

NOTE: "Notary Public Affair" has been changed to
"King Of Knaves Affair"

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

The Notary Public Affair

Prod. #7418

CAST

NAPOLEON SOLO
MR. WAVERLY
ILLYA KURYAKIN

WANDA MAE KIM
BARDINGTON
ANGEL GALLEY
SIGNOR TARIFA
VENETIA
VENERDI
GEMMA LUSSO
MADAME AVIDE
KONRAD VASK
B.B. STONEHAM
FASIK EL PASAD
ERNESTINE PEPPER
VITO (Maitre D'Hotel)
ERNIE CADERA
BOBO BARRETT
GUARD #1

VOICE: The Answering Service Operator

BITS AND EXTRAS

Kidnappers
Golfers
Police Officers
Patrons of Casa Agnello
Waiters
Harem Dancer
Cab Drivers
Fasik's Guards
Fasik's Soldiers
Fasik's Officers
Fasik's Clerks
Prisoners
Giant
Fasik's Servants
Policemen

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SETS

EXTERIORS

THALBERG BLDG.
SHRUBBERY - (STREET NEAR
THALBERG BLDG.)
PARKING LOT - (REAR OF
THALBERG BLDG.)
ROME STREET, TAILOR SHOP
CASA TRUFFARE
ROME STREET, PENSION
ROME ALLEY
PRISON COURTYARD
PRISON SIDEYARD WITH PORTICO
PRISON FRONT YARD

INTERIORS

SOUND STAGE
WAVERLY'S OFFICE
TAILOR SHOP
FITTING BOOTH
ROME ADMISSIONS
U.N.C.L.E. CORRIDOR
GEMMA'S OFFICE
IDENTITY LAB
CASA TRUFFARE
HOTEL BATHROOM
HOTEL BEDROOM
PENSION CORRIDOR
DETENTION CELL
TUNNEL
FASIK'S COMMAND ROOM
CELL BLOCK
CELL
BRICK CORRIDOR
SUPPLY ROOM

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TEASER

INT. THRONE ROOM - MED. SHOT - SOLO & GIRL - DAY

A1

An attractive girl is seated upon the throne, looking very regal. Solo stands in front of her, oblivious to her presence. He is faking a duel, using the King's ornate sword. His imaginary opponent drives him back as he fights desperately for his life. He trips over something, sprawls, looks up in slightly overblown terror as his opponent slashes through his guard and runs him through on the ground. The girl has watched the action coolly and she shrugs slightly as Solo's eyes close in death. One eye pops open and he grins TOWARDS CAMERA.

SOLO

Well, you can't win them all.

(rises, dusting himself off)

My name is Napoleon Solo. Section One in the U.N.C.L.E. And as you may know, by now, we get involved in all sorts of intrigue. Everywhere. I won't tell you too much about our organization. It might be dangerous for you.

(swishes sword, looks at inscription)

"Behold The King"...that's what it says...see.

(shows inscription)

That's what we shall do tonight. Behold the King...and a few of his unique subjects. And they shall behold us...so we'll have to stay on our toes. We'll have to go abroad. How does a trip to Rome sound to you? Oh, and I'll need a "little" help. I have an opening for a secretary...preferably one in an attorney's office...

(searches CAMERA)

...any applicants?

FADE OUT:

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

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ACT ONE

1 OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

1X1

CAMERA CLOSE on a flock of pigeons on the sidewalk, pecking away at some feed being tossed to them. PULL BACK to reveal ANGEL GALLEY, the man feeding the pigeons. He stands near the building entrance. Angel is in his thirties...and with some glib charm. His dark eyes move quickly to and from the building entrance and the pigeons.

ANOTHER ANGLE

1X2

KENNETH BARDINGTON, a large, respectable man so handsome and solid he could be carved out of granite, moves out of the building. Dismayed at seeing Angel Galley, he starts to leave, but Galley detains him in tones that are friendly...but with an underlying note.

GALLEY

Say - hi there, Mr. Bardington.
Got a minute?

Galley maneuvers closer to him.

BARDINGTON

I told you to keep away from here.

GALLEY

But why? All you have to do, is name an hour and a date. Now that's not much for ten thousand dollars, is it?

BARDINGTON

Whom do you represent?

GALLEY

Now why do you want to know a thing like that? Money's got no folks.

BARDINGTON

You say the money's in a bank in Rome? How do I know?

GALLEY

Why, because I say it...word of honor.

1X2
CONT'D
(2)

BARDINGTON

You still haven't told me why you want uranium.

PULL BACK SHARPLY, PAN TO a car parked in the street. ZOOM IN VERY CLOSE to show NAPOLEON SOLO and ILLYA observing the two men from the car. They are about a hundred yards from the two men, separated by shrubbery and a fence.

INT. CAR - DAY - CLOSER SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA

1X3

as they continue to observe. We HEAR Bardington and Galley's voices from close by, in subdued electronic tones being picked up by the small antenna attached to Solo's cigarette case.

GALLEY'S VOICE

Now what do you want to go asking so many questions for, Mr. Bardington?

BARDINGTON'S VOICE

I'm a patriotic American. I don't want to jeopardize the security of my country.

GALLEY'S VOICE

Do I look like a man who'd ask you to jeopardize the security of your country? I got nothing but respect for this good old land of the Free... and for your attitude. But, you know, this is business -- and that's something else again.

ILLYA

Recognize the short one.

SOLO (nods)

Angel Galley...A very talented racketeer.

ILLYA

What's an official of Bardington's stature doing with a racketeer?

SOLO

What's a racketeer want with uranium?

They continue to observe and listen.

TWO SHOT - BARDINGTON AND GALLEY

3

GALLEY

All right, Mr. Bardington, recalling what I said about accidents to cherished wives and precious children, you have a last chance to name that hour and date.

Bardington says nothing. Just stands there trembling.

GALLEY (a sigh)

Well - I guess we can't do business.
Sorry.

Galley's hand is in the bag. Suddenly the steel of a knife flashes as he slashes it through the paper bag and into Bardington. Bardington falls, then as Galley starts to walk away he drops a trail of feed for the pigeons. Bardington drops to the ground.

CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA

4

They move out of the car. CAMERA FOLLOWS them over the fence and toward the side entrance of the building. (THALBERG)

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

5

Illya begins attending to Bardington, as Solo runs off in pursuit of Galley who has now leaped the fence leading to the parking lot. Solo about ten seconds behind.

EXT. PARKING AREA - DAY - PAN SOLO

6

Solo runs into scene, stops and sees:

LONG SHOT - ANGEL GALLEY

7

Walking quickly and as unobtrusively as he can AWAY FROM CAMERA, approaches a small, fast car, starts to get in, when TWO MEN emerge from the adjacent car, slug him, drag him into their car. A THIRD MAN at the wheel drives the car out of its parking slot (it was all set, heading out) and away into the city in far b.g.

CLOSE - SOLO

8

Having seen this, he now notices something else across the parking lot. PAN TO SHOW BOBO BARRETT, a tall, lean, white-faced, blond-haired man, the type who, when he grins, seems almost skeletal. He's not grinning now, though, he's watching Solo alertly. It's hard to tell what he's going to do, pull a gun and shoot, ask for a cigarette. He does neither, simply turns casually, far too casually for a man who has just witnessed an abduction, and walks away. PAN BACK TO Solo who looks for a moment at Barrett, then moves back and looks to Illya through the fence. Illya completes calling in for help on his transmitter.

SOLO (looks at Bard-
ington's motionless body)
Dead?

ILLYA (nods)
Yes...

FLASH CUT:

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY (U.N.C.L.E.)

8X1

Solo enters. The TAILOR behind the presser nods. Solo enters the fitting room.

INT. FITTING ROOM - SOLO AND ILLYA

8X2

Solo turns the coat hanger; the wall opens.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

8X3

WANDA MAE KIM stands at reception. Solo moves to her.

WANDA
He's waiting for you.

ILLYA
Who?

WANDA (correcting)
Whom.

ILLYA (smiles)
Whom is waiting?

8X3
CONT'D
(2)

WANDA
Mr. Kuryakin. In Mr. Waverly's
office. Mr. Waverly had to leave
for Nairobi. He said you are to
keep yourself busy.

Wanda turns, and as she begins to clip on Solo's
badge, he makes a slight move and she brushes a
hand by his face.

WANDA
I'm sorry.

SOLO
Please don't be.
(beat)
It's the most affection you've
ever shown.

Wanda manages a very little smile.

FLASH CUT:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY - ILLYA

9

leafing irritably through a multi-page report.

ILLYA
A power plant official is mortally
wounded in front of our very eyes,
by a notorious criminal who is then
abducted from under our very noses,
and the power plant official expires
before he can be asked even one
question. We couldn't look more
foolish.

PULL BACK to include Solo, looking distinctly weary.

SOLO
Now hold it. Waverly said that our
assignment...

ILLYA (picking it up)
...was to record the conversation
between Bardington and this Angel
Galley. We weren't alerted to any
possibilities of murder. But Mr.
Waverly won't be interested in ex-
cuses. When he returns, he'll be
looking for results.

SOLO

What concerns me is the danger of
an international nuclear sabotage
plot.

9
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

We know Angel Galley is a sadistic
psychopath, but do you think he's
a spy?

SOLO (shrugs)

If not...why was he abducted?

ILLYA

Obviously there is a counterplot.

SOLO

A counterplot...to a plot which
according to our world-wide organi-
zation, doesn't even exist. We
better get some information and
we'd better get it fast,
(flips on intercom)

Wanda --

WANDA'S VOICE

Yes, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

Book Mr. Kuryakin⁷ and myself on
separate jet flights to Rome.
Immediately.

WANDA'S VOICE

Yes, sir.

SOLO (in answer to

Illya's curious face)

Angel Galley did say the money was
in a bank in Rome, didn't he?

ILLYA (he's got it)

Of course!

SOLO (waves, starts

out)

So -- Are-viderchi.

Waverly tosses the report at Solo, gathers up hat,
coat, pipe, tobacco, umbrella, and briefcase and
strides out. GO IN CLOSE on Illya and Solo as they
contemplate the report.

FLASH PAN UP AND AWAY AND
ACROSS A LONG DISTANCE TO:

EXT. ROME - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

10

A post card job of the Coliseum or the Piazza
d'Espagna.

EXT. ROME STREET - DAY - SOLO

11

Striding along vigorously, he swings into a tailor
shop, a second-rate establishment, situated in a
large, nondescript building.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY - SOLO

12

Solo enters.

The atmosphere is somnolent and seedy. SIGNOR
TARIFA, the proprietor, stands behind the presser.

TARIFA

Buon giorno, Signor. Mi permetta
di assistere lei.

SOLO

Buon giorno...
(beat; the "code")
Questo vestito non è pulito bene.

Tarifa nods to the fitting booth.

SOLO

Grazie.

Solo crosses to a curtained fitting booth and dis-
appears into it. Tarifa pushes the presser down;
a blast of steam ---

INT. FITTING BOOTH

13

Solo enters, turns a coat hook on the back wall,
which causes a door to open. Solo goes through the
door and into...

INT. ROME ADMISSIONS OFFICE - DAY - SOLO AND VENETIA

14

Solo enters what is an exact duplicate of the New
York admissions office. All that is different is
VENETIA, the admissions clerk, who in Rome is not an
Oriental girl, but Italian.

SOLO

Venetia, come sta?

VENETIA

Bene, grazie, Signor Solo, e lei?

She pins a badge to his lapel.

SOLO

Not so good, cara mia.

VENETIA

Oh, guaio?

SOLO
Guaio, affliccion, tsores!

14
CONT'D
(2)

And Solo is gone into the elevator.

WIPE TO:

15 OUT

INT. GEMMA'S OFFICE - DAY

16

The room is small, crammed with files, maps, charts, etc. There are no windows. Assembled here are Illya, now dressed in a business suit, VENERDI, a balding, Italian Intellectual in shirt sleeves wearing a top clearance badge, and GEMMA, a very dark-skinned person, with very large lustrous eyes, a figure bursting with the vigor of feminine youth (she is twenty-four) and very long, silky black hair. But she's very efficient. As Solo enters, Venerdi is talking.

VENERDI
...if there is a plot to foment
a nuclear disaster; or in fact, a
counterplot...
(he spots Solo)
Ah, Mr. Solo, welcome to Rome
once again.

SOLO
Thank you, Mr. Venerdi.
(a smile to Gemma)
Miss Lusso.

Solo nods discreetly to Gemma. She nods back quite formally, but what passes between their eyes is much more personal.

ILLYA
Mr. Venerdi says they still haven't
been able to discover any sort of a
nuclear plot or counterplot.

SOLO
Then we start from scratch. How
many banks in Rome?

GEMMA
As of noon today, four hundred and
three.

Solo's pained expression indicates that the job is a tedious one.

16
CONT'D
(2)

VENERDI

We will look into the bank situation. I suggest that you start by checking a place in Rome where it is said eventually one will meet all the wealthy and the wicked of the world.

SOLO

Casa Truffare?

VENERDI

Yes.

SOLO

When did they reopen?

VENERDI

Just last month. I suggest you begin your investigation there.

ILLYA

What will be our cover identities?

Venerdi picks up a packet of magnetic tapes and reads the label.

VENERDI

Mr. Solo will have the identity of Buddington Smith of Meadowlark Falls, Idaho, United States, who disappeared at sea last Agosto while attempting to smuggle small arms and ammunition into Southern Rhodesia.

Venerdi hands the packet to Gemma, then picks up another and reads its label.

VENERDI

Mr. Kuryakin will become Eugen Strickland, Ph.D, of Bad Gastein, Austria, a researcher in particle physics whose brilliant career was cut short by a radiation accident which because of the top secret nature of the work has never been made public.

Venerdi hands the second packet to Gemma.

GEMMA

This way, gentlemen.

She leads Solo and Illya out.

WIPE TO:

INT. IDENTITY LAB - ON ILLYA - NIGHT

17

Illya is stretched out trancelike on a medical examination table. His eyes are fixed on a small TV screen mounted above his head. Large padded earphones cover his ears. Electrodes are attached to his scalp. IN THE PULL BACK we include Gemma who is supervising the operation of tape playing machines which feed information into the earphones and TV sets. She checks occasionally on the numerous oscilloscopes and other correlative equipment. The room is windowless, semi-dark, sound-proof. Gemma approaches Illya and notes the intense, almost insane concentration of his face. She mops his perspiring brow, adjusts the contrast of his TV set, which is running a film on nuclear fission. We see an animated diagram of a uranium atom being bombarded and split by neutrons. Gemma lifts one of Illya's earphones and we HEAR:

VENERDI'S VOICE

...with a force of eight million electron volts. The mesons attain a speed of ten million electron volts and have a half life of...

Gemma winces at the weightiness of this material, gingerly replaces the earphone. Then she moves across the room. FOLLOW her to pick up Solo, stretched out on another table and rigged up with similar equipment. She mops his brow, adjusts his TV set, which carries a series of pictures of small arms and ammunition. Solo's face shows even more strain than Illya's. Gemma lifts his earphone and we HEAR:

VENERDI'S VOICE

...scopic sight and replaceable barrel. Latest best price on the black market, Nairobi, two pounds six and ninepence, with long rounds at one pound three and two the gross.

Gemma replaces Solo's earphone, mops his brow again, increases the rate of his infusions, then, as an afterthought, kisses his temple sympathetically. Solo's eyes twinkle momentarily, then he resumes his concentration.

FLASH PAN AWAY AND UP AND ACROSS
A LONG LONG SPACE AND INTO:

INT. CASA TRUFFARE - STARTING CLOSE ON DANCER -
NIGHT

18

dancing on a polished marble floor. The dancer is Venetia. The music is sensual and mid-eastern. PULL BACK TO ESTABLISH the interior of a lavish Moorish cafe, crowded with elegantly dressed and bejeweled dinner guests. CAMERA FOLLOWS the dancer, dressed in something misty and transparent, as undulating to the reedy ululations of the music she progresses around the room. LEAVE HER to pick up Solo who has entered wearing a rumpled business suit and carrying himself with uncharacteristic laxness. The Maitre d'hotel (VITO) is trying to seat him at a table, but Solo is grinning at the dancer, playing the corny extrovert: BUD SMITH... with a couple of bourbons too many.

MAITRE D'
Di qua, Signore.

SOLO
Not now, Irving.

He moves out to the belly dancer.

SOLO
What's a nice girl like you doing
in a place like this?
(sotto voce)
Does your Uncle know you're out?

The dancer retreats, Solo advances. Heads turn, eyes open wide. No one is amused, least of all the dancer. But Solo wiggles and gyrates unconcerned until suddenly, from out of nowhere, FASIK EL PASAD appears, grasps Solo firmly by the arm and firmly guides him off the floor. Fasik is of medium height, Spartan in physique, distinctly of the Arabic world. His suit is elegantly tailored. Around his neck he wears a crested ribbon. His face is aquiline, his eyes dark and smouldering, his teeth very white and even.

FASIK
Scusi, Signore.

SOLO
Hey, what's the big idea?

Solo tries to pull free, but Fasik holds him, seemingly with little effort, in a painful, one-handed grip around the arm, and smiles a most congenial smile.

FASIK
American?

18
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (nods)
One hundred proof.

FASIK (holding firm)
I believe you've had a bit too much
to drink, sir. I suggest you have
some food and coffee.

SOLO (a painful wince)
I'm not that hungry.

FASIK (still smiling)
Then go back to your hotel and get
a good night's rest.

Firmly Fasik begins to lead Solo off. As they
move toward the door, Solo protests. Fasik
ignores him and continues to lead him out.
Solo follows, looking back over his shoulder
at Fasik. Fasik does not look back.
Solo follows Fasik out the door. Fasik
closes the door behind him.

THE ENTRY

19

Fasik escorts Solo into scene and prepares to eject
him through the front door.

SOLO
Come on, pal. I was only trying
to have a little fun.

Fasik is adamant but before he can apply the final
boot, the doorway is blocked by the entrance of
Illya and Gemma, dressed in dinner clothes.

ILLYA
Entschuldigen Sie.

FASIK
Mi dispiace. Bitte, treten Sie ein.

Fasik pulls Solo aside to make room. There is no
sign of recognition between Solo and Illya or Gemma.

ILLYA
Ich bin Doctor Strickland. I
expect to meet here Herr Buddington
Smith.

SOLO

That's me. Doctor. Hello. I'm here.

(to Fasik)

Pal, my guests are here. I'll be a good boy. Word of honor.

19
CONT'D
(2)

Fasik is not about to relent, but the Maitre d'hotel who has entered scene, signals to Fasik which changes his mind.

FASIK (to Solo)

It shall be interesting to see if your word has any value, Signor.

(to Maitre d' in Italian)

Eighty-six him.

Fasik releases Solo and exits. Solo, Illya and Gemma wonder at this, but can't discuss it because Vito, the Maitre d'hotel is right there waiting to show them to a table.

ILLYA

Mr. Smith, may I introduce my wife?

SOLO

Pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Strickland.

(to Illya)

What a lucky man you are.

GEMMA

Thank you, Herr Schmidt.

As they follow the Maitre d'hotel into the restaurant, the dancer whirls past them.

SOLO (low to

Gemma)

Your receptionist picking up a little extra money by working nights?

GEMMA

Mostly, she picks up a little extra information.

WIPE TO:

THE DANCE FLOOR

20

Swirling glitter, handsome people, gaiety. Into this Solo dances with Gemma. MOVE IN CLOSE on them. Through conversation they laugh occasionally as if enjoying small jokes.

SOLO

I see plenty of the wealthy. Which

Gemma looks around, indicates a woman wearing a gold lamé gown, a lavish coiffure, and a very large diamond pendant.

20
CONT'D
(2)

GEMMA

Madam Avide, seven times widowed.
She is a killer in the currency mart.
She has made a fortune buying and selling foreign currencies. Her specialty is to depress the value of a small nation's money, buy up huge amounts of it, then force the value up before she sells.

Solo takes a better look.

MADAME AVIDE

21

She is dancing with a suntanned, young Greek god.
They are having a delightful time, dancing very well and enjoying each other tremendously.

SOLO AND GEMMA

22

SOLO

Who's her partner?

GEMMA

Bodyguard. The diamond is the Star of Karachi, worth a hundred thousand.

SOLO

Lira?

GEMMA

Pounds.

(points)

And there is Konrad Vask.

VASK

23

KONRAD VASK is a wizened, little man, dancing with a very tall, very bored looking chorus girl in a Paris gown. Vask's shirt studs glitter with diamonds and his eyes with shrewdness.

SOLO AND GEMMA

24

GEMMA

He started out as skipper of a salvage tug. In one year he salvaged seven ships, all of which had main shaft bearing trouble. He has often been accused of piracy but never brought to trial.

SOLO

Could he be mixed up in the
uranium deal?

24

CONT'D

(2)

GEMMA

Almost anyone in this room
could be.

WAITER

25

Near Solo's table. He lights three shishkebab
swords, then moves to Solo's table and begins to
serve. Solo and Gemma move to seat themselves.
As the waiter serves, Fasik approaches to greet
an American tourist. She is ERNESTINE PEPPER, a
chic American girl, twenty-five - well tailored.
Fasik is gracious and solicitous. Ernestine seems
well acquainted here. The moment the waiter has
departed, Gemma indicates Fasik who is seating
Ernestine at a table within earshot of Solo and
group.

GEMMA

There is another possibility.
Fasik el Pasad. Recently deposed
as supreme monarch of some twelve
million oppressed subjects.

SOLO

And now just a bouncer in a
velvet hash house.

GEMMA

Not bouncer. Proprietario.

SOLO (rubs his arm)

He's got fingers like a vise.

GEMMA

And a thirst for power grandissimo.

They get busy eating as Fasik passes them and Fasik
summons a waiter for Ernestine's table. Solo sneaks
a fast look at her.

GEMMA

The only person in the room that
I don't know is the American girl.

SOLO

Too bad.

GEMMA

Perhaps. However, that rotund gentleman is something else again.

25
CONT'D
(2)

She indicates someone in the opposite direction. Solo and Illya take a look.

STONEHAM

26

Alone at a table close by. B.B. STONEHAM is an obese Britisher, sporting a bushy moustache. He's in his forties, the quintessence of the sybarite, tasting wine which displeases him. Stoneham utters a cutting remark to the WINE STEWARD who hurries away to fetch a different bottle.

SOLO, ILLYA, GEMMA

27

GEMMA

B.B. Stoneham, financial brigand, has amassed a fortune buying into corporations, stripping them of assets, and moving out. He never breaks the law, just destroys diligent business men...and businesses. Like a shark tearing a drowning man to shreds.

ILLYA

Perhaps we should toss out some bait.

They exchange a look of agreement.

WIDER ANGLE - PAST STONEHAM - SOLO AND ILLYA

28

Solo and Illya talk in what seem to be confidential tones, but which can be overheard by anyone who is fairly near and takes the trouble to listen.

SOLO

Doctor, in this world you have to look out for yourself.

ILLYA

Too late for me, I'm afraid.

Stoneham becomes aware of their voices. In far b.g. we can see Fasik and Ernestine. She is pretending to inquire about the menu --- but it

is obvious to Solo (and audience) they are eaves-
dropping.

28
CONT'D
(2)

GEMMA

My husband is a superb physicist,
but rather poor at university
politics.

Stoneham seems to be taking an interest, but is dis-
tracted by the Wine Steward who returns with a new
bottle. Stoneham studies the label. In far b.g.,
Fasik wanders away, leaving Ernestine to eavesdrop.

SOLO (projecting a

bit)

So forget promotions. There's plenty
of other opportunity for a man who
can get his hands on uranium.

At the word "uranium", Stoneham pauses just briefly
then resumes his study of the label. In far b.g.,
Ernestine listens for more.

SOLO (continuing)

Me, I don't even know what uranium
looks like. My specialty is cash.
For instance, a certain bank account
right here in Rome.

Stoneham reacts ever so slightly. Then he nods an
approval to the Wine Steward who proceeds to uncork
the bottle.

CLOSE - SOLO, ILLYA, GEMMA

28X1

ILLYA

Mr. Smith, are you making me some
sort of an offer?

SOLO

Just something you might think
about. Why don't you sleep on it
and call me tomorrow. Hotel Victory...

He breaks off as something urgent and impelling has
caught his eye across the room toward the entry.
Solo raises the wine list to conceal his face.

LONG SHOT - ENTRY

29

Bobo Barrett is at the check room checking his hat
and coat. He is obviously entering.

BACK TO SCENE

29X1

Illya and Gemma spot Solo's reaction.

ILLYA

What is it?

SOLO

That man coming in... when Angel Galley was kidnapped... that was the man watching me in the parking lot.

GEMMA

His name is Bobo Barrett. There is no subtlety about him. He is a top man of an international crime syndicate.

SOLO

I've got to get out of here without him seeing me... I don't know what sort of whistle he might blow on me.
(to Illya)

Mind if I borrow your wife to dance me to the door.

He has Gemma by the hand and is lifting her to her feet. He carefully keeps his head averted.

ANOTHER ANGLE

29X2

Bobo stands in b.g. waiting for someone to show him to a table. In f.g., Solo, head averted, is just starting to dance Gemma away. At this moment Ernestine rises and starts to walk past Solo. A waiter is coming by with a skewer of capons. As Solo whirls Gemma, his elbows hook Ernestine. She, in turn is slammed against the waiter and the flaming skewer flies onto a table disrupting its occupants. The whole Rube Goldberg series of explosions set off a minor riot around the now exposed Solo.

CLOSE SHOT - BARRETT

29X3

He looks over at the noise and spots Solo. Almost immediately he turns and darts for the exit.

BACK TO SCENE

29X4

Amidst the hubbub, Solo can see Barrett's move. He starts after Barrett only to have Ernestine grab his arm and hold him.

ERNESTINE

I am so sorry....

SOLO

Don't give it another thought.

ERNESTINE (trying to
detain him)

You're an American, aren't you?

SOLO

Only by birth.

Solo hurries away, leaving the melee he has created in his wake. Gemma and Illya are trying to argue their way out of the crowd.

30 OUT

EXT. CASA TRUFFARE - NIGHT

31

Solo emerges, looks. PAN TO SHOW Barrett driving away in a small, fast car.

CLOSE - SOLO

32

Left standing there. He stares after the departing car in frustration. He turns, as if to reenter the cafe, but hearing the hubbub of the fight inside, he decides upon discretion and carefully walks away. PAN OVER TO HOLD ON ERNESTINE, concealed in the cafe entrance, watching him.

DISSOLVE TO:

33 OUT

INT. SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - PAN SOLO

34

from the bathroom to the bed. He pauses to make sure the door is locked, to turn out the lights, to open the French windows leading out to the

balcony which overlooks the city. Then he hops into bed. MOVE IN SLOWLY ON Solo. He snuggles down into bed, closes his eyes, yawns and waits for sleep. One second passes, two, three, then a sharp metallic SQUEAK causes him to sit up. PULL BACK FAST to include the French windows. Ernestine Pepper has come in.

34
CONT'D
(2)

ERNESTINE

Mouth shut! On your feet.
Hands on top of your head!

Solo looks at her.

CLOSE - ERNESTINE

35

In the moonlight, her blond beauty is impressive. But what is more impressive is the nickle plated pistol she is aiming at Solo.

WIDER ANGLE

36

Solo, who was about to speak, shuts his mouth, hops out of bed, puts his hands on top of his head.

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

FEATURE ERNESTINE - SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

37

Ernestine moves and turns on the lights. She is trying to seem like an iron-hearted international intelligence operative, but her pretty tailored suit, her slender, yet bountifully endowed feminine figure, her natural flaxen hair, her clear tanned ivory skin, the tiny pout lines between her arching eyebrows and at the corners of her full budding lips add up to something rather appealing and darling. Solo ventures a friendly smile. She answers it with a contemptuous sneer, then finding his wallet on the dresser, sets herself so the gun still covers him while she empties out his cards, etc.

ERNESTINE

Buddington Smith?

SOLO

Present and accounted for.

ERNESTINE

We can make this very brief.
Where is Angel Galley?

37
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Never heard of it. But there's a
restaurant guide in my suitcase.

Solo starts for the closet. Ernestine blocks his
way with the pistol.

ERNESTINE

No, no, Mr. Smith. Mama will shoot.

Solo shrugs, puts his hands back on top of his head.

ERNESTINE

Which bank do you contact?

SOLO

Bank?

ERNESTINE

About uranium. Which bank?

Solo registers amused disappointment.

SOLO

Don't you know?

ERNESTINE

If I knew I wouldn't have bothered
to climb your fire escape.

Solo laughs, lowers his hands and starts toward the
dresser.

ERNESTINE

Mr. Smith, the first shot goes into
the floor at your feet. The second,
will rip right through your nice
forehead.

She stands ready. Solo studies her a moment.

SOLO

All right, then, shoot and get it
over with.

He advances. She aims at the floor and using both
hands, pulls the trigger. There is an ineffectual
metallic click. Solo grabs the gun from her hand,
expertly unloads it, then shows her:

SOLO

The safety catch was on. Limits
the range of the weapon considerably.

37
CONT'D
(3)

Solo hopes she'll laugh. Instead she bursts into tears. Solo lights a cigarette and offers her that. She turns away still farther. Solo offers a facial tissue. She grabs this angrily, dries her eyes, blows her nose. Solo picks up her bulky handbag. She tries to take it away from him. He protests.

SOLO

Come on. Be fair. I let you
inspect my wallet.

He yanks the handbag away from her, and empties it. This brings on a freshet of sobs. Solo nevertheless begins to inspect Ernestine's treasures. The first and most prominent item is a large, fat envelope which yields legal documents. He studies these.

ERNESTINE

38

She wipes her nose again.

SOLO

You didn't mention your name.

She refuses to introduce herself.

SOLO

You're certainly not Jackson W.
Heggenheimer of Red Bank, New
Jersey, because he's deceased,
leaving by the terms of this will
an estate to his widow, Shirley,
and four children. Perhaps you're
Shirley Heggenheimer.

ERNESTINE

No, I am not Shirley Heggenheimer.

Solo examines other items in the purse.

SOLO

Then I would guess you are Miss
Ernestine Pepper of Red Bank,
New Jersey, graduate of Midwest
College for Women, and a member of
the Legal Secretaries Guild.

ERNESTINE
I hate you.

38
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (continues to
check items)
An affidavit...unsigned...verifying
that Angel Galley's signature on
this will is a true one, and we
have a notary public seal. May I
say that you are the prettiest
notary public I've ever met.

ERNESTINE
That oily charm doesn't work with me.

SOLO
What does?

ERNESTINE
Nothing you could understand. Now
please tell me where to find Angel
Galley. It's very important.

SOLO
Why?

ERNESTINE
Otherwise, poor Shirley won't be
able to collect her husband's estate.

SOLO
Why?

ERNESTINE
The will is being contested...another
relative is claiming it's forged.
The other witness died - so we must
have Ang....Mr. Galley!

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT - PAN SHOT - MAN

38X1

A large, darkly clad figure climbs up over the
railing, and moves toward the lighted window.
From inside we HEAR SOLO'S AND ERNESTINE'S VOICES.

SOLO'S VOICE
Just how did Angel Galley happen
to become a witness?

ERNESTINE'S VOICE
(exasperated)
He was in the office waiting to take
me to dinner the evening Jack Heggenheimer
came to sign it.
The man positions himself beside the window.

INT. SOLO'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

38X2

Solo and Ernestine are oblivious to the threat from the terrace.

SOLO

What is Angel Galley to you?

ERNESTINE

Absolutely nothing.

SOLO

You just want his autograph on the will.

Ernestine nods.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

38X3

The man peers into Solo's room.

SOLO'S VOICE

None of this explains why you're in Rome.

The window to the next room in f.g. opens slowly and silently. The man is unaware of it.

ERNESTINE'S VOICE

I know he's here. His sister told me. She heard him talking to someone on the phone about there being a bank that would finance anyone who could provide uranium.

Illya's head emerges from the next room's window, f.g.

SOLO'S VOICE

His sister just up and told you that?

ERNESTINE'S VOICE

She's nothing like her brother. She happens to be a very nice girl. We belong to the same social clubs.

The man draws a pistol and starts to aim it into Solo's room. Illya climbs quickly and silently out the window hoping to take the man by surprise from behind, but at the last instant, the man turns. He and Illya grapple in a silent desperate struggle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

38X4

Solo, still unaware of what's transpiring on the terrace, shakes his head in skeptical amazement at Ernestine and begins to replace her belongings in her purse.

ERNESTINE

Mr. Smith, please believe me. Shirley Heggenheimer is practically destitute. She gave me every cent she had in the world to make this trip to Rome. If she doesn't get the inheritance, her poor children will starve and I will simply die.

SOLO

You're a very sweet and sympathetic person, Ernestine. You really are. Jot down your phone number. If I find Mr. Galley, I'll give you a call.

Solo continues packing items into the purse. Ernestine debates whether to choke him or write down the number. She decides to write down the number. While she's at it, Solo opens a dresser drawer and obtains a small piece of metal which he conceals in his hand.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

38X5

Illya and the man are against the railing. The man lunges and falls over the edge. The man drops out of sight. Illya leans over the railing, staring down.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

38X6

Ernestine jots down her number. PAN TO SOLO. He presses the metal piece under her purse. Some gummed surface causes it to adhere. Then he returns the purse and leads her to the door which he unlocks.

38X6
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

You still haven't told me how
a nice person like Ernestine
Pepper happened to have a dinner
date with Angel Galley.

ERNESTINE

That is none of your business!

She storms out, slamming the door in his face. The
door to the adjoining room opens and Gemma, who has
obviously been listening, comes in. Solo starts to
throw his clothing on over his pajamas.

SOLO

What did you make of her?

GEMMA

I think she's an agent.

Now Illya enters from the terrace.

SOLO (to Illya)

I pasted a bug on her bag, but
we'd better see where she goes.

ILLYA

You had another visitor drop in.
(gestures down)
He's dropped down. Six stories down.
I have to see to him.

And Illya is gone out the door.

GEMMA

She was rather clumsy.

SOLO

I don't know. That story was
very cleverly concocted to enlist
my sympathies.

GEMMA

But far too complex. Spies aren't
what they used to be. No pride of
craft anymore. No standards.

SOLO

Maybe she's not an agent.

GEMMA

My intuition says she is.

SOLO

I wonder what your intuition would
tell you if she wasn't so pretty.

Solo buttons his jacket and hurries out.

38X6
CONT'D
(3)

DISSOLVE TO:

39 OUT

EXT. ROME STREET - NIGHT - A TAXI

40

pulls to a stop in front of a modest pension.
Ernestine gets out, pays the driver, goes inside.
The cab moves on up the street out of scene.
PAN BACK to show another cab parked. Solo gets
out, pays the driver.

CLOSER ANGLE - SOLO

41

Waiting for the cab to move off, he notices a
second-story window in the hotel light up.

THE WINDOW

42

lighted. Ernestine appears, draws the curtains.

BACK TO SOLO

43

The cab is gone. Solo eyes the window, then look-
ing around, selects an alley and disappears into it.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

44

Solo enters scene, takes out radio pickup device...
assembles it, and aims it.

INT. PENSION CORRIDOR - ERNESTINE - NIGHT

45

Ernestine comes out of her room carrying her purse,
and moves to the pay phone in f.g. She deposits
coins.

ERNESTINE

Pronto. Questa è Signorina Pepper.

CAMERA MOVES INTO HOLD ON A CLOSEUP OF THE DISK,
glinting on the bottom of her purse.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - SOLO

46

monitoring Ernestine's phone call. We can HEAR her VOICE tinnily, and that of the ANSWERING SERVICE OPERATOR.

ANSWERING SERVICE

Si, Signorina. How are you thees ivvning?

ERNESTINE

That depends on whether there are any messages for me.

ANSWERING SERVICE

There was uno, Signorina. La Banca Latina Nuovo has telephone in regard to the Signor Galley of whom you seek. They say they regret they know nothing of thees man.

ERNESTINE
Nothing?

46
CONT'D
(2)

ANSWERING SERVICE
Niente, as always, Signorina.

ERNESTINE
Grazie. I'm going to bed now.
But if a Senor Buddington Smith
should call, please have the
concierge wake me.

ANSWERING SERVICE
Si, Signorina. Buona Sera.

ERNESTINE
Buona Sera.

There is a CLICK. Then silence. Solo ponders it,
then with an amused shrug, begins to pack the gear.

INT. PENSION CORRIDOR - ERNESTINE - NIGHT

47

She returns to her room and closes the door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

48

Solo emerges from the alley, carrying the dispatch
case, glances up toward the only lighted window,
then makes his way briskly down the street. But
he gets only as far as a parked car. Two kid-
nappers leap out, slug him and drag him into the
car.

CLOSER ANGLE - THE CAR

49

Solo struggles mightily, manages to get a foot on
the horn. It TOOTLES raucously.

UP ANGLE - LIGHTED WINDOW

50

Ernestine parts the curtains, peers out.

DOWN ANGLE - ERNESTINE'S POV

51

Solo scrambles out of the car, dragging one man. They struggle. The other man gets out, waits his chance, then saps Solo with a pistol butt. Solo drops to the ground. The men begin to load him into the car when one of them notices the lighted window. He calls the other's attention to it.

UP ANGLE - LIGHTED WINDOW

52

We see Ernestine still peering out. Then suddenly she leaves the window.

THE KIDNAPPERS

53

They shovel Solo into the car. One man stays with him. The other goes into the pension.

INT. PENSION CORRIDOR - ERNESTINE

54

She is at the phone.

ERNESTINE

Pronto. Desidero telefonare
the police. La polizia!

But the street door in b.g. is jolted open. The kidnapper approaches on the run. Ernestine makes a try for her room, but he catches her at the door. She tries to scream but he covers her mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DETENTION CELL - SOLO - DAY

55

Lying on a rickety iron cot, unconscious, his hands tied behind his back. He opens his eyes. His first sensation is that of pain. He tries to orient himself. The room is small and dank. The walls are of ancient brick. There are no windows. Solo sits up. There is a door. He staggers to it, kicks at it. The door opens. GUARD #1 enters, wearing a trim, elaborate, well-pressed uniform. In his hand is a Luger-type pistol.

GUARD #1 (gesturing
with the pistol)
This way.

His speech is American. Solo takes another look at him. The uniform is decorated with a royal crest, but it bears no resemblance to any uniform Solo might know. Guard #1 drags Solo through the door into a tunnel.

55
CONT'D
(2)

INT. TUNNEL - DAY - LEADING SHOT

56

Followed by Guard #1, Solo makes his way warily along a dark tunnel carved out of stone. The footsteps of the two men echo eerily off the rough walls. Solo can't help but wonder if he's going to be shot in the back of the head. The tunnel seems endless, but eventually leads to a heavy door fitted with a viewing port. At Solo's approach the door opens. Guard #1 propels him through it.

INT. FASIK'S THRONE ROOM - DAY - LEADING SHOT

57

Solo comes in past Guard #2 who has unlocked and opened the door. WE HEAR the gruff but solemn VOICE of ERNIE CADERA from behind CAMERA.

CADERA'S VOICE

. . . and in return for such rights
and titles, I do swear. . .

Guard #1 propels Solo into what is a large, stone-walled chamber. PAN SHARPLY around to show what can only be described as a king's throne room. The throne itself is elevated on a dais. On either side are chairs occupied by Madame Avide, Konrad Vask, B. B. Stoneham, Bobo Barrett, and others who we may have seen at the Casa Truffare. But our attention is caught immediately by Fasik el Pasad standing on the dais, wearing a military uniform, decorations and an enormous, ancient cavalry sword. On his head is a golden coronet. Kneeling before him, back to CAMERA, is ERNIE CADERA, an ominous, little man with a horse face. His uniform bulges and wrinkles on the barrel of his torso. His hands are held palms together in front of his upraised face. Fasik holds these hands in his own and listens solemnly as Cadera continues. Vito stands nearby wearing a courtier's robe.

CADERA

. . . to be thy vassal, oh King, in
fiefdom according to the ancient
law and custom of thy land.

58 OUT

CLOSE - SOLO

59

Astonished.

FASIK, CADERA, VITO

60

Fasik draws the sword and touches the blade to Cadera's shoulders.

FASIK

I, Fasik el Pasad, dub thee Prince with title to that land known as the Valley of the Lion, the rank of Brigadier General, and the privileges of nobility including full right of primogeniture to the heirs of thy body.

Fasik taps Cadera on the top of the head with the sword, then steps back and seats himself on the throne. Cadera rises, head bowed.

VITO (pronouncing)

Hail, Prince Cadera.

This is repeated by all present.

ALL

Hail, Prince Cadera.

Cadera now backs away and follows Vito to one of the seats flanking the throne. There Cadera solemnly sits.

CLOSE - SOLO AND GUARD #1

60X1

Guard #1 prods the incredulous Solo to a position in front of the throne.

GUARD #1

Your Majesty, the new recruit!
(to Solo)

Kneel in the presence of the King!

SOLO

Not me, Charlie. I'm a citizen of the good old U.S.A., and I don't...

Guard #1 cuffs Solo violently.

GUARD #1

Kneel!

60X1
CONT'D
(2)

Solo sinks to his knees. Vito hands Fasik a file containing Solo's passport and other documents.

VITO

He claims to be Buddington Smith of Meadowlark Falls, State of Idaho, U.S.A.

FASIK

Can anyone confirm this?

As Fasik and Solo look...

PAN SHOT

60X2

from Madame Avide, dressed in a flowing robe, to Conrad Vask, wearing a business suit and a ribbon of office around his neck, to B. B. Stoneham, in morning coat and striped trousers, also adorned with a ribbon of office, past some of the others similarly garbed, to Cadera. Each, in turn, indicates no confirmation. Finally CAMERA CNETERS ON BOBO BARRETT, who wears his uniform like a Nordic God. Barrett's painfully thin face twists into a skeletal grin.

BARRETT

Your Majesty, my information is that Buddington Smith drowned off the East Coast of Rhodesia on April 16 last year.

PAN TO FASIK AND SOLO.

SOLO

That report is slightly exaggerated.

FASIK

Mr. Smith, you will explain why you were present when Kenneth Bardington was murdered.

SOLO (rising)

Now, look, Chum, I'm an Ameri - -

Guard #1 knocks Solo sprawling.

VITO

You will address the King as "Your Majesty," and you will remain on your knees until bidden to rise.

Solo gets to his knees.

VITO

His Majesty asked you a question.
What is your answer?

SOLO

About Bardington?
(indicates Barrett)
Why was he there?

FASIK

Prince Barrett was there in the
service of his King. And you?

SOLO (eyeing Guard #1
uneasily)

I was hoping to make a deal with
Bardington, Your Majesty, only
somebody got there ahead of me.

FASIK

What sort of a deal, Mr. Smith?

SOLO

My line is guns, explosives, surplus
armaments.

FASIK

Uranium?

SOLO

Uranium? You're the
one who put out that offer...Your
Majesty?

FASIK

I am, and we shall discuss it in
due course.

Fasik steps back, hands Solo's file to Vito.

VITO

By decree of His Royal Highness,
Fasik el Pasad, you, Buddington
Smith, are impressed into His
Majesty's Royal Brigade with rank
of private. Pay and allowances
withheld pending security clearance.

Vito snaps the file shut. Fasik rises. Everyone
also rises and bows. Fasik strides out.

ON SOLO

61

He starts to protest, but Guard #1 prods him to his feet and heads him toward the tunnel.

FADE OUT:

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. TUNNEL - LEADING SHOT

62

Guard #1 escorts Solo into the tunnel from Fasik's command room. The door is shut and locked behind him. At the first bend, Guard #1 directs Solo into a side tunnel which leads upward at a sharp angle.

INT. CELL BLOCK - LEADING SHOT

63

Guard #1 escorts Solo out of the tunnel ramp into what is an old brick cell block, past half a dozen cells, occupied by men of several nationalities. HOLD as Guard #1 halts Solo at the last cell, unlocks the door and shoves Solo inside.

INT. CELL

64

Guard #1 quickly locks the cell door and exits scene. Solo, bewildered, haggard, his hands still tied painfully behind his back, turns to examine the cell. It is dark, and dank, furnished with two uncomfortable bunks, a crude table, a couple of wooden stools. The one window is very small, thickly barred. Another PRISONER, sitting on one bunk, is studying what appears to be a thick technical manual. The man is dressed in a military garb and wears combat boots. He glances up briefly at Solo, then resumes his intensive studies. It is ANGEL GALLEY.

FEATURING SOLO

65

Solo is astonished. Galley continues to ignore the new arrival. Now Solo notices on the other bunk a set of uniforms and a copy of the same military manual Galley is studying.

SOLO

My name is Smith. Bud Smith.

Galley gives him a cursory glance, but no answer. Solo's bonds are painful. He finds a projecting corner of rough brick near the front cell bars and begins to scrape the hand-binding cord against it.

65
CONT'D
(2)

EXTREME CLOSE - BRICK PROJECTION

66

Solo's hands work the cord against the brick.

ANGEL GALLEY

67

He sees what Solo is doing, checks his watch, jots down the time on a card on the table, then resumes his studies. PAN TO SOLO who wonders at this, then continues scraping at the cord.

SOLO

I don't suppose I could borrow a knife?

Galley offers no reply.

SOLO

Thanks anyway.

Solo resumes scraping.

SOLO

What are you in for?

GALLEY

Same as you.

SOLO

I didn't do anything. I was kidnapped.

GALLEY

Who wasn't?

SOLO

You mean Fasik goes around grabbing people and tossing them into the city jail?

GALLEY

This is no longer the city jail. It's the old corcere. Garibaldi slept here.

SOLO

How can Fasik just walk in and
take over a jail?

67
CONT'D
(2)

GALLEY

He bought it.

SOLO

And we have to buy our way out?

GALLEY

There's no way out.

Galley turns away concentrating on his book. Solo
works at scraping the bonds, but can't break the
cord. After a moment he rests.

SOLO

We just stay locked up?

GALLEY

Until they clear you. I would
have been checked into the barracks
yesterday, but some chick I used
to know turned up in Rome looking
for me. Fasik wants to know what
she's up to.

Resumes studies. Solo resumes trying to free his
hands, but after a moment, stops and contemplates
Galley.

SOLO

What exactly is Fasik up to?

GALLEY

Look, in two minutes we have terror
tactics drill...then a multiple
choice test on court etiquette.
So, quiet!

And back to the book. Solo summons his strength
and scrapes mightily at his bonds. They snap, he
brings his hands out from behind his back and
massages his painful wrists. Immediately, Angel
goes to the table, notes the time on the card.

SOLO

What's the gag? Was this some
kind of test to see how long it
took me to get free?

GALLEY

I told you: quiet!

And once more he resumes his studies.

WIPE TO:

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY - BULLETIN BOARD

68

bearing a sign which reads:

Töten oder Sterben!
Matar c morir!
Derhargenen oder shtarbn!
Kill or be killed!

PULL BACK: Angel Galley is grappling with another of Fasik's soldiers in a silent, desperate struggle. Fasik, seated on a shaded dais, is watching, flanked by his two aides. Barrett is nearby.

WIDER ANGLE

69

Several other recruits, including Solo, are lined up in a semi-circle watching the proceedings. Solo is the only one not wearing the uniform. We are in a small courtyard between the building and the outside wall which is about six feet high.

GALLEY AND OPPONENT

70

They continue their struggle. Suddenly Galley tricks his adversary, fastens an arm lock on him and bears down. The opponent's face goes white with pain. Galley twists the arm brutally. Just before it breaks, he looks to Fasik for instructions.

CLOSE - FASIK

71

Fasik lifts a hand and raises a thumb.

GALLEY AND OPPONENT

72

Galley immediately releases the grip. The combatants stand apart, face Fasik and bow.

FASIK
Well done! Next two.

BARRETT (peeling off shirt)
I could use some exercise.

Galley and his opponent step back into line. All eyes turn to Solo, who is next in line.

FASIK

I'm referring to you, Mr. Smith.

72
CONT'D
(2)

Solo steps forward, looks around him. The cruel amusement on these case-hardened faces indicates Solo will be crushed like a roach.

SOLO

Your majesty, this isn't exactly my line. I'm more what you'd call a front office man.

Fasik simply snaps his fingers. Immediately, Barrett slugs Solo, sending him sprawling. MOVE IN ON SOLO AND BARRETT. Solo scrambles to his feet and fights back, as Buddington Smith would fight, with desperate haymakers and awkward dodges. Suddenly Barrett fastens a full nelson on Solo. The spectators glance at Fasik wondering how far he will let it go.

CLOSE - FASIK

73

He makes no move to stop it.

CLOSE - SOLO

74

His face pouring sweat, his eyes roll upward, he struggles uselessly like a fish on a gaff hook. Barrett swings him around. Solo's eyes fasten on the sign.

THE SIGN

75

The words "Sterben", "Morir", "Shtarbn" and "be killed" waver and dance frenetically.

CLOSE - SOLO AND BARRETT

76

Barrett applies more pressure, then glances at Fasik.

CLOSE - FASIK

77

He watches for a moment, then slowly extends his right hand and signals "thumbs up".

PAN TO SOLO AND BARRETT. Barrett releases the grip. Solo drops to the ground, unconscious. Barrett moves to put his shirt back on.

FASIK

Eccellente.

(to an officer)

Have him brought inside.

(to the others)

Carry on. And remember, this platoon will be putting this drill to practical use before the month is out.

Fasik rises and strides into the building. All the others bow. Solo remains on the ground. The Officer to whom Fasik spoke obtains a pail of water and without ceremony, dumps it on Solo. Solo sits up gasping. Galley and the others bellow with laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. FASIK'S THRONE ROOM - DAY - FASIK AND NOBLES

78

The royal court is seated as we last saw it. PAN TO the tunnel door. Guard #2 opens it. Guard #1 leads Solo in, now dressed in the military uniform, but looking distinctly haggard. Guard #1 marches Solo to a position before Fasik's throne, then with a sharp jab of the rifle butt at the back of Solo's legs induces him to kneel.

FASIK

You're not very good at wrestling, Mr. Smith, but in losing that encounter, you have increased our confidence in your claimed identity.

SOLO

Okay, then let's talk about uranium.

Guard #1 raises a hand. Solo adds quickly:

SOLO

Your Majesty.

FASIK

Actually, I'm not interested in obtaining uranium. The offer was merely a means devised by Prince Barrett, to locate certain men, ones determined enough to subject humanity to the risk of nuclear holocaust if there were a chance for profit.

SOLO

Is there?

FASIK

You claim to be an expert in munitions. Come over here.

Fasik strides from the throne across the room to a darkened corner. Solo gets to his feet and follows.

THE CORNER

78X1

Fasik enters scene. Guard #1 turns on a spot light which illuminates the area from above, revealing several heavy crates of guns, etc. As Solo enters, Fasik lifts a rifle from one of the crates and tosses it to him.

FASIK

Identify it.

Solo begins to examine the piece. Fasik snaps his fingers as a signal to Guard #1 who salutes, then heads for the tunnel door. Fasik then observes as Solo inspects the rifle skillfully. Finally, Solo grunts in recognition.

78X1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
This is one of the Brussels
Vengeance rifles, manufactured...

Solo is distracted as Guard #1 returns from the tunnel now leading Ernestine, whose hands are bound behind her back. Solo is stunned but realizes that this confrontation is yet another test.

SOLO
Look who's here. Miss Notary
Public.

Ernestine is shocked to see Solo apparently part of the organization.

ERNESTINE
Mr. Smith!

FASIK (to Solo)
You admit knowing her?

SOLO
I should. She barged into my room
last night with a gun.

FASIK
And then you proceeded to follow her
and to pick up her conversations
with this electronic device.

Fasik indicates Solo's radio on a table close by.
Next to it is Ernestine's purse.

FASIK
What is a gun runner doing with
spy equipment?

SOLO
I was trying to find out what she
was really up to.

FASIK
Where did you get it?

SOLO
Same place you got these rifles,

FASIK

Fair enough. Now, what were you
saying about them?

78X1
CONT'D
(3)

Fasik indicates the rifles. Solo has no choice
but to ignore Ernestine's fear and her anguish.

SOLO

They're the Brussels Vengeance rifles,
manufactured under duress by the
Belgians for Hitler. The sights are
calibrated upside down. One in ten
has a faulty sear. It was an im-
pressive piece of sabotage, if you
like sabotage. Now, what's your
plan? What are you up to here?

FASIK

I am preparing to return to my
country and resume my reign.

ERNESTINE

Your people don't want you. They
drove you out.

FASIK

Not my people! A pack of insurgent
beggars! Grease monkeys financed
by cheap politicians.

SOLO

The papers seemed to indicate you
walked out with a nice chunk of
cash. Why go back?

FASIK

The reason is engraved on this
sword.

Fasik draws the sword and holds it under Solo's
nose.

FASIK (continued)

...handed down from Mohammed the
Turk who conquered Constantinople
in 1453; passed to the dynasty of
Pasad in 1681 when my ancestors
fought their way into power in my
country; wielded in battle for six
centuries against my country's
enemies:

(continued)

FASIK (continued)
(indicates markings)
"Behold the king", it says and
"a nation belongs to the king who
seizes it". I intend to do just
that!

78X1
CONT'D
(4)

SOLO
Your Highness, those insurgents
aren't going to stand aside and
cheer while you march back into
the royal palace.

FASIK
They will crumble after I and my
nobles prepare the way, Mr. Smith.
We have been very busy.
(points to Madame Avide)

CLOSE - MADAME AVIDE

78X2

Seated in her appointed place flanking the throne.

FASIK'S VOICE
The Duchess Avide has been quietly
using her financial connections to
buy up large amounts of the legal
tender of the insurgent regime.

CLOSE - FASIK AND SOLO

78X3

FASIK (continued)
At a given signal she will dump it
on the market, wiping out the sta-
bility of the insurgent currency
overnight.

(indicates Stoneham and
Vask)
Barons Stoneham and Vask have
already sent their agents into
my country's industrial complex.

STONEHAM AND VASK

78X4

seated in their places.

FASIK'S VOICE
In a few months they will have
bankrupted every important corporation...
wrecking the economy of the nation.

CLOSE - FASIK AND SOLO

78X5

FASIK (continuing)
Prince Cadera, once a member of
the American crime syndicate, has
embarked on a campaign of politi-
cal intrigue...

CLOSE - CADERA

78X6

FASIK'S VOICE
...and bribery which will ensnare
the insurgent legislature in a
morass of scandal and shame.
There will be murders done...thefts...
arson. The people will cower in
terror...and disgust with their
leaders.

CLOSE - FASIK, SOLO, ERNESTINE

78X7

Ernestine is horrified; Solo, intrigued as Fasik
continues:

FASIK
I will move in at the head of the
troops which Prince Barrett has
been recruiting with his ingenious
methods.

CLOSE - BARRETT

78X8

in his place, looking icily confident.

CLOSE - SOLO AND FASIK

78X9

FASIK
This is a new concept in counter-
revolution. First destroy the
national moral fibre...the will to
resist. Until my people cry out
for a savior. Then I will return.

SOLO
Hey, maybe you've got something.

FASIK
You can make a certain unique contrib-
ution.

SOLO

Such as?

78X9
CONT'D
(2)

FASIK

The Belgium rifles are not the only faulty armament which my purchasing agents have acquired.

(opens a crate)

We have a number of these anti-tank guns, made in Hungary during a recent period of political unrest. The breech blocks are softer than pot metal. The crews who attempt to fire them will be killed by their own exploding weapons.

(opens another crate)

Field radios with built-in short circuits which deplete the batteries in minutes.

(another crate)

Machine gun ammunition with rusted linkage. I would like to see these channelled to Singapore or Maracaibo where I am told the insurgents go hunting for bargains in armament.

SOLO

Equipment like that sure would demoralize their army, your majesty.

FASIK

There is a dukedom in my country waiting for a man who can arrange such a thing: five hundred square miles, tens of thousands inhabitants to rule.

ERNESTINE

Don't listen to him, Mr. Smith!
He's insane!

FASIK

Think, Mr. Smith. Not merely financial gain. But honors. Respectability. A noble of the realm...you will join our new peerage. You will establish a line for your descendants.

SOLO (easily)

Singapore and Maracaibo? I happen to have connections in both ports.

FASIK

Then are you ready and willing to
swear allegiance to your king?

78X9
CONT'D
(3)

SOLO

Yes, your majesty. I am ready.

ERNESTINE

Don't do it, Mr. Smith. Hundreds
of innocent people are going to
be killed!

SOLO

Sorry, but a man's got to pay
the rent.

Fasik eyes Ernestine venomously, then extends a
hand toward Guard #1 who, with the efficiency of
a surgical assistant, slaps a small dagger into
Fasik's palm.

FASIK

Mr. Smith, as a final small
test. . .

(indicates Ernestine)

. . . cut the young lady's throat!

Fasik deftly tosses the dagger so it sticks in the
table next to Ernestine's purse. Ernestine is
horrified. Solo is astonished.

MOVE IN CLOSE ON THE DAGGER still quivering in the
table. It has the cutting edge of a razor.

FADE OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:
INT. FASIK'S THRONE ROOM

79

Immediately following Act Three. Solo eyes the knife in the table, then Ernestine's panic-stricken face, then Guard #1 standing by rifle at the ready.

FASIK
Your king is waiting, Mr. Smith.

SOLO
Your majesty, I...;

Solo looks around desperately trying to discover a way out of this crisis.

FASIK
I hope you are not going to fail this last test of your allegiance.

SOLO
On the contrary, your majesty.
(his eyes light on the crates of munitions)
I simply prefer a more efficient weapon.

Solo begins to search the crates.

FASIK
Mr. Smith, what is the purpose of...

SOLO
Mortar shells, thirty ought six rifle rounds, grenades. Ah, yes.

Solo picks up a grenade, then examining it, seems surprised.

SOLO
Well, what do you know? This is one of the Hong Kong defiance grenades, as famous as the Brussels Vengeance rifles.

FASIK

Nonsense. Those are standard stock for the use of my troops.

79
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

I beg your pardon, your majesty, they're not. In the standard grenade the pin is merely a safety device. In order to explode the charge one must release this handle. But these grenades are booby trapped to explode when the pin is pulled.

(to Guard #1)

Cut Miss Pepper's bonds, if you please.

Solo adroitly wraps an arm around Fasik, holding the grenade under the monarch's nose and using Fasik's body to shield himself.

FASIK

Mr. Smith, I warn you...

SOLO

No, your majesty, I warn you: unless you have Miss Pepper released, I'll pull this pin and blow your face to shreds.

FASIK

You'll blow your hands off in the process.

SOLO

I wouldn't like that. Nevertheless...

(slips pin a little)

I'm willing to make that sacrifice. I'm very fond of Miss Pepper who is quite right. You are insane.

80-82 OUT

7-1-64

P.44B

WIDE ANGLE

82X1

Past Solo and Fasik in f.g. The members of the court, the guards, the officers stand frozen and indecisive.

EXTREME CLOSE - SOLO AND FASIK

82X2

As Fasik tries to get a good look at the grenade but Solo is holding it too close to his face.

FASIK
You're bluffing. That's a
standard grenade.

82X2
CONT'D
(2)

Solo yanks at it, drawing it out a quarter of an inch. Fasik begins to sweat.

SOLO
Just one more inch, your highness,
between you and blindness, pain,
death.

Solo draws the pin another quarter of an inch.

PULL BACK TO INCLUDE ERNESTINE AND GUARD #1 both standing transfixed nearby. Solo draws the pin another quarter inch. Fasik backs down.

FASIK
Stop. Release her!

Guard #1 hesitates. Solo yanks the pin another quarter of an inch, obviously the next to final one. Fasik panics.

FASIK
Release her!

Guard #1 quickly cuts Ernestine's bonds. Immediately Solo trips Fasik, then bludgeons Guard #1 with the grenade and seizes his rifle. Ernestine is standing there as if hypnotized.

SOLO
Run!

Ernestine breaks toward the tunnel door. Solo fires past her dropping Guard #2, then at Cadera who begins to approach. Then Solo pulls the pin of the grenade and throws it into the room. Of course it has not been booby-trapped, and so the handle flies off as the countdown starts. Everyone ducks. He starts out but freezes as:

7-1-64

P.44D

ERNESTINE

82X3

Coming back for her purse. She grabs it then returns toward the tunnel door. Solo grabs her, hustling her out. The grenade of course has not been booby trapped. Its handle flies clear indicating it will go off in a few seconds. Everyone dives for cover.

TUNNEL DOOR

82X4

Solo and Ernestine scramble through it. PAN TO SHOW Fasik and the others desperately taking cover.

INT. TUNNEL

83

Solo slams the door shut behind them, then throws Ernestine to the floor. Immediately there is an explosion in the throne room. Solo gets Ernestine to her feet and hustles her down the tunnel and up the ramp out of sight.

84 OUT

INT. CELL BLOCK

85

Solo and Ernestine race into view and hurry along through the corridor past the cells, to the bewilderment of the prisoners.

ANGEL'S CELL

86

Solo and Ernestine race into SCENE, Solo intending to continue right on, but Ernestine skids to a stop as she sees Angel.

ERNESTINE

Angel!

She runs to the cell, Angel comes to the bars.

ERNESTINE

Angel, what are you doing in there?

Running FOOTSTEPS in the tunnel and SHOUTS.
Solo returns, grabs Ernestine.

SOLO

Come on!

Angel grabs her through the bars.

ANGEL

Guard! Guard!

Solo jams a fist through the bars, sends Angel staggering back. More FOOTSTEPS closer. Solo and Ernestine flee into a corridor.

INT. BRICK CORRIDOR

87

Solo and Ernestine rush into SCENE. There are several doors and a cul de sac. They each try a couple of doors. Ernestine opens one. They scramble through it.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM

88

a dimly-lit cubby hole with one window. The room is lined with shelves containing blankets, pillows, uniforms, etc. There is a key in the door lock. Solo turns it. He and Ernestine stand there gasping for breath. They HEAR distant SHOUTS. Solo goes to the window, peers out, then summons Ernestine.

SOLO

You climbed the hotel fire escape.
Can you make it over that wall?

Ernestine looks out.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD

89

as seen through dusty window. This is the yard where Solo almost had his neck broken. No one is there now. At the far side is a wall about six feet high, but with enough cracks in it to provide a few footholds.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM

90

ERNESTINE

I think so.

SOLO

Come on.

He raises the window and starts to climb out, but suddenly grabs Ernestine and throws her down on the floor beneath the window.

MOVE IN ON WINDOW TO SHOW:

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY - BARRETT AND TWO SOLDIERS

91

Searching the yard.

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - SOLO, ERNESTINE

92

Solo rises, peers out the window, then whispers to Ernestine.

SOLO

I'll go first, try to lead them away. Then you can make it over the wall. Get to a phone. Call Dr. Strickland at the hotel. He'll know what to do.

92

CONT'D

(2)

Solo starts to climb out. She holds him back.

ERNESTINE

What about this?

She indicates the legal papers. Solo looks to heaven for patience.

ERNESTINE

I've come all the way from Red Bank, and I'm not going to leave until...

SOLO

Ernestine, you heard Fasik. He plans to terrorize an entire nation.

ERNESTINE

The nation can look after itself. I'm here to help Shirley Heggenheimer and four children who...

SOLO

Give it to me. I'll get it signed.

Solo takes the papers, starts to climb out, but Ernestine again detains him.

ERNESTINE

About Angel Galley - why I had that dinner date with him - I met him through his sister. He told me...

SOLO

Ernestine....

ERNESTINE

I want you to know. He said his work had something to do with policies. I thought he meant insurance, so I began dating him. Then I found out it wasn't insurance at all, but the policy racket. So I dropped him fast, believe me.

SOLO

I believe you.

Solo smiles and climbs out the window.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - DAY - PAN SOLO

93

from the window around a corner of the building. Barrett sees him. He and his men pursue. HOLD ON THE WINDOW. Ernestine climbs out, runs to the wall, attempts to climb, can't make it. She tosses her high heel shoes over, then again attempts to climb the wall. We can't tell whether she'll make it or not. It seems doubtful.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIDEYARD OF PRISON - DAY - SOLO

94

comes running around the corner of the building into a service area, enclosed by the wall. ALLOW SOLO TO EXIT through scene, then PAN BACK to pick up Barrett and the two soldiers who now turn the corner of the building.

BARRETT AND SOLDIERS

95

They run along the building to an archway or portico. A few steps through and beyond it, they stop and come back, obviously having lost their quarry. Then Barrett notices that the door leading into the building from the portico is open.

BARRETT

Inside!

Barrett leads them into the building.

PAN UP TO PORTICO CEILING. Solo is hanging to the beams. He waits a moment, then drops.

PAN SOLO

96

He runs on through the portico.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY - SOLO

97

running from the portico into the yard in front of the building, a large open area. Beyond it near the wall is a clump of shaggy, old trees. Solo advances a dozen yards toward the trees, then stops cold as Fasik rides into scene on a high-spirited vicious-looking stallion and reins up confronting Solo.

FASIK

98

The encounter is all he could have wished for. Whipping that ancient sword from its scabbard, Fasik spurs his mount violently and rides at Solo sword in air.

SOLO

99

On reflex, he dives aside into the dust. In the next second Fasik charges through scene, his blade slicing the air just vacated by Solo's neck. STAY WITH SOLO who scrambles to his feet, spitting dust, and turns to see:

LOW ANGLE - FASIK

100

Wheeling his mount with impressive horsemanship, he rides back at CAMERA, his eyes alight. He leans over and swings the sword through immediate foreground, all but slicing a layer of glass from the lens.

PAN SHARPLY aside to pick up Solo's lunging body as he again hits the hard earth. But this time he doesn't stop. Instead, Solo rolls, gets to his feet and runs for the stairs.

FASIK

101

Again wheeling, he spurs his horse in pursuit of Solo.

SHOOTING FROM THE STAIRS

102

Solo running toward CAMERA, Fasik gaining on him like a tidal wave. Solo runs up the stairs, then wheels around to leap at Fasik. He pulls him off his horse to the ground.

103 OUT

SOLO

104

On his feet and running, he reaches the wall and starts to climb.

FASIK

105

On his feet now, sword still in hand, he races after Solo.

SOLO

106

Failing to scale the wall, he falls back, turns to meet Fasik's charge. Solo ducks the sword and the two men grapple. A couple of Karate blows by Solo. The sword goes flying. Another blow, Fasik drops. Solo again leaps at the wall and would make it this time, but SHOTS are HEARD from o.s. Bullets chip at the stone above Solo's head. He turns to see:

BARRETT AND SOLDIERS

107

A dozen of them, weapons ready, approaching at a run.

SOLO

108

Out of breath and near exhaustion, he raises his hands. Barrett helps Fasik to his feet, solicitously. Fasik shakes off any further assistance. Now Fasik confronts Solo.

FASIK

I would have made you wealthy...
nobleman. We must now discover
who you really are. I'm sure that
will be an interesting experience.

(to Barrett)

Take him inside. I'll question the
woman first.

7-1-64

P.51

BARRETT

We haven't found her as yet.

108
CONT'D
(2)

Fasik is concerned only for a moment, then easily, for Solo's benefit:

FASIK

But we will very shortly.

Fasik heads his retinue toward the building. Soldiers escort Solo following them.

CLOSE - SOLO

109

Marching along, wondering what to do. Suddenly we HEAR two short and one long BLAST of a SHRILL WHISTLE. The others stop and look around. Solo turns away, covering his eyes. Immediately near Fasik a tear gas SHELL EXPLODES, then THREE MORE, bracketing the area.

HIGH ANGLE

110

White smoke mushrooms across the yard, enveloping everyone. Men in gas masks appear on the roofs, dropping into the yard.

CLOSE - FASIK, BARRETT, SOLDIERS

111

in the smoke, coughing, choking, covering their eyes.

THE GATE

112

A double wooden gate in the outside wall. One of the gas masked men swings it open. Suddenly a truck barrels through, a small, unlabeled, very sturdy truck, clearing the way for a squad of Rome U.N.C.L.E. agents, in plain clothes, but wearing gas masks. Armed with automatic weapons, they fan out into the yard.

PAN TO SHOW THEM beginning to fire at Fasik's men.

CLOSE - THE TRUCK

113

Illya is at the wheel. He stops the truck and gets out, armed with a machine pistol. Now Ernestine comes running in through the gate. Illya stops her.

ILLYA

Wait outside!

ERNESTINE

No. You promised.

Her determination is very strong. Illya sighs and leads her toward the building. Through this we HEAR the o.s. SHOTS and SHOUTS. FOLLOW ILLYA and ERNESTINE to the building.

EXT. FASIK'S COMMAND ROOM - DAY

114

Illya and Ernestine enter. U.N.C.L.E. agents are sending Fasik's men out of the room, hands up, and disarming them. Many of Fasik's men are dabbing at their eyes and coughing from the tear gas encounter outside. Illya and Ernestine look around, but can't find Solo. They cross through to the tunnel.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY - FOLLOW ILLYA AND ERNESTINE

115

The tunnel is jammed with U.N.C.L.E. agents and their prisoners. Illya and Ernestine crowd through to the ramp where Fasik has been captured and is being searched. His face is wet with tears. He is being stripped of his sword.

ERNESTINE
Fasik, where is Mr. Smith?

115
CONT'D
(2)

Fasik looks at her blankly.

ERNESTINE (frantically)
Please tell me, your majesty!
Have you seen Mr. Smith?

FASIK (quietly)
Behold the king! Behold! Behold
the king! Behold the. . .

He begins to sob as he is led away. Illya and Ernestine are for a moment struck by the man's personal tragedy. When he is gone they hurry up the ramp.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY - ILLYA AND ERNESTINE

116

Pushing their way through more knots of U.N.C.L.E. agents and Fasik soldiers, including Barrett, but still no Solo. FOLLOW ILLYA and ERNESTINE through the cell block. Ten yards from Angel's cell, Ernestine lets out a shriek:

ERNESTINE
Mr. Smith!

She and Illya hurry to Angel's cell. The door is wide open but Angel Galley is still incarcerated, held at bay by Solo who is armed with a rifle.

INT. CELL

117

Ernestine runs in and embraces Solo tearfully.

ERNESTINE
Oh, Mr. Smith, if anything had happened to you, I would have perished! I really would!

SOLO
It's sweet of you to be concerned, even sweeter to have made it over the wall.

ERNESTINE
And you saved Angel for me. How can I ever thank you?

SOLO (smiles)
You have.

ERNESTINE
Mr. Smith.

117
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Yes...

ERNESTINE
When we get home --- if --- if
you'd like to call me --- I can
be reached at ---

SOLO
I know. The number is in here.

Solo gets out her legal papers and returns them to her.

ANGEL
All right, all right. Let's get
on with this.

ERNESTINE
Very well. Raise your right hand.

She opens out the papers and provides a pen. Angel raises his right hand. At this point, Venerdi (the head of Rome U.N.C.L.E.) and Gemma enter scene outside the cell and motion to Solo and Illya.

ERNESTINE
Do you, Angel Galley, swear that
the statements you are about to
make are the truth, the whole
truth and nothing but the truth?

Solo and Illya slip out and join Venerdi and Gemma.

ANGEL
Do I have a choice?

INT. CELL BLOCK - VENERDI, GEMMA, SOLO, ILLYA - DAY

118

With Ernestine and Angel in the cell in b.g.

ERNESTINE
I show you exhibit "A", a copy
of a will executed at Red Bank,
New Jersey on the fifteenth day
of April, nineteen sixty-two.

SOLO
Everything under control, Mr.
Venerdi?

VENERDI

The situation is well in hand.

118

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

Grazie.

VENERDI

Arrivederla.

ILLYA

Ciao.

Venerdi moves into the cell to guard Angel who is examining the copy of the will which Ernestine is showing him.

ERNESTINE

And do you recall acting as a witness to this will?

ANGEL

Yes. I recall.

CLOSE - SOLO AND ILLYA

119

ILLYA

Gemma was wrong. Ernestine is not an agent.

SOLO (happily)

She's a notary public.

They watch her for a moment, then turn and slip out the nearest door, unnoticed.

FADE OUT

THE END

EPILOGUE

INT. THRONE ROOM - MED. SHOT - SOLO AND GIRL - DAY 120

The girl has been sitting on the steps beside Solo and apparently they have been relaxed and chatting. They each hold a half finished sandwich...the sword lies neglected on the steps. Solo accidentally glances TOWARD CAMERA, discovers it is upon him and quickly scrambles to get back into the act. He tries to conceal the sandwich as he shoves it to the girl, indicates the Camera to her (they are being watched, he seems to be saying), and jerks his thumb at the throne. The girl quickly assumes a dignified mein somewhat awkwardly, holding both sandwiches behind her back to conceal them as she scrambles up to take her seat on the throne. Simultaneously Solo picks up the sword and grins his embarrassment. INTO CAMERA as he talks.

SOLO

Oh - uh - you're back. Well! As you've seen, the King business just ain't what it used to be. But then... what is...???

The girl has been having trouble concealing the sandwich. Her face pained, she is waving one at Solo, as if to ask what to do with it. He sees her out of the corner of his eye.

SOLO (sotto voce, to girl)

Later....

(TO CAMERA, forced smile)

Let's see what we're up to next week...

A SERIES OF TRAILER CUTS. THEN:

121-121

BACK TO SCENE

125

Girl is once again concealing the sandwiches behind her back. They both have been watching the trailer. Now:

SOLO
It looks like there will be no rest
for the weary. But at least I've
finished with this lot...

125
CONT'D
(2)

He holds up the sword and looks for a place to get
rid of it. Abruptly he leaps aside and parries be-
hind him as an imaginary adversary lunges and misses.

SOLO (fighting any
number of enemies)
Whoops! Here they come again.
(to girl, as he fights)
Don't just sit there. Call them
off!

She holds out her hand (a sandwich still in it), her
thumb jutting up. Then she turns her hand so that
the thumb points down. She sits there stoically,
arm out rigidly, thumb down, as Solo fights for his
life.

SOLO (to girl, bitterly)
Thanks a whole lot.
(to audience)
See you next week.... I hope....

As he fights CAMERA ZOOMS PAST HIM to a CLOSE UP OF
THE GIRL'S FACE. As she winks.

FREEZE FRAME FOR TITLES.

THE END