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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE CANDIDATE'S WIFE AFFAIR

Prod. #8420

REVISED FINAL

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A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
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The Man From  
U.N.C.L.E.

The Candidate's Wife Affair

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FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY (STOCK)

1

The city next to the Golden Gate sprawls in splendour across its many hills.

2 OUT

EXT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

2X1

Scattered groups of people are politicking on the steps, carrying campaign literature, buttons, etc.

NEAR ENTRANCE

3

A banner is stretched over the entrance proclaiming "BRYANT FOR PRESIDENT: HEADQUARTERS".

ANOTHER ANGLE

4

A number of enthusiastic females of uncertain age but obvious solvency, wave paper pom-poms (in the party colours) and small flags bearing the name "Bryant" on them as handsome SENATOR BRYANT himself appears escorting his attractive, smartly turned-out wife MIRANDA. Accompanying them, very much the political "king-maker" is impressive, professionally cordial, wealthy ARNOLD FAIRBANKS.

WIDER ANGLE

5

Flash bulbs pop as the Senator steps to a waiting limousine, opens the door for his wife while she, with a hey wave at the crowd of party "ladies", darts into the safety of the car. Photographers crowd around them as the Senator steps back, waving goodbye to his wife.

CLOSER SHOT

6

One of the more enterprising of the photographers circles the car to get a "shot" from the opposite side. Above his camera he carries a prominent sign reading "PRESS." It is NAPOLEON SOLO.

WIDER ANGLE

7

As the "girls" cluster around the Senator so enthusiastically, he practically disappears in a forest of pom-poms. Napoleon sticks his head in the far window of the car.

CLOSER SHOT

8

SOLO

Just one more, Mrs. Bryant?

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

9

The car has paused, waiting for a break in the traffic before it moves on. Mrs. Bryant, startled, looks up, then sees Solo and..in place of his "PRESS" card...that he is wearing his U.N.C.L.E. "I.D." card. She lets out a sigh of relief and unlocks the door.

MIRANDA (quietly  
hastily)  
Get in, Mr. Solo.

Solo pops into the car, huddling down a bit so that he cannot be seen from the entrance. The car shoots quickly ahead.

TWO SHOT

10

Solo cautiously glances back at the hotel.

SOLO  
Does your husband know?

MIRANDA  
Certainly not. He has enough on his mind with the convention and having to fly back to Washington today.

(continued)

MIRANDA (continued)  
 (smiling at Solo)  
 Besides, who's going to try to  
 kidnap me, with YOU at my side?

10  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

- Solo looks at her and smiles wryly.

SOLO  
 As the wife of the leading presi-  
 dential candidate, Mrs. Bryant..  
 I could give you a list --  
 (making an expansive  
 gesture)  
 ...from here to Mendecino and back!

As he grins at her...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

11

This is a handsome, small building. A placque reads:

INSERT - PLACQUE

12

"Institut de Beaute -  
 Francois - Hair Styling  
 Osvald Durand, M.D.  
 Cosmetic Surgery. . . . "

INT. BEAUTY SALON - DAY

13

A very handsome rather willowy receptionist (SIGNE)  
 looks up with a smile.

SIGNE  
 Good morning.

MIRANDA  
 Sorry I'm late. I had to  
 pack for the Senator.

SIGNE  
 Certainly, Mrs. Bryant.  
 M. Francois is in Booth Ten,  
 waiting for you...

Miranda starts down the corridor. Solo would follow, camera in hand, but Signe, with a smile, steps neatly in front of him, one hand on the door jamb.

13  
CONT'D  
(2)

SIGNE

Gentlemen aren't allowed beyond these portals, sir!

SOLO (glibly)

I'm no gentleman - I'm the press.  
(raising the camera  
with a grin)

Taking pictures of Mrs. Bryant. A  
Day in the Life of a Candidate's  
Wife.

Signe looks at him, still smiling, then turns to her desk and the inter-office communicator. She presses a button and picks up the phone, her smiling but comprehensive gaze taking in everything about Solo.

SIGNE

M. Francois.. there's a press photo-  
grapher who came in with Mrs. Bryant.  
A Mr. -- ?

She looks at Solo questioningly.

SOLO (quickly)

Solo. Napoleon Solo.

SIGNE (into phone)

Solo. Taking pictures for a story on  
Mrs. Bryant. Thank you.

She hangs up and smiles warmly at Solo.

SIGNE

It will be quite all right,  
Mr. Solo, only...

She turns to a group of smocks hanging from a hall tree.

SIGNE

...in order not to make our OTHER  
customers... selfconscious... do  
you mind?

She holds out a rather fetching smock in pink.

SOLO (distrustfully)

Do I mind what?

SIGNE (smiling)  
Slipping into this?

13  
CONT'D  
(3)

Solo eyes the smock with every evidence of immediate dislike.

SIGNE (coaxingly)  
Then you'll look just like all the  
OTHER stylists.

SOLO (coldly)  
THAT is what I'm afraid of!

However, reluctantly, he starts to oblige.

14-18 OUT

INT. BOOTH NUMBER TEN - DAY

19-20

Miranda is already seated in a booth, wearing a smock herself as a large, well-muscled hair stylist carrying a basket of hot towels, barges in.

ETIENNE  
Good morning, madame! I am  
Etienne.

Professionally he whisks out a hot towel to slap on Miranda's face.

MIRANDA (mildly  
surprised)  
Isn't Francois taking care of me?

ETIENNE  
He will be in presently, madame.

Briskly he covers her face with the hot towel, leaving space for her to breathe, of course, and sprinkles something on it. It is very hot and Miranda squirms a bit.

ETIENNE  
Too warm, madame? But it is good for  
you. Cleans the pores.

As he speaks he pushes a lever at the bottom of the chair and as he does, panels on either side of the mirror and dressing table open automatically, the chair in which Miranda is seated, whirls around the mirror and dressing table through the left panel and at the same time, rigged to the same mechanism, an identical chair, bearing a WOMAN identically dressed to Miranda, whirls in through the right panel.

At the touch of another lever, the two panels close and there is no trace of the sudden replacement. Etienne runs his hands over the towel and, as Solo (in smock, carrying camera) parts the drapes covering the entrance, Etienne rips off the towel. The woman under the towel is, in appearance, identical with Miranda. It is of course, a different girl, and we will call her IRINA.

19-20  
CONT'D  
(2)

Signe follows Solo immediately and stands there.

SOLO (raising his  
camera)  
Great! Don't move. Marvelous  
shot.

Irina looks up with a smile, and at her reflection in the mirror and shudders.

IRINA (laughing)  
No, no, not yet! I don't want  
people to see me without EYEBROWS!

Signe runs a professional hand over the towels.

SIGNE  
The towels too hot, madame?

IRINA  
N1! They're wonderful. I feel like  
a different woman already!

SIGNE (beaming)  
Exactly what we are trying to  
achieve, madame -- to make you a  
different woman!

As she massages Irina's neck, smiling at her reflection in the mirror, Solo raises his camera and takes the shot. At the flash of the flashbulb...

FADE OUT:

21 OUT

END TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

- EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - (STOCK)

22

- It is a beautiful afternoon.

INT. WAVERLY'S SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE - DAY

23

All of the U.N.C.L.E. offices have a generic resemblance; this one is no exception. It does boast a fairly exotic view of GRANT AVENUE, complete with Chinese street lights and Chinese neon signs.

Illya regards the view with the approval of a man to whom exotic backgrounds are reassuring.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (vexed. -

o.s.)

Mr. Solo -- come IN, Mr. Solo....!

WIDER ANGLE

24

Waverly is manipulating the levers of his various communication machines - apparently to little avail.

WAVERLY

I don't understand what happened to the man!

But at this the door slides open and the culprit, himself, bright-faced and bouncy, is revealed, looking healthy but somewhat self-conscious.

SOLO (tentatively)

Good afternoon.

Waverly glances up as the door eases shut behind Solo. He frowns and distant drums SOUND in Valhalla.

WAVERLY

MR. Solo! It's been exactly THREE hours, eight and one-half minutes since you've contacted this office.

SOLO

That long? I'm sorry, sir. Time passes so quickly in pleasant company...



He beams at Waverly.

24  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
SUCH a charming woman, Mrs. Bryant!

-Waverly looks toward the heavens but no comfort comes from them.

WAVERLY (patiently)  
Exactly. And you were assigned,  
Mr. Solo, to protect her from  
being KID-napped.

SOLO (brightening)  
Yes, sir! I assure you, sir, the  
lady's in the BEST of health.  
(rather pleased with  
himself)  
After a busy afternoon's shopping  
and a hair set, we had cocktails  
en route and I have just dropped  
her off at her hotel. A delightful  
morning.

WAVERLY (coldly)  
No doubt. The only trouble, Mr.  
Solo, is that, however delightful,  
the lady is NOT "Mrs. Bryant."

Solo stares at Waverly, frozen in mid-self-satisfied smile. Waverly nods at Illya who presses a button. The blinds shut automatically. Two "patterns" are projected on a screen behind Waverly. Waverly turns to them, more than a touch wearily. He is VERY disappointed in Solo.

WAVERLY  
You are looking at an audiogram,  
Mr. Solo - an exact electronic  
replica of Mrs. Bryant's voice,  
taken from our files.

He points to a second pattern.

WAVERLY  
In an effort to find YOU, we just  
telephoned and spoke to the woman  
calling herself "Mrs. Bryant."  
(he traces the patterns  
of the voice with a pointer)  
This is THAT audiogram, taken ten  
minutes ago. Notice anything?

Solo looks and fights off a sinking spell.

SOLO (faintly)  
They're -- not..not very much  
alike, are they, sir?

24  
CONT'D  
(3)

WAVERLY (succinctly)  
They are not in the LEAST alike.  
Mrs. Bryant's been kidnapped and  
is now somewhere in the city, in the  
hands of THRUSH, thanks to you!

Solo, however, rallies. After all he has the evidence  
of his several senses - plus two martinis - to rely on.

SOLO  
But, sir! - it's impossible. There  
must be an error! I didn't leave  
Mrs. Bryant's side for more than a  
minute all morning!

WAVERLY (wryly)  
A minute's quite enough, sometimes.  
Even thirty seconds, for that matter!

ILLYA (at the computer)  
We just ran the possibilities of  
the audiogram being in error, Napoleon.  
They're one in three hundred thousand.

SOLO (stubbornly)  
I still don't believe it.

ILLYA (handing him the  
tape)  
See for yourself. I'm afraid,  
Napoleon, this time they've put  
one over on you.

Solo shakes his head in utter disbelief and con-  
fusion, trying to think back.

SOLO  
..where could they have DONE it?  
I was PHOTOgraphing her all the  
TIME. I didn't leave her side  
once..except..

Waverly looks at him questioningly.

SOLO (a bit uncomfortably)  
..to put on that smock in the beauty  
parlour?

Waverly raises an eyebrow.

SOLO (lamely)  
So I'd look like a hairdresser  
and not frighten the customers.

24  
CONT'D  
(4)

ILLYA  
You gave a dazzling impersonation,  
I've no doubt.

- Solo shoots Illya a look.

WAVERLY  
That could have been it. Mr.  
Kuryakin - they don't know YOU  
there, as yet. Check out the place  
AND the personnel.

Illya nods. Solo looks most bereft, staring at the  
tape in his hands. Waverly's mind has already  
skipped on to the next consideration.

WAVERLY (briskly)  
Senator Bryant's leaving in forty-  
five minutes for Washington. I  
suggest you get to him on the  
double, Mr. Solo.

SOLO (with a sinking  
feeling)  
Does he know?

WAVERLY (with a negative  
shake of his head)  
That's why I want you to hurry.

He looks at Solo.

SOLO (helplessly)  
But what could I possibly say to  
him, sir..?

Solo by now is acutely conscience-stricken.

WAVERLY (smoothly)  
I don't quite know the WORDS, but  
I think surely the Senator has a  
right to know that the woman kissing  
him goodbye is NOT his wife. And  
who better to inform him than..  
yourself?

Solo swallows visibly, staring at Waverly.

ZIP PAN TO.

## INT. OSVALD DURANT'S LABORATORY - DAY

25

This spacious room is devoid of light except that surrounding a complicated-appearing operating table where various electronic machines stand ominously. On the operating table is MIRANDA BRYANT, prepared for surgery, and under some light sedation. Her eyes flutter. Attending are SIGNE and ETIENNE, hooking their "patient" up to the various machines. OSVALD DURANT, a very smooth, accomplished-looking doctor, sips a meditative glass of champagne as he watches consciousness return to Mrs. Bryant. She looks at him.

DURANT (smiling suddenly)  
My dear Mrs. Bryant...a thousand apologies for our cavalier treatment of you but..  
(he shrugs, charmingly)  
..it was necessary.

Miranda looks about, understandably frightened, though the sedation has a somewhat tranquilizing effect.

MIRANDA  
...where..where am I?

DURANT (gaily)  
THAT question is not really pertinent at the moment. However, rest assured no harm will come to you.  
(to Etienne)  
Prepare the anesthetic, please.

Now Miranda struggles, but she is held back both by Signe and certain restraining bonds on the table itself.

MIRANDA (on a rising note)  
What are you DOING with me...!?

DURANT (soothingly)  
Nothing to be alarmed about, dear lady. A sip of champagne..?

He proffers his glass but she twists her mouth away frantically.

DURANT (philosophically)  
No? It's a very good year.

He downs the champagne himself, then pulls the overhead light further down so that he can examine her.

As he does the telephone rings and Durant, not stopping his examination, picks it up.

25  
CONT'D  
(2)

DURANT (into phone)

Yes...?

(testily)

Of course everything's going allright.

I have the X-rays before me now.

There won't be any trouble. We can make a surgical adjustment in the medulla oblongata that I guarantee you, no one will ever be able to see.

(he listens, and sighs impatiently)

You'll be able to give her your instructions either personally or via shortwave or over Telestar if you wish, with NO difficulty whatsoever.

(annoyed)

No, I told you I MUST have forty eight hours. You promised not to rush me..Allright..yes..fine..

He hangs up. Miranda, though under sedation, has understood enough of this to become really terrified.

MIRANDA (panicking)

My husband..where..where's my husband..!

DURANT (suavely)

At the moment enjoying the company of a most charming young lady who has the good taste to be an exact duplicate of yourself, Mrs. Bryant.

Miranda stares at Durant. The thought of an "exact duplicate" of herself being with her husband chases the more immediate thought of her own present danger from her mind.

MIRANDA (in disbelief)

...DUPLICATE...? ..of ME?

DURANT (amiably)

Yes. What our German colleagues term a "doppelganger". I promise you, she will see your husband doesn't experience one moment's worry on your behalf.

MIRANDA

..duplic..? No!

(with spirit)

Another..girl...could never fool my husband...

DURANT

Oh, yes, she can...and WILL. We've taken great care to see to that. Why should you be so surprised?

25  
CONT'D  
(3)

- He pours a little more champagne for himself.

DURANT

After all, you've been in the public eye a great deal. And it isn't difficult at all to get to know quite a lot about you! With the help of these...  
(he indicates the machines and smiles broadly)  
We've been able to "condition" the young lady so that she not only LOOKS like "Miranda Bryant..."  
(he leans over her)  
...but is completely briefed in every nuance of your life, or at least as many "nuances" as she'll require for the next 48 hours. Then we'll be able to send you back -- suitably "conditioned" to obey our slightest command.

Miranda reacts to this...bound, helpless, terrified, she still has spirit. She looks at Durant...

MIRANDA (in a low whisper)

...You...you...MONSTER!

DURANT (surprised)

"Monster?" You really think I'm a...a..."monster?"

He considers this possibility, then, pouring more champagne, he nods, shrugging a little.

DURANT

Well...possibly.  
(he gives her a radiant smile, raising his champagne glass in a toast)  
...Nobody's perfect!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CONVENTION HALL - DAY - (STOCK) 26

It is colorful in bright daylight.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY - (STOCK)

27

Active politicians, trying to raise votes, etc., are back-slapping, jollyng, etc.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY - BRYANT'S HEADQUARTERS

28

This is a room off the convention hall in which any number of politicians, their wives, lady auxiliaries, etc., are persuading one another (or dissuading) to all sorts of things.

In the middle of all, radiating wealth, prosperity, cheer and self-confidence is ARNOLD FAIRBANKS.

ANOTHER ANGLE

29

A somewhat woebegone (but determined) NAPOLEON SOLO makes his appearance in the doorway. Girding his mental loins, he searches the room. He sees Fairbanks.

CLOSER SHOT

30

Coming right up to Fairbanks, Solo wastes neither time nor words.

SOLO (urgently)  
Mr. Fairbanks! Senator Bryant?  
Where is he? I've got to see him.

His gaze searches the room.

FAIRBANKS  
You and two hundred others.  
He's on his way to the airport.  
He has an appointment in  
Washington with the President  
in...  
(looking at his watch)  
...four hours.

SOLO (alarmed)  
He's left?

Fairbanks grins.

FAIRBANKS  
Practically. He's in there  
saying goodbye to his wife.

30  
CONT'D  
(2)

He nods to a private room. Solo would step forward but Fairbanks interposes a strong and determined hand on his arm.

FAIRBANKS (firmly)  
I wouldn't if I were you, young  
man.  
(with a chuckle)  
After all, they're still practically newlyweds.

Solo swallows, paling, but whips out his U.N.C.L.E. card and shows it to Fairbanks.

SOLO (low, urgent)  
I MUST see him before he leaves,  
sir. Absolutely top priority!  
It's personal and URGENT!

Fairbanks sees the U.N.C.L.E. card and (apparently) for the first time associates Solo with U.N.C.L.E. He seems somewhat surprised.

FAIRBANKS  
...You're one of WAVERLY'S men?

Solo nods. Fairbanks does a modified wry double-take, shrugs, and with a nod to Solo, leads him through the crowd.

ANGLE AT DOOR

31

There is a guard at the door leading off the larger room. The guard glances at Solo as Fairbanks waves the guard aside.

ANOTHER ANGLE

32

Fairbanks KNOCKS in quick tattoo and opens the door without ceremony.

INT. BRYANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

33

In the middle of the room, locked in a most romantic embrace, stand Bryant and "Mrs. Bryant" (IRINA).



FAIRBANKS

...Excuse me...

33  
CONT'D  
(2)

Bryant looks up, sees who it is...as does Irina,  
who sees Solo and suddenly smiles.

IRINA (lightly)

Mr. Solo! Demon photographer is  
ONE thing - peeping Tom quite  
ANOTHER!

She laughs, looking at her husband.

IRINA (cont'd)

My "escort" this morning, darling.  
(with a mischievous  
glance at her husband)  
Caused HAVOC in that beauty salon  
with his camera! How the girls  
in curlers screamed!

Now Bryant realises who Solo is. He grins.

BRYANT (easily)

I can imagine. I don't envy  
you. Come in.

SOLO

Napoleon Solo, sir. I...I  
MUST speak to you. It's most  
urgent.

The Senator is inclined to be expansive.

BRYANT

Sure, sure...What can I do  
for you?

Solo glances quickly at Irina and Arnold.

SOLO

It's rather confidential, sir.  
Though perhaps Mr. Fairbanks  
had better stay.

Bryant, gathering together his papers, etc., is  
mildly surprised.

BRYANT

I have no secrets from my wife --

Irina smiles.

IRINA

That's all right. A politician's wife learns never to sulk. Call me when you're ready to leave.

33  
CONT'D  
(3)

She pats the Senator affectionately and goes out, closing the door after her. The Senator looks after her fondly.

BRYANT

Great little girl. Always understands.

(genially)

YOU married, Solo?

SOLO (somewhat wanly)

No, sir.

BRYANT

Nothing like it, believe me.

SOLO (swallowing)

I -- do, sir.

BRYANT (glancing  
at his watch)

I can give you...three minutes.  
What is it?

Solo gathers his courage.

SOLO

...I don't know how to put it, sir, but...that lady you were just kissing in here -- she's not your wife.

Bryant looks up at him, caught as he closes his brief case. It takes him a moment and he stares at Solo. Fairbanks stares, also.

FAIRBANKS (startled)

What?

BRYANT (softly)

I'm afraid I'm not...reading you, Sir.

FAIRBANKS (in dis-  
belief)

What did you say?

SOLO (taking  
a breath)  
That...that lady...who just  
stepped out...she is NOT "Mrs.  
Bryant."

33  
CONT'D  
(3a)

Fairbanks looks at Solo then reaching to the desk,  
rather shakily pours a glass of water from a carafe.

FAIRBANKS  
Miranda told us you've a very  
rich sense of humour, but...

SOLO (bravely)  
It's no joke, Mr. Fairbanks.  
We have...proof conclusive - the  
lady...is not Mrs. Bryant.

BRYANT (alarmed)  
Are you telling me I don't know  
my own WIFE?

SOLO (taking a breath)  
I admit she LOOKS like Mrs. Bryant,  
sir, she SOUNDS like Mrs. Bryant,  
she ACTS like Mrs. Bryant but...  
(taking a deep breath)  
..according to the audiograms we  
ran, she is NOT Mrs. Bryant!  
(fervently)  
No one wishes she WERE, more than  
I, Senator. But though the young  
woman's a reasonable facsimile...  
..VERY reasonable..she is NOT the  
genuine box-top!

Bryant stares at him a moment then at Fairbanks.

BRYANT (in control  
but on a rising note)  
Do you KNOW what this man is saying?  
Am I crazy or is he crazy..or--?

Fairbanks stares at Solo in profound shock.

FAIRBANKS  
I don't know. He's one of Waverly's  
top men, but --!

Bryant finds this hard to believe. He stares at  
Fairbanks then at Solo.

BRYANT (repeating to  
make sure)  
My wife isn't my wife?

Fairbank's head whips around. He stares at Solo.

SOLO  
No, sir. Mrs. Bryant--the REAL Mrs.  
Bryant--has been kidnapped.

Bryant looks at Fairbanks with a .. "what did I tell  
you" expression.

SOLO

Apparently whoever did it knew you were returning to Washington for a couple of days. They put this ..this..reasonable facsimile in - to pinch hit. If it hadn't been for these audiograms we took, none of us might have caught on to it, at all!

33  
CONT'D  
(5)

FAIRBANKS

Audiograms?

SOLO

Voice patterns. They differ in people, just like fingerprints! This woman's voice pattern is as different from Mrs. Bryant's as night from day..

FAIRBANKS

But she COULDN'T be! She sounds the same to ME! I'd swear that was Miranda Bryant.

BRYANT (grimly)

So would I. Call her in, Arnold!

He moves to the door.

SOLO

Wait! Believe me, Senator, your wife HAS been kidnapped! Someone has gone to a great deal of trouble to make us think OTHERWISE. But if you betray to them now that we're on to them, I don't know what might happen to her!

Solo's urgent appeal stops Bryant with his hand on the doorknob. Indeed he has twisted it open though not pulled on the door. As we watch, slowly his hand relaxes its hold and the knob, rather noisily, falls back into position.

BRYANT (has back  
to solo)

All right. I'll go along with the gag. Arnold. Get on the phone. Call the FBI. Call the CIA..

Again Solo comes forward.

SOLO

You mustn't, Senator. Same reason.

FAIRBANKS (alarmed)  
Yes, he's right, Senator..wait a minute. I'm as...taken aback by this as you are..

(looking at Solo)  
I don't know that I believe it...

(back to Senator)  
..but whatever we do.. we've got to move CAREFULLY.

(with eloquence, pleading)  
..There are five thousand people out there, going to nominate you as their candidate for President the end of this week..We CAN'T rock the boat now AT THIS late date...A hint of a scandal..ANY kind of a scandal...could tip the whole thing..

Bryant, who's been whirling the whole thing around in his mind at top speed, whirls on Fairbanks.

BRYANT (with force - emotion)  
We're not talking politics, Arnold... we're talking about my wife..and her safety. If what he says is TRUE... or only partly true...

He turns on Solo, a note of horror in his voice and eyes.

BRYANT  
...What are they DOING to her, Solo? And where is she NOW...? Who's BEHIND all this...?

SOLO (evenly)  
We're trying to find out. And we WILL find out....

WIDER ANGLE

34

There is a KNOCK at the door. Irina pokes her head in with a charming, apologetic smile.

IRINA  
Sorry, Gentlemen...The car's here, darling.  
(lightly, to Bryant)  
Don't keep your public waiting, Senator!

She blows him a kiss and disappears again, closing the door after her.

CLOSER SHOT

35

The Senator looks after her helplessly, then, in confusion, back to Solo.

BRYANT (pitifully)  
NO!...I...I don't believe it...  
(he makes a half-gesture  
toward the hall - and  
Irina)  
..it isn't..true...

SOLO (fast)  
Senator. Our only advantage is  
no one suspects we've tumbled to the  
deception. We CAN'T let them know  
we have. NOTHING must put them on  
their guard. If they panic, ANYTHING  
could happen to Mrs. Bryant!

BRYANT (agonized)  
What do you want me to do?

SOLO  
Go to Washington. WE stay here,  
find Mrs. Bryant and rescue her.

BRYANT (in disbelief)  
Leave here while my wife...

SOLO  
It's our only chance. Her only  
chance.

Bryant looks at him. It is a clash of wills.  
Finally...

BRYANT (softly)  
Solo..if you're wrong.. about ANY  
of this..if ANYTHING happens to my  
wife..I'll not only have YOUR job..  
and any job you ever HOPE to have  
again, I'll take on UNCLE so that  
when I'm finished, I promise you,  
so help me, there won't be enough  
left of THAT organization to pro-  
mote a charity benefit in the middle  
of the Great Gobi DESERT! Understand?

SOLO (levelly)  
..Completely, sir.

## WIDER ANGLE

36

The door opens again and a slightly pouting Irina is there.

IRINA (remonstrative)  
Hurry up, Darling...the driver's  
holding up traffic for us!

The Senator looks at her, controlling himself with enormous effort. Fairbanks likewise is having a problem. Irina looks at them, slightly puzzled. It is up to Solo to rescue the situation.

SOLO (lightly)  
And why not? You'd stop traffic  
ANYWHERE...Mrs. Bryant...!

Irina, delighted at the compliment, throws back her head and laughs and slipping one arm through the Senator's leads him out into the corridor. Solo and Fairbanks are left alone. From OUTSIDE can be HEARD the RISE of greeting from the people who are Bryant's partisans. It is quite a wave of sound.

FAIRBANKS (after a  
moment)  
Know what that is, Solo? Vox populi.  
The voice of the people. They love  
him. Crowds always do. But...  
crowds can be...fickle.  
(he gathers together some  
papers, worried, only half-  
concentrating)  
I've worked too hard and too long to  
have that boy reach this position -  
almost in the White House - to have  
anything - anything at ALL - imperil  
his chances NOW.  
(he sighs heavily)  
Whatever this is all about, Mr.  
Solo...  
(he looks at him sharply)  
...you'd better be right, that's  
all I have to say.

He marches out of the room, in the wake of the Senator. Solo looks after him, listening to the rising cheers as, on the floor of the convention hall, the Senator's passage can be noticed. They swell and swell and swell. Solo grave, is increasingly worried and thoughtful as he listens.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

FADE IN:  
EXT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

37

The Senator is just about to get into his limousine as Irina and Solo say goodbye to him at curbside. Behind, several "admirers," photographers, et al., are giving the group all their attention. The Senator (as well as Solo) is understandably somewhat nervous in view of all that has transpired, but is making a valiant effort to disguise it.

CLOSER SHOT

38

BRYANT (to Solo -  
a touch grimly)  
You'll... take care of her, won't  
you, Solo? Stick by her?

SOLO  
Every minute.

IRINA  
Stick by me? Why?  
(she smiles)  
Not that Mr. Solo isn't a vastly  
amusing fellow, still --

She turns, in smiling question, to her husband.

BRYANT (uneasily)  
I didn't want to worry you but...  
that...kidnapping threat...

IRINA (deprecatingly)  
Oh, darling..it's probably only one  
of those hoaxers - the kind who  
calls up about bombs in theatres or  
whatever...Just a prankster.

BRYANT (gravely)  
No. I don't think so. We must  
take it seriously, I'm afraid.

Irina looks at him, smiles, shrugs, then stands on  
tiptoe to kiss him goodbye.

In the background flash bulbs flash, etc., as the electorate watches with that somewhat dazzled affection it reserves for popular political figures and their families. The Senator gets into the car.

38  
CONT'D  
(2)

IRINA

You'll call me tonight?

BRYANT

If..the President lets me go early enough.

IRINA (tenderly)

Whatever the hour. I'll be awake.

She looks at him in grave but affectionate concern, patting his arm. The car pulls away.

WIDER ANGLE

39

As the Senator's limousine leaves, another just like it pulls up behind and Solo, reaching down, opens the door. Irina, looking after the Senator somewhat wistfully, "comes to" and gets in the car. Solo follows. We do NOT see the chauffeur as yet.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

40

As the limousine moves, Solo settles back, eyeing Irina somewhat oddly. Irina, in perfect command of herself, glances at him.

IRINA (firmly)

What EVER my husband's told you,  
Mr. Solo, I'm quite sure it will  
NOT be necessary for you to dog  
my footsteps all around San Francisco.

Solo looks at her.

SOLO (dryly)

Why don't you stop pretending?

Irina is taken aback.

IRINA (surprised -  
a bit annoyed)  
What? What are you talking about?  
I'm not "pretending" anything.

40  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
I'm speaking of your brilliant  
impersonation of...Mrs. Bryant.

IRINA (astounded;  
annoyed)  
My...? MR. SOLO!

Whatever she was going to say is lost as she watches  
Solo lean forward, press a button on the panel of  
the seat ahead. A carafe of water is revealed,  
with glasses, and Solo starts to pour a glass as  
he takes a pill box from his pocket.

SOLO  
But we can solve the entire puzzle  
in a minute or two.  
(holding the pill out)  
Take this, will you?

IRINA (in shocked  
disbelief)  
Take... WHAT?

SOLO (amiably)  
It's a highly concentrated truth  
serum in tablet form. Unless, of  
course, you'd rather break down  
and tell everything of your own  
volition.

IRINA  
My own...?

Irina gasps, then, leaning forward, knocks furiously  
on the window separating them from the driver.

IRINA  
Driver! Stop this car! Let me OUT  
of here!

WIDER ANGLE

40X1

We now see that the chauffeur is none other than -  
ILLYA.

ILLYA (calmly)  
Sorry, madam. That's quite  
impossible in this traffic.

40X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

## ANOTHER ANGLE

40X2

Irina realizes she is in a trap. She turns on the door next to her and tries to open that. It is locked. Panicking, she turns back to find Solo confronting her with a glass of water in one hand, a pill in the other.

IRINA  
Mr. Solo! Have you taken leave of  
your senses? Stop this car and let  
me OUT!

SOLO (patiently)  
Not until you tell me WHO'S behind  
you, what they've done with the  
Senator's wife and where she is.

Irina gasps.

IRINA (staring at  
him)  
You've gone mad! You're out of  
your MIND!

Again she tries the door. It is still firmly  
locked.

SOLO (chidingly)  
I would rather you cooperated of  
your own will, but if you won't --

He waves the pill at her. Irina shrinks back,  
staring at the pill, then at Solo.

ILLYA (urgently  
from the front seat)  
Give her the pill, Napoleon. People  
are beginning to stare..

He glances at the cars on either side of them.

SOLO (stealing a  
glance - to Irina)  
All right, young woman. Open wide  
and swallow.

IRINA  
I will NOT! Get away from me!

SOLO  
If you won't, I'll have to hold  
your nose!

40X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

IRINA (outraged)  
You wouldn't...DARE.!

But she is wrong. He does dare, holds her nose,  
and as she gasps for breath, pops the pill in her  
mouth. As she chokes, he gives her the water. She  
swallows it, gasping, but resentful as she is of  
the whole maneuver, the pill is now "down."

IRINA (outraged)  
OH...!  
(making a face)  
It tastes AWFUL!

Solo glances at his watch, giving her a profession-  
ally reassuring smile meanwhile.

ILLYA (from up front)  
Bravo, Napoleon. Very neat.  
(to Irina - reassuringly)  
The taste won't last long, madame.  
It works VERY fast.

Irina, still gasping, drinks more water as Solo...

SOLO (counting with  
his watch)  
...eight seven six five four three  
two one..blast OFF!

He puts away his watch and settles back, smiling  
at her.

SOLO  
Now...!  
(looking at her)  
What's your name?

Rather to her own surprise, during the preceding  
countdown, a certain subtle, hardly noticeable  
change has come over Irina. Her eyes have glazed  
ever so slightly. When she speaks, there is a  
certain reticence or monotone quality. It is  
immediately apparent she is making a perfectly  
honest effort to answer his questions honestly.  
Illya observes all this with interest from the  
front seat as he drives.

IRINA

Miranda Bryant.

(she catches herself and,  
like a child repeating a  
lesson, corrects herself)

No.. that's not right. Before I  
was married it was Miranda Field.

(struggling to remember  
everything conscientiously)

They also called me "Butch" at  
school. Mother called me "Blinkums."

My husband calls me "sweetie-pie."

40X2  
CONT'D  
(3)

Solo looks at her blankly. He had been expecting quite a different sort of revelation. He stares at her but apparently her physical condition is what is par-for-the-course with this drug. He shakes his head.

SOLO (startled)

That's odd. It's never worked THIS  
way before.

ILLYA (from front)

Maybe she has a built-in resistance.  
Or ate too much for lunch?

This latter suggestion seems logical to Solo.

SOLO (to Irina)

What DID you have for lunch?

IRINA (almost  
automatically)

Half a cucumber sandwich.

Solo looks at Illya and shrugs eloquently, then stares down at the pill case.

SOLO

I don't understand it.

ILLYA (practically)

Give her another pill. There was a  
lady in Honduras we had to give  
THREE pills before she'd tell her  
right age.

SOLO

Amazing.

(holding out another pill  
to Irina)

Here.

Irina obediently this time, swallows the pill,  
drinks the water. Solo fetches out his watch, and  
counts...

4OX2  
CONT'D  
(4)

SOLO (counting)  
Eight seven six five four two -  
blast off.  
(determinedly)  
Once more. What's your name?

IRINA (automatically)  
Miranda Bryant. Before I was  
married it was Miranda Field. At  
school, at la crosse, I was known  
sometimes as "Butch." Mother used  
to call me...

SOLO (hastily)  
All right, all right. That's  
enough... that's enough...

He stares at her, perplexed, then looks up at Iliya.

ILLYA (helpfully)  
Try another tack.  
(raising his voice)  
How did you meet the Senator,  
madame?

IRINA (obediently)  
I met him in Arnold Fairbanks'  
office. I was a volunteer  
worker on his last campaign.

SOLO (more and  
more puzzled...searching  
his mind for questions)  
Do you love your husband?

IRINA (calmly)  
Madly.

But as she says this she stifles a huge yawn.

SOLO (startled)  
Why are you yawning? Does the  
idea of your husband bore you?

40X2  
CONT'D  
(5)

IRINA (without much conviction, fighting another yawn)  
Oh no! My husband's the most... interesting...pardon me.  
(she yawns)  
..and fascinating man in the ... world...I beg your pardon...I'm AWFULLY sleepy. I'm sorry..

Her eyes are beginning to close. Solo is alarmed at this.

ILLYA (perturbed)  
Sleepy? Now? She CAN'T fall asleep!  
She's not SUPPOSED to; Napoleon, waker her up!

Solo shakes Irina vigorously.

SOLO (alarmed)  
Come on, now! Be a good girl.  
Stay awake!

But Irina is rapidly slipping off to the Land of Nod. Cuddling up on the seat, leaning against Solo, putting her head gently on his manly shoulder, she smiles up at him.

IRINA  
..mmm...you're nice...did you know that?

SOLO (shocked)  
Now STOP that...

IRINA (almost asleep, smiling)  
..and... I LIKE you...Mr...Sol.....

Illya watches everything in the rear view mirror.

ILLYA (disapprovingly)  
Napoleon! Really! Don't you EVER turn it off?

SOLO (a bit weakly - smiling helplessly)  
It's not my fault. I guess if you've got it, you've just GOT it..



He looks back at the girl. By now she's sound asleep. As Solo shrugs helplessly, Irina grabs his arm in her sleep, and cuddles even closer. As Solo looks a little guiltily toward Illya - who is all disapproval - and Irina murmurs happy endearments in her sleep...

40X2  
CONT'D  
(6)

ZIP PAN TO:

41-55  
OUT

INT. SENATORS HOTEL SUITE - DAY

56

It is late in the afternoon. Solo is pacing about the sitting room of the suite, smoking nervously. He glances back at the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY  
POV SHOT

56X1

Irina is asleep, fully dressed, lying across the bed, a happy smile on her face.

WIDER ANGLE

56X2

Solo comes in, stands in the door a moment looking at her, then comes to sit on the bed beside her.

SOLO  
Miranda..?

There is no answer.

SOLO  
Miranda..?  
(no response)  
Ethel?  
(searching for names)  
Thusnelda? Miss X?

Nothing happens. He takes her wrist and starts taking her pulse and respiration. As he does the telephone rings. Absently Solo reaches for the phone and answers it.

SOLO  
Yes?

EXT. STREET - DAY

56X3

Standing in a typical "power company" truck, and hung with tools of all sorts, is Illya making a very fair impersonation of a city 'troubleshooter'.

ILLYA

It's me. How's the Sleeping Beauty?

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)

Still asleep. This makes nearly three HOURS now.

ILLYA (drily)

You Prince Charming's are all alike. I always TOLD you some day your devastating charm would backfire.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)

Thanks for reminding me. What are you up to? How's the beauty shop?

ILLYA

Straight as a die, on the surface. I blew out the power circuits and flushed all the old dears in hair curlers into the street but I couldn't find anything wrong. The shop's been there for years.

INT. SENATOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

56X4

SOLO (frowning)

It MUST have happened there... if it DID happen. There was no other PLACE I left her for even a second.

ILLYA'S VOICE (o.s.)

What do you mean 'if it DID happen?' Having doubts?

SOLO

You heard her this afternoon. She never fumbled an answer once.

EXT. STREET - ILLYA'S TRUCK - DAY

56X5

ILLYA

She could have been programmed  
into believing she's "Miranda  
Bryant."

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s. - a  
bit lost)

I don't know. I can't leave her  
now but when the shop closes, why  
don't you go in and take another  
look.

ILLYA

Breaking and entering? It's what  
I do best. I'd be delighted.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - NIGHT (STOCK)

56X6

It is getting dark. The streets - except for  
Grant Avenue, ablaze with Chinese neon lights -  
are becoming deserted.

EXT. NEAR BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

56X7

The area before the beauty salon is dark and deserted,  
too.

CLOSER SHOT

56X8

Illya materializes out of the shadows.

NEAR DOOR

56X9

He produces a file of keys, whisks through them,  
fits one to the door, applies another little "UNCLE"  
gadget and the door obediently opens before him.  
Illya slips quietly inside.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT

56X10

It has an eerie atmosphere at this hour, the wig  
stands, the rather too arty decor, the many mirrors

multiplying confusing reflections, all contribute to a feeling of a floating world. Illya produces a minute electric torch and begins to shift around the salon, searching slowly and carefully.

56X10  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (STOCK)

56X11

It is a spectacular twilight just after sunset, as viewed from the Senator's suite.

INT. SENATOR'S SUITE - NIGHT  
BEDROOM

56X12

Solo has made a pot of hot coffee and placed it on the night table. He has at long last gotten Irina to sit up and he sits beside her, trying to get her to drink the coffee.

SOLO

Come on, now. Get some of this coffee down you.

IRINA

..mm? Go away.. I want to., sleep..

She fights a yawn. Solo is persistent.

SOLO (firmly)

You can't sleep. You MUST wake up now.

He turns to the lights and turns them up brightly. Irina reacts, almost in pain.

IRINA

..NO.!. Please...

Her distress is so evidently genuine that Solo turns the lights back down immediately. He has a damp washcloth in a basin and now he would bathe her face.

IRINA

..leave me alone...

SOLO  
You've GOT to wake up..You've  
slept too LONG...Drink this  
coffee and move AROUND..Now,  
come ALONG..

56X12  
CONT'D  
(2)

He pulls her to her feet, and holds the coffee for her.

SOLO (firmly)  
DRINK this...

IRINA (unwillingly)  
..oh...

She drinks, and it has some effect. She opens her  
eyes, blinks a couple of times and stares at Solo.

IRINA  
..MY...! What happened?

SOLO  
Go in and wash your face with  
cold water.

Irina nods agreement, moving about a little zombie  
like. Solo takes the coffee from her.

IRINA  
..what..what TIME is it..?  
And you know something...I'm  
STARVING. I didn't have any  
LUNCH...

SOLO (grimly)  
THAT I'm only too aware of.  
I'll wait in the sitting room.  
You pull yourself together and  
I'll take us BOTH out to a muchly  
needed dinner.

IRINA (groggily  
agreeable)  
Allright..allright..I'll only  
be a minute..

She heads for the bathroom. Solo heads for the  
sitting room, almost (but not quite) closing the  
door after him.

INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

56X13

Solo is understandably exhausted from tension and  
worry over the girl.

He loosens his shirt collar and, seeing the balcony (which has a floor to ceiling sliding glass door opening on to it) he goes to it.

56X13  
CONT'D  
(2)

57 OUT

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

58-59

There is a spectacular view from this tower suite - bay, bridges, hills, buildings et al. Solo glares out at the night then impatiently opens the sliding glass doors to step on to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

60

As he does, moving to the edge of the balcony to look down, a shadow appears from the adjoining balcony.

ANOTHER ANGLE

61

Before Solo can move, indeed while he is still staring down at the street, the newcomer rushes Solo from behind. He very nearly succeeds in pushing Solo over the balcony. Solo catches the rail with his hands and swings to one side. They struggle furiously, Solo at a considerable disadvantage so close to the rail. The newcomer picks up some of the porch furniture and beats Solo back with it to the point where Solo is literally hanging on to the railing of the balcony, liable at any moment to topple over. Indeed the next blow does send him over the balcony. He clings precariously, dangling perhaps ten stories above the street trying to dodge the wild blows of his still unseen assailant.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - POV SHOT FROM EDGE OF BALCONY

62

It's a long way down.

WIDER ANGLE

63

But at this moment, from the suite itself, appears a second form. It is Irina. She grabs the assailant in a judo hold and after a brief, deadly struggle - poor Solo swinging in the breeze...with amazing skill and agility on Irina's part, the assailant is thrown over the railing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

64

...to hurtle down the side of the building.

CLOSER SHOT

65

Irina grabs Solo by the arms in the nick of time to assist him to the balcony and safety again. Solo, gasping, stares at Irina.

SOLO (softly)

Well..now I've seen everything.  
Where did you learn JUDO?

Irina is standing there and suddenly she starts to tremble.

IRINA

What...?

SOLO

Judo.. I've never seen anything  
LIKE it.

(looking at her)

I...I owe you my LIFE.. If you  
hadn't come out when you did...  
That was the GREATEST demonstration  
of..who TAUGHT you..

IRINA

..taught me..what?

SOLO

JUDO...

Irina, terrified now, looks at him and shakes her head in bewilderment and fright..

IRINA

..I ..no one...I ..I saw what  
he was DOING to you and I.. I  
didn't THINK..I just RAN out and..

SOLO

Lambasted him, Japanese style?

Irina, shrinking back, still can see part way over the railing...

IRINA

..he..he was trying to KILL you..

SOLO  
Right.

65  
CONT'D  
(2)

IRINA (bewildered)  
But...who WAS it?

SOLO (wryly)  
Unfortunately, I didn't see  
his face..

He looks over the balcony.

SOLO  
...And I don't think it would do  
any good to look now. He hasn't  
GOT one, anymore.

66 OUT

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - POV SHOT

67

The assailant lies face down, something of a blob,  
in the street as people gather.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

68

Solo, breathing heavy, his hands cut, etc. turns and  
looks at Irina. She's gotten popped a couple of  
times in the fight and has some bruises and  
lacerations to show for it, too.

SOLO  
Honey, I don't know WHO you are  
or WHAT you are, but anyone who  
saves my life at the risk of  
their own the way you did - AND  
disposes of the enemy, TOO --  
(he puts a hand lightly  
on her shoulder, smiling  
at her gravely and grate-  
fully)  
..from now on I'm on YOUR side.

Irina looks at him puzzled.

IRINA  
But..I always thought you WERE..!



As she looks at him - and this is a question for which Mr. Solo can hardly find a ready answer - the telephone rings. Solo looks at Irina's wounds and bruises with grave concern, then slipping an arm around her, leads her back into the sitting room. Not taking his eyes off of her, he moves to the telephone and picks it up.

68  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Yes? Solo here.

69-71 OUT

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT - OFFICE

72

Senator Bryant is on the phone in a White House office.

BRYANT (steaming)  
This is Bryant, Solo. I've been calling all over San Francisco trying to get Fairbanks. Where is he?

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)  
I'm sorry, sir. I haven't seen him since you left.

BRYANT (violently)  
Politicians make me physically ill.  
(hard)  
YOU have any..word for me yet, Solo?

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Not..exactly..sir.. It's..too soon.

BRYANT (grimly)  
I've been talking to the President - told him everything. He agrees I should return to San Francisco immediately. Tell Fairbanks to meet me at the airport. I'm getting the first plane out of here.

73-76 OUT

INT. SENATOR'S SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

76X1

As Solo reacts to this...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT - POV SHOT

76X2

We can see Illya's electric torch moving about inside - its beam of light small but precise.

INT. DURANT'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

77

Durant, Signe and Etienne are keeping a close watch on their unconscious patient, Miranda Bryant.

DURANT

Pulse..?

ETIENNE (checking)

She's just fine, doctor.

DURANT

Respiration..?

SIGNE

Normal. She'll be regaining consciousness any moment, I think, doctor. The effect of the anesthetic is wearing off normally.

DURANT

Temperature?

ETIENNE (checking)

Half a degree above normal.

Durant nods, making further checks.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT - CORRIDOR

77X1

Illya is quietly investigating all the booths. He comes to Booth Number Ten.

BOOTH

77X2

He enters. He looks about, his flashlight picking out all the details. He sees the lever on the chair. His flashlight flickers over it then comes back to it.

Illya bends down to examine the lever. It doesn't looks quite right somehow. Tentatively, Illya pushes down on it. Immediately he sets the "weather vane" indicators into action - the one chair swings behind the opening panels, the other chair swings from concealment, into the room. Illya - who nearly gets brained by the chairs until he leaps out of the way - reacts. Suddenly it is clear to him what happened.

77X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. DURANTS' LABORATORY - NIGHT

78

But as these things occur in the beauty salon above, a light flashes in the laboratory.

WIDER ANGLE

79

DURANT

Someone's upstairs.

He goes to the machine, denuding himself of surgical clean mask, gloves, etc., and presses some levers. Two or three of the TV screens immediately come into action.

ANOTHER ANGLE

80

The closed circuit TV screens reveal, among other things, complete views of the beauty salon - Illya in particular.

SIGNE (looking -  
surprised)

It's that man who was here this  
afternoon when the power blew out.

DURANT (brightening)

Is it, now?

He stares up at the screen, sipping his wine.

DURANT

How VERY interesting. Etienne?  
But be gentle. We may have a use  
for the young man.

Etienne nods and hastens from the laboratory.

81-89 OUT

INSERT - TV SCREEN

90

They can see Illya exploring the "secret" cubicle.

INT. BEAUTY SALON - NIGHT - SECRET CUBICLE

91

It is dark. Illya looks around. He moves down the narrow "between the walls" corridor.

INT. CHUTE - NIGHT

92

Illya enters a chute, crowded with laundry. He bends over to examine it more carefully. He fails to hear...

WIDER ANGLE

93

...Etienne appears behind him softly. Etienne swings the butt of his gun down on the back of Illya's head and pulls a convenient lever. The chute opens (like an oubliette) and Illya tumbles,

INT. DURANT'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

94

...down the chute into the laboratory itself. Groggy from the blow on the head Illya looks up to see Durant and Signe eyeing him.

DURANT (gaily)  
U.N.C.L.E.'s adventures in  
Wonderland...!

He laughs.

DURANT  
Except in THIS version, young  
man, YOU are the White Rabbit...  
: (correcting himself, some-  
what elaborately)  
...or should I say, YOU're our  
new GUINEA PIG?  
(he chuckles to himself)  
O frabjous day, calloo, callay!  
JUST when things were getting  
dull, too!

Etienne runs down the stairs.

94  
CONT'D  
(2)

DURANT

Prepare the operating table,  
Etienne! We might as well  
make a NIGHT of it!

As, in good spirits, he tosses his champagne glass  
against the wall, shattering it...

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

- INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT (STOCK)

95

Speakers are orating, bands play, people march around the aisles.

ANOTHER ANGLE

96

Fairbanks' assistants and 'whips' are endeavouring to round up votes.

CLOSER SHOT

97

Fairbanks stands at one side, keeping tally. An assistant hurries up.

ASSISTANT

Delaware's okay - but if you could talk to the Oregon delegation...

Fairbanks frowns absently, making notations. Another assistant comes up.

FAIRBANKS

In a minute.

SECOND ASSISTANT

Mr. Fairbanks..the Maine delegation is having dinner in Chinatown... we don't know where...  
(he pauses, uncertainly)

FAIRBANKS (glancing up)

Go look.

He adds up the figures he is working on.

SECOND ASSISSANT

Mr. Fairbanks! Do you know how many Chinese restaurants there ARE in Chinatown?

Fairbanks looks up, to regard the man without apparent emotion though actually he is burning inside.

FAIRBANKS (succinctly)  
No, so count as you go. It may come  
in handy in a primary some day.

97  
CONT'D  
(2)

He enters the office as the second assistant looks  
- after him despairingly.

INT. BRYANT'S PRIVATE OFFICE - CONVENTION HALL -  
NIGHT

98

To Fairbanks' surprise, he finds Solo waiting for  
him. Fairbanks is hardly in the best of tempers.

FAIRBANKS  
What are YOU after?  
(crossly)  
Something HAPPEN?

SOLO  
Several things. Among them, I  
talked to the Senator.

Fairbanks is ruffling through some papers in annoyance.

FAIRBANKS (taken  
aback)  
Bryant? You couldn't have. He's  
locked up with the President.

SOLO (drily)  
Not any more. He tried to reach  
you all over town. He said please  
meet him tonight at the airport.

FAIRBANKS (looks up)  
Tonight? You mean tomorrow.

SOLO  
No. He's flying back tonight.

FAIRBANKS  
But... he just ARRIVED in Washington.  
He CAN'T come back!  
(on a rising note; he  
searches for words)  
If he comes back now - after just  
having gotten there...  
(thinking fast)  
...people'll say he and the President  
have had a falling OUT.  
(with rising ire)  
Doesn't he REALIZE...?

SOLO (a little  
irritated)  
I'm sure he does, but you can't  
blame the man for being concerned  
about his wife. The President agreed  
he should return.

98  
CONT'D  
(2)

FAIRBANKS  
But we can't tell anyone that!...  
That's one story we have to keep  
under wraps...!

His mind races over a million possibilities.

FAIRBANKS  
You don't understand politics, Solo.  
Our whole political machine's geared  
to blasting the Senator into the  
nomination tomorrow or Friday! If  
he comes back now and starts up a  
lot of rumors...

He picks up the phone and almost literally barks  
into it.

FAIRBANKS  
Get me Senator Bryant in Washington  
immediately.

He SLAMS the receiver down.

FAIRBANKS  
...He'll not only not get nominated  
PRESIDENT... he'll be lucky to be  
appointed a rural POSTmaster.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

FAIRBANKS  
Yes?

ASSISTANT (appearing  
tentatively)  
We've just had a wire from Washington  
saying the Senator's left there and  
will be back here by midnight.

Fairbanks does a slow burn but controls himself.

ASSISTANT  
It's - not true is it, sir?  
It's - a practical joke?



FAIRBANKS (with  
control)  
Not at all. You may announce the  
Senator is bowing to... overwhelming  
popular demand and is returning to  
be nominated for President - TONIGHT.

98  
CONT'D  
(3)

The Assistant gasps.

ASSISTANT  
Mr. Fairbanks... We'd have to keep  
the convention up all NIGHT... we  
can't possibly bring it OFF...

FAIRBANKS (looking  
at him)  
We're going to. Get the boys, get  
out in that convention hall and  
start the bandwagon ROLLING....

The Assistant gulps, nods and disappears, closing  
the door behind him.

FAIRBANKS (bitterly)  
This marriage of his..! From the  
start it's been no good! I TOLD  
him it would be no good. Bryant  
could have married any woman in  
the country - and he had to choose  
this little ninny who's done nothing  
but pull him down and get in the way  
and...

He suddenly controls his outburst and whirls on Solo.

FAIRBANKS  
I thought you were told not to leave  
that girl alone a minute!

SOLO (calmly)  
I haven't. Didn't you see here?  
She's just outside... Waiting.

Fairbanks looks at him.

FAIRBANKS (heavily)  
Look, Solo, whatever you boys are  
planning on, bring it off tonight, or,  
with the Senator in the state of mind  
he's in, it may cost us the election.

SOLO  
I've run into a few little...  
contradictions.

98  
CONT'D  
(4)

FAIRBANKS (sharply)  
What do you mean?

SOLO  
Things have... happened... and  
they've... kind of... thrown me for  
a loop. I'm... not so sure...

Fairbanks flushes.

FAIRBANKS (hard)  
Solo, are you boys REVERSING your-  
selves?... If you've put us through  
all this for NOTHING .. If this IS  
the real Miranda Bryant after ALL...

SOLO (mildly)  
I didn't say that. But my... colleague...  
on a routine investigation... has dis-  
appeared.... Somebody's gotten to him.  
But tonight...

(he looks at Fairbanks)  
...when somebody tried to get to ME  
in the Senator's suite...

(he nods to the door)  
...the little lady saved my life. And  
incidentally killed the other guy.  
Now...

(he shrugs)  
...what makes sense?

Fairbanks appears somewhat stunned at all this.

SOLO  
I've GOT to make sure I want to make  
ONE more test.

FAIRBANKS (heavily,  
exhausted)  
The Senator will be back here by mid-  
night... and we'll have no answers  
for him. You'll ruin everything for us,  
Solo.

SOLO  
I won't. Let me have the keys to  
your office.

FAIRBANKS (startled)  
What's my office to do with it?

98  
CONT'D  
(5)

SOLO  
Isn't it where the Senator met  
Mrs. Bryant? Working on some  
campaign?

FAIRBANKS  
Yes.

SOLO  
Then the real Miranda Bryant must  
know your office. Know her way  
around the files..all that?

Fairbanks looks at Solo, trying to figure out what  
he's after.

FAIRBANKS  
To..some extent.

SOLO  
And if she's NOT the real Miranda  
Bryant - she won't know it at all.  
They may have programmed her about  
names, dates and places..but hardly  
where your secretary hides the  
instant coffee.

FAIRBANKS  
That's idiotic!

SOLO  
Not idiotic, Mr. Fairbanks. "Offbeat,"  
yes, but that's why she wouldn't have  
been programmed on something like THAT.

FAIRBANKS (desperately)  
You're going to lose the nomination  
for us - RUIN the Senator's CAREER..

SOLO (firmly)  
Mr. Fairbanks. We're too deep to  
back out now. The truth serum we  
tried was..ambiguous. You must  
cooperate.

Fairbanks, unwilling, cross, looks at Solo, then  
searches for his keys.

FAIRBANKS

What will you tell HER? What kind of an excuse can you invent for hauling her off to prowl around my private files?

98  
CONT'D  
(6)

SOLO

That's the simplest part. I'll must say I HAVE to get in your files to find the EVIDENCE.

FAIRBANKS (blankly)

Evidence of what?

SOLO (with a casual

shrug)

Oh..I don't know..that you're the man BEHIND all this kidnapping thing, I guess. That ought to do, don't you think?

FAIRBANKS (grimly)

Admirably.

As he hands Solo the key with a somewhat grim smile..

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DURANT'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

98X1

Illya has been strapped to the operating table and Durant is smiling down at him, fingering his head speculatively, occasionally pausing to sip wine.

DURANT

You've a fascinating head, Mr. Kuryakin. Truly fascinating. But so much MORE fascinating when I've finished with it. You wait!

ILLYA (nervously)

Oh, you don't have to convince ME about your work, Doctor. I'm.. "pre-sold". That SECOND "Mrs. Bryant" is a remarkable job. She even continues to pretend she's the Senator's wife, under drugs.

98X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

DURANT (gaily)  
The girl isn't PRETENDING! That's  
the beauty of my method! She's  
convinced she IS "Miranda Bryant."  
As YOU'LL be convinced you're..  
(he shrugs)  
..whomsoever I decide to turn  
you into.

ILLYA (eyeing him)  
Oh? Won't TWO "Miranda Bryants" be  
crowding the Senator a bit?

Durant is laying out his instruments on the tray in  
front of Illya which Illya finds somewhat unnerving.

DURANT (absently -  
chuckling)  
No, no..a simple injection of  
driexel thermate..  
(he nods to a hypodermic)  
..and the girl reverts to her own  
personality. All very simple,  
really.

The telephone RINGS.

DURANT (answering it)  
Yes?  
(he glances over at Miranda  
Bryant who is sleeping on  
a cot)  
No, she's perfectly fine. Still  
under sedation, of course.  
(suddenly he frowns)  
What? You told me I could have  
forty-eight HOURS!  
(he listens)  
But you CAN'T move her now.  
She'll be gaga!  
(angrily)  
It's IMPOSSIBLE!  
(listening)  
But I..!  
(he turns, calling to..)  
Signe..! Etienne..  
(into phone)  
You're MAD.. Yes, yes, I understand..  
Alright..alright!

He slams the receiver down and turns, perspiration  
on his brow.

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DURANT (angrily)  
Get him off the table! We've GOT  
to get the woman ready by MIDNIGHT.!

98X1  
CONT'D  
(3)

- As Signe and Etienne react in shock...and Illya,  
needless to say, in relief..

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET - NEAR BARBARY COAST - NIGHT

99

The buildings in this area, though old and mostly  
either former warehouses or out-and-out slums,  
have more recently been "decorated" by professional  
hands and emerged into handsome "offices" and  
"showrooms" for various wholesalers. Polished  
brass fittings, gas lights modeled after an early  
era, awnings, etc. all contribute to a somewhat  
startling but undeniably romantic general effect.

A car pulls up and Solo gets out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

99X1

He assists Irina from the car. Irina looks about,  
baffled

IRINA

What on earth are we doing HERE,  
in the middle of the night, Mr.  
Solo?

Solo looks at her.

SOLO

You can't guess?

He is looking around for an office number.

IRINA

Well, I'm still only half awake,  
after - those things you gave me -  
and not very bright but - no.

SOLO

Nothing around here strikes a  
familiar note?

CLOSER SHOT.

100

Somewhere nearby, a cat shrieks and Irina jumps, clutching Solo's sleeve.

IRINA

No. And whoever that was,  
they flatted that "A".

SOLO

I didn't mean the feline soprano.  
I meant ... the neighborhood.

Irina, shivering, looks about distrustfully.

IRINA

Arnold's office is here some-  
place, isn't it?

SOLO

Good girl.  
(he pats her hand)  
Right the first time!

He hands her the key.

SOLO

From here on, YOU lead the way.

Irina looks at him.

IRINA

Lead the way to WHAT?

SOLO

This is the key to Arnold's office.  
With the key, YOU will open the  
DOOR to the office and lead ME to  
the secret files of Arnold Fairbanks.

IRINA

Mr. Solo, WHAT next! You've been  
behaving VERY oddly all day.  
First you tell me I'm IMPERSONATING  
myself .. then you DRUG me ..

SOLO (smiling at  
her)

Then I wake you up and you save  
my life -

(taking the key)  
Very well - I'll do it.

EXT. FAIRBANKS OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

101

He inserts the key in the lock of the building next them, opens the door, and holds it open for Irina. The same cat gives out with another wild cry and Irina with a sudden shiver, almost leaps through the door.

INT. FAIRBANKS OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

101X1

This is a broad and handsome hall, leading to an inner courtyard. A door to the main office opens to the right. A dim gaslight burns illuminating the handsome interior.

IRINA

What are you LOOKING for? What's this all about?

Solo is glancing around the hall amiably.

SOLO

A gentleman as methodical as Arnold Fairbanks probably keeps a "personal" file on ALL of his clients and associates, don't you think?

IRINA

What has that to do with me?

SOLO

Only that there might be some record of what Fairbanks REALLY feels about "Miranda Bryant". I've heard he thought the Senator should have made a more...brilliant...marriage?

Irina's gaze is troubled at this.

IRINA

Mr. Solo.. Isn't that RUDE? To me?

SOLO

I'm only attempting to give him a motivation for..wanting you kidnapped.

IRINA (in disbelief)

Arnold FAIRBANKS? Wanting me - ?



SOLO.

Yes. Now. Aren't you just a little interested, yourself? Somebody sent that assassin, tonight.

101X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

Irina hesitates. Irina gives him a wondering look, then precedes him into the main private office. Solo opens the door into the main office.

INT. ARNOLD'S OFFICE - NIGHT

102

It is very splendid, almost rococo, with chandeliers, many souvenirs of Gold Rush days, elaborate furniture of leather, the original chair once sat in by William Howard Taft, and an assortment of gold encrusted spittoons for which museums would bid thousands. Windows open onto the office from both the street (shuttered) and the inner courtyard. A huge old safe is in one corner, Arnold's circa 1880 desk occupies considerable room and an elaborate "player piano" (very possibly the first model invented) stands against the wall, a confection of silk drapes, ormolu candlesticks, and rosewood. Irina stands somewhat uncertainly in the middle of a Savonnerie carpet, looking about.

SOLO (impressed -  
looking about)  
Does himself well. Slightly  
atavistic, but I suppose that's  
only to be expected.

There is a collection of theatrical posters of an older period on the walls and a line from one of the plays quoted in the throw-away sheet catches Solo's eye.

SOLO (reading)  
"O Time, turn back the sun, and  
give me yesterday."

He nods, pleased.

SOLO  
Fits in, doesn't it?  
(he indicates the room)  
It might also apply to you. Is  
that what Arnold wants? HAS Arnold  
been trying to get YOU off the scene?

Irina is becoming increasingly nervous and disturbed.

Solo prowls around opening cupboards, et al, searching.

102111  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Where are the confidential files?

IRINA (uncertainly)

Why do you think I know where they are?

SOLO

You worked here.

IRINA (nervously)

But we were volunteer workers. We had no access to confidential files. Why SHOULD we?

SOLO

You must have seen where they were located. Weren't you, like Blue-beard's wife, warned where NOT to go?

IRINA (protesting)

No. You live in a terrible world, Mr. Solo. All this crime and deceit and violence has done something to your character. Do you realise that?

SOLO (equably)

Yes - STRENGTHENED it.

Irina is becoming increasingly nervous and emotional.

IRINA

You shouldn't have BROUGHT me here. I don't LIKE it.

(on a rising note)

I don't believe ANYTHING you've said about Arnold... Even if I DID...

(she looks about, helplessly)

...I've forgotten whatever I knew about this office...I don't remember where ANYTHING is...here -

Solo comes to her now, looking at her closely, one hand on her arm, as if to soothe her.

SOLO

Don't you?

IRINA

No. I want to leave -

(she shivers)

...I don't like this place...

102  
CONT'D  
(3)

The cat can be heard again, screeching in the courtyard.

IRINA

...that..that drug you gave me....  
Nothing's clear anymore..I can't  
even remember what it made me say  
or do...

SOLO

You remember nothing about the office..?nothing about the files..?

IRINA (in a small lost voice)

No...nothing...nothing...

She looks around, shaking her head, then up at him.  
He is very close to her.

SOLO (with real tenderness)

I'm sorry. You see I HAD to find out. I had to make sure. For both of us -

IRINA

...find out...?

She looks at him wonderingly They are even closer.  
It almost seems as if they are about to kiss. As  
Solo smiles at her..suddenly Irina's eyes open wide.  
She is looking beyond him and now she...screams.

WIDER ANGLE

103

Solo whirls. He can see, silhouetted against the windows, two men running toward him. At the same time two OTHER MEN come from another door. One man grabs Irina, and she struggles, screaming. Solo lights into the other men. They fight furiously, Solo tumbling over the desk, knocking over file cabinets, lamps, chairs, etc. in the furious struggle. It is a violent and bloody fight.

Irina, with surprising courage, sinks her teeth into the hands of her captor. With a cry he releases her. She runs. She is pursued. As she is nearly caught, Solo sees this and picks up a huge standing floor lamp to bring it down on the head of her pursuer. As he does, someone pushes one of the file cabinets in the way to break the blow. The fall of the heavy lamp shatters the file cabinet, spilling its contents over the heavy Persian rug by the desk. At the same moment, suddenly the lights go on.

103  
CONT'D  
(2)

## ANOTHER ANGLE

104

Every chandelier in the place is blazing as well as the heavy floor lamp which, though somewhat banged about, is still in operation. The attackers turn. Standing in the doorway, gun pointed at them, is Arnold Fairbanks. He starts to fire. The men take to their heels. Bullets whizz about them. Solo puts one arm around Irina and drops her to the floor with him, seeking protection under the desk as gun fire is exchanged. Fairbanks has the edge on the others, though, and fires rapidly, driving the men out the further door...

## UNDER DESK

105

Solo and Irina are under the desk, Solo struggling to get out his gun. The section under the desk is brightly lit by the light of the fallen floor lamp. The files are spilled and opened before them. And an elaborate collection of hair-dye bottles, etc. Solo picks one of the several bottles up and reads the label.

SOLO

Hair dye? Does ARNOLD dye HIS hair, too?

## INSERT - BOTTLES

106

All of the hair-dye bottles read "Institut de Beaute" and "Special formula for Arnold Fairbanks", with the personal signature of "OSVALD DURANT, M.D."

## WIDER ANGLE

107

Solo looks at the bottles, then at Irina.

SOLO

The..beauty salon! Where she disappeared.

(continued)

SOLO (continued;  
light dawning)  
And ARNOLD FAIRBANKS!  
(startled)  
I was RIGHT all ALONG and  
didn't KNOW it!

107  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

108

A heavily breathing Fairbanks returns to the room.

FAIRBANKS  
They got away. I'm sorry. I  
was afraid this might happen.

He searches for Solo and Irina..

FAIRBANKS  
Miranda..are you all right..?

WIDER ANGLE

109

Solo and Irina appear from the desk, Solo with the  
gun in his hand.

SOLO  
Put down your gun, Mr. Fairbanks.

FAIRBANKS  
Mr. Solo!

SOLO  
Drop it..and raise your hands.

Fairbanks, covered, does as Solo asks, staring at  
him in disbelief..a disbelief which increases as  
Solo tosses on to the top of the desk the hair-  
dye bottles.

FAIRBANKS (bursting out)  
How did you get THOSE..

He stares accusingly at Irina.

FAIRBANKS

But SHE didn't know where  
anything...

109  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Where anything was, RIGHT?  
(nudging the bottles)  
Vanity, vanity, all is vanity  
as the Preacher observed. How  
convenient both you and Mrs.  
Bryant patronized the same beauty  
salon! You shouldn't have pressed  
your luck, Fairbanks.. If you hadn't  
sent those phoney kidnappers in  
here so you could break in and  
"rescue" us..I never WOULD have  
found out.

He glances at the heavy iron floor lamp with affection.

SOLO

Sometimes the long arm of  
serendipity outsmarts us all.  
Too bad - it was a great try.

He puts his hand on the telephone.

FAIRBANKS

I wouldn't, Solo.

He glances at the two doors to the room and Solo,  
looking up..

WIDER ANGLE

110

..sees the "kidnappers" have returned, unharmed and  
armed, guns pointed at Solo.

Fairbanks puts his hand out for Solo's gun.

FAIRBANKS

One learns in politics NOT to  
count one's ballots before  
they're hatched.

As he smiles grimly at Solo...

END ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

107

FADE IN:

- INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT (STOCK)

111

It is in an uproar as delegates march up and down the aisles, enthusiasm is whipped to a frenzy, bands play, serpentine flies wildly, etc.

INT. DURANT'S LABORATORY - NIGHT  
INSERT - TV SCREEN

112

The TV screen shows the convention coverage and a spotlight has picked up Bryant being escorted down the main aisle by a party of supporters, including Fairbanks.

INT. DURANT'S LABORATORY - NIGHT - WIDER ANGLE  
try.

113

Etienne and Dr. Durant are working over Miranda Bryant..Etienne getting her hair and appearance in order, Durant trying to make her "come out" of the effects of the earlier anesthesia...

ETIENNE (worried)  
She's awfully groggy to take  
OUT of here, doctor..

DURANT (working)  
We've no choice. We MUST get  
her to the convention hall right  
away.

He glances at the TV screen, then goes back to work with smelling salts, etc.

DURANT  
Hurry..

SOLO AND ILLYA

114

They are slung from a metal pole connecting various parts of the equipment. Obviously they have been merely stashed there as an emergency measure.



ILLYA (in an undertone)  
All this trouble to brainwash MRS.  
Bryant..Why? It's the SENATOR  
who'll be President.

114  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Fairbanks has a big investment in  
the Senator. Probably he didn't  
dare take a chance the good doctor's  
knife might slip and turn the  
nominee into a rootabaga.

ILLYA  
Five'll give you ten, nobody'd  
notice..

He glances back at the television set.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT - AISLE

115

As Fairbanks waves to the crowd, he and Bryant halt  
for a moment, waving..but conversing in undertones.

BRYANT (insistent)  
If you've FOUND Miranda..where  
IS she? Why isn't she HERE?

FAIRBANKS  
She's on her way, Senator. Be  
patient. She's gone through a  
terrible ordeal...  
(with feeling)  
...we ALL have...

BRYANT (alarmed)  
They haven't DONE something to  
her, have they? Where is she?  
Take me to her...

Fairbanks smiles and waves as they talk.

FAIRBANKS  
You can't leave the hall NOW,  
Senator. These people want to SEE  
you - HEAR you -

An Assistant runs up.

ASSISTANT (eagerly)  
Mr. Fairbanks..it's sewn up..As  
soon as the Senator shows up on  
that platform and speaks, he'll be  
nominated by acclamation.!

115  
CONT'D  
(2)

FAIRBANKS (pushing Bryant)  
Come ON, Senator.

The Senator is forced to turn around and acknowledge  
the rising cheers. Still he mutters grimly to  
Fairbanks..

BRYANT  
You told me you'd found my wife!  
Why isn't she HERE?

WIDER ANGLE

116

The Senator reluctantly continues down the aisle.  
The CHEERS, APPLAUSE, etc. rise to tremendous  
proportions.

VOICES (in unison)  
We want BRYANT! We want BRYANT!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DURANT'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

117

Over the TV set we can HEAR the voices from the con-  
vention hall, the stamping of feet, the crash of band  
music, et. al. Signe is trying to get her dress off  
the confused and resistant Irina.

IRINA

..that's my husband..I should  
be WITH him..Let me GO..let me  
OUT of here...

Signe gives Irina a stinging slap across the face.

SIGNE  
Stop it. Don't give me any more  
trouble! Take that thing off!

ANOTHER ANGLE

118

Miranda Bryant is being swiftly made up by Etienne, who is also fixing her hair, et al. Miranda is still dazed.

ETIENNE

Come along, Mrs. Bryant..sit up.  
Wake up.

SIGNE AND IRINA

119

IRINA

No - let me OUT of here..I want  
my HUSBAND...

Signe has her hands full with Irina. She appeals to Durant who is preparing some hypodermics.

SIGNE

Doctor...I can't handle this woman...

Durant, busy with his own concerns, would wave her away.

SIGNE

Couldn't I get rid of her?  
(looking toward Solo)  
Get rid of them ALL?

DURANT (angrily - absorbed)

There's no time. I need you to  
take this woman to Fairbanks  
immediately!

SIGNE

YOU're not taking her?

Durant shakes his head barely glancing at Solo and Illya.

DURANT

I'll stay behind and see THEY're  
disposed of...along with the REST  
of the building...and I need them  
ALIVE for that.

(glances at Irina)

Give her the dextryl thermate  
injection.

SIGNE  
Restore her own personality!?

119  
CONT'D  
(2)

DURANT  
Why not? She seemed a quiet enough  
little thing.

SIGNE (hesitates,  
then nods)  
Yes, sir.

ANOTHER ANGLE

120

Solo tentatively clears his throat.

SOLO  
Purely as a point of information,  
Doctor, how DO you intend to  
dispose of us when the happy  
hour approaches?

DURANT (busy with  
Mrs. Bryant)  
It was your friend's idea.

ILLYA (blankly)  
Mine?

DURANT  
This morning..when you invaded us,  
disguised as an electrician, you  
said the whole place was riddled  
with defective wiring. We might  
ALL be electrocuted. Well..  
(glancing up at them)  
...you WILL be.

SOLO (looks at Illya,  
pained)  
Couldn't you have come in as a  
plumber?

Illya looks slightly abashed. But Solo is watching  
as Signe gives Irina the injection now and where she  
places the hypodermic syringe. Irina passes out  
and at last Signe is able to take the dress from  
her. In one corner of the room the TV set is still  
"covering" the convention.

TV SET

121

The vast congress of campaign enthusiasts is shouting...

VOICES

Bryant...Bryant...Bryant..!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT  
WINGS AT SIDE OF STAGE

122

Spotlights are picking out various people on the platform. A girl band is strutting and performing. Feet are thundering on the floors...

VOICES

Bryant...Bryant...Bryant..

Bryant and Fairbanks stand in the wings.

CLOSE SHOT

123

BRYANT

I told you, I'm NOT going out there without my WIFE.

WIDER ANGLE

124

An Assistant runs up, anxiously.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Fairbanks...bring him OUT...

Fairbanks looks at Bryant, then..

ANOTHER ANGLE

125

...turns to a telephone on a stand, backstage.  
He dials rapidly.

ZIP PAN TO:

## INT. DURANTS LABORATORY - NIGHT

126

Miranda Bryant is dressed in Irina's dress and is now ready, after a fashion, to be taken to the convention hall. There is still something of a suggestion of the zombie about her. Etienne is taking Solo and Illya down from their hanging position. Signe is putting on her coat, preparatory to taking Mrs. Bryant to the convention hall. Durant has changed into street clothes and is stuffing a briefcase with personal items. Irina is semi-conscious from the effects of the shot.

DURANT

Faster, Etienne...I'll meet you both at the docks. We leave tonight.

(to Signe)

Get that girl awake. I'm taking them all upstairs for our grand finale.

SOLO

Isn't it bad enough she went to sleep practically First Lady, without waking up just an ordinary person and dead also?

DURANT

Are you pleading for her life, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

After all, if she has her OWN personality now, what danger is she to you?

DURANT

None. You're quite right. But you see...Etienne, Miss Signe and myself, must all seem to perish in the cataclysm about to engulf our little edifice.

(with a smile)

So, we need three bodies..two males, one female. And the young woman already here to oblige us. Believe me, its purely a matter of convenience - not of inborn bloodlust.

SOLO

How I've misjudged you!

DURANT (shortly)

Exactly.

Signe is working to revive Irina now as the others are all held at gun-point, ready to leave.

126  
CONT'D  
(2)

The telephone RINGS. Durant reaches for it.

DURANT (into  
telephone)  
Yes, Arnold. Everything's in order.  
Mrs. Bryant is leaving immediately  
and will be there within...five  
minutes.

Irina stirs. Her eyes flutter.

SIGNE  
Come along. On your feet.

DURANT (to phone)  
Splendid. See you next week then.  
Au revoir.

He hangs up. By this time Irina is on her feet. Her demeanour is indeed, as Durant promised, modest and unassuming. She takes in Solo and Illya with their hands up, etc.

DURANT (pleased)  
Awake at last? Splendid, my dear.  
Now...  
(he waves the gun at  
her casually)  
...precede us up that stair.

Irina looks at him with wide-eyed innocence, executes what almost amounts to an Oriental-style little bow, approaches Durant and with a sudden, graceful, almost ballet-like little jump in the air, kicks him viciously in the adam's apple.

He goes down with a scream and a grunt and as Etienne jumps at Irina, she favours him with the same treatment.

Solo and Illya hit the deck as Signe unleashes her gun and tries to shoot Irina.

CLOSER SHOT

127

ILLYA (flabbergasted)  
She's a JUDO expert!

SOLO (quietly pleased)  
And at LEAST, a BLACK BELT  
with CLUSTERS!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CONVENTION HALL - NIGHT (STOCK)

128

Pandemonium has broken loose as the States call out their votes for BRYANT.

- ANOTHER ANGLE (STOCK)

128X1

VOICES

New Jersey FOR BRYANT...

FLORIDA for BRYANT...

BACKSTAGE

129

A stubborn, flushed, angry BRYANT stands there, in the wings, listening, looking at Fairbanks. Fairbanks, grim, is keeping an eye on the stage door. Suddenly Fairbanks face brightens...he sees....

STAGE DOOR - NIGHT  
POV SHOT

130

Coming through the stage door, alone, pale but apparently in command of herself is MIRANDA BRYANT.

IN WINGS  
TWO SHOT

131

Fairbanks turns to Bryant in triumph.

FAIRBANKS

Senator...she's here...

Bryant turns. He sees his wife. His face lights up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

132

MAN ON STAGE

...by overwhelming vote, our party's candidate for President of these United States, Senator BRYANT of...

But the balance of the announcement is lost in cheers, band music, wild applause, hysteria... He turns toward the wings...



TWO SHOT

133

Fairbanks, radiant, pushes the Senator.

FAIRBANKS

Get out there, Senator..  
They're calling for you..  
I'll bring Miranda..

Fairbanks is aglow with triumph..it's worked..  
everything's practically in the bag...

WIDER ANGLE

134

He pushes toward Miranda. A number of back-slapping party supporters have already surrounded Bryant preventing his following Fairbanks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

135

Fairbanks has reached Miranda. He takes her hands eagerly, peering into her face.

CLOSE SHOT

136

FAIRBANKS

Miranda...

Miranda, her eyes on her husband, some feet away, nods.

FAIRBANKS (carefully,  
controlling his enthusiasm)  
..listen to me carefully. Your husband's about to be nominated President..I want you to go over there.. give him a kiss..remember this is his moment of TRIUMPH...then go out on the platform with him..wave, smile to the crowd..do you understand..?

Miranda nods.. Voices from the auditorium can be HEARD..

VOICES

BRYANT,,BRYANT..BRYANT...

ANOTHER ANGLE

137

Bryant sees Miranda...frees himself of his well-wishers..hurries to Miranda.

TWO SHOT

138

BRYANT (almost  
in disbelief)  
..Miranda! Is it really you..?

He looks at her searchingly, taking her face in his hands. She looks up at him tenderly, kisses him as from the auditorium we can HEAR the voices crying "BRYANT!" and the feet stomping, the bands BLARING, etc. Bryant's face lights up. He "recognises" the kiss.

BRYANT  
It IS you.! Oh..Miranda..

As he embraces her again..

WIDER ANGLE

139

Fairbanks beams at them. As he does, he hears..

SOLO'S VOICE  
Don't enjoy it too much, Mr. Fairbanks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

140

Fairbanks, with a start, looks up to see..on either side of Bryant and Miranda, Solo and Illiya, looking at Fairbanks.

SOLO (quietly)  
It's all over. Time to turn in  
your badge.

Fairbanks stares at them in disbelief. Then, suddenly he realises it IS all over as he sees policemen on the edge of the crowd, advancing. He looks wildly from side to side, then the entire expression of his face alters. He moves in a bit more closely to Miranda.

CLOSE SHOT

141

Taking something from his pocket, he thrusts it into Miranda's hand, looking up almost viciously at the surprised Senator. Miranda looks at her hand. It is a gun. She looks at Fairbanks.

FAIRBANKS (harshly,  
viciously)  
Shoot him, Miranda.! Shoot  
Bryant!

But Miranda doesn't move to obey him. Fairbanks then tries to grab the gun, and as he does, the gun goes off. The shot gets Fairbanks right in the middle. He drops the gun, gasping in disbelief, staring at Miranda.

WIDER ANGLE

142

On the stage balloons have begun to float down from the ceiling and the "pop" of the gun has been lost in the popping of the balloons and the noise attendant on the other activities of the convention.

CLOSER SHOT

143

Assistants are already running up to escort Senator and Mrs. Bryant onto the stage.

ASSISTANT  
Senator... they're calling for  
you!

Bryant and Miranda look at one another. The Assistants start pushing them gently onto the stage..

WIDER ANGLE

144

Solo and Illya have grabbed Fairbanks. Thousands of balloons come down from the ceiling, the figures of the Senator and Miranda nearly lost in the glare of the spotlights, the millions of balloons...

CLOSE SHOT

145

FAIRBANKS (in disbelief)  
..but Miranda...was programmed to..  
..to obey..all my commands...

SOLO (calmly)  
"Was," Arnold. We de-programmed  
her.

He holds up the hypodermic of dextryl thermate,  
balloons fall about them, Arnold suddenly slumps  
in their arms.

FADE OUT:

END ACT FOUR

## CODA

FADE IN:

-EXT. INSTITUT DE BEAUTE - DAY

146

Workmen are taking down the signs in front of the  
- beauty salon as Solo and Illya enter the building.

INT. RECEPTION SALON - DAY

147

The room is in the process of considerable reorgan-  
izing and redecoration. Its former "continental"  
flair is being replaced with a markedly Oriental  
flavour. Solo and Illya seem somewhat taken aback.

IRINA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Mr. Solo..Mr. Kuryakin..!

They turn.

WIDER ANGLE

148

In the doorway in an Oriental wrestling outfit and  
sporting a radiant new shade of hair, stands Irina.

IRINA

How GOOD you could come!

Enthusiastically she seizes their hands. She points  
to a sign on the wall reading "International Institute  
of Ladies' Judo."

IRINA

I am so GRATEFUL. After all  
these years teaching judo to  
the females of Big Sur, at LAST  
I am able to graduate into the  
BIG time. And I owe it all to  
YOU.

SOLO

Us?

ILLYA (politely)

I thought WE were in YOUR debt.

IRINA

But it is through YOU I received  
my financial BACKING!

## ANOTHER ANGLE

149

She turns and now Solo and Illya perceive Mr. Waverly, homburg and stick and gloves in hand, is observing them benevolently.

WAVERLY

Your account of the young lady's help the other night so intrigued me I thought we owed her a reciprocal favour.

IRINA (beaming)

He bought two LIFETIME Judo memberships, and with the MONEY I set up all THIS!

SOLO

Most impressive.

ILLYA

Congratulations, but...

He looks questioningly at Solo.

ILLYA

.."lifetime MEMBERShips?"

SOLO

In Ladies' Judo?  
(to Waverly)  
For whom, sir?

WAVERLY (absently)

Oh, for you two, naturally.

And at this, two Oriental young ladies materialize in wrestling gear, grab Solo and Illya by their lapels and toss them gaily over their shoulders. Waverly observes this with pleasure, smiles at Irina, and putting on his homburg wishes them all a polite...

WAVERLY

Sayonara...

and, stick in hand, walks out.

THE END