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10
11
① *1/11/64
Camp, line,*
② *12
what about
phone?*
③ *17
what about
phone?*
④ *scrub say
"906"*

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

THE IOWA-SCUBA AFFAIR

Prod. #7415

REVISED FINAL

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producers:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Sam Rolfe

Written by:

Harold Jack Bloom

May 27, 1964

5

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an Date 9-29-64

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The Man From

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The Iowa-Scuba Affair

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Script dated: May 27, 1964

Name changes:

FROM:

BLAIR

(Tommy, Laurence or Larry)

TO:

BLENNMAN

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

The Iowa-Scuba Affair

Prod. #7415

TEASER

INT. THE CAVE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

A1

SOLO is kneeling on the ground between the Pressure Suit and the Scuba Suit. He is examining the suits. A pretty girl is wearing each suit, striking a modeling pose. Solo ignores the girls throughout. He glances around, looks directly INTO THE CAMERA. He swings around, sitting amiably between the two suits.

SOLO

Good evening. My name is Napoleon Solo...or have we met? Here we are, tonight, in Iowa...

(indicates cave)

...land of corn and hogs...

(points downward)

underwater scuba suits...

(points upwards)

high altitude pressure suits

for up in the stratosphere...

(does a small take
at the suits)

Oh, aren't these on your list of clothing to take along on a trip to Iowa? You'll need them tonight.

(rises, brushing

himself clean as he
talks)

In a minute you'll meet what seems to be a nice, bright young American soldier. Don't get to know him too well...he won't be staying around long. There'll be a wealthy oilman with suspicions about me. A young lady's maidenly aunt who views me with suspicion for...uh...other reasons. There's a

(continued)

A1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (continued)
lovely lady from the continent
to the south. A little old
scrubwoman...with some unique
ideas on how to scrub me out.

(indicates suits)
There'll be the men who wear
these suits...and the bizarre
reasons they have for wearing
them. I hope you're in good
shape. We'll have to run for
our lives, hunted through the
woods by strange men with
strange weapons.

(sudden thought)
Oh...and since this is farming
country we're in, we'll need a
young, fairly attractive farm
girl. One that smells of
country soap...

(looking over audience)
...one of you will be fine.
Do I hear any volunteers?

As he smiles:

WHIP PAN TG:

Hit with TITLES

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

The Iowa-Scuba Affair

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:
INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

1

Just inside the door JILL DENISON, nineteen, eyes closed dreamily, is wrapped in the arms of TOMMY BLAIR, twenty-seven, a uniformed non-com in the Air Force. But then her defenses become alerted to his rising passion.

JILL
Tommy...?

He stops, moving his head back to meet her eyes. A heavy sigh seems to restore his self-control.

TOMMY
Tomorrow night?

She nods. He gives up and grins. This wins him a final peck before he exits.

2 OUT

MED. JILL

3

She closes the door, leaning against it for a final, reminiscent moment as a MOTORCYCLE is HEARD outside, STARTING UP. As it is HEARD DRIVING OFF, she moves into the house.

WIPE TO:

EXT. ROAD THRU WOODS - NIGHT

4

Tommy rides his motorcycle thru the thinly-wooded area; the scattered trees and soft countryside are bleached by moonlight. Tommy leans against a tight turn.

ANOTHER ANGLE

5

As Tommy comes out of the turn, he reacts to something he sees ahead, o.s.

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SUBJECTIVE FROM HIS POV

6

CAMERA MOVES ALONG ROAD APPROACHING the silhouette figure of a man who stands in the center of the road. The cycle's headlight stops short of the man's legs.

REVERSE

7

Tommy has stopped. Bends forward to raise his headlight.

HIS POV

8

The light picks up Solo standing in the road, his gun held, assembled for automatic fire. He holds his free hand up in a gesture of "halt". ZOOM INTO CLOSE.

INTERCUT

9

Tommy reacts. His boyishness is gone now, replaced by an ugly intent. He kicks the motorcycle into full speed and it jerks forward. Solo FIRES. The shots go through the cycle's plastic windshield behind which Tommy is crouched. Solo somersaults at the last moment to avoid the swerving machine. The cycle continues past, skidding over on one side to dig its own halt.

MED. SOLO

10

He comes up, gun ready.

FROM HIS POV

11

The scene is quiet now. The cycle's rear wheel continues in a slowing spin as a haze of dust settles. Tommy lies face down beside the machine. Solo ENTERS FROM CAMERA, kneeling first to check the young man. Tommy is dead. Solo's frown denotes a lack of satisfaction with this result. He rises, looks toward the cycle and reacts.

ANOTHER ANGLE

12

Solo crosses to a deep saddle bag which hangs from the rear jump seat. It has been torn open and a form of corrugated rubber tubing protrudes. He pulls it out to reveal part of a Scuba diving suit. He speculates a moment, then leaves the tubing and holsters his gun. A final look at Tommy, then MOVE INTO CLOSE OF SOLO.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

13

A sheet is drawn back to reveal Tommy, MED. CLOSE, lying dead on a slab.

REVERSE - SOLO

14

SOLO

That's not my brother!

WIDER ANGLE

15

A POLICE OFFICER holds the sheet back for Solo's identification. Also present is an Air Force MAJOR. They react.

MAJOR

What do you mean? This man's dog tags, his records read Airman first class Tom Blair...

SOLO

I don't care about your records! I know my own brother! And that's not Tommy.

The Officer and Major exchange a mystified glance.

SOLO

You telegraphed me in Seattle to fly all the way here to Iowa... then you show me a stranger's body...and tell me he's my brother.

POLICE OFFICER

Just take it easy, Mr. Blair.

SOLO

Is that what you're doing?
Where's this girl live?

(indicates body)

The one he was out with last
night.

POLICE OFFICER

Jill Denison? We've already
talked to her.

SOLO (hanging tough)

Then you shouldn't mind if I
talk to her.

(searches their faces)

What's going on around here?

This man impersonated my brother
and he was murdered! Tommy's
probably in trouble. He might
even be dead. You expect me to
sit around while you drag through
a routine investigation?

MAJOR

Mr. Blair, I know you're upset...

SOLO

You better believe it, Major..
I mean to find my brother! And
the best way to do that is for
me to first...

(indicates body)

...find out who killed this man!

They react. Solo crosses to exit.

INT. MORGUE CORRIDOR - DAY

16

Solo comes out, passing an elderly SCRUBWOMAN
wearing a hearing-aid. She has been sponging the
frosted glass panel on the door. MOVE IN ON her
as Solo exits PAST CAMERA. Her vacuous expression
takes on sudden intelligence as she unclips a
hidden wire that runs from the sponge, under her
sleeve, to the hearing-aid, and attaches it to a
small speaker.

SCRUBWOMAN

X-ray-one-eight.

(annoyed)

Clear the line, Clyde!

(pause)

Roger...

(pause)

Hod...Miss Pruett here...that
city fella just took off like
one of Snyder's hounds...

(pause)

Well, now I don't think any
harm should come to him right
now, Hod. Bide your time...

X-ray-one-eight - over and out.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

AUNT MARTHA, a hawk-faced spinster in her mid-forties,
is doing needlepoint with quick, angry thrusts as
she monitors the conversation between Jill and Solo.
Jill is obviously upset. She keeps staring at Solo,
as if groping after a puzzling factor.

JILL

We weren't in love or anything,
but for something like this to
happen, I...I still can't believe
it.

AUNT

Why not? You didn't know any
thing about the boy: his back-
ground, family. You didn't even
know he had a brother until Mr.
Blenman knocked on our door.

JILL

Aunt Martha, please...

AUNT

I'll please as I see fit, young
lady.

(to Solo)

Used to be a sensible girl till
they sent all those soldiers here.
Plenty of strong young men around
here to choose from, too, I'll tell
you. Men she's grown up with, from
families she could be proud to join.

JILL

What's wrong with dating someone,
you haven't known all your life?
I mean, at least you don't know
what he's going to say before he
says it.

17

CONT'D
(2)

AUNT

Is that right. Well, the fact is,
now you've seen what it can come to.

JILL (to Solo)

I don't know. I love to hear about
people I've read about or seen on
TV. And places I've never seen and
probably will never see. Tommy...

(catches herself)

...I mean, whoever he was, he told
me about the times he was stationed
in Panama, and West Berlin, and even
New York.

SOLO (nods understanding)

Did he have any civilian friends
around here?

She thinks, pursing her lips, then shakes her head
negatively.

SOLO

None?

JILL

Well, not friends. He would talk
to people, sure; a waitress, a man
at a newsstand. He was very friendly...

(breaks)

Have we ever met before?

SOLO

No...

JILL

No, of course not. But...I guess...
you know you remind me of...

They react as a car PULLS UP OUTSIDE. Aunt Martha
quickly crosses to a window.

AUNT

It's Clint Spinner. What's he
doing here this time of day?

But the statement has a gratuitous tone as she primps
her bun, crossing to open the door. CLINT SPINNER, a
tall, raw-boned man in his early fifties, enters, re-
moving a cream-colored fedora. His clothes, voice and
manner bespeak the modest but rugged empire builder.

SPINNER
Afternoon, Martha.

17
CONT'D
(3)

AUNT
Come in, Clint. Come in.

He comes in, his greeting to Jill including a politely curious glance at Solo.

SPINNER
Jill.

JILL
Mr. Spinner...Mr. Blair.
(as they shake)
Mr. Spinner just bought the
land west of ours.

SPINNER
Now, don't make me out a stranger.
(to Solo)
I worked that farm as a boy,
only then my father sharecropped
it. I got a little lucky findin'
oil in Oklahoma and figured I'd
buy the old place. You know,
sentimental.

AUNT
That new well worth the trouble
it took?

SPINNER
Every bit. Serves up the kind
of fresh water you'll never get
outa the county's pipes.
(to Solo)
The way I remember it, a farm
ain't much of a farm without a well.

SOLO
Sentimental.

SPINNER (nods
sheepishly)
Corny that's me.
(then)

I heard in town you were coming
by to see Jill. About that poor
young airman who, I now under-
stand, was not your brother.

SOLO (nods)
He's still the only link I have
to what did happen to my brother.

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SPINNER

S'pose that's true enough.

(hand on Jill's shoulder)

I promised Jill's folks I'd look in on her and Martha from time to time. The girl bein' upset the way she is, I was wonderin' if maybe I could help out some. Not knowin', of course, just what it is you expect her to tell you.

17
CONT'D
(4)

SOLO (feigns frustration)

I don't know myself. Who the man really was? What he was doing here? Anything.

SPINNER (tolerantly)

We have some pretty good police around here, not to mention the military. They're tryin' to find out those things.

SOLO

Yeah.

(the perfect amateur)

I figure it must have something to do with that secret Air Force installation they've got here. Don't you?

SPINNER

You mean the SX-9?

SOLO

Huh?

SPINNER

The SX-9...the catapult plane...

SOLO

Oh, is that what it is?

SPINNER (smiles)

What it is ain't the secret. Got it buried under a sliding slab of concrete right here on this farm. Case of war, they can throw it into the air going better'n three thousand miles an hour. And carrying one of them big bombs, too. Where they got it aimed at, that's the secret.

SOLO

They make such a big deal out of military secrets. I bet everyone around here knows what you just told me.

SPINNER

They know what I know. We was
all right here when they built it.
(then)

I'd say you're trackin' in the
wrong direction. Pete Brackin,
he's in the Sheriff's office, he
told me the boy never got closer
to that installation than standin'
guard duty outside it once a week
or so.

SOLO

Guess I'm just looking for a handle.
(then)

Well, I don't want to trouble you
people anymore. I do appreciate...
(suddenly, to Jill)

Oh, yeah, where'd this fella do
his skin-diving?

JILL (surprised)

Sin-diving?...Not in Iowa. We
raise wheat...not marine life.

SOLO

Uh-huh. They found some of that
Scuba diving equipment in the
trunk of his 'cycle.

JILL

He never told me he...

(interrupts herself)

That's ridiculous. He couldn't
even swim.

SOLO

What do you mean?

JILL

That he couldn't swim. We went to
a picnic at the lake about a month
ago. He said he couldn't swim. He
was even afraid to try.

As the others react, CAMERA PULLS BACK AND OUT
the window.

EXT. HILLTOP - THREE PEOPLE IN SCUBA SUITS - DAY

17X1

CAMERA HAS REVERSED and is MOVING IN (a continuation
of the previous pullback) TO HOLD on a FULL SHOT
of them. There is a strange, out-of-this-
world look about them. They are dressed in scuba

suits complete with headpieces, flippers, and tanks. They are dripping wet. Two of them are men, holding strange looking rifles. The third member of the party is an exotic Spanish woman. Their face pieces are shoved up to the tops of their heads. The woman stares through the binoculars she holds pressed against her eyes. Obviously, they are watching the Dennison house. One of the men starts to raise his rifle, as if to aim. Without lowering the binoculars the woman reaches out, places her hand on the barrel of the rifle, and gently pushes it down.

17X1
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. (STOCK) - DAY
An A-11 takes off.

18

WIPE TO:

EXT. (STOCK) - DAY
Contrails of an A-11 over the New York skyline.

19

WIPE TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY
A taxi pulls up in front of the tailor shop. Solo steps out, crosses to enter shop.

20

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY

21

Solo goes through the procedure of being cleared and passed through.

INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

22

A control girl places a badge on Solo's lapel. He passes into an elevator.

WIPE TO:

23-26
OUT

INT. U.N.C.L.E. CORRIDOR - DAY - MOVING SHOT
Solo and Waverly stroll toward the elevator.

26X1

Waverly
This man...what was his real name again?

SOLO
Eric Freedlander, sir.

WAVERLY

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SOLO

Very dead, sir. It was a matter of his life or mine. I chose his.

26X1
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Unfortunate ---

(Solo reacts)

Unfortunate and incredible he would recognize you. I always thought you had a very common face.

HOLD as they stop by elevator doors, Solo pushing a button. (NOTE: THROUGH THIS, OFFICIAL-LOOKING MEN AND WOMEN PASS THEM, ALL ON URGENT BUSINESS.)

SOLO

In a way it may have been lucky that he slipped away from us in Berlin. If he hadn't turned up in Iowa we might never have known there was something going on in connection with that Air Force installation.

WAVERLY

And you still have no idea what that "something" is?

Solo shakes his head as the elevator doors open. A man comes out. They enter elevator.

SOLO

Or who's behind it, no sir.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

26X2

The doors close. The elevator goes up.

WAVERLY

He was an expert saboteur...one of the finest in the world. Saddens me slightly that a young man with such a talent had to die in such a trite way.

(back to his thought)

You never saw him make a contact?

SOLO

Not physically. He stopped in phone booths several times a day. That probably served his purpose.

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WAVERLY

And you were able to find no trace
of the airman whose identity he
assumed...that Thomas Blair?

26X2

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

No, sir.

The elevator stops and the doors open. They exit.

INT. UNCLE CORRIDOR #2 - TRUCKING TWO SHOT - SOLO
WAVERLY - DAY

26X3

SOLO

Friedlander's death may force
something.

WAVERLY (nods)

The people he worked for will want
to know who killed him, and why.

SOLO

They can't afford not to. Their
stake is too big. That opens the
possibility that they will expose
themselves to us.

HOLD as they have come to a door marked: RESEARCH.
Solo opens it, letting Waverly precede him in.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

26X4

A beautiful, uniformed girl, AMANDA, stands near
the walled screen.

AMANDA

The file you programmed has been
edited for viewing, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Thank you, Amanda.

WAVERLY (pre-occupied)

Were you able to get anything out
of the girl?

SOLO (reacts)

What girl, sir?

WAVERLY

The girl Friedlander was dating.

Chgs.

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26X4

CONT'D

(1)

SOLO

Oh --- yes, Jill Dennison -- I
only had a moment with her. I'm
sure she'll be valuable --

WAVERLY

Yes -- I'm sure she will, Mr. Solo.
(to Amanda)

Amelia ---

AMANDA (correcting)

Amanda, sir.

She turns and moves out.

WAVERLY

New girl?

SOLO

No, sir.

WAVERLY

I mean in our organization, Mr.
Solo.

SOLO

Oh. Well, Amanda's been here almost a year. She used to be a stewardess. She still rooms with...

26X4
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Never mind, never mind.
(chooses seat)
Let's get at it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

26X5

Solo sits beside him, flicking a switch on the button panel between them. The lights dim and simultaneously, a slide is back-projected on the screen. All the slides are diagrammatic.

SOLO

This is the Jensen farm. The house, wheat fields, silos.

Solo presses another button to project a "light pointer" on the screen. He rotates a dial to move it.

SOLO (continued)

The shadowed area represents the acre requisitioned by the Air Force for its SX-9 installation.

He taps another button. The slide changes. He uses the "pointer".

SOLO (continued)

This is a closer view of the installation as viewed from the air. The concrete roof is camouflaged to blend into the wheat field, but is timed to the installation's count-down sequence so that it will slide open ten seconds before launch.

Solo taps a button to change slides.

SOLO (continued)

This is the subterranean cross-section. The plane is locked in a catapult at a forty-five degree angle, much like a pebble in a sling shot.

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WAVERLY

Was the impostor ever permitted to enter these underground units?

26X5
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

No. He never came closer than standing guard duty on the top-side grounds. The SX-9 itself is guarded around the clock by Air Force MP's with top security clearance.

WAVERLY

Yet we must assume the impostor initiated a relationship with the Denison girl as a cover to allow him more time in proximity to the installation.

SOLO

Yes, sir, I'd say so.

WAVERLY

Is the plane launched by radio signal?

SOLO

No, it's one-man crew triggers a launch. However, there are electrical warning systems trailing back from the plane to surface control headquarters: to forestall sabotage, malfunction in count-down, etc.

He is interrupted by a soft BELL TONE from the panel. He depresses an intercom lever.

SOLO

Yes?

AMANDA'S VOICE (o.s.)

The Iowa target area has just released a police statement to the wire services.

They react.

WAVERLY

Read it aloud, please.

AMANDA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Reference: Murdered man who had posed as (RANK) Thomas Blair. News release, quote: Police have just revealed that they have found the murderer. Unquote.

They react.

26X5
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY (looking at
Solo as he answers)
Isn't that interesting...?

FLASH CUT:

EXT. (STOCK) - DAY

26X6

An A-11 again in flight.

FLASH CUT:

INT. FURNISHED ROOM (IOWA) - NIGHT

27

FULL ON a single bed whose mattress has been gutted
black by fire and doused in water; the surrounding
area also shows smoke damage. From o.s., FLASHBULBS
go off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

28

showing news and police photographers, PAN TO HOLD
on Solo and the Police Officer (the same man as seen
previously) at the foot of the bed.

POLICE OFFICER

He must have come back here last
night, after he arranged the mur-
der of that soldier, and chain-
smoked until he fell asleep. Ex-
cept he forgot to put the last
cigarette out.

SOLO

You can't be sure he's the one who
killed that soldier.

The Police Officer removes a small black book which
is folded in a handkerchief. He opens it carefully.

POLICE OFFICER

The man had a police record as a
bookie. We found this in his suit
jacket. In his own handwriting it
shows that the soldier had been
losing heavily and not paying off.

He has indicated a page. Solo looks at it.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK PAGE IN OFFICER'S HAND

29

Under a scrawl of figures, the handwritten phrase:
"Take an example" is heavily circled.

BACK TO SCENE

30

SOLO

Then as far as you're concerned,
the case is closed.

POLICE OFFICER

Well, when you have a murder and
you find the murderer dead, yes,
that's usually it.

SOLO

What about my brother?

POLICE OFFICER

That's a problem for the Air Force.
He's one of their folks.

SOLO

No, he's one of my folks. My
brother. And I'm not going to
let a bunch of officials bury
his disappearance in a filing
cabinet.

Solo's annoyance has drawn a newspaperman.

NEWSPAPERMAN

Mr. Blenman, I'm with the news-
paper. Are you making some kind
of accusation?

POLICE OFFICER (hastily)

It's nothing like that. Mr.
Blenman's just...

SOLO

Mr. Blenman's mad, and you can print
that. I'm not leaving until I find
out what's going on around here.
And I don't care where I have to
look or who I have to push!

He turns and crosses to exit. The newspaperman
smiles at the Officer's frustration.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

31

Solo crosses TOWARD CAMERA, removing his room key. But he stops at his door, finding it slightly ajar; there is a knob-tag which says "Maid Service." Solo hesitates a moment, feeling for his gun under his jacket, then enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

32

An elderly woman is turning down the bed. When she reacts to Solo (with a motherly smile) we see that she is the same woman, hearing-aid and all, who was in the hall outside the morgue.

SCRUB WOMAN

Oh, excuse me, sir. I was just turning down the bed.

SOLO

Fine.

She finishes, takes her bundle of soiled sheets and pillowcases, and starts for the door.

SCRUB WOMAN

Have a good night, sir.

SOLO

Thank you.

She exits.

ANOTHER ANGLE

33

Solo immediately scans the room, then ducks a look through the open door to the bathroom. Apparently satisfied that all is well, he strips off his tie and jacket, then crosses to bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

34

Solo takes out an electric hand-massage vibrator. He plugs it in, but then quickly transforms it into a radio transmitter.

SOLO

Open channel D, please.

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - AMANDA - NIGHT

34X1

She is checking some equipment. Something lights up and a BUZZER SOUNDS. She moves to mike and flips switch.

AMANDA

Channel D is open.

INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

35

CLOSE on a woman's hand dialing. WIDEN TO INCLUDE the elderly scrub woman. She speaks into the mouth-piece but holds the receiver to her hearing-aid.

SCRUB WOMAN

Hod...Miss Presett here-- Yes...

I turned down his bed...put his Gideon Bible aside the bed.

(pause)

Yes...the little do-hickey is in the shower head...

Then she listens as we HEAR the INDISTINGUISHABLY HIGH-PITCHED reply from the receiver.

SCRUB WOMAN

No, when they find him it will appear as if he had a heart attack. And may the good Lord look after him.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

36

Solo is on the transmitter.

SOLO

Yes, sir. The bookmaker was obviously killed and his records forged to close the case on the impostor.

37 OUT

INT. RESEARCH ROOM - NIGHT

37XL

He stands behind his desk, Amanda patters nearby.

WAVERLY

I trust you were appropriately indignant.

SOLO'S VOICE

Yes, sir. Particularly to the newspapers.

WAVERLY

Very well. I needn't remind you that you are inviting an attempt on your life.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

38

SOLO

Isn't that the idea?

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Report any such attempt immediately.

SOLO

Yes, sir. Unless it's successful.

He pulls plug, returns transmitter to its guise as a shaver. Then begins stripping off shirt as he leaves bathroom.

38
CONT'D
(2)

FLIP-SCREEN EFFECT:

INT. - BATHROOM - NIGHT

39

Solo is seen returning to bathroom, now wearing a terry-cloth robe and slippers. He glances at the mirror a moment, drawing his cheeks taut with one hand to judge the necessity of a shave. Then he swings the door shut and turns to the shower stall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

40

He reaches in and turns the one lever control. No result. He looks up at the shower head.

CLOSE - SHOWER HEAD

41

Nothing. Suddenly thin jets of white smoke stream out of the shower head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

42

Solo reacts. The shower lever won't turn off. He quickly turns to the door, but when he grabs the knob it comes off in his hand. He is locked in, now fully aware of the carefully laid trap. The bathroom is a modern version with suction fan instead of windows. He looks at the billowing gas again, puts a hand to the fan and realizes it is not drawing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

43

Now he searches hurriedly for some escape. He picks up an aerated bomb of shaving lather, then finds some adhesive tape. His eyes begin to show the pressure of not breathing as the gas grows denser. He wraps the bomb in one end of a towel,

then tapes the bundle against the empty doorknob slot. He pours rubbing alcohol over the towel, takes a match from a book of matches in the ash-tray and sets the towel on fire. He now soaks a washcloth and holds it over his nose and mouth as he slumps in a corner, as far from the door as he can get. It is obvious he cannot hold out much longer as he watches the towel burning around the wrapped bomb. A moment, then the bomb explodes, kicking the door open.

43
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

44

Solo crawls forward, finally thrusting himself out the door.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

45

Solo falls on his face outside the bathroom as the gas dissipates into the room. Then he drags himself further away from the bathroom, moving to his hands and knees, then staggering to his feet to catch the window sill. He leans out into the open night, gulping life back into his lungs.

CLOSE - SOLO

46

Reacts as he hears someone KNOCK at the door.

SOLO

Who is it?

JILL'S VOICE

Jill Denison.

WIDEN ANGLE as he crosses to center of room, then glances toward bathroom. The unhinged door hangs ajar, but the gas has dissipated. He crosses to entrance.

ANOTHER ANGLE

47

He opens the door to reveal Jill. She is somewhat intimidated to find him in his robe, but tries to carry it off.

JILL

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize...

SOLO

No, no, it's all right. Come in.

47

CONT'D

(2)

She does, delicately aware of the door closing behind her. But then she reacts to the unhinged bathroom door. He moves to her side, aware of her curiosity.

SOLO

Had a little accident.

(she turns to him)

Lucky actually, that I wasn't in there when it happened. I left one of those lather-shave bombs too close to the heater and it blew up.

(sees that she accepts this)

Does that make any sense?

JILL

No...but nothing makes any sense to me. Tommy...or whatever his name was...the gambler who was supposed to have killed him...and you.

SOLO

Me?

JILL

Yes -- Please don't misunderstand. I mean...maybe I'm just a country bumpkin...but somehow I don't... I mean...I can't get myself to believe you are really the man you say you are.

(pause)

Does that make sense?

SOLO

It's an interesting idea.

JILL

I don't think anybody around here is telling the truth...the police... you...even Tommy, or whatever his name was...he wasn't truthful with me. And me...I wasn't truthful last night when I said Tommy was just another date...

(slightly embarrassed)

I guess I really liked him more than I let on.

SOLO

You got to know each other that well, huh?

JILL

We never really had...a love affair or anything like that.

47

CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Jill...I have no right to pry into your life...but...you said you thought the police weren't being honest about this.

JILL

I don't believe the gambler...or bookmaker they found dead ever knew Tommy... He wasn't a gambler...I mean not that kind of gambler...

SOLO

You're confusing me, again.

JILL

I'm so darned confused I wish I'd never met him...yet I liked knowing him...And I wish I never met you, Mr. Blenman...and I don't know why...

SOLO

What kind of gambler was he?

JILL

He didn't bet on horses or baseball... I had a feeling he was...well, I don't know how to say it...you and him...Mr. Blenman...you said he wasn't your brother...but there's something about the two of you that's alike...although there really isn't.

CLOSE - SOLO

48

He reacts to something o.s.

TOWARD WINDOWS FROM SOLO'S POV

49

The opposing windows across the alley have been dark. But now a MATCH flickers there momentarily.

TWO SHOT - SOLO, JILL

50

She sees his seeming preoccupation.

JILL

Is something wrong?

SOLO (smiles)

No. As a matter of fact, it's just right.

JILL

What is?

SOLO

The smudge on your nose.

Her hand instinctively goes up toward the smudge that isn't there, but he catches her wrist.

SOLO

No, let me.

He gets a tissue, rolls it around one finger, then stands her up so that her back is toward the windows, but he faces them over her shoulder.

JILL

What are you going to do?

SOLO

Stick out your tongue.

JILL

Huh?

SOLO

Your tongue. Stick it out.

He holds his tissue-tipped finger poised. She sticks out her tongue and he dabs it, then applies the moist tissue to the ridge of her nose. She is forced to close her eyes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

51

He uses the opportunity to search the dark windows across the alley. There is no light now.

REVERSE THROUGH SOLO'S WINDOWS

52

SHOWING his face close to Jill's as it would be seen from the dark windows. It could be construed as romantic intimacy.

TWO SHOT - JILL, SOLO

JILL

What did you mean? About the smudge being just right?

SOLO

Not really the smudge. You.

Her eyes pop open. He steps back, surveys her and smiles.

SOLO (continued)

There. Clean as a country morning.

JILL (off

balance)

Uh, Mr. Blenman.

SOLO

Larry. Short for Laurence Sylvester.

(beat)

And I love your perfume.

JILL (touches

own cheek)

I'm not wearing any. That's soap.

SOLO

That's what I mean.

JILL (off

balance)

Oh. Uh-huh. Yes, well...

SOLO

Are you sorry I said that?

JILL (quickly)

No!

(then)

I mean...

(then)

You're making fun of me.

SOLO

No I'm not. Cross my heart and hope I don't get slapped.

JILL

No, you....Oh I know I'm supposed to say something clever, but...

SOLO (interrupts)

You do and I'll break your neck.

(continued)

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SOLO (continued)

(then)

I'm a salesman, Jill, in a big city.
Traveling all the time. I meet all
the girls who "say something clever."
You make me miss someone I've never
met. Does that make sense?

53

CONT'D

(2)

JILL

Would you please not lie to me, Mr.
Bleiman.

SOLO

You don't believe me?

JILL

I don't believe you're a "salesman
in a big city."

SOLO (avoids
question)

Jill...if you'll wait down in the
lobby for two minutes, I'll get
dressed, drive you home and tell
you all about myself.

JILL

I have my car.

SOLO

It's late. Besides, I want to.

JILL

Want to, what?

SOLO

Drive you home.

JILL

And talk?

SOLO

Whatever you'd like.

Flustered, she stumbles back toward the door, trying
to open it behind her. He advances. Her anxiety
grows.

JILL

I'll be downstairs.
(fumbles with door)
I can't get it open.

SOLO

Freud's on my side.

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But he reaches past her and opens the door. She smiles in relief.

53
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO

Two minutes.

She exits and he closes the door.

CLOSE - SOLO

54

He abruptly remembers and looks toward windows.

FROM HIS POV

55

The windows.

BACK TO SCENE

56

Feigns lightness as he crosses toward closet.

FLIP-SCREEN EFFECT:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

57

Solo walks TOWARD CAMERA, fully dressed. He crosses toward door, opens it, and switches off lights as he starts out. But then he ducks back into the darkened room. He looks toward windows.

FULL SHOT - OPPOSITE WINDOWS (If possible, but not necessary.)

58

They are dark, but a match flickers and is applied to the tip of a cigar.

BACK TO SCENE

59

Solo moves to bureau and removes camera kit. He puts a conelike attachment over the lens, then aims at the opposing windows. He trips a lever on the attachment, starting a LOW HUM. Then he CLICKS the shutter. He raises the attachment-lever, then removes the device. He glances at his watch, then slides the photograph out of the camera. He returns the camera kit to the drawer, crosses to door again and opens it to bare minimum necessary for him to slip out.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

60

Solo closes door. Looks at photograph.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

61

in Solo's hands. The photograph shows a fleshy, middle-aged woman, dressed in the black lace-and-tiara fashion of Spanish aristocracy. And she is smoking a cigar.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

62

(This can be the same road used in opening.)
Jill's car ANGLES TOWARD CAMERA.

INT. JILL'S CAR (PROCESS) - NIGHT

63

Solo is driving; she is beside him. The RADIO is PLAYING SOFTLY

JILL

Take the next right. It runs between our place and Mr. Spinner's.

Solo nods, starts the turn.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The car makes a right turn.

BACK TO SCENE

She glances at him, obviously inhibited about what she wants to say.

JILL

How long will you be staying if...
well, if you don't find your
brother?

SOLO

I'll find him.

He glances at the dashboard, reacts.

INSERT - DASHBOARD

FAVORING the fuel gauge which flicks near "empty."

BACK TO SCENE

SOLO (smiles)

Remember, if we run out of gas,
it's your car, not my idea.

She looks at the dash in surprise.

JILL

That's crazy. I just had it filled
this afternoon.

Solo loses his smile. He slows down, looks back.

THROUGH REAR WINDOW

The moonlight reveals a CAR APPROACHING in the
distance; its headlights are off.

BACK TO SCENE

69

JILL
What's the matter?

SOLO (accelerates)
There's a car following us.
Without lights.

JILL
How do you know they're follow-
ing us?

SOLO
Because your gas tank didn't empty
itself. They left just enough to
get us alone out here.

JILL
Who's "they"?

SOLO
No time to explain now.

In the midst of her confusion, he SLAMS the car
to a stop.

JILL
Why are you stopping?

SOLO (looking ahead,
o.s.)
Because there's another car coming
at us the other way.

She reacts. Looks.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THEIR POV

70

Another sedan, without lights, approaches them
head on.

BACK TO SCENE

71

Jill turns back to him in growing terror as he
grips the wheel and stares ahead.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

72

Solo and Jill leave her car and run into the woods.

CLOSER ANGLE

73

They stop behind a tree. Solo looks back.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

74

The two pursuing cars stop on either side of Jill's car and two men come out of each. They are masked by black sheer stockings pulled down over their faces, and each carries a rifle with bulky sight attachments above and below the barrel.

ANOTHER ANGLE

75

The men close in on Jill's car until they ascertain that it is empty. One of the men waves toward the woods.

ANOTHER ANGLE

76

The men fan out into the woods, sighting through the upper attachments on their rifles.

SOLO AND JILL

77

react. But he feels secure in the shadowed darkness as he signals her to follow him toward a hedge of wild shrubbery. They crouch low as they go.

MED. LEADER OF ASSASSINS

78

His scanning rifle suddenly stops as he squints through sight.

SPECIAL EFFECT THROUGH SIGHT - HIS POV

79

The bleached silhouettes of Solo and Jill can be
seen moving in the sight.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:
MED. LEADER OF ASSASSINS

80

He FIRES.

INTERCUT

81

The bullet snaps a twig beside Jill's head. She recoils, but Solo grabs her hand and pulls her into a headlong, zig-zag flight. Now SHOTS begin to pepper all around them. The assassins fire, then stop and start running after Jill and Solo. Jill stumbles. Solo catches her waist and yanks her behind a tree.

JILL
Where are they?

SOLO
We can't see them, but they can see us. They seem to be using black light emissions and special finders to pick us up. We'll have to get away from these fields.

JILL (looking o.s.)
The silo!

He turns to look.

EXT. SILO (STOCK) - NIGHT

82

A towering silo rises above a wheatfield.

BACK TO SCENE

83

Solo reacts, then looks toward pursuers.

INTERCUT

84

The assassins weave through the dark woods. Solo takes a commonplace fountain pen from his pocket, wrenches the ends in opposite directions, then flings it in the general direction of the men who hunt him. Then he grabs Jill's arm and pulls her after him.

SOLO

Come on!

84

CONT'D
(2)

They run off toward wheatfield, o.s.

ANOTHER ANGLE

85

The pen lands atop a bush. It begins to HISS and shows the beginning sparkles which suddenly BURST into BRILLIANT magnesium LIGHT.

THE ASSASSINS - JILL AND SOLO'S POV

86

Blinded by the sudden light, they stop and turn their heads away. A few seconds and then the light suddenly vanishes. Now the contrasting darkness makes the assassins grope in temporary blindness.

BACK TO SOLO AND JILL

86X1

Lighted by the flare; they cover their eyes.

SOLO

Winkin', Blinkin' and Nod one
night sailed off in a river of
crystal light --

They rush out of scene.

BACK TO ASSASSINS

86X2

The leader rubs his fingers against the mask where it covers his eyes. Then he gestures at the others. They start forward again, sighting through their strange finders.

INT. SILO - NIGHT

87

Jill leads Solo through a grate-slotted entrance door that SQUEAKS. (B.g. mat of woods or wheatfield.) They close door, then Jill leads him toward a loading elevator. They get on and Solo starts it up by tugging one of the counterbalanced cables.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

88

He turns to her as they ascend.

JILL

We used to play here when I was
a little girl. We weren't
supposed to.

Meet his eyes and he sees the apprehension there.
He hugs her with one arm.

JILL

Who are those men? Why do they
want to kill us?
(draws back from him)
Who are you?

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SOLO
Not now, Jill.

88
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

89

The leader examines the melted remains of the "pen-magnesium bomb." Then his attention is directed o.s.

EXT. SILO (STOCK) - NIGHT

90

As before.

91 OUT

EXT. TOP OF SILO - NIGHT

92

Solo and Jill get off elevator and he immediately starts it down again.

JILL
Why are you sending it down?

SOLO
If they come here and find it up,
they'll know somebody took it up.

JILL (reacts)
If they come here, we're trapped!

SOLO
Not much choice, is there?

Her tension increases as she sees him withdraw his gun. He starts to assemble it for full automatic firing.

JILL
Mr. Blenman....would you please tell me who you really are?

SOLO (dry smile)
My name is Solo. I represent an organization designated as the U.N.C.L.E.

JILL
"U.N.C.L.E.?" Isn't that some kind of a secret service...or spy organization?

SOLO (nods)
Something like that. UNCLE works
for all nations. One of our
responsibilities is to suppress
any activity that might be a threat
to world peace.

92
CONT'D
(2)

JILL
Here? In Iowa?

SOLO
Anywhere?
(sees her wide-eyed wonder)
Frightened?

JILL
I'm scared...but I'm really not
scared...because I'm with you,
Mr. Solo.
(pause)
Does that sound childish?

SOLO (warmly)
No...not at all, Jill. It's a
beautiful compliment.

JILL
You remind me so much of Tommy..
or whatever his name was.

SOLO
Jill...his real name was Edward
Frieland. One of the most
expert saboteurs in the world.

JILL (after a
long pause)
Did you kill him, Mr. Solo?

Solo is trapped to answer. He speaks gently.

SOLO (nods)
I had to.

Her eyes become filled with tears.

JILL
I said you two were alike. That
was it, I guess. You were on
different sides, but you were
(both...what's the word...?)

SOLO
Professionals?

JILL (nods)

I don't think I'll ever understand what this world is all about, Mr. Solo. I mean...maybe he was a bad man...but I don't think I'll ever be able to believe it. He seemed to be so...well so brave...and full of wonderful dreams...and so much alive. Mr. Solo...so very much alive...and very much like you....

92

CONT'D

(3)

There is a long moment of silence...then the SOUND OF ELEVATOR DOORS interrupts the scene:

JILL (reacts)

The elevator!

But she claps a hand over her mouth before she can say more. They remain frozen a moment, her eyes rolling wide.

93-94

OUT

INT. SILO ELEVATOR - NIGHT

95

The masked men stand silently, their rifles gripped in front of them. A few moments and the elevator jolts to a halt. The leader levels his rifle at the door as his subordinate slides it open. Seeing nothing, they exit.

INT. TOP OF SILO - NIGHT

96

The two men come out, rifles poised, but there is no sign of their quarry. They use a flashlight to search the area. The light travels over the catwalk, then the mounds of grain. Nothing moves.

TWO SHOT - ASSASSINS

97

The leader hesitates, then signals his companion toward the elevator. They get on and start down.

SURFACE OF WHEAT GRAIN

98

It appears as before. From o.s. comes the SOUND of the descending elevator. Suddenly the layer of grain shifts and Jill's head wriggles above the surface. She looks around, breathing heavily, then begins to grope through the surrounding grain.

JILL

It's all right. They've gone.

CLOSER ANGLE - JILL

99

Her hand fastens on a man's wrist and brings it into view.

JILL

You can come out now.

Solo's voice comes from behind her.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)

Jill?

Her head jerks around wildly as she does not momentarily comprehend that it cannot be Solo's wrist she is holding. Then the horror hits and her hand snaps away from the limp wrist. Solo's hand is quick to smother her scream. But then she faints in his arms.

ANOTHER ANGLE

100

Solo glances toward the limp hand, thrust Dallesque up from the grain, then grips the side of the silo chute and starts to draw Jill and himself free.

WIPE TO:

EXT. TOP OF SILO - NIGHT

101

CLOSE ON Jill, eyes closed, head lolled back against the concrete of the silo's inner wall. Solo's hand ENTERS FRAME to slap her cheeks lightly.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)

Jill?

TWO SHOT

102

He rolls her face between his palms. She stirs.

SOLO

Jill, wake up.

She regains consciousness, sees him, starts to remember. She looks past him as he kneels before her.

HER POV

103

The body of a uniformed young man lies face down behind Solo.

BACK TO SCENE

104

Her fist goes to her mouth as her breath catches.

SOLO

Easy!

(then)

It's the real Tom Blenman. He was killed, and his body hidden here so that Friedlander could take his place.

(quickly)

How far is the lake from here?

JILL

About fifteen miles...why?

Solo nods, looks toward body.

SOLO

This young man was drowned.

(frowns)

And there are rope burns on his hands.

(sees her bewilderment)

I don't understand it either.

Well, we better find a way to get back to town.

JILL

Mr. Spinner's house isn't far.

He'd help us.

He nods, starts her toward elevator.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPINNER'S HOME - NIGHT

105

SHOOTING PAST the drop line and superstructure of
a new farmhouse well as Jill and Solo, in b.g.,
turn off the road and come TOWARD CAMERA,

ANOTHER ANGLE

106

Solo and Jill stop near the well.

SOLO

Want some "fresh water" from
Mr. Spinner's new well?

JILL

All I want is to get safely
into the house.

They move toward the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE

107

SOLO (as they reach
the door)

Jill...? Let's not tell Spinner
what happened. Just say we had
trouble with the car and got
messed up trying to fix it. I'd
prefer not involving anyone else
in our problems.

They cross toward the door. Solo uses a heavy
knocker, then they try to brush some neatness
into their appearance as they wait.

ANOTHER ANGLE

108

The door is opened by Spinner. His surprise is almost shock, but quickly controlled.

SPINNER

Jill! Is that you?

JILL

My car broke down and...

SPINNER

Come in, come in.

They enter.

INT. SPINNER'S FOYER - NIGHT

109

There are stairs up, a living room open on their left, and to the right, as they enter, the double doors to a study are slightly ajar. Solo has just time to glimpse someone exhaling a stream of smoke before Spinner slides the doors together. He directs Solo and Jill toward the living room.

INT. SPINNER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

110

SPINNER

What did you try to do, push it on your hands and knees?

SOLO

Just about. My fault for not just admitting I don't know a crankshaft from a fan belt. If we could get a cab...

SPINNER

Cab? No need for that, and me with a garage full of cars goin' no place.

(lowers voice)

I'd ask you to stay but...

(indicates study)

...I've got this oil man just in from Dallas. He doesn't like folks to know his comings and goings; you know the type.

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Solo nods, trying to cover Jill's surprise.

110

CONT'D

(2)

SPINNER (continued)
I'll get my handyman outa bed
and tell him to get the coupe
for you. Meanwhile, you make
yourselves to home.

JILL

Thank you.

Spinner crosses to exit.

TWO SHOT - SOLO, JILL

JILL

That's funny. I've never seen
Mr. Spinner so...so...

SOLO

Nervous?

But he is preoccupied with a cigar stub that lies
in an ashtray on the coffee table. She crosses
to him as he examines it.

111

INSERT - CIGAR IN SOLO'S HAND

112

There is a distinct red ring left by the smoker's lips. Solo's thumb rubs some off.

TWO SHOT - SOLO, JILL

113

SOLO

Lipstick.

JILL

On a cigar?

SOLO

And a car smelling of expensive French perfume. That doesn't sound like any oil man from Dallas I ever heard of.

JILL

Well, he might have brought a friend.

SOLO

A lady who smokes cigars?

(then)

I just happened to "meet" such a lady earlier this evening.

JILL

I don't think Mr. Spinner's personal affairs are any of our business...

He lifts a hand to stop her, then returns the cigar to the ashtray just before Spinner appears.

ANOTHER ANGLE

114

Spinner enters.

SPINNER

All set. Car'll be out front in a minute.

(then)

Any news of your brother?

SOLO

Yes, but I'm afraid it's bad news.

SPINNER

I don't understand.

75-21-6
SOLO
I'm sorry. I don't think I can say
any more until I've spoken to the
police...

114
CONT'D
(2)

There is a CAR HONK from outside.

SPINNER
There's the car. Is that where
you're going now? To the police?

SOLO
That's right.
(to Jill)
Ready?

Despite her confusion, she nods. They start for
door.

EXT. SPINNER'S HOUSE - MED. LONG - NIGHT

115

The door opens. Spinner remains there as Solo and
Jill cross toward a coupe parked out front. A
HANDYMAN holds the door open for Jill as Solo
waves back to Spinner then gets behind the wheel.
Spinner closes the door; the handyman moves off.
PAN the car away from the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE

116

The car turns onto the road and stops.

CLOSER ANGLE

117

JILL
What are you doing?

SOLO
Drive down the road about a couple
of hundred yards, then get out and
walk home. Stay off the roads.

JILL
Why?

SOLO
Because I think Spinner knows what
happened to us tonight. If he does,
he's not about to let us get away
now. He's probably arranged to
have us cut off on the way to town.

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She reacts.

117
CONT'D
(2)
SOLO (continued)

Don't worry. He'd've made sure
nothing would happen close to
his own home.

He gets out.

JILL

You're going back there?

SOLO (nods)

Do as I say, Jill. There's no
time.

She accepts the urgency, slides behind the wheel
and shifts into gear. He stands back as the car
moves away. Then he draws his gun and moves into
a crouching run back toward the house.

EXT. SPINNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT 118

Solo ducks past the front of the house, circling to
the windows off the study.

EXT. STUDY WINDOWS - NIGHT 119

Solo takes his position beside some shrubbery, then
edges up toward the open window.

PAST SOLO THROUGH WINDOW 120

The Spanish woman is there, holding a cigar to her
lips as Spinner holds a table lighter to it. His
"country" accent and manner are gone.

SPINNER

Actually, I could have let them
go to the police. They don't
suspect me.

WOMAN (Latin accent)

It is better to be sure. Nothing
will be wrong?

SPINNER (glances at watch)

Any minute now, that car will
explode and burn.

CLOSE - SOLO

121

reacts. Worried about Jill.

INTERCUT

122

WOMAN

The police will know it was not
an accident.

SPINNER

Not tonight, they won't. And
tomorrow...

(smiles)

...tomorrow we will be drinking
champagne with your brother, the
new Prime Minister.

Solo reacts.

SPINNER (continued)

That is, if your pilot does as
well in the morning as I have done
up to now.

WOMAN

He has sworn his life to success.
He will not fail.

They (and Solo) react to a not-too-distant EXPLOSION.

WOMAN (continued)

You are quite efficient.

SPINNER (frowns)

They should have been too far
away by now for us to hear that.

He and the woman exchange glances. Spinner crosses
to the desk and takes a gun from the drawer.

SPINNER (continued)

Probably my imagination but....
wouldn't hurt to take a look
around outside.

She watches him cross toward the foyer.

EXT. SPINNER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

123

Solo ducks below the window. PAN him as he runs to

hide behind the circular brick base of the well.

123
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

124

Spinner comes out. Glances around.

PAST SOLO

125

Spinner in b.g. moves to the woman's car, then goes off to examine the windows where Solo had spied. Solo moves around the well, keeping it between himself and Spinner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

126

Spinner stops at the window; the Latin woman has crossed to it from inside. He shakes his head to answer her curiosity. Then he starts back toward the front of the house. He stops for a moment outside, then turns back toward the open door. He is about to enter when he reacts to:

ANOTHER ANGLE

127

Jill appears from the darkness beyond the open area in front of the house. She has been running and breathlessness adds to her look of fear.

INTERCUT

128

Solo sees her at the same time Spinner does. Spinner raises his gun, but Solo FIRES first. The SHOT splinters the door beside Spinner, making him jerk back before he fires. The GUNFIRE makes Jill freeze.

SOLO

Jill! Over here!

She sees him. Spinner FIRES a SHOT that ricochets off the brick, but Solo's return FIRE keeps Spinner back in the house as Jill runs to Solo. Solo gets her down behind the brick well. Then he returns to his sniping exchange with Spinner.

PAST SPINNER INTO FOYER

129

The Latin woman has come from the study.

WOMAN

Where is he?

SPINNER

Behind the well! He must've been listening to us.

Her face sets. She picks up the foyer phone and dials.

SOLO AND JILL

130

SOLO (attention

toward Spinner)

Why did you come back here?

JILL

When the car...

(stops)

I thought you might need help.

SOLO (sharply)

You could've been killed!

(looks at her; sees that she considered that)

You knew that, didn't you?

JILL

I...didn't think about it.

A SHOT from Spinner brings him back to business. He returns a SHOT, then draws back to reload his gun.

SOLO (indicates gun)

You know how to use one of these?

JILL (hesitant nod)

I think so.

SOLO

Well, you don't have to hit anything. Just keep him busy while I try to make it around the back.

As they talk, MOVE UP from them to CLOSE of the upper edge of the brick well. Suddenly a wet hand appears there and then its wet companion.

SIDE ANGLE TOWARD WELL

Solo and Jill crouch behind it. But two men, looking like unearthly monsters in skin-diving equipment, loom up out of the well. One reaches down and grabs Jill around the waist. She screams and struggles as he lifts her. Solo whirls around, but the second man blackjacks him unconscious. Then the second man lifts Solo up to the well. A hand has been clapped over Jill's mouth, though she still struggles. She and Solo are dragged over the brick retainer and disappear with the two men down the well.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

132

CLOSE ON JILL, lying on black dirt. She appears unconscious. Then she coughs violently as the first sign of awakening. Solo's face MOVES CLOSE INTO FRAME by her ear. They are both wringing wet.

SOLO
Jill? Jill!

Her eyes blink open, then she remembers and jerks her head around to Solo.

WIDER ANGLE

133

She realizes that her hands are bound behind her back, as are his; their feet are bound, too. She shows panic, then freezes, looking o.s.

FROM HER POV

134

Three Latin-featured men, stripped to the waist, stand beside what seems to be a concrete wall exposed through the earthen end of the tunnel. They are feeding a tank of compressed gas through a tube inserted into the wall. The light of several oil lanterns reveal four other men: two in skin-diving ensembles, one man is wearing a high-flight pressure suit and holding a transparent helmet under his arms. There is an air of waiting among the group. Two lines of heavy wire, trailing back into the dark end of the tunnel, are attached to rollers which have been partially unwound up to the concrete wall. There are also two pickaxes and a shovel.

SOLO
Halloween is a little early this year.

TWO SHOT - JILL, SOLO

135

She looks at him, a rush of fearful questions in her eyes.

SOLO

Take it easy. At least we're still alive.

(then)

I think we're in a tunnel that starts at Spinner's well. The well is just a camouflage to hide the entrance. From the looks of those two in flying suits, I'd guess the SX-9 is on the other side of that concrete.

JILL

What are they doing?

SOLO

They're feeding some kind of gas into the base area of the installation on the other side.

JILL

Gas?

SOLO

To take care of the Air Force men who are standing guard there. Probably the same stuff they installed in my shower.

She reacts. Then they both react to:

ANOTHER ANGLE

136

A Flashlight probes the dark end of the tunnel, then Spinner and the Spanish Lady appear. They wear skin-diving suits which are shimmering wet. He turns a hard smile toward them. He is the cold, articulate pragmatist now.

SPINNER

I see you both made it.

JILL (girlish temper)

Sorry to disappoint you.

SPINNER

Not at all, Jill.

(turns to Latins;
clipped orders)

The guards should be dead by now.
Break through the wall.

They don't fully understand. Impatiently, he puts down the flashlight and lifts a pickaxe, gesturing with it.

136
CONT'D
(2)

SPINNER

The wall! Cut through!

The woman translates the orders into Spanish. Now the three workmen comprehend. They take the pick-axes and shovel and begin to chop away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

137

Spinner turns back to Solo and Jill, smiling in full appreciation of his own genius.

SPINNER

This digging will not alert the installation's warning systems. You see, there's another tunnel back there that leads to all their electric circuits. We've by-passed those circuits. The Air Force won't know anything until...

(indicates pilots)

...these two pilots are off and winging H-bomb and all.

SOLO

Winging to somewhere in South America, I take it?

SPINNER

Yes. Some friends of mine are standing ready to take over a particular government. I call them friends because once the present government is blown out of existence, my friends and I will merely walk in and take over.

SOLO

While the rest of the world watches?

SPINNER

"The rest of the world" has developed a talent for just watching. Once the strong and the smart take what they want, the "rest of the world" says that was naughty, but we won't make a fuss if you promise not to do it again.

SOLO

And the phony promise is your
talent.

137
CONT'D
(2)

SPINNER

No...your weakness...sentimental
faith...

(exposed viciousness)

I clawed my way up from a dirt
farm learning that human nature
is fear and greed, not the milk
of human kindness. A powerful
lesson, and a lesson in power.

SOLO

And how long do you think you
can keep that power?

Spinner indicates the wire-rollers.

SPINNER

I can't foresee the future, sir...

(beat)

And unfortunately you and your
little sidekick won't be around
to find out.

(smiles)

However there is a brighter side
for you. It's not everyone who
gets to see the inside of their
grave before they are buried.

Bill reacts at the horror. The SOUND of a falling
block turns Spinner toward the wall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

138

There is a fair-sized opening now. Spinner looks
through.

FROM HIS POV

139

His channeled view shows a portion of the plane's
tail area. Also two dead Airmen sprawled on the
floor.

BACK TO SCENE

140

Another block is removed and one of the workmen
slips through. The other hands the wire rollers

through to him, then Spinner signals the others to go through. They do. Spinner puts a leg through, then looks back to his prisoners.

140
CONT'D
(2)

SPINNER
Won't be long now.

He disappears through the opening.

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SOLO AND JILL

141

He immediately rolls his body over and over until he gets to one of the pickaxes.

SOLO
Do what I did. Hurry.

She does, rolling to his side.

ANOTHER ANGLE

142

He has turned so that his hands are near the pickaxe.

SOLO
Turn your back towards me and find the pickaxe.

She does.

SOLO
Hold it tight.

She does and he begins to saw his bonds against the sharp edge.

JILL
Even if we do get free, what can we do against all of them?

SOLO
There's a whole Air Force company sitting on top of us that can do plenty...if we can blow the whistle.

His hands break free. He sits up and works the pickaxe edge against the ropes on his feet. When he has broken these, he jumps up to look through the wall.

FROM HIS POV

143

The workmen are attaching the two wires. Spinner watches as skindivers help the pilot step up, ostensibly to enter the plane which is above our view.

BACK TO SCENE

144

Solo turns, finds Spinner's flashlight, then picks Jill up in his arms.

JILL

What are you doing? Cut me loose!

SOLO

When there's time.

She reacts, but by now he runs with her toward the dark end of the tunnel.

ANOTHER ANGLE

145

Carrying Jill, Solo switches on the flashlight as he runs TOWARD CAMERA. PULL BACK as the LIGHT probes each side of the tunnel. Finally it picks up another tunnel entrance in one wall. But this tunnel is lower and too shallow to permit him to carry Jill into it. He places her down.

SOLO

Now whatever you do, don't scream or...

JILL

I'm all right.
(sees his doubt)
No, I mean it.

He turns to duck into the side tunnel.

INT. SIDE TUNNEL

146

Holding the flashlight, Solo has to crawl on all fours. He finally reaches a wider area. His flashlight finds a length of huge pipe exposed in the wall. A section of the pipe has been cut away showing where wires have been jumped. Grabbing the insulated ends, Solo tears the wiring apart, breaking all of the connections.

INT. TUNNEL

147

Jill reacts to the sudden SOUND of a SIREN echoing from the end of the tunnel where Spinner's men have broken through. With growing anxiety, she looks toward the side tunnel.

INT. SIDE TUNNEL

148

Solo hears the SIREN more distantly. He drops the wires and it stops. He turns and starts to crawl hurriedly back.

INT. TUNNEL

149

At the concrete wall: one of the Latin workmen appears through the broken wall, obviously looking for the prisoners. He reacts, draws back. MOVE TO SHOOT THROUGH opening as the workman is seen hurrying to warn Spinner.

INT. TUNNEL

150

ON Jill, as she waits helplessly. She sees the FLASHLIGHT from the side tunnel and then Solo appears. He quickly moves to work on her bonds, then reacts towards the end of the tunnel.

FROM HIS POV

151

Spinner is seen coming through the broken wall.

BACK TO SCENE

152

Solo leaves Jill, still tied, and runs toward the concrete wall. Spinner is barely through when he reacts to Solo, but not before Solo barrels into him, blocking the opening with their bodies. Spinner fights back with hands and knees, then with his Latin friends pushing from the rear, he is able to pull Solo aside.

ANOTHER ANGLE

153

Solo frees himself from Spinner in time to face one of the workmen. Solo ducks a haymaker and counters with an efficient one-two that drops the workman, but by this time the others have come through. Solo has just about had it when a stream of American airmen pours through the opening and soon has the situation well in hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

154

A young Lieutenant helps a groggy Solo to his feet.

SERGEANT'S VOICE

Lieutenant?

They react.

ANOTHER ANGLE

155

A Sergeant appears carrying Jill, still bound, in his arms.

SERGEANT

Look what I found.

SOLO (crosses

to him)

Allow me.

(takes Jill from the
Sergeant)

SERGEANT (to

Lieutenant)

Who's he?

SOLO (grins at

Jill)

I'm the guy what brung her.

She smiles with him as the men look on in wonder.

FADE OUT:

156 OUT

INT. FARMHOUSE - SOLO, JILL - DAY

157

They are standing in the foyer.

JILL

Mr. Solo...

SOLO

Yes....

157

CONT'D

(2)

JILL

Will I ever see you again? I mean...if I ever came to New York on a visit would you...well, you know...sort of have a date with me?

SOLO

I promise. Cocktails and dinner at the finest restaurant...a Broadway play...dancing...whatever you wish.

JILL (laughs)

Napoleon Solo and his country bumpkin who smells of soap and never had anything stronger than apple cider...What would your sophisticated lady friends think?

SOLO

I think they'd be very envious of me.

JILL (slightly

embarrassed)

You lie so beautifully.

SOLO

Unfortunately, too many of my lady friends have a kind of patched-together beauty. Twice a week at a beauty parlor...hair color changing with seasons... false eyelashes...

JILL (abruptly)

Would you please kiss me?

Solo smiles and is about to comply. The scene is interrupted:

HIS POV

158

Aunt Martha stands in an open doorway, watching with jaundiced eye.

BACK TO SCENE

159

His lips change direction to peck the tip of her nose. Her eyes pop open in disappointed surprise.

SOLO

Goodbye, Jill.

He crosses to exit. She recovers and runs to the door.

JILL

Goodbye!

160-163 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

164

She watches him get into the cab and leave. Then turns to lean against the door, closing it. Martha closes to her.

MARTHA

You should have slapped his face!

JILL

Why? He only kissed me on the tip of my nose.

MARTHA

Call that a kiss? I certainly hope he can do better than that when you visit him in New York.

Aunt Martha goes about her business. HOLD on Jill's reaction.

FADE OUT:

THE END

TRAILER

SAME SCENE AS IN TEASER...

SOLO

Well, we made it this time, didn't we?

(a beat)

But next week...well...here's a taste of what we'll encounter:

WHIP PAN TO A SERIES OF TRAILER CUTS FROM THE FOLLOWING WEEK:

THEN; BACK TO SCENE.

SOLO

Look interesting? It will be.
See you next week.
(a smile and a wave)

THE END