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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE FIERY ANGEL AFFAIR

Prod. #8469

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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

The Fiery Angel Affair

Prod. #8469

Script dated: August 31, 1967

Name change:

FROM:

ANGEL ABACA

TO

ANGELA ABACA

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

The Fiery Angel Affair

Prod. #8469

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ANGEL ABACA'S PICTURE (THE PLAZA) - DAY

1

The picture is a glossy photograph tacked to one end of a long canvas banner. ANGEL is a most attractive thirty-year-old blonde Latin. Her face and hairdo may be a little too strong by American standards, but it's a good face.

The UMPAH of a MILITARY BAND and the CHEERS of a mob can be heard as the --

CAMERA PANS along the banner to reveal the emblazoned words, "Viva Angel" next to her picture. When it passes these words, the words, "Viva Abaca" appear, and then a photograph of General Paco Abaca at the opposite end of the banner from Angel's.

Abaca is about ten years older than his wife, handsome, dark, military, rigid. Over many generations the Queirdans have learned to look at anyone who governs them with mistrust.

ANOTHER ANGLE

2

to show the whole banner. A MAN is tacking the Abaca end of the banner to the railing of the balcony of a beaten-up Spanish-looking building. OFF CAMERA the SHOUTS AND CHEERS are turning into a definite rhythmic CHANT for Angel.

EXT. THE PLAZA IN THE CAPITAL OF QUERIDO - DAY
(STOCK -- ANY TOWN OF THE SIZE OF TAXCO ON A
FESTIVAL DAY)

3

The plaza is jammed.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE ON THE
PLAZA - DAY

4

SHOOTING UP through the crowd.

Even in its Spanish Colonial heyday Querido had none of the charm of a Lima or the scale of a Mexico City. This is the undeveloped capital of an undeveloped country -- dusty, hot, neglected. This bunting-festooned building is typical for such a town. The Queridan flag flies over it. TWO SOLDIERS stand stiffly at opposite ends of the second floor balcony. Photos of Angel and Abaca flank the balcony. The small Military Band can be heard PLAYING doggedly below the balcony at the entrance to the courthouse.

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE CROWD - DAY

5

SHOOTING UP a narrow side street.

An ancient open taxi is making its way toward the plaza.

TIGHTER SHOT - THE TAXI

6

as it comes to a halt, blocked by the crowd. ILLYA is in the back of the cab as the CAB DRIVER throws up his hands.

CAB DRIVER (to Illya)
So far I can bring you, Senor.
No more.
(indicating the plaza)
Not till the celebration is finish.

ILLYA
Do you have these all the time?

CAB DRIVER (overcome by
the thought of Angela)
Imagine, Senor! It is Angela's
birthday, and she gives to us a
present. A -- A ---
(groping for the word and
coming up with it triumphantly)
A Courthouse.

ILLYA
Every capital city should have one.

CAB DRIVER (realisti-
cally)
Until now what good would it be? We
had no courts.
(proudly)
But that is changing. All of it.
(to the banner)
Thanks to you, our Angel, Angel of
Querido.

ILLYA (dryly)
And to her husband, General Abaca.

CAB DRIVER (with a
quick touch of guilt)
~~Of course, of course. Thanks to him~~
too.

Illya takes out some bills to pay the Cab Driver.

ILLYA
Do you think they'd mind if I
joined the birthday party? I have
an invitation.

The Cab Driver looks at him strangely, not under-
standing, but he takes the money, and his expression
changes to pleasure.

CAB DRIVER
Go! I will get your valise to the
hotel, senor --

ILLYA
Kuryakin.

Illya gets out and the Cab Driver jumps to the seat of the cab.

6
CONT'D
(3)

CAB DRIVER (SHOUTING)
Angel! Angel!

EXT. THE SIDE STREET - DAY

7

as Illya makes his way toward the plaza.

EXT. TIGHT SHOT - THE EDGE OF THE PLAZA CROWD - DAY

8

Illya comes out of the side street as the CHANT of the crowd reaches a demanding peak.

THE CROWD (STOCK)

9

as the SHOUTING, etc., continues.

BACK TO ILLYA

10

Illya turns toward the Palace balcony as there's a ragged, but ear-splitting FANFARE from the Military Band.

THE BALCONY (ILLYA'S P.O.V.)

11

A Colonel in full military splendor (CARLOS ABACA) comes out. Carlos is in his early thirties. There's a definite resemblance to his brother, but Carlos is already running to the fat of dissipation. Carlos steps up to a microphone and tries to call the crowd to order. His words BLAST across the plaza, but the crowd pays no attention, keeping up its insistent demand for Angel to appear.

CARLOS
(on loudspeaker)
Citizens! Silence! We cannot proceed on the happy day ---

But he has little luck. He turns and gives the Soldiers who flank the balcony a sharp, angry nod. The Soldiers raise their rifles and FIRE high above the crowd. This burst of gunfire has the magic

effect and the crowd begins to simmer down.

11
CONT'D
(2)

CARLOS
On this, the glorious birthday of
our beloved Angel of Querido ---

He gets no further. The crowd erupts into uncontrollable CHEERS as ANGEL comes out on the balcony, PACO ABACA behind her. All she can do is smile and wave and bow and throw them kisses as Abaca and Carlos stand behind her. She finally silences them by holding up her hands.

ANGEL
(Angel is a first-rate crowd-grabber. She came off the streets of the Barrio and fought next to her husband in the hills for the freedom of Querido -- and she learned long ago how to hold and play a mob.)
Thank you, people of Querido. My people. My husband's people. Today, on my birthday ---

(NOTE: the speech, text for which will be provided, will continue V.O. (filter) through Sc. 22)

ILLYA

12

Angel's voice continues in the background, interrupted over and over by CHEERS. Illya is moving along the edge of the crowd to get a better look, when the shutter of a second-story window in the building directly ahead of him opens and something metallic catches the sun, glinting as it's brought to rest on the sill of the opened window.

REVERSE ANGLE - ILLYA

13

his eye caught by the glint. Then his expression changes and his face becomes alert as he looks toward the glint.

THE WINDOW - ILLYA'S POV

14

The object is tubelike.

ZOOM IN

15

to show it as the tip-end of a rifle barrel.

ILLYA

16

as he springs into action. He runs for the door of the building, shoving people aside as he does.

INT. THE BUILDING - DAY

17

SHOOTING DOWN the staircase toward the street door as Illya pushes the door open, hesitates for a split second while his eyes become adjusted to the hallway after the brightness of the plaza, then runs for the stairs and up.

INT. THE SECOND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING - DAY

18

Illya comes into the hallway and turns, looking for the door to the room he saw. He spots a door and runs for it.

He yanks open the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

19

SHOOTING PAST ILLYA into the room. Directly ahead of him is the open window. Kneeling at the window, with his back to Illya, is THE ASSASSIN, the tip of his rifle resting on the windowsill.

THROUGH GUN SIGHT

20

Angel can be seen neatly impaled by the cross hairs across the plaza.

ANGLE ON ILLYA AND ASSASSIN

21

Illya springs just as the Assassin squeezes the trigger, making the rifle jerk just enough so that when it FIRES ---

ANGEL

22

The bullet misses Angel and hits the window behind her. Angel is stunned for an instant before the people on the balcony realize what's happened. Then Abaca begins shouting wildly to his Soldiers. One Soldier leaps to pull Angel to safety in case there are more shots. Carlos shouts commands to the Soldiers below the balcony, then runs for the balcony door, Abaca's Soldiers behind him.

23-27 OUT

INT. THE ASSASSINATION ROOM - DAY

28

as Illya and the Assassin fight for the gun.

INTERCUT

29

with the Soldiers reaching the door of the house of the Assassin and the people at the door shouting to them that the shot came from upstairs.

INT. THE ROOM - DAY

30

as Illya knocks the Assassin out and picks up the rifle. Just as he gets the rifle the Soldiers burst into the room. It only takes a Soldier an instant to lunge for him, grab the rifle and pinion his arms. Other Soldiers grab the unconscious Assassin. One of the enraged Soldiers slaps Illya across the face slamming his head back and forth.

ILLYA (realizing what
it looks like, and the spot
he's in)
Happy Birthday, Angel.

As he's dragged out of the room ---

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE PALACE - DAY

31

The angered crowd is crushing toward the knot of Soldiers who are trying to get Illya and the Assassin into the palace. The Soldiers are forcing a path through the mob, some of them surrounding Illya, others half-carrying, half-dragging the unconscious Assassin. Illya knows that he's here on a mission and that, if he can get to Angel, she'll be able to save him, but he also knows that, with the mob in this lynching mood, he may not live to contact her.

32-33 OUT

ON ILLYA

34

As the crowd closes in, he's dragged toward the steps. The Soldiers manage to keep the crowd back.

EXT. FOOT OF PALACE STEPS - DAY

35

A stairway goes up to the second floor. Carlos is clattering down the stairs.

CARLOS (the fact
that there were two men is
the first of several sur-
prises he received)
Two of them?

SOLDIER
Si, Colonel.
(indicating Illya)
This is the one. The one who shot.

CARLOS (his surprise
is absorbed and covered
immediately. He snaps his
hand toward the back door)
Both of them. To the firing squad.

As they start to hustle the Assassin away, Illya struggles to break free, knowing now that he's fighting for his life.

ILLYA
Now, wait a minute ---!
I didn't try to kill her. I ---
(he breaks off; then:)
Get me to Senora Abaca. She
knows who I ---

Carlos is suddenly wary. As will be seen much later, something has gone very wrong with the assassination attempt.

CARLOS (to the
Soldiers dragging Illya)
Wait!
(to Illya)
English? American?

ILLYA
Senora Abaca can tell you who I
am. She sent for me. She ---

CARLOS (cutting
him off)
The Angel of Querido sends for a
man to kill her?

ILLYA
Get me to Angel Abaca. Let her
explain.

CARLOS (eyeing him)
This is something I didn't expect.
The Secret Three -- the revolution-
aries, now they hire foreign
killers to overthrow our great
democracy.

ILLYA
I wasn't hired by the Secret Three.
Angel Abaca, your president's wife,
asked me to come.

CARLOS
What kind of fool do you think
I am?
(to the Soldiers)
Take him!

ILLYA (struggling)
Colonel...

CARLOS
Take him!

35
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA (desperately,
as he goes)
Colonel! Listen! Get me to ---

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THE PRESIDENTE'S ROOM AT THE PALACE - DAY

36

Beyond the French windows can be seen the balcony where Angel made her appearance. Other windows at the opposite end of the room look out on the courtyard and doors lead to the hallway. Angel is shaken by her experience, but she's all right. Her shock is just beginning to turn to anger. Abaca is genuinely concerned as he tends her, but his manner is the manner of a man who's never quite mastered the art of controlling a strong-willed woman. There's nothing weak about Angel. Her concern for her people and her country drives her relentlessly.

ABACA (solicitous)
Angel, go to your room.
Rest.

36
CONT'D
(2)

ANGEL (shaking this
off in her excitement)
Rest? We have a prisoner. For the
first time we can find out who this
junta -- these Secret Three -- are.

ABACA (firmly)
That's my job. I'll question him.

ANGEL (strongly)
I want to be there.
(reasoning with him)
They tried to kill me. That means
they're ready to strike. And if
they're ready, they have strength.
That strength has to come from
outside Querido.

ABACA (irritated)
Yes, yes. Of course. From this ---
THRUSH you keep talking about.

ANGEL
Paco, I'm not wrong. You'll see.
And if this "Secret Three" -- and
THRUSH -- destroy our new democracy,
what will happen to Querido, to our
people, to --

The door opens and Carlos comes in.

CARLOS (to Abaca)
We're ready, Presidente.

ANGEL
Ready? Ready for what?

CARLOS (astonished)
The firing squad.

ABACA
How can my own brother be so stupid?

He hurries to the back windows, Angel behind him.

THE COURTYARD, THEIR POV

37

Illya and the Assassin, blindfolded, are tied to stakes and the FIRING SQUAD stands poised.

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM

38

ANGEL
Carlos! Stop them!

CARLOS
But they tried to kill you. The one --
the foreigner -- had the gun and --

ANGEL (stopped)
Foreigner?
(to Abaca)
I told you. The Secret Three have
help. Foreign help.

She yanks open the window.

EXT. THE WINDOW - DAY

39

as Angel appears.

ANGEL (in Spanish,
shouting down to the soldiers)
You. Captain. The foreigner. Bring
him here.

ILLYA

40

as he hears the voice and registers pure relief.

ZIP PAN TO:

THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM - DAY

41-45

Angel, Abaca and Carlos face a seated Illya.

ABACA (to Angel, flaring)
U.N.C.L.E.? You sent to U.N.C.L.E.
for help?

ANGEL (just as strongly)
Yes, I did. If you're too pig-headed
to admit the truth, I'm not.

41-45
CONT'D
(2)

ABACA
Without consulting me? Without asking
my ---

ANGEL (cutting him off)
I asked. I asked. I begged you. You
wouldn't do anything. Now perhaps
you'll face the fact that we need help.
(to Illya)
All right. You say you're from U.N.C.L.E.
Prove it.

ILLYA (to Angel as he
activates his communicator)
You contacted a man called Waverly.
Right?

ANGEL
Anyone would know the name.

ILLYA (into communicator)
Open Channel D, please.
(giving her the communicator)
Take it.

She takes it.

ANGEL (skeptically)
What proof is this?

WAVERLY'S VOICE (over
communicator)
Waverly here.

Angel is so startled she almost drops it.

ILLYA
Ask him.

WAVERLY'S VOICE
Mister Kuryakin?

ANGEL (uncertainly)
Senor Waverly?

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY IN COMPUTER ALLEY

41-45
CONT'D
(3)

Waverly is puzzled as he stares at his transmitter.
Solo waits at the edge of Waverly's desk.

WAVERLY

Who is this?

ANGLE

Angel -- Angel Abaca.

WAVERLY (warmly)

How are you, my dear? I presume
Mr. Kuryakin found you.

(then --)

And happy birthday.

ANGEL (holding the
communicator gingerly)

Thank you.

WAVERLY

Everything under control?

ILLYA (taking

the communicator)

Mr. Waverly -- a few minutes ago
the President's wife was almost
killed with a THRUSH modified rifle.
That confirms what you suspected.
THRUSH is supplying the revolutionary
junta with arms.

WAVERLY

I daresay. There's a great deal of
oil in Querido, and THRUSH wants it.

ANGEL (to Abaca)

I was not wrong.

ILLYA (to Waverly)

Unfortunately, I made rather a
display of myself. I won't be
able to operate in secrecy.

WAVERLY (flat)

You're asking for help.

SOLO (to himself)

Naturally.

ILLYA
As quickly as possible. If the
Secret Three had succeeded,
there'd be a revolution now.
They'll try again.

WAVERLY (turning
to Solo)
Mr. Solo?

SOLO (with a nod
of agreement)
I just regret missing the birth-
day party.

WAVERLY
Mr. Solo will contact you when
he reaches Querido.
(then --)
And Senora Abaca --

ANGEL
Yes?

WAVERLY
May your next birthday be less --
explosive.

He signs off.

THE PRESIDENTE'S ROOM

46

Abaca is still tight-lipped about Angel's move.
Angel sees it and makes feminine amends.

ABACA (to Illya)
And now that you're here, Mr.
Kuryakin, what can you do for
my country?

ILLYA
Get your wife out of it.

ANGEL
What?

ILLYA (to Abaca)
She's their target, not you.

CARLOS (angrily)
We have an army. We'll protect her.

ABACA (to Carlos)
 The way you protected her today?
 (to Illya)
 I understand, and I agree.

46
 CONT'D
 (2)

ANGEL (shocked)
 Agree to what? I'm not leaving
 my country.

ABACA (with love)
 Angel, Mr. Kuryakin is right.
 The people worship you. They
 know you're the one who's
 responsible for their liberty,
 their laws. If -- anything
 should happen to you, there'd
 be such chaos the Secret Three
 would destroy our government be-
 fore --

ANGEL (cutting in
 stubbornly)
 No. My place is with you, the
 way it was at the barricades.
 I won't leave.

ABACA (to Carlos)
 Bring the prisoner here now.
 I want to question him. Per-
 haps he can tell us who the
 Secret Three are.
 (to Illya)

And you, Mr. Kuryakin. You'll
 work openly with us now. There's
 no other choice for a man who has
 made himself the hero of Querido.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

47

OPEN on the banner we have seen earlier -- though
 perhaps in a different position now. A WORKMAN
 is adding a photograph of Illya to the other two.
 PAN DOWN to see that a small but enthusiastic
 crowd has gathered and an open government car is
 trying to get through the crowd. The crowd is
 smiling and enthusiastic because their new hero,
 Illya, is in the back seat, Carlos beside him.

48
 OUT

THE CAR - DAY

49

The car comes to a stop. As the crowd blocks the way one WOMAN tries to force some flowers on Illya.

ILLYA (accepting the
flowers with a stiff smile)
If they only knew my allergies.

CARLOS (grimly)
It's the price of becoming a hero.

The Woman leans further in and kisses Illya. As she pulls away Illya stops, staring at the crowd outside the car.

THE CROWD, ILLYA'S POV

50

One of the figures in the crowd is Solo -- unshaven, dressed in a belted khaki jacket -- looking every inch what he's supposed to be, a soldier of fortune.

Solo gives a small appreciative smile and nod to Illya, amused at the adulation, then vanishes into the crowd.

ILLYA

51

ILLYA (to Carlos)
Tell el Presidente I'm going to be a
little late for tonight's meeting.

Illya gets out of the car.

CARLOS (as he does)
But what will I say? He's waited two
days for this friend of yours to get
here. He demands to know where this
Solo is.

ILLYA
That's what I'm going to find out.
(to the crowd)
Muchas gracias, mi amigos. Muchas gracias.

He cuts off through the crowd as Carlos watches him an instant, then signals the Driver to move.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

52

Illya has escaped his admirers and is walking rapidly down the narrow street (where his taxi was stopped in SCENE FIVE) away from the Palace, trying to figure out what direction Solo would have gone. He stops a moment, then forges ahead. As he passes an arcade ---

SOLO'S VOICE (from
within the arcade)
Bravo and Olé.

Illya stops.

THE ARCADE - ILLYA'S POV

53

Solo is standing there.

ILLYA

54

as he steps into the arcade and joins Solo. Illya's trying to restrain his annoyance.

SOLO
In Querido bullfighters are out.
Kuryakins are definitely in.

ILLYA
You were to contact me when you arrived. Where have you been?

SOLO (calmly)
Here in the capital. Trying to
sell my services.

ILLYA (eyeing his getup)
You might stand a better chance if
you changed tailors.

SOLO
We soldiers of fortune cultivate
the casual look.
(as Illya reacts)
I'm selling my services to the
junta -- or trying to.
(then)
You have no lead on these "Secret
Three"? Your prisoner hasn't talked?

ILLYA
He's too frightened that THRUSH will
reach him, even in prison.

54
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Then it'd be a shame to leave him
in prison. You should send him back
to the Secret Three. Send both of
us.

ILLYA (stopped)
Both?

SOLO
All I ask is that when I'm arrested
and put into the cell with your pri-
soner, we're given an adequate amount
of privacy. I'll let you know when
I've won his confidence. Then Abaca's
soldiers can turn their backs while
we make a small, but effective, jail-
break and ---

ILLYA (skeptically)
-- and the prisoner will lead us
right to the Secret Three.
- (negatively)
Napoleon, these men have been trained
by THRUSH. They're --

He's interrupted by a series of feminine SQUEALS
from the sidewalk.

THE SIDEWALK - THEIR POV

55

Several charming young QUERIDANS are staring at
Illya, giggling.

ILLYA AND SOLO

56

SOLO
Remember, adequate privacy.
(encouragingly, with a look
at the Queridan girls)
You face the moment of truth.

And he vanishes down the arcade as the Queridans
descend on Illya.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. A SMALL CANTINA - NIGHT

57

This is nothing more than a bare, unattractive room open to a plaza with only an archway where the front wall would be.

There are only a few customers in the cantina. Several soldiers are at a table in the archway and Solo is in the back of the room at the bar, talking to the WOMAN PROPRIETOR.

TIGHTER SHOT, THE BAR

58

When the Proprietor answers Solo she does it with cautious looks at the backs of the soldiers.

SOLO (almost conspiratorially)
What is this Abaca? He calls himself "President", but is he any better than the dictators you had before?

PROPRIETOR (noncommittal)
We survive.

SOLO (bitterly)
Democracy! He's robbing you blind.

PROPRIETOR
At least now we have something to rob. Before we had nothing.

Solo looks up at the picture of Angel over the bar.

THE PICTURE, HIS P.O.V.

59

THE BAR

60

as Solo realizes how he can be arrested.

SOLO (indicating the picture)
And what about her? Angel Abaca!
You think she cares for you?

PROPRIETOR (stiffening)
She's from this Barrio. This street.
She danced in my cantina once. She doesn't forget us.

SOLO (progressively
louder)
Oh no. She doesn't forget. There
in the Presidential Palace she
doesn't forget. Using Abaca, that
puppet, that figurehead to get
what she wants. Money. Power.

PROPRIETOR (tensely)
Pay and get out of here.

The soldiers have turned toward him.

SOLO
Why? Because I'm telling the
truth about the "Angel of Querido"?
(scornfully)
Senora Abaca, I salute you!

He throws his glass at the portrait and in an
instant the soldiers are on him. Despite the
fact that he's outnumbered, Solo fights back,
and when he knows he's put up a convincing
enough fight he collapses against the bar and
lets himself be taken. As they handcuff him:

SOLO
It's about time.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR OF THE PRESIDENTIAL
PALACE - DAY

61

Soldiers flank the steps as Angel storms out, Abaca
at her side, Illya behind them. There's a massive
closed limousine at the bottom of the steps and
Carlos waits at the limousine.

ABACA (stopping her)
Angel, I'm begging you as your
husband. I'm ordering you as
your Presidente --

ANGEL (her lips set)
I'm going out! I've stayed in the
Palace two days. It's two days lost.

61
CONT'D
(2)

(to the three men)
You, you, you -- what have you accom-
plished? And what has this Solo accom-
plished? If we can't get the assassin
to talk, he won't either. No! Now
I'll take action.

She turns to start down the steps and stops as she
sees the limousine.

THE LIMOUSINE - HER POV

62

A Soldier holds the door open. Other Soldiers
stand guard around it.

ANGEL AND THE MEN

63

ANGEL (indicating the
- limousine)
Where's my car? What's that?

ABACA
If you insist on exposing yourself
it's the car you'll use.

CARLOS
It's safe, bulletproof ---

ANGEL
And what confidence would our people
have to see me ride like a criminal?
They've got to see I'm not afraid.
I'm not going to ride in that. Bring
me my car.

ABACA (helplessly)
Angel ---

ANGEL (deadly)
Bring me my car or I walk through
the streets.

ABACA (to Carlos)
All right.

Carlos goes down the steps to command the Soldiers
to take the limousine away.

There's the SOUND of the CAR STARTING UP.

ANGEL

I'll go into the barrios. I'll
talk to the people myself. There
has to be a thread that'll lead
us to the Secret Three. I'll
find that thread.

63
CONT'D
(2)

Suddenly there's an ear shattering EXPLOSION. Illya
leaps to cover Angel. As he pulls her to the ground,
they look toward the gates.

THE PLAZA - THEIR POV

64

The limousine has been blown up. Parts of the
shattered car are still clattering to the pavement.

THE GROUP

65

ANGEL

My country, my poor country.
(furiously, to Illya)
I asked for help. Now I demand
help. Bring this Mr. Waverly.
Maybe he'll do what you can't.

ILLYA (his eyes
registering his idea)

Yes. I think Mr. Waverly is the
answer.

Abaca hurries Angel into the building.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THE LANDING STRIP OF THE QUERIDO AIRPORT -
DAY (STOCK) TO ESTABLISH

66

THE U.N.C.L.E. (Hilton) plane sitting on a runway.

POV FROM PLANE

67

A closed government car is stopping at the steps
with its escort of army jeeps.

INT. THE CLOSED CAR - DAY

68

Illya and Angel are in the car as a Soldier opens the door.

ANGEL (to Illya)
If I've been harsh with you, the reason's plain. We can't wait. We need help now.

ILLYA (quietly)
No, no. You were right to ask Mr. Waverly to come down.

They start out of the car.

INT. THE PLANE - DAY

69

SHOOTING THROUGH the open plane door as Illya and Angel come up the steps. A man dressed as a STEWARD is waiting inside the door. He steps out onto the landing as they pass him.

ANGEL
Now we'll see what U.N.C.L.E. can do to ---

The door shuts behind her.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (on tape recorder)
Please be seated, Angel.

Angel looks around, startled.

THE PLANE - HER POV

70

The plane is empty, but a tape recorder is playing on the conference table.

ANGEL AND ILLYA

71

ANGEL
What? What is this?

WAVERLY'S VOICE (on tape recorder)
We regret this deception, but it seemed the most expeditious way -- the only way -- to insure your safety and the safety of ---

Suddenly the SOUND OF THE REVVING MOTORS drowns out the tape. Angel runs to the door.

71
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. AIRSTRIP - DAY (STOCK)

71X1

of the plane, taxiing.

BACK TO SCENE

71X2

ANGEL

Kidnapped. I'm being kidnapped.
(turning on Illya)
You. You did this. Stop it.
Take me back. My people. They
need me.

ILLYA

If you will give me a moment,
I'll explain what Mr. Waverly's --

But Angel is on him, slapping, scratching furiously.

ANGEL

I've been tricked! I've been --

Suddenly she's crying in feminine frustration and she sinks to one of the seats.

ANGEL

What can I do?

ILLYA

The only thing seems to be -- fasten
your seat belt.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SOLO'S PRISON CELL - DAY

72

Out of fear (and out of training) the Assassin has said nothing. Solo's taken his time to worm his way into the Assassin's confidence, but he's reaching the conclusion that this is hopeless.

ASSASSIN (nervously
angry)
Junta? What do I know of a Junta?
A -- "Secret Three"?

SOLO (persistent)
Enough to lead me to them once we're
out of here.

ASSASSIN (acid)
And how do you plan to get out --
have the Angel of Querido fly in
that window and carry us away?

The door opens and a GUARD steps in. The Guard cradles a small and efficient machine gun.

~~GUARD (to the Assassin)~~
You. Out.

SOLO (to the Assassin,
with a shrug)
He doesn't look like the Angel of
Querido.

ASSASSIN (mumbling)
Again? I won't answer any more
questions.

GUARD (as he takes a
silencer out of his uniform
pocket and jams it on the
front of the barrel)
That's right. You won't.

ASSASSIN (terrified,
realizing what this must be)
No. I didn't say anything! I ----

The Guard cuts him down with a blast from the gun. Solo braces for the blast that'll cut him down too, but the Guard swings him around and jams the muzzle in his back.

GUARD (to Solo, wryly)
 You want to see the Junta. They'd
 like to see you too. Move!

72
 CONT'D
 (2)

As Solo's herded out ---

ZIP PAN TO:

73 OUT

74-84 OUT

EXT. AN ALLEYWAY - DAY

84X1

Two FIGURES (Penitentes) in long-hooded robes -- the hoods so deep their faces are invisible -- are waiting near the entrance to the alleyway. They swing around toward the far end of the alleyway as the Guard hustles Solo down the alley, the small machine gun jammed into Solo's back.

SOLO
 Abaca's soldiers -- they'll be
 searching everywhere. You'll
 never get away.

One of the Figures who's been waiting pulls a duplicate of the robes they're wearing from under his own robe and holds it out to Solo.

GUARD (to Solo)
 Put it on.

SOLO (puzzled)
 I'm not sure it's my style.

GUARD (he has no time
 to waste)
 Now.

As Solo complies and the Guard takes a robe for himself from the second figure there's the SOUND of a RINGING BELL and something that sounds like GUNFIRE, but is actually the cracking of a whip. They move quickly to the alley entrance and look out into the street.

EXT. THE NARROW STREET - THEIR P.O.V.

84X2

A procession of hooded PENITENTES is coming down the street toward the alley.

Two columns of hooded Penitentes are positioned like a human 40-mule team at the shafts of the sledge. On the sledge is a massive block of stone completely covered by a black drapery. The sledge is as big as a buckboard with the wheels replaced by runners.

84X2
CONT'D
(2)

A Penitente moves ahead of the procession ringing a handbell while another walks beside the men who're dragging the shaft, cracking a whip.

BACK TO:

THE ALLEYWAY

84X3

SOLO

Penitentes!

GUARD (shrugging)

So the superstitious peasants believe. And who would stop such a dedicated sect -- one that does penance for their sins. No one. Not even the soldiers.

The procession can be seen stopping at the mouth of the alley.

SOLO

So you can move through the city at will.

GUARD (nods)

And, Senor Solo, we can move our prisoners at will.

They shove Solo into position on one of the shafts that'll draw the sledge and fasten the chain of his handcuffs to it.

The Guard takes his place right behind Solo. The man with the handbell sees that Solo's in position and RINGS the BELL. The procession starts up again. The Penitente with the whip walks alongside CRACKING it and the Penitentes at the shafts put all their weight into drawing the sledge.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THE U.N.C.L.E. PLANE - NIGHT

85

Angel has resolutely refused to have anything to do with Illya. But there are things she has to be told before they land, so he steels himself.

ILLYA

We'll be putting down in half an hour. Before we land ---

She swings toward him, her mouth set.

ANGEL

Is a prisoner allowed to ask where she's being taken?

ILLYA

A village in Switzerland. Remote. Unpopular, even in season. But for that reason, safe.

ANGEL

No matter how unpopular, I'll be recognized.

ILLYA

Not as Mrs. Kroll.
(at her look)

My wife -- who's suffered a severe emotional upset and must have complete isolation.

(a beat)

We'll have separate rooms, of course.

ANGEL
And Paco -- does he know where I am?

85
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
No one knows, except Mr. Waverly,
not even General Abaca.

ANGEL
But he's my husband!

ILLYA
It was the only way to insure your
safety. If he knew he'd try to
communicate with you. The agents of
the Secret Three might be anyone.
Servants. The telephone operator.
We can't take that risk.

ANGEL (flaring)
Mr. Kuryakin, do you realize what a
mistake you've made?
Paco can't govern by
himself. I'm the one who stands at
his shoulder, guiding, helping. Paco
needs me, especially now. The people
need me.

ILLYA (realistically)
They need you alive.

ANGEL
But they'll think I've deserted them.

ILLYA
No. They'll accept what your statement
in the papers said.

ANGEL (stopped)
My statement?

ILLYA
The strain of the attempted assassin-
ations was too much. You've gone for
a rest.
(a beat; modestly)
I wrote the statement myself.

ANGEL (after a beat --
icy)
All right. I'm your prisoner -- for
now. But understand one thing.
Neither you nor U.N.C.L.E. is going to
keep me from getting back to my people.

EXT. CAVALRY FORT - NIGHT

89X1

To establish.

INT. A ROOM IN THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - NIGHT

90

The Secret Three are at a table at one end of the dim room, their identities completely hidden by Penitente robes. The man in the middle (Carlos) sits impassive, but obviously in command. To his left is MARTINE, nervous and erratic. Standing to Carlos' right is VINAY. Vinay moves and speaks with the elegance of a bullfighter, which he is. When his right hand leaves the protective sleeve of his robe a massive ring in the shape of a bull's head with ruby eyes is seen. The Guard hustles Solo in and Vinay commands the Guard with a sharp gesture to strip off Solo's hood. There's a moment of suspended silence as Solo studies them (though their faces are so covered and shadowed that he cannot really see them) and they stare at him. Then --

SOLO

I presume you are the Secret Three?

VINAY (studying him)

Mr. Napoleon Solo.

MARTINE (to Vinay)

~~Get on with it. We're in trouble.~~
Find out how much.

VINAY (to Solo)

We're honored that you've joined us.
Our plans have, unfortunately, suffered
a slight delay, but now -- with you to
help us -- they'll again go smoothly.

MARTINE (biting)

Smoothly!

SOLO

If we're going to talk, it's rather
awkward addressing you in the plural --

VINAY

There'll be no talk. We only have
one question -- where is Angel Abaca?

SOLO (honestly)

You've asked the one question I can't
answer.

MARTINE

He's lying.

MARTINE

Forget about Angel! Find out what
U.N.C.L.E. knows of our plans!
(to Carlos)
Numero Uno, this man can ---

90
CONT'D
(2)

CARLOS

We're wasting time. Get him out.

VINAY

Quite so.

He gestures to the Guard and the ring glitters.

THE RING, SOLO'S POV

91

SOLO

92

His eyes registering the ring.

ANOTHER ANGLE

93

featuring Solo and Vinay.

SOLO

Is that all? We hardly got past the
introductions.

VINAY

We'll have more extensive conver-
sation after an old friend of yours
arrives in Querido tonight. Senor
Mabuse. You do remember him?

SOLO (tightening)

How could I ever forget. A
specialist in extracting information,
employed by a firm called THRUSH,
I believe.

VINAY

Until he arrives I can only say that
we're most glad to have you among us.

SOLO

I still didn't get your name.

CARLOS

Out!

93
CONT'D
(2)

The Guard pulls Solo out of the room.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF ILLYA AND ANGEL'S SUITE
- NIGHT

94

This is a pretentious and not very successful hotel in a second-rate Swiss resort. The decor of the room is too gemütlich for the comfort of anyone except a lost company of "Student Prince". The door to Angel's bedroom is shut. The door to Illya's is open.

A WAITER, dressed to match the decor, is setting up the leaves of a folding dinner cart and spreading the profusion of paper doilies, covered dishes and bowls. Illya knocks at Angel's door.

ILLYA

Darling -- they've sent supper for us.

INT. ANGEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

95

Angel is at the open windows. She turns.

ANGEL (with restraint)

I'll be there.

She turns to check the drop from her window.

THE DROP, ANGEL'S POV (STOCK)

96

It would take a parachutist to get out of the room.

ANGEL

97

She's determined she won't be held a prisoner. She swings angrily toward the desk and her eye falls on the stationery on the desk.

She grabs the pen from its stand and sets her mouth firmly as she starts to write.

97
CONT'D
(2)

THE LIVING ROOM

98

WAITER (in a light Swiss
accent, with the tone reserved
for the family of anyone ill)
I hope Frau Kroll will find here the
rest she needs.

ILLYA (concerned about Angel's
delay)
I'm sure she will.

The door to Angel's room opens and she comes out.
One of her hands is closed, concealing a folded
note. She's remarkably contained and purposeful.

ILLYA
Come, darling.

ANGEL (going to the cart)
I'm famished.
(lifting one of the ornate
lids)
What is it? What have you ordered?

WAITER
Ah, Frau Kroll, that is a very light
Swiss pudding that ---

Angel slams the lid down on the pan, but, as she
does, she slips in the note she holds in her fist.
The move is not too expertly made and Illya
catches it and comes to the cart.

ANGEL (to the Waiter)
No. Take it back. I'm sorry, but
chocolate ---

ILLYA
Darling, it looks so good.

He opens the lid and takes out the note.

ILLYA (to the Waiter)
Yes, you must take it back. There
seems to be something in the pudding.

WAITER (taking the
covered dish)
Herr Kroll. A paper! How could
that have happened? I will bring
another --

98
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (ushering him
out)
No, that won't be necessary. As
she said, my wife does not like
chocolate.

He shuts the door behind the waiter, but Angel has
taken this instant to slip another small piece of
paper under the cart's table cloth.

ILLYA (turning to her
and coming over as Angel
seats herself)
That was very clumsy of you.

ANGEL (with enough
sweetness to surprise
Illya)
Yes, wasn't it? I shouldn't have
tried anything so obvious.
(then --)
This delicious food'll grow cold.
Why don't we eat -- Darling?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SOLO'S CELL AT THE CAVALRY FORT - NIGHT

99

The cell is nothing more than a converted horse stall
open to the sky, its high sides making climbing out
an impossibility. Straw is still scattered around
the stall and a kerosene lantern throws shadows across
the stall. Solo rejects the idea of escape over the
sides of the stall and goes to look out through the
grating in the door.

THE COURTYARD, SOLO'S P.O.V.

100

The sledge is a few feet from the cell door, and two
Penitentes are finishing unloading it. They leave.
We SEE what they have been unloading -- crates clear-
ly marked EXPLOSIVES. Most of the crates are sur-
rounded by the discarded mounds of excelsior. There
is a tommy gun-wielding GUARD.

SOLO

101

as his hand almost touches the kerosene lantern. He reacts to the heat of the lantern, then straightens as he gets his idea. He quickly kicks off his shoes and crams them with straw from the floor. He ties one shoe to each end of the belt from his jacket and holds the straw-filled shoes against the hot chimney of the lantern. The straw bursts into flame and he steps back, taking hold of the belt that connects the shoes by the middle, whirling it around his head like a Bolo, faster and faster until he flings it over the sides of the stall toward the courtyard. He runs to the grating in the door.

THE COURTYARD, SOLO'S P.O.V.

102

as the flaming Bolo lands in the excelsior. There's an outburst from the men as they run toward the fallen comet. But it's too late, the excelsior begins to burn like dry brush.

SOLO

103

as he flattens himself against the wall for protection. There's one EXPLOSION, then a second and a third as pieces of the wall shower down on Solo and the door flies off its hinges. Solo, protecting himself, makes for the door.

THE COURTYARD

104

Solo breaks out, knocks out the lone guard after a battle. The other Junta men are too busy running for their lives from the series of explosions to take any notice of Solo as he comes out of the stall. He throws one appreciative look at his handiwork and runs for the gate of the courtyard.

THE AMMUNITION PILE

105

as it continues to go up.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THE PRESIDENTE'S ROOM AT THE PALACE - DAY

106

Solo's bedraggled soldier-of-fortune costume has been made more bedraggled by his escape. Abaca circles Solo tensely and excitedly.

ABACA

We found it as you said. The old fort in the hills. Deserted. Destroyed.

SOLO (realistically)

At the risk of shattering your optimism -- they wouldn't store all their arms in one place. Not with THRUSH guiding their strategy. And the Secret Three are still very secret.

ABACA

Not to you. You saw them, spoke with them. You must have some clues.

SOLO (remembering)

One. A ring as big as an egg. A ring shaped like a bull's head.

ABACA (stopped)

The head of a bull?

SOLO

With ruby eyes.

ABACA

You're sure?

SOLO

It wasn't the kind of ring that comes in cereal boxes.

Abaca has moved angrily to the wall behind his desk where an array of photographs is hung. He yanks one off the wall and almost throws it at Solo.

ABACA

Is this it?

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

107

It's an autographed photo of Vinay in full splendor, the hand with the ring grandly clutching his cape.

Yes. SOLO (recognizing the ring)

ABACA (tightly)
Vinay. I presented the ring to him
myself when I became Presidente.
(flaring)

What conceit! He doesn't even take it off when he plots against me.

(then --)
He'll be fighting today. We'll arrest him. Execute him.

SOLO (stopping him)
That seems to be the one solution here in Querido -- a firing squad. If it's the Three you're after, get the Three, not the One. Let Vinay lead you to them.

ABACA (quickly)
Yes. Yes, of course. I'll send men
to the corrido. They'll follow him.

SOLO (flatly)
You will send one man. Me. While Vinay's in the ring I can get into his dressing room, see if there are any letters, notes, any leads. If not -- where Vinay goes, I'll go. After last night there has to be another meeting of the Three.

ABACA
But he's seen you. He'll know you.

SOLO
He won't see me again. I'll be careful.

Abaca presses a button on his desk.

ABACA
Very well.

The door snaps open and a Soldier steps in and salutes.

ABACA (to
the Soldier)
Show Senor Solo out.

SOLO (as he goes)
If nothing else, I'll bring you
back the ears and the tail.

108
CONT'D
(2)

Solo goes with the Soldier. As soon as he's gone
Abaca picks up the phone.

ABACA (on phone)
Carlos. In a few moments Napoleon
Solo will leave the Palace. Assign
your best men. He's to be followed
wherever he goes.

ZIP CUT TO:

109-110
OUT

EXT. THE BULLRING (STOCK)

111

as Vinay's entourage makes its entrance.

ANNOUNCER (in Spanish,
over loudspeaker)
And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, the
event of the day. Vinay. The
magnificent Vinay.

CROWD (calling enthu-
siastically)
Vinay! Vinay!

112-113
OUT

INT. VINAY'S DRESSING ROOM - ANGLE ON WINDOW

114

as it opens and Solo enters. Over this we HEAR
the continuing crowd chant of "Vinay, Vinay!"
and the other SOUNDS common to the start of a
corrida. Solo assumes, quite logically, that
the L-shaped room is empty. As he begins to
prowl, he turns toward the altar in the "L"
section and --

ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST SOLO

115

Vinay is kneeling at the altar in this angle.

ZOOM IN

116

PAST Solo to Vinay as Solo stiffens when he sees
him. One of Vinay's swords is sticking out of his
back as he kneels and Vinay is very dead

SOLO

116X1

He hurries to Vinay, checks him.

MARTINE (V.O. from
corridor outside door)
Vinay! They're waiting for you...

Solo, realizing the need for a quick exit, moves
for the window. But before he reaches it --

ANGLE ON DOOR

116X2

The door opens and two men enter to find out what's
been keeping Vinay. One of them is MARTINE- - whom,
though we do not yet know it, we have seen in Scenes
90-93. The other is an ARMED GUARD. Martine is
tall, grey, aristocratic, one of the old landowners
of Querido, now reduced to breeding bulls.

MARTINE
Vinay! What's keep---
(he breaks off as he sees
Solo)
Solo!

He gives an alarmed look at the Guard, who promptly
FIRES a burst with his tommygun, the bullets splat-
tering very near Solo -- bullets that were not meant
to hit him but to keep him from escaping. Solo
wisely stops dead in his tracks.

SCENE

117

MARTINE (to the Guard)
I knew it! As soon as he escaped I
knew we were in trouble.

Solo reacts to this, suddenly knows the truth --
or at least a part of it.

SOLO (to Martine)
Excuse me -- I think I've met your
voice.
(a beat)
You are one of the Secret Three,
aren't you?

MARTINE (very nervous)
You won't be alive to --

SOLO (cutting in)
No, that's not quite right. It's
the Secret Two now...

He gestures toward the body of Vinay, which, until now, has been hidden from the view of Martine and the Guard. The pair look, and --

117
CONT'D
(2)

MARTINE
Madre de Dios!

Martine rushes over to examine him. Satisfied that Vinay is dead, he turns to the Guard.

MARTINE (his fear
freezing him)
Our mistake was in going ahead.
Knowing that U.N.C.L.E. ---

SOLO
We all learn from our mistakes.

MARTINE
I have, Senor Solo, I have.
(to Guard)
Get Numero Uno. -- He must decide
what to do.

There is the approaching SOUND of RUNNING FOOTSTEPS in the corridor. The Guard, keeping his gun on Solo, is at the corridor door in an instant. He darts one look into the corridor and SLAMS the door shut.

GUARD
Abaca's soldiers!
(indicating the window)
We'd better get out!

As they go out the window, the Soldiers begin POUNDING on the door.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

118 OUT

EXT. MARTINE'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

119

The house is heavily Spanish with arched adobe verandas.

120 OUT

INT. MARTINE'S HOUSE - DAY

121

The room is oppressively zoological. Like Chicago's Mr. Swift, Martine has utilized every part of the bull he breeds -- but for decoration. Over the mantel is the head of a particularly savage specimen who outlived several matadors' swords only to die by a taxidermist's needle. Solo is seated in a deep chair as Martine, holding a gun, stands at the mantel. A wheeled training cart sits in front of Solo's chair, the horns strapped to the front of the cart curving and menacing. Solo's calm as he toys with the cart, pushing and pulling it gently, is almost more unnerving to Martine than this long wait for Numero Uno of the Secret Three.

MARTINE

Deny what you will, you killed Vinay. That's your mission, to kill all of us. Now Numero Uno will see. It doesn't matter where this -- Kuryakin has hidden Angel Abaca.

SOLO (realizing this knowledge indicates a tip-off to the Secret Three from an inside source)
Kuryakin? Now where would you get that idea?

MARTINE

We know that he has. And you know where they've gone.

SOLO

As a matter of fact, I don't

MARTINE

You're lying.

SOLO (barbed)
Does Numero Uno tell you every-
thing? Obviously not, or you'd
have known about it when Vinay
was killed.

121
CONT'D
(2)

MARTINE (a bit shaken)
I will hear no more of that. Why
would he kill Vinay?

SOLO
The same reason he'll have to kill
you -- if your revolution succeeds.
Elementary mathematics. There can
be only one Numero Uno.

The Guard Captain enters.

GUARD CAPTAIN
He's coming.

Martine turns and hurries out without a word as
the Guard Captain takes over, his gun drawn.

SOLO
Tell me something. What's the
prize in this game? Why was
Vinay risking his neck to over-
throw this government? And
Martine?

GUARD CAPTAIN (shrugs)
It's very simple. Between the two
of them, they had stolen half of
Querido. The new government made
them give it back.

SOLO (more a
statement than a question)
...By order of Angel...

GUARD CAPTAIN (nods)
By order of Angel... Two very power-
ful men brought to heel by a dancing
girl from the streets.

A car can be HEARD coming up the driveway.

SOLO
And Numero Uno?

GUARD CAPTAIN (this
is the man he respects)
Ah, yes. Numero Uno. You'll have
a chance to ask him yourself.

There's the SLAM of a car DOOR outside and the excited sound of Martine's VOICE. The involuntary flicker of the Guard Captain's eyes toward the hall door is just enough for Solo to send the practice cart zooming across the room where its horns pin the Guard Captain to the wall, sending his gun flying. Solo dives for the nearest window as the Guard Captain tries to extricate himself.

121
CONT'D
(3)

EXT. THE SIDE OF MARTINE'S HOUSE - DAY

122

Solo doesn't have a minute to lose as he lands outside the window. He looks for a place to hide.

THE YARD - SOLO'S POV

123

The closest building is a stable.

SOLO

124

as he dashes for the open door of the stable.

INT. THE STABLE - DAY

125

SHOOTING THROUGH the arch of the stable door, toward the house. Solo makes the stable at a dead run, as the Guard Captain comes out of the window and after him. Solo looks for a way out of the stable.

THE AISLE OF THE STABLE - SOLO'S POV

126

The aisle runs straight back between rows of empty stalls to a heavy wooden door with a bar across it.

SOLO

127

as he runs for the door. He makes it and is lifting the bar out of its brackets when he HEARS SHOTS. He gets the door open and has time for one quick look back.

THE AISLE - SOLO'S POV

128

The Guard Captain is standing outside almost at the arch of the stable, but he isn't firing. In fact, his back is to Solo. There are more SHOTS and the Guard Captain turns and runs for the house.

SOLO

129

Solo gets through the door and slams it behind him. The heavy bar that Solo had pivoted up out of the brackets drops back into place barricading the door again.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

130

as Solo tries the door and realizes it's locked. There's a sudden INHUMAN SOUND behind him. Solo spins to see what it is.

A FIGHTING BULL - SOLO'S POV

131

WIDER SHOT

132-134

showing that Solo has barricaded himself in a practice bull ring. The ring is nothing more than a circular, high-walled enclosure whose only entrances are the door Solo used and an open door directly across the arena. The wild black bull is blocking that door.

INTERCUTS

of Solo and the bull taking each other's measure. Solo has sense enough not to move and the bull has sense enough to decide how much of an opponent this two-legged animal is. The bull makes the first move. He lowers his head and charges.

THE BULLFIGHT

(CUT TO: I won't take any chances on
missing the shot, just the same.)

THE BULLFIGHT

135

Solo's objective is to get to the door the bull was blocking. He's unarmed and there's nothing in the arena to use as a weapon, but each time the bull charges and wheels he effectively stops Solo's dash for the door. Finally Solo has no choice. As the bull charges again Solo doesn't try to duck. He braces himself like the steer-thrower at the rodeo, grabs the bull's horns and wrestles it to the ground. They go down together and Solo gives a brutal twist to the horns that rolls the bull over on its side. Then Solo goes like a shot for the open door.

By the time he's at the door the infuriated bull is getting back on its feet.

SOLO - ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR

136

Solo just has time to pull the massive door shut as the bull comes raging. The bull hits the other side of the door like thunder. Solo stands there an instant, breathless, but safe.

CARLOS (o.s.)

Solo. Senor Solo!

Solo turns.

WIDER SHOT

137

to show Solo is in a bull stockade and Carlos is getting the gate to the stockade open.

CARLOS (holding the
gate open)

Come. There's no time to lose.

The bull is still pounding away at the shut door. They HEAR the RENDING OF WOOD behind them. Solo hurries shakily toward Carlos.

138 OUT

SOLO AND CARLOS

139

Solo slams the gate of the stockade.

CARLOS

This way.

Solo suddenly sees Carlos' arm is bleeding.

SOLO

You're wounded.

CARLOS (brushing it

off)

Yes. But hurry. The junta men.
They'll be here.

They start running past the training ring toward the front of the house.

EXT. THE SIDE OF MARTINE'S HOUSE - DAY

140

The Guard Captain is lying dead at the corner of the house as Solo and Carlos come running. Solo stops.

CARLOS (rushed)

I had to kill him. He tried to stop me. Come!

There's a flicker of something wrong on Solo's face, but he's impelled forward by Carlos' momentum.

EXT. THE FRONT OF MARTINE'S HOUSE - DAY

141

A closed army jeep is in the drive. Martine is lying dead at one of the pillars of the veranda. Solo and Carlos come running toward the jeep.

TIGHTER SHOT - THE JEEP

142

SOLO (looking at

Martine's body)

Martine?

CARLOS
 What could I do? When he saw I
 wasn't the one he expected he
 fired... You'll have to drive.
 I can't. Hurry.

142
 CONT'D
 (2)

Solo runs to the driver's side as Carlos pulls himself into the jeep.

143 OUT

INT. THE JEEP - DAY

144

Solo's mind is ticking off the jarring inconsistencies of what just happened, but he feels his way cautiously through his thoughts.

SOLO (deliberately
 having trouble with the
 motor)
 Martine knew that Kuryakin has
 Angel.

CARLOS
 The junta is efficient.

SOLO
 Very efficient. Only three of us
 knew about the plan.
 (then --)
 How did you get here?

CARLOS
 Paco. He told me to follow you.
 He was afraid. And he had a right
 to be afraid.
 (impatiently referring
 to the motor)
 What is it? We have no time to
 lose.

SOLO
 Sounds flooded.
 (then --)
 You were following me all the time?

CARLOS
 From the moment you left the Palace.
 I lost you at the bull ring.

SOLO
 Then how did you know where I'd
 gone?

CARLOS
 I saw you drive off with Martine.
 I came as quickly as I could.

SOLO (carefully)
But Numero Uno was quicker.

144
CONT'D
(2)

CARLOS
What does that mean?

SOLO
I could have sworn he reached
Martine's ranch. In fact, I know
he did. I heard his car. Martine
went out to meet him. But this
car was the only one in the drive.

Carlos pulls a gun with his free hand and jams it
in Solo's side.

CARLOS
Yes, Mr. Solo, he did meet Numero
Uno.

SOLO (flat)
And then there was one.

CARLOS (smiles)
Indeed.
(a beat)
And Numero Uno killed Martine.
Now, when I turn you over to your
friend from THRUSH and you tell
me where Angel's hiding, I'll be
free to strike.

SOLO
Vinay -- did you kill him too?

CARLOS
I know nothing about his death. Who
killed Vinay is something you can
tell me.

Suddenly both men are aware of a SOUND that's been
growing as they talk. They turn to look behind
them.

WHAT THEY SEE

145

Two army cars are bearing down toward the back of
the jeep.

SOLO AND CARLOS

146

SOLO
Do you always travel with an escort?

CARLOS (jamming
him with the gun)
Drive or you die.

146
CONT'D
(2)

Solo has no choice. He starts the motor and careens off.

EXT. THE JEEP

147

as one of the army cars tries to cut off the jeep.

INT. THE JEEP

148

Carlos looking back.

EXT. THE JEEP

149

as the lead army car cuts in front of them.

INT. THE JEEP

150

Solo swerves abruptly.

EXT. THE JEEP

151

careening off the road.

INT. THE JEEP

152

As the jeep comes to a jolting stop, Solo's arm comes up and he knocks the gun up out of Carlos' hand. The gun FIRES, shattering the windshield and Solo chops down sharply, catching Carlos across the side of the head and knocking him out. Solo grabs for the gun and opens the door of the jeep.

EXT. THE JEEP

153

The second army car has come to a stop and Abaca and a quartet of armed soldiers are running for the jeep as Solo gets out.

SOLO (relieved)
~~Your Numero Uno is here in there!~~

153
CONT'D
(1)

Two of the soldiers pass Solo on a run for the jeep.

ABACA (coldly to the
remaining soldiers, indi-
cating Solo)
Arrest him.

SOLO (as they grab and
disarm him)
Arrest me?! The head of the
junta's in that jeep. Your
brother!

ABACA (gracefully)
I've suspected that for a long
while. And you have my gratitude.
Now I only have my dear Angel to
worry about.

SOLO
But she's safe, she's with ---
(he breaks off, the import
dawning)

ABACA (an evil smile)
Is she?

SOLO (a beat)
As we say in my country, "I've
been had."

ABACA
We have the same expression here.

SOLO
No wonder you welcomed our help.
(evenly)
The junta's gone now. All you
have to do is rid yourself of
Angel, and you'll be free to
rule as you please.

ABACA
Completely free.

153

SOLO
Then your next question must be --
"Where is Angel?"

ABACA (with raised eyebrows)
I have no further question, Mr. Solo.
I know where Angel is.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF ANGEL AND ILLYA'S HOTEL
SUITE - DAY

154

Illya looks at Angel warily as Angel slaps the
final domino on a game and wins. Angel is all
sweetness and light.

ILLYA
Luck.

ANGEL (correcting him)
Skill. Luck is nothing but applied
skill.

The SIGNAL on Illya's COMMUNICATOR sounds, startling
Angel. Illya takes out the communicator and
activates it.

ILLYA (on communicator)
Kuryakin here.

INTERCUT WAVERLY IN HIS OFFICE AND ILLYA

155

WAVERLY
Mr. Kuryakin, in exactly an hour a
plane will be at the airport. You
and Senora Abaca will meet it.

ILLYA
Then the revolution is over...?

WAVERLY
No, Mr. Kuryakin, but your part in
it is. You will deliver Angel to
your replacement and report back to
me.

ILLYA (stopping her and
looking at the expressionless
men)

155
CONT'D
(3)

Yes, he did.

As the men force their way into the room and Angel,
realizing the truth now, and terrified, is sheltered by
Illya --

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. A SWISS VALLEY - DAY (STOCK) 156

It's summer so the SHOTS should avoid snow but feature the feeling of a precipitous drop.

EXT. A CLIFF ROAD AT THE EDGE OF THE VALLEY - DAY 157

The two Queridans we have seen in SCENE 156 are working on the steering mechanism of a car parked on the shoulder of the road. One hands the other appropriate tools. PAN TO a nearby tree to which we see Illya and Angel bound.

ANGEL

Illya, what is it? What're they doing?

ILLYA

At the risk of sounding cliché, we are about to be taken for a ride.

ANGEL

But where?

Illya looks down and Angel follows his look.

158-159
OUT

THE DROP - THEIR POV (STOCK) 160

BACK TO:

ANGEL AND ILLYA 161

ANGEL

No.

ILLYA (flatly)

I reject the idea as thoroughly as you.

THE QUERIDANS - THEIR POV

162

As one of the Queridans continues to work with the steering mechanism while the other hands him tools.

ANGEL AND ILLYA

163

ANGEL

Now that they've found me, why this? Why not just kill me?

ILLYA

And make a martyr out of you? That's the last thing anybody out to control the government would want. Your people must think you died accidentally.

ANGEL

What does it matter to the Secret Three how I die? Martyr or accident, they'll still seize power.

ILLYA (calmly)

You're right. It wouldn't matter to the junta. But we aren't dealing with the junta, are we?

ANGEL (avoiding
the truth)

Who else would want to kill me?

ILLYA

You did get a message to someone in Querido.

ANGEL

Yes. The first night. I tricked you.

ILLYA

And I would be safe in assuming it was not to one of the junta?

ANGEL (biting)

Of course not.

ILLYA (driving on)
And the person who got your message
is the only one who knows where you
are.

163
CONT'D
(2)

ANGEL (exploding)
But he's my husband!

ILLYA (this confirms
his logical deduction)
He is also -- by your admission --
not very concerned with the welfare
of his country -- its new laws, its
courts. Without you he'll be free
to govern the way he wants.

ANGEL (her gritty
anger growing)
No. Angel Abaca will not die. Not
while her people need her.

ILLYA (looking at
the men)
Then I suggest we find an alternate
choice. In a moment our lives, I
regret to say, will hang by a thread.

THE QUERIDANS - THEIR POV

164

The man at the hood has almost finished, and he's
having the second man test the play on the steering
wheel.

ANGEL AND ILLYA

165

ANGEL (suddenly --
indicating her tied hands)
If it's supposed to appear an acci-
dent, they won't leave us tied.

ILLYA (puzzled)
I admit that would spoil the illu-
sion. But ---

One of the Queridans has come up to them. He
carries a knife that he uses to cut the rope that
ties them from the tree.

ANOTHER ANGLE

166

As the Queridan who's cut them free prods them toward the car. The second Queridan pulls open the door. His gun is trained on them.

ILLYA (indicating his
still tied hands)
Maybe we were wrong.

ANGEL (in Spanish, to the
Queridan, every inch the Queen,
indicating her hands)
The wife of your Presidente does not
die like this.

The man with the knife cuts her hands free.

ANGEL (in Spanish,
with bite)
Many thanks.
(indicating Illya)

Illya holds out his tied hands and, as the man with the knife starts to cut Illya's bonds, the second Queridan motions Angel into the car. As the knife slices through the last rope around Illya's wrist, Illya's doubled fists rise like two pistons catching the man under the chin. The knife goes flying and Illya grabs for it. Simultaneously, Angel springs like an alley cat at the man with the gun. She knocks it out of his hand and it goes skidding across the road toward the edge of the drop. As Illya and the one man slam between the car and the drop, trying to gain control of the knife, Angel fights with all the feline energy of a girl brought up on the merciless streets of the barrio. The knife is kicked toward the drop and, as he dives for it, the one Queridan stumbles over the tool box and goes sailing into space, his scream diminishing like a funnel. Illya turns to help Angel, but she needs no help. She sends the second Queridan crashing back into the open door of the car where he falls back on the seat. The impact is enough to jar the car and it starts to move toward the drop. Angel stands petrified, and Illya tries to run for the car, but it's already going over the drop.

CLOSE ON ILLYA AND ANGEL

167

They look off in the direction of drop as they hear the inevitable SOUND of the car CRASHING to the valley below.

ANOTHER ANGLE

168

Angel starts to cry and Illya takes her and holds her.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THE PRESIDENTE'S ROOM IN THE PALACE - DAY

169

Abaca is taking no chances as he stands just inside the door. Both Solo and Carlos have been securely tied.

CARLOS

Why keep us here? If we're going to die, shoot us now.

SOLO

Patience, Carlos. I'm sure it won't be long.

ABACA

Carlos, Carlos. Even from boyhood your fault was impatience.

CARLOS

And yours turned out to be Angel. Letting a woman use you as a puppet. You could have been dictator as we planned, not a weak Presidente, bowing to the people.

ABACA

That was a mistake I intended to correct. If you would have controlled your impatience I'd have found a way to get rid of her. You and I still would have shared the power and the wealth. Now it is mine alone.

SOLO

I hate to be the voice of crass reality, but you've still got THRUSH to deal with.

ABACA

Their ideas of what is good for Querido are so similar to mine that I think you needn't be concerned... In just a moment, my friend, the people will see how deep my grief is for the double blow I've suffered -- the deceit of my brother and the death of my beloved wife.

169
CONT'D
(2)

170-172 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

172X1

The o.s. roar of the crowd in the plaza below causes Abaca to move to the window, look down.

ABACA

It appears that the moment has arrived...How patiently they have been waiting for the message I promised them from their Angel of Querido.

He goes to a table and picks up a prepared speech.

ABACA

Of course, I'm still debating whether to have the execution first, or read this announcement of Angela's fatal accident.

SOLO (dryly)

I'd save the announcement for last. Otherwise you may be too overcome by emotion to give the orders to shoot.

ABACA (accepting this)

I think you're right. Would you like to hear it? It's rather good.

ANGELA (off, in the doorway)

By all means, read it.

THE DOORWAY - THEIR POV

173

Angela is standing there with Illya.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AS THEY COME IN

174

ABACA
Madre de Dios!

ANGELA (restrained)
My dear Paco, how lucky you approved
the new laws, these courts. Because
now you'll have a chance to test
them -- personally. Unless, of
course, you want to rescind those
laws and return to the old Querido
ways. If you do, a firing squad
is ready.

ANGELA (continued;
to the Guards)
Arrest him. Put them in the same
cell, he and his brother. Perhaps
then we won't need a trial. That,
too, is justice.

174
CONT'D
(2)

ABACA (beginning to
recover from his shock and
grope for a way out)
But, Angela, you must understand --

ANGELA
I do understand. That's what makes
it so sad.
(shakes her head as the Guards
drag off Carlos and Abaca)
Paco, Paco...how I loved you...but
you loved only yourself.
(to Solo and Illya as the
doors close behind the brothers)
I have a message for the people... I
want you to join me. Maybe their
thanks can tell you what mine can't.

The three of them go out on the balcony.

EXT. THE BALCONY - DAY

175

as Angela, Solo and Illya come out. The ROAR of
the crowd is deafening as Angela steps up to the
railing and Solo looks at Illya.

FADE OUT:

THE END