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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE CONCRETE OVERCOAT AFFAIR

Part I

Prod. #8433

Prod. #8444

REVISED FINAL

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Producer:
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Story by:

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A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
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Presentation

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8-15-66

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

The Concrete Overcoat Affair

Prods. #8433-8444

Please make the following name changes in Script
dated August 15, 1966:

FROM:

DRAGO

UPDIKE

WINER

PANZA BROTHERS

TO:

STRAGO

DIKETON

THALER

STILLETTO BROTHERS

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

The Concrete Overcoat Affair

Part I

Prod. #8433

TEASER

FADE IN:
EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY - FEATURING SKYRIDE
to establish.

1

ON SKYRIDE TICKET BOOTH

2

as a man, who will be revealed as DR. VON KRONEN,
steps to the booth, purchases a ticket from the
clerk within, starts up the steps to the gondolas
above.

ON U.N.C.L.E. CAR

3

as it screeches to a stop nearby, Illya and Solo
emerge. They look about, and finally --

THEIR POV

4

Von Kronen entering one of the gondolas, which
promptly goes into motion.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA AND SOLO

5

SOLO (looking up)
There he is.

They start for the ticket booth.

ANOTHER ANGLE

6

as the boys, clearly in a hurry but nevertheless
observing the proprieties, pause to purchase tickets.

ON VON KRONEN'S GONDOLA

7

as, its lone occupant staring straight ahead, expressionless, it moves through the sky.

ON PLATFORM

8

Illya and Solo, ascending the stairs, reach the platform, climb aboard a gondola perhaps three or four behind Von Kronen's.

PLATFORM ON OTHER SIDE

9

as Von Kronen emerges from his gondola. There are a number of people about, waiting for rides back. Von Kronen observes them all for a moment, then moves to the one standing closest.

VON KRONEN (mechanically, as he indicates skyride)

It is very much like the one in my native city.

FIRST PASSENGER

Yeah? How about that?

He climbs aboard the next gondola, goes off.

VON KRONEN (to another passenger)

You know, the aerial tramway in my native city... This is very much like it.

SECOND PASSENGER

I come from Iowa, Mister. We don't have nothin' like this -- unless you count the one at the State Fair.

Von Kronen frowns, steps away. No one has yet given him the right answer.

ON GONDOLA

10

containing Solo and Illya, as it moves with painful slowness toward the platform.

BACK TO SCENE

11

Now, a third man -- LUGER -- steps up to Von Kronen.

LUGER

Excuse me, sir, but I couldn't help
overhearing.

(carefully)

Your native city -- would it be
Bremen?

VON KRONEN

Yes.

LUGER

I thought so, your accent...

VON KRONEN

The only accent of interest is the
accent on the future.

LUGER (a near-whisper)

Dr. Von Kronen?

VON KRONEN (also a

near-whisper)

You are Herr Luger? From THRUSH?

LUGER

Yes, sir. Transportation's at the
bottom of the stairs. If you'll
follow me --

At this moment, Solo and Illya's gondola reaches the platform, and the boys emerge, start after Von Kronen and Luger as the latter pair start to descend the stairway. Suddenly, two THRUSHMEN materialize, block the path of the U.N.C.L.E. agents. There is a fight on the platform and on the stairway. In due course, Illya and Solo overpower the villains, but Luger and Von Kronen have gotten a pretty fair head start.

EXT. BASE OF STAIRS

12

as Luger and Von Kronen climb hastily into a waiting limousine. The DRIVER guns the motor and the car zips off.

ON ILLYA AND SOLO

13

as they reach the base of the stairs, sprint toward their own car, which they left near the ticket booth at the other end of the tramway.

ON THE THRUSH CAR

14

as it barrels along.

ON ILLYA AND SOLO

15

as they finally reach their own car, climb in, begin pursuit.

EXT. CITY STREET AND FREEWAY RAMP - DAY

16

as the limousine races through a red light onto the freeway ramp.

17 OUT

ON THE BOYS' CAR

18

as it does likewise, narrowly avoiding collisions.

~~EXT.~~ FREEWAY - DAY (STOCK)

19

Zippering cars.

VARIOUS ANGLES (INCLUDING STOCK)

20-23

of the wild chase.

INT. LIMOUSINE BACK SEAT

24

where Luger and Von Kronen sit. Luger looks out the rear window.

LUGER

We can't shake them.

(he turns toward
the Driver)

Get off at Grand.

(then, to Von Kronen, as
he picks up a microphone)

You'll find, Doctor, that THRUSH is
prepared for any eventuality.

(and, into mike)

Code thirty-seven. Luger reporting.
I'd like an intercept....

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY - ON GARAGE DOORS

25

They are huge doors, fronting the street in a building that looks like it might be a warehouse. Now the doors open and a huge semi emerges, turns onto the street.

EXT. FREEWAY OFF-RAMP - DAY - ON THE LIMOUSINE

26

as it barrels down the ramp, reaches the surface street below, spins around the corner.

ON THE U.N.C.L.E. CAR

27

Ditto.

ON THE LIMOUSINE

28

as it zooms toward and past the CAMERA. Behind it -- at a distance of perhaps a hundred yards -- is the U.N.C.L.E. car. But now the giant truck appears alongside of it, begins to force it toward the curb. As the truck blocks our view of the car, we hear a CRASH. The truck keeps going -- and, when our view is no longer blocked, we see the U.N.C.L.E. vehicle. Upside down. Its wheels spinning.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

29 OUT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:
EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DAY

30

The usual establishing shot.

INT. DEL FLORIA'S TAILOR SHOP - DAY

30X1

as Illya and Solo enter, are passed through.

INT. U.N.C.L.E. RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

31

Behind the reception desk sits MISS GORGEOUS. She looks up as Illya and Solo enter. As she rises, pins on their U.N.C.L.E. badges:

ILLYA

I gather Mr. Waverly is waiting
up for us.

MISS GORGEOUS

With baited breath.

She pushes the button which opens the inner door. The boys exit, Solo blowing Miss Gorgeous a kiss as he goes.

INT. U.N.C.L.E. CORRIDOR - DAY - LONG SHOT

32

As the boys come toward us along the oddly-lit corridor, we see MALE and FEMALE U.N.C.L.E. AGENTS hustling and bustling through the place.

REVERSE ANGLE

33

The boys reach the doors to Waverly's office, and they slide open to admit them.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

34

Waverly is behind the giant table, shuffling through some papers. He looks up as Illya and Solo enter.

WAVERLY

Come in, gentlemen. Sit down.

Solo sits. Illya remains standing.

34
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

We're -- uh -- sorry we failed, sir.

WAVERLY

Ah, but that's not true, Mr. Solo.
You've made a most notable contribu-
tion.

ILLYA (surprised)

We have?

WAVERLY

Indeed. You weren't able to bring
in Dr. Von Kronen, but you did
establish a definite link between
him and THRUSH.

SOLO (thoughtfully)

The most wanted Nazi scientist and
the most evil organization in the
world.

(smiles grimly)

They should make beautiful music
together.

Waverly pushes an appropriate button. A photo of
a man's face appears on a monitor screen.

WAVERLY

And you, gentlemen, will endeavor
to find out what tune they're going
to play.

(indicates screen)

Face look familiar?

The boys look at it.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

35

so we get a good look at the face.

ILLYA

Louis Strago. The liquor tycoon.
Everything from whiskey to champagne.
Branches all over the world....

SOLO

...All of which makes an intoxica-
tingly lovely cover for THRUSH
operations.

(looks up at Waverly)

Were those Strago's men who beat us
to Von Kronen?

WAVERLY

Yes. Mr. Strago is in Sicily now.
Visiting one of his wineries. We
have reason to believe Dr. Von Kronen
is on his way there.

(a beat)

And you, gentlemen, are about to be.

Solo and Illya exchange glances. Solo looks again
toward screen, and we -

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SICILIAN SCENE - DAY (STOCK)

35X1

to establish. We may or may not use a legend.

EXT. TERRACE OF STRAGO'S SICILIAN VILLA - DAY -
CLOSE ON STRAGO

36

Shirtless, on his stomach on a chaise lounge, he is
being massaged by MISS DIKETON. Strago is, as we shall
discover, an utterly humorless, cold and precise man.
He is about forty. Miss Diketon, who is deriving a
very obvious thrill from giving the massage, is big
and soft and cuddly-looking as an overstuffed puppy.
Strago derives no thrill whatsoever from her caress-
ing fingers. Indeed:

STRAGO

Miss Diketon, is it necessary for
you to breathe so heavily? You
are massaging my back, not making
love to me.

DIKETON (a bit

flustered)

I'm -- sorry, Mister Strago.

STRAGO

It's not the first time, you know.
And I find it decidedly nauseating.
The Uniform Code of THRUSH Procedure
states quite clearly that the rela-
tionship between a THRUSH official
and --

He is interrupted in midlecture by a discreet o.s.
COUGH. Luger stands at the door leading to the
terrace.

36
CONT'D
(2)

LUGER

Excuse me, sir. You wanted me to
report in when we arrived, sir.

DRAGO

Ah, yes. I trust you and Dr.
Von Kronen had a nice trip... Get
something to eat, Luger. And ask
the good doctor if he will step into
my office.

Luger gives a half-salute and exits. Drago dons his
shirt, starts to button it.

DRAGO (to Updike
without looking at her)
I won't need you for a while. I
suggest you transcribe some of that
dictation.

It is of course not a suggestion but a command.

UPDIKE

Yes, sir.

As she starts away:

DRAGO

And Miss Updike!

UPDIKE (turning)

Sir?

Drago finishes buttoning his shirt, steps to a con-
venient mirror, clips on a tie, pushes down a stray
hair, starts to don his jacket. As he does all this,
still without looking at Updike:

DRAGO

The skirt is too tight, the length
is too short, and the neckline's
too low. You're working in a place
of business now. Try to conduct
yourself accordingly.

UPDIKE

Yes, Mr. Drago. I'll -- do my best.

Crushed, she exits. Drago buttons his jacket, gives himself a final inspection in the mirror. He adjusts his tie, starts away.

36
CONT'D
(3)

CUT TO:

INT. DRAGO'S OFFICE - DAY

37

It is large, panelled. Dr. Von Kronen stands before a huge relief map of the world, which fills a good part of one wall. Lines of small arrows indicate the entire circuits of both the Gulf Stream and the Japanese Current. Von Kronen appears quite interested in it. He turns to the door as Drago enters, approaches with hand outstretched.

DRAGO

Welcome to Sicily, Doctor Von Kronen.

VON KRONEN (ignoring
the outstretched hand)

It's a ghastly place.... You are
Herr Drago, I take it.

Drago swallows his pique at the slight. He is unflaggingly courteous, almost deferential to Von Kronen.

DRAGO

Correct. And I cannot tell you how much we've looked forward to your arrival.

Von Kronen turns to Drago now, regards him coolly.

VON KRONEN

I trust, Herr Drago, that you are about to reveal precisely why you have brought me halfway around the world to this hot and dirty and altogether miserable country. If you are about to do so, please don't hesitate any longer.

DRAGO

Mister Luger told you nothing of our plan?

VON KRONEN

He did not.

STRAGO (smiles)
Good. If he had, I'm afraid he
would no longer be with us.

37
CONT'D
(2)

(gestures to the map)
The map, Doctor. You appear to
find it quite interesting. Does
it awaken any memories?

VON KRONEN (non-
committally)
I have studied a number of relief
maps very much like it.

STRAGO
Yes, I know about your dream, Doctor.
A truly remarkable one. Divert the
Gulf Stream. Turn the island of
Greenland, a barren icy waste, into
a lush, semitropical paradise. That
could have been the seat of a new
empire. The home of the Master Race.
And from it -- through the range of
the missiles that were later developed
-- you could have controlled the
world.

Von Kronen has been listening intently, at first with
surprise that Strago knew of his plan, then with eyes
aglow at the newly-awakened thought of it. Strago
pauses for a long moment to let it sink in. Then,
building slowly and dramatically:

STRAGO (shakes his head)
But Mister Hitler didn't listen to you.
(a beat)
THRUSH is prepared to listen,
Dr. Von Kronen.
(as Von Kronen reacts)
Indeed, THRUSH has been listening for
some time.
(a beat)
And now we are prepared to act.

ZIP PAN TO:

38 OUT

EXT. SICILIAN ROAD - ON U.N.C.L.E. SPORTS CAR - DAY 39

The road along which the car moves is a dusty, bumpy one. Illya is at the wheel. Solo is beside him peering rather gloomily at a road map. After a moment:

ILLYA

Well?

SOLO (judiciously)

In a word, we're lost.

ILLYA (deep sigh)

Napoleon, you've done it again.

SOLO

Well, it's not my fault. I told you to go left when we got out of that last village.

ILLYA

If I had we'd have run into a
brick wall.

39

CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Well, we can't be too far off.
One way or another, we're not
more than ten kilometers from
Drago's domain. I think if we
just stay --

(breaks off)

Ah-ha! Traveler's Aid!

THEIR POV

40

of a MAN walking beside a heavily-laden donkey,
a little ways ahead of the car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

41

as the car slows to a stop beside them. Solo
emerges.

SOLO (to Donkey Man)

Excuse me...We're looking for
-- Signor Drago's estate.

(the man looks at
him quizzically)

You know, they make the famous
chianti there -- I guess --
and --

DONKEY MAN

Ah, yes...Signor Drago.

SOLO

Right. Can you tell us how to
get there from here?

The Donkey Man beckons for the map. Solo hands it
to him, and the Donkey Man looks at it for a moment.

DONKEY MAN (pointing)

The winery -- over there.

SOLO (looking over
his shoulder)

Yes...?

DONKEY MAN (pointing)
We are -- here.

41
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
I see. Then all we have to do is
stay on this road.

DONKEY MAN
No.

SOLO
No?

DONKEY MAN (indicating
map)
You go straight one kilometer,
signor. Then left. Here, see?

SOLO
Then we go through --
(squinting at the small
print)
Tafora?

DONKEY MAN
Yes. Tafora.

SOLO
Thank you. Thank you very much.

Solo climbs back into the car. Illya waves at their
benefactor and they drive off in a cloud of dust.

ON THE DONKEY MAN

42

He watches them go, then moves to the saddlebags on
his donkey. From them, he removes a radio transmitter,
pulls out the aerial.

DONKEY MAN (into
transmitter)
Code Three....This is Twenty-nine...
Come in....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. STRAGO'S OFFICE - DAY - STRAGO AND VON KRONEN

43

continuing their talk.

STRAGO

...Everything is ready, Doctor. We have the heavy water...The missiles are being manufactured. There remains only their correct placement within the Gulf Stream, and the proper timing explosions -- and we will have turned Greenland into Thrushland!

He breaks off as a LOUD BUZZ emanates from the door in b.g.

STRAGO

Excuse me.

He steps to his desk and punches a little button which STOPS the continuous buzzing and RELEASES the DOOR LOCK as well. Luger stands in the doorway. Strago looks at him with obvious irritation.

STRAGO (impatiently)

What is it, Luger? I had hopes not to be disturbed.

LUGER

I'm sorry, sir. But is is rather important. Communications has just gotten word from one of our sentries. A couple of strangers....they could be UNCLE agents....

STRAGO (cutting in

quickly)

Are they on their way here?

LUGER (nods)

They're coming through Taorna. They should be there in about ten minutes.

STRAGO

Then, my dear Luger, you and your men should be there in about five...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. TAFORNA STREET - DAY

44

The street, which leads to the main town square, is a narrow, twisting one. Down it now comes a religious procession, with all the appropriate trappings. This is Santa Rosalia Day. At the head of the march is the village PADRE, an elderly gentleman of grace and earthy wisdom. Behind him, the upraised Madonna, the choir boys, etc., etc. The atmosphere is one of beauty and dignity.

EXT. TAFORN SQUARE - DAY

45

almost deserted, because, presumably, most of the townsfolk are in the procession. CAMERA PANS to a handsomely festooned shop, freshly and gaily painted (in contrast to the drabness of the adjacent buildings). Above it is a brand new hand-lettered sign which proclaims the establishment as: "PIZZERIA DI PIA." And, across the door is a yellow ribbon, the symbol of an imminent grand opening.

Now the door opens and PIA MONTERI, about twenty-one, exits, climbing under the ribbon to avoid disturbing it, rushes off in the direction of the approaching procession. Pia is full-blown in both body and spirit. Her flash-bright black eyes give immediate indicia of a nature which runs from ebullience to fire to frigidity -- and then back again -- in but a few moments, and without warning. She's a helluva gal, but you'd hate to cross her.

Scarcely is Pia out of the frame, when GRANDMAMA, an ancient creature clad in black, appears in the doorway, calls:

GRANDMAMA

Pia! Come back! Pia!

With a frown, Grandmama too climbs under the ribbon, goes after Pia.

EXT. TAFORNA STREET - DAY

46

The procession, as it moves along.

ON PIA

47

as she moves swiftly along toward it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

48

as Pia reaches the Padre, falls in step beside him.

PIA

Ah, Padre.

PADRE (smiles)

Pia, my child.... You have come to join the procession.

PIA (a bit
embarrassed)
Well, no, Padre.... But my pizzeria.
It's opening today....And I would like
that you cut the ribbon, eh? Then it
will be just like they do these things
in America. Big.

48
CONT'D
(2)

PADRE
I thought Signor Drago was to cut the
ribbon. After all, he's now the...
(a faint touch of bitterness)
..the big man around here.

PIA (shakes her
head)
He is very busy man. He cannot come.
He promise to send someone as a ---
how do you say? -- repre-sent-a-tive.
But so far no one has come.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

49

as a car drives into and through it. The vehicle is
close enough for us to see that Drago has sent a
"representative" -- of sorts. Luger is in the vehicle,
along with FOUR THRUSHMEN. Luger points off, and the
car goes down one of the side streets.

BACK TO PIA AND PADRE

50

PIA (pleadingly,
winningly)
Will you do it, Padre? It cannot
take long....

ANGLE TO INCLUDE GRANDMAMA

51

as she huffs and puffs into the scene, in a fine fury.

GRANDMAMA
Pia! You bother the Padre! On
a time like this.
(to Padre)
Good morning, Padre.

PADRE
Good morning, Signora Monteri.

51
CONT'D
(2)

GRANDMAMA (back to
Pia as they all walk
together)
On Santa Rosalia Day!

PIA
I'm sure Santa Rosalia will under-
stand -
(a beat)
You will do it, eh, Padre? The
ribbon? It will be good luck....
(her great plan unfolds)
I make lotsa money so I can go to
the big city -- to Roma. Maybe
even to America. I find a husband --

PADRE (interrupting
softly)
Pia, Pia....why are you so anxious
to leave? Right here in Taorna are
plenty of young men. They'd fall
over themselves to marry Pia Monteri..

PIA (disdainful)
Ha! The young men in Taorna -- all
they know is how to pinch me in the
marketplace all day...Aiy!
(realizes that she has brought
sex of a sort into the
discussion)
Oh, excuse me, Padre.
(back to her dream)
Me, I want a man from the big city.
With the tight suit, lotsa pomade
on the hair.
(and, to clinch it)
A man who walks next to me. Not in
front of me, I should follow behind
like I'm a -- a donkey!
(a beat)
Tell me, Padre. Does such fellow
come here? Eh? Except for Signor
Drago, who come here on business,
when you ever see a man like that in
Taorna?!

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - SOLO AND ILLYA IN U.N.C.L.E. CAR 52

The car is prevented from proceeding further by the procession. The boys can only wait until it goes by.

ILLYA (looking off)
Very nice.

SOLO
Yes, isn't she.

SOLO'S POV 53

Pia, talking to the Padre, Grandmama trotting along beside them.

BACK TO THE BOYS 54

ILLYA
I meant the procession.

SOLO
Oh, yes. That's quite impressive, too.

ANOTHER ANGLE 55

as the THRUSH car bearing Luger and his hoods pulls to a stop a few feet away from the U.N.C.L.E. vehicle. The thugs get out, move toward our boys.

SOLO AND ILLYA 56

ILLYA
Well, it's a lot more pleasant than being stuck at a railroad crossing. And it shouldn't be more than --
(breaks off as he sees the approaching Thrushmen)
Oh-oh.

Solo goes for his gun, then realizes that most of the Thrushies are between him and the crowd.

SOLO (to Illya)

We can't shoot....We'd better run.

56
CONT'D
(2)

They leap out of the car, start running, Illya knocking down the Thrushman immediately in his path.

VARIOUS ANGLES

57-60

as Illya and Solo dart in and out of the procession, pursued by the Thrushmen. At one point it looks like they're trapped.

ILLYA

We'd better split!

He breaks off in one direction, to be pursued by three of the heavies; Solo moves off in another, followed by Luger and his remaining underling.

ON PIA, PADRE AND GRANDMAMA

61

at the head of the procession, oblivious of what has been going on behind and around them.

PADRE (to Pia)

All right, my child. I'll cut the ribbon....

(smiles wryly)

...Even if I am only your -- second choice.

PIA

You do me a great honor, Padre.
(quickly)

And much of the money I make, I will give it to the church. I promise.

They have reached the square now. The Padre raises his hand and the procession behind him comes to a halt. The Padre, accompanied by the young woman and the old one, start toward the pizzeria.

TO ILLYA

62

on one of the side streets -- deserted except for the three men who seemingly have him cornered.

They are exchanging fire now. Illya tries a door. It's locked. He retreats further. The Thrushmen advance. Illya runs, ducks, darts. One of his bullets hits a Thrushie, but the others come on. There is a horse tethered beside one of the houses. Illya, momentarily pinning down his attackers, jumps on, charges TOWARD CAMERA, and toward the Thrushmen who fire ineffectively and then leap out of the way.

62
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. SQUARE - ON PIA, GRANDMAMA, PADRE, OTHERS IN B.G.

63

The Padre, flanked by a proud Pia and an equally delighted Grandmama, holds a giant pair of scissors, is preparing to snip the ribbon and thereby formally open the pizzeria.

PADRE (making the
remarks suitable to the
occasion)

It is my hope, Pia Monteri, that
your dreams are good ones.... And
that this -- wonderful pizzeria will
help make them all come true.

He is about to snip the ribbon when he turns -- as
does everyone else -- to the SOUND of O.S. SHOOTING.

ON SOLO AND HIS PURSUERS

64

who have chased him to the square, have opened fire
on him.

BACK TO CROWD

65

as they scatter.

ON PIA

66

reacting, eyes wide.

ON THE PADRE

67

reacting.

ON GRANDMAMA

68

GRANDMAMA (almost
joyously)
It's the vendetta!

ON THE CHASE - VARIOUS ANGLES

69-71

Solo, with nowhere else to go, bursts through the ribbon and into the open door of the pizzeria, thereby officially opening the place.

LUGER (to the
other Thrushman)
You cover the front!

Luger goes around to the back.

INT. PIZZERIA

72

Solo closes the door; an instant later, a fusillade of shots comes through it. Solo looks around plotting his next move.

EXT. PIZZERIA

73

as Luger moves to a side window, pulls out a hand grenade, yanks the pin, counts to himself, hurls it through the window.

EXT. PIZZERIA - ANOTHER ANGLE

74

as it BLOWS.

ANGLE FAVORING PIA

75

as she views her demolished pizzeria. First, she is stunned, disbelieving. Then, tears of fury and frustration well in her eyes.

PIA (hands to
temples)
Mama mia!

INT. PIZZERIA - MED. SHOT

76

CAMERA MOVES IN across the rubble of splattered plaster and collapsed, broken beams. Dust hampers our view. It is only as we've MOVED SLOWLY to a CLOSE SHOT of a particularly messy part of the room that we see Solo's inert arm protruding from somewhere beneath the heavy debris. It may well be the arm of a dead man. CAMERA HOLDS - and then BLURS, as we

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SICILIAN HILLTOP - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

77

His "borrowed" horse is grazing nearby. Illya is looking down on the Strago winery through his binoculars. Now he puts them down, pulls the eyepiece from the right side, releases a little lever in the middle of the binoculars which enables him to extend the right side of the binoculars into a telescopic lens.

INTERCUTS - ILLYA - ILLYA'S POV OF STRAGO COMPLEX

78-80

He begins snapping photographs of the complex below. As he does so, he speaks into his communicator.

ILLYA (into communi-
cator)
Will you hurry that relay, please?
I'm in an emergency situation here.

ZIP PAN TO:

81-82 OUT

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DAY

83

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - MEDIUM SHOT

84

as Waverly enters the room quickly, takes the panel mike away from the cute COMMUNICATIONS GIRL.

WAVERLY (into mike)
Yes? Mister Kuryakin?...

INTERCUT ILLYA AND WAVERLY

85

ILLYA (into
communicator)
I'm looking down at the Strago Winery right now, sir. Except it's a good deal more than a winery. There's some sort of lab on the grounds. And it's very well guarded.

WAVERLY
I see. Where is Mr. Solo?

85
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
I don't know, and I'm quite worried.
We had to separate when things got a
bit rough, and I haven't been able
to make contact with him.

WAVERLY (ponders
this a moment)
Mmmm. Well, Mr. Solo has proven
quite adept at taking care of him-
self in the past. I'd suggest you
try to get into the winery. Do
you think you can?

ILLYA
Probably not until nightfall. Unless
there's a change in the situation.

WAVERLY
Very well. Carry on, Mr. Kuryakin.

Illya clicks off his communicator.

WHAT HE HAS SEEN (THROUGH THE BINOCULARS)

86

Over the above, Illya has been observing a car --
the same one that bore Luger and his thugs to
Tafora in quest of the boys -- approaching the
winery gate. Apparently, the THRUSHMEN are return-
ing from their mission.

INT. STRAGO'S OFFICE - DAY - STRAGO AND VON KRONEN

87

VON KRONEN (carefully)
Diverting the Gulf Stream, of course,
will do far more than turn Greenland
into a tropical paradise. It will
also turn much of the northern hemi-
sphere into -- an ice box.

STRAGO (smiles)
Indeed it will, Doctor.
(licks his chops)
Can't you see it? Blizzards in New
York -- or London -- or Paris -- in
the middle of July...You can be sure
that -- Thrushland would take full
advantage of the chaos.....

Once again, a LOUD BUZZ from the door.

STRAGO
Forgive me, Doctor. We're forever
being interrupted.

87
CONT'D
(2)

Again Strago pushes the button on his desk which
stops the buzzing and releases the door lock.
And, again, Luger enters.

STRAGO
Ah, Luger.... What have you found?

LUGER (nervously)
Well, they were U.N.C.L.E. men.
(nods to Von Kronen)
The same ones who almost captured
Dr. Von Kronen.

Strago and Von Kronen exchange glances. Strago
turns back to Luger.

STRAGO
You disposed of them, of course.

LUGER (his nervous-
ness increasing)
Well, we got one of them. I'm sure
of that. I used a grenade and a
whole roof collapsed on --

STRAGO (cutting in,
in a fury)
You got one of them?!

LUGER
Yes, sir....

STRAGO (quietly
frigid now)
And the other...?

LUGER (stares at his
feet)
Well....we....we looked all over,
and...

STRAGO
...And he got away.
(calls through the open
door)
Miss Diketon!

Diketon enters immediately, carrying a pencil and
steno pad.

UPDIKE
Yes, sir?

87
CONT'D
(3)

DRAGO
Not dictation, Miss Updike.
(gestures toward the
terrified, wide-eyed Luger)
A task at which you're considerably
more adept.

Miss Updike understands. She puts down the pencil and pad, walks slowly around the desk toward Luger. She smiles faintly - licking her lips. Her eyes reflect the only half-suppressed thrill which courses through her in anticipation of what she's about to do. Apparently, she loves it loves it loves it. Now, Miss Updike lifts her skirt to reveal a sort of scabbard in her garter, from which she takes - ever so slowly - a long, bejeweled throwing knife.

UPDIKE (to Luger -
softly; savoring this)
Run...

Luger does begin backing away, his mouth working but his voice box paralyzed by dread.

UPDIKE
Run!

Looking from her to Drago and then back again, Luger knows he is doomed. In a sudden, panic-induced hysteria, he turns and bolts for the door. Expertly, Miss Updike throws her knife. It skewers him dead center between the shoulder blades just as he reaches the door.

TWO SHOOT

88

Drago hasn't moved a muscle. Updike now turns toward him, breathless - but not from exertion.

UPDIKE (in soft,
breathless gratitude)
Oh, thank you, Mister Drago...

Drago smiles tolerantly.

DRAGO (indicating
Luger)
Have someone clear up that mess,
please.

UPDIKE

Yes, sir.

88
CONT'D
(2)

With a small bow of further gratitude, she picks up her pencil and pad, exits. Von Kronen watches her go with considerable interest. Drago moves now to the intercom on his desk, pushes a button, barks:

DRAGO (into intercom)

Captain.... There may be an U.N.C.L.E. man in the area. I want a thorough search made. You'll report to me every half hour on your progress.

He flicks the intercom off. Von Kronen is still looking at the door through which Updike departed.

VON KRONEN (thoughtfully)

As an expert in such matters, may I say that your Miss Updike is an artist of whom we would have been proud -- in the old days.

DRAGO (smiles)

I told you, Doctor, that THRUSH has a great number of very talented specialists.

VON KRONEN

Yes. And now that I've seen one in action, I must admit that I'm quite impressed.

(turns to Drago)

Sufficiently so, Herr Drago, to abandon my doubts.

(a beat)

I think we'll get along very well - you and I...

On Drago's immensely pleased and gratified reaction --

CUT TO:

INT. PIA'S HOUSE - DAY - CLOSE ON SOLO'S FACE

89

He is lying on a makeshift bed in the main room of the small, crudely furnished, but cleanly kept dwelling. A wet cloth is draped across his forehead. He is unconscious, his face both chalk-white and bruised.

On the wall over the bed, we note, are three neatly-framed "WANTED BY THE F.B.I." posters, circa 1930-33. They carry (vintage) photographs of The Panza Brothers: Arturo "Fingers" Panza, Federico "Feet" Panza, and Enzo "Pretty" Panza. At the bottom of each of the posters are the words: "REWARD \$5,000." We SEE now that Pia is next to the bed. She is not nursing Solo. She is going through his wallet, staring in wonder at certainly more money than she's ever seen.

89
CONT'D
(2)

PIA (to herself,
counting the money)
Mama mia....

ANGLE WIDENS as Grandmama enters from the kitchen, a dish and a dishtowel in her hand. She frowns as she sees what Pia is doing.

GRANDMAMA
Pia!

PIA (righteously)
I take only for the pizzeria. He
break it apart, he pay for it...
Aiy, how rich he is, this one....
(stuffs some bills in
her dress-top; returns
others to wallet)
I am very poor, very simple girl;
but I am honest girl....
(broods a moment; takes
one more bill out of
wallet)
...for the interest.

GRANDMAMA
The Padre say he from America....

PIA (it figures)
With this much money, he must be.

Grandmama gives a slight snort, returns to the kitchen, closes the door. Now, Pia begins gently massaging Solo's forehead. Solo stirs. Pia leaps back. Solo moans, then manages to open his eyes.

SOLO (what else does
one say under the circumstances)
Where -- where am I?
(his eyes fall on -- or rise
to -- the wall pictures; after
a moment to digest them)
Is this a police station?

PIA
No, no. You are in the house of
Pia Monteri....and her Grandmama.

89
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO
Oh.

PIA
You blew up my pizzeria.

SOLO (his strength
increasing)
Yes, I -- remember now. I'm sorry.
(a beat)
Can you help me up?

PIA (protesting)
Oh, no. You are much too weak.
(as Solo struggles
to rise)
Here, you lie down. I put on a
new towel.

Solo succumbs, lies back.

SOLO
I remember....I saw you in the
procession....
(his eyes go to the
pictures on the wall
again)
Do you -- ah -- collect art?

PIA
Eh?
(catching on)
Oh, those are my Uncles.

SOLO
Mmm. You must be very proud of
them.

PIA
Oh, yes. They go to America many
years ago. They become big, important
men.
(explaining)
They were in Prohibition... I think
they do other things now.

SOLO
I see.... Uh, Pia...
(questioningly)
Pia?

PIA (nods)
Pia.

SOLO

How do you do. I'm Napoleon Solo.
(indicates his jacket
hanging over the chair)
Pia, I have to -- uh -- make a
phone call. Could you hand me my
jacket, please?

89
CONT'D
(4)

PIA (protesting as
she does so)
But, Signor Solo, I tell you, you
can't go out.... You are too --

She breaks off, goggle-eyed, as she looks at the
communicator Solo takes out of his jacket pocket.

SOLO (a smile,
indicating the communicator)
Trick phone.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SICILIAN HILLTOP

90

Illya is clicking off a couple more pictures when
his communicator BEEPS. He takes it out of his
pocket.

ILLYA (into communicator)
Kuryakin here.

INTERCUT ILLYA AND SOLO

91-95

SOLO
Illya? Napoleon.

ILLYA
Napoleon! Where are you?

SOLO (looking up
at Pia)
Being ministered to by a very
beautiful young lady.
(Pia giggles coquettishly)

ILLYA
Forgive me for asking. I should
have known.

SOLO

You should've. Well, I'm a little under the weather, and I won't be able to join you for a while. What are you doing, by the way?

91-95
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Trying to figure out how to get into Strago's winery. I'm not as fortunate as you.

SOLO

Your turn will come. Well, keep in touch.

Illya clicks off. ANGLE WIDENS to include a uniformed THRUSH GUARD, who now leaps at Illya.

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE FIGHT

96-100

Caught unawares, Illya is nearly overpowered, but he recovers quickly to knock his assailant unconscious... or, perhaps to kill him.

FEATURING ILLYA

101

as he bends over the fallen THRUSHMAN, gets an idea, begins taking off his jacket.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THRUSH LABORATORY COMPOUND - DAY - MED. SHOT

102

as Illya, clad now in a THRUSH uniform, walks leisurely around, to see what he can see. Several trucks are visible in b.g., and workers are loading them with crates full of wine bottles. Illya comes abreast of one of the trucks, and is intrigued at how very gingerly the crates are being handled. Also in b.g., we see more of the crates being wheeled out of the long aluminum building. Now, Illya is seen by Miss Diketon, who, pencil and clipboard in hand, is making appropriate notations on the progress of the loading.

DIKETON (warmly)

Hello, there....

ILLYA (understandably
nervous)

How do you do..

DIKETON

You're a new one, aren't you? I haven't seen you before.

102
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

I -- uh -- just came in as a replacement, Miss --

DIKETON

Diketon. You know, you're really very cute.

ILLYA (he's got
to get away)

Thank you. Excuse me, Miss Diketon...

He manages to escape her. After watching him go, perhaps a bit longingly, Diketon returns to her work. Illya continues to wander about, now tries to turn away from a THRUSH CAPTAIN. It doesn't quite work. He's spotted, and:

CAPTAIN

You, there!...

Illya is standing near the rear of the truck which (with One Worker on the ground handing, crates up to a Second Worker standing on the tailgate) is positioned near the compound fence. Thus, were someone to move between the truck and the fence, he could not easily be seen by anyone in the compound. The Captain arrives to face Illya.

CAPTAIN (continued -
to Illya)

What's your unit?

ILLYA (whoops)

Uh...is there...something wrong, sir?

CAPTAIN

Don't you believe in saluting?
Let's have a look at your...

At this moment, the Worker standing on the rear of the truck inadvertently drops the crate that's being handed up to him. It CRASHES to the ground. (STORY POINT: The CAMERA will MOVE IN to spot the lettering on the crate: "FRAGILE--TO STRAGO DISTILLERIES--CHICAGO, U.S.A." We will feature the "Chicago.") Turning at the sound, the Captain becomes infuriated at the sight of several broken wine bottles spilling their contents on the ground. He forgets about Illya for a moment.

CAPTAIN (continued -
to Workers)
You butterfingere fools! Do you
have any idea what just one bottle
of heavy water is worth? Get down
off there... Wait for me in my
quarters, the both of you!

102
CONT'D
(2a)

The Captain watches the Workers go, then once again
turns toward Illya, who's moved just a bit closer
to the fence. Very leery of Illya, and no dope,
the Captain starts to reach - almost leisurely -
for his pistol.

CAPTAIN
Now..your I.D. papers, if you
don't...

That's as far as the Captain gets. His pistol is
only half out of its holster as Illya pinions his
gun arm with one hand, and delivers him a vicious
chop to the jaw with the other. The Captain goes
down. Illya spins around, vaults the fence to
temporary safety as Workers and other THRUSH Troop-
ers move in puzzlement to the Captain, who manages
to sit up now, clear his head. There is a trickle
of blood from the corner of his mouth.

CAPTAIN (breathing
heavily, his face contorted
with pain and rage)
After him!... He's the one we've
been looking for...

102
CONT'D
(3)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PIA'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

103

Solo is donning his jacket, about to leave. The bruises, of course, are still on his face, and as he moves we note a limp. He is saying his farewells to Grandmama and Pia -- and the latter looks more than a little sad at the parting.

PIA
Your car -- it is across from the
school. Go to the square and
then right.

SOLO
Thank you, Pia.

He reaches into his pocket.

PIA (almost a plea)
Do you really have to go, Signor
Solo? I mean -- so soon? You
are still not --

GRANDMAMA (reproach-
fully)
Pia!

SOLO (to Pia)
I'm afraid so.
(he takes out his
wallet now)
I'd -- uh -- like to pay you for
what happened to the pizzeria.
(as she reacts with
some alarm)
You might say I was responsible --
in a way.

As Grandmama gives her a your-chickens-are-coming-home-to-roost look:

PIA (very quickly)
No, no.... It is all right. I
mean....

103
CONT'D
(1)

(thinking fast)
we have the -- ah -- what do you
call it? -- the....
(triumphantly)
the insurance.

GRANDMAMA
What happened to the pizzeria -- it
is as good as paid for, Signor Solo.

SOLO
Oh. Well, the care you gave me,
then.... And the kindness....

He starts to open the wallet.

PIA (quickly once
again)
There is no price for kindness,
Signor.

SOLO
No, no, I insist.

He opens the wallet and sees that it is half empty.

PIA
There is no insurance. And you're
so rich -

SOLO
Of course.... I understand.

Solo smiles, replaces his wallet in his pocket.

SOLO
Arrivederci, Pia. And thanks
for everything.

He looks very much as if he'd like to kiss her --
and probably would, were it not for Grandmama's
presence.

PIA (a hope
certain to be unfulfilled)
Perhaps we'll see each other
again...?

SOLO
I hope so. I truly do.
(to Grandmama)
Signora Monteri.

GRANDMAMA

Signor.

103
CONT'D
(2)

Solo, with a final, lingering look at Pia, and blowing her a kiss, exits.

GRANDMAMA (a beat)

He is not for you, Pia.

In answer, we see tears begin to well up in her eyes as she whirls and starts up the stairs to her bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. TAFORNA STREET - NIGHT

104

as Solo limps down it, turns a corner, sees the U.N.C.L.E. sports car -- just where Pia said it would be. But there are two armed, uniformed THRUSHMEN beside it, grabbing a smoke. Solo backs off as quickly as he can.

ON SOLO

105

He ducks into a doorway -- and sees two more THRUSHMEN hammering at an adjacent door. The Captain we have met before addresses them.

CAPTAIN

Search thoroughly. If he's not there move to the next one -- We'll find him even if it takes all night.

ANOTHER STREET - ON SOLO

106

He is hobbling down it, clinging to the shadows. Suddenly a THRUSH truck screeches to a stop in front of him, discharges another band of THRUSHMEN who begin fanning it. Solo is convinced, of course, that the troopers are searching for him. Avoiding being seen, he moves off again.

PIA'S STREET - NIGHT

107

as Solo, still in the shadows, carefully approaches Pia's house. We HEAR the SOUNDS of house-to-house search.

SIDE OF PIA'S HOUSE

108

as Solo, favoring his bad leg, begins to climb up to a second story window.

INT. PIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

109

The girl appears quite fetching as she is putting on her nightgown, preparing for bed. But her face is still streaked with dried tears, her mood is pensive, sad. Suddenly, she starts at a SOUND from the window, turns and --

WIDER ANGLE

110

as Solo appears in the window. Pia gasps, puts her hand to her mouth, retreats. But she doesn't cry out -- perhaps because of the hunted, pleading look in Solo's eyes as he starts through the window.

SOLO (as he
enters)
Pia! Don't be alarmed! It's
me!

PIA
Signor Solo! I --

SOLO
Some men are looking for me.
They want to kill me. And I need
a place to hide.

It takes a moment for this to sink in.

PIA
You -- you want to stay here?

SOLO (after a
beat)
I have nowhere else to go.

EXT. SUNRISE (STOCK) 111

EXT. TAFORNA SQUARE - DAWN 112

Searching THRUSHMEN are still in the otherwise deserted square. We HEAR church bells begin to CHIME the hour -- six o'clock.

INT. PIA'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM 113

There is no one in it. Dim light filters through the windows. As the church bells finish CHIMING, the SOUND is followed immediately by a loud hammering on the front door. After a moment, the knocking is repeated, even louder. Now Grandmama emerges from her downstairs bedroom, hastily donning a robe, moves to the door.

GRANDMAMA

All right! All right! I come!

She opens the door and the THRUSH Captain, (a bandage covering his chin), and a TROOPER enter. They pay Grandmama no attention. The Captain gestures for the Trooper to search Grandmama's bedroom, while he moves around the main room (looking behind the sofa, into a tiny closet, etc.) and then casts a look into the kitchen.

GRANDMAMA (baffled

and angry)

Eh! What you do, eh? You break in here and --

CAPTAIN (cutting her

off)

Quiet!

(to the Trooper, who shakes his head as he emerges from Grandmama's bedroom)

Upstairs!

The two men start up the stairs, Grandmama following.

GRANDMAMA

You have no right! There is only my grand-daughter up there. She is a child!

The Captain and the Trooper continue to ignore her as they reach the head of the stairs, open the door to Pia's bedroom.

The Captain and the Trooper continue to ignore her as they reach the head of the stairs, open the door to Pia's bedroom.

113
CONT'D
(2)

INT. PIA'S BEDROOM - DAWN

114

The THRUSHMEN, followed by the sputtering Grandmama, enter. Pia is sitting up in bed, holding her bed-covers close, a look of alarm on her face.

PIA

What is it?! Grandmama, what do they want?

CAPTAIN (looks around the room, then:)

Only to apologize, Signorina.
(to Trooper)

Come.

As the Captain turns, his eye watches a shoe sticking out from the corner of the bed. He turns to the Trooper, who catches his gesture, looks down at the shoe.

CAPTAIN (to Pia)

Perhaps I was too hasty...You!
Under the bed! Out!

Grandmama's eyes widen, Pia looks on helplessly as Solo climbs out from under the bed, raises his hands helplessly as two guns are pointed at him. The Captain looks at him hard for a brief moment, and then his features relax.

CAPTAIN (to Pia)

My apologies once more. This is not the man we're looking for.

He gives Pia what might best be described as a lewd wink -- which is not lost on either the girl or Grandmama -- and, his Trooper following, exits. Grandmama's eyes go first to Pia, then to Solo, then back to Pia. She exits soundlessly, leaving Solo and Pia alone in the room.

SOLO (musing, to himself)

They must be after Illya....

PIA

Eh?

SOLO

Nothing. I hope nobody will misunderstand this. You see --

He breaks off as Grandmama appears again in the doorway, her face grim, her mouth tight. This time she holds a shotgun, points it squarely at Solo.

114
CONT'D
(2)

GRANDMAMA (coldly,
to Pia)
The shame! The dishonor!

PIA
But, Grandmama....

GRANDMAMA (to Pia)
You will find my old wedding dress
in my closet. Put it on, Pia --
and then send someone for the Padre!

On appropriate reactions from Solo and Pia, we

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:
INT. PIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

115

Some little time has passed since the conclusion of the last scene. Pia is gone now, presumably dressing in another room. Grandmama continues to hold the shotgun on Solo, who begins edging closer to her now.

SOLO

Signora Monteri, I can appreciate how someone might -- uh -- misunderstand things, but --

GRANDMAMA

Quiet! And don't move!
(she waggles the gun barrel at him; Solo retreats)

In a little while, you will be my grandson-in-law. Tell me, you can support Pia?

(dubiously)
You do not look very strong.

SOLO

That's not really the issue right now. You see --

(breaks off, sighs)

No, I guess you don't see. I suppose if I were in your position, I wouldn't either.

He turns, stares out the window.

REVERSE ANGLE

116

With his back toward Grandmama, he flicks on the communicator in his breast pocket.

SOLO (into
communicator, a near-
whisper)

Illya?...Come in, little friend....

INTERCUT PIA'S BEDROOM AND ILLYA IN A THICKET
OUTSIDE TAFORNA - DAY

117-120

GRANDMAMA

Eh? What did you say?

SOLO (half-
turning)
Uh -- nothing. I sometimes talk
to myself when I -- get nervous.
(whispers into
communicator)
...Illya?

117-120
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Yes, Napoleon. How is your
burgeoning romance?

SOLO (into
communicator)
It threatens to burgeon too far....
Listen, do you know where the car
is?

ILLYA
Yes. What do you have in mind?

GRANDMAMA (right on
top of Illya's line:
in utter bafflement)
Car? What car? What are you
talking about?

SOLO (to Grandmama)
I'll be with you in a moment,
Signora Monteri....
(and, for Illya's
benefit)
...of Number Nine Valachi Street....
(directly into
communicator)
Make it fast. Honk when you get
here.
(then, blandly, back
to Grandmama)
Excuse me.

GRANDMAMA
Aiy! A man who talks to himself!
Such a one I should have in my
family!

ZIP PAN TO:

121-123
OUT

INT. PIA'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

124

CLOSE ON PADRE. Present, in addition are Grandmama, Pia -- in a wedding dress, and a worried-looking Solo.

PADRE (stunned,
to all)
But -- it cannot be done this way --
there have been no banns published....
(to Pia and Solo)
And you hardly know each other....

GRANDMAMA (cutting in)
They know each other too well!...

SOLO
Father, I'm afraid an explanation
is in order. What happened --

GRANDMAMA (cutting in
again)
In Sicily, when a man stay overnight
with a girl -- and the girl she is
not married -- there is nothing to
explain. There is only the wedding --
(tilting the barrel of
her gun up a bit)
-- or the bullet.

There is a shocked reaction from the several villagers
whom we now see peering surreptitiously through the
windows, and whom Grandmama now sees for the first
time -- too late. The Padre looks at Pia for a
moment, clucks briefly, shakes his head, sighs.
Finally:

PADRE
I see. It is an emergency.
(a beat)
All right. Let us begin. What is
your Christian name, Signor Solo?

SOLO
Napoleon. But --

There is the o.s. SOUND of an AUTOMOBILE HORN. The
others are standing between Solo and the front door,
and any delay in plowing through them might give
Grandmama a clear shot at him, so Solo says --

SOLO
Excuse me.

-- and rushes for the window.

EXT. PIA'S HOUSE - SIDE - DAY

125

as Solo crashes through the window to the street, where Illya, in the U.N.C.L.E. car, has slowed down. Solo leaps in, points, and the car zooms away.

ANGLE AT WINDOW

126

as the Padre, Grandmama and Pia, stunned, watch the car disappear. So do the intrigued villagers.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SICILIAN ROAD - DAY - ON U.N.C.L.E. CAR

127

Illya is at the wheel, a pensive, gloomy Solo beside him. The road, this time, is a smooth, well-paved one.

ILLYA

You can relax now, Napoleon. We'll be in Palermo in a few minutes. They can't get you there.

SOLO (brooding)

That's not what's bothering me. It's the girl.

(turns to Illya)

I'm afraid she's marked for life... and just because she tried to get me out of a jam.

(regards Illya hopefully)

Maybe we ought to turn back. If I could make one more stab at explaining things....

ILLYA (shakes his head sympathetically)
I'm sorry, Napoleon. We've got a plane waiting for us. Considering what we've learned and what we suspect -- well, Mr. Waverly wants us in Chicago right away.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. PIA'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

128

The Padre is gone now, and a furious Grandmama relentlessly stalks Pia -- who is still in her wedding dress -- around the room.

GRANDMAMA

Disgraced! Dishonored! The
name of Monteri with the mark
of shame on it! You saw? You
saw the faces of your neighbors?

128
CONT'D
(2)

Pia whirls. She's going to give as good as she
gets.

PIA (fierce,
scornful)
My neighbors! Savages! Peasants!
They live in -- in the Dark Ages!
Now can you understand why I want
to get away?! Away from all those
people who --
(groping for the words,
stuttering in her fury)
-- who have nothing better to do
with their time than look under
beds!

GRANDMAMA

Ah! They look under beds, eh? I
look under a bed! And what do I
find?! Tell me, what do I find?!

PIA (almost screaming)
I was only trying to help him! I
thought they were going to kill him!

GRANDMAMA

You thought! I wish that they had!

Savagely, she slaps Pia, and the girl half-falls,
half-sits on the makeshift bed which Solo used -- the
one under the wall pictures of the Panzas. Pia, her
face stinging from the slap, begins to cry; the blow
has seemingly knocked the fight out of her. And now
Grandmama, her fury spent, moves to sit beside the
girl, puts an arm about her. Her voice is calm now
as:

GRANDMAMA

I am sorry, Pia.... All right.
You want to leave here? Good!
We leave Sicily. We go to America
-- to find your --
(she almost spits it out)
-- your Signor Solo... And you will
become the married woman. Legitimate!

PIA (bitterly)

Ha! A fine chance. Even if we find
him --

GRANDMAMA

Do not worry about that, my grand-child.

(gestures up to the pictures)

We go to your Uncles....

(as Pia looks up at the pictures)

Signor Solo, he will make no trouble for the Panza Brothers! They are of your blood, little one -- and this is an affair of the blood!

128
CONT'D
(3)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF MIAMI BEACH APARTMENT - NIGHT

129

It's lavish and we suspect it's Miami Beach (we'll be told in a minute) because of the backdrop outside the window. The room is half-dark, and ARTURO "FINGERS" PANZA sits back in an easy chair, watching home movies. Fingers is tieless and in his stocking feet. There is, on his face, a beautiful smile of nostalgia. Among the clips on the screen:

--The St. Valentine's Day Massacre

-- An action shot of a vintage Duesenberg wheeling around a Chicago street corner, its back seat occupant firing a machine gun at a storefront.

Etc.

On the end table beside Fingers is a drink and an untouched half a grapefruit. Now his WIFE comes into scene, an aging showgirl type, overly made up, overly dressed and wearing an inordinate amount of Miami-type jewelry.

WIFE (as she observes Fingers)
Oh, for cryin' out loud!

FINGERS (not looking up from the scrapbook)
Hah?

WIFE
Fingers, you ain't even dressed
yet! Why don't you give them
pitchers a rest. I mean, every
single night...

129
CONT'D
(2)

The phone rings. Without looking up:

FINGERS
Shut up and answer the phone.

The Wife sighs heavily, disgustedly, picks up the telephone.

WIFE (into phone)
Yeah?...Who?...Sicily?!

Fingers leaps from his chair, bounds to the telephone.

FINGERS
Sicily?! Here, gimme that.

He grabs the receiver from his Wife.

FINGERS (into phone)
Eh?... Yes, yes, this is Signor
Panza...
(listens; becomes ecstatic)
Ah, Signora! Signora, come sta?
Ah, so good to hear you.... Yeah,
Miami Beach is just great... How
is it with you? How is Taforma, eh?

WIFE (aside)
Oh, for cryin' out loud!

FINGERS (to Wife)
Shuddup.
(into phone)
No, no, Signora. Just to my wife....
Eh...my little niece... Not so little
any more, I bet...
(listens; frowns slightly)
...Che? What is that?
(frowns deeply now)
...To Pia? To my niece?
(listens further; lines
of rage etched on his face)
...I see. It was right that you should
call me, Signora...You bet your sweet
life I be there...For this thing...for
the family honor...all the Panza Brothers
will meet you...Chicago....
(as Wife reacts)
Si....Like the good old days....Goodbye,
Signora, goodbye...

He hangs up, immediately begins dialing the Operator.

FINGERS (to wife, as
he dials)
Pack me a bag. Make it snappy.

129
CONT'D
(3)

WIFE (incredulous)
You're going to Chicago? Right now?...

FINGERS
Shut up and pack!
(to Operator)
I wanna send a telegram to my
brother....Federico Panza, Sunset
Valley Retirement Village, Santa
Robles, California...

WIFE
But, Fingers, we got reservations
for dinner! It's time to eat!

That's enough for Fingers, in the mood the Taforma
call has put him in. He reaches for the grapefruit
on the end table, PUSHES IT INTO HIS WIFE'S FACE.

FINGERS
Here! You wanna eat? Eat!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SUNSET VALLEY RETIREMENT VILLAGE - DAY - (STOCK) 129X1

INT. RECREATION HALL - DAY 130

Feet is dancing with a middle-aged over sized
partner - MRS. FEINBERG. Other senior citizens are
in the room. Dressed in silken shirt and black
trousers, Feet may have passed the age of physical
dapperhood and suavity, but he moves with the stern-
faced grace and slicked-down-hair elegance of the
Latin lover -- i.e., studiously ignoring his paunch.
And, indeed, there is no doubt as he dances that
this was -- thirty years ago -- a big leaguer. Not
so the garrulous Mrs. Feinberg; Feet appears on
the verge of a hernia from hauling her around. The
tune is a Latin one.

FEET (as he maneuvers
his student)
Dum dee dee dum dum...
(in time with the music)
Fine, Miss-us-Fein-berg...

MRS. FEINBERG

...But when I told her that thirty
years ago you were Number Four on
the Most Wanted List -- Hoo-boy!
Now she wants to take lessons!

(a coy giggle)

But I think my son-in-law would be
jealous.

130
CONT'D
(2)

Feet looks up at her, forces a smile. At this
juncture, the door opens and a MESSENGER BOY enters,
moves directly to Feet.

BOY (to Feet)

You Federico Panza?

FEET

How do you know?

BOY (shrugs)

You look like you should be.
Telegram.

Feet, delighted for the excuse to break off dancing
with Mrs. Feinberg, takes the telegram. The Boy
exits.

FEET (to Mrs. Feinberg)

'Scuse me.

MRS. FEINBERG

Certainly.

Feet opens the telegram, reads it. His face hardens.
His eyes glitter. He puts the telegram in his pocket.

MRS. FEINBERG

Anyway, about my daughter. Maybe
she should come in tomorrow, and....

FEET (his thoughts
distant)

I ain't gonna be here tomorrow...
See ya, Mrs. Feinberg....

He turns and exits, a puzzled, abandoned Mrs. Feinberg
watching him go.

ZIP PAN TO:

131 OUT

EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO PRISON - DAY

132

on which is parked a vintage Duesenberg or its equivalent.

INT. CAR - DAY

133

Fingers is at the wheel, Pia beside him in the front seat. In the rear are Feet and Grandmama.

PIA (awed)

I do not understand. You mean
Uncle Enzo can get out whenever he
wants?

FINGERS

Pretty?

(a grim smile)

When it's a matter of honor, Pia
honey -- the family's honor --
(a knowing smile)

--Things can be arranged....

134-135
OUT

ANGLE FAVORING GATES - MEDIUM CLOSE

135X1

Set into the concrete wall next to the gate is a
placque which reads: "STATE PENITENTIARY".
Through the gates. and squinting in the sunlight
as he emerges in his blue serge suit and with his
packaged belongings under his arm, comes ENZO
"PRETTY" PANZA.

INTERCUTS - PRETTY - LIMOUSINE - TWO WOMEN

135X2-
135X4

As the gates CLANG SHUT behind him.

PIA (calling happily
through car window)
Uncle Enzo!

Just as Pretty notices - and waves to Pia and his brothers (who open the limousine door in anticipation), we see two women (FIRST and SECOND) rushing toward him. They come from different directions on the street, and are obviously not together. But they do have one thing in common: Both are heavily made up, somewhat antiquated and weatherbeaten ex-chorus girls. Neither could be under forty-five, and while one may be wearing a ghastly imitation fur stole, the other may be oozing out of a three-sizes-too-small dress which flaunts an oversized corsage.

BOTH WOMEN (AD LIB,
as they rush at him from
different sides)
Pretty Boy!...Enzo...Sweetheart!

CLOSE SHOT

135X5

of Pretty, as the two women reach, surround, and smother him.

FIRST WOMAN (kissing,
hugging)
Oh, Pretty; it's really you!...
Fifteen years!...

The women are trying to ignore each other, but there's only one Pretty. Thus, they find themselves elbowing for position as they each try to embrace (and generally fall all over) him. Pretty, on the other hand, couldn't care less about either of them. All he wants to do is get to the limousine. But the clutches of the women have rendered him immobile.

SECOND WOMAN
Oh, I waited, Pretty...just like I
promised. I waited, darling!

PRETTY (to Second
Woman)
Uh, yes...wonderful of you, uh...
your name was, uh...

FIRST WOMAN (to Second;
very hostile)
 What d'ya mean, you waited!...
 (elbows Second Woman)
 ...Buzz off, Honey; you're rained
 out.

135X5
 CONT'D
 (2)

The women are concentrating on each other now, instead of Pretty. He disentangles himself.

PRETTY (conciliatory;
 as he prepares to escape)
 Ladies... ladies, please... not in
 front of the prison...

SECOND WOMAN (to First)
 Listen, you deadbeat... You wanna
 good, healthy rap on the melon,
 you're gonna get one! Where do you
 get off...

LONG SHOT

135X6

from the curb next to the limousine, as Pretty moves
 swiftly toward its open door, unnoticed by the two
 women who are now literally SQUARING OFF in b.g.

FIRST WOMAN (inter-
 rupting Second)
 ...You're the one that's gettin'
 off, Butterball!
 (she SWINGS at Second Woman)

As Pretty enters the limousine, the two women --
 utterly oblivious to his departure -- are actively
 engaged in BEATING EACH OTHER TO A PULP in front
 of the prison gates. The women remain oblivious to
 all but their battle as the limousine drives off.

ZIP PAN TO:

136-137
 OUT

EXT. CHICAGO DOCK AREA - DAY - TO ESTABLISH (STOCK)

138

The busy port, with its ocean-going freighters load-
 ing and unloading.

EXT. STRAGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

139

a large, old building, identified by a sign reading: "STRAGO DISTILLERIES - WAREHOUSE." In front of it, in the wharf area, stevedores labor.

INT. STRAGO WAREHOUSE - DAY

140

on Illya, as a workman, prowling about.

I NT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

141

On an upper floor of the building, overlooking, through a large plate glass window, the main warehouse area. The interior of the office is as fresh and new and gleaming as the exterior of the building is decrepit. Von Kronen stands before a table on which rests a needle-nosed missile. He is examining its mechanisms, apparently being given an inspection tour by Miss Diketon.

DIKETON

...Activated by the magnetized water, one of these missiles submerged ever mile or so along the Gulf should do the job... At least, according to our preliminary estimates.

VON KRONEN (examining
the mine)

Ja... The exact distance will be determined by our computers, of course. The mines themselves appear quite satisfactory.

(to Diketon)

Miss Updike. You may telephone Mister Strago at his office. Tell him the mines may be loaded aboard your ships tonight as he planned.

Diketon's gaze has strayed out the window to the main warehouse area below. She reacts to what she sees, quickly takes a small, bejeweled lipstick case from her purse, puts it to her eye, looks out at the warehouse.

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HER POV - THROUGH "TELESCOPE"

142

Illya, as he stacks wine bottles, etc.

DIKETON'S VOICE (o.s.)
Yes, Professor... I do think I'd
better be calling Mr. Strago...

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET FRONTING STRAGO BUILDING - DAY - CLOSE SHOT 143

of a bronze plaque set into the facade of the ultra-modern building. It reads: "STRAGO BUILDING - Home of STRAGO DISTILLERIES - Est. 1933 - Chicago". CAMERA PULLS BACK and then begins TILTING UPWARD, discovering floor after floor after floor of skyscraper.

INT. STRAGO'S CHICAGO OFFICE - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT 144

The place is richly, gracefully - and antiseptically - appointed. Seated behind his antique desk, Strago is looking up at Pia Monteri and the three Panza Brothers. His annoyance is obvious.

STRAGO (to Panzas)

...Gentlemen, I've let you in here only out of respect for your -- past reputations. But my patience is wearing thin.... Now, for the twentieth time. let me assure you that Mr. Solo is not one of my mob, as you so quaintly put it. I have never met him in Tafora or elsewhere... And I have no idea where he might be.

(to Pia)

I'm sorry you've come all this way for nothing.

(shakes his head - back to Panzas)

Now why don't you take this nice child to see Lake Michigan or something, buy her an ice cream cone, and send her...

PRETTY (interrupts icily)

Watch your mouth, friend.

Fingers is even angrier, indeed, his hand is inside his coat, and he's just about to pull his cannon out of its shoulder holster.

PIA (to Fingers)
No, Uncle Arturo...
(pats his arm to
calm him down)
...prego...

144
CONT'D
(2)

The INTERCOM on the desk BUZZES, frightening Pia a little.

FEMALE VOICE (filtered
over intercom)
Miss Diketon, sir...at the warehouse.
Possible Condition Yellow.

At these words, Strago, who has exhibited no fear of the Panzas, stiffens. He quickly flicks off the intercom, and reaches for one of the phones on his desk.

STRAGO (to Pia and
Panzas - curtly)
Now, unless you all leave right
now, I'll have a guard throw
you out!
(picks up phone)
...Yes, Miss Diketon...

FINGERS (infuriated -
pulls gun)
Nobody talks to me that way, Punk...
(hovers over desk
at Strago)

DRAGO (into phone, as
he waves Finger's gun away
absently)

...what's the trouble?...

(listens - answers calmly)

Oh?...Well, I'll take care of
(beat)

that at once. Thank you...
(hangs up)

FINGERS (hefting gun)
Now you listen to me, Punk...

DRAGO (interrupts
blandly)
No, Mister Panza; you listen to me.
I've, uh...

(indicates Finger's gun)
...reconsidered. It's true I don't
know where your Mister Solo is; but
his friend...

(to Pia)
...the blond young man?...

PIA (remembers Illya -
anxiously)
Yes...yes?

DRAGO
Well...I must confess that he does
seem to be working for me. You'll
find him at my warehouse...on the
docks.

PRETTY
Well, well...the punk shows some
good sense...
(to his brothers)
...The buddy'll tell us where Solo
is...

(pats Pia's head)
...You're halfway home, Sweetie.

FEET (to Pia -- as
they move toward door)
Told you, Kid...You're uncles say
they're gonna help ya, they help ya.
That's family!

PIA (shy but happy)
You...all make me feel...very good
that I come to you. But please...
you will be careful? My Napoleon
and his friend, they are very nice,
but...they are not -- what do you say
-- pipsqueaks?

FINGERS (as he opens
door)
None of us been away from Chicago
that long, honey. We still got
some muscle around the South Side.
Crunch Battaglia and his boys ain't
no...
(beat)
pipsqueaks either.

144
CONT'D
(4)

As they leave, closing the door behind them, Strago's
half-hidden smirk becomes outright LAUGHTER. He
flicks on his intercom.

STRAGO (into intercom)
Get me Miss Diketon again, please.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. STRAGO WAREHOUSE - DAY - FULL SHOT FROM ABOVE 145

CAMERA IS ON the second level of the warehouse,
looking down on Illya who is alone on the huge
first floor. He is going - quietly but quickly -
from box to box. CAMERA PULLS BACK just enough
to let us see that we've been looking down at
Illya through a pane of glass in the upstairs office
we saw earlier. CAMERA now PANS SLIGHTLY to
discover Diketon, whose eyes are riveted on Illya.
The phone RINGS. She picks it up.

DIKETON (into phone)
Miss Diketon here...Not yet, Mister
Strago. But he's getting awfully
close.

INTERCUTS - STRAGO'S OFFICE - WAREHOUSE OFFICE - 146-148
ILLYA

As Strago speaks to Diketon from his own office,
Illya is poking around from crate to crate on the
floor far below her.

STRAGO (into phone)
Well, naturally, it would be simpler
if those ridiculous Panza Brothers
get him out of there for us. But if
he should discover the crates con-
taining the missiles, before the
Panzas find him, then you have my
authority to use the dart projector.

As CAMERA CUTS to Illya for a moment, we see - in
immediate f.g. and still several feet from where

Illya is probing - a group of long, coffin-like crates marked with a small red stencil of the THRUSH-bird.

146-14
CONT'D
(2)

DIKETON

From way up here, sir?

STRAGO

Miss Diketon; while I realize that your preference is to kill at close range where you can

(beat)

enjoy the death, I'd prefer the safer way this time. The neater way, if you will.

DIKETON (eyes

gleaming)

Yes sir. Any way is...just wonderful. Will do.

(hangs up)

Diketon goes to a panel of the wall, pushes a button which reverses it, and brings forth an odd-looking rifle which, although it carries a telescopic sight, much resembles a very sophisticated underwater-type spear gun. She fondles its parts absently as she stares down once again at Illya. As he gets closer and closer to the specially marked crates, Diketon gets more and more anxious. Finally, Illya spots the first of the Thrush-marked crates. He begins to pry it open. Diketon, in seventh heaven now, levels the high powered dart rifle, and starts focusing in through the scope.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA AND CRATE

149

as he opens it, and peers inside. It contains two of the needle-nosed missiles.

DIKETON'S POV - THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT

150

The scope focuses in on Illya, with the cross-hairs meeting right between his eyes.

CLOSE SHOT - DIKETON'S TRIGGER FINGER

151

As she begins - slowly - to squeeze the trigger....

INTERCUTS - ILLYA, DIKETON, HER POV THROUGH
TELESCOPIC SIGHT

152

Suddenly, as Illya is leaning over to inspect the two crated missiles he's found, he sees a THRUSH WORKER idly moving down the warehouse aisles in his general direction. Quickly, he darts behind a crate to avoid being seen. He also thereby avoids the vicious-looking dart fired by Updike, which imbeds itself into a bale directly behind the spot where -- an instant before -- his head had been. Illya hears the dart hit, turns to see it, looks up to the second floor, sees Diketon. He is not in her direct range now, and she's unhappily frustrated to the point of tears. With Diketon unable to fire again, and with Illya unable to move without exposing himself, it's a Mexican standoff.

But Illya has one thing going for him. He takes his communicator, whispers into it:

ILLYA
Open Channel D, please.

INTERCUT WITH SOLO IN MOVING U.N.C.L.E. CAR
(DAY - PROCESS WITH CHICAGO STREET B.G.)

152X1 -
152X4

SOLO (as he takes
his communicator while
driving)
Yes, Illya.

ILLYA
Napoleon? I'm at the Strago
warehouse and -- uh --
(glances up at the
frustrated Diketon)
-- I think you might want to
get over here right away.

SOLO
Well, I was hoping to prowl
around Strago's office build-
ing. Is it important?

ILLYA (another
glance at Diketon)
I would say so, yes.

SOLO (as he
spins the steering
wheel)
I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

EXT DOCK AREA - DAY - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

153

of Feet Panza, as he stands facing three men. The first, CRUNCH BATTAGLIA, is huge and still venerable-looking. But age, arthritis and (perhaps) a diminution of the abilities to see and hear very well, have made Crunch almost a caricature of the hulking beast he must once have been. And so it is, in varying degrees, with the other two 'toughs' with whom Feet now stands - i.e., SCISSORS and ARNOLD.

FEET (eyeing
Scissors and Arnold)
You're sure he went inside the
warehouse, eh? Okay...you did
good, Crunch...
(pulls out billfold)

CRUNCH (won't
take money)
Listen; fer da Panza Brudders...
(pokes his own chest
with his thumb)
...Crunch Battaglia do anything.

SCISSORS
An we couldn't none of us take
no money, Feet...We do, we lose
our Social Security!

ANGLE WIDENS to discover a large (perhaps vintage) sedan as it pulls up alongside them. Fingers and Pretty are visible in the rear seat. Pretty rolls down the window and leans out.

153
CONT'D
(2)

PRETTY

Fingers and me, we're gonna drive around to the block behind the warehouse, in case he tries to wiggle out that way.

FEET

Right...

(as Fingers and Pretty drive off, o.s.)

...Crunch; you, Arnold and Scissors here go on into the joint and flush him out. I'll be over by the dock...

(exhibits shoulder holster)

...He gets by you, I'll make a handicapped worker out of him.

CRUNCH (cracks his

knuckles in anticipation)

He ain't gonna get by nobody, that kid.

CAMERA PANS to follow them all toward the Strago warehouse.

CUT TO:

INT. DRAGO WAREHOUSE - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT

154

of Illya, and the pocket communicator which lies only about four feet from him. It BUZZES. Illya calculates his chances of scooting out to retrieve the communicator without getting zinged. The thing BUZZES again, more insistently. CAMERA is situated in such a way that the front doors of the warehouse are visible in b.g. And just as Illya has decided to attempt a lunge for the communicator, we see Crunch, Arnold and Scissors appear in the doorway some yards behind him.

CRUNCH (advancing)
Hey you! Punk!...

INTERCUTS - ILLYA, THE CRUNCH BUNCH, UPDIKE

155-157

Updike is thoroughly distressed at this interference. She puts down her rifle, and goes to the phone we saw her use earlier. Illya, glancing up, has seen her move away from the window through which she had the drop on him. Thus, he can now move out from behind the crate. He does so, first retrieving his communicator, and then disappearing in among the boxes, crates and bales in order to avoid Crunch, Scissors and Arnold. They, in turn, now spread out in the warehouse to hunt him down in the huge room. Scissors carries a stevedore's hook, and Arnold's stiletto glitters as he shifts it into readiness. Crunch will rely, apparently, on his bare, bear hands.

INTERCUTS - ILLYA - CRUNCH - ARNOLD - SCISSORS

158-161

Illya peeks around one crate, sees Crunch; moves to another and sees Arnold and Scissors. As he ducks away once again, the cat-and-mouse game is well under way. Each man moves (the older ones much more slowly and puffingly than Illya) from point to point. Illya still holds his communicator.

ILLYA (whispering
into communicator)
Napoleon?...I couldn't answer
before...Napoleon!...

He stops speaking and whirls around just in time to avoid the lunge of elderly Arnold. With a relatively slight sidestep, he causes Arnold to miss entirely and go plopping heavily against a hay bale.

ARNOLD (yelling)
Here! Crunch! Over here!

Illya dodges away from Arnold, hops across a bale or two - and finds himself facing Scissors and his stevedore's hook. Scissors slowly advances, and Illya slowly backs away.

158-161
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (annoyed)
Look; you're too old to hit, and
too mean to ignore. Now what am
I supposed to do!

Illya backs into a hay bale, cornered. Scissors lunges, and grabs Illya in a bear hug.

SCISSORS
I got him! I got him, Crunch!

ILLYA (sadly tolerant)
Oh, for heaven's sakes.

With no effort whatsoever, he stomps on Scissors' toes. With a HOWL of pain, Scissors lets go of Illya to grab his aching toes.

SCISSORS
My corns!

ILLYA (a bit
defensively)
Well, you deserved it....
(concerned over Scissors'
pain)
...You all right?

For an answer, Scissors grabs for his fallen hook. So Illya, feeling bad about it all, must move off. But as he makes a dash for the door, Crunch Battaglia reaches out with a massive paw and, grabbing Illya by the arm, literally flings him about fifteen feet into a flock of boxes. Certainly surprised - and momentarily stunned - Illya is incapacitated just long enough to allow Arnold and Scissors to arrive. They flank Crunch, and all three move menacingly toward Illya. Crunch pulls a gun from his pocket. Illya promptly kicks the gun out of his hand, and body-blocks his way through the three elderly men as he dashes for the door.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. AREA FRONTING WAREHOUSE - DAY - FULL SHOT

162

As Illya rushes outside, he knows the old fellows will be following. There is a fork lift nearby, on which is an open crate of pineapples. Illya picks one of them up and, as Crunch & Co. come rushing out of the warehouse after him, he pulls the top greenery off the pineapple with his teeth (as though it were a hand grenade), and then flings the pineapple itself in grenade-like fashion. The three men rush for cover. The fruit plops harmlessly on the cement, as Illya turns and moves away. CAMERA FOLLOWS him around the corner of the warehouse - and right into the submachine gun barrel of Feet Panza. In b.g., is the Panza sedan, which now - at Feets' signal - pulls quickly alongside. Pretty jumps out, holding a .45.

ILLYA (slowly raising
his hands)
Whose grandfathers are all you people?

ANGLE ON SOLO

163

as he gets out of his car (which he's parked next to the warehouse adjoining that of Drago), and comes abreast of the space between the two warehouses. He stops short - and then jumps back behind the corner of the adjoining warehouse - as he sees the Panza sedan, with Fingers and Pretty holding their guns on Illya. His own gun drawn now, Solo peeks cautiously out at the proceedings. The back of his head remains in immediate f.g. as he watches.

FINGERS
You got ten seconds, Blondie. You
don't wanna be spittin' out your
teeth on the ground, you tell us
where your playmate Solo is...
(SLAPS illya)
...Eh?

Solo, gun in hand, now steps out - his back to CAMERA - from behind the corner of the building. He stands ready to fire if need be.

SOLO
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

EXT. AREA FRONTING WAREHOUSE - DAY - FULL SHOT

162

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SOLO
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

Fingers and Pretty freeze, as Illya gratefully drops his arms and just begins to move toward Solo. Suddenly, however, Illya also freezes. He's seen something behind Solo. Now ANGLE WIDENS and we see it too. It's the barrel of a submachine gun held by Feet Panza, and it's buried in Solo's back.

FEET (to Solo)
Good afternoon.

Solo drops his gun, raises his hands, and moves (with a healthy prod from Feet's gun barrel) toward the sedan.

PRETTY (to Illya)
Who's this guy?...this Solo?

MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP

164

as Solo and Feet reach the others.

PRETTY (reads Solo's
I.D.; looks him up and down)
He sure is.
(a beat)

This she wants for a husband?

Solo reacts.

FINGERS (to Solo -
indicating car)
Inside the car, twerp. You're
gonna attend a wedding.

SOLO (as he absorbs
this)
Again?

FINGERS
'Course, you don't wanna go, s'okay.
We got a substitute choice: we wrap
you up in one of them nice concrete
overcoats, and we send you for a
swim in Lake Michigan. Your choice,
twerp.

Solo looks at the Panzas, then looks at their guns, then enters the car. It's not a time to argue. Illya, still with his hands up and with Feet's gun on him, just naturally assumes he's wanted too. But as he starts to follow, Feet shoves him back with the gun barrel.

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CONT
(2)

FEET (entering car -
gun still leveled)
Not you.

Through the car window, Solo and Illya exchange perplexed - temporarily resigned - glances.

SOLO
See ya.

ILLYA
Hope so.

The car drives off, leaving Illya standing alone and still slightly dazed by it all. CAMERA MOVES IN to E.C.U. of Illya, as he realizes he's still got his hands in the air. Staring after the Panza car, he is just lowering them - as he suddenly goes rigid. He now begins raising his arms right back up to where they were.

ILLYA (it's getting
tiresome)
Oh, come on now...

CAMERA PULLS BACK and ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Miss Updike and TWO THRUSHMEN (in Stevedore's clothing), one of whom has his gun against Illya's back. Slowly, Illya turns to face his captors.

ILLYA (cont'd; to
Updike)
Oh...hello...again.

UPDIKE (PINCHES his
cheek)
Ooooh, you're so cute!...And to think Mister Drago would have made me let you just run off scot-free if you hadn't seen those silly old missiles.

ILLYA (a lame effort)
Uh...what missiles were those?

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Updike and Illya (prodded and flanked by the two THRUSHMEN) move off toward the front of the warehouse.

DIKETON (in 7th
Heaven)
You know what I'm going to do? I'm
just going to love you
(beat)
to death!

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CONT'I
(3)

165-169 OL

FADE OUT:

END PART I