

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE THRUSH ROULETTE AFFAIR

Prod. #8471

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June 27 1967

6-27-67

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

The Thrush Roulette Affair

Prod. #8471

Script dated: June 27, 1967

Name changes:

FROM:

DR. ITTO

TO:

DR. IEATO (ee-ah-toe)

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

The Thrush Roulette Affair

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FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF TROPICAL ISLAND - SUNSET (STOCK) 1

Over this the legend: "Somewhere in the Caribbean."

EXT. CLUB THANATOPSIS - EST. SHOT - NIGHT 2

A sign establishes the plush gambling casino set in tropical surroundings.

INT. CORRIDOR - DOLLY SHOT 3

as BARNABY PARTRIDGE swiftly moves along the dimly lighted underground hallway. Partridge is a lean, mod Londoner in his mid-thirties, a Hugh Hefner-type recruited by THRUSH to run their jet-set gambling operation. To all outward appearances a swinging playboy, Partridge is at heart a ruthless criminal.

ANGLE 4

as Partridge halts at an ornately carved door guarded over by a tuxedoed brute. The sentry slides open a wall panel and turns a key. The door swings open.

INT. PRIVATE CASINO - CLOSE ON SPINNING ROULETTE WHEEL 5

as it slows down, dumping the ball into the "00" slot. A mixed chorus of male and female GROANS, as the SHOT WIDENS to reveal the croupier raking in a field of black chips.

ANGLE - PLAYERS

6

Two smartly dressed men and a woman are grouped about the table, champagne glasses in hand. The woman, a wizened grande dame, named COUNTESS FORTINI, turns to the croupier.

COUNTESS (Italian
accent)
I'm out of chips. I'll take
another thousand.

PARTRIDGE'S VOICE (o.s. -
charming)
No need for that, old darling.

The Countess, players turn, look off.

PARTRIDGE

7

as he approaches the table. In the b.g., we note the small, elegantly appointed private casino is outfitted with dice, blackjack and poker tables. Partridge smilingly takes the Countess' hand, kisses it.

PARTRIDGE (to all)
All play in the private casino
stops at midnight.

COUNTESS (chidingly)
Barnaby, you are a wicked boy.
I want to try and win back what
I lost.

PARTRIDGE
Sorry, Countess. House rule.

ANOTHER ANGLE

8

A heavy-set, jovial-looking man (KRAMER) reaches into his jacket, pulls out a checkbook and pen.

KRAMER (chuckling)
Great idea you've got here,
Partridge. Makes you feel like
you're really gambling.

COUNTESS
But why is the door locked?
(playfully pokes Partridge)
Are you afraid we'll run off without
paying our debts?

The Countess breaks into a wheezing laugh, is joined in her little joke by the other players. Partridge smiles, moves around the table.

8
CONT'D
(2)

PARTRIDGE

Unlike yourselves, I'm not a gambler. What I win, I make certain I keep.

KRAMER - TO INCLUDE PARTRIDGE, CROUPIER

9

KRAMER (opening
checkbook)

Well, I lost, so I'm giving.
(to croupier)
What am I down for?

PARTRIDGE (matter-of-
factly)

The agreed upon stakes, Mr.
Kramer. Your life.

CLOSE - KRAMER

10

He bursts into a hearty laugh.

KRAMER

I mean how much do I make the
check out for?

PARTRIDGE

11

Fingers running through a stack of black and white chips.

PARTRIDGE

This is one time, old darling,
you don't cover your losses with
a check.

GROUP SHOT - PLAYERS

12

Stunned, as the realization hits that Partridge is dead serious. They exchange incredulous looks, then panic. Each AD LIBS -- "I thought it was a joke" -- "Impossible!" -- "He must be mad!", etc.

ANGLE - PARTRIDGE

13

Surveying their reactions, a hint of sadistic smile on his lips. He reaches for the croupier's stick, brings it down on the table with a resounding whack.

PLAYERS - PARTRIDGE

14

Silence, as the group's attention snaps to Partridge.

PARTRIDGE (ice)

Each of you has some vital information I want. Each of you accepted my invitation to play in the private casino. And each of you agreed to the stakes.

(a beat)

You all lost.

Partridge traverses the table slowly, his eyes burning into the players.

PARTRIDGE

And now it's collection time,
and the price is your lives!

REACTION - GROUP

15

Incredulous, panicked.

ANGLE - PARTRIDGE

16

as he halts in front of AMBASSADOR HANS VANDERLOON, a stern-faced, virile-looking man in his late fifties. Partridge stares at the Ambassador, then allows a hint of a cruel smile to cross his lips.

PARTRIDGE

Your lives... or the information.

Vanderloon returns the stare apprehensively.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STOCK OF NEW YORK SKYSCRAPER - DAY

17

EXT. OBSERVATORY ROOF - DAY - ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

18

as the doors open. A few tourists step out, among them ILLYA and a handsome young man wearing the uniform of a Latin American nation. He is COLONEL ANTONIO ACEVEDO, the son of a high ranking statesman. CAMERA PANS the pair to the wind-whipped edge of the roof. A line of coin operated telescopes point through the high fencing.

CLOSER ANGLE

19

The Colonel stares vacantly out over the city, totally oblivious to Illya's unrest.

ILLYA (checks watch)
Colonel Acevedo, it's almost three.
(no response)
Your meeting with Mr. Waverly is
in fifteen minutes.

The Colonel ignores Illya, his face tense, the muscles working. Illya studies his charge, concerned at his strange behavior.

ILLYA
Colonel?
(still no response;
Illya's puzzlement mounts,
and then he sighs resignedly)
Well, as long as you insisted on
coming up here, you might as well
see the city.

Illya turns, takes a coin out of his pocket and feeds it into a telescope. He peers into the scope and adjusts the focus.

COLONEL - CLOSE

19X1

His breathing labored, eyes huge with fear, unseeing.

ILLYA - CLOSE

20

Looking through scope, focusing.

ILLYA
There's the U.N. Building...
Lincoln Center... off in the
lower left - you can make out

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P.6

He straightens, turns to Colonel Acevedo, takes.
SHOT WIDENS to reveal the Colonel missing. Illya
scans the area. Suddenly, a woman's SCREAM.

20
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE - TOURISTS

21

The woman's companions sight along her outstretched
arm with terrified looks.

COLONEL - THEIR POV

22

climbing over the top of the curved fencing. The
wind catches his hat, sends it sailing into space.
He gains the top, stands perched on the steel ribs
of the guard fence.

ILLYA

23

spots the Colonel, heads for him on a dead run.

COLONEL

24

He slowly raises his arms, as if to balance, then
leaps.....

ANGLE - ILLYA

25

as he makes a vaulting leap onto the fence. He
hangs there momentarily, looking down through the
bars, then loosens his hold and drops back. CAMERA
MOVES IN, as Illya turns, powerless.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. WEAPONS TESTING CHAMBER - ANGLE 26

shooting through a large cylinder at Illya and SOLO at the opposite end. Both aim and fire automatic weapons at CAMERA.

CLOSE ANGLE - SOLO, ILLYA 27

Several new weapons are lying on a counter at the mouth of the cylinder. As they fire another burst:

WAVERLY'S VOICE (o.s. - tense)
Dr. Siguru in Tokvo, Judge Spencer in Cleveland, Hoffman in Berlin. And now Colonel Acevedo.

ANGLE - TRIO 28

WAVERLY paces nervously, his face grave.

WAVERLY
Four suicides among key government and civilian VIP's. It's no mere coincidence, gentlemen.

SOLO (loading gun)
I've seen the Intelligence report, sir.

WAVERLY
At the same time there's been an alarming rise in both the quality and quantity of top secret information finding its way into THRUSH hands.

ILLYA (fires, then turns)
Any evidence of a tie-in?

WAVERLY

29

WAVERLY

Research has discovered a single common denominator shared by all of the suicides. During the past year, each of them were invited guests of the same island gambling casino, the Club Thanatopsis.

ANGLE - SOLO

30

He picks up a rocket handgun, breaks it and fits in a finned missile.

SOLO

Why don't we find someone who's been at the club and question him?

He aims, fires. The projectile EXPLODES at the far end of the cylinder.

TRIO - FAVORING WAVERLY

31

Illya reaches overhead, pulls down three bars suspended on a pulley track and starts fitting on paper targets.

WAVERLY (frustrated)

Precisely the reason I'd hoped to meet with Colonel Acevedo. He'd just returned from a weekend there.

Sensitive to the implication, Illya sneaks a look at Solo, then presses a button sending the targets down the cylinder. The agents pick up automatic shoulder weapons.

WAVERLY

I want you to go to the club, Mr. Kuryakin...Check out any possible link with THRUSH, learn whatever else you can.

Solo and Illya fire short bursts at the end targets. Waverly moves between them, absently picks up a gun.

TWO SHOT - WAVERLY - SOLO

32

WAVERLY

Your assignment, Mr. Solo...

(aims, fires a burst)

is to ferret out VIP's who've received invitations to the club, and persuade them to cooperate with U.N.C.L.E. If we can get someone on the inside, someone they don't suspect, we might learn what's behind their operation.

GROUP

33

Illya presses the button, bringing the targets back.

ILLYA

I'll leave at once, Mr. Waverly.

He and Solo pull their targets, check them.

WAVERLY

Excellent, Mr. Kuryakin. Your plane for the Caribbean will be ready in an hour.

He reaches for his target, pulls it off. CAMERA MOVES IN. We see that all of Waverly's shots are dead center. Solo and Illya smile uncomfortably, attempt to hide their targets as Waverly turns to compare the three.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PARTRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY - FULL SHOT

34

The room is an ultra-modern blaze of op, pop and psychedelic art -- a hippie decorator's trip come true. Partridge is seated behind a massive Victorian desk, off to the side is a teletype machine. Directly behind him a large picture window offers a sweeping view of the island. Partridge is on the phone, attempting to find an opening in the verbal blitzkrieg he's receiving from THRUSH Central. He loosens his tie, then mops his forehead with a large paisley handkerchief.

CLOSER ANGLE

35

PARTRIDGE

(suffering)

Yes, sir... I'm well aware I
promised to deliver the new
schedule for the Apollo test series,
but Central has got to realize...

Cut off. Partridge draws a deep breath and attempts
to hold down his temper.

PARTRIDGE

Of course THRUSH needs information
not suicides. But...

(cut off again;
he rises, paces)

You've got to realize...

(shouts)

Let me finish! You've got to
realize there are certain risks!

ANOTHER ANGLE

36

Partridge stares out of the window, his face tense.

PARTRIDGE

You very well know I don't want
to be replaced! In the past year,
I've given you...

We hear the office door open. Partridge turns,
motions impatiently for the visitor to come in.

ANGLE - DOOR

37

as a willowy young Parisian beauty enters. She is
MONICA CHABLIS, sheathed in the latest ye-ye gear.
She carries a few file folders tucked schoolgirl
fashion under her arm. CAMERA PANS her to a chair
in front of the desk.

PARTRIDGE'S VOICE (o.s. -
during above action)

You specifically requested informa-
tion on the International Security
Conference. Well, you'll have it.

PARTRIDGE

38

PARTRIDGE

That's not another promise.
It's a fact! I've got Ambassador
Vanderloon under treatment at this
moment.

(beat; smiles)

That's right... the International
Security Conference. You'll have
the exact location in a day or two.

He moves around the desk, his swagger returning as
he's obviously scored a major point with his caller.
He stands alongside of Monica, strokes her hair.
She remains staring straight ahead, doesn't react
to his touch.

PARTRIDGE

I thought you'd like that bit of
news. Once the delegates are
eliminated, THRUSH will have one
less security problem.

(beat)

I said in a day or two. You have
my word.

He hangs up, breathes a long sign of relief.

ANGLE - PARTRIDGE, MONICA

39

as he sits on the edge of the desk coolly assessing
her, more in the manner of master than soulmate.

PARTRIDGE

When will Vanderloon be ready?

Monica hands him the file folders, her manner cold,
aloof.

MONICA (slight accent)

Dr. Itto has finished examining
the others. He's just starting
the Ambassador's preliminary test
now.

Partridge leans across the desk, activates an inter-
com.

PARTRIDGE (into
intercom)
Bring the Ambassador here when
Dr. Itto is done with him.

39
CONT'D
(2)

Rising, Partridge opens a gold decanter, pours two brandies.

ANOTHER ANGLE

40

He hands Monica a glass. She takes it reluctantly, rises.

PARTRIDGE (smiling)
To our success, old darling.

He takes a sip. Monica doesn't touch her drink, attempts to avert her eyes. Partridge moves directly in front of her.

PARTRIDGE (the
smile fades; commanding)
I offered a toast, Monica. It's
bad form not to join in.

He grabs hold of her hand, forcing the drink toward her mouth. She pulls free, quickly tosses the drink down. Partridge glares at her.

PARTRIDGE (biting)
Right now you think I'm just one
of Central's whipping boys. Just
another punch card in their computer.

MONICA (defiantly)
Aren't you?

PARTRIDGE
Not by a long shot, my dear! I
may be running this clip palace
for Central today, but tomorrow
I'll be a member of Central.

MONICA (sarcastically)
Have you told them yet?

PARTRIDGE

41

PARTRIDGE (eyes
gleaming)

Once I get the location of the Security Conference, they'll take the pressure off. And then up I go! First, they'll make me a member of Central.

(chuckles maniacally)

And within a year, I guarantee you, I'll be head of Central!

SHOT WIDENS to include Monica. Partridge pulls her to him.

PARTRIDGE

You may not think so now, old darling, but it was the luckiest day of your life when you threw in with me.

He attempts to kiss her. Monica pushes him away.

MONICA

I have to go to the casino.

Partridge grabs her hand in a vise-like grip. Monica winces in pain.

PARTRIDGE (blazing)

You'll go when Barnaby Partridge tells you to go!

(a beat; savagely)

You haven't been very attentive to me lately, Monica. Now why is that, d'you suppose?

MONICA (in pain)

Please, Barnaby!

PARTRIDGE (sardonic)

Can it be that you don't approve of my -- business associates?

(a beat)

Well, understand this, Monica. Like it or not, you're in this as deeply as I am. You can go down with me -- or up.

(a faint smile)

Up is better. You know that... So I'm sure you'll be the very first to congratulate me on my election to Central. And I know you'll continue to do everything in your power to make the club, and me, a success.

(he tightens his grip.

She cries out)

Won't you, old darling?

Partridge retains his hold. Monica struggles to hold back another cry of pain, manages to nod her head. Partridge smiles triumphantly.

41
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STOCK SCENE OF MANHATTAN STREET - DAY

42

43 OUT

INT. ARENA TRAVEL AGENCY - ANGLE ON SOLO - DAY

44

as he leans across the counter and smiles engagingly at a pretty GIRL employee (HELENE). In b.g., we see on the plate glass window the lettering identifying the agency.

SOLO

It's not that I don't trust her, but I'd like to make sure my fiancée is going where she says she's going. You know how it is.

HELENE (big smile)

No, I don't. But even if I did, I couldn't show you the club's reservation list. It's an agency rule.

Solo reaches into his pocket, pulls out a large bill.

SOLO (waves it
in front of her)

Maybe you could bend the rule.
Just this once?

HELENE (eyeing bill)

You really don't trust her.

Helene takes the bill, flashes a thank you smile.

SOLO

The reservation list?

ANOTHER ANGLE - BEHIND COUNTER

45

as Helene reaches down and presses a button.

HELENE

I'm sending for it.

ANGLE

46

as the door behind the counter opens and two brutes appear. Solo looks apprehensively at the men.

HELENE (to men)
This gentleman has a problem.
He'd like to see the club Thompsons reservation list

The men exchange suspicious looks, start toward Solo.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SOLO

47

backing up for the door.

SOLO (weak laugh)
Oh, it's really not worth
bothering about.
(to Helene)
I guess you can trust most women.

Helen smiles knowingly, as Solo hastily opens the door, tosses her a dirty look and exits.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PARTRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE

48

on Ambassador Vanderloon seated in the chair in front of Partridge's desk. It's obvious from his wan, unshaven appearance that Dr. Itto's preliminary tests haven't been exactly fun. We HEAR the teletype CLATTERING the last of a message. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Partridge reading the communication. He finishes, turns to Vanderloon.

PARTRIDGE (bubbling)
You've caused quite a stir at
Central, Mister Ambassador.

Vanderloon glares defiantly at Partridge. The THRUSHMAN sits on the edge of the desk, over Vanderloon.

PARTRIDGE
You're a reasonable man. Give me
the location of the Conference and
I'll have you whisked home in royal
style.

VANDERLOON (sardonically)
Would you do the same for the
delegates?

48
CONT'D
(2)

PARTRIDGE (off-hand)
That needn't concern you a bit, old
darling. You've just sampled what
Dr. Itto has in store for you if
you don't cooperate. And I assure
you, the preliminary tests are fun
and games compared to the full
examination.

VANDERLOON

49

VANDERLOON (firm)
You'll get nothing from me!

TWO SHOT

50

PARTRIDGE (amused)
Nothing?

He fits a cigarette into a holder.

VANDERLOON
I've tasted your methods before.
You're wasting your time if you
think you can torture the infor-
mation out of me. I was a silent
guest of the Nazi experts for three
years.

PARTRIDGE (wounded)
Mr. Ambassador! Nothing so crude
as that.

VANDERLOON (fearless)
You might as well kill me. I
won't tell you a thing!

PARTRIDGE

51

impressed, and yet obviously annoyed by Vanderloon's
bravery.

PARTRIDGE
I'm quite aware that you're not
afraid of a "normal" death. But all
of us, including you, Mister Ambassador,
have a special inner fear of dying in
a certain way.

TWO SHOT - PARTRIDGE - VANDERLOON

52

Vanderloon listens impassively.

PARTRIDGE

Some have a thing about drowning. Others are terrified by heights, or animals. No matter what your secret fear is, I'll find it out. And unless you cooperate, old darling, I'll be forced to program you to kill yourself in the way you fear most.

VANDERLOON (defiantly)

You have my answer!

PARTRIDGE (ignoring him)

For days, weeks you'll walk around with your mind wiped clean of everything but the fear constantly eating away at your brain. Then, one day, following a programmed command, you'll either dial a special telephone number and offer the information -- or commit suicide.

ANGLE - PARTRIDGE

53

He rises, moves around the desk, sits in his chair.

PARTRIDGE

On the other hand, if you decide to cooperate, you'll leave the island tanned, well rested, and with nothing but fond memories.

(smiles)

You might even win a few thousand at the casino

VANDERLOON

54

Rising, he crosses to the window behind Partridge and stares out. The THRUSHMAN swivels his chair around, studies the Ambassador.

PARTRIDGE (chuckling)

I know what you're thinking, but it's really quite impossible. The island is entirely under my control. There isn't anyone in the neighborhood who could possibly help you escape.

Partridge stands, moves next to the Ambassador.

54
CONT'D
(2)

PARTRIDGE
Changed your mind?

VANDERLOON (snaps)
Did you think I would?

Partridge sighs, turns, opens a panel on his desk top and presses a button.

ANOTHER ANGLE

55

We HEAR a low WHISTLING SOUND, as the entire room starts to descend, the floor landings clearly marked, visible through the picture window.

PARTRIDGE
The next stop, Mister Ambassador,
will be the doorway to your own private hell.

A look of mock concern crosses Partridge's face.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND ARENA TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY - ON SOLO 56-57

Crouched beside a large air conditioning duct. He's in contact with Waverly via communicator, as he fans sooty-black smoke from a small fire into the air conditioning unit. Over this we HEAR the siren of an approaching fire engine.

SOLO
The travel agency is a THRUSH front.
They use it to ferry the VIP's on chartered flights to the club.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (o.s.)
(filter)
Have you gotten hold of any names yet, Mr. Solo?

SOLO
No, but I have high hopes.
(the wind blows the smoke in his face; coughing)
The girl behind the counter wouldn't let me see the passenger list for flights to the island. I'm trying another approach....Over and out.

The siren stops, very close by, and we HEAR the appropriate sounds of firemen ready for action. Solo starts away, a faint smile on his face.

56-57
CONT'D
(2)

58-59 OUT

INT. ARENA TRAVEL AGENCY - DAY - ANGLE

60

as four hose-wielding firemen dart into the smoke-filled front of the agency. Solo is a couple of steps behind. Helene, behind the counter, vainly attempts to halt Solo from leading the firemen into the rear.

HELENE (coughing)

Stop! No one's allowed back there!

They storm past her.

INT. REAR OF AGENCY

61

Thick smoke, confusion, as the agency's workers stagger around blindly. Solo appears, a handkerchief covering his nose and mouth, immediately followed by the firemen. As the workers and firemen get in each other's way, Solo quickly scans the area.

ANGLE - SOLO

62

He spots a table with a postage meter, envelopes and engraved invitations ready to be mailed. He quickly crosses to it.

ANGLE - FEATURING HELENE

63

who has followed Solo into the back room.

HELENE (to THRUSH
workers, indicating Solo)
Stop him!

SOLO 64

looking at a list. He drops it, as a THRUSHMAN dives at him. Solo sidesteps, drops the man with a chop. Another worker leaps across the table, wrestles Solo to the ground.

CLOSE ANGLE - SOLO, THRUSHMAN 65

The man attempts to force the muzzle of his gun into Solo's face. Solo struggles, manages to break his hold, and flattens his assailant with a punch. He leaps up, looks around for an escape route. He spots a rear door, starts for it.

ANOTHER ANGLE 66

as two THRUSHMEN race after Solo, firing a volley of shots. Solo kicks the door open, leaps out steps ahead of the pursuing gunmen.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MAIN CASINO - FULL SHOT 67

The action is in full swing, as the Beautiful People ply their fortunes in the opulent room. CAMERA PANS, picking up Illya at a roulette table, scanning the casino.

ILLYA - CLOSE 68

an unhappy look on his face, as the croupier calls:

CROUPIER'S VOICE (o.s.)
23 Red, odd!

SHOT WIDENS to include a plunging-necklined BLONDE next to Illya, her arm about his shoulder. Illya turns, tosses her a condemning glance.

BLONDE (pouting)
Sweetie, you've just got to trust
the system. It hasn't failed yet.

68
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
That may be. But has it ever
worked?

The blonde giggles, wrinkles her nose at him and
takes half of his few remaining chips. She pushes
them forward with supreme determination. Illya
sighs doubtfully.

ANGLE - BLACKJACK TABLE

69

As Monica approaches a man (THALER), whispers some-
thing in his ear. The man smiles, puts down his
cards and moves off with her.

ILLYA

70

as he turns, observes Monica guiding Thaler to the rear of the casino.

ANGLE - ON BLONDE

71

looking at Illya, who is looking off.

BLONDE (reproachfully)
Hey, Sweetie, you ain't concentrating!

ILLYA

72

ILLYA (to the Blonde)
I have a feeling I'm jinxing the system.

He takes off. The blonde looks at the chips, gleams and bets the stack.

ANGLE - MONICA, THALER

73

as they reach a door guarded by two tuxedoed sentries. One of the guards opens the door, admits Thaler.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE ILLYA

74

Monica starts back on her rounds. Illya casually saunters toward her.

ILLYA (the jaded
playboy)
You seem to have some authority around here.

MONICA (innocently)
Me, monsieur?

ILLYA
Thse penny-ante house limits are a waste of time. How about getting me into the back room?

MONICA (enigmatic
smile)
Back room, monsieur? There's no
back room here..

74
CONT'D
(2)

She exits, leaving a frustrated Illya to turn his attention toward the guarded door. CAMERA PANS, as he wanders over, his eyes scanning for other entry points.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. IEATO'S LAB - FULL SHOT

75

Dark, an eerie glow cast by the flashing lights and dials of the electronic equipment lining the walls. The center of the room is dominated by a large master control panel. Next to it is a black contour-type couch. Ambassador Vanderloon is lying on the couch, held fast by restraining straps. Partridge watches as DR. IEATO, a small, sinister-looking scientist, attaches the last of the electrodes to Vanderloon's body.

CLOSER ANGLE - TRIO

76

IEATO (to Partridge;
confident grin)
Ambassador Vanderloon's preliminary
tests were most interesting. He
will be a worthy challenge.

Vanderloon struggles to free himself.

IEATO (to Vanderloon)
There are very few things that
frighten you, Mister Ambassador.
But as you're about to learn, I
never fail.
(big grin)
With anyone.

Suddenly, a loud BEEPING SOUND breaks the quiet of the lab. Partridge and Ieato snap their attention toward the master control panel.

ANGLE - MASTER CONTROL PANEL

77

A red light is flashing on the board beneath a large television monitor.

TO INCLUDE PARTRIDGE

78

as he clicks the screen on. The BEEPING stops.

TO INCLUDE PARTRIDGE AND T.V. SCREEN

78X1

On the screen, we see Illya as he flees down the corridor TOWARD CAMERA, until he is in TIGHT CLOSE SHOT.

PARTRIDGE (to Ieato)

It seems we have an uninvited guest.

CLOSE ON PARTRIDGE

78X2

as he clicks another button. We do not see the television monitor in this shot. As he pushes the button --

CLOSE ON ILLYA - SPLIT SCREEN (INSERT)

78X3

Illya is on one side of the screen, his action frozen, seen in TIGHT CLOSEUP. On the other side of the screen is his U.N.C.L.E. ID card, giving his name and other pertinent information. (NOTE: This will fill the full frame, and will not be matted.)

PARTRIDGE, IEATO .

79

The two THRUSHMEN exchange smiles. Partridge presses on intercom button. (We do not see the television monitor in this scene, nor in the remainder of this sequence.)

ANGLE - PARTRIDGE

80

PARTRIDGE (into
intercom speaker)

Attention all security units. An U.N.C.L.E. agent is loose in the corridors. He appears lost. Perhaps you gentlemen can assist him.

ANGLE - PARTRIDGE, VANDERLOON

81

The Ambassador is staring toward the screen apprehensively.

PARTRIDGE (grinning)
You see, old darling, I told you
there isn't anyone here who can help
you. Except me.

INT. CASINO - ILLYA

82

as he cautiously looks around, then quickly darts through a door.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - ILLYA

83

He moves down the corridor searching for an entrance to the private casino. Halfway down the hall he spots a skylight, makes for it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

84

as Illya moves some wooden crates under the skylight, climbs up. Just as he's attempting to force the bolt loose, SHOTS. Illya drops down behind the crates.

GUARDS - ILLYA'S POV

85

Two guards race toward him, firing.

ILLYA

86

Returning the fire.

GUARDS

87

One of the uniformed men goes down.

ON ILLYA

88

More SHOTS, tearing into the crates, this time from behind. Illya swivels around to cover the rear.

GUARDS - ILLYA'S POV

89

Bearing down on him, firing.

ILLYA - WIDE

90

Winging SHOTS fore and aft. He turns, spots a door across the narrow corridor. He delivers a volley of covering SHOTS, then dives for the door, flings it open and leaps in.

ANGLE - LOOKING INTO ELEVATOR SHAFT

91

as Illya plunges down. He reaches out, wildly grabs hold of the cable and breaks his fall.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - LOW ANGLE

92

Clutching the cable with both hands, Illya looks up helplessly as the guards appear in the doorway above, their guns trained directly at him.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

93

on an ELECTRICIAN, as he connects two wires in a panel box. CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL the man working on the electric eye system control located near Waverly's office. As he kneels down, we see Solo approaching in the b.g. on the double. Just as Solo is about to cross the electric eye, Lisa, behind him, cries out:

LISA (urgent)

Napoleon! Don't go past there!

Too late. Solo passes the spot and breaks the beam.

ANGLE - SOLO

94

reacting as CLANGING BELLS and an "all alert" type horn erupt in deafening unison.

ANOTHER ANGLE

95

Suddenly, the corridor is filled with U.N.C.L.E. agents, their guns drawn, aimed at Solo. He offers a sheepish grin.

SOLO

Well, we all make mistakes.

The agents exchange wary glances, then back off.

LISA (sweetly, to

Solo)

But you make an art of it.

They move into --

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

96

WAVERLY

What was that racket out there?

LISA
Napo--
 (quickly)
Mr. Solo. He set off the electric
eye alarm.

96
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

96X1

 WAVERLY (reproachfully)
You could have gotten yourself
killed, Mr. Solo...At a most inop-
portune time.

 SOLO
Yes, sir. I guess it's my lucky day.

 WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (irritated)
Miss Rogers -- where's that blasted
folder?

ANGLE - WAVERLY

96X2

pushing papers and file folders around on his desk.

 WAVERLY (piqued)
If you could manage to get only
one name, Mr. Solo, why did it
have to be Taggart Coleman?

Lisa enters the SHOT, finds the folder and hands it
to Waverly. He crosses to Solo.

 SOLO (sighs)
I guess it's not my lucky day.

 WAVERLY
I was after a responsible person to
give us information on the club, not
an eccentric playboy.

 SOLO
Coleman does have a reputation as a
loner...but it is possible I can
persuade him to work with us.

Waverly tosses him a doubtful look. He opens the
folder, takes out a photo, hands it to Solo.

WAVERLY
I devoutly hope so, Mr. Solo.
(gestures to photo)
Perhaps this will help.

96X2
CONT'D
(2)

INSERT - MONICA'S PHOTO

97

SOLO

98

admiring the picture.

SOLO
Who is she?

98X1 OUT

WAVERLY - SOLO

99

WAVERLY (to Solo)
Her name is Monica Chablis. She's
an employee of the Club Thanatopsis,
and Coleman's ex-girl friend...Use
her as bait. Rumor has it he still
hasn't gotten over her.

Solo nods, starts for the door, then turns back.

SOLO (against hope)
I suppose there's still no word from
Illya?

WAVERLY (concerned)
Nothing. We must get someone inside
that club without further delay. And
that someone, Mr. Solo, has got to be
your Taggart Coleman.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY - (STOCK)

100

tied up to a rickety pier. Hopefully, we will see
other vessels -- speedboats, etc. -- in motion.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY - CLOSE

101

on a welding torch as the white-hot flame sends a shower of sparks dancing into the air. CAMERA PULLS BACK to discover the torch being applied to a far-out metal sculpture.

COLEMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(tough)

A bunch of screwballs wanna freak out for good -- terrific. That's their bag, not mine.

ANGLE

102

Solo stops pacing, shoots a questioning look at the tall, muscular man as he shuts off the torch, and raises the protective goggles onto his forehead. He is TAGGART COLEMAN, resplendent in rumpled work clothes and dirty tennis sneakers. In his early 30's, Coleman is a Howard Hughes-type nonconformist. A multimillionaire, Coleman spends his time pursuing a thousand interests, from designing speedboats to hunting killer sharks. The interior of the boat is cluttered with books, model boats, paintings, etc.

SOLO

What if they didn't commit suicide?
We think they were murdered.

COLEMAN

That's the trouble with all you do-gooders. You're always thinking about what's happening inside someone else's head. Tune in to yourself, man. Find out what's happening in your brain before you start messing around with the next guy's.

SOLO (shakes his head)

Do you always talk like a protest poster?

COLEMAN (laughs)

Hey! You've got a sense of humor, Bonaparte.

Solo winces at the reference.

ANOTHER ANGLE

103

Solo picks up a boat model, examines it.

SOLO

Why do you suppose you got the invitation to the casino, Mr. Coleman?

COLEMAN (shrugs; then, sardonically)

Let me see. Because I'm a very rich man who --

SOLO (cutting in, hard)

-- who owns a lot of aerospace factories doing top secret work.

(a beat)

The sort of work that THRUSH would be interested in.

(a beat to allow this to sink in)

Now if you went to the club --

COLEMAN (considers, shakes his head)

Sorry, Solo. I've been that route. Those joints give me a pain.

SOLO (hard)

But it doesn't give you a pain that THRUSH is killing people all over the world. You're a solid gold humanitarian!

COLEMAN

104

COLEMAN (snaps)

Don't feed me the brochure stuff! Last year I gave over a million bucks to charities -- everything from drying out winos to diapering orphans. Can you match that?

TWO SHOT

105

Solo stares at Coleman for a long moment, then reaches into his jacket, pulls out the photo and tosses it at him. Coleman looks at the photo, reacts as if he's suddenly seen a ghost. He stares at Solo wordlessly, then back to the picture.

COLEMAN (angry)

What's she got to do with this?

SOLO

Have you heard from her?

COLEMAN

Not for two years. I asked you a question.

SOLO

She's working at the Club Thanatopsis. And possibly for THRUSH.

COLEMAN

You're flipped!

SOLO

Maybe I am. But you could find out for sure.

Coleman shakes his head, hands the photo back.

COLEMAN

Not me, Bonaparte. She walked on me. I'm not chasing after her.

Coleman grabs his jacket off a peg, starts for the door. It's obvious he wants to run from the situation. It is plain from the anguish on his face that he still feels deeply for Monica.

ANOTHER ANGLE

106

as Solo blocks his path.

SOLO

I thought you didn't care about her any longer.

COLEMAN

I don't!

SOLO

Come off it, Coleman. This girl's in big trouble, whether she's in with THRUSH or not.

106

CONT'D

(2)

COLEMAN (musing painfully)

I was going to marry Monica. But somebody put a bug in my ear. Said all she wanted was my money.

(bitterly)

...And I believed it...So when she found out, she took off.

(self-flagellation)

I guess she proved me wrong, huh?

(a beat)

All I want to do, Solo, is forget her.

Solo looks at Coleman probingly. Coleman holds for a moment, then looks away.

SOLO

I think you want to help her, Coleman. Before it's too late.

Solo holds Monica's picture out. Coleman hesitates, then takes the photo, looks at it with deep concern.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PARTRIDGE'S OFFICE - ANGLE ON WINDOW

107

as the room descends to the basement complex. Partridge and a guard flank a handcuffed Illya, his clothes rumpled, the stubble of a beard marking his time in captivity. The room halts. The guard opens the door, pushes Illya forward.

INT. SMALL ROOM

108

On the far wall, a large one-way mirror looks into Dr. Itto's lab. Partridge, Illya and the guard enter, cross to the mirror.

CLOSER ANGLE

109

Partridge looks into the lab, chuckles sadistically. He motions for Illya to take a good look. CAMERA MOVES IN, past Illya, shooting into the lab. We see Dr. Itto working the controls on the panel, as Ambassador Vanderloon writhes in pain on the couch.

ANGLE - ILLYA, PARTRIDGE

110

PARTRIDGE

A few more tests, and Dr. Itto will have pinpointed Vanderloon's deepest fear. That is phase one.

ILLYA

And then what?

PARTRIDGE

If he still refuses to cooperate, we'll begin phase two of our little show and tell program.

ANOTHER ANGLE

111

as Partridge leads Illya across the room. He presses a button and a wall panel slides open.

PARTRIDGE

This, old darling, is phase two.

Illya looks through the glass panel.

ON SCENE

113

Illya looking into panel. (NOTE: We will not see what he does). Over Illya's face are played weird light reflections from within the room. He turns to Partridge, puzzled.

PARTRIDGE

Phase two, Mr. Kuryakin, is the application of the individual's fear.

(chuckles)

You'd be amazed at what some people are afraid of.

Partridge turns a volume control dial up. On the overhead speaker, accompanied by the SOUND of a strong wind, we HEAR a man's (KRAMER'S) pitiful SCREAMS for mercy....

KRAMER'S VOICE (o.s.,
hysterical)

Take me out! The flowers!
The flowers are choking me!
Please....I'm suffocating!

Partridge grins, shakes his head in wonder, as he turns off the speaker. Illya turns away, repulsed at what he's just witnessed.

PARTRIDGE

Central was delighted when I informed them you were my guest. They were sure you'd be a veritable fount of valuable information about U.N.C.L.E.

ILLYA

114

ILLYA (matter-of-factly)

You shouldn't promise what you can't deliver.

PARTRIDGE

115

PARTRIDGE (confidently)
I shall deliver the Ambassador, Mr.
Kuryakin. And I --

ANGLE - WIDE

116

Illya suddenly whirls around, kicks the gun out of the guard's hand. He raises his handcuffed hands, floors the guard with a chop. As he spins around to face Partridge, the Thrushman moves with surprising speed, sends Illya crashing to the floor with a series of karate blows. Partridge bends over him.

PARTRIDGE
...And I shall deliver you.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CLUB THANATOPSIS - DAY

117

as Solo and Coleman emerge from a taxi, follow a bellhop into the hotel.

118 OUT

INT. PARTRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY - PARTRIDGE

119

on the phone.

PARTRIDGE (into phone)
....That's right. Kuryakin is undergoing the preliminary tests now....
(writes)
Yes, I'll be sure to get that information from him.... The new code? ...Of course....
(as he continues to write)
...And the plans for Operation Death Watch....
I didn't know about that one....
(confident, smug)
Yes, Central will have it all -- and in short order. I promise you that...
(wounded)
Fail? Of course I won't fail! I foresee nothing that can possibly get in the way...

CUT TO:

INT. COLEMAN'S ROOM - DAY

120

Coleman is changing to casual clothing when there is a knock on the door that connects with the adjacent room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

121

as Solo opens the door, enters.

COLEMAN (bruskly)
Okay, so now we're....

Solo motions for him to remain silent. He extracts a small, oblong object from his pocket, crosses to a wall socket and plugs it in.

SOLO
An anti-bugging bug. It scrambles our speech.

COLEMAN
I'm impressed. Now what?

SOLO
Cocktail time.

Solo crosses to the phone, picks it up.

SOLO (into phone)
Miss Monica Chablis, please.

Coleman looks at him quizzically.

SOLO (hands him the phone)
You haven't forgotten what she drinks, have you? Ask her to meet you in five minutes at the pool.

Coleman puts the receiver to his ear, his usual gruff manner now one of uncertainty.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY - FULL SHOT - (STOCK)

122

The usual array of bikini-clad beauties exposing themselves to the tropical sun.

INT. SOLO'S ROOM - DAY - CLOSE

123

on Solo as he stands at the window, a pair of binoculars around his neck. He's in contact with Waverly via communicator.

SOLO (into communica-
tor)
No sign of illya yet.
(deep concern)
We can't be certain that he's even
on the island.

123
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY'S VOICE (o.s.)
(filter)
And Mr. Coleman and the girl?

Solo looks through the binoculars.

SOLO
He's with her now.

CUT TO:

EXT. TIKI HUT - DAY

124

Set in foliage, an open front affair, small and
cozy. Coleman and Monica are ignoring the drinks
on the table, each tense, moving about the hut.
CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE.

MONICA (upset,
nervous)
Why did you come? Why!?

COLEMAN
How'd I know you'd be here?
(pointedly)
I haven't heard a word from
you in two years. Remember?
(softer)
You look well.

MONICA
I get along. Look, Tag, if you're
trying to get back together again...

COLEMAN
I came here to gamble -- nothing
else.

Monica nervously scans the area outside of the hut.
Coleman watches her closely, aware of her tension.

MONICA
Tag, no matter what you think of
me, I never meant to hurt you.

Coleman turns away.

MONICA (wistfully,
after a beat)
Are you still sculpting?

124
CONT'D
(2)

COLEMAN
Some. My life hasn't changed.
(he takes her hand)
Except it's a lot emptier now. Look,
Monica, maybe things could be different.

MONICA (pulls her hand
away quickly)
Forget it, Tag! There's nothing in
it for either of us anymore. How
long will you be staying here?

COLEMAN (cold)
As long as the action holds up. I
hear you got a groovy private casino
in the club. How about getting me
in?

MONICA (urgently)
How do you know about that?

COLEMAN
Word gets around. Can you get me
in tonight?

MONICA (leans close)
Forget the private casino. Leave
the island today, please!

COLEMAN
Why?
(no response; urgent)
Why?!

MONICA (insistent)
Just do what I tell you. Leave!

COLEMAN
Are you in trouble?

MONICA (yielding)
Tag, believe me, I never meant to...

Her attention is suddenly caught by something over
Coleman's head.

HANGING LAMP - HER POV

125

a miniature microphone is attached to the fisherman's oil lamp.

RESUME

126

Monica is trembling with fear, looks at Coleman helplessly.

COLEMAN (reacting)
What's wrong?

Monica jumps up, races out of the hut without a word. Coleman watches her, bewildered.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLO'S ROOM - DAY

127

At the window, peering into the binoculars. He lowers the glasses with a concerned expression.

SOLO (into communicator)
I don't like it, sir...sending Coleman into the lion's den.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (o.s.)
That's a risk I'm afraid we've got to take.

SOLO (snaps)
We? You mean me, sir. You're forgetting I blackmailed him into helping us.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (o.s., filter)
I share your concern, Mr. Solo. And your responsibility. But if it's any comfort to you, remember the final decision was Coleman's.

It's no comfort, as Solo turns and looks off toward the hut, a worried look on his face.

PARTRIDGE'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE

128

on the teletype machine as it sends the last of a message. SHOT WIDENS, as Partridge tears the message off, quickly scans it, then smiles.

TWO SHOT - PARTRIDGE, MONICA

129

He hands her the message.

PARTRIDGE

Central informs us that this is indeed the real Taggart Coleman. And he's got a triple A credit rating. Make sure he's in tonight's game.

MONICA (casually)

Why bother with him? He's hardly in the same class with the Ambassador and the U.N.C.L.E. agent.

Partridge chuckles quietly, runs his finger down the side of Monica's face.

PARTRIDGE

Don't play the innocent with me, old darling. I know all there is about you and Mr. Coleman.

Monica shoots him a frightened look.

PARTRIDGE

I believe the gossip columns called it the great romance of the decade. Merchant prince falls for poor little scullery maid.

MONICA (panicked)

Barnaby, I swear I didn't tell him anything!

PARTRIDGE

But you were tempted to, right, my dear? You're lucky I'm a forgiving man. I'll overlook your feeble attempt to deceive me this time. But you're to make certain that Coleman plays in the private casino tonight.

5-29-67

P.41

MONICA (pleading)
Please, Barnaby, I'll see to it
that he leaves the island to-
night. Do that for me, and I
promise you I'll --

129
CONT'D.
(2)

PARTRIDGE (cutting
in, hard)
Every player in that private
casino brings me a step closer to
my goal. No deal, old darling.
The game goes on as usual. And
with Taggart Coleman as the guest
of honor.

Monica glares at Partridge with open hatred, as he
breaks into a taunting laugh.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. THANATOPSIS CLUB - NIGHT (STOCK) TO REESTABLISH 129X1

COLEMAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 130

Coleman is pacing nervously. He halts, checks his watch, as the French doors open and Solo quickly enters.

SOLO

Take off your jacket.

Coleman slips out of his tuxedo jacket. Solo reaches into his pocket and pulls out two miniaturized objects.

COLEMAN (during above)

I feel lousy using Monica this way.

SOLO

If you're looking to back out, now's the time.

COLEMAN (snaps)

I'm not copping out. That was just my way of telling you that if it turns out Monica's not mixed up in this drivel -- I'm going to bust you up.

SOLO (reflects)

Thanks for the warning. But meanwhile I'll be right behind you every step of the way. With these.

He shows Coleman the two small objects in his palm.

INSERT - SOLO'S PALM 131

The two items are: an ultra-miniature microphone in the shape of a dress shirt stud, and an equally small tv transmitter in the same disguise.

RESUME 132

Solo removes two of Coleman's shirt studs, fits in the transmitting equipment.

SOLO (during above)
It's a complete transmitting outfit,
microphone and tv camera. Both my-
self and Mr. Waverly at U.N.C.L.E.
headquarters will see and hear
everything that goes on in the pri-
vate casino.

132
CONT'D
(2)

The fittings completed, Solo helps Coleman back into his jacket.

COLEMAN (hesitantly)
Give it to me straight, Bonaparte.
What happens to Monica if she is in
with THRUSH?

SOLO (thinks; then)
Let's -- ah -- let's cross that
bridge when we come to it.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. IMAGE PROJECTION ROOM - SEVERAL ANGLES (PROCESS)

133-
133X3

on STOCK FOOTAGE of trains hurtling toward CAMERA. The images and the accompanying TERRIFYING SOUNDS are surrounding Ambassador Vanderloon, strapped in a chair in the center of the room, his face contorted with incredible terror. (NOTE: It is possible that something other than approaching trains will be used in this sequence.)

INT. IEATO'S LAB - CLOSE

134

on Ieato at the control panel, looking out toward Vanderloon. He smiles triumphantly at the Ambassador's reaction to the onrushing engines. Ieato flicks a switch, then CAMERA PANS as he crosses to the image projection room.

INT. IMAGE PROJECTION ROOM - ANGLE

135

as Ieato enters, crosses to Vanderloon. The walls are blank now, the SOUNDS of the trains have ceased. The Ambassador is MOANING, his face mirroring the shattering ordeal he's undergone. Ieato bends close to him.

6-27-67

P.44

IEATO
Mister Ambassador, where is the
International Security Conference
to be held next month?

135
CONT'D
(2)

Vanderloon continues to MOAN, doesn't respond.

IEATO
Should I start the film again?

VANDERLOON (panicked;
hoarsely)
No! Please!

IEATO
The location of the Conference,
Mister Ambassador.

VANDERLOON (as if in a
trance)
Hotel de la Ville...Vevey.

His head rolls to the side, unconscious.

IEATO - CLOSE

136

as he breaks into a victorious smile.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTRIDGE'S OFFICE - ANGLE

137

Partridge is on the phone, beaming.

PARTRIDGE (ecstatic)
Excellent, Ieato! You've just
guaranteed half my membership in
Central.

MONICA

138

repelled by Partridge's success.

PARTRIDGE

139

PARTRIDGE (into phone)
Do as thorough a job on Kuryakin,
and I promise you it won't be forgotten.

He hangs up.

TWO SHOT - PARTRIDGE, MONICA

140

PARTRIDGE
You see, old darling, my plans are
beginning to bear fruit.
(he draws her close)
Very soon now I'll be at the top of
the ladder.
(she attempts to pull
away, he holds her)
And then we'll see just how deep
your convictions are.
(he pushes her away
roughly, checks his watch)
It's about time for the private game
to start. Your precious playboy of
the western world will be there,
won't he?

Monica glares at him.

MONICA (ice)
He'll be there.

PARTRIDGE
Who knows? He may even win.

He breaks into a mocking laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CASINO - ANGLE

141

as Partridge enters, AD LIBBING warm greetings to
the three guests present - Coleman, another Man and
a Young Woman. He stops at Coleman, displays a
particularly gracious smile.

PARTRIDGE
Mr. Coleman, I'm delighted you
accepted my invitation. I can't
tell you just how delighted I
really am.

Coleman smiles politely. Partridge moves on.

141
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE - PARTRIDGE

142

as he positions himself behind the roulette table.
The guests move in about him.

PARTRIDGE

Tonight, gentlemen --
(a bow to the Young Lady)
...Mademoiselle...you're about to
experience a unique pleasure -- one
that only the true gambler can appreciate.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

143

He's watching the proceedings on a miniature tv set,
a small receiver plugged in his ear.

INT. U.N.C.L.E. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - CLOSE

144

on a large television monitor showing Partridge, as
he picks up a few black and white chips. SHOT WIDENS
to reveal Waverly and an agent watching the screen.

PARTRIDGE'S VOICE (o.s.)

As you can see, tonight you'll be
playing with black and white chips
only. From now, to the stroke of
midnight, you won't be gambling for
money -- but for your lives!

Waverly turns to the agent, stares grimly.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CASINO - ANGLE ON PLAYERS

145

as Partridge's words take effect. Some laugh,
others react with sheer disbelief.

PARTRIDGE

146

Displaying a black and a white chip in each hand.

PARTRIDGE

At midnight, a tally of the chips
will tell who lives and who dies.
White for the living, black for the
dead. Any questions?

ANOTHER ANGLE

147

as the Young Woman moves to Partridge, her face
drained of color.

WOMAN (nervously)

I don't think I'll play tonight,
Mr. Partridge.

PARTRIDGE (charming)

But that's impossible, old darling.
You've got to play. That's a house
rule. No one enters or leaves the
casino until the stroke of midnight.

Coleman enters the SHOT, confronts Partridge.

COLEMAN

House rule or not, if she wants out,
you can't make her stay.

Partridge stares coldly at Coleman for a beat, then
laughs challengingly, starts toward the door.

ANGLE

148

as Coleman takes out after Partridge. Two guards
move quickly from the rear of the casino, grab him.

PARTRIDGE

Enjoy your gambling, old darlings.
And good luck!

Partridge exits through the door. As it closes, a
steel plate shoots down. The players are trapped.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

149-150

Solo comes around building cautiously, scanning the area. He removes his communicator and speaks into it.

SOLO

Open Channel D... Still no sign of Illya. I'm going to try for Coleman -- if I can get into the private casino.

He disappears around a corner.

151-152 OMIT

INT. DR. IEATO'S LAB - ANGLE

153

on Illya strapped on the couch. Partridge hovers over him, Ieato sits at the control panel.

PARTRIDGE

You'll never hold out, Kuryakin. Cooperate with me and you'll avoid a great deal of pain.

ILLYA (dryly)

I have an abnormally high threshold.

PARTRIDGE

That's what the Ambassador thought too -- until Dr. Ieato began his experiments.

(to Ieato)

What was the fear that broke the Ambassador?

DR. IEATO

154

grinning sadistically at Partridge.

IEATO

The same as yours.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA, PARTRIDGE

155

Partridge shudders involuntarily, which Illya notes with some satisfaction.

PARTRIDGE

Kuryakin, I want you to recite
U.N.C.L.E.'s complete operational
structure and I want you to do it
now.

Illya stares at the THRUSHMAN for a beat, then turns away with a bored sigh.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

155X1

Solo appears along the side of the "Women's Dormitory" building. Cautiously he moves into the small courtyard under the sentry catwalk. At the far end of the courtyard, he spots a steel door. He starts to move toward it; then ducks out of sight as the door opens and a THRUSH Guard comes out. The Guard stands for a moment, lights a cigarette and moves off, leaving the door partially open.

Solo moves toward the door, CAMERA FOLLOWING closely behind him. As he is about to go in, the door suddenly closes in his face. He whirls to face the Guard, who has returned. He jumps Solo, they struggle. The Guard unlimbers his gun as Solo kicks, sending the man crashing into the shrubbery.

HIGH ANGLE FROM TOP OF CATWALK

155X2

as a Guard appears and shoots at Solo. Solo fires back and starts to run under the catwalk. The Guard on top sets off an alarm and as Solo runs under the catwalk, the Guard bulldogs him.

INT. DR. IEATO'S LAB

156

PARTRIDGE

Your last chance, Kuryakin.

Illya looks at Partridge insolently.

Partridge turns to Ieato, nods for him to begin on Illya. Suddenly, as before, a LOUD BEEPING SOUND and the red light FLASHING below the television monitor. Partridge quickly moves in behind Ieato at the control panel.

VARIOUS ANGLES - CONTROL PANEL

157

Partridge clicks on the TV screen. As he and Ieato watch, the screen picks up a shot of Solo as he tangles with two guards alerted by the bell. The center screen ZOOMS IN for a closeup, splits, and Solo's U.N.C.L.E. ID card pops on. Partridge and Ieato exchange triumphant looks. Another U.N.C.L.E. agent has been added to their collection.

ANGLE - ILLYA

158

looking toward the screen, helpless.

PARTRIDGE, IEATO

159

Ieato reaches out to press a button on the control panel.

IEATO
I'll send for more guards.

Partridge stops him.

PARTRIDGE (amused)

Come now, Ieato. Where's your sporting blood? If Napoleon Solo came here to gamble, I think we can invent a game that'll hold his interest.

159
CONT'D
(2)

Partridge looks over at Illya, chuckles knowingly, then turns his attention back to the tv screen.

ON SOLO (FULL SCREEN

159X1

as he downs the last of his attackers.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. IMAGE PROJECTION ROOM

160

A thousand wild colored lights flashing, shrieking SOUNDS, and Illya strapped in the chair, his face blank, eyes hollow. Suddenly, the lights and SOUNDS vanish, and Solo's picture is projected on the walls, floor and ceiling in a hundred multiple images that flash on and off with blinding speed. Then, suddenly, the pictures are gone. Slowly, as if awakening from a deep sleep, Illya appears to return to normalcy.

ANGLE - IEATO, PARTRIDGE - AT CONTROL PANEL

161

PARTRIDGE

How can you be sure that the programming took effect? Kuryakin is a highly trained agent. He's younger and tougher than the Ambassador.

IEATO

This is an altogether different process. It will work, but the effects won't last very long. He'll have to go through the regular programming later.

Ieato rises, he and Partridge cross to the image projection room.

INT. IMAGE PROJECTION ROOM - ANGLE

162

as the THRUSHMEN enter. Ieato releases the straps binding Illya, then holds his hand out to Partridge. Reluctantly, Partridge reaches into his jacket, pulls out his pistol and hands it to Ieato. Illya stares straight ahead, seemingly oblivious to the surrounding action. Ieato hands Illya the gun.

IEATO
What do you have in your hand?

162
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (mechanically)
A gun.

IEATO
The instant you see Napoleon Solo,
what will you do?

ILLYA
Kill him.

IEATO
And then?

ILLYA
Come back here to you, Dr. Ieato.

TWO SHOT - IEATO, PARTRIDGE

163

as the scientist flashes a victorious smile.

ILLYA

164

as he rises, starts for the door, gun in hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORMAL GARDENS - NIGHT - SOLO

165

as he scans the area looking for a way into the
private casino.

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT - ILLYA

165X1

The steel door that Solo had previously tried to
break into, opens, and Iillya, gun in hand, emerges
and starts his search for Solo.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. GROUNDS - NIGHT - SOLO

166-167

Moving rapidly through the grove of trees and statues. At the end of the grove he starts to move into shrubbery as he hears Illya O.S. call "Napoleon." Solo stops, quickly turns toward the SOUND of the voice. CAMERA SWISH PANS quickly through the grove, settling on Illya in the distance.

SOLO

168

A wave of relief sweeps across him and he starts toward Illya.

ILLYA

169

Raising the gun, he takes careful aim.

SOLO

170

stopping dead in his tracks, stunned by Illya's action.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA, SOLO

171

A split second before Illya fires, Solo flings himself to the ground.

CLOSE - SOLO

172

bewildered.

SOLO (calling)
Illya! What the...!!

A shot, kicking up a clump of earth, inches from Solo.

ANGLE - ILLYA

173-174

advancing toward Solo. Illya stalks Solo through the grove. Solo, who can't bring himself to fire at Illya, maneuvers desperately as Illya's bullets plow into the trees and statues which Solo uses for cover.

Finally, Solo, bullets nipping at his heels, zig-zags and crawls into nearby shrubbery, Illya doggedly pursuing.

CUT TO:

INT. IEATO'S LAB - ANGLE

175

on Partridge and Ieato, as they look toward the T.V. screens. Both chuckle gleefully, as if watching a comedy in the comfort of their living rooms.

CUT TO:

ANGLES

176-194

Emerging from another part of the shrubbery, Solo streaks through a portion of the garden, leaping and rolling through hedges, trying to out-manuever Illya, who follows. Again Solo evades Illya temporarily by ducking into a jungle area.

Solo uses a ruse to distract Illya and moves out of the jungle toward the pool area.

Now, shooting over the roof of the pool house, Solo comes moving toward CAMERA, past the deserted pool, and disappears from CAMERA under the roof of the pool house. Illya relentlessly follows.

Solo, climbing quietly onto the roof of the pool house, lies flat to avoid detection. Illya cautiously moves into the shadows of the pool house, losing sight of Solo temporarily. A piece of tile or Solo's communicator falls from the roof, attracting Illya's attention. Illya whirls and shoots. Solo tumbles from the pool house roof to the ground and lies still. Illya cautiously advances toward Solo's body.

INT. IEATO'S LAB

195

as Partridge and Ieato triumphantly look toward the screen.

PARTRIDGE

Excellent, Ieato. As always, my compliments.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - ILLYA, SOLO

196

The gun dangling in his hand, Illya stares down at Solo for a long moment, his face expressionless. As he turns away, Solo leaps up, grabs Illya and knocks the gun out of his hand. Illya reacts instinctively, fights back. They trade blows, Illya then Solo landing a knockdown punch. Finally Solo manages to pin Illya.

CLOSER ANGLE

197

as Solo straddles Illya at the poolside, forcing his head under the water. As Illya struggles to free himself, Solo slaps his face several times. Then, slowly, as if emerging from a hypnotic trance, Illya starts to regain his consciousness. He shakes his head to clear it, then spots the gun lying near him. He looks quizzically at Solo.

ILLYA (dawning)

Napoleon...I didn't...?

Solo nods emphatically. He did.

CUT TO:

INT. IEATO'S LAB - PARTRIDGE

198

The THRUSHMAN is fuming over the demise of his little game. He punches the intercom button on the control panel.

ANGLE

199

as several guards race into the lab.

PARTRIDGE (boiling, into
intercom)
All Code Blue units... The two
U.N.C.L.E. agents. Track 'em down --
and kill them on sight!

Dr. Ieato enters the SHOT.

199
CONT'D
(2)

IEATO

How will you explain Kuryakin's death to Central? You promised them the U.N.C.L.E. information.

PARTRIDGE

I'll tell them he was shot trying to escape.

(seething)

No one makes a fool of Barnaby Partridge!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - ANGLE

200

as Solo and Illya race along the corridor. Suddenly, SHOTS behind them. Three guards charge after them, firing. Solo and Illya flatten themselves, as Solo snaps off two shots.

ANGLE

201

One of the guards pitches forward, his machine gun sliding along the floor. Illya makes a mad dash, snares the gun and levels a deadly rain of fire. The two remaining guards drop.

ANOTHER ANGLE

202

as Solo and Illya round a corner, come face to face with two THRUSHMEN. A fast and furious hand to hand combat, Solo and Illya the victors. They pick up two of the THRUSH guns, race off.

SOLO, ILLYA

203

as they reach the door leading into the main casino. Illya opens it a crack, peers through, then motions for Solo to follow.

INT. MAIN CASINO - ANGLE

204

Illya and Solo slip unnoticed into the casino, scan the room for Monica. Illya spots her, indicates to Solo with a nod. Solo remains at the door, as Illya takes out after Monica.

ANGLE - MONICA

205

as she moves through the gamblers. Illya comes up behind her, takes hold of her arm, gently, but with firm meaning.

ILLYA (quietly)
I found the back room myself. Come on,
I'll show you.

Monica stiffens, looks around for help, then notices the gun butt sticking out from Illya's jacket. He leads her back toward Solo.

ANGLE

206

Solo opens the door, as Illya quickly hustles Monica into the service hallway.

INT. SERVICE HALLWAY - CLOSE

207

MONICA (frightened)
What do you want?

SOLO
Coleman. Where's the private
casino?

Monica stares defiantly at him.

SOLO (shaking her)
His life's in danger!

Monica looks away, taut.

SOLO
They'll kill him!

MONICA (not wanting
to believe it)
Not if he tells them what they want!

207
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (demanding)
Where is he?!

MONICA (panicked)
I can't! You don't know what
Partridge would do to me.

ILLYA
If Coleman dies, you don't know what
we'll do to you.

Monica looks at Illya's dead calm. He means it.
She turns to Solo.

SOLO
The only reason Coleman's here is
because of you. He risked his life
to help you save that precious neck.

MONICA

208

Confused. Then tears, as the realization of what
she's caused hits.

TRIO

208X1

SOLO (softly)
Let's go.

Monica looks at Solo, Illya, then nods.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE

209

as Monica leads Solo and Illya to a corner in the
corridor, motions for them to halt. She cautious-
ly looks down the passageway.

GUARD - HER POV

210

In front of the private casino.

ANGLE - TRIO

211

SOLO (whispers to
Monica)
Talk to him.

Monica steps out, moves down the hallway.

ANGLE - MONICA - GUARD

212

She smiles, stops.

MONICA
Excuse me. Do you have the time?

The guard checks his watch. Illya comes up behind, drops him with a chop. SHOT WIDENS, as Illya and Solo stand in front of the casino door, guns drawn. Monica opens the wall panel, turns the key. As the door swings open, the U.N.C.L.E. agents dart in.

INT. PRIVATE CASINO - ANGLE

213

as Solo and Illya burst in, cover the room. Suddenly, an ALARM goes off.

CUT TO:

INT. ITTO'S LAB - ANGLE

214

as Partridge and Itto watch the action in the private casino on the tv screen.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE CASINO - COLEMAN

214X1

He spots a croupier going for his gun, decks him with a single punch.

SOLO

215

Covering the room. He sees a guard slowly reaching under the blackjack table. Solo fires a burst in the air, playfully waves his finger "no."

WIDE SHOT

216

as the rest of the THURSIEN raise their hands.
Monica races over to Coleman, throws herself into
his arms.

CLOSER ANGLE

217

as Illya taps Coleman on the shoulder, holds out
a gun.

ILLYA
I know it's rude of me, but could
you keep an eye on them?

217
CONT'D
(2)

He indicates the guards.

COLEMAN (tightly)
My pleasure!

He grabs the gun.

SOLO - AT DOOR

218

Helping the players out. Illya enters the SHOT

ILLYA
Partridge has Ambassador Vanderloon.
He's keeping him in a room next
to the lab.

They exit on the run.

ANGLE

219

as Solo and Illya race down the hallway to the lab.

CLOSE ANGLE

220

Solo puts his back against the wall, then rushes
the lab door, kicking it open. They burst in, guns
leveled.

INT. LAB - WIDE SHOT

221

Partridge and Dr. Itto are flanking the weakend
Ambassador, forcing him toward a rear door.

SOLO
Hold it!

Partridge turns, sees Solo's gun aimed at him, re-
luctantly drops his. Illya moves in, picks up the
gun and relieves Itto of his weapon.

CLOSER ANGLE

222

as Illya takes the Ambassador's arm to guide him away, Partridge suddenly lashes out, knocks the gun out of Solo's hand, then attacks with a blinding series of karate attacks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

223

Ieato takes advantage of the confusion to attempt escape. Illya tackles him.

SOLO, PARTRIDGE

224

rattling their way into the Image Projection Room, trading blow for blow.

ANGLE - ILLYA, IEATO

225

Each struggling to gain a telling hold. They slam into the control panel, activating the projection equipment in the Image Projection Room.

INT. IMAGE PROJECTION ROOM

226

A turbulent series of montage scenes cascade over the walls, floor and ceiling, accompanied by deafening SOUNDS, as Partridge and Solo continue to fight. Suddenly, the room is filled with views of approaching trains (or whatever device is used in Scene 133) hurtling toward -

PARTRIDGE - CLOSE

227

He breaks off the fight, SCREAMS in terror at the images, attempting to ward them off by covering his face with his arms. He races out of the room in utter panic, Solo after him.

INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE

228

as Partridge makes a wild run for the door to his office-elevator. Just as he reaches it, Solo grabs him. They trade punches, Partridge's hand hitting the starter button. Solo is momentarily stunned, allowing Partridge -- after considerable effort -- to yank open the door and enter. The room is not there! He falls to the base pad, with an appropriate cry. Over this, we hear the hum of the elevator machinery; clearly the elevator is in motion.

REVERSE ANGLE - FROM ELEVATOR SHAFT

229

on Solo and Illya, reacting. Now, from the top of frame down, the scene gradually becomes black -- this is the elevator descending. (Presumably, this will be something akin to a black piece of cardboard descending in front of the camera lens.) A moment later, from the top down, Solo and Illya reappear; the elevator has descended past them to the sub-basement.

PARTRIDGE'S POV

229X1

of the descending elevator as it draws nearer and nearer to him while he SCREAMS in the sub-basement pit.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA (SAME AS SCENE 229)

229X2

as they watch, powerless, then turn their heads away. Now, as the hum of the elevator and Partridge's cries abruptly cease -- for the man and the machine have both reached the end of their trips -- a new SOUND intrudes. It is the jingling of the teletype bell in the office-elevator, and we --

ZIP PAN TO:

CLOSE ON PARTRIDGE OFFICE TELETYPE

229X3

as it finishes clicking off its message. Now, a hand reaches into shot and rips it off. CAMERA BACK

to show that the hand was Solo's; he has just entered the office. In b.g., Illiya comes through the door, with Ieato in tow. Solo hands him the message without a word.

229X3
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (reading)
From Thrush Central to Barnaby Partridge. Congratulations on being elected as a member of Central. The Board expects even greater accomplishments in the future...

As Solo and Illiya exchange looks, we...

FADE OUT.

THE END