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52

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE GALATEA AFFAIR

Prod. #8424

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June 9, 1966

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
A PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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

6-13-66

The Galatea Affair

Prod.#8424

Script dated: June 9, 1966

Following the Teaser, please change NAPOLEON SOLO
to MARK SLATE throughout the balance of the script.

Please change DE LANGFORT to DE CHASSEUR in all
references to the surname of Bibi and the Baron.

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

The Galatea Affair

Prod. #8424

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FULL SHOTS - ST. MARK'S SQUARE, VENICE (STOCK) 1
DAY

Establishing the colorful square with its parading
tourists and pigeons, its open cafes and energetic
orchestras -

EXT. ST. MARK'S - CLOSE SHOT, BIBI - DAY 2

Seated alone at a cafe table is the BARONESS BIBI DE
LANGFORT, a young woman of gorgeous mystery, com-
plete with partial veil and dark glasses. Bibi
sips an aperitif, ignoring the curious and specula-
tive glances of passing peasants. She is obviously
waiting for someone very special.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER TABLE - CLOSE - DAY 3

At another table (not close) sits a man who hides
behind his Paris Herald. The CAMERA DOLLIES CLOSER -
he is NAPOLEON SOLO. He watches surreptitiously
off toward the Baroness. The pigeons seem to like
Solo. He absently brushes them off his table -
then stiffens alertly as he sees:

ANGLE ON BIBI 4

A handsome ITALIAN strolls around Bibi, eyeing her.
She gives him a glance that would freeze an Eskimo.
The Italian shrugs, strolls off to try elsewhere.

CLOSE, SOLO 5

Solo relaxes. From o.s. the great clock starts
STRIKING the hour.

FULL SHOT - TO CLOCK - (STOCK) - DAY

6

The mechanical men swing their great hammers - the clock is striking four -

CLOSE UP, BIBI

7

Without once glancing up, Bibi - as she hears the bells strike - puts down her drink and picks up her gloves; and then she looks up to see exactly what she knew she would see:

CLOSE SHOT, REVERSE, TO THIRTY

8

Standing by her table is MR. THIRTY - expressionless, immaculately-dressed cobra. He reaches for Bibi's extended hand, kisses it and without a word, Bibi rises to accompany Mr. Thirty.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

9

Solo fumbles hastily for money to leave on his table; he jumps to his feet -

BACK TO SCENE

10

Mr. Thirty reaches into his pocket and casually tosses a handful of birdseed in the general direction of Solo.

CLOSE - SOLO AND PIGEONS (STOCK IF POSSIBLE)

11

And a wild flurry of pigeons fills the screen, apparently blocking Solo's path and view as -

ZIP TO:

EXT. GRAND CANAL, VENICE - FULL SHOT - (STOCK) - DAY

12

Establishing for:

EXT. THRUSH GONDOLA - FULL SHOT - DAY - (PROCESS) 16

Bibi and Mr. Thirty are seated in front of the small curtained cabin. Then a MAN'S VOICE speaks - unrecognizably, distortedly, with a strange accent:

MAN'S VOICE (very
eery, ECHO effect)
Nice to see you again, Baroness.
I trust you are well.

EXT. CANAL - CLOSE ON SOLO IN GONDOLA - DAY - 17
(PROCESS)

Solo is watching through binoculars, gestures to the hard-rowing gondolier with:

SOLO
Can't you put a little more
muscle into it, gondolier?

CLOSE SHOT - GONDOLIER - (PROCESS) 18

He gives Solo a pained look. This gondolier wears the typically striped T-shirt and an unusually gaudy straw hat. He is ILLYA KURYAKIN.

ILLYA
Sorry, signore. I can't make
it go any faster, but if you
like I can sing "O Solo Mio".

EXT. GRAND CANAL - FULL SHOT - (STOCK) - DAY 19

The boat traffic is heavy -

EXT. THRUSH GONDOLA - MED. SHOT - DAY - (PROCESS) 20

The alert Mr. Thirty watches in all directions. Bibi faces the cabin curtains. From the curtains, a man's gloved hand slowly reaches out.

MAN'S VOICE

Here is your list. You will
memorize the names on the list.
When you have done so, you will
give the list to Mr. Thirty,
who will destroy it.

20
CONT'D
(2)

BIBI (nodding,
taking list)
I know the routine.

The hand now produces a little sack, dangles
in front of the CAMERA -

MAN'S VOICE (with
action)
And of course, the diamonds.
Twenty-five million dollars
worth this time...which you
will distribute as indicated.

EXT. CANAL - CLOSE, SOLO AND ILLYA - (PROCESS)

21

Solo peers intently through binoculars. Illya
continues to paddle.

SOLO

I imagine she'd like to know
who's behind those curtains,
too.

ILLYA (drily)
And wouldn't you like to be the
one to tell her?

21
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. THROUGH GONDOLA - MED. SHOT (PROCESS)

22

Mr. Thirty glances off. His eyes narrow.

EXT. CANAL - SOLO'S GONDOLA (PROCESS)

22X1

Solo lowers his binoculars, unlimbers the tourist
camera he wears around his neck.

CLOSE SHOT - THIRTY (PROCESS)

Mr. Thirty takes out a pitch-pipe, blows it.

EXT. CANAL - TO SPEEDBOAT (STOCK)

24

A speedboat springs into motion. It is manned by
Thrush-uniformed boatmen.

EXT. CANAL - SOLO'S GONDOLA, CLOSE (PROCESS)

25

The ROAR of the speedboat comes rapidly closer
(from behind, o.s.). Solo and Illya whirl too
late as:

EXT. CLOSE ANGLE TO SPEEDBOAT (STOCK)

26

The speedboat plows huge waves, roaring toward
CAMERA -

EXT. SIDE OF SPEEDBOAT - CLOSE UP, GUNNER (PROCESS)

27

A Boatman lifts his tommy gun. He FIRES a burst at
the CAMERA as he speeds past.

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REVERSE - (MED. SHOT TO CANAL) - INSERT

28

Bullets SPRAY across the splashing water---then the SOUND FADES and Solo's boat floats into view, upside down. Floating nearby is Illya's oar and bobbing on the water is Illya's gaudy straw hat. That's all.

FADE OUT

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK SCENE FEATURING U.N.BUILDING (STOCK) 29

to identify.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON WAVERLY 30

As he examines a photograph -- one of those taken by Solo before the boys' mishap.

WAVERLY

Yes, that's the woman, all right.
There's no doubt of it.

CAMERA BACK to include Illya, who sneezes. We note that there are a movie projector and a screen at the ready.

WAVERLY

Bless you, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA (apologetically
as he reaches for a hand-
kerchief)

Thank you, sir...I'm sorry, but --
well, those gondolas aren't built
for evasive action.

WAVERLY

Quite true. How's Mr. Solo getting on?

ILLYA

I was at the hospital this morning.
The antibiotics are just starting
to take hold...

WAVERLY

Pneumonia?

ILLYA

Yes, sir. The water in the canals is
very cold -- and very dirty.

WAVERLY

Mmmmm. Well, happily, our Health and
Welfare plan should at least ease Mr.
Solo's financial burden.

(looks at another picture)

Did you know, Mr. Kuryakin, that you
were sunk by a full admiral?

ILLYA
We were?

30
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
Section Two says he's Mister Thirty.
Chief of Security, Thrush International.

ILLYA (impressed)
And the man behind the curtain -- ?

WAVERLY
Oh, someone even higher up than
Mr. Thirty, I should imagine.
Almost certainly a member of
Thrush Central.

ILLYA
Their treasurer, perhaps?

WAVERLY
Very good.

Over this, the door has opened to admit MARK SLATE,
who carries a film can.

WAVERLY
Ah, Mr. Slate.

MARK
Good morning, sir.

WAVERLY
You know Mr. Kuryakin.

MARK
I do indeed.

He and Illya ad lib greetings. Mark puts the film
on the projector.

MARK
I'm ready now, sir. Shall I begin?

WAVERLY
Please do.

Mark snaps off the lights, begins fiddling with the
projector. On the screen we see a picture of the
Eiffel Tower.

WAVERLY
Mr. Slate took these films in Paris
three months ago. There was a similar
rendezvous exactly three months before
that, in the shadow of the Sphinx.

ANGLE ON SCREEN (EIFFEL TOWER DECK) - DAY (PROCESS) 31

We face a souvenir stand on the tower deck, first level. Tourists are in b.g. It looks innocent enough.

WAVERLY (o.s.)

Notice the first level of the Eiffel Tower. Paris had placed a concealed camera there. We had a reason to believe that the souvenir stand would be a point of particular interest...

Mr. Thirty strolls into view, accompanied by the gorgeously dressed Bibi.

ILLYA (indicating Bibi)

There's our little friend again.

WAVERLY

Her name, Mr. Kuryakin, is de Langfort. The Baroness Bibi de Langfort. The darling of the --
(groping)

...what's the term these days? --
Oh, yes, the jet set.

ILLYA

Why don't we have more agents who look like that?

Waverly gives him a harsh look.

WAVERLY

That was uncalled for, Mr. Kuryakin.

SLATE

We doubt that she's a Thrush agent.
A courier is more like it.

On the screen, Bibi and Thirty (who haven't yet acknowledged each other's presence) are both consulting their watches. Then, as in Venice, Bibi extends her hand and Thirty moves to kiss it.

A moment later, a gloved hand reaches out through a panel in the souvenir stand. It is, of course, the hand we saw in Venice. In it, there is a piece of paper. Bibi takes it, looks at it.

WAVERLY

Does the scene look familiar?

The hand on the movie screen reaches out with a velvet sack which Bibi starts to take. STOP-FRAME.

ILLYA

WAVERLY
Diamonds, I would think.

31
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Then she's their pay off girl!

Waverly winces.

WAVERLY
Rather crudely put, Mr. Kuryakin...
But accurate nonetheless. And the
Baroness operates on the very
highest levels.
(to Mark)
You may shut off the machine now,
Mr. Slate.

Mark does so.

WAVERLY (to Illya)
Because of Mr. Solo's indisposition,
Mr. Slate will be your associate in
this enterprise.

ILLYA (nods to Mark)
It will be a pleasure.

MARK
Mine as well.

WAVERLY
Your assignment, gentlemen, is quite
simple. At the next quarterly
rendezvous, I want you to intercept
that --
(a glance at Illya)
...pay off list. Without being dis-
covered, of course. We will then be
able to identify and expose those
corrupt world leaders who secretly
collaborate with Thrush.

MARK
I take it, sir, that you -- uh --
have a plan?

WAVERLY
As a matter of fact, I do...Tell
me, have you ever been in Hamburg?

ZIP PAN TO:

ILLYA
Make it two.

34
CONT'D
(2)

There is a burst of drunken cheering, and Solo looks across the bar, reacts.

THEIR POV

35

Inside the circle which is the bar there is a saw-dust ring. On the ring is a swaybacked horse. And, on the horse, ostensibly clad in nothing but long flowing hair, is the Lady Godiva advertised out front. Just now, she's stopped on the far side of the ring, her back toward us, while a group of customers push one of their fellows toward a ring entry. They goad him noisily toward the horse.

ILLYA (observing
Lady Godiva)
All I can see is a good deal
of hair.

Solo throws him a look, says gloomily.

SOLO
This is ridiculous. How anyone
can think that --
(sardonically)
...that this creature here can
be turned into the Baroness...

ANGLE ON RING

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36

The drunken customer has leaped aboard by now, behind the lady. He hands her a couple of coins. The horse starts moving and the drinkers at the bar cheer thunderously as the passenger waves and sways. We see the girl's face for the first time.

SOLO AND ILLYA

37

ILLYA
Oh, I don't know, Napoleon.
(takes out photo of
the Baroness)
Look at her face. Notice the
similarities in conformation.
Bone structure, that sort of
thing.
(a beat)
And she rides well, too.

ANGLE ON RING

38

Lady Godiva has just swatted her passenger for a too-free exploration of her hair.

LADY GODIVA

Keep yer paws to yourself, Mac!

SOLO AND ILLYA

39

ILLYA (encouragingly;
he seems to be enjoying
this in a perverse way)
See? She even speaks English!

SOLO

We call it Bronx.
(looks toward the girl
for a moment, then:)
It'll never work. Illya, we've
been handed the brass ring!

ILLYA

We? You, Napoleon, you. My job's
with the other lady, remember?

Solo frowns.

ON LADY GODIVA AND PASSENGER

40

A ROAR from the crowd. The passenger has drunkenly fallen off.

LADY GODIVA

Next!

ILLYA AND SOLO

41

ILLYA

I think it's your turn -- Mac!

ANGLE

42

Solo, hurling a final look of disgust at Illya, rises from the table, pushes through to the ring and to Lady Godiva's horse. He mounts. Lady Godiva, who is chewing gum and looking awfully bored, sticks out her hand without even looking at him.

LADY GODIVA

Zahlen, bitte..... Zwei mark.

42

CONT'D
(2)

The horse starts plodding around the ring.

SOLO

Oh, you speak German, too?

For the first time, the girl turns.

LADY GODIVA

Waddeya, a wise guy? Gimme two marks!

Solo hands her a couple of coins.

SOLO

Excuse me, Rosy.

(as she reacts)

It is Rosy, isn't it?

ROSY

How'd you know?

SOLO

Rosie Shlagenheimer. Born in New York twenty-three years ago. Of German parentage. Had a desire since childhood to be in show business. Father a butcher, mother a lady wrestler....

ROSY

Say, what is this? You the fuzz?

SOLO (hurt)

Rosy, you have cut me to the very quick!

(beat)

No, you have nothing to worry about.

I just want a little talk with you.

About a -- uh -- business proposition.

ROSY (wisely)

I bet.

SOLO

Scout's honor. What time do you -- get off the horse?

ROSY (dubiously, maybe

even a little disappointed)

That's all you want to do? Talk?

SOLO (nods)
I think you'll find that I can
be a pretty interesting conver-
sationalist.

42
CONT'D
(3)

Rosy hesitates a moment, then:

ROSY
Well...okay. I quit in half an hour.

SOLO
I'll meet you outside your dressing
room.

ROSY
Okay.... But my mother --

SOLO
-- The lady wrestler --

ROSY
Yeah.
(darkly)
Just remember. She taught me
all she knows.

The horse mechanically comes to a stop. Solo
dismounts, tips his hat.

ANGLE AT BAR

43

The drinkers all cheer. Leading the cheer, perhaps
waving his own hat in the air, is Illya.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CHATEAU NEAR PARIS - DAY - (STOCK)

44

To ESTABLISH.

EXT. CHATEAU DOORWAY - CLOSE UP, ILLYA - DAY

45

Illya pounds the knocker of the Langford chateau's
huge door. CAMERA BACK and we see that he is sportily
decked in flannels and jacket, carries a couple of
tennis racquets under his arm.

NEW ANGLE

46

Then the door CREAKS open - and there stands OLAF, a seven foot footman. He stares coldly, suspiciously down at Illya until:

ILLYA

Good morning.

Illya produces a card which Olaf takes, stares at, then he disappears inside.

ANOTHER ANGLE (GROUNDS B.G.)

47

Illya glances around as he waits - and we catch a glimpse of the impressive formal grounds of this place. Illya casually aims the butt end of one of his racquets toward the view and we HEAR a tiny shutter-click as:

INSERT - RACQUET-END

48

There's a miniature camera built into the racquet.

BIBI (o.s.)

Who is it, Olaf?

BACK TO SCENE

Illya turns quickly back toward the door as it is thrown open and there stands Bibi, with Illya's card in her hand. In simpler clothes, she's even more beautiful than before. She checks herself as she sees Illya's racquets; she is disappointed.

BIBI (cont'd)

----Ch. Hello.

Illya clicks his heels, bows.

ILLYA

Madame la Baronne.

She gestures him inside, quite nicely, as:

BIBI

Oh, stop that. Everybody calls me Bibi.

INT. CHATEAU MAIN HALL - MED. SHOT - DAY

49

This place is all that a chateau should be: tapestries, gloomy suits of armor, the works. A spiral ramp leads to the next floor. Olaf eyes Illya suspiciously as:

ILLYA (nods)

Illya Kuryakin. Your new tennis instructor. At your service.

BIBI

But what happened to Maurice?

ILLYA

He's -- indisposed. A little accident this morning. In the bathtub.

BIBI

Oh.

(to Olaf)

It's all right, Olaf. I don't need you.

Olaf hesitates, then obediently vanishes.

TWO SHOT - BIBI, ILLYA

50

If Bibi is spooked by her spooky servant, she doesn't show it.

BIBI (confidentially)

You see, the truth is, Mr. Kuryakin, I simply loathe tennis. But it so happens that Maurice was also a perfectly marvelous dancer -

They are interrupted by the cultured, pleasant voice of:

BARON (o.s.)

Are you a perfectly marvelous dancer, Mr. Kuryakin?

FULL SHOT, TO RAMP

The BARON LANGFORD is at the top of the stair ramp. An ascetic, grey-haired man - who sits easily in an elaborate wheelchair.

BIBI (greatly embarrassed)

My husband, Baron de Langfort. This is -

CLOSE SHOT - BARON

52

As he interrupts her, the Baron presses a button on his chair arm. There are about twenty such buttons there. And the chair rolls slowly down toward them as:

BARON

- Of course, of course. Your new tennis instructor.

ILLYA (hastily)

...And I don't dance at all.

The Baron smiles at this, presses a button and a drawer flips out of his chair arm.

BARON (to Illya)

May I offer you a cigarette,
Mr...Kuryakin?

ILLYA

No, thank you.

BARON (another

button, another drawer)
Drink?

ILLYA

Never touch it, sir.

BARON

No vices at all, Mr. Kuryakin?

Illya thinks hard.

BIBI (to the Baron)

Darling, for heavens' sake - !

BARON

- Then you're hired, young man!
You may start this afternoon if you
like.

(to Bibi)

Now what were you saying, dear?

ANOTHER ANGLE

53

BIBI (sudden smile)

Nothing. I'll see about lunch for
Mr. Kuryakin.

And she moves down the hall, where Olaf reappears to confer softly with her.

TWO SHOT - BARON, ILLYA

54

BARON (sotto, to
 ILLYA)
 Oh, there's only one thing.
 Bibi's last instructor played
 a bit too close to the net.
 (beat)
 I'm sure you'd never make
 such a mistake?

CLOSE - ILLYA

55

He can't help glancing toward the watchful Olaf as:

ILLYA
 I'll--uh--make a note of it,
 sir.

ZIP TO:

INT. ROSY'S ROOM - CLOSE UP, ROSY - DAY

56

as a male hairdresser attempts to arrange Rosy's
 hair in the style of Bibi's. This is part of a
 three-room Paris hotel suite, including a living
 room and separate bedrooms for Solo and Rosy.

ROSY
 Aaaaaaaowww! Ya clumsy--

SOLO (harassed)
 - No, no, no, Rosy!

The CAMERA has backed as Solo lectures her.

SOLO (cont'd)
 Please, don't ever make a noise
 like that!

ROSY (wailing tear-
 fully)
 But my hair! The creep was
 pulling my hair!

SOLO
 Not a creep, Rosy. That's
 not a word that ladies use.
 It's--

ROSY

I don't wanna be no lady!
I wanna be back in the bar
riding my horse! I wanna
be back in show business!

56

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO (a new tack)

But you are in show business!
Think of it this way. You're
learning a part in a new play.
You're going to be a Baroness --
a lady!...And a lady doesn't
go around saying "Aaaaaaowww!"

(a beat)

Now, I want you to listen to
the real Baroness and repeat
everything she says. All right?

He flicks a switch of a recording device, and we
HEAR:

BIBI'S VOICE (filter)

Aaaaaaowwww!

Solo's mouth falls open. Rosy looks at him in
triumph as we

CUT TO:

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

This scene immediately follows the preceding one.
Illya stands grinning, casually twisting his
racquet (with hidden microphone) as Bibi moves to
recover a ball that has gotten past her.

BIBI (laughing)

Aaaaaowww! You beast! You
said you weren't going to play
to my backhand!

ILLYA (shrugs)

I'm not allowed to get too
close to the net. I have to
do something!

BIBI
I've had enough exercise, anyway.
Shall we adjourn to the terrace
for a drink?

57
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (hesitates)
Well....Do you have any lemonade?

INT. ROSY'S TRAINING ROOM - DAY

58

as Solo flicks off the recorder.

SOLO
All right. "Shall we adjourn to
the terrace?" Say it.

ROSY
Shall we adjoin to the terrace?

SOLO
No, no. Adjourn. Once more now.

ROSY
Shall we adjourn to the --
(flares)
Oh, fer cryin' out loud! I been
goin' through this all day! Lemme
tell ya, Mister Solo, you really
got a noive if ya think --

SOLO
Nerve, Rosy. Nerve.

ROSY
What?

SOLO (disconsolately)
Never mind.

He lowers his face despairingly to his hands.

ZIP TO:

EXT. BIBI'S TERRACE - DAY

59

where Bibi and Illya are seated at a table, sipping
drinks. Presumably Illya's is lemonade. PAN to the
surrounding lawn, where their tennis racquets have
been discarded beside some bushes. A beat. Then a
hand reaches out from the bushes. The hand touches,
then slowly pulls out Illya's racquet -- pulling it
out of sight.

EXT. BUSHES - EXTREME CLOSE UP - TENNIS RACQUET - DAY 60

The racquet handle is jerked open and the CAMERA BACKS to see Olaf holding the pieces. He looks grim and murderous as he exposes the microphone and wires. Then he checks himself, looks to terrace.

POV TO TERRACE - DAY 61

Illya and Bibi have risen. She holds her hand out to him. He takes it. Then, with a smile, she turns away, runs toward the chateau. She is a fetching figure in her tennis blouse and shorts and Illya watches her go thoughtfully for a moment. Then he turns and approaches CAMERA, clearly intent on picking up the tennis racquets.

ON OLAF 62

He drops the racquet silently on the grass, where Illya had left it. Then he takes out an automatic pistol, fits a silencer to it.

ON ILLYA 63

as, oblivious, he comes closer, closer....

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CHATEAU GROUNDS - FULL SHOT - DAY 64

Illya comes closer to Olaf --

CLOSE - OLAF 65

Olaf starts to raise his gun. Now Illya appears to be a perfect target! Olaf takes aim----then suddenly stiffens as though struck in the back - twists, with a paralyzed look in his eye - and slumps silently to the ground.

CLOSE - ILLYA 66

Illya hesitates, thinking he heard something - but there's no further sound and he shrugs, picks up the racquet, moves off in the direction of the house.

CLOSE - OLAF 67

Olaf sits painfully blinking his eyes - as coming closer:

BARON (o.s.; sotto)
You fool! You meddling idiot!

WIDER ANGLE 68

The Baron's wheelchair rolls silently closer, stops,
as -

OLAF (woozily)
Baron, his tennis racquet - a
microphone -

BARON
- Of course, and he has a camera in
the other one. Now get on your feet -
(touching his button panel)
You're only tranquilized a little.
Unless, of course, you want me to
fire button four or five - ?

Terrified, Olaf leaps hastily, if unsteadily to his feet.

68
CONT'D
(2)

OLAF

Please, Baron! I was only thinking of you, sir! If Thrush Central should ever find out --

BARON (cutting in)

-- Find out what, Olaf? That Mr. Kuryakin is an U.N.C.L.E. agent?

(as Olaf's eyes widen)

I've known that for some time now... And I am taking --

(an evil smile)

...appropriate counter-measures.

OLAF (baffled)

I -- don't understand.

BARON

Of course not. I hardly expected you to.

On his lap there is something akin to a tape recorder. He flicks a switch. Over this:

BARON (cont'd)

Perhaps this will give you a clue.

ROSY'S VOICE (filter;
over recorder)

The police...In Greece...are difficult...to fleece.

SOLO'S VOICE (filter;
over recorder)

Try it again. A bit more genteel.

INT. HOTEL LIVING ROOM - DAY

68X1

This is, of course, a direct continuation of Scene 68.

ROSY

Huh?

SOLO

You know. Ladylike. As a Baroness would say it.

ROSY'S VOICE (filter;
over recorder)

I ain't never heard no Baroness say that.

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On Solo's pained, Heaven-deliver-me look --

68X1
CONT'D
(2)

BACK TO CHATEAU GROUNDS

68X2

The Baron flicks off the recorder. Olaf looks more puzzled than ever.

OLAF

You'll -- you'll forgive me, sir,
but I still --

BARON (patiently, as
if to a little boy)
It's childishly simple, really...
though I suspect it's beyond you
in any case.

(a beat)

You see, once I learned that Mr.
Kuryakin was spying on the Baroness,
I wondered why. I learned that all
his information was being communi-
cated to a Mr. Solo in Hamburg. So
I proceeded to --

(showing his pleasure at
his own ingenuity)
-- find this Mr. Solo...and his --
Galatea.

OLAF (not really
understanding)

Oh.

BARON (mocking him)
Oh... My poor Olaf, you still don't
comprehend.... Ah, well. Now it's
time to prepare the next step.

(as he whirls his chair
and starts away)

Tell the Baroness I want to see her.
It's time she went to work.

ZIP PAN TO:

69 OUT

INT. HOTEL SUITE - SOLO'S ROOM - NIGHT

69X1

Solo is on the communicator.

SOLO (into communicator)
Yes.... Of course, sir.... But, Mr.
Waverly, I'm simply trying to tell

(continued)

6-9-66

P.25

SOLO (cont'd)
you it won't work. We've been at
it for more than two months now,
and -- what?

69X1
CONT'D
(2)

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON WAVERLY

70

WAVERLY

I said that's all the more reason it
has to work, Mr. Solo. We've invested
too much time to see the plan fail.

CLOSE - SOLO

71

SOLO (almost
desperately)
Sir, there's no hope! I've been
working with her day and night --

CLOSE - WAVERLY

72

WAVERLY

Come, Mr. Solo, there's always
hope. Besides, I think you may
have put your finger on the prob-
lem. Working with her day and
night, you say? Perhaps the girl
is exhausted. Why don't you try
giving her some rest?

SOLO (wearily)

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

That's more like it. Now I'm going
to be in Paris in a day or so. That
will give me a chance to see how you
and the girl are doing.

SOLO (appalled at the
thought)

But, Mr. Waverly, I --

The communicator is dead. Solo stares at it.
trudges defeatedly into the training room.

INT. TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

73

Rosy is curled up on the floor, snoring peacefully. A MAID is working with a carpet sweeper. Solo regards the sleeping Rosy.

MAID

I'm sorry, sir. I tried to wake her up, but I couldn't. The poor thing must be awfully tired.

Solo emits a long, defeated sigh.

SOLO

All right. Sweep around her.

And he picks up his coat and trudges out.

CLOSE - MAID

She listens as SOUND takes Solo through the hall and then an outer door SHUTS. Then she tiptoes to the room door and shuts it quietly. She moves hastily to Rosy, stoops beside her.

NEW ANGLE - CLOSE

75

The Maid touches Rosy's hair, gently takes hold of it, then suddenly yanks it hard, jerking her head into the air. A beat. Rosy's eyes stay shut. The Maid suddenly lets go - and Rosy's head drops to the floor with a thud. Another beat, still no reaction from Rosy.

MED. SHOT - WITH MAID

76

The Maid rises and removes the top from her carpet sweeper handle. Inside is a tiny mike.

MAID (into microphone)

I gave her two c.c.'s, she's out like a light. Hurry it up!

ZIP TO:

INT. CHATEAU LIBRARY - NIGHT

76X1

The library is off the main hall. Bibi, dressed in clothing identical to that worn by Rosy in the sequences immediately preceding, is donning a light coat, examining herself in a mirror. She looks, of course, exactly like Rosy. The Baron observes her with satisfaction.

BARON

I'm sorry, Bibi, that you'll have to wear these dreadful, ready-made clothes for the next couple of weeks.

BIBI (a shrug, and, in Rosy's Brooklynese)
That's the way it goes, Mac. You gotta take the good with the bad, you know what I mean?

BARON (delighted with her accent and mannerisms)
Marvelous! This -- Rosy -- what's her name?

BIBI
Shlagenheimer.

BARON
Yes. I daresay she couldn't do better!

Suddenly, Bibi's face turns serious, worried. The Baron, alert to her every nuance, notes it instantly.

BARON
Is there something the matter?

BIBI (after a beat)
I thought it would be a -- a lark.
A gay, amusing little adventure.
But now that it's time to go through with it -- well, for the first time, I'm afraid.

(a plea)
Do I have to, Freddy?

BARON (sadly)
We're both captives of Thrush....
(a beat; softly)
And they'd kill me if you didn't.

BIBI (touches him; gently)
I'm sorry. Forgive me for -- for being weak.

BARON (playing out
his bid for compassion)
Perhaps it wouldn't be a great
loss to you if I were to die....

76X1
CONT'D
(2)

BIBI
Oh, Freddy, no!

BARON
...A shell of a man, quite un-
deserving of -- of a woman such
as you....

Bibi puts her arm around him, quite contrite now --
and determined.

BIBI
I'll -- do the job well, Freddy.

BARON (smiles)
I know you will. And it will be the
last time, I'm sure of it. Now that
UNCLE knows your identity -- well,
Thrush won't want to use you any
more. And we'll both be free of them
for good.

Over this, we've heard the approach of a car outside.
Now WE HEAR the SLAMMING of CAR DOORS.

BARON
That must be them.

He starts wheeling toward the hallway, leaving a
pensive, troubled Bibi remaining in the room.

77 OUT

INT. CHATEAU - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

78

The Baron eagerly approaches the door as Olaf and
the Maid of Scene 73 enter with their burden.

OLAF (with contempt
directed at the bundle in
his arms)
Here she is, sir.

The Baron wheels close to move the blanket back for
a look ---but the minute he touches it, the burden
comes to life---

ROSY (swinging wildly)
Keepya hands on the horse, buddy---!

But the drugged effort is too much and as Olaf lifts her more tightly she collapses, out again. Bibi enters, regards Rosy with a tinge of compassion.

78
CONT'D
(2)

BIBI

Poor creature. Better put her to bed.

Olaf grins. The Baron grins - and with a lordly gesture:

BARON (with

amusement)

You heard Madame, Olaf. Escort the "Baroness" up to her room, now!

Olaf chuckles with glee. As Olaf starts to carry Rosy upstairs, the Baron turns to Bibi.

BARON (to Bibi)

Good luck, my dear.

Bibi hesitates, then nods and exits with the Maid.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PARIS HOTEL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - CLOSE - SOLO - DAY

79

Solo is dressed for a fancy luncheon. He glances at his watch. He is taut and nervous through all of this:

SOLO (calling

exasperatedly)

Rosy, hurry up! Step on it!

WAVERLY (calmly)

Now, now it's only a little out-of-the-way place. They'll hold the reservation, I'm sure.

The CAMERA has BACKED to include Waverly, also appropriately garbed. They are in the living room of the suite.

SOLO (gloomily)

She's probably in there reading movie magazines.

WAVERLY

Gave her the subliminal corrective training, didn't you?

SOLO (nod)
Hypnotism, I've tried it all! The
truth is, sir, Rosy just -- just
hasn't got it in her.

79
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
Positive thinking, Mr. Solo.
Positive thinking...

There is the SOUND of a DOOR OPENING, and --

FULL SHOT

80

There stands Bibi, in the bedroom doorway. She is nervous and taut, for her own reasons of course. She is also absolutely beautiful. But she stands awkwardly, stiffly. And she looks at Solo with fearful curiosity as:

WAVERLY (pause,
impressed, rising to his
feet)
Well!

But Solo notices something wrong and suddenly moves close to the girl -

SOLO (softly)
Rosy.....

CLOSER SHOT

81

And close, he holds up his hand, though shielding it with his back so Waverly won't see the first faux pas. For Bibi's jaws are quietly moving. She seems to suddenly realize it herself and discreetly lets the gum fall from her mouth to a small piece of paper in Solo's hand.

BIBI (she mutters)
I'm sorry...

Suddenly her hands go to the general area of her hips. She pulls at her dress and wiggles.

BIBI (to Solo)
My girdle.
(and, apologetically to
Waverly)
I ain't used to wearing a girdle.

6-9-66

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WAVERLY (graciously)
I understand.
(he offers her his hand)
You look lovely, Miss -- uh --

81
CONT'D
(2)

BIBI
Shlagenheimer.

WAVERLY
Of course. May I?

She daintily puts her hand on Waverly's arm.

BIBI
Indeed, Mr. Waverly. I thank you.
Beaucoup.

She sweeps out the door on Waverly's arm. Solo
nervously follows as we:

ZIP TO:

INT. PARIS RESTAURANT - TRUCKING SHOT - DAY

82

As Bibi and her two escorts move to a table in this clearly expensive place, everyone turns to look at the girl, whisper to each other, etc. And the more she's stared at, the more nervous it makes Solo and the more confident Bibi becomes. A Captain bounces ahead to seat them at a floor-side table.

CAPTAIN

Ici, Mademoiselle. Votre table,
Monsieur Waverly!

GROUP, AT TABLE

83

As soon as he's seated her, the Captain opens a bottle of fine wine which stands ready and waiting for them.

CAPTAIN (continued - with
action)

Chateau de Madeleine, 1938. As
you have ordered, Monsieur.

He pours a little bit for Waverly, who samples it.

WAVERLY

Excellent.

(to Bibi)

I think you'll enjoy the bouquet,
my dear.

The waiter fills the other glasses. Rosy starts guzzling. She drains her glass as Solo looks on aghast.

ROSY

Yeah, it's good stuff, all right.

SOLO (in agony)

Rosy!

The Captain, expressionless, refills her glass. Bibi has taken a healthy gulp from this second glass before having a belated reaction to Solo's pained tone. She looks up.

BIBI

Whatsa matter?

Waverly laughs reassuringly, trying to calm things down -

WAVERLY

Nothing, my dear. Everything's
just fine! Ah, here we are - menus -

The Captain has produced some huge menus which he passes out -

BIBI (squeal)
Hey, can I have anything I -

83
CONT'D
(2)

She checks herself with a glance to the Captain and continues in a very ladylike fashion:

BIBI (continued)
That is, would my dietician allow
crepes suzettes, do you think?
(looking at menu)
I mean, if they've got any around
here.
(as Solo winces at this)
Oh, look! They do have tornadoes.

And of course she even pronounces it that way.

SOLO (nervously)
Uh -- Tour-ne-dos, Rosy. Accent on
the first syllable.

BIBI (after pause)
Oh...Mr. Solo, are you nervous about
something?

SOLO
Me? Why -- uh -- what -- Whatever
gave you that idea?

BIBI (really loving
her game)
I dunno. You just look sort of green.
Look, if it's me, I'm really sorry. It's
just that I'm so excited and all. I mean,
this is the first time in months that I've
been out of that hotel room...

SOLO, WAVERLY

84

Solo turns to Waverly with a grim sigh.

SOLO (sotto)
You see what I mean, sir? It's hopeless!

WAVERLY (stoutly)
Nonsense. I'm sure when the girl relaxes
a little more----

AMERICAN (o.s.)
(drunken shout)
----Hey, Baroness! Bibi-baby!

Solo and Waverly nearly choke -

CLOSE, BIBI

85

And Bibi nearly dies. She freezes - she looks pleadingly to Solo as the CAMERA LIFTS to see a lanky Texas-type making his way toward their table. With:

AMERICAN (cont'd.)

Look who's here! It's me, Bibi!

Solo half-rises.

SOLO (to the American,

alarmed)

Excuse me, but --

AMERICAN

- 'At's all right, buddy, don't get up!

(and he grabs Bibi,

hugging her with;)

Bibi, honey, I thought I'd never y' again! After that night--

SOLO (trying to

interfere)

Look, my friend, if you don't mind....

AMERICAN (firmly

pushing him back)

Sorry to butt in, but The Baroness here's an old pal.

(to Bibi, boisterously)

That's an understatement, huh? If not for you, I wouldn't be here! Remember how -- when it was all over -- you said to me -- "Charlie," you said --

BIBI

Charlie! Of course!

NOTE: In the remainder of this scene, and for the balance of the play, Bibi will be very near to being a lady. Not quite a Baroness, perhaps, but pretty close. The seeming transformation is quite dramatic.

AMERICAN (chortling)

See? You do remember!

(to Solo and Waverly)

I fell overboard. From my yacht, you know? And Bibi, she jumped right in and pulled me out! Waddeya think of that!?

WAVERLY

It -- uh -- it was a noble
gesture.

85
CONT'D
(2)

AMERICAN

You said it!

(back to Bibi)

Hey, remember that other guy?
That Duke with the funny toupee --

BIBI

-- Count. The Count of Monte
Cristo.

Waverly looks very pleased. Solo regards the girl,
who is clearly in control, with a mixture of dis-
belief and burgeoning admiration.

AMERICAN

That's the one! Remember how --
with all the excitement -- his
toupee fell into the ocean?
Boy, was he fit to be tied!

BIBI (smiles)

He was a very amusing person.

AMERICAN

You said it! Hey, how's about
you and --

(nods toward Solo
and Waverly)

-- your friends here joining me
at my table? Couple of drinks,
a lot of laughs --

BIBI (great aplomb)

We'd like to, really. But,
well --

(with a touch of lady-
like embarrassment)

I'm here -- incognito...And
I'd appreciate it if you didn't
tell anyone you saw me...

AMERICAN (quite
knowingly)

I get it! A rendezvous, huh?
(he clicks his tongue)
Mum's the word, Bibi.

BIBI

You're a pal, Charlie. And
I'll call you. You're staying
at the --?

AMERICAN
Louis Quatorze.

85
CONT'D
(3)

BIBI (smiles)
But of course.

AMERICAN (a broad
grin)
See you, baby!

He toddles off, pausing to wink wisely at Waverly and Solo. When he is gone, Waverly and Solo look at each other. Waverly -- with considerable effort -- winks at Solo, and the latter breaks into a dazed grin.

WAVERLY (sotto)
Remarkable performance! Worthy
of a true Baroness!...Mr. Solo?

SOLO (weakly)
Yes, sir?

WAVERLY
You did it!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SEINE EXCURSION BOAT - NIGHT - (STOCK)
to establish.

86

EXT. BOAT - TWO SHOT OF SOLO AND BIBI

87

on the top deck. Both look supremely happy, almost euphoric. We note that she is wearing very large earrings.

SOLO
Then he said --
(imitating Waverly)
"Mr. Solo, in view of your triumph, I think you and Miss Shlagenheimer deserve a night on the town. Dancing, a boat ride on the Seine, you know, whatever you young people do."

Bibi begins fumbling with an earring.

BIBI (mildly)
I sort of hoped you thought of
it yourself.

SOLO (seriously,
tenderly now)
I did, Rosy. I did indeed....

87
CONT'D
(2)

BIBI (smiling)
I'm glad.
(she snuggles up to him)
Isn't it time
you stopped calling me Rosy? I
mean, I passed the test. It should
be Bibi now.

SOLO
Bibi....

He caresses her hair.

BIBI
Careful of my earring.
(a beat)
You know, I even feel like a Bibi
all of a sudden. It's like --
riding a bicycle. Or learn-
ing to ice-skate. One day you
can't. And then the next day,
everything you learned --

SOLO
- I don't believe it. You've been
storing all this up, haven't you.

BIBI (smile)
To wait for the right time? To
tease you with?

Solo nods, nuzzles further.

SOLO
Bibi....

BIBI
Oh, Napoleon....

He kisses her. Holds it. And her head is turned
with this, so one of the earrings is close to CAMERA,
which suddenly moves even closer and:

CUT TO:

INT. CHATEAU - EXTREME CLOSE-UP, BARON - NIGHT

88

The Baron has a listening-device in his ear. CAMERA
BACK slightly to see that a cord leads from the
listening device to a radio with many dials - and
we see Olaf, close, also with a listening device.
Olaf moves to turn a dial -

BARON (stopping
him)
Sh - sh

88
CONT'D
(2)

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND BIBI

89

The kiss finally breaks. But not for long.

BIBI
That was nice. Shall we --
try it again?

They go into an even better kiss. The earring
comes off in her hand. She reaches her hand
back over the rail - and lets go of the earring.

EXT. WATER - CLOSE - NIGHT

90

The earring makes a tiny SPLASH in the water.

CLOSE - BARON AND OLAF

The tiny splash is a BAM in the listening-
devices. Both men jump and jerk the devices
out of their ears.

OLAF (worried
pause)
What happened?

BARON (bitter
sigh...very softly)
The same thing that always
happens....Poor Bibi. It is
too bad. I was planning to
liquidate Mr. Kuryakin.
(a beat)
Now we shall have to kill
her, too.

He suddenly SLAMS the listening-device across the
room-----

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CHATEAU - FULL SHOT - DAY

92

A midget car sweeps up the drive of the chateau,
comes to a stop.

CLOSER SHOT

93

Illya gets out of the car. He's in flannels and
sweater, whistles to himself as he hauls his racquets
out and starts toward the house. He is carrying
flowers.

INT. BIBI'S ROOM - POV TO ILLYA THROUGH WINDOW - DAY 94

As Illya comes closer to the house, the parted drapes
are eased back into place and the CAMERA BACKS to
see the Baron, supported by canes, observing Illya's
approach.

EXT. CHATEAU - CLOSE TO FRONT DOOR - DAY

95

The front door is opened by Olaf.

OLAF (glowers)
Oh, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA
Good morning, sunshine.

He enters.

INT. CHATEAU - MAIN HALL

96

Olaf steps in front of Illya.

OLAF
I'm sorry. The Baroness is not ready
for tennis yet. No for -- several
more days.

ILLYA
Oh? How is she?

OLAF
Still very tired. The virus -
it doesn't go away.

96
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (masking his
suspicion)
It's been quite a while.

OLAF
Yes.

ILLYA
She is in her room now?

OLAF
She is resting.

ILLYA
I won't be a minute. At least I
can to up and say hello...
(indicating flowers)
...and give her these.

Illya starts for the stairs. Olaf moves quickly to
block his path.

OLAF
She is not to be disturbed. The
Baron's orders.

Illya looks intently at Olaf, who refuses to budge.
And, under the circumstances, what can Illya do?
After a beat, he shrugs, hands Olaf the flowers,
starts back toward the front door.

ILLYA
You'll -- uh -- give her my regards.

OLAF
And the flowers, Mr. Kuryakin. When
she is able to receive them.

Exits. Olaf closes the door behind him, and CAMERA
MOVES IN to show that Olaf's smile -- his evil smile --
is just a little bit larger.

ZIP TO:

EXT. CHATEAU - DAY - ON WALL
as Illya adroitly climbs it.

INT. BIBI'S ROOM - DAY - ANGLE TO INCLUDE WINDOW 98

Illya's head comes into view from below. A moment later, after pushing through the drapes, he is in the room.

ANOTHER ANGLE 99

Illya moves to the bed in which Rosy -- whom of course he takes to be Bibi -- lies sleeping. She stirs.

ILLYA
Baroness?..... Bibi?

Rosy turns over, still asleep -- the result, needless to say, of having been drugged. Illya's eyes now take in the room, observing its layout. He moves to the end table beside Rosy's bed, riffles through a couple of papers atop the table. He opens the drawer. There are several items within -- perhaps a box of paper tissues, a letter which Illya quickly scans -- AND A TELEGRAM.

CLOSE ON ILLYA 100

as he reads the telegram, quite intently, reacting to it with some excitement. After a long moment, he replaces it in the drawer.

WIDER ANGLE 101

He looks back at Rosy -- who is still fast asleep. As if to give proof of this, she emits a loud, unnobility-like snore. Illya finds this mildly amusing. Now he goes back to the window and exits the way he came. As he vanishes, CAMERA PANS TO DRAPES, from which the Baron, aided by his canes, steps. He gazes out the window toward the descending Illya, and there is a look of satisfaction on his face. After several seconds he turns in response to a faint knock on the door.

BARON
Come in, Olaf.

SHOT TO INCLUDE DOOR

102

It opens and Olaf, pushing the Baron's wheelchair, enters.

OLAF

He -- found the telegram?

He helps his master into the wheelchair.

BARON

Naturally. I knew he couldn't resist the temptation to search the room.

They exit as we --

ZIP TO:

103 OUT

ROSY'S TRAINING ROOM - DAY

104

Bibi, a phone directory balanced on her head, is walking the floor. She reaches the wall, turns carefully, starts walking back. We see Solo peering at a stopwatch in his hand. Bibi is half-way across the room when the phone book falls.

BIBI (ostensibly

reverting)

Oh, for Pete's --

(quickly)

I mean --

(and, quite ladylike)

Oh, dear me! I do believe the book has fallen.

Solo moves to pick it up.

SOLO (laughing)
That's more like it.
(looks at stopwatch)
Forty-two seconds that time.

104
CONT'D
(2)

BIBI
Is that good?

SOLO
Good?! It's remarkable. I doubt
if the real Baroness could do as
well.

BIBI (she can't resist)
I'm sure she could.... And I'll do
even better next time.

SOLO
There won't have to be a next time,
Rosy....

BIBI (cutting in,
affecting a hurt look)
Rosy?

SOLO (smiling)
I'm sorry. It's Bibi now.... Anyway,
you're perfect. I don't want to over-
train you. As a matter of fact, I
thought that tonight --

He has moved very close to her -- at which point they
are interrupted by a knock at the door. Solo pulls
back.

SOLO
Excuse me. I think this is someone
you'll be interested in meeting.

He goes to the door, opens it, and there stands Illya.

CLOSE SHOT - BIBI

105

She pales.

SCENE

106

ILLYA (nods in greeting)
Napoleon....

His eyes go to Bibi. He looks at her very intently. For several seconds no one speaks as Illya's eyes probe the girl. Bibi looks extremely nervous. Solo breaks the ice with:

106
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Illya, drily)
It's not polite to stare.
(and, to Bibi)
Miss Schlagenheimer, this is Illya Kuryakin. He's been working with the Baroness at the chateau.

BIBI (weakly, as
she extends her hand)
How do you do?

ILLYA (after a moment,
as he looks straight into her
eyes)
We've met.

Bibi is ready to fall through the floor. In a very small voice:

BIBI
We have?

ILLYA
In a manner of speaking.
(a beat)
At the Lady Godiva Bar in Hamburg --
when Napoleon rode on your horse?
(slight smile)
I led the cheering.

We can almost see the tension ooze.

BIBI
Oh, yes.... I -- remember.

ILLYA
You look much more like a Baroness
than you did then.

BIBI
Thank you.
(a glance at Solo)
It's -- all his doing.

ILLYA (gallantly)
Obviously he had a very talented
pupil.

SOLO (to Illya)
How does it look back at the Chateau?

106
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA
I'm all set. We make the switch tomorrow night.

BIBI (eyes widen)
Tomorrow night? So--soon?

ILLYA (nods)
That's when the quarterly rendezvous will be held. I -- uh -- happened to come upon a telegram.

BIBI (too nervous)
I -- see.

ILLYA (to Bibi)
There's really very little to be concerned about, Miss -- uh --

BIBI
Uh - Shlagenheimer.

ILLYA
Yes, the Baroness is still in bed with her virus. I imagine she won't get up till it's time to get ready for the meeting. That's at 9:15.

SOLO
At the chateau?

ILLYA (nods)
She's due to be picked up at nine, which means the actual rendezvous will be quite close by.

SOLO
We'll make the switch not later than 8:30.

ILLYA
Right.
(to Bibi)
After the rendezvous, you'll return to the chateau. I imagine you'll feel very tired--and you'll want to go back to bed.

BIBI (wryly)
What if I actually fall asleep?

ILLYA
Don't worry. I'll wake you up --
when I bring back the real Baroness.
(a beat)
Well, good luck.

106
CONT'D
(4)

He starts to exit, suddenly turns, remembering.

ILLYA (to Bibi)
Oh, one other thing you should
know --

BIBI
Yes?

ILLYA
If you do fall asleep --
(a beat)
the Baroness snores.

Illya exits with a slight wave. Solo and Bibi
look at each other. Bibi makes a slight snoring
sound, and they both laugh.

ZIP TO:

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT - (STOCK)
to establish.

107

EXT. CHATEAU - MEDIUM SHOT - ILLYA
as he moves to a downstairs window, looks in.

108

HIS POV

109

Olaf moving through the main room, going properly
about the evening's business -- lighting candles,
the dainty wall-sconces which add to the half-modern,
half-medieval effect of this place.

ON ILLYA

110

as, satisfied that he's not too likely to be inter-
rupted, he moves from the window, starts climbing
the wall. His objective, of course, is Bibi's room.
We note that there is a rappel rope slung over his
shoulder.

INT. BIBI'S ROOM - NIGHT

111

Rosy is again asleep on the bed, fully clothed. There is a discarded book beside her. Clearly the "Baroness" is taking a final rest before the scheduled meeting.

Now Illya's head pops up above the window-sill, and a moment later he is in the room. He observes Rosy, then speaks into his communicator.

ILLYA (a whisper,
into communicator)
Napoleon? She is wearing outfit 14.
The green blouse.

Satisfied, he clicks the communicator off, replaces it. Then, back to the bed -- where he takes a folded pad from his pocket. He gently moves Rosy's head toward him. She starts to mumble and he firmly puts the pad down over her nose and mouth. She lapses into unconsciousness. He reaches down to the floor for her shoes, sticks them in his pocket. Now he puts the rappel rope around Rosy's waist, starts to lower her out the window.

112 OUT

EXT. CHATEAU - NIGHT

113

A beat, then Rosy comes into view, eases gently to the ground, followed a moment later by Illya. He starts to untie her. Suddenly from o.s. comes the rapidly approaching SOUND of motorcycles. Illya glances toward Rosy. She's motionless. He sneaks through the bushes to a point from which he can look out toward:

EXT. CHATEAU - MAIN DRIVE - FULL - NIGHT

114

Four motorcyclists circle the drive, stop. They are black-clothed, goggled - obviously the advance guard of THRUSH'S party. The cyclists (or thugs) dismount, look casually around as they light cigarettes and stretch from their drive - and as one of them starts pulling submachine guns from a side-car. He tosses the guns to the other men.

CLOSE - ILLYA

115

Illya glances at his watch, frowning. But then shrugs - he'll change his plan a little, that's all. Starts to turn back---and then freezes as from o.s.

ROSY (o.s.)
(muffled whimper)
Aaaaaaaooow - !

CLOSE - ROSY

116

Illya comes scrambling back into view as Rosy rolls over, mumbling:

ROSY (cont'd)
Zahlen, bitte, zwei mark...Two
marks for once around the ring...

But her words are so soft and fuddled that Illya, busy pulling the drug-pad out of his pocket again, doesn't fully react until he touches her with:

ILLYA
- Sh!

- And she slugs him and:

ROSY
Keep yer hands on the horse,
Mac ...

---He slaps the pad hard on her face. She slumps.

CLOSE UP - ILLYA

117

He stares down at her in horror!

DIRECT CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ROAD - CLOSE, CAR - NIGHT

118

A small sports car skids to a stop on a lonely dark road. The lights snap OFF.

TWO SHOT

119

Solo and Bibi are in the car. Bibi is very nervous, buttoning her proper green blouse. Her other clothes match Rosy's completely. Solo gestures o.s.

SOLO (sotto)

Better not drive any closer. The back entrance to the chateau is down through there. You'll hit the rose garden first, then the swimming pool --

BIBI

- I know, I know, I studied the map ...

SOLO

Here, need some help with that blouse?

BIBI

Yes!

CLOSER

120

And as he buttons it:

SOLO

Do you have everything else straight?

120
CONT'D
(2)BIBI (she's very close,
also very upset)Yes, yes, everything is -- is just
fine.

(a beat)

Do you know, Napoleon, ever since I
was a little girl, I would dream of
someone with eyes like yours, who
would come and rescue me from - from
all the things there are to be res-
cued from?He kisses her perfunctorily, opens the car door
with:

SOLO

Like a horse in Hamburg. I know.
But go ahead now ------His COMMUNICATOR BUZZES. He takes it out, clicks
it -

SOLO (continued)

Solo.

INT. STONE CORRIDOR - CLOSE UP, ILLYA - NIGHT

121

Illya has dragged Rosy back into the stone corridor.
She lies unconscious beside him as he speaks urgent-
ly to his communicator:

ILLYA

Napoleon, I've got the girl, but --
(checks himself as)---To one side of him a heavy door CREAKS. He turns
his head for a split second---and is hit from the
opposite side by a diving thug.

CLOSE - FIGHT

122

The Communicator is knocked out of his hand. So is
the Thug - as Illya rolls, kicks the guy high,
jumps to his feet ----

INTERCUT

123

To Solo, anxiously clicking his communicator -

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO STONE STAIRS

124

Here comes a second Thug charging down the steps.
He leaps with his feet toward Illya.

CLOSE

125

Illya is knocked flat. But then the second Thug
dives to finish him, Illya sends him over his head.

CLOSE UP - COMMUNICATOR

126

Illya grabs for the communicator again - and he has
his hand on it when a third THUG reaches out of the
shadows to crash a gun-butt down on his head. That's
all for Illya.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. LONELY ROAD - CLOSE TWO SHOT - NIGHT

127

The action follows that at the close of Act Three.
Solo worriedly flicks his communicator.

 SOLO
Illya! Illya!

Nothing. It's dead.

 BIBI (fearfully)
What -- what was it? Oh,
Napoleon, maybe we should wait
a little while....

 SOLO (glances at
 his watch, makes decision)
No, it's time.
 (reassuringly)
I'm sure everything will be all right.
Illya does have the Baroness....
That's the important thing.

 BIBI (clinging to
 him)
But -- but what if something did
happen? Oh, Napoleon, I'm scared....

 SOLO
Of course you are. But everything's
going to be fine....

And suddenly they are in each other's arms. The
kiss is a long one, a tender one. When, at last,
they break:

 BIBI (tears
 running down her cheeks)
I'm not -- not sure I can go
through with it.

Solo reaches over, opens the car door.

 SOLO
I have complete trust in you.

She reacts to this. After a moment, with weariness
and pain:

 BIBI
Yes.

She squeezes his hand and starts out of the car.

127
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Remember...Illya won't be far
away. And if you should happen
to run into Olaf --

BIBI (it slips
because of her confused,
tormented emotions)
-- Don't worry about Olaf. He's
been eating out of my hand ever
since --

She breaks off, aware of the monstrous gaffe. Solo
regards her quizzically.

BIBI

I mean --
(weakly)
You know what I mean...

She slips out of the car quickly and is gone. He
stares after her for a long, hard moment. Then his
face registers growing realization -- and anger.
His first impulse is to run after Bibi. Then he
changes his mind, grimly slams the car into motion.

ZIP TO:

INT. CHATEAU - LIBRARY - NIGHT

128

The Baron, in his wheelchair, is waiting for her
when a nervous Bibi enters.

BARON

I didn't mean to startle you,
my dear. Olaf told me you'd
arrived...Mr. Solo's timing
was perfect.

BIBI

What about Ill --
(corrects herself)
Mr. Kuryakin? And the girl?

BARON (with fiendish
delight)

Are you worried about them?

BIBI (turning away
to mask the fear on
her face)
I -- just hope they won't be
killed, that's all.

128
CONT'D
(2)

BARON (sadly)
I'm afraid it can't be helped...
You know Thrush...
(twisting the dagger
gently as Bibi registers
alarm)
I realize that you're particularly
concerned about Mr. Kuryakin...He
was a very good tennis instructor.
(he smiles slightly
as Bibi reacts to this)
Would you fix me a brandy, please?

BIBI
Yes...

She rises, starts to pour.

BARON
My poor child...you do care for
Mr. Kuryakin, don't you...And
Mr. Solo as well.
(hastily)
Oh, I can hardly blame you...
I know that I haven't been
the -- the kind of husband a
young and beautiful girl should
have.

Bibi hands him his brandy. Her eyes are cast down
toward his wheelchair.

BIBI (in agony)
Oh, Freddy...What -- what I
did -- it was only for you.

BARON (smiling)
I understand. But now to more
immediate problems.
(glances at watch)
In a little while, you'll be
given the -- false list of
names. Along with the packet
of diamonds.
(slight beat)
Paste, of course.

BIBI

Of course...But why do I have to go through that ridiculous ceremony? Why can't they just give them to you and you pass them on to me? Then I'll give the names to U.N.C.L.E. Under the circumstances --

128
CONT'D
(3)

BARON (cutting in,
patiently, kindly)
Because it's just possible, my dear, that U.N.C.L.E. will be present at the rendezvous. They're a fairly resourceful group, as you well know. And if they are present --
(smiles)
well, we must put on a show for them, mustn't we? Lest they become suspicious?

BIBI (after a
moment)
Yes, I see.

BARON (smiles
a bit broader)
I knew you would.

He raises his brandy glass.

BARON
To your health, my dear!

He begins to sip, and with great trepidation, she joins him as we --

ZIP TO:

129-130
OUT

EXT. CHATEAU - CLOSE, BRIDGE - NIGHT

131

Two more motorcycles -- with goggled riders -- and then a large black limousine rolls across the planks spanning an ancient moat.

EXT. CHATEAU - FULL SHOT - MAIN DRIVE - NIGHT

132

The THRUSH guards spring to attention, gripping their tommy guns, as the limousine circles the main drive, comes to a stop.

CLOSER SHOT - TO LIMOUSINE

133

Mr. Thirty is in the back seat. He glances at his watch, frowns. He lights a cigarette.

CLOSE - A GUARD

134

One of the motorcyclists. He hears something in the bushes. He pokes warily to see what it is. SOUND of a disturbed bird. The guard straightens up, relaxing -- and takes a sudden blow in the back of his neck.

CLOSE - NEW ANGLE

135

And then the prostrate guard is slowly pulled into the bushes -- By Solo. Solo tries on the man's hat. Pretty good fit. So he goes to work removing the next garment --

CUT TO:

EXT. CHATEAU - ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

135X1

PAN Bibi, accompanied by Olaf, out the front door to the limousine. Olaf opens the car door. As she enters -

ON CAR

135X2

Mr. Thirty formally kisses her hand.

MR. THIRTY
You're ten seconds late.

BIBI
I'm sorry.

OLAF

135X2

Yes, sir.

MR. THIRTY (to Olaf)

How far is it to the wine caves?

OLAF

Less than two kilometers, sir.

MR. THIRTY (looking
at watch again)

Good. Then we shall make it on
time.

(to driver)

Let's go, driver.

136-137 OUT

CUT TO:

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

138

Illya is suspended in a narrow cage with his hands
tied over his head. In an adjacent cage is Rosy,
but her hands aren't tied. She's still three-
fourths asleep from the drugs.

ILLYA

Rosy! Wake up!

Miss Shlagenheimer!

Rosy is conscious now but barely so. Illya has
twisted so that his pocket could be reached by
Rosy through the bars of her cage. That is, if
she could twist around far enough, or if her head
would clear enough so that she would know what
she is doing --

ILLYA

No, no, the side pocket!

Reach, Rosy -- reach!

The girl mumbles incoherently. She's like a
person talking and moving in her sleep. But her
arm does swing out, and:

ILLYA

That's it, just a little
farther. It's shaped like a
cigarette lighter...Rosy,
wake up!

O.s. -- and above -- we HEAR the ROAR of motor-cycles starting. Illya looks anxiously upward as Rosy continues to groggily paw away at his pocket.

138
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

EXT ROAD - NIGHT

139X1

as the cavalcade proceeds.

INT. LIMOUSINE - CLOSE, BIBI

140

She is so tense that she looks bored. The motor-cycles ROAR around her. She glances out the window and --

POV - SOLO

141

There is Solo, goggled and helmeted but still recognizable, peering in the window at her from the seat of his bouncing motorcycle.

CLOSE - BIBI

142

She almost screams -- but fortunately no sound comes out, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

143

Rosy, a bit more awake now, has managed to reach Illya's cigarette lighter -- which is a sort of acetylene torch.

ILLYA

All right... Aim at the bars of my cage now. And try to avoid hitting me. I burn easily.

She wields the torch-lighter uncertainly. But it does seem to be doing some good.

ILLYA

That's fine. It's almost done now...

Any second, it appears, Illya's cage will fall apart.

ANOTHER ANGLE

149

Rosy swings her own cage, and -- CRASH!-- it hurtles into Olaf, knocking him galley west, the cage just barely clearing the nearly-prone Illya. Illya struggles to his feet, moves to the fallen, unconscious Olaf, satisfies himself that the servant is out of the picture for the foreseeable future. He looks up at Rosy, who is still swinging. His look suggests that, in addition to being grateful, he's more than a little impressed with Rosy's aplomb.

ILLYA

Thank you.

ROSY

Pas de quoi.

(explaining as Illya
does a take)Mr. Solo taught me that. It
means "my pleasure."

Illya moves to her, starts cutting away at her cage with his lighter-torch.

ILLYA

Oh.

INT. WINE CAVE - NIGHT

150

As Bibi, escorted by Mr. Thirty, descends into it. We see as many dusty, shadowy racks of wine bottles as the production budget will allow. We also see four Thrush guards -- the goggled motorcyclists, spaced within the cave, each armed with his Tommy-gun. One of them, as the CAMERA PANS Bibi and Mr. Thirty through the cellar, turns out to be Napoleon Solo.

MR. THIRTY (to Bibi)

This way, Madame.

He leads her down a rack-flanked aisle. They stop as a light suddenly shines into Bibi's face. She raises her hand to shield her eyes.

150
CONT'D
(2)

MAN'S VOICE (same distant effect as in teaser)
Good evening, Baroness.

MEDIUM SHOT - WITH BIBI - TO FRONT OF WINE RACK

151

The light in our faces (and Bibi's) makes it hard to see more than the rows and rows of dark bottles.

BIBI (dully)
Good evening.

The light goes out. Then the gloved hand -- of the teaser and the subsequent film -- reaches slowly into view from behind a cobwebby row of wine bottles

MAN'S VOICE
Here is your list...this time you will not have to memorize it.

Bibi extends her hand, takes the list. Suddenly:

NEW ANGLE

152

Solo emerges from the shadows, points his tommygun directly toward the unseen figure behind the rack of bottles.

SOLO (loudly, his voice echoing through the dank cellar)
Sorry to intrude -- but if anyone moves I'm going to have to kill your peerless leader....

A couple of the guards have raised their own guns as Solo made his move. Now they lower them, frustrated, powerless. There is a moment of tense, ominous silence. Then Bibi steps to Solo's side.

BIBI (shaking)
Napoleon....Here -- here's the list.
(she proffers it)
Take it....and run!
(a plea)
You -- you can make it...

SOLO (sardonic)
I'm sure I could. I'm sure our
friend here --
(gestures with his gun
toward the figure behind the
wine-rack)
--wouldn't let anyone try to stop me.
(a beat)
Because the list is a fake... Isn't
it --
(a beat; savagely)
Baroness?

152
CONT'D
(2)

BIBI (weakly)
Then you know....

SOLO
Unfortunately, I didn't know soon
enough. We might have spared our-
selves something that
(hard)
must have been very painful for you.
(beat)
Or was it?

BIBI
Napoleon...

SOLO
Never mind that now. I'm more in-
terested --

Solo, his tommygun still pointed toward the yet-
unseen figure behind it, uses his other hand to
topple over the wine-rack. There is a great
crashing of bottles, and --

SOLO
--HIM!

-- in full view, now, is the owner of the mysterious
voice. He is sitting in his wheelchair. It is, of
course, the Baron. Bibi gasps. Mr. Thirty is also
startled. The Baron is quite calm.

BIBI (in disbelief)
Freddy!

152
CONT'D
(2A)

BARON (with a pleasant
nod of acknowledgment to Bibi)
My dear...
(and, to Solo)
You're a worthy antagonist, Mr. --
Solo, isn't it? I'm not familiar
with your face, but I know your
voice quite well.
(smiles)
I've had it on tape for some time now.
(back to Bibi)
And you, poor Bibi. I'm sorry I had
to deceive you. But you were of such
great use to me --
(shakes his head sadly, emits
a sympathetic cluck)
until you became a victim of -- of
your own heart.

Solo reacts to this, looks quickly -- and in some puzzlement -- at Bibi. Then he turns his attention back to the man in the wheelchair.

152
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO

That's enough, Baron. You'd better come with me now.

BARON

Capturing Thrush Central's treasurer would be a feather in your cap, wouldn't it, Mr. Solo ... Alas, I fear it's not to be.

He pushes a button on his wheelchair. There is no sound, but Solo suddenly stiffens. His gun spins from his hands and he topples. Bibi suppresses an anguished cry as we --

CUT TO:

EXT. WINE CAVE - NIGHT

153

A Thrush guard -- with the usual tommygun -- loiters near the small entrance to the wine cellars. Rosy steps into the scene. The guard's gun goes up -- and he suddenly does a fast double-take.

ROSY (ladylike)

Excuse me, my good man...

GUARD

B-b-baroness! What -- what are you doing here? I mean, you went downstairs just a few ---

Illya clobbers him from behind, grabs the tommygun. He and Rosy start quickly down into the cave entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. WINE CAVE - NIGHT

154

A dazed Solo is being lifted to his feet by a couple of Thrush guards. Bibi, a stunned, disbelieving expression still on her face, stands beside him.

BARON

You're only mildly tranquilized, Mr. Solo.

(to Bibi)

Oh, I could just as easily have killed him, but ---

(continued)

BARON (continued -
smiles)

154
CONT'D
(2)

--well, you see, each of us in Thrush Central has a distinct function. And we're very careful about -- trespassing in someone's else's domain.

(nods to Thirty)

Murder -- that's Mr. Thirty's department.

MR. THIRTY (gratefully)
Thank you, sir.

BARON (to Mr. Thirty)
If you will kindly dispose of Mr. Solo --

(a beat)

-- and my wife as well.

(musingly)

I fear I was never cut out to be a good husband.

Mr. Thirty nods compassionately. He and the guards start to lead Solo and Bibi off. Suddenly:

ILLYA'S VOICE
Look out, Napoleon!

ANGLE FROM BEHIND ILLYA

155

as, simultaneous with his cry, he fires a burst with his tommygun. One of the guards falls. Bibi seizes the still-dazed Solo's hand and they dart to safety as the others, after an instant of confusion, turn toward the fast-moving Illya.

INTERCUT CLIMACTIC SCENE

156

The various camera angles to be used in this sequence will depend, of course, on the nature of the set. The basic events will be as follows:

-- Illya, with Rosy at his side, will play tag with Mr. Thirty and his three surviving henchmen. The set, with its many breakable bottles and its shadowy wine racks, will be employed to best advantage.

--Illya will gun down one of the Thrushlings. A second one, his gun jammed, will jump Illya from behind, while a third moves to assist. While Illya takes care of the second, Rosy disposes of the third by neatly flipping him over her shoulder. Illya regards Rosy with awe as they dart under cover to evade the bullets of Mr. Thirty.

156
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Good show.

ROSY (explaining)

My mother was a wrestler.

--Concurrent with Illya's and Rosy's final battle with Mr. Thirty (which of course ends with the latter's demise), Solo, armed with a tommygun taken from one of the fallen guards, stalks the ambulatory Baron through the dank corridors. The Baron pushes the buttons on his wheelchair, spewing forth bullets and shells at Solo.

-- The Baron outflanks Solo, starts to cut loose with a burst from his mobile machine gun. Bibi leaps at Solo, shoves him out of the way, a split-second before the bottles that had been behind him splinter into a million fragments.

SOLO (grateful -- and
uncomprehending)

Thanks, Bibi....You -- uh - you
are Bibi....?

BIBI

Of course I am.

SOLO

Then, why ...Now I don't understand
anything.

BIBI (softly - eyes
glazed)

Neither do I, Napoleon...

Now the Baron zips into view, fires a smoke grenade as his chair zooms past. Solo and Bibi hug the floor; the grenade explodes but doesn't harm them.

-- Again the wheelchair speeds by. Solo fires. His bullets don't hit the Baron -- but they do hit the arm, the control panel, of the chair. There is a shower of sparks and --

FEATURING WHEELCHAIR

157

it runs amok. It spins faster and faster, firing rockets and smoke and bullets like a mad Roman candle -- until the mechanism chokes. There is a look of abject terror on the Baron's face --

BARON

Help! The controls! They're stuck! Stop it!

-- and the whole chair blows up in a hideous, flaming explosion.

ON BIBI AND MARK

158

as Mark gently turns Bibi's head away.

ANOTHER ANGLE

159

featuring Illya and Rosy, who have finally disposed of Mr. Thirty. They look toward the wreckage.

ZIP PAN TO:

TAG

INT. UNCLE HQ - MR. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY -
CLOSE ON WAVERLY

160

WAVERLY

Well, gentlemen, I suppose we do have considerable reason for satisfaction. But the operation can hardly be called an unqualified success.

CAMERA BACK TO INCLUDE Illya and Mark.

MARK

About the list --

WAVERLY

Yes. Pity, isn't it? I had hoped we could expose a goodly number of Thrush collaborators.

MARK

I think we can, sir.

ILLYA (stepping to door)

Allow me, Mr. Waverly.

He opens the door. Bibi stands there.

ILLYA (to Bibi)

Come in, Baroness.

Waverly rises as Bibi enters.

BIBI (Nods)

Mr. Waverly....

WAVERLY

Charmed.

MARK (to Waverly)

The Baroness has just been with the head of our Intelligence branch. She's given him all the names from past meetings.

BIBI (to Waverly

with a smile)

I had to memorize them all. And I have an excellent memory.

ILLYA

Of course, the list isn't entirely up-to-date, but I'm sure it will be of considerable help to us.

WAVERLY (a beat

to digest this)

Indeed it will. We're most grateful, Baroness.

(faint smile)

You know, when you walked in, I wasn't quite certain whether you were indeed the Baroness or that Miss -- uh --

MARK

Shlagenheimer.

WAVERLY

Yes. Whatever happened to her, by the way? Is she back in the entertainment field?

160
CONT'D
(3)

MARK

She retired. As a matter of fact, we're all invited to her wedding.

WAVERLY

Wedding?

MARK

She's going to be a Baroness after all.

ILLYA

A cattle Baroness. And she's going to live on a yacht.

BIBI (incredulous)

Charlie?

MARK (to Waverly)

That Texan in the Paris restaurant Remember?

WAVERLY

Oh?

(and, as it dawns)

Oh! Well!

(a beat)

Shall we -- uh -- all have a spot of lunch now?

BIBI (hesitates)

I'm -- truly sorry, but I have a previous engagement.

WAVERLY (disappointed)

Oh.... Well, perhaps some other day.

He breaks off as the door opens and Solo appears.

WAVERLY

Ah, Mr. Solo! You look in the peak of condition.

SOLO

Thank you, sir. The doctor says I can return to work tomorrow morning.

(nods in greeting to
Illya and Mark)

WAVERLY

Excellent.

(performs the intro-
ductions)

This is the Baroness de Chasseur....
Mr. Solo....

160
CONT'D
(4)

SOLO (a smile at
Bibi; to Waverly)
I've already had the pleasure -

WAVERLY (a bit surprised)
You have?

SOLO
Just a little while ago.
(to Bibi)
Are you ready, Bibi?

Illya and Mark exchange glances. Solo extends
his arm to Bibi. She takes it.

BIBI (to the others,
as she exits with Solo)
Gentlemen.... I'll -- see you
after lunch....

They leave, closing the door behind them. Mark
turns to Illya again.

MARK
Fast, isn't he?

ILLYA
Mmm... It seems like he's never
been away.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE MONKS OF ST. THOMAS AFFAIR

(Formerly: The Monastery Affair)

Prod. #8429

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Supervising Producer:
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June 1, 1966

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by

PRODUCED BY

ADDED SCENES

INT. U.N.C.L.E. CAR - NIGHT

A1

Illya is at the wheel. Solo is beside him, munching a hot dog. (Their clothing, of course, must match that of Scene 1). Solo daintily takes a bite as they drive.

ILLYA

How is it?

SOLO

A very inferior mustard.

ILLYA

Perhaps I should have stopped at the taco stand instead.

At this, Solo almost chokes. When he recovers:

SOLO

Twenty minutes ago --

(glances at watch)

-- no, fifteen minutes ago, I am sitting on the terrace of a fine restaurant overlooking the East River...

ILLYA (cutting in)

Yes. A very nice view from there. I've seen it.

SOLO (continuing

his reverie)

...Violins are playing. Opposite me, wearing a black dress that leaves little to the imagination, is a truly gorgeous creature...

ILLYA (cutting in

again)

Wanda. I've seen her, too.

(passes judgment)

She's all right.