

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

The Monks of St. Thomas Affair

Prod. #8429

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. EXURBANITE HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

1

Not the most grandiose, but eminently suitable for the eminent scientist who dwells therein: a good, conservative, upper-middle house behind a lawn behind a wrought-iron fence. No lights show from the house. The CRICKETS SHIMMER.

We HEAR the FAST APPROACH of a CAR.

EXT. STREET - THE CAR

2

as it swoops fast down the quiet street and stops before the gate. SOLO and ILLYA get out. CAMERA SWINGS with them into f.g. at a gatepost. They have their guns out, ready for trouble.

THEIR POV - THE HOME

3

as before, peaceful. Shrubs and statues dot the lawn, the driveway curves to the house and around beyond.

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA

4

who expected anything but quiet. On the gatepost is the number 14432. Solo glances at it, then severely at Illya.

ILLYA

That's the number we got.

SOLO (brings out his  
communicator)

Channel D, please.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Yes, Mr. Solo.

4  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

We're at 14432 Felton. But the house is dark, there's no sign of trouble. I wanted to make sure we have the right number.

INT. UNCLE HQ - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - WAVERLY

5

WAVERLY (on communicator, severely)  
You have, Mr. Solo.

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA

6

WAVERLY'S VOICE (cont'd)  
Doctor Lambert must be there. I spoke to him on the phone not ten minutes ago. I suggest you check further.  
(CLICK)

Solo shrugs, pockets his communicator. As they are about to start forward, they HEAR the hiss of o.s. water.

THEIR POV

7

All over the lawn, the sprinkler system has gone on. The spray covers the driveway.

TWO SHOT - SOLO, ILLYA

8

ILLYA

Probably goes on automatically. After all, he's a scientist - one of his inventions.

SOLO

Remind me to tell him to shut it off.

They turn up their coat collars and make it to the front door.

CLOSER SHOT - SOLO, ILLYA

9

in doorway, soaked. They ring. No answer.

SOLO (after a bit)  
I still say it's the wrong number.

Illiya sneezes.

SOLO  
Gesundheit.

ILLYA  
Thank you. Maybe we'd better  
check the back.

WIDER ANGLE

9X1

as they start across the lawn. From o.s. comes  
the ROAR of a car. They turn.

THEIR POV - CLOSED CAR

10

Headlights gleaming, seen through the sprinkler  
spray. It is coming toward CAMERA at full speed.

INT. CAR - TWO MEN

11

The Driver (DOLBEY) intent. Beside him, his Com-  
panion levels a submachine gun, leaning out to fire.

SOLO AND ILLYA - ANGLE FROM SIDE

12

As the SHOOTING starts, they dive headlong behind  
an ornamental iron door.

THEIR POV - PANNING - THE CAR

13 OUT

14

Seen through the spray. It races past, the sub-  
machine gun BLASTING.

ANOTHER SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA 15

returning the fire. The sodden lawn beside them furrows with near misses. Chips are nicked out of the door.

ANGLE ON CAR 16

A final burst of SHOTS, then car disappears.

LOW ANGLE ACROSS SOLO AND ILLYA 17

SOLO  
Never mind them... Let's get  
into the house.

They run back to front door

CLOSER SHOT AT DOOR 18

as the boys pick the lock. The door opens. They start inside, leaving it ajar. We see the lights go on in the hallway.

ILLYA  
In there.

They exit CAMERA left.

19 OUT

EXT. HOUSE - MED. SHOT 20

VAROOM! The house explodes violently. Debris showers down on CAMERA. Flames boom.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

## ACT ONE

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON A MODEL

21

on table. It is something akin to a Laser, an activating button, a slender pencil-sized glass rod, and the target a foot or so in front of the rod: a metal square in a vertical holder.

SOLO'S VOICE

It was Thrush all right. We saw them very clearly as the car went by us.

PULL BACK for Solo, intent on the Laser, and Illya.

ILLYA

The man behind the wheel was Dolbey.

He presses the button. The rod glows ruby red. From the metal square floats a tiny puff of smoke, accompanied by an instantaneous POP.

DETAIL SHOT - METAL SQUARE

22

the metal is peppered with tiny holes.

FULL

23

Solo is still intent on the Laser Model. WAVERLY is not: he sits in his accustomed place, before him a little heap of green bottle glass, bits of wire - and a cork.

SOLO (to Waverly)

Too bad Doctor Lambert didn't contact you sooner. He might still be alive.

Waverly waves it away.

WAVERLY

He was dead before you arrived. As you might be now, if you hadn't had the forethought to soak your clothing.

SOLO (modestly)

Oh, that. It was nothing.

6-2-66

P.6

WAVERLY

Nevertheless, it saved your lives...

23  
CONT'D  
(2)

24 OUT

ANGLE ON SOLO AND MODEL

25

SOLO (indicating it)

I'm wondering why they didn't take  
this, Mr. Waverly. It was right  
there in the laboratory -- yet they  
didn't touch it.

He plucks the metal square out of the holder. We see  
the dozen or so holes in it.

SOLO

Look at it. Case-hardened steel,  
quarter inch. That tiny beam of  
light cuts through it like a bullet  
through soft butter.

25

CONT'D

(2)

CLOSE ON WAVERLY

26

WAVERLY

Mr. Solo, this device is only a model.  
Dr. Lambert was working on a new beam  
far more deadly than the Laser. I  
suspect that's what they were after.

(beat; glumly)

Because of the destruction, we're not  
sure what -- if anything -- they've  
taken.

(indicates the broken  
glass before him)

What puzzles me is this. What was this  
doing in Dr. Lambert's laboratory?

BACK TO SCENE

Solo and Illya pretend an interest.

ILLYA

Looks like bottle glass. Maybe they  
were having a drink.

WAVERLY

Lambert was a teetotaller, Mr. Kuryakin.  
Nor did this contain any ordinary  
libation.

He picks up the cork. Eyes closed, he sniffs deeply.

WAVERLY

Aquitine, gentlemen!

They look at each other blankly. Waverly notices.

CLOSE ON WAVERLY

WAVERLY (severely)

Some may say green Chartreuse, or  
white. Some may say Benedectine.  
But I say the rarest and finest of

(continued)

WAVERLY (continued)  
choice liqueurs is that made only  
by the Order of St. Thomas, in its  
monastery high in the Swiss Alps --  
(he holds the cork out  
in accolade)  
Aquitine!

28  
CONT'D  
(2)

BACK TO SCENE

29

ILLYA  
I gather, sir, that you think there  
may be some connection between  
Aquitine and Thrush.

WAVERLY (repelled by the  
thought)  
I would certainly hope not, Mr. Kuryakin  
But I am a bit concerned. It so  
happens that I am a friend of long  
standing of Abbott John, the head  
of the monastery. A while ago he  
wrote me, hinting at some sort of  
trouble. I wrote back at once. I  
heard nothing.  
(a beat; to Solo)  
That's why, Mr. Solo, I'd like you to  
look into it.

SOLO  
Me? Go to a monastery?

WAVERLY  
It might be good for your soul.  
(to Iliya)  
Meanwhile, Mr. Kuryakin, you will go after  
the two men who kidnapped Dr. Lambert.

Both men nod and start for the door.

ANGLE AT DOOR

30

Solo is about to follow Iliya out when:

WAVERLY  
Mr. Solo...As long as you're going to  
be at St. Thomas, pick me up a case of  
Aquitine, will you?

SOLO  
Be glad to, sir.



6-1-66

P.9-10

He EXITS. TIGHTEN on Waverly. He sniffs the cork, eyes closed in appreciation.

30  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

SWISS ALPS - DAY - PANORAMIC SHOT (STOCK)

31

Snowcapped peaks, blue sky.

EXT. MONASTERY - UP ANGLE, ESTABLISHING - DAY (STOCK) 32

perched on its peak precariously, a typical medieval retreat. From its campanile issues the SOUND of BELLS.

CLOSE - MONASTERY BELLS (STOCK)

CLOSE - MONASTERY DOOR

34

Massive, wooden, closed. On it a huge knocker. Here the BELLS have MORE PRESENCE. As the BELL CHANGES FINISH, PAN AROUND. PAN TO a rocky path that dips down as if to the o.s. valley below. Solo ENTERS, winded from the hard climb. SWING with him up to the door. He wears a very Alpine hat and business clothes. He takes off the hat and fans himself with it. Then he BANGS the knocker a couple of times. He waits. Suddenly, from o.s. behind Camera, comes the FURIOUS BARKING of DOGS. Solo reacts.

HIS POV - THE DOGS - FLASHCUT

35

Huge, ravening, instantly close - and leaping right at and past CAMERA.

BACK TO SOLO

36

or rather, where he had been a moment ago. Now only a GROWLING, fighting mass of huge dogs. No sign of Solo.

TWO DOGS

37

fighting over Solo's hat.

BACK TO SCENE

38

Over the dogs, we HEAR:

PETER'S VOICE (ad libbing)  
Stop! No, no - heel!

He enters SHOT, frantically yelling at the dogs and trying to bring them under control. PETER is a tonsured, roly-poly, normally jolly Monk. He hikes up his monk's habit as he grabs ineffectually for the dogs. With his entrance the dogs turn playful, jumping toward him.

CLOSE ON PETER

39

He takes time out to clap his palms together and look skyward for heavenly assistance.

PETER  
No, Donner! Down, Blitzen!  
(etc.)

The barking has changed: now it's HAPPY YIPS and WHINES. One lumbering brute puts its paws on his shoulders, offering Peter the hat. As Peter takes it and looks at it mournfully:

SOLO'S VOICE  
Keep it.

BACK TO SCENE

40

The dogs, wagging their tails around Peter. Center on Solo, extricating himself from the snowbank into which he had jumped or been shoved.

SOLO (cont'd, coming  
up to Peter, indicating  
his hat)

A trophy of the chase. Like the  
brush of a fox, you know?

PETER (very upset)  
I'm terribly sorry, sir! They are  
good dogs - they are trained to  
rescue travellers, not harm them!

SOLO  
What happened to their little barrels  
of brandy? They drink it themselves?

PETER  
They are overfriendly, that is all.  
Out of practice. Since the new  
tunnel has been built, they meet so  
few travellers --

SIMON'S VOICE (thundering)  
Brother Peter!

ANGLE ACROSS SOLO AND PETER

41

on a trio which has just emerged through the open  
monastery doorway. Flanked by a burly PRIOR stands  
SIMON, a stern, imposing figure in the richer-  
colored habit of an abbot.

SIMON (cont'd)  
By whose order do you exercise the  
dogs!

PETER (quaking)  
Forgive me --

SIMON  
Silence!

Peter gasps and covers his mouth.

SIMON (cont'd)  
As punishment, you shall forego your  
evening meal!

Peter sinks to his knees, bowing his head in shame.  
NARROW off him as Simon bends his fearsome gaze on  
Solo.

41  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (a beat,  
cheerily)  
You must be Abbott John.  
(he proffers a hand)

SIMON (ignoring  
it)  
I am Abbott Simon.  
(a beat)  
What is your business here?

SOLO (glib)  
Well, no business really. I  
was in the neighborhood, so I  
thought I'd come up and pay my  
respects to Abbott John. He's  
a friend of a friend.  
(beat)  
Besides I'm fond of Aquitaine.

SIMON  
I'm sorry. Abbott John is no  
longer with us. And we don't  
allow visitors. I've found it  
affects the discipline within  
our community.  
(to Peter, sharply)  
Brother Peter! Lock up the  
beasts!

He gestures peremptorily to Peter, turns and -  
followed by the Prior - sweeps into the monastery.  
Peter rises.

42-43 OUT

TIGHT TWO SHOT - SOLO, PETER

44

Peter's eyes go fearfully to the o.s. Abbott, after  
whom Solo is staring. Peter taps Solo; he gives  
him his hat. MOVE as Solo watches Peter start for  
the dogs. Solo looks at his hat, then reacts.

INSERT - THE HAT

45

Inside it is a bottle of Aquitaine.

BACK TO SOLO

46

He looks at the bottle, then at the closed door.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - DAY

47

ON Dolbey as he enters, trailed by a Porter trundling their two suitcases on a luggage carrier. Throughout, BACKGROUND SOUND and:

PA VOICE (filter)  
Flight sixteen now boarding at  
Gate Ten. All passengers, please.

WOMAN PA VOICE (filter)  
(overlapping)  
Overseas Flight Twelve now  
arriving at Gate Twenty-two.

Etc.

As we PAN Dolbey into f.g. and he goes on by. And the Porter, uniform cap over his eyes, is Illya. CAMERA SWINGS with him, revealing Dolbey already at Ticket Counter in b.g. with a pretty Airline Teller. Illya is unobtrusively trying to slip on by.

DOLBEY (seeing him)  
Porter! Over here.

Illya has to wheel the carrier over and deposit the two suitcases on the scales. He gets a tip, tips his cap, and exits.

LONGER SHOT - PIERMAN AND DOLBEY

48

SHOOTING ACROSS Magazine Rack which fills lower half of frame in f.g. Illya pops up into SHOT on our side of the rack, watching the THRUSH agent and the Teller.

ILLYA (into  
communicator)  
Yes. Kennedy Airport. He's  
booked passage for Zurich.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - WAVERLY

49

WAVERLY (on communi-  
cator, thoughtfully)  
Zurich, Mr. Kuryakin - very interest-  
ing. The St. Thomas Monastery is  
quite close by.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

50-51

watching o.s.

ILLYA  
He has two suitcases. Very  
heavy. I haven't had a chance  
to see what's in them yet.

INTERCUT

WAVERLY  
Please do. Those suitcases may  
be important. Check them  
immediately.

ILLYA  
Yes, sir --  
(then) -  
I can't, sir.

WAVERLY  
Why not?

ILLYA (looking o.s.)  
They've already been checked  
through.

HIS POV - THE SUITCASES

52

no longer on the scales. A porter has stacked them  
- up behind the Airline Teller. Dolbey is gone.

53 OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - WAVERLY

54

WAVERLY (severely)  
Really, Mr. Kuryakin! Get on that  
plane. What are you waiting for?

ILLYA'S VOICE  
Yes, sir.

On his desk, Waverly has the bits of glass and the  
cork. He picks up the cork and shakes his head.

INT. AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - ILLYA AND TELLER

55

TELLER  
I'm sorry, sir. That plane is  
booked solid. How about our  
next flight?

Illya looks past her:

ILLYA'S POV - THE PORTER

55X1

He slides the suitcases through the flap of the  
luggage chute in the rear.

ILLYA  
No... No, thank you. I'm afraid  
that would be too late.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SWISS VILLAGE - NIGHT - (STOCK)

56

INT. SWISS INN - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

57

at the tiny, picturesque place. From o.s. comes LUSTY, GAY SINGING and ACCORDION PLAYING. At the desk as Solo comes to it is the PROPRIETRESS, a bluff, hearty, dirndled woman. At a wall phone right beside the desk is ANDREA FOUCHET, eighteen, pretty, annoyed.

PROP

Retiring so early, Mr. Solo?  
(indicates O.S. SOUND)  
The entertainment is just beginning.

SOLO

I had mine already. A long walk up your Alps - and down.

She gets his room key. As Solo is about to start away:

ANDREA (on phone, exasperated)

But why can't you put me through to the Vatican, operation?... I know it's late, but it's urgent!...  
(she hangs up. Parenthetically, to Proprietress)  
You'd think somebody would be on duty in a place like that!

She notices Solo staring at her. A toss of her head and she starts up the stairs next to the desk.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND PROP

PROP

Poor Mademoiselle Fouchet.

SOLO

The Vatican?

PROP (a shrug)

She says her uncle was the abbot at the monastery. Now she cannot find him.

She exits back among her o.s. pigeonholes. Solo stares upward, then exits after:



INT. INN HALLWAY - ANDREA

59

about to enter her room. Solo hurries up.

SOLO

Miss Fouchet? Excuse me, I'm  
Napoleon Solo. I have the room  
right down the hall. You sounded  
like you have a problem.

ANDREA

It's personal. I don't discuss  
personal business with strangers.

She starts in. Solo blocks her.

SOLO

Could I interest you in a drink  
of - Aquitaine?... Or somebody  
named John? Abbott John?

ANDREA (a beat)

Who are you? Do you always  
listen in on telephone conversations?

SOLO (cheerily)

Of course. Telephone conversations.  
Monasteries. Keyholes --

He stops. His gaze has gone to

-

ANGLE ACROSS THEM - SOLO'S DOOR - MEDIUM

60

at the turn of the hallway, so it's dead on. The  
door is closed; above it, the transom is dark.  
Solo looks at her with suspicion.

ANDREA

What's the matter?

SOLO

Is Abbott John really your  
uncle?

ANDREA

Of course he is!

SOLO (satisfied,  
indicates)  
I left the light on. That  
transom shouldn't be dark.

60  
CONT'D  
(2)

He goes at once.

CLOSE ON SOLO'S DOOR

61

as he enters shot and checks the door jamb.

INSERT - A THREAD

62

One end glued to the door jamb, the other to the  
door. Solo's hand examines it: the thread is  
broken.

TIGHT ON SOLO

63

ANDREA'S VOICE  
(breathless, low)  
It's broken, isn't it?

WIDEN: she is right at Solo's elbow, to his  
surprise.

ANDREA  
You're a detective, aren't  
you?

SOLO (drily)  
I don't discuss personal business  
with strangers.

Before she can answer he has the door opened and  
slips inside.

INT. SOLO'S ROOM

64

He is in a tiny vestibule, with another door between  
him and the main part of the room. It is dark,  
except for light sifting through the transom. Solo  
moves to the inner door; he has his gun out; silently

he cracks the door. From within comes a RUSTLING SOUND. He looks through the crack:

64  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO'S POV

65

Through the crack: at first only the darkness beyond. Then, as the crack widens, we see a MAN: he's at a table near draped French windows which give on a balcony and through which comes moonlight. The man has Solo's suitcase open on a table and is checking its contents with a flashlight. PUSH IN SLOWLY.

ANGLE ON MAN

66

On the table, beside the suitcase, stands the bottle of Aquitaine given to Solo by Peter. The man picks up a shirt.

SOLO'S VOICE  
Size sixteen, thirty-three  
sleeve.

WIDEN as the man stiffens. Solo stands before him. For a moment, a frozen tableau. The man throws the shirt at Solo and darts for the window. Solo goes after him.

ANGLE AT WINDOW

67

As the man slips behind the drape. Solo enters shot, yanks the drape aside - and there, facing him in the moonlight, beside the man is a SECOND MAN. They move toward him.

CLOSE ON SOLO

68

He yanks down the drape.

INT. HALLWAY - ANDREA

69

at the closed door. She HEARS the O.S. BATTLE: GRUNTS, THUDS, FALLS. Then a CRASH OF GLASS. Then silence. She cannot stand it for more than a few seconds. She shoves the door open and enters.

INT. SOLO'S ROOM - FULL

70

SHOOTING from window side, as Andrea enters. The room is empty.

ANDREA  
Hello?... Mr. Solo?

She finds the light switch and turns it on. She picks her way carefully through the mess up to the table, CAMERA SWINGS to show window open and broken.

ANDREA  
Mr. Solo?

Beyond the window is a balcony. STEPS SOUND O.S. Andrea grabs up the Aquitaine bottle for a weapon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

71

Across remaining drape in f.g. The drape billows with the o.s. FOOTSTEPS. Andrea gasps, swings - and Solo, appearing, ducks and slaps her wrist. The bottle flies out of her hand.

INSERT - BOTTLE

72

smashing on the floor

TWO SHOT - ANDREA, SOLO

73

ANDREA  
I'm sorry. I meant to help.

SOLO  
They jumped off the balcony and got away.

His eyes go to the o.s. bottle. He reacts, kneels out of shot.

ANDREA  
Oh. I broke it, didn't I?

LOW LEVEL - SOLO

74

brings up the broken bottle, as Andrea kneels into shot. From the broken bottle projects a rolled slip of paper. She watches, wide-eyed, as Solo unrolls the slip.

SOLO  
Speaking of help.

INSERT - THE NOTE

75

wet from the liqueur. The one word: "Help".

BACK TO TWO SHOT

76

ANDREA (beat)  
Mr. Solo. My Uncle John wrote  
that. That's his handwriting!

FREEZE, and

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - WAVERLY, SECRETARY 77

as the SECRETARY hands Waverly a sheaf of papers:

WAVERLY (communicator)

I have her dossier now, Mr. Solo..  
Yes, she checks out. Andrea Fouchet.  
Resident of Geneva, Switzerland.  
Her family is quite prominent. They  
manufacture cheese.

SOLO'S VOICE

Swiss, I presume.

WAVERLY

As a matter of fact, no, Gruyere.

EXT. SWISS INN - DAY - SOLO - (PROCESS) 78

He's on the front porch of the quaint building.  
Beyond the edge of the Inn before which he stands  
are the Alps.

SOLO (communicator)

...And she is related to Abbott John..?

BACK TO WAVERLY 79

WAVERLY (checking  
dossier)

She's his niece. His favorite  
relative, in fact.

BACK TO SOLO 80

SOLO

Thank you, sir. That's what I was  
most interested in.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Mmm. And be sure not to forget --

SOLO

I won't, sir. Aquitaine, a case.  
Would you like some cheese to go  
with it?

## WAVERLY'S VOICE

What?

80  
CONT'D  
(2)

## SOLO

Here she comes, sir. I'll keep in touch.

He puts communicator away. Andrea joins him, very fetching and radiant despite her anxiety.

## ANDREA

It's a lovely day, isn't it?

## SOLO (appreciatively)

Lovely day for a walk...up a long hill.

He takes her arm. They exit. CAMERA SWINGS PART WAY with them, then HALTS on a window of the Inn in f.g. The window has a closed Venetian blind. The blind's open; through them we see a flickering mirror.

BINOCULAR SHOT - LONG

81

LOOKING FAR DOWN on the tiny village, picking up the Flick, Flick of the mirror. Very bright, the signals flood the frame.

INT. MONASTERY BELFRY ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON  
BINOCULARS

82

The pinpoint flicks reflected in each lens. PULL BACK. Holding the binoculars is the Prior. Beside him, Simon stands immobile. SLOW PAN to take in the Tower Room: Ancient stone walls, stone floor and beamed ceiling. But large, modern maps are hung on the walls - and the room is full of the kind of computers used for radar and automatic firing. Centered where it can be aimed out any of the openings in the walls is a strange, gleaming weapon - a kind of skeletal gun. It's on a revolving base and bears a marked resemblance on a larger scale to the Laser-like Model seen in Act One, except that its rods are missing. The Second Prior is polishing it to a gleaming shine. HOLD on it; then:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ZURICH AIRPORT - DAY - JET PLANE (STOCK) 83

coming in for a landing. It touches down.

FLIP TO:

THE PLANE (STOCK) 84

Passengers now debarking via the moving stairways. Under the belly of the plane the cargo pods are being swayed out.

CLOSE - CARGO AREA 85

In b.g. several pods are already linked up. In f.g. is one just lowered from the hatch above. MECHANICS are detaching the hooks. Close by is a CUSTOMS MAN, in uniform. Enter Dolbey.

DOLBEY ( to a Mechanic,  
indicating the pod)  
I have two suitcases.

CUSTOMS MAN(overhearing)  
One moment, Sir.

DOLBEY  
I'm in a hurry. If I could  
possibly get them now --

CUSTOMS MAN (pompous)  
Sir! First they must clear  
customs!

(indicates o.s. building)  
Inside, if you please. The  
regular procedure - inside!

Dolbey exits. NARROW on the Customs Man as he looks indignantly after him, meanwhile resting his hand protectively on top of the pod. He reacts as the top of the pod lifts. Peering out at him is a pair of eyes: Illya.

ILLYA  
This is Zurich?

CUSTOMS MAN (pop-eyed)  
Y-y-yes.



ANOTHER ANGLE

86

as Illiya shoves the top back and jumps out beside the Customs Man. Slate rubs his cold arms and glares.

ILLIYA (indignant)  
I was frozen in there! No heat!  
Is this any way to run an airline?

The dazed Customs Man can only gape as Illiya exits.

ZIP PAN TO:

MOVING SHOT - DAY - SOLO, ANDREA

86X1

Amid a spectacular panorama of snow-capped Alps, they move slowly up a path. Solo is only half-listening as he keeps a continuous look around.

ANDREA  
The trouble is, they treat me like a child.

SOLO  
Who?

ANDREA  
My parents. They keep insisting I marry Rudy.

SOLO  
Who?

ANDREA  
Rudy. Oh he's not bad, we grew up together. His family makes cheese, my family makes cheese.

SOLO  
Sounds like a merger.

They sit.

ANDREA (nods)  
Like curds and whey. But he's -- you know --  
(groping for the words)  
square, he's not with it.  
Mention the Beatles to him and he thinks of insects!

ADDED SCENES

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY - SOLO AND ANDREA

86XA1

as they walk.

ANDREA

... It just doesn't make any sense.  
Why would anyone want to harm Uncle  
John? He's so kind and gentle --  
why, he never hurt a fly!

SOLO

It may come as a shock to you, but  
that's the type that makes the  
perfect victim.

(beat)

What exactly did they tell you at  
the monastery, Andrea?

ANDREA

Just that he wasn't there any more --  
that he was removed by order of the  
Father General.

SOLO

The new Abbott told you this?

ANDREA (nods)

Abbott Simon.

(she shakes her head bitterly)

The minute I saw that man, I didn't  
like him. It was like -- like a  
cold chill went through me. You know?

SOLO

Well, I wasn't exactly -- warmed by  
his welcome, either. And I gather  
he's not too popular with the monks.  
Brother Peter seemed --

ANDREA (cutting in)

The monks! They're terrified of him!

(a beat)

The last time I was there, it was so --  
so sweet! The brothers were happy  
and -- and jolly -- and full of life.

(a beat)

Those I saw yesterday, they're not  
happy any more. They're just --  
just frightened!

She pauses on the hillside to catch her breath, sighs heavily.

86XA1  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Tired?

ANDREA

Just a little?

SOLO (looks up)

We're about halfway there.

ANDREA (shakes her head)

I still think it's foolish, this going to the monastery again. We should have gone to the police!

SOLO (an attempt at lightness)

And miss this nice walk in the sunshine?

ANDREA

But Simon! He'll never let us in! You know that!

SOLO

I've -- uh -- occasionally entered places where I wasn't invited.

(wryly)

Though I must say a monastery isn't one of them.

ANDREA (regards him searchingly)

You are a detective, aren't you, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Napoleon... Yes, in a manner of speaking.

ANDREA (suspecting there's more here than meets the eye)

What is it exactly that you're looking for?

SOLO

Among other things, a case of Aquitaine.

ZIP TO 86X1

SOLO (judicious)  
Well...

86X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

They come to a natural halt.

ANDREA  
You know, Uncle John is like me?  
A sixty-year-old monk, and he --  
(groping again)  
--digs, you know? That's why I  
have to see him. He's the head of  
the family, he'll listen.

From o.s. comes the sound of woodchopping.

ANDREA  
What's that?

They look around, see:

87 OUT

THEIR POV - ANGLE ON WOODCHOPPERS

Two of them, in long Johns. They are going at  
a big tree.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ANDREA

89

SOLO  
Couple of monks.

ANDREA  
How do you know they're monks?

SOLO  
Elementary, my dear.

He indicates a couple of neatly-folded monks'  
habits. Beside them is some bread and a little  
jug of wine.

ANDREA (looking off  
to the monks)  
I always wondered what they  
wore underneath their habits.

The o.s. tree starts to fall.

90 OUT

SCENE

91

SOLO  
Timberr-r-r!

Andrea, on impulse, lets out a dandy yodel  
It echoes. Solo smiles, helps her up.

91  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (holding her  
arm)  
Onward and upward. The bells  
of St. Thomas are calling.

They continue on up the path.

92 OUT

UP ANGLE - LONG - HUNTER

93

on a rocky ledge, complete in outfit including  
hunting jacket and Tyrolean hat. He watches  
Solo and Andrea through binoculars, puts down  
the glasses, aims his gun, squeezes off a shot.

ANDREA AND SOLO

94

As a bullet kicks up dust at their feet. Solo  
yanks her down. ANOTHER O.S. SHOT; it kicks up  
a furrow beside them.

ANDREA (indignant)  
What's going on? There's no  
game around here.

SOLO (gesturing  
toward the hunter)  
I suspect he knows it.

He brings forth his gun and takes a SHOT.

POV SHOT - THE HUNTER

95

He FIRES again.

RESUME ANDREA AND SOLO

96

He grabs her hand; they run back down the path.

EXT. WAYSIDE SHRINE

97

They RUN IN and flatten against the wall of  
rock. Solo holds his revolver.

6-1-66

P.28A

ANDREA (frightened  
and angry)  
You mean he was deliberately  
shooting at us? To keep us  
from the monastery?

97  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Somebody up there doesn't like  
us.

Andrea starts into the clear. SOLO grabs her  
back just in time: an O.S. SHOT chips rock off  
the edge of the cliff.

ANDREA  
Well, do something! Think!

Solo is. From O.S. continually has come the  
SOUND of the WOODCHOPPERS. He looks toward them:

POV - THE WOODCHOPPERS

98

Beaver-busy as before.

RESUME SOLO AND ANDREA

99

Their eyes meet. She is puzzled. Her eyes follow his to:

POV - THE ROBES

100

lying where they had been left.

RESUME SOLO AND ANDREA

101

SOLO  
I am thinking.

ANDREA (no longer  
puzzled)  
I don't know. Personally, I prefer  
something brighter.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - A CAR - (STOCK)

102

Being driven fast along the road.

INT. CAR - PIERMAN AND DOLBEY AND ANOTHER MAN

103

The Scenery that of the same country road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY - A MOTORCYCLIST - (STOCK)

104

going fast, in the same direction. Gauntlets,  
bubble mask.

TIGHT HEAD SHOT - MOTORCYCLIST

105

Despite the JIGGLING and the bubble glass, we see  
he is Illya.

## EXT. COUNTRY TAVERN - DAY - THE CAR

106

It stands, empty, before the door of the little wayside tavern. Over the tavern, so we'll know, is a legend reading: William Tell Tavern -- All the Apples You Can Eat. We HEAR the APPROACH of the Motorcycle. PAN to PICK IT UP. SWING WITH IT BACK to the Car. The Motorcycle, without decreasing speed, zips on OUT OF SHOT. Then we HEAR the MOTOR CUT DOWN, the BRAKES. A beat - and INTO FRAME comes Illya. He pauses a moment, then heads for the car.

## CLOSER SHOT - THE CAR

107

As Illya ENTERS, still wearing bubble mask. He lifts it for a quick look around. He takes a quick glance inside the car, picks the lock. MOVE IN as he deftly brings out the two suitcases. He deposits them on the near side of the car (away from the Tavern door). They are locked. Deftly with an all purpose picklock, he opens them both.

## OVERSHOULDER SHOT - THE SUITCASES

108

packed with batting. Carefully Illya unfolds the batting. Revealed in each suitcase is the same: a ruby-colored glass rod. Similar to the rod in the Laser Model, but each much larger.

## REVERSE - ILLYA

109

as he lifts the bubble mask and we see his reaction: satisfaction and awe. He picks up one of the rods. It glitters in the sun.

## BACK TO SCENE

110

Illya replaces the rods, folding the batting carefully back around them. He closes the suitcases. RISE WITH HIM as he PICKS THEM UP to start away - and there, facing him from the front of the car, is Dolbey, gun out. Pierman moves in.

DOLBEY

Put them back.



Instead, Illya swings at him with one of the suitcases, knocking him sprawling. Then Illya freezes. WIDEN. At his rear is the other man (PIERMAN), gun in Illya's back. Dolbey gets up, takes the suitcases and puts them in the rear of the car. Dolbey gets in himself, then holds his gun on Illya while Pierman runs around and gets in the driver's seat.

110  
CONT'D  
(2)

DOLBEY (to Illya)

Now you.

He gestures for Illya to get in front beside Pierman. Illya doesn't move. Dolbey reaches forward and starts to unlatch and open the front door on Illya's side.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA, PIERMAN

111

Illya takes advantage of Dolbey's lean forward. He chops down on his gun wrist; then brings both fists viciously up under the jaw, knocking Dolbey back into the back seat. Instantly Illya goes for his o.s. motorcycle. Dolbey leans out and FIRES after Illya.

ANGLE AT MOTORCYCLE

112

slewed in a ditch. Illya ENTERS SHOT, heaves to get his motorcycle upright. BULLETS smack around him. Before he can start, he HEARS the car approaching. He brings out his gun, crouching behind the motorcycle --

HIS POV - PANNING - THE CAR

113

as it comes by, Pierman FIRING.

CLOSE - ILLYA

114

FIRING back as the o.s. car recedes. He stops firing.

HIS POV - THE CAR

115

Receding fast down the country road.

BACK TO ILLYA

116

He lifts his bubble mask, takes out his communicator - and SIGNALS.

ILLYA

Channel D, please....Kuryakin reporting. Thrush agents have new model cathode tubes, presumably stolen from Dr. Lambert.

(a beat)

Their size suggests a device more powerful than any yet known.

He snaps down the mask, starts his motorbike and heads after the Thrush agents.

-

ZIP PAN TO:

-----

EXT. MONASTERY GATE - DAY

116X1

Two people in monks' habits pass through the open gate. As they move as unostentatiously as possible across the courtyard, they are startled by an o.s. voice:

SIMON'S VOICE (harsh)

You two! Come here!

The pair freeze, glance over their shoulders. We see it is Solo and Andrea.

TWO SHOT - SIMON AND PRIOR

116X2

SIMON (to distant

Solo and Andrea)

Not you!....

(he turns)

You!

WIDER ANGLE

116X3

We see the two hapless Woodchoppers, in their long johns, slinking by. They turn and, quaking with fear, approach Simon and the Prior.

SIMON

Speak.

The Woodchoppers exchange glances, remain silent.

SIMON (cont'd)  
I give you permission. Speak.  
What happened to your habits?

116X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

WOODCHOPPER  
We don't know, Reverend Father. We  
put them aside because of the heat.  
When we returned, they were gone.

SIMON (after a long  
pause)  
All right, you may be gone your-  
selves. And remember, you have  
committed the sin of carelessness.  
You will do penance.

The Woodchoppers make obeisance and exit.

SIMON (thoughtfully)  
I would think that our flock has  
increased by two.

The Prior understands, smiles.

SIMON  
Lock the gate!

117-118 OUT

CLOSE ON SOLO AND ANDREA

118X1

Looking at each other, starting toward cloister.

PAN WITH THEM

119

As they come up to a column. The ivy catches the  
cowl off Andrea. Quickly Solo slips it back on.

SOLO (low)  
That's all we need.

HIS POV - MONK

120

approaching slowly, reading as he comes. He looks  
up, sees Andrea's mishap, reacts.

121-122 OUT

BACK TO SCENE

123

as Solo steps forward to the monk.

SOLO

Excuse me... I'd like to write  
to Abbott John and I've lost  
the address. Could you --

123  
CONT'D  
(2)

The monk puts a finger to his lips. Andrea looks  
at Solo quizzically. Now the monk points and Solo  
and Andrea look down to --

THEIR POV - THEIR SHOES

123X1

Solo's and Andrea's modern footwear next to the  
monk's sandals. Solo and Andrea quickly pull  
their habits down over their footwear.

SCENE

123X2

Now Solo and Andrea see, at the far end of the  
Cloister, the Prior. They exit precipitately,  
past camera. The Prior MOVES INTO CAMERA FOR  
CLOSEUP as, grim-visaged, he watches them disappear.

INT. LIBRARY - MONK - CLOSE

124

sitting on a high stool in a corner, putting gold leaf in an illuminated manuscript. He's in the middle of it, when:

SOLO'S VOICE

I--uh--beg your pardon, Brother--

The monk is surprised; his brush slips, sending a broad streak up the page. WIDEN for Solo and Andrea in the doorway as he turns:

SOLO

I'm so sorry, I'll --

Then he sees the monk is Brother Peter.

SOLO (cont'd;

relieved)

Brother Peter! It's nice to see a friendly face... I--uh-- got the message in the bottle...

Peter is silent, but his eyes plead.

SOL (cont'd)

You remember me.

(he barks softly)

The hat? Aquitaine?

Peter puts finger to lips.

ANDREA (a whisper)

Please...Abbott John...Can't you tell us where he is?

SOLO (to Peter)

Peter, this is Abbott John's niece. Where is he?

Peter's hand covers Solo's mouth. He nods o.s.  
Both look.

125 OUT

THEIR POV

126

At far end of library the Prior coming on, searching.

ANOTHER ANGLE

126X1

Solo and Andrea nod their thanks to Peter and exit.

INT. DISTILLERY - FULL

127

The distillery is a vaulted chamber. On one side stand vats and the distilling apparatus. On the other a bottling and corking table and alcoves containing bottles aging in their shelf cubbyholes. The vats go GURGLE, GURGLE, the distilling coils go PLINK, PLONK. Continually.

At the near distilling coils is BROTHER PAULUS. The opposite of Peter; dour, thin. He wears a leather apron over his habit and a leather skull cap, as he works at the table.

ANGLE ON DOOR

127X1

Solo and Andrea enter.

                    SOLO (as he comes in)  
Aquitine?

ANOTHER ANGLE

128

as Solo puts a fingertip to the end of a coil from which ooze the precious droplets. He tastes and grimaces.

                    SOLO  
Uuugh! You sure it's Aquitine?

Paulus looks at something on the table. Then he smiles.

                    PAULUS (to Solo)  
Not yet. But after the secret formula is added, it will be.

                    ANDREA (to Solo,  
                    glowing)  
He talked!

Peter enters in b.g.

PAULUS (picks up hourglass off table. It's a big one; the sands have run through)  
Now it is noon. The morning vow of silence is over.

128  
CONT'D  
(2)

Then from o.s. come the NOONDAY BELLS: the quarter hours and then the hours. Paulus gasps and covers his mouth. Peter comes forward.

PETER (to Paulus)  
I told you that hourglass was fast,  
Brother Paulus!

Paulus casts his eyes heavenward for forgiveness.  
Peter takes the hourglass, shakes his head over it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

129

PAULUS  
It must be the sand. It's too fine.

PETER (to Solo, vast relief)  
Oh, I am so glad you have come. I prayed and prayed!

ANDREA  
Where is Uncle John? Is he all right?

PETER  
Yes, yes! Oh, it is terrible, what has been happening. You have no idea.  
(to Paulus)  
They have no idea!

As his words gush out in a spate, the others react variously: Paulus with total sympathy; Solo and Andrea trying to get him to the point.

PETER (with Paulus as his silent chorus)  
Such punishment has been visited upon us! And upon Abbott John! Oh, not that we wish not to suffer! On earth all suffer; in heaven we shall get our reward!

ANDREA  
Please!

SOLO  
Where is he?

129  
CONT'D  
(2)

PETER  
Where?

SOLO  
Where is he? A prisoner?

PETER (seizing on it)  
Yes, yes - we are all prisoners!  
Oh, it was so peaceful before!  
(to Paulus)  
Wasn't it peaceful?...Indeed! And  
then, like a pestilence, the new  
Abbott - Abbott Simon!  
(he stops. He swallows.  
He stares)  
Abbott Simon!

ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS THEM

130

as Solo and Andrea turn to see: facing them is  
SIMON, flanked by his burly Prior. In b.g., star-  
ing wide-eyed from just within the door - a band  
of frightened monks. A frozen beat. Then the  
Prior jumps him, snatches Solo's gun from beneath  
the robe.

SIMON (with effect)  
A weapon!  
(he sweeps off Andrea's  
cowl)  
And a woman! In a monastery - a  
woman!

ANGLE ON ASSEMBLED MONKS

131

Immense reaction: all are shocked.

BACK TO SCENE

132

as, playing to his audience, Simon indicates the  
equipment.

SIMON  
You have come to steal the formula,  
haven't you? Our precious formula  
for Aquitaine!



RESUME THE ASSEMBLED MONKS

133

More shocked.

BACK TO SCENE - FAVOR SIMON, SOLO AND ANDREA

134

SIMON (shakes his  
head. Smiles gently,  
but with great menace)  
That is a grave transgression, you  
know...And it will not go unpunished.

FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:  
INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

134X1

as Waverly, rather agitated, talks into console.

WAVERLY  
Come in, Mr. Kuryakin...I've been  
unable to establish contact with  
Mr. Solo...Have you heard from him?

INT. SOLO'S ROOM - DAY

135

ILLYA (on  
communicator)  
I'm in his room now - no sign  
of him. Nobody's seen him since  
he and the girl left this morning.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

136-140

Waverly glances at his watch.

WAVERLY (communicator)  
I see, all right, pay close atten-  
tion, Mr. Kuryakin.  
(he moves close to the  
clock)  
It is now eleven AM where you are,  
correct? At five PM the Louvre  
will go up in flames.

INTERCUT -

ILLYA  
The Louvre?

WAVERLY  
And everything in it - priceless  
art, the Mona Lisa, everything.  
I'm leaving for Paris within the  
hour.

ILLYA  
Thrush?

WAVERLY  
Exactly. Thrush sent word --  
(moves to desk with:)

WAVERLY (continued)  
Let me get the exact phraseology.  
(picks up chit)

136-140  
CONT'D  
(2)

"At five PM, Paris time this date,  
we will burn the Louvre to the  
ground as evidence of our new power  
to destroy." Signed "Thrush".

ILLYA  
"New power to destroy"? That must  
refer to those cathode tubes.

WAVERLY  
Pity you weren't able to intercept  
them.

ILLYA  
Sir, are you certain Thrush isn't  
bluffing?

WAVERLY  
Thrush seldom bluffs, Mr. Kuryakin.  
This weapon must be found...and  
destroyed... By five o'clock please. 1

Waverly CLICKS off. As Illya is about to put away  
his communicator:

SOLO'S VOICE  
...Even sooner, if you can manage  
it.

ILLYA  
Napoleon. Where are you?

SOLO'S VOICE  
You'll never guess... The belfry  
of St. Thomas.

INT. BELFRY - DAY - SOLO, ANDREA, FAVOR SOLO

141

Their wrists tied to a convenient stanchion. Solo  
has managed nevertheless to work his communicator  
half out of his pocket.

SOLO (continued)  
Sorry I couldn't answer you  
earlier. We've been tied up....  
Don't bother filling me in, I  
was listening to you and  
Waverly, got it all.

Andrea nudges, indicating o.s. Solo looks.

141  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Here they come. Don't hang up.

With difficulty he slips the communicator back in his breast pocket. WIDEN: ACROSS them, Dolbey and the Prior are coming for them. At the Laser Gun with Simon is Pierman. Dolbey and the Prior free Solo and Andrea (from the stanchion only) and start them roughly past the others.

ANGLE AT LASER GUN

142

as Solo and Andrea enter SHOT, Solo twists free.

SOLO (indicating gun)

What's that?

His manner irks Simon. Simon gestures the others to hold up a moment.

SIMON (smiling)

You know very well what it is,  
Mr. Solo.

(hand on gun)

Dr. Lambert's ray gun.

SOLO

Just checking -- for the record.

The Prior and Dolbey smile and bow ironically.

FLASH CUT - ILLYA IN SOLO'S ROOM

143

The communicator tight to his ear, getting it all.

BACK TO BELFRY -

144-149

SIMON

A brilliant scientist, Dr. Lambert -  
brilliant. Too bad.

(a mock sigh)

But Thrush is happy to make use  
of what he has left behind.

While Simon goes on, MOVE WITH HIM. First to a  
large-scale map of Europe.

SIMON

Do you know why we chose this  
particular spot, Mr. Solo?

(indicates map)

Because of its location. Do you  
know that from this belfry we have  
direct line of fire to half the  
capitals of Europe?

SOLO

Direct? I don't know if you've  
heard, but the latest theory is  
that the earth is round. And  
light beams travel in a straight  
line.

SIMON (smiles)

I'm surprised at you, Mr. Solo.  
I was certain you were familiar  
with Einstein's discovery that  
light is bent by gravity.

SOLO

It slipped my mind.

Simon moves to the ray gun, lays on it an affection-  
ate palm.

(FOR INTERCUTS: SOLO AND ANDREA; ILLYA)

SIMON (cont'd.)

It didn't slip Dr. Lambert's mind,  
Mr. Solo. You see, he discovered  
a way of creating a gravitational  
force field which bends light rays  
to any desired angle.

150 OUT

BACK TO SCENE

151

SIMON

It's really quite simple. With  
this --

(indicating ray gun)

-- we could kill a fly on the head  
of the Prime Minister at Ten Downing  
Street....

SOLO

...Or wipe the smile off the face  
of the Mona Lisa...?

SIMON

Ah, then you already know about the  
Louvre! ... Then you can imagine how  
busy we're going to be for the next  
couple of hours. Sorry you won't be  
able to watch, but we're a bit  
crowded here...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

151X1

as Illya comes into shot, stops to look through  
binoculars at the distant --

EXT. MONASTERY - DAY (STOCK)

151X2

INT. DUNGEON - SOLO, ANDREA - DAY

152

They are fettered to the wall. At a corner, so that  
their heads could, barely, meet. Dank, dreary.  
Shafts of light from above. Bells ring o.s.

ANDREA

Four o'clock....So you really think  
they'll go through with it?

SOLO

A lot can happen in an hour.

ANDREA

They're such -- such monsters! I'm  
sure they've killed Uncle John --  
just as -- just as they're going to  
kill us.

(a beat as she considers this;  
then:)

"...will you like me?"

6-29-66

ADDED SCENES

INT. DUNGEON - SOLO, ANDREA - DAY

152

They are fettered to the wall. At a corner, so that their heads could, barely, meet. Dank, dreary. Shafts of light from above. Bells RING  
O.S.

ANDREA

Four o'clock... so you really think they'll go through with it?

SOLO

A lot can happen in an hour.

ANDREA (sad, musing)

My parents. They must be worried about me by now. And Adolf....

SOLO

...The one who thinks the Beatles are insects...

ANDREA (nods)

Poor Adolf. He really loves me, you know that?

SOLO

That's -- understandable.

ANDREA

And he is sweet.

(defensively, almost challengingly)

I mean, just because he doesn't -- swing -- that doesn't mean he's not sweet.

SOLO

I'm sure he is.

ANDREA

Do you know what he gave me for my birthday? An assortment of cheeses. A two-pound box.

(as Solo reacts)

You don't think that's very romantic, do you?

SOLO (quickly)

On the contrary. It's a -- uh -- symbol of a merger -- a personal merger -- that would make him very happy.

152  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANDREA (nods  
sagely)  
You're right. And that does make  
it romantic, you see?

SOLO (gently)  
Of course it does, Andrea.

ANDREA (wonderingly)  
I didn't realize it until just a  
minute ago.  
(a beat)  
I guess you don't understand a lot  
of things until it's ---- too late.

SOLO  
Andrea, listen, everything's going  
to be --

ANDREA (continuing  
her touching reverie)  
So now I know that I love him. And  
he's never even kissed me.  
(a beat)  
I'm going to die in a hour and I've  
never been kissed....

Her eyes are immensely sad, and there is a poignant  
plea in her voice as she regards Solo and, in a  
whisper:

ANDREA  
Napoleon....?

Solo looks at her with immense compassion, then  
moves his head toward hers. Suddenly, before  
their lips touch, from o.s. comes a HOLLOW TAPPING.  
DIT, DIT, DIT, etc. (S.O.S. signal.)



Solo looks at her with immense compassion, then moves his head toward hers. Suddenly, before their lips touch, from o.s. comes a HOLLOW TAPPING. DIT, DIT, DIT, etc. (S.O.S. signal).

152  
CONT'D  
(2)

153 OUT

BACK TO SCENE -

154

Both react to it.

ANDREA  
What's that?

SOLO  
S.O.S. Help.

ANDREA  
It must be Uncle John.  
(she raps on the  
stone)  
Uncle John!

The TAPPING PAUSES. Then RECURS, FASTER.

ANDREA (glowing)  
It must be!

Solo has ducked his head toward his lapel. Now:

SOLO  
Andrea.

He leans toward her. She realizes he wants to kiss. She warms and leans toward him, to kiss. NARROW IN.

SOLO  
Bite.

ANDREA (puzzled)  
What?

He parts his lips. Clenched in his teeth is what appears to be a button.

SOLO  
The button. Bite it... Go ahead!

A beat. Their heads meet. An expression of surprise comes to Andrea's face: Solo pulls back slowly - and between their separating incisors the 'button' unwinds like a tiny tape measure. When it's about a foot long:

SOLO

Okay.

154  
CONT'D  
(2)

Andrea unbites. Leaving Solo with a foot-long strip of rigid, silvery metal.

ANDREA

What is it?

SOLO

If it's what our lab says it is---

ANGLE ON SOLO

155

as he scratches the foot-long strip on the wall. Nothing. He stretches again.

This time it catches. It flares HISSING white. Solo grins. He turns the white-hot tip against his chains.

INSERT - LINK OF CHAIN

155X1

The magnesium-hot flame starts to heat the link.

ZIP PAN:

EXT. MONASTERY - UP ANGLE - CAMPANILE - (STOCK) - DAY

156

The BELLS. RINGING TWO QUARTER HOURS.

(POSSIBLE STOCK SHOT: A la Nuremberg clock tower: the quaint figures coming into view and circling by, to disappear again).

EXT. BASE WALL OF MONASTERY - DAY - TIGHT ON ILLYA'S WATCH -

157

indicating four-thirty. PULL BACK. Illya stands on the steep rock from which springs the sheer wall. He searches for a way in; now in turtle-neck, sneakers, etc. He carries a grapple iron on a coiled rope.

HIS POV - EXTREME UP ANGLE - WINDOW

158

narrow and seen at so sharp an angle we cannot see within. Way up.

BACK TO ILLYA

159

He uncoils the grapple rope. He starts to swing it. He heaves it up.

ANGLE ON WINDOW - CLOSE

160

as the grapple hooks onto the ledge. The window is barred.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BELFRY - DAY

161

Simon is with the Prior.

SIMON  
Everything is secure?

The Prior nods.

SIMON  
To make sure it stays that way,  
I think you'd better get out of  
those robes.  
(a beat)  
From now until we fire at the  
Louvre we'll be very busy.

He exits toward ray gun.

ANOTHER ANGLE

162

to include Pierman and Doble, who are working with earphones and automating equipment in b.g. In f.g. the Prior divests himself of his robes, steps out of shot and then in again - with two ugly submachine guns. He gives one to Pierman. They arm the guns and smile at each other. As they split off, one to each side, MOVE IN SLOWLY toward Simon and Dolbey at the ray gun. As we APPROACH, we HEAR:

DOLBEY (on earphones.  
To Simon)  
The range is three hundred forty  
two kilometers gross.

162  
CONT'D  
(2)

SIMON (feeding into  
computer teletype)  
342 kilometers gross.

DOLBEY  
Plus point two oh two four fine.

SIMON  
Plus point two oh two four fine.

SOLBEY  
Azimuth, one minute, five seconds  
from true horizon.

SIMON  
Azimuth, one minute five seconds  
from true horizon.

DOLBEY  
Force field build up, five seconds  
prior.

SIMON  
Force field build up, five seconds  
prior.

DOLBEY  
Information data complete.

A final CLICKING of the on teletype, a HUM from  
the o.s. computer. Then, UNDER CAMERA, the  
visible assembly swings silently and halts.

SIMON  
(checks watch)  
Ten minutes to go.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND DUNGEON - ANDREA, SOLO, ABBOTT JOHN

163

The bricks having been removed, Solo and Andrea  
crawl through the hole in the wall and join Abbott  
John. JOHN is a small, feisty little man of about  
sixty.

ANDREA  
Uncle John!

They embrace.

163  
CONT'D  
(2)

JOHN  
My poor child!

ANDREA  
This is Mr. Solo...from U.N.C.L.E.

JOHN (to Solo)  
I should never have written that  
note. Now I've put you and Andrea  
in jeopardy, too.

ANDREA  
Don't worry. Mr. Solo will get us  
out of here.

-  
ANOTHER ANGLE

SOLO (working away  
at John's fetters)  
How did they manage to take over?

JOHN  
It was all - quite proper. That--  
Simon--had a letter from the  
Captain General of our Order in  
Rome. Even the Great Seal. All  
forged, of course!

SOLO  
Yes, THRUSH is quite adept at  
that.

He utters an exclamation of satisfaction as John's  
chain link parts and we

CUT TO:

EXT. MONASTERY WINDOW - DAY - ILLYA

165

as he pulls himself up to the narrow ledge on the  
grapple. Beyond the bars, all is gloom within.  
Illya fetches forth a coil of putty. Deliberately  
he starts to putty around the outer rim of the  
metal frame which holds the interlacing bars.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DUNGEON

166

John is now loose from his fetters.

JOHN (as Solo  
starts for the door)  
No, Mr. Solo. There is a better  
way.

He goes to another wall. Solo and Andrea join him.  
John starts feeling for the right stone.

JOHN  
These walls are honeycombed  
with secret passages. Once  
I find the right -- Ah!

He swivels out a brick. A section of wall wheels  
open. Andrea, Solo and John exit.

INT. SECRET PASSAGE

10/

as they enter. Abbott John finds another stone to  
swivel. The wall section swings closed. Here it  
is dark and dank; everywhere is an ECHO.

SOLO (to  
Abbott John)  
Which way to the belfry?

John looks one way, then the other.

JOHN (satisfied)  
This way.

As they start:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. BARRED WINDOW

168

as, with a HISS, the flame runs around the bar  
frame via the 'putty'. Illya lifts the bars out,  
frame and all. He holds them out, drops them into  
o.s. empty space. No sound returns. He shrugs,  
then reacts as far, far o.s.: the TINNY, FAINT,  
CLANG. Illya peers into the window - and we do  
also, OVERSHOULDER, as o.s. BELLS SLOWLY RING the  
three quarter hour.

POV - THRU WINDOW

169

narrow. Gloom beyond, a feeling of space. But close by, hanging vertically and the only thing grabbable - a rope.

CLOSE ON ILLYA - REVERSE

170

If that's all there is, that's all there is. PULL AHEAD as he squirms through the thick-walled narrow window space. The rope appears from CAMERA SIDE. Illya jumps for it.

CLOSE SHOT - BELLS - (STOCK)

171

Swinging and RINGING. Over the MEASURED RINGING of the second quarter hour, intrudes now ANOTHER BELL, wild and erratic.

INT. BELFRY - THE THRUSH GROUP

172

Alerting, to the DIFFERENT BELL o.s., Simon gestures. The Prior, submachine gun in hand, exits quickly.

INT. BELL TOWER - PETER AND PAULUS - CLOSE DOWN  
ANGLE

173

standing amid a veritable forest of bell pulls, two  
of which they have just rung the half hour on.

PETER (to Paulus)  
You rang the wrong bell!

PAULUS  
Not me. You!

The DIFFERENT BELL JANGLES o.s. Paulus covers his  
ears. Peter looks up.

HIS POV - UP ANGLE - ILLYA

Hanging on to his rope in mid-air, as - in time  
with the o.s. BELL - it sways him up and down.  
He slides down OUT OF SHOT.

LEVEL SHOT - PETER AND PAULUS

175

as Illya lands beside them, lightly. The o.s.  
DISSONANT BELL makes a final CLANG.

ILLYA (light)  
Sorry.

PAULUS  
I don't know what the world's  
coming to. The Abbott will be  
furious!

ILLYA  
I'm looking for a man about my  
height? And a girl?

PETER  
Oh, yes, yes! They are here!

ILLYA  
Where?

PETER  
Poor things. Really, it is all my  
fault.

PAULUS  
And mine.



PETER

No, no! I talk too much. I talk  
and talk, and I go on talking and --

175  
CONT'D  
(2)

PRIOR'S VOICE

All right, you!

As all turn, Illya's hands go over his head.

ANGLE ACROSS THEM - THE PRIOR

176

just within the archway into the bell tower, only  
a few feet away. His gun is levelled on Illya.  
A gesture, and Illya starts out with him. NARROW  
on Peter and Paulus.

PETER (severely)

Remind me. I talk too much!

Both look up, as if to Heaven.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BELFRY - DAY

177

as the Prior hustles Illya in at gunpoint, and up  
to Simon, in f.g. with Pierman and Dolbey.

SIMON (pleasant)

Well? Kuryakin, isn't it?

DOLBEY (pleasant)

Hello there. So we meet again.

PRIOR (to Simon)

You want him down with the others?

SIMON (glances at watch)

There's no time. Tie him up here.

As they start Illya to the stanchion where Solo has  
been:

SIMON

I'm sure you'll be interested  
in this, Kuryakin.

ILLYA

I can hardly wait.

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SIMON (smoothly)  
You won't have to. At 5 the  
Louvre. At 5 after 5, you and  
your friends.

177  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - THREE SHOT - SOLO, ANDREA,  
FAVOR JOHN

178

as he turns from pawing at the solid wall:

JOHN  
I'm sorry, Mr. Solo. I'm afraid  
we're lost!

A beat, then:

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. LOUVRE - DAY - STOCK

178X1

TO ESTABLISH.

INT. LOUVRE - MED. CLOSE - WAVERLY AT MONA LISA

178X2

Next to him stands a bemedalled French General with a large nose, American Tourist's pass. Waverly glances at his watch.

WAVERLY

Five to five.

CUT TO:

INT. BELFRY - DAY

179

SIMON

Five to five.

ILLYA

Call it off, Simon.

SIMON

Call it off?

(laughs)

Sorry, Kuryakin, but those American tourists will have to find someplace else to visit.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SECRET TUNNEL - DIFFERENT SECTION

180

As John, Solo and Andrea enter, shoving aside cobwebs.

JOHN (looking around)

This must be the belfry. I'm certain.

He swivels a stone. A section of wall swings open, letting in light. They start for the opening.

SHOOTING OUT THROUGH OPENING - AS THEY ENTER  
SHOT F.G. 181

Nothing behind but space and a distant view of the Alps. Andrea teeters, GASPS. Solo pulls her back.

BACK TO SECRET TUNNEL AS BEFORE 182  
as they back away from the opening.

JOHN (woeful)  
I'm sorry.

SOLO (checks  
watch again)  
Let me try this time.

He starts away.

ANDREA  
Where are you going?

ANGLE ON SOLO 183

SOLO  
There's one entrance I do know  
about. The way we were taken  
into that dungeon!

He turns and runs off down the gloomy passageway.

CUT TO:

184-190.  
OUT

INT. BELFRY - ANGLE ACROSS SIMON 191  
checking the time on his watch.

SIMON (to Dolbey)  
Forty-seven seconds. If I  
remember correctly, it takes  
twenty seconds for the bells  
to ring the quarter hours. Then  
they ring the hour. Fire it on  
the final bell.

Dolbey nods. PULL BACK for Illya in f.g. Every-  
thing waits. Silence. Then there is the CREAK OF  
ANCIENT HINGES. All look:

THEIR POV - SECTION OF WALL

192

has swung back. John and Andrea emerge. Happily.  
Looking at each other rather than at CAMERA.

JOHN

There, my dear - you see?  
I knew I'd find the right --

REVERSE - ACROSS THEM

193

SIMON (smiling)

Glad you could join us.

The Prior has his gun at the ready.

JOHN (downcast;  
to Andrea)

I got so engrossed in finding  
it, I forgot what would happen  
when we did!

From O.S. START the SLOW SOUNDING of the QUARTER  
HOURS.

SIMON (smiles,  
glances at watch)  
Just in time!

JOHN (realizing)

No!

He rushes at Dolbey, who swats him aside as if he  
were a fly. He stumbles toward Illya.

ANGLE ACROSS ILLYA

194

as Andrea rushes over and grabs Abbott John before  
he can fall.

ANDREA (hisses  
to Illya)  
Can't you do something?

ILLYA (quietly)  
I'm working on it.  
(indicates his hands  
covertly)

INSERT - HIS WRISTS

195

Jutting from the edge of the wristwatch is a tiny blade. It has cut part way through the rope on the other wrist.

BACK TO THREE SHOT - ILLYA, ANDREA, JOHN

196

As Ilyya continues his activity covertly.

SLOW PAN

around the Belfry Room. To Simon and Dolbey at the ray gun, looking up, counting the BELLSTROKES silently. We're now into the THIRD QUARTER. Now the PAN PICKS up the Prior, stationed at the door of the belfry room. Looking up also.

The FOURTH QUARTER. The FIRST STROKE of FIVE. Now a NEW SOUND INTRUDES: DOGS BARKING, in FULL CRY. APPROACHING.

As the Prior frowns, then turns toward the door, the door slams open, the O.S. BARKING JUMPING A DECIBEL. Solo enters. He flattens the Prior with the manacles he carries. Before Pierman can bring his submachine gun to bear, Solo has grappled with him.

TWO SHOT - SIMON, DOLBEY

197

Dolby, pistol out, moves toward Solo from the latter's blind side.

CLOSE ON ILLYA

198

Seeing Solo's danger.

ILLYA (calls)  
Napoleon!

CLOSE ON SOLO AND PIERMAN

199

Grappling. Solo has heard, but too late. Dolbey can't fire his gun at the risk of hitting Pierman, but he brings the butt down on Solo's head. Solo falls.

ANGLE ACROSS LASER GUN - SIMON 200

Activates the gun. A flash of bright ruby light.

201 OUT

CLOSE ON ILLYA 202

He breaks his bonds, attempts to rush Simon only  
to be intercepted by Dolbey and Pierman.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SOLO 203

Solo rises groggily as Peter and Paulus enter.

ON ILLYA 203X1

as he flattens Dolbey. Pierman is about to clobber  
him when --

204-205 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE 206

Peter crosses himself, nods to Paulus. Paulus  
taps Pierman on the shoulder. He turns. And Peter  
whaps him. The two Monks ask forgiveness of Heaven.  
Meanwhile --

ACROSS LASER GUN 207

The recovered Solo reaches Simon just in the nick of  
time. He knocks Simon aside, grabs the gun points  
it skyward.

FULL GROUP 208

The battle is over; The day is won. Peter and  
Paulus go on their knees before John.

PETER (to Abbott John)  
Reverend Father, we ask pardon.

JOHN  
Pardon?

PAULUS  
We struck a man!

PETER (instantly  
claiming his right)  
I struck him!

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PAULUS (as instantly)  
Well, I would have struck the  
next!

208  
CONT'D  
(2)

JOHN  
Peace, peace! You are both  
absolved.

ILLYA (has been look-  
ing around)  
Where's Simon?

SOLO  
Simon?

They look around.

ANDREA  
Napoleon!

They look where she has:

209 OUT

THEIR POV - DOWN THE BELFRY SHAFT

209X1

at Simon sliding down the ropes. As he nears the  
bottom, the dogs jump up toward him, barking  
furiously. Simon's movement is RINGING the bells.

210 OUT

ANGLE ON DOGS

211

as they bark, trying to reach Simon.

CLOSE - SIMON

211X1

swinging wildly, in terror.

212-216  
OUT

SOLO, ILLYA, THE GROUP

217

Staring down toward Simon.

SOLO (calls)  
All right, Simon. You can stop  
ringing curfew - it's over.

218-229  
OUT



INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON WAVERLY

230

WAVERLY

Gentlemen, I must admit that at about ten seconds to five, we were growing concerned. Even the Mona Lisa's smile appeared a trifle wan.

Widen for Illya and Solo facing him.

SOLO

Sorry about that. Perhaps this will make up for it.

He gestures down to Waverly's desk. Waverly's eyes drop and CAMERA FOLLOWS. There on the desk is a case of Aquitaine.

WAVERLY (eyes alight)

Ah! It may indeed.

(a beat)

How much do I owe you?

ILLYA

With Abbott John's compliments.

(beat)

Also, he'd be honored if you'd attend the wedding.

WAVERLY

Wedding?

ILLYA

Andrea's. She's going to marry Rudy. We're sure they're going to be very happy.

WAVERLY

Mmm. Be delighted to attend.

ANOTHER ANGLE

231

as, back to even cheerier matters, he picks up a bottle, looks at it with love. He has a glass handy.

WAVERLY (opening the

bottle with a corkscrew)

Did you have any trouble getting it through customs?

SOLO

We claimed diplomatic immunity.

WAVERLY

Good.

231  
CONT'D  
(2)

With love, he pours himself a dollop. He sniffs it, eyes closed.

ILLYA

We kept them on ice all the way.

WAVERLY (horrified)

On ice!

He feels the bottle. And another. They are indeed cold.

WAVERLY (continued -  
quite piqued)

Cold. Ice cold! Gentlemen, you know better! Particularly you, Mr. Solo! One never ices a fine liqueur - never! And Aquitine is the finest of fine liqueurs! Really, gentlemen!

He inadvertently passes the glass under his nose. He pauses. He passes it again under his nose. He looks at Solo and Illya. He takes the tiniest of tentative sips. His eyebrows go up. He takes another.

WAVERLY

Not bad.

(another)

Not bad at all..

(savors)

In fact....

(another)

He indicates a tray of liqueur glasses on his desk.

WAVERLY

Join me, please.

They take glasses. He pours ceremoniously.

WAVERLY (toasting,  
marveling)

Aquitine on ice!..Gentlemen,  
you've done it again!

CLINK. He drinks. Solo and Illya exchange a grin. As they sip:

FADE OUT.

THE END