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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

THE BRAIN-KILLER AFFAIR

Prod. #7406

Rev Date - 3-8-65

REVISED FINAL

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Sam Rolfe

Written by:

Archie L. Tegland

June 8, 1964

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

The Brain-Killer Affair

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CHARACTERS

SOLO

ILLYA

MR. WAVERLY

MR. SAMOY

CECILLE

DR. DABREE

DR. ELMONT

DR. GEORGE TOWER

CALVIN FARMINGTON

BERGSTROM

MISS FLOSTONE

WAITER

DAVID

MR. KEENE

JASON

CARTIER

SIKH BODYGUARDS (2)

PHYLLIS

SECRETARY

MISC. U.N.C.L.E. WORKERS AND AGENTS

MISC. NURSES, ORDERLIES AND ATTENDANTS

MISC. CLUB MEMBERS

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SETTINGS

INTERIORS

RESEARCH ROOM

U.N.C.L.E. CORRIDOR

U.N.C.L.E. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

AGENTS' LOUNGE

COFFEE-BAR

U.N.C.L.E. ELEVATOR

ADMITTING CORRIDOR

5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR

WAVERLY'S ROOM

ADJOINING ROOM

TREATMENT ROOM

ELEVATOR SHAFT

STAIRWELL

BERGSTROM "WORK AREA"

BERGSTROM "LIVING AREA"

CLUB LOUNGE

RESTAURANT

AIRPLANE CABIN

KORZOS' OFFICE

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BRAIN-MACHINE ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

A1

An attractive girl, wearing an evening gown, is lying on the table beneath the machine. Solo is working the levers of the machine so that the lights blink and the device HUMS. He looks up into the CAMERA, SMILES, and picks up a pair of calipers as he talks to us.

SOLO

Good evening. Napoleon Solo, at your service. Intrigue...is what I'm up against.

(touches girl's head)

Tonight, the target is the human brain. You all know people, I'm sure, who seem to get along without one...but, despite appearances, they have a brain. However, what use the individual makes of it is optional...

(a beat)

Tonight we'll encounter a few people who choose to remove that option from some of my friends. To get at the brain, these people use a...

(calipers tap machine)

...a very large...uh...nut cracker?
(winces)

Sorry. We'll encounter a number of people that I must caution you against. Study carefully those in the white jackets...both men and women. They'll be coming in all sizes tonight...and I'm not sure but what the smaller ones are more dangerous than the larger ones...and, of course, the females are deadlier than the males.

(continued)

SOLO (continued;
studies audience)
Oh...I'll need some help from a
young lady. One of you who may
have a few problems of your own
...and who can use a few dollars.
(lays down calipers)
All right, now...get ready...get
set...

A1
CONT'D
(2)

FADE OUT:

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

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1 OUT

FADE IN:
INT. CLUB LOUNGE - NIGHT

2

CAMERA CLOSE on a chess table. The two players:
WAVERLY and CALVIN FARMINGTON - a lean, crisp 42-
year-old diplomat with a mildly affected manner.
They study the chess board in silence - Waverly
sneaking a quick eye at Farmington, who seems tense
and nervous. Waverly makes a chess move, saying:

WAVERLY
Your Queen is in danger.

Farmington does not reply -- continuing to study
the board. Waverly sips the last of the brandy,
nods to a waiter. After a four count, the WAITER
moves into SHOT.

WAVERLY (to Waiter)
Another cognac -- please.

The waiter bows, takes his brandy snifter and moves
away. CAMERA MOVES with the waiter. As the waiter
passes a man seated nearby in a big lounge chair,
HOLD and introduce SOLO; his eyes slowly scan the
area.

3-5 OUT

ANGLE ON ALCOVE

6

A small alcove holding an intercom, a telephone and a large dumb-waiter which extends to the downstairs bar. The Waiter is keeping a cold, watchful gaze fixed on the chess players across the room as he speaks into the intercom:

WAITER (to phone)

One cognac, Napoleon...

He lifts the telephone receiver, glances rather furtively around and begins dialing an outside number.

BACK TO CHESS GAME

7

Both players are making rather rapid moves during the following. Waverly appears to be concentrating primarily on the game as he says casually:

WAVERLY

Your last South American assignment -- was...very...very unfortunate.

FARMINGTON (coldly)

How do you know about it?

WAVERLY (ignoring

him)

I find it difficult to understand how your last venture could have failed so...

(pause, makes move)

What uh...what went wrong?

FARMINGTON

For some unknown reason...everything.

WAVERLY

Why? An experienced trouble-shooter in foreign affairs like yourself...

FARMINGTON (tensely)

One of those things, Mr. Waverly. Inexplicable. I don't know why.

ANGLE ON ALCOVE

8

The Waiter still keeps a watchful eye on the chess players as he reports into the telephone:

WAITER (to phone)
...but Waverly is merely playing
chess with him...
(listens...blanches)
No, I couldn't do that! I'd
never get away with it. They'd
know I...
(listens, receiving
angry orders)
Yes...all right then...Wait five
minutes...then send an ambulance.

8
CONT'D
(2)

He hangs up, pulls a pill box from his vest pocket...
takes out a bright red capsule, opens the dumb-
waiter door just as the platform inside rises into
view with Waverly's cognac. He lifts out the snifter,
glances furtively toward the lounge proper.

9 OUT

TWO SHOT - WAVERLY AND FARMINGTON

10

Waverly studies the board a beat...then captures
Farmington's queen, which he holds up in the face
of Farmington's growing surprise and incredulity.

WAVERLY
Your queen, my friend. And in
four more moves...checkmate.
(Farmington sweeps chess
pieces angrily to the
floor!)
Since you are probably one of the
top ranked amateur chess players
in the world...I can understand
your...your...being disturbed.

Farmington dabs at the perspiration beading his
upper lip with a handkerchief...bewildered and
uncertain.

FARMINGTON
I'm...I'm sorry...I just don't
understand it.

The Waiter has appeared...sets down Waverly's cognac.
Waverly waits for him to leave...then:

WAVERLY
Well, I do not fully understand
it either, Mr. Farmington! You're
playing chess like a novice...
The manner

(continued)

6-8-64

P.4

WAVERLY (cont'd)
in which you botched that South
American assignment...that, too,
was amateurish.

10
CONT'D
(2)

With this, Waverly takes up his cognac...then
lifts his head in a signal to Solo.

ANGLE ON SOLO

11

as he rises in response to Waverly's signal.

CLOSE ON WAITER

12

taking in the scene with tense, nervous eyes.

ANGLE AT CHESS TABLE

13

As Solo draws up a chair, Waverly sips his cognac...
making a vague gesture of introduction between
the other two. Now he sets aside his snifter, studies
Solo with a faint hint of amusement in his grey eyes.

WAVERLY

Mr. Solo - I'd like you to meet
Mr. Farmington of your State
Department.

Air explodes from Waverly's lungs as a savage fist
of pain drives into his solar plexus! A convulsive
sweep of his arm sends cognac and chess pieces fly-
ing as he twists and crashes to the floor gasping
for air. As Farmington starts to rear up out of his
chair, and the Waiter hurries up, Solo whips out
his gun...freezing them where they stand.

SOLO (tensely)

I'll handle this.

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING WAVERLY

14

as Solo quickly kneels, his gun still covering the others.

SOLO

Mr. Waverly...

WAVERLY (gasping)

Farmington.....Nikos Korzos...

Niels Bergstrom...have (half)

...have (half)...killed...ooooohh!

As Waverly loses consciousness, Solo beckons to the Waiter urgently:

SOLO

Call the nearest ambulance service.

The Waiter nods, moves out quickly, as Solo signals an impatient "okay, okay!"; he is calling headquarters on his pocket radio:

SOLO (to radio)

Code 20-A. Repeat...two-oh-dash-A...

15 OUT

SERIES OF INTERCUTS - SOLO AND OPERATOR AT THE
U.N.C.L.E. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

16-20

The attractive Communications Operator, PHYLLIS, blanches, her hand flying to her throat as she reacts to Solo's message; she quickly flips aside a special switch guard on her control panel...flips a switch labelled 20-A.

SERIES OF QUICK INTERCUTS - VARIOUS SECTIONS OF
U.N.C.L.E. HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

21-25

BIG CLOSE UP - ILLYA'S FOOT

His shoe is off and there is a large hole in the big toe area. A pair of delicate hands mend the sock. PULL BACK to reveal Illya casually sitting at the desk - his shoeless foot up on the desk as a very attractive FEMALE RESEARCHER mends. THEN!

On a desk in Research a signal screen begins flashing "20-A" and BEEPING persistently. Illya reacts with instantaneous concern. As a Female Researcher turns in alarm, Illya says tightly:

ILLYA

Mr. Waverly's down.
(rushes out)

In the Communications coffee-bar, another signal screen

flashes and BEEPS. Two Communications girls drop their coffee and run for their stations.

21-25
CONT'D
(2)

In a corridor, two Section I men burst from separate doors, run toward us. Another worker darts across the dorridor into another room.

26-27
OUT

INT. AGENTS LOUNGE - ANGLE TOWARD DOOR - NIGHT

27X1

Two or three agents caught in various stages of undress and relaxation as Illya bursts in, crosses to control panel in f.g., flicks an intercom switch. During the following, the agents hurriedly dress and arm themselves:

ILLYA (to intercom)

What happened?

SOLO'S VOICE

Poisoned. Unconscious, but still alive. An ambulance is on the way from the Hobart Clinic.

ILLYA (to agent)

Get one of our own people over there. Dr. Towers.

(to intercom as agent
nods and exits.

Anything else?

SOLO'S VOICE

I want Section Two men to meet us at the clinic. Possible it's THRUSH'S handiwork. If they botched the job...they may make another attempt at it.

ILLYA (to intercom)

We are on our way.

WIPE TO:

INT. HOBART CLINIC - ADMITTING CORRIDOR - NIGHT

28

As the doors burst open, held by two U.N.C.L.E. agents, and Waverly is wheeled in. Illya stands waiting beside a Head Nurse, MISS FLOSTONE. Without a word she turns and leads the procession briskly OFF PAST CAMERA. One of the agents stations himself at the door.

TRUCKING SHOT - SOLO AND ILLYA EMPHASIZED

29

As Illya falls in beside them.

ILLYA

How does it look for him, My Friend?

Solo shakes his head once sharply in frustrated anger.

ILLYA

Who?

SOLO

Don't know, Illya...he mentioned three names before....

(beat)

One of them, Farmington, is still back there at the club. The other two were Nikos Korzos and Neils Bergstrom. See if Research can locate them for us.

Illya nods and moves away, drawing his radio as the procession wheels into the treatment room.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

30

as Waverly is whisked in. Flostone and a hulking orderly, DAVID, shift him to a treatment table, begin loosening his clothing.

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING SOLO

31

as two doctors hurry in past the agent guarding the door, a tall negro named JASON. The first is DR. IELAND ELMONT, a man of fifty, tense to the point of nervousness, distinguished until you notice certain lines of weakness around his mouth. The second DR. AGNESS DABREE, is a middle-aged woman whose greying hair and thick glasses give a first impression of a gentle-mannered schoolteacher...until "something" in her eyes and manner suddenly remind you of a female Peter Lorre.

ELMONT (to Solo)

I'm Dr. Elmont.

(indicates Dabree)

Dr. Dabree.

SOLO
Napoleon Solo--- Until Mr.
Waverly's personal physician
arrives...I'd appreciate anything
you can do for him.

31
CONT'D
(2)

Solo's tone of voice leaves no room for further
hesitation or questioning. Elmont and Dabree ex-
change quick glances...then start for Waverly. PAN
with Solo as he stations himself against a wall.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

32

still watching over Waverly with hawk-like intensity.

SUPERIMPOSE:

A MONTAGE - DOCTORS AND NURSE WORKING OVER WAVERLY.

33-33X3

First, the RESPIRATOR...Flostone fixing a respirator
mask over Waverly's face...adjusting the respirator
dials. The BLOOD PRESSURE APPARATUS...being affixed
to Waverly's arm, being pumped up. The INJECTION...
Dabree filling a hypodermic syringe from a vial...
handing the syringe to Elmont for injection. The
STETHOSCOPE...Elmont listening closely to Waverly's
heartbeat...nodding silent approval at some improve-
ment he detects there.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOLO

34

as DR. GEORGE TOWER hurries in...a cherubic but
extremely competent UNCLE physician. As he ex-
changes nods with Solo, he briskly changes his suit
coat for a white coat hanging inside the door.

TOWER

As luck would have it, I was
clear across town.

Without waiting for a response, he hurries off
toward Waverly. Solo stands watching for a beat...
then -- satisfied that Waverly is in good hands --
turns and exits.

35-37 OUT

INT. CORRIDOR - TREATMENT ROOM DOOR - NIGHT

37X1

as Solo steps from the Treatment Room door, turns to Jason who is guarding the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE ILLYA

37X2

as Illya enters and crosses to Solo. He has a newspaper under his arm and is carrying his note-pad open in his hand. He tears off the top sheet and hands it to Solo.

ILLYA

Research finds only one Neils Bergstrom in New York City.
That is his address.

SOLO

And Nikos Korzos?

ILLYA (handing
him the newspaper)
They suggested I buy this evening's
newspaper to find Korzos whereabouts.

Solo opens the newspaper.

INSERT NEWSPAPER

38

The headline reads:

INTERNATIONAL MOGUL COMMITS SUICIDE

A lead line reads:

Nikos Korzos' body found by
secretary

and on to the story about the death of this International Fiancier.

BACK TO SCENE

- 39

as Solo thoughtfully folds newspaper

SOLO

They seem positive it was suicide.

* ILLYA (nods)

Research informs me that Korzos' empire has been disintegrating. This morning...his shipping line went into receivership. The last blow.

39
CONT'D
(2)

Solo glances at the address in his hand, then at the newspaper.

* SOLO *

Could Research give us any link between Korzos and Bergstrom?

* ILLYA (a shrug)

* They have nothing yet.

Solo looks at the address in his hand.

SOLO

All right. I'll take Bergstrom. You go on back to the club. Talk to Farmington. Then tell me if you think he poisoned Mr. Waverly.

ILLYA

Very well.

SOLO

Oh, ... The Bartender and the Waiter. They also had the opportunity to tamper with the Cognac.

ILLYA

I'll...uh...shall see to them.

Illya leaves.

ANOTHER ANGLE - INCLUDING TOWER

40

as Tower crosses from the treatment room, saying:

TOWER

The poison was a neurotoxin; it's going to be touch-and-go for quite a few hours.

SOLO (quickly

Did you leave him alone in there?

TOWER (amused)

Surely you don't suspect Dr. Elmont?

SOLO (tersely)

I want Waverly under constant observation. You don't carry a weapon, do you?

(draws own gun)

TOWER

Napoleon...I am a physician, not a bodyguard.

SOLO

Here's an extra clip...just in case.

TOWER

This is ridiculous. I don't even know how to handle this thing.

SOLO (illustrating)

Here's your safety. Clear back, it won't fire. One notch forward... semi-automatic...one squeeze, one shot.

TOWER

You've been in the Enforcement Section too long. You're too suspicious.

SOLO

Forget about full automatic... just keep it on semi...

TOWER (to Illya)

This clinic has an international reputation. It handles multi-millionaires, heads of states --

6-8-64

P.12

SOLO

And don't get fancy. Use both
hands to aim.

40

CONT'D

(2)

Solo shoves the gun into Tower's waist band.

TOWER (weakly)

Napoleon...no one is going to try
to finish off Waverly here.

CUT TO:

INT. TREATMENT ROOM - ELMONT AND DABREE - NIGHT

41

Elmont is checking Waverly's pulse, obviously trying
to control his temper. Finally he literally tosses
Waverly's arm down.

DABREE (calmly)

You're angry, Elmont.

ELMONT (tightly)

And why not??! Of all the fool
stunts.

DABREE (calmly)

Elmont...If our dear Mr. Waverly was
suspicious of Farmington before, that
chess game was all the proof he needed.
I did what had to be done.

ELMONT

But why a marginal dose of poison?
Why not just kill him?

DABREE (quiet amusement)

Elmont, I frequently wonder why
THRUSH tolerates you.

(turns attention to Waverly)

Kill Mr. Waverly? One of the five
top men in the U.N.C.L.E. Organization.
Kill him when we can let him go right
back to work. With a "slight" handicap.

ELMONT (amused)

Like Korzos and Fitzpatrick?

DABREE (nods cheerfully)

Among others.

6-8-64

P.13

42 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE - DAVID IN B.G.

43

Elmont and Dabree over Waverly...Elmont never quite getting around to using his ophthalmoscope as:

ELMONT

The Waiter at the club. What if he talks?

DABREE

David has already "persuaded" him not to...

(gently, to David)

Haven't you, David?

THEIR POV - DAVID

44

standing hulking and silent and unobtrusive against a wall. He gives out a big toothless, sadistic smile in response and his hands instinctively tighten on the metal rail of the emergency guernsey. He looks down and takes his hands away in chagrin. MOVE IN CLOSE. The metal rail is twisted and collapsed as if by two powerful vices.

CUT TO:

45-46 OUT

INT. BERGSTROM "WORK AREA" - CLOSE ON MANNEQUIN-NIGHT

47

We end the WIPE on a bald-headed female department store mannequin's face...freshly painted except for one gaping eye which stares blankly at us. As we stare right back, Cecille's hand and paintbrush enter the frame and paint in (thank Gawd!) a pupil! We PULL BACK to reveal CECILLE BERGSTROM...a wispy self-assured 19-year-old-girl with a "shaggy dog"

haircut, a paint-smeared face, a paint-smeared smock, and a hard-learned appreciation for the value of a buck.

47
CONT'D
(2)

We are in the "work area" of a large, bare studio-type apartment where Cecille reconditions mannequins. A large drape separates us from the rear "living area." It's late, it's been a long day, and Cecille is achey tired. As she wearily brushes back a lock of hair, there's a KNOCK at the door. She ignores it. Another KNOCK...louder. She sighs.

CECILLE (impatiently)

Who is it?

The door in b.g. opens, and Solo enters.

SOLO

Miss Bergstrom?

CECILLE

I said who is it...not come in.

As she returns irritably to work, Solo crosses, taking in the mannequins with curiosity. Cecille reacts to his curiosity, continues working:

CECILLE (curtly)

I re-condition them.

SOLO

You'll have to excuse me. But the light was burning...and I was told I could find your brother here... Niels.

(no response)

I'd like to speak to him.

Cecille slowly lowers her brush...turns to study Solo with a gaze bordering on open suspicion.

CECILLE (back to

work)

I'm sorry...but my brother can't help you.

SOLO

Do you always make up his mind
for him?

47
CONT'D
(3)

This particular phrasing seems to hit Cecille right between the eyes. Suddenly she is a very tired, very young, very over-burdened kid.

CECILLE (angrily)

I'm afraid I have to make up
his mind for him.

(pause; wearily)

Look...I only get four dollars for
each one of these. But I still have
to deliver this bunch by seven
o'clock in the morning. Or lose a
customer...I can't afford to lose.

(tries to resume work)

Now you're wasting my...my very
valuable time.

48-49 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING SOLO

50

as he glances around at the poor, dingy room. Outside there is the SOUND of drunken laughter, a bottle breaking. Solo hesitates...then takes a large denomination bill from his billfold, holds it up between them. Cecille darts a glance at it ...then, in spite of herself, does a double-take and actually gapes at the size of the bill. She tries not to be tempted, tries to go back to work ...but her eyes are uncontrollably drawn to the bill. She can taste it.

CECILLE (weakly)

Just for...seeing my brother?

SOLO (quietly)

Just for seeing your brother.

CECILLE (beat)

We don't need it, you know.

Actually...actually my business
is doing...quite well,

But she's not fooling anyone, especially herself. Suddenly she grabs the bill, crumples it close in her fist...then...then jerks her head toward the rear quarters. As Solo moves off, she snatches a glance at the bill...then follows.

51 OUT

INT. LIVING QUARTERS - BERGSTROM IN F.G. - NIGHT

52

In the f.g., NIELS BERGSTROM sits slouched in a rocking chair, rocking slowly, monotonously...a rather unkempt man in his late thirties. His gaze is fastened on eternity with that peculiar sightless stare of the mentally incapacitated. Solo crosses ...darts a glance back at Cecille...then:

SOLO

Mr. Bergstrom...?

Then, because he must know...he passes his hand back and forth before Bergstrom's eyes. No response. Cecille crosses, puts an arm protectively around her brother's shoulders.

SOLO

I'm sorry. How long has he been like this?

CECILLE (weak shrug)

Oh...four years,

SOLO

Do you take care of him all by yourself?

CECILLE (starts to get defensive)
What's wrong with that?

SOLO

Nothing...not a thing.

CECILLE

Listen, mister...you don't have to feel sorry for us. I've got my own business.

SOLO

I know.

CECILLE (rapid-fire)

You just wait. Some day we're going to move into a nice neighborhood... where I can walk Niels down the street without...

(beginning to falter)

...without those terrible drunks making fun...

(pause; weakly)

You just wait.

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING SOLO

53

as he studies Cecille with a bit more admiration than pity.

SOLO

Excuse me.

Solo pulls out his pocket radio... begins adjusting it for Illya's wave-length... punches the "call button" a number of times... then:

SOLO (to radio)

Illya...? This is Solo.

ILLYA'S VOICE (weak)

Yes?

SOLO (to radio)

I seem to have hit a brick wall. What did you make of Farmington?

ILLYA'S VOICE

I believe he knows nothing. The only thing of pertinence is that Mr. Waverly was probing a number of diplomatic blunders Farmington has made recently.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB LOUNGE - CLOSE ON ILLYA - NIGHT

54

The club is deserted now, only night lights burning. Illya is standing in the alcove beside the telephone. As Illya speaks we begin to PULL SLOWLY BACK.

SOLO'S VOICE

Then you're at a dead end too?

ILLYA

Only in a literal manner of speaking. I think we may safely assume that the waiter was guilty. But we are not going to learn anything from him, Napoleon.

Even as Illya says this, we have PULLED BACK to reveal the open door to the large dumbwaiter... the Waiter's lifeless arm dangling out into view.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. U.N.C.L.E. CORRIDOR - ENTRANCE DOORS - DAY

55

The heavy steel entrance doors CLANG open to reveal two burly Sikh bodyguards flanking a wheelchair. In the wheelchair, a white badge affixed to the breast of his Nehru-style attire, sits MR. GABHAIL SAMOY...a wizened, white-haired old Hindu with a crackling gleam of intelligence blazing in his dark eyes. With one of the Sikhs pushing the wheelchair, they start down the corridor.

TRUCKING SHOT

56

as they move impressively through normal corridor traffic, U.N.C.L.E. workers nudge each other, turn to stare curiously after Samoy.

ANGLE AT SECURITY DESK

57

Solo stands waiting at the Security Desk. As Samoy is wheeled up, Solo steps forward with a respectful nod of greeting:

SOLO

Mr. Samoy.

As the two bodyguards silently stand aside, Solo wheels Mr. Samoy into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - SOLO AND SAMOY - DAY

58

as Solo punches the third floor button, and the doors slide shut:

SOLO (cont'd)

How was the flight from Calcutta?

SAMOY

Very fast, Mr. Solo, very fast.

A faint amusement touches Solo's lips, quickly fades.

SOLO
We knew one of Mr. Waverly's
counterparts would fly in under a
Code 20 alert. We didn't know which --

58
CONT'D
(2)

SAMOY (overlaps)
Security precaution.
(beat)
What is the latest news concerning
Waverly?

SOLO
Still critical.

SAMOY (pause; nod-
ding)
The communique I received in
transmit mentioned THRUSH.

SOLO (nods)
The waiter who administered the
poison. We found a small two-way
radio in his room -- definitely a
THRUSH design. Naturally we've
taken extra precautions... Mr.
Waverly is under constant guard.

CUT TO:

59-61
OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S ROOM - WAVEHY IN F.G. - DAY

61X1

still unconscious, but now mumbling and tossing as
though trying to regain consciousness. Tower
quickly crosses, bends to peer at Waverly... then
irritably pulls out the gun which is tucked under
his waistband and is digging into his ribs.

ANOTHER ANGLE

61X2

as Tower straightens, shakes his head to himself...
then crosses, lays the gun on bureau in f.g. and
examines his stubbled, fatigued face in the mirror.

TOWER (calling
softly)
Jason.

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - ON ONE-WAY WINDOW - DAY

62

Elmont and Dabree stand literally eye-to-eye with Tower, watching the scene in Waverly's room through the one-way window. A speaker set beside the window brings Tower's voice to us as Jason enters, crosses:

TOWER (yawning)

I'm going to grab a few hours sleep.
Call me in the staff lounge if
there's any change.

As Tower starts off, forgetting the gun until Jason hands it to him... Dabree turns to Elmont with a satisfied smile:

DABREE

Now you see, Doctor... as time
passes... they begin to relax.

ELMONT

You assume everything will work ac-
cording to the plan...

DABREE (shrugs)

If it doesn't --
(indicates David)

DABREE'S POV - DAVID

63

David stands stationed at a secret door leading to Waverly's room... holding a submachine gun.

BACK TO SCENE

64

We PAN with Elmont as he turns, moves away. In PANNING we now see that this room is a "brain laboratory"... the walls covered with large, multicolored illustrations and graphs of the human brain. In the center of the room is a gleaming, enamelled, multidialed machine vaguely resembling a dental x-ray machine with two flexible arms ending in x-ray cones over an operating table. A large sectionalized model of a brain sits beside the machine.

REVERSE ANGLE - EMPHASIZING ELMONT

65

as he stands staring at the machine almost with hatred... a man whose greed has gotten him way,

way in over his head -- and who is definitely regretting it.

65
CONT'D
(2)

DABREE (coldly)

You knew there was risk involved when you agreed to this enterprise. It's not just...taking out an appendix.

ELMONT (tautly)

I'm beginning to wish I'd never heard of you... or THRUSH... or this infernal machine. It's madness!

The amusement fades from Dabree's eyes as she crosses, studies Elmont's tensely working face.

DABREE (smiles)

They claimed my dear friend Adolph was mad, Elmont. But we conquered most of Europe.

(pause)

Think. We have Waverly in our grasp. What do we gain if we merely kill him? They do have men to replace him.

(Dabree darts a glance toward Waverly's room)

What secrets his mind must hold...

For a beat, she stares piercingly into space, an evil, anticipatory smile curling the corners of her lips. Then she recovers, darts a glance at Elmont, returns to "normal".

DABREE

The human mind... like an inter-planetary missile, Elmont. One minor fault to lose its effectiveness. A single malfunctioning condenser in the signal-relay system, a minor short-circuit in the electro-gyroscope complex... and a missile deviates from its objective thousands of miles.

ELMONT (tiredly)

I know all this.

DABREE (tensely)

Then how can you fail to respond to the simple beauty of...

(gestures at machine)

...of using the Proton-Neutron Beam scalpel on Mr. Waverly. Of sending

(continued)

DABREE (cont'd)
him back to his position of trust
and authority... outwardly normal...
but inwardly... a single malfunction-
ing condensor here...
(indicates right temple)
...a minor short-circuit here.
(behind right ear)

65
CONT'D
(3)

65X1-66
OUT

CLOSE ON DABREE

67

Her eyes glazing with fanatic intensity as:

Dabree
A thing of beauty, Elmont! Instead
of the mess and furor of assassina-
ting an enemy physically... we
destroy only that part of him which
can do us harm.
(wavering breath)
And before we are finished... we
shall have ground U.N.C.L.E. along
with Mr. Waverly, into the mud
beneath our heels.

PAN Dabree as she turns and begins to caress the
brain model thoughtfully.

FLASH CUT:

68-68X1
OUT

MEANTIME BACK AT BERGSTROM WORKSHOP

68X2

CLOSE on a mannequin's head as Bergstrom bashes
it savagely with a hammer. As Cecile begins to
speak, PULL BACK on her ---

CECILE
If only we knew what was wrong.
If only there was something you
could do ---

CONTINUE TO PULL BACK TO ESTABLISH Samoy and Solo
studying Bergstrom. Samoy waves a hand in front
of Bergstrom's unblinking eyes.

SAMOY
Thank you very much, Miss Bergstrom.

FULL SHOT - SOLO, CECILLE, SAMOY, BERGSTROM

68X3

CECILLE (totally
confused)
For what?

SOLO (deep in thought)
Waverly's last words still puzzle
me.

(beat)
"Farmington...Korzos...Bergstrom --
dead -- dead..." Then very weakly --
"have killed"....?

CECILLE (confused)
I don't understand.

SOLO (smiles gently)
Neither do I.

SAMOY
That would appear clear enough.

SOLO (doubtfully)
But of the three, only Korzos is
actually dead. THRUSH doesn't work
that slowly.

69 OUT

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING SAMOY

70

as a faint smile touches his lips.

SAMOY
You men of the Western world, Mr.
Solo. So literal-minded. In my
own hemisphere, a man such as Mr.
Farmington...a statesman whose
brilliant career is slipping down
hill...might very well be thought
of as dying.

(pause)
And Mr. Korzos...his vast industrial
empire lying in dust at his feet;

(continued)

SAMOY (continued)
wasn't the essential spirit of this
man destroyed -- or perhaps...
assassinated -- even before he placed
a gun to his head?

70
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
And Bergstrom...

CECILLE
It's almost as if he were half dead.

SAMOY (nods to Cecille)
Or in Mr. Solo's words...as good
as dead.

SOLO
Not have killed!
(slicing gesture)
Half killed! That's what Mr. Waverly
was telling us.

SAMOY (thoughtfully)
Yes...I fear THRUSH has discovered
some way to assassinate a man --
to half-kill him quite literally --

CECILLE (more confused)
THRUSH?

SOLO (smiles)
An organization with one tiny
ambition in this world...to dominate
it...
(to Samoy)
This could explain why Mr. Waverly
wasn't given a fatal dose of poison.
(abrupt thought)
Could THRUSH have wanted him taken
to the Hobart Clinic?

Solo starts towards the door, but stops at Samoy's
voice.

SAMOY
A dead Waverly has less value to them
than the live man that they can
manipulate. Yes...the Hobart Clinic
may well be a THRUSH trap. What do
you intend to do?

SOLO
Get Mr. Waverly out of there.

Already Solo is reaching for the door...but again
that gently restraining hand:

70
CONT'D
(3)

SAMOY

One moment, please.

71-73 OUT

REVERSE ANGLE - EMPHASIZING SAMOY

74

as he presses his fingertips together...almost too
calm and thoughtful considering the circumstances.

SAMOY (quietly)

We must discover...how this thing
is done...who are the individuals
involved...what is the scone of
this enterprise, against whom --
besides Waverly -- might it be
directed...and why.

CECILLE

Why what?...What are you - a couple
of nuts or something?

SAMOY

Is this..."deathless assassination"
technique...is this a rather compli-
cated operation, Mr. Solo? Performed
at a hospital? By a highly-skilled
hand? Or is it, perhaps, a hypo-
dermic injection...administered by a
nurse? Or -- heaven help us...a
simple liquid which any hireling
could dump into a reservoir system --
to mentally assassinate an entire city?

SOLO

We must protect Mr. Waverly!

SAMOY (softly)

We must not frighten our antagonists
into "drawing in their horns".

(pause)

If we must gamble with Waverly's
life to discover these answers...
sobeit. We, of Section One, have
pledged our lives by the same oath
as have you Enforcement Agents of
Section Two.

(a beat)

Alert your people at the Clinic.
But let Waverly remain there.

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING SOLO

75

disliking to gamble with Waverly's safety...but
knowing Samoy is right. He takes out his radio.

SOLO (to microphone)
All agents -- Set condition
MUSHROOM -- Code Six --

CUT TO:

76 OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S ROOM - JASON IN F.G. - DAY

77

listening to his pocket radio, gun in hand...gun
swinging to the door as it opens and Cartier looks
in.

SOLO'S VOICE (over)
Alert...all agents...set condition
MIKE -- Cartier -- Jason -- Stand
by...

They exchange curt nods, then Cartier returns to
his corridor station, closing the door. We PAN
with Jason as he crosses quickly to the window and
looks out...up, down, both sides...then returns
quickly to the bureau in f.g....begins assembling
his U.N.C.L.E. Special into a submachine gun.

CUT TO:

78 OUT

BACK TO BERGSTROM - SOLO

78X1

who flicks off the microphone, studies it thoughtfully for a beat. Cecille is pop-eyed and curious as she looks at his radio set.

SAMOY

Now I believe we should concentrate on discovering...exactly who THRUSH'S people are.

SOLO

Alright. I'll go back to where I came in, and start all over... with Farmington.

Solo turns away, putting his radio back into concealment.

CECILLE

What's that?

SOLO

What's what?

CECILLE (points to radio)

That thing you talked into.

SOLO (smiles)

It's the thing I talked into.

CECILLE

Oh...

On her blank expression

FLASH CUT TO:

79-80 OUT

INT. WAVERLY'S ROOM - ON JASON - DAY

81.

as he finishes assembling his Special into a sub-machine gun. Silently the secret door in b.g. slides open to reveal Dabree holding a compressed air weapon resembling a B-B Gun pistol or a squirt gun.

INSERT - COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL

82

as it FIRES...a soft Pswlllitt!

BACK TO SCENE

83

Jason straightens as though from a pin prick... then goes glassy-eyed and slack. As David crosses to ease Jason into a chair, Dabree and Elmont move up, Elmont carrying a tape recorder. Elmont eyes Jason with concern:

DABREE (smiles as she explains)
A harmless hypnotic formula.
He won't even know he's been out when he wakes up. In uh...6 hours and 17 minutes.

Even as they talk, Flostone is wheeling in a lie detector machine...David is fetching a tray holding a hypodermic syringe, swabs, a vial of combination truth serum-stimulant. They turn to Waverly and begin to fasten the equipment to Waverly. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE on Waverly's hand...then

WHIP PAN TO:

84 OUT

CLOSE SHOT - DABREE

84X1

DABREE
You're feeling much better now,
Mr. Waverly. Relaxed...refreshed.
You find that you can talk now,
can't you?

PULL BACK to reveal Waverly -- hooked up to the polygraph, the tape recorder spinning, the "mike" placed near his mouth.

WAVERLY (weakly)
...y-e-e-e-s...

DABREE
What was that?

WAVERLY (stronger)
Yes.

DABREE

Good. I'm going to ask you some questions now.

(glance at Elmont who flicks on tape recorder)

Besides yourself, Mr. Waverly... there are four top Policy men in Section I. You will give me their names...and their home addresses.

(pause; insistently)

The first one, Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY (slowly)

Monsieur Bonet David...226 Rue des Pins, Paris, France. Mr. Curtis Lee Albeim, 78 Westover...

As Dabree darts a tense, victorious glance up at Elmont, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

84xi
CONT'D
(2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB LOUNGE - MED. SHOT - DAY

85

Solo and Farmington sit in the same chairs occupied by Waverly and Farmington earlier...the same chess setup between them. Again Farmington is a bit annoyed and impatient at being here... and not playing chess. He is saying:

FARMINGTON

...as a matter of fact, yes.
Dr. Elmont is my personal physician.

SOLO

Tell me...has he performed any operations upon you?

FARMINGTON

Yes...a minor one. He removed a small cyst from the back of my neck.

SOLO

Were there any...unusual after-effects?

Farmington sobers, stares thoughtfully at Solo... then:

FARMINGTON

Well, as a matter of fact...I had a splitting headache for almost a week afterwards.

SOLO

Is it conceivable that it was about this time that...well, that certain things started going wrong for you?

FARMINGTON (suspiciously)

Exactly what do you mean by that?

SOLO

Ohh...perhaps some difficulty in your chess game; minor setbacks in your job st--

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING FARMINGTON

86

FARMINGTON (bitterly)

M-i-s-t-e-r Solo...there is a certain clique at your State Department promulgating a vicious rumor. To the effect that Calvin Farmington is..."in trouble." That he is, perhaps, even..."finished."

(regroups himself)

Let me assure you, there is no truth whatsoever in this rumor. I have had one or two minor difficulties. But these...these minor miscalculations are unusual only because Calvin Farmington made them.

A beat as he struggles to control his indignation. This he does.

FARMINGTON

However, I...

(rising)

...I don't intend to discuss this matter with anyone! Good day, sir.

As he stalks out, Solo gazes after him...then shrugs himself back to more important matters, pulls out his pocket radio which is turned on:

SOLO (in radio)

Did you catch all of that, Illya?

INTERCUTS - BETWEEN SOLO AND A CLOSE SHOT OF ILLYA

87-89

Illya is thumbing through a filing cabinet in Korzos' office...Korzos' secretary in b.g.

ILLYA (to radio)

Yes, very interesting. And it is beginning to tie together, Napoleon. Korzos' secretary has been very helpful.

(they exchange glances)

Korzos also went to Dr. Elmont... spent two days at the clinic.-- approximately one year ago.

(glance at girl)

No, nothing more of importance.

Solo idly picks up a chess piece (a queen) and studies it for a thoughtful beat...then:

SOLO (to radio)
Farmington--Korzos--Waverly...
the Hobart Clinic. Farmington--
Korzos--Waverly...Dr. Leland
Elmont. But where does Bergstrom
fit in?

87-89
CONT'D
(2)

WIPE TO:

INT. BERGSTROM "LIVING AREA" - ON CECILLE - DAY 90

She stands methodically creasing and recreasing a large denomination bill...looking very guilty and ashamed of herself. (don't anticipate!!) Finally:

CECILLE

I shouldn't have let you do it.
No matter how much you paid me.

HER POV - SOLO, ILLYA AND BERGSTROM 91

Solo is watching intently as Illya finishes shaving Bergstrom's head with a straight razor. As Solo hesitates...then turns to placate Cecille we begin PULLING BACK to INCLUDE HER.

SOLO (gently)

I explained that, Cecille. The money doesn't matter.

(crossing to her)

You would have let us do this anyway. Because what we hope to discover...may save more than one person's life.

Cecille fidgets uncertainly...torn between her love for a buck, and her desire not to appear the teenage Shylock which she suspects herself to be.

CECILLE

All right, then. But I...I feel so mercenary taking money for it.

SOLO

Well, if it makes you that unhappy...

He reaches. She starts to hold out the bill...then suddenly changes her mind, clenching the bill tightly in her fist, saying half-guilty, half-defensively:

91
CONT'D
(2)

CECILLE (searching)
You know something, Mr. Solo...I
think people...most people, any-
way...have forgotten what money
is really for...
(pause)
I mean...they think it's just for...
well...paying bills...or buying
fancy furniture...or a swimming
pool...or just keeping up with
the Joneses.....
(pause)
But you know...some of us need
money for...for more basic things.
Like...we need money for...well,
for food...to eat...and a roof
over our head...and clothes...
(slightly embarrassed)
I...I guess you can't understand
that.

SOLO (an understanding
smile)
Yes...I do understand, Cecille.

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING ILLYA

92

Glancing up at this scene...then wiping the last of
the lather from Bergstrom's head. Solo crosses
back...helps Illya examine this last shaved section.

ILLYA (disappointed)
No scars.

SOLO
Whatever technique is used, it
must be rather complicated. Other-
wise why is it happening only to
people who go to the Hobart Clinic?

ILLYA
Except for Mr. Bergstrom. He's
never been there.

An idea hits Solo, he turns to cast a speculative
glance at Cecille...then pulls another bill from
his wallet.

ILLYA
For that, you should be getting
answers gift-wrapped.

SOLO

Money works much faster than
arguing with her.

92
CONT'D
(2)

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING CECILLE

93

She stands watching them sullenly. Solo crosses.

CECILLE

I don't want to have anything
more to do with either one of
you.

Solo holds up the bill. Cecille hesitates...
resigns herself to her greed...and takes the
bill.

SOLO

You said your brother's doctor
at County General Hospital was...?

CECILLE (nodding
wearily)

...Dr. Suslow...an old, old man...
he passed away shortly after my
brother left the hospital.

SOLO

You never met or heard anyone
mention Doctor...?

CECILLE

...Elmont? No.

(continuing irritably)

And my brother never had anything
wrong with his mind before. And
...they told me this happened because of:

(counting on fingers)

...having lost our parents...having
all that pain with those stomach
operations...being afraid he was
going to die...and worrying himself
sick about what was going to happen
to me.

She folds her arms, glaring at Solo, almost daring
him to ask any more questions. Solo rubs his jaw
thoughtfully... then does just that:

SOLO

Do you by any chance recall the
names of any other doctors involved...
even temporarily.

CECILLE (wearily)

Yes, Dr. Dabree.

SOLO AND ILLYA

Dabree? !

As Solo's head snaps around and Illya hurries
across, Cecille nervously tucks her neckline
together a bit... then:

CECILLE

Well, uh...yes.

SOLO

How did you happen to remember her?

CECILLE

I asked her how much money she
earned. She's a woman doctor, you
know.

But Solo is no longer listening. He is turning to
Illya, cutting Cecille off with:

SOLO

Elmont...Dabree...

93
CONT'D
(2)

PAN with Solo as he moves a bit away from Cecille,
stands gazing thoughtfully at Bergstrom. Illya
follows him.

93
CONT'D
(3)

ILLYA

I'd better get over to the clinic.

SOLO

And I'll draw a little of their
fire in our own direction.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

93X1

A NURSE is sitting at reception desk -- Illya stands
before her.

NURSE

I'm sorry, sir---no one is allowed
on the fifth or sixth floor. Doc-
tor Dabree left strict instructions.
A hepatitis quarantine. All ele-
vators are shut down.

Illya reacts---has no time to argue. He moves
quickly down the corridor.

MOVING SHOT - ILLYA

93X2

He takes his radio out to relay this urgent infor-
mation to Solo.

DAVID

93X3

Standing behind Illya with his PHFTT gun. It ex-
plodes into Illya's neck and he drops like a sack
of wet laundry into David's arms.

FLASH CUT:

INT. CECILIE'S APT. - CLOSE ON CECILIE

94

as she says with teenage exasperation:

CECILIE

No-no-no-no-no! I just... I
just won't do it.

As she turns her back on us, we PULL BACK to include
a similarly exasperated Solo:

SOLO

You're not letting me explain.

CECILIE (wheels back)

You don't have to explain. Listen...
If that friend of yours is up to
his neck in danger, the way you say
he is...and I try to help him...
won't some of it rub off on me?

SOLO

There's a certain amount of risk
involved, yes.

But Cecille's anger has suddenly collapsed into an

even more effective air of helpless frustration:

94
CONT'D
(2)

CECILLE

Please don't ask me again. I've got...
(darts glance at brother)
...well, I've got all the trouble
I can handle now. I just don't
think I can handle any more.

With this she turns, moves away. Solo certainly understands her problem, but. He darts a sympathetic glance at her brother...then follows her. As he does, Bergstrom slowly comes to his feet... picking up a mellet which Cecille uses to dismantle heavy metal mannequin stands.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CECILLE IN F.G.

95

Solo comes up behind her, stands momentarily and sympathetically silent... and Bergstrom comes up behind Solo, impassively raising the hammer to bash Solo in the head. But Cecille happens to glance around:

CECILLE

Niels!!!

As Solo wheels, removes the hammer from Bergstrom's unresisting fingers... Cecille grips her brother imploringly:

CECILLE

(to Solo who is hefting
the hammer speculatively)
He's started doing things like this
lately. I'm getting worried.

They watch silently as Bergstrom slowly turns and returns to his chair. Then Solo tosses the hammer aside, says gently:

SOLO

Perhaps if you help me, Cecille,
I might be able to help you...and
Niels.

Cecille turns INTO CAMERA, angry again at Solo for continuing to push this matter. Solo moves up close behind her.

SOLO

This time it's worth one usand
dollars to you.

In spite of herself, Cecille's jaw drops... her eyes bug slightly. She slowly turns on Solo, trying to ... to repeat that amount... but the words just won't come. Solo relentlessly presses his advantage.

95
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO (slowly)
Just for one
telephone call. One... thousand
...dollars.

Again Cecille tries to speak... to say no... or yes ...maybe... or-or-or anything! But all her mind can grasp is the thought of one hundred stacks of silver dollars, each stack ten silver dollars high. Slowly her breathing begins to steady... and her face to set with determination.

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - MED. ON DABREE - DAY

96

She is tucking tape recording reels into a briefcase. As she lifts the last one from the recorder, she holds it up lovingly:

DABREE
Ah, such beautiful tape recordings.
Such lovely secrets they hold.
THRUSH will be very pleased.

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING ELMONT

97

He sits working on a rubber skullcap fitted over a model head the exact size and shape of Waverly's. With Flostone assisting, with the aid of the brain model and a couple of illustrated texts, he is charting out multi-colored segments of Waverly's brain on the rubber skullcap. Dabree finishes what she is doing, crosses...peers at his work. Elmont lets out an annoyed breath, continues working. The telephone in near b.g. BUZZES lightly. Flostone answers it:

FLOSTONE (to phone)

Yes?

(pause; turns)

It's for Dr. Dabree.

(beat)

A Miss Bergstrom.

DABREE

F Bergstrom? Berg--~~Bergstrom~~?!

She exchanges a quick, startled glance with Elmont.

ANGLE ON PHONE

98

as Dabree crosses, jerks the phone from Flostone's hand.

DABREE (to phone)

I'll speak to her.

(pause)

Yes, Miss Bergstrom... this is Dr. Dabree. What did you want?

(pause)

Recovering? In what way? Oh?

Oh, I see.

(darts frowning glance at Elmont... then:)

Tell me, Miss Bergstrom... how did you know where to call me?

CUT TO:

INT. BERGSTROM "WORK AREA" - ON PHONE - DAY

99

Cecille speaking on the phone; Solo listening.

CECILLE (to phone)

When my brother started to get better, I... I called General Hospital. They said you had gone over to the Hobart Clinic.

(pause)

Yes, I know.

(pause)

I thought you might be able to... well, tell me how to make him get better faster or... or something.

(pause; reacts to phone going dead; hangs up)

She isn't even interested.

SOLO

Don't worry, she's interested.

He'll be saving dollars within the hour.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BERGSTROM "LIVING AREA" - ON SOLO - DAY

100

He sits on a couch giving his automatic a final check. As he finishes, holsters it, he glances o.s. at:

SOLO'S POV - CECILLE

101

She sits at the table with a pencil and notebook, absorbed in breaking one thousand dollars down into a variety of items...mumbling ecstatically to herself:

CECILLE

Oh boy.

(writes furiously)

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy,
oh boy!

She straightens up, grimacing ecstatically to herself...glances at Solo and snatches up the notebook.

BACK TO SOLO

102

as Cecille crosses, throws herself down beside him.

CECILLE

I didn't realize it was so much fun to have money.

(tapping notebook)

You know what I'm going to do?

SOLO (amused)

No, what's that?

CECILLE

I mean for myself...just for me.

(ecstatic pause)

I'm going to get someone to look after Niels...just for one evening, you know...and I'm going to one of those...some place like...

(waves hand helplessly in circle, but can't think; wheels on Solo)

I bet you go to those rich restaurants all the time, don't you?

SOLO

You mean places like....?

(waves hand in circle)

CECILLE

Yeah! I mean, the way you throw money around.

(suddenly dreaming)

Oh boy...candelabras...waiters... maybe a violinist...

(sudden agonizing thought)

Oh, my gosh.

SOLO

What's wrong?

Cecille is frantically studying her notebook:

CECILLE

Oh, my gosh...I can't do it!

I mean, if I do that...

(looks up helplessly)

...I'd have to buy clothes, too.

I mean...clothes...and shoes...

and...

(feels mousey hair)

and everything.

(pause; frowns into space)

I didn't realize it was so much trouble to have money.

With great effort Solo manages to keep a straight face.

102
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

I'll tell you what, Miss Bergstrom.
If this thing works...you don't
have to worry about going to, uh...
(waves hand in circle)
...I'll take you there myself.

CECILLE

With...with clothes and everything?

Solo clears his throat delicately...and nods:

SOLO

With clothes...and everything.

A beat as this sinks in...then just as Cecille is about to throw herself upon Solo in gratitude, he holds up a restraining hand, glances at his watch:

SOLO

Now look...our "friends" have had time to make their...arrangements...so we had better settle ours. I want you to keep your brother and yourself back here out of the way. Understood?

She nods... Solo rises, moves off.

CECILLE (softly)

Wow!

She turns, begins primping in a mirror.

103 OUT

INT. BERGSTROM "WORK AREA" - ON DRAPES - DAY

104

This front area is unlighted now as Solo slips through the drapes, stands letting his eyes adjust to the dim light. A long beat as he stands waiting, his back to the drape, every sense alert. Suddenly he stiffens slightly.

HIS POV - DOOR KNOB

105

The front door knob turns slightly as someone turns it, finds it locked. There is the faint SOUND of someone trying passkeys in the lock.

BACK TO SOLO

106

As he silently reaches for his gun...a heavy object crashes down on his head through the drapes. For a split second he wavers on his feet...then:

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER

107

as Solo pitches into a mass of mannequins...literally burying himself in a pile of plaster heads and torsos and limbs. As this happens, the drapes in b.g. are slowly pulled back to reveal Bergstrom...hammer in hand, a vacant smile on his lips. Cecille appears beside him, reacts:

CECILLE

Ohhhhhhh, Niels...!

She hurries across to the unconscious Solo in f.g., starts to lift aside a mannequin...then freezes, her eyes swiveling toward the door. Her eyes widen, she starts to scream, but can't!

HER POV - THE DOOR

108

as it slowly opens...and a man steps in...grins evilly at what he sees. It's our hulking friend, the orderly, David...now flanked by two smaller, but equally wierd, brother orderlies. As he steps inside an assembled mannequin stands in his way. He back hands it and the mannequin flies apart as it crashes across the room.

BACK TO CECILLE

109

as she laboriously struggles to draw in enough air for a good scream. Just as it appears that she may make it, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BERGSTROM "WORK AREA" - TRUCKING SHOT - DAY 110

A SLOW TRUCK over the helter-skelter jumble of mannequins...torsos and heads and disconnected limbs. Finally we locate a human hand...it stirs... we follow along its arm and finally locate the buried Solo...regaining consciousness. He levers himself onto an elbow...stares blankly into the face of a lovely bald-headed mannequin...shakes his head to clear it.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WIDER 111

as he comes unsteadily to his feet...jerks aside the drape to reveal that the Living Area is also empty...turns back INTO CAMERA, still groping to clear his thoughts...then pulls out his pocket radio, pushes the "call signal" button :

 SOLO (to radio)
Hello, Jason...?
 (pause; frowns)
Jason, Cartier.
 (pushes the button)

CUT TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S ROOM - CLOSE ON JASON - DAY 112

still seated in the chair where David placed him, still in an hypnotic state. Cartier is now seated beside him. We PAN quickly to Waverly's bed...it's empty! A radio signal sound is emanating from the radio in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. BERGSTROM "WORK AREA" - CLOSE ON SOLO - DAY 113

reacting tensely to his inability to contact Jason... re-adjusting the setting on his radio to double-check it...then:

 SOLO (to radio)
Illya. Can you hear me, Illya?

CUT TO:

INT. ADMITTING CORRIDOR - ON NURSE - DAY

114

A nurse has paused momentarily to write something on her clipboard. As she finishes, moves off...Illya is revealed sitting on a corridor bench. We PULL IN and find him also in an hypnotic state. We ANGLE DOWN CLOSE on his vest pocket where he keeps his radio. Very faintly we HEAR:

 SOLO'S VOICE (faintly)
Illya...Illya! Jason, Cartier!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - CLOSE ON CECILLE - DAY

115

She sits helpless in a wheelchair, bound hand and foot, a wide piece of adhesive tape across her mouth...staring wide-eyed at:

HER POV - DABREE

116

With an absorption approaching affection, Dabree is warming up the Proton-Neutron Beam scalpel...flicking switches and adjusting dials to bring the machine to humming, flashing life. She finishes.

 DABREE (great
 satisfaction)
Ahhhh.

We PAN with her as she turns to see how Elmont is doing. Elmont and Flostone are carefully fitting the multi-colored skull-cap over Waverly's head. Waverly is strapped to the operating table beneath the arms of the machine...a special clamp holding his head rigidly.

 DABREE (petulantly)
Elmont, you are so slow.

 ELMONT (irritably)
This is not something which can
be--
 (pause; shakes head)
Oh, forget it. I'll be finished
in a few minutes.

BACK TO SCENE - INCLUDING BERGSTROM

117

Bergstrom sits in a wheelchair next to Cécille's... as always, oblivious to what is going on. Cecille turns her head to look at her brother...then starts mumbling and grunting through her adhesive gag. Debree crosses, stares down at her a beat...then:

DABREE

If you promise not to scream
any more...the gag will come off.
No one can hear you anyway.
(Cecille nods)
Very well then.

Dabree pulls off the adhesive tape, continues to fix Cecille with piercing stare as she rolls the tape into a ball...then turns away. But:

CECILLE

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaahhh! He-e-e-e-elp!

Debree slowly turns back, stares at Cecille with growing disgust and dislike:

DABREE

You are such a nasty little creature.

Snatching up the roll of adhesive tape from a nearby table, Dabree ri-i-i-i-ips off another gag!

CECILLE

No, please. I promise. No....
no more screaming.

Dabree hesitates another beat...then tacks the gag she tore off conveniently to the edge of the table.

DABREE

This will be handy. Just in case.

We PULL BACK slightly as Dabree now sits at the table...begins going through the tape recordings in the briefcase as though she is examining precious jewels. Cecille watches her narrowly...darts a couple of glances at her brother...then:

CECILLE

Did you really do something to
my brother's brain?

Dabree pauses, her mind going back to the good old "experimental" days.

DABREE

That was unfortunate.

(pause)

At County General, I had only
a small room in the basement...
in which to work. My hands were
trembling...in girlish anticipation.

(pause; nodding)

Yes, that...that was unfortunate.117
CONT'D
(2)118-11
OUT

REACTION SHOT - CECILLE

120

staring at Dabree with hatred, struggling to control
it.

DABREE (o.s.)

How did you ever get involved
with Mr. Solo anyway?

CECILLE (tightly)

Money.

BACK TO SCENE

121

DABREE

Hah. Let that be a lesson.
Never do anything for money.
Do only those things...which you
enjoy doing.

CECILLE

I'll remember that.

DABREE

Again, unfortunately...no.

CECILLE

You're not going to use that
thing on me?

DABREE

Can you think of a better way
for us to keep your mouth shut?

(Cecille shrugs weakly)

Very well then.

Dabree returns to perusal of the tape recordings.
Cecille darts a couple of uncertain glances toward
the Proton-Neutron Beam scalpel...shrugs to herself...

CECILLE
He-e-e-e-lp!

121
CONT'D
(2)

As Dabree glares disgustedly at Cecille...and
snatches the adhesive gag from the edge of the
table:

CUT TO:

INT. ADMITTING CORRIDOR - ANGLE TOWARD DOOR - DAY 122

as Solo bursts in, starts toward the nurse seated
at the admitting desk in f.g. -- then reacts to
Illya seated o.s.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA IN F.G. 123

as Solo hurries across, grabs Illya by the shoulder:

SOLO

Illya.
(shakes him)
Illya.

No response. Solo immediately breaks a capsule under
Illya's nose. That does it. Illya snaps out of
his trance instantly.

ILLYA (into mike)

They have blocked off the fifth
and sixth floors. They claim a
quarantine...hepatitis. They
will not allow anyone off the
elevator.

(snaps out of it)

SOLO

You all right?

ILLYA (wincing)

I've felt better. My head...

SOLO

What about the stairs?

ILLYA
I'm sure the stairway's guarded.
If we try to go up that way, they
would kill Mr. Waverly before we
reach him.

123
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO
If we can't go up -- let's go down.

They start towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

124 OUT

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - ON CABLES - DAY

125

The foot of the shaft, the cables HUMMING, the reels spinning as the elevator moves above us. PAN to the basement door to the shaft as Illya appears, enters, peering upward. Solo pauses in the doorway, to pick up a small crowbar from a workbench just outside the door. Then he also enters, drops the crowbar, begins stripping off his belt.

SOLO
Mr. Waverly's on the fifth floor.
You'll have to punch four, five
and six.
(wryly)
And don't forget to get off at four.

ILLYA
No, I shall not. And you, my friend...

SOLO (reassuring)
When it stops at six...I will get
off at five.

ILLYA (indicates belt)
I'll give you two minutes to get to
Mr. Waverly...then I will start up
the stairs. Good luck.

With this Illya turns and exits. Solo darts a fond glance after him...then turns to study the HUMMING cables, selecting the one he wants.

CUT TO:

INT. ADMITTING CORRIDOR - ADMITTING DESK - DAY

126

The admitting nurse tenses alertly as Illya appears from the stairwell in b.g....crosses to the elevator.

HER POV - ILLYA

127

as he steps into the elevator...deliberately holds the door's safety device so that it cannot function for a long beat...glances at his watch, releases the door, and pushes a button.

BACK TO SCENE

128

As the elevator door starts to slide shut on Illya, the nurse snatches up her telephone, dials quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - ON SOLO - DAY

129

His right elbow hooked around a cable, the small crowbar in his left hand...peering upward. Suddenly the elevator starts up, and so does Solo! As we ANGLE UP to follow him, we see his right foot is riding in a "sky hook" made by wrapping his belt four overlapping times around the cable to form a "grip," then buckling the belt to form a hanging loop for his foot.

CLOSE ON SOLO

130

as he ZOOMS up the shaft...beginning to perspire. He glances down:

SOLO'S POV - DOWN ELEVATOR SHAFT

131

a shaft of empty space unreeling rapidly below us.

BACK TO SOLO

132

as he takes a tighter grip on the cable,

INT. 5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - ELEVATOR INDICATOR - DAY 133

The long arm of the floor indicator sweeps upward... stops at the fourth floor. We PULL BACK to reveal David and another armed orderly as they exchange puzzled glances. But then, as the indicator starts up again, David nods...levers a cartridge into the chamber of his submachine gun complete with silencer. The elevator stops, the doors slide open...they move cautiously in to examine the empty elevator. Nothing! Then David glances up...silently signals "on the roof!" As he lifts his weapon to cover the roof, the door slides shut again.

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY 134

Elmont has paused in adjusting the sighting device over Waverly's head, is watching Dabree as she hangs up the telephone, saying:

DABREE (to phone)
Thank you.

As Dabree hangs up, picks up the briefcase, Elmont straightens apprehensively:

ELMONT
Well, what now?

A gun suddenly appears in Dabree's hand...

DABREE (quietly)
Finish what you are doing, Elmont.
I will check to see what is going on outside.

Elmont hesitates...then slowly resumes work over Waverly. Dabree turns and exits.

INT. 5TH FLOOR CORRIDOR - TRUCKING SHOT - DAY 135

On Dabree as she scurries the short distance to the elevator, clutching briefcase and gun. When she finds no one at the elevator, she peers anxiously about.

DABREE
David...David!

135
CONT'D
(2)

No response. She reacts with growing alarm... punches the elevator button, then turns to peer PAST CAMERA, gun at the ready. Face working nervously, beginning to perspire now, she dabs at her forehead with the back of her gun hand...accidentally smudges her glasses! Grievously annoyed, she transfers the gun to her briefcase hand...tries awkwardly to wipe her glasses off on her white coat. As she does, a small crowbar appears between the elevator doors, triggers the doors open...to reveal Solo spread-eagled precariously against a black void. Dabree wheels around...blinking myopically.

DABREE'S POV - QUICK SHOT OF SOLO

136

Blurred and hazy...and momentarily helpless!

BACK TO SCENE

137

as Dabree blinks one more myopic blink...then lunges at the helpless Solo...misses and goes plunging down the elevator shaft. Solo gains a safer footing, darts a brief glance after her, then draws his gun, eyes sweeping the corridor for further signs of opposition.

CUT TO:

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

138

as Elmont makes a final adjustment on the sighting device, straightens up, saying to Flostone:

ELMONT
We're all ready!

As Flostone steps back and Elmont grasps the switch which will activate the machine, the door in b.g. suddenly bursts open to reveal Solo, gun in hand. Everyone freezes. Solo crosses, motioning Elmont away from the switch with his gun.

SOLO
Resign yourself, doctor...the
operation is over.

ELMONT

I have no intention of arguing
the issue...

138
CONT'D
(2)

Slowly, carefully, both Flostone and Elmont step back...half-raising their hands. Solo darts a fleeting glance at Cecille, then pushes up the machine's arms, carefully begins loosening the straps holding Waverly.

ANOTHER ANGLE - EMPHASIZING CECILLE AND BERGSTROM

139

In spite of her gag, Cecille is managing to display considerable relief...then sudden alarm as her brother decides to stand up. But his feet are bound...he crashes forward to the floor. Taking advantage of this momentary distraction, Flostone sends a tall portable lamp crashing into Solo, knocking him off balance.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CLOSER ON FIGHT

140

as Elmont snatches a handle from its socket on the machine...lashes out at Solo's head!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - ANGLE DOWN STAIRS - DAY

141

as Illya makes his way up the stairs, gun drawn. A submachine gun with silencer SHATTERS SOFTLY and bullets smash into the wall beside Illya. He returns the fire!

REVERSE ANGLE

142

David firing down the stairwell. The other orderly beside him with a revolver. A bullet smashes into David's gun...he tosses it angrily aside, starts for Illya!

ANOTHER ANGLE - ILLYA AND RAILING IN F.G.

143

Illya, carefully squeezing off a SHOT...another SHOT...ineffectually! David still lumbers down on him...lifts a massive arm like a guillotine! Illya ducks under the blow as it crushes the railing. Illya straightens up under David, levering him over Illya's shoulder...and down the stairwell!... Ya-a-a-a-a!! The other orderly breaks and runs.

CUT TO:

144 OUI

INT. ADJOINING ROOM - ON CECILLE - DAY

145

watching in horror as the battle rages NOISILY o.s. She heaves herself to her feet, balancing precariously on her bound feet. We TRUCK with her as she hops awkwardly toward the battle, finally grasps the machine for support.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BATTLE IN F.G.

146

Both Elmont and Flostone are grappling with a dazed Solo whom they have pinned, bent backwards over Waverly's body. But as Elmont tries to rain another blow on Solo, Solo grabs the handle with one hand... grabs Elmont's throat with the other, and begins forcing Elmont's head slowly back and up...until Elmont's head is between the machine's two "x-ray cones."

REACTION SHOT - CECILLE

147

seeing this...reaching for the switch we saw earlier.

BACK TO SCENE - EMPHASIZING ELMONT

148

as Cecille throws the switch, the machine WHINES shrilly, an arc-light FLASHES blindingly...and Elmont goes stiffly rigid, his eyes glassing over! A beat as everyone freezes...then Cecille recovers, throws off the switch. Elmont wavers, begins to topple...only to be caught and supported by a horrified Flostone.

FLOSTONE

Elmont!

She glances around frantically. We PULL IN on Solo as he shakes off the effect of the handle-blows...turns to support Cecille...gently pulls off the adhesive gag..

148
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Sorry.

CECILLE

Mr. Solo --

(beat)

I'm -- I'm going to cry.

(collapses in Solo's arms)

149-150
OUT

BACK TO FLOSTONE AND ELMONT

151

Still keeping a wary eye on Solo, Flostone glances down at the floorboard behind her... A secret door slides open behind her...she backs quickly through it with Elmont. As the secret door slides silently shut in our faces:

ANOTHER ANGLE

151X1

as Illya bursts through the door, gun in hand. He crosses toward Solo and the others. Solo is loosening Cecille's bonds, glances up as Illya starts undoing the straps restraining Waverly. Illya grins, then winces slightly, passing his hand across his forehead.

ILLYA

Do you suppose I could get a few aspirins around here?

SOLO

Don't.

Solo shakes his head wearily.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S ROOM - EMPHASIZING WAVERLY - DAY

152

The next day. Waverly sits propped in bed playing a game of chess with himself. Illya sits relaxed over a magazine. Suddenly the secret door in b.g. slides open. Caught off guard, Illya has his gun only half drawn when Samoy appears, pushed by one of his Sikhs. Samoy is wheeled across.

SAMOY

I could not return to Calcutta without seeing that machine. Truly fantastic.

WAVERLY

You didn't drop by to inquire about my health?

SAMOY

Good heavens, no. Let me assure you, Alexander...the next time this happens, we shall simply dust off our hands--

(illustrates)

--and let them keep you.

Waverly glares...coughs to impress them with the delicate state of his health. Illya hides a grin, turns to Samoy.

ILLYA

I don't suppose we have located that missing briefcase.

SAMOY

No, I fear the tape recordings are undoubtedly in THRUSH'S hands.

WAVERLY

I should hope so. After...after the endless hours I've spent being programmed to give...to give false information if placed under the influence of drugs. Believe me...well, I should hate to see those miserable hours gone to waste.

(glares about)

SAMOY (smiles)

It ends well.

WAVERLY

Except...why haven't we found the body of that woman who, you tell me, fell down the elevator shaft.

FLASH DISSOLVE TO:

153-154 OUT

EXT. AIRPLANE (STOCK) - NIGHT

154X1

A private plane flying through the stormy night sky.

INT. AIRPLANE - ON FLOSTONE - NIGHT

154X2

A sad, tortured expression on her face as:

FLOSTONE (agonized)
Elmont... Oh, you should have
seen his face. Like a...like a
blank, mindless child!

We PAN to her traveling companion...Dr. Dabree,
with a leg cast, a splinted arm, a bandaged face...
and one shattered lens in her glasses. She is
covered by a blanket.

DABREE
Don't carry on, Flo. I shall get
Solo for you. And for Elmont...
and for David. I shall make Mr.
Solo pay his... his pound of
flesh.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - EMPHASIZING SOLO - NIGHT

155

Cecille laughing happily. Solo lifting his wine
to his lips...then, pausing, frowning, mildly
puzzled. Cecille reacts:

CECILLE
What's wrong?

SOLO (slowly)
For a moment, there...
(pause)
Well, if I were a superstitious
man, I'd swear someone just stepped
on my grave.
(suddenly grins; rises)
I prefer the thought of dancing
on my grave.

She rises, her hand still clutching some unseen
object. As they start to dance:

CECILLE

Oh, this is so beautiful. You're
so beautiful.

155
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO

Yes. But beauty looks better on
you. I'm glad you are enjoying
a place like this...
(waves hand in circle)

CECILLE

And thank you...thank you for the
most beautiful present of all....

SOLO

Which is???

She opens her hand, revealing the clutched check-
book.

CECILLE

My own, personal checkbook. Isn't
it beautiful?

SOLO (smiling)

Wear it in good health.

As they dance away

FADE OUT

THE END

EPILOGUE

THE SETTING IS THE SAME AS IN THE TEASER...

156

...except that the girl is now sitting up on
stretcher smoking a cigarette, relaxed and casual,
as if taking a break. Solo sits beside her,
flicking off the switches that turn off the machine.
He looks into CAMERA.

SOLO

Well, so much for that group.

(shudders)

Except...except for that business
of someone walking across my grave.
You don't suppose...

(thoughtfully)

...Dr. Dabree wasn't killed by that
fall? Why, in that case, she might
come back...

(breaks, shakes head,
smiles)

...No, never! I'm sure we're finished
with her.

(looks off)

Let's see what's after us next week.

A SERIES OF SHORT TRAILER SCENES: THEN:

157-160

BACK TO SCENE

161

as the girl gets off the stretcher, Solo yawns.

SOLO

Looks like I'll be busy. Well,
it's been a long day. I'd better
get some rest.

(waves as he stretches
out on stretcher)

'Night.

And his eyes are closed. The girl looks into
CAMERA, winks, as we...

FADE OUT

THE END