

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE ARABIAN AFFAIR

Prod. #7484

A  
MGM-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation  
  
Produced by  
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Executive Producer:  
Norman Felton

Producer:  
David Victor

Written by:

Peter Allan Fields

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FADE IN:

EXT. ARABIAN DESERT - DAY - LONG SHOT

1

from below, as WE LOOK UP the side of a sun-blasted, dune-like hill to where its crest meets the midday sky. That stark horizon line is now suddenly broken by the appearance of a man's head. He has apparently crawled up the reverse slope and now - flat on his stomach - peers out over CAMERA, which then MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT. The man is ILLYA, and the heat of the desert is getting to him as he pulls forth a pair of binoculars and looks through them.

LONG SHOT - EXPERIMENTAL STATION - THRU BINOCULARS

2

FRAME is encased in the outlines of Illya's FOCUSING binoculars, as he scans the wadi (i.e., a sparsely bushed valley) below him. He sees a huge, perfectly rounded mound of earth squatting like a gigantic brown pimple atop the scorched dirt of the wadi. And set into the side of the mound which faces us - invisible from above or from too great a side angle - is a steel door.

REACTION SHOT - ILLYA

3

He lowers the binoculars, as though staring at it with the naked eye will somehow help explain it.

MEDIUM SHOT

4

of Illya, his back to us as he continues to peer through his binoculars. CAMERA PULLS BACK, and as we are getting a LONG SHOT of Illya lying on the hilltop, the FRAME once again becomes encased in the outlines of a pair of binoculars. Somebody else is watching Illya watch the finimijig.

ED. CLOSE SHOT - SULADOR'S GROUP

5

A man watching Illya now puts his binoculars down. He is SULADOR, the ragged, tattered, bearded and frighteningly shy leader of his bedouin-type Arab clan. Crouched next to him, wearing huge golden earrings which set off the firebrand sparkle of her black eyes, is his daughter, SOPHIE. She is in her early and distinctly protein-fed twenties. Disturbingly appealing without giving a damn how she looks, Sophie gives us the immediate impression that she'd have no compunction whatever about wielding the knife she wears in her belt. Behind Sulador and Sophie are Sulador's two lieutenants, the FIRST and SECOND TRIBESMEN. They look, they act like, and they are, a couple of blunt instruments.

SULADOR (to Sophie -  
indicating Illya)

No horse...no provisions...what is he  
doing there, that one?

SOPHIE (sarcastic -  
impatient)

Ah! So before you attack and rob a  
man now, you must worry whether it  
will disturb him.

SULADOR (gruff - for  
tribesmen's benefit)

Be careful with your tongue, daughter...

Sulador turns to the First and Second Tribesmen and indicates with an arm gesture that they are to advance - from either flank - upon Illya. Obediently, they creep  
OUT OF SHOT.

SULADOR (to Sophie; a  
quiet plea as he eyes departing  
tribesmen)

Sophie, you do not talk to me like that  
in front of my own men....please.

SOPHIE

Huh!

(rises - indicates tribesmen)

Come on. You leave them alone, those  
two baboons of yours capture each other  
by mistake.

Sulador and Sophie now move off, following the First and Second Tribesmen very cautiously, toward Illya's position (P.C.).

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

6

He raises his binoculars to observe the structure once more. As he does so, ANGLE WIDENS to discover the tribespeople, still quite far away, approaching stealthily from his rear.

ILLYA'S POV - THRU BINOCULARS

7

Binoculars PAN from the steel door across several yards of desert, to discover a short, squat chimney protruding from the sand. Binoculars then PAN BACK to the steel door. And as CAMERA MOVES IN toward it, we

DISSOLVE INTO:

INT. EXPERIMENTAL STATION CORRIDOR - DAY - LONG SHOT

8

This is Thrush at its antiseptically gleaming, push-buttoned best. The underground corridor is long, with each of the doors lining it controlled by individual switches set into the wall. The lighting may be diffused, emanating from behind the porous (like swiss cheese) wall surfaces. A Thrush CAPTAIN, relatively young but unpalatably prim, is coming toward us at a crisp, businesslike pace. He strikes us as the type who still lives with his mother. CAMERA PANS with him, and FOLLOWS as he reaches a large panel-door at our end of the corridor. He pushes a button on the wall, and the panel doors open (by sliding upward). The Captain hurries into the room beyond.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT

9

as the Captain enters. This control room resembles those found in music recording studios - i.e., along its rear wall are instruments such as a tape recorder, decibel counter, gauges for measurement, etc. The front wall is not a wall at all, but a thick, soundproof observation window looking out onto a much larger (testing) room. Sitting at the intricate control panel and looking out into that testing room as the Captain enters, are his TWO ENGINEERS. The first one wears a white smock. The other wears a Thrush 'intermolecular' suit; i.e., one which resembles an astronaut's space attire.

CAPTAIN (nervous nice)  
Well, gentlemen, well? You've revised  
the mixture?

9  
CONT'D  
(2)

FIRST ENGINEER (working  
panel knobs)  
Yessir. With the bubbles less dense,  
it should be more easily dispersable  
in the atmosphere.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LOOKING THROUGH TO TESTING ROOM

10

The Captain and the Engineers are in F.G., and as they converse, we can look past them through the observation window, into the testing room. It is huge, soundproof and barren - except for a poor slobby ARAB TRIBESMAN who is bound securely to stout iron bars at the far end of the room. Due to the soundproofing, we cannot hear him. Yet, even at this distance we can see that he is hollering in fear and wide-eyed panic as he thrashes vainly to loose himself of his bonds.

CAPTAIN  
Well that's fine; but not at the expense  
of potency...  
(slapping fist against palm for  
emphasis)  
It...must...be...potent, gentlemen.  
Potent!

FIRST ENGINEER  
Three-point-four, at least, sir.

CAPTAIN (arched eyebrow)  
Three-point-four? My goodness...  
(remembers he's a stern captain)  
...Well, eh...well let's have a look,  
shall we?

The two Engineers begin fiddling with knobs and setting gauges. For the first time, the Captain looks out at the flailing Arab. The sight annoys him. He grabs the desk microphone which sits on the panel before the first Engineer, and switches it on.

CAPTAIN (through mike to  
Arab - piqued)  
You in there! Stop all that wiggling  
around, please...  
(to Engineers)  
...on with it, gentlemen, on with it.

Second Assistant pulls down slowly on a gigantic lever into the rear wall. There are sets of multi-colored lights opposite each notch along the lever's downward path, and those lights go on as the lever passes their respective notches. We HEAR a CRESCENDO HUMMING, and as though attracted by its source, CAMERA now PANS to the front wall of the control room which is at right angles to the glass partition. A large, steel, box-like object is set into the wall just as an air-conditioning unit might. The HUMMING INCREASES.

10  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. TESTING ROOM - FULL SHOT

11

CAMERA SHOOT PAST the Arab (still struggling fiercely at the ropes binding him to the iron bars) toward the glass partition, through which we can see the Captain and Two Engineers. The HUMMING is intense, and from a short, cannon-like tube protruding from the wall adjacent to the glass partition, now comes flocks and flocks of bubbles. They flow into the testing room, and begin to fill it with amazing rapidity.

INTERCUTS - TESTING ROOM - CONTROL ROOM

12

On the one side, the Engineers adjust mixture, gauge temperatures and the like. On the other side, one lower-middle-class Arab disappears somewhere within the gigantic bubble bath which fills the room from floor to ceiling.

CAPTAIN (looks at timer)

At three-point-four, that should suffice. Blow it out, please; let's see what we've got.

FIRST ASSISTANT (to  
Second)

All right, Harvey...

(as Second Assistant reverses  
lever and humming ceases)

...Turn on the fans...

The Second Assistant puts on the face-plate which goes with his space suit and, picking up a portable vacuum cleaner-type apparatus, enters the large room and begins blowing the place out, as we

12  
CONT'D  
(2)

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL NEAR EXPERIMENTAL STATION - DAY -  
CLOSE SHOT

13

of Illya, as he looks through binoculars.

POV - THRU BINOCULARS

14

He sees myriad bubbles rising from the chimney and dispersing across the desert. It's really pretty.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA

15

He puts down the binoculars, and pulls forth his pocket communicator.

ILLYA (into radio)  
Overseas relay, please...New  
York...This is Number 2,  
Section 2.....

Illya HEARS someone MOVING behind him. He wheels around just in time to catch the arm which, holding a dagger, was descending hard toward his back. It is the First Tribesman, and as CAMERA PULLS BACK, Illya uses the Tribesman's own momentum to flip him over and down the steep hill (O.S.). Illya jumps to his feet as the Second Tribesman lunges forward. In b.g., Sulador and Sophie are also arriving. Illya and the Second Tribesman wrestle for a moment on the crest of the hill, and still locked in combat, roll down its side in a sand-spewing flurry. CAMERA HOLDS on Sophie for a moment, as she draws her knife, then PULLS BACK and TILTS DOWNWARD to where the First and Second Tribesmen are suffering a right cross and a karate chop, respectively, from Illya.

CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE

16

She cocks her arm, and throws her knife.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT - GROUP

17

Illya has been hit in the thigh by Sophie's knife. He doubles over reflexively, and is bopped immediately on the back of the head by the butt of the Second Tribesman's knife. He falls unconscious, as CAMERA TILTS UPWARD to Sulador and Sophie at the crest of the dune.

SULADOR (calling  
down to Tribesmen)  
Take what he has...then finish  
him.

SOPHIE (to Tribesmen)  
No!  
(to Sulador)  
It was my knife that took him.  
He is mine!

SULADOR (shocked)  
Yours! What kind of nonsense...?

SOPHIE (challenging)  
You promise me for months that  
I have a new camel, no?....  
Yes! All right, then...

Sophie half-slides down the hill, and her warning look is enough to stay the Tribesmen from doing any further damage to Illya.

SOPHIE (calling  
up to Sulador -  
indicating Illya)  
Now I take this little skinny  
fellow here who is my property,  
and I sell him.  
(retrieves her knife,  
literally straddles Illya's  
prone body - triumphant)  
I sell him in the slave market  
at Akaba, and I get the money  
for a new camel.

SULADOR  
Oh, no! Woman...  
(rushes down hill)



SOPHIE (to Tribesmen)

17

You two; go get the horse...

(they hesitate, eyeing Sulador)

...Quickly, you lizard-eyed filth!

said of her, they run O.S.

SULADOR (watching Tribesmen

go)

Sophie, the camel I did promise, yes.

But not to kill a traveler; that is

against tradition....

(as she glares)

...But look at him, my daughter. Look  
at the leg.

SOPHIE (not to be denied)

So we cut off the leg. I sell him

anyway....as is; half price.

SULADOR

He will bleed to death...

HERA TILTS DOWN to Illya, who stirs slightly and stiffens  
with a suppressed GROAN of pain.

SOPHIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

So then I sell his yellow hair only,  
and throw the rest of him away. I will  
have that camel!

Illya sinks back into complete unconsciousness, as we:

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE IN:

T. UNCLE RESEARCH ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

18

F.G., SOLO is seated at a desk before a mountainous pile of files, through which he's been poring. He is in shirt sleeves, and the remains of a sandwich and carton of coffee are nearby. He's obviously been there awhile. Standing near him, sorting some photographs for his perusal, is one of the niftier-groovier UNCLE research ladies, MITZI.

MITZI (overworked)

Why did you have to get so interested  
in research during my shift?

SOLO (preoccupied)

Wish we'd hear something on Illya....  
Look, Mitzi...here...

(she looks at file he proffers)

...another one. In not one single dossier  
that UNCLE possesses on THRUSH personnel,  
is there any information on a man after  
his 65th birthday.

MITZI

So what? THRUSH retires its people  
just like anybody else, probably.

SOLO

That's just it; if any of THRUSH's  
retired personnel were still around,  
we'd at least have a record of where  
they were. But there's nothing!...See  
if Mr. Waverly's still busy, will you?

MITZI

You mean...when THRUSH retires its  
personnel at age 65, they make it, eh...  
permanent?

SOLO (pointing to phone)

Mr. Waverly, please...

MITZI

Again? Napoleon, he's gonna get awfully...

SOLO

The phone, you insubordinate wench!

8-25-65

P.10

Mitzi makes a wry face at Solo, but does move to the inter-office phone, as we

18  
CONT'D  
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

19

WAVERLY and a middle-aged UNCLE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER are standing before a wall map of Arabia.

OFFICER

We figure that Kuryakin was probably somewhere near the Gulf of Akaba when his report was interrupted. Actually, though, the THRUSH experimental lab itself could be hidden in any one of a hundred desert wadis from Mecca north to Damascus. We just don't know yet.

WAVERLY

Well we'd better know...and soon. If we give THRUSH the time they need to perfect that vaporizer of theirs...  
(sighs)

...At any rate, you'd better inform Personnel that we...don't expect Mister Kuryakin to be returning.

OFFICER

Oh, he'll turn up, Sir. It's only been 48 hours. He's pretty good at making it up as he goes along, you know...

WAVERLY (quietly)

Wishful thinking, I'm afraid...  
(indicates desert on map)  
The Arabian Desert is not quite Palm Springs, you know.

As they HEAR the BUZZER on Waverly's desk, he moves over to switch on his intercom.

WAVERLY (into inter-

com)

Yes?

INTERCUTS - WAVERLY - SOLO AND MITZE

20

MITZI (into phone - quite hesitant)

Uh, it's me again, Mister Waverly. You know...research department?

SOLO (interrupting)  
Ask him if there's any word on Illya.

20  
CONT'D  
(2)

WAVERLY (into intercom)  
Good grief, young woman! Can't you and Mr. Solo find anyone else to bother today? I appreciate his concern about Mr. Kuryakin, but...

MITZI  
Oh, it's not only that, sir. Mr. Solo thought you might just talk to him for a while about an idea that he....

WAVERLY (interruption)  
...Young lady; as I have told you three times already today...

CAMERA MOVES IN to a CLOSE SHOT of Mitzi as she listens to Waverly's voice on the phone (which we cannot hear).

MITZI (into phone - abashed)  
Yessir; I understand...yessir. Yes, Mr. Waverly...

(hangs up - turns to Solo)  
...Whew! There goes my Christmas bonus...  
(mimicking a grumpy Waverly)  
...Young woman I am extremely busy with specifics I have no time now for a coffee clache and I suggest that Mr. Solo....

CAMERA PULLS BACK now to INCLUDE Solo.

SOLO (interrupting)  
All right, already...  
(thoughtful again)  
...Mitzi; assuming that THRUSH does very quietly knock off all its operatives at age 65; and assuming that the prospective retirees don't know that they're about to receive an unexpected --  
(beat)  
-- death benefit from the company....  
why, we could scare some little old THRUISHMAN into...  
(gets an idea)  
...Mitzi!

MITZI (she jumps a foot)  
Ah!....Don't do that!

SOLO

Illya was looking for the experimental lab where THRUSH is building its vaporizer; right?

20  
CONT'D  
(3)

MITZI (a bit annoyed)

Now how do I know?

SOLO

Get me every dossier we've got on THRUSH personnel who've anything to do with their Research and Development Sections. And pray, little Mitzi. Pray that we find a nice, retiring THRUSH gentleman...

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH TRANSPORTATION HQ - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

21

DAVID LEWIN. In his middle sixties, he is a musty, tied-up kind of man who, having devoted his entire clock-watching, nine-to-five life solely to those procedural, paperwork matters of THRUSH which pass across his 4 x 6 desk, is somewhat less than a bon vivant. He is, in fact, a man old before his time; as humorless and as juiceless as last month's prune. Now, the tiny alarm on his desk clock BUZZES. He finishes stacking his desk papers neatly, and then arranges his sharpened pencils just so. He rises, and CAMERA FOLLOWS as he takes a lunch pail from his desk drawer, puts a file under his arm, and carries them both toward the door of this unattractive, dully furnished, rear-balcon office in which he works.

INT. VAULT FOYER

22

Lewin comes through from his office to this small room, on the side of which is a gleaming vault, watched over by a THRUSH GUARD. Lewin hands the file to the Guard who moves forward as he takes the file to the vault. Lewin continues on, lunch pail in hand, walking now out of the vault foyer to --

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR - DAY - LONG SHOT

23

The corridor into which Lewin now emerges is a secondary one which opens onto a main corridor. This area is a shiny, modern contrast to Lewin's ratty office. Several GUARDS line the corridor as CAMERA MOVES WITH LEWIN through the main corridor to the elevator. At the security panel near the elevator, two men stand. One is NORMAN, a tall, tanned and well-dressed man who is Lewin's boss. The other is Norman's AIDE. Norman looks up, sees Lewin, and advances.

NORMAN (expansive)  
Ah, Lewin! Big day, eh?

LEWIN (pushes elevator  
button)  
Oh, not too bad, Mister Norman. Of course the shipment of those final chemicals to the Arabian project...

NORMAN (exchanges amused  
glances with his Aide)  
That, eh...that isn't quite what I meant, Lewin.

LEWIN (lost)  
Oh, I'm...sorry, Sir. To, eh...  
to what were you, eh...(voice trails  
off)...

NORMAN  
Good heavens, man; have you forgotten your own retirement?

LEWIN  
Oh! Oh, certainly not, no...It's just that the details of the Arabian...

NORMAN (interrupting - as  
elevator arrives)  
Forget all that, Lewin. Relax. After the dinner THRUSH gives you tonight, you won't have a worry in the world.

LEWIN (stepping into  
elevator)  
Thank you, Sir...  
(pushes 'down' button)  
...I shall arrive at the dinner promptly,  
Sir.

The doors close behind Lewin. CAMERA FOLLOWS Norman back to his Aide at the security panel.

NORMAN

Unbelievable old fud. We probably won't be able to kill him like the others, you know. We'll have to bash him with a stick until his main-spring breaks.

23  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. MEAT FREEZING ROOM - DAY - MEDIUM SHOT

24

The room is lined with hanging sides of beef. At one end, however, is an elevator door which now opens. Lewin, lunch pail intact, exits the elevator and shivers his brief way past the meats. Pulling an IBM-type punch card out of his jacket pocket, he sticks it into a slot next to the freezer door. It CLICKS open, and Lewin walks through into

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY - FULL SHOT

25

Lewin proceeds through the deserted kitchen. Reaching the door leading from the kitchen to the alley behind the building, Lewin stops, and pushes a button.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR - CLOSE SHOT

26

looking over the Aide's shoulder, as a panel light goes on, and something BUZZES. The Aide flicks the switch.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT

27

of Lewin, standing before the door, which now opens. He exits.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LEWIN LIVING ROOM - EVENING - FULL SHOT

28

Lewin sits in an easy chair reading a fishing magazine, as his wife enters carrying a sheet of paper and a pencil. Her name is HAZEL, and she is a non-descript hausfrau in her late and tired fifties.

HAZEL

David, I really don't think we'll even have to touch the savings. Your pension should....

28  
CONT'D  
(2)

LEWIN

How about the fishing boat?

HAZEL

I figured that in...

(kisses him on forehead)

...Oh, David, I just can't believe it. Retired....

CUT TO:

INT. LEWIN FIRE ESCAPE - EVENING

29

A pair of legs ENTERS FRAME. Someone is looking in on David and Hazel. CAMERA TILTS DOWNWARD to the trespasser's feet. One of the metal fire escape struts upon which he steps is a different color from the others, and gives way slightly under his tread.

LEWIN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes; but they've been good, these years at Thrush....watching the company grow...being a part of it all..

INT. LIVING ROOM

30

Levin stiffens in his seat as the light from the reading lamp next to his easy chair begins to fluctuate in intensity.

HAZEL (seeing him stiffen)

David?

Levin slowly reaches for the drawer in the end table upon which the reading lamp rests. He extracts a pistol.

HAZEL (cont'd; shocked)

David!

LEWIN

Shh!....

(intense whisper)

...get into the bedroom and stay there.



before Hazel can move, they both HEAR the SOUND of the door being opened behind them. ANGLE WIDENS to discover Lewin as he enters. He carries a gun in one hand, and a file folder in the other. Lewin's gun - gripped rigidly - is out of sight in his lap.

30  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (nods to Hazel)

Mrs. Lewin...

(to Lewin; as the latter is preparing to spin around with gun ready)

...No, no; you're too close to the good life to risk that. Put the gun on the table, please.

Lewin complies, grudgingly, and after picking the gun up, he moves over to sit down on the couch opposite Lewin's chair. Hazel grips the back of the chair in fearful expectation.

SOLO (quite comfortable)

Mr. Lewin, my crystal ball has it that tonight, THRUSH is to favor you with both a retirement dinner and a solid gold pocket watch for thirty-one years of self-sacrificing loyalty. Correct?...

LEWIN (exchanging furtive glances with Hazel)

Who are you? How did you...I mean.... where I live...

SOLO

Everybody who retires wants to take a trip, it seems. You left your address with a travel agent on 59th Street. I found him and then I found you. Now...

(very businesslike)

...as your brand new, friendly UNCLE insurance agent, I can say with authority that...

LEWIN

UNCLE! Look here; I'm only in the transportation section...I don't.... look, at least let my wife....

SOLO

Mr. Lewin; please do not interrupt my sales pitch...

(Cont.)

SOLO (CONT'D)  
 (leans over to hand Lewin manila  
 folder)

30  
 CONT'D  
 (3)

Now the moment you retire from THRUSH,  
 you not only cease to be an asset to  
 them, but you become a dangerous liability  
 as well, since you know all of their dirty  
 little secrets. Mr. Lewin, they're going  
 to retire you, all right; but as this  
 carefully drawn prospectus file will  
 definitely show....they're also going to  
 kill you.

CAMERA MOVES IN to a TWO SHOT of David and Hazel. Despite  
 his fervent hope that Solo will evaporate, a certain little  
 chill has tinkled ominously within him. He looks down at  
 the folder, then up to Hazel.

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Oh, examine it by all means. I believe  
 you'll find the fringe benefits that  
 UNCLE offers to be superior. Mrs. Lewin,  
 perhaps you might brew us up a bit of  
 coffee...

Lewin stares at the folder again. He'd like to scoff, yet  
 for a reason he doesn't really know - he's afraid to open  
 it.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SOPHIE'S TENT - TWO SHOT - DAY

31

Illya and Sophie. He lies on the dirt floor atop a  
 single, seedy blanket. He awakens and looks around, trying  
 to get oriented. Squatting alongside and regarding him  
 with casual interest, is Sophie. She wrings out a cold  
 compress over a bucket of water.

ILLYA (weakly)  
 How do you do?

Illya has lifted his head slightly as Sophie slaps the cold  
 compress against his forehead with enough force to knock him  
 flat again.

ILLYA (cont'd; skeptically)  
 Thank you very much...  
 (his leg throbs; he winces, then  
 looks down at it)

SOPHIE

I take care of the leg. They do not cut it off.

31  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

That's eh.....very kind.

SOPHIE

No, that is business. One entire man buys one entire camel in Akaba.

ILLYA

Akaba! Listen, I must get there to send a message. It's extremely...

SOPHIE (draws knife)

It would be dangerous for you to lose any more blood, I think...

(puts knife at his throat)

...You make no more noise, you lose no more blood.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. LEWIN LIVING ROOM - FULL SHOT - EVENING

32

With Lewin and Hazel, pale and shaken, have been looking through the documentation in the manila folder.

LEWIN (it's all unbelievable)

But...ever since Charlie Jacobs retired from THRUSH, he's sent us postcards about Majorca, and the living conditions....

SOLO

Uh-uh (no)...Your friend Charlie Jacobs was assassinated by THRUSH two days after they threw him his retirement dinner...

(indicates folder contents)

...that's his morgue photo on the bottom there.

LEWIN (ready to fall apart)

How...how did they....?

SOLO

They gave him a lovely, engraved pocket watch; same as they'll be giving you, I expect. Forty-eight hours later it blew him halfway across the English Channel... in several very pieces.

HAZEL

You don't understand, Mr. Solo. THRUSH has always provided David with wonderful health and accident benefits; a stock-option plan, even...

(grabbing at straws)

...Remember, David? When I had that horrible appendicitis, how they...

SOLO (sympathetic interruption)

Mrs. Lewin; your husband is 65 years old. Without our help...UNCLE's help...his life expectancy on the actuarial tables is approximately.....zero.

(indicates folder contents)

That fact should be evident.

LEWIN (numb)

It is...after thirty-one years....

(alert again)

What is it you want from me?

SOLO

The entire file - location, breakdown, plans and statistics - on the experimental THRUSH vaporizer.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Lewin's shocked face as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SOPHIE'S TENT - MED. SHOT - DAY

33

Illya is propped up in bed, sipping some sort of slop from a clay bowl. Sophie sits several feet away, weaving a basket or sorting out her long black hair or something.

ILLYA

Look here...I deeply regret the demise of your previous camel, but...

(gets a thought)

...Eh, you mentioned that some other animals belonging to your people have also died recently.

SOPHIE

...And the water holes polluted, and the grazing foliage rotted...this land is cursed against us, I think!

ILLYA (just a hunch)  
Your people themselves; have any of  
your people...disappeared in the last  
month or so?

33  
CONT'D  
(2)

Sulador enters just in time to hear Ilyya's last speech.  
He stops dead, as Sophie springs to her feet, stiff and  
suspicious.

SOPHIE (warily)  
How do you know about that?...  
(fiercely)  
...eh?

ILLYA  
Then you have lost men in this area?  
How many?

SULADOR (suspicious of Ilyya)  
Seven...the first one two months ago.  
But what is that to you?

ILLYA (nodding - almost  
to himself)  
Guinea pigs for Thrush....

SOPHIE  
Eh? What are you saying there?

ILLYA (to Sulador)  
Look, there's something going on in  
your desert that...

SOPHIE (impatiently)  
I think you shut up now so you don't  
confuse anyone, eh?

ILLYA (still to Sulador -  
imploring)  
You're the chief of this tribe, aren't  
you? If you'll help me get to Akaba...

SOPHIE  
Ha!...You will get to Akaba, skinny  
little fellow. When you are healthy  
enough for me to get a good price....

ILLYA (to Sulador -  
insistent)  
But I can put an end to the misfortunes  
your people have been...

SULADOR (interrupts -  
imperious)  
Eh! Sulador does not require assistance,  
thank you....

33  
CONT'D  
(3)

NO SHOT - ILLYA AND SULADOR

34

Sulador moves to tower over him with quiet but heartfelt  
space.

SULADOR (cont'd)  
I do not like you. You give me indi-  
gestion with your busy mouth.

SOPHIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Papa...

SULADOR (to Sophie, O.S.)  
Quiet!...  
(to Illya - leaning close)  
...You give me indigestion again - I  
rip out your stomach.

CAMERA MOVES IN on Illya's face as he reflects upon that  
distasteful possibility.

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LEWIN LIVING ROOM - EVENING - MEDIUM SHOT

35

The contents of the manila folder are spread out on the couch. And while Solo continues to sit calmly - sipping coffee - Lewin paces nervously about the room.

LEWIN

And in return for the file on the vaporizer and its location, Uncle will guarantee Hazel and me...

SOLO

Safety; to live out your retirement years in peace. Now...where is the file?

Lewin's demeanor has been one of brooding thoughtfulness. He is dry and humorless, but certainly not dull of mind. He walks over to Solo now, and he has obviously made some decisions.

LEWIN

I've never been an important Thrush operative, Mister Solo. The transportation department is what you might call...overhead. But I am a well trained one. May I have your Uncle pocket communicator, please?

INTERCUTS - SOLO AND LEWIN

36 - 38

Dubious, but in the position of a man who wants something and will do whatever necessary to get it, Solo hands Lewin the communicator. Lewin begins taking it apart.

LEWIN (cont'd)

If I tell you where to lay your hands on that file, what's to prevent you or the superiors to whom you report, from going to get it and leaving me high and dry?

(removes fornistat from communicator and hands it back to Solo)

...No, Mister Solo. We wait here and then go together...I to my dinner and you to the file...same place...

(holds up fornistat)

...assuming we're both alive when it's all over, I'll return this to you.

SOLO (dubiously)

I'd appreciate it.

LEWIN

Hazel?...See if you can find my old tuxedo, will you?

(to Solo - as Hazel exits)

I had to rent the one I'll be wearing tonight; waistline, you know. There's one condition, Mr. Solo. I will not expose my wife to danger. She goes to a safe place before you and I go anywhere.

SOLO

Agreed...

LEWIN

Our office, you will find, is located in a usual enough building; but in a rather unusual place in that building...

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING HOTEL - FULL SHOT ESTABLISHING - NIGHT 39

A busy skyscraper of a hotel building, its entrance buzzing with taxis, limousines, well-dressed patrons going in and out with a doorman's aid.

REVERSE ANGLE

40

Solo and Lewin, both in tuxedos, standing in F.G. looking across the street at the hotel. They are partially concealed from the hotel by a parked car.

LEWIN

Have you ever noticed, Mr. Solo, that in most hotel and office buildings, there is no 13th floor designated?

ANGLE ON HOTEL BUILDING

41

LEWIN'S VOICE (cont'd; O.S.)

So it is in the one Thrush has been using this month. The public elevator goes from the 12th floor to the 14th floor, and no one even wonders if there's a 13th floor in between...

CAMERA MOVES IN on the 13th floor of the building. The windows are blacked out.



LEWIN'S VOICE (cont'd; O.S.)

41

But there is, Mr. Solo. And every single day - at least until we change locations again - a few hundred Godfearing, home-loving citizens travel blithely up and down in the public elevator...directly past a major Thrush nerve center.

CONT'D  
(2)

FILE ON SOLO AND LEWIN

42

LEWIN (cont'd; looking at wrist watch)

But now, Mr. Solo, I shall show you... a more private elevator.

On a nod from Lewin, Solo crosses the street toward the hotel. After waiting to ensure a suitable gap between them, Lewin follows.

CUT TO:

HOT. ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

43

Solo and Lewin, moving cautiously to assure their remaining unseen, approach the door to the hotel kitchen through which we saw Lewin emerge earlier. Lewin takes an IBM-type punch card out of his pocket and slips it into a slot in the doorjamb next to the kitchen door. As he does so, he motions for Solo to remain flattened against the outside wall. As the card enters the slot, the entire doorjamb glows slightly. Lewin stands stiffly - as though being inspected - until the glow ceases and the kitchen door CLICKS OPEN. As Lewin steps inside, he motions for Solo to follow quickly after him. The door closes behind them.

CUT TO:

HOT. KITCHEN - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

44

CAMERA FOLLOWS Solo and Lewin through the darkened kitchen to the freezer door, which Lewin opens.

LEWIN

Stay down here out of sight. In exactly...

(looks at wrist watch)

...three minutes, I'll send the elevator down for you....

(Cont.)

LEWIN (CONT'D)

(pulls folded paper out of pocket  
and hands it to Solo)

...Here's the map I drew so you'll know  
where to look.

(starts to enter freezer; turns  
back to Solo)

From this point on I don't know you,  
I've never heard of you, and if you're  
discovered I'll be screaming for your  
head with the rest of them.

win quickly disappears into the freezer.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

45

FEW THRUSH GUESTS, including Norman, are standing in the  
corridor sipping cocktails. All are dressed in their  
doffy best. The elevator doors open and, acting just  
nervous enough to make us nervous, Lewin emerges.

NORMAN

Ah! The guest of honor....

Norman breaks away from a small gathering and, moving to  
Lewin, puts an arm around the older man's shoulder and  
leads him forward.

NORMAN (cont'd)

...But...where is Mrs. Lewin?

LEWIN

I'm afraid that's why I'm late, sir.  
Her arthritis was just...well you see,  
she gets it down along this arm and  
then...

NORMAN (quickly)

Eh, yes...well that's unfortunate, eh  
....At any rate...

The Thrush guests nearby gather around Lewin in friendly  
fashion. He shakes proffered hands and accepts (AD-LIB)  
congratulations.

ANGLE FAVORING NORMAN

46

as, moving from the group, he catches the eye of his Aide. The two men meet, and although we cannot hear what Norman whispers, CAMERA FOLLOWS as the Aide then moves past Lewin's group (in f.g.) to the elevator. Lewin bites his lip as he sees the Aide push the 'down' button. And as the elevator doors open and close again behind the Aide, Lewin is numb with trepidation.

NORMAN'S VOICE (o.s.;  
merrily)  
Ladies and gentlemen...into the  
main salon, if you will. Time  
for the festivities...

Perspiring a bit, Lewin allows himself to be led down the corridor by his well-wishers, as we

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

47

of Solo, as he looks at his wristwatch. CAMERA PULLS BACK and FOLLOWS as he rises from his hiding place behind a stove and moves across to the freezer door. He is just about to open it - when it is opened from within. Solo must jerk quickly back and to the side to avoid detection as the Aide emerges into the kitchen. He starts to pass the place where Solo crouches hidden near the freezer door. Then, however, he stops and turns, sensing someone's presence. For the briefest instant, Solo and the Aide are staring at each other.

SOLO

Hi.

Solo has been groping to dislodge a frying pan from its hook on the wall. He succeeds just as the Aide, recovering from his initial shock, takes a step toward Solo - who now swings the frying pan in a wide sweep toward the Thrushman's head. There is a marvelous BONG, as the Aide is levelled. Solo stuffs him under the nearby vegetable chopping table. He then enters the meat freezing room, through the door of which we can see the waiting elevator in b.g....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

48

The elevator doors open, and Solo comes out into the corridor. Most of the guests have already gone to the main salon, and Solo (shielding his face as best he can without appearing obvious) mixes with the last of them as they saunter through the place.

ANGLE FAVORING SECOND CORRIDOR

49

This is the second, smaller corridor, which intersects the main one. As 'his' group of guests passes that intersection, Solo unobtrusively slithers to his left and edges out of sight into the second corridor.

ANGLE ON SOLO

50

Quickly, he gives Lewin's map a last perfunctory glance, orienting himself. He then moves down the corridor. He reaches the door leading to the vault foyer (which we saw Lewin pass through earlier) - and finds the door locked. From around the far corner in b.g., a THRUSH GUARD comes toward us. He's been casually walking his beat, and while Solo's presence does raise a question in his eyes, his approach remains relatively relaxed. After all, Solo is wearing a tuxedo, and must assuredly be a Thrush official. Solo, in turn, decides upon the aggressive approach.

SOLO (a bit annoyed)  
Guard? This door was to be left  
open for me. Why wasn't it?

GUARD (half-apologetic)  
Well, Sir, I... don't know, eh...  
nobody said anything about it to  
me.

SOLO  
I'm saying something right now.  
Open it, please.

GUARD (fumbling at his  
belt)  
Yessir...

The door keys are not really keys at all, but rather, two short steel rods. The guard is just about to insert them into two holes in the door itself, when he hesitates.

GUARD

Eh...if you don't mind, sir; perhaps  
I'd better check first with...

(he turns as if to leave)

...Mr. Norman...

50  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo spins the Guard around and knocks his rifle to the floor. He drives him hard against the wall. The surprised Guard goes back with a driving lunge which Solo sidesteps. He thrusts out his foot, and after smashing off-balance against the opposite wall, the Guard now scrambles toward his rifle. Solo's rabbit-punch lays him out cold. Solo takes the two steel rods from the Guard's belt, opens the door, and then drags the Guard into the vault foyer. He then closes the door behind him, but not before we've caught a glimpse of the great vault beyond.

CUT TO:

INT. THRUSH MAIN SALON

51

There are no menacing guards here, no weapons in view. There is only a mixed group of beautifully dressed, sophisticated persons quietly enjoying each other's company.

NOTE: The more dignified the proceedings appear at this point, the more marked will be the contrast when all hell breaks loose later.) At the front table, Lewin sits as next of honor, with Norman at his right. All are eating (Lewin just nibbles).

NORMAN (to Lewin)

By the way, Lewin; you were right, as usual. We do have a problem with the Arabian chemicals. Johnson will be flying me there right after the dinner, as a matter of fact...

(talks across the official on the other side of Lewin)

...George; go telephone Rockaway and make sure my plane's ready, will you?

END. SHOT

52

George is the official in his early thirties who sits on the other side of Lewin. He nods his assent, and rises to leave. He takes only a few steps, however, before Norman rises after him.

NORMAN  
Oh, George....

52  
CONT'D  
(2)

George waits as Norman moves to him, and begins to whisper, out of the hearing of the others. In b.g. we see Lewin watching them intently.

NORMAN (quietly)  
I sent Johnson to check out the validity of Mrs. Lewin's arthritic absence. He hasn't come back. Probably nothing, but keep an eye out for him, will you ?

George nods again, and moves out of SHOT. Norman turns, and heads back to the table. His guilt his worst enemy, Lewin doesn't look too well.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. VAULT FOYER

53

Solo has the Guard's key belt in his hand, and has been feverishly trying to find one which will unlock the vault. In b.g., the Guard is still out cold.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ARAB CAMP GROUND - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

54

The dinner meal is being prepared by the clan WOMEN around the community campfire. The people live in tents, set up at odd intervals and at varying distances from the campfire - which is apparently the hub of the community wheel. Sophie leans over the huge kettle, using her knife to chop up some ungodly stuff which goes into the pot. Behind her, the other women (at least two of whom are incredibly old and scraggly) are in earnest and animated conversation which we cannot hear. Sophie does hear them, however. She finishes chopping and wipes her knife off on her skirt. She then picks up a heavy bucket of water, and leaves the campfire in the direction of her tent. As she goes, she favors the gossiping women with an amused shake of her head and a slight parting smirk which seems to say "you clucking old crones ought to be committed". CAMERA PANS to watch Sophie as she carries the heavy bucket with some difficulty. The tent to which she walks is in b.g., and we see that Illya has come slowly and painfully to its front flap from within. He is looking out over the campsite as Sophie approaches.

CLOSE SHOT - ILLYA AND SOPHIE

55

SOPHIE (harshly)  
 You do not stand up until I tell you!  
 That leg has value to me!

Illya subdues a smile as, with unthinking and almost reflexive courtesy, he takes the bucket from her and hobbles aside with it. Sophie stands stunned for an instant. He's not used to that sort of thing. A moment later, however, she regains her haughty demeanor, and barges inside after him.

INT. SOPHIE'S TENT - MED. SHOT

56

Illya is carrying the bucket across the tent to the clay wash bowl, as Sophie catches up to him.

SOPHIE (very suspicious)  
 Why do you take that bucket, eh?

Instantly, Illya just plain drops the bucket to the floor. It splashes all over the place.

ILLYA  
 To be polite, you silly little girl...  
 (warningly - as she opens her  
 mouth to counter-attack)  
 ...And before you open that nasty,  
 flapping mouth of yours again, may I  
 suggest that you'd do well to study  
 up a bit on that trivial amenity  
 called courtesy!....  
 (he hobbles away, not facing  
 her as he delivers his parting  
 shot)  
 ...No wonder you're still unmarried...  
 at your age.

CLOSE SHOT - SOPHIE

57

Turned into momentary defenselessness by this unexpected burst of masculine criticism, Sophie is, for a heart-beat at least, a sorrowful portrait of a hurt - and awed - young lady. Suddenly, she graduates into fury. ANGLE CHANGES to include Illya, as she runs up to him and kicks him smack in the bum leg. He GROANS and doubles up, sinking

the floor in pain. Sophie is instantly sorry. Her  
 a mask of contriteness, it is with an effort that  
 keeps from reaching down to him. Instead, and  
 though it takes her a moment, she steels both her face  
 and demeanor once more. Her aplomb, swagger and tongue  
 intact, she glares down at Illya and gives him her  
 disdainful LAUGH.

57  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

SOPHIE (snickering)  
 The pale blue eyes...the fine golden  
 hair. Ah yes, the hair...  
 (gaining momentum)  
 ...You know what those foolish old hags  
 are saying out there? You remind them  
 of another blond young man, they say;  
 long ago --- a great warrior without  
 uniform who came from the west to  
 liberate our desert and bring glory  
 to the tribes. Ha!...the dirty, feeble  
 hero of Arabia. Aiee!

satisfied that she's acted sufficiently horribly to re-  
 divert her more decent emotions, Sophie turns and marches  
 to the front of the tent.

CLOSE SHOT

58

In spite of herself, she doesn't like the way she's acted.  
 And thus, although she's madder than hell at herself for  
 doing it, she finds herself turning back to Illya.

SOPHIE (quietly grumpy)  
 The supper is cooked; you come eat...  
 (yelling again to cover herself)  
 You are too skinny!

He exits, and CAMERA PANS to Illya, whose eyes narrow in  
 concentrated thought, and who now looks as though he's  
 come up with an idea.

ZIP PAN TO:

ARAB CAMP GROUND - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

59

seen above. The only light is that thrown by the huge  
 campfire, around which the tribe is sitting in profound  
 silence as they listen to Illya. CAMERA should CRANE  
 UP and MOVE IN SLOWLY on Illya as he speaks, and the  
 effect of the weirdly shadowed lighting of the campfire -



the almost mystic style in which Illya is weaving  
 is absurd tale - should be hypnotic.

59  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

ILLYA (a rising crescendo  
 of drama)

...Arabia was starving; pinioned under  
 the cruelty of the Turkish thumb. And  
 it was then that my father came to your  
 people. And it was then that my father  
 and the great Prince Feisal did join  
 together, and did bring together all  
 the hitherto divergent tribes of the  
 desert. Donning the white bernoose of  
 your people to hide the yellow of his  
 hair and the foreign pallor of his skin,  
 my father made of your people a mobile  
 army...

CAMERA has by this time MOVED IN to a CLOSE SHOT of Illya.  
 Now it PANS SLOWLY across the faces in the firelight, as  
 the tribe listens in awed and wide-eyed reverence. Sophie  
 and Sulador are no less caught up in it than are the others.

ILLYA (cont'd)

...A massive unit of Arabian steel,  
 descending out of the dunes in a  
 shrieking scourge to wreak havoc among  
 the enemy. And the enemy knew him  
 well, my father; the world came to  
 know him well; this quiet, blond young  
 man in Arabia. And at the end of it...  
 after Akaba; after the steaming hell of  
 the Sinai; after the cutting of the  
 railways at Arar and Mafrak and Mezerib  
 ....after all this....

CAMERA has gone FULL CIRCLE around the campfire, and is  
 BACK ON Illya again. He rises slowly. There isn't a  
 murmur, a cough, a movement.

ILLYA (cont'd)

...he gave back to the tribes - to  
 Arabia - the greatest gift of all....  
 (a glowing revelation)  
 Damascus; the jeweled city...  
 (bows his head)  
 ...and my father's labor was done.

LE SHOT

60

ing it for all it's worth, Illiya turns and slowly  
 lies away toward his tent. All eyes are upon him. It  
 the end of a magic moment, like the cub scouts listen-  
 to a horror story around the fire at summer camp.

GLE ON SULADOR

61

jerks himself out of the near-hypnosis. Around him,  
 approving mutters and reverent whispers are beginning.  
 adador takes note of them, and frowns. He touches the  
 of his two lieutenants (we saw them in the Teaser),  
 indicates that they are to follow him. He rises and  
 goes away from the fire, his boys at his heels.

SULADOR (a bitter whisper)  
 In time of trouble, ignorant people grab  
 too anxiously at the straws of hope.  
 What they see in that young man diminishes  
 my leadership. Tonight, when my daughter  
 sleeps...you will take him far into the  
 desert....you will return without him.

ZIP PAN TO:

T. MAIN SALON - FULL SHOT

62

Norman and Lewin are on their feet behind the table at the  
 front of the room. They are shaking hands, and the rest  
 of the guests are APPLAUDING. Lewin acknowledges their  
 tribute self-consciously.

NORMAN (as applause dies)  
 ...And yet, my friends, when all has  
 been said and done, there still remains  
 the fact that after thirty-one years of  
 devotion and service, David Lewin is  
 leaving us...

GLE FAVORING FRONT TABLE

63

Norman reaches for a box which rests on the table before  
 him. He opens it, revealing a magnificent pocket watch.

NORMAN (cont'd)  
 ...And so to you, David Lewin...  
 (holds box up toward Lewin)

CLOSE SHOT - LEWIN'S FACE

64

does not want that watch.

NORMAN'S VOICE (cont'd)  
...to whatever far places the winds of  
time may blow you...

conservative fellow that he is, Lewin is wondering whether  
not to faint in public, as we:

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. VAULT FOYER - CLOSE TWO SHOT

65

Solo and the Guard he overpowered earlier. The Guard  
is no longer unconscious. He is, as a matter of fact,  
*extremely conscious of Solo's pistol pressing against the*  
*underside of his presently unstable jaw.* In B.G., we see  
that the vault is still locked.

SOLO  
Speak to me, Musclehead. Do we get  
that steel bathtub open, or do I per-  
form a very messy tonsillectomy?

GUARD (scared, sweating;  
he may cry)  
But I don't know! I couldn't open it  
no matter...

SOLO (interrupting)  
Then who could?...  
(increases physical pressure)  
...Who!

GUARD (a limp rag now)  
Mister...Norman....He knows the....

D. SHOT

66

Solo interrupts him again by hauling the spongy fellow  
by his feet and shoving him toward the door.

SOLO  
Okay...You're going out to the inter-  
com system now, and you're going to  
page your Mr. Norman...

(Cont.)

SOLO (CONT'D)  
 (poking gun hard into Guard's  
 back)

66  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

...and please bear in mind that directly  
 behind you, there will be one very well  
 dressed, but very nervous, homicidal  
 maniac.

CUT TO:

INT. THRUSH MAIN CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT

67

George is standing behind the security panel near the  
 elevator. He is on the phone.

GEORGE (into phone)  
 ...then arrange for in-flight refueling.  
 Mr. Norman's plane will be going directly  
 to Arabia...  
 (hangs up)

Just as George puts the phone down, the elevator doors open  
 in B.G. Out of the elevator comes Norman's Aide. With a  
 repulsively re-arranged face and still so weavey from Solo's  
 bong that he's not yet ready for very much except falling  
 down again, he staggers forward into George's arms. CAMERA  
 QUICKLY PANS AROUND to look down the length of the corridor.  
 Solo's head is visible at the intersection of the two  
 corridors. He has peeked around the corner to see what's  
 happening. His head now disappears.

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR INTERSECTION - CLOSE SHOT

68

of Solo and his captive Guard. As he contemplates his next  
 move, the jolting SOUND of the warning system SIRENS is  
 HEARD throughout the place. The Guard relaxes, regarding  
 Solo with victory in his eyes. CAMERA FOLLOWS Solo's gaze  
 as he peeks around the corner once more to see George  
 feverishly flicking switches on the security panel.

GEORGE (into panel mike)  
 Red warning...seal all exits, vents and  
 ducts...we've got a trespasser...

The corridor lights are varying in intensity (and perhaps  
 color) now, with the advent of the emergency. CAMERA MOVES  
 IN on Solo's face as we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN SALON - FULL SHOT

69

The SIRENS and lighting changes have a mad effect upon the previously ultra-spiffy THRUSH guests. One woman pulls a jewelled poniard out of her garter and tucks it into her bodice. A dignified gentleman yanks out his cigarette case, flicks open a sighting device, and cocks it. All are jumping up from their seats. A waiter's tray is inadvertently knocked to the floor. And through the SHOT runs Norman. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he dashes from the room ahead of the others. CAMERA PANS AROUND to the front table. Lewin stands there alone, deathly afraid. The only one who knows what the ruckus probably portends, he sinks back into his chair.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - LONG SHOT

70

George and the hideous-faced Aide stand at the security panel in f.g. as Norman runs toward us from the main salon in distant b.g., through the doors of which some other guests now start emerging.

NORMAN (eyeing Aide's  
condition)  
What!

GEORGE  
Uninvited guest, sir...  
Clobbered Johnson here and...

NORMAN (studying panel)  
Why hasn't the corridor guard  
checked in?...  
(not waiting for answer -  
turns to arriving THRUSH  
folk)  
...Spread out...units of three...

CUT TO:

INT. VAULT FOYER - MED. SHOT

71

Solo's captive guard is now lying unconscious in his shorts and tee shirt. Solo is just finishing dressing himself in the guard's uniform. He opens

8-25-65

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the door to the corridor (carrying guard's rifle),  
just as three of the THRUSH guests come by.

71  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (as though he's  
been searching)  
Nothing in there...

The three guests continue down the hall. Solo starts  
to go the other way, then comes back as an after-  
thought and closes the door in our faces.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN SALON

72

Lewin has come as far as the door leading to the  
corridor. His nerves prevent him from going further.  
In b.g., some of the women are still sitting at  
their tables. Lewin stares down apprehensively at  
his new pocket watch, then looks around for a  
possible place to dump it, as Solo appears in the  
doorway to confront him.

SOLO (frustrated)  
You forgot to mention that nice  
little steel vault they've got  
in there...

LEWIN  
Norman's going to the Arabian  
station tonight...Rockaway Airport...

SOLO  
Well, that's some help, anyway.  
C'mon, let's get out of here...

LEWIN (draws back)  
No!... No, I'm...frightened.

Concerned for the man's safety, Solo takes Lewin's  
arm. Lewin, a jangle-nerved mess by now, shakes  
him off, and then - as though it were a poisoned  
hot potato - dumps the pocket watch into Solo's  
hand.

LEWIN  
Take it! Take it and get out of here!  
Leave me alone...Go!

Lewin runs back into the salon to leave Solo just  
standing there. Since further argument is ob-  
viously impossible, Solo turns back into the  
corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT

73

With THRUSH personnel scurrying around in b.g., Norman directs traffic from the security panel. George is at his side.

NORMAN (into microphone on panel)  
Be sure to check air conditioning vents and generator room...  
(turns to George)  
...whoever he is, he couldn't have come in with the rest of us...

CAMERA PANS to discover and FOLLOW Solo, wearing the guard's uniform, as he walks right past Norman and George to the elevator in b.g. He pushes the button - and now he must stand waiting for that interminable moment. Norman and George are still in f.g.

NORMAN (to George)  
Who was the last guest to...  
(remembers)  
...Lewin! Lewin, who arrived late and alone...  
(notices Solo - incredulous)  
...There's the corridor guard...  
(calls to Solo)  
...You! Guard!

REVERSE ANGLE

74

Solo ignores Norman and pushes the button again. He holds his THRUSH rifle so that it faces us in immediate f.g. Slowly, as silently as possible, he cocks it - as the elevator doors thank God finally open. He steps into the elevator (CAMERA PULLS BACK so that it's inside the elevator) as Norman and George rush forward, with George leveling his pistol. Solo turns and sprays the area with bullets. Just as the doors close, we see George fall.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MED. SHOT

75

following Solo as he rushes out of the freezer door and through the kitchen to the outside door. He finds it locked, as expected, and FIRES at its hinges. But it remains tightly shut. Suddenly, we HEAR Norman's voice over the intercom system.

NORMAN'S VOICE (filtered)  
 I assume you're standing rather unhappily  
 at the kitchen door right now...wondering  
 if there's another way out...

75  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

MERCUTS - SOLO (IN KITCHEN) - NORMAN (UPSTAIRS)

76-78

Norman speaks through the microphone at the panel, we  
 THRUSHMEN standing at the elevator doors in B.G.,  
 frantically pushing the button.

NORMAN

...There isn't one, I'm afraid. I  
 sealed the door electrically from up  
 here...

(lightly - breezily)

Make yourself a sandwich, why don't  
 you? Be right down.

Solo takes a last look at the door and leans tiredly against  
 the wall. But he straightens up suddenly as he remembers  
 something. He reaches into his tunic for Lewin's pocket  
 watch and balances it precariously atop the jutting part of  
 the door hinges. He then takes several steps back,  
 shielding himself behind a stove and FIRES at the watch.  
 He blows the door off its hinges. Solo dashes out. CAMERA  
 CUTS BACK to the freezer door as the THRUSHMEN barge through  
 into the kitchen - to find it empty.

ZIP PAN TO:

1. ARAB CAMP GROUND - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

79

The area is quiet and deserted as the camp sleeps. Two  
 shadowy figures (Sulador's First and Second Lieutenants)  
 creep stealthily toward Sophie's tent.

CUT TO:

2. SOPHIE'S TENT - MED. SHOT

80

Sophie sleeps on one side, near the entrance. Illya sleeps  
 at the rear. The two lieutenants enter, creeping past  
 Sophie, and grab Illya. The First one covers his mouth  
 to keep him from calling out as he



awakens with a start, and the Second pins his legs. The First one also holds a knife menacingly at Illya's throat, which does minimize his thrashing. They have just reached the front of the tent with their victim when Sophie suddenly lunges off her blanket in a horizontal roll and sinks her teeth into the First one's leg. He YELLS loudly in pain and shock, letting go of Illya's upper half. The knife gone from his throat, Illya jabs his foot into the pit of the Second one's stomach. He doubles up, and Sophie climbs all over him as the First one and Illya begin wrestling. Everybody's crashing around knocking over bowls, pulling down things that clatter. It is very noisy.

80  
CONT'D  
(2)

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP GROUND - FULL SHOT

81

The SOUNDS OF COMBAT in Sophie's tent have awakened much of the camp. They (Sulador included) step out of their own tents. As they watch, the Second Lieutenant comes rolling out, end over end. Sophie's right behind him, shouting horrible Arabian things, and doing a lot of pounding on his bulky frame. Illya and the First Lieutenant also come rolling out, locked in mutual choke-holds. Sulador rushes forward.

ANGLE ON GROUP

82

Sophie is beating the hapless Second Lieutenant to a pulp as Sulador arrives to pull her off. Sulador appears furious and glares down at the battered Second Lieutenant.

SULADOR (to Second  
Lieutenant)  
Did I send you to attack my own  
daughter, you insect-ridden slime?  
(looks over at Illya and  
First Lieutenant)  
Stop it, I say!

Illya and the First one stop fighting (Illya must, of course, favor his bum leg), as the rest of the clan gathers around in a quiet, expectant semi-circle.

SOPHIE (to Sulador - mad)  
You send these two ridiculous  
creatures to take my property? Eh?...  
(more quietly, realizing there's  
something important involved here)  
...Why, Papa?

CIRCUTS - TRIBE FOLK - ILLYA

83-85

observers mutter speculatively among themselves, and Ilya, noticing their questioning attitude, feels that iron may be hot enough to strike.

ILLYA

Perhaps because the great Sulador is afraid...

His remark results in dead silence throughout the camp. All eyes go anxiously from Sulador to Ilya, and back again.

ILLYA (cont'd)

Why else would he send this scum to snuff me out? He is afraid that I, and not he, am able to lead you against the evil thing which has killed your men and your grazing stock, and driven you to ruin.

SULADOR (deadly soft)

You may lead my people, foreigner.... provided you can remain alive to do so...

(to Sophie)

Woman! Kindle the fire.

SOPHIE (afraid now)

Papa, wait...

SULADOR (shutting her off)

See to it!

(turns to tribe)

And all of you shall judge the merits of him who would usurp my authority here...

(to Ilya)

...as soon as the..

(beat)

...weapons have been prepared...

ZIP PAN TO:

86-89  
OUT

1. ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

89X1

Norman, Lewin and Norman's Aide emerge from the kitchen through the previously blasted doorway). As Norman pauses briefly to glance at the damage, we see that the Aide is holding his gun at Lewin's back.

NORMAN (indicating damage)

Well, we're moving soon, anyway.

Johnson, I hope you're sufficiently recovered to fly my plane...

(indicating Lewin)

...we wouldn't want to endanger our passenger's life.

Norman gestures for the Aide to prod Lewin forward, and CAMERA MOVES with them as all three walk toward the alley exit.

NORMAN (cont'd; to Lewin)

I should just toss you to Thrush Central, you know, and let them peel your skin off. Unfortunately, your treason would reflect upon my own record as a section leader...

QUICK CUT TO:

2. STREET FRONTING HOTEL - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

89X2

Norman, Lewin and the Aide come out of the alley and walk directly to a large limousine parked at the curb.

LEWIN (dry-lipped)

But...why take me...I mean.....to Arabia...

NORMAN

Why Mr. Lewin; we have some in-flight chatting to do, you and I...regarding your..

(beat)

..final retirement.

Norman takes the Aide's gun and prods Lewin into the rear of the limousine as the Aide hops around to the driver's side. As the limousine drives OUT OF SHOT, CAMERA CUTS ACROSS to an ostensibly vacant car parked nearby.

END

watch, Solo rises from a slouched position in the  
 seat. He starts the engine, and follows the  
 limousine OUT OF SHOT.

89X2  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

ZIP PAN TO:

ARAB CAMP GROUND - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

90

two steel pokers being heated to a glowing red in the  
 campfire. CAMERA TILTS UPWARD to discover Illya,  
 holding the pokers dubiously. Sophie approaches him.

SHOT - ILLYA AND SOPHIE

91

He doesn't know at the point whether to be kind or nasty,  
 genuine or brash with him.

SOPHIE (indicating  
 Sulador, O.S.)

You see...

(proudly)

...my father binds his own leg so as  
 not to win by an advantage.

SCENE ON SULADOR

92

He sits on the ground while his First Lieutenant binds his  
 left leg in the same bulky-type bandage worn by Illya over  
 his knife wound.

SHOT - ILLYA AND SOPHIE

93

SOPHIE (warningly)

If you should do harm to Sulador...

ILLYA (aplomb intact)

A skinny little fellow like me? Look  
 here; why don't you take that sparsely  
 furnished mind of yours, and go join  
 the other elderly, unmarried women?

Illya hobbles away immediately, leaving Sophie to do a  
 slow burn. Then, as CAMERA MOVES IN on her, her face  
 suddenly softens. She looks from Illya to Sulador. She  
 doesn't want either of these men hurt. CAMERA FOLLOWS as  
 she sets her chin in a false defiance, and marches over  
 to Sulador.

END

SOPHIE  
 You don't kill him, you understand?  
     (protesting a bit too much as  
     Sulador eyes her)  
 Well...he is my possession, after all...  
     (very defensive anger)  
 ...If you think I wait another six months  
 for my new camel....

93  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

SULADOR (interrupting)  
 ...Enough!  
     (looking toward Illya - with  
     quiet, deadly purpose)  
 This is no minor affair.

As tone of his voice tells Sophie that this has snowballed  
 out of her hands. CAMERA MOVES IN on her very worried face,  
 We:

FLASH PAN TO:

INT. NORMAN'S PLANE - TWO SHOT - NIGHT

94

Norman and Lewin sit side by side in the passenger cabin  
 of this small jet. Norman's tie is loosened, and he is  
 leaning back in his seat with his eyes closed and a pillow  
 behind his head. Sitting next to the window, Lewin's fear  
 dictates that he sit bolt upright.

NORMAN (lazily)  
 You know, our experimental vaporizer  
 might well use another guinea pig  
 with which to test its potency.....  
 and after all, Lewin, you did engender  
 a security leak.....

LEWIN (shaking)  
 Mr. Norman, please....

NORMAN  
 On the other hand, you could choose  
 to tell me the nature of your disgust-  
 ing conduct....what that Uncle agent  
 was seeking.

LEWIN (after an uncertain  
 pause)  
 The Arabian file...

it is Norman's turn to bolt upright. This he hadn't  
ected.

94  
CONT'D  
(2)

NORMAN

What?

in has never seen Norman vulnerable before. And for  
first time, he feels less afraid - if only because it  
gives the perennial underling a kind of pleasure to  
the mighty become shaken. And Norman is shaken.

LEWIN (deliberately)

They know about the vaporizer.

NORMAN

And its location?...

(grabs Lewin's shoulders)

...Lewin!

LEWIN (almost enjoying  
himself)

I couldn't say how much they know....  
sir.

NORMAN (controlling himself)

I see. Well...it would appear that an  
ounce of prevention is in order.

AMERA PANS down the aisle toward the rear of the cabin,  
MOVES IN on a relatively small, rectangular door close  
the floor. It is probably a luggage compartment. The  
or is slightly open, and we see a bit of Solo's head as  
peeks out.

NORMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I shall have the vaporizer moved to a  
new location before any planned Uncle  
attack can even be mounted....Thank  
you, Lewin.

ZIP PAN TO:

1. ARAB CAMP GROUND - SERIES OF SHOTS - SULADOR AND  
LYA - SOPHIE - SPECTATORS - NIGHT

95-99

lya and Sulador, each with an incapacitated leg, circle  
other holding the white-hot pokers. First one, then  
other, makes an initial, exploratory jab as electric

lance grips those of the tribe who have gathered around  
combatants. Emotionally torn, Sophie clutches at her  
heart in silent prayer and pessimistic anticipation.  
Illya lunges; Sulador undercuts his lunge and sweeps his  
poker in a low, ferocious arc at Illya's knees.  
Unable to jump, Illya must fall away to the ground.  
To save him, Sulador prepares to deliver the coup de grace;  
lance-like thrust of his white-hot poker.

95-99  
CONT'D  
(2)

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

IN:

ARAB CAMP GROUND - SERIES OF SHOTS - ILLYA AND  
SULADOR - SOPHIE - SPECTATORS - NIGHT

100

There has been no time lapse whatsoever. As Sulador is lunging his white-hot poker toward Illya, the latter rolls nimbly to the side - narrowly avoiding the searing blow. The momentum of the lunge carries Sulador off his feet. And since neither man will give the other that instant of respite which would enable him to rise, the rolling of the pokers continues with the combatants on their knees. A sweep of Illya's poker not only sends Sulador's turban flying, but ignites it as well. Reacting quickly, Sulador succeeds in barely nicking the leg bandage on Illya's leg. The bandage ignites, and Illya must roll back and away once more across the ground; it is time to quench the fire in the dirt. Believing this to be his big opening, Sulador lunges again - and misses. He finds himself flat out on his stomach, with Illya's poker suspended just above the back of his neck.

ILLYA

Does Sulador yield?

SULADOR

Yield? I am not so small a man, foreigner. No....Sulador does not yield.

The tribe awaits the death blow in silence. A glance at Sophie tells Illya that even she is almost stoic in what must be the most wrenching moment of her life. And so it comes up to Illya. Kill this man and the people will follow without question. But the poised, white-hot poker hesitates - and hesitates more, as Illya does battle with herself. It hesitates too long. Illya heaves a deep sigh, turns the poker, and tosses it away. Sophie, Sulador and the spectators stare after Illya as hobblers, head down and without a further word, back toward his tent. Sophie comes to embrace her father. Then, after the initial excitement, they both look after Illya again, each with a strange mixture of personal emotion.

CUT TO:



INT. SOPHIE'S TENT - NIGHT - MEDIUM SHOT

101

Illya, his leg causing him wracking pain, is attempting to adjust the bandage as he lowers himself gingerly to his sleeping blanket. Sulador enters. The two men stare at each other for a long moment. The Arab then moves to Illya and, without speaking, bends over him and begins helping with the bandage.

TWO SHOT - SULADOR AND ILLYA

102

Illya cannot fathom the man, and Sulador avoids Illya's steady gaze.

SULADOR (working on leg)  
The wound should be redressed.  
(a long silence)  
It is a brave thing to throw  
victory away...to let an adversary  
live. I am...  
(silence again)  
...My people will follow you...  
(stands up, finally looks  
Illya straight in the eye)  
...I, Sulador, shall decree it.

Illya's pain has obviously not left him. Yet, as Sulador stands above him, he manages - with an almost desperate effort - to reach his feet. It seems important that they be facing each other - as they shake hands with solemn dignity. This done, Illya sinks back down to his blanket.

SULADOR (cont'd)  
In two hours, the light will  
come. You rest until then...

They HEAR a rustling of the front tent flap. CAMERA FOLLOWS their gaze to discover Sophie standing just inside the tent.

SULADOR (the first hint  
of a smile)  
...The girl would like to help  
with the leg.

Sulador turns, and begins to leave. As he passes his daughter, however, he gives her an unexpected and RESOUNDING SMACK on the rear. She smiles benignly at her father's retreating figure, and then stares over at Illya with great, soft eyes, as we

ZIP PAN TO:

1. EXPERIMENTAL STATION - FULL SHOT RE-ESTABLISHING - DAY 103

steel door, the chimney.

LAP DISSOLVE INTO:

2. CONTROL ROOM - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DAY

104

First and Second Engineers (the Second one still wears 'space suit') are working at the control panel as, and then, the Captain speaks on the telephone.

CAPTAIN (into phone)

All right, I'll meet him as soon as he lands...

(hangs up - to Engineers)

...Spit and polish in here for the next couple of hours, gentlemen. We're having visitors.

ZIP PAN TO:

3. SOPHIE'S TENT - MED. SHOT - DAY

105

Ilya is trying to shave, using a dagger for a razor. His leg is obviously stiff, but no longer painful. Sophie enters, carrying a white berndoose.

SOPHIE

You feel good?

ILLYA

I feel good. Thank you.

SOPHIE (a little awkward)

Here...

(hands him berndoose)

...the white berndoose of the leader. Sulador gives it.

Ilya is opening his mouth to thank her, as the SOUND of OUT PLANE is HEARD O.S. in the distance. Ilya looks up, listening.

9-13-55

P.50

ILLYA (taking bermoose)  
I shall try to wear it with honor....  
(preoccupied with plane again)  
...It's landing...  
(with urgency)  
Tell Sulador he must pick his best  
men....immediately.  
(half to himself)  
If they're having visitors, they'll be  
opening that steel door of theirs.

105  
CONT'D  
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

1. DESERT NEAR EXPERIMENTAL STATION - FULL SHOT - DAY 106  
Norman's plane lands.

DISSOLVE INTO:

2. EXPERIMENTAL STATION - MED. SHOT - DAY 107

the great steel doors open, and the Captain, flanked by  
SEVERAL THRUSH GUARDS, emerges to greet the newly arrived  
Norman. They shake hands, AD-LIB their 'hellos', and turn  
back toward the doors.

NORMAN (indicating plane,  
O.S.)  
My Aide is still in the plane. Tell  
your man he'll be following shortly  
with a prisoner...

They enter the station, leaving a few of the Guards out-  
side, as we:

CUT TO:

108  
OUT

3. PLANE - MED. SHOT 109

Norman's Aide comes back into the passenger cabin to  
approach Lewin, who still sits in his seat, quite nervous.

SOLO MOVES IN to a TWO SHOT as the Aide extracts a key from his belt and bends over Lewin. ANGLE WIDENS to show Solo as he emerges from his little door in the plane and creeps forward. CAMERA NOW PANS AROUND (losing Solo) to a TWO SHOT of the Aide unlocking the seat belt which has kept Lewin in his seat.

109  
CONT'D  
(2)

AIDE

Let's go, Lewin; they're not gonna hold those doors open for us any...

Solo's arm ENTERS FRAME as he rabbit-punches the Aide into unconsciousness.

LEWIN

How did you...?

SOLO (interrupting)

Make up your mind, Lewin. With me you've got some chance, at least.

Lewin gets out of his seat. His mind hasn't quite caught up to Solo's presence, and he can only nod. Solo looks out of the plane windows at the few Guards roaming the tarmac. He then heaves the Aide's inert form into Lewin's seat and locks the safety belt around his middle.

SOLO

Okay. They haven't seen this fellow; so until we get inside, I'm he and you are my little Thrush prisoner.

LEWIN (as Solo leads him to door)

Inside?

SOLO.

I want a shot at that vaporizer. Move!

CUT TO:

1. EXPERIMENTAL STATION - FULL SHOT

110

Solo and his 'prisoner' Lewin emerge from the plane. Solo holding his gun on Lewin, and he and the Guards exchange friendly nods as he leads the Thrush traitor to the steel doors - which close behind them immediately.

CONTROL ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

111

Captain and Norman stand looking at the vaporizer and panel of switches, dials, etc.

CAPTAIN

...And with the potency up to three-point-four...

NORMAN

Captain, I am trying to impress upon you the urgency of this matter. The vaporizer must be moved!

CAPTAIN (a little hurt)

You needn't shout, Mr. Norman. And may I remind you that this is only a small station....I don't have the authority to simply up and relocate this project on my own.

NORMAN

Captain, you haven't the time to get the authority from Thrush Central, or your mother, or anybody else. I take full responsibility.

The Captain is afraid of Norman. And Norman's loud voice hurts his ears. Reluctantly, he goes to the panel mike and flicks a switch.

CAPTAIN (into mike)

Attention all personnel. This is emergency evacuation K-D.....effect immediate. Repeat: Effect immediate...

(switches off - to Norman)

...Now as to that remark about my mother, Mr. Norman....

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HILL NEAR EXPERIMENTAL STATION - MED. SHOT - DAY

112

Illya (looking lovely in his new white bermoose) and Sulador are leading their tribesmen up the reverse side of the hill which overlooks the experimental station. The Arabs carry vintage rifles. CAMERA MOVES IN to SHOOT FIRST Illya and Sulador as they reach the crest of the hill

look out across the desert. The plane is visible, as the milling Thrush Guards and the closed steel doors. 112  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA

Whoever belongs to that plane will be coming out sooner or later. And when those doors open...

ZIP PAN TO:

7. STATION CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT - DAY 113

There is a small tangent corridor off the main one. Solo and Lewin move through it gingerly. They come to a door marked "STORAGE", which Solo opens.

ANGLE FAVORING STORAGE CLOSET 114

Solo prods Lewin inside.

SOLO

You relax in here for a while where you're not underfoot.

Solo notices a couple of the same type of 'space suits' which we saw the Thrush Second Engineer wearing earlier. They hang in the back of the closet.

SOLO (indicating suits)

Somebody's children having a Halloween party?

LEWIN

They're intermolecular; the engineers wear them for protection against the vaporizer.

At this moment, the SOUND of a forklift vehicle is HEARD going down the large corridor nearby. Also HEARD is the MURMUR of SEVERAL VOICES - all headed this way. Quickly, Solo ducks into the closet with Lewin, leaving the door open just enough for him to peek through.

GLE ON CORRIDOR INTERSECTION - FROM WITHIN CLOSET 115

of the Engineers is driving a forklift, on the front of which is the Thrush vaporizer. Norman and the Captain walk ahead of the vehicle, and several well armed Thrush guards flank it.

ZIP PAN TO:

7. HILL NEAR EXPERIMENTAL STATION - CLOSE SHOT 116

Illya and Sulador, as they watch the doors of the station.

GLE ON EXPERIMENTAL STATION - SHOOTING PAST ILLYA AND SULADOR AS THEY CRAWL INTO VIEW 117

The steel doors open. First the Captain, and then Norman, emerge. In F.G., Illya raises his hand, ready to signal for the attack. He then sees the supplementary Thrush guards and the forklift emerging.

ILLYA

Wait....wait....

CAMERA PANS to SHOOT ALONG the crest of the hill. On both sides of Illya and Sulador, the Arab tribesmen lie waiting, their rifles ready. CAMERA PANS BACK to the station. The forklift is now completely visible.

ILLYA (drops his arm)

Now!

Sulador FIRES his rifle into the air, and lets out a mighty YOWL, as he and Illya jump to their feet.

ACTION SHOT 118

In the desert below the hill, everyone looks up in absolute surprise, as -

## CREST OF HILL - DAY - FULL SHOT

119

Led by Illya (making the best of his bum leg), the whole band appears suddenly from the reverse slope. They rush down from the crest of the hill, FIRING and SCREAMING.

## EXT. EXPERIMENTAL STATION AREA - DAY - FULL SHOT

120

The Thrush guards begin to return the Arab FIRE, with one or two of them already biting the dust.

NORMAN (yelling to forklift driver)  
Back inside! Get it back inside!

## INTERCUTS - ILLYA - FORKLIFT VEHICLE

121-124

As the Engineer driving the forklift begins to turn it around, Illya raises his rifle, sights carefully, and shoots the Engineer out of the driver's seat. Illya then rushes toward the forklift himself.

## FULL SHOT

125

The Captain, seeing the forklift now driverless, dashes to it, arriving before Illya, whose leg slows him down. The Captain is just throwing the thing into gear again, as Illya jumps him. Near them, the panicked Norman, seeing the Thrush Guard right next to him dropped by an Arab bullet, makes for the cover of the station.

## ANGLE ON FORKLIFT

126

Illya and the Captain are playing 'king of the mountain' in the driver's seat. Illya is getting the best of it as, inadvertently, the Captain kicks Illya in the bad leg. Doubling over in a wave of pain, Illya becomes immediately vulnerable. The Captain conks him with the butt of his pistol (for which the two have been grappling). Out cold, Illya slumps over the rear of the forklift as the Captain drives it successfully back through the steel doors.



## INT. THRUSH CORRIDOR

127

We are just inside the steel doors as the Captain drives the forklift through to join Norman, who has been hiding from danger behind a steel girder near the entrance. They, and the vaporizer, head back down the corridor. Through the steel doors, we see the Arabs, led by Sulador, shooting their way closer and closer to the entrance. The Thrush guards have huddled near the doors like at Custer's Last Stand, and are being cut down one by one. As Norman departs into the bowels of the station, he turns back toward the entrance.

NORMAN (to Guards)  
Get it closed!...Close those  
doors!

## ANGLE ON CORRIDOR INTERSECTION

128

Solo sees the forklift (upon which Illya is still slumped), Norman and the Captain headed back down the main corridor. He has heard Norman's last instructions, and now looks toward the entrance. CAMERA FOLLOWS, and we see one of the guards stop firing at Sulador's men and move within the entrance toward the great lever which is apparently the manual door control. Solo rushes into FRAME, and jumps the man. As they struggle, the rest of the Thrush guards are forced to retreat inside. They come right past Solo and the guard with whom he struggles, and Sulador's mob is right on their heels. The fight is now going on up and down the station corridor.

## INT. CORRIDOR NEAR CONTROL ROOM

129

Norman and the Captain can HEAR the GUNFIRE not too far behind them.

NORMAN (indicating  
forklift)  
Turn it around. Use the vaporizer!

CAPTAIN  
But our own men....

NORMAN

Use it!...

(glances toward control room)

...I'll close the entrance doors from  
the control panel...

(runs OUT OF SHOT)

129

CONT'D

(2)

The Captain swings the forklift around so that it is facing back along the corridor. In doing so, he shoves Illya madainfully off the lift onto the floor. The forklift turned, he switches on the vaporizer. It begins spewing mountains of bubbles, just as the last of the Thrush guards back into this section of the corridor and are cut down by Sulador's men, the first of whom now appear -- and drop dead before the oncoming bubbles.

REVERSE ANGLE

130

Seeing the bubbles, the Arabs are more perplexed than frightened. One of them advances on the bubbles and pokes at them with the barrel of his rifle. When he pulls the barrel out, it is only a stump of twisted, rotting metal. The Arabs digest this, and then, with the bubbles advancing at an alarming rate, they turn and run like hell, frightened beyond reason. CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW, and discovers Solo, as Sulador's men run right past him. Solo advances, sees the bubbles, and gets an idea. He rushes back down the corridor after the Tribesmen.

INT. ANGLE FAVORING STORAGE CLOSET

131

As Solo runs to the storage closet and opens the door, we see Lewin huddled up with his hands covering his face -- apparently waiting for the ax to fall.

SOLO

Stay with it, David; you're doing  
great.

Solo reaches behind Lewin and brings forth one of the intermolecular suits and a face-plate.

CUT TO:

## INT. ANGLE FAVORING FORKLIFT

132

The Captain still sits in the driver's seat of the forklift, adjusting the bubble mixture. ANGLE WIDENS to discover Illya, on the floor beyond the vehicle, as he regains consciousness and takes stock of the situation. The Captain turns to notice him just as Illya lunges. Once again the two are locked in combat, and this time they both roll off the forklift to continue their flailing on the floor, dangerously close to the bubble-spurting snout of the vaporizer. CAMERA PANS back to see Norman coming out of the control room. He has picked up a fire ax and, seeing Illya making hash out of the Captain, moves quickly forward, raising the ax above his head for the kill. As he is trying to find a moment wherein he can dissect Illya without hitting the Captain as well, Solo emerges from the bubbles. He is wearing an intermolecular suit. It takes both Norman and Solo an instant to digest the presence and present intentions of the other. Solo's reflexes enable him to move first, and he charges forward to become locked in a struggle for the ax with Norman. On the floor, Illya delivers the final right cross to the Captain, who is now out cold. But as he does so, Solo, locked in combat with Norman, trips over the Captain's inert form. Solo falls, and Norman winds up with the ax. He is just about to split Solo down the middle, as Illya hits him with a body block that sends him hurtling -- with accompanying SCREAM -- to his vaporized death in the bubbles.

## TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

133

Solo is unrecognizable in the suit and faceplate. Thus, Illya has no idea who he is as he proffers his hand to help Solo to his feet.

ILLYA

Whoever you are, my friend, I'd like to...

He stops as Solo pulls off his facemask. Not meaning a bit of it, Illya now gives Solo a semi-disgusted GROAN, which seems to say: "Not you again, for Chrissakes."

ILLYA (continued;  
 indicating Captain on floor)  
 ...I should have known who it was the  
 moment I saw you fall over your own  
 feet.

133  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

is, of course, still decked out in his white bermoose.  
 looks him up and down with a blandly tolerant deadpan.

SOLO (poker face -  
 indicating bermoose)  
 I wish I had a dress like that.

look at each other for a moment -- and then neither of  
 can help smiling his pleasure at seeing the other alive  
 well.

FLASH PAN TO:

1. CORRIDOR NEAR ENTRANCE - MED. SHOT - DAY

134

So, Illya and Lewin are walking toward the entrance, the  
 doors of which are open. Illya, as well as Solo, wears an  
 thermolecular suit. Both have their face-plates off.

SOLO (to Illya; indicat-  
 ing suit)  
 I should've made you walk through the  
 bubbles without that thing...  
 (to Lewin)  
 Well, David...looks like Uncle owes  
 you and Mrs. Lewin one medium-sized  
 fishing boat, and a whole lot of  
 anonymity to sail it around in.

LEWIN  
 I'm grateful, Mr. Solo....

As they reach the entrance, Illya sees something out-  
 side (O.S.) and quickly puts on his face-plate.

END ON GROUP

135

Sophie and Sulador enter to confront Solo and Lewin.  
 For Illya, he moves away as quickly and unobtrusively  
 possible.

SOPHIE (to Solo)  
I look for the skinny young man  
with the yellow hair...you've  
seen him?

135  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Well, eh...

SULADOR  
He is one of us now. We keep  
him.

SOPHIE (to Sulador,  
menacing)  
I keep him!

SOLO (anxious to  
help)  
Oh? Well, in that case...

Solo points to Illya's departing figure. Sophie  
now takes out after him. As she is catching up,  
Illya walks more quickly. As she gains on him any-  
way, he now begins to run. She runs too, deter-  
mined that he shall not escape. CAMERA PANS BACK  
to Solo.

SOLO (shakes his  
head)  
Very disturbed young man....

FADE OUT.

THE END