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The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE COME WITH ME TO THE CASBAH AFFAIR

Prod. #8436

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A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

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

"The Come With Me To The Casbah Affair"

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Please make the following name changes:

FROM:

TO:

COLONEL HUBRIS.

COLONEL HAMID

MALIK

ALI

"The Come With Me To The Casbah Affair" #8436 MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.
CHG. - NAME CHG. PAGE 9-6-66

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Please make the following name changes:

FROM:

TO:

COLONEL HUBRIS

COLONEL HAMID

MALIK

ALI

PEPE LA MOUCHE

PIERROT LA MOUCHE
(Pronounced Pierre-oh)

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Come With Me To The Casbah Affair"

Prod. #8436

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ALGIERS - FULL SHOT - (STOCK) - DAY

1

The port of Algiers sweeps around handsomely from the bays and the European section, up to the centuries-old native quarter, on the rise of the hills.

EXT. ALGERIAN MAIN STREET - (STOCK) - DAY

2

This is a busy commercial street, chiefly European but with interesting touches of the native Algerian culture. Automobiles rush by, tram cars clang, vendors endeavor to attract customers.

CLOSER SHOT

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3

A taxi tears up to a halt just beyond a bistro. A young man in tropic whites, a fez and dark glasses, hops out hurriedly, paying off the cabbie. He turns and, glancing at his watch, searches for the cafe, sees the sign and runs toward it.

EXT. BISTRO - DAY

4

as the young man glances hurriedly at the empty tables then cranes his neck to look inside. He lowers his glasses, and we see it is ILLYA KURYAKIN.

INT. BISTRO - DAY

5

This is almost too typically French with portraits of Napoleon and his first wife, copies of Le Figaro in racks, etc., etc. There is a zinc bar at the back. Illya enters to the appropriate tinkle of the front door, moves to the bar.

ANOTHER ANGLE

6

A very attractive, nubile young girl, very French, wearing an apron (JANINE) is decanting wine. She looks up.

JANINE

Yes, monsieur.

Illya smiles amiably, makes sure he is not being overheard, then leans forward and, in a low voice, confides...

ILLYA

The rain in Spain falls softly on
the Alhambra, the Alcazar and the
entire city of Toledo.

Janine looks at him, a little taken aback.

JANINE

I beg your pardon?

ILLYA (carefully)

The RAIN in Spain falls ---

Suddenly Janine understands, frowns.

JANINE (wearily)

Oh....you're the one Pepe's expecting.
Sit down. He'll be along in a minute.
(glancing up at the clock)
May I get you anything?

ILLYA (with an uncertain
smile)

How about some rakhat-lookoom.

The girl shrugs and calls to someone unseen.

JANINE

One number three. Easy.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

7

A mousy young man (PEPE) is hurriedly slipping out of a cotton coat and into a more formal one as he hastily dusts a shelf or two of books, glancing at his watch. From O.S. we hear a shout:

HUBRIS' VOICE (O.S.)

Pepe!

The young man grabs his fez and runs to the back of the shop.

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ALCOVE

8

In an upholstered alcove, COLONEL HUBRIS, the large, expansive head of THRUSH AFRICA is whiling away the hours by reading poetry to himself while peeling grapes and tossing them into his mouth between verses.

HUBRIS

"Come Fill the Cup, and in the
Fire of Spring...
The Winter Garments of Repentance
fling...."

He looks up as Pepe, breathing hard, presents himself.

CLOSER SHOT

9

PEPE (fawningly)

Colonel Hubris, effendi...

HUBRIS (gesturing to

bowl nearby)

More grapes.

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PEPE

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Yes, effendi.

(he moves the bowl before
Hubris)

I go to lunch now, yes?

HUBRIS

"The Bird of Time has but a little
way to Flutter....
And lo! the bird is on the Wing!"

Pepe takes this last as permission to depart and touching his forehead in eager obeisance, he hurries out. As he does so, he almost collides with MALIK, Hubris' aide, who enters the room.

MALIK (as Pepe exits)

He seems in a great hurry. .

HUBRIS

He's hungry, Malik. Strange. Pepe
used to BRING his lunch in a paper
bag every day. The cous-cous was
always leaking through it.

(Cont.)

Malik smiles a bit oddly.

9
CONT'D
(2)

MALIK (warily)
These days Pepe has more than cous-
cous on his mind.

He pantomimes a feminine shape. Hubris' eyebrows elevate
astronomically.

HUBRIS (on a rising
note)
Pepe? A woman?...
(scoffing)
...Nonsense.

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MALIK
By the beard of my ancestor, effendi,
it's true.
(rather tenderly, amused)
Runs the bistro on the corner. Name's
Janine. Her blanquette de veau is
indistinguishable from squid smothered
in its own INK...
(he smiles and sighs in
remembered appreciation)
...but with hors d'oeuvres like Janine's...

He smiles and gestures eloquently. Hubris nearly swallows
his water pipe, then breaks into a mammoth chuckle as
Malik produces a sealed envelope.

MALIK (cont'd)
This just arrived by special courier.

HUBRIS (tearing open
the envelope)
Hmm. From THRUSH Central.
(taking out the message)
Peel me a pomegranate, Malik, eh?
(glancing at the fruit bowl)
The third from the left looks juicy.

Malik, expert with the knife, starts to do as requested.

CUT TO:

EXT. BISTRO - DAY

10

Janine is outside, picking up ashtrays, glasses, etc. as
Pepe runs up.

PEPE

Janine....

CLOSER SHOT

11

Pepe is a bit winded and very anxious. He looks about as
he runs up.

PEPE (in a low voice)

Is there a man...?

JANINE (a bit cross)

Giving the Spanish weather report?

Yes...

(with a curt nod)

Inside.

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Suddenly, as Janine wipes at a table, Pepe impulsively
plants an unskillful kiss on her cheek.

JANINE (taken aback

and annoyed)

Pepe...! What are you...? How DARE
you!

PEPE (eagerly)

I'm SORRY, Janine....I couldn't HELP
it -- Oh, Janine!

He grabs her arm and pulls her toward the bistro.

JANINE (annoyed)

Pepe! Let me GO! People are LOOKING!

PEPE (nearly bursting

with excitement)

Janine....That man..

(he peers through the window
excitedly)

...that man is going to offer me a
MILLION FRANCS -- Now -- for..

(tugging in his jacket pocket
he produces a small volume)

..THIS!

Janine attempts to jerk away from Pepe.

11
CONT'D
(2)

JANINE

I always said one day you'd float
away at high tide, Pepe...but...
(looking at the book distrust-
fully)
...what is it?

PEPE (excited)

It's a poetry book...Fourteenth
Century...

JANINE (alarmed)

Worth a million FRANCS...?

PEPE

No, no, not really. Only to HIM!
And the Colonel!

Janine looks at Pepe with grave suspicion.

PEPE (charmingly,
begging her)

Come with me. Hear what he has to
say!

(a beat)

Janine...a MILLION francs...Oh, I
know I'm nothing....but I can give
you EVERYTHING...

She looks at him, taken aback, a bit alarmed.

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INT. BOOKSHOP ALCOVE - DAY

12

as Hubris reads the message contained within the envelope.

HUBRIS (reading)

"...whereupon Ali Baba, without
his forty thieves, stole silently
into the night."

(as Malik exhibits some
puzzlement)

Get me the code book. Hurry!

MALIK

Yes, effendi.

(he starts away, turns)

Uh -- which is the code book?

HUBRIS (impatiently)
The Hafiz...Fourteenth Century....
First edition....A Riviere binding
with a design of crushed rose petals
on the cover and a lock of chestnut
hair erroneously attributed to Lord
Byron, stuck in an envelope about
page sixty.

12
CONT'D
(2)

Malik looks, frowning, as Hubris deals with the juicy,
seedy delights of his over-ripe pomegranate.

MALIK
There's only one copy of Hafiz,
effendi....and nothing stuck in it
but...

He stops and reads a card found in the book.

MALIK (cont'd; reading)
"Lonely? Call Fatima's Friendship
Club - make friends any hour of the
day or night. Fees only if delighted."

Hubris gives Malik a look and lumbers to his feet.

MALIK (cont'd; self-
consciously)
That's what it says, effendi!

Hubris casts a fast, experienced eye over the bookshelf.

HUBRIS (searching)
I daresay Pepe took it with him. Very
bright, Pepe is NOT....but conscientious
he IS. He knows how important the book
is, and he wouldn't want to let it out
of his sight.

MALIK
Shall I fetch him back?

Hubris, polishing off the last of his messy pomegranate
and wiping his hands in an immense silk handkerchief,
shakes his head.

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HUBERIS

No. Let us go...together. I must admit....

(he smiles to himself)

...I'm a little...curious.

(a beat)

You...say she's pretty, eh?

12

CONT'D

(3)

A wayward thought, not displeasing, crosses his mind. He crams a handful of the grapes into his mouth and starts for the front of the shop, Malik following.

INT. BISTRO DOORWAY - DAY

13

Janine is staring at Pepe.

PEPE (fervently)

You'll live in a PALACE, Janine, I promise you...waited on hand and foot...I'm nothing to look at, but with a million francs...with everything that it will buy you, perhaps in time you can become accustomed ...even to ME...

Janine, very level-headed, shakes her head in grave distrust of all this.

JANINE

What kind of nonsense is this character in there feeding you, Pepe?

(firmly)

I want to TALK to him.

Now Janine, grabbing Pepe by the hand, pulls him in to the bistro, marching with definite purpose and the glint of battle in her eye.

INT. BISTRO - DAY

14

As Janine hauls Pepe inside. Pepe thrusts the book inside his pocket. Illya is across the room, Janine firmly marches Pepe over to him.

JANINE

What's going on, monsieur?

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CLOSER SHOT - NEAR ZINC

15

ILLYA (politely)
Mademoiselle?

JANINE (accusingly)
What have you been TELLING this one,
anyway?

PEPE (eagerly)
Monsieur...I am Pepe La Mouche...

ILLYA
Oh! I see! How do you do, monsieur.
(he looks about - he is unheard)
...Illya Kuryakin....Have you...
(lowering the voice)
...the merchandise?

Pepe is terribly terribly excited, breaking into perspiration and nervous smiles in about equal parts.

PEPE
Yes, right here, monsieur. But
please tell her...tell Janine....
just what...how much....you are..
giving me for it.

ILLYA (calmly, eyeing
Janine)
Certainly. A million francs,
mademoiselle....if it is....what
he claims it is.

PEPE (hurriedly, tugging
at the book in his pocket)
It is! The poetry of Hafiz...Fourteenth
Century edition...mint condition....
The Colonel's own copy. You...have
the money?

He looks almost pitifully at Illya as he tugs to get the book out of the pocket of his cheap, ill-fitting, too tight, badly cut suit.

WIDER ANGLE

16

But as the above has transpired, two new customers have entered and now one of them, becoming accustomed to the

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relative darkness after the brightness of the African sun outside, suddenly lets out a not untypical shriek.

16
CONT'D
(2)

HUBRIS (roaring)
An UNCLE agent! Pepe! YOU!
(seeing the book)
And MY HAFIZ! Oh, you TRAITOR...!
You double dealer, you...

Words fail him. Seizing the first thing at hand, Hubris tosses a carafe of water at Pepe's head.

ANOTHER ANGLE

17

Janine, intent on the bargaining between Pepe and Illya, has jumped at Hubris' shriek (as has Pepe). Now, as she sees the water carafe sailing through the air, she ducks. The carafe collides with a shelf of drinking glasses, bottled liqueurs and other items, all of which explode noisily. Janine shrieks.

PEPE (transfixed in
horror)
COLONEL HUBRIS!

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WIDER ANGLE

18

Hubris fires his gun at Pepe. Pepe falls to the floor for protection.

Illya, keeping a weather eye on Pepe (and the book), kicks some chairs out of the way and grabs up a table just in time to use it as a shield against...

CLOSER SHOT

19

...Malik's knives - which whiz through the air wildly like darts - and Hubris' bullets.

Janine screams, dodging knives and bullets as well as the chairs and bibelots Malik is throwing...

JANINE (screaming)
Stop this! STOP this! I run a
DECENT PLACE - we don't allow brawl-
ing in HERE!! Police! Au secours!
Somebody call the POLICE...

She dodges the thrown chairs, the shattering mirrors, the falling chandeliers as Illya, with presence of mind, retreats, holding the table in front of him as a shield, firing rapidly and accurately at Malik and Hubris.

19
CONT'D
(2)

Pepe is hastily crawling back of the bar on his hands and knees. Ever the gallant, Illya grabs the hysterical and screaming Janine and thrusts her behind his table, pushing her toward the bar.

PEPE

20

In the confusion, unable to get the book out of his pocket or do much of anything except realize that his life is in danger, Pepe scoots on his hands and knees out the back door.

WIDER ANGLE

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20X1

As Hubris continues to fire, Malik, leaping on a table, swings toward Illya on a chandelier...

Janine screams at the wreckage of her place, her hands over her head as she tries to protect herself from the mayhem and...

ILLYA

20X2

...seeing Pepe's departure, turns to follow Pepe out.
At that moment a...

WIDER ANGLE

20X3

....lucky shot of Hubris' connects with a large clay jug on a shelf above the back door (marked TRUE SPANISH OLIVE OIL), which...

JUG

20X4

...teeters, tilts and...

WIDER ANGLE

20X5

...falls off the ledge. As Illya would run out the back door the jug klonks Illya over the head, knocks him out, inundates him with olive oil...

CLOSER SHOT

21

And Illya, fast losing consciousness...somewhat in bewilderment, observes:

ILLYA

...The rain in Spain is.....olive
oil?

BLUR FRAME.

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FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

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FADE IN:

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NEW YORK - DAY

22

All the usual machines and their keepers are operating with their usual efficiency. WAVERLY is engrossed in one particular machine which is clicking out a message. As he reads, he turns to a pretty GIRL CLERK and:

WAVERLY

Another intercept from THRUSH Central!
Get me Mr. Solo in Algiers.

The girl, feeding information into a tape computer, nods and sets in motion a number of gadgets and we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ALGIERS HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

23

We see appropriate atmosphere -- patients and their friends in hospital garb, Western clothing, native dress, etc. Though there is present the antiseptic air common to all hospitals everywhere, a uniquely North African flavor is by no means lost. Down the corridor now, a "Doctor" (whom we will soon discover to be Malik), wearing cap and mask, walks carrying a tray of medical equipment toward:

INT. ILLYA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

24

Illya is more or less swathed in bandages, sitting up in bed. SOLO is seated beside him. There is a nice view of Algiers through the window.

SOLO

It's too bad they didn't put you
in a cast. I could have autographed
it.

ILLYA (unamused)

Very amusing.

(and, accusingly)

Tell me, Napoleon, why don't these
things ever happen to you?

SOLO

Well, for one thing, I try not to stand under falling objects. Then, too --

24

CONT'D

(2)

He breaks off as the door opens and Malik -- in the guise of the doctor -- enters with his tray.

MALIK (to Illya)

Time for your shot.

Malik reaches for the hypodermic. At this point the communicator in Solo's pocket BEEPS.

ILLYA (to Malik)

Uh, can I have it a little later, if you don't mind, doctor.

MALIK

Of course, effendi.

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He bows and exits, leaving behind the tray. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON the tray. In one of the surgical trays is an instrument which -- quite apparently -- is a "bug." As Malik leaves, Solo whips out his communicator, speaks into it.

SOLO (into communicator)

Solo here.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Good afternoon, Mr. Solo. How is Mr. Kuryakin?

SOLO

Pretty well, considering the size of the olive oil jar that broke over his head.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

25

Malik, having closed the door of Illya's room, now turns the corner of the corridor, slaps a small listening device to the outside wall of the room. He adjusts an ear plug in his ear and in order to hear better drops his pack. We recognize him now, for the first time, as Malik.

SOLO'S VOICE (filtered,
O.S.)
...so he shouldn't be here very long
at all. Incidentally, the UNCLE
Health Plan card should take care of
everything.

25
CONT'D
(2)

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

26

WAVERLY
Excellent. You'll give Mr. Kuryakin
our best, of course.
(beat)
Uh, Mr. Solo -- we've had a message
from Pepe La Mouche.

INT. ILLYA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

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27

SOLO
That's wonderful. Where is he?

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

28

WAVERLY
He's holed up somewhere in the native
quarter of Algiers....The Casbah.
That's where he grew up. He says you
won't have any difficulty finding him.

INT. ILLYA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

29

SOLO (surprised)
In the Casbah?

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

30

WAVERLY
Exactly. Because as soon as you
enter the Casbah, he'll find you.
He's still eager to complete the
deal, but he's attached a condition.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

31

elik is noting everything down in a notebook as he
listens.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (O.S.;
filter)
La Mouche not only wants the million
francs....he wants the guaranteed
companionship of some young woman
named Janine....

31
CONT'D
(2)

INTERCUT ILLYA'S HOSPITAL ROOM AND UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS
ROOM

32

SOLO

Janine?

Illya looks up.

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ILLYA (to Solo)

The girl in the bistro...

SOLO

Oh.

(into communicator)

Yes, sir. I'll get to her right
away, Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY (annoyed)

No, Mr. Solo, you will not! UNCLE
is not a lonely hearts bureau.
Explain that to this La Mouche
character and get that code book.

SOLO

I'll do my best.

WAVERLY (drily)

Better than your best, Mr. Solo.
The coded signals we've intercepted
from THRUSH Central indicate something
very big may be in the air. Getting
our hands on that code book within
hours is absolutely imperative.

SOLO

...Yes, sir...

Waverly in New York clicks off. Solo does, too, more
slowly and thoughtfully. Solo turns, and:

SOLO (to Illya)
See ya.

32
CONT'D
(2)

He exits.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

33

Malik, smiling triumphantly, has just detached his listening device from the wall and replaced it in his pocket when Solo, emerging from Illya's room, passes.

SOLO (to Malik)
You can give him the shot now.

ZIP PAN TO:

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EXT. CASBAH - DAY University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City. Not to
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34

The European section, relatively modern, ends abruptly as the ancient walled city of the Casbah begins. Though there are various tourist traps and so forth on either side of the gate, it is apparent at first glance that the Casbah is another world altogether.

ANOTHER ANGLE

35

as Solo climbs out of a taxicab, approaches the gate with some trepidation, takes a deep breath and starts through it.

ANGLE ON GUARDHOUSE

36

Which is, as guardhouses usually are, at the side of the gate. An OFFICER is within, munching on a chunk of French bread. His eye catches Solo as the latter passes through the gate, and the Officer emerges in some agitation.

OFFICER
Un moment, monsieur!
(as Solo turns)
Where are you going?

SOLO
This -- uh -- this is the Casbah,
isn't it?

OFFICER (curiously)
Oui, monsieur but....
(looking Solo over carefully)
...the Casbah is not a place for a
casual stroll....at least, not for
a well-dressed stranger.

36
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (warily)
It's my oldest suit and anyway...
(he smiles)
...the stroll is hardly casual.
I'm looking for a man named Pepe
La Mouche...

He holds out some identity cards. The Officer, on digest-
ing their contents, springs to attention and salutes so
showily, that several people jump and even turn to stare.

OFFICER (eagerly -
lowering his voice)
Secret mission, monsieur...?

SOLO (unhappy about
the salute et al, which has
attracted attention)
Well, it was!

The Officer gets the idea and relaxes immediately into his
more usual posture.

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ANOTHER ANGLE

36X1

Malik, Colonel Hubris' man, can be seen, sheltered behind
some stalls, watching every movement Solo makes, obviously
following him.

BACK TO SCENE

36X2

SOLO
I was told La Mouche wouldn't be
too difficult to find.

OFFICER (shocked -
pityingly)
WHO has misled you so, monsieur?
The Casbah is a COMMUNITY of
fugitives....and has been for two
thousand years....

(Cont.)

OFFICER (CONT'D)
(looking at Solo's identity
cards)

36X2
CONT'D
(2)

...Even THESE, monsieur, are no good
in there. Believe me, monsieur.....
where the Casbah begins, the law ends!

Suddenly the Gendarme sees a sneak thief in action at a nearby stall. With a cry of rage, he flings his (hard) French roll at the thief. As the Gendarme runs off, Solo sighs, turns and proceeds into the Casbah.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MALIK

37

Carefully concealed, Malik watches Solo very carefully, following cautiously.

ANGLE ON BLIND BEGGAR

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38

The Casbah fairly reeks with appropriate atmosphere. A BEGGAR sits on the steps.

BEGGAR (sing-songing
his chant)
In the name of Allah, the all-seeing
and compassionate....have pity on a
poor blind man...

The beggar raises his glasses, takes what is obviously a good clear look at Solo, then puts them back in their "blind" position. The beggar's long arm reaches through the pedestrians as he rattles his bowl in Solo's direction.

BEGGAR
Effendi - ! It is written, Allah
favors the compassionate!

SOLO

38X1

The bowl thrust almost under his nose together with the same nose being assailed by the ripe natural perfume peculiar to the beggar, cause Solo to hastily feel for a few coins which he drops in the beggar's bowl.

TRAVELING SHOT

38X2

Solo would move on but the beggar keeps with him, almost pressing Solo against the wall, the other pedestrians shoving past.

BEGGAR (pleased with
the coins)
Merci - merci -- long will you be
remembered indeed as a generous
companion of the faithful...
(hissing the name)
...Solo effendi.

Solo, who has been looking ahead, but guarding his wallet against the possible depredations of the beggar, glances down at the blind man. The beggar laughs toothlessly, leaning against Solo and dragging out an extremely dirty handkerchief.

SOLO (watching him
carefully)
How did you know who I was?

BEGGAR (biting the
coins)
How does the crane know when summer
comes to the north? How does the
arrow know how to sink into the
heart of its target...?
(practically)
I was told what you looked like,
effendi. Now, put this on -- I will
lead you to Him who Awaits....Pepe
La Mouche.

Solo regards the dirty handkerchief without enthusiasm and takes out his own.

SOLO
May I use mine?

He starts to make a blindfold of his own handkerchief and as he does the beggar lowers his glasses to make sure it will be effective.

SOLO (seeing this)
What's that line about...

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9-7-66

P.17

BEGGAR

The blind leading the blind?

(he smiles)

I thought it would occur to you,
monsieur. This way...

38X2

CONT'D

(2)

he leads Solo through the alley...

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ANOTHER ANGLE

39

SHOW Malik, lurking in the shadows. As the beggar and
Solo move on, Malik, clinging to the shadows, follows
them at a respectful distance.

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SERIES OF SHOTS

40

as Solo and the beggar wend their way through a maze of twisting alleys, stairways, etc. -- a dogged Malik on their tail.

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ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ARAB NIGHT CLUB - DAY

41

This is in the European sector of the city. The thin, high-pitched wail of flutes and string instruments punctuated by a desultory drum beat can be HEARD. Malik enters.

ANOTHER ANGLE

42-44

The place is kept purposely dark in an effort to defeat the heat. There are overhead fans revolving with singular lack of enthusiasm and of course, the rooms are a melange of shutters, breezeways, etc. A small orchestra makes the room hideous with its whine. Across the room, where tourists take mint tea, the featured artiste, AEYESHA, can be seen dancing.

As she perambulates to the pop-eyed delectation of the tourists, she manages to make her way to an alcove, shielded from the room proper by a bead curtain.

At the last thump of the drum, she gives her special double whammy and disappears into the alcove.

INT. ALCOVE - DAY

44X1

It is occupied by Colonel Hubris who is a monumental picture of gloom. He has before him the message earlier received from THRUSH and is staring at it first one way, then another.

Aeyesha turns after her last acknowledgement of the tourists' applause and, dropping her veil, beams on Hubris.

AEYESHA (tenderly)
Effendi, darling...I dedicated that
to you, on the altar of our LOVE...

Like a cat - or perhaps a boa constrictor - she curls up beside Hubris on the banquette.

44X1
CONT'D
(2)

HUBRIS (studying the
message, reading)
"...Without his forty thieves, stole
silently into the night..."
(he makes a gesture of
impatience)
WHAT can it MEAN?

Aeyesha, not one to hold a grudge when ignored, starts to rub his neck with practiced skill. He closes his eyes luxuriously but the mighty Hubris brain clicks on all the same.

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HUBRIS
An important message from THRUSH.
But I can't tell what about.

AEYESHA (her eyes
lighting up)
Maybe my full length sable djellabah
you order from the commissary?

HUBRIS (desolately)
I don't know! The code book has
been stolen!

AEYESHA (appalled)
Effendi!

HUBRIS (staring at the
message)
It could be a raise in pay....a new
job assignment...?

Suddenly the bead curtain is whipped open by a triumphant Malik. Hubris jumps and reaches for his gun before he sees who it is.

HUBRIS
Malik...how many times have I told
you to knock...or at least rattle
the beads.

Malik rattles obediently, too excited to protest.

MALIK

Effendi...I heard everything in the hospital...everything...

44X1
CONT'D
(3)

HUBRIS

That is good...

MALIK (delighted with himself)

And I've found Pepe! He has fled to the Casbah!

HUBRIS (appalled)

That is BAD! Pepe is a child of the Casbah! We'll NEVER find him there...all those friends and relatives...!

MALIK

No, that is good. I have found him, effendi. I followed this -- Solo in there. They took Solo to the apartment where Pepe stays...

HUBRIS

It's still bad. To know where Pepe IS in the Casbah is one thing....to spring him OUT of the Casbah...is an impossibility.

(groaning)

And he has our BOOK...

(lamenting over the message)

...our precious CODE book...

(furious)

That worm. That offspring of an insect! When I trusted him.

MALIK

A million francs is a great deal of money, effendi. It tempted him.

HUBRIS (exploding)

But what use is money to Pepe? To me...yes. Even to you -- yes. But PEPE? Hah! Without knowledge of the pleasures money brings, the ecstasies it buys...

(to Ayesha as she rubs)

A little further down and nearer the left, moon of my delight.

AEYESHA (rubbing;
sagely)
With money, effendi, a man can often
buy the heart of a woman.
(quickly)
Not ME, of course. I am loyal to
effendi.

44X1
CONT'D
(4)

HUBRIS (scornfully)
No woman would look at PEPE!

MALIK (thinking)
Effendi...that girl...in the bistro?

HUBRIS
Who?

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MALIK
Janine. Janine Durant.

HUBRIS
She wouldn't look at a little runt
like him...a beetle...

MALIK
If he had a...fortune, effendi?

AEYESHA
It's true...some women ARE that low
...alas...

HUBRIS is struck by this. He thinks, then:

HUBRIS (softly)
Of course, Malik. You must be right
...SHE was the only change in his
life, lately...

(more confidently)
And if she IS the cause, she is ALSO
our solution.

(to Malik, bright-eyed)
We can't capture Pepe in the CASBAH
- therefore it follows we must LURE
him out...and what is our bait? Our
only POSSIBLE bait...

AEYESHA
The girl...? Janine...?

HUBRIS (triumphant,
banging his fist on the table)
Janine! We get her tonight, Malik! ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PEPE'S APARTMENT - DAY

45

This is a small, rambling, very ancient "apartment" which admits from a stout North African door into a room with the naked centre light, a cheap wardrobe, a basin and pitcher, a brass double bed with sagging mattress, a vast collection of paper-back novels and "self help" books, "pin-up" pictures (fly-specked) of film stars clipped from cheap magazines, a balcony which may or may not lead to a terrace, a window with a moucharabieh overlooking the street, and a door leading to a second equally small room. There is a chair and table of unfinished wood and another chair, badly worn, of leather from the back country.

Pepe is examining Solo with something which is almost rhapsody. He is not quite the meek little gentleman of earlier. And in a strange way, the alteration becomes him. He is obviously angry as he circles Solo. Solo appears very out of place, dressed as he is, in this rummy run-down atmosphere.

PEPE (watching Solo)

You will not bring Janine to me?

SOLO (diplomatically)

Mr. Waverly's sensitive about things like that.

(helpfully)

You see, he's from Boston.

PEPE (carefully)

I only want the money, I am only risking my LIFE....because of Janineto give HER something....to get her to PARIS....to RESCUE her from that shabby bistro....

SOLO (diplomatically)

Couldn't you send a message to have her....join you here?

PEPE

Unfortunately, she does not believe me. She still thinks that I am lying to her -- about all that money.

SOLO (trying to be helpful)
With THAT much lack of.....mutual trust....it may all be for the best. You probably wouldn't be happy together anyway.

45
CONT'D
(2)

PEPE (passionately)
Happy?....You mean me? My happiness has nothing to DO with it. Giving HER the life she DESERVES.....for which she works so hard...
(almost to himself)
...THAT is my happiness.
(passionately)
You tell this to your Waverly, no? So he understand?

SOLO (with regret)
No.
(carefully)
Though we do have a difficult situation with THRUSH and need that code book...desperately....there are some things we do not do and that's one of them.
(he turns, partly, as if to leave)
Sorry, we couldn't do business together, Monsieur La Mouche.

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PEPE (looking at him... rather grimly)
Wait, Mr. Solo. We will do business together.

SOLO (brightening)
You mean forget this matter of the girl, and go on to....?

PEPE (softly)
No. We go on to NOTHING, Mr. Solo... and you go on to nothing...! Until Janine is brought HERE, you do not leave the Casbah!

Solo looks at Pepe. Pepe has a gun in his hand but Solo, with a lightning-like move, kicks the gun from Pepe's hand, and makes for the door.

9-7-66

P.23

ANOTHER ANGLE

46

But as he throws the door open, the beggar stands there, gun in hand, menace all over him. Solo turns, runs for the window and balcony....

POV - TERRACE

46X1

..and just as he gets there, two young, lithe, muscular killers drop from above.....Solo whirls...

ANOTHER ANGLE

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47

Every exit is covered....As the two young men from the balcony move up behind Solo and grab him, one holding a knife to his throat, we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

TADE IN:

INT. ILLYA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

48

Illya, lying on his bed, on his stomach, is being given a sponge bath by an attractive NURSE.

NURSE (puzzled)

I don't understand. No hypodermics
were ORDERED for you, Mr. Kuryakin...
Unless you, perhaps, have aenemia?
(concerned)
How is your blood?

ILLYA (peering at her)

Racing.

The Nurse isn't sure how to take this.

NURSE

And how do you keep your skin so
soft, Mr. Kuryakin?

ILLYA

Olive oil. Lots of olive oil.

Suddenly we HEAR a "BLEEP-BLEEP", which we, of course,
immediately recognize as from an UNCLE communicator.
The Nurse, of course, does not and appears startled.

ILLYA

Sorry. You wouldn't have something
for an upset stomach, would you?

There is ANOTHER "BLEEP". The Nurse reacts.

NURSE

I'll see.

The fairly runs out of the room. Illya produces his
communicator from under the pillow.

ILLYA (into communicator)

Yes, Napoleon.

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INTERCUT ILLYA AND SOLO IN PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT 49

SOLO

Illya....how do you feel?

ILLYA (blissful)

Fine. I've just had a sponge bath
and I think she's about to powder
me, next.

SOLO

Well, I need you. Immediately.

ILLYA

Napoleon! My pores are still open!

SOLO

You've got to find that girl and
bring her here.

ILLYA

You're talking in riddles, Napoleon.
Bring who where?

SOLO

Janine. To Pepe's place in the Casbah.
You won't have any trouble finding us.
There's this blind man who isn't really
blind, and --

(giving this up)

...anyway you'll be able to get here
all right.

ILLYA (alarmed)

Mr. Waverly isn't going to like this.
Couldn't you get Pepe to surrender the
book without the girl...?

SOLO (looking at his guards)

I can't even get Pepe to surrender ME
....I'm counting on you, effendi!

ILLYA (warily)

Don't you always?

He clicks off annoyed, then is climbing out of bed and
started for the closet as the Nurse reappears.....She
reacts with alarm. Illya, in a short nightgown which is
almost indecent, is searching the room, albeit a bit
lazily.

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NURSE

What are you doing out of bed?

49

CONT'D

(2)

ILLYA

Looking for my pants.

NURSE

You can't HAVE them!

She darts for the closet, gets Illya's pants and holds them behind her back, defiantly.

ILLYA

Yes I can! Hand them over!

NURSE

I won't!

ILLYA

I'm warning you, if you don't, I'll leave without them!

NURSE

You wouldn't DARE!

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ILLYA

Wouldn't I?

He starts for the door. The girl shrieks, puts her hands over her eyes and hands the pants to Illya as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. JANINE'S BISTRO - NIGHT

50

to re-establish.

INT. BISTRO - NIGHT

51

Janine is just finished "restoring" the bistro to some semblance of order. The last of the broken glass is shoveled into a waste basket, the last of the pictures is straightened and it looks fairly presentable. She is standing, a bit winded but at last relieved when there is a TINKLE of the BELL at the door and Illya enters.

ILLYA

Mademoiselle...

Janine turns, then gasps as she sees Illya.

JANINE (paling - but
on a rising note)
Oh, no...Not you....Not you again.
I won't have it! Get OUT of here,
monsieur....!

51
CONT'D
(2)

Her hand automatically reaches for the broom, evidently
as a lethal weapon.

ILLYA (hastily)
Gently, mademoiselle...gently! I'm
still an invalid!

As if to punctuate this, he has a little dizzy spell.
He whirls a bit, has to reach out to steady himself.

ILLYA (hand over eyes)
That olive oil jar....it's a wonder
I'm still alive!
(peering through his fingers)
I hope you're insured?

JANINE (horrified)
Me....Insured -- !?

Suddenly the thought she may be criminally liable strikes
her. Hurriedly she pulls out a chair and pushes Illya
into it. She pulls a bottle from a counter and a glass.

JANINE
Here. Drink this. It builds you up.

ILLYA
Thank you....The reason I came, I
had to bring you Pepe's message.
(fast)
He's in the Casbah, mademoiselle.
He wants you to join him.

JANINE
In the Casbah? Good! He should
never have left! That's where he
BELONGS! After what happened, I
wouldn't join him for a cup of
COFFEE, monsieur, and you may tell
him that.

ILLYA
Janine....Pepe worships you.

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ILLYA

Of course he loves you! Why else
would he put his life in jeopardy?
If he's caught by Hubris, they'll
kill him!

51
CONT'D
(3)

JANINE (jarred by this)

They will?

ILLYA

They will indeed. Only you can save
him, Janine....Come with me to the
Casbah, and --

HUBRIS' VOICE (O.S.)

No, Mr. Kuryakin! Mademoiselle
Durant will come with us!

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Illya and Janine whirl to see Hubris, Malik and two
THRUSHMEN.

JANINE (terrified)

Oh, no! Please! Do not break up
my place again!

The Thrushmen advance on Illya and the fight begins.
Tables are tipped over, wine bottles hurled, a few SHOTS
are exchanged between Illya and the advancing heavies,
etc. A couple of times, one of the Thrushmen almost
grabs Janine, but Illya rescues her -- for the moment --
in an appropriate manner. With the enemy in temporary
confusion, Illya takes Janine by the hand, dashes with
her through the rear door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

52

As Illya and Janine emerge, running full tilt, from the
bistro.

JANINE

This way!

They climb some stairs in the alleyway, in a moment are
out of the view of --

INT. BISTRO REAR DOOR

53

Hubris and Malik, who emerge, run down the alley toward
the street.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

54

It's the lobby of a rather sleazy hotel, ill-decorated in the appropriate manner. It is, at the moment, deserted. Now, CAMERA ANGLES ON a stairway, down which Illya and Janine run. They reach the lobby, start for the front door, stop abruptly as:

THEIR POV

55

Hubris and Malik approaching the front door from the street.

BACK TO ILLYA AND JANINE

56

as they hastily retreat, duck down behind the shabby front desk.

ANGLE ON DOOR

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57

as Hubris and Malik enter, step quickly to the front desk.

HUBRIS (shouting)

Service!

The CLERK emerges lazily from a room adjacent to the desk. He looks rather sloppy.

CLERK (to Hubris and
Malik)
Messieurs....Would you...

HUBRIS (fiercely,
urgently)
A man and a young woman! Did they
come in here!?

The Clerk's eye goes down, catches Illya and Janine. They look up at him appealingly, Illya putting a finger to his lips and flashing some bills. The Clerk looks up again. There is an awful, agonizing moment before:

CLERK (to the villains)
A man and a young woman? Were they
married, monsieur?

HUBRIS

Of course not, you fool! They
were --

57
CONT'D
(2)

The Clerk draws himself up to his full height and, with
lofty dignity:

CLERK

Then you may be sure that they did
not come in here! This is a
respectable establishment!

His hand goes down and takes the bills from Illya.

IN ILLYA AND JANINE

58

You can see the tension ooze out of them.

BACK TO SCENE

59

HUBRIS (to Malik,
bitter, frustrated)

All right. They couldn't have
gotten far. Malik, you will see
to it that the entire neighborhood
is sealed off. She must not escape!

MALIK

I will see to it at once, effendi.

They exit quickly. Illya and Janine rise, look grate-
fully to the Clerk.

ILLYA

Thank you.

JANINE

Merci bien, monsieur.

CLERK (to Janine,
knowingly)

That was your husband, eh?
(a glance at Illya)
No wonder you prefer the blond one.

JANINE (eyes widen)

No, no...you don't understand....

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CLERK (with a wink)
Ah, but I understand too well...I
have a room -- a beautiful room --
and very, very private...

59
CONT'D
(2)

JANINE (offended)
M'sieu! You said you run a respect-
able place!

CLERK
...And a discreet one, madame. That
I guarantee! Shall we?

He takes a key, starts to escort Illya and Janine toward
the stairway. Janine begins to sputter.

ILLYA (to Janine)
Under the circumstances, we had
better --
(a beat)
-- my love.

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As Janine reacts, Illya looks pleasantly at the Clerk,
who favors Illya with a warm, rich and understanding
smile as he leads them toward the stairway and we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

60

Yesha is giving of her professional best, as usual,
dedicated artist that she is. The habitués appear to
be enjoying her performance as Hubris and Malik come in
once again. Hubris, slogging ahead toward his usual
niche, is a picture of gloom.

TRAVELING SHOT

60X1

HUBRIS (berating himself)
THRUSH Central will have my head,
Malik....on a platter....how could
we let that girl get away?

Yesha hears just enough of this, as they pass, to react.

ALCOVE

60X2

He pushes into the alcove, a figure of congested anger and determination, to slump to the banquette. He pulls the THRUSH message out and stares at it despairingly.

HUBRIS (head in hands)
I live a good clean life....What
have I done, Malik, to deserve this?

Ayesha whisks in, all alarm.

AEYESHA (questioningly)
...Effendi...?

MALIK (quickly)
The girl escaped.

Ayesha reacts, taken aback.

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HUBRIS (waving his hands)
What do we do now? I don't know!

MALIK
Get to Pepe! What else?

HUBRIS (in despair)
In the Casbah? Those vermin will
never let us near him!
(flushing angrily)
And they'd better not because if I
ever get my hands on him...

His hands close over a melon and suddenly are buried in it, rather messily. Ayesha whips off an extra veil and dries Hubris' hands with the housewifely devotion she generally exhibits toward the Colonel.

AEYESHA (soothingly)
Effendi, no!...It is not YOUR
beautiful strong hands that are
needed at this moment...it is
perhaps...my little weak ones.

Hubris looks at her.

HUBRIS
What?

AEYESHA

The situation is desperate, yes?
You MUST get Pepe and the book, yes?
And Pepe is susceptible to women, yes?

60X2
CONT'D
(2)

HUBRIS (stunned)

Yes...but...

AEYESHA (hypnotically)

Then I am the one who can bring Pepe
and the book from the Casbah.

The orchestra starts up in the background. Almost auto-
matically, as Aeyesha thinks, she starts to undulate.

HUBRIS (stuttering)

But he...he has this...this GIRL...
already...who...

AEYESHA (dreamily)

A man may well have a thousand girls,
effendi....but he has never known
"woman"...until he has know....
"Aeyesha..."....

(she smiles at him meaning-
fully as she undulates)

Hubris gulps, staring at her. Malik's eyes light up.

MALIK (eagerly)

Effendi...she's right! Pepe doesn't
know women....he doesn't know ANY-
THING! What Aeyesha couldn't do to
him in a few hours, wouldn't deserve
to be DONE!

HUBRIS (alarmed)

How do YOU know? Where do you get
YOUR knowledge?

AEYESHA (pulling her
veils artistically in several
directions as she practices)

Naturally...a task such as this is
repugnant to a girl of my refined
and delicate sensibilities...But
for the effendi -- whom I love and
worship and obey -- I would do
anything!

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ZIP PAU TO:

9-8-66

P.33

ST. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT

61

lo is raking in a fair amount of money from in front of Pepe, and Pepe's other two associates whom we have seen earlier. They sit around a table with him.

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PEPE

I do not understand it. I teach
you belotte, and right away you
win all my money.

61

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO (shrugs)

Lucky at love, lucky at cards....
same thing, really.

PEPE (gloomily)

Yes. And I am unlucky at both.

SOLO

Luck changes, Pepe. You see---

Solo's communicator BEEPS.

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SOLO

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Excuse me.

(into communicator)

Solo here.

INTERCUT WITH ILLYA IN HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

62

The hotel room is only a shade -- if at all -- less
leazy than the lobby. A lumpy double bed fills almost
the whole room. Janine is busy erecting a barricade of
pillsters, etc., down the middle of it.

ILLYA

Napoleon? Illya.

SOLO

Where are you?

ILLYA

In a hotel room....with Janine.

PEPE (aghast)

With Janine!

SOLO (reassuringly, to

Pepe)

Don't worry. UNCLE agents are trained
to be gentlemen at all times.

ILLYA

Listen, it's not safe to leave here now. We're practically surrounded by Hubris' boys. We won't be able to be there till morning.

62

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO

Good. By then, I should have won back a large part of the million francs.

(he glances at the others,
who glower)

ILLYA

I beg your pardon?

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SOLO

Let it ride....Take care.

Solo clicks off his communicator. As he does so, there is a KNOCK at the door.

BEGGAR'S VOICE (O.S.)

Pepe...

Pepe is immediately alert. He goes to the door, opens it a crack. The beggar stands outside.

PEPE (not opening it)

Yes...?

BEGGAR'S VOICE (O.S.)

There is a woman below to see you.
She says she has a message....from
Janine.

Pepe starts, looks back at Solo, panicking a bit.

PEPE (in a whisper)

But it can't be! Janine is with
your friend...?

Solo nods, hurrying to the window.

SOLO

It's a trap of some kind. Obviously,
THRUSH knows you're here.

INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT

Solo looks at Pepe questioningly.

PEPE

Aeyesha....!

SOLO

Who?

PEPE

Aeyesha, the most famous belly dancer
in all North Africa. The girl friend
of Colonel Hubris!

(a beat)

I've never met her! But I saw her
dance once....from the balcony.

SOLO (peering, apprecia-

tive)

Nice vantage point. Does she know YOU?

PEPE

How would someone like THAT know some-
one like ME? She's never laid eyes
on me.

SOLO (still peering and

still pleased)

Then this is our big opportunity, isn't
it?

PEPE (baffled)

Effendi?

SOLO (amiably)

Don't you think we ought to find out
why she was sent here?

PEPE

But what if she's come to kill me?

SOLO

She'll never even come close to you.
Take off your clothes. From now on,
I'll be Pepe La Mouche.

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Pepe reacts, then begins to shed his clothes. Solo goes to the door, opens it, sees the guard.

64
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Send the lady up.

The guard nods. Pepe has now divested himself of his outer garments. Solo closes the door and, still undressing, gives the frightened Pepe a push into the next room and shuts the door.

Original In

EXT. CASBAH STREET - NIGHT

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The guard comes down. He nods upstairs without a word. Ayesha bows slightly and turning, gives a signal to a musician from the cafe whom she has brought along.

NICHE

66

In a niche the musician stands with his instrument. At the nod, he strikes up a throbbing, emotional North African melody.

INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

The music is hypnotic and arousing as Ayesha, undulating to the music, wrapped in her djellabah, enters, closes the door behind her. Now the CAMERA PANS TO the other end of the room to PICK UP Solo, wearing Pepe's garb, djellabah over shirt and trousers, a fez over one eye. He is smoking and he stands rather rakishly leaning against a door jamb looking at the woman.

the music grows louder as Ayesha begins unwinding herself from her various veils and outer street garments. Underneath she is wearing her belly dancer costume complete with finger cymbals and ankle cymbals, which sound melodically.

67
CONT'D
(2)

Pepe, "in character", fingering his cigarette, fez over his eye, takes her in, smiling faintly.

AEYESHA (somewhat
breathily)
I.....am Ayesha.....

SOLO
Hi. I'm Pepe.

As he grins at her....BLUR AND:

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FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE IN:
INT. BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

68

The bookshop is closed but the doors up front slam open and Colonel Hubris strides in with determination, hastily followed by Malik.

HUBRIS (wearily but
determined)
The short wave, Malik, quickly!

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CLOSER SHOT

69

Malik goes directly to the alcove where generally Hubris sits, tugs at a bookcase and a false front of books pulls away revealing an elaborate broadcasting and receiving set-up. Malik plugs in and turns to Hubris.

MALIK (uneasily)
You will report this to THRUSH
Central?

Hubris stares at Malik, startled, and represses a shudder.

HUBRIS
Of course not! You think I am
MAD?

He takes the ear phone attachment and fiddles with some dials.

HUBRIS (cont'd)
What THRUSH Central doesn't know,
won't hurt them. But what I don't
know, could prove FATAL!

He wiggles the dials and suddenly over the loudspeaker comes Ayesha's voice.

AEYESHA'S VOICE (O.S.;
breathlessly)
But why did they tell me you were
little and ugly and insignificant?

Malik does a double take.

MALIK

Aeyesha's voice!....But how!?

69

CONT'D

(2)

e looks at Hubris in surprise. Hubris shrugs.

HUBRIS (busy with dials)

Before Aeyesha left, I wired her
girdle for sound.

MALIK (shocked)

Is she aware of it?

HUBRIS

Certainly not! You want her to
think I don't trust her?

(fiddling with the dials)

I merely wanted to be sure she would
not get into trouble!

alik stares at Hubris uncertainly.

ZIP PAN TO:

PT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT

70

eyesha is revolving out of her outer garments, giving
blo the glad-eye.

AEYESHA

...and all this time you are so
young and handsome and...

(gaily)

..."peppy" like your name -- with
a true joie de vivre!

SOLO (appearing some-
what aggrieved)

I try...but it's not easy on what
THRUSH pays.

AEYESHA

I know...I know...that Colonel
Hubris -- he hangs onto the first
dirham he ever made.....I feel for
you.

INT. BOOKSHOP - HUBRIS - NIGHT

71

Hubris is doing a terrible double take.

MALIK

Effendi, that's not Pepe's voice!

HUBRIS (recognizing
this)

No?

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Don't try to be sympathetic. I
know you only came here because
Hubris sent you!

HUBRIS

You are right. It is not Pepe
she's talking to but...who is it?

MALIK (realization)

It's that other UNCLE agent!

HUBRIS (alarm)

Solo?!

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INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT

72

Aeyesha eyes Solo warmly.

AEYESHA

Ah...you guessed my true mission
immediately! I TOLD the Colonel it
was INSANE for me to attempt to
influence you. WHAT man in his
right mind is going to give up a
MILLION francs....?

(she pauses)

-- It IS a million francs you are
getting for the code book -- ?

SOLO (pleasantly)

One million. On the button.

Aeyesha sighs, a trifle overcome.

AEYESHA (closer)

What man in his right mind is going
to give up a MILLION francs....

He holds her veil before her eyes, batting them at him
-eaningfully...

72
CONT'D
(2)

AEYESHA (cont'd)

...merely because of the blandish-
ments and allure of a beautiful
woman....even one such as myself?

SOLO

He sent you to tempt me to return
the book?

AEYESHA (closer)

To persuade you....! But now,
having SEEN you....a man who
could have ANY woman in the WORLD,
just for the asking....even without
the million francs....I realize it
would be the height of folly for me
to even TRY!

Solo plays it cool, picking up an apple casually.

SOLO

Oh, I don't know. I've never
objected to a little folly between
friends...

(amiably)

For the sake of your job if you
want to take a stab at it.....go
ahead!

Aeyesha throws back her head, laughs, and as Solo bites
the apple, she lets her veil drop and bites the other
half of the apple.

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73

Hubris, hearing this, is nearly going mad. He smites his
frow.

HUBRIS (alarmed)

That SOUND! What IS it, Malik?
What are they DOING?

Malik listens.

MALIK

I can't quite make it OUT!

He hastens to adjust the dials. The voices come up more loudly.

73
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.;
amused)
Greedy, aren't you?

AEYESHA'S VOICE (O.S.)
...Not always...but this is so
delicious, I can't.....HELP myself!

HUBRIS (screaming)
Aeyesha!!

Hubris reacts in horror and jealous grief.

INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT

74

Solo and Aeyesha, struggling for the apple (rather like an old-fashioned bobbing for apples) end up in an embrace (the apple between them) which is so close that Aeyesha's girdled girdle -- which is more a dancer's jeweled belt -- is no longer effective.

CLOSE SHOT

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AEYESHA

75

You great, silly, eager schoolboy,
you....

She laughs gaily, the apple still between them.

SOLO (a little startled)
Ma'am?

AEYESHA (feeling her
power now)
SO inexperienced...so naive...Don't
deny it! I can tell. You have
never known what it means to be
with a REAL woman....
(gaily, tightly embracing him)
If you had you would never sacrifice
everything for that silly little
girl....What can she give you...?
What can she teach you...?

SOLO

I haven't found out yet. You have
a better idea?

75

CONT'D
(2)

AEYESHA

You are only stealing the Colonel's
book to get the million francs for
her...yes?

SOLO

That's the general idea.

AEYESHA (sagely)

You know what YOU will get? Nothing
....Believe me, I know women....You,
poor child, will end up with empty
arms.

He winds her arms more tightly about him. Solo is getting
a bit short of breath.

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76

Malik is desperately switching tubes, juggling levers,
etc. Hubris is beside himself.

HUBRIS

Why can't we hear? What's WRONG
with it?

MALIK (frantic)

It's not the receiver, effendi...
something must be covering the
microphone at HER end!

HUBRIS (offended)

MALIK....

Emotion overcomes him once again.

7. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - NIGHT

77

Ayesha, a determined worker, now has Solo practically
squat double over the table. He's desperately trying to
keep the apple between them.

AEYESHA

Why do you need that silly little
goose Janine....When you have ME?

77

CONT'D

(2)

SOLO (attempting to
dodge)

Well, if you put it that way....

AEYESHA

Can't you see how taken I am with
you...?

SOLO

Either that or you have a remarkably
affectionate nature.

AEYESHA

The book is here...in this room,
isn't it, Pepe, dear?

(pursuing him)

Let me take it away, Pepe. Remove
the temptation, eh? Your life, my
darling, is worth far more than any
BOOK...or any little GIRL...or....

(a beat)

...bobbing for apples!

He makes a splendid gesture tossing away the apple and
pushing Solo back and down....as we:

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ZIP PAN TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

78

Morning is just breaking over the city. Janine, her dress
slung over the bed, but wearing her slip, is ensconced
behind the barricade of bolsters et al.

Allya is on the very edge of the bed. Suddenly somewhere
the recorded and very loud cry of the muezzin comes from
the tower of a nearby mosque. They both awake with a
start.

JANINE (startled -
half-asleep)

What's that...?

ILLYA

The muezzin. Summoning the faithful
to morning prayer.

78

CONT'D
(2)

Janine sits up.

JANINE

Oh....That means...somewhere out
there, Pepe's praying.

Janine looks out over the awakening city.

JANINE (wistfully)

Praying for what -- I...wonder?

ILLYA (looking at her)

For happiness....His and yours.

Janine looks at Illya rather gravely, then her nose
crinkles up and she laughs. She looks at the bolsters,
the bed, the sleazy room.

JANINE

What would he say if he could see
us now?

Illya regards the bolsters without enthusiasm.

ILLYA (drily)

I won't say a word if you won't.

JANINE (taking it
straight)

Oh, I won't! Believe me, I hope---

At this moment, there is a GENTLE KNOCK at the door,
Immediately Illya springs to his feet and is at the door.

ILLYA

Yes?

He opens the door cautiously.

OTHER ANGLE

79

It is the Clerk with a tray of breakfast...coffee and
rolls and, from somewhere, one rather weatherbeaten
flower in a cracked rose vase.

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CLERK (beaming)
Breakfast, monsieur. Coffee and
croissants....and for the young
lady, a geranium from my own pot.

79
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (taking the tray)
Thank you.
(carefully)
Those...men...come back?

CLERK (beaming)
The young lady's husband? No, sir.
And if he DOES....I send him away
again!

ILLYA
Good....Can you get us a cab?

CLERK
Are you leaving so soon?

ILLYA
Have to.
(nods to Janine)
She has a PTA meeting.

The Clerk does a take, exits.

WIDER ANGLE

Janine is a little disconcerted at the Clerk having seen
her in her slip.

JANINE
He saw me like this! If he should
tell Pepe....!

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80

ILLYA

Does it matter? I thought you
didn't care that much for him.

80

CONT'D
(2)

JANINE

I don't...but...I dreamed of him
last night.

(appealing)

Monsieur Kuryakin, why would a man
go through all this terrible danger
....steal that...that book...risk
his life....for ME?

ILLYA

Because he's a fool or mad or in
love...and in Pepe's case, I'd say
a bit of all three.

(holding out the cup)

Sugar?

Janine shakes her head.

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JANINE

Now he's hidden in the Casbah....
with men after him to kill him...

ILLYA

The same men are after us, too, you
know.

JANINE (after a beat)

I know. But --

(she looks out the window
toward the Casbah)

-- but somehow I'm -- more worried
for him.

As she stares out at the Casbah and Illya sips his coffee
eyeing her hopefully, we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAWN

81

The bookshop is still dark, the shutters still up, as
Malik snores softly in his chair and a haggard, red-eyed
Rubris keens softly to himself on his divan, playing with
the volume control of the loudspeaker system. All he
HEARS at the moment are soft snores. As one particularly

melodious one strikes his woofers and tweeters, Hubris apparently recognizes it. He has recourse to a large pocket handkerchief.

81
CONT'D
(2)

HUBRIS (to himself,
in broken accents)
Aeyesha.....!

Suddenly he HEARS a NOISE. He turns...

WIDER ANGLE

82

The front door of the bookshop is being opened by someone with a key. Hubris turns, starts to his feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE

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83

Coming hurriedly toward the back of the store is Aeyesha. Her expression is one of a very self-satisfied cat who has just swallowed a very plump canary. She is pleased with herself.

AEYESHA (gaily)
Effendi....effendi...where ARE you,
effendi? Guess who's back, bringing
you a big surprise?

Hubris takes a step forward as the beautiful Aeyesha, all glamour and excitement, sails forward teasingly.

CLOSER SHOT

83K1

AEYESHA (gaily -
teasingly)
I have something for my effendi...
but my effendi must give me some-
thing in return!
(gaily)
Is it a bargain?

HUBRIS
Bargain? It is indeed, you desert
WITCH!

He bops her smartly across the face. With a shriek, Aeyesha, completely taken by surprise, falls back against the divan.

9-6-66

P.48A

AEYESHA

EFFENDI!

83X1
CONT'D
(2)

elik wakes with a start.

HUBRIS (screaming)

She-devil! Spawn of Siblīs!
Traitor! Gutterscum! I'll teach
you to betray ME!

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He goes after her, grabs her by the throat, and starts to
choke her...

AEYESHA (screaming)

What are you DOING? Have you gone
MAD! I've brought you the BOOK!!
The HAFIZ!

HUBRIS

I'll kill you...I'll drag you through
the streets....I'll.....

83X1
CONT'D
(3)

MALIK

Effendi....STOP!

He pulls Hubris back from Ayesha, who is gamely waving
a small book in one hand.

MALIK (cont'd)

The book...the book....

He grabs the book from the hand of the shaking, half-
fainting Ayesha.

MALIK (cont'd)

It is Hafiz, effendi....
(his face lighting up)
...the HAFIZ...

Hubris stops, shaking in his rage.

HUBRIS

What...?

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AEYESHA

What have I done you should treat
me like this, effendi?

HUBRIS

You BETRAYED me!

AEYESHA

Betrayed you? Did you not send me
to Pepe for the book of Hafiz poems?
And have I not brought them back?

HUBRIS

You...you stayed out ALL night...
Ayesha...

AEYESHA

It's a long walk! Have YOU ever
tried to find a cab in the Casbah
after midnight!

Hubris looks at her, grabs the book from Malik. Hubris
flumps through the book hastily, then looks up with a
glare and slams down the book.

AEYESHA

Effendi! I've been BRUTALLY used!
DECEIVED! Oh, the BEAST!

(self-consciously)

Thank HEAVEN I didn't let the decep-
tive villain go too FAR!

83X1

CONT'D

(5)

At this, the short-wave loudspeaker suddenly goes "BLEEP -
BLEEP" -- the recognizable SOUND of an UNCLE COMMUNICATOR.
Both Hubris and Malik instantly recognize the SOUND.

AEYESHA

What's that?

HUBRIS (alarmed)

An UNCLE communicator.

He turns rapidly to the short-wave equipment and wiggles
dials to raise the volume.

AEYESHA

In HERE?

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She looks at them both in some suspicion. Hubris, still
manipulating dials, turns on her with an odd look.

HUBRIS

No. As...happy mischance would
HAVE it....it is coming SHORT WAVE
via your girdle....

Aeyesha starts. Her hands fly to her waist...

AEYESHA

My GIRDLE!

She stops in mid-sentence.

HUBRIS (with heavy and
chilling gaiety)

Let's see if we can guess whose is
the next voice we HEAR....

INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - DAWN

83X2

Solo is asleep on the bed. Sleepily Solo takes his BLEEP-
ING communicator out of his pocket.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

83X3

The CREAKING of the old SPRINGS on Pepe's ancient brass
bed are only too AUDIBLE...

...Hello....? SOLO'S VOICE (sleepily)

Pepe...! AEYESHA (with a gulp)

HUBRIS (smiling evilly,
shaking his head)
NO, moon of my delight. Solo.
Napoleon Solo.
(hissing)

I had WIRED you for SOUND, last night,
my darling. The microphone was in
your GIRDLE.

Aeyesha looks appalled.

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INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - DAY

84

SOLO (into communicator)

Hello...?

INTERCUT WITH BOOKSHOP, HOTEL ROOM AND SOLO

85

ILLYA (brightly)

Good morning!

SOLO

Please, Illya. No one in the world has a reason to be that cheerful at this hour.

(suddenly alarmed, waking up, suspiciously)

...Or have you?

ILLYA

Well, the breakfast was excellent. We'll be out of here as soon as we can get a cab...

HUBRIS (shocked)

Malik...! That man told us a FIB! They ARE in that hotel! Quick....

Malik scrambles to his feet.

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INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - DAY

86

SOLO (into communicator)

Good. Take a taxicab to the entrance of the Casbah. Pepe will arrange things from there.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

87

Hubris is still hanging on to every word.

ILLYA'S VOICE (filtered)

Right. What about you? Did you make out all right?

Hubris listens anxiously.

EXT. HOTEL - ALLEY - DAY

88

The alley is deserted as the Clerk comes out. He looks up and down the alley and then motions to someone within.

CLERK

I had no trouble finding you a cab,
monsieur.

ANOTHER ANGLE

89

Illya and Janine come out a bit uncertainly, start down the alley as the Clerk looks after them fondly....

ANOTHER ANGLE

90

There is a waiting taxicab. Illya throws open the door of the cab, pushes Janine inside, and jumps in himself.

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

91

ILLYA

The Casbah....Hurry!

But as he looks out he sees:

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EXT. ALLEY - POV SHOT - DAY

92

A man running from the next building to mount the back of the cab.

INT. TAXICAB - DAY

93

Startled, Illya would pull his gun but as he turns he finds...

WIDER ANGLE

94

Hubris holding a gun on him from the front seat while the cab driver is Malik. Hubris, red-eyed and haggard, is for the moment, pleased.

9-1-66

P.53

HUBRIS

No, I think it better we make the
Casbah come to US!

94
CONT'D
(2)

he pokes them both with the gun and chuckles hugely,
FREEZE FRAME AND:

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FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

95
OUT

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FADE IN:

INT. CELLAR - DAY

96

We see Illya, strapped between the beams of the cellar being regarded with some satisfaction by Hubris, as the latter leafs through the pages of a large book. Ayesha comes down from upstairs, gingerly carrying a small brazier of glowing coals with various "instruments" on it.

Janine, under the guard of the glowering Malik, is at one side, horrified at what is happening.

HUBRIS

...something with.....boiling
pomegranate oil in it? You fancy
that, Mr. Kuryakin?

Janine flares up at this.

JANINE

You monster....you animal...!

HUBRIS (fingering the
book thoughtfully)

My dear, if you call me names you
are only tempting fate. I would
far rather do this to you, believe
me....except....

(peers over at her)

...you are, after all, for the
moment a valuable commodity.
Because it is you who will tempt
Pepe out of the Casbah for me.

JANINE

So you can kill him? Never!

HUBRIS

If you don't, we will all be witness
to a very unhappy hour in Mr.
Kuryakin's life.

(to Aeyesha)

Did you bring down the red hot pincers,
my dear? Splendid!

96
CONT'D
(2)

He examines them. Janine shrinks back in horror.

HUBRIS (cont'd)

And if these don't work....

He waves a hand toward other instruments of torture.

HUBRIS (cont'd)

...there's always the Iron Matron of
Marrakech....similar to the Iron
Maiden of Nuremberg but designed for
the more manly figure...

Aeyesha has marshmallows on a spit. As she holds them
over the fire, they immediately burst into flame. Illya
closes his eyes. Hubris seizes the marshmallows and
eats them in front of Janine.

HUBRIS (cont'd)

Well...?

JANINE (in a sinking
voice)

What do you want me to do?

HUBRIS

Write Pepe a little letter. Telling
him to meet you outside the Casbah
gates.....with the book.

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ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PEPE'S CASBAH APARTMENT - DAY

97

Pepe is pacing back and forth while Solo manipulates the
communicator.

SOLO (anxiously)

Channel D....Channel D....Illya...
come in...come in....Where are you?

ere is no sound.

97
CONT'D
(2)

PEPE

Why aren't they here? It doesn't
take that long to cross the city...!

(emotionally)

Hubris has gotten them.....Oh,
Janine....Janine!

SOLO (worried)

Don't leap to conclusions.....Mr.
Kuryakin is much too competent an
operative.....

PEPE (rather nastily)

Which is more than you are, Mr. Solo!
Nothing you've promised has happened...
All you've succeeded in doing is...

e makes an eloquent gesture toward the bed, angrily
pping off the cheap Indian bedspread. Something falls
th a "CLANK" to the floor and skids to their feet. At
eir feet is Ayesha's jeweled belly-dancer's belt, or
rdle.

SOLO (with an attempt
at savoir faire)

Why, the impetuous child appears to
have forgotten something, doesn't
she!

pe however, accustomed to the way Hubris works, gasps
d picks up the girdle, seeing something.

PEPE (accusingly)

She has forgotten nothing...or at
least Hubris has forgotten nothing
....Look!

holds the girdle out to Solo, jerks out a small micro-
ne from the jeweled surface, together with minute
teries, wires, et al.

PEPE (angry, emotionally)

She was bugged!

ddenly the full impact of the situation strikes Solo.
is very cold and competent immediately.

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SOLO

That was on the bed when Illya
contacted me from the hotel. Hubris
must have heard every word....heard
where they were and...

97
CONT'D
(3)

PEPE (emotional, accusing)
...captured them! I told you!

Solo nods, troubled and thinking fast. There is a KNOCK
at the door, sudden, demanding.

BEGGAR'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, Pepe...let not Time now slip
beneath your feet lest Unborn
Tomorrow or Dead Yesterday make
Today less sweet!

Solo rips open the door....the "blind" beggar stands there,
gazing at the sky, the letter in his hand. Solo grabs the
letter from the beggar and Pepe grabs it from Solo.

PEPE

Janine's handwriting...!
(reading the letter)
He has her....Hubris has her...!
I knew it...

He makes a dash for the door.

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SOLO

Pepe...wait! It's a trap...

He struggles with Pepe but Pepe screams for:

PEPE (yelling)

Ahmed! Rafy!

SOLO (struggling with him)

He'll only kill you and the girl...!

At this AHMED and RAFY drop from the balcony and
descend upon Solo. As the largest of them deals Solo a
fist blow to the chin, Solo flies through the air to land
on the floor. Pepe and his helpers fly out the door.
Solo gets groggily to his feet, starts in pursuit of Pepe.

ZIP PAN TO:

ST. BOOKSHOP CELLAR - DAY

98

Janine is tied to a chair while Illya hangs from the rafters. SOUNDS of VOICES can be HEARD above - the voices of Hubris and Malik. The glowing brazier, with its coals and almost molten instruments, lies in the center of the room. Illya is furiously swinging back and forth on his ropes on the rafter. Janine is staring at what he is doing, wide-eyed.

At intervals along the rafter, huge metal nails or hooks have been placed which which to hang things - people, one resumes - and Illya is swinging back and forth scraping the hempen ropes which bind him against the rough edges of one of these hooks.

JANINE (alarmed)

Monsieur Kuryakin! You're right over the coals! You're shoes are smoldering!

ILLYA (working hard)

I thought it was the marshmallows!

At suddenly his last desperate swing, severs the rope and he falls to the earthen floor, narrowly missing the glowing brazier. Janine stifles a gasp, looking up at the room above anxiously.

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ST. BOOKSHOP - NIGHT

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Hubris is on the (French) telephone.

HUBRIS

Good, good, excellent!

He slams the phone down.

HUBRIS (cont'd)

Pepe is on his way to the Casbah gates. Get the girl!

Malik turns on his heel and heads, at a run, for the down staircase, Hubris lumbering right after.

ST. CELLAR - DAY

100

Malik comes running down the stairs, pulling out his knife.

HUBRIS (right after him)
My dear...one should never discount
true love! You will be happy to
learn that our good Pepe is prepared
to sacrifice anything....
(chuckling)
...as long as we don't sacrifice you!

100
CONT'D
(2)

JANINE (horrified)
Oh...no!...You'll kill him!

Malik is hastily cutting her bonds.

HUBRIS (happily)
Of course! But he is not aware of
that....and it will be a happy
death....in your arms...eh? Like
the last act of Aida. Don't you
agree, Mr. Kuryakin...?

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But suddenly he realizes Illya is no longer hanging from
the beam. He whirls to see him, and:

HUBRIS
Look out!

Malik whirls from untying the girl, and he and Hubris see
Illya, wielding the red-hot spit advancing on them.
Hubris and Malik fight one another to get to the top of
the stairs and safety, Illya pursuing them all the way.
Hubris falls up the stairs followed by Malik who...

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

101

...slams the great wooden door at the top of the stairs
right in...

INT. CELLAR - DAY

102

...Illya's face. Illya can HEAR the great cross-arm fall
into place on the other side of the door.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

103

HUBRIS (weeping from
chagrin and burns)
Fool! You've ruined everything!
Why didn't you keep your eyes open!
You know you can't trust those UNCLE

MALIK (dragging out
his gun)
I'll kill them!...I'll shoot them
both down like dogs...

103
CONT'D
(2)

He moves as if to open the door. Hubris shrieks:

HUBRIS
No, you won't! Don't open that
door! You won't shoot anyone!
We've no time! Pepe will be at the
Casbah gates....We must get there...

MALIK
Effendi! Pepe won't come out of
the Casbah unless the girl....

Hubris casts about wildly. As he does Ayesha comes
running from the front of the shop.

AEYESHA
Effendi...effendi...what's wrong?
The car's here...

Hubris suddenly looks at Ayesha.

HUBRIS (an idea hitting
him; angrily)
Daughter of a camel...have you got a
blonde wig?

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RIES OF SHOTS

104

Pepe running through the maze of Casbah alleys, Solo hard
on his heels.

SOLO
Pepe! Come back! Listen to me!

ZIP PAN TO:

105-106
OUT

MT. BOOKSHOP CELLAR - DAY

107

Illya has Janine loose and now jumps on a rather involved instrument of torture as he attaches a rope to a hook in the ceiling. Janine is holding onto another rope hanging from another hook in the ceiling.

ILLYA

When I start to swing, pull on that line!

JANINE (distressed)

Mr. Kuryakin!...You can't knock a hole in the ceiling with your feet!

ILLYA

It's an oubliette....a trap door.

Janine looks, gasps.

ILLYA (cont'd; with a laugh)

The Colonel's way of getting rid of bad customers, persistent bill collectors and old girl friends.

Illya swings on the rope, feet out to the bottom of the trap door in the ceiling. At the same time Janine throws her weight on her rope and the trap door opens with Illya falling right through it, to land upstairs. A second later, he peers down at Janine, holding out a hand. As Janine takes it:

JANINE

Thank you.

ILLYA

My pleasure.

ZIP PAN TO:

MT. CASBAH GATES - DAY

108

Pepe flies out of the Casbah to the very edge of the gates. He hesitates...searching the area for Hubris and Janine... At the moment they have not yet arrived. As Pepe searches, a winded but still game Solo runs up to grab him.

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SOLO

Pepe...you can't! Don't run out there!

108
CONT'D
(2)

Pepe turns and as Solo grabs him, they struggle. With surprising strength Pepe casts Solo off. Solo falls back and as he does, Pepe produces a knife.

PEPE (emotionally)

Don't come a step nearer, Mr. Solo!
Don't try to stop me....I'm warning you...

Indeed, he appears both dangerous and determined.

SOLO (talking fast)

Pepe....you're acting like a fool!
Give me that book....

PEPE

No....it's the only thing I have to save her life!

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SOLO

You won't save her life! Hubris will kill you and Janine, the moment the book's in his hands! Don't you understand? Your only chance of saving her is not running out there now!

He grabs Pepe, but the latter's muscular friends appear and grab Solo. Pepe climbs out of Solo's immediate reach as he searches the area below for a sign of Janine and Hubris.

PEPE (gasping)

There they are!

Hubris' car driven by Malik has appeared before the gates now, a careful distance away, Hubris and "Janine" (Ayesha) quite visible in the back seat.

INT. HUBRIS' CAR - DAY

109

Malik sees Pepe.

MALIK

I see him! He's up there, effendi!

Hubris is pleased.

109
CONT'D
(2)

HUBRIS

Good.

We note that Ayesha wears a blonde wig, is dressed in clothes resembling Janine's.

AEYESHA

He'll never believe it. I don't even have the right color lipstick.

HUBRIS

He'll believe it.

(hands her handkerchief)

Bury your face in this.

(he puts a gun to her head)

Tremble!

Ayesha obediently trembles.

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EXT. CASBAH GATES - DAY be reproduced or quoted without permission.

110

Pepe is horrified.

PEPE

He's got a gun - pointed at her head!

Bolo takes a fast look.

EXT. HUBRIS' CAR - POV SHOT - DAY

111

Now Hubris is jerking "Janine" (Ayesha) from the car, the gun pointed at the woman's head.

EXT. CASBAH GATES - DAY

112

Pepe, one hand cupped around his mouth to amplify his voice, calls down to him.

HUBRIS

114

HUBRIS (aside to Aeyesha)
Keep your face in your handkerchief...
weep!

(calling up to Pepe)
...Bring the book and you come to the
chain....I won't send her till you
come to the chain....

(to Malik, sotto voce)
Don't miss him THIS time, Malik!

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SOLO AND PEPE

115

Solo reaches Pepe once again.

SOLO

Pepe...you're out of your mind!

Solo is dodging between people to reach Pepe who is keep-
ing the "innocent bystanders" between them.

PEPE (emotionally)

I love her....she's my whole life...

As Solo makes a lunge at Pepe, Pepe springs free, in the
process his eyeglasses fall, shatter on the pavement.

WIDER ANGLE

116

Pepe heads for the open space and the chain in the street.

HUBRIS

117

He pushes "Janine" (Aeyesha) forward.

HUBRIS

Run to him...don't let him see your
face...

Aeyesha obediently runs forward, her face hidden in the
handkerchief.

HUBRIS (cont'd)
Be careful, Malik....don't shoot
him till I get the code book....

117
CONT'D
(2)

PEPE (running toward
the chain waving the book)
Janine...Janine....

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MOTHER ANGLE

118

Pepe, having recovered himself, is right after Pepe with
his gun...

WIDER ANGLE

119

A tandem bicycle bearing Illya and Janine, both pedaling
for all their worth, abruptly breaks out of the end of
the street.

CLOSER SHOT

119X1

They look around for "the action" and suddenly Janine sees.

ILLYA (looking up)
There's Pepe...!

But Janine gasps, seeing something else.

JANINE
Mr. Kuryakin...! LOOK! That WITCH...!
She's impersonating ME!
(on a rising note of hysteria)
Pepe must think she's ME!

They glance at one another in horror then hurriedly resume
their pedalling...

ILLYA (yelling to Pepe)
Wait! Don't! It's all a fake!

JANINE (yelling)
Pepe...Pepe...! Here I am! Over
here!

NEAR CHAIN

120

Pepe, squinting nearsightedly, nears the chain and raises the book in his hand to throw it to or toward Hubris. But he hears (naturally) the voices of Illya and, more importantly, Janine...Pepe, hearing Janine's voice, turns the book in his hand held high over his head. He sees:

POV SHOT - "JANINE" (AEYESHA)

121

Aeyesha disguised as Janine running toward him, handkerchief over her face. Without his glasses, Pepe sees her quite fuzzily.

POV SHOT - JANINE

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122

pedaling rapidly toward him on the tandem with Illya. She looks fuzzy too.

BACK TO PEPE

123

Pepe is bewildered.

HUBRIS (bellowing)
Throw the book...throw the book you
jackass! Malik....get the book!

But as Malik runs forward.....Solo makes a football tackle
at Pepe, and gets him around the feet. As Pepe falls,
the book.....sails out of his grasp, into the air.

As Malik sees this and runs forward to grab it.....the
tandem bicycle tears between Malik, Pepe, Aeyesha and a
running Hubris and....

Illya catches the book, Janine steering the tandem in a
zig-zag course with considerable virtuosity.

CONFIRE immediately explodes in all directions from every-
one.

...Solo shoots at Malik...

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...Malik shoots at everyone...

Hubris shoots at Illya and Janine...

...the Gendarme shoots wildly in the air, blowing his
WHISTLE to summon help...

Aeyesha hits the dirt...

One of Hubris bullets hits the tandem, it swerves wildly..and
throws Illya and Janine into the gutter. The book flies free.

Pepe, having encountered the false Janine (Aeyesha) and
giving a double take, turns to see the real Janine crash
in the gutter...

PEPE

...Janine...!

As he runs toward Janine, Pepe is caught in the cross-
fire between Hubris, Malik and Solo. Pepe is hit by one
of Hubris' bullets, SCREAMS and falls....

GUTTER

124

Janine sees this, as she crawls out of the gutter. She screams:

JANINE

...Pepe...Pepe...!

...and fearless of her own safety, starts to run through the rapidly emptying square to Pepe.

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ANOTHER ANGLE

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125

Solo's bullet hits Malik, who falls. One down.

MILYA

125X1

Milya searches wildly for the disappeared book.

PEPE AND JANINE

126

Janine throws herself on the body of Pepe.

JANINE

Pepe! Pepe! Speak to me...don't
die.....don't die....!

SOLO

127

Shooting wildly at Hubris, Solo makes him dodge behind the car.

HUBRIS

128

...right into the arms of the Gendarme. Hubris raises his hands in surrender.

PEPE AND JANINE

129

...Solo runs up to the fallen Pepe,

SOLO

...Pepe...

Already Pepe has the glassy-eyed look of one close to death.

129
CONT'D
(2)

JANINE (hysterical)
...they shot him....he's dying...

CLOSER SHOT

129H1

Pepe is writhing in what appears to be the last throes.

PEPE (brokenly)
Mister Solo...the money....the money
...Give the money to Janine....my
dying wish, yes?

SOLO (to Illya who has
stepped INTO FRAME)
Do you have the book?

ILLYA
Not any more...it flew out of my
hand....

SOLO (alarmed)
Look for it!

ILLYA
I did! Napoleon, it's gone! Some-
body must have snatched it. Probably
to wrap some smoked squid.

PEPE (who, of course,
has overheard)
Then I failed....And it was all for
you, Janine.

JANINE
Don't worry about me, my love...Oh,
please, don't die, Pepe!

Solo, over this, has bent to examine Pepe. Now:

SOLO
He won't. He's no more dying than
I am.

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JANINE (gasping,
resenting this)
You...you monster....How can you?
I saw the bullets hit him myself!

129X1
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
Very possibly they may have hit him,
mademoiselle...
(he tugs at something in Pepe's
inner breast pocket)
...but even a cannon couldn't pene-
trate this.

Pepe pulls out Ayesha's lavishly diamond-studded "belly
necklace" which Pepe earlier had (thoughtfully) tucked
in his pocket.

SOLO (wily)
As the poet Hafiz so truly observed..
(he rattles them)
.."diamonds are a girl's best friend."

Pepe blinks. The belly necklace, though hit by bullets
remained intact....and thus, Pepe himself remained unhit.
Janine is of two minds about this heaven-sent deliverance.
On the one hand it IS a woman's belly necklace ergo, the
question: where did he get it? - on the other hand, as a
result he is undubitably alive. So -- as she falls into
an embrace with Pepe...

Pepe and Illya look at one another and begin to smile as
he:

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ZIP PAN TO:

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

130

Wherein Ayesha is undulating to beat the band. CAMERA
CUTS TO the alcove, presently occupied -- for a welcome
change -- not by the two villains but by Waverly, Illiya,
Solo, Janine and Pepe. They sit at a table, on which
there is wine and appropriate goodies.

ILLYA

....and that was the last I saw of
it, Mr. Waverly.

He shrugs sadly.

WAVERLY (consolingly)

Fortunes of war, Mr. Kuryakin.

(shakes his head)

That message to Colonel Hamid --

I'm afraid it will never be decoded
now. And it just might be of earth-
shaking importance.

Over all this, Solo has been watching -- with consider-
able interest -- the undulating Ayesha. She has been
wiggling closer, now finishes her dance to O.S. APPLAUSE.

PEPE (miserably, to

Janine)

If only I had done as they asked...

We'd have the money -- we'd be in
Paris now...

JANINE

We've found one another, Pepe. That's
more important than Paris -- or the
whole world -- to me!

As they gaze at each other, moonstruck, Ayesha, still
wiggling (it takes a little while to turn her off), oozes
into the alcove, regards Waverly. The latter gallantly
starts to rise.

AEYESHA (to Solo,

indicating Waverly)

Ah! He is a new one!

SOLO (performing the
introductions)

Ayesha, this is Mr. Waverly. My
boss.

Waverly
Charmed.

130
CONT'D
(2)

AEYESHA (with interest)
Your boss?
(turns to Waverly)
Did you see my dance?

Waverly (ever the gallant)
Indeed I have, my dear. And it's quite..
(a beat)
...Oriental.

AEYESHA (smiles; then,
casually)
Did I hear you discuss a certain book
of poetry?....The Fourteenth Century
Hafiz?

Solo and Illya exchange looks.

SOLO (slapping his
forehead)
I should have known! She's got it!

AEYESHA (slyly)
Are you interested, Mr. Waverly?
What would you say it's worth?

Waverly (after a beat)
That would depend entirely on the
nature of this message --
(he holds up message)

Aeyesha ponders this a moment, then:

AEYESHA
All right. You have an honest face.
I trust you to pay me what is right.

She produces the book from a part of her costume, hands
it to Waverly. The others cluster around Waverly as he
thumbs through it, begins decoding the message. At last:

Waverly (reads)
"Colonel Hamid Ibris. Greetings.
Because of gross incompetence and
other failings, you are hereby
dishonorably discharged. Best
regards. THRUH Central."

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Waverly looks at the boys, who look back. Waverly
nods, smiles, hands the book back to Ayesha.

130
CONT'D
(3)

WAVERLY

Sorry.

Ayesha looks at the book, gives her own shrug, pushes
the volume back into her costume.

AEYESHA

It is truly written...Win a few,
lose a few.

The orchestra strikes up wildly. Ayesha, with her
customary aplomb, backs out through the bead curtain,
striding wildly.

FADE OUT.

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THE END