

Please do not lose or destroy this
script. Return to Script Dept.

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

"THE KING OF DIAMONDS AFFAIR"

Prod. #8410

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
PRESENTATION

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Boris Ingster

Written by:

Edwin Blum

January 13, 1966

Mr. Date - 3-11-66

24

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The King of Diamonds Affair"

Prod. #8410

FADE IN:

1 EXT. STREET SIGN - RAINY DAY 1

Reads "PELICAN ST." in Flemish, French, English. Atop sign is a grotesque bronze pelican. PAN DOWN to section of foreign street. SOLO and ILLYA, hurrying along, stop before baroque 19th Century building, go in.

2 INT. DIAMOND BOURSE - DAY 2

Solo and Illya enter foyer, flash identity cards to Security Guard, go off.

3 INT. AUCTION ROOM - DAY 3

Solo and Illya enter, look around. Great tension and excitement as diamond buyers from all over the world are bidding, by voice and signal for a "lot" of uncut diamonds on block of auctioneer's dais.

BIDDERS

(odd accents)

Two hundred thousand -- three
hundred -- three hundred five!

AUCTIONEER

Three hundred five, for this
lot of pure blue-whites. Do
I hear four?

JAN DE JONG, fiftyish, well-tailored in the British manner -- one would describe him as an aristocrat -- who has been seated near the dais, talking tightly into a phone, raises his handkerchief.

DE JOHN

Four hundred.

(CONTINUED)

AUCTIONEER

Four hundred. Going for four
hundred -- going -- going --
(points to De John)
Sold to De Jong Consolidated of
London!

4 ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA 4

They move in, toward De Jong.

5 ANGLE - TWO MEN 5

One of them, quite apparently well-to-do and cultured, is
BLODGETT. A distinguishing mark is a deep scar on his
right cheek. He is in his middle forties, physically in
top shape. The man with him is a shorter, rough-looking
man. Both of them are watching Solo and Illya with con-
siderable interest.

6 ANGLE - DE JOHN 6

as Solo and Illya approach him.

SOLO

Mr. De Jong?

DE JONG

(nods)

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

SOLO

Excuse us, but -- since de Jong
Consolidated practically has a
monopoly on the world's diamond
market, why are you buying in-
stead of selling?

DE JONG

Sorry -- I have no information
I can import to you.

7 ANGLE - BLODGETT 7

still watching Solo and Illya. The man with him whispers
something to him. Blodgett nods, the man leaves.

8 ANGLE - DE JONG, SOLO AND ILLYA

8

ILLYA

Can you tell us, sir -- do these diamonds really come from Brazil, or are they from South Africa.

DE JONG

Again -- I am sorry.

Solo and Illya, realizing their conversation is ended, move away.

9 ANGLE - BLODGETT

9

still watching Solo and Illya, he approaches them.

BLODGETT

Gentlemen --

Solo and Illya stop, look to Blodgett.

BLODGETT

(continuing)

I see you are interested in the origin of these diamonds. I can tell you they are from Brazil.

SOLO

I was almost certain they were South African.

ILLYA

I hadn't heard of a diamond strike in Brazil. Rather unusual, isn't it?

BLODGETT

So many things in the diamond business are unusual. If you're really interested, I suggest you drop in on Xanadu. Just around the corner. They'll be glad to help you.

Solo and Illya exit.

ZIP PAN TO:

10 EXT. PELICAN STREET - RAINY DAY

10

Solo and Illya stop before a quaint little old building, on which is the sign: "XANADU INC." They open door, go in. HOLD, as the entire building CRASHES down on them.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

SWING CAMERA BACK over people running to scene, a woman screaming, to Blodgett, standing under the pelican street sign, looking on impassively.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

11 INT. UNCLE'S H.Q. - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - WAVERLY

11

WAVERLY

Intelligence reports Xanadu,
Incorporated doesn't exist.
It's a front without any back-
ers -- a mere name floating in
space.

CAMERA has PULLED BACK, revealing Solo and Illya sitting
near Waverly's desk.

ILLYA

What fell on us weighed about
two thousand tons. We thought
it was an earthquake.

SOLO

When an earthquake strikes,
stand under a door. That's
what we did.

WAVERLY

Xanadu or no Xanadu, somebody
is upsetting the equilibrium of
worlds diamond market. Once they
succeed in that, no precious gem
or metal will remain safe. Not
even gold.

SOLO

(to Illya)

Remind me to unload my gold
holdings.

WAVERLY

This is no time to be facetious.

(to Illya)

Those supposedly Brazilian diamonds,
you feel are South Africans?

ILLYA

That's what the report from our
lab says.

WAVERLY

Then they must come from De Jong
Consolidated.

(CONTINUED)

SOLO

Isn't this a little silly? It's De Jong Consolidated who's buying them.

WAVERLY

You have a point. Ninety percent of the world monopoly on blue-white uncut South African diamonds has been held by the De Jong family for almost a hundred years.

SOLO

Then you're saying those diamonds we saw De Jong buy can only come from De Jong Consolidated?

WAVERLY

It may not make any sense, but that's what I'm saying.

ILLYA

And where does that leave us?

WAVERLY

It leaves you on your way to London.

SOLO

To prove that the diamonds De Jong is pouring out all that money for are their very very own?

WAVERLY

Precisely. And even more to the point, there's an organization somewhere who believes we're not clever enough to ask that question.

ILLYA

THRUSH?

WAVERLY

(shakes his head)

I think not.

SOLO

You mean we're out to make a whole new set of enemies?

ILLYA

We're really over our quota as it stands right now.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED - (2):

11

Solo considers for a moment.

SOLO

I'm not quite sure, but I think
a glimmer of light is beginning
to come to me.

WAVERLY

Let me know when it shines through.

Turns to other business.

ZIP PAN TO:

12 INT. "VOORKAMER" - NIGHT

12

This is a Boer "great room" -- the office of Jan De Jong.
On his desk is a miniature of the wagon of the Great Trek.
On the walls are portraits of earlier De Jongs. De Jong
himself sits at the desk, speaking to Solo and Illya.
Nodding in assent to his every word is GRANDMA FRIKKIE,
the ancient, wrinkled ancestor.

DE JONG

You have come down from London
on a fools errand, young men.

(Tante Frikkie nods)

You may tell your Mr. Waverly
that his insinuation that the
de Jong diamond reserves have
been depleted or robbed is as
dangerous and ridiculous as
stating the Bank of England has
lost its gold reserves!

ILLYA

How do you account for the flood
of diamonds appearing on Pelican
Street?

DE JONG

Brazilian.

SOLO

But de Jong is buying them, and
de Jong only buys South Africans.

ILLYA

Our geologists identify them as
South African.

(CONTINUED)

DE JONG

You see what they are doing to me, Tante Frikkie?

(she nods)

They are questioning the word of Jan de Jong, last of the great line of de Jongs!

(turning on them)

Gentlemen -- my ancestors made the Great Boer Trek to Potchefstroom in the Zoutpansberg in that wagon! With that sweat and toil they carved out the great diamond mines of Kimberly. With his thrift and wisdom we stored up the de Jong reserves of one billion pounds sterling. Now you will leave my place with your insinuations.

Solo and Illya rise, shrug, go to door. Solo stops, turns.

SOLO

Sir, I realize we are outsiders -- what your Boer ancestors called "uitlanders" -- but we have twelve pounds, six shillings between us, and with that sum we can buy one share of de Jong Consolidated.

ILLYA

And with that one share of stock we can go to the Annual Stockholders Meeting and demand an inspection of the de Jong reserves.

SOLO

Immediately!

DE JONG

(apoplectic)

By the Zonder End Mountains,
I -- I --

(breaking)

What do you say, Grandmother -- ?

TANTE FRIKKIE

When there is a cancer -- one doesn't hide it -- he cuts it out.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED - (2):

12

DE JONG

Very well --

(broken)

We shall stop hiding it --

ZIP PAN TO:

13 INT. VAULTS OF DE JONG CONSOLIDATED - DAY

13

Long concrete and steel corridors, guarded by Security Men. De Jong leads Solo and Illya down corridor, but it is a broken de Jong, a contrite, embittered de Jong.

DE JONG

(with heavy irony)

The most impregnable fortress
vault in the world!

(indicating off)

They watch the inner vault on
closed circuit television day
and night! Never do they take
their eyes off the plate steel
cubicle!

Starts to open "inner vault".

14 INT. INNER VAULT

14

as vault door opens and Solo, Illya and de Jong enter.
In the center of this vault there stands the "cubicle" --
a steel block about three feet square and five feet high.
Prominent on one wall is a telephone.

DE JONG

(still with bitter irony)

The cubicle as you see rests on
a delicate scale --

(indicating)

So that if a single karat were
removed, it would register on
this dial --

(indicates, on wall)

And set off the alarm --

(choking with emotion)

And you see what good it all
did us!

Swings open door of cubicle, revealing a stack of drawers.
Pulls open a drawer, lifts up some of contents before
Solo and Illya.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYA
Buckshot!

SOLO
(opening other
drawers)
Ditto!

DE JONG
A billion pounds sterling of
diamonds exchanged for tuppence
worth of buckshot! Weight for
weight!

ILLYA
How did they gain entry?

DE JONG
It is impossible, as you can see
-- and yet they achieved it!

SOLO
You thought you could keep this
secret?

DE JONG
We dared not let the word leak
out -- not even to Scotland Yard.
We are depending on our own
Security to solve it, but as my
Grandmother says -- you cannot
hide a cancer!

Solo's eyes are on the wall phone. He turns to de Jong.

SOLO
I'm interested in the phone, sir.
Why a phone in a sealed vault?

DE JONG
An extra precautionary measure.
Some weeks ago there was in the
papers a story about a cashier
at the Bank of England. He was
locked in a vault and had no way
to reach anyone. The poor chap
died of suffocation.

(adding)
I didn't want that to happen to
any of our people.

SOLO
Very considerate.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED - (2):

14

Illya speaks into his communicator.

ILLYA

The light shines through, Mr.
Waverly. Party unknown has
appropriated the world's diamond
reserve.

15 CLOSE SHOT - WAVERLY

15

WAVERLY

(into communicator)

A highly dramatic report, but
rather lacking in particulars.
Is there no clue at all?

16 CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

16

ILLYA

Whoever conceived this was a
master -- Picasso of jewel thieves.

17 CLOSE SHOT - WAVERLY

17

WAVERLY

Is the method of entry imper-
ceptible?

ILLYA'S VOICE

Right. It's a perfect "sealed
room" job.

WAVERLY

That can spring from no other
brain than Rafael Delgado --
otherwise known as the Count
de Foix and Dapper Dan of the
Cunard Lines.

18 ANGLE FAVORING ILLYA

18

ILLYA

Where can we find the gentleman?

He listens to Waverly's answer, but we don't hear it.

SOLO

(as Illya clicks
off)

Well --?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ILLYA

We have a date in a maximum
security cell at Dartmoor jail.

SOLO

How nice.

ZIP PAN TO:

19 EXT. PRISON - DAY - (STOCK)

19

20 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY CELL - DAY

20

RAFAEL DELGADO turns from his little table as a Turnkey opens his cell door. He's a man of about fifty, with a handsome, sensitive face, and is graced with charming old world manners. Although the cell is bleak and sparse, he wears a velvet jacket over his drab prison garb and is taking tea at the table. Entering the cell are WARDEN HAYES, a stern, tight-lipped man, and Solo and Illya.

DELGADO

Warden Hayes!
(bowing)
I am honored, indeed!

WARDEN HAYES

Mr. Delgado -- I am opposed to
glorification of master criminals
in the press, cinema and such,
but these gentlemen have a special
permit from the Penal Servitude
Board --

DELGADO

Living alone as I do -- so to
speak -- it's a pleasure to wel-
come company.

WARDEN HAYES

Mr. Solo is a film producer from
-- ahem -- Hollywood. Mr. Kuryakin
his writing chap.

They shake hands and exchange greetings.

WARDEN HAYES

(to Solo and Illya)

I leave you, gentlemen, and --
ahem -- I trust you will not in-
spire our youth to emulate Mr.
Delgado's exploits.

(CONTINUED)

He goes. Delgado studies his two guests for a long moment.

DELGADO

Hollywood! You are going to do a film on Rafael Delgado!

SOLO

We're thinking of calling it "King of Diamonds."

DELGADO

(considering)

Hmm. Not bad. In fact, I rather like it.

(indicating bunk)

Sit down, gentlemen --

(they do so)

I wish I could offer you a proper refreshment, but here there is only tea, and the authorities permit me but one cup.

Illya, glancing off, notices a turnkey outside the cell door, gaping in. Illya turns to Turnkey.

ILLYA

I was under the impression this was to be private conversation.

Reluctantly the Turnkey goes.

SOLO

Kuryakin here has researched your life in the archives of the Surete, Scotland Yard, the F.B.I., etcetera. Fascinating stuff.

DELGADO

Those are only the ones they know about!

ILLYA

I particularly liked the time you substituted that whole cabinet display at Cartiers with dime-store gems.

DELGADO

Did you now! And you won't forget the Monte Carlo caper -- and the missing Star of Hindustan as related by the Manarani of Bangalore!

(CONTINUED)

SOLO

We're writing the character, Mr. Delgado, so he's more interested in the artistry of his exploits than the monetary returns.

DELGADO

So true! Only the native can believe that a real thief performs just for the money. It is the challenge -- the risk -- involved. One fashions a great robbery with the subtlety and care a Cellini lavished on his masterpieces!

ILLYA

Still, with all your finesse, you're here in Dartmoor.

DELGADO

An accident. It happens to the best of us. But I don't really regret it. I'm enjoying my little rest. It gives me time to think -- to look back -- and to plan for the future. With good behavior, I'll be out in a year. And I am behaving, gentlemen.

ILLYA

In maximum security, I imagine that's not too difficult.

SOLO

To get back to our project, Mr. Delgado -- we have a number of thrilling episodes, but what the story really needs is a smashing climax -- the most fantastic caper of all time.

DELGADO

I'll be out, as I said, in a year. I'll be happy to provide one for you at that time.

SOLO

I'm afraid we can't wait that long.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYA

Suppose we invent something right now. Let us say, for instance, you went after the crown jewels in the Tower of London.

DELGADO

Excellent idea. I may try it some day.

ILLYA

Of course that won't help us much right now.

SOLO

Then let's do some more supposing. Suppose you were a free man. And you were after the crown jewels. Offhand, how would you go about it?

DELGADO

One cannot be offhand about anything in my profession. A project of such magnitude would require the most careful planning -- months and months of it. One studies the location of all the security devices -- one looks for any possible weakness in them -- the weakest bastion, so to speak -- and one studies maps. You have no idea of the importance of a good map.

SOLO

Excellent.

(to Illya)

Are you getting this, Kuryakin?

ILLYA

(tapping his temple)

It's all in here.

SOLO

This could be our climax, Mr. Delgado. Now -- where were we? Maps...

DELGADO

Many maps. Maps of the territory. Maps of the streets leading to the Tower -- and quite importantly for a thief in a hurry -- maps leading from it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DELGADO (cont'd)

And not only the surface of the streets, gentlemen, but what's beneath them.

SOLO

(to Illya)

I see an exciting sequence here -- all played beneath the streets of London.

ILLYA

One man against Scotland Yard.

DELGADO

Hardly one man, gentlemen. One never works alone. One needs an army, so to speak. Napoleon himself, great general that he was, would never have won a battle without privates.

SOLO

I think this gives us what we want.

DELGADO

It's been a pleasure talking to you. As I say, a man in my situation longs for company.

ILLYA

Then we have your permission to proceed with the film.

DELGADO

Certainly not.

Solo and Illya exchange a puzzled glance.

ILLYA

May I ask why not?

DELGADO

It's quite simple. You gentlemen are cops, and I, you see, am the robber.

Solo and Illya sit stunned.

DELGADO

(continuing)

Surprised?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED - (5):

20

SOLO

You knew it all the time!

DELGADO

I can smell a cop from here to
Land's End. That is why I am
Rafael Delgado!

SOLO & ILLYA

The King of Diamonds!

DISSOLVE TO:

21 INT. INNER VAULT - DAY

21

Solo and Illya looking around with great interest before
a befuddled de Jong. Solo moves up to a map on the wall.

SOLO

This map, Mr. de Jong --

DE JONG

A vault, as you know, is not an
ordinary room, Mr. Solo. This
map shows our entire wiring plan
-- both within the walls and be-
neath the floor -- so that if
any repairs are needed our en-
gineers can make them immediately.

ILLYA

Has there been any repair work
lately?

DE JONG

None.

(adding)

Except, of course, for the phone
installation.

SOLO

How long ago was that?

DE JONG

Let me see -- five weeks ago.
One of our own men did the
installation.

ILLYA

How long did it take?

(CONTINUED)

DE JONG

Roughly six or seven hours. It was a difficult job. And because of the intricate wiring, the alarm had to be cut off during it.

Illya looks to Solo.

ILLYA

If you gentlemen will excuse me --

Solo studies the map for a moment.

SOLO

(to himself)

Within the walls -- and beneath the floor...

He goes to the cubicle, forces the bottom drawer out, points to the floor.

SOLO

(continuing)

Mr. de Jong, would you call that a steel plate?

De Jong stares at the floor, horrified.

DE JONG

Cement!

SOLO

A rather poor substitute for your steel, I would say.

DE JONG

But -- what will drill through plate steel?

SOLO

A diamond. I'm afraid, sir, while your man was busy with the phone, someone was working below.

DE JONG

But -- we had maximum security. I can't believe --

SOLO

Perhaps we'd better speak to the man who installed the phone.

(CONTINUED)

19.
21 CONTINUED - (2): 21

DE JONG
Unfortunately, we can't. Just
a month ago the poor fellow was
in a street accident -- run over
by a truck.

ZIP PAN TO:

22 EXT. STREET - DAY 22

Illya looks about at street pavement. Sees manhole
cover, goes to it, tries to pry it up.

23 INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP - DAY 23

HANS, a thickset watchmaker, looks up from his work and
out at:

24 ILLYA FROM HANS' P.O.V. 24

He stops a passing derbied British gentleman, borrows
his umbrella, pries up corner of manhole cover, gives
umbrella back with Alphonse and Gaston act, pulls up
cover, starts down.

25 ANGLE - HANS 25

jumps up, unsheathes a sword hanging on wall, puts under
coat, starts out.

26 INT. UNDERGROUND CONDUIT SYSTEM 26

Illya, using a small flashlight, crawls along pipes and
electrical conduit.

27 ANOTHER SECTION UNDERGROUND 27

Dark figure of Hans moves along.

28 ILLYA IN UNDERGROUND 28

makes turn into concrete vault. Switches on light.
Looks up to ceiling above him, which is the floor of
De Jong's inner vault. In the center is the square of
cement which has been substituted for the steel plate.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Illya looks about, finds a diamond drill, pokes the cement, which falls to the floor beside him. Now he speaks into his communicator.

ILLYA

The last sound you heard was the crashing of the fake steel plate.

29 INT. INNER VAULT

29

Solo stands over the hole where the cement had been.

SOLO

(into communicator)

What's the saying -- "Stone walls do not a prison make." You could say "steel plates do not a vault --

ILLYA'S VOICE

Amazing -- the criminal mind.

SOLO

The artistic mind. Painting a Rembrandt behind those stone walls.

30 ANGLE - HANS AT ENTRANCEWAY TO UNDERGROUND VAULT

30

Hans pulls out sword. SWING CAMERA as he plunges forward with sword at Illya's back. Illya sees the flashing blade just in time to sidestep. Hans slashes at him again -- Illya escapes.

31 ANGLE - ILLYA

31

He snatches up diamond-drill, switching it on. BUZZ. Fights "duel" with Hans, the buzzing nozzle against the sword. Hans grabs up hunk of boiler plate and, using it for a shield, closes in for the kill. A mighty thrust of his sword misses Illya. Illya pins him against wall, drilling through shield, through Hans, and into wall.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

32 INT. DELGADO'S CELL - DAY

32

The jug-eared turnkey enters Delgado's cell, carrying a large empty laundry bag. Delgado looks up.

DELGADO

And to what do I owe this intrusion?

TURNKEY

You're being taken to the cleaners.
(opens bag)
Get in.

Delgado hesitates, but when the hulking turnkey moves toward him he quickly complies. The turnkey picks up the bag, hoists it over his shoulder, leaves the cell, closes the door.

ZIP PAN TO:

33 EXT. PRISON GATE

33

A guard is finishing loading a van with full laundry sacks. Our turnkey hands him a cigarette, lights it for him. As he does so, one of the remaining laundry bags climbs onto the van behind his back. The guard closes the van, waves to the driver, and it goes out the gate.

ZIP PAN TO:

34 EXT. MOOR - FOGGY DAY

34

Blodgett, backed up by three faceless members of his organization, looks on as Delgado works his way out of the laundry bag. Delgado, always impeccable, brushes off his clothing.

DELGADO

Why did you do this? I was very happily waiting out my term.

BLODGETT

I preferred to have you back in the "family."

(grabbing him)

You had visitors.

(CONTINUED)

Delgado removes Blodgett's hand.

DELGADO

I had them spotted from the first
-- I toyed with them like children.

BLODGETT

Like children, eh?
(moving in,
menacingly)
They deduced the operation from
what you told them. They found
the equipment -- they killed Hans!

DELGADO

(smoothly)
The equipment will lead them no
place. Hans, I should say, was
dispensable.

BLODGETT

You are dispensable.
(leaping at his
throat)
I told you -- how many times did
I tell you -- there is a death-
wish in Rafael Delgado's vanity!

DELGADO

(breaking his hold)
Don't be a boor, Mr. Blodgett.
(brushing himself
off)
How many times must I tell you
that the "family" needs my brain
more than I need their brawn.
That's why you came to me in
prison to begin with.

BLODGETT

We have the goods, so what do
we need with you?

DELGADO

Tush, tush. It is one thing to
have heisted the world's diamond
reserves, but quite another to
make them respectable on the
world market! Without Delgado,
the stuff is so much broken
glass!

A minion moves into scene from Rolls Royce in b.g.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED - (2):

34

MINION
(to Blodgett)
Headquarters on the car phone
for you, sir.

Blodgett goes to the car.

35 ANGLE - ROLLS

35

Blodgett picks up car phone.

BLODGETT
Yes -- what is it?
(he listens, turns
purple with rage)
You WHAT?

Again he listens, in utter disbelief and growing anger,
before he abruptly hangs up and goes back to the others.

36 GROUP

36

as Blodgett strides up, furious.

BLODGETT
The idiot from Pogue's delivered
twelve tins of plum pudding --
(emphasizing)
-- plain plum pudding -- to
headquarters.

Stunned silence from the group, until Delgado speaks up.

DELGADO
Let me get on the phone.

He goes to the car.

37 ANGLE - ROLLS

37

Delgado picks up the car phone, dials, waits a moment.
Then:

DELGADO
Pogue's Puddings?

38 INT. OFFICE - POGUE'S PUDDINGS

38

VICTORIA POGUE, a beautiful and imperious young lady in
proper trim skirt and smock, is on the phone. The office

(CONTINUED)

itself is completely Victorian in style, befitting a company which has served royalty over many years.

VICTORIA

Yes -- this is Pogue's.

DELGADO'S VOICE

May I speak to Mr. Wamsley, please.

VICTORIA

I'm not too sure he's here. He's not been well lately. Hold on, please.

She goes to a door leading to the rear, opens it, calls out.

VICTORIA

(continuing)

Freddy -- are you there?

In a moment a clerk -- a typical Dickensian clerk -- appears. He is a mild looking little man with a permanent apologetic look on his face, as though asking to be excused for living.

FREDDY

Something wrong, Miss Pogue?

VICTORIA

It's the phone.

Freddy goes to the phone, speaks into it, as Victoria leaves.

FREDDY

Yes -- ?

As he listens to Delgado, his jaw drops in disbelief and bewilderment. Now he looks around to make sure he is alone.

FREDDY

(continuing)

It's me own fault, then. I'd 'ad a bit of a go at the dog races the night before, and then a pint or two too many...

speaking into the car phone.

(CONTINUED)

39

CONTINUED:

39

DELGADO

Forget the excuses! What I want
to know is -- where did you ship
the other twelve tins?

He listens, his eyes blazing with growing anger.

DELGADO

(continuing)

Don't bother with any list!
We'll check them out ourselves!

He slams the receiver down, moves to Blodgett and group.

40

GROUP

40

as Delgado approaches Blodgett.

DELGADO

Your man Freddy delivered the
twelve good tins to tea shops
all over Marleybone!

(as Blodgett
reacts)

I'll get them for you.

BLODGETT

(shakes his head)

You're staying right here. I'll
get them.

(to the men)

Take him down in the peat bogs.
Keep him there until I signal
the departure!

He climbs into the Rolls. A couple of his men join him,
leaving Delgado guarded by two others.

DELGADO

Peat bogs? How uninspired can
you get?

The men drag him off, one of them snatching up the
laundry bag.

ZIP PAN TO:

41

INT. DE JONG OFFICE - DAY

41

Solo on phone, Illya seated on desk. De Jong sits in
despair under portrait of illustrious Boer forbear.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

SOLO

Quite so, Warden Hayes. By all means inform us if you locate him.

(hangs up)

They've sprung Delgado.

ILLYA

That means they feel the pressure.

(into communicator)

Kuryakin here, Mr. Waverly.

Delgado broke out of Dartmoor Prison.

42 CLOSE SHOT - WAVERLY AT COMMUNICATIONS DESK

42

WAVERLY

How interesting. It's been on the front page of every London paper for an hour.

(beeper sounds)

Wait -- here's something a bit fresher --

(listens in on another line, but we don't hear it)

Right!

(back to Illya)

There are men descending like locusts -- on Marleybone. Their leader is named Blodgett.

He presses buttons and a photo of Blodgett flashes before him.

WAVERLY

(continuing; in- to communicator)

Middle forties, well put together, deep scar on his right cheek...

43 RESUME DE JONG OFFICE

43

Illya looks to Solo.

ILLYA

Our man from the Bourse?

SOLO

We'll soon find out.

He goes out. Illya follows. De Jong doesn't move.

ZIP PAN TO:

44 EXT. STREET - DAY

44

Solo and Illya, driving in car, stop as they see:

45 ANGLE - ROLLS

45

Blodgett gets out of car with two minions. They hurry into tea shop.

46 CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA IN PARKED CAR

46

Illya takes out telescope, opens it, peers out at:

47 REVERSE TELESCOPE SHOT INTO TEA SHOP

47

Blodgett and men can be seen barging up to counterman, talking and gesticulating. One of the men grabs up a round tin, holds it up.

48 RESUME SOLO AND ILLYA

48

SOLO

Don't tell me they're taking tea.

ILLYA

They're buying plum pudding.

SOLO

Come off it, old chap!
(snatches telescope,
looks himself)

49 RESUME REVERSE TELESCOPE SHOT

49

Another of the men takes up another round tin. SHOT
ZOOMS IN CLOSE ON TIN. The label on it reads: "POGUE'S
PLUM PUDDING".

50 RESUME SOLO AND ILLYA

50

SOLO

Pogue's Plum Pudding.

He gets out of car.

SOLO

(continuing)

You tail them. I'm going to where
they make Pogue's Plum Pudding.

ZIP PAN TO:

51 EXT. SIGN - DAY

51

reading "POGUE'S PLUM PUDDINGS". Below it is "1823" and below that an insignia: "By Appointment to the Queen". SWING CAMERA BACK, revealing Solo standing before what in effect is the entrance of a small factory office. Solo goes in.

52 INT. OFFICE

52

This is the office we have seen before. Victoria Pogue enters from factory to rear as bell RINGS on Solo's entrance.

VICTORIA
(all business and
"character")
Good afternoon, sir -- can I be
of service?

SOLO
(a little taken
aback by it all)
Yes. Er -- I should like to buy
a plum pudding.

VICTORIA
We don't cater to individuals,
sir -- only to mail order or the
trade.

SOLO
You mean if I sent in a mail order
I could get one?

VICTORIA
I'm afraid not, sir. We mail
only to a select clientele all
over the world. Yuletide approach-
ing, even that is closed.

SOLO
Er -- could I speak to the pro-
prietor?

VICTORIA
I am the proprietor. Victoria
Pogue.

SOLO
Then I think you will understand
my situation, Miss Pogue. Plum
puddings have flavored my life.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOLO (cont'd)

They were always the most pleasant memories of my childhood.

(he sees her
weakening)

My Aunt Tina used to make it.
And I'll never forget the glorious
smell of her kitchen on plum
pudding day.

(sighs, then sniffs
deeply)

As I was passing here just now --
that same glorious smell...

VICTORIA

(laughing)

Oh, I suppose we could manage a
bite or two...

ZIP PAN TO:

53 CLOSE SHOT - PIECE OF PLUM PUDDING ON PLATE

53

A fork goes into it. PULL CAMERA BACK to reveal that
a giddy young blonde, DOLLY, is putting it into her
pretty mouth. CAMERA SWINGS to Blodgett and one of his
men at the counter in rear. Now CAMERA SWINGS to Illya,
seated at a table adjoining Dolly's. He has tea and
plum pudding before him.

54 RESUME ON DOLLY

54

Dolly, chewing contentedly on her plum pudding, takes an
extra bite. CRACK.

DOLLY

(a wail and a cry)

I broke my tooth!

(taking pieces
from mouth)

Glass!

(jumping up in
rage)

I broke my tooth on a piece of
glass!

(swinging around)

You saw it -- you're a witness!

CAMERA SWINGS BACK to include Illya, seated at adjoining
table before tea and plum pudding.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYA
(leaping up)
My dear young lady -- what a pity!
(goes to her side)

DOLLY
Pity? I call it a bloomin' crime!
Now they won't take me for the
dentifrice ad on the telly!
(looking at miss-
ing tooth in
mirror)
Ooooooh! My career is ruined --
ruined!

Illya has taken up the "piece of glass" and now scratches
it on a water tumbler as the girl moans on.

55 INSERT OF WATER TUMBLER 55

The "piece of glass" cuts into the tumbler.

56 RESUME ILLYA AND DOLLY 56

Illya takes note of this phenomenon -- puts "glass"
back on table, glances up at:

57 COUNTER SECTION FROM ILLYA'S P.O.V. 57

Blodgett and his men, hearing the commotion, hurry from
the counter in Dolly's direction.

58 ILLYA AND DOLLY 58

as Blodgett comes up. Illya ducks behind onlookers..

BLODGETT
(smoothly)
I represent Pogue's Puddings,
madam. Accidents will happen,
and we don't like any trouble.

DOLLY
(angrily)
You don't, eh? Well, Mr. Pogue's
Pudding, would you buy tooth paste
if you saw this on the telly?

She opens her mouth, revealing a gaping hole.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

BLODGETT

No, but I'll buy this piece of glass from you for -- say fifty quid?

Dolly lights up. Now she holds up the water tumbler on her table.

DOLLY

For fifty quid I'd eat this!

Blodgett picks up the piece of "glass", hands her money and exits.

ZIP PAN TO:

59 INT. POGUE'S OFFICE - DAY

59

Solo finishes plum pudding as Victoria looks on impatiently.

VICTORIA

I really must get back to the kettles --

SOLO

You're sure you've never shipped to the Count de Foix or a Mr. Blodgett?

VICTORIA

Please sir -- you'll have to excuse me --

She retreats to the factory area. Solo looks after her for a moment and then, reluctantly, he exits.

60 EXT. FRONT OF FACTORY OFFICE

60

The instant Solo steps out he is stopped by:

ILLYA'S VOICE

(over communicator)

Hold it, friend, wherever you are. I'm at Chumley's Tea Shop. A girl just broke her tooth on an uncut blue-white.

SOLO

What do you know?

Turns, storms into the office again.

61 INT. FACTORY OFFICE

61

Solo re-enters, crosses quickly through the office and into factory at rear.

62 INT. FACTORY

62

A fairly large place, with women stirring ingredients into copper kettles with wooden paddles, tins of puddings being poured, a cold storage and shipping section to rear. Victoria is supervising as Solo enters.

SOLO

Sorry, but it is my duty to inform you that I represent the International Food and Health Commission.

VICTORIA

(shocked)

I might have known! Pussy-footing about! And what gives you leave to barge in here like a gored ox?

SOLO

We have a report that broken glass in a Pogue Pudding caused the death of the Viceroy of Maharala.

He starts probing about the place, turning over this and that, to the horror of the employees and Victoria.

VICTORIA

How dare you insinuate --

SOLO

We also have other reports. You ship to Chumley's, don't you?

VICTORIA

Chumley's --?

SOLO

Where's your shipping clerk?

Several employees indicate Freddy, who has just appeared from shipping department.

SOLO

(continuing)

Do you ship to Chumley's?

(CONTINUED)

FREDDY

Why -- yes, sir --

VICTORIA

But it's impossible! Our
ingredients are the purest!
Not in a hundred years has
Pogue's received a complaint!

SOLO

Stand aside, please. As guardian
of public health I am left with
no alternative --

To the horror of the onlookers he starts poking his
finger into one plum pudding, then another.

ZIP PAN TO:

63 INT. SOGGY PEAT SHAFT - TWILIGHT

63

Rain dripping in through timbers. Delgado huddled in
corner, trying to keep dry and warm. The two minions
stand impassive.

DELGADO

This is intolerable!

(rising)

To degrade Delgado with a hide-
out like this!

(pacing)

Since we're in a peat bog, can't
we have a little peat fire to
warm our hands?

The minions remain impassive.

DELGADO

(continuing)

Ah, to be in Dartmoor Prison,
locked in a maximum security cell!

(a pause)

Or better still -- to swing in a
hammock under a banana tree in
some sunny clime!

(pause)

Alas, poor Rafael! You steal
all the diamonds on earth, and
end up mouldering in a dank bog
like some rotting corpse!

(an idea)

Methinks I'll go to some cozy
inn or tavern and put up for
the night!

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

He starts out, but is stopped by two guns sticking in his ribs.

DELGADO

Methinks I won't.

(returns to corner, huddles up)

Out brief candle!

(snuffs the one candle: we are now in dark)

The duece of spades has trumped the King of Diamonds!

ZIP PAN TO:

64 INT. ROLLS - DUSK - CLOSE SHOT

64

Blodgett, in the tonneau, finishes counting stack of tins as three minions look on.

BLODGETT

-- ten -- eleven -- twelve!

(to driver)

On to Pogue's!

ZIP PAN TO:

65 INT. POGUE'S FACTORY - DUSK

65

The place is a shambles, as Solo, having upturned everything else, now turns to door labelled "COLD STORAGE".

SOLO

One more place to look --

Victoria blocks his way: she's had enough, but for fair.

VICTORIA

You're not going in there.

SOLO

Just a quick little looksee.

VICTORIA

Looksee! You've torn the place apart! Those are the Yuletide shipments -- you're not going to wreck Pogue's Christmas!

who appears in doorway, stops, looks on, not without some amusement.

SOLO

Aha, but the glass!

VICTORIA

(grabbing paddle)

Show me a piece of glass!

(holding paddle
over him)

Show me one piece!

(driving him back)

Who are you anyway?

SOLO

I told you --

VICTORIA

Show me your identification!

(seeing Illya)

You, sir -- will you please help!

ILLYA

(starting forward)

Is this man's conduct disorderly?

VICTORIA

He came in uninvited -- pretended to be someone else -- tore the place into tatters -- now he doesn't seem to know who he is!

ILLYA

Young man --

(lays heavy hand
on Solo)

Will you come peaceably, or must I use force?

SOLO

(he's had it, too)

I'll come.

VICTORIA

Thank you -- thank you so much!

ILLYA

It happens we're from U.N.C.L.E.
If you hear of any more glass in your puddings -- and by glass I mean diamonds -- call me at this number.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

He hands her a card, leads Solo out.

ILLYA
(continuing)
Come along there.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Victoria, the card in her hand. In a state of utter shock, she leans back against the wall.

VICTORIA
Diamonds!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

67 INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

67

Victoria, alone in the place, putting the last tin in place, suddenly thinks of something. She puzzles, or rather, struggles with her conscience for a moment, then strides to Shipping Department.

VICTORIA
Freddy!

FREDDY
(coming out)
Yes, ma'am?

VICTORIA
When you ran short of Domestic yesterday, didn't you borrow a dozen tins from Export?

FREDDY
Can't say as I recall, Ma'am --

VICTORIA
You complained all day about headaches and dizziness. Would that have anything to do with it?

FREDDY
(hanging his head
guiltily)
I'd have to think, ma'am.

Victoria goes past Freddy, marches straight to phone. She takes out Illya's card, dials number.

VOICE ON PHONE
Mayfair, here --

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

VICTORIA

May I speak to Mr. Kuryakin?

VOICE

He's not here at the moment. May
I take a message?

VICTORIA

Yes. Tell him he was right --
about the diamonds...

She says no more. A hand -- Freddy's hand -- claps over
her mouth, so that all that escapes is a GURGLE. Freddy's
other hand carefully hangs up the phone, as we hear:

VOICE ON PHONE

Hello -- hello there --

68 INT. CAR - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA 68
driving in car.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

(OVER communicator)

Mayfair reports hang-up on lady's
phone call --

69 INT. H.Q. - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - WAVERLY 69

WAVERLY

(continuing)

Last heard was a muffled cry.

70 RESUME SOLO AND ILLYA 70

ILLYA

The Plum Pudding Princess!

SCREECH of wheels as he turns sharp U-turn.

DIRECT CUT TO:

71 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT 71

A large motor van drives into dilapidated warehouse
adjoining run-down pub -- the "LION'S HEAD". A man
leaps out, closes door behind van.

72 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

72

KRAUSE, the strong-arm man, and five other "family" men leap out of van. Krause opens secret wall panel and they all go in.

73 INT. POGUE'S COLD STORAGE ROOM

73

The secret panel has opened into the rear of this room. The men file quickly in.

KRAUSE
(indicating Xanadu
cartons)
Load that lorry!

They start working at breakneck speed. Krause's attention is attracted o.s. He moves into:

74 INT. FACTORY ROOM - NIGHT

74

Freddy, just finishing binding and gagging Victoria, turns to Krause triumphantly as he enters.

FREDDY
She put the finger on the stuff,
she did! Nipped her in the bud,
I did -- afore she could cry
Charley!

KRAUSE
(to two of his
men)
Put her in the lorry.

The men lay hands on Victoria and pull her, struggling, off.

FREDDY
(grinning queasily)
That makes up for me gettin'
squiffed and bunglin' the ship-
ment, now don't it?

KRAUSE
Not to Mr. Blodgett, it doesn't!

He pumps a "zip-gun" bullet into Freddy, who crashes dead across a kettle before the horrified eyes of Victoria, being hustled out.

KRAUSE
Move along, or you get it next.

She goes peaceably.

39.

75 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SOLO AND ILLYA IN CAR 75
speeding back.

76 INT. WAREHOUSE 76
The men are stacking cartons in the van. The last carton goes in, then Krause and a man start lifting Victoria in.

77 EXT. FRONT OF FACTORY - NIGHT 77
Solo and Illya race up, kick down Eighteenth Century door, charge in, drawing guns.

78 INT. FACTORY ROOM - NIGHT 78
Solo and Illya burst in from front office, see Freddy's body sprawled over the kettle, see open door to COLD STORAGE. They move to it.

79 ANGLE SHOOTING OVER SOLO AND ILLYA - INTO COLD STORAGE ROOM 79
A huge gap where the Xanadu shipment has been cleaned out -- the open door leading to warehouse, through which can be seen Krause and men pushing Victoria into van, closing door on her. The van starts up as Krause and men leap into driver's compartment. Solo and Illya FIRE their guns.

80 CLOSE SHOT - TWO FRONT TIRES OF VAN 80
There are two tires on each wheel. One of these goes BANG!

81 INT. WAREHOUSE 81
Krause and men leap from van, Krause FIRING his zip-gun.

82 ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA 82
The bullet zings by them. They cast themselves behind some crates.

SOLO
Draw them off --
(indicating side
door)
I'll go for the Princess --

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

He starts crawling behind crates towards rear of van, while Illya half-rises, plunges towards side door, deliberately knocking over a stack of hogsheads with a CRASH. Krause FIRES into hogsheads and he and his men close in on Illya.

83 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - BLODGETT IN ROLLS

83

BLODGETT
(into communicator)
Move Delgado to Croydon.
(looking at watch)
Let's see what's holding up the
lorry.

The driver zooms off.

84 INT. WAREHOUSE - ANGLE FAVORING ILLYA

84

Backs through side door into pub, FIRING gun. The men crash in after him.

85 ANGLE FAVORING SOLO

85

unlatching back doors of van. Krause whirls on him, shooting, knocking Solo's gun from hand. Solo leaps at him with double-kick, knocking Krause's gun loose.

86 INT. WAREHOUSE

86

Solo and Illya leap into rear of van. Solo starts untying Victoria, while Illya climbs through into cab. The Organization men and Blodgett appear, surrounding van. Illya finds a zip-gun sticking into his face. Solo, starting out with Victoria from the rear of the van, finds himself looking into the gun and scarred face of Blodgett.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

87 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - VAN RUMBLING ALONG
followed by Rolls.

87

88 INT. TONNEAU ROLLS - BLODGETT AND KRAUSE

88

KRAUSE

We are nearing London Bridge,
sir. May I suggest we shoot
the three captives and drop
them in the river?

BLODGETT

By no means! I need them alive
so they can be killed to serve
a purpose!

KRAUSE

And what, may I ask, is that?

BLODGETT

I have it arranged so Delgado
will kill them with his own hand.
A magnificent and gory death!
Then Delgado will be a sworn-in
member of the "family" -- sealed
to us forever by blood.

KRAUSE

Excellent!
(chuckling)
That will shut his blabbering
mouth!

BLODGETT

It will also kill his vainglory!

89 INT. VAN

89

Solo and Illya and Victoria are on the floor, hog-tied.
Victoria is still gagged -- but not Solo or Illya.

SOLO

(reading off crate)
Croydon Airport. Nothing more
delightful than an unscheduled
flight to one knows not where!

(CONTINUED)

ILLYA

At least we've got plum pudding
to eat -- that is, if you like
uncut diamonds.

SOLO

(to Victoria)

Ever take the Grand Tour, Miss
Pogue?

She just stares at him.

SOLO

(continuing)

Ever been out of jolly old
England?

Again the stare.

ILLYA

Sorry you had to get mixed up
in this, Princess. Nothing we
can do about it -- at the moment.

SOLO

Our hands are tied, so to speak.

ILLYA

I'm glad you said that.

SOLO

(to Victoria)

Miss Pogue -- may I call you
Victoria?

She nods.

SOLO

(continuing)

Pogue's Plum Puddings, at the
moment, are the most priceless
puddings in the world.

ILLYA

Some of your puddings are stuffed
with stolen uncut diamonds --
a billion dollars worth.

Now her eyes stare in complete amazement.

SOLO

You ship all over the world.
Puddings go through Customs --
diamonds don't.

(CONTINUED)

ILLYA

The lady can't get a word in
edgewise. It's a little unfair
to leave her hung up like this.

SOLO

So it is.

(rolls over and
sinks teeth into
knot of her gag)

I'll try not to bite your dainty
little ear.

(looking her over)

Or maybe I will.

(yanks loose slip-
knot with his teeth)

VICTORIA

A billion dollars! Pogue's
Puddings stuffed with a billion
dollars worth of diamonds!

ILLYA

Personally I prefer pecans -- or
maybe almonds. But there's no
accounting for the taste of
thieves.

VICTORIA

And to think they picked me!
Little old Victoria Pogue!

SOLO

Victoria. Is that short for
Victorian?

VICTORIA

I guess you could say so. There's
never been much excitement in my
life. And now all this is happen-
ing!

ILLYA

Let's not get too romantic,
Princess. These people can get
pretty nasty.

VICTORIA

Somehow I feel safe -- with you
two.

SOLO

(appreciating her)

Under ordinary circumstances, you
might not be.

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED - (3):

89

ILLYA

We're not really the brotherly types.

VICTORIA

I'm glad.

(pause)

I'm going to think of it this way -- I've never gone out with two men before.

SOLO

We're flattered.

ILLYA

We're doubly flattered.

A "FAMILY" man has opened a panel from cab and now, by means of an ejector, sprays the cab with a foggy gas. Instantly, the three start passing into unconsciousness.

ILLYA

(continuing)

Ethyl oxide --

(passing out)

Sleeping -- gas --

SOLO

(to Victoria)

Now you're really going out with two men. Pleasant dreams, sweet Princess.

VICTORIA

(bravely)

Pleasant dreams --

All three are out now.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 EXT. AIRPORT CUSTOMS HOUSE - NIGHT AND FOG

90

Trucks, freight loaders passing this way and that. CAMERA PICKS UP the Rolls and our lorry, which move to and stop at dark corner.

91 ANGLE - DELGADO AND TWO "FAMILY" MINIONS

91

standing behind freight. Delgado's eyes light up as Blodgett, Krause and other minions move in.

(CONTINUED)

DELGADO

Gentlemen! Glad to see you're
on time for the bon voyage!

BLODGETT

Get back out of that light!
You're the most wanted man in
England!

(to Krause)

Signal the plane to rev up!

(to another)

Where's that manifest on the
Pogue Plum Puddings?

Another "FAMILY" man comes running in, grabs Blodgett.

MAN

They're stopping Pogue's Plum
Puddings! Ripping open every
tin!

BLODGETT

UNCLE'S gotten word in! We'll
shoot our way to the plane.

DELGADO

Is that your only answer for
everything -- violence? They'll
alert the Royal Air Force and
shoot us down in five minutes!

BLODGETT

Perhaps we can get through in
the fog!

DELGADO

We have Delgado here. Instead
of violence we have a brain.

He starts off.

BLODGETT

Where are you going?

DELGADO

(over his shoulder)
Presto -- you will see it!

Leaping onto a crate he takes down the sign on the
Customs House which reads "EXPORTS" and exchanges it
with a sign above an adjoining gate which reads "IMPORTS".

93 TRAFFIC SNARL IN FOG

93

Trucks, cars, freight loaders turning this way and that.
HORN HONKINGS.

ZIP PAN TO:

94 CUSTOMS COMMISSIONER IN CONTROL TOWER

94

CUSTOMS COMMISSIONER
(grabbing up mike)
Something's gone wrong. All im-
ports turn back at once to entry
points. All exports re-route to
Imports, but do not return to
entry point of exports. Correc-
tion. Imports.

95 ANGLE - BLODGETT AND GROUP, INCLUDING DELGADO

95

CUSTOMS COMMISSIONER'S VOICE
(booming OVER)
Repeat! All imports turn back at
once to entry points. All exports
re-route -- etc. etc.

BLODGETT
(over the above)
What's he saying --?

DELGADO
Let us go through the turmoil
and pandemonium and fly, fly
away!

ZIP PAN TO:

96 EXT. CARGO PLANE FLYING THROUGH THE NIGHT - (STOCK)

96

97 INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

97

In front sit Delgado and Blodgett. To rear, Krause and
"FAMILY" men. To rear of them stacks of cartons of plum
puddings. The three captives are not in sight.

BLODGETT
(with deliberate
solicitude)
More caviar, Delgado?

(CONTINUED)

DELGADO

By all means!

(pouring himself
champagne)

What poetic justice! From the
confines of a cell at Dartmoor
to the freedom of the heavens!
And although our hearts are light,
our precious cargo is not.

(lifts glass)

I drink to Rafael Delgado, who
has accumulated the very treasury
of the earth!

BLODGETT

(eyes gleaming
with malice)

To Rafael Delgado!

They drink. Delgado gags a little, as, from the rear,
there is heard the murmuring of a FEMALE VOICE.

DELGADO

Do I hear the heavenly voice of
an angel?

BLODGETT

You do. And we also brought
along two old friends of yours.
(snaps fingers)
Bring them out.

A couple of minions start back.

98 ANGLE - VICTORIA, SOLO AND ILLYA

98

on floor behind cartons, still tied. Victoria's eyes
are opened. Solo and Illya are beginning to stir.
One of the "FAMILY" men pulls Victoria up, cutting her
bonds, pushing her forward. The other dumps a pitcher
of water on Solo and Illya, bringing them around.

99 WIDE ANGLE ON FRONT

99

Delgado's eyes light up as he sees Victoria. Victoria
looks at them all with wonder and disapproval, but no
trace of fear.

DELGADO

(rising)

Please do join us!

(indicates seat)

(CONTINUED)

BLODGETT

It is Miss Victoria Pogue. We were obliged to bring her along.

DELGADO

Ah! Pogue's Puddings! Delighted! We are partners, in a sense.

VICTORIA

Against my will, I assure you.

DELGADO

Dear me! We'll have to make amends.

(passing her glass)
Do start with champagne and caviar.

He hands her a glass, raises his.

DELGADO

(continuing)
May our partnership blossom into friendship!

He drinks. She does not.

DELGADO

(continuing)
You're not drinking.

VICTORIA

There is no partnership. I've dissolved it.

DELGADO

(graciously)
Then I apologize -- and withdraw the toast.

At this gesture, Victoria sits tentatively, sips at her champagne. Delgado's attention is attracted by:

SOLO'S VOICE

Napoleon at Austerlitz!

Delgado is not at all displeased by sight of:

100 WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE SOLO AND ILLYA

100

moving up, untied, water dripping from their heads. They, too, are not displeased at sight of Delgado.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

DELGADO

We meet again! Enchante!

SOLO & ILLYA

Enchante!

The pleasure is ours!

They sit down. Solo manages a wafer of caviar.

BLODGETT

(relishing it)

I thought it would be a happy
reunion!

DELGADO

Of course you did turn out to
be a bit of a disappointment.
Leading me on to believe Delgado's
story would be immortalized on
film!

SOLO

We may still immortalize it on
the police records.

ILLYA

Which is better than no place.

DELGADO

(chuckling)

True -- true!

BLODGETT

Except that the place you are
going there are no police records.

DELGADO

Nor, may I add, any chance to
escape to where there are police
records.

VICTORIA

Where, might I ask, is that?

ILLYA

That's a fair question.

DELGADO

And you will get a fair answer.
It is, you see, on the face of
Mother Earth.

They chuckle mildly at the joke, including Blodgett.

DISSOLVE TO:

51-97
OUT

EXT. CARGO PLANE FLYING THROUGH THE NIGHT - (STOCK)

98

INT. CARGO PLANE - NIGHT

99

In front sit Delgado and Blodgett. To rear, Knox and "FAMILY" men. To rear of them stacks of cartons of plum puddings.

ANGLE - BLODGETT AND DELGADO

100

Champagne and caviar are beside them. Delgado, relaxed and full of himself, is enjoying this moment. Blodgett, who is not, looks to Delgado with ill concealed animosity.

DELGADO

More caviar, my friend?

BLODGETT

No thanks -- the stuff's too rich for my stomach.

100
CONT'D
(2)

DELGADO

The trouble with you is you have no appreciation of the rich contrasts that life can bring. Only a moment ago - saved by a hair from the prison cell, and now - flying through the air with a billion dollars worth of glittering diamonds, and a glass of champagne in my hand --

(lifts his glass)

Perhaps, instead of caviar, you would prefer a bit of Pogue's Pudding.

BLODGETT

I've tasted enough Pogue's Pudding today to last me a lifetime.

DELGADO

Ah, but one never tires of that delicious diamond flavoring! Who but Delgado would have thought of that?

BLODGETT (turning on him)

I'll tell you one thing I'm tired of - it's your incessant bragging.

DELGADO

You'd love to be rid of me, wouldn't you, Blodgett?

Blodgett angrily pours himself another glass of champagne, gulps it down as though trying to shut Delgado off.

DELGADO

Which reminds me - it so happens that the diamond mine is one of the richest sources of tax revenue in all of Brazil. And I don't think the Government there would like to see anything happen to its owner.

BLODGETT

I must hand it to you. You think of everything, don't you?

101 EXT. MINING COMPOUND - DAY

101

A minor Stalag 17. Barbed wire, machine gun towers, a guard leading hounds on patrol. In b.g. is desolate countryside. The company from the plane can be seen moving towards guarded entrance.

102 ANGLE - ENTRANCE

102

Blodgett leads company in.

DELGADO
(looking around,
highly pleased)
Wouldn't recognize the old place!
You've done wonders with it.

BLODGETT
Thank you.
(stops before H.Q.)
Luisa!

A passing native GIRL stops.

BLODGETT
(continuing)
Take Miss Pogue to the bamboo
hut.

LUISA
Come.

VICTORIA
Well --
(throwing Solo and
Illya a look)
You said I'd see some scenery.
(goes with Luisa)

BLODGETT

To Delgado....

100
CONT'D
(3)

He cannot bring himself to finish the toast.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CARGO SECTION OF PLANE

101

CAMERA PANS ALONG a row of cartons, stops at one. Now we see the point of a knife protrude through the side of the carton, and in a moment a small round hole has been cut out.

INT. THE CARTON - SOLO AND VICTORIA

102

huddled together - by necessity - quite intimately. Solo puts the knife back into his pocket.

SOLO (sniffing)

Air - beautiful air.

VICTORIA

It sounds like we're on a plane.
Where do you suppose we are going.

SOLO

Not the slightest inkling.

VICTORIA

I always thought that an unscheduled flight to one knows not where was the greatest delight imaginable but now I'm not so sure.

Solo looks at her. He doesn't mind the proximity at all. And neither does Victoria.

SOLO

Neither am I, but I always believe one must make the most of what the chance or fate has offered. May I call you Victoria?

VICTORIA

You mean you no longer believe I am one of those diamond thieves?

SOLO

Touche. Am I forgiven?

102

CONT'D

(2)

VICTORIA

Considering we're in such close quarters
do I have a choice?

SOLO

Victoria. Is that for the Queen?

VICTORIA

No. It's short for Victorian. You've
no idea what a proper family I come
from. And now all this happening!

SOLO

Let's not get too romantic about it.
These people can get pretty nasty.

VICTORIA

Somehow I feel safe - with you.

SOLO (appreciating her)

Under ordinary circumstances, you might
not be.

(as she eyes him warmly)

I'm not really the brotherly type.

VICTORIA (smiles)

I hope not.

Solo pats her hand, squirms a bit in order to reach his
communicator, all of which only increases the sense of
intimacy between the two. Now Solo speaks into the
communicator:

SOLO

Overseas relay, Channel D....

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE

103

Waverly, speaking into his communicator.

WAVERLY

Yes, Mr. Solo, I've been wondering
where you were.

(listens; eyebrows lifting)

SOLO

I know you'll find this hard to believe, sir - but I'm not quite in a position to tell you anything except that I'm in mid-air somewhere, with a cargo of plum puddings and most of Peacock's diamonds.

Victoria tries to stifle a sneeze, cannot.

VICTORIA

Oh, my! I'm sorry.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

That was definitely not a plum pudding I just heard, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Perhaps not, sir, but I assure you she is equally delectable.

(introducing, very properly)

Mr. Waverly - Miss Victoria Pogue.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Miss Pogue.

Solo holds the communicator to Victoria.

VICTORIA

So nice to meet you, sir.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE

104X1

A girl hands him a note.

WAVERLY

Control informs me they have triangulated your position, Mr. Solo. You're off the coast of Venezuela heading south.

INT. CARTON

104X2

SOLO

Thanks.

WAVERLY'S VOICE
In the meantime - see that no harm
comes to Miss Pogue.

104X2
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (an eye on Victoria)
I'm doing my best, sir.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE

105

ON Waverly. He hangs up (or whatever one does with a communicator), puts on headset, presses a button, listens, removes headset. Now he takes up communicator again.

WAVERLY (into communicator)
Get me Mr. Kuryakin, please....
(pause)
Mr. Kuryakin, what are you doing at
the moment?

INT. CAR - ILLYA

106

ILLYA (into communicator)
Except for speaking to you, sir -
nothing. Absolutely nothing.

WAVERLY'S VOICE
I've just had a conversation with our
mutual friend.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE

107

WAVERLY (cont'd; into
communicator)
He is in a plane over South America.

ILLYA'S VOICE
I feel Brazil coming on.

WAVERLY
The feeling is mutual. I suggest you
drop in on our man in Rio.

ZIP PAN TO:

It is a banana shop instead of Florio's. Illya goes in.

INT. UNCLE'S OFFICE - DAY

108

We are in the tropics now, and the atmosphere and decor of the office reflect this. The furniture is bamboo, and overhead fans circulate air. At the desk, in tropical whites, sits the head of UNCLE's Brazilian operation, a handsome man in his early fifties named RAFINI. Standing beside his desk, going over papers with him, are two sturdy young Negro men, also in whites. They are GOMEZ and AMAYA. Rafini rises.

RAFINI

Good to see you, Mr. Kuryakin.

(introducing)

I want you to meet agents Gomez and Amaya.

Illya and the two Brazilian agents exchange greetings, shake hands. Illya sneezes, takes out a handkerchief, puts it to his nose.

ILLYA

Excuse me. I've been fighting a cold and a headache. Personally, I think I prefer THRUSH.

Rafini presses a button, speaks into the intercom.

RAFINI

Some aspirin for Mr. Kuryakin, please.

GOMEZ (to Illya)

Signor Rafini has briefed us on your mission.

ILLYA

Then perhaps someone can brief me.
Up to now, I've been flying blind.

RAFINI

Control here has located the mine we think you're after. To get there secretly will involve a little trip up the Amazon.

ILLYA

Not without a paddle, I trust.

108

CONT'D

(2)

RAFINI (smiles)

These two gentlemen know the river as well as anyone in Brazil.

A GIRL enters and hands Illya an aspirin and a glass of water.

ILLYA

Thank you so much. Shall we go?

RAFINI (sighs)

I wish I were twenty years younger.
I'd be tempted to go along with you.

ILLYA

If I were twenty years older I'd be tempted to stay here.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. MINING COMPOUND - DAY

109

in a jungle clearing. A minor Stalag 17. Barbed wire, machine gun towers, a guard leading hounds on patrol. In B.G. is jungle country.

ANGLE - AIRSTRIP

110

which has been hacked out of the countryside. The cargo plane has just landed.

CLOSE ON PLANE

111

Blodgett, with Knox and Delgado, step out.

DELGADO

Here we are, gentlemen. Welcome to the world's richest diamond mine.

BLODGETT

Not yet.

(to Knox)

Get the men started unloading.

Knox nods, moves off.

EXT. REAR OF PLANE

112

The cargo door has been opened, and the men, under Knox's direction, are removing tins and cartons from the plane to a flat-bed truck. Blodgett, arriving on scene, looks on.

SHOOTING FROM WITHIN PLANE

113

Two men struggle with a large carton, having difficulty getting it down the ramp of the plane.

INT. THE CARTON

114

As the carton tilts one way and another, Solo and Victoria, clinging to each other, hold their breath.

Now the carton stops tilting. Deathly silence for a long, long moment. Solo, suspicious, turns his head, looks toward the little round hole he had carved in the side of the carton.

CLOSE SHOT - THE HOLE - SOLO'S POV

115

and an eye staring into the carton.

INT. THE CARTON

116

Solo shudders, turns back to Victoria.

SOLO (quietly)
Company's come.

EXT. REAR OF PLANE - AND THE CARTON ON THE GROUND

117

The eye we saw was Knox's. He stiffens, points to the carton, yells to his men:

KNOX
Open! Open it up!

A couple of men with crowbars go to work on the top of the carton. Blodgett, puzzled, moves up to join the group.

Now the top of the carton is pried open, revealing Solo and Victoria. Blodgett's eyes bulge in surprise as the men haul Solo and Victoria out of the carton.

117
CONT'D
(2)

BLODGETT (relishing it)

Well, well - this is a more precious cargo than I thought!

(to Solo)

And where is your partner, Mr. Solo?

SOLO (drily)

I'm sorry there was room only for two in the carton.

WIDER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE DELGADO

118

who, having heard the commotion, returns to the group. He beams.

DELGADO

We meet again! Encantado.

SOLO

I wish I could share the sentiment.

DELGADO

I wasn't speaking to you.

(to Victoria)

I hadn't expected you in Brazil so soon, Miss Pogue. How good of you to accept my invitation.

SOLO

Through no fault of hers, Mr. Delgado, she's here as my guest - not yours.

Blodgett steps forward, turns to his men.

BLODGETT

Take them out and shoot them!

The men move in on Solo and Victoria.

DELGADO

Just a moment - you're on my territory now and I would like to handle this in my own way.

BLODGETT

I don't care which way as long as they
end up dead.

118

CONT'D

(2)

DELGADO

I can assure you that no one has ever
survived.

(pause for effect)

The Portuguese parterara.

Blodgett and Knox exchange a puzzled glance.

BLODGETT

The Portuguese what?

DELGADO

Porterara. The parterara is a small
cannon. In the days of the Conquista-
dores it was used to execute rebellious
native chiefs. They were tied to the
porterara's muzzle - then the cannon
was fired and their bodies scattered
to the four winds.

BLODGETT

I like it. Where is that porterara?

DELGADO

It will take a bit of time, Mr. Blodgett.
The cannons have not been fired in
years. They must be made ready. May
I suggest - dawn?

Blodgett considers.

BLODGETT

Dawn? Sounds just right for a proper
execution.

DELGADO

Tie them up and throw them into the
mine.

As the men grab Solo and Victoria and move them off --

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

119-120
OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. SECTION OF THE AMAZON - (STOCK) - DAY

121

A decrepit old putt-putt river boat makes its way up the river.

CLOSE ANGLE

122

ON Illya, Gomez and Amaya. The three are dressed in identical native costume now, with straw hats to protect them from the blazing sun. Gomez and Amaya pound out a crazy and continuous rhythm on a pair of bongo drums. Illya, his eyes closed, holds his head in his hands in pain as he listens.

ILLYA

Gentlemen, please.....!

GOMEZ

We can't stop now.

AMAYA

You've noticed the natives have all been friendly.

Illya glumly nods. The two men keep pounding.

GOMEZ

You know around here their hobby is chopping your head off, then shrinking it.

ILLYA

I'm not so sure I wouldn't prefer that.

As the bongo beat continues --

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MINE TUNNEL - NIGHT

123

Solo and Victoria, hands and feet tied, are struggling to try to free themselves.

SOLO

If you can bear to turn your back on me, I'll give it another try.

Victoria turns, and he tries, with his teeth, to loosen the bonds that hold her wrists. After a moment or two he gives up.

SOLO

Sorry, Victoria.

They get to a sitting position now.

VICTORIA

It's cold in here.

SOLO

You mean you're no longer enjoying your adventure?

VICTORIA

I never thought Pogue's Pudding kitchen could seem so attractive.

They are alerted by a SOUND from O.S. In a moment Delgado rides in on a small mining cart.

DELGADO

Greetings, my friends.

SOLO

Friends, since when?

DELGADO

Never mind that, I come on a mission of good will.

He steps from the cart, starts cutting Victoria's bonds.

DELGADO

Much as it is against my principles to find myself on the side of law and order, I am compelled to make an exception in this case.

SOLO

To what do we owe this fortunate
change in the wind - ?

123

CONT'D

(2)

DELGADO

What is there left for a man like me?
My master plan has been completed.
There is nothing left but to sit and
clip coupons. And that is not for
Delgado. Just outside the compound
there is a little stream. There I
have a canoe, a guide, and provisions.
(he unties Solo now)

You, Mr. Solo, and you, Miss Pogue,
and I, Delgado, are bidding farewell
to beautiful Brazil.

SOLO

Don't tell me you're going to abandon
a billion dollars worth of diamonds
to your friend Blodgett?

DELGADO

Now, really, Mr. Solo.

He goes to the cart.

DELGADO

While those oafs - Blodgett and Knox
- sit in the strong room with your
lovely pudding, Miss Pogue ---
(removes tarpaulin, revealing
container with a mound of
glittering diamonds)
Behold -- !

As Solo and Victoria stare at the treasure:

DELGADO

It took a bit of doing. If you will
pardon me, Miss Pogue, I doubt if I
can ever face another of your puddings.

SOLO

I suppose it's not considered ethical
to ask you how you managed this?

DELGADO

There is no time now. Later, as we
paddle up the Amazon, I will be glad
to give you the final chapter in the
chronicles of Peacock's diamond hoard.
(gesturing)

Come.

123
CONT'D
(3)

Delgado covers the diamonds again, picks up the container,
and the three of them move off.

CUT TO:

INT. BRAZILIAN VAULT

123X1

Blodgett and Knox are seated at a desk. Surrounding them
are piles of tins of pudding. Perhaps there are a couple
of henchmen in B.G.

BLODGETT

Let me tell you something, Knox.
This operation would be perfect -
but for one flaw.

KNOX

Named Delgado?

Blodgett nods.

BLODGETT

If there were only a way --

KNOX
We could always kill him.

123X1
CONT'D
(2)

BLODGETT (considering)
Somehow, it's too good for him.

ANGLE - DOOR

123X2

A key is turned in the lock - the door opens - and a
Henchman comes in with tea for Blodgett and Knox. He
sets it before them, leaves.

KNOX
Here we are - surrounded by the world's
finest plum pudding - and I haven't
eaten in hours.

BLODGETT
Help yourself. Just don't get any
diamonds stuck in your teeth.

Knox goes to a tin, opens it, gasps.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TIN

123X3

It is empty.

BACK TO KNOX

123X4

He opens another tin. It too is empty. He hurries over
to Blodgett.

KNOX
We've been robbed!

Blodgett locks, pales.

BLODGETT
Delgado!

They run out of the room.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SECTION OF COMPOUND - NIGHT

123X5

Two peons are busily cleaning and preparing two of the several cannons in the "Plaza", in preparation for tomorrow morning's executions.

NEW ANGLE

123X6

ON Solo, Victoria and Delgado as they move silently along, in shadows, toward the edge of the compound. Delgado carries a saddle bag over his shoulder.

Suddenly lights flash on from the tower, and a SIREN SOUNDS. Solo, Victoria and Delgado freeze.

A moment later, Blodgett, Knox and "FAMILY" men rush up. All of them are armed. Blodgett moves up to Delgado.

BLODGETT

Double-crosser! Thief!

He pulls open one of the saddle bags, revealing the diamonds.

BLODGETT (explosively,

in Italian)

Scum of the earth! Betrayer! Lowest of the low!

KNOX

If you'll step aside, sir - I'll drill him.

BLODGETT

No! I have a better idea.

(to Delgado)

As a matter of fact it was yours.

The Portuguese parterara!

(turns to peons)

Make ready a third cannon!

ZIP PAN TO:

124-127
OUT

EXT. A SMALL TRIBUTARY OF AMAZON - DAY

128

The river is narrower here, and Illya and his two Brazilian companions have transferred to a canoe.

CLOSER ANGLE

129

In the center of the canoe is their gear, including bolo whips, which we will see in action later. At the rear of the canoe, Amaya paddles. Up front Gomez - and Illya - are pounding out a mad beat on the two bongo drums. CAMERA MOVES FURTHER IN TO:

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

130

pounding away like an expert - and loving it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "OLD PLAZA" - DAWN

131

Here, amidst heavy brush, stand the ruins of a former plaza. An equestrian statue, three bull-nosed ancient cannons, a small pyramid of cannon balls. Several "FAMILY" men are at the cannons, ram-rodding home the powder and shot.

NEW ANGLE

132

We HEAR the SOUND of a bugle. In a moment, Knox and the rest of the "FAMILY" men, all armed (we use the umbrella gag), march into the plaza. With them are a dozen local men armed with guns.

In the center of the group, well-guarded, are Solo, Victoria and Delgado.

The group comes to a halt in front of the cannons, just as the men finish loading them.

132
CCNT'D
(2)

KNOX

Here we are - the Portuguese parterara.
(to guards)

We're ready!

"FAMILY" men seize Solo, Victoria and Delgado and proceed to rope them to the cannons - standing up, their backs to the muzzles.

ZIP PAN TO:

133
OUT

EXT. JUNGLE

134

Illya, Gomez and Amaya chop their way through jungle country toward the clearing. All three are armed, and each has a bolo whip wrapped around his body.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. "PLAZA"

135

Delgado, Solo and Victoria are all firmly tied to the cannons now. Knox comes up to Blodgett.

KNOX

We're ready, sir.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COMPOUND WALLS - DAY

135X1

Illya, Gomez and Amaya, their bolo whips in hand, emerge from the jungle and race toward the compound's outer wall and watch tower.

Illya lashes out with his bolo. The whip encircles the guard on the tower, throwing him to the ground. A second bolo fastens to a post on top of tower. Illya starts climbing up - the other two following.

EXT. PLAZA

135X2

Delgado, Solo and Victoria are all firmly tied to the cannons now. Blodgett steps back, pleased, turns to Knox.

BLODGETT

(a command)

The torch!

Knox lights the torch, and prepares to light the fuses.

EXT. WATCH TOWER

135X3

Illya and the two agents take in the tableau. Illya fires.

CLOSE - KNOX

135X4

He drops, hit.

ANGLE ON BLODGETT

135X5

He looks up, shouts.

BLODGETT

UNCLE!

Several shots ring out as the "FAMILY" men open fire. Blodgett, retreating, pumps bullets into Delgado.

CLOSE - DELGADO

135X6

He is hurt.

ANGLE - ILLYA

135X7

He leaps from the parapet onto a donkey cart. As he starts to cut the ties that bind Solo, Victoria and Delgado, the two other agents cover him with firing.

ILLYA (to Victoria)

Down, Princess!

Victoria flattens herself on the ground.

SOLO (as Illya
releases him)
Next time try not to wait till the
last minute.

135X7
CONT'D
(2)

Solo, Illya and a dying Delgado grab the three cannons,
turn them quickly around to face Blodgett and group.

ILLYA
Next time try not to go so far up
the Amazon.

Now they fire the three cannons -- BOOM! - BOOM! - BOOM! -
at the "FAMILY" group.

ANGLE - BLODGETT

135X8

He falls dead. The others flee.

136-141
OUT

ANGLE - DELGADO

142

He slowly sinks to the ground. Solo, Illya and Victoria
bend down over him.

VICTORIA
Don Rafael! You've been shot!

DELGADO (weakly)
You must not weep for me, my dear.
Had nothing really left to live for.
Not ever could I hope to top the
Peacock job.
(manages a smile as he looks
to Solo)

SOLO
Nobody ever will. You're still the
King of Diamonds.

Delgado dies with the smile on his face and Solo's words
in his ears.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE IN RIO - DAY

143

Victoria is seated between Solo and Illya. Tall cool drinks are before them. Perhaps there is gay Brazilian MUSIC being played in B.G.

VICTORIA

I'm only sorry Mr. Delgado can't be here with us.

Solo looks off into space.

SOLO (musing)

At this very moment, if I were in charge, I'd double the guard on the pearly gates!

ILLYA

Where Mr. Delgado has taken up residence, I don't believe they go in for that type of architecture.

A BEEPLER SOUNDS, interrupting them. Solo takes his communicator from his pocket, speaks into it.

SOLO

Yes, sir.

CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER TABLE

143X1

A gentleman sits at the table, a newspaper hiding his face. He lowers the newspaper, and we see - Waverly. He rises, goes to:

SOLO'S TABLE

143X2

Solo and Illya react in surprise as they see Waverly.

WAVERLY

I must inform you - I have another sort of bird waiting in the wings for you.

SOLO

THRUSH?

WAVERLY

You will report to headquarters
tomorrow.

(to Victoria)

And as for you, young lady - I
advise a return to the pudding factory.

143X2
CONT'D
(2)

VICTORIA

And this time - if I stick in my thumb,
I hope what I pull out is only a plum!

WAVERLY

I'll drink to that.

As he takes Solo's glass, raises it and drinks --

FADE OUT.

THE END