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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE TERBURG AFFAIR

Prod. #7435

Executive Producer:  
Norman Felton

Producer:  
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Written by:

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation

Produced by  
MGM PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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

The Terbuf Affair

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CHARACTERS

SOLO and ILLYA

CLARA

An attractive, thirtyish American girl, intelligent and emotional, who was once in love with Solo, and perhaps still is.

STEFAN

Clara's husband. He is aristocratic, wealthy, rather weak, scared that his wife might learn of his involvement in a nasty racket and destroy their love.

VICK

A Major in the Secret Police. He is over-elegant, suave, affected, and very pleasant - an intelligent man whom you could like very much if he weren't so dangerous.

FEST

A Lieutenant in the Secret Police. A coarse brute of a man whose only passion is the application of terror.

MORISCO

The Head of the Secret Police. A strong man who knows when he's on to a good thing.

EMIL/WALTER

A gypsy. Old, stubborn, dignified.

KRANIK

Emil's close friend. He is a great, cheerful bear of a man, extremely powerful.

MARIA

A young, sensuously beautiful gypsy girl - Kranik's daughter. Dark skin, black hair, large eyes, and full red lips, a somewhat sullen girl whose eyes catch fire with pleasure once in a while. She is a singer. She must excite us.

OSKOL

A police driver, he is half-gypsy.

POLICEMAN ONE

A rather unpleasant man.

SILENT PARTS

Various policemen and gypsies.

The Man From  
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The Terbuf Affair

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SETS

OPEN COUNTRY

Simulating Albanian pastoral countryside, oddments of barns, outbuildings, or whatever is available.

A STABLE

A fragment thereof; a corner of a barn would do.

ITALIAN VILLAGE

A few streets and alleys, which can double for the Albanian village shots.

WOODCARVER'S SHOP

Merely a colorful note; again, a corner of the barn would do.

FEST'S OFFICE

Quite well furnished, this is an Albanian Secret Police H.Q.

RAILWAY STATION

With train. If this is a problem, we'll bring him in by air with a plate BG of a small airport.

CLARA'S LIVINGROOM

In the very comfortable home of a rich sheep-farmer, it should look as "foreign" as possible. It has a sky-light in the roof.

CLARA'S BEDROOM

As luxurious as possible. Again, very "foreign," since we make something of the new environment Clara lives in.

SOLO'S BEDROOM

In the same house. The same room will do if we hang a different picture on the wall (one shot only).

A BEACH

Rocky, if possible. A small wharf if one is handy.

THE CAFE FLORA

A very crude drinking-place for the gypsies, with plank tables and benches, and a well-stocked bar with bottles of slivovitsa, wineskins, beer barrels etc.

A CELLAR

Under the cafe, this is where the stores are kept - cheeses ripening, sausages drying out, bottles stored, etc. It has an iron door and a barred window.

10-16-64 P.C1

A FOREST  
A CAVE

Various parts thereof.  
Can be omitted if we shoot the scene  
in the open forest.

A PRISON CELL

Can be omitted if we use a corner of the  
prison yard - but I'd much rather not.

A PRISON YARD

Set up for a firing squad. Iron gates,  
a building down one side.

ROOFTOPS

A small fragment for Solo to clamber  
about on, it contains the skylight to  
Clara's livingroom.

PROCESS

In a military car.

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## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY (TERBUF) - NIGHT

1

CAMERA HOLDS on an attractive piece of quiet, forested, mountain scenery. There is no sound except the peaceful CHIRPING of some birds. Suddenly a burst of GUNFIRE is heard (machine-pistol) somewhere off camera in the distance, and now the CAMERA finds EMIL, in EXTREME LONG SHOT, racing through the trees towards CAMERA: he is little more than a speck in the distance, and the CAMERA HOLDS as he races in. But because of the heavy shrubbery, we never see his face - now, or at any time in this scene. / As he runs PAST CAMERA, CAMERA PANS to take him through an open doorway into:

INT. A STABLE - NIGHT

2

CAMERA has pulled inside the stable fast as Emil runs, staggering, through the open doorway, and TILTS DOWN with him as he collapses on a pile of hay. Nearby, in the SHOT, is an old tarpaulin and some buckets, tools, etc. - normal paraphernalia that might be found on a rather backward sheep farm. Emil throws an arm across his face, and there is a heavy shadow there too, so that he still cannot be seen recognizably. A pair of very good legs move INTO F.G. OF SHOT - CLARA'S.

LONG ANGLE SHOT - CLARA

3

from Emil's POV. She is looking down on him in alarm. CLARA is an extremely attractive American girl in her early thirties; a sensible, rather introspective girl whom we instinctively like. She is smartly dressed, but in "foreign" clothes, indicative of the Albanian country life she leads. She has just been putting away her horse. The gunfire has alarmed her considerably.

CLARA

Emil!

EMIL

They...found us...I could not  
cross the sea...

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Clara looks o.s., alarmed, at another BURST of machine-pistol fire, then back at Emil. She quickly bends down towards him as we HEAR the sound of running feet o.s., and throws the tarpaulin loosely over him, then reaches for a hayfork - to "justify" movement, looking o.s. at:

3  
CONT'D  
(2)

MED. SHOT - LIEUTENANT FEST

4

Perspiring and breathing heavily after a long run, he stands in the doorway glaring at her, a machine-pistol in his hand. FEST is an officer of the Secret Police (in uniform), an angry, frustrated, sadistic brute of a man.

FEST (harshly)  
A gypsy, the man they call Emil,  
did you see him?

TWO SHOT - CLARA AND FEST

5

Clara is calm, meeting his angry look, unafraid. She does not like Fest.

CLARA  
No, Lieutenant, I did not.

Fest's restless eyes are exploring the stable, as he slips the machine-pistol over his shoulder. He sees the tarpaulin, and reaches for the hayfork Clara is holding. His look shows us he is sure Emil is there.

FEST  
Permit me.

He takes the hayfork from her, looks for a moment at the long, sharp tines, looks at Clara with a sour smile, and then drives it hard into the tarpaulin. Clara gasps. He pulls away the tarpaulin on the tines of the fork. Emil is not there. Fest tosses down the hayfork with a gesture, looks hard at Clara. His eyes move up and down her body greedily.

FEST  
You know the penalty for aiding  
an enemy of the State?

CLARA  
I know it.

FEST  
Remember it.

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He turns on his heel and stalks away. Clara watches him go, her eyes cold, then looks down to where the tarpaulin was, puzzled. A little way away, the hay parts - CAMERA PANS to it - and Emil appears. He sinks his head in his hands and moans softly. His face still cannot be seen clearly.

5  
CONT'D  
(2)

EMIL

It's hopeless. Better I let them kill me...before I bring...trouble to all of you.

MED. SHOT - CLARA

6

CLARA

It's never hopeless. Go to your people. I'll find help.

EMIL (voice over)

No one can help me now. No one.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE (ITALY) - DAY

7

Solo and Illya are wandering at an exceedingly leisurely pace down a pretty little street, which is quite deserted. The MUSIC is restful, gentle, inviting...They have cameras slung round their shoulders and look exactly like tourists, which is what - for the moment - they are.

ILLYA

Somehow, I visualized a vacation, in Rome would be spent in a more exciting preoccupation than the pursuit of a Veal Parmigiano.

SOLO (studying the shops)

I know Vito moved his restaurant to somewhere in this neighborhood. Illya - this man doesn't cook food. He makes love to it.

ILLYA

They should put people like that in asylums, not restaurants.

They move OFF, CAMERA TRUCKING with them. At a corner which they are about to turn, we find:

Original In

## A GYPSY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

8

Dressed in a rather romantic fashion, he is fixing a broken wheel on a large hand-cart loaded with produce; it completely blocks the entrance to the narrow street they were about to enter. Grinning, the gypsy points OFF, meaning "You'll have to go round". Scarcely paying him any attention at all, Solo and Illya move off in the direction indicated.

SOLO (mild surprise)  
Gypsies in town.

ILLYA  
The Rasli gypsies. From the  
Albanian border.

Solo looks his surprise at this bit of recondite erudition. Illya explains.

ILLYA  
The eagle embroidered on his  
waistcoat. The eagle of Shqiperia.

SOLO  
Your stock of obscure, miscellaneous information never ceases to amaze me.

They are turning another corner. Another cart, with a gypsy, is blocking their way; another gesture. They turn off idly, following the new direction. As they move into another narrow alleyway and a few steps down it, Solo stops and frowns.

ILLYA  
This isn't the way we intended to go...

SOLO  
The tourist guides are using the hard sell.

He looks OFF at:

## MED. LONG SHOT

9

their POV, of a couple of gypsies, armed with long staves, at the far end of the alleyway. They begin to move forward.



BACK TO SCENE

10

SOLO

I do believe we're being herded...

ILLYA

Perhaps we should tell them that  
we are on vacation.

They look back.

MED. LONG SHOT

11

their POV, of the first two gypsies, moving in on  
them.

## BACK TO SCENE

12

Solo and Illya stand back to back, ready for trouble. Close by them, there is a door in the wall.

SOLO

You take the left, I'll take the right.

ILLYA

Watch out for those staves...they know how to use them...

Behind them, the door opens, and Clara is there. She is dressed now in very smart travelling clothes, and looks quite lovely. Solo swings round, reaching for his gun.

CLARA

In here...please.

Solo just stares. Illya looks at Clara, then at Solo puzzled by his astonished reaction.

SOLO

Clara!

CLARA

Quickly!

She reaches out and unceremoniously pulls Solo in as he stands there, virtually open-mouthed. Illya, not understanding and showing it, follows.

## INT. THE GYPSIES' MEETING PLACE - DAY

13

As Solo, Illya and Clara enter. This is merely a small room in which a gypsy trade is being carried on - harness work, woodwork, fortune-telling, wheel-painting.....whatever colorful set is available. BG, an old, old man would be working at his trade, completely ignoring what is going on, and the set, whatever it may be, should be dressed to give us a strong gypsy flavor. The four gypsies slip in behind them, and go promptly to points of vantage where they can stand guard - a window, a sky-light - and Clara pulls the still-astonished Solo to the center of the room. He stares at her soundlessly for a moment.

SOLO  
Clara!...Well - it's been a long  
time.

CLARA  
Seven years...

These two are old lovers, and we must feel it.

SOLO  
That is a long time. How did you  
know I was in Italy?

CLARA  
I telephoned your apartment in  
New York...and was told you were  
vacationing here. The gypsy found  
you for me. You see - I need your  
help.

SOLO (a beat)  
I heard you got married.

CLARA  
Yes.

Solo holds her look, then remembers his manners,  
indicates Illya. Illya has been watching with  
growing disgust.

ILLYA  
By the way - my name is Illya  
Nichovitch Kuryakin.

SOLO (starts,  
then)  
Oh. This is Clara Richards. We  
were once...very good friends.

CLARA  
Clara Valdar, now. My husband...  
Stephan...he's a sheep-farmer in  
Terbuf, near the Albanian border.

ILLYA  
The Land of the Eagles.

CLARA  
...and he's...we're in trouble, bad  
trouble. I think...I think no one  
can help us, except...except you.  
Will you?

SOLO  
Tell me about it.

13  
CONT'D  
(3)

Clara takes a deep breath. She looks at the gypsies, back to Solo.

CLARA  
It's politics, of course. Terbuf is a poor country, surviving only because of the foreign aid. And that money is finding its way into the wrong pockets...

ILLYA  
A fairly common practice...but difficult to prove.

CLARA  
Not in this case. The sheepherders on Stefan's farm are gypsies, the cousins of these people here...  
(she indicates the gypsies)  
and their leader, a man named Emil, stumbled on a dangerous secret. A Police Lieutenant, Lieutenant Fest, got drunk one night and was robbed. Papers he was carrying were brought to Emil. They prove Colonel Morisco, the Head of the Secret Police, is the man diverting this aid for his own profit.

SOLO  
He knows Emil has these documents?

CLARA  
He knows. They've been hunting Emil down like an animal. I've been trying to help him escape.

SOLO  
Seems pretty simple. He must leave the country. That shouldn't be difficult for a gypsy.

CLARA  
The gypsies are not allowed to travel. Morisco commands a powerful secret army. His agents are everywhere, even here, in Italy, watching me. I couldn't bring the documents out, either.

SOLO  
And your husband?

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Clara looks away. Solo is aware that there's more.

13  
CONT'D  
(4)

CLARA

Not Stefan.

(a beat)

Stefan...by your standards, is a weak man. I told him about Emil, and...he seemed....afraid to help. I felt...I felt that...somehow... I just don't know!

SOLO (bluntly)

What is it? Do you think he's involved in the racket too?

CLARA (vehemently)

No! Stefan's a good man, a very good man! But he's...not capable of handling this. Napoleon...a long time ago -- your -- work drove us apart. Now it's brought me back to you. Please -- help us.

SOLO (a beat)

Go back home to Terbuf. Wait for me there.

ILLYA (mildly)

We're due back in the States the day after tomorrow.

SOLO (to Ilyia)

Tell Waverly I missed the plane.

ILLYA

Let's send him a telegram.

(looking at Clara)

I think you'll need me.

Impulsively, Clara goes to Solo, puts her arms round him, kisses him.

CLARA

Thank you.

ILLYA (watching them)

Yes, you will need me.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 OUT

EXT. - A TOWN (ALBANIA) - DAY

14X1

ESTABLISHING SHOT, to give us the pastoral feeling.  
PAN to find Clara's house.

INT. - CLARA'S HOUSE - DAY

15

This is a pleasant, country-style place, well and elegantly furnished. In the hall there is a skylight (used later), and a flight of stairs that leads up from the main room (or hall) to the bedroom upstairs. It should look as completely foreign as possible; we want to stress Clara's near-loss of her American identity.... Now, CAMERA is on STEFAN VALDAR, Clara's husband, as he stares morosely out of a window. Stefan is a handsome, rather weak-looking man with an aristocratic air, perhaps a trifle effeminate, and at the moment he is very worried indeed. He turns back to the room.

STEFAN

What you're trying to do is terribly dangerous, my dear, can't you see that?

CAMERA finds Clara. She is imploring Stefan to go along with her scheme.

CLARA

But we must have expert help, darling! Napoleon knows all about these things. He works for some... I don't know, a sort of super-secret agency....

STEFAN (angrily)

I told you, Emil must look out for himself. I don't believe his story in the first place.

CLARA

I do.

STEFAN (scornfully)

Stolen documents! Why doesn't he produce them?

CLARA

He will. Where it will do the most good.



She crosses to him, puts her arms round him.  
There's a different kind of love here from the  
impulsive thing she had for Solo.

15  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLARA (low)

Darling, don't you understand? If  
we can get Emil out of the country,  
then that will be the end of Colonel  
Morisco and...the tension will have  
gone!

STEFAN (stubbornly)

It's best we keep out of these  
things. This isn't your free  
and easy America, you know.

CLARA

I also know that if we wish to live  
with any self-respect -- we take  
risks.

Stefan pulls away from her, goes back to his window  
and looks out again.

STEFAN

When's he coming, your friend?

Clara picks up a telegram and reads it:

CLARA (reading)

"Thought a holiday would do me  
good. Can you put up with a  
tourist for a few days? Love,  
Napoleon."

(to Stefan)

Will you help him...us?

Stefan turns back to her.

STEFAN

I'll do anything to...to make you  
happy again, my darling. You know  
that.

He looks at her strangely, as the CAMERA DOLLIES IN  
FAST on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIEUTENANT FEST'S OFFICE - DAY

16

CAMERA is still on Stefan's face as he talks.

STEFAN

Just a tourist, on holiday.  
But an expert. He knows all  
about...these things.

PULL BACK to disclose the scene: We are in a well-furnished office in the H.Q. of the Secret Police. (When the door is opened, we will see Lieutenant Fest's name on it to ESTABLISH that this is his office.) Fest is angrily striding up and down like a caged animal, glowering. In an armchair in a corner, is COLONEL MORISCO, a fat, cruel-looking man, Head of the Secret Police. A striking figure, he has a face we remember easily - perhaps a beard. He is listening, saying nothing, letting his subordinate do the talking for the moment.

STEFAN

If Emil gets out of the country...  
if this man succeeds...you know  
what that means, Colonel Morisco?

MORISCO

I know, you don't have to tell me.

Fest stops his prowling to glare at Stefan.

FEST

And your wife is helping him.

MORISCO

Perhaps Lieutenant Fest might  
have a -- talk with her.

STEFAN

I'll make a bargain with you. If  
you promise to see my wife is left  
alone, I'll deliver Emil to you...  
and his documents. But, if Fest  
as much as touches her...

FEST (angrily)

Don't threaten us, Valdar...

STEFAN

Not a threat. A bargain. Don't  
touch her. And she must never  
find out...I'm involved in this.

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MORISCO (mocking)  
Your conscience is showing, Valdar.  
It's a fatal weakness for a man  
who arranges the sales of the things  
I -- appropriate.  
(he rises, moves to the  
desk)  
Does your wife know where Emil is  
hiding?

STEFAN  
No, Colonel Morisco.

MORISCO  
And you think you can conceal  
your duplicity from her?

STEFAN  
Yes. Yes, I'm sure I can.

MORISCO  
I doubt it. She's much too  
intelligent.

He crosses to Stefan and lightly caresses his face  
with his swagger-cane. B.G., Fest grins. Stefan  
shows acute alarm.

MORISCO  
I think your share of our profits  
is getting rather too large,  
Valdar. This friend of your wife's  
....he knows you personally?

STEFAN  
No...we've never met.

He moves back to the desk and picks up the phone.

MORISCO  
Send Major Vicek to me.

He replaces the phone, looks at Stefan coldly.

MORISCO  
I have more faith in the talents of  
an American spy, than in those of a  
sheep-farmer. Do you find that ironic?

Stefan stares at him.

MORISCO

And I don't like a man who tries  
to bargain with me.

(to Fest)

Take him away. Keep him incommuni-  
cado for a while.

As Fest moves forward, Stefan backs away.

STEFAN

No. No!

Grinning, Fest pulls an eighteen-inch length of  
fine chain from his pocket and swings it round  
and round. Stefan stares at it in dismay.

FEST

Your wrists, Valdar.

STEFAN

Why? I told you, I'll deliver  
him to you...

He has backed into a corner. Fest smashes a fist  
into his face and Stefan goes down. Fest winds the  
chain round one wrist, then the other, pulls it  
tight, slips a small padlock through the last link.  
He pulls Stefan bodily to his feet and holds him  
there. Stefan is almost in tears.

STEFAN

But I will help you...

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EG, the door opens and MAJOR VICEK is there. He is smooth, sophisticated, contemptuous, a highly intelligent man, an officer of the Secret Police. He is in highly-polished uniform. He uses an over-long cigarette-holder and a thin black cheroot with a studied elegance. Looking at Stefan:

16  
CONT'D  
(4)

VICEK

(to Morisco)

You sent for me, Colonel?

MORISCO (a question)

Clara Valdar.

VICEK (an answer)

Intelligent, emotional, impulsive, untrustworthy. In the old-fashioned sense of the word...a good woman.

MORISCO

You find her attractive?

VICEK

Decidedly.

MORISCO

Good. That will make your task a little easier for you.

STEFAN (anguished)

Leave Clara alone --

Fest hits him again, then looks to Morisco.

MORISCO

Let him learn how we treat our political prisoners, let his wife see him, just once...then bring her to me.

Fest nods, and drags Stefan, struggling, out. As he is dragged through the door:

STEFAN (a scream)

If you as much as touch my wife...  
just touch her once...

Vicek nonchalantly pushes the door closed with an elegant foot, and cuts off his screams.

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VICEK  
You were saying, Colonel?

16  
CONT'D  
(5)

The Colonel has opened a cupboard and found a bottle of brandy and some glasses. He pours two drinks, looks at the bottle with appreciation.

MORISCO  
For a man of limited education, Lieutenant Fest has surprisingly good taste in brandy. I'd never have thought it.

Morisco hands him a glass. Vicek warms it with his cupped hands.

MORISCO (abruptly)  
The Americans are sending us a spy. His assignment is to find Emil and smuggle him out of the country.

VICEK (carelessly)  
Isn't that rather presumptuous of them?

MORISCO  
A specialist. We'll give him just enough rope.  
(a toast)  
Your health, Major.

VICEK (drily)  
Freedom to the people.

They drink.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. RAILWAY STATION (TERBUF) - DAY

17

A rather beat-up terminal in a small country town. There would be sheep, goats, chicken wandering about the place, and a few peasants in the colorful local costume would be squatting about with piles of produce, on their way to market. CAMERA explores the scene as we HEAR the o.s. sound of the train approaching, then comes to REST on a "city-dressed" man who is studiously reading a newspaper; it PANS to find another, and another, and the ominous-type MUSIC will tell us that these men are Secret Police. It comes to REST finally on Clara. She stands on the platform waiting anxiously for the train, and she appears very distraught. The train pulls in, puffing and laboring. We see Solo looking out a window. He waves, and Clara waves back. She does not smile. Solo gets out as the train stops, and goes to her, smiling but taking a good look around at the same time.

SOLO

Well, nice to find you waiting for me. It's like old times, isn't it? Almost.

CLARA

Yes...like old times.

She forces a smile.

CLARA

A good trip?

SOLO

Slow. Perhaps I was impatient.

He takes her arm and leads her off, still looking around. CAMERA TRUCKS with them.

SOLO (low; lightly)

I believe we're being watched. Have you told your gypsies about me?

She looks at him in alarm. He gives her arm a squeeze.

CLARA (groping)

No...I...as you say, I'm being watched. I haven't been able to talk to my friends.

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SOLO

Well - I'll have to find a way  
to introduce myself to Emil, then.

17  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLARA

Stefan's waiting in the car. He's  
most anxious to meet you.

SOLO

I'm looking forward to it. But  
it's going to be hard to like him.

CLARA (fiercely)

You must!

He looks at her with a faint surprise.

SOLO

Yes, I know.

They pass a man who is reading a magazine at the  
tiny bookstall, and CAMERA ESTABLISHES him, as he  
turns to look at their backs, as Lieutenant Fest,  
now in civilian clothes.

EXT. - OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL - DAY

18

An ancient Cadillac is waiting outside, and a uni-  
formed chauffeur opens the back door of the car as  
they approach. CAMERA FAVORS Solo and Clara, and  
we do not see that there is a man seated in the  
back of the car.

CLARA

Let me introduce...my husband,  
Stefan. Napoleon Solo.

Now, the man in the back steps down from the car  
and we see him clearly. It is Major Vicek. He  
holds out a welcoming hand.

VICEK

Ah, a great pleasure, Mr. Solo.  
My wife has told me so much about  
you.

SOLO

Mr. Valdar...

VICEK

A good trip, I hope?

SOLO

Excellent, thank you.

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VICEK

Splendid. A poor country, Mr. Solo, but we try to make our visitors comfortable. Shall we?

18  
CONT'D  
(2)

He gestures them into the car, follows them inside, the chauffeur closes the door. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO FAVOR Clara's face. She is holding herself in, trying to hide a considerable strain. Beside her, Solo throws her a look, then turns to smile at Vicek.

SOLO

Clara was afraid I might... take a dislike to you. On purely emotional grounds.

VICEK

I'm sure you're a most reasonable man, Mr. Solo.

B.g., we HEAR the chauffeur climbing aboard and starting the car.

SOLO

Not really. I always find reason is so misleading.

The car moves off. CAMERA HOLDS. Fest moves INTO SHOT, looking after the disappearing car. There is a great deal of hatred on his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - DAY

19

We are in the livingroom where we first met the real Stefan. Solo is near the window, Vicek pouring drinks, Clara standing tensely around... They are in the middle of a discussion.

SOLO

And neither of you knows where Emil is now?

VICEK (a shrug)

A gypsy. The gypsies trust no one, not even their friends.

SOLO (turns from

window)

Did you know that the railway station was under surveillance?

VICEK

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Solo checks his watch, turns back and throws a slightly puzzled look at Clara, who is remaining uncommonly quiet.

19  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

To the people in my profession, the stench of a secret policeman is hard to camouflage. They hide their faces behind newspapers, but the smell creeps round the edges.

VICEK

How very perceptive of you.  
(handing Solo a glass)  
Try some of our Slivovitz.  
We're very proud of it.

(a beat)

Clara tells me you're an expert in these matters. You think you'll be able to find this gypsy?

SOLO

It shouldn't be too hard -- provided there's a link somewhere.

VICEK

Oh, there's a link. The gypsies have a place of their own in the village, a bar, the Cafe Flora, run by a man named Walter. But they are a suspicious lot.

SOLO

When a man's on the run, suspicion is the one essential ingredient. The Cafe Flora, you said.

VICEK

You can't miss it.

SOLO

If I'm late back....?

VICEK

We'll still be up.

Solo goes to the door. He turns back to Clara before he goes out.

SOLO

It's a silent world you're living in now, isn't it? See you later.

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As he goes:

19  
CONT'D  
(3)

CLARA (impulsively)  
Napoleon!  
(a beat)  
Be careful.

SOLO  
My primary consideration.

He has gone. Vicek moves to Clara, touches her face gently.

VICEK  
I need a better performance, dear wife. A much better performance. If you ever want to see your Stefan again.

He holds her face in his hand. She shudders.

EXT. - THE HOUSE - DAY

20

Solo moves away from the house, quite openly, strolling. Behind him, a shadow moves, (it is Fest). He moves off after Solo.

EXT. - A COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

21

Solo is walking quietly along the road. He checks his watch.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SIMILAR

22

Solo still moving along. We HEAR the SOUND of his feet on the gravel. He stops to light a cigarette. His eyes show us that he is listening.

EXT. - A DIFFERENT PART OF THE ROAD - DAY

23

CAMERA is on a pair of legs, (Fest's) as they walk SILENTLY on the grass verge of the road. They STOP.

BACK TO SOLO

He moves on.

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24

## BACK TO FEST'S LEGS

25

They move off after Solo.

## BACK TO SOLO

26

NOISILY, he moves into the bushes at the side of the road, parting the shrubbery and seeming to continue on.

## BACK TO FEST'S LEGS

27

moving on to the bushes. They stop. CAMERA now shows us it's Fest. He peers into the bushes, takes out a gun, moves in after Solo, moving with infinite care. Solo appears in SHOT behind him and cuts him down with a Judo chop at the back of the neck. Fest falls, out cold. Solo takes the revolver that he drops and throws it far into the distance. Then he removes Fest's shoes, throws them away, too. He begins to move away, changes his mind, moves back and unbuckles Fest's belt. He pulls off the trousers, rolls them into a ball, tucks them under his arm. He makes a satisfied grimace, checks his watch again, and moves off. CAMERA goes with him as he slides down a steep, short slope to:

## EXT. A BEACH - DAY

28

There is a small pier here, one of a hundred similar piers that the fishermen use along this coast. Solo slithers down the bank into SHOT, still carrying Fest's trousers; checks his watch again. We hear the SOUND of a small motor-vessel O.S. Solo holds up Fest's trousers, ties the ends of the legs into knots, cheerfully begins filling them with a few stones. He drops them into the water, making a gesture of it, and by now we see:

## MED. LONG SHOT - A MOTOR VESSEL

of some sort, the smaller the better. It pulls into the tiny pier, and Illya steps ashore, CAMERA PANNING. He is dressed in dark pants, dark roll-neck sweater, Russian-type cap. He waves a thank you to the shadow on board that is the fisherman.

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ILLYA

Mille grazie, camerata. A domani.

29  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo is looking at his watch with satisfaction.

SOLO

Your timing is precise. A good omen. And you were right, I'm going to need you.

ILLYA

I told you. Progress?

They move away into the shadows and squat on the ground together, very close, very conspiratorial.

SOLO (frowning)

Progress, yes. In which direction... I don't know.

ILLYA

There's a look on your face that wasn't there before. What has she been saying?

SOLO (a beat)

She spoke hardly a word. Nothing. She was holding herself in, as though...something...something...

(a beat)

He looked so smug and...proprietary. Her husband!

ILLYA

A husband's privilege. Forget him. Remember our purpose.

SOLO (a beat; a

sigh)

Yes, Emil. The link to Emil is a gypsy named Walter. He runs a gypsy hang-out

(continued)

SOLO (continued)  
called the Cafe Flora. But Clara  
hasn't been able to tell them  
about me.

29  
CONT'D  
(3)

He is looking at Illya speculatively.

ILLYA (a smile)  
A great handicap, isn't it, looking  
so obviously American?

SOLO  
You know something of the gypsy  
ways, don't you....?

ILLYA  
I will tell them an American is coming  
to help them...  
(a beat)  
...But you know, it's a slim chance,  
they'll accept you.

SOLO  
See if you can open the door.

Illya stands. Solo lies back comfortably on the  
sand.

SOLO  
Do you think we'll get away with it?

ILLYA  
This is a new Napoleon Solo. Emotion  
seems to becloud your perennial  
optimism.

SOLO  
The boatman?

ILLYA  
He'll wait twenty-four hours, rather  
reluctantly. He has to join the rest  
of the fishing-fleet one hour after  
daylight.

SOLO  
So get to work.

Illya stands looking down at him.

ILLYA  
Don't think too much about what  
might have been. Things are this  
way: she is married.

SOLO

Yes...I noticed that.

29  
CONT'D  
(4)

He turns to stare at the water. Illya looks, sighs, moves off.

INT. THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

30

CAMERA is on the door as it opens to disclose Illya, entering. At once, the momentary hubbub ceases; this is the kind of place where all the whispered conversation ceases the moment a stranger walks in. When the CAMERA discloses the scene, there are sausages and strings of onions hanging from the walls; a few bare tables and benches at which some men are playing chess or shish-bek; a crude bar with plenty of bottles in evidence; and (please?) some scooped-out potato-halves filled with mutton-fat in which lighted pieces of string will later serve as lamps. CAMERA LOOKS briefly at the suspicious, gypsy-type faces as they stare at Illya with a certain amount of hostility, then CUTS back to Illya and PAN him into the room. He goes to the bar, sits down. Behind the bar there is a dark young gypsy girl of striking beauty, her long black hair falling down to her bare shoulders. Her face is somber, her figure free and full, her movements like the movements of an animal. This is MARIA, Kranik's daughter. She looks at Illya, unsmiling, brooding, sensuous...A small gypsy harp hangs near her on the wall.

ILLYA

Latsche divis, morrdschei. Hall  
dschal coa? (This is Romany  
dialect, so help me, for "Good  
evening, you woman, how are you?")

Maria does not answer. Illya sighs.

ILLYA

Slivovitsa.

A man whose back is to us (he is putting bottles on the shelves) turns to face Illya. This is KRANIK. He leans in to Illya. He speaks very clearly, as though to a foreigner.

KRANIK

Tu ninna io mello romm?  
(Are you one of us?)

ILLYA

Yes. I am one of you.

30  
CONT'D  
(2)

He thrusts his wrist forward, disclosing a golden medallion fastened there on a chain. CAMERA ESTABLISHES the seal of the Albanian gypsy eagle. Kranik looks at it suspiciously, then reaches behind him and thumps down a bottle of slivovitsa with a gesture. Illya takes it, pours a drop on each of his wrists, one after the other - (a gypsy ceremony) - and then puts the bottle to his lips and drains it (to prove his manhood). He slaps the bottle back on the counter.

ILLYA

As I said...one of you. Are you Walter?

KRANIK

My name is Kranik. Walter is my brother.

ILLYA

Will you tell me where I can find Emil?

Suddenly, there is SILENCE.

ILLYA

No, I thought not.

(a beat: UP)

I am one of you, my friends, a gypsy! You think I would betray him?

SILENCE.

ILLYA

I come to help him!

SILENCE.

KRANIK (abruptly)

Who was your father?

ILLYA

My father was Rasli Yansa, the eleventh son of Kurish, who led the Rasli tribe out of Constantinople when the Turks massacred the gypsies there and left their bodies to rot on the hillside. Emil is a Rasli too, would I betray him?

KRANIK  
Your medallion.

30  
CONT'D  
(3)

Illya slips the medallion off his wrist and hands it to Kranik, who examines it, tosses it back to him.

KRANIK  
Tell me what you want to know.

ILLYA  
An American will come to you. Let him talk to Emil. Will you do this?

Kranik nods gravely.

ILLYA  
Good. Listen to what he has to say. He is not one of us. But he is....a friend. In a short while... he will come.

He gets up, makes for the door, turns there, looks at Maria.

ILLYA  
Latsche divis. (Good night)

He is gone.

MED. CLOSE SHOT - KRANIK

30XL

He stares after Illya, his face bland and emotionless. It begins to tighten. Maria moves in beside him, also looking to the door.

MARIA  
Police.

KRANIK (venomously)  
Blitschtido! ("Filth")

He spits towards the door.

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EXT. CLARA'S HOUSE - DAY

31

CAMERA is on Lieutenant Fest, in MED. CLOSE SHOT, so that we see only the upper half of his body. He is creeping through the bushes, and his face is livid with rage. CAMERA PANS him through the bushes till it finds, ahead of him and in the b.g., a sentry who moves out of the shadows, CLICKING the bolt of his rifle as he slips a round in the breech, ready for

REVERSE ANGLE - FEST

32

From the sentry's POV. He raises a didactic finger and points it at the sentry. He is quivering with rage.

FEST

Not one word...not a laugh, a smile, a snicker...not one word!

MED. SHOT - THE SENTRY

33

He stares.

BACK TO FEST

34

In FULL SHOT now, his old-fashioned under-drawers (tied at the knees with string, in the Balkan style) do little to rob him of his furious menace.

FEST

Give me your trousers.

BACK TO SENTRY

35

He salutes smartly, raises hopeless hands for a moment, then begins, miserably, to strip off his trousers...

EXT. - THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

36

CAMERA HOLDS on the dimly-lit, seemingly deserted cafe. The MUSIC is ominous. PAN to find Solo, moving quietly out from among some bushes. He looks at the cafe for a moment, looks around, goes to the door, pushes it open.

INT. - THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

37

As Solo enters, he looks around in surprise. CAMERA PANS to show that the room is apparently empty, then comes to REST on Solo again. He crosses to the bar, thumps on it with his hand.

SOLO

Anybody here?



Behind him there is the SOUND of the door closing.  
Solo swings round.

37  
CONT'D  
(2)

MED. SHOT - MARIA

38

She has just closed the door, and is leaning  
against it, watching Solo, unsmiling.

BACK TO SOLO

39

SOLO

A pretty girl like you shouldn't be  
alone in a place like this.

(a beat)

And quite probably, you aren't.

(a beat)

Where can I find Walter?

BACK TO MARIA

40

She gestures with her head, still unsmiling, a  
gesture that means: Look behind you.

BACK TO SOLO

41

Kranik has risen up from behind the bar, a huge  
man, towering over him. As Solo swings round with  
a faint look of alarm, Kranik's arm comes out and  
round his throat. As Solo struggles, Kranik's  
other hand takes him by the temples, thumb and  
third finger, one on each side, and CAMERA DOLLIES  
IN as he begins to squeeze; we see the powerful  
hand trembling with the force of the pressure, and  
suddenly Solo goes limp. Kranik releases him and  
he slumps to the floor.

MED. SHOT - MARIA

42

Now she smiles. Her white teeth gleam, and she  
begins to laugh with genuine amusement, a lovely,  
captivating gypsy girl. She moves in towards  
Kranik.

THREE SHOT - SOLO, KRANIK, MARIA

43

Kranik makes a gesture.

KRANIK

Put him in the cellar.

Maria takes Solo by the feet, begins to drag him away towards a door that leads to the cellar.

EXT. A STREET - DAY

44

We are on an almost deserted, silent village street. We find Illya moving along quietly. He passes TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMAN who are lounging against a building, smoking, idly watching what goes on. They carry rifles over their shoulders. There is nothing particularly sinister about them - just ordinary cops on patrol. They watch Illya for a moment as he moves on, and then:

POLICEMAN ONE

Hey!

Illya stops, turns back.

POLICEMAN ONE

Your papers.

Illya moves towards them. He reaches into his pocket, brings out some papers, hands them over. Policeman One takes them, looks them over. POLICEMAN TWO moves in behind Illya unobtrusively, still smoking, still casual, and nonchalantly runs his hands over Illya's body, looking for weapons.

ILLYA

No weapons.

Policeman Two finds an ordinary pocketknife in Illya's pocket. Looks at it with interest, slips it into his own pocket.

POLICEMAN ONE

(examining papers)

Bulgarian, eh?

ILLYA

Yes.

POLICEMAN ONE

Fisherman

CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

Yes.  
(to Policeman Two)  
And I need my knife.

Policeman Two merely laughs, continues searching. He finds a pack of cigarettes (Balkan), extracts one (ESTABLISH), lights it from the now-finished end of his own cigarette, and slips the pack into his pocket. Policeman One hands back the papers.

POLICEMAN ONE

Stole yourself a cigarette case, eh?

ILLYA

No. An uncle gave it to me.

POLICEMAN ONE

On your way, Kovachishch.

ILLYA turns to Policeman Two (behind him), holds out his hand.

ILLYA

I need my knife for my work. And I want my cigarettes.

Policeman Two, grinning, turns away, begins to move. ILLYA takes him by the shoulder, swings him around.

ILLYA

Give

Policeman One glares, shoves ILLYA away.

POLICEMAN ONE

I said on your way.

ILLYA

Not without my knife and my cigarettes.

He holds their surprised stare for a moment. Policeman One angrily unlimbers his rifle.

POLICEMAN ONE

I'll better teach you a lesson.

He tries to drive his rifle butt into ILLYA's stomach. ILLYA side-steps, seizes the barrel of the rifle, swings it up hard, catching Policeman One under the ear. He goes down as Policeman Two grabs for his own rifle, rams it into ILLYA, and FIRES. ILLYA swings to one side, knocking the barrel aside, and the shot goes wild. He throws Policeman Two bodily over his shoulder, and chops him across the kidneys as he goes down beside the unconscious Policeman One. ILLYA

ILLYA (mildly)  
I don't think you'd like my brand.

44  
CONT'D  
(3)

Policeman One is recovering. Dazed, he begins to struggle to his feet. Illya takes off.

POLICEMAN ONE  
(a shout)  
Hey.....!

He takes off after Illya, his rifle ready.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET - DAY

45

Illya races silently THROUGH SHOT. Policeman One follows, a beat behind him.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET - DAY

46

CAMERA is on an ANGLE of the street in which there is a pile of water jars for sheep-watering. HOLD. Now Policeman One runs THROUGH SHOT, moving OFF along the street after Illya. HOLD. Now, Illya's head peeks up from one of the jars. He looks out after the Policeman for a moment.

CLOSER ON ILLYA

47

He still holds the cigarette pack he recovered from Policeman Two. He checks his watch, then opens the pack, to disclose his sender, and pushes the button.

ILLYA (into sender)  
I'm a few minutes late. I'm sorry.  
Where are you?

INT. THE CELLAR - DAY

48

This is a crude cellar under the Cafe Flora - a place for the storage of wine, cheeses, barrels of oil and so forth. There is a small iron-barred window, and a heavy iron door. The walls are of stone, and the cellar has the air of a dungeon,

which, perhaps, it once was. Solo is squatting on the floor, holding his sender ready. CAMERA CUTS from one to the other as necessary. 48 CONT'D (2)

SOLO (into sender)  
You have other things to apologize for. You failed to convince your gypsy friends of my benevolent intentions.

ILLYA  
Really? How annoying.

SOLO  
And I've the foulest headache.

ILLYA  
Try an aspirin.

SOLO  
And to answer your question, I'm underneath the Cafe Flora, in a cellar. Iron bars all over, and I don't have the necessary tools.

ILLYA  
Well, there's no problem there, is there? Kill the fatted calf, I'll be right over.

SOLO  
Do that. I'll buy you a drink.

Illya laughs. Solo puts his hands to his head and groans.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

49

Illya is crouched against the cellar window, peering through the bars. Over his shoulder we see Solo, inside. Illya hands him a small heat-bomb through the bars.

ILLYA  
Don't know why you didn't bring some of these yourself.

SOLO (patiently)  
I expected to be searched when I entered the country. And I was. Thoroughly!

## INT. THE CELLAR - DAY

50

Solo crosses to the door, and places the heat-bomb in the lock. Behind him, Illya wraps a couple more round the bars of the window. There is a HISS and a flare as the bombs go off.

## EXT. THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

51

CAMERA is on Kranik and Emil, who is now calling himself WALTER; (he will be identified as Walter in the script until he changes back to his true name). They are moving resolutely towards the cafe, and there is menace in the way they move. (NOTE: This is the first time we see Emil clearly, so we do not know who he is.) They enter the cafe.

## INT. THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

52

as Kranik and Walter enter. Maria watches them silently as they go to the cellar door and down the stairs.

## INT. THE CELLAR - DAY

53

We are SHOOTING from just inside the door, at the foot of the stone steps. There is a muttered oath from Kranik and he pulls up short as he sees that the door is slightly ajar. Angrily, he strides forward and pushes it open, then stares at:

## REVERSE SHOT - THE CELLAR WINDOW

54

from Kranik's POV. The bars have gone now, and the window is a gaping sore in Kranik's ego.

## BACK TO SCENE

55

Kranik and Walter move a pace or two towards the window, staring at it open-mouthed. There is a SOUND behind them and they both swing around. Walter already has a knife in his hand, ready to use it, the fastest draw in the East. They stare at:



REVERSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

56

from Kranik's POV. They are sitting comfortably cross-legged on the bare ground behind the door, munching on cheese and sausage. A bottle of slivovitsa is beside them. Solo takes it, makes a gesture with it, meaning: "Have some..."

SOLO

Care to join us for a spot of supper? I can recommend the slivovitsa.

BACK TO SCENE

57

Kranik and Walter stare. Kranik looks back wonderingly at the window, but Walter does not take his eyes off Solo. Solo gestures at the knife, tosses him a lump of hard cheese.

SOLO

Slice a bit off that for yourself. Then you can put your knife away.

Kranik turns back, starts forward as though to pick Solo up bodily.

KRANIK

I think I...

Walter puts a restraining hand on his arm.

WALTER (quietly)

No, they could have escaped.

SOLO

Precisely the point...So...you want to talk?

Walter goes and squats down beside Solo and Illya, carves a piece of cheese as he talks and munches on it. Kranik watches suspiciously.

KRANIK

All right, my friend, we talk.

SOLO

Are you Emil?

WALTER

My name is Walter. Emil is... in hiding.

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Where? SOLO

WALTER  
I will not tell you.  
(a beat)  
But I will take you to him. Alone.  
Provided you both stay in my sight  
from this moment until we meet him.

SOLO  
Fair enough.

WALTER  
And then?

SOLO  
We'll take him across the Adriatic  
to Italy.

WALTER  
We tried, once. No good. Patrols  
come.

ILLYA  
No doubt. The night is always too  
obvious a time, they watch... We'll  
take him out in broad daylight, when  
the fishing fleet leaves. If neces-  
sary, we'll create a diversion to  
take their horrible little minds  
off us.

Walter nods.

SOLO  
We'll rendezvous at Clara Valdar's  
house, and move down to our boat  
from there. The fleet leaves an  
hour after daybreak. Can we have  
Emil here by then?

WALTER  
Yes.

SOLO  
Clara Valdar must be told.

Walter turns and makes a gesture to Kranik. Kranik  
hesitates. Walter insists.

WALTER  
Go on, these men are my friends.  
(he grins at Iliya)  
Not gypsies, but my friends. I  
know. Tell her we come tonight,

Kranik nods, and goes out. Walter takes the slivovitsa bottle, raises it in a toast.

57  
CONT'D  
(4)

WALTER

To the Rasli tribe...and their friends!

INT. - CLARA'S HOUSE - DAY

58

CAMERA is on Clara, who is sitting miserably in a chair with her head sunk in her hands. When she looks up, we see that her face is tight and drawn. Her voice is hollow with pain. CAMERA will find Vicek sitting at a chess table, working out a chess problem.

CLARA

If you'd just let me see Stefan... once more...

VICEK (calmly)

When this...is all over.

CLARA (bitterly)

Did you have to...to beat him like that?

VICEK

Nothing is more constant than the philosophy of applied terror. Would you be so...so co-operative if you thought we would...coddle him? Of course not. But you know, don't you, that if your friend Solo so much as suspects...you will never see your dear husband again. You will not even know how he died. Follow my example, my dear wife, and wait, in patience, for that which is worth waiting for.

(He looks up at her and his eyes are hard)

And remember, always, that Stefan's life is in your hands.

CLARA

And Napoleon?

VICEK (a beat)

His too.

CLARA

I have your promise?

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VICEK (a smile)  
I'm sure you don't really want to  
bargain with us. That was the  
mistake Stefan made.

There is a KNOCK at the front door. Clara looks in  
alarm. Vicek is immediately on his feet, his gun  
in his hand, and is moving to the concealment of an  
angle in the wall. He gestures with the gun.

VICEK  
Just...remember.

Clara crosses to the door, opens it to disclose  
Kranik.

KRANIK (low)  
I bring you a message. Tonight,  
before the sun rises, we bring  
Emil here.

Clara nods. Kranik slips away. Clara closes the  
door, stands leaning into it, staring out into  
space. Vicek, smiling, moves out from his conceal-  
ment and crosses to the phone. As he dials:

CLARA (low)  
You promise that he will go  
free?

VICEK  
Which "he"? Solo - or your  
husband?

CLARA (fiercely)  
Both of them...!

VICEK (into phone)  
Fest? They'll be coming to the  
house tonight.  
Surround the house, keep  
your men well concealed. When I  
signal...break in, on all sides,  
fast. Is that understood? Good.

He puts down the phone, looks at Clara with a  
smile, lights one of his fancy cheroots.

VICEK  
It promises to be an exciting  
night, my dear. Make me some  
coffee.

As Clara moves off, staring straight ahead, he  
watches her.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:  
INT. THE CELLAR - DAY

59

CAMERA is on one of the potato-tallow lamps that Walter is lighting. Walter is pouring Solo yet another glass of the ubiquitous slivovitsa; Solo grimaces as he takes it.

SOLO

Any more of this patent medicine,  
and something's going to happen  
to my reflexes...

WALTER

I still say better we wait here for  
the fishing fleet to sail.

SOLO

No. Clara's house. Apparently  
everyone knows about this place...

He breaks off at the SOUND of an approaching truck,  
and they look up through the cellar window. Walter  
makes a gesture for silence, and Illya quickly  
snuffs out the lamp. CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the win-  
dow as it FRAMES the lower part of a truck that stops  
there. Some jack-booted feet descend.

THREE SHOT - SOLO, ILLYA, WALTER

60

WALTER

Sssh..... Police.

EXT. THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

61

A half dozen or so police are descending from the  
truck, making for the door of the cafe. They be-  
gin to enter.

INT. THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

62

as the police, laughing and smoking, enter. They  
find seats, slouch down comfortably, and one of them  
(Policeman One) goes to the bar where Maria is and  
hammers on it with his fist.

POLICEMAN ONE

One of the policemen reaches for a bottle on a shelf; he laughs, drinks greedily, tosses the bottle to a companion. Other policemen serve themselves in the same fashion as Maria sullenly pours beer into mugs; it's going to be a drunken party on the house. Policeman One sees the harp hanging on the wall, reaches for it, pulls it down, and tosses it to the girl.

62  
CONT'D  
(2)

POLICEMAN ONE  
Play, gypsy girl! Play!

Maris hesitates, then takes the harp, strums a few strings quietly. Policeman One turns to glare at the others.

POLICEMAN ONE  
Quiet! She plays for us! Quiet!

The NOISE dies down as they wait. Maria begins to sing a soft and melancholy ballad in a dialect we do not recognize. They listen. CAMERA explores their faces - uncouth men momentarily softened by the sound of the singing. It comes to rest on OSKOL, a policeman who is the driver of the truck. He is sitting near the door to the cellar. He looks around at his fellows, sees that their attention is taken by Maria, and moves unobtrusively to the bar. He looks around again and then moves furtively through the door to the top of the cellar stairs, CAMERA FOLLOWING him. The singing continues.

INT. THE CELLAR STAIRS - DAY

63

Dimly-lit, the stone steps lead to the now-closed door of the cellar. Oskol moves furtively down them. He reaches the cellar door, gently pushes it open, moves inside.

INT. THE CELLAR - DAY

64

There is almost no light here now, as Oskol enters. He makes a soft, stylized WHISTLE, three times, and now a match flares, held by Walter, illuminating his face. He lights the lamp again, and we see Solo and Illiya with him, ready for trouble. Walter throws them a reassuring look. His voice is a whisper - as is the rest of the conversation. Over scene, we can still HEAR the faint singing of Maria.

WALTER

All right, it is Oskol, one of us. He drives their truck.

64  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

A gypsy? In police uniform?

WALTER (a grin)

Half gypsy. If they ever find out...

He draws a finger across his throat, then moves to Oskol and takes his hand. Oskol looks at Solo and Illya. Walter lays a hand on his shoulder, moving so that his back is to Solo and Illya, and lays a finger to his lips, warning Oskol - he is warning him not to disclose his identity.

WALTER

My friends. They come to help us. Upstairs?

OSKOL (a short laugh)

They get drunk now. All day, we search the hills for Emil. We find only one lost sheep, which we shot for our supper.

WALTER

Better to shoot sheep than gypsies.

OSKOL

Stefan Valdar, he knows where Emil is hiding?

Walter frowning, looks at him.

WALTER

Why do you ask?

OSKOL

Tonight, I take a political prisoner from the cells over to the barracks. They say...

(a shrug)

...I do not know, but they say his name is Stefan Valdar.

Solo reacts.

SOLO

How sure are you?

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OSKOL

A political prisoner, who can be sure? They do not have names, only...destinies. But if it truly is Valdar, and he knows where Emil is...This is a weak man, my friend. He will tell them.

64  
CONT'D  
(3)

Solo has crossed to the window. He is dragging a box into position to climb up on.

WALTER

No, my friend...wait! It will be dark in fifteen minutes. Dangerous to be in the streets. The soldiers....

SOLO

Clara's in danger.

Illya crosses to him.

ILLYA

I'm coming with you.

SOLO

No! Do what...do what you have to, Illya, but get Stefan Valdar out.

ILLYA

Out of a Secret Police jail?! But why?

SOLO (savagely)

Get him out! Then find Emil. Call me before you bring him to the house.

Without another word, he climbs up on the box and disappears through the window. Illya turns back to the others and raises his hands hopelessly. Walter sadly watches Solo go, then looks at Illya.

WALTER (resigned)

Through the broken bars of a window...all our hopes. He must love that woman very dearly.

ILLYA

We will allow him the luxury of an occasional weakness...

(to Oskol)

You'd better get upstairs. Return when you are off duty.

As Oskol leaves, the SINGING upstairs breaks off. They look up. In the flickering candle-light, their faces are tense, expectant

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INT. THE CAFE FLORA - DAY

65

Silence...as Oskol slips back in. The soldiers are standing awkwardly to attention. Maria has stopped her singing and is looking sullenly at:

MED. SHOT - FEST

66

He stands by the open door, having just entered. He looks over the room, furious.

FEST (a roar)

Back to your work! Get back to your work!

As the soldiers hurry out, Fest strides over to Maria, brutally snatches the harp from her. He raises it in the air, like a club, brings it down on the counter, smashing it, hammering with it in a savage temper till all that is left is a mass of broken strings. CAMERA DOLLIES IN on Maria's face. Soundlessly, she stares ahead of her; the tears are slowly streaming down her face.

INT. THE CELLAR - DAY

66X1

They listen, breathing in relief as the soldiers' footsteps leave. Kranik comes down.

KRANIK

They've left.

ILLYA

Alright. Now - take me to Emil.

Walter and Kranik exchange a look.

WALTER

A gypsy learns to be more than careful, he learns that trust is sometimes a foolish thing. Now you will tell me your real name, and where you found the golden eagle of the Rasli tribe.

ILLYA

My name is Iliya Kuryakin. I found the eagle in a pawnbroker's shop in Rome.

WALTER

It is good that now you tell the truth.

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ILLYA (a shrug)  
As every gypsy knows, a lie is  
sometimes more helpful. Come  
now, Where is Emil?

66X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

Walter, smiling, steps forward and holds out his hand.

WALTER  
I am Emil. It is good that  
you come to help me. I am  
grateful. Let us drink to  
new friendships.

ILLYA (a sigh)  
I understand it's bad gypsy  
manners to refuse?

EMIL  
Of course.

ILLYA  
Something I rather wish I'd  
never learned. Let us make a  
plan for the release of Stefan  
Vladeck.

He takes the bottle, looks at it, sighs again, drinks.  
They squat round the fire.

INT. CLARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

67

CAMERA is TIGHT on Clara's face. She is looking in  
alarm at the door.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

67X1

as he bursts into the room.

SOLO  
Clara! I heard that Stefan  
had been arrested...

He breaks off, staring, puzzled. WHIP PAN across  
the room to show Vicek entering the room through  
another door, a glass in his hand. He looks at Solo  
with a pleasant, deprecating smile, sips his drink.

VICEK  
Yes, they arrested me. A mistake.  
(a shrug)  
These things happen, you know. A  
police state. I'm afraid. But I'm

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GROUP SHOT

68

FAVORING Solo. He is crossing the room to where some drinks are set out on a tray. His face is turned away from the others, and we can see that he is very alert, aware that something is wrong.

SOLO

That must take some doing.

VICEK

Did you see Emil?

SOLO

Not yet. But he'll be coming here.

VICEK

Splendid! And then?

SOLO

Then...then we decide what we have to do.

(smiles at Clara)

You won't mind if I go to bed now, will you? Have to be up...very early.

With a quick look at Vicek, he goes. Vicek looks after him thoughtfully.

DISSOLVE TO:

69-76 OUT

EXT. THE PRISON YARD - NIGHT

77

as the policeman leads Stefan out. A truck is waiting, with Oskol at the wheel and an officer beside him. Stefan is pushed aboard in the back, and now we see that there are three or four other police already aboard, waiting. The officer looks back to make sure that they are aboard, then signals Oskol. The truck moves off, and CAMERA PANS it over to the iron gates of the prison. A guard opens the gates and the truck passes through.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PRISON - NIGHT

78

as the truck moves off down the road.

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## ANOTHER PART OF THE ROAD

79

lightly forested now. The truck passes THROUGH SHOT.

## ANOTHER PART OF THE ROAD

80

heavily forested now. CAMERA is in the center of the road, which is not much more than a dirt track. The truck approaches in EXT. LONG SHOT. TILT DOWN to show that a double row of sharp gypsy daggers has been embedded in the road, points up. O.S., the SOUND of the truck approaching is HEARD. TILT UP as it skids to a halt, stops by the knives.

## ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

81

The officer leaps out, drawing his revolver. From the bushes close by, a shot is FIRED, and the officer throws up his arms and drops, dead.

## ANOTHER ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

82

SHOOTING from behind it. The police in the back pile out; they begin to fire wildly into the bushes. Illiya, Kranik and Emil rise up from among the bushes, firing, moving to fresh cover. INTERCUT to cover the action. The police take cover behind the truck, and return the fire. CAMERA WHIP-PANS to find Illiya who appears from behind a tree. He races forward, CAMERA PANNING with him, leaps aboard the truck, grabs at Stefan, pulls him bodily out. A policeman aims his rifle at him, and Illiya grapples with him. Another policeman throws his arms round Illiya from behind, and the three wrestle together.

ILLYA (up)

Stefan! Run for the woods! Run!

Stefan stumbles off into the forest, to the LEFT. A policeman fires at him, missing, and he disappears among the trees. CAMERA finds Illiya throwing off one of the policemen who were fighting with him; the other lies still at his feet, and we see that Illiya is now wielding his knife. He looks round for Stefan, still fighting as another policeman leaps at him. Illiya drives his knife home, the policeman drops, and Illiya runs for the forest, moving LEFT.

Original in

83 OUT

BACK TO SCENE

84

The soldiers are all down as Illya, Kranik, Emil, and Oskol come together.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST

85

Kranik is looking round for Stefan.

ILLYA (low)  
Stefan? Stefan?

The only answer is silence. They move off, still looking.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOLO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

86

Solo, fully dressed, is sitting on the bed, looking at his watch, counting the minutes, so to speak. He holds his sender ready. He pushes the button, begins to talk.

SOLO  
Illya? Come in please.

87 OUT

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

87X1

Illya is with his gypsies. Illya has his sender ready. (The gypsies watch, amazed.) we CUT from one to the other, as necessary.

ILLYA  
We freed Stefan - but he's disappeared.

SOLO  
Disappeared?

ILLYA  
He ran away. I don't know where.  
By the way - our friend, Walter,  
is in reality, Emil. We are coming  
to the house now.

SOLO  
Don't. I have an idea they're  
preparing a nasty reception for  
us all.

87X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA  
That's not very friendly, is it?

SOLO  
Good understatement. The man  
I thought was Stephan must be  
someone in the Secret Police.  
You'd better take Emil directly  
to the boat.

ILLYA  
The boatmen won't wait, you know.  
They'll sail an hour after daylight.

SOLO  
I'll be there.  
(a beat)  
If I'm not, take off without me.  
Good luck.

Solo switches off, puts his sender away, goes to  
the window and looks out cautiously.

EXT. CLARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

88

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - Fest, from Solo's POV. Fest is  
half concealed below the window, waiting.

BACK TO SOLO

89

He sighs, pulls open the drapes with no attempt at concealment, opens the window, begins to clamber out.

MED. SHOT - FEST

90

looking UP towards Solo. He hastily moves deeper under cover, sure that he has not been seen. CAMERA TILTS UP to find Solo coming down a drain-pipe, FOLLOWS him down, then PANS as he moves OFF with exaggerated caution. As he moves INTO MED. LONG SHOT, Fest appears in the FG and moves OFF after him, very cautiously. Solo moves OUT OF SHOT. Fest follows.

EXT. - PART OF THE STREET - NIGHT

91

Fest is moving cautiously after Solo. He STOPS. Puzzled because Solo seems to have disappeared, he looks around. HOLD. Now, Solo drops on him from above - he has been on a low roof. Again, he knocks Fest out cold with a judo chop at the back of the neck. Again, he strips off Fest's shoes and trousers.

SOLO

Getting to be quite a habit...

He throws away the shoes, takes a leg of the trousers in each hand, and rips them apart at the crutch, then drops the two halves on top of Fest with a gesture. He looks UP, and clambers back to where he dropped from - a low roof - CAMERA PANNING with him.

EXT. - THE ROOF OF CLARA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

92

CAMERA PANS Solo as he moves cautiously towards a window - the darkened window to Clara's bedroom. (NOTE: This window should be tall enough to frame a man; later). He passes a sky-light and peers down through it.

INT. - CLARA'S HOUSE - HIGH ANGLE SHOT - NIGHT

93

from Solo's POV. Major Vicek can be seen below, prowling impatiently up and down, pulling on his cigarette. He checks his watch.

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BACK TO SOLO

94

He checks his watch too.

SOLO (a murmur)  
It's later than you think.

He moves on, and CAMERA PANS him to the window. He opens it silently, peers inside.

INT. CLARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

95

The only LIGHT is that which comes in through the window. We can barely make out the form of Clara, restlessly asleep in the bed. In the BG, a shadow at the window is Solo. He creeps through, soundlessly, and moves towards Clara. She turns in her sleep and moans as though she's having a bad dream.

CLOSER ON CLARA

96

Solo's hand comes in, switches on a (FAINT) bedside lamp, then cover her mouth, and she is instantly awake, her eyes wide and frightened, till she sees who it is. He releases her; his voice is scarcely audible.

SOLO  
Sssh...The man you said is your husband is in the hall, prowling around...Who is he?

Clara's eyes are wide with fright.

CLARA  
No...Napoleon...you mustn't ask. Oh - I'm sorry I dragged you into this.

She is close to tears.

SOLO  
It's going to be alright. Who is he?

Suddenly, alarmed, she forces a lie:

CLARA  
I don't...I don't know what you mean...

SOLO

I know that Stefan was arrested.  
The real Stefan.

CLARA

No...no...he is my husband...He is!

SOLO

One of the Secret Police? Is that it?

CLARA

He is Stefan Valdar, my husband....!

SOLO

Then who was the man in the prison?

CLARA (a beat)

I don't know. I only know that...  
you won't succeed. No one ever es-  
capes...from them...No one, no one!

SOLO

Your husband has escaped.  
(she reacts)

He has. Our friends have gotten  
him away from the police. He's  
probably on his way here...

There is a BURST of machine-gun fire O.S., close by,  
followed by another. Someone SHOUTS O.S. Holding  
each other tight, they stare towards the window.  
Another SHOUT, closer, followed by more FIRING.  
WHIP-PAN to the window. Stefan is there, swaying  
on his feet. (He stands on the roof just outside).  
Another burst of FIRING, and we see Stefan shudder;  
the shock of the bullets throws him into the room  
and he crashes to the floor at the side of the bed.

CLARA (a SCREAM)

Stefan!

She slips off the bed and drops down beside him,  
cradles his head. Solo gets to his feet. The door  
is flung open and the lights go on. Major Vicek is  
there, a cigarette in his mouth, a finger on the  
light switch, his revolver pointed at Solo.

VICEK (calmly)

So our little game is over. What  
a pity. It was going so well.  
(a beat)

You know the penalty, Mr. Solo, for  
what you have been conspiring to do?

SOLO

I can guess.

VICEK

But you can save...all of your  
lives. Just tell me where Emil  
is at this moment.

96  
CONT'D  
(3)

The room is beginning to fill with police. A couple  
stand behind Vicek, a few more are at the window.  
One of them is a Sergeant.

SOLO

Would you mind telling me your name?

VICEK (surprised)

My name? Vicek. Major Vicek.

SOLO

Major? I know animals are given  
names - but never titles.

VICEK (a beat; to Sergeant)

Sergeant. Both of them.

The Sergeant moves to Clara, grabs her wrist, yanks  
her brutally to her feet. He slips a handcuff over  
her wrist, the other half of it over Solo's.

VICEK (to Sergeant)

Tell Lieutenant Fest to prepare a  
firing squad.

(to Solo)

In cases of treason, Mr. Solo, we  
usually dispense with the bourgeois  
formalities of a trial. It won't  
take them long to prepare for you,  
so if you decide to change your  
mind...you'd better do it quickly.

Clara begins to sob. Solo looks at her. Her night-  
dress is flimsy, and Solo gestures to the Sergeant,  
indicating her robe, which hangs nearby somewhere.

SOLO

Give the lady her robe.

The Sergeant stares at him, then starts to drive a  
fist towards his face. Solo blocks the blow and  
smashes the Sergeant down. As the soldiers start  
to move, Vicek gestures to halt them. Then he takes  
the robe and helps Clara put it on. He gestures  
and Solo and Clara leave, followed by the soldiers.  
Vicek watches them go, thoughtfully, then goes to  
the body on the floor and rolls it over with his  
foot. Stefan groans, clutching at a shattered  
shoulder.

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VICEK

You were much better off in jail,  
weren't you, Valdar? You and I  
will stay here - and we will talk  
of the whereabouts of Emil.

96  
CONT'D  
(4)

He gestures to two of the policemen. They pick up  
Stefan by the wrists and ankles and carry him out  
of the room.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

97

EXT. - THE BEACH - DAWN

Half hidden by rocks, the fishing-boat is at anchor. Close by, Iliya and Emil are in the middle of an argument. Oskol and Kranik watch.

EMIL

The boatmen will sail in another hour...

ILLYA (harshly)

You must go alone...then I'm going back to find my friend.

EMIL

By yourself, you can do nothing. We all go, or we all stay.

ILLYA

You go, I stay. Don't argue.

EMIL

I won't argue.

Emil moves a pace or two up the beach, away from the boat, turns back. Oskol and Kranik join him.

EMIL

Are you coming?

ILLYA

So be it. Let us all swim in the soup together.

Iliya makes a gesture of resignation, and follows.

INT. - CIARA'S HOUSE - DAY

98

Vicek is impatiently pacing up and down. He is now in full uniform, including cap and overcoat. On the sofa, Stefan lies bleeding, breathing heavily, gasping. (ESTABLISH). There is a KNOCK on the door and he goes to answer it, hurrying. The open door discloses Oskol. He salutes, turns and points OFF.

OSKOL

Emil, Tovarishch Major, in the bushes. He's wounded.

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EXT. - CIARA'S HOUSE - DAY

CAMERA PANS Vicek and Oskol as they run towards some bushes close by. They part the bushes and CAMERA finds Emil, lying on the ground, groaning. For a moment, Vicek stands above him, looking down on him, a slow smile spreading over his face. He draws his revolver, points it at Emil. Now, from behind him, Illya suddenly takes his wrist in a vice-like grip and puts an arm round his throat. Oskol steps in front of him and holds his knife a Vicek's throat.

ILLYA

I'll have that!

The revolver falls to the ground. Emil rises and picks it up, slips it into his belt, watches.

ILLYA

Now...a few things you're going to tell me.

OSKOL

Stefan Valdar...inside the house...bleeding.

ILLYA (to Emil)

Get him. Take him to the boat. I promise...we shall catch up.

Emil nods, runs out.

ILLYA (to Vicek)

And Solo? Where is he?

VICEK (calmly)

You're too late, my friend. They're shooting him.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

100 OUT

ESTABLISHING SHOT - HIGH ANGLE

101

The MUSIC is low, ominous - perhaps the beating of drums. The yard, as much as possible, is walled in, with a building along one wall - the wall in the BG. There are double doors in this wall, and they open; a squad of soldiers, carrying rifles at the "trail", marches out, the Sergeant moving along with them.

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As they move towards CAMERA, the ANGLE CHANGES, and now we see that Solo and Clara, still handcuffed together, are between the two files. (Clara is still in her nightdress). They move into MED. CLOSE SHOT, and we see Solo glance towards her. CLOSER, we see that her face is white and taut. CAMERA PANS with them as they move to one side, and DISCOVERS two posts set against a wall. The two files part, and take up their positions facing the two posts, leaving Solo and Clara alone together. The Sergeant takes them to the two posts, unlocks their handcuffs, and ties Solo's hands behind a post, and then does the same with Clara as the CAMERA EXPLORES the action. The rhythmic pounding of the MUSIC begins to GROW. Solo looks across at Clara with a terrible look in his eyes. She turns her face towards him; her lips are tight, her cheeks wet. CAMERA WHIP-PANS to find Lieutenant Fest, in MED. LONG SHOT, standing in a darkened corner beside a motorcycle with sidecar, the Driver still sitting on the cycle. He LIGHTS a cigarette, begins to move towards Solo, CAMERA PANNING. When they are in CLOSE TWO-SHOT, Fest reaches out and gently caresses Solo's face.

101  
CONT'D  
(2)

FEST

First, so that you will remember  
me...a personal matter...

He pulls back the caressing hand and slaps Solo  
across the face.

FEST

I am glad you decided not to talk.  
It gives me pleasure.

He moves away.

GROUP SHOT

102

The classic scene of an execution by firing squad.  
As Fest gives the orders, the soldiers obey them.

CLARA (to Solo)

I'm sorry. If not for me, you  
would be home, safe.

SOLO (grins)

I wouldn't have missed this  
dance for anything.



FEST

Firing Squad, one round, load!  
(the metallic SOUND of  
the bolts being worked)

Aim!

(the dull SOUND of the  
rifles thudding into  
shoulders)

Fire!

(the clicking SOUND as  
the hammers fall on  
empty chambers).

102  
CONT'D  
(2)

Clara almost collapses. Lieutenant Fest, grinning his pleasure, saunters over to Solo.

FEST

Next time...they'll be live bullets.  
Where is Emil?

SOLO

He's in Philadelphia, fighting  
policemen.

He looks OFF as the SOUND of a car approaching at  
high speed.

EXT. - THE PRISON YARD - DAY

103

SHOOTING through the gates to the street outside.  
We see a car approaching at high speed and STOP at  
the closed gates. This is a Military-type car,  
quite large, and open. Tools, shovels, gasoline  
cans, etc., are strapped to the body-work. Oskol  
is driving, Major Vicek beside him. Vicek is in  
uniform, but now without his cap and overcoat.

CLOSER ON THE CAR

104

VICEK

Open up! Hurry!

A guard hurries to open the gates. As the car  
drives through, CAMERA PANS and we see Illya in  
the back, staring passively ahead. He wears  
Vicek's cap and overcoat, buttoned up to the neck.  
The car heads for the firing-squad, fast, brakes  
to a stop a few yards away. In the BG, Fest  
begins to move towards it.

CLOSE ON THE CAR

Illya is nursing a revolver. He leans forward to Vicek.

ILLYA (low)

Remember that I'm a very nervous man,  
Major.

Fest has now reached the car. He salutes, waits.

VICEK

Well?

FEST

I do not think he will break,  
Tovarishtch Major. I will go to work  
on the woman...

VICEK

Later! First, Colonel Morisco wants  
to see them.

FEST

But...Give me an hour, Tovarishtch  
Major...

VICEK

Now!

Fest hesitates a moment, his face hard, then turns  
to shout an order to the Sergeant.

FEST

Sergeant! Major Vicek will take  
the prisoners!

BG, the Sergeant slips a handcuff on Solo, leans  
down and drags Clara (recovering now) to her feet,  
and slips the other half of the handcuffs on her,  
then pushes them over to the car. Illya throws  
open the back door and moves over to make room for  
them. Fest stares at him, frowning.

VICEK (to Illya)

This is Lieutenant Fest, a good  
officer.

(to Fest)

Major Kuryakin has just come from  
the Capital.

Fest snaps to attention, salutes smartly. Illya  
casually returns the salute.

ILLYA (to Oskol)  
Hurry, Colonel Morisco is an  
impatient man.

105  
CONT'D  
(2)

The car moves off. CAMERA PANS it to the gates,  
which have now been shut again. As a guard moves  
to open them, a motorcycle with sidecar approaches  
from the other side. The gates are flung open and  
the two vehicles face each other.

CLOSER ON THE SIDECAR

106

Colonel Morisco is sitting beside the driver, a  
mounted machine gun beside him. He looks at Vicek,  
glaring.

MORISCO

Well? Let me through, man!

ANOTHER ANGLE

106X1

including the two vehicles. Oskol backs up the car  
to let the cycle pass. Colonel Morisco turns to  
stare curiously, puzzled, at Solo and Clara, but  
the cycle does not stop. It moves on OUT OF SHOT.  
In the car, Solo leans forward to Oskol.

SOLO

Home, James...not too slowly.

MED. SHOT - MORISCO'S CYCLE

107

The cycle stops close by Fest, who is about to  
march the firing squad back again - they are lined  
up and ready to move off. Morisco looks back towards  
the first car, as Fest runs to him and salutes.

MORISCO

Where are they going, Fest?

MED. SHOT - THE FIRST CAR

108

Oskol guns the motor and the car takes off fast,  
through the gates. The guards leap for safety as  
it tears past them.

MED. SHOT - THE FIRST CYCLE

109

Morisco is staring back at the gates, his face furious as the driver swings the wheel over and makes a tight circle. Fest is leaping aboard the 2nd cycle as it gathers speed.

INT. - THE FIRST CAR - DAY (PROCESS)

110

Illya is looking back, his revolver ready. Clara looks at Solo in desperation. Solo raises a handcuffed wrist. Illya, holding the revolver, swings round with it to keep an eye on the cycle behind them. Clara gets tangled up in the handcuffs, and Solo takes time out to smile at her reassuringly as he works. Solo reaches out of the car and unstraps the jerry-can of gasoline that is fastened there, drags it inside with him, wrestles with the screw-top to get it open. He has a hard job doing so, (ESTABLISH), but it comes loose at last. He rams his handkerchief into the opening, pulls out his cigarette lighter, flips it three or four times before it works, then lights the handkerchief. As the car bounces along, he stands up, facing back, raises the "fire-bomb" above his head, and hurls it back onto the road.

TRUCKING SHOT

111

from the car. The gasoline can bounces on the road once or twice, then bursts into flames. A sheet of flame spreads wide across the road.

LONG SHOT - THE CYCLES

112

SHOOTING THROUGH the flames. The cycles are in the far distance, approaching at high speed. They race TOWARD CAMERA.

EXT. - OPEN ROAD - A HAIRPIN BEND

113

(or, better still, a series of hairpin bends). CAMERA is on the first car, moving along at maximum speed as it takes a sharp corner dangerously, swaying from side to side. It runs THROUGH SHOT. TILT UP to the hairpin bend above. The flames are there and Fest's cycle spins out and turns over in trying to avoid the flames. Morisco's cycle turns TOWARDS CAMERA and moves down the steep slope of the mountain. This is not an easy route

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even for a cycle, and it shows. Someone aboard  
opens fire, but the shots obviously go wild.

113  
CONT'D  
(2)

114-118 OUT

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

119

The first car races INTO SHOT and skids to a halt,  
blocking the road.

ILLYA (up)  
Everybody out!

They all pile out.

120-123 OUT

CLOSE ON MORISCO'S CYCLE - ANOTHER ANGLE

124

SHOOTING from the side of the road. We just have  
time to see the look of alarm on the driver's face  
as he sees the cable. He spins his cycle around,  
grinding to a halt under a tree.

ANOTHER ANGLE

125

As Morisco grabs the machine gun and, with the  
driver, starts to dismount. Suddenly, Oskol  
and Iliya drop from the tree onto them. The fight  
is brief and the Two Policemen are flattened.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ROADSIDE

126

Solo and Clara move out from behind the trees, Solo  
pushing Vicek before him.

SOLO  
Iliya's been wanting to try  
that since he saw Errol Flynn  
play Robin Hood.

CLARA  
Where are we going?

SOLO  
There's a boat waiting for us.

CLARA

I can't leave...not without  
Stephen.

126  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

I -- figured that one out a  
while ago...

Illya and Oskoi come up, each man wearing a pair  
of pants.

ILLYA

Let us go home.



NEXT. - A COVE - DAY

127

The boat is there, waiting, an impatient FISHERMAN at the helm. Illya is ushering the others aboard - Emil, and then Solo and Clara, still handcuffed together, as Oskol watches. Kranik is there, too. He makes a gesture to a limp blanket-covered bundle that lies on the deck; it is Stefan. Clara runs to him, unavoidably dragging Solo with her, and crouches down beside him. Emil joins them. He takes a bundle of documents - oilskin wrapped, perhaps - from an inside pocket.

EMIL

With these...and what Stefan Valdar will tell the officials...

STEFAN (to Clara)

I'm sorry, dear. I did want to protect you.

CLARA

Hush. I know. It will be all right now. You will see.

She cradles Stefan's head in her arms, as she shoots a look at Solo.

SOLO

Sure. Morisco's crowd will be cleaned out now...and you'll be able to go home later.

CLARA

It's all over, my darling, there'll be no more running, or hiding.....just the two of us together.

(to Solo)

Thank you, Napoleon.

CAMERA finds Solo's handcuffed wrist. In a happy cadence with Clara's devoted rocking back and forth, the wrist is moving from left to right, right to left too, as Solo patiently follows it with his eyes.

128 OUT

GROUP SHOT

129

Kranik steps ashore to join the waiting Oskol and Vicek. Illya and Emil go to him, leaving Clara, Stefan and Solo to continue their rock-the-cradle act b.g.

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ILLYA (to Kranik and  
Oskol)  
You'd better come too.

129  
CONT'D  
(2)

KRANIK (shakes his head)  
I must lead... all my people to  
safety now.

ILLYA (indicates  
Vicek)  
We'd better take this one along.

OSKOL  
Oh no -- please. Leave him for us.  
He will order the border guards to  
let us pass.  
(to Vicek)  
Won't you -- Mayor?

VICEK (worried)  
Yes -- of course.

ILLYA (to Solo)  
Ah -- this love... love. The  
danger it leads men into.

SOLO  
I've noticed that.

ILLYA (indicates  
chain)  
We'll break that chain when we  
reach Italy.

SOLO  
No rush. It's not really holding  
anything together.

As they sail...

FADE OUT:

THE END