

*Norman Felton*

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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

*"The Bridge of  
Lions Affair"*

( THE WOUNDED TIME AFFAIR )

PART I

Prod. #7481

=====

REVISED

=====

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Story by:

Henry Slesar

A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation

Produced by  
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December 16, 1965

NOTE: "The Wounded Time Affair" has been changed to  
"The Bridge Of Lions Affair"

12-17-65

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Wounded Time Affair"

Part I

Prod. #7481

(SCRIPT DATED: December 16, 1965)

Please make the following name change:

FROM:

TO:

DR. BENJAMIN DALLIER

DR. BENJAMIN LANCER

LORELEI DALLIER

LORELEI LANCER

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Wounded Time Affair"

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THIS SCRIPT IS OVERLONG AND WILL BE CUT.



The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Wounded Time Affair"

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"The wounds of Time,  
Bound up by death,  
Are healed by Time  
Beneath the earth.

The wounds of Time  
                  are soon forgot  
And that was live  
And then made dead  
Is soon again  
                  a part of life

But Time, itself,  
                  is growing old;  
Wounding itself  
                  with passing days.  
The agony of wounded Time  
Is never eased  
The wounds of Time  
                  are never healed,  
They just grow old  
They just grow old  
                  with Time, itself."

Leaves  
1965

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Wounded Time Affair"

Part I

Prod. #7481

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. A STREET IN SOHO, LONDON - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK) -  
NIGHT

1

Night traffic. SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: LONDON.

A SMALL ENGLISH CAR - ILLYA

2

driving. Comes down the street, ducks into a parking slot  
at the curb.

NEW ANGLE - FROM SIDEWALK - ILLYA

3

emerges. Carries a cat on a leash. Sets the cat down,  
unleashes it. We note the cat's resplendent collar;  
actually, a miniaturized radiosonde, tuned to the specific  
frequency of the receiver in Illya's pocket.

THE CAT

4

Sits on the sidewalk, licking a paw.

ILLYA AND THE CAT

5

Illya speaks to the animal in an open, friendly way.

ILLYA

Don't just sit there, do something!  
You are free; go away.

The cat continues to lick its paw. Illya eyes her with  
displeasure.

ILLYA

How would you like a good, swift -- ?

5  
CONT'D  
(2)

The cat gets to its feet, arches its back, and goes off, tail straight up, with impeccable cat dignity.

ILLYA

6

leans against the car's fender, brings out the locator, flicks a small switch, dials a small dial. A BLEEP.

FULL SHOT

7

The cat is gone. Following the BLEEPs, Illya goes quietly after it. CAMERA PANS 180 TO BRING US to OLGA. From THIS ANGLE, her back is to us, and we see only a figure in a trench coat; it might very well be a slim man.

OLGA

8

in the shadows of the doorway. Watching Illya. Trim, slim, beautiful and somehow mannish. She watches after Illya impassively, and at the proper moment steps out of the doorway and goes down the street after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE AREA, SOHO - CAT - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT 9-11

He prowls. He stops to lick a paw. He moves on.

NEW ANGLE

12

In the shadows a MAN in workingman's dress watches the cat. He moves after it, smiling.

NEW ANGLE - MAN AND CAT

13

The Man makes sure he is not being watched as he follows the cat.

EXT. ANOTHER PLACE IN THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MAN AND  
CAT - NIGHT

14

The Man, confident no one sees him, brings a small sack from his pocket, takes from it a bit of fish. He holds it out toward the cat.

MAN

'Ere kitty kitty kitty kitty --

The cat approaches, takes the bit of fish, rubs up against the Man's legs, PURRING with pleasure. The Man strokes the cat's head, gets his hands on the cat without frightening it. He picks up the animal, begins to unfasten the collar.

MAN

Don't need this, do we?

Still holding the cat, he turns his head sharply at the small 'BEEP', then finds himself pinned in the bright light of Illya's flashlight. He can see nothing. In his fright he continues to hold the cat. He is frightened.

MAN

I wasn't doing anything. Found a cat, is all. No crime there, is there? Picked up a stray cat is all I did. I just wanted to take a look to see if there was a name and address on the collar. Nothing wrong there, is there?

NEW ANGLE - ILLYA AND MAN

15

Illya leaves the flashlight on, but dims it. He squats beside the Man, extends a pound note to him. When the Man doesn't take it at once, frightened of it, Illya puts the note into the Man's pocket.

ILLYA

That's for finding him.

Illya holds out another pound note.

ILLYA

Where do you take them?

MAN

I don't take them noplase.

Illya adds two more pound notes.

15  
CONT'D  
(2)

MAN

You're not from the Gerry society,  
are you?

Illya shakes his head, adds still another pound note. The  
Man looks at it.

MAN

Make it five --

Illya makes it five pounds, but holds the money when the  
Man reaches for it. Now each holds the bills at one end.

MAN

I takes 'em to Corvy.

ILLYA

Who's Corvy?

CLOSE - OLGA

16

watching, her hands deep into her raincoat pockets.

MAN (O.S.)

Just Corvy. 'E and his chum. They  
got this whole house stocked up with  
cats. Loves cats. Hates to see 'em  
walking the streets --

ILLYA AND MAN

17

MAN

You know? Pays for them, if you bring  
'em to the house. Two bob. Five  
sometimes, if it's a special big one  
-- Loves big cats, they do.

The Man tries to take the five pounds. Illya doesn't let  
go just yet.

ILLYA

One more question --

OLGA - CLOSE

18

screwing the silencer on her revolver. She moves methodically, without haste, with complete competency; almost stolidly.

ILLYA AND THE MAN

19

ILLYA

Where do I find this house with Corvy  
and his chum?

CLOSE - THE MAN

20

He opens his mouth to speak and half turns to point. The side of his face closest to Olga is away from us. We do not hear the report of Olga's pistol. We do not see the shot. The Man starts a little, as if he hiccupped. His hand is still extended as he falls without a word. Simply falls, his other hand so tight on the five pound note he pulls it with him. It is this, perhaps, which saves Illya's life, for he is pulled forward, off balance.

OLGA

21

firing a second time. Carefully.

ILLYA AND THE MAN

22

The Man is almost on the ground. Illya stooped forward as the Man pulls him by the money. Olga's bullet enters Illya's shoulder. He spins and falls. CAMERA PANS BACK to where Olga was. She is walking away, her hands thrust deep into her pockets, never looking back.

ILLYA AND THE MAN - ANGLED DOWN SLIGHTLY

23

Illya's hand lets go of the money. Even in death, the little Man hangs on.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - WAVERLY - DAY

24

WAVERLY writing at his desk, his back to the projector when SOLO enters. Without looking up or interrupting the work of his pen on the papers before him, Waverly flicks the proper switch and projects a photograph of LANCER onto the screen.

WAVERLY (to Solo)

Sit down.

Solo sits, studies the picture. Waverly does not look up until indicated.

WAVERLY

Do you recognize the subject, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Benjamin Lancer, PhD, Dean Emeritus. Harvard, possibly, I'm not sure. Science Chair in biochemistry, Trimble College. National Science Award for work on genetic linkages and X-ray induced mutation. Shared the Nobel Prize in biology in 1952. Retired three years ago.

WAVERLY

That's when this picture was taken.

Still without looking up, Waverly flicks a switch which changes the picture. The man whose photo we see now strongly resembles the man in the first picture, but seems younger by twenty or thirty years.

SOLO

The same man, thirty years ago.

WAVERLY

This picture was taken last week, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

A son?

WAVERLY

There is no record of any son to  
Dr. Lancer.

24

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

That doesn't change the picture, sir.

WAVERLY

There is another fact you should know,  
Mr. Solo --

Waverly flicks the switch - both pictures appear on the  
screen simultaneously, side by side. Now, for the first  
time, Waverly turns to look at the projections on the  
screen and at Solo.

WAVERLY

If those two pictures represent father  
and son, then we have to consider the  
fact that the two sets of fingerprints  
which accompanied the two pictures -  
are identical.

SOLO

Fingerprints have been faked before.  
I would like to see both men and get  
a positive identification - I'd like  
to get a retineal pattern, for example  
-- I'd like to talk to Dr. Lancer --

WAVERLY

You'll have to find him first, however.  
He has disappeared.

SOLO

Do you want to give me any hints, sir,  
or shall I start from scratch?

WAVERLY

He has a daughter, Lorelei, who is a  
model for the House of DeSala. In Paris.

SOLO

Thank you.

Waverly looks up, because of the tone with which Solo says  
'thank you.'



WAVERLY

Mr. Solo, when you contact Miss Lancer, please keep it in mind that although you are investigating a biological mystery, your relationship with Miss Lancer on behalf of UNCLE is research of another order.

24  
CONT'D  
(3)

Solo makes the sign of 'the scout's oath.'

SOLO

Duty first! Will I have time to stop in London and see Kuryakin in the hospital?

WAVERLY

Mr. Kuryakin left the hospital this morning, and is back chasing cats in Soho.

Solo turns to go as Waverly turns back to the work on the desk before him and we:

ZIP PAN TO:

25 OUT

EXT. PARIS - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK) - DAY

26

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: PARIS.

EXT. MAISON DE SALA - DAY

27

A pleasant house some two hundred years old, carefully restored and reeking of dignified classicism. The firm inhabiting the house is identified by the bronze plaque posted beside the door. It reads:

DE SALA - HAUTE COUTURE - PARFUMS  
Paris, Rome, New York, Beirut

28-31  
OUT

INT. MME DE SALA'S SALON D'ENTREE - SOLO - DAY

31X1

He wanders, looking at everything: mannequins, fabrics, a painting, a tapestry - whatever. He turns as MME DE SALA enters, accompanying the RECEPTIONIST, a beautiful young girl, who brought Solo's card to Mme DeSala. Mme holds Solo's card in her hand as she approaches him. The Receptionist goes back to her desk or disappears.

MME DE SALA

I am Madame DeSala. I am the head  
of this establishment.

SOLO

How do you do?

MME DE SALA (perfunctorily)

Enchante....

She studies Solo a moment, not with any great joy at what she sees. She refers to the card in her hand again.

MME DE SALA (reading the  
card aloud)

Napoleon Solo - New York, New York.  
Suitably vague. What do you wish,  
monsieur?

SOLO

I really did tell your charming young  
lady the exact truth. I want to see  
Miss Lancer.

MME DE SALA

For what purpose, monsieur?

SOLO (with a charming  
smile)

It may just possibly not concern you.

MME DE SALA

Everything here concerns me. Do you  
think because a girl is a model one  
may just walk in and just -- just.  
You know?

SOLO

Scout's honor! Just-just is the last  
thing I have in mind!

MME DE SALA

Who are you and what do you wish?  
After those two are answered I will  
decide if you are to see Lorelei, or  
no. Thank you. Good afternoon.

31X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo steps around her quickly. He moves to the door  
through which she just came, holds it open, partially.

SOLO (to Mme DeSala)

I have no trouble introducing myself  
if it's too much of a burden on you --

He throws the door open as Mme DeSala precedes him into  
the fitting room. He follows her.

INT. FITTING ROOM - DAY

32

Mme DeSala, Solo just behind her, crosses to LORELEI.  
Lorelei stands on a raised platform, being draped by a  
BITTER with a length of cloth. She wears an undergarment  
which does not interfere with the fall of the material.  
Olga is in the room unobtrusively.

MME DE SALA

Lorelei, this is a gentleman who  
describes himself a Napoleon Solo;  
whoever he may be. He insists to  
speak with you. I shall advise you  
not.

SOLO (to Mme DeSala)

Thank you.

(to Lorelei)

I want to talk to you about your  
father, Miss Lancer --

MME DE SALA (to Lorelei)

Whatever he wishes, child, is unimpor-  
tant to what you shall wish for your-  
self.

LORELEI

I'm sorry, Mr. Solo. I really don't  
wish to speak to you.

Solo takes out a card and scribbles name and address on  
it as Mme DeSala opens the door for Solo to leave.

SOLO

Miss Lancer, I have to reach your  
father. His life may depend on it.

32

CONT'D  
(2)

Mme DeSala makes a disparaging 'tsk' - Solo hands his card  
to Lorelei without hurry.

SOLO

This is where you can reach me.

MME DE SALA

You may leave this way --

With a slight bow of his head, he exits the fitting room.

MME DE SALA (to Lorelei)

I'm sorry, child. I know it was an  
embarrassment

LORELEI

Madame, why didn't you want me to  
talk to him? I am worried about my  
father.

MME DE SALA

'Why' is because that man is an enemy.

LORELEI

In what way?

MME DE SALA

Because we are women! How shall I  
explain to you a whole history of the  
world which we did not create. THEY  
have put it together, THEY HAVE! And  
we are allowed to live in it to serve  
them, to play such parts as they wish  
we shall play, but not otherwise. Why  
do you think I engage myself in the  
designing and the selling of dresses?  
Do you perhaps consider it is all of  
which I am capable? Do you truly  
believe it is all I wish in life? I  
want! I WANT! I want what it is in  
life which belongs to me no less than  
to any man!

Lorelei shakes her head. She doesn't understand. But  
Olga looks at DeSala entranced, worshiping her with her  
eyes.

MME DE SALA

It is power! A power which is almost in our hand! Not simple power, like wealth! Which does not change a world. Something to make the world new.

32

CONT'D

(3)

Lorelei looks at her dumbfounded.

MME DE SALA

It's not a fantasy, Lorelei. It's not madness. In a world controlled by men; I've found a way to control the controllers!

Lorelei's gesture intends to state she doesn't understand, still.

MME DE SALA

I know. You will understand when you are told.

LORELEI

Where is my father, madame?

MME DE SALA

I am not free to tell even you. Do not press me. Simply believe in me. Do not converse again with that man who was just here. I beg you, child! Your life may depend on it!

Involuntarily, Lorelei's eyes return to the paper in her hands - the address written out for her by Solo - giving subtle witness to her indecision. Lorelei sticks the card in her bra. Mme DeSala studies her. In a moment Mme addresses them all, as does a surgeon address students while performing an operation.

MME DE SALA

This still needs something....Something fluid. Let me see the glass beads, please, Olga....

DeSala takes a few steps toward Olga who brings tray with beads.

MME DE SALA (sotto voce)  
She will not talk with that Mr. Solo  
- you will see to that.

32  
CONT'D  
(4)

Wanda nods. Then Mme DeSala mounts the dais and winds the  
strands of glass beads around and around Lorelei's neck.

ZIP PAN TO:

33-34  
OUT

ROOM - HOTEL DES DEUX PERES - SOLO - NIGHT

35

Solo, at the window, talks into his communicator.

SOLO

Camel relay. Research and Files,  
please, for Napoleon Solo.

We HEAR various CLICKS and BUZZES as the connections are  
made.

WANDA (O.S.)

Camel Station. Research and Files.

SOLO

Ah, Wanda. Good evening.

INTERCUT SOLO IN HOTEL ROOM AND WANDA IN RESEARCH AND  
FILES ROOM

36

WANDA

Hello, Mr. Solo.

Solo is looking out the window at the moon.

SOLO

Beautiful moon here. How is your moon?

36

CONT'D

(2)

WANDA

I don't know. No windows.

SOLO

I forgot about that. Quel tragique!  
Never mind - I'll share this one with you --

Waverly enters the Research and Files room. He enters silently, behind Wanda, and for the moment she is unaware of him.

SOLO

To begin with, it's a little different than the moon we have at home: this one here is a girl moon. Her eyes are open very wide and her mouth is open to say "O", because she's just been kissed --

Waverly taps Wanda's shoulder and takes the microphone.

WAVERLY

I shall relay your information to the Mount Wilson Observatory, Mr. Solo.

In Solo's hotel room the PHONE begins to RING.

SOLO

Actually, sir --

WAVERLY

They might ask you to read a paper on the subject.

SOLO

My phone is ringing, sir.

WAVERLY

What else did you have in mind when you called this station, Mr. Solo?

Solo moves to his phone. He picks it up calmly.

SOLO (into phone)

One moment, please.

covers the mouthpiece. We hear Lorelei's voice ON  
FILTER, through the earpiece of the phone.

36  
CONT'D  
(3)

LORELEI (O.S., FILTER)  
Hello? Hello? Mr. Solo! -  
This is Lorelei Lancer.

WAVERLY (quietly  
ironic)  
That's perfectly all right,  
Mr. Solo: take all the  
time you need to recollect --

SOLO (to Waverly)  
The fact is, sir. I met an extra-  
ordinary woman this afternoon. A  
Madame DeSala. I need a dossier on  
her. Shall I call you back in a half  
hour, sir?

Solo puts away the communicator - and turns to the phone.

SOLO  
Yes, Miss Lancer?

37  
OUT

INTERCUT SOLO IN HOTEL ROOM AND LORELEI LANCER IN HER  
STUDIO APARTMENT SOMEWHERE ON THE LEFT BANK

38

Lorelei holds the phone in her hand, walking everywhere  
in her apartment, restlessly, at the end of a fifty foot  
phone cord.

LORELEI  
Mr. Solo.

SOLO  
At your service.

LORELEI  
You said my father may be in trouble.  
What sort of trouble?

SOLO  
How long since you've seen him, Miss  
Lancer?

LORELEI  
You haven't answered my question.



SOLO  
We can't find him.

38  
CONT'D  
(2)

LORELEI  
Who is 'we'?

SOLO  
I work for U.N.C.L.E. I'd appreciate  
it if you kept that confidential.

In Lorelei's studio, a KNOCK at the door. Listening  
intently to Solo, Lorelei carries the phone to the door.  
Lorelei covers the mouthpiece of the phone, still listen-  
ing. She speaks simultaneously with Solo's speaking  
through the phone.

LORELEI (covering  
mouthpiece)  
Yes?

OLGA (O.S.)  
It's Olga.

Lorelei opens the door. Olga enters.

LORELEI (covering the  
mouthpiece)  
Make yourself a drink.

Lorelei moves away from Olga, turning her back on her.  
Olga goes to make a drink, but sharply aware of Lorelei's  
conversation.

LORELEI (to Solo)  
That doesn't necessarily mean anything  
-- My father often shuts himself off.  
Sometimes for a year or more --

Olga comes to the phone and puts her hand over the mouth-  
piece.

OLGA  
Who is it?

SOLO  
Miss Lancer?

Olga takes her hand away from the mouthpiece.

LORELEI

Yes, I'm here, Mr. Solo.

38  
CONT'D  
(3)

Olga, unseen by Lorelei, whose back is to her, looks up sharply at the name.

SOLO

Please, Miss Lancer - I wouldn't come to you if I didn't think it was urgent, I must know where I can reach him.

OLGA

Tell him you'll call him back.

SOLO

Please trust me, Miss Lancer.

Olga comes to her and stands behind her and begins to massage the tension away with her fingertips, massaging neck and temples. Lorelei looks up at her gratefully, with a small smile. She plays with the long extension cord as she talks.

LORELEI

I don't know. I've got to think about it.

SOLO

If you weren't concerned for your father you wouldn't have called me.

She looks up at Olga, signalling Olga to please stop her massage, however gentle and well-intentioned. She covers her mouthpiece.

LORELEI (to Olga)

I have to do what I think is right.

Olga makes a gesture of 'I cease and desist.'

LORELEI (to Solo)

Mr. Solo --

SOLO

Yes --

LORELEI

I haven't seen my father in more than a year. I don't know where he is --

Olga relaxes momentarily.

38  
CONT'D  
(4-5)

LORELEI

-- But I do have a way to reach him:  
care of Phillip Bainbridge at the  
Byram Club in London.

Caught off guard, it is a moment before Olga reacts. It  
is the one moment, of course, which has allowed the vital  
information to be passed on to Solo. Now, reflexively,  
Olga whips the phone cord about Lorelei's neck and yanks  
it tight, like a professional garroter. Lorelei does not  
make a sound. Actually, she never quite finishes the  
word 'London.'

SOLO

Miss Lancer, who is Phillip Bain-  
bridge? --- Miss Lancer?

Olga leans down to the phone, still in Lorelei's hand.  
She takes up the phone.

12-16-65

P.24

OLGA (into the phone;  
tonelessly)  
You have been disconnected.

38  
CONT'D  
(6)

She hangs up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SOLO

39

As he hangs up. Suspicious. Uncertain. Uneasy.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

*2nd  
action  
we have  
may be  
man  
it's  
not  
celebratory*

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK) - DAY

40

The right side of the tracks. SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: LONDON.

EXT. THE BYRAM CLUB - HEAVY OAK DOOR AND BRONZE PLAQUE - DAY

41

Very sedate establishment. The plaque proclaims: The Byram Club For Gentlemen. The oak door, of course, is by way of a tree cut down in the reign of George III.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BYRAM CLUB - CLOSE ON STEWARD'S FEET - DAY

42

sinking into the nap of the thick, silent carpet as he crosses at a sedate establishment pace. Behind him, his footsteps remain imprinted for just a moment; then the nap springs back.

NEW ANGLE - STEWARD AND SWICKERT

43

SIR NORMAN SWICKERT - ninety-two years old - as bright as a shiny dollar; but not a new one. He sits in his wheelchair; he is someone important, a part of history - as was Winston Churchill. Though he is NOT Churchill, please.

The Steward approaches. He stops, standing almost at attention. His respect for Swickert is profound; his delight at seeing Swickert, whom he has not seen for a long time, is enormous.

STEWARD

Sir Norman --

He breaks off, overcome with emotion.

SWICKERT

How are you, Thwait?

STEWARD (genuinely; moved)

May I say, sir, how delighted we are that you honor us with your presence once more. It has been far too long, sir.

SWICKERT

Thank you, Thwait.

(by way of compliment)

You have allowed nothing to change.

Despite the time between, I am at home.

43

CONT'D

(2)

STEWARD

Thank you. May I take you to Mr.

Bainbridge now?

SWICKERT

Please.

The Steward pushes the wheelchair. Swickert sits very erect.

## VARIOUS ANGLES

44-47

As they move through the club; the thick carpet absorbs almost all sound. As they pass we HEAR WILD TRACK a dim chu-chotte-ing of 'Sir Norman Swickert' - like an echo that swells rather than fades.

Now, as the Steward's feet press into the thick, silent carpet, and the wheels of the chair make straight tracks, from the deep, leather wing chairs that are the final refuge of the club members, old men, and some not so old: Blimp in all his phases, thin, stout, young, middle-aged, and aged: one by one the club members rise and stand to attention as Swickert passes. It is not at all humorous - it is genuine, and deeply moving.

Tears spring into Swickert's eyes. He sits erect, nodding; unable really to speak. And now, by sign more than sound, the men standing by their chairs applaud, gently patting the fingers of one hand into the palm of the other - and again, it is neither wispy, nor funny, nor undignified. It is solemn and moving.

## SWICKERT AND THE STEWARD

48

The Steward leans down as he pushes the chair.

STEWARD (quietly)

Everyone is pleased to see you here again, sir.

They pass the weapons display on the wall just outside the room in which we will find Bainbridge. We note the display

in passing: merely to establish it here - spears, throwing sticks, bows and arrows, javelins, boomerangs, blowguns and darts: all manner of primitive hunting weapons.

48  
CONT'D  
(2)

STEWARD

Mr. Bainbridge is in here, sir.

Swickert stops the chair with a gesture. Almost whispers.

SWICKERT

I should like to go in alone.

With a bow, the Steward steps back. Swickert wheels his chair into the lounge. BAINBRIDGE is seated in a great, enveloping, leather wing chair, completely concealed within it at this angle. All we can see is the little chess table before the chair, and Bainbridge's hand as it comes to the table to move one of the chess pieces.

SWICKERT - CLOSE

49

As the Steward steps back. Swickert takes a moment to brace himself. We sense the coming meeting is important to him.

HOLD ON SWICKERT

50

The chair is motivated by a battery powered electrical motor when Swickert so chooses. He presses the button and starts the chair forward. We HOLD ON the chair and it CARRIES US to Bainbridge. Swickert brings the chair into position across the chess table, facing Bainbridge.

SWICKERT'S POV - PHILLIP BAINBRIDGE

51

We saw his photo in Waverly's office - the younger version of the man Waverly identified as Dr. Benjamin Dallier. He smiles, letting Swickert study him.

SWICKERT

52

He cannot believe what he sees. He shakes his head.

SWICKERT'S POV - BAINBRIDGE

53

He nods, affirming what Swickert's headshake denies.

SWICKERT AND BAINBRIDGE

SWICKERT

Lancer! Is it really you?

BAINBRIDGE

Try me.

SWICKERT

What is The Bridge Of Lions?

BAINBRIDGE

A private chess society.

SWICKERT

Are you a member?

BAINBRIDGE

Yes.

SWICKERT

What was your most recent move?

BAINBRIDGE

Queen to black Queen's Bishop four.

Swickert studies Bainbridge, who waits. Swickert leans forward now.

SWICKERT

-I want you to describe the events of November third, nineteen nineteen.

BAINBRIDGE

November third is my birthday, and in nineteen-nineteen I was thirty-seven years old. You and I were part of the Mackenson Polar expedition of that year. On November third we were on the ice pack north of Greenland, debating if we should shoot a polar bear we had tracked - there was yourself and myself and the bear. You said, 'If we shoot the old boy we shall have to lug him back to camp.'



SWICKERT (picking it  
up and finishing)  
-- And you said the sensible thing to  
do would be not to shoot him but to  
train him to follow us back to camp --

54  
CONT'D  
(2)

Bainbridge nods. Swickert's chin quivers momentarily.

SWICKERT  
I could not believe the process worked.  
I had to come to see for myself. But  
why the masquerade --

BAINBRIDGE  
You wouldn't want our secret to leak  
out would you?

SWICKERT  
If I had had this at the right time!  
I needed five years more! And they  
turned me out, as they turned out  
Winston Churchill before me! Five  
more years! I would have turned the  
course of history in five more years!

BAINBRIDGE  
Norman, now we can give you twenty-  
five years!

He holds his hands cupped, as one holds hands for storing  
water, extending them toward Swickert. Outside, dimly,  
the world proceeds - gears grind and auto horns shout at  
the world.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BYRAM CLUB - TRAFFIC - OLGA - DAY

55

Sitting in her little car across the street, smoking,  
watching The Byram Club.

ANGLE - FEATURES TAXI BRINGING JOANNA

56

Joanna darts in to the curb. JOANNA is out almost at once,  
stuffing money into the Driver's hands. She leaves the  
door of the cab flapping open behind her. Holding a  
bottle of medicine in one hand, beautiful in her nurse's  
white uniform, high heels clicking as she runs, she crosses  
the sidewalk toward the entrance to the club.

Simultaneously, along the sidewalk, Solo moves toward the club's entrance. Joanna literally runs into Solo, knocking him slightly off balance. They look at each other, Joanna more annoyed with Solo for impeding her progress than apologetic. She displays the vial in her hand, as if to explain: her accents are rich with Irish brogue.

56  
CONT'D  
(2)

JOANNA

He's forgotten his medicine, you see --

She moves to the door. Solo stands back, so she may not knock him down again. He watches her, enjoying the aesthetic sport of girl-watching. Not finding a bell button or pull immediately, Joanna knocks heavily and insistently. Solo pulls the triangular handle of the ancient bell-ull and somewhere within the premises we HEAR a BELL intone.

The door opens almost at once and the Steward appears. He wants to turn toward Solo, but Joanna is trying to enter, and he carefully blocks her way.

STEWARD (to Solo)

Good afternoon, sir --

JOANNA

Be out of my way, will you, man!

The Steward gives her a 'look.' Joanna displays the vial.

JOANNA

I must give him his medicine!

STEWARD

We do not allow female persons on the premises.

JOANNA

I am not a female person, I am a registered nurse!

The Steward looks her up and down.

STEWARD

Nevertheless, you are not a male nurse.

JOANNA

Do you mean to say: in a matter of life and death you will not allow me in?

STEWARD

Under all circumstances. There has never been a woman in The Byram Club!

56  
CONT'D  
(3)

JOANNA (shocked)

Has none of you a mother?

STEWARD

Those members who do, arrange to meet their mothers on the outside.

The Steward reaches for the medicine vial.

STEWARD

To whom should the medicine be given?

Joanna snatches her hand back as if something hot has reached out for it.

JOANNA

I would not trust you with an aspirin.

The Steward inclines his head imperturbably. Rage, murder, and tears chase each other across Joanna's face. She turns away abruptly, not to let anyone see her crying. Solo signals the Steward to wait a moment, whips out his breast pocket handkerchief and proffers it to Joanna.

SOLO AND JOANNA

57

SOLO

I'd be delighted to offer you my shoulder to cry on except we haven't been formally introduced yet, but if you like, I can take your medicine in for you.

Joanna swirls about, stuffing the handkerchief back into its pocket with some force.

JOANNA'S POV - SOLO

58

He smiles, blandly enough. Although, from Joanna's viewpoint it may seem a little smug. His hand is extended, ready to take the medicine.

SOLO'S POV - JOANNA

59

eyes narrow and glint. All the anger and frustration  
generated by the Steward are now directed on Solo. Some-  
where, faintly, Irish pipes begin to skirl.

SOLO AND JOANNA

60

Joanna lifts her chin. She puts the medicine into Solo's  
extended hand.

JOANNA

It is for Sir Norman Swickert, and  
he understands the manner of the  
medication. And -- as for myself,  
I wouldn't care to be introduced to  
a gentleman who meets his mother on  
the outside.

turns and goes off.

SOLO'S POV - JOANNA

61

Working away: a precision clockwork activates a harmon-  
ious and closely fitted assembly of parts.

SOLO

62

Watching after Joanna, bemused. A girl like that can make  
an interesting day.

NEW ANGLE - INCLUDES STEWARD

63

Solo turns to him again.

SOLO

Napoleon Solo. I have an appointment with Phillip Bainbridge.

STEWARD

Yes, sir.

He stands aside. Solo enters. The door is closed against him, leaving us outside. The CAMERA PANS 180 to Olga's car across the street. She is no longer in it.

INT. THE BYRAM CLUB - TRUCKING - CLOSE ON FEET - SOLO AND STEWARD - DAY

64

Moving across the thick carpet, the Steward in the lead. They stop. The Steward turns to face Solo.

NEW ANGLE

65

We are just outside the lounge in which Swickert and Bainbridge are in conversation. This is the site, as previously noted, of the primitive weapons display. We are separated from the lounge by an open archway. Noting that Swickert is still with Bainbridge, the Steward detains Solo a moment.

STEWARD (to Solo)

Sir Norman is still with him. Will you wait here, please, while I see about your appointment?

SOLO

Thank you.

STEWARD

Shall I take the medicine to Sir Norman for you?

SOLO

Under the circumstances, I think I should give it to him personally.

12-20-65

P.34-35

There is a subtle hint of a smile at the corners of the Steward's mouth. He leaves Solo to go through the archway into the lounge and across to Swickert and Bainbridge. (2) Solo can see other chairs in the lounge and other club members, all engrossed in their own privacy.

65

CONT'D

66-68

OUT

SOLO'S POV - SWICKERT, BAINBRIDGE, THE STEWARD

69

Swickert glances over at Solo, and Bainbridge appears from behind the facade of the chair as he peers around the edge to see Solo. He signals Solo that he is aware of his presence.

SOLO

70

Recognizes the signal.

FULL SHOT - SOLO F.G. - BAINBRIDGE, SWICKERT, THE STEWARD B.G.

71

Solo continues to move casually toward the standing display case, Bainbridge, now interred in the chair again and invisible, gives the Steward instructions with relation to Solo. The Steward nods and straightens up.

At this moment, Solo sees in the display case a reflection of a raised gun - and he ducks - we HEAR the SOUND of a muffled shot.

SWICKERT, BAINBRIDGE'S CHAIR

71X1

The bullet embeds itself deeply in the back of the chair. There is a small SOUND from Bainbridge. Swickert is still looking at Bainbridge, a strange expression coming onto Swickert's face - horror and disbelief, simultaneously.

72

OUT

CLOSE - THE STEWARD

73

He cannot believe what he sees.

STEWARD

Good Lord! A woman!

STEWARD'S POV - OLGA

74

She disappears from view.

75-76  
OUT

NEW ANGLE

77

Solo turns to see what is behind him.

78-79  
OUT

SOLO'S POV - SWICKERT - CLOSE

80

Swickert reacting to what he sees.

SWICKERT

He's dead....

SWICKERT'S POV - BAINBRIDGE

81

The bullet has pierced the back of the chair and gone into Bainbridge's neck. He is dead.

FULL SHOT - FEATURES SOLO

82

Other club members are moving toward Swickert, Bainbridge, and the Steward. Solo pulls his gun and goes after the assassin, leaving the brou-ha-ha behind.

SOLO

83

the door. He stands to one side of the door as he opens it, then moves through, stooped low, and falling to one knee so that he is in perfect position to aim accurately and shoot first.

84-86  
OUT

INT. THE BYRAM CLUB - THE LOUNGE

87

Members gathered about Swickert, Bainbridge, and the steward. Nothing can be done for Bainbridge. Swickert will at heart.

88  
OUT

INT. STAIRWELL EXIT TO THE STREET - SOLO - DAY

89

comes out of the door and onto the sidewalk, gun ready. He looks up and down the street.

SOLO'S POV - PANNING WITH THE MOVEMENT OF HIS HEAD

90

Looking down the street there is nothing important to be seen. Whipping back to look in the other direction WE PICK UP Olga's car as it rockets around a corner, too quickly to pick up the license number.

SOLO

91

puts his gun away, frowning.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO



## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGH RISE BUILDING IN LONDON

92

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: THRUSH HEADQUARTERS, LONDON.

93  
OUT

INT. THE BOARD ROOM

94

Maps, large table - one man, a middle-aged Chinaman, sits at the table. He looks up as INTERCOM BUZZES.

VOICE

Mr. Jordin to see you, sir --

The Chinese gentleman, whose name is CHANG -- presses a buzzer. Through a large window can be seen several MEN working communicators.

ANGLE ON JORDIN

95

He enters.

JORDIN

You wished to see me, Mr. Chang?

As Jordin approaches, Chang the latter presses a button and a curtain closes over the window into communications.

CHANG

We noticed a certain interest in certain matters on the part of UNCLE. For example, they are very disturbed, because a man named Phillip Bainbridge was killed --

JORDIN

By Thrush, I assume.

CHANG

You would think so, wouldn't you?  
Of course, when your hands are  
in your pockets it's not always  
possible for one hand to know what  
the other hand is doing. But in  
this case I think we did not kill  
him. We have no information on  
Bainbridge whatsoever.

95  
CONT'D  
(2)

Jordin takes out a small loose-leaf notebook and makes  
a brief note.

JORDIN

I'll look into it.

CHANG

UNCLE is also interested in Dr.  
Benjamin Lancer, the biochemist.  
They have been asking questions  
intensively.

Jordin makes another pothook.

JORDIN

I'll look into it.

CHANG

According to our dossier on Lancer,  
he was very close to a Professor  
Alexander Gritzky for a number of  
years --

JORDIN

Nobel Prize in chemistry, nineteen  
thirty-three.

CHANG

They worked together.

Jordin makes a note.

JORDIN

I'll look into it.

CHANG

Also, Professor Gritzky and Dr.  
Lancer were both members of The  
Bridge Of Lions - the chess  
society.

Jordin makes a note.

95  
CONT'D  
(3)

JORDIN

Sir Norman Swickert --

CHANG

Yes.

Jordin makes a pothook in his notebook.

CHANG

And, finally, UNCLE has stationed  
Illya Kuryakin in the London Soho,  
and he has been following cats.

JORDIN

Kuryakin?

Chang nods.

JORDIN (thoughtfully)

Following cats --

Chang shrugs. Jordin makes another mark. He reads his  
notes aloud, to be certain he has gotten everything and  
forgotten nothing. Chang nods once at each item.

JORDIN (reads)

Bainbridge. Lancer. Gritzky. The  
Bridge Of Lions. Swickert. Kuryakin  
follows cats.

Chang nods a final nod. Jordin snaps his notebook shut.

JORDIN

I'll look into everything.

Chang nods and presses a button - curtains open again.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO SWICKERT'S ESTATE - LONG SHOT -  
SOLO'S CAR - DAY

96

The little rented car chuffs along the unpaved country  
road that leads up to Swickert's main gate and passes on  
through. The gate is set in a high brick wall that  
stretches off to some point out of sight on either flank  
of the gate. Just outside the gate, beside the road,  
there is a gatehouse.

the car approaches, a giant man, FLEETON, a former policeman, steps out of the gatehouse and into the middle of the narrow country road and blocks the way. Fleeton is literally over seven feet tall - and very broad besides. The little car stops.

96  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO AND FLEETON

97

Solo leans out the window, wearing a jaunty plaid cap: This is just the thing one wears for an excursion into the country. Solo and Fleeton are both quite cheerful.

SOLO

You're standing in the middle of the road, dear boy. Very dangerous. People get run over that way.

FLEETON

This is private property, sir, and you are trespassing.

SOLO

Unless, of course, I am a guest.

FLEETON

You don't look like a guest, sir.

Lifting the little car by its front bumper, Fleeton turns about so that it faces back into the direction whence it came. He lets it drop with a thump and dusts his hands.

SOLO AND FLEETON - CLOSER

98

Fleeton leans down to Solo and grins at him through the window in a cheerful way.

FLEETON

Good day, sir.

Solo shrugs, throws the car into gear, lets out his clutch, and the car takes off backwards as fast as it will go, leaving the giant guard standing flatfooted.

FLEETON'S POV - SOLO

99

As he leans out the window of the tiny car and doffs his cap.

NEW ANGLE - FULL SHOT

100

As the car continues on backwards up the road leading eventually to Swickert's mansion, we observe Fleeton go into the gatehouse and pick up the telephone there.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SWICKERT'S MANSION - FULL SHOT - FEATURES SOLO'S CAR - DAY

101

The tiny car backs up the driveway and into the motor court before the house. We HOLD Solo as he gets out and crosses to the entrance to the mansion.

SOLO - CLOSER

102

About to knock on the door, the door opens sharply, revealing Joanna.

JOANNA (without great joy)

Ah, it is you.

SOLO (with pleasure)

Ah! It is you!

JOANNA

I'm told to inform you to wait where you are. Mr. Fleeton is on his way here to get you.

SOLO

The guard at the gate -- ?

Joanna nods. Solo's foot prevents the closing of the door.

JOANNA

Put your foot away!

SOLO

You don't look like the kind of girl who could stand by and watch me get my neck broke --

JOANNA

You're right. I shall turn my back!

Solo glances hastily over his shoulder.

POV - FLEETON

103

approaching the house on a bicycle.

AND JOANNA

104

pushes into the house.

JOANNA

I did not ask you to come in, and I do not want you here! If you do not go out of your own accord, I will scream down the house! I will!

SOLO

And the noise will annoy Sir Norman and he will be very put out --

JOANNA

And so will you, when Fleeton gets here.

Solo produces the vial of medicine he took from Joanna earlier and hands it to her again.

SOLO

Give this to Sir Norman --

JOANNA

It is the medicine I gave to you at The Byram Club this morning!

SOLO

Exactly. Give it to Sir Norman and tell him exactly where you got it!

Joanna is moved to comply by the crackle of authority in Solo's voice. As she goes to carry out the instruction, Solo steps into the library.

SWICKERT'S LIBRARY - SOLO - DAY

105

High walled, lined with shelves filled with books; a balcony to reach the higher shelves; a narrow spiral stair to reach the balcony.

everywhere in the room: on the floor, on the balcony, on  
tables and chairs - there are chess boards set up with a  
game in progress on each. The pieces belong to various  
styles. Each board has a small brass holder which con-  
tains an inserted piece of white cardboard with the name  
of the person to whom the board belongs printed thereon.

105  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo goes about the room. He looks at everything. Here  
and there studies a game or picks up a piece and sets it  
down exactly as he found it. His back is to the door as  
Fleeton arrives -- and is about to toss Solo out and we  
hear Swickert's voice.

SWICKERT (O.S.)  
It's all right, Fleeton.

ANGLE ON SWICKERT

105X1

SWICKERT (with an edge)  
Are you a member of The Bridge Of  
Lions, sir?

Solo does not understand the purpose of the question or  
the tone.

SOLO  
Sir?

SWICKERT  
Although you feel free to study those  
boards they are the property of The  
Bridge Of Lions. Their examination  
is privileged to the membership of  
that society.

SOLO  
I'm sorry, sir. I had no idea it would  
offend you if I looked at the games.

He extends his I.D. Swickert doesn't take it at once.

SWICKERT  
It offends me equally as if you opened  
a letter addressed in my name and  
read it without my permission.

SOLO  
My sincere apologies.

BERT - SWICKERT'S POV - SOLO'S UNCLE I.D.

106

BACK TO SCENE

107

Swickert returns the identification.

SWICKERT

If this concerns the murder today --

he nods.

SWICKERT

Directly I left the Byram Club, I went to New Scotland Yard and made a full statement. If you like I shall see they furnish you with a copy.

SOLO

They already have, sir.

He produces it, holds it as he talks.

SOLO

How well did you know Benjamin Lancer, sir?

He gives immediate response.

SOLO

Dr. Benjamin Lancer who won the Nobel Prize in chemistry in nineteen fifty-two --

SWICKERT

I know who he is.

SOLO

Sir - was Dr. Lancer killed in The Byram Club today?

Swickert studies Solo's face for several seconds before he reaches to take the copy of his statement from Solo's hand. He finds the passage he wants.



SWICKERT (reads;  
flatly)  
"....and I do hereby assert, of my  
own free will and under sacred oath,  
that I did this day witness the death  
by murder of Phillip Bainbridge...."

107  
CONT'D  
(2)

returns the document to Solo.

SOLO  
You haven't answered my question, sir.

SWICKERT  
Did you see Bainbridge? If he was  
Lancer he would have to be eighty-  
three years old! Do you think he was  
eighty-three years old? Did you see  
the texture of his skin? Did you see  
how clear his eyes were? Look at my  
hands --

holds out his hands. They are unsteady, as an old man's  
hands usually are.

SWICKERT

Did you see Bainbridge's hands? How steady they were?

107

CONT'D

(3)

SOLO

When I saw him he was dead - Everyone has steady hands when they're dead, sir.

SWICKERT

Then I will vouch to you that Bainbridge's hands were steady when he was alive.

SOLO

No, sir, that's not the question. The question is, who was Phillip Bainbridge? And was he Benjamin Lancer? And will you vouch that he was not?

Swickert turns his chair so that he will not face Solo, whose eyes are fixed on the old man as if he would see inside his head. The chair moves silently along the invisible random winding paths between the chess boards. The old man stops at one particular board and looks down at it. His chin begins to quiver, almost as if he were going to cry. A deep sadness pervades Swickert, a grey melancholy as subtle and chilling as fog. What he says comes out of this mood.

SWICKERT

This is Benjamin's board. We each have our own boards so we can play by mail when we're not together. This one is Benjamin's. Did you know there were more than thirty million deaths caused by World War I? Unnecessary. An accident of history brought about by a breakdown in communication. Not between nations. Between men. Between the generals and the statesmen and the scientists. The poets.

He points out the boards of those he names.

SWICKERT

107

CONT'D

(4)

The men who create history: who speak for the nations and say yes or no to fate. It was then that I decided to build a bridge between the great men and the great minds of the world. The Bridge Of Lions. So that the borders of nations would not stand between them when they needed to communicate with each other. Forty years. We have played now for forty years. Do you think the world is a better place now than it was forty years ago?

SOLO (shrugs)

I don't question history, sir. I just try to survive within it - along with the rest of the human race. Sir Norman, who was killed at The Byram Club today?

SWICKERT (drifting off)

Queen to black Queen's Bishop four --

Solo waits.

SOLO

Sir?

SWICKERT

Phillip Bainbridge.

SOLO

Where is Benjamin Lancer, then?

SWICKERT

Dead. Just as Phillip Bainbridge.

Swickert looks down at his transparent hands. Joanna enters with a bottle and spoon.

JOANNA

Time for your medicine, Sir Norman.

12-20-65

P.51

SWICKERT

I take pills - therefore I exist.

107  
CONT'D  
(5)

Joanna feeds him the medicine, Solo exits.

ZIP PAN TO:

ET. GATEHOUSE AND VICINITY - SOLO'S CAR - LONG SHOT -

108

ANGLED FROM the mansion toward the gate. Solo's car is moving away from us.

CLOSER - PANNING TO HOLD SOLO

109

behind the wheel of the little car, thinking of the interview just finished with Swickert.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE CAR AND FLEETON

110

who emerges from the gatehouse as the car approaches. He stands impassively, hands clasped behind his back, feet solidly apart. Solo tips a finger to him as he goes by. CAMERA HOLDS on Fleeton, letting Solo's car EXIT THE FRAME. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS TO INCLUDE Olga, standing in the doorway of the gatehouse once Solo has gone on. She watches after the little car as quietly, as impassively as Fleeton.

THEIR POV - SOLO'S CAR

111

Driving away down the road. Dwindling.

FLEETON AND OLGA - CLOSE TWO SHOT

112

They stand, Olga a little behind Fleeton, looking after the car. There is no expression on either face, yet we somehow feel an intangible menace.

EXT. ALONG THE ROAD - DAY

113

Solo's car ENTERS FRAME. The little car comes toward us. We are some miles from the gatehouse, perhaps. It is certainly out of sight.

RED. SHOT - SOLO IN THE CAR

114

He drives. His pocket communicator BEEPS. He takes the device from his pocket to answer.

SOLO (into communicator)  
Napoleon Solo, on channel.

INT. THE RESEARCH AND FILES SECTION OF UNCLE HEADQUARTERS -  
WANDA - DAY

115

Wanda is at the switchboard console. Behind her, computer tapes reel backward and forward endlessly, as the computers work.

WANDA  
How shines the moon down by England's  
fair land?

INTERCUT Solo in car, Wanda in UNCLE Headquarters.

SOLO  
Sorry to disenchant you, baby. It  
shines not at all.

WANDA  
Ah, a moonless night.

SOLO  
Ah, a moonless day.

WANDA  
That never stopped you before.

SOLO

Re-port, my child! With regard to a  
certain Mme DeSala --

115

CONT'D

(2)

WANDA (tonelessly)

-- That extraordinary woman --

SOLO (the clinician  
informing his students)

Pure hostility, caused by sheer envy.

WANDA

Madame was born in nineteen thirty-one.  
Her mother died the same year, and her  
father died nine years later. He was  
a general and a member of The Bridge  
Of Lions. Sir Norman Swickert took  
the child into his house to bring her  
up --

SOLO

That's a good beginning for a Victorian  
novel.

WANDA

Financially, madame is stacked.

SOLO (correcting her)

Financially, too.

WANDA (ignores it)

-- Total assets over three millions.  
Two establishments of haute couture.  
One for the rich rich, the other for  
the poor rich. Perfumes, textiles,  
and costume jewelry on the second  
floor! Furs on three, please! All  
original capital supplied by Sir  
Norman Swickert, who remains a major  
partner.

SOLO (considers briefly)

Leaving out The Bridge of Lions -- Is  
there any other connection between  
either Swickert or DeSala, and Dallier?

Wanda scans her dossier, turning pages. She finds an item  
in one place, puts her finger on it - she turns back two  
pages for the associative item.

## WANDA

There's a bio-chemist named Alexander Gritzky - financed by DeSala's cosmetics company. Hormone research. Gritzky used to be a pupil of Lancer....

115  
CONT'D  
(3)

There is a sharp SNAP; the steering wheel tries to tear itself out of Solo's hands as the car lurches wildly toward the side of the road.

## SOLO'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD - THE FRONT WHEEL

116

off by itself down the road, rolling in a straight line, independent of the car.

## MOVING WITH THE WHEEL

117

straight down the road. The road curves, the wheel continues straight. Road and wheel part company. The wheel jumps a ditch, rolls across a field, climbs a hillock and smashes into the great rock at the top. Losing speed and balance, the wheel begins to roll back down the hillock, beginning to fall on its side. We HOLD on the tire until it falls dead flat. O.S., we HEAR SOLO'S CAR CRASH. We PAN 180, SLOWLY, TO COME BACK to Solo's car in LONG SHOT. The car is overturned, perhaps smoking. Silence. Stillness of movement. Solo, himself, is hidden from view by the angle - behind the car. NOW, AS WE WATCH, a tiny dot appears, and simultaneously, the SOUND of a MOTORCYCLE approaching. The motorcycle comes down the road, growing and growing. We are STILL ON THE LONG SHOT, ANGLED FROM WHERE THE WHEEL FELL. The motorcycle draws up to a stop beside Solo's overturned car. The driver - a figure in a leather motorcycle helmet, great goggles, and a long scarf wrapped about the lower part of his face, gets off the motorcycle and crosses to Solo's car.

## JORDIN - CLOSER

118

He stands at a point from which he can see Solo, O.S.; hidden from our view still by the angle, which puts him on the far side of the overturned car. O.S., we can HEAR Wanda's voice, come through the communicator:

WANDA (O.S., FILTER)  
Napoleon? Napoleon?! Mr. Solo --  
You better not be putting me on,  
Napoleon! -- Mr. Waverly!!  
(etc.)

118  
CONT'D  
(2)

JORDIN'S POV - SOLO

119

Unconscious, thrown half out of the car by the force of the collision. The communicator is still in his hand and we HEAR Wanda's voice through it. The car is smoking. Jordin comes DOWN INTO THE FRAME as he kneels beside Solo.

NEW ANGLE - FEATURES JORDIN

120

He pushes up his goggles, unswathes the muffler. For the first time we are able to recognize him -- As he begins to go through Solo's pockets, we FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE



## ACT FOUR

"The Chapeau Of Mme DeSala Is On The Fence"

FADE IN:

EXT. SITE OF SOLO'S CAR ACCIDENT - DAY

121

RESUME the previous scene. A minute or two have passed. Jordin still kneels beside Solo's unconscious form, and the voice of Wanda comes through the communicator as before. Jordin ignores it. Taking his time, he examines the items he has removed from Solo's person. He sketches a representation of one interesting device into his notebook.

WANDA (O.S., FILTER)

Mr. Waverly! I can't recover contact with Mr. Solo, and his channel is still open.

WAVERLY (O.S., FILTER)

Camel Station. Waverly speaking. Can you respond, Mr. Solo? We are trying to contact you, Mr. Solo, can you respond?

Jordin takes all the various items culled from the various places of concealment on Solo's person, and junks them all together into one of Solo's pockets, carelessly.

WAVERLY (O.S., FILTER)

Mr. Solo --

Jordin grasps the sleeve on the hand holding the communicator; he grasps the sleeve between thumb and forefinger and thus lifts Solo's hand to bring the communicator closer to his mouth. He speaks into it.

JORDIN

Please don't shout. Mr. Solo is going to have a very bad headache as it is. If he recovers consciousness. You might send him a couple of aspirins. If you care. About three and a half miles just north of Lesser Littleton.

WAVERLY (O.S., FILTER)

Who is this?

JORDIN

A good samaritan.

121

CONT'D

(2)

He shuts off the communicator, releases his thumb and forefinger grasp of Solo's sleeve delicately. Solo's limp arm drops heavily away. Jordin rises.

JORDIN - CLOSE

122

He pulls his goggles down over his eyes. He flings his scarf about the lower part of his face, and again. He returns to his motorcycle, starts it, and DRIVES OUT OF THE FRAME.

ANGLED ACROSS SOLO F.G. TO HOLD JORDIN'S MOTORCYCLE

123

swindling down the road. The breeze flutters Solo's clothing. We are not quite sure, but Solo may have moved his hand.

ZIP PAN TO:

B.T. LONDON PET SHOP - PROPRIETOR - NIGHT

124

End of a day. It is quite dark outside. The PROPRIETOR is closing shop. The door is actually locked when Illya appears and taps. The Proprietor hesitates, then lets him in.

The Proprietor watches as Illya crosses to the counter, brings out a black leather pouch fastened with a string. It is the sort of pouch which usually holds fine drafting instruments or jewelry. It is lined with black velvet. Illya opens it to produce a cat collar encrusted with what seem to be fine diamonds. The Proprietor starts to reach for the collar, then, afraid of being misunderstood, clasps his hands behind his back.

PROPRIETOR (of the collar)

Extraordinary workmanship.

ILLYA (displays it)

You like it?

PROPRIETOR

The jewels look quite real.

ILLYA

They are. Naturally, for a collar like this I want a very elegant cat. A nice big fat one.

124

CONT'D

(2)

PROPRIETOR

I am a bit confused, sir, which do you wish - elegant or fat?

ILLYA

What I need is the kind of a cat who gets himself stolen.

The Proprietor is completely bewildered.

PROPRIETOR (finally)

I see.

ZIP PAN TO:

125

OUT

INT. CORVY'S HOUSE - CATS IN CAGE - NIGHT

126

A dozen or so fully grown cats in a cage sufficiently large so that a man may enter into it. As we see more of the room we shall see many individual cages stacked against the walls - each one labelled - part of an experiment. In the individual cages there are kittens only.

The room is situated in a nondescript London row house, and has been fitted over into a working laboratory, with professional type lab bench, bunsen burners, glassware, etc. etc.

Mme DeSala, ALEXANDER GRITZKY, Olga, Fleeton are in the room. The room is being hastily evacuated. Nothing is taken except what is urgently needed and irreplaceable. Professor Gritzky stands by himself, confused, unable to place an order of importance on the materials of his research. He has a piece of apparatus he holds in his hand. Mme DeSala crosses the room to take it from him.

MME DE SALA

Leave it, Professor Gritzky. You will find a part precisely similar in the new laboratory.

Gritzky's vague gesture agrees the part can be replaced.  
DeSala sets it down.

126  
CONT'D  
(2)

GRITZKY

It is not parts, it is a totality.  
Here is a place where I come day  
after day. All of a sudden we are  
divorced, this room and I! I am not  
ready to go to a new place, which is  
for me like to begin again from the  
beginning.

MME DE SALA

So you will be uncomfortable for a  
few days. To be uncomfortable is to  
be alive. But if you do not move  
from here they'll kill you like they  
killed poor Lancer. You want to  
finish your work.

Gritzky surveys the room helplessly.

GRITZKY (gives in)

Displacement bewilders me. Always.

ANGLE - FEATURES CORVY

127

enters, a cat concealed under his coat. CORVY is not  
right, but he is a good lab assistant for that. He  
brings the cat from under his coat. He pets it to ease  
its fear. It is, unmistakably, by its collar, Illya's cat.

MME DE SALA AND GRITZKY

128

Gritzky stuffs his already bulging pockets with all sorts  
of odd small objects: a screwdriver, bent in a peculiar  
way to form a unique tool, scraps of paper on which are  
scrawled equations and formulae, vials of chemicals, etc.

MME DE SALA (to Gritzky)

You see? Corvy is here. Anything  
you will need from here he can bring  
to you! Now come! Please! Now!

Holding his arm, she draws him to the door. Fleeton is  
carrying a carton from the room.

MME DE SALA (to Gritzky)  
Go with Fleeton, please.  
(to Fleeton)  
Start the motor. We shall join you  
in seconds.

128  
CONT'D  
(2)

Fleeton and Gritzky exit. Mme DeSala moves to Olga's side.  
They look at Corvy. They are considering his life or death,  
quietly. Decision finally rests with Mme DeSala.

THEIR POV - CORVY

129

Playing with the cats.

MME DE SALA AND OLGA

130

Watching Corvy. Olga indicates Corvy with a slight nod.  
Mme DeSala thinks for a second, then nods yes. It is a  
death warrant.

OLGA (low)  
Give me your hatpin.

Mme DeSala withdraws the hatpin, hands it to Olga. She  
remains a moment longer, watching Corvy, then Mme DeSala  
exits the room.

MOVING SHOT-- PUSHING IN TO HOLD TIGHT FRAME

131

Olga, holding the hatpin without any special emphasis,  
comes to stand just behind Corvy.

132-133  
OUT

EXT. OUTSIDE CORVY'S HOUSE - VARIOUS ANGLES - NIGHT

134-137

Among other cars parked at the curb, Swickert's limousine,  
motor running. The headlamps, however, are dark. Fleeton  
sits behind the wheel, ready to move.

Gritzky, already seated in the back seat of the car, has a second thought. He jumps out of the car, leaving the door open. As he runs across the sidewalk, going back to the house, he collides with Mme DeSala, emerging from the house. She catches his arm.

134-137  
CONT'D  
(2)

GRITZKY

The temperature charts!

MME DE SALA

We have them --

As she holds the door for him, a gust of wind takes her hat from her head before she can protect it, blowing it away along the sidewalk. Gritzky is about to go after it for her. She detains him.

GRITZKY

Your hat.

MME DE SALA

Get in.

Gently, femininely, and firmly, she puts Gritzky back into the car. She, herself, waits outside the car for Olga.

Olga comes from the house, heels clicking briskly across the sidewalk as she crosses to the car. Her hands are thrust deep into the pockets of her trenchcoat. One after the other the two women get into the car. There is an exchanging of looks between them. The door is pulled to from within. The headlamps wink on. Fleeton cramps the wheel and the car moves away from the curb.

ZIP PAN TO:

CORVY'S STREET - HIGH ANGLE - LONG SHOT - ILLYA'S  
- NIGHT

138

car comes around the corner, cruising slowly. It  
ops.

IN THE CAR - ILLYA

139

ching the instrument panel of a larger and more powerful  
ater than the pocket device he used in the Teaser. A  
nt winks on brilliantly, a continuous carrier wave tone  
NDS, etc. Illya looks out.

YA'S POV - CORVY'S HOUSE

140

seen through the window of the car.

H ANGLE - LONG SHOT - ILLYA'S CAR

141

car backs around the corner. We HOLD ON the corner.  
, the FAINT SLAM of a CAR DOOR. Illya appears as he  
es around the corner toward us, again, on foot now.  
carries the pocket locator.

ING WITH ILLYA

142

he homes in on Corvy's house. The wind sends Ilme  
ala's hat against Illya's feet. He picks it up, eyes  
bsently. It means nothing to him. But politely,  
ause the hat may have value, he hangs it on a railing  
t fronts one of the houses instead of tossing it back  
o the street. Illya goes on to enter Corvy's house.

ANGLE - HOUSE ENTRANCE

143

Illya enters. The CAMERA FRAMES UP to the upper part  
the house, PICKS OUT one of the darkened windows there,  
PUSHES IN.

CORVY'S HOUSE - FLASHLIGHT APPROACHING - NIGHT

144

flashlight approaches directly, FILLING THE ENTIRE  
EFN.

ANGLE - ILLYA

145

ding the flashlight. He follows the BEEP of his miniature locator along the hall of the quiet house.

SOUND grows stronger as he approaches the open door the room made over into a laboratory. He pauses a moment, cautious, listening. He enters the room, throwing his light before him.

IYLA'S POV - PANNING WITH FLASHLIGHT

146

He PICKS OUT the room: the kittens in the individual cages, the half dozen grown cats in the larger cage in the center of the room (though Ilyla's cat is not in it).

He PAN WITH FLASHLIGHT as an O.S. STRANGE NOISE draws attention. The PAN BRINGS US TO A STRANGE APPARATUS, rather seen than described. It is the primitive pilot version of the rejuvenation device, whose more sophisticated descendant we shall see anon. There are a series of noises, and a sharp CLICK, and silence.

IYLA - CLOSE

147

aching. Alert, ready for action.

IYLA'S POV - THE KITTEN

148

There is a door with a glass porthole built into the machine. Accompanied by a CLICK, a light winks on within the apparatus. Through the glass porthole we see the kitten's face, close to the glass, distorted, mewling - by its open mouth - though we hear nothing through the glass.

IYLA

149

He approaches the machine, opens the door and brings out the kitten. It is Ilyla's cat, reduced to a kitten. The collar is still about its neck, hanging loosely. The unidentified state device built into the collar is still sending a signal to Ilyla's pocket locator.

IYLA AND KITTEN - CLOSE

150

Examining the cat, Ilyla is puzzled. He removes the collar.



YA

151

sets the kitten down gently and continues his exploration of the room. The cats and kittens mewl continuously as they are used to his presence. Illya comes to the open doorway of the room which was Corvy's living quarters. Professionally cautious, Illya tosses a bunch of keys on the floor ahead of him. He waits. Nothing. Sending his flashlight ahead of him, Illya cautiously enters the room.

YA'S POV - MOVING WITH THE FLASHLIGHT

152

Illya sees, piece by piece, the areas it illuminates. Nothing. Until we come to the cot. Corvy is dead on the cot. An enormous black cat is sitting on his chest, blinking calmly at Illya.

YA - CLOSE

153

Illya is acting. In the other room something is different. Illya remains, trying to decide what it is. He realizes the cats have stopped mewling. The other room has abruptly become eerily quiet.

ANGLE - ILLYA

154

Illya listens, staring down at the dead man. He turns his head out, listening in the dark. A small SOUND in the other room.

Illya moves to the doorway silently. He places his flashlight on the floor in the doorway, directing it toward the other room.

Illya turns it on unexpectedly, simultaneously springing out from the line of fire. TWO SHOTS rip through the empty doorway where Illya was a moment before.

Expecting to be hit, Illya drops heavily to the floor - making a profound GROAN. He waits, on his stomach, his hands covering the doorway. The flashlight still directs its beam into the other room.

There is a THIRD SHOT. It hits the flashlight. The light goes out.

Illya waits, tense.

beam of light shoots out of the darkness, pinning Illya. 154  
FIRES as he rolls. Glass breaks with the shot and CONT'D  
light goes out. (2)

SOLO (O.S.; incredulous)

Illya!

's voice comes from some other part of the room than  
point from which his light came; he has obviously  
employed the same evasive technique as Illya.

ILLYA (cautiously)

Napoleon?

L SHOT

155

light comes on, discovering Solo in the center of the  
n, his hand on the pull string of the naked bulb in the  
ling fixture. Illya, sitting with his back against the  
l, comfortably, his gun resting across his knees, tips  
hand in a gesture of greeting. Illya rises as he points  
Corvy on the bed, behind Solo. Solo turns to see.

ILLYA

Is that who you're looking for?

o looks.

ILLYA

I believe his name is Corvy. He  
collected cats.

o shakes his head.

SOLO

I need a bio-chemist named Alexander  
Gritzky.

ILLYA

That's who Corvy was collecting cats  
for.

o moves to the doorway and into the other room. He  
s on the light in there, surveying the laboratory  
out touching anything.

SOLO

Did you know the nervous system of a  
cat is the closest thing there is to  
the nervous system of a human being?

a doesn't answer. He is examining Corvy to see how  
as killed. He turns Corvy's head a little and sees  
hatpin, buried into his brain in the soft part just  
nd the ear: only the glass bead at the end of the  
shows.

155  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

Hatpin.

a comes into the laboratory with Solo. He stands  
de him, looking at everything. The little cat which  
Illya's collar meows and rubs against Solo's leg.  
looks down at him without picking him up.

SOLO (to the kitten)

Hello, kitten.

ILLYA

Mr. Corvy collected cats - only cats.  
Where do the kittens come from?

thing keeps nibbling at the back of Illya's mind. He  
s out loud, but still mostly to himself.

ILLYA

Hatpin --

looks at him curiously. Now Illya has it.

ILLYA

Hatpin.

a moves from the room on the run. Solo remains a  
nt longer, scanning the room to memorize it for future  
possibly.

STREET OUTSIDE CORVY'S HOUSE - ILLYA - NIGHT

156

ears out of the house, moving to the hat, still hang-  
on the railing. He examines it inside and out. Solo  
ges from the house a moment behind Illya. Illya hands  
the hat.

ILLYA

I think this is the hat the hatpin  
was in before it was in Mr. Corvy.

SOLO'S POV - CLOSEUP - LABEL

157

bold, facsimile signature: DeSala.

SOLO AND ILLYA

158

Illya watches the play of ideas across Solo's face.

SOLO

Do you know who put up the money for the House of DeSala? A gentleman named Swickert. Sir-Norman - Swickert. How would you like a ride in the country? Sir Norman has a lovely place in the country.

ILLYA

If I can't get an explanation of what you're talking about, I suppose I'll settle for the ride.

SOLO

Stout fellow!

They move off to their respective cars. CAMERA PANS TO street phone box. In it, phoning - or at least holding the phone in his hands - is Jordin.

ZIP PAN TO:

12-20-65

P.69-71

159-171

OUT

SWICKERT'S MANSION - DE SALA'S CAR - MME DE SALA,  
ZKY, OLGA, AND FLEETON - NIGHT

172

and Fleeton, Fleeton behind the wheel, wait in the  
lights still lit, motor going, as Mme DeSala and  
zky go to the house. Mme DeSala takes Gritzky's arm;  
as if she were offering him reassurance than as if  
is leading him. The door is not locked. Mme DeSala  
s it, holds it for Gritzky to precede her into the  
e.

THE FOYER - SWICKERT'S MANSION - MME DE SALA,  
ZKY, JOANNA - NIGHT

173

na, coming from the library, crosses the foyer to  
nd the staircase to the upper floors. She passes  
DeSala and Gritzky. They nod formally, acknowledg-  
each other's presence, no more. Then Joanna turns

JOANNA

Madam -

la and Gritzky turn. Joanna does not approve.

JOANNA

He is waiting for you, but it is long  
past time for him to be in his bed --

MME DE SALA

Thank you. Good night.

JOANNA

Do not keep him too long, please.  
He is like a candle flickering.

Joanna goes on up the stairs as Mme DeSala touches  
Gritzky's arm to take his attention back from Joanna.  
Gritzky follows Mme DeSala toward the library.

173  
CONT'D  
(2)

LIBRARY - SWICKERT, MME DE SALA, GRITZKY - NIGHT

174

Swickert's head rests forward on his chest. He is so still  
he may be asleep or dead. But his eyes are open, blinking  
from time to time. He is in deep thought. Mme DeSala and  
Gritzky enter after a LIGHT KNOCK.

MME DE SALA

Norman. I have brought Professor  
Gritzky --

Swickert looks up and makes a pathetic, defeated gesture.  
He sighs deeply. Professor Gritzky looks to DeSala for  
permission. He gets it with a little nod of her head and  
goes to Swickert and takes his pulse. His reaction is  
obvious. Swickert is at the end of his vitality. Gritzky's  
expression communicates this to DeSala without words.

MME DE SALA (to Swickert)

Norman, Professor Gritzky is going to  
make all his preparations tonight. By  
morning you will have your first  
treatment --

Swickert shakes his head.

SWICKERT

There is a time to die.

DeSala looks from Swickert to Gritzky.

MME DE SALA (to Gritzky)

Go, get everything ready.

Gritzky nods. He turns abruptly and goes out. Swickert  
remains.

SWICKERT

Cold.

175  
OUT

SALA

176

looks at the old man with great tenderness.

SWICKERT (without self-pity)

Too late, Raine. Too late.

sees him shudder, takes off her fur coat and puts it  
ut his shoulders. She stands behind him, her hands on  
shoulders, as if she would pass the strength in herself  
to him.

SWICKERT

Time is the enemy. It wounds you with  
its days. Small days. The sun circles  
the earth once. Who would think that  
life, itself, could be buried at last  
under the weight, the terrible weight  
of all those brief days?

holds his hands out.

SWICKERT

Look, Raine. I have become transparent.  
Time has taken my flesh and turned me  
into glass.

comes around to take his hands and kiss them. She  
ps to her knees beside him.

MME DE SALA

We will wound time - now - you and I  
and Gritzky!

ckert shakes his head.

SWICKERT

There is no heat in me.

MME DE SALA

By morning you will be on fire!

SWICKERT

I have no purpose to fight. I remember  
when they turned out Winston Churchill.  
I was hardly an old man, then, but I  
thought - How do they dare do this!

(Cont.)

SWICKERT (CONT'D)

176  
CONT'D  
(2)

How do they dare? And then my turn came, and I was far more angry, because it was myself! I thought, let them go on without me, then! They did.

MME DE SALA

What have they done? Is this the kind of world you would have made?

SWICKERT

I ran out of time. I don't want it, Raine. To lie awake: wondering how to move puny people to great purposes...

MME DE SALA

When I was ten I was in love with you. And I said, 'Someday I will marry him'! How I raced! How I raced to grow up quickly! Do you remember how I sat beside you with my head on your lap when I was sixteen?

Swickert nods.

MME DE SALA

I am still in love with you, my Norman. Yes, you ran out of time, that is all! But now you may have it back again! Norman, do you remember the power you had! It was in you! I remember, I was a girl, and when I knew you would come into a room I would run there before you and wait -- The room, itself, would change as you walked into it. When there were people there, talking, they stopped, and waited for what you would say to them -- Norman, how I wanted, then, to take your hand and walk beside you through the halls of power - to feel that terrible strength of yours go from you into me! And it shall be, Norman! Norman, take my hand, and I shall lead you back to greatness again!

Swickert holds her hand out to him.

ZIP PAN TO:



12-20-65

P.76

SWICKERT MANSION - DAY

176X1

and Solo climb the ivy covered wall trying to reach a  
ny. A branch breaks off and Illya almost falls.

JOANNA'S BEDROOM - JOANNA - DAY

176X2

awakes up at the SOUND of the boys outside.

BALCONY

177

ent later, Joanna appears on the balcony in her night-  
and looks down.

178  
OUT

A

179

e rail. CAMERA PULLS BACK to a WIDER ANGLE, reveal-  
Illya dangling just below the balcony, and Solo cling-  
o the ivy on the brick wall beside the balcony. So  
ly that Joanna has no idea he is there, Solo swings  
om the ivy and stands immediately behind Joanna.

SOLO (softly)

You should be saying, 'Romeo, Romeo,  
wherefore art thou -- '

urns startled. Illya comes up over the balcony rail.

SOLO

I am not what you think I am --

JOANNA

I am enough of a lady so that I  
wouldn't know how to think what I  
think you are --

SOLO (indicating Illya)

I'd like you to meet my chaperon.  
Mr. Kuraybin. Miss Sweet.

JOANNA

If you're going to stand here like  
that looking at me in my nightgown  
you should be red-faced!

179  
CONT'D  
(2)

stalks into the bedroom with head high, leaving them  
on the balcony.

SOLO

It's just a matter of speaking to the  
girl and orienting her as to who we  
are, and what we do, and the principles  
we stand for, and --

ya smiles sweetly and nods; it is quite clear that all  
any orienting will have to be done by Solo. But it  
er gets that far, for the doors between the room and  
balcony are flung open again and Joanna and Fleeton  
ear. Joanna points dramatically.

JOANNA

There they are.

n as Solo and Illya begin to turn, Fleeton knocks their  
ds together so hard he knocks them unconscious.

ZIP PAN TO:

. THE LABORATORY AT SWICKERT'S ESTATE - DAY

180

s lab has been in preparation for some time. It is  
plete, modern, and tiled and cleaned. This was  
bably once the dairy room of the estate when there  
a herd here.

DE SALA AND GRITZKY

181

tzky is making observations and recording them - from  
eral different flow meters, electrical grids, etc.  
DeSala is looking through the glass port in the door  
a piece of equipment which looks like a larger scale,  
e finished version of the apparatus from which we saw  
ya's kitten emerge earlier.

DE SALA'S POV - THROUGH GLASS PORT - SWICKERT

182

bbles and strange lights within. Constantly changing. There is a sense of a womb within this machine. Subtly, Swickert seems younger, but we can't yet be sure. It may be merely the lighting.

DE SALA AND GRITZKY

183

comes to look through the glass port into the interior of the apparatus. Mme DeSala steps aside. Gritzky looks. Steps back, nodding.

GRITZKY

Soon.

ZIP PAN TO:

T. THE WINERY - SWICKERT'S ESTATE - DAY

184

The winery is underground - an old wine cellar. Fleeton picks up Illya and Solo up the ramp to the loading platform at the top of the wine press. Reaching the platform, with no hesitation or ceremony, Fleeton drops them into the press.

FLEETON'S POV - HIGH ANGLE - ILLYA AND SOLO

185

Illya and Solo lie on the floor of the press limply, sprawled, and unconscious. O.S., we HEAR a RUMBLING SOUND.

EXTREME LOW ANGLE - FLEETON

186

Fleeton looks down over the edge of the press from the loading platform. In a moment Olga joins him, standing beside him looking down impassively. Now we realize the rumbling sound is caused by the mechanism of the press as it descends. We FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END PART I

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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE WOUNDED TIME AFFAIR

PART II

Prod. #7482

REVISED FINAL

Executive Producer:  
Norman Felton

Producer:  
Mort Abraham

Teleplay by:

Henry Fleissner and  
Howard Rodin

Story by:

Henry Fleissner

A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
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December 21, 1952

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Wounded Time Affair"

Part II

Prod. #7482

TEASER

N:  
THE WINERY - SWICKERT'S ESTATE - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT 187

MOVES ON SOUND, O.S., made as Illya and Solo are  
into the wine press by Fleeton. CAMERA ARRIVES  
ONLY Fleeton, on the loading platform, as he looks  
into the press.

N'S POV - ILLYA AND SOLO - IN THE WINE PRESS 188

scious, but beginning to come to. O.S., Olga's  
feels CLICKING as she approaches in her usual brisk  
n.

E - ANGLED UP TO FLEETON 189

g over the rim of the press above. In a moment Olga  
INTO FRAME, as she moves to stand beside Fleeton,  
oks down.

ND FLEETON - ON THE LOADING PLATFORM 190

urns to the control on the platform railing, presses  
'cart' button.

- CLOSEUP - OLGA'S FINGER ON BUTTON 191

resses 'Down'. Two buttons: one marked "Up", the  
'Down'.

S ANGLES - FEATURE SCREW AND PLATEN 192-193

ent screw winds the platen down into the press.

OLGA AND FLEETON

195

atching.

CLOSED UP FROM INSIDE PRESS - OLGA AND FLEETON

196

The gap between the edge of the platen and the rim of the press closes down. Platen and press rim are even and the last glimpse of the two faces is closed out.

OLGA AND FLEETON

197

With no word, they leave the loading platform and cross the cellar to exit.

ILLYA AND SOLO - WITHIN THE PRESS

198

Illya becomes conscious - first one then the other. They take in the situation. Illya still has the tiny, powerful flashlight he used when trailing the cats - he turns it on to illuminate the scene.

The two lie on slatted duckboards, whose purpose is to hold back the grape pulp and let the grape juice through. The duckboarding is just laid in place loosely, so it may be taken up for cleaning. Now Illya and Solo pull up the duckboarding section by section and try to jam it between the platen and the bottom of the descending press. The press comes down inexorably. The duckboards bend, then splinter, then crack with a SOUND like bones cracking. The platen continues down toward them.

SOLO AND ILLYA - TIGHT TWO SHOT - WITHIN THE PRESS

199

Looking up at the monstrous platen descending on them.

ZIP PAN TO:

T. GRITZKY'S LAB ON THE SWICKERT ESTATE - MME DE SALA, GRITZKY, SWICKERT - DAY

200

Swickert is still in the rejuvenation machine. At first they do not see his face. Gritzky is checking the second hand of a clock, one hand poised on the switch that will stop the process. Mme DeSala is watching, tense as piano.

zky pulls the switch. Silence.

200

CONT'D

(2)

DeSala stands aside as Gritzky goes to the device  
opens it. Now for the first time Mme DeSala can  
Swickert's face.

MME DE SALA

There is no change! No change!

zky whirls on her, flaring into anger.

GRITZKY

What do you think? We are science  
fiction? We are like those hormone  
creams you advertise in the magazines  
smear on and smear off and underneath  
is a new face?

MME DE SALA

I thought it to be finished --

GRITZKY

It is begun! The whole metabolism of  
the body is in a new order - We don't  
do this! The body does it by itself!  
Cell by cell!

DeSala starts out. Gritzky's voice catches her at the

GRITZKY

I, too, am tense!

MME DE SALA

I know.

exits.

MOTOR COURT AND MANSION - FLEETON AND LIMOUSINE -

201

on comes from the house, bearing luggage which he  
into the car. Mme DeSala comes from the stables  
houses the lab.

MME DE SALA (to Fleeton,  
in passing)  
Go help Professor Gritzky with Sir  
Norman -- !

201  
CONT'D  
(2)

continues on, into the house.

. ENTRY HALL - SWICKERT'S MANSION - JOANNA, MME  
SALA - DAY

202

Joanna is sitting on the steps, a suitcase beside her, in  
a long silent colloquy with herself.

MME DE SALA  
Why are you sitting?

JOANNA  
I am not sure if I am coming with  
you, madam --

MME DE SALA  
I thought it was all settled.

JOANNA  
There is too much I don't understand!  
Who is this new doctor who is treating  
Sir Norman? And why is there such  
haste to leave? What is happening is  
what I wish to know!

Joanna is almost, not quite convinced.

MME DE SALA  
Do you have no faith? Can not you  
trust? Sir Norman needs you. Will  
you desert him because of something  
you do not understand?

JOANNA (suddenly)  
I will come with you!

MME DE SALA  
One day, mademoiselle, you will see  
you have decided in the right way.  
There is a miracle here that must  
unfold itself as a leaf unfolds.  
You will look back to this second and  
you will think - 'Here I touched  
history!' Now, go quick. We have a  
minute and a half to do everything!



XT. MOTOR COURT AND MANSION - DAY

203

wickert, swathed in blankets, like a child, is already in the car - Joanna sits beside him. Gritzky, carrying his small satchel, is just getting in. Fleeton is behind the wheel. Mme DeSala comes briskly from the house. Olga holds the door of the Royce open for her.

MME DE SALA (to Olga)

See you in Paris.

Olga closes the door after DeSala and gets into her small car. The Royce starts off.

204-206

OUT

NT. THE WINE CELLAR - ANGLE FEATURES WINE PRESS - DAY

207

the platen is wound fully to the bottom. There is no possibility that anyone within could be alive. The room is eerily silent.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

## ACT ONE

E IN:  
. THE GATE AND GATEHOUSE OF SWICKERT'S ESTATE - THE  
OUSINE AND OLGA'S SMALL CAR - DAY

208

two cars go out through the gate. CAMERA HOLDS them,  
PANS BACK to the gatehouse. From beside the gate-  
se, hidden before this by the angle, Jordin steps out,  
ding his motorcycle. He looks after the cars, then  
nts his cycle, starts it, and heads for the house.

. WINERY - SWICKERT'S ESTATE - MOVING SHOT - DAY

209

ERA MOVES PAST tuns and vats to bring us to the wine  
ss from which there emanates the SOUND of DULL POUNDING.  
er a while we can make out the pattern of the pounding.  
spells S.O.S.

DIN

210

ers the cellar, exploring. Drawn by the O.S. SOUND, he  
es to the wine press, ascends to the loading platform.  
discovers the buttons that motivate the mechanism. He  
sses the 'Up' button. The press begins to rise. The  
ND from within the press CEASES.

IOUS ANGLES

211-213

ERCUTTING aspects of the mechanism which motivates the  
ss.

DIN

214

din bends over the rim of the press so he can see into  
down to the bottom.

DIN'S POV

215

erior of vat. Solo kneeling beside a sprawled, perhaps  
eless Illya, who lies face down. Solo is listening to  
ya's heart with his ear against Illya's back. We see  
y have survived being pulped by taking refuge in the  
p beneath the duckboards.

12-21-65

P.87

JORDIN (O.S.)

Good morning --

215  
CONT'D  
(2)

to looks up.

216-217  
OUT

PERCUT VARIOUS ANGLES - JORDIN AND SOLO

218

JORDIN

Your friend having a little trouble?

SOLO

Little enough; he's dead.

JORDIN

That's very unusual. Seventy-three percent of all accidents happen in the home. Very rarely do you find somebody who dies in a wine vat.

SOLO

I think his heart gave out. Sheer terror. Killed him.

SEUP - ILLYA

219

eye opens in reaction to this slur. The angle, naturally, prevents Jordin from observing this.

PERCUT VARIOUS ANGLES - JORDIN AND SOLO

220

JORDIN

Jordin is the name. J-O-R-D-I-N.  
Insurance game. In a way. Most insurance guys sell you something to  
(Cont.)

JORDIN (CONT'D)

settle the damages after something happens. My specialty is prevention.

220

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

Who carries your paper?

JORDIN

It goes this way and that. Sometimes I carry my own paper, and sometimes I get somebody to underwrite me.

SOLO

Thrush, for example?

JORDIN

Oh, the world is full of birds.

SEUP - ILLYA

221

is just the merest sound - certainly it would not carry as far as Jordin.

ILLYA

Tweet. Tweet.

ERCUT - SOLO AND JORDIN

222

in whips out his little black notebook.

JORDIN

I imagine you're wondering what I'm doing here. It so happens I'm running a little survey, gathering up preventative insurance data, you might say. I don't suppose you would mind answering a couple of questions, would you, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Actually, Mr. Jordin, I answer questions a lot better when I'm not standing at the bottom of a wine vat.

JORDIN

I don't know. Isolation encourages concentration, they say.

SOLO

222

You haven't spent a great deal of  
time at the bottom of a wine press,  
have you, Mr. Jordin?

CONT'D

(2)

JORDIN

You feel I'm missing something --

SOLO

I feel you lack an understanding of  
the effect of the view down here on  
conversation: depressing.

JORDIN

Look to the brighter view, then, Mr.  
Solo! Look up!

SOLO

That gives me a crick in the neck.

JORDIN

Well -- if you feel it's all too much  
for you - a touch of the finger on  
the 'down' button puts everything  
back the way we found it.

SOLO

Confining, I admit. But hardly con-  
clusive. Unlike my friend here --

(he indicates Illya)

-- I'm not afraid of the dark.

EUP - ILLYA

223

es his eyes in long suffering.

'S POV - UP TO JORDIN

224

furrowed slightly, trying to decide if the restraint  
of killing Solo immediately is worth the effort  
illed.

JORDIN'S POV - DOWN TO SOLO

225

Smiling up blandly.

JORDIN'S POV - UP TO JORDIN

226

Jordin abruptly pulls back from the edge of the wine press above, vanishing FROM THE FRAME.

SOLO AND ILLYA

227

At the bottom of the wine press. Illya mutters quietly, but does not move otherwise.

ILLYA

Next time, my friend, you will do the dying and I will make up the reasons why it happened --

SOLO (out of the corner of his mouth)

Quiet, please - here comes Mr. Jordin.

INTERCUT VARIOUS ANGLES - TO COVER

228

Jordin returns with a ladder. He thrusts it over the edge of the press and lets it drop to Solo below.

JORDIN

And now, if you don't mind, will you take off your jacket, please? Just drop it anywhere.

Solo complies, revealing a shoulder holster.

JORDIN

And the gun.

SOLO

Sorry -- I've already been relieved of it.

JORDIN

The holster then.

228  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo complies.

JORDIN

Pockets, please.

Solo turns out the linings of his trousers pockets, letting them hang.

JORDIN

And one shoe. Either one.

Solo complies.

JORDIN

Thank you.

Solo begins to climb the ladder. He finds Jordin's face familiar.

SOLO

Why do you remind me of a motorcycle?

JORDIN (helpfully)

I have that kind of face.

SOLO (begins to remember)

It's the angle - looking down.

(remembers)

Yes, I remember. When my car turned over yesterday. Just before I blacked out completely, somebody came up on a motorcycle and leaned down over me --

Solo climbs out of the press. Jordin steps back a little. In deference to Jordin's pistol, Solo raises his hands. The pistol gestures down the ramp. Solo goes. Jordin follows.

JORDIN

I didn't have anything to do with that accident, you know.

228

CONT'D

(3)

SOLO

I didn't think you did. I have to remember this one shoe bit; it's very good.

JORDIN

Throws you just enough off balance to slow you down a bit. Gives me a little edge. I did see them loosen the wheel, though. I had an excellent view from behind some bushes. Sit down, please. Sit on your hands.

sits down on the floor, on his hands, palms down.

JORDIN

Palms up, if you don't mind.

complies.

RCUT ANGLES ON SOLO AND JORDIN WITH ANGLES ON ILLYA,  
ING OUT OF THE WINE PRESS

229

settles comfortably on his hands, palms up.

SOLO

Makes it harder to get to your feet again this way, doesn't it?

JORDIN

That's my impression. There were two of them working on the wheel: a big fellow, about seven feet tall --

SOLO

Seven two. His name is Fleeton. Works for Sir Norman Swickert --

JORDIN (nods)

The actual idea came from a young lady in a trench coat --



SOLO

Doesn't ring a bell.

229

CONT'D

(2)

JORDIN

Good posture. Make a good soldier.

1 Solo doesn't recognize the picture. He shakes his

SOLO

That's the trouble with anonymous gifts: you never know how to address the 'thank you' card.

(shivers)

I hate to complain, you've been so nice about it all, but it's cold in here.

JORDIN

Always is down in cellars.

in brings forth a metal flask, removes the cap, up-  
the flask to Solo's mouth at a polite angle: brandy.  
in lets some go down Solo's throat and warm him before  
akes the flask away.

JORDIN

Now we can get down to cases: Review the data, bring everything up to date, and go on from there.

SOLO

Force a little more brandy down my throat, will you?

in does as asked, replaces the cap.

JORDIN

You have to be careful about this stuff  
- it's habit forming.

in pulls up an interesting little wooden bench that  
ens to be around, sits, crosses his legs, sets the  
k down on the bench beside him, brings out his little  
k looseleaf notebook, holds that in one hand and the  
ol in the other. His foot dangles as he takes his  
s from the little black book and feeds them rapid-fire  
olo.

JORDIN

229  
CONT'D  
(3)

Now! We have a bio-chemist named Lancer, who disappears for a while, and the next time we see him he calls himself Bainbridge, but he seems to be thirty years younger. Questions: Is appearance reality? Is Bainbridge really Lancer? Now! Bainbridge sees Sir Norman Swickert and is shot and killed. Questions: If Thrush didn't do it - and they didn't; if Uncle didn't do it - and they didn't....who did? And why? Now! We look, and another bio-chemist disappears: a former student and associate of Dr. Lancer - Professor Alexander Gritzky. Question: What is Uncle agent Napoleon Solo's interest in all this? Now! Uncle sends another agent Illya Kuryakin to the London Soho. Kuryakin follows cats. Question: Why does Kuryakin....

SOLO (cuts in)

Lazarus.

JORDIN

I beg your pardon.

SOLO

Not Kuryakin - Lazarus.

Jordin refers to his little black book.

JORDIN

I have Kuryakin.

SOLO

No, Lazarus: the fellow who rose from the dead.

Now, by the manner in which Solo is looking toward the line press behind him, Jordin begins to understand he may be about to have a little difficulty.

ILLYA (O.S.)

Mr. Jordin --

Jordin's head snaps toward the sound.

JORDIN'S POV - ILLYA

230

on the loading platform of the wine press. Illya tosses the mysterious little gadget at him.

ILLYA

Watch out, Napoleon!

VARIOUS ANGLES - TO COVER

231-233

The mysterious little object arcs through the air toward Jordin. Solo flattens himself on the ground. Terrified that it will hit the ground and explode, Jordin reaches to catch it. Caught off guard, his reflexes totally unprepared, Jordin is clumsy. In order to catch the object he drops his pistol.

Solo launches himself toward the pistol as Illya leaps down from the loading platform, moving toward Jordin.

JORDIN - CLOSE

234

As he catches the mysterious little object, holds it, and perceives what it is.

JORDIN

This is an electric razor!

VARIOUS ANGLES - TO COVER

235-237

Jordin moves - fast as a cat: he tosses the razor at Solo and the little bench at Illya, simultaneously snatching up the metal flask which contained the brandy he offered Solo. Jordin does something interesting to the cap of the flask and tosses it behind him as he runs: there is a flash, there is flame, and there is smoke. Although Solo shoots twice, using Jordin's pistol - he misses both times.

Under cover of the smoke, Jordin is gone.

ILLYA

238

Moving through the smoke, coughing. Looking for Solo.

ILLYA

Napoleon -- ?

SOLO (O.S.)

Right here --

238  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANGLE - ILLYA AND SOLO

239

With smoke and flame, Illya is on his hands and knees, looking for his razor. He finds it, tries it, and to his delight it hums busily, in perfect working order. Solo studies him.

SOLO

Tell me something. Do you always carry an electric razor on you?

ILLYA

What makes you think it's just a razor?

Illya does things to the little object: he clicks something, turns something, opens a little compartment, extracts something, and inserts it into the proper opening where it clicks happily. Now he holds it up and we and Solo see what it is.

ILLYA

It's also a toothbrush.

He flicks the switch and the little brush reciprocates and he brushes his teeth as Solo stares at him.

SOLO

I'll certainly have to recommend this as standard equipment for all men in the field.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

"And Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely Everybody"

DE IN:

T. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - UNCLE, N.Y. - WAVERLY - DAY

240

lo and Illya enter. Waverly turns to them.

WAVERLY

Life, gentlemen, is rarely plausible.  
It seems that there now exists an  
effective process of rejuvenation.

SOLO

Sir Norman Swickert?

verly hands them some photos.

WAVERLY

See for yourself. These photographs  
were taken a few days ago -- when he  
announced his return to political life.

SOLO

It's difficult to tell from these, sir.

WAVERLY

Difficult for you, perhaps, Mr. Solo.  
But I know Norman Swickert -- have  
known him for over half my life. He's  
changed -- or rather been changed.

SOLO

So the Lancer-Gritzky process is working.  
(to Illya)  
Almost makes our trouble worthwhile,  
doesn't it?

ILLYA

Almost. What about THRUCH.

SOLO

The prospect of THRUCH members being  
able to rejuvenate themselves isn't  
very comforting.

WAVERLY

That, gentlemen, is the children's version. There are far worse possibilities if THRUSH had control of the process: they could unleash it as if it were a weapon. There would be mobs in the streets -- people rioting in a frenzied search for their lost youth.

240

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

Or THRUSH could sell the treatments to the highest bidder.

WAVERLY

Yes. You'll have to find Dr. Gritzky and his miraculous process, gentlemen --- and find him before THRUSH does. Perhaps, now that THRUSH is definitely in the picture Sir Norman will be more cooperative.

SOLO

I'm not sure we'll get much cooperation from Norman Swickert.

WAVERLY

Neither am I, but I know that for all of his extraordinary political cunning and ambition, he's basically a decent man. -- I suggest you begin your search with him.

ZIP PAN TO:

241

OUT

T. STREET OUTSIDE THE BYRAM CLUB - ANGLES TO COVER  
TION - DAY

242-244

rs pulls up before the club - all important cars, mostly  
auffeur driven. Swickert steps out of one of them.  
ANGLES are so chosen, we see him only from the back - not  
s face yet. Immediately, the door of the club is opened  
d people come out to talk to him.

CLOSER - TO COVER GROUP AROUND SWICKERT

245

Still we do not see his face. He continues to move toward the door as people crowd around him, shaking his hand, etc.  
ALL DIALOGUE IS WILD TRACK HERE.

## VOICES

Incredible!  
Amazing!  
Remarkable!  
Unbelievable!

We SEE the change in him - a brightening of the eyes, a casual, egocentric wave of the hand. He is into the Byram Club. The Steward shuts the door.

246-251  
OUT

INT. THE BYRAM CLUB - FEATURES SWICKERT AMONG OTHERS -  
MOVING - DAY

252

Swickert moves through the club. BLIMPISH MEMBERS rise from their chairs and move to him to shake his hand. ALL DIALOGUE WILD TRACK.

## VOICES

--Norman, you look like a boy!  
--It's the wildest thing I ever saw;  
the man is forty years younger!  
--Magnificent! Magnificent, Sir Norman!  
You must tell us how you accomplished it!  
--You are a young man again, Sir Norman!  
--A young pup!  
--Astonishing!  
--I shall have to write to The Times!

Swickert smiles, aloof. He moves to the lounge area.

## SWICKERT

--Thank you, Sir Charles -  
--Good to see you, James -  
--Hello, Markham -  
--We'll show them - won't we....  
Etc.

253-254  
OUT

. THE LOUNGE OF THE BYRAM CLUB - FEATURING SWICKERT -

255

LE ON Steward as he moves through the crowd toward  
Swickert and hands Swickert a card.

ERT - CLOSEUP - SOLO'S CARD IN SWICKERT'S HAND - POV

256

back of the card. In Solo's personal hand: 'Ily  
LE asks that you give his nephew a moment of your most  
valuable time.' Swickert's hand turns the card over.  
copy-printed: 'Napoleon Solo'.

UME - SWICKERT AND OTHERS

257

Swickert nods briefly to the Steward and turns to the  
members.

SWICKERT

Gentlemen, will you excuse me for a  
moment?

Swickert moves off with the Steward, the members MUTTERING  
nervously to themselves as he goes OUT OF SHOT.

258  
OUT

. A READING ROOM - THE BYRAM CLUB - SOLO, SWICKERT,  
ILLYA - DAY

259

Swickert enters, the Steward closing the door after him.  
Pleasant room. Several high, glassfronted bookcases  
with old, leatherbound books on the shelves; newspaper  
magazine racks; soft leather chairs; tables, lamps,  
&c. The windows look out on the rear courtyard. Solo  
and Illya exchange salutary nods with the older gentleman.

SOLO

May I say, Sir Norman, you are con-  
siderably younger than last time we  
met.

SWICKERT (with a sence  
of humor)

So it appears.



260

OUT

261

AND SWICKERT

Swickert turns to face Solo.

SOLO

We shall have to have your secret,  
sir.

Swickert sits down.

SWICKERT

What secret, gentlemen?

SOLO

Whether or not we describe it as a  
miracle, a genuine process of rejuve-  
nation does exist; doesn't it, sir?

SWICKERT

Does it?

SOLO

Developed by Dr. Benjamin Lancer and  
Professor Alexander Gritzky --

SWICKERT

Go on.

SOLO

And since Dr. Lancer is dead, the power  
of the process remains with Professor  
Gritzky.

SWICKERT

A fair deduction.

SOLO

Will you tell me where Professor Gritzky  
is, so we can protect him?

SWICKERT

From whom?

SOLO

There probably are Thrush agents in The Byram Club right now, ready to snatch your secret from you and put it to their own use.

261

CONT'D

(2)

SWICKERT

Gentlemen, you're laboring under a terrible misapprehension. The only secret in my possession is my marriage to Madame DeSala, and that is a secret only till tomorrow - when it will be announced in all the papers.

ILLYA

Sir Norman, a truly effective process of rejuvenation is no joking matter.

SWICKERT

I quite agree with you, but until one is discovered I can only recommend the process I have tried -- a marriage to the right woman. Gentlemen, what you see in me - is only a reflection of what my wife sees. And now if you'll excuse me, I have a great many people waiting for me out there. Good day, gentlemen.

He turns and goes. Solo and Illya look at each other and shrug.

SOLO

I must say the old boy is everything the Swickert legend says he is.

ILLYA

Very nobly put. The question is where do we go from here?

Solo crosses over to the window and pauses there to think and absently stare outside.

SOLO

Let's think like Thrush. What do we want. Sir Norman Swickert or do we want....

12-21-65

P.107

tops in the middle of the sentence because his hand,  
idly gliding down the window frame, comes to rest  
small object.

261  
CONT'D  
(3)

ILLYA

Want what?

SOLO (holding up the bug)

I think our Thrush friends have been  
eavesdropping on us.

ILLYA

Won't be the first time.

look out through the window.

SHOT - EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE BYRAM CLUB

261X1

all van with a protruding antenna is parked in the  
r.

VAN

261X2

filled with tape recording machinery, etc. Jordin  
operating the recorder. He is wearing earphones.  
red through we can hear Solo's and Illya's voices.

SOLO'S VOICE

Now let us see what kind of an ear-  
ache we can give them.

is followed by a PIERCING WHISTLE. Jordin smiles and  
a switch.

JORDIN

Too late my friends, too late.

TO HIGH SHOT

261X3

the van starts out of the alley.

ZIP PAN TO:

262-269  
OUT

INT. SWICKERT'S LIBRARY - SWICKERT, MME DE SALA -  
NIGHT

270

Swickert moves among the chess games. Something seems to bother him. Mme. DeSala, a heavy sweater about her shoulders, perhaps near the fire in the fireplace, watches her husband.

MME DE SALA

What is it, Norman? You look so preoccupied.

SWICKERT

Where is Gritzky?

MME DE SALA

He's in a safe place. Why do you ask?

SWICKERT

Others have become interested. Something called Thrush.

MME DE SALA

They won't find him.

SWICKERT

Can't you tell me where he is?

MME DE SALA

It is better if only one of us knows -

SWICKERT (a shudder)

You sure the windows are closed. There is a draft from somewhere.

She moves to him and takes his hands, holds them so she can examine the backs -- changing the subject.

MME DE SALA

Let me see your hands - When did the brown spots appear?

SWICKERT

I noticed them this morning. You don't think....

MME DE SALA (riding over)

It is all precisely on schedule. Gritzky will be here tomorrow in the morning.

Swickert takes his hands from his wife. He studies the brown spots, feels the texture of his skin, observes the slight tremor.

270  
CONT'D  
(2)

SWICKERT

I see. They're growing old again.

MME DE SALA

I told you. Gritzky will be here in the morning to make you new again.

SWICKERT

I shall have to have treatments every month, then.

MME DE SALA

Is that so terrible?

SWICKERT

I see....

Swickert studies her.

SWICKERT

Suppose one day you decide not to send for him?

MME DE SALA

What are you saying? I love you, Norman, I love you deeply!

He will not let her touch him.

SWICKERT

That may be.

MME DE SALA

Don't withdraw yourself away from me!

SWICKERT

How can I? How can I? I am bound closer to you than if by chains. Do you know what a prison is? It is a method of depriving a man of alternatives; it shuts off the wider world so that the prisoner is left with those possibilities only which are not contrary to the will of his jailer.

MME DE SALA

I will deny you nothing.

SWICKERT

This is not to say I am not  
your prisoner. It simply means  
you are not a cruel jailer.

270  
CONT'D  
(3)

MME DE SALA

Norman, trust me.

Swickert rises angrily upsetting the chess figures  
with a sweep of his hand.

SWICKERT

Put the treatment into my hands  
and under my control, and I shall  
have reason to trust you.

Mme DeSala does not answer. She walks away, keeping  
her back to Swickert until she can recover her self-  
control. Swickert drops heavily into a chair,  
studying his hands without really seeing them. A  
sudden chill shakes him, just as Mme DeSala turns  
back toward him. She sees it. She is wearing a  
cardigan sweater, a heavy one, as a woman might  
wear in the country. She goes to Swickert and, as  
she did before, with her fur coat the first time;  
now she puts the sweater about his shoulder.

MME DE SALA

How many women have lives a prisoner  
of some man - a lover, husband -  
father - some man? Their spirit  
cowed, their imagination chained,  
their talents wasted -- how many  
women? Have you ever thought of  
it, Norman?

SWICKERT

I always thought that you at  
least were free to do whatever  
you wished with your life.

MME DE SALA

Was I? I would have entered  
politics as you did. I was not  
allowed. How do you define a  
prison? A place where one is  
allowed only such possibilities  
as are not contrary to the will of  
the jailer?

SWICKERT

So that's what you're after. They  
say there is no fool like an old  
fool. And I was fool enough to  
delude myself into believing that  
in spite of everything you could  
love me --

MADAME DE SALA

But I do --

270  
CONT'D  
(4)

SWICKERT

There is no love in you -- only  
hate - you hate all men because  
you were born a woman. You wanted  
power -- and that's all I ever meant  
to you. That's why you married me.

MME DE SALA

This is a man's world, Norman. Is  
there any other way open to a  
woman?

Another chill shakes Swickert's body. Again  
Swickert studies his hands.

SWICKERT

How long would it take - if we  
suppose that Gritzky did not come  
- how long would it take before I  
was once again - what I was --?

MME DE SALA

He will come. He will be here  
in the morning. I love you,  
Norman.

She gently places her sweater around his shoulder.

SWICKERT

You win - my life is worth  
more to me than my honor.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PARIS - ESTABLISHING - (STOCK) - NIGHT

270X1

EXT. STREET ON WHICH THE MAISON DE SALA IS LOCATED -  
ANGLES TO COVER - NIGHT

271-273

Down the otherwise silent, deserted street comes an  
ambulance. It stops in front of DeSala's establish-  
ment. We recognize by the same plaque we saw in  
Part I:

DE SALA - HAUTE COUTURE - PARFUMS  
Paris, Rome, New York, Beirut

Several men including Jordin emerge out of the  
ambulance.

JOSE ON JORDIN

274

atches as Thrushman opens the door - with a set of keys.  
en all file in, and now, from the ambulance, two white-  
ted fellows, looking a good deal like ambulance  
endants emerge, bringing with them a folded stretcher  
blankets. They cross the sidewalk and enter through  
e open door.

T. OFFICE - MAISON DE SALA - OLGA - NIGHT

275

the moment, the concealed sliding door between the  
ice and laboratory is closed, consequently invisible.

ga is at the wall safe. She wears her trenchcoat,  
iously about to go out. She takes several papers from  
e safe, takes what she wants and tosses the rest back,  
ses the safe, and crosses to the open dispatch case on  
desk. There are already papers and manila files in  
and Olga tosses the papers in carelessly. She closes  
case.

e opens one of the desk drawers and presses a button  
ch is concealed therein. The heretofore invisible door  
ween the office and Gritzky's Paris laboratory slides  
de and we can see Gritzky in the laboratory beyond.  
s one is more conventional than the others - a lab  
ch with a complex of metal standards and glass tubing  
anged on it, various pieces of chemical apparatus,  
mal cages against a wall in the background, and so on.

tzky, too, is just about prepared to leave; he, too,  
rs his topcoat, and a hat. He is placing prepared  
ppered test tubes and other containers in a rack into  
small traveling case. He appears to be handling  
erials which are valuable and delicate, but not  
losive. He simply nods to Olga when he HEARS the  
r open, but keeps his attention fixed on what he is  
ng.

OLGA

Time to go.

GRITZKY

In a minute.



T. SALON

275X1

Jordin and his men enter and cross to office door.  
men remain in salon - others follow Jordin into office.

GLED PAST OLGA TO INCLUDE OFFICE DOOR

276

There is a small SOUND, as the door from the salon opens  
through which we see Jordin and the Thrush Agents. Jordin  
already has a pistol with a silencer fixed to it raised  
and aimed.

Olga whirls. Her hands go into her trenchcoat pockets.

ANGLE ON OLGA

277

she produces a gun and FIRES. A Thrushman falls.

JORDIN

277X1

FIRES.

CLOSEUP - OLGA - FULL FACE

278

Her eyes open wide with surprise. A small, perfectly  
round, black hole appears in the precise middle of her  
forehead. For a second, nothing more. Then, abruptly -  
she drops. Her face disappears below the BOTTOM  
EDGE OF THE FRAME. Now we are able to see Gritzky in the  
lab. Petrified by the shock of the event, Gritzky remains  
frozen in mid-movement.

ANGLE

279

Jordin enters, the other Thrushmen behind him. They step  
across Olga's body, moving toward Gritzky, in the lab.  
Jordin takes the traveling case, hugging it to him as a shield.  
As they approach, he steps backwards. He trips and falls,  
unable to move, in a constrained and difficult position:  
he remains that way, fully conscious, eyes opened,  
completely frightened into immobility.

FEATURES JORDIN, GRITZKY, OTHER THRUSHMEN

280

One of the Thrushmen steps forward, takes the bandage scissors Jordin produces from the briefcase. He kneels swiftly and cuts straight up Gritzky's sleeve - topcoat, jacket, and shirt all in one cut. He pulls the sleeves away from Gritzky's forearm. Gritzky's terrified eyes remain fixed on Jordin. As the Thrushman stands, moving back, Jordin kneels, produces a hypodermic syringe from the briefcase, fixes a needle and plunges it into Gritzky's forearm.

JORDIN'S POV - CLOSEUP - GRITZKY'S FACE

281

The terrified eyes close gently, almost immediately.

EXT. SALON

281X1

Solo and Illya drive up - park behind the ambulance - notice it and run inside, guns drawn.

INT. MAISON DE SALA - MAIN RECEPTION AREA - ILLYA AND SOLO - NIGHT

282

They enter, pistols drawn, moving cautiously. A SHOT. They take cover, shooting as they separate.

A bullet kills a mannequin and the wax dummy falls over.

Illya and Solo move into the room, taking cover where they find it.

Illya gets behind a Thrushman and chops him down with the muzzle of his gun.

A Thrushman is about to shoot Solo. Illya takes the man out.

Solo and Illya move on.

INT. MAISON DE SALA - OFFICE AND GRITZKY'S LAB IN PARIS - JORDIN AND OTHERS - SOLO AND ILLYA ENTER - NIGHT

283

Solo and Illya enter the office, they see Gritzky being loaded onto a stretcher in the lab. They move for the lab, but are forced to fight their way. Jordin slams the secret

or shut before Solo and Illya can get into the lab.  
Thrushman jumps them from behind, knocking Illya down  
and stunning him. Solo hits the Thrushman, sending him  
flying.

283  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo looks for the button that opens the sliding door  
in. Finally finds it. He whirls. The door is open.  
The laboratory is empty. Another door, at the other end,  
is open.

Illya is trying to get to his feet. He follows as Solo  
moves out of the door fast.

T. STREET OUTSIDE MAISON DE SALA - PARIS - NIGHT

284

Witzky on the stretcher is shoved into the ambulance.  
The doors are slammed shut. The ambulance drives off,  
wheels grinding, high speed.

SOLO AND ILLYA

285

They emerge from around the building. They move, on the run  
in their own car. As they try to start, they realize  
their car has been sabotaged by ripping out the ignition  
wires.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. A PLACE OVERLOOKING THE SWICKERT MANSION - A CAR  
WITH ILLYA AND SOLO IN IT - DAY

286

The car is parked unobtrusively, partially hidden by an overhang of foliage. Solo is watching the house through a pair of powerful binoculars. Illya is tapping the phone conversations which come into the house by means of an electronic replay amplifier with earphones. Illya holds rather than wears the earphones, putting only one of them to one ear.

EXT. SWICKERT'S MANSION - ANGLE FEATURES MOTOR COURT -  
LONG SHOT - SOLO'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS - FLEETON  
BESIDE LIMOUSINE - DAY

287

Fleeton waits, smoking nervously.

BACK TO ILLYA AND SOLO IN CAR

288

Solo lets the binoculars drop. He produces a wrapped sandwich from his jacket pocket, unwraps it, breaks it in half, and gives half to Illya. They eat. Solo's pocket communicator BEEPS. Solo responds.

SOLO

Napoleon Solo, with Illya Kuryakin.  
Responding.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE AT HEADQUARTERS, UNCLE, N.Y.

289

WAVERLY

What further developments, Mr. Solo?

INTERCUT the following.

SOLO

Very quiet, sir. Mrs. Swickert has made two calls to Paris so far this morning. The second time she got the police who answered in her office. So she knows about the murder and kidnapping. She hasn't used the phone since then. Two calls by the cook to  
(Cont.)

SOLO (CONT'D)

local shopkeepers, in Marsh-Ealing.  
And arrangements for a date between  
the upstairs maid and a local boy --

289

CONT'D

(2)

WAVERLY

Sounds very exciting.

SOLO

It's a tally-ho morning, sir. Is  
there anything on your end?

WAVERLY

We picked up the ambulance they used  
to carry Gritzky. They left it at a  
small private airport and continued  
on with Mr. Gritzky in a plane. And  
that's the last we know of them, to  
now. So stay with it, Mr. Solo; you  
and Mr. Kuryakin. They must certainly  
try to contact Mrs. Swickert --

SOLO

And we shall be there.

WAVERLY

Let us hope so, Mr. Solo.

erly breaks off. Solo puts the communicator away.

int, regular BIPPING begins to emanate through the  
phones, ON FILTER, as are all sounds coming through  
a. Solo leans closer, so he can hear, too, through  
free earphone. We HEAR A CLICK, as Mme DeSala answers  
phone. We hear her voice and Jordin's voice ON FILTER  
L WE CUT TO THEM.

MME DE SALA

Hello --

JORDIN

I'd like to speak to the lady of the  
house, please.

MME DE SALA

Yes, I am listening.

ER CUT MME DE SALA ON THE PHONE IN THE LIBRARY AND  
DIN IN A GLASS PHONE BOOTH IN A PUBLIC PLACE

290

JORDIN

Jordin is the name. J-O-R-D-I-N.  
Insurance with a difference. We  
prevent sickness and accident before  
it happens --

MME DE SALA

Yes?

JORDIN

We recently acquired a client who may  
need some prevention - by the name of  
Alexander Gritzky.

MME DE SALA

I am listening very carefully.

JORDIN

In view of your husband's present  
condition, we thought we might kill  
two birds with one stone and do a  
little prevention for Professor  
Gritzky and your husband at the same  
time.

DeSala sighs deeply.

MME DE SALA

What are your premiums?

JORDIN

Well, I'd like to get together with  
you and discuss the whole package.  
Why don't you get in your car and  
take a drive? By way of Marsh-Ealing.  
Just go straight on through the village  
and see what happens after that --

e is a CLICK. Jordin has hung up.

TO SOLO AND ILLYA IN CAR

291

e is a SECOND CLICK as Mme DeSala hangs up. Solo  
s up the binoculars again and directs them toward  
distant Swickert mansion.

TIP PAU TO:

T. A STRETCH OF COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

292

signed by Illya, as Swickert's limousine moves into the intersection, Illya's car emerges from the cross street and manages to have the bigger car crumple one of his front fenders significantly. Illya's car blocks further passage forward to the bigger car, despite the blasting Fleeton gives Illya with his horn.

Illya emerges calmly. Villagers are now coming to the scene to see what has happened. Fleeton, urged on by MME DE SALA in the rear of the limousine, is trying to get Illya to move his car out of the limousine's way. Illya waves calmly to Fleeton's window.

ILLYA

You have crumpled my fender --

MME DE SALA opens the rear window to talk to Illya through

MME DE SALA

Will you please get your car out of our way?

ILLYA

You have crumpled my fender.

Fleeton gets out of the limousine. He comes up behind Illya, tapping his shoulder. Illya turns, finds himself face to face with Fleeton's chest. He looks up. Fleeton looks down.

FLEETON

I am asking you politely: take your little car out of the way.

ILLYA

I didn't crumple your fender - you crumpled mine.

FLEETON

I'm sure if you contact Sir Norman Swickert, the matter can be arranged to everyone's satisfaction --

ILLYA

Is this his car?

FLEETON

It is his car. Will you take yours  
out of the way?

292

CONT'D

(2)

Illya turns and looks at Mme DeSala within the car. He  
points back to Fleeton, pointing behind him to Mme DeSala.

ILLYA

Who is she?

FLEETON

That, sir, is Lady Swickert.

Illya eyes Fleeton coldly.

ILLYA

I don't want to talk to you.

Fleeton turns to Mme DeSala again. He brings out his wallet  
and begins to extract license, identifications, insurance  
policies, etc. Now he begins to search through his pockets  
for a pencil. Fleeton, meanwhile, moves to Illya's car  
and begins to push it back out of the way, manipulating  
the steering wheel by reaching in through the window.

MME DE SALA (to Illya)

I am willing to concede absolutely  
it is our fault. Now will you please  
let us get on?

ILLYA

Do you have a pencil, please?

DeSala opens her pocketbook to search for a pencil.  
She finds one and hands it to Illya. He starts to write  
on the back of a card - cannot find a place to rest it,  
so he reaches in through the window for Mme DeSala's pocket-  
book to use that as a portable desk. He goes around to  
the back of the car to copy the license number.

DeSala throws her hands wide in a gesture of despair.

ILLYA

293

Illya slips a microphone-transmitter into the pocketbook: it  
looks precisely like a matchbox.

END PAGE TO:



THE SWICKERT MANSION - MOTOR COURT AREA AND HOUSE  
FRANCE - SOLO - DAY

294

trudges across the motor court to come to the door of the house. He rings the bell and waits. He carries a dispatch case.

FRANCE - ANGLED PAST SOLO TO INCLUDE DOOR IN FRAME

295

Solo waits. Solo's back is to us so we cannot see his hands. Joanna opens the door. She seems more than surprised at the sight of Solo, she seems shocked.

SOLO (pleasantly)  
Good morning, Miss Sweet.

JOANNA'S POV - SOLO

296

His pistol in his hand, aimed directly at her.

SOLO AND JOANNA

297

She takes an involuntary step backwards. Then, collecting her wits, she tries to slam the door. Solo is too quick for her. He is into the house, Joanna still under the threat of the gun. Solo shuts the door from inside.

ZIP PAN TO:

FRANCE, A LONELY STRETCH OF INNOCENT COUNTRY ROAD -  
LIMOUSINE - DAY

298

The limousine moves along pretty fast. Fleeton driving, DeSala in the passenger seat. The road ahead is empty.

FRANCE ANGLE - LIMOUSINE AND MOTORCYCLE

299

First, a small dot at first, and coming fast from behind the limousine, a motorcycle with - as we shall see - Jordin riding it.

The motorcycle comes up even with the limousine and Jordin instructs Fleeton to pull over and stop. Fleeton stops his car at the side of the road. Jordin stops the motorcycle at the side of the road just in front of the limousine.

JORDIN

300

ismounts, pushes up his goggles, pulls off his motorcycle gloves and stuffs them into the belt of his leather coat, all the while walking back toward the limousine. Fleeton has rolled down his window and is leaning out. With no warning whatsoever, as he comes even with Fleeton, Jordin produces a gun with an unusually long muzzle from his pocket. He shoots. Fleeton claps his hand to his neck, collapses immediately. He falls forward, head on the horn. The SOUND of the HORN is continuous.

ZIP PAN TO:

WT. SWICKERT'S LIBRARY - SOLO, JOANNA, SWICKERT - DAY 301

Swickert is sleeping on a couch, a pillow under his head and covered with a heavy afghan. His breathing is labored and he shivers in his sleep. He lies so that his face is to the back of the couch, deliberately. And even in this position, and even in his deep, drugged state, his hands are up before his face, shielding it from view.

Solo motions Joanna to a chair with a waggle of the gun. She sits rigidly. Keeping half an eye on her, Solo moves to Swickert and touches his shoulder. Joanna starts to come out of the chair.

JOANNA

What do you want with him?

SOLO

Sit down, please!

JOANNA

You are to take your hands from him!

SOLO

I'm just trying to wake him up.

JOANNA

Well, you'll have no luck with it, I promise you. The man is asleep with a heavy sedation, so you can spare yourself the effort and take your hands off of him --

is dismayed. The fact that Swickert is asleep is  
iously a blow. There is a small BEEP on his  
communicator. He takes it from his pocket, responds  
the signal.

301  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (into the  
communicator)  
Napoleon Solo.

PERCUT ILLYA IN HIS CAR

302

ILLYA  
The microphone is in her pocketbook.  
We should get a very good pick-up.

looks where Joanna was, she is not there.

SOLO (to Illya)  
Talk to you later!

shuts off the communicator and moves fast.

D'S POV - PANNING TO FIND JOANNA

303

in the empty chair where she was, across the room on  
CLICK of the phone dial, to find Joanna at the phone,  
ling the operator.

JOANNA (into phone)  
Operator, I want the --

ENTERS THE FRAME. He hangs up sharply. Joanna bites  
hand.

D AND JOANNA

304

Flings her across to a chair. The edge of the chair  
ches her behind the knees. She sits down hard, her  
ath expelled in a sharp 'ooph!'. It is 'The Taming Of  
Shrew' all over again. Boiling with frustration,  
directs an unwavering and accusative finger straight-  
toward Joanna's face. Surprisingly, this - as the gun  
not - subdues her to silence at once.

SOLO

304  
CONT'D  
(2)

Now, listen, Miss Sweet! You're very brave, extremely loyal, and not very intelligent! You make up your mind out front, and from there on you cover your ears and shut your eyes and go charging headfirst like a rhinoceros into whatever's ahead of you! If you carried on the same way at railroad crossings you would probably, by now, be divided, like Gaul, into three parts! And the one you would miss the least is your head!

JOANNA

You are no gentleman, I will tell you that!

whips out his UNCLE I.D. and thrusts it into her line vision.

SOLO

Did you ever hear of UNCLE, Miss Sweet?

glances at the card and gives it the back of her hand.

JOANNA

Which is not to say that you are a part of it!

SOLO

What can I say to you?

JOANNA

You may say anything you like; I do not believe you!

SOLO

But you will, Miss Sweet, you will!

starts toward the dispatch case, set down when he entered the room. The moment his back is turned, she starts to rise. Expecting it, Solo whirls without looking, aiming at her that accusative finger which alone in the world seems the only means of subduing her.

SOLO

Sit there!

and she sits, meekly enough. Solo goes to the dispatch case, opens it and reveals that it contains a tape recorder and a loudspeaker.

304  
CONT'D  
(3)

ZIP PAN TO:

THE LONELY STRETCH OF INNOCENT COUNTRY ROAD -  
HOUSE AND MOTORCYCLE - JORDIN - DAY

305

Fleeton's head is still on the horn ring, the HORN still sounding continuously. Jordin takes the slack of Fleeton's collar, pulls his head up. Fleeton's head flops back, his mouth open.

The psychological echo of the horn persists, intensifying the new silence. Moving without hurry, Jordin opens the door of the passenger compartment.

JORDIN'S POV - MME DE SALA

306

Nervous, but tough as steel.

MME DE SALA

Was that necessary?

MME DE SALA'S POV - JORDIN

307

He smiles bleakly.

JORDIN

He's not dead. I just put him to sleep with a tranquillizing charge.

LOW ANGLE - JORDIN - COVERS

308

He gets into the car.

JORDIN AND MME DE SALA

309

Jordin pulls the door to, and sits beside Mme DeSala in the passenger compartment.

JORDIN

Of course. I'll have to have him killed if I can't come to an agreement with you.

MME DE SALA

As you did with Olga --

309

CONT'D

(2)

JORDIN (shrugs)

Self-defense, there.

DeSala turns away. Her pocketbook is on her lap -  
establishing to idea of the mike planted by Illya.

JORDIN

I think we should talk very directly.

MME DE SALA

Yes.

INTERCUT - INT. OF THE LIMOUSINE WITH THE ACTION IN  
WICKERT'S LIBRARY

310

here Joanna and Solo listen to the dialogue between  
DeSala and Jordin as it comes over the receiver in  
Solo's dispatch case.

JORDIN

Last night, before we took Professor  
Gritzky, you had power. Now you  
don't. If you want us to, we'll  
give it back to you.

MME DE SALA

Who is your 'we'?

JORDIN

Thrush.

MME DE SALA

Why do you need to give me something  
you do not need to give me?

Joanna turns to Solo, indignant.

JOANNA

She is going to bargain with them!

Solo puts his finger to his lips - he wants to hear.

JORDIN

We don't need to give you anything. We understand what the good professor has invented. On the face of it, the profitable thing to do would be to put the treatment on the market. But, after consultation with our computers, we prefer to keep it for ourselves. Consider the short life of the average person. Suppose we moved into the present political power structure, while all about us others were dying in the normal way? Within a few years our people would head up every government on earth.

310

CONT'D

(2)

NA AND SOLO

311

na turns to Solo, livid.

JOANNA

They are monsters!

SOLO (straight)

I'm glad you told me.

JOANNA

They must be stopped!

SOLO (straight)

Right thinking, Miss Sweet.

EN AND MME DE SALA

312

MME DE SALA

What do you require of me?

JORDIN

We simply propose that, from time to time, as you guide your husband along the treacherous paths of political decision, you allow yourself to be guided by us.

MME DE SALA

I see.

e DeSala considers the bargain. Now Jordin waits  
 gently. Mme DeSala, preoccupied with her thoughts,  
 reaches absently into her pocketbook for cigarettes and  
 lighter. As her hand fishes in the pocketbook, feeling  
 without looking, we suddenly remember the microphone-  
 transmitter Illya planted within.

312  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

313  
 CUT

WICKERT - CLOSE

314

see that he is awake, somehow. And conscious, as well.  
 straining. He sits up with an effort.

JOANNA (O.S.)

Why is there no sound of her?

SOLO (O.S.)

She's thinking.

JOANNA (O.S.)

Of what? Her mind is made up to say  
 'yes' long ago.

SOLO (O.S.)

But she doesn't have a nice reason yet.

315-317  
 OUT

JORDIN AND MME DE SALA

318

her cigarette is lighted. Smoke plumes out of her nostrils  
 forcefully. She puts the lighter back into her pocketbook,  
 still without looking. She comes to an agreement with  
 herself.

MME DE SALA

Yes.

Jordin merely nods.

MME DE SALA

I am doing it for my husband.

JORDIN (very dry)

Lucky man.



JOANNA, SOLO AND SWICKERT

319

ry for Swickert's betrayal, Joanna shuts off the  
eiver, and snaps the switch to 'off.' Solo moves  
ut the room, locking at the chess sets without seeing  
m.

JOANNA

I'm glad he is asleep and cannot  
hear that.

SOLO

If he had heard it, he would have  
had to believe it!

JOANNA

And where would he find the wanting  
to live, in that case?

SOLO

Man's fate, my dear: you take the  
bitter with the sweet.

JOANNA

You're not as wise as you like to  
think! You're not wise, at all!  
You're nothing but a young man with-  
out any feeling!

o moves away from her, among the chess games scattered  
ut the room. He stops before one, not seeing it, feel-  
the old, polished softness of the wood with the tip of  
finger, lost in his thoughts.

SWICKERT - CLOSE

320

tening bitterly.

JOANNA (O.S.)

Mr. Solo, do not force him to know.

O AND JOANNA

321

looks at her.

JOANNA

It would be unkindness such as you  
could never imagine --- What does a  
young man know of the terror of an  
old man?

SOLO

When did you have your hundred and  
first birthday, Miss Sweet?

321  
CONT'D  
(2)

JOANNA

It is because I have lived with him  
and nursed him. I have felt his pain  
with him --

TICKERT - CLOSE

322

king a few faltering steps - then grabbing at a table  
steady himself.

JOANNA (cont'd; O.S.)

-- as he saw his life slipping away  
day by day. And I have seen the joy  
in him --

ANNA AND SOLO

323

anna facing Solo.

JOANNA (cont'd)

-- when his life was handed into his  
hands anew --

324  
OUT

ANNA

325

JOANNA

Last night he was so content. Look-  
ing forward to the meeting to be  
tonight --

ANNA AND SOLO

326

lo looks at her sharply. Joanna sees the question in  
e look.

JOANNA

There is to be a meeting with a great many of the most important political men. He was working on his speech. He read me parts of it from time to time -- He is a spellbinder -- Much joy he had, last night.

326  
CONT'D  
(2)

Joanna turns away.

SWICKERT - CLOSE

327

His eyes are tight shut, but tears come from under the lids and course down his cheeks.

SOLO

328

Moved. Looking down at the board before him. Then he wakes up his mind and out comes the communicator.

SOLO

Overseas relay, open Channel D.  
Napoleon Solo.

329-330  
OUT

SOLO AND JOANNA

331

JOANNA (of the communicator)

Toys! Simple ones for little boys  
and bigger toys for bigger boys!

SOLO

Don't look now but you're stepping  
on your father complex.

INTERCUT SOLO IN THE LIBRARY - VARIOUS ANGLES, SOME  
INCLUDING JOANNA AND SWICKERT - WITH VARIOUS ANGLES ON  
WAVERLY IN HIS OFFICE AT UNCLE, N.Y.

332

Waverly responds to Solo's call.

WAVERLY

Come in, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

May I assume, sir, that you know  
Sir Norman Swickert, very well?

332  
CONT'D  
(2)

WAVERLY

Since before you were born, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

I think you ought to come to England,  
sir, and talk to him, in person. I  
have it on good authority that --  
(with a glance at Joanna)  
-- I am only a young man, and not  
wise enough.

verly glances at his desk calendar, heavy with appoint-  
ments and other responsibilities. He sighs heavily.

SOLO

I think there's a decisive meeting  
here at Swickert's house tonight.

verly frowns at his wristwatch, mentally calculating the  
effect of time zones on flying time.

WAVERLY

Very well, Mr. Solo, I shall join you  
there tonight.

verly clicks off.

CK TO SWICKERT'S LIBRARY

333

lo puts the communicator away.

JOANNA

Thank you.

OSE - SWICKERT

333X1

suddenly feels dizzy. He attempts to steady himself  
against a chess table - upsetting the figures which fall  
with a LOUD CLATTER to the floor. And then Swickert  
himself sinks to the floor.

LOSE TWO SHOT - SOLO AND JOANNA

333X2

They react to the NOISE and turn in consternation having realized that Swickert must have heard everything.

OTHER ANGLE

333X3

they rush toward him.

JOANNA

Get his medicine. It's on that table over there.

As Solo starts to go, he stops, reacting to what he sees.

SOLO'S POV - THRUSHMAN

334

entering through the doors from the terrace. Rifle leveled at Solo.

SOLO

335

spins around to face the door giving into the interior of the house. He draws his pistol.

SOLO'S POV - JORDIN, MME DE SALA

336

me DeSala stands just behind Jordin's shoulder. Jordin's pistol is out.

JORDIN

Drop it, Mr. Solo.

LOSE - SOLO

336X1

reluctantly he lets the gun drop.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. GRITZKY'S LAB ON THE SWICKERT ESTATE - SWICKERT,  
JORDIN, GRITZKY - DAY

35

Swickert is in his shirtsleeves, is seated on a chair. Gritzky is taking his blood pressure. Gritzky is pre-occupied with the readings on his meters and dials, which indicate to him that Swickert is in difficulty. It is several seconds before Jordin addresses Gritzky.

JORDIN

Come on professor - we haven't got all day.

GRITZKY

Enormous strains on the heart take place in this process. This man is in no condition to undergo a treatment now. His pulse is racing. The cistonic pressure is dangerously high.

SWICKERT

It's only the excitement.

GRITZKY

I do not kill anyone for anybody! I am a scientist, and I do what is right to do!

JORDIN

Be careful, professor. With a small additional effort, it should be possible to replace you with a computer.

SWICKERT (putting his  
hand on Jordin's arm)

I don't think this will lead us anywhere. Why don't you let me talk it over with the good professor. After all, it's my life he is worried about. I'm certain I shall be able to persuade him of the absolute necessity of going through with it.

Jordin weighs this for a moment in his mind then shrugs.

JORDIN

Very well. But don't take too long.

337

CONT'D

(2)

exits.

ENTRANCE TO THE LAB (EX-CARRIAGE HOUSE) - DAY

31

Jordin emerges from inside. Two Thrushner wait for him at the door.

JORDIN

Stay here. And keep an eye on things.

INT. LAB - SWICKERT AND GRITZKY

339

SWICKERT

Don't wear such an anxious expression, professor. I know what I'm doing.

GRITZKY

Listen - Norman - listen. You can recharge batteries over and over, but it shouldn't be you let them run down too far, and you give them back their energy not too fast - slow, slow, there are heat factors -- and it's not a battery, too, in this case. In you there are parts more delicate than a battery --

SWICKERT

I happen to be involved in a situation which does not allow consideration of fragility --

GRITZKY

You do not understand what is involved here. We reverse all the metabolic processes at a very accelerated rate. We go too fast you end up a boy again -- a dead boy.

SWICKERT

I have no wish for that. All I need is a few more hours of strength to do what must be done.

GRITZKY

I don't dare. It is too risky.

339

CONT'D

(2)

SWICKERT

Great causes require great risks!  
When in doubt, my friend, press on!  
Press on -- Always press on --  
(ironic)  
Excelsior! There is no one to help  
us except ourselves.

Grizky begins to start up various sectors of machinery:  
switches, pumps, valves, motors - sector after sector in  
ordered sequence.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SWICKERT MANSION - THE ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

340

butler stands at the entrance door admitting the  
politicos. CAMERA SWINGS OVER to reveal DeSala in an  
evening gown greeting the arriving dignitaries. Jordin  
stands discreetly in the B.G. (All men are in evening  
clothes.)

DE SALA (AD-LIB)

Good evening, Sir Henry. So good of  
you to come. Norman will be down  
presently. You know how men are.  
It takes them forever to get dressed,  
etc.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

341

LIGHT ON entrance as a taxi pulls in. Waverly in top-  
coat, bowler hat and carrying an umbrella emerges from  
the cab.

INT. ENTRY HALL

342

Waverly enters. He looks around, spots DeSala and  
crosses over to her.

WAVERLY

Lady Swickert?



DE SALA

Yes?

342  
CONT'D  
(2)

WAVERLY

I'm Alexander Waverly. I'm an old friend of Sir Norman's. I happened to be in London and I did not wish to leave without paying my respects.

Sala flashes a quick signal to Jordin who immediately materializes at her side.

DE SALA

I'm sure Sir Norman will be delighted. Mr. Jordin will you take care of Mr. Wave-----

WAVERLY

Waverly.

DE SALA

I'm sorry. I'm so bad at remembering new names. Will you forgive me. This is a big evening for us and I have my duties as a hostess.

She turns to the small group of guests she was chatting with.

DE SALA

Shall we go in?

She propels the men into the library. Jordin and the butler, move in on Waverly, who strips his gloves very calmly. Jordin brings out his pistol and levels it at Waverly.

JORDIN

Will you please come with me, Mr. Waverly?

Waverly continues to strip off his coat and hat, draping the coat casually over the outstretched arm of the butler, who, as Jordin does, holds a gun aimed at Waverly.

WAVERLY

So you're Jordin?

JORDIN

Your obedient servant, sir.

WAVERLY

Young man, if you had half the manners you pretend, you would first have allowed me to remove my hat and coat, and then you would have pointed your pistol at me!

3/42

CONT'D

(3)

Jordin's gun never wavers.

JORDIN

A nice point, sir. My apologies.

WAVERLY

With regard to your competence: You left me my umbrella. What makes you believe it as innocent as it seems? Anything can be built into an umbrella.

To demonstrate, Waverly removes what seems to be a white ivory tip to the umbrella, but which turns out to be the cap of a built-in air-flame lighter, which springs into flame when exposed to the air, and which Waverly uses to light his cigarette and then recaps and hands to the butler.

JORDIN

Once more I stand corrected. Once more, I apologize.

WAVERLY

Yes, apologies, apologies. But if one has good manners, there is no need to apologize. Where is Sir Norman?

JORDIN

It may be a little while before he can see you. Meanwhile, let me show you where you can wait.

ZIP PAN TO:

NT. WINE CELLAR - WITHIN PRESS - NIGHT

3/43

Waverly descends, down a ladder. Jordin and the other lean over the rim, keeping eyes and weapons aimed at those below. As he comes down, Waverly greets those below.

## WAVERLY

Mr. Solo. There you are. And a young lady with you, of course. When we couldn't contact you, we were afraid you might have fallen on hard times.

343

CONT'D  
(2)

Waverly is at the bottom of the ladder. He gestures those above to take it away. The ladder goes up, someone starts the platen descending again.

## SOLO, JOANNA AND WAVERLY

344

at the bottom of the wine press, the platen descending.

## SOLO

Miss Sweet, Mr. Waverly.

JOANNA (a little afraid  
of him)

How do you do, sir?

## WAVERLY

Miss Sweet - what is a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?

The platen begins to descend. All look up toward it for a second. Solo speaks to Waverly in a manner as confidential as the circumstances permit.

## SOLO

I'm afraid, sir, this trip probably wasn't necessary. I would have let you know sooner, but they cut off my mailing privileges.

## WAVERLY

Mr. Solo, I wouldn't have missed this excursion for anything. However --

(consults his watch)

I must be back in New York by tomorrow noon, the latest; so we are going to be somewhat pressed --

(cocks an eye upward to the  
descending platen)

No run intended.

INT. GRITZKY'S LAB ON THE SWICKERT 'ESTATE - GRITZKY,  
SWICKERT - NIGHT

345

The treatment is finished. Although still a little weak, Swickert is out of the box and on his feet.

GRITZKY (taking a pulse)  
I still think I shouldn't have let you talk me into it. I don't like the way your heart beats.

SWICKERT  
It has always been like this whenever I was faced with an important decision. I remember when I had to rise in Parliament to answer the opposition taunts, when one misjudged word could topple the Government. I could hear my pulses racing in my ears. And now I'm facing perhaps the most crucial decision of my life. It isn't easy to make up one's mind in matters like these. I have had to make decisions that involved life and death for thousands. They said, well bomb them, then. And you say, well ten percent will die - and eighteen will be wounded and what the losses will be in pounds of sterling. And you weigh it all in your mind and you say go - and let the bombs fall - and then you go to bed that night and you sleep - you sleep well because you know tomorrow there will be other questions pressing for an answer..... This is a great thing you and Lancer have discovered -- the dream of ages realized -- a fountain of youth. What a temptation to a man fighting the inexorable onset of age. You drink of it - like a man dying of thirst in the Sahara - and then suddenly you discover that its magic waters do not slacken your thirst - they only make it more unbearable - and the more you drink of it the thirstier you become.

GRITZKY  
What, then.

SWICKERT

The dream has become a nightmare.  
I am the prisoner of the dream -- a  
helpless addict to those who control  
the secret. And I am only one. Think  
of the others when they learn of its  
existence, Gritzky. The panic in the  
streets, the riots -- people clawing  
each other to regain a share of their  
lost youth. The fear of being left  
behind with death would upturn the  
world.

345

000111

(1)

GRITZKY (he agrees,  
dejected)

I thought of it, Sir Norman. But I'm  
afraid it is too late now.

SWICKERT

Not if we bury the secret right now  
and here.

GRITZKY

And me?

SWICKERT

That is the hardest part of it.

ring above Swickert gets into his familiar cardigan.  
takes a gun from its pocket and is about to fire --  
Jordin re-enters.

JORDIN

The gun is empty, of course. And now  
that I understand you better -- let  
me remind you of the consequences of  
any betrayal.....

SWICKERT (to Gritzky)

I am sorry, professor. But you do  
understand, don't you?

JORDIN

You'll have all the time in the world  
for explanations later. Right now  
you have a roomful of guests waiting  
for you.

SWICKERT

Oh, yes. I quite forgot.....Thank  
you for reminding me. Goodbye,  
Gritzky. I do hope we part as friends?

I.

345  
CONT'D  
(3)

Gritzky nods. Jordin takes Swickert back outside.  
Gritzky picks up the empty gun and CLICKS the trigger  
several times. Empty. He almost looks as though he  
wishes the gun were loaded after all.

EXT. GATE

346

Fleeton is guarding the gate. Illya appears, driving the  
car that we saw earlier in the auto accident. Illya stops  
the car and gets out.

ILLYA

I don't believe we really settled  
this matter.

(points to car)

If you'll just open the gate like a  
good fellow.

FLEETON

No visitors today --- some other time  
perhaps.

Illya pulls a gun.

ILLYA

Open the gate.

Fleeton sizes him up, moves to the gate. Suddenly, he  
finds himself throwing Illya off balance as the Uncle agent steps  
aside.

OTHER ANGLES - TWO SHOTS

347

Illya has the gun aimed at Fleeton. Fleeton fires -- Fleeton  
grabs it by the barrel. Our CAMERA PANS UP WITH  
Illya as the large man lifts the gun over his head -- Illya still  
going on -- it is a quick movement -- it is all over  
before the other has realized what Fleeton has accom-  
plished. Illya is laughing a little as he off the ground,  
aimed by him as well. Illya.

## STILL ANOTHER ANGLE

348

Illya drops to his feet, letting Fleeton have it in the stomach a few times with his closed fists -- little effect -- the same as hitting a boxing dummy.

Fleeton moves in on Illya, backing him to the gate. Fleeton swings -- Illya ducks -- and Fleeton's fist slams into one of the wrought iron bars, knocking it through to the other side. Fleeton's arm is through the gate up to his shoulder, Illya behind him. Illya quickly unlocks the gate, goes to the other side and grabs Fleeton's protruding wrist. Illya pulls on the huge man's arm -- pulling his head into the remaining bars on the gate. Fleeton is out cold, he slumps against the gate -- his caught arm holding him limply upright.

Illya moves inside the grounds, cautiously.

INT. WINE CELLAR - WITHIN THE WINE PRESS - CLOSE ON  
JOANNA'S FACE - NIGHT

349

Her eyes are tight shut, her face averted from Waverly, who, as we shall see, is O.S., just beside her. It is quite possible Joanna is blushing.

WAVERLY (O.S.)

I'm sorry to embarrass you. It's not my habit to disrobe in public. This time, however, there's no help for it.

ANGLE WIDENS as Waverly reaches behind his shirt collar, unfastens the clasp which holds his tie and removes it. It is an ordinary enough tie, it seems: of the sort with prefabricated knot.

WAVERLY (to Joanna)

Now you may open your eyes again - if it doesn't disturb you too greatly to see a gentleman sans tie. Research and Development seems very proud of this device. They produce it in three forms, I believe: one explosive, one ultra-sonic, and an incendiary torch of sorts, which I believe this is --

He hands the tie knot to Solo and hunts in the secret pockets of his jacket for something. He finds and produces it, a pair of small lensed dark welder's goggles which he hands to Solo, who puts them on immediately.

## WAVERLY

Mr. Solo will do the honors, and the rest of us, like Lot's wife, will do best if we don't look.

349

CONT'D

(2)

shuts his eyes and folds both arms over them to protect them. Joanna looks to him and then to Solo, who smiles casually. Joanna imitates Waverly. Only after Joanna protected her eyes, does Solo protect his eyes.

## SOLO - CLOSE ENOUGH

350

Solo pulls the dark goggles down over his eyes, aims and adjusts that end of the tie knot which has a small light bulb built into it. He does something at the other end.

## RIGHT ANGLE ON THE KNOT

351

The light bulb lights and becomes brighter and brighter, until it is so bright the glare is the only thing in the entire world.

## RIGHT ON SOLO AND DEVICE

352

A thin line of light shoots out of it toward the wall of the vat; very much like a single pencil thin line of laser. Now, cutting through the wood as easily as a pencil marks a line, Solo marks a door. The entire space is as bright with sharp, intense, highly contrasting light when a welder works in a closed space.

At a moment, Solo has cut through a small door. He shuts off the laser built into the tie knot.

## LEFT ANGLE - TO COVER

353

Solo pushes up the goggles. Waverly and Joanna uncover their eyes. Solo kicks at the proper spot. The doorway falls out.

## WAVERLY

And there we are. It is my contention that the advantage to the prisoner of a closed room is a prison, is that it gives him unlimited privacy to contrive his escape --

(he gestures to Joanna)



RESUME CELLAR - ANGLE FEATURES WINE PRESS

354

First Joanna, then the others, emerge through the door newly cut in the side of the wine press. Solo moves to the cellar door, finds it locked as he expected. Waverly remains a little distance back with Joanna beside him. Waverly lights his pipe. Solo unthreads a shirt button carefully, leaving a small string of thread attached to the button and dangling after the button is removed from the shirt. When he holds out his hand, Waverly hands him the matches he used to light his pipe. Solo talks as he works.

SOLO

But once you put someone in a closed container, even if he has the means at hand, he is forced to eliminate high explosive as one of his means of escape. Unless he wants to blow himself up - or in, I believe it would actually be -

He carefully, holding the end of the thread, inserts the shirt button into the keyhole of the door. The thread protrudes half an inch or so.

SOLO

-- to escape by blowing himself in --

He looks about, sees everyone safe. Waverly steps in front of Joanna and keeps her behind him without ostentation. Solo lights the piece of thread protruding.

There is a small soft SOUND - then an enormous single vibration like an earthquake. The door actually ripples as if it were soft. Then, in the stillness which follows, Solo steps forward, puts a palm against the door, pushes and it simply falls away. As they start to go through, a burst of machine gun FIRE forces them to fall back. There are Thrushmen ahead.

Suddenly, the two Thrush guards appear at the new opening. They have their guns trained on Solo, Waverly and Joanna. One guard steps ahead of the other into the room. As he goes, Illya comes INTO SHOT silently from behind. He takes the guard at the opening from behind -- an arm lock pulls him outside. The second guard isn't aware of this -- but our people are, of course.

WAVERLY (to second guard)

Where's your friend?

The guard turns to look -- and Waverly yanks the gun from his hand. The guard moves for him -- but Waverly gives him the butt of the gun across the back of his neck. He's down -- and out.

354  
CONT'D  
(2)

Illya appears.

WAVEPLY

Ah, Mr. Kuryakin. Glad you could come.  
Mr. Solo, if you and your associate  
here will search out Dr. Gratzky, Miss  
Sweet and I will join the others in  
the house. I won't be needing this.  
(casually hands his machine  
gun to Solo)

He exits with Joanna. Solo and Illya share a look of amazement --- Waverly's coolness under fire is impressive.

CUT TO:

INT. SWICKERT'S LIBRARY - ASSEMBLED GUESTS, JORDIN AMONG THEM - NIGHT

355

They are engaged in quiet conversation. Someone looks at a watch; they are subtly tired of waiting. They turn at the sound of Swickert's voice.

SWICKERT (O.S.)

Good evening.

POV - SWICKERT AND MME DE SALA

356

having just entered the doorway. He stands there, vital, intelligent, a figure of power and command. Mme holds his arm.

SWICKERT

Please, be seated.

FULL SHOT - FEATURES SWICKERT

357

He moves into the room, and as at the Hyram Club, men rise and applaud him. Mme DeSala steps away from him to let him have the moment to himself.

MME DE SALA

358

Tears spring into her eyes as she watches her husband; she, too, applauding him.

JORDIN

359

watching. Nodding to himself slightly, thinking he has made a correct choice.

SWICKERT

360

watching them, looking from one to another. Feeling this moment very deeply.

FULL SHOT

361

Little by little, at the command of Swickert's gesture, the applause stops.

SWICKERT

You all know me well; and you all know my reputation for punctuality. I am late tonight, because if I am going to look well at my age, the preparation takes much longer -- Which is by way of apology. And I do understand, the hour is late, time is short, life, itself, not so long as it sometimes seems, and I shall come to the point --

At Swickert's remark about the sometime shortness of life, Mme DeSala looks at him with sharp concern. Jordin continues an intense attention. Swickert pauses before continuing, looking from one face to another.

INTERCUT REACTIONS

362

of Jordin, Mme DeSala, and the guests with VARIOUS ANGLES on Swickert.

SWICKERT

We are gathered in this room tonight to discuss the future. My future. But it is yours that I am now concerned with. My sudden and miraculous return to strength and vigor is only an illusion -- and the power to create this tempting deception has become a sinister weapon in the hands of the enemy.

362  
CONT'D  
(2)

Throughout the above: Waverly and Joanna enter, make their way by inches through the guests.

ANGLE - JORDIN

363

He sees Waverly and Joanna. One of the two Thrush guards from the wine cellar moves in behind Jordin, painfully whispers something in his ear.

ANGLE - DE SALA

363X1

watching Swickert with growing intensity.

WIDER ANGLE - LIBRARY

364

Swickert continues.

SWICKERT

-- Now I must touch on the heart of the matter; my own sudden and miraculous youth. I must tell you it is not permanent. It must be renewed constantly, from month to month -- And there is a price one is expected to pay for the privilege. A few short minutes ago I tried to kill a kind and gentle man to prevent its falling into their hands. Unfortunately I waited too long to pull the trigger. Don't you make this mistake. You must destroy...

Jordin reaches inside his suit pocket for his gun and FIRES, and Mme De Sala who has been watching him, interposes her body to take the shot. She falls, not dead, but mortally wounded, in her husband's arms. Jordin runs for the terrace door, hurling aside anyone who gets into his way.

ANGLE - SWICKERT AND MME DE SALA

365

She looks up at him, touches his face.

MME DE SALA

You didn't expect this, did you Norman?

Swickert is moved -- but speechless.

MME DE SALA

Neither did I...

She drops dead. Very gently, Swickert puts her head down. As Joanna and Waverly move INTO SHOT, Swickert seems to sink back into age -- he shivers slightly as Joanna comforts him.

SWICKERT (softly)

I feel cold.

INT. GRITZKY'S LAB - ANGLE ON DOOR

366

The door is opened as a stiff Thrush guard falls through into the room -- followed by a nimble Solo and Illya. The two men look around.

SOLO

Dr. Gritzky.

No response. Illya moves to a counter, opens a ledger.

ILLYA

Here's his log.

Solo moves to the device, still working, looks down to the floor -- sees the damp footprints.

FOOTPRINTS - SOLO'S POV

367

leading to the other end of the carriage house.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

368

SOLO

And here are his tracks.

Illya joins him as they follow the tracks over to a stall.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

369

They look PAST CAMERA, react with surprise at what they see. Solo kneels down and reaches over to....

GRITZKY - SOLO'S POV

370

sprawled out on his stomach, wearing his white smock. Solo turns him over and WE SEE why he looks odd, almost shrunk. It's Gritzky all right -- but Gritzky at age fifteen. Ghastly.

RESUME - SOLO AND ILLYA

371

disturbed by what they see.

SOLO

Looks like he's had an overdose of his own medicine.

JORDIN (V.O.)

Good for all of us, at one time or another.

WIDER ANGLE - INCLUDE JORDIN

372

With an associate, he has the drop on Solo and Illya.

JORDIN

I'll take the professor's notebook, Mr. Kuryakin. Toss it over here. Carefully.

Illya has little choice. He throws it to him.

SOLO

Why don't you give up, Jordin.

JORDIN

Why should I? I have the notes -- we'll duplicate the process. And after I destroy the machine -- I will have sole possession of the late Dr. Gritzky's secret.

He moves to smash the machine.

12-29-65

P.155

ILLYA

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

372

CONT'D

(2)

JORDIN

I'll be with you in just a moment.

He swings at the machine -- Illya shoves Solo aside and into a stall -- as the machine EXPLODES.

ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA

373

ILLYA

The doctor booby-trapped the machine.  
He said so in his notes.

SOLO

Thanks for letting me know.

ANGLE - LAB

374

Solo and Illya move over to where the Thrushman and Jordin lie on the floor. They stand over them, Illya nudges the dead Jordin with his foot.

ILLYA

Well -- at least he won't have to worry about getting any older.

Solo looks at Illya. Illya shrugs.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - UNCLE HEADQUARTERS, N.Y. -  
WAVERLY - DAY

375

Solo and Illya enter. They place Gritzky's experiment book on Waverly's desk. Waverly picks it up.

WAVERLY

No luck, gentlemen?

SOLO

It's even beyond the ability of the computers, sir. They haven't been able to decipher the formula.

WAVERLY

Strange. Locked in this book is the secret of immortality, perhaps. Why do scientists insist on keeping notes, in code?

375  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

Well, they were able to decipher the notebooks of Leonardo Da Vinci in a little less than three hundred years, sir. That offers us some hope.

WAVERLY

I'm afraid, gentlemen, in my position, and time of life, that's too long a time.

He closes the book decisively.

FADE OUT.

THE END



INT. "BACKSTAGE" DRESSING ROOM AT MADAME DE SALA'S - DAY 32X1

There is the bustle of activity that marks the final preparations for a fashion show. Among the assorted aides associated with this sort of thing, we see four MODELS, in varying garb, readying themselves for the awaiting buyers. The First, clad in a sportswear ensemble, is zipping up the back of the Second's evening gown. The Third, in a suit, is straightening the seams of a stocking.

The Fourth Model, seated before a mirror while a middle-aged Hairdresser combs her blonde locks, is DODO. She wears a swim suit which she fills admirably. Dodo is as feline as they come. Small and cuddly, she appears kittenish and will -- as we are to discover -- turn out to be a tigress. Her face is that of an angel, with no hint therein of the evil that lurks within her superbly-designed body.

Now Olga enters the room, moves to Dodo, dismisses the Hairdresser with a curt nod. She examines Dodo for a moment, her face -- as usual -- cold and expressionless. Then:

OLGA

Were you planning to go home after the showing?

DODO

Just long enough to change my clothes again.

OLGA (half-question,  
half-statement)

You have a date.

DODO (nods)

Maurice.

OLGA

That pig?

DODO (smiles sweetly)  
That pig is worth twelve million francs.

32X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

OLGA  
Break it.  
(as Dodo starts to react)  
The date. Break it.

DODO (incredulous)  
Olga! You don't just break a date with  
that much money and -- and two yachts,  
and --

OLGA (cutting in)  
I want you to stay with Lorelei this  
evening.  
(a beat)  
It's important.

From Olga's tone, Dodo realizes that it must be important  
indeed, and that further protest would be useless. After  
a moment:

DODO  
I see....  
(a last gasp)  
What if she's going out?

OLGA  
She's not. You'll stay with her in  
her flat....You live right next door,  
so you shouldn't have any trouble  
finding some pretext or other....

BEBB  
Why?

OLGA  
I want to be sure that she makes no  
attempt to telephone a -- Mr. Solo.  
(a beat)  
If you think she's going to, call me.  
I can be over in ten minutes.

DODO  
And if I can't -- stall her that  
long?

Olga produces a small case, glances around to see that she is unobserved, hands it to Dodo.

32X1  
CONT'D  
(3)

OLGA

I've discovered that this has great  
-- persuasive power.

Dodo opens the case. It contains a small, deadly dagger.

OLGA

Is everything quite clear?

DODO

Yes....

Olga starts away, then turns back for a final word.

OLGA

If you obey orders, Dodo, you will  
be rewarded. If not --

She finishes the sentence with a shrug that leaves no doubt as to her meaning. She walks off, leaving Dodo to look at the dagger in the case.

INT. LORELEI'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

32X2

We SEE a cat curled up on the floor with a ball of string. CAMERA PANS UP TO a table at which Dodo and Lorelei sit playing cards. (Lorelei wears a robe over the pajamas she wears in the presently-existing Scene 38.) Dodo takes one of Lorelei's discarded cards. Her eyes suddenly become alight with excitement, triumph -- as if she's playing for enormous stakes and has just made a mighty breakthrough.

DODO

Gin!

She tosses her cards down triumphantly.

DODO

You owe me --

(rapid mental calculation)

-- two francs and forty centimes.

(shuffles the cards expertly,  
hands them to Lorelei)

Do you want a chance to get it back?

Lorelei rises, starts for the telephone stand on which her purse rests.

32X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

LORELEI

No, I -- some other time, Dodo. My mind's not on cards tonight.

DODO (observing her  
from her chair)

I didn't think it was. When I  
blitzed you three times --  
(a beat)

What are you thinking of?

LORELEI (after a beat)

My father.

DODO (probing)

What about your father?

Lorelei has reached the phone stand, opens her purse.

LORELEI

I -- just hope he's all right.....  
I'm worried about him....

Her eye falls on a card on the telephone stand -- the card which Solo gave her earlier. She picks it up.

32X3  
OUT

SCENE

32X4

Dodo has come up beside Lorelei, looks over her shoulder at the card. Lorelei puts it down to take some change from her purse, and Dodo picks it up.

LORELEI

Two francs and -- ?

DODO  
-- Forty centimes.  
(she takes the change from  
Lorelei in one hand, continues  
looking at the card which she  
holds in the other; casually)  
Napolcon -- Solo....New admirer?

32X4  
CONT'D  
(2)

LORELEI  
Hmm?.....No....Hardly.  
(a beat; politely)  
Dodo -- would you mind? I mean, I'm  
very tired, and --

DODO (wisely)  
And I'll bet you want to call this  
-- Mr. Solo....

LORELEI (flustered; her  
look suggests that she does)  
I told you, he's not a boy friend...  
He's a --  
(thinking fast)  
-- he's a car salesman. I -- uh -- I  
was going to call him about buying a new  
car.

DODO  
Oh.  
(smiles)  
I mean, it's not my business, anyway,  
is it?  
(a beat)  
I'll go as soon as you fix me a drink.  
All right? Whiskey and soda?

Lorelei returns Dodo's smile. After all, how can she help  
but like her appealing neighbor?

LORELEI  
Whiskey and soda....

She moves to the kitchenette, begins to ready the drink.  
Dodo picks up the phone, starts to dial. After a moment:

OLGA'S VOICE (FILTER)  
Hello.

DODO (into phone;  
seductively)  
Maurice? Dodo....

3-14-66

P.F

OLGA'S VOICE (FILTER)

Go ahead.

32X4  
CONT'D  
(3)

DODO

Maurice, my -- uh -- my headache is  
a lot better now, so --

(coyly)

-- can you come over?

OLGA'S VOICE (FILTER)

I understand.

The phone on the other end clicks. Dodo hangs up.  
Lorelei, who has heard Dodo's end of the conversation  
and found it amusing and so characteristic of the girl,  
approaches with the drink.

LORELEI (smiling)

You may have an interesting evening,  
after all.

DODO

I -- may indeed.

She takes the drink with one hand. CAMERA ANGLES ON the  
other hand, which she holds behind her back. We SEE her  
fingering the dagger which Olga gave her as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

NT. ROOM - HOTEL DES DEUX PERES - SOLO - NIGHT

(NEW)

35

s, at the window, he talks into his communicator.

SOLO

Open Channel D, please.

HEAR various CLICKS and BUZZES as the connections are made.

WANDA (O.S., FILTER)

Napoleon?

SOLO (a bit surprised)

You don't sound like Mr. Waverly.

(NEW)

INTERCUT SOLO IN HIS HOTEL ROOM AND WANDA IN HER UNCLE  
OFFICE

36

Wanda's cubicle is furnished with a desk, a couple of  
chairs, a communications console, etc. Wanda is a very  
lovely girl with a throaty voice that is as irresistible  
as she is.

WANDA

Now, really, Napoleon!..Mr. Waverly  
has assigned me to be your contact woman.

SOLO

He shows impeccable taste, Wanda.  
(glances out his window)

Beautiful moon here. How's your  
moon?

WANDA

It hasn't come out yet. It's only  
five o'clock.

SOLO

Well, I'll share this one with you...  
To begin with, it's a little different  
from the moon we have at home. This  
one here is a girl moon. Her eyes are  
open very wide and her mouth is open  
to say "O" because she's just been  
kissed.

WANDA

Lucky moon.

(a beat; then, dreamily)

I -- miss you, Napoleon.

(NEW)

36

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

As soon as I get back, I'll make it  
up to you. We'll really share the  
same moon.

In B.G., a meek-looking, bespectacled, balding man named  
MELVIN has entered Wanda's cubicle. He bears a wax-paper-  
wrapped sandwich in one hand and a large, lidded paper cup  
-- possibly containing a malt -- in the other. He places  
them on the desk.

WANDA (meaning it;  
huskily)

I'll -- count the days, darling.  
(she turns, sees Melvin)

Oh, thank you, Melvin.

Melvin nods "you're welcome" and exits.

SOLO

I beg your pardon?

WANDA

That was Melvin.

SOLO

It was?

WANDA

You know, Melvin. In Accounting.  
He brought me my dinner.

SOLO

Oh. Give him my regards.

(a beat)

Uh -- the reason I called, Wanda --  
I met an extraordinary woman this  
afternoon....

WANDA (suspiciously)

Don't you always.



SOLO (quickly)

She's not my type....Anyway, I need a dossier on her. Her name is Madame DeSala....I'd appreciate it as soon as possible....

(NEW)

36

CONT'D

(3)

WANDA

Will do....Have you been in contact with -- that Lancer girl yet?

SOLO

Yes. I've been hoping she'd phone me back tonight, but so far, she hasn't. I think I'd better call her.

WANDA (dryly)

I imagine she's extraordinary, too.

SOLO (a smile)

Not to the extent that you are.....  
Over and out -- my pet....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LORELEI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(NEW)

38

Olga enters. The apartment is empty.

OLGA (calls)

Dodo?

DODO (from bathroom, O.S.)

In here.

Olga moves to the --

BATHROOM

(NEW)

39

-- where Dodo, holding her dagger at Lorelei, is forcing her to tape her own mouth -- with tape, bandages, etc., that have been taken from the open medicine cabinet.

OLGA (tonelessly)

Good evening, Lorelei.

Lorelei tries to say something, but cannot.

DODO

Shall I tie her hands?

OLGA

I don't think that's necessary.

She'll --

She breaks off as, in the main room, the PHONE RINGS.

OLGA (to Dodo)

Take it.

Dodo exits to answer the telephone.

OLGA (to Lorelei, without any sympathy at all)

Poor child. There are so many things you don't understand....

DODO (V.O., into phone)

Yes?....Just a moment, please....

A moment later, Dodo reappears at the bathroom door, holding the phone at the end of a long cord.

DODO (whispers, to Olga)  
It's Solo....

(NEW)  
39  
CONT'D  
(2)

OLGA (hesitates briefly,  
then)  
Tell him to -- come over.

GO WITH Dodo as she returns to the main room, telephone  
in hand.

DODO (into phone)  
Mr. Solo...? Lorelei had to --  
(glances back toward bathroom)  
-- step out for a little while. But  
I know she did want to speak to you.  
(a beat)  
Good...Do you have the address?

CLOSE ON SOLO

39XA1

SOLO  
Yes.

He hangs up, a thoughtful expression on his face. He  
suspects something is wrong, but --

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LORELEI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39X1

Solo moves down the corridor, searches for the door to  
Lorelei's flat, finds it, knocks. There is no answer.

SOLO  
Miss Lancer?

Still no answer. He tries the knob. The door is unlocked,  
and he enters.

INT. LORELEI'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

39X2

The cat we have seen earlier is still playing with her  
ball of string. There is no sign of anyone in the room.  
He frowns, starts to look around. As he does so, his eye  
is caught by a letter, half-covered by a vase, on a table.  
He picks it up.

INSERT ENVELOPE

39X2A

addressed to Lorelei, and on which we clearly see, in the upper left-hand corner, the name Benjamin Lancer. There is no return address.

SCENE

39X3

Solo is about to open the envelope when his attention is caught by the SOUND of a doorknob turning. It's the door connecting with Dodo's apartment. Solo quickly puts the letter down. An instant later, the door opens and Dodo stands -- or leans rather provocatively -- in the doorway.

DODO

Hello. Are you Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Yes.

DODO

I'm Dodo.

(gestures back toward her  
apartment)

I live there....I just talked to you  
on the phone.

SOLO

Oh....Apparently Miss Lancer's not  
back yet.

DODO

No...

(brightly)

But I'm sure she will be soon. She  
left the coffeepot on.

(as Solo turns to see that the  
coffeepot is indeed on the stove)

Can I -- fix you a little drink while  
you're waiting?

SOLO

I'll settle for some of that coffee,  
if you don't mind.

He sits, bends over to pet the cat. As Dodo starts for  
the kitchenette, she sees it, and:

3-14-66

P.L

DODO

Do you like cats, Mr. -- Solo?

39X3

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

A friend of mine has become quite a cat fancier.

(wryly)

I guess a little of it has rubbed off on me.

DODO (as she pours the coffee, her back to Solo)

Sugar, sugar....I wonder where it is...

SOLO

That's all right. I just take cream.

3-10-66

P.M

Dodo, her back to Solo, has been about to doctor the coffee with a small packet of powder. Now, with a slight shrug, she puts the powder into the cream pitcher. Then she emerges from the kitchenette with the cup of coffee and the pitcher, places them on the little table beside Solo.

39X3  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO

Thank you.

DODO (demurely)

Do you mind if I make a little drink for myself?....I mean, something besides coffee...?

SOLO (rather amused)

Be my guest.

He pours some cream into his coffee.

DODO (as she returns  
to the kitchenette)

Not that I drink much, Mr. Solo. I mean, I wouldn't want you to think that I'm the kind of girl who drinks a lot.

SOLO

Oh, perish the thought.

He is about to take a sip of coffee when the cat nuzzles against his leg. Almost absently, Solo puts the coffee cup down, pours some cream into the saucer and places it beside the cat.

DODO (as she works on  
her drink)

I don't have any vices. And, believe me, that's very hard.

SOLO

It is?

DODO

I mean, for a girl who -- looks like me.

Solo ponders this, then, solemnly:

SOLO

I'm sure your mother raised you very properly. Dodo, I'd like to ask you a few --

39X3

CONT'D

(4)

DODO (cutting in)

Oh, she did! One thing she always told me. "Helga," she said --

(parenthetically)

Helga's my real name. We come from Hamburg.

(and, back to her thought)

"Helga -- "

Over this, Solo's eye has happened to fall on the cat, who --

CLOSE ON CAT

39X4

-- has arched her back, is hissing at the cream.

SCENE

39X5

Solo reacts, sniffs his coffee and the pitcher of cream. Clearly, the cream has been poisoned. Solo gives the cat a grateful nod.

DODO

-- "Helga, if there's only one thing you ever learn in your whole life, it should be -- "

Solo has risen, moved quickly to Dodo. Now he spins her around, grabs her.

SOLO (hard)

You make a fine cup of coffee, Dodo  
....Now, where's Miss Lancer?

Suddenly, Dodo doesn't look like an innocent angel any more. She breaks loose, produces the dagger from somewhere on her person. Solo sends it clattering to the floor.

The details of this action scene will be largely at the director's discretion -- but with the understanding that

39X5  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo is fighting for his life and knows it. He can afford to be -- indeed, he has to be -- rough. And he appears to have almost all he can handle in the clawing, scratching, biting, kicking tigress. When he finally appears to have her almost under control --

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

39X6

-- the front door opens and a huge man -- complete with cowboy boots and a ten-gallon hat which spell Texas -- stands gaping at the scene. He doesn't waste too much time analyzing it. He rushes to Solo from the latter's blind side, spins him around, and -- POW! Solo crumples to the floor. An astonished Dodo and the man -- whom we shall call the TEXAN -- watch him fall. The Texan then removes his hat, gallantly and with a sweeping gesture, and:

TEXAN (to Dodo)

Mah name is Bentley, ma'am. From  
Fert Worth.

(helpfully, as a dazed Dodo  
just stares at him)

That's in Texas....Ah couldn't hep  
but hear the commotion.

(looks down at Solo with  
disapproval)

Was this fella botherin' you?

Dodo looks at the Texan in amazement -- this nut who, by some incredible happenstance, has become her benefactor. Then she whirls and dashes out the front door. This further baffles the Texan, who watches her go with eyes wide. He turns his attention to Solo, bends over him, slaps his face a few times to bring him to.

SOLO (mumbles  
groggily)

What....what...where is she....the  
girl....?

TEXAN

Hey! You sound like an American!..

Ah'll bet you are!

(furiously)

Ah oughta call the gen-darmes. You  
should be ashamed o' yourself, mister.  
It's people like you that give us  
tourists a bad name!



Solo staggers to his feet. The Texan, thinking the battle might be resumed, raises his hands and clenches his fists, but Solo merely lurches to the window, looks down.

39X6  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (turns to regard  
the Texan disgustedly)  
...You let her get away....

TEXAN  
Now, look, ah don't know what this  
is all about, but --

He breaks off in frustration and bafflement as Solo, still woozy, shakes his head to clear it, staggers off to the bathroom, obviously for repairs.

INT. BATHROOM

39X7

Solo enters, steps to the sink, turns on the faucet and dashes some cold water on his face. The Texan stands in the bathroom doorway. Solo reaches for a towel. As he does so, his eye falls on --

ANGLE ON BATHTUB

39X8

-- Lorelei's pajama-clad leg, sticking out of the tub. Quickly, Solo bends to examine the slain girl as the Texan enters the room behind him, gazes in shock at the scene.

TEXAN  
Well, I'll be --

SOLO (turns to look up  
at him; sadly)  
You should be....

He rises, leaves the bathroom.

SOLO  
There's a police station two doors  
down....Why don't you run down  
there and bring back some --  
(gently mimicks Texan)  
-- gen-darmes.

3-14-66

P.P-1

TEXAN

Huh? Oh -- oh, sure. You bet.

39X8

CONT'D

(2)

He exits. With the Texan gone, Solo picks up the envelope from the table, removes the letter, begins to read it.

INSERT ON LETTER

39X9

the ending of which reads:

3-11-66

P.Q

"....I'll explain it all to you when  
I see you again, my darling. Mean-  
while, if you have to reach me, you  
can do so in care of Phillip Bainbridge  
at the Byram Club in London.

39X9  
CONT'D  
(2)

-- Your loving father"

CLOSE ON SOLO

39X10

as he reads the letter.

SOLO (V.O.)

"....in care of Phillip Bainbridge  
at the Byram Club in London...."

ZIP PAN TO:

(NEW)

115

INT. WANDA'S OFFICE AT UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wanda is at the communications console, a manila folder in her hand.

WANDA

How shines the moon down by England's  
fair land?

INTERCUT Solo in car, Wanda in UNCLE Headquarters.  
(NOTE: Solo's dialogue in the car is unchanged from the  
original.)

SOLO

Sorry to disenchant you, baby. It  
shines not at all.

WANDA (softly, tenderly)

I'm still counting the days, Napoleon  
-- until our moon shines.

(a beat)

I've just received the dossier you  
wanted.

SOLO:

Re-port, my child! With regard to a  
certain Mme. DeSala --

WANDA (tonelessly)

-- That extraordinary woman --

SOLO (the clinician  
informing his students)

Pure hostility, caused by sheer envy.

WANDA (consults the  
dossier)

Madame was born in nineteen thirty-  
one. Her mother died the same year,  
and her father died nine years later.  
He was a general and a member of the  
Bridge of Lions. Sir Norman Swickert  
took the child into his house to bring  
her up....

(she flips a page)

She owns a cosmetics company and two  
establishments of haute couture. One  
for the rich rich, the other for the  
poor rich. All original capital  
supplied by Sir Norman, who remains a  
major partner.

At this point, Melvin enters the room. He carries a large paper cup with a straw, places it on Wanda's desk. Wanda looks up.

(NEW)  
115  
CONT'D  
(2)

WANDA (to Melvin)  
You're an angel.

SOLO (FILTER)  
I am?

WANDA  
Not you. Melvin. He brought me a malted....

Melvin leaves silently.

SOLO  
Leaving out the Bridge of Lions, is there any other connection between either Swickert or DeSala, and Lancer?

Wanda scans the dossier, turning pages. She finds an item in one place, puts her finger on it -- she turns back two pages for the associative item.

WANDA  
There's a bio-chemist named Alexander Gritzky -- financed by DeSala's cosmetics company. Hormone research. Gritzky used to be a pupil of Lancer...

There is a sharp snap; the steering wheel tries to tear itself out of Solo's hands as the car lurches wildly toward the side of the road.

(NEW)

240

INT. SOLO'S LONDON HOTEL ROOM - TIGHT ON NEWSPAPER  
HEADLINE - DAY

which reads:

SIR NORMAN ANNOUNCES CANDIDACY

CAMERA BACK to show Solo, who has been reading the story while eating lunch from a tray. He puts the paper down, dabs briefly at his mouth with a napkin, and takes out his communicator.

SOLO (into communicator)

Open Channel D, please.

INTERCUT between Solo and Wanda in her UNCLE Headquarters office. Wanda, a bit sleepy-eyed, her hair slightly mussed, is applying lipstick with the aid of a mirror. She looks eminently kissable. A cup of steaming coffee is in front of her. There is a BEEP from the communications console at her side. She flicks a switch.

WANDA

Napoleon?

SOLO

Tell me, is the moon still shining there?

WANDA

No. It's gone now.

(dreamily)

But it was beautiful last night.

SOLO

Was it a girl moon?

WANDA

It was a boy moon. His eyes were shining in anticipation of -- being together again with the one he loves.

(a beat; throatily)

Are your eyes shining, Napoleon?

SOLO

Brightly, Wanda. Brightly.

Over this, Melvin has entered the room, bearing a single flower in a small vase. He places it on Wanda's desk. If he's heard the conversation, he gives no indication of it. But his momentary presence flusters Wanda, who decides she'd better steer the conversation to other matters.

(NEW)  
240  
CONT'D  
(2)

WANDA

Uh -- did you have any other message?

Melvin exits silently.

SOLO

Yes. I don't know if you've seen the morning papers yet, but Sir Norman Swickert is going back into political life.

(glances down at his paper)

There are some pictures of him here. He looks -- remarkably young.

WANDA

Then the rejuvenation process is working. Why, that's -- that's really wonderful!

SOLO

It could be a calamity, Wanda -- if Thrush gets hold of it.

WANDA (considers this)

Professor Gritzky?

SOLO

Yes. Illya and I have to find him before they do.

WANDA

Do you have any leads?

SOLO

Only Sir Norman.

WANDA

I wish you luck.

SOLO

We'll need it.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WANDA'S OFFICE AT UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

374X1

Wanda is busy at her typewriter when Solo enters unseen, tiptoes around behind her, puts his hands over her eyes. She gasps.

SOLO

To coin a phrase, guess who?

She whirls about, eyes wide.

WANDA

Napoleon!

SOLO

Everything comes to she who waits.

As she rises from her chair, he starts to take her into his arms. To his surprise, she pulls back, looking more than a little alarmed.

WANDA (nervously)

Napoleon, there's -- uh -- something I've got to tell you....

SOLO (trying to draw  
her close again)

Later....

WANDA

Napoleon....

MELVIN (O.S.)

Ahem.

Solo turns. We SEE Melvin standing in the doorway, regarding the scene with stern disapproval. Wanda takes the opportunity to pull away from Solo.

WANDA

Uh, Napoleon -- you know Melvin.

SOLO (regards Melvin,  
a bit piqued by the interruption)  
From Accounting....I've heard of you.

WANDA

Uh -- it just happened in the last couple of days, Napoleon. Melvin swept me off my feet.



Solo blinks. Melvin looks modest, shy, digs his toes into the floor.

374X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

WANDA

We're -- engaged to be married.

As Solo continues to react, looking incredulously from one to the other.

WANDA

I'm sorry....

SOLO (manages a smile)

I'm -- uh -- very happy for both of you. Congratulations.

At this point, the scene is interrupted by:

GIRL'S VOICE (OVER  
SPEAKER; FILTER)

Mr. Solo....Mr. Waverly can see you  
and Mr. Kuryakin now.

It's an extremely sexy voice. Solo moves to the speaker in the console, flicks a switch.

SOLO

Thank you....Who is this, Margo?

GIRL'S VOICE (FILTER)

No, this is Jeannette. I'm new here...

SOLO (entranced)

Oh, well, I -- uh -- look forward very  
much to meeting you, Jeannette.

GIRL'S VOICE (FILTER)

It will be my pleasure, I assure you.

Solo flicks the switch off. Then, to Wanda and Melvin as he starts backing toward the door:

SOLO

Well, once again, my -- heartiest  
congratulations.

He gives them a rather weak little wave as he exits. Wanda turns to Melvin.

WANDA (to Melvin)

Could we -- invite him to dinner  
sometime?

ZIP PAN TO:

(PICK UP SCENE 275)

3-11-66

P.X

(NEW)

90

SOLO'S POV

Olga's car rockets around a corner.

ANOTHER ANGLE

90X1

Solo rushes out into the street, hails a passing taxicab, points in the direction taken by Olga's car. We cannot hear his instructions to the driver, but the cab is back in motion even before he's finished climbing in.

SERIES OF SHOTS

90X2-8

of the chase. We SEE Olga's car and the trailing taxi as they race through the London streets, narrowly missing other vehicles, scattering pedestrians, etc. Olga's car spins into an alleyway and --

EXT. THEATER LOADING DOCK (OUTSIDE STAGE 6)

90X9

-- onto the loading dock elevator.

INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE AREA

90X10

as Olga whirls to face someone in the shadows.

OLGA

Quickly!

ANGLE ON DODO

90X11

who is at a small control panel. She pushes a couple of buttons. Immediately, the lift begins to rise and, simultaneously, the huge, overhanging door begins to descend.

DODO

What happened?

OLGA

There was a -- slight mistake.

EXT. LOADING DOCK

90X12

Solo's cab jerks to a stop in front of the descending door. He leaps out, literally tosses a couple of bills at the driver, and races for the door.

INT. THEATER BACKSTAGE AREA - ON SOLO

90X13

as he leaps onto the rising elevator -- and narrowly averts being caught between it and the descending door. A split second after he has avoided death in that fashion, a bullet slams into the door behind him.

OTHER ANGLES

90X14-25

As the scene progresses, the following will happen:

The shot has been fired by Olga, the only one of the women who is armed. She and Dodo have split -- the latter to climb up a stepladder to a catwalk high above the backstage floor. From there, she will train a spotlight on Solo, making him a brilliantly illuminated target for Olga. Solo will race around the eerie, set-laden stage, ducking behind props, etc., trying to escape the relentless spotlight beam, unable to return Olga's fire effectively because he cannot see her.

At last, when there is a pause in the shooting, Solo pulls a lever adjacent to the theater curtain, leaps to the curtain as it begins to rise. He remains bathed in Dodo's spotlight.

DODO (yelling)

Olga, shoot him!

OLGA

I can't! I have to reload!

The rising curtain takes Solo to Dodo's catwalk, onto which he leaps. Dodo backs away on the rickety boards.

Solo is about to grab her when Olga, her gun reloaded, fires up at him. But another mistake has been made. The bullet hits Dodo. She winces, staggers backward a couple of steps and falls off the catwalk edge, her SCREAM echoing

3-11-66

P.Z

90X14-25

CONT'D

(2)

as she hurtles to the floor far below. We will have a CLOSE SHOT OF Olga as she watches; then she whirls and darts out one of the regular doors. And there will be a SHOT OF Solo as, knowing that he's unlikely to catch Olga (for it would take him too long to descend from the catwalk and begin the chase), he looks down toward the fallen Dodo and shakes his head.

SOLO (softly, musingly)

Poor Dodo.

ZIP PAN TO: