

THE MAN FROM

U.N.C.L.E.

THE VIRTUE AFFAIR

Prod. #8402

REVISED FINAL

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U.N.C.L.E.

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FADE IN:

EXT. FRENCH COUNTRYSIDE - LONG SHOT - DAY

1

A panel truck, bearing a picture of a baker with a pie, and, in French, the word PIES, is parked at the side of the road. A white car drives up, carrying a chauffeur and, in the rear, Jacques Robespierre, dressed in white.

EXT. ROAD - CLOSE SHOT OF SOLO

2

He watches the procedure through a high-powered scope.

SOLO

"Simple Simon met a pieman,  
going to the fair..."

ILLYA moves into FRAME, Solo hands him scope.  
Illya looks, adjusting the focus.

CLOSER SHOT OF TRUCK

3

They put the basket into truck, close the doors.  
Then the driver, who is a professional spy and thief named CARL VOEGLER, climbs into the cab, drives off.

TWO SHOT OF SOLO AND ILLYA

4

ILLYA (looking)

"Said Simple Simon to the pieman..."  
(looks at Solo)  
What's going on down there?

SOLO

Our friend Voegler is getting  
ready to deliver some more  
guided missile parts. But this  
time -- we're going to find out  
where.

They get up and head for their car as CAMERA  
ANGLE WIDENS.

4  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. LONG SHOT OF ROAD - DAY

5

The truck and Solo's car move along the road.

ANOTHER ANGLE

6

The pie truck passes a French road sign.

INT. CAR

7

                    ILLYA (pointing)  
Look.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF CASTLE - DAY (STOCK)

8

RESUME CAR

9

                    SOLO  
That's quite a pad for a pie-man.

                    ILLYA  
Let's go and see.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF ROAD

10

The pie truck pulls up to a gate where two white  
motorcycles are parked. Both drivers, who act  
as gatemen, are dressed in white, from their  
helmets to their gloves and boots. They wave the  
truck past gate.

\* Change

EXT. MED. SHOT OF ROAD

11

Solo's car pulls up and stops.

RESUME - CAR

12

SOLO

The guards may give us trouble.

ILLYA

\* Use the repairmen gambit?

SOLO (grins)

Why not? We'll say we came to  
fix the drawbridge.

He starts the car.

WIDER ANGLE

13

The car moves along road. Suddenly, DUBOIS, a man  
in his fifties, unshaven, filthy, feverish, jumps  
out in front of their car, waving frantically.

DUBOIS

Stop! Stop!

The car SCREECHES to a halt. Dubois goes to Solo.

DUBOIS

You've got to help me!

SOLO

Sorry, old man, we've got  
important business--

DUBOIS

You must help me get away!

\*

Dubois whips out a pistol, trembling.

DUBOIS

I'll kill you if you don't!

SOLO

Well, then, by all means.

\* Change

Dubois climbs into rear seat, pointing the gun.

13  
CONT'D  
(2)

DUBOIS

Drive me to Montmercy - I'll  
instruct you from there!

SOLO

Sure I can't call you a taxi?

The gun touches his head. Solo starts the car.

LONG SHOT

14

The car makes a U-turn.

INT. CAR

15

Solo drives. Dubois looks ready to fall asleep.

CLOSER SHOT

16

Solo looks into rear-view mirror. In mirror, two  
motorcycles appear, both white. He nudges Ilya.  
The motion snaps Dubois back to life. He looks  
out rear.

EXT. ROAD - FULL SHOT

17

The two white motorcycles, with their white-garbed  
drivers, move down the road.

RESUME - CAR

18

DUBOIS (desperately)

Faster! Faster!

EXT. ROAD - FULL SHOT

19

The car speeds up, and so do the motorcycles.

RESUME - CAR

20

DUBOIS

Faster, I tell you!

CLOSE SHOT OF REAR-VIEW MIRROR

21

The motorcycles loom larger and larger.

RESUME - CAR

22

Dubois puts the gun against Illya's head.

DUBOIS

Lose them! Lose them - or  
your friend dies!

Solo, worried, glances across the seat.

EXT. ROAD - OVERHEAD FULL SHOT

23

The car goes into a deliberate skid, wheeling to face the motorcycles, which fan out and go off the road. The drivers are spilled. Solo's car wheels again, goes off.

INT. CAR

24

SOLO

It was a shame to dirty those  
nice white uniforms.

DUBOIS (harshly)

Drive!

CUT TO:

EXT. FULL SHOT OF ROADSIDE

25

The two motorcyclists pick themselves up, dazed. They look up road as a white limousine, driven by a chauffeur in white, pulls up and stops.

26 OUT

FADE OUT:

## ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. FRONT HALL OF DUBOIS HOME - NIGHT

27

It is a pleasant, upper-middle-class French home. The doorbell is RINGING. Hurrying to answer is ALBERT DUBOIS, a lovely young woman wearing a dirty smock, her hair badly pinned, her face dirty. She opens the door, and backs up when Solo and Illya enter. But when Dubois follows, she gives a cry of joy and falls into his arms.

ALBERT

Papa!

They embrace fiercely.

ALBERT

Oh, Papa, Papa! I never thought  
I'd see you again -- never!

DUBOIS

Albert! My little girl!

Suddenly, he collapses in a faint. Solo and Illya catch him before he hits the ground.

SOLO

Let's get him inside.

They take him towards living room.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

28

Dubois, on the sofa, is having cold compresses applied to his face by Albert. Solo and Illya look on.

DUBOIS

Forgive me, gentlemen, for behaving  
like a gangster. My name is Raoul  
Dubois -- this is my daughter Albert.

ILLYA

Albert?

ALBERT

I was named for Papa's idol --  
Monsieur Einstein.

(proudly)

My father is a physicist, too. The  
finest in the world!

DUBOIS (a wan smile)  
Only one is better. My daughter...

28  
CONT'D  
(2)

ALBERT  
But what happened to you, Papa?  
Why didn't you write me? Three long  
months -- I thought you were dead!

DUBOIS  
I was a prisoner!

They are all surprised.

CLOSER SHOT

29

DUBOIS  
You remember, Albert -- when I re-  
ceived a visitor from the French  
government. I was told that I was  
to work for them -- on a guided  
missile program.

ILLYA  
Guided missile!  
(looks at Solo)

SOLO  
Interesting coincidence. Go on.

DUBOIS  
The project code name was three  
letters. L.E.F.

SOLO  
What does L.E.F. stand for?

DUBOIS  
I don't know. It was all very --  
top secret! Hush-hush! I was taken  
to this place to work with other  
scientists. We weren't allowed to  
leave -- to write our families.  
They said it was for the good of  
France. But it was all -- a lie!

ILLYA  
It wasn't a government project?

DUBOIS  
I was duped! We were all duped!  
That's why I escaped -- to warn France!  
(he stands)



SOLO  
To warn France about what?

29  
CONT'D  
(2)

DUBOIS  
About -- him!

A tremendous CRASH draws their attention.

WIDER ANGLE

30

The two white motorcycles CRASH into the room through the French doors. The cyclists wheel on the carpet, firing machine GUNS at Dubois, who falls. Solo pushes the girl aside to safety, and he and Illya draw their guns and fire as the cyclists wheel out again. They run to the ruined doors and fire. Then they return to living room, where Albert leans over her father's body.

ALBERT  
Papa! Papa!

Solo bends to him. Then he looks up, shakes his head at Illya, indicating that Dubois is gone.

ZIP PAN TO:

PARIS - DAY (STOCK)

30X1

INT. TAILOR SHCP (PARIS)

30X2

This is redress of New York UNCLE Tailor shop. Solo and Illya enter. Tailor is pressing coat with hand iron.

TAILOR  
Bon jour, messieurs.

SOLO  
Bon jour.

ILLYA  
Comment ça va?

TAILOR  
Ça va bien, merci.

He presses something as a signal. The boys enter the curtained area and twist the clothes hook.

30X2  
CONT"D  
(2)

\*

ILLYA (to Solo)  
You know your accent is  
just awful.

ZIP PAN TO:

\* INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - CLOSE SHOT OF POSTER  
IN WAVERLY'S PARIS OFFICE

31

The political poster bears the face of Robespierre and the words: VOTE FOR VIRTUE. Under the face of Robespierre: ROBESPIERRE FOR PRESIDENT. CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS and we see Mr. Waverly pinning the poster on a cork board. Then he returns to the conference table, where Illya and Solo look on. On the table is a box, and two more posters, face down.

WAVERLY

Here he is, gentlemen, the man in the white car -- the owner of the castle. Monsieur Jacques Robespierre.

ILLYA

Robespierre! Is that really his name?

WAVERLY

He claims to be a descendant of original Robespierre, the fanatical French Revolutionary leader. His

(continued)

\* change

WAVERLY (continued)  
battle cry was "Virtue, virtue, and  
above all else -- virtue!"

31  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA  
If I remember correctly, his idea  
of inspiring virtue was --  
(chops at his neck)  
la guillotine.

Solo walks over to examine the poster.

SOLO  
And he actually ran for President  
of the Republic?

WAVERLY  
His Virtue Party was only a  
splinter group. Its platform  
was the total prohibition of  
wine and whiskey.

ILLYA  
How many votes did he get?

WAVERLY  
Eighty-four.

SOLO  
Too many. I demand a recount.

Waverly goes to pin up another poster. It shows  
a drawing of a vineyard with crosses. The legend  
says: VINEYARDS ARE GRAVEYARDS. VOTE FOR VIRTUE.

WAVERLY (he reads)  
"Vineyards are graveyards. Vote  
for Virtue." Robespierre's a very  
wealthy man. Oddly enough, his  
money comes from wine.

ILLYA  
What?

WAVERLY  
His father was one of the leading  
champagne producers of France.

He pins up the third poster. It shows a lovely  
woman, and the words: PROTECT OUR WOMEN. VOTE FOR  
VIRTUE.

WAVERLY (he reads)  
"Protect Our Women." That was  
another campaign theme. Respect  
for women. Robespierre has a  
rather -- exaggerated sense of  
gallantry.

31  
CONT'D  
(3)

ANOTHER ANGLE

32

Solo walks in front of the posters.

SOLO  
All right. So he's against wine  
and whiskey and for women. That  
doesn't explain why he's collecting  
missile parts -- and missile  
scientists.

WAVERLY  
That question remains to be answered.

ILLYA  
We'll have to get into that castle.

WAVERLY  
Robespierre has spent a good deal  
of money protecting his privacy.  
(to Solo)  
Maybe you can be invited in.

He picks up a magazine, hands it to him.

WAVERLY  
Remember this young woman?

SOLO (looks at cover)  
"The Journal of Physical Science..."

INSERT

33

His hand holds open magazine. There is a photo of  
Albert Dubois.

SOLO'S VOICE  
It's Albert Dubois.

GROUP SHOT

34

WAVERLY

She's a specialist in inertial guidance -- just as her father was. Robespierre may need someone to replace him.

SOLO

You think she's in danger?

WAVERLY

We've kept her under surveillance for the past month. Yesterday, M. Robespierre invited her to dinner.

ILLYA

Gallantly, no doubt.

WAVERLY

Very. However, Miss Dubois refused. She's a strange young woman. Always devoted to her work.

SOLO

Why don't I convince her to go to this dinner party -- with me as her escort?

WAVERLY (dryly)

I've already ordered your dinner jacket pressed, Mr. Solo.

ILLYA

What about Carl Voegler? He's the supply sergeant in this business.

WAVERLY

Yes. He'll be your pigeon, Mr. Kuryakin.

Waverly opens the box on the table, and removes the Fist Flite bow.

WAVERLY

And here's how you're going to shoot him down.

Illya looks puzzled. CAMERA MOVES TO CLOSE SHOT of the strange bow.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DUBOIS HOME - BASEMENT LABORATORY - DAY

35

A battery of electronic equipment, lights flashing, etc. Working among the devices is Albert Dubois, as Solo follows her about. Albert is annoyed.

ALBERT

But I don't want to go to this dinner! I'm not the dinner party type, haven't you observed that?

SOLO

I don't believe it.

ALBERT

I leave that sort of thing to other women. I've got work to do.

SOLO

Yes, but there's a lot more to being a woman than working.  
(beat)

What are you afraid of, anyway?

She wheels on him, angrily.

ALBERT

Oh, I see! A little amateur psychology, courtesy of UNCLE!

SOLO

I didn't mean --

ALBERT

You have me all figured out, of course? You think I'm afraid to compete with other women -- afraid to try and be attractive to men!

SOLO

Look, Albert -- it's your father I'm thinking of.

(beat)

I want you to help me catch his murderer.

She is stopped cold by this. She stares, and then:

ALBERT

You don't mean ... Robespierre? But he and father were friends. I mean -- I have known Jacques since I was a child.

SOLO  
We think he's the man who kept your  
father prisoner - and still has  
other scientists under lock and key.  
And we think he's invited you to  
dinner for the same reason -- to  
enlist your help.

35  
CONT'D  
(2)

ALBERT  
And all you want me to do is --  
go to this dinner party? With you?

SOLO  
You can introduce me as your fiance.

She blushes, and turns away. Then:

ALBERT  
But I can't go! I can't!

SOLO  
Why not?

ALBERT  
I just remembered! I haven't got  
a thing to wear!

SOLO (grins)  
Albert -- you're learning to be a  
woman very fast.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. LONG SHOT OF CASTLE - NIGHT - (STOCK) 36

INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT 37

Robespierre, dressed in all-white evening clothes,  
leads Albert and Solo into living room. Albert  
wears a red evening gown and looks stunning; Solo  
is in handsomely tailored evening dress. The room  
they enter is all white, from its white tiles to  
ceiling to white furniture.

ROBESPIERRE  
Mr. Solo, did you say that your  
first name was Napoleon?

SOLO  
That's right.

37  
CONT'D  
(2)

ROBESPIERRE  
A cruel prank by your parents.

SOLO  
I thought all Frenchmen were proud  
of Napoleon.

ROBESPIERRE  
Bonaparte was a drunkard and a  
libertine. Why should I be  
proud of him?

CLOSER SHOT

38

ROBESPIERRE  
And you, Miss Dubois, how are you  
bearing your burden of grief?

ALBERT  
I have my work, M. Robespierre.

ROBESPIERRE  
Of course. Your father was a great  
scientist. How fortunate that his  
greatness lives on in you.

SOLO  
Do you know much about inertial  
guidance, M. Robespierre?

ROBESPIERRE  
Only that it allows a missile to  
steer itself -- using the stars to  
navigate -- Beyond that my poor  
brain can't comprehend such  
complexities.



He walks to a gigantic white fireplace.

38  
CONT'D  
(2)

ROBESPIERRE

Personally, my interests lie more to architecture. Magnificent old fireplace, isn't it?

ALBERT

The whole chateau is magnificent.

SOLO

Somebody certainly sold you a lot of white paint.

ROBESPIERRE

White is the color of virtue.

SOLO

And ambulances.

ROBESPIERRE (unfazed)

The castle's history dates back to Charlemagne. It has one hundred and seventeen rooms. And this fireplace is rumored to have led to an underground dungeon.

SOLO

It's not very plebeian of you to live in a castle, M. Robespierre. Perhaps that's why you lost the election.

ROBESPIERRE (stung)

I lost, Mr. Solo, because France wasn't ready for a revolution of virtue, -- not ready to see the sober values of my program.

(smiles)

I wonder if you would excuse Miss Dubois and myself for a few minutes? We have some business to discuss.

SOLO

Of course.

ROBESPIERRE

Make yourself at home. Read a book.

SOLO

I've read one, thanks.

Robespierre takes Albert's arm. She looks back at Solo, then they go out. When they are gone, Solo

takes out his communicator.

38  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO  
Open channel F. Solo to Kuryakin.

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

38X1

Illya is sprawled out, asleep. His communicator BEEPS. Instantly alert, he takes it out.

ILLYA  
Kuryakin here.

INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM

38X2-38X4

SOLO  
Illya. I'm in Robespierre's  
chateau.

INTERCUT at will.

ILLYA  
Marvelous. And I am near Voegler's  
hunting preserve. Now do you mind  
if I go back to sleep?

SOLO  
There's a fireplace here that my  
host undoubtedly wants me to  
investigate. It's in the living  
room, just in case.

ILLYA  
Just once, Napoleon, just once, I  
wish I would get the assignment with  
the beautiful girl and the good food  
while you sleep in the car and get  
up at dawn to go hunting.

SOLO  
What's the matter, do you miss your  
little comforter?

ILLYA (turning over  
on his side)  
Good night, Napoleon.

SOLO  
Good night, Illya.

Solo puts away his communicator. He goes into the

fireplace, and pokes about. After a moment, he finds a rock that moves. He pushes it, and the back of the fireplace opens. Solo looks at it, and then enters the darkness.

38X2-38X4  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. DUNGEON

39

Solo takes out a pencil flashlight and moves down the damp path of the stone corridor, CAMERA FOLLOWING. He turns another corridor, moving cautiously.

MED. SHOT

40

He enters a stone chamber, and suddenly, a huge GUARD falls on him from the rear; he wears a white uniform. Solo is knocked to the ground and lies still. When the guard bends to him, Solo gives him a karate chop on the neck and knocks him out. Then he gets up and continues to explore the dungeon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

41

He comes to a corridor where a SECOND GUARD is sitting in front of a door.

SOLO

42

Trying to figure out his next move.

THE GUARD

43

He looks surreptitious as he glances about. Then he reaches into his white tunic and produces a flask of whisky. He uncaps it, takes quick swallow.

SOLO

44

He smiles, and walks out boldly. The second guard replaces the flask, and stands, lifting rifle.

SECOND GUARD (nervously)  
Stand back! Who are you?

\* SOLO (sternly  
with French accent)  
So this is how you obey our leader!

SECOND GUARD  
But, I --

SOLO  
Let's have it!

The guard removes the bottle sheepishly.

SECOND GUARD  
It's only cough medicine.  
(he coughs feebly)

SOLO  
Yes, that cough sounds bad. All right. Here - I have just the thing for it.

He takes out a capsule, hands it to guard.

SOLO  
Break the capsule in half and sniff it. Your cough will vanish.

The guard does. A puff of smoke from the capsule, and he collapses. Solo goes past him to look at the window in the door.

\*change

INT. LABORATORY - SOLO'S POV

45

Half-a-dozen scientists work on electronic gear.

SOLO

46

He tries the door, but it's locked. He pulls out a gun as he hears the sound of FOOTSTEPS, and a:

ANOTHER ANGLE

47

Solo runs down corridor. A white-uniformed guard appears at the end, holding a machine-gun. Solo whirls and sees:

REVERSE ANGLE

48

Another guard with a machine-gun.

SOLO

49

He drops to the ground as both guards fire, downing each other. Then he runs off again.

ANOTHER ANGLE

50

He turns still another corner, breathing hard. He comes to end of corridor, and there is a large metal door with painted sign: DO NOT ENTER. He pushes it.

INT. ROBESPIERRE LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT

51

A section of shelves parts admitting Solo, who halts in surprise. In the room, calmly awaiting him, is Robespierre and three guards. One holds Albert's hands behind her back. The other two train guns at Solo. Robespierre smiles.

9-24-65 P.20

ROBESPIERRE  
I knew you couldn't resist that  
sign, Mr. Solo.

51  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

52

Dismayed, but calmly resigned to it.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ROBESPIERRE LIVING ROOM

53

Scene as before.

ROBESPIERRE

All right. Bring them both.

They go to the open passageway, and all enter.

INT. DUNGEON

54

The guards, Solo, Albert, and Robespierre walk corridor. They turn another corner, CAMERA FOLLOWING, and stop at a metal door. Robespierre applies the brassknocker. The door is opened by what seems to be an INTERN. There is also a NURSE.

INT. "TORTURE" ROOM

55

As they all enter. It is a clean, white, anti-septic room, more of an infirmary than a torture chamber. Two guards are in evidence.

ROBESPIERRE

The young lady first.

The intern and nurse manacle Albert to the wall.

SOLO

So this is how you respect women, Robespierre.

ROBESPIERRE

But I do. I don't intend to harm a hair on her head -- even though she has given me the greatest provocation..

Robespierre walks to a metal "sterilizing" type of container. He opens it, emitting steam, and removes a clean branding iron that smokes nicely.

ROBESPIERRE (cont'd)  
 No, you needn't worry, Mr. Solo.  
 The lady's not for burning.  
 (turns to him)  
 I've reserved that privilege for you.

55  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

CLOSE SHOT OF ALBERT

56

She gasps.

SOLO

57

He looks towards the smoking brand.

CLOSE SHOT OF BRANDING IRON

58

It bears the letters: L.E.F.

GROUP SHOT

59

ALBERT  
 No! You can't do this!

ROBESPIERRE  
 You know how to stop it, my dear.

SOLO  
 What does he want you to do?

ALBERT  
 He's getting the parts of an  
 inertial guidance system! He  
 wants me to install it --

ROBESPIERRE  
 Prepare our -- patient.

The intern and nurse lower an operating table.  
 Two guards place Solo on it, then the intern  
 tips the table so Solo is upright.



ALBERT (tearfully)  
He did kill Papa, Napoleon! I  
can't help him kill more!

59  
CONT'D  
(2)

ROBESPIERRE  
Your turn, Doctor.

ALBERT  
Robespierre, you can't! This  
is medieval!

ROBESPIERRE (injured)  
You think I'm medieval?

He walks to a wall, pulls back a panel, revealing  
a TV monitor, a number of switches, and a communicating  
instrument with a light attached. He pushes a switch,  
and on the TV screen we see a missile in the pad.

ROBESPIERRE  
Do you call this medieval? It's  
a very modern device, my dear --  
the product of our so-called  
civilization! A weapon of  
destruction -- that I will turn  
into a weapon of virtue !

SOLO  
What's your target, Robespierre?

ROBESPIERRE  
My target is corruption! My  
target is evil! My target is the  
alcoholic poison which is in-  
filtrating the veins of France!  
Destroying our greatness as a  
people and a nation!

SOLO  
Nice speech. If you'll untie  
my hands, I'll be happy to applaud.

ROBESPIERRE  
My target is the vineyard, Mr.  
Solo! The vineyard which is the  
graveyard of our national strength!

CAMERA CLOSSES IN on Robespierre and then to television screen.

59  
CONT'D  
(3)

ROBESPIERRE

The missile will release deadly radioactive matter upon explosion. It will contaminate the soil for the next hundred years. It will be aimed at the Champagne district of France --

SOLO

60

SOLO

Ouch!

ANGLE ON ALBERT

61

ALBERT (horrificed)

But what about all the people?  
There are thousands of people  
who work in the vineyards!  
They'll be killed, too!

(beat)

I won't help you! I won't!

ROBESPIERRE

Very well, doctor.

The nurse goes to Solo, carrying a bottle of alcohol and a swab. She pours some on the swab, and carefully cleans his forehead. The intern approaches with the brand.

SOLO (watching it

approach)

L.E.F. ... I suddenly realize  
what it means, Robespierre.

ROBESPIERRE

Do you?

SOLO (sweating as it  
comes closer)

It's been the motto of France  
since the Revolution. Liberty ...

(closer)

Equality ...

(very close)

Fraternity ...

As it almost touches Solo:

ALBERT

62

ALBERT (screaming it)  
Stop it! Stop it!

WIDER ANGLE

63

The brand is removed from Solo's vicinity.

ALBERT (sobbing)  
I'll do what you want! Only  
don't hurt him!

ROBESPIERRE  
That's very noble of you.  
(a signal)  
Release him.

They unhook Solo from the table.

ROBESPIERRE  
You see what I mean about women,  
Mr. Solo? Noble creatures, who  
sacrifice their all for men.  
Even unworthy men.

SOLO  
And what happens to unworthy me  
now?

ROBESPIERRE  
You remain as my guest. Safe  
and sound -- as long as Miss Dubois  
cooperates. Is that understood?

Albert nods. The guards take Solo out. Robespierre  
turns to Albert.

ROBESPIERRE  
Don't be afraid, my child. Albert,  
you know I'm not a monster. I don't  
want to hurt people. I want to help  
them. And now, please try to have a  
good night's rest. You have much  
work to do tomorrow.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. FOREST - LONG SHOT - DAY (STOCK)

64

CLOSER SHOT OF FOREST

65

Voegler, with a quiver of arrows on his back, and holding a bow and arrow in hand, is drawing back to shoot at something in the woods. There is a BEEPING NOISE. He mutters, puts down the bow, and removes the quiver. From the quiver, he takes a similar communicating device.

VOEGLER

Carl Voegler.

INT. CASTLE LIVING ROOM - DAY

66

Robespierre is dressed in white suit, white tie, white shirt, white shoes. He is talking on a communicator, and he is angry.

ROBESPIERRE

I won't tolerate any further delay.  
I want the equipment delivered to  
me here, today!

VOEGLER

67

VOEGLER

Out of the question. I'm sure I'm  
being watched. I can't guarantee  
a safe delivery right now.

ROBESPIERRE'S VOICE

(filter)

I warn you, Voegler. Don't try  
my patience.

Vexed, Voegler switches off, puts the device back in his quiver, prepares to hunt again. He moves through woods, CAMERA FOLLOWING, then stops and shoots. He goes after his quarry.

ANOTHER ANGLE

68

Illya is bending over a slain deer as Voegler enters  
FRAME.

VOEGLER

Hey! Leave that arrow alone!

ILLYA

It's my arrow.

VOEGLER

You're wrong. The shot was mine.

68  
CONT'D  
(2)

He plucks out the arrow, shows the feathers.

VOEGLER

See? The feathers are blue and orange. My hunting colors.

ILLYA

I beg your pardon. My mistake.

VOEGLER

Quite all right.

(looks curiously at the

Fist Flite bow)

What kind of gadget is that?

ILLYA

It's a new kind of bow.

VOEGLER

Couldn't be very accurate.

ILLYA

I never miss, Mr. --- ?

VOEGLER

Voegler. Carl Voegler.

ILLYA

I prefer target shooting myself.

VOEGLER  
I won the Swiss intermediate target  
championship three years ago!

68  
CONT'D  
(3)

ILLYA  
Three years? Well, we all get a  
little rusty, don't we?

VOEGLER  
I can still outshoot you -- and  
that slingshot!

ILLYA  
For what stakes?

VOEGLER  
Name them!

ILLYA  
Ten thousand francs?

VOEGLER  
Done!

\* ILLYA  
I have that much with me. Do you?

VOEGLER  
In my chateau. We'll go there  
after the match. Agreed?

\* ILLYA  
Certainly.

Voegler fits an arrow, shoots at a tree branch  
in distance.

CLOSE SHOT

69

The arrow in the branch.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND VOEGLER

70

Illya fits his arrow, and fires.

\* Changes

CLOSE SHOT

71

Illya's arrow lands beside Voegler's.

TWO SHOT

72

Voegler fits an arrow, fires at a posted sign on tree.

CLOSE SHOT

73

The arrow hits the sign. A moment later, Illya's arrow lands against it.

TWO SHOT

74

Voegler frowns. Then he snatches the cap off Illya's head, and flings it high into the air. Then he shoots an arrow at it.

EXT. THE SKY

75

The cap flies into the air, and an arrow pins it.

TWO SHOT

76

Illya and Voegler run to where cap has fallen. Voegler takes out his arrow, hands back cap to Illya, who pokes his finger through the hole, and then ruefully puts the cap on his head as Voegler grins. Then Illya removes a ring from his finger, and throws it high into the air, fits an arrow, fires. Voegler is astonished. Then both run towards arrow.

ANOTHER ANGLE

77

They come to arrow in ground. Voegler picks it up, sees ring on shaft. Amazed, he looks at Illya, who calmly puts the ring on his finger and replaces the arrow in his special holster.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. VOEGLER TROPHY ROOM

78

Many cups and decorations, and a dart board. They are having a drink.

VOEGLER (toasts)  
To the victor.

ILLYA  
Thank you.

VOEGLER (crossing to  
safe)  
And now, my friend, I believe I  
am in your debt. 10,000 francs,  
was it not? By the way, did you  
get that new bow from UNCLE?

ILLYA  
UNCLE? What's that?

VOEGLER (a wicked  
smile, taking a gun from  
the safe)  
Wrong answer, my friend. Any  
other man would say "Who is that?"  
But you know that UNCLE is a  
"what," not a "who," don't you?  
Careful. I'm pretty good with a  
bow. But I'm perfect with a gun.

He presses a button on the desk.

VOEGLER  
You underestimated my sharp eyes.  
I saw you in my rear view mirror  
that day. I never forget a face.

Two HENCHMEN enter.

ILLYA  
Don't be rash, Voegler, UNCLE  
knows exactly where I am.

VOEGLER  
Then they won't be surprised  
when you have a hunting accident.  
(smiles)  
Oh, don't worry. We're all sports-  
men here. We wouldn't kill you  
without a sporting chance.  
(to first henchman)  
Ludwig. Get the paint.

Illya looks puzzled as the henchman goes out.

ZIP PAN TO:



INT. CELL - DAY

78X1

It is a modern jail cell, with a sink, a spring cot, a bare electric light bulb with the switch outside the cell. The jail door is standard prison-style, and there is a small barred window. Solo is on the cot, writhing in pain. He grips his stomach, his legs drawn up. He groans in agony. A jailer, attracted by the sounds, comes to the cell door.

SOLO (groaning)  
I need a doctor. Please. I'm sick.

JAILER  
If you think your fake pains will make me open the door, you are mistaken. You do not need a doctor, my friend. What you need is a better trick.

The jailor turns and walks away. Solo relaxes, stretches out on the cot, shrugs. Oh, well, that didn't work.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. TROPHY ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

79

A hand paints the last ring on a target on the back of Illya's shirt. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the first henchman with brush and paint can. Illya's hands are handcuffed behind his back.

VOEGLER  
Beautiful! You'll make a fine moving target, my friend.

ILLYA  
This is your idea of a sporting chance?

VOEGLER  
You'll have as much chance as any hunted animal. Even more. You have intelligence.  
(laughs)  
But not too much, I'm afraid.  
(to henchmen)  
Give him a few minutes head start.  
And get me a fresh quiver!

They grab Illya and take him out.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. FOREST - MOVING SHOT - DAY

80

Illya runs through forest, panting hard.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF FOREST

81

Voegler, stalking grimly with bow and arrow.

ILLYA

82

Running, he stumbles and falls. As he gets up,  
an arrow flies past him. He stumbles into woods.

FIRST HENCHMAN

83

He hurries through forest, with bow.

SECOND HENCHMAN

84

Moving between the trees swiftly.

ILLYA

85

He comes to a small clearing, looks about uncertainly.

VOEGLER

86

He spots Illya, fits his arrow, and shoots.

ILLYA

87

His sleeve is pinned to a tree.

FIRST HENCHMAN

88

Moving in rapidly, followed by second henchman.

ILLYA 89

He pulls at his sleeve, trying to get free.

HENCHMAN #2 90

Moving through brush.

ILLYA 91

He tears away from tree, just as Voegler's arrow hits where he was. He starts to run again.

HENCHMAN #1 92  
Releasing an arrow:

ILLYA 93

Arrows land in trees near him. He comes to a clearing, falls, panting. He contorts his body and manages to get his handcuffed hands in front of him - then dives into stream.

HENCHMAN #2 94

Moving deliberately along trail. Toward stream -

ILLYA 95

Coming from the stream. Listens, hears the RUSTLING of men approaching.

HENCHMAN #1 96

Coming forward cautiously into water.

ILLYA

97

Behind a tree as one of the henchmen comes out and passes him. Illya kicks out in a sabat that clips the first henchman on the jaw, knocking him out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

98

The second henchman comes out, sees what has happened. Clumsily, he tries to fit an arrow into the bow. Illya charges him, butting him in the stomach, finishing him off with a knee to the chin.

VOEGLER

99

He moves along the trail, stops as he hears:

ILLYA'S VOICE  
Voegler!

He whirls.

ANOTHER ANGLE

100

Voegler comes out into the clearing, bow and arrow ready. Illya is stretched out on his back, one of the henchmen's bows drawn taut by his feet, the tip of the arrow in his teeth. Just as Voegler is about to shoot, Illya looses his arrow, hitting him in the midsection. Voegler falls. Illya goes to him, bends down to get the key to handcuffs in his pocket.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. VOEGLER TROPHY ROOM

101

Illya is searching the room, going through desk, etc. There is a dart stuck in the blotter. He picks it up and idly tosses it at the dartboard on the wall.

CLOSE SHOT OF DARTBOARD

102

The dart hits the bullseye, and the board swings open, revealing a wall safe.

ILLYA

103

He goes to safe, and reaches inside. He removes three pieces of electronic equipment. He smiles, and brings them to desk. He sits, takes out his communicator, and switches it on.

ILLYA

This is a code seven call.  
Illya Kuryakin to Mr. Waverly.

INT. PARIS HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY

104

WAVERLY

Go ahead, Mr. Kuryakin.

ILLYA

105

ILLYA

We won't have to worry about Robespierre's missile. I have the guidance system. What do you hear from Napoleon?

WAVERLY

106

WAVERLY

Don't worry about Mr. Solo.  
Your job is to get that equipment back to headquarters at once.

ILLYA

107

ILLYA

Yes, sir. As soon as I wash my shirt.

Illya clicks off, smiling. Then the door opens.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA'S POV

108

Two white uniformed GUARDS are in the doorway.

FIRST GUARD  
You Voegler?

108  
CONT'D  
(2)

They walk up to the desk.

ILLYA  
Why, er, no. I'm Mr. Voegler's  
-- engineer.

SECOND GUARD (picks  
up piece)  
This is the material, right?

FIRST GUARD  
Robespierre wants it now.

ILLYA  
It's still unassembled --

FIRST GUARD  
We have people who can fix that.

ILLYA (thinking fast)  
Not this system. Only two people  
in the world know how to assemble it.

SECOND GUARD  
Which two people?

ILLYA  
One of them is Bruno Von Schluffenkopf.  
But he lives in Munich.

FIRST GUARD  
Huh?

ILLYA  
The other one is me. So the  
equipment won't do you any good  
-- unless I go with it.

The guards exchange looks. Then the first one nods.

FIRST GUARD  
All right. Come on.

They pick up the pieces and go out, Illya with them.  
CAMERA REMAINS in the empty room. A moment later,  
the french doors SLAM open and Voegler, the arrow  
still in him, his eyes staring, enters. He staggers  
to the desk, and picks up a communicator. It lights.

VOEGLER (a croak)  
Let me speak.... to..Robespierre....

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CASTLE GATE - FULL SHOT - DAY

109

The panel truck, its sides blank, pulls up.

CLOSER SHOT

110

Illya emerges from the truck, as do the two guards. Both carry boxes with the electronic gear inside. They head for gate.

INT. ROBESPIERRE'S LIVING ROOM

111

Robespierre is looking at still another TV monitor showing his missile. He turns as the guards and Illya enter.

FIRST GUARD

Here he is, sir. Voegler's engineer.

ROBESPIERRE

Well! I never knew Voegler was so thorough.

(looks at boxes)

Is that the equipment?

ILLYA

Yes, that's it.

The guards bring it and place the boxes on table.

ROBESPIERRE

You guarantee they'll work?

ILLYA

Your money cheerfully refunded if they don't.

ROBESPIERRE (harshly)

And will you be able to have your life refunded, young man?

He opens a box, and takes out a piece.

ROBESPIERRE

All right, let's find out how much you know -- Mr. Engineer.

(to guards)

Show him below. To the laboratory.

They all turn and go out. As they go, CAMERA PANS to the TV monitor and the communicator below it. The light begins to FLASH on and off.

111  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SOLO'S CELL

112

Solo sits on the bunk, without jacket or tie or belt, and no shoes. He looks through the bars, his manner nonchalant.

SOLO

Yes, you've got to hand it to Robespierre. He does things right.

REVERSE ANGLE

113

The JAILER, in white outfit, with keys on his belt, sits on a chair opposite, glowering at Solo.

SOLO

Look at this cell now. Running water. Electric light. Comfortable bed.

(bounces on it)

If you ask me, I've got it better than you, Bernard.

JAILER

Maybe you'd like to trade places.

SOLO

Say! Not a bad idea!  
(reaches hand through bars)

You just give me the keys, and --

JAILER

Bright fellow!

He is about to hit Solo's hand with the butt of his rifle, but something makes him snap to attention.

ANOTHER ANGLE

114

Two guards, with Illya, march down corridor. Solo is about to speak, when Illya interrupts with:



ILLYA (quickly)  
And what was this poor man's crime?

114  
CONT'D  
(2)

FIRST GUARD  
Stupidity.

The Second Guard laughs.

ILLYA  
Yes, you can see he's a criminal  
type, all right. The way his eyes  
are set so close together. We  
electronic engineers can always tell.

He smiles pleasantly at Solo and continues on with  
the Guards, OUT OF FRAME.

SOLO

115

He looks after Illya. A moment later, Robespierre  
and Albert come by.

SOLO  
Well, well. Must be visitors' day.

ROBESPIERRE  
There you are, my dear, you see?  
I told you Mr. Solo was alive and  
well!

Albert rushes to the bars of Solo's cell.

CLOSER SHOT

116

She reaches out to him. Robespierre stands behind  
her.

ALBERT  
Oh, Napoleon, I was so worried!

SOLO  
I hope you brought me a cake --  
with a file in it.

ALBERT (a brave smile)  
I can't cook....  
(quickly)  
Napoleon, they've got the guidance  
equipment! One of Voegler's  
engineers brought it!

SOLO  
Yes, he's a top engineer, too.  
Went to Kuryakin University.  
I'm sure you'll notice that.

116  
CONT'D  
(2)

She looks at him with sharp surprise. Robespierre comes up.

ROBESPIERRE  
All right, my dear. Your visit's over.

She clings to Solo's arm.

ALBERT  
Napoleon!

The Jailer steps up and yanks her away roughly.

JAILER  
You heard M. Robespierre!

ROBESPIERRE (furious)  
Pig!  
(he knocks the Jailer down  
with a mighty blow)  
I've warned you! Never lay a hand  
on a woman! I'll have respect here,  
you understand?  
(to Albert)  
Are you all right, my dear?

She nods. With a backwards look at Solo, they go off.

SOLO

117

Bends to the fallen guard, who rubs his jaw.

SOLO  
Sure you don't want to trade places?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LABORATORY

118

Robespierre is introducing Illya to the scientists in the laboratory. Albert is beside him.

ROBESPIERRE

Gentlemen, allow me to introduce Mr. Kuryakin, who will explain to us the operation of the Blaine-Wilson inertial guidance system.

118  
CONT'D  
(2)

Illya picks up a piece of the equipment and looks at it uncomfortably.

ANGLE ON ALBERT

119

She looks on, worried.

ILLYA

120

He juggles the piece in his hand.

ILLYA

Now as you all know, the, er, basic idea of an inertial guidance system is to guide something. Inertially.

THE SCIENTISTS

121

They look at each other, puzzled.

ILLYA

122

ILLYA

Now this part of the mechanism is designed to work in conjunction with the other parts. Is that clear so far?

The scientists stare at him blankly. Illya picks up another piece of the equipment.

ILLYA

Now! Unless we're sure that this piece is -- doing what it's supposed to do -- the whole-- ugly mess won't work.

The scientists begin to shuffle their feet and murmur.

FIRST SCIENTIST  
Does this system employ a cyrogenic  
rotor with frictionless bearings?

122  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA  
Of course.

SECOND SCIENTIST  
Mr. Kuryakin, to what tolerances  
are the parts machined?

ILLYA  
What would you guess?

SECOND SCIENTIST  
Well -- fifty millionths of an inch.

ILLYA  
Wonderful. That's absolutely correct.

THIRD SCIENTIST  
What is the degree of torque?

ILLYA (patronizing)  
Come now, must I tell you everything?

FIRST SCIENTIST  
This man is a fraud!

THIRD SCIENTIST  
He doesn't know what he's talking  
about!

They all mutter AD LIB "Fake!" "Fraud!" etc.

TWO SHOT - ROBESPIERRE AND ALBERT 123

Albert looks very concerned, as Robespierre frowns.

RESUME - ILLYA AND THE SCIENTISTS 124

ILLYA  
Gentlemen, please! I'm only an  
engineer. I leave the science to you!

RESUME TWO SHOT - ROBESPIERRE AND ALBERT 125

A GUARD enters FRAME to whisper in Robespierre's ear.  
Robespierre is electrified. He points to Ilyya.

ROBESPIERRE

Take that man!

125  
CONT'D  
(2)

The guards seize Illya and take him out of lab.  
Albert and Robespierre follow. One of the guards  
takes the electronic piece from his grasp.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LABORATORY

126

ILLYA

You can't do this to me -- just  
because I didn't do my homework!

ROBESPIERRE

No, Mr. UNCLE agent -- that's not  
my reason.

Illya stops struggling to stare at Robespierre.

ROBESPIERRE

The man you killed came back from  
the grave -- just long enough to  
point the finger of accusation!

(points at Illya)

Murderer! You killed Carl Voegler!  
And in my new France, you will  
have Old Testament judgement. An  
eye for an eye. A tooth for a  
tooth. A life for a life!

\*

Suddenly, Illya snatches the electronic piece from  
the guard, and raises it in the air.

ILLYA

Careful. If I smash this piece --  
you might as well scrap your missile!

The guards rush him, but Robespierre:

ROBESPIERRE

Get back, you fools!

ALBERT

The part's irreplaceable! Let him  
go, Robespierre!

ROBESPIERRE

I'm willing to make a deal, Mr.  
Kuryakin.

ILLYA

Make it, then.

\*change

ROBESPIERRE (to a  
guard)  
Julius -- go to Mr. Solo's cell,  
and empty your gun. Into Mr. Solo,  
of course.

126  
CONT'D  
(2)

JULIUS  
Right.

He starts off.

ILLYA  
Wait!

ROBESPIERRE (smiles)  
Ah! You see the terms of my deal?  
You give me the part -- and you  
can have all of Mr. Solo.

ILLYA  
Very well. Here.

He tosses the part in the air. There is a scramble  
to catch it, during which Illya makes his break.

INT. DUNGEON CORRIDOR

127

Illya races down the corridor, and collides with a  
guard holding a machine gun. The man is stunned  
momentarily.

ILLYA (sharply)  
Give me that!

He snatches the gun from the man.

ILLYA  
Don't you know these things are  
dangerous?

He runs down the corridor, holding the gun.

ANGLE SHOT - ANOTHER CORRIDOR

128

SHOOTING from the fleeing Illya to the pursuing  
guards. He turns a corner, and finds:

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

129

He hurries to end of corridor. There is a metal door. He pushes hard against it, but it won't budge. He hears FOOTSTEPS running towards him. He is in a cul-de-sac. He sets his jaw grimly, raises  
\* his gun.

130 OUT

ILLYA

131

He clicks the trigger, with no response from the gun. He throws it away, just as the guards turn the corridor and head for him. He hurls himself against the door again, and now it begins to move.

EXT. COURTYARD - MED. SHOT - DAY

132

Illya pushes the door open, and comes out into the courtyard, which is empty.

FULL SHOT OF COURTYARD

133

He crosses the courtyard, backing up most of the way.

CLOSER SHOT

134

He backs up against a wooden structure, turns and looks up at it.

ANGLE SHOT

135

looking up at a guillotine, its blade poised.

ILLYA

136

looking up in awe.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

\*change

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:  
INT. SOLO'S CELL - DAY

137

In the cell, Solo becomes aware of the SOUND of DRUMS beating a military tattoo. He goes to door and looks at the jailer, who is dozing.

SOLO  
The natives are restless tonight.

The jailer GRUNTS and shifts position.

SOLO  
Those are drums I hear?

JAILER  
Quiet down and let me sleep!

SOLO  
Pleasant dreams.

He goes to the bunk and stands on the edge of it to peer out of the small barred window.

CLOSER SHOT

138

Solo looks out into the courtyard.

EXT. COURTYARD - SOLO'S P.O.V.

139

Three of the white-clad guards beat a tattoo on three white drums. CAMERA PANS to the guillotine. Two other guards are placing a log on the block.

SOLO

140

He looks worried as he climbs off the bunk and goes back to the cell door.

SOLO  
Funny way they chop wood around here.

JAILER  
It's not wood they're chopping this morning. It's your friend's neck.

\*change



SOLO (stunned)  
Illya!  
                    (thinks swiftly, then)  
Listen, Bernard, how would you like  
a crisp new one thousand dollar bill?

140  
CONT'D  
(2)

                    JAILER  
You trying to bribe me?

                    SOLO  
Of course.

                    JAILER  
I know you haven't any money. You  
were searched.

                    SOLO  
Yes, but they overlooked something.  
There's a thousand dollar bill tucked  
into the heel of my right shoe.  
It's yours if you get me out of here.

\*                   JAILER (chuckles)  
You must think I'm pretty stupid,  
don't you?

                    SOLO  
What do you mean?

\*                   JAILER  
I can get that thousand dollars  
without letting you go!

Solo snaps his finger in chagrin.

                    SOLO  
Darn it!

\*                   JAILER  
You are not so bright after all, my  
friend. See you in a little while.

He goes off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

141

Solo makes sure he's gone, then quickly goes to the  
bed, throws off the mattress, and begins to unwind  
the coiled bedspring.

CUT TO:

\*change

EXT. COURTYARD

142

The DRUMS are beating. Robespierre marches out and stops in front of the guillotine, turns.

ROBESPIERRE  
Bring out the prisoner.

EXT. LONG SHOT OF ANOTHER PART OF COURTYARD

143

Four guards march out with Illya between them. The DRUMS roll as Illya is led to the scaffolding. He marches up the wooden steps. On the platform is a bare-chested man with a white hood covering his face. Illya reaches top of platform and looks up at the guillotine, which has log under it.

144 OUT

INT. SOLO'S CELL - CLOSE SHOT

145

Solo is attaching two wires to the bars of his cell door. CAMERA PANS along the wires to the hanging light socket, the wires extending directly into the socket, the bulb missing.

WIDER ANGLE

146

Solo glances out the cell door again. Then he goes to fill a metal cup with water at the sink. He returns to the door and spills the water out onto the floor outside the cell. Then he shouts:

SOLO  
Hey, Bernard!

He RATTLES the cup against the bars.

CLOSE - ROBESPIERRE

147

ROBESPIERRE  
Prisoner, you have been condemned  
to death for the murder of Carl  
Voegler.

ANGLE SHOT OF GUILLOTINE - ILLYA'S POV

148

The guillotine blade poised to descend.

RESUME - SOLO'S CELL

149

The jailer, angry, is at the door.

JAILER

You're a liar, Solo! There wasn't  
any thousand dollar bill in your  
shoe!

SOLO

Of course there was! One of  
those other guards must have  
taken it!

JAILER

\* This place is full of thieves!

SOLO

Or maybe it fell out when they  
took off my shoes.

JAILER

You think so?

SOLO

Turn on the light and I'll look!

The jailer goes to the light switch and turns it  
on. Then he goes back to the cell.

REVERSE ANGLE

150

Solo looks under the bed. He points.

SOLO

What's that under there?

JAILER

Where?

\* change

\* The jailer puts his hands on the bars of the cell to take a look. There is a FLASH of SPARKS, and a loud CRACKLE. He begins to sag. Solo watches a moment, then picks up the pillow from his bed and slaps at the wires leading to the cell door, breaking the connection. The jailer, glassy-eyed, slumps to the floor. Solo bends down, CAMERA WITH HIM, and tries to reach the keys on his belt, which are just out of reach.

150  
CONT'D  
(2)

RESUME - COURTYARD

151

Robespierre signals the executioner.

ROBESPIERRE  
Test the blade.

The man in the white hood pulls the lever, and the blade crashes down. The log is severed neatly.

ILLYA

152

He looks at the guillotine's work, and swallows.

RESUME - SOLO'S CELL

153

He can't reach the keys. He strains hard, as he hears the DRUMS ROLL again. Then he realizes there's another way to do it. He grabs the collar of the jailer, and pulls the whole man closer to him, enabling him to get the keys. He removes them from the belt, and then opens the jail door. The DRUMS ROLL again.

RESUME - COURTYARD

154

The executioner lifts the blade into place, and the DRUMS ROLL. He then grabs Illya, forces him into kneeling position, and chains his hands to the platform, forces his head to the block.

\* Change

ROBESPIERRE

155

He lifts his hand to give the signal.

CLOSE SHOT OF EXECUTIONER

156

\* He picks up the axe.

ILLYA

157

Awaiting the end.

MED. SHOT OF PLATFORM

158

The executioner about to hit the lever. SHOTS  
ring out and he falls, hit.

LONG SHOT

159

Solo runs into courtyard, carrying the jailer's  
rifle. He shouts:

SOLO  
Illya! Look out!

PLATFORM

160

\* As the wounded executioner begins to fall, the axe  
in his hand hits the rope and the blade starts to  
descend. Illya pulls back just in the nick of time.

ROBESPIERRE

161

Points wildly to Solo.

ROBESPIERRE  
Get him!

\* Changes

SOLO

162

A guard near him raises his hand-held machine gun, and Solo kicks it out of his hand, hits him. Then, he ducks as other guards fire, kicking up earth alongside him. Solo grabs the machine gun, and fires an answering burst.

WIDER ANGLE

163

Solo's fire mows down the guards. Then he runs for platform as shield, continues to fire.

ROBESPIERRE

164

He turns and runs back toward castle.

SOLO

165

A guard jumps on his back, knocking the gun away. Solo struggles with him, takes him out. He looks up at the chained Illya.

SOLO

Don't just kneel there -- do something!

ILLYA

Look out!

Solo looks up to see two more guards coming at him; picks up the gun and fires. Then all is quiet. He runs up to platform to unchain Illya.

ILLYA

Never mind me now -- Robespierre's gone back into the castle!

SOLO

He can't do any more harm.

ILLYA

That's what you think. He got the guidance system. He can launch the missile any time he wants to -

Electrified, Solo takes off for the castle.

\* Changes

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF COURTYARD

166

Albert comes running towards Solo.

ALBERT

Napoleon! Did Robespierre get away?

SOLO

Yes! Is that missile really ready to fire?

ALBERT

I had to do it, Napoleon -- there wasn't any choice!

SOLO

Where's the control room?

ALBERT

I don't know! He never showed me!

SOLO (frowning)

Great! We've only got a hundred and seventeen rooms to search!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF CASTLE - DAY

167

\* Solo and Albert go down hallway, pushing open one door after another, but each time, it yields nothing. They reach the end of the corridor together.

ALBERT

It's no use! We'll never find him!

SOLO

We've got to. I want my children to be able to drink champagne.

ALBERT (dismayed)

You never told me you were married.

SOLO (grins at her)

I was speaking of hypothetical children.

ALBERT

Thank goodness.

\*change

\* Suddenly, a blaring LOUDSPEAKER VOICE startles them. 167  
LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (in CONT'D  
French) (2)  
Attention! Attention!

CLOSE SHOT OF LOUDSPEAKER ON WALL 168

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (in  
French)  
Launching time is zero minus sixty  
seconds. The countdown will begin!

ALBERT  
The countdown! We have 60 seconds!

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (in  
French)  
Sixty! Fifty-nine! Fifty-eight!

CLOSE TWO SHOT 169

Solo and Albert listen in horror.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (in  
French)  
Fifty-seven! Fifty-six! Fifty-  
five!

The COUNTDOWN VOICE (in French) CONTINUES to blare  
out during the following action, until it reaches  
zero.

SOLO  
There's one chance! Maybe we can  
trace the speaker wire!

CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as Solo follows the speaker wire  
along the hall. It goes on for a way, then turns  
a corridor, leads into a door marked BROOM CLOSET.

\* change



Solo rattles the knob of the door.

169  
CONT'D  
(2)

                    SOLO  
            Robespierre!

When there is no reply, he shoots the lock. Then he kicks open the door.

INT. MISSILE CONTROL ROOM

170

The room has banks of complex switches, dials, computer tapes, etc. As Solo and Albert enter, they stop in surprise.

MED. SHOT - SOLO'S P.C.V.

171

At the main console is Robespierre, dressed completely in black, including a black eyepatch. His manner is angry and sardonic.

                    ROBESPIERRE  
            Come in, Mr. Solo! You're just in time to see the bird fly!

TWO SHOT - ALBERT AND SOLO

172

                    SOLO  
            I see you changed your pretty white suit, Robespierre.

ROBESPIERRE

173

\*

                    ROBESPIERRE  
            Naturally. I'm in mourning for the innocent who must die so that virtue may triumph.

He puts his hand on a main switch.

\*change

ALBERT

174

\* She steps closer.

ALBERT

\* Wait! Can't you least warn them?  
Give them a chance to get out, to  
save themselves.

ROBESPIERRE

175

ROBESPIERRE

\* It is too late now. The die is  
cast. Nothing can stop it now.

SOLO

Leave that switch alone.

ROBESPIERRE

Not even if you kill me!

He throws the switch.

CLOSE SHOT OF TV MONITOR

176

Under the missile, the exhaust.

TWO SHOT - ALBERT AND NAPOLEON

177

Albert points to the wall.

ALBERT

Napoleon -- that red button!

Solo whirls to look.

CLOSE SHOT OF BUTTON

178

\* Under it, a sign that reads: ABORT. (in French)

RESUME - TWO SHOT

179

ALBERT

It's the abort button! It's the  
only way to stop the missile!

Solo heads for it.

ROBESPIERRE

180

He grabs a machine gun from the console panel.

ROBESPIERRE  
Solo! Not another step!

WIDER ANGLE

181

Solo stops and looks at Albert. She sets her jaw and hurries towards the button. Robespierre swings the weapon towards her.

ROBESPIERRE  
Don't make me do this!

Albert continues.

ROBESPIERRE (scream-  
ing it)  
I don't want to hurt you!

Albert is at the button.

\* ROBESPIERRE  
I'll have to kill you!

\* SOLO (shouting)  
Kill a woman, Robespierre?

Albert hits the red button, and a SIREN goes off. Lights flash wildly on the console panel. Robespierre, in a frenzy, whirls and points the gun at Solo, fires. Solo pulls back to avoid being hit, and fires his own gun at Robespierre. Robespierre is hit, and falls across the console.

ANOTHER ANGLE

182

Albert goes into Solo's arms, and they look at the body of Robespierre across the flashing panel.

SOLO  
Illya!

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. COURTYARD

183

Illya is still on the platform, his hands still chained. He looks up as he hears Solo and

\* Albert.

WIDER ANGLE

184

Solo and Albert head for platform.

As they come closer, we see that Solo carries a long French bread, and a cheese. Albert has a

\* bottle of wine. They mount platform.

CLOSER SHOT

185

ILLYA

What took you so long?

SOLO

Well, we realized you must be getting hungry by now. So we brought some bread --

ALBERT

Cheese --

SOLO

And wine!

ILLYA

And what did you bring for me -- a bowl of milk?

SOLO

Oh -- sorry, old man.

Solo goes to unchain Illya's hands.

SOLO

I sort of got used to you this way.

\*change

ILLYA

You know something? I am hungry.  
Being guillotined always gives me  
an appetite.

185  
CONT'D  
(2)

ALBERT

Oh, oh -- I knew we forgot something.  
The knife.

ILLYA

Think nothing of it.

He gets up and raises the guillotine blade. Then he  
places the long French loaf under it, and lets it go.  
The bread is sliced in half. He gives the first  
half to Albert, gallantly, and the second to Solo.  
Then they all begin to munch contentedly on the  
food, as the CAMERA PULLS BACK to

FADE OUT

THE END