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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE FINNY FOOT AFFAIR

Prod. #7428

Executive Producer:  
Norman Felton

Producer:  
Sam Rolfe

Teleplay by:

Jack Turley and Jay Simms

Story by:

Jay Simms

October 6, 1964

**REVISED FINAL**

A  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
TELEVISION  
Presentation

Produced by  
PRODUCTIONS, INC.

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

The Finny Foot Affair

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONG SHOT - HELICOPTER - DAY

1 - 2

churning along above an open sea. SUPER Legend:  
"Somewhere off the English Coastline"

POV SHOT - A FISHING VILLAGE - FROM HELICOPTER

3

A small, isolated cluster of shacks on the inlet.

CLOSER SHOT - THE HELICOPTER

4

as it comes to a landing at the edge of the village. SOLO and ILLYA get out and look around. They wear complete anti-exposure suits of some kind, including headgear, heavy boots and gloves. They do not speak as they take a final check of their suits, then Solo gestures toward the village o.s. They move toward it.

ANGLE FROM VILLAGE STREET

5

It is a village of the dead! Even the wind seems to stand still. No sign of life--no sounds--no activity of any kind. As Solo and Illya enter the village, ANGLE WIDENS enough to INCLUDE a BODY sprawled uncereemoniously in the street before them. Solo and Illya move quickly to the body, Solo bending to examine it.

CLOSER ANGLE

6

We see only a glimpse of the body, which appears to be the recent remains of a very old man--although his clothes strangely suggest a much younger person. Illya glances off, taps Solo on the shoulder.

THEIR POV - FRONT PORCH OF SHACK

7

Another BODY, this one reposed in a seaman's hammock, arms hanging over the side in peaceful death. A quick look at the face tells us that this victim was also very, very old.

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA

8

They react, then hurry down the street.

LONG SHOT - TO SOLO AND ILLYA

9

The street is eerie and ghost-like as Solo and Illya move TOWARD US, scanning doorways and windows as they pass. IN CLOSE now, Solo stops suddenly, points o.s.

INSERT - HIS POV - DOORWAY

10

It bears a small sign: N.V. MacDonald, M.D.

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA

11

This is what they have been looking for. They cross to the porch.

12-13 OUT

EXT. DOCTOR'S PORCH

13X1

ANGLED from behind DR. MACDONALD, seated in a rocking chair. Solo and Illya enter, stop in their tracks as they stare at Dr. MacDonald.

REVERSE ANGLE - THEIR POV - DR. MACDONALD

14

His face frozen in a death mask of old age. At his feet is a sealed carton of about the size to contain a golf bag and weighing about 80 pounds. Dr. MacDonald's foot is propped on the carton.

ANOTHER ANGLE 15

Solo and Illya quickly cross to the carton, gently slide it from Dr. MacDonald's foot, examine it.

INSERT SHOT - THE CARTON 16

in crude, hand-scrawled lettering across its wrappings, we can read: "TO HIGHEST AUTHORITY -- OPEN ONLY UNDER CONTROLLED CONDITIONS."

BACK TO SOLO AND ILLYA 17

Illya hefts the carton to his shoulder, waiting as Solo makes a quick inspection of the porch. Finding nothing, Solo gives up the search and they exit.

EXT. STREET 18

Solo and Illya come out of the doctor's office, hurry back down the street.

ANGLE AT HELICOPTER 19

as Solo and Illya reach it, load the carton inside. Now, they take out two flame thrower outfits which they strap on. This done, Solo nods and both flame throwers are ignited.

LOW ANGLE - FROM VILLAGE - TO SOLO AND ILLYA 20

Advancing straight INTO CAMERA, greasy orange and black flames engulf the scene as we --

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 21

Hovering a few feet above the ground.

HELICOPTER COCKPIT 22

ANGLED through plastic canopy. Solo and Illya are seated inside, their headgear removed as they take one last grim look at their handiwork.

THEIR POV - LONG SHOT - STOCK - FISHING VILLAGE - DAY 23

Smouldering ruins...a barren chimney here and there...smoke...rubble...complete destruction.

BACK TO HELICOPTER COCKPIT 24

Satisfied the job has been done properly, Solo arcs the controls.

EXT. HELICOPTER 25

It soars skyward.

LONG SHOT - TO HELICOPTER 26

FROM high vantage point such as a hill or cliff. We watch the helicopter reach altitude, then slant for home. ANGLE LOOSENS to reveal a sinister heavy we shall call RYLIK observing the helicopter with binoculars. Rylik puts down the binocs, turns to a high-powered shoulder-pack transmitter hidden in nearby brush. He begins fisting a code on a small portable sending key.

EXT. FULL SHOT - A CASTLE OR CHATEAU (STOCK) - DAY 27

Anything that looks mysterious, foreboding and ancient.

LEGEND READS "NORWAY" 27X1

INT. THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE 28

The decor has been altered to make the place seem like Little Tokyo. GENERAL YOKURA, a stark, massive, robe-clad Japanese sits at a long low table sipping tea as he studies a message. An AIDE, FALCO, stands respectfully a few feet from Yokura's side, apprehensive, waiting. An attractive Oriental girl TOMO, kneels beside him.

CLOSE ON YOKURA

29

He looks up from the message, his face showing a quiet, controlled anger.

YOKURA

So--we have been careless and Uncle arrives before us...equipped to act. I want this..."parcel" or whatever it is that was taken from the doctor. See that the helicopter is intercepted!!

(to Girl)

Tomo - go to London. Be my eyes.

Yokura snaps his fingers and FALCO is gone in a flash...Tomo more slowly. A man in infinite control of his emotions, Yokura's face instantly relaxes to dead-like calm as he pours himself another cup of tea.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

30

moving toward its destination above a populated area.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT - DAY

31

Solo at the controls, Illya idly looking at scenery.

DOWN ANGLE - ILLYA'S POV - FROM HELICOPTER

32

as CAMERA FOLLOWS a small country road. Now, a truck pulls out into the road from the cover of a tree, following beneath the helicopter at the same speed.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

33

Illya stiffens, sensing trouble. He taps Solo's arm. Solo looks, putting the helicopter into a sharp turn.

POV - DOWN ANGLE - TRUCK MOVING ALONG ROAD

34

It's one of those foreign jobs with sliding roof. We see the roof open.

35 OUT

EXT. CLOSE ANGLE - THE TRUCK (MOVING)

36

An automatic rifle is raised through the open roof to ready position on its anti-aircraft-type mount. The GUNNER, a hard-eyed heavy, rises into view, aims, opens fire on the helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

37

Startled, bullets WHISTLING around them, Illya reaches behind his seat to grab an assembled Uncle special, poking it out a vent to return fire as Solo maneuvers the helicopter.

EXT. THE TRUCK (MOVING)

38

The Gunner is really blazing away.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

39

Illya is winged, then returns fire in a furious volley.

EXT. THE TRUCK (MOVING)

40

BULLETS rake across the top of the truck, hitting the gunner. Out of control, the truck swerves in a spectacular crash.

INT. HELICOPTER COCKPIT

41

Solo and Illya react to the crash. Solo looks anxiously at Illya's wound.

ILLYA

Could you hurry it a bit to London headquarters. I'm getting airsick.

Solo grins and angles the controls.

EXT. THE HELICOPTER

42

It veers toward the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

43-51 OUT

EXT. LONDON STOCK SHOT - DAY

52

To ESTABLISH locale.

EXT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - LONDON - DAY

53

A nondescript and ancient brownstone building somewhere in an isolated neighborhood. No exterior markings identify its purpose.

INT. LIBRARY - UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

54

MR. WAVERLY and his pipe and tweeds are entirely at home. Contrary to the tranquility we might expect, Mr. Waverly is pacing back and forth in fuming, but restrained anger. Solo watches in silence.

WAVERLY

Not only must I contend with a preposterous science-fiction puzzle of an island of dead people, but I have had to abandon pressing matters in New York and fly over here to find out why two of my agents were attacked during what was supposed to have been an ultra-secret mission!!

SOLO

Sorry...

WAVERLY (ignoring it)

Are you sure you saw no living person, either friendly or otherwise, during your investigation?

SOLO

No one.

WAVERLY

What do you make of it--a plague?  
Or some man-inspired catastrophe?



SOLO  
I'd rather let our laboratory  
answer that.

54  
CONT'D  
(2)

WAVERLY  
The village?

SOLO (nods)  
Totally destroyed.

Illya enters, arm bandaged.

WAVERLY  
How is that wound?

ILLYA  
Insignificant! Two items: investigation of the vehicle and the two unfortunate chaps who attacked Napoleon and myself has revealed nothing. Apparently, they took great pains to remove every shred of identification...

Waverly and Solo glance at each other in grim disappointment.

ILLYA  
Second item: the laboratory is ready to begin the closed-circuit examination.

WAVERLY  
Let's proceed with it.

Waverly reaches to push a button and a large TV screen is disclosed behind a shelf of books. The screen comes to life.

INSERT SHOT - THE TV SCREEN

55-55X3

showing a laboratory amphitheater. Our center of attention is focused on the mysterious carton now resting on an operating table in the center of the amphitheater. The carton has been opened to reveal the contents still covered by a cloth wrapper. Standing over the carton are two masked and gowned technicians--DR. PARKER, an articulate scientist and his aide. Dr. Parker is presently poking into the carton with forceps. He withdraws a sealed envelope, holds it up to read:

PARKER (British)  
"To highest authority"...  
(to aide)  
Decontaminate this and take it  
directly to Mr. Waverly!

55-55X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

The letter is dropped into a pan and taken away.  
Dr. Parker continues to probe within the carton,  
finally putting down the forceps to pull away the  
cloth wrappings with his rubber-gloved hands.

PARKER  
Hello! We've got ourselves a  
Pinnipedia Otarridae! Pinnipedia -  
meaning finny footed. Otarridae -  
having ears. In layman's termin-  
ology, a common eared seal...

Through above, he lifts the carcass of a young seal  
out of the carton, places it on the operating table.

PARKER (continued)  
An autopsy in depth is indicated.

He reaches for a scalpel as we -

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

WAVERLY'S LIBRARY

55X4

Solo watching screen intently. PAN to Waverly, who  
is pointedly not looking.

WAVERLY (with dis-  
taste)  
Has he finished that infernal  
poking about?

SOLO (amused)  
I think so, sir...  
(he looks at screen)  
Yes, sir.

FULL SHOT

56

PAST Waverly and Solo to the TV screen. ANGLE  
TIGHTENS on screen as Dr. Parker turns from the  
operating table.

PARKER

Gentlemen, it appears we have found ourselves a most unusual seal. This little fellow's last meal was a feast of blue-gilled sardines, an uncommon species of sardines found only along the coast of Norway...which is an extremely long journey for a seal to make on a full stomach. However, even more bizarre is the fact that, although it is unmistakably a very young seal, it has unquestionably died of...old age.

56  
CONT'D  
(2)

REACTION CUTS - WAVERLY AND SOLO

57-58

WAVERLY (stunned)

Old age??

SOLO (a grim recall)  
Those people on the island--they  
were all very old.

57-58  
CONT'D  
(2)

BACK TO TV SCREEN

59

PARKER

We know that all living beings are  
born with certain anti-bodies which  
combat the aging process. We know  
also that the best these anti-bodies  
can do really is...slow it down.  
That's why some men live to be a  
hundred instead of dying at, say,  
two...or ten...or twenty.

(gestures to seal)

But not so with our little friend  
here. He seems to have been in-  
fected with some strange culture  
which completely destroyed his  
ability to fight the aging process.  
Thus, he lived his complete life in  
only a matter of days.

(beat)

I shall, of course, verify these  
findings in more detail after tests...

Parker turns back to the operating table and the  
screen goes dead with a CLICK.

ILLYA

That letter attached to the carton...  
it should be decontaminated by now.

He exits.

ANGLE ON WAVERLY AND SOLO

60

Waverly baffled--and disgruntled.

WAVERLY

Unknown cultures! Baby seals dying  
of old age!! All this scientific  
mumbo jumbo instead of a simple,  
logical explanation!

Puzzling his own thoughts, Solo crosses to a wall  
map.

SOLO

Maybe there is one, sir.

(points)

That seal was found in the Orkney Islands...here...which could be anything from two hundred to a thousand miles to the coast of Norway along here...depending on where he stuffed himself with those blue-gilled sardines.

(beat)

What if something poisoned him-- whatever it is--while he was somewhere along the coast of Norway. He could've been carried, dead, by the Gulf Stream currents right down to the Orkneys...

WAVERLY (frowns)

I take it, then, you think this plague or infection, or whatever, started somewhere in Norway...

SOLO (shrugs)

It had to start somewhere...

Waverly is not quite willing to concede to Solo's hunch.

WAVERLY

Interesting, Solo--but unsubstantiated.

The door opens and Illiya reenters, reading the letter.

WAVERLY

What does it say?

ILLIYA

From that Doctor MacDonald on the Island. Seems a herd of those seals washed up on his beach a week ago, dead. A few days later, the people started dying.

(beat, looks up)

The Doctor also seems convinced that the seals carried some unidentified infection which transmitted itself to the Island's entire population...

(hands it to Waverly)

SOLO

A remarkable similarity to our own lab's theory, isn't it?

60

CONT'D

(2)

WAVERLY (now convinced)

Yes...

60  
CONT'D  
(3)

Waverly's jaw sets in grim decision. A beat, weighing it. Then:

WAVERLY

Solo--from this moment, you are relieved of all duties and responsibilities but one: You are to go to Norway, find the source of this infection and secure it... or destroy it.

ILLYA

And me?

WAVERLY (looks

at his arm)

You - Mr. Kuryakin, will remain here and recuperate - while you act as liaison for Mr. Solo. I must return to New York.

Waverly exits. Solo looks wryly at the disconsolate Illya.

SOLO (wryly)

Recuperate! That's an order!

EXT. LONDON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - (STOCK) - DAY 61

INT. AIRPORT BUILDING - DAY 62

Solo enters, carrying a small two-suiter bag, moves toward the ticket counter. A small boy, CHRISTOPHER LARSON, about 12, is at the counter fumbling through his pockets for something. As Solo approaches the counter, a PORTER (white) comes on, pushing a dangerously overloaded luggage cart past Christopher. Solo reacts, sensing something wrong.

HIS POV - THE CART

62X1

A heavy suitcase teeters precariously on top of the head-high load, seconds from falling. SWISH PAN to Christopher in the direct path of disaster...unseeing. The Porter veers sharply to avoid him.

FAVORING SOLO

62X2

In a split second, he drops his two-suiter and streaks to Christopher to sweep him out of harm's way as the teetering suitcase comes CRASHING down against the counter where Christopher had stood a moment before. Solo's manner is pure swashbuckle. He lightly swings Christopher back to the floor, giving him a smile and a chuck on the shoulder.

SOLO

There you go. We don't want that suit to get all wrinkled by a flying suitcase, do we?

Christopher's expression is pure awe as he looks at the dent in the counter, then up to Solo.

CHRISTOPHER

Gee...you saved my life!

SOLO

Let's say I saved you a bump on the head...

Solo turns to retrieve his two-suiter. The Porter, obviously annoyed by the accident, shoots a hot glance at Christopher as he bends to pick up the fallen suitcase.

PORTER

You coulda cost me my job, kid.  
Watch where you're going!

Bristling, Solo pivots to lean in close to the Porter's face, eye to eye.

SOLO (behind a smile)

Good advice for all of us to follow...  
isn't it, friend?

The Porter feels the edge. He melts into instant-easy-to-get-along-with.

PORTER

Uh...sure...you bet...

With that, he hustles the fallen suitcase aboard his cart and exits. Solo glances at Christopher, winks. Christopher grins, his impression of Solo growing into white knight proportions.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

62X3

as Solo turns to the ticket counter, shoves his two-suiter into the weighing slot. A shapely and attractive female TICKET AGENT has also been observing Solo's style. She gives him a most receptive smile.

TICKET AGENT

May I help you, sir...?

SOLO (handing her  
ticket)

Why, yes...as a matter of fact, you may. I have a reservation for Bergen Norway...

TICKET AGENT

I hear it's lovely--

SOLO (leaning closer)

I couldn't agree more...

Throughout the above, Christopher has moved in close beside Solo to watch Solo's devastating effect on women. Christopher is duly impressed. There's a keen, almost consuming interest in his eyes as he measures Solo from tip to toe--as though sizing him up for a prospective job--which, indeed, he is. Solo completes the arrangements, glances down to see Christopher leaning precariously to read the tag on Solo's two suiter. Solo smiles, amused.

SOLO

Solo...Napoleon Solo.

Caught, Christopher quickly straightens - but his admiration for Solo is undampened.

CHRISTOPHER

That's kind of a funny name--but I guess I could get used to it. My name's Christopher Larson.

SOLO

Get used to it?

CHRISTOPHER

I mean if we were going to be friends.

SOLO

Oh...you're flying to Norway too?

CHRISTOPHER

Uh hmm. I'm going to visit my grandparents in Norway. My mother is back home in New York alone. She's a widow...a very pretty widow.



SOLO  
That's nice.

62X3  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRISTOPHER  
She's also a very good cook, too.  
(a sudden dread)  
You aren't married, are you?

SOLO  
No, Christopher...I'm not.

Christopher doesn't quite manage to hide his obvious relief. He grins from ear to ear.

CHRISTOPHER  
You can call me Chris --

SOLO  
Alright...Chris. Now if you'll excuse me, I have some business to attend to before we take off.

CHRISTOPHER  
See you on the plane.

SOLO (a bit ruefully)  
Yes, I'm sure you will...

Solo exits. Christopher watches him go, straightening his own pint-sized frame into a manful, stiff-shouldered posture to match that of his newly acquired idol -- and prospective father. A beat, as Christopher sets a determined plan in his mind -- then he turns to the ticket counter, barely able to peer over the edge as he shoves his ticket to the agent.

CHRISTOPHER  
Excuse me, Miss -- but I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake. You see, my grandmother purchased this ticket for me but she's awful hard of hearing and... uh... not used to buying tickets. I'm going back home to Mother, you see -- but Mother lives in -- Bergen, Norway.

The Agent looks at the ticket, incredulous.

TICKET AGENT  
But this ticket is for New York!

CHRISTOPHER  
Didn't I tell you it was a terrible mistake?

She eyes Christopher suspiciously. He responds with a look of pure angelic glow. The Agent gives up, shakes her head as she proceeds with the necessary ticket change.

62X3  
CONT'D  
(3)

INT. MAGAZINE STAND - AIRPORT BUILDING - ON SOLO

63

He's idly perusing a selection of magazines when a familiar TONE from within his coat tells him headquarters is calling. He glances around for a place to receive the call, spots one of those "Record your own voice" booths. He steps into the booth, which is positioned close against a wall-high magazine rack.

INT. RECORDING BOOTH

64-67

Solo pretends to fumble for change, drops it into slot. As the mechanism readies itself, Solo palms his pocket radio and slips it beneath a magazine which he has placed on a table surface in front of him. He picks up the booth's recording microphone, pretending to talk into it as he reaches beneath the magazine to click a button on the pocket radio.

SOLO

This is Solo. Clear...

Through the following, INTERCUT SHOTS of Illya in the library at his desk, the radio at his elbow. Standing across from him is British agent BRYCE. Illya is fingering a small metallic object he has taken from a cloth pouch.

ILLYA

Napoleon... I have bad news to start your trip. One of our agents in Norway, Olaf Nelsson, has been killed.

SOLO

Do we know who did it...and why?

ILLYA

No -- but we have reason to believe it concerns your mission. Olaf managed to smuggle something to us before he died...

## EXTREME CLOSEUP - METALLIC OBJECT IN ILLYA'S HAND

68

It is a ring, much like a simple wedding band, except that it is approximately one and one-half inches in diameter. The mounting on top of the ring is a bizarre design which features a thin vertical strut on which a tiny hollow tube (about two inches long) is mounted in a horizontal position. The overall effect looks very much like a miniature telescope mounted on a tiny stand which is mounted on top of the ring.

ILLYA'S VOICE (continuing over above CLOSE-UP)

It looks like a simple ring for the finger -- except it's too large of course -- and it has a rather bizarre design on top.

## BACK TO INTERCUT SHOTS

69-70

SOLO

What kind of..."design"?

ILLYA

Frankly, I can't make head nor tails of it. You might say it resembles one of your abstract, capitalistic pieces of art.

SOLO

As I remember, Olaf wasn't the artistic type...

71 OUT

## BACK TO ILLYA

72

He picks up a small piece of crumpled paper, studies it, puzzled.

ILLYA

See what you make of this: "Marry the maiden..."

SOLO'S VOICE

I beg your pardon?

## CLOSE UP - THE PIECE OF PAPER IN ILLYA'S HAND

73

Scrawled across it, we can read: "MARRY THE MAIDEN".

ILLYA'S VOICE (over  
above CLOSEUP)  
A piece of paper came with the ring.  
It simply says "marry the maiden..."

73  
CONT'D  
(2)

BACK TO SOLO

74

He's baffled.

SOLO  
No, it doesn't register.

BACK TO ILLYA

75

He puts the ring back into the pouch, hands it to  
Bryce as:

ILLYA  
Well, since it came from our agent  
in Stromstead, it could well pin-  
point your present assignment. Try  
the village of Stromstead. I'm  
sending Bryce along to the airport  
with the object. If your plane  
gets away before his arrival, he'll  
follow on and meet you in Bergen.  
Out!

Illya clicks off the radio.

BACK TO SOLO

76

Illya has brought the conversation to one of his  
usual abrupt endings. Solo shrugs, puts down the  
recording microphone, picks up his magazine (and  
the radio under it) and starts to exit. Remember-  
ing something, he stops, reaches to take his recorded  
disc from the machine. He breaks the disc into tiny  
pieces and drops them into a receptacle as he exits.

CAMERA PANS to the recording booth and the magazine  
rack against which it stands. A magazine abruptly  
disappears from sight to reveal Tomo watching Solo  
from the other side of the rack.

ANGLE ON OTHER SIDE OF MAGAZINE RACK

77

to reveal Tomo and Rylik. Rylik holds a small portable tape recorder which is wired to a tiny suction cup microphone attached to the wall of the recording booth on the opposite side of the rack. Rylik removes a magazine to disconnect the microphone from the booth and they move off.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

LOUNGE AREA - AIRPORT BUILDING

78-78X1

TICKET AGENT'S VOICE

Flight 316 to Bergen boarding now  
at gate 4.

This is a small island of comfort and relaxation for the passengers. Solo has situated himself on a couch, reading a magazine, as he kills time before plane departure. Suddenly, he senses something behind him. His eyes drift up from the magazine as he surreptitiously reaches for his gun.

A beat -- and Christopher pops INTO VIEW from behind the couch. He grins.

CHRISTOPHER

Hi, Mister Solo!

Solo's hand slides out of his coat as he relaxes, annoyed.

SOLO

Did anyone ever tell you what could  
happen if you sneak up behind someone?

CHRISTOPHER

It usually scares the liver out of  
'em -- but you didn't even flinch!

SOLO (returning to  
his magazine)

I owe it all to clean living...

CHRISTOPHER

My mother is always telling me  
about staying clean.

SOLO (nods resignedly)

I had a hunch we'd get around to  
your mother sooner or later...

Christopher vaults over the couch to seat himself beside Solo, taking a wallet from his pocket. He starts to open the wallet.

78-78X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah... she's sure a good-lookin' widow. Wanna see her picture?

Solo winces, reaches to stop Christopher from showing the picture.

SOLO

Listen, Chris -- how would you like to do me a favor?

CHRISTOPHER

Sure --

Solo glances around very secretively, signals Christopher to come closer.

SOLO

I wouldn't tell this to just anybody, but you see I'm an..... international spy.

This is the capper to Christopher's hero image of Solo. He is ecstatic.

CHRISTOPHER (eyes

wide)

You are??

SOLO

Yes -- and I'm being followed by a band of diamond thieves.

CHRISTOPHER

Wowee!!

SOLO

Sh-h-h... I'll need your help to get out of this alive --

CHRISTOPHER (sobering)

Y-Y-Yes sir.

Solo points o.s. INTERCUT his POV SHOT of a glass door leading off to the baggage area as:

SOLO

See that door to the baggage area?

CHRISTOPHER (looks)

Yes sir.

SOLO

78-78X1  
CONT'D  
(3)

Well, any second now, a short fat man in a trench coat with a patch over his left eye may try to sneak in here. Your job will be to position yourself at that door and keep a sharp eye open. Any questions?

CHRISTOPHER (snapping to attention)  
No sir!

SOLO (chucks him manfully on the shoulder)  
Carry on...

EXT. BAGGAGE AREA - SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW -  
TO SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER

79

ANGLED PAST a MAN'S shoulder as he stands half-hidden behind some freight boxes watching Solo and Christopher. Through the window, we see Christopher turn from Solo and move toward the baggage door. Now the Man in f.g. turns to glance around him and we see that it is British Agent Bryce. Satisfied it's all clear to make contact with Solo, Bryce starts toward the baggage door.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BAGGAGE AREA.

80

Rylik and Tomo have been in hiding very near Bryce. As they see him move toward the door, Tomo nudges her partner.

TOMO  
Get the ring!

Rylik nods, switches open the blade of a knife in his hand as he steps out quickly to intercept Bryce.

ANGLE AT BAGGAGE DOOR

31

We see Christopher on the other side (inside) stationed in alert vigil. Bryce approaches, reaches out to open the door when Rylik comes in from the side in a jolting collision. Bryce's knees buckle slightly, but he catches himself. A twitch in his face indicates that a mortal blow

has been struck. Rylik, feigning apology, starts to take Bryce by the arm and lead him off. Bryce reaches into a pocket, takes out a small weapon, fires it point blank at Rylik's face. The weapon emits a tiny HISS of gas and Rylik stiffens, turns, staggers several steps to collapse in a heap.

81  
CONT'D  
(2)

CLOSE ON BRYCE

82

Gasping for breath, but covering his distress stoically, Bryce moves back and collapses on a bench. He looks up, sees Chris, and winks at him - waiting for the boy to come over. As Chris draws near, puzzled, Bryce extends a small cloth pouch to Christopher as:

BRYCE (forced smile)  
Be a... good lad... and give this  
to your friend, Mister Solo...

ANGLE FAVORING BRYCE

83

As Christopher reaches for the pouch, Bryce is forced to bend slightly to hand it to him. As he bends, his coat falls open and we see blood on Bryce's hand. Aware that Christopher has seen the blood, Bryce winks, bracking himself cheerfully.

BRYCE  
Let's make it our little secret,  
lad. Mustn't create a fuss now.  
Remember that...

He settles back comfortably and closes his eyes.

CLOSE ON CHRISTOPHER - AT BAGGAGE DOOR

84

Petrified, he stares out the door for a last glimpse of Bryce. Bryce is gone. Christopher looks down at the pouch in his hand, gulps, then jams it into his pocket as though it were the Hope diamond. Suddenly, a PA announcement BOOMS out to startle him.



TICKET AGENT'S VOICE  
Attention, please. Passengers for  
Bergen Norway on flight three six-  
teen may now embark at Gate four.

84  
CONT'D  
(2)

Christopher glances around. No one's grabbed him yet so he begins to walk backward, increasing speed with each step. He doesn't see Solo who looks at his watch, then moves towards the plane.

EXT. ANGLE ON TOMO

85

She watches them go... then moves towards the plane also.

FADE OUT:

86 OUT

END ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. JETLINER IN FLIGHT - (STOCK) - DAY 87

INT. JETLINER CABIN - CLOSE ON SOLO 88

He sits on an aisle seat next to a nondescript PASSENGER, who snoozes. Solo is troubled by something and can't keep his attention on the newspaper he is reading. He glances down the aisle, gets up, moves down the aisle.

ANGLE AT CHRISTOPHER'S SEAT 89

He sits alone at a window seat, his back to the aisle, staring bleakly out at the sky. For a little boy who loves excitement and adventure, he's strangely quiet. Solo stops in the aisle, looks down at Christopher--feeling a faint and awkward sense of concern. He silently bends closer to Christopher's ear...then:

SOLO

Hi--I thought we were going to be travelling companions?

CHRISTOPHER

Uh hmm.

SOLO (a beat, groping for the magic key)  
Like to show me your mother's picture?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't guess so.

SOLO

Well, if you change your mind--  
I'll be right back there...

Solo turns to turn away. Christopher suddenly comes to life, unable to keep it bottled up any longer.

CHRISTOPHER

Mister Solo--?

Solo turns back, smiles.

89  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Yes..??

CHRISTOPHER (very  
hesitantly)  
I...uh...kind've told a little...  
story back at the airport...

SOLO

What kind of...'little story'?

CHRISTOPHER

Well, it wasn't exactly the  
truth.

SOLO

Oh?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes sir.

(quickly)

But you did the same thing to me!

SOLO

I did?

CHRISTOPHER

You said the man was short and fat  
and wore a patch over his left eye.  
He didn't look like that at all.

SOLO (frowns)

What man?

Christopher reaches into his pocket, takes out the  
pouch, hands it to Solo.

CHRISTOPHER

The one who gave me this to give  
to you. Somebody stabbed him--I  
think.

Solo is suddenly grim. He quickly checks the con-  
tents of the pouch, then lowers himself into the  
seat beside the boy, his voice low and all business.

SOLO

Did anyone see him give this to  
you?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know. I was too...mixed  
up.

Solo settles back with an amused chuckle. He's play-acting.

89  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO

Looks like he fooled you, too.  
Good old What's-His-Name--always  
pretending to be stabbed. His  
idea of a joke.

Christopher's face brightens.

CHRISTOPHER

But I saw blood.

SOLO

You saw ketchup. It's all in fun--  
sort of a private joke. As a matter  
of fact, I wouldn't even bother to  
mention it to your mother when we get  
to Norway...

Christopher's face again sags in misery.

CHRISTOPHER

But she's not in Norway. She's  
in New York...

SOLO

What??

CHRISTOPHER (meekly)

That's kind've part of the little  
story I was telling you I told  
you...I turned it around. I was  
coming home from visiting my grand-  
parents in Norway.

Solo's expression defies description. Feeling the  
heat waves from it, Christopher smiles a sick little  
smile and sinks deeper into his seat. Christopher,  
trying to get back in Solo's good graces pulls a  
black box out of his car coat.

CHRISTOPHER

If you like jokes, here's a  
neat one...

He pushes the lever. The box rattles, a hand comes  
out, pushes the levers back. He grins up at Solo.

SOLO (wryly)

What time does it blow up?

ANOTHER ANGLE - TO INCLUDE A SEAT FARTHER DOWN  
THE AISLE

89X1

A passenger is reading a magazine, unaware of the  
actions of Solo and Christopher. It's Tomo.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JETLINER LANDING - (STOCK) - NIGHT

90

EXT. JETLINER - PASSENGERS DEBARKING - (STOCK) -  
NIGHT

91

SUPERIMPOSE legend: BERGEN, NORWAY

INT. AIRPORT WAITING ROOM

92

A CROWD mills in to meet arriving passengers. Solo  
and Christopher push through the throng, Solo nudg-  
ing a foot-dragging Christopher firmly toward the  
ticket counter as:

CHRISTOPHER

But what am I going to tell my  
mother?

SOLO

I'm sure you'll think of something.  
Move! We're buying you a one-way  
ticket to New York right now!

Christopher is crestfallen, but obediently trudges  
on.

ANGLE NEAR TICKET COUNTER

93

as Solo and Christopher approach it. Suddenly,  
Solo spots something out of the corner of his eye.

HIS POV

94

as he sees Tomo and walks over to join Falco, ARMAX,  
and another hard-looking heavy. Tomo turns, attempts  
to inconspicuously point out Solo and Christopher.

BACK TO SOLO

95

Aware that he's about to have problems, he reaches into his pocket, grabs some bills, stuffs them into Chris's hand as:

SOLO

Here, Chris--you can buy your own ticket. I'm in a hurry...

CHRISTOPHER

But, Mr. Solo--

SOLO (sharp)

I said I was in a hurry--!!

Crushed, Christopher's eyes drop to the floor and he turns toward the ticket counter. Solo didn't want to do it this way, but he has to. He starts to angle toward a side door. Tomo and Falco move to follow him as Armax splits off to move in on Christopher.

It's not the two moving in on him that worries Solo --it's the one moving in on Christopher. He makes an abrupt U-turn back toward Christopher. The heavies make a casual retreat.

96-97 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE

98

as Solo slips up beside Christopher, puts his arm around the boy.

SOLO

I'm...not in a hurry after all, Chris.

Surprised, Chris looks up--his face breaking out in a big grin.

CHRISTOPHER

I was hopin' you'd come back.

SOLO (watching the heavies)

Listen...uh...some more of my friends are waiting to play another joke on me. Let's fool 'em this time. Just stay close to me.

CHRISTOPHER

Okay!

Solo and Christopher move up to the counter alongside a very big, tall and wide CUSTOMER who wears an overcoat and carries a long travel bag in each hand. His large WIFE is beside him. Their silhouettes are easily wide enough to block a double set of doors.

98  
CONT'D  
(2)

Solo pushes his way in front of the customer, dragging Christopher with him. Solo smiles blandly at the startled customer. The CUSTOMS MAN has moved away momentarily to check something.

SOLO

Excuse me, sir. I believe we were here first.

CUSTOMER (irate;

in Norwegian)

What do you think you are doing?  
I was first in line!!

SOLO

Of course...of course. I'm sure we can work it out somehow.

Solo gently takes the Customer by the arms and, as he politely argues, subtly guides him sideways a few steps until they are in front of the luggage slot--taking care to keep the Customer between him and the heavies o.s. Christopher stays right on Solo's heels, enjoying the game immensely.

CLOSE ON FALCO, ARMAX AND TOMO

99

watching Solo, puzzled, suspicious.

THEIR POV - SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER AT TICKET COUNTER

100

Now almost totally hidden by the Customer as the argument continues.

BACK TO HEAVIES

101

Alarmed, they move in on the ticket counter.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND THE HEAVIES

102

as they reach the Customer, splitting to make a pincer movement around him.

STEEP UP-ANGLE

103

to Heavies, the Customer between them, as they plunge around him expecting to find Solo and Christopher. Their mouths drop open in surprise.

THEIR POV - DOWN ANGLE - THE LUGGAGE SLOT BENEATH COUNTER

104

A moving conveyor belt disappears through a small door in the wall beyond--the obvious escape route of our heroes.

BACK TO FULL SHOT

105

As the Heavies start through, the Customs Man returns to block the entrance.

CUSTOMS MAN (in Norwegian; his meaning obvious)  
Just a moment please. If you will  
get in line, I will check your  
luggage in your proper turn.

Discretion the better part of valor, the Heavies decide to make a strategic and speedy withdrawal.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO



## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - NIGHT

106

Solo and Christopher are seated at a corner booth as Christopher polishes off the remains of a gigantic meal--the empty dishes of which Solo contemplates with vague disbelief.

CHRISTOPHER

That was sure fun out at the airport--playing spies.

SOLO (wry)

Yes--it's been a lot of laughs.

CHRISTOPHER

I hope you've changed your mind about sending me home.

SOLO

As a matter of fact, I'm going to make some arrangements right now.

Solo signals a WAITER.

SOLO

Telephone, please.

A phone is produced and plugged in. Solo turns to dial when his attention is drawn o.s.

HIS POV - A TABLE ACROSS THE ROOM

107

TWO MEN of muscular proportions sit dawdling over their food. They pay no attention to Solo.

BACK TO SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER

108

Solo's suspicious, but not quite sure. He puts down the phone, casually dabs his mouth with a napkin, tosses some bills on the table and starts to rise, carefully watching the two Men out of the corner of his eye.

SOLO (to Christopher)

Let's go--

108  
CONT'D  
(2)

They start to rise.

POV SHOT - THE TWO MEN AT TABLE ACROSS THE ROOM

109

They also start to rise.

BACK TO SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER

110-113

Solo gets his answer. He sinks back down, pushing Christopher down with him.

SOLO

Do you have any gum, Chris?

Christopher reaches into a pocket, brings out several pieces of gum, offers them to Solo.

CHRISTOPHER

Sure...want some?

SOLO (takes a piece)

Thanks.

Solo puts the gum in his mouth, begins chewing. Emulating his hero, Christopher pops the other piece in his mouth and also begins chomping away. It's a moment of camaraderie for Christopher. He reaches into a pocket, brings out the box and puts it on the table.

CHRISTOPHER

Shall we scare the waiter?

Solo is watching the two men and paying little attention to Christopher's attempt to make an impression.

SOLO

Not right now. He might drop a tray.

Chris slips the gadget back into his car coat pocket. Solo continues to labor with his gum for a few more chews, then puts his hand to his mouth to cover a polite cough, deftly palming the gum as he does. His hand then casually slips beneath the table.

CLOSEUP - ANGLE - SOLO'S HAND - BENEATH TABLE

114

His fingers mold the wad of gum against the underneath surface of the table, then twist to grasp a small thread dangling from the french cuff of his shirt. His fingers pull the thread to reveal it is attached to the familiar little cloth pouch which Solo has secreted up his sleeve. He presses the pouch against the sticky wad of gum and it sticks.

BACK TO TWO SHOT

115

Solo levels a serious look at Chris.

SOLO

Chris, how good are you at running?

CHRISTOPHER

Lickety split. Wanna see?

SOLO

Yes--but not now. Wait until I tell you.

They rise, turn toward the door.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE TWO MEN

116

This time, they stay put. Solo and Christopher pass by, exit. A beat - and they rise to follow. Solo stops Chris.

SOLO

I forgot to leave a tip.

Solo and Christopher return to the table as the heavies hover near the exit. Tomo and Falco now appear in the doorway. Solo suddenly yanks Christopher into a fast sprint for the kitchen as:

SOLO

Now! Lickety-split!!

The two original heavies give chase across the dining room.

117-120 OUT

## INT. THE PANTRY

120X1

Solo and Chris crash across the kitchen to the stairway beyond. A beat later the two heavies charge in and through, further disrupting the activity.

## INT. STAIRWAY

121

Slamming the door closed, Solo jams a locking lever, grabs Christopher and bolts down the stairs. CAMERA HOLDS as, under a battering ram charge, the door gives way and the heavies charge through.

## ANGLE IN SERVICE AREA

122

Solo and Christopher come off the stairs in a dead run down, whipping through a doorway marked "STORAGE" (In Norwegian, of course).

## INT. STORAGE ROOM

123

It's very dark. Solo clicks the lock on the door and they freeze against the wall at the SOUNDS of running FOOTSTEPS outside in the corridor. Now, the SOUNDS of each door being tried. Finally, the storage room doorknob is twisted, rattled. The lock holds. A beat--a MUFFLED VOICE--and the SOUNDS of FOOTSTEPS diminish down the corridor.

Solo signals Christopher to follow him as they feel their way around boxes and clutter toward a small, high window on the opposite end of the room. They reach the window and Solo swings it open. Solo turns to pick up Christopher, hoisting him up to the window.

SOLO

Up you go--and keep going until you get to the airport!! You've still got the money I gave you for a ticket home?

(Chris nods)

Give my regards to your mother.

Christopher is shoved through the window. A beat -- then the SOUNDS of a brief scuffle somewhere outside.

## CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE

(muffled)

No! No!

123  
CONT'D  
(2)

Then silence. Solo coils back into the darkness of the room, gun ready. Tomo's VOICE breaks through the stillness from beyond the window.

## TOMO'S VOICE

We have the boy, Mr. Solo. Must we kill him...or will you surrender?

Somewhere along the way, Solo has acquired a strong, protective instinct for Christopher. It shows plainly now as he makes a grim decision to surrender by tossing his gun up through the open window. Tomo's face appears, her gun levelled at Solo. Solo slowly raises his hands.

## SOLO

Take me to your leader...

HOLD as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GENERAL YOKURA'S CASTLE - (STOCK) - NIGHT

124

CLOSEUP - SOLO'S AND CHRISTOPHER'S EFFECTS ON TABLE

124X1

We see what are obviously the results of a thorough search of Solo: his wallet, his gun, his pocket radio, his wrist watch, his cuff links, currency - and - Christopher's black box, bubble gum, money, wallet, and odds and ends.

FULL SHOT - THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE

125

Yokura stands at a table, poking casually through the items...all the contents of both their pockets. Falco and Armax stand at stiff attention in b.g. Across the table, Solo watches Yokura - a silent prisoner. Yokura smiles coldly.

## YOKURA

Mister Solo, I am General Yokura.

## SOLO

Ah, yes. We have a very interesting dossier of your activities in our files.

YOKURA

I am flattered. But I am also disturbed that UNCLE has sent you to probe matters which do not concern you.

125  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

At the moment, I'm a little disturbed about that myself.

YOKURA

What do you know of Chemical Formula J47?

SOLO (flicker of interest)  
I never heard of it.

YOKURA

But you are aware of its effects?

SOLO

No.

YOKURA

Come, Mister Solo -- that island in the English Channel -- the village you destroyed...

SOLO

Oh-h-h... those effects.

YOKURA (eyes narrowing)

I dislike glibness.

SOLO (pulling in his neck)

Yes, I just sensed that.

YOKURA

We search for the same mystery, you and I -- the source of the chemical which infected the village.

SOLO (bluffing)

Well, since we're both on a little Easter egg hunt, how about a trade? I'll tell you what I know -- you tell me what you know...

The three heavies make a move to squelch Solo for his insolence. Yokura raises a hand to stay them, measuring Solo with annoyed amusement.

YOKURA

For a man very close to death,  
you are remarkably cavalier,  
Mister Solo.

125  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO

I really won't say very much  
after I'm dead.

YOKURA

Very well, I will accept your bargain.  
The chemical J47 was perfected by  
one of my own countrymen in a secret  
laboratory here in Norway during  
the last war. It is a formula which  
accelerates the growth rate by de-  
struction of geriatric antibodies.  
We also know he made only one small  
but very potent quantity of the  
chemical before he died.

SOLO

Before he died?

YOKURA

My countryman apparently suffered  
some romantic fantasies of guilt.  
So - he injected himself with an  
overdose of J47. He was thirty-  
one years old - but he died of  
old age within thirty-six hours.

Solo manages to achieve an air of vague disappoint-  
ment -- still bluffing.

SOLO

I was hoping you would tell me some-  
thing new. We know all this...

YOKURA

Then perhaps you also know where my  
countryman hid the last quantity of  
J47 before he disposed of himself?

SOLO

I never like to talk secrets until  
I have my friends gathered around  
me. Where's Christopher?

YOKURA

You try my patience in a most  
dangerous manner, Mister Solo...

SOLO

I think you should know that,  
under torture, I tend to yell a  
lot and give absolutely no in-  
formation.

125  
CONT'D  
(4)

Yokura considers this a moment, then raises a hand  
to snap his fingers. One of the heavies in b.g.  
hurries off.

YOKURA

It is just as well. Children  
are nuisances. Their energy is  
exceptionally grating on the  
nerves. You may have him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

126

to include Christopher being ushered INTO SCENE by  
Tomo. As Tomo, her hands gripping his shoulders,  
pushes him in, Christopher kicks her, breaking  
loose to run to Solo, who embraces him reassuringly  
with one arm.

CHRISTOPHER

I knew you'd come to get me.

SOLO (relieved)

And so I have.

YOKURA

You can see the boy is unharmed.  
Now, if you please, where is the  
chemical J47 hidden?

Solo's bluffing time is about to run out. He  
shrugs sheepishly.

SOLO

As a matter of fact, General -- I  
don't really know.

YOKURA (cold as ice)

One of your agents, Olaf Nelsson,  
made a similarly foolish statement  
...before he died.

(beat)

There was mention of a "ring" in  
a conversation you had with your  
Mister Waverly at the airport in  
London. What is this "ring"? Its  
purpose? Where is it?



Solo's eye catches the shiny finish of the black box on the table. We see a glimmer of reaction on his face--a possibility. He feigns great reluctance.

126  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Alright--it's there...on the table...in that little box. There's a secret compartment--you have to push the lever.

Curious Yokura reaches to the black box and after examining it for a moment, pushes the lever. CAMERA ZOOMS IN as the box rattles, shakes...the hand comes out and pushes the lever.

SOLO (hits it)

That box contains fourteen ounces of compressed Tri Nitro Toluene, General. It is now armed!

127-129  
OUT

FULL SHOT

130

Yokura and his heavies freeze, staring at the gadget in startled surprise. Solo begins to edge in closer to the table, playing his bluff hard.

SOLO

In twenty seconds, this room turns into a gravel pile--and we all go up with it!!

All eyes are glued in fascinated horror on the gadget. Solo seizes his chance, jumps for his gun. He has it--and the heavies are covered.

SOLO

Freeze--!!

Caught flat, Yokura's face twists in rage.

YOKURA

So, it was a trick! But there are several of us--against one man and a mere boy. We are at an impasse...

Yokura makes a faint signal with his head. Armax, in b.g., makes a move for his gun. Solo's gun instantly arcs over, FIRES. Armax stiffens, crumples to the floor, wounded. The other heavies hold rigid.

SOLO

Correction, General. We were  
at an impasse. Now, you're  
going to escort us out of here.  
Come along.

130  
CONT'D  
(2)

Yokura has no choice but to comply. Solo reaches  
to recover his effects quickly as Christopher  
stuffs his own pockets.

SOLO

Let's make it four four time.  
You follow...Chris'll lead...and  
(gestures toward heavies)  
I'll watch the stag line...

LONG SHOT - DOWN GREAT HALL

131

It's a chilling moment of suspense as Solo and  
Christopher backstep toward the doors at the end  
of the hall, Yokura facing them as he paces with  
them step for step.

ANGLE AT DOOR

132

The three reach the massive hall doors.

SOLO (to Ukeda)

Turn around!

Yokura complies, his back now to Solo. Solo gives  
Yokura a sudden judo chop and Yokura slowly begins  
sagging to the floor. Solo uses the precious moment  
to grab Christopher and bolt through the doors--  
yanking them shut behind him.

The heavies at the other end of the hall come alive  
instantly, guns flashing out to splinter the doors  
in a rain of GUNFIRE--Yokura blissfully unconscious  
on the floor beneath it.

DISSOLVE TO:

133-134  
OUT

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - DAY

135

It's very early and the dining room is obviously still closed. Chairs are stacked on tables, the shades are drawn, etc. Solo ENTERS, sneaking quietly to the corner booth where he and Christopher sat the night before.

He reaches the booth, kneels to feel beneath the table.

CLOSE ANGLE - BENEATH TABLE

136

Solo's hand goes straight for the cloth pouch, still stuck to the patch of gum. He frees the pouch, takes it.

BACK TO SOLO

137

He tucks the pouch in a pocket and quietly tiptoes across the room back to the door.

138-139 OUT

INT. PANTRY

139X1

It is deserted. A laundry hamper is parked beside the dining room door, filled with dirty linen. Solo comes out the dining room door, glances around in sudden alarm.

SOLO

Chris--??

CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE (from  
somewhere within the laundry  
hamper)

Is the coast clear?

Eyebrow arching up, Solo fishes into the linens and retrieves Christopher, pulling him into full view.

SOLO

What're you doing in there?

CHRISTOPHER

You told me to wait out here and  
stand guard--

SOLO

In a laundry hamper?

Christopher scrambles out of the hamper.

CHRISTOPHER

I saw it done in the movies one time...

139X1  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

Good. And now - you're going home.

CHRISTOPHER

But - if I go without you, you'll never get to meet Mom. Honest - you'll like her.

SOLO

I'm sure I will. Some time - when we have time. Let's go now.

Christopher's face sags in despair.

CHRISTOPHER

What if those men are watching for us out there?

Solo can see that he's being conned -- but he also knows that Christopher has a point.

SOLO

Have you ever heard of being "inconspicuous"?

CHRISTOPHER (pained)

I make a lot of noise and trip over things sometimes. They'd see me for sure...probably.

SOLO (earnestly)

Christopher - it's time to end the game. You're a big boy - and you know now this is for real. I want you safe.

CHRISTOPHER

So do I. But - listen. Those men, they were at the airport, looking for us when we landed. They'll probably be there now -- watching for us to sneak out. Won't they?

SOLO (reluctantly)

We know for sure they're after me. But you're just someone who got in their way for a minute.

CHRISTOPHER  
But they can use me to catch  
you again. Now ain't that true?

139X1  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO (correcting,  
abstractly)  
"Isn't that true."

CHRISTOPHER (grins)  
I knew you and Mom would get along.  
You both can work on my grammar.  
(earnestly)  
Please take me along. I'm all  
right - as long as I'm with you.

SOLO (shakes his head)  
I guess I can't have you wandering  
around by yourself.

CHRISTOPHER (excited)  
You won't be sorry. Where do we  
go from here?

Solo holds up the ring.

SOLO  
To Stromstead -- to find out what  
it takes to - "Marry the Maiden".

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CLOSE UP - WREATH - DOOR OF SHACK - DAY

140

It is black, signifying mourning. ANGLE WIDENS to show Solo and Christopher looking at the wreath. They are standing in front of a dilapidated shack which, we may presume, is part of a small fishing village somewhere along the coast of Norway. Above the door where the wreath is attached, a sign reads: "OLAF NELSSON -- SAILMAKER" (in Norwegian).

Appropriate to such a place, there is ship tackle, old sails, boat parts and other debris scattered about. There is also, in prominent f.g. and erected as sort of a standard in front of Olaf Nelsson's shack, an elaborate ship's figurehead of a MERMAID mounted on a heavy post in the ground.

The Mermaid, towering above Solo and Christopher, has her hands outstretched as though making some mystic supplication to the Gods of the sea. Beneath the Mermaid, and attached to the post, we see a carved nameplate, presumably from a ship, which reads: "MAIDEN OF NORWAY."

Beyond this waterfront collection of memorabilia, a LIGHTHOUSE is clearly visible in the distance where it stands at the end of a jetty sweeping out from the mainland.

Solo grimly stares at the wreath as Christopher looks up at him, puzzled.

CHRISTOPHER

Why did we come all the way  
down here?

Solo subconsciously takes the pouch from his sleeve, empties the "telescope" ring out of it.

SOLO

I'm looking for something.

CHRISTOPHER (eyeing  
ring)  
What's that?

140  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO  
I don't know.

CHRISTOPHER  
Then what are you looking for?

SOLO  
I'm not sure.

CHRISTOPHER (mildly  
disgusted)  
Boy, sometimes being a spy doesn't  
make sense at all.

Solo is deep in thought as he looks at the shack,  
then at the "telescope" ring in his hand, then all  
around him--searching for anything that might make  
sense. Christopher's face lights up.

CHRISTOPHER  
I know--you're looking for clues!

SOLO  
Uh hmm.

CHRISTOPHER (peers  
down at the ground)  
How about footprints?

SOLO  
No.

CHRISTOPHER  
Tire marks?

SOLO  
No.

CHRISTOPHER  
A trail of blood.

SOLO (head twisting)  
Where?

CHRISTOPHER (shrugs)  
I dunno. It just sounds like a  
good thing to be looking for.

Solo gives Christopher a look, returns to his  
thoughts.

SOLO (to himself -  
slowly)  
"Marry the Maiden"... "Marry the  
Maiden"...

140  
CONT'D  
(3)

CHRISTOPHER  
What's that mean?

SOLO  
It's a..."clue" my friend gave me.

CHRISTOPHER (emulat-  
ing Solo--his best spy  
manner)  
"Marry the Maiden"...Hmmm...

All this concentration triggers quite another thought  
in Christopher's active and conniving little mind.  
He starts digging for his wallet.

CHRISTOPHER  
Hey, wanna see the picture of  
my beautiful widowed mother?

SOLO  
Later.

CHRISTOPHER (glum)  
That's what I figured.

Solo is engrossed in deep concentration when a shaggy  
mongrel of mammoth dimensions strolls into scene. The  
dog, let's call him "Tiny", licks Solo's hand.

SOLO  
Go 'way--

Tiny ambles over to Christopher to try again. Chris-  
topher is delighted. He pets and hugs the dog.

CHRISTOPHER  
Hello, boy. Where'd you come  
from? Wanna play?

The two are instant buddies. Christopher picks up  
a stick and tosses it. Tiny runs to fetch it.  
Christopher rewards the dog with petting.

CHRISTOPHER (to Solo)  
Sure you don't wanna pet the dog,  
Mr. Solo?

SOLO  
No.



ANGLE FAVORING SOLO

141

He's unconsciously slipping the oversized "telescope" ring on and off of his finger.

A very faint dawn is barely beginning to break through the darkness.

SOLO (to himself)

Maiden...

(beat)

Marry...

(beat)

Third-finger, left hand...

(beat)

Maiden??

(beat; locking into place)

The Maiden of Norway??

(beat--it hits)

Marry the Maiden of Norway!!

He whirls toward the figurehead of the Mermaid.

HIS POV

142

ZOOM IN on the outstretched left hand of the figurehead.

BACK TO SOLO

143

He rushes to the figurehead, slides the "telescope" ring on the third finger of the left hand. It fits perfectly, the tiny "telescope" hollow tube design on top of the ring pointing off toward the ocean. Solo bends to squint through it.

HIS POV - THROUGH TINY TELESCOPE TUBE

144

A rocky promontory rising from the sea. One small area is spotted in the cross-hairs, a uniquely shaped rock X-ed in.

BACK TO SOLO - CHRISTOPHER B.G.

145

Solo is elated. He turns to Christopher, who's romping with the dog.

SOLO

Got it! The next step!

CHRISTOPHER

Can I look too?

145  
CONT'D  
(2)

Christopher and Tiny hurry over to join Solo at the figurehead.

SOLO

Here, I'll boost you up--

Solo grabs the back of Christopher's coat, starts to lift him when he notices a small lump beneath Christopher's coat. He frowns.

SOLO

Wait a minute! What've you got under your coat?

Solo makes a quick examination down the inside back of Christopher's coat, detaching a tiny electronic device about the size of a book of matches. The device has a small wire antenna hanging from it.

CHRISTOPHER

What is it?

SOLO

A gift from General Ukeda I would guess. Probably attached it when they tied you up. Let's see exactly what it does...

Solo reaches in his coat to bring out his small pocket radio. He throws a button and waves the radio, wand-like, back and forth over the tiny electronic device. We HEAR the SOUND of a high-pitched oscillating HUM through the radio speaker--increasing and decreasing in volume to match the proximity of the radio. This confirms it for Solo.

SOLO

Uh hmm...a sub-miniature short-range oscillator.

CHRISTOPHER

Huh?

SOLO (simplifying)

A baby radio transmitter, Chris. It broadcasts a high-frequency tone that can be picked up on a special receiver. As long as you wear this thing, the General can track us anywhere!

CHRISTOPHER (glancing around uneasily)  
Y-Y-You mean he might be around here??

145  
CONT'D  
(3)

SOLO  
He is around here -- someplace out of sight where we can't see him...

On guard, they glance around -- looking for sign of the enemy.

POV SHOT - THE STREET

146

Deserted -- no unusual activity, nothing suspicious.

BACK TO SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER

147

SOLO  
We've got to throw him a curve -- big and fast!

An idea begins to take root as Solo glances down at Tiny.

SOLO'S POV - TINY

148

He also gets an idea that Solo is getting an idea. He begins to back away.

BACK TO SOLO

149

He advances, using his best canine psychology.

SOLO  
Here, doggie... nice doggie. Come here, old boy...

Tiny continues to back away, leery of Solo. Christopher finally steps in, holds the dog.

CHRISTOPHER  
Whaddaya gonna do with him?

Solo quickly removes his tie, bending to use it as a collar to tie the electronic device to Tiny.

SOLO

It's not what I'm going to do with him. It's what he's going to do with General Yokura's receiver...

149  
CONT'D  
(2)

The device attached, Solo picks up a stick and gives it a tremendous heave into the stream.

SOLO (to Tiny)

Go get it, boy!!

Tiny bounds off and into the stream after it. Solo reaches up and pulls the rings off "The Maiden's" finger.

SOLO

Quick!! Before he comes back!!

Solo grabs Christopher, starts to barrel in the opposite direction.

150 OUT

BACK TO SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER

151

Leaving no clues behind for Yokura, Solo is instantly in high gear again, pulling Christopher toward a narrow alleyway behind a building. A short dash--and they're gone.

EXT. SIDE STREET - THE NORWEGIAN FISHING VILLAGE

152

A small van-type truck is parked at the curb, a "loop" direction-finder antenna protruding from the roof. We see the antenna turn, tracking something.

INT. THE TRUCK

153

General Yokura, Tomo and Falco are squeezed into a sophisticated interior of electronic gear as Tomo listening through earphones, operates the steering control of the direction-finder antenna.

YOKURA

Well -- where are they now?

153  
CONT'D  
(2)

TOMO

They have moved away from the house.

No -- wait!

(turns control)

They are coming back.

EXT. AREA IN FRONT OF OLAF NELSSON'S SHACK

154

as our friend, Tiny, comes bounding out of the water with the stick in his mouth. He stops in close, the electronic device very evident on his collar, looks around, wondering what happened to his friends. Not about to give up, he takes off in another direction (not the one taken by Solo and Christopher).

INT. THE TRUCK - SIDE STREET

155

Guido frowns as he twists the antenna control toward Tiny's new direction.

TOMO

Now they are moving off again! A different direction! Shall we close in, Excellency?

YOKURA

No! Keep them under radio surveillance. Perhaps, before we kill them, they will find chemical J47...

The heavies glance at each other with knowing smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ROCK FACE (STOCK) - DAY

156

Closer than in the previous scene.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

EXT. - THE CAVE - SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER - DAY

157

The peculiar rock stands before the cave so that we don't see the mouth of the cave at first. Solo

and Christopher struggle up to the rock. It has obviously been a hard climb. They are somewhat winded. They stand for a moment, looking around at the sky...at the rock.

157  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRISTOPHER  
Well...here's the rock.

SOLO (looking around)  
This is where the Maiden pointed.

CHRISTOPHER  
But there's nothing here.

Solo walks around the rock, stopping as he sees something on the ground. Christopher sees his look and moves quickly to his side, stopping at Solo's clipped warning.

SOLO  
Stay right there! Don't come any closer!

CHRISTOPHER  
What is it?

SOLO (pointing)  
You can see it from there.

EXT. - GROUND NEAR ROCK - SKELETON - POV - DAY

158

Near the edge of the rock a yellow stain trails past the rock and disappears over the edge. It is a dried up stain, as if some heavy dye had flowed past the rock and over the edge. The skeleton of a small animal lies near the stain.

SOLO'S VOICE (o.s.)  
See that yellow streak, running from behind that rock, dropping over the edge and into the ocean? Well, that's how you infect Blue Gill sardines.

BACK TO SCENE

159

CHRISTOPHER  
Infect them with what?

SOLO  
Old age, Christopher - judging by the skeleton of that animal.

CHRISTOPHER

That streak looks all dried up.  
Is it still dangerous?

159  
CONT'D  
(2)

SOLO

No. But if there's any of it left,  
still in liquid form....

He lets it hang. Cautiously he makes his way past  
the rock.

ANOTHER ANGLE

160

As Solo works his way past the rock on the ledge  
he discovers the opening of a cave, a few feet  
behind the rock. The yellow streak runs out from  
the cave. Solo stops. Christopher eyes him  
warily.

SOLO

There's a cave opening behind  
the rock. That's where the stuff  
came from. You stay out here.

He takes a flash light from his hip case and turns  
on an unusually powerful beam. As he starts into  
the cave:

CHRISTOPHER

Mr. Solo.  
(Solo looks up)  
Be careful -- please?

SOLO (smiles reassuringly)

I shall be a study in caution.

He moves carefully past the rock and into the cave.

INT. THE CAVE - SOLO - DAY

161

The cave is in semi-gloom, most of the outside  
light being shielded by covering rock. It is a  
rough, unfinished cave, with rocks strewing the  
ground. It is about thirty feet long, at the end  
of which it turns at a sharp angle and continues  
on to end abruptly ten feet beyond (the ten feet  
being out of sight from the entrance angle). The  
skeletons of various small animals litter along  
the trail of the yellow stain, as discovered by  
Solo's flashlight. Solo enters, then follows the  
light of his flashlight along the stain, CAMERA  
MOVING WITH HIM. About five feet before the cave  
angle, the stain meets the wall and runs up the side

to a height of about four feet. The area of the wall appears to have been plastered by man at some time in the past. The plaster is starting to crumble, and one point there is a small area that has broken open. The stain disappears into this opening.

161  
CONT'D  
(2)

## MED. SHOT - SOLO

162

Solo stands before the hole, playing his flashlight over it, hesitating...aware that he has discovered the source of the J47. Also aware that there may still be some in liquid form to infect him. He sighs resignedly, then draws his gun. Reversing the gun, he smashes the butt against the crumbling plaster...then again...and again. The plaster gives way, the rotted stuff quickly falling off in large chunks until a three foot hole is exposed. Solo flashes his light into the hole.

## INT. THE HOLE - POV

163

An inner chamber is revealed, carved in the rock behind the broken plaster. A thirty gallon oil-type drum has been lashed to the wall behind the plaster...the marking "J47" can still be read on its side. It is held in place by mountain-climber's type of pitons which have been driven into the rock above and below the drum (lower piton about six inches above floor level)...a rope tied to the upper piton, rolled twice around the drum, and tied off at the lower piton. The drum is rusted and battered. A hole has rusted away from the lower corner of the drum, and it is from here that the J47 has leaked. The leak marks are all dry and it is apparent that the drum is empty.

## BACK TO SCENE

164

Solo blows air in relief. He holsters his gun. He reaches out and tugs on the upper piton. It falls easily out of the wall, dropping the drum to the ground. The drum rolls across to the opposite side of the cave, uncoiling it's rope as it goes. The lower piton continues to hold the other end of the rope in place.

CHRISTOPHER'S VOICE (o.s.)  
Mr. Solo! Hey - are you alright?



SOLO

Fine, Chris.

164  
CONT'D  
(2)

Chris peeks around the corner of the rock.

CHRISTOPHER

Is it safe to come in?

SOLO

Come along. It's all run away to  
sea...or dried up.Christopher runs in, followed by the dog, still  
carrying the stick in its mouth.

CHRISTOPHER

Look who's here.

Solo looks and freezes.

ANOTHER ANGLE TOWARDS REAR OF CAVE

165

As Christopher and the dog reach Solo. The dog  
frisks around Solo for him to throw the stick as  
Solo quickly looks towards the entrance. Then  
back to spot the pin, still in the dog's collar.

CHRISTOPHER

How do you like that old dog?  
Pretty smart the way he found us -  
huh?

SOLO (biting it)

Brilliant!

He grabs Chris' shoulders and swings him around,  
thrusting him into the safety of the short-angled  
leg of the cavern.

SOLO

You stay back here, while I go have  
a look....

YOKURA'S VOICE (o.s.)

There's no need to look, Mr. Solo...

Christopher, out of sight in the safety of his sec-  
tion flattens out against the back wall as Solo,  
exposed in the long leg, freezes, then slowly turns  
to face the cave opening, his hands held loosely at  
his sides.

REVERSE ANGLE TOWARDS MOUTH OF CAVE

166

Yokura stands in the opening, Falco beside him, both of them with guns pointed. Tomo stands behind them on the ledge.

YOKURA (cont'd)  
...for I am here.

Unseen in the gloom, the dog nudges Solo's loose hand with the stick, urging him to throw it again. Solo grasps the stick in his unseen fingers. The dog releases it and stands poised to go after the stick. Through this:

SOLO  
So you are. Well, General...I'm afraid it's all been for nothing.

YOKURA  
For nothing? I hope not. That would make me very angry. I had intended that you die quickly - but if I have been put to all this trouble for nothing...

He let's it hang with all its implications.

YOKURA  
Shall we see what has brought you and your young friend to this cave?

Unseen, Solo abruptly flicks the stick forward towards Yokura and Falco in a swift, wrist upwards, motion. The dog bounds forward and leaps into the men, following the stick. Falco and Yokura fall back as the dog hurtles past them, Falco FIRING ineffectively into the ceiling. Solo yanks his gun from his holster as he dives back into the safety of the short leg of the cave. He FIRES off one shot at Falco and Yokura who scramble to safety out of the cave beside Tomo.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SOLO AND CHRISTOPHER AND OUR HEAVIES 167-169

As Solo sprawls out before Christopher who sits back against the rear of the cave. Solo is propped to fire around the corner towards the cave mouth. Yokura and Falco stand ready at the mouth of the cave, Tomo behind them. The dog runs back after a moment, stick in mouth to return it to Solo. Solo shoves the dog back with Chris.

SOLO (to Chris)  
Your furry friend just made up for  
leading Yokura to us. Now the two  
of you..stay back.

167-169  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRISTOPHER (clutch-  
ing dog)  
You bet.

YOKURA (shouting in)  
Come, come, Mr. Solo. What do you  
hope to accomplish? We can sit out  
here until you starve.

SOLO  
I don't know...I might be able to  
jump you after nightfall. If I were  
you, I'd go home...there's nothing  
here.

YOKURA  
Oh...not even one small container,  
say of J47?

Cautiously Solo reaches around and shoves the drum  
so that it rolls towards the entrance. It stops far  
short.

SOLO  
Too late, General. It's rusted out.  
The stuff drained into the ocean and  
killed some sardines. They killed  
some seals...and the seals killed  
some people. But that's the end of  
it. Take a look at the container  
yourself. It's empty...

As he has been shouting, Solo's eyes take in the  
loose end of the rope. Quickly he grabs it and  
pulls it across, then snubs the end around a low  
rock so that the rope is stretched across the path,  
six inches above the floor level. Then he ducks  
back behind his shelter.

YOKURA  
Another trick, Mr. Solo? You think  
you will shoot me when I enter to  
examine the container?

SOLO  
No trick, Yokura. Word of honor.

Outside, Yokura gestures for Falco to make ready to  
charge. Both men prepare their guns. Tomo leans  
back against the rock and watches casually.

YOKURA (shouting in)  
In a situation like this, a man's  
word of honor is hardly sufficient.

167-169  
CONT'D  
(3)

He creeps around the corner of the rock and aims his gun. Solo FIRES a shot at him which ricochets off the rock. Yokura starts FIRING back towards Solo's corner...deliberate shots, spaced to keep him from showing his head.

YOKURA (to Falco)  
Now!

Falco leaps over Yokura and charges into the gloom of the cave, his gun ready, keeping to the side away from Yokura's bullets. As Falco runs, his feet hit the trip wire and he falls forward, helplessly, his head coming to rest just inches from Solo's gun which has been held at the cave angle, pointed and waiting. Yokura stops shooting. In the darkness Solo quickly lays the muzzle of his gun against Falco's head...then reaches out to take Falco's gun from his nerveless fingers. Solo FIRES off two shots from Falco's gun into the wall. It has all taken but a moment.

SOLO (quick whisper)  
Tell him I'm dead.

The gun against Falco's face lends emphasis.

FALCO (calls hoarsely)  
He is dead, Excellency.

Yokura rises and starts inside, his gun held ready, Tomo follows.

INT. THE CAVE - FULL SHOT

170

as Yokura stops at the cannister.

YOKURA  
Very good. Now let us see what  
prize we have.

As he kneels over the cannister, Solo steps across Falco and into the open...a silhouette in the gloom.

SOLO  
The prize, General, is a Norwegian  
prison.

Yokura looks up. His face contorts in fury and he brings his gun up FIRING rapidly. Solo drops, FIRING twice. Yokura is smashed back and crumples to the ground. Tomo stands frozen in place. Solo grabs Falco's collar and pulls him up, then pushes him forward. He follows Falco past the General (after a glance down for reassurance) and out onto the ledge where Tomo waits, relaxed.

170  
CONT'D  
(2)

EXT. THE LEDGE - FALCO, TOMO AND SOLO

171

Falco's hands are up as he moves to stand beside Tomo who is taking a cigarette from her pack. Solo's gun covers them. He indicates the cave.

SOLO

I was worried about you. I know the old, Japanese custom was for the servants to follow their master by Hari-Kari.

TOMO (calmly)

You got the wrong century, Jack.  
Lead me to that Norwegian prison.

She leans forward for a light. Solo grins, takes out his lighter, and lights her cigarette as Christopher comes out, wide-eyed, followed by the dog. Chris takes in Solo with his prisoners.

CHRISTOPHER

Wow! That's wrapping it up.

He leaps to hug Solo who embraces him with his free arm.

SOLO

And now - I'm going to wrap you up, personally, and deliver you to your mother.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh boy, you'll...

SOLO (cutting him off)

I know! I know! I'll love your mother.

And as the boy beams in agreement....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JETLINER LANDING - (STOCK) - DAY

172

EXT. PASSENGERS DEBARKING FROM JETLINER - DAY

173

Solo and Christopher are walking from the plane toward the arrival gate. An impressive black limousine glides across the runway area to stop alongside Solo. Mr. Waverly opens the door.

MR. WAVERLY

Welcome back, Solo. Your message indicated you achieved a most satisfactory conclusion to--

(eyes Christopher)  
our little 'business matter'.  
Who's this?

SOLO

Oh, this is my friend and co-international spy--Christopher Larson.

(to Chris)

This is Mr. Waverly, Chris.  
(a wink)

He's one of us...

Chris has one of his sudden pained expressions.

CHRISTOPHER

Uh...that's kind've what I've been thinking about all the way home, Mister Solo.

SOLO

What's that?

CHRISTOPHER

Well, you see--I know I was anxious for you to meet my beautiful widowed mother and all but...well...if you met her...and...well...you might like each other enough to...get married.

SOLO

Oh?

CHRISTOPHER (this is difficult)

Yeah...and...well...I like you an awful lot, Mister Solo--but I've still got to look out for Mother first. She needs someone who'd be

continued

CHRISTOPHER (cont'd)  
 around a lot--you know--to kiss and  
 stuff like that. Bein' a spy and  
 all, you probably wouldn't be able  
 to spend much time at home...and  
 that'd make Mom awful unhappy.

173  
 CONT'D  
 (2)

SOLO

I see...

CHRISTOPHER

So if it's alright, I'd like to shop  
 around a little more for a father  
 before we reach any definite under-  
 standing...

SOLO (bravely)

Alright, Chris. I understand.

CHRISTOPHER (quickly)

But either way, I'll always be your  
 friend.

SOLO

I appreciate that, Chris. And I'll  
 always be yours.

Embarrassed, Christopher glances off, sees some-  
 thing.

CHRISTOPHER

Look! There's Mother!

SOLO

Where?

CHRISTOPHER

Over there--by the gate!

Solo looks.

HIS POV - THE GATE

174

A CROWD waits to meet the arrivees. A WOMAN, in  
 her mid-forties, somewhat droopy and plain, stands  
 in f.g. waving frantically.

BACK TO SOLO AND THE OTHERS

175

Solo is not impressed, but he manages to cover it  
 nicely as he extends his hand to Christopher.

SOLO  
Goodbye, Chris. Your mother looks  
like a fine woman. Tell her I think  
she has a very fine son.

175  
CONT'D  
(2)

CHRISTOPHER  
Okay--G'Bye!

Christopher pivots toward the gate.

MR. WAVERLY  
Well...I'll need a report on your  
trip now --

SOLO  
If you don't mind, sir -- I'd like  
to take just a moment more.

Solo is looking off toward Christopher, a warm glow  
in his eyes. Puzzled, Mr. Waverly follows Solo's  
look.

THEIR POV

176

as Christopher reaches the gate. The woman we saw  
earlier rushes to and PAST him to embrace another  
arrivee. Now, we see Christopher's real MOTHER  
separate from the crowd. She's a gorgeous, honey-  
haired creature right out of Harper's Bazaar--and  
complete with full-length mink. She sweeps  
Christopher into her arms in a loving embrace.

BACK TO SOLO

177

His mouth drops open in stunned surprise--in sick,  
stunned surprise.

SOLO  
That's mother--??

WAVERLY (grasping his  
arm)  
--which--as you may remember--is a  
boy's best friend. Come along, Mr.  
Solo. Come along.

Waverly reaches to firmly pull Solo into the limou-  
sine. The limousine makes a wide sweeping turn as  
we catch a final glimpse of Solo...trying to catch a  
final glimpse of Christopher's "beautiful widowed  
Mother"...

FADE OUT:

THE END