

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE VERY IMPORTANT ZOMBIE AFFAIR

Prod. #8404

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation
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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. - A SPECTACULAR AERIAL SHOT OF MIAMI'S GOLD COAST - DAY - (STOCK) 1

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY - FULL 2

A group of just arrived passengers emerge from a passage leading from the field. B.g. SOUND of flight announcements in the public address systems.

CLOSER ANGLE - FOCUSING ON SOLO AND ILLYA 3

among the passengers. Unlike the others they are apparently in no hurry. Their eyes scan the terminal, casually searching for someone.

ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR NEWSSTAND 4

A freckle faced individual in a striped Palm Beach suit and a brown planter's straw hat with a bright green band, an unlit cigarette dangling from his mouth, stands with his back to CAMERA, flipping through the pages of a girlie magazine. In the highly polished glass of a display case can be seen the reflection of the passengers moving through the terminal. As soon as Solo and Illya appear in the reflection, the man tosses a coin on the counter, thrusts the magazine under his left arm, saunters OUT OF SCENE.

SOLO AND ILLYA 5

slowing even more as they look around them. Illya spots the man with the magazine, who will cross their path in a moment.

ILLYA

That must be our man.

5
CONT'D
(2)

Solo quickly extracts a pack of cigarettes, takes one, flicks his lighter several times. It doesn't work. As the man with the magazine stops and lights his cigarette, Solo goes up to him.

SOLO

May I?

Solo holds up his unlighted cigarette and the man obliges. He then hands Solo the book of matches.

MAN

You can keep them.

SOLO

Thank you.

The man nods and disappears.

6-7 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

8

as Illya comes up to Solo.

ILLYA

Got it?

Solo opens matchbook and reads handwritten address inside the flap.

SOLO

Seaside Hotel. 1124 Flamingo Road.

ILLYA (looking after
disappearing man)

How corny can you get - striped suit,
green hat band, a girlie magazine
under the left arm...Don't you think
Waverly is overdoing it a bit?

SOLO (looking off)

Certainly looks like it.

Illya looks off in the same direction.

POV ANGLE

9

A man standing near the street exit. He is dressed in a striped Palm Beach suit and a brown straw hat with a green band, and holds a folded girlie magazine under his left arm. However, this man has a swarthy, unmistakably Latin face - As we will learn later this is CAPT. RAMIREZ, an ace in El Supremo's Secret Service -

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA

10

ILLYA

What do we do now?

SOLO

When in doubt, follow instructions.

Illya takes out a cigarette and CAMERA PANS him over to the men. As soon as the man spots Illya, he lights his cigarette.

ILLYA

May I trouble you for a match?

The man hands him a packet of matches.

MAN

Keep them - I have more.

ILLYA

Thanks.

The man looks off as though he has seen someone o.s. and hurries away. Illya looks after him, then at the matchbook. Solo comes up to him.

SOLO

Well?

ILLYA (giving
him matches)

Not a thing unless it's in invisible ink.

INSERT: MATCHBOOK

11

There is no ad on the cover and nothing inside.

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA

12

SOLO
Can't be one of ours. We gave up
that kind of kindergarten stuff
ages ago.

With a pitcher's throw, he tosses the matches into
a trash receptacle in the corner.

13 OUT

CLOSE - TRASH RECEPTACLE

13X1

As the matchbook hits it's mark there is a loud
and powerfull explosion and the receptacle leaps
into the air.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

13X2

Solo and Illya. Illya takes a look through rear
window. Solo glances at him.

SOLO
Something interesting?

ILLYA
I'm not sure. But I think that the
characters in that car are interested
in us -

Solo turns his head to take a look.

EXT. STREET - DAY - POV ANGLE

13X3

A car weaving in and out of traffic in an obvious
effort to follow the taxicab.

INT. TAXI

13X4

WIDER ANGLE to include the driver as well as Solo
and Illya. Solo leans forward and thrusts a bill
at the driver.

SOLO
See if you can lose that red car
behind us.

13X4
CONT'D
(2)

Driver takes the money and nods.

EXT. STREET - DAY

13X5

Full taxi as it spurts forward, the red car in
hot pursuit.

INT. RED CAR

13X6

We can now recognize the man sitting next to the
Negro driver as the swarthy character in the Palm
Beach suit we saw at the airport. He is holding
a car phone against his ear, never taking his eyes
off the taxi ahead. Then after a beat he barks a
command.

MAN

Now!

With that he hangs up the phone.

INT. A TRUCK CAB

13X7

The man sitting beside the driver hangs up the
receiver and nods to the driver. The latter shifts
gears.

EXT. STREET

13X8

Full truck as it pulls away from the curb with a
menacing ROAR.

EXT. INTERSECTION

13X9

HIGH ANGLE. We can see both the taxi and the truck
approaching the intersection.

INT. TAXI - SOLO AND ILLYA

13X10

are looking over their shoulder. The red car is nowhere in sight. They turn back in evident relief. A split second later they become aware of the huge truck heading straight at them.

 ILLYA (to
 driver)
 Watch out for that truck!

BACK TO HIGH ANGLE

13X11

as the truck plows into the taxi with a devastating effect.

ANOTHER ANGLE

13X12

as the red car pulls up behind the smashed taxi. The swarthy man jumps out.

CLOSE

13X13

The taxi driver shaken up but not hurt, climbs out and angrily accosts the truckdriver.

 TAXI DRIVER
 What's the matter with you?
 You drunk or something?

The swarthy man runs into scene and looks into taxi cab.

INT. TAXI -

13X14

Illya and Solo are sprawled across the seat showing no signs of life.

CLOSE SHOT - SWARTHY MAN

13X15

as he turns to the taxi driver flashing something that looks like a police shield.

MAN
Police... Where were you taking
them?

13X15
CONT'D
(2)

DRIVER
Eleven hundred block Flamingo Road.
Seaside Hotel.

Returns and hurries off.

INT. TAXI - CLOSE OF ILLYA AND SOLO

13X16

They are still in the same position, but we can
see now they are only stunned. They open their
eyes, attempt to sit up then fall back - still too
shaken up to get up.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

14 OUT

FADE IN:
INT. SEASIDE HOTEL LOBBY

15

A dusty, old-fashioned dump. There is no one in sight as Solo and Illya enter. They show signs of having been in an accident - a bandaid patch on the forehead - dust on their clothes etc. They look around, see a sign on the desk. It reads: "PLEASE RING FOR SERVICE." Illya does. They wait a moment. There is no response.

SOLO

Hit it again. There must be someone around.

Illya rings again, still no one appears. Suddenly from upstairs, comes a piercing SCREAM. Solo and Illya pull out their guns and rush upstairs.

16-17 OUT

INT. HOTEL ROOM

17X1

This is the living room part of a shabby suite. The place is in shambles. Two dark-skinned thugs are fighting with a tall handsome man, fiercely defending himself against his assailants, while the swarthy man in the Palm Beach suit is struggling with an attractive young woman. She is biting and scratching like a wild cat. After a beat, there is the SOUND of hammering on the locked door. A moment later the door gives under Illya's and Solo's onslaught and they burst into the room. The two thugs turn their attention to Solo and Illya and receive a full measure of richly deserved punishment. The swarthy man using the woman as a shield, retreats through the door. The two thugs flee via the window and down the fire escape. Solo helps the man who was the object of the assault to his feet. Illya takes care of the woman.

CLOSER ANGLE - SOLO AND THE MAN

17X2

SOLO
Senor Delgado?

DELGADO (nods)
You must be the two gentlemen
U.N.C.L.E. promised to send.

17X2
CONT'D
(2)

The woman ENTERS THE SHOT and goes up to Delgado.

CONCHITA
Are you all right?

SOLO
I'm terribly sorry we were late but
evidently your Government was
tipped off we were on our way.

DELGADO
I'm not surprised. There is very
little that escapes El Supremo's
Intelligence Service.

SOLO
So it would seem. How soon can you
be ready to leave, Senor Delgado?

DELGADO
A hunted exile like myself must
always be ready to flee. My wife
and I are entirely at your disposal,
gentlemen.

WIDER ANGLE

17X3

to INCLUDE Illya who now joins the group.

CONCHITA
I'm sorry, but I have to disagree.
And please don't think me ungrate-
ful. You've just saved our lives
but now that those men know your
identity, they'll never allow my
husband to reach New York alive.

DELGADO
My dear, there is always danger in
opposing evil. But if I don't
appear before the Council of Nations
now I will have failed my duty and
all those who gave their lives
fighting to free our country.

SOLO

I can assure you Señora Ybarra, that you and your husband will be protected by all the resources at the disposal of U.N.C.L.E.

17X3
CONT'D
(2)

CONCHITA

I'm sure you'll do the best, but you have no idea the kind of an enemy you have to deal with. Fighting El Supremo is like fighting the devil himself.

YBARRA

You must forgive my wife, she has seen so much cruelty and oppression that it sometimes affects her judgment.

SOLO

We understand. Shall we be on our way then?

CLOSE - ILLYA AT WINDOW

17X4

ILLYA

Let me first see if the coast is clear.

WIDER ANGLE

17X5

as Illya crosses to door. Ybarra puts his arm around Conchita.

YBARRA

Come on, querida. Let's go.

Solo steps aside to let Conchita and Ybarra pass. At this moment, there is a SOUND of glass breaking and a small object comes hurtling through the broken window pane and lands in the middle of the room. Solo throws himself at the Ybarras and shoves them against the wall.

ANGLE ON DOOR

17X6

Illya runs in.

ILLYA
What was it?

17X6
CONT'D
(2)

Solo advances cautiously and gingerly picks up the object.

CLOSE SHOT

17X7

A small misshapen figurine, resembling an African tribal fetish. A face of a man, obviously cut from a photo is pasted on the figurine's head. An ordinary pin is stuck between the photo's eyes.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND SOLO

17X8

SOLO
Well, you ring a big enough bell
somewhere you win a little kewpie
doll, eh?

CLOSE TWO - CONCHITA AND DELGADO

17X9

CONCHITA (terrified)
Drop it! It's Voodoo!

WIDER ANGLE

17X10

holding all four. Solo and Illya exchange looks. Delgado puts both arms protectively around her but he is too visibly shaken.

DELGADO
Look at the head. Is there a face
on it?

SOLO (nods)
Matter of fact, I believe it's
yours.

He turns to show the figurine to Delgado.

CONCHITA
Don't! Don't let him see it!

She leaps forward to snatch the figurine out of Solo's hands.

17X10
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE YBARRA

17X11

He stares ahead of him as though transfixed, then he clutches his throat and with a groan, slumps to the floor.

CONCHITA
Oh, no! Not that!

Solo kneels besides Ybarra and feels his pulse.

SOLO (to Conchita)
Call an ambulance.

ZIP PAN TO:

18-28 OUT

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - VERY CLOSE - DELGADO 29

His eyes are closed, his face in a corpse-like repose. A hand moves into frame and pulls up eyelid, revealing only the white of the eye. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A HIGH ANGLE REVEALING a group of men in white bending over Delgado, very much like a gridiron eleven in a huddle. After a moment or so the doctors straighten and look at each other.

FIRST DOCTOR
Hmmm... most extraordinary.

The group breaks up as the doctors slowly start moving toward the door.

TIGHT THREE - SOLO, ILLYA AND CONCHITA 30

They are watching the scene at Delgado's bedside. Conchita turns to Solo.

CONCHITA
I told you it's no use - They cannot help him.

SOLO
What do you suggest - we fly in a couple of African witch doctors?

CONCHITA
It may surprise you, Mr. Solo, but that might be exactly what my husband needs.

SOLO
Believe me, senora, nothing can surprise me on this assignment.

He motions to Illya and they start for the door.

ANGLE ON DOOR 31

As the last doctor files out, two hospital orderlies in surgical masks wheel in a stretcher, blocking Solo's and Illya's path.

ILLYA
What's that, more tests?

First Orderly (actually our old friend the swarthy man) nods.

31
CONT'D
(2)

FIRST ORDERLY

X-ray.

By now the passage is clear and Solo and Illya step outside. But Solo is disturbed by something and gives the Orderly a second glance.

SOLO (to Orderly)

Hold it a minute. There may be some mistake.

CLOSE - CONCHITA

32

She smiles.

CONCHITA

Don't worry, Mr. Solo. I won't let him out of my sight.

As soon as Solo is gone, she turns to Orderlies:

CONCHITA

Hurry. We haven't much time.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - THE DOCTORS

33

In another tight huddle against the corridor wall. Solo and Illya join the group.

DOCTOR

Ah - There you are Mr. Solo - I'm afraid the best hypothesis we can advance is that Mr. Ybarra is suffering from some sort of psychosomatic disturbance.

SOLO .

Did you order another x-ray, Professor?

DOCTOR

No, why?

Solo and Illya glance at each other and start running toward Ybarra's room. At this moment the lights in the corridor suddenly go out, leaving the place in complete darkness.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

34

Some light filters in through the windows. The two Orderlies are about to wheel Ybarra out as they hear Solo's footsteps. They spring to either side of the door with guns in their hands. A second later, the door swings open and Solo and Illya dash into the room, only to be slugged on the back of their heads. As our heroes sink to the floor,

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - CLOSE WAVERLY - DAY

35

WAVERLY

Voodoo! Now really Mr. Solo.

ANGLE WIDENS to include Solo and Illya seated around the round conference table.

SOLO

I used the term only in the interests of brevity, sir. Somehow it's easier to say than "the art of inducing psychosomatic disturbances."

WAVERLY

Whatever it is, it's the real secret of Supremo's strange hold on his unfortunate country. Ybarra was the only man left capable of challenging him. And now he's gone too.

ILLYA

I have no wish to offer any alibis, but there was nothing in our briefing to indicate that Senora Ybarra might be playing a double game.

WAVERLY

I'm still not satisfied she is. However, that seems to bear out your theory.

He spins the round table and Illya picks up a Spanish language daily.

ILLY (reading first
in Spanish then trans-
lating)

Ybarra returns home! Pledges full support to El Supremo.

SOLO
He doesn't miss a trick; does he?

35
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
That's what so disturbs the Council
of Nations. Delgado was the only
remaining leader capable of
challenging El Supremo. He must
be rescued - at all cost - or
the reign of terror will spread
like a plague over the entire
region.

SOLO
Will we have time to change before
we leave, sir?

WAVERLY
I understand that La Puerta del
Cielo has a number of excellent
haberdasheries.

ILLYA
What a name for a city. Gates
of Heaven!

SOLO
Let's hope they remain firmly shut
while we're there.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SCENIC AERIAL SHOT - (STOCK)

36

of a palm-fringed shore and a huge hotel a la Hilton Carib as a prominent feature.

INT. HOTEL "EL SUPREMO" LOBBY - DAY - FULL SHOT
PORTRAIT OF THE DICTATOR

37

in full dress uniform, his arm dramatically upraised as though making a speech. CAMERA TRUCKS SWIFTLY BACK TO A WIDER ANGLE covering a part of the imposing lobby and the main entrance, giving us at the same time some idea of the colossal scale of the portrait, which dwarfs everything in sight.

Solo and Illya, in clothes appropriate for a tropical climate, and wearing dark glasses, enter from the street followed by a bellboy carrying their luggage. As they cross to the desk they glance at the huge portrait and are duly impressed.

ILLYA (pushing up his
sun glasses for a moment)
Guess who that is.

SOLO (ditto)
No cracks.

ANGLE AT DESK

38

as Solo and Illya approach. In the b.g. we can see a porter wheeling a large trunk. The Room Clerk watches this, paying no particular attention to Solo and Illya.

SOLO
My name is Solo. You have a reservation for two.

CLERK (a Fritz Feld
type. His eyes on trunk)
Excuse me a moment, sir.

He steps from behind the counter. CAMERA PANS WITH him as he hurries after the porter with the trunk.

CLERK
Just a minute. Whose trunk is that?

The porter indicates the framed tag dangling on the trunk's side.

CLERK (glancing at it)
Just as I thought.

38
CONT'D
(2)

Quickly he opens the lock. The trunk swings open revealing a cute little blonde crowded inside of it.

CLERK
All right, Miss Suzy - you can come out now.

CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA

39

watching the scene with detached amusement.

BACK TO CLERK AND THE TRUNK

40

as the girl steps out of it.

CLERK
A nice intelligent girl like you should know better than try such a silly thing. You could have suffocated.

Suzy's answer is an angry look. It speaks volumes.

CLERK
Don't say it, Suzy. Such language is unbecoming to a lady. You have five minutes to get into your uniform and back to your job.

He turns and hurries back to his post.

ANGLE AT DESK

41a

as the Clerk returns.

SOLO
What was she trying to do - beat her hotel bill?

CLERK (chuckling)
Suzy? She's the new manicurist in the barbershop here. The silly girl is homesick. This is the third time she's tried to get away.

ILLYA
In a trunk?

CLERK
Oh, no. Once she used the laundry
chute.

41
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Wouldn't it be simpler to take a
plane?

CLERK
Impossible. El Supremo is too
fond of the way she does his nails.
What was that name again?

SOLO
Solo.

CLERK
Oh, yes - suite 304.

He turns to the bellboy and repeating the number in
Spanish, hands him the key.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

42

Through an open door we can see the bedroom beyond
and another door leading into the bathroom. Wide
glass doors open onto a balcony, providing a
spectacular view of the bay and surrounding moun-
tains. On a low table in front of a sofa stands a
large basket sumptuously filled with tropical fruit.
A small envelope is visible on top of the arrange-
ment.

ANGLE ON DOOR

43

as Solo and Illya enter (without their sun glasses
now), followed by the bellboy carrying their lug-
gage. Solo tips him. The bellboy grins his thanks
and exits. Illya goes to the balcony doors, slides
them open and stands there admiring the view.

ILLYA (without
turning his head)
Lovely. Reminds me of Naples.

Solo circles the room examining it for hidden micro-phones.

43
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
You mean, see La Puerta del Cielo
and die?

Now Illya turns to face Solo.

ILLYA
Well, it isn't all that beautiful.
Wasn't our contact supposed to
leave word for us here?

Solo notices the fruit basket on the coffee table.
He picks up a small card hidden among the fruit.

SOLO
He has.
(reading)
"Welcome to the Pearl of the
Caribbean. After you've admired
the view, take a look in the closet".

ILLYA
What is this? Some kind of local
joke?

Solo opens the closet door. Something he sees
makes his eyebrows go up a full inch.

SOLO
If it is, it isn't very funny.

POV SHOT

44

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON A CLOSE SHOT of the body of a
man hanging from a coat hanger inside the closet.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

*Chgs.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

45

We find Solo and Illya in the same position as at the end of Act One. Solo closes the door of the closet.

ILLYA
There's nothing psychosomatic
about this - he's been stabbed
right through the heart.

SOLO
We better get moving. We've got
to find our other contact before
they do.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

ILLYA
Too late.
 raises voice)
Come in!

ANGLE ON DOOR

46

It swings open and Ramirez enters. This time he is sporting the smart uniform of El Supremo's security forces. Solo and Illya exchange quick glances as they recognize him.

RAMIREZ
Sorry I'm late, gentlemen, but
your plane was a little early. I'm
Captain Ramirez --

SOLO
We've already met, I believe.

RAMIREZ
My compliments. I didn't think
you'd recognize me.

SOLO
You're not a man one easily forgets,
Captain.

RAMIREZ
Thank you. Gentlemen, I come to
take you to the presidential palace.

SOLO

Is this an invitation or a command?

46
CONT'D
(2)

RAMIREZ

An invitation by El Supremo is a command, Mr. Solo. He expects you promptly at 4:30.

SOLO

That doesn't give us much time, does it?

RAMIREZ

It's only a few short blocks from here...

Solo stalls for time. He must think of some way to cope with this new development. He reaches for his cigarette case and offers it to Ramirez.

SOLO

Cigarette, Captain?

RAMIREZ

No, thanks. I prefer my own brand.

While Ramirez extracts a cigarette case, Solo takes out his lighter.

SOLO

Which reminds me, we owe you some matches. Will you settle for this?

He offers him the lighter. Ramirez takes it and examines it suspiciously.

SOLO

Don't worry. It does not explode in your face.

Ramirez tries it. It does work. He decides to forget his suspicions, relaxes and lights his cigarette.

RAMIREZ

Thank you. I'll always cherish this as a memento of my first encounter with UNCLE.

SOLO (glancing at his

nails; nonchalantly)

You think we will have enough time to stop off in the barber shop?

For some reason Ramirez is delighted by this idea.

RAMIREZ

An excellent idea. I could use a shave myself.

46
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

Go ahead. I'll join you later. I'm one of those do it yourself fellows.

RAMIREZ

If it's the body in there that's bothering you, don't worry about it. It will be taken care of. Besides, if you don't mind my saying so, you could do with a haircut.

Solo and Illya look at each other. The battle has been joined.

INT. HOTEL BARBER SHOP

47

A smart, up-to-date establishment in keeping with the rest of the hotel. CAMERA PANS from Illya having a hair trim and a shoeshine, PAST Ramirez sprawled in a chair being shaved, TO Solo sitting at the manicurist's table.

SOLO (glancing at Ramirez and lowering his voice)

That man was right, you know. You could have suffocated in that trunk.

SUZY (charmingly Southern)

I don't care. Anything is better than another three months in this place.

SOLO
Is it that bad?

SUZY
How long have you all been here?

SOLO
Just arrived.

SUZY

Wait till you've spent a little time here. And don't ask me how I got here, either. Have you ever been in Chickory, Louisiana?

(Solo shakes his head)

You're lucky. All you do there is think of how you can get away... One day one of those travelling men left a New Orleans paper behind. There was this help wanted ad. Wouldn't you all grab a chance to get out of that Chickory barbershop? ...I don't know what I'd give to be back there right now -

SOLO (bending forward)

Suppose - just suppose there was a way...

SUZY (almost jumps up)

You mean it?

SOLO

Sh-h-h. Let's keep this between us, shall we?

He indicates off.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ IN BARBER CHAIR

He is giving Solo and the girl his attention.

BACK TO SOLO AND SUZY

SUZY (lower)

Don't kid me, mister. Because I want you all to understand I may be desperate, but I haven't lost my self-respect yet - if you all know what I mean?

SOLO

Nothing like that, I assure you.

SUZY

Not that I have anything against having a date with a gentleman, but I'd like to get to know him a little before I do.

47

CONT'D
(2)

48

49

SOLO

All I want you to do is make one
phone call --

49
CONT'D
(2)

SUZY (disappointed)

Is that all?

SOLO

There's a night spot called the
"Casa Verde" --

SUZY

You all don't want to go there -
It's no place to take a lady.

SOLO (stressing each
syllable)

Just call and make a reservation for
two in the name of Solo, and ask
them for the exact time of the last
show. But you must say it precisely
that way. Understand?

SUZY (nods)

I make a reservation for Solo and
ask what time's the last show?

SOLO

Exact time. Now, after you've made
the call, write down the message
and slip it under my door, suite 304.
Okay?

SUZY (nods)

Are you all really serious about
this - I mean about helping me?

SOLO

I've never been more serious.

RAMIREZ'S VOICE

Serious about what?

As Solo looks up, the ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Ramirez
approaching, as he is still being brushed off by an
attendant.

SOLO

The purity of my intentions. I'm
trying to persuade the young lady
to have dinner with me.

RAMIREZ

I don't think you'll have time
for that. Are you through?

49
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO (to Suzy)

Am I?

She nods. He takes out a bill and puts it on her
table.

SUZY

Thank you kindly.

Ramirez watches him narrowly as he crosses over
toward Illya, then bends over Suzy.

RAMIREZ

I hope you're not getting any
ideas...

SUZY (petrified)

Me, sir?

RAMIREZ

You better not. And you may as
well give me the envelopes on
those two.

SUZY

Yes, sir.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

50

Solo comes up to Illya who is just getting out of the
chair and paying the barber.

SOLO

I must say you look better with
your hair trimmed.

ILLYA

You might like to know that it
cost me five dollars American
to have him leave my hair alone.

Ramirez joins them, pocketing the envelopes.

RAMIREZ

Ready, gentlemen?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. EL SUPREMO'S OFFICE IN PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY 51

This is an heroically proportioned, high-ceilinged room. Over a huge gilded desk hangs another enormous picture of the Dictator, a twin of the one in the hotel lobby. CAMERA PANS DOWN from the huge portrait to a MEDIUM SHOT of EL SUPREMO. He is in full dress uniform and riding his shoulder is his pet monkey, dressed in a miniature replica of his own uniform. Throughout the scene El Supremo continues to pet his little companion and feed it sweets from several bowls placed all over the room.

SUPREMO

Well, gentlemen, what shall I do with you?

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Solo, Illya and Ramirez standing respectfully at some distance from El Supremo, who now comes forward.

SUPREMO

You realize of course that there's nothing to prevent me from standing you against a wall and having you shot as enemy agents?

SOLO

Since your excellency is no doubt aware of the image he enjoys outside these borders, that would hardly serve to improve it.

SUPREMO

Right. And that's the only reason I forego the pleasure. Of course I could try some of our native art on you --

ILLYA

The art of voodoo, your excellency?

SUPREMO

It is an art, Mr. Kuryakin. But I'm afraid it takes a much richer blend of bloods and cultures than yours to develop a true appreciation of its magic appeal. And don't let the color of my eyes mislead you. There is no strain of blood on this island that doesn't run through my veins, and the beat of a jungle drum speaks louder to me than all the voices of your civilization. Although I must confess that I know some pretty civilized people who maintain that this little pet of mine is really my lamented predecessor, President Cardona, whom I, by some trick of voodoo magic transformed into a monkey. As though Cardona needed anyone's assistance to be-

SOLO

I must admit that having seen
pictures of the late President
there is a certain resemblance.

51
CONT'D
(2)

SUPREMO (hugely pleased)
Did you hear that, Ramirez? That's
funny. Why don't you laugh?

Ramirez springs to attention and lets out a loud
guffaw which somehow rings very hollow.

SUPREMO

That's enough.

(to Solo and Illya)

You came here to see Senor Delgado...
Well, I can save you the trouble of
trying to find him.

Supremo presses a buzzer on his desk. A pair of
doors swing open and Conchita propels Senor Delgado
in a wheelchair into the room. Conchita is now
dressed in a chic frock and doesn't look at all
the revolutionary gamin we saw before. Senor Del-
gado, too, is wearing a dark jacket, striped pants
and a grey tie. Supremo walks up to Delgado and
places his hands on his shoulder.

SUPREMO

I believe you've met these gentlemen.

CLOSE - DELGADO

52

He looks up, his eyes stare vacantly into space, as
a blind man does. His face is a stone mask. He
speaks like an automaton, without inflections - much
as deaf people do.

DELGADO

Glad to see you, Mr. Solo -
Mr. Kuryakin.

WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE SOLO AND ILLYA

53

who are visibly perturbed by Delgado's zombie-like
appearance.

SOLO

How do you feel, Senor Delgado?

YBARRA
Much better, thank you.

SUPREMO
Why don't you tell them what made
you decide to come home?

YBARRA
When I was sick, I had time to
think. I realized how wrong I
was about our great leader. Our
country needs him. He has my full
support...He...

He makes an effort to go on, but cannot. His eyes
close and his head drops, as though he had suddenly
fallen asleep.

SUPREMO
That'll be enough, Ybarra. You
can rest now.
(turns to Solo and Illya)
The poor man is still very weak -
but as you see he's coming along
nicely. Isn't he, senora?

CONCHITA
Oh, yes - your excellency. He's
getting better every day.

SUPREMO
I'm very grateful you brought him
along - and now I think we better
not over-tax his strength.

CONCHITA
Your excellency - gentlemen.

As she starts to wheel her father out, Supremo turns
to Solo and Illya.

SUPREMO
Satisfied?

ILLYA
He's certainly a changed man --

SUPREMO
I'm glad you think so. Well, it
was a pleasure, gentlemen. May I
suggest that if you leave now, you'll
still be able to make tonight's flight
to Miami.

SOLO

Frankly, your excellency, we had hoped to mix a little pleasure with business. We thought we might have at least a glimpse of your country --

53
CONT'D
(3)

SUPREMO

There's only one thing worth seeing here -- and you've already met me.

EXT. HIGHWAY - OPEN COUNTRY - DUSK - FULL

54

A black sedan speeding past a signpost in Spanish indicating KLMS to airport.

INT. SEDAN

55

Ramirez is in front beside the uniformed driver, Illya and Solo in back. For a moment all are silent. The car careens as it takes a sharp curve, almost throwing the passengers off balance.

SOLO (sotto voce
to Illya)
Did you manage to place the
detonator?

ILLYA (nods)
Everything is under control -

RAMIREZ
Can't you speak a little louder?
I hate people whispering behind
my back.

SOLO (raising
his voice)
We were only wondering if you
have speed limits in this country.

RAMIREZ
Not with only twenty minutes to
catch that flight.

SOLO (glancing
at Illya)
I'd hate to have a blowout
traveling at this clip.

ILLYA
Perish the thought.

55
CONT'D
(2)

During above, CAMERA MOVES IN TO A CLOSER ANGLE
on Illya, as he glances at his wristwatch and
presses with one finger.

INSERT - TIRE

56

A small puff of smoke appears as the tiny explosive
charge goes off. Then there is the hissing SOUND
of escaping air.

INT. SEDAN

57

The driver has a difficult time controlling the vehicle, but finally manages to bring it to a stop.

EXT. SEDAN

58

as the occupants pile out to examine the flat.

RAMIREZ (to Driver)
You fool - why didn't you check the
tires?

SOLO (grining)
Why blame the poor fellow. An
accident can happen to the best of
us,

Ramirez doesn't like this. He pulls his gun and
levels it at Solo.

RAMIREZ (angrily)
Just for that you two can do the
changing -

CAMERA FOLLOWS Solo and Illya as they move toward
the trunk. As the driver opens the trunk to reach
for the jack, Illya clips him on the back of his
head.

At the same moment Solo leaps at Ramirez and grabs
his gun hand. The gun goes harmlessly off, then
falls from Ramirez's hand. The two grapple for a
brief moment, then Solo finally knocks Ramirez out.
But their triumph is short-lived, because at this
moment a jeep load of soldiers arrive on the scene.
The soldiers grab Solo and Illya. Ramirez picks
himself up from the ground.

RAMIREZ
I thought you might try something.
So I had these men following us.

SOLO
Very thoughtful of you - but just
the same I'm afraid we've missed
our flight. Isn't that it?

Ramirez looks up.

EXT. A SPECTACULAR SHOT OF A JET (STOCK) 59
rising into a sunset sky.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ 60
He is furious.

RAMIREZ
You may yet wish you were on that
plane, Mr. Solo.

FADE OUT

61-70 OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

71

Solo and Illya emerge from the elevator carrying their bags. The two soldiers we saw on the road are still with them. CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them to their door. Solo unlocks and opens the door. One of the soldiers confiscates the key and locks the door after them.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

72

Solo looks at the floor near the door.

SOLO

No message from the manicurist,
either.

ILLYA (a little

smile)

Could it be possible that you, eh...
over-estimated the effect of your
charms on the young lady?

Solo gives him a slightly indignant look then hears something o.s.

SOLO

Sh-h-h.

They freeze and listen. From o.s. comes the splashing SOUND of an open shower. CAMERA PANS WITH them as they tiptoe to the bathroom door. As they reach it, the sound of splashing water stops. They glance at each other, get set and yank the door open.

P.O.V. SHOT - SUZY

73

Wet from head to toe, she has just managed to grab a towel to cover her nakedness. Her embarrassment makes her angry.

SUZY

I declare! Where I come from,
a gentleman is supposed to knock
before entering!

SOLO
Excuse me. Did you make that
phone call?

73
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

73X1

As Suzy comes forward tucking the towel more
firmly.

SUZY
Certainly. I was just about to
slip the message under the door,
like you told me, when it occurred
to me that it might get into wrong
hands, so I asked a maid I know to
let me in...

SOLO
You shouldn't have done that, Suzy.

SUZY (surprised)
Take a shower? I didn't think
you'd mind...the one in my room
just drools...a drop at a time.

SOLO
I meant the maid. She might talk.
What was the message?

SUZY
That man on the phone was a kook!
I asked him for the exact time of
the last show and he said, "bring a
silver dollar" and hung up.

SOLO
Good girl.

Suzy makes a gesture, almost dropping her towel.

SUZY
Does that make sense to you all?

SOLO (grins)
Your towel's slipping.
(to Illya)
Let's go.

SUZY
Hey, wait a minute. What about me?
I did my part. How about you all
doing yours? You promised, remember?

SOLO

I will. But you must give me a
little time.

SUZY

I should've known.

(turning on the tears)

You are all alike. All sweet talk
till you get what you're after -
and then a girl can go whistle.

SOLO

Now look, Suzy. I only promised
to try. And I will. As a matter
of fact, I'm going right now to
meet someone who might be able to
help.

SUZY

That's fine. I'll come with you.

SOLO

You can't - you might get into seri-
ous trouble if you're seen with us.
We're not exactly persona grata
around here -

ILLYA (shakes his
head)

Nh-huh. We can't leave her here,
either. If those two jokers see
her leave this room, she might be
in a worse spot.

SUZY

What jokers?

SOLO

Never mind. Think you can shinny
down a balcony?

SUZY (grins impishly)

It can't be much worse than an apple
tree.

SOLO

Get your clothes on.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SUPREMO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

73X2

Supremo is pacing in front of a very subdued Ramirez who stands at rigid attention.

SUPREMO

What did you do with them?

RAMIREZ

I sent them back to town under guard in an oxcart. They should be there by now.

Supremo starts choosing a cigarette from a box. Ramirez produces Solo's lighter, ready to offer a light.

INT. MOTEL SUITE

73X3

Solo and Illya are lounging around waiting for Suzy. Solo is fiddling with the communicator.

ILLYA (after a beat)

Amazing how quickly a girl can take her clothes off and how long it takes to put them on again.

He

SOLO

Sh-h-h. I think I've got it.

He does another something to his wristwatch and suddenly we hear the sound of Supremo's voice.

SUPREMO'S VOICE

(filtered)

Fool -- You simple-minded jackass.

Solo glances at Illya, who moves closer.

BACK TO SUPREMO'S OFFICE

Supremo finally selects a cigarette and glances at Ramirez extending the lighter and waves it away.

SUPREMO

You have no more brains than a monkey!

He turns to his desk where the little monkey is busy playing with various objects on the desk, piling them on top of one another.

SUPREMO (cont'd; to
monkey)
Sorry, my pet. I didn't mean you --

73X4
CONT'D
(2)

VERY CLOSE - THE MONKEY

73X5

He looks up and bares his teeth mischievously at
his master.

CLOSE - SUPREMO

73X6

Suddenly his smiling face distorts into a terror-
stricken grimace.

SUPREMO
Get that monkey out of here and
put a bullet through his heart--

WIDER ANGLE TO INCLUDE RAMIREZ

73X7

RAMIREZ
Yes, excellency. But why?

Supremo points to the small pile built by his pet.
A paper knife crossed by two pens.

RAMIREZ (gasping)
The sign of the evil one!

EXT. HIGHWAY - CLOSE TWO - SOLO AND ILLYA

73X8

fascinated by what they hear.

RAMIREZ' VOICE (filtered)
You think it is the spirit of Cardona
in him that made him do it?

BACK TO SUPREMO'S OFFICE

73X9

SUPREMO (attempting
a recovery)
What are you--a backwoods peasant
to believe such nonsense--Cardona
is dead--and buried. And don't
you forget it!

RAMIREZ

Yes, excellency--of course he is.

73X9
CONT'D
(2)

He glances at the monkey. He knows that if he obeys, five minutes later he'll be blamed for it.

RAMIREZ (cont'd)

Do you still wish me to execute him?

SUPREMO

Perhaps I was too hasty--and would miss the poor thing.

With a sweep of his hand, he breaks up the menacing design, sits down and sticks the cigarette in his mouth. Ramirez bends forward and flicks the lighter. Supremo's eyes fall on it.

SUPREMO

Nice little lighter. Solid gold. Isn't it a bit rich for a mere captain--

He takes it from Ramirez and pockets it.

RAMIREZ

It's yours, excellency.

SUPREMO

Who'd you steal it from?

RAMIREZ (shocked)

Your excellency...it was a present--

SUPREMO

From whom?

RAMIREZ

That man from UNCLE -- Mr. Solo --

Supremo takes the lighter out, pulls it apart and shows Ramirez the tiny microphone and the rest of the intricate electronic innards.

SUPREMO (enraged

again)

You numbskull! You misbegotten son of a she-ass!

CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA

73X10

as the SOUND breaks off abruptly.

SOLO
You can't say it wasn't fun
while it lasted.

73X10
CONT'D
(2)

BACK TO SUPREMO'S OFFICE

73X11

RAMIREZ
...They'll be on the first plane
in the morning, I assure you!

SUPREMO
Oh no - they mustn't be permitted
to leave - not now! See if you
can get the envelopes on them.

RAMIREZ
I already have them, your excellency.
He pulls out two envelopes.

RAMIREZ
The nail parings are Solo's. The
hair Kuryakin's.

SUPREMO
That's more like it.

RAMIREZ
Anything else, excellency?

SUPREMO
Just keep an eye on them...Before
the night is over, you'll have two
very surprised young men on your
hands.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. "CASA VERDE"

74

This is an unpretentious little native dive, rocking to the FAST BEAT of a small calypso-type COMBO. Most of the customers are a motley assortment of natives. CAMERA FOCUSES on a young cafe au lait dancer doing a hot mambo routine, THEN SWINGS THROUGH the thick smoke in the place and comes TO REST on Solo, Illya and Suzy in a corner table.

SUZY

Well, where is he?

SOLO (his eyes
on dancer)

Who?

SUZY

Whoever you're waiting for.

ILLYA

Don't you like the floor show?

SUZY

You two are enjoying it enough for
the three of us.

CLOSE - DANCER

75

She scans the room as she moves about. Then she spots Solo and her expression changes imperceptibly.

CLOSE - SOLO

76

watching the dancer intently.

WIDER ANGLE - GROUP

77

Illya also glances at Solo questioningly. Solo catches his look and nods.

SUZY

Well, I declare, I've never been so
ignored in all my life --

Neither man takes his eyes off the dancer. Suzy is disgusted.

FULL SHOT - DANCER

78

She finishes her routine with a flourish. Solo and Illya applaud enthusiastically. Suzy remains haughtily indifferent.

CLOSE - DANCER

79

acknowledging applause. Men in the audience begin to toss coins at her feet. She bows and glances in Solo's direction.

SOLO

80

He takes a silver dollar from his pocket. Suzy notices it. She reaches for it and examines it.

SUZY

You all must make a fortune with this. It's the same on both sides.

(sudden inspiration)

Say, that man on the phone --

SOLO (taking coin)

Shush, baby.

He stands up and throws it at the dancer.

FULL SHOT - DANCER

81

as she sees the coin hit the floor. She bends gracefully and picks it up. Quickly she glances at it, flashes a dazzling smile in Solo's direction. She takes the flower she wears in her hair and tosses it to Solo.

BACK TO GROUP

82

Solo, still on his feet, catches the flower and gestures his thanks to the dancer. Then he sits and puts the flower in his lapel.

SOLO

Let's get out of here, shall we?

He takes a couple of bills and places them on table.

ILLYA

I don't think we're going anywhere.

He indicates with a nod to something o.s. Solo looks off.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ - NEAR THE DOOR

83

searching the place with his eyes, then spots his quarry and starts forward.

BACK TO GROUP

84

as Ramirez comes up to them, smiling.

ILLYA

Hello, Captain, care to join us?

RAMIREZ (sitting
down)

Why not? I've been looking for you everywhere. Why did you have to pick this dump when there's any number of decent places in town?

SOLO

Well, to be frank, we thought you wouldn't think to look for us in a lowly spot like this.

Ramirez gives him a look, pours himself a drink and downs it.

RAMIREZ

I only wanted to give you the good news. El Supremo has changed his mind. You don't have to leave. In fact, you may remain here indefinitely.

As Ramirez pours himself another drink, Solo and Illya look at each other. They don't like it. Ramirez looks entirely too pleased with himself.

84
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

How long is indefinitely?

Ramirez downs the drink before answering.

RAMIREZ

I suppose I should be enjoying this -- I've had nothing but grief since you came here, but I am really a soft-hearted sentimentalist inside... All I can feel for you is pity...as I would for any creature doomed to spend the rest of its days as a zombie!

SUZY (stands up)

I don't know about you all, but I'm getting out of here.

RAMIREZ (evenly)

Sit down. Nobody is leaving till I say so.

(to Solo and Illya)

And don't try anything. I have a jeep load of men outside.

SOLO

Well, in that case, we may as well have another drink.

ILLYA

Speaking of zombies, Captain, I've always understood you cannot make one without something which is a part of the intended victim?

RAMIREZ (nods)

That's right. And El Supremo has all that's necessary. Doesn't he, Suzy?

Suzy flushes. She feels terrible and she attempts to defend herself, since she now knows what the envelopes are used for.

84
CONT'D
(3)

SUZY (turns
to Solo)
I couldn't help it. It was part
of my job. But I had no idea
what he wanted it for.

SOLO
That's all right, Suzy. We
understand.

SUZY (near tears)
Now you know why I've got to get
out of here - out of this creepy,
crazy country!

RAMIREZ
Be careful what you say.

SUZY (reckless
abandon)
I'm not afraid of you all. I've
had it up to here. And what's more,
nothing's going to happen to them.
You didn't get their hair and nail
parings in those envelopes! You
got yours!

Ramirez springs to his feet.

RAMIREZ
Mine? You --

Suddenly his face contorts into a terrible grimace.
He clutches his throat and crashes to the floor.
Waiters and curious customers quickly gather around.

SOLO
Stand back, everybody, It's
nothing. He's just had too much
rum.
(to waiter)
There are some of his men outside.
Call them.

The waiter runs out. Solo turns to Suzy.

SOLO
Come on.

But the girl is petrified, unable to move.

SUZY (staring
at Ramirez)
It -- it does work!

84
CONT'D
(4)

Solo grabs her by the hand and with Illya pushing her from behind, they hurry out.

ANGLE ON DOOR

85

Waiter holds the door open for several armed soldiers who dash in and run toward Ramirez. Through the open door can be seen a jeep. Solo slips a bill into the surprised waiter's hand and they slip out.

EXT. CASA VERDE - NIGHT - FULL ON JEEP

86

as Solo, Suzy and Illya run out of cafe. Solo clips the jeep driver with a karate chop and throws him out of the car. They jump into the jeep and, Illya at the wheel, take off. A second later, two of the soldiers run out and fire a few SHOTS after them.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

87

The jeep turns into the alley and pulls up into:

CLOSE - ILLYA, SOLO AND SUZY

88

Solo takes the flower from his lapel and unwraps the green foil around the stem. Inside is a slip of paper. He plays a pencil spotlight on it, reads the message.

SOLO

Do you know the way to Avenida
Santomas?

SUZY (nods)

Don't tell me you want to go to
the cemetery.

SOLO

Where else would you look for a
zombie?

SUZY

Oh, no! Not me.

She attempts to climb out of the jeep. Illya pulls her down into the seat again.

88
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Sit down. Ramirez may come to and remember what you've done to him.

SUZY (sits)

They'll never believe it back home.

Illya guns the jeep and they are soon lost in the darkness.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. AN OLD MANSION - NIGHT

89

The relic stands alone, shuttered and silent, surrounded by wild growth of palmettos and banana trees. The CAMERA RESTS long enough on a full view of the brooding mansion to give us due appreciation of the eerie atmosphere and the spooky SOUND of FROGS croaking in the nearby swamp. Then IT SWINGS OVER to the narrow avenue of old gnarled trees and PICKS UP the headlights of the approaching jeep.

FULL - THE JEEP

90

as Illya pulls up and surveys the scene.

ILLYA

This must be it.

SUZY (nods)

I can feel my flesh crawl already.

SOLO

Come on.

WIDER ANGLE

91

as they step out of the jeep and start toward the mansion.

CLOSER SHOT - GROUP

92

as they mount the front steps and approach the door.

SUZY (hopefully)
Doesn't look like anybody's home,
does it?

Suddenly two soldiers armed with sub-machine guns materialize out of the shadows and block their path. Suzy suppresses a scream.

SOLO (complete non-
chalance)
Good evening. I'm Doctor Solo -
and this is my colleague, Doctor
Kuryakin. Captain Ramirez sent
us to attend Senor Ybarra...

The soldier looks at him expressionlessly, then his eyes shift to Suzy.

SOLO
The young lady is a nurse.

The soldier digests this for a moment, then bangs on the door with the butt of his rifle. There is a long, suspenseful wait, then the door creaks slowly open, revealing Conchita in a hastily put on robe, holding a kerosene lamp. She glances coldly at the group, without betraying in the slightest that she knows them. Then she turns to the soldier.

CONCHITA (in Spanish)
What is it?

SOLDIER (in Spanish)
They say they're doctors sent by
Captain Ramirez.

Conchita nods as though to indicate she was expecting their visit and stands aside, to let them enter. The soldier waits until the door closes behind them, then lowers a bar, effectively barring the door and hurries away. CAMERA FOLLOWS him to a field phone attached to a tree. He cranks the handle and picks up the receiver.

INT. A SMALL BOOK-LINED DEN - NIGHT - GROUP

93

The room is dimly illuminated by a single table lamp.

SOLO

Mind telling us why you decided
to switch sides and bring your
husband back to La Puerta del Cielo.

CONCHITA

Because he is my husband and I want
to see him well again.

SOLO

You expect El Supremo to cure
the only man he really fears?

CONCHITA

There are others on this island
who have that power.

ILLYA

I wouldn't say they've been much
help.

CONCHITA

I haven't been able to take him to
her yet --

SOLO

Her?

CONCHITA

Mama Lou. She's the last great
voodoo priestess... They say it
was she who taught Supremo all he
knows - It's up to you gentlemen -
either you take us to her - or I
call the guards.

SOLO (resigned)

That doesn't leave us much choice,
does it.

SUZY

If that's where you're going, I'll
take my chances with Ramirez.
Goodbye.

She turns to go. Solo stops her.

Suddenly, from o.s. comes the shrill SOUND of a
sergeant's WHISTLE. Everyone freezes. Illya
goes to a window and peers outside.

EXT. GROUNDS AROUND MANSION - NIGHT

94

Several soldiers run by, taking up positions around the house. The first sentry we saw is directing their activities.

INT. DEN

95

The group watches Illya, still at the window. After a moment he turns to face them.

ILLYA

Ladies and gentlemen; it appears we are about to become a captive audience.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY IN MANSION - NIGHT

96

The only source of light is the lamp in the den, the door to which is wide open. Conchita is wheeling Ybarra toward Solo who stands in the f.g. Solo motions to her to place the wheelchair in the dark recess under the stairs leading up. Suzy stands near the den doorway, watching curiously something that is going on o.s.

SOLO (to Suzy)

Come on.

Suzy runs forward and Solo indicates that she should hide under the stairs, too.

INT. DEN - CLOSE - ILLYA

97

near the table lamp. He is pouring some liquid from a small flask onto his handkerchief, to which a thin wire is attached. He places this soaked handkerchief under the lamp and carefully unraveling the wire, backs out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

98

as Illya emerges holding the wire.

ILLYA (to Solo)

All set.

He takes up a position behind the den door. Solo tiptoes toward the front door and pulls out a gun.

SOLO

All right, Conchita, do your stuff.

CLOSE - CONCHITA

99

She cups her hands in front of her face and lets go with an ear-splitting scream.

CONCHITA (in Spanish)
Help! Help!

99
CONT'D
(2)

EXT. MANSION

100

The sentry in charge is standing beside another soldier, giving him some unintelligible orders in Spanish. He reacts as he hears Conchita's scream. He blows his whistle and several soldiers come running in. The sentry directs them to the front door. They raise the bar and storm inside.

INT. HALLWAY

101

Conchita, pressing herself against the wall, points at the open den door.

CONCHITA (in Spanish)
' In there...

The soldiers rush into the den. Illya slams the den door after them and pulls the wire.

INSERT - TABLE LAMP IN DEN

102

It explodes, releasing a white cloud of gas.

INT. DEN

103

as soldiers choke and stagger from the effects of the tear gas.

EXT. MANSION

104

Solo runs out of the house and motions to the others to come out. Conchita and Suzy emerge, wheeling Ybarra.

SOLO
Get in that jeep!

ANGLE - SOLDIER AT FIELD PHONE

He sees the commotion and fires.

CLOSE - SOLO

106

He ducks and fires back, then starts toward jeep.

WIDER ANGLE

107

as Illya emerges from mansion and lowers the bar across the front door. Another soldier appears from around a corner and fires. Illya fires back as he sprints toward the jeep.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE JEEP

108

Conchita, Ybarra and Suzy are already seated. Solo leaps into the car, Illya follows, and they are off.

INT. EL SUPREMO'S VOODOO "LAB" - NIGHT

109

A small room cluttered with the latest word in lab equipment.

CLOSE SHOT - EL SUPREMO'S PET MONKEY

110

jumping up and down on top of a huge tom-tom, chattering away excitedly. From o.s. comes the SOUND of a weird African chant. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal El Supremo in shirt sleeves, watching a retort boil over a Bunsen burner. He pours some of the boiling liquid into a small beaker, then drops some powder into it. There is a violent chemical reaction. El Supremo raises the beaker and holding it against the light, watches the liquid settle. Then evidently satisfied, he comes forward.

CAMERA DOLLIES WITH him until it reveals Ramirez's body stretched out on a cot in the f.g. El Supremo lifts his head and pours some of the concoction into his mouth. He waits a moment for a reaction. There is none. Muttering an unintelligible curse under his breath, El Supremo pours in the rest of the stuff. This time it seems to work. Ramirez's face twitches, then he opens his eyes. He looks around, evidently not recognizing his surroundings. Then he sees his chief.

RAMIREZ
Your excellency - am I dead?

110
CONT'D
(2)

El Supremo reaches out and switches off the tape recorder playing the African chant.

EL SUPREMO
You should be, you brainless jack-ass.

RAMIREZ
It's that girl - that manicurist --

EL SUPREMO
Never mind that now. They've abducted Ybarra. I want you to take some men and find Mama Lou.

RAMIREZ
Mama Lou?

EL SUPREMO
That's where they must be headed, you numbskull. I want you to get to her first.

RAMIREZ
Yes, excellency.

He attempts to snap to attention and reels like a drunken sailor. El Supremo gives him a disgusted look.

CLOSE SHOT - MONKEY

111

baring his teeth as though he were laughing.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. - THE SUN RISES OVER THE MOUNTAINS (STOCK)

112

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

113

The jeep is laboring up the steep grade.

EXT. - A FAIRLY LEVEL STRETCH ON TOP OF THE RISE

114

The jeep drives into SHOT and jerkily comes to a stop.

CLOSER SHOT - GROUP

115

Solo turns to Illya, who is at the wheel.

SOLO

What now?

ILLYA

Out of gas.

SOLO (to Conchita)

How much farther?

CONCHITA

I've no idea. I've never been this far before. Not many people dare to come here.

SOLO (pointing o.s.)

There are some men in that field. Maybe they can help. Come on. Suzy, steer.

He and Illya climb out of the jeep and start pushing it, with Suzy at the wheel.

EXT. A FIELD ON GENTLY SLOPING HILLSIDE

116

About a dozen natives in rags are busy working it. Some are hoeing, others picking up rocks and carrying them to the top edge of the field. They move in a peculiarly sluggish manner, as though in a slow motion film. A big overseer on horseback, cracks his long whip now and then without the slightest effect on the men. By contrast, he is dressed like the typical planter. From o.s. comes the SOUND of the jeep's claxon. The men stop work and look up. The Horseman starts up the hillside.

ANGLE ON JEEP

117

which has stopped at the top edge of the field. The Horseman rides into shot.

SOLO

Good morning. I wonder if you could help us.

The Horseman's thick accent does not detract from the menace in his voice.

HORSEMAN

It is forbidden to trespass on El
Supremo's private property.

117
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Sorry - we didn't know that. We'll
be very glad to get off if you can
get us some gasoline.

HORSEMAN

Wait here. I'll bring you some
from the house. And no talking to
those men. It is forbidden.

He rides off.

ILLYA (looking off
at field hands)

What's he afraid of? That we might
give them something to eat? I've
never seen a hungrier looking lot.

CONCHITA

They're not hungry. They are
zombies.

SUZY (horrificed)

Zombies!

CONCHITA

Now you know what happens to those
who dare to oppose El Supremo.

CLOSE - A FIELD HAND

118

A very emaciated old mulatto. We can now see that
he has chains on his legs which are tied to his
belt. He deposits the rock he carries at the edge
of the field and looks around furtively. From o.s.
comes the rhythmic SOUND of drums. He listens a
moment, then makes a dash for the jeep.

GROUP AT JEEP

119

as the field hand enters shot.

FIELD HAND (hollow
eerie sounding voice)
Go quick. He is calling the sol-
diers.

10-25-65 11.50
As they all climb out of the jeep, Solo turns to the field hand.

119
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Thanks. Is there anything we can do for you?

FIELD HAND (shakes his head)

What can you do for the dead?

EXT. A NATIVE PALM FROND ROOFED HUT - DAY - CLOSE SHOT MAMA LOU

120

She is a very ancient Negress. Her hair is silvered, her face an overbaked apple, but her eyes are still keen and shrewd.

MAMA LOU (looking up)
...And what if I don't do it?

ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE Ramirez standing before her. Mama Lou is seated in a crude rocking chair in front of her hut. Several armed soldiers form a semi-circle around them.

RAMIREZ

I have orders to burn you alive - as a witch and an enemy of the state.

MAMA LOU (cackling)

He think he can scare Mama Lou?

She spits.

RAMIREZ (roars)

For the last time, will you do it?

MAMA LOU

I used to take him on my knee and spank him - and now he calls himself El Supremo -- ordering me to --

RAMIREZ (changes approach)

Very well, mother, he's asking you.

MAMA LOU

That's better.

RAMIREZ

They will come here and ask you to help DELGADO. You will agree. Then you will take them into your prayer-house. Put on a good show, and make them drink this.

120
CONT'D
(2)

He hands her a small flask.

RAMIREZ

And then when it's all over, you'll get the reward I promised you.

Mama Lou opens the flask and sniffs at it. She makes a face.

MAMA LOU

El Supremo! He can't even brew a proper potion.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. NARROW MOUNTAIN PATH - NIGHT

121

Solo, Suzy and Delgado supported by Conchita and Illya are slowly trudging forward. Suzy has taken off her high-heeled shoes and carries them in her hand. From o.s. comes the SOUND of drums and chanting.

SOLO (raising his
hand as a signal to stop)
I think we've made it.

SUZY

Just in time, too. I can't take another step.

As she is about to sit down she jumps up at the sight of three or four half-naked natives armed with machetes..

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE MOUNTAIN PATH - NIGHT

A small procession of natives carrying torches advances toward CAMERA. Mama Lou, in a ceremonial robe and head-dress, is being carried on a sort of palanquin consisting of an old rocking chair resting on two long poles. Two bare-chested natives beat large drums at the head of the procession.

BACK TO GROUP

123

They stand up as they see the approaching procession.

ANOTHER ANGLE

124

as Mama Lou is carried into the SHOT. The drumming stops.

MAMA LOU

What took you so long? I waited for you all day.

SOLO

Er - sorry. We had no idea you were expecting us.

MAMA LOU

Nothing is hidden from me.

ILLYA

In that case, you must know why we were delayed.

MAMA LOU (toothless

grin)

You don't believe in my powers?
Come and you shall see for yourself.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. A ROOFLESS ENCLOSURE

125

serving as Mama Lou's prayer house. The walls are made of woven mats, hung with spears, machetes and warrior shields. The "altar" is covered with palm fronds and raised like a small stage.

CLOSE SHOT - AN ENORMOUS, RICHLY DECORATED
VOODOO GOD

126

It stands in the center b.g. of the stage. CAMERA
PULLS BACK to REVEAL Mama Lou and her assistants.

REVERSE ANGLE - SOLO, ILLYA, SUZY AND CONCHITA 127

sit cross-legged on the earthen floor, in a semi-circle around Delgado who is stretched out on a low cot. Behind them, in a wider semicircle stand the chanting women, all dressed in white ceremonial robes, clapping their hands. Behind and slightly above them, on a sort of elevated platform, are the almost naked men.

CLOSE SHOT - MAMA LOU 128

as she turns to face her audience.

CAMERA PANS FROM FACE TO FACE OF OUR GROUP 129

as they register individual reactions. When it comes to rest on Suzy, she clutches Solo's hand.

SUZY (whispers;
frightened)
Hold on to me, or I'll take off
any minute.

SOLO
Happy Halloween!

ANGLE ON STAGE 130

as Mama Lou sprinkles some water on the fire with a long horsetail whisk. As she does so, she glances for a moment into the "wings".

POV SHOT - RAMIREZ 131

making himself scarce behind a woven mat and signaling to Mama Lou to hurry it up. Behind him loom a couple of his men with submachine guns.

CLOSE - MAMA LOU 132

She gives Ramirez a sly wink and turns back to face her audience. She picks up the flask Ramirez gave her and ritualistically empties it into a large human skull.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ

133

He nods approvingly.

CLOSE - MAMA LOU

134

She adds more liquid from several other jars, then she raises the skull high and swirls the contents around. The TEMPO of the DRUMBEAT increases. The CHANTING grows absolutely wild.

A SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS OF OUR GROUP

135-140

watching the weird proceedings with increasing fascination.

FULL SHOT - MAMA LOU

141

Slowly she descends from the "stage" and approaches our group. She sets the skull down at the foot of the cot on which Ybarra lies and with the help of a woman who comes to assist her, ladles out some of the potion into a small wooden bowl, then motions to her assistant to take it to Suzy.

MAMA LOU

You must all drink this ---

Suzy recoils in a mixture of fear and disgust. Solo glances at Mama Lou.

SOLO

Is it absolutely necessary?

MAMA LOU

If you want him to come back, it is.

Solo takes the bowl from the woman and takes a sip. A loud shout goes up from the crowd. His face brightens suddenly and he turns to Suzy.

SOLO

Go ahead. It isn't bad at all.

141
CONT'D
(2)

Suzy gives him a look and takes the bowl.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ

142

peering through a peephole at the proceedings.

CLOSE - MAMA LOU

143

She takes the bowl which has by now reached Illya and approaches Delgado. She bends over him and pours the rest of the liquid into his mouth.

CLOSE - CONCHITA watching anxiously.

144

CLOSE - MAMA LOU

145

She straightens and turns to face the altar. She raises her arm.

MAMA LOU

Now let the spirit of the evil
one leave this man and enter the
body of the sacrifice.

146-147
OUT

FULL - DANCERS

147X1

They whirl around a man who represents the evil spirit. After a beat, Mama Lou raises a dagger and plunges it into the man.

CLOSE

147X

As the dagger strikes we see that the man is a dummy - and sawdust streams out of the wound instead of blood. Mama Lou approaches Delgado.

MAMA LOU (to Conchita)

Open his shirt.

Conchita complies. Mama Lou makes a quick, light incision in the form of an X on Delgado's chest, then presses a small doll against the wound -- After a beat she turns and tosses the doll into the fire blazing in the brazier nearby. A tongue of flame shoots up.

FULL - CROWD

148

A tremendous ROAR goes up. The men jump into the air and go into a frenzied dance, soon joined by the women.

CLOSE - MAMA LOU

149

She stands facing Ybarra.

MAMA LOU

It's done. You can get up now.

CLOSE - YBARRA

150

He sits up, blinking his eyes like a man who has just been awakened and finds himself in strange surroundings. Conchita throws her arms around him. There are tears in her eyes.

CONCHITA

Oh, Father...

(she turns to the old woman)

Thank you, Mama Lou - thank you...

CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA

151

ILLYA

Pretty effective, wouldn't you say?

SOLO

We ought to get the formula for that cocktail she mixed - and bottle it. We'd make a fortune.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ

152

He turns away from the peephole to face the CAMERA. He is livid with rage.

RAMIREZ

Kill her - kill them all!

He whips out his gun and steps forward.

FULL - GROUP

153

A SHOT rings out and Mama Lou staggers. Solo and Illya spring to their feet and reach for their weapons.

FULL - STAGE

154

as soldiers emerge from their places of concealment. The man with the machete raises his weapon at Ramirez. Ramirez shoots him.

CLOSE - SOLO

155

He fires.

CLOSE - RAMIREZ

156

He falls.

CLOSE - ILLYA

157

Tackling a soldier and throwing judo fashion.

158-159 OUT

FULL - THE INFURIATED NATIVES

160

Armed with machetes, rushing on stage in a mad charge.

ANGLE ON MAMA LOU

161

supported by Suzy. Solo bends over her. Delgado is on the other side.

SOLO
Is there anything we can do to
help?

161
CONT'D
(2)

Delgado shakes his head; it is too late, obviously.

MAMA LOU (shaking
her head)
Nothing. My time has come -- like
his. I taught him everything he
knows. He turned it all to evil
purpose. Tell him I died cursing
his name.

Her eyes close and she goes limp. From her hand
falls a small voodoo doll. Solo picks it up.

INSERT - DOLL

162

similar to those we have seen before, except that
this one has a picture of Supremo pasted on its
face.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE AT UNCLE HQS - NIGHT

163

Waverly is at his desk, engrossed in reading a
lengthy report. He looks up as he hears the
intercom buzzer. He flips a switch.

WAVERLY
Yes?

SOLO'S VOICE
Operation Calypso reporting, sir.

Waverly flips another switch.

WAVERLY
Go ahead, Calypso. What's on your
mind?

EXT. CLEARING IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS

164

Solo and Illya in f.g. working their communicator.
In the b.g. we can see Delgado, Suzy and Conchita
huddled around a fire as they are being served
coffee by a friendly native woman.

SOLO

Transportation, sir. We have Delgado.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - CLOSE - WAVERLY

165

WAVERLY

Control informs me your position
has been determined. You'll
be picked up in less than an
hour -

Waverly switches off.

EXT. CLEARING - CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA

Solo retracts the antenna and pockets the
communicator.

SOLO

I think we can do with some
breakfast now.

ILLYA (looking

off)

Too bad you didn't think of that
earlier.

Solo turns to see what has attracted Illya's
attention.

POV SHOT

A jeep load of soldiers emerges from behind the
bushes at the edge of the clearing. Then before
the jeep comes to a full stop, the soldiers leap
out and start toward the group around the fire,

who spring to their feet in alarm. CAMERA PANS QUICKLY over to the other side of the clearing to disclose another jeep closing in.

167
CONT'D
(2)

CLOSE - SUZY, CONCHITA AND YBARRA
reacting.

168

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA

169

SOLO
If there's one thing I hate
it's being caught on an empty
stomach.

FULL ON EDGE OF CLEARING

170

as a shiny Rolls-Royce lumbers into f.g. A uniformed footman leaps out and opens the door. A second later Supremo emerges, his pet moneky on his shoulder.

SUPREMO (turns to
Aide)
Line them up against that ledge
and get the firing squad ready.

The Aide motions with his hand and a couple of soldiers get behind Solo and Illya, prodding them with their rifles.

SOLO
Just one moment, Excellency. I've
a message for you. It might be
worth your while to hear it before
we're permanently silenced.

SUPREMO
Nothing you can say can persuade
me to change my mind, Mr. Solo

SOLO
Not even this?

He takes out the little figurine he took from Mama Lou's hand. Supremo recoils -- the soldiers too show fear - but the Supremo quickly recovers.

170
CONT'D
(2)

SUPREMO

Are you trying to impress me with this? Frankly, I expected greater ingenuity from UNCLE.

ILLYA

Don't you believe in the efficacy of your own methods?

SUPREMO

I wouldn't be what I am today if I didn't. But you're forgetting the most important prerequisite for a successful application of woo-doo magic -- The intended victim must believe in your power to invoke that magic. And I don't think you have it, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

I hope not, but I think the woman who fashioned this little thing could give even you a few lessons.

SUPREMO

Mama Lou? I don't believe it.

ILLYA

She died cursing your name. That is the message she asked us to deliver.

The Supremo is torn with doubt. Large beads of sweat appear on his forehead.

CLOSE - DELGADO AND THE GIRLS

171

watching the scene. The soldiers holding them also watch in awe.

TIGHT THREE - SUPREMO, SOLO AND ILLYA

172

SUPREMO (hoarsely)

I still say it's a lie.

SOLO

Why not put it to the test?
(turns to Illya)
Got a pin, Illya?

172
CONT'D
(1)

Illya feels his lapels as though searching for
a pin, then pulls out his fountain pen.

ILLYA
Won't this do?

172
(CONT'D)
(2)

Supremo watches them closely, then suddenly leaps forward and attempts to snatch the figurine. Solo raises it high, out of his reach. Simultaneously, Ilyya discharges the "pen".

CLOSE - FIGURINE

173

as a small dart pierces the Supremo's face on the postage stamp.

CLOSE - SUPREMO

174

He staggers, clutches his throat and sinks to the ground, dead.

CLOSE - MONKEY

175

jumping up and down in great joy and chattering away like crazy.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - UNCLE HQS - DAY

176

Solo and Ilyya stand at one end of Waverly's desk, reporting to their chief.

SOLO
Sorry, we were unable to bring Ybarra back with us, after all.

WAVERLY (with a
twinkle in his eye)
That's all right. I just had word he was named president of the provisional junta which took over after El Supremo's demise. Incidentally, I'm not entirely clear - how did you manage it?

ILLYA
Very simple, really ... We scared him to death.

SOLO

By the way, we thought you
might like this to add to the
UNCLE collection.

176
CONT'D
(2)

He opens the attache case resting on the table and takes out the voodoo doll which was Supremo's undoing. Waverly gives it a curious look and turns it over.

WAVERLY

How interesting - "made in Japan"

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF UNCLE BROWNSTONE - DAY - 177
CLOSE - SUZY

parked in an open convertible, on the opposite side of the street. She glances at her watch, then towards the cleaning establishment, where we see that a man on a ladder is washing the second story windows. She smiles as Solo and Illya emerge from the cleaners.

CLOSER ANGLE - SOLO AND ILLYA 178

They see Suzy and wave to her. As they start toward her, they pass under the ladder. As one they turn, retrace their steps and carefully go around it.

CLOSE - SUZY 179

reacting in astonishment at this maneuver.

CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA 180

Their eyes on Suzy as they cross the street. They grin and shrug in answer to her silent query. It is obvious that the very important zombie affair has had more than a passing effect on our two heroes.

FADE OUT

THE END