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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE DEADLY GODDESS AFFAIR

Prod. #8412

*See Date 1-14-66*  
A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation

Produced by  
MIA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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November 14, 1965

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

The Deadly Goddess Affair

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. NORTH AFRICAN NIGHT CLUB - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

1

We HEAR a cacophony of native drums, flute, finger cymbals et al as a doorman pulls back a cheap, rather ragged curtain which hangs over the door and bows....

DOORMAN

Effendi...

The newcomer is a quietly dressed tourist - NAPOLEON SOLO. Ali waits hopefully, trying to read in Solo's face some sign of his intentions.

DOORMAN (brightly)

Tabouret for one, effendi? Two, three, four...? Quiet booth behind bead curtains with personal hubble-bubble?

Solo smiles, presses a bill into Ali's hand and shakes his head.

SOLO

In a moment.

Ali eyes the bill, and is all smiles. For that obviously Solo could start flailing the drum, personally.

WIDER ANGLE

1X1

The room is quite dark for such places and the two or three tourist couples uncomfortably perched on too soft divans, mint tea set before them, are little more than blobs of white in the dusk. Here and there are a number of native types, providing "local colour."

In the center of the room, heavily veiled, with little more on display than her deeply kohled eyes, is a belly dancer, somewhat lethargically practicing her art. She looks up as Solo's presence becomes known to her and attempts to appear provocative. She fails.

1X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

1X2

He watches the dancer, appreciates the attempt but has no encouragement. Suddenly his attention is riveted on:

HUBRIS' BOOTH - POV SHOT - NIGHT

2

Across the room is the bead-curtained booth of vast, impeccably clad COLONEL HUBRIS. He wears a fez and is surrounded by three other men. Next to him sits (MALIK) who is carefully, ingeniously, peeling fruit, without ever breaking the peel.

2X1-6X3 OUT

NEAR ENTRYWAY

6X4

Solo watches Hubris from across the room as the belly dancer gyrates a little closer, hopefully looking for "Mr. Right."

6X5-6X7 OUT

WIDER ANGLE

6X8

As a man enters hurriedly. Solo looks about, obviously expecting someone. The man however, HAMID, a nice looking, lean type, dark, nervous is intent on one thing. For a moment he can't see in the dark. The Doorman hurries up.

HAMID (anxiously)  
Colonel Hubris?

DOORMAN  
This way, effendi.

Hamid starts forward.

CLOSE - SOLO

6X9

He takes out something small about the size of the rosette or Legion D'Honneur. Then he moves swiftly. CAMERA SWINGS with him as he blunders into Hamid.

SOLO  
Excuse me.

He is forced to catch himself on Hamid's coat lapels to keep from falling.

SOLO  
Terribly clumsy....

INSERT - HAMID'S LAPELS

6X10

With one swift unnoticed movement, Solo manages to pin his little "rosette" on the underside of Hamid's lapel.

WIDER ANGLE

6X11

Hamid smiles stonily, disentangling himself from Solo. Solo steps back, Hamid follows The Doorman across the floor past the dancer.

CLOSER SHOT

6X12

Solo watches Hamid cross the floor, then, tapping his lips with the "pencil" (communicator) he looks about, sees an empty, beaded curtained booth next to him.....

INT. SOLO'S BOOTH - NIGHT

6X13

...and slips into it, the beads clanging quietly as he seats himself, watching Hamid.

INT. HUBRIS' BOOTH - NIGHT

6X14

Hamid parts the bead curtains with a big smile for Colonel Hubris.

HUBRIS  
You're late, Hamid.

HAMID  
Sorry, Colonel....It took longer  
to decode it than I thought.

He hands him a paper -

HUBRIS  
Sh....Our instructions from THRUSH  
Central....

CLOSER SHOT

6AX14

Solo smiles dazzlingly at the dancer, sending her poor tarnished hopes sky-rocketing once again and the drummer into increased tympanic endeavours. Solo stands as though trying to decide where to sit, then walks to a corner table. Solo takes out his pocket communicator, which this time is in the form of a pen, and smiling broadly announces quietly into the communicator:

...Goddess Affair      UNCLE  
Chgs.      11-17-65 P.5

SOLO (sotto voce)  
Open Channel D. The next voice  
you will hear will be Colonel  
Hubris'. Is 'Sound' all right?

6AX14  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NEW YORK

6BX14

Waverly and Illya are attempting to tune Solo in, as well as they can. Waverly is somewhat impatient.

WAVERLY  
There's interference. A sort  
of jangling.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AT TABLE - NIGHT

6CX14

SOLO  
It's the belly-dancer's beads.  
I'll try to shoo her away.

FULL - HUBRIS AND GROUP

6DX14

HUBRIS  
Gentlemen, it is my pleasure  
to inform you, Africa is virtually  
ours!

He gazes at the paper with no little satisfaction.

HUBRIS  
THRUSH is sending us immediately  
by special courier....the complete  
plans---and TEN MILLION DOLLARS in  
CASH!

MALIK (anxiously)  
How are they sending it? I just  
discovered our last "diplomatic  
pouch" was rifled by UNCLE agents  
crossing the Simplon Pass!

6X15 OUT

...Goddess Affair  
Chgs.

UNCLE

11-17-65 P.6-7

INT. HUBRIS' BOOTH - NIGHT

6X16

Hubris seems unperturbed, beaming at Malik.

HUBRIS

My elegant little friend, THIS  
shipment passes through NO  
border crossings, by NO guards,  
via NO commercial aircraft - in  
short, NOTHING U.N.C.L.E. can get  
its claws on in ANY way!

Malik is honestly bewildered.

MALIK (helplessly)

But....but HOW, Colonel?

HUBRIS (beaming)  
The "special courier" is a ROBOT  
PLANE direct from New York.....  
(he consults his notes)  
It will fly straight to my house in  
the country....when it is overhead I  
trigger it into ejecting and para-  
chuting down a certain pouch...The  
pouch, containing the money and the  
plans, falls into our arms. The  
plane destroys itself in mid-air.  
It's that simple.

6X16  
CONT'D  
(2)

HAMID  
"Trigger the plane," Colonel?

Hubris produces a small instrument not unlike the  
device used to switch TV channels. He pats it  
fondly.

HUBRIS  
With...this. The only such device in  
the entire world. For ONCE, we have  
U.N.C.L.E. beaten.

CLOSE - SOLO

SOLO  
Can you hear all this?

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NEW YORK - CLOSE SHOT -  
TRIGGERING DEVICE

7

In Waverly's hand is an exact replica of Hubris'  
device. CAMERA PULLS BACK -- Waverly, holding the  
device, is listening to the conversation coming  
shortwave from North Africa. At the moment it is  
mostly Hubris' evil chuckling.

WAVERLY  
Quite clearly, Mr. Solo.

HUBRIS' VOICE (o.s.)  
From this moment on, nothing about  
our African venture can go awry.  
In a matter of weeks, the continent  
will belong to THRUSH alone!

Illya glances at the device.

ILLYA  
That's the device, sir?



WAVERLY

Quite a job it was, too, obtaining  
the blueprints, building a duplicate.  
(he nods to Illya)

7  
CONT'D  
(2)

HUBRIS' VOICE (o.s.)

No, no...no more tea. We must be  
going. We have plans to work out.

He sounds beaming and bustling.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. NORTH AFRICAN NIGHT CLUB - HUBRIS' BOOTH - NIGHT 8

Doorman is helping Hubris to rise from the deep  
divan.

HUBRIS

A delightful evening....singularly  
delightful....Always a pleasure to  
come here.....

Doorman smiles, snaps his fingers.

DOORMAN

With the compliments of the house,  
Colonel.

Belly Dancer appears with a tray of snowy carna-  
tions and pins one hastily on Hubris' lapel. Hubris  
loves attention.

HUBRIS (beaming)

Thank you.

During this Malik picks up a carnation and pins it  
on the pleased, rather shy Hamid.

MALIK

You really should pay more atten-  
tion to your appearance, Hamid.

Malik's fingers encounter something. He whips back  
Hamid's lapel.

MALIK

Colonel...

Hubris looks up. He sees the microphone. Without  
an instant's hesitation his pudgy fingers reach out  
and rip it off Hamid's lapel. Malik stands there,  
surprised. Hamid is overcome.

INSERT - MICROPHONE IN HUBRIS' FINGERS

8X1

It is undoubtedly a microphone.

HUBRIS' VOICE (o.s.)  
A....a microphone! HAMID!

WIDER ANGLE

8X2

He looks up at Hamid in disbelief, his neck swelling in anger.

HAMID  
Colonel! I...I didn't put it there!  
I don't know how it got....  
(on a rising note of terror)  
Someone must have planted it on me.

Hubris throws the offending microphone to the floor and smashes it with his heel.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS NEW YORK - WAVERLY'S OFFICE

9

The SOUND of Hubris grinding the microphone beneath his heel, as magnified over three thousand miles, is singularly gruesome. Waverly shudders at the noise.

WAVERLY (regretfully)  
Too bad. Now they know we're on to them!

ILLYA  
Does that mean they'll change their plans?

WAVERLY  
I doubt it. It's taken them months to set up this operation. As long as they don't know we have this....  
(referring to the triggering device)  
...I would think they'd believe themselves in no particular danger.  
(he speaks into the communicator)  
What's happening, Mr. Solo?

INT. NORTH AFRICAN NIGHT CLUB - SOLO'S BOOTH

9X1

He is peering through the bead curtains.

SOLO

There appears to be an altercation...

INT. HUBRIS' BOOTH - NIGHT

10

HAMID (in a frenzy of fear)  
I can explain everything, Colonel.

HUBRIS

Everything is "explained," Hamid....  
by THIS.

He tosses or kicks the mangled remains of the micro-  
phone aside.

HUBRIS

Malik...you know what to do.

Hamid's eyes instantly switch to the undoubtedly  
somewhat sinister figure of Malik. Malik's face  
has gone as cold as Mt. Rushmore. He nods, whip-  
ping out his jeweled knife. Hamid gasps, petrified  
with fear.

HAMID

Colonel....I swear.....

Malik tosses his knife. Hamid is hit. He doubles  
up and slowly sinks to the floor.

HUBRIS (softly)

Au revoir, Traitor!  
(regarding the fallen  
Hamid)

Enjoy your journey. They do say,  
"getting there is half the fun."

CLOSE - SOLO

10X1

reacting to Hubris' line - Then he tosses a coin  
on the table and starts out.

FADE OUT.

11-13  
OUT

END TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

14

Waverly is still at the map. He runs a finger down the map.

WAVERLY

In order to reach North Africa, the robot plane must use this trajectory and begin its descent over this island....

He looks at Solo, the triggering device in his hand.

WAVERLY

As it does, you will be there....with this.

SOLO

...To bring it down over the island.

WAVERLY

And recover that pouch. Mr. Kuryakin will join you there. Proceed with all haste, Mr. Solo.

Solo is peering at the map's fine print.

SOLO

And the name of the place, sir?

WAVERLY

The isle of Circe...

(drily)

Be careful. In her own day the lady was quite well known for turning men into swine ---

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CIRCE SIDEWALK CAFE - CLOSE SHOT - A PIG - DAY

15

SQUEALING and OINKING, it is being held by MIA, as she returns from market.

WIDER ANGLE

16

Mia is having her difficulties with the squealing pig.

ANOTHER ANGLE

16X1

As Mia walks, she is observed from a table of the local sidewalk cafe by a tourist-clad Solo and Illya. The little square, like that of most southern Italian towns is bare, poverty stricken and hot. There are few people about.

CLOSER SHOT

17

SOLO

You don't suppose the girls' here  
still DO it?

He turns to the proprietor, NAROUZ, who is serving coffee.

SOLO (indicating the pig)

Patron. That enchantress, there. Is  
that an old boy friend?

Narouz smiles, rather sadly.

NAROUZ

"Old" boy friend?

(he shakes his head)

Mia and her sister can't even afford  
NEW boy friends, signor. Their  
father, the count, can give them no  
dowry.

SOLO

Dowry?

ILLYA

An old European custom. They pay the  
men to marry the girls.

Solo appears surprised.

NAROUZ

So MUCH poverty here, signor, so many  
TAXES!

ANOTHER ANGLE

18

Now the piglet has gotten away from Mia and comes screeching up to Solo. He picks it up and with a bow returns it to an embarrassed Mia.

MIA  
Grazie, signor, grazie.

She seizes the pig, which gives a little trouble.

SOLO  
Who'd want a dowry with a lovely girl like this? No AMERICAN would ask for a penny! On the contrary!

Mia looks at him in some surprise, blushes furiously and, in obvious confusion, runs off with her piglet.

CLOSER SHOT

19

SOLO  
Did I do something wrong?

NAROUZ (drily)  
I don't know, signor. Both the young ladies speak perfect English. It may only have been the shock of your statement. The men here, alas, would not DREAM of a marriage without a dowry. It is a TERRIBLE thing to be POOR. If it weren't for that I'd marry them both, myself!

\*

Solo shrugs, and suddenly is aware of:

POV SHOT

20

A tall, young carabanieri (LUCA) angrily glaring at him from across the square.

NEAR CAFE

21

\* SOLO (tactfully)  
You have - many police here?

\*

\* Change

NAROUZ (with a  
hypocritical sigh)  
Just him. Poor Luca..he's all alone -  
nothing to do.

21  
CONT'D  
(2)

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

21X1

Luca has stopped the fleeing Mia.

LUCA  
What is this!....flirting with  
those strangers!

Mia has spirit.

MIA  
I wasn't flirting!

LUCA (jealously)  
I saw you! What did he say to you?  
Did he insult you?

If he did, it is obvious Luca will exact revenge.

MIA (impatiently)  
He was very nice. He caught the pig.

Luca frowns across the square at the two.

LUCA  
What are they doing here? Nobody  
comes to Circe. Maybe they're  
American gangsters!

Mia gives him a look.

MIA  
They're tourists.  
(she looks back  
toward Solo softly)  
Did you know Americans don't need  
dowries to marry a girl?

LUCA (passionately)  
I'd marry YOU without a dowry! ANY  
time! NOW!

\* change

...Goddess Affair  
Chgs.

11-17-65

UNCLE  
P.18

MIA (with spirit)  
What good does that do? You know  
we can't get married before Angela  
does. She's the oldest.

21X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

LUCA (furious)  
You people on this island with your  
idiotic "traditions" -- you make me  
sick!

Anger disturbs pigs -- the PIGS go OOINK!

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

21X2

NAROUZ  
The island has many ruins, signores  
-- from Roman times....The famous  
Grotto of Circe....and then that  
temple up there...or what's left of  
it....

He points. The boys look.

EXT. RUINS OF TEMPLE - (STOCK) - POV SHOT - DAY

21X3

Far far above, up the island, dimly seen, are a  
few tattered ruins of an ancient temple on the  
lines of Paestum.

22-OUT

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

23

NAROUZ (with a sigh)  
Luca was sent here to stop people  
selling off the artifacts to tourists.  
Soon he will be sent back to the main-  
land, for he has done his job, alas  
too well. Still, with everyone so  
poor...

He shrugs, eloquently.

NAROUZ (brightening)  
Perhaps, signores, I could show you  
the Grotto down below? Very beautiful.  
Where the Roman empresses had their  
parties?



But Solo is looking up at the temple on the highlands,  
speculation in his eyes.

23  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

It's a little early in the day for  
that sort of thing. Thank you.

(meaningfully to Illya)

But up there --

(he nods to the temple)

-- we could see...everything.....  
couldn't we?

NAROUZ (surprised)

No one goes there, signor, except a  
stray pig or a goat.

SOLO (amiably)

I can't imagine more interesting  
company.

(politely to Illya)

Can you?

ILLYA

My favorites.

Narouz looks at them, then exits. We HEAR the BEEP of  
the communicator. Solo takes out his cigarette case-  
communicator, presses something inside that shuts off  
the beeping, replaces case in his pocket.

SOLO

There's Mr. Waverly's alert. Let's go.

They rise and enter the cafe. As they leave, Narouz  
enters from the back, looks around, then beckons to  
someone.

ANOTHER ANGLE

24

MONT NERONI comes in. He is an aged, rather shabby man  
but it is apparent he is of noble family by the way he  
carries himself and so on. He is faintly "scatty" and  
this obviously worries Narouz. Under one arm, partly  
hidden, Neroni carries a small antique statuette. Narouz  
looks out at the square to make sure Luca is not about.

NAROUZ (in an undertone)  
Now be careful. I told them smuggling  
antiques off the island was illegal.  
But you may still manage it.

24  
CONT'D  
(2)

(looking about)  
Don't let Luca see that thing, what-  
ever you do.

COUNT  
Where are they?

NAROUZ  
The room at the head of the stairs.

He looks into the street again.

NAROUZ  
Hurry.

The old man starts up the rickety stairs at the back.

INT. SOLO AND ILLYA'S ROOM - DAY

25

They have some transistorized electronic equipment laid  
out on the bed and are getting a message from Waverly.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)  
The robot plane was dispatched on  
schedule. It should be over the  
island at thirteen hundred hours,  
your time. Understand that?

SOLO  
Thirteen hundred, yes sir.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK - WAVERLY'S OFFICE

26

WAVERLY  
We are tracking it every inch of the  
way. If there is the slightest  
divergence, I'll let you know.

INT. SOLO AND ILLYA'S ROOM - CIRCE - DAY

26X1

There is a KNOCK at the door.

SOLO (hastily)

26X1

Right, sir.

CONT'D

(2)

He looks at Illya. Illya checks his gun, goes to the door, opens it slightly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

27

ILLYA

Yes?

CLOSER SHOT

28

The poor old Count has an appealing manner.

COUNT (in a whisper)

Please...I may show you something, yes? A guaranteed antique from the grotto of Circe? Very special....?

ANOTHER ANGLE

29

Illya shoots a glance back at Solo who is swiftly and quietly, reassembling the electronic equipment.

ILLYA

We're just going out. Another time?

The old man seems uncertain about this, and certainly disappointed.

COUNT

What....what other time...?

ILLYA (stalling)

This evening.

COUNT

But in the evening...the carabanieri is here!

(hastily)

It is very lovely. Here I show you. Circe herself....with pigs....

ILLYA (quickly)

Most lifelike...but....later? Excuse me...?

Gently, politely but definitely, he closes the door in the poor old man's face. The Count's face falls. He puts the statuette back under his arm and turns to the staircase.

29  
CONT'D  
(2)

MIA'S VOICE

Papa...papa...are you there?

The old man conceals the statuette in his coat as best he can.

COUNT

Yes...yes....

Mia appears, approaches the Count.

MIA

What have you been doing, papa? I looked for you EVERYwhere....

She sees statuette under his arm.

MIA (gently)

Oh, papa. Not again. What if Luca should see you? Put it back in the grotto.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HEIGHTS OF ISLAND - DAY

30

Solo and Illya are slogging their way up the rocky heights of the island. It is attractive if only from its relative barrenness, the lucid quality of air and sunshine and of course, the view. Solo pauses to consult his wristwatch.

SOLO

It's nearly time.

ILLYA

Let's get over in the ruins. We'll be out of sight.

MOV SHOT

30X1

The ruins of the ancient temple are pretty bleak...little has been left by time, the hand of the marauding souvenir collector, and the weather.

30X2

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Solo and Illya head toward the most "built up" part of the ruins, offering the maximum protection.

30X3

## NEAR ROAD

Some distance away, Luca and a worried Mia are watching the progress of the two.

30X4

## CLOSER SHOT

LUCA (with emphasis,  
frowning)  
They're NOT just walking! They're  
up to SOMETHING. Look at them!  
After antiques, I know it.

Mia, feeling a little guilty no doubt, considering the Count's activities, attempts to dissuade Luca.

MIA  
There's nothing LEFT there, Luca.  
They couldn't haul away an entire  
COLUMN!

LUCA  
They COULD if they had CONFEDERATES!

He determines to creep closer. Mia follows, worried.

## EXT. RUINS - DAY

30X5

As Solo and Illya swiftly take refuge behind what remains of the ruins, Illya looks about with considerable interest.

## CLOSER SHOT

30X6

There is an interesting collection of grafitti on the various fallen pillars et al.

ILLYA (reading)  
"Lucullus amat Julia"....  
(peering at another)  
"Killroy loves Gina."  
(pleased)  
We've stumbled on the local Lover's  
Lane!

Solo is busy dismantling equipment and setting it up behind a convenient screen of rock.

30X6  
CONT'D  
(2)

31-34  
OUT

CLOSER SHOT

35

SOLO

As long as they don't start "loving" now, we're all right.

ILLYA (reading avidly)

"Baudoin loves Berengaria!" That must date from the Crusades! I never realized those boys got this far South!

SOLO (absorbed, absently)

As any girl can testify, boys get anywhere.

Now the signal begins to come in from New York and Illya puts on a pair of earphones and settles down to the instrument panel Solo has prepared.

INT. WAVERLY'S HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK

36

Waverly is watching a radar check of the robot plane.

WAVERLY (into communicator)

Mr. Solo...? You may begin your count-down on the number twenty-five, as I give you the signal. At "zero" the plane should be over your position. Press the trigger at that moment. Are you ready?

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Twenty-seven, twenty-six....

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Twenty-five, twenty-four....

INSERT - RADAR SCREEN

37

see a pinpoint of light moving across the radar screen  
the robot plane moves across the Mediterranean.

ZIP PAN TO:

IT. RUINS - CIRCE - DAY

37X1

Ilya, with earphones, Solo with communicator in one hand  
and the "triggering device" in another, are at their  
stations tracking the plane with Waverly in New York.

SOLO

Twenty-three....twenty-two....twenty-  
one....

IT. ABOVE RUINS - DAY

37X2

Luca, followed by an apprehensive Mia, stealthily approaches  
a place from where they can see all that Solo and Ilya are  
up to.

CLOSER SHOT

37X3

Luca lets out a sigh of horror.

LUCA

Ah-HAH! I was RIGHT!

Mia looks, confused.

LUCA

Those...those things! They ARE  
smugglers. They are! They must be  
signalling a BOAT!

Mia looks, realizing Luca must have something on his side  
this time. She peers down at them....

IT. RUINS - DAY

37X4

Solo is counting away.

SOLO

Twenty - nineteen - eighteen -

EXT. ABOVE RUINS - DAY

37X5

Luca unlimbers his gun, a smile of grim determination on his face.

LUCA

My FIRST arrest!

(he is triumphant)

Now maybe I'll get a PROMOTION instead of being TRANSFERRED.

He grabs Mia in his arms passionately.

LUCA

And we can be married.

Mia for one tempestuous moment responds then, duty calls. She pushes him away.

MIA (despairing)

No...there is still ANGELA. I can't marry before her. She's the older...

LUCA (in anger)

We can't wait for EVER on Angela!

She'll NEVER find a suitor...

(rather self-consciously noble)

It is only a man like ME, LUCA, who doesn't CARE for money, who would marry a girl without a dowry...

(softly)

Oh, Mia....I worship you....

But what he has said, sets a thought going in Mia's head.

MIA

Only a man who...doesn't need a dowry...

Suddenly her face sets in determination, a new light in her eyes.

MIA (grimly)

Yes, you are RIGHT! Come, Luca!...

Come and do your duty as an officer of the LAW!

(fiercely)

ARREST those men! NOW!

(seeing his gun)

But...gently, my darling, be gentle.

As Luca looks at her in baffled lack of understanding.....



EXT. RUINS - DAY

37X6

Solo is searching the skies.

SOLO (counting)  
...nine...eight...seven....six...

Suddenly Illya looks up from his concentration with the earphones et al. He sees:

POV SHOT

37X7

Mia and Luca coming toward them, Luca carrying his gun fiercely.

CLOSER SHOT

37X8

ILLYA  
Ooops.

With a CRY, Luca runs forward.

ANOTHER ANGLE

37X9

LUCA (fiercely)  
Up with your hands, smugglers! You  
are under arrest!

Solo whips around. As he does, Illya flings himself fearlessly on Luca. There is an immediate battle. Solo, clinging to his triggering device, tries to assist Illya but with one eye on his watch, one on the sky, etc.

SOLO  
...five...four....

Mia picks up a rock with which to hit Illya, Solo endeavors to stop her and as he does he unwittingly triggers the device at...

SOLO (counting)  
...three...  
(realizing what he has done  
- in dismay)  
Oh, NO! ILLYA!

He abandons the device, running forward for a better view of the sky. As he does, Illya knocks out Luca and runs to join Solo. They stare up at the sky, horrified. Mia rushes to the fallen Luca.

37X9  
CONT'D  
(2)

38-48  
OUT

EXT. SKY - (STOCK) - LONG SHOT - DAY

49

A parachute drops from a plane, just as the plane bursts into flames.

EXT. RUINS - DAY

50

Solo and Illya follow the path of the hurtling parachute with dismay.

SOLO

I triggered it on 'TWO'!

He looks at Illya in despair, then back to the descending parachute.

SOLO (agonized)

-- and it's falling off course....  
but....WHERE?

ANOTHER ANGLE

51

Mia and Luca, one with a rock, the carabinieri with a gun, creep up behind Illya and Solo watching the parachute's adventure and as one, they hit the boys over the head. At the same time....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. TOP OF CLIFFS - DAY

51X1

Poor old Count Neroni making his way over the cliffs disconsolately, clinging to his rejected little statuette, suddenly is brought up short as....the POUCH, leather bound, falls directly in front of his feet, and BURSTS.

CLOSER SHOT

51X2

The Count, terrified out of his wits, naturally, falls back. The parachute attached to the pouch breaks away and is blown down onto the rocks, out of sight. The Count stares at the pouch in disbelief, opens it and takes out one of the banknotes.

INSERT - BANKNOTE

51X3

It is undoubtedly legal tender and of high value.

CLOSER SHOT - COUNT

51X4

The Count sees the money is "real." He nearly bursts into tears.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HUBRIS' OFFICE - NORTH AFRICAN COAST - DAY

52

Hubris stands before a radar screen, watching the plane's disappearance in horror. The BLIP-BLIP STOPS.

HUBRIS

It's gone!

MALIK

What?

HUBRIS

The plane! It's disappeared.

MALIK

It can't, effendi!

HUBRIS (he throws both  
hands over his mouth)

It has!...MALIK! Oh, no! TEN MILLION  
DOLLARS lost in the SEA!

Malik however has a better "fix" on the radar than does  
Hubris.

MALIK

No, no, effendi, LOOK! It disappeared  
over LAND!

HUBRIS

What land!? There's no land there!

52  
CONT'D  
(2)

Malik looks up, happily, pointing.

MALIK

Yes there is, effendi! The island  
of Circe!

Hubris stares at him, a study in mixed emotions, hope  
fading.

HUBRIS

The ISLAND of...Circe ---

MALIK (wide-eyed)

An accident, effendi. But there's  
still a chance --

Suddenly the Colonel begins to seethe within and through  
his clenched teeth comes one word of distilled venom.

HUBRIS

Idiot! This was no "accident."  
It was done on purpose!

MALIK

By whom?

HUBRIS (spitting it

out)

U.N.C.L.E.!

He shakes his fists in fury.....

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:  
EXT. VILLAGE STREET - DAY

53

Down the street, arms crossed and held over their heads in the usual manner of prisoners, Solo and Illya march over the cobblestones, Luca behind them with his gun and martial manner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

54

Bringing up the rear, having to run a bit to keep pace with the others is a determined-looking Mia. Now she runs past them to the great door of a house ahead.

LUCA  
Prisoners HALT.

The "prisoners" do as requested. Mia goes to open the heavy door.

WIDER ANGLE

55

Mia has the door open and the boys obediently march into the patio of....

\* INT. PATIO - DAY

56

...a tumble-down, unkempt, overgrown but charming old villa. Illya looks around, taken aback by the pictorial quality of the "prison".

\* TWO SHOT

56X1

ILLYA (appreciatively)  
You know, this is the FIRST jail I've ever been in that's hung with wistaria?

SOLO (grimly)  
It'll be hung with US if we don't shake this Keystone cop...and FAST.

\* change

(continued)

SOLO (cont'd; glancing  
at his watch)  
Or THRUSH is going to be landing any  
minute. We've got to find that  
pouch before they do.

56X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

He glances back worriedly at Luca who is closing  
the big doors carefully. Illya picks up a ladies'  
fan from the table. He looks at it curiously.

ILLYA

This is not government issue! I  
don't get the setup here.

SOLO (grimly)

Whatever it is play along and get  
OUT of here.

He glances worriedly at his watch again.

Now Mia, after a foraging trip to check out if they  
are observed or not, comes back.      56  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLOSER SHOT

57

Mia turns on the two men.

MIA (intently)  
At the cafe. I heard you say  
Americans don't believe in dowries!  
(intently)  
You would marry WITHOUT one?

ILLYA (firmly)  
Sorry. We're only allowed to give  
our name, rank and serial number.

MIA (pursuing)  
You DO believe in MARRIAGE!

SOLO (cagily)  
In moderation.  
(on second thought)  
Why? Is this a proposal?

LUCA (pushing forward,  
menacingly)  
Exactly! We need a husband!

Solo looks at him.

SOLO  
Both of you? That's bigamy!

Luca is not amused.

MIA (coldly)  
It is my SISTER who is desirous  
of marrying.

LUCA  
And we propose she have her choice  
of either one of you.

ILLYA (with spirit)  
She has HER choice? What about US?

LUCA  
You'll do what you're told or you'll  
never be heard of again -

SOLO (glancing at his  
watch; sotto voce)  
Don't argue with City Hall...  
(indicating his watch)  
It's nearly time for THRUSH to  
nest. Remember?

Illya simmers down. Solo looks at Illya.

57  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANGELA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Mia?

WIDER ANGLE

57X1

Mia is instantly alert.

MIA (in a sibilant  
whisper)  
Not a WORD!

Luca pats his gun grimly and suddenly Angela, a most attractive young woman, sweeps in. She is startled to see young men present and with a woman's instinctive desire to look her best, pauses to slick back her hair with one hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

58

ANGELA  
Guests? Why didn't you tell me!  
The way I look -

She makes a half-laughing apology for her apron and broom.

SOLO  
The signorina looks perfectly  
charming.

ANGELA  
How do you do?

SOLO  
Napoleon Solo, signorina...

MIA (whispering)  
"...at your service."

SOLO (hastily)  
At your service.

He bows.

ILLYA  
Illya Kuryakin. Likewise.

He bows. Angela takes in the strange scene with some bewilderment, particularly as the boys still



have their hands over their heads. Mia suddenly  
realises how they must appear to her sister.

58  
CONT'D  
(2)

MIA (whispering)  
Take down your HANDS!  
(taking the plunge -  
interrupting)  
Angela...the gentlemen are in a  
terrible hurry. They have something  
to say to you.

She kicks Solo.

ILLYA  
Do we?

ANGELA (helpfully)  
To me?

Luca turns his back to Angela, glowering at Solo  
and Illya.

CLOSE SHOT

58X1

LUCA  
I hope you won't forget, gentlemen.  
that this is an island. No one can  
leave without me knowing it...

He runs his hand up and down his gun meaningfully.

LUCA  
Or should I say..  
(indicating his gun)  
.."US?"

WIDER ANGLE

58X2

Solo and Illya seem aware of that - unpleasantly.  
Solo glances at his watch worriedly. then gives Luca  
a weak smile of understanding.

LUCA (loudly)  
Go ahead, signores. Don't be shy.

Angela looks a bit blank at this.

SOLO (stalling)

Yes. Signorina, you see, Mr. Kuryakin  
and I have come all the way from  
America...

(painfully)

...looking for something.

ANGELA (smiling)

What can we have on the island of  
Circe, you don't have in America?

MIA

They are here - looking for a wife,  
Angela.

Angela looks startled.

LUCA (hastily)

They came to me and said, "We want a  
wife. A good, simple young woman of  
noble parentage." I told them I knew  
just the girl.

58X2

CONT'D

(2)

MIA

That is why they are here Angela;  
they seek your hand in marriage.  
(imploringly)  
Which one will you take?

58 /  
CONT'D  
(3)

As Angela's jaw falls open and she stares at the boys...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

59

Marching up through the town square from the direction of the boat landing is angry, red-faced, puffing COLONEL HUBRIS, followed by FATSO, anxious and burdened with luggage, one TOUGH of peculiarly unattractive mien and the impeccable MALIK, tossing his knife, idly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

60

The one or two townspeople who are around stare at the newcomers in shock, while some rude urchin whistles irreverently a Sousa march. Colonel Hubris glares.

INT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

61

Hubris marches into the cafe and slaps the zinc nastily.

HUBRIS (roaring)  
Patron! We will be eight!

NAROUZ (appearing  
instantly; a telegram in  
one hand)  
Signor!  
(his eyes lighting up at  
the expensive entourage)  
It is The Colonel Hubris, yes? I have  
just received your wire! The entire  
top floor is at your disposal,  
Colonel, except for one room,  
rented to Americans.

Hubris looks at him.

61  
CONT'D  
(2)

HUBRIS  
Americans.

NAROUZ  
They will not disturb you, Colonel.

HUBRIS (to Malik - on  
a rising note)  
Americans! What did I tell you,  
Malik?

He smiles. Malik smiles. Like a prestidigitator  
(which he is) Malik whips out two photographs and  
shoves them into Narouz's face.

MALIK  
These Americans?

Narouz regards the photos.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS

62

They are of Solo and Illya.

WIDER ANGLE

62X1

Hubris and Malik smile at one another.

NAROUZ  
Yes! Friends of yours?

HUBRIS  
Yes --

63 OUT

NEW SCENE 64 TO COME LATER.

64

INT. NERONI'S PATIO - MED. SHOT - DAY

64

Mia is in earnest and spirited conversation with  
Angela in a corner.

ANGELA

....of course they're nice looking  
boys but....

ANOTHER ANGLE

64X1

Solo looks up hopefully, after glancing worriedly  
at his watch. He is fidgety in the extreme.  
Angela looks at him almost despairingly.

ANGELA

....We don't KNOW one another,  
marriage is a serious STEP.....  
We should take TIME to find out  
one another's INTERESTS and....

SOLO (hastily)

We agree with you completely. As  
they say, wed in haste repent at  
leisure.

MIA

Do they not also say never do  
tomorrow what you can do today?

ANGELA

I never DREAMT I'd have a CHOICE  
of suitors....It's very difficult  
to decide such a thing on the spur  
of the moment....

LUCA

You've had fifteen MINUTES!

ANGELA

But I DO have to think of the...  
well...

(she hesitates modestly)

...of our family, you know.

ILLYA

You're really not being fair to  
the young lady --

...Goddess Affair - UNCLE  
Chgs. 11-19-65 P.36B

MIA (sotto voce)  
PLEASE, Angela....Don't be a fool.  
There may never be another chance  
like this.

64X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

64X2-OUT

WIDER ANGLE

64X3

Angela considers, then regards Solo with a fond  
smile.

ANGELA  
Well, I think Mr. Solo WOULD make a  
....a good father! And he DOES  
seem very.....sincere.

ILLYA (hastily)  
Oh he is, he is. I'm a reckless  
flibbertigibbet beside Napoleon  
Solo! Let me congratulate you both,  
from the bottom of my heart!

Solo looks at Illya, wordlessly.

ANGELA (gently)  
You are not offended?

ILLYA  
When the better man has won?  
How could I be?

Angela smiles at him through a sudden mist of tears.  
Illya hangs his head, nobly. Solo fights an impulse  
to mayhem.

MIA (hastily)  
Good. A double wedding. You and  
Mr. Solo. Luca and myself.  
Immediately? Yes.

ANGELA (taken aback)  
But papa... He must give his consent  
...and the priest...

MIA  
I will find papa...

LUCA  
I'll find the priest...

ANGELA  
And my trousseau... I can't get it  
ready in ...

MIA (desperately)  
Angela. Be honest. Your trousseau's  
been ready for YEARS!

64X3  
CONT'D  
(3)

Angela blushes and Mia bites her tongue.

ANGELA (honestly)  
Yes. I know. Very well then....

SOLO (one desperate  
eye on his watch)  
Tomorrow?

ANGELA (modestly -  
but pleased)  
If you like....tomorrow.

Illya, also eyeing his watch, turns and puts out a  
hearty hand to Solo.

ILLYA (with great  
sincerity)  
My heartiest congratulations to you  
both! And now if you don't mind my  
friend and I will repair to the  
nearest bistro and have a drink to  
your happiness and his.

Solo gives him a withering look.

LUCA (as they turn to  
to)  
See you in church, Mr. Solo.

ZIP PAN TO:

65-66X1  
OUT

INT. NAROUZ HOTEL - HUBRIS' ROOM - DAY

67

Hubris is seated at a table. Malik stands in readi-  
ness together with the other THRUSHMEN.

HUBRIS (to Ali)  
Don't leave a stone unturned, not  
even a pebble... Find them and  
bring them back here, ALIVE...WITH  
that POUCH!

MALIK (with a bow)  
We hear and obey, effendi. Live  
ten thousand years, Colonel!

They scamper out of the room.

ZIP PAN TO:



EXT. ISLAND NEAR CLIFFS - DAY

68

Solo is searching with binoculars for some sign of the pouch.

SOLO

It must have fallen here.

He looks back up the mountain.

SOLO

We stood there, the plane burst into flames there..

Illya suddenly goes running over the cliffs toward...

ANOTHER ANGLE

69

... A piece of parachute caught on the cliffs.

ILLYA (triumphantly)

The parachute!

(looking about)

The pouch MUST have fallen here  
SOME place nearby!

Illya looks down at the water below.

SOLO

In the water?

But even as they look down, the....

WIDER ANGLE

70

..minions of THRUSH spring from behind the underbrush and overpower them. They fight. As they struggle, one of the THRUSH men gets the parachute. Solo is overpowered by a dirty blow and Illya receives a jolt on the jaw which knocks him..

EXT. CLIFF - DAY - FULL SHOT

71

...right over the cliff into the water.

EXT. TOP OF CLIFF - DAY

72

The THRUSH man who hit him runs to the edge of the cliff to see what happened...

INT. SEA - DAY - (TANK SHOT)

73

Illya, semi-conscious, plunges under the water aimlessly..

EXT. GROTTO ENTRANCE - DAY

74

..to be sucked into or floated into the grotto... we see his body underwater..

INT. GROTTO - DAY

75

The grotto, lit only by reflected light from the sea without, is an incredible melange of colours and lighting effects. At one end is the "altar" of Circe, now in ruins, with steps leading to it, with ruined columns here and there, a few ancient amphorae, etc.

ANOTHER ANGLE

76

On a small wave of somewhat placid water, the form of Illya, still semi-conscious, floats in from outside rather abruptly and he surfaces, coming "to", dazed.

On his hands and knees he manages to make the steps - or rather roughly crawl up them - bewildered and dazzled by the fantastic interior of the grotto. As he does he suddenly sees something at the foot of the altar..

ALTAR - POV SHOT

77

... It is a new but torn leather pouch. The pouch, undoubtedly, for which they have been searching.

ANOTHER ANGLE

78

Almost unable to believe his eyes - and bleeding from a small gash on his forehead where he cut himself in his fall from the cliff - Illya staggers up the steps of the altar, dripping wet, to fall on the pouch.

CLOSER SHOT

79

Illya tears open the pouch but as he does, one small banknote flutters out. The pouch is EMPTY.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. NAROUZ HOTEL - HUBRIS' ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO - DAY 80

He is tied to a screen. CAMERA PULLS BACK to:

RIDER ANGLE

81

Hubris sits, with the parachute in his hands, regarding Solo tied to the moucharaby (Arabian pierced screen). Present also are Thrush Guards, FATSO, another hanger on, etc. Malik enters.

MALIK

The other man he MUST be dead, effendi.  
The cliff is HIGH...the rocks below  
are SHARP.

HUBRIS

Why didn't you bring me the CORPSE!

MALIK

What good is a DEAD man, effendi?  
You have plenty of those at home. If  
you haven't, we can always MAKE one.  
It is no trouble.

Hubris sighs, then looks at Solo.

HUBRIS

And the POUCH, Mr. Solo?  
(irritable)  
What have you done with THAT?

SOLO (drily)

I was looking for it but your.....  
friends....interrupted the search!

HUBRIS (to Malik)

Where were they?

MALIK

On the edge of the cliff.

SOLO (needling Hubris)

Fell into the sea, I'd say. Tide's  
probably swept it out by now.

Hubris gives a groan and clasps and unclasps his hands.

HUBRIS  
You have NOT done well this  
time, Little Malik.

81  
CONT'D  
(2)

MALIK (wounded)  
...Effendi.!

Hubris sighs, then bucks up.

HUBRIS  
However, we will search. Take  
me there.

Malik has been caressing his knife as he eats Turkish  
Delight, eyeing Solo dreamily.

MALIK  
I slit this one's throat now,  
effendi?

Hubris turns and looks at Solo. For a moment, he  
contemplates it then..

HUBRIS  
No. We brainwash him on Thursday.  
I am curious to see what is inside.  
(eyeing Solo with a somewhat  
grim smile)  
We have a special detergent for the  
brains of U.N.C.L.E. agents, Mr.  
Solo. You come out squeaky-clean  
in no time.

SOLO (grimly)  
As long as you don't hang me out  
on the line to dry.

HUBRIS (deadly serious)  
Hanging is old fashioned, Mr. Solo.  
That department is in Malik's charge.  
He not only is an artist at peeling  
an orange..he is also a genius at  
cutting a man down to size.

Hubris pinches his forefinger and thumb together.

HUBRIS  
THIS size.

MALIK (hopefully)  
Sometimes even smaller.

Hubris smiles.

HUBRIS (softly)  
Don't let him belittle YOU,  
Mr. Solo. A bientot.

81  
CONT'D  
(3)

Hubris passes from the room with his entourage,  
Malik smiling in sinister fashion at Solo - and  
as he does he peels yet another orange.

INT. NAROUZ CAFE - DAY

82

Count Neroni, trembling all over with the excitement  
and the thrill of being a millionaire at last,  
hurries into the cafe.

COUNT  
Narouz..? Narouz...?

Narouz, a toothpick in the corner of his mouth,  
looks up from concentrating on the racing news in  
Cairo as printed in the daily paper. The Count  
hurries over to the table and leans over him,  
holding out the bill.

CLOSER SHOT

83

COUNT (radiant)  
Change this for me, yes?

Narouz, expecting nothing, lets his gaze drop to  
the bill. He does a startled double take, nearly  
swallowing his toothpick. He takes the bill,  
shakes it, pulls it. He looks up at Neroni, deep  
distrust and shock in his expression.

NAROUZ (in a startled  
whisper)  
A million lire --- ? Where did  
you get THIS?

WIDER ANGLE

84

Hubris and his group thunder down the stairs, looking  
neither to the right nor left. Hastily Narouz  
conceals the note, jumps up and bows.

NAROUZ  
Good afternoon, Colonel. Good  
afternoon, gentlemen.

His greeting is barely acknowledged. The Count looks  
after them, wide-eyed, then turns back to Narouz.

CLOSER SHOT

85

NAROUZ (in a whisper)

You found some credulous stranger to  
buy that figurine?

The Count shakes his head, impatiently.

COUNT

No, no.

NAROUZ (suspiciously)

You didn't STEAL IT?

COUNT (drawing himself up)

A NERONE steal?

The Count snatches the money back. Narouz stares at the  
banknote.

COUNT

I'll find someone else to change it  
for me.

NAROUZ

Good luck. And you lend me a few  
thousand lire, yes? I have an  
excellent horse in the fifth in  
Alexandria...

The Count storms out.

ZIP PAN TO:

THE GROTTO - DAY

86

An exhausted Illya, the empty pouch at his feet, takes one  
last despairing look around the grotto. Obviously it has  
yielded up no secrets. Now Illya takes out his pencil  
communicator" from his shirt pocket and turns it on.

THE HUBRIS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

87

Solo, still tied to the moucharaby, is watching Malik  
paint an orange very artistically. Suddenly his pencil  
communicator begins to go "BEEP BEEP." Solo to cover  
the noise, shakes the screen, and coughs. Malik looks up.

87  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Don't let me disturb you. It's just that I'm allergic to oranges. Give me the shivers. You're very skillful with that LONG DANGEROUS KNIFE.

(he tries to talk into the communicator)

Have you practised a lot?

MALIK (phlegmatically)

I always practise a lot...especially when I am going to carve someone up in the near future.

SOLO (into communicator)

You don't mean you're going to CARVE ME UP?

MALIK (calmly)

Why not? It would be rather interesting I think because of your excellent musculature, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Actually that's mostly my tailor's doing.

Malik chuckles.

MALIK

No, no. I know better. What bothers me is a purely technical problem, where shall I begin.

Solo shudders.



PT. GROTTO - ILLYA - DAY

88

Illya hears this with some surprise.

SOLO'S VOICE

Would you mind not pointing that  
knife at me?

Illya's attitude is immediately one of complete concentration. He realizes Solo is trying to, obliquely, get a message to him.

PT. HUBRIS ROOM - DAY

89

Malik is amused, leaning on one elbow on the bed, peeling

MALIK

You are afraid, Mr. Solo? I thought  
U.N.C.L.E. men were brave.

SOLO

I'm a throwback. Besides, there's  
not only you, there's Fatso there  
in the corner....

A huge, dour-faced fat man sits in a corner also guarding  
Solo. He too wears a fez.

SOLO

As well as that gentleman in the  
hall, with the gun.

MALIK (smiling - peeling)

He is not a gentleman, Mr. Solo. But  
it is a gun.

SOLO (piously)  
It's enough to make anyone  
nervous -- especially as my  
friend is dead and can't  
rescue me.

89  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. GROTTO - DAY

90

Illya permits himself the barest shade of a grim  
smile. Hurriedly he prepares to leave the grotto  
and rescue Solo.

ZIP PAN TO:

90X1-92  
OUT

INT. NERONIS VILLA - PATIO - DAY

93

A startled and somewhat distrustful Mia - as well  
as a worried Angela - are listening to Illya.

MIA  
I'll go find Luca - he is the  
carabinieri here - he can take  
care of whatever it is!

ILLYA (urgently)  
He CAN'T! There's too MANY of  
them and there's no TIME!

93  
CONT'D  
(2)

He looks at them and sees arrant disbelief in  
their eyes.

                  ANGELA  
Why should anyone threaten Mr. Solo?

                  MIA (eyeing Illya  
                      suspiciously)  
Yes! We NEVER have crime on this  
island.  
                  (a bit miffed)  
Luca's been stationed here two years  
and he's not arrested a living soul  
except....  
                  (she starts to indicate  
                      Illya but catches herself  
                      in time)  
Well, it doesn't matter. I just  
don't believe you. You're making  
it up.

Suddenly, controlling his impatience and indeed, anger,  
Illya takes a deep breath, gauges the situation and  
takes off on a new track.

                  ILLYA  
Very well. I didn't want to tell you  
the whole truth but Mr. Solo is in the  
hotel - threatened by these men...  
                  (looking at Angela deeply)  
...because...of a woman.

Angela rises to the bait immediately, all trace of  
disbelief instantly fled.

                  ANGELA  
A WOMAN?

                  MIA  
WHAT "woman?"

Illya plays it for all it is worth, as if a bit re-  
gretful, a bit ashamed of "breaking a confidence."

                  ILLYA (reluctantly)  
A...girl...in Taormina. And she  
told her father and brothers...five  
of them...that Mr. Solo had...

ILLYA (continued)  
Now they're holding him under  
lock and key, a gun at his head,  
to take him back to Taormina and  
force him into---

(pausing)  
Well, he WON'T be able to marry  
you, Signorina, if they succeed.

93  
CONT'D  
(3)

Angela suddenly grows with anger.

ANGELA (fiercely, turning  
on Illya)  
What do you want us to do?

ILLYA  
Just make a little commotion to  
distract their attention. I'll take  
care of the rest.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. EDGE OF CLIFFS - DAY

94

Hubris and his men (2) are searching the men. Sud-  
denly Hubris finds something - a mark on the ground.

HUBRIS  
Something HEAVY has been dragged  
down this path.  
(excitedly)  
The pouch?

95 OUT

WIDER ANGLE

96

The aged Count Neroni finally makes it down the  
rocks toward the Colonel.

COUNT (eagerly)  
Signor...Signor...I beg you, one  
moment of your time, yes?

He hurries up to Hubris, who is engrossed in star-  
ing at the tracks left by the pouch as it was  
dragged earlier.

CLOSER SHOT

97

COUNT  
I am Count Neroni, signor...and I  
would be so grateful if you could  
do a small favour for me...

HUBRIS (absorbed)  
Later..later...I have no time..  
forgive me...

97  
CONT'D  
(2)

COUNT (spewing  
out the words)  
It is just to change this little  
bank note..We have no change in  
our village. But I am sure a  
gentleman like yourself is no  
doubt prepared to..

HUBRIS (impatiently)  
Please..Not now.

Neroni thrusts it under Hubris' nose.

97  
CONT'D  
(2)

COUNT (with great  
sincerity - pressing)  
It is perfectly legitimate,  
signor...I am sure of it..  
listen to it crackle...

Hubris sees the banknote, the Count hopefully  
crackles the note at him.

HUBRIS

You!

Suddenly he grabs the old man by the lapels of his  
jacket and jerks him forward.

HUBRIS

YOU took it!

COUNT (alarmed -  
naturally)  
Signor..!

HUBRIS (shaking him  
violently)  
What have you done with the POUCH!

As the Count gasps in horrified realisation...

HALLWAY - NAROUZ CAFE AND HOTEL - DAY

97X1

The girls are rushing up to the cafe, Illya barely  
able to get them to slow down..They rush inside.  
He puts a restraining hand on their arms, as he  
glances toward the staircase.

98-99 OUT

CLOSER SHOT

99X1

ILLYA  
Keep your voices down.

ANGELA (emotionally)  
WHERE is he..? Where is my  
poor fiance?

ILLYA  
Remember - all you want to do  
is change the beds.

WIDER ANGLE

100

They creep over to the staircase and up a stair or two, Angela in the forefront. Illya makes his exit.

101-105 OUT

EXT. NAROUZ CAFE - DAY - ALLEY

106

Illya comes tearing around the corner. He sees the drain pipe, jumps up..

CLOSER SHOT

107

..and starts up it. He is careful not to make noise and not to pass too close, too soon to the window in question.

INT. NAROUZ CAFE - DAY

108

Mia and Angela are hastily finishing throwing linens - assorted - into two large piles. They start up the stairs, grimly, trying to look as much like local chambermaids as possible.

INT. UPSTAIRS HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

109

One THRUSH Guard is propped against the wall, seated in an ancient kitchen chair, his gun on his lap. This does not mean he is any the less menacing. He hears the girls coming up the stairs. He looks up, instantly alert.

ANOTHER ANGLE

110

The girls come down the corridor.

THRUSH  
What do YOU want?

ANGELA (frozen-faced)  
The linen, signor. We've come to change the bed.

THRUSH MAN  
They don't need changing. We  
just got here.

110  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANGELA (without  
emotion)  
It wasn't changed from the last  
time. I wouldn't want anyone to  
get sick.

THRUSH MAN  
Sick?

111 OUT



INT. HUBRIS' BEDROOM - CLOSE SHOT WINDOW      113X1

Illya is clinging to the drainpipe, near the window, listening, waiting his cue watchfully, straining to hear what is going on within.

THRUSHMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)

Malik?

Illya now ventures to take what look he can through the window.

POV SHOT      113X2

Malik, peeling an elaborate shape on his orange, gets up absently, and goes to the door, concentrating on his orange.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY      113X3  
OUTSIDE DOOR TO HUBRIS' ROOM

Malik appears in the small open slit of the door, as held by the THRUSHMAN.

MALIK

What is it?

He eyes the two girls coldly, taking in the armloads of sheets, et al.

THRUSHMAN

The maids want to know, have you had mumps? - or should she put on fresh sheets?

MALIK (understandably startled)

Have I had WHAT?

Angela can see over Malik's head, into the room. Her eyes widen slightly.

INT. HUBRIS' BEDROOM - DAY - POV SHOT THROUGH DOOR FROM ANGELA'S ANGLE      113X4

Illya can be seen letting himself in the window - very very quietly.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY - OUTSIDE DOOR  
TO HUBRIS' ROOM

113X5

ANGELA (stuttering  
very slightly)  
mmm ..Mumps, signor?  
(upset by having seen  
Illya and knowing what  
she must do to "distract"  
the others)  
You know?  
(she indicates a facial  
swelling)  
The poor man who had the room before  
was so ill!

MIA (indicating a  
swollen face)  
His face was swollen like a ripe  
watermelon!

INT. HUBRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

113X6

By this time Illya has crept across the room to that  
area immediately ahead of him but directly BEHIND  
the screen to which Solo has been tied. With one  
fast blow of his own knife, Illya frees ONE of Solo's  
hands and a foot.

ANOTHER ANGLE

113X7

This makes an inevitable noise. The THRUSHMAN sees  
Illya.

THRUSHMAN  
Watch out!

Malik turns from the door, suddenly realising some-  
thing is going on.

OTHER SIDE OF SCREEN

113X8

Fatso, dozing near Solo, also stirs. Solo, despite  
a lack of limberness from being strung up, kicks the  
chair from under Fatso. As Fatso falls groaning,  
Solo manages to work himself loose.

WIDER ANGLE

113X9

Malik has seen Illya and, with a sinister smile of delight, his knife (as always in his hand) begins to approach Illya rapidly, in the classic manner of the knife artist, half crouched.

GIRLS IN HALLWAY  
POV SHOT THROUGH DOOR

113X10

They gasp. The THRUSHMAN, drawing his gun, rushes in.

INT. HUBRIS' BEDROOM - DAY

113X11

But Malik is not to be cheated of his fun.

MALIK  
Leave him to me!

However at the same time, Illya whips off his jacket, wraps it around one hand and wrist as a shield, and, his own knife at the ready, is prepared to meet Malik's.

Malik darts at him. Illya, with a few tricks of his own, makes a feint at Malik, then dodges, trips Malik, who slips and falls to one knee.

The THRUSHMAN, no artist in these affairs, merely an honest craftsman, raises his gun to despatch Solo but as he does Solo pushes down the other carved screen, directly on the THRUSHMAN'S head. It is heavy enough to knock him to the floor and send his gun skidding.

Malik recovers himself, immediately resumes slashing at Illya, the fight fast, potentially deadly (clothes ripped, etc.) and all the more sinister because it is silent, swift and incredibly vicious.

CLOSE SHOT - GIRLS

113X12

The girls, in the hallway, are petrified with fear. This is hardly what they expected from a mere quarrel over a shot-gun wedding.

WIDER ANGLE

113X13

Solo tries to recover the gun on the floor but is attacked by Fatso. The knives almost sing as they slash through the air, cutting coats, etc.

Illya trips and loses his knife. Malik is immediately upon him, slashing his knife down right THROUGH the protective coat used as armour, pinning Illya, for the moment to the floor.

As Solo shakes off Fatso and rushes to Illya, Fatso grabs Solo's ankle and he comes crashing down, Fatso skidding forward to karate punch Solo.

The THRUSHMAN regains consciousness and grabs the gun. For a moment it looks as if the boys are checked.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:  
INT. HUBRIS BEDROOM - DAY

114

The group is in the exact position as at end of Act III.

Malik prepares to peel Illya.

115-132  
OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

132X1

Solo grabs a small table or anything handy and throws it at the THRUSHMAN. This knocks the gun from the hand of the THRUSHMAN. Solo dives for the gun and at the same time body-slams Malik giving Illya a chance to recover his knife and get to his feet. Fatso struggles up and goes after Solo. Solo hits him with the gun butt. Solo backs Fatso up against the screen, from "bed" side. As he does... on the other side, Malik, knife at the ready, rushes Illya. At the last moment Illya dodges, Malik's knife and arm go right through the carved screen to connect with..

FATSO

132X2

...Fatso's back. As the knife enters his body, Fatso screams.

ANOTHER ANGLE

132X3

The THRUSHMAN throws himself at Solo but Solo dodges and hits him over the head with the gun butt. Illya picks up a chair and slams the trapped Malik over the head. Malik slumps.

NAROUZ VOICE (o.s.)  
What's going on? What IS this?

WIDER ANGLE

132X4

Narouz pushes past the girls, huddling near the door but in the corridor, and takes one horrified look around at the wreckage, "corpses" and general mayhem. He lets out a Lebanese shriek of pure agony.

NAROUZ

What have you DONE to me!

The girls have edged into the room, both horrified, frightened, concerned about the boys and, naturally, quite fascinated.

ANGELA

They're terrible men!  
How could you let people  
like that in here!

CLOSER SHOT

132X5

Illya, breathing hard, turns to Solo.

ILLYA (fast - direct)

I found the pouch. It's in the  
grotto...empty. No papers - no  
money.

Solo, exhausted, his arms sore, is nevertheless sufficiently philosophical to shrug.

SOLO

Ten million bucks is a temptation  
to anyone.

Narouz, despite his instant assessment of the wreckage, corpses, etc. immediately comes round at the mention of money.

NAROUZ

Ten million... ?

SOLO

The question is who was tempted...

NAROUZ (almost to himself)

Ten million...  
(light dawning)  
Count CORRAGIO!

MIA

Father?

NAROUZ

HE had a MILLION LIRE NOTE. I saw  
it MYSELF!

(in shock and sudden, terrible  
speculation)

'Where else could he GET it..?

Solo shrugs wearily.

SOLO (to Mia)  
All right girls. Let's go find him!

132X5  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. GROTTO - MED. SHOT - DAY

132X6

Hubris and two of his men, have poor Old Count Corragio  
backed against the altar, Hubris shaking the banknote and  
the pouch in the face of the terrified old man.

HUBRIS

You got this out of HERE....

COUNT (scattered,  
frightened)

Yes...yes...

HUBRIS

Where did you put the REST?

The Count is literally frightened out of his wits.

COUNT

I...I don't remember...I CAN'T remember...

Hubris nods quickly to his cohorts, who twist the old man's  
arms. He screams....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

132X7

Solo and Illya eye the cliffs and country despairingly.

SOLO

Where do you hide an old man?

ILLYA

Maybe he's swimming?

He gives Illya a look.

ILLYA  
Maybe it's better you go in. I'll  
stay outside just in case..

132X7  
CONT'D  
(2)

MIA  
Hurry..please..

She starts down the path, Angela after her. Solo  
nods and starts after them.

ZIP PAN TO.

EXT. GROTTO - DAY

132X8

Solo and the girls have gotten into the boat and  
now he and the two girls are pushing in to the low  
grotto entrance, the girls anxious and worried,  
Solo using the oar (in this restricted area) al-  
most as a gondolier would use his pole.

ANGELA (calling)  
Papa.! Papa!

There is no answer. The girls look anxiously at  
one another and Angela takes Mia's hand as they  
stare into the shadowed grotto. With a last push  
of one oar against the surrounding rocks, Solo  
gets down in the boat and ducking his head, pro-  
pels them into the grotto itself.

EXT. CLIFF AREA - DAY

132X9

Illya is searching the horizon. Suddenly he sees  
the figure of Narouz, trying to be unseen, but hurry-  
ing up to the top of the hills or cliffs over the grotto.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY - ILLYA

132X10

Illya looks up, his eyes narrow, and quietly, he  
starts in pursuit of Narouz.

INT. GROTTO - DAY

133

This hour, towards the end of the day, is perhaps  
the most dazzling moment in which to enter the grotto.  
The light reflected from outside, ricochets on the  
floor of the grotto to coat the ceiling with light,  
revealing the ancient, half-destroyed Corinthian  
pillars which here and there mark the former play-  
ground of the deceased Roman Empress, the ancient



amphorae, the now worn steps carved from living rock which in two or three places lead up from the waters' edge itself toward rock shelves. At the further end of the grotto, in that small section where the worn but still splendid "altar" of Circe still stands, the Count can be seen, half sprawled on the steps, face down, but conscious.

133  
CONT'D  
(2)

BOAT

134

Mia sees him and points, frightened.

MIA  
Papa...!  
(to Solo)  
There! Hurry...

Solo sees the old man and gives the boat a push which sends it flying through the water to the altar steps.

## ALTAR STEPS

135

Mia scrambles out of the boat fearlessly, to run to her father.

## CLOSER SHOT

136

MIA

Papa...what is it? What has happened?

But as the old man raises his head, we see a lash mark across his face. Mia gasps, as Angela comes up.

HUBRIS'S VOICE (lightly)

He's being stubborn, I'm afraid.  
It's a problem with the old, at times...

The girls and Solo, who has come up behind them, whirl.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

137

On a ledge above and behind them, is the vast form of Colonel Hubris, his fez neatly on his head, in one hand a riding crop, in the other a ridiculously small pistol. He is smoking and seems not unamused. At his feet lies the empty "pouch".

HUBRIS (cont'd)

(waving his riding crop)  
...but one, needless to say, I  
hardly encourage. Perhaps you'll  
have better luck.

(leaning forward to stare  
down at the Count)  
I don't want to seem melodramatic,  
Count, but if you don't tell me  
immediately what you've done with  
the contents of this, I shall be  
forced to drown your daughters.

The thought seems vaguely amusing to Hubris, and he giggles a little as he puffs on his cigarette, looking down at them.

MIA (wide-eyed,  
wondering)  
Who are YOU?

137  
CONT'D  
(2)

HUBRIS (unperturbed)  
No irrelevant questions, please,  
my dear. A, they're rude and B,  
I shouldn't be likely to tell you  
in any event.

Solo makes a swift turn as if to dart up the side of  
the grotto.

HUBRIS  
Naughty, Mr. Solo.

He indicates with a wave of his crop...

#### WIDER ANGLE

138

Two gunmen appear from behind the altar above Solo  
and the girls. They were out of sight earlier but  
are very visible now with obviously deadly weapons.

HUBRIS  
As you can see, Mr. Solo, we are  
not alone.  
(he regards Solo)  
You escaped the good Malik's knife?

SOLO  
You can't get away with this,  
Colonel.

HUBRIS (delighted)  
Can't I? You mean you have the  
grotto surrounded? What a delicious  
surprise!

SOLO  
Let the old man and the girls go.  
They have nothing to do with this.

HUBRIS

Mr. Solo. A little more lightness in your speeches, please. Such cliches! You're going to say "they went thataway" any moment, I know.

138  
CONT'D  
(2)

With some difficulty he comes forward a step to peer down at the Count.

HUBRIS

And HE has EVERYTHING to do with the subject at hand.

He grabs a small pebble or two and with surprising accuracy hits the old man right across the face with them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

139

With a cry both Mia and Solo would step forward. Angela flings herself in front of her father to protect him. But all to no avail. They are immediately seized from behind by the two guards who, during the preceding, have crept silently down the grotto behind him. They grab them.

COUNT (feebly,  
frightened in pain)  
I don't remember...I don't know  
where anything is...I'd tell you  
if I knew...

CLOSE SHOT - HUBRIS

140

Hubris shakes his head.

HUBRIS

I've often heard avarice was the prevailing sin of old age, but I never thought I'd live to see it.

MED. SHOT - NEAR ROCKS AND CHAINS

141

By this time Solo has been hit on the head and thrown back against a rock, hastily bound to an iron ring (one of several) with which boats are generally moored.

ANGELA (protecting  
her father)  
What do you want of him! He doesn't  
know anything. We're poor people..  
we have nothing...

141  
CONT'D  
(2)

HUBRIS  
On the contrary, as Mr. Solo will  
tell you himself, at the moment  
you're very rich people indeed.

He glances in the pouch and shakes his head.

HUBRIS  
Few richer.

He has the banknote in his hand and as the men bind  
the old count to the wall, Hubris shakes the bank-  
note under the old man's nose.

HUBRIS  
Where did you get this, Count?

REVERSE ANGLE - ROCKS

142

The men are tying the Count, the girls and Solo to  
the rocks.

COUNT (hesitantly)  
I...I told you...I found it...in  
that...

HUBRIS'S VOICE (o.s.)  
But the REST of it, Count...the  
IMPORTANT part...where did you put  
that...?

The Count's face goes blank and ill...

COUNT  
I don't know...I don't know...

CLOSE SHOT - HUBRIS

143

Hubris surveys the now bound quartette with some  
satisfaction.

HUBRIS

Take your time. It won't be long  
before the tide will reach your  
chin, Mr. Solo.  
(he points to a line level  
with Solo's chin)

143  
CONT'D  
(2)

Suddenly he realizes that the girls, shorter than  
Solo, would be drowned by this time. He corrects  
himself.

HUBRIS

Too bad. The young ladies will be  
quite, quite drowned by that time,  
won't you, young ladies?

144 OUT

HUBRIS

145

HUBRIS

Zog, on the off chance the old gentle-  
man may have concealed everything in  
his villa, I suggest you run up there  
and give it a quick inspection. Then  
send Malik here. By that time, either  
our friend will have talked or...

NEAR ROCKS

145X1

With his riding crop he draws the line up past his  
chin. Zog and his partner hop into the boat brought  
by Solo and the girls and push out.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HILL ABOVE GROTTO - DAY

146

Narouz comes up the hill, perspiring. He looks about  
carefully to see if he is observed. He is not. He  
moves over to a huge stone and starts to struggle  
with it.

WIDER ANGLE

146X1

As silent as Kipling's Sher-Khan, and very nearly  
as supple, Illya "appears" directly behind Narouz,  
watching him.

ILLYA (quietly)

Jack and Jill went up the hill, to  
fetch...WHAT, Narouz? It isn't a  
pail of water.

146X1  
CONT'D  
(A2)

Narouz turns, startled, horrified. In one movement, Illya  
grabbed him by the throat and dragged him back from the  
edge.

ILLYA

I THOUGHT you knew more about this  
than you were telling!

NAROUZ (choking)

Signor...please...I do nothing wrong.  
I am only a poor orphan Lebanese...

ILLYA

In your world nobody does anything  
wrong.....It's just how much can you  
get away with, without getting caught,  
isn't it? But you ARE caught - so  
TALK!

NAROUZ

It's only the taxes are so high, and  
life hard.....

ILLYA

You're a smuggler, Narouz.

NAROUZ (choking)

Smuggling is strictly against the  
law, signor! I am a MOST law-abiding  
citizen!

ILLYA

And you stash your loot around here,  
somewhere.

NAROUZ

I know of this place only from GOSSIP,  
signor....

When Narouz sees Illya is determined and gives up with a

Narouz sighs and pushes aside a huge stone which moves with surprising ease.

146  
CONT'D  
(2)

NAROUZ

It leads directly into the roof of Circe's Grotto.

ILLYA (quietly)

I thought ten million dollars would be attractive to you.

(nodding to the hole)

That goes into the grotto?

NAROUZ (terrified)

Signor...I only want to HELP...

ILLYA

..yourself...I understand.

NAROUZ

They are in danger, this is a way out...! That was all I was thinking of, signor. The count.. his daughters..are my friends..

ILLYA (drily)

And with a friend like you, who needs an enemy? Lead the way.

He releases Narouz.

NAROUZ (massaging his strangled neck)

Step very carefully.

(hurriedly)

There's a column at the end you put your feet on...

(anxious for his horde)

It's full of cigarettes! They're worth a FORTUNE!

Illya looks at him, winks solemnly and disappears.

ZIP PAN TO:

147 OUT

INT. GROTTTO - DAY

148

Angela has one arm around her father, but she is looking at Solo.

MIA

But he CAN'T remember! Often I have to go all over the island searching for him because he doesn't even remember where his house is.



...Goddess Affair  
Chgs.

11-16-65

UNCLE  
P.72

HUBRIS VOICE (o.s.)  
Such a rocky island, too. It must  
be hard on your feet.

148  
CONT'D  
(1)

SOLO  
Hubris, you're a monster.

148  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

149

Hubris has a little book in his hand and is comparing it with his watch.

                  HUBRIS (calmly)  
I expected something more from  
you than opinions, Mr. Solo.  
I've always heard you spoken of  
as a man of action. U.N.C.L.E.  
must be slipping.

He frowns at the page, turns it, glances at his watch.

                  HUBRIS  
Let's see. It will be high tide  
in Nova Scotia in exactly...  
                  (impatiently, turning  
                  a page)  
...No, that doesn't help much,  
does it?

CLOSER SHOT

150

Angela looks up at Solo.

                  ANGELA (softly)  
You...did not come to...marry  
me, then?

                  SOLO  
No.

Angela makes a little movement. Her father groans,  
she hastens to soothe him.

                  ANGELA  
This...thing he is after.  
                  (she looks toward Hubris)  
It is a great fortune.

                  SOLO  
And a greater evil. That's why  
I came. To stop that.

ANGELA (looking  
at Hubris)  
Yes...it must be evil. I see  
that.

150  
CONT'D  
(2)

Her eyes fill with tears and with the barest glance  
at Solo, she kisses her father's lashed face.

ANGELA  
But - you are not -

WIDER ANGLE

151

HUBRIS (gaily,  
finding his place)  
Ah, here we are!  
(reading)  
Goodness me...The tides here do  
come in swiftly, don't they? I  
hope the boys return with that  
boat. I'd hate to have to swim  
out of here underwater. The  
salt just ruins silk.

He glances over at his captives, seemingly quite  
jolly.

HUBRIS  
How's the old memory, Count?  
Anything stirring?

ANOTHER ANGLE

152

The water by now is up to the chins of his captives.  
We can see fear in the girls' eyes.

HUBRIS  
Not yet?  
(glancing at his watch)  
You've little time to remember!

He thinks then...

HUBRIS  
Perhaps a little shock to shake  
those cobwebs out of the old  
brain would help... eh?

He produces his surprisingly small gun again.

HUBRIS  
It's often used in mental  
cases, they tell me.

152  
CONT'D  
(2)

And he fires from his gun. In the confined space  
of the grotto the report is tremendous.

ANOTHER ANGLE

153

The girls scream, smoke for a moment fills the air,  
and where Hubris fired, a bit of shale comes  
tumbling down on them. Solo tires furiously to  
free himself from his bonds.

MEDIUM SHOT - HUBRIS

154

Hubris laughs and fires again and again and again.

INT. GROTTO - DAY  
TOP OF GROTTO NEAR CORINTHIAN PILLAR

155

Scrambling hastily down the stovepipe smuggler's  
escape hatch, Illya hangs for a moment in the hole,  
looking down.

POV SHOT

156

He listens to Hubris' almost maniacal laughter as  
he fires at the bound group, the girl's screams,  
etc.

NEAR ALTAR

157

Hubris has come down, near the altar.

HUBRIS (amused, en-  
joying himself)  
You know, Count, even if you DON'T  
remember, it's almost worth it to  
have a little fun for a change.  
(he reloads his gun gaily)  
I find the dreary round of a  
business life so stultifying.  
I haven't had an afternoon like  
this since...

Suddenly he looks at the girls.

157  
CONT'D  
(2)

HUBRIS

Dear ME, my dears. Stand on  
your tip toes or you won't be  
able to hear a THING I say...

CLOSE SHOT - GIRLS, SOLO, COUNT

158

Indeed the water is quite up to the girls' ears.  
The old man is struggling, Solo struggling, the  
girls hysterical. Everytime the girls open their  
mouths they get a mouthful of sea-water.

INT. GROTTO - DAY  
TOP OF GROTTO NEAR CORINTHIAN PILLAR

159

Illya realizes he has no time to make a "plan." He  
must act immediately. He braces himself and...  
measuring the distance to the Corinthian pillar  
just below him (the SOUND of the shots and the girls'  
SCREAMS echoing wildly through the cave), Illya  
jumps.

POV SHOT

160

Illya hits the column with his feet as he jumps  
toward the pool of water beneath. The column,  
undermined by two thousand years of corroding sea-  
water, breaks under the force of the blow. But it  
breaks in an odd fashion. The top of the column,  
the capital, falls off to hurtle down into the  
water with a tremendous splash.

ANOTHER ANGLE

161

The column itself falls just in front of Hubris.  
Hubris jumps back, looking up.

WIDER ANGLE

162

As he does, we see, floating in the air, flooding the upper part of the grotto, a wild flutter of banknotes, secret THRUSH lists of agents, well-guarded plans, estimates, all the minutiae of THRUSH's proposed African venture. They all look up in disbelief. It is doubtful if Hubris is even conscious that Illya jumped down simultaneously with the fall of the column. Hubris gives a CRY of wild delight.

NEAR ROCKS - SOLO, COUNT, ET AL

163

The old man, his mouth almost covered with water, suddenly regains his memory.

COUNT

THAT's where I hid it! In  
Narouz' hiding place! With  
his cigarettes.

And indeed a surprised cigarette floats by under the Count's nose, with a few banknotes.

WIDER ANGLE

164

Hubris is laughing wildly, ecstatically, papers and banknotes floating down about him in all directions. He grabs at them wildly, laughing in glee.

NEAR ROCKS

165

But Illya now, knife in his teeth, darts through the water to where the captives are bound. With one slash of his knife he releases Solo, then starts on the bonds of the girls. Solo jerks the girls out of the water - almost at the last minute, his eye on Hubris.

NEAR ALTAR

166

But Hubris, the papers raining or floating down about him, is hysterically grabbing them up, in a frenzy of delight. His weight makes his bobbing about on the damp stones something of a dangerous undertaking.

167-167X1  
OUT

WIDER ANGLE

168

Illya grabs the girls.

ILLYA (urgently)  
Come on. Up...Up...

Coughing water, nearly choked to death, the girls pull their father with them as Illya pulls them. Hastily they ascend the steps toward the smuggler's hole at the side...

HUBRIS

169

He is grabbing up the papers and stuffing them into the pouch with all the celerity he can muster. Some have fallen into the water and Hubris, without regard for the wet rocks, hurries down to pull them out. As he does...

170-187  
OUT

WIDER ANGLE

188

Solo lunges at Hubris and hits him over the head. Hubris struggles but falls. Solo grabs his gun.

EXT. CLIFFS ABOVE GROTTO - DAY

189

Illya and Narouz are pulling the girls and the old man from the hole leading from the grotto. At the same time Illya sees with some alarm...

EXT. NEAR GROTTO ENTRANCE - DAY - POV SHOT

190

Malik and the THRUSHMAN, clambering over the rocks (or whatever) toward the grotto and the boat.

EXT. CLIFFS ABOVE GROTTO - DAY

191

Illya, realizing trouble is here, tells Narouz...

ILLYA  
Get 'em out of sight!

EXT. EDGE OF GROTTO - DAY

Malik and the THRUSHMAN have gotten into a boat and are heading for the grotto.

EXT. EDGE OF CLIFF - DAY

193

Illya runs for the edge of the cliff and...

EXT. CLIFF - DAY - FULL SHOT

194

...jumps off the cliff into the water before the grotto.

EXT. WATER BEFORE GROTTO - DAY

195

Illya surfaces immediately behind the boat now bearing Malik and the THRUSHMEN. Malik rises in his seat and tries to throw a knife at Illya. Illya dodges. The THRUSHMAN stands up and fires at Illya. The bullet hits Illya but not before he is able to bring his full weight down on the boat--and both Malik and the THRUSHMAN are standing up in the boat, trying to knife or shoot Illya. Illya's literal "rocking the boat" throws both Malik and the THRUSHMAN off balance...and they fall into the water.

THE BOAT

196

caught in the swift current, goes into the grotto. In the water, Illya, though wounded, does what he can to fight off Malik and the THRUSHMAN.

Illya is an accomplished swimmer and they are not, but they are determined to kill him. As the THRUSHMAN grabs Illya, Malik (in the water) would knife him...

EXT. GROTTO ENTRANCE - DAY

197

Solo - who has caught the drifting boat within the grotto - now pushes it wildly back OUT of the grotto with one oar. He has Hubris' gun in his hand. He sees...



POV

198

...Illya getting the worst of it from Malik and the THRUSHMAN, half on the rocks, as they try to beat and/or knife Illya to death.

WIDER ANGLE

199

Solo fires. He gets first the THRUSHMAN and then --

CLOSER SHOT

200

-- Illya dodges just in time to avoid Malik's knife. Solo's second shot gets Malik. Hit by the bullet from Solo's gun, Malik is jolted back into the water. Illya looks up, sees...

POV SHOT

201

...a worried Solo poling his way toward Illya, almost like a gondolier in Venice.

ANOTHER ANGLE

202

Behind Illya, but up the hill, running down, concerned, is Luca with his gun, Narouz and the old man.

NEAR ROCKS AND ILLYA

203

Solo poles up, obviously concerned about Illya, who clutching his arm, is bleeding all over the rocks. However, Illya still has enough pizzazz to look up at Solo's "gondoliering" with a touch of critical amusement.

ILLYA (softly)  
Do you also sing "O Sole Mio?"

As Solo stops poling to regard the "wounded man" he is about to "rescue".

FADE OUT.

TAG

FADE IN:  
EXT. NAROUZ CAFE - DAY

204

A small procession is setting out from Narouz' cafe, led by a bound Colonel Hubris, Malik, Ali, the Thrushmen (such as are still alive) et al, with Luca with his rifle bringing up the rear sternly.

This time the whistling of the Sousa march comes from...

CLOSER SHOT

205

Napoleon Solo, as he views the departure of the villains with some pleasure. The wounded Illya, arm in sling, is beside him, happy also. Narouz comes up, lugging the pouch which is brim full of papers, et al.

NAROUZ

Here is the pouch, and all the papers we could find, signor. I wish there were more.

SOLO (cheerily)

I'm sure they'll be QUITE adequate to put a GREAT many people behind bars for a long while. Thank you.

Narouz shudders at the mention of jail.

NAROUZ

I cannot tell you how GRATEFUL I am to you, gentlemen, for having done all this. Particularly for letting the Count have the money.

ILLYA

Finders keepers. He DID find it.

SOLO

Right. The law of flotsam and jetsam and all that.

Suddenly he is surprised.

SOLO

But why does it mean so much to YOU?

Narouz whips off his apron and reveals that underneath he is dressed in his most formal "best."

205  
CONT'D  
(2)

NAROUZ (beaming)  
But, signor, now the signorina Angela has a dowry a princess would envy!--

Solo and Illiya look at one another.

ILLYA  
So?

NAROUZ  
--I need no longer conceal the great admiration I have long cherished for the signorina.  
(modestly)  
She has done me the honor to say "yes."

SOLO  
You're going to marry ANGELA?

NAROUZ  
This afternoon, signor. As soon as Luca returns. A double wedding! I am so HAPPY, signores.

\* WIDER ANGLE

205X1

Now Luca marches Colonel Hubris, Malik, and the THRUSHmen past the table. Solo, still startled, looks up.

LUCA  
The ship is about to leave, Mr. Solo. You'd best come down to the dock.

SOLO (amiably)  
We all travel together?

\* CLOSER SHOT

205X2

He rises, gathering up the pouch, and smiles at Hubris.

\*change

SOLO  
An unlooked for pleasure, Colonel.

205X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

HUBRIS (gloomily)  
I daresay, Mr. Solo, I daresay.  
..Under the circumstances. You  
have won. I have lost.

ILLYA  
Cheer up, Colonel. Next time it  
may be YOUR game.

Hubris gives him a wintry smile.

HUBRIS  
I thought of that. In fact, when  
I heard we were all sailing  
together I determined to MAKE it  
my game this time, by blowing up  
the ship.

SOLO (amiably)  
Really? And you've changed your  
mind? Why?

Hubris gives him a look.

HUBRIS (acidly -  
enunciating carefully)  
I can't SWIM.

LUCA  
Forward MARCH...

\* WIDER ANGLE

206

As one, the prisoners start to march off. Solo  
looks at Illya, Illya looks at Solo and taking  
up the pouch, they march in the wake of Hubris,  
Luca and company, whistling the Sousa march  
followed by the urchins, ditto.

\*change

ANOTHER ANGLE

207

Near the villa's gate, stand Angela and Mia. The boys bow politely, still whistling, still marching in unison as they go across the square.

CLOSER SHOT

208

The girls take up the tune, too, whistling the March a touch mournfully, watching them leave as we --

FADE OUT

THE END