

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

THE IT'S ALL GREEK TO ME AFFAIR

Prod. #8445

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A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
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Presentation

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

The It's All Greek to Me Affair

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FADE IN:  
EXT. ATHENS - DAY (STOCK)

1

The Acropolis, ruined and beautiful, is a lodestone for all tourists, in fact for all Athens. One scarcely needs the superimposed subtitle...

"ATHENS"

...but then, one never knows. OVER SOUND we HEAR the lively distant strains of the bazouka, picking out the latest of the popular imitations of the song from "Never on Sunday".

EXT. ACROPOLIS - DAY (STOCK)

2

A few tourists move among the ruins.

ANOTHER ANGLE (STEREO)

3

The dark form of ILLYA appears, his hair caught brightly in the reflected glow of light from the Acropolis.

COLUMNS (STEREO)

4

A casual local Athenian sits on a ruined column, beyond which tourists are walking, munching on an apple, surveying the night.

ILLYA (STEREO)

5

He is looking for someone. He sees the man on the column, hesitates a moment, then pulls his communicator from his pocket.

ILLYA (softly)  
Open Channel D, please.

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INT. ATHENS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

6

This pleasant room in a luxury hotel has a handsome view of the city. NAPOLEON SOLO is engrossed in balancing a large conglomeration of bills, receipts, et al on a small portable adding machine. It's a warm day and he's in shirt sleeves. Solo's Communicator BEEPS.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SOLO AND ILLYA

7-11

SOLO

Yes, Illya...?

ILLYA

I think I've located my contact.  
But I can't remember the first  
lines of the password.

Solo, without pausing in his addition on the machine, absently reaches out for a volume of Euripides and opens it at a marked page.

SOLO

It's from Euripides. YOU say,  
"What is this new cry thou  
utterest?"

ILLYA (concentrating)

"What is this new cry..." Go on.

SOLO

And HE says...  
(hopefully)  
Or is your contact a female?

ILLYA (checking  
with a look)

Not to the naked eye.

Solo shrugs.

SOLO (continuing,  
reading)

Then HE says, "Dost thou speak of  
issues of the word...or inter-  
change of swords?"

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ILLYA (suspiciously)  
How do you remember all that?  
Are you reading it?

7-1  
CON  
(2)

SOLO  
Certainly not. I memorized all  
of Euripides when I was only a  
toddler.

He clicks off with his communicator...

EXT. ACROPOLIS - DAY (STEREO)

12

...The columns of the Parthenon silhouette the whole  
area. Illya moves forward to the apple devourer.

ANOTHER ANGLE (STEREO)

13

As Illya moves (carrying a briefcase) there is a  
movement in the shadows.

Unnoticed by Illya, a man is following him.

CLOSER SHOT - MANOLAKAS

14

MANOLAKAS, following Illya, is lean, hard, desperate-  
appearing, no one to be trifled with, well-dressed in  
a flashy spiv way, and armed.

He moves with muscular ease and complete silence after  
Illya.

WIDER ANGLE

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15

Illya picks his way over the uneven terrain with  
some difficulty.

ANOTHER ANGLE (STEREO)

16

A group of British teen agers, chaperoned by a  
somewhat stringy woman guide, MISS PRENDERGAST,  
is giggling up at the Parthenon, trying to spy  
out any presentable boys who might whisk them  
off into a convenient shadow.

MISS PRENDERGAST

Now, young ladies, I think we should all have a few moments of utter silence, to sit and CONTEMPLATE the IMMORTAL beauty of the Parthenon.

16  
CONT'D  
(2)

ON ILLYA

16X1

Illya is moving closer and closer toward his presumed contact, the apple eating gentleman.

ON MANOLAKAS

16X2

Manolakas is following Illya, but with enormous discretion.

MARBLE BLOCK NEAR WORKMAN

17

As the girls cross in front of him, - the workman eating his apple is so interested in the nubile young creatures that when Illya, who has crept up fairly close says...

ILLYA (in a  
stage whisper)  
What is this new cry thou utterest?

...the poor man is so taken aback that he nearly falls off the block. Certainly he scuttles away like the White Rabbit, looking back at Illya with evident shock. However...almost immediately...

ANOTHER ANGLE

18

...a VOICE from the shadows of the marble block observes...

MISS PRENDERGAST (in  
a low voice)  
Does thou speak of issues of the  
word, or interchange of swords?

Illya whirls. Miss Prendergast, smiling wearily behind her pince-nez, beams at him.

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MISS PRENDERGAST

Good evening. So unusual to meet  
a young person with a knowledge of  
Euripides, these days.

(looking about cautiously)

You have the new code?

18  
CONT'D  
(2)

Illya nods, relieved, and produces the briefcase  
from under his arm. Miss Prendergast takes it,  
gestures off toward her flock.

19 OUT

BACK TO ILLYA AND PRENDERGAST

20

MISS PRENDERGAST

I can't imagine what Alexander  
Waverly is doing giving me a "cover"  
like THIS!

(with a despairing sigh)

Only two months ago I was at the  
Crazyhorse in Paris as an exotic  
dancer and NOW I'm riding herd on  
this band of adolescent delinquents!  
It's too much!

ILLYA (gallantly)

I must say you play the part admir-  
ably.

MISS PRENDERGAST

Thank you. Next week, East Lynne.  
Good-bye, Mr. Kuryakin.

She starts away.

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WIDER ANGLE

21

From behind a column appears Manolakas. Agile,  
muscular, he springs at Miss Prendergast's back.  
Trained for all eventualities, she attempts to  
fight back, but Manolakas knifes her and grabs  
the briefcase before she can get into action.

Illya, startled, springs forward at the attacker.  
Miss Prendergast falls, tripping on the stones,  
hitting her head on the marble column.

The fight between Illya and Manolakas for possession  
of the briefcase is silent but lethal. Manolakas  
has several advantages ... some knowledge of the  
terrain, the surprise, etc. They struggle violently.

In the course of the fight, Illya stumbles and falls, hitting his head on the marble. Manolakas runs from the scene like a decathlon champion. CAMERA FOCUSES on the unconscious body of Illya, out of sight of the passing tourists!

21  
CONT'D  
(2)

FREEZE FRAME:

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END TEASER

## ACT ONE

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FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS (NEW YORK) - DAY

22

A GIRL enters and hands Waverly a message. He examines it, then:

WAVERLY (to girl)  
Get me Mr. Solo in Athens, please.

INT. SOLO'S ATHENS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

23

Solo in on the phone.

SOLO (into telephone)  
That's right. Two dozen roses to Miss Irene Papagoras.... All right, the next one: corsage of orchids -- black, of course -- to Miss Melina Skouroyanis. That's S-k-o-u.... Oh, you know how to spell it... Good....

His communicator BEEPS.

SOLO (into telephone)  
Uh, can I call you back later? I have three more.... Thank you.

He hangs up, opens communicator.

SOLO (into communicator)  
Solo here.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SOLO AND WAVERLY

24

WAVERLY  
Good morning, Mr. Solo....  
(reconsiders)  
No, it's evening in Athens.... Tell me, have you heard from Mr. Kuryakin?

SOLO  
No, sir. And I'm becoming just a little concerned. I haven't been able to reach him....



WAVERLY

Nor have I. And there may be reason for concern. We've just intercepted a Thrush signal indicating that they are sending one of their key operatives to Greece. A man named Emile Sauvignon.

24  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Trying to steal our new code.

WAVERLY

To buy it, Mr. Solo. From someone named Manolakas who claims to have stolen it already.

SOLO (reacts)

If that's true, then something must have happened to Illya. I'd better--

WAVERLY (cutting in)

No, Mr. Solo, Mr. Kuryakin is quite able to take care of himself. I want you to approach the problem from the other end. Mr. Manolakas has arranged to rendezvous with Sauvignon at the --  
(looks at paper)

Phanaria Inn. It's on the road to Evros.

(a beat)

Go there, Mr. Solo. If our code has indeed been stolen, I want you to get it back. If not, we might at least bag Mr. Sauvignon.

SOLO

Yes, sir. I'll leave right away.

WAVERLY

You can wait until morning, Mr. Solo. Sauvignon won't reach Greece till tomorrow at the earliest. Get a good night's sleep. I rather think you'll need it.

ZIP PAN TO:

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EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

25

This is a new highway on a fairly deserted stretch going off toward the mountains.

Manolakas' car speeds down the road.

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ANOTHER ANGLE

26

There is a lonely government sponsored petrol station at the side of the highway, its lights making something of an island out of it. The car whirls out of the darkness, brakes abruptly and turns into the station to pull up before the pumps in a SCREECHING halt.

CLOSER SHOT

27

Out of the door tumbles Manolakas, all muscle, tension and nerve. He carries the briefcase under his arm, and he runs for the station office.

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ANOTHER ANGLE

MANOLAKAS

Where's your phone?

The attendant answers with a gesture and Manolakas runs inside the office to the wall telephone, clearly visible.

29 OUT

EXT. PARTHENON - NIGHT

30

Illya slowly comes to amid the rubble. He shakes his head to clear the cobwebs, takes out his communicator.

ILLYA (into  
communicator)  
Napoleon? Come in, Napoleon....

INT. SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

31

His communicator BEEPS.

SOLO (into  
communicator)  
Illya? Are you all right?

INTERCUT BETWEEN SOLO AND ILLYA

32-35

ILLYA  
A bit the worse for wear,  
Napoleon.

SOLO

Mr. Waverly has been burning up  
the communicator. Did somebody  
steal the code?

32-35  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

How did you know?

SOLO

It's a long story, but the man who  
took it is named Manolakas. And  
I'm pretty sure he's on the road to  
Evros right now....heading for the --  
Phanaria Inn....

ILLYA

Evros?..... I'm on my way.

He rises, moves OUT OF SHOT.

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INT. STATION - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

36

The telephone receiver to his ear. He can HEAR it  
ringing at the opposite end. He's fidgeting ner-  
vously.

INT. TAVERNA - NIGHT

37

An old fashioned phonograph plays. We can see the  
handsome, lissome proprietress of the taverna (KYRA)  
clapping her hands and singing. We HEAR the RINGING  
of the telephone as she watches STAVROS, her father,  
dance along with a couple of other customers.

ANOTHER ANGLE

38

Engaged in a game of chess with another man is a  
good-looking man (NICO), in his thirties, a bit  
better dressed than the other men, wearing glasses,  
his eyes fixed on Kyra.

NICO (to Kyra)

Telephone...Shall I get it?

Kyra stops dancing, turns off the phonograph.

KYRA

I'll take it.

She goes into the hall.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

39

The hall is small, boasting a desk, keys to a few rooms, the wall telephone, the door to a half-cellar. Kyra picks up the phone.

KYRA (into phone)  
Yes? Speak louder, please!

Nice enters, stands nearby, listening; Kyra's face goes white.

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INTERCUT BETWEEN KYRA AND MANOLAKAS AT GAS STATION

40-44

KYRA (into phone)  
Who? That's impossible! My husband is in prison!

MANOLAKAS (relishing it)  
Everything is possible in this world, my beloved wife -

KYRA (into phone)  
Manolakas! You escaped?

Nico, shaken, goes back to the main room door, calls out to Stavros, who is tipsily doing a Greek dance:

NICO  
Stavros! Come quick! Big trouble!

KYRA (into phone)  
You stay away! I never want to see you again! If you so much as show your face here, I'll -- I'll --

MANO (into phone,  
savage)  
You'll do nothing! Now, listen -  
there is a man coming to the  
taverna to meet me! A man to pay  
enough money for us to live like  
Gods for the rest of our lives!

KYRA (into phone)  
I warn you, Mano - you show your  
face here and you will have used  
up the rest of your life!

She slams the receiver down, leans back, drained.

STAVROS, Kyra's father, enters, glowering a question  
at them.

NICO  
Manolakos!

STAVROS  
Eh?

KYRA (deeply disturbed;  
almost in a trance)  
He escaped.... He's coming here.

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ZIP PAN TO:  
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EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

45

Mano emerges from the phone booth, goes to his car  
which the attendant has finished servicing. He  
shoves some money into the attendant's hand, climbs  
behind the wheel, drives off.

INT. TAVERNA - NIGHT

46

Kyra, a thousand thoughts racing across her brain,  
looks at her father. Then with dispatch pulls a  
gun from his belt.

With professional ease she examines it, her  
expression determined.

NICO  
KYRA!!

STAVROS

My darling! My best gun! What  
do you want with that?

KYRA (grimly)

If Mano comes here, I'll kill him!

NICO

Kyra...That's murder!

STAVROS

No, no, Kyra...NO! You won't! You  
can't! Listen to me...

KYRA

Why can't I? He's a monster!  
Someone should have shot him years  
ago!

STAVROS (hastily)

My darling...yes, I agree. I've  
never met the man...but I agree.  
But YOU can't kill him. Because --  
you're his WIFE!

KYRA

That's why, Papa! Isn't that a  
good enough reason?

STAVROS (hastily placating)

Sweet Kyra, to me -- to you -- it  
is, yes. But if you kill your husband,  
no matter how good the reason, there's  
not a jury in Greece will let you off.  
(with a shrug of understanding)  
After all, the jurors are all men and  
so is the judge! And they all have  
wives-- wives who might get ideas if  
they let you off!

NICO (suddenly)

I'll kill him, then! Give me the gun!

STAVROS (seething)

You! You can't throw a slingshot and  
hit the broadside of a building!

NICO (bristling)

As soon as I get my new lenses...

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KYRA (intervening, firmly)  
Leave Nico alone, Papa. Nico doesn't  
have to do these things. He's an  
educated man!

46  
CONT'D  
(3)

STAVROS

Educated! Hah! I don't know  
where you get your taste in men. I  
go away to prison for just two little  
years and you marry a gutter criminal  
I wouldn't give house room. Now you  
are in love with a man who is educated!  
Two no-goods in a row!

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He seethes then...

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STAVROS

But alright. You are my daughter.  
It is up to me to fix everything. I  
will kill Manolakas!

KYRA

But you don't even know what he looks  
like.

Stavros is buckling on a couple of extra guns from  
the gun case.

STAVROS

Makes no difference. Who else would  
be crazy enough to drive on this  
road?!

(starting for the door)

But please, daughter...tomorrow when  
you find yourself a widow, before you  
marry this one...

(he looks disparagingly  
at Nico)

...think twice. Think maybe of  
finding a man like your papa.  
Stavros Macropalous, the terror  
of Thessaly, the best known bandit  
in all Greece, who can take care of  
things! No more crooks...no more  
"school teachers"...but a man!

On this, he grabs his native cap, picks up an extra heavy wine skin and throwing open the door, tears out.

46  
CONT'D  
(4)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN HIGHWAY - DAY

47

It's early morning as Manolakas' car comes tooling around the curves.

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INT. MANOLAKAS' CAR - DAY

48

Manolakas is relaxed. Looks back. He hums to himself, switching on the radio for some music. Manolakas smiles contentedly to himself. Suddenly stiffens as he sees in his rear-view mirror:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

49

Illya -- coming up behind him in his sports car.

EXT. MOUNTAIN HILLSIDE - DAY

50

Stavros, though a bit winded and muttering to himself, tears over the mountainside, short-cutting the winding road from the village.

ANOTHER ANGLE

51

He comes to a portion above the winding road which it would almost seem he has prepared in advance.

CLOSER SHOT

52

A large boulder is perched on obviously man-made joists, ready to tumble down with an assortment of rubble, small trees, etc., at will.

Apparently this is the moment, for Stavros, pausing only for a pick-me-up from the wine skin, pulls the appropriate wooden stick serving as a lever, and the entire boulder, etc....



EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

53

..tumbles down the embankment to the road (quite a distance).

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

54

Stavros peers after this then makes his way to a vantage point over the highway, making sure all his various dirks, daggers, guns, etc., are affixed to him, plus his wine-skin.

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EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

55

Manolakas' car comes around the curves, headed toward the impromptu roadblock.

INT. MANOLAKAS CAR - DAY

56

He sees the fallen boulder, curses, hurriedly brings his car to a halt.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

57

He gets out of the car, keeping the briefcase with him..runs ahead to see if his car can maneuver the rubble-strewn road.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

58

Stavros stumbles as quickly as he can over the rocks, et al, of the hillside, trying to reach the road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

59

Manolakas inspects the landslide. Suddenly he whirls, sees Illya's car approaching. He starts to run.

ANOTHER ANGLE

60

Illya brakes to a stop, leaps out, gun ready, starts toward Manolakas.

ON MANOLAKAS

61

Manolakas, running, trips. The briefcase flies out of his hand. He is about to move for it when:

MANOLAKAS POV

62

Illya taking aim at him.

MANOLAKAS

63

He dives behind some rock cover. He realizes that he can't reach the briefcase. Panicking, he dives into the bushes and manages to escape Illya successfully.

Illya, though reluctant to let Manolakas get away, has seen the abandoned briefcase. He goes to it, picks up the briefcase, tears it open to examine its contents.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

64

Stavros, breathing hard, is just reaching the top of the bank overlooking the highway.

He peers down.

EXT. ROAD - POV SHOT - DAY

65

..and sees only Illya, examining the papers, though perhaps to Stavros' eyes it seems as if Illya has been stopped by the landslide.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

66

Illya replaces the papers in the briefcase, whisks out his communicator, obviously pleased with his catch. The briefcase bears the U.N.C.L.E. insignia.

ILLYA

Open Channel D...

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

67

Stavros, of course, has no knowledge this is not the real culprit, Manolakas. Choking with emotion, anger and far, far too much retsina, Stavros pulls a dirk from his belt, muttering under his breath...

STAVROS

...you monster...you despoiler of young women...you cheat...you city slicker...  
you CROOK!

With a new found agility, Stavros...

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WIDER ANGLE

68

...leaps from the top of the bank overlooking the road and...

ANOTHER ANGLE

69

...lands directly on the unsuspecting shoulders of the absorbed Illya. Illya, taken aback in more than one sense of the word, flails about in an attempt to protect himself but...

CLOSER SHOT

70

...Stavros hits Illya over the head with the butt of a gun. Illya slumps. Stavros hastily throws a bit of line around Illya's hands. At the same time he encounters the briefcase. He tears it open, thrusts in a hand, finds in it nothing but papers.

STAVROS (bitterly)

Papers! Nothing but papers!

With a grunt of disgust he tosses the papers over the cliff.

WIDER ANGLE

71

As Stavros employs the fireman's carry to haul Illya away...and we see the papers fluttering in the air...

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:  
EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

72

This is the same highway along which Illya pursued Manolakas.

Solo's car comes briskly down the highway.

INT. CAR - DAY

73

Solo brakes slightly as he sees:

SOLO'S POV - DAY

74

A road sign reading:

EVROS  
42 Km

BACK TO SOLO

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75

Satisfied, he resumes speed.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. - TAVERNA - DAY

76

The Taverna has a strangely desolate air about it, not at all like the friendly, simple warm place of the evening before.

CLOSE ON KYRA

77

Kyra is at a window cautiously and worriedly looking out. The gun is conveniently near on the desk.

Kyra's eyes rake the road outside.

EXT. INN - ROAD - POV SHOT - DAY

78

The road is deserted, quiet, peaceful.

INT. TAVERNA - HALL - DAY

79

Kyra shifts from one foot to another, biting her lip in concern. She turns to...

WIDER ANGLE

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80

...gasps in surprise, reaching for the gun as NICO comes in through the door.

NICO

It's only me...

KYRA (sharply)

Nico, I TOLD you not to come here!  
What if Manolakas were here?

NICO

I had to come! Anyway, your father's  
going to shoot him, isn't he?

KYRA

What if he misses? We can't take chances.

She shoves the gun under her belt, and pours two  
very small glasses of something.

NICO

What's this for?

KYRA

It's my mother's recipe. When I was  
a child, whenever anyone in my  
family had to SHOOT anyone, they  
always drank this.

NICO (hopefully)

It improved their aim?

KYRA (with a practical  
shrug)

Or resigned them to failure. We  
were never sure which.

She raises the glass, they drink. Suddenly she grabs  
Nico and leans against him.

KYRA (abruptly)

Nico, if Mano SHOULD come here...  
stay away...

NICO (outraged)

While he does anything he wants  
with you?

KYRA (grimly)  
He won't do ANYTHING with me. I  
know how to handle him.

80  
CONT'D  
(2)

She pats her gun.

NICO (nobly)  
I MUST protect you.

KYRA (passionately)  
No...nothing..nothing must happen  
to you, Nico!  
(looking at him)  
I love you.

He moves to embrace her. They are interrupted by the  
jingling of a bell. They both start. Kyra hastens  
to the door.

KYRA  
Who's there?

EXT. DOOR - POV SHOT - DAY

81

A small shepherd boy, KOSTAS, is pulling at the  
bell, vigorously calling... Outside, around him,  
are his sheep, baaing...

KOSTAS  
Miss Kyra... Miss Kyra...!

INT. HALL - DAY

Kyra is relieved.

KYRA  
It's only Kostas...

She goes to the door, opens it cautiously.

KOSTAS (sticking his  
head in)  
Miss Kyra...

KYRA  
Good morning. Come in... don't  
let the sheep in...

One lamb has her head almost in the door and she  
bleats spiritedly.

KOSTAS (pushing her)  
Get back, Terpsichore... get back...!

He sidles in past Terpsichore and his face lights up  
as he sees Nico.

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KOSTAS (eagerly)  
Mr. NICO! You got something new  
for me to read, yes? Something to  
practise new words?

82  
CONT'D  
(2)

NICO  
No...no...not here...At the school...

Kyra reaches for a printed menu.

KYRA  
Here.

KOSTAS  
But I KNOW all these, Miss Kyra...  
(pointing)  
See? "Retsina" "Moussaka"  
"bread" "English Teas a Specialty".  
(looking at her)  
I like HARD words!  
(remembering something)  
Oh...I have message, Miss Kyra.  
from Stavros.

KYRA (immediately alert)  
From my father...? What?

Kostas takes a breath and recites his memorized  
message.

KOSTAS  
"To my daughter, Kyra...Greetings.  
The mission has been successful.  
I have captured the villain Manolakas.  
By the time you receive this, you  
are already a widow. Go with God,  
your loving father, Stavros Macropoulous,  
Terror of Thessaly."

KYRA (hardly able to  
believe this)  
He CAPTURED Mano...!

She turns, overjoyed, to Nico.

NICO (with a rather  
different idea of the whole  
thing)  
Kyra... He says... NOW you are a WIDOW!

KYRA (emotionally)  
Oh, NICO...!

Almost weeping she throws herself into Nico's arms  
and as she does, somewhat wearily the door is kicked  
open and...

WIDER ANGLE

83

...the figure of Manolakas, footsore, weary, furious, terrible in his fatigue, anger and thirst cries in a huge voice...

MANOLAKAS

Retsina...! Ouzo! WATER!! FAST!

Kyra whirls about, breaking the clinch. She gasps, turns pale, shrieks out...

KYRA (in terrified  
surprise)  
MANOLAKAS! NO!

Manolakas, leaning against the doorway, dead tired, his hand on his gun, looks up, surprised in turn.

Nico looks from one to the other.

MANOLAKAS (surprised  
at Kyra's surprise)  
Manolakas, YES! Who else? I TOLD  
you I was coming!  
(he staggers forward to  
down the first liquid he  
sees - the family 'formula')  
I'd have been here HOURS ago but  
I was held up on the road by bandits...  
the car broke down and...

Now his eyes have adjusted to the light and he peers  
at Nico.

MANOLAKAS

-- Who's THAT!

NICO (stuttering)  
I... I am NICO...Nicolaides...  
the schoolteacher...

MANOLAKAS (to Kyra)  
"Schoolteacher? WHAT kind of lessons  
are you taking?

NICO (bravely defending  
Kyra's honor)  
Now, just a minute! Our relationship  
has been nothing if not platonic!

Manolakas advances on Nico.

MANOLAKAS (in fury)  
Ha! Well, let me give you a lesson,  
schoolteacher!

Kostas. over this. has shooed out the goat evita

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83  
CONT'D  
(2)

KYRA (moving between  
Manolakas and Nico)  
Don't start throwing your weight  
around HERE, Mano! Get out! I want  
nothing to do with you!

MANOLAKAS  
What you want or DON'T want, doesn't  
matter, little wife. I'm your husband,  
remember? What I say is the law, here!

NICO (finding his tongue)  
Don't talk to Kyra that way...!

Manolakas doesn't even pause in guzzling from the  
bottle but brings his fist around, knocks Nico in  
the chin with it and when Nico still would show some  
signs of fight, he hits Nico over the head with the  
bottle.

Nico goes down and "out" with hardly a murmur. Kyra  
screams and bends to tend Nico.

KYRA (to Manolakas)  
You...you...!

She makes a grab for the guns in the gunrack, but  
Manolakas anticipates her. He is desperate and  
determined.

MANOLAKAS (hard,  
frightening)  
Kyra, enough has happened to me the  
last twenty four hours, I'd just as  
soon kill you as look at you! Sooner!  
(holding her in a painful  
vise-like grip)  
Except I NEED you!

KYRA (with spirit)  
For what!

MANOLAKAS (fast, desperate)  
For my big killing! I am supposed to meet a  
man here. He is to give me a lot of  
money for "merchandise" I picked up for  
him...  
(a beat)  
But it's gone wrong. I was hi-jacked down  
the road.

He throws the empty bottle down on the tiles. It  
crashes and breaks.

MANOLAKAS  
My contact -- he's a very dangerous man --  
he'll think I double-CROSSED him... I've  
got to get OUT of here before he comes...  
(continued)

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MANOLAKAS (cont'd.)  
(tearing open the cash  
register)

83  
CONT'D  
(3)

How much money have you got?

She opens the cash register, which reveals some moths  
and a few drachmae.

MANOLAKAS (disgusted)  
THAT'S all?

KYRA  
Where would WE get money...?

MANOLAKAS (in frustration)  
I've got to have it! Money to get  
away, before that man from THRUSH --  
(he breaks off; an idea)  
Your father! That old bandit of a  
father of yours! Where is he?!

KYRA  
You'd better not go near him, Mano!  
He's twice the man YOU are! He'll  
break you in two!

MANOLAKAS (thoughtfully)  
He's been out of jail for three  
years now. He must have done pretty  
well.

KYRA  
He hasn't a penny. He's retired. I  
won't let him rob anymore.

Manolakas swears. Then his eye falls on the unconscious  
Nico. He looks back at Kyra.

MANOLAKAS (thinking fast)  
Still... a man doesn't forget HOW,  
does he? He's got the old skills  
right there at his fingertips, hasn't  
he?

(pulling Kyra to him again)  
A fast little bank job... or maybe a  
rich man's house... for his dear only  
daughter's sake, eh?

KYRA (hard)  
If I had to DIE, I wouldn't ask him!  
KILL me if you want!

Manolakas laughs.

MANOLAKAS  
Kill you?

He leans over and jerks the semi-conscious Nico up.

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MANOLAKAS

Not you, my love! Him! Your --  
what did he say -- your platonic  
friend.

83  
CONT'D  
(4)

KYRA (remembering -  
horrified)  
... you wouldn't... Not Nico!

MANOLAKAS

Tell your father I need money and  
I need it TODAY! I don't care where  
he gets it or HOW, but if he doesn't...  
by sunset...

(he pokes at Nico)  
...the schoolteacher here will be only  
one more sad memory in your life.

As Kyra stares at him in horror...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY - (STOCK)

84

These cliffs were once the retreat of various holy  
Greek hermits and here and there are various remnants  
of the dwellings they built for themselves.

So steep is the cliff face that except for narrow,  
dangerous trails cut into the living rock, it is  
apparent supplies and even on occasion the hermits  
themselves had to be hauled up and down by winch,  
rope and basket.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

85

One of these devices -- controlling a net in this  
case -- is outside a particular cave.

The wind howls around it briskly as Stavros peers  
down at the rocks below.

EXT. ROCKS AND SEA AT BASE OF CLIFF - POV SHOT - DAY

86

It is a very deep, terrifying chasm.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

87

Satisfied, Stavros looks back at the cave, then up  
at the winch, and tests its strength. It creaks and  
shrieks.

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INT. CAVE - DAY

88

The creak and shriek are both audible within. Illya, hands and feet bound, is kneeling down in what was once, probably, a rocky prie-dieu hacked out of stone by the original hermit, in an effort to pass the long and doubtless lonely hermetical hours.

Shivering a bit at the SOUND from outside, Illya nevertheless is occupying his leisure by industriously sawing away the ropes binding his feet and wrists, with bits of stone which project here and there.

He hears Stavros returning and desists but not before...

CLOSER SHOT

89

...he has the satisfaction of discovering his feet are finally unbound.

WIDER ANGLE

90

Not moving, Illya waits the entrance of Stavros.

STAVROS (coming in and surveying him with satisfaction)  
Well... you have said enough prayers, yes?

ILLYA  
Not quite. I have a great many sins to atone for, you know.

STAVROS  
So my daughter informs me...  
(mockingly)  
...son-in-law!

ILLYA (wearily)  
Look, for the last time, I'm not --

STAVROS (cutting in)  
Yes... It is the last time!  
(heartily)  
Thinking you could outwit Stavros Macropoulous! DARING to come here and THREATEN the daughter of the terror of Thessaly. I am being very merciful with you. A man like you should be punished on the rack, or in the BOOT or ANY other fiendish way! But modern life...

(continued)

STAVROS (cont'd.)  
 (he shrugs)  
 No one has time for the little  
 "graces" anymore.

90  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

ILLYA  
 How do you intend to...dispose of me?

STAVROS  
 Put you in that net...  
 (he nods to it)  
 ...swing you out over the cliffs,  
 then...at the appropriate moment...  
 jerk the net open and plunge you to  
 your death on the rocks beneath.  
 They are RAZOR sharp!

ILLYA  
 You do this sort of thing often?

STAVROS  
 No. And it is thanks to YOU, son-  
 in-law.  
 (darkly)  
 Kyra will not let me, anymore. Oh,  
 there was a Mrs. Peppadoupoulous  
 once, I kept there a few days...  
 (he gestures to the net)  
 ... but that was not MY fault. She  
 wouldn't LEAVE!

Illya braces himself to make a last defence of his  
 life as Stavros pulls in the net and gets it ready...

STAVROS  
 Now... enough of prayers... they  
 will do you no good, anyway...  
 Into the net...

KYRA'S VOICE (o.s.)  
 Papa... Papa...!

Stavros looks up surprised.

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

Kyra, buffeted by the winds, is making her way down  
 the narrow, dangerous path to the cave.

INT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

She reaches the cave, Stavros greets her, full  
 of beans.

STAVROS  
Kyra! You got my message!

92  
CONT'D  
(2)

KYRA (breathless)  
Yes...

STAVROS (expansively)  
Good! You are just in time. I am  
about to murder your husband. Come  
and watch!

KYRA (protesting...  
breathless)  
Papa...!

Stavros drags her into the cave.

INT. CAVE - DAY

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93

He points to the kneeling, (secretly sawing at his  
bonds) Illya.

STAVROS  
You see! Not so terrible looking  
now, is he, the rat? The man every-  
one was AFRAID of! HAH! I SPIT on  
Manolakas! Or maybe I slit off his  
NOSE, to start with!

And he is about to do that very thing when Kyra  
throws herself in front of him.

KYRA  
No, no, papa, no! You mustn't!

Stavros looks at her in surprise.

STAVROS  
I mustn't? Why not?

KYRA  
He's not Manolakas. Manolakas is  
down at the TAVERNA!

Stavros looks at her.

STAVROS  
He - ? No! It can't be!

KYRA  
You made a mistake. You captured  
the wrong man!

STAVROS

I COULDN'T have made a mistake.  
I NEVER make mistakes.  
(peering around Kyra  
and roaring at Illya)  
You ARE Manolakas!

ILLYA

Sorry. Once again, the name is  
Kuryakin.

KYRA

I don't BLAME you, papa... you'd  
never seen Manolakas... but... it  
WAS a mistake.  
(pleadingly, emotionally)  
And now Mano's down at the inn.  
If I don't get him money to get  
away, he'll kill Nico!  
(supplicatingly)  
You MUST help me, papa!

Stavros is still staring at Illya in some perplexity.

STAVROS (pragmatically)

Let him kill Nico! Why not? Then  
you're rid of the schoolteacher, and  
when the police find Mano has murdered  
him, you'll be rid of Manolakas, TOO!

KYRA

Papa... You must help me! Nico is  
my life!

STAVROS (unenthused)

I think he MAY be the death of ALL  
of us!

He looks back at Illya.

STAVROS (angrily)

Why aren't you Manolakas! Who else  
would come up that road at that hour?

ILLYA (mildly)

I was chasing Manolakas. He stole  
some important papers. I was trying  
to get them back. I DID get them  
back.

(grimly)

...And then you came along.

KYRA (seizing on this)

Papers?! Maybe that's the -- the  
"merchandise" Mano was going to sell...  
(hope rising)  
You still have them, papa? Where are  
they?

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STAVROS  
 Papers? Papers... Oh... No...  
 There were papers, yes - but I  
 don't know where they are. I  
 threw them over the cliff...!  
 What good are papers?

93  
 CONT'D  
 (3)

Kyra gives a cry of despair. Illya regards Stavros.

ILLYA (wryly)  
 They -- ah -- had some slight value.

Stavros looks at Illya.

STAVROS  
 Value?  
 (a beat)  
 What about you, Mister --

ILLYA  
 Kuryakin.

STAVROS  
 Kuryakin. What about you? Do  
you have value?  
 (he looks at Illya  
 reflectively)  
 ...how much are YOU worth to your  
 people?

ILLYA (startled)  
 Sir...?

Stavros grabs him by the throat, in deadly earnest.

STAVROS (hard)  
 YOU caused all this...YOU interfered...  
 So maybe now YOU get the money Kyra  
 needs! I hold YOU for RANSOM...!  
 And somebody pays it or, I swear to  
 you, my friend...  
 (with an expansive gesture)  
 ...you STILL go out over those rocks,  
 to your DEATH...!

The SOUND of the crashing WAVES comes up as we  
 FREEZE FRAME.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

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## ACT THREE

FADE IN:  
INT. CAVE - DAY

94

on Illya, looking a bit troubled, flanked by Stavros and Kyra -- the former looking quite menacing, the latter a bit sympathetic. Illya speaks into his communicator.

ILLYA (into communicator)  
...So that's the story, Sir. I --  
ah -- would hope the ransom money  
would be forthcoming very soon.

INTERCUT WITH WAVERLY IN N.Y. U.N.C.L.E. OFFICE

95-99

WAVERLY (thoughtfully)  
Mmm. We could pay the ransom,  
Mr. Kuryakin. It's only two  
hundred and nine dollars at the  
current rate of exchange....

ILLYA  
Yes, Sir. Mr. Macropolous would  
like it delivered --

WAVERLY (interrupting)  
But we won't. You'll have to use  
your wits to escape....And recover  
that code.

Illya glances at Stavros.

ILLYA  
That -- may be difficult, Sir.

WAVERLY  
Mr. Kuryakin, you've gotten out of  
a hundred Thrush traps when we'd  
given you up for lost. Surely  
you're not going to let an ordinary  
Greek highwayman --

It's Stavros' turn to cut it, in a fine fury.

STAVROS (shouting into  
Illya's communicator)  
Ordinary! Who are you calling  
ordinary! I am Stavros Macro-  
polous, the Terror of Thessaly!  
(amending this)  
Semi-retired, of course....

(continued)

STAVROS (continued;  
 pressing his gun against  
 Illya's head)  
 -- but not out of business entirely!

95-99  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

WAVERLY

I see. You are dealing, Mr.  
 Macropalous, with Illya Kuryakin,  
 an U.N.C.L.E. agent. And we like  
 to feel that our men are a match for  
 anyone.

ILLYA

I appreciate your confidence in me,  
 Sir, and --

WAVERLY

Then the matter is closed. There  
 will be no ransom, Mr. Kuryakin.  
 We're nearing the end of the fiscal  
 year and our budget won't permit it.  
 You'll have to use your wits.

He clicks off abruptly.

INT. CAVE - DAY

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100

Within the cave there is general consternation.

KYRA

No...money? No...ransom?

ILLYA

...no...

STAVROS (exploding)

What kind of friend and employer  
 is that, I ask you?

ILLYA (mildly)

Parsimonious.

Stavros is livid.

STAVROS (fiercely)

Then let what happens to you be on his  
 head! I kill you now! Slit your throat.  
 Throw your body to the sea gulls!

He whips out a knife to do this and Kyra flings  
 herself, once again, in front of Illya.

KYRA

Papa...you can't!

STAVROS

KYRA

These aren't the old days...

100  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

Mr. Macropolous, I know how to get  
you the money....

KYRA (startled)

What? How...

ILLYA

Your husband...

STAVROS

Manolakas? That fiend! May he  
boil in Hades!

ILLYA

He's expecting a man to buy the  
papers from him?

KYRA

He hasn't got the papers...No-  
one has!

ILLYA

But the man he's expecting doesn't  
know that, does he? From what I  
gather, he's from Thrush...which  
means he'll have a lot of cash.

STAVROS

You mean...give him false papers?  
That would not be honest!

ILLYA (shakes head)

...you're a bandit! The Terror of  
Thessaly! This man will be carry-  
ing a fortune on him. Rob him!

Stavros gasps...his face lights up.

KYRA

We couldn't ever! Manolakas is  
afraid of him. Mano says he's a  
monster!STAVROS (just a  
bit concerned)  
He is?

ILLYA (shrewdly)

Manolakas may be afraid...but not  
a man like Stavros Macropolous!Original in  
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STAVROS (that does it)  
 Right! It is settled. I rob  
 him!  
 (to Illya)  
 How?

100  
 CONT'D  
 (3)

ILLYA  
 Your daughter is....a very attractive  
 woman. It's a weak point with  
 Thrush agents.

STAVROS (alarmed; livid)  
 You are not suggesting Kyra!

ILLYA  
 ...only that she be "nice" to him.  
 "Lure" him into feeling self  
 confident...relaxed...at ease...

KYRA (eminently practical)  
 In this old dress? I couldn't!  
 I've nothing to wear!

She considers her wardrobe hastily.

ILLYA  
 ...then we rush in, overpower him,  
 take his money...

STAVROS (eagerly)  
 ...and then dump body in sea, yes?

ILLYA (mildly)  
 It's a thought.

Stavros nods, approvingly, sticks out the hand of  
 friendship to Illya.

STAVROS  
 Good. Is deal. We do all  
 together! Friend!

Bound as he is, Illya has some difficulty in  
 "shaking hands" but he does the best he can.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PASTURE LANDS - DAY

101

The sheep, including Terpsichore, are prancing  
 about, grazing etc. as Kostas reads over his menu.

## CLOSER SHOT

102

With a depressed sigh, Kostas practises the words he already knows only too well.

KOSTAS (reading)  
 "retsina... moussaka... English  
 teas a specialty..."

He shrugs, discouraged. Suddenly, not looking, he trips over Terpsichore, who has paused to investigate a wayward piece of paper.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

103

KOSTAS (annoyed)  
 Terpsichore!

But as he would chastise her, his eye falls on the paper Terpsichore is chewing.

KOSTAS  
 ...paper...? With... with printing  
 on it?

He picks up the paper and stares at it.

KOSTAS  
 Words...!  
 (trying to read  
 the print)  
 Top se-cret..... For -- your -- eyes --  
 only...  
 (overjoyed)  
 ...new words...

He looks about.

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## WIDER ANGLE

104

Come to rest on the pasture are the wayward sheets of paper blown from the discarded U.N.C.L.E. briefcase.

KOSTAS  
 Is papers to read! New words!  
 Terpsichore... new words!

as he suddenly runs about, trying to catch the pieces of paper... rescue them from the sheep, et al....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

105

Solo's car is making its way slowly along the highway.

INT. INN - DAY (HALL)

106

Manolakas is pacing back and forth nervously. Suddenly Kyra appears in her most attractive dress, a little self-conscious.

MANOLAKAS

Where is he? Where is the old man?  
Why isn't he here? I must have  
that money....

KYRA

It takes time to rob a bank! Who  
should know better than you?

MANOLAKAS

Why? This isn't Athens! It's only  
a little village bank!

KYRA (nervously)

He'll be here.

MANOLAKAS (ugly)

If he isn't... remember... your  
boyfriend -- !

He makes a gesture of slitting a throat and glances toward the wine cellar. Kyra bites her lip but preserves her courage. As she does the SOUND of a motor car can be heard in the near distance.

MANOLAKAS

Your father steals automobiles, too?

KYRA (startled)

Of course not. Papa can't drive.

Suspicious, Manolakas runs to the window. He looks...  
gasps...

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EXT. ROAD - POV SHOT - DAY

107

Solo's car is approaching the Inn, but is held up a moment by the sheep being herded by the joyful Kostas, hurrying to the Inn.

INT. INN - DAY (HALL)

108

Manolakas gasps.

MANOLAKAS

It's him...it must be...

KYRA (joining him)

Who?

MANOLAKAS

Emile Sauvignon! The man from  
Thrush...!

He is almost trembling.

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MANOLAKAS

He mustn't know I'm here...Say  
I haven't arrived. Say I'm out!  
Say anything. Only keep him  
happy. Be...

KYRA (remembering)

I know..."be nice to him."

MANOLAKAS (fleeing for

the wine cellar)

Never did I think I would see  
the day when I was anxious to  
meet your father but...oh! If  
only he would appear now with  
the money!

He darts into the cellar.

KYRA (anxiously)

What was this man's name?

MANOLAKAS (as he

disappears)

Sauvignon! Emile Sauvignon!  
And remember...

KYRA

...Be nice...yes...yes...I know!

Manolakas pulls shut the door to the wine cellar.  
At the same moment there is a knock at the door.

Kyra moves swiftly to the door and, lifting the bar, opens it.

108  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE - REVEALING SOLO

109

SOLO (smiling)  
Good afternoon...

Kyra tries to look her most tempting.

KYRA (meaningfully)  
Good afternoon... Monsieur  
Sauvignon... and welcome. Won't  
you come in...?

As Solo does a double take...

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EXT. TAVERNA - NEAR WINDOW - NIGHT (STAGE)

110

It is one of those wonderful Greek nights, partly dusk, partly night. The Taverna's lights are on, at least in the tap-room. We HEAR the sound of the BOUZOUKY... and the SOUND of Kyra's voice.

ANOTHER ANGLE

111

Stavros and Illya creep to the window. Illya's hands are still bound behind him.

Stavros pauses, cautions Illya to be quiet, and with ponderous care, attempts to look in the window.



INT. TAVERNA - NIGHT - TAP ROOM - POV SHOT

112

All Stavros can see is the provocative (and to him, maddening) figure of Kyra, playing the bazouka and singing, ala Melina Mercouri, some new version of a Hazantsakis song.

WIDER ANGLE

113

Stavros can't see Solo because Solo's back is to the wall against the window. He is very pleased with Kyra's performance and she is certainly giving it her all.

A large demi-john of the local wine is at Solo's elbow. There is a plate of the local Greek specialities, also some things rolled in vine leaves and so on - and the entire atmosphere is the Greek equivalent of gemütlichkeit.

As Kyra moves ever closer and closer to Solo as she sings...

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EXT. TAVERNA - NIGHT - NEAR WINDOW

114

Stavros becomes more and more incensed.

ILLYA

What's happening?

STAVROS

She's singing to him.

ILLYA

I can hear that. What's the man look like? How big is he?

STAVROS

I can't see! It makes no difference. I can handle him - any size!

He gestures to Kyra to wind up the performance.

INT. TAVERNA - NIGHT

115

Kyra singing, smiling down at Solo meaningfully, suddenly sees her father's angry face at the window.

She reacts but gets his angry message as he motions to get the man upstairs.

SOLO  
Something wrong?  
(he would turn)  
Someone out there?

115  
CONT'D  
(2)

KYRA (hastily)  
No. Only...  
(thinking fast)  
...only poor little Kostas' pet  
sheep.

She yawns delicately. She SLAMS the shutters closed  
in Stavros' face. She smiles charmingly at Solo.

SOLO  
I suppose you do retire early in  
the country.

KYRA  
Of course.  
(smiling at him, picking  
up his dishes, etc.)  
What else is there to do...  
(a beat; sexily)  
...Emile?

SOLO  
Emile?... Oh... Uh, how did you  
know I was Sauvignon?

KYRA  
We don't get many strangers here...  
Who else would you be?

SOLO (chews on this  
for a beat)  
That sounds logical.

KYRA  
Mano didn't tell me you were so --  
handsome....  
(shrugs)  
But then, of course, he never saw  
you before.

SOLO  
Mmm... He'd better get here soon.

KYRA  
I'm sure he'll be here in the morning...  
You must be tired now.

SOLO  
I -- could use a little sack-time,  
yes.

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INT. HALL - NIGHT

115X1

KYRA

It is the custom here to have a nightcap before retiring, Monsieur Sav -- Emile.... What would you like me to bring to your room?

SOLO (blinks; a beat)

Whatever -- ah -- whatever the local custom dictates.

She smiles up at Solo as he starts up the stairs.

ANOTHER ANGLE

116

Solo has disappeared around an upstairs corner when the door to the wine cellar is opened and Manolakas peers out, looking upstairs, and going --

MANOLAKAS

...pssst!

...to Kyra.

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ANOTHER ANGLE

117

Solo reappears at the top of the stairs.

SOLO

Did you say something, madame?

Kyra turns, sees Manolakas, her eyes widen, then she smiles up at Solo on the top of the stairs.

KYRA

No... nothing.

SOLO

I thought I heard something go...  
"pssst!"

KYRA

It's the wine. In our region we have very effervescent grapes!  
(smiling at him,  
meaningfully)  
I'll be up in a moment...

Solo nods and disappears down the upper hall again.

CLOSER SHOT

118

Kyra hurries over to the wine cellar.

INT. WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

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119

KYRA (in a whisper  
to Manolakas)  
Do you want to ruin everything?  
He nearly heard you.  
(a beat; worriedly)  
Nico... How is Nico?

NICO  
I am all right, Kyra... under the  
circumstances.

Nico's wasted and wan face appears in the b.g. He  
is tied to a chair, hands and feet bound.

MANOLAKAS  
Where's your father? Where's the  
money! I can't stay in here forever!

KYRA  
He's coming... he's coming soon.  
After all, when you rob a bank,  
you have the police after you! He  
HAD to wait until dark, didn't he?

Manolakas looks at her uncertainly.

KYRA  
Stay in there, and keep quiet. And  
don't come out whatever happens!  
I've got to take something to Mon-  
sieur Sauvignon. He tells me he's a  
restless sleeper. I may even have  
to sing a lullaby or something...

NICO  
Kyra! A lullaby I understand but...  
what do you mean by... "something"?

KYRA  
A sleeping potion....  
(looking at the bottles)  
...some of mother's family remedy...  
I don't know yet.  
(pushing the door shut)  
...leave everything to me... and  
DON'T make any noise!!

INT. HALL - NIGHT

120

She looks back upstairs, then runs back to the front door and opens it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

121.

Stavros enters, along with Illya.

STAVROS

Manolakas... Where is he?

KYRA

He just went upstairs. He's sleepy now. Did you see him?

STAVROS (shakes  
his head)

Not even a peek. How big is he?

KYRA (holding out  
a hand)

So.

STAVROS

I can handle him.

KYRA

But Mano is restless. We must  
hurry!

STAVROS

Alright. You go upstairs. You  
tell this man that Mano has returned  
with the papers. When he comes out...  
I -- knock him OUT, get the money,  
you give it to Manolakas, and... we'll  
be through with them all!

He turns on Illya.

STAVROS (threateningly)

Come. Don't make a noise!

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ILLYA  
I don't see why I'm all tied up.  
After all, this was MY idea.

121  
CONT'D  
(2)

STAVROS  
Don't complain. You are lucky  
to get out of this alive!

Kyra has slipped back to be sure Mano is still in  
the wine cellar.

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INT. HALL - NIGHT

122

Kyra, in a low voice, beckons...

KYRA  
..hurry...

Stavros hurries in, dragging Illya with him.  
Kyra first, they start up the stairs.

INT. UPPER HALL - NIGHT

123

The hall is modest but colorful. Kyra beckons to  
Stavros and Illya to get behind the door to Solo's room,  
which opens outward into the hall. Stavros does,  
pushing Illya behind him.

CLOSER SHOT

124

Kyra KNOCKS on the door to Solo's room. She waits  
expectantly.

KYRA  
Monsieur Sauvignon?

SOLO'S VOICE  
Yes..?

We HEAR FOOTSTEPS, Kyra waiting nervously, then  
putting on a big smile as Solo opens the door to  
his room and stands there.

SOLO  
What is it?

KYRA  
I'm sorry I disturb you...

SOLO (gallantly;  
looking at her with  
pleasure)

124  
CONT'D  
(2)

Disturb me?

(a beat)

Well--ah--in a sense, I suppose  
you do....

Kyra colors.

ANOTHER ANGLE

125

Stavros behind the door, glowers, waiting his  
chance. Illya's face, at the SOUND of Solo's  
voice, has undergone a terrible change. Illya  
peers through the crack of the open door.

Original in

POV SHOT

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126

Solo is perfectly visible through the crack,  
smiling at Kyra.

BEHIND DOOR

127

Illya's mouth falls open, he makes a sort of grab  
or nudge in the direction of Stavros, shaking his  
head in a violent negative but..

WIDER ANGLE

128

KYRA

If you'll step this way..  
Manolakas is here now.

SOLO (fascinated)

He is...? Splendid..

He takes two steps forward and --

BEHIND DOOR

129

Stavros shakes Illya off and brings the butt of  
his gun down on Solo's head.

WIDER ANGLE

130

Solo tumbles like a shot pigeon. Kyra grabs him in her arms.

STAVROS (overjoyed)  
GOOD! Quick...into the bedroom!

ILLYA (distressed)  
No..no.. You've got the wrong man!

STAVROS (hauling Solo  
into the bedroom)  
What are you TALKING about?

Illya follows as best he can as Kyra helps haul Solo over to the bed.

ILLYA  
That isn't the THRUSH man,  
Mr. Macropalous..

Stavros looks up at Illya..

ILLYA  
That's Napoleon Solo..my PARTNER..  
(a beat as he looks  
gloomily at the uncon-  
scious Solo)  
I'm afraid a terrible mistake  
has been made.

STAVROS (startled)  
Is a big LIE! Is impossible!

KYRA  
Yes...! He said he was Monsieur  
Sauvignon..he..

She rifles his pockets, comes up with a card marked..

KYRA (reading)  
"Napoleon Solo..United Network  
Command for Law and Enforcement..

ILLYA (insistently)  
Yes! U.N.C.L.E.! I have one too.  
Look in MY pocket..here...

Kyra pulls an almost identical badge from Illya's pocket. Stavros, building up to a high boiling point, nearly explodes.

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STAVROS  
Cheated! Deceived again! Double-  
crossed again!

130  
CONT'D  
(2)

KYRA  
...Oh ... And Manolakas! What will  
he do to Nico NOW! With no money ...

She turns in distress toward the stairs.

STAVROS (livid, to  
Illya)  
And we get no money from your  
people, for either one of you,  
eh? Cheap man, your Mister  
Waverly! All right ... you are  
of no use to me now! You have  
both betrayed Stavros Macropalous....  
(a beat)  
So Stavros Macropalous kill you  
BOTH!

He pulls his enormous Mauser and cocks it.

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University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City FREEZE FRAME:  
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END ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

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FADE IN:

INT. TAVERNA - NIGHT - UPPER BEDROOM

131

As Stavros would shoot both Illya and Solo, Kyra throws herself at her father and struggles to pull the gun from his grasp.

KYRA

Papa... no... no! You CAN'T shoot them! The MOMENT Manolakas hears GUNFIRE, he will slit Nico's throat! If he does... I'll DIE, papa, DIE!

Stavros is understandably swayed by this argument.

STAVROS (despairingly)

Kyra... You and your men! Very well... I use SILENCER...

(he fumbles in his belt)

KYRA

No...No... Killing them does no good! We need the money!

Stavros is struck by another idea.

STAVROS (roaring

down at Solo)

How much MONEY you have?

ILLYA

U.N.C.L.E. agents aren't permitted to carry large sums. We rely on credit cards...

Stavros makes a fearsome face at Illya.

SOLO (coming to)

What IS all this...? Who hit me...

(mildly)

...and why?

STAVROS

I hit you because you are no-good double-crossing dirty rat like your partner here.

SOLO (helplessly)  
Illya...!

(he stares at him in  
mixed chagrin, dis-  
appointment and pain)

What are YOU doing here...?

(he looks around, his eye  
lights on Stavros, he  
starts in shock and at the  
sight of the guns, daggers,  
and knives in Stavro's belt  
as well as Stavro's fiercely  
bellicose expression)

Who's that?!

(his sudden movement away  
from Stavros jolts his head  
badly and he winces in pain -  
adding, a touch desperately)

...somebody brief me, please...!

ILLYA (hurriedly, at-  
tempting to help him)

I can explain, Napoleon. In a way,  
it's all my fault. You see, this  
gentlemen...

(he looks up at Stavros -  
to be met by Stavros' furious  
and unfriendly glare)

tried to hold me for ransom.

Solo stares up at Illya, then at the fierce Stavros.

ILLYA (uncomfortably)  
And since the office wouldn't come  
across with the money... I suggested  
we grab Sauvignon.

He smiles at Solo somewhat uncertainly and Solo, sud-  
denly understanding, gives him a stony glare.

SOLO  
Brilliant.

KYRA (hastily, ac-  
cusingly)  
...And you told me you were Emile  
Sauvignon.

SOLO  
I beg your pardon... it was you who  
thought I was Emile Sauvignon.  
(with a sigh of profound  
regret, wincing)  
I just went along with the gag...

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Stavros, who has been slowly coming to another boil during all this, his frustrations and disappointments finally seething up uncontrollably, explodes. 131  
CONT'D  
(3)

STAVROS  
ENOUGH! Both of you... SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS! Nobody makes fool of  
Stavros Macropalous! Nobody!

He whips out his ancient guns and cocks them once again... Kyra, terrified Stavros' shouts will be heard below stairs, throws herself at him.

KYRA (scornfully,  
to her father)  
Shoot, shoot! That's all you can  
think of! If there is no way to  
get the money, what good is  
shooting them?!

ILLYA (to Stavros)  
The young lady has a point.

SOLO  
And there is a way to get the  
money!...

Stavros and Kyra react.

STAVROS  
Eh?

SOLO  
You hit the wrong man -- me. But  
the idea of ambushing Sauvignon is  
still a good one. He must be on the  
way here now....

ILLYA (nailing it  
down; to Stavros)  
You know the old Greek saying -- if  
at first you don't succeed...

Clearly, Stavros does know the old Greek saying. His eyes light, and we --

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HILLS ABOVE HIGHWAY - DAWN

132

The boys look somewhat woebegone and worn as, trussed together, they stand in one side of a ravine, Kyra holding a gun on them.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

132X1

Just beyond and below Stavros labors mightily finishing one of his patented "landslides." He grunts and groans during this.

## KYRA

133

She looks at her father then shivers in the cold of the dawn and looks over at the boys, not without sympathy.

## KYRA

I am... sorry, gentlemen... for all these... mistakes.

## SOLO

Oh, don't be. It's par for the course.

## ILLYA (disconsolately)

Well... a little more than par, don't you think?

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## SOLO'S AND ILLYA'S HANDS

134

They are endeavoring, as they stand or sit together, to saw through the bonds around one another's wrists, with small pieces of stone. They are not being wildly successful.

## BACK TO KYRA

135

## KYRA

You see... it is all for love.

ZIP PAN TO:

## INT. TAVERNA - DAY

136

Kostas comes excitedly skipping to the inn, one goat with him, as he clutches one of his "sheets of paper."

## KOSTAS (calling)

Miss Kyra... Miss Kyra...

INT. HALL - DAY

137

...surprising Manolakas in the act of pouring himself a stiff drink. Manolakas turns wildly, gun in one hand, bottle in the other.

MANOLAKAS

What the...?

(he sees who it is)

What are YOU doing in here..?

KOSTAS (startled,  
wide-eyed)

I look for Miss Kyra...I want her to...

(waving the paper)

...help me with my reading lesson --

There is a word I can't make out...

"U..n..c..l..e..? Un-Klee?

At the SOUND of this, Manolakas does a double take. He grabs Kostas brutally. The child, however, is slippery and the paper he carries tears in two. It is enough for Manolakas. It takes him only an instant to recognize its origin.

MANOLAKAS (shaking  
Kostas)

Where did you get this...?

KOSTAS

I didn't steal it!... I found it!

MANOLAKAS

Where...where...?

KOSTAS

In the pasture...Lots of them...

I picked them all up.

Suddenly, Manolakas' face lights up and he starts to laugh. Then he looks back at the boy.

MANOLAKAS

The rest of the papers...where are they...?

KOSTAS

I have them...in my hut....

MANOLAKAS

Show me...Show me or I'll knock your head in...

He raises the bottle threateningly..

137  
CONT'D  
(2)

KOSTAS (terrified)  
THIS way...Yes, gentleman, sir.

He points. Keeping one of the boy's hands firmly in his possession, Manolakas lets himself be led at a run, out of the inn.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HILL ABOVE HIGHWAY - DAY

138

Stavros is on guard. He can see now..

EXT. HIGHWAY (STOCK) - POV SHOT - DAY

139

A big black Cadillac comes up the highway at a good clip.

HILL - STAVROS

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He is delighted.

140

STAVROS  
It is coming..it is big car..  
rich man's car.!

He scrambles down to where Kyra and the boys are.

STAVROS  
Stand back, Kyra..keep the gun  
on those two..

SOLO (equably)  
You can..but wouldn't it be more  
intelligent to let us help?

STAVROS (furious)  
"Intelligent!" I have enough  
"intelligence" in the family al-  
ready with an intelligent SCHOOL-  
TEACHER who get us all INTO this!  
(determined)  
NO! Stavros Macropalous do by  
himself..like he has done!

He moves down the ravine and peers down the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - POV SHOT - DAY (STOCK)

141

The black Cadillac moves closer and closer.

SOLO AND ILLYA

142

Their bonds are not yet cut. They look down the highway.

ILLYA

Looks like THRUSH alright.  
They always seem to get the  
bigger cars, don't they?

SOLO (philosophically)

When you're only number two, you  
have to try harder..

STAVROS

He looks...

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HIGHWAY - POV SHOT

144

The car is almost on the curve before Stavros.

STAVROS

145

He pulls the "lever" which triggers the slide.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

146

The landslide pours over the highway, stopping the car..

WIDER ANGLE

147

With the yell of a wild mountaineer, Stavros comes racing down the ravine, both his huge old guns pointed directly at the car..

STAVROS

Stop and defend yourselves.  
(over his shoulder to Kyra)  
Bring those men..Don't let them  
pull any tricks!



ANOTHER ANGLE

148

Kyra gestures with her gun. The boys follow Stavros willingly enough, curious.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

149

The limousine is stopped most effectively. Stavros stands before it, guns pointed at it.

STAVROS

You give me no trouble, I murder nobody. Otherwise my men kill ALL!

(moving around the car)

Out..out..! Quickly now, Mr. THRUSH man..

(hurriedly..fierce)

Quick...QUICK or I SHOOT TO KILL!

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LIMOUSINE

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150

The front door of the limousine opens, a well shod and immaculately tailored leg is visible and then.. stepping out with considerable aplomb is...

BOYS

151

SOLO

Mr.....

ILLYA

WAVERLY!

WIDER ANGLE

152

It is Alexander Waverly.

WAVERLY

Well! Don't tell me I've had this arduous and not terribly scenic journey for NOTHING. I thought you were both PRISONERS and here I find you playing cops and robbers with the natives!

STAVROS (thunderstruck)

You KNOW this man..?

WAVERLY  
Certainly.

152  
CONT'D  
(2) -

SOLO  
He's our...our boss...

ILLYA  
You talked to him  
on the communicator...in the cave?

WAVERLY (politely  
interested)  
Oh? So you're Stavros Macropalous!  
The terror of -- ah --

STAVROS  
Thessaly.

WAVERLY  
Indeed. I'm Alexander Waverly.

STAVROS (vastly  
stricken at this)  
BOSS! "WAVERLY...?"  
(it all adds up to  
a terrifying minus;  
he looks at Waverly)  
No..no...ransom?

WAVERLY (with a smile  
and a polite negative  
shake of the head)  
My dear man..certainly not.

But suddenly we hear..

KOSTAS VOICE (o.s.,  
tearful, terrified)  
Miss Kyra..Miss Kyra..Help...!

They all turn.

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ANOTHER ANGLE

153

Kostas, breathless, rather beaten, comes over the  
hillside shouting..

KOSTAS  
Miss Kyra..he tried to KILL me!

There is a general reaction. Solo looks at Illya,  
and he glances at Solo..

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA's HANDS

154

They are at long last actually severing the ropes which bind them.

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WIDER ANGLE

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155

Kyra is naturally distressed at the child's beaten appearance..

KYRA (alarmed)

Kostas...! What's HAPPENED..?  
Who hit you..?

The boy runs up to throw his arms around Kyra as he sobs his heart out.

KOSTAS (sobbing)

That man, Miss Kyra..in your  
taverna..the bad man.. he hit me  
and hit me..he made me give him  
ALL my papers to read...all my  
papers I found myself..I didn't  
steal them, Miss Kyra..they were  
there and I FOUND them.! See?

The boy holds up a fragment of paper in his dirty little hand. Solo and Illya look at one another. Stavros grabs the paper, reads haltingly..

STAVROS (reading)

For--your--eyes--only...From..UNCLE?

He looks up, taken aback..

WAVERLY (frozen)

The UNCLE secret code.  
(to the boy, intently)  
You found that...

KOSTAS (trustingly,  
sobbing)

Yes..in the pasture...and that man...  
he made me take him there..there  
was much papers and he took them  
from me and hit me and..

Suddenly there is the ROAR of a HELICOPTER in the sky. A look flashes between Solo and Illya and Waverly as they look up.

EXT. SKY - POV SHOT - HELICOPTER (STOCK) - DAY 156

A 'copter has appeared some distance away, obviously heading for the inn.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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157

STAVROS (startled,  
staring)  
What's THAT..?

WAVERLY (softly)  
..Emile Sauvignon..arriving with  
the money to buy the UNCLE code..

STAVROS (in disbelief)  
..the papers Manolakas wanted?  
He has them now?

WAVERLY (with a nod  
to Kostas)  
According to the boy..yes..

STAVROS (furious)  
No! Is not fair! After all I go  
through? After all I, Stavros  
Macropalous endure? It is Manolakas  
who get away with everything?

WAVERLY (philosophically)  
Sic transit gloria...

STAVROS  
Eh? Who is Gloria

KYRA (terrified)  
And my poor Nico? What about HIM?  
Mano will shoot him down! Murder  
him..

STAVROS (in a fury)  
Nico? Who cares about NICO? It  
is I, STAVROS, who is made big  
fool again!  
(in tragic weeping fury)  
Big BIG Fool! Biggest fool in all  
Greece!

He is almost Oedipus at this point. With a scream of rage, he snatches off his cap, throws it on the ground in a fury, stamps up and down on it, and, his voice cracking with tears and anger, pulls out his guns and yells:

STAVROS (at the boys  
and Waverly)  
You! It is YOU who cause Stavros  
all trouble..YOU who make him laugh-  
ing stock of entire world..YOU who  
ruin dignified old age..

157  
CONT  
(2)

A look flashes between the UNCLE men.

SOLO'S AND ILLYA'S WRISTS

157X1

The bonds are severed. They drop, unseen.

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158

STAVROS (in weeping anger  
and anguish)  
But I get even! Nobody live to mock  
Stavros Macropalous! Nobody laugh  
at me! I kill everybody!

And without pausing to aim (fortunately) he starts  
to shoot, both guns at once.

KYRA (alarmed)  
...Papa..!

Illya and Solo leap apart, Illya throwing himself  
at Stavros' legs and bringing him down as Solo  
grabs Kyra's gun to keep her out of the action,  
then throws himself on the struggling Stavros.  
Stavros, though down, is a mighty fighter in a  
mighty tradition. Kyra would rush to her father's  
assistance but Waverly politely but very firmly  
interposes his walking stick in her way..

WAVERLY (politely)  
My dear..with YOU in there.. the  
odds would hardly be even!  
(with a nod toward the inn)  
And isn't our real interest at  
your taverna?

Kyra looks at him, nods, runs to her father whom  
Solo and Illya are having a hard time pinning to  
the ground.

KYRA (shouting)  
..Papa..Give up! Stop fighting!  
We must get to the taverna! Save Nico!

This only seems to put new life in Stavros..

STAVROS (with an angry scream)  
Awwwgrkh!

He fights even harder...

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WAVERLY (bending over  
Stavros)

...And get the money for yourself,  
too, Mr. Macropalous! Thousands  
upon thousands of drachmas!

158  
CONT'D  
(1)

Stavros stops fighting immediately, looking up at Waverly then..

158  
CONT'D  
(2)

STAVROS

What am I thinking of!  
Come! We must save Nico!  
Hurry.!

And as he would struggle to his feet....

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ZIP PAN TO:

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INT. TAVERNA - DAY - HALL

159

From outside we HEAR a sort of military "HUP one two three - HUP one two three" announcing the approach of EMILE SAUVIGNON and his THRUSH entourage.

A smiling but inwardly trembling MANOLAKAS stands by the desk on which are lined up the few good bottles of retsina the inn can boast, along with whatever light refreshments Manolakas has been able to summon up.

The UNCLE secret code papers are in Manolakas' obviously trembling hands. "Welcome" is written all over him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

160

Sauvignon, the epitome of a model THRUSH major-general accompanied by three or four henchmen, appears in the doorway. He is very elegant. He takes in the entire situation with a practised eye, which finally lights on Manolakas.

MANOLAKAS (with a slight  
vocal quaver)

Monsieur..Sauvignon, I presume?

SAUVIGNON

Mr. Manolakas, I trust?

They bow.

SAUVIGNON

You have the UNCLE Secret Code?

MANOLAKAS (proudly)  
I have it sir. Here.

160  
CONT'D  
(2)

He hands it over. Sauvignon looks at it, riffles through the papers which are stained, wiggles his nose in distaste and looks up..

SAUVIGNON  
What IS that smell?

MANOLAKAS (swallowing)  
Sheep dip..

But at this moment, all Gehenna bursts loose.

WIDER ANGLE

University of California, Santa Barbara  
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From windows, staircase, a hole in the roof, etc. Solo, Illya, Stavros, even Kyra and Kostas emerge, firing, charging, hitting over the head with chairs, etc.

It is a general melee with Mr. Waverly standing near the door, taking carefully considered pot shots at various THRUSH personnel.

INT. WINE CELLAR - DAY

162

on Nico, who is working on HIS bonds. He's almost cut them through. He looks ceilingward, attracted by the SOUNDS of the fray above.



BACK TO THE BATTLE

163

Manolakas is hit, thrown back over the bar.

164 OUT

BACK TO NICO IN THE WINE CELLAR

165

He breaks loose now, climbs to the ceiling trapdoor  
and --

INT. TAVERNA

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166

-- climbs into the main room, behind the bar. He  
grabs Manolakas.

NICO (the primitive  
aroused in him)  
Brute! Murderer! Wife-beater!  
Alcoholic!

Nico is no longer the gentle schoolteacher. He is  
a veritable tiger. Around him and Manolakas (who is  
getting his long-delayed comeuppance) the other  
principals and the Thrushmen battle.

Stavros has taken on Emile Sauvignon as his personal  
quarry. The boys tangle with assorted Thrush under-  
lings. Mr. Waverly does his bit, too, taking pot  
shots at various foemen and using his cane to good  
advantage.

In the course of the swirling fray:

-- Stavros receipts for a blow on the head that's  
pretty severe, but shakes it off, continues battling.

-- Illya and Solo, with the aid of Mr. Waverly,  
dispatch most of the Thrush underlings.

-- Manolakas breaks loose from Nico's grasp, and  
decides to get out as fast as possible. Running for  
an exit, he grabs Kyra to use her as a shield.

MANOLAKAS (holding  
Kyra in front of him)  
Keep away! Keep away, you understand?!  
Or I kill her!

Illya manages to distract him for just an instant -- long enough for Nico to shove Kyra out of the line of the fire. The bullet that would have killed her, fired by Sauvignon who has briefly detached himself from Stavros and who, in fact, was aiming at the aging bandit, hits Manolakas. Manolakas falls dead.

166  
CONT'D  
(2)

A bedazzled Kyra embraces her hero, Nico, as the U.N.C.L.E. men clean up the last of the Thrushmen and Stavros, at long last, reacts to the hit over the head by gently collapsing.

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ZIP PAN TO:

## TAG

INT. TAVERNA - DAY

167

A wedding party is in progress. Kyra, playing her bazouka and singing, is very much the radiant bride, Nico the equally radiant groom.

ANOTHER ANGLE

168

However, the cynosure of all eyes is the line of men dancing, in the customary Greek fashion, arms over one another's shoulders.

CLOSER SHOT

169

In the center, Stavros beams in somewhat over-resentsina-ed hospitality at the man next to him, Alexander Waverly.

STAVROS

Mr. Waverly, you are great man. Come - live with me in cave - and we terrorize entire coast... terrorize maybe all Greece.

Mr. Waverly, involved in one of the more intricate steps, glances over at Stavros somewhat wistfully.

MR. WAVERLY

It's very tempting....  
(he sighs, remembering)  
In my early days, I was quite active as an independent agent, here in Greece.

STAVROS

Like Napoleon? Like Illya?

He glances over at them, chatting with two young ladies.

MR. WAVERLY (musing)

And what romantic days they were. There was a Mrs. Pappadoupoulous..

STAVROS (taken aback)

IRINA Pappadoupoulous...?

MR. WAVERLY (startled, nodding)

With red hair??

As Stavros nods, taken aback again...

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ANOTHER ANGLE

170

Solo and Illya demolishing figs, grape leaves, etc,  
presented to them by Kyra.

ILLYA

Delicious.

Kyra laughs.

SOLO

In addition to being a very  
beautiful woman, you're also  
an excellent cook.

KYRA

Oh, I didn't make them. They  
were sent ahead  
(glancing through the window)  
by an old friend of father's.  
Here she is now.

The boys look out.

EXT. TAVERNA - DAY - POV SHOT

171

A very very very stout red-headed lady, carrying a  
further plate of delicacies, is puffing her way toward  
the tavern, mopping her brow, beaming.

INT. TAVERNA - DAY

172

Kostas runs in to the taverna, worms his way through  
the people and up to the dancing men.

CLOSER SHOT

173

KOSTAS (to Waverly and  
Stavros)  
Gentlemen..there is lady here..  
to see you? Mrs. Pappadoupoulous?

The two men start, look at one another, look toward  
the door.

REVERSE ANGLE

174

Mrs. Pappadoupoulous is just pushing her way forward,  
vast and billowy as the ocean itself.

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WAVERLY AND STAVROS

175

They take one look.

WAVERLY  
Which way is that cave?

And as Stavros, tip-toeing, indicates the back exit,  
they leave..

ILLYA AND SOLO

...the boys reacting.

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176

FADE OUT

THE END