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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE ALEXANDER THE GREAT AFFAIR

PART I - #7458
PART II - #7459

An Date 9-19/9-26/65

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

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David Victor

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PART II

FADE IN:

EXT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK -- DAY

178X1

As usual.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

178X2

Waverly at the communications control, turning the dials expertly. AGENT FARRELL, a harried-looking man, enters with an open file.

WAVERLY (into control
mike)
Keep all transatlantic channels open
for Mr. Solo, please.
(to Farrell)
What is it, Mr. Farrell?

FARRELL
When you do reach Mr. Solo and
Mr. Kuraykin, Sir, I think it would
be good policy to remind them that
although they have unlimited ex-
pense accounts, Budget Control
feels this present mission is get-
ting completely out of hand.

WAVERLY (wry)
Oh, really.

FARRELL
So far, my department has vouchers
for...
(reading)
clothes replacement, airline travel
to and from the United States and
all over the Mediterranean, a com-
pany car completely demolished in
a rock quarry and now a company
helicopter from our Athens office
is presumably lost or missing on a
Greek Island.

WAVERLY (dry)
I'll speak to Mr. Solo about it ---
as soon as I hear from him.

FARRELL
Thank you, Sir. We have to hold the
line somewhere.

WAVERLY (amused)
Yes, don't we?

178X2
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SPYROS TOMB - DAY

179

As before.

INT. SPYROS TOMB

180

As before.

ALEXANDER (pleased)
Isn't it amazing. In my own grandiose way, I have violated all of the moral laws except Number Seven -- which you delayed but which I shall execute in fairly short order -- and Number Six -- Thou Shalt Not Kill.

SOLO
Anyone we know?

ALEXANDER
Quite possibly. I will personally kill him and walk away a free man. It's all part of my Master Plan. From that moment on I will be Alexander the Greater, and no one can stop me. It's going to be a fascinating experience.

PARVIZ (finishes
tying him)
Lower the scimitar.

WE SEE a HUGE SCIMITAR being lowered from the ceiling. The enormous blade is suspended by a very thin wire. It comes down from directly above Solo, stops several feet from his head.

WIDER ANGLE - GROUP

181

ALEXANDER

You'll have to excuse me. Mr.
Kavon -- my Aristotle, if you
will -- and I have to leave for
Washington.

KAVON

And you know how awkward it can
be, trying to get space when you
don't have a reservation.

ALEXANDER

I only wish I had the time to stay
and watch. I'm sorry I won't have

(continued)

ALEXANDER (continued)
time to witness this little
exhibition.
(to Parviz)
I turn them over to you, Parviz.

181
CONT'D
(2)

Kavon follows as they exit through a wall panel.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR PARVIZ

182

He turns to Solo.

PARVIZ
You are so proud of your traditions,
aren't you American? Well, I say they
are barbaric. I am going to show you the
heritage of the ancient cultures of the Mediterranean

SOLO
I wouldn't want to inconvenience you..

PARVIZ (touches
blade)
Razor sharp, of course. A new steel
process. I get 15 to 20 times the
use out of one of these blades. It
operates on the principle of the
lowering pendulum. Each swing lowers
it a few inches until eventually
I'm sure you get..

SOLO
The general idea, yea.

Parviz shoves the blade off, everyone watches as it
makes one long swing, then back again. It keeps
swinging.

PARVIZ
Of course, some people might say this
is torturous.

SOLO (sweating)
I never listen to what people say,
anyway.

PARVIZ
I'll relieve your agony, Just the
same.
(to henchmen)
Lower the rope of Pericles.

ANGLE - TRACEY AND ILLYA

183

A thick rope lowers INTO SHOT above Tracey and Illya. Parviz steps over to them. He quickly fastens the heavy rope to their bindings, signals to a henchman. (NOTE: this rope goes to an O.S. pulley up above and then comes down INTO SHOT by a wall where it is tied to a hook.)

PARVIZ

Raise them.

The henchman pulls on the end of the rope, raising them a few feet from the floor.

PARVIZ

This is a little something we use for those who commit sacrilege in our tombs and temples.

There is a large candle on a floor stand. Parviz lights the candle, positions it near the wall hook. The candle beside the rope, the flame about an inch above it.

PARVIZ

The candle will burn down and burn through the rope. But that's not all.

Solo is keeping eye on the swinging scimitar, then he sees a guard push on a wall brick.

ANGLE - FLOOR

184

A section of the floor underneath Illya and Tracey opens - we see the darkness of a pit.

PARVIZ

Bottomless, of course.

(signals for men
to join him)

There you are, Mr. Solo. That should help take your mind off the scimitar.

He chuckles, the two guards follow him O.S. through a wall panel.

ANGLE - CANDLE

185

It burns lower, nearing the rope.

ANGLE - ILLYA AND TRACEY

186.

Illya strains at his bonds, to no avail.

TRACEY

Now what are we going to do?

ANGLE - SOLO AND THE SCIMITAR

187

The huge blade swings down, getting closer and closer.

SOLO

The best we can.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN CHAMBER SPYROS TOMB - DAY

188

Solo on the slab, Illya and Tracey suspended by the rope.

ANGLE - SOLO

189

The scimitar swings lower and lower. Solo tries to free his arms, can't. Then OUR CAMERA PANS DOWN to his knees, and WE SEE that he can raise his knees slightly, pulling his legs out from under the heavy rope that is stretched across his calves.

ANGLE - BLADE

190

Coming down towards his knees, it goes between his bent legs, slicing open his trousers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

191

Solo pulls his legs out from under the rope, lowering them to the slab as the blade makes its backswing. Solo then raises his feet slightly into the air.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA AND TRACEY

192

Watching with tense amazement.

RESUME - SOLO

193

The blade makes its foreswing - and Solo catches it between his two feet, stopping it's motion.

RESUME - ILLYA AND TRACEY

194

Surprised. Illya glances at the o.s. candle.

CANDLE - ILLYA'S POV

195

The candle flame is burning into the rope.

RESUME - ILLYA AND TRACEY

196

TRACEY
The rope will burn in two in a
few seconds.
(to Solo)
What are you going to do?

RESUME - SOLO

197

Looking at the scimitar.

SOLO
Aim very carefully.

He expands his chest, turns his head to the side - and kicks the blade away.

ANGLE - BLADE

198

It arcs away from Solo, then comes into it's foreswing.

MED. SHOT - SOLO'S CHEST

199

The blade slices through the heavy rope and swings past.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO

200

He rolls off the slab.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

201

He looks across the slab to the CAMERA as the blade swings back. Sparks shoot out as the blade scrapes against the stone. Solo's eyes dart o.s.

CANDLE - SOLO'S POV

202

The rope is about to break.

WIDER ANGLE - TOMB

203

Solo dashes over to the burning rope.

CLOSE - ROPE

204

The rope breaks in two before he can reach it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

205

Solo grabs the rope. The weight of the two people pulls him forward. He quickly wraps the rope around a column for leverage. Illya and Tracey have been lowered so that they are halfway into the opening in the floor. Solo ties the rope, walks over to them.

SOLO (smiles)

Hung up?

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK - DAY

206

As usual.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE

207

Solo and Waverly.

WAVERLY

So Mr. Alexander is going to kill someone. But who? When? And he still has the BG30 "will gas". It puts us in a very vulnerable position. All we know is that he said he was taking a flight to Washington.

SOLO

It will probably be someone important - Alexander doesn't do anything on a small scale.

Waverly pushes an inter-com button.

SECRETARY (v.o.)

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Please put through a scrambled call to Washington and tell them to signal a security alert on all top priority government officials. Tell them to stay on alert until I give them a clearance.

SECRETARY (v.o.)

Yes, sir.

Illya enters, carrying a file.

ILLYA

So far, our Washington intelligence survey has only been able to uncover a health salon for men and women -- called "The Grecian Urn" -- it's owned by AX, Incorporated, which in turn is owned by Alexander Enterprises, Inc. etc., etc.

WAVERLY

You'll have to start there, I suppose. Well, Mr. Alexander gives us very little to go on. Now where's this Mrs. Alexander?

SOLO

She's in my office. I brought her in for a security interview. Unfortunately, she doesn't know much more than we do about Alexander.

Waverly stands.

WAVERLY

I suppose I should talk to her, just the same.

207
CONT'D
(2)

They move out the door.

INT. UNCLE HALLWAY

208

Solo, Illya, Waverly walk towards Solo's office.

WAVERLY

The most direct course would be to force his hand. If we had his wife show herself...Of course, that's out of the question. It's far too dangerous. We certainly couldn't ask her to do that.

Solo and Illya share a glance.

ILLYA

I think you'll find her unusually cooperative.

They go into Solo's office.

INT. SOLO'S OFFICE

209

Solo, Illya, Waverly enter. Tracey is on the phone, sees them come in.

TRACEY (into phone)

Alright, Arnold. I'll stop by and pick them up this morning. Thank you. Goodbye.

(hangs up)

My lawyer. I'm getting a fresh change of settlement papers.

(to Waverly)

Hello, you must be Mr. Waverly.

She stands, extends her hand. In her own way, she takes command --- which somewhat unnerves the Section One leader.

WAVERLY

How do you do, Mrs. Alexander?

TRACEY (all charm)

How do you do. Now that I've met you, I feel so much more secure.

WAVERLY

Well... uh... thank you.

209
CONT'D
(2)

Solo and Illya look at each other ... what's she
up to now?

TRACEY

May I speak to you for a moment...
privately?

WAVERLY

If you like.
(to them)
Gentlemen?

SOLO (slyly)

We'll be outside...in case you need
us, Sir.

WAVERLY (curt)

Thank you.

They exit.

TRACEY

I don't know how much they have
told you about me. There's some-
thing I'd like to talk to you about.
It's my million dollars.

WAVERLY

Mr. Solo told me you were trying to
get a divorce and property settle-
ment from Alexander.

TRACEY

I would like to join forces with you.
And I have an idea how I could help
all of us catch up with Alexander.

Waverly is slightly taken aback.

WAVERLY

Yes?

TRACEY

I could expose myself -- you'd
be following me, of course. We'd
force his hand.

ANGLE - WAVERLY

209X1

Yes, I imagine she would.

ZIP PAN TO:

210 OUT

EXT. ALEXANDER'S FARM - EST. SHOT - DAY

211

A large, sedate-looking Virginia estate. A LINE
TITLE identifies the locale as "ALEXANDRIA, VIR-
GINIA". There is a large, colonial house, several
out-buildings, a barn -- and farm acreage. Our
CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the mansion.

212 OUT

EXT. ALEXANDER'S FARM AND CORRAL

212X1

Large, expensive, genteel atmosphere. Alexander
looks very much like a country gentleman.

ALEXANDER

I like this farm. It harmonizes
with the pastoral side of my
nature. I raise organic health
foods here.

ANOTHER ANGLE

213

to include two oriental gentlemen (more Indonesian-looking than Chinese), GENERAL BON-PHOUMA and GENERAL MAN-PHANG. Both are heavily-medaled, wear military uniforms and sunglasses.

BON PHOUMA

If I may ask, Mr. Alexander, when do you plan to hold the assassination?

EXT. PATIO

213X1

They sit drinking what looks like a mint julep. On the center of the patio table is the black briefcase.

ALEXANDER

Tonight. I have arranged for your Washington Embassy to hold a special party in honor of your country's president. I will be there to make a "good-will" speech. I'll kill him immediately after my remarks.

EXT. BACK OF FARM - WALKING

213X2

BON PHOUMA

With the president dead, the loyalist democratic forces should collapse -- our opposition will be scattered. It should be simple enough to stage a coup.

MAN PHANG

What about Prince Phanong?

ALEXANDER

I've taken care of that. I'm... very close to his wife.

BON PHOUMA (musing)

I must admit that your plan has an almost oriental subtlety. The Washington Embassy is technically part of our country -- not the United States -- so our new administration will hail you as a hero, a very nice arrangement.

Alexander hands him the briefcase.

MISSING PAGE
67

KAVON

Is our plan working well, Alexander?

214
CONT'D
(2)

Alexander opens a closet door, pulls out a trench-coat. He searches through the pockets.

ALEXANDER

Perfectly. I will conquer the world in no time at all. And not only that, but I will have broken each of the moral commandments along the way.

(smiles)

Not bad for a beginner.

KAVON

You were always a good student.

Alexander turns to a small table, pulls open a drawer.

ALEXANDER

And I owe it all to you, of course. I wouldn't want you to think I had forgotten.

KAVON

Yes ...

(pulls out pamphlet)

This was on my bedstand.

Alexander knows what it is, but plays it innocently.

ALEXANDER

Oh, really. What is it?

KAVON

An advertisement. For a place in Arizona called Retirement City.

(looks at it)

It seems to be a place where they keep old people.

Alexander pulls the keys out of the drawer.

ALEXANDER

Here they are.

(to Kavon)

It must have come in the mail for you. I have heard of it, though. Quite a nice place, I understand. I'd better go and change now, if I'm going to miss the Washington noon-hour traffic.

He exits. Kavon looks after him, a rejected man.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - EST. SHOT - DAY

214X1

A line title reads: "Washington, D.C."

215-238
OUT

EXT. WASHINGTON APARTMENT BLDG.

239

Fashionable.

INT. NICOLE PHANONG'S BEDROOM

240

WE FRAME on the wall, including the bathroom door, a chest of drawers. WE HEAR the o.s. SOUND of water running. Alexander steps into the bedroom, drying his face with a towel.

NICOLE (v.o.)
It's almost one thirty.

Alexander tosses the towel aside, puts on his suit jacket.

ALEXANDER
I know.

NICOLE
But my husband will be home at any moment.

ALEXANDER
I know.

WE HEAR an o.s. door SLAM. Alexander looks at his watch.

ALEXANDER
He's very punctual, isn't he?

He opens the living room door, exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM

241

Alexander pointedly leaves the bedroom door open as he steps out to face Prince Phanong.

PHANONG
What are you doing here?

ALEXANDER

I just stopped by to pay my
respects to your wife.

241
CONT'D
(2)

The Prince looks through the bedroom door, stunned
by what he sees. We don't see it, however. He
turns to Alexander.

PHANONG

I'll kill you.

ALEXANDER

No, you won't. You're not suited
for it. But don't worry. I'll see
to it that no one knows you're not
"Prince" enough to keep your own
wife. I'm very reasonable.

Phanong knows it's all too true.

PHANONG (anguish)

What are you trying to do to me.

Alexander picks up a flat package, unwraps it.

ALEXANDER

I'm buying you off. This is my
way of guaranteeing your support
for the junta that will overthrow
your new government.

Alexander looks at the picture he's unwrapped. We
don't see it.

He turns the picture--WE SEE that it's a framed
NUMBER SEVEN. He takes down a picture, hangs it
on the wall.

ALEXANDER (smiles)

Don't worry, this is my last
visit./ Your wife has served my
purposes.....very nicely, indeed.
(nods to picture)

It goes with your decor. /

He exits, the Prince menacingly goes into the bed-
room, SLAMS the door shut behind him.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. GRECIAN URN SALON - DAY

24X1

Solo's car pulls up across the street from the
salon.

INT. SOLO'S CAR

241X2

SOLO

We'll be covering you from here.

Tracey nods, Iliya steps out and opens the door.

EXT. SOLO'S CAR

241X3

Tracey gets out. She's worried, but doesn't want to show it.

ILLYA

They will probably have someone follow you, once you come out. We will have to stay at a distance.

(pause)

You will have to make your story seem convincing. You may even have to appear to be critical of us.

TRACEY (smiles)

It'll be hard, but I'll try.

(pause)

What if they don't let me come out.

ILLYA

We'll come in.

(pause)

Are you sure you'll be alright?

Tracey nods affirmatively.

ILLYA

Good luck.

She walks across the street to the salon.

INT. GRECIAN URN SALON - DAY

241X4

Lavish. A receptionist at a desk. Also lavish.

RECEPTIONIST (coolly)

May I help you?

TRACEY

I'd like to see Mr. Alexander, please.

The girl surveys her, suspiciously.

CLOSE SHOT - DESK

241X5

The receptionist reaches under the desk, hits a switch.

RECEPTIONIST

There isn't any Mr. Alexander here.

INT. PARVIZ' OFFICE

241X6

Parviz is sitting at an ornate desk. A beautiful woman is giving him a pedicure. Parviz' closed-circuit TV set features a picture of a woman's dressing room -- with several women in various stages of un-dress. A light on his desk TV set goes on. Parviz takes a REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE and presses a button. We see the receptionist and Tracey in the lobby, on the screen.

TRACEY

I am Mrs. Alexander.

Parviz is startled. The receptionist looks at her appointment book.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Arnold, Mr. Prince and Mr. Bruce are available.

TRACEY

Just tell Mr. Alexander that I have some very valuable -- and very expensive information for him.

Parviz pushes a button on his telephone. He snaps his fingers at the woman giving him the pedicure. She quickly puts the sock and shoe back on his foot.

RESUME - SALON LOBBY - TRACEY AND RECEPTIONIST

241X7

The receptionist picks up the telephone.

RECEPTIONIST (into phone)

Yes, Sir.

She hangs up, presses another button.

RECEPTIONIST

The girls will show you to Room A.

TRACEY
That's not necessary. If you'll
just see that Mr. Alexander gets
my message...

241X7
CONT'D
(2)

Two beautiful women come INTO SHOT on either side of
Tracey -- take her by the arms-- and lead her away.

TRACEY (wanly)
I'll be in Room A if anyone asks
for me.

A light flashes on the receptionist's phone. She
picks it up.

INT. PARVIZ OFFICE

241X8

On the telephone.

PARVIZ
Can Mr. Alexander be reached?

RECEPTIONIST (v.o.)
Not at the moment, no.

Parviz reaches over to the "out-going" basket on his
desk, removes a revolver.

PARVIZ
Try to locate him.

RECEPTIONIST (v.o.)
Yes, Sir.

He takes a silencer out of the "incoming" basket,
fits it to the revolver.

PARVIZ
I have to step out of my office
for a minute. Hold my calls.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
EXT. GRECIAN URN - DAY

241X9

as before.

INT. SOLO'S CAR -

241X10

Illya looks impatiently at his watch.

INT. ROOM A -

241X11

We can't quite see Tracey from this angle because she's surrounded by four women. They are bending over her as she sits in a reclining chair. All WE HEAR are her MOANS:

Parviz enters, gun in hand. He is surprised.

PARVIZ

What are you doing to her?

The women stand aside and WE SEE that Tracey has been getting the full rejuvenating treatment. Dressed in a terry-cloth robe, her hands and feet are in electric massaging gloves. Her head is wrapped in a towel. Parviz pushes the towel aside, revealing her lovely face.

TRACEY

I thought you were trying to torture me again.

PARVIZ (angrily, to women)

I didn't tell you to give her a beauty treatment.

(waves them away)

Leave us alone.

The women leave.

TRACEY

I can't say that it's nice to see you again. Would you hand me my clothes, please?

PARVIZ

How did you get out of the tomb?

Parviz hands them to her.

241X11
CONT'D
(2)

TRACEY

Well, you see there was this lamp.
We rubbed it three times and...

PARVIZ (interrupts)

What do you want with Mr. Alexander?
What information do you have?

TRACEY

I'll talk it over with Alexander,
when I see him. Would you mind
turning around?

Parviz' dilemma.

PARVIZ

Are you working with the U.N.C.L.E.?

TRACEY

There's no profit in that. All I
want to do is to make a trade. I'll
tell Alexander how much they know
about his plans here in Washington
--- all he has to do is to give me
my settlement.

Tracey moves over behind a handy screen and begins
to dress.

PARVIZ

How do I know that I can believe you?

TRACEY

That's just one of the chances you
take in the espionage business.

Parviz is far from convinced, but wants to do the
right thing. He picks up the telephone.

PARVIZ

Any word from Mr. Alexander?

(pause)

Not yet. All right, have them
bring my car around in front.

EXT. GRECIAN URN - FAVOR SOLO'S CAR

241X12

Solo climbs out of the car.

SOLO

I'll check inside. You'd better...

ILLYA (annoyed)
...wait in the car.

241X12
CONT'D
(2)

Solo moves across the street to the entrance.

INT. SALON LOBBY

241X13

Solo moves to the receptionist, looks around. She pushes a button on her desk.

SOLO
Excuse me.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Ingo is in charge of the men's division. He'll be right with you.

SOLO
Actually, I was looking for...

INGO, a huge, blond man in a sweatsuit steps INTO SHOT. He speaks with a distinct German accent.

INGO (interrupts)
I am Ingo.

Solo appreciates the man's size.

SOLO
Of course.

Ingo takes his arm, leads him to a door.

INGO
I know what your problem is.

SOLO
Is it that easy to tell?

242 OUT

INT. GYMNASIUM

243

Filled with all sorts of bar bells, pulleys, muscle-building devices. Solo and Ingo enter.

INGO
Inactivity. All businessmen today suffer from inactivity. I'll show you.

Ingo forcefully guides him onto a set of scales. Solo looks around. Ingo watches the scales.

INGO

I am going to put you on a program
of vigorous exercise and give you
a diet of high-vitality organic
health food. I sell some of the
best health food, as a service to
my customers.

243
CONT'D
(2)

Solo steps off the scales.

INGO

We must purify your system. Your
blood has been poisoned by impurities.
(moves away)
I'll get a chart.

He exits to lobby. Solo moves over to another door.

INT. CORRIDOR

243X1

Solo steps through the door into the corridor, his
gun drawn. Suddenly, Tracey steps out of Room A
a few yards down the hall -- Parviz behind her.
Solo has him covered.

SOLO

I'll take it from here.

Suddenly, Ingo moves INTO SHOT -- from the direc-
tion of Solo's entrance. He takes the gun from
Solo's hand -- and bends it out of shape. He
stands between Solo and Parviz.

ANGLE - PARVIZ

243X2

He hustles Tracey through another door.

PARVIZ

Give him a full workout.

RESUME - SOLO AND INGO

Solo backs away from the menacing Ingo, through
the door into the gym.

ANGLE - SALON LOBBY

243X4

Parviz moves Tracey ahead of him, past the recep-
tionist.

PARVIZ (to recep-
tionist)
Condition Red. Give everyone the
afternoon off.

243X4
CONT'D
(2)

The receptionist hurries OFF.

EXT. GRECIAN URN - FAVOR ILLYA

243X5

~~PARVIZ~~
WE SEE Tracey and Illya coming out of the building
and climbing into a limousine. Illya gets on the
communicator.

ILLYA
Napoleon. They just boarded a
limousine.

244-255 OUT

INT. GYMNASIUM

256

Solo has his communicator out, backing away from
Ingo.

SOLO
I'm going to be busy for awhile.
You go ahead.

RESUME - ILLYA

257

ILLYA
I will check back with you.

He climbs into the car, pursues the taxicab.

RESUME - SOLO

258

Ingo is a few yards away, but he has Solo in a
corner. The huge man picks up a 20 lb. bar bell.
Solo puts his communicator away. Ingo heaves the
heavy bar bell at Solo.

Solo catches it in press position -- and even
though it jolts him, he maintains his balance.
Ingo moves in, grabs the bar bell, shoves Solo
back against the wall. He's pushing the bar bell
against Solo's throat -- it's a real test of
strength.

Solo gives it everything he's got -- and he slowly but surely pushes the bar bell away from his neck. Before he has forced the bar to arm's length he let's go, ducks -- and the muscle-bound Ingo slams forward with the bar bell into the wall. Plaster ^{WOOD} scatters in every direction. Solo moves quickly in behind and gives Ingo a series of karate chops -- only to have Ingo turn and face him, unharmed. Solo whistles to himself warily, backs away. Ingo picks up an exercise pole -- about six feet long -- and lunges at Solo. Our hero picks up one in defense and they joust for a moment. Solo knocks the pole out of Ingo's hand. Ingo makes a karate move with his hand and splinters Solo's pole in two. Solo moves back, leaps up to grab an exercise bar as Ingo charges him. Solo swings and propels the huge man backward with his feet. The UNCLE agent drops to the floor -- Ingo picks up a bar bell, swings it wildly. A bar bell on the floor. Solo shoves it off with his foot -- it rolls across and catches Ingo in the shins, knocks him backwards under the leg press. Solo kicks the support out from underneath the press, it falls on Ingo's chest, knocking the wind out of him. Ingo tries to lift the press, but can't. He's through.

258
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ALEXANDRIA VIRGINIA FARM - DAY

259

We see a guard at the front gate. The taxi drives past him, down the long driveway to the front of the house.

EXT. ROAD

260

Illya's car drives INTO SHOT.

INT. CAR

261

Illya looks toward the o.s. farm.

EXT. HOUSE - ILLYA'S POV

262

Illya sees the gate guard, watches Parviz take Tracey out of the cab and into the house.

EXT. ROAD

263

Illya drives on, stops by the nearby field. A sign on the fence reads ALEXANDER'S HEALTH FOOD FARMS. He gets out of the car, opens the hood --- and pretends to examine the engine. Illya looks out across the field. /

EXT. FIELD - ILLYA'S POV

264

A lone tractor driving away from him, down at the far end of the field.

INT. ALEXANDER'S LIVING ROOM

265

Parviz is standing by Tracey. Alexander enters, followed by Kavon. They are surprised to see her.

ALEXANDER

What is she doing here? She's supposed to be dead.

TRACEY

A wife's place is by her husband. Thanks for your concern, just the same.

ALEXANDER (to Parviz)

Why did you bring her here?

PARVIZ

She said she had information. That UNCLE knows of your plans.

ALEXANDER (to Tracey)

What information do you have?

TRACEY

It'll cost you one million dollars.

Alexander takes out a checkbook, writes a check.

ALEXANDER

This is my personal check for one million dollars. I'm writing it on my Swiss account.

(hands it to her)

Now. Tell me what you know.

265
CONT'D
(2)

TRACEY (looking at check)

Well...

(stops)

Oh, that. I.. uh... know that UNCLE is very upset about what you've been doing.. and that you're going to get in a lot of trouble if they ever catch up with you...and if I were you...

Alexander takes the check, puts it in the burning incense. It catches fire.

ALEXANDER (to Tracey)

Won't you ever learn that money isn't everything?

(to Parviz)

How do you know she wasn't being followed by UNCLE?

PARVIZ (hedging)

I discovered that she was --- she was followed by Solo. But Ingo has taken care of him.

ALEXANDER

Did it ever occur to you that there might have been more than one agent following her?

PARVIZ

No, I...

ALEXANDER

I'm very disappointed in you, Parviz.
(to Tracey)

How did you get out of that tomb?
(picks up phone, pushes button)

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD

266

The man on the tractor takes a telephone receiver from underneath the seat as WE HEAR the BUZZ. He is chewing heavily on a plug of tobacco.

MAN

Yes, Sir.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

267

ALEXANDER

This is a security check.

RESUME - THE TRACTOR

268

MAN

Yes, Sir.

He looks o.s.

ILLYA - MAN'S POV

269

Climbing over the fence and coming into the field. He's quite some distance away.

RESUME - MAN

2

270

MAN

Unauthorized personnel coming across the field.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

271

ALEXANDER

Bring him in.

RESUME - MAN

272

MAN

Yes, Sir.

The man lets go with a charge of tobacco juice, hangs up the receiver.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

273

He pushes another button on the telephone.

ALEXANDER
Security conditions red. / I repeat.
Condition red.

EXT. FARM YARD

274

A FARM HAND hits the iron triangle. It CLANGS away -
and three HANDS come out of the barn.

ANGLE - EQUIPMENT

275

Near the entrance to the field are three machines:
a tractor with a cultivator, a skip-loader and a
tractor with a weed cutter. (We double the 1st
tractor with discs as the tractor with weed cutter).
The three vehicles are lined up in a row, ready to
take off. The men climb aboard, start the engines.

They roll off into the field.

EXT. FIELD

276

Illya is walking across the grassy field, toward the
tractor. He waves to the man on the tractor.

MED. SHOT - TRACTOR.

276X1

The man pulls out the throttle, the tractor picks up
speed. A few yards away from Illya.

WIDER ANGLE

277

Illya sees the tractor bearing down on him, almost
upon him. He pulls out his gun but it's too late --

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR ILLYA

278

He dodges out of the path of the tractor --- Illya
dodges, but the tractor does hit him, knocking him
aside. The gun flies out of his hand.

ANGLE - ILLYA

279

On the ground. Stunned, but all right. He looks
o.s.

REVOLVER - ILLYA'S POV

280

Illya sees his gun being plowed under.

WIDER ANGLE

281

The tractor goes into an arc. Illya goes over to
the tractor, kicks the driver, the driverless
tractor goes off in an arc.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR ILLYA

282

Illya looks around.

MACHINES - ILLYA'S POV

283

Here they come.

284-285 OUT

RESUME - ILLYA

285X1

He starts to run, but takes only three steps when
--- he suddenly slips down into mud --- almost up
to his shoulders.

Illya desperately tries to pull himself out -- but
it seems impossible. He looks at the o.s. machinery.

285X2-292X2 OUT

MACHINERY - LOW ANGLE - ILLYA'S POV

292X3

Getting closer. From this ANGLE, the machines take on the appearance of even greater menace. The tractor with the cultivator and the tractor with the weed cutter arc away from the somewhat slower skip-loader.

RESUME - ILLYA

292X4

struggling to get out of the mud. He sinks down a little deeper.

ANGLE - TRACTOR WITH CULTIVATOR

292X5

The cultivator bar is lowered and the crab-like attachments dig into the earth. The driver bears down on Illya.

RESUME - ILLYA

292X6

He plunges face first into the mud - the cultivators scrape over him, barely missing him. Illya pulls up, gagging. He wipes the mud from his eyes to see.....

ANGLE - TRACTOR WITH WEED CUTTER

292X7

The cutter bar is lowered. It comes at Illya from the other side.

RESUME - ILLYA

292X8

He plunges face first into the mud - the weed cutter slices over him - a near miss. Illya pulls up, gasping for air. He tries to wipe the mud away - we see that he is going down lower into the fearsome mud. Illya looks o.s. to see...

ANGLE - SKIP LOADER

292X9

With a load of dirt. It drives to Illya. Turns the dirt over on him - the scoop going down to the ground.

ANGLE - ILLYA

292X10

All but buried. However, he manages to reach out -
blindly - and grab the scoop.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SKIP LOADER

292X11

The driver raises the scoop as high as he can into
the air.... pulling Illya out of the mud -- so that
now he's hanging by the edge, several feet off the
ground. Illya drops from the skip loader - goes
over and attacks the driver - making it up as he
goes along.

ANGLE - TRACTORS

292X12

The two other tractors turn back - their drivers
leap down and run toward the o.s. skip loader.

RESUME - ILLYA

292X13

Finishing off the skip loader operator - Illya takes
a portable insecticide unit from the skip loader -
and turns it on the remaining two men - as they
move INTO SHOT. The air is filled with the dusty
spray, the two attackers gasp and fall to the
ground - their eyes irritated. Illya runs o.s.

EXT. BARNYARD

293

Illya comes into the barnyard - as we see men,
carrying shotguns, come out of one of the out-
buildings. Illya spots them as they see him -
he ducks inside the barn.

INT. BARN

294

Illya bolts the door. We HEAR the men pounding on
the door. Illya backs away, looks around for an
avenue of escape.

WIDER ANGLE

295

Illya is surprised to find himself facing Alexander's private plane -- the barn is his hangar, outfitted accordingly. Illya moves around the plane, looking for an exit. He sees a back door open and a guard cautiously enter. Illya ducks back against the plane, out of sight. /

CLOSER ANGLE - ILLYA

296

Leaning against the plane. WE HEAR the o.s. men smashing against the barn door. It's going to give at any moment. Illya opens the door to the passenger cabin of the plane, climbs inside.

INT. PLANE

297

He takes a few steps - and stops.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE KAVON

298

Sitting in one of the passenger seats. He has a gun trained on Illya. There is a small cart, with various hostess equipment on top of it, beside him. He smiles, points to the tray with his revolver.

KAVON

Coffee, tea or milk?

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. ALEXANDER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

299

Illya, Alexander, Tracey, Kavon and Parviz. Parviz has his revolver aimed at Illya.

ALEXANDER

And just how much does your organization know of my plans, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA

We know enough to stop you. My advice to you is to quit while you're ahead.

TRACEY
Words to live by.

299
CONT'D
(2)

Alexander gives her a dirty look.

ALEXANDER
They don't know anything. All they
can do is waste my valuable time.
(remembers)
Why haven't I heard from Ingo?

Alexander picks up telephone, dials.

ZIP PAN TO:

300-301 OUT

EXT. STREET - GRECIAN URN SALON--

301X1

INT. GRECIAN URN LOBBY

301X2

Solo is rifling through the desk when the phone
RINGS. He picks up the receiver.

SOLO
Hello.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

302

On the phone.

ALEXANDER
Ingo?

RESUME - SOLO

303

WE HEAR the o.s. MOANS of Ingo.

SOLO
Ingo can't come to the phone right
now, Alexander.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

304

Angry.

ALEXANDER
Mr. Solo, here's something for you
to think about. I have both Mr.
Kuryakin and my --- former wife
here with me.

RESUME - SOLO

305

Concerned, but he doesn't want to show it.

SOLO

I hope you are all having a good time together. Perhaps I could join you.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

306

ALEXANDER

Your organization had better not try to interfere in any way, Mr. Solo, or I will be forced to kill them both.

RESUME - SOLO

307

SOLO

That won't help you, Alexander..
(stops)

WE HEAR the CLICK as Alexander hangs up. Solo puts down the phone. Worried.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

308

ALEXANDER

I doubt if that will do much good, but it'll keep you alive for a while longer, Mr. Kuryakin. Just in case I should need a little bargaining power.

(to Parviz)

Call Gamar Hosseine.

Parviz gets on the phone.

Alexander takes Tracey aside.

TWO SHOT - ALEXANDER AND TRACEY

309

ALEXANDER

Go upstairs and prepare yourself. You're going to a reception with me this evening.

TRACEY
What kind of a reception?

309
CONT'D
(2)

ALEXANDER
Never mind. Just get ready quickly.
I'll send your wardrobe up to you.

TRACEY
Exactly what do I have to do at
this reception?

ALEXANDER
Not a thing. Just stay as beautiful
as you are.

TRACEY (only somewhat
flattered)
Well, thank you. And if I go with
you will you promise not to have
him killed?

ALEXANDER
Yes, I didn't think you'd want me
to do that.

TRACEY
That's very thoughtful. And if I
don't go to the reception, you'll
kill him.

ALEXANDER
Naturally, and don't leave yourself
out.

TRACEY
Oh, yes, well, I can't think when I've
had a more tempting invitation.

WIDER ANGLE

310

Alexander turns to Parviz.

ALEXANDER
Take her upstairs. And see that
you don't lose her.

PARVIZ (downcast)
Yes, Sir.

ALEXANDER (to Tracey)
I'll be along in a moment.

Parviz leads her out of the room. Alexander turns
to Kavon.

ALEXANDER
I have a little surprise for you,
Mr. Kavon.
 (nods to Illya)
A gift.

310
CONT'D
(2)

The idea does appeal to him.

KAVON
I suppose I should do some work
on my experiments.

Illya looks at them, curiously.

ILLYA
What sort of experiments.

ALEXANDER
It will take your mind off all
this unpleasantness.

ILLYA
What sort of experiments.

KAVON (to Illya)
Come along, I'll show you.

They exit and we...

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PARUIZ' OFFICE

311

All of Paruiz' paper work is stacked on the desk.
Solo tosses the last two papers down, dissatisfied.
Then Solo sees something on a wall shelf. He
reaches over and picks up a jar.

CLOSE - JAR

312

The label reads "ALEXANDER HEALTH FOOD FARMS,
ALEXANDRIA, VA."

RESUME - SOLO

313

Aha. He puts the jar down, exits the office.

EXT. STREET

314

Solo hurries out to the street as a TAXICAB pulls INTO SHOT. Solo hails the cab, climbs in.

INT. CAB

315

There is a glass divider between the front and rear seats.

SOLO

I want to go to Alexandria, Virginia.
Do you know how far that is?

The cab drives on. There is no reply. Solo taps on the glass. The driver doesn't turn around. Solo looks down to the ID card on the back of the driver's seat.

CLOSE - CARD

316

Featuring a mug shot of a mustachioed Turk wearing a fez. The name --- GAMAR HOSSEINE.

RESUME - SOLO

317

He reaches over and surreptitiously tries the door. It's locked. Solo knocks once again --- hard --- on the glass.

SOLO (to himself)

Looks like I've got another one...
(annoyed to driver)
Say, listen...

REVERSE ANGLE - FAVOR GAMAR

318

Looking straight ahead. WE SEE Solo saying something, but can't HEAR a word. Gamar hits a switch on the dashboard.

RESUME - SOLO

319

A small jet of smoke comes out of the back of the seat and catches him in the face. Solo falls back into the seat, his eyes closed.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S FARM - NIGHT

320

As before, only darker.

INT. BASEMENT

321

Two shaded hanging lamps give the room its particularly low-key atmosphere. This is Kavon's temporary laboratory, so we see a few pieces of scientific-looking equipment -- test tubes, bunsen burners, etc. In the center of the room is a large vat, bubbling hot. Illya is to one side of the vat, standing on a block of wood about two feet high. He is tied securely with wire -- all the way up to his neck. A metal pole stands behind him, on top of which there is a neck clamp -- we can tell that he is securely held in place. On a table beside him are several rolls of material -- like those used for casts. Kavon is standing by an over-sized herb rack --- filled with glass jars from floor to ceiling.

KAVON

Have you ever heard of a brotherhood called The Sons of Medea, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA

I've read about it. An obscure Greek brotherhood of fanatics -- also known as the Cult of the Death Wish.

KAVON

Ah, you've heard of us, alright.

ILLYA

I thought the Sons of Medea was an Ancient order. Long extinct.

Kavon takes a jar from the shelf, sprinkles some of the contents into the steaming vat.

KAVON

Well, you know how it is with cults. I'm the only active member left.

(beat)

Through my research, I have discovered that long ago, members of our society perfected the process of mummification. Far better than the Egyptian method.

ILLYA (concerned)

Mummification?

321
CONT'D
(2)

KAVON

I've been trying to duplicate the mummification process. I've been working on it for some time -- in my odd moments --- and I think I'm almost onto it.

Kavon takes a ladle, dips it into the mixture. He holds up a spoonful, sniffs it. He's pleased with the aroma. He takes a pair of tongs and picks up a roll of the material, dipping it into the vat, throughout.

KAVON (continues)

Ah, that smells good. You see, Mr. Kuryakin, I have a pet theory that the best way to make a mummy is to begin the treatment while the subject is still alive.

ILLYA

Well, that's one theory.

KAVON

Of course, it's all very problematical. I haven't had the opportunity to try it...until now.

He puts on a pair of gloves and gingerly takes the hot roll and begins to wrap it around Illya's legs.

KAVON

It takes several minutes for the solution to soak through to the pores.

Illya winces with pain. Kavon keeps wrapping.

KAVON

Hot?

ILLYA

Yes, thank you.

KAVON

It cools very quickly. Just try and bear with it.

Kavon dips another roll into the hot solution.

KAVON

This is very important experiment. If it's successful, it will be a scientific triumph. You're a very lucky young man. In that respect, anyway.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDER'S LIVING ROOM

322

Alexander sits at a desk, going over some papers. Tracy walks in, wearing a full-length gown --- somewhat like a sari. It is heavily-jeweled and has a jeweled dagger about six inches long hanging from the belt --- although we don't emphasize it. Alexander is wearing a tuxedo. He looks up at her.

TRACEY

I don't want to seem ungrateful,
but what style is this?

ALEXANDER

It is my design.

TRACEY (looks at dress)

Yes, isn't it?

Alexander steps over in front of a mirror, ties his black tie.

ALEXANDER

I've just been going over the
notes for my talk tonight.

Tracey walks over to the window, looks outside.

TRACEY (melancholy)

Oh, really. How is it?

ALEXANDER (calmly)

I'm going to be magnificent.

Tracey sees something in the distance.

EXT. FARM - TRACEY'S POV

323

The taxicab drives past the guards into the farm,
pulls up beside the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TAXI

324

The driver climbs out of the car, unlocks the door
to the back seat, leans in to get Solo.

INT. CAB

325

Solo opens his eyes, smiles.

SOLO

The trick is not to inhale.

325
CONT'D
(2)

He shoves the driver back out the door with his foot.

EXT. CAB

326

The driver goes back a few feet, keeps his balance. Solo comes out of the cab -- a few quick karate blows and the driver is out cold. Solo takes him by the feet, drags him into some nearby bushes. Solo looks about, goes over to a side door.

RESUME - TRACY

327

Watching hopefully.

RESUME - SOLO

328

Solo looks about, goes around the corner of the house.

RESUME - TRACEY

329

Alexander moves over beside her. She is startled to see him there. Alexander runs his hand over her shoulder.

ALEXANDER

What are you thinking about?
Nothing melodramatic, I hope.

TRACEY

Oh, no, I wouldn't dream of it.

ALEXANDER

I hope you won't try anything this evening that might be dangerous for you..

TRACEY

I appreciate your concern.

ALEXANDER

...and your friend.

TRACEY

No, of course not.

Alexander gives her a kiss. She doesn't respond.

329
CONT'D
(2)

ALEXANDER
Shall we go? Just re-examining
my old territory.

Tracey stalls.

TRACEY
Let's wait a while.

ALEXANDER
Why?

TRACEY
Because... of my hair.

ALEXANDER
What's the matter with it?

TRACEY
It's not right. You recall how
vain I am.

She goes over to the hallway entrance.

TRACEY
I'll be in the powder room. It'll
just take a moment.

She goes into the hallway, out of SHOT. Alexander
looks at his watch.

ALEXANDER (annoyed)
Alright, but don't take too long.

He walks over and picks up his speech.

ALEXANDER (concentra-
ting)
Ladies and Gentlemen...

INT. POWDER ROOM

330

Tracey is at the window, breathlessly looking
for some sign of Solo.

SOLO - TRACEY'S POV

331

Moving quietly towards the rear door, and out of
SHOT.

RESUME - TRACEY

332

Anxious. She tries to raise the window, can't. Frustrated, she sits down on the small stool in front of the mirror and drums her fingers nervously on the counter. Tracey looks over at her reflection in the mirror. A pause. Then she turns her head to the side, pats at her hairdo. Tracey becomes absorbed in her hairdo, picks up a comb. She earnestly turns her attention to fixing her hair.

INT. KITCHEN

333

Dark. Solo stealthily comes in from outside, looks around. He sees something, o.s.

BASEMENT DOOR - SOLO'S POV

334

Light coming from underneath the door.

RESUME - SOLO

335

He goes over, silently turns the doorknob.

INT. BASEMENT

336

Solo steps down onto the stairwell that leads down into the basement. Kavon is absorbed in his work with Illya and we SEE that he has him wrapped all the way to his neck. He has his back to Solo and can't see him from this angle.

KAVON (somewhat
bitterly)

I must say, I don't know what to do about Alexander. He used to listen to my counsel. But now --- he's changed. He feels he's outgrown his need for me.

Illya sees Solo. He glances over to the table -- signaling Solo's attention.

ANGLE - SOLO

337

He looks at the table.

TABLE - SOLO'S POV

338

Kavon's revolver on the table.

WIDER ANGLE

339

Solo quietly moves down the staircase, toward the revolver.

KAVON

For this final step, I must add
more tannis leaves. It's very good
for the facial tissues.

He hobbles over to the shelves. Solo comes off the staircase, unseen.

ANGLE - KAVON

340

He reaches up to remove a jar. WE SEE Solo's distorted reflection -- or several reflections, if possible -- in the rows of glass jars.

ANGLE - SOLO

341

He reaches for the revolver. Suddenly, Kavon's metal crutch swings INTO SHOT - hitting Solo's hand.

WIDER ANGLE

342

Kavon gives him the blunted point of his crutch in the chest, then a right jab to the head -- Solo falls backward, against a wall.

ANGLE - KAVON

343

He removes the rubber tip from the crutch, revealing a sharp point.

KAVON

You wouldn't strike an old man,
would you?

FADE OUT

FADE IN:
INT. BASEMENT

344

Solo gets to his feet as Kavon comes at him with the crutch. Kavon is limited in speed, but it's close quarters -- Solo can't get too far away. Kavon lunges, Solo dodges aside. Solo reaches for the gun on the table -- Kavon knocks it aside, hits Solo in the back of the neck. Solo crashes into the wall of jars --- shattering them. He moves back, sees that he's in a corner.

ANGLE - ILLYA

345

Working his neck free from the clamp.

RESUME

346

Kavon is ready to lunge when Illya tilts forward, falls on him knocking him down. Solo goes over and turns Illya over.

SOLO

He'll be out for a while.

He stands Illya up against the wall, hurriedly begins to unwrap him.

ILLYA

I suppose I'll just have to find myself another tailor.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDER'S LIVING ROOM

347

Parviz enters. Alexander is alone in the room.

PARVIZ

I have the limousine outside, Sir.

Alexander puts his notes in his pocket.

ALEXANDER

Good, we'll be right out.

PARVIZ
Where is Mr. Solo?

347
CONT'D
(2)

ALEXANDER
Mr. Solo hasn't been delivered yet.

PARVIZ (puzzled)
Gamar's taxi is outside. I assumed
you had him.

Alexander goes over to the window.

348-349 OUT

EXT. TAXI - ALEXANDER'S POV

350

There it is.

RESUME - ALEXANDER

351

ALEXANDER
She's in the powder room. Bring
her here.

Parviz exits into the hallway. Alexander goes to
the phone.

ALEXANDER
Put the farm on alert. Solo is
here somewhere.

Parviz brings Tracey in, forcibly.

ALEXANDER (to Tracey)
Stalling for time, weren't you?

TRACEY (frightened)
I'm just thorough, that's all.

Alexander slaps her. Tracey doesn't cry, but she
holds her face in her hand.

ALEXANDER (to Parviz)
Call the barn and tell them to have
the plane on the airstrip ready for
take-off the minute I return.

351
CONT'D
(2)

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT

352

Illya is free of his wrappings. Solo picks up the
revolver from the floor. WE HEAR the o.s. SOUND
of a TRIANGLE RINGING.

ILLYA
Their alarm system.

SOLO
Where's Tracey?

ILLYA
Upstairs with Alexander.

They head up the stairs.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

353

Parviz hurries out the front door. Alexander and
Tracey are a few steps behind him.

EXT. HOUSE

354

A long limousine. Tracey and Alexander get in the
back.

RESUME - HALLWAY

355

Solo and Illya enter. WE HEAR the o.s. ROAR of
the departing limousine.

EXT. HOUSE

356

The limousine is driving away.

ILLYA
Tracey's with him.

356
CONT'D
(2)

Illya follows Solo around the corner of the house.

EXT. TAXICAB

357

The two UNCLE agents climb into the cab, drive
OFF.

EXT. GATE

358

A wooden gate, farm style. The limousine passes
through. The gate closes and the two guards stand
in front of it.

ANGLE - TAXI

359

Driving hard, straight for the closed gates.

RESUME - GATE

360

The two guards leap aside as Solo SMASHES THROUGH
THE GATE, goes off down the road.

INT. ALEXANDER'S LIMOUSINE

361

Alexander is going over his notes.

ALEXANDER
The Embassy is at 24 Avenue F.
Take the Northern route to avoid
traffic.

Parviz looks up into the rear view mirror.

PARVIZ
We're being followed. It's Gamar's
taxicab.

Alexander looks back, so does Tracey.

ALEXANDER
Probably Mr. Solo. I doubt that he
will make any overt moves as long
as our guest here is with us.

LONG SHOT - HIGHWAY

362

The limousine speeds along, Solo's taxi behind it.

INT. SOLO'S TAXI

363

Illya on the communicator.

ILLYA

Code Four. Clear Channels two
and three, Washington, D. C.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON BLDG.

363X1

Official-looking. OUR CAMERA ZOOMS IN.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - UNCLE HEADQUARTERS,
WASHINGTON, D. C. - NIGHT

364

Waverly is sitting at a round conference table
surrounded by several UNCLE agents. He hits an
inter-com switch.

WAVERLY

Come in, please.

RESUME - ILLYA

365

ILLYA

Kuryakin here, Sir. Mr. Solo and
I are following Alexander's limousine.
We're on the interchange, heading
for Washington.

RESUME - WAVERLY

366

WAVERLY

What is your specific destination?

RESUME - ILLYA

367

ILLYA

We don't know yet.

RESUME - WAVERLY

368

WAVERLY

I see. What do you suggest?

RESUME - ILLYA

369

ILLYA

Alexander has a farm in Alexandria, Virginia, that he uses as a base. You should send some men there and seal it off.

RESUME - WAVERLY

370

WAVERLY

Anything else?

RESUME - ILLYA

371

ILLYA

Not at the moment, sir. I'll be in touch.

RESUME - WAVERLY

372

WAVERLY

Yes, do that Mr. Kuryakin.
(switches off)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - NIGHT

373

Not too busy. Alexander's limousine drives towards us, Solo behind.

EXT. STREET CORNER

374

A high metal grillwork fence, like that which you might find around an embassy. Alexander's car turns the corner, drives O.S.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CORNER

375

Solo's taxi comes around the corner, drives OUT OF SHOT. The CAMERA PANS to follow him, then HOLDS on Tracey and Alexander as they step out of the darkness. They watch Solo drive away.

ALEXANDER

I hope Mr. Solo enjoys his drive.
(he takes her arm)
The Embassy is just a few blocks away, and it's a lovely night for a walk.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET

376

Alexander's limousine drives INTO SHOT and pulls into an Embassy driveway. Solo's taxi pulls INTO SHOT and parks on the street. As Solo and Illya climb out of the car, a second limousine pulls into the driveway.

SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

377

ILLYA

Looks like we're in for a big party.

Solo hands him the gun

SOLO

I'll lead. Cover me to the entrance.

Illya pulls out a silencer, attaches it to the gun.

EXT. DECOY EMBASSY

378

A few cars parked in the semi-circular driveway. A limousine parked in front of the steps leading up to the entrance of the building. Alexander's limousine a few yards beyond.

Parviz climbs out of Alexander's limousine, drawing his revolver. He attaches a silencer, moves around to the other side of the car for cover.

ANGLE - FAVOR PARVIZ

379

We see Solo coming in the far entrance of the driveway. Parviz leans forward to take a shot. Suddenly a SILENCED SHOT ricochets off the limousine. He ducks, OUR CAMERA PANS to include Illya at the other end of the driveway, ducking for cover. Parviz FIRES, misses him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

380

Parviz moves away from Alexander's limousine, toward the entrance steps. He sees Illya, o.s., FIRES AGAIN.

381 OUT

ILLYA - PARVIZ POV

382

Ducking behind another car near the entrance. A near miss.

RESUME - PARVIZ

382X1

Parviz moves behind the limousine that is parked directly in front of the building steps. We see Solo coming out from behind another parked car. Parviz has a clear shot. Suddenly....

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE BUILDING ENTRANCE

382X2

A wedding reception party bursts out of the building and down the steps. A bride and groom are pelted with rice and well-wishes. The people block Parviz's shot.

STILL ANOTHER ANGLE

382X3

Parviz moves around to the other side of the car, near the rear door. He sees Illya o.s., FIRES.

ILLYA - PARVIZ POV

382X4

Out in front of Alexander's limousine. He drops to one knee, FIRES THREE TIMES.

RESUME - PARVIZ

382X5

He gets it, stiffens like a board, falling against the car. Suddenly, several of the well-wishers hurry around the car, unaware of his violent expiration. A driver comes around from the opposite side, climbs in - pushing Parviz into the group of people. The driver starts the engine. The over-involved extras open the rear door for a last few huzzahs to the radiant couple - and Parviz is jostled into the car - falling neatly into the rear seat beside the bride.

The car ROARS off, the people take a few steps along side the car. - and one of them closes the rear door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE SOLO

382X6

Standing with the cheering people as we see the limousine driver out the entrance. Suddenly, we hear the bride scream.

MED. SHOT - SOLO AND GUEST

382X7

The guest shakes his head.

GUEST (to Solo,
confidentially)
I knew it wouldn't last.

383-387 OUT

EXT. ALEXANDER'S LIMOUSINE

388

Illya has the rear door open. Solo moves INTO SHOT beside him.

ILLYA
We've been decoyed.

SOLO
How do you know?

ILLYA
Tracey left us some directions.

He rolls up the window and we see the address:
"24 Avenue F" written with an eye-liner on the glass.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY HALL

389

Large and ornate, and filled with ornate people -- if possible, a mixture of occidentals and orientals.

ANGLE - ALEXANDER AND TRACEY

390

Coming through the entrance, moving through the crowd. Since Alexander is quite an international mystery figure, there is a great deal of commotion -- we can see it on the expressions and almost HEAR it in the whispers of the crowd.

Nicole steps in front of Alexander.

ALEXANDER (aside)
Where is the President?

NICOLE
He'll come out at any moment. His Excellency will be on the platform beside you for your speech.

ALEXANDER
Good. How are you?

NICOLE
Only minor bruises. The Prince couldn't make it this evening. He's gone home to his mother.

Tracey slowly steps away from Alexander.

MED. TWO SHOT - TRACEY AND GUEST

391

Tracey furtively moves close to him.

TRACEY (stage whisper)
You've got to help me. My husband is a madman. He's holding me prisoner and...

MAN (interrupts)
I'm delighted to hear it. Excuse me.

He turns away, not having heard a word.

WIDER ANGLE

392

Alexander reaches back and takes Tracey by the arm.

ALEXANDER

Here comes President Sing-mok.

(darkly)

Watch your step.

In the b.g., we see President Sing-Mok. A rather tall oriental, he stands apart from the men walking with him because of his height as well as his presence.

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

393

Alexander's limousine is speeding along.

INT. ALEXANDER'S LIMOUSINE

394

Illya is on the communicator.

ILLYA

We're almost to the Embassy.

We could use those reinforcements now.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY HALL

395

The guests have formed around a raised, draped platform at one end of the room. The President stands to one side of Alexander, Tracey on the other. Tracey is looking very apprehensive. She's not quite sure what Alexander is going to do. Flashbulbs go off as Alexander begins his speech.

ALEXANDER

Ladies and Gentlemen this is the sixth month of the new government, formed under President Sing-Mok.

Light applause. Alexander nods a signal, o.s.

ANOTHER ANGLE

396

Two embassy attendants push a huge cake, six feet long -- a large number six in icing across the top. There are six candles around the perimeter of the cake. Appropriate murmuring of surprise from the crowd. The two attendants place the cake in front of the podium -- and leave. More flashbulbs.

ALEXANDER

But I am here to do something far more important than honor the President. In fact, you will all be privileged to witness a history-making event.

CLOSE - TRACEY

397

What's he up to?

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. EMBASSY - ANGLE FROM ABOVE

398.

Alexander's limousine pulls into the entrance (we double the earlier Embassy exterior). Illya and Solo hop out as the two UNCLE cars -- one a convertible -- pull in. Solo and Illya head up the steps as the agents pile out of the two cars, guns drawn.

RESUME - EMBASSY HALL

399

We see reflected in the faces of the guests their amusement -- turning to concern at what they hear.

ALEXANDER

So, I have broken every law of morality -- commandments, if you like -- except one. And once I do that I will certainly be Alexander the Greater.

CLOSE - TRACEY

400

Good grief, it's the President!

TRACEY (shouts)
He's going to kill the President!

INCLUDE - ALEXANDER

401

ALEXANDER
Number Six: Thou Shalt not Kill.

He reaches over and deftly removes the dagger from the jeweled sheath on her dress.

ANOTHER ANGLE

402

Alexander turns to the President, who has turned slightly to face him. He drives the dagger into his chest.

ANGLE - FROM BELOW

403

The President falls backward, off the platform into the cake.

WIDER ANGLE

404

Solo and Illya storm into the room, guns drawn and aimed at Alexander. The other agents circle in behind them as Solo and Illya move over to the President.

ALEXANDER
Too late, Mr. Solo. At any moment, a cable will come into the Embassy announcing the military take-over. I shall be hailed their savior.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR SING-MOK

405

He climbs down from the cake, assisted by the two attendants. They wipe the frosting from his back.

SING-MOK

I don't think so, Mr. Alexander.
We arrested the last of the insur-
rectionists a short while ago.
Naturally, they implicated you.

405
CONT'D
(2)

He opens his jacket, removes the dagger from a
chest plate.

SIGN-MOK (continues)

A new protective vest -- made by
one of your own companies, I believe.
Very fine craftsmanship.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVOR ALEXANDER

406

His petard hoisted, he grabs Tracey and uses her as
a shield as the UNCLE agents move in on him. He
backs away, then dives through a pair of French
doors.

EXT. FRENCH DOORS

407

Alexander comes through the doors, landing on his
feet. He runs to the front of the embassy.

EXT. EMBASSY

408

Alexander INTO SHOT and into his limousine as Solo,
Illya and the UNCLE agents come down
the steps. Alexander drives off. Solo and Illya get
into the convertible -- Illya drives.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ALEXANDRIA FARM - NIGHT

409

Two UNCLE men at the front gate, armed.

INT. ALEXANDER'S LIMOUSINE

410

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD we see the headlights focus
on two UNCLE agents. Alexander hits the wheel,
veers away.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ROAD

411

Alexander's car drives down the road - goes into a field.

ANGLE - ALEXANDER'S AIRSTRIP

412

Alexander's plane on the runway. The limousine drives forward toward the plane. The plane engines kick over.

ANOTHER ANGLE

413

Alexander climbs into the plane as the convertible pulls into the field, onto the runway. The plane lumbers away.

DOLLY - PLANE AND CAR

414

The car driving parallel to the plane.

INT. CAR

415

SOLO

Get in as close as you can.

RESUME - DOLLY

416

Solo stands - then leaps from the car to the open plane door.

INT. PLANE

417

Alexander in the passenger compartment. Solo climbs in, with some difficulty. Alexander sees him -- a struggle.

7-8-65

EXT. AIRSTRIP

418

The plane takes off. Illiya's car comes to a stop.
Waverly's car pulls up beside him.

ILLYA

Who's piloting that plane?

UNCLE AGENT

I don't know. We thought we had
all of Alexander's people.

EXT. AIRPLANE

419

Winging away.

INT. COCKPIT

420

Kavon is at the controls. He removes his head-set,
picks up his metal crutch and goes back to the
passenger cabin. WE HEAR the O.S. SOUNDS of a
terrific struggle.

INT. PASSENGER CABIN

421

Alexander has Solo by the door -- choking him.
Solo is in danger of falling out of the plane.
Kavon moves over to them. Solo shoves Alexander
back, Alexander inadvertently runs into Kavon --
knocking him down.

Solo is on his feet. He hits Alexander, knocking
him back towards the cockpit. Kavon reaches over,
trips Solo with his crutch. Solo falls to the
door. Alexander picks up a parachute, throws it
at Solo.

ANGLE - SOLO

422

The parachute hits him chest high -- and Solo is
knocked out of the plane.

EXT. AIRPLANE

423

Solo falls out.

PLANE - LONG SHOT

424

Solo falling, putting on the parachute. The chute opens -- and he's safe.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

425

Hanging onto the cords.

INT. PLANE

426

Alexander is looking out the window as Kavon gets to his feet.

ALEXANDER

Well, this has been one of those days. Thank you for your help, Mr. Kavon. Let's get this plane on course for the Caribbean.

KAVON (sinister)

I saved you for selfish reasons --

ALEXANDER

What do you mean by that?

Kavon takes the rubber tip from his crutch, once again revealing the sharp metal point.

KAVON

I've known what you were doing all along. Using me..using my knowledge. And now that you don't need me any longer, discarding me.

ALEXANDER

You old fool. You should be grateful for the privilege of sharing in my conquests. Put that thing down..or you'll fall and hurt yourself.

Alexander backs away from him.

MED. SHOT - KAVON

427

KAVON

I made you and I can break you.

RESUME --

428

Kavon lunges forward --- they are almost to the cockpit. Alexander deftly ducks aside. -- and Kavon lunges, goes into the cockpit.

MED. SHOT - KAVON

429

The crutch jams into the instrument panel. Sparks.
Smoke.

CLOSE - ALEXANDER

430

Terror.

LONG SHOT - PLANE

431

It EXPLODES.

ANGLE

432

A lone parachute drifting down from the sky.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. EMBASSY HALL - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

433

SOLO

And that was that.

WIDER ANGLE - FAVOR ILLYA, SOLO AND TRACEY

434

The party is still going on.

TRACEY (a touch of
nostalgia)
I'll miss him. All in all, he
gave me a pretty fast three years.

SOLO

Even if he was a thief, a liar,
murderer of sorts

TRACEY (interrupting)
..he was never dull.
(a kiss on the cheek
for Solo)
A gratuity.

She turns to Illya.

TWO SHOT - TRACEY AND ILLYA

435

TRACEY

I'm going to miss you most of all.

(a kiss on his cheek)

Now it's time for me to disappear.
I hope you'll understand.

ILLYA (a rare smile)

I understand. It's a habit of mine too.

SHE MOVES OUT OF SHOT AND WAVERLY MOVES IN

436

WAVERLY

I just received confirmation that the BG30 will gas has been returned to the Army. It seems that everything is in good order.

ILLYA

Will the girl get her money?

WAVERLY

Not for some time. Alexander's empire will be in litigation for years, I'm afraid.

Waverly nods o.s., smiles. They look.

ANGLE - TRACEY AND SING-MOK

437

She's on his arm, talking animatedly.

WAVERLY

Sing-Mok is a single man, you know.

RESUME - GROUP

438

SOLO

I think she'll do very well.

They smile, lift their glasses in agreement as we...

FADE OUT

THE END