

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

The Fiddlesticks Affair

Prod. #7433

Script dated: November 10, 1964

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Name changes:

FROM

HENRI RUDOLPH

TO:

MARCEL RUDOLPH

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FADE IN:
LONG SHOT - CORRIDOR

A1

We are looking down a wide, shadow-encased corridor. At its end, squatting in a single, glaring light like some monstrous, glowing shrine, is an enormous vault. The utter silence of the place suggests a vacuum-like atmosphere. But as we watch, a curiously knotted silken rope DROPS INTO FRAME from above. Immediately thereafter, a man, dressed in black and wearing crepe-soled shoes, slides down the rope, and we have a

CLOSE SHOT OF SOLO'S FACE

B1

He moves quickly to the side, and another figure drops down the rope. It is ILLYA.

MED. SHOT

C1

as they begin to move cautiously toward the vault in b.g.

CLOSE SHOT

D1

of Solo's face, as he looks over at Illya, and then indicates something on the wall in front of them. CAMERA PANS DOWN, following his gaze, to an electric-eye beam. CAMERA PANS ACROSS CORRIDOR to discover a corresponding "eye" directly opposite the first one on the other side.

MED. CLOSE SHOT

E1

as both Solo and Illya, reaching into their pockets, bring forth small, pencil-like objects. As they twist the necks of their respective "pencils," bright but narrow light beams are turned on.

MED. SHOT

F1

as Solo and Illya, standing back to back in the center of the corridor, shine their own beams into the electric-eye beams on each side of the wall. Thus, without breaking the circuit of the wall "eyes," they edge across and past the danger spot. Having done that, they take a few more steps and reach the vault itself. Solo goes down on one knee before the combination dial, and then both men are suddenly rooted to the spot by the SOUND of an ALARM BELL.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

G1

as Illya and Solo exchange somewhat surprised, and definitely crestfallen glances.

LONG SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA'S POV

H1

They wheel around as they hear footsteps approach. A door slides open. As they watch from f.g., the steel door at the far end of the shadowed corridor opens, and a MAN slowly approaches them. The lighting is such that his features are indistinguishable; but we do see that he holds a levelled revolver.

CLOSE SHOT

J1

of Solo's face, as the Man's hand and revolver enter FRAME. The muzzle of the gun is placed at Solo's temple.

MAN

Bang.

Solo closes his eyes.

CAMERA PANS TO ILLYA'S FACE as the revolver is now placed at his head.

MAN (continuing)

Bang to you, too.

Illya closes his eyes.

CAMERA MOVES BACK on Solo and Illya from Man's POV.

MAN (continuing)
Not only are you both dead; but you
are dead with Mister Waverly's
blessings. He's been watching this
on TV, and he ain't happy, fellas.

J1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Neither are we, considering our
plane leaves in...
(looks at watch)
...forty-five minutes. What
triggered the alarm?

CLOSE SHOT - MAN'S FACE

K1

He is a young UNCLE agent, clean-cut, with close-
cropped hair and a sardonic little smile.

MAN
The sound of your large knee on
this pressurized flooring. A
noise-level alarm.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S FACE

M1

ILLYA
Decibel-counter?
(with mock pride to Solo)
...Well, my friend; having been
captured and killed during our own
dress rehearsal, who knows to what
depths we may sink on the job
itself....

CLOSE TWO SHOT - MAN'S POV

N1

SOLO (as they go)
Ah, but you must think positive,
Iliya. What with the diagrams of
the real Thrush vault in front of
us, and four hours flying time, we
shall do extensive homework. We
shall evolve a master and fool-
proof plan yet, my friend.

CLOSE SHOT - MAN'S FACE

P1

MAN (weak, sickly smile)
Into the mouth of Thrush rode the
Six Hundred.

FLASH PAN TO:

Chgs.

11-13-64 P.1

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1-22X1
OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. A PLANE IN FLIGHT - (STOCK) - DAY

22X2

A jet plane, passenger type, winging possibly over ocean.

INT. THE PLANE - LOUNGE AREA - ILLYA AND SOLO - DAY

22X3

They are seated alone in the lounge area, cocktails set before them. A briefcase is open on the table filled with papers and photographs. Illya is examining a diagram, Solo some photographs. Illya lowers his glasses as he indicates the diagram.

ILLYA

This abandoned drainpipe. It opens in the ocean and leads to the vault wall.

SOLO (shakes his head)

Even if we used a detector to walk through the mine field in there, they'd all blow up when we try to cut through the wall. The mines have to be turned off from inside the vault. Which means, we go into the vault the way he goes in...

(tosses photo to Illya)

INSERT PHOTO - KORBEL

22X4

surveying his casino, looking evil.

SOLO'S VOICE

...the Casino Manager, Anton Korbel.
Also an officer of Thrush.

BACK TO SCENE

22X5

ILLYA

So! To follow Mr. Korbel's path
we must recruit expert help right
there on Emerald Island after we
land. First...we need a woman...

SOLO (smiles)

I'll improvise something...

(at Illya's look)

Thy assignment. Senior officer by
two years...

ILLYA

Leaving me to recruit the electronics
expert who can ferret out the alarm
and guard systems. Who is that
thief Mr. Waverly said operates in
the Carribean?

Solo tosses him a photo. As Illya looks at it.

SOLO

Henri Rudolph. A wizard at taking
out burglary systems....

INSERT - PHOTO OF RUDOLPH

22X6

looking a bit sly.

ILLYA'S VOICE (o.s.)

...but a two-faced scoundrel and
totally untrustworthy.

BACK TO SCENE

22X7

ILLYA (takes his
drink)

However...Rudolph is mine. So. To
our mission. May we successfully
proceed to the vault beneath the
gambling casino where Thrush keeps
its treasury for the Western
Hemisphere....

SOLO (clinking glasses)

...where we decimate the ability of
Thrush to continue operations by
destroying the fifty-five million
dollars in the vault.

(they drink)

And may we live to tell the tale....

EXT. CASINO - (STOCK SHOT) - NIGHT

22X8

A casino-hotel in the Carribeans...gay, lively.

CASINO ENTRANCE - MED. SHOT

23

as Illya, dressed in his dapper best and sporting a martini, looks over the crowd and listens to the slot machines, croupiers calling, etc. In his free hand is a metallic briefcase which he holds carelessly. In b.g., we see the hotel lobby, toward which Illya now turns, quite nonchalantly.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

24

peering into the lobby, his interest quickens. He places his martini in a flower pot which rests on a tall stand in the entranceway.

FULL SHOT - LOBBY - ILLYA'S POV

25

HENRI RUDOLPH has entered the front door and is approaching the hotel desk in the company of a woman somewhat older than he and decked out like a Tiffany display. As he stops at the desk, he postures a bit for the lady, apparently bidding her a suave farewell. He kisses her hand, at which gesture she giggles coyly before leaving him and heading toward the elevator. Rudolph's smile disintegrates into a thank-God-that's-over sigh, and he turns to the ROOM CLERK for his room key and mail. He stands near the desk, opening a letter.

ANGLE ON HOTEL DESK

26

with Rudolph reading in f.g., as Illya approaches.
His gait seems suspiciously weavy, and if we didn't
know better, we would suspect Illya of being
slightly intoxicated.

ILLYA (to clerk)
Jurgensen...six-two-eight.

26
CONT'D
(2)

CLERK
Ah yes, Mr. Jurgensen...
(hands him room key)
There you are, Sir.

The clerk smiles and begins to go about his business. Illya, about to leave, apparently has a second thought.

ILLYA (to clerk)
Uh...young man.

The room clerk is obviously older than Illya.

CLERK
Yessir, Mr. Jurgensen.

Rudolph has as yet taken no serious notice of Illya's presence. But as Illya speaks, it is now plain that he is just this side of being a half-drunken boor.

ILLYA
(confidentially)
I have here my sample case...
(lifts briefcase into
view and pats it)
very important...contains samples.

CLERK (tolerantly)
Eh, yes sir.

ILLYA
Now you have a nice big vault or
something around here, do you not?
I mean, for your...ill-gotten
gains?
(indicates casino)

CLERK
We'll tuck it away in our office
safe for you, Sir...

ILLYA (indignant)
Office safe? You mean a little...
Young man; this case contains the
finest jewelry in the Neder...
Nethel..

CLERK
Netherlands.

ILLYA
 Absolutely! And far too valuable
 to be...
 (mimicking clerk)
 'tucked away' in some office
 piggy-bank.

26
 CONT'D
 (3)

Rudolph's attention has been attracted, though
 he is now a study in indifference.

CLERK
 But I assure you, Sir...

ILLYA
 Assure me no assurances, young man!
 My property remains at my side. Uh,
 I shall be in the casino for awhile.
 Will you have some refreshment sent
 to my room a bit later, please?

It is evident that the put-upon clerk is toying
 with the idea of punching Illya in the nose; but
 he remains studiously controlled.

CLERK (coldly polite)
 Yes Sir. What kind would you like,
 Sir?

Illya leans across the desk to place his nose only
 a few inches from that of the clerk. He then opens
 his mouth and exhales broadly. The clerk winces
 and draws back from what is obviously a very strong
 air bath of alcohol. He is so infuriated now that
 he can barely speak.

CLERK (through
 grinding teeth)
Yesair!

Illya smiles again, in love with the world, and
 moves off toward the casino.

CLOSE SHOT - RUDOLPH'S FACE

27

He watches Illya wander off, and puckers his lips
 slightly in bemused speculation.

CUT TO:

CASINO - FULL SHOT

28

as Illya enters, briefcase in hand. We watch him
 proceed breezily through the crowd, peering here
 and there, enjoying himself thoroughly.

FULL SHOT - ILLYA'S POV

29

At one side of the room, slightly removed from the gambling area, there are a group of small tables, served by a COCKTAIL WAITRESS. Solo sits alone at one of these tables, and at the very next one, also alone and seeming a bit unsure in these surroundings, sits SUSAN CALLAWAY. She is a lithe brunette in her early twenties, with wonderful puppy eyes made even more provocative by their slightly wistful quality.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

30

He notices Susan, prepares himself for continued boorishness by effecting a cordial, outgoing leer, and approaches her. Without hesitation, he plops down opposite her at the table.

ILLYA

How fancy it is meeting you here,
lovely lady. Do you mind?

ANGLE ON SUSAN

31

His abruptness, his liquor-fed enthusiasm, both startle and unnerve her. Her lips move tentatively, but no words seem to be forming.

ILLYA (continued)

It's rather...nifty making new
friends in strange places, don't
you think.

ANGLE ON SOLO

32

as he rises from his own table and comes to stand at Susan's.

SOLO (to Susan)

With your permission, Miss...

(to Ilya)

I think it would be rather...

(beat)

...nifty if you took your breath,
and your evening, and your health...
elsewhere.

33-35 OUT

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

36

Illya, never having seen Solo before in his life, begins to become suitably indignant; but his backbone fails.

ILLYA
I beg your pardon...

36
CONT'D
(2)

Solo shakes his head slowly, cutting off all argument. He points his extended finger first at Illya's weaving nose, and then in the direction of the entrance.

SOLO
Dismissed.

Solo's face carries courteous menace; Illya the ladykiller decides he'll leave.

ILLYA (to Susan)
You've been...
(lamely)
nifty.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND SUSAN

37

with Illya now having risen unsteadily between them. He gives Solo an icy downstare, and departs.

SOLO
I'm afraid my intrusion was no less abrupt than his.

SUSAN (quickly)
Oh my goodness, no...not at all.
I mean, thank you very much..eh..
(indicates vacant seat)
won't you...

SOLO
You're very kind.
(sits down)
Well, I feel a little like the
U.S. Cavalry; quite heroic.

SUSAN
I must say you certainly arrived
on time.

Solo catches the eye of the cocktail waitress, and beckons to her.

SOLO
Never in the history of American
drama has the United States Cavalry
ever been late.

Their mutual laugh stamps them immediate friends
as the waitress arrives to take their order.

SOLO
What may we serve you?

37
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE ON SUSAN

38

Her momentary hesitation indicates that she is not quite sure of what one is expected to order in a place like this.

SUSAN
Uh... scotch, please.

SOLO
And?
SUSAN (lost)
And... uh...
(experimentally)
Cola?

ANGLE ON SOLO

39

as he suppresses a wince.

SOLO (to waitress)
Gibson, please; dry.
(watches waitress depart)

ANGLE ON SUSAN

40

SUSAN
Scotch and Cola...that's wrong, isn't it?

SOLO
Well...

SUSAN (resigned)
I've done it again; Boy, what a lot of drawbacks there are to being properly brought up.

SOLO
Your parents are with you?

SUSAN

They are not. They're back in
Minneapolis - worrying. And well
they might. Do you know that never
in my life have I made even one
horrible, unforgivable mistake?...

(determined)

I'm here to rectify that...

(brightens)

Interested?

SOLO

Any man with eyes would be interested.

SUSAN (blushing)

Oh...fiddlesticks.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT - ILIYA'S DARKENED ROOM

In f.g. someone appears to be asleep in the bed.
The door opens - very slowly and very quietly.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

Dressed in the uniform of a room service waiter, he
peers inside, the light from the hallway enabling him
to see the outline of the figure on the bed. He
comes all the way into the room, turning on a pencil-
type flashlight as he closes the door behind him.

ANGLE ON ROOM - RUDOLPH'S POV

The flashlight beam picks up the bottom half of the
figure on the bed, then moves to articles of men's
scattered around, and then to the dresser, which
Rudolph approaches.

Illya's briefcase is on the floor next to the dresser.
Rudolph picks it up and turns back toward the door.
But as his flashlight beam moves ahead of him, it
suddenly comes upon a pair of unexpected feet, block-
ing the doorway. Slowly, Rudolph directs his beam
upward from the feet that shouldn't be there to the
legs, to the waist, to the chest, to the... FLASH, as
a CAMERA FLASHBULB POPS in Rudolph's face.

The overhead light goes on, and Rudolph finds himself staring into the complacent face of Illya, who now lays the camera down on an end table near the door.

43
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Hi there.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

44

As though stricken, he glances forlornly at the dummy figure in the bed, and then down at the briefcase. He takes a step backward, and his free hand moves along the top of the dresser.

FULL SHOT - RUDOLPH'S POV

45

as Rudolph, briefcase still in one hand, picks up a heavy ashtray with the other and HURLS it at Illya - who ducks almost casually as it whizzes past him and crashes against the door.

REVERSE ANGLE

46

Rudolph, seeking to follow his ashtray, makes a sudden, desperate dash for the door. Illya, standing a bit to the side of the doorway, merely holds out an arm - into which Rudolph comes galumphing - and then unceremoniously flings the would-be burglar into a chair.

ILLYA

You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

47

He stares up at Illya from the chair, and attempting an exploratory lets-be-friends smile, hands the briefcase to him.

RUDOLPH (slightly ill)

I am. You looked so

(beat)

easy down in the lobby.

ILLYA

I wonder how you'll look in my photograph... recognizable, I'm sure.

Rudolph is fighting valiantly to regain some of his usual aplomb. He rises from the chair and smooths his rumpled waiter's jacket.

47
CONT'D
(2)

RUDOLPH

Yes, I'm...sure. Uh, look here;
I realize my position would
appear somewhat awkward right
now...

ILLYA

Somewhat.

RUDOLPH

Well, I...I certainly hope you
don't think...

ILLYA

I certainly do. You're a thief.

RUDOLPH

But on my honor, I...

ANGLE ON ILLYA

48

ILLYA

Were you truly a gentleman,
Mr. Rudolph - as I once was - you
would realize that no man calls
upon his honor so much as he who
lacks it.

CLOSE SHOT - RUDOLPH

49

RUDOLPH (suspicious)

You called me 'Rudolph'...
How do you know that name? ...
What is this!

ANGLE ON ILLYA - RUDOLPH'S POV

50

Illya actually turns his back on Rudolph and walks over to his camera as he speaks.

ILLYA

You're already a three-time loser,
Mr. Rudolph; and you're on parole
right now. Just the slightest
breath of trouble - an attempted
burglary will do - and, uh...pity.

CLOSE SHOT - RUDOLPH

51

RUDOLPH

You set me up, didn't you?

ILLYA

Quite well, I think.

RUDOLPH

All right; what do you want
with me?

ANGLE ON ILLYA

52

ILLYA

Your knowledge of electronic
warning devices; the kind
that protect vaults - below a
gambling casino, for instance.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

53

Only half of him is relieved; the other half is
awed.

RUDOLPH

You're joking. You wouldn't try
knocking over this place...

(Illya's silence is
his answer)

DISSOLVE TO:

54-55
OUT

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - FULL SHOT - SOLO, ILLYA

56

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND SOLO IN CAR

57

Solo is staring at the water as Illya walks up.

ILLYA

Well, we now have a new technical
assistant.

SOLO
Rudolph? Good. A hundred yards
over there is the drainage opening.
Have a look at it tomorrow.

57
CONT'D
(2)

Illya glances over at Solo's face, smiles, then
reaches over and takes the handkerchief out of
Solo's breast pocket and offers it to him.

ILLYA
Lipstick...
(as Solo smiles and takes
the handkerchief)
...no need to ask how you fared
with the young lady; especially
after that nauseating performance
at my expense.

SOLO (chiding)
Ah...bitterness is a terrible
thing; and you did make a very
bad impression on Susan, you
know.

ILLYA
Susan is a nice name.

SOLO
Terribly crude, Illya. I was
embarrassed for you, drinking
and carrying on like that.

ILLYA
Yes...but I trust she was
sufficiently captivated by her
noble...
(beat)
...'rescuer'?

SOLO
I can only say that by tomorrow
afternoon, a very nice girl from
Minneapolis will probably have
lent her charming services to a
gang of nasty safecrackers.

CLOSE ANGLE ON ILLYA

58

ILLYA
You're so dashing.

DISSOLVE TO:

KORBEL'S OFFICE
CLOSE SHOT

59

of Korbel's face as he sits at his desk and looks up menacingly, a cigar in his jaws, at someone standing in front of him.

KORBEL

You been waving yourself around
in front of me like a flag for
weeks now. So for the last time
I'm telling you: The only Thrush
I ever heard of is the one that
sings in a tree. You want to join
a Thrush? Go sit in a tree and wait,
because I don't know what you're talk-
ing about.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

60

as he stands looking down at Korbel.

RUDOLPH

Too bad...Well, I won't starve,
at any rate; just found out I
have a very rich...
(beat)

Uncle...

Rudolph shrugs and turns toward the door.

CLOSE ANGLE ON KORBEL

61

Upon hearing the word 'Uncle', he has changed from the annoyed casino manager to the deadly Thrush official.

KORBEL (like steel)

What?

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

62

He saunters back toward Korbel.

RUDOLPH

Oh, yes indeed. And my Uncle is
going to be even richer very soon...
at your expense, I might add.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH AND KORBEL

KORBEL

Talk.

RUDOLPH

They want me to help them rob
your vault.

KORBEL

How many of them?

RUDOLPH

I've only met one; blond-haired
fellow in room six-two-eight.
He isn't the leader.

KORBEL

Killing one won't stop the rest
of them. We need all of their
identities; especially the leader.
They want you to join them? Do so.

RUDOLPH

I fully intended to, since that's
the only fraternity around here that
seems to value me.

KORBEL

Don't be a fool, Rudolph. We are
not used to having fools....in
Thrush.

Reaching across the desk, the two men shake hands.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

FULL SHOT - WATER'S EDGE - DAY

64

The sandy beach is cut off on one side by a small, rocky hill which juts out over the water.

ANGLE ON BEACH FROM ILLYA'S POV

65

He is treading water and looking at the underside of the jutting hill. Remnants of a concrete retaining wall are visible. Illya ducks under the water.

MEDIUM SHOT - UNDERWATER

66

as Illya drives downward. About twelve feet below the low-tide mark on the decayed concrete wall, he comes upon the entrance to the old drainpipe. It is huge, easily six or seven feet in diameter, and the entrance is covered by a rusted steel grating.

CLOSE ANGLE - ILLYA

67

as he discovers a thin wire at the outer edge of the grating. He examines it for a moment, and gives the grating itself a perfunctory inspection. He then begins to glide toward the surface.

MEDIUM SHOT

68

as Illya surfaces, facing both the rocky hill and CAMERA. As he treads water, CAMERA PULLS BACK to a FULL SHOT, and the FRAME becomes encased in the outlines of a pair of focusing binoculars. Someone is watching Illya from a distance of about a hundred yards.

CLOSE SHOT

69

of a MAN looking through binoculars. He is crouching behind a large rock on the hill - to the left of Illya, and above him.

LONG SHOT OF ILLYA - MAN'S POV

70

As Illya begins to swim toward the beach and out of FRAME, CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY so that we are looking only at the Man's back.

MEDIUM SHOT

71

of the Man, his back to us as he continues to watch Illya through his binoculars. CAMERA PULLS BACK, and as we are getting a VERY LONG SHOT of the Man, the FRAME once again becomes encased in the outlines of a pair of focusing binoculars. Someone else is watching the Man watch Illya.

CUT TO:

BALCONY OF SOLO'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT

72

of Solo, as he looks right into CAMERA with his binoculars. After a moment, he lowers them and narrows his eyes in thought.

FULL SHOT - SOLO'S ROOM

73

Susan sits at a small table which has been set up by room service. Her mouth is full of hamburger as Solo turns, tosses his binoculars aside, and heads toward the little table where his own lunch waits.

SUSAN (munching)
False pretenses, that's all you
are; false pretenses.

SOLO
No, Susan...

73
CONT'D
(2)

TWO SHOT

74

as Solo sits down opposite Susan at the table. He spreads his napkin on his lap, and they talk as they eat.

SOLO (continued)
The work we're doing is important, and I do need you; but I wouldn't trick you into anything.

CLOSE ANGLE ON SUSAN - SOLO'S POV

75

SUSAN
Oh, that's not what I meant. I've always had this great vision about
(beat)

... slithering through an intimate rendezvous on some Caribbean Isle... Well, here I came and here you were. But you don't want me to slither; you want me to rob a bank!

SOLO
And I've told you, whose bank, and why.

SUSAN
Oh, I know I know I know...
(pouting)
But I wanted to be this sexy lady...
(wrinkles her nose distastefully)
from Minneapolis.

TWO SHOT

76

Solo smiles, leans across the table and puts his hand in hers. Susan smiles cynically and shakes her head slowly.

SUSAN (self-deprecating)
Scotch and Seven-Up...that's me.

SOLO
It better not be...
(as she looks up
quizzically)
I don't need an upper Minneapolis
Mama's Girl; I need a clever,
exciting young woman who can pull
off a difficult - and possibly
dangerous - assignment.

76
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE ANGLE ON SUSAN

77

Someone has just intimated that she was clever and
exciting. She blinks.

SUSAN
Oh, fiddlesticks...you do?
Well now, that's different...
what's first?

TWO SHOT

78

SOLO
First, you're going to win a
mountain of money at the dice
tables tonight.

SUSAN (doubtfully)
Oh, sure...

SOLO
And when you do...

Solo has risen, and goes to the bureau drawer. He
brings back a hundred dollar bill and a small, disk-
like object, on the face of which is a dial and a
group of numbers resembling those on a combination
lock. Also in his hand are a man's wristwatch and
a tiny jar, resembling a woman's rouge container.

SOLO (cont.)
...You'll put this hundred dollar
bill in with the money you've won.

SUSAN
What for?

SOLO
The paper's been treated; it
reacts to the vibrations of
certain metals...and...
(holds up dial)
has a very curious effect on this
little dial.

SUSAN (skeptical)
That's after I win my bucket of
money.

78
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Nothing to it.
(unscrews top of jar)
You'll pour some of this into your
hand before you roll the dice. Like
this...

Solo pours the stuff into her hand, then he takes
the dice from him pocket and hands them to her.

SOLO (continued)
Now roll the dice around in your
hand for a moment.....

Solo moves away from Susan so that a short expanse
of carpet separates them. Solo puts on the wrist-
watch, adjusts the crown, and puts his arm close
to the floor.

SOLO (continued)
The electro-centered particles will
home in on this special watch which
I can set to any number. Go ahead,
roll an eleven for me.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

79

She gapes at the dice in her hand, shuts her eyes,
and rolls them toward Solo as he sets the watch
and pushes a button on it.

CLOSE ANGLE - DICE

80

They come up "eleven".

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

CASINO - DICE TABLE - CLOSE ANGLE ON DICE

81

They have come up "eleven", amid CROWD NOISES.

CROUPIER'S VOICE (French
accent)
Eleven the winner! Pay the
line, pay the field...

CAMERA TILTS UPWARD from the dice on the table to discover Susan, dressed in her elegant best and ravishing, SQUEALING with delight. The table is fairly crowded.

81
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE ON SOLO

82

He watches Susan from the opposite end of the table. As he leans on the table's edge, CAMERA MOVES IN on his well-cuffed wrist. He is wearing the potent wrist-watch.

CROUPIER (cont.)
Fifteen-for-one, Mademoiselle;
congratulations.

ANGLE ON SUSAN - SOLO'S POV

83

SUSAN
Thank you...
(gulps once)
let it ride, please.

The muttering, amazed crowd is no more surprised than the Croupier. Immediately, there is an electric atmosphere established at the table.

CROUPIER
That's fifteen hundred dollars,
Mademoiselle. I'm afraid it
far exceeds the house limit.

SUSAN (innocently)
You said you accepted big bets.

A couple of people in the wide-eyed crowd laugh, and the Croupier feels slightly uncomfortable.

CROUPIER
If you desire, Mademoiselle,
perhaps the manager will raise
the limit for you.

SUSAN
That would be very nice.

The Croupier turns to one of the pit men and indicates that he is to get Korbel - quickly.

FULL SHOT - CASINO ENTRANCE

84

as Illya enters. He gives the crap table a casual look, then strolls over toward the roulette wheel.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

85

as he approaches the roulette table and stands next to Illya.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH AND ILLYA

86

Both men stare down at the wheel.

RUDOLPH (quietly)
Got your message...

ILLYA (quietly)
Be on the veranda...five minutes.

Illya moves off to meander through the casino.

MEDIUM SHOT FROM SOLO'S POV

87

as Korbel, cigar in his jowls, approaches Susan at the dice table.

KORBEL
You want the limit raised,
young lady?

SUSAN
Yes, please...if it's okay.

KORBEL
Certainly...
(to Croupier)
Any amount the lady wants.

Susan picks up the dice once more, adjusts them in the proper way against the proper fingers, shuts her eyes while praying, and shoots.

ANGLE ON DICE

88

as they come up "eleven." The crowd roars; some even applaud. Susan's ecstatic SHRIEK is prominent above the din.

ANGLE ON SUSAN AND KORBEL

89

KORBEL

That's twenty-two thousand
five hundred dollars.

SUSAN

My goodness...oh, my goodness;
I really did it...
(to Croupier)
Could I cash in please?

KORBEL (to pitman)

Cash the lady in.

SUSAN (to Korbel)

Thank you...gee, all that money...
Would you keep it for me? Please?
I'd be scared to carry all that
around.

KORBEL

If you like...

SUSAN

I'd appreciate seeing where it's
kept, if you don't mind.

KORBEL (smiling
thinly)

You needn't worry, Miss.

SUSAN

That's an awful lot of money...
(looks around for
crowd support)
I should be allowed to see.

The crowd loves it, for the house has lost to a
pert little innocent, and its grumpy manager is
being inconvenienced.

MAN IN CROWD

C'mon, fella...It's her money.

Whatever else Korbel may be, he is still the casino
manager, and a glance at the surrounding faces tells
him not to be arbitrary.

KORBEL

As you wish, young lady.

Susan follows him happily toward his office.

SUSAN (to Croupier)

Bye! Thank you.

ANGLE ON SOLO

90

He just sort of smiles.

FULL SHOT - KORBEL'S OFFICE

91

Korbel has unlocked the office door and Susan precedes him inside, gawking at the posh appointments. Korbel waits at his door for the pitman to bring in Susan's cash. And in that moment, Susan takes the special hundred dollar bill from her small purse. The pitman brings the money in, and Korbel closes the office door.

SUSAN

Could I touch it...Hold it for
just a minute?

Anxious to get rid of her without further annoyance, Korbel hands her the money. Turning her back on him as she handles the huge wad, she is able to slip the treated bill into the middle of it. Then, as though ashamed of her own childishness, she gives it all back to Korbel. He has been leaning over his desk making out a receipt, and now hands it to her in exchange for the money.

ANGLE ON KORBEL

92

He moves to a panel in the wall behind his desk and opens it, revealing a conveyor belt upon which sits a large steel box. He places the money inside.

TWO SHOT

93

of Korbel and Susan.

SUSAN (continued)

That's a safe?

Korbel pushes a button and the conveyor belt moves, carrying the box out of sight.

KORBEL

This conveyor belt goes directly to the vault, and there are two large men down there to receive it. So don't worry about your money.

SUSAN
Well, I would like to see where
it goes.

93
CONT'D
(2)

KORBEL
Even I couldn't go in now, young
lady. It's impossible.

SUSAN (unbelieving)
Oh, fiddlesticks...you mean you
can't get into your own vault?
That's ridiculous!

Korbel moves to a button on the wall next to the
conveyor belt opening. As he pushes the button
twice, a tiny green light flashes just above the
belt opening.

KORBEL (absently)
Not with a time lock, Miss....

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - VAULT ROOM

94

Two uniformed guards are alerted by the green light
which flashes above the conveyor belt opening at
their end, and by the two loud buzzes which accom-
pany the flashing light. They move to the belt
opening, lift the panel which exposes the belt it-
self, and one guard pushes an answering button as
the other lifts the steel box from the conveyor
belt. Half the vault room resembles somebody's
living room; two beds, reading lamps, etc.. The
other half is uncarpeted and barren, dominated by
a monstrous vault resembling the one faced by Solo
and Illya at Uncle. The guard carrying the steel
box places it on a shelf near the vault, next to
other boxes of the same type.

CUT TO:

CASINO VERANDA - TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND RUDOLPH

95

ILLYA
We shall do the job two nights
from now.

RUDOLPH

That's fine; but I'd appreciate knowing the plan...and the people I'm expected to work with. I'm an artist, you know; not some snivelling amateur.

95
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

We'll go over the procedure completely tomorrow evening. You can meet your fellow

(beat)

artists then. You're to bring all of your equipment and your working clothes so that my superior can check them out.

RUDOLPH

It's about time...look here; we can't go blowing our way into a vault under a casino filled with people. You've got to have some diversion!

ILLYA (smiles thinly)

We'll have a diversion for you, I promise.

As Illya walks off, Rudolph smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - TWO SHOT - SOLO AND SUSAN

96

They are kissing near the draped window. They break, and look romantically into each other's eyes.

SUSAN (between sighs)

...two guards in the vault room, remember.

SOLO

...time-lock on the vault...we know it can only be opened between twelve and twelve-fifteen...

CAMERA PANS over to the door as it opens, and Illya enters. He looks over at them, almost tolerantly. CAMERA PANS BACK to Susan's face as her mouth drops open and her eyes grow wide.

SUSAN (to Illya-indignantly)

You...the drunkard! How dare you come barging into somebody else's room...?

FULL SHOT

97

as Solo, smiling, breaks away from Susan and crosses the room to the writing table. He beckons to Illya.

SOLO

Susan, this is Illya Kuryakin. He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, and he offends young ladies only in the line of duty.

SUSAN (skeptically,
ignoring Illya's bow)
Indeed!

SOLO

Illya, let's see what we've got.

CLOSE SHOT - DIAGRAM ON TABLE - ILLYA'S AND SOLO'S
POV

98

Solo has drawn a diagram, a floor plan of the area in which they'll be working. Each place Solo mentions is marked as such; i.e., the casino, Korbelt's office, the no-man's land between office and vault, the drainpipe, the ocean. The no-man's land between Korbelt's office and the vault room is darkened, indicating an unknown factor.

SOLO (continued)

Okay...here's the casino, and here's Korbelt's office. The vault is over here...

(Solo traces across the plan with his finger as he talks)
...Now we may get in this way, but we'd never get out the same way. They'd be all over us. So Illya, you'll provide the exit...

(indicates the drainpipe)
...through the drainpipe.

ILLYA

I'll use the mine detector...
(points to darkened area)
...But we don't know what's in this area where you're breaking in.

SOLO

We know it's a deathtrap.. and according to our information, on December sixth, two years ago, the casino purchased two hundred and fifty square feet of electro-porous grating from the Farmington Metal Supply in Spokane, Washington.

ILLYA
Electro-porous...they could have
used it to electrically charge
this passageway.

98
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Right...
(comes back to diagram)

CLOSE SHOT - DIAGRAM

99

SOLO
Now you can't start drilling through
to the vault until I get into the
vault and de-activate those mines.
I'll have done that by 12:02. So
at 12:03, you start drilling.

ILLYA
And if you haven't gotten through
this...
(beat)
shaded area and into the vault by
12:03? And I start drilling?

SOLO
If you touch that wall before I
throw the switch...I will hear a
very loud noise, and you will be
scattered all over the Caribbean.

ILLYA
Ah...well, a good agent should be
in several places at once.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

100

She has been sitting on the edge of the bed, ignored.

SUSAN
Won't somebody please pay some
attention to me?...
(to Illya)
Even you...

DISSOLVE TO:

KORBEL'S OFFICE - MED. SHOT - RUDOLPH AND KORBEL 101

They have been talking, and now Korbelt looks at his wristwatch and moves toward the locked panel door near his desk.

RUDOLPH

...Two nights from now; and you will know exactly when, because there'll be a diversion in the casino.

KORBEL

Diversion, eh? Well, get their identities for me tomorrow night, and there won't be any Uncle agents left to create a diversion the next night. Now get out of here...

As Rudolph nods his goodbye and heads for the door, Korbelt uses two keys, one in either hand, to unlock the panel door. He swings it wide, and enters. Before he closes it behind him, we have a glimpse of the corridor beyond.

QUICK CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TV RECEIVER FROM GUARD'S POV 102

as one of the vault guards peers into a television receiver. We see Korbelt entering the corridor from his office. He walks a few feet toward the TV camera, and then stops. The watching guard moves his hand to a panel of buttons beneath the TV receiver, and pushes the first one. There is an audible BUZZ. Immediately thereafter, Korbelt continues walking toward the CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

SOLO'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO'S WATCH 103

Solo's wristwatch says 12:00.

SOLO

With the time-lock on that vault, it'll have to be opened sometime in the next fifteen minutes.

MED. SHOT FROM ILLYA'S POV

104

as Solo sits at the writing desk, watching the little dial which he showed to Susan earlier. It is propped up against a table lamp. Solo has a pencil in his hand.

SOLO

There it goes... Remember your
hundred dollar bill, Susan?...
Ah, left nineteen...

QUICK CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - KORBEL

105

as he turns the combination dial to "nineteen", and then in the opposite direction.

QUICK CUT TO:

SOLO'S ROOM - ANGLE ON SUSAN AND ILLYA

106

as she moves over next to Illya. Both are watching Solo work.

SUSAN (quietly)

And we're getting the combination
to the vault? That's great! So
easy...

CLOSE ANGLE ON ILLYA

107

ILLYA

Yes...a deceptively easy beginning
to a frightening series of hazards.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

BEACH NEAR CASINO - MED. SHOT - NIGHT 108

Rudolph stands alone on the beach holding a large black leather bag.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA FROM RUDOLPH'S POV 109

Solo and Illya emerge from the shadows of the small hill beneath which the drainpipe entrance is located. Illya is in SCUBA gear, and both carry knapsacks.

RUDOLPH (to Illya)
You said ten-thirty. It's after eleven...
(indicates Solo)
Who's this?

ILLYA
You brought all your tools?

RUDOLPH (jiggles bag)
They're all here. Where are the rest of your people?

ANGLE ON SOLO 110

SOLO
I'm the rest of his people.

ANGLE ON GROUP 111

RUDOLPH
What? You're joking...
(silence)
...you mean to tell me that you -
the two of you - think you're
going to...

SOLO
Not the two of us; the three
of us.

ILLYA
And not tomorrow night; tonight.

RUDOLPH
This is absurd...we need prepara-
tion; briefing! Are you insane?

111
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

112

SOLO
Well I don't think so...
(to Illya)
Are you insane?

ILLYA
I'm a little chilly.

SOLO
Shall we go, Rudolph? You're
with me.

ANGLE ON GROUP

113

RUDOLPH
Wait...look, I don't even know
what we're supposed to do...a
job like this...

SOLO
You're supposed to follow instruc-
tions. That is all ye know on
earth, and all ye need to know.
Come along...
(to Illya)
Good luck.

FULL SHOT

114

As Solo leads reticent Rudolph toward the casino,
CAMERA FOLLOWS Illya as he moves around the knob of
the rocky hill near the water.

115-117 OUT

ANGLE ON ILLYA

118

as he wades out into the water and begins fitting
on his oxygen hose.

CUT TO:

119-121 OUT

CASINO - CLOSE SHOT OF SUSAN'S WATCH

122

which says 11:35. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see Susan enter the casino and approach the dice tables.

CROUPIER

Good evening, Mademoiselle.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER AT DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S WATCH 122X1

It says 11:35. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Illya lights a small acetylene torch and moves up next to the rusted grating which blocks the entrance to the drainpipe.

CUT TO:

123-124 OUT

INT. KORBEL'S WINDOW - TWO SHOT

125

as a square of cut glass falls into Rudolph's hands. He drops it. In the electric moment which follows the loud shattering NOISE of the glass hitting the ground, Solo stares down at Rudolph.

RUDOLPH

It...slipped.

Quite smoothly, Solo reaches into his pocket and pulls out a gun. He doesn't train it on Rudolph, but he does get the message across.

RUDOLPH (his eyes

on Solo's gun)

Look here...what are you...

I don't understand.

SOLO (indicating

window)

Let's go.

With an unsteady hand, Rudolph unlocks the window from inside, and precedes Solo through into Korbels office.

KORBEL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

126

A very dim light near the bar enables us to see Solo and Rudolph entering. Solo peers for a moment at the panelling behind the desk, and then moves quickly over to duck behind the couch.

CLOSE ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

127

He is perspiring. He sees a row of buttons on Korbels desk, and casting a guarded glance at Solo, reaches surreptitiously toward them.

SOLO

Rudolph....

Rudolph jerks his hand away from the buttons. His face reflects his frustration and fear.

SOLO

Get behind that chair over there.

For a moment, Rudolph is torn by indecision. Apparently lacking the courage to disregard or blow the whistle on Solo at this point, he follows directions and disappears behind a fat easy chair in the corner.

CLOSE SHOT OF SOLO

128

as he looks at his watch. It is 11:44.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER AT DRAINPIPE - MEDIUM SHOT

128X1

as Illya has cut about one-quarter of a large circle in the grating.

CUT TO:

CASINO - MEDIUM SHOT OF KORBEL

129

as he stands in front of his office door and glances at his own watch.

FULL SHOT FROM KORBEL'S POV

130

as the two casino cashier guards move toward him through the crowd. Each carries a money sack.

ANGLE ON GROUP

131

as Korbelt unlocks his office door for the guards. Korbelt nods to them and they enter. Korbelt himself moves back out into the casino.

KORBEL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

132

as the guards enter, closing the door behind them.

ANGLE ON GUARDS FROM SOLO'S POV

133

Behind the couch, Solo creeps into position to jump the guards. They are just opening the panel behind Korbelt's desk which exposes the conveyor belt, and CAMERA MOVES IN on a revolver which Solo has taken from his knapsack and now holds in his hand.

CLOSE ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

134

Sweating profusely now, he appears agonized at what is about to occur.

FULL SHOT OF OFFICE - RUDOLPH'S POV

135

The preoccupied guards do not see Solo's head emerge from behind the couch.

RUDOLPH (to guards)

Look out!

Solo leaps out toward the guards, gun in hand.

FULL SHOT

136

The guards drop their money sacks and wheel around to face Solo. As they do, however, he fires a paralyzing dart at each guard. They drop to the floor stiffly, their eyes wide open.

In b.g., Rudolph has finally screwed up his courage
enough to come from behind the chair and make a try
for the buttons on Korbels desk. 136
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH - SOLO'S POV 137

Solo turns quickly and levels the revolver on Rudolph
just in time to stop him.

SOLO

Hold it!

Rudolph freezes in mid-reach.

SOLO

Well, I'm glad we didn't pay you
in advance.

RUDOLPH (attempting disdain)

This is Thrush, you blockhead...
You'll never pull it off!

SOLO

That's unfortunate; because you're
going to be right in front of me,
Rudolph. Where I step, you'll have
stepped first; where I die...you'll
have died first.

As Solo speaks, he removes the clip of darts from his
revolver and replaces them with a clip of bullets.

SOLO (indicates guards)

They'll sleep for two hours.

Yours'll be forever.

(indicates panel door)

Now let's start disarming that door,
shall we?

CLOSE ANGLE ON RUDOLPH 138

Trapped by Solo's gun barrel and the force of his
words, Rudolph complies.

FULL SHOT 139

Rudolph takes his leather bag over to the panel
door and, pulling out a stethoscope-type device, be-
gins poking around the edges of the door.

Solo puts the money sacks into the steel box on the
conveyor belt, and taking a small grenade from his
plastic bag, winds up a short fuse and tucks it into
the box. He puts the lid down but leaves it unlatched.
Then, in sequence, he pushes first the button which
starts the conveyor belt on its way, and then the button
which alerts the vault room guards to the approaching money
box.

11-10-64 P.46

SOLO
Snap it up, Rudolph.

139
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER AT DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT

140

as Illya's watch reads 11:49. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he turns off his acetylene torch and begins to pry open the metal grating through which he has burned an almost complete circle. His entrance secure, he takes both a flashlight and a miniature mine detector from his belt. Turning on the flashlight, he enters the drainpipe.

INSIDE DRAINPIPE - MED. SHOT - ILLYA'S POV

141

Holding the mine detector out in front of him, Illya moves slowly forward. We can see the dial on the detector, and as Illya moves it to his right, we see the dial jump and hear QUICK-TICKING NOISE which grows LOUDER as Illya approaches the first mine. He sets the detector down lightly on the floor of the drainpipe, and takes a tiny disk from a pouch on his belt. The disk contains a small bulb which flashes continually. He sets it down to mark the location of the mine. Then, picking up the detector again, he proceeds farther into the drainpipe.

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - VAULT ROOM

142

As the conveyor belt carries the steel box into view, one of the guards picks it up and begins carrying it toward the shelf. The other guard has risen and is standing nearby as the lid of the box suddenly explodes upward and a dense, choking smoke cloud permeates the room. Both guards collapse, unconscious.

CUT TO:

CASINO - CLOSE SHOT OF SUSAN'S WATCH

143

which also reads 11:49. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, we see that Susan is gambling and apparently losing money.

CROUPIER
Seven! Seven the loser...

143
CONT'D
(2)

SUSAN
Again?

She opens her purse and extracts a bill which she hands to the croupier.

SUSAN (to croupier)
Chips, please.

She looks around at her fellow gamblers, and catching their eyes, bites her lip nervously for effect.

SUSAN (to crowd)
Well, what are you all staring at?

CUT TO:

KORBEL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT - RUDOLPH'S POV

144

Solo finishes binding and gagging the unconscious guards. Rudolph has been working at the panel-door lock with two small picks, one in each hand. Finally, there is an audible click, and it opens.

RUDOLPH
All right.

ANGLE ON CORRIDOR FROM KORBEL'S OFFICE

145

As Rudolph swings the panel-door open, we see the fairly short, wide, weirdly-lit corridor beyond. Prodded lightly by Solo, who has moved up behind him, Rudolph enters first. As Solo follows him, he closes the door in our faces.

CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - THEIR POV

146

Solo and Rudolph walk the first few feet cautiously. Suddenly, Solo stops Rudolph with an outstretched arm, and as Rudolph turns inquisitively toward him, Solo points to a small TV camera in the ceiling before them.

RUDOLPH
Camera...

TWO SHOT

147

SOLO

Ah, I see...so that's how the guards in the vault room know when to turn off the alarm systems. Well, right now they're laying down on the job. So -- we'll have to turn them off ourselves.

MED. SHOT - CORRIDOR - THEIR POV

148

Perspiring, Rudolph scans the walls and the floor with each hesitant step. Suddenly, he stops.

RUDOLPH

The ground...I'm not sure...

TWO SHOT

149

as Rudolph reaches into his pocket and takes out a money clip. Putting the money back in his pocket, he tosses the clip on the floor in front of them.

ANGLE ON FLOOR

150

While the corridor floor is concrete, there are myriad tiny depressions in the fifteen feet directly in front of Solo and Rudolph. The money clip hits that part of the floor. Instantly, a crackling, visible arc of electricity from beneath the concrete, burns the clip to a cinder.

RUDOLPH (relieved)

That's it. We're finished... it's an electrostatic field,

ANGLE ON SOLO

151

SOLO (to himself)

'Operation Hotfoot'...

RUDOLPH

What? Look, there aren't any wires. I can't...

He stops speaking as he watches Solo bring two very small, flat rubber packets from his plastic bag.

SOLO
Courage, Rudolph...

151
CONT'D
(2)

FULL SHOT

152

One at a time, Solo pulls the little cord on each packet; and one at a time, filling with air, they burst forth into full sized rubber life rafts. Solo drops one raft on the floor and then edges it along from behind with the second raft. In a few moments, the rafts have formed a bridge across the fifteen feet of electrified flooring.

SOLO
After you...

With the frightened Rudolph in the lead, the two men bounce cautiously across their bridge.

CUT TO:

CASINO - TWO SHOT

153

as Korbel approaches his Pit-man. In b.g., we see Susan gambling.

KORBEL
That idiot Rudolph should have been back by now with the identities of those Uncle agents...Watch for him, and let me know immediately.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

154

as she loses again.

SUSAN (to croupier)
Now look here; my luck couldn't be this bad.

CROUPIER
Mademoiselle...forgive me, but... you are not betting very wisely.

SUSAN (indignant)
Indeed! I seem to recall betting wisely enough last night.

CUT TO:

INSIDE DRAINPIPE - LONG SHOT

155

as Illya walks toward us, still holding the mine detector in front of him. Behind him we can see little flashing bulbs marking the mines he has passed.

LONG SHOT - ILLYA'S POV

156

In front of him, several yards away, the drainpipe ends abruptly in a gleaming bronze wall.

REVERSE ANGLE

157

as Illya treats himself to a half-smile of relief. He looks at his watch.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S WATCH

158

It says 11:55. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he resumes his cautious advance.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - SOLO AND RUDOLPH'S POV

159

They approach a short, but extremely narrow flight of iron stairs which lead down into a cave-like room. Rudolph inspects them.

RUDOLPH (looks under-
neath railing)
...ah, it's the railings that are
wired; for pressure, not electricity.

SOLO
Then we go down without touching
the railings.

RUDOLPH (frightened)
But the stairs are too narrow.

SOLO
Move...

ANGLE FROM BELOW

160

From the bottom of the staircase, we see Rudolph placing one foot tentatively on the first step.

RUDOLPH

If I lose my balance...it
wouldn't be my fault. And
if the alarm goes off...

SOLO (flatly)

Don't lose your balance.

Rudolph takes the first step, then the second. His arms are spread wide to give him balance, but fear and excessive caution make him teeter.

ANGLE FROM BELOW

161

Rudolph, with Solo following quickly behind him, reaches the safety of the floor below. He must take a moment to compose himself.

FULL SHOT - CAVE-LIKE ROOM

162

On either side of the room in which Solo and Rudolph now stand, thin bands of light bisect the walls all the way to the ceiling, and where the walls end, the band continues across the ceiling itself.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND RUDOLPH

163

It is extremely cold in the room. Both men find themselves beginning to shiver. Their breath has become visible.

SOLO

Those bands of light...electric
eyes?

RUDOLPH

Not quite. I think they're
dummies. Notice the cold...and
the thermometer over here on the
wall...interesting problem; the
room has been specifically acclimated
...but why?

Cautiously, but with his professional curiosity running rampant, Rudolph inspects their half of the bisected room.

163
CONT'D
(2)

RUDOLPH (conjecturing)
Thermometer...ah, it's body heat!

SOLO
What are you talking about?

RUDOLPH
I think the room reacts not to objects alone, but to objects of a certain temperature; in this instance, probably normal human body heat...about ninety-eight-point-six...

(happy with himself)
Certainly. That's got to be it!
Pretty good, eh?

ANGLE ON SOLO

164

Looking first at his watch, he then scans the room again, seeking an answer to this new obstacle.

CUT TO:

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT

165

Illya sits near the bright bronze wall, waiting. On a lumpy piece of earth just a couple of feet from where he sits, a little bulb, indicating the presence of a mine, flashes on and off. He looks over at it with trepidation, and then at his watch.

CLOSE ANGLE - ILLYA'S WATCH

166

It is 11:57.

CUT TO:

ROOM - FULL SHOT - RUDOLPH'S POV

167

Solo with C.O.2 Bottle.

RUDOLPH

What are you gonna do with
that?

SOLO

I hope you're right about
this room - I'm going to use
the C.O.2 to freeze the thermometer
long enough for us to get through.

Solo sprays thermometer, it goes down, and they
cross through.

RUDOLPH

I did it...I was right! You
tell me who else you could
have thought to decipher such
a thing, eh? Eh?

CLOSE ANGLE - SOLO

168

SOLO (amused)

You're rooting for the wrong
side, Rudolph. Don't get con-
fused.

FULL SHOT

169

as Solo and Rudolph move through the other half
of the cold room. Beyond, we can see a low arch-
way and part of another room, which they now enter.

FULL SHOT - SOLO'S POV

170

The room is perfectly round, and there is another archway at the far side of it. Beyond that we can see the door to the vault room itself. It is the same bright bronze color as the wall beyond where Illya is waiting.

SOLO (pointing toward
door)
That should be it...
(he glances at watch,
and smiles)
The time lock won't cut us off
until 12:15...We're all right.

REVERSE ANGLE

171

As they step forward, without warning, the circular room begins to move. Apparently the place is on some sort of swivel, and as it rotates, the room seals itself off from its entrance and exit. The archway through which they entered now faces on nothing but solid stone.

Solo rushes back to the archway, but can do nothing. He then moves quickly across the room just as it stops its motion, but there is obviously no exit there either.

RUDOLPH (pointing)
Look.

ANGLE ON TIMER

172

On the wall near the ceiling, is embedded what appears to be a timing device. It resembles a clock, but the numbers on its face run downward from "7" to "0". As Solo and Rudolph watch, the dial begins to move very slowly down from the seven.

RUDOLPH
That must mean seven minutes...
visitor's quarantine, I imagine...
gives the hosts a chance to inspect
the guests.

SOLO (worried)
Seven...
(looks at wristwatch)
we can't wait seven minutes!

CUT TO:

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S WATCH

173

It says 11:59. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Illya exhales deeply in anticipation, and then reaches down to his belt for the acetylene torch. He brings it out and rests it on his lap.

CUT TO:

SEALED ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO'S FACE

174

He has been looking at his watch again, and now stares straight ahead, his face twisted with anxiety.

 SOLO (to himself)
Illya...

 RUDOLPH
What?

Solo moves about the room again. Rudolph merely sits down, leans against the rounded wall and lights a cigarette. Reaching into his pocket, Solo takes out his small transmitter.

 SOLO (into
 transmitter)
Illya...hello, Illya...

There is a FEEDBACK FROM TRANSMITTER, but no response from Illya.

 SOLO (loudly - into
 transmitter)
Illya!...Don't touch the wall; I
can't get through for seven more
minutes. Illya!

 RUDOLPH (indicating
 transmitter)
Whatever that is, it's useless in
here. This wall I'm leaning against
is made out of lead.

CASINO - ANGLE ON WALL CLOCK

175

which also shows thirty, now twenty-five seconds, before midnight.

LONG SHOT OF CLOCK - SUSAN'S POV 176

She is still gambling at the same table.

CLOSE SHOT - SUSAN'S FACE 177

She no longer concentrates on her gambling, and seems to be steeling herself for an oncoming ordeal.

ANGLE ON KORBEL AND CASINO CASHIER 178

as Korbel approaches the cashier's cage.

KORBEL

What's the trouble, Joe?

CASHIER

No trouble I guess, Mr. Korbel; but the guards haven't come back to the cage since they made the money drop.

ANGLE ON KORBEL 179

KORBEL (frowning)

Oh?

CAMERA FOLLOWS Korbel from the cashier's cage across the casino toward his office.

CLOSE ANGLE ON KORBEL 180

as he reaches his office door and tries the knob. Finding it locked, he fumbles for the key and is about to unlock the door. He is stopped by the SOUND of Susan's sudden, hysterical SCREAM at the other side of the casino.

ANGLE ON SUSAN'S FACE 181

SUSAN (to startled
croupier)

That's enough! That's enough!
What are you people doing to me!

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

CASINO - FULL SHOT - KORBEL'S POV

182

There has been no time lapse. The casino crowd, attracted by Susan's outburst, cranes its collective neck in that direction. A couple of pit men move toward her.

SUSAN

You're horrible, all of you!
Get away from me! Cheaters!

Hearing her last word, Korbel leaves his door and moves quickly through the casino toward her.

SUSAN

Robbers!

CUT TO:

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S WATCH

183

It says 12:01. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Illya pulls out the lighting device for his torch. He flips it in his hand nervously, then looks at his watch again, and moves into position to light the torch and begin drilling.

CUT TO:

SEALED ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO'S WATCH

184

It is almost 12:02.

CAMERA MOVES AROUND AND UP TO Solo's face. It is tense and troubled. Behind Solo, still sitting against the wall but no longer blowing his smoke rings, is Rudolph.

RUDOLPH

What time does your friend...

SOLO
Twelve-oh-three. I was supposed
to be in the vault room by then
to turn off the switch...I
imagine we'll...hear the explosion,
even in here.

184
CONT'D
(2)

RUDOLPH
I am sorry...he'll die quickly,
though.

SOLO
Yes.

CUT TO:

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA'S WATCH

185

It is 12:02. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Illya works his
lighting device against the end of the torch. He
flicks it once, twice, three times - but nothing
happens. Concerned now, he turns up the feeder on
the torch and tries again. Still nothing happens.
Frantically, he begins to inspect the small tank
to which the acetylene torch is attached.

CUT TO:

SEALED ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

186

SOLO (looks at
watch)
...Twelve-oh-three...Why haven't
we heard it?
(turning hopefully
toward Rudolph)
Maybe he couldn't make it through...

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

187

as he watches Solo closely, through narrowed eyes.
He says nothing, but stares up in the direction of
the timer on the wall. CAMERA FOLLOWS his gaze,
and we see that the dial has descended to the
number "3".

CUT TO:

CASINO - SUSAN'S DICE TABLE - FULL SHOT

188

as Korbel, the crowd, the croupiers and pit men,
stand in a partial circle around Susan.

KORBEL

Now look here, you...

SUSAN

Stay away!...

(wheels around)

all of you. Stay away from me!

KORBEL (to croupier)

I haven't got time for this; get
her out of here before she empties
the place. I've got to be at the
vault before twelve-fifteen; and
I'm missing a couple of guards...
(turns to leave)

CLOSE ANGLE ON SUSAN

189

As she sees Korbel about to leave, she quickly
yanks a small revolver out of her purse.

SUSAN

Hold it, you stinker!
You're going to watch too.

ANGLE ON SUSAN FROM KORBEL'S POV

190

Korbel stops in his tracks.

KORBEL

Watch what?

SUSAN

I mean it!...

(to crowd)

All of you, stay right there.
No fooling around!

KORBEL (almost bored)

Look, I don't know what's with
you, Honey...

SUSAN (wild-eyed)
Of course not...nobody ever knows
what's with other people. Well,
I'm not gonna get bounced around
any more by people like you. I'd
rather be dead...

190
CONT'D
(2)

(quietly)
and you're going to watch me do it.

THE CROWD MURMURS. The girl is suicidal, and
Korbel is now tensely alert to her every movement.

KORBEL (conciliatory)
Nobody here wants to take advantage
of you, Miss. Now you won
quite a bit of money last night;
why don't you just take that, and
let us refund whatever you've
lost this evening...

SUSAN (brandishing
gun)
Ha! That's a lot of fiddlesticks,
and you know it. My parents were
like that; it was always 'all
right'... 'nothing to be afraid of'...
ha! Well now you can be afraid.
You can stand right here and watch
me...

ANGLE ON CASINO CLOCK

191

It says 12:05.

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

192

He has been working feverishly to repair a leak
in the connection between the acetylene hose and
the tank to which it is attached. He tests it
preliminarily now for leakage, and smiles with
temporary relief as it appears ready to be lighted
and do its job.

CUT TO:

SEALED ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TIMER

193

The dial on the timer moves to "0". CAMERA MOVES DOWNWARD to discover Solo and Rudolph standing before the archway. The room begins to move back to its original position. The vault door moves into view. As the room stops, it is directly in line with the door, which now CLICKS open. Solo rushes inside, with Rudolph moving more slowly at his rear.

CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - FULL SHOT

194

as Solo enters. He ignores the two unconscious guards and goes immediately to the panel near the vault which houses most of the buttons and switches in the place.

ANGLE ON PANEL - SOLO'S POV

195

as he looks at the labels underneath each button and switch.

SOLO (to himself)
Not yet, Illya...not quite
yet...

QUICK CUT TO:

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT

196

Illya's torch lights. Pleased, but moving very quickly because of the delay, he sets himself in a proper kneeling position, and brings the flame of the torch to the wall.

QUICK CUT:

VAULT ROOM - CLOSE SHOT

197

as Solo has found, and now pulls the switch disarming the mines.

QUICK CUT TO:

11-10-64 P.62

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT

198

Illya drills away at the wall.

CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - FULL SHOT

199

with Solo in f.g. as a wailing SIREN suddenly
blares.

RUDOLPH (amused)
You disarmed the mines, but
apparently not the wall alarms.
Sorry, my friend. The jig - as
they say - is up.

ANGLE ON SOLO

200

as he looks up at the vault room clock. It is
12:07. CAMERA FOLLOWS as Solo goes to the vault
and begins turning the dial.

REVERSE ANGLE

201

As Solo works the dial in f.g., Rudolph leaps
at Solo from behind, dragging him back and away
from the vault. The siren continues to WAIL.

CUT TO:

CASINO - FULL SHOT

202

Just as Susan is grabbed from behind and disarmed
by a pit man, who then pins her arms, the SOUND
of the wailing siren becomes audible.

ANGLE ON KORBEL

203

as he hears the siren and realizes its signifi-
cance. He gives Susan a knowing glare.

KORBEL (quickly)
Get her to my office.
CAMERA FOLLOWS Korbelt as he turns and runs through
the casino toward his office.

ANGLE ON SUSAN

204

The pit man has a firm grip on her, and begins to pull her along.

SUSAN

Lemme go!...

(lamely)

...Can'tcha take a joke?

As the pit man's grip holds firm, she begins to shake, kick and scratch; but to no avail.

CUT TO:

KORBEL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

205

as Korbelt flings his door wide and moves quickly to his desk, giving only a slight glance to the two trussed-up guards who are struggling around on the floor. Some of the buttons on the desk are flashing red, and after a brief glance, he goes to the built-in liquor cabinet on the wall. Pushing a hidden button, he causes the cabinet to swing open, revealing a small wheel.

ANGLE ON KORBEL FROM DOOR

206

He is beginning to turn the wheel as the pit man drags the struggling Susan inside and kicks the door closed with his foot.

KORBEL (turning wheel;

to Susan)

Very clever, young lady. So you were the 'diversion', eh?

ANGLE ON SUSAN

207

She is dumped onto the couch by the pit man, who then stands over her.

SUSAN

Go soak your head.

FULL SHOT FROM KORBEL'S POV

208

He has just finished turning the wheel.

KORBEL (calmly)
Tomorrow night, tonight...
makes no difference.

208
CONT'D
(2)

He walks toward Susan, and the pit man stands
aside as Korbel hovers over her.

KORBEL (continued)
I am a little surprised that
they got as far as the vault
room itself. However...every
ounce of breathable air is
now being sucked out of that
room. Nobody gets out...
(shrugs)
...so you see...

CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - MED. SHOT

209

as Solo is finally able to subdue Rudolph. Solo
stands up, breathing hard for a moment after
his exertion. And in that moment, the SOUND
of escaping air is audible....

RUDOLPH (weakly - from
floor)
What's that?

ANGLE ON SOLO

210

as he glances at his watch, and then moves back
to the combination dial on the vault.

CLOSER ANGLE ON SOLO - RUDOLPH IN B.G.

211

As he dials, he blinks a few times and shakes his
head. It is becoming difficult to breathe.

RUDOLPH
The air...they're suffocating
us!

Rudolph, sweating profusely, clutches at his
throat.

CUT TO:

KORBEL'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT

212

as Korbél watches the flashing of lights on his desk, and notes with pleasure the one now flashing next to the wheel he has turned.

KORBEL

Poor Rudolph; he wanted so badly to join us...I'm afraid he's flunked out.

CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - FULL SHOT FROM SOLO'S POV

213

Solo is only semi-conscious now. He must use every ounce of himself to concentrate on the dial he is turning. Behind him, Rudolph sinks to his knees, gasping for air.

Solo gives the dial a final, careful turn, and then pulls at the door handle. It doesn't open. In pain now from the lack of oxygen, he goes back to the dial, but can no longer raise his arm.

As Rudolph passes out behind him, Solo himself sinks to his knees, then back against the vault. He stares up at the dial, and then over at the clock on the vault room wall.

ANGLE ON CLOCK

214

It says 12:10.

ANGLE ON SOLO

215

as he passes out and slumps all the way to the floor.

CUT TO:

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT

216

Illya has made great headway in his furious assault on the wall. Suddenly, however, his acetylene torch FLICKERS, and then GOES OUT. With jerky, frustrated motions, he attempts to light it again.

CUT TO:

KORBEL'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT OF SUSAN

217

KORBEL (quiet and polite)
All that nonsense last night...
just to get into this office. So
clever, and so fruitless. Now
your friends have inadvertently
ruptured their lungs, and you're
the only one left to...

SUSAN
Look, please; I don't know
anything about anything...

KORBEL
...You're the only one left to
tell us all about Uncle.

CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - FULL SHOT

218

Solo, Rudolph and the two vault guards lay sprawled
on the floor.

ANGLE ON CLOCK

219

It is almost 12:13.

CUT TO:

DRAINPIPE - CLOSE SHOT

220

Illya has gotten the torch going again. We watch
as he completes the circle he has etched into the
bronze. He puts down the torch and begins kicking
at the wall with his foot.

CUT TO:

VAULT ROOM - MED. SHOT

221

of the wall. The plaster begins to crack, then
splinter, then fly outward as Illya's foot blasts
through. A moment later, he squeezes through the
hole and drops into the room. He moves immediately
to Solo.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

222

as Illya slaps Solo's face lightly and rubs his wrists. Then, taking off the oxygen bottle still strapped to his back, Illya places the hose to Solo's mouth and turns up the switch on the bottle as high as it will go.

Solo coughs, and his eyes flutter open. The first thing he sees is the clock on the wall.

ANGLE ON CLOCK

223

It says 12:14.

ANGLE ON SOLO

224

as he struggles, with Illya's aid, to get on his feet.

SOLO

Time lock...only a minute left.

Solo lurches back to the combination dial on the vault.

CLOSE ANGLE ON SOLO

225

as he sweats furiously over the dial.

ANGLE ON CLOCK

226

The second hand shows but fifteen seconds to go before 12:15. The CAMERA HOLDS on the second hand as it sweeps along. Now there are three seconds left.

VAULT - CLOSE SHOT

227

as Solo reaches out for the handle of the vault door - and opens it.

ANGLE ON CLOCK

228

just as the second hand is passing the 12:15 mark.

ANGLE ON SOLO

229

with Rudolph and one of the guards struggling to their knees in b.g. Solo opens the vault door. He takes a tubular object out of his breast pocket, winds up one end, listens to it tick, and then places it inside on the floor of the vault.

FULL SHOT

230

Solo closes the vault door and turns to Rudolph.

SOLO

Take your choice, Rudolph. You can sit here and wait for Thrush if you like.

RUDOLPH

No, thank you.

Solo, Rudolph and Illya head for, and begin climbing into, the drainpipe.

ILLYA

The mines are marked with lights.
Stay away from them.

Illya disappears first, and Solo then shoves Rudolph in.

DISSOLVE TO:

KORBEL'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT

231

Susan is half-lying on Korbels couch, looking worried. While the pit-man stands near the couch, Korbels now relaxes in a chair behind his desk, enjoying a cigar.

KORBEL

...and of course, there's sodium pentathol, which is a bit more civilized than bamboo under the fingernails...
(rising)

(continued)

KORBEL (continued)
At any rate, first we'll see
what kind of gremlins we've caught.

231
CONT'D
(2)

Korbel goes to the panel-door and unlocks it.

KORBEL
Up, young lady; up...

SOLO'S VOICE
No, Mr. Korbel; no...

ANGLE ON SOLO

232

He stands in the open window, sopping wet, his
revolver levelled.

FULL SHOT

233

as Solo enters the room.

SUSAN (rising
happily)
You did come for me!

SOLO (o.s.)
Illya, show our friend in.

ANGLE ON WINDOW

234

as Rudolph enters, also very wet and prodded some-
what by Illya's gun.

FULL SHOT OF GROUP

235

KORBEL (confused)
But...well, who's in the vault?

SOLO
Just gremlins...
(to pit-man and the two
guards)
Stand over there with your boss.

As they follow directions, a GREAT, MUFFLED ROAR is
HEARD: an explosion that causes vibration in the
room.

ANGLE ON KORBEL

236

There is no doubt in Korbels mind as to what the explosion represents. His legs fail to support him and he plops down on the couch, stunned.

KORBEL (numb)
Fifty-five million dollars...

SOLO
Well, easy come, easy go. All right, Korbels; on your feet...
(indicates panel-door)
Inside...
(to pit-man and guards)
...you too, fellas.

KORBEL (beaten;
indicates Solo's gun)
Finish the job.

SOLO
I couldn't do that; you have to be around to explain it all to Thrush...
Inside!

Korbels and his crew follow directions, and Susan happily slams the panel-door behind them.

RUDOLPH
What about me?

SOLO (reciting)
He who straddles both sides of slippery street, wind up sitting down in middle.

Solo takes Susan's arm and leads her to the window.

RUDOLPH
But you know they'll kill me!

SOLO
Not if you run fast enough. Take care of -
(beat)
- both of yourselves, Rudolph.

TWO SHOT

237

as Solo helps Susan through the window before turning for a final look at Rudolph. He waves once, and disappears through the window.

ANGLE ON RUDOLPH

238

as he stands alone in the center of the office for a moment, and then dashes for the window himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

AIRPLANE COCKTAIL LOUNGE - MEDIUM SHOT

239

Illya and Susan sit at a small table. Three drinks on table. While she sits on the edge of her chair expectantly, Illya appears a trifle uncomfortable.

SUSAN

Fiddlesticks! Haven't I proven myself? Aren't I just as slimy and sneaky and rotten as you and Napoleon?

ILLYA

Of course you are, my dear. You're thoroughly depraved.

ANGLE ON SOLO

240

as he enters the lounge and takes two drinks.

ANGLE ON GROUP

241

SOLO

You may ignore him, my dear...
(indicates Illya)
...he's not well liked anyway,
you know...now tell me your
wonderful idea.

ILLYA

May I carry your drinks?

SUSAN (to Solo)
Well, it's a kind of excursion
I thought of; perfect for people
of our low moral fibre...

241
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Splendid.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as Solo leads her to two seats.
Susan's voice begins to fade out as they move away
from us.

SUSAN
It's Las Vegas...those gambling
casinos are just filthy with
money...and huge vaults with...

They sit, with Susan gesticulating aggressively,
and Solo nodding earnestly.

FADE OUT:

THE END