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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE HOT NUMBER AFFAIR

Prod. #8456

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

"The Hot Number Affair"

Prod. #8456

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE - (STOCK) - NIGHT

Al

A typical fairly run-down section infested with artists and poor people, featuring decaying charm. Over this:

SOMEWHERE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

EXT. GREENWICH VILLAGE STREET AND BUILDING - (STOCK) - NIGHT

AlX1

CAMERA EXAMINES this walk-up with an attic room that has a glass skylight.

INT. WALK-UP HALLWAY - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

1

SOLO and ILLYA come in from the outside door, move to an inner door marked "MANAGER" as:

SOLO

You know, I'm getting sore knuckles from knocking?

ILLYA (scornfully)

Tenderfoot!

Illya knocks on the Manager's door. Again. The door opens and a harridan MANAGER opens the door, glares at them with absolute hatred.

MANAGER

You don't like the plumbing, move!

She starts to slam the door. The boys hastily stop her

SOLO

Wait -- we're looking for a Mr. Jay France.

MANAGER

So go look -- I don't know no Jay France.

1

CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Did he live in this building?

MANAGER (a shrug)

Who knows? They come and go, one's as bad as the other --

ILLYA

Well, he's an artist --

The Manager gives him a look.

MANAGER

Big deal! Down here, every deadbeat's an artist when it comes to jumping the rent --

SOLO

Look -- this is very important --

MANAGER

So's what's cooking on my stove. Get lost.

And she slams the door in their face. They look at each other -- Well, here we go again. They move down the hall toward the staircase, stop at the next door.

ILLYA

Well, I guess the only thing to do is -- keep knocking.

Solo offers the door to Illya, who starts to knock.

INT. VILLAGE STUDIO - NIGHT

2

Top floor in same building -- a campy, paint-splattered rat's nest littered with silk screen equipment -- frames, paint, fabric, racks....the walls are covered with atrocious fabric pattern sketches. JAY FRANCE, the resident, is an arty weirdo, with bare feet, flowered apron and vacant, rimmed eyes. Standing before him is CHARLES BUUDER, an old starved bull of a man. Humorless, with the smell of death on him. He is accompanied by JOHN HARDY, an icy young

Nazi type, very fair, like a washed-out photograph.
Buuder carries a newspaper, folded to a picture.

2

CONT'D
(2)

BUUDER

Look here, Mr. France, we paid you
-- and we paid you well -- to make an
exclusive fabric print for us --

JAY

So you got it. What's the matter,
you didn't like it?

BUUDER

-- Exclusive -- that means one only!
You made a copy!

Jay starts to back away. Hardy subtly moves, angling to
get behind him as:

JAY

Who says so?

He cuts off abruptly as Hardy suddenly grabs him from
behind by the hair, pulls him up tight. Buuder opens the
paper, holds it in front of Jay as:

BUUDER

This! See the pattern of this dress?
It's made out of my exclusive design!

JAY

All you gave me was a jumble of
cokamamie signs and colors - and I
made it a thing of beauty! An artist
has a right to his own creation!

BUUDER

Not this one. Who did you give it to?

JAY

I take the Fifth on that --

Hardy tightens his grip, enjoying his work. Jay winces
with pain.

BUUDER

You'll take nothing. Who has that
print?

JAY

I can't tell you.

Hardy lets him have it, knocking him halfway across the room. Hardy, cat-quick, gets to him, spins him around face Buuder again as:

2
CONT'D
(3)

BUUDER

Who has it?

JAY

Just a friend, somebody I wanted to help out --

CROINK! Hardy clouts him again and he slams up against the wall. They move in on him again, remorseless.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR LANDING AT STAIRS - NIGHT

3

Same building. The boys come up the stairs dragging their feet, stop at the first door. Some monstrous temple bells hang there, a substitute for a knocker.

SOLO

That's a relief.

jangles and jingles the bells.

INT. JAY'S PAD - NIGHT

4

Slam -- Hardy has just knocked France from B.G. to F.G. up against some screens. Jay's hurt bad but really rabbit defiant now. Hardy, almost bored, begins to pour a can of volatile fluid all over the place, over the screens piled up midroom as Buuder watches him somnolently. O.S., they HEAR the BELLS downstairs JANGLE.

BUUDER

For the last time, Mr. France --
the very last --

He lights a match. Hardy sees a big scissors on a rack, picks it up with deadly relish.

JAY

You rotten Cossacks! You're getting
nothing out of me, nothing!

Hardy raises the scissors, ready to kill.

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P.4

HARDY
Time to talk -- now!

4
CONT'D
(2)

JAY (backing, really
scared)
No -- now come on, you guys -- I just
did it for my buddy at Agnes-Sue's --

He starts to angle away. Hardy starts to track him.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR LANDING - AT DOOR - NIGHT

5

Solo and Illya at door. It opens wide, revealing a statuesque, half-clad GIRL standing there with a welcoming smile on her face. It's suddenly obvious the boys are the wrong bell-janglers so, naturally, she SCREAMS - and slams the door in their face. O.S., above them, another MUFFLED SCREAM tops the girl's. Startled, the boys look up, head toward the staircase.

SHARP CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S PAD - NIGHT

6

CLOSE ANGLE, Jay, SCREAMING THINLY as he goes down from the scissors. Simultaneously, Buuder drops his match onto a pile of screens. They both hurry out the window and down the fire escape as the flames lick higher and higher.

INT. TOP FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

6X1

as Buuder and Hardy come out, closing the door quickly behind them and move up fast up the fire escape ladder leading to the roof. Immediately, Solo and Illya race up to the top of the stairs, see the smoke beginning to pour out of Jay's door, try it. It's locked. They back away a step, get ready to rush at it and break it in.

SOLO
One, two...

VR00000M! Before Solo can count three, there is a DULL EXPLOSION. The splintered door comes flying toward them propelled by a blast of orange flame. FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN
INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

7

Solo and Illya are seated. WAVERLY enters. They rise respectfully, then re-seat. Waverly carries the twisted, blackened remains of the scissors. He places them conspicuously on the table.

SOLO
I'm sorry that was all we could salvage, sir.

Illya has been examining the photo seen earlier in a copy of Fashion Weekly. He passes it to Solo.

ILLYA
Perhaps this might help us.

INSERT - PHOTO

8

Back shot of Ramona in a mini-length slip dress of supple ban-lon. Barely visible is a pattern of small squares, circles, and triangles.

BACK TO SCENE

9

WAVERLY
Rather a poor photograph. Unfortunately, the original isn't much better.

Waverly passes a black and white 8 x 10 photo.

ILLYA
Well, we can't see enough of the dress pattern to be certain, but I'd say it was a tertiary code.

Illya passes it to Solo for inspection.

WAVERLY (asking)
Mr. Solo?

SOLO (judiciously)
Looks more like a secondary code
to me.

9
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
A preliminary examination indicates
it to be the Thrush F.Y.R.

ILLYA (genuinely impressed)
The Thrush Five Year Report?

WAVERLY
Complete with names, dates, and places.
Apparently they chose this method to
transmit the report....

SOLO
Not with a picture in the paper...

WAVERLY
Certainly not. It's obvious that the
dress or the fabric somehow slipped
out of their possession.

ILLYA
Which is why France was killed.

WAVERLY
Precisely, Mr. Kuryakin. And Thrush
will do everything in its power to
recover that dress. Unless, of course...

SOLO AND ILLYA (together)
We get to it first.

WAVERLY (pleased)
Very good, gentlemen, very good.

Solo and Illya take up the photo and examine it eagerly.

SOLO
Who's the girl?

ILLYA (jumping through
the copy in the caption)
...A posh affair...Liz wore a pink
crepe...Jane...daring cut-out satin.
(can find nothing)
It doesn't mention the girl or the
dress.

SOLO

That kind of stops us cold.

Waverly hands Solo a magnifying glass and invites him and Illya to inspect the scissors.

9
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY

Take a look at this lethal device you picked up at that designer's studio.

SOLO

It looks like the owner's name etched on it.

ILLYA (reading)

Agnes Sue? Who's Agnes Sue?

WAVERLY

As far as we're able to determine, she manufactures women's dresses.

The three exchange meaningful looks.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

10

Elegant. Gold and white. Antique table, chairs. Two walls are lined with dress samples, profusely tagged and swatched. Order books and fabric cards lie about. Two beautifully bodied, but not pretty MODELS show dresses to SEVERAL BUYERS. The company's two owners scurry around. HARRY PARKAGINIAN, the senior partner, is a head shorter than the junior partner, HARRY SIGHN. Both men are in their sixties, thin, wracked and permanently bent forward from forty years of peering into the abyss of financial disaster.

ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

11

Enter Solo and Illya. Solo wears a look of anticipated pleasure. Illya is in a foreign environment.

FULL SHOT

12

The two Harrys, Parkaginian and Sighn, converge on them.

SOLO

We'd like to see Peggy Anne.

PARKAGINIAN

You're looking.

(indicating partner)

This is Peggy -

(indicating self)

- and this is Anne.

SOLO

My name is Solo and this is Mr. Kuryakin.

PARKAGINIAN (warmly,
indicating)

Harry Sighn and Harry Parkaginian.

SIGHN

Kuryakin...this is a Japanese name?

PARKAGINIAN

Harry, please...

SOLO

Mr. Kuryakin represents the Goldwood Store....the Japanese branch.

PARKAGINIAN

Are you satisfied, Harry? That's a high volume outlet.

ILLYA

We don't want to mislead you, we're only interested in one dress.

Illya takes out the newspaper photo.

PARKAGINIAN

One dress?....This is a wholesale house.

SIGHN (matter-of-fact,
to Illya)
You want my honest opinion? You don't
look like a buyer.

12
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
What Mr. Kuryakin means is we're buy-
ing only one style today. This one
here.

Solo passes the paper to Parkaginian. They scrutinize it.
They start to leaf through the sample rack. Parkaginian
pulls out a dress that vaguely resembles it.

PARKAGINIAN (without
doubt)
This is the dress. From the spring
line.

The boys examine it.

ILLYA
I don't think so. See, in the picture
this pattern, little circles...

Parkaginian checks the photo. Now he knows the dress.
He selects a dress and expertly flourishes it before the
boys.

PARKAGINIAN
With the back cut a little lower this
is the same dress.

It isn't.

ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

13

RAMONA VAN DYKE enters. A statuesque, smoky beauty with
the presence of a Bessmer Converter -- yet child-like,
mystic, ultra-feminine. If it weren't numerically
impossible, she would turn on the whole world. She has
the poignant aloofness all beautiful women learn to effect
to keep from being devoured.

RAMONA
'Morning, Mr. Sighn, 'morning, Mr. P.

PARKAGINIAN (checking
watch)
This is morning?

13
CONT'D
(2)

Parkaginian hands her the dress he is holding but doesn't let go until he wants her to leave.

RAMONA
Some nutty friend of mine dragged me
all over the Carribean in his plane.

PARKAGINIAN (checking
watch again)
This took till twelve o'clock?

RAMONA
I'll hurry.

Ramona turns to leave.

SOLO (calling after her)
Miss...

She keeps right on going and exits into --

INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

14

The comparison between the bright, shiny showroom and this grimy, bare-beamed loft space is shattering. The center of the large dismal room is taken up by two long cutting tables. Dress racks, forms, fabric bolts fill the remainder of the room. Ramona breezes through and into a small changing area behind some screens. Her passing has a devastating effect on JERRY.

MED. SHOT

15

Jerry is a genuinely pleasant young man, sensitive, Candide-like, instant friend, with a measure of frivolity indicated by his flowing locks. He's ambitious and hard working with none of the brittleness frequently associated with those qualities. He's patient and uncomplaining until near the end, when Ramona seems lost to him, for a moment indulges in self-pity. At the moment, wearing a cutter's apron, he is guiding a cutting knife through several dozen layers of fabric. He stops. He takes from under the table a newspaper folded to the picture. He enthuses over it then --

WIDER ANGLE

16

-- Jerry heads for Ramona's area. His eyes are bright as
knocks on her screen.

JERRY

Ramona?

ANOTHER ANGLE

17

Ramona is transferring her makeup from her floppy hand bag
to a tiny makeup table.

RAMONA (casually)

Come in. .

Jerry enters. Ramona takes very little notice of him.
He's a nice boy but he's simply not important to her.
When she talks to him she is always busy doing something
else. She never even bothers to look at him until the
very end of the play.

JERRY

You made Lady's Wear.

Jerry's spirits are high but ebb and flow with her re-
sponse. He shows her the photo.

RAMONA (non-plussed)

Is that me?

JERRY

This one picture could put Peggy Anne
on the map.

Ramona casually begins to remove her dress. Jerry politely
turns his back.

RAMONA

Hand me that hanger, will you, please?

He does.

JERRY

We're going to get calls for that
dress, I know it. I gave it simple
lines so it wouldn't detract from the
pattern. Actually, it's the pattern
that will sell it, not my design.

Ramona sits down in her slip and proceeds to work on her makeup.

17
CONT'D
(2)

JERRY (cont'd)

I really appreciate your wearing it.
I really do.

RAMONA

I like the dress.

JERRY

You can keep it as soon as we get it into work.

RAMONA (with the detachment of a woman used to receiving)

Thanks.

(then)

Gary, could you move over a little.
You're blocking my light.

JERRY (correcting her)

Jerry...

He moves.

JERRY (cont'd)

You didn't bring the dress in, did you.

RAMONA

Uh, uh (no). Do you need it?

JERRY

That's the only copy of it in existence.
That print is hand screened one-of-a-kind. We have to give it to the converter to copy.

(then)

Boy, you know, this could get Peggy Anne out of the hole. Did you know Mr. P had his house mortgaged?

RAMONA (feigning polite concern)

Really?

Ramona takes a false eyelash off and hands it to Jerry.

RAMONA

Gary, could you find a scissors or
something and snip off about -
(indicating)
- this much.

17
CONT'D
(3)

*played
slip
page*

Jerry picks up a huge pair of scissors and snips away using
his tongue for English.

JERRY

That party got a lot of coverage, didn't
it?

RAMONA

Did I get any calls this morning?

Hands her back the lashes which she puts on.

JERRY

Oh, yeah. I almost forgot. Some guy
called with a weird name. I think he
was an Arab or something.

RAMONA (she knows)

Poo-Shee-Ba-Ba...

Ramona slips into a dress.

JERRY

Yeah. He wants you to see his oil
fields or something.

RAMONA (bored)

Him and his oil fields. He's a big
drag.

JERRY

He's going to call back.

RAMONA

Tell him I left for Australia or some-
thing, will you?

(then)

Those sheets he wears are the worst.

Ramona heads for the showroom.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

18

Ramona comes out and models for Solo and Illya. Illya systematically working his way through the dress rack.

ILLYA

It's not necessary to model the dresses for us.

SOLO

Let's not be too hasty, Mr. Kuryakin.

PARKAGINIAN

It's the only way to see the lines of the garment.

SIGHN (still preoccupied with Illya)

You want to know my opinion? You don't even look Japanese.

PARKAGINIAN (spare me)

Harry, enough already.

(holds his side)

I'm getting a pain from you.

SOLO (studying Ramona)

Miss, could you turn around once more?

Ramona does. Solo looks her over carefully.

SOLO (cont'd)

That does look like the dress....but it isn't.

Ramona leaves them to show the dress to another buyer.

NEW ANGLE

19

Illya has come to the end of the dress rack.

ILLYA

Are these all the prints you have?

SIGHN

Prints are not big this year. Now, if you said stripes...

PARKAGINIAN

Out here, on the models, in the back
...let me check in the back.

19
CONT'D.
(2)

Parkaginian and Sign exit with the newspaper into --

INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

20

As soon as they are out of sight of the showroom, they
huddle over the photo.

SIGHN

I, myself, am not too crazy about
this dress, but -- my taste is not
perfect. Maybe it's a hot number.

PARKAGINIAN

Harry, forty years and you're still
looking for a hot number?

SIGHN

So?

PARKAGINIAN

So you wouldn't recognize a hot number
if it jumped off the rack and hit you
on the nose. You kept us out of knits,
we missed the pants suit, the Sonny and
Cher look passed us like a shot...

SIGHN

My only regret is that when I get my
hands on a hot number it'll make you
rich too.

PARKAGINIAN

I promise you right now you can have
my share. I'll sign a paper.

SIGHN (spare me)

Please. You sound exactly like your
sister.

PARKAGINIAN

Harry, don't bring my sister into this.
I don't like her any more than you do.
(then)

Now, let's take care of the buyer.

SIGN

If he's a buyer, I'm a telephone pole.

20

CONT'D

(2)

PARKAGINIAN

Harry, don't make me tell you what you are.

SIGN (indicating photo)

This is a hot number and they want to steal the design. This market is full of thieves.

PARKAGINIAN (dismissing
his junior)

Harry, go watch the showroom so no one will walk off with the floor.

Sign exits to the showroom.

NEW ANGLE

21

Parkagianian approaches Jerry. Jerry continues cutting all during the conversation.

PARKAGINIAN

Jerry, did we cut this dress?

He shows Jerry the newspaper.

JERRY

I did it on my own, Mr. P.

PARKAGINIAN

You're a designer now?

JERRY

I thought the line could use a little help.

PARKAGINIAN

Jerry, don't be a genius. Be a cutter first. You're a nice boy, not pushy, stay that way.

JERRY

You're going to get calls on that dress.

PARKAGINIAN

Jerry, don't make trouble. I have a buyer in the showroom and no sample,

JERRY

Tell him to come back. I'll get the sample.

21

CONT'D

(2)

PARKAGINIAN

And, Jerry, please, get a haircut, I'll pay for the barber.

ANOTHER ANGLE

22

At that moment Ramona swishes by. Both men must turn to admire her. She disappears behind her screen.

CLOSE ON JERRY

23

Left momentarily unattended, the cutting machine creeps through the goods, slicing the legs off eight dozen pairs of capris.

TWO SHOT

24

Jerry and Parkaginian survey his blunder.

JERRY

Gee, Mr. P, I feel terrible about this.

PARKAGINIAN (never cruel;
underplaying)

Why? Why should you feel terrible?

It's not your goods. It's my goods.

JERRY

I'm glad you're not too upset.

PARKAGINIAN

Upset? Why should I be upset? If you did something good, I'd be upset. Disaster I know.

Parkaginian clutches his gas pain.

JERRY

Shall I get your pills?

Parkaginian stares at the capris.

JERRY (cont'd; indicating)

Can we put a seam here?

24

CONT'D

(2)

Parkaginian gets sicker. He turns to leave.

JERRY (cont'd)

Shall I make Bermudas?

Parkaginian nods "yes" and keeps going.

NEW ANGLE

25

We HEAR the PHONE RING. Jerry goes to answer it on a wall phone.

JERRY (into phone)

Hello?...Ramona?...Lady's Wear calling?
Just a minute.

(starts to put the receiver down
but speaks into it again)

Hello? Is this Selma?....This is Jerry
....Yes, that was Ramona in the picture
....You had some calls already?....Sure
it's a Peggy Anne dress....Of course
tell them. That's why she wore the
dress.....Okay, 'bye.

Jerry hangs up.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

26

Parkaginian rejoins Solo, Illya and Sighn. He hands back the newspaper.

SOLO

Anything in the back?

PARKAGINIAN

Just a genius but no print dresses.
Could you come back tomorrow?

SOLO

If you aren't going to have this
particular dress...

PARKAGINIAN

I'll try to get it.

Solo and Illya feel it's just a sales ploy but.....Solo hands Parkaginian a card.

26
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

If you run across it, give us a call.

PARKAGINIAN (reading)

Uncle? The name of a dress shop?

SOLO

Catchy, isn't it.

Parkaginian pockets the card.

ANOTHER ANGLE

27

The boys turn to leave and are face to face with Buuder, Hardy and THREE other HEAVIES. They are armed with automatic rifles. One heavy carries a spraying device. They cover the occupants of the showroom.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

28

SOLO (whispering to
Illya)

I have a feeling this is not your
average holdup.

INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

29

Jerry sees the proceedings in the showroom. He panics.
He races back to Ramona.

JERRY

We're being held up!

RAMONA

Where?

JERRY

There!

Ramona looks. Goodness! Ramona, still wearing the dress,
loops up her makeup and clothes and jams them into her
huge, floppy hand bag.

ANOTHER ANGLE

30

Jerry motions her toward a freight loading chute (like a playground slide).

JERRY

Please, Ramona, hurry. I don't know what I'd do if you get hurt!

Ramona climbs onto the chute.

RAMONA

Through here?

Jerry pulls a lever, a door opens, the chute tips, and away she goes.

JERRY (calling after her)

You'll come out on the loading dock!

INT. SHOWROOM

31

Hardy is still going through the dresses.

HARDY

This will take forever.

BUUDER

All right. Forget it. Pile everything in the middle of the floor.

Hardy and one of the Thrushies set about doing so. The other Thrushman covers Illiya, Solo and the Harry's.

32-OUT

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

33-34

wide-eyed. He leans toward Solo.

ILLYA (whispering)

Do you suppose they're looking for the same thing we're looking for?

SOLO (whispers)

I think it's altogether possible.

The Thrushmen are clearing the racks and piling the dresses in the middle of the floor.

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ILLYA

We can't let them do that.

33-34
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Any suggestions?

35-36 OUT

ON THE HARRY'S

36X1

SIGHN

Gentlemen, gentlemen, why don't you
tell us what you're looking for?

PARKAGINIAN

Whatever it is, we'll give you a special
price.

SIGHN

And if we don't have it, we'll make it!

BUUDER

Shut up!

NEW ANGLE

37

Buuder takes the sprayer from one of the Heavies and
drenches the dresses with a colorless liquid. The clothes
begin to smolder, blacken and shrivel up.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

38

SOLO

Acid!

ILLYA

Now!

BACK TO SCENE

39

Illya thinks he sees a chance and starts for Hardy, but
as a gun is whipped up to nose level.

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P:21A

ANOTHER ANGLE

40

Instinctively, Solo lunges on the two count. Buuder hits Solo with a stream of acid. Solo throws his hands in front of his face as we FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SHOWROOM - (CONTINUATION) - DAY

41

Solo is hit with the acid. The Heavies turn and flee.

ANOTHER ANGLE

42

Illya rips a fire extinguisher from the wall and in one coordinated motion, turns it fully onto Solo. He efficiently hoses his companion down.

ON SOLO

43

Solo stands there, soaking wet, beholding his nice suit riddled with steaming holes.

SOLO (mixed feelings)

Thanks, chum....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - (LATER) - DAY

44

The partners are watching a man repair a large burned hole in the center of the carpet. The dress racks are bare. Parkaginian is busy with a pressure can spraying away the foul odor wherever he finds it.

PARKAGINIAN (wringing
his hands)

Fire I know about, but how do you
explain acid to the insurance company?

SIGHN

You won't have to. We're not covered
for acid.

PARKAGINIAN (no disaster
will ever curb his old-world wit)

Thanks for bringing me that message.
(an afterthought)

You're not a partner, you're a carrier
pigeon.

The PHONE begins to RING in the background.

44
CONT'D
(2)

SIGHN

Who could have done such a thing?

PARKAGINIAN

My wife's people?

(rejecting it)

Couldn't be. They're in sportswear.

SIGHN

Tell me the truth, Harry, have you heard of something like this?

PARKAGINIAN

In the dress business? Never. This is a clean business.

The RINGING OF THE PHONE finally gets to Sighn.

SIGHN

Where's Elizabeth? Did she go home too?

crosses to the table upon which are several white phones.

ON PARKAGINIAN

45

with Sighn in the background on phone.

PARKAGINIAN

Everyone's deserting the rats on the sinking ship.

(looking at rug)

Someone is responsible for this.

Jerry picks this unfortunate time to pop his head out of the cutting room.

JERRY

You're on two, Mr. P.

PARKAGINIAN

Jerry.

(points to hole)

Are you responsible for this disaster?

JERRY

Me? Why me?

PARKAGINIAN

45
CONT'D
(2)

Why not? These are not normal New York gangsters....The dress you made -- that must have something to do with it.

(glumly, as he waves his hand to indicate the destruction)

Look at this! We don't even have a line left to go into bankruptcy with!

JERRY

Don't worry, Mr. P. Everything will be okay. I just got a hunch....

ANOTHER ANGLE

46

Sighn hangs up his phone, comes bustling up.

SIGHN (to Parkaginian excitedly)

Harry, why don't you answer the phone?
(his excitement mounting)

Listen, we have a hot number! Trimble's wants three dozen.

PARKAGINIAN

Three dozen? Three dozen of what? We don't even have a rag left!

JERRY

Is it the dress in FASHION WEEKLY?

SIGHN

Yeah, that's the one.

JERRY (joyous)

I knew it! We made it!

PARKAGINIAN

Beautiful. We got a hot number that I haven't even seen yet.

(picks up phone, and into it)

Agnes Sue...The dress in the paper...

Parkaginian doesn't know what to answer.

CLOSEUP - JERRY

47

frantically nods for him to say yes.

BACK TO SCENE

48

Parkaginian rejects his advice.

PARKAGINIAN (into phone)
I'm sorry, we have no samples right
now, a little accident...
(hangs up)

JERRY
Mr. P., we have the sample for that
dress.

PARKAGINIAN
Jerry, don't make more trouble. Go
in the back. Cut dresses.

JERRY
Ramona had the dress at home when this
happened.
(indicating hole)

PARKAGINIAN
Jerry, I'm not a violent man, but so
help me if you're kidding me I'll kill
you.

JERRY
Why would I kid you? That's the dress
I designed. Ramona forgot to bring it
in.

WIDER ANGLE

49

Sighn is having a time keeping up with the phones. Now
he claps his hand over the receiver and fixes Jerry and
Parkaginian with a look of disbelief.

SIGHN
Bergdorff's!

PARKAGINIAN (can't
believe it)
Bergdorff's? What do they want?

SIGHN (nods dramatically)
The hot number...

Sighn goes back to the phone.

TWO SHOT

50

Parkaginian is overwhelmed. Tears fill his eyes as he embraces Jerry.

PARKAGINIAN

A genius. My second cousin's son, a genius.

JERRY

Thank you, Mr. P.

WIDER ANGLE

51

Sighn cupping the phone:

SIGHN

We'll put it in nylon. No, corduroy!

(an inspiration)

Better yet -- velvet! We'll cut velvet!

JERRY

Excuse me, Mr. S. I wouldn't do that.
It's the print that really makes it.

SIGHN

You're telling your boss what to do?

PARKAGINIAN (admonishing
his partner)

You're telling a genius?
(then to Jerry)

Jerry, go to Ramona and get the hot
number. In a hurry. We have to get
it into work right away before the
competition.

JERRY

I'm on my way.

Jerry dashes out.

MED. SHOT - THE PARTNERS

52

The phones have been satisfied for a moment.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

53-54

Waverly, Solo and Illya. The boys have the photo in a projector and are looking at an image on a large screen. Solo is manipulating the machine and having fun zooming in on various portions of Ramona's back.

ILLYA

I don't think we're going to learn any more from this photo.

SOLO (thoughtfully)

That lettering near the hem. B-U-U-D-E-R....

WAVERLY

That's being looked into now, Mr. Solo. Apparently it's the only thing we have left to go on.

SOLO (still thoughtful)

I don't know...That back....

(looks at Waverly)

I still say it's the model from Agnes-Sue.

ILLYA

This one's a blonde.

The phone rings.

SOLO

I don't know about her hair, but I'd know that back anywhere.

Waverly clicks off the projector, picks up the telephone.

WAVERLY (into phone)

Yes?....

(hands the phone to Solo)

It's for you, Mr. Solo.

Solo takes the phone.

SOLO (into phone)

Solo here....Right ...Put him on...

Mr. Sign?...

(reacts)

You do?....We'll be right over.

Solo hangs up, excited.

SOLO

I was right. They have the dress at Agnes sue.

A SECRETARY enters, hands Waverly an envelope.

53-54
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Thank you.

ILLYA

You mean they had it. It must have been destroyed.

SOLO (shakes his head)

Uh-uh. They say it wasn't in the shop at the time.

(to Waverly)

I think Illya and I had better get over there right away, sir.

Waverly holds up his hand. He has been reading the message brought in by the Secretary.

WAVERLY

Just a moment...You can go there, Mr. Solo. Mr. Kuryakin will have another assignment.

ILLYA

Sir?

WAVERLY (indicating the message)

The lettering on the dress. Apparently the signature of a man named --

(consults the message)

Charles A. Buuder. Cotton knits and novelty fabrics.

(a beat)

I'd like you to check him out, Mr. Kuryakin. Here's the address.

ILLYA (taking the message)

Yes, sir. Shall I -- ah -- go as a Japanese buyer?

(glances at Solo)

SOLO (helpfully)

I think he should be a fashion designer this time.

WAVERLY

Commendable, Mr. Solo. Do you think you can do a convincing job, Mr. Kuryakin?

Solo snickers.

ILLYA (sullen)

I'll try, sir.

SOLO

I'm sorry I'm going to miss that.

53-54
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY

We're going to miss everything if
you don't hasten to Agnes Sue, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Yes, sir.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

55

Solo enters. Sighn is still on the phones. The repairman has left -- the repair job is terrible. During the SCENE, Parkaginian tries to press out the humped seam with his foot. Solo approaches him.

SOLO

Remember me?

PARKAGINIAN

I never forget a face. You were in here with your wife last month. You have a retail store in Queens.

Solo lets it go.

SOLO

You called and said you had that
print....

55

CONT'D

(2)

PARKAGINIAN

You're going to be a successful young
man. You picked a winner.

SOLO

May I....can I see the dress?

PARKAGINIAN

The dress is good, trust me.

He picks up an order book.

SOLO

I'd like to see that sample.

PARKAGINIAN (putting book
down)

Look, I'm not pushing this dress.

Like a rocket -

(gesturing)

Ssssssst!

SOLO

You don't have the sample.

PARKAGINIAN (back to the
rug)

We have, but not here. Can you come
back tomorrow?

SOLO

I'm afraid that tomorrow may be too
late.

PARKAGINIAN

Okay, so sit down and wait. You young
people -- always in a hurry.

Solo flops into a chair to figure out his next move. Sighn
comes INTO SCENE, having hung up the phone.

SIGHN (awed)

Boy, is that a hot number!

ZIP PAN TO:

1-13-67

P.31

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

56

Very feminine, frilly, lavender, sexy. Ramona is wrapped in a towel talking on the phone.

RAMONA (into phone)

For the last time, I can't go running off to Europe every five minutes..... So, I'll have to miss the unveiling... Well, to tell you the truth, Bruce, I'm broke.....It doesn't matter if you pay your own way.....I get my check on the twentieth.....Okay, I love you, too. 'Bye, 'bye.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Ramona starts for the door, but the PHONE RINGS AGAIN. She goes back to the phone.

RAMONA (into phone)
Hello?....Jimmy, sweetheart, hang on
a minute, someone's at the door.

56
CONT'D
(2)

Ramona drops the phone and dashes for the door. She opens it.

NEW ANGLE

57

Jerry stands in the doorway. He's been running and he's gasping for breath.

JERRY

Hi.

RAMONA (cool, but kind)

Come on in.

Jerry wipes his feet and enters.

JERRY

You know that dress...

RAMONA (not unkindly)

Hold it a second, I'm on the phone.

Ramona returns to the phone but keeps an eye on Jerry.

RAMONA (into phone)

It's Gary from the shop....

(then brightening)

You did?....It's set for Friday?

Jimmy, you're magnificent.....We'll

set a new altitude record....So I'll

wear a pressure suit....No cracks...

I love you too, yum, yum, yum.

She hangs up and returns to Jerry.

RAMONA (polite and

friendly but nothing more)

Sit down. Do you want a drink?

JERRY (rattled)

Well, this isn't exactly a social call.

(he wants to kill himself)

RAMONA (ready to cooperate)

Okay, we'll be straight business.

JERPY (trying to recover)
Well, we don't have to be that all
business.

57
CONT'D
(2)

RAMONA (determined to
please)
Okay, how about half and half.

JERRY
I...I really came for the dress.

RAMONA
Oh. Well, I'm coming in in a little
while why don't I bring it.

JERRY
Well...I could bring it back right
now...

RAMONA
You want it now....

JERRY
We have to get it into work right away
before the competition.

RAMONA
Well, to tell you the truth, I don't
exactly have it here.

JERRY
You don't? Where is it?

RAMONA
I...left it somewhere...

JERRY (embarrassed about
the confession he's extracted)
Gee, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to
embarrass you....

Ramona deftly maneuvers Jerry to the door.

RAMONA
I'll tell you what. Let me finish
getting dressed and I'll bring it in
right away. Okay?

(JERRY (desperately
wanting to be a nice guy)
Oh, sure. There's no rush. As long
as we get it, what's the difference.

57
CONT'D
(3)

Ramona gets him out the door then touches her finger to her lips and transfers a kiss to Jerry's mouth.

RAMONA

You're a very nice boy, Gary.

She closes the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

58

Outside Ramona's door, Jerry stands there kicking himself for not being firmer. With a gesture of disgust he saunters off.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BUUDER'S OFFICE - DAY

59

Its of fabric, folded lengths and swatch books on several long tables. One side of the room is dominated by a heavy cast iron fabric rolling machine. Buuder is sitting at a desk. The inter-office PHONE BUZZES. Buuder picks it up.

BUUDER (into phone)

Yes?...I see. Send him right in.
And send Hardy in.

Buuder hangs up then rises, turns, and looks out the window so his back is to the door.

FULL SHOT

60

Illya enters wearing metal frame glasses.

ILLYA

Mr. Buuder?

Buuder answers but does not turn around.

BUUDER

I'm Mr. Buuder...

A little odd he talks backwards but - better get on with it. 60.
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

My name is Kuryakin. I'm a free-lance designer. Now some friends of mine said you carried prints that wouldn't quit. I work mostly in drapery fabrics...

BUUDER (still looking out the window)

You a good designer, Kuryakin?

ILLYA

Very good, sir. I have excellent references.

Buuder turns around. Illya (and for the first time the viewers) recognizes Buuder as the man with the acid, and Illya is recognized. Illya edges back toward the door.

ILLYA (cont'd; nothing to lose by trying)

Now, of course, I don't want to see anything that's not....

BUUDER

You! You're not a designer! You were in Agnes Sue's!

ILLYA (still backing)

Well, the fact of the matter is --

Hardy has come in behind Illya.

BUUDER

Hardy! Grab him!

Hardy takes up a burlap garment bag and with Buuder's help gets it down over Illya's head and shoulders, pinning his arms. Buuder grabs up an iron fabric spindle and clubs the staggering Illya into unconsciousness.

BUUDER

He must be from U.N.C.L.E. Which means they're still looking for the dress.

HARDY

Then it was not destroyed.

Buuder notions for Hardy to follow and heads out.

BUUDER

No...I think we'd better go back to -- Agnes Sue's....

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

61

Solo and the partners are waiting for Jerry. They
react as the door opens. But it isn't Jerry. It's
a uniformed messenger bearing a package.

MESSENGER

Agnes Sue?

PARKAGINIAN

What is it?

The Messenger hands Parkaginian the package.

MESSENGER

\$14.75 C.O.D.

The Messenger hands Parkaginian the package.

61
CONT'D
(2)

MESSENGER

Fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents.
C.O.D.

SIGHN

Who has cash any more? Put it on the
bill.

Parkaginian opens the package. As he unwraps it, the
Messenger just waits. Parkaginian spots this, looks up
quizzically.

PARKAGINIAN

So why are you waiting? You don't --
(breaks off as he wises up)
Oh. Excuse me.

He reaches into his pocket for a tip. He pulls out his
hand empty, looks apologetically at the Messenger. To
Sighn:

PARKAGINIAN

Harry, you got a little change?

SIGHN

All I got is a five dollar bill. I
was going to put it into the bank to
cover our last check.
(turns to Solo)
Mr. -- Buyer?

SOLO

Certainly -

Solo takes out a couple of coins, hands them to the
Messenger. The Messenger nods his thanks, vanishes. The
partners look gratefully at Solo.

Parkaginian has the package open now, removes a large
finishing iron. He regards his partner reproachfully.

PARKAGINIAN

How come all of a sudden you ordered
a new finishing iron?

SIGHN

I was just going to ask you the same
question.

PARKAGINIAN (realizing)

Jerry! He must have bought it!

61

CONT'D

(3)

The door opens again and Jerry enters, hanging his head. Solo notes his mood, but the partners become jubilant -- too jubilant to notice.

PARKAGINIAN

The genius comes back.

SIGHN

Did you get the dress?

PARKAGINIAN (changing
pitch in mid-sentence)

Of-course-he-got-the-dress-you-didn't-
get-the-dress!

JERRY

Don't worry. It'll be here. Ramona's
gonna bring it over.

SOLO

Who's Ramona?

SIGHN

Our model. Who else?

SOLO

Where does she live?

PARKAGINIAN

Please, you're a nice gentleman, but we
don't give our our models.

SIGHN

You want addresses, try Liggett's Swim-
wear. On the third floor.

SOLO

Look, it's a long story, but Ramona may
be in danger.

JERRY (alarmed)

In danger!

SOLO

Jerry, where does she live?

JERRY

Six-twenty-six Elm Street. But --

61

CONT'D

(4)

Solo darts out the door.

JERRY (bewildered, to
partners)Ramona? In danger? Who would want
to hurt Ramona?

EXT. AGNES SUE - DAY

62

Solo races down the steps and disappears to the right.
An instant later Buuder and Hardy enter from the left and
bound up the steps.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

63-64

Buuder and Hardy rush in ready for business. They point
their guns at Jerry and the partners.

SIGHN

Harry, tell me I'm not seeing what
I'm seeing.

PARKAGINIAN

Not again, gentlemen!

BUUDER

Where is it?

(no answer)

Okay, Hardy.

Hardy hits Parkaginian in the stomach.

PARKAGINIAN

Please! I got a weak stomach!

Jerry makes a desperate leap at Hardy, but is met mid-air
by a fist on the end of a stiff arm. He falls flat on
his back.

Buuder sees the iron, indicates it.

BUUDER (to Hardy)

Plug it in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

65

Hardy plugs in a heavy-duty flatiron.

BUUDER

Mr. Parkaginian, how long does this iron take to get hot?

PARKAGINIAN (to Jerry)

You had to buy a new finishing iron...

JERRY

We needed it, Mr. P. The old one wouldn't heat up.

The partners exchange sick looks with Jerry.

FADE-OUT.

66-OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:
INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

67

Ramona is on the phone.

RAMONA
I'd love to, Angela. How soon?
...I'll meet you in a little
while... Bye.

Ramona begins to pack a suitcase.

ANOTHER ANGLE

67X1

We HEAR a knock at the door. Ramona answers it.
Solo enters.

RAMONA
Are you Angela's friend?

SOLO
Show me Angela and I'll tell you.

RAMONA
I mean did she send you over?

SOLO
No, I came over on my own.

RAMONA
Well, who are you? I don't just open
my apartment to strangers.

SOLO
I can see you don't remember me.

RAMONA
Were you at Gee Gee's last summer?

SOLO
I'm a friend of Jerry's.

RAMONA
I don't know any Jerrys.

SOLO
You have a dress of his.

RAMONA
Of his? You mean of hers.

SOLO (correcting)
Of his. He's a cutter. He had the
dress made up for you.

67X1
CONT'D
(2)

RAMONA (remembering)
Oh, the cutter from Agnes Sue.

SOLO
I'm afraid we have to have that
dress back.

Ramona starts to look for the dress.

RAMONA
I'm not sure where it is.

SOLO
I'd appreciate it if you'd find
it. It's very important.

RAMONA
Why didn't he come over for it
himself.

SOLO (blinks; Jerry
did, of course)
He's very busy -- catching up on
his cutting.

She can't find the dress.

RAMONA
I can't seem to find it.

SOLO
Where is it?

RAMONA
How should I know?

SOLO (facetiously)
That was a foolish question, wasn't
it?

ZIP PAN-TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

68

Jerry and the partners are now trussed up. The
iron is hot. Buuder and Hardy approach our friends.
Buuder rests the iron on a pad on the table. It
smokes.

BUUDER
Have you changed your mind about
telling us where the dress is?

68
CONT'D
(2)

PARKAGINIAN (to his
partner)
I don't feel good.

SIGHN
Gas?

PARKAGINIAN
No. I have a terrible headache.

JERRY (to Buuder)
Could you get Mr. P. his pills?
They're in his desk.

BUUDER
Apparently you think I am joking.

Upon a signal from Buuder, Hardy grabs Parkaginian
by the hair and thrusts his face forward. Buuder
lifts the iron from the blackened pad. Jerry cracks.

JERRY
No. No. Please. Don't. I'll talk.
I'll talk.

Buuder and Hardy hesitate.

JERRY (cont'd)
Please. I can't stand it. I'll
tell you... Our model has it. Her
name is Ramona.

PARKAGINIAN
Jerry, don't you dare!

SIGHN

Don't believe him, he's lying.

Parkaginian has his head held rigid, but he manages to turn his eyes on Sighn -- "Thanks!"

JERRY

I'm not, I'm not.

SIGHN

Jerry, shut up.

Parkaginian's eyes are now rolling from one to the other.

JERRY

I'm telling the truth.

BUUDER (lifts the iron)

Where do we find her?

JERRY

She -- she must be home now.

HARDY

Where's home?

JERRY

It's in that -- address book on the desk. Look under "R" for Ramona.

Buuder thinks it over then sets the iron down, moves to the desk.

SIGHN

Harry?

PARKAGINIAN (distressed)

I know, I know...

SIGHN

The genius is also a fink.

HARDY

No talking.

Buuder comes into scene with the address book.

BUUDER

Here it is. Six-twenty-six Elm Street.

68

CONT'D

(3)

Buuder and Hardy race out the door.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BUUDER'S OFFICE - DAY

69

Illya, completely concealed in the sack, is hanging from a coat hook. A grilla-shaped HEAVY sits nearby. Illya GROANS and begins to stir in the bag. The Heavy takes up a cast iron fabric weight and crosses to the bag full of Illya. He aims the weight at the top and strikes what should be a skull-crushing blow.

ILLYA

Ouch!

The Heavy's eyes bug out. He's never before heard ouch from a debrained victim. He strikes another blow.

ILLYA

Ouch!

The Heavy gets spooked and backs away. Illya is head down in the bag, and has been jarred back to consciousness by the two sharp blows on the soles of his shoes. He rips the bottom of the bag open and slides out. The Heavy regains his perspective and throws himself on Illya. Illya, even with his head not yet clear, is too nimble for the muscle-bound Heavy. Illya finally goads the brute into a head-first butting attack. With his arms locked around the man's neck, Illya guides him into the cast iron end of the fabric rolling machine. CRUNCH. Illya narrowly misses being crushed under the falling hulk.

ANOTHER ANGLE

70

Winded, Illya flops down at the desk and calls in.

ILLYA (into communicator)

Open Channel D. Kuryakin here.

Come in, please.

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

71

Solo and Ramona are still searching for the dress.

SOLO

Are you sure it's here?

RAMONA

No.

SOLO

Could it be somewhere else?

RAMONA

I'll bet I left it someplace.

SOLO (helping her
remember)

You were at the party, there were
lots of celebrities, lots of
photographers...

RAMONA

I remember. I left it at a little
town called Zapata on the island of
Andros.

SOLO

Andros? In the Bahamas?

RAMONA

I can tell you the exact spot I left
it. There's a motel near the air
terminal. It's owned by a big
sugar man named Bellport.

SOLO

It's at the motel?

RAMONA (a flush of
conscience)

It was strictly chaperoned.

Solo's communicator begins to BEEP.

SOLO

Excuse me, my communicator is
buzzing.

(into communicator)

Solo...

INTERCUT (AS NECESSARY)

72-75

ILLYA

I've checked out Mr. Buuder.

SOLO

Is he involved?

ILLYA

If he isn't, he's awfully hostile toward designers.

SOLO

Where is he now?

ILLYA

I'm afraid I've lost him for the moment.

SOLO

We can pick him up later. Our primary objective is to secure the dress.

ILLYA

Where are you?

SOLO

At Ramona's apartment.

ILLYA

Are you making any headway?

SOLO

I'm not sure. But I think I've located the dress. It's in Zapata at a motel owned by a man named Bellport.

RAMONA

Wait, that's not right. It's in Bellport in a motel...

SOLO & RAMONA TOGETHER

owned by a man named Zapata.

SOLO (into communicator)

Did you get that?

ILLYA

Yes, and you're a fetching duet.

SOLO

Will you check it out?

72-75
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

It may take me a while...

SOLO (eyeing Ramona)

It can't be helped...

RAMONA (thinking hard)

Wait a minute, I couldn't have left it there. I wore it in Puerto Rico at the Casino.

SOLO

Which Casino?

RAMONA

The one with the colored fountain outside.

SOLO (he knows)

The Piratino. Is that where you left it?

RAMONA

I must have. We went swimming. I rented a suit and changed in a beach cabana.

ILLYA

Is she sure?

RAMONA

Sure I'm sure.

SOLO

What do you think, Illya?

ILLYA

I think I'm going to go rent a bathing suit.

SOLO

Just remember that you burn.

ILLYA

So do you.

They click off. Ramona picks up her suitcase.

RAMONA

Well, I'm off again...

SOLO

I was hoping I could persuade you to hang around a while.

RAMONA
How long is a while?

72-75
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO
Just till my friend checks in
with whatever he's found.

RAMONA
Don't you trust me?

SOLO
Maybe I just want to be alone with
you for a little while.

RAMONA
I have Sunday afternoon open...

ZIP PAN TO:

76-82
OUT

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

83

Jerry and the partners are working their bonds loose.

PARKAGINIAN
Jerry, you did a terrible thing.

SIGHN (to Jerry)
Harry could have taken it.

PARKAGINIAN
We have all kinds of cowards in
our family, but no finks.

JERRY
I didn't give them her address.

SIGHN
Jerry, please, with my own ears...

PARKAGINIAN (referring
to Jerry)
Mr. Broadcasting Company.

83
CONT'D
(2)

JERRY
Look, that address in the book.
She hasn't lived there for six months.

SIGHN
What are you saying?

JERRY
She lives at 626 Elm. That's where I
sent that buyer.

PARKAGINIAN
How do you know where she lives? You
follow her home?

JERRY
It's right on the way. I don't like
to see her on the street by herself.

PARKAGINIAN
The big hero....

SIGHN (struggling)
Such a big hero we could use right
now.

Jerry gets loose and unties the others.

JERRY
We better hurry. As long as she
has that dress she's in danger.

SIGHN (recounting)
I'll tell you the truth, Harry, I,
myself, did not think a hot number
was so much trouble.

PARKAGINIAN
Harry, if you don't have a hot number,
you have trouble. If you do have a
hot number you still have trouble.
There's a choice?

JERRY
Come on. We're wasting time.

PARKAGINIAN
You go on ahead. Harry and I are
going to stop at Sol's Sporting Goods.
There's something we got to pick up.

Jerry bolts for the door.

SIGHN (puzzled)
We do?

83
CONT'D
(3)

PARKAGINIAN
You bet your life we do.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

84

Solo and Ramona are involved in gentle lovemaking.
A KNOCK at the door. Solo answers it. It's Illya.

SOLO
You made excellent time.

ILLYA
I made all the lights.

SOLO
Did you find the dress?

ILLYA
No, but I hope Mr. Waverly approves
all those long distance calls.

Illya empties sand from his shoes.

SOLO
The dress wasn't in the cabana?

ILLYA
The Pirantino doesn't have cabanas.

SOLO (to Ramona)
Could it be in Bellport?

ILLYA
I checked...

RAMONA
You know, I could have sworn...

SOLO
Ramona, please think.

RAMONA
Let's see, I left Bellport, went
directly to Puerto Rico, then to
Palm Beach, then back to...
(she remembers)
Good grief, I left Marcus in Palm
Beach. He's my dog. He was supposed
to stay just for the week end...

SOLO
Ramona, please, the dress. Where
is it? Think back...

84
CONT'D
(2)

RAMONA
I'm trying...

A KNOCK at the door. Solo opens it. It's the
cleaner with Ramona's dry cleaning, several garments
on hangers.

DELIVERY MAN
Van Dyke? Three ten.

Solo takes the garments.

RAMONA
Do you have some change?

Illya takes out a five.

ILLYA
Smallest I have is a five.

Ramona takes it and passes it to the delivery man.

RAMONA
You look like a nice man, keep
the change.

Illya reacts. Solo catches it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

84X1

Solo pulls the dress from the bunch.

SOLO
What have we here?

ILLYA
That's it.

SOLO
It sure looks like it, doesn't it?

ILLYA
I'm positive.

RAMONA
I remember now. In Ft. Lauderdale,
Vince spilled Cherry Jubilee on me.

Solo and Illya exchange sighs of despair.

84X1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Well, I'm sorry if we caused you any inconvenience...we got what we came for so...

Solo and Illya make for the door.

SOLO (cont'd)

We really do have to get back.

RAMONA

So soon. I'd like to get to know your friend a little.

ILLYA

We really do have to get back.

RAMONA

What are you, some kind of a team?

ILLYA

Bye.

RAMONA

Come over Sunday, with your friend, early.

SOLO (to Illya)

Well, there go our Sundays...

They open the door to leave. A shotgun muzzle pushes them back into the room. On the other end of the gun is Parkagianian, accompanied by Sighn and Jerry. They are very nervous.

PARKAGINIAN

All right, you dress pirates, hand over Jerry's hot number.

Solo signals to Illya "let's take them". But almost before they can move, the partners let go with a tremendous BLAST that blows a hole in the wall about an inch from Solo's head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

85-93

RAMONA (daintily)

I think I'm going to faint.

She faints daintily.

Hot Number - MAN U.N.C.L.E.
Chgs. 1-17-67 P.52A

JERRY

Ramona!

85-93
CONT'D
(2)

Jerry moves to her.

PARKAGINIAN (to Jerry)
Never mind about Ramona right now.
She's a healthy girl. Take the
dress from this dress stealer.

Jerry takes the dress from Solo and hands it to
Parkaginian.

85-93
CONT'D
(3)

PARKAGINIAN

Now take this gun and keep it pointed at these two. Harry and I will go back and get this dress into work.

SOLO

Now wait a minute... That dress ---

He starts to advance toward the partners.

JERRY (warningly)

Don't you move!

Solo stops.

ILLYA

That dress is important! More important than --

PARKAGINIAN (cutting in)

You're telling us? If it wasn't important, would you try to steal it?

SIGHN

And those other bandits! Let's go, Harry.

SOLO

Wait! Listen, if you're going to take the dress, put it under lock and key... In a safe place... Until we can talk.

SIGHN

Talk? What's to talk?

SOLO

If you'll give us an exclusive on that dress, money's no object..

PARKAGINIAN

Enough already. We don't deal with pirates. Why should we deal with pirates when we have orders from the biggest stores in the city?

The boys start to advance again.

JERRY (waving the gun)

Get back!

The boys get back. Solo decides that honesty is the best policy.

SOLO

Look, we're from U.N.C.L.E....

PARKAGINIAN

Now take this gun and keep it pointed at these two. Harry and I will go back and get this dress into work.

85-93
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO

Now wait a minute... That dress ---

He starts to advance toward the partners.

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And those other bandits! Let's go, Harry.

SOLO

Wait! Listen, if you're going to take the dress, put it under lock and key... In a safe place... Until we can talk.

SIGHN

Talk? What's to talk?

SOLO

If you'll give us an exclusive on that dress, money's no object...

PARKAGINIAN

Enough already. We don't deal with pirates. Why should we deal with pirates when we have orders from the biggest stores in the city?

The boys start to advance again.

JERRY (waving the gun)

Get back!

The boys get back. Solo decides that honesty is the best policy.

SOLO

Look, we're from U.N.C.L.E....

SIGHN

We don't care who your relatives
are... Come on, Harry.

85-93
CONT'D
(4)

PARKAGINIAN (to Jerry)

Remember, Jerry. If they give you
any trouble, shoot first, call the
police later.

The partners exit. Solo looks at Illya.

SOLO

Well, I tried.

ILLYA

You may be able to pass as a buyer,
Napoleon --

SOLO (playing straight man)

But -- ?

ILLYA

But a salesman you're not.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

94

The partners are on the phones, the dress is on one
of the desks.

PARKAGINIAN (on phone)

That's right... We're going to start
production right away...

SIGHN (on his phone)

You want to increase the order?...
It's my pleasure...

PARKAGINIAN (into phone)

...An exclusive I can't give you.
We already gave exclusives to fourteen
different stores...

SIGHN (into phone; writes)

Three dozen... Got it... As soon as
possible. That's as firm as I can be...

PARKAGINIAN (into phone)
...Consider this a handshake over
the telephone...

94
CONT'D
(2)

SIGHN (into phone)
Right! Give my best to the missus.

Parkaginian hangs up. Sighn hangs up. The partners
look at each other, enraptured.

SIGHN
Such a hot number I've never seen.

PARKAGINIAN (holding up dress)
Harry, I'm holding in my hand Fort Knox.

SIGHN
You want to know something, Harry?
That Jerry's a genius.

ANOTHER ANGLE

95

Their merriment is cut short by the sight of Buuder
and Hardy standing there, looking very nasty. Two
Thrushies are with them.

BUUDER (seeing the dress)
That's it. Get it!

FULL SHOT

96

The two partners are frightened out of their wits
but they make a game attempt.

PARKAGINIAN (pleads)
Please, let's not make a fuss. We
can talk.

SIGHN (pleading)
We're not fighters.

PARKAGINIAN
We can make a deal.

SIGHN
Fifty-fifty, an even split. We'll
put it in writing.

PARKAGINIAN
We can use two more partners.

SIGHN
In the sales end.

PARKAGINIAN
Men like you we need. Aggressive.

96
CONT'D
(2)

SIGHN
Harry and I are the creative types.

PARKAGINIAN
In a week, we'll have a hundred
thousand units on the street.

While the partners have been talking they have been
backing around the room. They have worked their
way to the door leading to the cutting room. They
suddenly bolt through the doors, lock them from inside.
Buuder and Hardy are taken by surprise by this sudden
act and hesitate just a moment. They they, too, rush
for the doors, find them locked.

BUUDER (to one of the
Thrush underlings)
Get it open!

The two Thrushies hurl themselves at the door. After
several tries (which allow the partners time to do
whatever they are doing in the cutting room), they
break the door open.

INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

97

Buuder and Hardy burst in. The partners are waiting
for them somewhat defiantly. They have had just
enough time to hide the dress among the hundreds of
items in the room. They hold up their hands to show
they're empty.

PARKAGINIAN
We don't have it. It's hidden in
a safe place. If we can talk maybe
we can reach some agreement...

Buuder and Hardy grab them by their throats.

BUUDER
Agreement? I'll show you the kind
of agreement we're going to make!

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

98

Solo and Illya are on the sofa. Ramona sits between them. She is still unconscious. Jerry is holding the gun on them.

TIGHT SHOT

99

Solo pats Ramona's hand trying to coax her back to consciousness. Illya offers a capsule. Solo would rather do it his way.

SOLO

Did you ever smell one of those things?

Illya smells it. He makes a terrible face.

ILLYA

No wonder it wakes people up.

Solo continues working on Ramona throughout the scene.

ANGLE - INCLUDES JERRY

100

JERRY

How is she?

SOLO

She'll come around in a minute.

JERRY (bitterly
regretting)
All because of me....

ILLYA

It's not your fault.

JERRY

Yes it is. I started the whole thing. I wanted to be the big hero. Save the company and everything.

SOLO

Well, you did that.

JERRY (indicating

Ramona)

Yeah, but look at the trouble I've caused everyone. I should have listened to Uncle Harry. Don't make trouble.

(then)

Tomorrow I'm going to get a haircut.

SOLO (referring to

Jerry's hair)

I thought that was the style for young people.

JERRY (tired)

I should have listened to my mother. She wanted me to get into half sizes. That's where the volume is.

(then)

I wasn't trying to be the greatest designer in the world but I thought I might at least get called by my right name for a change.

Solo and Illya understand.

SOLO

It takes some people a long time to recognize what is important to them.

JERRY

But how can a person know whether or not they like another person unless they sit down and really talk to them. They might be surprised to find something right under their noses.

(did that come out right?)

I don't know, ever since I cut the legs off the capris everything's been going downhill.

ILLYA

Jerry, how did you get involved with the print in the first place?

JERRY

I got together with a guy in the village -- he had the goods and I had the pattern. We gave it to Ramona to wear -- to get publicity....

100

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO
Your village friend was Jay France,
right?

100
CONT'D
(3)

Ramona begins to stir.

JERRY
Yeah. He originated the print.

ILLYA
Not exactly.

JERRY
It wasn't his print?

SOLO
Let's just say he was supervised very
closely -- by a man named Buuder.

JERRY (knows the name)
Buuder. So it was his print.
(thinking back)
No wonder he was so mad.

Solo and Illya exchange looks.

SOLO
You know Buuder?

JERRY
Sure, he was at Peggy Anne's with some
other guy -- I didn't catch his name --

SOLO
Where are they now?

JERRY
I sent them on a wild goose chase.
(apologetically)
The same as I sent you.

ILLYA
Jerry, those men are dangerous.

SOLO
They probably went right back to Peggy
Anne.

Solo quickly gets Ramona awake. She's groggy. She tries to focus.

100
CONT'D
(4)

RAMONA

Where -- where am I?

JERRY

Right here in your apartment, Ramona.
You fainted.

SOLO

Jerry, we've got to get back to Agnes Sue. Your bosses are in grave danger.

RAMONA (disbelieving)

I fainted?

ILLYA

I suggest you dash some cold water on your face, Miss. You'll feel better.

As Ramona staggers off, presumably toward the bathroom:

SOLO

Right. Then we'll all go to Agnes Sue.

JERRY (waving the gun)

No, sir. We're not going anywhere.
For once in my life I'm going to do
just what Uncle Harry told me.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

101

The partners are bound spread-eagle on the cutting tables. Buuder, Hardy, and the three earlier Heavies are busy stuffing balls of newspaper underneath the tables and dousing them with fluid.

SIGHN

Harry, like shish-ka-bobs we're going.

PARKAGINIAN

Please, Harry...

SIGHN

This is hard for you, isn't it, Harry?
Even at the beach you stay under
the umbrella.

PARKAGINIAN

Aren't you afraid, Harry?

SIGHN

Let's put it this way, I'm no
Joan of Arc.

101
CONT'D
(2)

PARKAGINIAN

Burned at the stake like hob goblins.

Buuder, Hardy and the Heavies have completed their work.
They get ready to set the blaze.

SIGHN

Harry.... If for some reason I get
out of here alive, what should I
tell your sister happened to you?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. RAMONA'S APARTMENT - DAY

102

Solo and Illya are still trying to convince Jerry.
Jerry is still tense.

SOLO

This isn't a trick, Jerry. Call them
on the phone. You can check.

JERRY

I don't believe a word you're
saying. And I never even heard of
U.N.C.L.E.

ILLYA

Jerry, if you ever expect to see those
two men alive...

SOLO

You know what sort of man Buuder is!

JERRY (doggedly)

It doesn't matter. You two are up to
something, I know it.

SOLO

It's no use. Illya, we might as well
tell him the truth.

ILLYA

It's all yours, Napoleon.

SOLO (to Jerry)
Do you know what Illya's last name
is? Bluestone. Illya Bluestone.
The Bluestone factory. Upstate
Pennsylvania. Eighteen hundred
machines...

102
CONT'D
(2)

Jerry doesn't believe it, but he's diverted just enough
for Illya to grab for the gun. As he gets his hands
on the barrel, Jerry pulls the trigger. The charge
barely misses Illya and Solo. Illya has to juggle
the hot barrel.

SOLO
Whew! These amateurs are dangerous.

Ramona, presumably emerging from the bathroom, joins
them.

RAMONA
Hey, you're going to break my lease.

SOLO
Jerry, listen to me carefully. We
want your bosses to duplicate the
dress and we want to keep them alive.
But we haven't time to explain now.
We must get to Agnes Sue's in a hurry.

RAMONA (flushed with
excitement)
Let's go!

SOLO
I hope we're not too late.

As a gesture of good faith, Illya hands the shotgun
back to Jerry.

ILLYA
Do you understand, Jerry?

JERRY (convinced)
I'm with you, Mr. Bluestone.

SOLO AND ILLYA
exchange looks.

103

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CUTTING ROOM - DAY

104

Buuder is about to light the blaze.

PARKAGINIAN

You don't want to know where the dress is?

BUUDER (no)

In five minutes this place will be up in smoke. The dress with it.

PARKAGINIAN

But you don't know for sure. Suppose we put it out the window?

SIGHN

Or in the fireproof safe?

Buuder hesitates, they have a point.

PARKAGINIAN

I'll tell you what. It's still not too late to make a deal. Let us get away and we'll tell you where the dress is.

SIGHN

Believe me, my partner's handshake is good anywhere in the market.

BUUDER

Tell me where the dress is first, then I'll let you go.

PARKAGINIAN

I have a choice? Okay, it's a deal. The dress is in the tube under the table.

Buuder takes from under the table a cardboard fabric tube (like a long mailing tube). He looks in both ends. They are stuffed with rags. He breaks open the tube. There is the dress. He smiles an evil grin.

PARKAGINIAN

More I couldn't do for my own brother. If you untie the ropes we'll be on our way.

Buuder laughs and lights a match. But before he can apply it, BANG! It's shot from his hand.

104
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

105

Solo, Illya, Jerry, and Ramona are standing in the doorway.

THE FIGHT

106-111

based on the set and props available. The following might be included:

THE DRESS being passed from hand to hand.

THE PARTNERS calling instructions to Jerry. He never gets them right.

JERRY sliding down the table on the cutting knife cable.

RAMONA -- this is her bag. These men are doing something.

ILLYA is thrown against Ramona and finds out she's nice and soft.

SOLO is attacked by Buuder weilding Jerry's whirring cutting knife. Solo foils him by thrusting the power cable into the blade. Flashes and sparks! The blade is stopped and Buuder is electrocuted.

FULL SHOT

112

The sparks set the place ablaze. They set the partners free and scramble to safety just in time -- Solo with the dress.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

113

Ramona, modeling "the dress", magnificently FILLS THE FRAME. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE other models also wearing the dress.

FULL SHOT

114

The racks are loaded with them. The show room is BUZZING with enthusiastic BUYERS. Waverly is in conversation with Illya and Solo, Sign and Parkaginian within earshot.

ON WAVERLY, THE BOYS, THE PARTNERS

115-116

WAVERLY (to Illya
and Solo)

... So it appears that THRUSH is stymied once again, gentlemen. We've sent samples of the coded dress to U.N.C.L.E. offices all over the world.

PARKAGINIAN (eagerly)
They liked the samples?

WAVERLY (to Parkaginian)
As a matter of fact, Mr. P., we've just gotten reports from our headquarters in Copenhagen and New Delhi. They're being besieged by buyers.

The partners react with jubilation.

SIGN (to Parkaginian)
Beautiful! Isn't it beautiful, Harry!?

PARKAGINIAN (to Sign)
You know, we should change the name to Agnes-Sue International!

Sign puts his arm around Waverly, starts leading him off, with Parkaginian trailing along.

SIGN
You know, Mr. Waverly, you'd have a wonderful future in the dress business.

PARKAGINIAN
And we could use a good outside man.

WAVERLY
Well, I appreciate that very much, Mr. Sign -- Mr. P. But I think I've found my niche.