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Police Inspector

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

THE FIVE DAUGHTERS AFFAIR

THE KARATE KILLERS

Part II

Prod. #8458

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION

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

The Five Women Affair

The Karate Killers

Part II

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TEASER

204-207
OUT

FADE IN:
EXT. SKY - DAY

208

Aircraft in flight.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

209

Killer #1 now has Sandy in unbreakable Karate grip:
Killer #2 has his hand on lever controlling exit-
door. Randolph addresses Solo and Illya.

RANDOLPH

You have three pictures. I want
them - or I will be compelled to
introduce your charming companion
to the pleasures of -
(indicates exit door)
- free fall.

Killer #2 pulls lever on door. All he has to do
now is pull the door and it'll be open.

SANDY (to boys)

Don't give in to him! Don't --

ILLYA (wearily)

Sandy - there is a time for heroics
- and a time for prudence.

(turns to Solo)

Napoleon ---?

Solo nods, heavily, produces photos. Watched closely
by Stewardesses and Killers #1 and 2 in case of
tricks, Solo hands photos over (maybe in reduced-
size, negative form) to Randolph. Killer #2 closes
exit-door lever.

EXT. SKY - DAY

210

Plane continues in level flight.

INT. AIRCRAFT - COCKPIT - DAY

211

Killers #3 and 4 together at controls. Whoever plays chief-pilot turns control-column to one side.

EXT. SKY - DAY

212

Plane banking, controlled, in the appropriate direction.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

213

Sandy, Solo and Illya are now roped together, back to back, near the wall opposite the exit-door. Killers stand back from completing this. Randolph surveys them finally.

RANDOLPH

And now, not without some regret, we must say goodbye. My colleagues and I have a rendezvous below.

(points downward)

And you will continue this journey alone. A short one - there is just enough fuel to take you over the ocean.

214-215
OUT

COCKPIT

216

Killer-Chief-Pilot sets control-column and switches on automatic pilots.

RANDOLPH (v.o.)

The aircraft is now on automatic pilot. And when the fuel runs out -

BACK TO SCENE - AIRCRAFT

217

RANDOLPH

Happy landings. The weatherman
says the water is lovely today.

Killers #3 and 4 are already emerging from Cockpit
in b.g. Killers #1 and 2 open the exit-door.
The Stewardesses step forward. Randolph turns,
nods to them. Already with parachutes (SEE END OF
PART ONE), they leap out.

EXT. SKY - DAY (STOCK) - POV FROM AIRCRAFT

218

Two parachutes (Stewards') blossom. Killers
#1-4 fall out of plane in rapid succession,
plummet earthward. Their parachutes all open.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

219

Randolph, the last to leave, holds door back. Turns
to Solo, Illya and Sandy, smiles slightly, raises a
hand in farewell, and jumps from the aircraft. The
exit-door, unsupported, falls into place again,
automatically locking.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

220

as it speeds along.

EXT. SEASHORE - DAY

221

Brief view of shore. PAN UP to see plane approach-
ing across shore and making for the open sea.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

222

Solo, Illya and Sandy. Desperately, they struggle
against their bonds. FREEZE.

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:
INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

222X1

Waverly, looking anxious, passes communication office.
He pauses, asks the Girl in there:

WAVERLY
Any word from Mr. Solo?

Girl looks up, equally worried, shakes her head.

GIRL
You don't think he's...

WAVERLY (grimly)
I hope not.

He goes into his room.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

223-228

Waverly enters, sits at his desk, drumming his fingers impatiently. The Girl rushes in to him breathlessly, carrying a message.

GIRL (indicating message)
This just came in, sir -- from our
Flight 6 Captain.
(reading)
The plane was hi-jacked in Austria.
Thrush got away with Mr. Solo,
Mr. Kuryakin, and the girl.

WAVERLY
Clear the emergency channel.

We see Girl hurry to do this. Waverly picks up microphone. Ready button flashes.

WAVERLY
Red Alert. Attention Radar Control.
Get a fix on U.N.C.L.E. plane,
Flight 6. Top Priority. Red Alert.
Repeat - Track Flight 6!

EXT. SKY - DAY

229

Aircraft traveling.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

230

Solo, Illya and Sandy struggling against their joint bonds. They're still near the wall. During struggle for liberty, Sandy is able to look out aircraft window.

231 OUT

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

232

We GO IN CLOSE on their hands. We see that Solo and Illya are pulling outward on either side of Sandy's hands, between theirs. They strain mightily to loosen the bondage by literally stretching the rope which holds them all - eventually to allow Sandy's smaller hands to slip out. While we're in this CLOSE SHOT OF THEIR SIX HANDS, we HEAR the BLEEP of an U.N.C.L.E. communicator o.s. It sounds fast and urgent, at emergency pitch. Over this:

SANDY

I can't. I can't - the rope's too tight.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SOLO

233

SOLO

We've got to try again -
Now, Sandy, keep your hands as
small as you can. Ready?

Solo and Illya strain at the harsh rope. Sandy leans forward, trying to be ready for the moment when she can pull her hands out of the widened space.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

234

Waverly at microphone. Emergency lights etc., flash and BUZZ in b.g. as he appeals:

WAVERLY

Come in, Mr. Solo.... Do you read
me, Mr. Solo?... Come in, Mr.
Kuryakin...

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY - CLOSE ON THEIR SIX HANDS

235

The method is working. Solo's and Illya's hands pull tortuously against the rope. Sandy's hands, between them, are able to move slightly. The BLEEPING continues. Solo and Illya make the final effort. Their hands tremble with effort. But they make it. Maybe it's only a couple of millimeters - but the pull-apart is enough to allow Sandy's hands to slip right out - free.

BACK TO SCENE - AIRCRAFT

236

Sandy loosens her foot-ropes.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

236X1

WAVERLY

Come in, Mr. Solo....

237 OUT

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

238

They're freed. Solo hastily activates communicator as Illya dashes to the cockpit.

SOLO

Solo here - reading you loud and clear.

Illya slaps at the switch marked AUTOMATIC PILOT (SEEN CLOSE) so that it's at OFF, and grabs the control-column almost in the same swift gesture. He sits, pulls control-column back slightly, looks out plexiglass to one side.

EXT. SKY AND SEA - DAY - ILLYA'S POV FROM PILOT'S COCKPIT

239

WAVERLY'S VOICE

What's your situation?

Sea is still some distance below - but at least aircraft is on even keel now, not helplessly gliding down toward the water.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

240-241

(INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING WITH WAVERLY IN HIS OFFICE)
Solo moves up to join Illya at controls.

SOLO

Moderately desperate, sir.

The engines suddenly cut out completely.

COCKPIT

242

ILLYA

Correction. Desperate. We're out of fuel.

CLOSE - WAVERLY

243

WAVERLY

Lock on to homing signal, spectrum B.

INT. AIRCRAFT - COCKPIT - DAY

243X1

Illya does as suggested.

ILLYA

Done, sir.

SOLO

What now?

ILLYA (a shrug)

We glide.

ZIP PAN TO:

244-248 OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

249

WAVERLY

Well, I see you made it comfortably.

SOLO

We seem to have made it - even more comfortable - for THRUSH. They now have all three Dr. True photos.

WAVERLY (mildly)

All four.

Waverly holds up a Brazilian picture magazine, open to an inside page showing a large picture of Dr. True and, inset, smaller, a picture of a smiling woman.

WAVERLY

Amanda's daughter in Rio de Janeiro, is, I'm happy to say, very nicely married - with two lovely children. When an enterprising journalist asked her for the latest photograph of her famous stepfather --

(shrugs, puts down magazine)

--- there it is, for all the world to see.

ILLYA

Including THRUSH.

WAVERLY

Yes, gentlemen. And -

(indicates signal-form)

We just intercepted a THRUSH signal. They're very busy converting their central complex to produce gold.

SOLO (frustrated)
And of course we have no idea where
that complex is?

249
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY
Not the slightest, Mr. Solo. But
we do have one advantage - an
attractive one, if I may say so -

ILLYA
Our charming key to Dr. True's photo
code.

WAVERLY
Miss Sandy True.

SANDY
I don't know whether to take a bow --
or run for my life. Are you sure
I'll be able to help?

WAVERLY
My dear, your father led us to
believe you're the only one who
can.

INSERT SCREEN - CROSS-CUT WITH WAVERLY, SOLO, ILLYA, 250
SANDY

WAVERLY (V.O.)
Here are the four photographs.

The photographs are flashed on the screen all at once. They are identical poses of Dr. True in front of a blackboard. In each case, the blackboard bears different chalked letters.

WAVERLY (V.O.)
We isolated the symbols on the blackboards.

Photographs disappear. The following symbols appear instead:

$N(\text{Psy})^2$	$\frac{E^3}{a\sqrt{JB}}$
$2(A)\frac{E}{4A}$	$u\frac{11}{4.732}$

WAVERLY (V.O.)
Our experts subjected them to the most sophisticated analysis and found them meaningless. So we decided to be unsophisticated - and play some simple word-games.

Everything on the screen disappears. The following appears:

NPSYAJBEAEAUULLL

SANDY
Maybe it's an anagram. Daddy used to make up funny ones for me when I was little.

WAVERLY
Quite right, my dear - we rearranged the letters and came up with --

Everything on the screen disappears. The following appears:

251 OUT

INSERT SCREEN

252

The following appears:

JAPANESE LULLABY

BACK TO SCENE

253

Waverly turns to Sandy.

WAVERLY

All yours, Miss True.

SANDY (crestfallen)

Japanese Lullaby... I'm very sorry,
Mr. Waverly -- I have no idea what
it means.

The three men look at each other. At the height of
anxiety. We TRACK THROUGH THEM ALL to a message on
the screen.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT BLACKBOARD - DAY

254

JAPANESE LULLABY

An elegant HAND is completing chalking these
letters. We PULL BACK TO SEE it's a triumphant
Randolph. His four Killers are around. He turns
to face them, puts down chalk.

RANDOLPH

I must confess - I never thought
I'd be relieved Miss Sandy True
and two UNCLE men escaped a plane-
wreck - but ---

He dusts his palms free of chalk-powder. Snaps his
fingers. The Killers leave. He begins to follow.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ROAD - ON SOLO-ILLYA'S CAR - DAY

255

Illya driving, Sandy between him and Solo. Sandy's
brow is furrowed.

SANDY

It's so silly of me not to be able to
figure it out.

SOLO

Don't worry about it. When we get to your father's house - in that atmosphere - maybe it will come to you.

255
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Meanwhile, think about something else.

SANDY

Like what?

As if in answer, we PULL BACK from the car to see Killers #1 and 2 emerge from side-turning. They're the complete Mods now: on powerful motorcycles. Killers #3 and 4, also on motorcycles, emerge from opposite side-turning. At once, therefore, Solo-Ilyya's car is surrounded and crowded, motorcycles keeping pace with it.

CAR

256

Solo draws gun.

KILLER #1

257

tosses something into front seat of car.

CAR

258

The thing detonates in mid-air and, already producing thick cloud of smoke, lands on floor of front of car. Smoke billows plentifully. All cough. Ilyya swerves wheel.

THRU SMOKE ON TO KILLER #1

259

He pulls smoke-mask over his face, looks more zombie-inhuman than ever.

CAR

260

Solo, choking, barely-visible thru smoke, has grabbed rag from glove-compartment, bends, seizes smoke-bomb from floor, tosses it out of car.

KILLER #2 261

Also masked against smoke, swerves on motorcycle to avoid being struck by smoke-bomb.

POV FROM CAR - BACK ALONG ROAD 262

Smoke-bomb landing in road, continuing to belch smoke as car streaks away.

CAR 263

Solo aims gun at Killer #3.

KILLER #3 - ALSO SMOKE-MASKED 264

He presses a button on his handlebars. A FLASHING STREAK OF ELECTRICITY shoots from it - to the nearest metal object: Solo's gun.

CAR 265

On Solo: as electricity strikes home. Its force is such that he's toppled into back seat and gun falls into road.

ILLYA 266

Setting his teeth, he swings steering wheel suddenly to one side.

ROAD 267

Car swerves in an attempt to knock Killers on this side from their motorcycles. They slow down briefly, hang back, overtake and draw level on the other side. So four motorcycles are now in a crowding bunch on one side of car.

CAR 268

Illya swings wheel to the other side to knock all four of 'em off at once.

SOLO 269

Lying in pain in back seat, nursing temporarily paralysed arm.

ROAD

270

Killers steer out of range of Illya's force-off-the-road attempt, but doggedly stay level with car.

KILLER #4 - MASKED - STUNT

271

In a sudden, agile, full-of-surprise movement, he leaps from his motorcycle on to car.

KILLER'S MOTORCYCLE

272

Establish that it speeds harmlessly past back of car and into hedge or bushes.

CAR

273

Sandy ineffectually tries to beat off Killer #4.

QUICK SHOT - SOLO - IN BACK SEAT - LOW DOWN

274

SOLO'S POV

275

Looming shape of Killer #4 getting into front seat. CAMERA lurches up slowly as if Solo's painfully trying to rise.

CAR

276

Illya takes one hand off wheel to chop up at Killer #4. His hand is knocked out of the way by Killer #4's descending chop which lays Illya out. He falls forward over steering wheel, pressing horn rim. NOISE OF HORN IS CONTINUOUS. Solo struggles up from back set to join battle with Killer #4. He's still weak from electric shock. Killer #4 catches him off-balance, gives him one backward sweep of the hand and Solo falls again on to back seat. Sandy shoves her foot on to the brake.

ROAD

277

Car skids to a halt with great noise of brakes, screaming tires, etc., at roadside. The three remaining motorcycles surround the car. Killers get off. Two of them haul out the unconscious Illya. Two take the struggling Sandy. A limousine pulls up. Illya's thrown in. Sandy's shoved in. Killer #4 goes with them into back seat.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

278

Killer #4, now maskless, crosses frame to sit and menace Sandy with gun. As he leaves frame -- though his gun still pokes in from that side -- the driver turns his head briefly. It's:

CLOSE SHOT - RANDOLPH

279

staring stonily and briefly at:

CLOSE SHOT - SANDY

280

She reacts. O.s., we hear the SOUND of the three remaining motorcycles starting up.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

281

Limousine streaks away. The three motorcycles follow. Killers on them (#1-3) are maskless now. The last Killer looks back at:

ANOTHER ANGLE

282

Solo-Illya's car where it stopped at side of road.

LAST KILLER

283

as he goes away on motorcycle, he throws a grenade toward Solo-Illya's car.

CAR

284

Solo unconscious on floor of back seat.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

285

Limousine and motorcycles already small spots in the distance along the road. We see, in f.g., Solo-Illya's car - and the grenade in a parabola - going for it. When the grenade is at the peak of its flight:

EXT. CANNERY - NIGHT

286

Establishing: possibly with sign reading CLOSED FOR SERVICING.

INT. CANNERY - CLOSEUP ILLYA - NIGHT

287

He's just coming to from unconsciousness. He registers he's bound to a metal pole or pillar. He looks up. He reacts. Puzzled.

ILLYA'S POV

288

The great expanse of the food cannery. Deserted. Machines, vats, pipes, etc., dominate.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

289

shaking his head finally to clear it. Then he concentrates on trying to get his unseen hands to perform a certain action.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA'S HANDS (BEHIND PILLAR OR POLE - BOUND)

290

We're on his wristwatch. He shakes his hands downwards - then up - shaking them as violently as he can in view of the fact that they're tightly bound at the wrists.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA

291

sweating with concentration.

CLOSEUP - ILLYA'S HANDS

292

He succeeds. A tiny aerial-like piece of metal shoots out from the side of his wristwatch case.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - ABANDONED MOTORCYCLE AREA

293

Solo is picking himself up, dusting down his clothes. He hears a HUMMING sound, quite distinctive from that made by the communicator. He takes a small oblong object from his pocket, looks at it.

INSERT PICKUP COMPASS

294

The compass is centered in the little oblong. In response to the aerial transmitter we have just seen Illya activate, the compass needle swerves in an appropriate direction, does not stay there rigidly, but fluctuates considerably in that area.

BACK TO SCENE

295

Solo steps forward urgently, manhandles the killer's abandoned motorcycle from the hedge or bush, gets astride it, and begins to wedge the pickup compass firmly into position on the handle bars.

PICKUP COMPASS ON HANDLEBARS

296

Solo's hands leaving it, now firmly wedged.

BACK TO SCENE

297

Solo kicks down motorcycle starter and, from a standing start, motorcycle streaks away.

298 OUT

INT. CANNERY - DAY - CLOSE UP ILLYA'S HANDS 299

Favoring the little aerial protruding from his watch-case. CAMERA PULLS BACK and goes round pillar or pole up to CLOSE SHOT ILLYA again. He's in profile to CAMERA, looking ahead. SOUND OF A SCUFFLE O.S. Illya reacts to:

ILLYA'S POV 300

As Sandy's shoved into frame from one side. She falls. Killers #1, 2 and 3 step in from the other side, haul her to her feet, hold her helpless. Killer #4 enters from same direction as did Sandy. His hand is upraised, to strike her.

CLOSE SHOT ILLYA 301

Straining uselessly at his bonds.

BACK TO SCENE 302

Illya bound in f.g.: Sandy and Killers, grouped as described just beyond him: machinery etc., extending in b.g. Killer #4 slaps Sandy.

CLOSE SHOT ILLYA 303

Futile and furious attempt to get free.

MEDIUM SHOT KILLER #4 304

Shooting up at him, past his hand upraised ready to strike again, to his cold emotionless face.

BACK TO SCENE 305

Randolph steps in between Killer #4 and Sandy. The Killer's hand drops. Randolph shakes his head, tutorially.

RANDOLPH

Tut. Crude. Crude, my boy. We want the young lady to speak to us. She won't be able to do that if you have battered her into unconsciousness.

305
CONT'D
(2)

SANDY

I won't tell you anything - no matter what you do to me.

RANDOLPH

To you - don't be silly -

Randolph signals to Killers #1-3. To Sandy's surprise, they instantly let her go. She turns her head, bewildered, to watch them. They make straight for Illya.

SANDY (realizing)

No --- no --- !

ILLYA (as Killers
#1-3 unfasten his major
bonds)

Sandy. Don't let him bluff you.

CLOSE SHOT ILLYA - SOON, BRIEFLY, TWO SHOT SANDY
AND ILLYA

306

as he's hauled, still bound hand and foot, across
past Sandy.

ILLYA

Don't tell them anything. This, I'm
afraid ---

(coolest)

--- is a time for heroics ---

He's hauled o.s., leaving Sandy looking after him,
very afraid.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

307

Solo racing along on motorcycle. He glances down
at handlebars.

CLOSE SHOT PICKUP COMPASS ON HANDLEBARS

308

Needle still in the same direction as before, and
still fluctuating.

2-16-67

P.93

INT. CANNERY - DAY - CLOSE SHOT SANDY

309

She's walking along, flanked by Randolph and Killer #1. She's looking o.s. toward CAMERA - horrified.

SANDY'S MOVING POV

310

Illya strapped on a conveyor-belt, traveling head-first. We PAN ALCNG QUICKLY away from him - quite some distance - to rest on a large wooden block where the conveyor-belt ends. Slicing down on the block are several mechanical blades - big, steely, shining. Up and down. Up and down. Obviously, they slice food preparatory to canning when this place is in full operation. Equally obviously, this time, when he reaches the end of the belt, their target will be:

CLOSE UP ILLYA

311

as he travels toward the block and the blades.

TWO SHOT SANDY AND RANDOLPH

312

Walking along beside Illya o.s. Suddenly Killer #1 grabs her, turns her to halt and face Randolph who also stops walking. He has his back to the death-arrangement: she's facing it.

RANDOLPH

The alternatives are obvious.

She looks past him to:

SANDY'S POV - PAST RANDOLPH

313

Illya traveling on the conveyor-belt, away from her, toward the blades beyond. We ZOOM INTO: CLOSER SHOT the blades - mindless, inescapable, deathly.

CLOSE UP ILLYA

314

Straining uselessly at his bonds, traveling on belt.

FREEZE AND FADE OUT

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 315

Solo on motorcycle, racing along in same direction
as previously taken by limousine.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT - CLOSE UP ILLYA 316

Traveling on conveyor-belt, straining uselessly at
his bonds.

BACK TO SCENE 317

Sandy, held by Killer #1, watching Illya on the
death-belt. Randolph faces her, mercilessly.

SANDY
Stop that thing! I'll tell you.

RANDOLPH (leisured
headshake)
That's the wrong way around, my
dear. Tell me first, then I'll
stop it. Japanese lullaby -
what does it mean?

SANDY (fast)
It refers to a friend of my
father's...he must have sent the
formula to him.

318-321 OUT

CLOSE ILLYA 322

He strains to hear -

CLOSE SHOT - SANDY 323

RANDOLPH
His name.

SANDY (hysterically)
I don't remember. I don't remember.
I will. I'll try. I swear. Please.
Stop it - don't kill him - I was a
child! I don't remember!

323
CONT'D
(2)

RANDOLPH
You will. In Japan.

They hustle her away as:

SANDY
No, please! Let him go! I
told you!

Randolph turns to Illya.

RANDOLPH
Sayonara, Mr. Kuryakin.

He goes.

324-332 OUT

CLOSE ON ILLYA

333

On conveyor-belt. Traveling inevitably. Plenty of
sweat. We PAN TO his bound hands. We're CLOSE ON
the wristwatch and its aerial.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

334

Solo on motorcycle. Compass needle stays pointed in
one direction.

335-336 OUT

EXT. CANNERY - NIGHT

337

Limousine purrs away, soon gaining high speed - and
disappearing. The moment it's out of sight, Solo
rolls in.

338-342 OUT

INT. CANNERY - CLOSE SHOT ILLYA - NIGHT

343

Illya nearer the blades. Their NOISE louder. Their
gleaming reflected on his sweating face: he's that
near.

EXT. CANNERY - NIGHT

344

Solo leaps off motorcycle and races for the gates.

345-346 OUT

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

347

CLOSE ON blades. Pounding. Cutting. Slicing.
Gleaming. PAN TO Illya - very near to them indeed
now.

EXT. CANNERY - NIGHT

348

Solo cannot open the locked gates, finds another
means of entry.

INT. CANNERY - CLOSE SHOT ILLYA - NIGHT

349

Close enough for haircut.

INT. CANNERY - NIGHT

350

Solo smashes through a window.

351 OUT

SOLO'S POV

352

Illya in peril.

BACK TO SCENE

353

-- and Solo flings against the control-lever to stop
the conveyor-belt - and the blades,

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

354

as conveyor-belt halts - just in time. As Solo
enters picture, it becomes:

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

355

as Solo unties Illya:

SOLO

Sandy?

ILLYA

THRUSH - going to Japan.

SOLO

It's all go, this job, isn't it?

ILLYA

Isn't it just.

Released, Illya begins to get up off the conveyor-belt.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXTERIORS - TOKYO - DAY

356

Establishing. We finish on whatever view that's decided, PULL BACK FROM IT to see it's being viewed through the windows of:

INT. RANDOLPH'S CAR - DAY

357

Killer #1 drives. Killer #2's beside him. In back: Killer #3 sits one side of Sandy, Randolph the other. Randolph checks his watch.

RANDOLPH

Four hours. We've toured Tokyo for four hours.

SANDY

I'm sorry - it was a long time ago.

RANDOLPH (icily)

Miss True - believe me. I fully appreciate the sentimental overtones of this situation - a Japanese gentleman - a fellow scientist of your father's - endeared himself to you by singing you to sleep.

SANDY
He did - I can even remember
the lullaby!

357
CONT'D
(2)

RANDOLPH
I'm not asking you to sing it to
me. Just tell me his name and
where to find him.

SANDY
I'm trying! Let's see -- Daddy
brought me here with him to some
conference - a big building - very
modern - fountains. We visited
with the lullaby man. But I was
a child! I don't remember!

He looks at Sandy.

RANDOLPH
I'll give you another five minutes
- and you better find it or I'll
move to let the boys take over -
and you won't like that.

SANDY
Wait -

Randolph looks out too.

EXT. INSTITUTE - DAY - THEIR CAR-WINDOW POV

358

A modern building, with garden-frontage. Plenty of
people about.

INT. RANDOLPH'S CAR - DAY

359

SANDY
I think I recognize it - That's
it.

She's still looking out window.

EXT. SIGNBOARD - DAY - POV THROUGH CAR WINDOW

360

In Japanese and English:

OCEANOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE

INT. RANDOLPH'S CAR - DAY

361

SANDY
Oceanographic Institute.
(looks at Randolph)
That's where we went. I'm sure
now -

RANDOLPH
Total recall I trust.

He signals Killer-Driver to turn in at the entrance.
Car turns.

SANDY
I - can't remember his name -
but - his office - yes - it's
way up there...

EXT. INSTITUTE - DAY

362

Impressive perspective shot up to the summit. We
PAN DOWN to the entrance as Randolph and Killers #1-3,
closely escorting Sandy, enter shot, crowded with
tourists, sightseers, etc.

CLOSE SHOT SANDY) 363-366
 Looking in various directions, and registering:)
) Intercut
)
) Rapidly
 SANDY'S POV)
)
 Crowds - crowds - crowds - in every direction.)

RANDOLPH AND COMPANY 367

FAVORING SANDY in their midst. They walk. Rapidly.
 Suddenly - Sandy ducks down out of sight. Immediately, in confusion, Randolph and company are swallowed up and separated by converging groups of tourists etc.

CLOSE SHOT RANDOLPH AND KILLERS 368-371

Looking in various directions and registering, as)
 did Sandy:)
) Intercut
)
) Rapidly
 THEIR POVS)
)
 Milling crowds. No sign of Sandy.)

NEAR ENTRANCE 372

Group of Geisha girls, traditional costume, taking short steps, led by ELDERLY LADY, Japanese equivalent of London's Miss Pankhurst, have finished their little outing and are exiting the building. They're very demure.

EXT. INSTITUTE - DAY 373

Geisha girls emerge from building. A beat. Randolph and company, desperate, looking every which way. Randolph bumps into Elderly Lady leading Geishas. She turns and looks at him in great surprise. He's enough of a gentleman, even in these urgent circumstances, to tip his hat apologetically to her before

he hurries away. We stay with the group of Geishas. More than that - we look over their heads to the middle of the group as it continues trotting along.

373
CONT'D
(2)

GROUP SHOT - FAVORING SANDY

374

Sandy's in their midst, bent almost double to escape being seen from outside the group. She's matching her footsteps to the Geishas, trotting along like them.

CLOSE SHOT SANDY

375

Looking around the circle of girls.

SANDY'S POV

376

The girls giggle prettily at her. The last one seen is not giggling however. She's REIKKO. She looks back at Sandy o.s. very gravely.

SANDY

377

SANDY
Please. Don't give me away.
I'm in great danger.

PAN ROUND GIRLS

378

Still giggling, not understanding her. Until we get to:

REIKKO (straight
American accent)
O.K. Kid. You stick with us.

CLOSE SHOT SANDY

379

Surprise - and relief.

FULL

380

As the Geisha group with Sandy climb into a taxi.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. GEISHA HOUSE - DAY

381

In the b.g. the girls are dressing and making up. Reikko is on the telephone conversing briskly in Japanese with the operator as Sandy, tense, quite obviously terrified of being found by the killers at any moment, fights panic.

REIKKO

Overseas operator wants to know
"Uncle what?"

SANDY

Just U.N.C.L.E.

REIKKO (passes this
information in Japanese)
They've got no phone number for
Uncle.

SANDY

Oh. Well, ask them to trace
Mr. Waverly.

REIKKO (does so, in
Japanese; listens, turns to
Sandy)
They say "what initial?"

Sandy stares at her blankly. She searches her
memory. Obviously, she doesn't know.

SANDY (helplessly)

Just...Mr. Waverly...in New York.
That's all I know.

(in a rush)

Can't they start with the first
Waverly in the book and keep
calling until they find the one
with UNCLE?

Reikko wryly puts this request in Japanese to the operator. She is turned down fast. With a sigh she shakes her head, looking at Sandy, and replaces the receiver.

381
CONT'D
(2)

REIKKO

Supervisors say it's impossible.
They must have first initial
or can't place call.

SANDY (terrified, on a
rising note)
I've got to get out of here.
I've got to run --

Over this, Reikko speaks quickly and imperiously to the other girls, in Japanese. They immediately start gathering together various personal things. Now as they swoop down on Sandy eagerly, like fluttering birds on attack:

REIKKO

Where will you go?

SANDY

I don't know.

REIKKO

You stay here - they'll never
find you here.

SANDY

You don't know them. You can't
hide from them.

REIKKO

Oh, yes you can - right here.

Now, to Sandy's complete shock, the girls swiftly pull at her raincoat, sweater, boots, etc. One girl measures her head rapidly to get her wig size, another her kimono size, etc. It's swift, terrifying in its efficiency...

SANDY

What are you doing?

REIKKO

In this house, a girl can spend
entire life and no one ever know.

SANDY

What kind of place is this?

Reikko begins slapping ceremonial paint on Sandy's small face as another girl struggles to fit her with a ceremonial wig.

REIKKO
A Geisha house --

381
CONT'D
(2)

Sandy stops for a fleeting second, eyes bugged
with shock.

SANDY
GEISHA HOUSE?????

They all nod their heads enthusiastically. Sandy
is really scared now.

SANDY
You mean you're all Geisha girls?

REIKKO
Most famous in all Tokyo!
Which is why, Sandy-san, you
must not disgrace us...not ruin
our reputation --

SANDY
Me? Ruin your -- what do you
plan to do with me?

REIKKO
Make you one high class charmer
Geisha girl -

Before Sandy can protest further, a blob of makeup
hits her face, and the wig is plopped over her
eyes. As they work.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. TOKYO POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

382

Established - in LONG SHOT suitable building, and via
NAMEPLATE.

INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - TOKYO POLICE HQ. - DAY

383

Solo and Illya with INSPECTOR. Solo puts photo on
his desk.

SOLO

This is the girl, Inspector.

Inspector looks at the photo: we see it CLOSE.
It's of Sandy.

ILLYA

She was brought to Japan against
her will.

INSPECTOR

Interesting.

He looks up. Reacts slightly. He's looking at:

SOLO-ILLYA'S HANDS

384

They're showing their U.N.C.L.E. IDs.

BACK TO SCENE

385

INSPECTOR

Very interesting. This girl - same
description - was reported to us
by another visitor to our city. As
a pickpocket.

ILLYA

The name of the complainant?

INSPECTOR

A Mr. T. H. Rush.

SOLO (glance at

Illya)

Extremely interesting.

INSPECTOR

His passport was in order.

ILLYA
I've no doubt it was!

385
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (urgently)
If you have any news of the girl
whatsoever, Inspector --

INSPECTOR
A few minutes ago, Mr. Solo --
most interesting news.
(picks report from
filing tray)
Girl answering this description was
reported by a taxi driver entering --
(looks up)
-- a certain geisha-house.

SOLO
Geisha-house?

ILLYA
That's what the Inspector said.
(to Inspector)
You have not, I hope, informed
Mr. "T. H. Rush?"

INSPECTOR
Not yet.

SOLO (glancing at
offered report)
Then will you leave the matter
in our hands?

INSPECTOR (polite nod)
In U.N.C.L.E.'s most capable hands.

ILLYA (as Solo hands
report back)
Arigato.

INSPECTOR
You're welcome.

Solo and Iliya hurry out. Inspector puts photo in
filing tray, leans back in his chair.

INSPECTOR
Most extremely interesting --

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

386

In record time Sandy has been transformed into a typical Geisha -- hair, heavy painted face -- everything. The girls flutter about giggling, pleased with their accomplishment, as Sandy looks into a mirror with great pleasure.

REIKKO (pleased)
Now no one will know you.

O.s. the SOUND of tinkling entrance bells. They all turn as an elderly lady door keeper slips in through the shoji doors, scuttles to Reikko and whispers into her ear. Reikko frowns.

REIKKO (to Old Lady)
Two foreign gentlemen...

Sandy, who has now been almost completely converted into a Geisha, reacts, gasps.

SANDY
I knew it. I told you it was no use.

REIKKO (indicates Old Lady)
You go with her in the back and stay put and leave the rest to us. We'll teach those devils a lesson they won't soon forget.

The Old Lady hustles Sandy out through a back door. Now Reikko turns to the other girls and speaks rapidly and authoritatively in Japanese; demonstrates with her fan how to clobber the intruders.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

386X1

As the girls disperse, but peek through cracks in the shoji at the newcomers, Solo and Illya become aware of the interest their presence has aroused, as Reikko, all charm, "Madame Butterfly" gestures and so on, slips into view.

REIKKO
Good afternoon, gentlemen.
You have reservation, yes?

She beams at them, delightfully.

SOLO
Regrettably, no.

ILLYA
We understand that a friend of ours
is here. Miss Sandy True.

386X1
CONT'D
(2)

Reikko reacts very faintly. Then...

REIKKO (charmingly)
Ah, so. She told me she was expect-
ing you.

SOLO (surprised)
She did?

Reikko eyeing them, measuring them in preparation
for the fate which awaits them, smiles somewhat
enigmatically.

REIKKO
You know: When homesick - think
of friends --
 (he flutters her long
 sleeves, smiling)
-- loneliness flees.
 (in explanation)
Is ancient haiku.

Solo looks baffled.

SOLO
Haiku?

ILLYA (in explanation)
Haiku is a classic form of Japanese
poetry. Must be exactly seventeen
syllables. My personal favorite
goes...

"The old pond.
A frog jumps in.
Plop!"

At this, Solo gives Illya a grave, unbelieving look,
then dismissing the subject, turns back to Reikko.

SOLO
About Sandy. She is here?

REIKKO (fluttering)
Oh...yes, Sandy very much here in
bath.
 (prettilly apologetic)
Japanese bath very hot, very tradi-
tional. Takes long time, yes?
Gentlemen like some tea while wait-
ing?

ILLYA
Thank you. You don't have to

REIKKO
No worry. To serve is pleasure.
Permit, please, to take off shoes?

386X1
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO (a bit
stern; hastily)
Shoes? I'm sorry. I'm afraid we
haven't time this trip.

REIKKO (pouting
prettily)
Please, friends of Miss Sandy, do
not be like other American man..
all time business... no time for..
make happy.

SOLO
Well if it'll make you happy.

Miekko and Okichi have by now undone the shoelaces
of both Solo and Illya, another girl standing by
smilingly holding "happi-coats" to give them.

The girls, having gotten the boys' shoes, try to
get their coats. They DO manage to get them open
before either one of them can stop it. The guns
are revealed. Reikko reacts but disguises it.

ILLYA
If you don't mind, we'll keep our
jackets on.

REIKKO
I can see why. Those guns. Old
American tradition?

SOLO
The Old West, you know.

REIKKO
Please... Come in.

387-395 OUT

INT. GEISHA HOUSE - DAY

395X1

Solo and Illya are more or less guided in by Reikko and Okichi.

REIKKO
Please, sit down.

ILLYA
Must we?

SOLO
We'd like to look around, if
you don't mind. We've never
been in a Geisha House before.

ILLYA
Speak for yourself, Napoleon.

REIKKO (to Illya)
Then we must show your friend
the ancient tea ceremony.
(to Solo with charming
smile)
Most traditional. Illustrates
virtues of hospitality. The quiet
contemplation of feminine beauty.

Solo glances at Illya.

SOLO (to Illya)
I'm all in favor of that.

ILLYA
I'm afraid you'll have to postpone
that pleasure till some other time.

REIKKO (anxious)
Please.... to sit? For you we
make it very fast.

SOLO (to Reikko)
After you.

REIKKO (hastily)
Oh... is not Japanese custom!
Men sit - Geisha serve.

The boys look at one another, shrug, sit, having
some slight difficulty adjusting their legs, etc.
to the Japanese dimensions of low cushion, table,
etc. Reikko claps her hands. Two Geishas place

themselves behind the boys and start working their fans. At the same time two other girls bring in the tea service. They put down the tray on the low table and bow low to the boys.

395X1
CONT'D
(2)

REIKKO

Japanese custom. Guests bow in return.

Illya and Solo exchange looks, scramble to their feet and bow. Reikko claps hands again. The two Geishas behind the boys chop them with their fans across their necks. The boys go down...

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN ROOM - GEISHA HOUSE - DAY

396

The Geishas are dragging out Solo and Illya's bodies through the open shoji panels leading outside. Reikko is watching grimly. Just beyond, in the garden, is a deep carp pond. The Old Lady, apparently in charge not only of collection of customers but also their ultimate disposal, is directing the operation. The Geishas, each holding an arm or leg, prepare to fling the boys into the pond... Sandy, in her full Geisha costume and makeup, comes tottering out curiously. Reikko holds up a hand, to stop the Old Lady for a second.

REIKKO (proudly, to
Sandy, indicating the boys)
You see? I told you you had nothing to worry about.

But Sandy, getting a look at the two victims, reacts, appalled.

SANDY
Oh, no, Reikko!

REIKKO
Something wrong?

SANDY (nearly shrieking,
running forward)
What have you done?! They're my friends!

REIKKO
But I thought you said...

SANDY
That's Mr. Solo and Mr. Kuryakin
from U.N.C.L.E.

Reikko gulps, then gives a command in Japanese. The girls drop the boys.

REIKKO (bowing
to Sandy)
So....sorry....

ZIP PAN TO:

397-402 OUT

INT. MAIN ROOM - GEISHA HOUSE - DAY
DANCERS

403

The full complement of geishas are performing
the traditional dances.

ANOTHER ANGLE

403X1

At a table, being served by other geishas, are
Solo and Illya, downing a little rice wine while
Reikko and another girl rub their necks free of
the soreness engendered by being attacked. Sandy
is with them, now wearing her own clothes.

 SOLO (somewhat aggrieved,
 to Reikko)
I always understood geishas were
dedicated to making men happy.

 REIKKO (philosophically)
It depends on men. Sometimes happy,
sometimes not. If tired business
man not as tired as he thinks, and
wants more than conversation...
 (she unfolds her fan
 eloquently)
..we use Samurai chop -

She flips her fan closed and taps her palm with it.

 ILLYA (in disbelief)
You knocked us both out with a
paper fan?

Reikko nods brightly and slaps it - in the "surgi-
cal slap" fashion employed in hospitals, into Solo's
hand. Solo winces.

 REIKKO
Is very effective, no?

 SOLO (examining it -
 to Illya)
Steel ribs.

 REIKKO (hopefully)
Perhaps UNCLE care to employ geisha
with fans, for...special assignments?

 SOLO
An excellent idea, don't you think,
Illya?

 ILLYA
So very excellent I think you should
be the one to present it to Mr

REIKKO
Mr. Waverly - very big man?

403X1
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Big Seibatsu - Number one boss -

The Communicator BLEEPs and Illya, having the back of his neck massaged, takes out his communicator.

INTERCUT WITH INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE

403X2-403X5

ILLYA (on communi-
cator)
Kuryakin.

WAVERLY
Your whereabouts and situation,
please.

ILLYA (matter-of-
fact)
Whereabouts, Tokyo. Situation -
extremely pleasant.

He is luxuriating in the attention, the massage,
et al, given him by the girls.

WAVERLY (raising
an eyebrow)
What's that I hear, Mr. Kuryakin?

SOLO
A number of charming young ladies
and a samisen, sir.

WAVERLY
Oh. Of course. Well, I suppose it
has something to do with the tracing
and rescue of Miss True.

ILLYA
Duly traced and rescued, sir. She's
right here with us.

Solo, Sandy and Illya all tense, with great interest.

WAVERLY
Splendid. And we have identified
her "Lullabyman." He is Dr.
Sazami Kyushu.

SOLO (on Communicator)
We know his name, sir. But it seems
he disappeared 5 years ago.

WAVERLY
Quite so. But we have traced
him -

403X2-403X5
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. TEMPLE - DAY

404

Our group looks around. Quiet - peace. Monks stroll. Several monk-beggars sit with bowls before them.

INT. ENTRANCE - TEMPLE - DAY

405

SAZAMI SYUSHU is seated, cross-legged, straight-backed, meditative, at the entrance to the Temple. In front of him: a begging-bowl. At his side; a rough wooden walking-staff. He is old and wise and imperturbable. Chance lighting produces, on this first sight of him, an aura about him. A shadow falls across him. A beat. He does not look up at first: he's that immersed in his devotions.

Sandy looks down at him with reaction appropriate to the man she has not seen since her childhood. Solo and Illya regard him too, equally impressed. They wait.

 SANDY (dubious)
Him...? A beggar...? I can't
believe it...

Sazami becomes aware of the shadow across him. He looks up.

SANDY
Kyushu-san ... ?

405
CONT'D
(2)

He looks up, nods.

SAZAMI
Yes, my child?

SANDY (very
touched)
Kyushu-san -- Remember me? I'm
Dr. True's daughter --

SAZAMI (a beat)
Sandy.

With the aid of his walking staff, Sazami rises.

SANDY
These are my friends - my father's
friends. Mr. Solo - Mr. Kuryakin.

Sazami nods gravely to them.

SANDY
You know why we are here?

SAZAMI
Yes, my child.

He turns and walks into the Temple. Sandy, Solo
and Illiya follow. As soon as they disappear,
CAMERA PANS to SHOW Randolph moving into the
area, looking around, followed by Four Karate
Killers.

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

406

As they go in. Sazami looks at his visitors
keenly.

SAZAMI (to Sandy)
I am humbled and honored, Sandy,
that your good father entrusted
me with his secret for a little
time.

SANDY
The one man he knew who could
never be tempted by gold.

SAZAMI
We are all tempted, all the time.
That is why I abandoned the world
of science and took up the beggar's
bowl.

SANDY

I think I understand.

406
CONT'D
(2)

He turns to Sandy and his tone becomes much more personal in contrast to the remote, cool self-evaluation he's employed till now. She is deeply affected by his next lines.

SAZAMI

Sandy - I think I knew your father better than any man alive. And, perhaps, I know how he felt when this discovery forced itself upon him.

We take in CUTS of Solo and Illya also, as he continues: they are fascinated by the revelation.

SAZAMI

He realized its potential for evil. Yet, he could no more destroy the formula than use it. He faced the eternal dilemma of the scientist who worships knowledge - and knows that mankind is not always ready to wisely use the knowledge science brings. Therefore, he wanted this formula to be held in trust against the day when mankind can use it --

(to Solo and Illya)

This is your responsibility, gentlemen. Bury it deep - and guard it well.

They nod. He bows his head gravely, touches Sandy's hand lightly and reassuringly, turns to block of stone which makes up the wall behind him. He pushes one corner slightly. It is enough to swing the block on a central pivot. He puts his hand in behind it and takes out an envelope. He turns back and hands it to Solo.

With sacrilegious speed and violence, Killers #1 and #2 appear at the open doorway. Seated, Solo and Illya are at a brief disadvantage. During these seconds, Killers #1 and #2 seize and chop Sazami. He falls back, instantly dead. Sandy screams. Solo and Illya spring up: Illya seizes the walking-staff as Solo shoves the envelope into his pocket.

Illya lashes at Killers with walking-staff. They're 406
 forced to retreat. Solo launches himself at Killers. CONT'D
 Sobbing, Sandy rushes to Sazami's frail, still body. (3)
 So: she stays in here, while Solo and Illya pursue
 Killers out into:

INT. TEMPLE - DAY

407

As soon as Solo and Illya appear here (where
 Cloister arches lead to a long FALL TO THE COURT-
 YARD BELOW), Killers #3 and #4 leap in on them
 from either side. It's #4 against #2 - in a wild,
 savage fight - rendered almost insensate on Solo-
 Illya's part because of the brutal and cowardly
 murder of the gentle old holy man Sazami. Very
 early on in the struggle, Illya swings the staff
 mightily and swipes Killer #1 across the chest.
 Killer #1 staggers back helplessly toward an
 arch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

408

Killer #1 falls from arch to the paved courtyard.
 When he lands, we go to a GROUND-LEVEL CLOSE SHOT.
 In agony, he rolls over on his side. We get a
 brief glimpse of his smashed and bloody face. He
 slumps. He's at least gravely injured if not
 dead: either way, he's out of the story from
 now on.

INTERCUT FIGHT

407-410

Illya turns from this satisfying victory to see
 Killer #4 coming straight at him, oozing Karate
 skill. We see this in --

---SHOT OF KILLER #4 coming straight at CAMERA. Suddenly, the tip of the staff enters FRAME, fits neatly under his chin - and shoves upward. Killer #4 gives a strangled cry as his neck is broken. He sprawls back, smashing against the wall, slides down it, lies as still as his colleague in the courtyard below.

407-410
CONT'D
(2)

Fighting like a wildcat, Solo's under close attack from Killers #2 and 3. Illya charges to help. Killer #3 turns - doesn't feel inclined to rely on Karate against these two any more - draws a gun. Illya smashes down at him with walking-staff. Agile, Killer #3 evades. Walking-staff smashes in two on the stone floor. Illya's left with only a club-size chunk of it in his hand. Killer #3 fires. Illya ducks. Killer #3 springs in at once, clubs at Illya's neck with his gun. Illya almost falls to his knees, but summons strength from somewhere to totter forward, lifting himself against encroaching dizziness, to bring up the club again. With relish and efficiency, Killer #3 chops at Illya's wrist. Illya loses possession of club. Another chop to Illya's neck and he goes down and out. Killer #3 raises one foot - seemingly for the ultimate obscenity of kicking the helpless Illya. But he only kicks the club aside, and turns to help Killer #2 subdue --

--- Solo, on whom now all depends. He's locked in mortal combat with Killer #2. They're equally matched. Neither has the advantage. Killer #3 moves in, raising gun. Solo swivels Killer #2 round. Killer #2 is almost knocked unconscious by Killer #3. In his moment of evading this, Killer #2 loses equality of grip with Solo. Solo throws him off and away. He rolls over toward the cloister-edge - but, grabbing out desperately, manages to hold on to something and avoid falling to death or injury below. As he scrambles up:

Killer #3 attacks Solo. Solo's positioned to deliver several punches to his jaw. The gun goes flying as Killer #3 floppily tries to defend himself. Solo pursues his advantage. But Killer #3, after taking a few blows, recovers and counter-attacks. He dizzies Solo with a blow or two to the chin, then moves in Karate-style to grab him. Weakened, Solo can't put up much resistance. He tries - but he's overcome - and THROWN.

As Solo falls, the envelope falls from his pocket. It slides along the ground. Face down on the ground, eyes bleary already, Solo shoots out a hand to retrieve the envelope.

But it slides away - still in his GROUND-LEVEL POV - and comes up short against a pair of elegantly-shod feet.

407-410
CONT'D
(3)

Solo staggers up, limps in direction of envelope.

He sees, blearily, Randolph rising from bending to pick up envelope.

Solo never gets to Randolph. Killer #2 chops him on the neck from behind.

Solo's POV is a brief one of Randolph smiling in triumph - then the picture spins in illustration of Solo's collapse into unconsciousness.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

411

Aircraft in flight. The plane is flying over an arctic waste.

EXT. NOSE OF AIRCRAFT IN FLIGHT - DAY

412

No pretenses. No hijacking now. The nose of the aircraft bears the Thrush insignia.

INT. SMALL COMPARTMENT - AIRCRAFT - DAY

413

Solo, Illya and Sandy, seated, are secured by locked safety belts. The door opens. Killer #3 enters, stands to one side, possibly armed, ready to deal with our group just in case they manage a Houdini. Enter Randolph: as smooth and calm as ever.

RANDOLPH

I respect you. As worthy and courageous adversaries. Respect you so much, I want you to see the full extent of Thrush's ultimate triumph -- before you die.

He sits, comfortably. Killer #3 continues to watch, impassively, alertly.

RANDOLPH (nodding
at window)
Look below you --

EXT. PLANE VIEW OF POLAR INSTALLATION - DAY 413X1-413X5
(STOCK) - A SERIES OF STOCK SHOTS SHOWING:

Thrush's Arctic headquarters. Include various shots of domes, strange rectangular buildings, etc. INTERCUT THIS WITH:

INT. PLANE - DAY - AS BEFORE

Our trio looks out the window as Randolph talks:

RANDOLPH

The Polar Cap -- the perfect cover for Thrush Central Complex. To your left, our rocket storage. To your right, the nuclear power output. Over there, the most sophisticated weaponry plant yet conceived by man -- but I especially direct your attention, my friends, to the central area.

CLOSE RANDOLPH

413X6

RANDOLPH (with
deceptive quiet)

There... quite simply... we shall make gold.

ZIP PAN TO:

414-416 OUT

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - GENERAL SHOT - ESTABLISHING 417

Vast, full of equipment; metal stairways and catwalks all around. Scores of SCIENTISTS at desks and control-panels, computers, devices, etc. Way down below, deep in the heart of the complex, we see the tiny figures of Solo, Illya and Sandy, being "escorted" by Randolph - and still under heavy guard. They wear parkas.

GROUP - INTERCUT WITH WHAT THEY SEE 418

Solo, Illya and Sandy are duly impressed by their surroundings, but naturally don't give Randolph the satisfaction of gaping around them like hick tourists.

RANDOLPH (to Sandy)

Your father was a genius, Sandy - if genius be defined as originality plus simplicity. His gold-making method is astonishingly simple. A matter of subjecting seawater to intense pressure at a hyperthermal temperature - and draining off and neutralizing the resultant saline radiation.

418
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Illya)

What could be simpler?

RANDOLPH

Of all the factors involved, pressure is the most vital.

He draws their attention to a large DIAL with GREEN LETTERING AND GREEN NEEDLE. The needle has just started to move round from zero. Just over halfway round, the figure 10,000 is reached. The remainder of the dial is shaded RED and marked DANGER.

RANDOLPH

Pressure is on the Green Circuit, as you can see.

We're on Solo and Illya, listening very intently and exchanging a quick glance as:

RANDOLPH (V.O.)

Pressure of 10,000 lbs per square inch is required to start the extraction of gold.

We RESUME on the Group. Randolph is containing his mounting excitement as he elaborates on what will then happen.

RANDOLPH

Tons of gold - pouring into our storage-vats.

ILLYA

Is it question-time yet?

RANDOLPH

Please ---

ILLYA

This Midas master-plan - won't it
defeat itself? When gold's as
plentiful as dust - won't its value
be lost completely?

418
CONT'D
(3)

RANDOLPH (tolerant
smile)
We will control its rate of release,
don't worry.

SOLO
Oh we won't.

RANDOLPH (to
Guards)
Lock them up.

Guards begin to hustle them away. FREEZE.

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
INT. CAPTIVITY AREA - DAY

419

Spacious. Underground. No windows. Solo, Illya and Sandy are in a cell, of bare, antiseptic design. It has thin, gleaming, sturdy steel bars, floor-to-ceiling, sealing it off from an open space. Set in the general bars pattern, and made of similar bars itself, is a door with a lock space. The other side of the open space has an ordinary door leading to a corridor. Outside, the two Killers who have survived, patrol, walking together, passing the door every so often, looking in on the prisoners. We establish this and concentrate for a while on Solo, Illya and Sandy in the cell itself. Solo and Illya seem surprisingly inert. Sandy is pacing up and down furiously, disgusted with them.

SANDY

I thought you people always had marvelous gimmicks sewn into the pattern of your neckties.

SOLO

Not this trip.

SANDY (to Illya)

No knock-out gas in your buttons?

ILLYA

Not this shirt.

SANDY

And you can't even get on those transistor ballpoint pens of yours and holler 'Help!'

SOLO

Right. Confiscated when we were searched.

ILLYA (shrug)

Graceful surrender seems to be the most dignified course open to us.

SANDY

Imagine giving up like that!

She addresses this remark to the two stony-faced Killers (in the absence of anyone else to talk to) as they pass the door. They continue, stony-faced, out of sight.

ILLYA (for Solo)
It takes a greater effort of
imagination to think of us
getting out of here.

419
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Infinitely.

SANDY (fuming)
Oh you defeatists!

ILLYA (to Solo)
What does the impetuous child
expect us to do?

SOLO (shrug)
Escape. With characteristic
ingenuity, bravado, dash, flair
and so on and so forth.

ILLYA
Oh-ah-yes. I'm supposed to say to
you - very elliptically - something
like - ah - "The Pawn A to the King's
mate ploy" - and you instantly under-
stand - and we go into some daring
escape routine.

SOLO
Wouldn't that be nice?

We gather, by their sly looks at each other, that
they have already begun just such a ploy. But
their tones (for Killers' benefit) are infuriatingly
flip to Sandy. She reacts appropriately. They all
look up to a top corner of the cell as they hear
a panel-sliding SOUND. They react. They see a
panel sliding aside to reveal a TV camera lens
roving the cell below. A microphone is in the
corner of the panel area.

SANDY
Oh look. We're on TV.

SOLO
Let's wave.

SANDY
They're spying on us!

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

420-424

CLOSE ON A TV MONITOR SCREEN. We see Solo and Illya
waving straight at CAMERA while Sandy resolutely
turns her back in b.g. We PULL BACK, see that
Randolph has just switched on the closed-circuit
system. He's seated at a Central Control Table,

near the gold-test pipe and the pressure dial. He speaks into the microphone.

420-424
CONT'D
(2)

RANDOLPH

Only checking to see if you're comfortable, my dear.

INTERCUT WITH SOLO, ILLYA AND SANDY IN CELL
(CAPTIVITY AREA)

SOLO

It's a bit austere.

ILLYA

- and a shade too antiseptic --

RANDOLPH

No serious complaints then?

SOLO

Except that nobody's showed us the menu - and we are getting hungry.

SANDY

Food! At a time like this!

She addresses this remark to the Killers, who have entered fully in response to hearing Randolph's voice. They're standing back a little way from the cell bars, with their customary nothing expressions.

RANDOLPH

I'm sorry to seem inhospitable, but I doubt if there'll be time before --

ILLYA

Oh we wouldn't want anything elaborate.

SOLO

And the condemned are traditionally entitled to their last meal --

RANDOLPH

Touché.

He snaps his fingers. The Killers show alertness for his orders.

RANDOLPH (for Killers)

Get them anything they want.

In MAIN ROOM, Randolph turns away from monitor screen, leaving it switched on, to receive a report from somebody. In CAPTIVITY AREA, Killers take our notebooks and write Solo-Illya's food order. Solo and Illya talk rapidly. The Killers are not very good at writing: they go slow and with difficulty.

420-424
CONT'D
(2a)

SOLO

Bacon, eggs, coffee, white toast,
and grapefruit.

SANDY (furious)

How can you? I wouldn't give him
the satisfaction! I'd -- !

ILLYA

Tomato juice, kippers, French rolls,
tea with lemon. And the young lady
will have a salad.

SANDY

I'm not going to eat any ---!

ILLYA

Quiet!

420-424
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO (to Killers)

Just bring oil and vinegar. We'll
make the dressing.

The Killers, still writing laboriously, turn away. Solo and Ilyya look at each other. Significantly. And taking care to have their backs to the TV camera lens in the panel-space - to which we now SLOWLY ZOOM, past them and the bewildered, disappointed and angry Sandy. When we're on CLOSE SHOT the lens:

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

425

Randolph, thoroughly enjoying his fuhrer-role, is still at the center desk. The TV screen is still switched on. We see Solo, Ilyya and Sandy briefly in it, posed as at end of previous scene, then lose it in favor of a PAN past Randolph to the Green Pressure dial. The needle has progressed considerably, but is still some distance from the 10,000 mark.

We take in a GENERAL SHOT of the Room. All activity continues. Dials flash. Computers BUZZ. Everything possible that's scientific and impressive, is taking place, with great urgency and dedication.

We then go back past the busy Randolph (receiving messages, and listening on a phone, simultaneously) to the monitor screen. On it, we see a tall-hatted CHEF leaving the cell, one of the Killers shutting and locking the door while the other covers Solo, Ilyya and Sandy with a gun.

INT. CAPTIVITY AREA - DAY

426-430

Solo and Ilyya place the trays on the simple, bare, screwed-to-the-floor table. It is - we see in a special ANGLE - directly in view of the TV camera-lens.

The Killers leave the cell area for the corridor and resume their patrol back and forth, past the corridor door at regular intervals.

WE CONTINUALLY STRESS, in CUTS, that the CAMERA LENS AND MICROPHONE CONSTANTLY MONITOR THE SCENE IN THE CELL.

SOLO (lifting vinegar
bottle)
The child is surprisingly quiet.

426-430
CONT'D
(2)

SANDY
The child is absolutely disgusted.

SOLO (seriously)
Frightened. Of course she's frightened. Talk to her, Illya - then - maybe we can get her to eat something. Talk to her, huh? Quietly ---

Illya turns to Sandy, makes it a TWO SHOT. In b.g., we see the omnipresent TV camera lens - and Solo moving plates and cutlery about, making NOISE to cover:

ILLYA (VERY QUIETLY)
Sandy: we're getting out of here.
No questions. Do as you're told.
Don't even nod.

We go BACK TO SCENE as he steps back from her, beckoning invitingly.

ILLYA ('persuasive')
Come on, Sandy. Just watch how Napoleon makes the dressing. You'll feel like eating then, believe me.

He shepherds her across to the lens-side of the table.

431 OUT

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - CLOSE TV MONITOR SCREEN

432

Sandy moves into position - big in f.g. When she turns her back, she's fully occupying screen - and the effect is of the PICTURE HAVING BLACKED OUT.

We PICK UP SHOT of Randolph, as busy and in control as ever. Behind him, a Technician, operating levers or something, glances at the TV monitor. Randolph turns to leading scientist.

RANDOLPH (impatient)
How long does the pressure build-up take?

LEADING SCIENTIST
It won't be long now, sir. Final phase has just started.

TECHNICIAN
Sir.
(Randolph turns)
We've lost picture.

2-17-67

P.133

RANDOLPH (preoccupied)
Don't bother me. Check it out.

432
CONT'D
(2)

Randolph resumes his interest in (say) the Pressure dial. Technician starts fiddling with TV Monitor dials.

INT. CAPTIVITY AREA - DAY

433

Sandy positioned to black out TV lens. She now looks tense and involved. Solo finishes pouring all the vinegar on to her salad. We see it CLOSE. The lettuce is drenched in the stuff. Little pools of it form on the greenstuff and the plate itself.

Illya glances toward the corridor-door. We HEAR the Killers' patrolling footsteps. They pass the door. The second they're out of sight, Illya bends down to his shoes. We see what he does in CLOSE SHOT.

Illya's hands at his shoes. He SNAPS OFF all four lace-tags and conceals them in one hand. Illya stands up. Sandy's eyes flick toward corridor-door. Footsteps of Killers are fainter. She looks down at the salad. So does Solo. Illya quickly opens his hand over the vinegar-drenched salad. The four little lace-tags fall into a pool of vinegar.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

434

Technician failing to improve picture on TV monitor screen.

INT. CAPTIVITY AREA - DAY

435

Illya looking down at salad. We PAN to it. The four little lace-tags begin to FIZZ, activated by the acid of the vinegar.

Reactions: Solo, Sandy, Illya. Solo turns slightly, checks on corridor-door. The Killers pass it, looking in briefly, automatically. When they've gone, Illya picks up the four FIZZING LACE-TAGS, puts them in the palm of one hand. He crosses to the door of the cell. Sandy turns and walks a pace or two - scrupulously maintaining the coverage of the camera-lens.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

436

Technician very puzzled. He can't get a picture on the screen. It remains DARK.

INT. CAPTIVITY AREA - DAY

437

Illya at the bars of the cell-door. The hand holding the tags goes down to the lock. He waits a beat. Because: The Killers patrol by the corridor-door. When they've gone:

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA-S HAND

438

He opens his palm and shoves the FIZZING lace-tags inside the lock. Illya retreats, fast, to back of cell. Solo grabs Sandy and falls to the floor with her. There's practically no time at all before - EXPLOSION.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

439

Technician still sees 'darkness' on screen - but now it's 'smoky' - for the good reason that explosion has caused much smoke.

INT. CAPTIVITY AREA - DAY

440

Killers rush in from corridor to smoke-filled cell-area. They have guns in their hands. Suddenly, from the cloud of smoke, the entire torn-off steel-barred cell door, wielded by Solo and Illya, comes crashing down on them, kayoing and flattening them. Solo and Illya relieve them of their guns. Sandy comes coughing out of the smoke-cloud. They grab her hands and run out into the corridor. We ESTABLISH that the SMOKE-CLOUD does NOT disperse. It's THICK. It hangs around.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY - FROM INTERSECTION

441

The boys and Sandy race from the cell up to the intersection. CAMERA PANS them as they make a right turn and head for the next intersection which is blind.

BLIND INTERSECTION

442

Solo in the lead, motions Sandy and Illya back as he presses against the wall and peeks out carefully. During this:

SANDY

Now I know! You must have had an acid capsule - but they took it away.

ILLYA (nodding)

Thought it was an aspirin.

Solo turns, shushing them, beckons Sandy forward. She peeks out carefully too.

ELEVATOR CORRIDOR - THEIR POV

443

Two GUARDS come out of elevator. CAMERA MOVES in for MED CLOSE SHOT Guards. They stop, look BEYOND CAMERA with suspicious surprise. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Sandy strolling up to them.

SANDY (charming
smile, calm)

Excuse me, I've just escaped. Could you tell me the best way out of here?

As they grab for her, she turns and runs back toward the corner. CAMERA PANS them as the Guards race after her. Just as they get to the corner, Solo and Illya jump them. The surprise attack is swift and decisive. The boys start zipping off the Guards' uniforms. Sandy hurries across to the elevator.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

444

Technician nerves himself to bother Randolph again.

TECHNICIAN

Sir: there was a noise on the set and we lost the picture.

RANDOLPH (very
preoccupied)

I've no time for such trivial ---
(briefest glance at smoke-
clouded screen)

Deal with it yourself!

Randolph continues watching Pressure dial.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

445

Sandy, at elevator, studies a wall-directory of the entire installation. A big black arrow on it points to the present location. Over it: YOU ARE HERE. Sandy rubs her chin.

SANDY

Sure - but where's that big gold-making room he showed us?

Solo and Illya, in Guards' uniforms, hurry to her, hit elevator-button. They briefly study wall-directory.

ILLYA (indicating)

It has to be there. "RESTRICTED AREA."

Solo indicates a substation on the directory which is connected to the restricted area. The substation is colored GREEN. Elevator-doors open. They go in. Elevator doors close. Floor-indicator shows elevator rising.

INT. CONTROL ROOM OFF MAIN ROOM - DAY

446

CLOSE on the pressure dial. Randolph is very near it now, watching it with tense confidence and excitement as it builds steadily toward 10,000. He talks to Leading Scientist.

RANDOLPH

To make absolutely sure: the pressure's limited to 10,000 lbs per square inch?

LEADING SCIENTIST

Yes sir. By the Pressure Sub-Station. They're in constant touch with us.

RANDOLPH
Nothing must go wrong. The danger
to the whole plant---

446
CONT'D
(2)

SCIENTIST
Sir, if anything goes wrong -
everything goes wrong. But don't
worry: it's been triple-checked:
it's impossible for the pressure to
build beyond 10,000.

TECHNICIAN
Sir: they've escaped from the cell.

RANDOLPH (briefly angry)
I'm through fooling with that trio.
Alert all stations. Shoot them on
sight.

And that's that as far as he's concerned. He turns
back to watch that pressure dial ---

INT. SUBSTATION CORRIDOR - DAY

447

Sandy, now dressed in the severe white coat of a
Lab Assistant, emerges through side swing-doors
pushing a large deep bin-trolley. She confidently
pushes it past two patrolling Guards armed with
submachine guns. Suddenly:

VOICE (on wall loud-
speaker)
Maximum alert! Maximum alert!
Three prisoners have escaped:
two men, one girl. Shoot on sight!

Over this, the Guards wheel back to look at Sandy
who is now facing them directly, having whirled the
bin around when she heard the announcement. She
lets go of the bin and its momentum carries it at
high speed toward the Guards. She stands there,
rooted, as the Guards move at her, side-stepping
the bin. Just as they're about to pass, Solo and
Illya suddenly pop up from the bin, grab Guards
around their necks and drag them along with the
still-travelling bin. The bin smashes into the
far wall. Continuing the movement, Solo and Illya
smash the Guards' trapped heads against the wall too.
They slump unconscious. Solo and Illya hop out of
the bin, run back to Sandy who has hurried along and
is now at the substation door. This door is
characteristically inhospitable. Beneath its main

identification: SUBSTATION #5 - PRESSURE CONTROL
 OUTPUT, there's a painted skull-and-crossbones,
 the word 'DANGER', plus a 'KEEP OUT' warning.

447
 CONT'D
 (2)

ILLYA

We're getting warm.

INT. SUBSTATION - DAY

448

Two ENGINEERS are on duty, checking dials and gauges. The door bursts open and Solo strides in with Sandy. She now has a notebook taken from the pocket of her coat, and is checking it with every appearance of worried expertise. Solo plays it very fast and confident, swamping and bewildering the Engineers from the start.

SOLO

What are you men playing at?
 The pressure ---

1ST ENGINEER

It's progressing normally ---

SOLO (cutting in)

Not according to her. And she's
 from Central Control ---

2ND ENGINEER (never

heard of it)

Central Control --- ?

SOLO (cutting in)

And why don't you answer your
 phone?

1ST ENGINEER (cutting in)

We ---

2ND ENGINEER (cutting in)

What're you talking about?

1ST ENGINEER

Who are you?

SOLO (to Sandy)

Show 'em.

Sandy shows them notebook. They look at it. Solo chops one of them in back of the neck. As we PULL BACK, we see Illya, who's entered in the interim confusion, do likewise to the other. Both Engineers fall unconscious to the floor. Sandy goes to the door. It is slightly ajar. She keeps watch tensely on the corridor outside while Solo and Illya start pulling out drawers, looking at drawingboard, opening closets etc., - whatever's necessary to discover the blueprint. INTERCUT this swift search in here with:

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

449

Activity continuing, pace increasing. Scientists at their various desks, panels and pieces of equipment. Randolph with Leading Scientist, watching Pressure dial. It's much closer to 10,000 now. Once we've seen the Green Pressure Dial:

INT. SUBSTATION - DAY

450

Solo and Illya find the blueprint, spread it urgently on drawing-board. They're rapid and expert in their search. They talk fast too as they communicate the necessary facts.

SOLO (indicating
on blueprint)
That's it. The pressure system
safety valve. It'll blow and stop
the whole process if pressure
builds even one pound beyond
10,000 lbs.

SANDY (from door)
Just like a pressure cooker?

ILLYA
Right. Only we want the whole
kitchen to blow.

SOLO (points to
blueprint)
There it is --

ILLYA
How do we reach it?

SOLO
Follow the green pipes. Let's go.

Solo and Illya join Sandy at the door. She nods. They all go out.

INT. SUBSTATION CORRIDOR - DAY

451

Solo, Illya and Sandy hurry along, following a GREEN PIPE which skirts the base of the wall. They hear SHOUTS and RUNNING FOOTSTEPS o.s. They duck into concealment. A party of GUARDS hurries

by, armed to the teeth. From concealment, they judge the distance of the Guards' footsteps o.s. When this SOUND is faint, Solo, Illya and Sandy emerge from concealment. But too soon. We PAN QUICKLY to the end of the corridor. The last Guard in line, turns, sees them, waits for no orders, fires a burst along corridor. Solo, Illya and Sandy drop on floor and slide along. We see, at this floor-level, that THE GREEN PIPE goes into an alcove. They scramble half up and dart into:

451
CONT'D
(2)

INT. ALCOVE - DAY

452

Two Guards, fronting a steel door, rush them from within Alcove. Solo and Illya deal with them speedily, while Sandy opens the steel door. She hurries through. Solo fires back along corridor from Alcove, then dashes through the steel-door space with Illya. All three find themselves in:

INT. MAIN ROOM - CATWALK BALCONY - DAY

453

Solo, Illya and Sandy look down briefly on:

THE GENERAL SCENE

454-474

We ZOOM INTO CLOSE SHOT, Randolph looking up at them from his center table. He makes an imperious commanding gesture.

Guards step in from either side and fire up at the catwalk.

Solo, Illya and Sandy duck: bullets clang echoingly among the steel of the catwalks. Solo and Illya fire back.

Randolph looks from the developing battle to the gauge. The needle is almost at 10,000.

From the Alcove: Guards from corridor pursue.

Solo grabs Sandy, shoves her behind him, ducks down behind some minimal concealment and fires at the pursuing Guards.

Guards from Main Room fire up into catwalk, spraying the area with WHISTLING bullets.

Illya ducks away along another section of catwalk, following a smaller green pipe at his feet.

Solo and Sandy are hemmed down by crossfire from both sets of Guards. Solo returns fire consistently.

Illya fires down also as he runs along, following the pipe.

Suddenly, two Guards from above leap down on him. He lashes out and helps both of them on their way - past him, over the edge of the catwalk rail and down to fall and lie still below.

Firing continues up above on and around catwalk as we take a quick close view of the Green Dial. The needle reaches 10,000.

Randolph reacts. Full triumph. Immediately, the full-up noises of gold-production machinery are added to the gun-battle.

Illya reaches the Safety-Valve (which is APPROPRIATELY LABELLED) at the end of the green pipe.

Illya strains to turn it.

Illya is fired at. He ducks.

Solo continues to give covering fire - shooting this way then that - defending himself and Sandy and giving Illya cover.

454-474
CONT'D
(2)

The Dial needle quivers near 10,000.

Illya: Straining, he finally succeeds in turning the wheel. When it gives, it gives fast and he almost falls over with his own momentum. He finally locks it open, sags back, exhausted.

CLOSE - DIAL

475

Needle jumps to 12,000 and continues to creep up.

RANDOLPH (to Leading Scientist)
What's wrong? You told me we must not exceed 10,000!

LEADING SCIENTIST (ashen)
I don't understand it --- there should be an automatic cut-off at 10,000.

VOICE (v.o.)
GOLD!

ANGLE ON DELIVERY PIPE

476

A stream of gold-dust spurts into the container. Scientists and Technicians nearby go mad with joy, jumping about like excited children.

Randolph runs in, puts his hand in the Niagara of gold. He looks up with an exultant expression at the trapped two on catwalk. He screams absolute, mad triumph.

RANDOLPH
You see???

ANGLE - TO SOLO AND SANDY

476X1

SOLO
DUCK!

Solo does so, dragging Sandy down with him, sheltering her.

DIAL

477

The needle slams to red maximum - and keeps on going. DIAL EXPLODES - the first of SEVERAL SHATTERING EXPLOSIONS.

RANDOLPH

477X1

Massive EXPLOSION behind him, as, arms outstretched, he falls.

A SERIES OF AWESOME, DESTRUCTIVE EXPLOSIONS, FIREBLASTS, ETC.

477X2
THRU
477X5

ZIP TO:

TAG

EXT. LONDON CHURCH - AT CURB - DAY

478

WEDDING BELLS OVER:

A London cab draws to a skidding stop as Illya, Sandy, Solo, Reikki and Waverly pile out:

SANDY (excited)
Wouldn't you know? We were in time
to save the world--but we're late
for Imogen's wedding!

O.S., we HEAR excited cries of a crowd. As they
all turn:

REIKKO
Oh, Sandy, quick! They're
coming out!

She grabs Sandy's hand and they rush toward church
as the men follow at a more leisurely pace, smiling
tolerantly.

ANGLE - CLOSE - AT CHURCH EXIT DOORS

478X1

CAMERA LEADS Bride Imogen and Bridegroom Constable,
not in uniform, out of church. As they walk, CAMERA
LEADS to REVEAL they are now walking out under an
arch of truncheons held up by uniformed constables.

Behind them are some pretty little bridesmaids and
the principal guests: The Count Valeriano and
Contessa Margo de Fanzini...and Yvonne and Carl,
both now sporting wedding rings.

THREE SHOT - WAVERLY, SOLO AND ILLYA

479

SOLO (quietly)
A little bird whispers, sir, that
you are paying for the reception -
and the bride's trousseau ---

ILLYA (to Solo)
And why not, Napoleon? If there's
no father of the bride available ---

SOLO AND ILLYA
--- the next best thing's an Uncle ---

479
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY (drily)
Quite, gentlemen. Quite.

He looks at his bag of confetti. Very little left.
He sighs regretfully, pours what there is into his
hand, throws it. FREEZE.

FADE OUT

END ACT FOUR

END PART II