

THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER INC.

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO DISPOSE OF SAME

Please do not lose or destroy this
script. Return to Script Dept.

Norman Felton
(DO NOT FILE)

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE DRAGON'S TOOTH AFFAIR

Prod. #7453

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Sam Rolfe

Written by:

Alan Caillou

January 18, 1965

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

The Dragon's Tooth Affair

Prod. #7453

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - DAY

1

We are in the living room or hall of a very wealthy man's house. Though the decor is Oriental, at least in part, we have the feeling that the house has been built more in the European style - the refuge of a man who can never go back home for one reason or another. The furniture is heavy, antique, striking.. To one side of a massive carved fireplace, there is an embrasure in which is a Chinese statue; the statue is grotesque and frightening, and later on its eyes will light up. CAMERA explores the room, and comes to REST on a big refectory table in the center of the room, round which some men are gathered, in the course of a meeting. At their head is CLEVELAND, a smooth, suave villain of unidentified nationality. Beside him, with ledger and pencil, is MISS WONG, his charming Chinese secretary. Opposite him sits a Swiss banker named KNOPFAGEL, also with his very attractive secretary. The others are SING-WO, a Chinese; SCHNUGER, a German, CLAUDILE, a Frenchwoman (mature, attractive, Mata-Hari-like); VOSHNOSE, a Russian; JAMBO SANA, an African; and SMITH-JONES, an Englishman. Pads, pencils, ashtrays, etc., are set out on the table, and the overall impression is that of a high-class Board Meeting. All these people are elegantly and impeccably dressed, and as far as possible their nationality is indicated in dress, mannerism, speech...Cleveland has an auctioneer's gavel and block, and is conducting a sale of International Secrets.

CLEVELAND

Next...we have the current disposition of the American Pacific Submarine Fleet...a very valuable item indeed, complete and up-to-date, what am I offered? Shall we start the bidding at one hundred thousand dollars?

Sing-Wo raises a hand.

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

The Dragon's Tooth Affair

Prod.#7453

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - DAY

1

We are in the living room or hall of a very wealthy man's house. Though the decor is Oriental, at least in part, we have the feeling that the house has been built more in the European style - the refuge of a man who can never go back home for one reason or another. The furniture is heavy, antique, striking.. To one side of a massive carved fireplace, there is an embrasure in which is a Chinese statue; the statue is grotesque and frightening, and later on its eyes will light up. CAMERA explores the room, and comes to REST on a big refectory table in the center of the room, round which some men are gathered, in the course of a meeting. At their head is CLEVELAND, a smooth, suave villain of unidentified nationality. Beside him, with ledger and pencil, is MISS WONG, his charming Chinese secretary. Opposite him sits a Swiss banker named KNOPFAGEL. The other are SCHNUGER, a German, CLAUDILE, a Frenchwoman (mature, attractive, Mata-Hari-like); VOSHNOSE, a Russian; and SMITH-JONES, an Englishman. Pads, pencils, ashtrays, etc., are set out on the table, and the overall impression is that of a high-class Board Meeting. All these people are elegantly and impeccably dressed, and as far as possible their nationality is indicated in dress, mannerism, speech... Cleveland has an auctioneer's gavel and block, and is conducting a sale of International Secrets.

CLEVELAND

Next...we have the current disposition of the American Pacific Submarine Fleet...a very valuable item indeed, complete and up-to-date, what am I offered? Shall we start the bidding at one hundred thousand dollars?

Knopfagel raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
One hundred thousand from Mr.
Sing-Wo. . .

1
CONT'D
(2)

Claudile raises a hand.

CLAUDILE
One hundred and twenty.

Voshnosh raises a hand.

VOSHNOSH
One hundred and fifty.

CLEVELAND
Any advance on one hundred and
fifty? A small price, ladies and
gentlemen, we can do better than
that...

Schnuger raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
One hundred seventy-five...

Claudile raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
Two hundred thousand dollars,
any advance on two hundred thousand?
Mr. Sing-Wo?

Sing-Wo shakes his head gently.

CLEVELAND
Two hundred thousand dollars for
the disposition of the Pacific
Fleet, going for two hundred
thousand. . . Going . . .

Voshnosh raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
Two hundred and fifty thousand
dollars from Comrade Voshnosh,
any advance on two hundred and
fifty thousand? Going for the
first time. . . going for the second
time. . .

Suddenly, there is an insistent beep-beep SOUND
off CAMERA. Cleveland and his buyers turn to
look at:

CLEVELAND
One hundred thousand from
Mr. Knopfagel.

1
CONT'D
(2)

Claudile raises a hand.

CLAUDILE
One hundred and twenty.

Voshnosh raises a hand.

VOSHNOSH
One hundred and fifty.

CLEVELAND
Any advance on one hundred and
fifty? A small price, ladies and
gentlemen, we can do better than
that...

Schnuger raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
One hundred seventy-five...

Claudile raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
Two hundred thousand dollars,
any advance on two hundred
thousand? Mr. Knopfagel?

Knopfagel shakes his head gently.

CLEVELAND
Two hundred thousand dollars for
the disposition of the Pacific
Fleet, going for two hundred
thousand...Going.....

Voshnosh raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
Two hundred and fifty thousand
dollars from Comrade Voshnosh,
any advance on two hundred and
fifty thousand? Going for the
first time...going for the second
time...

Suddenly, there is an insistent beep-beep SOUND
off CAMERA. Cleveland and his buyers turn to
look at:

CLEVELAND
One hundred thousand from
Mr. Knopfagel.

Claudile raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
One hundred thousand from

Voshnosh raises a hand.

VOSHNOSE
One hundred and fifty

CLEVELAND
Any advance on one hundred and
fifty? A small price, ladies and
gentlemen, we can do better than
that....

Schnuger raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
One hundred seventy-five...

Claudile raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
Two hundred thousand dollars, any
advance on two hundred thousand?
Mr. Knopfagel?

Knopfagel shakes his head gently.

CLEVELAND
Then... sold to Comrade Voshnosh for
two hundred thousand dollars.

KNOPFAGEL (to girl
who writes)
That is two hundred thousand dollars
transferred from account number...
(whispers)
...to account number...

(whispers)
Both in the Zurich branch of our bank.
And do not forget to enter the com-
mission...

Suddenly, there is an insistent beep-beep SOUND off
CAMERA. Cleveland and his buyers turn to look at:

MED. SHOT - THE CHINESE STATUE

2

its eyes are now ALIGHT, flashing on and off with the SOUND of the beep-beeping.

GONG

BACK TO SCENE

3

There is a feeling of urgency. Cleveland gestures quickly to Miss Wong,

CLEVELAND

Miss Wong...quickly...

Miss Wong hurriedly places a small radio transmitter of bizarre design in front of him. Cleveland switches it on.

CLEVELAND

Apricot, I bid you welcome...

He turns to look at the statue.

MED. SHOT - THE STATUE

4

The LIGHT from the eyes CHANGES, and remains constant now, as the VOICE of APRICOT comes on. The sex of the voice is unrecognizable because of the microphonic distortion.

VOICE

Mr. Cleveland...the Item for which we have all been waiting... has arrived in Hong Kong by courier. It will be delivered to you...

BACK TO SCENE

5

VOICE

...during the course of the day,

VOSHNOSH (excitedly)

Is that the...?

CLEVELAND (angrily)

Sshhh...!!

MED. SHOT - THE CHINESE STATUE

2

its eyes are now ALIGHT, flashing on and off with
the SOUND of the beep-beeping.

BACK TO SCENE

3

There is a feeling of urgency.

CLEVELAND

Apricot. I bid you welcome...

He turns to look at the statue.

MED. SHOT - THE STATUE

4

The LIGHT from the eyes CHANGES, and remains constant now, as the VOICE of APRICOT comes on. The sex of the voice is unrecognizable because of the microphonic distortion.

VOICE

Mr. Cleveland...the Item for
which we have all been waiting...
has arrived in Hong Kong by courier.
It will be delivered to you...

BACK TO SCENE

5

VOICE

...during the course of the day.

VOSHNOSH (excitedly)

Is that the...?

CLEVELAND (angrily)

Sshhh.....!

VOICE

I need not tell you...we expect considerable interest on the part of all your buyers. I am putting a reserve price on it. One million dollars. Is that understood?

5
CONT'D
(2)

BACK TO STATUE

6

CLEVELAND (voice over)

Understood, Apricot. We'll get more than that...

He breaks as the LIGHT on the statue goes OFF.

BACK TO SCENE

7

Miss Wong removes the transmitter as Cleveland turns to the others with satisfaction.

CLEVELAND

Now, while we wait for the arrival of the -- special item -- where were we? For the disposition of the American Submarine Fleet in the Pacific...I think we have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars offered...Any advance? Going...going...gone.

As he brings down the gavel,

SPIN TO:

EXT. HONG KONG - ESTABLISHING - DAY (STOCK)

8

A MONTAGE of interesting SHOTS, starting at the top of VICTORIA PEAK - the highest point on the Island - and finishing at the edge of the water. Here we are in a rather grubby area, with sampans in the b.g., on which a hundred thousand refugees are trying to eke out their lives.

EXT. WATERFRONT - FULL SHOT - DAY

9

Prominent in the f.g., is a dilapidated bar, with the name: "THE SMILING FISH" written above it in

both Oriental and Latin characters. This is a hang-out for waterside thieves and scoundrels. CAMERA PANS to take in a sampan which is being ferried across a narrow neck of water towards the bar. Two people can be seen sitting in the sampan, and a third - a woman - is standing in the stern with a single oar, working it to ferry the craft along.

9
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSER ON THE SAMPAN

10

We now see who the passengers are. They are MAX WENZEL, thirtyish, American, tough, hard-bitten. Max has been around the world a dozen times, earning a buck here and there, not always honestly, and he looks like a part-time sailor. He is poorly dressed, unshaven, down on his luck. With him is HEAVENLY, a glamorous Eurasian gal of great beauty, dressed in fetching Oriental costume - a woman we instinctively fall in love with at first sight. The sampan girl at the oar is JADE. Jade is a rather older woman than Heavenly, but very beautiful and - essentially - memorable. Jade is poorly dressed, as befits her trade, but she wears her rags well. At her belt is the purse in which she keeps her day's takings - a few meagre coins - and the purse is decorated with a dragonfly in the bead design, though we should not really notice this just now. Jade stolidly works her oar as the two others look ahead of them towards the bar. Max is worried, Heavenly is not.

MAX

That's it?

HEAVENLY

The Smiling Fish, a waterfront bar, that's what you said, didn't you?

MAX (a growl)

It looks deserted. I never like an empty place that ought to be crowded. Means trouble.

HEAVENLY (a shrug)

This time of day...

MAX

Uh-huh.

EXT. A ROOF TOP - LOW ANGLE - DAY

11

SHOOTING from a point near the sampan. On the roof, a figure moves out from behind an obstruction, looking down with binoculars. ZOOM IN on the figure. He removes the binoculars and we see that it is Solo. He uses the binoculars again.

SPIN TO:

EXT. A CROWDED STREET - DAY

12

in a busy thoroughfare in Hong Kong. CAMERA is on a grubby rickshaw boy who lounges, half asleep, between the shafts of his rickshaw. We are quite close to the bar here, though on the other side of it - the side away from the waterfront - the idea being that later we can establish the point that the street side of the bar is quite close to the shopping area and that only its waterfront entrance is habitually deserted. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the rickshaw boy as a DRUNK approaches and attempts to climb aboard into the rickshaw. The rickshaw boy waves him away with a polite, Oriental bow.

RICKSHAW BOY (accent)

So sorry please, rickshaw not free
now, honorable gentleman try some
place else...

The drunk stumbles unsteadily off. CAMERA has reached the end of its DOLLY and is now CLOSE on the rickshaw boy. We see now that the boy is Illya. (NOTE: Since he uses a disguise later that must NOT be penetrated immediately, THIS disguise should be a simple one, under which Illya is quite readily recognizable). He reaches into his belt and comes up with a cigarette pack; his first words, perhaps, are still in his accent.

ILLYA

Napoleon? Do we have to keep
this up much longer?

CAMERA is sneaking a look at Illya's feet, which are bare, in keeping with his character. A cat is licking the toes.

ILLYA (voice over;
accent corrected)

My feet are getting cold.

EXT. A ROOF TOP - LOW ANGLE - DAY

11

SHOOTING from a point near the sampan. On the roof, a figure moves out from behind an obstruction, looking down with binoculars. ZOOM IN on the figure. He removes the binoculars and we see that it is Solo. He uses the binoculars again.

SPIN TO:

EXT. A CROWDED STREET - DAY

12

in a busy thoroughfare in Hong Kong. CAMERA is on a grubby rickshaw boy who lounges, half asleep, between the shafts of his rickshaw. We are quite close to the bar here, though on the other side of it - the side away from the waterfront - the idea being that later we can establish the point that the street side of the bar is quite close to the shopping area and that only its waterfront entrance is habitually deserted. The CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the rickshaw boy as a DRUNK approaches and attempts to climb aboard into the rickshaw. The rickshaw boy waves him away with a polite, Oriental bow.

RICKSHAW BOY (accent)

So sorry please, rickshaw not free
now, honorable gentleman try some
place else...

The drunk stumbles unsteadily off. CAMERA has reached the end of its DOLLY and is now CLOSE on the rickshaw boy. We see now that the boy is Illya. (NOTE: Since he uses a disguise later that must NOT be penetrated immediately, THIS disguise should be a simple one, under which Illya is quite readily recognizable.) He reaches into his belt and comes up with a cigarette pack; his first words, perhaps, are still in his accent.

ILLYA

Napoleon? Do we have to keep
this up much longer?

CAMERA is sneaking a look at Illya's feet, which are bare, in keeping with his character.

ILLYA (voice over;
accent corrected)

My feet are getting cold.

EXT. THE ROOF TOP - DAY

13

CAMERA is on Solo.

SOLO

Your sufferings distress me, but
not very much. Max is approaching
the Smiling Fish now, a girl with
him, very pretty, wish I knew who
she is.

ILLYA'S VOICE (over

sender)

And a cat just nibbled at my toes.

SOLO

Even cats have to eat.

EXT. THE ROOF TOP - DAY

13

CAMERA is on Solo.

SOLO

Your sufferings distress me, but
not very much. Max is approaching
the Smiling Fish now, a girl with
him, very pretty, wish I knew who
she is.

EXT. WATER-FRONT - DAY

14

The sampan pulls in at the tiny ramshackle wharf, Heavenly and Max climb ashore. Max looks around, worried about the SILENCE. Heavenly urges him on with a smile.

HEAVENLY

It's all right, Max, it's all right...

MAX

Uh-huh.

He digs into his pocket and pulls out a handful of coins, hands them to Jade. Without looking at them, she slips them into the purse at her waist.

MAX (to Jade)

Wait for me.

Jade nods. CAMERA PANS Heavenly and Max to:

INT. THE BAR - DAY

15

This is as ramshackle and rundown as a bar could possibly be. It is deserted - not even a barman in sight. The decor, such as it is, is Oriental - Chinese cinema posters on the walls would be about the only attempt at decoration - and there are bead curtains over a second door that leads out to the street on the other side - our shopping street where we saw Illya. The only window in the bar is very high in the wall - for future gymnastics. Heavenly and Max enter. Max, still worried, looks around. Heavenly detaches herself from him a little, moving away to pour herself a drink from a bottle on the bar - Saki - into a china saki cup. Max, looking around suspiciously, has moved away from CAMERA. Now, Merry appears in the f.g. of the FRAME, unseen by Max, who is looking the other way. All we see of Merry just now is what appears in an over-the-shoulder SHOT towards Max, but he is a big, powerfully built brute of a man who looks like a wrestler, poorly dressed, a professional water-front tough.

MERRY

Well, did you bring it?

Max spins around. He looks at Merry calmly.

MAX
How nice to see you, Merry. Did you
bring the money?

15
CONT'D
(2)

MERRY
No more money.

MAX (a beat)
So that's their answer.

MERRY
That's their answer.

MAX (coolly)
In that case...I didn't bring it.

He is quite unafraid. A situation like this is
nothing new to Max.

NEW ANGLE - THREE-SHOT

16

FEATURING Heavenly, as she lounges against the bar,
sipping from her Saki cup.

HEAVENLY (to Merry)
Take a look-see.

Max throws an angry look at Heavenly, and then
Merry reaches out and grabs him, holds him against
the wall with one huge hand at the throat, and
begins to search his pockets. Max brings up his
hands, breaks the hold, lashes out with his fist,
sends Merry sprawling. Merry picks himself up,
hurls himself at Max, goes down again, draws a
knife, leaps at Max. Heavenly SCREAMS. CAMERA
WHIP-PANS to the curtained doorway, to find:

MED. SHOT - BERNIE OREN

17

BERNIE OREN is a nice, open-faced, clean-cut Ameri-
can student, wearing spectacles, and looking like
a bit of a Milquetoast, which he isn't. He is
peering into the bar through the bead curtains,
attracted by the NOISE of the fight.

FULL SHOT

18

Max, desperate now, is struggling with Merry, the
knife very much in evidence. Heavenly is watching,
but remains out of the SHOT as much as possible.

18
CONT'D
(2)

Bernie quickly slips off his glasses, yells a college cry, and hurls himself at Merry. CAMERA now concentrates on these two, and when it takes a SHOT of Max, he is lying on the ground, and Heavenly is going through his pockets. Bernie takes a hold of Merry's arm, twists it, bends his body, throws Merry easily over it to land with a thump against the wall. Merry looks astonished for a moment, then rushes at Bernie. Bernie grabs his lapels, drops to his back, puts a foot in Merry's stomach, and hurls him once more through the air, to land with another thump against the wall. When he gets to his feet, Bernie, standing in the accepted Judo stance, is waiting for him. Merry hesitates, then turns and runs. When he has gone, Bernie runs to Max, who still lies on the floor. Heavenly is on her knees beside him still. She has taken the coins from Max's pocket and is slipping them into her own purse. Bernie runs to her, and stares in dismay at the knife at Max's side. He does not see that Heavenly has been going through Max's pockets. Bernie drops down beside them, and Max clutches out at them. From this ANGLE, we can see a tear in Bernie's jacket. Max knows that he is dying, and the thought astonishes him more than it frightens him. He seems almost delirious as he clutches at Heavenly. His face contorts into a sort of wry grin.

MAX

After all...the things I've... I've
done...I get killed...for...for a
Pine-Tree...shilling...doesn't...
make sense...does it?

Bernie, puzzled, looks at Heavenly.

BERNIE

What's he talking about? What...
what can we do?

HEAVENLY

There's nothing we can do...he's
dying...he knows it...

She is fighting her tears, terribly distressed.
She leans into Max, closer to him.

...HEAVENLY

tell me...tell me again...what are
you trying to say...?

MAX

A dragon-fly.....a dragon-fly.....

The breath goes out of him. He is dead. Heavenly covers her face with her hands. Bernie looks at her.

18
CONT'D
(3)

BERNIE (awkwardly)
There's nothing we could have done.
Who was he? What happened?

Heavenly pulls herself together.

HEAVENLY
I don't know, he just stopped to ask me the way, I was showing him. I didn't even know his name. We'd better get out of here. That big man...he might have friends.

BERNIE
My name's Bernie Oren. And your...?

HEAVENLY
Heavenly. Heavenly Cortelle. Come... quickly, it's not safe here...

Bernie nods. As they move to the door, he looks her up and down a little, pleased with what he sees.

BERNIE
We'd better find a policeman...

Heavenly does not answer. They move through the curtains onto the street outside.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

19

As they come out of the bar, CAMERA takes them to a busier section of the street, similar to the section where we saw Illya. Bernie points OFF.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET - DAY

20

A police sergeant, whose name is FAUNTLEROY is on patrol, accompanied by a Sikh constable. Fauntleroy is a slender, elegant man, rather effeminate, and quite unlike our popular conception of the policeman. He is dabbing at his nose daintily with a handkerchief. He points OFF with his swagger-cane.

FAUNTLEROY

That rickshaw boy...he's parked in a
red zone. Get his license number.

20
CONT'D
(2)

The Sikh moves through the crowd, CAMERA TAKING him
to Illya.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET - DAY

where we left Heavenly and Bernie. Bernie is look-
ing towards the Sikh constable.

21

BERNIE

There's a cop over there...

Heavenly grabs his arm as he begins to move off.
Her voice is urgent:

HEAVENLY

No...wait!

He looks at her. She is staring, puzzled, towards
Illya and the Sikh.

HEAVENLY

(slowly)

There's something wrong with that rick-
shaw boy...he's not...he's not even
Chinese.

TWO-SHOT - ILLYA AND THE SIKH

The Sikh has just asked for Illya's permit to oper-
ate his rickshaw. Illya is giving him the run-
around.

22

ILLYA

(heavy accent)

No permit, honorable policeman, very
very sad, not having honorable permit,
but look, look quickly, honorable
policeman, lookie over there...

He is pointing off. The Sikh turns to look, peers
over the heads of the crowd. Illya slips out of
SHOT. The Sikh turns back.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE RICKSHAW

Illya has gone from his place between its shafts
and is nowhere in sight. The Sikh peers around,
looking for him.

23

BACK TO SCENE

24

Heavenly and Bernie are still looking in the direction of the action we have just seen.

BERNIE

You think he was with the big man?

HEAVENLY

I don't know, perhaps. This way... quickly.

She drags him down a narrow alleyway, away from the crowd. They hurry on, turn a corner into a narrow, sinister passageway. They pull up short, at:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - ILLYA

25

in his Chinese rig, he looks sinister as he stands there in the passageway, blocking their exit.

BACK TO SCENE

26

Heavenly and Bernie turn and scurry back the way they came. They pull up short again at:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SOLO

27

Smiling pleasantly at them, he advances towards them. There is no one else in the passageway save an old Chinese who leans, half asleep, against a hand-barrow loaded with vegetables.

BACK TO SCENE

28

Bernie realizes he is trapped. Heavenly looks around, alarmed, sees a door in the wall close by, opens it.

HEAVENLY

In here, quickly...

But Bernie reaches out, shoves the barrow of vegetables towards Solo, hurls himself after it. He grabs Solo, swings him round in a Judo throw, hurls him to the ground. The barrow tips over as the old man YELLS at them, and then Bernie is on top of

the struggling Solo. The scales from the barrow are close at hand, and Bernie reaches out for them, raises them like a cudgel. For a moment, he looks maybe like the Statue of Liberty...A hand comes INTO SHOT and grabs his wrist. (CAMERA is in CLOSE now on the raised weapon.)

28
CONT'D
(2)

BERNIE
(voice over)
Run, Heavenly, run!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to show that it is Illya who has grabbed the weapon-hand and come to Solo's rescue.

SOLO
(gently)
She's already run. It's just the three of us now. Shall we have a little chat?

SPIN TO:

INT. UNCLE OFFICE - DAY

29

A charming, Oriental tea-room motif in the steel office - and furnished with low divans, cushions on the floor, shoji screens, Japanese lanterns, etc., the whole effect being of great comfort and elegance in the Oriental manner. Bernie is sitting there, drinking tea, which is being served by a lovely Japanese doll in full costume, whose name is NANA. He is not wearing his torn jacket - it has been taken away for repair. Illya is removing the last traces of his Oriental make-up, and has already partly changed his clothes. Solo, lounges nearby.

SOLO
(frowning)
A Pine-Tree shilling?

BERNIE
That's what he said. He said:
'After all the things I've done, I
get killed for a Pine-Tree shilling',
You know what it means?

SOLO
A Seventeenth Century American coin,
quite valuable. But not valuable
enough to interest the man we're
after.

Bernie nods, looks around the elegant room, admiring it.

BERNIE
This your home? You live here?

29
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Home is not where you live, it's where
they best understand you. So...for
the moment, this is our home.

ILLYA
Tell us why you went to help Max
Wenzel? You knew him?

BERNIE
No, I'm just a tourist...just look-
ing around Hong Kong. I saw a fellow
American in trouble, I went to help him.
(he grins quickly)
I'm pretty good at the hi-hi business...
(he gestures a judo chop)
...made a hobby of judo, karate, the
works.

ILLYA
So you were just passing by?

BERNIE
Just passing by.

ILLYA
I prefer to believe you, though it
sounds...a little fortuitous...

A LIGHT flashes on over a door that leads to another
room. Solo sees it, goes to the door, exits.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - DAY

30

This is a duplicate of the New York Command Room,
with a few Oriental touches to indicate the Hong
Kong locale. Solo enters from the other room. An
Oriental beauty named JASMINE is sitting there, at
the console. She looks up as Solo crosses.

JASMINE
Mr. Waverly on the console from New
York.

SOLO
Good.

He sits at the console. Jasmine gets on with a job
she was doing - sewing a button onto Bernie's jacket.
Close by, the contents of the jacket pocket - wallet,
papers, etc.- are laid out on a table. Waverly
appears on the TV screen.

WAVERLY

Well, Mr. Solo, we've got those answers for you. The fingerprint you tele-photo'd to us belongs to a man named Bernie Oren, age 26, occupation, student, address Bute, Montana, honorable discharge from the Marines, Purple Heart and three medals in South Viet Nam, a good record, now on a tour of the Far East, traveling second class, seems to be in the clear.

30
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Good. Illya thinks we can use him.

WAVERLY

And you, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

I'm not too sure. It might be risky.

WAVERLY

For him, or for us?

SOLO

Both.

WAVERLY

Well, if you decide to put him to work, bear in mind that he's not expendable.

SOLO

(dryly)

Of course, I'm well aware that he's not one of us.

WAVERLY

Have you discovered what it was that Max Wenzel was delivering to Apricot?

SOLO

A shilling. Seems a small price to pay for his life.

WAVERLY

(a grunt)

Any price is a small price for a man's life, Mr. Solo, and kindly remember that.

SOLO

Yes sir.

WAVERLY

Well, Mr. Solo, we've got those answers for you. The fingerprint you tele-photo'd to us belongs to a man named Bernie Oren, age 26, occupation, student, address, Clary, Montana, honorable discharge from the Marines. Purple Heart and three medals in South Viet Nam, a good record, now on a tour of the Far East, traveling second class, seems to be in the clear.

SOLO

Good. Illya thinks we can use him.

WAVERLY

And you, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

I'm not too sure. It might be risky.

WAVERLY

For him, or for us?

SOLO

Both.

WAVERLY

Well, if you decide to put him to work, bear in mind that he's not expendable.

SOLO (dryly)

Of course, I'm well aware that he's not one of us.

WAVERLY

Have you discovered what it was that Max Wenzel was delivering to Apricot?

SOLO

A shilling. Seems a small price to pay for his life.

WAVERLY (a grunt)

Any price is a small price for a man's life, Mr. Solo, and kindly remember that.

SOLO

Yes sir.

WAVERLY

Incidentally, we've just received word that the French Police picked up an Apricot agent in Marseilles, put him under maximum security when he decided to talk.

30
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO

And?

WAVERLY

An hour after they captured him... someone dynamited his cell.

SOLO

Then it's not very helpful, is it?

WAVERLY

And our office in Macao has reported that the Red Chinese have just purchased the Nato Naval Intelligence Code....in Hong Kong. Urgency, Mr. Solo, becomes the order of the day.

SOLO

Yes sir.

He sighs, switches off, turns to Jasmine, who has just finished sewing on the button.

SOLO

Ready?

She nods.

SOLO

Test it.

She puts the button of the jacket close to her mouth. Solo listens on his own sender.

JASMINE

Testing, testing...According to Hung Fu Tse, whom the Westerners call Confucious, the masses always bow to the will of those in authority.....

SOLO

Well, do they now? And so do secretaries. Kindly bring me some coffee in the other room.

He takes the jacket from her, she smiles at him as he goes out.

INT. THE TEA-HOUSE - DAY

31

As Solo enters, Illya looks up. Solo tosses the jacket to Bernie.

SOLO (to Illya)
He's cleared.

ILLYA
Good.

SOLO (to Bernie)
Would you care to earn some money?
Legally, but dangerously?

BERNIE
Suppose you tell me just who you are
first, Mr. Solo?

SOLO
Suppose I don't.

BERNIE
Take you on trust?

ILLYA
Something like that.

BERNIE
How much is some money?

SOLO
A thousand dollars? Is your life
worth that much?

BERNIE
You must need me real bad.

ILLYA
As bait, Bernie. The man we're after
calls himself Apricot...

SOLO
Man, woman, or organization, we just
don't know. But Apricot deals in
secrets, anybody's secrets, sells
them to the highest bidder. And just
now, it seems, American secrets are
fetching the highest prices.

Bernie looks a bit doubtful.

BERNIE
Danger's easy to face when you know...
just how big it is. I mean...

SOLO (interrupting)
What did you hope to find when you
came to Hong Kong, Bernie? Color,
excitement, what was it?

31
CONT'D
(2)

BERNIE
Something like that, I guess.

SOLO
Then let me offer you all the excitement and color you can take. Max Wenzel was a courier, he was carrying... something, we don't know what, for Apricot. He took it to Cleveland, a toy manufacturer, and we believe that he held Cleveland up for more money and arranged to meet him later on. He then went to a night club called "THE DRAGON'S TOOTH", where he met... Heavenly Cortelle, and we don't know who she is either. Then he went to the "SMILING FISH"... where he was killed.

ILLYA
Your fortuitous arrival on the scene, we hope, may persuade Apricot that you were Max's partner... That you have the item that Max was bringing. If so...

SOLO
If so, all you have to do is retrace Max's steps. Somewhere along the line, Apricot will probably come gunning for you.

BERNIE (hesitant)
And that's... all I have to do.

SOLO
Pretty simple, isn't it?

BERNIE
You did say a thousand dollars?

SOLO
That's what I said. We'll try The Dragon's Tooth first. Nowhere else, just The Dragon's Tooth.

BERNIE (a beat)
Well, I was hoping I'd run into
Heavenly again.

31
CONT'D
(3)

Solo sighs, looks at Illya.

SOLO
And I hope he can get away with it.

ILLYA (cheerfully)
And there's nothing like hope to
brighten a dark day, is there?

B.g., Jasmine enters with Solo's coffee.

SPIN TO:

INT. THE DRAGON'S TOOTH - DAY

32

CAMERA is on an Oriental act which is being performed
on a tiny stage. It PANS to take in the SCENE: An
expensive, luxurious night-club like any other in
this part of the world. CAMERA comes to REST on
Heavenly. She is sitting at a corner table with
Cleveland, and she is sorting out the coins she took
from Max.

HEAVENLY (sorting)
He said it was a Pine-Tree shilling.

CLEVELAND
I don't quite know what a Pine-Tree
shilling looks like, but it's not
one of these.

Merry moves INTO SHOT and whispers something to
Heavenly. She looks OFF.

MED. SHOT - BERNIE

33

From Heavenly's POV. He is walking into the Club,
looking around.

BACK TO SCENE

34

HEAVENLY (to Merry)
Quick...don't let him see you.
(to Cleveland)
The man who came to Max's rescue.

CLEVELAND (a frown)
His partner? Would he have one?

34
CONT'D
(2)

HEAVENLY
I don't know. But I'll soon find out.

She crosses to Bernie, who has now found a seat at the bar. He turns to greet her.

BERNIE (very surprised)
Heavenly! Well...Hong Kong's full of surprises.

Heavenly sits beside him, watching him half-smiling fencing with him.....He is very conscious of her physical beauty, like any other red-blooded young man, but determined to play out his role. At an appropriate time, the barman will serve them some saki, and the CAMERA will also ESTABLISH the radio-button on Bernie's jacket - the button that Jasmine sewed on for him.

HEAVENLY
It didn't take you very long to find me, did it?

BERNIE
We're all entitled to a bit of luck once in a while.

HEAVENLY (to barman)
Saki, please.
(to Bernie)
The same kind of luck that took you to the Smiling Fish?

BERNIE (blandly)
Oh, that wasn't luck. I was looking for Maxie.

HEAVENLY
Oh?

BERNIE
He was carrying something...pretty valuable. I was keeping an eye open. Not very successful, was I? Down the hatch!

They drink. Heavenly decides to put her cards on the table.

HEAVENLY
He didn't have it. Before they
got rid of his body, they looked.

34
CONT'D
(3)

BERNIE
I know. I have it.

Heavenly, not believing, stares at him. He leans
in to her confidentially.

BERNIE
Tell your pals, Heavenly. Tell
them they've got to deal with
me now.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - DAY

35

Solo and Illya are listening, individually, on
their senders, held close to their ears. Solo
frowns.

SOLO
What's that thumping noise in
the background?

ILLYA
His heart.

SOLO
Scared already?

ILLYA (dryly)
He's met his heart's desire.

Solo grimaces.

BACK TO SCENE

36

Heavenly is looking at Bernie doubtfully.

HEAVENLY
My friends will deal with you...
willingly...if you can convince me
that you really have it. But I
don't believe you, Bernie.

BERNIE
No? Are you sure?

HEAVENLY
Half sure.

36
CONT'D
(2)

BERNIE
There's an easy way to find out,
isn't there?

He finishes his drink, gets up, looks at her with
a half-smile.

BERNIE
See you on the Heavenly Circuit,
Heavenly.

He turns, goes out. Heavenly, frowning, stares after
him, then turns to look off in the opposite direction.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - DAY

37

As we left it.

SOLO
Well, that wasn't very helpful,
was it?

ILLYA
At least it shows us which side
she's on.

INT. THE DRAGON'S TOOTH - DAY

38

The **SCENE** is as we left it. Cleveland is moving
towards Heavenly.

CLEVELAND
Well?

HEAVENLY (doubtfully)
He says he's got it...

CLEVELAND
There's an easy way to find out,
isn't there?

He signals back the way he came. Merry moves INTO
SHOT in answer.

CLEVELAND
Can you take him properly this time?

Merry grins.

38
CONT'D
(2)

MERRY

This time...I'll be ready for him.

He goes out, following Bernie. Cleveland hesitates, goes out.

EXT. THE WATER FRONT - DAY

39

CAMERA FOLLOWS Bernie to the edge of a small wharf where a sampan is waiting - Jade's.

BERNIE

You know where there's a bar called
The Smiling Fish?

JADE

I know. Across the water.

BERNIE

Let's go.

As he sits in the sampan, CAMERA FEATURES his button-radio.

BERNIE (voice

over)

Got a date with the fish there.

INT. COMMAND ROOM - DAY

40

The SCENE is as we left it. Solo is putting down the earphones and moving to a cupboard, as Illya takes out his gun and checks it; there's an air of urgency.

SOLO

The Smiling Fish, the worst place
he could choose. That seems to be
Apricot's killing grounds.

ILLYA (mildly)

It's the one place where Bernie
might be able to bring them out
into the open.

Solo checks himself, thinking about this. Then:

SOLO

Maybe. But I did tell him...only
the Dragon's Tooth. He doesn't
follow orders too well.

He has opened the cupboard and pulled out a gas-mask - which need not be identified as such just now. He tosses it to Illya, and they hurry out.

40
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SMILING FISH - DAY

41

A "CLOSED" sign is on the door of the cafe. Bernie is climbing onto the wharf from the sampan. He hands Jade a few coins, which she slips into her purse without looking at them. As he enters the bar, Jade looks after him, wondering, a puzzled look on her face. She turns to look off as a second sampan - or skiff - pulls in with Merry at the oar. He jumps ashore, hurries after Bernie.

INT. THE SMILING FISH - DAY

42

as Merry enters. He peers around cautiously. The place appears deserted. He moves forward. Bernie drops on him from a rafter, and there's a brief fight. Once again, Bernie applies a little of his jujitsu and hurls Merry against a wall; Bernie is enjoying himself and he shows it. Merry gets to his feet, puts his fingers to his lips, whistles sharply.

MED. SHOT - BERNIE

43

The happy smile goes from his face. He looks around in dismay and raises his hands.

FULL SHOT

44

Two or three thick-set, ugly customers, water-front toughs, are moving in on Bernie from all directions. Cleveland is with them. A gun is held lightly in his hand. One of the toughs slams the heavy door shut. Bernie gulps.

BERNIE

Oh...!

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
INT. THE SMILING FISH - DAY

45

Bernie is now draped only in a curtain which has been torn from one of the windows. Merry is going through the last of his garments carefully - the rest of them are in a pile on the floor. Cleveland still watches, nonchalantly, the other heavies are draped round the bar. Merry throws down the last of the garments with a look of disgust at Cleveland.

MERRY

Nothing. He doesn't have it.

Cleveland stubs out his cigarette.

CLEVELAND

Very well. Then we'll just have to find out what he's done with it, won't we?

One of the heavies has a coil of rope with a loop at the end; it looks like a hangman's rope. He advances on Bernie with it. Bernie, clutching at his curtain like Brigitte Bardot, backs away. The heavy makes a dive for Bernie's ankles, slips the loop over one of them, pulls; Bernie falls to the floor with a THUMP.

BERNIE

Ouch! Hey...give me my pants, at least...

The heavy throws the other end of the rope over a rafter. Bernie goes up, up-ended, YELLING. The heavy secures the end of the rope, and Bernie dangles there, upside down. The others move in on him and begin shoving; he swings to and fro, twisting round, back and forth. Grinning, the other heavies take swipes at him as he swings past them. CAMERA FINDS Merry, whose expression is deadly. He produces a knife.

MERRY

Friend, you gonna tell us just what you did with the coin.

BERNIE (desperately)

I don't...don't have it, I don't know where it is...

CLEVELAND
No? Then who does have it?

45
CONT'D
(2)

Merry brandishes the knife.

BERNIE
My...my partners...there's
another guy...keeping an eye
on me...He has it...

CLEVELAND
You really expect me to believe
that...?

Suddenly, there is the SOUND of breaking glass, and
Cleveland spins round to look up at:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE HIGH WINDOW

46

Through the broken glass, a second small round
object comes flying.

BACK TO SCENE

47

The room is filling with a dense blue fog, coming
from the two gas bombs that have been thrown in.
Now, Illya is seen crouched in the embrasure of the
window, wearing a gas-mask. He leaps down to the
floor. The fog is denser now, and the heavies are
clutching at their throats, staggering around in the
gas. Illya runs to Bernie, cuts him down, and propels
him to the door. It flies open.

EXT. THE SMILING FISH - DAY

48

Solo is holding the door open for Illya and Bernie.
They rush through, Bernie gasping and choking.
Illya is still masked. Solo attempts to slam the
door shut again. It moves back and forth with the
weight of a body against it. Illya slips off his
mask, throws his weight against the door as Bernie
gasps in great gulps of air.

SOLO
I do believe someone wants out.

He and Illya step back obligingly, and Merry comes
hurtling out, headlong. As he passes Solo, Solo
hits him on the back of the neck with both hands.
Merry staggers.

BERNIE (recovering)
You'll have to...do...better...
than that...

48
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Really? Oh.

He lifts a foot and drives it into Merry's stomach, pushing hard. Merry goes base over apex into the water. Illya has slammed the door. Solo turns quickly and slips a bar across it, securing it. A bullet crashes through the door, and then another.

SOLO
I think it behooves us to leave.

ILLYA
With as much dispatch as we can muster.

BERNIE
Well, come on then...

He stops, looks aghast suddenly at his curtain-draped body, hesitates. Solo grabs his arm.

SOLO (firmly)
This is no time to be coy.

Illya grabs his other arm, and together they yank him away, CAMERA PANNING sufficiently with them to disclose Jade, in her sampan, at the water's edge. She looks after them, her eyes wide with something that might be astonishment - or anger. Then she shrugs, and begins to paddle away.

SPIN TO:

INT. UNCLE OFFICE - NIGHT

49

Bernie is partly clad in fresh clothes, and Jasmine is helping him into his new jacket. Solo is counting out a thousand dollars onto the table for him. Bernie looks worried. Illya watches.

BERNIE
Gee, I don't figure I hardly
earned it, Mr. Solo.
(he brightens)
But I sure tried, didn't I?

SOLO

Yes, and nearly got yourself killed off, and that's what you're being paid for. Thank you, Bernie. We'll call it a day, now.

49
CONT'D
(2)

BERNIE (hurt and surprised)

You mean...I'm fired?

SOLO

You were supposed to stay at the night-club, and just...let them talk.

BERNIE

But...I figured I had a better way. So I goofed, a guy's allowed one mistake, isn't he?

SOLO

Not in this business, he isn't.

Illya, watching, smiles at Bernie's discomfort.

ILLYA (gently)

But you were a help. You showed us that Heavenly is part of...an unfriendly organization.

BERNIE (miserably)

I just can't believe that...

SOLO

And that is your second mistake...

BERNIE (wistfully)

Gee, I'd sure like to try just once more. You know, that toy manufacturer's house?

SOLO

Nope. Too many people have gone into that house and not come out again. I'll take that place myself.

BERNIE (with studied nonchalance)

That is the big house down by the waterfront, isn't it?

SOLO (easily)

Stay away from it, Bernie. Been good knowing you.

Bernie sighs, goes to the door, turns back.

BERNIE

If you run across...Heavenly...

49
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO (pleasantly)

Go back and finish your tour, Bernie.
She's out of your class.

BERNIE (a trifle hurt)

Right out. In orbit. Heavenly.
See you.

He gestures vaguely at Illya and Solo, and EXITS.

ILLYA

I'm afraid you've ruffled his
dignity.

SOLO

That might be the best way to keep
him alive...make him wash his hands
of the whole affair.

ILLYA

Well, he does overreach a bit.
And a man had best not lose his
balance around the likes of this
apricot.

SOLO

Where's that map of Cleveland's
place?

Illya already has it, is spreading it out on the table.
He indicates it. CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the map.

ILLYA

At the back of the house there's
a big storage-room, a sort of ware-
house, that's your best way in...

SPIN TO:

EXT. - CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

50

We are at the back of the house, which runs down one
side of a dark and dangerous alley - the "service
entrance" part of the house; there are some garbage
cans set out there, including one of the big square
ones - not, however, so big that two men cannot lift
it. There are some dark angles, corners, archways...
a street-lamp illuminates the scene dimly, and the
house is so situated that an alleyway runs along three

BERNIE

If you run across...Heavenly...

49
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO (pleasantly)

Go back and finish your tour, Bernie.

BERNIE (a trifle hurt)

Right out. In orbit, Heavenly.
See you.

He gestures vaguely at Illya and Solo, and EXITS.

ILLYA

I'm afraid you've ruffled his
dignity.

SOLO

That might be the best way to keep
him alive...make him wash his hands
of the whole affair.

ILLYA

Well, he does overreach a bit.
And a man had best not lose his
balance around the likes of this
apricot.

SOLO

Where's that map of Cleveland's
place?

Illya already has it, is spreading it out on the table.
He indicates it. CAMERA DOLLIES IN on the map.

ILLYA

At the back of the house there's a
series of passageways... that's your
best way in. If you encounter any
geese - freeze. They're not called
the watchdogs of the East for nothing...

SPIN TO:

EXT. - CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

50

We are at the back of the house, which runs down one
side of a dark and dangerous alley - the "service
entrance" part of the house; there are some garbage
cans set out there, including one of the big square
ones - not, however, so big that two men cannot lift
it. There are some dark angles, corners, archways...
a street-lamp illuminates the scene dimly, and the
house is so situated that an alleyway runs along three

sides of it - giving us, in effect, two corners fairly close to each other. There is also a low roof close by a back door, and a number of protuberances - out-buildings, water-barrels, anything that will give us cover. CAMERA is on Solo as he moves cautiously along the wall, under cover, looking for a way in. CAMERA PANS with him. He moves AWAY from CAMERA, still exploring. Now, a shadow moves into f.g. of SHOT, and when the shadow turns to look back, we see that it is Heavenly. She slips quickly away to another piece of cover.

50
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT - SOLO

51

as he stops to listen. There is the LOUD, CLANGING SOUND of some cans being moved, OS. Solo peers round one of the corners.

LONG SHOT - ESTABLISHING

52

A garbage truck is stationed at the end of the alleyway, and two GARBAGE-MEN are emptying some cans. (The truck is the American kind, with a big container in front - or back - that goes up and over the top of the vehicle, to dump its load in the truck itself).

BACK TO SOLO

53

He is standing under a lighted second-floor window. He looks UP, looks around, goes to the door, slips a device into the lock, fires it. Gun in hand, he opens the door stealthily, and enters.

INT. - THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

54

as Solo enters cautiously. The only LIGHT is that which comes in from a small window, but we can dimly make out packing cases, benches, barrels, etc., as well as a lot of grotesque toys, masks, and dolls hanging from strings attached to the walls. In the far b.g. there is a wooden stairway leading up to the lighted opaque glass door that, in turn, leads to Cleveland's living quarters. Solo, standing cautiously to one side of the slightly open door, looks around. CAMERA FOLLOWS his look, and briefly ESTABLISHES a

heavy net hanging at the end of a cable-hoist, high up among the rafters. Solo closes the door, moves on among the big packing cases. He looks up at the lighted door on the other side of the room. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the door, GOES THROUGH IT to:

54
CONT'D
(2)

INT. - CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

55

The auction sale is going on again, much as we left it, except that places have been changed to indicate that this is a new session - and the girls would have changed their dresses. Cleveland refers to his list:

CLEVELAND

Item number 86, the complete Coastal Defense Plans of the South-Eastern Sector of Formosa...Perhaps these might interest the Honorable Representative from the Peoples Republic of China?.....Shall we say.....one hundred thousand dollars?

Sing-Wo gently, smiling, shakes his head. Cleveland looks around the table.

CLEVELAND

Fifty thousand? Come gentlemen, the plans are complete, up-to-date.. ..Twenty thousand, do I hear twenty thousand?

SILENCE

CLEVELAND (continuing)

Ten thousand?

The heads are still shaking. Smith-Jones leans forward.

SMITH-JONES

I'm afraid almost everybody has those, Mr. Cleveland. They're quite worthless.

CLEVELAND (a sigh;

to Miss Wong)
Item number 86, no sale.
(he turns back to
his list)

heavy net hanging at the end of a cable-hoist, high up among the rafters. Solo closes the door, moves on among the big packing cases. He looks up at the lighted door on the other side of the room. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the door, GOES THROUGH IT to:

54
CONT'D
(2)

INT. - CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

55

The auction sale is going on again, much as we left it, except that places have been changed to indicate that this is a new session - and the girls would have changed their dresses. Cleveland refers to his list:

CLEVELAND

Item number 86, the complete Coastal Defense Plans of the South-Eastern Sector of Formosa...Perhaps these might interest the Representative from the Soviet Socialist RepublicShall we say.....one hundred thousand dollars?

Voshnosh gently, smiling, shakes his head. Cleveland looks around the table.

CLEVELAND

Fifty thousand? Come gentlemen, the plans are complete, up-to-date.. ..Twenty thousand, do I hear twenty thousand?

SILENCE

CLEVELAND (continuing)

Ten thousand?

The heads are still shaking. Smith-Jones leans forward.

SMITH-JONES

I'm afraid almost everybody has those, Mr. Cleveland. They're quite worthless.

CLEVELAND (a sigh;
to Miss Wong)
Item number 86, no sale.
(he turns back to
his list)

Don't let the door
close.

TIME
P. 3-3

Don't let the door
close. Solo closes the door, looks
at the big painting, says:

TIME
P. 3-3
(2)

53

Don't let the door close - LUCAS

Solo, very carefully, is moving about the corner, looking
toward the other way. Suddenly, at the right time,
he comes in from the door behind him. The mirror of
the door is closed. Solo moves quickly to a shadow,
looks back and

CLEVELAND (continued)
Ah, Item number 87, a very good
one, the design of the new German
long-range bomber, just off the
drawing board, a very valuable
item. What am I offered for
that?

55
CONT'D
(2)

SMITH-JONES
Twenty thousand dollars.

SCHNUGER (glaring at
him)
Thirty thousand.

MADAM CLAUDILE
Forty thousand.

CLEVELAND (a beat)
Do I hear fifty thousand? Herr
Schnuger, I'm sure your government
would dearly like to buy them back,
you'd get a very good price.

SMITH-JONES
Forty-five thousand.

Herr Schnuger turns on him, exploding out of his chair
with anger.

SCHNUGER (furious)
Aber was denken sie mir zu tun,
sie niederträchtiger hund?

CLEVELAND (placatory)
Come come, gentlemen, you know the
rules. Whatever our respective
governments may be up to, we,
at least, are at peace. Only in
perfect peace, gentlemen, can
our business be conducted.
Remember, we're all professionals..
.....Now, do I hear fifty
thousand?

The Russian raises a finger.

CLEVELAND (continuing)
Sold to the Comrade Voshnosh for
fifty thousand dollars.

Miss Wong passes a slip of paper across to Knopfagel's secretary. Knopfagel leans in to her confidentially.

55
CONT'D
(3)

KNOPFAGEL

That is...fifty thousand dollars transferred from account number...

(he whispers silently in her ear)

...to account number...

(another silent whisper)

Both in the Zurich Branch of our bank. And do not forget to enter the commission. In the left hand column, dear child, just as I showed you last night.

He pats her dear little hand paternally.

CLEVELAND

Item number 88, a detailed report of counter-espionage activities in the Central American States, signed by the Secretary of the NATO Emergency Commission. This interesting item, ladies and gentlemen, comes to us at the cost of three lives, and we believe it to be of quite considerable value...

SPIN TO:

INT. - THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

56

Solo, very carefully, is moving among the obstructions towards the stairway. Suddenly, the light that comes in from the door floods across the floor as the door is opened. Solo moves quickly to a shadow, looks back at:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE DOOR

57

An unidentifiable silhouette is in it. The shadow closes the door, creeps forward.

FULL SHOT

58

as Solo and the shadow stalk each other briefly among the stores. Suddenly, Solo pounces, pinning the shadow firmly, a hand over its mouth. The shadow is Bernie.

SOLO (a whisper)
I thought I told you to stay
away from here.

Bernie tries to say something, but Solo's hand is still over his mouth; what he is saying is: "I just wanted to keep an eye on you", but all that comes out is a protracted mumble.

SOLO (a whisper)
What?

His eyes wide, Bernie gestures with his face, meaning: Well, take your hand off my mouth...

SOLO (a whisper)
Oh.

He removes the hand.

BERNIE (a whisper)
You need my help, I know you do...

SOLO (a whisper)
And you need a kick in the pants,
now go on home...Sshhh...

Solo, finger to his lips, creeps with Bernie to the door, opens it, shoves him out with:

SOLO (a whisper)
Out you go, and don't come back.

He closes the door.

EXT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

59

as Bernie comes out and the door closes. For a moment he stands there, looking round. Then he looks at the drain-pipe that runs up to the roof, grins

gleefully, begins to climb it. CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose, in f.g. of SHOT, a dark, lamplit archway. HOLD. Heavenly moves out from a shadow, watching Bernie climb. She looks round, listening, then moves off, slipping away like an animal in the night.

59
CONT'D
(2)

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

60

Solo is moving across a semi-open space among the packing cases towards the stairway. Suddenly he pulls up short at a LOUD HONKING SOUND OS, and looks off.

ESTABLISHING SHOT

61

Two geese, in a wire cage, acting as watch-dogs, are HONKING. CAMERA WHIP PANS to find, b.g., a door opening. Merry is there, looking out to see what has disturbed the geese. He puts out a hand to the switchboard and touches a light switch. A small light, near him, goes on. He looks round, slowly raises his hands.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

62

standing there with his gun aimed at Merry.

SOLO

Just...keep absolutely quiet...

He begins to move towards Merry.

FULL SHOT

63

as Solo, gun in hand, slowly advances on Merry. Merry is still raising his hands. The movement brings one of them to the switchboard.

CLOSE ON THE SWITCHBOARD

64

Under the printed word "HOIST" there are two buttons, one marked: "UP", the other marked "DOWN". Merry's hand comes INTO SHOT, pushes the "DOWN" button.

BACK TO SCENE

65

There is a LOUD SWISH from above, and Solo swings round and up. The heavy net descends on him, knocking him to the ground. Solo's gun goes off, he struggles, entangling himself in the net.

MED. SHOT - MERRY

66

Grinning, he pushes the other hoist button.

BACK TO SCENE

67

The net goes swinging up, fast, with Solo entangled in it. Merry touches the first button again, and down comes the net with a horrible THUMP on the floor.

CLOSE ON SOLO

68

He lies still in the net, knocked unconscious by the fall.

CLOSE ON MERRY

69

Grinning fiendishly, he moves forward.

FULL SHOT

70

Merry goes to Solo, untangles him, takes a handy piece of rope. The geese are still SQUAWKING horribly.

INT. THE FACTORY OFFICE - NIGHT

71

A well-rehearsed ritual is going on. We can still HEAR, muted, the SOUNDS of the geese. Part of a wall has been swung open to disclose a hidden safe, and Miss Wong, helped by the other secretary, is rapidly putting away all the incriminating papers and ledgers, and setting out toy samples on the table. The meeting now begins to look like a sales meeting. As this is going on:

CLEVELAND (smoothly)
Nothing to worry about, ladies
and gentlemen.

71
CONT'D
(2)

SMITH-JONES
What a noise those things make!

CLEVELAND
Geese, Mr. Smith-Jones, are the
watch-dogs of the Orient. Much
more reliable...

The doorbell RINGS, a stylized RING identifying the
person there. Cleveland takes a quick look around
the room, now in order, nods to Miss Wong, who goes
to open it. Merry is there, with Solo's limp form
slung carelessly over his huge shoulder. In
silence, he marches into the room, drops the body
unceremoniously on the ground at Cleveland's feet.
Cleveland looks down at Solo, looks up to Merry.

MERRY
I believe this is the other
partner. He's the one who
rescued the American.

CLEVELAND
Dead?

MERRY
No.

CLEVELAND (with
satisfaction)
Not yet.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN
INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

The scene is very much as we left it, only Miss Wong is in the process of putting away the toy samples and returning the papers, etc. - returning the sale-room to normal. Merry is leaving, closing the door behind him; Miss Wong locks it. Cleveland looks down at Solo's body.

CLEVELAND (softly)
Before the night is out, this man
will have served a very useful purpose.

SING-WO
There is one item on your list, Mr.
Cleveland, which is of prime importance to me. The American...coin.

CAMERA finds Solo. He opens his eyes, looks around.

CLEVELAND (voice over)
Yes...the most valuable piece of
merchandise that has ever come into
our hands.

Solo closes his eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

73

Claudile is FEATURED. She leans forward and addresses Cleveland pointedly.

CLAUDILE
It has come into your hands then?
My information is that there has been
a slight contretemps.

CLEVELAND (awkwardly)
Well...there has been a delay in its
delivery. Nothing of any consequence,
I assure you...

CLAUDILE
You mean the murder of the man who
was delivering it?

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

72

The scene is very much as we left it, only Miss Wong is in the process of putting away the toy samples and returning the papers, etc. - returning the sale-room to normal. Merry is leaving, closing the door behind him; Miss Wong locks it. Cleveland looks down at Solo's body.

CLEVELAND (softly)

Before the night is out, this man
will have served a very useful purpose.

VOSHNOSH

There is one item on your list, Mr.
Cleveland, which is of prime importance to me. The American...coin.

CAMERA finds solo. He opens his eyes, looks around.

CLEVELAND (voice over)

Yes...the most valuable piece of
merchandise that has ever come into
our hands.

Solo closes his eyes.

BACK TO SCENE

73

Claudile is FEATURED. She leans forward and addresses Cleveland pointedly.

CLAUDILE

It has come into your hands then?
My information is that there has been
a slight contretemps.

CLEVELAND (awkwardly)

Well...there has been a delay in its
delivery. Nothing of any consequence,
I assure you...

CLAUDILE

You mean the murder of the man who
was delivering it?

CLEVELAND (a beat)
You are well informed, Madam Claudile.

73
CONT'D
(2)

CLAUDILE (dryly)
A necessary qualification for my profession.

Cleveland leans back nonchalantly; his attitude is dry, sardonic.

CLEVELAND
I am prepared to do business on...
how shall I put it...unusual terms?
This...coin...was acquired for us in
America, and was sent here by a
courier named Max Wenzel. Wenzel
met with an accident, and the coin
is now...shall I say, mislaid?

He looks down at Solo.

CLEVELAND (continued)
This incapacitated gentleman at my
feet is a man we have been most
interested in - one of Max Wenzel's
partners. He knows where it is.
Need I say more?

He looks around the guests.

CLEVELAND (continuing)
Each and every one of us in this
room is sufficiently skilled; I
venture to suggest, in the arts that
are needed to make this man talk
freely. So...I offer you now...
one body, ready for interrogation.
I will open the bidding at one hundred thousand dollars.

Sing-Wo raises a hand.

CLEVELAND
One hundred thousand from Mr. Sing-Wo.

VOSHNOSH
One hundred and fifty thousand...

CLAUDILE
Two hundred...

CLEVELAND
Do I hear two hundred and fifty
thousand?

73
CONT'D
(3)

Suddenly, the Beep-beep SOUND is HEARD, and the
LIGHTS on the statue go ON. Cleveland looks at it,
quickly gestures to Miss Wong, who places the trans-
mitter in front of him.

CLEVELAND (to assemb-
lage)
Apricot is now with us.

The unidentifiable voice comes on over the speaker
in the statue.

VOICE
Cleveland...have you sold the coin?

CLEVELAND
Not yet.

VOICE
A representative from Outer Mongolia
is on his way here to bid for it.
Wait for his arrival. His name is
Toptamish Kipchak, he is traveling
as Jermiah Krim, and he will identify
himself to you with the password:
"The tundra is fertile." Is that
understood?

CLEVELAND
Understood, Apricot. When will he
be here?

VOICE
In three hours. You will wait for
him. He has already put up the
reserve bid of one million dollars.

The beep-beeping STOPS, the LIGHTS go OUT. Cleve-
land turns to the others, refers to his list.

CLEVELAND (with
satisfaction)
It's always good to see a newcomer
to our organization. We'll hold
the coin in abeyance, and proceed
to the next item. Let me see...
Item one hundred and three, the
design of the new French anti-tank
rifle, known as Mark Seven...

EXT. A ROOF TOP - NIGHT

74

CAMERA is on Bernie, sneaking on his hands and knees across the picturesque Hong Kong roof top of the house. He approaches a skylight and peers down through it. (NOTE: The skylight is so placed that when we see it from inside, it gives reasonable access...in other words, not too high off the floor).

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

75

from Bernie's POV, as the auction (SILENTLY) continues, FRAMED by the skylight window mullions. Solo lies still, prominent in the SHOT.

BACK TO SCENE

76

Bernie grins gleefully, scurries away, CAMERA PANNING, reaches the edge of the roof, slithers over onto the projecting top of the rain-pipe.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

77

as Bernie slithers fast down the drain-pipe and drops to the ground. He runs to a telephone, fumbles in his pockets for a coin.

CLOSE ON BERNIE

78

at the telephone, speaking into it.

BERNIE

Hullo? Police Headquarters? You know that big house down by the water-front, Cleveland's place? They're in the process of killing a man in there.

He slams down the phone, rubs his hands, chuckles, moves OFF with:

BERNIE

That'll bring them running.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

79

The scene is as we left it, only the bidding has been going on. Our Swiss banker is rubbing his hands happily as he listens.

CLEVELAND

And advance on one hundred and seventy-five thousand for the new French anti-tank rifle?

CLEVELAND (continuing)

Two hundred from Mr. Jambo Sana...

The Russian raises a hand.

CLEVELAND (continuing)

Two hundred and fifty from Comrade Voshnosh...Do I hear three hundred thousand...?

There is the stylized RING at the door again. Immediately, the girls go into their routine. The RINGING CONTINUES, insistent. Cleveland frowns.

CLEVELAND

Hurry...

The job finished, Miss Wong opens the door. Merry pokes his head in.

MERRY

The police. Closing in on the area.

CLEVELAND (a gesture

at Solo)

Get rid of that.

Merry hurries forward, picks up Solo, throws him over his shoulder, marches out. The Swiss banker shows alarm, and Cleveland turns to him.

CLEVELAND

Nothing to be alarmed about, Herr Knopfagel, this is not the first time...

O.S., muffled, the SOUND of the geese is HEARD.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

79

The scene is as we left it, only the bidding has been going on. Our Swiss banker is rubbing his hands happily as he listens.

CLEVELAND

And advance of one hundred and seventy-five thousand for the new French anti-tank rifle?

The African nods.

CLEVELAND (continuing)

Two hundred from Smith-Jones...

The Russian raises a hand.

CLEVELAND (continuing)

Two hundred and fifty from Comrade Voshnosh...Do I hear three hundred thousand...?

There is the stylized RING at the door again. Immediately, the girls go into their routine. The RINGING CONTINUES, insistent. Cleveland frowns.

CLEVELAND

Hurry...

The job finished, Miss Wong opens the door. Merry pokes his head in.

MERRY

The police. Closing in on the area.

CLEVELAND (a gesture
at Solo)

Get rid of that.

Merry hurries forward, picks up Solo, throws him over his shoulder, marches out. The Swiss banker shows alarm, and Cleveland turns to him.

CLEVELAND

Nothing to be alarmed about, Herr Knopfagel, this is not the first time...

O.S., muffled, the SOUND of the geese is HEARD.

CLEVELAND (continuing)
And here they are now. Kindly
leave the door ajar, Miss Wong.

79
CONT'D
(2)

Miss Wong opens the door slightly. The SOUND of feet is HEARD, running up the stairway, and now Sergeant Fauntleroy, his Sikh constable and a few other Hong Kong policemen burst into the room. Cleveland shows his surprise.

CLEVELAND
Well, gentlemen...this is an
unexpected pleasure.

FAUNTLEROY (severely)
Don't poke fun at me, Mr. Cleveland.

He looks around hopelessly, makes a helpless gesture.

FAUNTLEROY (lamely)
Someone said...a man was
being killed.

CLEVELAND (laughs)
Just my competitors. This is a
sales-meeting, Sergeant, nothing
more. I sell toys.

Fauntleroy looks at a likely-looking square box that one of the girls has set out on the table. He peers at it, touches it, it flies open and a few trick snakes spring out. Fauntleroy SQUEALS.

FAUNTLEROY (recovering
his dignity)
Search the place thoroughly.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

80

Merry, still carrying Solo's body on his shoulder, comes out the door, looks around, wondering which way to go to hide. CAMERA TILTS UP to find Bernie, poised on a low roof a little to one side. He leaps.

BACK TO SCENE

81

As Bernie drops on Merry, they fall to the ground together. Merry springs to his feet, lifts Bernie up with one hand, looks at him in surprise, slugs him hard across the side of the neck with his other hand, swinging it. There's a brief fight, at the

CLEVELAND (continuing)
And here they are now. Kindly
leave the door ajar, Miss Wong.

79
CONT'D
(2)

Miss Wong opens the door slightly. The SOUND of feet is HEARD, running up the stairway, and now Sergeant Fauntleroy, his Sikh constable and a few other Hong Kong policemen burst into the room. Cleveland shows his surprise.

CLEVELAND
Well, gentlemen...this is an
unexpected pleasure.

FAUNTLEROY (severely)
Unexpected - true. But, a pleasure,
I doubt, Mr. Cleveland.

He looks around hopelessly, makes a helpless gesture.

FAUNTLEROY (lame)
Someone said...a man was being
killed.

CLEVELAND (laughs)
Just my competitors. This is a
sales-meeting, Sergeant, nothing
more. I sell toys.

Fauntleroy looks at a likely-looking square box that one of the girls has set out on the table. He peers at it, touches it, it flies open and a few trick snakes spring out. Fauntleroy SQUEALS.

FAUNTLEROY (recovering
his dignity)
Search the place thoroughly.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

80

Merry, still carrying Solo's body on his shoulder, comes out the door, looks around, wondering which way to go to hide. CAMERA TILTS UP to find Bernie, poised on a low roof a little to one side. He leaps.

BACK TO SCENE

81

As Bernie drops on Merry, they fall to the ground together. Merry springs to his feet, lifts Bernie up with one hand, looks at him in surprise, slugs him hard across the side of the neck with his other hand, swinging it. There's a brief fight, at the

end of which Bernie goes limp. Merry throws him over his shoulder, picks up Solo, throws him over the other shoulder, marches off towards the corner, a giant with two carcasses on the way to the slaughter-house. He turns back hurriedly at:

81
CONT'D
(2)

LONG SHOT - A POLICE CAR

82

at the end of the alley.

BACK TO SCENE

83

Merry moves away hurriedly, back the way he came, till he reaches the second corner. He peers round it, shows his alarm.

LONG SHOT - TWO POLICEMEN

84

walking towards CAMERA.

BACK TO SCENE

85

Merry shows a moment of panic. He sees the big square garbage container which stands close by, opens the lid, drops the two bodies into it.

CLOSER ON THE GARBAGE CONTAINER

86

as Merry hurriedly slurps garbage all over them. Solo's eyes are open, and he is struggling. Merry lifts him up by the hair, cuts him across the neck with a Judo chop, Solo goes limp again. Merry closes the lid.

BACK TO SCENE - NEW ANGLE

87

Merry leans against the wall by the garbage container with a fine show of nonchalance as the two policemen turn the corner b.g., and approach him. One of the cops holds out his hand silently, and Merry fumbles for his papers, then hands them over. O.S., WE HEAR the SOUND of a truck approaching, and as the police examine Merry's papers silently, the garbage truck pulls INTO SHOT. Two men get down, picks up the big container, empty it into the truck receptacle.

CLOSE SHOT - THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK

88

He throws a lever.

BOOM SHOT - THE GARBAGE RECEPTACLE

89

It begins its jolly journey up and over. Solo, his eyes open again now and his nose wrinkling at the smell, is wriggling hard, mumbling through his gag; no one hears him. Bernie, still unconscious, is beside him. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the receptacle up, up, up, up to the top, and watches it tip. The two bodies fall with a geplonk into the muck in the truck's main body.

FULL SHOT

90

The police have just about finished examining Merry's papers, but he is staring at the truck in horror. One of the cops jabs him, meaning: Well, take them... Merry takes his papers and stuffs them in his pocket. One of the policemen stops to light a cigarette as the truck pulls away. Merry stares after it in dismay. Finally, the truck disappears round the corner and the policemen, at a leisurely pace, move on about their business. Merry shakes his head sadly, still staring in the direction the truck took.

MERRY

Tch...tch...tch...tch...

CAMERA WHIP PANS to a doorway on the opposite side of the street, and ZOOMS IN on Heavenly. Partly concealed, she is looking down the street.

LONG SHOT - THE TRUCK

91

from Heavenly's POV, as it moves along the street, heading away.

BACK TO HEAVENLY - CLOSER

92

She leaps to her feet, begins to sprint lithely away.

SPIN TO:

EXT. WATERFRONT - NIGHT

93

A deserted stretch of water, with a ramshackle wharf or some such. The garbage truck pulls INTO SHOT, backing up to the water.

CLOSE ON THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK

94

He pulls a lever.

BACK TO SCENE

95

The body of the truck tips up, its rear door swings open, all the garbage goes heading into the water.

CLOSER ON THE GARBAGE

96

including Solo and Bernie, as they splash into the water. Melonrinds, floating tin cans, etc., surround them.

BACK TO SCENE

97

The truck takes off, its body returning to the normal position as it goes. WHIP PAN to find Heavenly, in LONG SHOT, sprinting towards CAMERA, fast, along the wharf or whatever. CAMERA PANS with her, as, not stopping, she takes a header into the water.

EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT

98

Heavenly surfaces, looks around, dives again. She comes up with both Solo and Bernie, dragging them one under each arm as she swims on her back for the shore.

EXT. THE WATER - NIGHT

99

Heavenly clambers ashore, pulling Bernie after her. She drags him to dry ground, turns back, drags Solo (who is now fully conscious) ashore also. She drops him and runs quickly to Bernie - a little away - so that through the following scene Solo is struggling

and occasionally mumbling through his gag in the b.g. Heavenly takes no notice of Solo; she's fully occupied with Bernie. She lifts up his head, slaps his face lightly once or twice, to bring him back to consciousness.

99
CONT'D
(2)

HEAVENLY

Bernie? Bernie? Oh, do wake up,
you can't really be dead...I won't
allow it...Bernie? It's me...
Heavenly.

Bernie, recovering, shakes his head, wipes some garbage from himself, wrinkles his nose at the smell, looks at Heavenly.

BERNIE

Heavenly...is that where I am?
In Heaven?

HEAVENLY

No, you're in the Waterside
Garbage Disposal Center, can't
you smell it?

Bernie looks at her with calf-love dripping from him.

BERNIE

Heavenly...you're beautiful...
you're an angel...I love you.

HEAVENLY

Oh, do shut up. Quickly, tell
me who this man (SOLO) is...?
Max's partner?

BERNIE (a sigh; a

look at Heavenly)
Hmmm?

HEAVENLY

Is he Max Wenzel's partner?

BERNIE (coming

down to earth)
Who, him? No. He's...some kind
of Secret Agent. I'm working for
him.

Heavenly, startled, looks at Solo.

and occasionally mumbling through his gag in the
b.g. Heavenly takes no notice of Solo; she's fully
occupied with Bernie. She lifts up his head, slaps
his face lightly once or twice, to bring him back
to consciousness.

99
CONT'D
(2)

HEAVENLY

Bernie? Bernie? Oh, do wake
up, you can't really be dead...
I won't allow it...Bernie? It's
me...Heavenly.

Bernie, recovering, shakes his head. Bernie looks
at her with calf-love dripping from him.

BERNIE

Heavenly...you're beautiful...
you're an angel...I love you.

HEAVENLY

Oh, do shut up. Quickly, tell
me who this man (SOLO) is...?
Max's partner?

BERNIE (coming down
to earth)

Who, him? No. He's...some kind
of Secret Agent. I'm working
for him.

Heavenly, startled, looks at Solo.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

100

lying there in the muck, struggling helplessly,
mumbling through his gag. Though no one can under-
stand much of what he says, for the record it's:

SOLO

Well, cut me free, you wretched
woman...

BACK TO SCENE - NEW ANGLE

101

Heavenly is drawing very close to Bernie as they
squat on the ground, still dripping wet. He looks
at her wistfully. Her voice is seductive.

HEAVENLY

Bernie...wouldn't you rather work
for me?

MED. SHOT - SOLO

100

lying there in the muck, struggling helplessly, mumbling through his gag. Though no one can understand much of what he says, for the record it's:

SOLO

Well, cut me free, you wretched woman...

BACK TO SCENE - NEW ANGLE

101

Heavenly is drawing very close to Bernie as they squat on the ground, still dripping wet. He looks at her wistfully. Her voice is seductive.

HEAVENLY

You're working for him?

BERNIE

Uh-huh...

HEAVENLY

Wouldn't you rather work for me?

BERNIE (a sigh)

Much, much rather...

Heavenly kisses him once, lightly, touches his face gently.

HEAVENLY

I'll be in touch.

She leaps to her feet and is gone. Bernie jumps up, makes a few steps after her, stops.

BERNIE

Heavenly...I love you...

A glug-glug SOUND from Solo, behind him, makes him turn back.

BERNIE

Oh.

He walks back to Solo, squats on the ground beside him, peers into his face.

BERNIE

Boy, you really do look a mess.

SOLO

Glug glug glug.

BERNIE

Does that mean you're sorry you fired me?

101
CONT'D
(2)

Solo glares at him.

SOLO

Glug glug glug.

Bernie is pulling off the gag. He begins to untie the hands.

SOLO (exasperated)

It means...

(patiently)

...it means I'm grateful that you tried to help, but I'll give you another thousand dollars if you won't work for me anymore.

BERNIE (blandly)

But I don't want to work for you anymore. I've got a better offer.

He gets to his feet, runs off with:

BERNIE

Heavenly..wait for me....!

Solo sits there, hands on chin, looking after him. With a gesture, he begins to pull bits of garbage off his body.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

BERNIE (a sigh)
Much, much rather...

101
CONT'D
(2)

Heavenly kisses him once, lightly, touches his face gently.

HEAVENLY
I'll be in touch.

She leaps to her feet and is gone. Bernie jumps up, makes a few steps after her, stops. A glug-glug SOUND from Solo, behind him, makes him turn back.

BERNIE
Oh.

He walks back to Solo, squats on the ground beside him, peers into his face.

BERNIE
Boy, you really do look a mess.

SOLO
Glug glug glug.

Bernie is pulling off the gag. He begins to untie the hands.

BERNIE (blandly)
Sorry, I can't work for you anymore Mr. Solo. I've got a better offer.

He gets to his feet, runs off with:

BERNIE
Heavenly..wait for me....!

Solo sits there, hands on chin, looking after him.

SOLO (very weary)
Nevertheless --- thanks.

With a gesture, he begins to pull bits of garbage off his body.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
INT. TEA HOUSE - NIGHT

102

Solo is just finishing changing his clothes and is slipping into a jacket. Illya is proposing a possible new attack on the Apricot problem, and they are in the middle of a conversation as we open.

ILLYA
Max tried to contact Apricot...
and was killed. Bernie tried...
and was caught. Then you tried...

SOLO
...and the less said about that
the better.

ILLYA
Then I will say nothing. What
about our erstwhile student?

SOLO
Bernie has decided he'd rather
run off with pretty girls. He just
won't believe that Heavenly is...
one of the bad guys.

ILLYA
One of the few masculine preroga-
tives the ladies have left us, is
the tendency we have to make fools
of ourselves over them.

B.G., the door opens and Jasmine comes in with a sheaf of papers.

JASMINE
The passenger lists you asked for.

Solo, urgently, takes them from her, skims through them.

SOLO
Ah, here it is, Jeremiah Krim,
merchant, travelling from Ulan
Bator, flight number thirty-seven,
landing...
(checks watch)
...ten minutes ago...Come on, or
we'll miss him!

Omitted

Followed by Illya, he dashes from the room.

SPIN TO:

102
CONT'D
(2)

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

103

CAMERA is on Merry, who is opening the door that leads in from the alley. He is very obsequious. A shadow stands in the doorway.

MERRY

This way, Excellency...

CAMERA PANS as his guest moves in, so that we only see his back. This is TOPTAMISH KIPCHAK, alias JEREMIAH KRIM, alias ILLYA KURYAKIN. He walks slowly, on crutches; under his Tartar astrakhan cap his oiled bald pate glistens in the dim light; his coat is made of piebald skins; his breeches bellow out over leather knee boots; and when he turns his head later, we will see that his heavy eyebrows are black, his black moustache is turned down, and there is a sabre scar across his scowling face. He is absolutely different from any Illya we have ever seen -- his body padded out with cushions, his voice throaty and heavily accented -- and we should hold his identity secret just as long as we possibly can. Because of an old injury to his throat, he uses a voice box - a small microphone strapped to his throat, through which his natural voice is distorted. In this getup he is terrible and frightening, quite dominating any scene...With Merry close by him, bowing obsequiously, he continues to the wooden stairway. As he begins to climb, laboriously, Merry puts out a hand to help him. Savagely, Kipchak knocks it away with his crutch, and his voice is an angry snarl.

KIPCHAK

Stand back, dog! I need no help...!

Abashed, Merry hurriedly backs off. Kipchak climbs, Merry hesitantly follows. The geese are SQUAWKING. Merry vents his anger on them.

MERRY

Quiet!

(a mutter)

Or I'll have you roasted
for supper...

Their SQUAWKING subsides.

Scene
changed

INT. CLEVELAND'S OFFICE - NIGHT

104

There is silence. The buyers seated at the table are looking towards the door; the two girls appear apprehensive; Cleveland stands by his seat, one foot on it, very casual, a gun in his hand; the gun is aimed at the door. The MUSIC is OMINOUS.

CAMERA PANS, comes to rest on the door. HOLD. Suddenly it is thrown open and Kipchak is there, standing in it, leaning heavily on his crutches, scowling at them; he looks terrible, frightening, a savage Tartar out of the story books. He looks at Cleveland's gun, spits out his words savagely, points a crutch at Cleveland.

KIPCHAK

I give you one minute to put away
that gun...and then...I kill you.

Cleveland takes his foot off the chair and stands ready. He feels the menace, and we can sense the effort he makes to overcome it.

CLEVELAND (holding his
ground)

First, Jeremiah Krim, there is something you have to tell me.

KIPCHAK

I will be called by my name, Toptamish Kipchak.

CLEVELAND

There is no one in this room who knows you, Toptamish Kipchak.

KIPCHAK

Then know me by these words: The Tundra is fertile.

Cleveland breathes a visible sigh of relief and puts away his gun. With an expansive gesture:

CLEVELAND

Sit down and join us, Toptamish Kipchak.

Kipchak now comes into the room, moving slowly and painfully to the chair which Miss Wong - showing her fear of this terrible man - nervously holds out for him. As he does so:

CLEVELAND

I think you do not know any of our clients here...Madam Claudile, from France; Mr. Sing-Wo, China; Herr Schnuger, Germany; Mr. Jambo Sana, Tanzania; Mr. Smith-Jones, England; Comrade Voshnosh, Russia; and Herr Knopfagel of Switzerland, who takes care of our finances.

104
CONT'D
(2)

*names
list*

He is pouring a glass of wine for the newcomer. Kipchak brushes the glass angrily to the floor, where it smashes. He glares at the others. His voice is harsh, slow, deliberate.

omitted

KIPCHAK

I do not care to know any of them. I have come for my coin. You have it?

CLAUDILE (pointedly)

Your coin?

Kipchak turns his cold eyes on her.

CLEVELAND (a beat)

No, I do not have it. But like all our merchandise, it will be sold against....promise of delivery.

Kipchak looks back at Cleveland.

KIPCHAK

And that will be...when?

CLAUDILE

Whenever it is, you are merely one of many who will bid for it.

Kipchak's eyes turn to her again.

KIPCHAK (very softly)

This is no place for any painted woman.

*Robert
Chambers*

He turns back to Cleveland.

KIPCHAK (continuing)

Whatever that woman offers you...I will double. Provided, of course, that the coin is, in truth, what you claim it is.

CLAUDILE (coldly)

That uncouth stable hand smells of
camels. Listen to his offer,
Cleveland. And I will double it.

104
CONT'D
(3)

Kipchak brings his fist down on the table with a
roar. ← omitted

KIPCHAK

Enough! I will have that coin!
Regardless of price, I will have
it!

CLEVELAND (smoothly)

I will listen to bids...from both
of you. Shall we open with...?

KIPCHAK

You have my bid of one million dollars.
However, I asked you for an assurance.
I am waiting for it.

CLEVELAND

Oh, there's no doubt of its authenti-
city. When you test it, you will see.

KIPCHAK (a beat)

There was a man...like you...in Ulan.
Bator...who tried my patience. I
had him flayed...and now...the
vultures are picking his bones. *omit comment*

CLAUDILE (sharply)

I wish to raise the bid, Cleveland.

KIPCHAK

And, among my own people, I would
have a woman who dared to oppose
me...whipped and dragged behind
wild horses. *FLOGGED*

CLEVELAND (placatory)

Please, please...The simplest test,
Excellency, will assure you of its
authenticity. A normal Pine Tree
shilling is made of silver, it is
soft and malleable, but this one...
the metal cannot be bent, or twisted,
or scored, or cut...It is harder than
a diamond, it will withstand a tempera-
ture of seven thousand degrees, and it
is impervious to any kind of damage. It
was cast from the top-secret alloy known
as G739, the metal used in the nose cones
of the American long range missiles, under
conditions of extraordinary secrecy, and
you may subject it, Excellency, to any test
before payment... *omit line*

The expression on his face changes; he is aware that something is wrong. As he continues, his hand goes slowly to his shoulder-holster.

104
CONT'I
(4)

*gets gun
from
Miss Wong*

CLEVELAND (continuing)
...to any test you may desire. It has been developed in the utmost secrecy...

Suddenly, he whips out his gun, swings round, fires UP into the air.

LOW ANGLE - TWO SHOT - BERNIE AND HEAVENLY

105

from Cleveland's POV. They are both at the skylight, peering down on the meeting. A small bullet-hole is in the glass, and Bernie can be seen clutching at his shoulder, his face contorted with pain. He crashes through the glass, half held there by Heavenly as she attempts to pull him back up again. He is slipping...slipping...

FULL SHOT

106

CLEVELAND

Merry!

Merry leaps up onto the table, grabs Bernie and throws him down, then grabs Heavenly's wrist. She SCREAMS, then falls on top of him. There is chaos. The buyers have scrambled to their feet in alarm; only Kipchak remains motionless and impassive. Heavenly, her arms held from behind by Merry, struggles ineffectually, kicking her legs out, a tiger in a trap. Cleveland holds his gun under her face, his calm quite gone now; he is furious.

changed

CLEVELAND

Unless you can explain...you know what we do with traitors?!

Suddenly, the beep-beeping SOUND starts up, and the LIGHTS on the statue start FLASHING. The movement freezes, as Cleveland gun in hand, spins round to look at the statue. The microphonic voice comes from it again.

VOICE

No one...will move.

Cleveland, wondering, covers the others with his gun.

CLEVELAND

Keep quite still! Everyone!

106
CONT'
(2)

All the LIGHTS, except those on the statue, go OUT. Below the statue, part of the wall swings slowly, CREAKILY, open, and a shadow steps out. (We do not yet know it, but this is Jade). Over her sampian-girl rags she wears a long Mandarin-type cloak, and her face is concealed behind a stylized Chinese mask. She stands in the opening and does not move, in this scene, at any time. (Her voice, muffled by the mask, remains unrecognizable as that of a woman).

*Lights
are on*

CLEVELAND

Apricot!

JADE

Be quiet.

CAMERA EXPLORES the faces of the others. Bernie lies on the floor, hurt; Heavenly is still held by Merry; Cleveland covers them with his gun; Kipchak stares impassively into space. CAMERA finishes on Jade's shadow below the statue.

JADE

There is a stranger in this room.
The same clothes, the same crutches,
the same scars, the same voice.
But, a stranger.

*omitted
comments*

CLEVELAND

Kipchak!

JADE

Kipchak was arrested at the airport,
twenty minutes after he landed.

Cleveland has swung his gun round to Kipchak. He steps forward, pats Kipchak's body, finds an Uncle Special, pockets it, puts the other contents of the pockets on the table, including an Uncle cigarette pack (ESTABLISH). He gestures at Merry.

CLEVELAND (harshly)

Tie him. And give me your knife.

JADE *Room*

No! In...another place.

Kipchak sighs. He begins to peel off his make-up - wig, eyebrows, scar, moustache, etc., revealing himself as Illya. The last to go is the voice-box, at which point his voice returns to normal.

ILLYA
You've no idea how uncomfortable
all this is.
(he removes the mike;
voice to normal)
And we don't need this any more,
do we?

106
CONT'I
(3)

MED. SHOT - JADE

107

She stands in the shadow of the open panel, a
silhouette.

JADE
Bring them to the Smiling Fish,
the three of them.

BACK TO SCENE

108

Cleveland gestures with his gun to Illya.

CLEVELAND
You heard. On your feet.
Suddenly, the LIGHTS go ON.

omit

FULL SHOT

109

The statue LIGHTS have gone OFF, and the open panel
embrasure is empty. Cleveland turns to the buyers.

CLEVELAND
If you will wait here for us...in
a short while we will return. And
we will have that coin, I promise
you.

SMITH-JONES
You sound very confident.

CLEVELAND (evilly)
Yes. I am very confident. One
of these three...will tell us
everything we want to know.
(he turns back to Illya)
Move.

Illya rises, moves towards the panel. Bernie gets
to his feet, follows. Merry shoves Heavenly towards
it.

SPIN TO:

INT. THE "SMILING FISH" - NIGHT

110

Part of the wall has been opened - the other end of the secret passage, and Jade is just closing it. Merry still holds Heavenly, and Cleveland is in the process of binding Illya and Bernie back to back with a rope around them. The barman is stolidly pouring drinks for Jade, Cleveland and Merry. The LIGHTS here are normal, and now, perhaps, we can see that Jade is a woman, though she still wears her gown and mask; she moves as little as possible - to prolong the illusion - sitting at a table, well in command of the situation. The roping finished, Cleveland looks at Jade.

JADE

The woman.

Cleveland moves towards Heavenly. CAMERA FINDS Illya and Bernie, now roped back to back.

ILLYA (sympathetically)

How's the shoulder?

BERNIE

That's the least of my troubles.

ILLYA

That's the spirit.

MED. SHOT - JADE

111

JADE

Now, one of you will tell me where that coin is.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND BERNIE

112

roped back to back.

JADE (voice over)

That woman's life is in your hands.

ILLYA

You won't believe it, but I honestly wish I could.

*No change**omitted*

INT. THE "SMILING FISH" - NIGHT

110

Part of the wall has been opened - the other end of the secret passage, and Jade is just closing it. Merry still holds Heavenly, and Cleveland is in the process of binding Illya and Bernie back to back with a rope around them. The barman is stolidly pouring drinks for Jade, Cleveland and Merry. The LIGHTS here are normal, and now, perhaps, we can see that Jade is a woman, though she still wears her gown and mask; she moves as little as possible - to prolong the illusion - sitting at a table, well in command of the situation. The roping finished, Cleveland looks at Jade.

MED. SHOT - JADE

111

JADE

Now, one of you will tell me where that coin is.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND BERNIE

112

roped back to back.

JADE (voice over)

That woman's life is in your hands.

ILLYA

You won't believe it, but I honestly wish I could.

JADE (voice over)

Cleveland, you know what to do.

Bernie struggles. Illya strains his neck, trying to turn to him.

ILLYA (desperate)

Think, Bernie, there must be something...something you saw...or heard...

BERNIE (anguished)

Nothing...Just a Pine-Tree shilling
...and a dragon-fly...

(a beat)

A dragon-fly!

JADE (voice over)
Cleveland, you know what to do.

112
CONT'D
(2)

Bernie struggles. Illya strains his neck, trying to turn to him.

ILLYA (desperate)
Think, Bernie, there must be something...something you saw... or heard...

BERNIE (anguished)
Nothing... Just a Pine-Tree shilling... and a dragon-fly...
(a beat)
A dragon-fly!

Bernie tries to throw himself in Heavenly's direction, and with Illya, falls to the floor. Bernie is underneath Illya, so that Illya lies on his back, looking up.

BERNIE (a yell)
Get off my back!

ILLYA
How can I, you clot!? Bernie, what was that about...a dragon-fly...?

Now, Jade moves INTO SHOT and crouches down beside the two of them. Her position is such that her gown is partly opened, disclosing the rags underneath; and the dragon-fly purse at her waist is prominent in the SHOT.

JADE
What did you say?

ILLYA (ignoring her)
Bernie...where would you hide a coin...? You'd spend it, wouldn't you? Only one possible place.....
(he looks up at Jade)
I know where the coin is. I will tell you.

GROUP SHOT

113

Jade gets to her feet.

JADE
Then tell me.

ILLYA
I'll make a bargain with you.

113
CONT'D
(2)

JADE
No bargains.

ILLYA
Let those two go...keep me...I will
tell you. I promise.

JADE
No.

ILLYA
Then...no deal.

Jade looks at him. When she speaks, we know that
she is lying:

JADE
Very well, I will release them.
After I get the coin.

ILLYA
Before you get it.

JADE
After.

ILLYA
Cut me free, my friend here is
suffocating.

JADE
No.

ILLYA
I will not talk in this...debased
posture.

SPIN TO:

EXT. A BALCONY - NIGHT

114

We are close by Cleveland's house, above the alley-
way. Solo is watching Cleveland's house. He looks
OFF:

LONG SHOT - HIGH ANGLE - A POLICE CAR

115

approaching at speed along the alley.

ILLYA

Bernie...where would you hide a
coin...? You'd spend it, wouldn't
you? Only one possible place.....

(he looks up at Jade)

I know where the coin is. I will
tell you.

112
CONT'D
(2)

GROUP SHOT

113

Jade gets to her feet.

JADE

Then tell me.

ILLYA

I'll make a bargain with you.

JADE

No bargains.

ILLYA

Let those two go...keep me...I will
tell you. I promise.

JADE

No.

ILLYA

Then...no deal.

EXT. A BALCONY - NIGHT

114

We are close by Cleveland's house, above the alley-
way. Solo is watching Cleveland's house. He looks
OFF:

LONG SHOT - HIGH ANGLE - A POLICE CAR

115

approaching at speed along the alley.

BACK TO SOLO

116

He looks OFF in the other direction.

LONG SHOT - HIGH ANGLE - ANOTHER POLICE CAR

117

approaching from the other direction.

BACK TO SOLO

118

He moves off, beginning to climb down.

EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

119

Sergeant Fauntleroy's Sikh assistant is putting his shoulder to the door. Fauntleroy, beside him, looks OFF:

MED. SHOT - SOLO

120

approaching casually. CAMERA PANS him to Fauntleroy.

SOLO

Fun and games, Sergeant?

FAUNTLEROY

Ah, Mr. Solo. Friend of ours in there needs help.

SOLO

Really? Friend of mine too, maybe. Who called you?

FAUNTLEROY

Sorry, sir, that's...privileged information.

SOLO

Oh. May I, at least, join you?

BG, the door bursts open under the Sikh's shoulder.

FAUNTLEROY

Delighted to have you. Positively delighted.

Solo grimaces, they enter.

116

117

118

119

120

SOLO (fills in)
Solo. You going into the house,
Sergeant?

FAUNTLEROY

Yes. Friend of ours in there needs
help.

120
CONT'D.
(2)

SOLO

Really? Friend of mine too, maybe.
Who called you?

FAUNTLEROY

Sorry, sir, that's...privileged
information.

SOLO

Oh. May I, at least, join you?

BG, the door bursts open under the Sikh's shoulder.

FAUNTLEROY

Delighted to have you. Positively
delighted.

Solo grimaces, they enter.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

121

The buyers are seated comfortably around, waiting. The two secretaries are serving them drinks. The opaque glass-door that leads to the warehouse section bursts open and the police barge in, armed. Solo, hands in pockets casually, is with them. The buyers look their surprise. (The secret panel is closed now).

*Don't
Barge*

SMITH-JONES

Well, really...

Fauntleroy looks around, turns to Solo glumly.

FAUNTLEROY

Same old story...I thought...someone else was here...

Solo has seen Illya's cigarette pack on the table. He picks it up, looks at it.

SOLO

Oh, someone else was here.

He looks at the buyers pleasantly.

SOLO (continuing)

I wonder where they went? And I wonder which of you is going to enlighten us?

SPIN TO:

INT. THE "SMILING FISH" - NIGHT

122

The scene is very much as we left it. Jade is standing over Illya and Bernie, still bound together on the floor.

JADE (a beat)

You know where the coin is?

ILLYA

I do.

JADE

Close by?

ILLYA

Not very far.

Jade takes a deep breath, hesitates, then signals Cleveland to cut them free.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

121

The buyers are seated comfortably around, waiting. The two secretaries are serving them drinks. The opaque glass-door that leads to the warehouse section bursts open and the police barge in, armed. Solo, hands in pockets casually, is with them. The buyers look their surprise. (The secret panel is closed now).

SMITH-JONES

Well, really...

Fauntleroy looks around, turns to Solo glumly.

FAUNTLEROY

Same old story...I thought...some-one else was here...

Solo has seen Illya's cigarette pack on the table. He picks it up, looks at it.

SOLO

Oh, someone else was here.

He looks at the buyers pleasantly.

SOLO (continuing)

I wonder where they went? And I wonder which of you is going to enlighten us?

SPIN TO:

INT. THE "SMILING FISH" - NIGHT

122

The scene is very much as we left it. Jade is standing over Illya and Bernie, still bound together on the floor.

JADE (a beat)

You know where the coin is?

ILLYA

I do.

Jade signals to Cleveland who cuts them free.

JADE

Your determination does you credit.
But don't count on it to free you.

122
CONT'D
(2)

Painfully, Illya and Bernie clamber to their feet. Cleveland, gun in hand again, watches them carefully.

ILLYA

I need a drink. Do you mind?

Without waiting for a reply, he picks up a bottle that is on the bar, pours a long drink of whiskey, then another. As he does so:

JADE (getting angry)

Don't try my patience too far!
The odds are too high against you!

Illya calmly gestures at Heavenly, who is still held tight by Merry.

ILLYA

And you might as well release her too. I talk best when I'm quite relaxed.

JADE

I will give you ten seconds to tell me where the coin is. In ten seconds, she will be shot.

Cleveland turns his gun on Heavenly, waits.

ILLYA (calmly)

You've gone to all this trouble for nothing, you know.

JADE

Nothing?

ILLYA

Max Wenzel went across to the bar in a sampan, didn't he?

JADE

You know he did.

ILLYA

And told the sampan woman to wait. He didn't like the looks of this place...

(to Bernie; casually)

...and I don't really blame him, do you?

change

JADE

I will give you ten seconds to tell
me where the coin is. In ten
seconds, she will be shot.

122
CONT'D
(2)

Cleveland turns his gun on Heavenly, waits.

ILLYA (calmly)

You've gone to all this trouble for
nothing, you know.

JADE

Nothing?

ILLYA

Max Wenzel went across to the bar
in a sampan, didn't he?

JADE

You know he did.

ILLYA

And told the sampan woman to wait.
He didn't like the looks of this
place... And he gave the Sampan woman
a handful of coins, which she slipped
into your purse. That woman was
you...Apricot! And the Dragon-Fly
Max referred to...I believe that is
a Dragon-Fly design on your money
pouch.

Jade stares. Then her eyes go slowly to the purse
at her waist. Cleveland is looking at her in aston-
ishment too.

CLEVELAND

Apricot...you've...

ILLYA (up)

Now!

He suddenly flings his glass of whiskey into
Cleveland's face, as Bernie, simultaneously, throws
his at Merry. Merry stumbles back, and his gun
goes off. Illya hurls himself at Cleveland and
grapples for the gun. Bernie, rather hopelessly
now that he's wounded, hurls himself at Merry.
Heavenly throws herself at Jade and sends her fly-
ing, rips off her mask, disclosing her face for the
first time.

into Jade's
and
Tosses Rose
to Bernie

BERNIE

No, not really. It's a bit of a
dump, isn't it?

122
CONT'D
(3)

JADE (furious)

Talk!

ILLYA (to Jade)

And he gave the Sampan woman a
handful of coins, which she slipped
into your purse. That woman was
you...Apricot! And the Dragon-Fly
Max referred to...I believe that is
a Dragon-Fly design on your money
pouch.

Jade stares. Then her eyes go slowly to the purse
at her waist. Cleveland is looking at her in
astonishment too.

CLEVELAND

Apricot...you've...

ILLYA (up)

Now!

He suddenly flings his glass of whiskey into
Cleveland's face, as Bernie, simultaneously, throws
his at Merry. Merry stumbles back, and his gun goes
off. Illya hurls himself at Cleveland and grapples
for the gun. Bernie, rather hopelessly now that
he's wounded, hurls himself at Merry. Heavenly
throws herself at Jade and sends her flying, rips
off her mask, disclosing her face for the first
time.

TWO SHOT - HEAVENLY AND JADE

123

They are struggling for possession of the purse.

HEAVENLY

You should...never have...left your
sampan...

CAMERA FEATURES their four hands in the air, two of
them clutching the purse, then gets INTERCUTS of the
fight - Bernie on the floor, clutching his shoulder
as he sticks out a foot and sends Merry flying; the
barman pulling Illya off Cleveland and getting
knocked down for his trouble; Merry leaping to his
feet with a ROAR and throwing himself on Illya;
Cleveland recovering his gun from the floor and
aiming it at Illya, who has been sent flying by

TWO SHOT - HEAVENLY AND JADE

123

They are struggling for possession of the purse.

HEAVENLY

You should...never have...left your
sampan...

CAMERA FEATURES their four hands in the air, two of them clutching the purse, then gets INTERCUTS of the fight - Bernie on the floor, clutching his shoulder as he sticks out a foot and sends Merry flying; the barman pulling Illya off Cleveland and getting knocked down for his trouble; Merry leaping to his feet with a ROAR and throwing himself on Illya; Cleveland recovering his gun from the floor and aiming it at Illya, who has been sent flying by

Merry...Suddenly, there is the SOUND of a shot, and he crumples to the ground again. CAMERA WHIP-PANS to find Solo at the entrance of the secret panel, now open again. Several police, headed by Fauntleroy, are crowding into the room, all armed. There is a sudden SILENCE as the heavies all raise their arms. CAMERA FINDS Heavenly, sitting on top of Jade's stomach, going through her bag as Jade struggles ineffectually underneath her. Aware of the sudden SILENCE Heavenly looks up at all the police, quite surprised. Fauntleroy runs to her, holstering his gun, helps her to her feet. (She still has the purse).

123
CONT'D
(2)

FAUNTLEROY (desperately
anxious)
Are you all right, Lieutenant? Oh,
what a mess you've made of your
lovely dress.

BERNIE (staring
at Heavenly)
Lieutenant? Hey, you didn't tell
me...anything about...

HEAVENLY (calmly)
Hong Kong Special Service Squad, no,
Bernie, I wasn't really quite sure
of you.

Suddenly, realizing how badly he's hurt, she runs to him, and crouches down beside him, pulling the shirt away from his wound.

HEAVENLY
Oh, Bernie, your poor shoulder...
Does it hurt very much?

BERNIE
Gee...a Lieutenant...

Illya is picking himself up off the ground. He looks at Solo.

ILLYA (mildly)
For a moment there, I didn't think
you'd make it in time.

SOLO
Had a little trouble finding that
secret passage. But all's well
that ends well.

ILLYA
And how well you coin a phrase.

He crosses to Heavenly, gently removes the purse from her hand. She is looking lovingly at Bernie, tending him, purring over him.

123
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

You don't really need this, do you?

Absently, not taking her eyes off Bernie (who returns the loving look), she shakes her head.

HEAVENLY (a sigh)

No, not really. Just let Sergeant Fauntleroy round up the prisoners.

ILLYA

With pleasure. Is there anything else we can do for you?

(a beat)

No, I see there's not.

Heavenly and Bernie are far too busy sighing at each other to pay Illya much attention.

BERNIE

And the things we used to say in the Marine Corps about the Lieutenants.

Illya digs into the purse, comes up with the Pine-Tree shilling, goes to Solo and hands it to him.

ILLYA

A souvenir of Hong Kong. Take it home to your family.

Solo takes it, examines it, tosses it once, puts it in his pocket. B.g., the police are handcuffing the heavies and herding them out. Solo jerks his head towards Heavenly and Bernie; they are now clasped in each other's arms.

SOLO

That boy just never stops looking for trouble.

ILLYA

And if you want to spread your trouble where it will show... there's nothing like a good-looking woman. Shall we go?

Solo shrugs. They go out.

EXT. THE WATER FRONT - NIGHT

124

Maybe the sun is about to come up, and the first streaks of the dawn are showing in the sky. Solo and Illya come out of the bar and stand for a moment, breathing in the fresh air. B.g., some police are loading the heavies onto a truck.

SOLO

The end of Arpicot...I'm glad we hired that young man. I always had the greatest confidence in him.

Illya looks.

ILLYA

I suspect he'll be looking for a job with the Police now. The Special Service Squad.

SOLO

Better them than us. If they only knew what they're getting into.....

He sniffs the air, filling his lungs with an "Ah....." He sniffs it again, frowns.

SOLO

Funny sort of smell around here, don't think I recognize it.

He looks Illya up and down.

ILLYA

A perfume distilled on the Steppes of Outer Mongolia. Camel Number Five...

Together they move off along the SILENT water front.

THE END

He crosses to Heavenly, gently removes the purse from her hand. She is looking lovingly at Bernie, tending him, purring over him.

123
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

You don't really need this, do you?

Absently, not taking her eyes off Bernie (who returns the loving look), she shakes her head.

HEAVENLY (a sigh)

No, not really, Just let Sergeant Fauntleroy round up the prisoners.

ILLYA

With pleasure. Is there anything else we can do for you?

(a beat)

No, I see there's not.

Heavenly and Bernie are far too busy sighing at each other to pay Illya much attention.

BERNIE

And the things we used to say in the Marine Corps about the Lieutenants.

Illya digs into the purse, comes up with the Pine-Tree shilling, goes to Solo and hands it to him.

ILLYA

A souvenir of Hong Kong. Take it home to your family.

Solo takes it, examines it, tosses it once, puts it in his pocket. B.g., the police are handcuffing the heavies and herding them out. Solo jerks his head towards Heavenly and Bernie; they are now clasped in each other's arms.

SOLO

That boy just never stops looking for trouble.

ILLYA

And if you want to spread your trouble where it will show... there's nothing like a good-looking woman...

FADE OUT:

124 OUT

THE END