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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

*B must find
another unused
place - not
watch
(Chesham?)*
"The Foreign Legion Affair" *B* *fun?*

~~THE BEAU GESTE AFFAIR~~

Prod. #8415

Michael

*but we had
in Haller*

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Boris Ingster

Written by:

Berne Giler

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

January 8, 1966

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF CITY - (STOCK) - DAY

Mosques, domes, towers, etc. Over this the legend:
SOMEWHERE IN SUDAN.

EXT. ARABIC MARKET SECTION - (STOCK) - DAY

Stalls, bazzars, fezes and a lot of people.

EXT. THE CASBAH - (STOCK) - DAY

A jumble of roofs, steps, alleys.

EXT. STEPS IN CASBAH - ILLYA - DAY

We pick him up as he comes hurrying down the steps wearing a fez and a white jellaba. CAMERA MOVES WITH him as he rapidly passes the typical outdoor shops of pottery, rugs, brass, etc.

CLOSER ANGLE - ILLYA

as he reaches the bottom of the steps and turns into a dark alley of a building.

EXT. ALLEY - ILLYA - DAY

He moves swiftly down the short narrow, dark alley till he comes to what is obviously the back door of a house. A quick look around...a twist of an Uncle door opener and he's inside.

INT. BUILDING - ILLYA

7

It is dark here. We can barely discern a set of stairs leading to a basement. Illya quickly divests himself of the fez, rolls up the jellaba and he's in a black commando getup. Around his waist, a belt holding a variety of gadgets. He goes down the stairs with the help of a flashlight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

8

as Illya's flashlight reveals the target: a large, heavy formidable iron safe.

CLOSER ANGLE

9

as Illya goes to work. A stethoscope in his ears, he manipulates the tumblers. A few turns and he swings the door open. He has to go through a few safe boxes to find what he's looking for. A sheaf of papers folded in a large envelope. Out comes a small Minox camera and he starts clicking off each of the pages. He's finished and he's starting to put the papers back when a light goes on in back of him, a gun explodes and a bullet slams into the safe just missing him. At the same moment, Illya dives behind the safe's massive door.

REVERSE ANGLE TO STAIRS

10

The MAN has a gun in his hand. He fires twice at the door that shields Illya. Illya fires back. The Man sprawls and Illya sprints for the stairs and out.

AT TOP OF STAIRS

11

as Illya comes up, grabs his fez and jellaba and goes out the door. A moment later, four men come rushing out from a side passage: LUCIENNE BEY is dark, mustachioed and Saville Row tailored at its best. HAKIM, is younger and more of a local boy. The other two are native THRUSHMEN.

BASEMENT

12

The Man Illya shot is coming too as the quartet reach him. Bey goes right to the safe. A moment of perusal as the others help the wounded Man up, and Bey whirls around.

BEY (grimly)
The Triad!

12
CONT'D
(2)

HAKIM (shocked)
Gone?

BEY (shaking)
But no doubt photographed.
(to the Man)
Who was he? What did he look like?

MAN # 2 (thickly)
Not too tall. Slim. Blond -- very
blond.

Bey reaches into his jacket and brings out his wallet.
A photograph of Illya's face comes out of that. He
shows it to him.

INSERT

13

A head shot of Illya.

BEY'S VOICE
Is this the man?

BACK TO SCENE

14

MAN # 2
Yes, that's him.

BEY (grim)
Illya Kuryakin. An UNCLE agent.
(to Hakim)
Get the car ready. We must get to the
airport -- before he does.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - (STOCK) - NIGHT
A sleek charter plane taking off.

15

INT. CHARTER PLANE - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

16

ON Illya in his ordinary street clothes as he talks
into his communicator.

ILLYA (into communicator)
Overseas relay, please....This is
Number Two, Section One....

16
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - (STOCK) - NIGHT

17

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

18

WAVERLY talks into his communicator from behind his desk.
SOLO stands near him.

WAVERLY (into communicator)
...Let me interrupt you, Mr. Kuryakin.
It was not my intention to pamper you
with a private charter plane. It was
the only thing we could find to get
you out of there.

(listens)

Let me interrupt you again, Mr.
Kuryakin. The destination of the plane
is Casablanca, not Paris. You will
deliver the film there and take the
regular flight to New York. Economy
class. Goodbye, Mr. Kuryakin.

He closes his communicator and looks to Solo.

WAVERLY (sighs)
I'm afraid, Mr. Solo, I just don't
understand your generation....

Solo grins.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - ILLYA - NIGHT

19

He returns his communicator to his pocket, leans back and
surveys the opulence of the salon furnishings in the
plane. Up ahead, the pilot and the co-pilot can be seen
in the cockpit. As he leans back contentedly and shuts
his eyes...

BARBARA'S VOICE
Good evening, monsieur.

Illya's eyes open as CAMERA PULLS BACK to show BARBARA. She's French, lovely and dressed in a Dior styled uniform of a stewardess.

19
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Good evening.

BARBARA

I've been in the galley sort of putting things together. I hope everything is satisfactory?

ILLYA

Quite. It's a very lovely plane.

BARBARA

It's the very finest.

(a beat)

I hope you won't think I'm rude, but I never expected you to be so young.

ILLYA

Really?

BARBARA

To be rich enough to charter a plane like this just for yourself at your age - it must be wonderful. But then I suppose you're used to doing things like that.

ILLYA (languidly)

One can get used to everything.

BARBARA

That's so true. Could I get you something? Hot tea, coffee, milk? A hot toddy? Anything at all.

ILLYA

Borsht. Only borsht.

BARBARA

Cabbage or beet?

ILLYA

You really would, wouldn't you?

BARBARA

Monsieur?

ILLYA

Nothing, thank you.

19
CONT'D
(3)

He shuts his eyes. Not for long.

BARBARA

Would you like me to tuck you in,
monsieur. It's getting a little chilly.

ILLYA (eyes closed)

Thank you. I'm quite comfortable. I
think I'm going to take a little nap.
Why don't you do the same?

BARBARA

I can't. I haven't slept for days.
I'm very nervous.

Illya's eyes open.

ILLYA

Nervous!

BARBARA

Oh, it has nothing to do with the
plane, monsieur. It's just me. You
see this is my last trip. I'm turning
in my wings when we reach Casablanca.
I'm getting married.

ILLYA

How nice.

BARBARA

Somehow, the minute I saw you, I knew
you'd understand. That's what's
called empathy.

ILLYA

That's very well put. Where does this
great event take place?

BARBARA

Akron, Ohio.

ILLYA

Akron, Ohio!

BARBARA

That's where Bob lives. He's my fiancée. Myself, I'm from Marseilles. He was stationed there as a soldier. That's how I met him. But now he's in the insurance business with his uncle. Some day it'll all belong to him. You'd really love Bob if you knew him the way I do.

19
CONT'D
(4)

ILLYA

I don't think that would be entirely possible.

BARBARA

Are you sure I can't get you something?
A cup of coffee?

ILLYA

Thank you. After all, I can always catch up on my sleep.

BARBARA

I'll see if the boys want some too.

She starts for the cockpit as Illya promptly closes his eyes.

ANGLE TO COCKPIT

20

The backs of the two men are towards us as Barbara comes up to them.

BARBARA

Anyone for coffee?

One of the heads turn. It's Bey at the controls.

BEY

Turkish coffee.

BARBARA

Turkish...

(dawns)

Who are you? You're not....

The co-pilot is up and around before she can finish, with his hand going to her mouth. It's Hakim. He holds her firm as Bey sets the automatic pilot and moves to Illya who's leaning back with his eyes closed, wrench in hand. He's bringing it down when Illya's eyes open and his hand comes up automatically to fend it off. He's partially successful as the wrench catches him a glancing blow, but it's enough to put him out cold. As he hits the floor, Hakim shoves Barbara forward.

HAKIM

Get in the back and stay there or
you'll get the same thing.

20
CONT'D
(2)

BARBARA

I'm not afraid of either one of you
and I'm reporting you both the minute
we land.

HAKIM

Get back!

A shove sends her sprawling. Bey with the above is
systematically removing Illya's clothes and going through
them. Now, Hakim joins him and they get him down to his
shorts without finding anything.

HAKIM

It isn't on him. Maybe he had time to
hand it over to someone.

BEY

Uncle doesn't charter special flights
to transport its personnel. He must
have it. Take the controls. I'll go
through his clothes again -- And
change the course. We'll dump them
both out as soon as we're over the sea.

BARBARA

That's murder!

BEY

A pity mademoiselle in your case. But
unfortunately I cannot alter your
destiny. Kismet!

Hakim goes forward as Bey starts on Illya's clothes. He's
completely absorbed when:

CLOSE OF ILLYA

21

coming too with Bey's legs looming up directly in front
of him. He suddenly reaches out.

WIDER ANGLE

22

as Bey topples over with Illya coming up.

ANGLE TO COCKPIT

23

as Hakim turns, sees what's happening and pulls out his gun. He's ready to fire when:

ANOTHER ANGLE

24

as Illya pulls Bey up as a shield, and pulls him struggling towards the back.

ILLYA (to Barbara)

Is there a parachute around?

BARBARA

Certainly. One to a customer. Just one?

ILLYA

Just one. Strap it on and get the door open.

Barbara throws the door open as Illya pulls Bey up to the opening. By this time, Hakim has the automatic pilot set and is coming forward to get a shot at Illya.

ILLYA

One more step and out he goes!

This stops Hakim cold. By now, Barbara has slipped into the harness. Illya takes one look around, then throws Bey at Hakim, grabs Barbara and they both leap out through the door. As they sail out into the night with Hakim running to the door to fire after them....

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAHARA DESERT - EXTREME LONG SHOT - (STOCK) - DAY 25

An endless expanse of desert with the sun already hot coming up over the horizon scorching the sand.

MED. LONG SHOT OF DESERT - DAY 26

CAMERA PICKS UP an object in the sand and MOVES TO IT. It's an open parachute resting on the sand. CAMERA ESTABLISHES then TILTS UP AND MOVES ALONG the silk till it comes to two forms underneath, very obviously wrapped up in each other. CAMERA HOLDS as one of the forms moves trying to get out from under.

CLOSER ANGLE 27

as Illiya's head pops out. He looks around, then peels the parachute back with one hand to reveal Barbara curled up next to him in his other arm, asleep. He considers her a moment as she stirs and mumbles in her sleep.

BARBARA (eyes closed)

You will fasten your seat belts, please.
We are coming in for a landing.

ILLYA

We've already landed.

Her eyes open. She looks at Illiya still holding her.

ILLYA

Good morning.

BARBARA (slowly)

Good morning....

(a beat)

Oh, my goodness!

ILLYA

What's the trouble.

She makes no attempt to move.

27
CONT'D
(2)

BARBARA

I was thinking now embarrassing it would be if my fiance could see us now.

ILLYA

In the desert the night's are cold and the day's are hot. It was the survival instinct.

BARBARA

Yes, it is very hot, isn't it?

ILLYA (a beat)

Very.

She sits up suddenly, leans over and bites him on the shoulder. Illya just looks at her.

ILLYA

I assume there was a reason for all of that.

BARBARA

There is. It always happens to me when I get tensed up.

(suddenly)

My hair! It must be a complete mess!

ILLYA

I like the careless effect. And thank you for the ride. I appreciate your saving my life.

BARBARA

It was lucky you thought about the parachute, or we both would have been dead.

ILLYA

I think that would be a relatively safe assumption. Excuse me. I have to untangle myself.

He fusses with the parachute and crawls out.

BARBARA

Do you have any idea where we are at all? Outside of being in the middle of the desert?

ILLYA

The plane was four hours out of Khartoum flying on a straight course to Cairo. From the position of the sun, and the dune formations, I'd say we're in the Morocco desert about two hundred miles from Casablanca.

BARBARA (a pause)

That's not very good, is it?

ILLYA (gently)

I'm afraid not.

(tries to cheer her)

You should never have offered me that cup of coffee.

She looks at him and he looks back consolingly. Suddenly, she's out from under and on her feet.

BARBARA

Feeling sorry for me isn't going to do any of us any good.

Illya climbs out and stands reluctantly. She looks him over.

BARBARA

I know girls that would give all to have a stomach as flat as yours.

(a beat)

Roughly, I'd say you were a size nine.

ILLYA

Don't be ridiculous.

BARBARA

Women's sizes are different than men.

She has gathered up a portion of the parachute, and with the help of a nail file that she finds in her pocket, tears a good sized piece off as Illya watches her. She now drapes Illya with the piece.

ILLYA

Ah, a do it yourself burnoose.

BARBARA

You're bigger than you look.
Stand still.

She steps back for a look.

BARBARA

Your head...

She turns away, pulls up her skirt, loosens the
clasps on her garter belt that holds her stockings,
and pulls them off.

BARBARA

I don't think I'll be needing these.

She ties one of the stockings around his head in the
style of the traditional Arabian agal or headpiece
that holds the burnoose in position.

ILLYA

I have the vague feeling that this
is turning into a Halloween party.

BARBARA

Well, it does look a little silly,
but it'll protect you from the sun.
Let's go.

ILLYA
Don't be in such a rush.

27
CONT'D
(4)

BARBARA
But I am. You don't think I want to
miss my wedding, do you?

Illya removes his bracelet watch and opens it. Inside is
a small capsule with micro-film. Satisfied, he closes
the watch.

ILLYA
En avant! Marche!

*see full over
hill 519
open*

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

28

Waverly and Solo are studying the Africa section of their
office globe.

WAVERLY
The facts, Mr. Solo, are few but
indisputable. Mr. Kuryakin reported
from aboard his special flight at six
p.m. our time yesterday. The plane
reached Casablanca in the morning.
Mr. Kuryakin did not. There were no
stops in between. Also missing on
the same flight is a stewardess, and
one parachute. It's the latter item
that gives us some hope that Mr.
Kuryakin is alive.

SOLO
A two to one chance.

WAVERLY (sighs)
And if that weren't bad enough he was
carrying with him a micro film copy
of Thrush's Triad.

SOLO
I'm afraid you lost me there, sir.
What is the Triad?

WAVERLY

It's the key to Thrush's top secret cypher. It was imperative we have it in our hands before next Monday the eleventh.

SOLO

Oh - you mean that mysterious coup Thrush was setting up in Malabar. But I thought Section Two arranged a perfect intercept of their own.

WAVERLY

They have. But it's all in the Triad code. The only thing our experts managed to decipher was the date -- and without the key Mr. Kuryakin has, we are unable to prevent Thrush to perpetrate whatever new deviltry they have in mind.

SOLO

In short, sir, you want me to find Kuryakin and the Triad -- is that it?

WAVERLY

I couldn't put it more succinctly myself. You might wish to check on a Mr. Lucienne Bey. He's the head of the Casablanca Thrush. I have a hunch he might know what happened on that flight.

SOLO

I know the gentleman. We've crossed swords before.

ZIP PAN TO:

29

EXT. DESERT - DAY

CAMERA PICKS UP Illya as he leads Barbara by the hand over the blistering hot sands of the desert. The hours have taken their toll and both of them look it. A few more steps and she drops.

BARBARA (an exhausted

whisper)

I can't....I just can't....

Illya drops down next to her and tries to protect her from the sun with the folds of his burnoose. He licks his dry lips to speak.

29
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

The sun will be going down soon....
Just rest.

She takes a moment to recover her composure.

29X1

CLOSE SHOT - REMY

peeking over a sand dune.

ILLYA AND BARBARA

29X2

She looks at him wanly.

BARBARA

It's hopeless, isn't it?

ILLYA

When you're as young as you are,
nothing is hopeless.

BARBARA

I feel like a hundred. Maybe a
thousand.

(a beat)

A cold glass of champagne would be
nice.

ILLYA

I'd settle for some plain water.

BARBARA

Since we have neither, why not wish
for the best.

ILLYA

If we don't keep going - we won't be
wishing for anything.

He gets to his feet and holds out his hand. She takes it
and gets up wearily. They move off headed for a sand dune,
going AWAY FROM THE CAMERA....

EXT. DESERT - REVERSE SHOT - ILLYA AND BARBARA - DAY

30

coming up to the crest of a sand dune TO CAMERA.

CLOSE - REMY

30X1

pulling back and taking off.

CLOSER ANGLE

31

She's barely making it. A step more and she drops to her knees. She's almost out. Illya drops down and wraps

himself around her. He's almost out himself. He looks towards the sun with almost a look of hatred, is turning back when he sees something else. He can't believe it. Staggering to his feet, he shades his eyes with his hands and squints as he continues to look. Barbara turns her head to look up with glazed eyes.

31
CONT'D
(2)

BARBARA (a whisper)

What is it?

ILLYA

I don't know. But even if it's a mirage, it's wonderful.

He manages to pull her to her feet.

ILLYA

Shade your eyes.

Both of them stand, shading their eyes and looking out.

POV EFFECT SHOT OF THE FORT - DAY

32

The fort can be seen wavering in a haze. The French Tricolor flies from a mast.

REVERSE SHOT - FROM FORT THROUGH BINOCULARS

33

In the distance we can see Illya and Barbara looking towards the fort.

INT. FORT - CLOSE SHOT - CALHOUN - DAY

34

The binoculars are in the hands of CAPTAIN BASIL CALHOUN. He's dressed in the uniform of the French Foreign Legion; he's big, tough, craggy on the style of Trevor Howard. When the SHOT WIDENS we'll see that he's in a tower extending out from the ramparts of the wall surrounding the fort.

CALHOUN (observing)

I don't like it. I don't like it one bit.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal CORPORAL REMY. He's Sengalese, a stolid faced giant, in the uniform of the foot soldier.

REMY

You think it is a trick, mon Capitaine?

CALHOUN

Probably. The man is a Tuareg - the uniform on the woman is unfamiliar to me.

REMY

They did not look very formidable to me, mon Capitaine. You wish me to sound the bugle?

Calhoun lowers the binoculars.

CALHOUN

No. The dunes could be swarming with them. You don't know these devils the way I do. If it's to be a surprise attack, it would warn them that we're ready. We'll fight fire with fire. We'll wait and let the surprise be for them.

REMY

Very good, mon Capitaine.

Calhoun looks through the glasses again.

CALHOUN (pause)

Clever. Diabolically clever.....

ILLYA AND BARBARA - THROUGH BINOCULARS

35

Illya grabs the sagging Barbara and holds her in his arms.

BACK TO CALHOUN

36

CALHOUN

Only the Greeks thought of it first, my friends.

(lowers his glasses)

The Trojan horse.

REMY

Horse, mon Capitaine?

CALHOUN

The oldest trick in the world. Our two friends would have us believe they need help. We take them inside, they lull us

(Cont.)

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

36
CONT'D
(2)

into a sense of security with some far-fetched tale and when they've gained our confidence, they open the gates at night for Les Arabes to attack.

(a beat)

Very well. We'll show them that two can play at their little game. Bring them in, Corporal Remy. But instead of a Trojan horse, we'll have two hostages. Or perhaps two corpses.

As Remy draws himself up to salute....

ILLYA AND BARBARA

36X1

Carrying Barbara, Illya staggers and falls to the sand with her. The desert has them.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. LUCIENNE BEY VILLA - (STOCK?) - DAY

37

A magnificent example of Arabic or Moorish opulence surrounded by a wall with two large gates guarding the entrance.

EXT. VILLA - CLOSER ANGLE - DAY

38

A taxi pulls up near the wall some distance from the gates and Solo steps out. He pays the driver who takes off, then turns his attention to the villa.

WHAT HE SEES

39

A guard inside the gates.

CLOSE ON SOLO

40

He pulls back hurriedly against the wall, surveys the situation, and moves to a tree about twenty feet away. He goes up and has to make a leap to reach the wall where he hangs on by his fingertips and draws himself up to go over.

INT. VILLA SALON - DAY

The salon goes with the Moorish opulence of the villa. Around the room are Bey, Hakim, a few THRUSHMEN and a gorgeous harem dish named, AISHA, who at the moment is serving coffee to the men. Bey is pointing to a large scale map of North Africa spread before him.

BEY

Somewhere within fifty miles of this point in the Sahara lies the body of the Uncle agent, Kuryakin. We have to find him, gentlemen. We have to find him and tear him apart until we find that film.

HAKIM

Forgive me, effendi, but I still believe he didn't have it on him.

BEY

You may be interested to know that this morning, I received information that a Napoleon Solo has been dispatched by Uncle to find the body of Kuryakin. Do you think they're interested in his body -- or in Triad?

HAKIM

Forgive me, effendi. I should have known better than to doubt your wisdom.

BEY

I have already made plans for Mr. Solo to be dealt with.

He is interrupted by the entrance of a GUARD. He goes up to Bey and whispers something in his ear. Bey gets slowly to his feet, pulls out a revolver and slowly drifts over to the terrace.

BEY

It's an old saying, gentlemen, that when one dines with the devil, one must use a long spoon.

(holds up gun)

I have here a very long and effective spoon.

He moves with catlike agility towards a shutter, reaches swiftly out, pulls it open. Standing outside, apparently caught by surprise is Solo.

41
CONT'D
(2)

BEY

Behold the devil, gentlemen. Mr.
Napoleon Solo.

As he holds the gun on Solo....

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

42

of Illya stretched out on a beat-up, dilapidated Louis Quatorze couch with Barbara next to him tenderly wiping his face with a wet washcloth. She's completely recovered, looks marvelous and he's still out cold. Now, Illya's eyelids flutter, open and he looks up at her. From somewhere in the fort comes the FAINT HAUNTING STRAIN of Lili Marlene being sung by a forlorn female.

BARBARA (joyously)

He's alive.

Her head turns to someone else in the room and Illya's glance goes with her's.

43

WHAT ILLYA SEES

Calhoun behind the desk looking at him stonily - then, Remy standing guard nearby wearing a sidearm.

CALHOUN

The female of the species is obviously more hardy than the male. That male at any rate.

44

GROUP SHOT

as Barbara wheels on him.

BARBARA (indignantly)

I would like to see how you'd look if you'd walked around the desert all day without anything to eat or drink!

CALHOUN (coldly)

Young lady, I'll remind you again that you're my prisoner of war and I'm willing to abide by the rules of the Geneva Convention, but don't test my patience too far.

Illya sits up.

Illya sits up, looking at Calhoun with a stony expression. He looks at Remy, who is standing guard nearby, and then back at Calhoun.

ILLYA
Prisoner of war? What war?

44
CONT'D
(2)

BARBARA
I don't know. He keeps talking about
some kooky war with the Arabs. He
thinks we're spies.

45

ANGLE FROM CALHOUN

as he sits back and shoots Remy a meaningful look. He's
going to let them hang themselves.

BARBARA (no wait)
I told him what happened, but he
doesn't believe me.

ILLYA (to Calhoun)
It's true. Every word of it.

CALHOUN
Every word of it?

ILLYA
Yes sir.

CALHOUN (calmly)
Permit me to revue the facts. You
both jumped from a plane you had
chartered because two men had changed
places with the pilot and co-pilot
and wanted to kill you. Correct?

ILLYA
Correct.

CALHOUN
And this young lady made a burnoose
out of the parachute because all
your clothes were taken from you.
After that, you both decided to walk
to Klarakesh which happens to be a
little more than three hundred
kilometers away....In other words,
with the entire Sahara Desert at
your disposal, you just happened to
be passing in the vicinity of this
fort.

ILLYA

Yes sir. I didn't know it was restricted.

Calhoun, who has been toying with a riding crop, now explodes into wrath as he brings it down on the desk almost splitting it, rising at the same time to face Illya.

CALHOUN (blazing)

Renegade! Liar! Do you take me for a fool?!

He comes up to tower over Illya.

CALHOUN

Ali-Ka-Bar! How many pieces of silver has he paid to buy your soul! Judas!

BARBARA

Ali-Ka-Bar?

(to Illya)

You didn't tell me anything about him?

ILLYA

How could I? I never even heard of him.

(to Calhoun)

I don't know what you're accusing me of, but whatever it is, you're completely wrong. I don't know where I am, I don't know who you are, and I'd like to get out of here as quickly as possible.

BARBARA

Me too. I have to get to Akron to get married.

Calhoun looks over at Remy, then shakes his head unbelievably.

CALHOUN

Gall....Unmitigated gall...

(to Illya)

I'll enlighten you, sir. This is Fort Liaute, an outpost of the Foreign Legion and I am its Commandant, Captain Basil Calhoun. Is that clear enough?

45
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

Foreign Legion? The French Foreign
Legion?

CALHOUN (contemptuously)

There is only one legion worthy of
that name. The French Foreign Legion.

ILLYA

I don't like to say it, but you're
putting me in an untenable position.
The French Foreign Legion has been
dissolved almost five years. It's
non-existent.

Calhoun turns purple.

CALHOUN (a roar)

Non-existent! Never! Never!

(he pants)

A glorious heritage of a hundred
years bathed in the sweat and blood
of men who fought in all four corners
of the world for the honor of their
flag, and you dare say the Legion is
non-existent.

He goes to the door, throws it open, and now the VOICE
SINGING Lili Marlene is distinctly HEARD.

CALHOUN (cont'd)

Listen to that! Listen to that you
craven nit and tell me the Legion is
non-existent. The Legion will live
when you and I are rotting in our
graves. Death with honor. Vive
la Legion!

(to Remy)

I've had enough of this scurvy,
skeletal scoundrel. Throw him in
the black hole!

As Remy goes to take Illya, with Barbara looking on
horrified....

ZIP PAN TO:

of 10/10/10

STAMPED BY THE SECRETARY OF THE ARMY
ON 10/10/10

INT. CELL - SOLO

46

At the moment, Solo is going minutely over the walls, floor and ceiling for some way of getting out. He finds nothing. He goes to the small opening in the door and peers out.

POV SHOT - FROM OPENING

47

A small basement section with a Guard sharpening a curved Saracene saber on a turning whet stone operated by a foot pedal.

BACK TO SOLO

48

He moves away from the door in obvious distaste and is trying to figure his next move when he HEARS someone coming. He goes quickly to his cot and lies down. A moment later, it's opened by the Guard and Aisha comes in with a tray of food. It's served on spotless linen, with silver and crystal.

SOLO

Well...This is an agreeable surprise.

Aisha lets the legs drop from the folding tray and puts it demurely before Solo.

AISHA (an accent)

Why not? After all, you are our guest till they chop off your head. But don't let it spoil your dinner.

SOLO

Oh, they're saving that little goodie for me?

AISHA

Who else? You would have no head by now if Lucienne did not think he could make use of you. When he has no use for you....Pouf!

She simulates a cut throat with the back of her hand against her neck. Solo lifts one of the covers, sniffs it.

BARBARA (shocked)
You mean they're a couple of kooks?
Come on, let's get out!

65X1
CONT'D
(2)

The light of a torch and Calhoun's voice hits them at the same time.

CALHOUN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I don't think so, Lieutenant....

66

REVERSE SHOT TO CALHOUN

He's in a night shirt with a gun and a kerosine lamp.

CALHOUN
I don't think either of you are going
any place.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

SOLO (happily)
Kus-kus of lamb....Marvelous!
(casually)
Lucienne didn't happen to mention
what he intended using me for did he?

AISHA (smiling)
We have no secrets from each other,
m'sieur. He wants you to take him
to your friend's body.

Solo has found another dish.

SOLO
And pigeon eggs....You really think
of everything.

AISHA
Everything I have is at your disposal,
m'sieur. Well, almost everything.

SOLO
I knew there was a catch to it. No
dessert?

AISHA (pointing)
That one.

SOLO
Goat cheese. My favorite.

He picks up a bottle of wine, inspects it.

SOLO
Chateau Rothschild...forty-seven...
The chop of a falling blade is HEARD from the outside.
Their heads turn to the door.

AISHA
He's testing the blade. It's a clean
chop and he's very good at it. I can
almost promise you there won't be any
pain.

Solo looks a little sick.

AISHA (contrite)
Oh, I'm sorry, m'sieur. It was very
thoughtless of me. Please forgive me
and....

SOLO (slicing in)
I know. Don't let it spoil my dinner...

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BLACK HOLE - DAY

A large mound of sheared up dried mud with a door and an
opening. There's a bed of straw and nothing else. We
HEAR a bar being lifted, then the door opens and Remy
appears. He's carrying a pair of pants, a band to hold
them up and a shirt. Illya lying on the straw, looks up
as Remy throws them to him.

REMY

For you.

Illya gets up and starts to dress. Remy starts to leave.
He stops him with:

ILLYA (dressing)
Wait a minute! What goes on in this
place? With that mon Capitaine of
yours? Is he all there?

REMY

Silence!

ILLYA
Touchy, eh? All right, I'll try
something else. It's imperative that
I contact someone in Casablanca. Is
there anything here like a short wave?

REMY (derisively)

Short wave!

Illya starts to go past him, then suddenly comes around with
a judo chop. It sends Remy down to his knees.

1-17-68
ILLYA
A crystal set?

49
CONT'D
(2)

REMY
Ha!

He comes up to upend Illya and send him smashing back against the wall. Illya shakes his head to shake it off, then:

ILLYA
Wireless?

He comes in to catch Remy in the gut, then rabbit punches him. Remy takes it without a blink as Illya just looks at him.

REMY
You make me laugh.

ILLYA
Carrier pigeons?

He feints, clips Remy again, then comes in for a side karate kick. Remy just grabs his foot, picks him up and throws him into the straw.

REMY
The punishment for striking a guard is thirty lashes. This time I won't report it.

ILLYA
Thank you.

He comes up for Remy who just clips him flat on the straw.

REMY (as he goes out)
Don't mention it.

CUT TO:

50-58
OUT

INT. CALHOUN'S QUARTERS - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

ON a good sized meat bone resting on a plate. We HEAR Barbara's sniffing over the scene as CAMERA PULLS BACK to show her at the head of a small formally set table replete with a few chewed off candles. Calhoun, in formal blues, is at the head of the table, and Remy, in white, is standing close by for service.

CALHOUN (annoyed)

Oh for heaven's sake, Lieutenant -
will you stop your infernal sniffing!

BARBARA (wailing)

I can't help it. When I think of poor
M'sieur Kuryakin in that terrible hole
with nothing to eat....

CALHOUN (cutting in)

Corporal!

REMY

Yes, mon Capitaine.

CALHOUN

For the good of my own stomach I'm
countermanding my order. Feed the
prisoner. When we're through eating.
(to Barbara)

Does that satisfy you, Lieutenant?

BARBARA

Oh yes....thank you.

CALHOUN

That brings me to another point.
This Friday I'm entertaining my good
friend, Shiek Ali Tchad, the members
of his staff and his immediate family.
I would like you to act as hostess for
me.

BARBARA

I would be glad to. If you promise
to take Monsieur Kuryakin out of the
hole.

Calhoun starts to retort, then checks himself.

CALHOUN

I'll not bind myself to any bargain with you at the moment. I'll consider it. Shiek Ali Tchad is very important to me. Since our lines of communication have been cut off he has been our only source of food and supplies. That very camel you're eating came from his larder.

59
CONT'D
(2)

BARBARA (swallowing)

Camel? I'm eating a camel?

CALHOUN

I must confess we don't dine as well as this every night. It's somewhat of an occasion. Even though we are enemies.

BARBARA

You mean you did all of this for me?

CALHOUN

Leftenant, you're the first civilized woman I've had the pleasure of dining with in seven years....

(caught in a memory)

Seven years....A man gets very lonely in seven years, Leftenant....

A moment of reflection and he looks across the table.

CALHOUN

I never thought I'd ever sit across the table from a beautiful woman again...

His remark is innocuous, but it makes Barbara a little nervous. After all, she's French and she knows men. She looks from Calhoun to a framed picture of a very pretty woman (Macushla) on one of the side tables. Behind the glass at the bottom of the picture is a small, pressed white feather. It makes for a good out.

BARBARA (brightly)

That very pretty woman....Who is she?

Calhoun's head turns for a long look, then turns back. He understands Barbara's fears.

CALHOUN (gently)

That, my dear, is someone very dear
to me whom I knew a long time ago.

(he smiles)

I'm a little rusty, but would you do
me the honor of sharing a waltz with
me?

59
CONT'D
(3)

She looks back and what she sees is completely disarming.

BARBARA

I would love to, mon Capitaine.

CALHOUN

Remy....

As Remy moves to put a record on the ancient gramophone,
Calhoun moves to Barbara to help her with her chair. As
he offers her his hand and she rises to the strains of the
Merry Widow or something like that, and they start to
waltz around the room.....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BLACK HOLE - NIGHT

60

We make out Illya from a beam of moonlight coming through the door opening. He's fashioned a noose at one end of Barbara's stocking which he's been using for a head-piece, has dropped it on the other side of the door between the bars of the opening, and is trying to trap one end of the crossbar in the noose. We don't know how long he's been doing this, but he finally manages to snare the bar and lift it out on the third or fourth try. There's a THUD as the bar slips from the noose to the ground and Illya freezes. When nothing happens, he quietly pushes the door open and looks around.

WHAT HE SEES

61

The fort is in complete darkness.

BACK TO ILLYA

62

as he streaks out for one of the buildings.

EXT. BARRACK BUILDING - NIGHT

63

We recognize this as the building that holds Barbara. Illya comes INTO THE SHOT to make for her barred window, lifts himself up to look in.

POV SHOT - FROM WINDOW

64

The room has probably been the room of an officer. Barbara is fast asleep in a cot or iron bed.

ILLYA'S VOICE (O.S.;

a whisper)

Psst! Barbara....Barbara....

She continues to sleep.

BACK TO ILLYA AT THE WINDOW - BARBARA IN B.G.

65

ILLYA (louder)

Barbara!

She sits up like a bolt.

65
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

It's me, Illya. Let me in.

She gets out of bed and she's in one of Calhoun's shirts.
She goes to the door and lets Illya in.

ILLYA

Where's Calhoun's room? I need food,
water and a map.

BARBARA

In there. We're escaping?

They go into Calhoun's room. It's all in whispers.

INT. CALHOUN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

65X1

We HEAR him snoring in the dark. She takes him to the
cupboard. They start taking food out.

ILLYA

Just me. I can't take you. I'll
send help.

BARBARA

I'm not staying without you. Not
with all those men. And when that
garrison comes back from patrol
from that hot desert....

She stops abruptly and leans over to bite Illya on the
shoulder.

BARBARA

I get all tensed up even thinking
about it.

He grabs her.

ILLYA

Control yourself. I'll take you.
And for your information there isn't
any garrison and there isn't any
patrol. Those men in the tower are
only dummies. The only ones in this
fort besides you and me are Calhoun
and Remy.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARADE AREA - CLOSEUP OF MUFFLED DRUM - DAY

67

The single, solemn beat of the drum is HEARD...PULL BACK to Remy in uniform as the drummer...WIDEN to show Illya, tied and stretched out on the rack with Calhoun facing him. To the side is Barbara in her stewardess uniform.

CALHOUN (to Illya)

You have not only chosen to defy my orders, you have tried to escape. And even more than that, you have dared to threaten the Commandant of this fort with personal harm. You...

BARBARA (cutting in)

Harm! You're just the one to talk! Do you realize what could happen to Mr. Kuryakin in that sun? With his complexion? Why it's...it's barbaric!

CALHOUN (a roar)

Silence!

(it stops her)

I'll tell you something, Lieutenant! What you call barbaric was a means of discipline that was to forge the dregs and scum of humanity into the finest body of fighting men in history: The Foreign Legion!

BARBARA

But mon Capitaine....

CALHOUN (a bark)

You're still at attention, Lieutenant!

(to Remy)

Corporal!

Remy starts a drum roll.

CALHOUN (to Barbara)

As a prisoner of war I find you guilty of the same act of insubordination, and it's only your rank and sex that saves you from the same punishment.

Unfortunately, there's not much I can do about your sex, but there is something I can do about your rank.

The drum beat steps up as Calhoun faces her, draws his sword and starts cutting off the buttons on her jacket. Barbara regards him open-mouthed -- too shocked to talk.

67
CONT'D
(2)

CALHOUN

In accordance with Section Three, Paragraph Nine, Article Sixteen of the Geneva Convention, you have forfeited all rights and privileges accorded an officer captured in the line of duty and I hereby strip you of all rank.

BARBARA (finding her voice)

I don't know what good all this is going to do. I'm just going to sew them all back.

Calhoun pulls the winged ensignia from her jacket.

BARBARA (startled)

What are you doing?

CALHOUN

As Commandant, I hereby sentence you to hard labor for the duration of your confinement.

BARBARA

Confinement! I'm not even married!

Remy brings up the drum roll, Calhoun drops his sword into the scabbard, is stepping back when he HEARS the drone of a plane. As his eyes go to the sky...

INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE - DAY

68

Bey is at the controls, Hakim next to him is scanning the ground with binoculars and directly in back of him is a THRUSHMAN with a sub-machine gun.

HAKIM (suddenly)

Look!

They look down.

EXT. PARADE AREA - DAY

69

Everyone, including Illya on the rack, looking up.

SHOT OF PLANE IN THE AIR

70

coming down and closer.

BACK TO SCENE

71

as Barbara starts waving frantically.

BARBARA

Yoo-yooh! Yoo-yooh! Help! Help!

INT. PLANE

72

HAKIM (at binoculars)

It's the girl! The stewardess!

The Thrushman with the machine gun opens his window and sticks the gun out as the plane dips to come in lower.

SHOT OF APPROACHING PLANE

73

coming in almost at ground level.

EXT. PARADE AREA - DAY

74

Barbara pulls her jacket off and starts waving it.

BARBARA (jubilantly)

They see us! They see us!

The din of the motor tells us the plane is almost over us. A moment later, the ground is raked by a spray of bullets as it zooms in for a pass.

SHOT OF ILLYA ON RACK

75

ILLYA (screaming with

above)

Get down! Get down!

The bullets pass within a foot of him.

SHOT OF BARBARA

76

looking up transfixed with fear as the din comes in closer. A moment later, Calhoun drags her to the ground using his body as a protective shield as the bullets splatter past them.

INT. PLANE NOSE

77

Bey and Hakim looking down with Thrushman putting in a new clip.

BEY (grimly)

You missed them. I'm coming around again.

CALHOUN AND BARBARA

78

He lifts up to look for the plane.

BARBARA

Well? Do you believe us now?

Calhoun pulls her to her feet.

CALHOUN

I'll apologize later! Get inside!

They're coming in again!

(yells to Remy)

Cut him loose!

He runs out with Barbara looking after him, then up at the plane as she goes on to Illya.

ANGLE TO PLANE

79

circling for the pass.

TWO SHOT OF REMY AND ILLYA

80

Remy is hacking at the ropes holding Illya. The knife is dull and he redoubles his efforts with Illya looking on when Barbara rushes in.

BARBARA

Say, you'd better hurry up. That plane is coming in again.

80
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Get out of here before you get shot!
(to Remy)

You too! There's no point of all of us getting killed! Go on!

They go reluctantly.

INT. PLANE - THRUSHMAN

81

half out of the plane, firing his machine gun.

BACK TO ILLYA

82

Illya is finally free. A moment later, the spray of bullets rakes the rack, then continues on moving after him.

EXT. SHELTER - CLOSE ANGLE - REMY AND BARBARA

83

as they land in a heap with the spray of bullets hitting the overhead cover. Now, the new SOUND of another machine gun is HEARD joining the din of the first one.

ANGLE TO TOWER

84

Calhoun has reached one of the gun emplacements on the parapet and is working a machine gun at the plane. He's completely in the open surrounded by sand bags.

85

GROUND SHOT OF PLANE

coming around for another pass.

86

SHOT OF CALHOUN

He ejects the machine gun from the carriage, gets to his feet and waves his fist at the circling plane.

CALHOUN (roaring)
Come on, ye miserable heathen!
I'm waitin' for ye!

He starts blasting away.

87

INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE

as it comes in.

BEY
Look at that fool. Kill him.

The plane dips downward.

88

OUT

SHOT OF CALHOUN

standing completely out in the open blasting away at the incoming plane with bullets splattering all around him.

89

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - CLOSE ON THRUSHMAN

90

Half out of the window with his gun for better aim, he suddenly slumps over, killed.

SHOT OF CALHOUN

firing like crazy as Remy reaches him. Overhead, the machine gun has stopped.

CALHOUN (exultantly)
I got him! I got him!

A short burst from the plane and Calhoun stands for a moment, then falls with Illya coming in to catch him.

92

INT. PLANE COCKPIT - CLOSE

The machine gun is now held by Hakim.

92X1

SHOT OF ILLYA

as he picks up the machine gun and blasts away.

ZIP PAN TO:

93

INT. CELL - DAY

Solo is again dining in splendor as Aisha lies back on the cot with one hand behind her head watching him. He takes a taste of food, savors it and smacks his lips.

SOLO
Splendid, my dear. Splendid. My compliments to the chef.

AISHA (languidly)
In my experience, I have found that a man who is appreciative and sensitive to food is appreciative and sensitive to the other joys of living. I like you, effendi. I like you very much, indeed.

Solo continues to eat.

SOLO
There's a very simple way for you to prove it, my dear.

AISHA (earnestly)
How? Show me the way, effendi?

93
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (eating)

How can I savor the joys of living
when I am forced to stay in a place
like this?

AISHA (a beat)

You mean you wish me to help you
escape too?

SOLO

Surely, a woman of the world such as
you must know some way.

(lower)

Some exotic sleeping potion for the
guards perhaps....the key through
the opening and we will taste paradise
enow....

AISHA (a beat)

You ask much of me, effendi.

Solo savors a tidbit and almost swoons with ecstasy.

SOLO

Magnificent!

(softer)

Only because I see much to ask, my
dear.

With a sigh of surrender, she moves to him as Solo re-
luctantly turns from his dinner to take her in his arms.

SOLO

You'll do it? You'll help me to
escape?

AISHA

I cannot help myself, effendi. I
have never met anyone like you before.

SOLO

How so, my darling?

AISHA

You are a man who not only wishes to
enjoy the feast, but also wishes to
take the dishes home with you.

She melts in his arms again and they kiss. The SOUND of voices breaks them apart and she jumps to her feet, blowing him a kiss and starting for the door. It's opened before she gets there by a swarthy DOMESTIC in white. He stands aside respectfully for her.

93
CONT'D
(3)

AISHA

I think the infidel dog is finished.

DOMESTIC

A messenger has just arrived from the master in Marakeesh. He will not be home tonight. The messenger will tell you the rest. He is upstairs.

Aisha looks momentarily at Solo and sighs.

AISHA

Ah, another lonely night...

She goes as the Domestic goes for the tray.

SOLO

Just a moment, my good man. I'm not finished with the soup yet.

DOMESTIC (surly)

Then hurry!

Solo sits down, stirs the soup with his spoon.

SOLO (casually)

Did I hear you say, M'sieur Bey is in Marakeesh?

DOMESTIC

You heard me say nothing, you infidel dog. Eat your soup.

Solo takes a taste and grimaces.

SOLO

Ugh! It's terrible!
(to Domestic)

I don't like to complain, but you taste it and see if I'm wrong.

He gives him the spoon. The Domestic regards him suspiciously, then tries the soup. He rolls it around in his mouth, then picks up the salt shaker and dumps some salt in it as Solo watches. He hands the spoon back with:

93
CONT'D
(4)

DOMESTIC

Better.

Solo takes a spoonful, sips it, then looks appreciatively to the Domestic.

SOLO

Much better.

He takes a mouthful, then lets the Domestic have it right in the eye. At the same moment, he breaks for the door as the Domestic claps a hand to his eye and lets out a bellow of rage.

INT. OUTER CELL ROOM

94

The Guard honing his scimitar looks up as Solo charges out, then leaps for him with surprising agility. Solo sidesteps, trips him up, but as the Guard goes down he reaches out to grab Solo by the ankle. Solo is still trying to break away when the swarthy Domestic bounds out, and despite Solo's most valiant efforts, he's caught. As they drag him struggling to the block to force his head down and the Guard lifts his scimitar....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

95

Calhoun lies unconscious on the couch as Illiya washes the wound on the side of his head with Remy looking on compassionately.

ILLYA

The bullet just creased him. He'll be all right.

Barbara comes bustling INTO THE SCENE carrying a glass of something.

BARBARA

... It's my grandmamere's recipe.

She lifts Calhoun's head, puts it to his lips to force it down.

95
CONT'D
(2)

BARBARA

It's really for frost bite, but it works for a lot of other things too.

Calhoun's eyes flutter and open.

ILLYA

Your grandmamere must be a remarkable woman.

(to Calhoun)

You're going to be all right.

Calhoun forces the whisper of a smile.

CALHOUN (a whisper)

Thank you...

(a beat)

I'm sorry for....the other thing.

He's too weak to talk as his eyes close. Illya rises.

ILLYA (to Remy)

There's nothing to do but let him sleep it off. If it's all right with you I think we'll be going.

(to Barbara)

You'd better get something to....

He stops as he sees Barbara looking past him, then turns. Remy is by the door with his revolver leveled at them.

REMY

I'm very sorry, m'sieur, but I can't let you go.

BARBARA (indignantly)

That's dirty pool! I never heard...

ILLYA (slicing in)

Sssh!

(to Remy)

Why not?

REMY

Because I am an ignorant man who knows nothing of doctoring. If he should become sick again, there is nothing I could do to...

CALHOUN (a whisper)

Remy....

They turn to him. Calhoun's eyes remain closed as he speaks wearily.

CALHOUN (no wait)

Put your gun away. Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA

Yes, mon Capitaine.

CALHOUN (labored)

It is more than two hundred miles to Marakesh.....My friend, Ali Tchad will be here tomorrow. For a price, he'll take you there. It will be safer and faster. It is the least I can do. Leftenant!

BARBARA

Oui, mon Capitaine.

CALHOUN

What you gave me before - what was in it?

BARBARA

Oh, I just found an old bottle in the closet. I think it was brandy.

CALHOUN

I see.

He stays still as they look to Remy.

REMY

It was left over from our cavalry. Mange liniment.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. OUTER CELL ROOM - DAY

96

(A pickup from previous scene.) Solo's head is being forced down on the block by the Domestic as the Guard lifts the scimitar for the blow. It starts to descend and the room is plunged into total darkness with the

lights going out. We HEAR the SOUNDS of the scuffle, mingled with Arabic oaths, grunts of pain, etc., then the SOUND of STEPS going up the stairs. We HEAR a YELL in Arabic from the stairs, then the opening and slamming of a DOOR.

96
CONT'D
(2)

INT. SMALL HALLWAY - DAY

97

Aisha is standing by the light switch as Solo slams the door after him. At the same moment, Aisha lowers the heavy cross bar across the door barring it, and reaches out her arms for Solo. Almost simultaneously the two men in the basement come up the stairs to POUND at the door. Solo fends her off.

SOLO

I don't wish to appear ungrateful, my dear, but I'm afraid that's just going to have to wait. Besides....

He indicates the door.

AISHA

Twelve like them could hammer till eternity and the door would still stand. There is nothing to fear from them. And we are alone.

She reaches out again. Solo nimbly sidesteps.

SOLO

I appreciate that fact. But I'll need my coat. Do you happen to know what they did with it?

AISHA

A coat? You wish to put on clothes?

SOLO

I'll have to ask you to hurry, my dear. The coat....where is it?

She shrugs in bewilderment.

AISHA

Where I put it. In the closet.

She starts off with Solo following and looking apprehensively over his shoulder at the POUNDING going on at the door.

98

INT. BEY SALON - DAY

as Aisha and Solo enter and she takes him to an armoire. She takes out his coat from the inside and hands it to him, then watches in amazement as Solo tunes on a small rosette in the lapel.

SOLO (into communicator)
Overseas relay...Channel Six....Section
A calling.

99

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - DAY

Waverly at his desk picks up his communicator.

WAVERLY (into communicator)
Solo, where the devil are you? I've
been trying to reach you for the last
twenty-four hours. Have you been able
to find out anything on the whereabouts
of Mr. Kuryakin?

100

BACK TO SOLO

SOLO (into communicator)
No sir, not yet. But I have a lead
on....

101

BACK TO WAVERLY

WAVERLY (into communicator)
At this time, I'm afraid we'll need
more than a lead, Mr. Solo. I'll
remind you that the date for Triad is
only two days away.

102

BACK TO SOLO

SOLO (into communicator)
I know that, sir. But I have excellent
reasons for thinking that Illya might
be in Marakeesh. Our friend, Bey, is
there now.

AISHA (slicing in)
If you are speaking of....

102
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Aisha)
Please...

AISHA
But....

SHOT OF WAVERLY

103

WAVERLY (into communicator)
What the dickens is going on there?
Who is that?

SHOT OF SOLO AND AISHA

104

SOLO (into communicator)
It's nothing, sir. As I was trying to
tell you, I think Illya....

AISHA
They're not in Marakeesh. They have
found your Mr. Kuryakin in Fort
Liaute.

SOLO (over above)
Aisha, I'll have to ask you to....
(reacts)
Did you say, Fort Liaute?!

AISHA
The messenger just a few minutes ago
told me this.

Solo kisses her.

SOLO
I have very few regrets in my life,
my dear. This is going to be one of
them.
(into communicator)
Mr. Waverly....

SHOT OF WAVERLY

105

WAVERLY (into communicator)
I heard it, Mr. Solo. You're wasting
time....

As he puts his communicator down....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

106

A flickering kerosine lamp shows us Calhoun lying in bed
in his night garment going through the pangs of fever.
Illya, Barbara and Remy watch him. The room is simple
and Spartan.

ILLYA

We'll just have to let the fever go
down of its own accord....

Calhoun turns....

CALHOUN (in fever)

In the morning with the sun, we would
go through the fields together.....
Macushla....Macushla....

(he stops abruptly)

The feather...The white feather....
I didn't! I didn't!!!

Barbara crosses to him, takes a damp cloth and wipes his
face. Calhoun subsides going into sleep.

BARBARA

The white feather? It's in the picture.
I don't understand.

ILLYA

It's an old tradition in the British
Army that when a man commits an act
of cowardice the men show their con-
tempt for him by giving him the white
feather.

BARBARA

You mean he's called chicken.

ILLYA

That's about it.

BARBARA (to Remy)

And they gave him one?

106
CONT'D
(2)

They both look to Remy. It takes him a moment to talk.

REMY (slowly)

Many years ago. When he was an officer with the Irish Guards. That's why he came to the Legion. He couldn't stand the disgrace. His family, no one has ever heard from him again.

He pauses.

REMY (cont'd)

He was a man, m'sieur. What you saw today was only a shell of what he once was. He was a king and there was no man here, when this was truly a fort, who did not respect him and love him. There are more than a hundred graves out there, m'sieur, and he wept for every one of them.

He stops. A pause, then:

ILLYA (gently)

Then you know?

Remy looks at him.

REMY

Yes. I know. The Legion is no more. I have known it for some time. It was I who hid the order telling us to disband and go home.

BARBARA

But why? Why didn't you tell him?

REMY

The Legion was our home, mamselle. Where was he to go? What was he to do? The Legion was also his life. Without the Legion he would have died. So I never told him.

(Cont.)

A SOUND from the bed turns them. It's Calhoun awakening.
His eyes open and he looks out, then sits up.

106
CONT'D
(3)

CALHOUN

What the blazes is going on here?

BARBARA

He's better.

CALHOUN

Certainly, I'm better. And will you
please remove yourself while I get
out of this bloody nightgown, Lieutenant.

BARBARA

Yes sir.

She starts for the door as Calhoun speaks to Remy.

CALHOUN

We've got to feed our departing guests,
Corporal. Bring out the rest of the
camel stew.

REMY

Oui, mon Capitaine.

CALHOUN (to Illya)

Tomorrow night this time, my good
friend, Ali, will have you half way
to Marakeesh.

ILLYA

Thank you.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. DESERT - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

Bey, Hakim, ALI and several other sleazy-looking Arabs are squatted in a circle on the sand before a tent, palavering. To the side is a flaming torch...and maybe a couple of sleeping camels.

ALI

The Commandant, Calhoun is a friend, effendi. I am bound to him with honor. To betray him would be unthinkable.

BEY

A bond of honor with an infidel, Brother, is like a rope of sand. And I would pay you very well.

ALI

I am not a man who can be bought with words, effendi. Or paper money.

Bey produces a pouch, opens it and lets the gold coins fall into his other hand.

BEY (smiling)

I have come prepared, brother.

ALI (happily)

You will have your man before the morning sun sets, Brother...

FADE OUT

END THIRD ACT

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
EXT. DESERT ARMY BASE - STOCK - DAY

108

Quonset huts, tents, tanks and half tracks, etc.

INT. HUT OR TENT

109

We HEAR the background sounds of men, motors and the wind blowing. The Colonel sits behind his desk and very prominent on his desk is his favorite motto: "THE DIFFICULT WE DO IMMEDIATELY - THE IMPOSSIBLE TAKES A LITTLE MORE TIME." He's also wearing two pearl handled revolvers in holsters.

COLONEL (brusquely)
Impossible, Mr. Solo! It can't
be done! Completely impossible!
We have not one available vehicle!

SOLO
Colonel, it's of the utmost im-
portance that I reach Fort Liaute
immediately. I don't care what it
is, but I have to get there!

COLONEL (dismissing
him)
I'm sorry, Mr. Solo. I'd like to
help you, but I can't do the im-
possible. Now, if you'll excuse
me...

SOLO
I didn't want to do this, but I
think you'd better look at this,
Colonel.

He takes out his wallet, removes something from his
wallet and puts it before the Colonel. He looks at
it and his entire demeanor changes.

COLONEL
You should have showed me this before,
Mr. Solo.

He picks up the phone.

COLONEL (into phone)
The motor pool. On the double! Hello,
Yousef?...This is Khasim...What have we
got in a half-track? I have to get
someone out to Liaute on the double.

He listens for a moment.

109
CONT'D
(2)

COLONEL

Well, that's fine. Hold it a moment, Yousef.

(to Solo)

Seems we have another party with a priority going to Liaute. Would you mind sharing a half-track?

SOLO

Not if it will get me there faster, Colonel.

COLONEL (phone)

Roll the track - on the double.

By the way, who's the other party?

(looking to Solo)

Macushla O'Shea....

As Solo shakes his head. He doesn't know the girl.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. DESERT - LONG SHOT - DAY

110

A batch of sleazy Arabs can be seen leading two camels over the sand. Bringing up the rear is Hakim being led on a donkey.

CLOSE TO MAN ON CAMEL

111

It's Ali. He turns to someone in back as he points ahead.

ALI

Liaute!

PAN to Bey in a burnoose on ~~other~~ camel. He obviously isn't too happy about it as he hangs on. As he looks off and manages a smile..

CUT TO:

EXT DESERT - LONG SHOT - DAY

112

As a half-track flying the flag of Morocco materializes from the hidden side of a sand dune and moves on.

CLOSER ANGLE ON HALF-TRACK

113

Four soldiers with rifles and fezes, Solo and MACUSHLA O'SHEA. She's about fifty, pretty, plump, and in a big hat with a veil.

TIGHT TWO SHOT - SOLO AND MACUSHLA

They hit a bump and she grabs him. She has to yell over the noise of the motor.

MACUSHLA

Excuse me!

SOLO

Perfectly alright.

The track starts to slow down. Solo leans forward.

SOLO

What's the trouble?

The track comes to a stop. ANGLE to soldiers in front. One of them gets out with:

SOLDIER

Back tread...Just take a few minutes.

ANGLE to Solo leaning back and Macushla.

SOLO (casually)

Could I ask what brings you to Fort Liaute, Mrs. O'Shea?

MACUSHLA

I'm on an errand of justice, Mr. Solo. I've come over three thousand miles to right a grievous wrong.

SOLO

Indeed. Is it permissible to ask who was so grievously wronged?

MACUSHLA

Someone who was once very close to me, Mr. Solo. The Commandant of Fort Liaute.

SOLO (smiles)

I somehow seem to detect the perfume of an old romance, Mrs. O'Shea.

MACUSHLA

You're very perceptive, Mr. Solo. Basil...the Commandant, and I were once engaged to be married.

SOLO

And you never did.

114

CONT'D

(2)

MACUSHLA

I married Basil's closest friend, Terrance O'Shea. He passed away four months ago. I'm a widow. Are you acquainted with Captain Calhoun, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

No, we've never met.

MACUSHLA

He was a lieutenant in the Queen's own Fusiliers....He was the handsomest, most dashing man I ever knew. He could have had any girl, and he picked me.

SOLO

But you married Terrance.

MACUSHLA (sadly)

Yes. And it is because of Terrance that I am here. It was Terrance who gave Basil the white feather. It was Terrance who betrayed his closest friend. All because of his love for me.

SOLO

You know this all has a faintly familiar ring to it. A frame-up?

MACUSHLA

Manufactured out of sheer, whole cloth, Mr. Solo. Terrance confessed the entire sordid affair to me on his dying bed. He wasn't a bad man. He wanted me and it was the only way he could stop my marriage to Basil. Love for love, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

They drummed him out of the Fusiliers.

MACUSHLA

He fled in disgrace and joined the Legion. That was twenty years ago. And now, we're going to meet again.

SOLO

One could almost put that to music, Mrs. O'Shea.

As she smiles...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. FORT TOWER - REMY - DAY

115

He's sounding the alarm with his BUGLE.

EXT. HEADQUARTER'S BUILDING - DAY

116

as Illya, Barbara and Calhoun appear from the inside.
They look up as the SOUND of the bugle DIES.

WHAT THEY SEE

117

Remy pointing out to the desert.

REMY
Ali Tchard....

BACK TO GROUP

118

CALHOUN (to Illya)
There's a certain amount of hoop-la
we've got to go through before we
settle down to business. It's an
old Arabic custom.

ILLYA
I don't care how you do it. Just
get us out of here.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

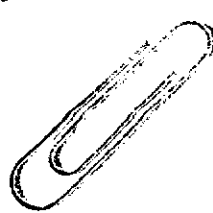
119

As Ali's caravan approaches the fort. Ali and
Bey are abreast of each other on their camels.
Bey doesn't like what he sees.

ANGLE TO FORT - PAN SHOT

120

of the dummy soldiers and their rifles on the
parapet.



FULL SHOT OF CARAVAN

121

They pull up before the gates and the handlers bring the camels into a kneeling position for Ali and Bey to dismount. In the b.g. the doors of the fort are being pulled open from the inside.

CLOSER ANGLE OF HAKIM

122

as he comes up to Bey and Ali.

HAKIM

Those soldiers...it could mean trouble.

ALI (cackling)

Soldiers...! Dummies filled with straw.

He goes on as Bey and Hakim exchange glances and follow.

MED. LONG SHOT THROUGH OPEN GATES TO INSIDE OF FORT

123

Illya, Barbara and Calhoun standing by the headquarters building awaiting the guests.

CLOSE SHOT OF HAKIM AND BEY

124

They see Illya and Barbara and cover their faces with the flap of their bernooses.

FULL SHOT TO TAKE IN ALL CONCERNED

125

Ali is first in his group with Bey and Hakim staying in the background. Some of the Arabs move in loaded down with what are obviously presents. Calhoun comes forward to meet Ali. Illya and Barbara stay back.

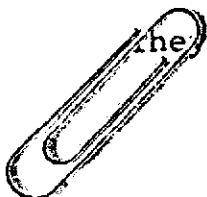
ALI

Salaam aleckiem Esselme...

CALHOUN

Peace be with you too, brother.
Aselamu, alaikum, marhaba, marhaba....

the shake hands.



CALHOUN
Your wives and children may your
progeny increase - they are well
I hope?

125
CONT'D
(2)

ALI
Allah has blessed us with three
more additions...
(in disdain)
Ehhh! All females.

CALHOUN
Your flocks may they all increase...
it goes well with them too? Inshallah?

ALI
It is too early in the season to
know. We leave them, together and
hope.

He claps his hands. A few of his boys come forward
with baskets. They put them down at Calhoun's feet.

ALI
A few humble gifts. Millet, figs
and a goat.

CALHOUN
Thank you. You are truly a brother.
I have also a gift for you. A
different kind of gift. I have two
friends...

He indicates Barbara and Illya...motioning for them to
come forward.

ILLYA AND BARBARA

126

He smiles ingratiatingly and nudges Barbara to move.

ILLYA (under his breath)
Smile...Look pleasant.

BARBARA (sotto)
He's filthy.

127

BACK TO SCENE

As Illya and Barbara come up.

127
CONT'D
(2)

CALHOUN

They wish to go to Marakeesh as quickly as possible. If you will take them they will pay you well when you arrive.

Ali doesn't look at them.

ALI (to Calhoun)

I am afraid you have been deceived, my friend.

CALHOUN

Deceived? How?

ALI

By these two. Last night there came to my humble abode, two men from your government.

He waves for Bey and Hakim to come forward.

ALI (no wait)

Your friends are not friends. They are thieves.

ILLYA

Thieves!

He looks to Bey and Hakim who still have their faces covered. Calhoun holds out a restraining hand to Illya.

CALHOUN

Let me handle this.

(to Ali)

Do they have a warrant?

ALI

A warrant?!

Without warning, Bey lets his flap drop and whips out a gun.

BEY

I've had enough! Take him!

He indicates Illya as Hakim and the Arabs close in on Illya.

BARBARA

He's the one that tried to throw us out of the plane!

CALHOUN (cold to Bey)

I'm the Commandant of...

BEY

Shut up.

(to Illya)

The film! Where is it? Tell me
before I tear your tongue out?

127
CONT'D
(3)

CALHOUN

Before you tear his tongue out...

He looks off. They turn.

POV SHOT TO TOWER

128

Remy behind a machine gun.

BACK TO SCENE

129

CALHOUN (cold)

You are on legion soil. I could
have you shot for this.

BEY (contemptuously)

You fool! You crazy old fool!
Legion soil...What legion? There
is no legion. It's been disbanded
years ago!

CALHOUN (hoarsely)

A lie!

He looks at Ali.

CALHOUN (pleading)

He's lying! He's lying!

ALI

It's the truth. I should have told
you a long time ago. I couldn't.

BEY

I could have you arrested for
masquerading as an officer.

A flurry as Illya suddenly breaks free, gives Bey a
wrist chop and the gun drops from his hand. At the
same moment, he sprints for the flag pole, gets the
dangling line on the run, swings and lands up on the
roof of one of the buildings.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BEY AND ARABS

130

He scoops up his gun.

BEY
Get him!

The Arabs start en masse as Bey fires.

ANGLE TO ILLYA

131

As he swings from the roof on his line into the advancing Arabs.

ANGLE TO ARABS

132

They drop to the ground as Illya swings right over their heads onto the tower.

CLOSE ANGLE - ILLYA AND REMY

133

ILLYA
Let me get at that gun.

REMY
It's just a bluff. We're out of bullets.

ILLYA
That presents a problem.

BEY'S VOICE
Kuryakin!

Illya looks out.

133
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE FROM TOWER TO GROUND

133K1

Bey is holding his gun. Hakim is holding Barbara from the back with a knife at her throat. At the building, Calhoun is slumped down on the steps completely dazed.

BEY

It's a standoff, Mr. Kuryakin. My life or her throat.

CLOSE OF BARBARA

134

The hand with the knife is just under her throat.

135
OUT

ANGLE TO BARBARA

136

She gets Illya's message and sinks her teeth into Hakim's wrist. He lets go with a howl of pain.

MED. LONG SHOT

137

of Illya sailing through the air. He goes over Bey who has to drop to avoid being hit, then lets Hakim have it with his feet as he gathers Barbara up with one arm at the same time.

CLOSE TO ROOF

138

as Illya lands with the breathless Barbara.

ILLYA

Don't bother to unpack, we're going back.

He tucks his arm around her and takes off again.

138
CONT'D
(2)

MED. LONG SHOT

139

As Illya and Barbara go through the air on the rope to the tower.

CLOSE ON TOWER

140

As they land next to Remy still at the machine gun. Illya drops Barbara, then looks down.

ILLYA

It's no longer a standoff, Mr. Bey. Throw your guns down and put your hands up! All of you!

ANGLE TO BEY AND ARABS

141

They hesitate.

ILLYA'S VOICE

One second more! Get ready to fire, Corporal!

They all drop their knives and guns. At the same moment we HEAR the SOUND of the klaxon on the half track. They look off.

GROUP SHOT ON TOWER

142

as they look off.

WHAT THEY ALL SEE

143

The half-track with Solo standing and Macushla next to him coming through the open gateway.

CLOSE ON SOLO

144

Coming in like the knight avenger.

SOLO (yelling)
Illya! Illya! We're here!
We're...

144
CONT'D
(2)

He stops at what he sees.

ANGLE TO BEY, HAKIM AND ARABS
Standing with their arms up.

145

GROUP SHOT IN TOWER

They're all standing and looking down.

146

 ILLYA (calling)
You're five minutes late. As usual.

ANGLE TO HALF-TRACK

147

It's stopped on the parade ground. Solo turns with
Illya's voice...ANGLE to include Illya, Barbara and
Remy in tower.

 ILLYA (calling down)
You're getting completely
undependable.

 SOLO
Three hundred miles through steaming
desert, and this is the thanks I get.
Well, I've had it. I don't care if
you ever get out of here!
 (to driver)
Get this rolling. We're going back.

Machushla has been looking around.

 MACHUSHLA
Just a moment.

She opens the door and steps out of the track. Solo
sits back in the seat stonily.

 SOLO (a wave of his
 hand)
Take off!

The motor starts and they move out.

CLOSE OF ILLYA AND BARBARA

148

BARBARA (alarmed)
He's going without us!

ILLYA
He always gets angry like this.
It doesn't last. He'll be back.
Hold tight.

She grabs him as he puts an arm around her and they take off.

ANGLE TO GROUND

149

As they reach the ground and Illya lets the rope go.

BARBARA
Look!

Illya looks off.

ANGLE TO CALHOUN

150

Sitting dejectedly on the steps with his head in his hands. Machushla comes up to him timidly...

MACHUSHLA
Basil...?

He lifts his head to look at her.

CALHOUN (a beat)
An apparition...I am going mad.

MACHUSHLA
It's not an apparition. It's me,
Machushla.

He gets to his feet..

CALHOUN (a whisper)
You...It is you. In the moment of
my greatest despair. Why did you
come?

MACUSHLA

To take you back with me if you will
have me. I want to make up for the
years we've lost.

CALHOUN

The white feather...It will always
stand between us.

MACUSHLA

No more. There is no feather. Terrance
confessed on his dying bed. You've
been vindicated.

(a beat)

Will you come back with me, Basil.
Please.

As they look at each other and he comes forward to take her
into his arms....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. DESERT - MOVING CLOSE SHOT - DAY

151

of a very crowded half-track. In the back, Solo, Barbara
and Illiya. Solo is still sulking, looking out at the desert.

ILLYA (to Barbara)

I told you he'd come back.

BARBARA

I can't believe it. I'm really on
my way to Akron to get married. I
don't know how to thank you, Mr.
Solo.

Solo turns to look at her and she smiles.

SOLO (softly)

I think we can find a way.

As he looks at her and she looks back.....

FADE OUT.

THE END