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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE SODOM AND GOMORRAH AFFAIR

Prod. #8438

PRE-PRODUCTION PLANNING SCRIPT ONLY

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Supervising Producer:
David Victor

Producer:
Boris Ingster

Written by:

Stanford Sherman

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

The Sodom and Gomorrah Affair

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY VILLA - DAY (STOCK)

1

Partially hidden behind trees, exuding sinister opulence. SUPER: "SOMEWHERE IN SICILY"

EXT. VILLA GATE - DAY

2

A heavy iron gate flanked by stone pillars and a stonefaced GUARD. A black LIMOUSINE drives up to the gate. The guard looks inside and nods his okay. The limousine drives through the gate.

EXT. ROAD - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

3

Up to his neck in hay, aiming a camera with a telescopic lens. CLICK he snaps off a picture.

WIDER ANGLE

4

Showing a HAYWAGON parked at the side of the road. At the front a team of horses; at the back, Solo buried in a towering pile of hay.

CLOSER SHOT - SOLO

5

He winds the film in his camera, then quickly holds it up to shoot as...

ANGLE - GATE

6

...another limousine drives up and is given the nod. Several other limousines follow, and as the last one drives through, the guard swings the huge gate shut.

INT. VILLA CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

7

Dark gloomy, and massive. Around the heavy oak table sit the limousine passengers, also dark, gloomy and massive. They are representatives of the international crime syndicate, and PLAQUES identify their home countries; FRANK COSANOS sits behind the U.S.A. plaque. At the head of the table, in a chair so large it's almost a throne, sits UNCLE GIULIANO. In contrast to the beefy representative, Uncle Giuliano is a frail, kindly looking old man who speaks in a soft voice--but whose words are absolute, unquestioned, and occasionally fatal.

UNCLE GIULIANO

It is not the money. No.
A few millions do not trouble
me. But the ingratitude. The
ingratitude cuts to the heart.
Is it not so, Mr. Cosanos?

COSANOS

Yes, Uncle Giuliano. It's a bad
business.

UNCLE GIULIANO

Bad indeed. Bad indeed.

EXT. GRAP ARBOR - DAY

8

Illya-the-grape-picker is lugging a basketful of grapes. He masquerades as an old man, stooped and limping. A GUARD gives him a suspicious look, but continues on his rounds.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

9

He drifts toward the Villa, keeping an eye on the guard.

RESUME - CONFERENCE ROOM

10

UNCLE GIULIANO

It is a sad lesson to us, my
friends. Twenty years ago, we
take some promising young nephews
from the American branch of the
family and we set them up in a
small gambling town. We protect
them while they are struggling.

UNCLE GIULIANO (Cont'd.)

10
CONT'D
(2)

We give them aid and comfort
for twenty years, until the town is the
largest gambling spot in the United
States. And what is our repayment?

(a beat)

Mr. Cosanos?

COSANOS (nervous)

Well, uh-----

UNCLE GIULIANO

Disobedience, disloyalty, dis-
possession. That is our repayment.
Suddenly our nephews no longer
know us. Suddenly they've become
"legitimate businessmen". And
suddenly they refuse to pay their
family taxes.

(shakes his head, sadly)

It's the old story: the children
grow to manhood, become rich, then
hide their parents in a closet,
ashamed to acknowledge them in
public. A sad thing, is it not,
Mr. Cosanos?

COSANOS (more nervous)

Yes, Uncle Giuliano. Very sad.

UNCLE GIULIANO

But what is even sadder, those weeds
of ingratitude have flourished in
your back yard.

COSANOS (still more
nervous)

Yes, sir. I know. I'll have the
problem taken care of pretty soon,
sir.

GIULIANO

Is this the same pretty soon you
promised six months ago, or is this
a different pretty soon?

COSANOS

But sir, they have the city fortified.
No one connected with the family can
ever get near it. I sent a dozen
men in there last month, and all I
have to show for it is a dozen
funerals.

GIULIANO

But while you dawdle, Mr. Cosanos, we are having very serious discipline problems with some of our nephews in other countries. This ugly state of affairs in your territory has given them dangerous ideas.

10
CONT'D
(3)

He looks around the table, and the other representatives nod their assent.

GIULIANO

Ingratitude is an infectious disease.

RESUME - ILLYA

11

Underneath one of the Villa windows. He attaches a listening device and turns it on.

RESUME - CONFERENCE ROOM

12

COSANOS

I promise you, sir, the infection will be cleared up very soon.

GIULIANO

Within a week, did you say, Mr. Cosanos?

COSANOS

A week! It's impossible.

GIULIANO

How many funerals was it you had last month?

COSANOS (shudder)

A dozen.

GIULIANO

Then I sincerely hope you succeed within a week, Mr. Cosanos. Otherwise, your own funeral will make it a baker's dozen----and thirteen is such an unlucky number.

RESUME - ILLYA

13

He looks up to see ANGELO pointing a gun at his navel.

ANGELO

Let me guess. You're a roving reporter.

ILLYA

No, just a little old...

He heaves the basket of grapes at Angelo.

ILLYA

...winemaker.

Illya lights out across the lawn, leaving Angelo in a pool of grape juice.

VARIOUS SHOTS - ILLYA AND GUARDS

14-18

VILLA GATE - FROM INSIDE

19

As Illya nears, the gate guard opens fire. But not for long, as Illya pots him.

CLOSER SHOT - GATE

20

Illya arrives to struggle with the iron latch as the pursuing guards get closer and bullets PING PONG musically off the iron bars of the gate.

MED SHOT - HAYWAGON

21

Roaring down the road, hell-bent for ham-baskets. Solo is lashing the horses into a mad gallop and hay is flying off the wagon like dandruff in a high wind.

RESUME - ILLYA

22

He solves the latch-puzzles, opens the gate and dashes through.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND HAYWAGON

23

Like the Titanic and the Iceberg, Illya and the haywagon rush toward each other for a fateful meeting...and Illya hoists himself up into the wagon as it roars past.

ANGLE - GATE

24

The guards run through and fire at the disappearing wagon. A limousine speeds through the gate and screeps to a stop. The guards clamber in and the limousine speeds off in pursuit of the haywagon.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - VARIOUS SHOTS

25

Of the haywagon careening along the road and the limousine in squealing pursuit. The guards fire out the car windows, and Illya returns the compliment from the haywagon.

ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

26

On the front seat of the wagon. Solo leans over to peer under the wagon.

CLOSE SHOT - CROSS-TREE FITTING

27

Under the wagon, WORKING LOOSE and about to come apart.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

28

SOLO

I think we're going to take the scenic route.

ANGLE - WAGON

29

The horses break loose and the wagon veers to the side of the road, a sheer drop of as many thousand feet as will fit on a TV screen.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WAGON

30

Over the edge it rumbles.

VARIOUS SHOTS - WAGON

31-33

Down the rocks it tumbles. Into sawdust it crumbles.

ANGLE - GUARDS

34

Standing at the edge of the precipice, looking over.
The limousine is pulled up near them.

MED. SHOT - CLIFF FACE

35

Solo and Illya clinging to a shrub growing out of
the rock.

ILIYA
Some scenery.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:
INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

36

Waverly, Solo, and Illya listening to a tape recorder on Waverly's desk.

UNCLE GIULIANO (v.o., on tape)
---within a week, Mr. Cosanos. Otherwise your own funeral will make it a baker's dozen---and thirteen is such an unlucky number.

ANGELO (v.o. tape)
Let me guess. You're a roving reporter.

ILLYA (v.o. on tape)
No, just a little old---

The tape machine continues to run, but the recording ends there.

WAVERLY
Little old what, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA
Uh, winemaker, sir.

WAVERLY
I see. You have a tendency, Mr. Kuryakin, to occasionally increase the risks of your job for the sake of, shall we say, a peculiar sense of humor.

ILLYA
Sorry sir.

WAVERLY (looks at photos)
It's unfortunate that we don't know what was discussed during the first part of that conference. The international crime syndicate must have had a very pressing reason to call a meeting at this high a level.

SOLO
The only reason that family ever gets together is for funerals.

ILLYA
Large ones.

36
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
How large and for whom is what
you will endeavor to find out.

SOLO
Don't worry, sir, if there's a
burial plot afoot, Illya and I
will uncover it.

ILLYA
Leave me out of your morbid puns,
thank you.

WAVERLY
I'm afraid you're included, Mr.
Kuryakin.
(hands Solo Cosanos's photo)
I suggest you both stick very
close to Frank Cosanos. What-
ever the syndicate assignment is,
it's big, and it's his.

SOLO (looking at photo)
Nasty looking beak.

INSERT - PHOTO

37

A profile, to give the beak its due.

RESUME - WIDER ANGLE

38

SOLO
Where does it nest?

WAVERLY
It's migratory, but I believe it
spawns in Beverly Hills.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY (STOCK)

39

Very posh. Of the Beverly Hills variety.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

40

Illya, in the uniform of a pool repairman, is moving about the area, trying to find an appropriate place to plant a bug which he holds in his hand. The bikinied GINGER KLEINSCHMIDT, Cosanos' brainless and bodiful girl friend, emerges from the house.

GINGER

Hi.

 ILLYA (concealing
 his bug)
How do you do.

GINGER

Very nicely, thank you. Are
you the pool repairman?

ILLYA

Yes, I am.

She climbs into the pool, onto an air mattress.

GINGER

It's awfully nice of the swim-
ming pool company to send some-
one around to check on Mr. Cosanos's
pool.

ILLYA

We like to keep an eye on our
important clients, Miss--

GINGER

Kleinschmidt. Ginger Kleinschmidt.
I'm Mr. Cosanos's -- uh -- friend.
 (a beat)

I'll bet it takes a long time to
learn how to fix broken swimming
pools.

ILLYA

It takes a while.

GINGER

I'll bet you meet so many beautiful
girls in your job you get tired of
looking at them.

ILLYA

It takes a few.

GINGER

I see you're the short silent type.

ILLYA
I have to concentrate on my job.

40
CONT'D
(2)

GINGER
Why? The television repairman didn't
have to...

EXT. STREET

41

A parked truck labeled "THE NEPTUNE SWIMMING POOL
COMPANY."

INT. POOL TRUCK

42

Monitoring equipment. Solo is listening to Ginger
through Illya's bug.

GINGER (v.o., through bug)
...and neither did the refrigerator
repairman, or the electric toaster
repairman, or the egg cooker repairman,
or the chaise longue repairman...

RESUME - POOL

43

ILLYA
The chaise longue repairman?

GINGER
Yes, I fell off it and knocked a
screw loose.

CLOSER SHOT

44

Ginger puts her hand right next to the bug Illya
is attempting to fix into one of the tiles around
the pool edge.

GINGER
Hey listen, if I'm bugging you,
just let me know.

CLOSE SHOT - HANDS

45

Illya takes her hand in order to move it away from the bug.

ILLYA

No, you're not bugging me.

WIDER ANGLE

46

GINGER

It just gets so lonely here. Mr. Cosanos had to visit his family in Sicily, and then he had to take a business trip. And I'm stuck here with nothing to do but float around on my mattress and read the show business papers.

ILLYA

You're in show business.

GINGER

I used to be. I was a Go-Go dancer, but I had to quit because I kept catching cold. I'll be back in the swim pretty soon, though. Frank --I mean Mr. Cosanos--has promised to get me a part in a movie.

ILLYA

Where is Mr. Cosanos, by the way?

GINGER

He's in--

COSANOS (shouting, o.s.)

Watch out for the door, you.

GINGER (looking)

He's right here.

(waves)

Hi, Frank-honey. How'd it go?

(a beat)

Oh-oh. It didn't go so well huh?

ANGLE - COSANOS

47

On a STRETCHER, being carried toward the pool. He is accompanied by Angelo and a crew of gunsels, several of whom are BATTERED AND BANDAGED. Cosanos himself sports a nice new plaster CAST on his forearm.

(NOTE: He will wear this cast throughout the story)

ANOTHER ANGLE

48

They set the stretcher on two chairs.

COSANOS

Easy! Take it easy!

ANGLE - GINGER AND ILLYA

49

Illya helps her out of the pool

GINGER

Thanks.

Illya picks up his tool bag.

GINGER

Do you have to go?

ILLYA

Yes, we're pretty busy. There's been a rash of broken swimming pools.

He leaves and she kneels to pick up one of the copies of Variety.

ANGLE - COSANOS

50

Ginger runs INTO SHOT, carrying the Variety.

GINGER

Frank-honey, what happened to your arm?

COSANOS

I fell off my skateboard. Now shut up and stop bothering me.

GINGER

Sure, Frank-honey. Just let me show you this one little thing.

She puts the copy of Variety in his lap.

GINGER

It's my big chance, Frank-honey.

Cosanos ignores both the newspaper and Ginger.

COSANOS (to Angelo)

What's today?

ANGELO

Monday.

COSANOS

Not the name, the number!

50
CONT'D
(2)

ANGELO

The ninth.

GINGER

He went broke again, Frank-honey.
You could buy in for almost nothing..

COSANOS

The ninth. Four days left. Four days!

GINGER

Frank, you promised.

Cosanos throws the paper on the ground.

COSANOS

Are you gonna shut up?

GINGER

But Frank ---

COSANOS

You think I don't know about the television repairman and the refrigerator repairman and the egg cooker repairman? Huh? We don't even have an egg cooker.

GINGER

I can't help it if things get broken, Frank.

COSANOS

Maybe I can't help it if you get broken.

GINGER

But you promised, Frank-honey. You said you'd get me a part in a movie, and here Ichabod Veblen's gone broke in the middle of his picture and he's just the best director in Hollywood and it's the chance of a life-time for a talented young actress like me. I'll bet you could buy in for a song, Frank-honey.

50
CONT'D
(3)

COSANOS

You want a song? I'll give you a song. Taps. Played on Sicilian bugles. I'm looking into an open grave and you're yapping about movies. Get outa my sight! Get outa my sight before I decide to put you back in that glass cage where I found you.

Ginger sits down at the edge of the pool to sulk.

GINGER

Even the pool repairman --

INT. POOL TRUCK

51

Solo and Illya monitoring the bug.

GINGER (cont., v.o.,
through bug)
was nicer to me than you are.

SOLO (to Illya)
How much nicer?

GINGER (through bug)
A lot nicer.

ILLYA
She's exaggerating.

ANGELO (v.o., through
bug)
You wanna know why he was so nice?

Solo gives the monitor a why-not look.

RESUME - POOL - ANGLE - ANGELO

52

Kneeling by the pool edge, looking down at the bug Illya has planted. He holds it up for Cosanos to see.

ANGELO
This is why.

ANGLE - COSANOS

53

He smites his forehead. Smite, smite.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE ANGELO

54

Angelo raises the bug to smash it on the ground.

COSANOS

No! Don't you realize who must
have planted that thing?

Angelo's eyes widen.

ANGELO

Uncle Giuliano!

COSANOS

Who else? That repairman's one of
Uncle's men. Uncle's keeping an
eye on me.

(shudder)

As if I don't got enough troubles
already.

(to gunsel)

Take that thing and put it over there
somewhere. But gently. Gently.

A gunsel gingerly takes the bug from Angelo and
carries it over to a FLOWERBED.

ANGLE - ANGELO

55

He looks down at the copy of Variety which Cosanos
has thrown to the ground. He picks it up and hands
it to Cosanos.

ANGELO

Boss, look at this.

COSANOS

Not you too.

ANGELO (pointing)

No, look.

Cosanos looks at the paper.

COSANOS

So the guy's making a picture about
Sodom and Gomorrah. You got an
urge to go back to Sunday School or
something?

ANGELO

Don't you remember what happened to
those two towns, boss?

Cosanos looks down at the paper again, then looks up slowly.

55
CONT'D
(2)

COSANOS

Ginger. Ginger sweetheart, come over to your Frank poppa.

Ginger, still pouting, gets up and goes over to Cosanos.

COSANOS

What are you sulking for, baby?

GINGER

You said you'd get me in the movies.

COSANOS

Did your Frank poppa ever welch on a promise?

GINGER

You mean you'll give me my chance?

COSANOS

My baby wants technicolor-cinemascope, my baby gets technicolor-cinemascope.

GINGER

You mean it, Frank-honey?

COSANOS

You bet your sweet mattress, baby.

She hugs Cosanos.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

56

Listening to a strange BUZZZZZZZZZZ from the monitor.

MED SHOT - FLOWER

57

The BUG is resting inside the FLOWER, and a BUMBLE-BEE is crawling over it.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

58

SOLO

I think we've got a bug in our bug.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. GAMBLING CASINO SET

59

ICHABOD VEBLEN is directing a scene around a CRAPS TABLE. Near Veblen are the ASSISTANT DIRECTOR AND the CAMERAMAN, who operates a dolly camera. In front of the camera, the actors: HARDY TWILL, playing a destitute and desperate gambler, his WIFE, the CROUPIER, and several OTHER PLAYERS.

ANGLE - VEBLEN

60

VEBLEN
Roll cameras...Action...

ANGLE - THE TABLE

61

The players putting chips on the table.

CROUPIER
Place your bets.

ANGLE - TWILL

62

Trying to sell his wife to another player. He has one hand on his wife, the other on the player's lapel.

TWILL
All I need is a thousand. A measly thousand bucks and she's yours. All yours. My own wife. Like new. Hardly been used. I gotta have one more try at the table!

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE VEBLEN

63

VEBLEN
Cut! Cut! Cut!

He puts his hand over his eyes and bows his head in a give-me-strength gesture.

VEBLEN (dangerously
soft to Twill)
Do I beat my wife?

TWILL
No, Mr. Veblen.

VEBLEN
Do I poison helpless puppy dogs?

63
CONT'D
(2)

TWILL
No, Mr. Veblen.

VEBLEN (exploding)
Then what have I done to deserve
this nit-brained, thimble-witted,
broken-down performance! Who
winds you up in the morning, Twill?

TWILL
I don't think that's fair, Mr.
Veblen.

VEBLEN
And you think what you're doing
to my scene is fair? Hah? You
think murder with malice afore-
thought is fair? I am shooting a
scene about degradation, decadence,
and dissolution, and you play it
like a campfire girl at a weenie
roast.

TWILL
But Mr. Veblen--

VEBLEN
The film we are shooting, Twill, is
a modern version of the Sodom and
Gomorrah story, not a travelogue
about Weehawken, New Jersey. You
are the sin capital of the world, a
caldron of corruption. And you,
Twill, are supposed to be one of
its showcase pieces--a man sunk so
low he's willing to sell his wife
for another crack at the crap tables!

TWILL
I guess I'm just not an evil type,
Mr. Veblen.

VEBLEN
That's an understatement. I could
get more evil out of a PTA meeting
than I'm getting out of you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

64

Showing a PROCESS SERVER and his ASSISTANTS coming onto the set. The process server carries a wad of legal papers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

65

The process server approaches Veblen as his Assistants clear the actors away from the table and prepare to roll it away.

VEBLEN

What's going on here? Who are you?

PROCESS SERVER

I'm sorry, Mr. Veblen, but I have a court order to impound your equipment.

VEBLEN

What? Get off my set. Off my set! I have no time for children's games.

PROCESS SERVER

It's no game, Mr. Veblen. These orders are signed by a federal judge.

He shows Veblen the papers.

VEBLEN

You can't do it. You can't do it! The blood and tears I've poured into this film--and the heartache.

(thumps his chest)

The heartache!

PROCESS SERVER

I'm sure the court will let you continue the film as soon as you clear up your financial difficulties.

VEBLEN

Continue! A film is a living, breathing thing. You stop it in the middle it dies. The creative process can't be turned off like a leaky faucet. It's like taking a coffee break in the middle of childbirth! You can't do this.

PROCESS SERVER
I'm afraid I can, Mr. Veblen.

65
CONT'D
(2)

VEBLEN (resigned)
Of course you can---and you will.
I don't know why I make such a
fuss every time. It never does
any good. And I should be used
to this by now.

The process server nods to his assistants.

ANGLE - ASSISTANTS

66

Wheeling the craps table off the set.

ANGLE - VEBLEN AND CAST

66X1

The cast and crew have gathered together to hear
Veblen's farewell speech.

VEBLEN
I see a lot of familiar faces, so
most of you have probably heard my
farewell speech before. The one
that starts off: 'The Philistines
have won another triumph in the
never-ending war between Art and
Profit, etcetera, etcetera.' You
doubtless remember the rest of it,
so I don't have to bother repeating
it. Let me just thank all of you
for your effort and enthusiasm.
I'm only sorry the film will never
be finished. If any of you need
carfare home, please see me and
I'll---

(stops and looks o.s.)

WHAT HE SEES - THE ROULETTE TABLE RETURNING

67

Pushed by the assistants, and followed by Cosanos
and Angelo. Ginger and other gunsels in the b.g.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE VEBLEN AND PROCESS SERVER

68

VEBLEN
More walk-ons. Who are you?

PROCESS SERVER
And what are you doing with that table?

COSANOS
The name is Cosanos. Frank Cosanos.
(to process server,
pointedly)
You've heard the name?

68
CONT'D
(2)

You bet he has--and a look at the gunsels refreshes
his memory.

PROCESS SERVER (meek)
Yes, Mr. Cosanos.

COSANOS
Why don't you and your assistants
take a little break? Five minutes.
Have yourselves a good stiff cup of
coffee. Hmmm?

PROCESS SERVER
But--

COSANOS
I'll take all responsibility.

PROCESS SERVER
Well, I guess five minutes wouldn't
hurt.

The process server and his assistants depart for
their coffee.

COSANOS
Now, Mr. Veblen, I wonder if you
could spare me a few minutes of
your valuable time?

VEBLEN
I can spare you a carload. My so-
called valuable time has just been
slashed for clearance.

COSANOS
Good. Is there some place we can...
ah...talk?

VEBLEN
My office.

COSANOS
Fine.

ANOTHER ANGLE

69

Cosanos and Veblen begin walking off the set.
Veblen stops and looks o.s.

WHAT HE SEES - SOLO AND ILLYA

70

Coming on set as magazine reporter and photographer, respectively. Solo carries a pad, and Illya, a camera.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE VEBLEN

71

VEBLEN

What is this? I start out to shoot a little scene, and suddenly I've got a cast of thousands?

SOLO (flashing a card)

Napoleon Solo, Screen Bits Magazine, Mr. Veblen. My magazine would like to do a feature on your feature.

VEBLEN

You're a little late, Mr. Solo. My feature is dead.

COSANOS (holds up his hand)

Let's not bury the patient before the heart stops beating, Mr. Veblen. Stick around, Mr. Soto. (sic) You just might get yourself a scoop.

SOLO

Thanks. I will.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. VEBLEN'S OFFICE

72

Cosanos is sitting in a chair, while Veblen paces the floor.

VEBLEN

---so basically the film is the Sodom and Gomorrah story, except that we use Las Vegas in place of the Biblical cities. But why are you so interested in it?

COSANOS

Let's just say I'm a---film buff. But you haven't told me the ending of the film yet. I'm particularly interested in the ending.

VEBLEN

That's unfortunate, because I never divulge the ending of a film until it is finished. Even when the film may never be finished.

72
CONT'D
(2)

COSANOS

Well then, let's say I'm a film buff with money.

VEBLEN

I make no exceptions.

COSANOS

All right, let's say I'm a film buff with money who just might be interested in backing this film -- if he knew the ending.

Veblen hesitates, struggling with his integrity. He dispatches his integrity with a quick rabbit punch, and decides to tell Cosanos.

VEBLEN

All right, I'll show you the ending.

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

As he goes over to a door in the wall and unlocks it with three keys.

VEBLEN

But what you are going to see inside this room must be held in the strictest confidence.

COSANOS

Mr. Veblen, I am a man who appreciates the value of secrecy

VEBLEN

Good. Because if word of my ending got out, it would undoubtedly be stolen by one of those quickie TV film companies, and I'd see it on the late show in two weeks.

He opens the door and gestures Cosanos inside.

INT. SMALL ROOM

74

Filled with a large table on which is laid out a scale model of a city somewhat like Las Vegas.

VEBLEN
Look familiar?

74
CONT'D
(2)

It looks too familiar to Cosanos. He scowls at the layout and adjusts his cast.

COSANOS
Yeah, it's familiar all right. Las Vegas. So what?

For answer, Veblen opens a set of drapes, to reveal a row of pictures showing MUSHROOM CLOUDS. Cosanos looks from the pictures to the scale model and back again. He's slow, but tenacious; about the third time around he gets it.

COSANOS (smiles)
Very interesting.

VEBLEN
Interesting? It's magnificent. Just as Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire, Las Vegas is also destroyed by fire. A Nuclear bomb -- the closest thing this faithless age has to a divine thunderbolt. It's the Biblical story all over again. What beautiful irony.

COSANOS
I like it. But it's not very realistic... is it? An A-bomb would never actually fall on Vegas... would it?

VEBLEN
Cosanos, I, Ichabod Veblen, am the most realistic director in Hollywood. My films reek of realism. In this film, we merely restage an actual incident that occurred in Spain not long ago.

COSANOS (remembering)
The Air Force bomber that crashed with a load of A-bombs.

VEBLEN
Precisely. Of course the bombs dropped in Spain didn't explode, whereas the bombs dropped in my film do explode. A bit of poetic license. But entirely plausible. And completely realistic.

COSANOS (points to model)
Not completely realistic.

VEBLEN (sadly)
Yes, I know. I originally planned to fly a real bomber over the actual city of Las Vegas. Everything was to have been real -- including a full-size mock-up bomb.

74
CONT'D
(3)

COSANOS
Everything?

VEBLEN
Well not the actual blast of course. We would have used stock footage for that. But I couldn't get permission to fly over Las Vegas. I was told it would be absolutely impossible. So I resigned myself to miniatures.

He opens a drawer and takes out a model of an Air Force BOMBER. He poises the bomber-model over the city-model, as if visualizing the final scene in his mind.

CLOSE SHOT - COSANOS

75

Staring beatifically at the bomber hovering over the model city.

COSANOS
Beautiful. Beautiful.

WIDER ANGLE

76

Veblen puts down the bomber and sighs.

VEBLEN
Yes, it would have been.

Cosanos picks up the bomber and looks at it.

COSANOS
How much would it take to get you back in the black, Mr. Veblen?

VEBLEN
We're shooting in color.

Cosonos "flies" the plane back and forth over the model city.

COSANOS
I mean financially.

VEBLEN
Well over a million.

76
CONT'D
(2)

COSANOS
How much is well over?

VEBLEN
Another million.

COSANOS
So with two million you could start
your cameras rolling again.

VEBLEN
Yes.

CLOSE SHOT - COSANOS

77

examining the plane. He pushes the nose of the
plane and is surprised to see a set of TINY BOMB-
BAY DOORS open in the plane's belly.

WIDER ANGLE

78

COSANOS
Pretty tricky.

VEBLEN
Not tricky, Cosanos. Realistic. All
my miniatures are exact replicas --
down to the last operating detail.
Push it again.

Cosanos holds the plane over the city and pushes the
nose again.

CLOSE SHOT - PLANE

79

to show a TINY BOMB falling out of the bomb bay.

ANGLE - COSANOS

80

COSANOS (smiling)
Beautiful. Beautiful.

He looks down and sees a SWITCH on the side of the
table.

COSANOS (points)
What's that?

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE VEBLEN

81

Veblen reaches for the switch.

VEBLEN
Realism, Cosanos.

He CLICKS the switch ON.

CLOSE SHOT - MODEL CITY

82

CLOUDS OF SMOKE belch out of numerous tiny outlets, instantly covering the city with a thick smoke blanket.

MED. SHOT - SMOKE CLOUD

83

Rising from the table. The shot is from the other side of the table, so that Cosanos is HIDDEN BEHIND the smoke. THE SHOT IS SET UP TO DUPLICATE THE CLASSIC TERRESTRIAL ENTRANCE OF THE DEVIL: IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TAKEN AT A MEDIEVAL MYSTERY PLAY, WITH SATAN RISING THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE STAGE BEHIND A PILE OF BURNING FAGGOTS.

COSANOS (behind the
smoke, fiendishly)
Ha ha ha ha ha.....

HOLD THE SHOT as the smoke begins to clear, revealing Cosanos with a Beelzebubbian leer on his face. Then MOVE IN SLOWLY....

COSANOS
You can start rolling your cameras,
Ichabod. You've just made a bargain
with... a new partner.

LOW ANGLE - COSANOS - THROUGH SMOKE

84

Lit from below, looking like Satan Himself in some smoky antechamber of Hell.

COSANOS
And Ichabod, about that final scene -- forget the miniatures. You can shoot it as you originally planned -- using a real plane over Las Vegas. I'll make all the arrangements. Realism, Ichabod.

The smoke swirls in more thickly.

84
CONT'D
(2)

COSANOS (fiendisher
and fiendisher)
Ha ha... ha ha... ha ha ha ha ha ha...

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
INT. CASINO SET - DAY

85

The cast and crew are waiting around. Illya is snapping random pictures. Solo is interviewing Ginger.

SOLO

I think our readers would be interested in some of the personal details about you, Miss Kleinshmidt.

GINGER

Well, I'm thirty-six, twenty-four, thirty --

SOLO (interrupts)

Ah, that's not exactly what I had in mind. Let's start with how you started in show business.

GINGER

I come from an old show business family. My father was a used-car salesman.

SOLO

And has Mr. Veblen promised you a part in this picture?

GINGER

Well, I guess that's what Frank -- Mr. Cosanos -- is talking to him about.

SOLO

I see.

ANGLE COSANOS AND VEBLEN

86

Returning. Cosanos has his arm around Veblen and is smiling broadly.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE CAST AND CREW

87

Veblen steps up on a box.

VEBLEN

My friends, I have a very pleasant announcement to make. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Cosanos, we will be able to finish the film.

87.
CONT'D
(2)

CHEERS and APPLAUSE from the assemblage. Veblen steps down and Cosanos takes his place on the box.

COSANOS

And thanks to the generosity of Mr. Veblen, we will be able to watch Miss Ginger Kleinschmidt
(points)
in her first movie role.

ANGLE - GINGER

88

CHEERS, APPLAUSE and WHISTLES from the assemblage. She smiles shyly and acknowledges the fanfare.

ANGLE - COSANOS

89

PAN as Cosanos goes over to Ginger and Solo joins them pad in hand. Cosanos puts his arm around Ginger.

COSANOS

Not a bad double scoop, eh,
Mr. Somo (sic) ?

SOLO

I take it Miss Kleinschmidt is your reason for backing Mr. Veblen?

COSANOS

She's it. Now what about a few pictures of my new star for the fans.

Solo turns and calls to Illya O.S.

SOLO (calling)

Bulbs! Hey Bulbs!

ANGLE - ILLYA

90

Running over with his camera.

ANGLE - ALL FOUR

91

Illya clicks off a picture. As he lowers the camera and tries to eject the used flash bulb, Ginger peers closely at him. Illya's ejector doesn't work and he tries to get the hot bulb out by hand.

GINGER (smiles
in recognition)
Hi there. So you've got a new
job too.

91
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (drops the
hot bulb)
Ouch!

TIGHT TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

92

SOLO (sotto voce)
You can say that again.
(to Cosanos)
Well, we've got to be moving on
to our next feature.

RESUME - ALL FOUR

93

Solo and Illya back off.

COSANOS (to Ginger)
Who's he?

TWO SHOT - COSANOS AND GINGER

94

GINGER
That's the pool repairman.

COSANOS (aghast)
Oh no.
(calls)
Angelo!

ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

95

Trying to get off the set as fast as they can
without running.

ANOTHER ANGLE

96

Showing a pair of hoods blocking their escape route.
They angle off in another direction.

ANOTHER ANGLE

97

This route too is blocked by a pair of gunsels.
Solo and Illya turn around to see...

ANGLE - COSANOS AND ANGELO

98

Hurrying toward them.

HIGH ANGLE

99

Cosanos and hoods converging on Solo and Illya from all sides. Trapped, they kneel back to back and reach for their guns. By God, they'll die with their mukluks on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

100

COSANOS

No! No! It's all right. I know you're from Uncle.

Solo and Illya still have their hands inside their jackets. The gunsels form a semi-circle in the b.g.

SOLO

You do?

COSANOS

Of course. Who else would be checking up on me? You think I'm stupid?

SOLO

I don't know yet.

COSANOS (very
ingratiating)

Listen boys, I know the way Uncle works. Uncle trusts no one. So he sends you to keep an eye on me. I'd do the same thing.

Solo and Illya relax.

SOLO

I'm glad you feel that way.

COSANOS

Of course. Look, I know who you are, you know who I am, why should we play games? Angelo.

Angelo comes over.

COSANOS

I want you to meet Mister --

He questions Solo with a look.

SOLO
Solo.

100
CONT'D
(2)

COSANOS
You can use your real name with us.
After all, it's in the family.

SOLO
I prefer this one.

COSANOS
I understand. Angelo, Mr. Solo.

Angelo and Solo shake hands.

ANGELO
Glad to meet you, Mr. Soto (sic).

COSANOS
Solo, you idiot!
(spells)
S-o-l-o. Solo.

SOLO
Thank you.

ANGELO
Sorry, Mr. Solo.

COSANOS
And this is Mister --

ILLYA
Kuryakin.

COSANOS (smiles)
You boys really pick the names,
don't you.

ILLYA (straight)
I like it.

COSANOS (apologetic)
Of course, of course. It's a beautiful name.
(calls to hoods)
Boys, I want you to treat these two
men just like you treat me. Better
in fact. They're from Uncle.

The hoods are awed.

ANGLE - HOODS

101

They tip their hats politely.

ANGLE SOLO AND ILLYA

102

They return the salute. MOVE IN TO...

TIGHT TWO SHOT

103

SOLO

Welcome to the family, cousin.

ILLYA

If they ever find out who our
Uncle really is, we'll be cousins
permanently removed.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. MOVIE STREET - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

104

Of the back of a CANVAS CHAIR, with "MR. SOLO"
lettered on it. PAN to another chair beside it,
bearing the name of "MR. KURYAKIN." PULL BACK TO
SHOW Solo and Illya in the chairs, flanked by
ministering hoods. In the b.g. are actors, a camera
crew, and Veblen, who is talking to Ginger. The
street is a typical city street, with a facade of
buildings on one side of it. Two cars are in evidence,
to be used in the action.

SOLO AND ILLYA - FROM FRONT

105

Another hood arrives bearing drinks: a martini for
Solo and a soft drink for Illya.

SOLO (to hood)

Thank you, cousin.

ANGLE - SOLO AND HOOD

106

The hood standing beside his chair. Solo snaps his
fingers, whereupon the hood produces a cigar and hands
it to him. Solo sniffs at it, nods, then hands it
back. The hood takes out a clipper and carefully snips
off the end of the cigar for Solo. Solo takes the
prepared cigar, and the hood lights it for him.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE ILLYA

107

SOLO

I think I'm beginning to like the family life.

ILLYA

You haven't met all your in-laws yet.

ANGLE - VEBLEN AND GINGER

108

Veblen is explaining the scene to her.

VEBLEN

This scene, Miss Kleinschmidt, involves a gunfight between rival gangs over control of a gambling casino. You drive up in a car with five gangsters, you all get out, then another car pulls up suddenly with the rival gang. There is a fight and you are shot.

GINGER

Where?

VEBLEN

It doesn't matter where, Miss Kleinschmidt. You're shot, and you fall to the ground an innocent victim of evil and corruption. Now let me see how you'll play it.

Ginger gives a performance to warm the heart of a Griffiths, outgushing even the great Gish.

GINGER (clutching her heart)

Oh. I've been shot. Oh.

(falls to one knee)

I am an innocent victim of evil and... and...

(looks questioningly at Veblen)

Veblen bends his head and covers his eyes, his usual gesture of despair.

VEBLEN

Corruption, Miss Kleinschmidt.

GINGER

Thank you.

VEBLEN

Don't mention it.

ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

109

Cosanos bustles over like an officious headwaiter.

COSANOS

Everything all right, boys?

Solo cocks a disdainful eye at his cigar.

SOLO

I've had better cigars, cousin.

Cosanos takes the cigar and sniffs it. He hurls it to the ground.

COSANOS (to hood)

Imbecile! Why do you give Mr.Solo these fifty-cent weeds!

(offers one of his own cigars)

Have one of mine, Mr.Solo. Two dollars apiece. Best Havana.

Solo takes the cigar and gives it to the hood, who snips off the end as before. Cosanos then lights the cigar himself.

COSANOS

Better?

SOLO

It'll do.

(beat)

By the way, let me congratulate you on your security. When you, ah, discovered us, we still hadn't found out what your plan of operation was. We'll mention it to Uncle--he likes to see good, tight security.

COSANOS

Thank you, boys. A good word from you would put me in solid with Uncle.

SOLO

Just out of curiosity, what is your plan of operation?

COSANOS (smiles)

It's beautiful, boys. Just beautiful.

(looks around, then

lowers his voice)

We're going to use Veblen to--

HOOD (calling, o.s.)

Boss!

Cosanos looks up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

110

A hood approaches.

HOOD

Phone for you, boss. In your
office.

COSANOS

All right. I'll be back in a
minute.

(to hoods)

See that Mr. Solo and Mr. Kuryakin
have everything they want.

ANGLE - VEBLEN AND GINGER

111

He is taking her over to one of the cars.

VEBLEN

I think the scene will play better
if you stay inside the car, Miss
Kleinshmidt.

GINGER

You mean I don't get shot?

VEBLEN

Not unless you get out of the car--
in which case I will shoot you.

GINGER

But what am I supposed to do?

VEBLEN

Do? Why...emote, Miss Kleinshmidt.
Emote.

GINGER

Emote?

VEBLEN

You can emote, can't you?

GINGER

Why--of course.

VEBLEN

Then you should have no trouble at all

INT. COSANOS'S OFFICE

112

He's on the phone.

COSANOS

I know two million dollars is a lot of money, Uncle Giuliano, but it's the only way the job can be done.

Believe me,

(adjusts his cast)

I've tried everything else.

INT. SICILIAN CONFERENCE ROOM

113

Uncle Giuliano on the phone.

UNCLE GIULIANO

And does this Veblen suspect anything?

COSANOS

Not a thing. The plane was his idea. All we have to do is substitute a real bomb for his dummy.

GIULIANO

And you're sure you'll be able to arrange the flight?

COSANOS

A few phone calls, a little arm-twisting, the usual forms of persuasion. And as far as the authorities are concerned, everything is being arranged by Veblen Productions.

UNCLE GIULIANO

And the bomb?

COSANOS

All taken care of, Uncle Giuliano!

(with glee)

Boy, is it all taken care of!

UNCLE GIULIANO

Don't forget, you have only three days left.

COSANOS

Yes sir, I know. And don't worry
about your two men, sir. We'll
see that they're well taken care of.

113
CONT'D
(2)

UNCLE GIULIANO

My two what?

COSANOS

The two men you sent to, ah, check
up on me.

UNCLE GIULIANO

I sent no men. You've made one
of your usual stupid blunders,
Cosanos.

COSANOS

But if you didn't send the, who did?

UNCLE GIULIANO

I don't know, but you'd better
return them-- in a box.

Both hang up.

CLOSE SHOT - COSANOS

114

Murder in his beady eyes.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

115

Solo is puffing on his cigar and enjoying life.
The wary Illya is keeping his eyes open for storm
clouds. And he spots one.

ILLYA

I think the familial honeymoon is
over,cuz.

ANGLE - COSANOS

116

Storming towards them.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

117

Getting up.

SOLO (to hoods)
I think we'll take a short stroll.

RESUME - COSANOS

118

COSANOS
Stop them! They're fakes!

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

119

They fell the two hoods and light out.

ANGLE

120

As Solo and Illya run off the set, the hoods pursuing.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PARIS SET - CLOSE SHOT - DAY 121

of a sign: "PARIS SET." PULL BACK to show the entire set (or street). Solo and Illya run INTO SHOT and stop in the middle of the set.

TWO SHOT 122

SOLO (pointing)
Moscow or Hong Kong, mon ami?

ILLYA
I hate hot climates.

WIDER ANGLE 123

They run off the set.

EXT. NEW YORK SET 124

Angelo and a group of hoods run INTO SHOT and look around.

ANGELO
All right, we'll spread out.
(points to hoods in turn)
Paris...London...Chicago...
I'll check the Arabian desert.

HOOD
What about Moscow?

ANGELO
You take Moscow.

EXT. MOSCOW SET 125

Solo and Illya creeping along stealthily.

ANGLE - HOOD 126

He comes onto the set, sees them, ducks behind a barrier and starts firing.

ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

127

They take cover and return the fire.

EXT. DESERT SET

128

We HEAR the sound of distant firing. So does Angelo, who is standing on a sand dune.

ANGELO (shouts)
They're in Moscow!

RESUME - MOSCOW HOOD

129

Still firing. His gun arm is stretched across the barrier, resting on the top.

ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

130

Solo takes careful aim, fires, and the hood's firing ceases. They get up and run off the set.

RESUME - HOOD

131

In firing position, looking perfectly normal except for his unblinking eyes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

132

Angelo and other hoods run INTO SHOT.

ANGELO (to dead body)
Where are they?

The corpse declines to answer. Angelo shakes his shoulder, and he crumbles to the ground in a heap.

ANGELO
Come on.

They run off the set.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF MOVIE LOT

133

A large, motorized CAMERA CRANE is waiting for Solo and Illya, who run INTO SHOT and stop. The camera platform is raised to its FULL HEIGHT.

SOLO

Let's take the bus.

They climb on the crane. Solo drives, while Illya climbs up to the camera platform to act as lookout.

ANGLE - ILLYA

134

looking out.

HIGH ANGLE - HOODS - ILLYA'S POV

135

looking around on another part of lot.

ANGLE - ILLYA

136

giving silent directions to Solo.

ANGLE - SOLO

137

turning the crane in the opposite direction from the hoods.

ANGLE - ANGELO AND HOOD

138

on another part of the lot. Angelo looks up.

LONG SHOT - ILLYA - ANGELO'S POV

139

sticking up over the roof of a building.

RESUME - ANGELO AND HOOD

140

They start running towards Illya.

EXT. VEBLEN SET

141

The two cars full of actor-hoods are at opposite ends of the street. Veblen and crew are set up to shoot the action which will take place in the middle.

ANGLE - GINGER

142

in the back seat of one of the cars.

ANGLE - VEBLEN

143

VEBLEN
Ready?...Roll cameras...Action...

ANGLE - CAR

144

It drives to the middle of the street and stops. The hoods pile out onto the sidewalk and look around warily.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

145

craning along. Solo looks back.

HOODS - SOLO'S POV

146

Here they come.

ANGLE - SOLO

147

tries to get more speed out of the crane.

RESUME - VEBLEN SET

148

The second car drives up and stops. The rival hoods get out and face the first group.

CLOSE SHOT - GINGER

149

In the back seat of the car, far from the madding
cameras--but emoting and emoting and emoting.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

150

drawing their guns.

ANGLE - COSANOS HOODS

151

running and drawing their guns.

RESUME - ACTOR HOODS

152

drawing their guns.

RESUME - COSANOS HOODS

153

BANG, BANG.

RESUME - ACTOR HOODS

154

BANG, BANG.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

155

BANG, BANG.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

156

showing the crane heading for the BACK OF A SET WALL.

RESUME - VEBLEN

157

He is watching the movie action. The A.D. stands
near him.

WIDER ANGLE

158

Include the movie hoods blasting away.

TIGHTER SHOT - ACTOR HOODS

159

Suddenly the CAMERA CRANE BURSTS THROUGH THE SET WALL, right between the two gangs of actor hoods.

ANGLE - VEBLEN

160

VEBLEN (enraged)
Cut! Cut! Cut! What are those
lunatics doing on the set?

WIDE ANGLE - CRANE

161

The A.D. runs toward it, as Cosanos's hoods come through the hole in the set wall and nearly knock him down.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CRANE

162

Solo and Illya dive at the hoods (Illya drops on one of them from his platform). The A.D. dodges in and out of the action trying to stop them.

A.D.
Off the set! Off the set!

Veblen runs INTO SHOT and grabs the A.D. by the shoulder.

TWO SHOT - VEBLEN AND A.D.

163

VEBLEN
Shut up, you fool! Don't you know
a good scene when you see one?
(shouts)
Get those cameras over here!

ANGLE - THE CREW

164

They scramble to get their equipment over to the action. A dolly camera is rolled over to the fight.

TIGHT SHOT - SOLO AND HOOD

165

Punch, punch, punch. PULL BACK to show the dolly camera trained on them and Veblen directing.

VEBLEN (to cameraman)
Move in closer! Closer!
(to Solo)
You there! Turn toward the camera.
I want a full face shot.

And in the course of his struggle with the hood, Solo does indeed get turned toward the camera.

VEBLEN
That's better. Good. Good.

ANGLE - CAR

166

The actors are standing around it, watching the fight o.s. Ginger, however, is still in the back seat, emoting.

CLOSE SHOT - GINGER

167

emoting like a trooper, oblivious of everything.

ANGLE - ILLYA AND TWO HOODS

168

Illya is barely holding his own against the odds. He knocks one down, only to face the other getting up.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE VEBLEN AND CAMERAMAN

169

The cameraman is getting the action with a hand-held camera.

VEBLEN
Too many people. I want a two-shot.

Illya clobbers one of the hoods, who reels off and collapses, out of the fight for good.

VEBLEN
Good.
(to cameraman)
In close. I want impact.

The hood impacts Illya with a right to the jaw. 169
 Illya falls, and the hood leaps on him and fastens CONT'D
 a stranglehold around his neck. (2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

170

The hood is on top of Illya, choking, the cameraman
 is on one side of him, shooting, and Veblen is on
 the other side, directing...with appropriate gestures.

VEBLEN (to cameraman)
 Move in! Move in!
 (to hood)
 Shake him!
 (to Illya)
 Gasp! Gasp!

WIDER ANGLE

171

As Illya knocks the hood off, and sends the cameraman
 and Veblen flying at the same time.

CLOSE SHOT - VEBLEN

172

hitting the ground.

VEBLEN (beatific)
 Beautiful! Print it!

ANGLE - ILLYA

173

He finishes off the hood just as Angelo comes up with
 his gun pointing through his jacket pocket.

ANGELO
 Call off your buddy.

ILLYA (calls)
 Napoleon.

ANGLE - SOLO

174

battering a hood under the dolly camera. He stops as
 he sees what Angelo threatens.

WIDER ANGLE

175

The hoods get up and surround Solo and Illya.
Cosanos joins Angelo.

COSANOS

You boys do pretty good in fight
scenes. How are you in death
scenes?

Veblen ENTERS SHOT, and Cosanos immediately puts his
arm around Solo and Illya, as if they were old
friends. Hoods on either side have guns in their
ribs, however.

VEBLEN

What was all this about, Cosanos?

COSANOS

My boys were just letting off a
little steam, Ichabod.

VEBLEN

I'm shooting a movie here, Cosanos.
Not running a children's playground.

COSANOS

Did you get some good footage or not?

VEBLEN

Good? It was great. Best fight
scene I ever shot. However, in the
future tell your boys to let their
steam off somewhere else. They
wrecked a perfectly good set.

COSANOS

Sure, Ichabod.
(smiles at Solo and Illya)
I got a coupla real great actors
here. Yes, sir, real great actors.

SWISH PAN TO:

176 OUT

INT. PROP ROOM - DAY

177

Various plaster-of-paris items around the room. Solo
has been tied to a chair. In the middle of the room,
a hood stirs a large tub of PLASTER-OF-PARIS (wet
variety). Angelo and another hood hold Illya nearby.

ANGELO

You boys ain't so hot outside your
own territory, are you?

ILLYA
You're making a mistake.

177
CONT'D
(2)

ANGELO
You hear that, boys? The man says
he's a mistake.
(to Illya)
We can't have our mistakes walking
around---it'd embarrass us.

One of the hoods slugs Illya from behind.

ANGELO
Put the mistake in the tub.

They pick Illya up and drop him in the plaster-of-
paris.

ANGELO (to Solo)
You're a mistake too, buster.
But you don't get erased till the
boss has a chance to ask you a few
questions.

Angelo and the hoods leave. Solo begins struggling
frantically with his bonds.

CLOSE SHOT - PLASTER OF PARIS

178

A lone bubble rises to the surface. POP.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. COSANOS' OFFICE

179

Cosanos and Ginger.

GINGER
Frank-honey, maybe I wasn't cut
out for the movies.

COSANOS
What are you babbling about?

GINGER
I don't think I emote right.

COSANOS
Then go practise somewhere. I
got other things to worry about.
In three days Uncle Giuliano is
going to--

He stops and looks toward the door o.s.

ANGLE - UNCLE GIULIANO

180

in the doorway.

UNCLE GIULIANO

Sooner than that, Mr. Cosanos.
Sooner than that.

PAN as Uncle Giuliano enters the office.

COSANOS

Uncle Giuliano! I thought you
were in Sicily.

UNCLE GIULIANO

And leave you to botch this
operation in your usual fashion?
No.

COSANOS

But everything's ready. We just
got the bomb and--

He stops and looks at Ginger.

GINGER

I think I'll go practise.

UNCLE GIULIANO

It's one word too late for that,
my dear. Your friend has botched
it, as usual.

Ginger looks from one to the other, frightened.

ANOTHER ANGLE

181

Cosanos gets up and goes over to a door.

COSANOS

You can practise in here, Ginger
sweetheart.

GINGER (relieved)

Thank you, Frank-honey.

She edges by Uncle Giuliano and goes over to the
door. Frank opens it.

GINGER

But, Frank, this is a closet.

COSANOS

You gotta have Carnegie Hall to
practise?

GINGER
No, but--

181
CONT'D
(2)

COSANOS
Get in. When you get out you'll
be a great actress.

He shoves her in and locks the closet.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. PROP ROOM

182

Solo frees himself and runs over to the tub.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

183

at the foot of the tub. He taps the plaster-of-paris.
Hard as a rock. PAN and PULL BACK as he looks toward
the head of the tub.

WHAT HE SEES - A SNORKEL

184

sticking up out of the surface of the hardened plaster.

ANOTHER ANGLE

185

He leans over and speaks into the snorkel as if it
were a microphone.

SOLO
Testing...one...two...three...

ILLYA (v.o., through
snorkel)
Would you stop clowning around
and get me out of here?

SOLO
Nothing easier, my friend. And
I'm glad to see that you've gotten
to the bottom of things with your
usual speed.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT - TRACTOR-TRAILER

186

Cosanos and Uncle Giuliano approach the back of the trailer.

ANOTHER ANGLE

187

The door of the trailer swings open, and they mount a set of temporary steps and enter.

INT. TRAILER

188

The forward half of it is partitioned off by a GLASS WALL, through which we can see THE BOMB in all its glory and hugeness. As they enter, a hood is zipping himself into an asbestos SUIT.

UNCLE GIULIANO

I think, Mr. Cosanos, that you're overdoing it. An A-bomb isn't really necessary.

COSANOS

It's not an A-bomb, sir. It's ten tons of --
(consults a piece of paper
and with difficulty)
--hydro-methyl-oxypropanate.

The hood takes a gas mask out of a compartment and puts it on.

UNCLE GIULIANO

I beg your pardon, Mr. Cosanos?

COSANOS

This'll empty the city in an hour. And the effect lasts for five months. Las Vegas will never recover. After this, no tourist will go near the place.
(a beat)

It's a stink-bomb, Uncle Giuliano. A ten-ton stink bomb.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON MOVIE LOT

189

Illya is still half encased in plaster. Upper Illya talks to Waverly via communicator, while Solo chips away with hammer and chisel at Lower Illya.

ILLYA

No sir, we still don't know what his plan of operation is. Except that it has something to do with Las Vegas.

INT. LIMOUSINE

190

Waverly in the back seat, communicating.

WAVERLY

Our other sources have already ascertained that, Mr. Kuryakin. I'm in Las Vegas right now. We also know that the head of the syndicate has left Sicily and is probably somewhere in this country.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

191

ILLYA

He hasn't--

(to Solo)

Hey! Be careful with that thing.

(to Waverly)

He hasn't shown up here, sir.

WAVERLY

Report to me as soon as you turn up anything.

Illya clicks off the communicator.

SOLO

I should have been a surgeon.

WHACK! He hits the chisel. Illya winces.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. VEBLEN'S OFFICE

192

Veblen, Cosanos, Uncle Giuliano. A stack of film cans on Veblen's desk.

COSANOS

Why can't you shoot the scene a few days early, Ichabod?

VEBLEN

I shoot when I'm ready. Not before.

COSANOS

But un uncle has come all the way from Sicily just to see it.

VEBLEN (angrily)

I don't care if he's come all the way from the moon! I don't shoot that scene until I'm ready.

UNCLE GIULIANO

Now, now. We don't have to shout at each other. I'm sure we can come to an agreement about this little matter.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. CLOSET

193

Ginger is working at the lock with a hairpin. Click, click, and it's open. She runs out.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. STREET

194

The tractor-trailer driving along.

INT. TRACTOR CAB

195

The truck driver and Uncle Giuliano.

INT. TRAILER

196

Cosanos and Angelo in gas masks.

ANGELO
I don't see why he wouldn't let
us drive our car.

196
CONT'D
(2)

COSANOS
Shut up.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. VEBLEN'S OFFICE - ANGLE - DOOR

197

Ginger bursts in with flying hair (she used up most
of her hairpins on the lock.) She stops and gasps
in shock.

WHAT SHE SEES - VEBLEN

198

wrapped to the eyes in film. A 35-millimeter mummy.
The film cans on the desk are open and empty.

ANOTHER ANGLE

199

Ginger runs over and begins unwrapping Veblen.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

200

Solo and Illya enter.

ANOTHER ANGLE

201

Illya takes over the unwrapping task from Ginger.

SOLO
What happened?

GINGER
A bomb! They're going to use a
bomb!

VEBLEN
Then that's why they wanted me to
shoot the scene today.

SOLO
What scene?

VEBLEN

The final scene of my film. I was going to use a plane for a bombing sequence.

201
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Where is the plane?

VEBLEN

At an airfield near here. If you want to use it there's a helicopter outside that we rented for some aerial shots yesterday.

SOLO

I think we want to use it.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. GAMBLING CASINO - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

202

VARIOUS SHOTS - DICE, ROULETTE, ETC.

203-207

MED. SHOT - WAVERLY

208

taking it all in, like a Sunday afternoon visitor to the zoo.

ANOTHER ANGLE

209

He walks over to a row of slot machines and watches the players, half a dozen or so.

ANGLE - PLAYERS

210

SHOOTING DOWN the row, so we see the arms pushing and pulling like some kind of giant human crankshaft.

ANGLE - LITTLE OLD LADY

211

approaching the slots. She wears sneakers, carries a bucket of quarters in one hand, and a purse in the other.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE WAVERLY

212

The little old lady stops at a slot machine near Waverly and sets down her bucket. She opens her purse, extracts a heavy work glove, and carefully puts it on. Then she begins pumping the machine.

SWISH PAN TO:

MED. SHOT - PLANE (STOCK)

213

soaring through the blue.

INT. PLANE - TWO SHOT - COSANOS AND ANGELO

214

Cosanos is donning a parachute with Angelo's help.

ANGELO

Why the parachute, boss?

COSANOS

Planes make me nervous. Have you checked everything?

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE BOMB

215

suspended over the bomb bay doors.

ANGELO

Everything's ready. All Uncle Giuliano has to do is hit the switch.

INT. COCKPIT - TWO SHOT - PILOT AND GIULIANO

216

Uncle Giuliano is in the co-pilot's seat, smiling in anticipation.

RESUME - COSANOS AND ANGELO

217

COSANOS

What about Veblen's dummy bomb?

ANGELO (nods toward back)

We put it back there.

ANGLE - DUMMY BOMB

218

A hood stands near it.

CLOSER SHOT - DUMMY BOMB

219

Sloooooooooowly the nose of the bomb swings open, and Solo sticks his head out.

ANOTHER ANGLE - DUMMY BOMB

220

Solo and Illya crawl out and poise themselves for the attack.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE HOOD

221

Illya jumps him, and Solo rushes forward to engage Cosanos and Angelo.

ANGLE - ANGELO

222

He starts to pull his gun, but Solo knocks it from his hand. They trade punches, rocking from side to side of the plane. Cosanos joins in, wielding his arm-cast as a deadly weapon.

ANGLE - ILLYA

223

He dispatches his hood, and starts forward.

ANGLE - SOLO

224

He is getting the worst of his uneven battle. Illya ENTERS SHOT to take on Cosanos, which is no mean task, since Cosanos is swinging his cast like a club.

RESUME - WAVERLY

225

watching the little old lady as she goes at her slot machine. Pump, pump, pump, pump.

RESUME - PLANE

226

Solo gives Angelo a finishing blow and dashes forward toward the cockpit.

ANGLE - ILLYA

227

struggling with Cosanos. Trying to keep out of the way of that deadly arm. The struggle takes place near the bomb, and they both crash into it repeatedly during the struggle.

INT. COCKPIT - PILOT AND GIULIANO - FROM BEHIND

228

Solo EASES INTO SHOT about to grab the pilot from behind. But the pilot turns and sees him, and manages to swing up and out of his seat to do battle.

CLOSE SHOT - UNCLE GIULIANO

229

peering at the control panel, looking for the bomb release switch.

SOLO AND PILOT

230

struggling.

RESUME - GIULIANO

231

He reaches toward the control panel.

CLOSE SHOT - GIULIANO'S HAND

232

poised over the "BOMB BAY OPEN" switch.

233 OUT

ANGLE - SOLO AND PILOT

234

Solo knocks the pilot into Uncle Giuliano.

RESUME - HAND

235

It is deflected from the "BOMB BAY OPEN" switch to the "BOMB RELEASE" switch. CLICK.

RESUME - ILLYA AND COSANOS

236

The bomb drops, almost hitting them. It does not go off; it just lies on top of the unopened bomb bay doors. Cosanos knocks Illya down on top of the bomb and then leaps on him.

RESUME - COCKPIT

237

Solo has knocked the pilot unconscious, and he grabs Uncle Giuliano's arm to keep him from hitting any more switches. But.....

MED. SHOT - PLANE - BANKING (STOCK)

238

RESUME - COCKPIT

239

The bank throws Solo off balance and into the control panel himself.

CLOSE SHOT - "BOMB BAY OPEN" SWITCH

240

as Solo accidentally trips it.

RESUME - ILLYA, COSANOS, BOMB

241

All three of them drop out of the bomb bay into the wild blue yonder.

ANGLE - BOMB - IN MID-AIR

242

with Illya and Cosanos hanging onto it for dear life.

CLOSE SHOT - COSANOS

243

He only has one arm to hang on with, and he's slipping.

COSANOS

Help. I can't hold on.

WIDER ANGLE

244

Illya reaches over and grabs him by the parachute. His arm gives way, and he drops--but is held by Illya's grip on his chute.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

245

clenching his teeth, trying to hang on to Cosanos. But not for long... We HEAR a RRRRRRRRRIP!! and Illya holds up the Cosanos-less parachute, with its torn buckles dangling.

RESUME - WAVERLY

246

LITTLE OLD LADY

Somebody's put a hex on this machine.

(to Waverly)

Mister, would you mind playing this machine once?

WAVERLY

Me?

LITTLE OLD LADY

Yeah, somebody must've put a hex on it while I was gone. It ain't payin' off. Only way to break a hex is have somebody else play it one time.

WAVERLY

Why not switch to another machine?

LITTLE OLD LADY

This is my machine, mister. Been playin' it for 12 years. I ain't about to change now. Are you gonna help me or not?

WAVERLY

Most certainly.

RESUME - ILLYA

247

He has crawled to the nose of the bomb and is unscrewing it. As he gets it off...

REACTION SHOT

248

he gets a whiff of the essence of skunk. Phew!

WIDER ANGLE

249

He removes the detonator, and screws the nose back in the bomb as quickly as possible.

ANOTHER ANGLE

250

He jumps clear of the bomb.

ANGLE - BOMB

251

Down down down it goes.

RESUME - WAVERLY

252

He inserts a quarter and pulls the slot machine arm as the little old lady looks on.

INSERT - SLOT MACHINE DIALS

253

They spin, and as they register JACKPOT ...

WIDER ANGLE

254

WE HEAR a tremendous CRASH and the entire building shakes. Bits of plaster rain down from the ceiling.

CLOSE SHOT - LITTLE OLD LADY

255

Plaster and dust falling on her.

LITTLE OLD LADY
Mister, that's what I call a Jackpot!

ANGLE - WAVERLY

256

Showing Waverly standing knee-deep in a pile of quarters. He steps out and the little old lady begins scooping up the quarters.

SHOT - UNEXPLODED BOMB

257

Lying on the floor, surrounded by plaster and debris.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE SLOT MACHINE PLAYERS

258

The bomb has landed right behind the row of slot machines, but the players are still pumping away, completely oblivious of the disturbance.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE WAVERLY

259

He looks at the bomb, then takes out his U.N.C.L.E. radio and calls Solo.

WAVERLY
Mr. Solo?

INT. COCKPIT

260

Solo is at the controls. He hears the beeping and takes out his radio. Uncle Giuliano is tied in into the co-pilot's seat.

SOLO
Yes sir.

WAVERLY
Where are you, Mr. Solo?

SOLO
Right above you, sir.

ANGLE - WAVERLY

261

Looking up.

ANGLE - HOLE IN THE CEILING

262

RESUME - WAVERLY

263

WAVERLY

So I see. And Mr. Kuryakin?

SOLO

I don't know where he is, sir.
He seems to have dropped from
sight.

MED SHOT - ILLYA

264

Hanging on to the opened parachute with one hand,
and cradling the detonator in the other.

END ACT FOUR

TAG

EXT. MOVIE LOT

265

Waverly, Solo, Veblen, and Ginger are standing next
to the CAMERA CRANE that was used before. The camera
platform is extended upwards OUT OF SHOT.

GINGER

It was awfully nice of you to
finance the rest of the film,
Mr. Waverly.

VEBLEN

Your name will be remembered in
ages to come as a patron of Art,
Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY

Well, U.N.C.L.E. was responsible for
some of your difficulties, and the
least we could do was finance the
remainder of the film.

SOLO (sniffing)

Sir, I think the wind is changing
again.

They all sniff.

WAVERLY

I believe you're right, Mr. Solo.

As they walk around to the other side of the crane,
TILT UP TO show ILLYA perched on the camera platform
high in the air. Solo operates the controls of the
crane to rotate the platform and put ILLYA downwind
of them.

ANGLE - ILLYA

266

Not too happy about the state of affairs.

 ILLYA (calling down)
I'm hungry.

ANGLE - SOLO

267

He picks up a paper sack and walks over to stand underneath the platform.

WIDER ANGLE - ILLYA AND SOLO

268

Illya lowers a BASKET by means of a rope.

 SOLO (looking into the bag)
Ham, cheese, or ham and cheese?

 ILLYA
Ham.

FADE OUT

THE END