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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE ODD MAN OUT AFFAIR

Prod. #7434

Executive Producer:
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A
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The Man From
U.N.C.L.E.

The Odd Man Out Affair

Prod.#7434

Buff-covered

Script dated: February 24, 1965

Name change:

FROM:

REMOND

TO:

RAYMOND

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

The Odd Man Out Affair

Prod. #7434

ACT ONE

1-7 OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT - (STOCK

8

A small twin-engine transport plane in level
flight.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

9

CLOSE ANGLE on the bi-lingual "NO SMOKING, FASTEN
SEAT BELTS" sign. It flashes off.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

10

as he unfastens his belt and glances toward the front of the cabin.

POV - DOOR TO PILOTS' COMPARTMENT

11

as a PILOT and FLIGHT ENGINEER, both in uniform, come from the pilots' compartment, looking worried. They move to the rear of the plane, past Illya.

BACK TO ILLYA

12

He frowns slightly, wondering what's up, and turns in his seat to watch.

ANGLE AT REAR OF PLANE

13

as the Pilot and Engineer move to where the Stewardess is seated, and bend to converse with her in low, urgent tones. We are too far away to hear what they are saying. The Stewardess refers to a passenger list, and indicates Remond, seated a few rows ahead of her. The two men move cautiously toward Remond.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

14

He is now certain there will be trouble, and reacts with concern.

ANGLE ON REMOND

15

His hand tightens on the camera case, as the Pilot bends over him.

PILOT (French accent)

I regret the intrusion, sir, but we have just received a wireless message -- a very disturbing report -- I'm very much afraid we'll have to ask you to submit to a search...

Remond stares at the two men, then, with a shrug, makes as if to hand over his camera case. As the case lines up with the pilot:

INSERT - CAMERA CASE

16

Remond's hand presses the top of the case -- evidently a trigger device. There is a GUNSHOT...a burst of flame leaps from the round, raised portion of the case which would normally cover the lens.

BACK TO SCENE

17

The Pilot is hit, and thrown backward, into the laps of the English dowagers, who scream.

ANGLE ON REMOND

18

He jumps to his feet, cornered and desperate. The Engineer has gone to the aid of the Pilot.

ANGLE IN CABIN

19

Illya leaps from his seat and charges in on Remond. They clinch, then Remond manages to break free. Before Illya can go at him again, Remond grabs the Stewardess out of her seat and using her as a shield, retreats toward the rear of the plane. When he is abreast of the washroom door, he throws the Stewardess toward Illya and the Engineer, who are closing in, and ducks inside the washroom. Immediately Illya and the Engineer rush the door, but find it locked from within.

ILLYA

Stand back...

He unlimbers a pistol. The Engineer reacts in surprise.

ENGINEER

Now, see here...

ILLYA (urgently)

The man carries explosive...you should not have started this while the plane is in flight...but now --

He puts his shoulder to the door and shoves. It holds.

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

20

as Remond backs away from the door, until his back is to the outer skin of the plane's fuselage. He pulls his belt free, holds it for a moment indecisively. Then he turns towards the door, reaching, as if to affix the belt to the lock. He takes off his watch (a detonator) and starts to attach it to the belt.

INT. CABIN - MED. CLOSE - ILLYA AND ENGINEER

20X1

Illya batters the door again, makes no impression. He draws his gun and fires at the lock.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

21

There is a LOUD EXPLOSION inside. The door bulges outward, but does not give way. Simultaneously the entire plane is faltering in flight, almost going out of control. Illya and the Engineer are thrown off their feet. The plane's engines can be HEARD to accelerate, and the plane steadies. Illya and the Engineer get up and put their shoulders to the door again. They shove, and abruptly the door gives inwardly, and both are nearly sucked through.

ANGLE THROUGH WASHROOM DOOR

22

There is a large gaping hole in the plane fuselage and only screaming blackness beyond. Remond has made a final getaway.

BACK TO SCENE

23

Illya and the Engineer manage to get the door shut, cutting the HOWL OF WIND to an angry whine. Then, as they straighten, looking at each other in awe:

PILOT.

What happened?

ILLYA

He had some sort of explosive device in there. My bullet must have struck it...

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT- (STOCK)

24

An ESTABLISHING STOCK SHOT of London at night. Over it, SUPERIMPOSE the name "LONDON".

FLIP TO:

25 OUT

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

26

ANGLE toward door of library, as the two men, MR. ECKS and MR. WYE, come in. They wait respectfully just inside the door, hats in hand. The room is in semi-darkness.

ANGLE ON MR. ZED

27

The master of the house, MR. ZED, a large, rather portly gentleman, sits in an armchair, wearing earphones. His eyes are fastened in rapturous fascination on a home movie screen, built into the panelled wall of the library.

INSERT - FILM CLIPS

28

Mr. Zed is watching a series of newsreel clips of battle sequences. They include heavy-aerial and artillery bombardment, explosion after explosion, climaxed by the detonation of a hydrogen bomb.
INTERCUT WITH:

CLOSE - MR. ZED

29

Enjoying the film, and the sound track, which is evidently fed into his earphones. When the film ends, he touches a panel of control switches on the right arm of his chair, and the room lights come up full. He removes the earphones, turning to Ecks and Wye.

ZED

Yes, gentlemen...you have something to report?

ANOTHER ANGLE

30

TO INCLUDE Ecks and Wye, as they move closer to make their report.

ECKS

We've just come from the airfield... Flight six-o-four from Paris evidently had some difficulty enroute.

ZED (smiles)

Rather suspected they would... especially after our anonymous warning that a certain passenger might be carrying an explosive charge.

WYE

Yes -- it seems the passenger in question had his explosives detonated while locked in the plane's wash-room. Blew him right out of the tub, so to speak.

ZED (great satisfaction)
 Ah. Our esteemed Monsieur Remond has been noted for his ability to disappear and reappear unexpectedly ...but this time, I think he has disappeared for good.

30
 CONT'D
 (2)

ECKS
 Likely they'll never recover the body...the plane was over the Channel when he went.

WYE
 Bit of a pity, that -- now we'll never know what he really looked like.

ZED
 The important thing is that Remond is gone. And when our meeting convenes tomorrow night, there'll be no one to oppose me.

(gloating)
 A signal victory, gentlemen. We can move forward now...and no power on earth will be able to stop us.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

31

We are CLOSE on a man's suitcase on a table. Illya's hands come INTO SHOT, snapping open the catches of the case. PULL BACK as he opens the lid. Now we see that SOLO is standing beside him. Illya reacts to the neatly packed clothing and toilet articles in the case.

ILLYA
 Rather disappointing...I had thought that a man like Remond would carry nothing less than a small arsenal.

SOLO
 Don't forget he would have had to clear British customs when the plane landed.

ILLYA (dryly)
 Or so he presumed, when he packed.

Solo has picked up a hairbrush...he examines it closely, and finds a concealed catch.

SOLO
Yes -- here we go...

31
CONT'D
(2)

INSERT - HAIRBRUSH

32

As Solo pulls the handle free of the brush-section,
a concealed knife-blade is revealed.

BACK TO SCENE

33

As Solo hefts the knife admiringly.

SOLO
Mm...balanced for throwing...

Illya has now picked up a man's belt, coiled for
packing. He uncoils it, holds it up to the light,
sniffs at it curiously.

ILLYA
Plastic explosive -- very good
quality. I imagine something
on this order is what blew up
in the plane.

Illya and Solo turn toward the door, and we WIDEN
ANGLE to reveal WAVERLY, carrying a sheaf of notes.
He moves into the room, putting down the notes, and
taking the belt from Illya.

WAVERLY
Precisely -- a real terror weapon --
one that Remond's extremist organiz-
ation has used most effectively in
their campaign to bring down the
government of France.

He drops the coil of plastic back into the case.

ILLYA
I'm sure the French authorities will
be relieved now that Raymond is gone.

WAVERLY
Not entirely. You see, we know that
leaders of extremist groups from
other Western European countries
wanted to join forces with extreme
elements of the far-Left. Remond
was completely opposed to such an
alliance. We believe he called for
a meeting of these leaders to press
his views.

ILLYA

And as long as he stood in the way
of such an alliance, Remond was
of some value to world stability.

WAVERLY

Have you shown Mr. Solo the wal-
let?

SOLO

Wallet?

ILLYA

Slipped my mind...

He goes to a topcoat, which is thrown over a chair
in another part of the room, and produces a large
wallet, designed to carry passport, etc., from a
pocket of the coat. During this:

ILLYA

When I grappled with Monsieur
Remond there on the plane, I some-
how came away in possession of
his wallet.

SOLO

You mean you picked his pocket?

ILLYA (shrugs)

If you prefer such a shabby descrip-
tion for an act of pure presence of
mind...

He flips the wallet to Solo, who opens it, and finds
something tucked away inside a flap of the wallet.
He brings it out, and looks at it curiously. It's
a button with printing on it.

INSERT - THE BUTTON

34

In Solo's hand. It's the type of button given out by various organizations to identify supporters. It bears the legend: "Hyde Park Debating Club."

BACK TO SCENE

35

As Solo reads the legend aloud.

SOLO

Hyde Park Debating Club?

(to Waverly)

You think this might be some sort of contact signal Remond intended to use in London?

WAVERLY

Exactly. And as such, it might very well lead us to the meeting of fanatic leaders...

ILLYA

If we had someone to impersonate Remond.

SOLO

Someone to impersonate Remond. Shouldn't be too difficult, the rumor is he never wore the same face twice.

WAVERLY

He had a thousand disguises. No one knows what he really looked like.

ILLYA (to Solo)

You're volunteering for the assignment?

SOLO

I don't know....
(to Waverly)

Am I?

35
CONT'D
(2)

WAVERLY

Before anyone volunteers, I want
to be very certain there's some
chance of success.
(reflective)

I was just trying to recall...
it seems to me that someone here
at headquarters had some wartime
experience that might be helpful
to us...

(looks at his watch)

Let's see - the Filing Section
has gone home.

He considers thoughtfully for a beat, then flips his
desk switch.

WAVERLY (into intercom)

Get me the home address of Mr.
Sully of the Inactive Files
Section.

INT. SULLY'S ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

36

We are in a bachelor's room. It is a small, utility
type of room, reflecting disarray rather than
poverty. There are clothing, books, pictures strewn
about, somewhat haphazardly. The kitchen area con-
sists of a closetlike arrangement that holds gas
burners and sink...a tight squeeze. At the moment,
ALBERT SULLY is preparing his dinner. A pot of
water is boiling on one burner while Sully is deli-
cately dipping eggs into another pot of water. He
is also making toast on an electric toaster (dinner
will consist of poached eggs, toast, and hot tea
with milk). Sully himself is a somewhat musty-
looking old man, dressed somewhat baggily in blousy
trousers and an old, sleeveless cardigan. He looks
over his shoulder as there is a KNOCK on the door.

SULLY

Come in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

37

As the door opens and Waverly enters, followed by
Solo and Illya.

WAVERLY

Sorry...are we disturbing you,
Albert?

Sully is surprised to see them. He bustles into the room to greet his guests, grabbing a dish towel to wipe his hands as he moves to shake hands with the newcomers.

37
CONT'D
(2)

SULLY

Oh, no -- Waverly -- is it you?

WAVERLY

Did we catch you at dinner?

SULLY

Just preparing a light supper.
If you haven't eaten, it's no
trouble to poach a few more eggs...

WAVERLY

Oh no, thank you, don't bother.
I wanted you to meet these two
young men - Mr. Solo -- and Mr.
Kuryakin. Mr. Albert Sully,
gentlemen.

As they shake hands, the tea kettle begins to WHISTLE.

SULLY

Very happy to meet you both...
Excuse me. The water's boiling.

He bustles to attend to his dinner, continuing through scene to fix his tea, toast and eggs.

SOLO

If you don't mind some conversation
with your dinner, there's something
you might tell us.

As Sully gives the others a "make yourselves comfortable" gesture.

SULLY

Of course. Sorry about the quarters -
but bachelor living doesn't make for
graceful living. And a man - working
in Inactive Files - accumulates cobwebs
in all the areas of his life. Sure
you won't have an egg? No trouble.

SOLO

No - thanks. Mr. Waverly tells us you worked with the OSS during the war.

37
CONT'D
(3)

SULLY

Oh, that -- yes, indeed -- sort of the high water mark of my career, you might say. Spent over a year in France, before the Allies landed.

ILLYA

So we understand. And during that time, did you have contact with the man known as Remond?

Sully hesitates for a fraction of a second. Then he continues to place his toast on a plate, perching an egg on top of it.

SULLY

Remond? The top assassin for the Resistance groups in the south of France. We were all of us enthusiastic butchers in those days, but Remond was something else. Authentic bloodlust.

WAVERLY (impatiently)

Yes, yes...we all know that much about him. But we must know more. Much more. He seems to have become permanently addicted to underground warfare during those years.

ILLYA

He and a handful of others -- who formed the nucleus of the terrorist movement.

SULLY

Well, tell me -- just what is it you want to know about Remond?

SOLO

Oh, personal habits -- mannerisms -- idiosyncrasies; everything you can remember, really. We have to know enough to slip into the skin of the man.

SULLY (thoughtfully)
Really? Almost sounds as though
someone is going to try to imper-
sonate him.

37
CONT'D
(4)

WAVERLY
That is the idea, Albert. So you
can see why we need your help.

SULLY (more thoughtful)
Yes -- yes, I do see...
(abruptly)
But I won't help you.

The others react in surprise.

SOLO
What?

SULLY
I won't help you. But I'll do it
for you.

WAVERLY
You? Impersonate Remond?

SULLY
That's right.

WAVERLY
But, that's impossible. I mean,
you haven't been in active field
work for years -- and for good
reason, as you very well know.
After all, you did boggle your
last assignment.

SULLY (politely)
But I wouldn't boggle this one.
(indicates Solo and Illya)
These two would -- Couldn't possibly
get by with impersonating Remond.
Too young, for one thing... But that's
only part of it. I lived with the
man -- I know things about him that
I could never begin to tell you.
But I'd do them myself -- instinc-
tively.

SOLO
You know - this smacks of
blackmail.

37
CCNT'D
(5)

SULLY (apologetically)
It does, doesn't it. But then -
you know the line about how most
men live lives of quiet desperation.
There's a lot to it. I prefer my
desperation out in the open where
I can lay my hands upon it.

Solo, Illya and Waverly exchange perplexed looks.
Sully waits politely, almost meekly, for their
decision. Finally Waverly speaks.

WAVERLY
If I agree to this, Albert -- these
two young men would have to accompany
you. They would be in charge of
the operation.

SULLY (almost a sigh -
he's won)
Certainly -- no argument about that.

Another beat, then Waverly gives in with a shrug.

WAVERLY
I suppose there's no other way.
How soon can you be ready to
leave for London?

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SULLY

38

He straightens perceptively, his manner becoming
suddenly authoritative. A transformation is taking
place before our eyes.

SULLY (absently)
Anyone have a cigarette?

Solo provides a cigarette.

SULLY
Would you mind pouring the tea,
Kuryakin?

He sits back and looks up at Waverly expectantly,
the cigarette poised unlighted between his fingers.
Waverly hesitates, then brings out a lighter and
lights the cigarette for him. Illya is pouring
the tea.

ANGLE ON SOLO AND ILLYA

39

SULLY (crisply)
London, eh? All right, book us on
a jet tonight...and before we leave,
cable a reservation for a suite at
the Savoy.

They react with understandable awe. Finally, Solo
replies -- a bit tentatively, as though unsure of
the proper response:

SOLO
Uh -- check?

CUT TO:

EXT. - JET PLANE - NIGHT - STOCK

40

A STOCK SHOT of a large jet liner in flight.

CUT TO:

EXT. - STOCK - PLANE - NIGHT

41

A plane taking off from Kennedy Airport.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE PLANE - NIGHT

42.

Most of the passengers are asleep. In the lounge area of the plane, Solo sits beside Sully with Illya sitting opposite them. Illya appears to be drowsing. Sully has been transformed. His costume is now that of a continental gentleman. His hat (a homburg type) and briefcase are on the table before him, and he is reading a book with distinctive French titles, "La Chartreuse de Parme", on the cover. Solo has a small, pocket sized geiger counter-like device on the table before him into which he is inserting a fresh battery. The manila wrapping in which the device had been packaged are still on the table, the string which had been used to tie it lying beside it. Several "Pins" lie loosely in the wrapping paper. Sully glances over at the device as Solo fits the batteries in place. Sully marks the book and places it on the table. He idly picks up the string and starts a game of cat's cradle with it.

SULLY

What marvelous piece of gimcrackery is that?

SOLO

Newest miniaturized homing device... just being issued by our double K section. Homes in on the pins up to a radius of fifty miles.

SULLY

Is that why they paged you at the airport...just to give you that?

SOLO

That's right. Mr. Waverly sent it over by special courier. Sorry to leave you the chore of checking my baggage through, but I did have to find the courier.

Solo has finished with the geiger counter and slips it into his pocket.

MED. SHOT - SULLY AND SOLO

43

SULLY

Quite alright. After a few years
in the filing section, one isn't
too proud for the menial tasks.

He offers the "Cat's Cradle" and through the scene
they play the game.

SOLO (gently)

Don't play Uriah Heap, Sully. You
don't fit the role.

SULLY (smiles)

True enough. The role of Raymond
suits me better...and Raymond, by
the way, is the name.

SOLO (returns the
smile)

Sorry.

(nods at book)

I see you've kept up in your languages.
That's a difficult book to read, let
alone in French.

SULLY

Reading in French, or talking French,
isn't difficult. Thinking in French...
there's the trick.

SOLO (innocently)

Is it? Is that the way Raymond
thinks?

SULLY (the smile again)

You don't really expect me to answer
that one? The role is mine...
remember?

SOLO

Oh, I thought I'd try. You know, we
haven't yet talked out any of the
fine strokes of our plans. It's
time we got to it.

SULLY

You're in charge. What do you suggest?

SOLO

In straight lines...we go from the
airport to the hotel, and check in.
Then we'll take a cab to Hyde Park...
the Speaker's Section.

SULLY

Ah yes. The little button of the
Hyde Park Debating Society.

43
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (nods)

The little button. You'll place that
button in your lapel, stroll around
among the speakers, and see if you
run into any other little buttons.

SULLY

And if I should?

SOLO

We'll improvise something. Is that
agreeable with you?

SULLY

It's simple, straightforward,
commendable.

SOLO

Thank you.

SULLY (almost an after-
thought)

Oh...would you mind going on to the
hotel by yourselves, and I'll catch
up? I'd like to stop off at a tailor.
Raymond needs certain wardrobe elements
which I couldn't secure in New York.

SOLO

Oh, we'll just come along with you.
There's no rush to get to the hotel.

SULLY (taking the
Cat's Cradle)

You really don't trust me, do you.

SOLO

Not a whole lot -- no...

As he reaches for the Cat's Cradle he "accidentally"
pushes the manila paper off the table, scattering the
pins over the floor. Sully is stuck topside, holding
the Cat's Cradle as Solo starts to the floor to
gather up the pins.

SOLO

Ooops...clumsy! No, don't break up
the game. I'll get the pins.

44

On his hands and knees under the table near Sully's leg. He quickly gathers up the spilled pins. He deftly sticks one pin into Sully's trouser cuff before he rises.

45

As Solo rises back INTO SHOT, pocketing the balance of the pins. Apparently Sully hasn't noticed anything. Solo examines the Cat's Cradle.

Say, you've got a good one there.

He tries to take it off but only tangles the cord. Sully laughs as he tosses the cord on the table.

Well, my game, isn't it?

So it would seem.

Well, I think I'll get some sleep.

He gets up and crosses over closer to Illya.

46

Illya has apparently been sleeping through the entire encounter. Solo falls into the seat beside him, stretching his legs to sleep. Illya whispers without opening his eyes.

Why did you stick a homing pin into cuff?

The better to see him with, my dear.
'Night.

47

He has picked up the book and is reading it, a small smile turning the corners of his mouth.

FADLE ULT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:
EXT. JET LANDING - DAY (STOCK)

48

A jet plane is touching down and landing at the London Airport.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUSTOMS COUNTER - MED. SHOT - DAY

49

A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR stands behind the counter as the passengers from the jet stand lined up before their luggage on the counter. Sully, Solo and Illya are lined up, in that order, with the Customs Inspector handing Sully a card. Sully is looking around the airport, almost sniffing the air, with an attitude of subdued excitement.

SULLY

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been. I've been to London to visit the Queen...

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

May I have your passport, please?
And would you read this card and tell me if you have anything listed to declare?

Sully gives the Customs Inspector his passport and accepts the card. As Sully peruses the card:

SULLY

Let's see, no more than one fifth of liquor or wine...half pint perfume...reasonable amount of raw film...four hundred cigarettes, or one pound of pipe tobacco...or fifty cigars...

CLOSE - CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

50

Through the above, he has opened Sully's passport to stamp it. He finds a note in the book. He takes out the note and reads it.

INSERT - NOTE

51

The note, handwritten, reads... "Look inside the suitcases of the two men behind me..."

BACK TO SCENE

52

The Customs Inspector looks up, his face showing nothing. He stamps Sully's passport.

MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

53

As Sully hands the card back to the Customs Inspector.

SULLY

No...I have nothing to declare.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR (returns
passport, with meaning)

Thank you, Sir.

Sully takes his suitcase and briefcase and moves on as the Inspector moves to Solo's luggage. He hands Solo the card.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

May I have your passport, Sir. And
would you read the card and tell me
if you have anything to declare?

Solo hands over his passport and accepts the card.
He glances casually at it.

SOLO

Nothing to declare.

As he offers the card back, the Inspector talks, a
bit more firmly.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

Are you certain, Sir? Wouldn't you
care to go over the list again?

SOLO (guard up)

Why, no. I have nothing to declare.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

Would you mind opening your suitcase,
Sir?

Solo starts to open the suitcase on the counter before him. Ilyia leans over to Solo and both of them look suspiciously at Sully who is waiting with casual patience nearby.

ILLYA

I have a hunch that someone has packed
a peck of pickled peppers in our bags.

SOLO

Were you with our friend when he checked our bags onto the plane in New York?

53
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (shakes head)

I was in the washroom. He was alone with our luggage.

Solo opens his suitcase.

CLOSE - THE SUITCASE

54

Stacked neatly on the top of Solo's clothing are five fifths of liquor.

BACK TO SCENE

55

Solo looks towards Sully who is reacting in surprise to the bottles.

SOLO

Uh - huh.

SULLY (a wry grimace)

Tsk. Tsk. Does Waverly know about this?

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR

As you see by the card, you are only allowed to bring one fifth of spirits into the country. Would you mind coming around to the office while we see if there are any other items you may have overlooked, Sir?

(hands Illya card)

Would you care to declare anything, Sir?

ILLYA (waves card aside)

Thank you, let's find out together. I'll come along to your office.

As they start around the counter, Raymond is "tying" his shoelace, one foot up on his luggage.

SULLY

I might as well run along to that... tailor. See you at the hotel.

He removes the pin from his cuff.

SOLO
Don't get lost.

55
CONT'D
(2)

Sully waves and starts to move off, bumping into the Inspector accidentally.

SULLY
Sorry.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR
Not at all.

Sully has inserted the pin into the Customs Inspector's collar. Solo and Illya have seen the "pinning" incident. Sully blithely picks up his luggage and strolls out, whistling.

ILLYA
It's like a game of "pin the tail on the donkey."

SOLO
Yes. And guess who's the donkey?

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR
This way, gentlemen.

As he gestures, Solo and Illya gather up their luggage and prepare to follow him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUSTOMS - MED. SHOT - DAY

56

The office door opens and Illya and Solo come out, carrying their luggage, followed by the Customs Inspector.

CUSTOMS INSPECTOR
Thank you, gentlemen, for being so cooperative. We'll hold your spirits...
(that, to Solo)
...and your two thousand extra cigarettes...
(this, to Illya)
...you may recover your - uh - contraband when you leave the country. I hope you enjoy your stay in the United Kingdom.

SOLO
We'll try, thank you.

As the Customs Inspector starts away, Illya brushes against him, deftly removing the homing pin that still nests in his collar.

56
CONT'D
(2)

MED. SHOT - ILLYA AND SOLO

57

Solo looks at his watch.

SOLO

Well, that delay cost us a neat fifteen minutes. Now we have all of London in which to find Mr. Sully. Shall we start at the taxi stand?

ILLYA

Let's start with your homing device, shall we?

(at Solo's look)

Try it.

Solo takes the homing device from his pocket as Illya places the pin on the ground, stamping upon it to smash it.

ILLYA

We don't want this homer to interfere with the signals from the other pin.

SOLO

The other pin?

He turns on the device and immediately starts receiving an audible signal.

INSERT - THE HOMER

58

In Solo's hand. The audible signal is coming from the device as the needle swings to point in a definite direction.

ILLYA'S VOICE (o.s.)

Ah, he missed it.

BACK TO SCENE

59

Illya is taking his pocket radio from his jacket and getting it set for business.

SOLO (quizzically)
May I play too?

59
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Well, I thought your idea of the homing pin so awfully good, that I felt two of them might be better. Particularly after I caught Mr. Sully's smug, little smile as you pinned his cuff. At a later, more opportune moment, I placed a pin in the band of his hat...along with - a microphone disk. And now, not only can we find where he is, but we can listen to him until we arrive there.

SOLO
Illya, you are a sly, conniving, thieving fiend. When you grow up you should make someone a marvelous secret agent.

Illya has switched on his radio and it is picking up the SOUNDS of London traffic.

ILLYA
Ah, it sounds as if he's still in a cab, going somewhere.

SOLO (glances at
direction finder)
This way...
(indicates dial direction,
points off)
...to the cab stand...

As they start out, Solo watching his dial and Illya listening to his radio.

FLASH PAN TO:

EXT. THE BULL AND UNICORN - FULL SHOT - DAY

60

A small, English pub. As Sully's cab pulls up. Sully exits the cab, carrying his suitcase. He pays the driver, then goes into the pub.

INT. THE PUB - FULL SHOT - DAY

61

This is one of those small, warm-looking English pubs. It is deserted at this moment, except for the

bartender (a girl), and a woman sitting off in a corner by herself. The woman is BRYN WATSON, an attractive woman, hovering at forty. The woman looks up as Sully enters, freezing in the doorway to return her stare. Then he moves towards her, pausing momentarily at the bar.

61
CONT'D
(2)

SULLY

'Arf 'n 'arf...chips...a nice
piece of fried fish...at that
table.

He continues on to the table where he sets the bags on the floor.

MED. SHOT - BRYN AND SULLY

62

A half-filled beer glass sits before Bryn. Sully stands above her for a moment, then he sits. He takes off his hat and drops it on the table. They continue to stare silently at each other. Finally:

BRYN

I should say, "hello"...but then
you never said, "goodbye."

SULLY

The only time I'll ever say "good-
bye" to you is if you were never
going to see me again.

BRYN (searching his
face)

You look...older, Bert.

SULLY (covering her
hand)

You don't. Twenty years have done
nothing but make you lovelier.

BRYN (with a smile)

Well, you don't sound older, thank
goodness. But there have been
changes, my lovely assassin.

SULLY

What are the changes, Bryn?

BRYN (sips her beer)
There's been a husband - but he
died. There are two children...
(with pride)
...and they're in school. There's
a job - with an accounting firm...

62
CONT'D
(2)

SULLY (depreciating)
Accounting firm! What a fall down
for the most intrepid courier that
S-two ever planted in occupied
France.

They break off for a moment as the female bartender
delivers Sully's order to the table. As she
leaves:

BRYN
There are those of us who have had
our wars, Bert, and grateful to be
done with them, alive. But not you,
I see...
(examining his face)
....not you. There's still a death
wish there, in your eyes.

SULLY
I'm a weapon, Bryn. I get pitted
and rusty unless I'm used.

BRYN (nods)
I'm not like that. And so, I was
afraid when I received your tele-
gram, asking me to meet you here
at our old place. Are you invit-
ing me to the ball again?

SULLY (hesitates)
A gentleman can't dance alone.
Not this time, anyway.

BRYN (quietly)
But not me, Bert. I've been out of
it twenty years.

SULLY
Only you, Bryn. This is a Special.
And you're the only one I know that
has the information I need.

BRYN
What information?

62
CONT'D
(3)

SULLY
Do you remember the man they called
Raymond?

She suppresses an involuntary shudder as he sips
his beer. CAMERA STARTS MOVING INTO A CLOSEUP OF
THE HAT.

BRYN
Raymond! I remember him very well.
Every nasty, dirty little twist and
turn of his sick mind. I spent a
lot of time picking up and deliver-
ing from his section. I know we
used him then...but I never could
stand him.

SULLY
Good. I want you to talk about
Raymond at great length now...You
see, I have to pass myself off as
Raymond...

CUT TO:

INT. A CAB - SOLO AND ILLYA - DAY

63

They are sitting in a cab parked outside the pub,
the direction finder "beeping" in Solo's hand, as
they listen to the radio that Illya holds.

SULLY'S VOICE (o.s.)
...and I don't know the first,
blasted thing about him.

Solo and Illya look at each other, startled. Solo
nods and both men shut off their devices. They
hastily pocket them as Solo opens the door and they
spring to the curb.

64 OUT

EXT. - THE CAB - MED. SHOT - DAY

65

Solo pays the driver and they grab their suitcases.
They move quickly into the pub.

INT. - THE PUB - FULL SHOT

66

As Solo and Illya enter. They cross quickly towards the table as Bryn and Sully break off and look up. Sully's face reflects his surprise for a moment as he sees the two grim-faced men closing in on him.

MED. SHOT - THE GROUP

67

As Solo and Illya drop their suitcases. Solo has placed himself between Bryn and Sully with Illya opposite. Bryn is apprehensive. Suddenly Sully breaks into laughter.

BRYN

Are they bogeys?

SULLY (through
laughter)

No...friendlies.

Solo seats himself between Bryn and Sully as Illya eases himself into the seat opposite.

SOLO

Not very friendly at the moment.

SULLY

You two are good. How did you find
me...?

Breaks off as his eyes spot his hat. He pulls it towards him and glances at the lining, then at the hatband. He fingers the pin out of the inside of the hatband, then finds and lifts out the microphone disc.

SULLY
Ah...you double ganged me.

67
CONT'D
(2)

BRYN
Who are these men, Bert?

SULLY
Napoleon Solo...Illya Kuryakin.
Bryn Watson.
(to Bryn)
They're making the party with me.

ILLYA
Wrong. We're making the party
without you.

SULLY
Oh? You think that you can manage?

SOLO
It appears that any of us could...
"slip into Raymond's skin"...with an
equal lack of knowledge. Miss Watson
could brief any of us on the needed
background of the man.

SULLY
I suppose you're right. Bryn could
...but she won't!

He smiles at her. She's a little uncertain as she
looks from Sully to Solo.

SOLO
Mr. Waverly is going to be very
unhappy with you, Sully.

SULLY
Unhappiness is a contagious disease.
I've had it for years...it was bound
to spread.

SOLO (to Bryn)

Look here, Bryn. There's a meeting of dangerous extremists about to take place. They're talking of forming an alliance that spells intense danger for the world. We can't let it happen.

67
CONT'D
(3)

SULLY (cutting in)

...and we won't! Not with you on my arm, Bryn.

BRYN

Oh Bert, I'm not up to it anymore.

SOLO (quickly)

You don't have to be! I don't need you! Just tell me all you know!

SULLY (snaps at him)

That's stupid! Anything could pop out of the box between here and that meet! Someone has to be along that knows them!

(to Bryn)

Come with me, Bryn. People like you and me...we don't lose it. It's in here...

(tapping his heart)

We don't need the toys...

(shoves pin and mike)

Bryn...for old times sake. One more dance.

Sully's hand is covering Bryn's - pleading. Solo's mouth is open and he wants to talk, but something keeps him from pushing his case any further. Perhaps it's pity. He looks over at Illya who shrugs - he won't help him. Bryn stares into Sully's eyes.

BRYN (with warmth)

You always were an assassin.

(to Solo)

I'm afraid I really couldn't be of any help to you, Mr. Solo.

SOLO (a sigh)

That's a surprise.

(to Sully)

Alright, Sully...you carry the ball. But...but...from here on, you do as I say.

SULLY

Of course. You're in charge of the show.

SOLO
That's nice. Thanks.

67
CONT'D
(4)

SULLY (picks up his
beer)
Why don't you give the girl at the
bar a few quid to send our bags
along to the hotel? Then we can
get directly along to Hyde Park...
er...as you suggested.

Solo rises, shaking his head and starts for the
bar.

SULLY
And buy us a pack of cigarettes
while you're there, won't you?

SOLO
All right if I exercise my author-
ity and choose the brand?

And he has moved out of the SHOT. Illya scoops up
the pin and mike.

SULLY (to Illya)
Have a piece of fish, Illya. It's
very good.

ILLYA
I prefer that you spend less time
trying to feed us and more time
cooperating.

SULLY
I'm completely at your disposal.
Why don't you go flag a cab to get
us to Hyde Park now?

Illya grabs a bit of fish and walks out, ripping at
it. Sully looks at Bryn.

SULLY
Thank you.

BRYN
Oh, don't thank me. I never miss
a wedding...or a funeral.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:
EXT. HYDE PARK

68

An ESTABLISHING STOCK SHOT of Hyde Park on a pleasant afternoon.

EXT. CORNER OF PARK - DAY

69

Sully and Bryn move casually along the walk. Several paces behind them, Solo and Tillya move in the same direction. Sully stops, looking o.s.,

FCU - CROWD

70

A small crowd has gathered around a SPEAKER on a soap box. We are too far away to hear what the speaker is saying. Above the speaker a paper banner identifies the group as the Hyde Park Debating Club.

BACK TO SULLY AND BRYN

71

Sully nods to Bryn, takes out his button and hands it to her. She affixes it to his lapel.

BRYN (sotto)

The man on the stand... Mr. Wye, he calls himself. Does the dirty work for a very nasty type who goes by the name of Ed.

ANGLE AT BENCH - MR. ECKS

72

At a park bench near Sully and Bryn, Mr. Ecks is seated, feeding bread crumbs to pigeons. He glances up and reacts in barely contained astonishment at what he sees. (Note: he carries an umbrella.)

POV - CLOSE ON BUTTON

73

The debating club button, as Bryn pins it to Sully's lapel.

BACK TO ECKS

74

He continues to watch as Sully and Bryn move on, then gets up hurriedly and moves away in the opposite direction, almost bumping into Solo and Illya.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

75

ANGLE on phone beside Mr. Zed's easy chair. WIDEN ANGLE as Mr. Zed picks up the instrument.

MR. ZED (into phone)
Yes? Zed here.

INT. PUBLIC PHONE BOOTH - PARK VICINITY - DAY

76

Mr. Ecks is on the phone, he talks in a low, but agitated voice,

ECKS
It's Raymond -- he's here, at the park.
(quick beat)
Yes, of course I'm certain...
He's wearing a blue button --
Raymond was the only one we sent a blue button!

INT. TOWN HOUSE - ZED

77

Zed's face grows stoney.

ZED
The man is like a ruddy cat.
Very well...deprive him of another of his many lives --
(hissing)
And this had better be the last!

BACK TO ECKS

78

The line goes dead. He puts down the receiver and starts out of the booth, clutching his umbrella.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CORNER OF PARK - DAY

79

ANGLE on Sully and Bryn, as they thread their way through the group of people around the speaker, moving to a point where the speaker will be able to see the button Sully is wearing.

ANGLE ON SPEAKER

80

We now see the speaker is Mr. Wye. He is haranguing the crowd like an old time evangelist, preaching the sinfulness of modern times.

WYE

...I tell you friends, morality is dying -- and civilization is dying with it! Look at you now -- standing here, nodding your heads, agreeing with everything I say...

During this, his eyes have moved over the faces of those in the crowd. Now he spots Sully and directs the next few lines at him.

WYE (continued)

...But where will you be fifty-seven minutes from now? Sitting in some foul Soho strip club like the Keyhole or one of them.

ANGLE ON SULLY AND BRYN

81

Sully nods, ever so slightly. The message has been received. He and Bryn begin to move back out of the crowd, as o.s., Wye continues. (NOTE: the following speech runs continually as b.g. for the action which ensues:)

WYE (continued)

81
CONT'D
(2)

Oh, I tell you ladies and gentlemen, there's no hope for humanity when we let wickedness flourish in our midst. We must turn our backs on the uses of the flesh, and seek the pure, ennobling virtue of self-denial and discipline. I ask you, search your own hearts, ask yourselves honestly, "Am I for the good of life, or am I for bad? Am I for Love and Brotherhood, or am I for Hate? Is it Peace I yearn for, or is it blood and fire? Do I love my neighbor, and does anybody know?" Ask yourselves these things, my friends, every day of your life, ask and keep asking, and when the answer comes back right and true, you are for Love and Brotherhood, you do yearn for Peace, you are for the good life and your neighbor, then friends, then and only then can you face the world with pride...then and only then are you pulling mankind up, not pushing mankind down. Oh, I implore you, love Brotherhood, love Peace, love your neighbor, love Love, and the world will love you, brother, yes it will. Every day it will... over and over again. Peace, everybody...that's the ticket.

ANOTHER ANGLE IN CROWD

82

as Mr. Ecks moves casually into the crowd, heading for Sully and Bryn. He doesn't notice as Solo and Illya fall in on either side of him. Through all this until indicated, Wye is speaking.

INSERT - ON MR. ECKS' HAND

83

The hand pulls the handle from the umbrella...a concealed knife is revealed.

WIDER - THE SCENE

84

as Mr. Ecks maneuvers toward Sully's back, still unaware that he is flanked by Solo and Illya.

INSERT - KNIFE IN ECKS' HAND

85

As Ecks reaches to press the knife into Sully's back, Solo's hand comes INTO SHOT, forcing the weapon around, so that the business end is toward Ecks' middle. As Ecks struggles silently with Solo, Illya's hand COMES INTO SHOT from the other side, trying to wrest the weapon out of Ecks' grasp. With this close action, INTERCUT:

WIDER - SOLO, ILLYA AND ECKS

86

On the faces of the three men as Ecks realizes he is in trouble. Ecks jerks, eyes widen momentarily and then begin to glaze. Illya and Solo react with annoyance...they hadn't intended to dispose of Ecks in this manner. They support him between them and begin moving with him toward a nearby park bench. Sully stays in front of them, masking their movements.

ANGLE ON MR. WYE

87

During the above, he has continued to speak though he is not unaware of the attempt on Sully and its outcome. When Ecks loses his fight, Wye dismisses the crowd rather abruptly:

WYE

Thank you so much, one and all--
meeting's over.

He gets down from his soap box and moves toward Mr. Ecks.

ANGLE ON PARK BENCH

88

Mr. Ecks is as we saw him earlier, seated on the bench, with his bag of bread crumbs. He sits rather loosely. Ecks topples slowly over on one side, spilling the bag of crumbs.

ANGLE ON WYE

89

He is a few feet away from Ecks, reacts with concealed anger and looks off toward:

POV - SULLY AND BRYN

90

moving slowly away along the park walk. Solo and Illya are also moving away, though seemingly unattached to Sully and Bryn.

BACK TO WYE

91

With a last outraged glance at his dead companion, he moves out to follow Sully and the others. Behind him, and o.s., someone else discovers Mr. Ecks' condition. A woman screams, and there is a rising murmur from the crowd. CAMERA TRUCKS with Mr. Wye as he quickens his pace, not wanting to become involved in the growing excitement behind him.

WIPE TO:

EXT. LONDON TRAFFIC - DAY - (STOCK)

92

Traffic in the street near park.

EXT. LONDON STREET CORNER - DAY

93

Our foursome is just about to board a bus, as it pulls to the curb.

SULLY

You did that nicely - back at the park. You sure you wouldn't like to take the rest of the day off?

SOLO

Sorry...whither thou goest, etcetera, etcetera.

SULLY

Well then - let's bus it to Soho. The whole crowd of us.

They begin boarding the bus. Bryn gets on first, and snags the hem of her dress on a loose rivet-head or some such. She sees she is about to start a traffic jam, so waves the others aboard.

BRYN

Come on, for heaven's sake...or you'll be left.

The three men board, and the bus starts away.

ANGLE TO CORNER OF BUILDING

94

As Wye, who has been watching from concealment, comes jogging out and jumps on the now moving bus. He has a pistol concealed beneath the flap of his coat. He screws a silencer into place.

INT/EXT. BUS

95

Wye ignores Bryn, who has bent over to work the fabric loose from its hang-up. He brings out the pistol and aims it at Sully's back. Bryn sees it, screams and simultaneously belts Wye with her heavy handbag. The gun goes off in the air.

ANGLE ON WYE

96

He has been dealt a bruising SMASH...he goes back against the stair-flight to the upper level of the bus. He struggles to line up the gun again.

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO

97

He has the first clear chance at Wye. He comes at him in a soaring dive, just as Wye gets off another shot. It hits Solo, who crashes against Wye and knocks him back to hang on by the rear pole. Solo crumples next to Bryn. (Who is now freed.)

ANGLE IN STREET (MOVING FROM BUS)

98

As Wye jumps off the bus unhurt and goes away, clutching his injured face.

ANGLE ON BUS

99

which now comes to a stop. Illya, Sully and Bryn crowd over Solo, where they are joined during the following by the BUS DRIVER.

ILLYA

How -- how bad is it?

SOLO

Like the man said...."Not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door --" but it'll do....for that day off you were talking about.

SULLY

We've got to get you to a hospital.

SOLO

No time for that...you've got to be in Soho in less than an hour, remember...? Get off and grab a cab.

ILLYA (looks up -- to driver)

Take this man directly to a hospital. Break laws...run down pedestrians... but get him there -- fast.

The Bus Driver nods, eyes wide.

ANOTHER ANGLE

100

As Sully, Bryn and Illya get off the bus, looking worriedly at Solo, who has now propped himself up against the stairs.

SOLO
My only regret is -- I won't see
the floor show now...

100
CONT'D
(2)

As the bus starts off...

EXT. SOHO STREET - DAY - (STOCK)

101

An ESTABLISHING SHOT of Soho's neon jungle.
Various unsavory establishments line the street.

INT. KEYHOLE CLUB - DAY

102

ANGLE toward entrance, as Sully, Bryn and Illya enter. A MAITRE DE in greasy tux escorts them to a table, CAMERA TRUCKING with them. As they pass a table, a woman and her escort give them interested looks. When they are seated at their table, near the stage, they glance around.

PANNING POV SHOT

103

There are several others in the room wearing dark glasses, as does Sully. The man and woman who took note of them when they came in both wear dark glasses.

BACK TO ILLYA, BRYN AND SULLY

104

Illya takes note of the plethora of dark glasses.

ILLYA (quiet)
Remarkable...how many people find
it necessary to protect their eyes
in such a dimly lighted room.

BRYN (to Sully)
A lot of these people look familiar...
let's see -- there's Botchak, the
Pole...and --

SULLY (interrupting)
The woman at the next table...she's
giving me the eye. Know her?

Bryn looks guardedly toward the Baroness.

BRYN (worried)
No -- complete stranger. But she's
looking at you like you're no
stranger.

104
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
Maybe one of Raymond's friends...
he reputedly had a certain
masochistic charm for some women...

SULLY (low)
She's trying to get my attention.
What happens if she comes over?

BRYN (anguished)
I don't know, but we're going to
find out.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SCENE

105

The Baroness, in b.g. now, whispers something to
her escort, about to leave her table.

SULLY (urgent)
Clue me -- anything...

BRYN (grabbing at anything)
He -- he always treats his women
rough...

The Baroness is upon them now...she speaks French
with a Belgian accent.

BARONESS (in French)
Good evening, Marcel...it is Marcel,
isn't it?

SULLY (coldly)
Speak English...I can't abide that
ridiculous Flemish patois...

The Baroness laughs, not at all thrown by this
reception. She seats herself at the table.

BARONESS (in English)
You were always such a purist, Sweet.
Aren't you going to introduce me to
your friends?

SULLY
Introduce yourself, if you must.

BARONESS (to others)
I am the Baroness de Fracasser...

105
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (affecting boredom)
Must we invent names?

BARONESS
You're right...entirely unnecessary.
(to Sully, admiringly)
Gracious, that is the best makeup
job yet. Do you know, I can't re-
member what you really look like?

SULLY
Just as well for you.

BARONESS (glances
toward stage)
They'll begin soon, now that you've
arrived. We were starting to think
you weren't coming.

SULLY
I nearly didn't.
(leans closer)
There have been three attempts on
my life since I left France. The
first one on the plane from Paris
nearly succeeded. You can be of
service...uh...Baroness...I suspect
a traitor in the organization.

BARONESS (conspiratorial)
Of course, Marcel. I shall report
anything I can learn.

She rises to return to her table as the house lights
dim. Illya regards Sully with growing respect.

ILLYA
Not bad -- for someone so long
from the wars.

SULLY (small grin)
That was a minor skirmish. The war
hasn't started yet.

BRYN (tightly)
What are you hoping for, Bert?
First Aid or Last Rites?

105
CONT'D
(3)

They face the stage as:

ANGLE ON A DRUM

106

As the DRUMMER, in a dark corner of the orchestra pit, gives a fanfare roll, climaxed by a bash on the cymbals.

ANGLE AT STAGE

107

A spotlight cuts through a fog of tobacco smoke, as the curtain parts, revealing a tiny stage, with a few ratty decorations presumably meant to suggest a South Seas setting. In the midst of this is the dancer, ABBY. She is very pretty, exotic, and wears a cellophane-type grass skirt, etc. A recorded Hawaiian DRUM BEAT begins, and she starts a traditional hula.

PANNING SHOT - THE AUDIENCE

108

There is a distinct difference between those who are here to enjoy the entertainment, and those who are here to receive instructions. The fun-seekers ...a cross section of British manhood, grin and nudge each other, whistle, etc. The others...those of the dark glasses, straighten, their attention riveted on the girl.

ANGLE FAVORING SULLY

109

The girl has moved onto a narrow runway, directly above the table where Sully, Bryn and Illya are seated. Sully looks expressionlessly up at the girl, waiting.

BACK TO ABBY

110

Still dancing, she brings her hands in front of her, and begins an intricate series of finger-motions.

ANGLE AT TABLE

111

As Sully looks questioningly at Bryn.

SULLY (sotto)

What's that she's doing with
her hands?

ILLYA

It's like the finger language of
the deaf and dumb...except I can't
make it out.

BRYN

It..yes, it's something Raymond
worked up ... wait ... I think
I'm reading her.

E.C.U. - ABBY'S HANDS

112

In time with the dance music, the girl spells out
her message. (NOTE: Some of the deaf and dumb
alphabet should be recognizable, though they
needn't spell anything...just letters at random.)

BACK TO THREE AT TABLE

113

Illya and Sully lean closer to Bryn as she repeats
what he is reading in a low voice. (INTERCUT WITH
ABOVE SHOT)

BRYN

Go immediately---three---eight---
zero---Grays-Inn-Road...

ANGLE ON ABBY

114

She completes the hand signals and, as the music's
tempo increases abruptly, she switches from her
languid hip undulations to a much more vigorous
shimmying.

ANGLE FAVORING ILLYA

115

Reading this last as part of the message, he grins
faintly.

3-2-65

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ILLYA
That part I can read...she says
"hurry."

115
CONT'D
(2)

WIDER - THE SCENE

116

As Abby completes her dance, retreating behind the curtain as it closes. There is APPLAUSE, WHISTLES, etc. Several of the dark glasses crowd get to their feet and start out.

ANGLE AT BARONESS' TABLE

117

The Baroness and her escort get up to leave. She flashes a quick smile toward Sully and heads toward the exit.

THREE SHOT - SULLY, ILLYA, BRYN

118

FAVORING Sully, as he watches the Baroness start to leave, then lets out a visible sigh of relief. Automatically he reaches into a shirt pocket and brings out a cigarette. He has it in his mouth before Bryn can stop him. Bryn stiffens with concern.

BRYN (urgently)
Bert, no!

He looks at her blankly, lighting the cigarette.

BRYN (cont'd)
Remond doesn't smoke...he's
allergic to tobacco...

Sully quickly jettisons the cigarette, but the damage is done. Illya has been watching the Baroness.

ANGLE ON BARONESS AND ESCORT

119

They have stopped at the hatchback window, where the Baroness has checked a wrap. She is staring toward Sully, and now leans to whisper to her escort.

BARONESS (sotto)
We must warn the others...that is
not Remond...

ANGLE AT TABLE - FAVORING ILLYA

120

He sighs, getting to his feet.

ILLYA (wearily)
You'll excuse me for a moment?

He heads swiftly toward the Baroness and her escort.

ANGLE NEAR EXIT

121

As Illya intercepts the Baroness. He shouts at her escort:

ILLYA (fiercely)
You swine! I told you to stay
away from my wife!

He belts the astounded man, knocking him onto a table occupied by three British SAILORS. While the escort is attempting to untangle himself from the resulting mess, Illya grabs the Baroness' arm.

ILLYA
And you -- have you lost all regard
for our children?

The Baroness struggles to free herself...

ANGLE ON BRYN AND SULLY

122

Bryn gets to her feet, seeing she'd better pitch in.

BRYN
He's only got one pair of hands....
better nip out the back way if you
can, dear...

She hurries toward the exit.

ANGLE AT EXIT

123

The escort has regained his feet and heads for Illya. Illya sees Bryn coming, and flips the now screaming Baroness toward her, then meets the escort's charge. The Baroness tries to slip out again, but Bryn grabs the back of her dress.

BRYN (lustily)
Here, you baggage, don't run off...

She hauls on the dress, ripping it half off the Baroness, who wears something conveniently concealing underneath. Nevertheless, the Baroness' mobility is considerably curtailed.

ANGLE ON LAITUE DE

124

He sees a tall-fleshed riot is showing, and time

to the door, extracting a police whistle from his coat pocket. He leans out the door, whistling for help.

124
CONT'D
(2)

FLIP TO:

INT. REAR OF KEYHOLE CLUB - DAY

125

ANGLE at a small alcove, which might lead to a rear exit, John, or some such. It is partially obscured by a beaded curtain. Sully and Bryn are looking through at:

ANGLE AT FRONT DOOR

126

Where a couple of London Bobbies are lining up various combatants, about to march them off to pokey. The Baroness is protesting volubly, clutching a blanket about her. Her escort is still groggy from the fight. Illya is having a word with a police official, and how heads across the room to join Sully and Bryn. The Baroness points after him, protesting that he ought to be jailed, too, but she and the others are forced outside by the police.

THREE SHOT - AT ALCOVE

127

As Illya joins Sully and Bryn.

ILLYA

They will be arriving at the Soho Constabulary in a matter of minutes. I've arranged for the Police to hold the Baroness and her escort until the meeting is over. I hope you've discarded the rest of those cigarettes. Two violent encounters are quite enough for one afternoon.

SULLY

Sorry about that. It won't happen again.

BRYN

We'd best be on our way to Grays Inn Road ... she said "hurry."

They start out.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

128

ANGLE TOWARD the entrance, where a taxi pulls up, containing our people in the back seat.

INTERIOR TAXI - DAY

129

Sully has been checking the house through the car window.

SULLY

Looks all right. You can let me out in here.

BRYN

Let you out? Alone?

SULLY

Sure alone. This is as far as you go, old girl.

BRYN

But you don't know enough about Raymond -- you'll get yourself killed.

SULLY

Illya -- will you tell her she's not going in?

ILLYA (obediently)

You're not going in.

BRYN (disgusted)

Oh you ruddy men. You get the most noble impulses at the most ridiculous times.

Sully grins at her, and on an impulse, leans over and kisses her.

SULLY

See you after, Bryn.

He gets out, shutting the door firmly.

BRYN (urgently)

Wait -- please!

ANGLE FAVORING ILLYA

130

Illya turns to look at Bryn, on the verge of becoming angry with her. But a look at her face shows him how miserable she really is. Illya softens.

ILLYA (gently)
I'm sorry, but we really mustn't loiter.

Bryn is watching out the window.

EXT. POV - SULLY AT HOUSE

131

Sully is just reaching the front door of the place. It opens to his knock at once, and he is inside.

INT. CAR - DAY

132

Bryn makes up her mind.

BRYN
Look...unless you're prepared to sit on me, I'm going in after him.

Illya sighs, hands money to the CABBY.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY -

133

ILLYA
Wait for us ... an hour should do it ... one way or the other.

As they get out of the cab and go to the house, Illya knocks.

CLOSER - AT DOOR

134

Illya manufactures a polite smile, directed at the BUTLER who has opened the door.

ILLYA
Good evening...are we late?

As they are ushered inside,

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN
INT. TOWNHOUSE ENTRY HALL - DAY

135

As Illya and Bryn step inside the townhouse, the butler who admitted them shuts the door behind them. Instantly, two GUARDS, a man and woman, step out of concealment on either side of the room and cover Illya and Bryn with automatic weapons. Bryn's reaction is one of instant indignation, as the guards begin searching them.

BRYN (huffily)
Here, now, is that any way to
welcome guests?

The guards ignore her and continue the search for weapons.

ANOTHER ANGLE

136

To include Sully, who has been watching the entrance of Bryn and Illya with only partly concealed dismay, now moves in to salvage the situation.

SULLY
Gently, gently please...these
people are with me.

The man searching Illya has found his automatic pistol.

SULLY (smoothly)
What with the difficulties I have
experienced since leaving France,
I found it comforting to indulge
myself with a bodyguard.

ZED'S VOICE (o.s.)
A bodyguard, Monsieur Raymond?

Sully and the others look toward:

ANGLE TOWARD LIBRARY

137

Where Zed has appeared in the doorway. He regards Sully with a rather chilly smile.

ZED

You feel the need of a bodyguard,
here, among your friends and
associates?

137
CONT'D
(2)

He moves a few steps into the entry hall during
this, ANGLE WIDENING until Sully, Illya and Bryn
are INCLUDED in the SHOT.

BRYN

Especially here, Mister Zed.

SULLY

Hello Zed. Someone has worked hard
at trying to destroy me. Someone
who knew a surprising amount about
my itinerary. To put it bluntly...
a traitor.

Others have been moving into the entry hall, drawn
by the loud, challenging tones of the exchange be-
tween Sully and Zed. We recognize several of the
evil faces from the Keyhole Club, among them
Melniker, Rosenfelt and Rinaldi...those who left
before Illya launched the riot. One of them
moves to Sully...an elder-statesman type, with a
Dutch accent, whom we will call HOLLANDER.

HOLLANDER

Ach -- the face...it is always another
face, Marcel. So confusing. Tell
me, why did you not meet me at my
hotel this morning as we had planned?

REACTION SHOT - ILLYA

138

He stifles a worried reaction, glancing longingly
at the pistol which the guard has just taken from
him.

BACK TO SCENE

139

Sully shrugs, mind racing beneath a flat, emotionless expression.

SULLY

After what happened on the plane from Paris? No...I knew someone had betrayed me, and I determined to trust no one.

Hollander nods sadly, realizing the logic in what Sully says. But Zed has found a new challenge for "Raymond."

ZED

The plane -- yes -- we heard there had been an explosion aboard...that you were blown out in midflight. How could anyone survive such an experience?

SULLY (dry smile)

The cat always lands on his feet, my friend...didn't you know?

ZED (dubious)

Mm -- still, we musn't take chances, must we? You yourself have hinted at possible enemies within our ranks...

Zed moves to a small table against one wall of the room. A small electronic device has been set up on it...a device that looks vaguely like a glass-enclosed rotisserie. He switches on the machine and glances back at Sully.

ZED (continued)

We have yet to check your "credentials."

Sully doesn't quite know what's expected of him, but has to play along. He moves to stand beside Zed.

CLOSER TWO SHOT - SULLY AND ZED

140

As Sully, watching Zed for some sign as to whether what he's doing is right or wrong, slowly and deliberately brings out his (Raymond's) wallet. He opens it.

INSERT - THE WALLET

141

With just the tip of the "Hyde Park Debating Club" button visible behind a flap of leather...Sully has replaced it after using it at the park. Zed's hand comes into SHOT, extracting the button from its resting place.

BACK TO TWO SHOT

142

As Zed regards the button like a flint-eyed jeweler, suspicious of a fake.

ZED

It looks like the button we sent Raymond...

He opens the glass door of the electronic device, puts the button inside, shuts the door and touches a switch.

INSERT - ELECTRONIC GADGET

143

The button revolves on a metal "spit" inside the machine. There is a brief TOTTLING effect, such as one hears when direct-dialing a long distance number; then a melodious chime sounds.

BACK TO SCENE

144

As Zed shrugs, evidently satisfied. He has slipped his hand casually into his pocket while waiting the machine's verdict on the button. Now he uses same hand to retrieve the button from the machine, and return it to Sully's wallet. During this,

CUT TO:

REACTION SHOT - ILLYA

145

He is watching Zed's actions with obvious interest. Evidently he sees something noteworthy.

BACK TO TWO SHOT

146

As Sully replaces the wallet, with the button in it, back in his coat pocket.

SULLY (drily)
And now -- if your suspicions
are satisfied, may I continue to
indulge mine? If you will kindly
tell your guards to release my
guard...

146
CONT'D
(2)

Zed nods toward the guards, who have been covering
Illya.

ANGLE ON ILLYA AND BRYN

147

As the guards move away from Illya, he and Bryn
exchange a brief, relieved look.

ILLYA (without
much real hope:)
Ah...my pistol --?

WIDER - THE SCENE

148

Zed snorts disdainfully.

ZED
While you're a guest in my house?
Certainly not! The meeting will
commence directly I return,
gentlemen.

He turns and moves out of SHOT.

CLOSER - SULLY, ILLYA AND BRYN

149

Illya moves in for a quick, private word.

ILLYA (low, urgent)
I think he switched buttons...
better have a look.

Sully reacts, worried, and looks around casually,
about to reach for his wallet.

BRYN
Not yet -- we've got company ...

WIDER - THE SCENE

150

As Hollender moves in, smiling cordially. The others
with faces as cordial as the roles they are playing.

HOLLANDER

You are a most selfish man, Marcel...
bringing such a charming woman with
you, and then not even introducing
her to one of your oldest friends...

150
CONT'D
(2)

Sully is caught flat-footed...he hasn't the foggiest
idea of his oldest friend's name. But before he
can stammer, Bryn cuts in smoothly.

BRYN

No introduction is needed, Mynheer
Hollander. It's been twenty years
since I delivered a parcel to you
in Amsterdam. But you remember.
There was a bridge...

She takes his arm and starts to steer him away,
toward the library.

HOLLANDER (pleased)

Of course! The beautiful young
British courier. I noted it then.
You would turn up with Marcel. He
always did have an eye for the most
attractive women...

INT. SMALL ANTEROOM IN TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

151

In a small room off the main entry hall, Illya and
Sully make sure they're alone, then begin surrep-
titiously examining the button which Zed switched.
Illya sniffs at it.

ILLYA

Yes...the entire back is filled with
the most volatile of all the plastic
explosives...

SULLY

But there can't be more than an ounce
of it...is that enough to kill him?

ILLYA

Where you were carrying it? With-
out question. You'd better let me
get rid of this for you.

Sully takes it back, thoughtfully.

SULLY

No, that's all right, I'll take care of it. Listen, you've got to figure some way to take Bryn and get out of here.

151
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Too late for that. She won't leave without you now...

He breaks off as Zed appears in the doorway of the anteroom. Sully is instantly back in character.

SULLY

Ah -- we commence, eh?

Zed nods affirmatively. They follow him out.

INT. ANGLE IN ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

152

The library door is open, and the group has gathered inside, for the moment spilling out into the entry hall. Zed, at the front door, is checking with the guard to see that the door is securely locked before they begin. Sully and Illya come from the direction of the anteroom, moving toward the library. Zed sees and intercepts them.

ZED

Sorry, old boy...naturally your man here, and the woman will have to be excluded from the meeting.

SULLY (he expected
this)
Naturally...

ZED (to Illya)

And no listening at keyholes...the guards have orders to severely discourage such indiscretions.

Sully looks toward the library, where Bryn has just appeared.

BRYN (to Sully)

Come look for me after, pet?

SULLY (indifferently)

Yes, yes, if it suits me...

Zed turns aside to exchange a quick word with someone going in, and given a moment of relative privacy, Bryn rattles off what she has learned in the library:

152
CONT'D
(2)

BRYN

The Dutchman is Hollander, he's with you -- the Swede, Melniker, is backing Zed...the German's name is Rosenfelt, he's your man... the Irishman is Rinaldi and he isn't backing anybody...They're the important ones...the other will go whichever way the wind blows --

(complete switch of voice
...pleading)

-- know how I feel about you, but you go on, treating me like I was dirt underfoot...

SULLY

You're beginning to bore me, cheri... and it's not at all healthy to bore me.

He turns to Zed who has come up behind them, puts a hand on Zed's shoulder and heads him toward the library. (NOTE: It is at this point that he slips the loaded button under Zed's lapel.)

152
CONT'D
(3)

SULLY

I would like you to know, my friend, that though we find ourselves at odds tonight...I have not lost my considerable respect for you.

ZED (coolly)

You mean you aren't going to underestimate me, in there, is that it?

SULLY (cold smile)

Precisely.

(indicates door...

others all inside now)

Shall we?

They head into the room.

ANGLE INTO LIBRARY

153

As Sully and Zed walk in, the two armed guards swing the doors shut from the inside, close and lock them, remaining inside with the meeting.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND BRYN

154

They look at each other, trying to hide their concern for Sully, now completely on his own.

ILLYA

Well, I'd better have a look around...for a fast exit, if we need one.

Bryn nods, her attention focussed on the closed door. Illiya moves off as we:

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE LIBRARY - DAY

155

ANGLE on Mister Zed, as he surveys the gathering with satisfaction. Sully is seated toward the front of the group, a position which puts him directly facing Zed. Sully decides to get in the first lick:

SULLY

Let's not dally...we know why we're here...though it sickens me that a member of our organization could even suggest what we must now discuss.

Zed's eyes flash...the battle is joined. The others in the room at once take on the aspect of spectators, watching two strong individuals contest which shall lead them all.

ZED

Our friend from across the Channel exhibits the usual Gallic lack of realism...we can afford to insist on perfection in the little things in life...but to overthrow governments, allies must be chosen with less delicate taste.

SULLY (on his feet)

My friends...do you know where this talk of allies is intended to lead you? Do you know what alliance he means? He wants us to join ranks with our mortal enemies...with the Minions of the Left!

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNHOUSE ENTRY HALL - DAY

156

On Bryn as she moves restlessly about the Entry Hall.

ANOTHER ANGLE

157

As Bryn passes an open door, giving access into a darkened room (across hall from library), she is startled by the sudden appearance of Wye. He steps into the room behind her,

WYE (gloating)
H'lo, Duck. Fancy meeting you
here.

157
CONT'D
(2)

Bryn is keeping her head, but she's frightened, too. She glances quickly around, looking for ways out. She begins backing toward the library...Wye stalking her,

WYE
Go ahead...run for it. Won't
get anywhere. Yell, too, if you
like. Yell your ruddy head off.
That library's soundproofed,
you know.

BRYN (levelly)
Our Mr. Wye again. And still
spouting gibberish. Stand off -
before you get yourself damaged.

WYE (mocking)
You're some prize, you are, Luvvy.
And I do owe you a bit of some-
thing for the love tap on the bus -
and for spoiling my show.

He takes out his gun with silencer and cocks it ominously.

WYE
You won't be such a prize when
I'm done with you...

During this they have been engaged in a subtle stalking match...she retreating as she must, he not pressing too fast to the inevitable end...he wants to enjoy the moment of vengeance and make it last. She gets a piece of statuary and throws it at Wye.

ANGLE ON WYE

158

as the statue hits him a glancing blow and falls with a heavy CRASH.

CUT TO:

ANGLE AT REAR OF ENTRY HALL - ILLYA

159

Illya is coming from the back of the house, sees Bryn's jeopardy and charges, CAMERA PANNING him to Wye, who snaps a shot at him, missing. They grapple.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

160

The argument has swiftly risen to heated proportions ... Both Zed and Sully are on their feet, yelling at the group and at each other. Their lines overlap:

ZED

Victory first -- then purge the undesirables from our midst. Until we have accomplished the overthrow of organized government --

SULLY

Once and for all, I say no. No Alliance, no mongrelization of our sacred organization...and furthermore, I say it must be so, or I withdraw my support here and now!

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

161

As Illya and Wye struggle for the gun, Wye is thrown back against the library door. His gun goes off, piercing the door.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

162

One of the guards automatically turns to the door as it is hit...and fires a burst through it.

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

163

ON WYE as he's hit by the burst through the door. He falls flat between Illya and Bryn, who look at each other, awed.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

164

ON ZED, as he fumbles for the detonator to the button-bomb (on his wristwatch), his face purple with fury.

ZED

That's the only sort of answer to you, sir...that for your friends outside, and this for --

He presses the watch-winding mechanism sharply. There is a sharp POW from under his lapel. He stiffens and topples over backward.

ANGLE ON SULLY

165

He faces the shocked men in the room with a cold unemotional stare.

SULLY

Gentlemen -- our traitor has betrayed himself. I will not honor his proposal by calling a vote. I declare the matter of an alliance with the Left...
(deliberate look at Zed)
...a dead issue.

PANNING SHOT - OTHERS IN ROOM

166

They begin to nod, falling in line. Sully has won.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY HALL - DAY

167

Illya and Bryn are leaving...Sully is with them, and yet, somehow he isn't with them. There is much less of Sully in his bearing now, and more of Raymond. Raymond is taking over. (The three are alone in the hall.)

ILLYA

This is suicide, you know. You may get away with this impersonation for another month, or two, or possibly even a year. But eventually...

SULLY

It's worth the risk, isn't it? Look what I accomplished in there just now.

BRYN

Please. At least let me go along for the first few weeks...to see you through the roughest parts...

SULLY

Sorry, old girl. But I'm staying on as Raymond.

(kisses her quickly)

Take care. This time, it is goodbye.

And he's off, heading back toward the library. Bryn stares after him, her heart in her eyes, as Illya begins leading her out.

POV - SULLY

168

As he walks back to the library and disappears inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PUB - DAY

169

ANGLE on the dartboard, as a dart hits it, going quite wide of the mark. There are several other darts, none of which have been well thrown.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BRYN

170

As she throws her last dart, then moves a bit unsteadily back to the table, where a mug of 'arf and 'arf is waiting. She sits dejectedly, and drinks. Obviously she has been here some time.

ANGLE TOWARD DOOR

171

As Illya and Solo enter. Solo carries an arm in a sling, but otherwise seems nearly his old self. They spot Bryn and move to join her.

ANGLE AT TABLE

172

As Solo and Illya sit down. Bryn takes belated notice of them.

BRYN

Oh, it's you, is it? Thought you'd be back in the States by this.

ILLYA

We're taking a plane in an hour.

SOLO

But we wanted to tell you...we've had word from our circuits in France. He's getting away with it.

BRYN (a quiet beat,
then, with more warmth
than bitterness)

Well. Bully for him.

A beat...they feel strongly her sense of loss and bereavement. And they want to make it as easy for her as they can. Solo makes another try.

SOLO

Men like your Albert Sully are not really alive, you see, unless death is always there...waiting at the elbow.

172
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Life is only tolerable when he's on the tightrope.

BRYN (tiredly)

I know all about such men. Perhaps a little more than you do, my young friends. Because I can tell you this about yourselves...you're both members of the same club.

Solo and Illya react with a bit of surprise...and an evident feeling that there's considerable truth in what she says.

BRYN (intensely)

And I'll tell you something else. You're mad, all of you. Bert, you -- all the others like you. All quite, quite mad.

They look at her, now really uncomfortable. She takes pity on them at last. With a forced smile:

BRYN

So -- anyone for darts? I'm easy today.

Solo shakes his head gently, and he and Illya get up to leave as we -

FADE OUT:

THE END