

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE "J" FOR JUDAS AFFAIR

~~THE "J" AFFAIR~~

Prod. #8464

**REVISED FINAL**

A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation

Produced by  
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:  
Norman Felton

Producer:  
Anthony Spinner

Written by:

Norman Hudis

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NOTE: "The "J" Affair" has been changed to  
"The "J" For Judas Affair"

6-9-67

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

The "J" Affair

Prod. #8464

Script dated: June 8, 1967

Name changes:

FROM:

TREZA

TREZA INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES

TO:

TENZA

TENZA INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES

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

The "J" Affair

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TEASER

1-22 OUT

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (STOCK)

22X1

A car -- unidentifiable in the darkness broken only by its headlights -- barrels along the country road.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - ON GRAHAM

22X2

Elderly, sweat-streaked, gaunt with fear. His hands grip the wheel, knuckle-white. CAMERA PANS to the seat beside him -- on which we see the pistol that is supposed to provide reassurance for the driver, but doesn't.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (STOCK)

22X3

The car zooms along.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - TIGHT ON GRAHAM'S FACE

22X4

and we get an even more agonizing look at a man bathed in terror. Now, there is a slow --

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TENZA GROUNDS - NIGHT

22X5

to show the gate and the Tenza mansion, superimposed on Graham's face. As the face fades out, CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the car braking to a stop outside the unlocked gate. Graham emerges from the car, hefting his pistol nervously.

ANOTHER ANGLE

23

We are looking across a spacious lawn to the huge Treza family mansion and, to one side of it, an equally impressive but smaller building. The scene is coldly moonlit. Clouds, scudding across the sky, intermittently shadow the scene, now and later. Into shot, big in f.g., steps Graham, looking with no great confidence across the lawn to the two building-bulks in b.g. He glances up at the moon o.s. A beat. His face is shadowed as clouds cross the moon. He lifts his arm. In his fist: the pistol. He clicks off the safety-catch and, in the temporary darkness, crouched low, gun ready, begins to run across the lawn toward the smaller building.

REVERSE ANGLE

24

The buildings are now behind us: we're looking back across the lawn as Graham completes the run, arriving, breathless in CLOSEUP. He looks up past CAMERA as he halts. Moonlight illuminates him.

GRAHAM'S POV

25

The portico of the smaller building. It is heavy stone. On it is carved the letter "T." Under the bars of the "T" are two eyes, as indicated:



Deep shadows are caused, from the heavy-carved insignia, by the fleeting moonlight. THIS IS THE TREZA FAMILY-FIRM TRADEMARK AND IS DUPLICATED, IN WHATEVER FORM, WHENEVER THE TERM "INSIGNIA" IS USED, THROUGHOUT THE SCRIPT.

PAN DOWN TO:

THE ENTRANCE TO THE SMALLER BUILDING

26

as the CAMERA enters, i.e., still maintaining Graham's POV as he walks in.

## INT. TREZA MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

27-30

Several stone caskets rest heavily in a straight line on catafalques. As the armed Graham walks past them, in the gentle light of the small cluster of lamps suspended from mid-ceiling, we see inscriptions on the fronts of the last three caskets: MAXIMILIAN TREZA (1834-1873) -- JOSEPH TREZA (1857-1924) -- and EDWARD TREZA (1888-1963). At the end of the line is a catafalque which as yet bears no casket. Graham halts here - gun ready - nervousness at its height. He looks around, into the deep shadows of the recesses of the mausoleum. He HEARS footsteps o.s., spins round, trigger-happy, menaces the direction with the gun.

NAPOLEON SOLO AND ILLYA KURYAKIN step from shadowed concealment -- an alcove fairly close by -- and walk toward him.

SOLO

Mr. Graham?

GRAHAM (quick nod)

Don't come any closer, until --

SOLO

Take it easy, Mr. --

GRAHAM (panic,  
brandishing gun)

Your credentials. I'm not taking  
any more chances.

Solo and Illya halt, quite near him as it happens, and, with suitable slowness, take out and show their U.N.C.L.E. IDs. Graham nods, with immense relief, shoulder-holsters his gun, leans weakly against the unoccupied catafalque, the strain almost too much for him. Solo and Illya go close to him, as if expecting him to faint, but he makes the effort to recover, and starts blurting:

GRAHAM

You've got to stop them. THRUSH.  
They're going to murder Mark Treza --  
and his son -- and take over the  
company.

ILLYA (urgently)

You told Mr. Waverly that much on  
the phone.

GRAHAM (persecuted)

I couldn't say more. They were get-  
ting close. I had to hang up and get  
out of there.

He looks around tensely.

27-30  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Mr. Graham -

(as Graham turns back)

Who's going to kill the Tenza?

When? Where?

A sudden shocking BURST of automatic-weapon fire, from the entrance behind Graham. Instantly killed, he spins and sprawls over the empty catafalque. Solo and Illya duck behind the catafalque, this move revealing --

-- the GUNMAN, wearing gloves, shadowy in the mausoleum-entrance, still operating the blazing gun, raking the entire area before him.

Solo and Illya have their guns drawn: uselessly. Against the barrage they can't even raise their heads.

Gunman finally fires at the cluster of lights, plunging the mausoleum into darkness. He turns and starts out. Solo and Illya are up at once, guns ready. Silhouetted by the moon streaming through the mausoleum door, the Gunman offers a target to Illya, whose bullet hits him in the arm. The Gunman staggers, lurches out the door to --

ANGLE TOWARD MAUSOLEUM DOOR

31

-- a car which has appeared just outside the door, one back door open. The Gunman leaps aboard it, and the car disappears as, from the doorway, the boys continue to fire toward it.

32 OUT

SOLO AND ILLYA

33

They move to the fallen Graham, examine him briefly. Solo's shake of the head indicates that Graham is dead. Illya picks up the Gunman's dropped automatic weapon. He and Solo look at it.

CLOSE SHOT

34

We see, with them, on the weapon, the insignia,

"J" Affair U.N.C.L.E.  
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engraved small...the same insignia we have seen a  
moment earlier on the portico of the mausoleum.

34  
CONT'D  
(2)

FREEZE:

FADE OUT:

35 OUT

END TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. TREZA COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK) 36

The CAMERA PANS down the entire depth of the skyscraper.

ON BUILDING ENTRANCE 36X1

Where we see the Treza flag, then PAN to the nameplate on the side of the building.

TREZA  
INTERNATIONAL  
INDUSTRIES

President: MARK TREZA



INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY 37-39

When seen fully, this is appropriately lavish and modernistic. There is a balcony. We begin however on a CLOSEUP of --

MARK TREZA: he's fifty, distinguished-looking, well-preserved, a tough and brusque tycoon, completely willful, and currently in a refrigeratedly-'controlled' temper. He's leaning forward in his deep desk chair to jet-propel the following crisply and dominantly across the desk to people o.s.

MARK

I don't care who you represent. I don't need your services.

REVEAL: Solo and Illya, standing the other side of the desk: they have not even been invited to sit down. Nearby, attentive and self-effacing, is OLIVIA WILLS (twenty-seven, efficient, attractive). She is Mark's personal secretary: to him she's part of the decor: to her he's close to being a divinity. Stepping in urgently is ADAM TREZA (twenty-two, good-looking, collegiate-type - and currently proving he's inherited his father's capacity for ire.)

ADAM  
Father - listen ---

37-39  
CONT'D  
(2)

MARK  
Shut up.

ADAM  
Not this time. For once you're  
going to hear ---

MARK (overlap)  
I don't allow interference in the  
company's affairs. I've told you  
a thousand times ---

ADAM (flaring)  
In this family, nothing under a  
million registers.

SOLO  
Mr. Treza ---

MARK  
Who asked you to butt in?

SOLO (steely)  
Mr. Graham: a late and loyal  
employee of yours.

MARK (coldest logic)  
But fatally misguided. If he'd  
reported to me instead of you,  
he'd still be alive.

ADAM (incredulous  
statement, not a question)  
You're so sure!

MARK  
Keep out of this.

Mark turns from Adam to continue blasting Solo, but  
Solo, leaning in on the desk edge and looking straight  
at Mark, forestalls him.

SOLO  
You may both be right out of  
it - murdered by THRUSH.

MARK  
Get off my desk - and my back.

Solo straightens up, keeping his temper with  
difficulty.

ILLYA (coolest)  
Mr. Treza, maybe you don't care  
about your life - or your son's.  
That's your privilege. But we  
don't intend to let one of the  
world's biggest production combines  
fall into THRUSH hands. We're in on  
this whether you like it or not.

37-39  
CONT'D  
(3)

This momentarily stuns Mark - to say nothing of the  
effect on Olivia. She looks as if she expects a  
lightning bolt to strike Illiya dead on the spot.  
Mark gets his breath back - and breathes deeply  
with it.

MARK  
For the last time: I don't like  
interference. I have my own  
Security Force. It costs me  
\$3,000,000 a year.  
(for Solo and Illiya)  
I don't need you. Get out.

ADAM (full out)  
You're making a mistake!

Mark reacts: like it's the first time in his life  
anyone's ever said that to him. Olivia reacts:  
two lightning bolts at least for Adam.

ADAM (scorn)  
Our 'Security Force'! When did  
Darien Dawson's Daredevils ever  
tangle with anything tougher than  
a factory-hand forging an overtime  
claim?

Mark rises, talks quietly and dangerously.

MARK  
That's enough.

ADAM  
It's our lives we're talking about  
We're up against THRUSH.

PHONE RINGS. Olivia answers it quietly in b.g. as:

MARK (even quieter -  
and more dangerous)  
You're up against me, Adam.  
Back off.

37-39  
CONT'D  
(4)

A look of loggerheads between Mark and Adam.

OLIVIA (replacing  
phone)  
Your helicopter's ready, Mr. Treza.

He nods briefly, without looking at her, gives Adam a final authoritative glare, ignores Solo and Illya completely, picks up briefcase and strides to a panel in the far wall. Olivia touches a button on the desk. The panel slides open, revealing an elevator-cabin. Mark enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

40

We're SHOOTING from the unseen back wall of the elevator, past Mark to Solo, Illya, Adam and Olivia in b.g. Mark keeps his back to them, arrogantly. He raises his hand toward the back wall (i.e. to CAMERA). We do not therefore see at what he's pointing his hand. But it operates the panel which slides shut, revealing, on it, a floors-counter, illuminated. The light travels up toward the faintly-seen lettering - ROOF - as, with barely audible HUM, elevator ascends.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

41

Olivia turns to Solo and Illya, indicating exit.

OLIVIA  
This way.

It's as if Adam has assumed his father's air of complete authority as he steps in, fully determined.

ADAM  
No, Miss Wills. My way. They're staying.

OLIVIA  
Against Mr. Treza's orders, sir?

ADAM  
That's right.

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OLIVIA (intensely)  
It's my duty to advise you ---

41  
CONT'D  
(2)

ADAM (cutting in)  
It's your duty to do as I say  
in his absence. This time I'm  
in charge - not a rubber stamp  
for his decisions. I'll take  
full responsibility.

OLIVIA (coldest)  
You're welcome to it, sir.

She busies herself clearing papers from desk.  
Adam turns to Solo and Illya.

ADAM  
I must apologize for my father.

SOLO (shrug)  
He's entitled to think and  
behave as he pleases: it's a  
free country - especially if  
you own most of it.

Olivia, collecting papers, reacts stiffly: clearly  
she doesn't like this kind of crack about her  
revered employer. Solo moves toward the window.

SOLO'S POV (STOCK)

42

of a copter (Mark's) flying past. Over this we  
HEAR the SOUND of its motor and whirling blades.

ON SOLO

43

He turns and:

SOLO (to Adam)  
Where's your father gone?

ADAM  
I'm afraid I don't know.  
(to Olivia)  
Miss Wills?

She turns near the door, addresses Solo icily.

OLIVIA  
Mr. Treza's business journeys  
are secret.

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ADAM

Not this one.

(impatient, urgent)

Don't you realize, either - his  
life depends on Mr. Solo pro-  
tecting him?

43

CONT 'D

(2)

OLIVIA (fully

frosted)

Your father has ordered me never,  
in any circumstances, to reveal  
such information. No matter what  
you say, sir, I'll obey that order.  
(delicate quote-back)

And take full responsibility ---

Adam begins to move to her, threateningly, as if  
he's going physically to shake the information  
from her, but Illya restrains him while Solo con-  
tinues looking at Olivia.

SOLO

I'll find out, Miss Wills - without  
your cooperation - in my own way.

Olivia glances at Illya as she back-quotes him too.

OLIVIA

That's your privilege.

We're in MED. SHOT on her on this line. She looks  
back coolly at Solo, o.s., as we:

ZIP TO:

EXT. TREZA AIRFIELD - DAY (STOCK)

44

to establish a small but well-maintained strip.

FEATURING A SIGNBOARD

45

hung on the surrounding barbed wire fence. It bears  
the name of "TREZA INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES"- the  
insignia - and the information: "PRIVATE AIRFIELD."

THE ENTRANCE

46

A closed barbed wire gate, with guardhouse to one  
side. Armed, uniformed GUARD #1 patrols outside.  
GUARD #2 patrols inside. Both and all subsequent  
guards wear insignia'd armbands. A car passes.

INT. SOLO'S CAR - DAY

47

Solo takes in the scene, o.s., as he drives past.

EXT. TREZA AIRFIELD - DAY

48

Further round the perimeter barbed wire fence. Solo's car pulls in and halts off the road, sheltered by bushes opposite the airfield. Solo gets out, hurries across road to fence, fronted here by sparse but high bushes. He gets down to crawl beneath the low base wire of the fence, hears SOUND of CAR, looks, from crouched position along fence, in direction of SOUND.

SOLO'S POV - A JEEP - GUARDS #3 AND #4 ABOARD

49

just emerging from behind building nearby, making slowly toward him during its perimeter-fence patrol. Solo can't get back to his car without being seen. He rolls over behind the bushes here. The jeep slowly travels by.

BACK TO SOLO

50

When it's passed, Solo excruciatingly negotiates the fence, crawling beneath the close-to-the-ground barbed wire, successfully, but not without damage to his coat. He gets up, makes for the building, checking behind him to ensure he's unobserved from the patrolling jeep.

SOLO'S POV

51

We see the jeep dwindle away in the distance on patrol.

SOLO

52

He reaches the back corner of the building, looks around it.

SOLO'S POV - ARROWED SIGN

53

pointing toward building's frontage. It reads:  
 "AIRFIELD CONTROL". Beyond is a small hut marked:  
 "DANGER - EXPLOSIVES - KEEP OUT".

ON SOLO

54

He takes a small pellet from his pocket - seen  
 CLOSE in his hand - and tosses it toward the hut.

ON THE PELLET

55

CAMERA "ARCS WITH IT", though it's perhaps too small  
 to be actually tracked, and "lands" on the hut.  
 A SERIES OF EXPLOSIONS, the NOISE OF WHICH CONTINUES,  
 on and off screen, UNTIL THE NEXT ZIP.

ANOTHER ANGLE

56

Shouts and general pandemonium as Guards #1 and #2  
 leave their gate posts, coming toward Solo as they  
 rush toward the hut, bearing inadequate hand fire  
 extinguishers. In the confusion, with other non-  
 uniformed AIRFIELD STAFF also rushing about in the  
 vicinity of the hut, Solo ducks along front of  
 building and into:

57-60  
OUT

INT. AIRFIELD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING CORRIDOR - DAY 61

Staff heedlessly and excitedly rush past Solo and out,  
 attracted by the fireworks display. Solo spots open  
 door, staff rushing out of it. Door's marked:  
 "CENTRAL CONTROL". He hurries in.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL - DAY

62

Solo turns at once to the control panel which fronts  
 the major blank wall of the room. The control panel  
 is a bewildering array of switches, levers, buttons,  
 etc. Solo is duly and briefly bewildered, looking  
 this way and that along the panel. Then:

ZOOM IN VIA SOLO'S POV

63

on a small black smooth plastic lid on the panel. Solo's fingers flip it open. Within: a button marked "T-ONE." Solo's finger presses the button. A panel slides to one side of the wall, revealing a map of the world. On it, a thin line of light goes from wherever we are in America direct to Tangier. Along it, much nearer the United States than North Africa, slowly travels a thick blob of different colored light.

SOLO

64

Satisfied reaction - and spin-around as he HEARS a SOUND o.s.

SOLO'S POV

65

Two of the airport staff re-entering the room, halted, gaping at Solo. As they begin to make for him --

SOLO

66

turns, runs and dives through an open window as airfield staff rush in and confusingly FILL THE SCREEN:

EXT. AIRFIELD AREA

66X1

as Solo races to his car.

INT. SOLO'S CAR - DAY

67

Solo re-enters at speed, communicator already in his hand.

SOLO  
Open Channel D.

CROSS-CUT WITH:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

68

MR. WAVERLY responds to call sign, swings round in chair to face CAMERA, communicator in hand.

WAVERLY

Yes, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Decoy method: plastic bomb.  
Information: Mr. Mark Treza's  
on his way to Tangier, sir.

WAVERLY (pleased nod)

Very good, Mr. Solo. An operative  
there will locate him when he lands.  
You'll have that information when  
you land.

SOLO

Thank you, sir.

Waverly reacts quizzically to EXPLOSIONS heard on  
communicator.

WAVERLY

Still tossing bombs, Mr. Solo?

SOLO (solemnly,  
starting car engine)

Oh no. I'm never more extravagant  
than I can help, sir.

As Solo drives away:

EXT. EXPLOSIVES HUT - DAY

69

(This can be a continuation of SCENE 55)  
There is a final monumental BLAST.

ZIP TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - TREZA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

70

DARIEN DAWSON leaves his office. We see lettering  
on the door. "DARIEN DAWSON, SECURITY HEADQUARTERS"-  
and the insignia. He crosses corridor to elevator.  
He's the same age as Mark: a clean-cut, ex-law  
officer type.

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ADAM (o.s.)

Dawson!

70  
CONT'D  
(2)

It's an angry shout - and Adam angrily strides into scene, with Illya.

ADAM

Where're you going? I told you  
Mr. Kuryakin wants to see you.

Darien presses elevator button, turning his back on Illya. Adam looks like he could hit him. Illya remains customarily cool.

ADAM (gritting

his teeth)

Look, Dawson ---

DARIEN

I'm answerable to your father.  
And my department doesn't need  
help from U.N.C.L.E. - or son.  
(still curt, but "reasonable")  
Don't mess with this, Adam: it's a  
serious business.

ADAM (intensely)

Too serious for petty jealousy to ---

ILLYA (cutting in, quietly)

Dawson: I'm checking out Graham's  
last twenty-four hours.

DARIEN (not looking

at Illya)

That's nice.

ILLYA

He may have told everything he knew  
to somebody.

DARIEN

Sure. If he talked to you, he'd talk  
to anybody.

Passing OFFICE GIRLS react covertly to the obvious  
tension between two executives as:

ADAM

Tell him! That's an order!

The elevator arrives. The door slides open. This elevator has a GIRL OPERATOR, insignia on her uniform.

70  
CONT 'D  
(3)

DARIEN (headshake)  
I've got my orders --  
(steps into elevator,  
faces Adam, ignores Illya)  
from the head of this company!  
(a beat)  
And I'm going to do my job without  
interference!

Darien looks at Illya - with venom - before the elevator door slides shut and cuts him from view.

ZIP TO:

EXT. TANGIER AIRPORT - DAY (STOCK)

71

Plane lands. SUPERIMPOSE: TANGIER. As the word  
FADES:

EXT. TANGIER AIRPORT - PASSENGER ARRIVAL AREA - DAY

72

Solo approaches a parked car. The driver is a lovely young girl: FRANCINA. Solo enters the car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

as Solo climbs into the car.

FRANCINA (very efficiently)  
Report from minor operative to big bold U.N.C.L.E. man: Mr. Mark Treza is staying at a villa outside town. Minor operative presumes he's conferring with financiers of similar status, in secret - and luxury.

SOLO  
Nice work.

FRANCINA (drily)  
His - or mine?

Solo smiles. She starts up the engine.

SOLO

Hi, Francina. Long time no Tangier.

73

CONT'D

(2)

FRANCINA ('frown')

How long?

SOLO (mock-offense)

Don't tell me you don't remember -- ?

She 'frowns' again as if, indeed, she doesn't - which puts Solo out a little. They drive away.

ZIP TO:

INT. CORRIDOR TO ADMINISTRATION DEPARTMENT - TREZA  
HEADQUARTERS - DAY

74

Illya and Adam approach the door marked: CENTRAL  
ADMINISTRATION.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

75

Several MEN and SECRETARIES at work: open desk system: telephones and typewriters in continuous NOISY action: plenty of pillars from floor to ceiling, squaring-off desk sections. One big single-pane window looks out to skyscraper roofs and the sky itself.

Adam and Illya enter, Adam escorting Illya at once through to an unoccupied desk.

ADAM

This was Graham's desk.

From the biggest desk, against the far wall, CHIEF ADMINISTRATION MAN rises and hurries to see what help he can render the boss' son, as Illya goes round the Graham desk, starts searching its drawers, beneath the blotter pad, etc.

EXT. THROUGH WINDOW TO ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

76

The scene in the office as established, but now from a HIGH ANGLE and with office sound cut off by the window and the high wind. A painter's bosun's chair slides smoothly into view from above. The

"PAINTER" on it lifts a big paint brush and starts painting the broad window frame, watching the office scene closely.

76  
CONT'D  
(2)

"PAINTER'S" POV

77

He sees Illya conclude search of Graham's desk, look at Adam, shake his head. Adam introduces him to Chief Administration Man.

ANGLE ON PAINTER

78

He lifts his other hand into view: it holds a gun, which he conceals behind the big paint brush. He turns the weapon and aims it at Adam. As he CLICKS off the safety-catch ---

PAINTER'S POV

79

Chief Administration Man walks round, obscuring Adam, on his way to a file cabinet.

ANGLE ON PAINTER

80

patient, stony-faced, lowering gun, awaiting another opportunity.

RESUME PAINTER'S POV

81

Illya accepts a file from Chief Administration Man, nodding thanks, looks through it quickly. Chief Administration Man's move reveals Adam again. Brush-shielded gun comes up to aim again - but Adam moves to look over Illya's shoulder at the file and this move takes Adam behind one of the pillars, out of painter's sight again.

ANGLE ON PAINTER

82

Reaction as before.

RESUME PAINTER'S POV

83

Adam comes into view again.

ANGLE ON PAINTER

83X1

He raises the gun once more.

PAINTER'S POV

83X2

He has a clear shot.

INSERT GUN AND TRIGGER FINGER

83X3

as the trigger is squeezed.

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

84

GUNSHOT. Window CRACKS. Adam is hit in the arm.  
Secretaries scream. Confusion.

ANGLE ON PAINTER

85

He FIRES again.

ANGLE ON ILLYA AND ADAM

86

Illya, drawing gun, FIRES back in the act of fling-  
ing himself on Adam, bringing him to the floor  
further to protect him.

ANGLE ON PAINTER

87

He's already pulling himself off to one side, so he's  
almost out of view and Illya's shot goes wild.

88 OUT

INT. ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - DAY

89

Teeth gritted in pain, gripping his bloodied arm,  
Adam lies on the floor. Chief Administration Man,  
pale and scared, totters in, kneels by him. Illya

gets up, grabs a frightened secretary.

ILLYA

Get a doctor.

89  
CONT'D  
(2)

The secretary nods, trembling, and hurries out. Darien, gun drawn, hurries in past her to Illya. Darien is suitably shocked by the sight of Adam on the floor, but Illya grabs his arm.

ILLYA

He'll live. Let's go.

Together, both with drawn guns, Illya and Dawson rush out.

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - DAY

90

as the Painter lets himself in through a window. (NOTE: Very little, if any, of the office itself will be seen, so it can be a redress of the window area of the Administration Room.)

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

91

Illya and Dawson, guns out, move out into the corridor, past alarmed office workers.

DARIEN

He may have gone upstairs. I'll check.

He disappears through a door on which is lettered "STAIRWAY." Illya peers quickly through the next door, establishes that the Painter clearly isn't within, moves on.

ON THE PAINTER

92

in a corridor now -- one which, hopefully, intersects with the one Illya is stalking. His eyes have a haunted, terrified expression as he desperately seeks escape.

ON ILLYA

93

looks into another room. Nothing. He turns to start up the corridor again, reacts as he sees -

THE PAINTER - ILLYA'S POV

94

directly in front of him, at the corridor intersection. His eyes widen in fresh alarm as he sees Illya.

ANOTHER ANGLE

95

The Painter backs off now down the corridor as Illya stalks him. He fires wildly at Illya, misses. The latter chooses not to return the fire; he doesn't want to kill the Painter, only to question him.

SHOOTING FROM BEHIND PAINTER

96

as he whirls in terror, rushes toward CAMERA and onto --

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE (STAGE 6) - DAY

97

The Painter is trapped on the "balcony," except for --

ANOTHER ANGLE (STAGE 6)

98

-- the stairway leading down a flight to the building's back alley. The Painter starts running down the steps now.

ON ILLYA (STAGE 6)

99

as he emerges onto the balcony, sees the Painter running down the stairs to the street, follows.

EXT. BACK ALLEY (STAGE 6)

100

The Painter reaches the alley, pauses to whip back a wild shot at the pursuing Illya as he ducks behind a garbage can. Illya, reaching the alley, takes appropriate cover.

ON DARIEN ON UPPER BALCONY (STAGE 6) 100X1

This is one or two stories above the balcony from which the Painter and Illya descended. Darien rushes out onto the balcony now, looks down.

FULL SHOT (STAGE 6) 100X2

to cover the entire scene. The Painter aiming at Illya again from behind the garbage can and Darien -- on a balcony two or three floors up - drawing a bead on the Painter. Darien FIRES.

ON THE PAINTER 100X3

Hit, he spins, falls dead as his gun clatters to the pavement.

ON ILLYA 100X4

as he looks up, sees Darien, who --

DARIEN 100X5

holsters his gun with perhaps the faintest smirk of satisfaction, as he looks down at Illya.

INT. CORRIDOR TO ADMINISTRATION DEPARTMENT - DAY 101

Adam, arm in sling, impatiently frees himself from a white-coated DOCTOR and a surrounding, shocked and curious crowd of men and secretaries, to get to Illya and Darien as they return from the alley. Adam is pale, haggard and obsessed with something like hatred for Darien. He grips Darien's coat lapel with his good hand, twists the cloth and, fighting pain, hisses malevolently:

ADAM

Congratulations, Dawson - you've done your job without interference - except from a gunman! Now what?

(CLOSER SHOT Adam: anguish)

Your security arrangements ready for my father's funeral? They should be.

(CLOSEST: almost hysterical)

They've probably got him already!

His rage and hatred at its height, Adam suddenly shoves Darien from him. Darien slams against the wall, shaken. Adam lurches after him, good hand raised to give him a vicious back-hander. Ilya restrains him. FREEZE.

101  
CONT'D  
(2)

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. TANGIER COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

102

Francina's car driving along.

INT. FRANCINA'S CAR - DAY

103

Immediately, call sign is HEARD. Solo speaks into communicator.

SOLO

Solo here.

INTERCUT WITH ILLYA IN CORRIDOR (SCENE 101)

103X1-  
103X3

ILLYA

Illya. Have you traced Mark Tenza?

SOLO

Villa outside Tangier. On my way there now.

ILLYA

Hope you're in time. There's been an attempt on Adam Tenza's life.

SOLO (reacting)

Hurt bad?

ILLYA

Flesh wound.

(straight on)

Tangier? Give my best to Francina.

FRANCINA ('dreamily',

as Solo pockets communicator)

I remember when he was last here ---

Solo reacts slightly to this evidence of an unexplained episode in Illya's life but doesn't press for details. He's too concerned about:

SOLO

How fast can this thing go?

FRANCINA

I can get it up to ninety.

SOLO  
I think you'd better.

103X1-  
103X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

EXT. TANGIER COUNTRYSIDE- DAY

104

Car whips along, increasing speed.

ZIP TO:

EXT. TENZA'S TANGIER VILLA - DAY

105

WE'RE LOOKING DOWN the steep steps to the road below as car races into view. Almost before it halts, Solo's out of it and running up the steps. We PAN him to the front door - which opens before he can knock or ring.

INT. TENZA'S TANGIER VILLA - ENTRANCE HALL

105X1

The opener is PLAIN-CLOTHES BODYGUARD, tough and burly. He bars Solo's path, practically filling the entire doorway.

BODYGUARD  
What do you want?

SOLO  
Mr. Mark Tenza.

BODYGUARD  
Not at home.

SOLO  
I'll wait.

BODYGUARD  
You'll come back - when you've made an appointment.

Solo moves forward as though to brush by him. The Bodyguard reacting, grabs him. Solo whirls and chops him down, then moves through the entrance hall into --

106 OUT

THE LIVING ROOM

107

where Mark is living - on a divan with EVA (thirty, and definitely worth her keep). They spring apart as Solo enters. Mark is naturally furious. And flabbergasted. (And jacketless.)

MARK

Solo!  
(advancing to Solo)  
I told you I didn't want ---

SOLO (cutting in)  
THRUSH tried to kill your son.

Mark's stopped in his tracks. And he sits, weakly, looking up at Solo in stunned anxiety. Eva is also shocked.

EVA (moving to Mark)  
Oh, Mark --

MARK (ignoring her;  
to Solo)  
He - he's been hurt?

SOLO  
Slightly.

Mark relaxes a little - but only to put his head in his hands and mutter:

MARK  
Get me a drink ---

Eva nods, distressed, goes to bar. Mark looks up, his expression taut.

MARK  
Did they get the killer?

SOLO (reaching  
for communicator)  
Ask my colleague.

MARK  
I want to talk to Adam.  
(flash of Treza pride)  
On my own communication system.

He picks up phone on small table near him.

MARK (into phone,  
curtly)  
Mark Treza here. Locate my son.

He replaces phone. Eva comes back with drink.  
Mark takes a quick gulp, remembers to be hospitable, looks up at Solo questioningly.

107  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO

No, thanks.

A beat while they wait for the phone to buzz. Mark puts the drink down on the table. Looks up. Remembers Eva's existence.

MARK (to Solo)

Eva Watford. My North African investment-adviser. Napoleon Solo.

Solo and Eva barely have time to nod politely at each other - certainly no time to say anything, for Mark suddenly hammers his clenched fist down on the little table, jogging the glass, making the liquor storm within it.

MARK (fury)

A \$3,000,000-a-year tab for security - and this happens.

(breathing deeply)

I owe you an apology, Mr. Solo ---

(full menace)

---and when I next see Dawson, he'll need a regiment of bodyguards. I'll ---

EVA (tremulous)

Please - don't upset yourself ---

MARK (venting fury

on her)

Oh go - invest, will you?

Hurt, but apparently used to Mark's temper, Eva leaves with a further little nod at Solo - as the PHONE BUZZES. Mark snatches it.

MARK (tensest, on phone)

Adam. I just heard - from Solo. You're all right, son? All I want to hear is that you're all right.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

108

Patrolling, uniformed Guards, with sub-machine guns, are seen on the balcony outside as Adam, arm in sling, speaks on phone to Mark, while Olivia places a drink before him.

ADAM

I'm fine. There was more blood  
than damage.

108  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

109

This is where Olivia works. Armed, uniformed  
Guards patrol here too. The door to the executive  
office is open. Illya enters from corridor, is  
crossing to executive office when call sign is  
HEARD. Illya halts, takes out communicator, speaks  
on it. Waverly's voice is o.s. throughout.

ILLYA

Kuryakin.

WAVERLY (urgent)

Waverly. Can you get here at once  
without leaving Adam Treza unpro-  
tected?

Illya, naturally aware of guards here, quickly  
checks through open door to executive office, sees  
Guards on balcony.

ILLYA

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Then get here.

Waverly cuts off abruptly. Illya, impressed by the  
extreme urgency, turns and hurries out again.

INT. TREZA'S TANGIER VILLA - DAY

110

Mark concludes on phone, and is evidently back in  
his old domineering mood again.

MARK

Don't tell me what to do, Adam. I  
said we're coming home - immediately.

He replaces phone, picks up jacket, puts it on as:

SOLO

I advise a double-check of your  
private airplane, sir.

MARK (brusque)

No.

SOLO (surprised)  
You must realize - the risk of  
sabotage --

110  
CONT'D  
(2)

MARK (picking up  
briefcase)  
I realize. So I'll charter another  
plane.

SOLO  
Fine: if one's available at  
such short notice.

MARK  
It will be. I own an airline.  
(moving to exit)  
Any questions?

SOLO (following)  
What do people give you for your  
birthday?

ZIP TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - U.N.C.L.E. HEADQUARTERS - DAY 111

Illya hurries along, past and through equally busy  
U.N.C.L.E. Headquarters WORKERS, into:

111X1 OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY 112

Waverly, striding impatiently, with tense expres-  
sion, checks his watch as Illya comes in.

WAVERLY (brusquely)  
Sit down, Mr. Kuryakin.  
(Illya obeys)  
I received a tape recording in the  
mail. It's from Graham.

Waverly starts the tape recorder on the desk.  
SOUND is SCRATCHY and FAINT to begin with.  
Illya cranes forward to try and hear, furrowing  
his brow at the strange noises. The SCRATCHINESS  
INCREASES in volume until it's fit to set your  
teeth on edge, reaches its peak, cuts suddenly  
and gives place to:

112  
CONT'D  
(2)

GRAHAM (tape  
recorded)  
If I am prevented from giving my  
information to your men, these are  
the salient facts about the  
conspiracy.

Illya looks optimistically up at Waverly, who maintains a stony expression. With good reason. There's a pause on the tape then a sudden STATIC HOWL lasting several seconds. Illya reacts. And there's plenty to continue reacting to - for this is followed by a HIGH-PITCHED VOICE SPEAKING BACKWARDS. Illya leans back in his chair, almost giving up, but his attention is fully engaged when, suddenly, Graham resumes lucidity tantalizingly with:

GRAHAM (tape  
recorded)  
--- the guilty party---

Illya breathes deeply in frustration as SOUND like the spaced BLEEPING of a radar-probe occurs. Then, a further brief snatch of lucidity:

GRAHAM (tape  
recorded)  
--- entirely calculated to ---

And this is interrupted by a MIX of every inane SOUND we've heard previously - a SNARLING, BLEEPING, HYSTERICAL MISH-MASH of sheer maddening NOISE. Graham's tape-recorded VOICE is heard through it, after a few seconds, but so faintly that it makes no sense at all, despite Waverly turning the volume up full. He adjusts it to a bearable level at the right moment as, with final but meaningless clarity:

GRAHAM (tape  
recorded)  
--- you'll find that J---

And that's it - except for RESUMED SCRATCHINESS at high volume, trailing away to complete silence as the tape winds on with nothing more to offer. A beat. Illya looks at Waverly.

ILLYA (to Lisa)  
Can I hear that section again?

He rewinds tape and plays back at:

112  
CONT'D  
(3)

GRAHAM (tape  
recorded)  
--- you'll find that J ---

Waverly stops tape, looks at Illya as if he might  
want to hear it again. Illya shakes his head.

WAVERLY (tense)  
Mr. Kuryakin: from what you've  
learned so far - is there anything..?

ILLYA  
Nothing, sir.  
(looks at Waverly, finally  
frustrated)  
Nothing in Graham's last day even  
remotely links with an - "J" --

ZIP TO:

INT. TENZA EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

113-115

CLOSE ON Darien as he whirls round from the window  
(guards are still on balcony outside in b.g.). He  
looks like he's had as much as he can take.

DARIEN  
I've told you eighteen times - I  
know from nothing about any "J".

REVEAL: Illya and Adam (arm in sling still).  
Darien strides from window past them to the bar,  
pours a drink with agitated hands as:

ILLYA (following him)  
Think again.

DARIEN

What do you mean 'think'?

(end of tether)

I'm only a cop with over twenty  
years' experience - not a spiritual-  
ist in touch with a dead man.

Graham knew of this cockamamie "J",  
not ---

113-115

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA (overlap: cold)

Exactly. Graham - and not you? A  
minor office worker knew something  
the Treza Security Chief didn't?  
You want me to believe that?

Illya's as good as called him a liar. For a beat,  
Darien looks like he'll kill Illya. But, instead,  
his fingers tighten round his shot glass and he  
takes a hefty swig of liquor.

DARIEN (quiet, tense)

I believe what I see, Kuryakin.

(indicates Adam, behind  
Illya)

Adam - looking like a sick goat  
since you mentioned "J".

True enough. And Adam reacts appropriately as Illya  
turns to look at him. Olivia enters now with papers.

DARIEN

Ask him.

(strides to Adam)

Well, junior? You gave me some  
pretty big orders this morning  
about helping The Man from U.N.C.L.E.  
How's about a bit of do-it-yourself?  
You help him. You tell him. You  
know.

CLOSE UP - ADAM

116

His eyes drop under Darien's fierce accusing gaze.

CLOSE UP - ILLYA

117

as he walks across to join the group (Olivia in it  
by now).

CLOSE UP - DARIEN

118

triumphant, looking at Illya.

DARIEN

Ask him!

CLOSEUP - OLIVIA

119

extremely anxious.

BACK TO GROUP

120

for:

ADAM (very quietly,  
to Illya)I - do know about J. But - I can't  
tell you. It's - strictly my  
father's concern.

ILLYA (urgently)

I remind you of your own words, Adam:  
it's your lives you're playing with.

ADAM

I'm sorry. Only my father can help  
you.

OLIVIA (watch-check)

He lands in twelve minutes.

(cooperative)

I'll arrange a pass for you at the  
airfield ---

ZIP TO:

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY (STOCK)

121

Airliner lands. (This is not the Treza airstrip  
seen earlier.)

OUTSIDE AN AIRPORT BUILDING

122

Illya stands watching and waiting.

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

123

At rest. Mark and Solo look out window. With Bodyguard, they're the sole passengers.

THEIR POV - THROUGH PLANE WINDOW

123X1

Armed guards in a limousine.

124 OUT

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

125

Mark and Solo rise, Solo drawing his gun.

SOLO

I'll stay in the plane, sir - and keep an eye on the side where you don't get out.

Mark nods approvingly, walks along to exit, preceded by Bodyguard. Solo goes to opposite side of plane and looks out.

126 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

127

Solo keeps his eyes peeled nevertheless - and his gun ready. Mark reaches exit-door. Bodyguard opens it and stands aside. Mark steps out on to the mobile stairs leading to the ground.

128 OUT

CLOSE ON SOLO - DAY

129

concentrating on surveying his side of the plane.

EXT. AIRLINER - DAY

130

PERSPECTIVE SHOT up the stairs as Mark starts to descend.

INSERT

130X1

of Mark's feet moving down the steps.

ANGLE FROM PLANE DOOR

130X2

Mark descending.

INSERT

131

Mark's foot comes down on bottom step. There is a shattering EXPLOSION, obscuring Mark with instant black smoke.

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

132

Plane is rocked by the explosion. Solo and Bodyguard are shaken, fall. Solo gets up, rushes along plane to exit.

EXT. AIRFIELD - SAME BUILDING AS SCENE 122

133

Aghast, Illya runs forward in the direction of the explosion.

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

134

Solo reaches exit door, Bodyguard half-sitting, dazed, in b.g. Solo looks down.

SOLO'S POV TO AIRFIELD FROM AIRLINER

135

The black smoke is clearing. Mark lies, sprawled ungainly, and still, on the ground. Several uniformed Guards have also fallen from the limousine wounded if not killed. SIRENS of airfield's fire engine and ambulance can be heard.

CLOSE-UP - SOLO

136

On his shocked reaction, we:

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. TREZA HEADQUARTERS - DAY (STOCK)

137

to re-establish.

EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

137X1

The Treza flag we have seen earlier is draped with a black streamer.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

138

CLOSE on the desk of Mark Treza. PULL BACK TO OLIVIA, grieving, in black, removing Mark's personal effects from the desk, placing them in an appropriate container. She turns and reacts.

OLIVIA'S POV

139

past Adam (seated at desk, numb and listless with sorrow, arm no longer in sling, wearing black suit), to Solo and Illya (black neckties) entering past Guards in outer office (black armbands on Guards' non-insignia-armed arms.)

Adam is lethargically oblivious to Solo-Illya's arrival as Olivia hurries across to them, halts them some distance from the desk.

OLIVIA (quietly)  
Must you - at this time?

SOLO (nod)  
And we'd appreciate it if you'd stay.

OLIVIA  
Please - leave him alone ---

But Illya is already on his way to the desk. He halts there, Solo and Olivia watching, she most anxiously as:

ILLYA (quietly)  
Adam.

Adam looks up slowly and dully.

ADAM (with effort)  
What - what do you want?

139  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA  
"J".

Adam shakes his head wearily, looks away from Illya in deep distress. Simultaneously, Olivia hurries forward to Illya. She's followed by Solo as:

OLIVIA

Please - don't cause him any  
more pain ---

But Illya moves in closer to the desk, to insist on an answer. Adam waves him away, rising unsteadily and urgently crossing to the window, there to look out sightlessly. Guards with mourning armbands are seen on balcony.

The scene is thus set for Solo-Olivvia-Illya group before the desk, while Adam, his back to them, at the window, becomes increasingly more tormented by the altercation which rapidly develops in the emotion-charged atmosphere.

SOLO (to Olivia,  
necessarily relentless)  
"J". You know.

OLIVIA  
Go away - I beg you ---

ILLYA (also sharper)  
Without that knowledge, we're  
fighting shadows. You have to talk.

SOLO  
Mark Treza would talk if he were  
alive.

Olivia looks at Mark's portrait. Her eyes moisten as she whips her look back to them, and, with a smothered sob:

OLIVIA (passionately)  
Don't try to tell me what he'd do.  
I knew him - I lov --

140-149 OUT

CLOSE UP - SOLO

150

reaction to what she has nearly admitted: her voice has trembled on the edge of the word "loved."

CLOSE UP - OLIVIA

151-156

She breaks off, confused.

ILLYA (cuttingly)  
You're telling us that keeping  
"J" secret is worth Adam's life!

OLIVIA (near-moaning,  
distracted - but stubborn)  
I can't tell you - I promised ---

Solo and Illya physically close in on her. Pity for the distracted woman, in her crisis of loyalty: yes. But they must know about "J". Rapid-fire dialogue from them, she looking from one to the other.

ILLYA  
"J". Let's have it. It can't hurt Mark now.

SOLO  
But it can kill Adam.

ILLYA  
You have to ---

OLIVIA (full anguish)  
No!

ADAM (o.s.)  
Stop.

All turn in Adam's direction. He whirls round from the window, strides to the desk, the Treza temper provoking him out of his mournful torpor. His eyes blaze, his whole frame quivers. He hammers on the desk on the underlined word.

ADAM  
That's enough.

He leans on the desk, on both clenched fists, looking fiercely at them, trembling with emotion.

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ADAM

Leave her alone. And me. I never  
want to hear of ---

(he can barely bring  
himself to utter the  
hated syllable)

--- "J" - again. I can't bear to  
think ---

151-156

CONT'D

(2)

He breaks off, sits suddenly and buries his face  
in his hands. A beat. Olivia gives Adam a full  
look of great concern, turns to Solo and Illya.

OLIVIA (very quietly)

You see, gentlemen? You don't  
understand about "J".

(a beat: with finality)

And you never will.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

157

They look at each other - frustrated - and intrigued.

ZIP TO:

INT. EXPERT'S ROOM - U.N.C.L.E. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

158-168

U.N.C.L.E. insignia on wall.

PULL BACK TO THE EXPERT, seated before an impressive,  
lights flashing control panel. He's an enthusiast,  
middle-aged, bright of manner, prone to a friendly smile.

EXPERT

Details of the Treza Headquarters  
filing vault?

(bland confidence)

They're yours - right on the button.

He presses three buttons as he speaks, one on each  
underlined word.

REVEAL: Solo and Illya with him. They see lights  
flashing on the panel, dials flickering busily,  
accompanied by sharp, clear electronic NOISES:  
then a panel slides open on the wall above the  
controls, revealing a flat white screen. All this  
in the space of a few seconds - and a set of plain,  
clear drawings (NOT DRAUGHTSMENS' PLANS) flashes

on to the screen. They are illustrative of everything the Expert subsequently says. Solo and Illya lean forward, naturally and deeply interested in the drawings. Expert rises, crosses to the screen.

158-168  
CONT'D  
(2)

EXPERT

Exceptional protection for a filing system, isn't it?

ILLYA (shrug)

I guess you can't accumulate two billion dollars without collecting a few million secrets along the way.

EXPERT

Quite so, Mr. K.

SOLO (impatient)

Ready when you are.

EXPERT (amiably)

Then pay attention, Mr. S.

We INTERCUT CLOSE SHOTS of appropriate drawings, pointed to by Expert on the screen as:

EXPERT

The filing vault is underground - beneath twenty feet of reinforced concrete. The only access to it is the elevator in the President's office. Now: this is really something.

(dramatic pause - which Solo and Illya can clearly do without)

Directly opposite the elevator at the bottom of the shaft, is a circular steel door. It is completely smooth and flush to the wall. No combination-lock. Not even a handle. Behind it are the confidential files of the Treza organisation.

ILLYA

Fine. Now. How do we crack it?

EXPERT (blandest)

Oh I can't tell you that.

SOLO (sourly)

Why - is it a secret?

## EXPERT

158-168

CONT'D

(3)

From me - it certainly is. We encountered infinite difficulty obtaining these simple drawings when the system was installed.

As to how it works ---

(touches button, drawings disappear)

--- I'm completely in the dark.

(happily)

But I do know it doesn't need human guards.

(casual shrug)

I daresay it's protected by lethal electrification ---

(Solo nods, equally 'casually')

--- invisible alarm-rays ---

(Illya nods, in the same spirit)

--- possibly a circuitry of explosives ---

(Solo and Illya nod jointly)

--- that sort of thing, you know?

(they nod again)

But I'm only guessing.

(they look blank)

Well ---

(happiest)

--- glad to've been of service.

Good luck!

He beams at them. Solo and Illya look back at him, eloquently.

ZIP TO:

169 OUT

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

170

But we start CLOSE on black lettering on a white b.g. It reads: MAINTENANCE. It looks like a sign on a door. It isn't.

PULL BACK TO: see it's on the chest of overalls worn by Solo. The insignia is on the breast pocket. Solo's pressing elevator button on the desk.

Elevator panel in wall slides open. Illya  
(similarly overalled: his lettered SERVICING)  
enters elevator.

170  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo crosses to him, but, before entering elevator,  
looks back across the darkened office with tan-  
talised regret.

SOLO

I'd still like to find the  
controls which neutralize  
the vault's defenses.

ILLYA (aping

Expert)

Oh, I can't tell you that. Besides,  
Mr. S - the defenses of the vault's  
defenses may themselves be defended.  
I'm only guessing, of course ---

Solo grimaces and enters:

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

171

As Solo and Illya look around, establishing there's  
no regular set of buttons to control elevator:

ILLYA

But I have a suggestion.

SOLO

What?

ILLYA

Let's suspect everything.

SOLO

Brilliant, Mr. K.

Solo stands as Mark stood, his back to office, looks  
ahead to back wall of elevator, now seen. Integrated  
into wall paper-design are two arrows: one up, one  
down. Solo stretches out his hand to down arrow.  
Before he touches it, elevator panel slides shut,  
machinery HUMS: elevator's descent is charted on  
illuminated floors-counter on inside of panel.

SOLO

Well, that was easy enough.

ILLYA

Little bird tells me that was the  
only easy part of this operation.

INT. VAULT APPROACH - NIGHT

172-182

CAMERA faces elevator door. It slides open. Solo and Illya look out, but don't get out. They look across from elevator to ---

THEIR POV: the promised huge, steel, untrammelled, circular door, flush with the concrete wall.

RESUME ON SOLO AND ILLYA: they still don't get out. Illya takes a coin from pocket, throws it through door space.

A fierce, thick, crackling line of electricity jumps across the space, obscuring Solo and Illya. When it stops, they're looking down at what was the coin: it is now a molten little puddle on concrete floor outside elevator.

They separate, one to each side of door of elevator, still inside it. Quick scrutiny and each discovers (SEEN CLOSE), a small disc at the electric-charge level. Each takes rubberized solution from pocket, slaps it firmly over 'his' disc. Look at each other - take deep breath apiece - step out of elevator.

CLOSE ON one disc: SOUND of ELECTRICITY CRACKLING faintly but fiercely, doggedly trying yet to leap across door space. But, insulation holds, and Solo and Illya are ---

--- outside elevator. Look around. Nothing but concrete: walls, floor, ceiling. The circular steel door looms behind them. They go toward it. When they're only a few inches from it, a beam of light snaps on, wall-to-wall, shining through them. Immediately, a thin grey steel wall descends behind them, sealing them off from the elevator. Light snaps off as soon as the steel wall hits ground. Solo and Illya turn with some difficulty in the claustrophobic little space now available to them, to look at the steel wall.

The Treza insignia, with its two OPEN EYES, glares at them, set in a square panel in the steel wall.

SOLO (a beat)

Switches?

(Illya nods)

Instinct says left to right. But ---

ILLYA

--- let's suspect everything.

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Solo nods in grim agreement. A beat. Illya presses down the right hand eyelid, "closing the eye." Slight WHIRRING from steel door behind them. Solo closes the other eye. GEAR-like SOUND. Together, they turn to see circular steel door slowly opening behind them: smooth, noise-minimum.

172-182  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. VAULT - NIGHT

183-193

Opening door activates lighting system, bright and full. Solo and Illya look in but, again, don't enter without investigation.

SOLO

Anyone who gets this far ---

ILLYA

--- can expect big trouble.

They look up and around and down at the circular door entrance space. It is not smooth. The entire inner perimeter, where the door fitted so snugly, is COVERED WITH A CONTINUOUS JOINED-TOGETHER CRISS-CROSS PATTERN OF SLIGHTLY-RAISED STEEL, SAME COLOR AS THE DOOR. And the perimeter is SO WIDE IT (AND THE OMNIPRESENT PATTERN) MUST BE STEPPED ON TO GET THROUGH TO THE VAULT.

Solo and Illya exchange a glance. Solo produces a small file (insulated rubber handle), very gently files away at part of the design near their feet. As file is withdrawn we see the section CLOSE: the steel covering, filed away, reveals gleaming copper wire beneath.

ILLYA (indicating

down to it)

Detonator wire. One step ---  
(indicates up)

Illya produces a slender pair of clippers (rubberised handles), poises them, open, over one tiny line of exposed wire. CLOSE on it as he makes one delicate but sure cut. The wire is so taut that, immediately it's cut, we HEAR a continuing TWANGING sound as its tautness is slackened throughout the design, all around the perimeter. Solo and Illya listen out as this echoes away, breathe again and enter the vault.

It's not enormous, but steel file drawers cover the walls, floor-to-ceiling, both sides. They walk along, jointly spot the "J" file drawer. Look at it.

183-193  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
"J". No doubt full of information about Treza International activity in Jamaica, Jordan and Japan.

ILLYA  
Fascinating, I'm sure. But ---

SOLO  
The "J" we want was personal to Mark Treza.

Illya nods. They go together to halt at another file drawer. SEEN CLOSE, it's identified: MARK TREZA - PERSONAL. They stand back from it, respectfully. A beat.

WE ZOOM IN on the brass pull-handle on drawer front: it gleams, challenging them.

Illya dons rubber glove. A beat: deepest breath yet. Illya extends gloved hand, grasps handle. No alarm. No explosion. But, mundanely, the file drawer is plain locked and won't open. Illya takes small dial-counter (adhesive-based) from pocket, attaches it near lock as Solo produces delicate lock-pick device, gets to work on minute lock. Perspiration. Concentration. Solo, rubber-gloved too, works at lock-pick. Illya watches dial-counter.

Suddenly, silently, seen CLOSE, dial-counter needle registers at marking: CONTACT. Illya nods to Solo who carefully withdraws lock-pick device. Illya removes dial-counter, pulls drawer open.

Many files within. Jointly, they flip them forward, not pausing to examine any of them: nothing of interest. They reach end of files: back of drawer exposed as we look in CLOSE. A look at each other. They pull on 'back of drawer': it's false, tilts forward. Behind it, leaning back against true end of drawer, is file marked ---

--- "J". Solo reaches for it. LINE OF FLAME SHOOTS UP from base of drawer. Fierce, concentrated, it consumes the "J" file in a flash.

Solo and Illya react.

ZIP TO:

EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT (STOCK) 194

A very posh place, as would befit Adam's city residence.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 195

Adam, in robe, crosses from bed to phone. Picks it up.

ADAM

Tenza here. Trace Solo and Kuryakin.

Adam replaces phone. Lights cigarette. Paces impatiently. DOOR KNOCK. He halts, looks puzzled, but:

ADAM

Come in.

Door opens. Guards in corridor step aside. Enter Solo and Illya. Adam looks stunned, but nods OK to Guards. They close door as Solo and Illya cross to him. Adam picks up phone. Before Operator speaks:

ADAM

Forget it.

(to the arrived Solo  
and Illya)

I - was trying to contact you.  
To - tell you about "J".

After all they've been through--- Eloquent look between Solo-Illya.

ADAM

I couldn't sleep. It's been - a terrible decision. But I realised I had to tell you. You'd never've found out for yourselves.

ILLYA (mildly)

We tried - and almost had our hands on the "J" file.

ADAM (tremendous  
reaction)  
You - got into the vault??!

195  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (impatient nod)  
Suppose you get into the facts?

ADAM (tensest)  
All right - but it's not the  
easiest thing in the world to  
accuse my own brother!

He takes a couple of paces away from them, his back to them, in the grip of emotion. Solo and Illya look at each other. They can only wait for Adam to recover and start unburdening himself. He does so, turns to them, speaking with tension.

ADAM  
"J" is my older brother. Martin James Treza. Father hated that first name - because mother insisted on it. He always called him "J" for James. They - never got along. Hated each other. Always argued - over everything. Then - there was that final knockdown dragout argument: I don't know what about. Father disinherited him.

ILLYA (puzzled)  
So - even if you die - he can't take over.

ADAM (headshake)  
Oh, yes, he can. Treza tradition. No matter what - the sole family survivor heads the firm.

SOLO  
In this case - figureheads the firm - for THRUSH.

ILLYA  
Where is he?

ADAM (despairing shrug)  
He disappeared. Years ago.

SOLO (insistent)  
No one 'disappeared' from Mark Treza. You can bet someone around here kept tabs on "J".

ILLYA  
Why else keep a file on him?

195  
CONT'D  
(3)

ADAM (as Solo nods)  
Only one person other than my  
father could have had access to  
that file. His secretary. If  
anyone knows where "J" is ---

A table lamp nearby flickers slightly. Solo and  
Illya jointly and urgently shush the bewildered  
Adam to silence. Illya switches off the lamp.  
Solo removes the shade and Illya unscrews the lamp.  
Solo reaches into the socket, produces therefrom  
a small, thin, black disc, attached to a wire. The  
boys exchange a quick glance as Solo rips the wire  
loose.

ADAM (awed)  
Bugged?

SOLO (nods)  
Bugged.

ADAM  
Then THRUSH - must have heard every-  
thing we said...

SOLO (to Illya)  
We'd better get to Olivia - fast!

As Solo and Illya hurry out of the room:

ZIP TO:

EXT CITY STREET - DAWN

196

Solo-Illya's car has a clear run this time of the  
morning. It races.

197 OUT

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

198

This is a sizeable room, with plenty of windows,  
and a shower-stall built into the wall. Olivia  
atop the covers of her bed, clad in a robe, snuffs  
out a cigarette in the ash tray on the end table  
(on which we NOTE a telephone), then, with a thought-  
ful look, rises and crosses to the shower stall.

199-201 OUT

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

202

Solo-Illya's car careening around a corner.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

203

Olivia opens the frosted glass three-quarter door of the stall. Is about to remove robe when she remembers something. Makes a little impatient gesture, turns away, and, as she leaves FRAME, we HEAR the sound of the CAR arriving o.s.

PAN TO:

CLOSE SHOT - THE SHOWER HEAD

204

We HOLD ON IT for a moment, in unnamed menace, with CAR SOUND CONTINUING o.s.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

205

Solo-Illya's car SCREECHES to halt. They rush out of it and into the building.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

206

CLOSE on shower head.

PAN TO:

OLIVIA

206X1

returning, with what she forgot: a towel. She puts it over the back of a chair just outside the shower-stall. She begins to undo the robe belt.

INT. DOOR TO OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

207

Neatly typed card identifies the occupant: OLIVIA WILLS. It's obscured as soon as seen, by Solo and Illya hurrying INTO FRAME. Solo presses bell button.

INT. "OLIVIA'S APARTMENT" - DAY (INSERT)

208

This is merely a CLOSE SHOT of the other side of the front door, showing the doorbell and its wire -- severed.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

209

ANGLE on shower-stall door as it closes behind Olivia. Her robe is draped across the seat of the chair nearby.

INT. DOOR TO OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

210

Illya hammers on the door, just as ---

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

211

IN SHOWER-STALL: CLOSE on Olivia's hand as she turns the faucet on.

ZIP UP TO:

CLOSE SHOT - SHOWER HEAD

212

A HISSING opaque white cloud issues from it. Olivia's o.s. scream is instantly transformed into violent choking.

INT. DOOR TO OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

213

Solo and Illya react - by smashing down the door.

INT. OLIVIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

214-218

The white cloud now issues plentifully from the shower-stall three-quarter-door spaces. Olivia chokes faintly o.s.

Solo and Illya rush in. Both cough in response to the billowing cloud. Illya runs to the windows to open them all. Solo, grabbing the robe from the chair, plunges into the cloud to wrench the shower door open. There is no nudity problem: the cloud is too thick for that.

Illya completes windows opening, turns, hurries to shower-stall, into the thickest part of the cloud there. Vaguely seen in the swift, beclouded confusion, Solo drags Olivia (now robed) out and across to the bed o.s., past Illya - who chokes his way into the shower-stall, feels for and turns off the faucet and, coughing, staggers out.

Solo has placed Olivia on the bed. She's gulping for air. Thanks to the open windows and the thinning cloud drifting out of them, she's soon able to breathe fitfully. Shocked and weakened, now frail, feminine and frightened, she clutches with pathetic gratitude at Solo's sleeve, gazing up at him as he bends solicitously over her. Illya joins them.

OLIVIA (weakly)

I'll be all right -- Thank you...

ILLYA

Are you sure?

She nods feebly.

OLIVIA

Yes...

(with surprise)

Why are you here?

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SOLO

Adam told us about "J".

214-218

CONT'D

(2)

She reacts.

ILLYA

You have to tell us where he is.  
Mark would want you to. You nearly  
lost your life because of your  
loyalty to him.

SOLO

Your love for him.

A beat. Olivia turns her head on the pillow to  
look at Solo - and, tears in her eyes, acknowledges  
with a touching little nod as he thus puts into  
words what he sensed about her when she first  
refused to give them "J" information.

SOLO

Where is "J"?

Olivia surrenders, with a touch of relief, a little  
difficulty and, in the first sentence, a lot of  
pride.

OLIVIA

Mark asked - me to trace him.  
Without involving - the Security  
Force. He planned to - visit  
him. I - don't know why.

(CLOSER to her)

"J" is in Guatemala - a village  
- edge of the jungle ---

ON Solo-Illya's reaction: FREEZE.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

219

In the jungle. A launch with Illya at the wheel moves down the river, stops alongside one of the banks.

CLOSER SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

220

They disembark. They're in khaki tunics and slacks, wear guns. They look toward:

SOLO-ILLYA'S POV

221

A steep rise fronts the dense and formidably uninviting tangle of trees and vegetation.

ANOTHER ANGLE

222

Solo and Illya set off toward the rise and the jungle.

223 OUT

EXT. PLAIN - DAY

224

Solo and Illya walking toward jungle, hands never far from their guns.

EXT. JUNGLE CONCEALMENT - DAY

225

CLOSE on NATIVES #1 and #2, exuding menace, watching Solo-Illia o.s., with unblinking eyes.

EXT. RISE AND JUNGLE - DAY

226

Solo and Illia, now at summit of rise, face the jungle and plunge into it, smashing their way through the encroaching vegetation.

EXTS. JUNGLE CONCEALMENT - DAY

227

Natives #1 and #2 turn slowly to continue watching Solo-Illia's progress.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

228

CAMERA faces a breadth of sinewy branches and huge leaves. It is pushed aside by Solo and Illia. They pause, take in:

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY - SOLO-ILLYA'S POV

229

This area has been cleared of jungle to provide the village site. Ahead of Solo and Illia stretches a wide dust track, serving as a 'street.' At its end, the jungle resumes. On either side, scattered about, are characteristically flimsily-propped huts. Behind them: the jungle again. Thus, the village site is entirely surrounded by jungle. There is no sign of life.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

230

Still concealed in jungle edge, Solo and Illia look at each other, draw guns in mutual unspoken agreement, and step into the 'street.' We see them walk a few cautious paces, guns ready.

EXTS. JUNGLE CONCEALMENT - DAY

231

Natives #1 and #2 nod to each other, draw their knives and move off to keep track of Solo and Illia.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

232

Solo and Illya continue their gun-ready walk along the 'street.' They hear a RUSTLING SOUND (which we must assume is the natives). They whirl round, ready for anything, except ---

---a CHILD hurrying out of a nearby hut. The kid grins at them in unafraid wonder. Solo and Illya lower their guns. Grinning wider, the Child beckons them to follow. They do so.

EXT. JUNGLE SIDE OF VILLAGE - DAY

233

Natives #1 and #2 watch carefully as they continue tracking Solo, Illya and the Child.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

234

Solo, Illya and their diminutive escort reach a large hut some way along the 'street.' The Child ducks into it. Solo and Illya look at each other, and follow.

INT. VILLAGE HUT - DAY

235

Solo and Illya halted at the entrance. The dark interior necessitates an oil lamp in use. We share:

SOLO-ILLYA'S POV

236

The Child sneaks in back of many other CHILDREN, seated on the ground, takes his place, squatting down with them.

PAN ON --- over the heads of the group of children, and finally see they're around a stripped-to-the-waist man ("J"), his back to us, standing at an easel and blackboard. He's completing chalking a few words (elementary English) on blackboard. He turns and reacts to Solo and Illya o.s. over the heads of the children. He's twenty-eight, handsome, sunburnt, in impressive physical shape, and none too pleased to see the visitors. He puts chalk down, turns to children.

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"J"  
(DISMISSES CHILDREN: LOCAL  
LANGUAGE)

236  
CONT'D  
(2)

Kids need no second bidding. They rise, rush out, jostling past Solo and Illiya unceremoniously. The boys have their guns loose but ready in their hands. "J" looks them up and down, coolly. He speaks crisply and cynically.

"J"  
The villagers are at a tribal ceremony. I was teaching. That accounts for everyone around here - except you. What's your purpose in life?

SOLO  
Law enforcement, Mr. Treza.

ILLYA  
Specifically: the solution of your father's murder.

"J" (coolly,  
after a beat)  
You've wasted your time. You've come two thousand miles to see somebody who only heard about it on the radio.

SOLO  
And didn't attend the funeral.

"J" (Treza temper)  
I decided to care for the living  
- not say goodbye to the dead!  
Where d'you get off making fancy  
moral judgments? Who are you  
anyway - who do you belong to  
- Dawson??

SOLO  
U.N.C.L.E. - Mr. Treza.

"J" (contemptuously)  
Imagine. Men from U.N.C.L.E. to  
trace me.

ILLYA (amending)  
To take you in.

SOLO  
For murder.

A beat. "J" looks at them like they're crazy.

"J" (scornful)  
It's a big jungle. Get lost.

He turns away from them, going toward easel and  
blackboard. They follow.

SOLO (sharply)  
Treza.

"J" turns back to them, slowly - completely unim-  
pressed by Solo-Illya's guns now openly menacing  
him, one either side. Immediately ---

---Solo and Illya are attacked from behind by  
Natives #1 and #2. The guns are chopped out of  
their hands, they're seized round the necks, and  
knives are at their heads. "J" picks up their  
guns, puts them on the table behind him.

"J"  
(SHARP ORDER, IN LOCAL LANGUAGE)

It sounds like he's ordered Natives to finish them  
off. But Solo and Illya are instantly released,  
though Natives look puzzled.

"J"  
(REPEATS ORDER, REASSURING NATIVES)

Natives leave. "J" smiles slightly.

"J"  
I could've had you killed. But  
I don't kill. Not even animals  
and fathers.

Solo and Illya register disbelief. "J" smiles on.

236  
CONT'D  
(4)

"J"

What's wrong - the image?. Does a man of peace have to wear a beard, tote a banner, and look like he couldn't fight a feather to a standstill?

SOLO

It won't work, Treza. We're not leaving, full of apologies, just because you "spared our lives."

"J" ('sadly')

You're hard to convince.

ILLYA

We'd be easy to kill - on our way back through the jungle.

"J" (even 'sadder')

You bring it all back to me - civilisation - full of people as suspicious as you.

ILLYA

Let's go.

"J" suddenly turns to the table and the guns. Solo and Illya move in on him, fast. He spins back to confront them, the guns in his hands - HELD BY THE BARRELS. Solo and Illya are slightly taken aback, but, retrieving their guns as offered, almost immediately revert to suspicion. As they step back and cover him:

SOLO

You're really good.

The Treza temper erupts, full blast, in response to their disbelief.

"J"

You're so wrong about me -  
it's beautiful!

He walks to them steadily. His anger continues: his tone is acid, biting, impassioned and logical: his dialogue-pace is fast and cutting.

"J"

Why would I kill my father? To  
take over the company?

(derisive)

He offered it to me seven years ago.

(Solo and Illya react)

He wanted to quit. He was tired.

(sardonic)

He had girls. But I had one con-  
dition - and he wouldn't buy it.

The factory that makes the guns, the  
tanks, the bombs - I wanted it shut  
down. I didn't want to profit from  
death. But he refused me.

(a beat; more softly)

That's why I'm here now. I've  
found the kind of life I want.

236  
CONT'D  
(5)

Solo and Illya look at each other: they're beginning  
to see daylight. In his renewed passion, "J"  
misinterprets them.

"J" (furious)

You still don't believe me! Well,  
I guess that figures too: people  
like you - you'd never understand  
someone -- !

SOLO (stemming the  
tirade)

We understand. It all fits.

"J" looks from one to the other, surprised, as the boys  
put away their guns.

ILLYA

In the long run, you didn't lose  
that argument. Your father was  
coming here to see you.

A beat. "J" is almost stunned.

"J"

To - see me --- ?

SOLO

Maybe he changed his mind - and  
wanted you back - on your terms.  
Maybe that's why he was killed.

"J" continues his stunned reaction, profoundly moved.

ILLYA

It appears, Mr. Treza, that you've  
been the target of the biggest  
frame ---

DARIEN (o.s.)  
You all have.

236  
CONT'D  
(6)

Solo, Illya and "J" turn to see Darien and THRUSH THUG #1 in hut entrance. Both are armed.

"J" turns to look at Solo and Illya, but sees something past them o.s. which provokes an even more astounded reaction - which immediately transforms into an "I-might've-known" expression. Solo and Illya look in that direction too.

237-250  
OUT

THEIR POV

251

Adam, flanked by THUG #2, in another hut entrance. Both are armed.

RESUME GENERAL SCENE

252

Solo, Illya and "J" completely covered from both sides by four armed men who now slowly move in on them. It would be suicide for Solo and Illya to reach for their guns.

DARIEN  
Ever since Graham tumbled to us,  
everything that's happened has  
been made to happen.

Adam indicates the arm in which he was wounded.

ADAM  
Even when it hurt. And now for the  
final happening. We report that "J"  
killed you. We had to kill him.  
THRUSH gets the Tenza International.  
And your poor Mr. Waverly never knows  
the truth. Flawless, isn't it?

And that's it. Adam curtly gestures to his colleagues to move in faster for the kill. All guns are raised - and very near the intended victims - when Solo and Illya, at the latter's signal, kick at the hut's flimsy supports. "J" joins in wholeheartedly as all three rush for the exit. They get out, leaving the killers sprawled as the hut partially collapses.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

253

Solo, Illya and "J" almost stumble over the bound, semi-conscious Natives #1 and #2, just outside the hut. "J" moves immediately to their assistance.

SOLO (to "J")  
Get under cover!

INT. VILLAGE HUT - DAY - BLAZING

254

Adam, Darien and Thugs #1 and #2 extricate themselves from the debris of the collapsed hut, exit with guns ready.

255 OUT

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

256-260

Virtual simultaneous action as --

-- Adam FIRES at "J", who is kneeling over Native #1, hits him in the shoulder. "J" clutches his shoulder but keeps his feet.

Illya guns down Darien, faster on the draw than he, before Darien gets a shot in.

Solo ducks from Thug #2's bullet, FIRES back, gets him. A moment later, he nails Thug #1.

Illya FIRES at Adam, who is thus forced to retreat into side-jungle, though not without one on-the-turn, final, wild parting shot at "J".

"J" (to Solo and Illya)  
I'll be all right.  
(most unpacific)  
Go after him!

He hardly needs to say this. Solo and Illya are already running into the side-jungle, separately. Solo enters it further along the "street"; i.e., in direction of the rise and the plain, to head off Adam, while Illya goes in direct pursuit after him.

EXT. SIDE-JUNGLE - DAY

261-265

We briefly --

CROSS-CUT: The progress of Solo, Illya and Adam, their quarry.

Illya, responding to Adam's continuous and insane firing, FIRES back, keeping Adam going in the direction they want him to go; i.e., toward the rise and the plain where, in open country, they can capture or kill him.

261-265  
CONT'D  
(1)

Adam, as stated, is panic-stricken to near-madness, FIRING back at Illya even though, in the jungle conditions, he can't see him, can only vaguely guess at his whereabouts by pausing once or twice and listening for the JUNGLE-CRASHING SOUNDS of Illya's pursuit.

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Solo concentrates on getting ahead of Adam and is not, at this stage, called on to fire.

261-265  
CONT'D  
(2)

We ESTABLISH, via Adam's looks-directions, that he is NOT AWARE of Solo's involvement. (For all he knows, one of the U.N.C.L.E. men stayed with the wounded "J".)

Thus, we conclude the CROSS-CUTTING with Adam reaching the edge of the clearing which leads to the rise and the plain. He has a fanatical look about him by now, as if something other than 'mere' escape is drawing him here. He halts and takes in, from cover:

EXT. EDGE OF JUNGLE - THE PLAIN BEYOND - ADAM'S POV

266

It seems to beckon invitingly.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - ADAM

267

And he clearly obsessively wants to make it out there. He looks behind him. Silence. Illya has halted too, it seems.

IN BACK OF ADAM - ADAM'S POV

268

The thick enclosing jungle. No sight or sound of Illya.

RESUME CLOSE SHOT - ADAM

269

He permits himself a haggard but triumphant smile. Figures he's outwitted Illya to a standstill. Then - he reacts suddenly to:

IN BACK OF ADAM - ADAM'S POV

270

Illya, within feet of him, seemingly involuntarily comes into clear view.

GENERAL SCENE

271-277

Adam equally involuntarily retreats, gun raised ---

--- into the view of Solo, patiently waiting to one side. Solo fires, as ---

271-277  
CONT'D  
(2)

--- Adam's gun goes off and ---

--- Illya almost contemptuously ducks out of range of the now wild shot.

Adam is gravely hit, drops his gun, clutches his side, turns, reels, staggers drunkenly toward the edge of the rise.

Solo and Illya converge, slowly, toward him.

But, in his obsession, Adam gets up quite a respectable turn of speed and, before they actually reach him, makes it to the edge of the rise and, without turning to look at them again, sinks to his knees and rolls away out of sight down it.

Solo and Illya hurry to the trees and the edge of the rise. They come into CLOSE TWO SHOT, sunshine from the plain flooding their faces in contrast to the dank gloom of the jungle behind them. They halt and react to:

EXT. PLAIN - DAY - SOLO, ILLYA'S POV

278

Looking down the steep slope of the rise. Down it in a slow, death-agony ballet, Adam tumbles and rolls. TILT CAMERA UP to take in what's beyond, a few yards from the base of the rise.

It's the world's sleekest and most affluent limousine - fantastically incongruous parked here, laterally to Solo and Illya, in these sparse surroundings. A STIFF-BACKED MAN sits in the driver's seat, ignoring Adam completely, not able to see Solo-Illya anyway. The back windows are deeply tinted against sun-glare, obscuring the evident VIP occupant.

EXT. JUNGLE EDGE - DAY

279

Solo-Illya: in tree-concealment, awed and chilled by the scene o.s.

EXT. PLAIN - DAY

280

Adam crawls tortuously toward the limousine.

REVERSE ON ADAM

281

making it, with sweat and dying pallor - but undying fanaticism - toward limousine. Unable to get to his feet, he reaches up a slow and trembling hand to the back door handle of the car. His near-deadweight brings the handle down. The door swings open slightly, with him suspended from the handle by slipping, feeble fingers.

INT. LIMOUSINE PASSENGER SECTION - DAY - ANGLE  
OUT ON ADAM

281X1

Adam looking up to the unseen occupant with respect unto death. With his last gasp:

ADAM

We've lost -- I'm sorry... Help me...

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

282

Solo and Illya, from a distance, observe the scene.

INT. LIMOUSINE PASSENGER SECTION - DAY - ANGLE  
OUT ON ADAM

283-284

Adam's dimming eyes close, but his hand retains some kind of a grip on the door handle.

SWING CAMERA to STIFF-BACKED MAN turning abruptly from front seat. With a swift, vicious shove, he knocks Adam's hand away from the door handle, pulls the door shut. Then, seeing Illya and Solo, he draws a gun, FIRES at them, quickly starts the engine and --

EXT. PLAIN - DAY

285-286

The limousine drives away, leaving Adam sprawled dead on the ground.

Solo and Illya RETURN the fire as they race down the slope.

INT. CAR - ON STIFF-BACKED MAN

287

Hit, he winces in pain. We still do not see his passenger.

288-290 OUT

THE LIMOUSINE

291

The limousine, its driver disabled, goes into a wild skid, lurches into a ditch, crashes to a stop almost at the feet of Illya and Solo.

ON THE BACK DOOR OF CAR

292

It springs open. At the boy's feet, almost -- falls Olivia.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

293

Solo and Illya look at each other and react.

SOLO (wry)

I wish we could say we knew it all along.

Illya takes out communicator.

ILLYA

Open Channel D.

They both look down o.s. to Olivia. FREEZE.

294-295 OUT

FADE OUT:

THE END