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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE DOUBLE AFFAIR

Prod. #7417

A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation

Produced by  
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:  
Norman Felton

Producer:  
Sam Rolfe

Written by:

Clyde Ware

May 12, 1964

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

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CAST

SOLO  
ILLYA  
ALLISON  
SERENA  
SANDY  
MARS TWO  
CLAUDE  
NAMANA  
DIRECTOR  
SECURITY DIRECTOR  
STEWARDESS  
DOCTOR  
WAITER  
CLERK

Technicians, guards, atmosphere people in restaurant  
and lodge.

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SETS

EXTERIORS

Street #1  
Street - Del Floria's  
Aerial Shot - Washington, D.C. (STOCK)  
Landing Strip (STOCK)  
Airport Landing Area  
Warehouse  
Jetliner - night (STOCK)  
Highway - #1  
Highway - #2 (Mountainous area)

INTERIORS

Mars Operations Room  
Del Floria's  
Try-On Room  
U.N.C.L.E. Reception Room  
U.N.C.L.E. Corridors  
Mr. Allison's Office  
Operations Room - U.N.C.L.E. #1  
Operations Room - U.N.C.L.E. #2  
Restaurant  
Lounge Area - Restaurant  
Hallway - Restaurant  
Serena's Apt.  
Bedroom - Serena's Apt.  
Airplane  
Warehouse  
Warehouse Parking Area  
Warehouse corridors  
Elevator  
Claude's room (an office)  
Airplane lounge and washroom  
Solo's "cell"  
Limousine  
Cavern  
Swank Lodge - Foyer and Lounge  
Car

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

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - MED. SHOT NAPOLEON SOLO - DAY (STOCK)

1

This is a shot of Solo involved in some ordinary, every day activity. . . Something that could have been shot without his knowledge.....

VOICE

-- in a three-room apartment --  
rent's too high, but I like the  
view -- the Brooklyn Bridge on  
a clear day, quite inspiring --  
got a new convertible first of  
the year -- drive to UNCLE head-  
quarters when the mood hits me --  
just as liable to take a bus,  
taxi or subway -- or any combina-  
tion --

As the VOICE has continued, the scenes have changed -- again to shots of Solo engaged in various activities -- shots that could have been taken a la "Candid Camera" -- no scenes from any of his adventures. . . And, during the above, the CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the whiteness of a picture beam against the darkness of a room. . . The Solo we are watching is flashed on a screen -- we hear the WHIR of the projector, see cigarette smoke curl up out of the blackness into the beam of light. . .

VOICE (continued)

-- no predetermined routine or  
time involved -- reports to  
Mr. Allison are sporadic -- assign-  
ments can culminate from an in person  
interview, radiophone call, even a  
coded ten-word postcard. . .

The film has fluttered to an end, screen goes black. Immediately, lights come up in the room.

INT. ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

2

We are shooting at a REVERSE ANGLE now, over the screen. It's a large room, with a hospital-sterile look about it. Several complex-looking machines line one wall -- and are activated, humming and flickering. Three technicians in white uniforms tend the machines. The projectionist has flipped on the light, is putting film away, inserting a still photo into the projector.

MARS TWO is obviously the leader of whatever project is underway here. He is a tall man, slender, crisp and efficient. In his mid-forties, he could be mistaken for the first cashier in a bank -- he has that air of 'everything must be just so' about him. He has a small notebook, refers to it constantly as he turns to the MAN IN THE BED. This Man is completely obscured by the DOCTOR who is bent closely over him, working around his facial area. The Doctor is cutting gauze strips away from the Man's face. . .

MARS TWO

That associate of yours -- the blond Russian with the bad temper -- ?

MAN IN THE BED

His name's Illya Kuryakin -- and it's not a 'bad temper' -- it's a man with a dedication to his work --

MARS TWO

Um, of course -- Let's see now -- your mother -- lives in Wisconsin, doesn't she?

MAN IN THE BED

She died in 1956. Natural causes.

MARS TWO

No, no, no!

MARS TWO storms over to one of the machines, the technician tears off a paper from the machine, hands it to him.

MAN IN THE BED

It was 1956 -- in the fall --

MARS TWO

It's the voice! Doctor, there's still something wrong -- !

MARS TWO has come back beside the bed, trying to make some sense from the paper. Fails, hands it to Doctor.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER - OVER MARS TWO

3

The MAN IN THE BED still cannot be seen. The Doctor takes the paper, looks at it, simply smiles, turns back to continue examining the Man's face -- measuring with calipers, using a special light, etc.

MARS TWO (continued)

Well -- !?

DOCTOR

The voice pattern is perfect. Resonance still registers point-two decibels plus-treble, but one more minor larynx adjustment will take care of that.

MARS TWO

No problem?

The Doctor shakes his head, Mars Two calms a bit. . .

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

4

This time we see the back of the Man's head -- and we also see the screen again. The screen now holds a giant full-face shot of Solo. The Doctor looks at the screen, back at his patient, still working with various instruments too technical to mention here.

MARS TWO (continued)

Mr. Allison -- your relationship -- ?

MAN IN THE BED

Probably about the same as any other UNCLE agent --

MARS TWO

And just how would you presume that to be?

MAN IN THE BED

Well -- he's a difficult man to figure -- I'm never really sure he can tell us apart! I believe he's remarked -- on at least one occasion -- that I rather exasperate him at times. . .

MARS TWO

He's your only superior?

MAN IN THE BED

He's my most immediate superior.

MARS TWO  
Mexican food?

4  
CONT'D  
(2)

MAN IN THE BED  
Only if the senorita is attractive  
enough to make me forget what I'm  
eating.

MARS TWO (closes  
book)  
All right. Doctor?

DOCTOR  
A bit more cartilage from the  
upper nasal area -- hairline  
raised slightly here, here --  
the larynx adjustment, of course --

The Doctor has been making marks on the Man's face  
with a colored crayon as he has spoken.

MARS TWO  
We have five more days, maximum.

DOCTOR  
We'll be ready in two.

MARS TWO  
Excellent. There must be no  
margin for error. Intelligence  
reports August 10th as the day!

One of the technicians hands the Doctor another slip  
of paper.

DOCTOR  
The weight's still minus two.  
We'll attend to it.

MARS TWO  
Splendid! And then you'll be  
ready for your "August Affair,"  
friend Solo!

CLOSE SHOT - MAN IN THE BED

5

As Mars Two claps his hand to the Man's shoulder. . .  
And, for the first time, we see that the Man in the  
Bed is -- almost Napoleon Solo! His face is, possibly,  
just a bit fuller, still needing the minor changes  
the Doctor has mentioned, but it is chillingly  
obvious that the Man will be "Solo!" The crayon  
markings highlight the places to be still 'fixed.'

MAN IN THE BED  
Of course I'll carry it off in my  
own inimitable fashion. . .

5  
CONT'D  
(2)

MARS TWO  
And then UNCLE -- and the rest of  
the world -- will listen to  
MAGGOTT'S terms!

CLOSE TWO SHOT

6

As Mars Two sits close beside the Man, a gleam of  
anticipation on his face, as he looks at his creation.

MAN IN THE BED  
Pity, I'll be dead and miss it  
all! With my flair for the dra-  
matic!

And the Man in the Bed laughs at his joke. Mars  
Two, however, only smiles his cold smile. . .As  
we. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - DAY

7

Taxi stops in front of Del Floria's shop, Solo  
gets out, pays the driver.

CLOSER ON SOLO

8

The cab drives off, he turns and starts for the  
shop. He looks up and down the street, goes into  
the shop.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - MED. SHOT - DAY

9

The TAILOR is pinning up a jacket on a customer,  
preparing it for alteration. Solo enters. The  
Tailor nods to him, hands him a jacket. Solo  
smiles, pretends to be examining the coat as he  
steps into the "try-on" cubicle. The Tailor presses  
a secret button on the press machine.

The customer has just looked at Solo idly, goes  
back to looking at how the jacket fits in a mirror.



INT. TRY-ON ROOM - MED. CLOSE - DAY

10

Solo enters, closes curtain, turns hook to open panel in the wall, hangs jacket on another hook.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

11

Solo enters, closes the door behind him. The girl at the desk brightens as he walks toward her, smiles. It wouldn't be too far-fetched to presume that these two have seen each other occasionally outside the UNCLE hq.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, hello! Mr. Allison thinks you're still in the islands!

SOLO

Good. He may be so happy to see me that I can wangle a week off. In which case --

RECEPTIONIST

Plaza seven-five --

SOLO

Please! I never forget phone numbers.

And he grins at her as she pins a badge on him. He goes on into headquarters.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

12

As he walks from the girl, approaches second receptionist, a man. Silent nods, and the man presses button to admit him further into UNCLE headquarters. . .

MED. SHOT - SOLO (STOCK)

13

Walking through corridors; meeting and reacting to various people wearing various colored badges. He enters an elevator, doors close behind him.

INT. OFFICE - CLOSE ON ALLISON - DAY

14

Looking up from his desk, mild surprise on his face.

ALLISON

Oh -- ? You? I thought --  
hmm, yes! Shouldn't you still  
be in New Guinea -- somewhere  
around there?

14  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

15

Reveals Allison looking across his desk at Solo;  
then he moves around the desk to come meet him.

SOLO

I had quite a piece of luck.  
While I was stumbling around in  
the jungle, my Australian friends  
trailed a MAGCOTT agent right to  
their South Pacific headquarters!

ALLISON

Hmm! Yes -- remarkable -- !  
Looks -- incredible, matter of  
fact! We'll have to have a de-  
tailed report, of course -- did  
that girl bring my coffee? --  
The report immediately, of course.  
In detail. Very strange. . .

Allison has absently shaken hands with Solo, then  
he has headed back for his desk, feeling in his  
pockets and looking around on his cluttered desk  
for something. He has his back to Solo.

ANOTHER ANGLE - OVER SOLO

16

As Allison rounds his desk to sit, looks up at his  
agent, raises his eyebrows slightly.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. SHOT - THE TWO

17

To show Solo with his pistol in his hand.

SOLO

Everything's been taken care of.

And, grinning, Solo flips the clip from the butt of  
the gun, thumbs out three bullets, holds the fourth  
one between his teeth as he replaces the first three  
and then puts the gun away. He tosses the one  
bullet lightly, places it on the desk in front of  
Allison.

17  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (continued)  
Microfilm. An 'in detail' report. My Australian friends were kind enough to prepare it for me. Complete with copies of documents taken from MAGGOTT files.

ALLISON  
Um hmm. . .Casualties, prisoners?

SOLO  
No casualties to speak of -- we seemed to take them completely by surprise. I did wrench my back rather severely, but a few days rest should --

ALLISON (opening shell)  
Prisoners?

SOLO  
Well -- just a few natives, actually -- a work force -- we figured might as well release them after giving them a bit of a scare --

ALLISON (looking  
at microfilm)  
Um hmm -- no MAGGOTT agents, naturally -- ?

SOLO  
We did surprise them, but they had escape routes --

ALLISON  
Hmp! Convenient! Let you capture their documents -- a local native work force!

SOLO  
It did seem a bit of luck --

ALLISON  
Luck! That girl must've forgotten my coffee. Luck! These -- documents -- are obviously masterpieces of deception! Hmp! Yes -- yes, now, but MAGGOTT wouldn't plant completely false records -- there'd be just enough truth in them to keep us from dismissing them entirely! -- For whatever reason they did it -- um hmm --

(continued)

ALLISON (continued)  
 well, we'll just have to weed out  
 those grains of truth -- might  
 very well tell us something --

17  
 CONT'D  
 (3)

SOLO  
 Well, I'm sure Section Four can --

ALLISON  
 You'll handle it -- uh -- yes --

SOLO  
 Me, sir? -- but, I --

ALLISON  
 Yes, of course, Solo!

SOLO  
 I had rather counted on a few  
 days, sir -- with the "August  
 Affair" coming up --

ALLISON  
 Um -- yes, plenty of time -- al-  
 most a week -- we'll get you some  
 help -- he's back, that friend of  
 yours -- you know the one -- the  
 two of you can handle it, no prob-  
 lem --

Allison drops the microfilm and shell into Solo's  
 hand and starts to sit. He notices his coffee  
 cup on the seat of his chair where he had set it  
 down. He exclaims in surprise, picks it up, and  
 sits as Solo, knowing he's been dismissed, turns  
 to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. "PROCESS ROOM" - CLOSE ON SOLO - DAY

18

He is seated at a long desk, and a large stack of  
 IBM cards is in front of him -- and the look on his  
 face amply reflects his distaste for what lies  
 ahead of him.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

19

To reveal that Illya is seated beside Solo, with  
 an equal sized stack of papers in front of him.  
 There are several modernistic machines in the  
 Process Room, tended by a couple of male technicians.

(THIS MIGHT WELL BE A PERMANENT SET, AS UNCLE AGENTS COULD QUICKLY GET INFORMATION FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FROM HERE, ETC.)

19  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo and Illya are going through the papers, comparing notes, etc., getting and giving data to and from the technicians, who put it into their machines or take it out of them. EURASIAN GIRL assists them.

ILLYA

Correlated reports from nine of our most reliable sources confirm this one section here --

SOLO

Right.

Illya gives some papers to one of the assistants who takes it to one of the machines, feeds it in. Illya goes back to his stack. Solo sighs, looks at his watch. He moves closer to Illya, speaks confidentially.

CLOSER ON THE TWO

20

ILLYA

Do you have anything from our people in Brazil concerning --

SOLO

Illya -- just -- I've got to ask a very important favor --

ILLYA

Oh -- well, of course, but --

SOLO

Something vitally important -- you see, there was this message waiting for me today -- and I made a promise --

ILLYA

I can finish this tonight, if --

SOLO

Ordinarily I wouldn't ask, but I never thought Allison would stick me with this -- with the "August Affair" so close --

ILLYA

Go ahead, Napoleon. This is the last of it. We'll be all right.

SOLO

Believe me -- if you ever have  
a lawn, I'll mow it for you!

20  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo gets up, visibly relieved. Illya smiles,  
knowingly.

ILLYA

I only hope the -- problem --  
isn't too difficult to solve!

SOLO (grinning)

I'll give it my undivided  
attention. . .

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CLOSE ON SANDY WAGNER - NIGHT

21

Sandy is just twenty, blond, green-eyed. She is  
from somewhere just below the Mason-Dixon, has just  
enough accent left to make her a little unique in  
certain company. She looks like an angel with enough  
deviltry in her eyes to make it quite interesting  
for a man. It is obvious that she and Solo are  
extremely good friends.

At the moment, her eyes are sparkling as she looks  
over the wine glass she has to her lips. She sips,  
lowers the glass, smiles.

WIDER

22

To show that Sandy is seated across a small table  
from Solo, who is being the perfect gentleman. They  
are seated in a booth, with the curtains partway  
drawn, and part of the restaurant can be seen in  
the b.g. It's an Italian place, candles on the  
tables supplying a subtle lighting effect. Solo  
lowers his glass from the toast they have just  
completed.

SANDY

You know, I didn't think you'd  
remember this place! I honestly  
didn't!

SOLO

I remember every place we've  
ever been. That funny little  
place in Berlin -- sea food on  
the wharf in Frisco --

SANDY

And that awful White Bull  
Tavern in London -- where you  
didn't show up, and I waited  
two whole days -- !

22

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

I'd deserve it if you never  
spoke to me again -- but I am  
sorry. . .

## ANOTHER ANGLE

23

To show a BANDAGED MAN entering the restaurant. He  
is not necessarily wrapped mummy-fashion, just  
bandaged enough to conceal his identity. Dark  
glasses might be a part of his disguise.

The waiter escorts him to a table, but the Bandaged  
Man declines the first one offered, points to  
another one. The waiter seats him there. The  
Bandaged Man has never been able to get a look at  
Sandy. He has only been able to see parts of her  
arms, her hands -- as Solo has been talking to her  
in the b.g., obviously smoothing things over and  
romancing her.

The table where the Bandaged Man sits affords him  
an excellent view of Solo -- and he can still only  
see Sandy's arms, hands. . . The Bandaged Man accepts  
a menu, looks at it, but is also looking over the  
menu at Solo. . .

## CLOSE OVER SOLO AND SANDY

24

As their food is brought by the waiter. Solo leans  
back, glances idly out into the restaurant, pays  
little or no attention to the occupants, including  
the Bandaged Man who is studying a menu.

SANDY

That company of yours! And that  
boss -- he sounds like a dictator!

SOLO

Well -- he has his --

SANDY

It's just not fair! I've never  
heard of an insurance company that  
imposed on its employees like --

SOLO

Sandy, dear -- let's not spoil  
a lovely dinner -- and an even  
lovelier evening --

24  
CONT'D  
(2)

And he hands her the wine glass again, they drink,  
and she mellows a bit.

ANOTHER ANGLE - OVER THE BANDAGED MAN

25

As he is also drinking wine -- watching Solo -- and  
drinking and handling the glass in exactly the same  
way.

CLOSE OVER SOLO AND SANDY

26

They are eating now, Solo being quite charming and  
Sandy responding to treatment.

SANDY

Umm -- this veal's delicious!

SOLO

I'm sorry we couldn't have our  
weekend this time -- but you'll  
be in town again in two weeks --

SANDY (suggestively)

I know -- but it would've been  
so beautiful -- sailing up the  
coast -- remember that little  
natural harbor we found?

SOLO

How could I ever forget? All  
those flowers -- the colors --

SANDY

It was spring. . . Oh, Napoleon,  
you will be here in two weeks?

SOLO

A team of wild bosses couldn't  
drag me away.

CLOSE OVER THE BANDAGED MAN

27

The waiter has brought his food, and he is eating --  
watching Solo and emulating his every movement. No  
one notices this, of course, as it is such a small



thing -- and everybody eats alike would be the general opinion. And Solo, trained agent though he is, is far too concerned with personal matters to be running security checks on the customers in a little out-of-the-way Italian restaurant.

27  
CONT'D  
(2)

As the Bandaged Man eats, and watches, we see a waiter go up to Solo's booth, lean over to speak to Solo. Solo nods, excuses himself to his unseen companion, rises and walks in the direction the waiter indicates.

Solo walks right past the Bandaged Man's table, moving with a catlike grace as he swivels between the tables. He walks past the Bandaged Man, out of sight.

The Bandaged Man puts down his napkin, rises, looks once after Solo; then heads for the exit -- moving around the tables with the same fluid motion the UNCLE agent showed.

#### ANOTHER ANGLE ON RESTAURANT - FROM EXIT DOOR

28

As the Bandaged Man approaches the exit door, takes his coat and hat from the waiter who brings it. Walking a little to one side, the Bandaged Man pretends to be fixing his hat in the mirror -- but, in reality, he is attempting to get a look at the girl in the booth.

#### POV BANDAGED MAN

29

The booth is less than ten yards away, and the girl is in plain sight -- but she has chosen this time to fix her makeup! A compact is directly in front of her face!

#### MED. CLOSE ON THE BANDAGED MAN

30

As he stalls, tries to wait for her to take her compact away from her face. Another couple has entered the restaurant, however, and he is in their path. Not choosing to loiter and make himself any more conspicuous than absolutely necessary, he turns and brusquely exits.

#### INT. LOUNGE AREA - MED, SHOT - NIGHT

31

This is just an area near the kitchen that houses the telephone, nothing fancy. Solo walks up, picks up phone.

SOLO  
Hello. . .Hello -- ?

31  
CONT'D  
(2)

His senses highly developed, Solo immediately realizes that there is no one on the other end of the phone. And he becomes aware of something else -- somebody is behind him. Very close. He jiggles the receiver a couple of times, acting nonchalant, as he slides his revolver into his other hand. Then, in a flowing, unhurried motion, he turns. . .

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

32

As Solo turns -- gun levelled -- to face one of the most attractive women he's ever seen. If Sophia Loren had a sister with a bit more of the sinister about her, Solo would be pressing his pistol almost into her rib cage. It's fortunate he hasn't raised the gun any higher. . .

She moves to one side just a trifle -- smiling as their eyes smash -- and we see a LADIES sign on the door just behind her. Solo sees this, too, though he can scarcely rip his eyes off the vision before him. He finds breathing a bit difficult. He's too entranced to be embarrassed.

SERENA  
Do I look that dangerous?

SOLO  
At least.

He puts the gun away, hangs up phone -- their eyes still holding.

SERENA  
Should I take that as a compliment?

SOLO  
I'm not sure. My, oh, my!  
With such considerate enemies,  
who needs friends!

SERENA  
I'm sure I don't understand --

SOLO  
Please -- don't spoil it. Just  
tell me whatever it is you're  
supposed to find out. I'll type  
it out -- in triplicate.

SERENA  
You don't feel you're -- interesting enough -- in yourself, to  
attract a woman's curiosity?

SOLO

Oh, my ego certainly does --  
but my brain's sending out  
little ding-ding noises --

32  
CONT'D  
(2)

SERENA

Meaning?

SOLO

Meaning that it's my duty, I  
suppose, to find out exactly  
what this is all about. . .

SERENA

Duty? I certainly wouldn't  
want to think of myself in terms  
of somebody's duty. . .

SOLO (sighing)

It's a rough life, when you al-  
ways put business before pleasure!

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON SANDY AND SOLO

33

He is beside the booth, pulling her to her feet,  
talking soothingly all the while.

SOLO (continued)

-- and I've really got no choice.  
The situation demands immediate  
attention --

SANDY

But -- !

SOLO

We'll have that weekend  
promise -- the littl  
everything --

36

SANDY

But we sti

In just t  
I'll make  
promise --

SANDY

Oh! Let go of .

He has been trying to steer

SOLO

I'll put you in a cab, honey --

33  
CONT'D  
(2)

SANDY

I'll put myself -- wherever  
it is I want to be put, thank  
you! Oh! This is the final -- !

SOLO

Sandy -- you're making a sce -- !

SANDY

Don't bother checking my schedules  
anymore, y'hear?! To you, Mr.  
Napoleon Solo, I'm continually  
out of town! Indefinitely!

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

34

As they are in the middle of the restaurant now,  
and Solo is trying to calm and quiet Sandy down --  
without any success at all. She jerks away from  
him for good, storms toward the exit. The waiter  
hurries up with her wrap, which she stabs with one  
hand on the fly, slams out.

Solo swallows, grins at the spectators, shrugs and  
turns to walk back toward the lounge -- and Serena.

ANOTHER ANGLE

35

From one side -- to reveal that Serena has been  
watching the scene with an amused look on her face.  
Solo comes up to her.

CLOSER ON THE TWO

36

SERENA

I hope I haven't ruined any -  
hopscotch games or anything. . .

SOLO

Very highstrung girl. But I'll  
make it up to her.

SERENA

She should understand the --  
hazards -- of your profession.

SOLO

Yes -- we insurance men take on  
most any risk -- if the premiums  
are high enough. . .

36  
CONT'D  
(2)

They are standing very close together now, and their  
eyes are reading every nuance into the lines they  
are speaking.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CLOSE ON SERENA - NIGHT

37

As she is dangling a key from her fingers. . .

WIDER ON SOLO AND SERENA

38

As he takes the key, opens the door to her apartment.  
He pushes open the door, she smiles, goes in. He  
follows.

INT. APARTMENT - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

39

It's a swank apartment. Serena has flipped on  
lights. Solo closes the door behind him. Serena  
moves to a bar, slides it open to reveal a well-  
stocked cabinet. Solo moves easily to the bar,  
prepares cocktails in a shaker.

Serena is watching him closely, a half-smile on her  
face. Suddenly, she walks to him, puts her arms  
around him and kisses him. He has the cocktail  
shaker in one hand, the vermouth bottle in the  
other, and he never puts them down.

She pulls back from the kiss -- and she has liked  
it, we think. Serena is impossible to fathom,  
which is the real essence of her character, but  
we must feel throughout that there is something  
between Solo and herself that she has not found  
with very many men, if any. She's a pro, and this  
would probably never throw her, but Solo is quite  
a guy, so the possibility always lingers there.

As Serena studies Solo's face, the small, bemused smile still on her lips. She moves away, starts RECORD PLAYER.

SERENA

What kind of -- policy -- would you say I'm eligible for?

SOLO

My company can't provide coverage for premiums that high. I may have to take your case under personal advisement.

SERENA

I'd like that...It'll just take a minute -- to get out of these -- shoes...

Solo returns her smile, Serena goes into the bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar. Once she is out of sight, Solo immediately transforms from the languorous lover into the dynamic UNCLE agent. Moving swiftly, he investigates the entire premises. He and Serena talk sporadically all the while, and he TINKLES the cocktail shaker with a long spoon, keeping his voice calm and acting as if he were lazily lounging at the bar...

First, he tests the liquor by taste, feel and smell...Then he checks the glasses themselves...He looks in the drapes and behind pictures...He taps various sectors of the walls of the room lightly with the long spoon...All is well -- with the exception of one wall area...This doesn't sound quite right to him, but he has no time to complete his investigation of it...

SERENA'S VOICE

She's a very lovely girl -- at least, she'll probably be when she grows up -- !

SOLO

She's fully grown! -- She'll be old enough to vote this winter! -- And she's a very dear girl to me --

SERENA'S VOICE

Oh -- ? Then you're certainly an avid businessman -- to give up your evening --

SOLO

Do we have to keep up the pretending? We could --

## ANOTHER ANGLE

41

REVEALS Serena standing in the doorway to the bedroom. Solo has HEARD her opening the door, and stops tapping the wall with the spoon, looks in her direction -- and sees her standing there in a beautiful nightgown, looking like the answer to the wildest dream a man ever had.

They move toward the center of the room, meeting at the couch. Serena sits, Solo naturally sitting close by her.

SERENA

You were saying?

SOLO

Just that -- we could accomplish a lot more -- if we stopped playing games.

## CLOSER ON THE TWO

42

SERENA

You're right, of course. So -- we stop playing...

From her voice, one might well think the "game" is going to culminate in a most desirable fashion -- and, indeed, Solo is even taken off-guard a moment ...And that is all that is needed. Serena is very close to him, their eyes holding...

Easily, she rises slightly from the modernistic couch, reaching to a nearby coffee table to pick up a box of cigarettes...At least, this is what Solo thinks...The cigarette "box," however, contains a control mechanism...Serena is not touching the couch when her hand touches the ornate box -- and she presses a section of the box -- and there is a CRACKLING SOUND from the couch...An electrical sound...

## ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER ON SOLO

43

He is literally frozen to the couch. Instinctively, he has started to rise, but too late.

## ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

44

As Serena looks down at Solo. Her face is unreadable, but she hesitates a moment before pressing

another button on the table -- that slides away the section of wall Solo had suspected a few minutes earlier. Three men enter hurriedly but calmly, ring Solo, look down on him. Solo is conscious, fully, but totally helpless to act...Serena turns, goes into the bedroom.

44  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. BEDROOM - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

45

Serena enters, crosses to open another door, admits Mars Two -- and "Solo"! Mars Two steps back, watches anxiously as "Solo" walks easily toward Serena. "Solo" is clad only in a bathrobe. Serena watches his every move critically. "Solo" comes to her, stops, puts his arms about her, kisses her. Parting, Serena turns to Mars Two, nods. Mars Two is pleased, turns, hurries on into the living room.

"SOLO"

Well! I must congratulate myself!  
The "premiums" are well worth the  
risk -- !

And "Solo" starts to pull her close again. Serena pulls away, goes into the other room. Grinning, "Solo" nonchalantly follows her.

INT. APARTMENT - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

46

Serena and "Solo" enter. Mars Two is looking down at Solo on the couch, his face flushed with triumph. Going to the "cigarette box," he grins, presses another button, jumps the current up a bit -- and Solo slumps, unconscious, on the couch. Mars Two presses another button, and the CRACKLING SOUND STOPS altogether.

At a signal from Mars Two, the men pick Solo up, move quickly with him through the sliding wall. The wall slides shut behind them.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER ON THE THREE

47

As "Solo" has moved to the bar, poured three drinks, hands them toward Mars Two and Serena.

MARS TWO  
To August 10th -- and Victory!



Mars Two and "Solo" click glasses in the toast.  
Serena tosses her drink down without ceremony.  
"Solo" tries to pull her close to him, she pushes  
his hand away.

47  
CONT'D  
(2)

SERENA

You'd better go with them --  
take his clothes, everything he  
has on him -- any small item he  
carries might have a special  
meaning for an UNCLE agent...

"SOLO"

I thought we had plans -- ?

SERENA

You'll find enough danger ful-  
filling your assignment...He's  
perfect, Mars Two, but not that  
perfect...

And Serena walks into her bedroom, SLAMS the door.  
"Solo" laughs, pours two more drinks. Mars Two  
smiles...

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - DAY (REPEAT SHOT 2)

48

"Solo" pulling up, getting out of taxi in front of Del Floria's Tailor Shop.

CLOSER ON "SOLO"

49

He looks around, flips cigarette away, starts for the Tailor Shop.

( THIS IS THE DOUBLE. - SUBTLE DIFFERENCES IN HIS ACTIONS WILL BE SEEN, BUT THE DIFFERENCES WILL, INDEED, BE SLIGHT. HE IS A MASTER OF HIS DECEPTION, THIS "SOLO." THERE MAY BE SPLIT-SECOND LAPSES IN RESPONSE WHEN HE MEETS SOMEONE -- FOR HE WILL HAVE ALL THE DATA ON THE PERSON, BUT WILL WAIT FOR THE PERSONAL RESPONSE; THEN HE WILL KNOW IN WHICH TONE TO LITERALLY PLAY EACH SCENE.)

INT. TAILOR SHOP - MED. SHOT - DAY

50

"Solo" enters. The Tailor is alone. They nod, Tailor pushes the button, "Solo" enters the third cubicle.

INT. "TRY-ON" CUBICLE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

51

"Solo" wets his lips, turns hanger, opens door.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

52

The girl smiles as "Solo" approaches, hands him badge.

RECEPTIONIST

You know, waiting to make dinner for you could make me the hungriest girl in town!

"SOLO"

On you it looks terrific!

The girl grins -- "Solo" walks on. . .

CLOSE ON "SOLO"

53

He keeps an easy grin in place, heads for the second receptionist, the man.

WIDER SHOT

54

The second man opens up for "Solo" and the elevator doors close behind him. . .

INT. CORRIDORS - MED. CLOSE ON "SOLO" - DAY

55

He walks briskly, reacts to various people as always, goes into elevator, doors close behind him. . .

INT. CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - DAY

56

As "Solo" exits elevator, strides to Allison's door.

CLOSE ON "SOLO"

57

His hand on the knob, he takes a small breath, holds it, smiles, pushes the door open...

INT. ALLISON'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON "SOLO" - DAY

58

The smile fades. He lets the door drift shut behind him. He is not thrown, recovers quickly.

"SOLO"

Oh -- good morning -- I --

WIDER - OVER ALLISON AND ILLYA

59

As they look up, see "Solo." He is looking from one to the other, smiling, coming on into the the room.

ILLYA

Napoleon. . .

ALLISON

Hmm -- ? Oh -- yes -- didn't expect to see -- uh -- anybody with me -- quite right -- yes --

"SOLO"  
'Morning, Illya --

59  
CONT'D  
(2)

ALLISON  
Yes, of course -- new policy --  
Illya, here, will accompany you  
on the "August Affair" this time --  
an UNCLE agent's life expectancy is  
an intangible statistic at best --  
in your particular case, it's com-  
parable to a smoke signal in a  
hurricane! Yes -- is my pipe  
under that -- ?

Allison has moved to sit behind his desk, rummages  
through papers as he talks. Illya and "Solo"  
seat themselves, share a smile as they prepare for  
a lecture.

ALLISON (cont'd)  
Any event -- you'll acquaint --  
him -- with the "August Affair" --  
just in case -- ! Now -- here are  
your latest credentials -- right --  
ah, here they are -- and you'll re-  
port back to me the usual time --

He finds envelope containing credentials on his desk,  
hands them to "Solo." "Solo" and Illya rise to leave,  
Allison is already studying something else.

"SOLO"  
No further instructions?

ALLISON  
No, no -- oh -- your three days  
in Switzerland -- the usual va-  
cation --

"SOLO"  
Thanks!

"Solo" and Illya are at the door, open it.

ALLISON  
Oh -- good luck, of course --  
and tell that girl I haven't any  
tobacco -- !

"Solo" grins, he and Illya exit.

INT. CORRIDOR - MED. CLOSE ON THE TWO - DAY

60

As "Solo" and Illya head for the elevators.

ILLYA

He wouldn't tell me anything concerning the "August Affair." He said it'd be easier to get it as we went along.

60  
CONT'D  
(2)

"SOLO"

He's right -- as usual.

ILLYA

He told me to keep an eye on you!

They have reached the elevator now. With this line, "Solo" stops, Illya in front of him, pressing the button to the elevator. Illya has his back to "Solo", and the false agent has reacted to Illya's last line . . . His hand slides toward his shoulder holster, he looks around to see that nobody is in sight. . .

The elevator doors open, they step inside -- "Solo" still behind Illya.

"SOLO"

Keep an eye -- ?

ILLYA

Yes! He said if I see a beautiful woman within twenty yards, I'm to shoot first and ask questions afterward!

Illya turns back to "Solo" now, smiling. "Solo" realizes it has been a joke -- and he quickly grins, reverses hand and takes out the envelope he had put into his inside coat pocket.

"SOLO"

Who do you shoot, them or me?

Both of them laugh at this -- the doors close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLANE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DAY

61

Illya and "Solo" seated together, idly looking through magazines. "Please Fasten Seat Belts" sign flashes on. Illya puts magazine down, looks out window, jabs "Solo," who follows his gaze. . .

AERIAL SHOT OF WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY - (STOCK) 62

As the plane banks for a landing approach.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - FULL SHOT - DAY - (STOCK) 63

Passengers leaving a jetliner.

EXT. LANDING AREA - MED. SHOT - DAY 64

A large limousine waits here, AIRPORT SOUNDS in b.g., as Illya and "Solo" leave other passengers, are met by two men who show identification; then escort them into the limousine. The car pulls away down the landing strip.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - MED. SHOT - DAY 65

The limousine pulls up, stops, "Solo," Illya and their escorts get out, go into the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MED. SHOT - DAY 66

One of the escorts moves a crate, and a sector of wall swings away. Two armed men are on guard inside. Credentials are quickly shown, the wall closes behind them.

INT. CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - DAY 67

As the group moves on -- and they are, literally, once more inside an UNCLE-type interior. This might well be another 'branch' of UNCLE. They enter elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - MED. CLOSE - DAY 68

As the elevator drops rapidly, "Solo" watches his companions closely. The elevator stops. Door doesn't open. Illya looks at "Solo." "Solo" acts as if this is quite the norm -- as it turns out to be. The two escorts push different areas of the elevator walls simultaneously -- and the doors open. They step out.

INT. CORRIDOR - FULL SHOT - DAY

69

Two more armed men greet them outside the elevator. "Solo" and Illya hand the men credentials from the envelope given to them by Allison. The guard who approves their papers motions them toward a large machine nearby. Putting their papers in a pouch at his waist, the guard holds out his hand, palm upward.

CLOSER OVER "SOLO"

70

As he is obviously thrown by this. He doesn't show it, however, merely puts his hand in his pocket -- as he has seen Illya do a split second before. . . Illya pulls out a handful of change, gives it to the guard. "Solo" does the same. The guard sifts through each pile of money, takes a quarter from each. . . THIS IS THE ONLY QUARTER EITHER MAN HAS. . .

"Solo" watches with admiration as the guard places the two quarters in slots in the machine -- and the machine hums, lights come on. Satisfied, the guard returns the coins to Illya and "Solo." "Solo" spares his quarter a small look before dropping it back in his pocket -- the others have turned away, the escorts to leave, the guard to admit him and Illya through another door. He follows.

INT. ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

71

This is also furnished in UNCLE fashion -- with all the comforts you might find in a relaxation room. A bar is included -- and CLAUDE CHANSO hurries forward from the bar to greet them, a huge smile breaking over his handsome features. Claude is tall, dark, suave -- and as attractive as all Frenchmen would like the world to believe they are.

CLAUDE

Napoleon! Mon ami! Then you survived that weekend in St. Moritz?!

SOLO

The Contessa was devastating -- as you so generously warned me. Claude, it's good to see you!

Claude has greeted "Solo" warmly, with even a hug and possibly a kiss on the cheek. It's not hard to envision the two as oftentimes friendly rivals over some female.

"SOLO"

Illya -- this is Claude Chanso --  
of our Paris Section -- Claude,  
Illya Kuryakin.

71  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLAUDE

Mon plaisir, M'sieur -- your friend  
has spoken of you!

Claude is propelling them toward the bar when the  
door again opens, NAMANA is being admitted. The  
three look toward the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

72

SHOWS NAMANA entering, door closing behind him.  
Namana is an African. He wears a plain business  
suit, but there is an air of royalty about him.  
He walks with the grace of a panther as he comes  
toward the three men -- and he has the same deadly  
aura of the panther about him. A large gold ring  
hangs from one ear.

NAMANA

My name is Namana,..of the Liberian  
Section.

Claude shakes his hand.

CLAUDE

Where is Ashanti?

NAMANA

My brother. He was killed.

CLAUDE

Our regrets, sincerely. Napoleon  
Solo -- and this is Illya Kuryakin  
-- of UNCLE...My name is Claude  
Chanso --

NAMANA

I would have known Chanso -- and  
Solo -- I believe. My brother spoke  
often of you both.

And Namana looks from Claude to "Solo" -- and his  
eyes hold there. His dark eyes are oddly disquiet-  
ing to "Solo," as they gaze on him evenly, seeming  
to plumb the depths that "Solo" cannot afford to  
reveal...He grips Namana's hand firmly. Claude has  
been pouring wine into four glasses. He picks one  
up as he moves behind the bar, slides a wall-panel  
aside, revealing three buttons.



CLAUDE

Now -- time once more for the --  
nervosite? The heart in the throat,  
 as you say, eh?!

 72  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

And, taking a deep breath, Claude jabs one of the buttons, steps back. A light goes on over the button..."Solo" is the next logical one, as he is closest, but it is obvious he doesn't know which one to push. There is only a split-second of hesitation, however; then he reaches toward the buttons -- and "accidentally" knocks over a glass of wine with his elbow...He leaps back, shaking the liquid from his sleeve.

"SOLO"

Oh, for -- ! I'm sorry, I -- !

ILLYA

It's all right --

"Solo" and Illya wipe their jackets with handkerchiefs. Namana has taken the ring from his ear, opened it, reads something inside it...And smoothly steps up and pushes the second button, lighting the second light. "Solo" smiles, sighs inaudibly as he sees this...He moves over to press the third and final button. The third light goes on, and a door slides open in a nearby wall. A MAN steps into the room briskly, carrying a small metal case.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

73

As two other panels in opposite walls open, TWO OTHER MEN enter. The First Man puts the metal case on a table in the center of the room. Each of the three men takes a small capsule from his pocket, places it inside the metal case. One man attaches a small chain to the case.

The First Man closes the case, removes three small rods from various angles, puts them in his pocket.

CLOSER ON CLAUDE, ILLYA

74

Claude smiles as Illya's bewilderment shows plainly.

CLAUDE

The rods activate an electronic combination device. If the case were to be opened improperly, acid would be released from the walls of the case, destroying the contents...

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. SHOT

75

As the First Man brings the case toward "Solo" and his companions. "Solo" holds out his right wrist.

NAMANA'

Knowing what's inside the case, my brother's words now have meaning for me...He said the world would travel in my hands -- during the "August Affair"...

The four carriers have their eyes fastened on the case as the First Man starts to attach it to "Solo's" wrist.

CLOSE ON "SOLO"

76

As he watches...This is a moment of approaching triumph for him -- he catches himself, tries to take the look of power off his face -- and then, hearing the lock CLICK into place, his face gleams, a crooked smile coming for just an instant before we --

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - LOCK SNAPPING SHUT - DAY

77

These are heavier chains, however, and the lock is heavily padded against the bare wrist it's fastened to.

WIDER ON THE ROOM

78

We see the real Solo being manacled to a wall. He is chained hand and foot. Mars Two is watching as two armed men secure the chains, test them. Solo is just regaining consciousness. His chains force him to stand. His eyes focus on Mars Two; then he realizes the situation.

MARS TWO

Good day, Mr. Solo! I trust you're quite comfortable? It's of the utmost importance that you remain in excellent condition! If we're to have your complete cooperation!

## CLOSER ON MARS TWO AND SOLO

79

As Mars Two waves the two guards away, comes close to Solo, is obviously pleased with the way things are going.

SOLO

I've never really been -- known for my -- team spirit -- also, I have a headache. You were a bit heavy-handed with your voltage.

MARS TWO

On the contrary! It was calculated by experts! No ill effects whatsoever! Your slight headache may be attributed to the drug we were obliged to use to -- transport you here without incident. You see -- our manipulation of the "August Affair" demands you remain unharmed! At least for the time being!

Mars Two hoped to get a rise from Solo with the mention of the "August Affair," but Solo is too well-trained to give him the satisfaction.

MARS TWO (Cont'd)

Of course, we know of the "August Affair"! And no risk can be too great when the stakes are so high! You're quite familiar with -- risks, I know!

This gets a reaction from Solo -- a purely personal one, as he remembers Serena.

SOLO

You can tell your -- agent -- and yourself -- she's underestimated the "home office" of my company...This is one policy that you'll never collect...

Mars Two smiles thinly, turns and exits. Solo tries his chains -- and realizes he's helpless...

CUT TO:

EXT. JETLINER - NIGHT - (STOCK)

80

INT. PLANE - MED. CLOSE - NIGHT

81

"Solo" is seated with Claude, playing cards. Illya and Namana, directly across from them, are chatting quietly. The lower half of a Stewardess is seen as she blocks out Namana and Illya, hands a menu to "Solo" and Claude. They both glance up casually, smile, look back at the menu.

CLOSE ON STEWARDESS

82

It's Sandy Wagner! She's looking down at "Solo" with an angry expression, whirls and storms off down the aisle.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. CLOSE - FROM FRONT

83

As Sandy joins another Stewardess. They're fixing meals. It's obvious they're picking up on an earlier conversation.

SANDY

Oh! I could just -- Oh!

STEWARDESS

Is he still -- ?

SANDY

Is he?! Not only is he pretending he doesn't know me, but he's pretending like he's flirting with me! And that Frenchman with him is flirting with me! And he doesn't care! Oh!

Sandy slams the trays and food around as she talks.

STEWARDESS

Maybe he's one of those diplomatic couriers or something -- he's got that thing on his wrist. Maybe he's not supposed to talk to anybody --

SANDY

Oh, sure, maybe! Or maybe he's just a rat! He didn't even call! After just sticking me in that taxi alone! Two days I waited! Oh!

STEWARDESS

Well -- I can see why you're so -- unconcerned! The way he looks at a person -- uh!

SANDY

Uh huh! Every female person, it seems! Well, if he wants to play funny games -- !

83  
CONT'D  
(2)

And Sandy rages off, carrying a loaded tray.

MED. CLOSE ON "SOLO" AND CLAUDE

84

as Sandy comes up, starts to hand the tray over "Solo" to Claude -- and dumps a hot coffee container in "Solo's" lap. This reaction would be the same from anybody, and he jumps up yelling.

"SOLO"

Owww! Hey -- !

SANDY

Oh, sir, I'm so sorry, sir! I'll bring you a fresh container!

"SOLO"

No thanks. I've had enough!

She walks away, smiling sweetly. Claude has been hit a bit, and they get up, head for the back of the plane.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

85

As the pair head down the aisle, a SMALL MAN near the rear of the plane jumps from his seat, scoots in front of them to the lounge. He clutches a briefcase and has one hand over his mouth.

INT. LOUNGE - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

86

The Small Man hustles in, opens door to washroom, goes in. "Solo" and Claude enter lounge as he closes the door. They sit. Claude takes out cigarettes, they light up... In a matter of seconds, the Small Man comes back out, nods an apology in their direction, exits. "Solo" rises, is halfway into the washroom when a hand falls on his shoulder.

CLOSE OVER "SOLO"

Namana's hand is on his shoulder. He looks back. Namana cannot see "Solo's" hands through the narrow doorway -- and one hand has his revolver halfway out.

NAMANA

My orders were that the case was always to be in sight of at least two of the three carriers...

"SOLO"

Oh -- of course! -- Claude, it appears we're getting a bit sloppy --

NAMANA

I know of the time you saved my brother's life. But my orders --

"Solo" has relaxed his grip on his gun, reached back over a shoulder to accept a key Claude hands him.

"SOLO"

No apologies necessary, Namana. It was thoughtless of us.

And he has turned back to unlock the case. His back shields what he is doing from Namana and Claude. He unlocks the manacles -- but he reaches under the sink, takes an identical metal case from there, and it is this substitute one he hands back over his shoulder to Namana!

Namana smiles as "Solo" has not been offended. Namana turns to sit with Claude -- and "Solo" closes the door! He quickly locks it, goes to work. He turns on water full force to cover any noise. Another metal case is attached magnetically under the sink. This case contains various tools, including three small metal rods like we saw earlier. "Solo" quickly inserts these rods into the metal case. He then takes a tiny machine from the supply case, plugs it into a wall socket, starting a HUMMING SOUND. He focuses this tiny machine over the metal case, and gently manipulates the three tiny rods. Small lights flash on in the tiny machine when he hits the right combinations, and, with a sigh, he opens the metal case!

Removing the three capsules carefully, he opens them, takes out a tiny paper from each. He photographs the symbols on the papers with a miniature camera from the supply case... Then he returns

everything, closes the metal case, removes the rods  
--- and the combination is his!

87  
CONT'D  
(2)

He tosses everything but the camera and metal case into the disposal unit; then snaps the camera back under the sink, out of sight. He tosses some water on his face, jerks off his jacket, hangs it on back of door, opens door a bit as he is drying his face. He puts an arm out through the partially-opened door and Namana hands him the phony metal case. Turning to put on his jacket, "Solo" again shields his actions from those outside the door... And he snaps the real case onto his wrist, puts the phony one in the disposal unit.

Straightening his jacket, he goes out into the lounge.

INT. LOUNGE - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

88

As "Solo" comes into the lounge, he blocks Claude's entrance to the washroom -- and, again, the Small Man dashes into the lounge, holding his mouth and briefcase as before, and races into the washroom. "Solo" and Claude share a look, chuckle sympathetically.

INT. WASHROOM - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

89

as the Small Man, not at all ill once he is out of sight of the men outside, takes the camera from its hiding place under the sink. He drops it into the briefcase with a smile.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. LANDING STRIP - FULL SHOT - DAY (STOCK)

90

This is an airport in Switzerland, and a jetliner is SLAMMING in for a landing.

INT. PLANE - MED. SHOT - DAY

91

This is near the exit door, as the passengers are disembarking. Sandy and her friend, the Stewardess, are smiling them off. "Solo" and his group exit, with no more than cursory nods and smiles.

CLOSER ON SANDY AND STEWARDESS

92

Sandy is fuming, but trying to smile for the others.

SANDY

Hope you had a nice flight! --  
Watch your step, please! -- Oh,  
am I ever gonna get even with  
him -- somehow!

STEWARDESS

You're in some mood! I can see  
we'll have a great layover! --  
Glad to have you with us again,  
Mrs. Appley-Smythe!

SANDY

I don't intend to spoil your time  
off -- but I know how I'm gonna  
have a great time! By makin' Mr.  
Napoleon Solo's little stay in  
Switzerland just as downright mis-  
erable as I can! Everybody please  
watch your step when disembarking,  
please!

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CLOSE SHOT SOLO - DAY

93

Only his head is seen, and he's getting a haircut and chewing something that is, seemingly rather tasty.



WIDER SHOT

94.

Reveals the real Solo, in his "cell", seated on a stool with his arm chains removed. Two armed guards are watching from a few feet away as Solo eats from a tray and gets his hair tended. His leg chains are still firmly secured.

SOLO

I like it rather full on the sides.

The Barber ignores him, continues working from a photograph of Solo propped on his barber case. He has some instruments in a shirt pocket. He leans over Solo to take some off around an ear -- and Solo nonchalantly leans up to take a morsel of food. When the Barber steps back, he starts putting his tools away, satisfied with his work. One of the guards walks over and without a word takes a slim pair of scissors from Solo's trouser-waist, tosses them into the Barber's case.

SOLO (continued)

You fellows are getting to be a real nuisance, you know?

Mars Two enters, the guards remain impassive.

MARS TWO

Well! I see you're enjoying your dinner! Anything I've forgotten?

SOLO

I'd have preferred a more attractive manicurist. How long have I been here?

MARS TWO

Not quite long enough. You'll be notified when your-- services are required! Don't be impatient! Oh -- I thought you might find these interesting!

He hands Solo several photographs, Solo looks...

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPHS

95-100

as Solo looks at them. A half-dozen shots -- of Illya, Namana, Claude...and himself, holding the metal case!

CLOSE ON SOLO AND MARS TWO

101

SOLO (hands them back)  
Nothing too interesting about faked  
photographs.

MARS TWO

You know they're not faked! Not  
with Illya, your friend! And the  
Frenchman -- and the metal case!  
Enjoy this excellent meal, friend  
Solo! Very soon, such a meal may  
be your last!

And, with a cold smile, Mars Two exits. The Barber  
follows him, carrying his tools. Solo shoves the  
food away.

ANOTHER ANGIE - WIDER

102

The guards, seeing him reject the food, efficiently  
move in to reshackle him -- one holding a gun on  
him while the other works. They remove the stool,  
leaving him alone in the virtually barren room. He  
strains at his bonds once more, but it's useless.  
Angry now, even a little frightened at what Maggott  
may be close to accomplishing, he pulls at his  
bonds furiously; then slumps, defeated.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE - MED. CLOSE - DAY

103

The car speeds along, the unpopulated countryside  
in the b.g. comprised mostly of rolling green hills.

NAMANA

I had thought of Switzerland as  
a country of ice and snow.

CLAUDE

You won't be disappointed, Namana.  
See -- in the distance -- those  
mountains? That's our destination!

EXT. HIGHWAY - LONG SHOT - DAY

104

The limousine is escorted over the narrow highway  
by an escort car in front and rear, and two motor-  
cyclists in front of the small caravan by a hundred  
yards.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAR - MED. CLOSE - DAY

105

It is dusk now, and snowclad mountains are in the b.g. Illya nudges Namana, who smiles, nods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

106

The caravan, their lights on, come to a roadblock across the highway. A massive iron gate, with armed guards in front and behind it. Giant searchlights are trained on the vehicles as a half-dozen uniformed guards briskly approach them. The escort force is also armed, and it's a literal stand-off at the moment, with both sides having guns at the ready.

The escort force exchanges credentials with the uniformed guards. Both sides utilize small hand-machines to check the credentials -- like miniature gieger-counters. The TICKS they hear are apparently all right, for the tension eases somewhat. Both sides destroy the other's credentials. The outside guards have a small machine near the gate that handles the job -- the escort force puts the credentials into a special receptacle on the dash of the limousine.

The gate swings open, the limousine ROARS on through -- the escort force turning and heading back in the direction from which they have just come.

EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

107

As we follow the limousine through the gate, which begins closing behind it. The limousine drives a hundred yards or so; then pulls up literally in front of a high cliff. The HORN SOUNDS three times.

CLOSER ON THE LIMOUSINE

108

As the men get out, follow the escorts to the face of the cliff. As they reach it, a portion opens to make a four-foot-wide entranceway. They enter.

INT. CAVERN - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

109

As the wall slides closed behind the group. It is brightly illuminated here, opposed to the dark night.

One of the escorts turns, holds out his hand. Namana takes the ring from his ear, gives it to the man. The Second Escort has slid another panel aside in a wall, revealing three grooves. . . Claude hands the man a small cigarette lighter he has used earlier. . . And "Solo" reaches into his pocket, takes out the quarter and hands it to the man. . . The man then puts the three objects into their proper slots -- they all fit -- and another doorway opens in the seemingly solid wall in front of them. . . They enter. . .

109  
CONT'D  
(2)

INT. OFFICE - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

110

Two men, both in their forties, lean, capable-looking, are waiting behind a large desk. The door opens, "Solo" and his group enters. The escorts close the door behind them, do not enter the office. These men are the DIRECTOR and the SECURITY DIRECTOR of this stronghold.

DIRECTOR

Welcome, gentlemen. I trust you had a pleasurable journey.

CLAUDE

Uneventful, sir, which is all we could hope for!

DIRECTOR

Of course. An ill-chosen phrase. The world would scarcely have a 'pleasurable' moment, if it should know what is shackled, figuratively, to its wrist! Solo, Claude -- it's good to see you!

"SOLO"

And you, sir. This is Illya Kur-yakin -- his dossier was forwarded to you --

SECURITY DIRECTOR

A mammoth job of processing -- since we have two new men with us this time!

They are all shaking hands now, as the introductions come up.

DIRECTOR

Namana, we greatly admired and respected your brother, as did all who knew him. Our sincerest regrets. I'm Director of this project -- known in highest channels as Project EarthSave. This is our Security Director. No names, for obvious reasons. To cut off, as thoroughly as possible, any and all connections with the outside world.

110  
CONT'D  
(2)

NAMANA

I knew only the code name --  
"August Affair."

"SOLO"

It has a hundred code names --  
continually changing. Which, by  
the way --

DIRECTOR

Yes, I can imagine you're well  
ready to be done with it. . .  
Security. . .

Both Directors unlock sections of the desk, take out several small metal rods. Claude takes the metal case from "Solo's" arm, puts it on the desk. The Director compares symbols on the rods with symbols etched into the metal case -- and selects three rods. He gingerly inserts these three rods, manipulates the combination, opens the case. The Director takes one of the capsules, the Security Director two. . . They go to opposite sides of a large machine sitting imbedded in one wall. . . Each of them opens their capsules, reads the papers, punches several keys on the large machine. . . The machine whirs to life, clicking and flashing. . . Then both men burn the papers they hold, drop the ashes into separate receptacles, push buttons that flush the ashes away. . . Ilyya turns to "Solo."

ILLYA

You said it would be easier to  
understand when we got here, but --

DIRECTOR

You have been chosen -- you and  
Namana -- to take part in the "August  
Affair." That means you've been  
chosen, also, to bear a burden im-  
posed on few men living today. . .  
If you'll follow us. . .

And the Director leads the group from the office.

INT. CAVERN - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

111

It's an immense cave, glowing red from subdued lighting. A FAINT HUMMING SOUND pervades the entire area. The group goes along a walkway, past different guards. Each guard receives a different salute from the Director and Security Director. They talk as they walk, look at the cavern.

## SECURITY DIRECTOR

-- hundred-and-eighty-six feet beneath the surface -- and, as you can see, security precautions are extensive --

## ILLYA

But -- Project EarthSave itself --?

## DIRECTOR

Several years ago, scientists from many nations, working together, found themselves on the verge of a discovery. They had two choices -- destroy all the work that had led to that moment -- or create a weapon. . . A weapon to be the final weapon. . . A weapon so powerful that the most potent nuclear devices would be literally negated by its very existence..

## SECURITY DIRECTOR

Project EarthSave is the result of their choice.

## NAMANA

They would build such a weapon?

## DIRECTOR

The choice was dictated by the possibility of attack by a hostile force. . . Oh, not of this planet -- the use of Project EarthSave might very well destroy the earth itself! But our scientists have picked up strange fragments of radio waves -- from beyond our galaxy! If the world should be attacked from beyond the stars -- imagine the power such an attack force would possess! -- Project EarthSave might well be our last line of defense. Our only chance.

## ILLYA

And that weapon --?

They have stopped in front of a huge, iron door. The Director, in answer to Illya's obvious question, is to quickly work a combination lock in the door -- as the Security Director is working another on the same door. And then the giant door swings open -- and the Director motions Illya and the others to look inside. There is a LOUDER HUMMING SOUND, even a pulsating, THROBBING NOISE in the cavern. The group steps up to the door. . .

111  
CONT'D  
(2)

#### OVER THE GROUP

112

We see, beyond the giant iron door, a huge cavern-like opening. . . And, in the center of the opening, sits a tremendously large vault. . . The vault itself seems to vibrate, lights playing over it, multi-colored. . . It looks impregnable. . .

NAMANA (with awe)

If such a weapon were to fall  
into treacherous hands. . .

CLAUDE

The "August Affair" -- along  
with countless other measures --  
is calculated to prevent just  
such a happening.

ILLYA

But an attack in strength --  
could the stronghold withstand --

SECURITY DIRECTOR

An enemy force might possibly over-  
whelm us -- but they could never open  
the vault before reinforcements would  
arrive. . . Even if we were wiped out  
to the last man.

"SOLO"

Which brings us, directly, to the  
"August Affair."

DIRECTOR

Exactly. Once each year, the com-  
bination to the vault is altered.  
You just brought us the new combina-  
tion...as you do each year. No one  
man on earth knows this combination.  
You saw us feed this combination into  
the central computer up above. . .

## SECURITY DIRECTOR

To activate the necessary series of electronic impulses required to work the combination -- and open the vault -- entails another series of steps known only to the Director and myself, working in conjunction. . .

112  
CONT'D  
(2)

## ILLYA

Then as long as the combination remains safe -- ?

## DIRECTOR (nodding)

And now you know the full meaning of -- the "August Affair!"

## ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. CLOSE ON THE GROUP

113

As the two Directors activate the mechanism to close the huge door. "Solo's" eyes are literally gleaming -- and Illya, turning to him, has a strange sensation as he sees this. . . Becoming aware, "Solo" breaks into a grin, drops a hand to Illya's shoulder, turns to leave. . . Illya looks after his friend strangely for a moment; then follows.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. LODGE - FULL SHOT - DAY

114

As "Solo" and his group enters. This is a swanky place, filled with females swaying around in bulging ski-pants. The group approaches the registration desk.

## CLOSER AT THE REGISTRATION DESK

115

## CLERK

Good morning, gentlemen!

## "SOLO"

'Morning -- I think we have reservations for four -- "N.-Solo."

## CLERK

Of course, Mr. Solo, we've been expecting you! Your luggage arrived yesterday, gentlemen! Boy!

## CLAUDE

We'll have breakfast first --



ILLYA  
And my friend and I intend  
to do some climbing.  
(meaning Namana)  
We'll need equipment, a guide --

115  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLERK  
Certainly, sir, certainly!

"SOLO"  
Make that equipment for three.

ILLYA  
Three -- ? I never thought --

CLAUDE  
Oho! You're surrendering this  
lovely field to me, my friend?!

Illya is surprised -- till he follows "Solo's"  
stare.

ANOTHER ANGLE - OVER "SOLO"

116

Serena, gorgeous in a tight ski-outfit, is talking  
to a man who is obviously a guide. He has climbing  
equipment attached to his clothing, looks Swiss.  
Serena looks in "Solo's" direction, smiles. Illya  
shakes his head.

CLOSER ON ILLYA AND "SOLO"

117

ILLYA  
I thought I was hearing somebody  
else for a moment....  
("Solo" turns)  
But I should've known your sudden  
yen for 'exercise' would have a  
more reasonable motivation!

"Solo" relaxes, grins, as Illya does the same.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - CLOSE ON SOLO AND MARS TWO - DAY

118

Mars Two is jubilant now, as he sets a food tray  
down in front of Solo. One guard loosens Solo's  
hands, while a second keeps a gun trained on him.

MARS TWO

A feast for a king! And news  
to merit a celebration! The  
"August Affair" is ended!  
Project EarthSave will be outs!!

118  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Maybe I could whip up some en-  
thusiasm if I knew what you were  
talking about --

MARS TWO

Act your part well, my friend!  
No matter now! The combination  
is ours! In a few hours, the  
redoubtable agent, Napoleon Solo,  
will be found dead -- a climbing  
accident, in the Swiss mountains!  
Regrettable! I'm sure the grief  
of his friends will be quite profound.

SOLO

It'll sort of get to me, too.

MARS TWO

Then -- within a few short weeks --  
when least suspected -- we strike!  
(smashes hands together)  
We storm the stronghold! And,  
with the combination, the world  
will drop into our hands like a  
ripe plum!

SOLO

These potatoes need salt. . .

MARS TWO

Then MAGGOTT will dictate its  
terms to the nations of the earth!  
A pity, my friend, you won't be  
here to see --!

He is cut off by entrance of another Guard.

MARS TWO(continued)

Yes?!

GUARD

Sir -- there is difficulty clear-  
ing the road -- the landslide --

## MARS TWO

We must be ready to move!  
You -- bring explosives from  
the storeroom! You come with  
me! Don't try to chain him by  
yourself -- we'll be back directly!

118  
CONT'D  
(3)

Two of the guards nod, follow Mars Two out. The third guard also acknowledges his order, resumes watching Solo. Solo realizes this may very well be his last chance.

## SOLO

I can't eat this stuff -- it all  
needs salt. . . Look -- Mars Two  
said I was to be comfortable -- I  
could have whatever I wanted --  
if this is to be my last meal. . .  
And I asked for a glass of milk. . .

The guard has been looking blankly at him as Solo has been literally whining. Finally, with a snort of disgust, the guard motions Solo back with his gun. Then he pulls the tray of food out of Solo's reach. . . And, with his hand, he signals -- and Solo reluctantly tosses over the spoon he had tried to secrete. . . The guard smirks, leaves the room.

Alone, Solo desperately looks around the little room. He tries to reach the tray of food, cannot. He tugs at his ankle chains -- hopeless. Then, when all looks lost, his eyes light on an electric light fixture nearby. The lamp holds four bulbs. He can barely reach it, but he finally manages to unscrew one of the bulbs. Quickly he wraps the bulb in a napkin, breaks it, wrenches out the tiny wire filament, slips it into his mouth. HEARING the DOOR reopening, he buries the broken bulb into his mashed potatoes. The guard enters, puts a glass of milk and salt shaker on the tray, scoots it back to Solo.

Solo sits in front of the food, feigning great nervousness. He toys with the food, sips at the milk; then pushes away from the tray, turns to the wall. The guard is laughing when the second guard enters. And the two of them shackle him again, take the food and leave.

Alone, Solo is not the cringing figure he was pretending to be. He can barely reach his lips, but he gets the thin wire, strains with concentration -- and begins to work on his locks. . . He's forced to try to open his right wristlock with his right hand. . .

CUT TO:

INT. LODGE - MED. SHOT LOUNGE - DAY

119

"Solo" and the others, and Serena, are seated before the fireplace, drinking and talking.

"SOLO"

-- early enough in the morning,  
we should be able to make "Devil's  
Summit" by late afternoon!

SERENA

I'd love to join your party.

"SOLO"

Good, then! It's settled!

ILLIYA

Unbelievable! You got all this  
from the guide in half-an-hour?

"SOLO"

All except the parts I'm making  
up!

They all laugh, Claude pours more drinks.

NAMANA

You won't change your mind, Claude?

CLAUDE

Thank you, no! I'll find some --  
less strenuous -- means of diver-  
sion! And if I'm not mistaken, a  
delightful one has just appeared!

Claude has brightened, looking off, and he rises.

ANOTHER ANGLE

120

As Sandy Wagner rushes up to the group. She is also  
attired in wintry clothes, and looks cuddly and great.  
Claude has risen to meet her, but she heads straight  
for "Solo," throws herself on his lap, kisses him.  
For the first time, "Solo's" guard is really down.  
Fortunately for him, there's so much confusion that  
nobody notices before he has time to retrench.

SANDY

Darling! You just can't imagine  
what a time I had finding you! I  
had the entire airline workin' on  
it! Oh, it's so wonderful to be  
together again, isn't it!

CLAUDE  
Together again? But you were --

120  
CONT'D  
(2)

SANDY  
Oh, now I know just what you-all  
are thinkin'! The plane! But,  
y'see, Napoleon knew I was on duty!  
But we'll all just have a marvelous  
time now! Won't we, darlin'?!  
"SOLO"

Yes, of course -- we'll --

SANDY  
Well, now, I declare! This must  
be that favorite aunt you're al-  
ways talkin' about! Aunt Bertha,  
isn't it? I'm so happy to meet you!

This has been at Serena, who has been watching calmly.  
Sandy has her claws out, but she's in danger of being  
overmatched.

SANDY  
Why, I just bet you're the rea-  
son Napoleon couldn't see me in  
New York last week, right?

SERENA  
Strange, he's never mentioned  
you.

SANDY  
Well, now, he can be downright  
forgetful sometimes! Why, on the  
plane, he acted like he didn't  
even know me!

"SOLO"  
We're going up the mountain in  
the morning. If you --

SANDY  
Why, I'd just love to join you-all!  
If I wouldn't be in anybody's way!

CLAUDE  
If one more beautiful woman de-  
cides to go up that mountain -- !

SANDY  
Oh, I'm so sorry! Napoleon's  
totally forgotten his manners al-  
together! I'm Sandy Wagner!

CLAUDE

Claude Chanso -- enchante --120  
CONT'D  
(3)

She has stood up now, and Claude bows over her hand, turns to introduce her to the others. "Solo" gets up, motions Serena to follow him. They move to the bar.

CLOSE ON "SOLO" AND SERENA

121

"SOLO"

If she goes up the mountain --  
she joins Solo at the bottom!

Serena nods. "Solo" takes ice from bucket, moves back toward the group, Serena following.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

122

Door bursts open and Mars Two plunges in, followed by two armed guards. Solo's chains hang empty. They whirl, but not in time. Solo launches himself at them from behind the door. Solo has quickly gotten a rifle from the last man, knocked him out, spins and fires as Mars Two and the other guard turn their weapons. It's all over in a moment. Solo puts on Mars Two's snowjacket, exits.

INT. BUILDING - MED. SHOT - DAY

123

As Solo hurries through warehouselike area, pushes a door open carefully.

EXT. BUILDING - MED. SHOT - DAY

124

As Solo steps out into the, for him, dazzling light of day. Blinking, he sees snowy mountains in the b.g.

SOLO

Switzerland!

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:  
EXT. BUILDING - FULL SHOT - DAY

125

As Solo sees activity all about him. A few cars are parked fifty yards from the building. Men are loading crates on a truck several yards from him. A couple hundred yards away, a huge bulldozer works to clear a road to the main highway. Huddling down into the parka, Solo starts for the cars. A couple men look in his direction. He waves.

CLOSER ON THE ROW OF CARS

126

A quick look shows Solo they have no keys in them. He picks a new Corvette, raises the hood, leans down inside to jump the starter.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER - OVER THE WORKING MEN

127

They look up again, see Solo working under the hood.

MAN (yelling)  
Need any help? ... Sir?...

CLOSE OVER SOLO

128

He works furiously. In b.g. couple more men stop work. They start slowly toward him. The ENGINE finally ROARS to life! SLAMMING the hood down, he slides in under the wheel, rakes car into gear, HURTLES away. And, in far b.g. the guard he only stunned, staggers to the doorway, FIRES TWO SHOTS in the air before collapsing.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

129

as Solo ROARS down the dirt road. Men are leaping into action, getting rifles, running toward Solo's car.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FULL SHOT

130

as the little car skims down the road. The armed men cannot fire yet -- a small hillock is between them and sight of the car. They race to gain this hillock. And, meantime, Solo hurtles directly for the giant bulldozer! The 'dozer blocks the way to freedom. The driver is aware of what's happening and he guns his machine for Solo... The 'dozer is cumbersome, but deadly. The car is agile, but unable to get around the huge machine.

The blade bears down on the car and Solo spins free just in time, reverses his field... But the men have now gained the hillock and are aiming at him! Again he whirls around and their first VOLLEY misses!

The 'dozer nearly traps him again, but the big machine is now jackknifed in the road, blocking it completely, but literally unable to move... And Solo GUNS the CAR up one side of an incline, hurtles over the 'dozer, down the dirt incline on the other side and away onto the hard, clear highway!

(NOTE: THE "DIRT INCLINE" WILL BE A RAMP, OF COURSE, WITH ANOTHER RAMP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BULLDOZER - SO IT WILL CONSTITUTE, SIMPLY, A FOUR OR FIVE FOOT JUMP.)

A MAGGOTT car has started in pursuit but is blocked by the 'dozer, and the men are out frantically trying to figure a way clear...

CUT TO:

INT. LODGE - MED. SHOT LOUNGE - DAY

131

It's a little later, Claude has had a little more to drink, is a little more charming. "Solo" is seated between Serena and Sandy.

CLAUDE

--all right, now, fine! I'm on your precious mountain now -- no doubt I'm freezing! -- frightened half to death -- and I slip! If I fall into a nice, secluded cave, who is my companion? Will my rope be attached to the lovely Made-moiselle Sandy? Or the beautiful Serena? No! You say I'll be attached to a Swiss guide! No! Jamais!

ILLYA

The idea is -- not to slip!



CLAUDE  
My idea is better! Except for  
the Swiss guide!

131  
CONT'D  
(2)

They're all laughing as a WAITER comes up to "Solo".

WAITER  
Sir. A telephone call for you.

"SOLO"  
For me?

WAITER  
The operator said -- Mr. Solo.

CLAUDE  
Another charming volunteer for  
the climb, perhaps?

"SOLO"  
I wouldn't think so --

SANDY  
The ring of a phone -- our song!

"Solo" smiles, puts down his drink, follows the  
Waiter. Serena and Illya watch him go, Illya  
slightly puzzled.

INT. LOBBY - PHONE AREA - MED. CLOSE - DAY

132

"Solo" picks up a phone, JIGGLES RECEIVER. Waiter  
exits.

"SOLO"  
Yes, operator - the call for Mr. Solo,  
please. Hello? - You fool, to call  
me here! - What?! Mars Two - ? How --  
all right, never mind about that!  
I'm taking command! No time to con-  
tact another base! He's on the  
Zurnon Highway? Then he's headed  
here! I want all communications  
taken out in the area! Now listen  
carefully - !

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - OVER SERENA AND SANDY - DAY

133

Claude's on his feet, acting out a joke...

CLAUDE

-- so -- the space capsule has  
 crashed -- a terrible failure --  
 but the scientists think they may  
 still learn something of value  
 from the highly-trained chimpan-  
 see! He pushed the ejector button,  
 and is quite safe -- though he seems  
 extremely nervous, and keeps making  
 these signs -- and won't respond to  
 any of the tests they give him!...

 133  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

~~and Claude~~ makes a series of signs, imitating the  
~~man~~ "Solo" appears in the archway in the b.g.,  
~~holding~~ a cigarette, goes on toward the outside.  
~~Sandy~~ has seen him -- and Sandy has seen the look  
~~Sandy~~ has picked up on...

CLAUDE

So -- the greatest scientific minds  
 being stumped -- they finally called  
 in this famous animal trainer!...  
 He takes one look and says --  
 "Gentlemen, he's merely making a  
 comment regarding your rocket! He  
 says -- Big deal, fifty stinking  
 feet!"

~~Claude~~ has hit the punch line to the motions, and  
~~everybody~~ laughs. Sandy watches Serena casually.

SERENA

Claude, you are marvelous! If  
 Sandy is willing, you can attach  
me to the end of your rope!

CLAUDE

Ah, ma chérie!

~~He~~ kisses her hand. She rises, Sandy nods sweetly.

SERENA

You'll excuse me a moment?

CLAUDE

Certainement!

~~Serena~~ goes out after "Solo." Sandy watching...

INT. LODGE - MED. CLOSE ON CAR - DAY

134

as "Solo" gets in, starts motor. He's waiting im-  
 patiently when the other door opens, Serena gets

"SOLO"

Solo's escaped -- he's on his way here! Keep them occupied! Tell them anything -- tell them I took your car to scout a place to start our climb tomorrow --

134  
CONT'D  
(2)

SERENA

What do you intend to do?

"SOLO"

Stop him! We're too close to give up now! If I can -- !

He's cut off -- as the door opens again, and Sandy is there! She half-sits beside Serena.

SANDY

Hi! I saw you signal! Oh -- I assumed you meant me!

"SOLO"

I -- ! Get out of this car!

SANDY

What -- ? I was only -- !

"Solo's" voice has gone flat, rasping; Sandy is almost frightened. She's confused, he's like a stranger.

SERENA

Miss Wagner, a lady should know when she's unwelcome --

"SOLO"

I -- said -- out!

Serena's tried to spare Sandy, but "Solo's" face is contorted with rage. He tries to push her, she slips, pinned in the front seat. And, beyond, in the b.g., "Solo" sees Illya and Namana looking at them from twenty yards, from the patio of the lodge!

SANDY

Napoleon, please! Oww! I --

Swiftly, "Solo" hits her, she goes limp. Reaching over, he pulls the door shut with a SLAM, speeds away.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

135

As Illya and Namana move a few steps after the car -- but it is racing away.

CLOSER ON ILLYA AND NAMANA

136

ILLYA

He hit her! I can't -- !

NAMANA

Several times it has seemed to me  
my brother must have spoken of  
another man -- now this --

ILLYA

Get Claude!

And they turn to hurry back toward the lodge.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

137

Serena and "Solo" have just put Sandy in the back  
seat.

SERENA

Why did you bring the girl?

"SOLO"

I had no choice! I'm in command  
now! Mars Two is dead! I gave  
orders to attack the stronghold  
if I don't contact our men by  
radio in two hours!

SERENA

Attack? Now? But the plan --

"SOLO"

The plan depended on Solo dying  
in a climbing accident! If we  
can still arrange a similar  
effect, the plan will continue  
as scheduled! If not -- the  
assault force will try an attack  
now! It may still work -- the  
element of surprise --

SERENA

But Illya and the others -- ?

"SOLO"

If Solo and the girl are found  
dead -- in a smashed car at the  
foot of a cliff - and you suf-  
fering from amnesia --

5-12-84 P.38  
SERENA

I see! They'll have no reason to suspect anything worse than a lover's quarrel! I'll remember just enough to intimate that!

"SOLO"

And the combination to Project EarthSave will still be ours! We can wait until the time is right --- and then -- ! Then, too, perhaps the world will be smaller between you and I...

SERENA

Anything is possible...They really did an excellent job on you!

"Solo's" intent is clear, Serena as unreadable as always. "Solo" has to concentrate on his driving, the road is winding and tricky...

EXT. HIGHWAY - FULL SHOT - DAY

As "Solo's" car hurtles over a narrow highway...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOUNTAIN AREA - MED. SHOT - DAY

"Solo's" car stopping on a curve. "Solo" gets out, looks down the twisting mountainside.

CLOSER ON "SOLO" AND THE CAR

SERENA

How do you know we'll intercept him?

"SOLO"

This is the only road to the lodge from our headquarters! I've had all communications cut off! He'll have to reach the lodge and his friends -- and our men are following him -- There he is!

As he sees Solo's car winding up the mountain road toward him. He quickly gets back in the car.

MED. ON THE CAR

142

As "Solo" wheels it around, makes a roadblock with it. He and Serena get out, hide in nearby bushes.

EXT. ROAD - MED. SHOT - DAY

143

As Solo comes round the curve, skids to a stop a few feet from the parked car. He jumps out, goes to the car.

CLOSER ON "SOLO'S" CAR

144

Solo looks in, sees the unconscious Sandy. He reaches in to touch her -- and a VOICE causes him to straighten.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

145

As "Solo" and Serena have stepped out from the bushes, pistols leveled. Solo backs the few steps to his car, ends up leaning casually against the front.

SOLO

Well -- ! I don't think I ever believed MAGGOTT could've pulled this whole thing off -- till now!

"SOLO"

Stop right there! As an UNCLE agent, I'd never underestimate my opponent!

SOLO

Serena...Looks like you've filled in for me quite well -- in every area...

"SOLO"

Sorry we haven't time to get better acquainted -- but we have a little trip planned for you! Get into the car with the girl!

Solo has managed to get the hood ornament off, unseen. As he shrugs, moves toward the other car, he hurls the ornament at his double. "Solo" FIRES but he's enough off target to give Solo a chance. He's just winged, and he lunges at "Solo," and they go rolling in the mud and snow...

145  
CONT'D  
(2)

They're not dressed too differently, and it's impossible to tell them apart after "Solo" loses the gun and they've rolled in the mud and snow a minute. The fight is bitter, no holds barred.

ANOTHER ANGLE - OVER SERENA

146

She holds her gun on both men, can't tell them apart, apparently. They're struggling near the edge of a cliff, and at times both of them threaten to plunge over....

HEARING an approaching car, Serena looks back in the direction of the lodge...

POV SERENA

147

As another car stops a few yards away, Illya, Namana and Claude pile out, all armed...

ANOTHER ANGLE

148

As Serena looks back toward the battling men... Then, for a moment, they're separated by a few feet -- and she FIRES...One of the men spins, SCREAMS, plunges over the cliff...

The remaining Solo picks up the pistol, comes toward Serena...The others are beside her now, Claude has Sandy and she is coming around...

Solo walks directly to Serena, looks at her a moment, breathing heavily, reeling...Takes the gun from her...

SOLO

I think -- MAGGOTT'S going to be --  
very disappointed in you, Serena...

And then he passes out. Illya and Namana catch him.

DISSOLVE TO:

Solo, propped in bed, is being fussed over by Sandy and Serena. Sandy tends his wounded shoulder, Serena feeds him broth. And he's liking it.

SOLO

I may never recover. If hospitals gave this kind of treatment, they'd be --- oww!

He has been paying too much attention to Serena, and Sandy has not been too gentle.

SANDY

I don't understand any of this! People getting shot! Now don't move till I get some more bandages! My bags are in the other room -- Oh!

She's annoyed, but has to go out, leaving them alone.

SOLO

You made a bad guess.

SERENA

I never guess.

And Serena wipes his mouth with a napkin, then kisses him long and hard. He's been kissed before, but this obviously hits him hard. She straightens, goes back to spooning the soup down him.

Sandy hurries back in, opening a bandage.

SANDY

A lucky thing for you I'm here! With the only doctor for miles out on the ski slope -- !

She is fixing his wound, is interrupted by the entrance of Illya, Claude and Namana. They're limping, bruised, battered, torn. Automatic rifles dangle from their weary hands, grenades hang from their belts...A hastily improvised army...After the war...

SOLO

Well! I was about to charter a wheel chair to come see about you!

CLAUDE

Mon Dieu -- ! Stopping the careful of MAGGOTT agents was bad enough! But their headquarters!



There were twenty men -- a well-  
trained platoon --

149  
CONT'D  
(2)

Illya  
I think I must've broken some  
thing --

Solo  
Oh -- well, Sandy'll take a look --  
after she's finished up here. Sure  
wish I could've gone with you  
fellows, but -- could you massage  
that -- that's it, just a bit higher,  
dear -- but I knew you wouldn't have  
much trouble -- !

Sandy is now rubbing his bare chest and back. The  
three warriors stand looking at Solo enviously.

Claude  
Not much -- ! We're lucky to be  
alive!

Solo  
Well, you did a fine job, I'm sure.  
We couldn't wait to contact the  
authorities -- they very well  
might have tried a little surprise  
attack themselves...

Sandy  
Nobody has to talk in circles!  
I haven't the foggiest notion of  
what's goin' on around here!

Solo  
A little more to the left --  
ah, that's it! Serena, why don't  
you scare up some brandy for the  
boys? They look like they could  
use it...

Serena  
I have some in my room.

Solo nods, she starts to rise to leave. Illya  
starts to make a move toward her -- Solo takes hold  
of his arm.

Solo  
Serena...Thanks...

As she has moved to the door. Namana and Claude have stepped aside for her, Illya still looking after her incredulously. Solo's eyes say more than his words...

SERENA

We'll talk about it -- later...

And she goes out, closes the door behind her.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. CLOSE

151

ILLYA

You can't -- ! You don't really think there'll be a later?!... That she knew it was you when she pulled that trigger?!

SOLO

I don't know, Illya, but --

Illya looks at his friend, understanding coming...

ILLYA

You feel -- you want this?

Solo thinks, can only smile his answer. Illya nods, shrugs. From outside, we HEAR the muffled ROAR of a powerful car engine.

CLAUDE

If I know anything at all about women -- and my patriotism insists I qualify myself as an expert! -- I would say there will be a later -- sometime!...

CLOSE ON SOLO

152

As the ROAR of the engine DIES AWAY...He smiles, thinks of Serena a moment; then relaxes and enjoys the feel of Sandy's hands rubbing his shoulders...

FADE OUT

THE END