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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES AFFAIR

Prod. #8411

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

"The Birds And The Bees Affair"

Prod. #8411

FADE IN:

EXT. GENEVA, SWITZERLAND - EST. SHOT - (STOCK) - DAY 1

A line title reads UNCLE headquarters, Geneva, Switzerland.

EXT. GENEVA STREET - DAY 2

From OUR ANGLE it appears like any European street. OUR CAMERA ZOOMS IN on ZEVRON'S FINE SWISS WATCHES.

ANOTHER ANGLE 3

A car pulls INTO SHOT and SOLO and ILLYA step out and enter the store.

INT. ZEVRON'S FINE SWISS WATCHES - ANGLE TO SOLO AND ILLYA 4

as they enter the store. OUR CAMERA PANS OVER to include a FLOWER VENDOR and his cart -- watching after the two agents.

PANNING SHOT - THEIR POV 5

SHOWING us a little of the store -- quaint, old world charm, the walls festooned with all shapes and sizes of clocks -- finally BRINGING US to the proprietor, behind the counter, very dead.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA 6

Instantly withdrawing their SPECIALS, eyes darting back and forth, alert, searching for danger, THRUSH or otherwise.

MOVING WITH SOLO AND ILLYA

7

as they advance toward the proprietor -- no doubt about it. He's quite dead.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO

8

advancing toward large grandfather clock, spinning the hands to twelve o'clock.

ANGLE TO THE REAR OF THE SHOP

9

as a panel splits open, revealing an entrance to the reception office of UNCLE, Geneva.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - ANGLE TO HOLD ILLYA AND SOLO

10

entering cautiously, SPECIALS in hand -- the receptionist lies crumpled over her desk. One glance is enough to tell them the whole story. Quickly now, they move past her into the main room, as it were, the nerve center of UNCLE, Geneva.

INT. NERVE CENTER - PANNING SHOT - THEIR POV

11

Sprawled at their various positions around the room, radar, communications, etc., are four or five UNCLE agents, all dead.

ANGLE ON SOLO

12

bending over one of the dead UNCLE AGENTS, examining him closely.

SOLO (after a moment)
Swelling -- it looks like some sort
of insect sting....

Illya goes to desk communicator.

ILLYA
Overseas relay, Class D, priority,
please scramble.

RESUME - WAVERLY

19

WAVERLY

What do you suggest?

RESUME - ILLYA

20

ILLYA

A Section One headquarters alert to
direct all of our offices to standby
-- and switch over to emergency
ventilating systems.

RESUME - WAVERLY

21

WAVERLY

I see. Anything else?

RESUME - ILLYA

22

ILLYA

Not for the moment.

RESUME - WAVERLY

23

WAVERLY

In that case, proceed on to New York
for de-briefing. I'll have Deitrich
take over there.

He flicks off the desk switch, there is a frown on his
face.

CUT TO:

24-OUT

EXT. STREET - FLOWER VENDOR

25

His cart parked directly in the path of Solo's car. He
finishes smearing what will pass for honey over the inside
and outside of both front windows. Then he moves away,
licking his fingers as Solo and Illya emerge from the
building, cross to their car, enter, drive away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY

28

Solo's car spinning along.

INT. SOLO'S CAR (PROCESS)

29

Solo driving, Illya beside him. Illya starts to open the closed window. He sees a sticky substance on the glass. He touches it, tastes it.

ILLYA (puzzled)

....honey....

Suddenly we HEAR the ominous BUZZING of bees, growing LOUDER AND LOUDER. The car is under attack.

SOLO

Bees! Close the windows!

Rhetorical, as Illya is already snapping the windows shut. OVER SHOT we HEAR the bees hurtling themselves against the windows.

ILLYA

They're smashing themselves against the windows.

ANGLE ON WINDOWS

30

pocked, as though sprayed with pellets.

SOLO

There's a lake up ahead!

MED. SHOT - SOLO'S CAR

31

twisting on to a back road.

A TINY PIER ANGLING ONTO LAKE - SOLO'S POV

32

ANGLE TO COVER THE ACTION

33

as Solo's car hurtles off the pier, plummets into the lake.

ANGLE ON LAKE

34

where Solo's car has sunk, waves rippling out like cobwebs.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

FADE IN:
ESTABLISHING SHOT - NEW YORK SKYLINE

35

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

36

Illya and Solo, with Waverly.

WAVERLY

A most remarkable escape, I must say. No unpleasant after-effect, I trust.

SOLO

Nothing -- except the crease in my pants hasn't quite been the same.

WAVERLY

Then we can proceed.

ANGLE ON WAVERLY

37

as he snaps off the lights, flooding the room in darkness, at the same time hitting the monitor switch.

CLOSE - MONITOR

38

We see what appears to be an innocent enough bee.

WAVERLY (OVER SHOT)

This is a blow-up, magnified a thousand times, of one of the bees our research people found in the Geneva office.

(he pauses for effect)

A new breed of bee, so minute it can penetrate the thinnest of wire screening.

SOLO

Follow-up reports each man received over a hundred minute bee stings.... Actually one would have been quite sufficient.

ILLYA

Killer bees.

ILLYA

But I thought bees made their
own honey and fed on it.

39

CONT'D
(1)

WAVERLY

Our research people report that
these tiny insects are incapable
of producing enough to feed them-
selves. It would appear that this
Cumberly honey is their special food.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Well, gentlemen, it appears you have
your work cut out for you.

39
CONT'D
(2)

Waverly dismisses them with a nod, and turns his attention
to some papers on his desk, as Illya and Solo start out.
Suddenly Waverly looks up.

WAVERLY

Eh, Mr. Solo....

Solo stops, turning to Waverly.

SOLO

Yes, sir.

Waverly regards Solo for a moment.

WAVERLY (drily)

On your way out, see what Del Floria
can do about that crease, will you?

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DR. SWAN'S LABORATORY - IN THE BASEMENT OF MR.
MOZART - MED. SHOT FROM ABOVE

40

WE LOOK DOWN on the laboratory of Dr. Swan. It is a
fairly large room, large enough to hold all his scientific
equipment as well as the hives positioned around the room.
Each bench has a microscope on it, and all the impediments
of the scientist -- test tubes, bunsen burners, etc.
Along the walls are charts and diagrams, showing the life
cycle of the bee. In the B.G. WE HEAR the BUZZING and
MURMURING of the bees. CAMERA CRANES DOWN to DR. SWAN,
at the moment engaged in feeding the bees. Brought up
in a profession to command respect, he is often with-
drawn and uneasy in a world where he feels his authority
has lately become less and less unquestionable. There is
nothing of the "mad scientist" about Dr. Swan. On the
contrary, he projects a curious dignity, buttressed by
his sincere commitment, but tempered by the scientist's
detachment. We LOSE him, and CAMERA BRINGS US to Mr.
Mozart, dressed in an "inter-molecular" suit, to protect
him from any inadvertent bee stings. Although we see
little of him, except his eyes, we sense the authority
of a man accustomed to being listened to. (NOTE: Unlike
Mozart, Dr. Swan is dressed in the simple garb of the
laboratory.)

MOZART

My dear Dr. Swan, aren't you afraid
of being stung?

40

CONT'D
(2)

SWAN

Over the years my system has become
immunized to the bees' venom. Un-
fortunately, however, it is unable
to ward off the common headache.

MOZART

That hardly surprises me.

SWAN (statement of fact)

What surprises me is the working
conditions you have provided for me,
and the money....

MOZART (wryly)

Such cynicism....

SWAN

And speaking of money....

MOZART

Ah yes, of course -- it must have
slipped my mind....\$10,000 wasn't it?

He hands Swan a check from his pocket.

MOZART

...If I'm not mistaken that brings us
up to \$150,000.

SWAN

More or less.

MOZART (feigned sincerity)

My dear, Swan, I wish you could refrain
from visiting this private club of
yours. Really, you know you can't win.

SWAN

We all have our needs. Even you.
Besides it's merely a question of time
until the percentages start working
for me....

MOZART (starting to
move to exit)
I hope so, Ellias. Nothing would
please me more.
(turns to Swan)
I'll have someone bring you an aspirin.

40
CONT'D
(3)

SWAN
Funny -- my headache seems to have
vanished.

MOZART (smiles - wryly)
Isn't it amazing the therapeutic value
of \$10,000 -- I'll recommend it to
all my friends.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE TO HOLD MOZART

41

as he emerges from Swan's laboratory. In the B.G. we see
other doors angling off the corridor, as well as a spiral
staircase, twisting up to the main ballroom. As a
SECURITY GUARD helps him shuck the inter-molecular suit,
Mozart says:

MOZART
See that the good doctor isn't dis-
turbed.

He moves toward the spiral staircase. SHOOTING UP the
spiral staircase, FOLLOWING Mozart as he winds his way
up to the door, leading to the main ballroom.

INT. MAIN BALLROOM OF MOZART STUDIOS - ANGLE TO HOLD
MOZART

42

as he emerges from spiral staircase.

FULL SHOT - BALLROOM - FAVORING MOZART

43

as he threads his way across the ballroom, pausing to
openly admire the pretty young things that grace his
studio. CAMERA FOLLOWS Mozart into his office.

INT. MOZART'S OFFICE - DAY

44

It is done in the most impeccable taste, almost unbearably well furnished. Now that Mozart is out of the inter-molecular suit we are able to get a better look at him: lean, well-tanned, his hair tailored like a brillo pad, we get the impression of a man who pays a great attention to detail, yet at the same time is capable of meeting any physical demands. At the moment he is seated behind his desk, reaching for the phone. In the B.G. an AIDE is hovering over the bar, preparing drinks.

MOZART (to Aide)

Make that a tiger's milk and gin.

(into phone)

Hello....put Maples on.

INT. MAPLES' OFFICE IN THE CASINO

45

An Aide, SIMON, is on the phone.

SIMON

Right away, sir.

ZIP PAN TO:

46-OUT

INT. CASINO - HIGH ANGLE SHOT

47

LOOKING DOWN on the casino with people preparing for the night's activity. We can see the Aide and Maples, - the THRUSH gentleman of the Teaser - but they are too far away to be heard. After a moment Maples follows the Aide through the casino.

CUT TO:

INT. MAPLES' OFFICE - ANGLE TO HOLD MAPLES ON PHONE -
DAY

48

MAPLES

Hello....Mozart....

INT. MOZART'S OFFICE AT THE DANCE STUDIO - ANGLE TO HOLD
MOZART AT PHONE

49

MOZART

Ah, Maples....I just had a little
chat with Dr. Swan....\$10,000 worth
...So it wouldn't surprise me if he
were to pay you a visit....

RESUME - MAPLES

50

MAPLES

We'll be ready for him.

ZIP PAN TO:

51-OUT

INT. THE MADISON HEALTH FOOD STORE - CLOSE SHOT - CUT-
AWAY MODEL OF A BEE HIVE - DAY

52

PULLING BACK to discover Illya, examining the bee hive
with more than casual interest.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TT THE COUNTER

53

Where TAVIA SANDOR, a breathtaking beautiful girl of about
twenty-six is standing. She is simply but tastefully
dressed. A shy, subdued girl.

TAVIA

May I help you, please.

ILLYA

I'm waiting for someone, thank you.

TAVIA

Six jars of CUMBERLY honey, ready and
wrapped. Will there be anything else,
Mr. Mozart?

ANGLE WIDENS to include Illya, who has just sauntered to
the counter.

MOZART

You know, my dear, my offer is still
open.

TAVIA (shy)

You're very kind. But I am happy here.

53

CONT'D

(2)

MOZART

Oh, really? Think about it. Not only would you make more money at my dance studio. But it would give you a chance -- a chance to blossom.

(he starts to move off, then
turns to Tavia)

Do reconsider my little proposal.

As Mozart moves OUT OF FRAME, Tavia turns her attention to Illya.

TAVIA

Now may I help you, please.

ILLYA

Was that the last of your Cumberly honey?

TAVIA

Yes -- but there'll be another shipment tomorrow --

ILLYA

There are only four health food stores in town that carry that particular brand. And Mr. Mozart seems to have cornered the market.

TAVIA (genuinely puzzled)

I beg your pardon.

Illya displays his I.D.

ILLYA

Illya Kuryakin. I'm with the U.N.C.L.E. And I have a strong feeling that perhaps you should reconsider Mr. Mozart's proposal.

ANGLE - TAVIA

53X1

Amazement.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CASINO - ROULETTE TABLE - CLOSE ON ROULETTE WHEEL 55

spinning like a top, the metal ball skittering to a stop on BLACK 16.

CROUPIER'S VOICE (OVER SHOT)
Sixteen. Black. Even.

PULL BACK to discover Solo picking up his winnings, as the Croupier sweeps in the remaining chips.

WIDER ANGLE 56

to include Dr. Swan on Solo's right, the LOSER, on Solo's left, observing Solo's winnings with ill-concealed distaste.

ANGLE ON SWAN 57

furtively checking and marking in a little notebook in his vest.

SOLO (trying to establish
contact)
You have a system?

SWAN (brushing him aside)
Theory of probability.

ANGLE TO FAVOR LOSER 58

who has overheard the by-play between Solo and Swan and is anxious to pry the secret of Solo's success from him.

LOSER (to Solo)
What's your system?

SOLO
Clean living and a pure heart.

LOSER
I'll have to try it sometime. Say,
would you be a good guy and hold my
spot while I get some chips?

As the Loser moves off, CAMERA PULLS UP QUICKLY AND AWAY until we have an ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN on the roulette table. ADJUST CAMERA to show Maples, in his office, flanked by Simon.

58
CONT'D
(2)

MAPLES

The man on Swan's left is an UNCLE agent. Dispose of him before he can make contact.

SIMON

Here?

MAPLES

Why not?

Simon hits a switch on his desk.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - FAVORING CIGARETTE GIRL

59

clad in a handful of sequins -- as a light recessed in her cigarette tray winks on and off.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO - ROULETTE TABLE

60

The Loser has resumed his position next to Solo. Solo turns to Dr. Swan, who has just lost again.

SOLO (casually)

I don't wish to pry, Dr. Swan, but you know you're being systematically cheated, don't you?

SWAN

How do you know my name?

SOLO

Perhaps we could discuss this some other place where there are less distractions.

As Swan weighs this proposal, the Cigarette Girl ENTERS SHOT, barnacles a carnation to Solo's lapel, Solo hands her a bill and she moves off.

CIGARETTE GIRL
Compliments of the house.

60
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Thank you.

ANGLE ON LOSER

61

Solo's getting the carnation a symbol of his own frustration.

LOSER (truculently)
Boy, when you're winning, everything
is on the house.
(reaches over for carnation)
Do you mind?

He pins the carnation on his lapel, turns back to the roulette game.

LOSER
Everything on twenty-three.
(the old pro, to Solo)
Take my advice, pal - quite while
you're ahead.

Suddenly a puff of smoke escapes from the carnation, the Loser slumping over the table. Simultaneously OVER SHOT, the Croupier announces.

CROUPIER
The winner, twenty-three, Red and Odd.

FREEZE FRAME, and --

FADE OUT.

62-OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CASINO - THE ROULETTE TABLE

63

ANGLE ON THE LOSER

64

draped over the table.

65-OUT

ANGLE TO ESTABLISH REACTIONS

66

of other patrons. Too engrossed in their own pursuits to notice or care about what is happening.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SIMON AND ANOTHER AIDE

67

propping the Loser between them, carrying him off.

SIMON (for the benefit
of the patrons)
One too many, I guess. Some people
just don't know when to stop.
(to other Aide)
Give me a hand.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND SWAN

67X1

Their eyes meet.

SWAN
I think perhaps we should have that
little chat.

As Solo and Swan start to move off, the Cigarette Girl slips behind Solo, CAMERA PANNING DOWN on her cigarette tray, where WE SEE a tiny gun barrel poking out of the cigarette tray into Solo's back.

CIGARETTE GIRL
If you'll just step to the rear of
the casino.

Solo glances behind him.

SOLO

Serves me right for over-tipping.

67X1
CONT'D
(2)

Simultaneously Maples propels Swan THROUGH AND OUT the casino. Meanwhile OUR CAMERA IS PANNING WITH Solo and Cigarette Girl, as the other gamblers, completely oblivious to what is happening, are flowing by them on all sides. ANGLE WIDENS TO HOLD two pretty young GIRLS, who ENTER SHOT.

FIRST GIRL

I haven't even got enough money for a cab home. I hope my husband doesn't ask for my paycheck....or go through my pockets while I'm asleep.

ANGLE ON SOLO

68

seizing his opportunity, linking his arms with the two girls.

SOLO

This seems to be my lucky night...
please allow me to escort you home...

WIDER ANGLE - FAVORING CIGARETTE GIRL

69

as Solo and the two girls EXIT the casino, an expression of intense frustration floods her face.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DANCE STUDIO - MOZART'S OFFICE - DAY

70

Tavia standing at one end of Mozart's desk, Mozart examining her appreciatively.

MOZART

I can't tell you how delighted I've been since you joined us. I hope your schedule isn't too heavy.

TAVIA

You're very tolerant. I'm afraid I'm not very accomplished -- to be an instructor.

MOZART

Nonsense -- your very presence
brightens the studio -- to say noth-
ing of what it does for me.

(as an afterthought)

We're going to help you find yourself.
Gain self-confidence. Oh, you will be
having lunch with me. Only organic
foods. Mustn't lose our schoolgirl
complexion....

70

CONT'D

(2)

Mozart's attention makes Tavia uncomfortable.

INT. MOZART'S STUDIO - MAIN BALLROOM

71

Illya and DANCE INSTRUCTOR off to one side, with dancers
in the B.G. Dance Instructor is making her pitch; Illya
playing the role of the reluctant "mark". It is important
to note that Illya wears his dark glasses.

ILLYA

An interesting concept -- a life-
time course....but still, I'm not
sure.

INSTRUCTOR

You'd be surprised at how many doors
dancing can open....

ILLYA (wryly)

That's what I'm counting on....

INSTRUCTOR (searching
for the clincher)

We do have some very pretty instructors.

ILLYA

So I see.

INSTRUCTOR

Allow me to make a suggestion: Why
don't you take a trial course, and
if....

ANGLE WIDENS to include Tavia, Illya's POV. Tavia exits
Mozart's office.

ILLYA (glancing pointedly
at Tavia)
Eh, do I get my choice of instructors?

71
CONT'D
(2)

INSTRUCTOR (hesitating
slightly, but hating to lose a
sale)
Well, it is a little unorthodox...but
I think we can make an exception.
(a beat)
Oh, Tavia, dear, come here for a moment...

Tavia ENTERS SHOT.

INSTRUCTOR
You seem to have made a conquest....
with Mr.....

ILLYA
Kuryakin....

INSTRUCTOR (to Tavia)
Use any room off the corridor.

The Instructor looks on as Tavia and Illya move down the
corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. ONE OF THE HONEYCOMB CELLS - IN MOZART'S STUDIO

72

Not much to show, really a tiny alcove for the record
player, and an intercom nestled in the corner. Illya
lets Tavia in first, then closes the door behind them.
He turns on the music -- a romantic number.

TAVIA
Would you mind explaining it to me
again, please, what I am doing here.

They dance. OUR CAMERA PANS WITH them.

ILLYA
Well, Plan A was that you would come
inside, establish yourself and look
around -- then you would tell me what
you've discovered about Mr. Mozart
and his honey collection.

Oh.

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. MOZART'S OFFICE - DAY

73

Aide behind something which resembles a switchboard panel.
ANGLE WIDENS to include Mozart.

ILLYA'S VOICE (FEED BACK)

What have you found, by the way?

TAVIA'S VOICE (FEED BACK)

Nothing. I've been dancing, all morning.

REACTION SHOT - MOZART

74

His face turns the color of dipped litmus. He turns to Aide.

MOZART (angry)

Shut it off.

(under his breath)

Foreigners. That's the trouble.
You give them jobs and they turn on you.

RESUME - ILLYA AND TAVIA

74X1

TAVIA

They won't let me look around. Every-
one tells me to stay in the studio.
What do we do?

ILLYA

Plan B. That's where I look around
for myself and you get out of here
as soon as possible. I want to thank
you for your help.

TAVIA

You mean that's all?

ILLYA

My supervisor will send you a letter
of commendation, suitable for framing.
Of course you can't show it to anyone
because all of our correspondence is
classified.

74X1
CONT'D
(2)

As the record finishes, Illya and Tavia stop dancing.
ANGLE WIDENS to include Dance Instructor (who made the
first pitch) entering the room.

INSTRUCTOR

Oh, Tavia, Mr. Mozart would like to
see you in his office.

As Tavia AD-LIBS goodbye, Instructor moves to record
player ostensibly to change the record.

INSTRUCTOR (smile)

I hope you don't mind my pinch-hitting?

ILLYA

Not at all.

As we HEAR a sedate fox-trot Illya and Dance Instructor
start to dance.

INSTRUCTOR (disarming
smile)

I must say, you're a very apt student.

ILLYA (in character of
student)

You're just making the best of a bad
job.

INSTRUCTOR (sincerely)

No, I mean it - you're really quite
good.

Suddenly the record starts to skip.

INSTRUCTOR

Oh, oh!

75-76
OUT

ANGLE ON INSTRUCTOR

77

as she moves to the record player.

INSTRUCTOR

I think it needs a new cartridge.

She glances at Illya exploringly.

INSTRUCTOR

I'm afraid I'm just helpless when it comes to anything mechanical.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

78

as he moves to the record player.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

79

examining the needle.

INSTRUCTOR

There's a new cartridge, there.
(points)

Why not? He disengages the old needle, slipping in the new needle. CAMERA PANNING DOWN AND OVER his shoulder to include the Instructor's legs as she ENTERS SHOT.

80-81
OUT

WIDER ANGLE - FAVORING INSTRUCTOR

82

as the Instructor plunges the tone arm into Illya's thumb.

INSERT - NEEDLE

83

puncturing Illya's thumb.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

84

immediately slumping to the ground.

ZIP PAN TO:

addition to Mozart, wearing an inter-molecular suit, he is now also a SECURITY GUARD, wearing one as well. the B.G. we HEAR the continual BUZZING and MURMURING the bees.

MOZART (chaffing him)
My dear Elias, you really should see someone about your fantasies. Why should THRUSH try to cheat you at roulette?

SWAN
Why did your man kidnap me?

MOZART
Naples didn't kidnap you. He prevented you from being kidnapped.

SWAN
And why do I now have this chaperone?
(indicating Security Guard)

MOZART
Because, my friend, you place too little value on yourself, which obviously UNCLE doesn't.

SWAN (steadily)
I won't be spied upon in my own laboratory. He must go.

MOZART (like ice)
I'm afraid that's out of the question.

LOSE INTERCUTS - SWAN AND MOZART

86-89

SWAN
Then I am to be virtually a prisoner in my own laboratory.

MOZART
Don't be so melodramatic.

For just a flash Swan's face seems to contort. Then it passes.

12-8-87 P.26
SWAN (steadily)
I see everything very clearly. You.
The laboratory. The casino. All
part of a package to keep me under
your thumb.

86-89
CONT'D
(2)

MOZART (dropping the mask)
Count your blessings, Elias. You have
your life. Your laboratory. Don't
press your luck. What I'm trying to
tell you, Swan, as delicately as
possible, is that you've become
expendable. We have the bees, and
if necessary we can bring in our own
scientists.

REACTION SHOT - SWAN

90

The message, sinking in. Mozart moves to exit,
turning to Swan for one last parting shot.

MOZART
Be happy in your work, Elias.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

91

Solo entering as Waverly shuts off his desk communi-
cator.

WAVERLY (into mike)
Call Internal Defense and have them
meet me here at two o'clock. And
check on the flight schedule of
those two Washington entomologists.

SOLO
Any word from Illya?

WAVERLY
It seems we've lost contact with Mr.
Kuryakin at Mozart's studio --
precisely why I called you in.

SOLO
They're probably keeping Swan
and his bees in there somewhere.
I'll close in on them.

WAVERLY

Yes, but move carefully, Mr. Solo.
If those bees are loosed, the entire
city will be endangered.

91

CONT'D

(2)

CLOSE INTERCUTS - SOLO AND WAVERLY

92-94

SOLO

Yes, sir.

WAVERLY

One other thing, Mr. Solo. Mr.
Kuryakin has enlisted the aid of
Miss Tavia Sandor as a dance
instructor. Keep an eye out for
her, too.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. "TORTURE" ROOM - IN THE BASEMENT OF MOZART'S STUDIO -
NEXT TO SWAN'S LABORATORY

95

BLURRED FOCUS - TAVIA - ILLYA'S POV

96

...tied securely to a chair, opposite Illya, an electronic
device, something like a diathermy machine, between them.

PANNING SHOT - ILLYA'S POV - MOZART AND AIDE

97

...coming into focus, in front of Illya.

ANGLE - ILLYA

98

...not yet bound, sitting before a table. On the table are
a set of blueprints.

ILLYA

She's not involved in this -- let
her go.

Mozart becomes indirect.

MOZART

If you'll be kind enough to glance at the table in front of you, you'll observe a blueprint of UNCLE headquarters, New York. I'm especially interested in the location of the alternative ventilating system.

98
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Sorry -- I don't do requests.

ANGLE ON MOZART

99

nodding to Aide, who proceeds to tie Illya to the chair.

MOZART

Oh, I think we may have something to change your tune. No doubt you're wondering about this machine. Let me relieve your curiosity. It's electricity-operated to produce any pre-selected sound frequencies.

ILLYA

I'm dying of suspense.

MOZART

The vibrations are set to increase until they soon pass beyond the range of human hearing into ultra-high frequency. The difference will become immediately apparent to you when the sound stops. At which time you will have three minutes until the vibrations shatter your eardrums.
(he pauses for effect)

REACTION SHOT - TAVIA

100

Her eyes widen with fear.

MOZART

Should you decide to change your mind, there's a buzzer on the arm of the chair. You might regard it as a test of endurance...The record incidentally is four minutes. But I'm afraid the poor man who set it has never quite been the same -- answers to the name of Fido, I believe.

ILLYA

I don't think she needs to witness the demonstration -- I can tell her all about it later.

100
CONT'D
(2)

MOZART

That's not very sporting of you, Mr. Kuryakin. After all, you sent her in here -- and I think she deserves to have her eardrums split apart along with yours.

On that cheerful note, Mozart hits a switch and we begin to HEAR the HUMMING emitted from the tuning fork, as Mozart and Aide exit.

REVERSE ANGLE - TO HOLD MOZART AND AIDE

101

as they step into corridor. If we are on our toes we can SEE Swan's laboratory next to the "torture room."

ANOTHER ANGLE - TWO SECURITY GUARDS

102

at the entrance of the "torture room."

MOZART

Close down the dance studio for the afternoon -- and let me know as soon as he changes his mind. I'll be in the penthouse with Maples.

Mozart and Aide wind their way up spiral staircase, leading to main ballroom.

103-105
OUT

INT. TORTURE ROOM - CLOSE ON ILLYA

106

struggling to escape his bonds. No use. He's had it. In the B.G., from the tuning fork we HEAR the HUMMING, signifying the vibrations have not yet passed into the high frequency stage.

ANGLE ON TAVIA

107

shen.

TAVIA

Illya?

ILLYA

Yes.

TAVIA

Would you explain this part to me,
please?

Before Illya can reply the HUMMING ABRUPTLY STOPS, indicating the vibrations are in the high-frequency stage.

TAVIA - ILLYA'S POV

108

An almost unbearable expression of pain begins to flood her face.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

MOZART
Still it did serve its purpose,
didn't it, Mr. Kuryakin?

118
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
I'll show you the ventilating system
to UNCLE headquarters, if that's what
you mean.

MOZART
No -- you'll do better than show me.
You'll take me.

REACTION SHOT - ILLYA

119

ILLYA
That won't be as easy as it sounds.

MOZART
Don't underestimate yourself, Mr.
Kuryakin. You're a resourceful chap.
(pointedly)
You'll find a way, won't you.

Mozart turns to Maples.

MOZART
Untie him.

ILLYA
And Miss Sandor?

MOZART
She stays here, of course.

ANGLE ON MAPLES

120

untieing Illya.

MOZART
Hurry up. We're wasting time. The
men are getting ready.

ILLYA
I wouldn't plan on bringing a crowd.
Conceivably I might be able to get you
through. But my organization frowns
on guided tours.

MOZART (considering this)
You realize, of course, that if something should go amiss, Miss Sandor will be in a very awkward position.

120
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA
The thought never crossed my mind.

ZIP PAN TO:

120X1
OUT

INT. SWAN'S LABORATORY - FULL SHOT

121

Mozart, Swan, Illya, Security Guard. Swan is turning over a specially constructed hive to Mozart. The BUZZING SOUND is unusually strong.

MOZART
Why are they making so much racket?

SWAN
I told you, we ran out of honey yesterday....You'd do well to feed them...

MOZART
They'll survive....
(as an afterthought)
Are you sure they're enough to do the job?

SWAN
More than enough. But wait a minute...

REACTION SHOT - ILLYA (to Mozart)

121X1

MOZART (to Guard)
Put the bees in the car.

ANGLE ON GROUP
galvanized into action.

121X2

SWAN
They're my bees. You can't do this.
Not all of them....

121X2
CONT'D
(2)

MOZART (to Maples, snapping
it out)
Keep him locked up in here. I'll check
back with you later....

As Maples propels Swan through the door, we:

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE

121X3

A sign reads -- PARKING FOR MOZART'S STUDIO. We SEE Solo nearby, reading the sign. He moves over to where a parked car is parked directly in front of -- and a few feet away from -- a steel door. There isn't any handle on the door, and as Solo examines it, he can't seem to find a way to open it. Then he runs his fingers over the center of the door -- checking it by his super-sensitive touch. Aha. He moves over to the car.

ANGLE

121X4

Solo leans into the car, looking at the dash. He turns on the car headlights.

ANGLE - DOOR

121X5

As the lights reflect on the door -- it opens.

ANGLE - SOLO

121X6

An old THRUSH trick.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. TORTURE ROOM CORRIDOR

121X7

A Guard in the hallway. We SEE Solo peering around the corner, UNCLE Special in hand. Solo moves up behind the Guard, getting ready to give him a karate chop. The Guard doesn't see him.

SWAN (V.O.)

Oh, guard.

121X7
CONT'D
(2)

The Guard turns away and into the laboratory door before Solo can get him. Frustrated, Solo moves to the lab door.

122-124
OUT

INT. LABORATORY

124X1

Swan is standing alone, holding a small box, the size that might contain kitchen matches. The Guard looks at him, curiously. Swan turns away as he talks to the Guard.

SWAN (stalling)

I know that you have orders to keep me...locked up in here, but I was hoping that we might work out some accommodation.

Swan opens the small box. We HEAR a BUZZING SOUND. Swan faces the Guard again.

SWAN

After all, it doesn't mean anything to you personally....

(watching Guard with interest)

ANGLE - GUARD

124X2

HEARING the BUZZING come nearer, he panics, moves for the door.

SWAN (V.O.)

...whether I live or....

ANGLE - SWAN

124X3

A nice smile.

SWAN

...or die....

ANGLE - GUARD

124x4

Just as he reaches the door -- he is stung. The Guard slumps to the floor. The BUZZING STOPS.

WIDER ANGLE - LABORATORY

124x5

Solo enters, shoving the Guard aside.

SOLO

Dr. Swan....

SWAN

The gentleman from the casino.....
what do you want....my bees?

SOLO

I'll start with that.

SWAN

They're on their way to your ventilating system. That other young fellow is showing them the way.....

Solo takes out his communicator.

SOLO

How long ago.

SWAN

A few minutes. They took them all -- even the queen -- all but two.

SOLO (into communicator)

Channel D please.

(to Swan)

We may still be able to stop them...

(into communicator)

Emergency pattern -- please scramble.

(to Swan)

Takes a moment.

SWAN (resigned)

No one really cares about bees, you know -- they are an order of beings -- a higher order, almost -- much more civilized than people at any rate....and now all my bees are gone.

Suddenly, we HEAR the lone BUZZING of one bee.

124X5
CONT'D
(2)

SWAN

All but one?

SOLO (looks at Guard)

I thought....

SWAN (he remembers)

There were two.

(surprise)

Only one stung the guard.

Solo slowly backs away as the BUZZING seems to be all around him.

ANGLE - SWAN

124X6

SWAN

And only one of us is immune.

RESUME - SOLO

124X7

Backing away -- he's blocked from the door by Swan and some conveniently placed scientific equipment. Solo begins to sweat as the BUZZING gets closer. He picks up a handy piece of wood, swings at the bee in vain -- he manages to break a few test tubes with his swings, heightening the drama for all of us.

ANGLE - SWAN

124X8

SWAN

I'll save you, Mr. Solo -- if you'll save my bees.

RESUME - SOLO

124X9

Backing away from the BUZZING SOUND. Sweat. Heading for a corner. Solo's eyes dart around, following the flight of the bee.

SOLO

I can't promise that....

ANGLE - SWAN

124X10

SWAN

I want my bees.

RESUME - SOLO

124X11

SOLO

I'll do what I can....

Solo is backed into a corner -- the BUZZING seems to be very near him -- when Swan's hand appears INTO SHOT, holding an open jar of the Cumberly honey. He closes the lid as the bee dives inside for the honey. The BUZZING STOPS -- Solo sighs relief.

SWAN

I believe you. As difficult as it is to believe in anyone, these days.

WIDER ANGLE - LABORATORY

124X12

SOLO

Thanks.

(examines jar)

They really like this stuff, don't they?

SWAN

By the way -- there's a girl in the sound room next door.

They head for the door when the INTER-PHONE BUZZES.

SWAN

It must be for the guard.

They exit.

INT. CORRIDOR

124X13

Solo and Swan quickly go to the torture room.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SECURITY GUARDS LED BY MAPLES

133

Opening FIRE on group. In the B.G. we HEAR the HUMMING GROWING LOUDER and LOUDER.

ANGLE ON GROUP - FAVORING SOLO

134

Hanging behind to cover them -- Tavia and Swan making their escape up the stairs.

ANGLE ON SOLO

135

FIRING into Maples and group.

INTERCUTS - SOLO, MAPLES, SECURITY GUARDS

136-138

The vibrations knifing in on them.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SWAN AND TAVIA

139

making their escape.

ANGLE ON MAPLES AND SECURITY GUARDS

140

paralyzed by pain, covering his ears.

MAPLES (strangled)

The machine -- turn it off.

ANGLE ON SOLO

141

belting up the stairs and out. Home free.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. HEATING PLANT OF UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - ALLEY NEXT TO BUILDING

142

Illya guiding Mozart (with his hive) through the shadows. FROM OUR ANGLE we SEE ONE UNCLE GUARD, standing at the entrance of the building. Illya stops abruptly, Mozart behind him. He has a gun on Illya, which he deftly conceals.

ILLYA

Wait here.

142
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE ON ILLYA

143

as he advances toward Guard, CAMERA EXPANDING INTO TWO SHOT.

ANGLE ON MOZART

144

watching intently for any hanky-panky.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND UNCLE GUARD

145

Illya exhibiting his identification.

ILLYA

Security check. Any problems?

ANGLE TO COVER THE ACTION

146

As the Uncle Guard examines Illya's I.D., Illya polishes him off as neatly as possible.

THE UNCLE GUARD - MOZART'S POV

147

tumbling OUT OF FRAME.

ANGLE ON MOZART

148

moving in to join Illya.

MOZART

Well done. You know, when this is all finished we might be able to find a place for you.

ILLYA

Possibly.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

149

His hand slips behind his belt buckle.

INSERT - CONCEALED ELECTRONIC DEVICE

150

Illya's fingers slip behind his belt buckle, bringing forth electronic device.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

151

pressing electronic device on door.

ANGLE ON DOOR

152

We HEAR TUMBLING SOUND, as door springs open.

TWO SHOT - MOZART AND ILLYA

153

CAMERA FOLLOWS them through door.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

153X1

Waverly is sitting at the console, watching Illya and Mozart on the monitor.

ANGLE - MONITOR

153X2

Illya leading Mozart through the corridors.

RESUME - OFFICE

153X3

Solo and Dr. Swan enter.

SOLO

Where are they now?

WAVERLY

They've almost reached the central control room.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - ANGLE TO HOLD ILLYA AND MOZART

154

as they enter weirdly lit concrete and steel corridor,
moving PAST CAMERA.

REVERSE ANGLE - ILLYA AND MOZART

155

with Illya and Mozart approaching us in F.G. Illya stops
abruptly: Mozart, not quite so quick on his toes, steps
ahead.

ANGLE IN FRONT OF MOZART

156

as an arc of electricity CRACKLES in front of him.

ANGLE ON MOZART

157

falling back, juggling the hive.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

158

moving in quickly to catch the hive.

INTERCUTS - ILLYA AND MOZART

159-160

ILLYA

The life you save may be mine.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

161

taking a fountain pen from his jacket pocket.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

162

slipping pen into slot on the wall, switching off the
electric arc.

TWO SHOT - ILLYA AND MOZART

163

Mozart, having learned his object lesson, a step behind
Illya, as they advance down the corridor.

LONG SHOT - CORRIDOR - THEIR POV

164

LOOKING along the corridor to its ends, where an UNCLE
GUARD is sitting before a steel door.

ANGLE ON MOZART

165

quickly ducking out of sight.

MOZART

I'll wait here.

ILLYA (needling)

Having second thoughts.

MOZART (steel)

Let's get on with it, Mr. Kuryakin.
The bees are getting hungry.

LONG SHOT - MOZART'S POV

166

as Illya moves down the corridor to the seat Guard.

CLOSER LONG SHOT - MOZART'S POV

167

He is too far away to be overheard, but we SEE him press
his fingers into an ink pad on the Guard's desk, then
upon a card which retains his fingerprint impressions.
As the Guard starts to stick the card into a slot, Illya
whirls on him, slicing him down.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA

168

gesturing for Mozart to join him.

TWO SHOT - MOZART AND ILLYA AT THE DOOR

169

Illya takes the card with his fingerprint impressions,
jams in the slot.

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

170

There is a BUZZING SOUND, a light flashes green, and the
door swings open.

170X1

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE

Swan, Solo and Waverly watching on the monitor.

WAVERLY

I have everything on standby alert.
We'll see how well Mr. Kuryakin
makes it up as he goes along.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM OF UNCLE HEATING COMPOUND - ANGLE TO
HOLD ILLYA AND MOZART

171

as they enter the control room. CAMERA PANS around, enough
to show us a little of the room. Generators HUMMING in the
B.G. A maze of circuits and switches. In short, a very
busy place.

REACTION SHOT - MOZART

172

wetting his lips -- he's half way home.

ANGLE - ILLYA

173

He moves over to the view-hole of the blast furnace, looks
inside.

BLAST FURNACE - ILLYA'S POV

173X1

blazing.

RESUME - ILLYA

173X2

He moves away to the control board, passing the air vent.

ILLYA

Ah, here we are. You can see more
clearly if you stand here.

Mozart moves into position, Ilyya notes that he's in front
of the air duct.

ILLYA (indicating
switches - stalling)
This operates the electrical system
....And this, the radar system, in
case of a surprise attack....

173M2
CONT'D
(2)

MOZART (impatiently)
Spare me the grand tour....
(pointedly)
Where is the ventilation system....

ILLYA
I'm coming to that. This opens the
duct to transportation....This to
Waverly's office.

REACTION SHOT - MOZART

174

This is what he has been waiting for.

MOZART
Waverly's office....That'll do nicely
....Open up the duct....

ILLYA
I think I should point out to you,
Waverly's office is a self contained
unit....Letting the bees in there
will accomplish nothing....

MOZART
I'll take my chances....

ILLYA
Whatever you say.

Illya reaches over and throws a switch -- the vacuum goes
ON.

ANGLE - BRIEFCASE

174X1

The briefcase moves on the table -- heading for the open
duct.

WIDER ANGLE

174X2

Mozart leaps for the briefcase in the nick of time -- and catches it. Illya moves for the gun -- takes it from him as Mozart shoves him aside, runs for the door.

INT. CORRIDOR

174X3

Mozart rushes into the corridor. Suddenly, doors slide open -- and armed UNCLE AGENTS move into the corridor. Illya appears behind him.

WAVERLY (over intercom)
That's far enough, Mr. Mozart.

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE

174X4

Solo, Swan and Waverly.

WAVERLY
Put the briefcase down in front of you.

RESUME - MOZART

174X5

He looks around, surveying his predicament. An idea.

MOZART
I'm walking out of here.

CLOSE - BRIEFCASE

174X6

Mozart opens the two catches.

RESUME - MOZART

174X7

The UNCLE Agents closing in on him pause.

MOZART
I'll open the briefcase.

RESUME - WAVERLY

174X8

Concern.

WAVERLY

Put the briefcase down, Mr. Mozart.

174X8
CONT'D
(2)

RESUME - MOZART

174X9

He moves forward a step.

MOZART

If I release them, not only will all
of these men die, but some of the
bees will probably get out into the
city.

RESUME - WAVERLY

174X10

Dilemma. He looks at Swan, who nods the validity of
Mozart's threat.

WAVERLY

All right, Mr. Mozart. Go ahead.

RESUME - MOZART

174X11

He walks down the corridor, past all of the Agents -- and
OUT OF SHOT. Illya moves INTO SHOT.

WAVERLY (over intercom)

Mr. Kuryakin, I'd like to see you in
my office. At once.

ANGLE - ILLYA

174X12

Bad news.

FADE OUT.

175-196
OUT

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

197

As usual.

INT. UNCLE HEADQUARTERS - IN CORRIDOR - DAY

197X1

A feeling of urgency -- people rushing about. Waverly, wearing a distinctly unhappy expression, walks with Solo and Illya.

WAVERLY

It's hardly a pleasing picture, gentlemen, a Thrush operative, running around loose in New York with a briefcase full of lethal bees.

SOLO

Undoubtedly he'll try and get back to Thrush Central, where they can breed the bees.

WAVERLY

That's precisely what we must prevent. Now that Mr. Kuryakin's strategy failed.

The remark isn't lost on Illya.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CONTROL

197X2

Swan is talking with a distinguished looking gentleman. There is activity, girls and agents working at the communications center. Waverly, Solo and Illya enter. A man at the controls hands Waverly a slip of paper.

WAVERLY

I'm afraid there's no sign of Mozart.
(to Agent)

Continue surveillance, and let me know as soon as there are any developments. I want all transportation centers thoroughly checked out.

There is a moment's pause -- the gravity of the situation sinking in. Finally Swan speaks.

197X2
CONT'D
(2)

SWAN

May I make a suggestion?

198-OUT

ANGLE ON GROUP - INTERCUTS

199-201

All eyes rivited on Swan.

SWAN

Do you have any sonar units available?

WAVERLY

Yes.

SWAN

Then it's merely a question of tracking the bees through the vibrations of their buzzing. Instruct your units to set their frequencies for 1248 cyclesThat will enable them to lock in on the exact pitch of the bees' vibrations.
(a beat)

Eh, just one request, Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY

Yes.

SWAN

When they locate Mozart I wish to be along. They are my bees -- and Mr. Solo pledged that you would try to capture the bees intact.

WAVERLY

Yes, I suppose you might be of great help. Mr. Solo, take charge of the sonar detail.

SOLO

Yes, sir.

Solo and Swan exit. Illya turns to Waverly.

ILLYA

What about me, sir.

12-8-65

P.50

WAVERLY

It's possible that they might try to get some more Cumberly honey to feed the bees before they export the bees.

199-201

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA

I'll detail men to cover all of the health food stores that carry the honey -- and especially Miss Sandor's.

WAVERLY (ice)

Yes, I think it would be nice if you could arrange that, Mr. Kuryakin.

ZIP PAN TO:

202-207

OUT

EXT. NEW YORK STREET

208

An UNCLE sonar unit, antenna spinning, combing the streets of New York.

INT. SONAR TRUCK

209

Solo and Swan in the back. They share a look. Nothing yet.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET

209X1

Mozart's car is at the curb, Mozart in the back seat. Maples and a THRUSHMAN ENTER SHOT -- go to Mozart's window.

MAPLES

The helicopter will pick us up at four o'clock.

MOZART (checks watch)

Good. Is everything else ready?

MAPLES

Yes, sir.

12-8-65

P.51

MOZART

Let's be off.

209X1
CONT'D
(2)

The two men get in the front seat, the car drives off.

ZIP PAN TO:

210-213
OUT

EXT. HEALTH FOOD STORE

214

As before.

INT. STORE

215

Illya is standing beside Tavia as she hands a woman CUSTOMER a purchase. The Woman exits as an UNCLE Agent comes INTO SHOT from the rear of the store, carrying a cardboard box.

ILLYA

I see. The shipment of Cumberly honey.

He takes a jar from the box, examines it.

ILLYA

If Mozart is aware of the timing on the delivery of this honey, he may move to one of the four stores that stock it.

Illya takes out communicator.

ILLYA

Channel "L" please.

ZIP PAN TO:

216-217
OUT

EXT. CITY STREET

218

The sonar truck drives by.

219

INT. SONAR TRUCK

Solo responds to Illya with his communicator. Swan at the sonar.

SOLO

Yes, Illya.

RESUME - ILLYA

219X1

ILLYA

The honey has arrived. Any sign of Mozart and the bees yet?

RESUME - SOLO

219X2

Swan signals him from the sonar.

SOLO

Yes....I think so.

SWAN

It's my bees.

SOLO

We've got a fix on them. You're in luck, Illya. They're on the other side of town -- I'll let you know how it comes out.

(switches off, to another channel)

Channel "D" please. This is Sonar Twelve to all units. Heading for Eighth Avenue. All units rendezvous immediately.

RESUME - ILLYA

219X3

putting his communicator aside.

TAVIA

Will they be coming here?

ILLYA

It doesn't seem that way. They'll probably throw their business to one of your competitors.

ZTP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER

219X4

We SEE Mozart's car at the curb. The sonar truck screeches INTO SHOT -- Solo and Swan hop out, go to the car. Solo his his Uncle Special in hand. The car seems empty -- Solo throws open the door - we DOLLY IN ON the back seat -- and find a small box, about the size of a cigarette package.

ANGLE - SOLO

219X5

He gingerly reaches in and pulls the box out -- not sure what's inside. He's suspicious, of course -- he and Swan take the box to the truck. Solo runs his fingers over the box -- and then opens it.

INSERT - BOX

219X6

A small electronic device.

RESUME - SOLO AND SWAN

219X7

SOLO

A transmitting device. Set to operate at 1248 cycles, no doubt.

SWAN

They've decoyed us -- then where are my bees?

DIRECT CUT TO:

INT. HEALTH FOOD STORE - CLOSE - ILLYA

219X8

Illya is once again looking through the bee hive.

ILLYA

How long do you plan to keep yourself stored away in here?

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDE TAVIA

219X9

TAVIA

Until I am more familiar with this country.

ILLYA

How long have you been here?

219X9
CONT'D
(2)

TAVIA (sheepishly)

Three years.

ILLYA (smiles)

And you keep yourself hidden in this
place -- it's a nice place, of course
-- but you should have more than just
this.....

(pause)

There's nothing to be afraid of, really.

MOZART (V.O.)

Well said, Mr. Kuryakin.

ANGLE - MOZART AND COMPANY

219X10

Mozart, Maples and his Thrush Aide are standing behind the
Uncle Agent, the gun at his back.

MOZART (to Illya)

And you know something else -- I
believe you.

(nods to Aide)

The Aide hits the Uncle Agent in the back of the head,
knocking him down --- and out.

RESUME - ILLYA

219X11

He picks up the cut-away bee hive and tosses it -- pushing
Tavia behind some cover.

RESUME - MOZART

219X12

Maples and the Thrush Aide FIRE -- the hive breaks against
the wall -- splitting open. We HEAR the SOUND of bees.
Maples and the Thrushman duck aside in fright.

MOZART (urging them on)

Those bees are harmless.

At that, he gets stung in the neck by one of Tavia's bees.

WIDER ANGLE

219X13

The Aide and Maples are moving to Illya, who keeps dodging behind the counter, other obstacles. We HEAR the BUZZING of the harmless bees throughout. The Aide is stung -- slaps at his forehead -- Illya gets his gun -- exchanges a SHOT with Maples -- SHOOTS the Aide as he goes for a cutting knife on the counter.

ANGLE - MOZART AND TAVIA

219X14

He has a gun to her forehead.

MOZART

I'll take that special honey now,
Mr. Kuryakin.

RESUME - ILLYA AND MAPLES

219X15

Illya weighs the chances of getting both of them -- realizes it's hopeless. He keeps his gun trained on them. Maples picks up the box of honey -- with Tavia as a shield, they back out of the store.

MOZART

Don't bother to follow, Mr. Kuryakin.

They exit, Illya to the communicator. We STILL HEAR the FAINT BUZZING of bees in the store.

ILLYA

Channel "D" please.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET

219X16

The sonar truck driving through.

INT. SONAR TRUCK

219X17

Swan and Solo -- Solo on the communicator.

SOLO

Yes, Illya.

RESUME - ILLYA

219X18

ILLYA

Thanks to your remarkable detection device, Mozart just came in here and made off with the bees -- and Tavia.

RESUME - SOLO

219X19

SOLO

Not your day, is it Illya. I'll try and cover for you.
(signs off)

RESUME - ILLYA

219X20

ILLYA

Thanks....

(he gets stung by a bee, slaps at his neck)

RESUME - SOLO

219X21

SOLO (to Swan, pointing to sonar)

Keep an eye on this area. Mozart knows that we can detect him on the ground, so my hunch is that he'll go up --- probably try for a helicopter pickup.

SWAN

What if he makes the pickup.

SOLO

We won't be able to stop him. By the time we could put anything in the air to intercept he could land in any one of five states --- and take a plane to THRUSH Central in Europe.

SWAN

My bees will be lost.

SOLO

Not completely -- if THRUSH gets away with this -- we'll be seeing a lot of them. See anything on that?
(to sonar)

SWAN

No, not yet.

219X21
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (to Driver)

Head for the girl's health food store.
(into communicator)

This is Sonar Twelve to all units.

ZIP PAN TO:

220-231
OUT

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - DAY

232

ANGLE TO DOOR giving access to a flight of stairs coming
up from the top floor of the building. Mozart, Maples,
and Tavia arrive on the roof.

ANGLE ON GROUP - FAVORING MOZART

233

MOZART

Any sign of the helicopter?

MAPLES

We're a little early.

O.S. we HEAR the CHOPPERS.

MAPLES

There it is!

STOCK SHOT

234

Helicopter. SOUND OF CHOPPERS.

ANGLE ON GROUP

235

SEGUE SOUND OF CHOPPERS.

MOZART (exultant)

Look sharp, my dear, first impressions
can be very important.

ANGLE TO DOOR

236

through which Mozart and party came. Door opens as Solo, Illya, and Swan climb onto roof.

237-OUT

ANGLE ON MOZART

238

spotting the group. Removing revolver to take a SHOT. QUICK PAN TO Solo at the other end of the roof, ducking for cover.

ANGLE ON SOLO

239

the SHOT ricochets beside him. Solo removing Special, FIRING.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

240

seeking cover, drawing Special, to return FIRE.

ANGLE ON MAPLES

241

He sees Illya, FIRES.

ANGLE ON TAVIA

242

trying to make herself invisible.

ANGLE ON SWAN

243

moving along the edge of the wall, looking for an avenue to Mozart and the bees.

ANGLE ON MAPLES

244

rising slightly for a better shot.

ILLYA - HIS POV

245

FIRING entire clip in one burst.

RESUME - MAPLES

246

hit.

247-OUT

RESUME - SWAN

248

creeping stealthily toward Mozart.

ANGLE ON MOZART

249

having his hands full with Solo, not seeing Swan. Mozart realizes that he's trapped. He looks O.S.

HELICOPTER - MOZART'S POV

249X1

circling the building.

RESUME - MOZART AND SOLO

249X2

SOLO

Give it up, Mozart. They won't land.

MOZART

Oh, yes they will. As soon as you lay down your arms.

(unlocks briefcase)

Because if you don't, I'll release the bees.

SOLO

You've bluffed us out once already with that --- and once is enough.

MOZART

I mean it. I'd rather go this way than have you take me. I'm sure you can appreciate that.

ANGLE - SOLO

249X3

What to do?

ANGLE TO COVER THE ACTION

250

Swan lunging at Mozart, wrenching the briefcase free,
then taking on Mozart.

ANGLE ON MOZART

251

recovering, engaging Swan in rough and tumble.

MOZART AND SWAN - SOLO'S POV

252

thrashing around on the roof.

ANGLE ON SOLO

253

frustrated. Unable to get a clean shot.

254-OUT

ANGLE ON TAVIA

255

darting across the roof to Illya.

RESUME - FIGHT

256

with Swan's hand gripped around Mozart's gun hand. A
test of strength. Mozart gaining the advantage, frees
his gun hand.

ANGLE - MAPLES

256X1

with a dying gasp of sorts, he aims at Swan.

ANGLE ON SOLO

257

powerless to prevent what is going to happen. A SINGLE
SHOT RINGS OUT.

LONG SHOT - SWAN - SOLO'S POV

258

sinking to the ground, knocking the briefcase open.
SOUND OF BEES BUZZING.

NO SHOT

ANOTHER ANGLE - MOZART

259

scampering across the roof, in front of the roof wall,
trying to get to rope ladder.

ANGLE TO ESTABLISH REACTIONS OF ILLYA, SOLO, TAVIA

260

to the BUZZING of the bees.

MOZART - ILLYA'S POV

261

silhouetted against the roof wall.

262-OUT

ANGLE ON ILLYA

263

pulling a jar of honey, out of his pocket, lobbing it
against the wall.

ANGLE ON THE WALL

264

Honey splattering against the wall, spraying Mozart.
SOUND of bees BUZZING FURIOUSLY over Mozart's MUFFLED
CRIES. Rest of scene from our group's POV.

ANGLE TO ESTABLISH REACTIONS OF OUR GROUP

265

suddenly quiet. Then we HEAR the SOUND of the CHOPPERS
growing FAINTER and FAINTER.

SOLO (after a moment -
grimly)
I guess you could say it was his
Swan song.

A relieved Tavia turns to Illya.

TAVIA
You saved us.

Solo looks at him. Illya stays cool.

ILLYA

Yes, I did, didn't I?

265
CONT'D
(2)

ZIP TO:

266

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Waverly, Solo and Illya, with Tavia. We SEE the change that's come over Tavia. She has abandoned her subdued clothes and manner -- for a livelier demeanor and some Southern California attire.

WAVERLY

We owe you quite a debt of gratitude, young lady. Thank you for all your help.

TAVIA

I owe everything to Mr. Kuryakin. We all do.

WAVERLY

Yes, I suppose you have recovered rather well, Mr. Kuryakin. Good day, Miss Sandor.

He exits.

SOLO

Yes, I knew you could do it, with a little help.

Illya ignores him.

ILLYA (to Tavia)

Are you returning to the health food store?

TAVIA

Oh, no. I don't think anything could be worse than what I've been through today -- After all this, there's certainly nothing to be afraid of --
(smiles)

I think I'm ready to try much bigger things.

ILLYA

Such as....

12-8-65

P.63

She hands them each a card.

266
CONT'D
(2)

TAVIA

My own dance studio. These are
worth two free lessons.

Solo and Illya share a look. Her transition is remarkable.

TAVIA

Being able to dance is very good for
your self-confidence, you know.

She takes them both by the arm, walks them directly TOWARD
CAMERA.

TAVIA

And for the two of you, I have some-
thing special....a lifetime course...

They move TIGHT INTO FRAME. WE FREEZE.

FADE OUT.

267-269
OUT

THE END