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PERRY MASSEY

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

THE JINGLE BELLS AFFAIR

Prod. #8443

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A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
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The Man From  
U.N.C.L.E.

The Jingle Bells Affair

Prod. #8443

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. UNITED NATIONS PLAZA - DAY (STOCK SHOTS)

1:

Establishing material to accommodate the arrival of some noted dignitary; the fattening CROWD and too much NOISE: PICKETS in profusion and confusion; a variety of conflicting emotions in bloom.

CLOSER - GEORGI KOZ

2

the plump, self-assured and (for the moment) peacefully disposed Chief of State of a pivotal "People's Republic", steps smiling from his limousine. He is accompanied by his Security Chief, MAXIM RADISH, a humorless and unyielding man, who is inclined at the least provocation to fill the air with fuming dialectic. Their arrival, their separate REACTIONS and differing attitudes are INTERCUT with

PICKETING GROUPS

3

on parade. SIGNS and shouted SLOGANS establish clearly that some love Chairman Georgi Koz and quite as many do not. A few of the SIGNS display, for instance, such sentiments as: Georgi We Love You; Monster, Go Home; Long Live the People's Republic and Georgi Koz is a Fink.

CHAIRMAN KOZ AND PARTY

4

proceed across the Plaza.

## FAIRLY CLOSE - A FACE IN THE CROWD

5

It belongs to a lean and agile man named FERENC PIFNIC, who is wearing the turban and the temporarily darkened complexion of an Indian delegate. Mr. Pifnic, in this disguise, does not resemble his Slavic self. He appears harmlessly non-partisan until:

## CHAIRMAN KOZ

6

steps momentarily apart from his entourage to pat the pretty head of a PRETTY CHILD. Now

## FERENC PIFNIC

7

with one smooth motion removes his turban and launches the HOMEMADE BOMB which it (the turban) has all along contained.

## WIDER ANGLE - THE BOMB

8

in flight. It's a bad situation redeemed by ILLYA who, while others scramble for safety, swats the descending bomb with a folded copy of the New York Times. It's a sort of pop-up-to-the-infield deflection of the bomb, CAMERA PANNING with it to where

## SOLO

9

in full stride, catches the bomb with big-league finesse and sprints with it an appreciable distance before flipping it a dozen yards or so into a

## REFUSE CAN

10

which EXPLODES as it swallows the bomb. This is all very loud and very smoky, the CONCUSSION knocking

SOLO

11

off his feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

12

Maxim Radish raging and shrieking in protest while Chairman Koz remains relatively composed. As one who has weathered many an ideological storm, he raises a clenched and defiant fist to the crowd and shouts, above the high commotion:

KOZ

Long live the peace-loving peoples  
of the world!

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

13

Mr. Waverly, pacing the office slowly, is expressing his well-considered feelings to Illya and Solo, who are seated. And if feeling just the least abused, they are also respectfully attentive.

WAVERLY

I can't say I was overjoyed with your performances at the United Nations today. I'll not deny there was entertainment value in watching you bat a live bomb back and forth like a badminton bird. I'm sure it provided suspense for the large television audience.

(he sighs ruefully,  
continues pacing)

Seriously, gentlemen - would it not have been more prudent to have apprehended that fellow before he threw the bomb?

(no reply to this)

Well?

ILLYA

We never saw him, sir. Under the circumstances, we tried to do the best we could.

WAVERLY

Mmmmmmm. . . . I see. . . . I do believe, however, that I was careful to spell out for you both the actual and potential place of Chairman Koz in world affairs?

SOLO AND ILLYA (together)

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

Suppose then, for the sake of accurate inventory, that we review the essential things.

(as each of them reaches  
for an inner pocket)

Without consulting our notes, if you don't mind. Mr. Kuryakin?

13  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

Well, yes, sir.

(then, recitatively)

Chairman Georgi Koz will be seventy years old on - well, tomorrow, as a matter of fact. As Chief of State, he bears all the credentials and honors that his country can bestow. A partisan leader through the difficult years of World War II, he was in his younger years acclaimed "The Bear of the Balkans." Since the conclusion of hostilities in 1945 --

WAVERLY (interrupting)

Thank you. Would you care to continue, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Yes, of course. Considering Chairman Koz's inflexible position -- both political and ideological, in those early years, there is every indication the man has mellowed since then and perhaps even had a legitimate change of heart. Many of his recent acts support the thesis that he is attempting a genuine rapprochement with the West.

WAVERLY

Very good, Mr. Solo. Now - it is no secret that Chairman Koz's liberal views are not shared by every highly-placed figure in his government. It is vital to the peace of the world that he survive this visit to America. And equally important, I might add, that no "avoidable incident" be permitted to alter his present point of view.

(pause)

Oh, yes - and one thing more. Chairman Koz is extremely grateful for your assistance today. He hopes to thank you personally at the Embassy.

ILLYA

Really, sir?

WAVERLY

Really, Mr. Kuryakin. Tomorrow morning, at ten.

Illya and Solo look one to the other, shrug jointly.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. EMBASSY - RECEPTION PARLOR - DAY

14

A nice little proletarian cubicle of Byzantine splendor. Half a dozen faceless, non-speaking MEN (Georgi Koz's usual retinue) stand at starched attention while Chairman Koz pins a beribboned medal on Solo, then on Illya. This is observed by Security Chief Maxim Radish in silence and granite gloom.

KOZ (cheerily to Solo)  
To you, my friend, in gratitude and  
in the name of the People's Republic,  
I present the Petrov Schmerk Co-  
existence Award.

He secures the medal to Solo's lapel, then bestows  
a rich and noisy kiss on each of Solo's cheeks.

SOLO  
Thank you, sir.

Chairman Koz moves on to Illya.

KOZ  
And to you, my friend, in gratitude,  
and in the name of the People's  
Republic, I present the Lena Schmerk  
Coexistence Award.

The medal bestowed, he kisses Illya with equal thoroughness.

ILLYA  
Thank you, sir.

Illya and Solo bow properly in return, to Chairman Koz, then to the others. Each considers the bright new medal pinned to his lapel.

SOLO (admiringly)  
The Petrov Schmerk Coexistence --

ILLYA  
The Lena Schmerk Coexistence --?

KOZ  
I should perhaps explain that  
Petrov Schmerk and Lena Schmerk,  
of the Workers' League, died last  
year at the respective ages of  
105 and 103. They had been mar-  
ried 87 years - a record for  
coexistence.

SOLO  
How charming.

14  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA  
We are grateful, Mr. Chairman.

A few more bows and they are ushered out; Radish, still glowering, stares after them. Scornfully, then, as though unable to restrain the sentiment:

RADISH (loudly)  
Pfffffftt!

Chairman Koz turns to him.

KOZ  
Yes, Maxim?  
(a pause)  
What's with "pfffffftt?"

Radish chooses to sulk silently.

KOZ  
Old comrades shouldn't have secrets from one another, Max. You don't approve of these young men?

RADISH  
I do not approve of smiling serpents from the camp of the enemy, young or old, Mr. Chairman. And as Prefect of Security, I feel it is my duty to warn you --

KOZ (raising a hand)  
Would you mind, Max? Like a nice fellow you could shut up a minute? Thank you.  
(patiently, with gestures)  
How can you learn about a people and its culture, Max, if every time you see a non-Party member, you jump like you've just seen a snake?

RADISH  
There's a difference?

KOZ  
Max --

RADISH  
They didn't try to kill you yesterday?



KOZ

Well, yes. There was an incident, let's say. But who was it that protected me? You, Max? My Security Prefect? Or was it those nice young men I just gave the Petrov and the Lena?

14  
CONT'D  
(3)

Radish chews his lips in anguish. He is silent.

KOZ

So I didn't come to this country for foolish arguments with foolish people. I came to learn about agriculture, education and, especially, consumer goods.

RADISH

From a corrupt society?

KOZ

Even from a corrupt society. How, for example, it is possible for a worker, with only half a week's wages, to buy a new suit with two pairs of pants.

RADISH (vehemently)

It's a lie!

KOZ

That's what I told them.

RADISH

So?

KOZ

So to demonstrate that we are not afraid of their propaganda, and have open minds - we go today to that great citadel of bourgeois expectations and the profit system - the largest and best-known store in America -- R. H. Macy's.

RADISH (a shriek)

Macy's?!

(eyes popping)

You would do that, Georgi? You would go to - MACY'S?

KOZ (softly)  
 Macy's, Max.  
 (then, with a smug  
 smile)  
 With Mr. Macy himself to conduct  
 the tour.

14  
 CONT'D  
 (4)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. 34TH STREET - R.H. MACY'S - DAY (STOCK)

15

The holiday lights and decorations are up. The traffic is a sin, the people contending tides. A SALVATION ARMY BAND is playing. It is all quite tonic and atmospheric, but (since it is still a few days short of Thanksgiving) there is no evidence of snow.

CLOSER - A SALVATION ARMY LASSIE

16

with an engaging smile and a standard tambourine. This is PRISCILLA WORTH. She is ruddy-cheeked, wholesome, almost too lovely to believe. PASSERSBY drop coins into the tambourine: quarters, nickles, dimes. When Priscilla smiles for each of them, it is more than fair reward.

PRISCILLA

Thank you. . . . Thank you  
 so much. . . Thank you.

CAMERA MOVES with Priscilla as she hastens to the assistance of an OLD LADY who has just dropped a package. This done, and the old lady smiling her thanks, we see Priscilla stumble and nearly fall. What has happened is that Priscilla, in her haste to be helpful, has managed to restore the woman's package, but at the same time has lost the heel of her own shoe. She is able somehow to retrieve it and stands there for the moment non-plussed, the heel in one hand, her tambourine in the other.

INT. MACY'S - APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT - DAY

17

Chairman Koz and entourage, escorted by MR. MACY, an elderly yet spry and completely charming fellow, come to a halt. Mr. Macy excepted, all mouths are agape, all eyes are wide. Their heads swivel back and forth in wonder and bewilderment, like the alternate sweeps of an electric fan. CAMERA now PANS the incredible and apparently endless array

of HOUSEHOLD GOODS on display: refrigerators,  
stoves, washing machines, radios, television sets,  
dishwashers. Acres and acres. Chairman Koz turns  
 to Mr. Macy.

17  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

KOZ

This is of course a warehouse  
 maintained by the government. Is  
 that right, Mr. Macy?

MACY

Why, no, sir. We have our own  
 warehouses. What you see here,  
 Mr. Chairman, is simply part of  
 our regular stock.

RADISH (automatically)

It's a lie!

MACY (to Radish)

I beg your pardon?

RADISH

It's a plot set up for propa-  
 ganda purposes alone. It has  
nothing to do with the working  
classes!

(to Koz)

What they have done to deceive us,  
 Georgi, is empty the houses of  
 the rich.

MACY (wounded)

That's hardly true, Mr. Radish.  
 Indeed, nearly all the items we  
 sell are within reach of the  
 average family....

(unable to resist)

...the -- ah -- working class..

RADISH (louder)

What do THEY care about the work-  
 ing classes?

MACY (softly but  
 firmly)

We care a great deal about all  
 our customers, Mr. Radish.. And  
 apparently the feeling is recipro-  
 cated. You need only take a sampling  
 of housewives....

KOZ

Maxim, if you would please shut  
 up.

(to Macy)

What he means, Mr. Macy, is that  
 in every country it is policy to  
 put the best foot forward. You know?

MACY

Well, thank you. But that isn't quite the case here, Mr. Chairman. Actually --

17  
CONT'D  
(3)

KOZ (big-hearted)

Forget it, friend. Who minds a little propaganda?

Koz, Mr. Macy and entourage move on. In b.g. now we are able to see ILLYA in the role of salesman. For the moment, half-concealed in a jungle of television sets, he is speaking softly into his communicator.

CLOSER - ILLYA

18-20

into communicator.

ILLYA

Chairman Koz and party are currently enroute from "home appliances" to "women's coats and suits."

INTERCUT WITH

WAVERLY'S OFFICE - WAVERLY

on communicator.

WAVERLY

Why "women's coats and suits?"

ILLYA

That I don't know, sir. It might help if we could ask Madame Koz.

ANGLE ON ESCALATOR - DAY

21

Among those in silent ascent, FERENC PIFNIC - the same man we saw hurl the homemade bomb in the United Nations Plaza. We should recognize him when CAMERA GOES CLOSE, even though he is not wearing a turban, and his complexion, on this occasion, is comparatively pale. From this vantage point he gazes down on:

CHAIRMAN KOZ

22

and party, escorted by Mr. Macy. They continue on. They pass a LEATHER GOODS display, with a handsome supply of MEN'S WALLETS (or anything else) and a SIGN reading: SPECIAL TODAY.

INT. WOMEN'S SHOE DEPARTMENT - SOLO

23

is wearing his best blue suit and has a bright boutonniere attached to his lapel. He is attending to minor tasks in the shoe department when, the ANGLE WIDENING, Miss Priscilla Worth, the Salvation Army Lass, approaches. She still holds the stubby, detached heel of her shoe in one hand, her tambourine in the other.

SOLO (struck with  
her beauty)  
I'm sure I can help you.

PRISCILLA  
Thank you. However, I wasn't  
looking for a new pair of shoes.  
I was simply hoping to -  
(holds up heel)  
- have this repaired.

Solo looks disappointed.

SOLO  
I see. That would be downstairs,  
Miss. Would you - care to rest a  
while?

PRISCILLA (pleasantly)  
I'm fine, thank you.

She starts off.

SOLO  
A cup of coffee? I mean - we  
could send for some?

PRISCILLA  
Excuse me?

SOLO  
Frankly, it's one of those things,  
Miss.  
(sincerely)  
I'd just like to look at you.

PRISCILLA (coolly)  
 How very nice. In that case I'll  
 send you a picture.

23  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

She walks off with some difficulty, heel in hand.

INT. MACY BOARDROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

24

The room is massive and impressive. There is a conference table of high style and polish and about the length of a yacht. Two or three VICE-PRESIDENTS and/or BUYERS consider the garments worn by various MODELS - a sable coat, a cotton dress, a ski suit, apron, wedding gown, or whatever. Another V.P. tinkers with some interesting toy. Temporary easels and pedestals support the goodies on display. There is a large MAP or CHART depicting the details of the great THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE, along with many vivid and colorful PHOTOGRAPHS of Macy Parades now wrapped in history. This is about the way things are when Chairman Koz and group are escorted into the room by Mr. Macy.

MACY

This is what you might call our planning room and center of operations, Mr. Chairman. This is especially true now, less than a week from Thanksgiving, and with Christmas dead ahead.

RADISH

That gives you how much time to exploit the working class?

MACY

Sir?

KOZ

Mind your manners, Maxim. He means, Mr. Macy, as the saying goes ---

(a small smile)

-- you are not in business for your health?

Mr. Macy withholds any impolitic remark he may be tempted to make at this time.

MACY

Suppose we step this way, gentlemen.

He leads them to the CHARTS and PHOTOS devoted to the Thanksgiving Day Parade.

MACY

Here now. I don't know how familiar you may be with our Annual Thanksgiving Day Parade, but --

24  
CONT'D  
(2)

KOZ

A parade?

(brightly, proudly)

We've got parades in my country, Mr. Macy, you can't see from one end to the other without you've got your own mountain top or a ride in a balloon.

(to Radish)

I'm right?

RADISH

You - are - right!

Koz turns to the others.

KOZ

I am right?

They nod in unison.

MACY

I'm sure that's true, Mr. Chairman. I suppose I'm pleased with our parade because, while it's rather uniquely our own, it still belongs to all the people of New York. Indeed, through the medium of television, I daresay, to all the people of America.

RADISH (automatically)

A lie! Nothing belongs to the people!

Mr. Macy ignores the interruption; again, and patiently, he points to the chart.

MACY

I'm sure you can detect from these pictures the elaborate care that has gone into the creation of our floats and specialties. For instance, these huge, inflated animals, and comic figures, that float above the crowds. And here --

RADISH (a worried look)

This parade of yours? It is bigger than May Day?

MACY (nods)  
Oh, yes. Much larger, really.  
And certainly more fun.

24  
CONT'D  
(3)

RADISH (to Koz)  
We have to be insulted?

KOZ  
Maxim, you insult so easily.  
(to Macy)  
Mr. Macy, if you don't mind --  
parades I know about, but over  
there --  
(he points)

MACY  
Excuse me?

KOZ (still pointing)  
There, with the white beard, and the  
red suit, and the big red nose.

They all turn, gazing off.

POV - SANTA CLAUS

25

A big-league, Macy-type, strictly high-class Santa  
Claus. There is a pack on his back, a smile on his  
lips. The Macy V-P's, for whom he is modelling, nod  
their approval.

KOZ'S VOICE  
Could it really be?

MACY'S VOICE  
In this season of the year? Who  
else?

BACK TO SCENE

26

Chairman Koz is slowly and gravely wagging his head.

MACY  
There is something wrong?

KOZ  
You're not ashamed, Mr. Macy? It  
isn't enough in this country to  
exploit the poor? You have to have  
also the organized seduction of  
children?



MACY (angrily)  
I - beg - your - pardon!

26  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

KOZ  
 I'm speaking of this Santa Claus  
 myth, of course. Another "opiate  
 for the masses?"  
 (rhythmically then)  
 Jingle bells and Pie-In-The-Sky?  
 Keep wearing your chains and the  
 clouds will roll by?

Maxim Radish and the balance of retinue applaud.  
 Mr. Macy is certainly not amused.

MACY  
 I'd like to call your attention  
 to another of our hallowed institu-  
 tions, Mr. Chairman. One that you  
 might wisely observe to your profit --

KOZ  
 There you go again with the "profit  
 system"!

Mr. Macy sighs. Chairman Koz now points to Santa  
 Claus, CAMERA INTERCUTTING to oblige.

KOZ  
 Where do you get such people?

MACY  
 We have our sources of supply, for  
 which I hardly feel obliged to  
 apologize. There are also, I  
 understand, "Santa Claus Schools"  
 organized for this purpose.

KOZ (loudly)  
Schools!

MACY  
 Schools, sir. Naturally. To meet  
 the needs of the Holiday.

KOZ  
 That I must see some time. If only  
 for a study in bourgeois superstition  
 and witchcraft, it is something I  
 must see.

(with great  
 patience)  
 I am sure it can be arranged, Mr.  
 Chairman. Now --

ANGLE ON DOOR

27

It has opened. A cake half the size of a concert piano and ablaze with its burden of candles, is being wheeled into the boardroom by a lean man wearing a tall chef's cap and a smiling, if sneaky, expression. We see that it is Ferenc Pifnic. While behind him, calmly observing the scene, and following at Mr. Pifnic's pace, is Solo. Mr. Macy and the members of his staff are genuinely surprised.

WIDER ANGLE

28

RADISH, PIFNIC AND KOZ'S STAFF  
(together)

Happy Birthday to you;  
Happy Birthday to you;  
Happy Birthday, dear Georgi,  
Happy Birthday to you.

During this hearty CHORUS, Ferenc Pifnic wheels the cake into the highly-pleased presence of Chairman Koz.

MACY

We -- didn't know, Mr. Chairman.  
Permit us to extend our greetings.

RADISH AND RETINUE

29

singing another CHORUS. When they're finished:

KOZ (above the ad-  
libbed congratulations)  
Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.  
I am old enough to cheat a little.  
(laughter as he turns  
to Solo)  
You work for Macy?

SOLO

Uh -- temporarily, sir.

At this point, one of his coterie presents Chairman Koz with a swordlike knife for the cutting of the cake. Solo now notes Maxim Radish's twitchy smile and the manner in which the man in the chef's hat (Ferenc Pifnic) backs slowly away as Chairman Koz steps forward to cut the cake.

SOLO

Hold it!29  
CONT'D  
(2)

Grown men jump and Chairman Koz turns to Solo, the long knife poised.

KOZ

Is something?

Now Ferenc Pifnic, already some twenty feet distant, draws another, smaller knife from within his white coat (or from under his apron) and hurls it, stiletto-style, into the --

CAKE

30

which erupts - PHOOM! PHOOF! -- like a great sugar and custard volcano. We gain only a glimpse of --

FERENC PIFNIC

31

in fleet departure.

SOLO

32

in pursuit of Pifnic, shouting:

SOLO

Stop that man!

Racing for the door, he is rudely tripped by an out-thrust, unidentified FOOT; he takes a graceless fall on his head.

ANGLE - GENERAL REACTION

33

Many of those present have dropped to the floor in panic; none is hurt by the explosion; all up front, however, have been splashed and spattered in the Mack Sennett manner with the moist and sticky ingredients of the cake. Maxim Radish, removing this matter from his eyes, his ears and his hair, turns to Georgi Koz.

RADISH (hissingly)  
Happy Birthday, Mr. Chairman.  
(a long pause)  
Now you want to visit their  
accursed Santa Claus School?

33  
CONT'D  
(2)

Chairman Koz continues to cleanse his own highly con-  
fectioned features. He turns with dignity.

KOZ  
Comrade Radish, I have stood on too  
many battlements, and faced too  
many guns, to be frightened by the  
firecrackers and cream puffs of my  
enemies.

FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. EMBASSY - RADISH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

34

Maxim Radish, his bitter thoughts his own, paces the room. When a PHONE RINGS, (one of many), he is immediately upon it, as though expecting the call.

RADISH (into phone)

You?

INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - FERENC PIFNIC

34-38

PIFNIC (into phone)

Yes, Comrade.  
(winces)

INTERCUT PHONE DIALOGUE.

RADISH (sibilantly)

You fish-head! You nothing! You  
and your happy birthday cake?  
Your lousy homemade bombs!

PIFNIC

You said not to kill, Comrade.  
Just frighten him.

RADISH

It didn't frighten! You under-  
stand? Georgi Koz, a giant of the  
revolution, still talking coexistence  
and listening to the sly seductions  
of the imperialists. The man is  
sick, sick, sick!

PIFNIC

Yes, sir. Sick, sick, sick!

RADISH

He must die, Pifnic! No pie-in-the-  
face or tapioca pudding explosions  
this time! Santa Claus Schools yet!  
Has the man no shame? Santa Claus -?

Then stops, his expression suggesting the dawn of a  
fresh idea. Abstractedly, as he ponders the thought,  
he hums a very small fragment of "Jingle Bells."

PIFNIC

You are there, Comrade?

RADISH

I am here. I may even have  
the solution, Pifnic. Are you  
listening?

35-38  
CONT'D  
(2)

PIFNIC

I am listening, Comrade.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

39

Waverly is discussing the afternoon's events with  
Solo and Illya.

WAVERLY

Now, this fellow in the chef's  
cap, or the baker's costume, Mr.  
Solo - had you ever seen him  
before?

SOLO

Not to my knowledge, sir.

WAVERLY

MMMMMMMM. Probably the identical  
rascal who tossed that showy but  
ineffective bomb in the United  
Nations Plaza. Obviously, from  
this sort of pop-gun performance,  
you'd have to conclude that his  
intentions were not lethal.

SOLO

Not yet, sir, but certainly  
subject to change.

WAVERLY

Of course. Of course.

(to Illya)

What's your version of today's  
episode, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA

I'm afraid I haven't much to  
contribute, sir. I was selling  
television sets most of the time.  
Just getting the knack of it, you  
might say, when there was all that  
fuss upstairs.

WAVERLY

Dampened the holiday spirit?

ILLYA  
A bit, sir.

39  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. EMBASSY - THE BIG, FANCY ROOM - NIGHT

40

Chairman Koz looks up from the ornate desk at which he is seated as, following a sedate RAP on the door, Maxim Radish enters.

KOZ  
Yes, Maxim?

Radish smiles. He makes a sort of futile gesture with his hands. This is not the rigid and forbidding presence we have witnessed up till now.

RADISH  
Georgi, you know something?  
I've been thinking.

KOZ  
Never too late, Max. Thinking  
what, for instance?

RADISH  
Many things, really. How you  
live and learn. Even though it  
takes a lifetime.

KOZ (interested)  
Yes?

RADISH  
I never had your talent for  
understanding history and people  
and the cultures to which they  
belong, Georgi. I get the feeling  
that this is somehow the true  
cornerstone of your leadership?

KOZ (modestly)  
That is no doubt true, Maxim.  
Life is a book that must be opened.  
You have to use your eyes and ears  
and the common sense with which  
you were born - however little.

Radish endures this without protest. He nods obligingly.

RADISH

It is a pity I must learn these things so late in life.

(then, an afterthought)

Er - when are you going to visit that Santa Claus School, Georgi?

40

CONT'D

(2)

KOZ

The what?

RADISH

The Santa Claus School. Remember?

KOZ

Oh, that. Santa Schmanta. Something I said on the spur of the moment. Too ridiculous to bother.

RADISH

But the analysis was so brilliant, Georgi. It deserves further study on your part.

KOZ

Excuse?

RADISH

The way you handle that sort of thing. Your gift for satire.

KOZ (shrugs)

I suppose a talent should not be neglected.

RADISH

It would give such a lift and excitement to the memoirs you are writing. Isn't it logical?

Chairman Koz thinks about it, tugs at his nose, looks long at his eager Security Chief.

KOZ

Frankly, Maxim, if I went to a Santa Claus School, I wouldn't want you breathing over my shoulder and shouting your opinions. I like to insult people in a way that makes a more diplomatic impression.

(thinks about it)

Now, if I could get to such a school myself, in a spirit of true scholarship, let's say. No protocol? Nobody to watch me?



RADISH  
That is possible, Georgi.

40  
CONT'D  
(3)

KOZ  
You understand what I mean?

RADISH  
I shall arrange it.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - DAY

41

A worn and vintaged structure set among tenement houses on the West Side of New York. A SIGN as bold as an election banner proclaims: THE SAINT NICHOLAS SCHOOL OF THE HOLIDAY ARTS -- Francis X. "Reindeer" O'Reilly, prop. --Upstairs. There is an arrow to point the way. A lesser SIGN and smaller arrow offer direction to THE HARMONY HOUSE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

EXT. TENEMENT HOUSE

42

opposite loft building. CAMERA LOCATES the face of a MAN peeping out from behind drawn curtains at the second or third story level. It is no one if it is not Ferenc Pifnic.

CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT FLAT - DAY

43

Ferenc Pifnic is in charge of "OPERATION OBLITERATION." Six or eight HOODLUMS (domestic type) stand ready to serve him. We see Tommy guns, shot-guns, hand grenades, flame-throwers and assorted knives, along with several large cartons marked: Danger - Explosives. We also see, for the obvious purpose of transporting these weapons, a large number of empty musicians' instrument cases, such as those used to carry trombones, trumpets, tubas, saxophones, cellos, etc. Ferenc Pifnic has turned away from the window to check this inventory. One HOODLUM replaces him at window. Pifnic now selects from the arsenal at hand a sort of king-size bazooka and a bass-fiddle case to accommodate it.

PIFNIC  
This is to be "Operation Obliteration." No survivors, no mercy. And - above all, no mistakes!-

There are no dissenting voices.

43  
CONT'D  
(2)

MAN AT WINDOW

Pssst!

He signals to Pifnic, who joins him at the window.  
Together they look out from behind the curtain.

POV - FAIRLY LONG SHOT - IN THE STREET

44

Chairman Koz and Solo, coming from opposite directions, find their paths converging in front of the Loft Building housing the Saint Nicholas School of the Holiday Arts. At this distance (Pifnic's POV) it is not possible to hear what is said. But it is clear from Chairman Koz's gestures, elaborate handshake and thumps of affection, that he is pleased to see Solo. Together they enter the building.

INT. TENEMENT - PIFNIC

45

watching. He smiles his pleasure, pats the fat bazooka fondly, turns to the others.

PIFNIC

Two birds with one nose-cone.  
Let's get started.

The hoods begin packing the goods.

EXT. STREET - A PARKED CAR

46-48

It is parked perhaps fifty or sixty feet from the Saint Nicholas School and it contains ILLYA.

ILLYA (into communicator)  
Mr. Solo and Chairman Koz have  
entered the building together.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

WAVERLY (into communicator)  
Would you describe the building,  
please.

ILLYA

Yes, sir. It's sort of an indoor  
cul-de-sac, you might say. More  
later.

46-48  
CONT'D  
(2)

WAVERLY

Yes. Let us hope so.

He sets aside communicator, frowns.

INT. ST. NICHOLAS SCHOOL - DAY

49

You have to admit that O'Reilly's place has a style pretty much its own. White beards, black boots and Santa Claus suits abound. To support the Christmas motif, there are three granite REINDEER the size of merry-go-round horses and a legitimate open SLEIGH. FRANCIS X. "REINDEER" O'REILLY, the proprietor, is working with a small group of STUDENTS - patient and well-intended men of ripe middle age and quiet dignity -- the kind who wait docilely for the liquor store to open on cold winter mornings and have lost the habit of complaint. One candidate is wearing a Santa Claus suit. His name is FRED -- and he is being coached and sponsored by, of all people, Priscilla Worth, the same Salvation Army Lass we met in Macy's.

O'REILLY (to Fred)

All right, pal. Let's try it again.  
Like your heart is full o' love an'  
mistletoe an' you're lookin' into  
the bright blue eyes of this poor  
little kid that's just standin'  
there pickin' his nose... So what  
do you say?

FRED (trying his

best, his arms spread wide)  
Ho, ho, ho. Have you been a good  
boy today?

PRISCILLA

That's excellent, Fred. Really.  
Don't you think so, Mr. O'Reilly?

O'REILLY

Yes, ma'am. He's comin' along real  
good. Like he got that red nose  
at the North Pole -- free o' charge.

An elderly STUDENT points to Fred.

STUDENT  
Hey, Reindeer. His pants is too loose.

49  
CONT'D  
(2)

O'REILLY  
Forget it. The pants we can always take in a little. It's the ho, ho, ho that's important. Especially when the chips is down.  
(to Fred)  
Try it once more.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND KOZ

49X1

They are standing just within the door, thus far unobserved by the others. Solo is smiling, Koz is glowering. OVER this we HEAR (o.s.) the ho, ho ho's and have-you-been-a-good-boy's of Fred in earnest rehearsal. Solo taps Koz on the shoulder, points.

SOLO (proudly)  
I know that girl.

POV - PRISCILLA

50

who, as always, is a precious sight to see.

BACK TO TWO SHOT

51

KOZ  
A beautiful girl.  
(then, louder)  
A pity she should be working for the capitalist witch doctors.

ANGLE WIDENING

52

as O'Reilly and the others turn their attention to Solo and Chairman Koz. Solo waves a bit shyly to Priscilla who, for the moment, does not respond. O'Reilly looks suspiciously at Koz.

O'REILLY  
You got a complaint to make?

KOZ

That is possible. Just possible.

52  
CONT'D  
(2)

He comes forward, wagging a finger.

KOZ

Point #1, the exploitation of  
the disenfranchised --

O'REILLY

Talk English, Mac, if it's all the  
same to you.

SOLO (to Priscilla)

How's your heel?

PRISCILLA

I beg your pardon?

CUT TO:

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - DAY

53

Ferenc Pifnic, carrying the bass-fiddle case, and other "musicians," enter the building in ominous and silent single-file. One, a TALL MAN carrying an oboe case, remains outside, searching the street with nervous, sweeping glances, left and right.

INT. GROUND FLOOR OF LOFT BUILDING

54

Pifnic and Group ascend the bleak, uncarpeted stairs in silent single-file. The LAST MAN in line, a fat, short-winded assassin, is carrying a trombone case. He is not aware of --

ILLYA

55

emerging from behind the STAIRWELL, until Illya has hit him a conclusive chop in the neck -- and by then it is too late. The fat man collapses on the third step, but his fall, and that of the trombone case, are cushioned by the alert and appropriate action of Illya.

INT. ST. NICHOLAS SCHOOL - DAY

56

Pretty much as before, but warmer. Chairman Koz and "Reindeer" O'Reilly are involved in a head-to-head difference of opinion.

O'REILLY

Hold it right there, Buster!  
Did I ask you to come in here an'  
tell me how to run my school?

KOZ (haughtily and  
in mimicry)  
Ho, ho, ho! A parrot with the  
brains of a pigeon could do better.  
A thing like this needs fire and  
spirit, life. It needs everything  
that a corrupt society --

SOLO (uneasily)

Er -- friends. Don't you think  
we might find a friendlier approach?

O'REILLY

Nobody asked you, mister.  
(brushing Solo aside,  
he returns his attention  
to Chairman Koz)  
Lookit, Big Mouth. If you know  
so much about this racket, why  
don't you put on a suit?

KOZ

You are suggesting, possibly -- me?

O'REILLY

I am suggestin' possibly you. Put  
up or shut up, I'm suggestin'.  
(points now)  
There's a dressin' room over there.

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

57

Ferenc Pifnic and assassins set their instrument cases down carefully and begin removing the "instruments." They are deliberate and thorough. A machine gun is being fitted to a tripod.

AT REAR OF CORRIDOR - ILLYA

58

Reasonably recessed from the view of Pifnic and assassins, he is struggling desperately to open the stubborn latch of the trombone case.

INT. DRESSING CUBICLE - CHAIRMAN KOZ

59

in his long underwear and baggy red pants, is stuffing one leg into a boot.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING - DAY

60

The TALL MAN, with oboe case, concludes his vigil, starts inside.

INT. SANTA CLAUS SCHOOL - GROUP SHOT

61

Solo, O'Reilly, Fred and the other candidates for Santa Claus jobs, are gathered around Priscilla. She holds a small, silver PITCH PIPE in one hand.

PRICILLA

Seriously, friends, I'm afraid we're overlooking one of the richest and most meaningful parts of the Christmas tradition. By this I mean a reverent and better understanding of those carols and hymns which let us know what Christmas is really about.

(raises pitch pipe)

Do we all know "Little Town of Bethlehem"?

There are nods of assent and looks of doubt.

O'REILLY

Since I was six years old, Priscilla.

SOLO

Since I was four.

O'REILLY (turns to him)

You a wise guy, too?

PRISCILLA  
 All right, then --  
     (sounds note on pitch  
     pipe)  
Together. . . ?

61  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

INT. SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR - DAY

62

Pifnic and group and their fearsome arsenal are ready as the first clear notes of "Little Town of Bethlehem" are HEARD.

PIFNIC. (in unholy  
     counterpoint to o.s. hymn)  
 "Operation Obliteration" means  
 "Annihilation by Saturation."  
     (a cool glance at his  
     willing troops)  
 You will fire when I give the  
 word.

INT. REAR OF CORRIDOR - ILLYA

63

sweating like a squeezed sponge, is able at last to force open the latch of the trombone case and remove whatever bizarre and murderous contraption it contains. O.S. MUSIC continues as Illya, thus occupied, fails to see the tippy-toe approach of the TALL MAN, who now swings his oboe case at Illya's head, as one might swing a bat.

INT. SANTA CLAUS SCHOOL - PRISCILLA

64

and GROUP, with special help from Solo. They are doing very nicely with whatever portion of this lovely hymn they have not already sung:

CHORUS  
 O, Little Town of Bethlehem,  
 How still we see thee lie.  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
 The silent stars go by;  
 Yet in the dark streets shineth  
 The everlasting Light;  
 The hopes and fears of all the years  
 Are met in Thee tonight.



INT. CORRIDOR - PERENC PIFNIC

65

gives the word to his assassins.

PIFNIC

Fire!

The opening SALVO is unbelievable.

INT. SANTA CLAUS SCHOOL

66

It is equally unbelievable. Each survival (and all shall survive) must be hailed as a valid miracle. Through the smoke and din and bomb-bursting glare we see Chairman Koz, half in and half out of his Santa Claus suit, come running from the dressing room, his fulsome beard in the clamp of one hand. Solo, having already pressed Priscilla to the floor, shouts to Georgi:

SOLO

Get down!

which is really no problem as Chairman Koz, in full stride, trips over his falling pants.

SOLO

67

now boldly manages to knock over the three granite REINDEER to provide a shelter of sorts. When they hit the floor, it should sound like pianos being dropped.

INT. CORRIDOR - PIFNIC

68

and group increase, if possible, the VOLUME of FIRE-POWER they are sending into the school.

AT REAR OF CORRIDOR - ILLYA

69

stirs, smiles rather happily.

INT. SANTA CLAUS SCHOOL - ALL

70

are huddled behind granite reindeer. The fearful NOISE does not abate. Chairman Koz, above it all, shouts his defiance:

KOZ  
Murderers! Madmen! Finks!  
I DEFY you!

70  
CONT'D  
(2)

But keeps his head down. Solo points to Chairman Koz, shouts to highly puzzled Priscilla.

SOLO  
We have to get him out of here!

Frightened, of course, yet brave as the Girl on the Burning Deck, she nods.

PRISCILLA  
I think I know a way.

INT. REAR OF CORRIDOR - ILLYA

71

opens his eyes, blinks, listens, comes to a sitting position.

INT. SANTA CLAUS SCHOOL

72

Priscilla and Chairman Koz, quite horizontal, wriggle toward some narrow EXIT of which she is aware.

SOLO

73

passes his revolver to Francis X. "Reindeer" O'Reilly, who fires willingly, if blindly, at the enemy. Solo then tosses whatever little "explosive tokens" he may have on his person. They do not seem to discourage Pifnic and his accomplices.

KOZ AND PRISCILLA

74

depart through EXIT. NOISE of ASSAULT does not abate.

INT. CORRIDOR - ILLYA

75

Somewhat to the rear of Pifnic and assassins, he unravels an impressive length of FIREHOSE from its coiled position on the wall. He then turns a large METAL VALVE and the hose comes alive as a striking boa constrictor. A great JET of WATER all but extinguishes Illya before he is able to direct its full and swamping force at

FERENC PIFNIC

76

and group, for whom we are entitled to feel very little pity.

EXT. ROOF OF LOFT BUILDING

77

Priscilla and Chairman Koz, in that order, climb a narrow ladder to the higher rooftop of an adjacent tenement. Georgi is in full Santa Claus regalia, except that his beard is stuffed in a pocket. We HEAR (o.s.) the SOUND of sporadic but greatly reduced gunfire. Priscilla looks crossly at Chairman Koz.

PRISCILLA

You gangsters. Honestly. Sometimes you make me sick.

(she tugs at his sleeve)

Come on.

He follows her over the rooftop through a light forest of clotheslines and TV antennae. Huffing and puffing, but thoroughly game, Georgi does the best he can. Priscilla stumbles once and nearly falls, the heel of that same shoe coming loose. While she attempts to adjust the heel, she urges Chairman Koz:

PRISCILLA

Keep going.

He does - and she is soon in graceful pursuit. He drops his beard once, steps on it, retrieves it.

A SERIES OF BRIEF SHOTS

78-81

show us:

- (a) Priscilla and Georgi running across another rooftop. A covey of pigeons erupt, fanlike and pretty, at their approach.
- (b) Priscilla stumbles once more, comes wholly detached from that troublesome heel..They hasten on.
- (c) Solo, alone on roof of LOFT BUILDING. He just stands there, scratching his head. He then observes the narrow ladder climbed some moments before by Priscilla and Chairman Koz. He's without any other choice.

(d) PRISCILLA AND CHAIRMAN KOZ descend a FIRE ESCAPE -- she first, he after her. Priscilla attains the landing below, opens a window without difficulty, disappears into whatever flat or apartment this fire escape happens to serve. She immediately reappears, extending a helping hand to her fat and fugitive friend. Chairman Koz manages to bundle his bulk through the open window. It closes after him.

77-81  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. PRISCILLA'S FLAT - DAY

82

It is modest and pleasant and clearly her own. Salvation Army posters and photos adorn one wall. There's at least one bugle and a spare tambourine. Chairman Koz has seated himself on the couch. He is pale and winded, blowing like a whale. He uses the somewhat ragged beard in his hand to wipe the sweat from his brow. His mouth hangs open. He takes a deep and necessary breath.

PRISCILLA

It's hoodlums like you that make the streets of this city unsafe. And while I don't like to say it, you're - well, you're a disgrace to the uniform you're wearing.

KOZ (rather gently)

Poor child, poor child. They have filled your pretty head with bourgeois nonsense, too.

He shakes his head woefully, takes another deep breath; then bitterly, in audible, yet private meditation:

KOZ

Radish was right. Radish - that radish-head. For once he was correct.

Rousing himself like an old and wounded lion, Chairman Koz climbs to his feet, his voice growing stronger, and certainly louder, with each utterance he will make.

KOZ

Swim with the sharks and you will  
not swim long! Listen to the Wall  
Street minstrels? Lie down with  
the wolves? Peaceful coexistence  
-- BAH!

(now to Priscilla who  
is already wincing)  
I came in friendship, like a fat

(continued)

KOZ (continued)  
dove. Like a pigeon to the foxes.  
Like the rabbit to the snake. You  
were there, child! You saw them  
try to kill me. Am I right?

82  
CONT'D  
(2)

Priscilla nods nervously, looks at him more closely.

PRISCILLA  
Haven't I seen you some place  
before?

KOZ  
In newspapers, possibly? On the  
covers of a hundred magazines?

PRISCILLA (as recog-  
nition dawns)  
Oh, my!

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:  
EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

83

Solo is doing his painstaking best to pick up the trail of Priscilla and Chairman Koz. Searching this rooftop in the manner of Hansel if not Gretel in pursuit of cookie crumbs, he comes upon some cottony fragments that could well be part of Santa Claus' beard. This is made clear to us when Solo, pondering the problem, fits the woolly white to his own chin, thinks about it, and nods affirmatively. He moves on, encouraged, and at greater speed.

ANGLE - FERENC PIFNIC

84

has attained the same rooftop. Seeing Solo, he takes dead aim at him with a revolver; just as he fires:

A SWARM OF PIGEONS

85

rise from the roof (same pigeons, same SHOT as in earlier scene), obscuring Solo and fouling Pifnic's intentions.

PIFNIC

86

angrily shakes his fist at the sky and is further fouled by some disdainful dove, since we find him now trying to clear something moist and unwelcome from his eye. In this situation he is unable to see:

ILLYA

87

now on the rooftop, not far from Pifnic, and in the process of making a servicable lasso from a length of available clothesline.

ANGLE

88

as Illya lassos Pifnic tidily and Pifnic howls in panic like no captured calf you ever heard. Illya tightens the noose at Pifnic's ankles, throws the

rope over some fairly high and horizontal structure (TV antenna?) and soon has Pifnic dangling upside down, like Mussolini or a holiday goose. Now it's that the ANGLE WIDENS to show us half a dozen of Pifnic's HOODLUMS, closing in on Illya for the kill.

88  
CONT'D  
(2)

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER ROOFTOP - DAY

89

Solo, unaware of Illya's current distress, stops suddenly, approaches some small DARK OBJECT on the rooftop, stoops to retrieve it.

CLOSE-UP - THE DARK OBJECT

90

is Priscilla's heel.

SOLO

91

puts it in his pocket. Hopefully, he moves on.

INT. PRISCILLA'S FLAT - DAY

92

CAMERA is CLOSE on the wrathful, tragic, yet undaunted features of Chairman Kqz. He is a lion about to roar, a dam ready to burst. If he does not exactly spit when he speaks, it is safe to say that he sprays.

KOZ

Murderers! Vultures! Sharks!  
Imperialists! Pigs!

The ANGLE WIDENS slowly to let us see that he is seated at a TABLE in Priscilla's place, his fat hands clenched in front of him. Priscilla, a bit apprehensive, stands by while the great man meditates aloud.

KOZ

Radish is a prophet and my only friend. I should have listened!  
Radish is a wise and noble peasant. He has the wisdom of the people in his bones.

PRISCILLA  
Would you like a cup of coffee?

92  
CONT'D  
(2)

Koz shakes his head; then:

KOZ  
You got wodka?

PRISCILLA  
No, sir.  
(a bit primly)  
We -- don't exactly approve.

KOZ (voice RISING)  
Who asked you should -- APPROVE?

PRISCILLA (tremulously,  
but gamely)  
Don't you try to bully me, Mr. Koz!

KOZ  
Oh!

He looks at her now for a long and deeply experienced moment.

KOZ (softly)  
I'm sorry. You -- of all people.  
You know something, Priscilla?  
(she shakes her head)  
History will remember you for  
having saved my life from the  
capitalist assassins. You realize  
that?

She doesn't say. Embarrassed, she keeps staring at the shoe in her hand.

KOZ  
In my country, a girl of your  
talent might have had the career  
denied you in a corrupt society.  
Where, when they make a pair of  
shoes for the working class --  
(reaches out now, takes the  
shoe from Priscilla's hand,  
exhibits it with scorn)  
-- the heels do not fall off!

PRISCILLA (with spirit)  
Mr. Koz, I don't believe that's  
fair. I think if you would --



KOZ  
Never mind trying to think for  
me!

(he starts slapping the  
top of the table with  
the sole of the shoe)  
I hold the evidence in my hand!  
Planned obsolescence!

PRISCILLA (calmly)  
Mr. Koz, I suggest you look  
inside the shoe.

KOZ  
Why?

PRISCILLA  
Please, just look.

KOZ (reading)  
Made in ---  
(looks up, lips quivering)  
---- I don't believe it!

PRISCILLA  
Made in your own country.

KOZ  
It's a lie!

He looks like a man who's been hit with a fish.  
Searching for some fit reply, his thoughts are  
scrambled by a sudden RAPPING at the door.

MRS. GROPKIN'S VOICE  
Priscilla?

Chairman Koz has already leaped to his feet and is  
gripping the chair as the nearest available weapon.

KOZ  
I'm ready for those murderers!  
Let them come!

PRISCILLA  
Please, it's only Mrs. Gropkin.

She opens the door, admitting BERTHA GROPKIN,  
a widow. Mrs. Gropkin is sincere, distressed,  
outspoken.

MRS. GROPKIN

Priscilla, like an angel of mercy, come take a look at my boy. All day with chills and fits of coughing, eleven handkerchiefs already. Doctor after doctor I get, but nothing seems to help.

92  
CONT'D  
(4)

KOZ

That will always be so under the profit system. Pamper the rich and perish the poor.

It is a simple statement. Mrs. Gropkin for the first time looks at him.

MRS. GROPKIN

What kind of a nut did you pick up this time, Priscilla?

(to Georgi)

Never mind with the social message, Mr. Claus. Just put on the beard. It could make the boy feel better.

KOZ (to Priscilla)

She's telling me?

MRS. GROPKIN

Please, no time for arguments. I need all the help I can get.

She tugs at Priscilla's arm, leads her to the door. Priscilla, departing, turns back to Koz.

PRISCILLA

It wouldn't hurt, you know.

She EXITS. Chairman Koz, alone, and not knowing when next an assassin may arrive, grimaces unhappily, puts on his slightly ragged beard. He follows after them.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

93-95

WAVERLY (on communicator)

What rooftop, Mr. Solo? Could you be more explicit?

INTERCUT WITH EXT. ROOFTOP - SOLO

95X1

He is in a crouched position, holding the communicator in one hand while combing the tar and gravel surface of the rooftop with the other.

SOLO (on communicator)

Well, it would really be difficult, sir. One rooftop is so much like the others.

(continues searching)

Worst problem I have is attempting to distinguish fragments of pigeon feathers from similar scraps that might have come from Santa Claus's beard.

WAVERLY

Would you kindly restate that, Mr. Solo?

INT. GROPKIN FLAT - DAY

96

ALEX GROPKIN, age 7 or 8, is bundled in blankets on a couch near the window. He is pale as a napkin, thin as a straw. His cracked lips form a smile and his dark, intelligent eyes have filled with reverence at the sight of Santa Claus.

ALEX

Santa Claus? It ain't even Thanksgivin' yet. It's real nice you could come.

MRS. GROPKIN

What he means is the first time he usually sees Santa is the Thanksgiving Day Parade. From the window here, three blocks away. His father -- Lord have mercy, left a spy-glass.

Chairman Koz says nothing. Perhaps because, for the moment, he can't. He is somehow deeply moved. Mrs. Gropkin nudges him.

MRS. GROPKIN

Say something, will ya?

KOZ (uneasily)

Ho, ho, ho.

MRS. GROPKIN (unimpressed)  
Ho, ho, ho. The jolly red giant.  
 Look, Priscilla -

96  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

PRISCILLA

Please.

Chairman Koz is now leaning over the boy. He tenderly touches Alex's brow, moves an eyelid back with the careful press of his thumb. This procedure seems somehow knowledgeable and assured. He turns to Mr. Gropkin and Priscilla.

KOZ

A minute, if you don't mind.

He attempts to draw them both aside. Mrs. Gropkin, puzzled, looks to Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

It's all right.

As they turn away from Alex's couch, the boy's face fills with apprehension, then with fear. It's as though he wants to speak, but for some reason doesn't dare.

THREE SHOT - PRISCILLA, MRS. GROPKIN, KOZ

97

a modulated consultation among adults.

KOZ

I know this illness. Danubian Fever, we call it back home.

MRS. GROPKIN

A foreigner?

PRISCILLA

Please, Mrs. Gropkin.

KOZ

Chills one day, the next day hot as an oven. My grandson had it. Three million ferkin we spent on research alone.

(Mrs. Gropkin makes a troubled face)

My personal physician will be here today.

Mrs. Gropkin turns helpless to Priscilla.

MRS. GROPKIN

A Bowery dropout with a personal physician? Now I know you picked up a nut.

97  
CONT'D  
(2)

PRISCILLA

I'll explain later, Mrs. Gropkin.  
I'm sure he's telling the truth.

She exits with Chairman Koz.

INT. PRISCILLA'S FLAT - DAY

98

as she enters with Chairman Koz, who now carries his beard in his hand.

KOZ

Medicare, schmedicare! What do any of them care? Exploiters! Pigs! Feeding myths to helpless children.  
(brandishes beard and indicates suit he is wearing)  
Santa Claus yet? Christmas?

PRISCILLA (coolly)

If you would calm yourself long enough to listen, Mr. Koz, I would be happy to explain to you that Christmas, in its actual meaning, is something more profound and beautiful than you have ever managed to dream. It is about a Child, you know - a Jewish baby born not quite 2000 years ago -- and I, for one, have never believed it a myth.

KOZ

Look, young lady --

PRISCILLA

That's why, if you would be gentleman enough to show a decent respect - for the rights and beliefs of others -

She stops now, responding to a RAPPING at the window.

PRISCILLA

Oh.

AT THE WINDOW - SOLO

99

looks in from the fire escape. He holds Priscilla's heel in his hand - and smiles in his friendly way. As Priscilla opens the window to let him in:

SOLO

I'd have come down the chimney,  
but --

(points to Koz)

-- I didn't have one of those suits.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - DAY - FERENC PIFNIC

100

This is a haunted and desperate man.

PIFNIC (into phone)

I tell you, Comrade, there is something subversive about it all!

Machine guns, shot guns, hand grenades, bazooka. All four I handled myself. It is impossible any one of them should have lived.

INT. EMBASSY - RADISH'S OFFICE - DAY

101-105

Maxim Radish (as before) is on the strictly-for-Pifnic telephone. He is foaming at the mouth like a fresh-drawn stein of beer. Other telephones abound.

RADISH

Then let me tell you something, Pifnic. You couldn't kill a sick cat with a firing squad!

INTERCUT

PIFNIC

Look, Maxim --

RADISH

Shut up. Another phone is ringing

As indeed it is. He hangs up on Pifnic, lifts other phone.

RADISH (with a deep sigh  
of feigned relief, the sneak)  
Georgi! It is you! Thank our lucky stars!

INTERCUT PRISCILLA'S FLAT - CHAIRMAN KOZ ON PHONE

101-105  
CONT'D  
(2)

KOZ

Maxim, you were right about co-existence, believe me! The sheep can't lie down with the shark. I mean - the sheep can't swim with - the wolf?

RADISH

I beg your pardon?

KOZ

Never mind. I'm exhausted, Maxim.  
Send the limousine.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISCILLA'S HOUSE - DAY

106

Chairman Koz, still in his Santa Claus suit, emerges from the building with Solo and walks briskly to a black, chauffeur-attended limousine as long as a hearse-and-a-half. Chairman Koz gets into the car, but Solo does not. Georgi does however extend his hand.

KOZ

I am grateful for favors received.

SOLO

It was nothing, sir.

KOZ

How many were killed today?

SOLO

None, sir.

KOZ

You are not lying?

SOLO

Cross my heart, sir.

KOZ

Except that I don't believe in miracles, I would say it was a miracle.  
(a bit embarrassed)

Also, I would offer you a ride, my friend, except it wouldn't look right, now that the sham and hypocrisy of "coexistence" has come to an end.

SOLO

I hope that isn't true, Mr. Chairman.

106  
CONT'D  
(2)

KOZ

It's the verdict of history that  
our cold war must now become a bliz-  
zard!

The limousine drives off and there's not much Solo  
can do. Departing, he looks up and waves to

PRISCILLA

107

at window. Priscilla smiles rather warmly now, even  
grants him a slight shake of her tambourine.

FULL SHOT - SOLO

108

Hands in pockets, his thoughts his own, he walks on,  
CAMERA WITH him. Thus occupied he is not too atten-  
tive to the small poultry truck backed to the curb,  
or the MAN in a knees-to-shoulder apron who approach-  
es the truck with a plucked and handsome 30-pound  
turkey dangling from his hand. It is just as Solo  
is passing the open end of the truck that the man  
(OTTO) swings the turkey in a vigorous arc.

INT. POULTRY TRUCK

109

as Solo tumbles senseless into it and Otto follows,  
closing the door behind him. Otto now places Solo  
next to the trussed, unblinking, cold-as-a-giblet  
form of Illya.

EXT. TRUCK

110

as it moves along, with Ferenc Pifnic at the wheel.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE



## ACT FOUR

INT. EMBASSY - THE BIG ROOM - NIGHT

111

No longer dressed as a jolly St. Nicholas, Chairman Koz stands behind the elaborate desk. He is coatless and his suspenders hang loose. His voice has the quality of thunder. His resolution is unmistakable and, just possibly, unshakeable. Standing by in apparently breathless admiration is Maxim Radish. Present too are at least some of those voiceless, if not faceless men, who have managed in previous SCENES to make up Georgi's entourage.

KOZ

When tomorrow I address the General  
Assembly of the United Nations,  
they will understand that I have  
had coexistence not only up to here --  
    (his hands go to his  
    throat)  
-- but to here!

He now carefully places his fingertips on the crown of his head and deliberately holds them there. It is like an anointing. Dramatically then he hits the top of the desk with the full force of his fists. There is a long and studied pause before:

KOZ

I will say this.  
    (index finger searches  
    the lines of a typed  
    script on his desk)  
"There can be no peace until the  
capitalist serpents have been ex-  
pelled from the Garden of Brother-  
hood . . . . .  
    (applause, but LOUD)  
"When I came in friendship, and  
offered my hand, they tried to chew  
it off at the elbow! This, I tell  
you, is the friendship of cannibals!  
And traitors! And murderers!

More and greater applause comes now from Max Radish and the others.

RADISH

What can I say, except that is is  
beautiful, Georgi.

He now steps forward to kiss Chairman Koz with loving treachery on each of his fat cheeks.

111  
CONT'D  
(2)

KOZ

Thank you, Maxim, but --  
(indication script)  
--- these are only a few of my introductory remarks. Where I really cut the throat of coexistence, like a razor through the soft underbelly of a blintz, is later on.

RADISH

It will be a day of glory and emancipation for the Peoples' Republics, Mr. Chairman. If only I could hear every word.

KOZ

You won't be there, Maxim?

Radish shakes his head ruefully.

RADISH

A protest meeting in Chicago, at the same time you are speaking here in New York. I am to lead the march down Michigan Boulevard. In your honor, of course. I should feel proud.

KOZ

And the arrangements here?

RADISH

Everything has been taken care of. Every arrangement. Every precaution. You will arrive at the United Nations at 2:29 exactly. Your limousine leaves here at two o'clock.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

112

Mr. Waverly speaks into his communicator.

WAVERLY

Come in, Mr. Solo?

There is no response and he seems clearly worried. He makes whatever adjustment the communicator requires.

WAVERLY  
Mr. Kuryakin? Would you come in,  
please?

112  
CONT'D  
(2)

Again no answer. Mr. Waverly, so accustomed to facing crises, cannot at this time suppress a bit of a sigh.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SOLO AND ILLYA - NIGHT

113

The boys, either drugged, or not yet recovered from some recent discipline, are seated with their backs to one side of a live POULTRY PEN, about twenty feet square. It is immediately adjacent to another such pen, neither of which at the moment contains any poultry, although we do HEAR an unbroken CHORUS of cackling fowl o.s. Illya's and Solo's hands, extended behind them in each case to encircle a post of the pen, are securely tied. OTTO, their captor, holds a comic book in one hand and a turkey leg (cooked) in the other. Except for the o.s. cackling of fowl, it is a quiet - and ominous, SCENE.

INT. EMBASSY - RADISH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

114

Radish, in his furtive way, makes sure that the main door to the room is locked. He goes now to a lesser DOOR, which could accommodate a washroom or a closet. He taps on this door in a code-like manner and opens it just enough for Ferenc Pifnic to emerge.

RADISH  
This way, stupid.

Pifnic is not flattered by the greeting, but there is not much he can do about it. He follows without complaint to where Radish, taking a sheet of paper from an inner pocket, spreads it flat on the desk. It contains a not-too-intricate DIAGRAM of some small box-like DEVICE that will serve our purpose here.

INSERT - DIAGRAM

115

RADISH'S VOICE  
What is it?

BACK TO SCENE

116

PIFNIC (puzzled)  
 But we know what it is, Comrade.  
 It is the device I have already  
 installed beneath Chairman Koz's  
 limousine.

RADISH  
 Show the points of connection and  
 the operating sequence.

PIFNIC  
 Naturally, Maxim.  
 (points)  
 Aye, bee, cee and dee. They are  
 here, here, here, and here. The  
 sequence is bee-one, aye-three,  
 cee-four and dee-two.

Radish nods approval, permits himself a modest smile.  
 Ferenc Pifnic also smiles.

RADISH  
 Not even you could bungle it now,  
 Pifnic; because the time device  
 is irreversible. At 2:15 tomorrow,  
 enroute to the United Nations, --  
W-H-A-R--P-H-O-O-M-M!!! -- Georgi  
 Koz will be history. No need then  
 to worry about his "doctrinal purity."  
 (a broader smile)  
 My own day shall have come.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. EMBASSY - DAY

117

Chairman Koz's limousine pulls slowly and smoothly  
 into the curb. Here, as in the opening SCENE,  
 there are PICKETS who love Georgi and PICKETS who  
 do not love Georgi. Among those marching, and  
 wearing a tight, smug smile: FERENC PIFNIC. The  
 pickets are LOUD. Yet not as loud as they become  
 when the DOOR of the EMBASSY opens and the great  
 man appears.

GEORGI

118

walks toward the limousine. Disdainful of demonstrators, pro or con, manuscript clutched in one hand, he is still rehearsing his speech.

KOZ (for himself alone)  
 "The imperialists, with their  
 greed for profit, have changed  
 the Dove of Peace into a vulture  
 with two pairs of pants -- excuse  
 -- with two sets of claws, I mean,  
 to destroy the liberties of the  
 worker -- "

He is about to step into the waiting limousine when:

PRISCILLA'S VOICE  
 Mr. Koz! WAIT!

NEW ANGLE - PRISCILLA

119

striving desperately to press a path through the crowd.

PRISCILLA  
 Mr. Koz, please! It's me --  
Priscilla!

Koz, with one foot already in the car, steps back.

KOZ  
 It's WHO?  
 (then, seeing Priscilla)  
Pigs! Gorillas! Let the young  
 lady through.  
 (goes to her assistance)

There would have been no stopping her anyhow.

PRISCILLA  
 Mr. Koz, you have to come with  
 me. Alex needs you! There is no  
 one else who can help.

While she tugs at his arm:

KOZ  
WHO? ---- WHAT?

PRISCILLA  
 There is no time for arguments. If  
 you care one snap of your fingers for  
 the life of an innocent child.

KOZ  
Stop pulling me!

119  
CONT'D  
(2)

PRISCILLA  
Sorry, I didn't mean to pull  
you.

Instead she pushes him, not gently, into the rear of  
the limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE

120

as Priscilla follows the great man in, sits next to  
him. It's all as plush and upholstered as a \$5,000  
coffin. Outside, the SHRIEKING, the CHEERING and the  
BOOING seem to increase.

KOZ  
This is impossible.

CHAUFFEUR  
It is now three minutes after  
two, Mr. Chairman.

KOZ  
You see?

PRISCILLA  
Dr. Sigmoid, your own physician,  
sent me.

KOZ  
But the United Nations is waiting,  
Priscilla! The world is waiting!  
(gapes at her)  
Can't you understand?

PRISCILLA (calmly)  
I understand only that a child  
is waiting, Mr. Chairman. And  
that a life is waiting. Doesn't  
that mean more?

CHAUFFEUR  
Correction. It is four minutes  
after two, Mr. Chairman.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - MED. CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA  
AND SOLO

121

They are in the same restricted positions imposed on them the night before -- arms stretched behind them to embrace the vertical posts of the POULTRY PEN, their wrists securely tied. However, they are conscious on this occasion and able to note the solitary TURKEY, only slightly smaller than an ostrich, which parades in front of them, looks once into the CAMERA, then moves on. They are also obliged to listen to:

RADISH'S VOICE

It is now five minutes after two.

NEW ANGLE - RADISH

122

consulting his watch, then appreciatively rubbing his hands. OTTO, seated on one of two cloth bags marked FEED, is engrossed in another comic book.

RADISH (the dreamer)

I can see him now, my old friend,  
Georgi Koz, on his way to the  
United Nations, drinking in the  
roar of the crowd like the wine of  
youth.

(thinks about it)

The "Bear of the Balkans" has be-  
come the "Ham of the Balkans," but  
in less than ten minutes you could  
not exchange him for the dried  
skin of a mouse.

(looks at his watch)

It is now six minutes after two.

Solo and Illya look one to the other, then shrug more  
or less resignedly.

ILLYA (pleasantly)

What time is lunch, Mr. Radish?

For a reply, Radish tosses a handful of poultry  
feed in Illya's face.

RADISH

At your pleasure, Mr. Kuryakin.  
Any time at all.

EXT. MIDTOWN TRAFFIC, NEW YORK CITY (STOCK SHOTS AS REQUIRED) 123

Possibly a helpful MONTAGE of TRUCK DRIVERS, CABBIES and CITIZENS at their stalled and charming best. Accompanied by a MEDLEY of SIRENS, POLICE WHISTLES and blaring HORNS.

INT. KOZ LIMOUSINE - DAY 124

The car is obviously trapped in traffic and there is nothing Chairman Koz can do besides look nervously at his watch and listen to Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

When I say it is all your fault that Alex has had this relapse, I'm not trying to suggest that you intended it this way. You are the one St. Nicholas in whom he has been truly able to believe.

KOZ (modestly)

Some people have a talent with children.

(looks at watch)

What is the reason for this criminal delay? Why can't the Army clear a path through the street?

PRISCILLA

Let's worry about that some other time, Mr. Koz, and concentrate for now on what's important. Now, what happened to Alex is that he had seen the plot too many times.

KOZ

The plot? A conspiracy?

PRISCILLA

No, sir. I mean the plot of a story, and it's always the same. A sick child is doomed to die before Christmas, and because of this, Santa Claus comes early. Every one is so sweet and kind and unselfish that you can't hold back the tears. It's simply beautiful.

(continued)



PRISCILLA (continued --  
 she stops long enough to  
 wipe away one small tear  
 of her own)

124  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

The trouble is that Alex is now convinced he won't even live until Thanksgiving Day to see the Macy Parade. And in spite of all the good your Dr. Sigmoid has done, Alex has a fever today of 106½. Through it all he keeps calling for "that Santa Claus," meaning you.

KOZ (much moved)

I see.

(another worried look  
 at his watch)

Eleven minutes after two. Isn't there any way out of this mess?

PRISCILLA

Well, yes; there should be a subway station --

(pointing)

-- right over there. We could slip out quietly in all of this traffic and no one would ever know.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

125

We find Illya looking uncomfortable while the same TURKEY we saw earlier is eating poultry grain from where it is loosely gathered on Illya's shoulder. Radish paces back and forth with his watch (pocket type) in hand. Otto moistens an index finger, turns a page of his comic book. Solo, leaning close to Illya, takes a deep, deep breath and blows the grain off Illya's shoulder as best he can. The turkey apparently departs.

ILLYA

Thank you.

SOLO

My pleasure. Just be grateful it wasn't in your eyebrows.

RADISH (amused)

You bright young fellows shouldn't be giving me ideas.

## NEW ANGLE - THE TURKEY

126

unobserved by Radish, is now pecking at the random grain which has gathered around the rope or cloth or tape or whatever it is that is binding Illya's wrists.

## GROUP SHOT

127

as before, except that Illya is making funny faces, like a man being probed with a sharp stick in an area where no gentleman likes to be probed.

## RADISH

It is now exactly thirteen minutes after two.

## THE TURKEY

128

has Illya's bindings at least partially undone -- and Illya, no man to give up, is certainly straining and wriggling his wrists.

## BACK TO GROUP SHOT

129

Radish is gazing even more intently at his watch.

## INSERT WATCH

130

The second hand is turning.

## RADISH'S VOICE

As I mentioned earlier, the time factor is final, irreversible. The device itself, however small, has the power to move mountains, no less Georgi's limousine.

During this:

## THE TURKEY

131

is surprised to see Illya's hands come free and reach now for the bonds restraining Solo.

GROUP SHOT

132

RADISH (eyes on watch)  
 It is fourteen minutes after two.  
 And Georgi, my old friend, we shall  
 be removing your name from the his-  
 tory books. It is too late, Georgi ---

It is also too late for the startled Radish when,  
 looking up, he is immediately slugged by Illya.  
 Solo at the same time is separating Otto from his  
 comic book and his senses. The boys keep running.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

133

Solo and Illya depart the bleak building at a full  
 sprint. They are running pell-mell INTO CAMERA  
 when we HEAR (o.s.) the shattering, stunning, earth-  
 moving SOUND of an EXPLOSION. Solo and Illya come  
 to an unwilling halt. They look discouraged and  
 defeated.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

134

Georgi Koz, Priscilla and too many people are  
 stacked like breadsticks and pressed together in  
 far too little space. Georgi would like to look  
 at his wristwatch, but he can't locate his arm.  
 Priscilla, nose-to-nose with Georgi, smiles weakly.

PRISCILLA

It does get a little crowded, but  
 it's still the quickest way to  
 travel in New York.

KOZ

It is typical of the system. A  
 snake-pit for the masses.

He retrieves his arm; with much labor then he is  
 able to manage a painful peek at his watch.

KOZ (darkly)

It is sixteen after two.  
 (no response from  
 Priscilla)  
 The cat's got your tongue?

PRISCILLA

No, sir. I'm praying.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - WAVERLY ON PHONE

135

WAVERLY (gravely)

Yes, gentlemen. I'm pleased to know you're both alive, but I can only confirm your fears. Our report has Chairman Koz's limousine exploding at precisely two-fifteen. No fragment of Chairman Koz has as yet been recovered. I'm awaiting further details.

INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - ILLYA AND SOLO

136

share the narrow space and the single phone. Their expressions tell us plainly how they feel.

INT. GROPKIN FLAT - DAY

137

We are at Alex Gropkin's bedside. The man with the small beard, small thermometer and medium-sized syringe, is DR. NICOLAI SIGMOID. Chairman Koz's personal physician. Chairman Koz is talking to Alex. Mrs. Gropkin and Priscilla stand by.

KOZ

One reason I am not Santa Claus, my young friend, is that I won't be here on Christmas Day. But the real St. Nicholas, with the ho, ho, ho and the feathers on his face? . . . I guarantee he will be here if I have to send him by jet-propelled moose.

ALEX (wide-eyed)

No reindeer?

KOZ

A moose is more powerful, Alex. A reindeer maybe couldn't carry all the things I'm hoping to send. You'll be so disgusting healthy by that time --

He is interrupted by Mrs. Gropkin tapping him on the shoulder.

MRS. GROPKIN

Say something nice about Thanksgiving Day - you mind? That way the temperature will come down even more.

ALEX (brightening)  
 Could I see maybe the Thanksgiving  
 Day Parade?

137  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

KOZ  
See it? With me a personal friend  
 of Mr. Macy?  
 (arms extended, big  
 smile now)  
 How would you like to ride in that  
 parade?

Alex sits upright, his mouth open wide, but unable to  
 speak. Dr. Sigmoid puts his thermometer back in his  
 pocket.

DR. SIGMOID  
 I can tell from here the tempera-  
 ture is gone.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PRISCILLA'S AND GROPKINS' HOUSE - DAY

138

As Georgi Koz exits the building with Dr. Sigmoid  
 and Priscilla. We HEAR (O.S.):

A NEWSBOY  
Extra! Extra! Read all about it!  
Georgi Koz Murdered In Mystery Ex-  
plosion!

NEW ANGLE

139

Koz, Priscilla and Dr. Sigmoid react to this news.  
 Priscilla is the first to recover and call to the  
 newsboy:

PRISCILLA  
Sonny?

The boy approaches, hands her a paper, takes the coin  
 she gives him, never looking at Georgi, whose like-  
 ness fills not less than half of page one.

PRISCILLA (reading)

139  
CONT'D  
(2)

"An official limousine, occupied by Chairman Georgi Koz and someone identified only as Priscilla Worth, a Salvation Army Lass, was completely destroyed by the explosion of an obvious "infernal machine" at 2:15 P.M. today. For reasons as yet unknown, the official car, deserted by its chauffeur, had turned into a small parking lot just prior to the explosion. Casualties, for this reason, have apparently been limited to the occupants of the vehicle. The bodies of Chairman Koz and the little known Miss Worth have not been recovered, in whole or in part, as this issue goes to press . . ."

Priscilla stares numbly from Chairman Koz to Dr. Sigmoid and then back again.

PRISCILLA

A miracle.

DR. SIGMOID

A miracle.

KOZ

A miracle.

ZIP PAN TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE (STOCK SHOTS) 140

It is naturally overwhelming, with all the BALLOONS and FLOATS and fancy doings the FILM CLIPS can bestow.

A SECTION OF REVIEWING STAND

141

A HAPPY GROUP, clothed warmly against the rigors of late November, is composed of Mr. Waverly, Dr. Sigmoid, Francis X. "Reindeer" O'Reilly, a MIDGET as yet unidentified, MRS. GROPKIN, Sölo; and Illya. They are watching the parade go by. The SOUND OF BANDS, both near and far, is gay and unrelenting. Waverly turns now to Dr. Sigmoid.

WAVERLY

Doctor, excuse me, but I'm not yet clear as to what is being done about Mr. Radish and that -- er, Pifnic fellow.

141  
CONT'D  
(2)

DR. SIGMOID

At last report they were in custody on a cargo vessel bound for one of our ports. In a poultry pen, someone mentioned, but let's not have that spoil our taste for fowl.

ANGLE - MRS. GROPKIN

142

in sudden excitement grasps Solo by the lapels of his coat, kisses him, then kisses Illya.

MRS. GROPKIN

They're coming now!  
(waves wildly)  
Yoo-hoo! ALEX!

POV - THE SANTA CLAUS FLOAT

143

A beauty, naturally, with O'Reilly's reindeers and O'Reilly's sleigh to hold Chairman Koz as Santa Claus -- and the bundled joyous figure of Alex Gropkin, seated in Santa's lap.

IN THE REVIEWING STAND

144

Everyone is shouting and waving in unison with Mrs. Gropkin. Reindeer O'Reilly turns to the midget.

O'REILLY

It's one of me suits he's wearin'!

SOLO

145

waving with increased exuberance, throws a FLOWER and a kiss to:

PRISCILLA

146

in the line of march. Priscilla, catching the rose, stumbles but does not fall. Quickly recovering the heel of her shoe, she continues happily on.

IN THE REVIEWING STAND - WAVERLY

147

reaches across Dr. Sigmoid to gain the attention of Reindeer O'Reilly. He then nods to the midget.

WAVERLY

Mr. O'Reilly, I don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting your friend.

O'REILLY

Oh. Well, I'm glad you asked, Mr. Waverly. Shake hands with me cousin Tim.

WAVERLY (extending his hand)  
Tiny Tim?

O'REILLY

Who else would it be this season of the year?

CLOSE ON TIM

148

as he smiles into CAMERA.

TIM

God bless us every one.

The MUSIC RISES. The parade presumably moves on.

FADE OUT

The End