointment, taking in Artie, the fetching girl in the dirndl, the cards, the champagne, the "relaxed" atmosphere....everything.

VICKY

Mr. Solo...

SOLO (stepping forward
diplomatically)
Highness?

VICKY

It is I who must apologize.
(struggling for words)
I thought your accusations...unfounded.
(looking about)
I...I fear you....UNDERSTATED them.

She points at Artie.

VICKY

Who is this?

FREDDY

My dear Vicky ---

ARTIE (with his usual
bounce)
The name's Artie King. Pleased to
meet you, Duchess.

VICKY (succinctly)

Get out.

ARTIE

Now just a moment, young lady. My
rent's paid to the end of the month!
(he turns to Freddy)
Right, Freddy?

37
CONT'D
(6)

Vicky looks at him in horror then at the Prince. Renting
ROOMS? Freddy nods, unable to speak. Vicky looks at the
girl. Her dimndle is very short.

VICKY

And you. If YOU are regularly
employed here, Miss, you will dress
appropriately AND decently.

The girl curtsies and flees.

FREDDY (pitifully)

Vicky....please. You don't under-
stand. I must talk to you...

VICKY

No doubt, Uncle Frederick. When I
have time, I will listen. Meanwhile
I AM TAKING OVER. Please notify the
state printers tonight to publish the
decree that you have resigned your
Regency as of this moment. In the
morning, you will summon the diplo-
matic corps and I will sign an
extradition treaty immediately.

(to Artie)

No longer will Ingolstein demean
itself by offering shelter to you
and your kind, Mr. King...

ARTIE

Now, look here, Duchess. Don't be
so hard on the old man....we just
paid off the national debt, includ-
ing delinquent interest back to 1903,
that kind of money is not demeaning
to anybody.

But Vicky has paused by the table and picked up the "notes"
signed by the Prince.

VICKY

"I owe Artie King, five thousand
dollars.....Frederick".

(picking up another one)

"I owe....."

37
CONT'D
(7)

She looks at Artie and crumpling up the notes throws them
into the fire.

VICKY

I suppose that's what you mean by
national debt. You will leave by
morning, Mr. King -- Goodnight,
gentlemen.

She turns to go.

SOLO (sotto voce)

Highness...my friend...in the jail...

VICKY (to Freddy)

Release him.

Solo kisses the Grand Duchess' hand.

VICKY (her back to them)

And Uncle Freddy....

FREDDY (broken)

...Your Highness....?

VICKY

Put your shoes on.

She starts for the door. As Vicky marches down through
the doors, more salutes, more banging of doors....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ILLYA'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

38

Solo, very elegant, is getting the communicator ready to
call Waverly as Illya, surprised and not too well
tempered, gathers his belongings together. Solo carries
an attache case, which he opens, while looking around.

SOLO (slightly
patronizing)
I've been in worse jails. It seems
clean enough.....you have a lovely
view...
(looking out)

38
CONT'D
(2)

Solo gives Illya a look. Illya doesn't reply. Solo sees
the book as he takes a complete change of clothes from the
attache case.

SOLO (starting to
change clothes)
And when you get tired of that, some-
thing edifying to read. What is it?

ILLYA (eyeing Solo's
activities with some resent-
ment)
"The complete history of Ingolstein
from St. George to the present day".

Solo places the communicator on the window ledge and starts
to talk into it.

SOLO
Must be fascinating.

ILLYA
I presume there must be a reason
for all this.

SOLO
There is.
(into communicator)
Channel D, please. Mr. Waverly....
Are you receiving me loud and clear?

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)
Spare me the pleasantries, Mr. Solo.
How is Mr. Kuryakin?

SOLO (changing clothing
merrily)
In the pink of condition. I think the
rest has done him a world of good.

He beams at Illya as he slips on fresh clothes.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

39

Waverly takes this with a grain of salt.

WAVERLY

And the progress of your mission?

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

The Regent's been fired, the Grand Duchess is assuming personal control of everything and tomorrow she is deporting all the criminal types. You might alert the appropriate governmental agencies to have men standing by.

WAVERLY (making a note)

Thank you. When are you returning...?

INT. ILLYA'S JAIL CELL - NIGHT

40

Solo has managed a miraculously quick change.

ILLYA

As soon as we've had a bite of dinner.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't make it into a banquet. I expect you here tomorrow.

Solo continues beaming, looking sharp and bandbox neat in contrast to Illya's dishevelment.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ROUND TABLE INN - NIGHT

41

This is a gemutlich and charming place, low-ceilinged, with a good crowd of local people imbibing beer et al and at the horse-shoe shaped "Round Table" in the center, quite a collection of the imported thugs, hoods and what have you, now in residence. It is smoky but attractive.

Solo and Illya look around, hungry, sniffing the food odors eagerly. They see the "criminals" - grin and they head toward the Round Table.

ANOTHER ANGLE

42

Solo and Illya pull out chairs.

SOLO (amiably)
May we join the club?

CLOSER SHOT

43

"BULLETS" looks up and immediately recognizes the two newcomers.

BULLETS
Jeepers....the cops!

Automatically he reacts, as if to grab his gun but "DOC" a professorial type sitting next to him, cautions him.

DOC (easily)
Relax....Hello, boys.

SOLO (looking...softly)
Well.....if it isn't Baby Bullets
Maloney. And our old pal "Doc"
Terwilliger, the King of Forgers.
(sitting in chair)
Say hello, Illya....

CHG.

Illya eyes the men sourly.

43
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

I don't have to. I've been watching
them all week.

Bullets laughs his hoarse, almost inaudible cackle at this.

BULLETS

Yeah. I heard you was in the clink
up there.

However, he moves away as Illya sits - fairly near him.

BULLETS

Sorry, pal...but guys just out of
stir....they get a little buggy
sometimes, you know?

ILLYA (moving uneasily)

Did you HAVE to bring that up?

Bullets roars with his hoarse silent laughter, digging
Doc in the ribs and pointing at Illya.

SOLO

Laugh while you can, friend, the
party's almost over.

BULLETS (pausing in
quaffing beer)

Huh?

SOLO

Eat drink and be merry. This is
probably the last knockwurst you'll
knock over in Ingolstein.

DOC (on a rising note)

What are you talking about?

ILLYA

The Grand Duchess returned this even-
ing. Didn't you see her?

(to Bullets, easily)

I had an EXCELLENT view from the tower.
It's good for SOME things.

DOC (warily)
So she's come back. So what?

43
CCNT'D
(3)

A servant places two big helpings of knockwurst and kraut before the boys and darts off. The perfume rises appetizingly.

SOLO
So she doesn't like having half the hoods in creation cluttering up Ingolstein. You are OUT, lads..... tomorrow you will VAMOOSE!

DOC
Nobody's vamoosing US, Solo! We're PROTECTED here by LAW.

SOLO
Her Highness is repealing the law and tossing you all out on your collective immunities, TOMORROW.

There is a kind of bull-like roar at this. They look up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

44

Standing in the door leading to the upstairs rooms, is Lucho.

LUCHO (livid)
What you say, pal.....?

MISSION

BULLETS

44

Boss...he says the Duchess is back.
Somebody's got TO her! She's kicking
us out....

CONT'D
(2)

DOC

...repealing the IAW....

Lucho quietly flips a gun into his hand, concealed from
the rest of the room but only too visible to the boys.

LUCHO (coming down
menacingly)

I might have known it. A little fancy
work of UNCLE's, isn't it?

SOLO (with a shrug)

I don't know how fancy, but I hope
effective enough.

LUCHO

What you call it don't matter, Mr.
Solo. Because it AIN'T going to
HAPPEN. Bullets....take the boys
from UNCLE and put 'em on ice some-
where while I find out what's going
on....

ILLYA (plaintively)

I haven't even had my knockwurst yet...

LUCHO

Go quiet or you'll get a knockwurst
on the head. I paid a million bucks
for this fancy little hide-out, lads,
and nobody's going to blast me out...
unless I blast them FIRST.

(waving his gun at the boys)

Now, up with 'em....or I'll START with
YOU!

Illya looks at Solo, Solo looks at Illya, they both look
at their as yet untouched and fragrant dinners. With a
sigh, they raise their hands and as they do....

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SCHLOSS - INGOLSTEIN - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

45

A very angry, nervous, commanding Artie stands before the fireplace, giving poor Freddy a piece of his mind.

ARTIE (boiling)

You tell your niece she's a spoiled,
bad mannered, badly brought up brat!
It's time she learned a few of the
FACTS of life! I OWN this country,
lock, stock and debentures. I hold
the mortgages on all the fishing,
forestry, and mineral rights -- in-
cluding all the space up to the
stratosphere. And if it comes down
to that, the droit de seigneur, also!
(pointing a vigorous finger)
I own YOU, Prince....and I own HER!

Freddy is quivering.

FREDDY

Mr. King...please...I beg of you...

ARTIE

Any ideas the little lady has about
kicking us out of this place, are
pipe dreams.

He moves closer to Freddy.

ARTIE (hard, grim)

And I'm not in this by MYSELF. How
do you think a hood like Lucho NOSTRA
and his boys are going to take Her
Serene's whatsis' attitude?

FREDDY

I shudder to think.

Suddenly the doors burst open and Lucho storms in.

CHG.

LUCHO

Listen, Artie, YOU guaranteed this whole caper was a lead-pipe cinch. So what's the double-cross?

45
CONT'D
(2)

ARTIE (crossly)

No double-cross, Lucho.....Merely a slight misunderstanding on the part of the Duchess.

LUCHO

It better be. I'm not about to be ANYBODY'S fall guy, Artie.

Freddy is terrified.

FREDDY

Mr. Lucho, please. If you'll just give me an opportunity to explain matters to Her Highness. It's not really HER fault....

LUCHO

Yeah....you EXPLAIN to the little ladyand if YOU don't have no success... I'LL do it myself.

He says this so meaningfully that Freddy almost shrieks... and bounds out.

LUCHO (heavily)

You're getting SOFT, Artie. You don't know how to HANDLE people no more.

(Cont.)

REWRITTEN

LUCHO (CONT'D)

(he cracks his knuckles with
obvious threat)

That's one thing I NEVER let myself
forget. How to HANDLE people....

45

CONT'D

(3)

The knuckle cracking is so ominous even Artie shudders.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. VICKY'S STATE BEDROOM - NIGHT

46

Vicky is sitting up in bed, face washed, quite a different
(and very pretty girl) as there is a TAP at the door.

VICKY

Yes?

Freddy sticks his head around the corner of the door.

FREDDY

May I...may I see you a moment, Vicky?

VICKY

Uncle Freddy! What are you doing up
this late? You know it's bad for your
sciatica, running around these damp
old halls.

FREDDY

There's more than sciatica running
around these halls, tonight. Please,
Victoria, I'd like you to see this.

He drags a huge ledger from under his arm and plops it
down on the bed in front of her. She looks at it blankly.

VICKY

What is it?

FREDDY

The official account book of the
Duchy of Ingolstein.

He opens it dramatically. Vicky looks.

FEG.

VICKY

There.....aren't any bank deposits.
Except....

(she reads)

"Advance from Artie King....fifty
thousand dollars...advance from Artie
King...one hundred and eighty-two
thousand dollars...."

(looking up at Freddy)

Does EVERYTHING come from Artie King?

FREDDY

EVERYTHING. Victoria, without Artie
King, we are RUINED.

VICKY

Don't be ridiculous, Uncle Freddy.
There's always the crown jewels.

FREDDY

Victoria....they went thirty years ago.
Your MOTHER pawned THOSE.

Freddy flips open a chest which stands on a small table.

FREDDY (earnestly)

Vicky you MUST rescind your decision.
You cannot throw Mr. King and his
friends out of Ingolstein.

VICKY

Never. I know what Mr. King's "friends"
ARE, Uncle Frederick. I've had it
carefully explained to me. They are
outlaws, criminals of the worst DIE.

FREDDY (distressed)

Exactly. They will stop at NOTHING.
They'll murder us!

VICKY

We will not be the FIRST rulers of
Ingolstein to die for our honor.

FREDDY

But what about the COUNTRY? What good
will your DYING do, OR mine, for that
matter. If the dynasty ends, it's
the end of Ingolstein's independence...
you KNOW that. Your purpose is to LIVE,
MARRY, have children, perPETUATE our line
..not be hit over the head by some THUG.

46

CONT'D

(2)

Vicky looks at him.

45
CONT'D
(3)

FREDDY

Didn't you see the faces on the people
as you drove up? They're HAPPY people
now....they're prosperous for the first
time in our history -- they're even
dreaming of the common MARKET....

Vicky is shaken. She looks at him.

VICKY

What...what do you want me to do?

FREDDY (nervous, chewing
at his lip)

I'm not sure it isn't too late already,
but we MUST reassure Mr. King that he
CAN stay....that you...you....
(he looks at her, uncertainly)

VICKY (looking at him)

That I what, Uncle Freddy?

FREDDY (plunging in)

There's only ONE way out of this....
and tie US to his money permanently,
at the same time...

(looking at her; in a rush)

Victoria, you've got to marry Artie
King.

Vicky's mouth falls open.

VICKY

Uncle Frederick!

FREDDY (fast)

It's the ONLY way out. Once you're
married to the man, you can do any-
thing you WANT with him. Make him
into any kind of husband you choose.
You're strong, Victoria. Anyway, a
woman can do anything she WANTS with
a man. Look at me! It's the story
of my LIFE! I've been twisted around
so many fingers, I feel like a pretzel!

VICKY

But that's contemptible! Marrying a
man when you...you...only....

46

CONT'D

(4)

FREDDY

Every royal house married for position,
money, to entrench themselves and secure
peace and prosperity for their country.

VICKY

But they don't marry crooks or highway-
men, Uncle Frederick!

FREDDY

Highwayman!? Ottokar the Malignant,
who FOUNDED our dynasty, made HIS
living ransoming, robbing and murdering
travelers unwary enough to roam near
the castle --

VICKY

That was CENTURIES ago!

FREDDY

46

CONT'D

(5)

We're still in the same castle,
Vicky. You are your people's only
asset! Your country CALLS to you!
This is NOT the hockey field,
Victoria.....this is LIFE! You
must do your duty!

CLOSE - VICKY

47

as she regards him with a startled expression on her face.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

48

The door opens and a somewhat uncertain but hopeful Freddy re-enters. Lucho is sitting near the fire, chewing his cigar, a nervous Artie is drinking cognac. They both look up.

LUCHO

You talk to her?

Freddy nods. He comes forward, looking at them uncertainly but....

FREDDY

I think, gentlemen....I may have an
idea to rescue our situation. Between
you....and your friends....you own
everything in Ingolstein.

LUCHO

Now you're talking. Does SHE realize
that?

FREDDY

I believe so...now.

(taking a breath)

I realize my niece's action gave you
a...shock tonight. You feel a little
....uncertain about your tenure here?

Lucho looks at him without approval.

LUCHO

What's your....gimmick, chum?

48

CONT'D

(2)

FREDDY

To guarantee you a.....a real hold,
legally, and every OTHER way on
Ingolstein....

(he looks at Artie)

....I suggest Mr. King marry the Grand
Duchess.

Artie looks at him, and drops his brandy glass.

ARTIE

Marry the....? Are you out of your
ever-lovin'.....

But suddenly Lucho, as startled initially as Artie, bursts
into a great ROAR OF LAUGHTER.

LUCHO (handsomely)

Prince, I sure got to hand it to you.
When they passed out the brains, you
wasn't hidin' behind no door!

(he sticks out a huge palm)

Shake!

* Freddy shakes gingerly, and regrets it instantly. Lucho
grins at Artie.

LUCHO

And what a real PLEASURE it's going
to be to see Artie King, finally,
nailed to the wall of matrimony.

(to Freddy)

Has she named the happy day?

FREDDY (swallowing)

As soon as...possible.

Again Lucho ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.

ARTIE

I WON'T!

LUCHO

You will!

ENG.

ARTIE

Lucho...I'm Artie King.....remember?
The happy bachelor. I need a wife
like a hole in the head.

48

CONT'D

(3)

LUCHO (hard)

You don't take THIS one, you'll HAVE
one in the head, Artie. I'll put it
there, PERSONAL.

ARTIE

Lucho! What have I ever done to you,
you should do this to me?

LUCHO

You got me and the boys IN to this
clambake, Artie. We got everything
we got in the world sewed up here...
and we're not ABOUT to let YOU unravel
the threads.

ARTIE

I have news for you, pal. The dame
wasn't born yet who'll tie me up.

MISSION

LUCHO (deadly)

Artie, you start over that drawbridge,
you'll end up in the bottom of the moat
counting the rings on the carps' tails
to see how OLD they are.

48
CONT'D
(4)

ARTIE

It's ridiculous. No Grand Duchess
can marry a commoner.

FREDDY

You'll be ennobled first, Mr. King.
It's usual.

ARTIE

What do you mean?

FREDDY

My niece will give you a title.

ARTIE

She's already given me a title. You
know what it is? SCHNOOK!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INN - INSIDE ARMOIRE - NIGHT

49

It is dark inside and Solo and Illya, imprisoned here, are
anything but comfortable. They HEAR a hearty LAUGH, a
RATTLE OF KEYS and suddenly.....the doors of the armoire
are flung open and....

WIDER ANGLE

50

...there is a radiant, laughing Lucho, cigar in mouth,
beer stein in hand.

LUCHO
Come on out, boys, and JOIN the party!
(to Bullets)
Give 'em a drink, Bullets.

50
CONT'D
(2)

Drinks are shoved into the startled hands of Solo and Illya.

LUCHO (expansively)
Her Serene Highness, THE GRAND DUCHESS!
Long may she reign!

He takes out his cigar, downs his drink, while the other hoods, surrounding Solo and Illya, all grinning, follow suit. As they finish their drinks in one gulp, they all throw them at the fireplace or brick oven. Again there is a shattering of glass and wild enthusiasm and from the Schloss itself, we HEAR the slow BOOM-BOOM of CANNON, announcing something important.

ANOTHER ANGLE

51

Solo and Illya look at one another in complete bewilderment. Inge in her nightgown and other maids, etc. are dancing wildly around the Inn, all laughing and celebrating and screaming with joy....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CLOSE SHOT - HERALD - DAY

52

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS BACK at this to....

*

HERALD (reading)
...and by the authority of Her Serene Highness, the Grand Duchess Victoria Adelaide Maude Dagmar Alexandra, sovereign ruler of the sovereign state of Ingolstein, Mr. Arthur King, late of Teaneck, New Jersey, in the United States of America, will this day be knighted by Her Highness as a knight of the Golden Dragon, and further raised to the peerage with the title Count von Gurnemanz, which title will adhere to the heirs of his body....

...REVEAL a crowd of CHEERING TOWNSPEOPLE.

CHG.

EXT. SOLO'S CAR - DAY

53

Solo and Illya are inside their car, Solo trying to talk to Waverly on the communicator. In the B.G. we can SEE and HEAR the crowd.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

What...what? Where are you? I can't HEAR you? Who's SHOUTING?

SOLO (sotto voce)

The town crier, sir. He's making a most important announcement. Apparently the Grand Duchess is going to get MARRIED!

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE

54

Waverly frowns.

WAVERLY

That has nothing to do with you, Mr. Solo. I've been trying to reach you all morning. Report back to New York at ONCE! Your mission's accomplished....

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

But, sir, it ISN'T accomplished. Because the man the Grand Duchess is going to marry is....

Suddenly there is interference on the line. A huge BOOM OF SOUND. Waverly shudders.

WAVERLY

WHAT? Who? Mr. Solo, I can't hear you!

EXT. INGOLSTEIN TOWN SQUARE - INTERIOR SOLO'S CAR - DAY

55

The door next to Solo has been wrenched open and now several pretty GIRLS are engaged in trying to pull Solo out, laughing gaily, blowing paper horns, throwing confetti, etc. Solo is holding on to the steering wheel in a desperate effort to continue reporting to Waverly.

SOLO

We can't leave NOW, sir, because the
Grand Duchess is going to marry....

(struggling)

...please girls, please...

55
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Go ON, Mr. Solo...! Who's she going
to marry?

SOLO (yelling.....his
last chance)

ARTIE KING!

Now the girls have a good purchase on Solo and they yank
him out into the square....

ZIP PAN TO:

56-57
OUT

INT. SCHLOSS - STATE APARTMENTS - DAY

58

The Grand Duchess, the very image of an Audrey Hepburn
Grand Duchess (at this time of the morning) is receiving
Solo and Illya.

VICKY

My mind is made up, gentlemen. I
appreciate your concern but....

(she shrugs a bit helplessly)

...when I realized the TRUE nature of
conditions in Ingolstein....I knew my
duty to Ingolstein must come before
any other consideration.

SOLO

But Your Highness....

VICKY (she points to
the window)

I am marrying Mr. King immediately
after he is knighted tomorrow.

She looks at them firmly. Obviously the audience is ended.

FADE OUT.

CHGS.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK - WAVERLY'S OFFICE -
NIGHT

59

Waverly is not in the best of tempers.

WAVERLY (with vehemence)

Mister Solo.....you were sent to
Ingolstein on a SERIOUS mission of
great importance -- you were NOT
expected to function as a MARRIAGE
broker.

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

But, sir.....Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY

Even YOU, Mr. Solo, can appreciate the
HORRIFYING results of having the Grand
Duchess marry that....that....

(moved)

....words fail me when I attempt to
describe Artie King.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INN - NIGHT

60

The Inn is deserted at this hour and Solo and Illya are
able to communicate with Waverly in relative peace.

ILLYA (philosophically)

There's always the post office resume.

(brightly)

With photographs...front and side.

Solo shoots Illya a look.

SOLO

But, sir, the Grand Duchess seemed
so DETERMINED to marry Mr. King.

END.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

The Grand Duchess is not one quarter
as determined as I am that she shall
NOT! I don't care what you do or how
you do it, Mr. Solo.....You must stop
that marriage!

60
CONT'D
(2)

The communicator clicks off with an ominous CLICK. Solo
looks at Illya.

SOLO

How do you stop a wedding?

ILLYA (imaginatively)

We could run up to the altar at the
last minute carrying a babe in our
arms.

SOLO (startled)

A babe?

ILLYA

Not THAT kind. You know....LITTLE...
three weeks old? With an abandoned
weeping mother.

Solo sees Illya's Baedeker on the table. He picks it up,
thoughtfully.

SOLO

I think we better snatch the bride-
groom before the ceremony starts.

As he looks toward the Schloss --

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SCHLOSS - INGOLSTEIN - POV SHOT - (STOCK) - NIGHT 61

The Schloss appears both vast and menacing in the night.

CHGS.

INT. ARTIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

Artie is standing, somewhat uncomfortably, as Freddy, with the help of a Blacksmith, tries various pieces of armour on him. He also measures him with a tape measure, comparing the measurements with various suits of nearby armour during this. Lucho is watching.

FREDDY

How does it feel now, Mr. King?

ARTIE (uncomfortable)

Tight under the arms.

FREDDY

I was afraid of that.

(looking about)

Where are those garden shears?

ARTIE (complainingly)

Why do we have to BOTHER with all this, anyway?

Freddy has nails in his mouth in lieu of the dressmaker's traditional pins, and now he takes one out and pounds in (literally) on to the join of one part of Artie's armour.

FREDDY (admonishingly)

You haven't been reading your BOOK I gave you or you'd know that it's no bother but a great privilege to wear a knight's armour.

ARTIE (discouraged)

Who can read it? All the "s's" are "f's".

He tosses the book to one side. Lucho picks it up and glances at the title as Freddy bangs away.

LUCHO (reading)

"Ye Compleat and Parfait Knighte"
or how a gentleman should comport
himself under diverse circumstances...

(looking up)

Can't spell, either.

(Cont.)

NEG.

LUCHO (CONT'D)

(reading)

"....if a man offend you, no matter what the fault, and is repentant -- the true knight embraces him in perfect forgiveness...."

62

CONT'D

(2)

Lucho snorts.

LUCHO

Try that just ONCE with the boys I know and you end up at the bottom of the Hudson River, embraced by a cement kimono.

ARTIE

All this knighthood stuff is a lot of jazz. Nobody ever behaved this way.

FREDDY (looking at him,
suppressing a sigh)

They did, Mr. King. There was a time when gentlemen were TRULY gentlemen...

(looking at Lucho in some despair)
...not like me....and not like you.

Lucho continues reading, snorting with amusement, Artie looking toward Heaven as if hoping some deuz ex machina will manifest to get him OUT of this. Freddy takes a few more nails out of his mouth to bang at the armour and we...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SCHLOSS - NIGHT

63

Illya and Solo are without the walls. Illya jumps up the wall, finds a handhold and starts up and over. Solo follows after first making sure...

EXT. GATES - POV SHOT - NIGHT

64

...that the guard in the sentry box is sound asleep.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

65

Illya appears at the top of the wall, grabs a vine or other support, lets himself down with dispatch, followed by Solo. They cling to the shadows, Illya looking toward...

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - POV SHOT - NIGHT

66

....the guards doing their appointed rounds paying no attention to Solo and Illya, whom they are (of course) not even aware of.

EXT. COURTYARD - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

67

Solo descends to the courtyard pavement.

SOLO (sotto voce;
keeping an eye on the guards)
Where to now?
(looking at the castle)

Illya has pulled out his Baedeker and is thumbing through it.

ILLYA (he finds what
he is looking for)
Do you prefer the scenic route.....
through the bed chambers...? Or
the light-snack excursion, through
the kitchens?

SOLO (locking over Illya's
shoulder at the Baedeker)
Bed chambers, please.

Illya looks about, eyes the tower, takes three paces to the left, searches the ground, finds a metal ring in the pavement, gives it a tug and...

ILLYA (with a smile to
Solo)
Allez oop!

As Solo swiftly lets himself down through the trap door:

ZIP PAN TO:

CHGS.

INT. PASSAGE IN CASTLE - NIGHT

68

Lucho, lost in thought, is slouching out through the great hall. Freddy, pieces of armour in his arms, is with him but about to go the other way.

CLOSER SHOT

69

FREDDY

Good night, Mr. Lucho.

Lucho looks up, startled.

LUCHO

Oh.....goodnight, Prince.

Freddy hesitates.

FREDDY

Do you want a car to take you back
to the Inn?

LUCHO

No....I'll stick around a while until
Artie gets to bed.

(easily)

Protectin' my investment you might
call it.

Freddy is startled.

FREDDY

Surely you don't think....I mean...
that Mr. King wouldn't run OFF?

LUCHO (easily, patting
his gun)

He won't while I'm around.

He beams at Freddy. Freddy, suppressing a gulp, toddles off.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CASTLE WALLS - NIGHT

70

By now Solo and Illya are very high up clinging dangerously to the castle walls. It's a little vertiginous.

Solo takes a look about. They seem to be surrounded by nothing but stone work, et al and precipice.

70
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Are you SURE that book's reliable?

ILLYA (reading)

"It was in 1873. This is the route employed by Lutetia The Fourteenth, who had THREE consorts, none of whom ever even guessed the existence of the other two.

SOLO (shuddering;

bravely)

In a place like this, I'm not surprised. Lead on.

ZIP PAN TO:

71-72
OUT

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

72X1

The great hall appears deserted. After a moment, around the corridor comes Artie King. He is wearing sports clothes and carries a small traveling bag which holds little more than shaving equipment and a shirt.

Artie cautiously starts across the hall, evidently heading for the main exit. He stops as he sees....

ANOTHER ANGLE

72X2

Lucho, sprawled in an armchair, stirring in his sleep.

ARTIE

72X3

Fearful of waking Lucho, Artie darts into the first place of concealment which, as it happens, is the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

72X4

Artie hesitates just within. Artie frowns in vexation. He turns and surveys the chapel looking for a way of escape.

CHGS

ANOTHER ANGLE - POV SHOT

72X5

At the head of the dimly lit chapel is a somewhat unusual object....a large stone, a sword stuck in it. Beyond this stone is the altar.

ARTIE

72X6

He starts quietly (tiptoe) up the aisle toward altar.

HEAD OF CHAPEL NEAR STONE

72X7

Artie reaches the altar dais and stumbles on the rock. He stifles an exclamation, turns and sees, to his surprise....

WIDER ANGLE

72X8

...the Grand Duchess kneeling at a prie dieu just in front of the stone. The SOUND disturbs her meditations and she looks up in some surprise.

VICKY

Mr. King!

Artie is truly taken aback.

ANOTHER ANGLE

72X9

ARTIE

Your Highness!

VICKY

Where are you going?

ARTIE

Just thought I'd take a little walk.

Suddenly he remembers his "traveling bag" and endeavors to conceal it behind his back. This maneuver causes him nearly to trip again on the rock. This time he seeks to steady himself by taking hold of the handle of the sword, stuck in the stone.

VICKY

Mr. King...please...not the sword!72X9
CONT'D
(2)

Artie turns....sees the sword handle...clumsily backs into the pew.

CLOSER SHOT

72X10

ARTIE

I'm sorry...

He looks toward the great hall - not anxious for Lucho to hear him - then at the sword in the stone, fearing he may have caused some damage.

VICKY

It's only....it must be very fragile by now. It's well over a thousand years old.

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

72X11

Alas for deception....Lucho opens his eyes as he HEARS the voices and curious and more than a bit suspicious, crosses toward the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

72X12

Artie is staring at the sword.

ARTIE

The sword of St. George? The.....
"REAL George"? The Dragon Killer?

VICKY (with a nod)

On this very spot he slew the dragon.
The blow was so fierce, the sword penetrated the stone and no one's been able to draw it out since.

CLOSE SHOT - LUCHO - NEAR CHAPEL DOOR

72X13

Lucho can hear all this. He evinces a certain interest.

END.

MED. SHOT - ARTIE AND VICKY

72X14

Artie puts his hand toward the sword handle.

ARTIE

I'm pretty good at these things at
Luna Park.

VICKY (restraining him)

You mustn't, Mr. King! It's hardly
fair...You....You don't HAVE to....

Artie looks at her blankly.

VICKY

Legend says, whosoever pulls the sword
from the stone, the Grand Duchess will
marry.

Artie backs away, almost too hastily.

VICKY

And as we're going to be married,
anyway....

She puts a hand almost affectionately on the sword handle
...but very gently.

VICKY

...it would hardly be sporting to spoil
the chances of some future grand
duchess, would it?

Artie is slightly shocked.

INT. GREAT HALL - NEAR CHAPEL DOOR - NIGHT

72X15

Lucho, smiling grimly, seems pleased. He shivers (the
hall is cold) backs away from the door quietly and goes
back to his warm fire across the great hall.

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

72X16

Artie's eyes have become accustomed now to the twilight of
the chapel as Vicky places the candle.

VICKY

No.

CHGS.

Suddenly tears well up in her eyes. She has no handkerchief. Artie gives her his.

72X16
CONT'D
(2)

ARTIE (gently)
What's wrong, Your Highness?

Artie glances down at his bag...hidden in the pew. Then:

ARTIE
I thought you...wanted this.

VICKY
I - I do. I mean, I want to do my..
duty.

Artie looks at his bag, then troubled, sits down in the pew. By now Vicky is sitting in the pew, too. Artie sighs.

ARTIE
Funny. That's just what I was
thinking about myself.

She looks up at him, surprise in her eyes.

ARTIE (wryly)
Didn't you know?

She shakes her head, her eyes wondering.

ARTIE (with a wry hint
of a smile)
We're both caught.

Vicky looks at him.

VICKY
I had no idea.

Artie shrugs. Artie looks at her and on impulse, very sincerely, takes her hand.

ARTIE
I'm awfully sorry all this....had to
happen this way. I recognize it's
just a business arrangement. I'll
keep my distance.

She's embarrassed and looks away. He looks at her hand -- ringless.

72X16
CONT'D
(3)

ARTIE

It just occurred to me...we're going to be married...and you don't even have an engagement ring.

Impulsively he slips his signet ring off his little finger and puts it on her hand.

ARTIE

There.

He is a little taken aback by his own forwardness. Vicky looks down at the ring.

ARTIE (anxiously)

Is it all right? Or....wasn't that the thing to do...?

VICKY (slowly; moved)

It was....JUST....the thing to do, Mr. King.

She turns her head, again to conceal tears. He holds her by the shoulders, turns her back, looking at her searchingly. Somehow in that moment, they kiss, tenderly, reverently, touchingly.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HALL - NIGHT

73

Solo and Illya have come out into a section of hall (or perhaps cellar?). They creep along it cautiously. They stop. Again Illya glances at his book.

ILLYA

Turn north...take four paces...

Solo does.

ILLYA

Press fourth stone from bottom.

Solo does -- part of the wall (very creakingly) shedding dust -- gives way. Solo enters followed by Illya.

EG.

INT. SECRET CORRIDOR BEHIND BEDROOMS - NIGHT

74

It is dark in here, dusty, but promising.

ILLYA

The state bedrooms lie on either side...

(he looks at his book)

...there's the Grand Duchess' and...

(counting)

...one two three four...

(pointing up ahead)

...that should be Artie King's....

SOLO (wearily)

Let's hope he believes in early beddy-bye. I've had it.

As they go:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. GREAT HALL - NIGHT

75

Artie and the Grand Duchess are coming from the chapel. They pause at the cross corridor to the bedrooms.

CLOSER SHOT

76

ARTIE

Goodnight....Your Highness.

VICKY (looking at him)

Goodnight, Mr. King.

(impulsively)

Something can be done....they won't win....not over the TWO of us.... believe me...

ARTIE (with a faint smile)

Lucho is a very dangerous man...

VICKY

My family's always lived with danger.

She looks around, smiling.

ENC.

VICKY

I guess they did at that with all
those swords....and armour around.

76

CONT'D

(2)

Vicky looks at him and almost laughs out loud. Quickly
she stifles the sound, putting her hand over her mouth.

ARTIE

You laughed!

VICKY (looking at him,
smiling)

Yes.

ARTIE

Feeling better?

VICKY

...Much.

They look at one another then quickly, Vicky turns with
one last smile and goes hastily down the hall. Artie
stands there looking after her.

INT. SECRET CORRIDOR BEHIND ARTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

77

Solo and Illya, trying to suppress sneezes from the dust,
peer through "view holes" in the panelling.

INT. ARTIE'S ROOM - POV SHOT - NIGHT

78

Lucho is in Artie's room, his chair tilted against the
wall, working a solitaire.

ANOTHER ANGLE

79

Artie comes in, on the crest of the wave. The crest crashes as he sees Lucho.

ARTIE (not pleased)
What are you doing here?

LUCHO (concentrating)
Minding the store.

He looks up, takes in Artie's general demeanor.

LUCHO
Well! You and the little lady hit it off better than you thought, eh?
Good old Artie.....Never misses a trick.

Artie is not pleased with his badinage.

ARTIE
Knock it off. As you pointed out, this is the little lady I'm going to marry.

LUCHO (amused)
Well, I'm happy to see you've adjusted to the idea. I was a little worried you might try a moonlight flit on us.

ARTIE
Don't be ridiculous.

Lucho gets up and moves to the door.

REWRITTEN

LUCHO

Goodnight....sleep tight. And if you
SHOULD suffer a change of heart, just
remember, Big Brother's watching you.

79
CONT'D
(2)

Artie gives Lucho a weary look and escorts him to the door.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

80

As Lucho comes out, puffing away happily on his cigar,
Bullets hurries up.

BULLETS

Boss...boss...One of the guys tried
to cross the border....but there's
an Interpol cop behind every tree.

LUCHO

WHAT?

BULLETS

He tried the other two roads, and the
same thing. They got the place
SURROUNDED! Cops from all over the
WORLD!

LUCHO

You stay here! Keep an eye on him!
Don't let him out of your sight!

Then Lucho, with a muffled explosion of anger, tears down
the corridor.

INT. PANELLING BEHIND ARTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

81

Solo and Illiya (with book) can see Artie in his room.

INT. ARTIE'S ROOM - POV SHOT - NIGHT

82

Artie moves around the room, deep in thought.

INT. PANELLING BEHIND ARTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

83

Solo nudges Illiya. Illiya takes another gander at his book,
then points to a lever above Solo's head. Solo grabs it
and....

INT. ARTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

84

The panelling slides suddenly open behind Artie and before he can turn, Illya has thrown a scarf around Artie's mouth, Solo has grabbed him, they both have pulled him into the panelling, and the panelling has closed. It is as if Artie had never been there.

ANOTHER ANGLE

85

There is a FAINT KNOCK on the door.

BULLETS' VOICE (O.S.)

Artie...? Artie...?

The door opens slightly. Bullets sticks his head in.

BULLETS (uncertainly)

Artie...?

He comes in. There is no Artie. Bullets looks around baffled. He begins to run around the room, looking in armoires, etc., under the bed.

BULLETS (on a note of
rising panic)

ARTIE! Don't DO this to me!

INT. BEHIND PANELLING IN ARTIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

86

Solo and Illya are carrying a trussed up and struggling Artie, swiftly down the secret corridor.

ZIP PAN TO:

CUT.

. INT. INN - NIGHT

87

The door bursts open and an exhausted Bullets runs in.

BULLETS

LUCHO....He blew it!

. Lucho and his friends whirl.

BULLETS

Artie got AWAY!

LUCHO (threateningly,

livid)

I told you not to let him out of your...

BULLETS

I didn't! I went right IN there, boss,
the moment you LEFT! But he was gone
....Disappeared into thin AIR!

Lucho grabs Bullets.

LUCHO

If you doublecrossed me there's going
to be some mighty EMPTY air, where
you once STOOD.

BULLETS

Lucho...I wouldn't doublecross you...

DOC (on a rising note)

Artie's in with these COPS, that's what.
Maybe even with that DUCHESS! They were
actin' awful COZY up there tonight!
She's going to revoke that extradition
thing and throw us to the WOLVES....

The "associates" register various degrees of perturbation
at this.

LUCHO (pulling out his gun)

They won't get away with it....

BULLETS (shocked)

The little two-timer! She seemed such
a QUIET little thing....

But suddenly Lucho stops. He replaces his gun in his coat
pocket.

End

LUCHO

No. I got a better idea.

87
CONT'D
(2)

He turns on Doc.

LUCHO

What's the last big safe crackin' job
you pulled, Doc? Fort Knox?

DOC (offhand)

What's on your mind?

LUCHO (carefully)

I've got ANOTHER little job for you...
even MORE delicate.....very old -- very
special.....very difficult.....and
you've got to do it fast.

As Doc looks up at Lucho....

ZIP PAN TO:

88
OUT

INT. SCHLOSS - INGOLSTEIN CHAPEL - DAY

89

All the officers, dignitaries et al of the community are
gathering, in traditional costume and badge of office to
assist at the ceremony in which the Grand Duchess will
ennoble her fiance.

CHGS.

ANOTHER ANGLE

90

The Grand Duchess is waiting in the middle of the chapel in full ceremonial fig. The company appears slightly restless, the Grand Duchess nervous....apparently they are being kept waiting.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

91

Suddenly Prince Frederick, in HIS ceremonial outfit, comes running down the corridor to the great hall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

92

He runs toward the chapel.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

93

Sitting well up front, very near the sword in the stone, is Lucho, with Bullets on one side and Doc on the other. Doc is staring at the stone with professional interest.

ANOTHER ANGLE

94

Freddy comes running into the chapel, alarm on his face.

CLOSER SHOT

95

Vicky sees the alarm.

FREDDY

Victoria....he's disappeared!

VICKY

What?

FREDDY

Mr. King has DISAPPEARED! He's not to be found from one end of the castle to the OTHER!

VICKY

I don't believe it!

FREDDY

It's TRUE! He's GONE! No one saw him
LEAVE, but he's gone!

95
CONT'D
(2)

WIDER ANGLE

96

At this, Lucho has risen, eyeing Freddy somewhat menacingly.

LUCHO

Skipped, has he? I'm not surprised.

Vicky is looking about helplessly, unable to believe Artie has "skipped" on her.

VICKY

There must be some explanation.....
Mr. King WOULDN'T....

LUCHO (heavily)

Lady....you don't know Artie King.
He's run out on bigger and better
prizes than you. But be of good
cheer. There are abler and better
men around.

He walks over to the sword in the stone. They all stare,
hypnotized, not believing any of this.

DOC

97

He crosses his fingers....both sets. Then his knees.

WIDER ANGLE

98

Lucho puts a foot on the stone, a hand on the sword handle,
and gives it a tug. After an initial reluctance, it gives.
The sword comes out of the stone. Slowly Lucho raises it
into the air.

LUCHO

There -- Aren't you going to kiss
your new bridegroom?

ANOTHER ANGLE

99

Vicky stares in utter and complete disbelief. A great GASP goes up from the assemblage. Suddenly she keels over in a dead faint.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

REWRITTEN

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. GREEN WOODS - DAY

100

Carrying a struggling, bound and most un-cooperative Artie with them, Solo and Illya come from their car, parked in some attractive remote forested country, to a small clearing.

ILLYA (getting kicked)

Owww!

He gives Artie a look, they set him down on a tree stump, and Solo proceeds to loosen Artie's gag and his bounds to some extent.

ARTIE (furious)

You....You! I'll GET you for this!
Kidnapping a man, practically on the
eve of his wedding....

SOLO (getting the

communicator working)

It wouldn't've worked, Artie.
Marriages are made in Heaven, not
in pool rooms.

He has pulled out the communicator.

SOLO

Mr. Waverly? Solo, here.

(beaming at Artie)

We have Mr. Artie King safe and sound,
in our possession, all tied up, wait-
ing for delivery.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (coldly)

Mr. Solo, jubilation is premature, to
say the least.

SOLO (surprised)

Something wrong, sir?

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

101

Waverly is worn, angry and hardly in the best of spirits.

CHGS.

EXT. GREEN WOODS - DAY

102

Solo, Illya and Artie are listening avidly.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

That's one way of putting it. Lucho Nostra's pulled the sword of St. George from the stone and CLAIMED the GRAND DUCHESS as his bride!

ARTIE

It's a frame up! Something Lucho rigged -- I'll murder him!

This is such a shock he rises and actually bursts a few of his bonds.

SOLO

I seem to detect the green glint of jealousy in your eye -

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

103

WAVERLY (softly)

You're wasting time, Mr. Solo.
You've got to stop this marriage.

EXT. GREEN WOODS - DAY

104

ARTIE

You heard what the man said! What are we waiting for?

Solo and Illya look at one another

105-116 OUT

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

117

The crowd is cheering the appearance, on the terrace of the castle, of the Grand Duchess and her "champion", Lucho, in armour, with plume. The state coach is drawn up below.

CLOSER SHOT

118

Now Lucho sees the state coach.

LUCHO

Are we going to ride in THAT!?

VICKY

Of course.

LUCHO

Look at those springs! Can't we take my car?

FREDDY

It's the tradition, Mr. Nostra. If you claim rights by it, you must live by it.

Lucho gives Freddy a look and, creaking slightly, they begin the descent of the stairs.

REWRITTEN

ANOTHER ANGLE

119

As the people cheer suddenly...there is a great SOUND of hooves clattering...people turn.

EXT. GATE - DAY

120

Through the gate leading into the courtyard comes a white horse....astride the white horse is a white knight pointing a white lance directly at the group on the staircase.

WIDER ANGLE

121

The knight rides directly up to the foot of the staircase, rips off his gauntlet and with a supreme gesture, flings it down so that it falls directly at the feet of Lucho. There is a great CRY from the townspeople....surprise, expectation, excitement.

STAIRS

122

Lucho is taken aback. He looks at the gauntlet, at the White Knight.

LUCHO

Who IS this guy? Some kind of a NUT or something?

But a sudden glow has come into the cheeks of Vicky. Her head raises.

VICKY (almost triumphantly)

He has put the challenge to you!
You've got to pick it up if you
want to marry me.

She points to the gauntlet. Lucho manages to bend (creaking) and pick it up.

LUCHO

What do I do now? Throw it back to him?

VICKY (on a rising note)

No. You engage in trial by combat.
Your life against HIS!

Lucho looks at Vicky as if she's lost her marbles.

CHAS

LUCHO

You're KIDDING!

122

CONT'D

(2)

FREDDY (excitedly)

On the contrary, Mr. Nostra....it is all according to the most ancient laws of Knighthood. As the Grand Duchess' champion, you are pledged to fight her battles with any who appear to challenge her, or relinquish all your rights.

WIDER ANGLE

123

Now the White Knight has been helped down from his horse and he stands there, a heroic figure, sword and shield in hand, white plume waving bravely in the breeze. The people CHEER him, one leading his horse off the courtyard.

STAIRS

124

Lucho is obviously dismayed by the turn events have taken.

LUCHO

Bullets! Where'd you put the enforcer?

BULLETS

Under your BREASTplate, boss.

LUCHO

Is THAT what that is!
(annoyed)

Lucho reaches within his breastplate and pulls out his gun.
As he does:

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Nostra....

Lucho whirls hearing a voice from above to see...

EXT. CASTLE WALL - POV SHOT - DAY

124X1

...Solo somewhat negligently but with deadly intent, is pointing his gun directly at Lucho.

SOLO

Drop it.

WRITTEN

BACK TO LUCHO

124X2

Lucho however would raise his gun....only to hear...

ILLYA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't be rude, Mr. Nostra.

Lucho whirls to see....

EXT. ROOF - POV SHOT - DAY

124X3

Illya is ensconced on the roof, HIS gun ALSO trained on Lucho.

EXT. STAIRS - DAY

124X4

Lucho, appalled at being "surrounded" nervously drops his gun. Vicky, a new light in her eyes, picks it up.

VICKY (proudly)

You do combat, sir, with the sword
of St. George and his shield.

Bullets hands him the shield. Lucho already has the sword.

LUCHO (badly shaken)

THIS?

WIDER ANGLE

124X5

Vicky retires up the stairs.

VICKY

When I drop my scarf, let the combat
commence!

ANOTHER ANGLE

124X6

In the crowd several of Lucho's "men" reach quietly for their weapons.

125-126
OUT

REWRITTEN

WIDER ANGLE

127

The populace has drawn back to a safe distance and now Lucho is face to face with the White Knight who is only a few steps below him.

VICKY

128

Suddenly, from the terrace, as TRUMPETS SOUND, Vicky drops the scarf. The wind catches it and...

WIDER ANGLE

129

* ...it is whisked by the breeze across the steps to land on Artie's helmet. He picks it up and waves to Vicky.

130-OUT

* WIDER ANGLE

131

As the White Knight strikes with his sword....and the battle is joined!

They struggle back and forth, flailing the air wildly with swords. The White Knight parries with greater ease, for though sligher than Lucho, he is also quicker.

The battle rages, Lucho getting into the swing of things, laying into his opponent vigorously.

CROWD

132

The crowd SCREAMS.

TERRACE

133

Vicky holds her breath, clutching Freddy's arm anxiously.

COURTYARD

134

Lucho aims a smashing blow at the White Knight. It nearly decapitates him. The White Knight ducks, Lucho is thrown off balance, staggers....As the White Knight would riposte, having his adversary at a disadvantage.

EGS.

* EXT. TERRACE - BULLETS - DAY

135

Bullets sees that Lucho is about to get thrown...he reaches for his gun. As he does....

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

135X1

Solo is keeping a careful eye on ALL the hoods. He raises his gun and FIRES....

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

135X2

Bits of the wall fly in Bullets' face, nicking him as he raises his gun. He starts in fear, looking up to....

EXT. BALCONY - POV SHOT - DAY

135X3

...Solo, who waves at him grimly, with the pistol.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

136

The knights struggle wildly -- again and again sword meets shield....the courtyard rings with the blows...the people YELL.

TERRACE

137

Vicky is near fainting. She clings to the balustrade and to Freddy.

KNIGHTS

138

Now once again Lucho risks all on a heavy blow. Again he misses, trips, again the White Knight has a moment of advantage.

* EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

139

Now a sort of signal has flashed from the eyes of each of the Lucho "gang" and, almost as one, they start to push themselves through the crowd from their various vantage points, toward the combatants in the ring.

CHGS. + NEW SCENES

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

139X1

Solo sees this. He looks toward Illya....

EXT. ROOF - POV SHOT - ILLYA - DAY

139X2

He gets the look and nods.

WIDER ANGLE

139X3

Illya leaps from roof to castle wall as....(optional)

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

139X4

...Solo leaps from the balcony, to grab a pipe or whatever and shinny to the ground.

COMBATANTS

139X5

The two Knights are battling gamely.

LUCHO'S SUPPORTERS

139X6

...they are advancing toward the edge of the spectators, guns barely concealed....threat in their eyes.

SOLO

139X7

He leaps to another vantage point.

VICKY

139X8

Her attention has been torn from the combatants and now she sees the supporters with guns. She gasps...clutches at Freddy's arm.

EXT. COURTYARD - FULL SHOT - DAY

139X9

The Lucho gangsters are just reaching the edge of the circle of excited spectators, whose attention is on the battling Knights in the foreground.

NEW SCENES

ANOTHER ANGLE

139X10

Solo and Illya, from their separate directions, both leap down, rather like Marines on an obstacle course, and...

WIDER ANGLE

139X11

...as the Lucho "gangsters" reach the inner part of the circle, a couple of them even "aiming" at the White Knight....

ANOTHER ANGLE

139X12

...Solo and Illya are before them, guns drawn, covering the entire range of gangsters....determined to have the fight fought out fairly.

The Lucho gangsters hesitate...seeing the determination in the eyes of the UNCLE men...

COMBATANTS

139X13

Lucho is winded and failing rapidly. He gasps...

LUCHO (plaintively)

...Boys! Bullets! Where ARE you...?

As he parries the White Knight's sword, he looks about, TRIPS on his foot armour and as the White Knight lambasts him...

ANOTHER ANGLE

139X14

...Lucho FALLS with a tremendous crash and clatter.

140-OUT

* WIDER ANGLE

141

A tremendous CHEER goes up from the populace....The supporters of Lucho express dismay.

CHG. + NEW SCENES

VICKY

142

* She looks anxiously to Solo and Illya.

SOLO AND ILLYA

142X1

They never for a moment relax their vigilance on the Lucho boys.

CLOSE SHOT - KNIGHTS

143

The White Knight has his foot on the chest of the fallen Lucho, whose shield and sword are scattered far out of reach.

LUCHO (near hysteria)

* I surrender! I surrender! I give up!

The White Knight pushes up Lucho's visor with the end of his sword, at the same time raising his own visor and grinning down at Lucho. The White Knight is, naturally, Artie King.

ARTIE

144

He grins at the fallen Lucho.

ARTIE

* They'll never believe this in Teaneck,
New Jersey!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. INGOLSTEIN TOWN SQUARE - DAY

145

A "black Maria" police bus (if available, otherwise a regular European bus) is loading an assortment of criminals aboard. Escorting them, a handful of interestingly varied police....A French gendarme, an Italian Bersagliere, an English bobby, something exotic in fez and wrap-around sarong from some tropic country, etc. (as wardrobe has available.)

CHGS. + NEW SCENE

ANOTHER ANGLE

146

Personally escorted by the local police are Lucho and his friends. Lucho is out of his armour but limping heavily. He and Bullets are handcuffed together.

CLOSER SHOT

147

They trudge determinedly toward the bus. Lucho pauses to glare at a nearby....

SIDEWALK CAFE - TABLE

148

...where Sclo and Illya are taking their relative ease. Solo waves amiably.

SOLO

There go our Knights of the Round
Table. Almost right out of a
medieval romance.

Lucho glares at them and throws at them the little
knightly etiquette book. Illya picks it up.

ILLYA

"Ye Compleat and Parfait Knighte"
or how a gentleman should comport
himself under diverse circumstances...

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

What? What's that?

SOLO

Nothing, sir. Only the happy populace
cheering the newlyweds.

REWRITTEN

149
OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

150

...down the street comes the state coach bearing within...

POV SHOT - FROM SOLO'S AND ILLYA'S ANGLE

151

...a radiant Grand Duchess and her "knight" Artie, in his white armour, beside her. They wave toward the men from UNCLE.

SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

152

Solo and Illya rise, hands on hearts, and bow. As they do....

FADE OUT.

THE END

MISSION