

THE MAN FROM  
U.N.C.L.E.

NO ONE IS ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE SET

Please do not lose or destroy this  
script. Return to Script Dept.

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE DOVE AFFAIR

Prod. #7410

Executive Producer:  
Norman Panama

Producer:  
Sam Rolfe

Written by

Robert Towne

Produced by  
AFEN PRODUCTIONS, INC.

March 20, 1964

air Date 12-15-64

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

The Dove Affair

Prod. #7410

ACT ONE

FADE IN:  
ECU SILVER DOVE

1

its gleaming metallic wings spread against a dark background. Splashes of ribbon trail from the wings like brilliant contrails. O.S., the SOUNDS of feet shuffling, muted voices. Thru the murmurings we pick up a phrase here, one there - 'Milo Jans? Is that how you say his name?', etc. CAMERA DRAWS BACK revealing DOVE against its background: the dark coat lapel of Milo Jans who lies under a harsh overhead light under glass in his tomb. Stony-faced guards flank him on either side. He looks waxen - his aged skin almost transparent under the glare of the overhead lights. His name 'MILO JANS 1864-1964' and the phrase 'PRINCE AMONG BARBARIANS, AND BARBARIAN AMONG PRINCES' is inlaid on the brick wall directly behind the tomb.

NEW ANGLE - JANS TOMB (NIGHT)

2

showing the line of tourists, mourners - the curious and the caring - as they file by the tomb, within a few yards of it. More guards, however, stand between the tomb and the line of passers-by. One tourist tries to take a picture. A guard firmly stops him. Because of the harsh light on the tomb and the contrasting darkness of the night beyond, the mausoleum looks like a staged setting, and indeed it has been staged for dramatic effect.

CLOSE ANGLE - SARAH TAUB

3

flanked by two of her students in the line. These two are transfixed by what they are seeing. Miss Taub talks as if she were in the classroom - little allowance being made for the setting.

## MISS TAUB'S VOICE

As Premier his task was then two-fold - to unite dissident and warring tribes into a nation, and to dispel those foreign interests which had encouraged the disunity - the meaningless vendettas of tribal warfare - for their own economic ends...

3  
CONT'D  
(2)

During this speech CAMERA has PANNED across the line of tourists into the darkness at the edge of the mausoleum. There a man works quickly, embedding a plastic kind of substance in the brick wall facing away from the tourists. He lights the fuse which we see him place in the plastic. It HISSES quietly into the night.

## ON MISS TAUB

as one of her students, Russell, interrupts.

## RUSSELL

Miss Taub? What's that medal?

Miss Taub squints, her slightly didactic manner unable to obscure her almost severe beauty.

## MISS TAUB

I believe that's the Order of Jans itself - the peace prize.

Her last phrase is punctuated by the EXPLOSION. The neat line of tourists falls back like a squad of soldiers under heavy assault. There are SCREAMS. Guards rush to the edge of the mausoleum in the direction of the blast. Miss Taub instinctively reaches out for her charges but is rudely jostled by the man who had set off the explosion. He breaks thru the line of confused and frightened tourists, towards the tomb itself.

## NEW ANGLE

of the man assaulting one of the three remaining guards. With economic brutality he disarms the first, then uses his rifle as a scythe to cut down the other two in a skirmish whose shortness should be as shocking as its one-sidedness. The man then turns to the tomb, and with the gun butt, SMASHES the glass top of the coffin itself. As the glass shatters:

5

MISS TAUB

6

screams. Seeing the man shatter the coffin is probably more appalling to her than the brief fight.

ON COFFIN

7

as the man brushes away the shattered glass, GRAPS the coat of the inert Jans.

INSERT SHOT

8

with the man TEARING away the silver dove of peace from Jans' breast.

FULL SHOT

9

of the man, tossing away the rifle, breaking thru a cluster of guards who have stumbled back into the mausoleum, trying to stop him.

WITH MISS TAUB F.G.

10

as the fleeing figure once more passes by her, up the steps and into the night. A whistle SOUNDS, the eery rise and fall of European sirens follow, and Miss Taub and others hear several bursts of rifle fire while staring dumbly thru the smoke and rubble of the mausoleum before we

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT - RAHMER BRIDGE (NIGHT)

11

appearing to be suspended in darkness, highlights on the spans of the bridge offering the only illumination. At one end of the bridge is another figure that doesn't move - we are aware of it only because it breaks the symmetry of the bridge. It is:

SATINE

12

waiting, apparently not disturbed by the rising siren screams breaking in upon his vigil. But then Satiné's expression rarely varies - from an imperturbable,

polite, and even faintly cheery facade. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a tiny case, extracts a white pill from it. He swallows the pill, belches quietly.

12  
CONT'D  
(2)

#### TRUCKING SHOT

13

moving along a wet stone street toward the spidery shadows of the bridge. There are the O.S. SOUNDS of feet hammering into the stone. We are moving:

#### WITH THE MAN

14

who had stolen the dove. He's now exhausted from his flight, staggers onto the bridge. He spots Satine at the far end.

#### REACTION MAN

15

obviously expecting to see Satine there. He continues towards him, but only for a few steps.

On the bridge there are meter markings. They appear as round obelisks - white in the night, '5M,' '10M', '15M', etc. The man has stopped at '10M', staggered, and fallen to his knees.

#### REACTION SATINE

16

seeing the figure, stumble - he rushes towards him.

#### ON MAN

17

as he quickly slips a latch beneath the obelisk, moves the '10M' front, and conceals the silver dove in a tiny compartment behind it. He flips the front of the obelisk back into place. The move should take only split seconds before the man is back on his feet, rushing towards Satine.

MED. SHOT

18

of the two, coming together in the center of the bridge. The SOUNDS of SIRENS now pervade the air - headlights can be seen breaking the blackness from Satine's side of the bridge. Both men see the lights.

SATINE

Give me the dove.

MAN

It's hidden.

SATINE

Where?

The man won't answer. Satine glances about - now there seems activity on both sides of the bridge, headlights and sirens converging from both directions.

SATINE

Your tie. Give me your tie.

Satine takes the man's dark necktie, offers one end to the man.

SATINE

Now - over the railing, and behind the strut.

REV ANGLE

19

as the man hesitates, climbs out over the railing, hanging onto his life by his necktie. He edges behind one of the struts which is just wide enough to conceal him from view on the bridge. Satine then reaches round the strut, places the other end of the necktie into the man's other hand: only the moulding at the bottom of the strut and the two ends of the necktie keep the man suspended, and out of sight.

FULL SHOT - SATINE

20

standing calmly by the strut, the black band of the necktie blending into the dark strut, but stretched tautly across it. The first spotlights from the patrol cars splash onto the bridge from both sides, searching it, passing over Satine and the strut behind which the man is concealed.

POV - SATINE

21

of the end of the bridge, with the patrol cars screaming into it. WHIP PAN to the other end, again, with patrol cars filled with soldiers careening onto the bridge.

CLOSE REACTION - SATINE

22

very near the strut now. He absorbs the huge number of forces, then reaches into his pocket, pulls out his pill case, presses a button, and a knife blade appears. He leans against the strut and looking with academic interest toward the approaching cars, SLITS THE NECKTIE neatly. As the SOUNDS of the SIRENS stop.

FULL SHOT

23

with Satine surrounded by patrol cars. One of the car doors open, an army Colonel flanked by soldiers with rifles at the ready move quickly towards Satine. Satine flashes his papers, altering considerably the arrogance in the Colonel's stride, when he sees them.

COLONEL (deferentially)

Did you see the man fall? He was quite close to you.

SATINE (looking over railing)

So it would seem, Colonel.

COLONEL

We had wanted him alive.

CLOSE - SATINE

24

Satine's back is to us and for a moment he seems lost as he stares over the railing.

SATINE

Yes, I too would have preferred that.

There's an odd ring of conviction to Satine's words here, despite what we've seen. His back still to CAMERA, he reaches into his pocket for his pill case, extracts one of the pills, swallows it, thoughtfully shaking his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - WAVERLY

25

shaking his head as well, staring at a report on the desk beneath him. E.g., the HUM of computers. Waverly holding glass of buttermilk in his hand, drinks, pats his stomach. It's obviously upset, as he is. He turns away from the report and looks up to the TV screen overhead.

CLOSE - T.V. SCREEN

26

blinking from black to white to black again, until we see a photo of Milo Jans ebullient as he was in life, the silver dove of peace perched on his coat lapel as it was in death.

V.O. (from screen)  
Milo Jans, late Premier of -

NEW ANGLE - WAVERLY

27

WAVERLY  
Kill the sound.

Waverly has moved to the controls that Heather stands by. He presses one of the knobs - the picture changes, showing Milo Jans and the dead UNCLE agent in a warm embrace, clearly in the middle of some diplomatic gathering.

WAVERLY'S VOICE  
Two weeks ago they met at the request of Milo Jans. Suddenly Jans is dead.  
(pressing button again)

T.V. SCREEN

28

showing a grainy still of Jans' lying in state.

WAVERLY  
Our agent disappears.

Again Waverly presses the control.



T.V. SCREEN

29

showing a still of the rubble left in the wake of the explosion and the defiled tomb of Jans.

WAVERLY'S VOICE

Then, suddenly he does put in an appearance.

Here Waverly switches off the picture.

NEW ANGLE

30

as Waverly turns expectantly to Solo.

WAVERLY

Now, why? Why would one of our best section III people risk an international incident by defiling a national shrine?

SOLO

Why in fact did Jans ask us there at all?

NEW ANGLE

31

as Waverly, gesturing with his buttermilk, paces the room.

WAVERLY

That's what we hope you'll find out. Now I don't think it coincidental that our agent died on the Rahmer bridge - UNCLE has its drop at the ten meter mark. You'll begin there, Mr. Solo. And it's a bridge I want you to be most careful in crossing - which brings me to one final word of warning: SATINE.

Here, Waverly snaps his fingers at Heather, who dutifully programs the name, there is a fractional pause, then:

CLOSE - T.V. SCREEN

32

moving from blank white to black, then back again - finally the screen comes up - BLANK. Solo is surprised; Waverly isn't.

V.O. (thru screen)  
 Satine - since 1949, First deputy  
 chief of KREB, Sernian secret  
 intelligence. No photographs ex-  
 tant. Age bracket unknown. General  
 physical structure unknown. Any  
 distinguishing features unknown.  
 Until 1962 it was unknown whether  
 the name Satine belonged to one man  
 or whether it was a designation  
 meant to be a cover for many. His  
 co-workers in KREB still believe  
 Satine is more than one man. JNCIE  
 has strong reason to believe the  
 designation Satine belongs to one  
 man.

32  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

NEW ANGLE

33

with Waverly once again killing the sound. Solo  
 looks a little uncertain.

WAVERLY

I can tell you the rest. Satine's  
 skills - aside from his ability to  
 remain both anonymous and range all  
 the way from the assassination of  
 character and people to political  
 counsel to the Premier. Now, if as  
 Jans behavior indicated, Sernian  
 intelligence is suspect - I would  
 watch for this man, and move with  
 special care around him. He's very  
 dangerous.

Waverly has indicated the blank screen.

REACTION SOLO

34

taking in the blank screen. He looks for a moment  
 as if he's not certain but that maybe Waverly is  
 pulling his leg. He looks to Waverly.

ON WAVERLY

35

not reacting, sipping his buttermilk.

SOLO (finally)  
 How did we find out?

WAVERLY

What?

35  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

In 1962 - that Satine is just one man?

WAVERLY

Oh, yes, that. Thru a chemist in Soho, oddly enough. It seems that Satine developed stomach trouble, and had to import his drugs from England at first. In some respects, his is still a very backward country. More concerned with filling stomachs than treating them.

SOLO (indicating screen)

And that's all you can offer me - stomach trouble?

WAVERLY

...yes...

And, not so absently, Waverly pats his own.

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. SHOT - BUCHAREST (STOCK)

35X1

Or some Balkan city filled with tourists, ancient stores and ominous shadows.

EST. SHOT - FOREIGN EMBASSY - MED.

36

of Premier Dobony Earnst, a heavy-haired man in his fifties, the sinewy and sinister first secretary, Arseny Linz next to him - along with several other members of the Sernian COMINTERN. They are huddled - despite the medals on their tunics they all have grim faces - they look like an aging Slavic football team who indeed don't seem too happy about having to call the next play. Suddenly the stony-faced, heavy-set Premier, steps on the slender Linz' toe, effectively stopping a speech. He breaks into a beaming smile, followed by hearty Slavic laughter.

PREMIER (embracing  
the American ambassador)

My friend, my dear dear friend!

AIDE (to young lovely)

Say hello to the Premier, darling.

This last is all but lost in the hearty exchanges.

36  
CONT'D  
(2)

AIDE (calling O.S.)

Boy, oh boy.

# REACTION SATINE

37

dressed as a waiter smiling sweetly, moving into SHOT. He offers up a tray of champagne - the eyes of the Premier and Satine meet when the Premier takes a glass, but their expressions do not change.

AMBASSADOR

Premier Earnst, allow me to offer my personal condolences at the loss of Milo Jans, - and of course it was shocking. Just shocking - that incident at the tomb.

EARNST (still smiling)

Yes, Mr. Ambassador. Yes it was.

AIDE (casually)

Has there been any change in the official position?

EARNST (smiling easily)

I do not understand.

AIDE

Why Milo Jans' tomb was - disturbed.

LINZ

Excuse me--  
 (smiling easily; taking Premier by the arm)  
 - it's that I overlooked telling  
 you about the trade commission's  
 last minute proposal...

37  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

VIEW SHIFTS to the Ambassador and his aide as the  
 Premier and Earnst walk away.

AMBASSADOR (quietly)  
 They didn't like your question.

38-39 OUT

ON GIRL

40

as she takes fresh champagne from Satine, apparently  
 luxuriating in it and the surroundings.

GIRL  
 Merci.

SATINE (bowing, quietly)  
 Anything from Linz?

GIRL (sucking froth  
 off glass)  
 No.

SATINE  
 And the Americans?

GIRL  
 Suspicious of the Russians, of  
 course.

And with that she whirls away, past the figures of  
 Linz and Earnst, toward the American Ambassador and  
 his aide. We HOLD with Linz and Earnst, and MOVE  
 with them as they continue about the room. They ap-  
 pear jovial as they greet with a word here, a gesture  
 there - the great and the emissaries to the great.

LINZ (quietly)  
 There are mounting suspicions  
 that Milo's death was not natural.

EARNST (the same,  
 smiling)  
 Everyone of us knows that Milo  
 Jans was murdered.

LINZ (paling a bit)  
Of course. Of course. But we  
don't know by who, do we? Do we?

40  
CONT'D  
(2)

EARNST

No.

Judging from Earnst's reaction here, even as he denies it, we should suspect that he does know and that he knows Linz had something to do with it. They have perambulated by SATINE again, with whom we HOLD.

Satine bows to another most attractive young lady, much more buxom than the first - nearer the prototype of Russian beauty than the mannequin American variety. The girl deftly scoops up several glasses.

SATINE (softly)  
And how do our Russian friends  
talk of the death of Jans?

GIRL  
Suspicious of the Americans -  
nothing unusual.

And Satine turns, moving past Linz and Earnst, with whom we MOVE again.

LINZ  
If our people begin to believe  
that Jans was killed - it could  
undermine your position completely...  
(sees he's made it  
too personal)  
..that is, our regime's position.  
The people will begin to fear  
enemies within, unseen enemies.

EARNST  
So what do you propose?

LINZ  
Comfort them with an enemy they can  
see: an agent from UNCLE.

Earnst starts to object - Linz cuts him off.

LINZ  
- your cabinet has already  
approved the proposal - in your  
name of course.

Again they pass by Satine who now has an enchanting oriental maiden, quaffing off his tray.

40  
CONT'D  
(3)

SATINE  
And the Chinese?

MAIDEN  
Suspicious of everybody.

WITH LINZ AND EARNST

41

again. Earnst looks less and less happy with each word Linz speaks.

LINZ  
- if the death of Jans were exposed as a plot by UNCLE, if one of their agents could be captured and brought to trial, and if at such a trial a plot to overthrow the government by UNCLE could be exposed - the mystery of Milo's death, the incident at the tomb - all could be laid to rest. After all, it was an UNCLE agent at the tomb.

EARNST  
Exactly. And UNCLE has in the past done nothing but cooperate with us. So why this act? Perhaps the truth is more important now than a trial.

LINZ (a suggestion of a threat)  
All are agreed, my Premier, that public confidence in the regime takes precedence over truth. At least, for now. We need an UNCLE agent, a live one.....

Earnst stops. He glances down at his empty glass. He then smiles easily.

EARNST  
And I think I can use another glass. You? But of course you don't drink.

LINZ  
No, my Premier...

NEW ANGLE

42

as Earnst moves to Satine, takes a glass.

EARNST (easily)  
And what is world opinion today?

Earnst turns away as he says this, Satine standing at his ear.

SATINE (softly)  
As always, my Premier: one of mutual mistrust.

EARNST (downing the glass heartily, reaching for another one)  
And your opinion?

SATINE  
Officially - you back Linz. Thru him THRUSH has control of your cabinet now. But unofficially - I will continue to see that no UNCLE agent is brought to trial. Or captured by us - alive. For UNCLE'S sake - and ours.

CUT TO:

STOCK SHOT - TRAIN

43

raging toward the CAMERA somewhere in Balkan Europe.

EST. LOW UP ANGLE - COMPARTMENT

44

Solo and other tourists showing open suitcases, and the customs officers moving from case to case, searching thru their contents. One of the inspectors is Satine. The other inspector seems much more deft than Satine who fumbles things more and appears to have a child-like curiosity - one less than professional - about the contents of the cases. The senior official nudges SATINE who is holding up a bulky sweater from a young student's case.

SENIOR OFFICER (to Satine)  
You're inspecting - not shopping.

Satine drops the sweater as tho it had suddenly become hot.



SATINE (sheepishly)

Yes sir.

44  
CONT'D  
(2)

The senior officer then slashes his CHALK across one of the suitcases - a seal of approval, having passed inspection. Satine does the same with the suitcase he's been inspecting.

INSERT - SATINE'S HAND

45

as it opens for a moment and we see that one end of the chalk looks like a tiny fuse - it is an ignition cap.

REACTION CHARLES INMAN AND WIFE AND SOLO

46

INMAN looking toward the almost Chaplinesque pathos of Satine, smiling sympathetically.

INMAN (leaning over to

Solo, whispering)

Poor devil. Probably the biggest kick he gets in life - looking at what he can't have.

SOLO (quietly too)

- that's the biggest kick most of us get.

INMAN

What?

SOLO

I said -

INMAN

Oh - yeah, YEAH, YEAH.

(laughing too heartily)

Say. That's very good.

NEW ANGLE

47

with Satine finally at Solo's suitcase, the other inspector taking care of the Inman's. Satine stands very primly before Solo - looking like a man trying to look equal to the somewhat menial authority required of such a civil servant.

SATINE (an attempt  
at sternness)  
Have you anything to declare?

47  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (amused, touched)  
No.

Satine breaks into a sudden and child-like smile.

SATINE  
Good. Very good.

And with that he throws himself into the contents of Solo's suitcase, rifling thru it. Solo is somewhat chagrined, perturbed - but not alarmed by the meek inspector. Satine appears to get a little too rambunctious - Solo's DOPP kit goes thudding to the floor with a metallic clunk.

SATINE  
Oh. Excuse me.

He picks up the dopp kit - starts to put it back, then thinks better of it. He unzips it to inspect its contents, and withdraws, cord first - a gleaming electric razor.

#### REACTION-SATINE

48

fascinated. He opens the top of the razor where the blade is, apparently mesmerized by the intricate mechanism.

49 OUT

CLOSE ANGLE - SATINE

50

with the chalk-like ignition cap in the same hand as the razor, Satine rolling it towards the razor as he rolls the razor up and down his face.

SENIOR OFFICIAL

(whirling on Satine)

What do you think you're doing!

He starts to grab the razor from Satine, but Satine loses his balance and goes sprawling among the suitcases still holding the razor. There is much fumbling - he's fallen among the college students.

INSERT SATINE'S HANDS

51

holding the razor in one, working with the ignition cap and a putty-like plastique in the other - with great dexterity, shoving the cap into the plastique, and the plastique into the head of the razor.

FULL SHOT

52

as the students try to help Satine to his feet.

GROUP REACTION

53

with the inspector just livid, staring at Satine.

SENIOR OFFICIAL (to

Solo)

Mine and my country's apologies,  
please!

SOLO

Oh, that's all -

SATINE (holding up

razor)

It's okay - see?

And with that he neatly CLICKS the top of the razor closed, enclosing the plastique and the ignition cap.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION

54

with the train screeching towards the platform.

INT. TRAN COMPANIONWAY

55

with Solo holding his electric razor, standing just outside the restroom. A student opens the door and bolts past him. Just as Solo starts in, the train wheezes to a halt.

INMAN (passing)

Too late for that, now.

Solo smiles, nods - turns away.

REACTION SATINE

56

watching from down the companionway.

EXT. RAHMER BRIDGE - DAY

57

now filled with the bustle of human and mechanical traffic.

MED. SOLO

58

Astride a bicycle, his suitcase strapped to the rear rack. He pedals and gawks appropriately at the scenery.

MOVING SHOT - BRIDGE

59

from Solo's POV, passing the white disks that are the METER marks.

REACTION SOLO

60

drawing up to the TEN METER mark, stopping. He rests his foot on the marker while he ostensibly rolls up his pantleg. Then he quickly kicks aside the facade of the meter mark, withdrawing its contents, kicking it back.

INSERT DOVE

61

slightly tarnished, held in Solo's hand.

REACTION SOLO

62

surprised at the contents, quickly hiding the dove in the band of his hat - then as he's about to wheel the bike around, he spots a shadow moving along the pavement towards him.

OVER SOLO'S SHOULDER

63

as he and we watch the shadow of a figure in the spans of the bridge just above him - a shadow moving inexorably toward Solo - in the rigging of the bridge looking like a spider moving toward the center of the web. One of the arms is extended - the shadow holds an object that looks as if it could be a weapon.

REACTION SOLO

64

not wanting to make any move that's too hasty. But the shadow looms LARGER, darkens his face, and the one limb seems to extend what could be a weapon towards Solo. Solo turns the mirror on his bike upward.

POV - SOLO THROUGH BIKE MIRROR

65

of a painter, moving carefully along central span of the bridge - doing his work with a spray can.

CLOSER ANGLE - PAINTER

66

and we see it is SATINE. He raises the spray can - whose nozzle at this close angle - looks anything but innocuous. Satine is obviously aiming it towards Solo. He presses the can's trigger; a pencil-thin gust of dark liquid spurts out.

WITH SOLO

67

who realizes his initial suspicion, and frantically tries to unscramble himself from the wheels and spokes, managing to tip himself toward the street. The liquid spray HITS the bridge bulkhead just behind him.

INSERT SPRAY

68

as it hits the bulkhead and the sturdy bridge paint HISSES, and instantly swells into ugly blisters, the paint continuing to HISS.

SOLO

69

springs to his feet, leaps on the bike and is about to circle into the traffic when two large men grab each handle bar stopping him. Both wear heavy coats, towering over Solo.

1ST MAN (patiently)

You mustn't head into traffic like that. You'll harm yourself.

2ND MAN (solicitous)

You must be careful.

SOLO (quiet  
desperation)

I try to be. I mean thank you. I mean I'll try harder next time. Now if you'll just let me -

1ST MAN (suspiciously)

Have you been drinking? You've been drinking.

(clucking paternally)

SOLO (glancing up,  
nervously)

No, no.

2ND MAN (taking bike,  
gravely)

Perhaps you'd better let us help you off the bridge in any case.

Both men try to lead the protesting Solo away.

## THREE SHOT - NEW ANGLE

70

with Solo in the middle. The overcoat of one of the two men flaps open and Solo sees - at the same time he's trying to spot the assassin from overhead - that the man is dressed in white underneath - as is the man above him.

## TRUCKING SHOT - ALL THREE

71

with the two giants hanging onto respective handlebars, and Solo sitting very uncomfortably in the seat, being wheeled along.

SOLO

This is very kind of you - but you don't have to hang onto the handlebars?

2ND MAN (paternally)

We wouldn't want you to lose your balance.

Suddenly there are the o.s. SOUNDS of police SIRENS and the pace of the two men picks up abruptly - though trying to be casual they start walking briskly, then as the sirens grow nearer they all but break into a trot - trying to be nonchalant about the whole thing. Solo seizes his opportunity - with two well-aimed blows at each slightly-off-balance escort he knocks them aside and down, and uses the momentum of the bike - after ricocheting crazily off each one - to speed away from them, flip a U-turn into on-rushing traffic back the way he came. SIRENS CEASE.

## REACTION SOLO

72

pleased, at the escape - pedaling his way rapidly through slowing vehicles on the bridge until he comes to the reason for the stall:

## FULL SHOT - FOUR BLACK VEHICLES

73

blocking the end of the bridge from which Solo had come. Solo - alone among the traffic, finds himself skidding into this blockade.

## NEW ANGLE - BLOCKADE

74

with the army Colonel we had seen in the opening standing quite still - in the middle of the road. A squad of soldiers - rifles at the ready - form a little half circle, two of them rushing out - grabbing each of the handlebars - clearly the repetition of this support from his captors is annoying to Solo.

## COLONEL

We've been waiting for you, Mr. Solo. You are under arrest for conspiracy in the murder of Milo Jans.

on Solo's REACTION -

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE



## ACT TWO

FADE IN:  
EXT. LADIES' BOUTIQUE

75

near the Rahmer bridge, milling of crowds and police.

INT. CLOSE

75X1

seeing him thru the hands at rifles of the soldiers who stand at ease guarding him, surrounding him. There is a great deal of squabbling going on b.g. - almost as if two men were haggling over the price of a garment. Solo is leaning against a stout Slavic dummy wearing a print dress.

COLONEL'S VOICE

I tell you I have First Secretary Linz on the wire. LINZ! How can you with your beaurocratic obstructionist tactics -

OTHER VOICE

(low, smooth, but cutting)  
The prisoner will not be moved without hand carried authority. He will not be searched. His person will not be touched.

Something here does catch Solo's eye.

POV - SOLO

76

shooting THRU the hands of the soldiers. He and we are able to make out the hands of the Colonel - nervous, white, holding the telephone receiver. But the man he is at odds with holds a pill box, reaches in - extracts a white pill.

REACTION SOLO

77

COLONEL'S VOICE

But security! Think of security. At least let my men move him to a temporary military installation until such authority can be obtained.

## REACTION - SATINE

78

once again. This time he's neatly dressed, soft spoken. A rather well polished civil servant. Solo's suitcase with its contents a little sloppily rummaged thru is next to him.

COLONEL (still  
holding phone, talks into  
it)

Excuse me, sir. Yes. I....

And a Slavic version of a West Hollywood interior decorator comes up to Satine as a suppliant: he is the couturier.

COUTURIER

(indignant)

This is my lunch hour!

SATINE (a

suggestion of a bow)

My apologies.

(then, to Colonel,  
briskly)

Regulations say that - a suspected enemy of the state when apprehended - shall be brought to the nearest shelter, there to be held until it is ascertained whether he falls under the jurisdiction of civil or military intelligence.

Here Satine pops a tiny white pill, belches slightly.

## REACTION - SOLO

79

seeing the action, and seeing the face of Satine for the first time in this scene.

## REACTION COLONEL

80

fuming - he and we hear a stream of obvious invective pouring into the phone, from Linz.

COLONEL

(listening, paling)

Would you like to tell him that yourself, sir?

REACTION - LINZ

81

in his office, still surrounded by the photos on his desk, livid. In the background - by his side is a figure who's face we cannot see.

LINZ

Yes! I mean no. Why must I waste myself on such trivia? Just -

The hefty figure next to Linz places an almost cherubically chubby hand over the receiver, whispers to Linz softly - still not allowing us to see his face.

VOICE

Wait. Obtain the man's identity - he is required to give that, is he not? ...and calm yourself.

Linz nods. Obviously he is more than willing to defer to the unseen figure.

REACTION - COLONEL

82

Listening, then turning to Satine.

COLONEL

Your papers, please.

COLONEL (taking papers, reading into phone)  
He is...KR 473427.

SATINE

That's - this week, Colonel. But as you know - the digits change.

REACTION - LINZ

83

taking down the useless information, fuming.

LINZ and FIGURE

84

LINZ (curtly)

I'll prepare the necessary forms.

He slams the phone into its cradle. He points to the number he has written down, pounding the desk.

LINZ

Satine! Satine!

VOICE (soft, but

eager)

Was it Satine?

LINZ

That's just it. How can one know? Satine has arranged civil intelligence so that hundreds of its agents have identical authority - their designations are numerical, known only to civil intelligence. And they rotate the numbers. Any or all - or NONE of them might be Satine. The agent in that dress shop might be Satine - but there's no way of telling.

VOICE (gently)

THRUSH thinks you now should find a way, Linz. We have an UNCLE agent. All that remains is for us to know how much Satine knows about us. To do that we must know who Satine is. THRUSH strongly thinks you should find a way.

At each whispered mention of the name THRUSH, Linz tries to suppress a shiver.

INT. BOUTIQUE

85

with the O.S. siren of the departed Colonel fading. Satine glances about the room. He takes in Solo, the guards, the disconsolate couturier - all the while idling picking thru the trunk of Solo's belongings on the table. He has just picked up Solo's electric razor - hesitates.

## CLOSE SATINE

86

weighing the tiny bomb in his hand, seeming to inspect it closely.

## NEW ANGLE - GROUP SHOT

87

one of the soldiers is intrigued by the object. He tentatively moves to Satine, obviously curious about the object. Satine sees his interest, smiles.

SATINE (to soldier)  
It is an electrical razor, for  
shaving. You plug it in a socket  
and -

He demonstrates - miming the shaving, and moving the plug toward a socket - but he stops before he plugs it in. The soldier - young and ignorant - is clearly fascinated by it the way the Satine on the train was. Satine places it temptingly on the table.

## REACTION - SOLO

88

seeing Satine repeat the gesture of shaving, really placing his face for the first time. He turns and walks to the entrance.

SATINE (to couturier)  
Come. Today you'll have your lunch  
on the government.

COUTURIER (protesting)  
But, these strange people!

SATINE  
Don't argue. Or you won't have  
any lunch at all.

The couturier moves past Satine and out the door. Satine turns to leave just as the young soldier is picking up the razor.

## CLOSE - SATINE

89

For a moment he looks as if he'll try to stop the young soldier. But then, he wheels and turns out the door.

## REACTION - SOLO

90

seeing the young man move toward the socket, with his razor. Solo, on what is clearly an unpleasant intuition, leaps to his feet.

SOLO (to the young  
soldier)  
Don't use that.

The young soldier hesitates. But an older one shoves Solo back down.

OLDER SOLDIER (to  
young soldier)  
Use it.

Solo leaps up again - the soldiers grouped around him - literally toss him half-way across the room. The young soldier shrugs, and moves toward a wall socket, holding the plug in hand.

## EXT. STREET - TRUCKING SHOT

91

Satine and the couturier walking side by side, the couturier obviously nervous with Satine. Suddenly there is an o.s. EXPLOSION - one that rocks the street.

## REACTION

92

COUTURIER  
Good heavens! What was that?  
It came from -

He turns to Satine. But Satine is no longer at his side.

## EXT. BOUTIQUE - FULL SHOT

93

and a passing spectators gape at the broken glass window, and twisted limbs of mannikins and men, the rubble, debris and finally - dust, clouding the air. There are moans - nothing is clearly visible. Then, as if he'd just shot off the blocks for the 100 meter spring Solo comes barrelling thru the window, knocking aside the lone remaining mannikin, cutting thru astonished spectators.

MOVING SHOT - SOLO

93X1

As he whirls, he knocks the lone remaining mannikin into arms of a young lady. Solo moves OUT OF FRAME and we HOLD on the mannikin being held by Miss Taub.

EXT. STREET - EVE

94

view INCLUDING PANMER BRIDGE. Solo is running to the rise and fall of SIRENS. Suddenly Satine is running at his side, and we MOVE with them. It takes a moment for Satine to register on Solo, and when he does he almost breaks his stride.

SATINE

Don't try to cross the bridge.  
That's a warning, not a threat.

SOLO (panting)

And what would you suggest?

SATINE (panting)

Follow me.

The SIRENS grow LOUDER: the two are bouncing off pedestrians, still moving in tandem.

SOLO (acidly)

My friend...you've been trying  
to kill me...for the past two  
days. And for a man with your...  
reputation...you've been very  
sloppy about the whole thing.

The first appearance of headlights and SIRENS barrel toward them - both as if connected round the next building corner, stop. Satine is eyeing Solo's hatband. Solo hesitates and is lost. Satine clips him a short swift blow to his kidneys. Solo sinks into the alley, Satine on top of him.

95-98 OUT

REVERSE ANGLE - ALLEY - TIGHT TWO - SOLO AND  
SATINE

99

both of them rolling in the alley, to the accompaniment of the BEATLE MUSIC. Solo's hat falls, rolls.

INSERT DOVE

100

gleaming in the hatband, the garbage and the moonlight.

TWO SHOT - SATINE AND SOLO

101

Satine turning back to Solo, only to receive a well aimed blow. The two now roll about the alley - their combat fierce but silent - at one point Satine even catches the lid from a falling garbage can which threatens to make undue noise. Solo attempts to wrest Satine's pistol free from its shoulder holster, and succeeds, but it goes clattering in the debris of the alley way. The two men alternate between fighting with each other, trying to pick up the pistol and trying to pick up the dove. The battle is as frantic as it is fierce, since both men are so torn in their objectives - scrambling back and forth between the pistol and the dove - war and peace - and preventing each other from reaching either goal.

Suddenly the scream of a SIREN in the adjacent street grows LOUDER. Headlights FLASH in the far end of the alley. Satine leaps to his feet. Solo takes advantage of the moment to pick up the marbles - dove and pistol.

SATINE  
Quickly! Hide!

SOLO (glancing about,  
astonished)  
Where?

SATINE (acidly)  
Out of sight.

NEW ANGLE

102

police car, as it comes barrelling into the alley. Its headlights pick up one lone figure, leaning, flying buttress-style, against the alley wall, swaying. The police leap out of the car.



SATINE

I tried to stop him...I tried...  
but...

102

CONT'D

(1)

The two uniformed policemen rush to Satine.

ONE POLICEMAN

Where did he go?

Weakly Satine points thru a bistro door off the alley. Both of the uniformed officers charge into the cafe, leaving their car idling. Satine, scarcely waiting until

they're thru the door - heads toward the idling  
police car - bumps into Solo as both men have the  
same thought at the same time, both trying to slide  
into the driver's seat.

102  
CONT'D  
(2)

TIGHT SOLO

103

holding Satine's pistol on Satine.

SOLO

All right. You drive.

Both men leap into the car, and back it out of the  
alley as the two officers return to the alley, having  
lost both Solo and their vehicle.

INT. VEHICLE - NIGHT - MOVING

104

Satine still driving, Solo watching him warily.  
Satine reaches into his coat pocket.

SOLO

No.

SATINE

It's simply my medicine pills. My  
stomach is very upset.

SOLO

Pull over.

Satine dutifully does. Solo reaches into Satine's  
coat pocket - pulls out a little plastic tube.

SOLO (disgusted)

Pills. But then your people go in  
for these gadgets more than we do.  
Cyanide?

SATINE

- with a CO2 cartridge to insure  
sufficient trajectory...

(smile)

It's accurate up to three meters.

SOLO

All right. Out.

SATINE  
This isn't wise. May I give you  
some advice?

104  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
If you can stop trying to kill me  
long enough to tell me why not --  
I'm willing to listen.

SATINE  
You'll never make it to the border  
without me - you need my help.  
Believe me, I have your interest  
at heart. Also, you must let me  
have the dove. It's most important.

SOLO  
Then tell me -

SATINE  
I can't. Security being what it is.  
Certain rules - you understand.

SOLO  
Out.

Satine backs out of the car.

SATINE  
Are you going to kill me?

SOLO  
Unfortunately I'm a professional.  
I can't just because I'd like to -  
I have to know why.

SATINE (as Solo  
drives off)  
Don't use the car any longer than  
necessary - it's stolen.

CUT TO:

INT. LINZ OFFICE

105

with the Colonel, boots spattered, face ashen -  
quaking before the raging Linz. In b.g., in shadows,  
we see the outline of the chubby man, the man with  
the cherub's fingers - who is the shadowy force of  
THRUSH.

LINZ

Three men. You lost three men.  
I don't care if he kills half  
your army, including you!  
(turning into Colonel)  
We want that UNCLE agent alive!

105  
CONT'D  
(2)

VOICE (interrupting,  
softly)  
If I may, Secretary Linz.

And both men turn toward the voice emanating from  
the shadowy bulk - its tone so round, so reasonable,  
so final.

VOICE

In order for this Solo to confess  
that it was UNCLE who killed our  
beloved premier and in order for  
him to reveal that members of our  
own intelligence agency assisted  
in that murder, it is necessary for  
him to be taken alive...isn't that  
so?

COLONEL

Yes sir,

VOICE

Each time we have had our hands on  
an UNCLE agent - he has been snatched  
from them, either by accident or  
design. And each time - the same man  
was present. That alone tells us a  
great deal. Who knows? Perhaps we  
shall find Satine when we find Solo.

CUT TO:

EXT, TRAIN STATION - DAY

106

as STEAM HISSES from the wheels of the train, out  
across the platform. PAN with it to: SERIES of  
WHIP PANS revealing heavy military guard checking  
every ticket window.

CLOSE SOLO

107

standing at the edge of the train platform, un-  
happily surveying the grim prospects for trans-  
portation.

## EXT. PARKING AREA

108

behind Solo. A microbus is drawing into the lot, its door swinging open.

## CLOSE ANGLE - MICROBUS

109

Out of it pour some dozen students, banging suitcases, blaring transistors, brandishing cameras - they are well-to-do. Miss TAUB steps out with them and for a moment she is indistinguishable from her older students. She seems quite distressed. She turns, looking apparently for someone, awkwardly brushing a wisp of hair from her eyes. Russel and Kirk - the group's two Lotharios - are about to take off toward the platform.

MISS TAUB (pedantic)

Stay put, people. Please...we simply must wait for our travel guide.

When she was her students' age - not so many years ago - Miss Taub was thought homely, an opinion she herself shared. But now her knobby-kneed youth has grown to a severe and slender beauty - though the ugly duckling has yet to be told she's a swan. And she's quite capable of being victimized by a couple of cool customers like Russel and Kirk, quite in the way she was when she was their age. Her attempts at an authoritarian manner, alternating as they do with diffidence - like socks on slender ankles - touchingly mars her beauty.

## REACTION SOLO

110

taking in the group behind him.

## CLOSE STUDENTS

111

RUSSEL (to Kirk)

The Tub's really shook.

Kirk nods, but Linda Seff - and may God bless all such Seffs for He has endowed them with few enough bodily blessings - is annoyed at the remark. She turns angrily to Russel - from whom an antenna is poking out: Russel is really mechanized.

LINDA

Don't call Miss Taub a tub.  
She's very upset.

111

CONT'D  
(2)

KIRK (to Linda)

Well, I'm very upset too.  
(almost prissy)

Miss Taub. Miss Taub. I have to  
go to the bathroom.

MISS TAUB (hesitating)

Very well. But don't be long.

KIRK

Thank you, Miss Taub.

ON SOLO

112

taking this action in, as Kirk whips past him,  
whipping out a pack of cigarettes - the antenna  
which is holding onto a miniature WALKIE-TALKIE.  
He lights up, exhales - looks around.

CLOSE KIRK

113

KIRK (into walkie-talkie)

Hey. This place is crawling with  
soldiers - no kidding. Maybe it's  
got something to do with that  
thing at the tomb...

POV SOLO

114

of a soldier moving directly towards him.

NEW ANGLE

115

as the soldier - it appears at the last moment has  
been heading toward Kirk. He picks up the walkie-  
talkie.

SOLDIER (blaring, an  
accent)

What is this?

REACTION RUSSEL

116

as the SOUND of the soldier's voice comes palpitating loudly through his shirt - surprised.

MISS TAUB (hearing it)  
What is what, Russel?

RUSSEL (squirming)  
Nothing, Miss Taub. Nothing.  
(soldier's voice)  
To WHOM are you talking? WHOM?

Miss Taub rushes over to Russel.

MISS TAUB (angry and distraught)  
I told you and Kirk - I told you those things were not to be taken along. I told you.

Unthinking, she starts to reach into Russel's shirt.

RUSSEL (scandalized)  
Miss Taub - please!

MISS TAUB

117

reddening, despite herself.

KIRK'S VOICE  
Nobody. I'm with the American School - we're waiting for our travel representative, Mr. Brickman.

SOLO'S VOICE  
And I'm Mr. Brickman - I'll take  
away. "How do you like it?"  
"I like it." "I like it." "I like it."

REACTION MISS TAUB

118

surprised, relieved, and a little pleased at the pleasant, reassuring SOUND of Solo's voice. There is a SNAPPING SOUND - silence.

NEW ANGLE GROUP

119

with Solo rounding the corner of the ticket building, Kirk in tow. He moves directly to Miss Taub.

SOLO (smoothly)  
 Forgive the delay, Miss Taub. Last minute changes in itinerary - that sort of thing.

Miss Taub is a little flustered - both at the rapidity of Solo's entrance and his appearance: he doesn't look like a man who ferry's about school children.

MISS TAUB  
 Changes?...in our itinerary?

SOLO  
 No. Mine, actually,

He glances hastily toward the train.

SOLO  
 Now, we mustn't miss the train, must we?  
 (taking her by the hand which flusters her even more)  
 Miss Taub, Children, come along.  
 (softly, different tone)  
 You, too, Kirk.

ON MISS TAUB AND SOLO MOVING

120

SOLO  
 The tickets - I'll take them.

MISS TAUB  
 But - I don't have yours. I mean I'm not supposed to, am I?

SOLO  
 It would have been nice...

They are right at the train car, ready to board.



CLOSE SOLO AND MISS TAUB

121

SOLO (heartily)  
Well, all aboard -

SATINE places his hand on Solo's shoulder - once  
again materializing.

SATINE  
- that's going aboard,

Solo looks to Satine who has caught him spraddle-  
legged - one hopeful foot halfway up the train steps,  
the other still on the ground. Slowly, Solo slides  
back to earth, faces his tormentor. Miss Taub stands  
- at the moment and from now on - between them.

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

122

as before. Satine and Solo stare across Miss Taub.

SOLO (pleasantly)  
Go ahead, Miss Taub. I'll  
join you in a moment.

He and Satine step to the side of the train.

TIGHT TWO SOLO AND SATINE

123

both smiling easily. Solo spots two police guards looking intently at them. He THROWS his arms around Satine in imitation of what appears to be a fond Slavic embrace, crying 'Farewell, brother!' as he does.

CLOSE SATINE

124

crushed by the bear hug, gnashing his teeth, furious.

SATINE  
What do you think you're doing?

CLOSE SOLO

125

still hugging Satine.

SOLO  
Those guards are watching us.

SATINE  
They never question my papers!

SOLO  
If you try and stop me after this tender scene they will.

MED. SHOT

126

of the two, parting to arm's length.

SATINE (furious)  
I can't bear to see you go.

## REACTION SEARCH PARTY

127

turning away from the two demonstrative and unsuspicious men.

The train is now pulling out. Satine grasps Solo, he stumbles - falls across Satine's chest - and slashes a stinging blow to Satine's solar-plexus, a blow covered by Solo's body. Satine doubles up, unable to breathe or speak.

SOLO (shouting to a guard)  
Oh, officer. Officer! Please look after my brother - we're very close and he's - he's overcome with grief.

Solo shoves the gasping Satine - who he knows will have to go along with the ruse - into the guard's arms. Solo then turns, leaps, and makes it aboard the moving train. The guard is touched by the display of brotherly sentiment and we see him attempting to comfort the uncomfortable Satine before we,

CUT TO:

128-130 OUT

## INT. TRAIN

131

with Solo moving up the companionway, frantically looking into each of the compartments for Miss Taub and her charges. He reaches the end of this particular car and has not spotted them.

## POV THROUGH A COMPARTMENT WINDOW

132

as assorted tourists are handing up their passports to military guards who are, obviously, continuing the search. With them is a conductor taking tickets.

## REACTION SOLO

133

plunging through the car door, across the shaking connecting ramp, as we MOVE with him to the adjacent car - where he stops cold again and whirls around almost as if he were an automaton.

DOWN THE AISLEWAY

134

Still another trio - two guards and a conductor, making a thorough search of the car.

ON SOLO

135

Now out on the ramp - apparently trapped. He looks up - as if he were glancing heavenward for inspiration. Then his hand sneaks up to his lapel and the dove, resting underneath it. Clearly he doesn't want to be taken with it again. He looks around for a hopeful place of concealment.

FULL SHOT - AISLE

136

with Solo once again looking around feverishly. The door of the compartment directly in front of him OPENS - one of the guards starts to back out, then for some reason changes his mind - closes it again.

REACTION SOLO

137

finding himself staring, rapt, at something next to the compartment.

POV - SOLO

138

A lifesize portrait of MILO JANS. On his breast is the JANS PEACE PRIZE. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the painted DOVE.

REACTION SOLO

139

He then really sees the dove for the first time. He whips the metallic dove out of his coat, frantically polishing it on his shirt, moves to the wall and pins it over the wings of the one in the painting.

INSERT DOVE

140

fitting perfectly, blending in.

NEW-ANGLE

141

with Solo now turning away from the portrait, just as both trios - guards and conductors - enter the aisleway of this railcar from opposite directions - flanking Solo and the portrait of Milo Jans. Solo doesn't give either group a chance to react to him.

SOLO (addressing both sides)  
Gentlemen - I think you've been hiding from me.

(indignant now)  
I have been up and down these aisles at least five times in the last three minutes looking for you. For some semblance of authority.

GUARD  
That's strange. We've tried to overlook - no one, Mr. -

The one guard has moved next to Solo - both stand before the portrait of Jans and the DOVE.

SOLO  
Brickman - that is my reservations were made under the name of Brickman. My travel bureau has brought countless tourists into your country. Milo Jans himself -  
(covering portrait)  
once wrote a personal note of appreciation for my contributions to your country's commerce! And at the moment - I am escorting no less than a dozen American students and their teacher thru your land, extolling its virtues, buying its products, appreciating its warm and generous people. All that I asked was that I be given a PRIVATE COMPARTMENT, separated from those one dozen juvenile delinquents!

Despite themselves, the guards smile, amused.

GUARD  
If you will return to the - delinquents - Mr. Brickman - we'll see what other accommodations we can find for you. The compartment number?

Obviously Solo doesn't know what the number is.

141  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (a broken man)

I - I don't think I can...face  
them again. Not right away. Let  
me wait here, please.

Solo trails off mumbling something like, 'not now,  
not right away,' his lips moving soundlessly - a man  
in a mild state of shock.

CIVILIAN CONDUCTOR

No.

Solo glances up quickly.

CIVILIAN CONDUCTOR

No - I have a better idea. There  
is someone who might be willing -  
temporarily - to share his compart-  
ment with you. Come along.

Solo glances sidewise toward the dove - but there's  
nothing he can do. He follows.

FULL SHOT - TRAIN COMPANIONWAY

142

of the forward car as the entourage - Solo flanked  
in front and behind by the guards and conductors  
moves down the aisle.

CIVILIAN CONDUCTOR

We always hold one compartment  
for any last moment 'VIP'S, I  
think you call them.

The guard stops before a compartment whose dark  
shades are drawn. He knocks, a muffled voice is  
heard - and the guard enters the compartment -  
almost immediately re-emerging. He blocks the door-  
way as he does.

CIVILIAN CONDUCTOR

This way, Mr. Brickman.

And as the guard steps aside we and Solo can see, as  
ever, SATINE - calmly waiting for Solo.

REACTION SOLO

143

hesitating

SATINE

Don't be shy, Mr. Brickman.

Solo looks to the attending conductors and guards - now it is he who cannot call the bluff. Reluctantly he enters the compartment. The conductor starts to slide the compartment closed.

SOLO

Why don't you leave it open -  
it's a little close in here.

The guard acquiesces - he and the entourage leave Solo and Satine sitting opposite each other, warily watching even a flick of the other's fingertips. Satine starts to reach into his pocket. Immediately Solo rises, his hands moving to potentially lethal positions.

SOLO

Now, now.

SATINE (pointedly)

Believe me - this time it's for  
my stomach.

Solo won't move, hovering over Satine. Satine eyes him, then takes his hand away from his pocket, lets it fall limply in his lap.

SATINE

Oh, this will never do. I have  
a proposal to make - do you  
suppose we can discuss it in a  
civilized and businesslike manner?

SOLO

Here?

SATINE

And you suggest?

SOLO

Lunch. In public.

Satine hesitates, then smiles broadly.

SATINE (rising)

Fine.

Solo starts out the compartment.

143  
CONT'D  
(2)

SATINE

The dining car's this way.

SOLO

I'll - I'll join you in a moment.

Satine shakes his head, almost waggishly.

NEW ANGLE - TRAIN COMPANIONWAY

144

SATINE

From now on, whatever we do,  
we do together.

Solo nods, moves out into the companionway with Satine following him. VIEW SHIFTS SLIGHTLY as they pass CAMERA and we HOLD on the portrait of MILO JANS and the highly exposed silver DOVE that Solo has just tried to recover.

INT. DINING CAR - DAY - INSERT SATINE'S WRISTWATCH

145

with Satine winding it, holding his hand over the water pitcher.

SATINE'S VOICE

Now. Time is our problem.  
Rather - your timing in coming  
to this country.

MED. TWO SHOT (MOVING - PROCESS)

146

as Solo and Satine face each other across the clean white cloth of the dining table. Satine looks up apparently to check his watch against the dining car clock.

SATINE

Before I go on I must ask if  
only for a while - for your trust.



INSERT SATINE'S WRISTWATCH

147

Satine punctuating the word 'trust' by pushing in the knob that sets the hands - and as he does it releases a catch by the knob. A small pill SHOOTs out, drops into the water pitcher.

TWO SHOT

148

with Solo letting neither Satine nor us know if he's seen the action.

SOLO

And after you have my 'trust',  
what do you intend to do with it?  
Bury it? Drug it? Or drown it?

SATINE (as if in  
answer)

Well, let's see what's on the  
menu. Thank you.

For the menus have just come. The two men continue their discussion as they stare at their respective menus.

SATINE

Have you tried their tournedo?  
It's very good.

SOLO

All right - the tournedo, the  
tournedo.

SATINE (smiling,  
turning toward waiter)

Garcon - two tournedo, with bern-  
naise sauce. Bernaise sauce for you?

SOLO

By all means...bernaise sauce.

SATINE (with the same  
even tone used on the  
waiter)

I have only two goals at the  
moment, Mr. Solo. First, seeing  
that you avoid capture and trial  
for a murder you didn't commit.  
And, second, recovering the dove.  
The first goal I think you share

(continued)

SATINE (continued)

148  
CONT'D  
(2)

With me -- though we might differ  
as to how you avoid capture...you  
see, it's this way in my country...  
with the two of us..you..and..me.

Satine has indicated his empty plate at the word  
'country.' He has placed the salt shaker on the  
side of the plate towards Solo, 'you,' and the  
pepper shaker on the edge of the plate nearest  
himself, 'me.'

SATINE

Though different, we do, under  
normal circumstances, complement  
one another...and in our respective  
ways help season and preserve..

Satine has been pointing to his empty plate,  
getting carried away with his growing analogy.  
Satine catches Solo's jaundiced eye. Solo looks  
like a man who's afraid he's about to be sentenced  
to a shaggy dog story. Satine is offended at  
Solo's silent reprimand.

SATINE (sharply)

- the point being, that however  
peculiarly, we do have common  
interests and a common - rather an  
uncommon enemy.

Here Satine has picked up the mustard jar, dangling  
it over the salt and pepper, just above eye level.

SOLO

Mustard?

Satine places the jar in the center of the plate,  
equidistant from and directly between the salt and  
pepper.

SATINE

THRUSH. THRUSH murdered Milo Jans.

The name THRUSH commands Solo's respect, and he's  
no longer amused or annoyed by Satine's narrative  
methods. Suddenly there is the BLARE of radio music,  
the banging of cameras and a barrage of "Hi Mr.  
Brickman's" directed at Solo as Miss Taub's students  
enter the dining car. Solo answers graciously,  
calling Kirk and Russel by name. But Satine looks  
as if he's about to jump out the train window.

SOLO (genuinely  
alarmed)  
What is it?

148  
CONT'D  
(3)

SATINE (staring as  
if at Satan)  
Children. I never liked them  
when I was one of them. They  
frightened me then and they do  
now.

WITH MISS TAUB

149

who has just entered the dining room, refreshed  
and refreshing. VIEW SHIFTS and PANS as she scans  
the tables now taken by her students. Kirk and  
Russel spot her - Russel pointedly puts his foot  
up on the empty chair at their table.

REACTION MISS TAUB

150

The adolescent rejection stinging. She then spots  
Solo and her face lights up - with something be-  
tween anger and exhilaration. She starts toward  
the two, then hesitates as she sees the intensity  
of the conversation.

TIGHT TWO SOLO AND SATINE

151

with their food having arrived - neither touching  
it, as they pour over the intelligence that is  
their meal.

SATINE

At any rate - I couldn't prove  
THRUSH'S guilt in open court,  
and in any case couldn't risk  
trying. But THRUSH - through  
its agents - can make a convincing  
case against UNCLE conspiracy with  
the ascent of power of the present  
premier - saying that UNCLE helped  
him liquidate the beloved Jans, in  
order to control our country - which  
is of course what THRUSH itself is  
trying to do. Such a public trial  
could discredit the present premier  
and UNCLE - and leave me powerless  
to do anything about it.

SOLO

But why would THRUSH - if they  
wanted such a trial - kill the  
other UNCLE agent?

151

CONT'D

(2)

SATINE

THRUSH didn't. I did.

Solo pales, nods - Satine's inconsistency is begin-  
ning to look frighteningly logical.

MISS TAUB'S VOICE

Mr. Brickman!

And she's at the table. She called his name a little  
too loudly and she clearly hopes others won't notice.  
Solo leaps to his feet.

SOLO

Why Miss -

MISS TAUB

Taub.

SOLO

..yes..it's just that I was  
shocked to be reminded I have  
so attractive a travelling  
companion.

The compliment straightens Miss Taub's posture, as if  
some invisible doctor were about to take her height.  
It is the reaction of someone not used to compliments  
and not believing in them.

MISS TAUB

I'm sorry you have to be  
'reminded' at all..That is,  
I do wish you would have told  
me where you were. There was  
some trouble with the conductor  
...anyway, it's all right...

She's clearly waiting to be introduced - or to be  
asked to sit down. Satine gives Solo a firm shake  
of the head.

SOLO (feeling for her  
discomfort)

- please join us.

MISS TAUB

If you're sure I wouldn't be  
interrupting?..

SOLO (seating her)  
Not at all. We were just talking  
about - mustard.

151  
CONT'D  
(3)

QUICK DISSOLVE  
ON MUSTARD TO:

THREE SHOT

152

as Miss Taub is well into her meal, silently watching the two men who - plates full, have ringed all the condiments, vinegar and oil, sugar and cream, mustard, etc. - around Satine's plate. Dumbfounded she watches their - to her - quietly insane conversation.

SATINE  
- the last time I tried salt  
it only made it worse. So why  
should I try it again?

SOLO  
Well, that brings us back to  
the butter.

SATINE  
I don't see why it should.

Miss Taub doesn't either, obviously.

SATINE  
Wait. Do you mean the butter  
or the salt-in-the-butter?

SOLO (angrily)  
Now you're being evasive.

SATINE  
Before you get too upset,  
remember there's something new,  
that can be added.

Satine reaches over and takes the jar of tiny packets  
that sit directly in front of Miss Taub.

SATINE (pointedly)  
- saccharine.

At this point Miss Taub reaches over for the water  
pitcher. Solo instantly turns, knocks it out of her  
hand, spilling the drugged water on Satine's tounedo  
and his trousers. For good measure he overturns his  
own untouched water glass, pointedly.

SOLO (to Miss Taub)  
I'm terribly sorry.

152  
CONT'D  
(2)

SATINE (to Solo)  
Excuse us.  
(a threat)  
Now.

Solo hesitates, then leaves Miss Taub alone with a wet table cloth and abandoned plates. She doesn't know what to do, senses eyes are on her. She turns toward Russel who has his walkie talkie on the table.

MISS TAUB  
Russel - I told you that those  
were forbidden. Now you give it  
to me at once!

Miss Taub rises and moves over to Russel. Russel hesitates - then sees she's no no mood to be intimidated.

RUSSEL  
Now?

MISS TAUB (taking it)  
Now.

RUSSEL  
But it's not turned off -

MISS TAUB  
I don't care what it is or isn't  
at this point. Yours too, Kirk.

KIRK  
I don't have it.

MISS TAUB  
Well, where is it?

KIRK  
I don't know. I'll have to look.

MISS TAUB  
Go look.

KIRK (a little loud)  
My lunch'll be cold. Do you want  
my lunch to be cold?

She reddens, turns away.

MISS TAUB

Very well. Immediately after  
lunch then.

152  
CONT'D  
(3)

153-154 OUT

CLOSE RUSSEL AND KIRK

155

RUSSEL (quietly)

Where is it?

KIRK

Hidden in the washroom -

(smirking)

- and I left mine on too.

INT. TRAIN COMPANIONWAY (MOVING)

156

with Solo and Satine behind him. Just as they  
pass the portrait of Jans with the Dove still  
outlandishly pinned to it. Solo keeps moving,  
stops in front of the train rest room. He opens  
the door, steps in. Satine holds the door.

SATINE

Not without me.

SOLO

Oh, come now.

And he starts to SLAM the door in Satine's face  
who barrels thru, hits the door, and the two are  
slashing at each other in the tiny cubicle, banging  
about the walls - bringing spare cakes of soap,  
tissue paper on their heads, etc.

REACTION MISS TAUB

157

as the walkie talkie by her side has begun to make  
some very peculiar NOISES - some hybrid between  
thunder and static. She tries to turn it off, but  
the NOISE only seems to grow LOUDER. She looks  
around nervously as if she were somehow responsible  
for the noise.

INT. CUBICLE

158

Solo and Satine face one another breathing heavily,  
eyeing each other carefully.

SOLO (bitterly)  
Trust.

158  
CONT'D  
(2)

SATINE (hoarsely)  
That water was not meant to kill.  
I simply wanted to search for the  
dove.

SOLO  
I give you nothing until you let  
me know just what it is I'm giving  
you.

Satine hesitates - eyes Solo for a long time. Then  
he acquiesces.

SOLO AND SATINE

159-165

SATINE  
That delicate dove - the Jans  
Peace Prize - has the names of  
countless THRUSH agents engraved  
on its wings - as well as their  
order of battle in every key city  
of this country in case of revolt.  
All - painstakingly, microscopically  
engraved.

SOLO  
Jans did this?

SATINE  
At my request - their strength is  
such that we feared we would need  
UNCLE'S help. THRUSH knew informa-  
tion was to be passed to UNCLE -  
but they didn't know how much - or  
how.

(DURING this, INTERCUT REACTION SHOTS of Miss Taub -  
first absorbing the knowledge about the dove, then,  
alternating between confusion and fascination and  
embarrassment as she tries to make sense of the  
dialog.)

SOLO  
If you wanted UNCLE to have the  
information then, why don't you  
want us to have it now?



SATINE (exploding)

159-165  
CONT'D  
(2)

Don't you think it odd that two agents from an organization like yours should have their cover blown so completely, so quickly? That was hardly my doing. The UNCLE zone covering this area is infiltrated with a THRUSH agent. If that agent should relay back to THRUSH what we know about them - we would lose what little advantage we have and they could crush us.... Or should they stumble across the dove now - the result would be the same. The dove must be destroyed.

SOLO

And you want from me - both the dove, and my life.

SATINE

No - I will guarantee you passage to the border - to a point. If capture looks imminent - I will have to kill you. Even UNCLE would realize the necessity of that.

REACTION MISS TAUB

166

REACTION SOLO

167

looking to Satine now - really taking in what the situation means. Clearly he believes Satine. He nods slowly.

SOLO

Your position isn't much more pleasant than mine, is it?

167  
CONT'D  
(2)

SATINE

It is never pleasant to kill one's friends to save them from one's enemies. But -

(indicating Solo)  
in our business unpleasanties often occur. Do you agree?

Satine means to the proposition. Solo takes some time - with Miss Taub hanging breathless onto the walkie-talkie from her vantage point in the dining car.

SOLO

Yes - and no. If I can make it back with the dove - and if I can uncover the THRUSH agent - UNCLE could be of considerable help to you.

SATINE (grudgingly)

...but it's too great a gamble. One of your men gambled at the tomb - and he opened more than one grave. I can't risk it.

SOLO

I'm afraid - I have to. If only for that THRUSH agent at UNCLE - as you say, we do have common enemies.

Solo and Satine glare at one another in the tiny bathroom: war is to be resumed.

MISS TAUB'S REACTION

168

having listened, now rising shakily from the dining table.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. DINING CAR - SOLO AND SATINE - EVE

169

have just finished their evening meal. Neither plat is touched. The Waiter comes.

WAITER (surprised)

Is that all you gentlemen can eat?

Both look to the Waiter, then to one another - and nod solemnly. The Waiter leaves.

SOLO

Well, after that meal, how do you suppose we'll sleep tonight?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN COMPANIONWAY

170

dark, all compartment lights out and occupants sleeping. All but one from which a lone bright light casts its beam.

INT. COMPARTMENT - SOLO AND SATINE

171

sitting directly opposite each other - both inert but wide-eyed, staring fiercely at one another - awaiting the other's slightest move, both being rocked gently by the train.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COMPANIONWAY - PORTRAIT MILO JANS

172

with the dove still pinned onto the breast, unplucked. Satine and Solo pass by it - within inches, move out of SHOT.

INT. DINING CAR - DAY

173

with a blearier Solo and Satine once more having finished their meal - with full plates before them. Again the Waiter comes, checks the fast-becoming-routine of the untouched plates. They nod - he picks up the plates.

WAITER

And now - dessert. Or would that  
be too filling on top of all this?

173  
CONT'D  
(2)

Again the Waiter leaves. Both are beginning to  
look gaunt.

SOLO

From now on, separate tables?

SATINE

Separate tables.

REACTION - MISS TAUB

174

watching the two men.

DISSOLVE:

COMPANIONWAY - PORTRAIT MILO JANS

175

with the silver dove, rocking gently on its exposed  
nest. Again Satine and Solo pass by.

DISSOLVE:

WIDE ANGLE - TWO SHOT - DINING CAR

176

with Satine and Solo now staring across to each  
other from adjacent tables, watching the other with  
every bite they take, finishing their meal.

DOWN ANGLE - SOLO

177

using his steak knife to cut a tiny slit along the  
seat of his chair, still staring at Satine.

DOWN ANGLE - SATINE

178

holding his open pill box below his chair using  
a mirror on the inside to watch this clandestine  
activity, still staring at Solo.

DOWN ANGLE - SOLO

179

taking a tiny needle from his coat, as casually as possible.

INSERT - NEEDLE

180

its point obviously tipped with something.

DOWN ANGLE - SOLO

181

placing the needle in the slit cushion, closing the barely visible slit. He then rises, apparently satisfied with his meal.

SOLO (to Satine)

Well, shall we?

REACTION SATINE

182

SATINE (smiling)

Of course.

They rise together as Miss Taub enters the dining room.

MISS TAUB

Oh, Mr. Brickman. Have you a moment?

Solo walks over to her and Satine rises, his eyes on them as they talk and drift toward the exit. Satine has moved to Solo's chair, quickly runs his hand along it - feels the slit, smiles. He reaches in - grimaces at the needle prick, withdraws the needle. He sniffs the point just once, nods, just once: he's been had. He starts out after Miss Taub and Solo.

INT. LOUNGE CAR - DAY

183

as all three enter, Satine just behind them. As Satine reaches the lounge car he staggers, slips to a chair and sags, apparently out. Solo turns around, surprised.

SOLO

That was quicker than I thought.

183  
CONT'D  
(2)

He leans over Satine, who promptly straightens up and lets Solo have the needle right in the chin.

SATINE (softly)

Touche.

Solo just nods.

SOLO

Oh, Miss Taub .. will you excuse me a moment?

MISS TAUB

Certainly.

SATINE (getting  
drowsy)

I may need some help getting up.

Solo laughs - at least Solo has a head start. Solo turns and moves to the door, where he too staggers, dizzy. He looks back to Satine, who now laughs.

MISS TAUB (to Solo)

Are you all right?

SOLO

Of course.

CUT TO:

TRUCKING SHOT - COMPANIONWAY

184

with Solo and Satine and Miss Taub, shoulder to shoulder to shoulder. Miss Taub is ostensibly helping Solo help Satine negotiate the last few yards to their compartment, but both men are leaning desperately on her.

SOLO

Yes, Miss Taub, now and then he starts a little early in the day... good morning, Russel...

Russel squeezes by the three of them, with a cold appraising eye which adds embarrassment to insult to injury. They make it to the compartment door, and with what collective strength and consciousness they have, pull it open.

SOLO(continued)  
 (swaying)  
 ...tho he tries not to show it...

184  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

Satine on this cue passes out of FRAME and onto the compartment floor.

REACTION MISS TAUB

184X1

She looks from the prostrate Satine back to Solo - only to see him drop from FRAME. Once again two more men in her life have left her.

DISSOLVE:

INT. LOUNGE CAR MOVING (PROCESS)

185

With Solo and Satine, both chastened, seated opposite each other - watching every flick of the other's hands. Enter Miss Taub, striding straight up to Solo, who tries to watch her and Satine at the same time.

MISS TAUB

Mr. Brickman - do you suppose I could speak with you for another moment? Alone.

SATINE

No.

SOLO

Yes, I'll be right there.

MISS TAUB

Very well.

And she drifts over to the other side of the lounge car.

SOLO

That was unnecessarily rude.

SATINE

And if I was polite, I might involve her and end up having to liquidate a giddy young spinster which would be more unnecessary and ruder still.

Solo nods; he believes Satine means it. A couple of the train's permanent guards drift into the lounge car. Both men take them in.

185  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Do you want her to create a scene?  
What if she starts complaining about  
the lack of attention?

Solo rises.

SATINE

I'll be watching.



TWO SHOT - MISS TAUB AND SOLO

186

as he moves into SHOT. Miss Taub is looking quite severe.

SOLO

Now, what can I do for you?

MISS TAUB

I have a confession to make, Mr. Brickman. I know you're not Mr. Brickman.

Solo was unprepared for this. He glances uneasily over toward the eagle-eyed Satine. Clearly he's going to try to joke her out of what he will try to convince her is a delusion.

SOLO (all

insouciance)

I see. Well, then. If I'm not Mr. Brickman, who am I?

MISS TAUB (simply)

You're a spy.

Solo pales considerably, but manages to smile.

MISS TAUB

I don't know who for, but you are a spy. Did you kill Mr. Brickman?

Solo is watching Satine's reactions to everything, paying much more attention to him than her.

SOLO (flustered)

No, no, I don't know what killed him.

MISS TAUB

He is dead then?

SOLO

Of course not! I mean I don't know.

MISS TAUB

Well if he's not dead, where is he?

SOLO (trying for

control)

Now, Miss Taub, this is just silly. What has given you the idea that -

MISS TAUB  
The walkie-talkie.

186  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (stopped)  
The walkie-talkie?

Just at the moment Russel and Kirk, and a couple of the other students amble into the lounge. Kirk - walkie-talkie. They register on Solo.

CLOSE SATINE

187

as the students mill around him, eye him curiously, some of them moving onto other parts of the car. Russel and Kirk remain behind.

KIRK (to Satine)  
Hi. You're with Mr. Brickman too, huh?

Satine hesitates, nods. One should be able to detect just the suggestion of a cringe. Russel sits his hefty bulk on the arm of Satine's chair, almost spilling into Satine's lap. He switches on his transistor. It blares.

RUSSEL  
And, where's he taking you?

Satine BOLTS up out of his chair, leaving the two young men astonished.

SOLO AND MISS TAUB

188

who has been explaining to Solo exactly how much she knows, which judging from Solo's reaction, is considerable.

SOLO (not happy  
about it)  
You retain things very well, very systematically.

MISS TAUB (a touch  
of rue)  
A lifetime of lesson plans...And -  
I know precisely what you mean by  
the 'dove'. I've seen it.

This really shakes Solo.

SOLO  
Where?

MISS TAUB  
The night it was taken. I was  
there.

188  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
You? Doing what?

MISS TAUB  
Teaching.

SOLO  
Teaching - there?

MISS TAUB  
In a peripatetic sort of way, yes.  
You know, 'Europe's just one big  
museum' and I walk thru it - museum,  
mausoleum - guidebook in one hand  
and students out of hand.

SOLO  
You make it sound pretty grim.

MISS TAUB  
Oh, no. I like teaching, really.  
It's just that now and then, you're  
reminded - the explosion that night  
did it for me - I spend so much time  
in other people's past, I may end up  
not having a past of my own.

(smiles)  
I mean, face it. Who's going to want  
to blow open my grave?

Solo is affected, and for a moment the dove seems to  
have flown from his concern. Then, Satine breaks in.  
Miss Taub jumps visibly.

SATINE  
Come with me at once.

SOLO  
Why?

SATINE  
They won't leave me alone.

Satine indicates the children, who are milling around.  
Solo smiles.

SOLO  
Why not?

SATINE (gnashing  
his teeth)  
They think I'm 'interesting'.

SOLO

And so you are. I wouldn't deny  
that for a moment.

188  
CONT'  
(3)

SATINE

There are some assaults upon my  
sensibilities I cannot stand.

SOLO

Then - leave.

Satine looks at Solo for a long, long time. He  
looks at the guards. He looks at the children,  
their transistors BLARING.

SATINE

...please?....

Solo - with almost glee - shakes his head.

SATINE (hissing it  
out)

Mr. Solo, I have misjudged you.  
You are not a gentleman.

And with that he turns on his heel, walks to the  
far corner of the room, glaring back every inch  
of the way. This causes him to bump into Irving -  
it's hard to tell which of the two is frightened  
more.

SOLO AND MISS TAUB

189

turning their smiles from Satine back to each  
other.

MISS TAUB

(indicating Satine)

He doesn't seem that difficult  
to handle.

SOLO

Maybe not. But I can't do it.

Miss Taub starts to say something, stops, starts  
again.

MISS TAUB

Would you...like...help?

SOLO

Why? I mean why should you  
offer?

MISS TAUB

I'm familiar with the political climate in this country, I heard - overheard - what you had to say, and I think you're right. That simple.

(pause)

No, it's not that simple. But I do think you're right, for what that's worth.

SOLO (touched)

You are a qualifier.

MISS TAUB

It's an occupational hazard.

SOLO

Yes, I'm familiar with those. And no. Stay away. If he believes you're directly involved, he'll be very unpleasant. And, if not for yourself, you have your students to look after.

MISS TAUB

Indirectly, then?

SOLO

No - I just have to get away from him for about two minutes.

MISS TAUB

May I ask why?

SOLO

I left something hanging - in the air, really.

The students are around Satine again and he's enduring them with all the forbearance of a treed cat. Solo turns back to Miss Taub, with the suggestion of a sadistic smile.

SOLO

There is something you can do - and just by sticking to your profession.

DISSOLVE:

189

CONT'D

(2)

INT. DINING CAR - DAY

190

with, again - both men seated for a meal they will not touch. This time, however, it is not out of caution on Satine's part, but despair. At an adjacent table is Miss Taub, and, surprisingly she has her entire flock gathered around her.

SATINE

(abruptly)

You win. I guarantee you safe passage across the border for the dove.

SOLO

Making me a present of what I've already got? We're nearly there.

SATINE

Don't forget - this train is liable to search at any time.

SOLO

-- And what will you do - turn me in?

EXT. TRAIN STATION

191

with the BORDER and CUSTOMS clearly marked at one end. But we are looking down the tracks, toward the approaching train - along with a veritable company of soldiers that line the tracks, the platform, holding, a horrendous arsenal - including machine guns that are mounted along the tracks to fire down exit lanes from the railway cars. One of the soldiers looks overhead.

TO HELICOPTER (STOCK)

192

hovering.

193 OUT

INT. DINING CAR

194

with Miss Taub who has been speaking softly to her students.

MISS TAUB

And so Mr. Brickman's companion may seem odd - even unfriendly to you. But consider what he's suffered. His countries' leading poet - condemned to exile and privation, his books banned, a man so frightened he's afraid of the sound of his own sonnets... trembling, at his return to the land of the living....

SATINE AND SOLO

195

SATINE

I feel a little squeamish about this - but either you give up the dove - or Miss Taub gives up her life.

Solo doesn't like this one bit. Both glance over towards her and as they do, one dozen wide-eyed faces turn back, gazing on Satine. Satine's face grows slack.

SATINE

What are they staring at?

SOLO

Maybe they heard you.

WITH MISS TAUB AND CHILDREN

196

KIRK

Do you suppose - if we asked him about it, he might tell us? Even recite one of his poems?

MISS TAUB

A man like that can only be deeply affected...by the interest of youth.

FULL SHOT

197

as, almost in unison the dozen odd teenagers RISE and move toward Satine. Satine really doesn't know what to do.

POV SATINE

198

with THEM, creatures with sneakers and pimples and cameras - coming towards him, surrounding him.

REACTION SATINE

199

He's truly paralyzed - innervated.

NEW ANGLE

200

with Satine surrounded. In a flash Solo is on his feet and out of the dining car.

KIRK

Why...don't you tell us about it?

Satine reacts like a man under intense interrogation, and ready to break.

SATINE (begging)

What? What is it you want to know?

MOVING WITH SOLO

201

as he DASHES down the long companionway, feverishly heading toward the portrait of JANS. He slams open the door of one compartment, is thru the ramp, and opens the adjacent door. He stops.

POV SOLO

202

Down the companionway, there before him - the portrait of Jans. Moving WITH HIM we approach the poster. Solo's hand reaches up to grab the dove.



INSERT DOVE

203

and its paper.

REACTION SOLO

204

his heart sinking.

BACK WITH SATINE

205

cornered. He suddenly starts - it looks as if he's remembered that he's forgotten Solo. But then his head begins to bob up and down as if he were watching a vertical ping-pong game.

IRVING

You don't remember any of your poetry?

TO RUSSEL AND KIRK

205X1

Russel has raised his polaroid camera, and it too bobs up and down, trying to focus on his would-be subject.

KIRK

What're you doing?

RUSSEL (still bobbing)

You realize how much a shot of him would be worth? Famous poet just returned from exile?

POV SATINE

206

as he and we see that Irving, only a few tantalizing feet away holds the dove, dangles it from the zipper of his windbreaker - zipping his jacket up and down, up and down.

SATINE

Where - where did you get that?

IRVING

On that poster of Milo Jans in the aisle, the one with the dove?  
Somebody stuck it there.

RUSSEL'S VOICE

I bet I get this published.

On the word "published," Satine, with the dove dangling from Irving's zipper just by Satine's earlobe whirls to face the camera.

206  
CONT'D  
(2)

INSERT CAMERA

206X1

the lens looming like a gunbarrel, Russel's chubby index finger pulling the trigger. As it CLICKS:

SATINE

206X2

hits the camera, knocking it up over his shoulder.

SATINE

No!

RUSSEL

206X3

RUSSEL (disgusted)

He ruined it!

GROUP REACTION SHOT FAVORING SOLO

207

who has entered the room in time to take this exchange in. He quickly moves to Russel.

SOLO

Did he?

Before anyone has time to move or reflect further, the train SCREECHES to a halt.

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM

208

with the Colonel - having alighted from his helicopter some distance from the main body of soldiers. He uses a portable P.A. system.

COLONEL (P.A.)

ALL PASSENGERS WILL DISEMBARK  
IMMEDIATELY. I REPEAT, ALL PASSENGERS  
WILL DISEMBARK IMMEDIATELY.

INT. TRAIN - SATINE, SOLO, MISS TAUB, ET AL

209

with much flurrying, though Solo is strangely calm as he finishes peeling the photo off the plate of the polaroid camera, snapping it closed. Satine turns away from the compartment window.

SATINE

That idiotic Colonel is the one man who can identify me...

The students look questioningly.

SOLO (to Miss Taub)

Better get them off right away.

As she starts to do so - Satine snatches the dove from Irving's jacket, and in a trice he and Solo have each grabbed a wing.

TIGHT TWO - SATINE and SOLO

210

hanging onto their respective wings.

SOLO

Make a wish. Truce?

SATINE

Truce.

They release each other and the dove drops between them. Miss Taub is the only one remaining in the room besides them.

SATINE (disconsolate)  
I don't know who to kill first -  
you, the Colonel, or myself.

210  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
They'll be boarding any moment -

SATINE (glancing out  
window)  
- but from which end? We'd need a  
tank to get thru all that army....

SOLO  
A tank?...Miss Taub do you still  
have those walkie-talkies?....

Miss Taub looks shocked, then nods slowly.

SOLO  
A tank...

CUT TO:

FULL SHOT TRAIN ENGINE

211

black, silent. From the engine we HEAR the soft  
whispered VOICE of Miss Taub.

MISS TAUB'S VOICE  
The Colonel is in the lead. They're  
at the third compartment - fourth  
car....

INT. ENGINE CAB FLOOR

212

with Solo and Satine lying low on the iron deck.  
Solo's hands work the gears, easing off the brake  
as quietly as possible - trying to avoid being  
either seen or heard. Between them is one of the  
walkie-talkie's, from which Miss Taub's VOICE is  
emanating; the silver dove is conspicuously hung  
on the antenna - again between the two men. Satine  
is trying to ease away the coupling link.

ON MISS TAUB

213

standing with all the trains disembarked passengers,  
surrounded by them, watching with them the quiet  
activities on the train - but, unlike them, comment-  
ing on those activities: she has the antenna cradled  
in a sweater...

MISS TAUB (very  
softly)  
...they're entering the last car  
now....

213  
CONT'D  
(2)

WITH SOLO AND SATINE

213X1

SATINE

Hurry!

SOLO (easing brake)  
I've almost got it.

SATINE

Almost isn't enough - NOW.

In his frustration Solo PULLS on the line to the  
train whistle.

REACTION MISS TAUB

214

as two VERY LOUD WHISTLES seem to emanate from her  
breast. No one is more shocked than she is.

ON COLONEL AND SEARCH PARTY

215

reacting, rushing down the last companionway to the  
engine.

NEW ANGLE - ENGINE CAB - INT.

216

with Satine and Solo getting underway, not, however,  
before the Colonel and several of the searchers  
make it onto the departing engine. The Colonel of  
course recognizes Satine, and a wild melée ensues -  
one where Satine tries to keep the searchers off  
Solo who tries to keep the engine going.

MOVING SHOT - EXT. ENGINE

217

NEARING the border, approaching a gulley on its  
left flank.

## REACTION SATINE

217X1

to the geography. He kicks the dove and the walkie-talkie off the engine, and follows it, taking with him the Colonel and the one remaining searcher. Solo can only watch - apparently helpless - as Satine and his antagonists roll out of sight.

## FULL SHOT - ENGINE

217X2

CRASHING the barricade at the border, tossing up lumber, and abandoned machine guns.

218 OUT

## INT. CAB - SOLO

219

pulling himself off the instruments, barely managing to rise amidst the settling dust and silence. Then there are several SHOTS from the other side of the border, and once again, SILENCE. Solo looks back in anticipation and alarm, but can see nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

## BORDER

220

later, with Solo looking glum indeed. On the far side Miss Taub and her students are about to be detained by the Colonel - apparently Satine did not survive his ordeal. However, the Colonel turns toward Solo and CAMERA and we see, as ever, the face of SATINE, whose waving of Miss Taub through final customs has a suggestion of the triumphant about it, extending, it would seem, across the border line, to where Solo stands.

## REACTION - SOLO

221

starting - almost involuntarily - to wave back. He catches himself and looks to his own hand.

## INSERT - SOLO'S PALM

222

and the polaroid photo that Russel had taken. True, Satine's face is OUT OF SHOT but next to one hanging ear lobe is a beautiful STILL of the DOVE, hanging from Irving's zipper.

DISSOLVE TO:

DOVE

223

now looking like a gigantic condor, its wings spread across the TELEVISION SCREEN at UNCLE, blown up many times. And on the wings are a network of dots and dashes that had seemed to be merely the feather-work design.

REACTION - WAVERLY WITH SOLO

224

sipping his buttermilk, fairly beaming - he toys with a huge pointer.

WAVERLY

One thing about this photo puzzles me, though.

SOLO

What's that, sir?

WAVERLY

This, this thing that looks like a large sea shell.

FULL SHOT - INCLUDING SCREEN

225

as Waverly points to the lower right-hand corner of the photo - and magnified this many times, Satine's ear indeed looks like a huge shell. Solo smiles.

SOLO

That, Mr. Waverly, is all you'll see of Satine...and all I hope I'll ever see again...

WAVERLY

Watch yourself - he may be listening.

For a moment Solo really looks concerned, as if Waverly knows something he's not telling. Then Waverly points to the ear, chuckles.

SOLO (he's quite serious)

That really isn't funny...

FADE OUT:

THE END