

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER INC.

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE HULLA DOLL AFFAIR

~~THE EXECUTIVE SWEETS AFFAIR~~

Prod. #8442

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The Man From
U.N.C.L.E.
"THE HULA DOLL Affair"
formerly ("The Executive Sweets Affair")

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BLOCKHOUSE - BIG CLOSEUP - ILLYA - DAY

1

He is squinting slightly, as if he's watching something very closely.

GIRL TECHNICIAN

Eighty-one degrees....eighty-two....
eighty-three....

Illya turns to regard the girl.

ILLYA

Are there many girls working at our proving grounds?

TECHNICIAN

No. I'm one of a kind.

ILLYA (appreciatively)

You certainly are!

TECHNICIAN (smiles; then
back to work)

Eighty-four degrees...eighty-five....

2-OUT

LANDSCAPE - THROUGH SLIT - (STOCK) - DAY

3

Any landscape will do, ideally one with a small structure of some kind in the distance.

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Eighty-six degrees....

RESUME - INT. BLOCKHOUSE

4

TECHNICIAN

Eighty-seven degrees....hold at eighty-seven.

What's wrong?

ILLYA

4
CONT'D
(2)

TECHNICIAN

One of our recording devices is malfunctioning. We'll hold at eighty-seven until the device is fixed.

ILLYA

At what temperature does the stuff go off?

TECHNICIAN

Ninety degrees.

ON TECHNICIAN

She puts a hand to one of her headphones, as if listening to someone.

TECHNICIAN

Roger. Will resume.
(looks at dial)
Eighty-eight degrees....

ANOTHER ANGLE

ILLYA (eyeing girl)

It's even warmer in here.

The girl reacts pleasantly.

TECHNICIAN

I think you're cute, too....
(back to dials)
Eighty-nine....

LANDSCAPE - THROUGH SLIT - (STOCK) - DAY

TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Ninety....

EXPLOSION - THROUGH SLIT - (STOCK) - DAY

A very big boom.

ILLYA (turns and raises
goggles)
So that's M-4.

to
n.

That's M-4.

TECHNICIAN

9
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Quite a firecracker.

TECHNICIAN (smiles)

Quite. Your plane is warming up.

(hands Illya attache case)

All the data pertaining to M-4 is in here.

ON ILLYA

to
pn.

10

as he handcuffs the briefcase to his wrist.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. AIRPORT CORRIDOR - DAY

11

Illya walking TOWARD CAMERA from middle distance. SOLO comes from BEHIND CAMERA and walks toward Illya. Solo is carrying his jacket over his arm. The weather is obviously very warm. Several PASSENGERS are walking in the corridor.

TWO SHOT

12

as they meet. Solo spots the handcuffs.

SOLO (looking at case)

Where's the rest of the chain gang?

ILLYA

Very funny.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE TWO GLASS PHONE BOOTHS

13

The phone booths are against the wall. One has an "OUT OF ORDER" sign hanging on it.

SOLO

You'd better contact Waverly and let him know you've arrived.

ILLYA (takes out
communicator)

Would you mind covering me?

SIMON SWEET, whom we shall see many times later, looks off toward Illya and Solo, then turns to the GIRL behind the counter.

SIMON (to girl)

If you could make the announcement now, please.

She smiles pleasantly at him, picks up the microphone at her side.

BACK TO ILLYA AND SOLO

as they walk.

SOLO

We've gotten reports on the explosive. Is it as powerful as they say?

ILLYA

Even more so. It's --

He breaks off as he picks up the first words coming over the P.A. system.

GIRL'S VOICE (P.A., filter)

Passenger Kuryakin. Mister Illya Kuryakin. There is a call for you in Phone Booth Number Nine. Call for Mr. Kuryakin in Booth Number Nine.

ILLYA (a bit surprised)

Who could that be? Mr. Waverly would use the communicator....

He steps toward a phone booth with a "9" on it, enters the booth while Solo waits to one side. Illya lifts the receiver.

ILLYA

Hello?....

Suddenly, magically it seems, the booth starts to slide down the floor as the door automatically closes.

ON ILLYA

Bug-eyed as he looks through the glass.

ON SOLO

16

As, after a fast take he begins running after the booth.

SOLO

Hey!

ANOTHER ANGLE

17

Two MEN (Thrushies) intercept Solo, grab him. Fight.

ON PHONE BOOTH

18

It continues to slide, while spectators look on in awe and wonder.

ON ILLYA IN BOOTH

19

He tries to open the door. No luck. He tries to shoot out the glass window. It's bulletproof.

ON BOOTH

20

It reaches the end of the corridor when TWO OTHER THRUSHIES -- in phone-company-type uniforms -- stop it, start putting it on a trundle. To a couple of the onlookers, Simon, who has moved into the scene, explains:

SIMON

One thing you've got to say about the telephone people....They're very efficient.

ON SOLO

21

who disposes of his two Thrushies, runs after the phone booth.

SOLO

Hey! There's someone in that phone booth. Bring --

Thud! As he passes Simon, the latter hits him with a gun butt. Down goes Solo. The spectators gape.

SIMON (to the "phone
repairmen")
Here. I'll help you!

21
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

22

As a couple of POLICE OFFICERS come running up, blowing
their whistles.

SCENE

to
n.

23

Simon and the "phone repairmen" look off toward the cops.
Simon makes a quick decision.

SIMON (to the
repairmen)
Let's get out of here.

They all let go of the phone booth, run off, the cops
starting after them.

Illya manages now to break open the door of the booth,
steps out just as Solo picks himself up and the baffled
Cops, having lost the booth-snatchers, come puffing up.

ILLYA (to Solo, gesturing
back into the booth)
It was the wrong number.

FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

24-30
OUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DEL FLORIA'S - DAY

31

TO ESTABLISH. Solo and Illya enter, the briefcase is still chained to Illya's wrist.

INT. DEL FLORIA'S - DAY

32

As the boys come in, they nod to DEL FLORIA. Illya looks about.

ILLYA

When are they going to paint this place?

DEL FLORIA

Paint? I can't even get a new pressing machine! Next year, they keep telling me! Next year! I bet Thrush isn't this cheap!

(a beat)

Mr. Waverly is waiting for you.

Over this, the boys have been moving toward the dressing cubicle. As they disappear, we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

33

WAVERLY is perusing some papers as the boys enter. He rises.

WAVERLY

Ah, good morning, gentlemen. May I congratulate you both on evading that trap at the airport.

ILLYA (modestly)

It was all in a day's work, sir.

(gestures to handcuffs)

I -- uh -- found it necessary to swallow the key. Would it be possible to -- uh --

WAVERLY

33
CONT'D
(2)

Oh, of course.

(to Solo)

You'll find a file in that drawer.
(indicates)

Solo goes to the drawer indicated, gets a file, begins to work on Illya's handcuffs. Over this:

WAVERLY

Unhappily, while we still have the plans for our new explosive, the explosive itself is in the hands of Thrush.

The boys react, startled. Solo is the first to find words.

SOLO

They -- got Williams? ^U₂

WAVERLY (nods)

I'm afraid so. They killed him and took the sample he was carrying....

Waverly reaches for a hula-doll -- the kind with spring-loaded hips that you see in auto rear windows -- and places it in front of the boys.

WAVERLY

The explosive was concealed in one of these things. Hula dolls, I believe you call them.

Solo jiggles the doll, which undulates seductively. Solo appears fascinated.

ILLYA (more a statement than a question)

Then the sample must be at Thrush headquarters here in New York.....

WAVERLY

Without a doubt.

(to Solo, who is watching the undulating doll)

I'm glad you find that amusing, Mr. Solo, but there are matters of somewhat greater urgency.

SOLO

Sorry, sir.

ILLYA (to Solo)
File now. Get your kicks later.

33
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY (resuming his
lecture)
Our first problem then, is to find Thrush
headquarters. It's a problem that has
baffled us for some years. There's a heat
wave on the way, and we've got to recover
the sample of M-4 before it explodes.

SOLO
I don't understand, sir. Why not let
it explode -- and blow up Thrush head-
quarters?

ILLYA
And the ten square miles surrounding it?

SOLO
Oh.

WAVERLY
Oh, indeed.
(a beat)
We've set up a special operations room
to coordinate the search for Thrush New
York. You gentlemen will be in charge.
(to Solo)
What temperature do you have, Mr. Solo?

SOLO
What? Oh.
(he looks at his wrist watch)
It's eighty-three, sir.....and raising.

ZIP PAN TO:

34 OUT

INT. THRUSH HEADQUARTERS - RECEPTION AREA - ON ELEVATOR - 34X1
DAY

as the doors open and Simon Sweet strides in. He's officious, tightmouthed, in a hurry. As he strides past the receptionist:

SIMON

I want to see my brother the moment
he arrives!

Before she can retort, he is well down the corridor.

INT. SIMON SWEET'S OFFICE - DAY

34X2

ANGLE - across desk to Peter, who has made himself quite comfortable in his brother's chair. His feet are up on the desk. They have shoved aside the name-plate which says: "SIMON SWEET - DIRECTOR - N.Y." CAMERA PULLS BACK to contain Simon, who strides in, stops short to glare down at a very smug Peter, who doesn't move to get up. He holds a metal container in his lap.

PETER

Word's out you blew your assignment,
brother Simon.

SIMON

Get out of my chair, Peter.

Peter just grins at him smugly. Simon shoves Peter's feet off the desk. Peter raises from the chair and circles to the other side as Simon sits. As they move:

PETER

Pity -- the board won't like that at all.

SIMON

You just keep your nose in your own
affairs --

Peter plunks the container on the desk as:

PETER

I got what I was after --

Simon angrily takes his name-plate and slams it back into position:

SIMON

You'll never get what you're after --
and don't think I don't know what it is!

PETER

You know what this is?

(He opens the metal container
and shows the Hula doll on
ice inside as).

M-4! At least your brother did his job
right....

34X2
CONT'D
(2)

Simon can't help but be fascinated. He stares down at
the little doll.

PETER

When the Board convenes, they'll like
what I did. If I could help cover for
you, brother Simon --

SIMON

I can take care of myself, brother --
and don't you ever forget it!

Peter re-caps the container as:

PETER

I'm sure you'll find some way of explain-
ing to 26. After all, Thrush Central
considers fallibility a fatal disease...

And he goes. Simon sits back, the picture of angry
frustration, thinking furiously. Nothing comes. He
woefully picks up the framed picture of his mother on
the desk, talks to it:

SIMON

Momma - your son's got a problem - your
good son - me. If you could only come
out of this frame and -

(the light bulb goes on over
his head. Eureka!)

Thank you, Momma!

He tosses the picture aside, hurriedly keys open his
bottom desk drawer, takes out a red phone, speaks into it:

SIMON (into phone)

Double-A Priority. Bypass Security. Send
up a photo specialist, Section XII.....

ZIP PAN TO:

34X3 OUT

WENDY THYME, a very pretty girl, comes out of the elevator watched carefully by the elevator guard, who obviously doesn't quite know what to make of her. Wendy wears her brightest 'I hope you hire me as your secretary' smile. She carries an application blank in her hand. As she goes to the reception girl, OREGANO moves to the desk and her side, frowning suspiciously. The girl stares at her. She smiles brightly, offers the application blank to the girl who looks at it like it's poison.

WENDY (brightly)

Well, here I am.

Oregano takes the blank, looks down at it, then at her.

OREGANO

What are you doing here?

WENDY

I was told to report to Mr. Peter Sweet.

OREGANO

Who told you?

WENDY

Mr. Sweet, of course.

(looks around, impressed)

Gee, this is a nice set-up you have here.

Oregano reaches for the intercom phone, pushes a button.

OREGANO (to intercom)

Better come out, sir. Security problem.

He hangs up, turns back to study her.

WENDY

Oh, I'm not worried about security. If the salary's right --

(Oregano stares at her. She

falters, tries another tack)

Air conditioned. Sure need it in this heat wave --

Peter strides to them from the corridor, glowering.

34X4
CONT'D
(2)

PETER

What is this? Who is she?

OREGANO

I don't know, sir.

WENDY

My name's right there, on that application --

Peter yanks the application blank from Oregano's hands as:

PETER

How'd she get in here?

WENDY

Up the elevator, how else? You do want a secretary, don't you?

PETER

A what?

(he looks at the blank)

Thyme. Miss Wendy Thyme. Now, come on, come clean --

WENDY (annoyed)

I don't see why I have to talk to you.
I was told to report to Mr. Peter Sweet --

PETER

I am Peter Sweet and I did not send for you!

WENDY

Well, somebody did --

OREGANO

Who?

PETER

Never mind - I know who -

He cuts off. His eyes narrow, and he takes off for Simon's office.

Simon sits comfortably at his desk. A large dossier folder lies closed on the surface. He smiles, a friendly adder, as Peter storms in to confront him.

PETER

Just what kind of a game do you think you're playing, Brother Simon?!

SIMON

Game? Whatever do you mean?

PETER

Don't play dumb -- you know there's an unauthorized, non-THRUSH girl reporting out there, directly to me!

SIMON

You seem surprised -- don't you think that's assuming a ridiculous risk, bringing your Wendy in here?

PETER (confounded)

My Wendy?

SIMON

Come now, Peter -- we all have our weaknesses -- but couldn't you wait for your usual liaison with your -- er -- shall we say, paramour....?

PETER

My para -- I've never seen that girl before!

Simon's expression hardens. He leans forward, flips open the dossier, spreads out a number of documents, photographs, etc. before a stunned Peter as:

SIMON

Ah...You know that and I know that. But the Board of Directors will have no choice but to think otherwise.

PETER

They won't be taken in....

Won't they?

(ticks off, as he taps the
items on the desk)

Exhibit A. A photograph of you and Miss
Thyme --

(with great relish)

-- looking tenderly into each other's
eyes -- at a table in one of our better
night clubs....

PETER

Nobody'll fall for that cheap fake. It's
not even a very good composite. Why, I've
never even been in that joint!.....

SIMON

I daresay the girl's never been there,
either. But she won't need much....
persuasion....to admit anything I want
her to....

(continuing)

Exhibit B. A receipt, signed by you, for
one mink coat.....Exhibit C.....The pass used
by Miss Thyme to enter TIRUSH headquarters--
signed by you!

PETER

Forged!

SIMON (continuing)

Exhibit D...This picture of the young lady
wearing the coat.....Shall I continue with
E, F and G?

PETER (sighs wearily)

No. It won't be necessary.

SIMON

At the Board meeting day after tomorrow, I shall present all this -- evidence. I shall thereupon be elected permanent chief of THRUSH New York, and you, my beloved sibling, will never again be in a position to challenge me.

(a beat)

If you're lucky enough, we may find a spot for you in the mail room.

35
CONT'D
(3)

Simon, his smile broader than ever, sits back. Peter glowers, turns on his heel and storms out.

INT. THRUSH RECEPTION AREA - DAY

35X1

Oregano is standing beside Wendy, who sits. A Receptionist is nearby. Peter exits Simon's office, goes to the receptionist, indicates Wendy.

PETER (to Receptionist)

Get her properly dressed. Then take her into my office.

WENDY (excited)

You mean I got the job?

PETER (grimly)

So it appears.

As Wendy goes off with the Receptionist:

WENDY

Oh, I'm so glad.

Simon watches the pair vanish down the corridor, turns to Oregano.

PETER (to Oregano)

You heard?

OREGANO (gesturing to a device in his ear)

Yes, sir. You asked me to turn on the bug.

As they start moving down the corridor:

PETER

Mmm.....I've protected your job for a long time, Oregano. If I go down to the mail room; what do you suppose is going to happen to you?

35X1
CONT'D
(2)

OREGANO (with a shudder)
I guess the same thing that's going to happen to Miss Thyme.

PETER

Probably even worse. After all, you've got a lot of seniority.

OREGANO (gloomily)

That's true. Twelve years, three-----

PETER (cutting in; mounting inner excitement)

Wait a minute! A thought is beginning to form in my mind!

OREGANO

I hope it's a clever one, sir.

PETER (a bit piqued)

Of course, it is, Oregano. I haven't come all this way out of stupidity, you know.

(thinking hard)

My brother won't have the entire Board behind him. Four of the eight will still vote for me as chief. That means the deciding vote will be cast by Number Twenty-Six, the representative of THRUSH Central who will attend the meeting.

OREGANO (nods)

According to the THRUSH Rules of Order.

PETER

Then I'm in.

OREGANO

A question, sir. How do you know Twenty-Six will vote for you? Nobody here even knows who he is.

PETER

Because I am going to provide Number
Twenty-Six!

(as Oregano reacts)

Consider this, Oregano. Simon used a
secretary to destroy me. I am going
to use a ringer to destroy him!

OREGANO

Is there someone you have in mind, sir?

PETER

I have, indeed....My ideas often lean
toward the outrageous, you know. And
I must admit this is the most wondrous
of them all. I want you to get me a
list.

OREGANO

A list?

Uni
be

PETER

Of UNCLE agents, Oregano. Of UNCLE
agents.....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

36

Lots of bustle. Agents, girls work tensely, excitedly.
We note that all the men are in shirt sleeves, some have
their ties loosened. Illya and a couple of the staff
people stand over a large map of Manhattan Island. Illya
has a pointer.

ILLYA (with pointer)

All right, we can eliminate this section
here.....I doubt that Thrush has its
headquarters in Central Park....Now if
the data from the triangulation people
is correct, it's highly unlikely that
they're located in this neighborhood....

Waverly enters, moves to the map.

WAVERLY

Any progress, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA

Very little....We've narrowed the
search down....

(gloomily)

..to an area of about three hundred
square blocks.

36
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

We'll have to do better than that.
The temperature's up to eighty-six.
(a beat)

Carry on.

He starts away, then turns.

WAVERLY (cont'd)

Oh, where's Mr. Solo?

ILLYA

He'll be back in a little while. He
just went out to grab a sandwich.

WAVERLY (disapproving)

He should have had something sent in.
Being out on the streets won't get him
any closer to Thrush headquarters.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

37

Solo, presumably having had his lunch, walks along, passes
a MAN who is ostensibly blind and who is sitting up against
a wall, a hat full of pencils in his lap.

BLIND MAN

Pencils? Anyone for pencils?

Solo approaches, reaches into his pocket for some change.
The "blind" man lifts his dark glasses, peers at him.

BLIND MAN (sotto)

You Solo?

SOLO (taken aback)

How did you know?

The blind man shrugs.

BLIND MAN

The pencil's on me. Use it to write
down a message.

37
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (takes a piece of
paper from pocket after absorb-
ing this)

Go on.

BLIND MAN

Eleven-eighty-three Gelman Street. Go
right away. Man there got something
very important to tell you.

SOLO

About what?

BLIND MAN

That I don't know. I just sell pencils.

On Solo's reaction, we:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HABERDASHER'S SHOP - DAY

38

An upper-class tailoring establishment, identified by a
sign as "THRALE AND USHER - HABERDASHERS." Atop the glass
door are the numbers "1183." Solo gets out of a cab, notes
the number, looks over the place, enters.

INT. HABERDASHERY SHOP - DAY

39

The place has a British look about it. Bolts of cloth are
piled on tables, a couple of very conservative suits are
on display, and a selection of hats (also very conservative)
is arrayed on shelves. There is a door labeled "NO
ADMITTANCE, EMPLOYEES ONLY," and next to the door is a
full-length mirror. Solo enters, begins to browse. The
"employees" door slides open silently and CARDAMON appears.

CARDAMON (British accent)

May I show you something, sir?

SOLO

Perhaps you can tell me something.
My name is Solo.

CARDAMON (softly, voice
full of intrigue)
You -- have identification?

39
CONT'D
(2)

Solo shows him his UNCLE card. Cardamon appears impressed.

CARDAMON
Very good, sir.
(a near-whisper)
Ah, in case someone should come in
whilst we talk, may I suggest you --
ah -- try on a hat or something? We
have a whole shelf full of Borsolinos.

SOLO
Of course.

He takes a hat from a shelf, moves to the full-length
mirror, puts it on. Helpfully, Cardamon moves to his side,
adjusts the hat.

SOLO
Exactly what is it that you want to
tell me, Mister --

CARDAMON
Cardamon.

SOLO
Cardamon.

CARDAMON
Tell you, Mr. Solo? Just that you're
going to have a -- very exciting
adventure.

Whereupon (depending on the set) he either shoves Solo at
the mirror or pushes an appropriate button. The turntable
on which the mirror rests spins, and Solo finds himself in:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

40

a corridor with an elevator. Oregano stands there with a
gun pointed at him. Solo raises his hands.

OREGANO
Good afternoon, Mr. Solo.

He gestures Solo to the elevator. Solo enters, Oregano,
gun at the ready, at his side.

There is a panel of buttons going up to roughly 22 or 23. As is the case with most skyscrapers in this superstitious age, there is no floor thirteen; the buttons go from 12 to 14. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE TO ESTABLISH this fact. Oregano, his gun hand pointed at Solo, flips open the button panel with his other hand. There is a single button on it. It says 13.

SOLO

Very ingenious. Am I to assume that I'm in Thrush headquarters?

Oregano pushes the button.

OREGANO

When we reach the thirteenth floor.

SOLO

That -- ah -- haberdashery shop....

OREGANO

What about it?

SOLO

Quite impressive. I think UNCLE can learn a lesson from you.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

42

The bustle continues. The employees look even hotter. CAMERA PANS the busy room past a GIRL at a communications console who is saying into her mike:

GIRL

...Current temperature eighty-eight.
Forecast calls for heat continuing
through the night and into tomorrow...

-- and past three or four agents working tensely at the giant map of Manhattan. In time, the CAMERA REACHES Illya, who is at a telephone in a corner of the room.

ILLYA (into phone)

I see....he should have been back by now....No, never mind. Thank you.

Waverly enters as Illya hangs up, moves with a frown to the map.

42
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY (to Illya)

Well?

ILLYA

We've narrowed it down to two hundred square blocks now. And Napoleon's disappeared.

WAVERLY

Disappeared?

ILLYA

He finished lunch about a half hour ago. No sign of him since.

WAVERLY

Mmmm. I trust that it's not another of his famous -- dalliances.

ILLYA (gallantly defending his friend)

I'm sure that at a time like this --

WAVERLY

Quite so. In any event, I'm sure Mr. Solo can take care of himself. I have a task for you, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

Yes, sir?

WAVERLY

Intelligence has located the mother of a couple of top executives in Thrush New York. A Mrs. Sweet.

(hands Illya a slip of paper)

Here's her address. Perhaps if one of her sons attempts to contact her -- well, that might give us a clue to the location of their headquarters.

ILLYA (dubiously)

It's not much to go on, sir.

WAVERLY

At a moment like this, Mr. Kuryakin, we grasp at the tiniest straws.

ZIP PAN TO:

We FEATURE an apartment door, on which there is a small plaque with the letters SWEET. Illya comes down the corridor, pauses thoughtfully beside the door, as if uncertain at the moment how to approach his assignment. He carries a small satchel.

At this juncture, a nice-looking young lady (MARGE) emerges from the apartment next door, locks the front door behind her, starts down the hall toward Illya and the stairway. Illya steps back from the Sweet door, smiles politely at the passing Marge.

MARGE

Hello. Can I help you?

ILLYA

No, thanks.

(just a bit lamely)

I -- take it Mrs. Sweet lives there.

Marge looks at the plaque on the Sweet door, then back at Illya.

MARGE (looking at him
a bit oddly)

It would seem that way.

ILLYA

Thank you.

Marge gives him another curious look, then continues down the corridor and, presumably, down the stairs. Whereupon Illya moves to her apartment door, looks about surreptitiously, and, satisfied that no one is around, sets about opening the door with one of his UNCLE devices. He enters.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT - DAY

44

It looks like you'd expect the apartment of a working girl to look. Furnishings inexpensive but warm. Illya looks about, takes it all in, then moves into --

INT. CLOSET - DAY

45

the closet. He shoves aside some clothing to make room, opens his satchel, first removes a listening device which

he attaches to both the wall and himself, then takes out 45
a silent drill and proceeds to bore a tiny hole in the CONT'D
closet wall -- thereby getting a nice view of the kitchen (2)
of Mrs. Sweet's apartment.

INT. MRS. SWEET'S KITCHEN (THROUGH ILLYA'S PEEPHOLE) - DAY 46

MRS. SWEET looks just like her name. She's a little old
lady, presumably gray-haired, and epitomizes gentility.
She's the kind of woman you want to have as a mother.
Right now, she's stirring something in a pot.

BACK TO ILLYA IN CLOSET

He takes out his communicator.

ILLYA (softly, into
communicator)
Open Channel D, please.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY AT UNCLE HEADQUARTERS

48

WAVERLY (into mike)
Yes, Mr. Kuryakin. Have you managed
to find Mrs. Sweet?

ILLYA
I have her under observation at this
very moment, sir.

WAVERLY
Oh? What is she doing?

Illya peers through the peephole and sniffs.

ILLYA
She -- ah -- appears to be making some
chicken soup.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

49

Wendy is there, sobbing woefully.

Wendy finishes typing a page, removes it from her typewriter. Peter picks it up, examines it..

PETER (looking at paper)

Very good.

WENDY

Thank you, Mr. Sweet. One thing I don't understand, though. The paragraph about programming that Prime Minister --

PETER

Don't trouble yourself about it, my dear.....

WENDY

..And that part about the nerve gas... Mr. Sweet, I hope you won't think I'm being -- nosy, but -- well, what sort of a business is this, anyway?

PETER

Well, the fact of the matter is, Miss Thyme.....

He breaks off as the door opens and Solo, prodded by Oregano's gun, enters.

49
CONT'D
(2)

PETER (to Oregano)

Ah. Very good work, Oregano.

(to Solo)

The famous Mr. Solo. It's a pleasure to meet you, sir. I've been an enemy of yours for a long time. Peter Sweet's the name.

SOLO

Charmed.

PETER (to Oregano)

Did you take his gun?

OREGANO

Yes, sir. Also his communicator, a wallet that contains a dynamite charge, and a tie tack that becomes a rope ladder.

Peter smiles his approval.

PETER (to Solo)

You're probably wondering why I've brought you here.

SOLO

The question has crossed my mind.

PETER

To be very brief, you, Mr. Solo -- as a member of Thrush Central -- are going to be present at a Board of Directors meeting to be held tomorrow...

OREGANO

Uh, it's the day after tomorrow, sir.

PETER

Mr. Solo will call the meeting for tomorrow. At which time he will cast the deciding vote that will elect me head of Thrush New York.

(an aside to Oregano)

By the time the real representative arrives, my brother will have been -- ah -- disposed of.

(back to Solo)

How does that -- grab you, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

I presume you'll kill me if I refuse?

49

CONT'D

(3)

PETER

Of course.

Wendy reacts, bewildered.

SOLO

You'll also kill me if I go through with it.

PETER

Naturally.

to
n.

Wendy blinks again.

SOLO (shrugs)

All things being equal, then, I choose to turn down your request.

PETER

Ah, but all things aren't equal, Mr. Solo. If you refuse me, you'll be executed at the close of business today. Wouldn't you rather -- play for time?

WENDY

Mr. Sweet, I still don't know what business you're in -- but whatever it is, I don't think I like it.....

PETER (cutting in, aware
of Wendy)
Oh, speaking of time, Mr. Solo -- may
I present Miss Thyme.

(as Solo looks at her)
Oh, don't let the uniform fool you.
She's a pigeon -- just like yourself.

WENDY (to Solo, utterly
confused)
How do you do?

PETER (continuing)
Miss Thyme is scheduled to die tonight.
If you go along with me --
(as Wendy reacts with shock
and mounting terror)
--- You could buy a few hours for her, too,
Mr. Solo.

Solo looks at Wendy, then back to Peter. He takes a deep
breath, sighs heavily.

SOLO
We have a deal, Mr. Sweet.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMON'S OFFICE - TIGHT ON CARD - DAY

50

which Simon holds in his hand and looks at. On the card is a large "26." CAMERA BACK TO SHOW Simon seated behind his desk, looking at Napoleon Solo, who is seated opposite him.

SIMON (very deferential)
But I don't understand, sir. Why must we hold the meeting tomorrow morning?

SOLO
Time is money, Mr. Sweet. I can't dawdle around here all week, you know. What with this heat wave, I want to get out of the city.

He rises, begins to pace about the room, studying everything in it.

1/6. dn.
SIMON
Of course, Number Twenty-Six. The meeting will be held tomorrow.
(very casually)
I -- ah -- trust you're aware of my latest -- coup, sir?

SOLO
You mean seizing the UNCLE explosive. What is it, M -- ?

SIMON
M-4.

SOLO (also casually)
Mmm. I understood that was your brother's doing.

SIMON (smiles)
You'll have a full report on my brother's doings at the board meeting, sir. As far as getting the M-4 is concerned, the plan was mine. All mine.

SOLO
Then you are to be commended, Mr. Sweet. Most highly.

SIMON (rises)
Thank you, sir. I trust you'll --
ah -- bear my contribution in mind
when the -- ah -- the vote comes
tomorrow.

50
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (even more casually)
Of course, I haven't even seen the
explosive yet.....No offense, Mr. Sweet,
but -- ha, ha -- how do I know you really
have it?

Simon looks at his watch.

to
n.

SIMON
I'd be delighted to show it to you
right now, Number Twenty-Six. But it's
ten after five. The vault's already
been sealed for the night.

SOLO
Oh. Pity.

SIMON
And speaking of the hour, sir, you
probably want to get settled in your
quarters. You'll be staying in the
executive suite, of course.

SOLO
I expected no less.

Simon gently steers Solo toward the door.

SIMON
I'd like to have dinner with you, but
I'm afraid I have a previous engage-
ment.....I'm having dinner at Mother's
house.

SOLO
You are?

SIMON (nods)
She's really a very nice old lady. I
go over to her place every so often.

SOLO (grandly)

A man who really cares about his mother! That's a very rare thing these days. I want you to know that Thrush Central approves.

50
CONT'D
(3)

They exit into:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

51

Wendy is typing furiously at a desk as two Guards approach to take her off to liquidation. Each Guard slips a hand under one of her arms and they lift her bodily out of her chair. They start to carry her off.

SOLO

What's this?

it to
on.

SIMON

My brother's secretary. Very bad security risk, I'm afraid.

(a happy leer)

You'll hear all about it in the morning.

SOLO

You're going to dispose of her tonight?

SIMON (nods)

In accordance with Section Two, paragraph Three-A of Article --

SOLO (cutting in)

Yes, I know. Pretty thing, isn't she? You know, if you could keep her about till tomorrow, I could use a secretary tonight.

(a sort of verbal, sly dig in the ribs)

I have a report to make out, you know.

Simon looks from Solo to the fast-disappearing Wendy, then smiles with an understanding leer.

SIMON

Right you are, Twenty-Six. Every businessman needs a little relaxation in the evenings, eh?

(Cont.)

SIMON (CONT'D)
(he slaps Solo heartily on the
back; then, to the Guards
carrying Wendy off)
Hey, there! Wait a minute!

51
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CLOSET OF MARGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

52

It is illuminated by a small lantern which was part of Illya's supply kit. We note that there are now a number of peepholes that have been bored into the wall, each apparently giving Illya a view of a different section of Mama Sweet's apartment. Illya looks through one of the newer ones.

INT. MAMA SWEET'S DINING ROOM (ILLYA'S POV THROUGH PEEP-HOLE) - NIGHT

53

Mama carrying a large platter from the kitchen, depositing it on the neatly-set dining room table.

BACK TO ILLYA

to 54
n.

His communicator BEEPS.

ILLYA (into communicator)
Kuryakin here.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY AT UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

55

WAVERLY
Anything new, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA (peering through
peephole)
She's got the table all set, and she's
just put a large platter on it.
(sniffs)
I think it's piroshki.

WAVERLY
That would suggest that she's having
come people for dinner.

ILLYA

Yes, sir. The table's set for three.
Do you think -- ?

55
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

We can only hope, Mr. Kuryakin...
By the way, I've just spoken to our
meteorology people. The temperature's
eighty-nine now, and is expected to
remain relatively stable through the
night. Which means it could hit
ninety.....

ILLYA

If it does, sir --

WAVERLY (darkly)

If it does, Mr. Kuryakin, don't bother
to call me. I doubt that we'll be able
to make connections.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR - NIGHT

55X1

There are only a couple of dim lights on at this hour. A
WATCHMAN prowls the corridor, poking his flashlight into
various nooks and crannies.

INT. THRUSH EXECUTIVE SUITE - NIGHT

56

Wendy sits on a sofa while Solo paces nervously.

WENDY

So that's my story.... I guess we're
really in the soup, huh?

SOLO

If you like culinary metaphors, yes.

WENDY

What time is it?

SOLO (looks at his watch)

Seven-thirty.

(he moves to the thermostat,
looks, frowns)

And the temperature's eighty-nine.

WENDY
I thought it was awfully hot. I
guess they turn off the air condition-
ing at night.

56
CONT'D
(2)

Over this, Solo has moved to the door, looks out into --

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

It is empty.

BACK TO EXECUTIVE SUITE

SOLO
The watchman's gone.

He begins to take off his shoes.

WENDY
Hey! What are you doing?

SOLO
I've got to look for a hula doll.

WENDY (matter of factly; it
hasn't sunk in)
Oh.

SOLO
With luck, I'll be back soon...

WENDY (scared)
You're not going to leave me here alone!

Solo hesitates, then:

SOLO
All right. Come on along. But take
our shoes off.

She does so. She and Solo, in stocking feet, move into --

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

-- the reception area, deserted. Now Wendy manages her
double-take.

56X1

56X2

57

WENDY

Hey! You're going to look for a
what?!

57
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CLOSET OF MARGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

58

Illya peers through one of the peepholes and listens.

INT. DINING ROOM OF SWEET APARTMENT (ILLYA'S POV THROUGH
PEEPHOLE) - NIGHT

59

Mama and Simon are sitting at the dining room table. Peter
is standing.

ANOTHER ANGLE (NO LONGER THROUGH PEEPHOLE)

60

SIMON (to Mama)

You didn't tell me he was going to be
here.

PETER (to Mama)

If I'd known he was here, I never would
have come.

MAMA

Please, please, boys. Don't fight.
Please sit down, Peter.

(Peter doesn't move)

As a favor to your old mother, dear.

Grudgingly, Peter sits down. As he does so, Simon pushes
his chair back, as if to get up.

MAMA

Simon, please stay. It's the least you
can do for your old mother.

SIMON (after brief
hesitation)

All right, Mama. For your sake.

The two brothers glare at each other across the table.
Mama starts ladling out some soup.

10 n.

MAMA (to both)

So how are things at the office?

60
CONT'D
(2)

PETER

Pretty good.

SIMON (meaningfully)

They'll be a lot better tomorrow.

PETER (meaningfully)

They certainly will.

SIMON (rising, in anger)

Listen, if you think --

PETER (also rising, in
anger)

I'll tell you exactly what I think!...

Mama quickly moves between them, the peacemaker.

MAMA

Children, children! Please!

(as they start to subside)

You know something?

(as they regard her quizzically)

I'm sorry I asked!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR - NIGHT

61

Solo and Wendy approach a door labeled "Air Conditioning."

SOLO

Here's what I'm looking for.

WENDY

I thought we were looking for a hula
doll.

SOLO

It'll take a while to find it. Mean-
while, we'd better cool down her hot
little body, wherever it is.

He opens the door, sees the air conditioning controls within, flicks on the closet light. He and Wendy both enter.

61
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Keep the door ajar....and look out for the watchman.

Wendy nods.

WENDY

Right.

Solo examines the maze of wires, gears, buttons, etc. Wendy is peering out the door. Suddenly:

WENDY

Someone's coming!

Solo quickly flicks off the light and closes the door as we HEAR footsteps O.S.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

to
n. 62

As the Watchman moving down it, hesitates. Perhaps he has heard the door click shut a second earlier.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING CLOSET - NIGHT

62X1

Solo has his finger to his lips. Wendy looks terribly frightened.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

62X2

as the Watchman continues on down the corridor.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING CLOSET - NIGHT

62X3

Solo and Wendy, HEARING the SOUNDS of the footsteps recede, breathe sighs of relief. Solo turns on the closet light again.

ANGLE ON CONTROL SWITCH

63

which has three settings: ON, ONE-HALF ON and FULL ON. Solo's hand pushes the switch to FULL ON. Whereupon he reaches into his pocket for a coin or something similar, jams it into the panel to make it extremely difficult, if

not impossible, to re-adjust the switch. This done, he turns to Wendy, who hands him the Watchman's gun. He closes the door, gestures to the unconscious Watchman O.S.

63
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Let's take care of our friend here.
Then we'll look for a pair of spring-loaded hips.

U
I

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MAMA SWEET'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

64

The three are eating their soup.

MAMA

How do you like the soup, Peter?

PETER

It's delicious, Mama.

SIMON (ominous look at
Peter)

You'd better enjoy it. It may be
your last meal.

PETER

Cocky, aren't you?

SIMON

We'll see who's cocky at that meeting
tomorrow -- after Twenty-Six casts his
vote.

MAMA

Twenty-six? What's this about Twenty-
six?

PETER

As usual, dear brother, you have mouth
enough for a glee club.

SIMON (rising)

It won't be my mouth that's open tomorrow
-- mail clerk!

He stomps out of the room.

MAMA (calls)
Simon! Come back!
(to Peter)
Peter, what's all this about?

64
CONT'D
(2)

PETER (rising)
I've told you before, Mama. Don't mix
in our affairs.

MAMA
What mix? I shouldn't even know what
kind of work my sons do? I shouldn't
even know where's their office?

Peter exits disgustedly, grabbing his coat.

INT. CLOSET OF MARGE'S APARTMENT - ON ILLYA - NIGHT

65

He removes his eye from the peephole, opens his communi-
cator.

ILLYA (into communicator)
Open Channel D, please.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY IN UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

66

WAVERLY
What now, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA
Mrs. Sweet's sons came to dinner, all
right. And they've just left.

WAVERLY
Follow them. In the morning -- if
there is a morning -- they'll doubtless
go to Thrush headquarters. And you'll
follow them there.

ILLYA
Right. I'm on my way.

He clicks off, rises -- rather painfully, because he's
been in an uncomfortable position in the closet for so
long -- and exits the closet. As he enters the living
room --

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INT. LIVING ROOM OF MARGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

The lights go on as Marge comes through the front door. She sees Illya. For a moment neither of them moves. Marge's mouth is wide open. She looks like she wants to scream, but no sound comes.

ILLYA (as he starts
past her for the door)
I know I owe you an explanation, Miss.
But I'm afraid there's no time to --

He is cut off as a table lamp, wielded by the wide-eyed, stunned Marge clobbers him on the head. He falls as we --
FREEZE FRAME AND:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF MARGE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

The action follows almost immediately that of the previous scene. Marge, terribly alarmed, is bending over Illya, who is stirring just a little.

MARGE

Oh, please. Don't die. Even if you
are a burglar, don't die!

Illya mumbles something. Marge, alarmed at the prospect that he'll live, jumps back, reaches for the lamp.

MARGE (lamp at the ready)

I'm warning you. You come at me, I'll
scream!...

Illya opens one eye, peers at Marge.

ILLYA

Who are you?

MARGE

My name's Marge. I live here.

(suddenly)

Hey! Who are you to ask me questions?!

ILLYA (dazedly trying to
climb to his feet)

I remember now. You hit me with that
lamp.

MARGE

And I'll hit you again if you come any
closer. I'm warning you....

ILLYA

Look, Miss, I'm not a burglar. I --

He breaks off as he remembers something. He rushes to the window, looks out.

ILLYA (bitterly)

They're gone.

MARGE

Huh? Who's gone?

68

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA

Excuse me.

(takes out and opens communicator)

Open Channel D, please.

Marge looks wide-eyed.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY AT UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

69

WAVERLY (into mike)

Not again, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

I'm afraid so, sir. It appears that
I was a bit --(glances at the goggle-eyed
Marge)

-- delayed. I've lost both brothers.

WAVERLY (irritated)

Oh? How did you manage that?

ILLYA

It's a long story. You see --

Marge, who has put down the lamp and listened in utter
fascination, now steps to Illya, speaks into his communi-
cator.

MARGE

What he means is it was all my fault.

Illya does a take.

WAVERLY

I beg your pardon....Was that a
young lady's voice I heard, Mr.
Kuryakin?

ILLYA

Yes, sir. Her name is -- Marge. She
lives here, and --

WAVERLY (cutting in, a
bit sharply)
That's the sort of thing I expect from
Mr. Solo. Not you, Mr. Kuryakin.

69
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Uh -- speaking of Napoleon, sir, have
you heard from him?

WAVERLY
Not a word.
(a beat)
All right, spare me the long explanations
on why you lost those two men. Just
stick with their mother. They may re-
establish contact. It's a long shot,
but we appear to be playing long shots
today, wouldn't you say?

ILLYA
Yes, sir.

Illya clicks off, pockets his communicator.

MARGE
You're some kind of a spy, aren't you?

ILLYA
Some kind.

MARGE
On whose side?

ILLYA (a bit wearily)
On the side of law and order and
motherhood.

MARGE
Oh. I thought so. You've got an
honest face. I think I trust you.

ILLYA
You do?

MARGE
Uh-huh.

ILLYA
Good. Then maybe you won't mind if
I -- ah -- ask a favor of you.

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Ask away.

MARGE

by
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA (draws a breath
licks his lips)
Can I spend the night in your closet?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR NEAR VAULT

70

The shoeless Solo and Wendy approach the opaque door behind which stands the vault. They are shivering. Wendy slaps her sides and blows on her hands to warm herself up. They speak throughout the following scenes in near whispers.

WENDY

Boy, you don't believe in doing things
halfway, do you? I keep waiting for the
snow to start falling.

Univ

SOLO

be:

It should be through here....

He opens the opaque door, revealing the door of the giant safe. Wendy is awed as they move through the door, sliding it shut behind them. The light shining through the glass barely provides enough illumination. Wendy is impressed by the vault door.

WENDY

Wow!.....How you gonna open that? A
hairpin?

SOLO

Something like it. I've got --

He breaks off as a flashlight beam, thrown from the hallway, plays into the area.

SOLO (a fierce whisper)

Down!

He and Wendy hit the floor -- as silently as possible. The beam plays over their heads, casting weird light on the vault door. Once again, Solo and the girl hold their breaths. Now the opaque door opens. The watchman plays his beam quickly about this outer room of the vault; happily, the flashing light is directed at about waist level or higher, and he does not see the huddled figures on the floor. The Watchman closes the opaque door, and once again we hear the SOUNDS of his footsteps recede.

Now, for Solo, back to business. He pulls up his jacket sleeve and uses the tiny light cast by his cuff-links to silently "burn open" the safe combination.

70
CONT'D
(2)

WENDY

Gee, you're clever!

Solo finishes with the combination, turns the giant handle, swings open the vault door. He and Wendy enter --

Un

be

in which are assorted valuables, including a couple of stuffed Thrushes, weapons of torture, etc. After prowling about for a bit, aided by a flashlight taken from the Watchman, Solo finds a metal box. Helped by one of Wendy's hairpins, he pries it open, finds within a HULA DOLL floating in water.

SOLO (thoughtfully)
We turned on the air conditioning just
in time.

(indicates the box)
This thing was packed in
all melted.

Un
be

WENDY
Okay. You got it. Now can we go home?

SOLO
I'm afraid not. At night this place is
sealed up tighter than a coffin.

WENDY
Oh. I was afraid of that.
(looking at doll)
It's probably none of my business but
-- ah -- is there anything special
about this hula doll?

SOLO
As a matter of fact, yes.

WENDY
Good. I'm glad. I mean, I was afraid
you might be the type of fellow who
just collects things like this, you know?
(a beat)
What's so special about it?

SOLO
It has enough explosives in it to blow
up Manhattan Island.

If you have a color set, you'll see Wendy turn green.

WENDY
I -- I think I'm going to faint.

She sways. Solo catches her.

SOLO (alarmed)
Wendy? Wendy! Please, not now!

71
CONT'D
(2)

WENDY
I'm -- I'm all right.....

SOLO
You sure?

WENDY
Uh-huh.

Solo starts to release her.

WENDY
Don't let go. Mr. Solo?

SOLO
Napoleon.

WENDY
Napoleon....Don't let go....I mean,
it's so cold and -- and you're so
warm.....

She and Solo move into an embrace as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. VIEW OF MANHATTAN - (STOCK) - DAWN

72

TO SHOW the sun rising.

INT. THRUSH RECEPTION AREA - DAY

73

The usual first-thing-in-the-morning bustle. One thing is unique, though. Everybody's bundled up in overcoats, mufflers and the like. Even a typist pecks away at her keyboard, wearing mittens. A clock on the wall indicates it's a little after eight.

INT. THRUSH EXECUTIVE SUITE - ANGLE ON SOLO - DAY

74

He is stretched out on the sofa, covered with several heavy quilts, wrapped securely in the arms of Morpheus. PAN TO BEDROOM DOOR, which opens to admit Wendy. She is dressed

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in a morning robe, over which she wears a heavy winter coat. Her hands are mittened, and she is combing her hair. She stops and gazes fondly at Solo.

74
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE ON WENDY

75

watching Solo with an affectionate smile.

WENDY

Poor, tired man.

We HEAR a KNOCK at the outer door. Wendy reacts, frightened.

WENDY

Come in.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE OUTER DOOR

76

Simon enters, wearing heavy coat, muffler and gloves.

SIMON (insinuating smile)

Well, Miss Thyme, I trust you spent a
....pleasant night.

WENDY

Yes, Mr. Sweet.

SIMON

Despite the -- ah -- thermometer, I'm
sure. Eh?

WENDY

It was very cold. Still is.

SIMON

Yes. Another attempt of Peter's to
embarrass me, I'm sure. It will be
fixed shortly.

(to Solo, in a sing-song)

Oh, Twenty-Six! Rise and shine!

Solo remains fast asleep.

WENDY

He's very tired, Mr. Sweet.

SIMON (another leer)

76

Indeed....

CONT'D

(back to Solo)

(2)

Up and at 'em, Twenty-Six.

(shakes Solo gently)

Board meeting starts in fifteen minutes.

Rise and shine!

Solo exposes one bleary eyeball to the cold -- very cold -- light of day, then reacts automatically as he sees Simon -- jerking himself up and reaching for the gun which he took from the Watchman the previous night.

SIMON

Magnificent reflexes, Twenty-Six.

What coordination! But I expected no less from a man of your caliber.

(nostalgic)

Ah, when I was a younger man, I too started each day with a lunge, for my gun. But we grow old, we grow old, we must wear the bottoms of our egos rolledYou know who that's from?

SOLO

Don't you think it's a little early in the morning for poetry?

SIMON (a bit hurt)

Even a businessman has a soul, Twenty-Six.

SOLO

Yes, I sometimes forget.

SIMON

Our meeting starts in a little while, you know. And -- ah -- I can show you that UNCLE explosive now....

SOLO (quickly)

No, no. No hurry, Mr. Sweet. I have implicit faith in you.

SIMON (coyly)

Faith that I'm sure you'll demonstrate, eh, Twenty-Six?

SOLO (smiles)

You go on ahead. I'll join you in a few minutes.

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Simon gives Solo an airy, confident wave, exits.

76
CONT'D
(3)

WENDY

I'm frightened, Napoleon.

SOLO

The hula doll....Is it still there?

WENDY (nods)

Right where we put it.

SOLO

Good. You stay here. I'll try to make it back. I don't know how, but I'll try.

WENDY

And if you can't?

SOLO

Then take the doll, pack it in some more ice -- and try to get out of here by yourself.

Solo starts for the door, hesitates, turns, returns to Wendy, kisses her. Then, without a word, he exits, leaving the door ajar.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

77

as Solo enters from the executive suite. Simon is waiting with a Guard, who holds an overcoat for Solo. The Guard helps him on with the coat.

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ANGLE ON WENDY AT DOOR

watching Solo disappear down the corridor, deeply troubled.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MARGE'S CLOSET - DAY

79

Enough light streams in through the door, which is ajar, to allow us to see Illya, his head propped against the wall, dozing. He is wearing an earphone, the wires of which are attached to the listening device on the wall.

INT. LIVING ROOM AND CLOSET - DAY

80

Marge, wearing a slip, emerges from the kitchenette or equivalent carrying a cup of coffee, sipping from it. She puts the coffee down on a small table beside her unmade bed, moves to the closet, opens the door fully. She takes a dress from a hangar, looks down at the sleeping Illya. She smiles. Marge tosses the dress on an adjacent chair, moves to her bed, gets a pillow, returns to the closet and starts to prop the pillow behind Illya's head. Illya comes up with a start, jerks himself to full wakefulness.

ILLYA (as he gets his
bearings)
Oh. Good morning.

MARGE
Good morning. I'm sorry I woke you.

ILLYA
I shouldn't have fallen asleep.

He runs a hand through his hair, starts to rise, just a bit groggy. Marge takes her dress, begins to put it on. As she does so:

MARGE
I have some bacon and eggs on the hot-plate. Would you like breakfast in the closet?

ILLYA (abstracted as he
gathers his various work
implements)
Mmm? Oh. No, thank you. I'll join
you in just a minute.
(looks at watch, frowns)
Nearly eight-thirty.

MARGE
Uh-huh. And I've got to go to work.
Would you like to stay on here?

ILLYA
I'd like that very much.

MARGE (smiles)
Well, I can't really refuse, can I?
I mean, you let a man stay in your
apartment overnight, you can't tell
him he's not welcome in the daytime.

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ILLYA

You have a point there. I --

80
CONT'D
(2)

He breaks off as SOUNDS emerge from his earphone -- sounds very much like the dialing of a telephone. Instantly alert, Illya adjusts the earphone, peers through one of the peepholes.

INT. MAMA SWEET'S LIVING ROOM (AS SEEN THROUGH ILLYA'S PEEPHOLE) - DAY

81

Mama is at the telephone, dialing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

82

Mama waits at the telephone as it buzzes, then:

MAMA (into phone)

Hello?....Can you please send a cab
to one-one-eight-three Gelman Avenue?
....Mrs. Sweet.....I'll be waiting
downstairs. Thank you....

She hangs up.

INT. MARGE'S CLOSET AND LIVING ROOM - DAY

83

Illya detaches his earphone, steps to his satchel, pulls out a cab driver's hat, adjusts it in the closet mirror. He steps into the living room, starts for the door.

ILLYA

If you'll leave the key under the
doormat, Miss -- uh, Marge -- it's
just possible that I may come back.

MARGE

Hey! What about breakfast?

ILLYA

I'll catch a cup of coffee somewhere.

He exits hastily into --

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INT. HALLWAY - DAY

84

Illya moves down it, TOWARD CAMERA. Marge appears at her door, a look of puzzlement and a little distress on her face. CAMERA MOVES IN ON Marge as she watches the departing Illya.

MARGE

Illya?....Illya...Will I ever see you again?

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF APARTMENT HOUSE - DAY

85

as Illya emerges from the building, runs to a taxicab a few yards down the street. He climbs in, starts the motor, drives to a stop directly in front of the apartment house from which he has just emerged.

At this moment, Mama Sweet comes down the front steps. Illya leaps out of the driver's side of the cab, comes around to open the door for Mama. She bestows a warm smile of thanks upon him. Illya climbs back into the driver's seat, drives off. As he drives OUT OF FRAME, CAMERA PANS BACK TO SHOW another cab approaching the building -- clearly the one Mama ordered. That cab pulls to a stop.

INT. ILLYA'S CAB (NEW YORK STREET, NOT PROCESS) - DAY

86

In the rear seat, Mama turns around, sees the second cab. She faces front again, looks thoughtful.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THRALE AND USHER HABERDASHERY - DAY

87

Illya's taxicab pulls to a stop in front of it. He opens the rear door for Mama, who exits.

MAMA

If you'll wait for me, sonny. I just want to buy a few neckties for my boys.

ILLYA

Yes, ma'am.

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She moves into Thrale and Usher. Illya climbs back into the cab.

INT. CAB - DAY

88

Illya takes a magazine from the glove compartment, starts perusing it as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH BOARD ROOM - DAY

89

It is dominated by an imposing table, at which are seated Simon, Peter and Solo. Simon sits at the head of the table, Solo at the foot, and Peter at Simon's right. The other SIX BOARD MEMBERS straggle in over the following, take their seats. Everyone is garbed in overcoats and gloves.

PETER

I'll say this for you, brother Simon, you seize every possible opportunity to mismanage this organization. Only an inspired bungler could have found a way to foul up our air conditioning system.

SIMON

That system was sabotaged. Probably by one of your men.

PETER

My dear brother, even I am not so vindictive as to freeze off my nose to spite my face.

Simon looks about.

SIMON

Everyone here?....Good...The meeting is now in session and we shall start with the first order of business -- the selection of the permanent Director-in-Chief....Let us proceed with the vote.

PETER

Nothing could suit me more, dear brother.

SIMON

I think a voice vote will be sufficient.

PETER

Just in case you're a little hard of hearing, brother, let's have a show of hands.

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SIMON

As you wish.

(to all)

All in favor of retaining the temporary
Director-in-Chief, myself, as permanent
director, raise their hands.

89
CONT'D
(2)

Simon and the three Directors on one side of the table raise
their hands.

SIMON

Opposed?

Peter and the three Directors on his side of the table raise
their hands.

SIMON

The vote is tied at four-four. As
prescribed in the Thrush Rules of Order,
the tie will be broken by the attending
representative of Thrush Central.

The Directors all turn to look at Solo.

ON SIMON

90

smiling in anticipation of his victory.

ON PETER

91

smiling in anticipation of his victory.

ON SOLO

92

rather nervous under the circumstances. He knits his brow,
looks deeply meditative, decides that the only thing he can
do is stall for time.

SOLO

I -- ah -- have given a great deal of
thought to this matter. You see, the
problem we're faced with -- well, what
I mean to say, there are two men --

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ON SIMON

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93

tense, nervous -- and impatient as Solo drones on.

ON PETER

94

tense, nervous -- and impatient as Solo drones on.

BACK TO SOLO

95

droning on.

SOLO

....both remarkably well qualified to head the Thrush team in New York..... And I emphasize the word team. For, above all, we are a team -- a band of men, working in harness to provide the greatest evil for all. Now, you may ask.....

ON SIMON

96

more nervous and impatient.

ON PETER

97

ditto.

ON THE BOARD MEMBERS

98

nodding in agreement to Solo's sage words.

BACK TO SOLO

99

SOLO

....what is there about this organization that commands the loyalty, the filial devotion that we see here?

ON SIMON

100

The tension is a little too much.

SIMON (interrupting)

Uh, begging your pardon, Twenty-Six, but the Rules of Order don't permit -- ah -- speeches.

ON PETER

101

United with his brother, for once.

PETER

No offense meant, sir, but would you please cast your vote?

BACK TO SCENE

102

SOLO

Oh....Well, if I don't have any choice...

SIMON

You don't, sir.

PETER

I'm afraid not, sir.

SOLO

Very well. After careful consideration of this matter, it is my opinion that the permanent Director-in-Chief should --

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DOOR

103

It opens and Oregano appears, just a bit ashen. Solo breaks off, more than pleased with the interruption.

SIMON

What is the meaning of this, Oregano? You know board meetings are never to be interrupted! Only a dire emergency --

OREGANO

I'm afraid it is, sir.

He proffers a card which a puzzled Simon takes.

INSERT - CARD

104

It bears the number "TWENTY-SIX," as Solo's does. But stamped across the face, in red, is the word "VERIFIED."

ON SIMON AND PETER

105

The latter has come to look at the card over Simon's shoulder. Now, both pairs of eyes -- and the eyes of everyone else in the room -- go back to the door.

Where, with a sneer on her face, stands Mama Sweet.
FREEZE FRAME AND:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BOARD ROOM - ANGLE ON MAMA - DAY

106

Continuous action. PULL BACK as Mama strides into the room, casting flinty looks at the assembled troops, who return petrified stares. No one, it goes without saying, is more startled than Simon -- unless it be Peter. Mama reaches Simon's chair at the head of the table, and stares down at him. He gets up quickly.

SIMON:

Mama!

PETER

You?!!!

She sits down in his chair, puts her hands on the table, and surveys the room slowly.

MAMA (to Simon, without looking at him)

You will address me as Twenty-Six.

SIMON

Yes, Ma-- Yes, Twenty-Six.

ANGLE ON SOLO

107

The jig is up; it's run-like-hell time. He looks around, then bolts up out of his chair and makes for the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE OREGANO

108

who is standing against the door, holding a gun on Solo. Solo stops in his tracks.

WIDER ANGLE

109

MAMA

Sit down, Mr.....

PETER (quickly)

Solo, Ma.....ah, Twenty-Six. His name's Solo. He's an UNCLE agent.

Solo resumes his seat.

109
CONF'D
(2)

SIMON

He's what?

PETER

I was waiting for confirmation...I
suspected it all along.....

U
1

5

MAMA

Of course you did! You brought him in here!

Peter gulps, and stares down at the table.

SIMON (indicating Peter)

Ah-Ha! Now you see what I've had to put up with all these years! He jeopardized the welfare of this entire organization -- just so he could embarrass me!

MAMA

Indeed? And who gave this Mr. Solo my seat at the Board meeting? Who gave him a royal welcome, and put him in the executive suite?

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE DOOR TO EXECUTIVE SUITE

111

MAMA (cont'd; gets up
and goes to the door of the
suite)

And who gave him....

She jerks open the door to the suite and Wendy, who has been eavesdropping, falls forward onto the floor.

MAMA (cont'd)

.....this.

(returns to seat)

A foul kettle of fish, this. But fortunately ...

(sits down, beat)

.....the cat has arrived.

(raises her voice)

Oregano!

OREGANO

Yes, Twenty-Six.

MAMA
There's a bogus cab driver sitting in
a cab outside the shop downstairs.
Long hair, stupid looking. He's an
UNCLE agent.

111
CONT'D
(2)

ON OREGANO

U:
b

112

He picks up a nearby wall phone....

EXT. HABERDASHERY - CLOSE ON ILLYA IN CAB - DAY

113

He is talking on communicator.

ILLYA (into communicator)
...she's been in there quite a while,
sir. I'm going in and take a look.

Illya puts away the communicator, and takes off his cap.

WIDER ANGLE

114

He gets out of the cab and goes into the shop.

INT. HABERDASHERY - DAY

115

Cardamon, with a fitter's tape draped around his neck,
approaches Illya.

CARDAMON
May I show you something, sir?

ILLYA (looks around)
I was looking for a friend.

ANGLE PAST THEM ON SLIDING DOOR

116

It slides open and several Guards (dressed in overcoats)
run out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

117

The Guards race through the shop and out into the street.

113

ANOTHER ANGLE 119

CARDAMON
You've found a friend, sir.

ZIP PAN TO:

HOLD SHOT for a long beat, then the door opens, and Solo emerges with his hands raised and a Thrush Guard behind him. The door closes, Solo and Guard move OUT OF SHOT... we wait a beat, then the door re-opens, and Wendy emerges followed by Guard, door closes, Wendy and Guard move OUT OF SHOT.....and the same process is repeated for Peter, and then Simon.

ZIP FAN TO:

A Guard prods Illya toward the vault door. A second Guard opens the door and Illya is shoved inside. The two Guards wear overcoats. Illya is coatless.

Illya, Solo and Wendy are near the door. Across the room Simon and Peter are rolling on the floor, locked in mortal combat. Everyone is bundled in winter clothing except Illya.

SOLO (to Iliya)
Somehow, I expected you.

ILLYA (nods toward
 battle)
What's that?

123
CONT'D
(2)

 SOLO
Brotherly love.

 ILLYA
Why are they in here with us?

 SOLO
Mama Sweet is cleaning house

to
1.

ON SIMON AND PETER

124

on the floor. Simon has his hands around Peter's neck.

 SIMON (through clenched
 teeth)
It was your ambition that put us in here,
dear Peter.

 PETER (through clenched
 teeth)
It was your stupidity, dear Simon.

They flip over, and now Peter gets his hands around Simon's
neck.

 PETER
Breathe deeply, beloved brother. It
may be your last breath.

 SIMON
Not as long as you're alive, brother
of mine.

ON SOLO, ILLYA AND WENDY

125

 ILLYA
Freud would have a picnic with those
two. By the way, why is everyone
bundled up?

 WENDY
Napoleon fixed the air conditioning to
keep the doll cold. Wasn't that clever?

ILLYA

125

I hate to tell you this, clever
Napoleon, but I'm not cold at all.

CONT'D

(points to Solo's neck)

(2)

And you're sweating.

SOLO (loosening his coat)

You know what I think?...I think I over-
loaded the air conditioner...And it's
broken down....

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE VAULT - ON GUARDS - DAY

126

They are removing their coats.

GUARD

At least they've managed to fix the air
conditioning.

INT. BOARD ROOM - DAY

27

Mama is at the head of the table. The remaining four Board
Members are seated as before. All the members have shed
their overcoats, which lie in piles on nearby chairs.

MAMA

You've heard the charges against Simon
and Peter Sweet. It's up to you gentle-
men to decide their punishment. Is there
anyone who wishes to speak?

One Board Member raises. Mama gestures with her head for
him to speak.

BOARD MEMBER

May I say that both of these men have
served THRUSH faithfully for many years.
(ingratiating smile at Mama)

The other Board Members look at Mama and nod their assent.
Mama sits stone-faced throughout these proceedings.

BOARD MEMBER (cont'd)

Except for this...lapse...both have unblem-
ished records. Any mother could be proud
of having two such sons.

(another ingratiating smile at
Mama)

OTHER MEMBERS (AD-LIB)
Hear, hear! ...Absolutely!...Fine boys...
Credit to their mother....

127
CONT'D
(2)

BOARD MEMBER

I therefore propose that this board
recommend clemency in the case of Simon
and Peter Sweet. All in favor raise
their hands.

All the Board Members raise their hands.

BOARD MEMBER

Opposed?

Mama Sweet raises her hand. The astonished Board Members
stare at her.

BOARD MEMBER (looks at

Mama, surprised)

Opposed?

MAMA (ominous)

Do you think to curry favor with me
by pardoning my two sons? I could
have you all shot for this!

BOARD MEMBER

But Twenty-Six, we thought----

MAMA (interrupts)

You thought wrong! I am a Thrush
agent first, and a mother second----
if at all.

(businesslike)

I hereby exercise my veto power as a
member of Thrush Central, and reverse
the decision of this board. Simon and
Peter Sweet are to be executed forth-
with, along with those two Uncle agents
and that girl. The meeting is adjourned.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. VAULT - DAY

128

Simon and Peter are still embroiled in combat, though
obviously grown weary from the prolonged exertion. Illya
is tugging at them, trying to get their attention, but they
are oblivious of everything except the urge to annihilate
each other.

ILLYA (tugging at a
 shoulder)
Listen to me! This whole place is
going to blow up in a matter of minutes!
 (tugging at the other brother)
Do you hear me! This building is going
to blow sky high!

128
CONT'D
(2)

WIDER ANGLE

129

Solo joins Illya.

 SOLO
It doesn't matter. They can't get out
of here any more than we can.

 ILLYA
How much time do you think we have?

 SOLO
The air conditioning's been off for an
hour.
 (shrugs)
We could have five minutes----or five
seconds.

 ILLYA
You wouldn't shrug if you'd seen that
stuff explode.

ANGLE ON DOOR

130

It opens and Mama enters, followed by Oregano, Cardamon,
and several Guards.

 MAMA (to Simon and Peter)
Stop that!

ON SIMON AND PETER

131

They stop fighting and look at Mama sheepishly.

 SIMON AND PETER
Yes, Mama.

MAMA (to Solo, Illya and Wendy)
You three are aware of what's in store for you.

SOLO
Yes, but we're running a store too. And we're having a clearance sale on explosions. Big ones

OREGANO
He's bluffing.

to
n.

MAMA (silences Oregano, to Solo)
What do you mean?

SOLO
Two ounces of M-4 is about to go off at any minute. As soon as the temperature hits ninety.

SIMON
Then we'll freeze it. It's right here in the vault....

SOLO (shakes his head)
Uh-uh.

Peter quickly moves to where the box containing the hula doll should be. He looks up at Mama in great alarm.

PETER
It's gone!

MAMA (to Solo)
Tell us where it is!

SOLO
No thank you. You give us a pound of ice and a five minute start.

OREGANO
Never!

MAMA (to Oregano)
Shut up!

SOLO
That's the deal. Take it or leave it.
(looks at watch)
But if you don't take it quick, we'll
all be leaving.

132
CONT'D
(2)

MAMA (to Guard)
Ice!

A Guard leaves.

OREGANO
It's a bluff, Twenty-Six!

MAMA
I don't think so, Oregano. I don't
think so at all.

ANOTHER ANGLE

U
t

133!

Solo, Illya and Wendy begin moving toward the door. A
Guard blocks their way.

SOLO (to Mama, rubbing
his neck)
It's getting pretty warm.

MAMA (to Guard)
Let them through.

The Guard moves aside, and the three move slowly through
the door. The Guard who left previously returns with a
tray of ice. Solo takes it from him.

ANGLE DOWN CORRIDOR

134

Solo, Illya and Wendy back slowly down the corridor and
disappear around a corner. Illya brings up the rear of
the little column, and he is the last one we see going
around the corner.

MAMA (to Thrushmen)
Follow them....Once they lead you to
the H-4 -- kill them!

PAN as Oregano and Cardamon lead the Guards down the
corridor to the corner, following the boys and Wendy.

CLOSER SHOT

135

as they peer carefully around the corner.

THEIR POV - ILLYA

136

disappearing around another corner down the corridor,
apparently the last of the three.

RESUME - THRUSHES

137

TRUCK after them as they move around the corner and down
the corridor after Illya.

ANGLE ON WENDY AND SOLO

138

in a doorway in the middle of the corridor. They are
pressed flat against the wall as the Thrush posse passes.
Now they move out of the doorway and move down the corridor
in the opposite direction from Illya.

INT. VAULT - DAY

139

Hands on hips, Mama confronts her sons, who hang their heads
like the naughty children they are.

MAMA

Boobies! Nincompoops! I'll take
care of you while the guards are
taking care of those Uncle agents.

She takes them by the ears, and begins to lead them out of
the vault, one on each side.

TRUCKING SHOT - HEAD ON

140

TRUCKING BACK as Mama leads the boys TOWARD CAMERA, by the
ears.

SIMON (flinching from
ear-stretch)

Ow!...You'll make it quick, won't you,
Mama?

PETER
Don't let us suffer, Mama.....Ow!

140
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY

141

Solo and Wendy rush in with the ice bucket, move to the adjacent bathroom. There is a vase between the two sinks. From it, Illya removes the hula doll. He quickly tosses it into the bucket, and Wendy packs ice around it. Illya next spills the contents of the vase -- about a quart of water -- into one of the sinks.

ILLYA
Just in the nick of time. All the
ice has melted.

CUT TO:

to 142-143 OUT
in.

INT. CORRIDOR WITH ESCAPE CHUTE - DAY

144

Mama leads her two boys to a directory of offices on the wall.

as Mama lets go of her boys and reaches for the directory.

SIMON (surprised)

Mama, that's an escape hatch!

MAMA

Don't you think I know that? You silly ninnies. Did you think I was going to let them kill you? My boys!? After I worked my fingers to the bone to raise you --- even if you did turn out to be a pair of nitwits.

She opens the door to the escape hatch. The door is spring-loaded, so it flops closed if you let go of it.

MAMA

Quick! Before----

(looks down corridor)

THEIR POV - ILLYA

146

coming around the corner. He stops in his tracks.

RESUME - MAMA AND BOYS

147

Now they look in the opposite direction.

THEIR POV - THRUSHES

148

coming around a corner at the opposite end of the corridor.

OREGANO (pointing)

There he is!

FULL SHOT - ENTIRE CORRIDOR

149

Illya at one end, Mama and the boys in the middle, and the Thrush Guards at the other end. The Guards fire, Illya dives to the floor, and Mama lurches back against the wall, letting go of the escape hatch door, which slams shut. Illya gets up and races back the way he came, and the Thrush Guards rush past Mama and the boys in pursuit of Illya.

Mama slides slowly to the floor.

SIMON

Mama!

PETER

Mama! Don't die!

The boys kneel over her.

MAMA

A mother works all her life to raise two sons. She slaves over a hot stove, she darns socks, she struggles...Oh, how she struggles! And what does she get?
Ninnies! A pair of ninnies!

Her eyes close and her head rolls.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE - DAY

151

Solo and Wendy are near one of the doors. Solo is opening it slowly. Suddenly Illya bursts in through the other door. He runs across the room. Wendy holds the bucket.

ILLYA (running)

Let's go!

All three go out the first door, while the Thrush pursuers come through Illya's door and race after them.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

152

ON three, running.

ILLYA

I've found the emergency escape route.

SOLO

I hope they don't mind your using it.

Simon and Peter are kneeling beside Mama's still warm body. Solo, Illya and Wendy run down the corridor toward them.

ANOTHER ANGLE

154

Simon and Peter look down at Mama.

SIMON

She's gone.

PETER

Yes.

SIMON

She was really a very good mother, you know?

PETER

...and a wonderful cook. They don't come any better. The way she made chicken soup...

SIMON (thoughtfully)

I wonder --

PETER

Huh?

SIMON

I wonder if she left us anything.

While having this discussion, the brothers have been completely oblivious to Solo, Illya and Wendy who have raced up to the escape hatch door and disappeared...

REVERSE ANGLE

155

SHOWING Oregano coming down the corridor. He FIRES a burst at Illya.

RESUME - ESCAPE HATCH SCENE

156

Illya pops into the chute unscathed. Simon and Peter are hit. They fall across Mama.

ANGLE ON SWEETS

157

Together forever.

INT. HABERDASHERY - MED. SHOT - WAVERLY - DAY

158

We can't tell that it's Waverly, since his back is toward us. He is standing near a shelf of hats, trying on a homburg. Near him, a wall panel suddenly flips open and Wendy, Solo and Illya slide out onto the floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

159

Waverly turns and looks at them.

WAVERLY

Ah, good morning, gentlemen.

(to Wendy)

Miss...

(as the trio react)

I suspected this might be Thrush headquarters. I had the building surrounded.

(indicates chute)

Is this the only exit?

SOLO
This and the sliding door over there.

159
CONT'D
(2)

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE UNCLE AGENTS

160

Waverly nods and the Agents take up positions near the sliding door and the escape hatch. Waverly goes to the mirror and adjusts the homburg.

WAVERLY
I don't think it suits me

SOLO
On the contrary, sir, I think it's just your style.

Waverly turns and gives Solo a very suspicious look.

ZIP PAN TO:

Waverly enters. He looks around, puzzled.

WAVERLY
Hello? Anybody home?

ANOTHER ANGLE

162

Solo comes out of the closet, Wendy with him.

WAVERLY
Ah, Mr. Solo. And with a young lady,
needless to say.

SOLO
This is Miss Thyme -- Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY
Charmed.

WENDY
Likewise.

Now Illya comes out of the closet, accompanied by Marge.

ILLYA
Mr. Waverly -- Miss Canford. She's been
most -- understanding.

MARGE
It was all in a good cause.

WAVERLY
I hope so, my dear...Uh, perhaps it's
rash of me to ask, but -- what were
you all doing in that closet?

ILLYA
Strictly in the line of duty, sir.

WAVERLY
Oh?

SOLO (gestures toward
closet)
Would you care to have a look?

WAVERLY

Yes, I believe I would.

162

CONT'D

(2)

He enters the closet.

ON WAVERLY IN CLOSET

163

He peers through one of the holes in the wall.

WHAT HE SEES - WOMAN LADLING SOUP

164

The woman is strongly reminiscent of Mama Sweet. She is
ladling soup into six bowls.

INT. CLOSET

165

WAVERLY

Chicken soup?

ILLYA

It smells like it.

WAVERLY

THRUSH?

SOLO

We're about to check it out, sir.

ILLYA

She's invited all five of us for dinner.

On Waverly's pleased reaction --

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FADE OUT.

THE END