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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

"The Bat Cone
Affair"

THE NIGHT FLIGHT AFFAIR

Prod. #8418

A

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Boris Ingster

Written by:
Jerry McNeely

Produced by
PENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Night Flight Affair"

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Please make the following name change:

FROM:

TO:

CLEMENCY GILL

CLEMENCY MC GILL

Original
University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City
is required to be removed to be replaced

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

"The Night Flight Affair"

Prod. #8418

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

1

A car comes by, bouncing heavily in the ruts of the dried mud road, and pulls up at a small backwoods-type cabin. HARVEY GLOMM, a busy, enthusiastic little man, leaps from the driver's side and is almost around the car by the time SOLO steps out. Solo winces as he snaps his backbone back into place.

GLOMM

See? That wasn't so far, was it?

SOLO

I'm glad we didn't take the "scenic route".

GLOMM

You're gonna agree she's worth it!
Just you wait!

He bounces up on the rickety porch and impatiently motions Solo to follow him.

CLOSER SHOT

2

He halts himself at the front door and very cautiously turns the knob.

GLOMM (whispering)

Transom may be testing her again --
I don't want to disturb them.

He peers in, nods at Solo, then tiptoes into the cabin.

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - SOLO'S POV - DAY

3

It is very old, but neat and clean. Right now it is also unnaturally dark, because the flower-sack curtains have been pulled over all the windows. We SEE an old, old man (GRAMPA) swaying gently in a rocker. He will be oblivious to all that follows. An ancient table radio is on a tiny table beside him. PAN the room to find TRANSOM, a scholarly-looking man, seated at a table in front of a hanging bed-sheet. We cannot see what is on the other side of the sheet. Transom looks up, sees the two men, gives a signal for silence, then motions them to come closer. He turns over a card from a deck of playing cards.

TRANSOM

All right, Clemency, now concentrate --- what card is this?

NEW ANGLE

4

Glomm and Solo tiptoe up to Transom, the former with eagerly shining eyes, the latter with an openly skeptical look. The voice comes with a charming mountain twang.

CLEMENCY'S VOICE

Number eight of the diamonds.

INSERT - ON THE CARD

5

Sure enough, it is the eight of diamonds.

SHOT

6

Glomm beams and looks at Solo with a delighted expression. Transom turns over another card.

TRANSOM

And this one?

CLEMENCY'S VOICE

Number four ---- of the hearts.

Transom holds it up for the men to see -- the four of hearts. Solo manages a tolerant smile of acknowledgement.

TRANSOM

And this one?

CLEMENCY'S VOICE

Number two of the hearts.

6

CONT'D

(2)

Transom starts to turn over another card, but Solo reaches down and stops him. Solo then reaches into the deck and extracts a card himself from the middle. He hands it to Transom and points confidently, inviting him to have her guess this one. Transom smiles at his skepticism.

TRANSOM

And this?

CLEMENCY'S VOICE

Oh, that's the young fellow -- in the -- clubs. --- The Prince?

TRANSOM (smiles)

The jack.

CLEMENCY'S VOICE

The jack.

ON SOLO

7

Interest piqued now. Still clearly skeptical.

SHOT

8

TRANSOM (in hushed excitement)

She hasn't missed a one. Not a one!

GLOMM

What do you think of that, Mr. Solo?
Didn't I tell you she was incredible?

SOLO (calmly)

Professor Glomm, I'm well aware that you are one of our leading scholars in the field of extrasensory perception. But I also know that even the most impressive tests produced results only slightly above the laws of chance, and using only five cards. --- No one has ever gotten the cards in an entire deck right --- no one.

al lonlphO

of tel .yHJ awal ,rehtidJ awal to yllarevnlU
noilelmng tuodhw t stng to hachbanger ed

GLOMM

That's true, but what about that bomb under the United Nations Assembly Hall. You found it didn't you?

8

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

That's why I'm here. To get to the bottom of this.

ON THE BED SHEET

9

A hand pulls it back and we see CLEMENCY MC GILL - a beautiful young girl, perhaps nineteen, unspoiled, innocent and ingenuous. Dressed in an old-fashioned dress, her hair in a bun held by an elaborate old-fashioned comb. She studies Solo with large, curious eyes.

CLEMENCY (it is a statement, not a question)
Your name --- is Mr. Solo.

SHOT

10

Solo obviously likes what he sees. He enjoys the view for a moment, then nods pleasantly.

SOLO

Hello.

GLOMM

There now! I didn't tell her your name. Did you, Transom?

TRANSOM

No sir. I just told her you'd gone to pick up a man.

Solo gives them a weary, "Oh, please!" look.

CLEMENCY

You work for ----

(she gets a puzzled look)

----- U.N.C.L.E.? A store called
U.N.C.L.E.?

SOLO

Now really, professor, you promised if we'd check this out you wouldn't disclose ---

I didn't!

10
CONT'D
(2)

CLEMENCY (almost as if
she hears voices)
You're supposed ta be findin' out about
some --- bird --- Thrush --- or some-
thing.
(she shakes her head)
I don't really understand.

ON SOLO

11

Now clearly alerted. This is information no one in this
room should have. He looks at the men, back at Clemency.

SHOT

12

SOLO (sharply)
Who told you about me, Clemency?

CLEMENCY
Nobody tol' me. I've got the knowin'
way.

SOLO (cautiously)
You certainly have.

Suddenly the radio, which Grampa has apparently turned on,
emits a BLAST of country MUSIC at full volume. Everybody
jumps.

CLEMENCY (reproachfully)
Grampa! We have comp'ny! You have to
turn that off now!

Gloomily, Grampa complies.

CLEMENCY (more gently)
You can put it on in a little while,
once the --
(suddenly, to Solo)
Eeeel-ya! --- What kind of name is
that? Eeel-ya Curry-ackin'!

SOLO
What about --- Mr. Kuryakin?

ni laighO
of laH .yHO ewol ,sehandil ewol lo yHzevinO
relativetw together : ewol lo sehandil ewol

CLEMENCY (apparently
really concerned)
He's a friend o' yours. An' he's in
danger!

12
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (his eyes narrow)
---- Oh?

CLEMENCY
Yes! --- He's in Spain, ain't he?
Yes, Spain! An' he's in terrible
danger from a bull's horn, Mr. Solo!

solo visibly relaxes.

12
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO

Well, Clemency, I'm very glad to hear that. Because, I think I was beginning to believe you! --- It happens Mr. Kuryakin is not in Spain. He's in Stockholm.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. BULL RING - MADRID - (STOCK) - DAY

13

to ESTABLISH. We HEAR the SOUND of a huge crowd cheering, shouting "Ole!"

ILLYA

14

being chased by a bull across the arena. He takes refuge behind the barrier. Two THRUJSHMEN in matador suits -- one of them holding a gun -- push him back out.

EXT. BULL RING - ON ILLYA

15

He waves his jacket as a matador would.

CLOSE SHOT - BULL - (STOCK)

16

pawing the ground preliminary to a charge.

ON ILLYA

17

Shock and desperate concentration. He appears completely defenseless.

ON THE BULL - ILLYA'S POV

18

The animal glowers at Illya and then begins a charge, its horns lowered menacingly. BLUR and:

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

19

A RADIO MAN fiddles around with assorted dials as WAVERLY and Solo talk.

SOLO

We've checked her out completely. Until today, she's never left the hills, and everything she's told us is correct down to the last detail.

WAVERLY

And what about the two scientists?

SOLO

Glomm is all right. We haven't finished investigating Transom, but there's no cause for concern so far.

WATERLY

4 girl professing to be clairvoyant!
I must say, Mr. Solo, that I'm more
than a little dubious....

SOLO

That's why I brought them all here, Mr. Waverly. She's in the next ---

SECRETARY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Kuryakin is coming in now, sir.

WAVERLY

Thank you.

(into microphone, sternly)

Mr. Kuryakin? You're supposed to be in Stockholm. What are you doing in Madrid?

INTERCUT the following with CLOSE SHOTS of Illya in INTERIOR MADRID POLICE STATION.

ILLYA

Well, sir, a funny thing happened to me on the way to Sweden. It seems that I intercepted a Thrush letter. It contained a list of numbers which I'm sending on to you....

00000000

[illegible]

WAVERLY (still a bit testy)
That's very commendable. But it doesn't
explain why you're not where you're
supposed to be.

19
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
The letter was postmarked Madrid. I
thought if I could locate the source,
I might find what the list of numbers
is all about.

WAVERLY
Mmmm.

SOLO (to Waverly)
You -- uh -- you might ask him what he
was doing in the bull ring, sir.

WAVERLY (after a glance
at Solo)
What were you doing in the bull ring,
Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA
Fighting for my life, sir.
(a beat)
How did you know about it?

WAVERLY (mysteriously)
Uncle knows everything.

ILLYA
Oh.
(a beat while he ponders this)
I was -- chased there by a couple of
Thrush agents.
(a beat)
He was a very brave bull, sir.

WAVERLY
How did you get away from him?

ILLYA
Well, I had to -- put him to sleep. A
small dosage of gas from my fountain
pen. A -- uh -- a minor riot ensued.

WAVERLY
It did?

ILLYA
The aficionados took offense. As I
say, he was a very brave full, and they
-- thought I was treating him unfairly.

WAVERLY

Where are you now?

19
CONT'D
(3)

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that Illya is in a jail cell, in front of which two Spanish POLICEMEN, in rather garish costume, pace.

ILLYA

I seem to be in protective custody.
Madrid's finest.

(a beat)

Is there anything new on your end?

SOLO (casually)

Oh, nothing much. An ultimatum from Thrush. Unless the sum of one billion dollars, in assorted currencies, is delivered to them by Thursday, they threaten to launch "Operation Night Flight."

ILLYA

Not -- uh -- not knowing what Operation Night Flight is, I -- can't offer an opinion on that.

omit

WAVERLY

It's some sort of scheme which they say will completely paralyze air travel throughout the world. And you can well imagine what sort of chaos that would cause.

ILLYA

Thursday. That doesn't give us much time, does it?

WAVERLY

Very little. But I suspect you're getting close. Otherwise, Thrush wouldn't be chasing you so eagerly.
(a beat)

Well, maintain Stage Three Communication for the present.

ILLYA

Yes, sir.

Waverly clicks off the microphone.

19
CCNT'D
(4)

SOLO

I -- notice you didn't tell him anything about -- Miss McGill.

WAVFRLY (as he and Solo start for the door)

At this point I don't know what there is to tell.

(a beat)

Shall we find out?

He opens the door, and he and Solo step into:

INT. UNCLE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

20

A pleasant enough room with several desks on which a screen is placed, shielding a person on one side from the person on the other. Clemency and Transom sit. Glomm, who has been pacing nervously, moves to greet Waverly.

GLOMM

Ah! ---- Here we are now! Clemency, I'd like you to meet Mr. Alexander Waverly.

WAVERLY

How do you do, Miss McGill?

CLEMENCY

How do, sir.

(smiles at Solo)

He's your boss, ain't he?

SOLO

Did you "think" that, Clemency?

CLEMENCY

No --- he just looked like he would be.

GLOMM

Mr. Waverly, this is Mr. Transom, my research associate.

WAVERLY (shaking hands)

Mr. Transom.

GLOMM

Well, Clemency, are you ready to prove yourself to another skeptic?

20

CONT'D

(2)

CLEMENCY

Well to tell the truth, Professor Glomm, this isn't my idea of what I wanta do the rest o' my life -- just sit here and say off the names o' these silly cards!

SOLO

I think Clemency's right. Why don't we vary the experiment today?

GLOMM (still amused at Solo's skepticism)

What would you like to try, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Well --- has it occurred to you that perhaps something in Mr. Transom's voice is indicating the cards? ----

(with elaborate deference)

Subconsciously -- of course!

omit

TRANSOM

I suppose that is possible, Mr. Solo. What would you suggest?

SOLO

Why not try it with absolute silence?...

(he produces a number of post-cards from an inside pocket)

And with these cards instead of the others.

GLOMM (glancing at the cards, frowning)

Mr. Solo, isn't this rather irregular? I mean, it's hardly in keeping with the basic principles of objective scientific research!

SOLO (pleasantly)

I thought that if Miss McGill could place Mr. Kuryakin in Madrid, she shouldn't have much trouble identifying a few picture postcards.

TRANSOM (with great confidence)

Mr. Solo is quite right, Glomm. I have complete faith in Clemency.

GLOMM (motioning
Clemency to a chair)

My dear.

20
CONT'D
(3)

Transom sits down on one side of the desk, Clemency on the other. She closes her eyes. Solo shuffles the cards expertly and hands them to Transom. Transom turns over a card.

ON THE CARD

21

A photograph of the pyramids.

CLEMENCY

That's the -- uh -- what do you call
them -- the py-ra-mids.

A photo of the Arc de Triomphe is turned over. Thick silence.

CLEMENCY

It's -- a kind of a big horseshoe --
standing up.....Oh, I know! It's
that thing in Paris!

ON SOLO AND WAVERLY

22

clearly impressed.

SOLO

Very good, Clemency, the Arc de
Triomphe.

He turns over another card, which we do not see.

ON CLEMENCY

23

eyes closed, concentrating solemnly. Then she reddens and turns angrily to Solo.

CLEMENCY

Mr. Solo, I do declare ---

SOLO (apologetically)

Oops. Sorry.

He quickly picks up the card -- which we SEE now is a photo of a girl in a very scanty bikini, and pockets it.

23
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY (mildly, to
the scientists)
Uh -- I'd like to try, if you don't
mind.

TRANSOM
Our pleasure, sir.

Waverly produces a photograph from the inner recesses of his wallet. We SEE the picture. Transom smiles as he peers over Waverly's shoulder. After a moment of intense concentration:

CLEMENCY
My, that's a right handsome child!
Don't he have the purtiest blond curls! *← omit*

Waverly is quite pleased.

WAVERLY (beaming)
Thank you, my dear.

CLEMENCY
He sure is a good-lookin' boy!

WAVERLY
Yes, he is handsome, isn't he? That's
my grandson, Melvin.

He wipes the smile off his face quickly, gestures to Solo.

WAVERLY (to the others)
If you'll excuse us, please.

Solo follows him out of the room into the ---

INT. CORRIDOR

24

where they are alone.

SOLO
Well, sir, what do you think?

WAVERLY

24

I'm not quite sure, Mr. Solo. She
could have extrasensory perception.
Or it could be a trick.

CONT'D
(2)

(a beat)

Or she could be involved with Thrush.

(a beat)

Mind you, I'm not suggesting that, but
-- keep a close eye on her, will you?

SOLO

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

But not too close.

On Solo's hurt expression, we:

ZIP PAN TO:

25-OUT

INT. UNCLE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

26

Solo is sitting in a booth with Clemency, who is energetically attacking an ornate ice cream soda, clearly enjoying it enormously.

CLEMENCY (indicating soda)

What did you say you call this again?

SOLO

A Gourmet's Surprise. It has fourteen flavors, all cleverly mixed together in a single scoop.

CLEMENCY (marveling)

My! Back home, we could hardly get nothin' but vanilla.

(thinks)

Well....chocolate, sometimes.

SOLO

You're a very remarkable girl, Clemency.
I mean this -- gift you apparently have.

CLEMENCY

Shoot fire an' save the matches! I
can't very well be proud o' somethin'
that was just born to me, can I?

26

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO (carefully)

When did you --- first discover it?

CLEMENCY

My knowin' way? Shoot, I've always
had it, I guess. My Granny said I
inherited it from her. My Granny
raised me till she dies last year.

SOLO

And she had this -- ability, too?

CLEMENCY

Well, she sure enough didn't set
around sayin' those silly card names,
if that's what you mean!

omit

SOLO

But she seemed to know things.

*omit*26
CONT'D
(3)

CLEMENCY

Yeah ---- she sure did. Whenever one
o' the womenfolk was expectin' a
young'n, she'd always come to my Granny
to find out whether to knit blue or pink.

SOLO

And she was always right?

CLEMENCY

'Course not always! But it never really
mattered --- when she was wrong the
woman'd just hang onto the knittin' for
the next year's baby!

omit

(she slurps the last of her ice
cream soda)

I think I'll just have me another one
o' them!

Solo blinks and motions to the counterman.

SOLO

Once again --- bartender.

CLEMENCY

Then when my Granny died, folks started
a-comin' to me. I hope Granny's soul
rests, but many of 'em do say I have
the 'way' even stronger'n she did.
They ask me about everythin' from
plantin' potatoes on up. Well shoot,
half the time I don't know nothin'
about it ---- well no, that's not right.
I know these things, but I don't know
how I know 'em. I just think 'em!
N'recently it's been gettin' worse n'
worse!

omit

SOLO

In what way?

CLEMENCY

Well ---- take you, for instance. Now
I don't know how I know so much about
you.

SOLO

What do you know about me?

26

CONT'D

(4)

CLEMENCY

Oh -- silly little things. Now, why should I know that last night you went dancin' with a girl named -- Stephenee?

SOLO (clearly startled)

---- Stephanie.

CLEMENCY

Pretty name. If I ever have me a little girl I'm gonna call her Glusilda. ---
You like that?

SOLO (distracted)

--- Lovely. --- Clemency, how did you know I went dancing last night with a girl named Stephanie?

CLEMENCY (thinks)

It just come to me.

(a strange look almost as if
she is listening to voices)

You took her to --- the Purple Unicorn?

Solo is really stunned by this.

CLEMENCY (cont'd)

An' after that ---

(her eyes widen just a bit)

--- You ---

SOLO (snaps to quickly)

Uh --- never mind, Clemency!

He sits and stares at her. The counterwoman brings her another ice cream soda, which she goes into enthusiastically.

CLEMENCY

You'll just have to pardon my makin'
a pig o' myself over this. But it is
so good!

She breaks off and gets a strange look on her face.

SOLO
What's the matter?

26
CONT'D
(5)

CLEMENCY
Mister ---- Curry-ackin'.

SOLO (alert)
---- Yes?

CLEMENCY (shakes her
head as if trying to force
something out of her mind)
I don't know why I keep gettin' thoughts
about him. It's silly ---- I never
even seen him.

SOLO
What thoughts are you getting about
him now?

CLEMENCY (hesitates)
I keep thinkin' if he wants to find
what he's after --- he should go to
a place in -- Sev-il.

SOLO (automatically)
Seville.

CLEMENCY
That's it -- what you said. There's
a sign out in front of this place
with a wolf's head on it. It says
Cas-Casa Lobo.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CASA LOBO - NIGHT

27

complete with the sign with the wolf's head. Illya
appears IN THE SCENE, examines the place briefly, enters.

INT. CASA LOBO - NIGHT

28

a Spanish cantina complete with the expected types and
some rather flamboyant entertainment -- a flamenco dance
that's more than a little wild. The DANCER appears the
same. She has a rose in her hair. Illya moves to a table,
sits. He looks around, sees there is no one close to him,
surreptitiously takes out his communicator.

ILLYA (into microphone)
Napoleon? Illya. What now?

28
CONT'D
(2)

INT. CLEMENCY'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY (ALLOWING FOR THE TIME
DIFFERENCE)

29

Solo, holding his communicator, turns to Clemency.

SOLO

What now?

CLEMENCY (after a
moment's intense concentration)
He should just wait.

SOLO (into microphone)

Just wait.

INT. CASA LOBO - NIGHT

30

ILLYA (grimly)

Just -- wait.

(a beat)

Napoleon, may I ask just one question?

INTERCUT the following.

SOLO

Be my guest.

ILLYA

Just where are you getting these
helpful instructions for me?

SOLO

Well, from a -- that is --

(shakes his head, realizing

Illya will never believe him)

--- from what we in the trade call a
very reliable source.

ILLYA

That I'm counting on.

He flicks off his communicator, pockets it. He looks
toward the Dancer, regards her with interest.

Out Page

Now the flamenco number ends, the crowd APPLAUDS or exhibits whatever other reaction may be appropriate. The Dancer looks at Illya. He returns her gaze. Now she tosses her head -- which appears to be an invitation if there ever was one. He rises, she slinkily leads him to a door behind the bar.

30
CONT'D
(2)

She opens it for him. He smiles at her graciously, enters. Now she slams the door, locking him inside -- what? She takes the rose out of her hair now, speaks into it -- for there is more to this rose than meets the eye.

DANCER (into rose)
Give me Thrush Central.....This is
Forty-Six. She got him here right
on time....

She smiles. BLUR and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE TUNNEL - ON ILLYA

31

He tries the knob of the door, which was slammed behind him. It's locked, of course. He turns and:

ANGLE PAST HIM

32

We see that his passage is blocked by two THRUSH AGENTS with their guns levelled at him. Ahead of him too, is a hulking giant looking not at all unlike Frankenstein. For purposes of ready identification, we will call him FRANKENSTEIN.

ON ILLYA

33

He sees clearly that he is outnumbered. He shrugs slightly and lowers his light. The trio flank him, lead him further back into the cave toward --

ANOTHER ANGLE - THRUSH CAVE

34

-- a dais on which rests a large, high-backed chair, turned away. Illya is stopped at the stairs leading up to the chair.

ON THE CHAIR - ILLYA'S POV

35

It turns slowly and we see the World Champion Bela Lugosi fan of all time. The cape, the pastey complexion, the pompadour, the cane --- everything. He stares at Illya with a half-smile.

ON ILLYA

36

Even in this moment of apparent peril, his eyebrow cocks at such corn.

ON THE MAN (ZARK)

37

ZARK

Oh, I do say, it's good to have you here, Mr. Kuryakin!

(he rises and walks down to Illya)

Though I fancy you'd have been much better off bumbling around in the North country.....

(reproachfully)

...and not opening other people's mail!

(a beat)

You have something of ours.....Something which we -- rather hope you'll return.

ILLYA

And what might that be?

ZARK

Come now, sir: Surely we're not to play childish games! I'm referring to the list of numbers which you were foolish enough to intercept.

ILLYA (nonchalantly)

Oh.....those.

ZARK

You're an amusing chap, Mr. Kuryakin, and I'll be very sorry to --

(breaks off)

Oh do forgive me! My name is Zark. Count Ladislaus Zark. You -- know who I am, of course.

ILLYA

There's something familiar about you, but whatever it is escapes me at the moment.

ZARK

Oh dear, that does smash my ego just a bit! I've had fantasies of U.N.C.L.E. issuing orders to get Zark at any price --- and here you've never even heard of me. Well, I can take comfort in the fact that you would have heard of me after Thursday. --- That is, if you had lived that long.

ILLYA (carefully)

Thursday? Then -- you must be involved
in Operation Night Flight.

37
CONT'D
(2)

ZARK (laughs)

Involved! My dear chap, I am Operation
Night Flight in a very real sense!

ILLYA

---- I see.

ZARK

I am Director of Flight Research for
Thrush. It was I who thought up the
possibility --- I who proved it
feasible --- and I shall be the one
to put it into operation.

ILLYA

And surely you have no objection to
telling me precisely how. I mean,
considering that you apparently have
other plans for me.

ZARK

I'm tempted --- I really am. I think
you would appreciate it. ----- No.
I mustn't.

ILLYA

Why not?

ZARK

Oh, I've seen it happen too often.
When unauthorized persons are let in
on something, there's almost always
trouble!

ILLYA

But ---- as long as I've come this
close ----

ZARK (laughs)

Close! --- You can't imagine that
this is where it's going to happen?
This drab little outpost? Oh dear
me no! To be sure, this installation
will play some small part in the pro-
cedure -- but only a very small part.

(Cont.)

omit

omit

ZARK (CONT'D)

No --- I'm about to be on my way back
to my command post --- for the glorious
climax of my achievement! / As for you
--- well, that brings us back to the
reason you're here. I hope you'll
forgive me for having digressed.

(a beat)

The letter, please.

When Illya does not respond, Zark turns to Frankenstein,
gestures toward Illya.

ZARK

Search him!

Frankenstein waddles toward Illya, who backs off gingerly,
in apparent fear.

ILLYA

Mr. Zark --

ZARK

Count Zark.

ILLYA

Just a moment. I have no great desire
to be manhandled by your friend here,
so ---

He starts to reach into his inside pocket.

ZARK (panicking)

Watch him!

But Illya is too quick for all of them. From his inside
jacket pocket, he whips out -- an envelope.

ILLYA (as he hands it
to Zark)

Here you are. I -- believe this is
what you're looking for.

The others stop in their tracks, goggle-eyed.

ZARK (taking the
envelope, vastly relieved --
and a bit offended)

You -- gave us quite a start, Mr.
Kuryakin.

37
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

Quite unintentionally, I assure you.

37
CONT'D
(4)

Zark opens the envelope, gazes at the paper inside. He takes it over to a device built into a nearby desk, flicks a switch, holds the paper over an illuminated panel, studies it.

ZARK (thoughtfully)

It appears to be the original.....

He replaces the paper in the envelope, pockets it, clearly satisfied. He turns to Illya.

ZARK

Thank you, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

May I ask a question?

ZARK (a polite bow)

Please do.

ILLYA

If you were so anxious to get that list back, why did you try to have me killed?

ZARK

You mean in Madrid? The bull ring? Oh, dear me, that was a dreadful mistake. My men were supposed to bring you here, but they misunderstood....

(apologetically)

I'm sorry you were inconvenienced.

ILLYA (shrugging)

It happens.

ZARK

My men were a bit premature.....But I think the time has finally come.

As he starts toward the cave's rear door, he turns for a final word to Illya.

ZARK (to Illya)

Goodbye, my dear boy....too bad you
won't be around Thursday.....Oh, you
would have enjoyed Night Flight.....

37
CONT'D
(5)

He exits. As he opens the door, we HEAR a curious fluttering NOISE from the other side -- one which stops the instant the door is closed.

Now Frankenstein and the two Thrushmen advance on Illya.

(NOTE: The staging of the fight scene that follows will be largely at the discretion of the director. The basic moves may be something like this:)

The trio will surround Illya. Frankenstein will bring his hand down hard toward Illya's head -- but the Uncle agent will duck and the blow will catch one of the Thrushmen, knocking him unconscious. Two to go.

Illya will render the second Thrushman hors de combat with a judo chop, leaving only Frankenstein. Illya will hit the lumbering, advancing giant repeatedly -- with no discernible effect except to Illya's hands.

Ultimately caught in a fierce bear hug that appears to be crushing the life out of him, Illya manages to break loose. He runs and throws his money clip at the giant. There is an EXPLOSION and we:

ZIP PAN TO:

38-41
OUT

INT. CLEMENCY'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

42

Solo is talking to Illya via relay channel. Clemency's eyes are wide at the wonder of this gadgetry.

SOLO

Yours not to reason why, Illya.

Yours but to do or --

(he trails off; then, weakly)

Well, you get what I mean.

INT. AIRPLANE - ON ILLYA - DAY

43

in a seat by himself, quietly talking into his communicator.

ILLYA (drily)

Yes, I do indeed, Napoleon. Thank you.

INTERCUT BALANCE OF CONVERSATION

44

SOLO

You're welcome. Now, as soon as you land in Vienna, get the first bus for Transylvania. Then proceed directly to the castle I told you about.

ILLYA

Check. But I still think it's a wild goose chase.

SOLO

We got the information on the best authority.

ILLYA

At the risk of becoming a bore, Napoleon, may I ask you again what your -- best authority is?

SOLO

I -- can't explain it right now.

ILLYA

Can you give me a hint? Is it an ouija board?

SOLO (sighs)

All right.....We've been getting our information from a girl.

ILLYA

A girl.

SOLO (glances at

Clemency)

A very pretty girl.

Clemency blushes.

44
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Naturally. And may I ask where she gets hers?

SOLO

We really don't know. We -- suspect it's ESP.

Anyone with less self-control would do a monstrous double-take. Not Illya. He merely gazes at the instrument in his hand, slowly turns it over to examine the back.

SOLO

Illya?....Illya, I know it sounds wild, but I'll remind you she was the one who told us about the Casa Lobo.

ILLYA

And caused me to walk right into a Thrush trap.

SOLO

She never promised to protect you. She just told you where it was.

ILLYA (hesitates as he ponders this, then)

All right. I'll send you a post card from Transylvania. Out.

INT. CLEMENCY'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

as Solo flicks off his transmitter, starts to pocket it.

CLEMENCY (wide-eyed)

Gee, that's really somethin', ain't it?

(indicating the communicator with a gesture)

That -- whatcha-madinky there?

SOLO (nods)

Saves on phone bills.

He puts the communicator away.

45

Omit to #52

CLEMENCY

Do you think he really meant what he said? That Eeel-ya feller?

45
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Hmmm? About what?

CLEMENCY

About sending a post card from --
(with difficulty)
Trans-sill-vain-ya.

SOLO

I -- wouldn't put it past him.

CLEMENCY

Gee, it's so -- so exciting, Mr. Solo.
I mean, here I am, never been away
from home before in all my life, and
I'm in this fancy hotel room and
sendin' people off to -- all kinds o'
faraway places I never even heard of
before!

SOLO (smiles)

It is rather remarkable, isn't it?

CLEMENCY

Hoo-eee! Wait'll I tell Grampa! He
won't believe a word of it!

(laughs giddily)

I do declare, I'm not sure I believe
it either. I'm kinda waitin' for
somebody to pinch me to make sure I'm
not dreamin'!

Solo edges toward her.

SOLO

My pleasure.

She moves back in some alarm.

CLEMENCY

I -- didn't mean that the way it sounded!

SOLO (stops, smiles)

Well, if Illya sends a post card, we'll
-- let you keep the stamp.

ZIP PAN TO:

46-51

OUT

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

52

It is an Alpine-type village, with no signs of modern conveniences. There is a murky, half-lit quality to the place. Illya comes along, stops and pulls a small homing-device from his pocket. He aims it off and gets nothing, turns in a different direction and HEARS a pulsating TONE. Just at this time a VILLAGE MAN comes along, his footsteps echoing on the cobblestones. Illya stops him.

ILLYA

Pardon me, please. Could you tell me where this road leads?

MAN (looks at him in suspicion, then close to fright)
Only one place --- Castle Chiroptera.

ILLYA

How far is it?

MAN (shrugs)
Eighteen kilometres. ---- Are you --- thinking of going there?
(his eyes are wide)

ILLYA

Yes I am --- could you ---

The Man wheels and starts to hurry off. Illya catches up with him just as he enters a stable-type doorway.

ILLYA

Please!

(he goes up to the Man)
Could you tell me where I might be able to rent a carriage?

MAN (studies him)

I don't know anyone have carriage for rent, but ---

He motions Illya to wait, disappears for a second or two, then returns.

MAN

I give you good price on this.

52
CONT'D
(2)

He wheels a small, shiny Honda-type cycle out.

ZIP PAN TO: *omit*

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

53

Illya comes along on the motorcycle, then brakes to a halt, staring at something.

WIDE ANGLE - ON THE CASTLE

54

The traditional Mad Scientist's castle, looming high on craggy cliffs, etc.

ON ILLYA

55

He puts the bike on its stand and starts walking toward the moat.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CLEMENCY'S HOTEL SUITE - SOLO AND CLEMENCY - NIGHT

56

Solo is seated on the sofa, reading a newspaper or magazine. Clemency, looking fetching in pajamas, emerges from the bedroom.

CLEMENCY

---- Mr. Solo?

57-58
OUT

SHOT

59

SOLO (turns)

I thought you were asleep.

CLEMENCY

I was.

SOLO

Those are very -- fetching pajamas.

59
CONT'D
(2)

CLEMENCY (pause)

Thank you.....Mr. Solo, tell Mr.
Curry-ackin' that there's piranhas
in the moat.

SOLO (turning back to
his paper)

I'll be sure and tell him ----

(snaps to)

--- What moat?

CLEMENCY

I don't know! --- Around the castle,
I guess!

SOLO (flicking open
his communicator)

This is Solo. Overseas relay ---
emergency!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. MOAT - NIGHT

60

Illya has reached the moat around the castle. He sees
clearly that there is no way across, so he takes off his
jacket. There is a BEEP signal, and he pulls out his
communicator and opens his channel.

ILLYA

Kuryakin here.

INT. CLEMENCY'S HOTEL SUITE - ON SOLO - NIGHT

61

Clemency still with him.

SOLO

Illya -- are you near a moat by any chance?

INTERCUT conversation.

ILLYA (after a beat)

I was about to ask how you knew that.
Forgive me.

SOLO

Listen! It's stocked with piranhas!

ILLYA

That's ridiculous! How could they live in this climate?

SOLO

I don't know --- maybe the water's heated, but in any case ----

Illya bends down and puts his hand in the water. Instantly there is a churning and thrashing and he yanks his hand out and puts a knicked finger to his lips.

ILLYA

For the sake of avoiding argument --- if I had to get into the castle, how else might I go about it?

Solo turns to Clemency, who gets a look of concentration on her face.

CLEMENCY

61
CONT'D
(2)

I think there's a tunnel under that
moat. You go back down the road a
little piece an' you find a cave.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CAVE - ON ILLYA - NIGHT

62

as he moves slowly into a natural cave. He inches along,
his light held out in front of him. There is no sound
except for his footsteps and an occasional drip of water.
He moves further, walking at a fair clip now. A SOUND
begins ---- far off. The fluttering rumble we heard
before, plus the strange high-frequency shrieks.

ON ILLYA

63

bafflement showing on his face as the SOUND grows in
volume. He looks one way, then the other. He starts to
go back the way he came, then pinpoints the sound as
coming from the opposite direction and whirls to shine
his light on the passageway ahead. The SOUND becomes
terrifyingly LOUD.

SPECIAL EFFECT SHOT

64

Around the corridor bend comes a cloud of bats.

ON ILLYA

65

Shock registers on his face.

ILLYA

---- Bats!

ON THE BATS

66

They fly TOWARD THE CAMERA. BLUR and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CAVE - ON ILLYA - NIGHT

67

No time lapse. He flings himself to the floor and covers his head with his hands as the bats fly past in a thunderous roar which reaches a crescendo and holds at that peak. The bats do not attack him, but their sheer number literally fills the cavern from ceiling to floor, and we should feel Illya would probably be beaten to death by their wings or smothered if he were to try to stand up. Then, at last, the roar begins to subside as the bats stream out of the cave. Finally, there is silence. Illya stands up, shaken but unhurt. He looks in the direction in which the bats have gone, then ahead. Resolutely, he moves on into the cavern.

NEW ANGLE

68

He comes around the bend in the cavern and, as he does so, a single straggling bat flutters after its brothers. Illya instinctively covers up before he realizes it is only one bat. Then a sheepish look and he plunges on.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ANOTHER PART OF CAVE - NIGHT

69

Illya moves ahead until he comes to a strange juncture: the cave walls suddenly become stone walls, the floor a stone floor. The tunnel has obviously arrived at the castle. He moves further, and comes to the traditional heavy door in which all such facilities abound. He strains against it and it moves. He enters.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

70

He comes through the door into a cavernous room and starts up a winding stone staircase. It is dank, silent except for the echo of his footsteps, and obviously features cobwebs as its chief decoration.

71
OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

72

He flicks his light around and it lands directly on the face of Zark, outlining it in ghostly fashion. Behind him stands his giant, Frankenstein-like manservant.

ZARK

Good evening, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA (recovers quickly
from being startled)

Good evening.

ZARK

You were trying to find me -- and I was most eager to see you again. I trust we're both satisfied.

(a beat)

I trust you weren't too startled by my bats?

ILLYA

They were very friendly.

ZARK

Good! They were just a few I let out for a little romp. Naturally, none of them was ---- treated.

(blinks at Illya's light)

Oh I do say, would you mind shining that light somewhere else. It's giving me a bit of a headache, you know?

ILLYA

I think I'd better keep it right there. And I think I'd better tell you that there's a gun in my other hand.

ZARK

Oh my dear Mr. Kuryakin! A gun! Really!

ON ILLYA

73

Suddenly the floor disappears from under him and he falls through a trap-door.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CLEMENCY'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

74

There are several newly-opened boxes in the living room, from which Clemency has been taking assorted hats, dresses, etc. She holds up one of these dresses to a mirror now, squals with delight.

CLEMENCY

I do declare, it's a beautiful thing!

CAMERA BACK to include Solo, who is watching her.

SOLO

I'm glad you like it.

CLEMENCY

Like it! Why, back home, at Mr. Tuttle's general store, there ain't a thing that'll compare with it.

SOLO

Perhaps you can speak to Mr. Tuttle when you get back.

CLEMENCY (a touch of
suspicion in her voice)
Only one thing, though --

SOLO

What's that?

CLEMENCY (wisely)

My mama once told me -- "Clem," she said --

(parenthetically)

She called me Clem --

(and, back to her thought)

"Clem, girls don't get pretty dresses for nothin'"....

(darkly)

You know what I'm gettin' at?

SOLO (enchanted)

No. Tell me.

CLEMENCY

Well, we may be just plain mountain folk, but -- when a girl gets finery like this here -- somebody wants somethin' in return....

SOLO

I -- think I get the message.

74
CONT'D
(2)

CLEMENCY

You do?

SOLO

Uncle is a very self-sufficient organization, Clemency. All we want is your -- cooperation with us.

out line

CLEMENCY (wisely)

That's what I thought.

SOLO (quickly)

...On -- matters of business.

CLEMENCY (her suspicion
being diluted with a little hope)
...Is that all you want, Mr. Solo? I
mean, you yourself?

5m J

Plainly, she appears to hope that he wants a little bit more, which she might be prepared to give. Solo chews on this for a beat, is about to answer when his communicator BEEPS.

SOLO (into mike)

Solo here.

UNCLE SECRETARY (FILTER;
she has a very sexy voice)
Napoleon? This is Margot...

SOLO

Hel-lo, Margot.

Clemency will hear the following exchange, and she will react with what may well be construed as jealousy.

UNCLE SECRETARY (FILTER)
How's the lass from the low countree?

Solo looks at Clemency, who turns away.

SOLO

She's -- uh -- she's fine, Margot.

UNCLE SECRETARY (FILTER)
You taking good care of her?

SOLO

She's being -- well protected.

UNCLE SECRETARY (FILTER)

I'll bet....I miss you, Napoleon.

Solo casts another glance at Clemency, who hisses:

CLEMENCY

She sounds like a hussy!

UNCLE SECRETARY (FILTER)

What was that, darling?

SOLO

Just -- just a little static on the line....What did you call about, Margot?

UNCLE SECRETARY (FILTER)

Oh. That. Mr. Waverly hasn't heard from Illya in quite a while. He wonders if you have.

SOLO

Just a minute.

(to Clemency)

Clemency, what do we hear from Illya?

CLEMENCY

Illya, Illya! That's all you care about!

SOLO (urgently)

Please....It's very important.

CLEMENCY (grumpily)

All right.

(pauses to think hard)

You don't have to worry about him no more. He -- didn't find nothin' in that castle -- so he's comin' back home.

SOLO (smiles)

Do you know you could put Western Union out of business?

(into mike)

Margot? Apparently he's all right -- and he's coming back home.

74
CONT'D
(3)

omit

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CASTLE LABORATORY - DAY

75

Frankenstein ushers Illya through the door into a startling laboratory. Zark is working at an instrument panel. The walls are the same rough stone which we saw previously, but otherwise the room is an ultra-modern scientific laboratory. There are remnants on the wall which tell us what the room used to be: ankle and wrist chains. Frankenstein, holding a pair of handcuffs in one hand, a gun in the other, directs Illya toward a chair.

ZARK (turning to Illya)
I trust you had a good night's sleep,
Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA
I slept like a baby. Only two or
three nightmares.

ZARK (gesturing toward
cuffs)
Good. I wonder if you'd be so kind as
to let my man slip those on....

Illya shrugs and holds out his wrists. Frankenstein sits him down in the chair, locks his arms behind him.

ZARK
Awfully old-fashioned, I realize, but
still terribly efficient. One of
those basic inventions which remain
eternally useful.

ILLYA
Like the wheel.

ZARK
Exactly! -- Now, Mr. Kuryakin, to get
down to business....On closer exami-
nation, the list of numbers you gave
me turned out to be -- fake.

(admiringly)
Oh, you did a remarkable job! The
handwriting appeared to be mine, the
grade and texture of the paper were
the same -- even the watermark was
identical.....My compliments to your
organization.

ILLYA (shrugs)
It's all in a day's work.

75
CONT'D
(2)

ZARK
Now I want the real list.

ILLYA
I'm sorry, I don't have it.

ZARK
If you don't have it, indeed you should be sorry. And -- uh -- just in case you harbor some sad hope that you will be rescued, I should explain to you that your superiors have received a message from you that you are safe and heading home. By the time they suspect that is not the case --- it won't matter.

ILLYA
And how did they get this message from me?

ZARK
Well there's this marvelous young girl --- Clemency, I believe she calls herself or something equally bizarre ---

ILLYA
Oh --- the "clairvoyant".

ZARK (laughs)
"Clairvoyant" yes! Oh it's really delightful! I wish I'd invented it myself --- and I don't often feel that way about today's pretentious gadgetry.

ILLYA
---- Invented what?

ZARK
You'll appreciate this --- it's a Cortical Stimulator! You know, of course, that what we call "knowledge" is merely the alteration of certain cells in the cortex of the brain -- and these cells are changed by electrical current through the neurological system. --- You do know that?

ILLYA

Of course....Doesn't everyone?

75
CONT'D
(3)

ZARK

Well, you see, the Cortical Stimulator causes these alterations directly through the skull. It can literally implant "knowledge" or cause what we call "thoughts" instantaneously..... All we have to do is to program our computers with the desirable thought patterns and microwave them to the subject....And the beauty of it all is that your Miss McGill doesn't suspect a thing! Isn't that marvelous?

ILLYA

It's difficult to contain my admiration.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CLEMENCY'S HOTEL SUITE - DAY

76

as Clemency emerges from her bedroom, dressed in her country garb -- the same clothing she was wearing when we first saw her -- and carrying a carpetbag which apparently contains her worldly possessions. Solo, who has been reading, looks up, startled.

SOLO (rising)

Where are you going?

CLEMENCY

Back home, Mr. Solo. Back where -- I belong.

SOLO (moving to her)

Now, Clemency, just a minute --

CLEMENCY

Why? So I can be treated like a -- a freak in one of them carnivals that comes through town? That's what you all think o' me -- Professor Glomm, Mr. Transom, you.....

SOLO

Clemency, you apparently have a unique gift, and --

76
CONT'D
(2)

CLEMENCY

And you're takin' advantage of it!
All o' you! Coopin' me up here like
this! Here I am in the big city and
I haven't even been out of this here
hotel! And --

SOLO

You're very important to us. We've
got to protect you....

CLEMENCY

Sure. I'm important to you...Because
I have this here -- this gift, like
you call it....But what if I didn't
have it, Mr. Solo. You wouldn't even
look at me!

SOLO

Clemency, you've heard me say it before
-- you're a very pretty girl.....

CLEMENCY (snorts,
hardly mollified)
Huh! I bet you tell that to all the
girls with extrasens.....what do you
call it?

76
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO
Extrasensory perception....You're --
prettier than any of the others.

CLEMENCY
You ain't foolin' me! You're just
puttin' me on...
(tears begin to form in her
eyes)
Now, if you'll kindly step out of my
way....

Solo takes her gently by the shoulders.

SOLO (it's the called-
for line, but he means it)
I'm not just -- putting you on,
Clemency. I really mean it.

CLEMENCY (wavering just
a little)
You -- really like me, Mr. Solo?

SOLO (as he starts to
move into an embrace)
Napoleon....Miss McGill, I purely do.

He kisses her. She responds. He begins stroking her hair.

CLEMENCY (weakly)
You -- better be careful, Mr. Solo...
I mean Napoleon.

SOLO (tenderly)
I'll be very careful indeed.

CLEMENCY
I mean -- I don't want you to scratch
your hand on my comb....

SOLO
Oh. Why don't you take it off?

SOLO

Oh, no, I can't do that. I'm supposed
to wear it all the time.

76
CONT'D
(4)

Solo reacts, pulls back.

SOLO

You are?

CLEMENCY (nodding)

That's what that Mr. Transom said....
I can't for the life c' me figure out
why....

Solo, his face registering inner excitement, withdraws
the comb from her hair. He examines it, spots a tiny
capsule which -- we may assume -- contains some highly
sophisticated electronic gear.

SOLO

Mr. Transom gave you this?

CLEMENCY

Mmmm. But don't pay it no mind...

She moves to resume the embrace. Solo gently breaks off.

SOLO

Excuse me, Clemency. Business before
-- pleasure.

He takes out his communicator.

SOLO (into it)

Channel D.

INTERCUT conversation.

WAVERLY

Mr. Waverly here.

SOLO

Solo, sir.

(urgently)

Still no word from Illya?

WAVERLY

None.

SOLO

I think he may be in trouble. I'd like to go after him on the next available plane.

76

CONT'D
(5)

WAVERLY

You told us he was on his way back.

SOLO

We -- all make mistakes.

(a beat)

The word on Illya came from Miss McGill. I've just learned that she's a -- dupe of Thrush.

Clemency opens her mouth and eyes wide.

SOLO (continuing)

They've been feeding her misinformation through a microwave relay concealed in her comb.

WAVERLY (ponders this
for a moment)

Very ingenious. I wonder why our people never came up with anything like that?

(a beat)

Very well, Mr. Solo. The next plane for Vienna leaves in --

(consults his watch)

-- seventeen minutes.

SOLO

Thank you, sir....Oh, one other thing. If you could keep Mr. Transom under very close observation -- without actually picking him up.

WAVERLY

I see. We'll arrange for that immediately....

SOLO

Oh, one more thing....On the plane -- make the reservation for two....Myself and -- a girl with a comb.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CASTLE LABORATORY - MED. SHOT ON ILLYA - DAY

77

still manacled, his arms behind the chair. Zark is talking to him while Frankenstein stands by.

ZARK

Very well, Mr. Kuryakin. You destroyed it. But no Uncle agent would destroy a document of obvious importance without memorizing its contents first. Even if he didn't know what those contents meant. Now, as I was saying --- I could do the necessary calculations again, but it's a dreadful, time-consuming nuisance and might even delay the start of my project. My pride would be hurt and my superiors might be -- resentful.

(a beat)

And so I put it to you --- if, by tonight, you have not agreed to give me the information I want --- then I shall still salvage something from this affair by using you as the first human test of my project.

ILLYA

I don't even know exactly what your project is.

ZARK (smiles)

Yes, I know you don't -- but I've decided to tell you.

Beaming like an enthusiastic schoolboy with a slightly naughty secret, he crosses to a section of stainless steel wall and punches a button which causes it to slide back. This reveals a bank of doors -- perhaps a dozen -- which look like huge safe-deposit box doors. (Or perhaps mausoleum vaults?) He opens one of the doors, throws a heavy cloth over something inside, and then lifts what is obviously a very heavy, covered cage out. He struggles with it to a table near Illya, who gazes at it in uneasy fascination.

ZARK

Now ---- Oh, I can't wait to see your face! Do you by any chance know what the name of this castle means? Castle Chiroptera?

77
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

It means --- a bat....Latin.

ZARK

Oh indeed you do know! Bats are such lovely creatures --- and bless their hearts, they have such a bad image these days. I mean with that fellow on television and everything.

ILLYA

And your project is going to help their image?

ZARK (laughs)

It just might, at that! You see, I've found that by gaseous chemotherapy I can institute rather startling changes in my bats --- I call it --- treating them. And I confess they do seem to consider it a treat!

(laughs)

As you know, bats are night creatures and navigate by a sort of radar. Believe it or not --- and I'm sure you will believe it --- I have altered their mechanism so that it creates interference with man-made radar. Here, I'll show you.

He switches on a radar-scope and we see the smooth sweep going around.

ZARK

Now watch what happens when I release a single bat into the radar pattern at the top of this castle ---

(punches a button)

--- There, that should send him off. Now watch!

ON THE RADAR SCREEN

78

Suddenly it becomes a mass of squiggly lines like a pop art painting in motion.

BACK TO SCENE

79

ZARK (delightedly
switches off the radar)
Isn't that absolutely mad?

ILLYA
I must agree -- it is.

ZARK
And at every major airport in the world there is a crate containing one hundred such bats. Tomorrow morning, a signal from this castle will blow the lids off and release the bats. Can you imagine the chaos in the transportation and defense systems of the world!

ILLYA
A billion dollars worth, I understand.

ZARK
Indeed. And, unfortunately, that sum has not been forthcoming.
(a beat)
Oh -- there's another thing about my bats....

(he gestures to Frankenstein who starts to unchain Illya)
I discovered that the South American variety -- the vampire bat -- was the most suitable for my purposes --
(pointedly)
-- and the most bloodthirsty.....Are you sure you don't want to talk now, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA
I'm quite sure.

Illya is unmanacled now. Frankenstein has a tight grip on him. Zark opens a set of double doors, behind which there is still another door. As Zark opens it:

79
CONT'D
(2)

ZARK (gleefully)
Then let me introduce you to my
friends!

INT. BAT VAULT

80

as Illya is thrust into it by Frankenstein, sprawling to the floor. He looks up. In the half-light, he SEES several bats flapping their wings as they approach him. BLUR and:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

81

Several men are bustling around excitedly, taking and collating radio messages, etc. In the middle of what is clearly a storm is Waverly. One of the RADIO MEN approaches him with a message.

RADIO MAN

They're showing the first signs of panic in Paris and Hong Kong, sir
....And the Karachi Airport has requested confirmation.

WAVERLY (very tired)

Confirm it, of course. All flights are to be cancelled.

RADIO MAN

Yes, sir.....And, sir, I have the British Air Ministry.

WAVERLY

Good.

(he steps to one of the control panels, speaks into a microphone)

Mr. Waverly here....That's right. We can't afford to take the chance. Operation Night Flight is scheduled to begin in twelve hours...Of course it's regrettable if people panic.... To paraphrase Marie Antoinette, let them drive cars....So far as we know, the only plane left in the air has one of our agents aboard....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. JET IN FLIGHT OVER OCEAN - (STOCK) - DAY

82

INT. JET CABIN - ON SOLO AND CLEMENCY - DAY

83

She has her hair fixed as it was previously, including the placement of the comb.

CLEMENCY

My! That was a right fine movie we just saw.

(turns to Solo)

Do you like spy movies, Mr. Solo -- uh, Napoleon?

83
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Oh, they're all right for light entertainment. But most of them are -- pretty far-fetched.

CLEMENCY (judiciously)

That's true. I saw one back home that --

(breaks off)

Oh, oh! I just had a spooky feelin'.

SOLO

You mean --- "that kind" of feeling?

CLEMENCY

No, I mean ----

(she reaches up and tries to feel a certain spot on the comb)

SOLO

Here ----

He deftly places his finger on just the right spot on the comb.

SOLO

The microphone is just under that little ridge. Press hard and they won't be able to hear you.

He takes his hand away and she finds the spot herself.

CLEMENCY

Well, what I was thinkin' was ---- if they can put thoughts into my head, what if they can read the thoughts that are already there?

SOLO (smiles)

I don't think you have to worry about that.

omit

omit

CLEMENCY

I almost wish they could --- I'd sure
give 'em a thought or two!

83
CONT'D
(3)

She takes her finger off the comb. Now, from the intercom:

INTERCOM (FILTER)

We are now approaching the Vienna
Airport. Will you fasten your seat
belts, please?

CLEMENCY (awed)

Are we about to come down in Europe
already?

SOLO

We are indeed.

CLEMENCY

Land o' goodness! It takes me this
long to go down to the County Seat
an' that's only 'bout thirty mile!

She looks out the window again and Solo smiles.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BAT VAULT - ON ZARK - NIGHT

84-85

as he speaks to Illya through a grill. Illya is now
clearly exhausted, bloody, slumping against the wall
while the bats continue to flutter about him. One is
fastened on his shoulder.

ZARK

You appear to be growing weaker,
Mr. Kuryakin. You're -- sure you
won't change your mind?

Illya looks up at him grimly.

ILLYA

Just why do you need it so badly?

ZARK (smiles, then shrugs)

I suppose I could tell you. It won't
matter to you one way or the other.

(Cont.)

ZARK (CONT'D)

84-85
CONT'D
(2)

--- It's -- information for retrieving the bats once they're released. You know, the precise pattern of frequencies. After all, it would not really be practical to have them flying around indefinitely, would it? So you see, in a real sense you'd be performing a humanitarian service by telling me.

ILLYA

I have no intention of doing so.

ZARK

I'd say you have about ---
(judiciously)

----- two more hours, Mr. Kuryakin.

The bats continue to flutter about Illya. From O.S. we HEAR a BEEPING SOUND.

ZARK

If you'll excuse me.

He turns and exits into:

86-OUT

INT. CASTLE LABORATORY - ON ZARK - NIGHT

87

-- where he approaches a communications console on which a light flashes and the BEEP tone sounds. He opens a switch.

ZARK

Zark here.

VOICE (FILTER)

Solo and the girl are approaching your installation. Do you want interception?

ZARK

Oh what a nuisance! --- Yes, of course! Take care of them!

(a second thought)

Wait a minute!

(Cont.)

ZARK (CONT'D)

(he looks at Illya)

Change that --- the girl might be very helpful to me. Are you still in contact with her?

87
CONT'D
(2)

VOICE (FILTER)

Affirmative.

ZARK

Then transmit to her that they should enter directly through the front gate.
---- I'll be waiting for them there.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

88

Solo and Clemency approach the moat where Illya was before.

CLEMENCY

I just ---- wait a minute --

SOLO

What is it?

CLEMENCY

I just had a -- thought. We should go in the front gate.

Solo quickly places his finger over the microphone on the comb.

SOLO

Did it come from them?

CLEMENCY

Well, I can't say for sure -- but I think so.

Solo thinks for a beat, then indicates his communicator, from which a FAINT HUM emanates.

SOLO

Then I guess we'd better follow my signal.

CLEMENCY (wide-eyed)

Is that sound comin' from Mr. Curry-ackin?

SOLO

From his distress transmitter. It
should lead us right to him -- without
our going through the front gate.....

88

CONT'D

(2)

ZIP PAN TO: *omit*

INT. CAVE - DOOR - SPIRAL STAIRCASE (AS IN SCS. 69-70) -
SOLO AND CLEMENCY - NIGHT

89

They inch along, Solo noticing the light on a tiny signal-finder he carries. They come to an intersection and he points the instrument around to find the strongest signal. He motions and she blocks the microphone.

SOLO

It's a good thing his transmitter is
holding up. ---- This way.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LABORATORY - ON ZARK - NIGHT

90

as he strides into the room, muttering to himself, and starts for the communications console. He does not yet see a dazed, bloody Illya, handcuffed, slumped in a chair with Frankenstein standing over him.

ZARK

On the very eve of Night Flight and
they think I have nothing better to
do than wait at that door until --
(he sees Illya and Frankenstein
now)

Ah, Mr. Kuryakin!
(to Frankenstein)

I gather he's ready to tell us what
we want to know?

(Frankenstein nods stupidly)
Excellent! We shall get to that in
just a moment.

(flips a switch)

Hello! This is Zark. I was given to
understand that that Solo fellow was
to arrive immediately. Frankly I'm a
bit put out. I've been waiting at the
front gate for who knows how long and --

VOICE (FILTER)

Our information is that he has arrived.

ZARK

Well if that's the quality of "your information" would you kindly not bother me with any more of it.

(angrily switches the unit off)

No one takes pride in his work anymore!
No one wants to accept responsibility!

90
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO'S VOICE

He seemed pretty accurate to me.

Zark whirls to find the sound.

ON SOLO

91

He stands in the doorway, gun levelled, Clemency peering over his shoulder, eyes wide.

ANGLE

91X1

ON Frankenstein, who picks up a chair -- not the one Illya is slumped in -- and starts to rush Solo. Solo fires, and the giant crumples to the floor of the cave.

SOLO (to Clemency)

See about Illya.

SHOT

92

Clemency runs to Illya, whose condition seems to improve visibly with this turn of events.

CLEMENCY

Oh, Mr. Curry-ackin, I am so relieved to see that you're all right!..My name is Clemency McGill an' you don't know me, but in a way I'm partly responsible for you bein' here. I just feel almost like huggin' you, I'm so glad!

Solo moves up, keeping the gun levelled at Zark.

SOLO

Clemency, do you know how to shoot a gun?

CLEMENCY

I once got me a wild turkey in the tail-feathers at bettern' a quarter-mile.

gun) SOLO (gives her the

Then keep him right where he is.

92
CONT'D
(2)

She points the gun at Zark.

CLEMENCY

My! Ain't he a mean-lookin' feller
though!

Solo takes out a small bottle and goes to work on Illya's handcuffs, painting a line around its circumference.

ON ZARK

93

He smiles and makes a slight move.

ZARK

My dear primitive child,

SHOT

94

Clemency raises the pistol sharply. Zark stops.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

95

Now Solo uses a small tool and raps the cuffs a sharp blow along the area he has painted. It shatters like glass and Illya is free. He rubs his wrist as Solo retrieves his gun and holds it on Zark.

ZARK

Mr. Solo ---- I hope you don't
imagine that this is really going
to stop Operation Night Flight.

SOLO

That's the general idea.

ZARK

Oh dear me, no! It merely means I shall have to put it into operation a bit early -- admittedly an inconvenience to some of our people who won't have time to --- get out of the way. But ---
(he shrugs)

(he shrugs)

He very casually places his hand on one of the lab tables. 95
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (shouts)
Watch his hand!

But it is too late: Zark has hit a switch causing the cage door to fly open.

ILLYA (to Solo and Clemency)
Out -- FAST!

They run toward the door as the air is suddenly filled with the huge bats. We see them mainly as grotesque shadows and bits of wing-tip which flutter THROUGH THE SHOT. We HEAR the SOUND of huge wings flapping. Through this we see Solo, Illya and Clemency shielding themselves and racing for a door.

ON ZARK

96

He uses the confusion to throw his cape up over his face and dart through an opening which appears in the wall (or another door).

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

97

Solo, Illya and Clemency are through the door and the men slam it shut. We should see a symbol or sign of some sort to identify the door for us later on -- if nothing else, it can just say "Laboratory". The trio breathes deeply.

SOLO
Nice little pets!

CLEMENCY (eyes widen
in fright)
Napoleon! --- One of 'em got out!

At this there is the flapping of wings and one of the huge bats makes a pass at them. There should be chaos in the shot for a few seconds. Perhaps the CAMERA is hand-held and spins and ducks away from the ghastly dark shape swooping at it. Finally:

ON SOLO

98

He uncaps an aerosol device of some sort and, with his arm protecting his face, waits as the bat makes another pass. Then he sprays-a cloud of vapor into the air. The SOUND of flapping suddenly slows down and disappears. Solo's eyes follow a rather long glide path and then there is a THUMP as the bat hits the floor.

ON THE SCENE

99

Illya now takes the lead.

ILLYA

I'm sure he went to his control center.

SOLO

Do you know where it is?

ILLYA

--- No.

They look at the different corridors going off in various directions.

SOLO (helplessly)

By the time we search through each of these corridors, he could ---

CLEMENCY (pointing)

It's this way! Right behind this wall!

(startled at herself)

--- I just know.

SOLO (dismissing it)

It's the comb, Clemency.

CLEMENCY

No, it isn't!

ON CLEMENCY

100

For the first time we realize her hair has come undone and she is holding the comb.

CLEMENCY

My hair come down while I was dodgin'
that --- thing!

100
CONT'D
(2)

SHOT

101

Solo hesitates just for an instant.

SOLO

Okay --- this way.

They head off in the direction she indicated, find an
armoire, go through it.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CONTROL CENTER - ON ZARK - NIGHT

102

This is a fairly small room containing elaborate-looking
electronic gadgetry and controls. Zark works feverishly,
twisting dials, calibrating meters, etc. Finally he gets
a look of fiendish satisfaction on his face. A final
glance over the controls, an anticipatory rub of the
hands, and he starts to move toward a master control panel.
Just then the door bursts open and Illya and Solo rush in.
Zark leaps for the panel and Illya, seeing that they can't
reach him in time, dives for a heavy electrical cable
which leads to the master control panel. Just before
Zark's hand lands on the trigger, Illya yanks the cable
free -- there is a large spark and the master control
panel goes dark.

ZARK (in a snit)

Oh good heavens! Really!

DEVIL
TAKE YOUR
SOUL

ILLYA

I think your "operation" has been
cancelled, Mr. Zark.

ZARK

I won't deny I'm disappointed. But
I beg you not to crow, Mr. Kuryakin.
You see I have already opened the
gates on all the caves. Our global
plans may have misfired --- but let
me assure you that several million
of these bats will cause considerable
notice on this continent!

SOLO

Is he bluffing?

102
CONT'D
(2)

ZARK

Just listen, Mr. Solo!

Clemency, who has been holding in the doorway, edges into the room as the others stand still and listen. The awful RUMBLE of a million bat wings is HEARD. Solo crosses quickly to a window.

BATS LEAVING A CAVE - (STOCK)

103

Millions of them, blotting out the sky.

SHOT

104

as Solo turns to Illya and nods slowly. Zark begins to laugh. Then, as Solo and Illya stand stunned, he flits through another surprise wall panel and is gone again.

SOLO

He does have a lot of those things,
doesn't he?

ILLYA

Never mind him. How are we going
to stop those bats?

SOLO (helplessly)

We could start shooting at them one
by one.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - ON ZARK - NIGHT

105

He runs down the corridor, laughing like a mad scientist, and goes to the door which we recognize as his laboratory. Still laughing, he opens it and goes in. CAMERA CLOSSES IN ON door as there is the SOUND of huge bat wings fluttering; Zark's laugh gurgles into a scream and then silence.

INT. CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

106

ILLYA (thinking intensely)

He said it was a way to recall the bats
-- but the only thing on the paper was
a series of numbers.

SOLO

Do you remember them?

106

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA

Of course. But I don't know what to
do with them. --- Unless ---
(a glimmering of an idea)

SOLO

What?

ILLYA

If their radar can interfere with
ours ----

SOLO (getting the picture)

It might work in reverse. A radar
control setting!

They move quickly to a radar control panel as Clemency
watches them intently. Illya starts setting dials accord-
ing to a memorized set of numbers. Once or twice he closes
his eyes to remember, does remember and makes the setting
on the panel accordingly. Finally the control is set.

ILLYA

Well ---- we're about to see.

He throws on the switch and a radar sweep appears on the
scope. Solo rushes to the window.

SOLO

It's working! They're flying right
into each other --- and the cliffs!

Clemency walks to Illya in awe.

CLEMENCY

Mr. Curry-ackin --- how does it feel
to have saved Europe?

ILLYA (considers)

I don't know --- I haven't really
thought about it.

ZIP PAN TO:

Solo, Illya, Waverly and Clemency are seated at a table. The three men are drinking coffee. Clemency is sipping a lavish ice cream soda -- a Gourmet Surprise -- through a straw. There are three drained soda glasses beside it.

WAVERLY

...Yes, I doubt that Mr. Transom will be heard from for quite a while.

CLEMENCY

I surely am grateful for that! I never did like that man!

(then, thoughtfully)

'Course, if I hadn't ever met him, why, none o' this would have happened to me. I'd have missed out on a powerful lot of excitement.

ILLYA (drily)

So would I.

CLEMENCY (looks at Illya)

You -- you do forgive me, Mr. Curry-ackin....Don't you?

ILLYA (a slight shrug)

I'm very tolerant. Why don't we go somewhere tonight and discuss it?

WAVERLY

As a matter of fact, I was going to propose that Miss McGill go to a concert with me this evening. After all, she hasn't had the opportunity to avail herself of any of the city's cultural benefits.

CLEMENCY (to Illya and Waverly)

Why, I purely do thank both of you! But -- well -- Mr. Solo's been kind enough to --

(bashfully)

-- ask me out.

WAVERLY

Oh.

ILLYA

Oh.

SOLO (rather apolo-
getically, to Illya and
Waverly)

107
CONT'D
(2)

We have been through quite a bit
together, Clemency and I, and --
well, I thought that a bit of
relaxation --

He trails off, finishes the sentence with a gesture.

CLEMENCY

He's gonna take me to a place called
the Purple Unicorn.

Solo reacts with astonishment.

SOLO (to Clemency)

How on earth did you know that?

Clemency looks up from her straw, smiles.

CLEMENCY

Why, I -- I guess I just got the --
the gift.

BLUR and:

FADE OUT.

THE END