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

*See Paris and
Die Affair*

THE GLITTERING AFFAIR

Prod. #7442

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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

The Glittering Affair

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN PARIS STREET - EARLY MORNING - FULL SHOT FROM ABOVE AI

We are looking down from a window high above a deserted street. CAMERA PANS a bit TO RIGHT, picking up a fast-moving car as it approaches. CAMERA PANS back to a spot directly below its position, and ZOOMS IN on the sidewalk just as the car goes by. ZOOMING IN even further, we discover a large suitcase which, having just been tossed from the car, skids to a stop on the sidewalk.

CLOSE SHOT - SUITCASE

BI

As it comes to rest on the sidewalk, two pairs of Men's feet ENTER FRAME from the shadows of a building. One of the men reaches down and picks up the suitcase. CAMERA MOVES WITH the suitcase as the two pairs of legs carry it off down the deserted street.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARIS - STREET FRONTING NIGHT CLUB - DAY - FULL SHOT

1

There is a padlock on the door of the club. The ground before the entrance has not been swept for quite a while, and an old newspaper has been blown up against the door. The facade is neglected, and it is in faded, chipping paint that the name "LE ROUE" is seen above the bolted doors.

CAMERA PANS slightly to discover the two men as they approach the club. They are MAX VAN SCHREETEN and his employee, CORIO. Tall and in his mid-thirties, Max's continental bearing is impressively suave. He is dark, almost gaunt, and speaks with a Dutch accent. Corio is an American, and while his hulking presence contrasts sharply with that of Max, he has a shrewd, alert look which tells us that he is

something more than a mere nondescript hunk of beef. They halt in the gutter before the night club. Max carries the suitcase.

1
CONT'D
(2)

2 OUT

ANOTHER CLOSER ANGLE

3

Pulling out a key, Max hands it to Corio. And pursuant to Max's slight directorial nod, Corio unlocks the doors. They enter the night club.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - DAY - FULL SHOT

4

as Max and Corio come through the door. Chairs have been stacked upside down on tables and then covered with bedsheets, as has everything on the small bandstand. The place has fallen into musty disrepair. Both Max and Corio glance around the place perfunctorily as they APPROACH CAMERA, but their main preoccupation is with reaching the table in f.g. After Corio removes the chairs for him, Max lays the briefcase down in the center of the table - and stares at it.

CLOSE SHOT - BRIEFCASE

5

Max's hands move INTO FRAME to unlatch and open the briefcase. Inside, stacked together in both top and bottom, and held in neat little piles by leather straps, is an unbelievable amount of money. CAMERA TILTS UPWARD to Max's face. It reflects great pride of accomplishment. CAMERA TILTS DOWNWARD again to the briefcase, and MOVES IN to a VERY CLOSE SHOT of its center latch.

MAX

Ah, my friend...

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT OF ILLYA

6

as he listens, through earphones, to Max.

MAX'S VOICE (filtered)
...the world should be witnessing
this moment.

6
CONT'D
(2)

Illya grins sardonically, nods courteously to the receiver, then brings forth his pocket radio, which he switches on. He removes the earphones, but continues to hold them close to his head - still listening with half an ear as he speaks. A tape recorder is plugged into the set and continues to play.

ILLYA (into radio)
Overseas relay channel open,
please; Number two, Section Two...
Napoleon? They're quite punctual
about picking garbage off the
sidewalk here in Paris. So, you
may now indulge your nefarious
flare for the dramatic...

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. BRONX STREET - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

6X1

of Solo. He stands in the shadows of a building. As he talks to Illya on his pocket radio, he is looking down the street, and has seen something which quickens his interest.

SOLO (into radio;
staring along street)
Not a moment too soon, my friend...

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE BUILDING - EVENING - CLOSE SHOT

6X2

of an ancient sign with faded lettering, which reads: "BRONX MUSICIANS' STUDIOS - PRACTICE ROOMS \$1.00 PER HOUR." As CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the front steps of a very tired old brownstone, the disconcerting SOUNDS of a piano playing scales in one room, and a SINGER wailing different scales in another, are audible. As we watch, MARY PILGRIM, age twenty-six, emerges and comes down the steps TOWARD CAMERA. With horn-rimmed glasses, tightly tucked and dead-dull hair, and the prissy-shabby clothes of the penniless, dedicated artist, she grips her sheet music like a life preserver.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as she walks along the street. She is just coming abreast of a taxicab.

NO GLASSES
NO SINGING

MED. SHOT - MARY'S POV

6X3

The CAB DRIVER has been leaning against his car on the passenger side. Seeing her approach, he opens the rear door hopefully.

MARY (whimsically
refusing)
Don't I wish.

ANOTHER ANGLE

6X4

From the shadows of the building directly opposite the taxicab, NAPOLEON SOLO emerges. In one continuous motion, he puts his arm around Mary's unkempt waist and begins guiding her toward the cab as he speaks.

SOLO
And the Magic Genii of the Bronx
has heard your wish, fair lady...

MARY (nonplussed)
What?

Momentarily defenseless, she has let herself be led as far as the open taxi door. Now, however, she stops short.

MARY
What the blazes are you doing?

Ignoring her short screech, Solo gently but firmly forces her backward into the taxicab. He follows immediately into the back seat. The cab driver has already run around to jump behind the wheel, and Mary's next SCREAM is muffled by the ROAR of the engine as he drives off. The cab is already cutting out into the sparse traffic as Solo closes the back door.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - DAY - CLOSE SHOT OF BRIEFCASE

7

as Max continues to stare down at the money.

JOSEF'S VOICE (o.s.)
Well? Was it delivered?

CAMERA FOLLOWS Max's gaze to the front entrance, where JOSEF VAN SCHREETEN now shuts the door and walks toward Max and Corio. While Josef speaks with the same Dutch accent, and while he and Max resemble each other, Josef is the older--and more taciturn - of the two cousins.

7
CONT'D
(2)

CORIO

Sure was, Mr. Van Schreeten...
One million dollars of it.
(dusts off a chair for
Josef - who does not
sit down)

JOSEF (fingering
money)

You seemed awed, Mynheer Corio...
(to Max)
Now...why did we rendezvous here?
What is this...sewer?

TWO SHOT - MAX AND JOSEF

8

MAX

This...sewer, dear cousin Josef...
is now my sewer. An investment
for my new-found capital, you
might say.

JOSEF

Eh?
(looks around room,
perplexed)
What for, Max? What for?

FULL SHOT - NIGHT CLUB

9

With Corio and Josef still at the table in b.g., Max begins wandering among the tables, pulling the sheets from the chairs and examining his new enterprise.

MAX

Josef, through seven years of
patience and planning, you and
I have accomplished one of the
most lucrative criminal acts in
history. But now, dear cousin,
it is time for other things...

JOSEF

Speak plainly, Max...and stand still!

ANOTHER ANGLE

10

as Max wanders up on the bandstand, yanks off another sheet, and stares down at the old upright piano he has uncovered.

MAX

At this moment, a man in the city of New York is seeking out a certain young female vocalist. She will be told only that an anonymous Parisian entrepreneur will pay a fortune if she will come to sing in his night club.

CLOSE SHOT - JOSEF

11

These words trigger something in Josef's mind - as Max knew they would. CAMERA MOVES with him as, slowly, he approaches Max on the bandstand.

JOSEF (flatly - almost
challenging)

Mary...it is Mary, isn't it?

MAX

And for another chance to win her, I would buy a dozen night clubs. She has been in your thoughts too, hasn't she, Josef...during all these years?

JOSEF

Fool! Must you be forever ruled by your ego? Of course she has been in my thoughts. But we share a secret, you and I; and I would not risk whispering away our safety on some moonlit evening...even to Mary Pilgrim!

CLOSE SHOT - CORIO

12

As his employers talk on the bandstand, oblivious to him, Corio remains at the table. He looks down at the briefcase, no longer interested in what is being said.

MAX

Sour grapes, dear cousin. The lady always did prefer me.

omit

Corio is suddenly frowning. CAMERA PANS and TILTS
DOWNWARD to the briefcase as he leans toward it.
His hand enters FRAME as he lightly fingers the
center latch of the briefcase. CAMERA TILTS UPWARD
again to Corio's face. He has obviously discovered
the UNCLE listening device. He now re-interests
himself in what is being said.

12
CONT'D
(2)

TWO SHOT - MAX AND JOSEF

13 OUT

14

MAX (cold, and
with finality)
If Mary Pilgrim will come here,
I shall offer her everything that
I possess in this world...There
simply is no way to stop me, dear
cousin...

FULL SHOT

15

as Max strides off the bandstand. He goes to the
table, slams the briefcase shut, and turns back to
Josef - who glares at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

16 OUT

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - CORIO

17

CORIO (into phone -
angrily)
Krolick? Why didn't Thrush inform
me it was planting a listening
device on those two Dutchmen?
This is my operation...
(shocked)
What? But I tell you there is
a microphone on the latch of that
suitcase...

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. KROLICK'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - KROLICK

18

He is a spare, balding man in his early forties.

KROLICK (into phone)

...And I tell you Thrush planted no
such listening device...

(thoughtfully)

...so it would appear that our
friends from Uncle are also
interested in this little affair...
listening in, as it were. All right,
I shall send you a little something
to stop up their delicate ears.

18
CONT'D
(2)

FLASH PAN TO:

19-22 OUT

INT. UNCLE ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - MARY'S FACE

23

as, eyes wide, she moves slowly, warily backwards.

FULL SHOT - MARY'S POV

24

To Mary's left, Solo leans casually against a wall.
In front of her, TWO WOMEN AND ONE MAN - all UNCLE
personnel and each wearing a white smock - advance
slowly on Mary. At least one section of the room
in b.g. appears to be a beauty parlor - i.e., wash
basin, hair dryer, makeup kits, hair wigs, etc.
Near that equipment is a specially designed barber
chair.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

24X1

MARY (weakly)

Mister Solo, you do seem like a
nice man, and... uh, I don't under-
stand a word you've said, and...
uh... I think, if you don't mind,
I'd just as soon...

She utters a SHORT CRY as the UNCLE people surround
her.

SHORT FLASH PAN TO:

25-26 OUT

INT. UNCLE ROOM - MED. SHOT - SOLO'S POV

27

as he stands nearby, watching Mary's hair being
washed by one of the white-smocked women. Whatever
doubtful physical attributes Mary may have are now
wrapped in a sheet. Her back is to CAMERA and she

is hunched over, her head being systematically dunked in the sink, now filled with shampoo and bubbles. Mary continuously BLURBERS through the bubbles.

27
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

...and, just after you left the music academy in Amsterdam, Max and Josef Van Schreeten both went to work for a giant diamond syndicate there.

MARY

...That was...
(BLURBER)
...seven years ago...

SOLO

And for the past seven years they've been faithful, reliable employees of that syndicate; until recently, that is. Last month - and nobody can quite figure out how the little rascals managed it - your ex-boyfriends...

(Mary BLURBERS protestingly)
...walked off with the entire syndicate reserve....

CAMERA MOVES IN ON SOLO'S FACE.

SOLO (continuing -
slowly)

...Half a billion dollars worth of uncut, unregistered, and as yet unrecovered... diamonds.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE ROOM - MED. SHOT

27X1

Once again Solo watches as Mary, her hair now hidden beneath a towel, lies tilted in a semi-prone position on the barber chair. The white-smocked Uncle man is SMEARING GOOP on her face while, tape measure in hand, the other Uncle woman is busy lifting Mary's arm here and leg there, and marking her findings down on a little pad. Somewhere in the recesses of the barber chair, Mary Pilgrim struggles feebly.

MARY

Well, I still can't see what you...
(squirming as the fashion
lady measures things)
...sadistic people want me for?
I mean, I did like Max a lot, I guess...
but...

27X1
CONT'D
(2)

(it hits her again)

Half a B-as-in-boy billion dollars?

SOLO

In diamonds. But that's only for
openers; if they should dump that
many diamonds on the world market,
every gal who ever owned an engage-
ment ring runs the risk of seeing it
devalue overnight. Max and Josef
know that - so does the syndicate,
which is therefore paying the cousins
blackmail of a million dollars a
month to refrain from flooding the
commercial market.

MARY

Oh ho, I see I see I see... and you
want me to get...

(dubiously)

...involved with Max again -- don't
you? To spy on him.

(soundingly)

SOLO

As I've told you... Max was the one
who sent you that so-called anonymous
job offer...

MARY

And that's another thing, Mister
Solo...

(a little huffy)

I am no longer concerned with... that
sort of singing. I study the classi-
cal now; the opera - with Madame
Sophia Grushenka, by the way. I have
no desire to become a glamour puss...
and certainly no need.

Having applied his horrible goop to her face, the
cosmotologist releases the lever on the barber
chair, and Mary springs involuntarily to an up-
right position. The stuff on her face is hardening
into a hideous, nauseatingly ugly mess.

SOLO (wincing at
her face)
Uh... no, of course not. You're
lovely as you are.

27X1
CONT'D
(3)

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE ROOM - MED. SHOT - SOLO

28

as he sits in a comfortably-lit, warmly-decorated area. In b.g. is a large panelled screen. Obviously, Mary is having things done to her somewhere behind the screen, for we see the three be-smocked Uncle people edge into view from time to time.

MARY (o.s.)

Now look... I told you no! I'm an artist, not an ingenue. And what about Madame Grushenka? She'd never let me go traipsing...

SOLO (interrupting)

Hush... if it'll make you more comfortable, your Madame Grushenka can traipse along with you.

The three Uncle people appear now from behind the screen. They walk backwards, examining their handywork, the subject of which seems reluctant to appear.

SOLO (continuing -
to man)

All done?

(the man nods - pleased)

MED. SHOT - FULL-LENGTH MIRROR

29

To the left of the panelled screen is a huge mirror. As we look through it, we see Solo and the three UNCLE people facing us from b.g. Hesitatingly, Mary enters FRAME. Her hair cut and tinted into a free-form delight, her cream-fed skin alive under the most subtle of face and eye makeup; Pilgrim has made more than mere progress. She is ravishing. And it is obvious that beneath the superbly contoured gown, there lurks a great abundance of contoured young lady.

CLOSER ANGLE - MARY

30

She can only stare at herself in astonishment.
Then, she begins to look as if she's going to cry.

SOLO (grasping the
moment)

We need you, Mary... to rekindle what
you had with Max Van Schreeten seven
years ago; to get his confidence -
to help us find those diamonds and
get them back.

But Mary has not taken her eyes from the mirror,
nor moved an inch.

SOLO (continuing)

Mary?

MARY (fascinated - a
dawning smile)

I'm... why, I'm back in competition,
aren't I?

SOLO (admiringly)

My dear... the language barrier will
not be a problem.

FLASH PAN TO:

31 OUT

INT. ILLYA'S ROOM - PARIS - DAY - FULL SHOT

32

Illya sits at a table, earphones at his ears, as
Solo enters carrying a paper bag. He sits down on
the edge of the bed and begins taking coffee and
French bread sandwiches out of the bag.

SOLO

There's your jambon. What's new at
the briefcase?

ILLYA

They're dividing up their first
million. Max wants to keep his
half at his new night club...

(smiling)

...apparently Mary's arrival has
sown some dissension in the Van
Schreeten ranks.

SOLO

There'll be dissension in our ranks
if we don't find where they've
hidden those jewels.

ILLYA (examines
sandwich)
I went through their suite thoroughly
last night... even sat down on their
couch and took the place apart
mentally. Nothing. It could be
cached in a Swiss bank, or in a cave,
or in the Mediterranean...
(listening at
earphones)
...Wait...

32
CONT'D
(2)

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. VAN SCHREETEN SITTING ROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT

33

as Max and Josef, the open briefcase before them,
sit dividing up the million dollars. Josef, re-
moving the last of the money, seeks someplace to
stow the large, empty case to get it out of the
way. He BECKONS to Corio, who approaches f.g.
from an easy chair where he has been reading the
morning paper.

JOSEF (proffering
case to Corio)
Put this somewhere, please.

CLOSE SHOT - CORIO

34

He takes the briefcase from Josef, and CAMERA MOVES
WITH HIM as he carries it back to his easy chair
and stands it up on the floor next to the chair as
he sits down again and picks up the newspaper.

MED. SHOT - MAX AND JOSEF - CORIO'S POV

35

He makes sure they are still preoccupied with the
stacks of money. CAMERA MOVES IN OVER HIS SHOULDER
as he then reaches into his pocket - using the
newspaper to shield his actions - and brings forth
two rubber earplugs which he places in his ears,
and then a teeny-weeny tuning fork, which is set
upright atop a miniscule black cylinder. CAMERA
MOVES IN EVEN FURTHER as Corio activates the device
by twisting one end of the cylinder, and FOLLOWS
HIS HAND as it carries the now-activated tuning
fork down toward the briefcase latch.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ILLYA'S ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT - ILLYA'S POV 36

Illya sits listening and we see Solo sitting on the bed in b.g. He now TOSSES Illya a wrapped sandwich.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSE ON ILLYA 37

He unwraps the sandwich.

QUICK CUT TO:

VERY CLOSE SHOT - TUNING FORK 38

as Corio's hand slides along the edge of the briefcase, bringing the fork to the center latch.

QUICK CUT TO:

ILLYA - CLOSE SHOT 39

Just about to bite into his sandwich, he has an afterthought: He takes off his earphones. Just as he is doing so, the earplugs shatter and the tapes fly out of the recorder and unspool. Illya stares at the earphones before turning slowly to Solo, who has now jumped to his feet.

INTERCUTS - CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA 40

as the two men, gulpingly aware of Illya's narrow escape, just look at each other.

SOLO (after a moment)
Ultrasonic waves. Obviously, someone wants to tune us out.

ILLYA
Yes, obviously... but not the Van Schreeters. They are neither equipped nor oriented for such... sophisticated assassinations.

SOLO
Thrush?

Illya takes a deep breath, then takes out his inner churnings on the sandwich.

ILLYA (chewing)
Napoleon...why must you always put
mustard on my sandwiches...

40
CONT'D
(2)

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

41

Paralyzed with stage fright, Mary sits staring into the mirror at her dressing table. In b.g., MADAME GRUSHENKA is hanging clothes. Middle-aged and Russian, Grushenka may once have been the defensive linebacker for the Vladivostok Rams.

GRUSHENKA (heavy accent)
For two years I am battling tooth
and foot with the Bronx Conservatory
to give you a recital. Now suddenly
you drag me off to Paris... Your
debut, eh? A night club! My Mary is
a painted floozey in a night club!

MARY
Don't be mad at me now, Grushie.
I'm...scared.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Grushenka ignores it as she moves to stand sternly over Mary.

GRUSHENKA (indicating
mirror)
Ignorant child... What for you
stare like dope at your face, eh?
The Diaphragm! The Voice Box!
Those are your face.

The KNOCK grows more persistent, and Mary gives Grushenka's hand a grateful little kiss before the older woman moves grumpily to the door. CAMERA FOLLOWS as she opens the door to discover Solo. Smiling pleasantly, he wears a tuxedo and is holding a corsage which he waves at Mary.

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO'S P.O.V.

42

With Mary seated in b.g., Solo finds himself facing an extremely frowny Russian face.

SOLO

Eh...How do you do?

GRUSHENKA (skeptical
and unpleasant)

Who are you?

SOLO

My name is Solo, Madame...

MARY

It's all right, Grushie. Mister Solo is a friend.

GRUSHENKA

It is not all right. Friendly playboys with fancy suits we don't need.

Yanking the corsage right out of his hands, she shuts the door in Solo's face.

MED. SHOT - MARY AND GRUSHENKA

43

Forgetting her stage-fright for the moment, Mary smiles; first at her teacher's eccentricities, and then down at the corsage, which she pins on as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

44

The place has been magnificently renovated. It sparkles with bejeweled ladies and diamond-studded men. As the COMBO PLAYS, the LIGHTS DIM, and CAMERA PANS to Mary Pilgrim. She is poised and lovely as she comes through the curtains a few feet to the left of the bandstand, and walks to the microphone. She SINGS.

INT. MEDIUM SHOT - CLUB ENTRANCE - CORIO'S P.O.V.

45

Dressed in a tuxedo, Corio is proclaimed as Max's Maitre D' by the large menus he holds. Instinctively, he moves forward to greet the single patron who now enters - and then stops short. The patron is Krolick.

CORIO (nervously)
Good evening, Sir.

KROLICK
One, please.

CAMERA MOVES with them as Corio shows Krolick to a darkened rear table. Mary is still singing as Krolick sits down.

CORIO (furtively - terse
whisper)
You must be mad coming here.

KROLICK (with mock
innocence)
Oh? Am I not suitably dressed?
(different, quiet tone)
I assume you used the tuning fork I
sent you?
(Corio nods)
Good...I have received a new direc-
tive from Thrush: Inasmuch as we
appear to be running a footrace
with our Uncle friends to find the
diamonds...subtlety is no longer re-
quired in this matter.

CORIO (full voice)
Yessir; a fine vintage year...
(quietly again)
What does that mean?

KROLICK
That means Thrush does not propose
to let Uncle beat us to the diamonds -
wherever they may be. Beginning
tomorrow, more direct methods shall
be employed.

Corio backs slightly away from the table, and bows courteously - as he would to any customer, just as Mary is finishing her number.

CORIO
Yessir. Thank you, sir...

45
CONT'D
(2)

As Corio moves off, Mary's song is being greeted by much audience APPLAUSE.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

46

He sits alone at a table near the curtains through which Mary will pass. He is applauding as the LIGHTS COME UP again.

MED. SHOT - MARY

47

Flushed with good feeling, she bows a last time to the audience, moves off the bandstand, and proceeds back past Solo's table. He pops to his feet and stops her with a touch on the arm.

SOLO (loudly)
Honey, you are sensational. How
'bout joining me for a wh'le?
(softly, through closed
lips)
Seen Max yet?
(loudly)
We can have a couple of short ones
together.

MARY (whispers)
No, nor Josef either...you sure it's
Max who owns this place?
(loudly - politely
aloof)
I'm sorry; rules of the house forbid
it.

SOLO (loudly)
Well, maybe next time then, honey.
(softly)
Brace yourself - this is going to
be Uncle's night to howl.
(loudly - as Mary goes)
Tally ho!

Smiling, Mary continues through the curtains toward her dressing room beyond.

MEDIUM SHOT - BACKSTAGE

There is a small area between the curtains which lead into the main room, and Mary's dressing room. As she comes through the curtains and is about to open her dressing room door, Josef ENTERS FRAME and touches her shoulder.

MARY (wide-eyed and
genuinely pleased)
Josef!...Josef Van Schreeten...
(hugs him)
Oh, my goodness. What are you doing
here? This is wonderful!

JOSEF
For me, too. As a matter of fact,
my cousin Max owns this club. It
was he who employed you...at my in-
sistence, of course.

MARY (astonished)
No! Max? Why...I just can't be-
lieve it. Where is Max?

They have been standing directly in front of the
dressing room door. It is now OPENED from within,
and Max appears between them.

MAX
He is right here, my dear...waiting;
as he has been for seven years.

MARY (her hands in
his)
Oh, Max...Max, how marvelous to see
you...

MAX (to Josef -
smiling but deadly)
You've stolen my thunder, Josef. I
had hoped to surprise Mary myself...
Why don't you go have a drink, Josef.
On the house, of course.

JOSEF
I will see you later, Mary...And
your singing was exquisite.

With Mary smiling after him, Josef moves off.

MAX

And now...a little 'welcome home'
surprise for my star on her opening
night...

48

CONT'D
(2)

As Max opens her dressing room door wide, both
CAMERA and Mary see that, during her song, a
lovely, candle-lit dining table - set for two -
has been placed in her dressing room. In the
ice bucket is champagne, and under the glass
is some pheasant.

MARY

Oh, Max...

Max follows Mary in, and closes the door on CAMERA.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING CLUB - LATE NIGHT - FULL SHOT

49

as Max and Mary come out of the now-darkened club,
and begin walking slowly down the street, savoring
a fine evening.

MARY (laughing)

What an evening...champagne and
hors d'ouvres, the out to sing
another song; champagne and the
entree, followed by another dash
to the stage...glorious.

MAX

You are glorious...but quite
negligent about answering direct
questions directly.

MARY

Well, let's see; no, I am not
married; yes, I do find you very
attractive...still; but I've
invested too much in my career
to give it up, Max. Especially
now, when it's finally showing me
some tangible return.

MAX

Tangible return? Will your singing
career be able to offer you; every
evening, the kind of dinner we had
tonight? Will it ever offer you a
chateau on the Riviera? I am a
wealthy man now, Mary.

MARY (innocently)
Oh? I didn't know that.

49
CONT'D
(2)

MAX
Young lady, I could show you...
right here in Paris...a glittering
miracle of wealth. My wealth,
Mary.

MARY
Here in Paris? Really?

ANOTHER ANGLE

50

Something catches Mary's eye as they walk, and she turns just as a man, dressed in black, lurches from the shadows toward Max. Light reflects from the knife in his hand as he lunges. Mary SCREAMS.

MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP

51

Alerted by Mary just in time, Max wheels around to grab his attacker's wrist as the knife descends. In a quick motion, he slams the attacker back up against a brick wall and pins him there, a forearm across the man's throat. The man is Illya.

CLOSE TWO SHOT - MAX AND ILLYA

52

MAX
You tried to kill me...Why?

ILLYA
I...saw you walking...please,
you're choking me...

MAX
Liar! I'll choke the life out
of you! Now who sent you?

ILLYA
I don't know his name...He wore
a beard...

(Max exerts forearm
pressure)
It's true! A beard and an accent...
just like yours...

In his surprise, Max involuntarily loosens his grip slightly on Illya, who now shoves him back violently and DASHES AWAY. Max stares after him.

52
CONT'D
(2)

TWO SHOT - MAX AND MARY

53

MARY

Let's get the police.

MAX (too quickly)

No.

(still stunned - stares
after Illya)

Almost as a reflex action, and despite his preoccupation, Max pats his trouser and breast pockets to be sure he has not lost anything. As he pats his breast pocket, however, he finds it empty.

MAX (absently)

My...wallet.

MARY

What? Why that's horrible! Call the police, Max...he'll get away...

MAX

No! It's all right...just some business cards and a little money.

MARY

Max, what's wrong? What is all this?

MAX

I think...it's Josef...

CAMERA MOVES IN on Mary's corsage. A tiny metal object is barely visible amid the petals.

MAX (cont'd)

I am not sure, but...

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

54

Solo, a small listening device at his ear, concentrates on what Max is saying.

MAX'S VOICE (filtered)

I think Josef is trying to kill me.

Solo sits back, removes the listening device, and grins in satisfied amusement.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

55-56 OUI

INT. VAN SCHREETEN SITTING ROOM - FULL SHOT

57

as Josef lets himself in and, closing the front door behind him, takes off his coat as he starts for his bedroom. Then he stops, and looks toward us in the direction of the window. There are SCUFFLING NOISES audible from the fire escape outside. Frowning, Josef moves toward us to investigate.

REVERSE ANGLE

58

The window is covered by a drape (or perhaps just a window shade). Josef pulls it aside quickly, and we see Solo and Illya through the closed window. They are struggling for possession of a nasty-looking switchblade knife. As we watch, Solo wrenches it from Illya's grasp, and then wristlocks Illya. Josef opens the window.

MED. SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA'S POV

59

as Josef sticks his head out.

JOSEF

What is happening here!

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

60

SOLO (FRENCH ACCENT)

I beg your indulgence, Monsieur.

This is your suite?

(gives a wince-evoking
yank to Illya's arm)

JOSEF (perplexed)

My cousin's and mine, yes. Explain
yourself, please.

SOLO (to Illya)

Inside...vitement!

FULL SHOT - SUITE

61

as Solo, still holding Illya tight and helpless,
guides him roughly through the window and into
the suite.

SOLO (bowing to Josef)

Police Inspector Javert, Monsieur...

at your service. I detected this...

scum...from the street below. He was

crouched on your balcony, Monsieur.

I am long acquainted with his re-

pulsive countenance. Might I inquire...

do you have any...enemies, Monsieur?

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA - JOSEF'S POV

62

JOSEF
 Enemies? (Solo holds the knife
 up under Josef's nose)
 ... I see.

SOLO
 As I say, Monsieur; I know this
 pussy cat from before in my district.
 A paid assassin, Monsieur... a few
 francs, a bottle of vin ordinaire...
 he is not expensive, this one.

CLOSE SHOT - JOSEF

63

JOSEF (to Illya)
 Who were you waiting for out there?
 My cousin?...Me?
 (grabs Illya by the collar)
Speak, you disgusting little...

REVERSE ANGLE

64

SOLO (interrupting)
 (lightly slaps Josef's hand
 away from Illya's collar)
 No no, Monsieur; this grassy snake is
 in my charge...
 (to Illya - threatening him
 with knife)
 ...Empty the pockets, reptile...
 (shoves Illya toward a table)

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

65

with Solo and Josef approaching behind him.
 Standing before a little table, and prodded by
 the knife, Illya empties his pockets: Another
 knife, a handkerchief, some keys, a few francs
 and a business card. Solo reaches around Illya
 and picks up the business card.

CLOSE SHOT - CARD - SOLO'S POV

66

The card is that of MAX VAN SCHREETEN.

SOLO

The business card of a gentleman...

CAMERA PANS over to Josef's face as he takes the card from Solo, reads it, and blanches with shock.

SOLO (contd.)

You are acquainted with the owner of this card, Monsieur?

(Josef nods, numbly)

I soon shall be.

(takes the card back)

Evidence, Monsieur.

FULL SHOT

67

as Solo gives Illya another shove - toward the door this time.

SOLO (to Illya)

Allons! We go sweat you a little bit, eh, pussycat?

JOSEF

Wait...uh, Inspector...I do know Max Van Schreeten, of course. I am sure this is merely some prank of his. Max is quite the...joking kind.

SOLO (indicating Illya)

This one is not the joking kind, Monsieur.

(reaches the door with Illya)

If your friend did employ him, it was not for the joke. Please make yourself available as a witness, Monsieur; for we shall hit the bottom of this matter.

MEIUM SHOT - JOSEF'S POV

68

as Solo, one arm holding Illya, opens the door to leave - and finds himself facing Corio, who was just about to knock. Solo shoves Illya past him.

SOLO (to Corio)
Pardon, Monsieur.

68
CONT'D
(2)

Corio stares after them for a moment as Solo and Illya disappear through the doorway. He then enters and faces Josef questioningly.

CORIO
Was that a cop? Didn't look like one...

JOSEF (very upset)
No. But then again, my cousin Max does not look like a murderer, either...Corio; from now on you are no longer working for my cousin and me.

CORIO
But...Sir...

CLOSE SHOT - JOSEF

69

JOSEF
Henceforth, you shall work... only for me; at a rise in salary, of course.

CLOSE SHOT - CORIO

70

He arches an eyebrow, then turns quizzically toward the door through which Solo and Illya have gone. He cannot quite figure this out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - VAN SCHREETEN SITTING ROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT

71

As Josef sits reading the paper and eating his breakfast, Max appears from the bedroom. He is on his way out, but stops upon seeing Josef. The two men eye each other for a moment - silently, warily. Neither desires to face the other squarely with his respective suspicion.

MAX
Uh...luncheon date. I shall be
back early...

71
CONT'D
(2)

They give each other an awkward little wave of the hand, and Max GOES OUT. As soon as the door closes behind Max, Josef rises quickly. He moves to the telephone and dials a number.

JOSEF (into phone)
Corio? Max will be coming out
of the elevator in a few moments.
Follow him closely...
(hangs up)

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

72

as Max approaches the door to the LINEN ROOM.
CAMERA MOVES IN to HIS POV as he opens the door
to face THREE MEN within. They wear coveralls,
and appear to have been waiting just for Max.
He speaks to them from the doorway.

MAX
All right; he is alone. I have
paid you well, so do your work
accordingly...
(points to one of
the men)
You deliver the...receipt...to
the designated place.

Leaving the door open, Max retreats into the corridor
and continues on toward the elevator. CAMERA FOLLOWS
the Three Men as they move out of the linen room and
walk briskly toward the Van Schreeten suite.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. VAN SCHREETEN SITTING ROOM - FULL SHOT -
JOSEF'S POV

73

He hears a KNOCK at the door and moves to answer it. As he turns the knob, the Three Men burst in. Josef is knocked backward by the door itself, and before he can recover enough to do anything drastic, he is knocked on the head, and falls unconscious. One of the men is carrying several bedsheets; and CAMERA FOLLOWS as, methodically, systematically, two of the three men begin to cover the sitting room furniture with the bedsheets. The third man picks up a chair and begins carrying it out of the suite.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 OUT

EXT. STREET FRONTING HOTEL - DAY

74X1

as Max comes out of the hotel entrance and walks jauntily down the street. After waiting an instant, Corio comes out of a shadow where he has been waiting, and follows Max.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. OUTSIDE MARY'S SUITE - DAY - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

75

He is about to knock on the door as he hears Mary SINGING SCALES in operatic style. He listens for a moment - smiles - and KNOCKS.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S HOTEL LIVING ROOM - MED. SHOT

76

As Mary answers her door, and admits Solo.

SOLO (looking past her
into room - trepidations)
Is it safe?

MARY (smiling)
Yes; Grushenka's in the shower.
She does get a bit salty, doesn't
she?

SOLO
Yes, doesn't she...Now, why did you
want to see me?

Mary seems not to want to face Solo as she talks.
She paces, thoughtfully - at odds with herself.

76
CONT'D
(2)

MARY

I know I made a bargain, Mister
Solo...but...

(finally blurts
it out)

This deception just isn't fair!
Not to me--and certainly not to
Max...who cares for me. You've
transformed me into an attractive
judas goat, Mister Solo.

SOLO

I see... All right, Mary; we'll
cancel your singing engagement.
You can go back to...the Bronx.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

77

She has a long, brooding moment of indecision.

MARY (finally,
ashamed)
I don't want to go back to the
Bronx. I don't want to give up
my singing engagement; nor my
name on the billboard, nor the
applause or the champagne...
that makes me sort of a hypocrite,
doesn't it?

SOLO
No...sort of human.
(brightly)
...Now; you are having lunch with
Max?

MARY
Yes. You know, he actually
mentioned something last night
about my running away with him,
for goodness sakes...

ANOTHER ANGLE

78

as Grushenka, utterly ghastly in bathrobe, curlers,
ancient slippers and bare face, enters from the
hallway. Seeing Solo, her eyes grow wide.

GRUSHENKA
What? What is this?
(to Solo)
Fancy playboys again, eh? Coming
now into the child's home?...
(begins advancing
on Solo)
Where she lives? Out, my man;
out of this place or I shred you
up in shreds! Eh?

Realizing the probable value of silence, but
trying to retain at least some semblance of aplomb,
Solo is backing toward the door - as they HEAR a
KNOCK.

MARY (to Solo -
stage whisper)
It's Max...
(looks at wristwatch)
He's early.

SOLO
Max had better not see me.

GRUSHENKA

Max? What is a Max? - A parade
we are having here, eh?

(to Solo)

You take your oily eyes from
the premises...

78
CONT'D
(2)

Grushenka is cut off in mid-shrew as Solo moves quickly to her and, as gently as possible without losing his hand, clamps it across her mouth. Despite her wild-eyed struggling, he drags her toward the hallway.

SOLO

No offense, Madame; I assure
you...

CAMERA FOLLOWS Grushenka and Solo as he maneuvers her thrashing body out of sight through the hallway.

ANGLE ON MARY

79

Sure that Solo and Grushenka have disappeared, she moves to the front door and opens it. Max enters.

MAX

Good morning, my love...
hungry?

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE TWO SHOT - SOLO AND GRUSHENKA

80

They stand just inside the doorway, as Solo listens for sounds from the living room. One of his hands is still over Grushenka's mouth; the other is being used to protect himself from her flailing arms.

SOLO

Sorry, Madame; but we can't have
you rocking the boat now, can we?

Grushenka is getting her second wind, and Solo HEARS the front DOOR CLOSE behind Max and Mary just in time. He takes his hand away from Grushenka's mouth.

GRUSHENKA
Mierzavietz! Scoundrel!

80
 CONT'D
 (2)

Wrenching herself free, Grushenka inhales mightily,
 ready for battle.

QUICK CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - LIVING ROOM

81

from the front door, with the hallway in b.g.
 Solo suddenly comes plummeting - backwards - out
 of the bedroom, and crashes against the opposite
 hallway wall. Recovering in time to avoid what
 is apparently the second SCREAMING lunge of the
 Battleship Grushenka, he APPROACHES CAMERA - and
 front door - at approximately 40 mph.

GRUSHENKA
Zvier! Viper!

Solo goes past CAMERA, and it PANS to the door
 as he rushes through it, slamming it in our
 faces - and Grushenka's. She has been traveling
 somewhat briskly, and there's a resounding CRASH
 as she fails to stop in time to avoid the door.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. - TAXICAB - CLOSE SHOT - MARY AND MAX

82

as they ride along in the rear seat.

MARY
 Oh Max, where did you find that
 restaurant? I had no idea there
 even were such places! It was
 so dark I still don't know what
 I ate.

MAX (laughs-kisses
 her hand tenderly)
 That is called 'atmosphere',
 my dear...
 (looks outside-taps
 DRIVER on shoulder)
Mon ami; c'est Rue Napoleon?
 (driver nods)
Bien. Vingt-cinq, s'il vous plait.

MARY
 Where to now? The stomach pump?

The cab is slowing down, and Max, concentrating on peering out of the window, does not answer.

82
CONT'D
(2)

MARY (continued)

Max?

LONG SHOT - SIDEWALK - MAX'S POV.

83

A FIGURE in white coveralls can be seen standing near the curb, waiting. Max TAPS the driver on the shoulder again as the cab comes abreast of the man.

MAX (to driver)

Ici.

Max rolls down the window and puts his arm out. The man on the curb hands Max a CLAIM CHECK - and then moves off.

MAX (to driver -
rolling up window)

Allons!

The cab moves off again.

TWO SHOT - MARY AND MAX

84

MARY

Well, my goodness! May I ask what that was all...

MAX (holding
up claim check)

This, my dear. Our passport...
from loneliness; from
the city - and my double-dealing
cousin...to happiness.

(Mary almost gets to
say something)

And the first step toward
happiness, is...

(taps driver again)

St. Lazare, s'il vous plait.

MARY

St. Lazare? That's the
railroad station. Max, what
is this? What is that little
ticket?

MAX (pats her hand).
Our future, Mary; and while I regret
having to uproot you so unexpectedly,
I did not intend to let you slip
away from me for another seven
years.

MARY
Uproot? Oh, now hang on a minute,
Max...You mean we're going...
(weakly - almost afraid
to say it)
...for a train ride?

MAX
I knew you would be surprised.

CAMERA MOVES IN to a VERY CLOSE SHOT of Mary's very
stunned face. She stares straight ahead, and
although her mouth works, no sound comes out, as
we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING RAILROAD STATION - FULL SHOT

85

as the cab containing Max and Mary pulls to a stop.
Max gets out on one side while the driver comes
around to open the door for Mary.

LONG SHOT - ILLYA'S POV

86

Illya is stepping out of a cab at the far corner.
He has apparently been following Max and Mary, who
are visible in b.g. As he crosses the street
toward the station entrance, Illya is so intent on
his quarry that he is nearly hit by a passing car.
The driver HONKS at him, long and angrily.

REVERSE ANGLE

87

As Max searches for a bill with which to pay off
the cab driver, the SOUND of the car HONKING
at Illya attracts his attention. He looks up
casually - and stiffens.

CLOSE SHOT - MAX'S FACE

88

as he grows rigid at what he sees. He has caught a fleeting glimpse of Illya.

MARY

But Max...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to a TWO SHOT of Mary and Max.

MARY (continued)

I have no luggage...and what about Grushenka, my teacher? I can't just...

MAX (interrupting)

(still look toward place where he saw Illya)

Mary; the man who tried to kill me last night. I just saw him...

(after a moment of indecision - he TEARS the claim check in two)

Keep this. In addition to my life, he will want the information it contains.

(stuffs one-half into Mary's hand)

...just in case, my darling. He would not think to search you.

MARY

But I don't understand...

MED. SHOT MAX, MARY AND CAB DRIVER

89

The cabbie is still waiting for his money. He gives Max's sleeve a healthy tug.

MAX (continued;

fumbling in wallet)

Oh...yes, of course.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

90

She looks down at the stub, then along the street. Her face becomes slightly animated as, apparently, she sees Illya.

REVERSE ANGLE

91

As Mary sees Illya, she holds up her half of the claim check to show him she's got it. In f.g. Illya nods.

MED. SHOT - MAX AND MARY

92

Having paid the driver, Max grabs Mary's hand and, motivated by fear now, literally pulls her along behind him in his haste to enter the station. CAMERA FOLLOWS as first Max, then Mary, pass by a PORTER who stands minding his own business at the entrance. As Mary passes him, CAMERA MOVES IN on the surprised Porter's face. Then, both CAMERA and Porter look down at what has been thrust by Mary into his unsuspecting hand: her half of the claim check.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA

93

Looking neither to right nor left, Illya is coming abreast of the porter, who still stares down at the claim check. CAMERA PANS with Illya as he passes the Porter, and then MOVES BACK to the Porter. The claim check is now gone from his hand. He begins to look as though he's going to be sick.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

94

The phone booth is in a deserted nook just off the main station entrance. Illya pulls out his pocket radio, and switches it on as he examines the claim check.

ILLYA (into radio)

The Alburg Express departs shortly. I strongly suspect that our little nightingale is being eloped with... She did manage to slip me the top half of what appears to be a claim check of some sort.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. VAN SCHREETEN SITTING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO 95

as he sits on the floor, cross-legged and leaning against a barren wall as he speaks to Illya.

SOLO (into radio -
looking around)
For furniture, no doubt; half a
billion dollars worth.

ILLYA
What?...
(incredulous)
In the furniture? Now that's
rather sneaky.

INTERCUTS - SOLO AND ILLYA

96-97

SOLO
Mary and the diamonds both...methinks
friend Max is seeking his own private
Shangri-la. Follow them, Illya. We
don't want to give the bride away
just yet.

ILLYA
This part of the claim check says
it was issued by the Dupre Van Lines.
That means the furniture has gone by
truck, of course; but where?

SOLO
You'll have to find that out from
our fleeing Romeo. I'll confirm
the contents of the furniture...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to take in the still-conscious
body of Josef, toward whom Solo is now staring.

SOLO (continued)
...as soon as Josef arises from his
afternoon nap.
(chiding him)
By the way, I seem to recall your
mentioning sitting down on that fur-
niture when you searched the Van
Schreeten place... Illya?
(frowns)
Illya!

QUICK CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S FACE

98

He wheels around, startled, just as a fist enters FRAME and catches him flush on the jaw. He is knocked backward in the booth.

TWO SHOT - CORIO AND KROLICK

99

Krollick stands placidly by as Corio, having taken Illya off guard with his initial punch, now bops the UNCLE agent on the head with a small sap. Then, leaning over, Corio reaches down and picks up the claim check; after which, he closes the door to the telephone booth - with Illya inside.

CORIO

Furniture receipt...Dupre Van Lines...
So that's where they hid the diamonds.

KROLICK

Get aboard the train and find out
where he's sending that furniture.

CORIO (quizzically)

The furniture!...I was lying around
on half a billion dollars... Why those
diabolical Dutchmen!

KROLICK

To be sure of that, I shall now pay
a little visit to the other cousin.
The furniture business may be only
a diversion.

CLOSE SHOT - KROLICK'S FACE

100

CORIO

Assuming I do a fine, Thrush-like
job with Max...what do I do about
the girl?

KROLICK

She sings very well, the young lady.
Kill her.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. VAN SCHREETEN SITTING ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO 101
AND JOSEF

Josef sits on the floor, gazing around him forlornly. Solo squats beside him, holstering his revolver.

SOLO

So it was in the furniture.

JOSEF

I'll kill him. I will find him and I will kill him.

Solo helps Josef to his feet. As he staggers a bit, Solo moves to stead him.

SOLO

Not for about twenty years, you won't...unless, of course, you'd like to tell me where you think cousin Max might have freighted the stuff.

KROSLICK'S VOICE (o.s.)

By all means, Minheer Van Schreeten....

FULL SHOT - FRONT DOOR - SOLO'S POV 102

Robleck stands beside the open door, his pistol levelled at Josef and Solo.

KROSLICK (cont.)

...Tell us.

SOLO

(to Krolick)

My, but you're a quiet walker.

ANOTHER ANGLE 103

JOSEF

What is mine, is mine. The diamonds, my traitor of a cousin...neither of you - whoever you are - shall precede me to those goals. And when my man returns...

1-11-65 P.43

KROLICK (interrupting)
Correction, Minheer. You see, your
man Corio happens to be my man
Corio...and he will not be return-
ing.

103
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE SHOT - JOSEF

104

JOSEF

What?

(anger begins replacing
surprise)

What is happening here! Who do
you...trespassers represent?

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO - KROLICK'S POV

105

SOLO (to Krollick)

Thrush, I presume?

REVERSE ANGLE

106

KROLICK (to Solo)

Uncle, I presume.

JOSEF

Corio works for me...

(blinks from effects of
his wound)

He will be back!

KROLICK (to Josef -

quietly, off-handedly)

Oh, shut up.

(to Solo)

Mustn't look quite so smug, you
know. I have it on good
authority that an associate of
yours - whose Uncle card
identifies him as one Illya
Kuryakin - is presently receiv-
ing emergency medical care at
St. Lazare Dispensary. Beaten
and robbed, I understand ...

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

107

SOLO

Oh...Well, Uncle's always been pretty good about hospitalization, Workman's Comp - things like that. How about Thrush? They treat you fellows okay, do they?

omit

MED. SHOT - JOSEF

108

Still a little dizzy from his head wound, Josef will grow progressively more vehement.

JOSEF

What is this joking? These are my affairs you two are toying with here...my diamonds! This is my seven years of labor you are tossing back and forth between you like a parlor game...

ANOTHER ANGLE

109

As Krolick, noting Josef's not-to-be-reasoned-with tone, turns his gun fully on the Dutchman.

SOLO

Easy, Josef...our friend here isn't playing.

JOSEF

I will not lose my diamonds...
(taking a step toward
Krolick)

The planning, the execution; all was perfect...I do not deserve to lose my diamonds!

(another step toward Krolick)

KROLICK

No further, please. And by the way, Minheer; how did you and your cousin manage that robbery? Just for the record, of course.

Dutch

CLOSE SHOT - JOSEF

110

His face puffs with a proud, vicious disdain that points up even further the irrational behavior which the events are producing in Josef.

JOSEF

How?

(smiles)

With brains, my friend; that is how.

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO'S POV

111

KROLICK

Oh, tut-tut, Minheer. You and your cousin are a pair of lucky amateurs. And beginner's luck, Minheer...

(cocks his revolver)

never persists.

JOSEF

(unstable - infuriated)

Amateurs...

(another step forward)

No...no, you will not ruin my life - my plans....

Krolick is about to pull the trigger as Josef lunges at him. Krolick side-steps and shoots Josef. But the action has momentarily taken all of Krolick's attention; and in that instant, Solo jumps him.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND KROLICK

112

as they grapple for Krolick's gun. It finally goes sliding across the floor near the open window. Krolick uses rigid fingers to give Solo an unexpected karate jolt in the solar plexis, and flings himself after his weapon. CAMERA and Solo reach him, however, before he can fire, and they grapple once again. A right cross knocks Krolick back. Krolick bounces off the wall, grabbing a vase and clobbers Solo. Solo falls back near the window. Krolick charges, diving at Solo as Solo, groggy, starts to rise. Krolick goes over Solo's back and through the open window.

no cut
no vase

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

113

as he looks out of the window toward the pavement below. Obviously, he neither desired nor anticipated such an ending.

FULL SHOT - SITTING ROOM

114

As Solo leans over Josef's body, determines that he is dead, and then moves quickly to the front door - and out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING VON SCHREETEN HOTEL - FULL SHOT 115

as Solo comes hurriedly out of the entrance, looking for a taxicab.

FULL SHOT - STREET - SOLO'S POV

116

A cab is parked a few yards to Solo's left, and as he stands in f.g. beckoning, the driver starts up and drives to where he stands.

SOLO (opening door
and jumping in)
St. Lazare Station; vitement!

CAMERA PANS back to the LEFT just in time to discover a police car coming abreast of the taxicab as it pulls out. The police car wheels - with a screech of brakes - across the taxi's bow, hemming it in. The taxicab stops short.

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO'S POV

117

as Solo, puzzled, looks out of the window at the police car. It's only occupant is the driver.

FULL SHOT - STREET

118

With the taxicab halted, TWO POLICEMEN, weapons drawn, come forward from either side of the hotel entrance. Behind them, a band-aid across the bridge of her nose, is Grushenka.

no band aid

GRUSHENKA (to cops -
pointing at Solo)
That's right, that's right; he
is the one!

no motions

One of the cops opens the taxicab door and motions with his gun for Solo to emerge. Frustrated at the delay, and steeling himself against the ranting which Grushenka is sure to do, Solo steps out onto the sidewalk.

GRUSHENKA (rushing
forward)
Mierzavietz! What have you done
with her!

The second policeman must restrain Grushenka to keep her from assaulting Solo.

GRUSHENKA (to Solo)
Grushenka follows you, eh?
(to cops)
Making me prisoner while the other
one steals her!
(pointing to her band-aid)
He attacks me...see?

MED. SHOT - SOLO AND COP

119

The cop who covers him now reaches preliminarily toward Solo with the idea of frisking him. At the same moment, however, Solo begins to back up slowly.

SOLO (to cops)
Yes, I quite understand your zeal,
gentlemen...but the fact is...
I've got to catch a train...
(as the cop thrusts his
gun forward)
...honest injun...

COP (points toward
cop car)
Allez, Monsieur. We would like also
to speak with you regarding a man
who just fell to his death at the
rear of this building.

Solo shrugs and turns toward the car as ordered. But by slowly backing up he has maneuvered to a position whereby, to get to the police car, he must pass Grushenka and the cop who still holds her arms to keep her from doing violence. And as he passes them, he twists to his right so that their bodies shield him from the cop with the levelled revolver. During the same twisting motion, he has yanked his own pistol out, and now levels it at the whole group. Grushenka gives a short but resonant CRY as Solo takes her by the arm and backs off the curb with her toward the police car. His gun is at Grushenka's back. CAMERA MOVES with them to the police car.

119
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to cops)
Right where you are, mes amis...

Solo jerks his head once to indicate to the police car driver that he's to get out. The man does so. Grushenka gives another CRY as Solo guides her into the car on the driver's side. Before he follows her in, he points the pistol over the hood of the police car. CAMERA FOLLOWS his aim as he SHOOTS at, and flattens, one of the front tires of the taxi. He now gets into the car and covers Grushenka once again, as he looks up through the window at the helpless police driver.

SOLO (to driver -
pleasantly)
In no way do I represent American
foreign policy. Bonjour.

He drives off with squealing tires.

FULL SHOT - STREET - POLICE POV

120

as they watch their car, their captive and their promotions, zoom out into traffic.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - SOLO AND GRUSHENKA

121

Solo keeps his gun in hand as he drives. Grushenka has crowded all of herself as far away from him on the seat as possible. While very much frightened, she has lost none of her combative spirit.

GRUSHENKA (nasty - but
eyeing the gun)
You murder me, eh? You do away with
my cold remains in a filthy ditch
somewhere...just like my Mary, eh?

121
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
In your case, Madame, I confess
that I'm tempted...now they'll be
looking for this car, and I'll need
your cooperation if I'm going to...

GRUSHENKA (interrupting)
Ha!

SOLO
Look: Your Mary is on the Alburg
Express. She's probably still all
right, but she is in danger. Be-
lieve me, it'll be a lot worse if
I don't catch that train in time.

GRUSHENKA
I repeat: Ha! Drenching in blood,
he would convince me I give him
aid to dispose of my own poor,
helpless body.

Solo rolls his eyes in silent, resigned, anguish.

QUICK CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - SUBURBAN STREET

122

as Solo's police car speeds TOWARD CAMERA on a
sparsely populated street. CAMERA PANS to the
right-hand curb, and as Solo whizzes by, CAMERA
HOLDS on the following tableaux: A young BON
VIVANT is sitting at the curb in his brand new
speedy-looking racing car. TWO savory GIRLS stand
gaping in awe and admiration as he puffily guns the
engine for them. CAMERA PANS to catch up with Solo's
car. He has slammed on the brakes and is now backing
up at full throttle. CAMERA BACKS UP WITH HIM and
we have a FULL SHOT OF EVERYBODY. As Solo jumps
from the police car, Grushenka issues another in
her series of SCREAMS, this time through the police
car window at the gaping curb-folk.

GRUSHENKA (to curb-folk)
Help! A criminal at large!

122
CONT'D
(2)

Solo runs from the police car to the driver's side of the racing car. Swooping past the two girls with a charming smile, he opens the race car door and literally yanks Bon Vivant out of the seat and into the gutter. Now it is the two girls who SCREAM.

SOLO
Excuse me.

Solo hops into the car, throws it into gear, waves a jaunty goodbye, and speeds off.

CLOSE SHOT - BON VIVANT

123

He is just sort of sitting around down there in the gutter, sadly open-mouthed and numb - watching his auto disappear.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. SPEEDING RAILROAD TRAIN - NIGHT - FULL SHOT
(STOCK) - ESTABLISHING

124

The Alburg Express as it moves through the French countryside.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN DINING CAR - NIGHT - TWO SHOT - MAX AND
MARY

125

as they sit at dinner in the crowded car. Max has almost finished his entree, but Mary has barely nibbled. She now makes a studious attempt to speak casually.

MARY
Max; that claim check I'm carrying
around...What's it for?

Out

MAX

Just furniture, my dear.

125
CONT'D
(2)

MARY

Oh. You know, I still don't even know where we're going; I mean, that doesn't seem like an untoward question under the circumstances... does it?

MAX

There is a certain little picture-book town called Malreaux. One leaves this train at the...second stop from now;

(glances at wristwatch)
one then boards an old, disreputable bus; and one ultimately arrives, near the border, at Malreaux... where, by the way, one then becomes immediately, irrevocably, married.

MARY (weakly)

Oh?...That's...convenient, yes...

(doing Uncle work again)

And the place where one settles down; that's, uh...where one puts one's own furniture?

MAX (frowning)

Why do you ask that?

MARY

Well my goodness; a woman ought to have some say about what goes on in her house, you know.

MAX (laughing)
You shall run your house - and me -
as you please. But this furniture,
my sweet...you will adore.

125
CONT'D
(3)

Max pulls out his wallet and rather flamboyantly drops a single large bill on the table for the waiter. They rise, and CAMERA MOVES WITH THEM as they head out of the dining car. Once they have disappeared, however, CAMERA PANS BACK to a table where a man has been sitting alone, his face toward the window. Now he turns toward CAMERA. It is Corio. He rises, and follows Max and Mary.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

126

as Solo's "borrowed" racing car plunges along at an outrageous speed.

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

127

as Solo's car approaches CAMERA along a secondary road. As the car sweeps past, CAMERA PANS with it to discover a railroad depot, toward which Solo now swerves wildly.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD DEPOT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - SOLO

128

He brings the car to a halt near the railroad tracks. As he does so, he HEARS the BUZZER on his pocket radio. He pulls it out of his breast pocket, and CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT.

SOLO (into radio)

Solo here...Well, how nice to hear from you after so long. Have that 'left-out' feeling, do you?

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ILLYA'S ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - ILLYA

129

There is a bandage against his forehead, and he is slipping his jacket on as he speaks to Solo.

ILLYA (into radio)

Don't be cute. They almost buried me at the Tomb of The Unknown Spy. When I did get on my feet, it took me half an hour to find my pants. Where are you? Assuming, of course, that you know where you are.

QUICK CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

130

As Solo talks, the TOOT of an approaching train becomes AUDIBLE.

SOLO (into radio - chiding)

Oh, I do know; yes, indeed. As a matter of fact, I'm extremely busy trying to finish your job for you. You just stay in bed for awhile, and rest, and...

We cannot quite hear what Illya says to cut off Solo's dialogue, but it is loud, heartfelt and to the point.

SOLO (continued)

All right, all right...I beat the train to a depot and I'm about to board her. You take an aspirin and then put through a Signal Four - Red Emergency, for an Uncle helicopter.
(continued)

SOLO (continued)
Follow the tracks until you catch
up to the train or see my signal.
Take care...
(switches off radio)

130
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

131

as it approaches the depot and slows for its stop.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT - FULL SHOT (STOCK)

132

as the train is once again moving at high speed
through the countryside.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MED. SHOT - SOLO

133

as he enters a passenger car, checks his wristwatch,
and begins peeking into compartments.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

134

as Max and Mary stare up into Corio's gun.

CORIO
I've got some friends waiting at
the next stop. They expect me to
be able to tell them where your...
furniture is being shipped.

MAX (dumbfounded)
How did you know...

CORIO
Your little lady here told me.

MAX
Mary!

CORIO
...inadvertently, of course. She
passed her half of your claim check
to someone else at the railroad
station. I took it from him.

MAX (stunned - to Mary)
 You gave it...is that true,
 Mary?

134
 CONT'D
 (2)

(she hangs her head)

So...

(bitterly)

...My sweet, unworldly bride-to-be. Truly, I am a fool...

(hardening)

but not so much as you, Corio;
 if you expect me to tell you where
 I've sent those diamonds.

ANOTHER ANGLE

135

Corio turns the gun toward Mary alone. He sits down on the seat next to her, holding the gun in his lap. His back is toward the door of the compartment, so that any chance intruder could not possibly see the gun from the doorway. As a double precaution, however, he places his coat on top of the gun on his lap.

CLOSE SHOT - GUN - MARY'S POV

136

The muzzle of the revolver points directly INTO CAMERA from beneath the folds of the coat.

CORIO (almost boredly)
 Are you so disillusioned with
 the young lady, Max...
 that you won't trade their destina-
 tion...for hers?

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

137

Nearly paralyzed with fear, Mary waits expectantly - Corio's gun against her side - for Max to save her life.

MARY (softly - after
 long pause)
 Max? Max...please?

CLOSE SHOT - MAX

138

While probably fighting with himself, he cannot utter the words which will part him from his fortune.

MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP

139

CORIO

You realize, Van Schreeten, that
if you don't tell me, I'll have
to kill you too - for the bottom
half of that claim check...

(sighs)

I was just trying to do it simply.

MAX (numbly)

Half a billion dollars...

(to Mary - rationalizing)

...against the life of the woman
who has done her utmost to des-
troy mine? Who has tricked me?

CORIO

Van Schreeten, we just haven't
got time for the melodrama tonight.

(to Mary)

Sorry, Honey; but apparently mar-
tyrdom appeals to this fool.
You might as well go first...

There is suddenly a light, brief KNOCK at the com-
partment door. They all stiffen - for different
reasons, of course.

FULL SHOT - COMPARTMENT - THEIR POV

140

as, immediately following the KNOCK, the doors are
opened from the outside. Solo peers in.

SOLO (appraising
the situation)

Oh, sorry folks...thought it was
empty.

Solo pulls his head out, and is about to close the
doors again, when Corio stops him short.

CORIO (to Solo)

The policeman from the balcony, I
believe?

Solo has kept his hands concealed behind the doors.
He now brings one of them forth - with his revolver
in it. He steps inside and CLOSES the DOORS behind
him.

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SOLO (covering Corio)
For a somewhat despicable fellow,
you do have a disturbingly good
memory.

140
CONT'D
(2)

MEDIUM SHOT - MARY AND CORIO - SOLO'S POV

141

Corio's hand, gun and coat are still where they
were - and the muzzle still points at Mary.

CORIO

And a little foresight, I think.
In my hand is a gun, and in the
gun is a bullet which goes bang.
Drop yours, or I take the lady
with me when I go.

MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP

142

MARY

He does have guns, Napoleon.

After an unhappy pause, Solo gives his gun to Corio,
who takes it with his free hand.

CORIO (to Solo)

You can sit over there...that's
right...

(his jauntiness gone)

And now - as quietly as possible,
and as quickly as possible - I'm
going to kill the three of you.
You first, mister ...

CLOSE SHOT - CORIO - SOLO'S POV

143

SOLO

Solo.

CORIO

...Mister Solo. After all, it is
you who presents the most danger...
(raises his gun toward
Solo)

omit

REVERSE ANGLE

144

as Solo braces himself.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. - TRAIN - NIGHT - FULL SHOT (STOCK) - ESTABLISHING

145

The Alburg Express, as before.

CUT TO:

INT. - TRAIN COMPARTMENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT - GROUP

146

Corio is just about to shoot Solo.

MARY (to Corio)

Wait!....

Corio does wait, but his eyes and gun remain on Solo.

MARY (continued)

I'll tell you...

(to Max - hurt)

Our sense of values differ somewhat, Max.

MAX

No, Mary!

CORIO

Be quiet, Maxey.

(to Mary)

If you do know the magic words, young lady...let's have them.

MARY (suddenly wary)

Maybe you'll kill us all anyway...

CORIO

Killing is a means to an end. If I can reach that end without employing those means - fine. I have no desire to kill three human beings.

ANOTHER ANGLE

147

Through the windows, we begin to see a few lights here and there, and the train seems to be slowing down.

CORIO (continued)
This train is slowing down,
Honey. My friends are wait-
ing...and so am I.

147
CONT'D
(2)

MARY
The furniture van is on its way to
a town called...Malreaux; near the
border.

Max GROANS, Corio SIGHS with pleased relief, and
Mary buries her head in her hands. The lights
outside are increasing in number, and the train is
now moving quite slowly.

CORIO (to Mary)
Thank you.

Solo and Corio have been looking at each other, both
aware that Max, Mary and Solo are as good as dead.

CLOSE SHOT - MARY

148

She sees the expressions on their faces.

MARY
Why are you looking at each
other like that? Napoleon?
...He's going to kill us
anyway, isn't he?

ANGLE ON SOLO

149

SOLO (to Mary)
Unfortunately, Mary, the Thrush
handbook bears no similarity
whatever to that used by the
Boy Scouts of America.

MARY
Thrush?

CORIO (to Solo - much amused)
You're really marvelous, Mister
Solo. However...the train is stop-
ping, and business is at hand.
Now it'll be up to you to see
that this...

(indicates Max)
...crumbling wreck behaves himself
while we're getting off. If not...
(turns his gun on Mary again)
...the world will lose an artist.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

150

The town is small, and the railroad station is the same. As the train comes to a STOP at LEFT, the station house itself can be seen at RIGHT. As we watch, TWO MEN enter f.g. from behind CAMERA. They stand silently waiting. Between them, in b.g., first Mary and then Corio can be seen alighting from the train. Corio's coat is draped over his arm, concealing the pistol we know is pointed at Mary.

CLOSER ANGLE

151

as Solo prods Max off the train ahead of him. Corio and Mary await them on the platform.

FULL SHOT - GROUP POV

152

All having now descended from the train, Corio looks around and sees the Two Men at the other end of the platform.

CLOSE SHOT - CORIO

153

He nods slightly in the direction of the Two Men.

FULL SHOT - GROUP POV

154

The Two Men in b.g. begin walking toward them.

CORIO (to Solo -
indicating the two men)
How's that for planning and
punctuality?
(to all)
All right, children...

They all begin walking toward the two men, with Corio somewhat to the left of the group he is leading.

SERGEANT'S VOICE (o.s.)
A moment, Messieurs...if you
please.

They all turn, and CAMERA follows their gaze. THREE local GENDARMES, led by a SERGEANT, stand with guns drawn. CAMERA PANS BACK to Solo, Max, Mary and Corio.

Immediately, Corio, already a bit removed from the group, steps even farther away.

154
CONT'D
(2)

CORIO

Oh, excuse me, Officer. I was just asking these folks about train connections...uh...is there some trouble?

CLOSE SHOT - SERGEANT

155

SERGEANT

Nothing to concern you, Monsieur; proceed about your business, please.

FULL SHOT - GROUP

156

CORIO

Well, yes...to be sure.

He turns away, and begins walking, like a confused tourist, toward the opposite end of the platform.

FULL SHOT - SOLO'S GROUP AND GENDARMES - TWO MEN'S POV 157

The two men, having seen the gendarmes approach with drawn weapons, advance no further. They now watch as Corio, having successfully disattached himself from the group, comes toward them at a leisurely pace. Corio signals for no trouble, but it is apparent that they could kill the policeman if forced to.

MEDIUM SHOT - GENDARMES - SOLO'S POV

158

SERGEANT (to Solo)

You are under arrest, Monsieur; for the kidnapping of this young lady.

(to Mary)

You are quite well, Mademoiselle?

MARY (bewildered)

Why...of course.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

159

as he glances back and sees Corio standing with his two friends. They are obviously waiting to see if the police will depart and leave the prisoners to them.

SOLO (to sergeant -
feigning misery)
Sergeant; you got me...
(grabs Max by the arm)

...us.

MARY

What?

(follows Solo's glance back
toward Corio, and catches on)
Oh...yes; yes, Sergeant. Thank
goodness you're here...
(toward Max - meaning it)
...it was horrible.

MAX

What are you talking about?
(looks toward Corio and his
friends)
What about...?

SOLO (interrupting)
It's no use, Max. We'll go
quietly, Sergeant.

At the prodding of the gendarme's guns, Solo and Max are made to raise their arms and submit to a frisking.

SERGEANT

(to Mary)

A woman friend of yours, Mademoiselle;
she apparently informed the author-
ities in Paris, who contacted all of
the towns along the train route.

The gendarmes remove Solo's pistol and his pocket
radio, tossing the latter to the sergeant for his
amateurish inspection.

SOLO

Say, easy with that, fellas...cost
me twenty five boxtops.

FULL SHOT - CORIO'S POV

160

as the gendarmes begin leading Solo's group toward the station house.

CORIO (to his two friends)
No...it's too risky and it isn't worth it. Our main mission is the diamonds, and they're in a moving van on the road to Malreaux...
..c'mon.

FULL SHOT - STATION PLATFORM - SOLO'S POV

161

as he is being herded to a bench with Max. Solo sees Corio & Company head off toward a vehicle parked some yards from the station. CAMERA FOLLOWS his faze and HOLDS on the Thrush agents as they pile into their car and drive off.

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO AND GENDARMES

162

The Sergeant has already escorted Mary to one end of the bench, which is up against the wall of the station house. But just as she is about to be seated, Solo uses his right hand to grab the arm of one of the two Gendarmes flanking him, and uses his left to shove Max against the one on the opposite side. As Max tumbles into his Gendarme, Solo yanks on the arm of the one on his side, and flings the man into the others. In a continuance of the same motion, Solo dashes to his left and along the plat form.

GENDARME
Arretez! Halt!

LONG SHOT - GENDARME'S POV

163

As Solo reaches the corner of the building, one of the Gendarmes FIRES. But Solo has made the corner, and disappears around it.

FULL SHOT - PLATFORM

164

as all but one of the Gendarmes pursues Solo. The remaining one covers Max while the Sergeant stands trying to control his exasperation

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. - FIELD BEHIND STATION - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

165

as Solo rushes through the tall grass and flops down in f.g. He watches as the Gendarmes search; the flatness of the terrain makes further movement without detection impossible.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

166

SERGEANT (to Max-
angrily)

The terrain is flat, Monsieur.
I assure you, there is no place
for your accomplice to hide for
very long.

MAX

Look here, Sergeant; that man
is my enemy, not my accomplice...
..You must let me go! I must
reach the town of Malreaux before
those men who just left here.

SERGEANT (interrupting)

Monsieur! Have the courtesy to sit
down, if you please; and remain
quiet.

(to Mary - chest expanded)

Do not fear, Mademoiselle. I
personally shall telephone Paris
and proclaim the event of your
marvelous rescue.

MARY (anxiously)

Oh, that's very nice. But actually,
Sergeant. What he just said about
those men is true. They're the
bad guys. The man your policemen
are chasing out there; he isn't
what he seems. His name is Napo-
leon Solo, you see, and...

SERGEANT

Napoleon? A fine name, Mademoiselle. It will be unfortunate if a frenchman is forced to shoot Napoleon.

(bravely)

But he shall not escape your servant, Mademoiselle.

166
CONT'D
(2)

MARY

Please try to understand. You mustn't stop him! He didn't kidnap me...

TWO SHOT - SERGEANT AND MARY

167

SERGEANT (knowingly - frenchly)

Ah, so it happens once again: The dashing young criminal who whisks you away; the suspense-filled night; the moment when you peer into his eyes and know somehow that he could not be all bad...

MARY

I see you read a lot.

SERGEANT

Mademoiselle, your heart lies to you...

(pats her cheek)

...such a man will ruin your life. Now sit down please until our transportation arrives. Let cooler, older, wiser heads prevail.

MEDIUM SHOT - MAX AND MARY

168

as Mary sits down, she studiously ignores Max.

MAX

Mary...Mary, help me get out of here to Malreaux. The diamonds are half yours, my dear. We can be free!

MARY (disdainfully)

I am free, Max. You'd have seen me killed to protect your silly flock of stolen diamonds...

ANOTHER ANGLE

169

as the Sergeant approaches Max and stands over him.

SERGEANT

Stolen diamonds? Your name,
Monsieur, if you please...

MARY (when Max
doesn't answer)
Max Van Schreeten.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD BEHIND STATION - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

170

as he crawls slowly, quietly, through the tall
grass, and settles down for a while.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

171

of Corio's car as it speeds along the road.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CORIO'S CAR

172

as Corio uses a pen-lite to read a road map.

CORIO

We should be approaching the
Malreaux road. The truck will
have had to come over the moun-
tains. We'll wait; take it as
it goes by.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. PLATFORM - FULL SHOT - POV

173

as TWO POLICE VEHICLES arrive, coming to a stop
at the far end of the train platform.

SERGEANT

Our transportation has arrived...

(to Gendarmes)

Allons!

(to Mary)

Be brave, Mademoiselle. I shall
soon place you back in the bosom
of your loved ones.

As the Sergeant helps Mary to her feet, the Gen-
darmes prod Max. The group begins walking toward
the vehicles.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

174

He looks up from the tall grass in which he has
been hiding as he HEARS the SOUND of an approach-
ing helicopter. He rises to a crouch, and begins
running back in the direction of the train station
and railroad tracks.

QUICK CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - STATION AREA FROM ABOVE - COPTER POV

175

While the station is somewhat illuminated, nothing
extraordinary would appear to be going on down
there.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

176

as he pilots the copter, following the tracks and
searching the ground below him. His head is still
bandaged.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. PLATFORM - FULL SHOT

176X1

as Max, Mary, the Sergeant and Gendarmes, are just about to step off the platform toward the police vehicles. They all stop and look skyward as the copter approaches.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - FULL SHOT - SOLO

177

as he runs toward the railroad tracks at a point about fifty yards from the station. Walking parallel to the tracks is an old French PEASANT. He leads a HORSE and loaded hay wagon toward the depot.

MEDIUM SHOT - HAY WAGON

178

as Solo approaches the wagon from the rear. He looks up, frustrated, as the helicopter passes overhead without hesitating. The wagon is moving slowly, and CAMERA MOVES IN on Solo, hidden from the station by the wagon itself, as he ignites his cigarette lighter and flips it onto the hay. He then continues crouching alongside the wagon as the fire catches on.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - PEASANT

179

He suddenly turns, sees the fire, and YELLS in surprise.

FULL SHOT - HAY WAGON - SERGEANT'S POV

180

as he and the others on the platform HEAR the Peasant's YELL. The fire is now growing to respectable proportions.

QUICK CUT TO:

HELICOPTER - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

181

as he searches the terrain below him. Off to the right, and behind him, we see the blaze Solo has started. Finally, glancing behind him only by chance, Ilya also sees it.

FULL SHOT - HELICOPTER

182

as Illya banks it around and downward toward the blaze.

QUICK CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - HAY WAGON

183

in b.g., the Sergeant's Gendarmes are running toward the blaze. In f.g., between CAMERA and the hay wagon, Solo is still shielded from everyone's view but ours. CAMERA TILTS UPWARD and PANS to discover Illya's copter as it swings in over the hay wagon, and then MOVES DOWN AGAIN, as Solo now gesticulates to attract Illya's attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE

184

The Gendarmes arrive at the hay wagon at the same time as the helicopter. The burning hay is caught by the wind of the copter blades, and begins flying around in all directions.

ANOTHER ANGLE

185

Alternately helped and hindered by the outraged Peasant, one Gendarme begins unharnessing his wagon horse. The other moves around to Solo's side of the wagon. Everybody is looking up now, unable to fathom the presence of the helicopter which is dropping down on them.

QUICK CUT TO:

HELICOPTER - MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

186

as Illya leans out and tosses a rope ladder over the side.

QUICK CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO'S POV

187

The Gendarme on his side of the wagon is staring up at the copter, and has not seen Solo. He falls unconscious as Solo chops him across the neck and rushes out from behind the cover of the wagon to leap for Illya's rope ladder.

FULL SHOT - SERGEANT'S POV

188

Max, Mary, the Sergeant and his one remaining Gendarme, have all been standing transfixed at the spectacle of the burning wagon, frightened horse and flame-spreading helicopter. Now, however, the copter pulls back up with Solo dangling on the rope ladder.

MEDIUM SHOT

189

as the Sergeant issues an EXCLAMATION and reaches for his holstered revolver. His Gendarme still covers Max as the Sergeant draws his gun and aims it. He takes a step forward - and falls on his face. Mary has tripped him.

FULL SHOT - MARY'S POV

190

as the helicopter swings up and away in b.g.. In f.g., the Sergeant gets up, watches the copter go, then turns back toward Mary - with the look of a whipped French poodle.

SERGEANT (to Mary - pride
and feelings injured)
Oh, Mademoiselle...

Havoc continues around them, as we

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. MALREAUX ROAD - CORIO'S POV

191

From where they sit in the darkness at the side of the road, Corio and his two men see the headlights of a truck approaching. It passes their car, and CAMERA HOLDS for just a moment on the huge word painted on the side of the truck: "DUPRE". CAMERA then PANS BACK to Corio.

CORIO (to driver)
That's it...let's move!

FULL SHOT

192

as the Thrush car squeals out onto the highway in pursuit of the Dupre moving van.

CUT TO:

HIGHWAY - MOVING VAN AND CAR - FULL SHOT

193

as the car comes abreast of the Dupre van and cuts in front of it, forcing it to a near-accident stop. Corio and his men jump from their car.

MEDIUM SHOT - TRUCK DRIVER'S POV

194

Shaken up and bewildered, the TRUCK DRIVER finds himself facing the Thrush pistols. The cab door is jerked open and he is hauled out bodily.

ANOTHER ANGLE

195

as one of Corio's men jumps into the truck cab.

CORIO (to Thrush driver)
Turn it back around toward Paris.
If Uncle does manage to follow,
they'll be chasing in the wrong direction.

CLOSE SHOT - TRUCK DRIVER

196

The Truck driver, opens his mouth to protest. But Corio's other Thrushman bops him on the head, and then drags him to the side of the road before moving to join Corio.

FULL SHOT - VAN AND CAR

197

As the truck turns around and heads back the way it came, Corio and his Thrushman turn their own car around, and follow. The Truck Driver is left lying unconscious in f.g.

FLASH PAN TO:

HELICOPTER - TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

198

as they fly along, searching the ground below.

SOLO
How's your head?
(Illya doesn't answer)
Illya?

ILLYA (after a pause -
blurts it out angrily)
No, I didn't think to look in
the blasted furniture! It was
too obvious a hiding place.

198
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (after a short
laugh)
...That should be the road...

FULL SHOT - SOLO'S POV

199

as they swoop low and begin to follow the Malreaux
road. Below them, going in the opposite direction,
we see the Dupre truck with Corio's car behind it.
The darkness makes it impossible to distinguish
the lettering on the truck.

SOLO
There's a van, but it's going
the wrong way.

ILLYA
If Thrush has already hi-jacked
the furniture, it's not likely
that they'd just continue along,
you know.

SOLO
Let's have a closer look at that
van.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CORIO'S CAR - TWO SHOT

200

of Corio and his driver.

CORIO

Half a billion dollars worth. Ha!
We'll be reaching a town in a couple
of minutes. Let them try and find
us then.

The SOUND of the copter is HEARD. Both Corio and
the driver react accordingly, and Corio reaches into
the back seat for a Thrush rifle, just as the copter
searchlight illuminates their car.

QUICK CUT TO:

HIGHWAY FROM ABOVE - SOLO'S POV

201

SOLO

Get into a rocket attack angle...

The light cast by the copter's beam enables Solo to
see Corio as he leans out of the car window and
FIRES at the Uncle agents.

FULL SHOT

202

as the copter FIRES the first of its rockets. It
strikes the highway between the truck and the car
and produces a great volume of smoke. The car
swerves, as the Thrush driver's vision must obvious-
ly be obscured. As a second rocket is FIRED and
explodes, the car careens off the road into a ditch.

FULL SHOT - SOLO'S POV

203

Both Corio and his driver jump from their ditched
car and begin running for cover. The copter
follows and FIRES a third rocket, which explodes
directly in front of the fleeing men.

MEDIUM SHOT

204

as Corio and his henchman cough, splutter, then
sag unconscious with the smoke swirling around
them.

TWO-SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

205

SOLO

Pleasant dreams, fellas...we'll
be back, so don't go 'way.

(to Ilyya)

Now let's go sit down on
that furniture.

CUT TO:

INT. - CAB OF VAN - CLOSE SHOT

206

as the panicked Thrush driver speeds along. The
cab is suddenly illuminated from above, and the
SOUND of the copter grows louder and louder. The
driver doesn't know what to do, as he realizes
that the helicopter is almost touching the top of
the truck. There is the LOUD SOUND of a "THUMP"
as the copter touches down.

DRIVER (resignedly)

All right, all right...

He slows, and brings the truck to a stop.

FULL SHOT

207

as the truck stops, with the Uncle helicopter sitting
on it's roof.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

208

SOLO (indicating driver
below them)

He must feel terrible, poor
fellow.

CLOSE SHOT - THRUSH DRIVER

209

His face has sagged completely, and with an un-
happy but relieved MOAN, he buries his perspiring
head in his arms on the steering wheel.

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - GRUSHENKA 210

GRUSHENKA (suspiciously)
I think maybe is a fishy smell
here.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, and we see that Grushenka has
been speaking to Illya, who sits with her and
Mary at one of the tables.

MEDIUM SHOT - ILLYA AND MARY 211

ILLYA
Not at all....a straight business
transaction, Madam: Max Van Schree-
ten gave this club to Mary, and my
organization will guarantee Mary a
substantial purchase price with
which she can resume her studies
in comfort...

Illya breaks off his conversation as Solo approaches
the table.

ILLYA (continued;
to Solo)
Well? What did he say?

MED. SHOT - ILLYA'S POV 212

as Solo stands behind Mary's chair and rests his
hands on her shoulders. Grushenka reaches over
and unceremoniously yanks one of his hands off.

SOLO (to Illya)
He said you're going to Amsterdam
tomorrow...to see if you can discover
how Max and Josef managed their
robbery in the first place.

GRUSHENKA (to Solo -
under her breath)
Mierzavietz.

ILLYA (to Solo)
Buy why me? Wasn't our report
satisfactory?

SOLO

Oh yes...except for one or two little details...uh...he couldn't quite understand how you searched the place without finding the diamonds in the furniture.

212
CONT'D
(2)

INTERCUTS - SOLO AND ILLYA

213-215

ILLYA (not quite trusting Solo)
And you told him...

SOLO (innocently)
What could I say? I told him you just forgot.

ILLYA (appalled)
You what?

SOLO
Illya...would you want me to lie to Mister Waverly?
(to Mary)
Dance, my dear?
(takes Mary's arm)

ILLYA (furious)
Of course I wanted you to lie to *me* him, you blockhead!

MEDIUM SHOT - SOLO AND MARY

216

as he helps her to her feet.

SOLO (to Illya - still innocent)
Oh? Well, Illya...you should have told me that.

Solo begins to lead Mary away from the table; then has an afterthought.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Solo turns and moves to lean over Grushenka. Unexpectedly, he KISSES the shocked woman on the forehead, before moving off again with Mary.

never 217
Kissed
her

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

218

ILLYA (blistering mad)
Napoleon!

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

219

SOLO
Don't just sit there, Illya.
Ask the lady to dance.

MEDIUM SHOT

220

As Solo leads Mary out of FRAME toward the dance-
floor, CAMERA MOVES IN to a VERY CLOSE SHOT of
Illya and Grushenka. He is displeased. She is
pleased. She smiles flirtatiously.

GRUSHENKA
You are Russian....Darling?

FADE OUT

THE END