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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE WAVERLY RING AFFAIR

Prod. #8409

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A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
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12-16-65

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

The Waverly Ring Affair

Prod.#8409

Script dated: December 8, 1965

Name change:

FROM: CENTURY RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY
(Formerly: CENTURY MACHINE AND TOOL SCHOOL)

TO: HAZARD RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY

12-15-65

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

The Waverly Ring Affair

Prod. #8409

Script dated: December 8, 1965

Name change:

FROM:

GEORGE FENNELL

TO:

GEORGE DENNELL

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

The Waverly Ring Affair

Prod. #8409

FADE IN:

INT. CAMERA STORE - DAY - FULL

1

A couple of customers browse through the greeting card racks. One is a dowager-type woman, the other is ILLYA, although we cannot recognize him at the moment, since his back is to us. A MAN enters the store and goes to the counter.

CLERK

Yes sir -- may I help you?

Before the man can get an answer out, the front door opens again and Solo breezes in on the wings of a loudly whistled melody. He walks briskly to the counter and stands by the other man, smiling pleasantly. The clerk and the man stare at him rather strangely.

CLERK (after a
beat, to Solo)
May I --- help you, sir?

SOLO (very politely)
He was first.

MAN
It's all right.

SOLO
I insist.

MAN (dourly)
It may take me a while.

SOLO
Oh ---- Well, thank you. You have
some prints for Watson Silvernagle?

The clerk quickly goes through a file.

CLERK
Here you are, sir. One twenty-five.

Solo plops the exact change down on the counter.

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P.2

SOLO
There you are.

1
CONT'D
(2)

CLERK
Thank you, sir.

There is a long moment, during which all three men stare at each other in turn, waiting to see what happens next. Then Solo smiles and starts out, only to have his attention caught by a rack of comic greeting cards. With elaborate casualness, he notices one and stops to read it. As he does so, he chuckles loudly.

ON THE CLERK AND MAN

2

They eye Solo with barely tolerant impatience.

ON SOLO

3

At the card rack. He replaces the card and chooses another.

SOLO (reads)
"Holy Smoke and Yumpin Yiminy,
Have a Birthday that's winey
and women'y!"
(laughing, he calls to
the other men)
They really put out some lulus,
don't they?

ON THE CLERK AND MAN

4

Patience exhausted, their looks agree that Solo is harmless and preoccupied.

MAN (carefully)
I'm just not happy with the focus
on this batch of enlargements.

CLERK
Well, we'll be glad to do the job
over if ---

ON THE ENVELOPE

5

As the clerk starts to remove it from the counter, a hand comes INTO FRAME and pounds the envelope.

SOLO (o.s.)
I know what you mean!

5
CONT'D
(2)

WIDER ANGLE

Solo slams his own photo envelope down on the counter.

SOLO
I knew there was a difference!
I told the fellow that the last
time I was in here! But he said ----

ON THE ENVELOPES

As Solo pounds the counter in agitation, he disrupts the order of the envelopes and takes the one belonging to the THRUSH man.

SOLO (o.s.)
"Absolutely not! Our craftsmanship never varies and our equipment is electronically verified!"

GROUP SHOT

The two men are still startled as Solo rails on.

SOLO
And I asked him, "Just who verifies your electronic verifier, that's what I want to know!" And you can just guess what he said to that!
(with envelope in hand,
he starts for the door)
Sorry to have been so loud.

But as he turns he almost runs squarely into the dowager, who stands facing him.

DOWAGER (quite polite)
Sir ----? I believe you picked
up the wrong envelope.

Startled, Solo glances at the man and the clerk, who eye him stoically.

SOLO

Oh, really?

(he peers down into
the envelope. Smiles)

No -- this is mine, all right.

8

CONT'D

(2)

DOWAGER (quietly
insistent)
I think you should check again.

TIGHT ON HER ARM AND HAND

9

A luxurious stole is draped over the arm, but we
can see the ugly muzzle of a pistol lurking in her
hand.

ON SOLO

10

He, too, sees it only too clearly.

SHOT

11

She nods to the two men, who move toward Solo
menacingly. But at this point, the whole circular
rack of greeting cards is pushed over and falls
like a tree at their feet. Illya, who pushed it,
is revealed as he leaps at the woman's hand and
expertly knocks the gun away, sending the woman
spinning into a wall. Solo wades into the two men.
Illya instinctively pauses just an instant to speak
chivalrously to the dazed woman.

ILLYA

I am really very sorry.

And in this moment he is spun around and hit by the
clerk. He reels under the blow, but recovers to
return it with interest. He fights with the clerk
while Solo fights the man. The woman makes her way
to where the gun went, and starts to pick it up.
But Illya leaps to intercept and grabs it first.
Then he spins and slugs the clerk a knockout blow,
just as Solo puts away the man. Solo grabs the
envelope from the floor where it had fallen, hastily
checks inside to be sure it is the right one, and
dashes for the door.

SOLO

Come on!

Illya follows, turning back quickly at the door to speak to the woman.

11
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

To be honest, I'm really not sorry at all.

ZIP-PAN TO:

INT. AUTOMOBILE - DAY - (PROCESS)

12

Solo drives, while Illya searches the contents of the envelope.

SOLO

Now don't tell me there's nothing in this batch about Project Windfall!

ILLYA

Not so far. Routine THRUSH documents --- we already have most of them. A memo on the diamond market. One on their plan to sabotage the Olympic Games. ---

SOLO (grimly)

We're going to run out of courier drops we can raid! If this thing -- whatever it is -- is as big as all signs indicate, why aren't their packets full of ---

ILLYA (sharply)

Napoleon!

SOLO

Find something?

ILLYA (obviously,
really shaken)

Yes ---- but not on the Planning Conference. It's an U.N.C.L.E. document.

SOLO (startled)

What?

ILLYA

Stamped "File Forty"!

SOLO

That's impossible! Waverly himself can't take anything from File Forty out of the building!

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ILLYA

----- It's genuine, Napoleon.

12
CONT'D
(2)

There is a tense and deadly moment of silence.

SOLO

--- Then they've finally done it.

ILLYA

And what a time for it to happen!

SOLO (nods slowly)

THRUSH has a man in U.N.C.L.E.

BLUR AND FADE

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:
INT. UNCLE VAULT ENTRANCE - ESTABLISHING

13

Waverly, Solo, Illya and GEORGE FENNELL are there. George is a pleasant-faced little man, about Solo's age. If there is a bumbling quality about his physical nature, it disappears when he talks business -- and his business is Security Engineering for U.N.C.L.E. Obviously, he is quite different from the traditional agent we have seen, but in many ways he is even more valuable to the organization. And if in his own private thoughts he envies Solo and Illya the excitement their lives encounter, it never shows; and he takes earnest pride in his own particular responsibilities. At present, he is detaching an elaborate oscilloscopic gadget from the rim of a metal doorway. Through the door we can see the interior of a vault-room.

GEORGE

The scanning system tests out perfect. -- Try it yourself! Walk through the door -- or just put your hand through it!

Solo does, and lights flash and an alarm sounds.

GEORGE (looks up at a small TV camera.)
Okay, Fred. You can cut the alarm.

TECHNICIAN'S VOICE (filter)

Right.

The alarm stops.

GEORGE

See? Anything that goes through this door without first tripping the bypass key sets off the alarm -- and is picked up on the monitor.

WAVERLY

Do you have a back-up system?

GEORGE

Yes, sir. I put it in last year --- heat activated.

SOLO

And just how does that work, George?

GEORGE

In case the scanner circuits should
fail, it reacts to body heat.

13
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

How sensitive is it?

GEORGE (a proud smile)

It'll detect a passionate grass-
hopper going by!

(eagerly)

Here --- you want to see how
critical ----

WAVERLY

I'm sure we trust your word on
it, Mr. Fennell. --- So it's
your conclusion that no one could
have gotten near File Forty without
an authorized bypass key?

GEORGE (earnestly)

I'd stake my reputation on it,
sir. It had to be someone with
a key.

SOLO

That narrows the field to ----
how many? Two dozen?

WAVERLY (nods)

And unhappily indicates the person
has been with us long enough to
gain a position of responsibility.

GEORGE

Gee --- that could be anybody above
the rank of Area Chief. ---- It
could be me!

There is just a split second during which the eyes
of the other three are on him, and George's smile
becomes forced.

MR. WAVERLY

Mr. Solo, would you and Mr.
Kuryakin be so good as to remove
File Forty from this vault?
It will have to be stored
in a safer place.

GEORGE

This is the safest place, I can
provide, Mr. Waverly!

WAVERLY

No --- there is one more.

13
CONT'D
(3)

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Solo and Illya carry an obviously heavy lead box, about the size of a liquor case, into Waverly's office and over to a wall. Waverly presses a button and a section of the wall rolls back to reveal a surprising silver door, about two feet square. George follows Solo and Illya, looking a bit sheepish.

GEORGE

I forgot about this.

WAVERLY

It's understandable -- it's the one vault that's not your responsibility.

(he kneels in front of the door and holds his right hand up to it, while he rubs a finger ring on that hand.)

Fortunately, there's more space in here than is needed for the --- jewelry.

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS

15

He rubs the ring and we now hear a strange, high-pitched SOUND. It might be mistaken for a ringing in the ears, except for a certain theramin quality.

TIGHT ON SOLO, ILLYA, GEORGE

16

They have set the heavy file down until Waverly is finished. They watch him in earnest concentration.. George is wide-eyed and clasps his hands in front of him and, as he does so, notices that his own U.N.C.L.E. ring has begun to glow. He emits a startled cry. Illya holds up his own hand on which a ring also glows.

ILLYA

Something wrong?

SOLO (smiles, then
speaks softly)
One would think you'd never heard
a Waverly Ring before, George.

16
CONT'D
(2)

GEORGE (barely above a
whisper)
I haven't --- since training. And
they gave me the creeps then!

ON WAVERLY

17

Now the door unlocks and swings slowly open. Waverly
stops rubbing his ring, and the SOUND ceases. He
reaches into the vault and takes out a medium-sized
jewelry-case. He holds it and steps aside.

WAVERLY
You can slip it right in there.

SHOT

18

So and Illya carry the File Forty case to the vault
and slip it in. Waverly then replaces the jewelry
case in front of it.

GEORGE
But sir, this will mean no one
will have access to File Forty.

WAVERLY
That is correct -- it is temporarily
sealed -- except to those currently
wearing Priority Rings --- Waverly
Rings, if you insist on the
coloquial.

He begins to rub his ring again. We hear the SOUND,
and George sneaks a furtive look at his finger as his
ring glows again. The door swings shut and locks.
George recovers and persists doggedly.

GEORGE
But no one knows who has a
Waverl --- er, Priority Ring.
How can we be responsible for
security if ----

WAVERLY
You're mistaken, Mr. Fennell.
I know when a Priority Ring is
issued -- and therefore I alone
shall be responsible.

18
CONT'D
(2)

There is a flashing light on Waverly's intercom.

WAVERLY (answers it)
Yes?

CARLA'S VOICE
This is Miss Drosten, from Security
and Personnel, I would like to see
you, Mr. Waverly. It's urgent.

WAVERLY (looks at
Solo significantly)
Yes --- come right in. Maybe
Section 6 has something already.

The door slides open and CARLA DROSTEN, one of the
most luscious UNCLE agents of them all (and one of
the most able) hurries in. She hesitates for just
a moment, when she sees that Waverly is not alone.

WAVERLY
Come in, Miss Drosten. --- You
know everyone here, I presume?

ON SOLO

19

His smile speaks of a rather close acquaintance.

SOLO
Hello, Carla.

SHOT

20

Carla nods, and even in the current mood of emergency,
we see a spark of attraction.

CARLA
Napoleon.

George, whose eyes have been 100 watts brighter since
she entered the room, now speaks with a diffident
smile.

GEORGE
Hi, Carla.

CARLA

----- Hello, George.
 (she nods to Illya,
 then speaks to Waverly)
May I speak frankly?

WAVERLY

Yes, of course.

CARLA

We've just turned up a discrepancy
in the history of one of our current
trainees.

SOLO

What sort of discrepancy, Carla?

CARLA

He dropped out of college for a
semester between his junior and
senior years.

WAVERLY (realizing
the gravity immediately)

--- I see. --- And what is his
explanation?

CARLA

He says he spent the time hitch-
hiking around the country.

ILLYA

So there's no way to check.

WAVERLY

What is your recommendation, Miss
Drosten?

CARLA

I don't see that we have a choice,
sir. --- I personally believe
he's telling the truth, but any
block of time like that --- that
can't be accounted for --- it
could mean THRUSH training.

WAVERLY

Yes. ---- Very well. How far
along is he in our processing?

CARLA

Third stage. -- It'll mean
detraining.

WAVERLY (sighs
unhappily)

--- Unfortunate business. I
always hate to get into that.

CARLA

He can't leave with what he knows.

WAVERLY

----- Yes. Mr. Kuryakin, would
you please take care of it?

ILLYA

Yes sir.

WAVERLY

Thank you very much, Miss Drosten.

Carla nods and starts toward the door. Illya defers
to her, and George hurries to catch her.

GEORGE

Carla --- could I see you for
a minute?

CARLA

----- Of course.

She goes on out, and George turns to the other
three men with a nervous grin.

GEORGE (he tries

to say it with a
Solo-ish innuendo, but
it just doesn't come off)

----- Personal business!

Illya, one eyebrow raised, follows him out. The
door slides shut and there is a pause.

WAVERLY

Well, what do you think,
Napoleon?

SOLO

I think I hope it's that young fellow Carla just told us about. --- But I also think there's not much chance a third stage trainee could get close to File Forty.

WAVERLY

Exactly.

SOLO

And so --- I think we are in a real, bona fide, Class Double-A --- mess!

WAVERLY

To be precise, our entire organization is paralyzed. I can't issue a single order without assuming it will immediately become known to THRUSH.

SOLO (in frustration)

And what a time for it to happen! Their "Project Windfall" is obviously about ready to go and we don't even know what it is!

WAVERLY

We're going to have to be prepared for the worst -- and that's going to be difficult under the present circumstances.

SOLO

What do you propose?

WAVERLY

I propose to turn the entire matter over to you.

SOLO (a grim, "I-might have-expected-it" nod)

Yes, sir.

Waverly goes back to his safe, presses the button, and the wall panel slides, revealing the door. He rubs his ring, we hear the SOUND, and the door swings slowly open. All the while, Solo watches with silent intentness. Waverly removes the jewelry case which we saw before and carries it to his desk. Solo moves close.

SOLO (with a slight
note of grimness)
For me?

20
CONT'D
(5)

WAVERLY
I think you should wear one ---
at least while you're on this
assignment.

He starts to open the case.

TIGHT ON THE CASE

21

As the lid opens, revealing four ordinary-looking rings, apparently just like the ones all the men now wear. There are also two empty spaces in the case. The manner of Waverly and Solo (plus the emphasis of the MUSIC) tell us these are no ordinary rings. Waverly removes one of them, along with a strange little silver gadget with a needle-like probe on the end.

SHOT

22

SOLO

Have I ever told you that when you activate one of these things it makes me just a wee bit nervous?

Waverly inserts the needle-probe into the ring's side and then, working with the intense concentration of a surgeon, moves it carefully toward Solo's hand. Solo, meanwhile, has removed his standard ring and holds out his right hand.

WAVERLY

I shouldn't be surprised.

We can't see precisely what it is that he does to the ring as he puts it on Solo's finger, but it is in the nature of holding a trigger with the probe.

WAVERLY

There's really no danger --- providing you remember I am the only one who can remove the thing safely.

SOLO (fervently)

Since I hate loud bangs, I think I shall remember.

22
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
More of a boom than a bang, I'd
say.

SOLO (in ironic
apology)
I've --- never heard one go off.

WAVERLY
We tested one on the explosive
range.
(concentrates intensely)
---- Definitely a boom.
(finishes)
There.
(places the jewelry
case back in the safe)
Do you want to test it?

Solo rubs the ring, we hear the SOUND, and see the
ring glow. The door swings shut. Waverly presses
the button and the wall slides back into place.

23 OUT

TWO SHOT

24

WAVERLY
I must remind you, Mr. Solo, that
no one is to know you have been
issued a Priority Ring unless you
have to use it for emergency
identification or command.

SOLO

Sir --- if you'll pardon me --- I
confess I don't understand your
insistence upon that. Wouldn't
it be better if ----

24
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

I can see that it might appear to
be an idiosyncrasy, Mr. Solo. But
let me assure you I've learned by
experience that the value of the
rings depends upon secrecy. And
rather than decide in each case
who should know --- I've come to
the firm rule; no one but myself
and the wearer.

SOLO

---- Yes sir.

WAVERLY

Do you have any ideas on procedure?

SOLO

I think the first thing is to make
sure we don't lose any more
documents ---- of any kind.

WAVERLY

Good. I'll order Security Procedure
Seven at once.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS EXIT CORRIDOR - ESTABLISHING

25

Solo and a Technician are there with a large appara-
tus which includes an electronic console and a
device not unlike an open shower stall.

SOLO

Make doubly sure that everyone
takes the full turn.

TECHNICIAN

I will, Mr. Solo. --- What's
happened that they clamped on
Procedure Seven?

SOLO

Just --- routine precaution.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, sir.

25
CONT'D
(2)

Two men come up to the exit gate. One of them steps onto the square inside the "stall". The technician turns a dial and punches a button. A weird light illuminates the man from one side, as he turns in a 360-degree circle. As he completes the circle, the light goes out.

TECHNICIAN

Thank you.

The man steps off the square on the other side and waits while the procedure is repeated on his companion. After the second man has been scrutinized by the light, he too steps off and they go out.

TECHNICIAN

Thank you.

Now George appears and jauntily steps onto the square.

GEORGE

Hi, Napoleon.

SOLO

Hello, George.

The technician turns the dial and punches the button. George turns on the light. Suddenly there is the SOUND of an alarm.

26-49 OUT

ON THE TECHNICIAN'S CONSOLE

50

Several lights flash on and off as the SOUND of the alarm continues.

ON GEORGE

51

Surprised and more than a little embarrassed.

ON SOLO

52

Also surprised.

SHOT

Several UNCLE security men have materialized from nowhere and block George's route in every direction.

SOLO

George -- do you have clearance to take any UNCLE paper past this gate?

GEORGE (nervous)

Why, no --- and I don't have any on me --- I don't think.

SOLO

The scanner says you do.

GEORGE (begins to search his pockets)

Well, let's see --- maybe I wrote a grocery list on the back of --- no, I bought groceries last night.

(looks in another pocket)
I did write myself a note to remember --- no, I'm sure I burned that with the scratch paper.

(now finds something in his jacket pocket, takes it out and looks at it with evident relief)

Oh, here's what's causing the trouble. It's just a note typed in THRUSH code.

(he does a frantic take)
A note typed in THRUSH code?!!!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - ON GEORGE

54

Really feeling himself to be on the spot.

SOLO (o.s.)

But think, George! A document typed in THRUSH code on UNCLE stationery! Don't you have any idea how it could have gotten in your pocket?

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GEORGE (shakes his head)
I only know I don't know how it got
there!

54
CONT'D
(2)

SHOT

55

To include Waverly, sitting lost in thought, Solo
and Illya.

GEORGE
Napoleon --- you've known me
since I first applied to UNCLE.
You don't really think I'm the
one -----?

CLOSE ON SOLO

56

Considering this for a long moment, then he speaks
quietly.

SOLO
---- No. I trust you, George. But
I want to make it clear that if I
ever discover I'm wrong, I shall
personally spread your pieces across
the greater part of North America.

SHOT

57

GEORGE (gratefully)
Thanks, Napoleon.
(considers)
----- I guess.
(Turns to Illya)
Illya?

ON ILLYA

58

ILLYA
----- I suppose I'm a pragmatist.
---- And I don't believe the final
evidence is in yet.

SHOT

This sets George back just a bit. He turns to Waverly.

GEORGE

Do you believe me, Mr. Waverly?

Waverly, thinking hard, snaps out of his concentration.

WAVERLY

Hmm? I beg your pardon?

GEORGE

Do you believe I'm innocent?

WAVERLY (off-handedly)

Oh. ---- Yes, of course.

ON GEORGE

60

Immensely relieved.

GEORGE

Well, I want to say I do appreciate your confidence, sir. I'll confess if I'd been in your shoes and this had happened to someone else, I don't know how I'd react!

(gets up to leave)

Well ---- I guess I should get back to work.

SHOT

61

WAVERLY (still

strangely preoccupied)

Hmm? --- Oh. Mr. Fennell --- you won't be going back to work.

GEORGE (baffled)

Sir?

WAVERLY

I'm ordering you detained at once.

The other three men clearly show their surprise.

BLUR AND FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

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ACT TWO

FADE IN:
INT. UNCLE DETRAINING ROOM - DAY

62

Solo and Illya lead George into the room. He is almost like a man going to the electric chair. He looks with dread upon a padded leather chair which sits in the middle of the room. DR. LAZANUS greets them -- a standard scientist type.

LAZANUS
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

SOLO
Good afternoon, Doctor. We ---
uh --- are under orders to stay
and watch.

ILLYA -
It's ---- a very special case.

LAZANUS
---- I see. Certainly you're
welcome.
(to George)
Won't you sit down?

GEORGE (as he does)
Napoleon, please! Isn't there
anything you can do to stop this?

Solo nods to Lazanus, who turns on a switch which activates a flashing light focused onto George's face.

SOLO
Relax George ---- it won't hurt.

George stiffens in his chair, almost as if the light were a tangible force of some sort.

ILLYA
Shouldn't we hide our eyes or
something?

LAZANUS

No ---- concentration of the beam
is necessary for hypnotic effect.
You might get a little drowsy if
you watch it from that angle, but ---
(laughs)
--- you don't have to worry about
being brainwashed of your own UNCLE
information, if that's what you
mean!

62
CONT'D
(2)

Solo gives him a humorless smile.

CLOSE - LAZANUS

62X1

As he turns to George.

LAZANUS

Now, Mr. Fennell I want you to
relax and count with me slowly -
one --- two --- three ---

CLOSE - GEORGE

62X2

The light flickers on his face - his eyes appear
glazed -

GEORGE (sounding
drowsier with each word)
Three... Four ... Five ... Six ---

His voice falters -

CLOSE - LAZANUS

62X3

LAZANUS

Seven...

He waits for George but George remains silent -

LAZANUS

Good - now Mr. Fennell you will
forget everything you've learned
while you were with UNCLE -
You will wipe your memory clean -
absolutely clean -

CLOSE SHOT ON GEORGE

63

LAZANUS (o.s.)
--- all knowledge of personnel
rank -- who is responsible to
whom -- who holds what job.
Call it to your mind. -- And
now there is a curtain in front
of it. -- Now -- who is Mr.
Alexander Waverly?

GEORGE (trancelike)
He's a nice man I used to work
for.

LAZANUS
What is his job?

GEORGE
-- I don't know.

ON LAZANUS

64

LAZANUS
What was your job with UNCLE?

GEORGE
I... I don't remember -

He smiles with satisfaction at Solo and Illya.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

65

More than a little uneasy at the procedure.

INT. DETRAINING ROOM - DAY - ON THE SCENE

69

George sits, staring straight ahead.

LAZANUS

Well -- that should do it.

SOLO

Is this -- foolproof, Doctor?

LAZANUS

Utterly, Mr. Solo.

ILLYA

But I've always heard some people
can't be hypnotized.

LAZANUS

By parlor hypnotists, perhaps --
but no one can resist this beam,
I assure you. And here is the
latest proof.

(turns to George)

One -- two -- three!

He snaps his fingers. George shakes his head and
looks around.

LAZANUS

George -- I want you to tell me --
What is the function of UNCLE
Section Seven?

GEORGE (quite perplexed)

I -- don't know what you mean.

LAZANUS (proudly, to

Solo and Ilyya)

Otherwise, his memory is perfectly
sound. It's just that all intimate
knowledge of UNCLE has been erased --
or rather buried so deeply it can
never be recovered.

SOLO

I see ---- well ---- thank you,
doctor.

69
CONT'D
(2)

LAZANUS

Oh, you're quite welcome.

George rises from his chair and bumps right into
Solo.

SOLO

Here, I'll --- steady him.

LAZANUS

They're frequently a bit dizzy for
a few minutes. It will pass.

SOLO

Good. Well ---- goodbye again.

ILLYA (a little

wave)

Doctor.

Solo holds George's arm firmly and leads him through
the door. Illya follows.

INT. CORRIDOR - UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - MEDIUM

70

As they come through. Without saying anything, they
walk briskly to an intersection and hold.

TIGHT ON THEM

71

SOLO (with quiet
urgency)

All right, George --- can you
tell me the basic equipment
used in UNCLE Communications?

GEORGE

Just one second --
(he drops out his contact
lenses)

INSERT LENSES

in the palm of his hand.

RESUME

71X2

GEORGE (he breathes deeply and rattles it off)
Starting with the smallest, there's the X24 Communicator which comes in seven disguises including cigarette pack and chocolate bar. The X36 Communicator must be housed in a larger package, such as a briefcase, but has the advantage of being able to cover an average 175-degree arc on the earth's surface without going through a relay channel. Then there is the X54, which ---

Solo and Illya grin.

SOLO
We're convinced. Come on.

They start off.

GEORGE
And don't ever let anybody tell you those opaque contact lenses are fun!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - ON GEORGE

72

He sits in a chair while Solo and Illya move about the office and fire questions.

SOLO
All right, you want to get in touch with us, but you can't get out of their sight.

GEORGE (concentrating fiercely)
There is a special list of UNCLE contacts stationed in public places.

SOLO (briskly)
Memorize the list.

GEORGE (just as brisk)
I will.

ILLYA
All right, what about this? You don't know me, but I come up to you and tell you to follow me. And then you hear the sound of a Waverly Ring.

GEORGE
I check the authenticity
of your signal.

ILLYA
How?

GEORGE
By seeing if my own ring is glowing.

ILLYA
And if it is?

GEORGE
Then I follow.
(almost as if reciting
from a memorized rule)
A Waverly Ring commands
instant obedience no matter
what kind of a creep might
be wearing it.
(suddenly)
No offense, Illya.

Waverly enters.

WAVERLY
Well, how is our new member
of Operations and Enforcement?

SOLO
He's all set, sir.

GEORGE
I don't know. I confess I've
envied you guys sometimes -- the
kind of action you get in your
jobs. But now I'm not so sure.

ILLYA
You'll do fine.

WAVERLY
I take it you're clear on everything,
Mr. Fennell?

GEORGE
I think so, sir. I'm to pretend
I'm furious about getting kicked
out of UNCLE --- and let it be known
around that I'm furious --- and ---
and see what happens.

WAVERLY

Very good. Someone who planted that paper in THRUSH code on can wanted us to think you were a traitor. All right -- we'll go along and maybe we'll find out why. And more important, find out who the real traitor is.

72
CONT'D
(3)

GEORGE (eyes
literally popping in
earnest resolve)
I'll do my best, Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY

Good luck to you.

GEORGE

Thank you, sir. .

George, Illya and Solo start out. They open the door.

WAVERLY

Oh, Mr. Fennell -- there is one other thing I'd like to discuss with you. -- You gentlemen needn't wait.

73 OUT

SHOT - FROM THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WAVERLY'S OFFICE

74

Solo and Illya turn and go off, George goes back into the office and the door slides shut.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. SOLO'S OFFICE - DAY - ON HIS DOOR

75

Sliding open to reveal an incredulous Carla Drosten coming through.

CARLA

Napoleon! -- Is it true?

Solo rises and comes to her.

SOLO

What? About George?
(she nods)
--- Yes, Carla, it is.

CARLA (stunned)
I heard a rumor this morning but
naturally I didn't believe it. We
were supposed to meet for lunch!

SOLO (a quizzical
look)
Oh?

CARLA
I know how he feels about me,
Napoleon. Lunch dates make it
easy to keep things -- merely
friendly. -- But he didn't show
up.

SOLO
He was going through detraining.

CARLA
Oh no!

SOLO
It's all finished now.

CARLA
I just can't believe it! I feel
as if it's my fault!

SOLO
Why do you say that?

CARLA
If it's true, then there must be
something in his clearance file
that I missed.

SOLO
Not necessarily.

CARLA
Or else we need new security
procedures.

SOLO (admiring her)
Let's -- have dinner some night
soon and talk about that. Now
that my -- rival has left the
scene ---

CARLA
Don't kid about George, please!

SOLO
Sorry -- but the invitation's still
valid.

75
CONT'D
(3)

CARLA (studies him)
--- All right. --- Tonight?

SOLO (likes the idea)
Fine.
(remembers)
----Er ---- I already have a
commitment for tonight. ----
Business, I assure you.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - ON HIS BRIEFCASE

75X1

Waverly's hands quickly put some documents into it
and bang it shut. PULL BACK to reveal Solo and
Illya with him.

WAVERLY
Tonight, yes. I have to catch
a helicopter to the airport in
fifteen minutes.

ILLYA
I'd say it's rather a bad time for
you to be in Japan.

WAVERLY
I agree -- but I've no choice.
Bradford's death was most untimely.
He was on the track of that new
installation THRUSH is building
in Kyoto.

SOLO
How long do you think you'll be
gone?

WAVERLY
I would hope I could reorganize the
office in a day -- maybe two.
(to Solo)
I'm leaving you in charge of
Headquarters operation, Mr. Solo.

Solo clearly reads the grimness in his tone.

SOLO
Yes, sir.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. OFFICE - DAY - ON CARLA

75X2

Answering the phone.

CARLA

This is Miss Drosten.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY - ON GEORGE

75X3-75X5

GEORGE

Hi Carla, this is George!

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

CARLA (instantly angry)
George Fennell! How can you have
the nerve to call me after ---

GEORGE

Please! I don't know what they
told you, but please listen to me!
Can I see you tonight?

CARLA

Certainly not!

GEORGE

After all we've meant to each
other, you just can't ---

CARLA

We have not "meant" anything,
George Fennell, and ---

GEORGE (quietly)

Not even --- weren't we friends?

CARLA (affected by
this, she pauses, thinks,
speaks quietly)

-----Yes. We were friends.

GEORGE

Then can't we at least ---- talk?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT - ON GEORGE AND CARLA

75X6

And talk, it is! He spiels earnestly along as a
waiter puts a fresh drink in front of him. They
are seated in a booth. George is clearly in his
cups.

75X6
CONT'D
(2)

GEORGE
-- and in Federal law one is
innocent until proved guilty!

CARLA
George, you've really had enough.

GEORGE
Okay.
(but so thoroughly is he
intent upon his thought,
that he absentmindedly
drinks as he talks)
In fact, you'll find that every
significant legal system in the
recorded history of mankind has
included the principle of guilty
until proved innocent!
(considers)
--- Other way around. --- And in
case you're interested, this dates
all the way back to the Code of
Hammurabi! ----- For all I know.

CARLA
George, please --

GEORGE
This is important, Carla! Now does
this fundamental principle of jus-
tice apply to employers? No, it
does not imply to employers!
(stifles a burp)
They can take your best years --
your vintage years! And then turn
you out because somebody heard
something. And do they need proof!
Not our dear friends in U.N.C.L.E.,
they don't!

CARLA (nervously at this)
George!

ON A MAN AT THE BAR

75X7

He turns interestedly at this mention, and we see
it is VINCENT, the THRUSH agent who brought the
packet into the photo store.

ON THE BOOTH

The female half of a couple in the next booth turns around to speak to George.

GIRL

I know what you mean! I got an uncle who's a louse, too. I mean, he owns three clothing stores, and when my brother asks him for a job, he ---

GEORGE

No no no no! Not my uncle!
U.N.C.L.E.!

GIRL (agreeable to

anything)

----- Yeah.

(she turns back around)

B.g., we see Solo enter and look around to find George.

GEORGE

Our dear friends in U.N.C.L.E. can do just as they please and it's just too bad who gets hurt!

76-82 OUT

ON SOLO

83

His eyebrows jerk up as he hears this, and he sees George. FOLLOW him to the booth.

GEORGE (o.s.)

Our dear dear friends in U.N.C.L.E.
Let me tell you, Carla, if I were you, I'd get out of that chicken-pickin' outfit so fast ---

By this time Solo has come up to them and interrupts quietly.

SOLO

Don't you think it's getting a little --- loud in here?

Carla and George both look up at him in surprise, and Carla with a hint of hurt.

CARLA

How was "business" tonight?

83
CONT'D
(2)

GEORGE (who has been
swallowing a sip during
Carla's line)

The great Solo! The Babe Ruth of
U.N.C.L.E.-dom! My friend --- who
doesn't lift an elbow to help me
when they're booting me out!
(he struggles to his feet)
Here's what I think of you, great
great Solo!

Solo tries to help him get steady on his feet, but
George swings a wild punch and sends Solo sprawling
onto the floor.

CARLA (horrified)
George!

ON SOLO

84

He lies there, rubbing his jaw in astonishment.

ON VINCENT AT THE BAR

85

He turns away from gazing at the scene and moves
to a telephone at the end of the bar, where he
proceeds to dial, all the while keeping his eyes
on George.

SHOT

86

George, clearly surprised at his actions and ashamed,
meekly sits back down.

GEORGE
Well --- that's what I think.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - DAY

87

George enters the living room from the bedroom,
wearing pajamas, robe, one slipper and a ghastly
pallor.

GEORGE
It's not the floor so much ---
I've crossed the Atlantic in rough
weather --- but if the walls would

Now we see Solo, pouring coffee from a pot at the combination bar and eating counter.

87
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Here --- have some coffee.

GEORGE (miserably)
I read somewhere that coffee on the morning after is nothing but a placebo.

SOLO
Then have some placebo -- but drink it!

George takes the cup, eases painfully into a chair and sips once.

GEORGE
----- I'm sorry, Napoleon.

SOLO (feels his jaw)
I'm not sure that helps but --- it's nice to hear.

GEORGE
I was trying to put --- feeling into the role. ----- Y'know?

SOLO (still feeling it)
Believe me, I know, George.

GEORGE
Poor Carla --- what she must think of me now!
(sighs)
Well --- maybe some day she'll understand.

The phone RINGS. George flinches in pain at the sound, then reaches over and picks it up.

GEORGE
Hello?

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - ON VINCENT

87X1

VINCENT
Mr. Fennell, if you would like to discuss a mutually advantageous business deal, meet me in the parking lot of the Golden Drake at 9 tonight.

87X2

ON GEORGE

GEORGE
Hello? Who is this?
(realizes the man has
hung up. George hangs up
and turns to Solo excitedly,
momentarily forgetting his
headache)
They bit! I'm to meet him at 9 to-
night!

Solo moves into SHOT.

SOLO
Excellent! Where?

GEORGE
The parking lot of the Golden Drake.

Solo reaches into his breast pocket and pulls out a
pack of chewing gum with two sticks left in it.

SOLO
Here --- carry this in your pocket.
There's a micro-transmitter in the
foil of the package --- I can follow
you up to half-mile away.

GEORGE (nods and takes
the package. Suddenly, his
headache is back)
There's only one thing I'm worried
about.

SOLO
What?

GEORGE (hands to head)
I'm afraid I may very thoroughly die
even before the afternoon is over.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT - ON GEORGE

88

George and two men approach a long, black car. One
is Vincent.

VINCENT
Here we are.

George takes out his chewing gum package with elabor-
ate nonchalance and removes a stick. One of the men
looks at him curiously.

GEORGE
Sugarless ---- I'm trying to lose

Waverly Ring Affair..
Chgs.

12-14-65

UNCLE
P.37

VINCENT
I like that. Got another
piece?

88
CONT'D
(2)

George is trapped, standing there with the package
in his hand, another piece is clearly visible.

GEORGE
Uh --- Sure.

He starts to remove the piece from the package, but
the man reaches over and takes the package from him.

VINCENT
It's your last one.

GEORGE
Oh --- I guess it is.

VINCENT (shrugs)
Thanks.

He removes the stick, wads up the package and gives
it an acrobatic toss over his shoulder. It lands
on the top of a convertible parked nearby. George
looks after it in consternation.

ON THE CONVERTIBLE TOP

89

The package nestles there.

RESUME MASTER

90

VINCENT
Let's go.

George gives a wistful look at the gum package and
gets in the car. It pulls out and drives off. PAN
to find an attractive young couple coming toward the
convertible. They appear to be extremely affectionate
toward one another. He pauses by his car to give her
a long kiss, then helps her into the car.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

91

ANGLE on Iillya as he enters the room. CAMERA PANS
him over to Solo.

ILLYA

Any word yet?

SOLO (rubbing his jaw)

Nothing so far - All stations
have been alerted. It's only
a matter of time before George
is spotted.

ILLYA

I see your jaw is still out of
wack -

SOLO

Well, I really can't blame the
fellow - I mean, if I were parked
with a blonde in Lover's Lane
and somebody suddenly stuck his
head in the window, I'd probably
react the same way.

ILLYA

I still can't figure out why
George would stick that homing
device on the wrong car -

SOLO

Could be a mistake - due to in-
experience or an accident or ...

ILLYA

Or he did it on purpose - which
is an entirely different kettle
of fish.

SOLO

George? Playing a double game?

ILLYA

Well, somebody is.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

SOLO (pressing

the door buzzer)

Come in -

ANGLE ON DOOR

As Carla Drostén hurries in.

CARLA

Napoleon! I think I've found it!

SOLO (distracted)

What?

CARLA

The mistake in George's files.

SOLO (new interest
but he doesn't like to
hear this)

There was a mistake?

CARLA

I think I know when he got his
THRUSH training.

Now Solo and Illya both show more interest.

CARLA (continued)

He was registered at the
University for a year of
graduate study seven years ago
-- but it turns out it was one
of the "study-in-Europe, get-
credit-at-home" deals.

(continued)

CARLA (cont.)

So while his records show he was
enrolled that year, he was actually
in Europe.

SOLO

Oh ---- well, that's certainly ---
good to know, Carla.

CARLA

Napoleon, how could we have been
so wrong? I feel as if --- as if
Santa Claus had just been convicted
of running a con game!

SOLO

It does rather shake one's faith in
things, doesn't it?

CARLA (firmly)

Well, --- I felt sorry for him at
first. But not any more! I, for
one, am glad that we've seen the
last of George Fennell!

ILLYA

I'm sure we --- all feel that way,
Carla.

Solo gives him a nervous, almost sick smile.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STATION 18'S STAKEOUT POINT - NIGHT

106

His newsstand is closed, and he huddles against it
in the darkness. We can barely make out his
identity. Now suddenly we hear the quick SOUND of
heels. He tenses as another shape, indistinguish-
able, comes up to him. The figure is cloaked in a
coat and hat that make it all but invisible in the
darkness. It is George, but he cannot be recognized.

GEORGE (in a total
whisper)

Quick! Give me your communicator!

EIGHTEEN (startled)

What?

Waverly Ring Affair..
Chgs.

12-14-65

UNCLE
P.41A

GEORGE

Just do it!

106
CONT'D
(2)

Then suddenly there is the high-pitched ringing
SOUND of the Waverly Ring.

CLOSE ON EIGHTEEN

107

His eyes open in surprise as hand with the glowing
ring is thrust into the SHOT.

11-18-65

P.42

EIGHTEEN

A Waverly Ring! ---- Here,
take it.

107

CONT'D

(2)

The SOUND of footsteps hurries off.

ON THE FIGURE

108

A vague, dark shape as it hurries into the blackness.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - ON SOLO AND ILLYA

109

SOLO (tensely)

Well, what did he look like?

EIGHTEEN'S VOICE (filter)

I couldn't really tell. Not very
tall --- seemed rather chubby ---
I just couldn't see ---

SOLO

Never mind.

(to Illya, convinced)

I'm sure it's George.

(into microphone)

Go on, Station 18.

EIGHTEEN'S VOICE

That's it. He signalled with a
Waverly Ring, so I gave him my
Communicator and --

SOLO (dumbfounded)

Repeat! --- Say again?

EIGHTEEN'S VOICE

He signalled with a Waverly
Ring.

SOLO

Genuine?

EIGHTEEN'S VOICE

Confirmed.

SOLO

----- Thank you.

Jaw slack, he turns to Illya, whose eyebrow goes
zooming up.

109
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
George Fennell --- has a
Waverly Ring?

ILLYA (wryly)
What would life be without its
little surprises?

SOLO (dumfounded,
suddenly turns back to
the console)
Get me overseas relay --- calling
Mr. Waverly. Total priority!

BLUR AND FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:
INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - ON SOLO AND ILLYA

110

Solo is still furiously trying to raise his party on the communications equipment.

SOLO (irritated)
Hello? --- Hello Comm maintenance? Can you please tell me what's so difficult about making contact with Japan?

VOICE (filter)
We can reach Japan, Mr. Solo, but Mr. Waverly's plane is headed that way via the polar route -- the Aurora Borealis seems to be jamming the microwave frequencies which ---

SOLO (wearily)
--- All right, all right. Thank you.

He rises agitatedly.

ILLYA
Have you still any doubts that it's George?

SOLO
All right, let us assume that I am prejudiced. I like George and I can't conceive of him as a double agent. But what about Waverly? Don't you trust his judgement - Remember he gave him the ring.

ILLYA
We think he did. But until we hear from him we cannot be sure.

SOLO
Are you suggesting that George managed somehow to steal one?

ILLYA
I'm only trying to deal with facts. Were you able to develop any other leads?

SOLO

Nothing. For a brief moment it looked like it might have been that trainee Carla uncovered with a lapse in his personal record.

110
CONT'D
(7)

ILLYA

But he was detained - besides he couldn't have had access to file 40.

SOLO

Section 7 checked him out anyway. The lapse was completely cleared up. This is the most maddening thing I ever came across. I even thought Carla might be the one.

ILLYA

Carla?!

SOLO

It was just an idea - anyway she has the cleanest record of anyone in the organization. She was recruited by us while she was still in high school. And there isn't a day in her personal file that isn't fully accounted for.

The signal flashes on the console.

SOLO

Solo here.

GEORGE'S VOICE

Hi, Napoleon! It's me, George!

Both Illya and Solo lean over the board tensely.

SOLO
George, where are you?

GEORGE
Listen! I can't talk now. I want
you to meet me at the Century Research
and Development Plant on --

SOLO (reflex action)
The what?

GEORGE
The Century Research and Development
on Long Island. And now listen --
bring with you the drawings of the
new underwater adapter for our 45 special.

SOLO
George, have you been hitting it
again? That's File Forty! I can't
take it out of the building!

GEORGE
You have to!

SOLO
What do you need with Headquarters
Security information?

GEORGE
Just trust me! Everything depends
on it. Goodbye.

There is silence, during which Solo and Illya stare
at each other.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. EXIT GATE - MEDIUM

111

Solo and Illya approach. Illya nods and gets on the
square to go through the search procedure. He is
clean and steps off. As Solo starts to step on,
Carla appears.

CARLA
Hi! --- Going my general direction?

Solo steps aside and motions Carla into the square.
She steps on, goes through the procedure and is
cleared to stand next to Illya, awaiting Solo. He
breathes deeply, steps on, the LIGHT is trained on
him and we hear the ALARM. A couple of additional

guards appear in a state of readiness, but visibly relax when they see who it is. Carla's eyes open wide and Solo affects charming embarrassment as he pretends to search his pockets before finding a slip of note paper in his jacket.

111
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

This is really -- very embarrassing.

(refers to paper)

I -- uh -- just jotted it down.
Didn't want to take any chances
with memory.

(gazes at it a second,
then smiles)

I don't think I'll forget it now.

Carla, eyes sparking, speaks to Solo, who still stands on the square.

CARLA

A very special phone number,
Napoleon?

SOLO (with

elaborate innocence)

Carla, I hope you don't think --

CARLA

Just never mind!

She turns and starts off toward b.g. but slows down and pauses at a door through the balance of scene. Solo shrugs helplessly at Fred and hands him the slip of paper. Fred gives him a comradely wink.

FRED

It's a natural mistake, Mr. Solo.
-- Next time, just write those
special ones down on untreated
paper.

SOLO (starting

off with Illya)

I'll do that.

FRED (suddenly)

Mr. Solo!

(Solo stops)

I'll have to run you through
again now -- to make sure that
was all.

SOLO

-- Oh, well --

Suddenly Illya snaps at the man sharply.

ILLYA

There is such a thing as carrying
routine to the point of idiocy!
Can't you see we're in a hurry?

111
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO (calmly)

No, Illya, he's right --

ILLYA

Use your head, man! Do you really
think Mr. Solo is going to carry
File Forty documents out of this
place?

FRED (thinks,

then, sheepishly)

I'm sorry -- go ahead, Mr. Solo.

SOLO (pleasantly)

Well, it -- doesn't really
matter. -- Thank you.

CLOSE CARLA - AT DOOR

111X1

She looks after Solo and Illya. It is obvious that
she hasn't missed a thing. Then she turns, opens
the door and goes inside.

NEW ANGLE

112

Solo and Illya come toward the CAMERA until they are
out of earshot of the guards, then HOLD.

ILLYA

Too bad --- I shall have to report
him for allowing me to bully him
out of doing his job.

112
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

The ironies of responsibility,
---- I'll be in touch.

ILLYA

Right.

Solo hurries off.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LOBBY - TOOL SCHOOL - DAY - ON SOLO

113

As he peruses the lobby sign which proclaims this
to be "Century Machine and Tool School."

Solo walks into the lobby, which actually looks
like the lobby of any nice, recently-constructed
office building. There is no one around at the
moment. He pauses in front of the bulletin board.

114-115 OUT

ON THE BOARD

116

A sign says: "Game Saturday! Century vs. Westlawn
College of Sanitary Maintenance. Be there to cheer
our boys on!"

SHOT

117

Solo reels under this one and turns to seek someone
to ask directions of. At this point three men, sus-
piciously old and uncollegiate looking pass. Solo
is just ready to speak to them when George appears,
hurrying toward him.

GEORGE

Napoleon!

SOLO

George ---- is everything all
right?

GEORGE (crisply)

Come on.

He heads toward a door.

INT. MACHINE FOUNDRY - DAY

(NOTE: THE SCENES IN THE FOUNDRY WILL BE SHOT IN THE M-G-M MACHINE SHOP. HENCE, THEY WILL BE DESCRIBED ONLY IN GENERAL TERMS, WITH SPECIFIC BUSINESS DETAILS DEPENDENT UPON FACILITIES AND EQUIPMENT IN THE SHOP.)
At present there is enormous din... Solo eyes the place in some wonder.

GEORGE (loud, but
still he can't be heard
by anyone not close to him)
We can talk more safely in here.
It's the school laboratory.

SOLO
Nice quiet little place to study!

GEORGE
Did you bring it?

SOLO (still a
bit bemused)
I had no idea the education of
machines and tools was such a
thriving enterprise.

GEORGE (urgently)
Please, Napoleon! Did you bring
the list?

SOLO
----Yes. What do you need it for?

GEORGE
May I see it?

SOLO (serious)
I'll have to know what you intend to
do with it, George.

119-120 OUT

121

ON GEORGE

For the first time in this scene his anxious solemnity is eased and there is the trace of a smile which on some might be ominous, but on George prints out as mischievous.

GEORGE
You really do trust me, don't you,
Napoleon?

SOLO (vaguely uneasy)
----Shouldn't I?

GEORGE
Why not? I must be trustworthy
since everybody trusts me! ---
Including those fellows.
(nods off)

121
CON'T
(2)

Solo turns to look.

ANGLE - SOLO'S POV

122

Two THRUSH agents stand facing him with levelled
guns. The DIN suddenly subsides, and the "workers"
watch the episode with amused interest.

ON SOLO AND GEORGE

123

Solo turns back to George, startled.

GEORGE (shrugs)
You win some, you lose some.

Solo still does not realize that George has
betrayed him.

SOLO (under his breath)
Watch me. Don't move until I do.

SHOT

124

The agents approach them now.

SOLO (a diffident smile)
Hello there. I'm from the Alchemy
Electronics and I thought you
might be interested ...

On one of his patented moves, Solo has lashed out
not at Vincent directly in front of him, but
at the Second coming at him from the side. He
connects and the man goes down, causing just enough
distraction for Solo to kick at the gun of the man
in front of him. The gun goes sailing out of the
man's hand and behind some machinery. Now Solo and
the man fight.

SOLO
George --- get the other gun!

ON THE SECOND AGENT

He collects his senses enough to reach over and pick up his gun.

SHOT

George stands, transfixed, while Solo and Vincent fight. Solo manages to wheel and clobber the Second Agent.

SOLO (shouting at
the immobile George)
Get his gun, George!

Now George seems to snap to and picks up the gun belonging to the fallen agent.

GEORGE
All right, stand back!

Both fighters, as well as the Second Agent, groggily resuming his feet, stop and look at him. George walks toward them, holding the gun carefully at ready.

SOLO (panting)
I --- must say --- you didn't break
any speed records going for that
gun.

GEORGE
There didn't seem to be any urgency---
since you were clearly outnumbered.

And he turns his gun squarely on to Solo, who looks at him in amazement.

GEORGE
All right --- let's take him down.

George smiles pleasantly and motions with his gun.

GEORGE
I've got something I want to
show you.

They start through the door.

Waverly Ring Affair
Chgs. 12-15-65

UNCLE
P.51

INT. FOUNDRY ROOM

126X1

As the group files through - walking toward Camera.
When Solo is in a C.U. position he looks up.

P.O.V. SHOT - THE COMPLICATED HOISTS (STAGE 27)

126X2

RESUME

126X3

as the group approaches a secret door.

ZIP PAN TO:

127-130
OUT

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - ON ILLYA

131

Entering swiftly and hurrying to the console where a girl operator is on duty.

ILLYA

What do you mean, "We've lost him"?

GIRL

There's nothing on his channel but static! There was the residual hum from the frequency beam --- just the way it should be --- and all of a sudden it stopped. Then static!

ILLYA

And you've signalled him?

GIRL

A dozen times!

ILLYA (obviously
worried)

Keep trying.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH OFFICE - ESTABLISHING

132

It is new, swanky and elegant. George leads the way in, followed by Solo, then the two agents, who take posts at the door.

GEORGE

Nice, huh? A lot better than my little closet at UNCLE.

SOLO (quite subdued)

I don't know --- I always thought your office had ---character?

GEORGE (smiles)

Actually, this has just been assigned to me temporarily -- because of all the VIP's in town.

(suddenly and
enthusiastically)

Hey, Napoleon ----

(sees Solo is still
standing)

Sit down.

Solo does and George continues in the spirit of a
rah-rah alumnus and reminiscing at a reunion.

132
CONT'D
(2)

GEORGE

You know that THRUSH installation
in Kyoto? The one we figured was
being built as their new weaponry
development center?

SOLO)playing along
because he has nothing
else to do)

Yes, George.

GEORGE

Guess what? It's not in Japan at
all! It's right here! Matter of
fact, the THRUSH people started that
Kyoto rumor just to throw us off!

SOLO

I see. So that's why Bradford was
killed. He was on to it.

GEORGE

Only partly. The real reason was
to get Waverly out of the way.
They're a real efficient bunch,
these guys!

SOLO

I --- have observed that, George.

GEORGE

Yeah, but you see it better from
the inside.

ON SOLO

133

He has been studying George, unable to quite believe that this pleasant, friendly conversation is actually dealing with such shocking treason on the part of his former colleague.

SOLO (at last)

George --- would you mind ---
I mean --- this is for real?

GEORGE

Sure it is. It's really a very nice organization, once you get to know the people. Besides ---
(he looks off and smiles)
--- there's an element of Old Home Week about it.

Solo turns to follow his gaze.

ON THE DOOR - HIS POV

134

Still flanked by the two agents, Carla Drosten now stands there, smiling. She enters the room.

CARLA

Well, would you just look who's here!

SHOT

135

Solo's shock is contained in his wry and quiet nod.

SOLO

Nice to see you, Carla.

CARLA

I hope George has made you comfortable?

SOLO

We've had a pleasant visit, yes.

CARLA

How do you like our new facilities?

SOLO

Look --- I hate to bring business
to the party, but -- you know
old curious me.

135
CONT'D
(2)

CARLA (smiles)

It's just a little something
we're calling Project Windfall.

SOLO

I've --- heard of it.

CARLA

But not enough --- We had no
idea how prophetic our title
would be.

SOLO

Oh?

CARLA (to George)

Did he bring the drawings?

GEORGE

He said he did.

SOLO

Oh come now, George! Of course
I had to say I brought it. But
do you really think I'd take a
File Forty out?

GEORGE (to the
guards)

I'd look in his left sleeve.
There's a zipper just inside
the cuff.

The men move to Solo, who wearily holds up his arm.
They find the blueprint as described and hand it to
George, who scans it quickly.

GEORGE

It's the one, all right.
(starts to hand it
to Carla)

SOLO

George! Think what you're
doing!

George pauses, startled, then Carla takes the docu-
ment.

CARLA (smiles)
It is hard to believe, isn't
it, Napoleon? --- We were
talking about Project Windfall.

135
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO
---- Yes.

CARLA
It's really very simple. We're
going to capture U.N.C.I.E. Head-
quarters.

SOLO (we see real
shock behind his calm)
That does sound like fun.

CARLA
And the fun part is that it's
really going to happen.

GEORGE (enthusiastically)
Napoleon, they've got specialists
in from all over the world, just
waiting to go!

CARLA
You see, I could give them in-
formation on the layout, but not
on Security Devices. I was count-
ing on getting that from File
Forty --- I will confess the
other day when you intercepted
that packet, I thought we might
have to drop the whole affair.

(turns to George
and smiles)
But then it occurred to me that
-- under the right circumstances
-- George might decide to help
us.

(to Solo)
You see what I mean about a
windfall? I'm sure George
could have remembered enough
to make the project succeed,
but with George and this document!
They'll never even know what hap-
pened!

GEORGE
It was sure lucky you didn't
really detrain me!

CARLA

See? Another windfall! We were just going to see if we could find some crack in his memory with counter-hypnosis!

135
CONT'D
(4)

SOLO

Well, I'm --- glad life's treating you so well, Carla.

CARLA

I'm sorry, but we'll have to leave you for a while --- The final briefing's about to start. Just make yourself at home.

SOLO

Don't worry about me.

CARLA

I won't. You're welcome to try our Security --- Call for help if you like.

(snaps her fingers
in mock dismay)

Oh dear --- I forgot! There's an electronic jamming screen around this place. Only our own frequencies can get through.

(she smiles at George)

Too bad, isn't it?

GEORGE

Highly unfortunate!

She starts out and stops.

CARLA

Oh, excuse me --- one last thing. Now that you've seen the place --- obviously you'll have to be killed.

She smiles at Solo and follows George out. There is a long moment of silence, then Solo rises and calmly walks toward the two agents guarding the door.

FIRST AGENT

Stay over there!

SOLO

But didn't you hear the lady offer me the run of the place?

VINCENT
Just stay there.

SOLO (calmly taking
out a cuff link and
pressing sharply on its
top)

It doesn't matter --- soon there
won't be a place to have the run
of.

VINCENT
What do you mean?

SOLO
Oh, gentlemen, surely you can
put yourselves in my place ---
If I'm going to die anyway,
surely you can understand why
I'd like to choose the method --
and the time -- and --- who goes
with me.
(he holds up the cuff link)

VINCENT (nervously)
What's that?

SOLO
You mean THRUSH doesn't issue
you self-destruct devices? I'm
amazed!

VINCENT (more
nervous)
All right --- you set that down
right on the desk. Carefully!

SOLO (shrugs)
Sorry. I already armed it. One
second after I take my fingers off ---
(smiles sadly)
Our superiors assure us it's the
most painless way.

135
CONT'D
(6)

VINCENT (getting
frantic)
Just a minute now!

SOLO (holds
the link up)
Just close your eyes.

SECOND AGENT
No -- wait!

Suddenly Solo throws the cuff link right at the door. The agents instinctively leap away from that area, covering their faces against the anticipated blast. In this moment, Solo is through the door; and in another, two shaken agents have realized the trick and dash after him.

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR

136

Solo rushes up to a spot and stops short, seeing something.

ON THE WALL - HIS POV

137

An electric eye signal.

SHOT

138

He hears footsteps and quickly plasters himself against a jut in the corridor wall. The agents race around a corner and the first one screams as the second tries to put on the brakes.

VINCENT
Look out!

But the second agent has already entered an electrical field and there is a wild flash as he falls in a heap. As the first stands, stunned, Solo cuts him down with a karate chop from behind. Meanwhile alarms have SOUNDED and lights flash. Other guards appear in racing clusters.

GUARD

Cut the power!

138
CONT'D
(2)

Suddenly the alarms are silent. And all rush to the man trapped in the field. Among the first there, carefully in the mob, is Napoleon Solo.

SOLO

Quick! Let's pull him out and get a Drayton Thrasher on him!

GUARD

Right!

They move the man off the field.

GUARD

Power on again!

(turns to where Solo was)

What was that you said we should get him?

But Solo is gone.

INT. DIFFERENT CORRIDOR - ON SOLO

139

He runs into a cul-de-sac on the wrong side of the foundry's secret door. Frantically he searches for a trigger to the door. SOUNDS of alarms and running feet are heard. They get closer. Suddenly, the door springs open to reveal a startled THRUSH official about to enter. Solo levels him with a short right and dashes into the foundry.

INT. FOUNDRY - DAY

140.

NOTE: EXACT NATURE OF FOLLOWING SEQUENCE DEPENDS UPON PHYSICAL DETAILS OF THE FOUNDRY. IN ESSENCE, SOLO TRIES TO GAIN ACCESS TO THE HIGHEST PLACE IN THE BUILDING. PERHAPS HE USES A CRANE HOIST. THRUSH MEN ARE ALL OVER: AND THEY APPEAR BAFFLED AND AMUSED AT SOLO'S GETTING HIMSELF CORNERED HIGH IN THE BUILDING.

ON SOLO

141

He whips out his Communicator and speaks urgently.

SOLO
This is Solo! I've tried to
climb above a jamming screen.
If you can hear me, come to the
Century Research & Development.
In the main foundry there's a
door ---
(he breaks off, looking
down.)

141
CONT'D
(2)

ON THE GUARDS

142

One has his gun aimed and is about to fire.

CARLA'S VOICE
No! Bring him down!

The guard holds.

ON CARLA

143

Emerging from the secret door.

CARLA
I'm sorry, Napoleon. Our plans
for you are much more imaginative.

ON SOLO

144

Slowly, he begins his descent.

BLUR AND FADE OUT

145-146 OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - ON ILLYA

147

at the Communications console. The girl who has been monitoring it looks up at him.

GIRL

I'm telling you -- that's all he said! "If you can hear me, come to the Hazard Research and Development. In the main foundry, there's a door ----" Then there was silence for a few seconds and then the static began again.

ILLYA

All right --- Thank you.

He hurries from the room.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH OFFICE - ON CARLA

148

CARLA

I think it's highly appropriate that you should provide the first test of our disposal facilities.

SHOT

149

Solo, a little the worse for wear, sits before her. We see George there, too. In the b.g. through the glass doors we can see a THRUSH guard with a rifle.

SOLO

I'm honored, naturally.

CARLA

You see, when it's necessary to dispose of some --- unwieldly item --- a body, for instance --- our machine wraps it in airtight plastic --- so there won't be any embarrassing signs -- attaches lead weights and this little jet-bottle propulsion unit. It's really marvelous!

SOLO
It sounds very clever.

149
CONT'D
(2)

CARLA
Oh it is! This unit is designed
to propel it like a miniature
submarine to a spot out in the
bay --- an unusually deep spot.
The fuel gives out -- and it sinks.

SOLO
Sounds like THRUSH'S own answer
to the population problem.

CARLA
As I say, it's untested -- but
we feel confident it will work
beautifully.

SOLO
I'll --- let you know if it doesn't.

CARLA
Only if it doesn't.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PLANT LOBBY - NIGHT - ON ILLYA

150

He enters, looks around, then sees a man behind a
lobby desk. The man looks up as Illya approaches.

MAN
Sorry --- we're already closed for
the day.

ILLYA
Oh, that's a shame ---

ON ILLYA

151

He raises a gun.

ILLYA
--- And I've come such a long
way.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH "PACKAGING" ROOM - SOLO, CARLA AND GEORGE 152

Carla holds a gun on Solo as they enter the room.

CARLA (to a guard
outside the room)
Never mind --- I can handle it
myself, quite well.

The machine is a large, but indefinite-looking
apparatus which has a large oven-type door and
various dials, etc.

CARLA (proudly)
Here it is!
(to George)
What's the matter, George?

GEORGE (a bit
queasy)
This part of it, I'm not sure
I'll like.

CARLA
But, George, dear, you must
appreciate the irony --- the
great Mr. Solo himself ---
your rival and all that!

GEORGE (with false
swagger)
I never really considered him
much of a rival!

CARLA
Oh, you're right, of course,
but he thought he was.

SOLO (leans close
to her and speaks intimately)
Strange how I ever got that idea.

George is busy examining the gadgets on the Disposal
Machine.

CARLA (matching
him)
In most ways, I'll miss you,
Napoleon.

SOLO
-----Much?

CARLA (pause,
as she studies him)
I think so, yes.

12-8-65

P.64A

SOLO (terribly
sincere)
-----I think that's going to make
it easier.

152
CONT'D
(2)

CARLA (almost
hypnotized by him)
Napoleon, you must understand that ----

SOLO
----- Yes?

CARLA
-----I -----

They look at each other soulfully. Then Solo's hand moves in a flash to whip the gun out of Carla's grasp and into his own. With a crisp gesture, he motions her and George over to one side of the room, their hands high. Then he pauses to breathe deeply.

SOLO
Now -- you were saying?

George starts to lower his hands.

152
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Up, George!

George's hands go back up.

SOLO
Both of you --- charming
people ---

He is cut off by the distinctive SOUND of a Waverly
Ring.

CLOSE ON SOLO

153

Clearly, he is startled.

ON GEORGE

154

Hands above his head, he is rubbing his ring. The
ring begins to glow.

GEORGE (smiles)
That's right, Napoleon ---- the
joke's on THRUSH.

Casually, he lowers his hands and starts toward
Solo.

CARLA (o.s.)
Don't let him fool you, Napoleon!
His ring is a fake!

ON SOLO

155

He looks at Carla, startled.

ON CARLA

156

She, too, is massaging an UNCLE ring, which is
glowing brightly.

SHOT

157

Solo brings the gun around sharply to freeze George
in his tracks. All stand immobile for a moment.
Then Solo holds his ring finger out in front of him
and examines it. It glows brightly.

SHOT

SOLO (carefully)

That's a most interesting situation,
wouldn't you say?

GEORGE

I know mine is real - Mr. Waverly
himself put it on me!

CARLA (in desperate sincerity)

He's lying, Napoleon! He was
the plant in UNCLE all along!

GEORGE (outrage)

Me?! ---Carla, you should be
ashamed!

CARLA

What about the File Forty paper?
---Ask him about that, Napoleon!

SOLO

What about that, George?

GEORGE (obviously
sweating)

Now I'm glad you asked me about
that.

SOLO

That makes it pleasant all around,
doesn't it?

GEORGE

Well, it was your own idea I should
pretend to defect. And then I heard
about this Project Windfall, y'see?
And I thought --- if I could only get
in on that! But how could I gain
their confidence overnight -- that
was the problem!

SOLO

And the answer was to give them
some top secret from our files? --
If that's your idea of helping,
George, I'd hate to have you against
us!

GEORGE

It wasn't like that at all - That drawing you brought is worthless - I testfired the experimental model myself - It's no good - It'll take months to make it really work - and

(beat)

what I learned here is worth a dozen such weapons -

SOLO (nods his
admittance)

Very persuasive, George.

(turns to Carla)

What's your version, Carla?

CARLA (sincerely)

I don't have a version -- just the truth. I've been on Waverly's personal top secret assignment for almost a year. He issued me a Waverly Ring when I discovered we were infiltrated by THRUSH. He instructed me to join them in order to find out the identity of the infiltrator.

SOLO (calmly,
thinking)

But he knew I was working on a similar plan with George. Why didn't he tell me?

CARLA

Why didn't he tell you about me? Let's face it, Napoleon -- one of us -- either George or I -- has been working under UNCLE orders that even you didn't know about. I'm telling you the truth ---- it was I.

GEORGE

No, Napoleon! I --- Me!

CARLA

Why did I bother saving you when you were treed like a squirrel?

(smiles)

You really looked very funny.

SOLO

But ---- you saved me so you could try the machine, Carla.

159
CONT'D
(2)

CARLA

And yet I let you take my gun
away from me? ---- Do you really
think if I were in THRUSH that
I'd be so silly as to let a
moonstruck look get in the way
of my orders?

159

CONT'D

(3)

CLOSE ON SOLO

160

He looks at her, then at George, then back at
each.

SOLO

Hmm. --- I guess one of you must
be telling the truth.

(looks at each again)

161-OUT

GROUP

162

SOLO

There's only one thing --- if
your Waverly Ring is genuine,
where did George get the one he's
wearing?

CARLA

It's a cheap imitation they
made up in the THRUSH lab.

Solo considers, then motions Carla to come stand
by him. Then directs his pistol at George.

SOLO (ominously)

George -----?

GEORGE

Yes, Napoleon!

162

CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Come here!

(George creeps forward,
hands high)

I want to make sure you don't fool
anyone else with that ring. -- Take
it off!

GEORGE (aghast)

But Napoleon! It'll explode!

SOLO (grabs his hand
roughly and starts to remove
the ring)

I said, take it off!

It all happens in an instant: As Solo touches the
ring, Carla gasps a cry of fear and instinctively
ducks.

CARLA

Look out!

Solo's pistol is instantaneously on her, squarely
aimed.

SOLO (charmingly)

But my dear Carla, if it's the cheap
imitation, why on earth did you duck?

Carla's expression instantly changes, as she realizes
she has given herself away.

CARLA

Do you really think you've won any-
thing, Napoleon? Don't you understand
that regardless of what you do to me,
you're both still hopelessly trapped?

SOLO

George ---- do you know how to get
out of here?

GEORGE

I know the general direction, that's
all.

SOLO

Well --- maybe if we can't get out,
we can bring someone in.

CARLA (amused)
Yes -- try yelling for help!

162
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO
It's a most ingenious layout,
Carla -- beautifully camouflaged.
But even so, it has to have ventila-
tion, doesn't it? --- George, collect
everything that'll burn.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LOBBY - ON ILLYA

163

Apparently having tried other doors without success,
he tries one more, closes it in frustration, then
tries the one leading to the foundry.

INT. FOUNDRY - ON ILLYA

164

The place is now deserted and eerily quiet. He
looks around, puzzled. There is the SOUND of an
alarm and a heavy steel door slides across the
lobby opening, sealing him in the foundry. He
stands back and looks in surprise as the alarm
continues to sound.

DIRECT CUT:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR - ON SOLO, CARLA AND GEORGE

165

It is heavy with smoke, and figures are now scurrying
around frantically. Solo propels Carla ahead of him,
fighting to see in the pall.

CARLA
Do you really think an installation
like this isn't protected against
fire?

SOLO
Just keep walking, dear. -- And
don't panic. You might be trampled --
(presses the pistol against
her side)
-- or worse.

George directs a turn.

GEORGE
This way, Napoleon.

165
CONT'D
(2)

They turn a corner and Carla laughs.

CARLA
And just how do we get across a
one-million volt field?

GEORGE (shrugs
helplessly)
It's the way I came in.

Solo looks around, sees a small box on the wall -
he opens it and rips the wires inside. The lights
go out. We can just barely make out the three
people.

SOLO
The power's off! Let's go!
He starts to run, dragging Carla, but she suddenly
wrenches loose and heads the other way.

GEORGE
Get her!

SOLO
Never mind her! Run!

CARLA (off)
Somebody turn on the auxiliary
power!

Solo and George race through the blackness across
the security field.

DIRECT CUT TO:

166 OUT

INT. FOUNDRY - ON ILLYA

166X1

He is still looking for a way out. Then he sees a
thin plume of smoke rising from the floor - he bends
down to investigate.

CUT TO:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR - ON SOLO AND GEORGE

167

They grope through the dark corridors which are smokier and smokier. Footsteps approach, running, and then suddenly the lights go on again - and they see three Thrush guards in respirators blocking their way armed with Thrush guns. As Solo wheels around he sees:

POV - CARLA AT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR -
CUTTING OFF THEIR RETREAT

167X1

Once more she has a gun in her hand.

CARLA

That was a nice try, Napoleon -
But this time there are no more
fuses left for you to blow - so
you may as well drop your gun
and come to Mama like a good
little boy -

CLOSE - TWO SHOT - SOLO AND GEORGE

167X2

They look at each other in silent consultation -
but they both know the situation is helpless.
Solo's gun arm drops.

CLOSE - CARLA

167X3

A triumphant smile on her face. The CAMERA IS SHOOTING from a LOW ANGLE TO INCLUDE a portion of the ceiling. Suddenly a round section of the ceiling is lifted out, and a second later Illya drops down behind Carla. He grabs her gun arm and makes her drop the weapon.

CARLA (screaming)

Shoot, you fools - Don't wait!
Shoot!

ANGLE ON SOLO AND GEORGE

167X4

The Thrushmen behind them. They raise their guns - Solo throws himself on George and both go down to the floor as the Thrushguns bark.

CARLA AND ILLYA

167X5

She's hit - Illya steps aside and fires.

CLOSE SOLO ON FLOOR

167X6

He too gets off a few rounds at the Thrushmen.

WIDER ANGLE

167X7

The Thrushmen are lying on the floor - dead.
Solo and George get to their feet and approach
Carla and Illya.

TIGHT - GROUP

167X8

Illya is holding up Carla's fallen body.

GEORGE

Dead?

Illya nods - and gently lays her down.

ILLYA

What a waste -

SOLO

And where were you all this time?

ILLYA

Trying to read your smoke signals -
they are even less legible than
your handwriting.

ZIP-PAN TO:

OUT 168-176

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - ON WAVERLY

177

As he concentrates fiercely over George's ring with
a couple of tiny jeweler's tools. George watches
in hypnotized fascination.

ON SOLO AND ILLYA

178

Also watching with careful breaths.

SHOT

179

WAVERLY

I must admit this procedure always
makes me just a bit jittery myself.

GEORGE (nervously

as he watches)

Sir, there's something I'd like to
know. --- What made you trust me?
I mean there was evidence against
me, but you trusted me even to the
point of giving me ----

(a sick look)

----- this Ring.

WAVERLY

Well --- security measures are
valuable, but eventually one comes
to a point where he has to judge
character. In all modesty, I take
considerable pride in this ability.

(looks up at George)

So perhaps it's just as well I
wasn't around when you were doing
your best performing!

(George smiles)

It's much the same as you having
instinctive faith in my ability to
do ----- this!

And with a last crucial twist, off comes the ring.
All show deep relief. George recovers, turns to
Solo and smiles.

GEORGE

Well, at least I proved I'm
capable of working in enforcement,
didn't I?

SOLO (searches for
the right words)

George, you certainly proved
that --- but your work in Section
4 is so much more important.

ILLYA (helpfully)

That's exactly the way I feel,
George ----

WAVERLY

They're right. You're much too
valuable where you are, Fennell.

Overwhelmed, George shrugs, smiles and goes to
the door.

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GEORGE

Well --- anyway you can always
call me if you get in a tight
spot, huh?

179
CONT'D
(2)

The three men look after him and smile.

As the door slides shut, the three men left in the office laugh. Then Waverly turns to Solo, and he holds up his tool for removing the Waverly Rings.

179
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY

Next ---- Mr. Solo?

Solo is instantaneously less jaunty as he sits down and holds out his ring for the tense procedure to begin. Only Illya continues to smile as we

FADE OUT.

THE END