

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE  
OF RUM AFFAIR  
~~THE BOUNDING MAIN AFFAIR~~

Prod. #8450

A  
 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
 TELEVISION  
 Presentation

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NOTE: "The Bounding Main Affair" has been changed to  
"The Yo-Ho-Ho And A Bottle Of Rum Affair"

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

"The Bounding Main Affair"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. QUAYSIDE, HONG KONG - NIGHT

1

Over the legend "Hong Kong", the huge ugly bulk and shadow of the moored Bountiful, its gangplank down, dominates the deserted quayside. There's a pile of cargo-bales to one side. We PAN TO a space big enough for a man to crawl through, at the base, and CAMERA LUNGES AT the gloom within.

INT. BALES - NIGHT

2

Out of the cavernous darkness, we PICK UP A BIG TWO SHOT of SOLO and ILLYA (communicator round his neck), keeping watch on the quayside through the gap.

SOLO (turns to look  
off toward ship)  
You should have plenty of time.  
She isn't due to sail for two hours.

ILLYA  
I should have plenty of time? What  
about you?

SOLO (shrugs)  
There may be some developments out  
here....Go ahead. If you need me,  
just whistle.

Illya glowers faintly at Solo, then --

EXT. QUAYSIDE, HONG KONG - NIGHT

3

-- hurries from the bales to shipside. He gets on a mooring rope, begins to scramble up it to the stern or bow.

Two men (THRUSHIES ONE and TWO) at rail near gangplank, overlooking quay O.S. They are dressed quite smartly, as petty Officers, quite unlike the scruffy, self-neglectful, depressed and sullen crewmen we'll see later. The silence is broken by the SOUND of a CAR O.S.

EXT. QUAYSIDE, HONG KONG - THRUSHIES' POV - NIGHT

5

A limousine purrs to a halt near a far, shadowed wall, on the blind side of Solo's observation-gap in the bales.

EXT. DECK - NIGHT

6

The two Thrushies exchange a glance of cold satisfaction, turn and leave. We PAN TO stern or bow as Illya's head appears cautiously. He checks the now-deserted deck, climbs over the rail. He makes for the hold. It is uncovered. A quick final check that he's still unobserved, and Illya drops down into the hold.

INT. MORTON'S CABIN - NIGHT

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7

CAPTAIN MORTON, British, upper-class, is a man of checkered career but indestructible elegance: always, however, even when he's 'calm', one senses a barely-held-in anger and violence, ever-ready to erupt. He's seated at the desk, both elbows on it, concentrating on pouring a drink, when JENNY JANUS, a strikingly-beautiful sophisticate, sweeps in without knocking. PASSENGER, the Thrush representative aboard who has been sitting beside the Captain, rises obsequiously.

PASSENGER

You've brought the orders, Miss Janus?

JENNY (to Passenger,  
curtly ignoring Captain)

You sail immediately.

MORTON

Impossible! The First Mate won't be back and ---

JENNY (still to  
Passenger)  
Immediately. You'll see to it that  
the Captain ---

7  
CONT'D  
(2)

Morton gets - and seemingly accepts - the sneering "Captain"  
intonation. Drinks.

JENNY (cont'd)  
--- follows these instructions.

She hands Passenger an envelope. He opens it. Another  
envelope within, typing on it. Passenger reads and nods.

PASSENGER  
Steer this course until ten a.m.  
Wednesday - then open the second  
envelope for further orders.

She jerks her head toward the wall. Passenger crosses to  
wall-safe, opens it, puts envelope inside, shuts and  
secures it. Morton watches, 'accepting' the slur that  
he's not even to be trusted to do this. During this safe-  
bit, Jenny warns Passenger:

JENNY  
This voyage had better go according  
to plan - and precisely on schedule.

PASSENGER  
Oh indeed, Miss Janus. Timing is vital.

JENNY (with meaning)  
Exactly. I'm sure you know just how  
vital it is....

(a glance at Morton)  
I've always been against hiring a  
degraded drunk - so - if he fouls  
this up ---

PASSENGER  
I understand. All will go well - and  
to the second. Have no doubts.

She doesn't even give Passenger a nod. She turns and stalks  
for the door. Passenger scurries to open door for her.

MORTON ('silky')  
Miss Janus ---

She pauses at the door, turns. Passenger looks uneasy that Morton is about to challenge her. But he daren't interfere. Morton, pent-up, starts talking quietly, but rapidly goes into fury. CCNT'D (3)

MORTON

You and your - people - may own the timber and steel of this vessel. But I am its Captain - master of its soul!

(a beat)

Skipper next to God. That's what they call a ship's captain. Yet you marched in here -

(anger starts)

- to see a mortal touched with divinity -

(anger mounts)

- without knocking. That's worse than bad manners.

(anger at peak)

It verges on blasphemy!

The word 'people', and the pause before it are uttered very British upper-class -- as if the beings addressed only just qualify, biologically, for status as 'people'. Jenny takes this all calmly, pleased to have roused him. She deigns to talk directly to him.

JENNY

Bon voyage, Captain - or it will be your last.

She leaves. Passenger closes door. A bottle whizzes past his head, shatters on the door.

PASSENGER

Captain Morton! Control yourself!

MORTON (breathing heavily)

I'm in perfect control. It was an empty bottle.

He refills glass from a full one.

INTERCUT SOLO IN BALES AND ILLYA IN HOLD

8

Illya is kneeling, working at the big padlock which secures a less-than-man-high door at one end of the hold.

SOLO (on communicator)

Did you find it?

ILLYA (on communicator)

Not yet...

8  
CONT'D  
(2)

There are SQUEAKING SOUNDS in the hold.

SOLO

What was that?

ILLYA

Rats.

SOLO

I should've known.

ILLYA

If you were down here ---

Not stopping lock-picking, Illya kicks out O.S. WILD  
SQUEAKING as rats scatter from around his feet.

ILLYA (cont'd)

--- you'd know.

Padlock falls open. Illya opens the little door, shines  
flashlight into inner hold. He turns a small wheel on  
flashlight. The thin beam widens.

INT. INNER HOLD - ILLYA'S POV - NIGHT

9

The widening beam illuminates the Bountiful's cargo. It  
is a smooth-surfaced, one-piece container, about four  
feet high, egg-shaped.

ON ILLYA

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10

He whistles.

SOLO'S VOICE (filtered)

I beg your pardon?

ILLYA

You told me to whistle if I wanted  
you, Napoleon....I'm whistling.

Illya's about to enter the inner hold but is halted by  
SOUNDS O.S. of hold-cover being slid gratingly into place  
and battened down. The scarce illumination in here lessens  
as sparse exterior light is shut out. Illya reacts - but  
can do no more. Escape is impossible.

INT. BALES - NIGHT

11

Solo moves to get out - freezes.

EXT. QUAYSIDE, HONG KONG - SOLO'S POV - NIGHT

12

Jenny, clearly identifiable, walking down gangplank as limousine slides into view. As she gets in and drives away, the gangplank goes up. By the time it's safe for Solo to move toward the ship --

EXT. QUAYSIDE - NIGHT

13

-- the mooring-ropes have been cast off. The ship's engine starts - crusty, protesting, noisy.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

14

SCOTTY, aged engineer, watches dials etc. HANK, burly Negro stoker, at work in B.G.

INT. WHEELHOUSE, BRIDGE - NIGHT

15

Norton at the wheel, Passenger beside him.

MORTON

Sealed orders. Hah. Melodrama.  
You - people - are steeped in melo-  
drama.

( 'tolerantly' )

Still - suppose we've all got to be  
steeped in something.

In his case - rum. He picks up glass beside bottle on shelf in front of him. Drinks. Slams round engine-control ratchet.

INSERT - RATCHET

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Indicator at 'Slow Ahead'.

EXT. QUAYSIDE, HONG KONG - NIGHT

17

The ship has already edged too far from its mooring for Solo to leap aboard. He watches its departure, helpless.



SOLO (on communicator)  
I'm sorry, Illya.....What else can I  
say?

17  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

18

ILLYA (shrug)  
You could say "He travels fastest who  
travels alone --- "

On Illya's resigned expression, we LOSE FOCUS.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HONG KONG - (STOCK) - DAY

19

Busy, bustling Oriental ESTABLISHING SCENE.

INT. WAVERLY'S HONG KONG OFFICE - DAY

20

We START with a CLOSE SHOT of a blank monitor screen.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Is this the woman, Mr. Solo?

A CLICK O.S., and a still picture of Jenny Janus fades in on the screen.

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes sir.

We PULL BACK to establish the full scene as dialogue continues.

WAVERLY

Jenny Janus.

~~SOLO~~  
Not

Janus --- That's the name of the Roman god who could look both ways at once --

WAVERLY (nod, dryly)

Very occasionally Thrush comes up with a classically-appropriate non-de-guerre for a leading operative.

Waverly presses a button. A CLICK, and the picture on the screen changes to one of a man (PROFESSOR POWERS.) He's not the aging professorial prototype: quite young and good-looking. Waverly, raising a questioning eyebrow, turns to Solo.

SOLO

No sir. That man wasn't around the quayside.

WAVERLY

Not surprising. He's not due in Hong Kong for two days.

SOLO  
Professor Powers, isn't it?

20  
CONT'D  
(2)

Waverly nods. As Solo crosses to scrutinize the photo more closely:

WAVERLY  
Yes. The man who created the tidal wave device and turned it over to Thrush... Following which we received the ultimatum: ten billion dollars in various currencies or every coastal city in the world will disappear beneath a wall of water.

SOLO  
So the bad ship Bountiful must be taking that machine to a place that's ideally situated for launching global tidal waves.

WAVERLY (nod)  
Precisely.  
(indicates screen picture)  
Professor Powers bears a faint resemblance to you, don't you think?

SOLO (a beat; shrewdly)  
Am I to understand that -- ah -- the Professor is to arrive in Hong Kong -- two days early?

WAVERLY (nod)  
Very good, Mr. Solo. And go straight to the Fiery Dragon Cabaret-Bar..... Miss Janus is an entertainer there. As Professor Powers, I'm sure you can get her to tell you where that ship's going.

SOLO (puzzled)  
Uh --- where the ship's going...Can't we just ask Illya, on Channel D?

WAVERLY  
Unfortunately, no. Attempts to communicate with Mr. Kuryakin on board have been fruitless. Either the ship's under a jamming umbrella or --

SOLO

-- or Illya may've been discovered  
and --

20  
CONT'D  
(3)

WAVERLY (somerly)

Yes, Mr. Solo. He may've been "dis-  
covered and".

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. OCEAN - (STOCK) - DAY

21

The Bountiful, sailing.

INT. HOLD - DAY

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22

CLOSE SHOT of the padlock, re-secured by Illya. We PAN TO  
Illya seated, leaning against the wall, communicator to his  
lips. He wears the expression of someone who's trying to  
get through for the one hundredth time.

ILLYA (into communicator)

Open Channel D - Hello.....Hello!

(no response; sigh)

By some electronic fluke, you may hear  
me. So hear this.

(coolest)

I shall try to find some explosives on  
board and complete the mission. The  
risk to me is considerable. I there-  
fore hereby officially apply for an  
H1 classification - Hero, 1st Class -  
when my file is closed. If you can  
hear me, please note the scene is set  
for noble tragedy. If, on the other  
hand, I'm talking to myself, the  
situation is merely one of lunatic  
farce.

He switches off the useless communicator, rises, secretes  
communicator on him, sets about finding a way out of here.

INT. PASSAGEWAY - DAY

23

The Passenger and the two Thrushies appear, walking toward  
the hold.

PASSENGER

23  
CONT'D  
(2)

There's going to be rough weather.  
We'd better check on the cargo. See  
it's fully secured. If that thing  
breaks loose --

He has no need to warn them further. They nod as the trio  
continues walking.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

24

where Scotty, the grey, grizzled engineer, is complaining  
bitterly to Captain Morton. A lifetime of world-roving has  
left Scotty's accent unaffected. Also present is Hank, the  
muscular stoker.

SCOTTY

Sir, I been tellin' ya a hundred times.  
The engine's aye ready ta fa' apart.  
It needs an overhaul - by which I mean  
it should be hauled oot and thrown over  
the side. I canna be responsible --

MORTON

What do you want me to do? Pry some  
money out of the owners?! Ha! They  
won't give me a farthing to repair  
this old tub!....

He breaks off and he and Scotty react to an O.S. call:

FIRST THRUSHMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! What have we here?!

INT. HOLD - DAY

25

where the Thrushmen have found Illya. Passenger regards  
him aghast.

PASSENGER

Who're you?

ILLYA (cool)

I was about to ask you the same  
question.

A brisk nod from Passenger, and one Thrushman punches Illya  
in the stomach. Illya doubles up, but, in the same appar-  
ently defeated movement, starts a spectacular judo-throw

which frees him and sends the Thrushmen sprawling -- just 25  
as Morton and Scotty enter. Morton surveys Illya briefly, CONT'D  
coldly, turns to Passenger. (2)

MORTON

What is going on here?

PASSENGER (indicating

Illya)

Him! We just found him --

MORTON

A stowaway, sir ---

The 'sir' is a cold courtesy - not uttered as from a subordinate.

MORTON (cont'd)

--- is my concern.

PASSENGER

He doesn't look like any stowaway to me.

SCOTTY

That he doesna!

MORTON (to Scotty)

Get back to your engine, you haggis-bashing grease-monkey!

Scotty at once obeys. Morton continues, to Passenger:

MORTON (cont'd)

Understand this - crystal-clear. You represent the owners. I accord you respect for that.

(megomania again)

But I am Captain. From the Vikings to this age of atomic submarines - a Captain is law - life - death - embodied - personified.

PASSENGER

But he's here in the hold ---

MORTON

I don't care if he's in aspic! I won't tolerate you, or your very Petty Officers, interfering in the running of my ship. I repeat: a stowaway ---

PASSENGER (obsessed)  
He's in the hold - the cargo ---

25  
CONT'D  
(3)

MORTON (exasperation)  
What is that mis-shapen cargo of yours  
anyway - a contraband Humpty Dumpty?

PASSENGER  
That's not your concern.

MORTON (stiffest)  
Then further conversation seems to be  
superfluous.  
(to Illya)  
Come along.

Morton jerks his head authoritatively to Illya, who slides  
'politely' round the furious Passenger, follows Morton.  
Thrushies, slightly dazed, and very angry, watch impotently.

ZIP PAN TO:

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INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY

26

Morton, seated at desk, pours a drink but is so intrigued  
with Illya, standing in front of him like one accused, that  
he doesn't, like he usually does, immediately down it.  
His fingers curl round the glass as he looks up at Illya.

MORTON  
We've been going round in circles -  
and I pride myself on my navigation.  
So we'll start again. Who are you?

ILLYA  
Illya Kuryakin - unavoidably at your  
service.

MORTON  
Ah, you have a name. We're making  
progress. Why are you a stowaway,  
Kuryakin?

ILLYA  
Mr. Kuryakin.

MORTON (outraged, slapping  
table, spilling drink)  
Answer me! Why'd you stowaway?

ILLYA  
On land, I was all at sea. I thought  
I'd regularize the situation.

26  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON  
Where are you making for?

ILLYA (shrugs)  
No place in particular. Just getting  
away.

MORTON  
From what?

ILLYA (shrug)  
If you'll excuse me, sir, I don't think  
that's any of your business.

MORTON  
Insolent now, as well as evasive. I  
want a straight, respectful answer:  
why did you choose this ship?

ILLYA  
It reminded me of a poem.

This reply stops the refilled glass in its journey to  
Morton's mouth. He looks at Illya, taken entirely by  
surprise.

ILLYA (cont'd; quoting  
poem)  
"Dirty British coaster, with a salt-  
caked smokestack -- "

A beat. Morton's expression softens considerably.

MORTON  
So you know Masfield....

Memories stir within Morton. He's not all that eager to  
succumb to their painful nostalgia. He knocks back the  
drink, suddenly. His expression and tone change,  
ominously, deliberately.

MORTON (cont'd)  
I trust, Kuryakin, that your devotion  
to poetry will sustain you while you  
face the prosaic fact that a stowaway  
must pay for his passage - pay heavily.



Passenger enters. Morton, in front of him, acts even tougher.

26  
CONT'D  
(3)

MORTON (to Illya)  
Report to the bo'sun.

ILLYA  
Aye-aye, sir.

MORTON (thunderous)  
Don't be insolent!!

Illya leaves, closing door. Passenger crosses to Morton, who's busy pouring his next drink. He has little time for the Passenger.

PASSENGER  
The cargo is unharmed.  
(indicates door)  
What did you find out?

Morton looks up to him, smiling benignly, and, as if it explains everything, says:

MORTON  
He knows Masefield --

PASSENGER (sarcastic)  
Oh fine.  
(exasperated)  
Who's Masefield?

MORTON (tut-tutting)  
Civilized conversation between us  
indeed appears to be impossible.  
John Masefield ---  
(rises, raises glass)  
I rise and drink to him - Poet-  
Laureate of - England ---

CLOSEUP - MORTON

27

All the homesickness in the world is briefly concentrated in his expression. He stares, for not more than a moment or two, into distant, tormenting evocations. Then, with an unconvincing, short, dry laugh, tosses the drink back like he wishes it would kill him.

ZIP PAN TO:

to ESTABLISH.

A bleary crowd of drinkers watch (or listen to) Jenny dancing or singing. Whatever entertainment she offers, she's scantily and provocatively clad. We PICK UP Solo at the bar. He turns to the BARMAN.

SOLO

I'd like to talk to Miss Janus.

BARMAN

So would every other man in the Far East, sir.

SOLO (sliding money to

Barman)

Maybe I'm kind of special.

BARMAN

Sorry.

Barman actually slides the money back to Solo to emphasize:

BARMAN (cont'd)

Truly, sir. You're wasting your time.  
She doesn't mingle with the customers.

SOLO

I think she may make an exception in this case.

He slides the money back across the bar counter. Barman glances down.

Solo's forefinger, which has held visiting card in place atop money, withdraws. This reveals the printed lettering: 'Waiter Powers, Ph.D.' We register this and then the Barman's forefinger ENTERS FRAME and slides money and card toward himself. O.S.

BACK TO SCENE

31

Barman looks at card and:

BARMAN (impressed)  
On second thought, I'm sure she will  
see you....  
(gestures)  
If you'd like to wait, it's the second  
door to your right.

Solo smiles his thanks, rises and exits.

CLOSE ON JENNY

32

as she continues singing.

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INT. JENNY'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

33

Solo is rather idly prowling around -- examining the items  
on her dressing table, peering into the wardrobe closet,  
etc., when he breaks off as the door opens and Jenny enters.

SOLO

Miss Janus?

She fixes him with a smile as she remains standing near  
the doorway.

JENNY

Professor Powers...

Whereupon she pushes a button near the light switch --  
and the floor beneath Solo gives way. He's only half-  
fallen through the trapdoor when we, FREEZE FRAME and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

34

Sophisticated decor. Jenny is mixing drinks. Solo is on the divan, holding a compress to his head. As Jenny approaches him with drinks:

JENNY

This should make you feel better.

SOLO (taking drink)

I hope so....tell me, is it customary in Thrush to -- ah -- drop your business associates through trapdoors?

JENNY

Business associates? How do I know for sure that you're Professor Powers?

SOLO (cool throughout)

The search for identity. It's the problem of our age.

JENNY (setting trap)

You've arrived on time - but that isn't enough proof.

SOLO (evading trap)

It's no proof at all. I'm nearly two days early.

JENNY (nod of acknowledgment)

All right. You pass that test. But: why are you early?

SOLO

Rumor has it you're more desirable than any female has a right to be. I'm a scientist. Rumor isn't enough. Direct visual evidence is necessary.  
(eyes her approvingly)  
Already - you're passing that test.

It works. Jenny is evidently flattered - and enjoying it.

JENNY (a beat)  
 Welcome, Professor.  
 (lifts her glass in toast to him)  
 I'm sorry about your -- reception --  
 but we can't take any chances.

34  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

SOLO (romantically)  
 None at all --- ?

She sits on divan. The way she does it is almost answer enough. She appraises him.

JENNY  
 You're younger than I expected.

SOLO  
 I was a child prodigy.

He moves closer to her on the divan. She edges away with a shy smile that you wouldn't believe for a minute.

JENNY  
 Professor --

SOLO  
 When do we take off --- ?

JENNY  
 To rendezvous with the ship? Don't worry. We have some time to - kill.

SOLO (closer to her)  
 Leave us not waste it.  
 (closer)  
 Time - and tide - wait for no man.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. BOUNTIFUL MASTHEAD - DAY

35

Illya's tied to the masthead, within the unshaded crows-nest fencing. He's been fettered so as to face the merciless tropical sun. The mast sways and creaks. Illya lolls and sweats.

EXT. DECK - DAY

36

Passenger ENTERS FRAME, approaches Morton, mops his brow.

PASSENGER

Whew! Awfully hot, isn't it?

MORTON

What do you expect in the tropics?

PASSENGER (casually)

The -- stowaway....what did you do with him?

MORTON (pointing up to

Illya)

Put him to work. He's to let me know the minute he sights an iceberg.

Passenger, having momentarily taken Morton seriously, reacts sourly.

ON ILLYA

37

Illya, in the greatest discomfort, hears Morton laughing boozily O.S. Laughter stops suddenly as we:

CUT TO:

BIG CLOSEUP - ILLYA

38

as his head lolls forward in final exhaustion.

EXT. DECK - CLOSEUP - ILLYA - DAY

39

Morton's hand ENTERS FRAME, hauls Illya's head up by the hair. When we PULL BACK, we're on deck. Illya, near collapse, is being held up by two particularly brutish crewmen, Morton holding his head up by his hair, his face very close to Illya's.

MORTON (quietly)

Had enough, poetmaster? Ready to launch into your biography?

Illya feebly shakes his head. Morton, losing temper with mercurial speed, roughly relinquishes his hold, hisses:

MORTON (cont'd)  
Talk, you arrogant scum! I know the  
loathsome self-pitying history of  
every social outcast aboard. Who are  
you to keep yours secret from me?

39  
CONT'D  
(2)

Passenger, nearby, is just as interested in the outcome as  
Morton.

MORTON (cont'd)  
Who are you? What are you?

Illya is near unconsciousness. Morton bellows:

MORTON (cont'd)  
Kuryakin!

ILLYA (lifts head  
slowly, croaks)  
Mr. Kuryakin ---

Morton nearly detonates. But, with 'control':

MORTON (to crewmen)  
He's delirious. Cool him off.

Crewmen let go of Illya who slumps on the deck. Crewmen  
throw a bucket of water apiece over him. Illya gasps,  
shivers, huddles. Morton looks down on him without pity.

MORTON (cont'd)  
Oh dear. That's made a mess of the  
deck. Swab it, my stubborn, superior  
stowaway. Swab it till it's as dry  
as your wit.

Crewmen haul Illya to his feet, shove a mop into his hands.  
Illya painfully and slowly starts swabbing the deck.

MORTON (cont'd)  
Then - by way of contrast - report  
to the stoker.

His anger and frustration far from assuaged, and well  
aware that the humiliated Illya is in fact still winning,  
Morton stomps away.

ZIP PAN TO:

Scotty patrolling and lovingly tending the engine. Suddenly, a jet of steam spurts from a leak in the main outlet-pipe, its force tearing away rotting sacking, lagging the pipe. Scotty reacts with exasperation rather than panic, snatches up an old welder, shields his face from the scalding steam, starts to repair the leak. At this point, Illya is rudely shoved into the room. Scotty solves his immediate problem, turns to face Illya.

ILLYA

Are you Scotty?

SCOTTY

Aye.

ILLYA

I was told to report to you.

SCOTTY

I expected as much. I hope you're good with a shovel, lad.

(calls O.S.)

Hank!

Hank steps INTO THE SCENE from the adjacent stokehold.

SCOTTY (to Hank)

This is Mister --

ILLYA

Kuryakin.

SCOTTY

Kuryakin. A stowaway. But a man to be treated wi' respect, like all creatures....Hank here will show you the ropes.

ILLYA (proffers hand to

Hank)

Glad to know you.

HANK (takes Illya's hand)

Man, I don't envy you!

He leads Illya to the --



and hands him a shovel, gestures to the open furnace. As they start to work:

ILLYA

Why? Isn't everybody aboard happy in his work?

HANK (a bitter laugh)

Happy! Food's lousy, pay's worse and we got a skipper makes Cap'n Bligh look like a bleedin' heart.

(sardonically)

Boy, are we happy! Crew's been talkin' mutiny ever since I been aboard.

(grimly, almost to himself)

Only trouble is, we're a bunch of followers without a leader.

ILLYA (indicating Scotty

O.S.)

What about him? He looks like he might fill the bill.

HANK

Scotty?....Oh, he could lead us all right if he wanted to. But he doesn't want to. All he cares about is his engine.

(shakes his head)

He's in love with that engine.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

42

Re-establishment: Scotty's fatherly tending of the engine, exemplified by his stroking the seam-repair, now completed, on the pipe.

INT. STOKEHOLD - DAY

43

HANK

Scotty ain't like the rest of us. He could walk off this floatin' sweatshop any time - give the fuzz the big hello - solid citizen - nothing to fear. Ain't none of us can do that. But he stays.

ILLYA  
Too old to get another ship?

43  
CONT'D  
(2)

HANK  
Ain't just that, boy, Scotty was down here when she was launched, on Clydeside.

(solemnly locates Clydeside)  
That's Glasgow, Scotland.

(Illya equally solemnly nods)  
Down here when she was torpedoed.  
Around when they salvaged her. He  
can't leave. In love with an engine.  
Don't understand him.

Scotty looms INTO SCENE, wiping hands on rag, very cross he's being discussed.

SCOTTY  
Who's asking ye to understand anything but the need to keep yon furnance stoked?

HANK (fond, gently chiding)  
Don't blow your stack, daddy. Leave that to the engine.

SCOTTY  
You two mind your wurrrk: I'll mind the engine.

SOUND O.S. of more steam escaping. As Scotty smothers an imprecation and rushes back into the engine room:

HANK  
There she goes again!

Hank and Illya stoke on.

ILLYA  
Hank.

HANK  
Huh?

ILLYA  
Are there any explosives aboard?

HANK  
Sure.  
    (solemn)  
Cap'n Morton.

43  
CONT'D  
(3)

They stoke on.

ILLYA  
Hank.

HANK (tolerant)  
Man, you're fuller of questions than  
the back room at the station house.

ILLYA  
Where're we headed?

HANK (shrug)  
Sealed orders. That's the way this  
old tub travels - ten times out of ten.  
Sealed orders - in Morton's wall-safe.

ILLYA  
Hank ---

HANK (had enough)  
Stoke.

Illya stokes.

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INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

44

On the second evening of their "relationship", Jenny and Solo dance to soft radio MUSIC. He guides her past a champagne bucket. They're gazing warmly at each other. The song ends. Before they break, Solo kisses her rather effectively.

JENNY  
That was nice. It makes me hate to  
go.

She moves to pick up a jacket.

SOLO  
Go?

JENNY (smiles)  
I have to work for a living, you know.  
Place called the Fiery Dragon. Remember?

44  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Oh, yes. The one with the trapdoor in  
your dressing room.  
(reaches for his coat)  
I'll go along with you.

JENNY (shakes her head)  
Sorry. Business before pleasure.  
(indicating them)  
You can read some magazines.

She gives him a quick kiss, disappears before Solo can protest further. When she's gone, Solo looks deeply thoughtful for a moment, looks around the room, then moves to the door through which she exited. He turns the knob. It's locked. Solo looks more thoughtful than ever.

ZIP PAN TO:

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EXT. OCEAN - STORM - (STOCK) - NIGHT

45

The Bountiful under storm-attack.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE CAPTAIN'S CABIN - (STORM MOVEMENTS) -  
NIGHT

46

Illya, sweat-and-coal-dust-streaked after the stoking stint, comes down the corridor, stops before the cabin. Seeing no light shining through the bottom of the door, and thus satisfied that Morton isn't in, he begins to pick the lock. But he's interrupted by O.S. FOOTSTEPS, jumps back away from the door as the Captain, presumably having descended from the bridge, comes down the corridor. Morton is in manic-drunk state. Drunk or no, his sealegs function. He stands foursquare, roars above the SOUNDS of the STORM.

MORTON  
What're you doing here? This is  
officers' country! Why aren't you  
below?!

ILLYA  
It's ~~was~~ a nice night, I thought I'd  
take a walk.

46  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON (fuming)  
I'll ~~get~~ a straight, respectful answer  
from you yet.  
(wrenches open cabin door)  
Get in.

Way by Illya: at least he gets into --

INT. MORTON'S CABIN - (STORM MOVEMENTS) - NIGHT

47

Morton follows Illya in, slams door, lurches to desk, sits,  
switches on desk lamp. This one light casts odd shadows  
on both men, and the swaying storm-tossed cabin creates  
DIZZY CAMERA ANGLES throughout. Morton takes bottle and  
glass from desk drawer, pours, asks with deceptive quiet-  
ness:

MORTON  
Had a good day, Kuryakin?

ILLYA  
Mr. Kuryakin.

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At this, Morton's rage is so great he looks to be in danger  
of apoplexy. He stares at Illya, his whole face trembling  
with anger, his teeth gritted so that he has to unclench  
them to allow the drink, lifted in his trembling hand,  
passage to his gullet. He swallows the liquor untidily,  
greedily: it gives him a temporary semblance of 'calm'.  
Again, then, that deceptive, ominous quiet tone.

MORTON  
When it comes to terms of address -  
(spitting it)  
- Mr. Kuryakin - you don't know who  
you're talking to. Ohh, you're so  
smug, so superior!  
(rises, goes round to Illya)  
You dare to bear contempt for me.  
You think I'm merely a tyrannical old  
rum-sponge.

ILLYA (standing his ground)  
No offense, sir, but you work hard at  
creating that image.

MORTON

47

Image has nothing to do with reality,  
Mr. Kuryakin. You won't tell me the  
reality about yourself. So be it.  
Keep your counsel. But know me.

CONT'D  
(2)

At the peak of mania, abandoning the reality of the present,  
he stands to attention and, as if declaring a faith:

MORTON (cont'd)

Captain Rupert Oliver Morton - Royal  
Navy ---

His voice trails away as he succumbs entirely to the past -  
and relives it. His eyes look into his harshest memory.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

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48

fascinated. The more so as:

MORTON (cont'd, O.S.)

--- hereby accused by General Court-  
Martial of misappropriating the mens'  
rum-ration. How plead you?

CLOSEUP - MORTON

49

MORTON (cont'd)

Not guilty, sir. Not guilty! Not -- !!

His voice has become strangled in these few words. He  
seizes at his heart and begins to fall.

BACK TO SCENE

50

Illya catches him, prevents full fall, supports Morton,  
gets him back on the chair behind the desk. Pours a  
drink for him. Morton temporarily fights for breath -  
but not for words: he wants to say them too urgently.

MORTON (cont'd)

Me - a Morton - court-martialled!  
Why the very seabed heaved in protest:  
the salt-cleansed bones of generations  
of Mortons -- Royal Navy men since the  
founding of the Fleet -- those bones  
stirred in helpless, disbelieving anger.

He snatches the drink from Illya but it halts in its journey to his mouth in reaction to an extended flash of lightning which causes Morton to look up at Illya.

50  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON'S POV - CLOSEUP OF ILLYA

51

dramatically lit by the lightning, his face tilting because of storm movement, as he looks down at Morton.

CLOSEUP - MORTON

52

His face muscles slacken in vast surprise.

MORTON (hushed)

Lieutenant --- !

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

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53

reacting to this extraordinary switch.

BACK TO SCENE

54

Morton passes a shaking hand across his eyes as if to expunge the illusion. He succeeds, returns fully to the present, with a strange kind of gratitude.

MORTON (awed)

You look like him. I knew there was  
something ---

(renewed wonder)

I see - in you - now - the young  
Lieutenant - the one officer who  
spoke up for me at - that - court-  
martial ---

Morton drinks, then rises, relives, addresses imaginary Court-Martial Board.

MORTON (cont'd)

"Gentlemen: the charge levelled against me is patently absurd. Well-documented, substantiated by a conspiracy of perjuring forgers - aye - but transparently ludicrous. The real charge against me has not - nay, cannot be substantiated -- "

Morton wheels round, points dramatically at the awed,  
fascinated Illya.

54  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON (cont'd)

" --- because, as my loyal witness  
has testified, that unspoken indict-  
ment is brought against me by mutinous  
traitors. Traitors to the concept of  
discipline --- "

CLOSEUP - MORTON

55

He breaks off, looks out the sea-spattered, gale-whipped  
seaside porthole of the cabin.

MORTON (cont'd; anguished,  
from the heart)

D'you hear me - Mortons resting in the  
deep?

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INT. PASSAGEWAY OUTSIDE CABIN - (STORM MOVEMENTS) - NIGHT

56

First and Second Thrushmen huddled against the shuttered  
window listening.

MORTON'S VOICE (O.S.)

D'you hear - and understand?

FIRST THRUSHMAN

The old boozier's baring his soul.

SECOND THRUSHMAN

Go tell the boss.

FIRST THRUSHMAN

If I'm not back in an hour - throw  
out a net.

First Thrushman lurches away on the wildly-tilting, wave-  
drenched deck. Second Thrushman continues listening.

INT. MORTON'S CABIN - (STORM MOVEMENTS) - NIGHT

57

MORTON

Aye, discipline! I created and  
commanded fighting men - of the sea:  
I didn't nursemaid puking sailorboys.  
Results. Why didn't they look to the  
results?



He crosses to the desk. His hands lift something on it  
O.S., replace it. As he speaks, we PAN DOWN TO the desk. 57  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON (cont'd)  
When I came back, after they'd con-  
sidered their verdict --

CAMERA PAN COMPLETED, now shows a paper knife, the point  
toward Morton, on the desk.

MORTON'S VOICE (cont'd, O.S.)  
--- the point of the sword was toward  
me.

PAN UP again TO Morton. The phrase 'mask of tragedy' is  
not too lurid to describe his expression.

MORTON (cont'd)  
Aye. That means guilty, Mr. Kuryakin.  
And I ---  
(bows head, supports himself  
with both hands on desk edge)  
--- was out of the Royal Navy.  
(bows head further)  
They might's well've thrust that sword  
through my heart. They ---

He can't continue. As he stands, head bowed, the storm,  
Wagnerian accompaniment to the scene throughout, now rages  
and howls as if in mighty sympathy. At length, he turns  
brokenly to Illya again.

MORTON (cont'd; a cry  
for help)  
Lieutenant --- !

He sways again, more dangerously than before.

ILLYA (gently)  
I think you'd better lie down,  
Captain....Get some sleep...

Illya takes him, loose-limbed, mumbling, unresisting, to  
the bunk. As Morton's head hits the pillow he looks up  
at Illya, lost in the past, reliving the end of the monu-  
mental drunk he went on after his conviction when, it's  
clear, the young Lieutenant had to put him to bed.

Morton wheels round, points dramatically at the awed, fascinated Illya.

54  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON (cont'd)  
" --- because, as my loyal witness  
has testified, that unspoken indict-  
ment is brought against me by mutinous  
traitors. Traitors to the concept of  
discipline --- "

CLOSEUP - MORTON *University of...* 55  
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He breaks off, looks out the sea-spattered, gale-whipped  
seaside porthole of the cabin.

MORTON (cont'd; anguished,  
from the heart)  
D'you hear me - Mortons resting in the  
deep?

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drenched deck. Second Thrushman continues listening.

INT. MORTON'S CABIN - (STORM MOVEMENTS) - NIGHT 57

MORTON  
Aye, discipline! I created and  
commanded fighting men - of the sea:  
I didn't nursemaid puking sailorboys.  
Results. Why didn't they look to the  
results?

He crosses to the desk. His hands lift something on it  
O.S., replace it. As he speaks, we PAN DOWN TO the desk. 57  
CONT'D  
(2)

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at Illya, lost in the past, reliving the end of the monu-  
mental drunk he went on after his conviction when, it's  
clear, the young Lieutenant had to put him to bed.

MORTON  
Thank you, Lieutenant - thank you,  
m'boy - you spoke up for me - told  
the truth - thank ---

57  
CONT'D  
(3)

Morton slumps into heavy, tormented sleep. Illya is satisfied Morton's out, LEAVES FRAME. We PAN UP TO deckside porthole. First Thrushman looks in cautiously.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA

58

at the wall-safe, attempting the delicate task of discovering the combination while the storm rages and the cabin floor tilts beneath him. Suddenly, Illya's seized from behind by Thrushmen who've entered easily enough under cover of storm noise. There is a fight, ending when Illya breaks loose from the Thrushmen and races out of the cabin.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. OCEAN - (STOCK) - DAY

59

Storm over. Bountiful sailing peacefully.

INT. WHEELHOUSE, BRIDGE - DAY

60

Morton has no hangover. Passenger's with him.

MORTON (incredulous)  
My safe?

PASSENGER  
My men saw him.

MORTON  
Kuryakin --- I don't believe it.

PASSENGER (nastily)  
I'm touched by your new-found faith  
in the sweetness and light of human  
nature, Captain Morton - but - the  
evidence of my mens' eyes ---

MORTON (brooding, savage)  
If this be true, I'll ---

PASSENGER  
It's true. I insist you take action  
against this troublesome interloper -  
and the closer it is to terminal action,  
the better I'll ---

60  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON (brusquest)  
Don't tell me what to do, sir.

Morton storms out. Passenger follows.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. STOKEHOLD - DAY

61

Stoking temporarily suspended. No wonder. The two Thrusmen stand guard at the access-space to stairway leading above: Passenger stands back warily from the center of the scene - which is Illya confronted by Morton. Hank, not liking what's going on at all, stands to one side.

MORTON (to Illya)  
You are accused, by these - people -  
of attempting to open my safe last  
night. How plead you?

ILLYA  
How did you plead, Captain, when --

MORTON  
How dare you!

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

62

The patrolling Scotty is suddenly caught by a big escape of scalding steam from the outlet-pipe. He YELLS and clutches his right arm as it's badly burned, staggers back. Several other leaks spring. Steam everywhere. He staggers for the stokehold.

INT. STOKEHOLD - DAY

63

Investigation postponed in response to Scotty's scream and the cloud of steam now issuing from the engine room, all are looking in that direction. Scotty totters out, yelling in pain and anger.

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SCOTTY (to Morton)  
It's happened - as I warned ye - ye  
scrimshanking ol' Sassenach! Yon  
engine's had it! My engine --- !  
It's gonna blow - blow us all tae  
glory!

63  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

64

The entire outlet-pipe is wreathed in steam from many  
leaks. HISSING, scalding steam continues to accumulate  
in the area.

INT. STOKEHOLD - DAY

65

Hank shields Scotty from isuing steam, leads the old man  
away. Illya grabs up and dons some oilskins lying around  
as:

ILLYA (to Morton, indi-  
cating the injured Scotty)  
Take care of his arm!

MORTON  
Where are you going?!

ILLYA  
Where do you think I'm going?!

Whereupon Illya pulls cowl over his head and plunges into  
the steam. Just before he's completely enveloped by it,  
we LOSE FOCUS and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. STOKEHOLD - DAY

66

PICKUP OF ACTION continuous from end of Act II: Illya entering cloud of steam issuing from engine room.

CLOUD OF STEAM

67

Illya-in-oilskins, hurrying through, his face cowled by the hood. The oilskins 'sweat' and crack under scalding steam treatment.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - MED. CLOSE - ILLYA - DAY

68

becoming CLOSE SHOT as his oilskin-hooded-and-swathed figure approaches the center of the engine room. Making sure he's covered right over his hands, Illya feels for, finds the appropriate valves, moves to shut them off.

ILLYA'S POV (EFFECT: PAST HOOD-TOP, STEAM AHEAD)

69

First pipe section. Steam juts straight out at him, its force flapping loosened lagging-rags like flags.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

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70

within oilskin hood. Partially protected, but some steam gets through, stinging face and eyes. He grits his teeth, lunges forward, starts wrapping the leaks.

INT. STOKEHOLD - DAY

71

Morton, Scotty, Passenger, and Hank; the latter is bandaging Scotty's arm. All look through the steam toward the engine room.

SCOTTY

He's a gone 'un, Cap'n.

MORTON

He is that.

PASSENGER

Very heroic, I'm sure - but that doesn't alter the fact he's a safe-cracker.

71  
CONT'D  
(2)

Morton turns to Passenger - slowly - and speaks with the utmost distance, firmness and genuine calm.

MORTON

Sir - Mr. Kuryakin is engaged, at hazard, in saving this ship - which includes your valuable cargo and your far from priceless skin. One more syllable from you against him and you risk being bundled in there for an experience which will make this Turkish bath feel like an ice-pack.

INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

72

A noticeable diminution of steam escape. Illya has managed to make repairs, rapidly, to a few escape-points in the pipe. The steam is more than half-conquered. What remains, and what still issues from other escape-points, no longer fills the room: it rushes away to the cold air. Illya is able to abandon the hood, finally exits the engine room to:

INT. STOKERHOLD - DAY

73

MORTON

Mr. Kuryakin. I thank you. We all thank you.

The others present add their noises of gratitude. Passenger, really hating Illya now, hovers uncertainly.

MORTON (to Illya)

As to that other trifling matter - it was a mistake, was it not? You and I know that grave accusations are frequently mistakes. So.

(firmest)

It was a mistake.

Illya, who did, as he and we (and Passenger) know, try to bust open Morton's safe, looks a shade uncomfortable, but this is no time to emulate George Washington, so he nods his thanks and holds his peace.



MORTON (cont'd)  
Be so good as to come with me ---

73  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY

74

MORTON  
I still don't know your history, Mr.  
Kuryakin. Possibly I never will.  
But that's of no consequence. My  
instinctive judgment is vindicated.  
You are, without doubt, several cuts  
above the average.

ILLYA  
You're too kind.

MORTON

Kind? I've never been accused of that  
before.

(a beat)

Aye. You possess spirit - defiance -  
qualities long since rooted out of  
the lost and frightened souls that  
make up my crew. You have thus earned  
much more than the right to cringe in  
shelter. Mr. Kuryakin --- you are to  
be my First Mate.

Illya looks more than uncomfortable. He's now stunned by  
this (in the circumstances) quite unjustified expression  
of faith in him.

ILLYA  
Captain - I'm not the man - I don't  
plan ---

MORTON (grandly)  
It is settled.

ILLYA ('resigned')  
Aye-aye, sir.

ZIP PAN TO:

Expressions of affection here have long since progressed beyond handshaking, however warm. Solo and Jenny are in a time-means-nothing kiss. They're on the divan. The kiss ends. Jenny remains enfolded in Solo's arms. They romance each other tenderly and during the dialogue.

JENNY

I still feel I don't know you ---

SOLO

In what exact respect?

JENNY

Motive. Why did you desert to us?

SOLO

At the Research Center, I found the lack of champagne --- and other sparkling delights -- depressing.

JENNY

That's disappointing.

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SOLO

I'm sorry. Nobody can live up to expectations in everything.

JENNY

So: you're just a mercenary.

SOLO (nod)

Highly uncomplicated.

JENNY

Oh, darling - don't you anticipate and relish the exercise of naked power over the entire world?

SOLO

What would I do with power? Flood one city and you've flooded them all.

JENNY

Won't you be disappointed if we don't have to give a city or two your tidal-wave treatment - if the world tamely submits and pays off?

SOLO ('tenderest')  
Stop trying to turn me into a frogman-  
fuhrer.

75  
CONT'D  
(2)

(kisses her)  
I'm a very simple man. Most geniuses  
are. I'm happy in my work ---  
(kisses her)  
--- and more than content with the  
fringe benefits.

He embraces her again, caresses her ardently.

SOLO (cont'd)  
We've still got some time before we  
take off?

She nods, 'happily'. He continues caressing as if this is  
his sole preoccupation.

SOLO (cont'd; kiss)  
Let's enjoy it. No strings. No  
regrets. No questions.

Jenny also plays preoccupied with romance.

JENNY  
Don't you even want to know where  
we're going?

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Of course he does. That's why he's here, shmoozing this  
compliant conniver. But he answers as if he hadn't the  
slightest interest in their destination - and takes the  
chance of inventing a Professor Powers-type 'fact':

SOLO  
I gave your people a choice of  
geophysically suitable locations.  
I guess they've selected one.

JENNY (nuzzling his neck)  
That's right.

SOLO ('casually', nuzzling  
her neck)  
Which one?

JENNY (loving nuzzling)  
I can't tell you.

SOLO

Oh --- ?

75  
CONT'D  
(3)

JENNY

Not for anything in this world ---  
(Solo augments his ardor)  
--- or on this divan ---  
(a beat)  
--- Mr. Solo.

CLOSEUP - SOLO

76

looking up from neck-nuzzling. Suitable reaction. Then another reactions as he looks at:

SOLO'S POV

77

The mirror-door slides open. Three THRUSH THUGS step out, armed. They spread around the room, well distanced from Solo, menacing him with guns. Following them: PROFESSOR POWERS, whom we recognize from the slide in Waverly's office.

BACK TO SCENE

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78

Jenny has disconnected from Solo, stands to one side. He's completely isolated and helpless: not even a window to leap through in this place, and too far from the armed Thugs to take even the most spectacular action against them. He looks wryly at Jenny.

SOLO

Should I say I knew that you knew,  
and you knew that I knew that you  
knew - or would that sound like some-  
one playing a nose-flute?

JENNY

The next significant music you're  
going to hear, Mr. Solo, is from a  
harp.

The three Thugs begin to move in on Solo. He raises his hands in a gesture of surrender.

ZIP PAN TO:

Chronometer on desk reads a minute or two before ten. We PAN UP from it to Morton making a calculation on a chart with callipers, Illya standing by, under evident tuition. Door opens, Passenger enters, ignores Illya, snaps to Morton:

PASSENGER

It's almost ten o'clock. Time to open the sealed orders.

MORTON (straightening up, fuming)

Next time you seek admission - knock or I'll order my First Mate to make you knock - with your head.

PASSENGER

I demand to be present when you ---

MORTON (roaring)

Demand?!

PASSENGER (indicating

Illya)

And he shouldn't be present.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

Correct!  
Unsubstantiated! I'm in New York City  
Not to be taken seriously. I'm a man of 80

reacting to the truth of Passenger's analysis.

PASSENGER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Your delusions about this man are pathological. You ---

BACK TO SCENE

81

MORTON ('control',

overlap)

Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

Sir.

MORTON

Throw this person out - against the most skull-cracking bulkhead you can find.

Illya turns to obey, but Passenger scuttles out.

81  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON (cont'd)

They - whoever they are - charter  
my ship and think they own me!  
Blast 'em. Never a voyage without one  
of their whey-faced lackeys aboard -  
and so-called "extra officers". But I  
don't knuckle under to 'em, Mr. Kuryakin  
- and neither must you.

ILLYA (reminding)

Nevertheless, sir, it is time for  
you to consult your sealed orders.

Morton nods, crosses to wall-safe, opens it, takes  
out envelope, gives it to Illya to open and read.

ILLYA (reading)

Steer due east when reach 14 degrees  
north latitude and 113 degrees east  
longitude. Anchor off the first  
island in your path. Deliver cargo  
ashore in longboat. Utmost caution.

MORTON

Simple enough. Some of the routes  
they give me're like going through  
Hampton Court Maze.

(pours drink)

Tell the helmsman.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

82

A beat.

ILLYA

No sir.

CLOSEUP - MORTON

83

He pauses in mid-pour, darts a look at Illya as  
if his hearing's tricking him.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

84

steadily returning Morton's look, advancing to desk,  
placing the order on it between them.

CLOSEUP - MORTON

85

looking down at the order on the desk.

MORTON'S POV

86

The order - with Illya's U.N.C.L.E. identity card held atop it by Illya's finger and thumb.

BACK TO SCENE

87

MORTON

What's that - a pawnbroker's credit card?

ILLYA

U.N.C.L.E. Uncle. An international law enforcement agency.

(urgently)

Listen ---

MORTON (blinking)

Law enforcement?

ILLYA

Yes, sir. You see ---Not to be confused with the U.N.C.L.E. (United Nations Crime Law Enforcement Agency)

MORTON (erupting in a monumental rage)

Yes, I do see!....Mister Kuryakin -- did - you - or - did - you - not - attempt - to - rob - my safe?!

ILLYA

I did. But if you'll let me tell you why --

MORTON

A spy! That unsuckled pig of a passenger is right! You're a spy!

ILLYA

Your cargo ---

MORTON

I treat you as a son --- !

ILLYA  
Listen to me! You've got to ---

87  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON  
I offer you my inheritance - my very  
command --- !

ILLYA  
You're being used by Thrush ---

MORTON (advancing on him)  
Fraud! Ingrate!  
(crux)  
Traitor! You - even you - a traitor -- !

Illya makes attempt to seize him and shake him out of his hysteria. With a savage grunt, Morton suddenly and viciously flings the contents of the glass in Illya's face and grabs up the bottle to attack him fully. Illya staggers back, semi-blinded by the rum. Passenger enters at speed, stands back to allow First and Second Thrushmen to follow him in and seize and rapidly overpower Illya. Morton, utterly insensate, raises the bottle.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. THRUSH SECRET AIRFIELD, HONG KONG - (STOCK) - NIGHT 88

Aircraft takes off.

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT **Not to be reproduced** 89

Jenny and Professor seated side by side. She's reading a fashion magazine: he's doing mathematical calculations. Behind them sit First and Second Thugs.

INT. LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT IN AIRCRAFT - NIGHT 90

ON Solo, coming to from unconsciousness and assessing his surroundings. He's propped against a wall in this tight little place. Needless to say, the door to the main cabin is locked. The floor, we will discover, has a sort of trapdoor, not unlike a bomb bay.

ZIP PAN TO:



ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY

96

Morton is still in a taut, dangerous state. We join him in the middle of a confrontation with the unafraid, arm-in-sling Scotty.

SCOTTY

Ye'll not order me oot. I'm nae one o' your sea-slaves, Cap'n.

MORTON (contained anguish)

You don't understand ---

SCOTTY

That lad's in irons. I ken that fine. And I want him released: you ken that.

MORTON

MacPherson - don't push me too far.

SCOTTY

I say the same thing to you.

MORTON (rounding on him)

What will you do - sabotage the engine to get your way?

SCOTTY (a beat)

Ye know I canna do that - ever.

MORTON (genuine envy)

You're a fortunate man. You have something to believe in - to love - despite, perhaps because of, its imperfections. Be secure in that belief, that love: don't meddle in matters beyond your comprehension.

They look at each other. Most unwillingly and somehow impressed, old Scotty turns to go. Morton automatically reaches for a bottle.

Not to be taken out of context in any way

Illya stands on a mess-table and is addressing the crew. They listen attentively and affirmatively; they don't need much persuading. Hank stands nearest Illya, as if already elected sidekick to the leader.

ILLYA (without theatrics)  
That's the plan. And I'm not  
going to beat around the bush or  
ask for a vote. You've all been  
pushed around long enough and hard  
enough to know for yourselves.  
There's only one way to stop the  
pushing. Mutiny.

MEDIUM SHOT SQUEALER

97

Squealer-Crewman on outskirts of gathering, looking  
suitably finky. Crew-agreement is heard o.s.

BACK TO SCENE

98

ILLYA (quieting crew)  
Mutiny according to the plan.  
You do your part - and I'll  
take care of Morton. He's not to  
be harmed.

Crewmen even agree to this, though not, perhaps,  
with quite so much enthusiasm as before.

HANK (for all)  
We're with you, Cap'n!

ILLYA (slight smile,  
headshake)  
Cool that, Hank. I won't be your  
Captain. I want only two things  
out of this: access to the hold,  
and the ship headed back to Hong  
Kong.

HANK  
You got 'em.  
(to Crew)  
Right, boys?

Crew agrees.

ILLYA  
We'll need weapons.

98  
CONT'D  
(2)

He turns to Hank inquiringly.

HANK (solemn)  
Cap'n don't allow no guns on  
board, didn't you know that --- ?

But he draws a gun just the same, with a broad grin.

HANK (to Illya)  
Got one for you, too ---  
(turns to Squealer)  
--- haven't we, Happy?

A beat and, reluctantly, Squealer hands over his gun. As Illya takes it, other Crewmen show what they've got hold of in the way of weapons: knives, clubs, chains, etc.

ILLYA  
That'll do. Go to your stations.

HANK (quickly, as  
crew disperses)  
An' don't forget: nobody's to  
harm Captain Morton.

Crew begins to leave. We see that the first out is Squealer, darting away on his treacherous mission. As Squealer leaves, Scotty enters. Squealer brushes past him. Scotty pauses, as Crewmen mill around him on their way out. Scotty clearly senses something ominous in the atmosphere. As a space clears, he sees Illya, conferring with Hank. That's a surprise in itself to Scotty, but he's still more concerned with the atmosphere he's become aware of. He crosses to Illya and Hank.

SCOTTY (to Hank)  
The boiler needs tendin'.

HANK  
Baby'll have to wait for its feed.

SCOTTY (unsurprised)  
Thought so. Mutiny. I can smell  
mutiny - an' it's aye a noisome stench  
- a'ways.

ILLYA  
Scotty --

SCOTTY (passionately)  
Nae guid'll come o' it. Believe me.  
Nae guid ever comes o' violence.  
I've seen this kind o' thing a few  
times and it's ---

98  
CONT'D  
(3)

ILLYA  
Scotty - it's necessary.

SCOTTY (stubbornly)  
Violence is never necessary - and  
a'ways evil!

HANK (to Illya)  
Aw come on --- It's useless.  
Scotty's a cheek-turner from way  
back.

(to Scotty, kindly)  
Just stay out the way, Pops ---

SCOTTY (to Illya)  
I didna think ye were that kind o'  
trouble-making agitator, Lad.

HANK (to Illya,  
more impatient)  
Aw come on ---

ILLYA  
No, Hank. Wait. Scotty's entitled  
to an explanation --- And so are you ---

Scotty and Hank give Illya attention. It's a kind  
of suspicious sidelong attention in Scotty's case,  
as if he's determined in advance not to be swayed  
by anything Illya has to say.

ILLYA  
This ship's carrying a special kind  
of infernal machine. A lot of  
innocent people're going to get a  
lot more than their feet wet if it's  
used. And the people it's going to  
- they mean to use it.

(directly to Scotty)  
There's no defense against that kind  
of splash, Scotty. So I'm talking  
about massacre.

(not argumentatively)  
What are you talking about?

SCOTTY (stubbornly)  
Non-violence. A principle is a  
principle. Besides, if it's the  
machine you want, - go for that.  
Smash it tae bits. I'll go wi' ye.  
Between us ---

Illya appears from crew quarters (BEHIND BRIDGE STRUCTURE SO THAT PASSENGER AND THRUSHMEN CAN'T SEE HIM) and hurries toward Morton's cabin.

## OTHER END OF DECK

107

Hank and main party of mutineers, in concealment.

HANK

Soon as Kuryakin takes care o'  
the old man - we rush the bridge.

Crewmen nod, eager to get going. Most of them have no armament: only clubs, chains, etc. They watch o.s. tensely.

## AT MORTON'S CABIN

108

Illya halts. He's about to open the door uncere-  
moniously. He pauses however. A smile to himself -  
and something makes him KNOCK!

MORTON (V.O.)

Come!

Illya enters:

## INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY

109

Morton, sprawled on bunk, is no more or less drunk than usual. But his REACTION is his biggest on the show - on seeing Illya free and his two Crewmen standing menacingly at the doorway. He rolls off the bunk, for once abandoning his precious bottle. He faces Illya.

ILLYA

I'm taking over, Captain. You're  
under arrest.

MORTON (stunned)

I -- beg -- your -- pardon!  
You are arresting me?!!

ILLYA

It's traditional in a mutiny.

MORTON

Mutiny! -- You're out of your mind!  
Mutiny!

(booming voice)

My dear daring Mr. Kuryakin - don't  
you know you can hang?

109

CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA (a beat)

Could be. Whatever the case, sir,  
I'm going to have to lock you in  
your quarters.....I'm sorry.

Illya turns, exits cabin, picking up key.

EXT. DECK DAY

110

Somehow, Illya hasn't enjoyed the preceding humili-  
ation of Morton. He frowns, turns the key, then  
gives a sign to Hank o.s.

OTHER END OF DECK

111

Hank watching. A beat.

HANK

Go!

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GENERAL SCENE OF DECK

112

Yelling Crewmen, led by Hank, rush the bridge. They  
make a few yards. Suddenly, tommygun fire rakes  
the air above their heads. Confusion. Everyone  
except Hank flings himself flat or dives for cover.  
Hank skids past bridge-area to meet Illya, who's  
just coming back from Morton's cabin. Before this  
happens, we see a quick:

MEDIUM SHOT SQUEALER

113

Emerging from concealment maliciously to witness the  
defeat of his comrades. Tommygun fire ceases. One  
bullet WHINES AND RICOCHETS in this area. Squealer  
grabs his chest as he's struck by it. He totters  
back and falls.

Hank skids into view to confront a very worried Illya, reacting to the recent firing and the paralysis of the attack on the bridge.

HANK (pointing off)  
It's those two jokers from below.  
They must've been tipped off!

ILLYA  
Good. Keep 'em busy. I'll make  
a run for the machine.

Illya does just that - bending low, running past bridge-structure toward hold-covers - under Hank's covering fire. Tommygun fire is instantly aimed at him - not from the bridge, but:

## AREA NEAR SMOKESTACK

115

Thrushmen 3 and 4 are firing at Illya from behind the stack.

## CLOSE UP ILLYA

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116

Scuttling into cover behind a ventilator - and stymied. He has no chance of making even a heroic dash for the hold, because he's covered by four tommyguns: two from the bridge, two from behind the smokestack and able to create, between them, a quadruple and inescapable cross fire. On Illya's eloquent reaction:

ZIP PAN TO:

## INT. AIRCRAFT - PILOT'S CABIN - DAY

117

Jenny with First Thug. They're looking out below thru the plexiglas.

## EXT. OCEAN (STOCK) - THEIR AIRCRAFT POV - DAY

118

Far below, the Bountiful sails - too far below for us to get any hint of the situation on board.

INT. AIRCRAFT - LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT - DAY

119

Solo, now out of his bonds, is working on the door lock.

120-121 OUT

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

122

The door to the luggage compartment opens. 2nd and 3rd Thugs' heads turn in response. They leave their seats, rush Solo, who piles into them. Fight. Jenny reacts. So does 1st Thug (pilot). Professor looks bewildered and scared as the battle rages.

123-124 OUT

INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY

125

Morton's looking out deck-window, with some satisfaction.

EXT. DECK - DAY - MORTON'S POV

127

The Illya-and-mutineers pinned-down situation as seen before.

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INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY

128

Morton turns from window, pours a drink for himself. Merrily tipsy already, he chuckles in anticipation. He looks out the porthole again. He doesn't drink. He reacts to what he sees o.s. He blinks. He puts glass down, grabs up binoculars, focusses them thru porthole.

EXT. PLUNGING PLANE - DAY

128X1

as it hits the sea.

CLOSE MORTON

128X2

MORTON

Plane down!

(rushes to door)

Airplane down off the port bow!

A burst of tommygun fire, o.s.



PASSENGER  
Get out of here! You're through!

133  
CONT'D  
(2)

MORTON (approaching)  
Give me the wheel.

PASSENGER  
Get out, I said!

Morton stops walking. He's stoned enough to tilt a little as he does so. He puts one hand out to save himself. It touches a switch, near a microphone.

EXT. DECK - DAY  
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Stymied Crewmen: a group, favoring a P.A. loudspeaker.  
From it:

MORTON (V.O. - P.A.)  
But there may be survivors! We've  
got to pick them up!

PASSENGER (V.O. - P.A.)  
I'm warning you! Stay away from  
that wheel!

135 OUT

BACK TO WHEELHOUSE

136

MORTON  
By Gad, sir, I am the Captain  
of this vessel, and I'll ---

PASSENGER (to Thrushman)  
Shoot him!

And the Thrushman does so.

EXT. DECK - DAY

137

Despite tommygun-menacing, the entire crew is now aware of what has happened because of the P.A. system.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

138

He reacts as if he has been shot himself. He  
FIRES up at bridge.

as, hit by Illya's bullet, he falls.

EXT. DECK - DAY

140

Illya waves crewmen to follow him and rushes the bridge, tangles with a Thrushman; as Passenger is about to shoot Illya -- there is a mighty EXPLOSION below decks. The ship shakes. Illya is flung to one side - to collide with Hank, coming in from Morton's-cabin-side. They join forces and race up the stairs to the bridge.

141 OUT

INT. WHEELHOUSE, BRIDGE - DAY

142

Explosion-effects over - but Passenger and Thrushmen one and two are not yet up off the floor where they've been flung. Illya and Hank disarm and overpower them. Other Crewmen, swarming in from both stairways, take them prisoner, hustle them away. Helmsman recovers, takes possession of wheel again.

At this point, Scotty enters the wheelhouse, puffing from his climb.

SCOTTY (to Illya,  
almost apologetically)  
I -- thought perhaps I'd indulge  
in a wee bit o' violence... I  
hope ya dinna mind the noise.

ILLYA  
It was music to our ears.

Illya gets down to Morton.

MORTON (in pain)  
A plane down -- What you do - with  
me - no matter - but - code of the  
sea - Mr. Kuryakin - change course -  
search for survivors -- Please,  
Mr. Kuryakin ---

ILLYA (quietly)  
Give the order. It's your ship.

MORTON (bemused, nods,  
turns to Helmsman)  
Hard aport there!

Helmsman turns questioningly to Illya.

ILLYA

You heard what the Captain said.

142  
CONT'D  
(2)

Helmsman turns the wheel in the appropriate direction. Morton feebly smiles his thanks to Illya and passes out from loss of blood. At this moment:

SCOTTY (looking apart)  
Survivor sighted!

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EXT. SEA - DAY

143

Solo, alone in a life raft, visibly blackened from the collision of the plane with the water, paddling along.

ZIP PAN TO:

END ACT FOUR

EXT. HONG KONG HARBOR - DAY

144

The ship moored.

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INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY

145

Morton, his arm still in a sling, is with Solo and Illya. Both U.N.C.L.E. men's clothes still bear signs of their recent rough treatment. They're saying "Goodbye" to Morton. As he responds, shaking hands as best he can in view of his wound, he turns to Illya.

MORTON

Should you ever decide to make  
 a life for yourself on the ocean  
 wave ---

ILLYA

I'll remember, sir. Thank you.

They turn to go. There's a KNOCK on the door and Waverly enters. He carries two slender cardboard boxes.

SOLO (introducing)

Mr. Waverly, of U.N.C.L.E. -  
 Captain Morton - of the ocean wave.

WAVERLY

Delighted to meet you, sir.

MORTON

An honor, Mr. Waverly.

SOLO (to Waverly)

Were there any other survivors?

WAVERLY

I'm afraid not. We've just called  
 off the search.

(a beat)

Oh, I have something for you,  
 gentlemen.

He hands boxes to Illya and Solo.

SOLO

What's this, sir?

145  
CONT'D  
(2)

WAVERLY (looks rather  
distastefully at the  
disheveled boys)  
New suits. You seem to need them.  
(to Morton)

We have their measurements on file -  
and the Hong Kong tailors are  
extremely adept.

MORTON  
Splendid organization, U.N.C.L.E.  
- simply splendid.

WAVERLY  
Like to work for us, Captain?

MORTON (touched)  
Thank you - but my references aren't  
of the best: convicted by general  
Court Martial and cashiered...

WAVERLY (deliberately  
offhand)  
Oh, that's all been set right.

Everyone gives him full attention.

WAVERLY (continued)  
(to Morton)  
My Lords of the Admiralty have  
reviewed your case, Captain.  
At my ---  
(a little cough)  
--- suggestion. The verdict has  
been set aside. You are now offi-  
cially Captain Morton, Royal Navy,  
retired.

Morton is too stunned to say anything.

SOLO (eagerly)  
With full backpay?

ILLYA (likewise)  
And pension rights?

WAVERLY (tut-tutting,  
to Morton)  
The young --- mercenary, aren't they?  
Well, sir? Now what about that job  
with us?

TAG

EXT. HONG KONG HARBOR - DAY 144

The ship moored.

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INT. MORTON'S CABIN - DAY 145

Morton, his arm still in a sling, is with Solo and Illya. Both U.N.C.L.E. men's clothes still bear signs of their recent rough treatment. They're saying "Goodbye" to Morton. As he responds, shaking hands as best he can in view of his wound, he turns to Illya.

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Should you ever decide to make  
a life for yourself on the ocean  
wave ---

ILLYA

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WAVERLY

I'm afraid not. We've just called  
off the search.

(a beat)

Oh, I have something for you,  
gentlemen.

He hands boxes to Illya and Solo.

SOLO

What's this, sir?

MORTON (a beat)  
 Thank you again, Mr. Waverly.  
 Very much. But -- well --  
 I - seem to've formed a senti-  
 mental attachment to this - "dirty  
 British coaster --- "  
 (Illya looks appreciative)  
 Me! Sentimental --- !  
 (pulls himself together)  
 Before we part, gentlemen - we  
must drink to that!

145  
 CONT'D  
 (3)

He turns to pour drinks. Solo, Illya and Waverly  
 smile understandingly at each other. We lose focus.

FADE OUT

THE END

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146-166 OUT