

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE RE-COLLECTORS AFFAIR

Prod. #7455

I N A L D R A F T

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
MGM PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
David Victor

Written by:
Alan Caillou

June 15, 1965

The Man FromU.N.C.L.E."The Re-Collectors Affair"

Prod. #7455

Please make the following name change:

FROM:TO:

PHELAN

TESCO

The Man FromU.N.C.L.E."The Re-Collectors Affair"

Prod. #7455

TEASER

TE IN:

I. ESTABLISHING MADRID - (STOCK) - DAY

1

recognizable STOCK SHOT of Madrid.

II. HOTEL MIRAFLORES-MADRID - DAY

2

Miraflores-Madrid is a pleasant, modest, tile-roofed hotel, set in a small side street. Close by its portico, which bears the hotel name, is a painted sign that has been set up on the wall; the sign says: THE MIRAFLORES-MADRID HOTEL WELCOMES OUR NORD AMERICAN FRIENDS, and the CAMERA PANS ON this sign now. It PANS slightly to find a small, aged URCHIN with a paint pot in his hand; the urchin is busy painting another sign on the wall, in large, uncouth letters: YANKEE GO NO.....It PANS further and comes to rest on GREGORI VALETTI, a well dressed, affable, dignified man who walks with the help of a cane - he has a pronounced and exaggerated limp, and he wears gloves. It PANS WITH him, back past the urchin (another letter has been added to the slogan) and takes him to the door of the hotel. He goes inside, and the CAMERA PANS BACK again, past the urchin, to PICK UP LISA DONATO, an attractive, bright young woman with a determined look to her face. She is moving after Valetti, and as the CAMERA PANS her back once more past the urchin, towards the hotel door, the urchin steps in front of her, beaming, holding out his hand.

URCHIN

Cigarillo? Candy? You got?

Lisa steps to one side, trying to get past. The urchin, grinning, does the same, blocking her way.

URCHIN

Beautiful lady, you no give me candy?

Lisa looks towards the way Valetti went, looks down at the urchin, side-stepping again with a gesture of impatience. Again, grinning, he blocks her way.

2
CONT'D
(2)

LISA

Oh, please don't be such a....such
a pest.

She succeeds in getting past him, starts running towards the hotel. The urchin shrugs, gets on with his artistry.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

3

CAMERA IS ON an elevator. The doors slide open and Valetti steps out, followed by a BELL-HOP. The bell-hop is elderly, emaciated, thin, worried - and Germanic looking. He shepherds Valetti into:

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

4

The door is opening as the bell-hop ushers Valetti inside. The bell-hop dumps the suitcase, draws the drapes, throws open a window, bows, begins to exit. Valetti stops him with:

VALETTI (smiling)

Close the door a moment, would you,
please?

The bell-hop closes the door and stands waiting. Valetti raises his cane, points it at the bell-hop, presses a button. A jet of blue smoke shoots out from the cane, into the bell-hop's face. The bell-hop throws up his arms, chokes, staggers, falls. He is dead. Valetti, still smiling benignly, puts down the cane, goes to the phone. He is now walking without the slightest trace of a limp, jauntily....he picks up the phone, dials the operator. His manner is excessively polite:

VALETTI

Would you be kind enough to give me
Police Headquarters?

(a beat)

Hullo? Police Headquarters? My
name is Gregori Valetti....What do
you mean, so what?....I have just

(Cont.)

VALETTI (CONT'D)

executed Colonel Oscar Mannheim.
He was working as a bell-hop in one
of your better hotels....No, I won't
tell you which one....Yes, Gregori
Valetti. I belong to an organization
called The Re-Collectors, you may have
heard of us. You have? Good. Justice
has been done once more. Remember....
The Re-Collectors. We hunt, we find,
we kill.

4
CONT'D
(2)

He puts down the phone, looks around the room, picks up his
bag, swings it jauntily as he crosses to the door. He
opens it, peers out into the corridor cautiously, starts
in surprise.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

5

The elevator doors are opening and Lisa is stepping out.
She sees Valetti, and runs forward, reaching into her
purse and coming out with a small revolver.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - DAY

6

Valetti quickly closes the door, quite unalarmed, locks
it, puts a chair under the handle, for added safety. The
expression on his face seems to say: well, how about
that? He crosses jauntily to the window, throws it open,
swings a leg out onto the fire escape, WHISTLING cheerfully.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

7

Lisa is at the bedroom door, rattling the handle hope-
lessly. She bangs on it for a moment, looks at it bale-
fully.

LISA

Oh, shucks.

She tucks the revolver back into her purse, moves back to
the elevator, looks back once at the closed door.

LISA

In two words.....shucks.

SPIN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR IN UNCLE'S NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS - DAY

8

SOLO appears and walks towards Waverly's office. ILLYA comes out of a doorway and joins Solo on his march down the hall. They glance sideways at each other as they carry on.

SOLO

You, too?

ILLYA

Me, too. And from the urgency of the summons....

SOLO

I thought I detected a towering rage.

ILLYA

And it started out to be such a beautiful day....

CAMERA has taken them to:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

9

As Solo and Illya enter, WAVERLY is hunched up in a chair, glowering into space. EVANGELINE, a good looking gal from the Supplies and Equipment Department, is laying some papers down on the table. Waverly looks up at Solo and Illya.

WAVERLY

Evangeline has some papers for you, Mr. Nassau.

Solo blinks.

SOLO (a sigh)

Every time I change my name....it means trouble.

WAVERLY (straight-faced)

Mark Nassau, Mr. Solo. From the Bahamas, of course. A legitimate art collector who has agreed to go into temporary retirement while we borrow his name and reputation.

Evangeline is sorting out the papers for Solo, identifying them one by one.

EVANGELINE

Passport, identity card, steamship tickets, bills....

9
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (patiently)

Would it be too much to ask....for what?

WAVERLY

We've placed an ad in the paper, Mr. Solo, in your new name.

He waves a newspaper at them.

WAVERLY

Yesterday's Rome "Corriere".

(he reads)

"Your looted masterpiece recovered, swiftly and efficiently. Contact Mark Nassau, Fermo in Posta, Rome. Signed, the Re-Collectors."

ILLYA

Isn't that a trifle enigmatic?

WAVERLY

It will be perfectly clear, Mr. Kuryakin, to those for whom it is intended.

Evangeline is slipping a large initial-ring onto Solo's finger. Solo looks at it quizzically. B.G., Illya takes out his sender.

SOLO

A man of rather vulgar taste, Mark Nassau...

The SOUND of Solo's words is "double-heard" on Illya's sender as well. Illya flicks it off, replaces it in his pocket.

EVANGELINE

The new model, range seven miles.

WAVERLY

For twenty years, Mr. Solo, we've been hunting a group of four Nazi war criminals, who disappeared in 1945 with fourteen million dollars'

(Cont.)

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

worth of looted paintings. Hunting them...and getting nowhere. But now...
(a gesture at Evangeline)
Tell him, Evangeline.

9
CONT'D
(3)

Evangeline refers to a file, flipping its pages.

EVANGELINE

Now, Mr. Solo, the Rome police have given us a lead. They tell us that a young woman named Lisa Donato was recently approached by a man named Gregori Valetti, who seems to have some sort of...tenuous connection with these four Nazis....

WAVERLY

Tenuous connection indeed! He's hunting them down!

EVANGELINE

Valetti is working for a secret organization called the Re-Collectors. They claim they are....re-collecting those paintings, and some of them have, in fact, been returned to their original owners - in exchange for large payments of money.

WAVERLY

Did you ever hear of a man named Oscar Mannheim? Or Rudolf Schultz?

SOLO (a frown)

A memory stirring somewhere....

WAVERLY

They are two of the four Nazis we have been looking for. Both of them were murdered by Gregori Valetti. He called the police in each case and boasted that he'd executed them.

SOLO

You said four men. The others?

WAVERLY

One of them, their leader was Karl Wenrepp, the brains of the party, and the man we want most. The other one...we don't know his name. With Schultz and Mannheim dead....there's just the two of them left.

9

CONT'D

(4)

ILLYA

Surprising that the Re-Collectors can find these people - and those paintings - so easily. When we've been trying for twenty years without success.

WAVERLY

Yes, annoying, isn't it? But now.... we don't know where Valetti might be, but he approached Lisa Donato in Rome, so that seems a good place to start.

He gestures with the paper containing the ad.

WAVERLY

It's my belief this ad will smoke out the Re-Collectors. They'll want to know who's using their name so blatantly. And if they know where those Nazis are.....You follow my reasoning, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Yes. Valetti's gun will be pointing in the right direction. I must remember not to stand in front of it.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

0-15-05

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROME STREET - NIGHT

10

an ESTABLISHING SHOT, with a recognizable monument, B.G., illuminated.

INT. POSTAL OFFICE - NIGHT

11

A typical, small Rome post office. Black-gowned women assistants are serving a few customers, someone is posting some letters, as the CAMERA SURVEYS the scene. It finds Solo approaching a counter marked "FERMO IN POSTA". He addresses one of the clerks, a beautiful, wide-eyed young matron who seems enormously impressed by Solo's good looks. She simpers at him.

SOLO

Mark Nassau. Ci saranno delle
lettere per me, signorina....

The clerk turns to a pigeon-hole behind her, searches briefly, brings out a bundle of letters, tied with a cord, clasps them to her bosom for a moment, sighs, hands them over, not taking her eyes off his. She makes the gesture look like a great love affair. Solo gives her one of his best smiles, takes the letters.

SOLO

Grazie mille, signorina.

As he moves away to another part of the counter, marked FRANCOBOLLI (stamps), her eyes follow him.

CLERK (a sigh)

Ah...che bel' giovanotto.....

(Ah, what a handsome young man....)

We feel the encounter has made her day....CAMERA PANS from her to Solo. He puts the bundle of letters down on the counter beside him as he fumbles clumsily to put his passport back into its wallet and into his pocket. A man standing beside him, sticking some stamps onto a letter - (we see only his back) - slides a somewhat similar bundle along the counter beside Solo's bundle - ESTABLISH THIS - and quickly slips Solo's bundle into his own pocket. Solo picks up the substituted bundle, carries it in his hand as

leaves the counter. CAMERA HOLDS ON the man with his back to us. He turns, peers over the top of his dark glasses, and we see that it is Illya.

11
CONT'D
(2)

INT. A ROME STREET - NIGHT

12

Solo comes out of the post office and moves off down the street, carrying the letters in his hand. He turns a corner into a narrow, dark and dangerous-looking alley.

INT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT

13

cobblestones, ramshackle buildings....Solo moves along the alley, his eyes watching. A small car SCREECHES round the corner behind him, skids to a stop beside him, and HERAK, a big, tough looking man, gun in hand, leaps out. With him is TESCO, a small, sly, cunning man, also armed. With a quick look round:

HERAK

Okay, into the car, Nassau.

SOLO (protesting)

Hey, what is this....?

HERAK

Go on, get in....

Herak shoves him violently into the car. As the car takes off, Tesco - if we can see it - is slipping a blindfold over Solo's face.

INT. A WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

14

This is one of those charming underground cellars, full of brick archways, stone pillars, and ancient timbers, that can be found under any major European city and are frequently turned into bistros or night-clubs. The walls are lined with bins of wine, and there are enough furnishings - antique chairs, tables, benches, etc. - to give the place a "lived-in" look. In a corner, a stone stairway winds up out of sight; in another, a wooden dumb-waiter leads to a second cellar which is, presumably, below this one, and the CAMERA IS ON this dumb-waiter now, as it BREAKS up from the depths down there. (The dumb-waiter is just large enough for a man to crouch in, in an emergency, if he doesn't mind a tight fit.) The dumb-waiter

14

CONT'D

(2)

tops, and it contains two bottles of wine. A hand comes in and removes them, and CAMERA PULLS BACK to show that this is DEMOS. As the scene progresses, he pours a glass from each of the bottles and sets them on the table in front of him. Demos is a middle-aged man of very forceful personality, distingue and charming, a man who lives only for the good things of life. He has the slightest trace of an indefinable accent. Just now, he is looking through the letters that we saw Solo carrying, and on the table in front of him are the papers that we saw Solo given earlier.

DEMOS

I can't help wondering just who you expected to answer this ad of yours. And whether your apparent naivete is natural....or assumed.

(pleasantly)

But we'll find that out, won't we?

FULL SHOT

15

Behind Demos, Herak stands stolidly, arms folded. Elsewhere, Tesco is lounging around. CAMERA still FAVORS Demos. He tosses the letters carelessly to Tesco.

DEMOS

Check those over for me; you just might find a customer or two among them.

Tesco takes the letters, silently begins to go through them. Demos turns to Solo.

DEMOS

Well, Mr. Nassau....perhaps you'd be good enough to tell me the meaning of your enigmatic advertisement?

SOLO

During the war I lost a priceless Correggio, looted by the Nazis. I want it back. I believe.....the Re-Collectors can get it for me.

DEMOS

And how did you come to hear of us, Mr. Nassau?

SOLO

I learned that...certain other looted paintings had been returned to their owners. I figured the only way I could find the Re-Collectors was to...tempt them to come to me. It worked, didn't it?

15

CONT'D

(2)

DEMOS (thoughtfully)

Yes, it did.

emos pushes forward the two glasses of wine.

DEMOS (mocking him)

How good is your palate, Mr. Nassau? One of those wines is worthless....the other is virtually priceless. See if you can tell which is which.

SOLO

I won't, if you don't mind. I promised my dear old mother I wouldn't drink till I was twenty.

DEMOS

You hurt my feelings, Mr. Nassau. That's not only discourteous, it's downright dangerous.

SOLO

Not as dangerous, I feel, as your wine might be.

emos laughs. He pushes one of the glasses across to Tesco with a gesture, picks up the other himself. Tesco drinks, gulping.

DEMOS

There are subtler ways to make a man talk, Mr. Nassau. Suppose you tell me who you really are?

Tesco, grinning, puts down the empty glass. Demos gestures at it, disdainfully.

DEMOS

That was the cheap one. This....

(he sips)

is Chateau Margeaux, 1913. Not more than ten bottles left in the whole world.

6-15-65
F.12
SOLO

A shame we have to deny ourselves
such luxuries.

15
CONT'D
(3)

Demos signals to Phelan. Without a word, he steps forward to a cupboard. Simultaneously, Herak grips Solo's arms from behind. Solo does not struggle.

SOLO (mildly)

All I want is my Correggio back. And I'm prepared to pay for it, I'm a good customer.

DEMOS

And you are concealing nothing from me?

SOLO

As innocent as an unborn baby.

DEMOS

And just as vulnerable.

Phelan has taken a hypodermic syringe from the cupboard. CAMERA FEATURES it as he prepares it, the needle in the F.G. of the SHOT. B.G., Solo looks at it distastefully.

DEMOS

There was a time, once, when you had to beat a man to find out what he was hiding. But these are more civilized times, aren't they? Hold out your arm, there's a good fellow.

SOLO

I'd really rather not, if you don't mind. I'm allergic to injections, Mr.....?

DEMOS

Demos. Claude Alphonso Demos. And, when you know me better, you'll know also that I like to have my own way. It's part of the philosophy I live by.

He gestures to Phelan. As Herak holds Solo tight, Phelan, needle ready, advances on him. Suddenly, Solo doubles up violently, sending Herak flying over his shoulder, breaking free. He slams a quick Judo cut at Phelan, and Phelan goes

down. As Herak leaps to his feet, Solo turns to meet him, and Herak charges in head down, slamming into Solo. Solo brings up a fist and sends him flying, then races up the steps.

15
CONT'D
(4)

LOW ANGLE SHOT - VALETTI

16

from Solo's POV as he rushes up the stairs. Valetti is standing there, on the steps near the top, smiling gently, his walking-stick gun held pointing at Solo.

VALETTI

Back, Mr. Nassau. Back.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND VALETTI

17

FAVORING Solo. In the act of running up the steps, he freezes. He makes a hopeless gesture, turns, begins to move down the stairs.

INT. THE WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

18

CAMERA IS ON Demos, calmly sipping his wine. PULL BACK to disclose the scene. Herak is now holding Solo, and Phelan is preparing to give Solo an injection with a hypodermic.

DEMOS

You see, Mr. Nassau, there's something about your story that I don't like, and I have to find out what it is.

SOLO

I told you, I'm a collector....

DEMOS

And I'm a re-collector.

He carefully studies one of his wine bottles.

DEMOS

Now, what would you say is a suitable wine to accompany an inquisition? What's your favorite wine, Mr. Nassau?

SOLO (a sigh)
Somebody else's.

18
CONT'D
(2)

Phelan moves in to give the injection. Suddenly, there is SOUND of feet running down the stone stairs, and CAMERA WHIP PANS to find three men, in police uniforms, running down the steps. They are a SERGEANT, a greying, tough-looking, middle-aged man, and two younger Carabinieri. They hold their automatics ready.

SERGEANT
Non si muove!

For a moment the scene HOLDS, then:

GROUP SHOT - NEW ANGLE

19

Herak lets go of Solo and raises his hands; Demos and Phelan raise theirs, too. Solo takes a deep breath, gestures his thanks.

SOLO
Just in time, Sergeant. Who sent you?

The two Carabinieri move automatically to Demos, Herak and Phelan and handcuff them as:

SERGEANT
I followed this man, Valetti. So you see, signore, nobody sent me. I came.

SOLO
And saw, and conquered. My thanks. See you.

He makes a polite little bow, moves to the steps. The sergeant raises a deprecatory hand.

SERGEANT
Ah-ah! One moment, signore!

Solo stops, turns, sighs.

SOLO
Yes, I was afraid of that.

SERGEANT

If you would be so kind, signore...
I believe my chief would like to see
you. Inspector Fiamma...
(to the Carabinieri)
Questi qui ala galera....

19
CONT'D
(2)

The sergeant gestures to Solo politely, meaning: "after
you". Solo heads up the steps, pauses, turns back to
Demos.

SOLO

May I visit you in jail, Mr. Demos?
I'll bring you a bottle of California
wine....

Demos glowers at him.

INT. FIAMMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

20

We are in the drawing room of a very rich man of im-
peccable taste. CAMERA IS ON GENEVIEVE FIAMMA, a tall,
dark, striking woman of thirty-five or so, extremely
beautiful and memorable, with solemn, Madonna-like eyes.

GENEVIEVE

You were lucky my husband's men
arrived when they did. If they had
found out who you really are....I'm
a better hostess than....mortician.

SOLO

You're very kind, signora Fiamma.

CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK to disclose the scene. At the
fireplace, INSPECTOR FIAMMA, a man of excessive elegance
and charm, virile, athletic, a bit of a ladies' man, is
playing with the bundle of letters that Demos took from
Solo. Behind him, over the fireplace, there is a large
monumental mirror. Fiamma frowns.

FIAMMA

I am disturbed, Mr. Solo, that you
did not find it necessary to warn
us of your interest in these.....
Re-Collectors.

SOLO (affably)

My orders are to cooperate with the local police whenever necessary, Inspector Fiamma. It didn't seem to me that it was yet time to trouble the police with my worries. Was I wrong?

20
CONT'D
(2)

FIAMMA

Perhaps, perhaps not. But I must ask you now to lay your cards on the table. Department 'F' of the Questura, which I have the honor to command, is devoted entirely to the search for the Re-Collectors. We are prepared to cooperate with you fully - provided of course, that you return the compliment.

SOLO (blandly)

But of course, Inspector. Have you had time to search that wine cellar yet?

FIAMMA

They are searching it now. But I'm not very hopeful.

Signora Fiamma hands a glass to Solo, then one to her husband. As Solo sips, the ring on his finger is close to his mouth. CAMERA DOLLIES IN ON it.

SOLO

Thank you, signora.

GENEVIEVE

My husband's favorite vintage.

SOLO

What a lot of people who know about... vintages. Your health, signora....

He drinks, turns to the Inspector.

SOLO

I was wondering, Inspector, why you didn't pick me up at the post office ...when I collected those letters?

FIAMMA (easily)

We were about to, but we saw that you were being watched. It was a good lead, and as you saw, it brought results. We've been looking for that cellar for a long time....

20
CONT'D
(3)

INT. THE VILLA - NIGHT

21

CAMERA IS ON Illya's sender, and Solo's voice is coming through it as we PULL BACK to disclose the scene.

SOLO'S VOICE

If you find anything there of interest, you'll let me know?

FIAMMA'S VOICE

Of course, with pleasure. Genevieve, my pet, perhaps Mr. Solo would care for a cigar?

Illya switches off his sender, crosses to a larger transmitting device, in a suitcase, and switches it on.

ILLYA

Channel D. Urgent.

INT. UNCLE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

22

Waverly is at a filing cabinet, going through some files. B.G., MARGARET is at the console. She turns to him.

MARGARET

Mr. Kuryakin asking for D, urgent.

She throws a switch and speaks into the mike. CUT from one to another, as necessary.

MARGARET

Channel D open, Section One here.

ILLYA

Department 'F' of the Italian Questura, who's in command of it?

Waverly is crossing to the console. He sits, takes the mike.

WAVERLY

Department 'F'? It was disbanded
six months ago. Don't you chaps
read the bulletins?

22

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA

Just making sure, sir.

Waverly clicks his fingers at Margaret. She hurries to a
large file, flips the pages.

WAVERLY

Hold on, Mr. Kuryakin...Where are you?

ILLYA

We've taken over a villa in Rome.
Solo's being interrogated by the
non-existent Department 'F'.

WAVERLY

How very unenterprising of him.

ILLYA

He used the code phrase: "A lot of
people."

WAVERLY

Ah, then he's worried. Good. What
else?

ILLYA

I've located Lisa Donato. She's
coming over to see us.

WAVERLY

Good.

ILLYA

I think I'd better go in there and
get Solo out before something un-
pleasant happens to him.

WAVERLY (sharply)

No! When Mr. Solo gets into trouble,
that's when he starts getting results.

ILLYA

He might also get a very sick headache.

WAVERLY

Relax, Mr. Kuryakin, he's a highly trained man. Anything more?

22
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

Nothing more. Signing off.

He switches off the transmitter, looks at it glumly.

ILLYA

I wish I had your confidence.

SPIN TO:

INT. FIAMMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

CAMERA IS ON Signora Fiamma as she sits quietly in a chair, listening, watching; there's something ominous in her silence. Solo looks at his watch. The CAMERA FAVORS her whenever possible. The Inspector still leans back against the fireplace, by the mirror.

SOLO

And I really must be going, Inspector.
Could I have my letters back?

CAMERA IS DOLLYING IN ON the Inspector.

FIAMMA (smoothly)

In a day or two, Mr. Solo. When we've processed them.

CAMERA IS STILL DOLLYING IN. Now the Inspector, in front of the mirror, is prominent in the SHOT. CAMERA CONTINUES THROUGH THE MIRROR.

SOLO'S VOICE

That....co-operation, remember?

CAMERA has gone through the mirror to:

INT. THE ANTEROOM - NIGHT

24

We are in a small anteroom, well-furnished, and the DOLLYING CAMERA comes to REST ON Demos, sitting so that he can see through the one-way mirror into Fiamma's room.

He is once more sipping wine. The voices of Solo and
Fiamma are coming quietly over the intercom as they
talk. Present also are Valetti, Herak, Phelan and the
Sergeant."

24
CONT'D
(2)

FIAMMA'S VOICE (over
intercom)
It's a question of protocol. My
superiors are sometimes quite fussy
about that sort of thing.

DEMOS
I told him there were subtler ways
to make a man talk, and he didn't
really believe me.

VALETTI
It seems you need my services again,
Mr. Demos.

He is slipping a cartridge into his walking-stick gun.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ANTEROOM - NIGHT

25

HERAK

Well, Solo's spilt the cheese all over the macaroni.

DEMOS

Yes, I think he's told us all he's ever likely to. Down in the basement, Valetti. I'll have Fiamma take him down there, and you can get rid of the body in the furnace.

Valetti nods, exits. Tesco is scribbling a note on a piece of paper. He hands it to the "Sergeant", who exits also.

INT. FIAMMA'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

SOLO

It's strange that the Re-Collectors are so much better than we are in tracking down those Nazis....

The Sergeant enters, salutes smartly, hands Fiamma the note that Tesco gave him, salutes again, exits.

FIAMMA

You will excuse me, Mr. Solo?

GENEVIEVE

Mr. Solo...let me pour you another glass of cognac.

SOLO

You're very kind.

Fiamma has read the note; he tosses it into the fire, turns back to Solo.

FIAMMA (smiling)

I think perhaps I'd better let you see our secret files on the Re-Collectors, would you like that?

SOLO

Well, that's very good of you.

26

CONT'D

(2)

FIAMMA

I keep them in the strong-room, in the basement. Shall we?

Solo makes a polite little bow to Genevieve, who graciously inclines her head. The Inspector shepherds Solo to the door and into:

INT. THE HALL IN FIAMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

27

Solo and Fiamma come out of the living room, heading for another door that (presumably) leads to the basement. As they move towards it, Solo glances at his watch again.

SOLO

But I mustn't be too long. I have a possible trump card to play.

FIAMMA (puzzled)

A.....trump card?

SOLO

Yes. Someone I have to meet, a man who claims to know where those paintings are hidden.

Fiamma throws him a puzzled look.

SOLO

An informer.

Fiamma pulls up sharp, looks at Solo, shocked.

FIAMMA

But...but...

Solo has not stopped. He gestures at the basement door.

SOLO

In here?

He has thrown open the door. He steps in through the basement door, looks back. Fiamma has not moved.

SOLO

So let's make it short and sweet, shall we?

FIAMMA

No, wait! Suppose.....suppose you were to bring this man to me...if we were to interrogate him together....

27

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO (at the door)

All right, just as soon as we're through down here.

FIAMMA

No, that can wait.....first, let's see this man....I'll send someone with you....

(up)

Sergeant!

The second door in the corridor (the one leading to the anteroom) opens immediately, and the Sergeant is there, gun in hand, very alert. He carefully closes the door behind him.

FIAMMA

Escort Mr. Solo where he wants to go, show him the way back here. With....an informer.

The Sergeant puts away his gun, hurries to the front door with Solo. Solo turns to the Inspector.

SOLO

So.....ci vediamo.

With the Sergeant, he goes out. Fiamma hurries back to the living room, throws open the door.

INT. FIAMMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

28

As Fiamma enters, Genevieve looks at him, surprised.

GENEVIEVE

So soon?

FIAMMA

No. We have a problem.

GENEVIEVE

Where is he?

FIAMMA

Don't worry. It's all under control. There's an informer running around who knows where the paintings are hidden. But Solo is going to bring him right back.

GENEVIEVE

You fool! You let him go!

28

CONT'D

(2)

FIAMMA

But --- but --- an informer. We've got to find out who he is and what he knows.

Genevieve rises, moves to him slowly, slaps him hard across the face.

GENEVIEVE

Fool! You absolute fool! There is no informer. That was just a trick to get out of the house. You must have given the game away!

CAMERA WHIP PANS to find Demos in the doorway by the fireplace, with Valetti behind him.

DEMOS (astonished)

You chose to disobey my orders, Fiamma?

GROUP SHOT - FAVORING FIAMMA

29

He looks at Demos, alarmed and flustered.

FIAMMA

Well, there wasn't time to.....to check with you first, I...I didn't want to.....to arouse his suspicions...

Demos clicks his fingers at Valetti. He raises his walking-stick gun.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING GENEVIEVE

30

Her face is quite expressionless. B.G., Valetti is aiming the gun at Fiamma; Fiamma is backing off, speechless.

DEMOS

I think your time has come, too, Fiamma.

Valetti fires the gun. Fiamma crumples and falls to the ground. The expression on Genevieve's face does not change, and she does not move. Demos moves slowly into the room, looking around it. Genevieve's expressionless face still holds the F.G. of the FRAME. Demos goes to her, takes her in his arms.

DEMOS

My darling....Even playing a part
...it pains me to see you with
another man.

30
CONT'D
(2)

Genevieve smiles, touches his face gently, returns his
affection, looks down at Fiamma.

GENEVIEVE

And all for nothing....

DEMOS

Get him for me, my darling. Bring
Mr. Solo to the cellar.

He nods, kisses him.

EXT. A ROME STREET - NIGHT

31

We are in a dark street in the Old Quarter. At an even
darker doorway, we find Solo and the Sergeant. Solo is
gesturing at the door.

SOLO

In there, Sergeant, that's where
our friend the informer is waiting.

The Sergeant nods, steps forward, tries the door handle.
The door is locked. As he knocks on it:

SOLO (reflectively)

Of course, if it should turn out that
you really are a policeman, I'd be in
trouble, wouldn't I?

SERGEANT (turning, puzzled)

Signore?

Solo chops him rapidly on the solar plexus, then again on
the back of the neck as the Sergeant doubles up; the
Sergeant goes down, flat on his face. The dark door opens,
and a blowzy looking woman is there, her hair hanging all
over her face, like the witch of En-Dor. Solo bows
politely, gestures at the recumbent Sergeant.

SOLO

A present for you, signora. They
say every Italian woman loves a man
in uniform.

He bows again, dusts off his hands, moves out. The woman stares after him, stares down at the Sergeant, hastily slams the door shut.

31
CONT'D
(2)

INT. THE VILLA - NIGHT

32

CAMERA IS TIGHT ON a now-opening door, similar to the one we saw slammed. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, Solo enters. Illya and Lisa are there, cheerfully dancing to some music that comes over the radio. They break apart as Solo moves into the room. Illya gestures vaguely at Solo's raised eyebrows.

ILLYA

Merely obeying orders. Mr. Waverly told me to relax. I don't think you two have met....Napolecn Solo....

SOLO

Lisa Donato. Yes, I know.

As Solo shakes hands with her:

ILLYA

Our tenuous connection to Valetti. And she's nice, too.

Solo, wearily, is finding himself somewhere to sit. He takes a bite out of an apple.

SOLO

Suppose you tell me just how nice?

LISA

All right, I will. Some time ago, this man, Gregori Valetti, told me he knew I was the legal owner of a famous painting, Velasquez's "Castilian Woman".....very valuable. But the Nazis looted it from my grandfather's place in Rome during the war, and it just....well, disappeared. He said he'd find it for me, if I could pay him a hundred thousand dollars, did I have that kind of money? Ha! I don't even have fifty thousand lire, that painting is the only thing left of what was once a very valuable estate. Taxes, death duties, you know.....

SOLO

I do indeed. So?

32

CONT'D

(2)

LISA

So, I followed him to Madrid, hoping to persuade him to find my painting at a price I could afford. I thought a gun might be a....a sort of subtle argument. But he got away.

(shudders at thought of dead body)

End of story.

SOLO

Not quite. We'll find him again.

LISA

That might not be so easy...

SOLO (a sigh)

When we placed that ad, we assumed that whoever went looking for the replies to it might well be picked up, by the Re-Collectors, for interrogation....

LISA

And so you were able to plant some phony replies on them, well, aren't you bright?

SOLO

We like to think so. One of those phony answers gave this address. You see how simple it is?

ILLYA

Casting bread on the waters to bring home the bacon.

MED. SHOT - LISA

33

Listening intently all of a sudden, she is looking up to the ceiling. Her voice is low.

LISA

An old, old house.....Ghosts?

In the silence, CAMERA EXPLORES their suddenly-tense faces; they are all looking up. Illya's gun is already in his hand.

GROUP SHOT

34

Solo now has his gun out, too; he gestures to Lisa for silence.

EXT. THE ROOF-TOP - NIGHT

35

CAMERA IS ON a pair of feet that are moving cautiously along the flat roof of the villa; a walking-stick identifies the feet for us. It PANS as the feet slowly, cautiously, move towards a door that leads into the house. Moving AWAY FROM CAMERA, the feet soon become the body of Gregori Valetti. At the door, he pauses, listens. He slides a device in the lock and silently opens the door, listens again. He raises his cane, slips back a "breech" close to the handle, slips in a long, slim cartridge, snaps it shut. He moves into the darkness beyond the open door.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. THE VILLA - NIGHT

36

CAMERA IS ON Illya, calmly reading a novel, his feet up ...Solo and Lisa are nowhere to be seen. HOLD. Suddenly, Illya swings round much exaggerated surprise. CAMERA WHIP PANS to find Valetti standing motionless at the foot of the stairway, leaning nonchalantly on his cane, smiling faintly.

BACK TO ILLYA

37

staring in absolute surprise, playing a part.

ILLYA

What the....where the devil did you come from?

Valetti moves forward INTO SHOT.

VALETTI

Mr. Kuryakin? Forgive the unorthodox entry. But in my business, one needs a certain aptitude for caution.

ILLYA (angry)

Would you mind telling me just what you want, before I throw you out?

VALETTI

You wrote a letter to me, inviting me to contact you.

ILLYA

I did?

(the light dawns)

Oh, you mean that ad in the Corriere, was that yours?

VALETTI

Er....yes, it was mine.

ILLYA

Oh. Well, that's different, isn't it? Won't you sit down, Mr....?

VALETTI

Valetti. Gregori Valetti.

37
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (delighted)

Excellent, just the man I wanted to see.

His manner is gushing, eager, naive....Valetti frowns, worried.

VALETTI (a question)

I don't think you can possibly...have heard my name anywhere.

ILLYA

Oh, but I have. You approached my fiancée some while back, you remember? About a missing Velasquez? The "Castilian Woman"?

VALETTI

Your fiancée? Lisa Donato?

ILLYA

Exactly! She tells me you wanted a hundred thousand dollars to recover her painting. She doesn't have that kind of money. I do. Now, we're going to be married, so when we saw your ad in the paper....I wrote and gave this address.....You see?

VALETTI

Well, how very fortuitous.

Illya is moving to one of the doors. He opens it, calls out:

ILLYA

Honey! Are you busy?

He turns back to Valetti, smiling disarmingly.

ILLYA

Of course, for a hundred thousand dollars, I'd expect some sort of guarantee.

VALETTI (smoothly)

I can only remind you of our reputation, sir.

ILLYA

Well, I suppose that's almost as good...

37

CONT'D

(3)

He breaks off as Lisa enters.

LISA (blandly)

Why, Mr. Valetti, how nice to see you again.

VALETTI

Miss Donato, I'm glad you finally decided to use our services.

LISA (eagerly)

You still think you can find my painting?

VALETTI

I'm sure I can.

Illya takes out a check book.

ILLYA

One hundred thousand.

VALETTI

In advance.

ILLYA

It's a lot of money, but what's money for if not to be spread around?

As he writes a check:

LISA (drooling)

You're so good to me, darling.

ILLYA (carelessly)

If it makes you happy, darling.....
It's only money, after all.

VALETTI

Thank you, Mr. Kuryakin. In a month or so, five or six weeks....

ILLYA

We'll still be here.

Valetti makes a polite little bow, and exits through the front door. Illya watches him go, goes to the window, watches.

SOLO (voice over)
I think it must take a special kind
of talent to spend a hundred thousand
dollars in thirty seconds flat.

Illya and Lisa look off, CAMERA PANS to find Solo, lounging in the doorway, smiling at them.

SOLO
And now that you've established our
bona fide for us, Miss Donato...

LISA (firmly)
Don't try to fire me, Mr. Solo.

Solo looks at Illya with a sigh.

SOLO
They always want to hang on, don't
they?

ILLYA
In this case, it might be to our
advantage. Lisa is an art student,
and....

LISA (interrupting)
And if Valetti comes back, what will
you tell him? That I went on vacation?

SOLO
Well --- I must admit...

LISA
Good. Then that's settled.

Solo sighs, turns to Illya.

SOLO
Stay with her, Illya. She's going
to need a bodyguard.

LISA
Of course he'll stay with me, he's
my fiance.

ILLYA
And you?

SOLO
Work to be done.

SPIN TO:

A charming, feminine room in Fiamma's house. CAMERA IS ON Genevieve, fast asleep in bed and looking lovely. It PANS TO the window, and a vague, unidentifiable outline is there, moving slightly.

CLOSE SHOT - GENEVIEVE

39

She stirs in her sleep, and a hand suddenly comes over her mouth. Her eyes open wide in terror.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND GENEVIEVE

40

He is at her side, a hand over her mouth, a gun in his hand.

SOLO (gently)

Are we going to scream?

Genevieve, eyes wide, shakes her head. He takes his hand away from her mouth.

SOLO

Just tell me one thing. Where's that charming rogue of a husband of yours?

GENEVIEVE (a beat)

Dead, Mr. Solo. The price that Demos exacted for letting you escape.

Solo, shocked, sits beside her, wondering, puzzled by something.

SOLO

I'm sorry.

(a beat)

Demos, you, your late husband --- the Re-Collectors?

(she nods)

Does that....change your allegiance?

GENEVIEVE

I want...the man who killed my husband.

SOLO (softly)

There's nothing more....sterile than vengeance, signora Fiamma.

GENEVIEVE (a beat)

Sterility is all that is left for me now.

40

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO (a beat)

There's a question that has always intrigued me....Why is it that the Re-Collectors always seem to announce their murders to the police? Why do they...draw attention to themselves?

GENEVIEVE

We...re-collect paintings, Mr. Solo. In that process, sometimes, people are killed. But our victims are war criminals, to whose death there is attached very little...public resentment. By drawing attention to the fact that his victims are themselves criminals, Demos has always hoped to attract less attention to his.....re-collecting.

SOLO

Well, that makes sense. Where will I find Demos?

GENEVIEVE

In his wine cellar, always. But you won't take him alone, it's well defended. If you have help, now is the time to use it.

SOLO

No help. I'm a one-man operation. Tell me about Karl Wenrepp.

GENEVIEVE

He's the head of the Nazi group that originally stole those paintings. We've been looking for him for a long time.

SOLO

And Gregori Valetti?

GENEVIEVE

A trained hunter. The man we employ to do our killing for us.

SOLO

Two groups. On the one hand, the Nazi deserters headed by Karl Wenrepp, and on the other, the Re-Collectors, who are hunting them down, headed by....?

40

CONT'D

(3)

GENEVIEVE

Demos, who else?

SOLO

You are very frank with me, signora.

GENEVIEVE (hard)

I told you. I want the skin of the man responsible for my husband's death.

Solo rises, nods.

GENEVIEVE

Get Demos for me, Mr. Solo. Kill him.

SOLO

You suggested I'd need help to get into that cellar....

GENEVIEVE

Whenever you want my help. I'll be waiting.

SOLO

Good. Arrivederci.

He moves away and OUT OF SHOT toward door. CAMERA HOLDS ON Genevieve. All the expression has gone from her face again, and she remains an enigma.

EXT. THE WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

41

The lamplight is reflected on the cobbled stones of the dark, narrow street. A cat SNARLS O.S., in the silence. A shadow moves out of a doorway, and we see that it is Solo. He moves cautiously to the door of the cellar, is about to try the door, when he suddenly draws back under cover, listening. He takes out his gun, waits, listens. There is the faint SOUND of footsteps. He draws deeper under cover. CAMERA finds a pair of feet moving over the cobbles.

BACK TO SOLO

42

He moves quickly up onto an elevation - a lean-to or some such - and crouches there, deep in the shadow, watching, his gun ready.

BACK TO THE FEET

43

As they move AWAY FROM CAMERA, the feet grow to a figure - the shadowy figure of Phelan. He is looking around as he moves along, in a manner that can only be described as mighty suspicious. CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he gently tries the door to the cellar; it is locked; he moves on.

BACK TO SOLO

44

pressed against the concealing wall, watching, gun in hand. He watches the retreating Phelan, then clambers swiftly down to the door. He slips a device in the lock, looks around, lights the fuse, steps back under cover. CAMERA FEATURES the burning fuse; the fire-bomb goes off brightly.

MED. SHOT - PHELAN

45

Lit by the bright flash, he looks back, reaches in his pocket, pulls out a gun, moves quickly towards the door, keeping under cover.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

46

drawing back under cover, waiting.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE DOOR

47

The fire-bomb has died down. Now, Phelan moves cautiously INTO SHOT, bends down to look at the burnt-out lock. Solo moves in behind him quickly, seizes his gun-hand, twists the arm up behind his back, kicks open the door. Immediately, a bright light goes on, and a BELL RINGS LOUDLY (a burglar alarm-type bell). Solo shoves Phelan bodily forward through the open door, then steps quickly back. We hear the SOUND of a machine-pistol coming from inside the cellar. Solo moves quickly up onto his elevation again, waits.

MED. SHOT - HERAK

He is coming up fast from the cellar, just appearing at the door, a machine-pistol in his hand. He peers around the deserted street.

MED. SHOT - SOLO

49

pressed against the shadows, gun in hand, listening.

BACK TO HERAK

50

He is still peering around. Phelan, staggering and clutching a bleeding leg, comes up and INTO SHOT behind him. Herak looks back at him.

HERAK (low)

You all right? I thought....

PHELAN

You're a lousy shot. Yeah, I'm all right, one slug in the leg, I'll live.

HERAK

Looks like he's got away.

PHELAN

He jumped me...

(indicating)

...from up there...

Herak looks up, suddenly raises his gun.

BACK TO SOLO

51

He leaps for safety as a fusillade of bullets from the gun SPLATTERS into the wall behind him. He clutches at his shoulder, slightly wounded.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

52

Solo leaps down INTO SHOT from the low roof he was on, and falls to the ground. His hand is to his shoulder. He pulls it away, looks at it, wipes at the blood on his hand, runs off, stumbling.

TWO SHOT - PHELAN AND HERAK

53

They run to a corner, Herak leading and Phelan staggering after him. At the corner, Herak raises his gun. Phelan stops him with:

PHELAN

No. Wait.

HERAK

He's hurt, I can get him.....

PHELAN

No. Follow him. Carefully. Tell Valetti where he goes.

Herak nods, moves off cautiously.

INT. THE VILLA - NIGHT

54

CAMERA IS ON Lisa as she bandages the wound in Solo's arm. B.G. Illya is setting up the long-range transmitter. Solo grimaces.

LISA

Oh, don't make such a fuss, it's just a scratch.

SOLO (to Illya)

Well, at least the widow Fiamma was telling the truth there. The cellar is well defended.

ILLYA

Did you say widow Fiamma?

SOLO

For letting me escape, her husband was executed, by our wine-bibbing friend, Demos. But I'm not quite convinced that she really holds him responsible for the murder. Since I was the one who indirectly caused it ...it could be me she's gunning for. It's a point to think about, isn't it?

ILLYA

Your friends are always such complicated people.

SOLO

An attractive woman, too. And, I feel, extremely competent.

54
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

I'm always depressed when I see competence reflected in a woman's face. An attractive woman ought to be so much more than just...competent.

SOLO

I've a feeling she is. A great deal more.

He turns to accept a cup of coffee from Lisa, looks to Illya.

SOLO

Illya, you like puzzles, answer me this one. Half the police forces of Europe, as well as our own organization have been searching unsuccessfully for those Nazis for more than twenty years. Why are the Re-Collectors so successful? They found those paintings, they found Rudolf Schultz, they found Oscar Mannheim - two of the men who stole them. How come?

ILLYA

There's an obvious answer, isn't there? They knew where to look.

SOLO

And just how did they know that?

ILLYA

That's what we've got to find out.

Suddenly, a low BUZZING SOUND is HEARD, an urgent, intermittent SOUND. Illya hurries to the window, pulls the drapes slightly aside, looks out. Solo moves to throw a switch, and the BUZZING STOPS.

LISA (startled)

What's that?

Solo's gun is already in his hand. He moves to the heavy sideboard, drags it away from the wall to make a shelter behind it, as:

SOLO

Lisa! Quickly! Behind here!

54

CONT'D

(3)

He pushes her into the shelter he has made.

EXT. THE VILLA GROUNDS - NIGHT

55

Dark shadows are flitting among the bushes, and we can make out the shape of rifles. Someone WHISTLES, and the WHISTLE is answered. CAMERA finds Valetti. Another man is lugging in a long, cylindrical-shaped object: it is a mortar. CAMERA HOLDS as Valetti sets it up, prepares to drop a grenade down its barrel.

INT. THE VILLA - NIGHT

56

There is silence in the darkened room. CAMERA finds first Solo, gun in hand, waiting, then Illya, ditto. In the F.G. of the SHOT, the heavy sideboard now stands a little away from the wall, causing a dark recess. Out of this recess, Lisa's inquisitive face slowly peers, her eyes wide and scared.

SOLO

Get back!

The face disappears. There is silence. Suddenly, a grenade smashes through the window and EXPLODES. It is followed by another, and then another. Pieces of furniture are seen flying through the smoke.

EXT. THE VILLA GROUNDS - NIGHT

57

CAMERA IS ON Valetti. He raises an arm in a signal, blows a WHISTLE. In orderly formation, like a well-drilled team, six men begin to move in on the house, their rifles ready.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

0-15-05 F.41
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. THE VILLA - NIGHT

58

The room is full of smoke, and there is the SOUND of rifle-butts hammering on the door. CAMERA EXPLORES the scene - the wrecked furniture and the shattered walls; but the room is empty. Now, the door bursts open, and Valetti, Herak, Phelan and a few other men pour in. Valetti looks up to the stairway that leads to the roof, then gestures to his men, angrily.

VALETTI

Outside...quickly.....!

The men race out.

EXT. THE VILLA ROOF - NIGHT

59

Solo, Illya and Lisa, all more or less bloodied and wounded, are crawling across the edge of the roof, moving towards the edge. Suddenly Lisa slips and begins to fall towards the front of the house. Solo grabs her, holds on, as she dangles over the edge.

EXT. THE VILLA GROUNDS - NIGHT

60

The men are fanning out, away from the house. Valetti looks back and up. CAMERA TILTS UP so that Solo and Lisa come INTO SHOT. He is pulling her back onto the roof. As she disappears from sight:

VALETTI

Herak!

One of the men - Herak - raises his rifle and fires.

EXT. THE VILLA ROOF - NIGHT

61

Solo and Illya drag Lisa between them and race across the roof to the other side. They are desperate now, and it shows. Not stopping, they leap out into the darkness.

EXT. THE VILLA GROUNDS - NIGHT

62

(On the other side of the house - at the back.) CAMERA IS ON a beautiful flower-bed. Solo, Illya and Lisa come hurtling out of space and INTO SHOT, landing on the flower-bed. They pick themselves up and run, AWAY FROM CAMERA, heading for the cover of some woods which we can see B.G. O.S. we HEAR the SOUND of a shot, and someone SHOUTS.

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

63

Solo, Illya and Lisa are racing THROUGH SHOT.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SIMILAR

64

The three of them are racing THROUGH SHOT. Lisa falls. Solo drags her to her feet, urging her on. She stumbles again, falling.

LISA (gasping)
I can't....I can't go on....

Illya adds his help, and they stumble on; Lisa's leg is giving her trouble. A SHOT RINGS OUT, and a bullet WHISTLES through the trees beside them, SNIPPING its way through the bushes. The three of them stop, change direction, race on as best they can, OUT OF SHOT. More SHOTS follow them.

MED. SHOT - VALETTI

65

coming INTO SHOT and stopping, listening; he raises a hand to mean: quiet. O.S., all sound stops save that of a night-bird, calling.

CLOSE SHOT - HERAK

66

listening. There is silence.

CLOSE SHOT - PHELAN

67

listening. There is silence.

CLOSE SHOT - VALETTI

68

listening. He signals, meaning: quiet, this way; then moves OUT OF SHOT.

THREE SHOT - SOLO, ILLYA AND LISA

69

They are lying on the ground, mostly covered over with foliage, concealed in a small gully. CAMERA MOVES IN ON Lisa's face as it begins to pucker up for a sneeze. Solo's finger shoots INTO SHOT and rests under her nose, to cure the incipient outburst. He pulls her closer under cover. Now, they can barely be seen. A pair of feet runs silently THROUGH SHOT and OUT OF FRAME. Another pair of feet appears and stops, close by the three people hidden there. CAMERA TILTS UP to find Valetti, listening. He moves on, OUT OF SHOT.

MED. SHOT - HERAK

70

listening. He puts a cigarette between his lips, cups a match carefully, lights it.

VALETTI (O.S., an
angry whisper)
Get rid of that smoke, Herak!

Herak starts guiltily, throws the cigarette away, still burning, moves on, OUT OF SHOT.

CLOSE SHOT - LISA

71

Barely concealed by the shrubbery, her face begins to contort in pain. A small wisp of smoke is rising from the sleeve of her blouse, (ESTABLISH). Suddenly, she claps her arm, making a slight SOUND.

MED. SHOT - VALETTI

72

He spins round towards the SOUND, moves quickly forward.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

73

Illya pulls out his gun and begins to move forward, but Solo, silently, stops him. They pull back deeper under cover.

TWO SHOT - VALETTI AND LISA

74

He is dragging her to her feet. Lisa is still rubbing at the back of her head, where the cigarette started to fire her hair, and MOANING softly. She can barely stand.

VALETTI

All right, where are they?

LISA

(A moan.)

Valetti shoves her towards Herak, who is now approaching B.G.

VALETTI

Take her to the truck. Look for the others.

HERAK

They'll be miles away by now.

Herak shoves Lisa forward, Valetti moves off, searching. CAMERA PANS WITH him till he reaches the recognizable spot where we left Solo and Illya. He pulls aside the concealing foliage. There is nothing there. He moves on. CAMERA HOLDS till the FRAME IS EMPTY and then TILTS UP to find:

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

75

squatting in the branches of a tree, looking down.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT - VALETTI AND SOME OTHERS

76

moving AWAY FROM CAMERA, searching the bushes.

NEW LOW ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

77

They watch the men move off. Then:

ILLYA (a whisper)

What's the best bet? The wine cellar?

SOLO (a whisper)
Let's hope that's where they're
going to take her.

77
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (a whisper)
Let's hope we can get into it.

SOLO (a whisper)
Genevieve offered to take me there...

ILLYA (a whisper)
We can't be sure she's ready to help us.

SOLO (a whisper)
That's a chance we have to take. She
told me that Valetti is.....their
executioner. And he's got Lisa.

INT. THE WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

78

CAMERA IS ON Demos, quietly sipping his wine. It is
almost dark. CAMERA PANS to find Herak and Phelan.
They, too, are waiting. A warning LIGHT is beginning to
GLOW off and on.

PHELAN
Here they are now. A pretty girl
in danger, that's all it needs to
lure a man to his death.

DEMOS (drily)
If the world weren't full of fools,
how would honest criminals make a
living?

All of them, except Demos, draw back into the shadows.
The SILENCE and the DARKNESS hold....

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE STAIRWAY

79

HOLD. Now, at the top of the stone steps, Solo appears,
cautiously creeping down, looking at the darkness down
there.

SOLO (a whisper)
Are you sure there's nobody here?

He sounds scared. Now, Genevieve Fiamma appears behind him, following him down, also moving cautiously.

79
CONT'D
(2)

GENEVIEVE

Nobody, Mr. Solo.

MED. SHOT - DEMOS

80

Just the profile of his face is LIT by a faint LIGHT. He makes a motion with his hand, and immediately the LIGHTS COME ON.

FULL SHOT

81

Solo stands there, apparently startled and surprised to see that the place isn't empty. Herak and Phelan have their guns out, ready. Demos looks a bit smug. He looks at Genevieve.

DEMOS

Well done, my dear. Is he alone?

GENEVIEVE

He's alone.

Solo turns to her in simulated surprise.

SOLO

I should have known, shouldn't I?

GENEVIEVE (mocking)

I find your trust in women, Mr. Solo, quite touching. But for you...it's disastrous.

DEMOS

Where's your partner?

SOLO

One of your bullets out there...he's hurt.

Demos looks at Genevieve.

DEMOS

I wonder if we should believe that.

GENEVIEVE

With this man....believe nothing.

81
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Where's Lisa Donato?

DEMOS

It's none of your business any more.

(to Tesco)

Kill him.

Tesco slowly raises his gun. Solo raises an urgent hand.

SOLO

Wait! You can't be sure, can you,
that I haven't passed on my deductions
to somebody else....who might put the
non-existent Re-Collectors out of
business.

DEMOS (a beat)

Non-existent?

SOLO

It occurred to me how easy it would
be to locate those looted paintings
if you already knew where they were.
It occurred to me that you found
Rudolf Schultz, when no one else
could, and then Mannheim, too.....
Seemed to me to pose a puzzle.

DEMOS

Oh? And you came up with the answer?

SOLO

I came up with another question.
There were four Nazis in the group
that stole those paintings. Schultz,
Mannheim...Was Fiamma the third?
If so....

DEMOS

If so, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

If so, the fourth man, then Karl Wenrepp
has been killing off his partners for
their share of the loot, hasn't he, and
(Cont.)

SOLO (CONT'D)

81

CONT'D

(3)

selling some of the paintings, the lesser ones, back to the only people who can legally buy them - the original owners. All in the name of the discreetly built-up Re-Collectors.

(a beat)

Who never really existed, except in Karl Wenrepp's carefully-planted publicity. Am I right, Herr Wenrepp?

DEMOS (a beat)

Mr. Solo, if there was any hope for you before, you have just condemned yourself to die.

Solo is gently stroking the side of his nose with one finger, and the signet ring is close to his mouth - (ESTABLISH).

SOLO

That's what I was afraid of. But it's nice to know I was right.

DEMOS

A little late for such satisfaction.

SOLO

You might at least tell me where Lisa Donato is. I'd die more comfortably if I knew she was in good hands.

DEMOS

And have you....passed on this information?

SOLO

Now it's your turn to find the answers. And you'd better hurry.

EXT. THE WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

82

CAMERA IS ON Illya, crouched in the shadows with a small transmitter to his ear.

ILLYA (a murmur)

Yes, I think I better had.

He hastily puts away the transmitter, hurries to the door, CAMERA PANNING. Just as Solo did before, he slips a fire-bomb into the lock, fires the fuse, draws back.

82
CONT'D
(2)

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE DOOR

83

The bomb fires BRIGHTLY, illuminating the scene. HOLD.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA

84

standing in the shadows, gun ready, waiting. HOLD. Now, Valetti's stick-gun descends hard on Illya's wrist - from behind - knocking his gun flying. The stick slips up rapidly and rests under Illya's chin, across his throat.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND VALETTI

85

Valetti is behind him, with the stick at his throat, pulling on it with both hands; he is grinning. Illya struggles, his eyes popping, his veins throbbing. Suddenly, Valetti thrusts him away, and Illya falls to the ground.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA

86

lying gasping on the ground.

LOW ANGLE SHOT - VALETTI

87

standing above Illya, he points his walking stick at him.

BACK TO ILLYA

88

He hurls himself forward at Valetti's legs.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND VALETTI

89

As Illya dives at his ankles, he falls forward onto the ground. There is a loud HISS as the gun goes off, and a cloud of smoke envelops Valetti's head. He lies still. Illya painfully clambers to his feet, pulls something (a gas-mask) out of his pocket.

INT. THE WINE CELLAR - NIGHT

90

The scene is as we left it. Demos leans forward in his chair, looks at Solo venomously.

DEMOS

Your time has run out, Mr. Solo.

He makes a signal to Phelan. Phelan raises his gun. Suddenly, there is a shattering EXPLOSION, and the room is filled with smoke. A tear-gas bomb has landed on the floor.

MED. SHOT - ILLYA

91

Gas-masked, he is bounding down the cellar steps, a gun in one hand, a spare mask in the other. He fires two rapid PHUTT-PHUTT shots, tosses a mask to Solo.

FULL SHOT

92

Herak staggers back, falls to the ground. So does Phelan. CAMERA finds Solo, lying on the ground, reaching out a hand and catching the gas-mask that Illya has thrown him. He holds it to his face as he gets to his feet with:

SOLO

Thank you for hurrying....

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

93

Illya is helping Solo to his feet. The room is thick with smoke, now clearing. Solo looks around.

SOLO

Well! That was quick....

ESTABLISHING SHOT - DEMOS' CHAIR

94

It is empty. CAMERA PANS to take in Herak and Phelan, lying unconscious on the floor.

Everyone is there except Demos and Genevieve. The CAMERA IS FAVORING Solo. He looks at the dumb-waiter (ESTABLISH). Illya shakes his head.

ILLYA

Two of them? Impossible. There must be a door.

SOLO

Then find it, in a hurry.

He clambers aboard the dumb-waiter, doubling up to get inside it, then reaches out and presses the button. As he slowly sinks from view, Illya looks around the room. He begins to tap the wall, looking for a secret opening.

INT. THE MUSEUM - NIGHT

96

CAMERA IS ON Lisa; she is bound and gagged, and sitting on an immense and ornate throne, all red plush and gilt. CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose the scene: We are in a small, private museum, a deeper cellar under the wine cellar. The walls are hung with priceless tapestries, crossed swords and breast-plates, ancient weapons....and as many great paintings as possible - by Velasquez, Rembrandt, da Vinci, Correggio, van Dyke - all the easily recognizable masters.....This is the private museum of an immensely wealthy man of impeccable taste, and it shows. CAMERA EXPLORES the scene and comes to REST on the lower part of the dumb-waiter, which is CREAKILY descending. (Close by, there is a stack of wine-bins, too.) Near the dumb-waiter, and watching it, Demos and Genevieve stand. Demos takes an ornate arquebus from its mounting on the wall, pulls back the hammer, tips a little powder into the breech from a carved ornate powder-horn.

DEMOS

The last time this arquebus was used, it killed the great Cavalier Bayard. You see, my dear, history lives on. It is only people who die. And it's fitting that they should be killed with so illustrious a weapon.

GENEVIEVE
They're not worthy of it.

96
CONT'D
(2)

DEMOS
You're wrong, my dear. To protect..
all this.
(the museum)
No other weapon would be appropriate.

The dumb-waiter CREAKS on.

MED. SHOT - GENEVIEVE

97

Framed by an immense portrait of a beautiful woman that hangs on the wall behind her, she watches the dumb-waiter.

CLOSE SHOT - LISA

98

struggling hopelessly against her bonds.

MED. SHOT - DEMOS

99

waiting, his arquebus now ready, pointed at the dumb-waiter.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE DUMB-WAITER

100

It comes CREAKING INTO SHOT and STOPS. Solo is there, all doubled up in the confined space. He steps out onto the ground, looks at Demos calmly.

SOLO
An arquebus? Only one shot. And
there are two of us, Herr Wenrepp.
Before you could reload....

Demos swings the arquebus round to point at Lisa. She stops struggling.

DEMOS (softly)
I only need one shot, Mr. Solo.

Solo is examining the dumb-waiter nonchalantly.

SOLO

How do I send this thing up again
for my friend, can't keep him wait-
ing, can we?

(he finds the button)

Ah.

He pushes the button, and the dumb-waiter CREAKS up again.
He turns to Lisa, affably.

SOLO

Hi.

He looks around at the paintings, appreciatively.

SOLO

So, this is the little lot that was
smuggled out of Germany....

DEMOS

An imaginative way to describe the
world's finest collection, Mr. Solo.
But you're an imaginative man, aren't
you?

SOLO

Not really, just stubborn. First
Mannheim's share of the loot, then
Schultz's, and finally Fiamma's,
you've got it all now, haven't you?
And I suppose you never did intend
to return the "Castilian Woman"
either.....Is this it?

He has found a tall, brocaded curtain. With a gesture,
he sweeps it open. Behind it, the "Castilian Woman" is
disclosed, a fine, outsize Velasquez painting.

SOLO

It's....beautiful.

DEMOS

Too beautiful for the vulgar, Mr.
Solo. Look around you!

Demos moves quickly to some of the paintings, indicating
them with a gesture as he speaks.

100
CONT'D
(2)

DEMOS (angrily)

Perugino's "Damnation"; Rembrandt's "Dutch Cottage"; Correggio's "Madonna", and the "Castilian Woman" - some of the greatest masterpieces ever painted. You think I'd let every uneducated lout drool over them? A great painting dies a little, step by step, with every uninformed glance that falls on it, did you know that? If it is great, it has life, and if it has life, it can die....

100

CONT'D

(3)

SOLO

Come down out of the clouds, Herr Wenrepp, and learn how many normal people like great paintings, too.

DEMOS (ignoring him)

And now...they're all mine. Stand away from that painting!

SOLO

I'd say this is the safest place to be. You're not likely to fire that blunderbus in this direction.

DEMOS

It is aimed at Miss Donato, Mr. Solo. Now move!

The dumb-waiter STOPS. It starts up again, begins to CREAK down.

SOLO

My life for hers, Herr Wenrepp. Is that a fair trade?

DEMOS

No! It's not! The stakes are too high!

He turns to look at:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - THE DUMB-WAITER

101

descending CREAKILY. We can see the cables moving.

MED. SHOT - DEMOS

102

His eyes are alight as he watches, waiting. CAMERA PANS to FAVOR Genevieve. She watches. It PANS again to FAVOR Solo. He, too, is watching the dumb-waiter. The MUSIC pounds....CAMERA PANS again to come to REST once more on Demos. Behind him, a part of the tapestried wall slides SILENTLY open and Illya is there, gun in hand.

ILLYA

Drop it!

Demos swings around, fires quickly. The arquebus goes off with a frightening EXPLOSION, and the shot crashes into a suit of armor close by Illya, knocking it over with a CLATTER. Illya fires a single shot, a quick PHUTT....Demos falls.

MED. SHOT - GENEVIEVE

103

Screaming, she rushes forward, CAMERA PANNING to take her to Demos. She drops down beside him, cradling his head in her hands and sobbing violently.

GENEVIEVE

Karl....my darling...Karl...Karl...

FULL SHOT

104

FAVORING Solo. He goes to Genevieve, stands looking down at her.

GENEVIEVE

Karl, my darling....my darling.....
Karl....I've loved you so much.....

SOLO

No memory for your late....husband,
signora?

She breaks off and looks up at him venomously.

GENEVIEVE

104

CONT'D

(2)

Fiamma? He was never my husband,
a part to play, no more! All my
life....one man....only one man....
And now...he's gone....gone...

She breaks out into tears again, turning her attention
back to Demos.

SOLO (sardonically)

It's just a knock-out dart. He'll
soon be well enough to stand trial.

Moaning, she continues to rock to and fro, gently cradling
Demos' head. Solo turns to look at Lisa. Free now, she
has thrown her arms around Illya and is sobbing hysteri-
cally. He sighs.

ILLYA

I don't know what you've got to cry
about.

He looks up at the "Castilian Woman".

SOLO

She's all yours, a million dollar
"Castilian Woman". Will she die a
little if we watch her for a while?
I think not.

Lisa brushes away a tear. The three of them stand looking
up at the painting as the CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP and -

FADE OUT.

THE END