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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE GURNIUS AFFAIR

Prod. #8463

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October 2, 1967

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
MENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

10-4-67

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

The Gurnius Affair

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Script dated: October 2, 1967

Name Changes:

FROM:

TERRY BRUNNER

TO:

TERRY COOK

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

The Gurnius Affair

Prod. #8463

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BAVARIAN COUNTRY SCENE - DAY (STOCK)

1

Or, at least, a landscape resembling Bavaria.
Hilly, beautiful, pastoral. Over this, the legend:

SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE

EXT. PRISON GATE - DAY

2

The scene is decidedly un-pastoral. An Armed
Guard patrols beside a sentry box. The gates, of
course, are locked. CAMERA MOVES IN on a sign
whose Germanic lettering reads: KRAGENSBURG PRISON.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON MAJOR
HARTMANN

3

who is the Commandant and who, at the moment, has a
look of scornful disbelief on his face.

HARTMANN

It's ridiculous! The very thought
of it is absolutely ridiculous!

CAMERA BACK to reveal Solo and Illya.

SOLO

We have reason to believe otherwise,
Major Hartmann.

HARTMANN

Von Etske -- escape from here?
(he snorts)

Mr. Solo, I have been the Commandant
of this prison for twenty-five years.
In that time, I have developed a
security system that should be the
envy of U.N.C.L.E. itself. And what's
more --

SOLO (cutting in)
Major, we're not here to criticize
your --

3
CONT'D
(2)

HARTMANN (cutting in, .
sharp)
Then don't! We've had any number of
war criminals here -- people every
bit as important as Von Etske....
And no one -- no one -- has ever
escaped!

ILLYA (mildly)
You might be overdue.

HARTMANN (bristling)
Now, just a min --

SOLO (to heal the
breach)
In any event, Major, we'd like to
see Von Etske.

Hartmann hesitates, then gives a weary sigh.

HARTMANN
All right. As soon as he's back
in his cell, I'll take you there.

SOLO
Where is he now?

HARTMANN
On his way to the exercise yard.
(with infinite sarcasm)
I trust you don't expect him to
make his escape from there.

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. EXERCISE YARD - DAY

4-9 OUT

10

TWO UNIFORMED MILITARY GUARDS come out a door with
VON ETSKE between them ... a lean, whipsaw man with
skullbone face. Von Etske carries a tiny, tinny
transistor radio from which SCREECHES German military
type MUSIC. The Two Guards go off in a corner, ig-
noring him, half turned away, as Von Etske starts to
walk briskly in cadence to the screeching music in
an almost mad tight circle. He's just under pro-
jecting wood roof beams.

EXT. KRAGENSBURG HEIGHTS - DAY - UP ANGLE (REVERSE) 11

to crest above dirt road. CAMERA PICKS UP a determined TERRY BRUNNER, as she efficiently squints behind a big zoom lens on her 35mm. camera, angled down PAST CAMERA toward prison o.s. and below. She's half obscured by bushes protecting her from the roadway below.

Terry is a charming, beautiful -- and seasoned photo-journalist. She's after the scoop of her life. Pink tongue projecting through lovely teeth, she slowly raises her extension lens trigger, getting set to snap it.

WIDER ANGLE - FROM OTHER SIDE OF ROAD

12

Suddenly, a black limousine ROARS in to a stop in a cloud of dust directly below her, blocking her shot. Outraged, she starts to rise, freezes, staring at the following action: The two men get out of the front seat. A shadowed figure watches comfortably from the rear seat as the men quickly set up a small tripod with a reel line at the end of which is attached a kind of harpoon. The man in the rear seat is COLONEL MAXIMILIAN NEXOR; we shall not see his face, save for a partial glimpse, until much later.

*Blue car
doesn't block
view.*

Terry, stunned, watches as the rig is aimed at the prison yard below and fired. She ducks down again to peer through her long zoom lens.

ACUTE DOWN ANGLE THROUGH ZOOM LENS (WHAT TERRY SEES) 13

The harpoon ZINGS arcing over the wall and SLAMS into a crossbeam near Von Etske, who continues his mad circular parade as if not noticing. The tinny BLARE of the transistor covers the SOUND of the harpoon homing into the wood directly above Von Etske. The Guards don't notice, continue chatting, half turned away.

ANGLE - UP ACROSS MEN TO TERRY ABOVE

14

She watches the men attach a black canister to the line, all thought of pictures forgotten. Now the shadowed figure in the rear seat of the limousine hands out a glowing metal cylinder device with a key-dial panel attached to its end. The metal GLOWS. Terry suddenly galvanizes into action, frantically detaching the zoom lens, attaching a smaller lens,

*Gun Holster
Taken from
Trunk w/ Harpoon
doesn't change lens*

angling to photograph the men. She starts a series of pictures as the men slip the glowing device into the canister, close it, send it riding down the harpoon line, down and over the wall.

14
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. PRISON EXERCISE YARD - ACROSS VON ETSKE TO GUARDS B.G.

15

Von Etske has made his turn so that he is right next to the canister when it SLAMS up against the harpoon stuck in the wood just above him. He yanks the pull string on the canister and catches the glowing metal device as it pops out. As he does this: He surreptitiously slips a little metal key out of his mouth. Now the Guards are alerted by the SOUND of the canister slamming in. Alarmed, they advance toward Von Etske, guns ready, glowering. Von Etske faces them, quickly inserts the key into the metal object, turns it on. It HUMS WEIRDLY. KELSO, the First Guard, gestures with his gun:

KELSO

Drop it!

(Von Etske grins death at them)

Drop it or we shoot!

They unsnap their gun safeties. Von Etske points the device at them, pushes a button. Suddenly, their faces seem to be suffused in a halo-like glow.

VON ETSKE

I suggest you salute me instead.

Immediately the two guards' manners change. All hostility disappears. They straighten, salute smartly.

NEW ANGLE

16

Showing the Sentry, attracted by the SOUNDS coming from the direction of the gate, his gun ready. Von Etske nods to the two guards.

VON ETSKE (pleasantly)

The man behind you. Silently.

Immediately the two guards wheel and one of them downs the Sentry with his submachine gun butt.

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VON ETSKE

Now you will lead me to freedom.

His two guards move out, smartly obedient. Von Etske follows, keeping his glowing device trained on them.

16
CONT'D
(2)

INTERCUT ABOVE WITH THE FOLLOWING:

EXT. HEIGHTS ABOVE KRAGENSBURG - DAY - FAVORING TERRY

17

Watching this with growing horror, she moves closer to the edge, camera in hand now. Just as the men get back in the car, she aims the camera, slips a bit. A rock rolls down, betraying her position. She freezes, staring down as the shadowed figure leans out the window, looking up full at her.

TERRY'S POV - DOWN ANGLE TO FIGURE

18

of Colonel Nexor. We get a momentary glimpse of round metal-rimmed glasses refracting light under an officer's hat bearing a jagged lightning-bolt 'N' insignia. A jagged scar like a white cut of lightning on the left cheek. The scar and the light refracting from the glasses keep us from seeing Nexor's face clearly.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING TERRY

19

Backing, shooting shot after shot with her camera. Below her, Nexor waves for the car to get moving, withdraws his head as the limousine races off. Terry starts to scramble down from her position, shaking with fright and excitement, hugging her camera.

20 OUT

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

20X1

Hartmann moves to the telephone.

HARTMANN (angrily)

All right, all right If you can't wait for an old man to have his daily exercise....

SOLO

I'm afraid we can't.

20X1
CONT'D
(2)

HARTMANN (picks up
phone, speaks into it)
Main gate, please....
(a beat)

No answer? What do you mean, no
answer?

The boys exchange glances.

HARTMANN

There must be an answer. There --

Solo and Illya race out of the room.

EXT. KRAGENSBURG PRISON GATES - DAY

21

The barred gates are opened from inside by one of the Guards. Von Etske, controlling his two Guards with his little glowing device, marches out in cadence to the tinny BLARE of his transistor. We NOTE that a sports car is parked just outside the gates. Now, the limousine ROARS in to a sizzling stop f.g. next to Von Etske. As the rear door opens:

GUARDS
IGNORING
HIM

VON ETSKE (to Guards)

You will proceed as if my escape
never happened! Back to your posts!

Omit

The Guards salute smartly and march back to the gates. Nexor, back to CAMERA, leans out the window, gestures back and up o.s. toward the heights.

NEXOR (gesturing)

Someone with a camera taking
pictures.

Omit

Von Etske nods, turns his device to maximum power, points it toward the heights and does a fast sweep in the direction. Grinning in triumph, he starts to enter the limousine.

EXT. EXERCISE YARD - DAY

as Solo and Illya race into scene, see the
unconscious sentry, start for him only to see the

NOT UNCONSCIOUS
21X1

two Guards returning from the direction of the gates. The Guards look as if nothing untoward has happened. The boys move quickly to them.

21X1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to the Guards)
Von Etske...Where is he?!

KELSO (baffled)
What? Why, he should be right here. He --

omit

We HEAR the limousine zoom off. The boys look toward the gates.

ILLYA
The gates! They're open!

They rush off toward the gates.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

21X2

Solo and Illya emerge through the gates, hurriedly climb into the sports car -- which is theirs -- and start after the limousine.

ROADWAY - THE PURSUIT - VARIOUS ANGLES

22-22X3

The boys' car is closing in on the limousine.

REAR OF LIMOUSINE IN MOTION

23

The rear window slides open and something is hurled from it.

ANGLE - ON ROADWAY

23X1

as it bursts into flame.

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ANGLE - FAVORING BOYS' CAR

24

It skids to avoid the fiery barrier and --

25-26 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

27

plows into a ditch as we FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

28-29 OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. KRAGENSBURG PRISON GATE - DAY

30

as in Scene 2 -- except that a new Sentry now patrols.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

31

Illya speaks urgently into the phone.

ILLYA (into phone)
Sector Seven, Checkpoint Beta --
report in, please --

HARD TO
HEAR

PAN to Solo on the communicator. Beside him is a dazed, broken Major Hartmann.

SOLO (into
communicator)
The guards have no recollection of
what happened, sir. Apparently
some sort of brainwashing technique
was used.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY IN U.N.C.L.E. COMPUTER
ALLEY - DAY

32-35

WAVERLY (pondering
this; into mike)
Mmm. Well, I'll darken your day
further, Mr. Solo. Our original
information was correct. Colonel
Nexor was definitely behind it all.

HARTMANN (blinking;
incredulous)
Nexor? Maximilian Nexor?!... He's
been dead for years!

SOLO (into
communicator)
You're absolutely certain of it,
sir...?

WAVERLY (piqued;
into mike)
I don't make it a habit, Mr. Solo,
to pass on rumors.

32-35
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Yes, sir.

HARTMANN

But I was at his funeral. I --
(breaks off, flustered,
as Solo gives him a quizzical,
rather hard look)
I mean, I hated everything he
stood for, but --

His voice trails off in disarray.

SOLO (into
communicator)

We're checking out every possible
lead now, sir.

WAVERLY (into mike)

I should certainly hope so....
I want you to find Von Etske, Mr.
Solo. And Nexor. And quickly.
Over and out.

He clicks off, as does Solo with a frown. PAN to
Illya on the phone.

ILLYA (into phone)

...I see... No, move on to Check-
point George. Coordinate with the
other sectors... Right.

) omit

He hangs up, moves to Solo and Hartmann.

ILLYA (to Solo)

We've found the limousine.
Abandoned. Out in the middle of
nowhere.

SOLO

That means they must have switched
cars.

ILLYA

So it would appear.
(to Hartmann)

Major Hartmann, did Von Etske have
any recent visitors?

HARTMANN (still dazed)

No -- no one was allowed to see
him -- not for twenty-five years...

SOLO
Anybody try?

32-35
CONT'D
(3)

HARTMANN
Of course, frequently. Newspaper
writers, photographers -- after
all, Von Etske was the last link
with a criminal regime --

SOLO
I suppose you have records of all
requests --

Hartmann pulls out a book from his desk, opens it.

HARTMANN
Naturally. Last entry, just this
morning...

DIRECT CUT TO:

36 OUT

INT. DARKROOM OF TERRY'S APARTMENT

37

We see Terry working at her trade. Over this:

HARTMANN'S VOICE (over)
...A charming young lady. A...
photographer... Name is -- Terry
Brunner...

The darkroom is a professional set-up including
sink with red, orange and green safelights over it
-- enlarger, printer, etc. Right now, the normal
light is on. At the sink, Terry hits the switch
under the green light. The normal light turns off,
green light turns on, bathing the area in its
strange eerie glow. Terry quickly opens the tank,
pulls out the film she has just developed and
fixed. She eagerly holds it up to inspect it through
the green light. Absolute shock and consternation:
The 35mm film strip is completely black -- fogged.

TERRY (stunned)
Oh, no -- it can't be --

O.s., the darkroom door opens -- light streaks in.
She wheels to the door -- and gasps in shock.

CURTAIN
NOT DOOR

HER POV - ILLYA

38

Standing in the doorway, his face bathed in the
green light. Solo moves in fast behind him, show-
ing his credential card.

SOLO
Miss Brunner?
(she nods dumbly)
We're from U.N.C.L.E. --

38
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
You took some pictures today.
Is that the film?

She nods again, her eyes wide in seeming shock,
holds out the film in her hand.

FAVORING TERRY

39

as the boys get to her. Illya takes the film from
her. She stares at him, shaken.

SOLO
I'm sorry if we frightened you
-- I'm Napoleon Solo -- Illya
Kuryakin --

Illya, frowning, examines the fogged film, then
to Terry:

ILLYA
This is the film you used at
Kragensburg Prison...?

She nods again, continues to stare at Illya.

TERRY (to Illya)
In this light...your face -- I
thought you were that awful man
in the car --

The boys react.

ILLYA
What man?

TERRY
The one who was running the
whole show. You could be his
twin --

ILLYA (a beat)
I doubt it. The man we're after
was 55 at the end of the Second
World War --

39
CONT'D
(2)

He cuts off as Solo shoots him a warning look.
Terry catches it. She is suddenly intrigued.

TERRY
Who is he?

ILLYA
Miss Brunner -- what were you doing
up there?

TERRY
Trying to get a picture of Von Etske.
of course... That's how I make my
living. I'm a professional photog-
rapher.

ILLYA
This film is completely fogged.
That's not very professional.

TERRY (angry)
I know my business! Nothing was
wrong with my camera, the film or
the solutions --
(a beat)
And you didn't answer my question!
Who was the man in the car?

SOLO
Maybe the shutter jammed.

ILLYA
No -- the fogging extends edge to
edge, beyond the picture frame.

TERRY (remembering)
Say -- maybe it was that thing they
shot over the wall -- it was metallic,
I think -- seemed to glow --

The boys exchange glances.

SOLO (to Illya)
Better run that film through the
lab.

ILLYA (nods)
I'm on my way.

mit

He goes out in a hurry. Terry watches Illya go,
turns to Solo.

TERRY

Von Etske... He hasn't been caught yet...?

(Solo hesitates)

I guess not.

(gesturing to radio)

I've been listening ever since I got back. Not even a word about the escape.

(probingly)

Big secret, huh? You know you can't hide anything from the press --

Solo manages a smile, starts for the door as:

SOLO

It's been nice...

40 OUT

ANGLE - AT DOOR

41

as she blocks him.

TERRY

Might as well call me Terry. We'll be working with each other --

SOLO

I'm afraid not...

He starts to open the door. She blocks him again.

TERRY

You can trust me -- I won't do anything to jeopardize a good story.--

Solo's communicator BEEPS. She cuts off, watches with fascination as he activates it.

SOLO (into communicator)

Solo here.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Exactly where is here, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

With a -- rather attractive photographer, sir.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Oh. And Mr. Kuryakin?

SOLO

He's on his way --

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

42-45

The room is dark, blinds drawn. CLOSE, Waverly in a pool of light at a communications console, listening:

SOLO (continuing)
-- to the Kragensburg lab to have the film analyzed. No word on Von Etske since they abandoned the escape car.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED:

WAVERLY
I want you in motion, Mr. Solo, handling the checkpoints.

SOLO
Leaving immediately, sir.

TERRY (a whisper)
Not without me, you don't!

WAVERLY
One thing more: Von Etske will have to keep in the shadows; his face is well-known. However, Nexor's is not, so he may move in the open.

SOLO
That's not much help -- I don't know what he looks like --

TERRY (excitedly)
But I do!

WAVERLY
What was that?

Solo regards Terry thoughtfully for a beat. Then, into his communicator:

SOLO
That was my new partner, sir...
Over and out.

Terry squeals with delight.

WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NEW ANGLE

46

Waverly, a bit bemused, keys off, swings around and takes a few steps to a large wall screen. He picks up a hand slide changing device, punches up a picture, which projects on the screen: A MAN in Nazi-like Field Marshal's uniform, holding a baton.

WAVERLY

This is Zorcan Gurnius, gentlemen --

ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS FOUR U.N.C.L.E. AGENTS

47

watching attentively. They are from various parts of the world, and, hence, of different races.

WAVERLY

-- the youngest Axis Dictator during Hitler's heyday. He was trusted by no one -- not even Hitler. Missing and presumed dead -- until now.

He punches up another picture: a rear view of Nexor, standing over a military map table. He wears his uniform on which can be clearly seen the 'N' lightning-bolt insignia on his arm brassard.

WAVERLY

His Aide -- and his Himmler: Colonel Maximilian Nexor. Also thought to be dead, until now. Unfortunately, his face was never photographed.

Waverly punches up a third picture -- Von Etske, 25 years younger, in white coat standing before a brain chart, wearing a white Doctor-lecturer's coat.

WAVERLY

The third member of this Evil Triumvirate: Dr. Hans Von Etske -- Scientist... genius... paranoid... and now at large, thanks to Colonel Nexor.

He clicks off the last of the slides, turns to face the quintet. MOVE IN CLOSE on Waverly.

WAVERLY

We have reason to believe that these three men plan to join forces once more. Hopefully, Mr. Solo and Mr. Kuryakin will nip the scheme in the bud. If not, it will be up to you and your worldwide intelligence units to learn where the rendezvous is to take place...

47
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORY - DAY - STOCK

48

High volcanic mountains -- a steaming jungle version of Berchtesgaden. Over this:

"SOMEWHERE IN SAN RICO"

MOVED TO
ACT 2

INT. OBSERVATORY CORRIDOR - DAY

49

TWO UNIFORMED NEXORITE GUARDS, wearing the brassard with the lightning-bolt insignia, flank MR. BROWN. Brown is the THRUSH envoy extraordinaire, a thin-lipped executive version of Satan -- coiled steel in a velvet glove.

50 OUT

INT. OBSERVATORY LIVING QUARTERS - MAIN ROOM - DAY

51

ZORCAN GURNIUS stands at the window, looking out -- a powerful but aging Balkan replica of Mussolini. His NEXORITE GUARDS, at parade rest, snap to attention as Brown strides in and over to Gurnius, who does not turn. Brown waits a beat, then grins to himself in cold blood.

NOT BY
WINDOWS
ON BALCONY

BROWN (gently)

I bring greetings to the great Zorcan Gurnius -- from THRUSH.

Gurnius turns, stares at him with curdling disdain.

GURNIUS

I did not send for you, Mr. Brown.

BROWN (almost
apologetic)
Unfortunately, THRUSH feels it must
protect its investment. After all,
four billion dollars --

51
CONT'D
(2)

GURNIUS
A small price to control the world.
There is no need for you to be here --
Von Etske's escape came off --

BROWN (firmly)
-- By the thinnest of margins. Now
U.N.C.L.E. has blocked Colonel Nexor's
primary escape plan. Fortunately,
the THRUSH alternative is ready. I'm
sorry, but from now on, I'm in command.

Gurnius allows a grin of utmost savagery.

GURNIUS
I'll be back in command, Mr. Brown...
as soon as Colonel Nexor arrives...

He marches out of the room. Brown sighs, settles
behind Gurnius' desk to pore over the books.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. BAVARIAN ROAD - DAY

51X1

as an ambulance, siren screaming, races along.

INT. REAR OF AMBULANCE - DAY

51X2

Von Etske and Nexor -- the latter's face in shadow --
sit in the rear of the fast-moving ambulance, look
tense.

VON ETSKE (looking
toward front of cab)
They must have a roadblock up ahead.
Do you think they'll stop us?

NEXOR (cool, ironic,
a faint shrug)
We're on a mission of mercy....

omit

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

51X3

Where a couple of U.N.C.L.E. Agents stand beside a wooden barrier. We HEAR the siren of the approaching ambulance. The Agents move in front of the roadblock, wave their arms to stop the oncoming ambulance -- which we do not yet see.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

51X4

VON ETSKE (alarmed, as
he looks forward)
The barrier! They're not moving it.

NEXOR (cool as ever)
How unfortunate.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY - FULL SHOT

51X5

The ambulance brakes to a stop. The two Agents step to the cab. We cannot hear their dialogue, if any, but a couple of seconds later the Driver emerges, walks with them to the back of the ambulance, starts to open the rear doors.

CHANGED
DRIVER NEVER
LEAVES VEHICLE

SHOOTING INTO AMBULANCE

51X6

at a tommygun pointed at CAMERA, wielded by Nexor, whose face is out of FRAME. The weapon cuts loose.

CLOSE ON VON ETSKE

51X7

as he reacts -- admiringly.

NEXOR (V.O.)
We should be moving again shortly.

omit

EXT. ROADBLOCK - FULL SHOT

51X8

as the Driver moves the wooden barrier out of the way, then climbs into the cab of the ambulance, drives off. As the Ambulance moves out of frame, we see the sprawled bodies of the two U.N.C.L.E. Agents.

CRASHES
THROUGH

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. LAB (KRAGENSBURG) - DAY

52

Illya and a LAB TECHNICIAN pore over a lab table. On it, the Technician slowly moves the fogged film strip across a heat field. As he does, the edge of the film smoulders. The smoke rises to a glass balloon retainer flask. A narrow beam of light projects through the smoke, then is split by a prism, projecting a rainbow-like color spectrum onto the grades screen on a panel beyond. Next to the screen is a computer bank with input buttons and tape reels, now inactive. They watch intently. The Technician is entranced.

*newer
shows Table*

TECHNICIAN

Interesting residual data - seems to confirm a radiation spectrum.

ILLYA

Then that's what fogged the film -

TECHNICIAN

Yes -- but it's not harmful to humans... It's Orometchrome B, no doubt about it.

ILLYA

I'm afraid I need a refresher course...

TECHNICIAN (almost
reciting)

Orometchrome B. It has transistor qualities, capable of projecting electronic waves with great amplification.

ILLYA (sharply
interested)

Brainwashing waves.

TECHNICIAN

Correct... It's a very rare metal.

ILLYA

How rare?

TECHNICIAN

So far as we know, Orometchrome B is found only in the high volcanic reaches of the South American republic of San Rico.

(a beat)

I've heard that THRUSH has a science-astronomy lab in that area.

Illya reacts. Before he can respond, his communicator BEEPS. He opens it.

ILLYA (to Technician)
Excuse me.
(into communicator)
Kuryakin here.

52
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. ROADBLOCK - DAY

52X1

The U.N.C.L.E. men, in b.g., are being placed on stretchers by police. Two or three spectators hover nearby. Terry sits on the ground, sobbing quietly as Solo speaks into his communicator.

SOLO (urgently)
Illya?... Are you still at the lab?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

52X2-
52X5

ILLYA (into
communicator)
Yes, and we just learned why the
film --

SOLO (into
communicator; cutting in)
Then listen carefully. They've
grabbed an ambulance and broken
through at Checkpoint Ranger.
Heading due east toward Dietrich-
hoffe....

ILLYA (into
communicator)
Dietrichhoffe.... I've got it,
Napoleon....

Solo rises, starts for his car parked a few feet away, gestures for Terry to do the same. Though shaken, she does.

SOLO (into
communicator)
All right. There's an abandoned
airstrip six kilometers west of the
town. That's probably their pickup
point....

ILLYA (into
communicator)
From where I am, I can be there in
twenty minutes.

10-2-67 P.21A

SOLO (into
communicator; as he and
Terry -- still shaken --
climb into the car)
That's why I called. I'll meet
you there....
(a beat)
It's a longshot, Illya, Our only
hope is that the pickup has been
delayed...

52X2-
52X5
CONT'D
(2)

He throws the car into gear, zooms off as we:

FLASH CUT TO:

53-75 OUT

EXT. HIDDEN MOUNTAIN AIRSTRIP - DAY

75X1

Von Etske is tense, paces like a caged animal.

VON ETSKE

The helicopter -- where is it?

NEXOR

Patience.

VON ETSKE

But it's a half hour late!

(a beat)

And our driver...I wish you
hadn't sent him away. I realize
the ambulance might be seen, but --

NEXOR

We are safe. I have my weapon.

(indicates tommygun)

You have your -- device.

We see the box-sheath, held by Von Etske, containing
the "device".

VON ETSKE

Even so, I --

He breaks off. Both men whirl as --

NEW ANGLE

76

Solo's car suddenly bursts into the scene, heading
for them. They freeze. Nexor suddenly FIRES his
tommygun, shattering the windshield, and the car
careens to a stop.

NEXOR (screaming)

Run! Run!

THE FIGHT - INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING

77-80

Solo bursts out of his car, gun ready, firing back, ~~omitted~~
dives and rolls to avoid Nexor's returning fire.
Nexor, clear for a moment, makes a wild dash to his
left, toward the trees and bushes beyond the strip.
Von Etske tugs the device free. Terry, coming out
of the car, spots the device, yells:

TERRY

Napoleon! He's got that thing!

Solo spins toward Von Etske. Von Etske grins,
holds it out to show, starts to walk to Solo.

77-80
CONT'D
(2)

VON ETSKE
No need for guns -

EDGE OF AIRSTRIP

81

Nexor gets to the edge, just as Illya's car plunges
through the trees, skids to a stop as he sees Nexor.
Nexor fires at him, runs o.s. in the undergrowth.
Illya dashes out of the car after him.

BACK TO SOLO AND VON ETSKE

82

Solo warily covers Von Etske, who covertly keys
on the device in his hands. It glows. As Solo
begins to raise his gun, Terry runs up next to him.
Von Etske pushes one of the buttons.

VON ETSKE
Stop!

Solo and Terry pull to stiff attention, freezing.
Their faces seem to glow. Von Etske grins savage
domination:

VON ETSKE
You will sleep now!
(Solo and Terry's eyes
close immediately)
When you awaken, you will have
no memory of this incident!

* STOCK SHOT - HELICOPTER

82X1

Descending.

FAVORING VON ETSKE

82X2

* He looks up and off screen toward copter with satis-
faction, calls, sees Nexor nowhere in sight.

VON ETSKE
Nexor! Colonel Nexor!

* No answer. Von Etske hesitates, then moves off
screen toward helicopter.

* INT. COPTER "BUBBLE"

82AX2

Von Etske enters from off screen.

VON ETSKE (to chopper
pilot as he moves to climb in).
Colonel Nexor... He's been detained.

EXT. ROCKY UNDERGROWTH - DAY

83

Illya moves into f.g., gun ready, silent, wary, stalking. He stops next to a large rock, slowly begins to pivot, searching the area. O.s., to his left, he HEARS A NOISE. He wheels to it, away from the rock--and the form of Nexor hurtles into him from behind the rock.

No Rock

THE FIGHT - FAVORING ILLYA

84

A savage, rolling struggle, both opponents almost equal. Nexor's shadowy figure breaks free for a moment, knocking Illya back. Illya comes up with his gun and gets it kicked out of his hand. Nexor, who has dropped the tommygun, gets Illya's weapon. They struggle, the gun between them. For a frozen moment, they're on their knees, face to face, straining -- and the gun goes off between them, muffled. A beat--then Nexor's figure falls back, dead.

*NEVER
DROPS GUN
SHOTS FROM A
FEW FEET AWAY*

* STOCK SHOT - COPTER

84XI

Taking off.

ILLYA - CLOSE

85

He sags from the strain, leans forward to look at his opponent, freezes--a look of absolute, frowning surprise as the sunlight cruelly etches Nexor's face.

NEXOR - ILLYA'S POV

86

Except for the hawk-nose, the glasses, the lightning-bolt scar on the face, Illya is staring down at a rough image of himself...

HAWK NOSE

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
EXT. U.N.C.L.E. NEW YORK - DAY
TO ESTABLISH

86X1

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

87

Tight on the controlled savage face of Nexor, complete with glasses, lightning-bolt scar and hawk nose. The face is cold, condescending--only a certain power-madness gleams a betrayal through the glasses. He wears his high officer's uniform with black kid gloves.

from above and behind

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Again, please: Your name?

NEXOR (cold, superior)

How long must we continue this charade? I am Colonel Maximilian Nexor.

CAMERA BACK to include Waverly, facing Nexor in a chair. Nexor paces, eyes coldly zeroed in on Waverly.

IN CHAIR

WAVERLY

Colonel Maximilian Nexor is dead.

NEXOR

His image lives on in the son.
(he touches the cheek scar)

An exact duplicate, of course-- Zorcan Gurnius saw to that. It is vital that I perpetuate the myth--

LIVE CHANGED

WAVERLY

To what end?

NEXOR

To instill fear in the hearts of our glorious Leader's enemies.

TWO SHOT

88

Waverly reaches over to throw a switch. SOUND and LIGHT PATTERN go off. The normal lights GO ON. Waverly rubs his jaw, critically appraising the figure before him.

WAVERLY

Not bad--excellent, in fact, Mr.
Kuryakin.

88
CONT'D
(2)

It is Illya, masquerading as Nexor. He relaxes.

ILLYA

Thank you.

WAVERLY (sharply)

You just responded to your proper
name!

ILLYA

Sorry, sir. It won't happen again.

Waverly gets up, pacing as he thinks:

WAVERLY

Our South American Intelligence
Unit reports that Gurnius has been
seen in San Rico. Mr. Solo's already
there. If Von Etske arrives and Mr.
Solo can't intercept him--well, it
will be entirely up to you. You
must find out exactly where they are,
what they're up to--and stop them.

ILLYA

I understand, sir. Unfortunately,
I have no idea how to contact their
people--

WAVERLY

We've dropped word in half the ports
in the world that Nexor escaped and
is alive. The hope, therefore, is
that they will contact you.

(a beat)

Well, good luck, Mr. Kuryakin.

He holds out his hand, Illya gives him a superior,
disdainful smile, ignoring the hand as:

ILLYA (cold, in character)

Kuryakin? Who is Kuryakin...?

ZIP TO:

EXT. TROPICAL COAST TOWN - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK) - 89
DAY

A tiny town along primitive South American coast.
SUPER:

"SOMEWHERE IN SAN RICO"

INT. BATHROOM OF SOLO'S SAN RICO HOTEL ROOM - DAY 89X1

Solo, clad in a robe, dips a tentative finger into the filled bathtub, to check the water temperature. We note that the bathroom window is closed. Solo HEARS a knock on the front door.

SOLO

Who is it?

TERRY'S VOICE

An old friend, Mr. Solo. May I come in?

Solo reacts as he recognizes the voice. He crosses into:

INT. HOTEL ROOM 89X2

-- where he moves to the door and opens it. Terry, a camera slung over her shoulder, enters, fixes him with a pleasant smile.

TERRY

It wasn't easy to find you.

SOLO (sardonic)

I hope not.

TERRY (shrugs)

It took a lot of time and money.
A number of contacts....

(looks at Solo's robe)

I hope I'm not disturbing you....

She begins to unlimber her camera.

SOLO

The fact that you're here is disturbing enough... Terry, listen. I want you to go home... And --

TERRY

What -- after coming this far?
(shakes her head)
You wouldn't think very much of
me if I did that, would you?

89X2
CONT'D
(2)

She clicks Solo's picture. Solo blinks as the
flashbulb goes off.

TERRY (as if read-
ing a magazine caption)
"Upper right. Napoleon Solo,
U.N.C.L.E. agent in charge of
the search for Von Etske, pictured
relaxing in his San Rico hotel
room."

SOLO (sighs)
All right. You can stay with me...
under one condition. No pictures.

TERRY
Oh, come on, now....

SOLO
I mean it.
(warningly, very
seriously)
U.N.C.L.E. has a certain degree
of influence, Terry. We can get
you thrown out of San Rico in a
matter --

His communicator BEEPS.

SOLO (communicator)
Solo here.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY IN COMPUTER ALLEY

89X3-89X5

WAVERLY (mike)
Mr. Solo, we've confirmed that
Dr. Von Etske has arrived in
San Rico....

TERRY (excitedly)
Then he is here!

WAVERLY
What was that?

SOLO
A young lady, sir...

WAVERLY

The same one who --

89X3-89X5

SOLO (almost
overlapping)

The same one, yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Oh.... Well, you know the next
step, Mr. Solo. Over and out.

Solo clicks off.

TERRY

What's the next step?

SOLO

Right now, a hot bath...if you
don't mind.

TERRY

Huh? Oh, of course.

omit

Solo smiles, starts for the bathroom door, which
had been left ajar. As he nears it, he sees a
SHADOW coming from within the bathroom. He pauses,
alert, then suddenly he literally barrels into the
bathroom door, hurling it open and --

INT. BATHROOM

89X6

-- knocking the gun out of the hand of the NEXORITE
(HANS) who has come through the now-open window dur-
ing the preceding scene. Solo plunges into the bath-
room. The Nexorite lands the first punch, knocks
Solo into the filled bathtub, holds his head under-
water, begins choking him.

*WINDOWS
CLOSED*

ANGLE - FAVORING BATHROOM DOOR

89X7

as Terry comes rushing in, observes the scene
goggle-eyed, then bounds into action. She whips
off the camera over her shoulder, begins hitting
the Nexorite with it.

The blows provide a momentary diversion. The
Nexorite looses his grip on the drowning, choking
Solo long enough to swing an arm back and knock
Terry against a wall. Solo takes the opportunity
to get partly up, send the Nexorite spinning back-
wards with a sharp blow. Solo climbs out of the
tub now, and the fight swirls into --

INT. HOTEL ROOM

89X8

-- the main room where, after a battle left largely to the director and utilizing the available set and props, Solo lands a final punch that sends the Nexorite crashing through the French doors and over the balcony rail beyond. A weak, groggy Solo looks over the balcony rail toward the street below, then supports himself on a table. Terry emerges from the bathroom, carrying the camera.

DIDNT GO
OVER RAIL
TO STREET

SOLO
Are you all right?

TERRY
Uh-huh.
(indicates camera)
The camera's busted, though.

SOLO
Oh... Sorry.

TERRY
It got broken in a good cause.

SOLO (forces
a grateful smile)
Thanks, Terry.

TERRY (shuddering)
That was -- one of Nexor's men?

SOLO
It was indeed.

TERRY
How did he ever find you?

SOLO (grimly)
You're not the only one with a
few contacts.

On her reactions:

ZIP PAN TO:

90-108 OUT

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN SEAPORT - ESTABLISHING - DAY
(STOCK)

109

A beautiful pleasurecraft harbor, enhanced by a
seaplane landing gracefully.

NO
SEAPLANE -
BOAT

Curnius Affair
Chgs.

U.N.C.L.E.
10-4-67 P.31-35

EXT. LANDING DOCK - AT LAUNCH - DAY

110

SEVERAL PASSENGERS carrying luggage move from the launch onto the dock. Now Illya, in his Nexor disguise, moves onto the dock and f.g. He wears civilian clothes, including a hat shadowing the scar side of his face. He carries a cloth officer's uniform bag. He looks around, irresolute, then moves off into the general dock area.

SUIT CASE

EXT. DOCK STREET EXIT - DAY

Illya, looking around moves to CLOSE F.G., stops, wondering what to do next. His hatbrim obscures the scar. He reaches into his pocket, extracts a cigarette, puts it in his mouth, fishes for a match. Almost immediately, two hands, cupping a flame, reach in. He looks, surprised, lights the cigarette. In the glow, the light etches the lightning-bolt scar on his face.

111

NO CIGARETTE

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a uniformed brute, MEDRIN, standing before him with the light.

MEDRIN

Colonel Nexor?

Illya absently touches the recognition scar, nods slightly. Medrin immediately snaps his fingers sharply.

) NO

NEW ANGLE - TO STREET

112

A big black limousine pulls up next to them. A driver, also in uniform, steps out, smartly holds the door open for Illya. Illya coldly examines both men. Medrin snaps to rigid attention.

MEDRIN

Sergeant Medrin, Sir. At your service.

ILLYA

Why the reception committee?

MEDRIN

We spotted an U.N.C.L.E. Agent here in San Rico. It would be disastrous if the Colonel did not get through--

ILLYA (a disdainful smile)

Did you doubt that I would?

MEDRIN

No sir.

Illya is about to get in the car, turns back.

ILLYA
This U.N.C.L.E. Agent--has he been
identified?

112
CONT'D
(2)

MEDRIN
Napoleon Solo, sir.

ILLYA
Solo--
(a beat. Then:)
Did you kill him?

MEDRIN
No sir. We tried, but --

ILLYA (cutting him)
Good. I have a personal vendetta
with that man. I shall take care
of him, my way...

He gets in the car. Medrin takes his bag, gets in,
too. The limousine pulls away.

INT. SAN RICO HOTEL ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PICKS UP Terry coming out of an inner
door, all freshened up, PANS her to the desk,
where Solo has just put a small attache case on
the writing surface.

SOLO
Sorry about your camera's.

TERRY (a sweet smile)
Who needs pictures? I can still
write the story.

SOLO (comfortably)
...You never give up, do you?

TERRY (lofty)
You'll find out.

SOLO (sweetly)
I did--
(he shows her the end of
the telephone wire. It's
cut)
That news service you just called
can't reach you.

DISPOSED OF

CHANGED

SOLO COMES IN
DOOR - FRESHENED

113

TERRY (furious)
You are interfering with the
freedom of the press!

113
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Just delaying it a bit. At least
till we get some results from
Homer --

Terry, angrily starting out, stops dead. She turns
back to him, curiosity getting the best of her:

TERRY
Homer? Who's Homer?

SOLO (opening case)
Not who -- what --

As she comes to him:

DOWN ANGLE - ACROSS THEM TO ATTACHE CASE

114

Inside, a homing device: a compass dial with needle
indicator, very much like a miniature radar outfit.
Solo pulls up an antenna from it as:

SOLO
Sort of a miniature Radar. This
homes in on a special signal and,
with luck, tracks it.

As he describes, he snaps it on. CAMERA MOVES IN
on the dial. The device begins to emit homing
sounds to coordinate with the slow searching sweep
of the needle around the dial, searching but not
finding...round and round: BOOWEEEP, BOOWEEP...

TERRY (intrigued)
Who do we track?

SOLO (pleasantly)
Whoever's on the other end.

ZIP TO:

EXT. PANORAMA - HIGH DESOLATE VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS -
DAY (STOCK)

115

Establishing. Wild, primitive, volcanic, desolate.

EXT. WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD - LONG DOWN ANGLE - DAY 116

The limousine winds up the road.

MOUNTAIN ROAD - THE LIMOUSINE 117

It PURRS INTO and PAST CAMERA.

INT. MOVING LIMOUSINE - DAY - ANGLE ON ILLYA (PROCESS) 118

sitting in the back seat buttoning his uniform coat. His bag is open. Medrin is putting his civilian jacket in it. Medrin reaches in, takes out the Nexor officer's cap, hands it to Illya. The cap features the gleaming lightning-bolt medallion. Illya takes it, finished with his changing, pats his brow with a handkerchief.

ILLYA

Infernally hot -- not like our country at all.

Humid Country

Medrin reaches for Illya's uniform cap as:

MEDRIN

Let me hold it for you, sir --

Illya yanks his hand away as, sharply, vicious:

ILLYA

Don't touch me! Don't ever touch me, do you understand?

Medrin pulls his hand back as if it's burnt.

MEDRIN

Nossir. Sorry, Colonel Nexor. I had forgotten about your --

ILLYA

My what?

Medrin snaps his mouth shut, sits rigidly, eyes straight ahead. Illya eyes him for a second, covertly relieved. Now he surreptitiously twists the lightning-bolt medallion full circle, puts on the hat.

CAMERA MOVES IN on the medallion as:

JUMP CUT TO:

HOTEL ROOM - AS BEFORE

119

BIG - the homing device. BOOWEEP, BOOWEEP--the needle swings full circle, searching. Suddenly, the character of the SOUND changes to insistent BEEPS as the needle zeros in on East North East, then crawls upward slowly, homing in. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP to CONTAIN Solo and Terry.

SOLO

That's it -- we're tracking!
Get the car --

TERRY (hurrying to door)

It's waiting at the entrance--

She opens the door for Solo, who goes out carrying the device. Terry follows.

ZIP TO:

EXT. HIGH HILL CREST - UP ANGLE TO CREST - DAY

120

Solo's convertible noses into view and HOLDS. Solo and Terry, in the front seat, scan the area, searching below. *geep*

DOWN ANGLE - ACROSS SOLO AND TERRY

121

To the homing device now mounted on the open glove compartment lid. They both look at the needle as, BEEP BEEP BEEP, the SOUNDS sharpen as the needle crawls to about West North West and holds strongly. Terry looks off, points excitedly toward where the needle points:

LONG SHOT - THE LIMOUSINE

122

moving along a road into rising mountains and o.s.

SOLO'S CAR

123

He backs off the crest and guns the motor, moving toward the road we have just seen, on his right. We HEAR the BEEPING homing device over this.

SERIES OF TRACKING SHOTS

124-132

A. LONG DOWN ANGLE - to rising road. The limousine sweeps along the ascending curve, disappears. Now Solo's convertible comes into view, following.

B. Steep, rudimentary volcanic mountain road, little better than a wagon trail. The limousine moves over the rocky road INTO AND PAST CAMERA. A beat. Now Solo's car moves INTO AND PAST CAMERA. As it passes, we hear the steady BEEPING of the homing device.

C. Desolate mountain fork. CAMERA FOLLOWS the limousine to the fork. It takes the left fork up a very steep rise and disappears behind giant volcanic boulders. CAMERA SWINGS back to pick up Solo's car as it comes into view, then pulls up f.g. at the fork. Solo looks around. They are very high here and the road is just a barely visible trail.

E. TWO SHOT - in Solo's car. CAMERA SHOWS the homing device between them. The dial, BEEPING STEADILY, points to the left fork, uptrail. Terry points in that direction. Solo nods, swings the wheel left.

F. Solo's car disappears up the left trail through the giant volcanic boulders.

G. Very high. Solo's car moves up from behind volcanic boulders to f.g. He stops f.g., points up toward crest.

H. Their POV: A highline crest. The limousine is silhouetted on the crest for a moment, then disappears on the other side.

Solo takes off after it. The BEEPING homing signal is quite strong.

I. AT CREST -- Solo's car speeds to the crest, pulls up. He looks out and beyond, puzzled. So does she.

J. THEIR POV - BEYOND CREST. Nothing. No trail, no car. Just a desolate, bowl-like small mountain meadow edged by steeply rising jungle mountain.

NOT A MOUNTAIN ROAD - TREE LINED

INT. CAR - SOLO AND TERRY

133

featuring the homing device. The needle spins steadily, a full circle. No sound. Solo snaps it on and off. No effect on the steadily spinning needle. No sound.

TERRY

What happened?

He ignores her, takes out his gun, gets out of the car. She watches him move along the crest, searching the bushes and the ground.

LOW ANGLE - ALONG CREST - TERRY AND CAR IN B.G.

134

She watches him search, stop at some bushes in f.g., kneel and start to separate the bushes. She gets out of the car and runs to him. As he kneels, he parts the ground cover. Gleaming metal buttons are inserted in the ground.

TERRY

What's that?

As they rise:

SOLO

Sort of an electronic wall...
It blanks out any tracking
signals.

TERRY

Does that mean we lost them?

He nods grimly. Suddenly, she sees something o.s., grabs his arm and points. He looks too:

THEIR POV.

135

About fifty yards down the line, partially hidden in the steeply rising jungle undergrowth, is a small native hut.

ON SOLO AND TERRY -

135X1

Gun ready, Solo starts for the hut. Terry follows.

EXT. NATIVE HUT - DAY

136

They hurry to it. He motions her to stay back.
Gun ready, he edges around the side of the hut.

REAR OF HUT - ACROSS EMPTY LIMOUSINE

137

Solo looks inside the car. Absolutely empty.
Terry now edges her way to him as he holsters his
gun. She peers into the car.

TERRY

Where'd they go? Up the
mountain?

(he nods)

Maybe we could pick up their
trail.

SOLO (grim)

It would take weeks to find
them up there --

A NOISE. They whirl, freeze.

THEIR POV - ZOOM SHOT

138

A Latin INDIAN NATIVE blocks their way. He carries
a machete. He looks mighty mean. CAMERA ZOOMS IN
FOR TIGHT SHOT of his face as he starts a slow, evil,
snaggle-toothed smile...

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORY - DAY (STOCK)

138X1

Same as 48.

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - MAIN ROOM - DAY

139

The Grand Entrance: Gurnius stands before his desk, swelling with pride and future glory. Brown, next to him, watches narrowly, full of suspicion. DRUM TATTOO as the great doors, flanked by two guards, open. Now Illya, in resplendent uniform, playing Nexor to the hilt, strides in, flanked by four Nexorites, led by Medrin. They all come to smart attention before Gurnius and Brown. Illya clicks heels, gives Gurnius a smart salute.

ILLYA (reporting
in smartly)
Nexor, Colonel Maximilian!
Reporting for duty as ordered!

Gurnius, pleased, inspects him almost in awe:

GURNIUS
Unbelievable...an almost exact
replica of your father...

ILLYA (polite, cold)
Exact, Marshal Gurnius.

BROWN (abruptly)
How do you know he's really the son?

Illya, jolted for a second, decides that an attack is the best defense. He eyes Brown coldly, as if he is a bug on a pin.

ILLYA
Who -- or what -- is this?

GURNIUS (amused)
I assume you have heard of THRUSH -
Mr. Brown is here to protect
their investment -

BROWN (to Illya)
If you are Nexor, why did you not
communicate with us? Speak up!

CHANGED
who is this man and
what is his function

ILLYA (calmly)
Be careful, Mr. Brown -

139
CONT'D
(2)

BROWN
Why did you not contact our people?
How did you get to San Rico without
our help? What's your story?

Illya suddenly, savagely, backhands Brown, knocking
him sprawling.

ILLYA (viciously) ——— omit
That's my story!

Brown slowly rises, eyes narrow with hate. Illya,
now in cruel control again, gives him a disdainful
smile.

ILLYA
I don't care who you are, Mr. Brown.
I have only one loyalty. not to
your -
(contemptuously)
- THRUSH - but to our great leader,
Marshal Zorcan Gurnius. Impress
that in your mind, please.

CHANGED

Gurnius glows. Brown stares back, rubbing his cheek.

GURNIUS
Satisfied, Mr. Brown?

BROWN
Not yet.
(calls off)
Dr. Von Etske!

NEW ANGLE

140

The door opens and Von Etske enters.

VON ETSKE
Sir?

BROWN (indicating
Illya with a gesture)
Is this Nexor?

Von Etske steps forward. Illya, face locked in a
disdainful smile, doesn't move as Von Etske slowly
walks around him, inspecting him. A chilling
moment. He finally nods.

VON ETSKE
This is Colonel Nexor.

140
CONT'D
(2)

Brown storms out. Gurnius gives Illya a paternal grin.

ZIP TO: b

EXT. NATIVE HUT - DAY

141

CLOSE - The Indian squatting on the ground before his burro. He holds his gleaming machete.

NO BURRO

INDIAN (Latin accent)
--Up on the highest point, almost to the sky, there is a big round house...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Solo and Terry before him, listening intently.

SOLO (to Indian)
What does it look like?

INDIAN (round-eyed)
I never see--my people, they are afraid, never go that high. They say a big gun sticks out of that house, even bigger than the cannon of the Conquistadors -

TERRY (to Solo)
A cannon? What does he mean?

SOLO (realizing)
Sounds like the THRUSH observatory - that big gun could be a telescope--
(to Indian)
How do we get there?

INDIAN (pointing off)
You see the two rocks?

ANGLE - ACROSS THEM TO TWO ROCKS AT EDGE OF CLEARING 142

INDIAN (pointing)
They go up trail--it starts there.

He watches Solo and Terry move out to the rocks in a hurry. Solo looks back at the immobile Indian, then leads her o.s. between the rocks.

142
CONT'D
(2)

The Indian's face suddenly hardens with purpose. He pushes a metal button on the hilt of his machete. The hilt pops open, disclosing a small transmitter. He pulls up the aerial, speaks into it:

INDIAN (no accent)
Two Zero Five to Installation.
Solo and girl are now moving uptrail.

ZIP TO:

143 OUT

INT. INSTALLATION POWER ROOM - DAY

144

FOUR ATTENDANTS man the big HUMMING generators. CAMERA VIEW THIS, then PANS UP to a catwalk in front of the entrance door. Illya, flanked by Brown and Gurnius, observes the activity below. CAMERA ZOOMS IN to them as:

GURNIUS
Our own power plant.

ILLYA
Magnificent.

GURNIUS
We are on top of the Western World here, completely self-contained.

ILLYA
And your security methods?

GURNIUS
All the trails up here are covered. No one can penetrate without being seen. And no one except us can send or receive signals from here.

ILLYA (musing)
Quite efficient --

BROWN (nettled)
After all, Colonel Nexor--this
is a THRUSH installation--

144
CONT'D
(2)

Illya catches Gurnius' fleeting look of irritation.
He gives Brown a cold, superior smile.

ILLYA
Of course, Mr. Brown.

Gurnius can't help the dig:

GURNIUS (to Illya)
I'm sure you will plug up whatever
loopholes there may be --

Brown's eyes flicker a moment. He contains himself
and goes to the door. Gurnius gives Illya a smug
smile and follows him. Illya watches them a moment,
thinking. A built-in antagonism he might exploit?
They turn back to Illya, waiting. Illya joins them
and they go out into the corridor.

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT - DAY

145

Illya, flanked by Brown and Gurnius, moves with
them to the elevator doors at the end of the corri-
dor. Illya decides to probe.

ILLYA (to Gurnius)
My profound apologies, sir.
(as Gurnius regards him
quizzically)
...For having failed to congratulate
you on the brilliance of your scheme.

GURNIUS (very pleased)
Yes, it is remarkable, isn't it?

ILLYA
The entire world will soon pay homage
to your greatness.

GURNIUS
Indeed. Beginning with the United
States of America.

Illya reacts, jolted. He recovers in an instant,
shakes his head in seeming awe.

ILLYA
Most fitting.

BROWN (a bit piqued)
It was THRUSH that selected the target.
(quickly)
With Marshal Gurnius' approval, of
course.

145
CONT'D
(2)

GURNIUS (to Illiya)
It was made to order, you see. In a
few hours, the President speaks before a
joint session of Congress. Every mili-
tary and political leader will be present--

ILLYA
The perfect target --

GURNIUS
-- On which Dr. Von Etske's --
"device" will be brought to bear....

They reach the elevator, enter it.

INT. ELEVATOR

145X1

Three elevator buttons: the top is CENTRAL CONTROL,
SECURITY CELLS is at the bottom, POWER STATION in
the middle. Gurnius pushes the CENTRAL CONTROL
button as, gloating:

GURNIUS (continued)
--- and by nightfall we shall
control America.

The elevator doors slide shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

146

Solo and Terry beat their way up a tangled jungle
trail, along a narrow, steep enfilade. Solo
suddenly halts, a sixth sense warning him. He
carefully reaches for his gun, motioning for Terry
to freeze. Off, a low, mean LAUGH. He freezes.

DON'T BEAT
THEIR WAY -
NO SUDDEN HALT
NO LAUGH

MEDRIN'S VOICE
Right on time, Mr. Solo...

NEW ANGLE

147

They wheel to face Medrin blocking their way.
Terry, scared, shrinks against Solo. CAMERA
WIDENS as Solo looks up to find Three Uniformed
Nexorites above them, guns covering them. He

turns back to Medrin who moves in carefully;
takes Solo's gun.

147
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM - DAY

148

CAMERA SWEEPS the area to show: Similar to a normal observatory with several exceptions--the base of the monstrous telescope is linked to a giant panel on which are dials showing Power Buildup, Target Zone (Country and City), several Television monitors.

In the center of this is a red-zoned slot. Everything on the panel seems linked to it. Von Etske works with some TECHNICIANS at the panel. Abutting the panel is a blank metal casing. They all come to stiff attention as the elevator doors open. Brown, Illya and Gurnius stride to Von Etske, who carries his device container slung over his shoulder in its case.

AT CONSOLE

149

GURNIUS

Von Etske--the device, please.

(Von Etske takes
it out as)

You know how it works, of course.

ILLYA

I have seen what it does. How it's done is another question.

VON ETSKE

We are about to begin a final equipment test. Perhaps you gentlemen...

Gurnius smiles, nods graciously. Von Etske turns to his technicians.

VON ETSKE

Power on! Mamimum amplitude!

Immediately, the Technicians go to work. One throws the power switch. We HEAR a building HUM. The needles dials and lights begin to activate. Von Etske shows Illya the device.

VON ETSKE

My device features the metal, Oro-metchrome B. Using it, we transmit Alpha waves.

149
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (a sage nod)

Primary sleep waves. The same effect that highway reflector posts have on tired drivers.

*Said by
TH RUSH
MR BRASH*

Von Etske slips the device into its red-marked slot on the panel. Immediately, the HUM increases noticeably.

VON ETSKE

Very good -- and this panel multiplies the power of our signal astronomically.

(to Technicians)

Zero target!

Illya watches a Technician before a map-dial with crosshairs slowly turn a rheostat. A map of Washington, D. C. appears. The crosshairs slowly move up to bisect on the Congress Building. As it zeros in and stops:

TECHNICIAN ONE

Target Zero.

ILLYA

And the telescope?

VON ETSKE

Used in reverse -- a wave gun! Through it, my wind waves can be projected and pinpointed --

GURNIUS

Who needs an army when we can control the very thoughts of man?

VON ETSKE

Indeed. In just a few hours, we shall have in our pocket the government of the United States....

ILLYA (a faint,
sardonic smile)

And tomorrow the world...

150 OUT

NEW ANGLE - TO ELEVATOR DOORS

151

They all turn as the doors open. Medrin hurries out, snaps to stiff attention before Illya.

MEDRIN

A special present for Colonel Nexor.

Curious, they march back with him to the elevator doors, Illya in the forefront.

FAVORING ILLYA

152

Two uniformed GUARDS catapult Solo and Terry out of the elevators, yank them to a stop before Illya who is genuinely shocked by this turn of events. Terry, suddenly focusing on him, SCREAMS in terror. Immediately, the Guards clamp a tight grip on her mouth and arms. Illya recovers: Solo's eyes lock with his, full of grim, tragic meaning.

NO SCREAM

SOLO (wry)

I can't say I'm surprised, Colonel.

BROWN (ignoring)

You know each other?

SOLO

Like a hunter knows his prey.

ILLYA (a cruel smile)

The roles are reversed, Mr. Solo.
Now I am the hunter -- and you are
the cornered animal --

Solo lunges at Illya. Illya steps back just as Medrin clubs Solo, causing Solo to sag. Medrin is about to hit him again when Illya shoves the brute aside -- thereby saving Solo from possible serious injury. Whereupon Illya grabs Solo by the hair, yanks his face up, staring into it with hate as, almost to himself:

*Doesn't grab hair
puts chin under*

ILLYA

What shall I do with you, Napoleon Solo...?

BROWN

Kill him.

Illya gives him a hard look.

ILLYA
Of course... But slowly -- my way.

GURNIUS (with pride)
Just like his father --

BROWN (irritated)
We have less than an hour before
target time. I insist that you kill
him immediately!

Illya decides to force the issue. He politely
ignores Brown:

ILLYA
Whatever you command, Marshal
Gurnius --

Gurnius knows that if he backs down, he loses
face. He gives Illya a cryptic smile.

GURNIUS
Mr. Brown might find the demonstra-
tion -- enlightening.

Brown, frustrated, turns on his heel and stalks
away. Illya motions for the guards to take the
captives back into the elevator. Gurnius grins
at him, then moves back to watch Von Etske. Illya
strides to the elevator.

CLOSE TWO - AT ELEVATOR

153

Solo's eyes open. For a moment, he's face to face
with Illya. Illya's face betrays his inner tor-
ment. Solo manages a smile.

ILLYA (low, tormen-
ted)
You know what I'm expected to do --

SOLO
The worst.

Elevator doors close on them.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

MR. SOLO... YOU
ARE GOING TO
REGRET THE DAY
YOU WERE EVER BORN

10-2-67 P.54

ACT FOUR

TORTURE
SCREEN-DIALOG
CHANGED
P 54-58

FADE IN:

INT. TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Terry, gagged and chained to the wall, sags with face averted. Gurnius and Brown sit near the door on a slightly raised viewing platform. In the middle of the room, Solo is stretched on a slant-board. Taut ropes attached to his ankles and wrists spreadeagle him. The ropes can be pulled tauter by a wheel-ratchet on the wall. Medrin is at the ratchet. On a stand next to him are two pails of water and a dipper. Illya stands at Solo's head. Next to him is an electro-shock machine with rheostat and dial. A contact headpiece is plugged in and hangs on its hook. Illya conducts the torture, forcing himself to play the role to the hilt. Gurnius watches with admiration. Brown fidgets with growing anxiety, frequently consulting his watch. On the wall next to Gurnius is an intercom console. They watch Illya bend to Solo to examine him. Solo appears semi-conscious. His face is beaded with sweat.

154
SHE IS STRAPPED
TO TABLE, NO GAG
G&B STANDING

STRAPPED
NO ROPES

NO RACK

BROWN (at the
ratchet; eagerly)
Shall I turn it another notch?

ILLYA (coldly)
Are you in a hurry, Mr. Brown?

BROWN (defensively)
He's still conscious, and --

ILLYA (cutting in,
as if to a backward child)
Of course he is! If it were other-
wise, the treatment would be useless.

BROWN
We don't have much time, Colonel
Nexor. We've got to get to the
control room.

Illya seizes the opportunity - which he has shrewdly made.

ILLYA (ignoring Brown;
respectfully to Gurnius)
I realize you do have more pressing
business, Marshal Gurnius. May I
suggest, sir, that you and --
(a scornful look at Brown)
-- Mr. Brown go ahead, and I'll --

CHANGED

GURNIUS (graciously)
Nonsense, Colonel. I'm sure we
still have a few minutes. And
I'm rather enjoying this. I'll
check the control section.

154
CONT'D
(2)

He picks up the intercom, dials three numbers. As
he does, Illya, defeated, in anguish, moves in
close to Solo as if checking his breathing.

CLOSE TWO - ILLYA AND SOLO

155

The elctroshock rheostat is just beyond them.

SOLO (a gasping
whisper)
Can't -- stand -- much -- more...
Do it-- now ---

Illya's face betrays his reluctance to go on.

ILLYA (a whisper)
You know the risk--

Solo, eyes squeezed shut, nods slightly. Illya
hesitates, then firms up. He turns the rheostat
full up. The needle crawls to maximum power. He
masks his feelings, straightens as:

GURNIUS' VOICE
Control Central? Gurnius here.
Put on Von Etske.

INT. CONTROL CENTRAL - DAY

156

Von Etske goes to the phone, checking the dials on
the way. The big console HUMS, power building.
The dials move upward, inexorably. A radio can be
heard in b.g. along the Washington, D.C. parade
route. Von Etske takes the phone from an Assistant.

RADIO ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
The President has left the White
House now, and is due to arrive at
the Capitol momentarily. Among
the members of --

Von Etske turns the radio down so it cannot be
heard, speaks into the phone.

VON ETSKE (into phone)
Von Etske.

GURNIUS
Are we on time?

156
CONT'D
(2)

VON ETSKE
The President is en route to the
Capitol --

BACK TO TORTURE ROOM

157

VON ETSKE'S VOICE
We'll be at Target Zero in less
than ten minutes.

Gurnius hangs up. Brown is really fidgety.

BROWN
Let's go -- kill him.

ILLYA (to Gurnius)
You two go on, sir. I'll join you
when I'm finished.

BROWN
I say kill him now.

ILLYA (hastily)
One more test, gentlemen. I want
to know how much Mr. Solo can
withstand --

He suddenly turns back to Solo, takes the headpiece
and slips the contact points to Solo's temples.
Now he takes a step back to the machine, hits the
'activate' toggle switch on and off. Solo's body
convulses, suddenly goes limp.

GURNIUS
Is he dead?

ILLYA (frowns)
No. Merely unconscious...
(bitterly)
It will mean another delay.

Brown, unable to contain himself any longer, jumps
up and goes to the door as:

BROWN
I've had enough of this madman's
sadistic--

10-2-67 P.57

GURNIUS (apologetically)
My dear Nexor -- we must go to
Central Control... But I would
like to see the conclusion...

157
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE - FAVORING ILLYA

158

as Gurnius joins Brown:

ILLYA

I'll call you the moment the
revives--

158
CONT'D
(2)

GURNIUS AND BROWN

159

BROWN (as they go)
Singleminded fool--we are about
to conquer the world and he
must have his last ounce of
vengeance--

FAVORING ILLYA

160

ILLYA (to Medrin)

You! Guard the door. Make sure
we are not disturbed.

Medrin clicks heels smartly, grabs his automatic
and hustles out the door. As soon as it closes,
Illya hurries to Terry, urgently shakes her back
to full consciousness. Her eyes widen as he
yanks her gag free.

ILLYA (urgent)

I'll explain later, Miss Brunner.
Right now, watch what I do and do
exactly as I say!

Dazed, she watches him grab a water bucket and
heave the contents onto Solo. Solo revives,
gasping for air, as Illya hurriedly takes a pencil
from his pocket and breaks it open. Inside--a
crystal vial, like a glass pill. Terry's eyes
bug with horror at what she sees: Illya forces
the crystal into Solo's mouth as:

ILLYA (an intense
whisper)

Bite down, Napoleon! Quickly!

Solo bites down. CRUNCH--the glass shatters in his
mouth. Solo goes absolutely limp. Illya wheels to
Terry:

ILLYA (intense)

Scream, Miss Brunner!

(She gapes. He makes a
threatening motion as:)

Scream!

And Terry SCREAMS.

CORRIDOR - GURNIUS AND BROWN

161

They stop dead as they hear Terry SCREAMING. They rush back to the door as Medrin yanks it open.

INSIDE ROOM

162

Terry's screams cut short as Gurnius, Brown and Medrin burst in. They stop dead, staring at Solo's limp form. Illya motions for Medrin to use the waterpail. Medrin grabs it, douses the water on Solo. No movement. Brown frowns at Illya then goes to Solo's body. Illya watches tensely as Brown checks Solo's pulse, sniffs something near Solo's head. Brown straightens, gives Illya a narrow look.

BROWN (mocking)

It appears the efficient Colonel
Nexor made a regrettable mistake...

Terry suddenly comes to life again:

TERRY (screaming)

You killed him! I saw you kill
him! I saw you --

Medrin seizes her, claps his hand over her mouth.
Illya turns back to Brown.

BROWN

You obviously didn't examine him
thoroughly for suicide pills...
He must have had it in his mouth
all the time.

Illya recovers his disdainful look. He moves in close to Brown. As he does, Gurnius gives Medrin a discreet nod. Medrin slips out the door, closing it behind him as:

ILLYA (a patronizing
smile)

Let me suggest a mistake on your
part, Mr. Brown...

(Brown frowns at him)

If Dr. Von Etske's device can con-
trol the world for Marshal Gurnius...
Why does he need you?

Mr. Brown shows the slight edge of panic for the first time. He edges toward the door as:

BROWN

You wouldn't dare defy the power
of THRUSH --

GURNIUS (pleased with himself)
 I already have, Mr. Brown. Today, our target is the government of the United States. Tomorrow -- THRUSH Central has been programmed...

162
 CONT'D
 (2)

And Mr. Brown bolts through the door. Gurnius takes his time going to the open door, stops there, calmly looks o.s. along the corridor as Illya moves to him.

TWO SHOT - AT OPEN DOOR

163

We HEAR running feet. A SCUFFLE, very quick, then a beat of silence. Gurnius looks o.s. calmly. Now, TWO QUICK SHOTS. A beat. Now we see Medrin appear in the doorway, holstering his gun. He nods calmly at Gurnius, takes his position outside the door. Gurnius smiles at Illya with charity.

GURNIUS

My dear Nexor -- between the two of us, we think of everything. Come with me to the control room and share my moment of triumph --

ILLYA

In a moment, sir. There is still the matter of the girl --

GURNIUS (a wise grin)

How like your father --

Illya watches him march off toward the elevator doors with Medrin. He hurriedly closes the door and locks it.

FAVORING TERRY

164

Illya hurries to Terry. He quickly unshackles her as:

ILLYA (urgently)

Miss Brunner -- listen carefully --

As he talks, he takes from his pocket an air injector hypodermic gun and a roughly pencilled diagram of the installation. Over this:

Reg. Hypo

TERRY (terrified)
No -- please -- don't hurt me --

164
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Will you listen? I am not
Colonel Nexor! I am Illya
Kuryakin!

TERRY (gaping)
Who? You're who?

ILLYA
Just pay attention! Napoleon's
not dead -- and his life depends
on you! Shoot this hypodermic into
his arm. When he comes to, give
him this diagram -- it shows the
location of their power plant --
he'll know what it means --
(he helps her up)
Hurry!

She just stands there, stunned. He takes his gun from
his holster and hands it to her. He hurries out the
door.

GUN FROM
TOP OF
CABINET

NEW ANGLE

165

Terry suddenly galvanizes into action. She hurries to
Solo, lets him have it with the hypodermic gun in the
arm (OFF-CAMERA). Immediately, to her amazement, the
"dead" Solo shakes his head, coming back to life pain-
fully.

ON CAMERA

SOLO (dazed)
The ropes ... that ratchet ...

Incredulous, but still able to function, she releases
it. Solo painfully sits up, still coming out of it.
She scurries over and hastily starts to remove his bonds
as, absolutely confused.

TERRY
You know something? That Colonel
Nexor -- he says he's not really
Colonel Nexor! He says he's your
friend, Illya...

SOLO (dryly; still
groggy)
Our friendship is being strained...

TERRY
Huh? Oh, well, he gave me this
diagram --
 (she shoves it into his
 hands)
-- he said it shows where the
power plant's located.

165
CONT'D
(2)

Solo snaps out of it and begins to study the diagram
as we

CUT TO:

CONTROL ROOM

166 OUT

167

An agony of suspense. Gurnius sits on a raised chair,
like a throne, watching the hard-working technicians.
Illya paces in the b.g., anxiously looking for some
kind of break.

BOTH STANDING
NO PACING

The TV screen in the room now shows STOCK FOOTAGE of
the rapidly-filling capitol. The power HUM of the
console builds. A light indicator around the picture
on the screen lights up. Under it, "TARGET". Below
it, a compass needle begins a slow arc upwards to a
zero crosshair as Von Etske, holding his encased device,
supervises. Illya looks up at the giant telescope,
beginning to move.

T.V. ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
(same as Radio Announcer --
heard earlier)
-- The President has arrived and will
momentarily enter the chambers --

EXT. OBSERVATORY INSTALLATION - DAY _ STOCK

168

Like a monster cannon, the giant telescope is moving..
moving...

169 OUT

CONTROL ROOM - CLOSE

170

Target crosshairs on console. The needle zeroes in, on target. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show activity:

Illya watches, powerless, estimating the situation. Four ARMED GUARDS, including Medrin, dot the area.

TECHNICIAN ONE

On target.

Gurnius, eyes aflame with a growing sense of power, leans forward to take a salute from Von Etske.

VON ETSKE

On target.

CUT TO:

INT. POWER ROOM - DAY

171

The FOUR ATTENDANTS man the pulsating equipment. Solo and Terry sneak in, move to cover behind a generator. He motions for her to stay put and moves out. Terry hesitates. That old curiosity gets the better of her and she peeks around her cover. Shock -- she's face to face with a glowering First Attendant. The First Attendant goes after her as she scurries back, rushing up the iron staircase to the catwalk.

*enter door
by catwalk
not behind
generator*

NO

THE FIGHT

172

Second Attendant walks past a metal pillar. Solo's arm snakes out, yanks him off balance. A quick, savage donneybrook with Solo finally karate chopping him unconscious. He wheels as Third Attendant comes after him, FIRING.

NO GUN

Solo dives for cover, firing back. Above, on the catwalk, the first Attendant, closing in on Terry, is diverted by the shots, starts pumping bullets down at Solo, who squeezes into tight cover, bullets chipping around him.

Terry sees a fire ax next to her hung on a wall. She yanks it free--it's almost too heavy for her but she manages to swing it horizontally, knocking the First Attendant off balance with its flat end. She drops the ax, backs away. The Attendant goes for the ax, having dropped his gun.

Below, Solo pops a shot off at the Third Attendant and takes him out of action with a shoulder wound. As he goes down, Solo sees Terry in trouble above and makes a dash for the stairs to the catwalk. He gets partway up when the Fourth Attendant comes after him, closing in. As they struggle on the stairs, the First Attendant sneaks behind Solo on the stairs, starts to raise the ax, ready to brain him. Solo gets in a final punch at the Fourth Attendant who flies back down the stairs, unconscious. The First Attendant, behind him, is about to let go with the ax raised over his head when, with a yell, Terry grabs it, hanging on for dear life. Solo wheels and takes him out handily. Solo and Terry, dragging the ax, rush down the stairs to the control box. Solo yanks it open and, with the butt of his gun, starts smashing at it. Sparks fly, SPUTTERS. Terry sees cable wires snaking across the floor. She &ndustriously starts hacking at them with the ax with spectacular fireworks resulting.

FIG 147 SCENE CHANGED

NOTE: INTERCUT ABOVE WITH FOLLOWING ACTION TO FIT:

CONTROL ROOM

173

Gurnius, Von Etske and the Technicians watch in horror as the entire control panel starts shorting out. Sparks, smoke. The TV screens blank out. Flames begin to show.

GURNIUS (furious)

What's happening? Fix it! Fix it!

VON ETSKE

Emergency power, quick!

As a Technician rushes for the big switch marked EMERGENCY POWER, Illya explodes into action: He karate chops the Guard next to him and, as he goes down, grabs his automatic weapon. Medrin comes at him, firing. Wheeling, Illya lets go a blast. Medrin goes down. Von Etske and Gurnius dive for cover. Gurnius stares at Illya in shock, then, screaming rage, grabs Medrin's automatic weapon and comes up, firing bursts as:

173
CONT'D
(2)

GURNIUS

Traitor!

Illya, rolling, is tracked by the bullets as he rolls toward the elevator doors. He fires back, coming up. As he wheels, bullets hit his automatic and it flies out of his hands.

GURNIUS (screaming)

Don't kill him! I want him alive!

Illya slowly backs up against the wall next to the elevator as the remaining Guards start to close in. They stop as the console activates once more on emergency power. The TV screen goes on again. Von Etske scrambles up and positions himself triumphantly before the console, which HUMS, building power, all systems go. On the TARGET screen, we again see the Congressional Chambers, diminutive figures packing it, rising as we HEAR BROADCAST, a band striking up "Hail To The Chief." Illya desperately watches, completely trapped as:

TV ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(hushed, over music)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the President
of the United States...

VON ETSKE

Ready the Primary Wave--

TECHNICIAN ONE

Primary Wave ready....

VON ETSKE

Four, three, two, one....

NEW ANGLE

174

The elevator door flies open. Solo comes out in a running crouch, firing. Gurnius wheels back, fires, dives for cover again. Solo angles to the side, looking for him. Terry peeks out from the elevator, scurries to one side, dragging her axe.

ILLYA

175

crashes into Von Etske, knocking him sprawling away from the console. He goes after Von Etske and a Guard jumps him. Another Guard gets behind him, ready to fire as Illya gets Von Etske against a wall. Von Etske claws at Illya's throat. Behind Illya, the Guard raises his weapon to shoot at Illya's back.

AT CONSOLE

176

Terry is there, whacking away at the dials with her axe. Solo takes out the remaining Guards, cornering Gurnius, who backs away toward Terry, who is oblivious of anything but her enthusiastic whacking.

ILLYA

177

gives Von Etske a shove, breaks away and to the side just as the last Guard fires. Von Etske takes the bullets instead, just as Illya wheels and lets the Guard have it. The Guard goes down. He spins to see:

TERRY

178

suddenly grabbed by Gurnius, who uses her for a shield, firing at Solo. Illya angles over, moves in. Gurnius sees the movement out of the corner of his eye, swings to fire at Illya, who fires back. Gurnius flies away and down from the impact, freeing Terry. Solo immediately shoves her to the side and he and Illya fire at the console point-blank, stitching it with bullets, everything EXPLODING. There's a RUMBLE from the console's innards now, internal explosions, building.

ILLYA

It's got a built-in self-destruct! Let's go!

Solo grabs Terry's hand. They make the elevator. The doors close just as a section of the console BLOWS.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT (TWILIGHT)

179

Rock cover f.g. Solo, Illya and Terry break out of the observatory, dead run it to f.g. where they dive behind the rock cover---just in time.

TRICK SHOT

179X1

Beyond them, the entire installation starts to BLOW UP, geysering explosions like a volcano...

ZIP TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

180

as Terry confronts the seated Waverly, a pleading look in her eye. Solo and Illya watch.

TERRY

But, Mr. Waverly, it's the biggest story I ever had, and --

WAVERLY (gently

but firmly)

I'm sorry, my dear. We've clamped the tightest security on the whole affair.

SOLO (smiles

apologetically)

It wouldn't make any difference, Terry.

TERRY

It wouldn't?

ILLYA

Even if you did go to the papers, they wouldn't believe you. After all, it's a rather fantastic story....

SOLO

...Saving the world from a mind-grabbing machine. I'm sure no one would take you seriously....

ILLYA

Unless you had film to back it up.

Stymied, knowing it, Terry just looks mad.

SOLO (to Terry)
I'm sorry.

180
CONT'D
(2)

TERRY
Don't be! Just wait till I get
my hands on another camera!

ILLYA
Why wait?

She looks at him, then at Solo who, with a smug grin, takes a hand from behind his back and dangles a beautiful, expensive, brand new 35mm camera before her eyes. She grabs it, delighted, as:

SOLO
With the compliments -- and
gratitude -- of U.N.C.L.E.

Terry happily starts clicking off pictures until --

WAVERLY
Just a minute, Miss Brunner....
This is a top-secret installation....

SOLO
Which means --

ILLYA
No pictures.

Terry lowers her camera. On her pout and on the boys' reaction to it: FREEZE AND

FADE OUT

THE END