

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE DEADLY TOYS AFFAIR

Prod. #8401

REVISED FINAL

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
David Victor

Written by:

Robert Hill

August 13, 1965

WAVERLY (cont'd)

(closer, closer)

And this terrible intelligence you bring us; this frightening poison gas in your plant on the Coast... You have rendered a great service to ALL mankind, doctor...a GREAT service...and I assure you the plant will be destroyed within twelve hours!

A1
CONT'D
(2)

And on the word, Waverly makes one more wild brandish with his pen and finally, at long last, a dense cloud of hypnotic gas is expelled directly into Warshowsky's face. With a stifled, gasping choke, Warshowsky claws at the air and falls to the floor. Almost simultaneously an exhausted and irritated Waverly presses a signal button and....

WIDER ANGLE

B1

In the opening door appear two regular U.N.C.L.E. operatives as well as NAPOLEON SOLO and ILLYA KURYAKIN. The two operatives rush to the fallen man while Waverly with calm distaste examines his fountain pen gas device.

WAVERLY (to the assistants)

Return Dr. Warshowsky to his hotel. Better leave a few aspirin, too. Keep him under twenty-four hour surveillance. Under no consideration lose him.

Illya and Solo eye Waverly, his fountain pen and the fallen Warshowsky with mutual perplexity.

WAVERLY (handing the pen to Illya)

Four seconds slow, this time. Perhaps the rubber's rotting.

SOLO (eyeing Warshowsky as he is carted out)

Who is he...

WAVERLY

Armand Warshowsky. Father of that boy genius who was in the papers.

Deadly Toys Affair
Chgs. ALREADY SHOT

UNCLE
10-14-65 P.C1

SOLO (remembering;
with interest)
Oh yes....

B1
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
...and THRUSH's California
scientist in residence.

ILLYA
He's with us, now?

Waverly nods. Solo dodges one of Warshowsky's
shoes as he is carted out.

SOLO (tactfully)
Isn't this a rather drastic measure?

WAVERLY
But necessary. Desperate men always
think they can do everything by
themselves.

Illya looks reproachfully from the faulty gas pen
to Waverly and in mild reproof shakes it at him.

WAVERLY (slightly
nettled)
I was in no danger. THRUSH has
Warshowsky's boy in Switzerland.
At school. He wants the boy out.
He doesn't understand the danger of
precipitous action. But he did
bring us some fascinating information.
Fascinating...

He presses a button and a large map of Southern
California is projected on the screen.

WAVERLY
...and terrifying. Here's his
secret plant. We must destroy it.
You leave immediately.

ILLYA (staring at the
indicated spot)
What's there?

WAVERLY
Enough poisonous hypnotic gas, when
fully processed, to put half Southern
California to sleep -- permanently.
Destroy it, Mr. Solo, at whatever
cost.

SOLO
Including ourselves? You make
me feel so terribly expendable.

BL
CONT'D
(3)

Waverly looks at him a bit blankly.

WAVERLY
You are.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

Solo and Illya, wearing commando-style clothes, run
to the wire-caged high-voltage power plant. We SEE
a truck parked on the other side of the generator
building. A THRUSH guard by the truck.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

Illya moves toward the O.S. guard. We SEE Solo on
his way up to the water tower.

ANGLE - INCLUDE GUARD

Pacing back and forth, he moves around to the other
side of the truck. Illya stealthily moves over to
the truck, crouching down beside it.

LONG SHOT - SOLO

climbing quickly.

RESUME - ILLYA

The guard comes back from around the other side of
the truck. Illya attacks him. A fight. Illya wins.

8-23-65

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

The Deadly Toys Affair

Prod. #8401

Script dated: 8-13-65

Please change 123X1, and all subsequent scenes,
from DAY to NIGHT.

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

"The Deadly Toys Affair"

Prod. #8401

TEASER

TAKE IN:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

A1

A man (DOCTOR WARSHOWSKY) tense, fit, his whole muscular body mobilized as if instant and complete protest, stares mutely at WAVERLY. It is as if he is about to blurt out some irrecoverable statement and certainly it is one Waverly is desperately anxious to forestall. A pen in his hand, with which to punctuate his remarks, Waverly almost hypnotically approaches the man.

WAVERLY (his eyes never
leaving the others eyes)
You must do NOTHING yourself, Dr.
Warshowsky, NOTHING. Nothing must
happen to your son! Leave it to US
to rescue him! We have our own ways!

Warshowsky makes a movement as if to protest, or at least interrupt but Waverly, still fumbling with his pen, shaking it at Warshowsky as a school teacher might shake a ruler, won't permit this.

WAVERLY
The moment you set foot in Switzer-
land they would whisk him away...out
of sight perhaps, forever. THRUSH
must not have an INKLING of suspicion
you have come over to our side.

His expression softens but he still approaches calmly, definitely, still shaking the pen at Warshowsky.

WAVERLY
Discretion, Dr. Warshowsky. I know
how you feel....But who knows better
than yourself what a monster THRUSH is?
(Cont.)

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

(closer, closer)

And this terrible intelligence you bring us; this frightening poison gas in your plant on the Coast...You have rendered a great service to ALL mankind, doctor....a GREAT service... and I assure you the plant will be destroyed within twelve hours!

A1
CONT'D
(2)

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Keep him under twenty-four hour
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pen to Illya)

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as he is carted out)

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genius who was in the papers.

SOLO (remembering;
with interest)
Oh yes....

B1
CONT'D
(2)

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...and THRUSH's California scientist
in residence.

ILLYA
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I was in no danger. THRUSH has
Warshowsky's boy in Switzerland. At
school. He wants the boy out. He
doesn't understand the danger of
precipitous action. But he did
bring us some fascinating information.
Fascinating....

He presses a button and a large map of Southern California
is projected on the screen.

WAVERLY
...and terrifying. Here's his plant.
We must destroy it. You leave
immediately.

ILLYA (staring at the
indicated spot)
What's there?

WAVERLY
Enough poisonous hypnotic gas to put
half Southern California to sleep -
permanently.

SOLO (peering closely
at map)
It says here it's a....film studio.

B1
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY
The products are not dissimilar,
perhaps. Destroy it, Mr. Solo, at
whatever cost.

SOLO
Including ourselves? You make me
feel so terribly expendable.

| Waverly looks at him a bit blankly.

WAVERLY
You are.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

C1

Solo and Illya, wearing commando-style clothes, run to the
wire-caged high-voltage power plant. We SEE a truck
parked on the other side of the generator building, a
THRUSH guard by the truck.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

D1

Illya moves toward the O.S. guard. We SEE Solo on his way
up to the water tower.

ANGLE - INCLUDE GUARD

E1

Pacing back and forth, he moves around to the other side
of the truck. Illya stealthily moves over to the truck,
crouching down beside it.

LONG SHOT - SOLO

F1

climbing. Quickly.

RESUME - ILLYA

G1

The guard comes back from around the other side of the
truck, Illya attacks him. A fight. Illya wins.

8-29-65 P.E1

LONG SHOT - SOLO

H1

the stanchion, onto the catwalk. Over to the center pipe.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

I1

He removes four small boxes (approximately 2 inches wide, five inches long, one inch thick) from the pockets of his commando outfit. The four boxes are inter-locking - forming a larger box. Solo then takes off the wrist watch. He sets it.

CLOSE - WRIST WATCH

J1

We SEE the hands turn five minutes to midnight.

RESUME - SOLO

K1

The wrist watch band snaps in two - and Solo fits each end of the band into two slots on the box. The slots hold the watch in place, face up. The timing device is

ANGLE - ILLYA

L1

Illya, the THRUSH gun in hand, moves back into one of the generator building alcoves as our CAMERA PANS OVER to include a SECOND GUARD coming toward him. Illya swings the gun like a baseball bat, catching the guard in the mid-section. The guard jack-knives. Illya moves out to him as he straightens up, gives him a karate blow that sends him head-first toward the generator building.

ANGLE - ALARM BUTTON

M1

A large, red ALARM BUTTON. The guard's head comes INTO SHOT, smashing into the button.

RESUME - ILLYA

N1


He FEAR the ALARM. Damn.

8-29-65

P.F1

ANGLE - SEARCHLIGHT

01

 goes ON.

RESUME - SOLO

P1

He has attached the explosive device to the pipe. The searchlights glare.

LONG SHOT - TOWER

Q1

The other three lights go ON, we SEE Solo on the catwalk.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

R1

We HEAR the beep of his communicator. He pulls it out, backing away and trying to keep from being completely blinded by the lights.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Yes, sir. I would have called earlier, but it's taken a little longer than I expected.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Be careful. You are no longer expendable, either one of you.

SOLO (pleased)

Sir. That touches me.

WAVERLY (flatly)

Dr. Warshowsky has skipped. I need you both urgently.

SOLO

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Get Kuryakin after him - the night plane to Geneva over the pole. You report back here by morning.

Solo is eyeing the lights below doubtfully.

SOLO

Yes, sir.

R1
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Oh, yes one other thing, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Yes...?

WAVERLY

Blow up that tower immediately, please.

SOLO

Right, sir.

We HEAR O.S. machine gun fire. Solo moves OUT OF SHOT, pocketing the communicator.

ANGLE - ILLYA

S1

moving to the truck for cover. Two THRUSH guards (double the first two guards) are cut down by Illya's acquired THRUSH gun. He exchanges fire with two more guards positioned behind a building corner several yards away.

LONG SHOT - SOLO

T1

He slides down the first diagonal brace.

RESUME - ILLYA

U1

He leans up against the truck, pulls out an UNCLE grenade. He lobs it to the power equipment. Sparks, smoke.

RESUME - SOLO

V1

sliding down the second diagonal brace. The searchlights go OFF.

RESUME - ILLYA

W1

He climbs into the truck - keeping his head down, starts the engine of the truck.

8-29-65 P.H1.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE SOLO

X1

The truck drives by the front of the generator building.
We SEE Solo on top of the building. He runs parallel to
the truck - and leaps onto the moving truck.

ANGLE - WRIST WATCH ON THE BOMB

Y1

The hands reach midnight.

ANGLE - WATER TOWER - OPTICAL

Z1

It EXPLODES.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LA CHAPELLE SCHOOL GROUNDS - FULL SHOT - DAY

AA1

It is a prize day at this Swiss school in the mountains and youngsters in school uniform are mingling happily with their parents.

ANOTHER ANGLE

BB1

Among them we SEE Dr. Warshowsky, nervous, occasionally looking about somewhat oddly, controlling himself with effort. CAMERA PANS TO:

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDINGS - DAY

CC1

They are impressive. CAMERA WIPES TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

DD1

Standing at an upper window through which the pleasant sounds of summer and the voices of the boys drift amiably, are NOUBAR TELEMAKIAN, a Near Eastern magnate, somewhat oddly (in view of his formal dress) wearing an "old boy's" school cap et al, and the school HEAD, a formal appearing, academic type.

NOUBAR (intently,
with hate)
Warshowsky is the ONLY one who could
have given them the information.
They could never have exploded the
plant without it.
(with venom)
Five whole years....wasted....

He puts a hand within his coat and draws out a Beretta, as he looks down at the field.

CLOSER SHOT

EE1

The Head is horrified.

HEAD

Noubar...not HERE! Not now! It's
PRIZE day, Noubar. We've all the
parents there!

EEL
CONT'D
(2)

NOUBAR (softly)

And I'm about to bag the biggest prize
of all.

HEAD (grabbing his arm)

Wait! Think!

NOUBAR (impatiently,

wearily)

"Think?" Cliches, cliches. Sometimes,
Aristide, I feel you should have never
left Madison Avenue.

HEAD

But...murder on the school GROUNDS!

NOUBAR

It will put the boy in our hands once
and for all. That's our only interest,
really.

(watching the field)

Strange, the ways of Providence...to
bring a brilliant mind like his,
stumbling into our lives merely
through the accident of employing
his father.

HEAD (worried)

There's going to be trouble, Noubar!

Noubar smiles softly, pleased.

NOUBAR

I know, isn't it exciting?

ANOTHER ANGLE

FF1

BASIL, a school youth, strapping and wearing side arms
rather surprisingly, comes hurrying down the corridor.

BASIL

Mr. Telemakian...

The Head whirls, suddenly finding someone on whom to vent
his own fear and rage.

HEAD

What are you doing here! I told you not to leave Bartlett Warshowsky for ONE moment! Are you trying to ruin EVERYTHING?

FF1

CONT'D

(2)

BASIL (bravely)

But, sir...there's a report of an U.N.C.L.E. agent in the village.

NOUBAR (happily surprised)

Capital! I was hoping there'd be an official representative present. Protocol is everything, I think, don't you, Aristide?

HEAD (horrificed)

If there's trouble.....if there's shooting...

NOUBAR (calmly)

Start the model plane competition, Basil. I need a few sound effects. Relax, Aristide. I've prepared for everything. The child will be an orphan in thirty minutes.

(looking at his watch)

Less.

HEAD

What do you want ME to do?

NOUBAR

Get back to the boy, both of you. Whatever you do, KEEP HIM AWAY FROM HIS FATHER! You understand?

As he looks at them, he replaces his Beretta and glances once more out the window.

NOUBAR

Order my car. I'll take care of that Uncle agent, personally.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SWISS MOUNTAIN RESORT VILLAGE - LONG SHOT - (STOCK) -
DAY 1

the shimmering heat of an Alpine summer, the silence of an attractive resort village in Switzerland is shattered by the ROAR of a Vespa...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - FULL SHOT - DAY 2

...tearing up the steep mountain road at top speed. The taut, desperate figure accelerating around corners on the motor bike, urging his machine to greater and greater endeavour as he looks back, keeping a wary eye on pursuit is....

CLOSE TRAVELING SHOT 3

.....Illya.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - POV REVERSE SHOT - DAY 4

Not too far behind, rubber tires screaming on the turns, low powerful motor car speeds after the Vespa.

INT. MOTOR CAR - (PROCESS) - DAY 5

In the rear seat, wearing an "old boy's" gaily striped school cap and clutching a souvenir school banner and "program of activities" oddly at variance with his heavy-set, spade-bearded, orchid-boutonniered self, is Noubar Telemakian, every inch the Near-Eastern oil tycoon.

CLOSER SHOT 6

Noubar has his Beretta aimed out the car window and is trying to get Illya within its sights. Noubar fires.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

7

As Illya roars up the curve of the road, the SHOT throws up a brief spatter of dust and tarmac. As other SHOTS follow, the SOUND is drowned by the ROAR of model planes flying.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - LA CHAPELLE - DAY -
CLOSE SHOT - MODEL PLANES

8

A number of model planes are flying in various directions, some on long controlling wires, others flying freely, animated by small motors or merely gliding. At this close range they afford, for a moment, an almost terrifying sense of reality. There are a few collisions, perhaps, but the effect is generally unstudied and colorful.

ANOTHER ANGLE

9

Immediately in front of CAMERA is the same school cap worn by NCUBAR. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal this time the wearer is young BARTLETT WARSHOWSKY. We see him launch a (perhaps) rubber-band motivated glider into the air. He lets out a cry of triumph as the plane becomes airborne.

WIDER ANGLE

10

Watching him is another young student, definitely older - perhaps eighteen - but similarly clad in a school uniform and cap, releasing his own glider and/or model plane. This is BASIL.

ANOTHER ANGLE

11

All around are various indications that this is the school's "air day". A few tables have been set up with static models of well-known aircraft made by the boys, while nearly all of them are engaged in flying some sort of model craft.

FULL SHOT

12

At one end of the playing field is a small airplane hangar - at the other end is the tea tent, a gaily striped pavillion with a trestle table in front bearing samovar, glasses, sandwiches, et al.

13
OUT

CLOSER SHOT

14

Among the flossily dressed relatives, Dr. Warshowsky, grim, passionately concerned, keeping up an appearance of "social ease" with only the greatest possible effort, is trying to signal to his son. The Head has hold of Warshowsky's arm in a determined manner and is frantically trying to make intelligent conversation.

HEAD

Of course, Bartlett is BRILLIANT but I beg you to reconsider removing him from here! All his FRIENDS are here....Young BASIL for example...

He indicates Basil.

ANOTHER ANGLE

14X1

Bartlett, caught up in the enthusiasm of the model plane flying, is launching a plane or glider. Practically in his pocket with him is the grim-faced young Basil.

TWO SHOT - HEAD AND WARSHOWSKY

14X2

HEAD (fulsomely)

Why, they're inseperable! And throwing him into California Institute of Technology at the age of thirteen...! Think how his social personality will suffer, doctor!

Warshowsky is trying to get away from the Head and to Bartlett with the Head clinging.

ANOTHER ANGLE

14X3

Bartlett lets out an ecstatic whoop of high spirits as his plane is airborne. He runs back to his father, Basil on his tail.

NEAR WARSHOWSKY

14X4

BARTLETT (triumphantly)

See that, Dad? The trajectory was just as I said. The computer was wrong!

HEAD

Bartlett, computers are NEVER wrong! That's why they're computers.

(hastily, with a look at Basil)

Back on the playing field, there's a good lad. Back with your little companions. Basil -- !

Basil determinedly grabs Bartlett's hand and pulls him away, rather to his surprise as the Head pushes Warshowsky into a crowd of people.

ANOTHER ANGLE

14X5

HEAD (in frantic explanation)

Can't afford him any privileges, or attention. His head has been turned quite enough as it is, with all that publicity.

But the Head stops, suddenly HEARING the ROAR of the Vespa on the road above. Momentarily forgetful of his mission, he frowns and looks up, into the sun, squinting.

15-18
OUT

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

19

Illya, on the motor bike, forces it to its last possible gasp of energy.

ANOTHER ANGLE

20

Now, reaching a turn-off at a "belvedere," Illya tears off the road to screech to a halt in a whirl of dust.

WIDER ANGLE

21

On the edge of the precipice, high over the playing field, stands a man, a model plane in one hand.

CLOSER SHOT

22

A radio device attached to one ear, he holds field glasses to his eyes as he observes....

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - POV SHOT FROM FIELD GLASSES - DAY

23

The youngsters and their model planes far below.

EXT. BELVEDERE - DAY

24

The radio device begins to CLICK audibly as Illya, abandoning his motor bike, plunges through the swirling dust at the man. Illya knocks the plane from the man's grasp. They fight. Finally, the man knocks Illya down and half unconscious. He turns back to the model plane.

ANOTHER ANGLE

25

Illya struggles to "come to", he rises....but, before Illya can throw himself on him, the man launches the model plane. As again the two men fall, struggling:

EXT. MODEL PLANE - DAY

26

...the plane soars out into space over the precipice, heading down toward the playing field.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

27

The pursuing motor car suddenly reaches the belvedere with a SCREAM OF BRAKES.

EXT. MOTOR CAR - DAY

28

Noubar throws open the rear door, half getting out, his gun at the ready. But his attention is caught by....

EXT. MODEL PLANE - POV SHOT - DAY

29

...the plane, circling and heading down toward the playing field. As it disappears...

EXT. MOTOR CAR - DAY

30

Noubar gives a quiet smile of triumph then, with hardly a backward glance, sinks back into his car, nodding to his chauffeur.

WIDER ANGLE

31

As the men fight on the cliff edge, the car tears off up the road. Illya beats at his assailant, viciously, almost falling off the precipice. Once again Illya is knocked out but as he is, his assailant stumbles and falls over and off the precipice.

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - FULL SHOT - DAY

32

The model plane from above comes hurtling down toward the field, clearly visible because of the directness of its path.

33
OUT

WIDER ANGLE

34

Dr. Warshowsky is trying to signal to Bartlett who, oblivious, runs across the field in pursuit of his own plane. Dr. Warshowsky HEARS the SOUND of the approaching "model plane." He looks up, sees something.

35-37
OUT

EXT. MODEL PLANE - POV SHOT - DAY

38

...as he does, the plane abruptly changes its angle and veers toward him.

FIELD

39

Warshowsky becomes alarmed as do one or two other people in his immediate vicinity - including the Head. Dr. Warshowsky starts to back away. The Head retreats rapidly.

WIDER ANGLE

40

As Dr. Warshowsky backs, the plane can be seen heading directly toward him. He now takes real fright and begins to run, the plane pursuing.

CLOSE SHOT - WARSHOWSKY

41

The BUZZ of the plane clearly and menacingly audible as the man runs, we see fear born on his face. As he glances over his shoulder....

EXT. MODEL PLANE - POV SHOT - DAY

42

he sees the plane almost upon him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

43

Throwing up his arms over his head in an unconsciously self-protective gesture, Warshowsky fails to see....

CLOSER SHOT

44

...a guy wire or rope supporting the tea tent. He trips over it, falls....

WIDER ANGLE

45

...directly into the tea tent and as he does....

ANOTHER ANGLE

46

...the model plane plunges right after him into the heaving canvas walls of the tea tent. There is an immediate EXPLOSION as....

WIDER ANGLE

47

...tea tent, samovar, earth, tables, everything vanishes in a flash of fire and a deep thunderous ROAR of explosive.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE - DAY

47X1

Illya, shaking his head to clear it, and covered with dirt, dust, grime, etc., his opponent disappeared. Illya sees the smoke et al arising from the explosion. He realizes he has failed. Illya looks over the cliff. Obviously the opponent has plunged to his death. Breathing heavily, his hands bleeding, he pulls out the components of his sending-receiving set and starts sending a signal.

ILLYA

Open Channel D.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - U.N.C.L.E. HEADQUARTERS - DAY

47X2

Waverly and Solo are at the mike.

WAVERLY

Come in, Kuryakin.

ILLYA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Plan H has failed. I was too late. -
Warshowsky is dead.

A faint flicker of annoyance crosses Waverly's face.

WAVERLY

We activate Plan G. Return at once.

As he clicks off...

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:
INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE

48

A light flashes on over the door, a BUZZER sounds and a second later an ebullient NAPOLEON SOLO breezes in. SARAH, her back to Napoleon, is at a file cabinet attempting to bring some remnant of order into being. Napoleon, full of a young man's seasonal sense of fruhlingserwachen, eyes with approval the enchanting rear vista Sarah conspires to present to the world.

SOLO

"Maud Muller on a summer's day -
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay..."
- or words to that effect.

Sarah turns around to face Solo, who reacts suitably, for Sarah, on frontal inspection, is found to be wearing a set of false spectacles with a bulbous nose and a large false moustache attached.

SOLO

What's the reason for the spinach?

SARAH (acidly)

A vegetable diet. I've been gaining weight.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (o.s.).

Your attention please, Mr. Solo.

As Solo turns, CAMERA PANS to another desk.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WAVERLY'S DESK

49

WAVERLY sits there, in his hands some enormous teeth, and a "squirting flower" of the kind usually found in a jacket lapel, etc. He squeezes a small rubber bulb, squirts a small jet of liquid from the "flower" into a water glass.

WAVERLY (amiably)
 Only ginger beer but we can use
 use anything except nerve gas.
 (disappointed)
That seems to rot the rubber.

49
 CONT'D
 (2)

He indicates the desk crowded with various "gadgets"
 of the sort generally found in a typical "joke and
 novelty" shop.

WAVERLY
 Your cover this time is as a repre-
 sentative of the Oneida Trick and
 Novelty Company.
 (he picks up another item)
 Rubber plover's eggs - they lay
 down an impenetrable smoke screen
 within seconds...
 (picking up a packet)
 "Sneezing powder..."
 (puzzled)
 What's this for, Sarah?

SARAH (crisply)
 Instant emphysema.

WAVERLY
 All guaranteed not only to protect
 you, but to arouse the interest of
 a teen-age boy. They will, as well,
 appear transparently innocent to the
 casual observer.

He holds up a large false ear.

WAVERLY (pleased)
 Ah! We're picking up the matinee at
 Radio City Music Hall! Marvelous
 for penitentiaries. "Four walls do
 not a prison make..."

As he beams at Solo...

ZIP PAN TO:

50-51 OUT

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

51X1

Waverly is giving a few last directions to a soberly
 clad Solo as they head for the airport.

WAVERLY

Warshowsky was undoubtedly himself
a genius. It's a family of geniuses.
But, believe me, this lad is the most
brilliant of all. Only thirteen but
already his IQ is too high to be
measured meaningfully.

51X1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

How did Warshowsky get involved with
THRUSH?

WAVERLY

Remember all the publicity about the
boy? Those Cal Tech tests? THRUSH
determined to get him early. "As
the twig is bent..." you know?

(with a sigh)

They offered Warshowsky a job..

(willy)

...and "education" for his son.

SOLO (flatly)

And I'm to get him away from THRUSH.

WAVERLY (looking at him)

One of the great minds of our century,
Mr. Solo. Our government regards
young Bartlett as one of our most
important national assets. The
future may very well hang on what
you do these next few days.

Solo gives an uneasy grin.

SOLO

Who has legal custody now?

WAVERLY (with a sigh)

That's a problem. His only living
relative, the actress, Elfie van Donck.

He produces a file of photographs with an expression of
mild distaste.

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS

52

Waverly's hand riffles through the photographs. One shows
Elfie in the thirties in an "airplane pilot's outfit",

8-29-65

P.11

another shows her dressed for safari, another in gold
lame tights, etc.

52
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY (V.O.)

Which is another reason you'll find
Mr. Kuryakin on the plane with you
tonight.

53
OUT

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

53X1

SOLO (startled)

What? Why?

WAVERLY (airily)

Insurance - in the event the lady
might not possibly respond to you.

As Solo stares at Waverly in sheer disbelief.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT - NIGHT

54

This is the first class compartment in a trans-Atlantic
aircraft.

8-13-65 P.12

The travellers appear wealthy, particularly a very pretty girl (JOANNA) who is following the stewardess down the aisle from the washroom.

54
CONT'D
(2)

NEAR NAPOLEON

55

He is in a window seat, ostensibly engrossed in a newspaper as the Joanna suddenly trips over a man's foot and...

JOANNA

Oooooops

lands in Napoleon's lap.

55

CONT'D

(2)

CLOSER SHOT

56

JOANNA (in pretty
confusion)

I BEG your pardon!

(gazing at the crumpled
newspaper)

I've RUINED your newspaper.

Solo gives her a big appreciative smile.

SOLO

It's only Pravda.

JOANNA (delighted)

You read Russian? How exciting!

I can't even put a sentence
together properly in ENGLISH!

Solo's gaze automatically runs over her.

SOLO

With everything else so nicely
put together, does it MATTER?

JOANNA (giggles)

The parts of speech have always
bewildered me. Can YOU explain
the difference between "who" and
"whom"? and "me" and "I"?

SOLO (unperturbed)

Certainly. I'll begin by pointing
out the difference between his
and hers.

As he beams at her, Joanna gives a little shriek
of laughter and we...

ZIP PAN TO:

57 OUT

* Change

* INT. AIRCRAFT - DAWN - SOLO AND JOANNA ARE SLEEPING 58

STEWARDESS

Hot or cold cereal, Mr. Solo?

Solo opens one reluctant eye. He glances at his watch.

JOANNA (stirring)

That time, already?

Automatically she reaches for a mirror to check her appearance. She lets out a little gasp of dismay. She struggles to find her makeup case under the seat.

JOANNA (to Solo, a
touch wildly)

Don't look, don't look! Stewardess --
tell my hairdresser to come and comb,
will you? He's in Tourist, 12-B.

(to Solo)

And don't you dare even peek till I
get my face and my breakfast diamonds
on.

SOLO

Your what?

JOANNA (scrounging
busily)

My breakfast diamonds. You don't
know WHAT a "lift" it gives a girl
to change her diamonds before coffee.

Suddenly she gasps.

JOANNA

Why - they're ...they're GONE.

She ferrets around in her jewel case and comes up
with...a large false moustache. She gasps.

SOLO (laughs)

That's MY case. Here's yours.

He pulls up her jewel case. She stares at him,
still holding the moustache.

JOANNA

Pravda - and now this! What are
you? A foreign SPY?

SOLO (with a nervous
laugh)

Napoleon Solo - jokes, tricks and
novelties -- wholesale.

* Changes

He rummages in the novelty case, replacing the moustache, pulling out a pair of "trick" spectacles.

58
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Try these. One of our hottest items and very useful to girls who want to see who's following them.

JOANNA (eagerly)

Really?

She tries them on. She gives a squeal of delight.

JOANNA

MARVVY! I can see behind me.
(seeing someone)

Oh, good morning, Kuryakin. Comb me out, please?

At the sound of the name, Solo starts, turns to look.

WIDER ANGLE

59

Standing in the aisle, reluctantly turned out in a hairdresser's smock stuck with combs, et al, is Illya regarding the young lady and Solo with injured masculine pride, sustained only by a sense of duty. As they stare at one another...

ZIP PAN TO:

60 OUT

EXT. PLANE LANDING (STOCK) DAY

60X1

INT. VIP WAITING ROOM IN AIRPORT - DAY

60X2

This pleasant room is marked clearly "V.I.P. WAITING ROOM ONLY" and an unobtrusive stewardess stands near the exit door to keep out the curious. Through doors opposite, coming from immigration, etc. (and marked "Do not re-enter" in three languages) come the arriving passengers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

61

Awaiting the newcomers are a number of reporters, photographers, etc. as well as a few important looking gentlemen with a prosperous "near eastern" look about them.

OVER LOUDSPEAKER (o.s.)
...arriving from Beirut, Athens, Rome.
Passengers may claim their baggage
in the baggage room.

61
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSER SHOT

62

Most prominent of the "near eastern" gentlemen is NOUBAR TELEMAKIAN, his impressive spade beard combed out to its most dramatic, a clutch of fresh orchids in his button hole, his most rakish headgear tilted at an angle and everything about him breathing of wealth, importance, glamour and, just perceptibly, a grandfather who made a fortune selling rugs.

WIDER ANGLE

63

Now a cry goes up from the reporters, flash lights burst, cameras click, microphones are pushed forward, reporters shove other reporters and the Near Eastern contingent attempts to move forward in a solid phalanx as...

CLOSE SHOT

64

...through the door from immigration, with other passengers, comes the smilingly bemused face of ELFIE van DONCK. Always the fashion leader, her most recent safaris have contributed a good bit to her wardrobe in the way of monkey fur, leopard skin and some undyed wallabi. She also sports a dazzling collection of jewels, and two poodles, with other oddments carried after her by unwilling porters.

ELFIE (sighting Noubar)
NOUBAR! Schnookieputz!

WIDER ANGLE

65

But before Elfie can move forward to embrace Tele-makian, reporters converge on her, male reporters, female reporters, etc.

REPORTER

Miss van Donck, how long are you going to be in Switzerland?

FEMALE REPORTER

Oh, Miss Van Donck, WHEN are you going to make ANOTHER of your GLORIOUS film romances?

REPORTER

Miss van Donck, is it true you are secretly married to the Aga Khan's cousin?

Elfie is a bit overwhelmed, but game.

ELFIE

Darlings, I only just return from Outer MONGOLIA. First I go to marvelous place where they beat complexion back into shape with wet sheets. Is HEAVEN. Then I do tremendous free-fall parachute jump over Amsterdam in August. But first and most important, is little nephew with genius mind...

66 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

67

Through another door come Napoleon Solo and Joanna Lydecker with Illya glumly bringing up the rear, his professional "hair-dresser's case" disconsolately slung over one unwilling shoulder.

ELFIE (taking out a cigarette holder and nearly stabbing Napoleon in the eye)
...such a tragic accident and...
(realising what she has done; appalled)
Entschuldigen sie mir...
(recognizing Joanna)
.....JOANNA! Quelle surprise!

JOANNA (pleasantly taken aback)
ELFIE!

SOLO (fast; rubbing his
eye back into shape)
Elfie?

67
CONT'D
(2)

Elfie takes Napoleon in, appreciatively.

ELFIE (softly)
van Donck. Perhaps you see me
on late late show?

SOLO (gallantly)
Constantly.

Solo whips out a lighter and lights her cigarette.

ELFIE (pleased)
ALWAYS such good looking men, darling.
How do you do it? I have been
surrounded by nothing but YAKS
for WEEKS!

JOANNA (not too brightly)
Touring army bases again with some
comedian?

ELFIE (a bit sharply)
Gobi DESERT, darling.
(she gives another appreciative
glance at Solo; sotto voce to
Joanna)

Where are you going? I am off to
La Chapelle to see nephew and then
have mud bath treatment. Come with
me, eh?

(another glance at Solo, and a
predatory sigh)
I have many troubles.

JOANNA
Men again?

ELFIE
If ONLY it were...but who has time?
Is my hair. Three weeks in desert
on safari, it is like CAMEL whiskers!

SOLO (with hasty gallantry)
I think it's beautiful.

ELFIE
Only to another camel, darling.
(but she beams in appreciation;
to Joanna)
You still travel with own hairdresser,
yes? Rachmaninov?

JOANNA
Rockie's gone into the catering
business.

67
CONT'D
(3)

ELFIE
I KNEW it. Too many egg shampoos.
Next step is ALWAYS omelette.

JOANNA
But Illya, here, seems promising.

She indicates Illya who looks as if he's just
swallowed a quince. Elfie's eyes sparkle at sight
of ANOTHER attractive male.

ELFIE (gaily)
I give him trial run for you!
(to Illya, meaningfully)
You make mass of golden spit curls
for me by cocktail time, yes?

ANOTHER ANGLE

68

Noubar and his henchman, somewhat ignored during
all this, have other interests. The henchman
looks up from a small pocket notebook and holds it
out to Noubar.

NOUBAR (reading in an under-
tone)
Solo; Napoleon. U.N.C.L.E. agent.

INSERT - NOTEBOOK

69

It has photographs and drawings of a wide variety
of agents. One is of Napoleon.

WIDER ANGLE

70

Noubar looks up at Napoleon and speaks in an under-
tone to the henchman..

NOUBAR
Plan Thirteen G.

The henchman nods and starts to move as Noubar....

ANOTHER ANGLE

71

...moves up to join Elfie and the others.

NOUBAR (fulsomely)
Elfie, dearest.

71
CONT'D
(2)

Elfie, who is nattering away with Joanna, interrupts immediately.

ELFIE
Noubar, here is old friend Joanna Lydecker. You have room in car for all?

NOUBAR (regarding Napoleon with marked disfavour)
I'm afraid I -

SOLO (quickly)
Why don't you come with me, Miss van Donck? I arranged for a car. It should be just outside.

ELFIE (promptly)
Darling, I adore to! Noubar, you take Joanna to hotel with luggage.

WIDER ANGLE

71X1

Solo nods and heads for the door leading out of the VIP waiting room. Two other doors marked "Exit - Baggage" stand near.

CLOSER SHOT

71X2

Elfie looks after Solo fondly, pulling her monkey fur about her, obviously with ideas in mind.

ELFIE
Such clean cut young man. Thoughtful. So unlike Outer Mongolians. And have YOU ever lived on Yak butter for six weeks?

ANOTHER ANGLE

71X3

The exit door is crowded, purposely, with the "Near Eastern" gentlemen of Noubar's entourage. Solo can't get past them (all chattering, with gestures) so he turns and takes the easiest way - exiting via the "Exit - Baggage" door. Immediately the Near Eastern gentlemen follow him.

72-73 OUT

NEAR ELFIE

74

Elfie is busily fixing her face (Illya holding the mirror, resignedly, Elfie pulling and pushing it vigorously at times) as she comments...

ELFIE

Poor little nephew - you heard?
Orphaned in tragic accident - and
I have not seen him in years. Is
so sad, darling...

Joanna, somewhat miffed by Elfie's appropriation of Solo, absently tries on the "trick" spectacles Napoleon has given her on the plane. She puts them on. As she does, she sees...

EXIT - BAGGAGE DOORS - POV SHOT

74X1

..Solo, as he goes through the "Exit - Baggage" doors, being swooped upon by the pursuing "near Eastern" gentlemen, tripped and thrown headlong inside a luggage cart in the corridor. The cart has four sides but no top, a lack promptly remedied by one of the men piling an assortment of baggage on top of the (upside down) figure of Solo. The doors bang shut as the cart is rapidly wheeled out of sight.

NEAR ELFIE

74X2

JOANNA

Awghhk!

She whirls about, staring in disbelief at the (now closed) "Exit - Baggage" doors, then, without pause, takes off across the VIP waiting room.

INT. BAGGAGE CORRIDOR

74X3

Joanna tears through the "Exit - Baggage" doors to look wildly up and down the corridor for the cart. She sees one of the men just turning a corner. She takes off in pursuit.

JOANNA (outraged)

Hey! YOU!

INT. VIP WAITING ROOM - DAY

74X4

Illya, suddenly suspicious, thrusts the mirror at Elfie and takes after Joanna. Elfie stares after him in surprise.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

74X5

Illya rushes out through the "Exit - Baggage" doors. One of Noubar's men comes rushing around the corner and tries to stop him.

75-79 OUT

INT. LUGGAGE ROOM

80

Joanna tears into the luggage room just as two of the men are piling more and more baggage on top of the struggling Solo. As the bags are large and heavy this effectively precludes his immediate escape.

CLOSER SHOT

81

Joanna is outraged.

JOANNA

You, you... you STOP that!

She rushes at the men, swinging her hand bag. The men continue stuffing Napoleon into the cart, meanwhile battling vigorously with Joanna.

ANOTHER ANGLE

82

Another man rushes up to grab Joanna and pull her away, fighting furiously, but not before she sees...

INT. CORRIDOR - POV SHOT - DAY

82X1

...Illya, in the corridor, searching for them.

INT. LUGGAGE ROOM

82X2

Joanna bites the muffling hand of her oppressor. He lets go and...

JOANNA (screaming)

Illya.! Illya.!

ANOTHER ANGLE

83

Illya turns, sees her, rushes forward. One of the men grabs him. Luggage is piled in huge stacks, all around them, together with other luggage carts, etc.

CLOSER SHOT

83X1

The first two men are pushing the cart toward a bin set in the wall labeled (in three languages) "WASTE - INCINERATOR - TRASH AND PACKING MATERIALS ONLY"

Illya jumps the man in a flying tackle. One man has already opened the incinerator door.

The man knocks Illya down. He skids into a transshipping perambulator (baby buggy).

As his much larger and obviously well trained (in judo, karate, etc.) opponent runs at him, Illya shoves the pram at him and the man falls into it. He skids (in the pram) across the room to become embedded in a stack of luggage.

ANOTHER ANGLE

83X2

Joanna's assailant turns to his partner's rescue. Joanna rushes to join Illya. The man pushing Solo (in the cart) starts to push it through the "Trash Only" opening.

WIDER ANGLE

.83X3

Illya and Joanna dash forward to the "Trash Only" door (a "half size" door), grab the cart away from the man before it can hurtle down into the trash chute and Illya, with a hearty shove, sends the cart careening back across the floor of the luggage room.

ANOTHER ANGLE

83X4

The careening cart knocks down the other men who fall into the stacked piles of luggage which begins to avalanche downwards.

They are all bombarded and embedded within weekend cases, tennis racquets, skis (!) alpenstocks, personal effects, broken bags, et al. The MEN are buried under the luggage, presumably knocked unconscious.

CLOSER SHOT

83X5

JOANNA (screaming)
Mr. Solo! Mr. Solo! Where are you?

Now the head of a bruised and bemused Napoleon appears half buried amidst festoons of spilled lingerie. But just before she reaches him she stops dead.

JOANNA
Awgghk!
(helplessly)
Mr. Solo! What have you fallen
in to!?

A shaken Napoleon examines his surroundings. He points a shaky finger at a half broken "pet carrier" case which lies athwart his lap.

SOLO (holding a hand-
kerchief to his nose)
I THINK it's...

He tilts his head, trying to read the writing on the "pet carrier" case.

INSERT - PET CARRIER CASE

. 83X6

It is partly broken and (perhaps) a small inquisitive nose or two can be seen poking experimentally out of it.

A large label reads "Property of Elfie van Donck" and "Fragile - Handle with care," then... "Contents -- AARDVAARKS."

WIDER ANGLE

83X7

Solo, nearly choking from the smell, manages a wan smile.

SOLO (to Joanna)
Essence of Aardvaark --
as they gasp for breath --

END ACT ONE

84 - 99
OUT

ACT TWO

100 OUT

FADE IN:

INT. ELFIE'S SUITE - HOTEL - DAY

100X1

Elfie is making up her face, looking soulfully at a somewhat rumpled Solo.

*

ELFIE (eloquently)
Is regrettable you ruin suit but it
aardvaark springtime in Kenya and
they have not adjusted.

SOLO (a touch wearily)
What I don't understand, Miss Van
Donck, is why you are parachuting
over Amsterdam with those - those
Aardvaarks.

ELFIE
For money, darling. Advertisement
for new nylons. Aardvaarks is
sedentary creature - never run.
So "Aardvaark Nylon!" with glamorous
picture of me and little animals in
mid-air.

She glances down at the sample case of Solo's
"tricks and novelties."

ELFIE
You think these REALLY appeal to
young boy?
(reading a label)
"Trick water tumbler..."

SOLO (quickly)
We sell everything on a money-back
guarantee, Miss Van Donck.
(handsomely)
NOT that there is any thought of
charging. I just want to go along
with you and see how a boy of HIS
intellect reacts to things like
this. In my business we have to
keep up, you know.

Elfie, restless and worried, fumbles through the
"sample case."

* Change

ELFIE

If only I had "kept up" with him.
But always I am on safari or making
submarine movie or hunting in Gobi
Desert. To him "Aunt Elfie" is
only glamorous movie star he watch
on late late show.

100X1
CONT'D
(1)

SOLO

Don't worry, Miss Van Donck. I'll
see you through!

ELFIE (helplessly)

Life is so strange. Take what
happen here. Bartlett's father
killed by tiny airplane! And now
my aardvaarks nearly kidnap in air
terminal.... Why?

SOLO (airly)

Professional jealousy? Some other
actress interested in aardvaarks
trying to steal your thunder?

Turning to Solo, she continues.

100X1
CONT'D
(2)

ELFIE (distracted)
I am afraid, Mr. Solo, They tell
me boy is BRILLIANT. But what am
I? How do I handle him? After
all, I am basically only simple,
peasant film star!

ZIP PAN TO:

* EXT. LA CHAPELLE GATES - DAY

101

The car bearing Elfie and Solo arrives at the gates.
One of the "special police" comes up inquiringly,
hand on side arms.

* CLOSER SHOT

101X1

Solo turns on a big smile.

SOLO
Fran van Donck and escort.
(adding hastily)
By appointment!

He points at himself in no uncertain manner (eyeing
the pistol on the man's hip nervously) indicating
HE is the "escort".

The guard consults a list and moves back to the
telephone visible by the gates.

102 OUT

* TWO SHOT

102X1

Elfie is also radiating all of her not inconsider-
able charm.

Solo despite his bright display of teeth is uneasy.

SOLO (looking at
the guard)
Strange to see a school so heavily
guarded.

ELFIE
Is necessity, they tell me. Here
they have Prime Minister's son,
and President's son and many
princes and nobles. But you are
right - it makes one nervous. I
think it is GOOD I take Bartlett
away from here.

*Revised

INT. PHYSICS LAB - DAY

104

This is a large and fairly typical school room laboratory. A number of boys are being lectured to as they stand or sit (on tall stools) before their work benches, the professor at the top of the room.

* ANOTHER ANGLE

105

The "BOY," BASIL, previously noted as being much older than the others, but like them dressed in school regulation uniform, et al, occupies one end of the bench before us, a gun on his hip.

At the far end of the bench, with a special rather elaborate electronic microscope in front of him and other "special" equipment, is Bartlett Warshowsky.

* CLOSER SHOT

106

He is peering into the microscope, endeavoring to concentrate, an electronic earplug in one ear, but occasionally looking at the instructor who is writing an elaborate chemical formula on the black-board,

Bartlett looks up with a "heaven preserve me" expression on his face. However he finds his every expression is being watched by...

* POV SHOT

107

...Basil, who smiles at Bartlett with evident insincerity. It is apparent he never takes his eyes from Bartlett.

* CLOSER SHOT

108

Bartlett, after a noncommittal glance at Basil, resumes at his microscope.

INSERT - MICROSCOPE

109

also "peer" within. To our surprise we can see NOT a "smear" etc., which might be expected, but a minute but VERY CLEAR view of the Head's study and of Nubar and the Head. Their VOICES can be HEARD via the electronic device in Bartlett's ear, somewhat distorted, but audible.

* Revised

INT. HEAD'S STUDY - POV SHOT AS THROUGH MICROSCOPE - 110
DAY

Noubar regards the Head severely.

NOUBAR

If THRUSH is to survive, we must
take the long view...fifteen
years is only a glance.

THE HEAD (positively)
But when he finds we killed his
father?

110
CONT'D
(?)

NOUBAR

This is not an ordinary mind. On
consideration he will appreciate
he could not become the head of
THRUS unless...SOME...sacrifice was
made.

(easily)

History supplies many similar
instances. Nero, for one,...not to
speak of nearly half the Almanach
de Gotha prior to 1848 --

INT. PHYSICS LAB - CLOSE SHOT - BARTLETT - DAY

111

As he hears (and observes) all this, Bartlett's
face shadows.

112 OUT

INT. HEAD'S STUDY - DAY

113

NOUBAR (self-satisfied)

The temptation to the knowledge
and power we offer will be too
great for his truly phenomenal
mind to resist. If we are, in
this instance "Satan," we offer
MORE than the kingdoms of the
earth - we offer, indeed, the
universe

INT. PHYSICS LAB - CLOSE SHOT - BARTLETT - DAY

114

The boy's face sets more grimly at this.

INT. HEAD'S STUDY - DAY

115

Noubar raises his champagne glass, grandly.

NOUBAR

Our future Leader...

* Change

INT. PHYSICS LAB - MED. SHOT - DAY - BARTLETT

116

The boy in an almost unconscious angry emotional reaction, suddenly sweeps the collection of glass reports, et al, from his work table.

WIDER ANGLE

117

The CRASH of the glass suddenly alerts all the others to Bartlett, including Basil. Silence falls immediately as all in the room stare at Bartlett.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HEAD'S STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

118

Tea is being served by Basil, his school uniform looking oddly out of place on such a strapping "child." Bartlett is present, rather stiff and uncommunicative, while the Head endeavours to exude avuncular charm. A somewhat saturnine Noubar watches a nervous Elfie and Solo, his yet unopened box of tricks on his lap.

HEAD (presenting
the boys)
And this, gnadige frau, is your
nephew's closest and best...
(he searches for the word)
...how do you say it in English..?

Bartlett eyes the three boys without enthusiasm.

BARTLETT (flatly)
"Buddy."

HEAD (fulsomely)
Yes...yes! "Buddy!" so expressive.

SOLO
Isn't it? Practically onomatopoetic.
(regarding Raul, Basil and
Georg with small enthusiasm)
Like Biff! Or Zam! Or Wowie!

HEAD (seriously)
But no, Mr. Solo - he is called...

BASIL (ditto)
Basil, Raul, Georg Reverditti!
...Servus!

118
CONT'D
(2)

He bows with much hair tossing. Bartlett is regarding Solo with a curious and unflinching gaze. Solo smiles in return.

BASIL (passing cups)
Cream or lemon, gna' frau?

*

ELFIE
Nothing, thank you.
(being social)
You -- certainly fill out your uniform handsomely.

HEAD (beaming)
He is a member of our "Jugend" organization. Our elite. He is a Prefect.

ELFIE (unnerved)
I can see that. And so MATURE!

NOUBAR (easily)
The outdoor life here, Elfie - it develops them. We do so much more "outdoor living" than they do in the States. There they are locked, night and day, in ill ventilated classrooms without windows, no cultural opportunities AND too many girls!

CLOSER SHOT

119

Napoleon has opened his sample case and now extends something to Bartlett.

SOLO

Interested in conch shells? Held to the ear one reputedly hears the sound of the sea.

BARTLETT

In the Alps, Mr. Solo?

But he holds the shell to his ear.

CLOSE SHOT - BARTLETT

120

The shell is audible after all. We HEAR it too.

VOICE (in Bartlett's ear)

I am Napoleon Solo. I come from U.N.C.L.E. You have friends in the United States who are anxious for you to return home.

WIDER ANGLE

121

Elfie turns around from dazzling Basil and smiles affectionately at Bartlett, pleased that Napoleon has found something that interests the boy.

ELFIE

Do you hear the sea, darling?

BARTLETT (immobile)
Vividly.

121
CONT'D
(2)

More sandwiches are passed to Elfie who hails them with delight. She helps herself. Solo holds out a "slide viewer" to Bartlett.

CLOSER SHOT

122

SOLO
This is unusual, too. If you're interested in birds.

He moves closer to the boy as Bartlett holds the viewer to the light in the general direction of Noubar.

SOLO (closer)
The yellow bellied thrush; I believe.

Bartlett continues to look but, in a whisper, directs his remarks to Solo.

BARTLETT (barely audible)
I am not going back to the States, Mr. Solo. Stay away from me. Keep out of this.

He looks up at Napoleon and the fierce light in his eyes shakes Napoleon for a moment.

ZIP PAN TO:

123 OUT

* INT: ELFIE'S SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

123X1

Joanna sweeps into Elfie's sitting room calling...

JOANNA
Elfie...?

There is no answer.

JOANNA

Illya...?

123X1
CONT'D
(2)

She looks about then, annoyed, presses all the floor signal buttons.

ANOTHER ANGLE

124

The room steward appears

STEWARD

You rang, madame?

JOANNA

Have you seen my hairdresser...?

STEWARD

The beauty salon is downstairs, madame.

JOANNA (slightly nettled)

No, no, my OWN hairdresser. Secretary, companion... sweet looking man. Named "Illya?"

STEWARD (intrigued)

He is all those things, madame?

(impressed)

Formidable! Yes, I see the gentleman leave by the back entrance two minutes ago. He is now, madame, heading toward the mountain with alpenstock and rucksack and

JOANNA

And?

STEWARD

And a girl.

JOANNA

...a GIRL!

124
CONT'D
(2)

STEWARD

I think they go to celebrate the
vernal equinox!

JOANNA

Not on my time! If anybody cele-
brates the vernal equinox with
Illya, it's me.

ZIP PAN TO:

* EXT. LA CHAPELLE GATES - EVENING

124X1

Solo's car comes up to the guard house from the
school and stops. The guards peer at them. Elfie
sticks her head out the window and waves frantically,
smiling radiantly. The guards start to open the
gates, albeit slowly.

* INT. SOLO'S CAR - EVENING

125

Elfie is a little exhausted.

ELFIE (staring at
the guards)

Dreadful looking man, no? Reminds
me strongly of first director. I
have in films, always locking and
unlocking doors too. A beast.

(massaging her temples
gently)

But everything go well this after-
noon, I think! Yes? Such sweet
little boy. And I am relieved he
NOT insist on this Cal Tick.

SOLO (dejectedly)

Tech.

(determinedly, with charm)

Elfie - or if I may, "schnookie
putz" -

(Elfie looks startled)

Just why do you WANT him to go to
this "school" in the Near East?

ELFIE (surprised)

Darling! Noubar say genius mind can
NOT learn nuclear fission too early!
Is like me learning about directors
early - is not so?

* Revised

SOLO (with a sigh)

125

Is so, yes.

CONT'D

(2)

As they drive on.

EXT. LA CHAPELLE - GATES - EVENING

126

The car passes through the gates and CAMERA PANS to

127-128 OUT

EXT. WOODED GROVE - EVENING

129

where near the school fence stands Iliya
hidden in the trees.

CLOSER SHOT

130

Seeing the guards occupied with the gate, Iliya
slips over the fence.

ANOTHER ANGLE

131

As he drops to the ground on the other side he hears something and pauses in the underbrush. He looks, sees...

EXT. PLAYING FIELD - POV SHOT - EVENING

132

At the far end of the games field stands a small helicopter.

CLOSER SHOT

133

From it, obviously on guard duty, comes Basil moving toward the school buildings, with him a watch dog. The dog sniffs something and growls menacingly.

UNDER TREES

134

Illya realizes the dog is not yet aware of him. Of what, then, has he become suspicious? He turns to look.

EDGE OF TREES - POV SHOT

135

There is a figure under the trees near the fence.

ILLYA

136

He looks back to the boy and the dog, going toward a further building. Illya makes a decision, turns, runs...

ANOTHER ANGLE

137

...swiftly, silently, stooping to remain out of sight, toward the figure in the trees.

Illya comes up behind the figure and in one movement throws a hand over its mouth, applying a half-nelson with the other arm.

CLOSER SHOT

The figure twists in pain and Illya sees the face of his "employer", Joanna. Surprised, he releases her.

JOANNA (sputtering)

Where is she?

ILLYA

Madame?

JOANNA (spiritedly)

Your PARAMour! That...that
CHAMBERmaid! Don't deny it! I saw
you coming into the woods with her
mySELF!

She stares at Illya in righteous indignation. She has raised her voice and Illya now glances anxiously back toward the boy and the dog.

ILLYA (absently)

Chambermaid?

(understanding)

Oh, yes....at the hotel?

JOANNA (icily)

AT the hotel, exactly! Girl with
a mass of red curls? Probably out
of the dye pot, too.

ILLYA (distracted by
the dog et al)

I was only asking directions.

JOANNA

Well! I've heard it called a lot of
things before, but NEVER that!

(bridling)

In any event, as my employee,
Kuryakin, any directions you may
require, I will furnish...personally.

139
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (a bit frantic
now, the dog coming closer,
snuffling in the bushes nearby)
Madame, please, I beg you...be quiet.

JOANNA (outraged)
Don't tell me to be quiet.
(raising her voice)
If ANYone around here tells anyone
ELSE to "shut up" surely it's MY....

But Illya must quiet her SOME way and the easiest and most
effective is.....a kiss. Joanna is so taken aback - and
then so overcome by it all...she doesn't even struggle.
As Illya holds the kiss, somewhat ungallantly we see his
eyes searching out the dog's nearness. He breaks the
kiss. Joanna has her eyes nearly closed.

ILLYA (in a desperate,
low, whisper)
...Madame....

Joanna, in a buzz of emotions, mistakes his low whisper
for the intimate voice of passion.

JOANNA (in a low whisper)
Call me...Joanna...
(with a melting, ecstatic smile)
...Illya....

ILLYA (watching the dog
desperately, half holding the
weakened Joanna up - in a
whisper)
...Joanna...please...put your hands
over your head...

JOANNA (still half "out")
...yes, darling...

ILLYA (intimately in
her ear)
...and climb this tree...

Joanna's eyes pop wide open immediately - in shock.

EXT. NEAR BUILDING - POV SHOT - EVENING

140

asil now has heard something and the dog is straining at its leash, growling. Suddenly the boy releases the dog. With a growling ROAR he bounds toward the trees, Illya and the girl.

EDGE OF TREES

141

Illya realizes it is too late...or almost. Nevertheless without a word he seizes the shocked Joanna and half-pushes her up the tree. Completely taken aback, she nevertheless automatically grabs the first limb she encounters.

ANOTHER ANGLE

142

Illya jumps into the tree after her, looking back...

EXT. LAWNS - POV SHOT - EVENING

143

The dog is bounding toward the trees, the boy after him.

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EXT. TREES - EVENING
BRANCHES

144

Illya hurriedly pulls Joanna up to another branch. These branches overhang the building to some extent, particularly the eaves, roofs and dormer windows.

EXT. TREES - EVENING - FULL SHOT

145

The dog is dashing through the trees, the boys after him as he follows the scent.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

146

Illya slithers out on a branch to the roof, dragging the girl with him. She nearly falls but he grabs her and holds on to a chimney at the same time. As they hang there, the girl wildly trying to find footing, down below the dog barks wildly. Suddenly...

WIDER ANGLE

147

...out of the night, the light of electric torches stabs out, silhouetting the figures of both Illya and Joanna.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

* FADE IN:
INT. ELFIE'S HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

148

There is a knock at the door and a magnificently dressed Elfie (Courreges pants, et al) cries out a merry...

ELFIE
...Entrez...

...from her dressing table. The door opens and Napoleon appears in dinner jacket but looking a little less suave than is his practice.

ELFIE (surprised)
Mr. Solo!
(with a hospitable wave)
Have martini! Where is dear Joanna?

SOLO
Miss Lydecker's disappeared!

ELFIE (calmly)
Dear boy, NO one can disappear in Switzerland! Far too many tourists.

SOLO
WITH her HAIRDresser!

ELFIE (surprised;
shocked)
She is romancing that nice boy already? Poor Joanna! Always getting terrible crush on servants! Like Strindberg!

SOLO
I don't think it's that. That fellow has a definitely criminal face. Those ears...

He watches Elfie carefully. She is thoroughly taken aback at this new theory.

ELFIE
Ears?

SOLO (inventing
hastily)
I think he's taken her jewels, she caught him at it, he ran, and she pursued him.

Mr. Solo! ELFIE (horrified)

148
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
He was seen heading into the woods at
La Chapelle and she was following
him!

ELFIE (in disbelief)
The school? But the school has guard
all around it! With the Prime
Minister's son there, and the Grand
Vizier's boy and... They wouldn't
get in!

SOLO (darkly)
Criminals have their ways! It's
Miss Lydecker I'm concerned about.
Anything could happen to her.

ELFIE
Mr. Solo, don't frighten me!

SOLO (impressively)
Miss van Donck, you and I MUST get
onto the school grounds and search
for her.

ELFIE (turning to
the phone)
I call headmaster!

SOLO
No, no, Miss van Donck! Think of
the scandal! No one must KNOW!
You could be right. He might be a
hair-curling Casanova trying to
embroil her in a romance.

ELFIE (honestly)
Yes, he IS attractive...

SOLO (startled)
You think so? Why?

ELFIE (darkly)
Those bangs.
(with decision)
But you're right. We must protect
the child with HIM or from herSELF!
(thinking)
Still... those guards they have...
how do we..?

SOLO (quickly)
You can get past the guards, Miss
van Donck. They KNOW you now. They
wouldn't think of stopping you.

148
CONT'D
(3)

ELFIE
Perhaps not. My flashing smile is
famous. Still --
(pulling on her
Courreges boots)
--Hand me my Beretta. There...
next to elephant gun.
(anxiously)
Poor child... Probably by now he has
her in some terrible PLACE...and
and who knows WHAT they are doing?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. COLD STORAGE ROOM - LA CHAPELLE - NIGHT

149

Hanging by their coats on a pair of large meat
hooks (along with a few sides of beef, et al) are
an unhappy Joanna and Illya. Joanna is gazing at
a huge thermometer on the wall.

JOANNA (with a
terrified gasp)
FREEZING to death! That's what
we're doing! FREEZING to death!

Illya's gaze is roaming the meat hooks, the sides
of beef et al searching for a way out. His mind
is only incidentally on her remarks.

JOANNA (accusingly)
And it's all your fault..Playing the
Don Juan and enticing poor chamber-
maids into the woods, just when you
were supposed to be giving me a
finger wave.

ILLYA (calmly, teeth
chattering)
It's been years since I've even been
in a wood to pick mushrooms!

As his gaze roams the locker, seeking a solution..

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. LA CHAPELLE ENTRANCE GATES - NIGHT

150

Elfie, driving a small, sleek car, Solo beside her,
sweeps through the gates, waving gaily at a couple

of startled armed guards. They stand in the road looking after Elfie uncertainly but apparently recognizing her.

150
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

151

Elfie presses down on the accelerator, turns out the lights and heads into a bush. There is a crunching SOUND as a headlight gives way. Elfie does not seem upset.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

152

Elfie gets out with aplomb, hastily followed by Solo. Elfie goes to look at the front of the car.

ELFIE (with satisfaction)
Very artistic smash-up. If people come...we say we have accident, go for help, right?
(seeing something)
Ah...! Hairpin! Question is...does hairpin belong to Joanna? No - is professional hairpin belonging to hairdresser!

SOLO
Like Hansel and Gretel. Dropping crumbs.

ELFIE
Except this time I think, Mr. Solo, it is crumb dropping hairpin.
(beckoning)
This way.

She beckons Solo onward.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BARTLETT'S BEDROOM - LA CHAPELLE - NIGHT

153

The bedroom is spartan in its simplicity with an emphasis on scientific gadgets, pictures, graphs, books, et al. There is a photograph of Dr. Warshowsky on a bookcase. Bartlett stands before the photograph, with one hand on it. In the room

is Basil, packing Bartlett's clothes. Noubar also stands there, eyeing the whole thing with equanimity.

153
CONT'D
(2)

NOUBAR

As you are as eager to get to the Near East as we are to have you, dear boy, I can drop you there tonight, personally, before I go on to Istanbul. My plane is warming up now.

BARTLESS

But - Aunt Elfie?

NOUBAR

Why disturb the charming Elfie? She's tired, she's just back from safari... and you don't really need her to "settle in" where you're going. Nuclear fission is hardly her cup of tea.

BARTLETT

No.

As he slowly takes the photograph of his father and puts it in a suitcase -

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. EDGE OF TREES - NIGHT

154

This is that section previously occupied by Iliya and Joanna just before they were caught, with the same trees leading up to the building, the branches overhanging the eaves, etc.

Elfie, with great professional acumen, comes through the underbrush rather like a very sophisticated Fuzzy-Wuzzy.

ELFIE (looking about,
in an undertone)
Something happen here!
(searching about)
A struggle!

But Solo is listening to a small electronic device which is clicking in his ear. He smiles.

SOLO

They're here, alright.
(looking at the building)

* Change

(continued)

SOLO (cont'd)
Inside.

154
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. BUILDING - POV SHOT - NIGHT

155

The windows are barred and it is not a place of easy entrance, obviously.

EXT. EDGE OF TREES - NIGHT

156

Solo looks up at the roof of the building.

SOLO
That's why Illya was here. The boy's up there. Wait for me.

He would start for the tree, to climb it, but Elfie is having none of that.

ELFIE
WAIT for you?
(discarding this suggestion)
I am not Eagle Scout, Amsterdam division, for NOTHING!

Quickly, glittering in her bugle beads, she bends a knee and makes a "mounting block" of her hands for Solo's foot.

ELFIE
Allez-oop!

Solo looks at her, shrugs, uses her hands as a boost and grabs a branch. As he does...

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HEAD'S STUDY - NIGHT

157

Noubar is poring over aerial navigation charts on the Head's desk.

NOUBAR
We reach Athens by dawn.

HEAD

* You have no..no legal right to take
the boy. You should wait for his
Aunt! Involve the school in any-
thing questionable...and you destroy
it!

157
CONT'D
(2)

NOUBAR (absorbed)

For this boy, I would destroy not
only the school - but everyone in
it...including, dear friend, yourself..

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BARTLETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

158

In his traveling clothes, Bartlett, alone at last,
takes a last look around the room. As he does he
starts, seeing...

WINDOW - POV SHOT

159

Elfie and Solo on the outside of a window, gesticulating to him, wildly.

WIDER ANGLE

160

Bartlett casts a hurried glance around the room, hurries to the door, locks it quietly, then runs to the window and throws it open.

CLOSER SHOT

161

BARTLETT
Aunt ELFIE!

Elfie crawls in nimbly.

ELFIE
Shh!

BARTLETT
Are you going with us after all?

SOLO (clambering in)
Going?

BARTLETT
That..that's why you're here, isn't it?

Elfie looks at the boy's obviously packed and readied possessions.

ELFIE (crossly)
I am here looking for runaway hair-dresser. Where is he!
(surprised)
You're packed! Are you runaway TOO?

BARTLETT
I'm leaving tonight with Mr. Telemakian for the Near East and that school.

Elfie is irritated.

ELFIE
Noubar not say a WORD to me about leaving! You CAN'T leave! I am to fly you there in his plane, PERSONALLY.

BARTLETT (in a small voice)
He said he..he didn't want to put you out.

ELFIE
It is I decide where you go
and when! Not Noubar! Maybe
I change mind entirely and send
you to Cal TICK.

SOLO (automatically)
Tech.

BARTLETT
You mustn't, Aunt Elfie. I MUST
go with him. I WANT to.

Now Solo looks at him, moves forward, takes him by
the shoulders, looking in to his eyes.

SOLO
Bartlett, you know who those
people are. You know what they
stand for. You must realize they
murdered your father.

ELFIE (shaken)
Mur - ? Mr. SOLO!

BARTLETT (looking
at Solo)
Why do you think I'm going with
them.

Solo looks at the boy, suddenly understanding.

SOLO
To get...even?

BARTLETT (with a nod)
I'll make them sorry, Mr. Solo...
I'll make them very sorry...

Elfie looks from one to the other in disbelief.

ELFIE
What are you TALK about? What
is all this?

SOLO (straightening)
Your friend Noubar, Miss Van Donck,
is very high in the councils of an
organization called THRUSH.

ELFIE (baffled)
Little BIRD?

SOLO

161
CONT'D
(3)

An omnivorous vulture. They would gobble up the brain of your nephew. They saw to it his father was killed.

BARTLETT

That's why I'm going through with it, Mr. Solo.

ELFIE (hardly believing)

Noubar!

(emotionally)

Oh, my darling boy, have I done this to you?

SOLO

To revenge yourself on these people would take many years. You're only a boy, Bartlett.

BARTLETT (calmly)

I know. The revenge will be all the more complete, this way, will it not?

ELFIE (at a loss)

What is going on? Why are you talking to trick and novelty manufacturer? Talk to Aunt ELFIE, darling boy!

SOLO

One of my tricks, dear lady, is that I am not what I seem.

ELFIE

But we came looking for Joanna and hairdresser.

SOLO

These men have them, Miss van Donck, somewhere in this house.

(holding up his electronic device)

I misled you, but I HAD to get in here. Ilya is also not all he seems.

ELFIE (accusingly)

You said he was criminal type.

SOLO

We can only hope. At the moment, however, unless we rescue him, he'll probably be a defunct type. And the girl, also.

* INT: MEAT COOLER - NIGHT

162

Illya is pulling his legs up and over his own coat in a somewhat elaborate maneuver which would do credit to a professional contortionist. Joanna watches him, narrowly.

JOANNA (accusatory)
I know what you are NOW! You're not a professional ROMEO at ALL! You're a professional CAT Burglar!

ILLYA (panting as he struggles)
Both have very much in common, madame, always struggling in and out of second story windows!

He frees himself with a quick flip and reaches up to assist Joanna down. She gasps but it is obvious, despite the cold and fear, she is responding to his self controlled charm.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - LA CHAPELLE - NIGHT

163

Down the darkened corridor marches Basil, armed. His stance and purpose seem completely military. As he wheels and disappears down a connecting corridor...

ANOTHER ANGLE

164

Bartlett, Elfie and Solo appear out of the shadows. Bartlett moves a step or two ahead, then opens a door marked...

* Revised

CLOSER SHOT

165

... "Physics Lab" and enters, beckoning to Elfie and Solo.

INT. PHYSICS LAB - NIGHT

166

The lab is almost completely dark except for a few lights here and there which are part of various experiments. Elfie looks around and shivers, not liking the atmosphere at all.

CLOSER SHOT

167

Bartlett is at his microscope now. He switches it on. A dim light glows. He focusses.

BARTLETT (to Solo)

There...

Napoleon looks.

INT. HEAD'S STUDY - POV THROUGH MICROSCOPE - NIGHT

168

The Head and Noubar are still conferring.

HEAD (anxiously)

What about that man and the girl?
How am I going to get rid of
them?

NOUBAR (studying his
air charts)

That, dear Aristide, is a problem
you must work out for yourself.

HEAD (panicking a bit)

We can't leave them in the cold
room forever!

NOUBAR

Why not?

HEAD

They'd freeze to death!

NOUBAR (beaming)

An excellent solution, Aristide.

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INT. PHYSICS LAB - NEAR BARTLETT'S DESK - NIGHT

168X1

Solo and Elfie, who have both managed to witness and hear most of the previous exchange, draw back in consternation.

ELFIE

Freezing them to death! Oh, my poor Joanna. With her hotblooded nature, Heaven knows how long THAT would take.

SOLO (to Bartlett)

The cold room. Where's that?

BARTLETT (disturbed)

The frozen meat locker, I guess.

SOLO (to Bartlett)

We've got to get them out. You've got to help us.

Bartlett stares at Solo a moment then reluctantly nods. As he does...

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MEAT LOCKER - NIGHT

169

Joanna is trembling all over. She looks around wildly.

She runs to the door. It is locked.

169
CONT'D
(2)

JOANNA
It's locked.

ILLYA (calmly)
What else?

JOANNA
Break it down!

Illya is busy with his "hairedresser's kit" which he carries strapped over one shoulder.

JOANNA (infuriated
by his lack of action)
If you won't, I will!

She dashes at a heavy meat ax in one corner and bangs away at the door with it. It makes no impression. She bursts into tears of anger and frustration. By now Illya has produced a hair lacquer bomb. Now he twitches Joanna's scarf from her shoulders.

JOANNA
Here! I need every bit of
covering I can GET! I'm COLD!

ILLYA
You will be warm in one
moment.

He pours some nail polish over the scarf and wraps it around the lacquer bomb, then ties it around the (locked) door handle. He lights his cigarette lighter and lights some loose paper from his pocket.

JOANNA (in desperation)
Camp fires! At a time like this?
What are you trying to be - a
Boy Scout?

ILLYA
Perhaps. It's an admirable
organization. Please, put your
fingers in your ears, and take
refuge behind that haunch of beef.

He uses the paper (wadded up) to act as tinder for the polish-soaked scarf. The scarf starts to flame.

JOANNA (outraged)
My Aunt Thusnelda gave me that
scarf on her deathbed! What
would SHE say is she knew what
you were doing?

CLOSER SHOT

170

ILLYA (pushing
Joanna behind the beef,
calmly)

If I have made a mistake, madame,
we MAY very well find out from the
lady in PERSON.

As Joanna gapes at him, behind the beef, there is
an ... EXPLOSION ...

WIDER ANGLE

171

Clouds of hair lacquer and accompanying smoke together with a brisk fire, appear around the door. Illya dashes for the door, pulling Joanna with him. He kicks at the door, it falls from its hinges and as they rush through the smoke and flame ...

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

172

Napoleon and Elfie, led by Bartlett, are running down the corridor. SMOKE CAN BE SEEN billowing up from the stairs.

There is the SOUND of VOICES shouting in panic and question.

CLOSER SHOT

173

Napoleon looks around. Escape for the moment seems impossible. He opens a door. It leads to the Head's study. It is deserted. He beckons Bartlett and Elfie within just as Basil comes running with fire extinguisher.

Intent on his mission, he fails to notice Napoleon et al.

INT. CORRIDOR - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

174

Noubar and the Head run from another section. SMOKE CAN BE SEEN pouring down the halls.

THE HEAD

The laboratory! Something's exploded!

They run to the door marked "Physics Lab" and run within.

INT. PHYSICS LAB - NIGHT

175

But the lab is, naturally, a haven of peace and quiet. As before, there are few lights except...

ANOTHER ANGLE

176

...under Bartlett's particular "microscope." Curious, Noubar approaches the microscope and the "hearing aid" attachment next it. VOICES can be faintly HEARD. Noubar picks up the "hearing aid"

and looks into the microscope. He utters an
exclamation of anger and dismay.

176
CONT'D
(2)

INT. HEAD'S STUDY - POV SHOT THROUGH MICROSCOPE -
NIGHT

177

Again, seen in miniature, is the study, revealing
to Noubar's questing eye, the figures of Napoleon,
Bartlett and Elfie, cautiously peering into the
hall.

INT. PHYSICS LAB - NIGHT

178

Noubar draws back from the microscope, enraged.

NOUBAR (accusatory, to
Head)
You told me Basil never took his
EYES off that boy.

HEAD (surprised)
He doesn't! He watches him every
MINUTE.

NOUBAR
What do you call THIS?

He indicates the microscope.

NOUBAR
SPYING on us he's been! The boy's
aware of EVERYTHING! We must take
him NOW before that woman gets him
AWAY.

He runs heavily for the door, pulling a gun.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

179

Napoleon pauses to scoop up the collection of
"tricks and novelties" left there earlier in the
afternoon.

NAPOLEON
...come on...

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

180

He pulls Bartlett with him and, followed by Elfie,
who is unlimbering her Beretta professionally,
they run down the corridor. As they do, from the
floor below, appears...

POV SHOT

181

 ELFIE
 THERE they are!

Illya and Joanna, Joanna still shivering.

ANOTHER ANGLE

182

ELFIE (calling)
JOANNA! RUN! Get OUT of here!

SOLO (thinking fast)
The question is...WHERE?

He looks around. We HEAR the helicopter MOTOR
REVVING up. Through the French windows can be seen...

183-183X1 OUT

* POV SHOT OF HELICOPTER FROM WINDOWS IN CORRIDOR -
NIGHT

183X2

Noubar's helicopter has been put into action and
its motor ROARS as it emerges from the hangar.

* INT. CORRIDOR

183X3

ELFIE
Noubar's PLANE!

SOLO
Can you fly it?

ELFIE
In present circumstances, I could
fly large-type box KITE!

Solo tries the French windows. They are-locked.
He kicks the window pane and the lock and the
doors swing open. But as they do, LIGHTS COME ON
all up and down the corridor and now --

ANOTHER ANGLE

184

* Basil comes running up with the fire extinguisher.
Illya picks up a chair and throws it at the
approaching boy.

WIDER ANGLE

185

Noubar and the Head appear at the opposite end of
the corridor.

NOUBAR
Stop them! Stop them!

CLOSER SHOT

186

The boy, however, trips on the chair, and falls.
This accidentally activates the fire extinguisher.

* WIDER ANGLE

187

The foam from the extinguisher quickly whips about snakelike and spreads all over the floor. Noubar and The Head running pell-mell towards the escaping group, slide on the foam, nearly lose their footing and perform a pair of fairly creditable entre chats. The guns they are carrying fire wildly out of control.

* ANOTHER ANGLE

187X1

Napoleon and company dive for the floor to avoid the gunfire. Illya struggles to open the window.

* WIDER ANGLE

187X2

The fire extinguisher has skidded across the floor. Napoleon grabs it and aims it at Noubar, The Head and Basil as they regain their feet. Unfortunately, as he does this, the foam of the extinguisher hits Illya on the face. Napoleon grabs him, shoves him out the window after the girls and throws a handful of rubber plover's eggs at Noubar, The Head and Basil. The eggs bounce towards Noubar and suddenly explode into giant size smoke bombs concealing all.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

188

Napoleon pulls Illya with him (who is wiping away the extinguisher foam) and urging on Elfie, Bartlett and Joanna, they run across the broad sweep of lawn...

ANOTHER ANGLE

189

...toward the hangar, Elfie with her gun at the ready and her Courrage pants gleaming brightly in the moonlight.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

190

Noubar, emerging coughing from the smoke, lets out a SCREAM of angry frustration. He sees...

* Changes

EXT. LAWNS - POV SHOT - NIGHT

191

...his quarry escaping across the lawns toward the helicopter.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

192

Noubar darts to the side of the building and picking up the usual kind of lever which controls the underground water "sprinkler" system, he gives it a vicious turn.

EXT. LAWNS - NIGHT

193

As the small party flees the area, suddenly huge jets of "water" spring up all around them.

CLOSER SHOT

194

Napoleon almost gets a jet in the eye. He sniffs, reacts, grabs his handkerchief.

NAPOLEON

Don't breathe! It's gas! Get to the plane.

ANOTHER ANGLE

195

Handkerchiefs to their faces, they run toward the plane which is now very near.

REVERSE ANGLE

196

Noubar, Basil and the Head are emerging from the school wearing gas masks in an apparently well rehearsed drill. They run toward the group, Noubar firing with his gun as he runs.

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

197

Napoleon, Bartlett, Elfie, Illya, Joanna, reach the plane. Napoleon, coughing, gives Elfie a lift. She reaches the door of the plane...

CLOSER SHOT

198

...just as the Pilot would stick out his head. Elfie gives him a dazzling smile, despite coughing, then as he reacts, she conks him over the head with the butt of her revolver. The Pilot smiles radiantly, then closes his eyes and promptly falls out of the plane to the ground.

ANOTHER ANGLE

199

Noubar is practically upon them with the others, protected from the gasses of course by the masks. Noubar is firing also.

AT PLANE

200

Napoleon and Illya get the girls and the boy aboard and barely crawl aboard themselves as...

WIDER ANGLE

201

...Noubar and the others race up to grab Napoleon by one foot.

CLOSER SHOT

202

Elfie (within) guns the plane into action and it leaps forward leaving...

NOUBAR

203

...Napoleon's shoe in Noubar's hand for a moment just as the jet backwash whirls Noubar around again in further measures inspired by the Ballet Russe.

INT. JET PLANE - NIGHT

204

Elfie, all professionalism, despite her jewels and Courreges outfit, guns the plane forward as the others tumble into seats of some sort.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

205

The helicopter clears the trees and zooms into the night.

206-OUT

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

206x1

Elfie gazes fondly at Bartlett.

ELFIE

That terrible Noubar. So two-faced. I should have shot him.

SOLO (amiably)

The police will take care of that, Miss van Donck.

ELFIE (surprised)

Police?

SOLO

Before we left, I informed them the school was overrun by a gang of international jewel thieves with Mr. Kuryakin the ringleader.

ILLYA

Me?

SOLO

I planted Miss Lydecker's enviable collection of breakfast diamonds on Mr. Telemakian.

JOANNA

My diamonds? Great heavens! This is the first time Aunt Thusnelda's lavalier has ever been out of the family.

207-210-OUT

CANOTHER ANGLE

211

Elfie has suddenly understood and now she laughs, peering around at Solo.

Changes

211
CONT'D
(2)

ELFIE (with a
twinkle in her eye)
Ah, Mr. Solo. I do like man
with many surprises. When we
have Bartlett in school, would
you be interested in going on
a small Arabian safari?

SOLO
I'd be delighted.

ELFIE (hastily)
Naturally you must bring own
camel.

SOLO (beaming at
her)
Naturally.
(politely)
One hump - or two?

Elfie looks at him, dissolve in laughter, shoots
the helicopter into even dizzier heights, and we

FADE OUT

THE END