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U.N.C.L.E.

*"The Side of Nazarene
Affair"*

THE BEWARE OF BLONDES AFFAIR

Prod. #7449

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A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
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The Man From
U.N.C.L.E.

A Skin Deep Affair

Prod. #7449

FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN FRONT BOULEVARD AT CANNES - (STOCK) - DAY 1

Pedestrians throng sidewalk; super sports cars snarl by. Banners, bikinis and the glamor of the Cannes international set turned out for the Grand Prix.

EXT. STREET FRONTING HOTEL LOUIS - DAY 2

Smart hotel. Expensive shops flank the entrance. Stretched above marquee, a banner featuring the flags of all nations informs that:

CANNES WELCOMES YOU TO
LE GRAND PRIX

CAMERA ANGLE shifts to reveal the GARDENIA VENDOR. A slightly shabby gentleman of distinction, he sits on a campstool to the left of the entrance, surrounded by cut flowers. At his feet, a magnum of champagne in a silver cooler. In his hand a champagne glass.

VENDOR (calling out)
Gardenias...gardenias, mesdames et
m'sieurs.

(drinks from the glass.

With a flourish--)

...Gardenias...

FULL SHOT - STREET FRONTING HOTEL 3

as a low-slung, unusually distinctive racing car pulls quietly to the curb opposite the Gardenia Vendor. It is driven by LUCIA NAZARONE, a young Italian woman presently attired in driving clothes. Seated next to her in the passenger seat, and contrasting Nazarone by both her fashionable dress and flowing blond hair, is MADAME STREIGAU.

CLOSER ANGLE

4

as Streigau nods to Nazarone, who lets the engine idle, and steps out of the racer toward the Gardenia Vendor. There is a corsage pinned to Streigau's coat, and a camera slung over her dignified shoulder.

MEDIUM TWO SHOT

5

as Streigau, unslinging her camera, reaches the Vendor.

STREIGAU

I wonder, Monsieur, whether I
might take your photograph?

CLOSE SHOT - VENDOR

6

He smiles in a manner which causes us to suspect that perhaps he and Streigau are not strangers.

VENDOR (bowing

slightly)

What an honor...to pose for Madame.
(politely - but confidently)

...eh...Madame wishes to pay a little
something?.

(as an afterthought)
for the taking of the photograph.

TWO SHOT

7

as Streigau, whose smile is frigid, reaches into her pocket and extracts an envelope which she hands to the Vendor. He bows.

ANGLE ON STREIGAU - VENDOR'S POV

8

as she takes a few steps backward, finds him in her camera sight, and then looks up again. She takes the corsage from her coat, lifting it by the bloom.

STREIGAU (extending corsage)

Would you hold this, please? For
contrast...

MEDIUM TWO SHOT

9

with the street in b.g. After a momentary pause of slight surprise, the Vendor shrugs and then takes the corsage. He winces, and immediately sucks his thumb.

STREIGAU

Oh, prenez garde....

A taxicab has pulled up to the curb in b.g. Solo and Illya, glancing around them as would any tourists, emerge and begin walking toward CAMERA, as the Vendor poses for Streigau.

STREIGAU (snapping picture)

Thank you so much.

Solo and Illya are almost abreast of Streigau. And as she turns around to head back to Nazarone's car, she and Illya have a brief, shoulder-bumping collision.

ILLYA

Forgive me, Madame...

STREIGAU

...Quite all right.

FULL SHOT - STREET - SOLO AND ILLYA'S POV

10

as they stand there, much taken with the sight of her, watching Streigau as she reaches Nazarone's car, and gets in.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

11

SOLO (watching
Streigau go)

How I do love the Riviera.

VENDOR'S VOICE (o.s.)

Madame! You have forgotten your
corsage...

ANGLE ON SOLO, ILLYA AND THE VENDOR

12

As we HEAR Nazarone's car ROAR off, Solo and Illya give a pleasant, perfunctory glance to the Vendor who has been left holding the corsage, and then continue toward the hotel entrance.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

13

CAMERA PANS, revealing glamorous lobby with elegant groups of guests. Now, CAMERA HOLDS on morning-coated DESK CLERK behind desk. He bows, smiling, as Solo and Illya approach.

SOLO

Doctor Kellwin's room, please?

DESK CLERK (trying
to remember)

Kellwin's..Ah, room two-twenty-one. But he has checked out only this morning, Monsieur...

SOLO (exchange glance
with Illya)

Are you positive?

DESK CLERK

Mais certainement. Quite positive, m'sieur...

(turns register)

...And no forwarding address, I'm afraid.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE LOBBY

14

as a waiter emerges through a pair of French doors with a high-piled tray of drinks and luncheon. He moves diagonally across lobby, walking swiftly, head down...

SOLO

I'd like to see the room, if you don't mind.

DESK CLERK

That's quite impossible, m'sieu.

ILLYA (casually to Solo)

Well, there you are, old man.
(he backs away)

DESK CLERK

Take care, m'sieur! Look out!

14
CONT'D
(2)

Too late. Illya has intentionally stepped back directly into the waiter's path. The laden tray goes flying, drinks and all. The desk clerk darts out from behind desk to appease and cleanse.

SHOOTING ACROSS DESK - THE PIGEON HOLES

15

Solo leans across desk and deftly latches on to the key to Room 221.

SWISH PAN TO:

INT. ROOM 221 - FULL SHOT

16

facing the door. A "DO NOT DISTURB" sign hangs from doorknob. The door OPENS; Solo and Illya cautiously peer in, having used the purloined room key. The new occupant, MISS LAVINIA BROWN, wrapped in a terry cloth bathrobe, stands over an open overnight case on bed, from which she has selected bath salts, lingerie and hair curlers. She stands frozen now, staring at the men in the open doorway. Unopened luggage stands on the luggage rack. From the bathroom comes the SOUND of running water.

REVERSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

17

Their eyes are already darting around the room.

SOLO

I beg your pardon...

LAVINIA (thinking
they've made a mistake
and will go now)

Oh - of course.

Instead of going, they enter. She retreats slightly, reflexively.

FULL SHOT - ROOM 221 - SOLO, ILLYA AND LAVINIA 18

ILLYA

Excuse us, please...

He goes about searching the room with swift efficiency born of long practice and continues to the bathroom, as Lavinia gapes.

LAVINIA (to Solo - trying
to fathom the goings on)
Sort of a...room inspection, is it?

SOLO

Sort of, yes.

SOUND of running water cuts off. Illya emerges from bathroom.

ILLYA (to Lavinia)

I turned your bath water off.
The temperature is just right.

LAVINIA

Thank you.

(to Solo)

I - I'm sorry, but uh... Just
how are you gentlemen connected
with the hotel?

SOLO (pleasantly)

...eh...loosely.

She stares at him for a beat, turns without a word, goes to telephone and takes receiver off hook.

CLOSEUP - LAVINIA

19

LAVINIA (into phone)

Hello -- hello. This is Lavinia
Brown in 221. -- There are two
strange men in this room. Will
you please send someone up right
away? Thank you.

(she hangs up and turns
defiantly to face the
interlopers)

There now.

The interlopers are not where she expected them to be. She looks about for them. CAMERA PANS, discovering Solo and Illya on their knees on the carpet, examining it intently.

LAVINIA
I said, there now.

19
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Illya, ignoring
her)
Mechanic's grease. -- There's a spot
here -- and another -- and another
one there.

He indicates smudges leading to terrace doors.
Illya rises thoughtfully, following them.

SOLO
I don't suppose you're a...racing
driver, Miss Brown?

LAVINIA
Just the raciest teacher at the
Pike Falls Grammar School...
which isn't saying much, I'm afraid.
And now, if you don't mind...

PORTER (o.s.)
Mademoiselle?

All turn.

ANOTHER ANGLE

20

including the Hall Porter standing in the open
door. He is a pleasant, portly man in the uniform
of years of excellent service.

LAVINIA
Please show these gentlemen out.

SOLO (to Hall Porter)
When did you have a mechanic in
this room last?

Illya has opened the terrace doors. He glances
back as the question is asked.

PORTER
Mechanic, m'sieu?
(scratches head)
Hmm -- last year, I believe. Two
drivers of the British Team --

LAVINIA
Would you mind discussing this
in someone else's room...?

Illya goes out onto terrace. Through the open doors we see him checking the floor and railing.

20
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Porter)

Thank you, my friend. If there's anything else, we'll give you a buzz.

(pulls out a bill and tips the Porter)

PORTER (bowing)

Oui, m'sieu. Merci beaucoup, m'sieu.
(turns to go)

LAVINIA (blocking Porter's path)

Don't you dare move from here!

ILLYA (leaning in through terrace doors)
Napoleon.

Solo turns. Illya beckons with a gesture of his head. Solo moves toward him.

LAVINIA

Now see here, Mr. - Napoleon.

SOLO (brightly)

Solo. - Excuse me.

CAMERA GOES with Solo as he moves out through the terrace doors, holding on TWO SHOT of Solo and Illya, including terrace railing. Illya indicates a small pyramid of stucco dust at one point along the terrace ledging. Solo leans out and glances up. The outer edge of the terrace above shows some freshly-rubbed grooves. Solo reaches up and runs a finger over them. Stucco flakes off.

SOLO (peering up to
balcony above)
Something heavy was either lowered
down or hauled up from this balcony...
and recently.
(surveying the terrace)
...Anything else?

ILLYA

This.

(he hands Solo a perfectly
round, flat, blank metal
disk)

Found it beside the rain-pipe.
Came from above too, I think;
also recently. No sign of
weathering.

From the street below, they suddenly HEAR the horri-
fied SCREAM of a woman. They look down toward the
street.

LONG SHOT - THEIR POV

21

The Gardenia Vendor lies dead - in a grotesque
position - on the street near his flower stand.
Apparently he has been lying there for only a few
moments, as people are only just beginning to gather
around him.

ILLYA

The gardenia vendor!...He looks a
little dead.

SOLO

Yes, doesn't he, though...

ILLYA

Well now, I wonder...

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

22

SOLO (quickly)
So do I...look where that flower
stand is. Right below this balcony -
where obviously...
(indicates solanoid disk
and stucco dust)
...some funny things've been
going on.

ILLYA
Coincidental, isn't it?

22
CONT'D.
(2)

SOLO
Too much so...wonder what he'd
seen?

(looks down, then up at
the balcony above them)

Illya turns and moves quickly into Lavinia's room.

FULL SHOT - LAVINIA'S ROOM

23

as Illya bolts right past Lavinia and out the front
door. She stares after him, nonplussed. Then she
remembers Solo.

LAVINIA (impatiently -
toward balcony)
Mister Solo!

SOLO (o.s.)
Coming, Miss Brown.

Solo comes back into the room, smiling pleasantly.

SOLO (to Porter)
Who has the room directly above this
one?

PORTER
Why I...I believe it is unoccupied,
Monsieur. The guests checked out
this morning.

SOLO
Naturally.

Lavinia has had enough..

LAVINIA (to Solo)
Your...fleeing friend had an ex-
cellent idea.

She strides to the door, opens it, and stands holding
the knob with rigid formality. The Porter precedes
Solo through the door. Solo pauses on the threshold
and gives Lavinia a gentle smile.

SOLO

Your room is, eh...quite ready
now, Miss Brown.

23
CONT'D.
(2)

Glaring at Solo, Lavinia takes the sign from the
doorknob and bestows it upon him.

LAVINIA

Do glance at it from time to time.
Flash cards still work...with
children of all ages.

CLOSE SHOT

24

of the card in Solo's hands. It says, in both French
and English:

"DO NOT DISTURB"

MEDIUM SHOT

25

as Lavinia nods her grammar school dismissal, then
closes the door on Solo. And locks it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING HOTEL - MEDIUM SHOT

26

of the Gardenia Vendor lying in the street, with an
ever-growing crowd of people gathering about him.
CAMERA TILTS UPWARD to discover Illya, as he elbows
his way through the crowd toward the body.

ILLYA (French accent)

Pardon...pardon, s'il vous plait.
Please to excuse me; I am zee
physician.

CLOSE SHOT

27

as Illya kneels over the body. The rose given the Vendor by Streigau is still clutched in his hand.

ILLYA (continued -
to crowd)
If you will please to stand back...
(very authoritative)
Pulse?...
(takes a whiff of the rose
as he lifts the Vendor's
wrist for a pulse-check)
...No pulse. And zee heartbeat?...
(reaching beneath Vendor's
coat)
...No heartbeat.

Illya shrugs with the physician's professional indifference. He rises, turns, and faces the crowd.

ILLYA (continued -
philosophically)
Que sera, sera...folks.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he goes right back through the crowd, obviously now attempting to eclipse himself.

ANOTHER ANGIE

28

as Illya comes out of the crowd, which now includes a whistle-blowing Gendarme. CAMERA MOVES IN on Illya's face, and then FOLLOWS his glance down to his own hand. We see now that he has palmed the envelope which Streigau gave the vendor. We HOLD ON IT, as we

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. SOLO AND ILLYA'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

29-33

of the same envelope, as Illya tosses it on the table.

ILLYA'S VOICE (o.s.)
Twenty-five thousand francs...

CAMERA MOVES BACK to a MEDIUM SHOT of Solo and Illya. Solo is sitting on the edge of the bed, and Illya now straddles a chair, brooding.

ILLYA
Not bad for a peddler of gardenias...

29-33
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Apparently he paid rather dearly
for that money. You're sure it
was poison?

ILLYA
Methylated cobrox...the flower in
his hand reeked of it.
(pulls out pocket
radio transmitter)
So? What do we report to Mr. Waverly?

SOLO
Let's not rush into that call.
What about the formula that Doctor
Kellwin was working on? The one
he mentioned when he requested
UNCLE's protection?

ILLYA
Well obviously, the formula he
developed will have disappeared
with him...

Illya suddenly remembers something. He begins
fumbling furiously through his pockets.

SOLO
What is it?

ILLYA (searching)
I knew I'd seen something like it
before...the little round disk we
found on the balcony...
(finds it; brings it
out of his pocket, and
stares at it)
...Of course! A solanoid modifica-
tion disk; from some kind of racing
car. A big one, I think.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

33X1

SOLO
First, mechanic's grease on the
carpet...now a racing car solanoid
disk. Illya...I wonder how many
garages there are on the Riviera?

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. GARAGE ECLAT - CLOSE SHOT - SIGN - NIGHT

34

The sign, lit by a single electric bulb, reads:

LE GARAGE ECLAT

There is the sound of the night BELL CLANGING o.s. Now, CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing Solo and Illya on the cobblestoned street before the dim-lit garage front.

ILLYA (wearily)

This, I believe, will make number fourteen.

There is a pair of high, double doors beside which hangs the night bell. Illya starts to ring the bell again. Solo stays his hand and tries the door instead. It opens. They enter.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN GARAGE ROOM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

35

facing the door, as Solo and Illya open it and come hesitatingly inside. While all the lights in the room are on, the place seems deserted.

SOLO (calling out)

Anybody home?

REVERSE ANGLE

36

There are several powerful racing cars on either side of the large room, each in splendid condition. Most prominent, however, is the one we saw Nazarone and Streigau in this afternoon.

SOLO (continued;

calling)

Hey! Hello hello hello!

ANGLE ON DOOR AT OPPOSITE END OF ROOM

37

From another room or corridor at the far end of the garage, Nazarone enters. She is wiping her hands on a mechanic's rag, and is still dressed in coveralls. As she approaches Solo and Illya, she stops first at her own racer, and drops a part of some kind on the seat.

NAZARONE
The garage is closed, gentlemen.

37
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT

38

as Nazarone comes to face the UNCLE agents.

SOLO
Oh, that's okay; we, uh...
you the owner?

NAZARONE (rather
grandly - indicating her car)
That is my racing car... I am Nazarone.
The garage is - I repeat - closed,
gentlemen.

ILLYA (takes solanoid
out of his pocket)
Yes, of course. But you being a...
what does one call a lady race
driver?
(she looks at him in
stony silence)
Oh, well, you being a lady race
driver, perhaps you can tell us
what the blazes this thing is...
(holds up disk)

CLOSE SHOT - NAZARONE'S FACE

39

We see, for the instant she is off guard, that
she recognizes it.

ILLYA (continued;
merrily)
Harry here says it's used in a Bugatti
car. I say it's from a Delahaye, and
I told him to put his money where his
mouth is..

SOLO
My anxious friends is Russian, Miss...
very stubborn.

NAZARONE (takes disk
from Illya - examines it)
And how did you come by this, if
I may ask?

SOLO (off-handedly)
Picked it up right off the
street in front of our hotel...
the Louis...and immediately,
Tovarich here starts an argument
over...

39
CONT'D
(2)

NAZARONE (interrupting)
I am sorry, gentlemen. I'm afraid
I have never seen a solanoid disk
of this type. Now if you will allow
me to proceed with my work...

FULL SHOT

40

as Nazarone turns back toward her racer.

SOLO
Say there, honey...that's quite a
zingy little putt-putt you've got.

NAZARONE (turning
slowly, coldly, to face
them)
The garage is closed, gentlemen.

Under the frigidity of her continuing glare, they
bow slightly, and go out. CAMERA HOLDS for a
moment on Nazarone's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE GARAGE

41

as Solo and Illya emerge from the double doors
which CLANG shut behind them. - Solo beckons to
Illya. They withdraw into the shadows.

TWQ-SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

42

SOLO
Anything in there look familiar
to you?

ILLYA
That car of hers...
(puts things together)
...which she was driving while
her friend took a picture of the
gardenia vendor!

42
CONT'D
(2)

There is suddenly the SOUND of an approaching
automobile (o.s.). Both turn quickly.

SOLO
Let's see if there's a window back
there.

They move quickly down an alley beside the garage.
The SOUND of an approaching car is heard.

43 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

44

as a large sedan comes to a halt before the double
doors. We see that there are three women in the
car; all blond. And now, from the passenger side,
Streigau emerges and goes to the night bell.

CLOSE SHOT - STREIGAU

45

as she rings the night bell in a code signal --
three long, two short.

The double doors creak open.

ANGLE FROM ALLEY

46

Streigau steps back into the sedan, and it moves
in through the open doors. They close immediately
behind it.

ILLYA
Speak of the devil. Our picture-
snapping fashion plate.

SOLO
...and her all girl orchestra.

Illya and Solo exchange glances...then move down
the alley. CAMERA MOVES with them into an alley
at the side of the building. They move to a
window.

GARAGE WINDOW

47

including lighted window as Solo and Illya move into SHOT.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

48

as they carefully approach the skylight.

SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW

49

past Solo and Illya, to the main garage room they have just left. Streigau approaches Nazarone, and while their VOICES are MUFFLED, the words are discernible.

STREIGAU

You are ready, Nazarone?

NAZARONE

I do not know...to die in a racing accident, that is one thing. But this...

STREIGAU

Nonsense. Doctor Baurel has prepared you?

NAZARONE

Yes--he has.

STREIGAU

Then take your position...
(calling o.s.)
Start your motors!

As Nazarone shrugs and moves to stand flush up against a wall, we HEAR the ROAR of the several racing cars we've seen in the garage. Their engines drown out all other sound. Except for two pairs of headlights, the room is suddenly plunged into darkness. The two cars with their headlights on now move to angled positions directly facing Nazarone. She is bathed in the brilliant glare of their headlights, with the two cars stopped about ten feet from the wall against which she stands.

49
CONT'D
(2)

REACTION SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

50

as they exchange glances.

BACK TO SHOT

51

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on a feminine hand which now emerges from the darkness into the brilliance of the headlight beams. The hand holds a Thrush gun, and as the engines ROAR with the thunder of concerted RPM's, the hand fires the gun repeatedly at Nazarone. She is hit, and falls.

CLOSEUP - SOLO AND ILLYA

52

astonished.

SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW - SOLO AND ILLYA

53

Illya grabs for a panel of the window, trying to yank it open. The SOUND of the motors cut suddenly. In the silence, Illya's efforts produce a violent RATTLING.

SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW

54

The room goes absolutely dark. A series of shots RING OUT, winging through the window.

SHOOTING ACROSS ROOF

55

Illya and Solo duck back, draw their pistols. The SOUND of a trio of motors start up again from the room below.

POV THE COBBLESTONED STREET - THE GARAGE FRONT

56

The double doors of the garage open.
A trio of cars, headlights extinguished, race out of the building. One of them is Streigau's sedan. Illya appears at a run on the edge of the roof above as the cars disappear into the night.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

57

at the skylight. He glances back over his shoulder.

ILLYA (oc)
Gone...Did you by any chance
get a look at that gun?

Solo takes a pencil-flashlight from his pocket, and stares back down through the skylight.

SOLO
I'm afraid so. And there's
only one army I know of that
issues that type of weapon...

ILLYA (as they
exchange glances)
...Thrush.

SHOOTING DOWN THROUGH SKYLIGHT

58

as Solo rakes the workroom with the beam. It is silent and eerie. When the beam reaches the spot where Nazarone fell, it halts. There is nothing to be seen but the grease-stained flooring.

FADE OUT:

ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT-BAR OF HOTEL - DAY - FULL SHOT - 59
ILLYA'S POV

of Lavinia, as she sits alone at the bar. The BAR-TENDER has apparently been exchanging banter with her, and she emits a somewhat forced, too-loud LAUGH in response to whatever he's just said. CAMERA PULLS BACK to discover Illya, sitting at a table in f.g. His interest quickens suddenly as he looks toward the entrance. CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS GAZE, and we see Solo enter. He starts toward Illya, sees Lavinia and detours in her direction.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND LAVINIA 60

SOLO

Well, Miss Brown? About our barging
in on you yesterday...

LAVINIA (with frosty

disdain)

Don't bother!

FULL SHOT - ILLYA'S POV 61

We see Solo bow (futilely) to Lavinia. He then approaches Illya and sits down. In b.g. Lavinia is attempting another strained LAUGH with the bartender.

ILLYA

I will not ask, I will simply
assume that Mister Waverly loved
our report...

(they both stare over

at Lavinia as she

LAUGHS in b.g.)

...uh, Napoleon? How do you feel
about hallucinations?

SOLO

Eh?

ILLYA

We saw an extremely attractive
female racing driver become
thoroughly murdered, did we not?...
(Solo nods affirmatively,
but Illya then shakes his
head negatively)
...We did not.

61
CONT'D
(2)

Illya takes a folded NEWSPAPER out of his hip
pocket, and spreads it out on the table for
Solo to see.

ILLYA (continued;
indicates newspaper)
Early edition...

62 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

63

He looks up at Illya, thoroughly bewildered.

SOLO (reading)
'Renowned female racing driver,
Nazarona, entered the Baurel Clinic
late last evening for a final check-
up prior to tomorrow's racing event.'
(Solo looks up at Illya -
thoroughly bewildered)

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. BAUREL CLINIC - NIGHT

64

A stone structure, fronting on the street; an
expensive private sanitarium. A cab drives up,
Solo hops out and hurries in through entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR IN CLINIC - NIGHT

65

Solo strides past CAMERA with the RECEPTION NURSE
in hot pursuit.

NURSE (calling
sharply)
M'sieu? Arretez...arretez, m'sieu!

Solo continues on, ignoring her.

SHOOTING ACROSS CORRIDOR TOWARD ROOM 11

66

Beneath the number 11 on the door is a card marked 'NAZARONE.' Solo hurries into the SHOT, sees the card and reaches for the doorknob. As he does so, he is abruptly flanked by a pair of very large blond orderlies (later to be revealed as two of Streigau's four Thrushettes) wearing white coats. One of them nods to the nurse to return to her desk. She complies.

ORDERLY (Sophie)

Is it possible M'sieu did not
hear the nurse?

SOLO (pleasantly)

Why, of course.. Excellent lungs.
But my high school French...uh...
(shrugs lamely)

He starts to pass the orderlies. They spin him around roughly, each grabbing an arm.. Solo grips their wrists, steps back, and smiles courteously.

SOLO
Sorry ladies...I'm spoken for.

66
CONT'D
(2)

Solo opens the door, enters, and closes it behind him.

INT. ROOM 11 - SHOOTING TOWARD DOOR

67

as Solo stands, unable to wholly conceal his surprise at what he sees.

REVERSE SHOT - NAZARONE

68

NAZARONE
You? Again? Signor, I neither
know you nor like your face; and
I have paid for a private room.
I do not know what you are seeking,
but...

Wearing a fetching negligee, Nazarone sits up rigidly in the hospital bed. Her eyes are vital, glinting; as hard as steel.

INTERCUTS - SOLO AND NAZARONE

69-71

SOLO (interrupting)
...I am seeking to know, Miss
Nazarone, just how it is that
you're not a little more...
chilly, shall we say?

NAZARONE (not under-
standing)
Chilly?

SOLO
Well the last time I...looked in on
you, so to speak...you were being
rather thoroughly ventilated...by a
number of bullets.

ANGLE ON NAZARONE

72

With severe, icy calm, she tosses back the covers and disdainfully steps out of the bed to stand rigidly before Solo.

NAZARONE
Obviously...you are mistaken.

72
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE ON SOLO

73

SOLO
Confused, yes...
(with humorless finality)
...but not mistaken.

MED. SHOT - SOLO'S POV

74

As Nazarone, suddenly smiling, feminine and friendly, gets up and moves vampingly forward toward Solo. She reaches him, looks warmly into his eyes...and then gives him a rigid-fingered Karate chop in the solar plexis. He doubles up, and she uses the back of her hand to rabbit-punch him to the floor. As he hits it, she leaps on him - scratching and swinging.

SOLO
You're not being feminine...

Obviously. Solo cannot belt her, but he's being less than gentle in his self-defense.

75 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

76

including the door, as Solo twists his way free and rises to his feet. Nazarone follows quickly as the DOOR OPENS, and DOCTOR NICOL BAUREL enters. He is a squat, bushy-haired and pompous little fellow with a pince-nez. He is backed up now by the same two Orderlies, and as his presence brings an immediate halt to the combat, the Orderlies go to Nazarone and help her back toward the bed as though she were a helpless invalid.

BAUREL (icy importance)
May I ask, sir, what you are doing here...exciting my patient?

SOLO (pulling himself together)
I'm sorry, Doctor. Eh...what seems to be her trouble? Loss of energy?

BAUREL

The condition of any patient is
a confidential matter, Monsieur.

76
CONT'D
(2)

NAZARONE (back in
bed now)

He is a stranger to me, Dr. Baurel.
Yet, for a reason I do not know, he
visited me once before this evening
...earlier...
(meaningfully)
...at the garage.

CLOSE REACTION SHOT - BAUREL'S FACE

77

Although Baurel quickly smothers his involuntary
reaction, we see - for an instant - that the hidden
message in Nazarone's words has not been lost on
him.

BAUREL (stiffly)

This young lady has come here for a
routine check-up and undisturbed
relaxation. And now, if you will
be good enough to leave my clinic,
M'sieu...

As if to punctuate Baurel's words, his two Order-
lies each move a half-step toward Solo. He quickly
raises his hand in a stop-sign gesture.

SOLO (to Orderlies)

Now now, fellas... Sorry.

He gives the bunch of them an exaggerated bow, and
goes out. When the door has closed behind him,
Baurel and Nazarone stare at each other, as we

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. RESTAURANT-BAR - NIGHT - FULL SHOT - ILLYA'S
POV

78

Once again, Solo enters the room and heads toward
Illya's table in f.g. As he approaches, CAMERA
PANS across to the bar just long enough to dis-
cover Lavinia - still sitting there, still alone.

ILLYA (as Solo
arrives at the table)
Nazarone wasn't there, of course.
(Solo just looks at him)
Alive?

SOLO (rubbing tender
stomach)
...and definitely kicking...

78
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
But that's impossible! She had
her own personal St. Valentine's
Day Massacre,

CLOSE ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

79

with Lavinia still seated at the bar in b.g. Solo
sits down wearily, and glances back at Lavinia for
a second,

ILLYA (indicating
Lavinia)
Oh, yes; still there...bored, lone-
some, and doggedly determined to
love every minute of it...
(suddenly reflective)
Say, Napoleon... The formula that
Dr. Kellwin developed...it's supposed
to be a serum, isn't it; to acceler-
ate the normal healing processes of
the human body?...
(as Solo nods)
...Well if you saw Nazarone alive
and kicking not four hours after we
saw Thrush kill her...

SOLO (picking it up)
...Yup...Obviously Thrush got to
Kellwin and his formula before we
did...which explains the messy
hotel balcony. They injected some
of it into their girl Nazarone,...

ILLYA
...and then shot Nazarone just to
see if the stuff really works.
Apparently it does. Bizarre little
beggars, aren't they?

SOLO
And now they'll take the formula
home...
(an idea dawns)
...unless...unless...Thrush believed
that they weren't the only ones who
had Kellwin's formula? Suppose we
made them stay around a day or two
trying to gurantee themselves
exclusivity,...

ILLYA
Speak English, Napoleon...

79
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
We were too late to get the formula
from Kellwin...but we might get it
from Thrush; if we can make them
stick around long enough to give
us a shot at it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

80

with Lavinia visible in b.g. She has finally risen,
and reaches into her purse to pay her bar tab.

ILLYA
That's rather a large 'if'.

Solo is looking thoughtfully over toward Lavinia.
Both Illya and CAMERA follow his gaze, as we see
her walk out of the room.

SOLO (thoughtfully -
at Lavinia)
Oh, I don't know...

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. BALCONY ROOM 221 - NIGHT

81

SHOOTING through the French windows into Lavinia's
room. Past the flimsy curtains we can see Lavinia,
in nightclothes, at the writing table working on
the inevitable postcards home.

From the terrace above, Solo drops lightly into
SHOT, watches her a moment, moves toward the
French doors, and opens them.

INT. ROOM 221 - NIGHT

82

Lavinia has not heard his noiseless entry. He
stands quietly in the open doors, while she
continues.

SOLO (gently)
Hi.

Lavinia glances up sharply and utters a SHORT CRY of surprise. She then starts to reach for the telephone.

82
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Please...not the porter again--
for his sake. Miss Brown...

(pauses)

If I were to say that you were
somebody...'special' to me; what
would you think then?

LAVINIA

I'd think my suspicions were con-
firmed, that's what I'd think...
You're an escaped maniac!

(businesslike)

...Now I have some postcards to
finish, and...

SOLO (interrupting)

Lavinia Brown, you and I have a
rendezvous with destiny.

She just gapes at him in utter, nose-wrinkling
puzzlement, as he pulls out his UNCLE identifica-
tion card, and approaches Lavinia.

LAVINIA

Stay away!

(unsurely, she finally
takes the card and reads)

U...N...C...L...

(looks up - awed)

You're one of those...international
finnimijiggs...

SOLO (dead serious

now)

...who needs your help very badly,
Lavinia...

LAVINIA

Eh? My help? Fifth grade geography,
history and social studies?

(gives up trying to
comprehend things)

Aw look, Mr. Solo. I just want to
finish my postcards and go to sleep.
It's very nice that you're not
really a maniac and all that; but...

FULL SHOT

83

including the front door. As Lavinia sinks wearily into a chair, there is a KNOCK at the door. Lavinia rises, puzzled as to who it might be, and starts to walk toward it. Solo stops her.

SOLO

You just relax...

Lavinia is past the point of exclamation. She plops back down into the chair and tosses her hands in the air - she just doesn't care any more.

CLOSE SHOT - DOOR

84

as Solo opens it, and admits Illya, who traipses in quite merrily, as CAMERA FOLLOWS to a FULL SHOT.

ILLYA (to Lavinia)

Hi...

LAVINIA

Oh good. One of them learned to knock on a door.

ILLYA (to Solo)

You certainly must have been a rollicking success at Baurel's clinic. There is presently a charming blonde creature crawling around under both of our beds... planting microphones...

—SOLO

Oh? Well, let's not disturb the sweet thing. I'm sure that in a little while we can give Thrush something worthwhile to eavesdrop on... How about the security check?

ANOTHER ANGLE

85

as Illya pulls a small notebook out of his hip pocket, and thumbs through the pages as he walks over to stand right in front of the seated Lavinia.

ILLYA (thumbing pages)
Just got it back...let's see...
527 Maple Street, Pike Falls,
Arizona...

LAVINIA
That's my address!

ILLYA (still reading)
...unmarried, not engaged...Father's
name is Charles Edward, Mother's...

LAVINIA (hands at her
temples)
Stop!

ILLYA (still reading)
...Mother's name Gertrude...does
teach fifth grade, and the Pike
Falls Travel Bureau says that...

LAVINIA (interrupting -
bolts to her feet in panic)
You're driving me out of my mind!
That's...
(points jerkily at
notebook)
...that's my own information in
that thing. Stay out of there!

ILLYA (quietly pleasant)
Security clearances are necessary,
Miss Brown...
(to Solo)
She's all right, Napoleon.

86 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

87

including Solo, as Lavinia turns weakly toward him, sinking again into her chair. He reaches into his pocket and extracts a cashier's check. He walks over to Lavinia and hands it to her.

LAVINIA (punchy by now)
What's...
(gaping at check)
...Twenty-five thousand dollars...

SOLO

I want you to deposit it first thing in the morning. And then I want you to buy things: a car, clothing, a wolf-hound...anything expensive. Throw your money around.

87
CONT'D
(2)

LAVINIA (numb)

...My...money...

Solo leans over her chair, bringing his head very close to hers.

SOLO

All yours - with only one condition...
(exchanges glances
with Illya)
...Stay away from women with blond hair. We'll take care of the rest.

VERY CLOSE SHOT

88

of Lavinia's face. She is still in shock, but now looks up at Solo - warily.

LAVINIA

The rest...of what?

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. SOLO AND ILLYA'S HOTEL ROOM - FULL SHOT

89

as Solo and Illya enter. All of the dialogue which follows will reflect their knowledge that a listening device has been planted in the room.

ILLYA

...and I say you're wrong. Thrush went to a lot of trouble to get their copy of the formula. If Kellwin left another copy behind - they'd have secured it before the girl who moved into his room found it.

SOLO

Lavinia Brown quoted me a part of the formula.

Illya sits down on his bed, then points beneath it to show Solo the area where the microphone is

hidden. Solo nods, and lies down on his own bed, showing Illya his own microphone. Both direct their words toward the hidden mikes.

89
CONT'D
(2)

 ILLYA (pretending anger)
Well, I still say you don't pay
someone a hundred thousand dollars
for something you haven't even
seen yet.

As Illya speaks, CAMERA MOVES IN on the microphone under his bed, and we

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THRUSH LISTENING POST - CLOSE SHOT

90

Streigau as she listens, her tape recorder going, to what is being said.

 SOLO'S VOICE (filtered)
We'll see it. She won't get the
rest of that money until she
delivers us the formula tomorrow
night.

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

INT. SOLO AND ILLYA'S ROOM

91

 ILLYA
Huh! It's infuriating. That sweet,
innocent look of hers. Lavinia
Brown, indeed...

 SOLO
Whatever else she is, she's a clever,
dangerous young woman, and at least
Thrush won't be the only one with
that formula.

 ILLYA
Unless, of course, Thrush hangs
around this little paradise and
nails our lovely Miss Brown...

 SOLO
How could they? They'd have to find
out about her first.

Their dialogue complete, Solo nods to Illya, and
Illya nods to Solo.

91
CONT'D
(2)

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THRUSH LISTENING POST - CLOSE SHOT

92

Streigau smiles and looks back over her shoulder,
as CAMERA PULLS BACK and PANS ACROSS to FOLLOW HER
GAZE. In a chair a few feet away, sipping a
martini, sits Nazarone.

STREIGAU (lifting her
glass in toast)
To Miss Lavinia Brown...

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING HOTEL - DAY - LONG SHOT

93

looking down the street from the hotel. The day
is bright, the street busy and the hotel DOORMAN
pompous in f.g. An expensive, low-slung convertible
turns onto the street in b.g., and zooms up to us.
As it SQUEALS to a stop we see that the driver is
Lavinia. Her one passenger is Sophie. Though
naturally a blond, Sophie is wearing a brunette
wig.

ANOTHER ANGLE

94

as the Doorman comes around to open the car door
for Lavinia. She, obviously rather puffed up
about the sparkling new car she's driving, seems
to be in a merrily bouncing mood. Sophie emerges
alone on the sidewalk side. The rear of the car is
stacked with expensively boxed purchases.

LAVINIA

Thank you so much, Miss Sophie. It
was such a beautiful little place...

CAMERA MOVES with Lavinia to the sidewalk, where
she and Sophie shake hands. The doorman passes
through the shot behind them, carrying her bundles.

SOPHIE (Fourth Thrushette)

And I thank you, M'amselle. You
will be moving in tomorrow, perhaps?

LAVINIA (excited)
To my own cottage on the Riviera?
... Tonight!

94
CONT'D
(2)

SOPHIE
But of course...

LAVINIA
Well, thanks again for renting me
the place. Bon jour, and everything.

SOPHIE
Bon chance, Mademoiselle Brown.

As Lavinia proceeds up the front steps, CAMERA
FOLLOWS Sophie as she turns and crosses over to a
parked automobile - in which Streigau is sitting.
She gets in, exchanges smiles with Streigau, and
removes the brunette wig - letting her blond hair
toss freely.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. LAVINIA'S ROOM - FULL SHOT

95

as Lavinia opens the door, balancing her mountain
of gaily wrapped purchases, and kicks it closed
behind her. CAMERA FOLLOWS and CATCHES UP to her
as she steers a teetering course for the main
closet. As she reaches the closet door, we are
in a CLOSE SHOT looking over her shoulder. She
opens the door - and SCREAMS - Illya is standing
inside, smiling at her. The packages have gone
flying in every direction.

--ILLYA
Forgive me, Wealthy Lady, but I
wasn't sure it was you at the door.
(stepping out of closet)
Now if you don't mind, I'm afraid
I have to kidnap you a little bit.

Lavinia fights to regain her composure.

LAVINIA (stupefied)
You...what?

ILLYA
Well, since we've made our point
with THRUSH, it's time to drop you
somewhere out of the line of fire -
for your own protection.

LAVINIA

Protection? What's a THRUSH? You mean there are...that some people are going to be looking...for me?... with evil intent?

95
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Nothing to fret about...so long as we keep you hidden for a few days... and you don't talk to any blonds. You haven't, have you?

LAVINIA (quickly)

Oh no...the real estate lady was a brunette...uh...

They hear Lavinia's telephone RING. Lavinia moves toward it, but Illya picks it up.

ILLYA (into phone)

Hello?...where are you?...

QUICK CUT TO:

96-102 OUT

INT. HOTEL LOBBY HOUSE PHONE - SOLO

102X1

as he speaks to Illya on the phone.

SOLO (into phone)

Illya? Is she back?

(listens)

All right - hocus, pocus, make her disappear. I'm on my way back to Doctor Baurel's clinic...

QUICK CUT BACK TO:

INT. LAVINIA'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

103

ILLYA (into phone)

Right...Miss Brown and I are on our way out of the picture. Good luck.

(hangs up)

INTERCUTS - LAVINIA AND ILLYA

104

LAVINIA (awfully nervous)

Out of the picture...where?

ILLYA
There's a little village at the
foot of the Alps Maritime, which
should...

104
CONT'D
(2)

LAVINIA (interrupting)
The Alps! It's freezing in those
places. What about my new cottage?

ILLYA
No, I don't think so. Thrush...eh,
those people, that is...have a funny
way of...

LAVINIA (interrupting)
Well I refuse to be found frozen to
death in a lot of craggy Alps!

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. THE BEACH HOUSE - SHOOTING ACROSS LAWN - DAY 105

The house looks elegant, inviting and expensive.
There is the SOUND of a motor approaching. Now
Illya's car rolls into SHOT and parks, Lavinia's
face appears at the car window. She glows.

ANOTHER ANGLE 106

as Lavinia leaps out of the car and runs up the
gravel walk. Illya climbs out, ambling after her,
enjoying her delight. As Lavinia fumbles for the
door key, it is suddenly opened from within - by
Streigau.

STREIGAU
Won't you come in?

106
CONT'D
(2)

Lavinia just stares at her, perplexed - and enters..

CLOSE REACTION SHOT - ILLYA

107

as he recognizes Streigau.

ILLYA (shouting)
No! Miss Brown!

He dashes after her. Streigau, seeing him coming as she stands in the doorway, very calmly tosses a round ball onto the ground in front of Illya. The ball bursts, and thick smoke envelopes him. Illya staggers, then falls forward on his face. As Streigau stands in the doorway, CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON her smiling face. From within, we HEAR Lavinia SCREAM.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY - FULL SHOT

108

Lavinia stands, rigid with fright and apprehension. On the doorstep in f.g., Illya is just regaining consciousness, but is thoroughly dazed. THREE THRUSHETTES stand at-the-ready as Madame Streigau leans languidly against the door.

STREIGAU (to Lavinia)

You've got that sweet, innocent business down pretty pat, haven't you?

(Lavinia doesn't answer - Streigau smiles)

Women never fool each other very well, my dear, and you don't fool me.

(looks over at Illya, who is still flopping around on the floor, trying to collect his senses - nods to Thrushettes)
Help the gentleman up.

MEDIUM SHOT - ILLYA AND TWO THRUSHETTES

109

The two blond bombers move to Illya, and each taking one of his arms, hoist him to his feet. His eyes cannot focus; his footwork is weavey. Nonetheless, out of UNCLE-oriented instinct, he shakes himself loose from the ladies, and cocks his unsteady hand in rabbit-punch position. But goodness knows, you can't hit a lady. Blearily, and frowning confusedly - not quite knowing what to do with his cocked hand - he turns toward the other Thrushette. But unfortunately, it seems to Illya that this one may also be a woman. He tries to mumble something on the order of 'it ain't fair'; and looking as though he's going to cry, Illya sinks back down to his knees.

CLOSE SHOT - STREIGAU

110

STREIGAU (to Thrushettes - indicating Illya with disdain)
Throw it away.

FULL SHOT

111

as the Thrushettes, acting as a team (i.e., by the numbers), lift Illya up and hoist him aboard two of their shoulders in a fireman's carry. As they start for the well (with Illya still trying to focus and figure out what he's doing slung over somebody's back), the Third Thrushette gives him a coy little pat on the cheek. The two ladies carry him away.

MED. FULL SHOT

112

as Streigau and the Third Thrushette now direct their attention to Lavinia.

STREIGAU

We know you were to deliver your copy of Doctor Kellwin's formula to UNCLE this evening. You will deliver it to me...now...or I promise you, you'll never see the evening.

INTERCUTS - LAVINIA AND STREIGAU

113-115

LAVINIA (trying to find her voice)
You...I...don't understand...honest I don't. Please!

STREIGAU (mimmicking)
Honest you don't. Honest injun? (deadly)
Then where, may I ask, did you get the sudden wealth to rent this cottage, and buy that shiny new car that's sitting outside? It won't work, Lavinia...
(reflecting on the name)
Lavinia...good gracious, that sounds like a spinster schoolteacher...

LAVINIA (she's been hit where she lives - the chin juts out)
Now see here, you painted-up floozey!

MED. SHOT - STREIGAU AND THIRD THRUSHETTE

116

STREIGAU (to Thrushette -
indicating Lavinia)
Shall we?

Together, they advance on Lavinia, as we

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. WELL NEAR BEACH HOUSE - MED. CLOSE SHOT

117

with the beach house in b.g. The two Thrushettes have carried Illya to the well, and now place him teeteringly on its edge. Illya is still only partially aware of things.

ILLYA (bleary)
...what are you...now wait...

CAMERA MOVES PAST THE WELL to focus on Lavinia, with Streigau and the third Thrushette flanking her in b.g.

STREIGAU (calling to
Thrushettes at well)
We're taking Little Miss Muffet here
to the clinic. Finish up with him.

As Streigau finishes speaking, CAMERA MOVES BACK again to the well in f.g.

ILLYA (very punchy)
...clinic?

One Thrushette straightens his tie. The other pats his hair to smooth it. Both kiss him, simultaneously, on either cheek - and then flip him into the well. They look down the well after him as we HEAR a resounding SPLAT from far below.

FULL SHOT

118

as the two Thrushettes move quickly toward a black sedan into which Streigau and the third Thrushette have put Lavinia. CAMERA PANS BACK TO WELL, and DOLLIES UP, OVER, and DOWN INTO WELL. At its bottom, what's left of Illya is twitching ineffectually around.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE BAUREL CLINIC - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

119

of Solo's face. Directly behind his head is an unidentified wall. Now he peers around a corner, and as CAMERA FOLLOWS his gaze, we have a LONG SHOT looking into the main corridor of the hospital, through the glass front doors, with Solo's head in f.g. Making sure that none of the hospital staff are looking in his direction, and as CAMERA FOLLOWS him, he dashes across the open space in front of the entrance and flattens himself once more against the wall on the opposite side. He then edges carefully toward the corner of the building.

QUICK CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - SIDE OF HOSPITAL BUILDING

120

as Solo comes around the corner, and moves cautiously toward us along the side of the building. He glances into one window, but it is not the one he wants. He continues along.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THERAPY ROOM OF HOSPITAL - MED. SHOT

121

Apparently intent on improving her already scrumptious figure, Nazarone is exercising. She and the female PHYSICAL THERAPIST are tossing a medicine ball back and forth, with Nazarone swinging the heavy ball down between her legs, then up over her head, before tossing it back to the Therapist.

NAZARONE

I have never had so much energy...
I feel marvelous!

ANOTHER ANGLE

122

taking in both Nazarone and the window she faces as she exercises. Solo's head is briefly recognizable as it goes quickly past the window - and is seen by Nazarone. She drops the medicine ball and moves to peer after him.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - LONG SHOT

123

Far down toward the end of the building, Solo is disappearing through another window just as Nazarone - whose head comes out of the one in f.g. - looks his way. She is just in time to see where he has gone.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THERAPY ROOM - FULL SHOT

124

as Nazarone, her face grim and hard, comes back from the window.

THERAPIST

What is it?

NAZARONE

Has Madame Streigau returned?

THERAPIST

They are due any minute. She telephoned that she was bringing the American girl here for interrogation.

NAZARONE

I believe we have an uninvited guest...

CUT TO:

INT. BAUREL'S OFFICE - MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO

125

as he is quickly and efficiently searching through drawers, closets and cabinets in the unoccupied office. He looks up, brooding. He has not yet found what he seeks. Now, hearing footsteps approaching out in the corridor, he moves behind an examination screen near the window.

ANOTHER ANGLE

126

including the door to the corridor, as it opens, and Baurel enters. He stops dead at the sight of his ransacked office. Then, puzzled and excited, he crosses to an opened cabinet. As he does so, CAMERA SHIFTS to include Solo, as he emerges somewhat lazily from behind the screen. For a moment, Baurel remains unaware of him. It is only as he turns toward the window that the two men face each other - and Baurel goes rigid.

SOLO

Eh, what's up, Doc?

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO AND BAUREL

127

BAUREL (recovering -
suitably indignant)

You!

(looks around again at
ransacked office)

What right have you to sneak in
here and do this?

(turns as if to go for
help)

SOLO

No, no...

(pulls his gun)

Nobody likes a tattletale,
Doctor.

BAUREL (transfixed
by gun)

- What...do you want?

TWO SHOT

128

Solo approaches Baurel, and sticks the gun under his quivering nose.

SOLO

First...how about Doctor Kellwin?

Baurel can only stare, wide-eyed. And in that silent moment, Solo COCKS the weapon in deliberate menace.

128
CONT'D
(2)

BAUREL (thoroughly
frightened)
He died of natural causes...
I swear it! She was furious
when he died.

That Kellwin is indeed dead is news (though not surprising) to Solo.

SOLO
She?... Talk, little man!

BAUREL (after pause)
Doctor Egret... she calls
herself Madame Streigau here.

SOLO
Doctor Egret! That name I do
know...
(recalling)
Always a different identity,
always a different face. But
always - THRUSH! So with THRUSH
around, Kellwin died of natural
causes? Come now, Doctor.

BAUREL (unable to take
his eyes from the gun)
It's true! They found the formula
in his briefcase when they took
him from his hotel... They intended
to hold him only until the formula
was tested on Nazarone... But the
Doctor... just...
(shrugging lamely)
...he just died. Simply wasted
away, it seemed... Perhaps severe
exhaustion; I don't know...

SOLO
So you took over... and prepared
the serum for Doctor Egret - nee
Streigau, and her THRUSH friends
to test on Nazarone.

BAUREL (runs his hand
across his eyes)
I was about to lose the clinic to
my creditors...They...paid me very
well.

128
CONT'D
(3)

ANGLE ON SOLO

129

as he steps back slowly, assuming a deadly
countenance.

SOLO
That's all I wanted to know.

BAUREL
What do you mean? Tell me what you
want!

SOLO (flatly)
What I want, Doctor...is to kill
you.

CLOSE SHOT - BAUREL'S FACE

130

It reflects complete and unabashed fear, as we

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. MAIN HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT

131

looking toward the entrance. The door leading into
Baurel's office is in f.g. From the therapy room
near the entrance, TWO NURSES -

- enter the corridor and come
quietly toward Baurel's office door. They are
carrying guns.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. BAUREL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - SOLO AND BAUREL

132

BAUREL
But why? Why? I merely put the
serum together for them...

SOLO

Exactly. We have the formula too,
you know. And without you around
to make it for Thrush...we'll be
firstest with the mostest.

(raises gun again)

So...

BAUREL (quickly)

Wait! Why kill me? Let me mix the
formula for you. I will work...

SOLO

Don't need you, Doctor...

Thinking he has HEARD something out in the corridor,
Solo moves to the door, and listens.

BAUREL (frantically)

I will get you Thrush's copy of the
formula! I know where it is!

(as Solo appears to waiver)

It's their only copy. Just take me
to Nazarone's garage...I will show you!

ANOTHER ANGLE

133

Solo has definitely HEARD something beyond the door.
He comes back to Baurel, and uses his gun to prod
the doctor toward the window.

SOLO

All right...show me.

Relieved, Baurel starts willingly back toward the
corridor door. Solo yanks him back by the shoulder,
and once again indicates the window. Baurel hesi-
tates for a moment, and then begins climbing out.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING

134

as first Baurel, and then Solo (with levelled weapon), climb outside. Moving cautiously, Solo nudges Baurel ahead of him as they move along the side of the building - the same way Solo came in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

135

as first Baurel, and then Solo, comes abreast of the therapy room window. CAMERA MOVES IN on Solo's face as Nazarone's arm suddenly ENTERS FRAME and winds around Solo's neck with terrific force.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

136

as Nazarone's unrelenting stranglehold literally pins Solo - half off his feet - against the window sill. In self defense, Solo tries to bring his gun arm up and backwards above his head to strike whoever is choking him. With ease, however, Nazarone grabs his arm with her free one, and pins that too. She is killing him.

BAUREL

Nazarone! Stop...you'll kill him!
What's come over you?

NAZARONE (enjoying
herself)
Strength, Doctor...a strength that
sings inside me like a racing engine...

Baurel moves to the window, takes the gun easily out of Solo's benumbed hand, and covers him with it, as he tries to rip Nazarone's arm from around the semi-conscious Uncle agent's neck.

BAUREL (using all his
strength)
Let go, I tell you! Madame will
want him alive...let go!

Sneering, Nazarone finally lets go. Solo drops to the ground like a sack of mud; out cold. CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM.

136
CONT'D
(2)

NAZARONE'S VOICE (o.s.)
Perhaps when Madame is done with this one, she will leave him for me...

CLOSE SHOT - NAZARONE

138

Her eyes seem to sparkle abnormally, and her nostrils flare as if there is some intense thing within her, spreading voltage through her body.

BAUREL (concerned)
Nazarone, what is wrong with you...

NAZARONE
...for me, perhaps... to rip apart with my hands.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT OF ENTRANCE

139

as Streigau, her Thrushettes, and an utterly wilted Lavinia Brown enter. Nazarone and a Nurse appear in FRAME from behind CAMERA, and walk briskly toward Streigau.

MEDIUM GROUP SHOT

140

Nazarone carries hand-exerciser (the kind used in men's gyms). As she speaks she works it feverishly, opening and closing it as though it were a toy.

NAZARONE

Madame...one of our UNCLE friends was attempting to question Doctor Baurel. We have...detained him... in the therapy room.

Streigau stares for a moment at the constant, compulsive movement of Nazarone's hands. She gives her a puzzled look, but says nothing about it.

STREIGAU (to nurse -
after digesting the news)
Ask Doctor Baurel to prepare an
injection for this lady...
(glancing at Lavinia with
relaxed tolerance)
...she seems a bit reticent to
cooperate.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. WELL OUTSIDE BEACH HOUSE - EVENING - MEDIUM SHOT 141

of the well, as CAMERA DOLLIES UP AND OVER THE SIDE, to look down at Illya. He has fully recovered, and is staring up the well shaft at us.

REVERSE ANGLE

142

We are behind Illya as he contemplates his situation. The curvilinear sides of the well glisten with slickness. He touches the side, exploring its texture. Finding a crack in the surface, he grips at it, and searches for another. He begins slowly, laboriously, to climb.

LOOKING DOWN SHAFT

143

Illya is still near the bottom, and his strained face gives evidence of the difficulty he is having.

REVERSE ANGLE

144

as Illya loses his grip, claws frantically, and falls back down. He gets up, frustrated and furious - and with blood on one of his hands. He looks up, preparing to try again.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. HOSPITAL THERAPY ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - STREIGAU

145

STREIGAU

It's true that Thrush already
has the formula, Mister Solo...
as evidenced by Nazarone's rapid
recovery from those bullet wounds
in her body...

CAMERA PANS from Streigau's face to a MEDIUM SHOT of Solo. He is spread-eagled against the wall, held there by handcuffs attached to the wooden rungs of an exercise ladder which runs from floor to ceiling. Near him, Nazarone is fiddling around with a pair of weighted pulleys - apparently trying to work off her inexplicable attack of excess energy.

STREIGAU

...But we must also make certain
that no one else has it. Exclusivity
brings the highest prices, you know.

SOLO

Of course...
(reflectively)
...Madame Streigau - climbing up
in the world with the pseudonyms,
aren't you...Doctor Egret?

CLOSE REACTION SHOT - STREIGAU

146

as she arches a deadly eyebrow at Solo.

FULL SHOT

147

of the room. Lavinia is lying - bewildered and exhausted - on a padded tumbling mat. Two Thrushettes stand over her. All turn toward the door as it opens. Doctor Baurel enters. He carries a tray on which is the equipment for Lavinia's injection.

STREIGAU (cont. - to Baurel)

Ah, Doctor; prepare it, please...
(to Nazarone - annoyed at the distraction of her exercising)

Stand still! What's the matter with you today?

ANGLE ON LAVINIA AND BAUREL

148

as he loads the hypodermic needle.

LAVINIA (rising - panicked by the needle)

No!

(the Thrushettes push her back down on the mat)

ANGLE ON GROUP

149

STREIGAU

Merely a little pentathol, my dear...truth serum...harmless, really...unless, of course, it were to prove that you don't really have a copy of the formula. Then it could be...fatal, I'm afraid.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

150

who knows full well that Lavinia has never even heard of the formula.

STREIGAU

If you're ready, Doctor...

ANGLE ON BAUREL AND LAVINIA

151

as he approaches the quaking girl, needle extended.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. SHAFT OF WELL - NIGHT - LONG SHOT

152

looking down the shaft. Illya has been climbing laboriously, inches at a time and from foothold to precarious foothold, up the shaft.

ANGLE FROM BELOW

153

as he continues to grope, slip, grope again upward - using only his hands and feet - toward the top. He makes it, and scrambles out of the well.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. HOSPITAL THERAPY ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - LAVINIA'S FACE

154

Lavinia is in a twilight land between consciousness and oblivion. Her eyes are half-open, now closed, now open again. Her mouth moves feebly.

STREIGAU'S VOICE (o.s.)

The formula...where is your copy
of Doctor Kellwin's formula?

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS - FACES

155-160

of Lavinia, as her subconscious puzzles over what to her is gibberish; of Streigau, as she waits with intense, grim-visaged expectancy; of Solo, as he prays for rain - or anything else that will keep Lavinia mum.

STREIGAU (cont'd; a

little exasperated now)

The...Kellwin...formula. You received
money for it, Lavinia.

LAVINIA (responding

slightly)

Oh, yes...money...marvelous...

STREIGAU (encouraged)
What must you do to get the money?
Where must you go tonight to earn
your money?

155-160
CONT'D
(2)

LAVINIA
...Earn my money...
(the frown disappears)
...history, geography...teaching
little boys...who shoot spitballs...
and now twenty-five thousand...for
doing nothing...

Streigau's eyes narrow; Solo's eyes close.

STREIGAU (suspiciously)
Nothing?

LAVINIA
Nice...sweet...lovely Mr. Solo...
'Just have a ball...we'll do the
rest', he says...

STREIGAU
Who said?

LAVINIA (smiling)
Mister Solo...pretty Mr. Solo...

TWO SHOT - STREIGAU AND SOLO

161

Streigau's eyebrows arch in frigid surprise. She
turns slowly, angrily toward Solo - then back
again to Lavinia. CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER FACE. It
resembles the Wicked Witch of the North.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

162

Streigau and Baurel watch as the Thrushettes tie
Solo and Lavinia to two large chaise lounge mat-
tresses which are layed out next to the pool.
Nazarone is exercising on the lawn in b.g.

STREIGAU (to Solo)
Whatever your purpose was in
making us believe that this...
schoolteacher had a copy of the
formula... it served only to
waste a bit of our time; and to
cost you both your lives.

162
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Oh, well-- easy come, easy go.

ANOTHER ANGLE

163

Streigau nods to one Thrushette, who goes to a large
bag standing near the pool, and dumps its contents
into the water. Then she and another Thrushette
pick up long pool-cleaning poles and begin stirring
up the water; as Streigau comes to stand over Solo.

STREIGAU (to Solo)
The mattresses will float for
a few minutes. Then they will
become saturated, and you will
sink to the bottom... slowly.
There will be no marks on your
bodies... only salt water in
your lungs from your accidental
drowning in the Mediterranean.

2-9-65

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ANOTHER ANGLE

164

as the Thrushettes surround the mattresses on which Solo and Lavinia are strapped - and then shove them over the edge of the pool, into the water.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CLINIC SWIMMING POOL - FULL SHOT

165

There has been no time lapse. Streigau, Sophie, and two other THRUSHETTES stand at the side of the pool interestedly observing the soon-to-drown couple. Lavinia has been recovering from her stupor, and now writhes a bit on her mattress.

SOLO

Lavinia...don't move around...it'll
go under faster.

ANGLE ON STREIGAU AND SOPHIE

166

as she looks up from pool to scan the immediate area.

STREIGAU (to Sophie -
frowning)
Where is Baurel?

SOPHIE
Nazarone was all worked up. The
doctor went in to look for her.

STREIGAU (not liking
it)
Get him. He's not to be out of my
sight until he's finished with the
formula and we're finished with him.

As Sophie leaves, CAMERA follows Streigau's gaze
back to Solo and Lavinia.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. CLINIC PARKING LOT

167

with Nazarone gunning the engine of her racing
car as Baurel, panting, rushes up to her on the
passenger side. The clinic entrance is in b.g.

BAUREL (breathless)
Stop! Where are you going?

NAZARONE (exhuberant)
One cannot just stand around when
one feels like this...come, little
man...

167
CONT'D
(2)

(grabs Daurel by the neck-
tie)
...We take a ride around the con-
course, eh?

She literally yanks him in over the low side of the
car and, stomping on the gas, roars out of frame.
In b.g., Sophie, having just peered out the entrance,
sees them go.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - CLOSE SHOT - STREIGAU

168

She turns her head quickly in the direction of the
parking lot as she HEARS the SOUND of Nazarone's car
leaving the area. She gives Solo and Lavinia a last
glance, and then heads back toward the clinic.
CAMERA watches her go for an instant, then PANS
AROUND to Solo and Lavinia. Their mattresses have
been riding lower in the water. Now, they begin
abruptly to sink. CAMERA PANS to the Two Thrushettes,
still watching interestedly. One of them now tosses
Solo a pleasant goodbye-wave of the hand. In b.g.
at the rear of the pool area, there is a high wood-
slatted fence. And now we see Illya come dashing
across the lawn toward them at full gallop. The
Thrushettes HEAR HIM at the last moment. Both of
them wheel around just as he arrives to shove them -
backwards - into the pool. Illya, having barely
broken stride, executes a flat-out racing dive into
the water toward Solo and Lavinia, who have just sunk
below the surface.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - MED. FULL SHOT

169

Illya, pocket knife in one hand, has hoisted Lavinia's mattress to the surface with the other. She SPLUTTERS, but is apparently undamaged. He lets her drop back for just a moment as he must use both hands to hoist Solo's mattress. With a few strong slashes, he cuts the straps which bind Solo to the mattress. He then turns back to Lavinia. The two drenched Thrushettes have come to the surface and swim madly for the opposite end of the pool (from which they will rush back into the hospital), as both Solo and Lavinia are freed.

LAVINIA (feeling her head)
...Oh, my hair!

Solo, Illya and Lavinia hoist themselves out of the pool.

SOLO (to Illya)
...You bring a car?

ILLYA
Lavinia's new one...where are we going?

SOLO (helping Lavinia out)
The garage...Baurel let it slip about the formula being there...

They dash toward the open space between the pool and the hospital building. It leads toward the parking lot.

EXT. CLINIC PARKING LOT - FULL SHOT - DAY

170

as Solo, Illya and Lavinia round the corner and scramble into Lavinia's car.

CLOSER ANGLE

171

as Illya starts up the car.

ILLYA
Hold onto your hats. The Con-
course area on the road to town
has already been sealed off for
the race....

And the car zooms out of the parking area, Solo hanging onto Lavinia for dear life.

INT. CLINIC CORRIDOR

172

as Streigau faces Sophie.

STREIGAU (furious)
What? Nazarone must be mad...
driving off like that!

SOPHIE
Something has been happening to her...

She breaks off and they both look off as one of the girls who had been pushed into the water appears, dripping.

THE GIRL
They've escaped, Madam! We were
attacked by...

STREIGAU (exploding)
You clumsy fool! Can't anything be
done right unless I do it myself!
(hesitates, then, to Sophie)
Get my car!

SOPHIE
But we can't overtake Nazarone's
racing car. And we don't know
where our prisoners...

STREIGAU (shouting)
Blast Nazarone...and Baurel...and those
prisoners! We go back to town...to
the garage. We will pick up the for-
mula, and leave the rest of them to
each other and the devil!

She starts towards the entrance, the other two following.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY INTERSECTION - FULL SHOT FROM
ABOVE

173

We are at a rural intersection and at the side of the road in f.g., we see a huge makeshift sign, which reads: CONCOURSE - LE GRAN PRIX. Beneath the lettering, a painted-on arrow points toward town. CAMERA PANS 90 degrees to the LEFT to discover the race car as it approaches the intersection from the road at right angles to the main one. AS CAMERA PANS LEFT still another 90 degrees, we are now looking along the main road. We see Lavinia's vehicle speeding toward us - on a collision course with the racer which approaches from the intersecting road.

MED. SHOT

174

as CAMERA travels abreast of Lavinia's car. The occupants stare ahead as Nazarone's car races towards them.

FULL SHOT

175

as Nazarone and Illya race toward each other. Lavinia SCREAMS as Nazarone swerves directly toward them. NOTE: We are at a section of road where there is a small intersection. The main road to town is blocked off by bales of straw with appropriate marking signs to indicate that the "Concourse" swings to follow the intersection. A wagon full of hay stands near the road. Empty oil drums stand nearby.

CLOSE SHOT - LAVINIA'S CAR

176

As Illya swerves the wheel sharply, his car swerving off the road to spin around and stop beside the road after bouncing off the straw bales that block the fork. Nazarone's car flashes past, Baurel clinging for dear life.

ILLYA

That was Nazarone and Baurel!

MED. SHOT ANOTHER SECTION OF ROAD - NAZARONE AND BAUREL.

177

Nazarone's car is skidding from the near miss. It too spins, then halts at the road's edge. Nazarone grips the wheel fiercely, her eyes wild and glazed. Her mask-like grin seems painted on. Baurel is petrified by fear. He tries to get out, only to be held down by Nazarone's steel-handed grip.

BAUREL

Please, I beg you...no more!

NAZARONE

But the course hasn't been run yet.
I'm burning up inside...inside...
What have you done to me with that
serum? What have you done!

She wheels the car around and races off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

178

The racer barely misses Streigau's car which is coming along the road, Streigau, Sophie and the Third Thrush Agent inside.

CUT TO:

SOLO, LAVINIA, ILLYA

179

Illya is trying to get the car started again as Streigau's car comes down the road. Solo spots it.

SOLO

Oh, oh! Here come the fellas
in the black hats again. Every-
body out!

They all climb out of the car and duck behind it for safety.

ANOTHER ANGLE

180

as Streigau's car comes to the fork in the road. The driver ignores the white car, driving off the road to swerve around past the stacked straw and continue on into town. The trio regain their feet.

SOLO

Streigau herself!

ILLYA

...And headed into town.

LAVINIA

We seem to have lost our fatal
charm. She didn't stop to shoot
at us...

SOLO

She must be going after the
formula...

They look up as Nazarone's racer roars down the road, takes the turn at the fork and whips past them, following the Concourse.

ILLYA

And Nazarone seems to be running a
race - using this leg of the Concourse.

SOLO (jumps into
car)
I'm going after Streigau. You stop
Nazarone ... and get Baurel
back for us!

180
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
And how do you suggest I stop
that female rocket out there!

SOLO
Show her your legs...
(indicating Lavinia)
...take care of our little
girl. Chiau!

He drives off, following the path that Streigau's car
had taken.

ANOTHER ANGLE

181

Illya turns to look behind them, in the direction
from which Nazarone will come zooming by again.

ILLYA
It shouldn't take her too long
to drive around... Lavinia;
come along, Lavinia. We have
errands.

TIME DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. ROAD - MEDIUM SHOT

182

Lavinia sits, exhausted, at the side of the road as
Illya finishes rolling the last of the oil drums into
place on the road. He has blocked the entire fork,
using the hay wagon and the drums while the baled
straw blocks the main road. We now HEAR Nazarone's
car as it approaches. Illya crouches, ready to leap
in any direction depending upon what happens.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NAZARONE'S POV

183

as she swerves from side to side, approaching the
bales and the hay mound.

NAZARONE

Yahaa!

(twists the wheel to the
right)

183
CONT'D
(2)

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - FULL SHOT

184

As Nazarone's car, still going at full speed, goes right into and through the bales of straw. An instant later there is the SOUND of a CRASH.

CLOSE REACTION SHOT - ILLYA

185

CAMERA HOLDS as he rushes away from it toward the accident beyond the scattered bales. Lavinia follows him, somewhat hesitantly.

FULL SHOT - ROAD BEYOND THE BALES

186

Nazarone's car has come to an abrupt halt - mainly because it is now upside down in a ditch about twenty yards away on the opposite side of the road. Illya, followed by Lavinia, rushes toward the wreck of the racer, which lies in f.g.

CLOSE SHOT

187

as Illya arrives on the driver's side. Nazarone's face is hidden from view, and quickly, Illya reaches in to lift her head up. As he sees her face, Illya's own face takes on a look of disbelieving shock and surprise.

CLOSE SHOT - NAZARONE'S FACE

188

It is unrecognizably sunken and hollowed out. All her beauty is gone.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S FACE

189

as he gapes at Nazarone.

ILLYA (shocked)
Is this--Nazarone.!?.

CLOSE SHOT - BAUREL AND ILLYA

190

Baurel lies to one side--battered by the crash.

LAVINIA
But what happened to her?
Her face...

BAUREL (haltingly)
Kellwin's formula...the serum...
it...increased the metabolism to
a point where...she...used herself
up...(gasps)...from inside...
Burned herself out...that's what
happened to Kellwin too...I'm sure
of it now...

FULL SHOT

191

ILLYA
So now we know about Doctor
Kellwin's formula...It accelerates
recovery, all right. Then it keeps
on accelerating, until you're
devoured by your own energies.

LAVINIA (indicating
wreck--a little sick)
Is--is she...I mean...

ILLYA
I'll call some help for Dr. Baurel.
As for Nazarone, she was dead,
really, the minute that serum
entered her body.

CLOSE SHOT.

192

Lavinia has had about all she can take, and it's
catching up with her. But she steels herself for
one final show of strength.

192
CONT'D
(2)

FLASH PAN TO:

193

194

195

from the right side of the garage. Streigau is at left of FRAME in b.g., and the Thrushettes stand near the center of the room, near her sedan. Against the far wall, we see two tall stacks of tires standing side by side. The open doors are at right, and now Solo wheels Lavinia's car right through the doors, and stops at such an angle as to block the path of the sedan. With no hesitation whatsoever, Solo leaps out of the car, right over its side, as the Thrushettes go for the guns in their purses.

MEDIUM FULL SHOT

196

looking over the shoulders of the Thrushettes. Solo hits the ground, is partially obscured for a moment by Streigau's sedan, and then bursts through the open space between the sedan and the two stacks of tires, as the Thrushettes bring their guns to bear. One of them gets a shot off as Solo runs; the bullet striking just behind him. Both girls are firing as he jumps behind the stacks of tires; and both now charge his position at full tilt.

ANOTHER ANGLE

197

as Solo, weaponless, puts an arm flat against each stack, and lunges forward, tumbling the tires down before him. The girls rush right into the two descending stacks of tires.

ANOTHER ANGLE

198

with Streigau in b.g. The two Thrushettes go down under the weight of the tumbling tires, and Solo advances on them.

CLOSE REACTION SHOT - STREIGAU

199

as she realizes that her girls will probably not be able to cope with Solo. She hesitates, then turning her profile toward CAMERA, puts her hands at her throat - gripping something there - and bends forward, her head down.

FULL SHOT

200

of Solo and Thrushettes, with Streigau in b.g. at the rear of the garage. The one Thrushette retained her gun as she fell, while Sophie's was knocked sliding across the floor. The Thrushette with the gun is beginning to extricate herself from the mound of tires. The Thrushette with the gun is just rising to turn toward Solo again as he now - in one continuous

motion - bends quickly over, picks up a tire, and sweeps it across to encircle the Thrushette. The tire is around her like a rubber life saver, pinning her arms to her sides.

200
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

201

as Sophie, who has risen, starts to dash for her gun, which has landed a few feet away. Quickly grabbing hold of another tire, which he stands on end, Solo rolls it forcefully toward Sophie. Just as she is about to reach the gun, the rolling tire trips her up again. She goes sprawling, with Solo now charging right behind her to pick up her gun.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

202

as he picks up the gun. CAMERA looks over his shoulder as he turns immediately toward the rear of the garage and Streigau - who isn't there. CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM as he rushes toward the slightly open door at the rear; but Streigau has disappeared. He looks down, bends, picks up a rubber face mask and a blond wig. As he stands there, frustrated and upset, Sophie flies into FRAME and land right on top of Solo, pummeling and dragging him backward to the floor. Solo is now flailing the gun in the air with one hand and trying to fight Sophie off with the other.

SOLO (fighting for
his life)
Aw, c'mon now, lady...

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR-RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MED. CLOSE SHOT

203

of Solo and Illya, as they sit over cocktails. Solo has a swollen cheek, and a cut nose. He is a mess - and a disconsolate one. He is fondling Streigau's rubber mask.

SOLO (brooding)
Doctor Egret...are we ever going to
find out what she really looks like?
Today, she was Madam Streigau;
tomorrow...
(shrugs)
Sadie Kornblatt...

ILLYA

It isn't the end of the world,
you know. You were able to
subdue her two poor, defense-
less girls... finally.
(as Solo glowers at him)

203
CONT'D
(2)

Both men look up, and CAMERA TILTS UPWARD to dis-
cover Lavinia, rested and ravishing, as she appears
at the entrance. She gives them a merry wave, and
begins to approach.

GROUP SHOT

204

as Lavinia joins them at the table.

LAVINIA

Hi, fellas. They said the gas
tank'll be fixed in an hour...
(airily - mock sophistication)
I shall be driving to Paris in my
own stylish new auto... Napoleon?
What's the matter?

ILLYA (like a dirty

rat)

Yes, I'd feel miserable too,
Napoleon, if it were me who had
to explain to Mister Waverly how
I let both Doctor Egret and the
formula get away from me.

SOLO (wincing)

Thanks.

LAVINIA (to Solo -
perplexed)

Well I don't see why you're so
concerned about that awful
formula. If I were you, I'd be
hoping those THRUSH people fed
it to every single one of their
personnel.

SOLO

What's that?

ILLYA (quickly - nervously)

Lavinia... wouldn't you care for a
drink or something?

LAVINIA

Napoleon? I mean, after all, the
stuff is deadly... we both saw its
ultimate effects, didn't we, Illya?..
Isn't that right?

ANOTHER ANGLE

205

as Solo stares at Illya, who is beginning to wilt a little under his icy downstare.

ILLYA

Well, uh...

SOLO (slowly - as
though cornering a victim)
Is that right, Illya?

ILLYA (lameily innocent)
...uh... didn't I... mention that?

SOLO

While you were sitting here
watching me get an ulcer... no,
you didn't mention that!

ILLYA (poker-faced)

Oh... sorry. But I couldn't
resist it.

Slowly, speechless with frustration, Solo begins to rise from his seat menacingly. Lavinia, frightened by his look, glances apprehensively from him to Illya - who is GRINNING evilly.

CLOSE SHOT - LAVINIA'S FACE

206

Panicky at what appears about to happen in a public place, her gaze darts from Solo to Illya and then back again.

LAVINIA

Now fellas... now don't get
all excited... fellas?

We HOLD on her worried face, as we

FADE OUT

THE END