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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE DECOY AFFAIR

Prod. #7438

PRE-PRODUCTION PLANNING SCRIPT ONLY

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

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

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FADE IN:

EXT. UNCLE GARAGE - DAY

1

At the entrance ramp to see a tow truck turn into the garage, followed by a sedan with THREE MEN inside.

INT. UNCLE GARAGE - DAY

2

The tow truck comes down the ramp and stops beside a booth where the PARKING ATTENDANT waits at the open window. The MECHANIC at the wheel of the truck hands him a slip of paper.

MECHANIC

Dead battery on JLA 495.

As the attendant takes the slip and turns to check the rack of parking tickets, CAMERA PANS DOWN to a point between the side of the truck and the side of the booth, revealing a rectangular, opaque glass grid in the booth wall, immediately beneath the window.

ANGLE IN THE BOOTH

3

The attendant turns from the rack of tickets and starts to hand the slip back to the mechanic when he suddenly sees a warning light blinking on a box-like installation below the booth window and in line with the grid outside. It is a warning about something wrong with the truck. The attendant hesitates for the barest instant, glancing at the mechanic, then continues normally, but he's tipped himself. The mechanic suddenly slips a small glass ball into the booth. It shatters against the wall and a cloud of gas is released. The attendant clutches at his throat and sags to the floor. In his last conscious moment, he tries to reach for an alarm button, but his hand falters and he lies still.

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE BOOTH

4

The mechanic signals an O.K. to the occupants of the sedan waiting behind the truck, and then drives the truck into the garage, the sedan following.

ANOTHER ANGLE IN THE GARAGE

5

The tow truck comes down the aisle, stopping in front of a car parked in one of the slots, while the sedan pulls into a vacant slot nearby. They are near a door marked "Exit" and there is another sedan parked in the slot near the door. Now, the mechanic climbs out of the truck and, in very normal, business-like fashion, takes his tool-kit and goes to the car closest to him. He raises the hood and then starts to tinker around with the engine.

ANOTHER ANGLE

6

The three men climb out of the sedan, rush over to the tow truck and one of them reaches into a locker to pass out a couple of sub-machine guns to his partners. They quickly move off to hide behind other cars nearby. He then helps himself to a couple of glass balls, then ducks behind a nearby pillar.

ANGLE ON THE MECHANIC

7

He continues to tinker aimlessly with the engine, glances at his watch, then nods to his partner waiting at the pillar. He in turn gestures to the other two men, then puts a gas mask on and crouches, ready and waiting for action, his attention focussed on the exit door.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

8

It opens and an UNCLE AGENT emerges. He pauses, takes a cigarette from a cigarette case and proceeds to light up while looking around casually. He hesitates warily, noticing the mechanic working on the car nearby.

ANGLE ON THE MECHANIC

9

He straightens up, gives the agent a passing, disinterested nod, takes a small wrench from the tool box on the fender and leans back under the hood to concentrate on the engine again.

ANGLE ON THE AGENT

10

Satisfied, he presses a tiny button on the cigarette case.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT

11

The door opens again and a SECOND UNCLE AGENT emerges. With him is a distinguished-looking man in his early thirties who walks with a heavy limp. This is EGON STRYKER. The agent hustles him to the nearby sedan, pushing him into the back seat while the first agent comes up to get behind the wheel.

ANGLE ON THE MECHANIC

12

He reaches into his tool box, takes a glass ball and throws it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

13

On the man at the pillar, throwing one ball, then another.

ANGLE AT THE CAR

14

The balls shatter, emitting gas as before and the agents falter and fall back. The second agent tries to draw his gun but collapses. The first agent sags to the floor but:

CLOSE SHOT

15

To see the cigarette case in the agent's hand. He presses the button once - twice - a third time, and then his fingers go limp.

FULL SHOT

16

As the man with the gas mask turns to the sedan and jumps behind the wheel, an alarm bell SOUNDS. He starts the car, pulls it away from the fumes, then stops to allow the mechanic to jump into the front seat beside him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

17

To see a couple of gun-ports high in the wall of the garage open up. The barrels of machine guns are poked out and they start firing at the car.

ANOTHER ANGLE

18

To see the other two men return the fire as the sedan races down the aisle.

EXT. UNCLE GARAGE - DAY

19

To see Solo's car turning into the entrance ramp. SOLO is at the wheel with ILLYA beside him.

INT. SOLO'S CAR - DAY

20

As Solo drives it down the ramp, the SOUND of the alarm bell and the distant firing of machine guns is heard. Solo and Illya react instantly, drawing their guns and then, Illya points ahead and:

ILLYA
Look out - !

POV

21

To see the sedan coming up the ramp, straight at CAMERA.

INT. SOLO'S CAR - DAY

22

Solo wrenches the wheel over, cutting in front of the sedan. There is a loud screech of brakes o.s., followed immediately by shots which hit the windshield. Solo and Illya duck down, open the car doors on either side and duck out, firing.

FULL SHOT - OUT ON THE RAMP

23

As the mechanic and his cohort exchange fire with Solo and Illya, the mechanic dropping and the other man surrendering. As Solo and Illya approach him warily, we are now aware that the alarm has stopped and the machine gun fire has died down. Now, several UNCLE AGENTS, all armed, come rushing up. Two of them close in on the man who's surrendered and another two drag Stryker out of the sedan. As they are hustled back down the ramp, another AGENT quickly checks the mechanic's body, then turns to Solo and:

AGENT

Nice timing, Solo.

He turns and moves down the ramp after the others.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

24

Holstering their guns, they glance at each other, mildly puzzled.

ILLYA

A very provocative way to begin the ordinary work day.

SOLO

And we haven't even punched in yet.

They move down the ramp and we:

DISSOLVE:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

25

CLOSE on a TV monitor - so close, in fact, that at the moment we don't realize it's a monitor. We see Egon Stryker standing at a window, looking out, then turning and limping toward an easy chair. He settles down in it comfortably and idly begins thumbing through a magazine. Now, CAMERA WIDENS

to reveal the monitor with Solo, Illya and MR.
WAVERLY before it. Waverly turns to them and:

25
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Well, gentlemen? Do you recognize
him now?

SOLO

Stryker - ! Egon Stryker - !

ILLYA

You've caught a very big fish,
Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY

A veritable whale, Illya. Third
largest in the Thrush pond.

SOLO

When did you get him?

WAVERLY

Late last night. And, as you saw,
Thrush hasn't wasted any time trying
to get him back.

ILLYA (watching Stryker on
the monitor)
He's either an excellent actor or a
man of monumental self-control.

WAVERLY

He has nothing to worry about. He
knows we'll take very good care of
him. The information he has up
here is priceless.
(taps his forehead)

SOLO

Yes - but to extract it - ?

WAVERLY

Not our particular problem at the
moment. He has a prior speaking
engagement with the CIA in Washington.

ILLYA

I hardly think Thrush will allow
him to keep it.

WAVERLY

Obviously. Still - we have to get
him there. This morning was our
first attempt - not in force, as
you saw, since we thought we could
spirit him out before they even
knew we had him.

SOLO
And - our next attempt - ?

25
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY
Yours, gentlemen - absolutely and
utterly - in whatever manner you
choose.

Solo and Illya glance at each other quizzically and:

ILLYA
I assume that Thrush is certain of
his destination?

WAVERLY
Indeed.

SOLO
And they must have our headquarters
surrounded - completely bottled up -

WAVERLY
Undoubtedly.

ILLYA
They won't spare men or effort to
rescue Stryker - or, at least,
silence him.

WAVERLY
Absolutely.

SOLO (wryly)
You're sure you're not putting
Thrush to a disadvantage, sir?
Assigning both of us to this job?

WAVERLY
Well - if one of you can handle it
by himself - ?
(then - with a slight smile:)
Don't worry, gentlemen - you'll have
some assistance. The present plans
call for an armored truck - a half-
dozen guards - a motorcycle escort
to the airport...

SOLO
I thought we were on our own - ?
To handle this any way we chose?

WAVERLY

That's right. But I'm getting too old for heroics.

(gestures to monitor)

When I take that man down to Washington, I want suitable protection.

25
CONT'D
(4)

As Solo and Illya stare at Waverly blankly, the intercom buzzes and Waverly turns to answer it:

WAVERLY

Yes, Miss Johnson?

MISS JOHNSON'S VOICE

They're here, sir.

WAVERLY

Send them in, please.

He turns away from the intercom and Solo confronts him, patiently:

SOLO

Sir - you did say we were taking Egon Stryker to Washington.

WAVERLY

Mr. Solo - you seem to be having some kind of difficulty in comprehension - this is the second time you've repeated me. Yes - you are taking Egon Stryker to Washington.

Suddenly, the door opens and Stryker enters, flanked by a pair of UNCLE AGENTS. Solo and Illya stare at him, then quickly glance at the TV monitor where the figure of Stryker can still be seen, lounging in the easy chair and reading the magazine. Watching them, Waverly covers a smile, then turns to the Agents and:

WAVERLY

That's all. You can leave him.

The Agents exit and Waverly turns to Solo and Illya.

WAVERLY

Gentlemen - Egon Stryker. Mr.
Stryker - Napoleon Solo and Illya
Kuryakin - your escorts to
Washington.

25
CONT'D
(5)

Stryker considers them idly and with thinly-veiled contempt.

STRYKER

Really, Mr. Waverly - are you
complimenting them or insulting
me?

He moves past Illya and Solo to the monitor where
he considers the image and nods.

STRYKER

Very well done, I grant you
that Waverly. But still - a
decoy - ? Hardly what we've
come to expect of you.

WAVERLY

Precisely my intention - to come
up with the unexpected.

Stryker merely shrugs, then takes a cigarette case
from his pocket and extracts a cigarette. (NOTE:
He is left-handed) He then turns to Solo and waits
for a light. When Solo fails to respond:

STRYKER

If you please.

Solo hesitates, then reluctantly produces a lighter.
Before he can strike it, Stryker takes it from him
and lights his cigarette. Then, slowly and deliber-
ately considering the lighter, he practically tosses
it back to Solo and:

STRYKER

You should pay your help better,
Waverly.

He limps over to Waverly's desk, perches on the
corner of it and casually begins to go through the
papers on it. Waverly turns to Solo and Illya and:

WAVERLY

Well, gentlemen? Any questions?

ILLYA

The answers seem to be evident.

(gestures to the Stryker
on the TV monitor)

You will take the decoy to
Washington under obviously heavy
guard - hoping to lure Thrush
after you - while we take Stryker
with us.

WAVERLY (nods)

You will act like ordinary people -
and use ordinary means of trans-
portation. I'm quite sure Thrush
won't anticipate anything so - so
foolhardy.

(glances at Solo)

Mr. Solo - ?

SOLO (he's been con-
sidering Stryker dourly)
Yes sir?

WAVERLY

Any questions?

SOLO

Just one, sir. Do we have to
deliver him in perfect condition?

At the desk, Stryker glances at Solo mockingly,
then drops his cigarette to the floor and grinds
it out in the rug as we:

DISSOLVE

EXT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

26

To see an armored truck, escorted by 6 GUARDS on
motorcycles, pull up in front of the tailor shop.
The Guards dismount, draw their guns and position
themselves between the tailor shop and the truck.
CAMERA PANS UP to a window of the building over-
looking the street.

EXT. WINDOW - DAY

27

It is open and Solo and Illya are looking out, though
careful to stay back and out of sight.

SOLO

If Thrush is going to try anything,
it'll have to be now.

27
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (glancing
around)

All very quiet - and ordinary -

Suddenly, Stryker comes up between them to look down into the street, casually and snorts derisively. Solo and Illya whirl on him, reaching for their guns but not drawing.

INT. UNCLE ROOM - DAY

28

ANGLED at the window for:

SOLO

Get back!

STRYKER

Don't be childish.

SOLO

Go on!

STRYKER (shrugs and
steps back)

My dear Mr. Solo - let's understand each other. I have no intention of risking my life in a stupid attempt to escape. My associates have made the necessary arrangements.

He turns back into the room and, after watching him, warily, for an instant, Solo and Illya turn to look out of the window again.

EXT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

29

ANGLED at the tailor shop where a pair of Uncle Agents emerge, followed by Waverly and Stryker. They start toward the truck, Stryker limping slightly, but jauntily smoking a cigarette, held in his right hand. CAMERA PULLS BACK and UP in a HIGH ANGLE.

EXT. HOTEL WINDOW - DAY

30

Toward the top floor to see a flicker of light, the reflection of sunlight on glass.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

31

CLOSE on NARUM, a small, leathery-looking man of indeterminate age but decided Mediterranean ancestry, looking out of the window through binoculars. He is reporting:

NARUM

They move to the truck. There are two guards in front of them and two more...

FRAME'S VOICE

Never mind that - !

AN OTHER ANGLE

32

To include MR. FRAME, seen only at an angle from the back, and revealing only the side of his face and part of his dark glasses. He is seated in a chair with an open attache case on the table beside him. The attache case contains a radio transmitter and receiver. He is slowly tuning a dial and we note a huge moonstone on his little finger.

FRAME

What about Stryker?

NARUM

He seems his usual confident self.

FRAME

Details, Narum! Is he limping?

NARUM

Yes.

FRAME

Much?

NARUM (shrugs)

He is limping.

Frame turns the volume up full but only the crackle of static is HEARD.

NARUM

Now they get into the truck - Stryker throws his cigarette away....

FRAME

Cigarette - ? Which hand did he hold it in?

NARUM
The right.

32
CONT'D
(2)

FRAME (satisfied)
So - !

He flips a switch on the radio, picks up a microphone and:

FRAME
Number one here - execute Blue
Plan.

As he switches off the radio, the SOUND of motorcycles is HEARD in the distance and:

NARUM
They are leaving now.

FRAME
Watch them.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

33

To see the motorcycles pull away from the curb, followed by the armored truck, then the rest of the motorcycles.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

34

To see Waverly and the DRIVER in the front seat. Waverly looks back through the small peep-hole into the back, then settles in his seat, satisfied.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

35

To see the motorcycles and armored truck approach an intersection.

ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY

36

A large department of sanitation truck comes out of the cross street, turning into the street in front of the motorcycles. It is a street cleaning truck and a large spray of water comes out of the sprinkler pipes in the back.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

37

As Waverly peers ahead, puzzled and disturbed.

ANGLE ON THE MOTORCYCLES

38

The two in front ride over the "watered" pavement.

INSERT SHOT

39

To see the spinning tires begin to smoke and melt right down to the rims.

FULL SHOT

40

As the motorcycles swerve and tip over, spilling the riders.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

41

As the driver starts to jam on the brakes:

WAVERLY

No - ! Don't stop! It's a trap! Up on the sidewalk!

As the driver wrenches the wheel over and steps on the gas.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

42

To see the armored truck turn up onto the sidewalk and drive along it, followed by the rest of the motorcycles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

43

Narum is watching through the binoculars. Dis-
gustedly, he turns away from the window and:

NARUM

They got through.

FRAME
Stay at the window.

43
CONT'D
(2)

NARUM
But - the alternate plans - !
We must begin....

FRAME
There's time. We'll watch UNCLE
just a little longer.

Narum shrugs and turns back to the window.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY

44

Solo is at the door, Illya waits at the phone, and
Stryker idly watches the TAILOR press a jacket.
The phone rings and Illya answers it quickly.

ILLYA
Yes?.....Oh?.....Very good.
.....Yes, we're leaving
immediately.
(hangs up and turns to Solo)
There was an attempt on the truck
- about a block away. It failed.

SOLO (nods - satisfied)
They've taken the lure. All right,
Mr. Stryker - shall we?

Solo opens the front door and waits. Taking his
own sweet time, Stryker turns to the tailor and:

STRYKER
Very shoddy work. Lapels should
never be pressed - only rolled
gently.

He turns and limps toward the door, starting to
exit, but Solo stops him.

SOLO
Just a minute. I want you to
understand me, now. Our job is
to get you to Washington alive.
But if it's necessary, we'll
deliver your body.

STRYKER
I won't be of much use that way.

44
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
No - not to us - not to Thrush -
and, least of all, not to yourself.

Solo takes his gun from its shoulder holster, checks the action, then puts it in his side pocket, keeping his hand there.

SOLO
Walk carefully, Mr. Stryker.

Stryker merely nods and exits, followed by Solo and Illya.

EXT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

45

At the Tailor Shop as Solo, Stryker and Illya emerge. They pause, glancing up and down the street, then turn to move down the street casually, Stryker flanked by the two agents.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

46

Narum is looking out of the window with his binoculars while Frame turns the dial on his radio set. Now, a high-pitched hum is heard.

NARUM
I can't see his face, but he has the same build and he walks with a heavy limp.
(turns to Frame)
Do you think he's the decoy - or the other?

FRAME (listening to the hum, satisfied)
I think that Mr. Waverly has made one of his rare mistakes.

Frame switches off the sound, picks up the microphone, and:

FRAME
Number one here. Decoy being used.
Execute yellow plan.

As he switches off the radio and closes the lid of the attache case, we:

DISSOLVE:

EXT. STREET - DAY

47

ANGLED at a corner where three cabs are parked in line at a hack stand. Solo, Illya and Stryker appear around the corner and Solo gestures curtly toward the cabs. They move toward them and Stryker is about to open the door of the first one in line when Solo stops him and gestures to the second cab. They continue to the second cab and climb in.

INT. CAB - DAY

48

As the three men, with Stryker in the middle, settle down in the back seat, the HACKIE turns to stare at them balefully, and, with an Italian accent:

HACKIE

What's the matter you don't like the guy in front?

SOLO

His cab was the wrong color.
Pennsylvania Station, please.

HACKIE (with a snort)

Huh - some people - !

He turns back to the wheel and starts up.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

48X1

To see the cab pull out of the line and move down the street.

INT. THE CAB - DAY

48X2

ANGLED on the Hackie in the front with the three men in the b.g. As he drives:

HACKIE

We got two ways to get there -
slow and slower. Which way you
want?

SOLO

Whichever way'll get us there.

HACKIE

You got the train to catch - not
me.

When neither Solo or Illya respond, looking out and around carefully, and Stryker simply stares ahead impassively, the Hackie watches him in his rear-view mirror, then reaches into his pocket to take out a small, glass ball and place it on the floor beside him within easy reach.

48X2
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

49

From the back seat as the cab stops and:

HACKIE

Mamma Mia! This traffic! Gonna put us outta business! Everybody'll walk!

(then turns toward the back seat, reaching for the intervening window with one hand and:)

Say - you mind if I shut this window?
I....

Solo suddenly leans forward, pointing his gun right in the Hackie's face and:

SOLO

I mind very much.

HACKIE

Hey - !

SOLO

Keep your hands on the wheel and pull over.

The Hackie hesitates, glancing back at Stryker warily.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STRYKER AND ILLYA

50

To see Illya has his gun levelled at Stryker's mid-section.

ILLYA

I'm sure you concur?

As Stryker merely shrugs:

ANOTHER ANGLE

51

The Hackie slowly turns back to the wheel and, as car horns are heard o.s.:

SOLO

You're blocking traffic. Pull over to the curb.

The Hackie turns the wheel and:

EXT. STREET - DAY

52

To see the cab pull over to the curb and Illya, Stryker and Solo emerge.

CLOSER ANGLE

53

As Solo slams the door closed and leans in to the Hackie for:

SOLO

Whatever's on the meter - charge it.

The cab pulls away and Solo turns to Illya and Stryker, waiting nearby.

STRYKER

You're a mind-reader too, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

No. I read licenses. An Italian accent doesn't quite suit the name of O'Brien.

They start to move down the street, then stop abruptly.

P.O.V. - LONG SHOT

54

To the far end of the block, at the corner, where a car is just pulling up. Narum and two MEN are getting out.

BACK TO SCENE

55

As Solo hesitates, uncertainly, Illya shakes his head and:

 ILLYA
Thrush - !

They turn back in the opposite direction, but:

POV - LONG SHOT

56

To see the cab has stopped at the other end of the block and the Hackie is talking to two MEN, gesturing back to them.

BACK TO SCENE

57

As Stryker waits, a rather smug expression on his face, Solo and Illya look for a way out of the pincers. Seeing a narrow alleyway nearby, they hustle Stryker into it. CAMERA PANS down the street to see Narum and his two men running up. They duck into the alleyway, followed an instant later by the two men from the other direction.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

58

To see Narum and the others emerge from the alleyway. They glance around, puzzled. Narum splits the group, sending two up the street and two down. He then moves slowly along the street, looking around intently.

EXT. MADAME FLEUR'S - DAY

59

A small, very modern building with double doors that are draped on the inside. A bronze plaque beside the doors reads "Madame Fleur - Haut Couture". Narum comes up the street, looking around, and pauses near the doors, looking across the street. Behind him, the drapes part slightly and CAMERA MOVES IN on the doors.

INT. MADAME FLEUR'S - DAY

60

The anteroom, where Solo is peering through the drapes on the front door and Illya waits with Stryker.

SOLO

They've split up - checking all the shops on the block.

STRYKER

Why don't you give up, gentlemen? Obviously my associates weren't fooled by your ridiculous decoy. They have you now.

ILLYA

But we still have you.

MME.FLEUR'S VOICE

Good afternoon, Messieurs.....

ANOTHER ANGLE

61

To include MADAME FLEUR as she enters the anteroom and crosses toward them.

MME.FLEUR

May I help you?

SOLO

Why - er - yes. You're Madame Fleur?

MME.FLEUR

Oui.

SOLO

Good. We'd like to see some gowns - evening wear.

MME.FLEUR

I only show by appointment.

ILLYA

I am Kuryakin of Paris. Your establishment has been highly recommended. I am returning to the Continent tomorrow, and if I am pleased, I will take some of your collection with me.

MME.FLEUR

Oh - in that case, M'sieu - this way - please.

She leads the way to the entrance to the salon and Solo and Illya hustle Stryker after her.

61
CONT'D
(2)

INT. SALON - DAY

62

A very large, ornately-furnished room, with tables and chairs scattered around the periphery. Two MODELS are demonstrating evening dresses to two different CUSTOMERS in two different locations. Mme. Fleur leads the way across the room to a grouping of chairs. They pass close to one of the Models and Stryker deliberately slows down to give her the eyes, but Illya hustles him on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

63

As Mme. Fleur leads the three men to the chairs and:

MME. FLEUR

Make yourselves comfortable,
Messieurs...

(as they sit)

And you wished to see evening wear - ?

ILLYA

Your best.

MME. FLEUR

Of course. It will only be a few
moments.

As she moves off, Solo and Illya look around quickly for another way out, but Stryker settles back to eye the Models appreciatively.

STRYKER

I must say you're making this most
enjoyable.

SOLO

Don't get comfortable.

(to Illya)

Think that might be a back way out?

(gestures to small door
nearby, partially hidden
by a drape)

ILLYA

If it isn't, it's still better than
sitting out here in the open.

Solo and Illya practically haul Stryker to his feet and they saunter toward the door, then exit through it, quickly.

63
CONT'D
(2)

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

64

A fairly small, narrow passageway, with a number of doors leading off it on either side. Solo, Stryker and Illya enter, and pause.

SOLO

Not too promising. Wait here.

He moves down the corridor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

65

On Solo as he moves all the way down the corridor to the end where there's a window. He glances out of the window, shakes his head and turns back. Passing one of the doors, it suddenly opens, revealing a bare-armed and bare-shouldered GIRL about to step out of the room. Seeing Solo, she gasps and ducks back, slamming the door. Solo grins and continues.

ANOTHER ANGLE

66

As Solo rejoins Stryker and Illya who has opened the door leading back into the salon just a crack and is peering out.

SOLO

Nothing this way.

ILLYA

Nothing that way, either.

He gestures out into the salon and Solo looks out to see:

POV - LONG SHOT

67

Into the salon to see Madame Fleur facing Narum and a couple of his men. She is expostulating in true Gallic fashion but they ignore her and move into the salon.

BACK TO SCENE

68

As Solo closes the door quickly and:

SOLO

When in doubt - duck for cover.

He moves back down the corridor and Illya pushes Stryker after him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

69

As they come up to one of the doors and Solo starts to enter, turning the knob and opening it just a crack:

ILLYA

Napoleon - we're painting ourselves into a corner.

SOLO

You have a better corner, Illya?

Illya hesitates, then shakes his head, and Solo opens the door all the way.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

70

A small room with a large rack of dresses against one wall. There is also a small, partially-open window in another wall. Solo enters, followed quickly by Stryker, pushed in by Illya. Solo closes the door and:

SOLO

Before we go another step -
(takes handcuffs from
his pocket and gives
them to Illya)
Hook us up, Illya....

ILLYA (gesturing

to window)

That window - there may be a fire
escape -

SOLO

The handcuffs first.
(takes key from pocket
and tosses it out the
window)

ILLYA

You've thrown away the key!

70
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Where he goes - I go. And vice versa.

STRYKER (as Illya
snaps the cuffs on his
wrist)Really, Mr. Solo - dismemberment
is most distasteful.

SOLO

As they say - I'd give my arm for
you, Mr. Stryker.He extends his wrist to Stryker when suddenly, from
o.s., they hear:

MME. FLEUR'S VOICE

But these are dressing rooms! No
men are allowed!

NARUM'S VOICE

Stay out of the way, Madame.

Through above, Solo gestures to the rack of dresses,
and he and Illya push Stryker through them, and fol-
low him. They disappear behind the dresses and:

SOLO (low)

Hurry up with that cuff, Illya!

ILLYA

All right - all right - !

Suddenly, there is an unmistakably feminine gasp
of fright.

CLOSE ANGLE - SOLO

71

As he reacts, startled, glancing to his right, and pushing a dress out of his way. The pretty, but startled face of FRAN PARSONS abruptly comes into view. She is about to cry out in alarm when Solo quickly clamps his hand across her mouth and holds it there. Then, CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Stryker standing immediately beside her, considering her in bemused surprise, and Illya, standing beside Stryker, staring at her in shock which quickly turns to dismay as they all glance down to see that Stryker's wrist is hand-cuffed to the girl's wrist.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

72

ANGLED to reveal the ankles and feet only of Illya, Stryker, Fran and Solo, in that order, behind and beneath the rack of dresses. As we HEAR the door open, CAMERA PANS to reveal Narum's legs as he enters the dressing room. As he hesitates, CAMERA WIDENS to reveal him fully as he looks around the room. He crosses to the window to look out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

On Fran and the three men behind the dress rack, Solo with his hand clamped over Fran's mouth and Illya with his gun levelled right at Stryker's ear.

ANOTHER ANGLE

74

Narum turns away from the window and leaves the dressing room, closing the door behind him. After an instant, Illya fights his way through the dresses, goes to the door and listens, then whispers:

ILLYA

All right.

Fran, Stryker and Solo push their way through the dresses, Solo still keeping his hand across her mouth. We now see that Fran wears an extremely form-fitting, low-cut, cocktail dress. Now, Stryker holds up his wrist, dragging hers up with it, considers the handcuffs and then looks her over appreciatively and:

STRYKER

More and more enjoyable, Mr.
Solo.

Solo stares at Illya balefully, and Illya can only shrug and:

ILLYA

You were the one who threw away
the key.

Now Fran tries to say something but Solo keeps his hand over her mouth and:

SOLO

I'm sure you have a lot to say -
but keep your voice down.

74
CONT'D
(2)

Fran nods and Solo releases her. Now, a breathless
torrent spills out:

FRAN

I - I'm awfully sorry - I didn't
mean to do anything wrong. And
it's not what you think, believe
me. I wasn't going to take the
dress. I was just trying it on -
you know - to see how I'd look - ?

STRYKER

Enchanting, my dear.

FRAN

Oh - er - thank you. And I'd so
love to have it - but two hundred
dollars -? On my salary - ?

(to Solo)

But I have a little trick. You
see - Madame Fleur marks down her
dresses after she's had them for
awhile and can't sell them. So
I come in ahead of time and pick
out what I want - and then simply
pray it doesn't sell before she
marks it down. It's still terribly
expensive but I skip lunches - and
that helps me keep my figure down
too - and....

SOLO

All right - all right - but why were
you hiding?

FRAN

Well - I was just getting into the
dress when you started to come in.
I was - well - you understand -

ILLYA

Napoleon - we're wasting time.

STRYKER

But most entertainingly.

Solo takes their wrists and examines the cuffs,
hopelessly.

FRAN

I wasn't going to steal the dress -
honestly...

SOLO
It's all right, Miss.....er.....

74
CONT'D
(3)

FRAN
Parsons - Fran Parsons. I'm secretary to the vice-president of Fisher and Manning - and I'm sure Mr. Manning will tell you....

SOLO
Take it easy, Miss Parsons. You're not being arrested.

FRAN
I'm not - ???
(then - looking at the cuffs)
But then - why - ?

SOLO
It's an unfortunate mistake - and I'm afraid you'll have to come with us.

(to Illya)
Illya - check that window. Maybe there's a fire escape.

FRAN
Wait - come with you where?

SOLO
To Washington, if necessary.

FRAN
But I'm on my lunch hour.

ILLYA (at the window)
Yes, Napoleon - there is a way down.

SOLO (to Fran)
I'm sorry, Miss Parsons - but this is the way it has to be. Please don't make things any more difficult for us than they are.

FRAN
For you? What about me? And my job?

SOLO
We'll straighten that out with your employer. Now - please -

He starts to usher her to the window.

FRAN

Wait - I can't go out in broad
daylight dressed like this! And
what about these things?
(holds up cuffed wrist)

74
CONT'D
(4)

Illya comes up with a large fur cape and drapes it
over her shoulders.

ILLYA

This will have to do.

FRAN

But - but it isn't mine - !

SOLO

We can't worry about technicalities
now.

(pushes her and Stryker
to the window)
Go on, Stryker.

Stryker climbs out of the window and:

FRAN

This - this is ridiculous! I can't
go to Washington with you! I don't
even know you?

STRYKER (leaning back
into the room and smiling)
We'll have plenty of time to become
acquainted, my dear.

FRAN (hesitates and then,
almost in a wail:)
Why does everything always happen to
me?

As Solo and Illya help her out of the window:

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

75

Narum is in the booth, dialing a number. In the b.g.
the Hackie and the other Men can be seen at the curb
near the cab. Narum finishes dialing, waits, and then:

NARUM

This is Narum. Torelli let them
get away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

76

CLOSE on Frame to see only part of his face and the hand with the moonstone ring holding the phone.

FRAME

Kill him.

ANGLE ON NARUM

77

NARUM

He did learn they were going to Penn Station. They must be taking the train to Washington.

ANGLE ON FRAME

78

FRAME

Make the necessary arrangements - and kill him anyway.

As Frame hangs up:

DISSOLVE:

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TRAIN - DAY

79

To ESTABLISH as it speeds along.

INT. RAILROAD DAY COACH - DAY

80

SHOOTING toward the forward vestibule to see the door open and a WOMAN enter, carrying a suitcase, and accompanied by a young BOY. She is in her thirties and rather nondescript and the boy is about eight or nine, working on a large lollipop. As they move down the aisle, looking for seats, we note that very few are occupied. CAMERA MOVES BACK along the aisle with her and we begin to hear:

FRAN'S VOICE

.... and a long time ago, I decided it was simply because I was born under a bad sign. You know - Virgo in the wrong quadrant with Pisces? Not that exactly - but something like that.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT

81

To reveal Solo, Illya, Fran and Stryker in seats that have been turned to face each other. Stryker and Fran are seated together, of course, and riding backwards. He eyes her in mild amusement as she chatters on, but Solo is slumped in his seat, eyes half-closed, seemingly dazed by the unending verbal barrage. Illya sits quite stiffly, keeping his attention focussed on the vestibule and anyone entering the car.

FRAN

But it's never failed - all my life - whatever I do - even if I don't do anything - something goes wrong. There's always some kind of a catastrophe.

STRYKER

Come now, Miss Parsons - I'd hardly call this a catastrophe.

FRAN

Oh - nothing personal, you understand - but this, for instance. I've never been to Washington. I've always wanted to go - and look at the way it's happened!

Through above, the Woman and Boy come on, stopping at the empty seat immediately behind Stryker and Fran. The Boy clambers up on the seat and the Woman tries to lift her suitcase up on the overhead luggage rack. But she has difficulty, and Illya quickly rises to assist her. Nodding her thanks, she sits down next to the boy and Illya resumes his seat. Fran and Stryker continue:

STRYKER

Of course. It's very unfortunate but I trust you'll forgive us and let us make it up to you later. Right, Solo?

SOLO (dryly)

Of course.

FRAN

Well - it's not as bad as that, I suppose. I don't know much about police officers, but you are being gentlemen and...

(pauses, frowns thoughtfully, and then, as though it had just occurred to her:)
You are, aren't you?

STRYKER
I've been called many things,
my dear - but always a gentleman.

81
CONT'D
(2)

FRAN
Yes - but you are the police -
or the FBI - or whatever - ?
Everything happened so fast,
I never thought to...
(stops - then, firmly:)
As a citizen, I have a right to
see your identification.

STRYKER (laughing)
I'm the prisoner, Miss Parsons.
Ask them.

As Fran turns to Solo, he shows her the identifica-
tion card in his wallet.

SOLO
Here you are.

FRAN (reading -
puzzled)
United Network Command for Law
and Enforcement - ?

SOLO
Otherwise known as UNCLE. Satisfied?

FRAN
I suppose -

STRYKER
Don't look so worried, my dear.
It's legitimate enough.

FRAN
And - you're their prisoner?

STRYKER (nods)
An International criminal.

FRAN (weakly)
Oh - ?

STRYKER
A dangerous spy.

Fran considers him, then the hand-cuffs and laughs
weakly.

FRAN
See what I mean? It could only
happen to me.

Now Solo is suddenly aware that the train has slowed down and he looks out the window, troubled.

81
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA (glancing at his watch)
We're not due in Wilmington for another twenty minutes.

SOLO
We're nowhere near Wilmington.
Out in the middle of nowhere.
(turns to Stryker)
Sit back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

82

To see a CONDUCTOR coming up from the rear of the car. As he passes, Illya stops him and:

ILLYA
Why are we stopping? Is there any trouble?

CONDUCTOR
No. They're repairing the road-bed up ahead - cuts out a couple of tracks temporarily. We have to wait for the northbound to come through.

ILLYA
Thank you.

ANOTHER ANGLE

83

As Solo and Illya relax slightly and Fran considers them, a little wide-eyed.

FRAN
You're not kidding, are you?

STRYKER
I told you. I'm a very dangerous criminal.

She laughs weakly and eases over in her seat slightly. Suddenly, in the seat up ahead, the little Boy scrambles out into the aisle.

WOMAN
Wait, sonny - !

BOY

I have to go back to my mommy
now. Thank you for the lollipop.

83
CONT'D
(2)

He scuttles up the aisle. Solo and Illya react to the exchange, troubled, and when the Woman suddenly rises, Illya is even quicker, rising and moving up to her seat, blocking her way.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

84

WOMAN (nervously)

Excuse me - I'd like to get out
please....

ILLYA

You just got here.

WOMAN

I want to change my seat -

ILLYA (forcing her
back into the seat)
Don't you like my company?

WOMAN

I - I'll call the conductor - !

ILLYA

Yes - do that.

She hesitates, then involuntarily glances up at the luggage rack. Illya notices and, quickly:

ILLYA

Napoleon - ! The suitcase - !

ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT

85

Solo rises quickly, reaching up to the luggage rack to haul down the suitcase. A faint wisp of smoke seeps out of the side and:

FRAN

Look - ! It's burning - !

SOLO

Illya - watch them - !

As Illya draws his gun and moves to cover both Stryker and the Woman, Solo runs down toward the end of the car with the suitcase.

85
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE - AT THE REAR VESTIBULE

86

Solo comes out on it and we see that this is the last car of the train. He swings the suitcase far out on the tracks then ducks back and watches.

POV

87

On the suitcase landing on the tracks. Suddenly, there is a loud hiss and smoke spurts out heavily from all sides.

ANGLE ON THE VESTIBULE

88

As Solo turns back into the car, then pauses abruptly at the sight of something os:

POV

89

Down the length of the car, past Illya standing in the aisle, to see two MEN, obviously Thrush Agents, starting to enter the car from the forward vestibule, drawing their guns.

FULL SHOT - (Intercut)

90

Solo rushes down the aisle, drawing his gun as:

SOLO
Look out, Illya - !

Illya sees the Agents and promptly ducks behind the seat with Fran and Stryker as one of the Agents opens fire. Solo returns the fire and the Agents duck back into the vestibule. As some of the few PASSENGERS begin to rise, panicky, Solo calls out to them:

SOLO
Down flat - all of you - !

They comply and Solo ducks behind the seat immediately across the aisle from Illya. We note that Stryker has pulled Fran down behind the seat. Illya nods to them and:

90
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Better get Stryker off the train.

SOLO
We're all right. We can handle them.

Suddenly, a familiar glass ball comes rolling down the aisle from the vestibule. Solo quickly fields it and hurls it back. It shatters and a cloud of smoke rises.

ILLYA
We can't handle that! Go on -
I'll hold them off!

Solo hesitates, then turns to Stryker and, jerking his thumb toward the back vestibule:

SOLO
Get moving.

STRYKER
You're endangering this girl's life!

SOLO
She won't be any safer with them.
Move!

Stryker hesitates, then urges Fran out into the aisle:

STRYKER
As fast as you can - and keep down.

They start toward the back vestibule as Solo turns to Illya:

SOLO
Cover fire, Illya!

They both open fire, spraying the forward vestibule with lead. Solo glances back, sees Fran and Stryker have reached the back vestibule, and he rises.

SOLO
All right - come on!

ILLYA

Get them off the train first!

90
CONT'D
(3)

Another glass ball comes rolling down the aisle and this one shatters against a seat a few feet ahead of them. As the smoke rises, Illya grabs his handkerchief and covers his face.

ILLYA

Go on, will you?

Solo fires a couple of shots up the aisle, then turns and runs to the back vestibule.

8m
to 92

ANGLE IN THE BACK VESTIBULE

91

As Stryker and Fran wait, and Solo comes belting in, the train suddenly lurches, starting up. Solo quickly opens the door, lifts the platform and gestures for them to move.

SOLO

Off - !

FRAN (fearfully)

No - !

SOLO (grabbing
Stryker by the arm and
hustling him down the
steps)

He's going so you don't have much
choice!

Stryker wrenches free of Solo's grip, grabs Fran .
and:

STRYKER

Don't be afraid - ! Jump with me -!

They move down the steps, hesitate, and then jump. Solo ducks back to the vestibule door to look back into the car and call:

SOLO

Illya - !

POV

92

Into the car to see the cloud of smoke rolling across Illya's body, sprawled in the aisle. One of the Agents suddenly emerges through the smoke. He is wearing a gas mask. As he levels his gun at Solo:

never see
ILLYA

ANGLE ON SOLO

93

As he fires.

ANGLE ON THE AGENT

94

He pitches forward and sprawls on the floor.

ANGLE ON SOLO

95

As he turns, scrambles down the steps and then jumps off the train.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

96

As Solo, having jumped from the train, comes stumbling on, falling to his knees. He rises, looking at and:

POV - LONG SHOT

97

To see the train pulling away, smoke pouring out of the rear door.

ANGLE ON SOLO

98

Taking a deep breath, he turns back to rejoin Stryker and Fran, some short distance back along the tracks. Fran has her face buried in Stryker's shoulder and is sobbing, while he comforts her.

CLOSER ANGLE

99

As Solo comes up to them, considers her and:

SOLO

Is she hurt?

STRYKER

I don't think so. It's merely a good opportunity to cry.

omit

open to have account of Fran's face

30 June

Fran turns to Solo, staring at him in horror and disbelief.

99
CONT'D
(2)

FRAN

You're awful - ! Horrible - !

She turns and buries her face in Stryker's shoulder again and he comforts her, while smiling smugly at Solo.

STRYKER

Well - a long way to Washington,
isn't it, Mr. Solo?

Angrily, Solo turns away to look at the train and:

LONG SHOT

100

To see the train farther away, smoke still pouring from the back.

omit

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

101

A small Cessna or its equivalent, flying low over the countryside.

INT. PLANE - DAY

102

As the PILOT banks the ship low over the ground, Mr. Frame, seated behind him, with the attache case open on his lap, tunes the radio and Narum, beside him, looks out and down, reporting:

NARUM

We are about three miles from the railroad tracks now. There is a state highway to the south - a large farmhouse directly ahead -

Suddenly, the STATIC which has been coming from the radio feathers into a low hum, gradually rising in intensity.

FRAME

Hold this course - !

The pilot levels the plane and the HUMMING SOUND rises slightly, then holds at a medium level.

FRAME

Left - !

The Pilot banks the ship and the HUMMING SOUND is lowered.

FRAME

Now the other way - right!

Again, the Pilot banks and the HUMMING SOUND increases.

FRAME

Narum?

Narum looks over the side.

NARUM

We're directly in line with the farmhouse - another half-mile -

The HUMMING increases sharply.

102
CONT'D
(2)

FRAME

Are there any other buildings?

NARUM (peering
ahead)

Yes - a barn -

The HUMMING reaches its highest peak and:

FRAME

Now! Have we reached the farm-
house?

NARUM

Not yet. We're right over the
barn.

Now the HUMMING drops sharply and Frame nods, satisfied.

FRAME

Enough. Mark the location,
Narum.

He switches off the radio and:

EXT. PLANE IN FLIGHT - DAY

103

As it flies off, low over the countryside.

EXT. BARN - DAY

104

ANGLED at the open door where Solo, holding a hack-
saw blade, stares up into the sky, following the
SOUND of the receding plane with obvious concern.
He finally turns back into the barn.

INT. BARN - DAY

105

ANGLED near the doorway at a bench where Fran sits
huddled miserably with Stryker, their arms out-
stretched and the handcuffs resting on a small box
between them. As Solo comes up to them, Stryker
smiles and:

STRYKER

You're very nervous, Mr. Solo.
It was only a plane.

SOLO

It was only a cab driver - only
an ordinary woman with a child -

105
CONT'D
(2)

STRYKER

So now you're beginning to see
shadows - phantoms -

SOLO

But you're real enough....

FRAN (suddenly)

Please - ! Will you stop talking
and get this thing off - !

SOLO

All right, Miss Parsons - take it
easy -

He starts to work on the handcuffs with the hack-
saw blade.

FRAN

Take it easy??? Easy - !!!!!
What do you want from me? What
am I supposed to do - laugh? Oh
sure - that was funny - real funny
seeing all those people on the
train - dead -

STRYKER

Not at all - just asleep. It was
a narco-vapor....

FRAN

I don't care what it was - whatever
you two are mixed up in! I don't
want any part of it! All I did was
try on a dress - was that so awful?
Please - let me go - please!

SOLO (sympathetically)

I'm doing the best I can, Miss
Parsons - believe me.

STRYKER

And as soon as you're free, we'll
see that you're taken right back
to New York - we'll....

FRAN

Don't see about anything! Just
let me go!

Suddenly, the hack-saw blade snaps, and Solo shakes his hand, reacting to the quick pain of a cut finger. Fran looks at the broken blade on the floor, then at the handcuffs, barely nicked, and sags abruptly.

105
CONT'D
(3)

FRAN

Oh - what's the use - ?

STRYKER

Find something else, Solo - a
chisel -

SOLO (shaking his
head)

Not on these links -

Suddenly there is a SOUND of a PLANE approaching. Solo rushes to the door to look out, but carefully staying in the doorway.

POV - LONG SHOT

106

To see the same small plane as before, flying low and dropping a curtain of spray.

ANGLE AT THE DOOR

107

As the plane ROARS directly overhead and past, Solo ducks back and the spray falls on the ground just outside the doorway. He stares at it, puzzled, then turns to watch the plane again.

POV - LONG SHOT

108

As the plane banks sharply for another run past the barn, again dropping a curtain of spray.

ANGLE AT THE DOOR

109

Again, Solo ducks back as the plane ROARS overhead and spray drops to the ground just outside. As it flies away, Solo peers out cautiously, watching it go, then moves out far enough to touch the wet ground and then look at his fingers and smell them. Thoughtfully, he turns back into the barn.

ANOTHER ANGLE

110

As Solo confronts Stryker, showing him his fingers.

SOLO

Your associates are pretty thorough,
Stryker. Dye. We can't leave with-
out walking through it - and once
we get past it - we'll leave a trail.

STRYKER

You tried, Mr. Solo. It's time
you gave up - gracefully.

Solo considers Stryker thoughtfully, then Fran, and finally moves back to the doorway to stare at the wet ground. Idly, he leans against the doorway, looking out thoughtfully, then becomes aware that he's leaning against a number of grain sacks hanging from a hook. He considers them, then smiles, takes several down and returns to Fran and Stryker, holding up the sacks.

SOLO

I'm far from graceful, Mr. Stryker.
In fact, I'm downright obstinate.

As Stryker stares at him, puzzled:

DISSOLVE

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

111

To see Solo, Fran and Stryker walking across the field. Stryker is grim and sullen, Fran merely tired, but Solo is quite nonchalant - even pleased with himself. CAMERA PANS DOWN to their legs to reveal they are each encased in a grain sack, wrapped tightly.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ANOTHER FIELD - DAY

112

CLOSE on a pair of legs wrapped in the badly stained grain sacks with Solo tying the last cord. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal the sacks are now wrapped around a horse's legs - all four of them. Solo straightens up, removes the rope that's held the horse tethered to a fence and then slaps it sharply on the rump, sending it running off.

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SOLO

All right, boy - have yourself
a run - a long one.

112
CONT'D
(2),

As the horse runs off, Solo turns to Fran and Stryker standing nearby. Fran can't repress a grin but Stryker is visibly unhappy as:

SOLO

I think that should keep your
associates busy for awhile.
(with a gesture and
slight bow)
After you.

Stryker and Fran move off, followed by Solo and we:

DISSOLVE:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

113

A little-travelled, two-lane state road in the back country area. Solo, Stryker and Fran are walking along the shoulder of the road, Solo now helping to support Fran who is simply dragging herself along.

CLOSER ANGLE

114

As they move along slowly:

STRYKER

I trust you don't intend to
walk all the way to Washington?

SOLO

Far enough to break our trail.
Thrush has an uncanny way of
finding you.

Suddenly, the headlights of a car are seen behind them and the SOUND of an approaching motor is heard. Solo glances back and then starts to hustle Fran and Stryker off the road.

SOLO

Move - !

He pushes them into the cover of some shrubbery bordering the road.

ANOTHER ANGLE

115

As they push through the shrubbery and stop behind a tree. The car motor is HEARD coming on fast, the headlights wash over the area and then the car SCUND diminishes rapidly. Solo relaxes and Fran slumps wearily against the tree, slipping off her shoe and rubbing her foot.

FRAN (wryly)

How unlucky can a girl be? I bet if you were taking me to some fancy cocktail party, I'd be in jeans and sneakers.

(putting her shoe back on)

Oooohhhh -!

STRYKER

You're carrying this too far, Solo! She's exhausted! Stop one of those cars, at least - maybe we could get a ride - !

SOLO

I'm sure we could. This area's probably crawling with your men.
(to Fran)

Do you want to rest a few minutes? \

FRAN (shaking her head)

I need a few days. Besides - my feet are getting numb. If I'm lucky - it'll go all the way up to here.

(gestures to her chin)

Well - onward and upward -

She straightens up and they move through the brush again, back to the road.

EXT. THE ROAD - NIGHT

116

Solo emerges from the shrubbery first, looks up and down the road, then moves out a couple of steps and Stryker and Fran follow. Fran hobbles along for a couple of steps then stops abruptly:

FRAN

Wait a minute -

(takes off her shoes)

These aren't doing me one bit of good - !

STRYKER

I'd carry you - but -
(gestures helplessly
with his hand-cuffed wrist)

116
CONT'D
(2)

FRAN

Thanks.

SOLO (sourly)

Save your strength, Lochinvar.

As they start to move on, the headlights of another car are suddenly seen behind them, and its motor HEARD. Solo reacts as before:

SOLO

Off the road - !

FRAN

Not again - !

But this time, as Solo tries to hustle her off, she stumbles and falls to her knees. Solo tries to help her up, but it's too late. The car's headlights wash over them and the motor is HEARD slowing down. As Stryker helps Fran to her feet, Solo faces the car, warily, hand in his pocket, on his gun.

ANOTHER ANGLE

117

As the car, a station wagon pulls up beside them. The occupants are MR. and MRS. PALMER, a rather plain, middle-aged farm couple.

MR. PALMER

What's the trouble - ?

SOLO

Er - well - our car broke down
a ways back - we're trying to
get to the nearest town to -

MR. PALMER

Well - hop in.

SOLO

Er - no thanks - I don't.....

MRS. PALMER

It's a good ten miles - you'll
be all night. Get in, for
goodness' sakes!

TYSON
on show

Solo hesitates, considers them, then glances at Stryker and Frank. There is such a look of mute pleading on her face that:

117
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

All right. Thank you. It's very kind of you.

He opens the back door of the station wagon and Stryker and Fran hurry to the car and climb in.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

118

As they climb into the back seat:

FRAN

Thank you so much.

STRYKER

We're most grateful.

MR. PALMER

Forget it.

As Solo crowds in next to Fran and Stryker, Palmer puts the car in gear and drives on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

119

As Mrs. Palmer turns and considers Fran warmly:

MRS. PALMER

My - don't you look pretty -

FRAN

Why - thank you -

MRS. PALMER

Such a beautiful dress - and that coat - ! Going to a party?

FRAN

No -

STRYKER (simultaneously)

Yes -

As they glance at each other, confused, Mrs. Palmer's eyes light up and she begins to beam as:

not a house

SOLO

Well, you see -

119
CONT'D
(2)

MRS. PALMER (nodding)

Mmm-hmmm... you wouldn't be
coming from Maryland, would
you? From a Justice of the
Peace, maybe?

MR. PALMER

Aww now, Martha...

MRS. PALMER

A girl doesn't get dressed up
like that for nothing, Howard -
and just look at those two -
the way they're holding hands -
haven't let go of each other
for one second.

Fran and Stryker grin weakly and pull their hand-
cuffed wrists deeper under the fur.

MR. PALMER

Don't pay her no mind. She's got
weddings on the brain.

MRS. PALMER (to Solo)

And you're the best man, aren't
you? I'll bet you brought them
together.

SOLO

Er - in a manner of speaking.

MRS. PALMER (to her

husband)

I told you - !

MR. PALMER

All right - all right.

(to Solo)

I'll take you to Joe Kelly - best
mechanic in town. He'll have you
fixed up and on the way in no time.

SOLO (covering)

I doubt that. We broke an axle.

MR. PALMER

Huh - that's no quick job.

SOLO

We have to get back to Washington.
If you could drop us at a car
rental agency - ?

MR. PALMER
Don't have any.

119
CONT'D
(3)

Solo
Well then - the bus station -

MRS. PALMER
Last bus was an hour ago. Won't
be another till morning.

STRYKER (with a hint
of a smile)
We'll just have to stay at a
hotel then...

Solo frowns, clearly unhappy at that idea, and then:

MRS. PALMER
Fiddle - ! We don't have nothing
but a boarding house. If you can
stay - you'll stay with us!

STRYKER
You - !

MRS. PALMER
We have plenty of room - and you'll
be much more comfortable.

FRAN
That's very nice of you - but -

SOLO
And we certainly appreciate it.
Thank you.

MRS. PALMER
It's my pleasure - believe me..

As she turns to face forward, beaming, CAMERA HOLDS
on the group in the back seat, Stryker scowling,
Solo pleased with himself, and Fran looking vaguely
apprehensive as she anticipates problems.

DISSOLVE

INT. PALMER LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

120

A farm-house type room. Through an archway, we can
see a hall and a stairway to the second floor.
Stryker and Fran are on the couch, Fran dozing with
her head on Stryker's shoulder. Solo and Mr. Palmer
are in other easy chairs, nearby, Solo listening
politely as:

MR. PALMER

You won't find many farms left
in this part of the country.
Cities and towns are spreading
out too far - and too fast, if
you ask me. But I'm going to
stick it out long as I can...

120
CONT'D
(2)

In the bg, Mrs. Palmer can be seen coming down the
stairs, carrying a pillow, a couple of blankets
and a couple of sheets, and as she bustles in:

MRS. PALMER

That's enough, Howard. It's
late and these young folks're
tired.

(puts the bedding down
on the couch and then
considers Fran sympathetic-
ally)

Poor lamb...

(then to Stryker)

I've got your room all ready.
Why don't you take her up there
right now?

Stryker hesitates, glances at Solo, who now looks
extremely unhappy, then grins and shakes Fran's
shoulder gently.

STRYKER

Dear - ? Wake up, sweetheart -

FRAN (waking)

Hmmm - ? Oh - I'm sorry -

MRS. PALMER

Come along, dear - everything's
all ready -

FRAN (eyes widening)

What - ?

STRYKER (rising and

forcing her to her feet)

Say good-night, darling -

FRAN

Oh - but I'm not tired - really -

MRS. PALMER

Of course you are. Here - let
me take your coat -

She reaches for it but Fran pulls back, clutching it tightly to hide the hand-cuffs.

120
CONT'D
(3)

FRAN

No - !

STRYKER (quickly)

A wedding present. You know how it is.

MRS. PALMER

Of course.

STRYKER

Come, dear -

He leads Fran to the hall stairway and she looks back at Solo, almost pleadingly. He can only shrug helplessly. As Stryker and Fran start up the stairs:

MRS. PALMER

The back bedroom - last door on the left.

STRYKER

Thank you. Good night, all.

And they move up the stairs, Fran looking like she's walking to the gas chamber.

ANOTHER ANGLE

121

As Mrs. Palmer sighs heavily and happily, and then:

MRS. PALMER

Well - I'd better clean up the kitchen.

(to Solo)

You'll find the couch very comfortable, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

I'm sure - and thank you for your trouble.

MRS. PALMER

Not at all - not at all.

She bustles out into the hallway, pauses to look up the stairs and then turns to glance at her husband and:

MRS. PALMER

Oh Howard - doesn't it remind you of when we were married?

MR. PALMER

Sure does.

(as she exits, turns to
Solo)

She fell asleep too.

(then:)

Well - guess I'll turn in myself.

Want a hand with that?

(gestures to bedding)

SOLO

No thanks - I can manage.

Mr. Palmer nods and turns to the stairs as Solo drifts idly to the couch to start to open the bedding. Mr. Palmer pauses and:

MR. PALMER

Huh - guess this didn't turn out the way you all expected, huh?

SOLO (quietly)

Hardly.

As he shakes out the sheet with a vicious snap:

DISSOLVE

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

122

The room is in semi-darkness, the only light coming from the hallway. Solo is lying on the couch, wide awake. He rises, listens, then gets up and quietly crosses to the hall. Pausing to listen again, he starts upstairs, quickly and quietly.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

123

A narrow hallway with several doors leading off it. Solo appears at the head of the stairs, glances around, then begins to pussyfoot toward the back bedroom. He is just passing a certain door, midway down the hall, when it opens and Mr. Palmer, in a night robe, steps out.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND PALMER

124

As Palmer eyes him quizzically, Solo covers by:

SOLO

I - I was just looking for the -
er -

MR. PALMER

Sure.
 (gesturing into the room
 he's just come out of)
 Right here.

124
 CONT'D
 (2)

Palmer moves out of the way and Solo enters with:

SOLO

Thanks.

He closes the door, Palmer grins to himself, then moves down the hall, past the stairwell and to his room.

DISSOLVE

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

125

ANGLED at a door to see it open slowly, Solo peer out cautiously, then step out. He starts to turn in the direction of the back bedroom when he hears someone clearing his throat loudly. He turns and:

ANOTHER ANGLE

126

SHOOTING past Solo in the fg to see the Palmer's bedroom door is open, and Mr. Palmer is inside, seated in an old leather chair, a book in his lap. As Solo moves down the hall toward the stairs:

MR. PALMER

Like to read a little before
 going to sleep.

SOLO

Sure. Good night.

MR. PALMER

'Night.

Solo turns and disgustedly goes down stairs and we:

DISSOLVE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

127

On a large double bed as the blankets are pulled back. CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Stryker has pulled them back and he now turns to Fran and:

STRYKER

There you are, my dear. Make yourself comfortable.

127
CONT'D
(2)

FRAN (stiffly)

Now look, Mr. Stryker - I think I've been a real good sport about all this. But a girl has to draw the line somewhere. If you think I'm going to -

STRYKER

I think I'm going to get some sleep!

He turns abruptly to shove an easy chair close to the bed and promptly sprawls in it, almost yanking Fran off her feet.

STRYKER

If you want to stand up all night, fine - but do it a little closer.

Surprised, Fran moves closer, relaxing the pressure on their arms, and this brings her to the edge of the bed. As she stares at him, puzzled:

STRYKER

Sit down.

(as she sits, slowly,
still staring at him)

Even a dangerous international criminal has to draw the line somewhere.

FRAN (flatly)

Something's wrong here. Something's awfully wrong!

(as Stryker eyes her,
quizzically)

I don't believe you! Not one word!

STRYKER

Any word in particular?

FRAN (derisively)

Criminal - dangerous - spy - !
You can't fool me - you're nothing of the sort!

STRYKER

We have our softer moments -

FRAN
Not from what I've heard. You are
a fraud, Mr. Stryker - !

127
CONT'D
(3)

STRYKER (hesitates -
and then:)
And you are a very fortunate young
lady. Now - shall we get some
sleep?

Fran looks at him, warmly, then nods and settles
back on the bed. She stares up at the ceiling and
suddenly starts to giggle. Stryker glances at her
and:

STRYKER
What now?

FRAN
Here I go again. Alone with a man
- a very good-looking man - in a
very compromising situation -
(with a sigh)
- and he's a gentleman.

STRYKER (with a
smile)
Good night, Miss Parsons.

FRAN (ruefully)
Good night, Mr. Stryker.

They raise their linked arms and turn out the bed-
side lamp, plunging the room into darkness.

ANGLE ON FRAN

128

As she settles down in the bed, trying to get
comfortable, and then, suddenly, her eyes widen in
fear at the sight of something os.

POV

129

Toward the window to see the shadow of a man raising
the window and starting to enter the room.

FULL SHOT

130

As Fran sits straight up in bed, naturally dragging Stryker up too, Solo clambers into the room from the window. He stares at them both, Fran in the bed and Stryker in the chair, and he frowns, somewhat disconcerted. Stryker smiles and:

STRYKER

Really, Mr. Solo - may I ask what you're doing in a honeymoon bedroom?

SOLO

Bringing you a present - a divorce.

He now reveals that he's carrying a very large file. He moves toward Fran and Stryker, grabs the handcuffs that link them together, and starts to work on them with the file as:

SOLO

Those that man put together - let man put asunder - !

As he digs in with the file:

DISSOLVE

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

131

ANGLED at the front door where the station wagon is parked. Solo, Stryker and Mr. Parsons are there as:

SOLO

I'll get it back to you this afternoon - no later, Mr. Palmer. And believe me - I appreciate it.

MR. PALMER

Aww - Martha and I talked it over - seemed kind of silly to make you folks take the bus all the way back to Washington.....

The front door opens and Fran emerges. But now she's wearing an extremely plain, high-necked and vaguely ill-fitting dress.

FRAN (brightly)

Good morning - !

As Solo and Stryker stare at her, vaguely puzzled, she prances down to Stryker, kisses him on the cheek and gurgles:

131
CONT'D
(2)

FRAN

Hello, dear -

As Solo eyes her, vaguely puzzled, the door opens and this time, Mrs. Palmer appears, wearing the fur cape wrapped around her, closely. She pauses, rather tremulously as:

MR. PALMER

Martha - !

MRS. PALMER

She gave it to me - it was a trade!

FRAN

That's right - for this dress. It's more suitable for daytime wear - and
(turning to Solo - archly)
- like you said - we can't worry about technicalities now - ?

SOLO (with a grin)

You're absolutely right.

Solo opens the rear door of the car and Fran enters. Then he turns to Stryker and:

SOLO

You drive.

Stryker shrugs and circles the car to get behind the wheel as Solo turns to face the Palmers.

SOLO

You've been most hospitable. I can't tell you how grateful we are.

MRS. PALMER (with a
giggle)

You already have.....

SOLO (to Palmer)

And we'll get the car back to you tonight.

MR. PALMER

Don't worry about it.

Solo ducks into the front seat beside Stryker who starts the car and, after a quick wave, they drive off. CAMERA HOLDS ON the Palmers as they wave goodby. Then, they turn back into the house.

131
CONT'D
(3)

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

132

As Mr. Palmer moves into the living room, Mrs. Palmer pauses in the hallway, hurriedly shucks the fur cape, takes Fran's dress from a nearby chair and:

MRS. PALMER

Howard - ?

As he turns to her, she holds the dress up to herself. It is clearly too small for her.

MRS. PALMER

She gave me the dress too.
(as he considers her)
Well?

MR. PALMER

(wryly)
Your cup runneth over.

DISSOLVE

EXT. ROAD - DAY

133

To see the station wagon speeding along.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

134

Fran is in the back seat, Stryker is driving and Solo is beside him, jotting a note on a card.

SOLO

When we get to Washington, I'll
drop you off at this address....

Stryker reaches into his pocket casually and:

SOLO

Hands on the wheel, Stryker - !

Stryker simply takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and shows them to Solo who nods and then turns to Fran, handing her the card.

SOLO

Give this to whoever's on duty
and they'll take care of you - a
plane ticket back to New York and
some new clothes.

134
CONT'D
(2)

FRAN (hesitantly)

And what are you going to do?

SOLO

I have a delivery to make.

FRAN (glances at

Stryker - clearly unhappy)
You're sure? I mean - you
couldn't've made a mistake?

SOLO

No, Miss Parsons - I couldn't.

FRAN

What'll happen to him?

SOLO

That's for higher authority to
decide.

STRYKER

If it gets the chance.

Now Solo is aware that Stryker keeps glancing up
into the sky. He looks up in the same direction.

POV - LONG SHOT

135

To see the same small plane flying on a parallel
heading.

BACK TO SCENE

136

STRYKER

Thrush is nothing if not persistent.

SOLO

Step on it.

With a smile, Stryker complies, and Solo watches
the plane.

SOLO

They must be homing on you somehow.
That's why we haven't been able to
shake them. I should've had you
stripped and searched before we left.

136
CONT'D
(2)

STRYKER

I assure you - Mr. Waverly did.

FRAN

Mr. Solo - ! It's turning this way!

As Solo looks out again:

POV - LONG SHOT

137

To see the plane banking sharply and levelling for
a straight run at CAMERA.

BACK TO SCENE

138

SOLO

Faster - !

Stryker complies and:

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

139

To see the car speeding along, and then the plane
swing over it, low and staying right above the car.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

140

As Solo draws his gun and:

SOLO

Get down on the floor, Miss
Parsons!

As she complies, Solo opens his window, then crouches
at it, levelling his gun, trying to get a shot at the
plane. Suddenly, as his eyes widen in surprise, the
sound of the plane recedes abruptly.

FRAN

What's happened?

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SOLO
I don't know - it's cut away -

140
CONT'D
(2)

STRYKER (wryly)
The U.S. Cavalry to the rescue.

Solo sees Stryker looking into his rear-view mirror and, at the same time, hears the whine of a police siren. He looks back and:

POV - LONG SHOT

141

To see a MOTORCYCLE POLICE OFFICER back down the road in pursuit.

BACK TO SCENE

142

As Solo relaxes and puts his gun away:

STRYKER
I presume you want me to obey
the law?

SOLO
Absolutely.

As Stryker slows down:

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

143

To see the car slow down and stop and the Officer stop behind it and dismount slowly.

INT. THE CAR - DAY

144

FRAN (still on the
floor)
Will somebody please tell me what's
going on - ?

SOLO
It's all right, Fran - you can get
up now.

As Fran rises, Solo turns to Stryker, laughing,
and:

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SOLO

Don't worry, Stryker - I'll square
it with the....

144
CONT'D
(2)

Fran suddenly gasps in fright, staring o.s. past
Solo. But as Solo starts to turn, a gun is thrust
through the open window and jammed against his head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

145

To include the Officer, holding the gun at Solo's
head. His fingers squeeze the trigger slowly but
then:

STRYKER

No - not yet!

(as the Officer hesitates)

Mr. Solo has been showing me a most
entertaining time. I'd like to
return the compliment.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

146

To ESTABLISH the station wagon, speeding along the road.

INT. THE STATION WAGON - DAY

147

Stryker is still at the wheel with Solo in the front seat beside him. But now, Solo has his hands clasped at the back of his head. In the back seat, Fran is crouched against the door, immediately behind Stryker, trying to keep as much distance as possible between herself and the Officer, seated immediately behind Solo, his gun held loosely in his lap.

STRYKER

You were on the right track,
Solo - I'm surprised it didn't
occur to you before. After all -
homing devices are very popular
with UNCLE. But when Mr. Waverly
had me searched, he neglected to
include my mouth.

(pulls the corner of his
mouth back, revealing a
gold-capped tooth)
As the saying goes - all that
glitters isn't.

SOLO

There's another one. He who
laughs last -

STRYKER

Simply laughs, Solo - that's all.

SOLO

What about Miss Parsons?

STRYKER

It's been a delightful association -
and I'd like to continue but -
(with a shrug)
I'm afraid there won't be room
on the plane.

SOLO (turning to him)

Then let her go - !

The Officer quickly jams the gun into the back of

Solo's head and:

147
CONT'D
(2)

OFFICER

Sit back - !

As Solo sits back again, but this time, slightly closer to Stryker:

STRYKER

I'm sorry -
(glances into rear-view mirror)

Really I am, Miss Parsons. But unfortunately, you've seen too much - you know too much.

SOLO (sidelong - to Fran)

Still wondering if I've made a mistake?

Fran shrinks back in her seat, clearly unhappy about the whole thing, and shakes her head.

STRYKER (to the officer)

What about Waverly - and the decoy? Any word?

OFFICER

They didn't take the plane to Washington - that was another trick to throw us off. They're still in the armored truck - somewhere near Washington - that's all I know.

STRYKER

But we're keeping up the pressure, I hope - to make them believe we've been fooled?

OFFICER

Yes sir. And we still have men covering the destination.

STRYKER (to Solo, with a smile)

You see? We're very thorough, Solo - and we know everything that you do - or try to.

SOLO

Until we do it.

OFFICER

Mr. Stryker - ! That road up ahead - go left. It will take you to the landing field.

STRYKER
Is the plane there?

147
CONT'D
(3)

OFFICER
It will be. The field is only
two miles or so in.

STRYKER (nods)
Then you'll get rid of this car -
(a slight hesitation)
- and Miss Parsons. An accident.

OFFICER
Yes sir.

EXT. THE ROAD - DAY

148

As the station wagon slows down for the intersection
and then starts to turn left into another road.

INT. CAR - DAY (intercut)

149

As they all sway to the right with the turn and then
sway back as Stryker straightens out. But Solo
hurls himself at Stryker, grabbing the wheel and
jamming his foot down hard on the gas pedal. As
Stryker fights him for the wheel, Solo saws it back
and forth, sending the car skidding from one side
of the road to the other. The Officer in the back
is thrown off balance and can't use his gun effect-
ively. As he sways toward Fran, she grabs for the
gun and, bringing the Officer's hand close, she
sinks her teeth into his hand. He yells in pain,
dropping the gun, and Solo promptly turns and chops
down hard on the back of his neck. He drops, out
cold and, by the time Stryker has brought the car
under control in a skidding stop, Fran has picked
up the gun, given it to Solo and he levels it at
Stryker.

SOLO
As I recall - we were talking
about the last laugh, Stryker?

STRYKER (heavily)
I haven't heard anything funny.

SOLO
Keep your hands where I can see them.

As Stryker puts them on the wheel, Solo opens the
door and backs out.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

150

As Solo emerges from the car which has come to a stop at the side of the road, then opens the door to the back seat, pulls the Officer out and dumps him into the bushes nearby. He then turns back to Stryker and:

SOLO

That special tooth of yours -
I hope it isn't anything permanent.
(clenching his fist)
I'm a very crude dentist.

Stryker hesitates, then reaches into his mouth, removes the gold cap and deposits it in Solo's hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

151

To see a small pick-up truck coming up in the b.g. as Solo studies the cap for an instant, then toss it into the truck as it passes. He climbs back into the station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

152

As Solo settles down beside Stryker and:

SOLO

Let's hope your detectors are
in good working order. Now -
as I recall - we were heading
for Washington - ?

Stryker shrugs, starts the car and:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

153

As the station wagon moves off.

DISSOLVE

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

154

To see the station wagon round the far corner, come toward CAMERA and pull in to the curb.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

155

As Solo turns to Fran and:

SOLO

I don't mean to be impolite, Miss
Parsons - but this is where we
part company.

FRAN (glancing
around nervously)
I think I'd rather stay with you.

SOLO

Sorry - but I'm going to have
trouble enough - without worrying
about you too.
(gestures o.s.)
The address I gave you is right
around the corner.

FRAN

Oh. Well -
(reluctantly, she opens
the car door, then glances
at Stryker, troubled)

STRYKER

Goodby, my dear. It was delightful.

FRAN (she frowns,
hurt by his nonchalance,
and turns to Solo:)
Goodby, Mr. Solo - been nice know-
ing you.

SOLO

I wish it could've been under better
circumstances.

FRAN

That's all right. It was kind of
fun - getting out of the office.
(then - abruptly:)
'Bye.

She hurries out of the car, slams the door closed and
moves off without looking back.

STRYKER

Charming girl. I must look her
up when I get back to New York.

SOLO
I doubt if she'll wait that long.
Let's go - and take a left at
the next corner.

155
CONT'D
(2)

STRYKER (shaking his
head)
The Fremont is straight ahead.
(as Solo eyes him,
quizzically)
That is where you're supposed to
turn me over to the CIA, isn't it?
I told you - we're extremely thorough.
We know everything.

SOLO
Left, Stryker - and then just keep
going until we reach the city
hospital.

STRYKER
Hospital?

SOLO
I thought you knew. You're a
very sick man.

As Stryker frowns, puzzled, and starts the car:

DISSOLVE

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

156

A rather undistinguished old apartment-type hotel
with a weatherworn canopy over the front door with
the name "Fremont Hotel" on it. An ambulance pulls
up at the front door.

ANGLE ON THE AMBULANCE

157

The DRIVER gets out, goes around to the back and opens
the door. Solo, in hospital "whites" emerges and
glances around casually, while the Driver climbs
inside.

POV - LONG SHOT

158

Toward the end of the block, to see a couple of MEN
idly chatting.

ANGLE ON SOLO

159

He glances across the street.

POV - MED. LONG SHOT

160

Across the street to see two other MEN seated in a car.

ANGLE ON THE AMBULANCE

161

As the Driver calls from inside:

DRIVER

All set.

Solo then turns and helps the Driver lift the Gurney cart out of the ambulance. Stryker is on it, of course, covered with a blanket. Solo and the Driver roll the cart into the hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

162

It is comparatively small and dingy, with one elevator where a BELL HOP leans idly against the open door. A MAN is seated in one of the few worn chairs, reading a newspaper, and there is a CLERK at the desk. Solo and the Driver enter with the cart. Solo glances around and then:

SOLO

All right - I'll take it from here. Wait in the ambulance.

The Driver nods and exits and Solo rolls the cart toward the desk.

ANGLE AT THE DESK

163

Solo comes up to the desk where the Clerk glances at the cart in mild surprise, then turns to Solo and:

CLERK

Yes - ?

SOLO -

You have a room for Mr. Smith -?
The reservation was made yesterday -
by his Uncle.

CLERK

Oh yes -
 (takes card from pigeon-
 hole rack behind him and
 glances at it)
- and confirmed by his cousin - ?

SOLO (completing the
 code)
His second cousin.

CLERK (nods)
His other relatives are waiting.
Room 1432.
 (calls to Bell Hop)
Boy - !

SOLO
I was told 710.

CLERK (shakes his
 head)
There was a fire in 710 this
morning - an incendiary bomb.
 (nods to the Bell Hop who's
 just come up)
He'll take over now.

SOLO
Wait a minute - ! My orders
were to deliver him personally!

CLERK
Your orders have been changed.
Everything's been changed since
this morning. We shouldn't even
have let you bring him here but
there was no way to contact you.

SOLO
Waverly should have left word -

CLERK
We haven't heard from Waverly
since last night. Now - you're
wasting time. There are Thrush
agents all around the building.
 (as Solo glances at the
 man with the newspaper:)
No - he's one of us. Now - will
you please cooperate - !

Reluctantly, Solo steps away from the cart and the
Bell Hop takes over. He shakes his head dubiously
and:

BELL HOP
This won't fit in the elevator.

163
CONT'D
(3)

CLERK (indicating
Stryker)
He can walk, can't he?.

SOLO
Yes.

CLERK (to the Bell Hop)
Get in the elevator.
(to Solo)
You push him in - and as soon
as he gets off, pull that thing
out've the way. Step it up now.

Solo nods and, as the Bell Hop moves on ahead of him,
pushes the cart to the elevator.

ANGLE AT THE ELEVATOR

164

As the Bell Hop waits inside, Solo pushes the cart in,
Stryker jumps off and Solo pulls the cart out again.
The Bell Hop quickly closes the door and Solo waits,
watching the indicator as the hand rises. Slowly,
vaguely troubled, he turns the cart, heading back
to the front door when:

FULL SHOT - (Intercut)

165

Suddenly, Illya, Waverly and a couple of UNCLE AGENTS
rush into the lobby and:

SOLO
Illya - !!!

The Desk Clerk draws a gun and opens fire at the
Agents who promptly duck for cover and return the
fire. The man with the newspaper ducks behind his
chair and also begins to fire at the Agents. But
Solo uses the Gurney as a battering ram, shoving it
into the man and knocking him off his feet. Solo
then dives on him and knocks him out with a quick
Judo chop. He scrambles to his feet again just as
the gun battle ends, the desk clerk sprawled face
down across the desk.

ANOTHER ANGLE

166

As Waverly and Illya rush up to Solo and:

WAVERLY

Solo - did you get him here?

SOLO (angrily)

Yes - and like a prize idiot -
I just turned him over to them!

He turns and runs back to the elevator.

WAVERLY

Wait - !

Illya rushes after Solo.

ANOTHER ANGLE

167

As Solo rushes up to the elevator door where the indicator shows the elevator is now on its way down.

SOLO

They didn't have time to go all
the way up - !

Illya comes up to him and:

ILLYA

Napoleon - understand one thing
first - you didn't turn Stryker
over to them. We were the ones
who had the decoy.

SOLO

We were - ?

ILLYA (nods)

He was an UNCLE agent.

SOLO

That makes it worse!

He looks up at the indicator which shows the elevator now passing the ground floor and continuing to the basement.

SOLO

They're going to the basement!
Come on - there must be a stairway!

He ducks around the corner and Illya follows.

INT. THE BASEMENT - DAY

168

A dimly-lit, cavernous chamber, filled with furniture, trunks and other storage items. Stryker, urged on by the Bell Hop, moves across the chamber toward the huge furnace where many pipes lead out of the top, one or two of them leaking wisps of steam. Near the furnace is an open sidewalk elevator, used to bring garbage cans up to the street. Near the elevator, Narum and Frame are waiting.

CLOSER ANGLE

169

As the Bell Hop and Stryker come up to Narum and Frame:

BELL HOP

Here he is, sir.

FRAME

Very good. My congratulations on your escape, Stryker.

STRYKER

You were the one who made it possible.

NARUM

We'd better hurry, sir.

FRAME (nods)

The car is waiting - ?

NARUM

Right at the curb. By this elevator.

Frame nods and Narum guides him on the elevator. Then:

FRAME

Oh - my case. Stryker - will you - ?

STRYKER

Of course.

The case is nearby and Stryker reaches for it, unconsciously using his right hand. He hands it to Frame and:

FRAME

Narum - which hand did he use?

NARUM
Why - the right - !

169
CONT'D
(2)

FRAME
Kill him.

Narum quickly draws a knife and starts to advance on Stryker who steps back. But the Bell Hop grabs him, twisting his arm behind his back and holding him. As Narum steps toward him again, there is the sound of running feet o.s. and:

FULL SHOT (Intercut)

170

Solo and Illya come running on with drawn guns. Solo quickly fires at Narum who clutches at his shoulder and drops the knife. The Bell Hop releases Stryker who dives out of the way, ducking behind some cans. Both the Bell Hop and Narum fire back at Solo and Illya who duck from point to point but can't get a clear shot, until suddenly, Solo aims at a pipe over their heads and sends a burst of fire into it. It ruptures and live steam shoots out, engulfing Narum, Frame and the Bell Hop. They cry out and then there is silence.

ANOTHER ANGLE

171

As Solo and Illya move up cautiously.

SOLO
Stryker - ! Stryker - !

Stryker suddenly emerges from behind the trash cans, rising and dusting himself off. Solo and Illya rush up to him and:

SOLO
You're all right - ?

STRYKER (urbanely)
Oh yes. But you certainly took
your time.

Dusting himself off, Stryker moves away, and as Solo glowers:

DISSOLVE

INT. CAB - DAY

172

Solo, Waverly and Illya are in the back seat and:

WAVERLY

It was simply a matter of making use of the Thrush mentality. Devious people always expect others to be devious - so - !

SOLO (wryly)

And you're such a simple person?

WAVERLY

At heart, my boy.

(taps his head and grins)
Up here - like a corkscrew. But I'm fond of thinking it's in a just cause.

ILLYA

You were lucky to find such a close double to Stryker.

WAVERLY (nods)

Paul Westcott - from one of our overseas branches. Had to make a few minor changes, of course - hair dye - things like that -
(with a laugh)
Made more changes in the real Stryker so he'd look false - a lift of his shoe to keep him from limping too much - and we tied his left hand down so he'd have to use his right.

SOLO

I think you might have told us about that tooth. Thrush was on to us from the minute we left.

WAVERLY

Precisely the idea, Solo.

(satisfied)

Ah yes - one of my simpler but more satisfactory plans.

(glances at each of them quizzically and:)

I gather you don't concur?

ILLYA

We obviously can't quarrel with the results, sir - but the execution was rather troublesome.

WAVERLY
Too much knowledge can be a
burden sometimes. I wanted
you both to act naturally and
instinctively.

172
CONT'D
(2)

Solo suddenly glances forward and out on the street
and then:

SOLO
Driver - pull over -

As The Driver complies:

WAVERLY
What's the matter - ?

SOLO
I'll check in a little later
if it's all right with you, sir?

WAVERLY
Why yes - I suppose.

The cab stops and Solo jumps out. Waverly looks
out, watching him, and:

POV - MED. LONG SHOT

173

To see Solo enter Madame Fleur's.

ANGLE IN THE CAB

174

WAVERLY
Madame Fleur? What in the world
is he doing in there?

ILLYA
Acting naturally and instinctively,
I believe, sir.

As Waverly considers him, puzzled, the cab moves on.

INT. SALON - DAY

175

As Solo enters and:

STRYKER'S VOICE
Looking for someone, Mr. Solo?

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal Stryker seated to one side of
the door. He is as cool and supercilious as before.

SOLO
Oh - hello, Stryker - I mean - Westcott. What're you doing here?

175
CONT'D
(2)

STRYKER
I might ask the same of you.

SOLO
Just wanted to see Madame Fleur - make sure she got the check for the dress and coat.

STRYKER
She has. Her gratitude is overwhelming. So don't let me keep you.

SOLO (hesitates)
All right - come off it, Westcott - let's forget what's happened. You can drop the act now.

STRYKER
Act? My dear fellow, I assure you - I'm not an actor.

FRAN'S VOICE
I'm ready, Paul...

ANOTHER ANGLE

176

To include Fran as she comes up, carrying a dress box. As Solo turns, she recognizes him and, coolly:

FRAN
Oh - hello, Mr. Solo.

STRYKER (rising and taking the box)
Shall we, my dear?

FRAN
Of course.

As she hooks her arm in Stryker's and starts to move off:

SOLO
Miss Parsons -
(as she pauses - he shakes his head again:)
You're doing it again.

She ignores him and moves off with Stryker, leaving Solo alone and shaking his head wryly, and we:

FADE OUT

THE END