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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

*Green Pal again*

THE MISSING PERSONS AFFAIR

Prod. #7419

**REVISED FINAL**

A

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation

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Produced by

July 8, 1964

GENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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

The Missing Persons Affair

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ACT ONE

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes..."

FADE IN:

EXT. U.N.C.L.E. BROWNSTONE - DAY (STOCK)

BL

Solo pulls up in his black convertible, stops,  
disembarks - and moves into the TAILOR SHOP.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY (STOCK)

CL

as Solo enters, nods to the tailor behind the  
presser and enters into --

INT. TRY-ON ROOM -- DAY (STOCK)

DL

Solo enters, twists a hook - the panel swings open  
into U.N.C.L.E. Headquarters.

INT. U.N.C.L.E. BUILDING - MED. SHOT - DAY

L

as Solo enters and meets GEORGE TENLEY, a bright,  
likable young man. There is a somewhat curious  
intentness and rigidity about his carriage, though  
he forces a quick, open smile as a trim SECRETARY  
carrying a sheaf of papers crosses into the corridor  
and moves past him. Tenley and Solo continue across  
the corridor. CAMERA PANS them to where the corri-  
dor receptionist, WANDA MAE KIM, sits behind a con-  
sole board. Behind her is a sliding door which she  
controls from the board. She looks up at Tenley  
somewhat quizzically.

TENLEY

I've just been cleared. Section  
Two. George Tenley.

SOLO

I'll vouch for Mr. Tenley, Wanda.

She pushes a button on her console, and the door behind her slides open in front of Tenley and Solo, revealing a corridor. Solo gives Wanda a parting smile and wink.

1  
CONT'D  
(3)

ANGLE - SOLO, TENLEY

2

CAMERA MOVES WITH them, as Solo follows Tenley into the corridor. Tenley stops in front of a door marked: Room 9...Computer Data Process... Miss McNabb. The steel door slides open (obviously a micro TV camera has followed his approach) revealing HEATHER McNABB. Behind her we glimpse computers, view screens, etc.

HEATHER

Come in, Mr. Tenley.

SOLO

Don't mind McNabb's bite -- it's her bark you have to watch out for.

Heather darts a cutting look at him in answer, to which he gives a mock wince; then she ushers Tenley into the room, and the door closes behind them.

ANGLE - SOLO

3

He continues toward the office at the end of the corridor.

INT. UNCLE OFFICE - FULL SHOT - ILLYA

4

A block of wood with two imbedded knives swings from a rope attached to the ceiling. Illya, a baseball bat in hand, is batting at this block which swings around him much like a tether ball. He must hit quickly and accurately to avoid being impaled upon a swinging knife blade. The door opens and Solo starts to enter, only to duck back quickly to avoid the knives. He enters cautiously.

SOLO

Whatever that thing is, it seems to turn mostly when it's attacked. Why don't you just open the door and let it go home, Illya?

... ILLYA (batting)  
Centuries ago, Sumarai swordsmen  
trained with this block to develop  
quickness of hand, and sharpness  
of eye. As an exercise, it still  
has its points.

4  
CONT'D  
(1)

... SOLO (ducking blades)  
Yes...I see them. But - uh - since  
we don't get many calls to take on  
Sumarai swordsmen these days, I  
think I'll just let you specialize...

He breaks off, and both men react sharply to a HIGH PITCHED, UNDULATING BEEPING. They look immediately toward the electronic scan board.

4  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLOSE SHOT - SCAN BOARD

5

A small but intent light is blinking on and off in rhythm to the undulating BEEPS. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Illya and Solo hovering over the board. Illya flips a switch on the board; the rows of pin-point lights on the board flash on then off in sequence, row by row -- with one exception. When the lights in the other rows have gone out, the one marked "9" remains on.

SOLO  
Data process!

Illya and Solo take out their Uncle specials...  
They move out quickly.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. DATA ROOM.- TENLEY

6

His back to CAMERA, he is pressing a button on the computer console board. An UNDULATING WHINE (like a magnetic tape being run backwards) comes from the computer.

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE SOLO AND ILLYA

7

as they enter the file room from a previously unseen door. Tenley whirls to face them and we now see that he seems drastically transformed from the confident, almost buoyant young man of only a few moments before. An obviously uncontrollable tic jerks one side of his face, and his body seems rigidly tense, as if separate physical forces were contending somewhere inside of him.

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE HEATHER

8

She is lying unconscious on the floor, a crumpled man's handkerchief nearby her face. As Solo continues to cover Tenley and edge toward him, Illya bends over Heather, checks her pulse, then sniffs at the handkerchief.

ILLYA  
Just chloroform.

S  
CONT'D  
(2)

He rises and starts to move in on Tenley from the other side.

CLOSE SHOT - TENLEY

9

As Solo and Illya start to circle warily in on him, Tenley forces a thin smile, as he makes an attempt at an offhand explanation.

TENLEY  
Fascinating gadget. I thought  
I'd just ....

Abruptly, he breaks off, in a raw, strangled voice.

TENLEY (continuing)  
Forced me to!! .. I ... I --  
(resumes smooth tone)  
... thought I'd see if it had a tilt  
light, like a pinball machine, so --

He breaks off again, and now seems to stiffen rigidly. His voice becomes mechanical and robot-like.

TENLEY (continuing)  
Green opal...Brach...Green--  
(forces smile)  
Miss McNabb fainted and..... Stay  
back! Please....

ANGLE - SOLO, ILLYA

10

As they continue to move in on him, Tenley backs away, then whips out a pistol. His body is now like an out-of-control reactor in which internal pressures are racing toward an ultimate explosion. He fires -- wildly, with a kind of robot-like blindness. Solo and Illya take cover. Solo is ready to fire at Tenley, when:

TENLEY  
Can't stop myself!! Kill me!!  
I -- Green Opal! .. Brach!....  
Green --

Suddenly, something snaps inside of Tenley and he turns as rigid as a stone statue.

ANGLE - SOLO, ILLYA

11

Surprised and still slightly confused by this turn, they edge cautiously behind cover toward Tenley. At a signal from Solo, they jump the still stonelike Tenley. Even as Solo is prying and wrenching the pistol from his frozen grip, there is no reaction of any sort from Tenley. Illya nods an "all clear" to Solo, then looks closely at Tenley and feels for his pulse.

SOLO

Is he dead, or ....?

ILLYA

No .. but he's not alive, either

CAMERA MOVES IN AND HOLDS TIGHTLY on Tenley's utterly blank, trance-like stare.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. "UNCLE" MEDICAL WARD - CLOSE SHOT - TENLEY -  
DAY

12

as a narrow probe light is shined into his open but utterly blank eyes. As the thin beam of the probe light is snapped off, an overhead room light comes on, and we see that Tenley is strapped in a hospital bed and surrounded by medical equipment. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a white-jacketed DOCTOR, as he turns to face Illya, Heather and Solo, who are looking on.

DOCTOR

Insulin shock, electric therapy,  
adrenalin, pentathol...

(shakes head)

No change in the E.C.G....no  
metabolic increase...no toxic  
reactions. It seems to narrow  
down to a complete repressive  
block of the cortical nerve paths  
from the medulla -- a total  
catatonic state.

12

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

If there should be a change --  
any response -- alert Interroga-  
tion, Section 4.

He turns and exits the room with Illya into the  
corridor o.s., as CAMERA HOLDS on the still rigid  
and comatose Tenley.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. "UNCLE" PROJECTION ROOM -- SOLO, ILLYA, HEATHER 13

Heather stands between Solo and Illya. The projection  
machine and tape recorder beside her.

HEATHER (to Solo)

We've run a checkout test and re-  
simulated the electronic tape pulses --  
It was definitely just the one tape  
he tried to run an auto-destruct on.



SOLO  
We know that Tenley was trying to  
destroy the one file tape with his  
own name in it: Missing Persons,  
Explained..... But why? It was  
only a technical listing, because  
his position light didn't show up  
on the scan for two days while he  
was in Greenland last year.

13  
CONT'D  
(2)

HEATHER  
Mental crackup?

ILLYA  
Or blackmail. Or both.

SOLO (shrugs)  
Whatever it was, Tenley can't tell  
us. Or has he already told us?  
(looks at Illya)

ILLYA (to Heather)  
Start the tape again, please.  
His final words.

Heather flips on the machine. The tape recording  
of Tenley's final words is replayed through the  
amplifier.

TENLEY'S VOICE  
Can't stop myself! Kill me! I --  
...Green Opal! ...Brach ...Green --

The voice stops, and the tape WHIRS on mutely.

14-15 OUT

MED. FULL SHOT - ILLYA, SOLO, HEATHER

16

Solo gestures to Heather to shut off the tape  
recording, then:

SOLO (to self)  
Green Opal... Brach...It could mean  
nothing.....just jibbering by Tenley  
- or it could mean someone's punched  
a hole in our security.

(then)  
Program a code run on "Green Opal"  
now, Heather.

Heather flips a switch on the main control board  
and a map view screen set in the wall lights up.

A map of the world slowly moves across the screen behind crosshair lines. Following the RHYTHMIC UNDULATING BEEPS of the programmed tape, the map locks on the general Central American area, then magnifies until the crosshairs bracket the Yucatan-Guatemala-Honduras locale. An overlay with lines dividing the area into numbered and lettered sections and the SUPERIMPOSED legend, "Code Area; Green Opal", now appears over the map projection.

## HEATHER'S VOICE

This is the "Green Opal" code area. But without the reference key number.....

REVERSE ANGLE - SOLO, ILLYA, HEATHER

18

## SOLO

Yeah... Pick a number -- 1X to 10Z. How about "Brach"?

## HEATHER

We don't have anything on it as a code or a location -- but we do have a cross reference as a name: Walter G. Brach.

ANGLE - VIEW SCREEN

18X1

A still photo of Walter Brach fills the screen.

## ILLYA'S VOICE

Walter G. Brach? ... the financier ...speculator...

REVERSE ANGLE - GROUP (SCREEN IN B.G.)

18X2

Heather nods and hands a data card to Solo who glances at it, shakes his head, smiles.

## SOLO

Last year he gave five million for a foundation to study the theory of reincarnation -- but he hoards tin-foil and string.

(continued)

SOLO (continued;  
grins)  
I'd say Mr. Brach is a touch  
eccentric... But just where  
does he tie in with "Green Opal"?

18X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

Heather crosses to the map projection on the view  
screen and points to a coastline of Central America.

HEATHER  
Right here... Just south of the  
Yucatan Peninsula on the Gulf of  
Honduras.

ANOTHER ANGLE

19

as Heather turns back toward Illya and Solo.

HEATHER  
Mr. Brach has sailed there  
every summer for the past thirty-  
one years.

ILLYA  
Every year?

HEATHER (nods)  
And always on the ninth of September.

ILLYA  
That gives us just two days before  
he leaves again. That's almost too  
tight.

SOLO (smiles)  
Ninth month, ninth day. Does he  
take a numerologist along with  
him?

HEATHER  
As a matter of fact, yes.

ILLYA (sparking)  
Who else?... beside the crew?

HEATHER (reading)  
A physician...a masseur...private  
male secretary...a --

19  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo cuts her off with a gesture, then looks at Illya. His line of thought and the question it projects are perfectly clear to Illya, who takes an instant to think it over, then:

ILLYA  
Well, Napoleon...you've always liked  
cruising on a yacht... But just how  
do we "remove" the secretary Brach  
has now?

SOLO (offhand)  
Urgent family business... Three-  
day flu virus.

HEATHER (looks at card,  
shakes head)  
What about the routine we used in  
the Oldbury Affair?

ILLYA (after a beat)  
Arrange for Brach's secretary to  
see a "crime," then have him held  
in protective custody as a material  
witness.

SOLO  
An ancient, but artful dodge. Clear  
it through Mr. Waverly... If he  
approves throw it at the Security  
Operations Section.

ILLYA (to Heather)  
And alert the Personality Induction  
Crew for an emergency run-through.

Solo and Illya move out.

WHIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - SOLO, ILLYA,  
TECHNICIAN

19X1

Solo now wears glasses, has his hair parted in an almost Edwardian manner, and is dressed in a rather fussy black suit. Nearby is a portmanteau and a furled umbrella. He is memorizing data from a phony job reference file, while the TECHNICIAN moves around him with a professional eye, adjusting the lay of his jacket, trying hats on him, etc.

Illya studies Solo's appearance, nods in seeming satisfaction, then gestures the attendant aside. Illya takes on the attitude of Solo's prospective employer, Brach, while Solo takes up his umbrella and stands before "Brach-Illya" with an air of obsequious efficiency.

19X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

ILLYA (to Solo)

You're the new secretary the agency sent?

SOLO

That's correct, sir. My name is Edward Applegate....My references.

He hands references to Illya, who glances down at them, then: MOVE IN EXTREMELY CLOSE on Solo, and CAMERA EFFECTS the change. As CAMERA PULLS BACK we are in Brach's cabin. We now see the face of Walter G. Brach.

BRACH

Five years with Selden Co. Why'd you quit?

SOLO

I didn't agree with Mr. Selden's policies.

PULL BACK to reveal:

INT. BRACH'S CABIN - DAY

19X2

A small section of the Cabin. Brach sits in his wheelchair. As he speaks to Solo (Edward Applegate) he is Indian wrestling with CHUKE, a man mountain of beef.

BRACH

Harder, Chuke -- Harder!

(looks up at Solo)

What makes you think you'd agree with me?

SOLO

I understood the position was temporary. That is, until your permanent secretary returns.

BRACH

Since it is temporary, I'm not about to pay this sort of wage... Three hundred -- less expenses for breakage and general waste, of course. And I expect a day's work for a day's pay.

19X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

Mrs. Karda leans INTO FRAME BEHIND Brach. She holds up a document for his inspection.

SOLO

I think you would find my work entirely efficient and adaptable.

BRACH (glances at paper)  
Dated the sixth.

MRS. KARDA  
Ninth month, sixth day. The root factor is three.

BRACH (nods, looks at second paper)  
Dated the fifth?

MRS. KARDA  
No. Scorpio is unfavorable.

BRACH (wads up 2nd paper, throws it away... to Solo)  
You a tippler?

SOLO  
Certainly not, sir.

BRACH  
How about women? You a chaser?

SOLO (primly)  
Mr. Brach!

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal DR. SHTALLMACHER taking Brach's blood pressure on the free arm. Then MRS. KARDA reenters FRAME and begins to hand-feed Brach a cup of soup. She also carries something that looks like an economy-sized plug of chewing tobacco.

BRACH (to Mrs. Karda)  
What is it?

MRS. KARDA  
Cabbage juice and your pressed kelp, sir.

He takes a chaw of kelp, then looks up at Solo again.

19X2  
CONT'D  
(3)

BRACH  
I suppose you'll do.

SOLO  
Thank you.

BRACH  
We cast off at sixteen hundred,  
Applegate.  
(to Chuke)  
Show him to his quarters, Chuke..  
(to Mrs. Karda)  
Alert the crew to make all preparations for getting underway.

Solo exits. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on Brach as he studies Solo cautiously.

FLASH CUT TO:

20-28 OUT

EXT. LUXURIOUS YACHT - DAY

28X1

A STOCK SHOT of a yacht at sea.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. CANARD HARBOR - SLOW PAN SHOT - DAY

29

A large black limousine is parked at the end of the dock. PAN along the waterfront and two uniformed soldiers somnolently patrol the single jetty, against which a power boat is moored to dock, with a gangplank stretching from the jetty planking to the main deck of the power boat.

NEW ANGLE - POWER BOAT

29XA1

A huge shark, the day's catch, is being hauled down the gangway by a DECK HAND and onto the dock.

EXT. DOCKSIDE - FULL SHOT - BRACH AND GROUP

29X1

Brach is perhaps 70 but, despite being confined to a wheelchair, he exudes a sense of strength and raw power. His legs are covered by a blanket. His features are partly obscured by thick, dark sun-goggles. He is being wheeled down the dock by Chuke. Mrs. Karda and Dr. Shtallmacher follow in attendance... the Doctor showing his devotion to the woman in every small courteous gesture. Solo brings up the rear, dressed in his prim suit and glasses, holding a notebook, a tin box, and his umbrella. They stop at the edge of the dock where a COLONEL and TWO ARMED SOLDIERS stand waiting. Solo seems all but nauseated by the sight and smell of the shark being hauled up.

29X2-31 OUT



MED. SHOT - SOLO, SHTALLMACHER, KARDA

31X1

As they walk, Solo looks into the water and sees:

P.O.V.

31X2

Shark fins cutting the water.

BACK TO SCENE

31X3

SOLO (nervously)

But there are sharks...in this inlet?

MRS. KARDA

Of course! Their components have marvelous nutritional value. The soldiers throw out raw meat daily...the sharks have learned to come in close at the regular feeding hours.

(Solo stumbles)

Careful. They expect their meal within the next half hour.

CLOSER ANGLE

31X4

The delegation a resplendently uniformed military OFFICER and TWO hard-eyes SOLDIERS. The delegation would project an almost comic-opera air - except for the polished, businesslike tommy-guns slung Vopo-style about the shoulders of the Two Soldiers. The Officials wait pompously yet obsequiously for Brach's attention.

ANGLE - BRACH

32

He wheels his chair to another angle, so that he can peer more closely at the shark on the dock. Brach turns momentarily from watching the shark, glances over his shoulder and gestures Solo's attention to the Military Officer (Colonel).

BRACH

Pay that one one hundred! And mark it down.

COLONEL

But I am now a Colonel, Mr. Brach.

BRACH

We'll raise the bribe when you're a General. See to it none of your people troop up here. I'm not here to have my shoes shined, buy hand-painted shawls or pass out hard currency to beggars. And have the jetty washed down thoroughly -- with disinfectant!

The Colonel nods his understanding and submission, until Brach waves him off, then turns his attention back to the shark; while in b.g., Solo is taking the one hundred dollars from the tin box, counting it into the Colonel's waiting palm, and then stiffly entering the amount in his account notebook.

33 OUT

DIFFERENT ANGLE - BRACH

34

Turning his back on the delegation, he looks toward the shark, then to Chuke.

BRACH

Cut open the shark, Chuke! Have the spleen pulverized. You can have the liver.

As Chuke moves to the shark, Brach turns to look back impatiently at Solo.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND BRACH

35

Solo, pretending to be on the verge of becoming sick, is averting his eyes from the shark. Brach stares at him in utter disgust.

BRACH

What is it?!

SOLO

I'm feeling a little...sick.

35  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo, seeming now greener by the minute, moves to hand the account book to Brach; however, Brach pulls away and wards him off.

BRACH

Stay back from me! You may have germs.

Mrs. Karda interrupts the scene:

MRS. KARDA

It is time for you to inspect the harvest, sir.

BRACH (to Solo)

Applegate. Go aboard that scow and remain there until we return. But I expect you to make up the time!

SOLO

Of course, sir. But would it be all right if one of the crew took me back to the yacht anchorage?

BRACH

No. An unnecessary trip. We'll return within the hour.

SOLO

Yes, sir.

35X1 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

35X2

As Brach and his entourage start for the limousine; Brach gives a quick nod to Mrs. Karda. She remains behind. CAMERA MOVES CLOSE on her as she watches Solo embark the vessel.

WIPE TO:

INT. SOLO'S CABIN - SOLO - DAY

36

As Solo removes his jacket, glasses and tie. He starts to open the umbrella but stops as he HEARS Mrs. Karda's FOOTSTEPS on the jetty.

37 OUT

NEW ANGLE - SOLO

38

He reacts to the SOUND of footsteps approaching his cabin and begins pretending to groan softly, while slinging the plastic bag about his neck. He continues, as a KNOCK is heard at his door.

MRS. KARDA'S VOICE  
Mr. Applegate?...You are all right?

SOLO  
Yes.

MRS. KARDA'S VOICE  
I brought you something to settle your stomach --  
(beat)  
some cabbage juice and liver extract....

At this, Solo emits a mock SOUND of constrained GAGGING, then:

SOLO  
No, thank you, not just now.  
I've taken some sedatives, so I can sleep.

MRS. KARDA'S VOICE  
As you wish.

Solo listens to her FOOTSTEPS moving off, then he opens the umbrella, clicks the switch on the radio, and:

SOLO (into mike)  
Open Channel D....

INT. U.N.C.L.E. DATA ROOM

38X1-38X3

CAMERA IS EXTREMELY CLOSE on weird-looking head being molded in clay. As Solo's voice repeats the call, PULL BACK to reveal Heather busy sculpting the clay head. She flips on the communications board.

HEATHER  
Channel D open....

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

38X1-38X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

HEATHER

Enjoy the cruise, Mr. Applegate?

SOLO

Didn't catch a single fish yet.

HEATHER

Maybe you're using the wrong bait.

SOLO

So far, Uncle Walter seems to be nothing more than a kindly, old, maladjusted kook.

HEATHER (sweetly)

Be careful, Mr. Applegate...UNCLE thinks you're in very dangerous waters.

SOLO (reacts)

Oh...?

HEATHER (dead

serious now)

Tenley's final words were Walter G. Brach!

SOLO

Tenley's final words?

HEATHER

He's dead....And Mr. Brach is very much alive.

SOLO

Yes...

HEATHER

You're positive Brach is not aware of your true identity?

SOLO

Positive...

DIRECT CUT:

EXT. DOCK - NEAR LIMOUSINE - DAY

38X4

Brach sits in the limousine along with Chuke. Shtallmacher holds the door. Mrs. Karda enters frame.

MRS. KARDA  
Should we dismiss the guards so that  
he can make an easy escape?

38X4  
CONT'D  
(2)

BRACH  
No...no, Mrs. Karda....  
(a beat)  
He would become very suspicious.  
(smiles)  
He will find a way to slip off the  
boat without being seen. After  
all, Mrs. Karda...Napoleon Solo is,  
in my opinion, the finest undercover  
agent UNCLE has.

Mrs. Karda smiles and allows Shtallmacher to help  
her enter the car. Then Shtallmacher goes to sit  
beside the driver. As they drive away, WHIP PAN  
BACK to the two soldiers standing on the dock.

INT. CABIN - SOLO

38X5

He looks out a porthole --

39 OUT

POV - SOLO - SOLDIERS ON DOCK -

39X1

guarding the vessel.

BACK TO SOLO

40

He reaches into his tin money box, takes out a handful of money. He takes his gun and tucks it into the back of his belt. Then he peers out towards the dock.

DOCKSIDE - POV

40X1

The two soldiers, standing at the end of the dock.

BACK TO SCENE

40X2

Solo drops the fistful of money on the dock. The wind picks it up and blows it towards the shore.

DOCKSIDE

40X3

The soldiers scramble after the money, following the bills into the foliage.

40X4 OUT

BACK TO SCENE

40X5

Solo, seeing the soldiers gone, leaves the boat and moves onto the dock. CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as he quickly darts into the jungle. After a moment the soldiers return, happily concealing the money.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

41-45 OUT

EXT. RAIN FOREST - DAY - SOLO -

46

as he pushes his way through the vine-and-fern tangled tropical forest. There are THIN SOUNDS of animal life and from time to time a FLUTTERING of unseen wings. He cuts his way through a tangle of vines, moves into a clearer area, then freezes rigidly and sets himself as a SOUND of something approaching is HEARD.

ANGLE - CHRIS

47

as she emerges suddenly from the other side of the clearing and comes face to face with Solo. Even with her upswept hairdo tumbling askew and her form-fitting dress smudged and her hose slightly torn, CHRIS LINNEL is a decidedly pretty young woman -- but also a thoroughly terrified one. In fact, she seems on the verge of hysteria. Though tightly gripping a razor-sharp, curved bolo knife, incongruously she is dressed as though for an afternoon cocktail party; silk sheath, nylons, and high-heeled shoes.

ANGLE - SOLO

48

REACTING as Chris first looms in front of him, he then takes her in with a certain measure of professional aplomb and smiles lightly. Chris merely edges fearfully back from him, raises the bolo, threateningly.

CHRIS

Don't touch me! If you try to  
drag me back there, I'll use  
this!... I will!

Choosing to ignore this and continuing to act as though he had just spotted her at a party, Solo begins to ease his way toward her.



SOLO

Allow me to introduce myself...  
I'm Napoleon Solo.....

48

CONT'D  
(2)

Suddenly, now that he has almost reached her, she SCREAMS and lashes out wildly with the bolo. Solo lithely ducks under the slashing knife, and grabs her. He clamps one hand around her knife arm, and the other over her mouth... while from o.s., even as her scream is still ECHOING, weird, bestial, WHINING GROWLS are HEARD.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

"Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch...."

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY - SOLO, CHRIS

48X1

Still gripping the struggling girl, Solo moves to the edge of the clearing and peers off in the direction of the excited SNARLING ANIMAL SOUNDS.

SOLO'S POV

49

Indistinctly through the heavy foliage in the middle distance, hunting cats are straining toward them -- vicious-looking cheetahs, on leashes held by huge, shadowy, half-naked, tattooed, MAYAN-LIKE Indians.

BACK TO SCENE

50

Solo yanks and drags Chris deeper into the tropical undergrowth, then pulls her down with him behind an outcropping of thick fern trees. Still holding one hand clamped over her mouth, he wrests the bolo knife from her with his other hand, and tenses ready to lunge out with it...as the SCREECHING HOWLS of the cheetahs ECHO toward them.

Solo starts to ease his hand away from her mouth, but realizes immediately that she is going to scream hysterically again, if he does. He shakes her, momentarily shocking the incipient hysteria out of her, and almost in the same motion clamps his hand once again over her mouth.

SOLO (gradually  
easing grip)  
Don't move! Don't make a sound!  
Do what I tell you -- or take  
your chances with those cheetahs!  
... All right?!

She nods with her eyes, and he slowly takes his hand completely away from her mouth. He waits an instant to make certain she is going to remain quiet; then he turns, reaches into the foliage and breaks loose several large leaves. He hands a few of them to her, and she winces at their smell.

SOLO

Sinisal leaves. Rub them on your face, your hands, everywhere! That's it.

50  
CONT'D  
(2)

He strews the leaves about, then scoops up a handful of dirt and leaf mold and starts to dab it in streaks on her face for a camouflage. She begins to tremble slightly and he smiles and starts talking in a soft insouciant tone to calm her.

SOLO

Fern mold. The Baroness Kornfeldt has it imported for her mud packs.

Chris begins to melt a bit... she begins to feel a bit of safety when suddenly, the SOUND of the cats and Indian trackers closes toward them, Solo grips her arm, gestures her to silence and then draws her back with him deeper into the dark fern shadows.

THEIR POV

51

The two exotically tattooed Mayan-like Indians -- each with a poison blow dart slung about his neck, a bolo knife in one hand and holding to one of the leashed cheetahs with the other -- hack their way to the small clearing. The cheetahs pull up sharply, YIPPING and SNARLING in confusion over the mixed trails.

BACK TO SCENE

52

Solo tenses with his revolver.

ANGLE - CHEETAHS

53

They move back and forth, then settle on Solo's trail. Straining at their leashes, they lead the two Indians o.s.

MED. SHOT - SOLO AND CHRIS

54

As the tropical undergrowth closes about and muffles the SOUNDS of the Indian trackers and cheetahs, Solo relaxes slightly.

SOLO

They'll follow my trail now to the beach -- then they'll be back.

He takes Chris' hand and starts to tug her along. She trails after him for a few steps, gingerly ducking vines and branches -- then abruptly pulls her hand free of his grip.

CHRIS

I'm not going to take another step until I know where we're going.

SOLO

To wherever or whatever or whoever it is you've just run away from.

CHRIS

Back?!! I won't!

She turns as if to start off, but Solo lightly restrains her.

SOLO

You could stay right here and wait for me.

(mock survey)

There probably aren't too many poisonous snakes about -- especially with alligators around. Of course, at night the insects and --

He breaks off, as Chris, thoroughly scared by his recital, moves suddenly against him and clings to his arm. He smiles gently at her and touches her shoulder reassuringly.

SOLO (softly)

You're going to have to trust me...

She hesitates just an instant, then nods.

CHRIS

I don't have much of a choice, do I?

SOLO

I'm afraid not.

CHRIS  
Who are you?

54  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO  
I'm an agent from an organi-  
zation known as U.N.C.L.E. -- I'm  
afraid that's all I can tell you now.  
Now who are you?

CHRIS  
I'm Chris Brinel. But I don't know  
how I got here... or why! They  
must have kidnapped me.

SOLO  
They?

CHRIS (puzzled)  
I don't know who they were... Some-  
one talking to me in a dream --  
a nightmare.

SOLO (puzzled)  
Obviously someone wanted you for  
something -- blackmail?...  
ransom... what?

CHRIS  
I don't know!  
(shrug)  
Until yesterday I was just a house-  
wife. A very ordinary housewife in  
a suburb full of housewives... in  
Bethesda, Maryland.  
(beat)  
The last thing I remember is that I  
was in a supermarket.... I was shop-  
ping for... David.

SOLO  
David?

CHRIS  
My husband. And suddenly everything  
went black! And the next thing I knew  
I was here!

55-60 OUT

REACTION SHOT - SOLO AND CHRIS

61

As the SOUND of the cheetahs SCREECHING comes from  
behind them. They whirl and look back.

7-6-64  
THEIR POV - MAYANS AND CHEETAHS

62

in middle distance heading after them.

BACK TO SCENE

63

Solo grabs Chris' hand and starts running -- half carrying, half dragging her along -- They reach a small bridge over a stream.

REACTION SHOT - SOLO AND CHRIS ON BRIDGE

64

He stops and freezes at what he sees now ahead of him.

SOLO'S POV - CHUKE AND SOLDIER

65

heading toward them from in front. The soldier raises his Tommy gun to knock away the heavy brush.

66-68 OUT

MED. LONG SHOT - MAYANS, CHEETAHS

69

as they move in from the opposite side.

MED. LONG SHOT - CHUKE AND SOLDIER

69X1

as they slowly move toward the bridge from other direction.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND CHRIS

70

He is holding her trembling shoulders, as he listens intently to the CRASH of Chuke's approach from one side, and the excited SCREECHING of the Cheetahs moving toward them from the other.

71-74 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - CHUKE AND SOLDIER'S FEET

74X1

as they stalk on...

CLOSE SHOT - CHEETAHS

74X2

as they sniff the ground...moving in closer...  
closer...

MED. SHOT - BRIDGE

74X3

It is vacant as the TWO SEARCH PARTIES move up  
to each other in the middle of the bridge.

FAVOR CHUKE

74X4

He gestures for the Mayan Indians to take the  
Cheetahs and move upstream. Chuke and the sol-  
dier to move downstream.

WIDER ANGLE

74X5

as they begin to search the area.

MOVING SHOT - CHUKE - SOLDIER

74X6

as they move down the bridge and into the water's  
edge. Chuke a few yards ahead of the soldier...  
Each on opposite sides of the stream.

MOVING SHOT - MAYAN INDIANS

74X7

with Cheetahs -- searching, each on opposite sides  
of the stream.

MOVING SHOT - SOLDIER - CHUKE

74X8

The soldier stabs his rifle into the brush in the  
water as he moves. HOLD on Solo, face barely above  
water, as the soldier passes without seeing him.

BACK TO SOLDIER

74X9

He goes on about five feet, suddenly he brushes  
against something...then quickly parts the brush  
in the water with his gun.

NEW ANGLE - CHRIS IN THE WATER

74X10

The business end of the soldier's rifle is against Chris' head -- she is frozen in shock.

SOLO

74X11

He dashes out, quickly enough to get in one good karate blow to the back of the soldier's head. He FIRES the gun wildly in the air and drops like a sack of wet laundry.

SOLO AND CHRIS

74X12

He lifts her up onto shore.

SOLO (pointing)  
Head out there --- HURRY!

WIDE ANGLE

74X13

Chris dashes off -- and before Solo has a breather, Chuke is charging at him.

EXT. DOWNSTREAM - THE MAYANS

74X14

As they react to SOUND of shots. They start the cheetahs back toward the bridge.

SOLO AND CHUKE

74X15

As Chuke moves in, Solo swings but Chuke merely ignores the blow. He hits Solo, sending him sprawling. Solo staggers to his feet, ducking away from Chuke's next charge. Solo quickly removes his shirt. Chuke moves closer. Solo tantalizes him with a "towel snap" (with the shirt). It stings Chuke -- he stalks on -- Solo tantalizes him again with the shirt and Chuke plunges toward him like a mad enraged bull. Solo sidesteps him -- and as he does, he manages to wrap the shirt around Chuke's head -- tie a strong knot -- blinding him long enough to barely escape... As the SOUNDS of the Cheetahs' approach grow louder.



SOLO

74X16

Running through the brush.

CHUKE

74X17

Trying desperately to get the shirt off his head.

CHEETAHS

74X18

They pick up a scent and move out.

CHUKE

74X19

He frees himself from the blinding shirt -- The GROWLS are stronger. Suddenly, his eyes pop as he freezes, still holding the shirt before him.

CHEETAHS - CLOSE

74X20

As they GROWL and leap directly into CAMERA.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND CHRIS

75

Chris stares at Solo.

SOLO

And the two little kittens found  
their mittens and soon ate up the  
pie...

He grabs Chris' arm and they start running.

DISSOLVE TO:

76 OUT

EXT. MANSION - DAY

77

It is a colonial style house, fronted by an arched veranda, bordered by neatly tended grounds and fields of poppies. There is no sign of anyone.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND CHRIS

78

from the fringe of the rain forest peering at the house. Solo has taken out his Uncle Special and is putting a clip in it.

He nods to Chris and they begin to move. CAMERA MOVES with them.

THEIR POV - CHUKE

79

With Chris holding close to him, they dash toward the veranda, then stop, when:

Brach, attended by Dr. Shtallmacher, Mrs. Karda, and two of the Mayan guards, wheels into SCENE from behind one of the veranda arches to face them.

BRACH

I've been getting impatient waiting for you -- especially since we provided Mrs. Brinel to be your guide.

(beat)

Come in, please, Mr. Napoleon Solo.

SOLO

I'm a bit surprised you know my name.

BRACH (smiles)

We picked the name out of the yellow pages --- of UNCLE's directory.

80 OUT

ANGLE FAVORING CHUKE

81

He comes up behind them and glares at Solo, his face heavily scratched. Chuke is ready to lunge at him at the slightest gesture from Brach.

BRACH (continued)

Steady, Chuke.

(to Solo)

He tends to become overly excited at times. You forced him to destroy two of my favorite cheetahs.

SOLO

I'm sorry.

who are holding their blowdarts ready, as Brach indicates them with a gesture.

BRACH

They're very accurate with their blowguns. The darts are tipped with a synthetic curare which would make you immediately and completely tractable. You see, I have no intention of killing you. I could have done that at any time.

SOLO (smiles)

So, if there's a choice, it's yours.

BRACH (smiles)

I always see to that.

SOLO

But not this time.

(draws revolver)

I can kill you first.

BRACH

Mr. Solo... If you examine your --- gun --- you'll find the firing pin has been canted exactly 1/64th of an inch. It will not fire.

SOLO

I did examine it, Brach, and have reset the firing pin...

(beat)

Exactly 1/64th of an inch.

BRACH

You're bluffing.

SOLO

Try me.

There is a heavy silence for a long beat. PAN the tense group, the back to Brach.

BRACH

I think I'll call it.

He jerks his head at the Mayans. As they start toward Solo, he pulls the trigger of his gun; it merely CLICKS dully.

SOLO (shrugs)

I'm bluffing.

Brach gives a hearty laugh. He gestures to one of the MAYAN GUARDS.

82  
CONT'D  
(2)

83 OUT

MAYAN GUARD

83X1

Picks up his gun and blows; the dart flies out.

SOLO

83X2

He is hit by the dart and almost instantly he freezes and becomes robot-like --- very similar to the mechanical movements of Tenley. He points his gun at Brach, Chuke and the Guards. As the gun harmlessly CLICK, CLICK, CLICKS

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

"Being your slave, what should I do but tend..."

FADE IN:

EXT. TOP PORCH - MANSION - SOLO - DAY

84

Solo is stretched out on a lounging chair with a wet cloth over his forehead. He starts coming to as Chris comes INTO SCENE carrying a freshly wrung-out cloth.

SOLO

Thanks.

He takes the cloth, presses it against the back of his neck, then moves his arms experimentally. He winces and puts a hand on his shoulder.

SOLO

Feels like I fell on a cactus.

CHRIS

One of those Indians shot a dart at you.

SOLO (intently)

How did I react?--

CHRIS

Like a robot.

SOLO

Did he question me?

CHRIS

No.

SOLO

That comes later, I guess.

ANGLE - SOLO

84X1

He rises and looks speculatively around the garden area below.

CHRIS (nods, then)

What are we going to do?

SOLO

The only thing we can do for now -- wait.

She moves beside him at the window and stares out almost wistfully.

7-13-64

8.30

84X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRIS

Mr. Solo...I keep saying to myself  
that this is all a terrible night-  
mare and that I'll wake up in my  
own house and --

SOLO

-- Chris -- ? Let's try to figure  
out what happened to you.

CHRIS

I just don't know...

SOLO

The last thing you remember was  
shopping at a local super market  
in Bethesda, Maryland.

CHRIS

Yes...I was planning a trip to  
New York, to see...to see my  
mother and I wanted to make sure  
there was food in the house for  
David.

SOLO (senses something)

Any particular reason for the  
trip home to mother?

CHRIS (hesitates, then)

Yes....

Chris rises and crosses to the railing on the  
porch... She looks out, saying:

CHRIS

I....I was leaving my husband.

84X1  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO

Why?

CHRIS (snaps)

I don't think that's any of your business!

SOLO

If we waste time arguing...  
they may take away our heads and  
never give them back.

CHRIS (contains  
herself)

I'm sorry...

(beat)

It...was only to be a temporary  
separation...I wanted to think  
things over... When David and I  
first married...four years ago last  
March, he was in Grad school at  
M.I.T.

SOLO (slight reaction)

Is your husband an engineer?

CHRIS

Yes. A space engineer with AEB.

SOLO

In Washington?

CHRIS

Yes.

SOLO

Working in a very important position?

CHRIS (a sad laugh)

David... No, I'm afraid not, Mr.  
Solo.

(turns to Solo)

You see, Mr. Solo...David is a very  
sad case. He's a borderline genius  
in science... If he ever applied him-  
self he could be one of the most  
important men in Washington... In  
the world for that matter.

Chris crosses back and sits on the lounge chair.

CHRIS (continued)

But...unfortunately in David's  
strange little world ambition is  
a dirty word.

(continued)

CHRIS (continued;  
sadly)  
I love him very much, Mr. Solo...  
but I don't know...I can't live  
with a man and see him slowly  
destroy himself and a wonderful  
career.

84X1  
CONT'D  
(4)

SOLO  
Does he want to get out of the  
profession?

CHRIS  
Yes. I think he'd rather be a  
little league umpire than Albert  
Einstein.

The moment is broken by the SOUND of the footsteps  
coming up the stairway.

85-87 OUT

ANGLE - CHUKE

88

stands at the far end of the porch. He stares at  
Solo with pure malevolence, then jerks his head  
indicating they are to come with him.

SOLO (to Chris)  
I think the cruise social director  
is announcing games on the main  
deck.

He takes Chris' hand and shepherds her in front of  
him past Chuke, who still seems barely able to con-  
tain the brute fury he longs to loose on Solo..  
Clearly sensing this, Solo smiles.

SOLO  
Tell me something, Chuke. What's  
a nice ghoul like you doing in a  
place like this?

They move down the stairway in front of Chuke.



Solo and Chris move to the bottom of the stairway.  
They are greeted by Brach. Mrs. Karda hovers  
nearby checking an astrological chart. She checks  
it, makes notes, etc...

88  
CONT'D  
(2)

BRACH

I trust you've rested comfortably,  
Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Yes...and thank you for the...  
tranquilizer.

BRACH

You're welcome.

Solo looks off --

89 OUT

EXT. VERANDA - DAY - SOLO'S POV

90

One room resembles a misplaced carnival funhouse  
crammed with false-front settings ranging from a  
Miami horseparlor to a Tokyo geisha house; though  
it is, in fact, a clinical laboratory of sorts.  
In the false settings a number of individuals are  
intently playing out scenes -- each of them, of  
course, completely oblivious to the others.

SOLO

I see we are about to have a  
guided tour into your chamber  
of horrors.

BRACH (gestures)

The questions in your mind are  
what - and why - and how. Shall  
we clear away your puzzlement?

SOLO

That would be kind.

ANGLE - BRACH, SOLO, CHRIS, CHUKE, SHTALLMACHER

91

as Brach, closely guarded by Chuke, guides them  
into the room through the maze. Dr. Shtallmacher,  
dressed in a lab jacket is overseeing the laboratory.

BRACH

This is where our subjects are  
oriented to -- I think at "Uncle"  
you'd call it a "cover" -- for the  
two days they've been missing.  
These subjects have passed through

(continued)

BRACH (cont'd)  
all our standard procedures. This  
is merely their final test.

91  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE

92

One of the "subjects" looks directly -- but blankly  
-- at Chris. She pulls back nervously against Solo.  
He holds her arm reassuringly.

SOLO (to Chris)  
They're not aware of us -- or any-  
one else. They've obviously been...  
conditioned.

(to Brach)  
What about the ones who don't pass  
all your "tests?"

BRACH  
There are occasional failures --  
but those cases are simply...dis-  
posed of. Suicide...a sudden  
disease...an accident..

SOLO  
How did you slip up with Tenley?

BRACH  
Ah, but we didn't. Tenley was  
simply bait -- You are the catch.  
(smiles)  
Tenley was conditioned to break  
down...provide "Uncle" with enough  
clues for Mr. Napoleon Solo -- to  
swallow the bait.

SOLO  
May I ask why I was chosen?

BRACH  
You needn't be so modest, Mr. Solo...  
(checks his watch)  
Perhaps you'll understand the choice  
after you examine a few...specimens  
...move closely.

Brach guides them to the first room off the veranda.

93-94  
OUT

INT. "MIAMI" HORSEPARLOR - DAY.

91X1

They enter. Brach nods to a man of about thirty-two feverishly sweating over a racing form...before finally putting down the last of his money -- actually strips of newspaper -- on a final, futile long shot.

BRACH (continuing  
over above)

Behind this glass is Mr. Carver, a technician, with Neutron Force Inc. In a few days he will be back at his old job again. His hidden drive toward gambling would have interfered with his rise to the very highest position in the company. Now, his compulsive urge to gamble has been satisfied and removed. He will achieve rapid promotions, and at the proper time he will become useful, and, so to speak...operative.

ANOTHER ANGLE

95

Brach wheels his chair aside and gestures the attention of Solo and Chris toward a handsome young NIGERIAN, who lies in a mocked-up hospital room, his head and right arm swathed in bandages.

BRACH

Mr. Kanu, a Nigerian, one of the finest humanitarians and professors teaching at Oxford. He will one day be an important figure in his government. At this moment, he believes he was attacked and beaten unconscious in London by a pack of "Teddy Boys." We'll arrange for him to return to his country with a subconscious hatred for beloved England.

CAMERA PANS with Brach's gesture as he indicates a thickset, close-cropped young POLE who is pacing the confines of a jail cell -- one which is essentially imaginary, since it consists of merely a skeletal outline.

BRACH

Comrade Czykowzki. He's been detained by American intelligence

(continued)

95  
CONT'D  
(2)

BRACH (cont'd)  
officers. Interrogated... But naturally he has said nothing. He will escape through a clever maneuver. He will be promoted when he returns to Warsaw. So you see, Mr. Solo...each has been picked for intelligence, fitness and, most important of all, ambition. When one of them reaches a specific career level, he suddenly discovers that he has an unshakable loyalty to a certain organization...

SOLO (to Brach)  
"THRUSH"..?

Brach nods. Chris shoots a curious look at Solo.

SOLO  
"Thrush"?  
(Chris nods)  
It's...well it's an organization who believe the entire world should have a two-party system... The Masters and The Slaves.  
(beat)  
Right, Mr. Brach?

BRACH  
Very nicely put, Mr. Solo.

SOLO (to Doctor)  
And I imagine the good doctor, here, is in charge of brainwashing?

SHTALLMACHER  
No, no! Something more delicate... and precise. Brain alteration. A method of my own involving an exact resectioning of nerve patterns.

SOLO (coily)  
How's that for ambition, Chris?

CHRIS  
Horrible.

SHTALLMACHER  
Neither horrible nor painful, my dear. I have undergone the operation myself.

BRACH

Except for myself, everyone in  
this house has been operated  
upon.

95  
CONT'D  
(3)

Shtallmacher darts a guilty glance toward Karda.

SHTALIMACHER

There is absolutely no pain,  
no scarring, no external bleed-  
ing. In my technique, there is --

96-99  
OUT

ANGLE - BRACH

100

He turns his chair, catches Shtallmacher's atten-  
tion with a sharp glare, and thus forces him to  
trail off.

BRACH

Why do you insist on explaining,  
Doctor -- since they will have no  
memory of you or the operation?

SHTALIMACHER

But someone should know of my  
technique.

BRACH (calls out)

Mrs. Karda!

Shtallmacher gives a rigid, nervous tic-like shrug,  
then crosses toward Brach. Mrs. Karda moves to him  
with his pills and cabbage juice.

7-9-64

P.43

CAMERA PANS AWAY from Brach and HOLDS on Chris for a long moment. She is now aware of the entire operation but not sure of how she fits into it. Her face becomes a mask of fear.

100  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRIS  
Why did you choose me?

101-110 OUT

QUICK SHOTS

110X1-110X3

of: BRACH --- he merely smiles and continues to eat.  
CHUKE --- silent, grim.  
MRS. KARDA --- no reaction.  
DOCTOR --- his face full of wild anticipation.

BACK TO CHRIS

110X4

The hysteria slowly begins to mount.

CHRIS  
Why? Please... Tell me why?  
(her eyes flood with tears)  
I'm... I'm only a housewife...  
who can't even drive a car with-  
out an automatic shift...

ANGLE TO SOLO

110X5

Again a long ominous silence. Solo's eyes shift in all directions now...carefully studying each and every position; desperately looking for a way out.

SOLO'S POV - VERANDA

110X6

At side of the house a wrought iron fence about five feet high is the only obstacle to surmount. (On the other side of the fence is heavy shrubbery and a chance to escape.)

BACK TO SOLO

110X7

The silence continues; suddenly Chris screams!

CHRIS (loud and clear)  
What do you want me for!

110X7  
CONT'D  
(2)

Blindly she dashes in the opposite direction of the fence. For a moment all eyes are on her; she wildly battles with Chuke.

BRACH (to Mrs. Karda)  
Give her something to calm her nerves.

Mrs. Karda moves toward her; Chris continues to attempt to free herself...kicking, shouting, scratching.

SOLO

110X8

His eyes shift from the action, to Brach, to the fence.

BRACH

110X9

His back is to Solo now.

CHUKE

110X10

Standing about ten feet in front of Brach's wheelchair.

SOLO

110X11

He dashes for the fence.

WIDE ANGLE

110X12

As Solo reaches the fence, puts his two hands on the railing to scale; a BOLT of electricity hits him.

CLOSE - SOLO

110X13

The SHRILL SOUND of the hot circuit slowly fades out; as does Napoleon Solo.

FULL SHOT - GROUP

110X14

All stare at the limp body. All are silent.

CHRIS

Why can't he move?!

BRACH

110X15

Wheels his chair over to Chris who is being held by Chuke.

BRACH

Don't be too alarmed, Mrs. Brinel.  
The voltage was regulated only to  
punish him a bit.

(beat)

Napoleon Solo -- was an ingenious  
choice of Thrush, Mrs. Brinel...  
He will undoubtedly someday become  
the top director of all sections  
for Uncle...

(a beat)

And THRUSH.

CHRIS

110X16

She is still in a mild state of shock.

CHRIS

But why...why me? Please...?

BRACH

110X17

He wheels around to another position, near the  
limp body of Solo.

BRACH

You see, Mrs. Brinel - Thrush  
would like very much to pene-  
trate A.E.B....Particularly in  
regard to their space program;  
which is your husband's field.

CHRIS

But he's not one of the top men  
in the space program.



BRACH

110X17

No...unfortunately not. However,  
you could supply the drive and  
ambition that would make him. He  
is a very gifted scientist, Mrs.  
Brinel.

Chris stares at him and suddenly becomes horrified  
again.

BRACH (continued)

You'll instill ambition into your  
husband. You'll see that he  
climbs to a position of use to us.  
You will supply the drive...and  
since he loves you, he'll accede  
to your needs. Then, of course,  
he will become our animal...again  
through you, of course.

(she shakes her head)

It will all seem very natural and  
proper to you...after the operation,  
M'am.

(break mood; shouts)

Mrs. Karda! Where's my lunch!

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

"When I do count the clock that tells the time..."

FADE IN:

EXT. VERANDA - TRUCKING SHOT - SOLO, CHRIS, BRACH,  
GROUP - DAY

111

Brach is spotlighted by the sun lamp which is trundled along by Chuke, and is meanwhile overseeing the mixing of a health cocktail of raw reptile eggs and plant juices by Mrs. Karda, as he sits at lunch with Solo and Chris on the shady, vine-espaliere veranda.

Guards.

BRACH

You'll feel better after you've had a good healthy lunch.

(calls out)

Mrs. Karda!

She appears with a tray for Solo.

MRS. KARDA

A health cocktail...of raw reptile juice.

SOLO

Thanks...but I'm not hungry.

BRACH

Chuke! Turn up the voltage on lamp a bit.

Chuke turns up the lamp...both Solo and Chris study the operation.

BRACH

I have also had the voltage turned up on the fence, Mr. Solo. So I wouldn't advise another try. This time it might kill you.

SOLO

I'll keep that in mind.

BRACH

Any questions, Mr. Solo?

SOLO (looking out  
beyond veranda)  
Are those fields of heroin poppy  
simply there for esthetic enjoyment?

111  
CONT'D  
(2)

POV POPPY FIELD - (STOCK)

111X1

BRACH (sincere)  
Yes. They are just that - flowers,  
nothing more. I could have set up a  
legitimate industry here... But that  
would have led to tax inspectors,  
insurance inspectors, labor inspectors.  
(to Chuke)  
The kidney poultice.

BACK TO SCENE

111X2

Chuke wrings out a sticky cloth, applies the mustard  
plaster-like cloth to Brach's neck.

BRACH (continued)  
Harder, Chuke! Good!

SOLO (knowingly)  
But with poppies everything is much  
simpler psychologically.

BRACH  
Yes...since the enterprise is taken to  
be illegal, the security measures I  
enforce here are accepted as entirely  
reasonable, and, therefore, arouse no  
undue curiosity.

SOLO  
And, of course, the bribery gives the  
government officials a vested interest...

BRACH  
It's an inverse law, Mr. Solo. The  
more blatant a thing, the fewer  
questions about it.

SOLO  
Like a reputation for eccentricity?

BRACH (a smile of  
admiration).  
Mr. Solo... You have a fine,  
cunning mind.

SOLO  
I'd like to keep it.

BRACH (shakes head)  
I'm afraid we'll have to tamper with  
it just a bit. After that you will  
solve this case for UNCLE and capture  
the individual responsibility for Mr.  
Tenley's death--and a number of other  
crimes. You'll take this person back...  
he'll confess "everything"...and then  
you'll kill him when he attempts to  
escape. It wouldn't do for UNCLE to  
keep him under observation too long.

111 X2  
CONT'D  
(2)

ANGLE - SOLO

112

SOLO  
And whom do I get to take back---Chuke?

Chuke glares at Solo with complete hatred. He takes  
a step toward Solo, but Brach waves him off.  
Shtallmacher comes in wheeling a tray of surgical  
instruments.

BRACH  
I'm very fond of Chuke. But I'm  
afraid you're right. He is expend-  
able.

SOLO  
But how pleased will Chuke be?

BRACH  
Like everyone else here, his brain  
has been adjusted as I told you be-  
fore....he can't help but do exactly  
as I tell him.... Isn't that so, Dr.?

Solo sees Shtallmacher again dart that guilty glance  
at Karda. She smiles coolly at him.

SHTALLMACHER  
Yes, everyone here has received the  
operation. Everyone obeys without  
question.

BRACH  
In due time, so will you, Mr. Solo.

SOLO  
And the scientist, politicians,  
military officers, diplomats....and  
other human time capsules you've set  
all over the world.

BRACH  
Human time capsules ready to explode  
at Thrush's command.

Shtallmacher takes a hypo-needle and turns toward Chris. Chris shrinks back against Solo.

112  
CONT'D  
(2)

SHTALLMACHER

But there is nothing to fear.

(indicates hypo)

Simply a repressive agent...to prepare you.

SOLO (points Mayans)

The same stuff they used on me?

SHTALLMACHER

Exactly.

(then)

Mrs. Brinel! Your arm.

Chris dashes away from him. Chuke moves to her. Solo dashes and "comforts her" (out of earshot of the group).

SOLO

Chris, don't!

CHRIS

Oh, no....

TWO SHOT - CHRIS AND SOLO

113

as he guides her into a position where he can whisper.

SOLO

When I move; turn the lamp on Brach...  
full power! Blind him!

Dr. Shtallmacher approaches.

ANGLE - SOLO

114

He quickly steps forward, rolling up his sleeves and holding out his arm.

SOLO

Take me first.

Shtallmacher nods, takes the rubber tubing from the tray and starts tying it around Solo's upper arm preparatory to the hypodermic injection. Solo clobbers the Doctor and---springs at Chuke, staggering him with a quick, perfectly aimed karate blow. Chuke retaliates with a haymaker that sends Solo sprawling

to the ground near the electrified gate. Chuke lunges at Solo, who using his feet for a spring-board flips Chuke up and over him. Chuke flies into the electrified fence; a GROAN and the SIZZLING SOUND of the electricity. HOLD on Chuke a beat, then:

114  
CONT'D  
(2)

115 OUT

ANGLE - CHRIS

116

As the fight has started Chris grabs the dial lever and turns it on full strength. Mrs. Karda leaps for the lamp but Chris intercepts her. As the two women struggle....

REACTION SHOT - BRACH

117

The sudden, blinding glare of the sunlamp immobilizes him. Solo scrambles to his feet and runs towards Shtallmacher. He snatches up the hypodermic needle and moves quickly to Brach's side.

ANGIE - SOLO AND BRACH

118

With the hypodermic needle in his hand, Solo moves against Brach.

BRACH (screams)  
Guards....Guards....

FIGHT - SOLO AND BRACH

119

The struggle between them is intense and curiously like a deadly game of Indian wrestling. Solo is attempting to jab the dart into Brach, but Brach, through years of pushing himself along and physical culture exercises, has hands that are powerful enough to start bending the dart back toward Solo, himself. Finally, Solo, using leverage and judo-like feint, manages to trick Brach off-balance -- then quickly jabs the needle into his arm.

BRACH  
Guards...help us....

CLOSE SHOT - BRACH

120

Almost immediately he begins to subside. He opens his mouth and struggles as if to cry out for help, but it is now completely beyond his power; the synthetic curare has taken effect, completely suggestible.

ANGLE - SOLO

as he looks commandingly at the new robot-like Brach. Four Mayan guards come running. They hesitate, then move cautiously towards Solo, their blowguns readied. Chris moves to his side.

SOLO (to Brach  
Now you're going to order them to  
open the gate and let us go --  
You understand!?

BRACH (mechanical)  
No!

SOLO  
Tell them!!

BRACH (to Mayan guards)  
Open the gate for them. Let them go.

Solo takes Chris's arm and holds her beside him, close behind Brach's wheelchair, as they watch the Mayan guards obediently open the gate.

SOLO (softly)  
Tell them all not to follow us!

BRACH (wooden)  
Don't follow them.

Solo starts edging past the guards, then Solo grabs her arm and they start running.

WHIP PAN TO:

EXT. RAIN FOREST - SOLO, CHRIS - DAY

122

They are running. Solo holds to Chris with one hand and uses the other to clear a patch ahead of them. They crash into a clearing, on the bridge, stop and look off.

CHRIS AND SOLO

123

She is exhausted, panting heavily.

CHRIS

Please... can we stop.

SOLO

Only a moment, Chris.

(looks at watch)

They'll be after us soon. The drug has probably worn off Brach by now.

CHRIS

Mr. Solo... What is it in this world... that makes a man like Brach insane with the desire for power.

SOLO

I don't know. Sometimes it starts with a very sincere, driving ambition.  
(beat)

Take the case of my grandfather. He was a small-town lawyer... and a brilliant one. He used to get lucrative offers from Wall Street, big corporations, government agencies. But he set one goal in life... Every September he went quail hunting. And that was why he was a successful man.

CHRIS (confused)

Because he went quail hunting?

SOLO (nods)

And never forgot to stop by the roadside and smell the flowers along the way.

There is a moment of silence as Chris looks at Solo...

SOLO

Come on... we'd better move on...

He takes Chris' arm and they start out again. They plow along and finally come to an opening in the brush.

NEW ANGLE

124

as they come out of the brush to a roadway. Solo points in the direction of the dock and they start out; then react and stop.



POV - SOLO AND CHRIS

125

of Brach's big black limousine; Mrs. Karda stands beside Brach in his wheelchair.

SOLO'S VOICE

Looks like our guests arrived early.

CHRIS

What do we do?

SOLO

Better try another approach...

He guides her around in the other direction. They both react.

POV - SOLO AND CHRIS

126

Approaching in the opposite direction is the Colonel and TWO SOLDIERS.

CHRIS AND SOLO

127

She looks at him; Solo shrugs.

SOLO

Sorry; guess we goofed.

They remain standing in the road; the Colonel and Soldiers approach.

COLONEL (a gentle smile)

Good day, Mr. Solo.

SOLO

Nice to see you again, Colonel...

I was just saying...

COLONEL (overlaps)

Move, Mr. Solo!

(nods toward dock)

Mr. Brach is becoming impatient.

The Soldiers nudge Chris and Solo with their guns and CAMERA FOLLOWS them to the dock where Brach and Mrs. Karda await them. Brach looks up at Solo and shakes his head -- as though trying to be thoroughly understanding of a problem child.

BRACH  
I'm sorry, Mr. Solo; but it isn't  
time for you to depart. You forgot  
to see Dr. Shtallmacher first.

127  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
Sorry... it slipped my mind.

BRACH  
Get in the car, please.

SOLO  
But we have a new problem to resolve.

BRACH  
New problem?

SOLO  
After my... "operation"... who am I  
supposed to take back with me now  
that Chuke has been... eliminated?

BRACH (sadly)  
I would say Dr. Shtallmacher... but  
he is still to valuable to us...

SOLO  
That leaves only Mrs. Karda, here.  
You certainly wouldn't have me  
"capture"... then kill someone --

BRACH  
It will be Mrs. Karda.

FLASH REACTION - MRS. KARDA

128

Her face becomes a mask of fear for a split moment.  
Then she relaxes slightly.

BACK TO GROUP

129

Brach looks up at her from the wheelchair  
sympathetically.

BRACH

I'm sorry, my dear --- but you  
realize I have no choice.

SOLO

130

He senses something in Mrs. Karda that isn't quite  
kosher, but doesn't really know what.

SOLO (to Brach)

After I have taken her as my  
prisoner --- at what point do I  
kill her?

BRACH

Your "newly adjusted brain" will  
dictate that, Mr. Solo.

SOLO (his eyes shift  
from Mrs. Karda back to  
Brach)

You wouldn't plan anything diabol-  
ical, would you? Like a very slow  
painful kind of death.

Mrs. Karda's face is a mask of fear again.

BRACH

Come now, Mr. Solo -- you've  
been trying my patience much  
too long. I might become irrational  
and throw you to those very hungry  
sharks out there.

(beat)

You will merely put a bullet in  
her brain.

Mrs. Karda becomes more intense. Brach looks up to her.

130  
CONT'D  
(2)

BRACH

Take me to the car, please,

She doesn't move...only stares at him in fear. Brach takes her arm. As he speaks he begins to apply pressure with the powerful strength in his hand.

CLOSE - MRS. KARDA

130X1

Her face in heavy pain,

BRACH (stronger)

My car, please!

MRS. KARDA

131

At the line, she wrenches her arm free, grabs the handle of the wheelchair, and spins Brach around. She pushes the wheelchair as hard as she can.

MOVING SHOT - BRACH

132

as the wheelchair rolls to the edge of the pier and over.

POV - BRACH

133

of the shark-infested waters.

134 OUT

WIDE ANGLE - DOCK

135

Solo, Chris, the Colonel and Girards move in next to the terrified Mrs. Karda.

MRS. KARDA

His charts were very bad for today. Pisces was in a terrible position.

SOLO

Rather disloyal of you, Mrs. Karda.  
(she remains silent)  
Or perhaps the brain operation didn't "take" on you.

MRS. KARDA

Dr. Shtallmacher spared me the operation. I had convinced him it was unnecessary.

SOLO

That must have taken a lot of convincing.

MRS. KARDA

Not really.

SOLO (checks her

frame; nods)  
I'll accept that.  
(beat)

Care to join us on the cruise back to UNCLE?

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COLONEL

What cruise, Mr. Solo?

135  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO (reacts)

Here we go again.

(beat)

I'm a little short of cash,  
Colonel--- will you take a  
check?

FLASH PAN:

INT. UNCLE OFFICE - MED. SHOT - SOLO AND CHRIS -  
DAY

136

Chris is pacing nervously about the room.

CHRIS

Can't I just call David?

SOLO

It won't be much longer.

Illya opens the office door and enters SCENE. Solo looks up at him.

SOLO

The debriefing on Brach's list all finished?

ILLYA

Not by half. An astonishing roll of names -- scientists, lawyers, writers, even a congressman.

(to Chris)

I think we're clear with you now, Mrs. Brinel. You can go home. With one proviso: you can't reveal anything that's happened to you -- not even to your husband. Since he's already received a note explaining your absence as going off to think through your marriage... perhaps it might be best if you simply stuck to that cover.

CHRIS (smiles)

But, that's exactly what I have done...gone off for two days and thought through my marriage.

SOLO

...and come to a decision?...

CHRIS

Yes. I'm ready to go wherever he goes, do whatever he wants.

(smiles)

In fact, I'm going to tell him about your grandfather -- and if David wants to spend his life in a small college town, hunting quail, or umpiring little league games... why, that will be just fine by me, too.

She turns, as if to start out, then slowly looks back and crosses a step to Solo.

136  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRIS

Thank you, Napoleon.

SOLO (gently)

Thank you, Mrs. Brinel. And don't forget to smell the flowers along the way.

They both smile -- then Chris turns quickly and exits the office.

ANGLE - ILLYA

137

He studies Solo for a moment, then:

ILLYA

About that grandfather of yours she mentioned...according to your records, one of your grandfathers was an admiral and the other one was an ambassador.

SOLO (grins)

Well...this is another grandfather...or "Uncle."

Illya grins in return and we

FADE OUT

THE END



TAG

FADE IN:

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - U.N.C.L.E. - DAY

138

CLOSE on Solo as he speaks into CAMERA. The Technician stands beside him.

SOLO

Well, Mr. Brach is gone--- THRUSH is a little bit weaker--- "UNCLE", a little bit stronger - and the sharks a little bit fatter.

(he smiles)

Now let's have a look at a few scenes from next week's adventure.

The Technician flips on the projection screen.  
ZOOM IN on the screen for:

SERIES OF SHOTS OF COMING EPISODE

139

BACK TO SOLO AND TECHNICIAN

140

SOLO

Look interesting? I hope you'll be with us again next week for another episode of The Man from U.N.C.L.E.  
Good night ---

Suddenly a FLASHING LIGHT and a BUZZING SOUND from the control panel. Solo alerts; looks toward Technician. She flips a few switches, turns a dial, and opens a compartment, takes out a hard boiled egg and hands it to Solo.

SOLO

Hard boiled --  
(she nods)  
Thank you.

As Solo begins to crack the egg, ZOOM in close on the Technician. She winks into CAMERA.

FADE OUT:

THE END