

THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF
METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER INC.

67

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE WHEN IN ROMA AFFAIR

Prod. #8455

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Supervising Producer:
David Victor

Producer:
Boris Ingster

Written by:

Gloria Elmore

January 28, 1967

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The When In Roma Affair"

Prod. #8455

TEASER

FADE IN:

A SERIES OF ROME EXTERIORS - (STOCK) - DAY

1

SHOWING the traditional spots favored by tourists: the Colosseum, perhaps, and the Trevi Fountain and the Spanish Steps -- and, hopefully, a mini-skirted, free-hipped Italian girl moving down a street. OVER THIS, we HEAR the VOICE of a TOUR BUS DRIVER making appropriate comments on each of the sights -- including the girl. (The dialogue, to come, will of course depend on the stock available.)

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

2

as the tour bus, a rickety old vehicle, pulls to a stop in front of the cafe. The Driver -- whose voice was used in the previous scenes -- hops out, stands at the door of the bus as the tourists follow him out. There are perhaps ten in all. Among them: DARLENE SIMS, a pretty girl in her twenties who doesn't look very happy; MR. AND MRS. SPARKS, typical American tourist types in their forties, and their son SAMMY, eight, smart and mean.

BUS DRIVER (to the
debarking tourists)

....And this, mi amici, is where we
stop for lunch. I recommend the
fettucini. Mmm -- wah!

(he brings his fingers to his
lips, kisses them, flicks his
fingers outward -- a gesture
to indicate that the fettucini
is something well worth eating)

We have thirty minutes.

SPARKS (appalled)

That's all we have? Thirty minutes?

BUS DRIVER (shrugs)

You saw the Borghese Gardens in fifteen.
And at the Arch of Constantine we didn't
even stop!

2

CONT'D

(2)

MRS. SPARKS

Don't complain, George. We're on a
very tight schedule. We have to make
the Vatican by two o'clock.

(to Darlene)

Isn't that right, Darlene?

Darlene turns abstractedly.

DARLENE

What?

(back to reality)

Oh. Yes, that's right, Mrs. Sparks.

(a bit grimly, sadly)

...And the Roman Forum at three, and
the Baths of Caracalla at four-thirty...

SPARKS (brightly)

And in a couple of days you'll be back
home, huh?

DARLENE (a beat)

Yes. In a couple of days I'll be back
home.

Mrs. Sparks gives Darlene a look that is curiously com-
passionate as they find a table and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. ROME SIDE STREET - DAY

3

This is not far from the sidewalk cafe, but an altogether
different scene is being played here. SOLO ducks a punch
from a THRUSHMAN, spins out of the grasp of another, starts
to run. GO WITH him as he darts down alleys, into corners,
etc., pursued by the two Thrushmen he has just eluded and
two others.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

4

Darlene sits rather dispiritedly at the table with the
Sparkses, perusing her menu. Mrs. Sparks regards her with
understanding.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

MRS. SPARKS

You're not really having a good time,
are you, Darlene?

4

CONT'D

(2)

DARLENE (managing a smile)

Why do you say that?

MRS. SPARKS

It's written all over you.

DARLENE

It's a nice tour. The --

MRS. SPARKS

A tour. Not an adventure. Right?

DARLENE

I -- guess I'm the kind of girl that
things don't happen to.

Original In

University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

5

EXT. ROME STREETS - DAY

Back to the chase. Solo ducks, darts, scampers, the
Thrushmen hot on his heels. It's a taut, suspenseful --
and desperate -- chase.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY

6

SPARKS (to waitress, as

he hands her his menu)

I'll have the spaghetti.

(cleverly)

Tell me, you people know how to make
spaghetti in this country?

Mrs. Sparks throws her husband a savage look. Sammy turns
to Mrs. Sparks and --

SAMMY

Mom, I got to --

He whispers in her ear. She turns to Sparks, gestures O.S.

MRS. SPARKS (to Sparks)

Take him.

Sparks frowns, rises, he and Sammy go off. Mrs. Sparks
regards Darlene.

MRS. SPARKS

You know, I was like you a few years ago....

6
CONT'D
(2)

DARLENE

Oh?

MRS. SPARKS (nods)

Lots of dreams and no action. I used to sit on the beach back home in Santa Monica and build sand castles....

DARLENE (a bit defensively)

What's wrong with that?

MRS. SPARKS

Nothing. Except they were too big and beautiful to be real. And then one night I went to a beach party, and there was George with a hot dog in one hand and a can of beer in the other.....The next thing I knew, my castle was a tract house.

Darlene gets the message, smiles slightly.

DARLENE

We don't have beach parties in Omaha, Mrs. Sparks.

MRS. SPARKS (putting her hand over Darlene's)

Honey, something is always better than nothing. The Georges of this world, they bring home the TV dinners and pay off the mortgage....You know something, Darlene? Reality isn't so bad.

DARLENE (after a beat)

I know...

(a beat)

But I want to build my sand castles just a little while longer.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE STREET - DAY

7

Solo is still running, still pursued inexorably. He ducks for cover, is spotted. And, in due course, he appears to

be trapped. Two Thrushmen are behind him, the other two have maneuvered to be in front of him. Solo, as if debating in which direction to move, certain of capture, moves slowly past the sidewalk cafe.

7
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE ON SOLO

8

His hand goes into his pocket, removes a small perfume atomizer. Unseen by Darlene or anyone else, he drops it into Darlene's large straw bag which rests on her table.

WIDER ANGLE

9

Solo moves on past, then breaks into a run. He reaches a corner, starts to turn into an alleyway -- out of view of the diners -- when something akin to a blackjack, wielded by one of the Thrushmen who has been lying in wait for him, comes down on his head. As Solo falls, FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NEW YORK - DAY

10

There is the usual bustle. WANDA is at the communications console. WAVERLY and ILLYA hover over her anxiously.

WANDA (into speaker)

Come in, Napoleon...

(a glance at Waverly, who looks
disapproving of this familiarity)

I mean Mr. Solo....Mr. Solo?

(no response; she looks at
Waverly)

I'm sorry, sir. Not a word.

ILLYA

How long has it been?

WANDA

He was supposed to check in every hour
on the hour. We haven't heard from him
since ten this morning.

ILLYA (to Waverly)

I'm sure he's all right, sir.

WAVERLY (frowning)

Mmm. I daresay Mr. Solo can take care
of himself. I'm not terribly worried
about him. I am concerned about the
formula. If Thrush gets their hands
on it, the prospects are too grim to
contemplate.

He starts to exit, Illya moving beside him.

INT. UNCLE CORRIDOR - DAY

as they walk.

ILLYA

Am I to understand, sir, that the
formula was hidden in the base of a
perfume atomizer?

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

11

WAVERLY (a bit smug)
Rather clever, wouldn't you say?

11
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Napoleon must have smelled lovely.

Waverly gives him a rather pained look.

WAVERLY
Whatever the case, Mr. Kuryakin, I
want you to follow through. I trust
you have your bags packed?

ILLYA
Of course.

WAVERLY
There's a plane leaving for Rome with-
in the hour. Be on it.

ILLYA
Yes, sir.

**Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.**

Waverly continues walking, presumably toward his office.
Illya stops, stands for a brief moment, then turns in the
other direction as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ROME WAREHOUSE - CLOSE ON SOLO - DAY

12

He GRUNTS in pain, apparently as the result of a blow.
CAMERA BACK TO SHOW him tied to a post or something
comparable, to show a burly Thrushman named VITO, who
has just administered a sharp chop to Solo's stomach.
Observing is another brute whom we shall call FIRST
THRUSHMAN.

VITO (to Solo)
All right. We'll try it once more.
Where is it?

SOLO (weakly; he's in
considerable pain)
I -- don't have it.

VITO
I know you don't have it. You passed
it on to somebody. Who?

No answer. Vito draws his arm back, hits Solo in the stomach again. We may not see the blow, but we see Solo's wince, HEAR his agonized GRUNT.

12
CONT'D
(2)

VITO

Who?

Still Solo does not answer. Vito frowns.

VITO (to First Thrushman)

Get the electric device....

The First Thrushman nods, goes off. Vito regards Solo coldly, draws back his fist to hit him again, as we make a:

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

13

It's a well-appointed place, complete with a small bar at which stands BRUNO, a swarthy man. He is, as we shall discover, the head of Thrush Rcme. Bruno is pouring two glasses of wine. He hands one of them to CESARE GUARDIA, tall, dark and wickedly handsome, a man of enormous if dissolute charm. Cesare takes the wine, sips.

CESARE (judiciously)

Adequate. It doesn't compare to a Vavin* 1937....But of course few wines do.

(* Vaa-van)

Original In

University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to be reproduced or quoted without permission.

BRUNO (sarcastically)

I'm sorry I don't have your -- fancy tastes.

CESARE (shrugs modestly)

You're not of noble birth.

BRUNO (pointedly)

But I can buy and sell most noblemen, can't I?

CESARE (ruefully, after absorbing this insult)

I came very cheap.

BRUNO

Cheap? Taking over your palazzo to
save it from the tax collector....I'd
say that was expensive.

(thoughtfully as he slices a
piece of cheese)

Of course, it was worth the price.

It's -- well-equipped for our purposes.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

BRUNO

Come in.

The door opens and Vito enters.

BRUNO

Well?

VITO

We've tried everything. He won't crack.

Bruno ponders this for a moment.

BRUNO

I didn't really think that he would.

VITO (relishing the
thought)

Shall I kill him?

Bruno laughs, looks at Cesare as if to share his amusement with him, turns back to Vito.

BRUNO

Kill him?

(he shakes his head, despairing
of a backward child)

Oh, my dear Vito, you'd like that,
wouldn't you?

(a beat)

Untie him. Let him escape.

Vito's eyes open wide in wonderment.

VITO

Escape!? Signor Bruno, I --

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

13
CONT'D
(2)

BRUNO (finishing the
sentence)

13
CONT'D
(3)

You don't understand....I know....Try
to think, Vito. I know it's not easy,
but try ...What do you think Solo will
do if he escapes?

Vito thinks. Suddenly the light bulb flashes.

VITO

Go to whoever he gave the formula to.

BRUNO

Bravo!...And we, my friend, shall be
right behind.

VITO

Of course!

Vito makes a sort of bowing and scraping exit. Over all
the above, Cesare has been sipping his wine, listening
with some amusement to the conversation. Now he turns to
Bruno.

CESARE

He's quite a brute, isn't he?

Bruno refills his wine glass.

BRUNO

He has his functions, Count Guardia.
(he says "Count" with a
sardonic edge)

As you do. One man to apply force when
force is needed, one to use more --
sophisticated methods. One a fighter --
(a short beat)
-- the other a lover.

CESARE

You pay me a compliment, Bruno.

Bruno moves to Cesare, looks at him hard.

BRUNO

I pay no compliments. I merely state
facts. You are a weak man, Guardia,
and I despise weakness. But you do
have a peculiar talent --

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission

CESARE (wryly)
...One which Thrush occasionally finds
useful.

13
CONT'D
(4)

BRUNO
Exactly.

CESARE (smiles)
Until you call on me, Bruno, I shall
keep in practice.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

14

as Solo, looking considerably the worse for wear, moves
down the well-appointed hallway, passes a Maid with a
laundry cart, stops at a door, opens it with a hotel key.

INT. SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

15

Solo enters, looks about. The room is empty, and there is
no sign of any intruders having been there. But Solo,
pro that he is, immediately sets about searching for bugs
and infernal devices. He checks the underside of the desk,
the backs of pictures, the window frames, etc. In due
course, he moves to the closet, opens the door and --

is borne to the floor by the man who leaps out of the
closet at him. About to throw a punch, the man suddenly
freezes.

ILLYA
Oh. Sorry.

SOLO (recovering)
I could have you arrested, you know.
This is my room.

ILLYA (almost accusingly)
You're not supposed to be here.

As the boys rise and Solo dusts himself off:

SOLO
I have a reservation till next Thurs-
day. And you're supposed to be in
New York

ILLYA

As always, I was assigned to get you
out of trouble.

(regards the battered Solo)

It appears you've been in quite a bit
of it.

15
CONT'D
(2)

Solo moves to a nightstand drawer, takes out a box of
adhesive bandages, and, peering into a mirror on the
wall, begins applying a bandage to a cut on his forehead.

SOLO

I just spent the day as a guest of
Thrush. They finally let me escape.

ILLYA (reacts)

I resent playing straight man, Napoleon,
but they let you?

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

16

as Vito moves down it, stops, affixes a listening device
to the outer wall of Solo's room. MOVE IN CLOSE ON Vito
as he places a tiny receiver in his ear and hears:

SOLO'S VOICE (filter)

...They went down too easily. At the
time, I wasn't in condition to out-
fight a pussycat.

ILLYA'S VOICE (filter)

They don't have the formula, then.

SOLO'S VOICE (filter)

No. I traced it on my way over.
Right now it's in the possession of a
Miss Darlene Sims of Omaha, Nebraska.
She's staying at the Grinaldo Inn --
Room One-fourteen.

Vito reacts.

ILLYA'S VOICE (filter)

She doesn't know she has it....

SOLO'S VOICE (filter)

Oh, I'm sure she's found the atomizer
by now, but --

Vito, satisfied -- indeed, overjoyed at getting such unexpectedly quick results -- detaches his equipment from the wall and scurries off down the hall.

16
CONT'D
(2)

INT. SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

17

Solo, still looking in the mirror, is adjusting his necktie, smoothing out his mussed hair, etc.

SOLO

....So I can't go to her. I know they're following me. As soon as I'd make contact, I'd give her away -- and they'd move right in.

ILLYA

But I can go to her.

SOLO

You have a remarkable grasp of the situation.

(as Illya gives him a look)

Oh, there might be some Thrushes around the hallway. When you leave, I suggest you use the window.

Illya gives Solo yet another look.

ILLYA

I'd already thought of that, Napoleon.

(a beat)

You see, I have a remarkable grasp of the situation.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DARLENE'S INN ROOM - NIGHT

18

A small, pleasant room with French doors opening onto a balcony. MUSIC emanates from a table radio. Darlene's suitcase is on the bed, open. Her large straw purse, into which Solo dropped the perfume, is on the dresser. Now Darlene emerges from the bathroom in a negligee, removes it, puts on a dress for dinner, looks at herself in the mirror critically. She sighs, droops, then does a little dance step with her hand on the shoulder of an imaginary man. She breaks off, sighs again, switches off

the radio, then flings herself down on the bed and just lies there. There is a TAPPING at the door, and Mrs. Sparks pokes her head in.

18
CONT'D
(2)

MRS. SPARKS

Ready for dinner?

Darlene sits up.

DARLENE

I'm -- not really hungry, Mrs. Sparks.
I think I'll just go to bed.

MRS. SPARKS

What kind of talk is that? Come on,
get up.

(Darlene gets up)

'Atta girl...That's a very pretty dress.

DARLENE

Who sees it?

MRS. SPARKS

Nobody's going to see it in your room,
that's for sure. Come on now -- fix
your hair and let's go.

She gives Darlene a little push toward the dresser.

MRS. SPARKS (cont'd)

Boy, did I have a time getting Sammy
settled down for the night. He's at
the difficult age -- but then he always
has been, come to think of it.

Over this, Darlene has been looking for her hairbrush.
She gropes around in the large straw purse, finally drops
its contents out on the dresser. The perfume atomizer
rolls out with the rest of the stuff. Darlene picks it
up, wondering.

DARLENE

Where'd this come from?

MRS. SPARKS

What?

DARLENE

This perfume. It's not mine. How'd
it get in here?

Original In

University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

MRS. SPARKS
You probably found it in a rest-room
or somewhere.

18
CONT'D
(3)

Darlene sprays a little on the inside of her wrist, sniffs.

DARLENE
It's very nice.
(as she sprays her hair lightly)
Want to try it?

Mrs. Sparks does so, equally impressed by the fragrance.
As she sprays a little behind her ears:

MRS. SPARKS
Grr-rr-rr!.....Tonight, honey -- tonight
we live!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. INN - NIGHT

19

Illya drives up in a small Fiat or something comparable,
climbs out of the vehicle, starts up the stairs to the
inn entrance. We note also parked, Cesare's and Bruno's
cars (both to be established later) and the tour bus.

INT. INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

20

Illya steps to the desk CLERK.

ILLYA
I'd like to see Miss Sims. Room
One-fourteen?

CLERK (very slight
Italian accent)
Yes, sir.
(he moves to the telephone,
stops as he remembers)
Oh, she's not in her room right now.
I saw her go to the dining room just
a few minutes ago.
(indicates the dining room)
That way.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

ILLYA

I've never met Miss Sims. Can you --

20

CONT'D

(2)

CLERK (smiles)

She's wearing a _____ dress, sir.

About twenty-four, quite attractive.

You cannot miss her.

ILLYA

Thank you.

Illya moves off. GO WITH him to:

INT. INN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

21

A small place, pleasant. Illya enters, looks about.
Perhaps five or six tables are occupied.

ILLYA'S POV

22

Darlene seated at a table with Mr. and Mrs. Sparks. We cannot hear their conversation. Darlene, who still looks pretty gloomy, isn't doing much of the talking. We note that she has a black evening purse.

BACK TO ILLYA

23

He frowns, moves behind a potted palm or something similar, opens his communicator.

ILLYA (whispering into
communicator)

Open Channel D, please....Napoleon?...

Napoleon, I've found the girl. But
she's not alone right now....

(a beat)

Probably for the whole evening....

(a beat)

I have a better idea. The perfume's
probably in her room. I think I can
get in there.....Right.

He clicks off, looks again toward Darlene, then starts out.
The CAMERA PANS WITH him, then abandons him as he exits,
CONTINUES PANNING until it reaches a table where Bruno
sits with Cesare. They are looking off toward Darlene

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

and the Sparkses. Cesare's chin is cupped in his hand, as he speculates aloud on Darlene's background.

23
CONT'D
(2)

CESARE

No....No, on second thought, she isn't a schoolteacher.

(a beat as he ponders some more)
She's a secretary....In an office where they sell insurance -- or houses, perhaps. That's it. Real estate. And all the men are married and fat and wear eyeglasses. Without rims....

BRUNO (hard)

I don't care who she is.

CESARE

....She must have saved for three years to make this tour. Three years. For what? Three weeks of escape from the drabness of her little life....

BRUNO (his thoughts elsewhere)

That's enough.

(looks at his watch)

We should be hearing from him soon.

CUT TO:

EXT. INN - NIGHT

24

Illya looks up toward the balcony, then, after establishing that he's unobserved, starts to climb.

ON THE BALCONY

25

as he reaches it, flattening himself against the wall so as not to be seen from the patio below.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

Illya reaches the French doors of Darlene's room, is about to enter when a gun is poked into his back. He freezes -- and so do we -- FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. INN BALCONY - ON ILLYA - NIGHT

27

The action is continuous. Illya turns slowly, finds that he's held at bay by the pajama-clad Sammy, who has a cap gun.

SAMMY

You a cat burglar?

(as Illya shakes his head)

Then why you goin' in Darlene's room?

ILLYA (seriously)

Business.

SAMMY

If I holler, everybody's gonna hear me.

ILLYA

I wish you wouldn't.

SAMMY

I don't think you're a burglar. You look like a nice guy....You her boy friend?

ILLYA

Sonny --

SAMMY

Sammy. Okay. I won't holler....If you'll sit with me till I go to sleep.

ILLYA

I can't do that.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

SAMMY

I'm lonesome. You ever done any baby-sitting?

ILLYA

No, and I can't start now. You go to bed like a nice boy, and --

One look at Sammy's face tells him he's made a mistake.

ILLYA (cont'd)
How would you like a dollar?
(he takes out his wallet)
A nice, big paper dollar to spend any
way you want.

27
CONT'D
(2)

SAMMY
You think I'm dumb? That's Italian
money.
(a beat, then)
I can yell real loud.

ILLYA
Some other time, Sammy. I'll come
back tomorrow night, and --

SAMMY (flatly)
If you don't sit with me, I'm warning
you --
(a beat)
It's just till I fall asleep.

ILLYA
How long do you think that might be?

SAMMY (yawning to show
good faith)
I'll try to hurry.

Illya has no choice. He pushes the cap gun away, lays a
hand on Sammy's shoulder and follows the boy into the
Sparks' room.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

28

as a WAITER serves dessert to Darlene and the Sparkses.

SPARKS (to Waiter)
Prego. (Pray-go)
(to girls)
How's that, huh?

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

MRS. SPARKS
Very good, George. But you're supposed
to say grazie. He says prego.

SPARKS

28

Oh. Well, a couple more days, it
won't make any difference.

CONT'D

(sniffs)

(2)

Hey, I know what I been smelling.

(to his wife)

You wearing some new kind of perfume?

Mrs. Sparks and Darlene exchange slight smiles. Mrs.
Sparks turns back to her husband and, with coy eagerness:

MRS. SPARKS

Do you like it?

SPARKS (shrugs)

Yeah, I guess it's okay.

MRS. SPARKS (her face
falls; then, dryly)

It doesn't awaken the beast in you....

SPARKS

Huh?

MRS. SPARKS

Forget it.

(to Darlene, who can't help
being amused)

I hope you have better luck.

INT. SPARKS' INN ROOM - NIGHT

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

29

Sammy is in bed, his eyes gradually closing. Illya is
reading a book to him by the dim light of the single
illuminated lamp in the room.

ILLYA (reading)

"...But Rob was not to be fooled. He
pointed his space gun at Marko, and,
in a voice that did not reflect the
fear within him, said: 'In the name
of the Junior Terrestrial Rangers, I
hereby place you under arrest. If
you will' -- "

He stops as he sees that Sammy has finally drifted off to
sleep. Illya rises, places the book on the nightstand,
takes a step or two away. He hesitates, then returns to
place the covers over Sammy before moving soundlessly to
the balcony window and exiting.

INT. INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

30

Darlene takes a final bite of her dessert, a final sip of coffee.

DARLENE (to the Sparkses)
If you don't mind, I think I'll go back
to my room now. I'm pretty tired.

She fixes them with apologetic smiles, starts to rise.

MRS. SPARKS
Stay a while. Have another cup of
coffee.

DARLENE
I really shouldn't....

MRS. SPARKS
It's still early.

SPARKS (settling the
issue as he calls off to Waiter)
Garcon --
(as the Waiter approaches)
The little lady wants some more coffee,
s'il vous plait.

Darlene hesitates, then sits down again, as the Waiter
pours.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

INT. DARLENE'S INN ROOM - NIGHT

31

The drapes in front of the balcony window are drawn, so that the beam of the flashlight used by Illya, presently in mid-search, cannot be seen outside. Illya goes through the suitcase, Darlene's straw purse, every drawer in the room and the pockets of every garment in the closet. (The door to the bathroom is open; presumably, that room has already been checked.) Illya is careful to leave no traces of his presence, carefully closing each drawer after he has gone through it, etc.

Now, the search apparently complete, and fruitless, Illya frowns, shakes his head. He opens the drapes preparatory to exiting onto the balcony. But he doesn't get that far.

For a figure -- that of Vito -- suddenly emerges from behind the drapes, and the drawstring is hastily slipped around Illya's neck. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE as Illya gasps, begins to choke, and we:

31
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

32

Vito enters, moves to the table where Cesare sits with Bruno.

VITO
Signor Bruno.....?

BRUNO (anxiously)
You have it?

VITO
No. But there is something --

BRUNO (cutting in
harshly)
You made a complete search?

VITO
I didn't search at all.
(as Bruno appears about to
explode)
Someone else did it for me.
(a crooked smile of satis-
faction)
Someone from UNCLE.

BRUNO (reacts; after a
beat)
Solo?

VITO
No. Kur --
(groping)
Kuryakin. That's what his papers say.
He must be the one who was in Solo's
room.

(a beat)
I do not think he will trouble us any
more, Signor Bruno.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

BRUNO

Good.....Very good, Vito.

(as Vito beams)

But he did not have the formula....

32

CONT'D

(2)

VITO

No. And I watched him search the room.

(it says it all)

He was a -- professional.

ANGLE ON THE DARLENE-SPARKS TABLE

33

Darlene is finishing her second cup of coffee. The Sparkses are talking; we do not hear their conversation. But we do see -- and the CAMERA HIGHLIGHTS -- Darlene's black evening purse.

BACK TO BRUNO'S TABLE

34

Bruno turns to Cesare, gestures off toward Darlene.

BRUNO (thoughtfully)

It would follow, Count Guardia, that Miss Sims must have it in her purse, wouldn't you say?

CESARE (nods)

...By the process of elimination.

VITO (eagerly)

I can get it. I can grab it right now. And if anybody gives me any trouble, I'll --

Bruno cuts him off with an upraised hand.

BRUNO

If anybody gives you trouble, my dear Vito, they will give us all trouble.

(gestures to indicate the crowd in the room)

There are too many people....And a police station less than a block away. Somebody screams, somebody runs to a telephone, and --

(Cont.)

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

(he finishes the sentence with
a gesture, then turns to
Cesare)

34
CONT'D
(2)

No, I think this is a problem for Count
Guardia.

CESARE (raised eyebrow)

Oh? And how is that?

BRUNO

We'll have to get Miss Sims out of here.
And who is better equipped to lure her
away than --

(a smirk)

-- Casanova?

CESARE (after digesting
this)

And then I rob her?....No, thank you,
Bruno. I do have certain -- flaws in
my character, yes.

(with dignity)

But I am not a common purse snatcher.

BRUNO

....And probably not a very good one,
either....Vito and I will take care
of that part. You just get her out
of here.....We'll follow.

CESARE (protesting)

I hardly think that this is --

BRUNO (cutting in, hard,
menacing)

Do it, Guardia!....I don't make requests
more than once.

CESARE (caves in, sighs)

All right.

He starts to rise.

BRUNO

And don't look so unhappy.

(a smile that is more like a leer)

Who knows -- you may enjoy the young
lady's company....

Cesare regards Bruno balefully, then starts across the room to Darlene's table. By the time he reaches it, the frown has turned into a charming smile.

34
CONT'D
(3)

CESARE

Signorina?

DARLENE (looks up)

I beg your pardon?

CESARE

Ah, but it is I who must beg yours.
For the past hour I have been staring
at you -- shamelessly -- from across
the room.

(as Darlene blinks)

Can you forgive me?

DARLENE (eyes wide)

Why, I -- I mean, well -- I --
(she trails off in complete
confusion)

CESARE

Permit me. I am Count Guardia....
Cesare, if you will be so kind.

He looks at her expectantly. The Sparkses look as dazed as Darlene.

DARLENE (finally)

Darlene....Darlene Sims.

CESARE

Enchanted.

He bows over her hand, kisses it. She is overwhelmed.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

35

Solo, in his shirtsleeves, looking quite concerned, talks into his communicator.

SOLO (into communicator)

Illya?....Illya, will you come in,
please?.....Illya?

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

He frowns, clicks off his communicator, hesitates for a moment, plotting his next move. Then he makes his decision. He goes to the closet, straps on his gun, dons his coat and exits hurriedly.

35
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

36

Cesare is seated at the Darlene-Sparks table now, making it a foursome, and his charm fairly oozes.

CESARE (musingly, to
Darlene)
You know, it is strange, Darlene --
(he breaks off, embarrassed at
his familiarity)
-- Miss Sims....

DARLENE (quickly)
Oh, please, please....Darlene.

CESARE (as if she has
bestowed on him the ultimate
grace)
Thank you...
(fondling the name)
Darlene...
(and, picking up)
It is strange, but here we are, two
people of altogether different cultures,
different backgrounds.....We've known
each other for -- what? -- all of ten
minutes now. And yet I feel I've known
you always....

DARLENE (eyes wider than
ever)
That's a very -- a very sweet thing to
say....Cesare.

CESARE
The words do not come easily. I have
never said them before.

MRS. SPARKS
Uh, Darlene, if you'll excuse us,
George and I have to write some post
cards.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

SPARKS

We do?

36
CONT'D
(2)MRS. SPARKS (glowering
at her husband)

We do. Come on.

Over all this, Darlene has been looking starry-eyed at Cesare. She is completely unaware of the Sparks' existence.

SPARKS

Okay. Lemme get the check.

CESARE

Please....Allow me.

MRS. SPARKS

Oh, we couldn't do that....

CESARE

I insist.

(a smile that would melt a
banker's heart)The nobility still has certain
privileges, you know.

SPARKS

Well -- uh -- thanks a lot, Count.
You ever come to L.A., maybe we can
buy you a dinner.

CESARE

You are most kind.

MRS. SPARKS (to Darlene)

See you later, honey.

DARLENE (totally
abstracted)

What?.....Oh, oh, of course. Goodbye,
Mrs. Sparks. Mr. Sparks.

The Sparkses go off. After a beat:

CESARE (calling off to
Waiter)

Il conto, per piacere.

The Waiter comes over, begins totting up the check.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

CESARE (cont'd; to
Darlene)
May I propose that we leave too?...
Though not to write post cards.

36
CONT'D
(3)

DARLENE
Where -- where do you want to go?

CESARE
For a drive -- through the night.
It's a beautiful night.....And a
beautiful city....

INT. INN LOBBY - NIGHT

37

Solo enters briskly, moves to the desk Clerk.

SOLO
Room One-fourteen. Which way?

CLERK (indicating)
That way, sir....But the young lady
who occupies it --

He breaks off. Solo is already gone.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

INT. INN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

38

as Solo moves down it, reaches Darlene's room. He knocks.
No answer. He tries the door. Locked. Then he removes a
set of keys from his pocket, goes through them quickly to
ascertain which one is likely to fit this particular lock.
He is about to insert it when he HEARS a MUFFLED CRY.

Solo hesitates, trying to establish where the SOUND is
coming from. And now we HEAR IT AGAIN -- more distinct
this time, though still muffled. The voice sounds rather
like Illya's, and the word he's calling appears to be
"Help." Solo steps to the broom closet adjacent to
Darlene's room, opens it.

SHOOTING INTO CLOSET

39

into which Illya has been jammed.

SOLO
Illya!

Illya blinks, looks around him.

39
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (weakly)

I -- thought it was a broom closet...
It was awfully dark....What time is it?

He rubs his neck. As Solo helps him to his feet:

SOLO

A little after ten.

ILLYA

The same night?

SOLO

Check....You all right now?

ILLYA

I will be....I must have come to about
five minutes ago....

SOLO

What happened?

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission!

ILLYA

Somebody strangled me. I guess he
thought I was dead when he stuffed me
in there.

SOLO

They got the formula?

ILLYA (shakes his head;

he's recovering quickly now)

It wasn't in her room. She must have
it with her.

SOLO

She's not in the room now.

ILLYA

Then she must still be in the restaurant.

Illya and Solo quickly start down the hall, Illya hobbling
just a bit.

INT. INN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

40

Cesare helps Darlene into her light evening wrap. She takes her purse and they start for the exit. Bruno and Vito (the latter has taken Cesare's chair at the Thrush table) rise to follow them. Now Solo and Illya come into the restaurant from another entrance (hopefully), see the departing Darlene and Cesare, see the trailing Bruno and Vito.

ILLYA (indicating)

There she is.

SOLO

Mmm.

(indicating Vito)

That one. He's the one who worked me over.

Solo and Illya exchange glances once again. They understand the picture now. They follow the others.

EXT. INN - NIGHT

41

Cesare and Darlene exit, move to the Count's convertible. He helps her in. Bruno and Vito exit the inn, go to their car. Illya and Solo come out of the building, go to the vehicle which Illya arrived in earlier.

Original In

University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to

be reproduced or quoted without permission. 42

VARIOUS ANGLES

Cesare's car drives off. The Thrush car follows a moment later. And, finally, Solo and Illya -- the latter at the wheel -- follow the followers.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. VIEWPOINT OVERLOOKING ROME (GREEN SET) - NIGHT

43

This is a park-like area on a hilltop, grassy, filled with appropriate statuary, a couple of stone benches, etc. The lights of Rome twinkle below. PAN THE AREA -- and the VIEW -- UNTIL WE REACH the bench on which Cesare and Darlene sit -- in a gentle embrace. Darlene's purse is beside her. When they break:

DARLENE (a misty smile)
It -- it must be the perfume I'm
wearing.

43
CONT'D
(2)

CESARE
Oh?

DARLENE
Mrs. Sparks -- a little while ago --
she said she hoped it would bring me
good luck.

CESARE
And has it?

The answer is in her eyes. After a beat:

DARLENE (groping for the
words)
You know -- Cesare -- I've always told
myself -- someday, it'll happen. All
of a sudden. The place would be --
romantic. The man would be handsome,
dark --
(a faint smile)
-- maybe the corners of his eyes would
crinkle when he laughed, just like in
the magazine stories.
(a beat)
I guess every girl expects it.
(a little laugh)
Of course, not every girl thinks in
terms of a Count!
(as Cesare smiles, Darlene
becomes serious once again)
But all the time I was -- dreaming, I
never stopped to ask myself one
question....I guess I was afraid to...
(with great poignancy as she
looks straight into Cesare's
eyes)
A man like that -- what would he want
with me?

CESARE (appalled at the
thought)
Darlene!

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

He is, of course, acting a role. But there has been a hint, in his reactions during her speech, that he is genuinely touched by this girl, that he is curiously attracted by her wistful appeal.

43
CONT'D
(3)

DARLENE

No, really! I'm not -- sophisticated
....rich...wise...No one has ever
called me beautiful.

CESARE

That does not speak well of the men
you have known.

DARLENE (a beat)

I -- haven't known too many.

CESARE

I have known a great number of women.
Some were of noble birth...Actresses...
Two or three were -- well, let's not go
into that....On the surface, one would
call them beautiful....But the inner
glow, the warmth, the -- the excitement
-- it was not there.

(a beat)

You have it, Darlene....

DARLENE (whispers, after

a beat)

Thank you.

CESARE

Thank you....For reawakening the faith
of a cynic.

(he rises, takes Darlene's hand)

Come, let me show you my city.

Darlene starts to reach for her purse, but Cesare smoothly
gets between the girl and the object, leads her off a few
steps to the crest of the hill, CAMERA GOING WITH them.

CESARE (cont'd; pointing)

First things first....Over there, my
palazzo. It's been in the family
since --

The CAMERA PANS BACK TO the now deserted bench, on which
Darlene's purse rests. Now Vito comes INTO THE FRAME,
picks it up and moves off.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission

CESARE'S VOICE (O.S.; cont'd) 43
-- the fifteenth century. It's really CONT'D
a modest place, as palaces go, but -- (4)

(NOTE: The following scenes will involve the green set and matching exterior locations.)

ANGLE ON ROAD 44

Vito, carrying the purse, runs to the Thrush car; Bruno is behind the wheel now.

VITO (low, excited)
I've got it!

He climbs in. Bruno starts the engine.

ON ILLYA'S AND SOLO'S CAR 45

parked, with its lights out, around a bend in the road, but within sight of the Thrush vehicle.

SOLO
They've got the purse! Let's go!

Illya starts the motor, the car zooms off.

VARIOUS ANGLES 46-50

The chase. As exciting and suspenseful as possible. The U.N.C.L.E. car catches up with the Thrush vehicle, cuts in front of it, forcing it off the road. But as the boys make this maneuver, a tree looms up in front of them, and --

INT. ILLYA'S AND SOLO'S CAR - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD 51

SOLO
Look out!

An instant later, there is the SOUND of a CRASH, and the windshield shatters as we FREEZE FRAME and:

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - ON ILLYA'S AND SOLO'S CAR - NIGHT

52

The action is continuous -- or very nearly so. The car is on its side, its wheels spinning. CAMERA MOVES TO the boys, picking themselves up out of the dirt and/or shrubbery into which they have been thrown.

SOLO

You all right?

ILLYA (pointing off)

There they are!

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE FIGHT

53-56

Their own car having left the road, Bruno and Vito have abandoned it. They flee now, Vito still carrying the purse. The boys pursue them. Illya downs Vito with a flying tackle, the purse squirts free. As Solo goes for it, Bruno fires at him, forcing him to dart behind cover. Solo fires back, covering Illya while he grabs the purse. Bruno flees, and Solo starts to pursue him. Vito gets up and closes with Illya, who eventually knocks him flat after a savage struggle. Illya picks up the purse, which he had understandably dropped in the fight. Solo returns.

SOLO (shaking his head)

He got away.

ILLYA (opening the purse)

It doesn't matter.

Illya dumps the contents of the purse on the ground. The scene is illuminated by the headlights of the boys' overturned car. After a moment:

SOLO

It's not here.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

ANGLE ON VITO

57

who is conscious enough to overhear -- and understand.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE DARLENE'S INN ROOM - NIGHT

58

Darlene and Cesare move down the corridor to Darlene's door, stop.

CESARE

I'm truly sorry about the purse. If there was anything of value in it, I insist that I --

DARLENE (cutting in)

You've given me an evening I'll never forget --

(a smile)

-- and you expect me to worry about a silly purse.

CESARE

It was a wonderful evening, wasn't it?

DARLENE

I'll -- see you tomorrow?

(a glance at her watch, and a nervous little laugh)

I mean, later today?

Cesare hesitates. Then, seeing the concern in her face over his reaction:

CESARE

I'll -- ah -- phone you.

DARLENE (burgeoning

alarm)

Only phone?

CESARE (quickly)

That is, I'll phone you early....and we'll decide on how we'll spend your last day in Rome.

DARLENE

And after that?

CESARE (hesitates again, racked with guilt, then manages a smile that seems to offer promise)

That, too, we shall discuss.

Darlene looks at him for a long moment.

58
CONT'D
(2)

DARLENE

Good night, Cesare.

CESARE

...My love.

And he just may mean it. The embrace that follows is long and tender. When they break, Darlene opens the door, pauses for just a moment as if debating whether or not to invite Cesare in, then, in a strained whisper:

DARLENE

Good night.

She closes the door.

ON CESARE

59

His face tells it all -- his torment, his guilt, the fact that he indeed has come to be very fond of Darlene. He remains standing at the door grappling with all his agonized, conflicting thoughts and emotions.

INT. DARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

60

She faces the closed door, equally lost in her thoughts and feelings; indeed, if the door were not between them, she would be looking directly at Cesare.

INT. CORRIDOR - ON CESARE - NIGHT

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.
61

At last he turns and disappears down the corridor.

INT. DARLENE'S ROOM - NIGHT

62

She listens at the door to the SOUNDS of Cesare's FOOT-STEPS. Not until they have faded out does she turn, take off her light coat, toss it on the bed. She moves to the mirror, looks at herself very carefully -- as if wondering if she is indeed beautiful. She tries several facial expressions, looks at herself head on and (with some difficulty) in profile. She is startled by a KNOCK on the door connecting with the Sparks' room.

MRS. SPARKS' VOICE (O.S.)

Darlene?

62
CONT'D
(2)

DARLENE (in some surprise)

Mrs. Sparks?

She opens the door. Mrs. Sparks is there wearing a robe.

MRS. SPARKS

I waited up for you --

DARLENE

Come in.

MRS. SPARKS (as she does
so, closing the door behind her)
...Not that I was worried --
(great eagerness)
-- but I wanted to hear all the details.
(quickly)
I mean, all you want to tell.

DARLENE (still starry-eyed)
It'll take me a little while to -- to
sort everything out.

MRS. SPARKS

Where'd you go?

DARLENE (reliving it all)
Everywhere....First he took me dancing
-- a place where the jet set hangs out.
I mean, no tourists....
(Mrs. Sparks can't help smiling)
Then a cabaret where they had a wonderful
revue.....We stopped at a place on the
Via Veneto.....Then we just -- just
looked down at the city.
(looks directly at Mrs. Sparks)
I think he's in love with me.
(wonderingly)
Can you imagine that?

MRS. SPARKS (gently)

Of course I can.

(a beat)

And how do you feel?

DARLENE (a beat)

The same way.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

MRS. SPARKS

Darlene -- the plane leaves tomorrow
night....

62
CONT'D
(3)

DARLENE

By tomorrow night, I'll know if I'll
take it.

MRS. SPARKS (a beat)

Good night, honey....
(very tenderly)
You get some sleep now....

She starts for the door to her room.

DARLENE (musing, lost
in her thoughts)

I -- still don't really believe it.
(a little laugh)

I told him it must be the perfume.

Mrs. Sparks turns.

MRS. SPARKS

Oh, speaking of that --

She takes the perfume atomizer out of her robe pocket and
hands it to Darlene.

MRS. SPARKS (cont'd)

Thanks for giving it to me, but --
(ruefully)
-- well, maybe it had an effect on
the Count, but it didn't do much for
George.

(a shrug)

I like him anyway.

(as she starts out again)

See you tomorrow.

She exits. Darlene looks at the perfume atomizer, then
puts it on her dresser, starts to unzip her dress as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

63

Bruno, understandably disturbed by his failure to get the
formula, paces nervously. Vito is thinking hard, which
strains his capacities. He is somewhat marked up from
his fray with Illya.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

VITO

She could have lost it, Signor Bruno.
Maybe she just --
(shrugs)
-- dropped it somewhere.

63
CONT'D
(2)

BRUNO

It is possible. But not very likely.
(shakes his head)
We cannot work on that assumption.

VITO (a light bulb flashes)

The hotel safe! She could have put it
there!

BRUNO (with immense scorn)

And why, my dear Vito, would a woman
put a cheap bottle of perfume in a
hotel safe?

VITO

What if it was an expensive bottle?

BRUNO

Don't be a fool! No, the girl still
has it -- somewhere! And we've --

He is interrupted as the PHONE on his desk BUZZES.

BRUNO (into phone)

Yes?....Send him in.
(hangs up)

VITO

The Count?

BRUNO

Yes.

(thoughtfully)

I think, Vito, that he shall be
impressed into service once again.

The door opens and Cesare appears.

BRUNO

Come in, Guardia.

(with a sarcastic show of
deference)

Excuse me, Count Guardia.

(Cont.)

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

BRUNO (CONT'D)

63

(a faint leer in his voice)

CONT'D

I gather you -- ah -- found the young
lady pleasant company?

(3)

CESARE (hesitates, then)

It was -- it was an assignment.

BRUNO

One which you pursued with relish, eh?

(suddenly cold, hard)

You were told to get her away from the
hotel -- not to take her on an all-
night tour of Rome!

CESARE

She was lonely. And she was obviously
quite taken with me...

BRUNO (bitterly)

...As is every woman....

CESARE (playing it Bruno's

way)

...As is every woman. In any event, I
-- thought it could do no harm. You
did get the purse, after all.

BRUNO

The purse, yes -- if only briefly. The
formula -- no.

CESARE (surprised)

It wasn't there?

BRUNO

It wasn't there.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

Cesare does not appear really unhappy at this. He dis-
likes Bruno enough to derive some pleasure from his
discomfiture.

CESARE

Pity....Well, I've fulfilled my
function, so --

63
CONT'D
(4)

BRUNO (cutting in,
smooth once again)
It would appear that you've developed
a certain fondness for this girl....
Strange, I didn't think she was your
type -- this drab little secretary, as
you called her.

(smiles at Cesare)
Tell me, do you plan to see her again?

CESARE (a beat)
No.

BRUNO
Ah, but you will. The first thing in
the morning.
(as Cesare begins to react)
And you will invite her to your
palazzo....She should enjoy that.

CESARE (alarmed)
Leave her alone, Bruno. Obviously,
she doesn't have the formula, and --

BRUNO (cutting in once
more)
We shall determine that. We'll be at
the palazzo. Your task will merely be
to bring her to us.

CESARE (a deep breath)
No.

Vito reacts to this, exchanges a glance with Bruno.

BRUNO (to Cesare)
I beg your pardon?

CESARE
I won't do it, Bruno.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

BRUNO (pleasantly)
You are aware of the alternative?

CESARE
My family has lost the palazzo five
times in three hundred years....I can
bear to lose it again.

BRUNO (laughs)

That alternative never entered my mind.
(to Vito)

63
CONT'D
(5)

Vito?

Vito, stupid though he is, gets the message. His hands move to his belt. Built into it, so to speak, is a dagger, made of flexible steel. Vito removes this terrifying weapon, flicks the edge of it to test its sharpness, begins to advance on Cesare. Bruno watches with interest -- and some amusement.

For a moment -- an agonizing moment -- Cesare holds his ground. Vito is three feet from him, then two, then he's standing scant inches from Cesare, the blade at waist level, ready to plunge it into Cesare's stomach if Bruno will but give the signal. Now Vito's eyes flick to Bruno. Bruno nods. Vito appears ready to make his lunge when --

CESARE

No!

(and then he caves in completely)

All right, Bruno. I'll go to her.

He starts for the door as, once again obeying Bruno's unspoken command, Vito lowers the dagger.

BRUNO (to Cesare)

I told you once before that you are a
weakling, Guardia. You still are.

(a beat)

Accept it.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DARLENE'S ROOM - DAY (MORNING)

64

Darlene is at the dressing table, fixing her hair. This done, she reaches for the perfume atomizer -- the perfume atomizer -- and picks it up. She looks at it for a brief moment, smiles, then attempts to spray some perfume behind her ears. Nothing comes out. She shakes the atomizer, tries again. She frowns. Clearly, the container is empty. She goes to the wastebasket, hesitates for just a moment and, rather sadly, drops the atomizer into the basket. After all, it's served its purpose.

She steps back to the dressing table, puts on a bracelet, examines it judiciously, presumably rejects it, tries another one.

64
CONT'D
(2)

At this point, a MAID comes through the open bathroom door, carrying a trash container that is somewhat larger than the wastebasket. She empties the wastebasket into it.

There is a KNOCK on the front door. Darlene rises, opens it. We see Solo and Illya.

SOLO

Miss Sims?

DARLENE

Yes?

Solo holds up her black evening purse.

SOLO

I believe this is yours.

DARLENE (gasps as she
takes it)

Where did you find it?

SOLO

It's a rather long story. We'd like
to tell you about it. May we come in?

DARLENE

Why -- why, of course.

As they do so, the Maid exits with the trash container, Illya muttering an --

ILLYA

Excuse me.

-- as he almost bumps into her.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

65

as the Maid exits Darlene's room, carrying the trash container. We can see the atomizer peeking out of the facial tissues, etc. As the Maid starts down the hall, she is intercepted by Sammy who emerges from the Sparks' door. He points his six-gun at her.

SAMMY

Stick 'em up!

65
CONT'D
(2)

The Maid smiles, puts down the container, raises her hands.

INT. DARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

66

Darlene, Solo and Illya.

DARLENE

Uncle?....Yes, I've heard of it.

SOLO

My name is Solo. Napoleon Solo.
(indicating Illya)
My associate, Mr. Kuryakin.

DARLENE

How do you do?

Illya nods.

SOLO

We're representatives of UNCLE....

DARLENE (awed)

Agents?

SOLO

Right. And --

DARLENE

I've seen you somewhere before. I'm
sure of it....

SOLO

You had lunch at a sidewalk cafe yesterday. You might say we -- ah -- met in passing.

ILLYA (getting to the
point)

My friend is given to clever allusions,
Miss Sims.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

ILLYA (continuing)

66

What happened was that he dropped --

CONT'D

(2)

DARLENE

Excuse me.

She moves to the telephone eagerly, hopefully, picks up the receiver.

DARLENE (into phone)

Hello?....

(her face lights like a
Christmas tree)

Cesare?

EXT. REAR OF INN - DAY

67

The Maid is emptying the trash container into a large can by the back door.

INT. DARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

68

DARLENE (into phone)

...Of course, Cesare!!....All right!?
I'm thrilled!...I'll be ready by the
time you get here....Ciao.

(eagerly)

Did I say that right?....

(softly)

Ciao --

(and, a whisper to herself as
she hangs up)

-- my darling.

She turns back to Solo and Illya, seems surprised to see them, blinks. In her joy of receiving the call and in her delight over its nature, she has completely forgotten their existence. She snaps out of her daze and, flustered:

DARLENE

Oh. Excuse me.

(embarrassed)

It was a -- personal call.

(unable to resist)

From a Count.

SOLO

A Count?

Original In

University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

DARLENE (nods)
Cesare Guardia. Perhaps you've heard
of him.

68
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (interrupts; back
to business)
...As I was saying, Miss, Napoleon had
occasion to drop a perfume atomizer
into your bag. You probably --

DARLENE (eyes widen)
Perfume at----! So that's where it
came from!

EXT. REAR OF INN - DAY

69

A rubbish truck is backed up to the inn, and the Driver
empties the large trash container into the back of the
truck. Then he climbs into the cab and drives off.

INT. DARLENE'S ROOM - DAY

70

SOLO
...Let's just say it contained some-
thing of considerable importance.

Darlene is understandably awed.

ILLYA
So if you'll please give it to us,
Miss Sims....

DARLENE
You're lucky. I threw it away --

The boys react sharply.

SOLO
You what?!

DARLENE
Well, it was empty.
(smiles)
But it's right here...

She moves to the wastebasket, looks into it and blinks.

INT. INN LOBBY - AT DESK - DAY

71

behind which the Clerk is taking a reservation over the telephone.

CLERK (into phone)

....And your name, sir?....

(writing)

T-H-A-L-E-R. Thah-ler....Oh,

Thay-ler. I see....It sounds like
it should be Thah-ler....

(shrugs)

...Well, it's your name, sir....That
is a double bed beginning the night
of the fourteenth....You don't want
a private bath?.....All Americans
want private baths!....Very well, sir.
Thank you.

He hangs up just as Solo and Illya come running up.

SOLO (urgently)

Excuse me -- the trash --

CLERK

Signor?

SOLO

The trash! Where do you keep it?

CLERK

Eh? Keep it? We do not keep it! We
dispose of it!

ILLYA (on digesting this)

Where do they pick it up?

CLERK

At the rear of the hotel. Where else?
(as the boys start away)

Wait!

(the boys pause, turn)

If you are looking for something in
the trash -- the truck picked it up
just a moment ago.

Illya and Solo exchange glances.

ILLYA

Where does the truck go?

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

CLERK (where else)
To the dump.

71
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
And where might that be?

CLERK
I never thought to ask.

Illya and Solo race for the front door.

EXT. INN - DAY

72

as the boys come down the steps hurriedly, pause at the
curb, look off.

SOLO
Not a taxi in sight.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

ILLYA
I told you we should have rented
another car.

Solo points toward the only vehicle parked in the area --
the tourist bus. There's no one in or around it. The
pair run to it, climb aboard, drive off. Whereupon the
CAMERA PANS BACK TO SHOW Cesare driving up in his con-
vertible.

Cesare climbs out, starts up the inn steps, as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MOVING BUS - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DAY

73

Illya is at the wheel of the vehicle, Solo directly behind
him. Solo's communicator BEEPS.

SOLO (into communicator)
Yes, sir.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY IN UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

74-78

Waverly is at the communications console mike, Wanda beside
him.

WAVERLY (into mike)

As you requested, Mr. Solo, we've just been in contact with the Rome Department of Sanitation. You say the trash was picked up at the Grinaldo Inn....?

74-78
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (into communicator)

That's right, sir.

WAVERLY (into mike;

consults paper in front of him)

That's in the Eighth Rubbish Disposal District....Which means it would be taken to the dump at the end of the Via Cavella....Do you know where that is?

SOLO (into communicator)

I think so. We're not far away at all. Thank you.

(about to click off, he suddenly remembers something)

Oh, one other thing, sir. Just on a hunch, I'd like you to run a check on a Count Cesare Guardia.

WAVERLY (scrawling the name)

Guardia....We'll get back to you as soon as possible, Mr. Solo...And tell Mr. Kuryakin to drive carefully.

Waverly clicks off the mike. Solo switches off his communicator, pockets it.

SOLO (looking ahead

through the windshield)

Via Cavella....That should be next block. Go right.

As Illya starts to turn the wheel --

EXT. ROME STREET - LONG SHOT - DAY

79

As Illya turns the corner, the trash truck comes from the other direction, passes them. The trash truck is empty.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

INT. MOVING BUS - DAY

80

 SOLO (straining ahead)
It shouldn't be more than a block or
two.....
 (a beat)
There it is. Straight ahead.

Illya applies the brakes.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO DUMP - DAY

81

as identified by a sign on a wall reading (in Italian):

CITY OF ROMA

EIGHTH RUBBISH DISPOSAL DISTRICT

The bus screeches to a halt in front of the sign and the
boys leap out, run through the entrance.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

82

as they run INTO SHOT, stop and look off in horror.

EXT. CITY DUMP (STOCK OR LOT 2)

83

A smoldering ruin.

CLOSE ON ILLYA AND SOLO

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

84

understandably dismayed. FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. TRASH DUMP (STOCK OR LOT 2) - DAY

85

still smoldering.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

86

Illya looks gloomily toward the dump. Solo is on the
communicator.

SOLO

...We could pick through the debris,
sir....

(a beat)

But it would be hopeless.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY IN UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

87-90

WAVERLY (frowns)

I see....Well, we can take some solace
in the fact that Thrush won't get their
hands on the formula....

SOLO

Yes, sir. We're grateful for --

WAVERLY (continuing)

-- But not very much....It appears
we've bungled very badly, Mr. Solo.
Failure to appropriate something from
Thrush is one thing. But losing some-
thing that we had in our possession --
that's something else.

Wanda comes up to him, hands him a paper.

ILLYA (to Solo, sotto
voce, wryly)

I don't suppose this is the time to
tell him we wrecked the car.

WAVERLY (as he starts
to examine the paper)
Well, I suppose you might as well wind
up your affairs and --
(breaks off as he digests the
paper)
Oh, I have that make you requested on
Count Guardia.

87-90
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
That's sooner than I expected, sir.

WAVERLY (pointedly)
Some of our departments operate with
efficiency, Mr. Solo.
(looks at paper)
His title is legitimate....His family
background is impeccable.....But he's
come upon some financial difficulties
lately....It's been reported -- though
not confirmed -- that he's gone to work
for Thrush.

Solo and Illya exchange glances.

WAVERLY (continued)
...I suppose at this juncture the matter
is academic.

SOLO (taut)
I'm afraid not, sir. It means that
Miss Sims is in very great danger....
Over and out.

He clicks off the communicator.

SOLO (to Illya)
Let's go!

The pair sprint for the bus.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PALAZZO - DAY

91

as Cesare's convertible, with Darlene in the passenger's
seat, drives into the courtyard, brakes to a stop.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

CLOSER ANGLE - ON CESARE AND DARLENE

92

Cesare turns off the ignition. He is very tense. Is it too late to pull out of it now? He makes no effort to leave the car.

DARLENE (looking at
building)
It's very -- imposing.
(a small laugh)
We don't have many places like this
in Omaha.

CESARE
No. No, I imagine you don't.

DARLENE (smiles)
Aren't we going to go in?

CESARE
Of course. I --
(he has started to open his
car door, stops)
You know, I was just thinking -- my
darling. It is such a beautiful day.
It seems such a shame to spend it
indoors in a gloomy old house.

DARLENE (taken aback)
Gloomy old house! Cesare -- !

CESARE (quickly,
desperately)
Besides, the servants have the day off.
I'd forgotten all about that when I
called you. I'm afraid I wouldn't be
able to -- to entertain you properly.

(a beat)
I have an idea. Why don't we just go
for a drive instead?

(rapidly, as his desperation
mounts)
We can come back later....Perhaps
after lunch....I know! We -- we can
walk through the Borghese Gardens this
morning. Build up an appetite, and --

DARLENE (not understand-
ing at all)
But, Cesare -- we're here now!...

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

Over this, we see - and Darlene and Cesare do not see --
Bruno and Vito emerge from the palazzo, start walking
toward the car.

92
CONT'D
(2)

DARLENE (continuing)

There's no reason why we can't see the
house now and then go somewhere later...
(the distressing thought hits her)
I mean, unless there's some reason you
-- don't want me to see it.

BRUNO'S VOICE

Miss Sims?

Startled, she turns, as Cesare reacts.

BRUNO

Welcome to the Palazzo Guardia.

He stands beside the car, as does Vito. The latter is
expressionless. Bruno has a smile of considerable satis-
faction on his face.

Original in

ZIP PAN TO:

**University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.**

EXT. INN - DAY

93

Standing at the curb are a band of rather agitated tourists
(those we saw in the Teaser, insofar as possible) -- in-
cluding Mr. and Mrs. Sparks and Sammy -- who are clustered
about the equally agitated Bus Driver.

BUS DRIVER (with lots
of Italian arm-waving)

....But is it my fault that someone
has stolen the bus? I ask you!? Is
it my fault?!

SPARKS

Well, what are we supposed to do --
just stand here all morning?

MRS. SPARKS (to her
husband)

It's not his fault, George.

SPARKS

Well, I don't care whose fault it is!
All I wanna know --

SAMMY

Hey! Here it comes now!

93
CONT'D
(2)

All eyes turn. The bus comes INTO THE SCENE, screeches to a stop in front of the tourists. Solo and Illya leap out.

BUS DRIVER (screaming
to Solo and Illya)
Thieves! Bandits! I'll call the
police! You hear? You should be
executed!

Solo brushes right by him and the cluster of tourists, racing for the inn lobby, leaving Illya to soothe the Driver.

ILLYA (to Driver)
It's a rather involved story, but --
(extracting his wallet)
-- this should pay for your inconvenience....

He proffers several bills.

SAMMY (with warm
recognition)
Illya!
(to Mrs. Sparks)
He was my baby sitter!

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

Mrs. Sparks does a take. Illya gives Sammy a slight smile.

BUS DRIVER (takes the
money, looks at it; apparently
it's a staggering amount)
Grazie! Grazie! Thank you, Signor!
Thank you very much!
(to the tourists)
All right! Everybody on! First stop,
the Castel Sant'Angelo!

The tourists begin to file aboard. The Sparkses are at the end of the line. The Driver stands at the bus door.

MRS. SPARKS (indicating
Illya)
Sammy, what did you say about that man?

SAMMY

He was my baby sitter. Last night.
He read me to sleep.

93
CONT'D
(3)

SPARKS

That's enough, Sammy! How many times
have I told you to stop making up
stories?

SAMMY

It's no story. It's --

MRS. SPARKS

Leave him alone, George. What's wrong
with the boy having a vivid imagination?

At this point, Solo comes bursting out of the inn, rushes
to the bus and Illya, who stands near the door.

SOLO (to Illya)

She left. With Guardia. The clerk
saw them go.

ILLYA (half-statement,
half-question)

He had no idea where they went.

Solo shakes his head.

SAMMY

Where who went?

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

MRS. SPARKS

Sammy!

By now, all the passengers except Mrs. Sparks and Sammy
are aboard the bus. The Driver remains standing at the
door. Illya suddenly has an idea -- or, more accurately,
a wild hope. He crouches, puts his arms on Sammy's
shoulders.

ILLYA (to Sammy)

Miss Sims, Sammy. The lady who has
the room right next to yours.

Mrs. Sparks blinks in utter confusion.

SAMMY

Sure. I know where she went. She
told us. She was going with some man
to his pal -- pal --

ILLYA

Palazzo?

93
CONT'D
(4)

SAMMY

Uh huh. Palazzo.

MRS. SPARKS (greatly
alarmed by all this, not having
any idea what to make of it)
Sammy, get in the bus!

She yanks Sammy aboard -- and Solo and Illya are right
behind, the latter literally hurling himself into the
driver's seat, starting the engine and zooming off. They
leave the incredulous Driver standing where the bus door
was just a moment ago.

BUS DRIVER (screaming
toward the disappearing bus)
Thieves! Bandits! Come back with my
bus!

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to ZIP PAN TO:
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

INT. PALAZZO SALON - DAY

94

Darlene, Cesare, Bruno, Vito and THREE THRUSHES. Appar-
ently, Darlene has learned what this is all about, and
she understands Cesare's part in it. She is shattered.
But, mingled with her pain, there is scorn directed at
Cesare as she confronts him.

DARLENE

...And I believed it...
(mimicking him)
'The warmth, the inner glow, the
excitement -- you have it, Darlene.'
(she puts her head in her
hands and sobs)
...And I believed it....

CESARE (it's the truth,
of course)
Darlene...At the beginning it was a
part, yes....It was a game. But --

Bruno has been watching this scene -- involving Darlene's
hurt and Cesare's agonizing guilt -- with amusement. Now
he cuts in.

BRUNO

You see, Miss Sims, it's just as well that you found out the truth when you did....

(enjoying this hugely)

You hardly could have been happy with a man like that, could you?

(his voice turns hard)

And now back to business. The perfume atomizer -- where is it?

94
CONT'D
(2)

Darlene lifts her head. Tears run down her cheeks.

DARLENE

I told you. It was empty. I threw it away.

CESARE

She's telling the truth, Bruno. You can see that....

BRUNO

We shall find out. Come, let us adjourn to the tower....

(to Vito)

Vito, you and one of your friends stay down here -- in case we have unexpected visitors.

Vito gestures to one of the three Thrushmen, who nods his understanding. The remaining two Thrushes seize Darlene roughly, start leading her off. Cesare holds back. Bruno turns to him.

BRUNO (to Cesare)

Come along, Count Guardia....Don't you want to be with your love?

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PALAZZO - OUTSIDE COURTYARD - DAY

95

The tourist bus screeches to a stop alongside the wall and Illya and Solo emerge.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

ON THE BOYS

96

SOLO

Do you think we should walk to the
front door and knock?

ILLYA

I would think not.

SOLO

So would I.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

INT. TOWER - DAY

97

as Darlene is pushed in by one of the Thrush underlings,
followed by the other, Cesare and Bruno. Responding to a
nod from Bruno, the First Thrushman and Second Thrushman
(as they will hereafter be called) begin to strap Darlene
onto the cot, which is one of the few pieces of furniture
in the small room. When she tries to cry out, the First
Thrushman claps his hand over her mouth as he eases her
down. Bruno moves to a small chest, withdraws a hypodermic
needle.

BRUNO (to Cesare, indi-
cating it)

Truth serum.

(smiles)

Perhaps we should give you some, Count
Guardia....To find out whether you
really care about the girl.

He makes the appropriate adjustment to the hypo needle,
bends over Darlene as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. PALAZZO - DAY

98

Illya and Solo, sticking close to the wall of the structure
to minimize the chances of being seen, reach a half-opened
window, climb in.

INT. PALAZZO - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY

99-105

Though it's daytime, there is an eerie mood about the
place, particularly in view of the circumstances. The

boys move through one or two rooms, one or two corridors, guns at the ready. Nothing. No one.

99-105
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

It's possible she's not here.

ILLYA

Maybe she's upstairs.

SOLO

Let's find out.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

They move into the huge salon -- and, as they do so:

VITO

Don't move!

Vito and the Third Thrushman have the drop on Solo and Illya, who have no choice but to surrender.

INT. TOWER - DAY

106

Bruno bends over Darlene, who blinks a couple of times.

BRUNO (to Cesare and
the First and Second Thrushmen)
It should have taken hold by now.
(to Darlene)
Miss Sims?

DARLENE

Yes?

BRUNO

I have one question. The perfume
atomizer that you discovered in your
bag yesterday. Where is it?

DARLENE

The -- perfume?

BRUNO

Yes.

DARLENE

There was only a little bit of perfume.
It ran out. So I threw the bottle
away. I guess the maid took it out
with the trash.

CESARE

See? I told you she was telling the truth. Let her go, Bruno, she'll be on a plane tonight and --

106
CONT'D
(2)

He is interrupted by the opening of the door. Vito and the Third Thrushman enter. Bruno is disturbed.

BRUNO (to Vito)

I thought I told you to stay downstairs.

VITO (a smile, for him)

I don't think we'll have to any more, Signor Bruno....The two UNCLE agents?They've been taken care of.

BRUNO (a beat)

They came here?

(as Vito nods happily)

What have you done with them?

VITO

I thought you might want to -- kill them in your own way....Unless they try to escape. They're in the dungeon.

BRUNO (a beat; he's
delighted, of course)

I'm proud of you, Vito. I'm truly proud....

(as Vito beams)

We shall dispose of Miss Sims and the UNCLE men simultaneously.

Cesare pales at this. He sidles toward the door.

VITO

She has the formula?

Cesare exits, unnoticed for the moment.

BRUNO

No. She was telling the truth. But it hardly matters as far as she is concerned. We can hardly free her now, can we?

Original in

University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

INT. DUNGEON - DAY

107

Illya is in a guillotine and Solo in a noose. Over each instrument is a pulley, the ropes of which are connected. Illya, from his position, can't see them.

SOLO

If you have any thoughts about trying to escape, I suggest you coordinate them with me.

ILLYA

I had planned to. But is there any particular reason?

SOLO

The way they've got this thing set up -- if one of us moves, the other dies.

Illya reacts. At this juncture, the door opens and Cesare comes in. He takes in the situation at a glance, moves quickly to the ropes and pulleys, starts manipulating them.

SOLO

Guardia....Listen to me...If you want to kill us, that's one thing. But the girl....

CESARE (grimly)

Darlene isn't going to die....

(as he works a rope so that it releases the astonished Solo)

...You two are going to save her.

INT. PALAZZO COURTYARD - DAY

108

The tourists -- including Mr. and Mrs. Sparks -- have left the bus and come into the courtyard. One or two of them are snapping pictures. Sparks adjusts his own camera, clicks away at the palazzo.

MRS. SPARKS

We should have stayed in the bus.
That's what Mr. Kuryakin said.

SPARKS

Go on back if you want. If there's one thing I can't do, it's sit in a bus that ain't going anywhere.

Original in
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission

MRS. SPARKS (turns)
Come on, Sammy, let's -- Sammy? SAMMY!

108
CONT'D
(2)

No Sammy.

INT. PALAZZO SALON - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY

109-120

(NOTE: The action in this climactic sequence will depend in large measure on the size, physical layout and dressing of the set. The basic moves will approximate the following:)

-- Bruno, Vito and the Three Thrushmen, having descended from the tower, move toward the staircase on the upper landing. One of the Thrushmen prods Darlene.

BRUNO (to Vito; angrily)
You should have watched him, Vito.
You should never have let him get out.

VITO
Don't worry, Signor Bruno. When I
find him --

-- The sentence is unfinished as Solo, Illya and Cesare, having left the dungeon, enter the salon through one of the doors at the bottom of the stairs. Vito is the first to see them, opens fire. So does another Thrushman. The boys and Cesare, unarmed, are pinned down, unable to advance further into the salon, unable to retreat to where they came from. They take cover behind statuary, suits of armor, etc.

-- Darlene, confused and scared, breaks free, starts down the giant stairway. Vito takes aim --

CESARE
Darlene!

-- Cesare leaps out from behind his cover, runs in front of Darlene, takes the bullet meant for her, falls with a cry. Darlene gasps. Solo leaps out, grabs Darlene, whisks her to safety behind a statue.

-- Sammy, who has somehow gotten into the building, watches the scene bug-eyed.

- Illya is near a small bust on a large pedestal. 109-120
He grabs the bust, which is about the size if not CONT'D
the shape of a grapefruit, weighs maybe three or (2)
four pounds, takes careful aim, hurls it and --
- It hits one of the Thrushmen who is halfway down the
stairs. He falls, his gun clatters down.
- Solo leaps for the gun, gets it, darts back to cover
as bullets spatter about him, takes aim, hits a
Thrushman who plummets down from the landing. Two
Thrushies down.
- Solo uses his gun to provide covering fire for Illya,
who manages to bound up the stairs, tangle with the
Third Thrushman. Vito draws a bead on him when --
- Mrs. Sparks, trailed by her husband, comes running
through the front door, screaming at the top of her
lungs:

MRS. SPARKS

SAMMY!

- This draws Vito's attention long enough to provide
the necessary diversion. Illya knocks out his man.
One of Solo's bullets dispatches Vito, leaving only
Bruno. The latter, in trying to flee, will be shot
by one of the boys and, hopefully, will tumble all
the way down the grand staircase.

With the battle over, Darlene comes out from behind her
cover, rushes to the fallen Cesare, bends over him....

DARLENE

Cesare.....Darling.....

Original In

University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

Solo comes over, examines him quickly.

SOLO

It's all right, Miss Sims....He'll
be all right.

Mrs. Sparks has managed to grab the frightened, tearful
Sammy, clutch him to her. Sparks is right alongside her,
equally grateful that the boy is unhurt.

MRS. SPARKS

Sammy! Oh, Sammy! You're all right!

To stem the tears, Sammy reaches into his pocket for a handkerchief. He pulls it out, puts it to his eyes. In the process, something else falls out of his pocket. 109-120
CONT'D
(3)

It's Darlene's perfume atomizer. Mrs. Sparks picks it up, blinks.

MRS. SPARKS

Sammy, where on earth did you get this?

Solo and Illya instinctively turn, see it, react as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

121

Waverly is pinning a medal on Cesare. He carries a cane, stands rigidly at attention.

WAVERLY

It's very seldom that we give a medal for heroism to an erstwhile Thrush functionary, Count Guardia. But I must say this gives me very great pleasure indeed.

Over this, the CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK to reveal an immensely proud and glowing Darlene and a similarly pleased (if not glowing) Solo and Illya.

CESARE (as he shakes hands with Waverly)

Thank you, Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY

I've spoken to our transportation people. They've already arranged for your flight back to Rome...

CESARE

Ah -- I'm not going back to Roma quite yet, sir.

WAVERLY

You're not?

DARLENE

We're going to Omaha. Cesare's going to meet my parents.

Original In
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
be reproduced or quoted without permission.

121
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

SOLO

Well, nothing's definite yet. But we thought maybe in the fall --
(she finishes the sentence with a gesture; the Italian influence has already taken hold)

At this point, the door slides open and Wanda comes in with a message of some sort for Waverly. She puts it on his desk, starts out. Cesare's eyes go to Wanda's legs and his head cranks around -- the better to follow her. Darlene's mouth opens as she observes this.

Cesare!

CESARE (turns to her

Forgive me -- my love. But --

(a monumental shrug)

I am an Italian --

Original in