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[My friend the Gentleman]

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE AMERICAN AFFAIR

Prod. #8440

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A

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The African Affair"

Prod. #8440

TEASER

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FADE IN:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

1

A typical African maze of undergrowth and overgrowth. The only SOUNDS are those of O.S. animals.

STOCK SHOTS

2

VARIOUS ANIMALS which populate the jungle, FINAL INSERT being a colorfully plumed, singing bird.

CLOSE SHOT - NATIVE IN TREE

3

His hands are cupped to his mouth as he imitates the BIRD CALL.

CLOSE SHOT - ANOTHER NATIVE IN ANOTHER TREE

4

He listens to the call and looks down.

NATIVE'S POV

5

TWO NATIVE BEARERS move carefully through the jungle, followed by ILLYA and KHUFU, a handsome Negro in colorful princely robes. Illya is attired in classic hunter's garb, replete with a rakish Aussie campaign hat. He slaps at a mosquito on his neck with growing irritation.

ILLYA

How much further is it?

KHUFU

The village is not far.

Khufu starts off. Illya, seeing something ahead, suddenly grabs his arm. Khufu looks, too.

THEIR POV

6

FOUR spear-bearing NATIVES block the trail ahead of them.

RETURN TO SHOT

7

Illya keeps his eyes fastened on the spears.

ILLYA

I thought you said they were friendly?

KHUFU (solemnly, in
perfect English)

They are.

ILLYA

Then they're awfully good actors. I've
never had a four-spear welcoming
committee.

KHUFU

They have reason to be frightened.

ILLYA

Yes, but not of us.

KHUFU

They don't know that yet.

They HEAR an O.S. NOISE behind them and spin around.

THEIR POV

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8

The natives who were in the trees, have dropped to the
ground behind them and are holding spears as they move
toward Illya's party.

ANGLE - FAVORING ILLYA AND KHUFU

9

Illya watches the natives come to them with worry.

KHUFU (sharply)

Teengala! Ngumisi!

The natives stare at him with suspicion, muttering. Khufu
stares back, suddenly very regal, abruptly pulls open his

shirt, baring a glittering large gold medallion suspended 9
around his neck. The natives recoil in awe, eyes bugged. CONT'D
(2)

KHUFU (cont'd)

I am Khufu!

The natives excitedly salaam to Khufu as:

NATIVES

Khufu chowdar! Khufu! Khufu!
Chowdar!

ILLYA (relieved)

At least they recognize your seal
of office, Prince Khufu--

KHUFU

President now, Mr. Kuryakin. They
will know what that means in time.

Khufu turns to his people again.

KHUFU

Nungarisi -- nkwala mgombo? Mgombo,
Besi-Besi!

The natives nod vigorously, beckoning them to follow.
They all move out in a hurry.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. NATIVE HUT - DAY

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10

The WOUNDED NATIVE is stretched on the ground, writhing in
pain, moaning deliriously. The four natives cluster around
Illya and Khufu, kneeling at his side. Illya frowns, in-
specting the wounded man.

KHUFU

This is the man.

The man's eyes open. He mumbles fearfully, staring blankly.
Illya and Khufu lean closer, listening intently.

ILLYA

Can you hear me?

(the man nods)

Where did they take you?

10

CONT'D

(2)

WOUNDED NATIVE

No man run fast like antelope, jump
four man high -- just him!

ILLYA

Where?

KHUFU (sharp, commanding)

Teengala! Nungawa Besi-Besi?

The man's eyes bug with fear. He points rigidly as:

WOUNDED NATIVE

Besi-Besi magongo! Magongo domo
Besi-Besi....

He sinks back, unconscious. Illya and Khufu arise as:

NEW ANGLE - ILLYA AND KHUFU

11

ILLYA

What did he say?

KHUFU

They held him captive at the Grave-
yard of the Elephants---

ILLYA (frowning)

Just like giving a house number
that's an empty lot.

KHUFU (sharply)

My people believe that there is just
one place in all of Africa where
elephants go to die....

ILLYA

Come now -- isn't that just a myth?

KHUFU

Perhaps -- perhaps not. Nobody has
ever seen it.

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ILLYA (discouraged)

Well, no one would know except an elephant...."run fast, jump high..."
What did he mean by that?

11

CONT'D

(2)

KHUFU (grim)

That's what I wanted you to hear.
One of them---

O.S., a LOUD SCREAM.

ANGLE - FAVORING KHUFU

12

as they wheel to the doorway.

KHUFU

There!

EXT. VILLAGE OF ULNA - DAY

A king-sized native, ARUNDU, stands tall in the center of the village, holding a machete and followed by other machete-wielding natives. The villagers SCREAM and run for cover. They want no part of Arundu's loincloth commandoes.

ANGLE - NEAR HUT ENTRANCE

13

Illya and Khufu come charging out of the hut and see the village in the throes of panic. They draw their weapons. Illya fires a shot at Arundu, but the "superman native" leaps miraculously from the ground to the top of a nearby hut, smashing the Olympic record in the process. From this vantage point, he directs his troops in their pursuit of the villagers. Illya shoots one onrushing attacker and then is swarmed over by a wave of friends of the deceased. Khufu aids Illya in breaking free. They run toward another hut and duck behind it. Illya edges along the side of the hut, turns the corner and finds himself facing a machete, throat-first.

14

ANGLE - FAVORING ILLYA AND ARUNDU

15

Arundu now looms before Illya. Behind Illya, HOGAN, Arundu's monstrous, brutish aide, holds a knife at Khufu's neck. Arundu grins evil anticipation:

ARUNDU

Surrender or die!

ILLYA (after due
consideration)

We accept your terms.

BLUR TO TITLES:

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END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

16

WAVERLY is at his desk. SOLO stands at the front corner of the desk, pensively spinning a world globe. He's rolling up his sleeves to bare his arms as:

SOLO

I must admit I'd feel more comfortable if my destination were at least on the map.

WAVERLY

It's there, Mr. Solo....The trouble is the globe manufacturers have a difficult time keeping pace with the proliferation of emerging nations.

Over the above, a pretty lab TECHNICIAN enters, wheeling a trayful of hypodermics. She's the typical injection specialist -- happy and smiling.

WAVERLY (continuing)

I trust you have completed your jungle briefing?

SOLO

Let's see -- we have a Professor Denton who insists he has a new serum that's supposed to change ordinary men into superior beings with incredible physical prowess--

WAVERLY

That work earned him the chair of Biochemistry--

SOLO

Which he promptly lost when he was caught using human guinea pigs.

Solo winces as the Technician jabs a needle into his arm.

WAVERLY

Quite so. That was three years ago. Denton disappeared, leaving no trace ...until Prince Khufu became the first President of his country.

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Solo unhappily offers a fresh arm, turning from the needle as:

16
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

So you think it was Professor Denton who offered Khufu the serum to make his people invincible? Ow!

WAVERLY

Needless to say, President Khufu turned him down.

SOLO

And then the raids began.

WAVERLY

If those mass kidnappings are to provide human material for Denton's super-army, the ramifications could be truly disastrous.

SOLO

Ow!

(to Technician)

What was that?

TECHNICIAN (a delighted smile)

Yellow fever.

Solo sighs, turns the other arm and continues with Waverly:

SOLO

Is there any proof of all this?

WAVERLY

Just one man escaped Denton's clutches. When we last heard from Mr. Kuryakin, he was with Khufu, on their way to question that man--

SOLO

And then exit Mr. Kuryakin.

WAVERLY

And President Khufu.

SOLO

There must be an answer.

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10-10-00 1.9
Solo reacts in pain once more and scowls at the Technician.

16
CONT'D
(3)

TECHNICIAN (pleasantly
helpful)
Elephantiasis.

She lets him have it again. Solo reacts, regains his composure and feigns a sweet smile.

SOLO (to Technician)
How many more?

She pauses to think it out.

TECHNICIAN
You've had cholera....dysentery....
yellow fever....elephantiasis...dengue
....and malaria.
(thinks)
Three more -- jungle rot...tse-tse fly
....and athlete's foot.

Solo looks at her and Waverly in disbelief.

WAVERLY
It's for your own protection, Mr.
Solo. We want to make you immune to
everything in Africa -- except perhaps,
a flat tire.

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EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - DAY

17

Solo is driving along in an open jeep. He studies the countryside as he drives.

18-OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

19

There is the SOUND of a TIRE BLOWOUT. Solo stops the jeep and gets out to look at the tire. He is pith-helmeted and thoroughly the picture of the visiting American member of the Mt. Kenya Safari and Hunting Society. He bends down to look at the flat. He sees a large piece of glass imbedded in the tire. He sighs, takes out his communicator.

SOLO
Channel D, please.

19
CONT'D
(2)

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - CLOSE - WAVERLY IN HIS OFFICE 20

WAVERLY
Yes, Mr. Solo?

BACK TO SOLO 21

SOLO
About those shots, sir -- you'll
never guess what I just caught.

CUT TO:

EXT. AFRICAN PLAIN - DAY 22

A long column of CHANTING NATIVES can be seen trudging across the plain, single file. CAMERA MOVES IN ON the procession. The natives are not all natives. Prominent in the column are Illya and Khufu. Like the others, Illya wears a wooden yoke around his neck paired with another captive. Unlike the others, he is not in a chanting mood. Illya raises his hand to his forehead to wipe away the perspiration and then attempts to adjust his collar to a more comfortable position. Khufu marches next to Hogan, his hands tied behind his back.

INSERT - SNAKE IN THE GRASS 23

Unnoticed by the hikers, a deadly snake coils and HISSES in the grass.

RETURN TO SHOT 24

The captives plod along, prodded by Hogan and the native guards. Illya notices the movement in the grass.

ILLYA
Watch out--

INSERT - SLITHERING SNAKE 25

The snake leaves its coiled position and slithers forward.

ANGLE - FAVORING CAPTIVE YOKED TO ILLYA

26

There is an O.S. HISS. The captive's eyes dart downward as he reacts in alarm. He kicks at the O.S. snake, then registers pain and drops to the ground. The CHANTING STOPS. Hogan rushes to see what has happened and sees the fallen captive writhing on the ground. He motions to the guards who scurry to Illya's yoke-mate. They remove the spikes from his yoke, freeing him. Illya immediately swings the freed yoke-arm, knocking Hogan and the guards sprawling. As he runs, he shouts to Khufu:

ILLYA

Let's go!

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ANGLE ON HOGAN

27

Hogan bellows at the guards, who rush Khufu. Khufu starts off after Illya. Hogan grabs at him, wheeling, locks him in his powerful embrace. Khufu struggles, unable to free himself as, yelling at Illya:

KHUFU

Run!

CLOSE ANGLE - ILLYA

28

He hesitates, looking back, not wanting to leave Khufu behind.

ANGLE - KHUFU AND HOGAN

29

KHUFU (desperate)

Only you can get away! Run!

Hogan knocks him sprawling and unconscious and goes after Illya with his guards.

ILLYA

30

Still wearing his yoke, he takes off, running for a nearby cluster of trees. He disappears into them as Hogan followed by two guards plunge after him.

EXT. RIVER EDGE - DAY

31

Illya breaks through the trees, down a hill, races to the river and dives in. He surfaces, looks back toward his pursuers, suddenly wrenches around to look toward his right.

STOCK SHOT - CROCODILE

32

slithering off bank and into water toward Illya O.S.

ILLYA

33

Illya struggles to wrench free of the collar. He finally pries it open and surface dives.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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34

Hogan arrives at the river bank with two guards. He points toward the river and smiles.

HIS POV - (STOCK SHOT)

35

A crocodile thrashing about in the water.

ANGLE - FEATURING HOGAN

36

He gestures that they can leave. They turn away from the river.

ZIP PAN TO:

37-OUT

EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - DAY

38

Solo is almost finished changing the tire. He tightens a wheel nut. He is sweating in the African heat.

EXT. HIGH ROCK FORMATION - UP ANGLE - DAY

39

Arundu is intently looking out and down through a pair of binoculars.

THROUGH BINOCULARS - LONG DOWN ANGLE

40

TO Solo kneeling next to the jeep. He reaches over for the last wheel nut, picks it up, stops a moment to sleeve-wipe the sweat from his eyes.

CLOSE UP ANGLE - ARUNDU

41

He lowers the binoculars, pleased with himself as, studying his watch:

ARUNDU (to himself)

Ten, nine, eight....

SOLO AT JEEP

42

He starts to put the nut on the wheel bolt. It slips out of his fingers and rolls away. Solo scrambles after it, O.S. A beat -- then the JEEP EXPLODES spectacularly.

CLOSE UP ANGLE - ARUNDU

43

He grabs his binoculars and looks through them, a grin of satisfaction as he lowers the binocs.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PROFESSOR'S COMPOUND - DAY

44

A typical native compound featuring a barbed wire enclosure containing the captives sitting dully in a cluster.....a prison hut....and the Professor's headquarters which features a porch. His laboratory equipment is on the porch, including racks of vials containing liquid. Half the vials contain red liquid, the other half green.

ANGLE - AT PORCH STAIRS

45

The PROFESSOR, a slight, bespectacled, fiftyish scientist, scurries down the stairs to greet Arundu, moving toward him with giant strides. Anxiously, as Arundu joins him:

PROFESSOR

Did you give Napoleon Solo a proper welcome to Africa?

Arundu grins with savage enjoyment.

45
CONT'D
(2)

ARUNDU

It was truly explosive.

The Professor rubs his hands with pleasure. A thought clouds his sneaky features.

PROFESSOR

What about the others?

Arundu proudly gestures O.S. down the line. They look.

ANGLE - ACROSS PROFESSOR AND ARUNDU TO ENTRANCE ROAD

45X1

Moving toward them, led by Hogan guarding Khufu, come the yoked captives. Hogan is leading them toward the barbed wire prisoners' enclosure.

ARUNDU AND PROFESSOR

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45X2

The Professor's face twists. He frowns at Arundu.

PROFESSOR

What happened to the one called Kuryakin?

ARUNDU

Ask the crocodiles.

They beam at each other. A lovely touch....

ZIP PAN TO:

46-49
OUT

EXT. AFRICAN HILLSIDE - DAY

50

Illya struggles up the side of a steep hill. He reaches the top, breathing hard and rubbing at his sore neck. At the top, he looks down the other side of the hill.

HIS POV

51

On the plain below him is a camped safari.

ILLYA (O.S.; shouting)

Hey!

51
CONT'D
(2)

RETURN TO SHOT

52

Illya wig-wags his arms and continues shouting to attract attention.

ILLYA

Hey! Up here!

His reaction indicates that he is not getting through to anyone. He starts down the hill on the run. He trips near the end of his descent and completes his journey on the seat of his pants. He picks himself up and runs toward several trees, finally stepping in an unseen animal trap. He is thrown into the air, inside a net, and ends up dangling from a branch.

ZIP PAN TO:

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EXT. PROFESSOR'S PORCH - CLOSE ANGLE THROUGH TEST TUBE
RACK - DAY

52X1

TO Khufu, who grimly stares at the vials. Behind him, two armed native guards watch, guns dangerously, carelessly ready. WIDEN ANGLE TO CONTAIN the Professor.

KHUFU

No! I rejected your offer before.
I have not changed.

PROFESSOR

A pity. Well, I'll just have to go
it alone.

KHUFU

You won't stand a chance. You will
be stopped.

The Professor shakes his head sadly, filled with false concern.

PROFESSOR

Oh, I almost forgot -- you think help
is on its way.

KHUFU

It is.

52X1
CONT'D
(2)

PROFESSOR

It was. Unfortunately, the most recent arrival is now part of the African landscape.

Khufu stares at him, shaken. The Professor smiles with beneficence. Khufu firms up, grimly noble.

KHUFU

My people are loyal! They will fight!

The Professor turns to a window and looks out.

HIS POV

CAMERA PANS the barbed wire enclosure containing clusters of natives, seated on the ground.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Do you want them all to die? Only you can prevent useless bloodshed.

KHUFU

Nothing will change my mind.

PROFESSOR

Would you rather see them dead? Khufu, your people will listen to you. Have them submit to my formula -- why be just a Prince of your country when all Africa can be ours?

KHUFU

I am now the President of my country. That is enough for me!

PROFESSOR

Can't you understand? Two shots of this and I have a perfectly obedient army with unbelievable physical talent--

KHUFU

Slaves! I will never lead my people into slavery!

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52X2

PROFESSOR (furious)
You lack imagination! If you co-
operate with me, I'll make you King
of this great Continent!

52X2
CONT'D
(2)

(Khufu just stares him down;
the Professor controls himself,
sighs; then, gently)
Well, give it some thought -- with
what little time you have left....

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ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SAFARI CAMPSITE - DAY

53

Native bearers are preparing the camp for the evening.
In the center of the camp is a large tent flying the flag
of the "Queen's Guards". HARRY BLACKBURN and MARSHA are
outside the tent. He helps her load a camera. Blackburn
is the traditional, stuffy, retired, mustached, sixtyish,
British sportsman. Marsha is an attractive, pert
collegienne from Long Island.

ILLYA'S VOICE (O.S.;
faint, but clear)
Heeelp!

MARSHA (reacting)
Major Blackburn -- what was that?

BLACKBURN (aloof)
What was what?

MARSHA
I thought I heard something.

Blackburn clicks her camera shut and hands it to her.

ILLYA'S VOICE (O.S.;
louder)
Help!

BLACKBURN (as they rise)
Just Africa, my dear. Boy, get my
elephant gun.

54-56
OUT

EXT. TREE AREA - DOWN ANGLE ACROSS ILLYA - DAY

56X1

who hangs netted on the end of a branch. He brightens as Marsha and Blackburn accompanied by his gun-bearer MOVE INTO SCENE, looking around.

ILLYA

Hey, down there!

They stop below him. Blackburn already has his elephant gun, starts to raise it. Marsha shoves the barrel aside as, excited:

MARSHA

It's a man!

Blackburn lowers his gun as

BLACKBURN

Boy! Cut him down.

His gun-bearer starts up the tree as Marsha stares up at Illya.

MARSHA

What are you doing up there?

CLOSE - ILLYA IN NET

57

He peers at her through the netting.

ILLYA

My travel agent forgot to warn me about these tourist traps....

ZIP PAN TO:

Solo's ex-jeep smoulders on its side, just off the road. CAMERA PANS TO PICK UP Solo's valise, then MOVES A BIT TO TAKE IN Solo lying in the grass. He stirs, dazed, painfully rises, trying unsuccessfully to shake the cobwebs out of his head. He picks up his valise, looks at the remains of his jeep and starts off across the countryside, still hurt and dazed. He disappears through bushes.

GRASSY UNDERGROWTH

59

Solo limps TO CAMERA, stops dead at what he sees O.S.

STOCK SHOT - GIRAFFES

60

Several giant giraffes look TOWARD CAMERA.

BACK TO SOLO

61

He takes off in another direction. Original in
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BUSHES

62

Solo appears F.G., parting the bushes, holds up, eyes widened at what he sees.

STOCK SHOT - BIG - LIONS

63

They look TOWARD CAMERA, start to move.

BUSHES - SOLO

64

He lets the bushes come back together, disappearing him. We HEAR him scrambling away.

TREES - SOLO

65

who staggers to F.G., leans against a tree. A sixth sense alerts him. He looks O.S. He's weak. The heat's getting to him.

STOCK SHOT - SNOW LEOPARDS

66

Two of them, moving along fallen log TO CAMERA RIGHT.

BACK TO SOLO - MOVING SHOT

67

Seeing them, he gathers his last strength and stumbles OFF CAMERA LEFT, falling, dragging himself up, plunging along, staggering. He doesn't get far. He falls again, tries to rise. CAMERA MOVES IN ON him as, losing consciousness, he struggles to his knees, tries to get up, then flops down, out cold.

STOCK SHOT - VULTURES CIRCLING

68

DOWN ANGLE - SOLO

69

sprawled out on the ground, valise at his side. The valise moves. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE a native pushing the valise aside with his spear. Using his foot, he flops Solo over on his back. He bends down, unbuttons Solo's jacket, looking for something of value. He sees Solo's communicator. It fascinates him. He plays with it like a new toy. Solo stirs. The native leaps up, readies his spear to add it to Solo's anatomy. He freezes as, O.S., we HEAR a LOUD SCREAMING CALL. It's more than a scream -- it's Tarzan-like, performed in a feminine, off-key voice.

CLOSE - NATIVE

70-OUT

Scared, the native slips the communicator into his loin-cloth and takes off. Solo stirs again. His hand paws at the grass. He winces, eyes still closed. A SHADOW appears across his body. His eyes open. He blinks a couple of times, winces again as he turns his head and sees a foot.

SOLO'S POV

72

CAMERA FOLLOWS the foot and MOVES UP the body of the owner. A girl named GIRL looks down at him with a blank expression.

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She is more than a girl. She is fine of face, long-tressed and exceptionally well-endowed to model the low-cut, scant leopardard she wears. She even has a knife fetchingly tucked into her belt.

72
CONT'D
(2)

RETURN TO SHOT

73

Solo tries to clear his head. He closes his eyes and then opens one for a better look. Solo talks with difficulty.

SOLO

Thank you. My compliments to your couturiere.

GIRL (sternly)

Me Girl!

Solo cocks his head, acknowledging that there is a lot to what she says. He tries to get up, but has a hard time. He finally makes it, painfully. Girl just watches, which she does beautifully.

SOLO (extends his hand)

Napoleon Solo.

She ignores him and repeats her speech.

GIRL

Me Girl!

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It's evident she doesn't understand much English. He glances at his valise and moves past her toward it.

SOLO (smile)

Yes, I'd be inclined to agree.
Uh -- excuse me.

He gets to the valise and bends over to pick it up. Girl is afraid he might be going for a weapon.

GIRL (commanding)

No!

73
CONT'D
(2)

From his bent-over position, Solo turns to face her, decides against trying to make her understand. He turns back to the valise and starts to pick it up. Just as he turns back, she applies a karate chop to his jaw. He slumps forward. Girl catches him and throws him over her shoulder. She picks up the valise and starts off into the jungle.

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END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

74

Girl's tree house is not much to look at from the outside, but it is large and has lovely grounds. Girl, still carrying Solo over her shoulder, arrives at a vine ladder leading up to the house. She calls out as she looks up.

GIRL

Baby!

BABY, a less-than-handsome gorilla, appears at the opening to the tree house and looks down. He hurries down the ladder and relieves her of the unconscious Solo.

GIRL (gestures up to house)

You watch!

The gorilla starts up the ladder with Solo and Girl runs off.

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CUT TO:

EXT. PLAIN - FULL IN FRONT OF BLACKBURN'S TENT - DAY

75

INT. BLACKBURN'S TENT - DAY

76

The tent interior appears to have been designed by a man who decorated the finest London Men's Club. It is complete with ivory tusk trophies. Illya is seated, Marsha administering tenderly to his wounds. Blackburn is looking out the front flap of the tent and is upset. He claps his hands twice as if calling for service.

BLACKBURN (shouting)

It's five o'clock!

Blackburn turns back to Illya and Marsha and walks to his overstuffed leather chair.

BLACKBURN (disturbed)

How could anyone grant independence to people who don't even know when it's time for tea?

MARSHA

I didn't know that was a prerequisite.

76
CONT'D
(2)

BLACKBURN (puzzled)

Are you some sort of radical, my dear?

Marsha completes towelling off Illya's forehead.

ILLYA

Thanks.

MARSHA

That's okay...

(afterthought)

But you owe me an hour's worth of pictures.

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BLACKBURN

Now that you're freshened up, Mr. Kuryakin, could you tell me what you're doing out here?

ILLYA

I was about to ask you the same question.

MARSHA (volunteering)

We're on a safari.

ILLYA (smiling politely)

I gathered that.

A native enters and sets down a tea service in front of them. Then native exits and Blackburn starts preparing tea. Marsha gets up.

MARSHA

None for me.

(to Illya, brightly)

I've got to take a look at the rhino I shot yesterday.

ILLYA

You shot a rhinoceros?

MARSHA (nods)

Want to help me develop the film?

BLACKBURN (interrupting)

Run along....Mr. Kuryakin and I are going to enjoy our tea.

She shrugs and smiles at Illya.

76
CONT'D
(3)

MARSHA

The prints will be dry by dinner.

By his expression, Illya accepts the offer to see them.
She bounces out and Blackburn shakes his head gravely.

BLACKBURN

She has the ingredients to be a lady
....but unfortunately, she keeps them
well-hidden...

ILLYA

Is she your...

(trying to choose wife, daughter,
niece or traveling companion)

BLACKBURN

I never saw her before this trip.
She was looking for someone headed
south-east and I happened to be
traveling that way.

(changing the subject)

You were about to tell me your reason
for being out here.

ILLYA

Business...but I got tied up with the
wrong people. We couldn't agree on
anything, so I left.

BLACKBURN (disbelieving)

You picked an odd place to separate.

ILLYA

I prefer a clean break....

Illya finishes his tea and walks toward one of the ivory
trophies.

ILLYA

Are you on a hunting safari?

BLACKBURN (watching him
suspiciously)

No, this is a trading expedition.

ILLYA (admiring the trophy)

What is it you trade in?

BLACKBURN
I import ivory.

76
CONT'D
(4)

ILLYA
To England?

BLACKBURN
No....To Africa.

Illya turns from the trophy in surprise.

BLACKBURN (cont'd)
More tea?

ILLYA (puzzled)
No, thank you...
(sums up)
You import ivory to Africa. Isn't
that a bit like bringing coals to
Newcastle?

BLACKBURN
Enterprising, what?

ILLYA
Very---

BLACKBURN (smiles)
There are many places here where
elephant tusks are still used as
legal tender. Matter of fact, there
is one buyer who is delighted to take
all the ivory I can bring.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROFESSOR'S PORCH - DAY

77

The Professor shuffles down the stairs. Just as he gets
to the bottom, Arundu hurries to him.

ARUNDU
Professor -- we are all out of ivory.

PROFESSOR (kindly)
Don't worry, Arundu. Major Blackburn
is bringing all we'll need for this
crop. Nice of you to be concerned.

The Professor looks down the line and sees Khufu standing at the barbed wire enclosure staring sombrely at his people, who sit inside, staring blankly. He's flanked by his two guards. The Professor strolls toward Khufu.

77
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE - AT BARBED WIRE

78

Khufu gives the Professor a bitter, taunting look as he comes up. He gestures toward the stoned natives.

KHUFU

You call these poor devils your super-warriors?

PROFESSOR

Stage one, my friend. Their minds are empty vessels, waiting to be programmed. Physical power commences with the second shot, the booster.

He starts off toward the prison hut. CAMERA WITH them as the guards prod Khufu, motioning for him to come along. They stop at the prison hut with barred windows. The Professor gestures to the door.

PROFESSOR

Your quarters.

They start in.

INT. PRISON HUT - DAY

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79

Khufu comes through the opening and into the barren room, followed by the Professor. The room is bare - a dirt floor and three windows, all barred.

PROFESSOR

Nothing pretentious....but you'll have privacy.

KHUFU

I would rather be with my people.

PROFESSOR

How would that look? My future King sitting with the masses, behind barbed wire?

KHUFU (hard)
You don't listen well. My answer was
"no".

79
CONT'D
(2)

PROFESSOR (confidently)
For now....You'll change your mind
when you see the results of the second
shot -- the muscle booster.

CUT TO:

INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

80

Solo, propped in a corner, rubs behind his ear as he tries to wake up. He scans his surroundings. His VISION IS BLURRED at first and THEN CLEARS. It is an open one-room tree house. There is one table, one chair -- another slightly lower smooth-topped tree stump. There is a piece of bamboo, anchored on each end by tree-stumps. Hung over the bamboo are several changes of loincloths and leopardtards. Nearby is Solo's valise. Solo rubs his eyes and continues to look at his strange surroundings. He reacts in disbelief.

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SOLO'S POV

81

Baby stares impassively at Solo.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SOLO AND BABY

82

Solo forces a smile.

SOLO (apologetically)
Didn't have a chance to shave either --

Baby doesn't react to Solo's remark. Solo sees the open doorway. He looks down, then reaches for his valise.

SOLO
Well, I hate to sleep and run....

Solo starts backing toward the exit, without taking his eyes off the gorilla. He smiles politely and turns to the vine ladder as:

SOLO
I'll see you around....

Suddenly two furry arms clamp Solo from behind. ANGLE WIDENS as Solo, arms pinned to his side, looks behind him and finds that he is in the less-than-tender embrace of Baby. Solo lifts one arm quickly and drives an elbow into Baby's side. Baby doesn't even flinch.

82
CONT'D
(2)

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.;
scolding)

Baby!

The gorilla lets go as Girl comes up the ladder to Solo. Solo rubs his elbow which he bruised against Baby's stomach.

SOLO (to Girl)

Thank you.

GIRL (soothing)

Nice, Baby...

(turns to Solo, angrily)

You no like?

SOLO

No, I love animals.

GIRL (sternly)

Me, Girl!

SOLO (smiles)

Me, Solo....Your friend and I were just getting to know each other.

Girl gestures harshly for him to get back inside. Solo starts to edge around her as:

SOLO (begging off)

I've already seen it. It's lovely.

Baby GRUNTS. As Solo turns to him, Girl comes forward, throws Solo over her shoulder and starts back in as:

SOLO (resigned)

Mother never told me about girls like you...

Baby picks up Solo's valise and follows.

83-85
OUT

Girl carries him in and drops him like a sack of potatoes. Girl, who is an adept gesturer, orders Solo to sit on one of the tree stumps. He follows instructions and Baby takes a standing position at his side. Girl studies him, to the point of feeling his muscles, frowning, then messing his hair.

GIRL

Bad!

SOLO (resignedly)

You can't please them all.

GIRL (with scolding
finger)

Bad!

SOLO

Me good! I think you've got me mixed up with someone else...

Solo takes out his wallet, removes a card and hands it to her.

SOLO (continuing)

Me - Napoleon Solo....

10-10-66 1:35
By her puzzled expression, Solo realizes that she doesn't understand anything he says. She sniffs the card, then chews off a piece of it and wrinkles up her nose at the lousy taste. Her needle seems stuck on the same word.

86
CONT'D
(2)

GIRL

Bad!

Solo decides to try a different tack. He points to himself and talks as if speaking to a newly-arrived, foreign-speaking, immigrant infant.

SOLO

Me, Solo....From the United States...

Me, friend....

He looks at her hopefully but receives only a non-comprehending look.

GIRL

Oo-nited States?

She looks at Baby who also shows no sign of knowing the expression. Solo tries being more physically descriptive of friendship. He pounds his chest and issues an amateurish TARZAN CALL. Girl raises an eyebrow at this showing. Her expression questions Solo's mental balance. Solo accepts this temporary defeat in trying to reach her, then strikes upon another thought. He looks around for his valise and sees it behind Baby. He reaches for it with a small smile at the gorilla.

SOLO

Here...

He opens the valise and starts searching through it. He wants to warm up a cold situation. She watches him carefully. Solo finds what he was looking for -- his transistor radio. He smiles at Girl and clicks it on. He twists the tuning dial and can't seem to pick up any station, until he finally comes across a rock 'n roll disc jockey who speaks at the rabid-rapid pace of most rock 'n roll disc jockeys.

ANNOUNCER (O.S. FILTERED)

...happy to be comin' at you again on the only, all day-all night, twenty-four hour station in the jungle, WLSD.

(Cont.)

And now, to kick off the first half-hour of happiness, a great local group, The Watusi's!

Girl recognizes the word.

GIRL (excited)

Watusi! Watusi!

The radio breaks into a WATUSI INSTRUMENTAL. Girl stares wide-eyed and somewhat frightened by the sounds from the little box. Solo stands up, facing Girl. He starts to do the Watusi. For the first time in their relationship, she cracks a slight smile.

SOLO

Watusi!

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Her smile broadens in recognition of the name. She shakes her head affirmatively.

GIRL (happily)

Watusi!

SOLO (inviting)

Try it!

She starts slowly, until she gets the hang of it. Then, she gets into gear and does it beautifully, as only a great-looking, young girl in a sheath leopardtard can. She is having fun. Solo switches to doing the 'Monkey'. She follows his lead and likes it.

GIRL

Watusi?

SOLO

No, the Monkey.

Suddenly, the tree house starts shaking. Solo looks around.

CLOSE SHOT - BABY

87

Behind Solo, Baby is doing the Monkey.

RETURN TO SHOT

88

Solo turns back to Girl.

SOLO (complimentary)
For a big gorilla, he's very light on
his feet.

88
CONT'D
(2)

The 'song' ends and Solo clicks off the transistor. He is
breathing hard from the workout. Girl is very disappointed.
Solo takes a deep breath.

SOLO

Later.

Solo, feeling he has made successful contact with Girl,
slips the radio back into his valise and pulls out two
photographs. He shows her one of them.

INSERT - HEAD SHOT OF ILLYA

89

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Friend -- you see him?

RETURN TO SHOT

He acts out "seeing". She reacts blankly. Solo hands
her the second photo.

INSERT - HEAD SHOT OF KHUFU

91

RETURN TO SHOT

92

She looks at the picture and then shoots a look at Solo.
She returns to her standard line, shaking an angry finger
in Solo's face.

GIRL (upset again)

Bad!

She rummages in a zebra-skinned storage sack, gets out a
picture, shows it to Solo.

INSERT - PICTURE

93

Khufu - identical to the one Solo has. There's handwriting
on the bottom corner.

SOLO (complimentary)
For a big gorilla, he's very light on
his feet.

88
CONT'D
(2)

The 'song' ends and Solo clicks off the transistor. He is breathing hard from the workout. Girl is very disappointed. Solo takes a deep breath.

SOLO

Later.

Solo, feeling he has made successful contact with Girl, slips the radio back into his valise and pulls out two photographs. He shows her one of them.

INSERT - HEAD SHOT OF ILLYA

89

RETURN TO SHOT

90

She reacts blankly. Solo hands her the second photo.

INSERT - HEAD SHOT OF KHUFU

RETURN TO SHOT

92

She looks at the picture and then shoots a look at Solo. She returns to her standard line, shaking an angry finger in Solo's face.

GIRL (upset again)

Ead!

She goes for the framed picture on the tree stump. She shows it to Solo.

INSERT - PICTURE

93

of young girl sitting on twentyish Negro's lap. The girl could be Girl at the age of eight and the man, Khufu, in his days as a native prince. There is handwriting at the bottom of the 8x10 glossy.

RETURN TO SHOT

94

Solo tries to read the writing.

SOLO (reading with
difficulty)
Best wishes to my friend, Girl, Prince
Khufu.

Girl snaps the picture out of his hands.

SOLO
Khufu?

GIRL
Khufu!

She points outside in the direction of O.S. mountains.
Then she scowls and points at Solo.

GIRL
Bad! You take Khufu!

Solo now realizes that she has been calling him names
because she thinks he was somehow involved in the kid-
napping of her friend, Khufu. Solo attempts to gesture
that she's got the wrong idea. He holds his head shot
of Khufu to his chest and puts both arms around it, try-
ing to show her that he's Khufu's friend.

SOLO (lovingly)
Khufu....

He looks up to see if he's getting the desired reaction.
She seems to have lost the anger, but is still suspicious.
Solo offers a plan. He points to himself.

SOLO
Solo!
(points to her)
Girl!
(marches in place and then
gestures toward O.S. mountains)
Khufu!

He feels he isn't getting through to her. He sits her
down on a tree stump and points at her.

SOLO
You, Khufu!

He then backs off to the house opening and acts out a rescue. He rushes toward her, stopping twice to fight off imaginary heavies. He overcomes the invisible enemies with karate chops and clenched fists.

94

CONT'D

(2)

CLOSE SHOT - GORILLA

95

He is as non-plussed as a gorilla can get.

RETURN TO SHOT

96

Solo, having vanquished his foes, starts to untie her imaginary bonds. He takes her hand and leads her hurriedly to the opening. He stops and turns to her. He nods "yes", hopefully.

SOLO

Understand?

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She doesn't react for a moment, then takes a step back. She points at Solo.

GIRL

You...Solo.

(points at herself)

Girl...

(points to O.S. mountains)

Khufu...

Solo nods "yes", feeling she has caught on. Girl starts marching in place. Solo smiles and shakes his head to encourage her. She smiles widely at having caught on. She turns to Baby.

GIRL (commanding)

Baby stay!

They start out.

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ZIP PAN TO:

STOCK SHOT - SAFARI ON TRAIL - LONG SHOT - DAY

97

EXT. DIFFERENT SAFARI CAMPSITE - LATE AFTERNOON

98

Illya, alone, surreptitiously examines the supply packs. He gets one open, pulls out a tusk, studies it. It seems like any ordinary old ivory tusk. O.S., a NOISE startles him. He wheels, ready for action. He relaxes as Marsha, on her hands and knees, crawls toward him through some bushes. She has a 35mm camera around her neck with a big lens. She's reading her light meter as she moves along, checking the available ground light. She bumps into Illya, grins up at him with pleasure.

MARSHA

Hi there!

ILLYA

I thought you were developing a rhinoceros.

MARSHA

Oh -- well, there's this red ant hill, see, so I thought I'd shoot it if there was enough available light this late -- Who are you, really? A fugitive from justice?

ILLYA

Crawling around like that could be dangerous.

MARSHA

What's so dangerous about ants?

(she giggles)

Bet I know -- you're a desperate adventurer, looking for King Solomon's mines. Or an unfrocked missionary?

ILLYA

What if those ants have snakes for neighbors?

She pulls out a small bottle.

MARSHA

I put this down before I started studying the ants....It's a mating scent. If there are any snakes around, they go for the spot where I spread it. Neat, isn't it?....I got it. You're a secret agent!

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ILLYA

Right! --- Where does one obtain a
snake mating scent?

98

CONT'D
(2)

MARSHA

I saw it in a mail-order catalogue.
(smiles)
I wouldn't come to Africa unprepared.

ILLYA

Why did you come in the first place?

She pauses to reflect and then starts her story.

MARSHA

Have you ever heard of Dr. Amos Woodley?

ILLYA (thinking)

Woodley?

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ANOTHER ANGLE

100

MARSHA

Probably not....He was my father....
He came here on a scientific thing
seventeen years ago....with my mother
and sister....I was too young to go.

(her face shadows)

My father flew his own plane. They
crashed.

ILLYA

I'm sorry...

MARSHA

I thought they were all dead. Then
a missionary came home with a fantastic
story about a girl who was raised by
apes.

ILLYA (disbelieving)

And you think it might be your sister?

MARSHA (shrugging)

Who knows?

STOCK SHOT - CLOSEUP - TARANTULA ON GRASS

100X1

101-OUT

RETURN TO SHOT

102

ILLYA

What do you know about "Major"
Blackburn?

She makes a square with her two index fingers.

MARSHA

But harmless...

O.S., the SOUND of JUNGLE DRUMS starting a message beat.

ILLYA

What's that?

MARSHA (shrugging)

Some local combo...Not bad.

MED. SHOT - BLACKBURN

standing over a native beating a drum.

BLACKBURN

Blond - male - name of Ku-ria-kin.

BACK TO ILLYA AND MARSHA

104

A large GONG SOUND drowns out the drums.

MARSHA

That's dinner...I better get cleaned up.

Illya spots the spider O.S.

ILLYA (quietly firm)

Marsha, stand very still.

MARSHA (turns to him)

What?

ILLYA

You should have ordered one of those
mating things for spiders.

She reacts suddenly frightened. He suddenly pounds at the O.S. spider on the ground with the elephant tusk. As he does, blunt end of the tusk breaks open. Powder spills from the tusk. He rubs his fingers in it and then sniffs at it, puzzled.

104
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

This elephant had a bad cavity.

Marsha stares down at it in surprise.

MARSHA

A phony elephant tusk?

ILLYA (grim)

As phony as importing ivory to Africa.

MARSHA (shocked)

But Major Blackburn seems like such a nice man! Why would he lie?

Illya puts a finger to his lips.

ILLYA

It's the nice ones you have to watch.

She gives him a wary look. He shrugs.

EXT. BLACKBURN'S TENT - NIGHT

105

The DRUMS CONTINUE in the B.G. Illya, Marsha and Blackburn are seated outside the tent, holding three wine glasses. They have just finished dinner on a beautifully set table, with silver service, damask napkins, tablecloth, exquisite crystal and lit candles in silver holders. Blackburn is dressed more formally than he was previously and wears his medals from his days "with the regiment". He offers a toast.

BLACKBURN

The Queen!

They clink the glasses together. Blackburn downs his wine and throws the glass over his shoulder. Marsha sips and savors.

MARSHA

Mmmmm...

ILLYA (sniffing his glass)

An interesting bouquet.....Maison
D'Chat....forty-seven.

BLACKBURN

You are a student of the grape?

105
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Not really....But I get around.

Blackburn picks up the decanter and sees that it is empty. He claps his hands twice and a native appears, wearing a large wine-steward's key around his neck. He hands the native the decanter and the native bows and exits. Blackburn picks up a silver box, opens it and offers a cigar to Illya.

ILLYA

No, thank you.

BLACKBURN

Something troubling you, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA

Something about those drums---

Marsha, pleased, starts moving with the rhythm.

MARSHA

Yeah, they're getting to me, too.
Whoever it is, blows pretty good bongo!

Illya and Blackburn gape at her as, going with the rhythm, she slides up from her chair and starts doing a delightful native a-go-go.

CUT TO:

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EXT. PROFESSOR'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

106

The Professor stands near a seated bongo player. At his side is Arundu. The Professor is nervous and angry. From O.S. comes the SOUND OF DISTANT DRUMS.

PROFESSOR

Ku-ria-kin. You told me he was dead!

ARUNDU (explaining)

Hogan reported the crocodile got him.

PROFESSOR

That's what you get for delegating
authority.

Arundu admits this with a sad expression.

106

CONT'D

(2)

PROFESSOR (points to
bongo player)

Have him tell Blackburn to get rid of
him. And I don't want any mistakes
this time.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF BONGO PLAYERS RELAY THE MESSAGE

107

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKBURN'S TENT - NIGHT

108

Blackburn and Illya watch Marsha circling back to her
chair, dancing.

ILLYA

I'm getting the message---

She grins at him, flops back down in her chair as:

BLACKBURN (to Illya,
politely)

Oh? You speak Swahili drum-talk?

ILLYA

It's one language I've missed.

BLACKBURN

Then allow me to help you. The drums
say: "Blackburn beware -- of
strangers."

MARSHA (thrilled)

Really?

ILLYA (coldly)

We'll have to watch for them.

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ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. BLACKBURN SAFARI SITE (SAME AS DINNERTIME CAMP) -
DAY

109

The African sun has just come up. Two natives are busy setting up two adjoining stakes. CAMERA PANS FROM them TO Illya and Marsha bound against the truck. Marsha looks over at the stakes.

MARSHA

What are they doing?

ILLYA

Putting up stakes.

MARSHA

His and hers?

Blackburn strides INTO SHOT, very chipper:

BLACKBURN

What else? Good morning!

They turn to see Blackburn standing over them, smiling and full of vigor. He takes a deep breath.

BLACKBURN (continuing)

I must say you picked a beautiful day to die.

ILLYA (to Marsha)

The choice was yours.

BLACKBURN (to Marsha)

I understand you have a fondness for red ants, my dear? I thought I'd give you and Mr. Kuryakin an opportunity to study them at close range.

ILLYA (reserved)

How very thoughtful of you.

ZIP TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

110

Girl stands with her hand shielding her eyes from the sun as she looks into the distance. Solo sits on the ground, trying to clean pebbles out of his shoe.

GIRL

Solo!

She motions for him to come forward, then points off in the distance, toward a distant cliff. He walks to her, shoe in hand.

HIS POV - STOCK SHOT - DISTANT CLIFF

111

RETURN TO SHOT

112

SOLO

Khufu?

She nods "yes". He puts on his shoe and they start down the hill.

LONG SHOT - TWO FIGURES COMING DOWN THE HILL

113

EXT. BOTTOM OF HILL - DAY

114

Arundu and two henchies are staked out behind large rocks at the bottom of the hill, watching Girl and Solo descend. As Girl and Solo pass between the rocks, Arundu motions for the henchies to follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AFRICAN PLAIN - DAY

115

Solo and Girl stop breathlessly for a moment's rest. He motions her onward, starts off.

GIRL

No!

Solo turns around to see what she's shouting about. The ground below him gives way.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

116

He looks down as he starts to drop into a dug-out animal trap, covered by growth. He grabs for the edge of the pit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

117

Girl rushes to his aid and clutches his arm, but his descending force pulls both of them into the pit.

INT. ANIMAL PIT - DAY

118

They are in a heap at the bottom. They start untangling, their bodies coming together in a position which Solo normally would delight in. Both pause for a moment as their faces are inches apart. She puckers her lips as a monkey would do. Solo controls himself with effort as, to her:

SOLO

If the boys at headquarters could see me now, they'd say I'm losing my grip.

He kisses her forehead and she opens her eyes in surprise. She adopts the role of the aggressor, grabbing him and planting a jungle girl, swashbuckling kiss on his lips. They are interrupted by a CLEARING THE THROAT SOUND at the top of the pit. They separate and look up.

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Arundu looks down at them with an evil grin.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

120

A pretty UNCLE GIRL runs in excitedly.

GIRL

Exciting news, Mr. Waverly! We've finally managed to pick up a signal on Channel D.

WAVERLY

That is exciting news, indeed. Who is it....Mr. Solo or Mr. Kuryakin?

GIRL

Neither, sir...but it is Channel D.

Waverly flips a switch.

WITCH DOCTOR (O.S. FILTERED)

Ooganda naytula! Budetto eeran!

WAVERLY (puzzled)

Didn't you have the language computer identify it?

GIRL (sheepishly)

Yes sir...

WAVERLY (impatiently)

Well, what's he saying?

GIRL

It's -- well, it's the chant of an African witch doctor!

Waverly responds with a raised eyebrow.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT OF AFRICAN WITCH DOCTOR

121

There is the O.S. SOUND OF A NATIVE CHANT. The Witch Doctor, heavily plumed and painted, looks O.S. Around his neck is a chain sporting a nifty collection of animal teeth and Solo's communicator.

HIS POV - STOCK SHOT - PAINTED NATIVES IN A WAR DANCE 122

RETURN TO SHOT 123

The Witch Doctor stands and plants a spear in the ground.

WITCH DOCTOR

Umgawa!

He waves his troops forward.

STOCK SHOT - NATIVES MOVE OUT 124

CUT TO:

EXT. BLACKBURN'S CAMPSITE - DAY 125

Illya and Marsha, hands tied separately, are dragged to the stakes, which are now ready for them. Blackburn has a pitcher in his hand...At his feet, a large, wild turkey drumstick and a container of ants.

BLACKBURN

You're entitled to a sneak preview since you're going to miss your own performance.

Illya and Marsha stare at the pitcher in his hand.

BLACKBURN (continuing,
like magician)

As you can see, this is a perfectly ordinary turkey drumstick. Normally it would take an hour for these ants to devour it. But, ah -- I add the secret ingredient --

(starts pouring honey on it)
-- honey. Now -- watch.

He plunges it into the container of ants.

126-OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

127

Marsha can't look any longer. She turns away. Illya watches unhappily. After a moment, Blackburn smiles and reaches down for the O.S. drumstick. When he picks it up, it is completely bare. He holds it up for Illya to admire.

BLACKBURN

Get the point?

Marsha glares at him in pitifully brave defiance.

MARSHA

You're a beastly old---

BLACKBURN

Now, now, young lady -- language---

ILLYA (to Marsha)

And you thought he was square but harmless---

Both of them close their eyes. Blackburn hands the pitcher to one of the natives and steps back. The native poises the pitcher over their heads, but before he gets a chance to pour, he catches a spear in the midsection and reels backwards. Illya and Marsha open their eyes at his GRUNT. Blackburn spins around.

THEIR POV

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128

The Witch Doctor raises his hand and his painted warriors stand. They have the camp completely surrounded, with spears poised. The Witch Doctor walks through the silence to Blackburn. He looks sternly at Illya and Marsha who smile hello, hopefully. Illya notices the communicator around his neck.

CLOSE SHOT - COMMUNICATOR

129

hanging from chain on Witch Doctor's neck.

RETURN TO SHOT

130

The Witch Doctor points at them and his warriors start to cut their bonds. Blackburn doesn't like it.

BLACKBURN

Now see here, old chap---

130

CONT'D

(2)

WITCH DOCTOR (shuts

him up)

Tanda!

Blackburn reaches for his pistol but is disarmed by a couple of warriors. Illya walks up to the Witch Doctor, points to communicator.

ILLYA

You don't mind if I borrow this for a moment---

WITCH DOCTOR (warning)

Tanda!

ILLYA

Thank you.

He reaches out and takes it in his hands as if to admire it. The Witch Doctor eyes him suspiciously. Illya then talks as if he is complimenting him. He fondles the communicator. He smiles his appreciation.

ILLYA

Channel D....This is Mr. Kuryakin...
Please do not respond....

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INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

131

Waverly and the pretty Uncle Girl are surprised at hearing Illya's voice.

WAVERLY

Mr. Kuryakin!

ILLYA (O.S. FILTERED)

When I count to three, I would appreciate it if you'd produce the most impressively scary sound you can think of....

INTERCUT Illya and Waverly where indicated.

ILLYA AND WITCH DOCTOR

132

The Witch Doctor appears to be delighted with Illya's taste in neck pendants. Illya gives him a heartwarming smile as:

ILLYA (continuing)
...to duly impress my friend, the
witch doctor....

CLOSE SHOT - MARSHA

133

She thinks the jungle has gotten to Illya.

ILLYA AND WITCH DOCTOR

134

Illya counts as if the numbers are complimentary words.

ILLYA

One....

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY

135

He looks around, obviously searching for some idea. He sees an electric pencil sharpener on the table. Inspired, he grabs a pencil.

ILLYA (O.S. FILTERED)

Two...and...

Waverly leans forward to drive the pencil into the sharpener. The Uncle Girl moves the mike close to the sharpener.

ILLYA AND WITCH DOCTOR

136

Illya looks heavenward for help.

...Three!

ILLYA

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He jumps back and gestures suddenly at the communicator. Just as suddenly, it breaks into a PIERCING, WHIRRING SOUND from the electric pencil sharpener. The Witch Doctor looks down at the communicator, his eyes wide with panic. The other natives start mumbling in the B.G. The Witch Doctor scowls at the communicator, rips it from his neck and throws it to the ground. He backs away and Illya gives him a regal stare and struts a bit. The Witch Doctor falls to his knees, bows, and throws his arms to the ground in front of him. The other natives follow suit. Illya has established himself as something special. He bends down and picks up the communicator.

ILLYA (into communicator)

Thank you, sir.

WAVERLY (O.S. FILTERED)

You're welcome, Mr. Kuryakin. Is
Mr. Solo with you?

ILLYA

Napoleon?...I didn't know he was here.

WAVERLY (O.S. FILTERED)

Where are you?

The Witch Doctor starts to rise and the natives follow suit.

ILLYA

On my way to the elephant graveyard...
(looks at natives)
And in a great hurry. They might want
to see some other magic, and I'm all
out. I'll keep you informed.

He slips the communicator into his jacket pocket, takes Marsha by the hand and starts to back away from the campsite, smiling.

He's getting desperate.

BLACKBURN

Hold on there you two -- you aren't leaving me here--

ILLYA (backing away)

Sorry, Major, but that's the way this cooky crumbles.

BLACKBURN

Where's your sense of propriety? You can't leave me with these savages! How will you find that elephant's graveyard without me?

ANGLE - FAVORING MARSHA AND ILLYA

138

They hesitate. She frowns at him.

MARSHA

He's right. How will you find it?

ILLYA

Simple --- find a dying elephant and follow him.

She looks at him in awe as he grins confidently, backing away with her.

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EXT. PROFESSOR'S PORCH - DAY

139

The Professor looks up with pleasure from his tropical drink as Arundu throws Solo and Girl at his feet.

ARUNDU

There! Kneel!

He makes a threatening move as they start up. The Professor hastily stops him.

PROFESSOR

No, Arundu!

They arise. The Professor beams at them.

139

CONT'D

(2)

PROFESSOR

Excuse the rough treatment. Arundu didn't know you were "special" guests.

SOLO (wiping himself off)

Like Khufu and Kuryakin?

PROFESSOR

Khufu is staying with us -- but Mr. Kuryakin met with an untimely accident on the way....

(eyeing Girl)

Where'd you pick up this creature -- or is she also an Uncle agent?

SOLO

Let her go -- she has nothing to do with this---

PROFESSOR (speculating)

On the contrary -- up till now, I have only experimented on male specimens....It seems we might have a perfect potential superwoman here---

He reaches out to feel her arm muscle. She suddenly bites his arm. He SCREAMS. Solo reacts with an "I told you so" look. Arundu jumps in to pull her off. Solo goes to her aid, but Arundu sheds him quickly and yanks Girl off the Professor's arm. The Professor is furious.

PROFESSOR

Woman will be the last animal man will civilize! Put her in a cage where she belongs!

Arundu grabs the Girl and drags her out, kicking and battling. Solo starts to go along but the Professor intercepts him.

PROFESSOR

Not you, Mr. Solo. We have something to discuss.

SOLO

I can't wait.

UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 10-19-66 BY [illegible]
REASON: [illegible]

PROFESSOR

I hope you have enough vision to picture an entire army of men like Arundu here -- obeying me like a pack of trained hounds.

139

CONT'D

(3)

SOLO

Sounds impressive, if you're planning to declare war on the Kennel Club.

PROFESSOR

You're trying to irritate me. That's not very intelligent for a man in your position.

SOLO

What is my position?

PROFESSOR

You could make it a very nice one. I'll need officers for my invincible army. How would you like to be a General?

SOLO

In exchange for what?

PROFESSOR

Khufu's cooperation...

(Solo frowns at him)

What more can a man want? I offered to make him King of all Africa! All I asked was for him to order his people to submit to my treatments---

SOLO

He refused.

(the Professor shrugs,
exasperated)

And you want me to change his mind.

PROFESSOR (beaming)

You're very perceptive. I like that!

SOLO

Flattery will get you nowhere.

PROFESSOR

Don't be too hasty in turning me down. Take a little time to think it over.

(he motions for Arundu)

Throw him in with the rest....

139

CONT'D

(4)

ZIP TO:

STOCK SHOT - WOUNDED ELEPHANT - DAY

140

A spear juts from its side. It should look mortally wounded. It lumbers along.

EXT. AFRICAN VELDT - TWO SHOT - MARSHA AND ILLYA - DAY

141

staring off O.S. at the dying elephant. She looks back at him in absolute awe. He grins confidently.

ILLYA

See?

MARSHA

And me without a camera!

ILLYA

Let's go -- before we lose him.

MARSHA (surprised)

How do you lose an elephant?

They hurry off in hot pursuit.

EXT. PRISON HUT - DAY

142

A formidable guard stands at the door. The kindly old Professor approaches the hut.

INT. PRISON HUT - DAY

143

Girl, Khufu and Solo lie against the rear wall, bound hand and foot. The Professor enters, smiling at them benignly.

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PROFESSOR

Well, Mr. Solo -- have you persuaded Khufu to change his mind and co-operate?

143
CONT'D
(2)

KHUFU

He didn't even try.

PROFESSOR

Perhaps you need more incentive, Mr. Solo. My guards are staging a spear-throwing contest. And you will be taking part.

SOLO

You'll be disappointed. I never did make the javelin team.

PROFESSOR

Oh, you won't be a thrower -- they find a live target most entertainingso, unless you manage to persuade Khufu---

SOLO

---I'm it.

PROFESSOR

Exactly.

The Professor gives him that old friendly smile and exits.
Khufu studies Solo.

KHUFU

You are a brave man.

SOLO

Hold that good thought. We might need it later...

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FADE OUT.
END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

144-146
OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. AFRICAN VELDT - DAY

147

The land is rising. Illya and Marsha scramble up to a knoll F.G. and peer out ahead.

STOCK SHOT - HERD OF ELEPHANTS, GRAZING

148

The sick elephant, not-identifiable, has joined a herd.

BACK TO MARSHA AND ILLYA

149

ILLYA

Our guide has company.

MARSHA

What does that mean?

ILLYA

It means we're close.

He HEARS something behind him and turns around. He sees Arundu standing behind him, with two native guards.

ILLYA (let down)

Very close.

ZIP PAN TO:

150-150X1
OUT

INT. PRISON HUT - DAY

150X2

Illya and Marsha hit the dirt floor face first as Arundu shoves them inside the hut. Solo, Khufu and Girl stare at the new arrivals, gawking. Illya looks up, sees them. His expression matches theirs.

ILLYA

Napoleon!

150X2
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Mr. Kuryakin, I presume.

Marsha stares at Girl, wide-eyed.

MARSHA

What -- who is that?

SOLO

Her name is Girl.

(Illya gives him a look; Solo
shrugs helplessly)

Well, she lives in a tree.

MARSHA

Rebecca...?

Girl stares at Marsha as she moves to her and drops to her
knees. The others watch, curious. With hope:

MARSHA

Rebecca?

SOLO

You know her?

ILLYA

She thinks she's her sister.

Marsha carefully reaches over and pulls down one strap of
Girl's leopardtard, examines her shoulder and her face
lights up with happiness. She turns to Illya, overjoyed:

MARSHA

I know she is! That heart-shaped
mole!

She tries to hug Girl who recoils, looking fearfully at
Khufu. Khufu points his right index finger at Marsha,
the left at Girl, then crosses them.

KHUFU

Kalwabonga!

Girl now understands and joyfully returns the hug.

That's all very touching, but it's going to be a short reunion unless we get out of here.

(to Illya)

How did you ever find this place?

ILLYA

We followed a dying elephant.

MARSHA

There's a whole herd of them outside.

SOLO (thinking all the time)

Really...?

(to Girl)

That gorilla understands you. Do you talk to elephants?

GIRL (dubious)

Illya--phumphs?

KHUFU

Umgalah! Besi-Besi umgalah?

Girl reacts, nods violently, then lets go with a deafening ELEPHANT CALL.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S PORCH - DAY

151

Arundu watches him mix his drink. The air is rent by another blast from Girl O.S.

PROFESSOR

What's that?

ARUNDU

That savage woman---

PROFESSOR

Turn her off! And bring Solo.

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ELEPHANT HERD - staring to move, trumpeting.

IMPALAS, GNUS, AARDVARKS, MONKEYS, GIRAFFES ETC. -
they HEAR GIRL CALL and start moving.

BIRDS HEAR it, BEES HEAR it, even EDUCATED FLEAS
HEAR it!

EXT. VELDT - ANGLE ON BABY - DAY

155

The gorilla HEARS his master's dulcet screech and takes
off.

EXT. COMPOUND - AT TARGET BOARD - DAY

155X1

Which is, namely, Solo. He's spread-eagled on the board.
Arundu gives his bonds the finishing touches. The
Professor regards Solo like a butcher appraising the
prime weight of a cow.

PROFESSOR

Stubborn man! Stubborn! Well, you
might as well know the rules of the
game, seeing as you're it. The men
will try to come as close to you as
they can without hitting you. This
will give you a bit more time to
reflect on my offer. Of course some
of them aren't very good marksmen --
so the game might be cut off a bit
soon. Arundu!

He motions for Arundu to take his spear and lead off. As
Arundu goes to the throw-line, the Professor steps back
and takes his drink from a faithful retainer's ready hand.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING: Not to be reproduced or quoted without permission. 155X2

The Professor sips, watching with critical curiosity.

Arundu and FOUR SPEARMEN at the throw-line. He draws
back and lets go.

THWOCK! -- Arundu's spear zoinks into the board next to Solo's head. Solo tries for a brave, fatalistic expression but doesn't quite make it -- especially as four more spears THWOCK home near his head.

155X2
CONT'D
(2)

Arundu's turn again. He draws back. Suddenly, out of nowhere, Blackburn staggers into the game area, completely worn out and disheveled. He moves right in the line of fire. The Professor, seeing him, scurries over with his drink, motioning for Arundu to cease. As he confronts Blackburn:

PROFESSOR

It's about time! Where have you been?

(he motions to Arundu)

Arundu! Put him back!

Arundu gives a sharp command. Two of the spearmen cut Solo loose and drag him out as Blackburn grabs the Professor's drink and downs it.

BLACKBURN

Egad, I needed that!

The Professor yanks his drink back as:

PROFESSOR

Where is the ivory, Major?

BLACKBURN

I had to trade it to the natives.

PROFESSOR

You what?

BLACKBURN

I had to. Really, it was those chemicals or me.

PROFESSOR

You fool! As usual, you made the wrong choice!

The Professor pulls a pistol. Blackburn pulls back.

BLACKBURN (desperate)

Don't be hasty! We can get it back! You've got Kuryakin -- the natives think he's some sort of god -- he can get it back from them!

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The Professor controls himself. Then, softly:

155X2
CONT'D
(3)

PROFESSOR

All right, Major. Maybe you'll
have better luck with Mr. Kuryakin
than I had with that UNCLE man.

The Professor considers a moment. Blackburn sweats. Then
he shrugs, motions for Arundu to take him away.

ZIP PAN TO:

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156-156X1
OUT

INT. PRISON HUT - DAY

157

Blackburn and Solo are thrown into the hut. Girl's mouth
is now taped.

ILLYA

Well well -- so you got drummed out
of the Professor's service, too?

BLACKBURN

Mr. Kuryakin, listen to me! I'm old.
You're young. The Professor will kill
me if I don't get that ivory back.
You can save your friend here, too!
The natives think you're a god -- use
your influence---

ILLYA

Sorry, Major.

SOLO

You'll just have to take potluck with
the rest of us.

158-161
OUT

EXT. SIDE OF CLIFF - DAY

162

Baby climbs up the side of the cliff. He stops, peers
around, then hustles along in a hurry.

SOLO

You wouldn't by any remote chance
have one of our ingenious escape
devices on you, would you?

ILLYA

So sorry. I'm fresh out. What
about yourself?

SOLO

Nothing -- except her.

ILLYA

I'm afraid she and the elephants
don't speak the same language...

He interrupts himself as he and the others see Girl sniffing
and wearing a knowing look. She glances toward the back of
the hut. Suddenly, a hairy arm smashes a hole in the wall.
Baby's face appears in the hole. Girl, Solo and Khufu
light up. Never were three people happier to see a
friendly face. Blackburn raises an eyebrow. Marsha hugs
Illya for protection. They, of course, don't know Baby.

SOLO (to Illya)

Will you settle for a gorilla?

ILLYA

My apologies to the lady.

The gorilla enters and takes the tape off Girl's mouth.

GIRL

Good Baby!

10-20-66 1.00
He unties her. She starts untying Solo when a guard pokes his head in the front entrance to see what the commotion is about. Baby pops him on the top of the head and the captives start wriggling through the hole in the hut.

163
CONT'D
(2)

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164-OUT

EXT. PRISON HUT - DAY

165

The captives come through the hole and start circling the hut carefully, to get into the compound. A guard sees them and starts for them, but then sees Baby, stops and begins to back off. Solo, Illya and the others try to take advantage of Baby's interference. Other guards appear and they too back away from the gorilla.

He sees the action, starts for it, and shouts for the guards to grab the escapees.

ARUNDU

Stop them!

The natives are not too receptive to his command, but they are forced into a quick choice. They decide to obey, rather than face his wrath. They sieze the prisoners and Arundu moves between them and Baby. This is a match worthy of closed-circuit, theater TV. Arundu, the super-specimen, versus Baby, a tough gorilla. Everyone watches with spectacular interest, particularly the prisoners, who are being held by the guards.

EXT. PROFESSOR'S PORCH - DAY

167

The Professor comes rushing out on the porch to see what's going on. He reacts with concern.

BACK TO COMBATANTS

168

SOLO (to Illya)

I think we've got a winner.

ILLYA (doubting)

You haven't seen the other fellow in action.

Arundu smiles and motions for Baby to come forward. Baby moves in and Arundu tackles him. They roll in the dirt, Baby gaining the upper hand, but only momentarily. Arundu's strength is phenomenal. Whatever Baby does, Arundu does better. Arundu finally subdues him.

ILLYA (to Solo,
hopelessly)

See?

SOLO (disappointed)

Just goes to show you. Never pin your hopes on a gorilla.

The Professor ENTERS THE SCENE, APPLAUDING Arundu's victory. He looks at the prisoners.

PROFESSOR

Well, gentlemen - do you still question
the effectiveness of my discovery?

168
CONT'D
(2)

Basking in his own delight, the Professor doesn't get an opportunity for further conversation. He is dramatically interrupted by the O.S. BLARE OF ELEPHANTS and the NOISE OF AN UNRUSHING HERD. Everyone turns to the noise.

STOCK SHOT - ELEPHANTS COMING TOWARD THEM

168X1

RETURN TO SHOT

168X2

MARSHA

The elephants!

SOLO (to Illya)

See? It worked.

ILLYA

Too bad she's too big to carry around.

The natives break into panic and start running away. Arundu decides against trying his hand against the elephants and he also takes off. The Professor fears for his lab.

STOCK SHOTS - ELEPHANTS LEGS ETC. AS AVAILABLE

168X3

RETURN TO SHOT

168X4

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Illya and Solo pull everyone to safety and they watch the elephants trample the compound.

169-OUT

CLOSE SHOT - PROFESSOR

170

He has reached the lab. He turns and tries to shield himself from an onrushing elephant. He SCREAMS.

BACK TO SHOT

170X1

Marsha turns away from seeing the Professor stomped.

KHUFU

It is fitting -- He who defies
nature is destroyed by nature's
force.

170X1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Some people won't listen to reason
until an elephant falls on them.

The assemblage digests that chunk of philosophy.

ZIP PAN TO:

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171-185
OUT

INT. GIRL'S TREE HOUSE - DAY

186

Solo watches with interest as Marsha puts the finishing touches on Girl. It's quite a touch -- Girl is now dressed in a very sexy sheath dress. Solo and CAMERA ARE BLOCKED from seeing Girl at the moment by Marsha's figure. She steps back so Solo can see. Girl turns to him, showing off:

GIRL

You like?

SOLO

Frankly, I think your other dress
had a lot more to say.

GIRL

No like?

SOLO

Solo like - very much - whatever the
wrapping.

O.S. a JEEP HORN BEEPS.

ILLYA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Come on!

They look down as:

EXT. JEEP BELOW TREE HOUSE - DAY

187

Illya sits in the driver's seat of the loaded jeep. Khufu stands beside the car.

ILLYA (calling)

We've got a long way to travel!

BLACKBURN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ho-La-a-a!

NEW ANGLE - ALONG PATH

188

Illya turns to see Blackburn hustling up to them. Blackburn now carries what's left of his estate in a kerchief bundle on a stick over his shoulder.....a sort of British bindlestiff on the con. He's full of false comeraderie.

BLACKBURN (jauntily)

I hope you saved a place for me, old boy.

ILLYA

Sorry, Major. This safari's all booked up.

Behind them, Solo and the two sisters come down the ladder to join the group as Blackburn's bravado collapses.

BLACKBURN

You're not going to leave me here!
Alone?

The group clambers into the jeep as Illya points a thumb up toward the gorilla. He gooses the motor as:

ILLYA

Well, there's always Baby to keep you company. Who knows -- in time he might learn to serve tea.

KHUFU

Goodbye, my friends. Thanks for everything.

Everybody waves as the jeep starts off. Khufu walks off in opposite direction.

CLOSE - BLACKBURN

189

He turns to Baby.

BLACKBURN (musing)

Well, old chap, we may as well start training right now. Tea will be served promptly at five.

FADE OUT.

190-OUT

THE END