15

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The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The advictice Cixpran Officer

THE VIENNA-VENICE AFFAIR

Prod. #8406

Executive Producer: Norman Felton

Producer: Mort Abrahams

Written by:

Robert Hill

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A O-GOLDWYN-MAYER TELEVISION Presentation

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

The Vienna-Venice Affair

Prod. #8406

FOREWORD.

NOTE ON PRONOUNCEMENT:

The name KRIEDL should be pronounced "CRY-DELL"

The word "Madame" should be pronounced "MAH-DAHM'

The name "Nemirovitch", the accent is on "o".

"The Vienna-Venice Affair" CHGS.

10-16-65

P.1

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

"The Vienna-Venice Affair"

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TEASER -

FADE IN:

IMT. VIENNA SUD BAHNHOF - RAILROAD EXTERIOR - DAY

7

It is New Years Day and there is a definite holiday atmosphere as people push their way through the high metal gates which lead to the loading platform. The "Compagnie des Wagon-Lits" car, first class, is waiting, porters shoving luggage through the windows into the compartments, as an American tourist lady struggles with coats and stoles while her husband suspiciously examines a mobile "Curry Wurst" stand which is doing a lively business at one side. A sign on the side of the train proclaims this the "Vienna-Venice Express."

MEAR GATES

2

Examining the oncoming arrivals through a pair of opera glasses is an impeccably clad NAPOLEON SOLO, looking for all the world like a well-to-do tourist, a Baedeker (marked "Italy") under one arm, etc.

As he searches the station proper, his view is for the moment impeded by the hat of a new arrival. He moves to one side, searching the area with his glasses.

CLOSER SHOT

3

The CONDUCTOR seems to be somewhat overcome by the importance of a new arrival.

CONDUCTOR (fulsomely)
Madame Nemirovitch! Ein gluckliches
Neue Jahr, gnadige frau! You are
having a happy New Year, yes, madame?
I do trust so!

Coming into view, leaning on the arm of her burly chauffeur (KONRAD), MADAME NEMIROVITCH, swathed in Russian sable, is the epitome of all that is the world of international chic. She is very very old but still very beautiful.

MADAME (somewhat acidly)

At my time of life, Schultz, every new year is not only happy, it is ecstatic!

CONTID (2)

(she presses a tip into his hand)

Do something naughty. I only Here. wish I could.

> (she looks about, searching for someone)

Where is Herr von Kried1?

CONDUCTOR

Von Kriedl?

MADAME

The manager of my salon? He was to meet me here.

CONDUCTOR

I have not seen anyone, madame.

MADAME

But I want my chocolates - my roses! Konrad - look for him.

A handful of confetti thrown by some merry-maker descends on Madame's sables and, brushing it away with a frown Madame moves on, passengers pressing from the rear, a few paper horns blowing gaily, and one or two rolls of serpentine sailing through the air.

NEAR SOLO

3X1

Solo is still searching, with his glasses. Suddenly his Baedeker sneezes. Solo acknowledges this politely.

SOLO

Gesundheit.

THE BAEDEKER (a bit choked) Thank you. It's the draft out here.

See anything?

SOLO (aimably)

All I can see from where I'm at are two little model-girls carrying hats. さいこと ようかんしょうない はないないないのでは、これをはいましている

1

5

Two attractive "VOGUE" type models, bony but quite appealing, are lining up to enter the ticket gate. One of them sees Solo looking at her and gives him the eye.

THE BAEDEKER (choked) You think he could be disguised?

SOLO (eyeing the girls appreciatively)
Perhaps, but not as one of these.
(tips his hat to the girl)

INT. MAIN STATION - NEAR PILLAR - NIGHT

Illya standing not far from the main doors, eyeing the entrants, has a cold, as witness his handkerchief. He also carries a copy of Baedeker's "ITALY" It is open and he looks inside it.

INSERT - BAEDEKER

On one page of the book is a photograph (labeled "Thrush Agent 3684") of a nondescript man in his late fifties. On the opposite side a space has been hollowed out for the usual U.N.C.L.E. "communicator" device, into which they both speak and receive.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Solo looks back up from re-inspecting the photograph, rushing up to the gate, encumbered with a huge, rather battered but expensive bouquet of roses and an equally battered but expensive box of chocolates, is a harried, attractive young girl, EVA. She shoves fearlessly ahead of TWO GERMAN TOURISTS (in knee length lederhosen, rucksacks, cameras, etc.) to duck under someone else's arm (rather to the detriment of the bouquet) and gasps out...

.

エローエローロン

EVA (breathless)
Madame Nemirovitch? Which compartment?

(5) CONT.D

CLOSER SHOT

6%2

CONDUCTOR (frowning)

"G", but...

EVA (not waiting for second thoughts)
Thank you...

She shoves ahead right into Solo with whom she starts waltzing around, her bouquet suddenly entangled in the strap of his opera glasses, etc.

EVA (outraged)
Will you PLEASE let me GO, sir!

SOLO

I BEG your pardon, miss, but....

CONDUCTOR (frustrated)

Miss, really ...

EVA

If there's anything I HATE it's a MASHER in CROWDS!

She jerks away from him and practically denudes the bouquet of all its blossoms. She gives one horrified look at it - and during this the brakemen are blowing whistles et al indicating the imminent departure of the train.

EVA

...OH!

WIDER ANGLE - EVA

бхэ

Eva gives Solo a lethal look and plunges ahead toward the train.

NEAR GATES 6X4

Solo examines the gates through his opera glasses.

SOLO What about this one?

INT: MAIN STATION - NEAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

7

A harried, apprehensive little professorial type in shabby clothes, carrying a large beaten-up briefcase, comes hesitantly into view. He wears a beard and a moustache.

CLOSER SHOT

三年のところのは日本の日本の日本のというというとう

7X1

Stumbling along, he collides with some high-spirited young ski types, drops his brief case and bends to pick it up. As he does, his beard starts coming off and hastily, very self conscious, he endeavours to push it back into position on his face. He doesn't do a very good job. He hurries on.

8-9 OU.

NEAR PILLAR - ILLYA

10

Illya is pleasantly surprised.

ILLYA A phoney beard!

NEAR GATES

11

Solo watches.

SOLO (politely)

Shall we?

He pockets his glasses and Baedeker and heads toward the little man.

WIDER ANGLE

11X1

The little man sees Illya and Solo heading toward him with a sense of purpose. He takes immediate fright and clutching his briefcase to him, hurries

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ahead with increased speed, once again shoving into llXl the gay ski party, who are BLOWING PAPER HORNS, tossing confetti, etc., and drinking beer they have just (2) bought from the mobile "Curry Wurst" stand.

The little man dodges through them.

INT. TRAIN - MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

11X2

Madame's luggage has been strategically disposed of now. Madame is staring at the girl, who stands distraught, in the doorway, clutching the remains of the flowers and the battered chocolate box.

MADAME (as if in disbelief)
WHO are you?

EVA (emotionally)
I was sent...by Herr von Kriedl!
From the salon. He was in the most
TERRIBLE accident, Madame! Pinned
under the wheels of a bus! Just
outside -- he didn't have his glasses
on, you see, and couldn't --

MADAME (under her breath)
The old <u>fool</u>!
 (seeing the gifts)
My <u>chocolates</u>! You brought them.

EVA (emotionally)
Yes! Even in his pain he INSISTED I
bring THESE to you. Insisted! So I
just ran --

Madame takes the chocolates and the flowers. Outside we can HEAR VOICES CRYING.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

11X3

Konrad is looking out the window. Next to him is the American lady.

- AMERICAN LADY (gaily out the window)
Happy New Year, Myrtle. If you see Velma in Munich, tell her I've got her turtle!

LOUDSPEAKER (in German) Departing on Track Nine -- Wien-Wenedig Express --

11X3 CONTID (2)

INT. MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

1124

MADAME (nervously)

Thank you, thank you very much, my dear. I'll call him from Venice. You'd better get off. The train's about to leave.

WIDER ANGLE

11X5

The girl gasps and turns.

EVA ·

Oh - dear!

Outside we HEAR the conductor as he passes the door, pushing down the corridor ...

CONDUCTOR

Everyone off... Visitors off...

12-20 OUT

EXT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

20X1

The brakemen are running up and down the platform SLAMMING train doors, BLOWING SHRILL WHISTLES.

ANOTHER ANGLE

20X2

The little man struggles to find an open door to the train, casting worried glances over his shoulder at the pursuing Illya and Solo

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

20X3

... Konrad, leaning out of the upper window of the train, also sees Illya and Solo.

As the various train men WHISTLE LOUDLY, drowning out his words (for our ears) Konrad leans forward and appears to address a request (for curry wurst?) to the owner of the curry wurst stand.

20X3 CONT'D

CURRY WURST STAND

20X4

...the two German tourists are standing there, demolishing curry wurst with considerable gusto, beer in their hands. The train men endeavour (as they run by) to get them on the train. The curry wurst stand owner's eyes whip from Konrad around to Illya and Solo.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

20X5

The train doors are being shut and the little professorial type is running up the train trying to discover an open one.

Illya and Solo are right after him but at some distance.

WIDER ANGLE

2006

Suddenly, for no reason it would seem, the curry wurst stand develops a will of its own and starts <u>trundling</u> madly forward. Its owner pursues it, grabbing a special handle....As he does...

CLOSER SHOT

20X6A

...from the very front of the curry wurst stand, pop or rather slide, several large, lethal appearing knives. Their appearance is a sudden and definite shock, particularly in view of the innocuous character of the curry wurst stand itself.

WIDER ANGLE

20X6B

The lethal curry wurst stand heads directly toward --

ANOTHER ANGLE

20X7

...Illya and Solo....getting between them and the train and of course the little man struggling with the train door.

Dropping wurst, orange drink, hot coffee and beer bottles in wild profusion, its lethal knives gleaming wickedly, pointed directly toward Illya and Solo it...

20X7 CONT'D (2)

CLOSER SHOT

20%8

... nearly impales Illya (watching the little man) - Solo grabbing him at the last minute and pulling him out of its path, by tripping him.

As they both fall to the platform, the curry wurst stand CRASHES into a pile of luggage (trunks et al) standing on the platform's edge.

20X9 OUT

CLOSE SHOT

20X9A

Coffee slopping over its sides, hot curry sauce flung everywhere, the stand vibrates in front of the fallen Illya and Solo.

ILLYA AND SOLO - POV SHOT (VIEWED THROUGH KNIVES)

20X9B

Behind them we can HEAR the train rumbling, doors slamming, whistles blowing, etc. while beer bottles fall from the stand, exploding fizzily as Illya and Solo stare at the terrifying knives now safely imbedded in the luggage bare inches away from their faces.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. STATION PLATFORM - DAY

20X10

The train is just pulling out, the train officials running up and down, making sure the doors are fast as...

WIDER ANGLE

20X11

... Solo and Illya, shaking off lengths of frankfurters and festoons of paper cups, et al, run for the nearest train door. It is locked but they run on to the next one ... as:

LOUDSPEAKER (booming in the B.G.)
Achtung! Achtung! Wien-Wenedig etc.

21-23 OUT

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

24

The ski party has suddenly and hilariously occupied the corridor, hunting for the bar, and the girl (EVA) is caught up in them. She is almost hysterical.

. EVA

Let me out, please! Let me out!

The young men are rather disposed to detain her, however the girl manages to force her way up to the door.

EVA (struggling)
I've got to get OFF!

ANOTHER ANGLE

25

The girl shoves past, grabs the door and opens it. She is immediately met by an onrush of air and at the same time the flying figures of Solo and Illya who jump into the corridor, knocking her down.

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WIDER ANGLE

EVA (from the floor)
Oooocmph:
(angry, staring at Solo and Illya)

The conductor rushes up, furious and concerned.

CONDUCTOR Gentlemen! Gentlemen! What are vou trying to DO! You could both you trying to DO: You could both be KILLED!

He grabs the still-swinging door and closes is definitely.

> cally) EVA (almost hysteri-Stop the train! I have to get OFF.

CONDUCTOR-NOBODY stops this train, miss! Not till we reach the BORDER!

Eva's mouth falls open.

EVA

The BORDER! That's HOURS away! I can't go to the BORDER! I'm going to "Fledermaus" tonight. (with spirit, defensively) This is NEW YEAR'S EVE!

CONDUCTOR This is ALSO the Italian EXPRESS, fraulein! Vienna to VENICE. (glancing at Solo and illya, then the girl, thinking this is perhaps something amatory)

You get off at the border, also?

SOLO

No, I think I'd rather like to go on to Venice. I've never seen the canals frozen over.

Somehow Solo produces a large and impressive tip which he presses into the conductor's hand. conductor is immediately mollified.

SOLO

...perhaps something could be

...managed?

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He gives his most "man-to man" smile.

27 CONT'D

CONDUCTOR

Doubling up might be arranged ...

Solo, looking ahead, sees the Model Girl watching them, with an interesting expression.

I hope so. I've heard it said getting there is half the fun.

getting there is half the fun.

SOLO -

And arrange something for the fraulein, too, conductor.

The conductor nods, moves on. Eva is a little taken aback at the thought of doubling up.

EVA (upset)
Thank you - I'm sure Madame will...

SOLO (he takes in her slightly dirtied and disarranged costume)

And you've torn your skirt, too.

(reaching for his wallet)
I don't know what these things cost but please let me.

Eva looks down at her skirt. She knows it's torn and now, somewhat mollified, is prepared to be a bit more human.

EVA (still crossly)
Oh, that wasn't your fault. It was that taxi...hitting poor Herr von...

Suddenly emotion comes over her and she can't go on. After all, it HAS been a pretty trying half-hour for a young girl.

EVA
It was just,...TERRIBLE.

She loses control of herself for a moment, and blows her nose vigorously as several ski-types push their way through gaily, heading toward the bar car.

EVA

And we were in the crosswalk. He just FLEW up in the air.

27 CONT'D (2)

Solo and Illya exchange a baffled glance. The model girls push by, giving them melting glances. Eva gets hold of herself again.

ILLYA (sympathetically)

You were in an accident.

Eva nods, blowing her nose.

EVL

The man I work for. Running here to see Madame Nemirovitch off. Both legs went...

(she snaps her fingers)

She shudders. Illya shudders a bit, too, and the model girls stare as they hurry by. But Solo is struck by a memory.

SOLO (remembering)
Nemirovitch. "The Olga Nemirovitch
Way to Beauty". Was THAT the old girl
in sables...?

EVA (coldly)

Madame Nemirovitch is NOT an old GIRL! She is a GREAT woman. I should know. I work in her salon on the Kartnerstrasse. Only six months and already I'm shampooing.

The conductor has returned.

CONDUCTOR (fulsomely)

I find there IS a small compartment sir...

Solo nods, smiling.

CONDUCTOR (less cordially

to the girl)

...and Madame will take care of your fare, frauelin...

Eva gives a heartfelt sigh of relief.

27 CONTID

The conductor indicates the way for Solo and Illya... In the bar car we can HEAR the skiers SINGING...

(3)

27X1-29 OUT

INT: BAR - NEAR DOOR - DAY

29XI

Watching, partly concealed, the activities of the departing Solo and Illya, is the Little Man, trying to keep out of sight.

One of the German tourists lumbers by, bumping him.

GERMAN TOURIST (heartily)

Prosit Neue Jahr!

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

30

Solo and Illya, the door bolted behind them, are contacting Waverly.

SOLO

Mr. Waverly...?

WAVERLY'S VOICE (im-

patiently)

Yes, yes. You have our Thrush man?

ILLYA (sotto voce)

Tell him about the beard.

WAVERLY'S VOICE (irri-

tated)

What? Speak up, I can't hear you.

SOLO

Yes. We're on the train with him, sir. He appears to be wearing a beard.

31

32

33

34

WAVERLY -

One either IS or is NOT "wearing a beard." Do be a bit more specific.

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, sir. Could you tell us who and what IS this man and why we are pursuing him?

WAVERLY

Otto von Kriedl is a Thrush agent, carrying a virus culture which, if Thrush gets its hands on it, can revolutionize world politics.

TIT, SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

SOLO (making notes)
...von Kriedl....yes, sir. What
does the virus do? Tranquillize
the electorate?

INT. UNCLE HQ - NIGHT

では、これでは、100mのでは、100mのできた。 100mのできた。 100mのできた

WAVERLY (succinctly)
It inhibits the ability to reproduce,
Mr. Solo. Thrush has only to wave
the threat of THAT and the world
will fall over itself to meet its
terms...something none of us can
afford.

INT. SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

In the corridor the ski types can be HEARD SINGING some bright holiday songs...rather drunkenly. Solo is suddenly very quiet, very calm.

SOLO

We are to find the culture and bring it to...?

WAVERLY'S VOICE

No, no. Destroy it utterly. Already there are rumers - we can't afford hysteria. Destroy it tonight, Mr. Solo.

34 CONT'D (2)

SOLO

Yes, sir. Happy New Year!

INT. MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

- 34XI

Steam billows around the windows as Eva pulls down the blinds for Madame. She is eating a chocolate.

MADAME

A little further, my dear. For the last ten years I've made it an absolute rule, never sit near a window in daylight, without either the blinds DOWN or your veil ON!

(looking at her)

Not that it matters to a child like yourself. How old are you?

EVA

Nineteen, madame.

MADAME

And you've been working in my salon. ?

EVA (eagerly)

Six months. I can't tell you what an honor and privilege it is....

MADAME (impatiently)

Then don't. Shampooing hair, even in an Olga Nemirovitch salon, is rarely an honor and never a privilege.

She is restless but she looks at the girl with some interest.

EVA (tentatively)

I'm so grateful to you, madame. Who would have thought...when I woke up this morning...

(with mounting inner excitement)
...TONIGHT I'd be on the train to

VENICE.

34X1 CONT'D

(2)

MADAME (flatly)

But only as far as the border, dear. I'd like to take you to Italy, but the train is crowded, we'd have to share this compartment and that means you would see this....

(she indicates her face, with somewhat grim amusement)
...as it is when I wake up in the morning. MUCH too disillusioning for a child of YOUR tender years.

EVA (diplomatically) Oh, no....Madame is ageless.

MADAME

They teach you to say that in my salon, eh?

EVA (protesting)
But everyone knows it's true! Even
that young man who bumped into me...
HE knew all about you...

MADAME -

Did he? That's a rare talent. Who was he?

But before Eva can answer there is a KNOCK at the door. Madame looks up impatiently.

MADAME

Yes?

WIDER ANGLE

34X2

The door opens and the Little Man stands there, his artificial beard looking more artificial in the electric light (the blinds are down, remember) than ever.

LITTLE MAN

Madame Nemirovitch...

Madame stares at him coldly. He apparently means nothing to her. The Little Man appears puzzled.

LITTLE MAN

Don't you recognize me...?

(remember his beard)

I'm Dr. Ingster!

34X2 CONT'I (2)

Suddenly Madame does recognize him underneath the false foliage.

MADAME (in a whisper)
...Ingster...!
(recovering herself, eyes narrowing)
What are you doing here...!

ITTLE MAN (with intense emotion)
You thought I wouldn't catch up with you --!

Madame is about to rip out a fast remark, then she glances at the girl, thinks better of it and laughs easily.

MADAME (gaily)
Oh, Ingster. Always so melodramatic!
Really! What will my young friend
here think of you?
(to Eva, gaily)
Anything for a laugh, my dear. You
should see him during Fasching!
(intimately)
He's WICKED!

She smiles gaily at the Little Man.

MADAME (teasingly)
And that false BEARD! What are you using on it? Flour and water paste?

The Little Man is completely confused. He doesn't know how to reply to these sallies.

MADAME (gaily
dismissive)
Very well, In the bar. In half an hour.
(gaily - teasing)
And don't frighten the conductor with that...thing!

And she laughs heartily again, taking out a cigarette. The Little Man gives her a thoroughly startled look, nods and disappears.

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MADAME

34X2

Poor little man.

CONTID

·(3)

(fitting her cigarette) Dear child....do me a favor. doors down - his name is Konrad ... Tell him the doctor is on the train.

- EVA

The doctor is on the train. Is that

· MADAME (amiably) Quite. He'll know what to do.

As she smiles at Eva and lights her cigarette

DISSOLVE TO:

34X3 OUT

EXT. TRAIN - CLOSE SHOT - WHEELS - (STOCK) - NIGHT

34X4

They RATTLE and WHANG over the roadbed.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

34X5

The corridors are crowded with various wandering passengers commuting from the bar, etc.

DOLLY SHOT

34X6

Solo and Illya, in a thoroughly business-like manner, are carefully traversing the train, car by car, compartment by compartment, washroom by washroom, etc. searching for the Little Man.

ANOTHER ANGLE

34X7

Solo opens a compartment door "by accident." He discovers the Model Girl (one of them) in her slip.

SOLO

Ocops.

MODEL GIRL -

He smiles charmingly, shuts the door, shrugs to Illya. As they continue, from behind them comes Konrad...

34X7 CONT'D

DOLLY SHOT

34x8

...ploughing down the corridor behind them, also quite obviously searching the train. He barrels between Solo and Illya with a barely muttered word of apology, seeing them, but having no time for them, completely intent on his search. Then he sees up ahead...

POV SHOT - END OF CORRIDOR

34X9

...the Little Man just coming from the washroom, nervously drying his hands. The Little Man takes one look at Konrad, pales, gasps, turns and runs out of sight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

34X10

Konrad immediately runs after him, with all the speed his somewhat heavy form is capable of. He nearly bowls over the American lady, (who is rather stout) who is just coming out of her compartment.

AMERICAN LADY

I BEG your pardon...

She turns to glare after him and is almost immediately collided with again by...

WIDER ANGLE

34X11

... Solo and Illya who exchanging a fast glance, are not about to lose their "pigeon", the Little Man, to Konrad.

AMERICAN LADY (once

more whirled about)

WELL..!

34X12-14 OUT

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

By the time they have reached the next compartment Konrad is just moving out of sight. They hurry down the corridor to ...

INT. FOYER OF TRAIN - LEADING TO BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT

34X16

...the door to the baggage car (noted in three languages) is just closing. Solo and Illya plunge toward it, open it...

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT

あるのでは、 まるのではないのできる

MANAGE TO A TAN

34X17

...but already the huge Konrad has grabbed the Little Man and is busily engaged in throttling him over a trunk. Solo throws himself on the man, ditto Illya.

Konrad whirls, taken by surprise. But a huge muscular man, and gifted in fight, he knocks Solo back, kicks Illya out of the way.

The Little Man however has gained a moment's respite and scrambles back and up, over the piled trunks et al.

Konrad is right after him but, being heavy, instead of being able to walk over some of the crates, suitcases et al, his weight causes him to plunge through them, delaying him. However he is close enough to the Little Man to nearly grab him.

Terrified the Little Man climbs to the highest piled trunk, finds a trapdoor ventilator and pushes it open with every bit of strength he can muster.

Snow immediately swirls in.

Meanwhile both Solo and Illya, recovered, pursue Konrad, but his wild smashing passage in the wake of the Little Man has, to some extent, demolished the boxes and crates, et al. Solo and Illya are forced to go by a side way, over OTHER boxes and crates.

NEAR ROOF 34X18

Konrad has produced a gun and as the Little Man scrambles onto the roof of the train, he fires. The Little Man's feet disappear as bits of wood fly about from the bullet. Solo throws himself at Konrad's feet as Konrad would follow. Konrad, hampered by having started through the trap door, kicks out wildly and lethally.

EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - NIGHT

34X19

The top of the train sways in the blinding blizzard. The Little Man, short-sighted, terrified, crawls along the icy and treacherous roof.

Konrad appears, and fires at the Little Man's indistinct shadow. He jerks himself loose from Solo and gains the roof. At the same time Illya comes popping out of yet another ventilator further along. The Little Man sees him and hesitates, snow swirling about him.

Solo has gained the roof now and is after Konrad. As Konrad takes aim on the Little Man, Solo brings him down in a tackle. Konrad attempts to shoot Solo in the fight as they roll around and around on the icy roof.

The Little Man retreats, ignored for the moment by Illya who plunges forward over the swaying train to aid Solo. Konrad rolls on top of Solo, beating him viciously with the gun butt.

Illya throws himself on Konrad, who is now kicking Solo, having hit him over the head. Konrad turns his attention to Illya and with a vicious blow, knocks him down to the roof. Illya, semi-conscious, starts to slide off the roof of the train, Konrad raising his gun and firing at him, the snow swirling about them blindingly.

· FADE OUT:

END ACT ONE

FADE IN: EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - NIGHT

34X20

As Konrad fires at the figure of Illya, nearly falling off the roof, Solo grabs Konrad and pulls him down. The shot goes wild but Konrad retains the gun. Illya manages to catch himself on a hand-hold. For a moment he sways perilously over the edge as Konrad and Solo fight, sprawling over the roof of the train. Illya pulls himself back up to the roof just as Konrad, very strong, once again gets the better of Solo. He tries to fire at him, but Illya manages to pull him down once again. Solo grabs Konrad's gun hand, twists it back and Konrad shoots himself. The train gives a wild lurch going around a turn, as this happens and Konrad plunges through the trapdoor to land.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT - POV SHOT FROM ROOF

34X21

...in a broken, staring-eyed and very dead position on the crumpled remains of several shipping crates directly below.

EXT. TRAIN ROOF - NIGHT

34X22

Solo and Illya scramble back down after him.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT

34X23

Solo and Illya stand on the top of the trunks looking down at Konrad.

ILLYA

Dead?

SOLO

Oh, yes.

But Illya has recognised Konrad now.

ILLYA

You know who it is?

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Chgs. 10-18-65 P.25

Solo looks. He suddenly sees something he remembers...

34X23 CGNT'D (2)

SOLO

.. Madame Nemirovitch's .. chauffeur ...

He looks at Illya..

ILLYA

.. Is she after it, too?

They look at one another.

· SOLO

We've got to get him out of sight.
We don't want to start anything before we find it.

35-44 OUT

INT. BAR - NIGHT

45

By now there is a general party atmosphere. The young skiers are in high, wearing paper hats, blowing horns, pinching the girls. The German Tourists are drinking a surprising amount of Steinhagen, washed down with a good bit of lager. At the far end of the bar, huddled in a corner like an owl, watching everything but trying not to be noticed himself, is THE LITTLE MAN.

CLOSE SHOT

45XA1

The Little Man has been caught by the model girl who eyed Illya (and who is now doing it again). The Model appears rather bored but is telling the story of her life.

MODEL GIRL (wearily)

At first, they want me to pose with almost nothing on at all, then they put me in a bikini on the Lido, then ostrich feathers in a cabana at Cap Ferrat, now..

(sighing)

.I wear nothing but heavy tweeds for the winter showings in Florence. It is a VERY dull life. Besides I am too thin, don't you think?

Suddenly she sees something o.s. Her eyes light up.

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE 10-18-65 Chgs,

Solo gives an absent glance of inspection as he and Illya enter. At the end of the bar, seated rather nervously and uncertainly by herself, is Eva, nursing her drink - doubtless the only one she can afford until she gets back to Vienna. The model girl sees Illya, moves up and drops her handbag in front of Illya as an opening gambit. With a smile he picks it up, sighs, returns it; and goes on to a secluded corner. The model girl is NOT pleased. Solo sees the Little Man at the far end of the bar. He turns to Eva, sits beside her, his attention on the Little Man further down.

CLOSER SHOT

He raises a finger to the bartender:

SOLO:

Whatever mademoiselle is drinking and a whiskey for me.

Eva is not sure she likes being "picked up" at a bar, even on a train. She moves slightly away from him.

Thank you...no!

Solo pulls out a piece of paper and starts scribbling a note.

SOLO (writing) You might as well be friendly. It's a long journey to the border. Anyway, it's New Year's Eve. Doesn't that make it all right?

(looking up)

Bartender...

45X2 (

CLOSER SHOT

The bartender has come up with the drinks.

SOLO (nodding to the Little Man and folding his note giving it to the bartender)

Give this to Herr von Kriedl there, the little man at the end of the bar?

Vienna-Venice Affair Chgs.

EVA (surprised)

Herr von Kriedl? (eagerly)

46 CONT D (2)

Where?

She looks down the bar. There is only one little man there.

THAT's not Herr von Kriedl!
Solo is just mildly taken aback. He retains the note and looks at the girl then looks at the man

then back.

SOLO

It...isn't? You KNOW a "Herr von Kried!"

Of course! That was the man I was coming with to the train tonight!

Solo's jaw falls slightly open.

ANOTHER ANGLE

But now, radiant, handsome, and definitely eye-catching, Madame Nemirovitch has entered, looking about. She sees Eva and Solo.

> MADAME (full of beans) THERE you are, Fraulein Eva! And with a gentleman friend so soon?

> > 47X1-47X5

CLOSER SHOT

47X5A

gva hops up, hastily, as does Solo.

EVA (apologetically)
I didn't want to disturb you, madame...

MADAME (amiably)

Nothing disturbs me, child....except an occasional good looking man...and not even that, anymore.

(smiling at Solo)

Good evening. What lies are you telling the child?

SOLO

Good evening, madame. I never lie.

MADAME

Then you are indeed unique. (to Eva, smiling)

I approve.

FX/A

This is Mr.,.

SOLO

Solo, madame. Napoleon Solo.

MADAME

Olga Nemirovitch.

(extending her hand)

SOLO (smiling)

I know.

MADAME

Ah? You're the one the fraulein says knows all about me?

SOLO (gallantly)

I didn't say that...but I would like to!

Madame laughs. During this she has taken a seat at the bar. The bartender knows what she drinks - a glass of champagne to start, naturally.

MIDER ANGLE

47X5B

liadame enjoys a bit of fencing before dinner. She looks about the bar at the merrymakers, then back to Solo.

MADAME

"Solo," eh? It's a curious name. The feminine version..."Sola" translates as...."a woman alone."

SOLO

That could NEVER be true...at least in madame's case.

MADAME (laughing)

No? But then you must both dine with me. I loathe dining alone. Herr Ober...?

The head waiter is hovering by, as Madame finishes her champagne. He obviously is at Madame's beck and call at any time.

DOLLY SHOT

47X5C

MADAME (moving forward) We will be three tonight. Begin with the iced slivovitz. It IS iced?

The waiter nods. Eva looks a bit uncertain. Her one drink has already gone to her head. Madame catches this.

MADAME (to Eva)

You'll love it. Essence of prunes. (to the waiter)

Then prosciutto and melon...Rioe melon.

ANOTHER ANGLE

47X5D

One of the German tourists, all bluff Teutonic charm, bows a little woozily to Madame.

GERMAN TOURIST

Guten Abend, gna' frau. Prosit Neue Jahr! Madame smiles, and shrugs, following the waiter. Suddenly 47X5D she sees, across the room, something which disturbs her. CONT'D she stops... (2)

POV SHOT - END OF BAR

47K5E

The Little Man has caught her eye, half waving his hand. Now he struggles forward through the crowd toward her.

CLOSER SHOT

47X5F

EVA

Something wrong, madame?

MADAME (staring - in a low voice)

Did you...give my message...to my chauffeur?

EVA.

Oh, yes, madame ...

ANOTHER ANGLE

47X5G

But now the Little Man has shoved past the others and come up to them. Beyond the head waiter waits patiently in the dining area of the car.

LITTLE MAN

Madame....I've been waiting...

Madame stares at him...then:

MADAME

I'm...sorry Dr. Ingster...I was... delayed....May we make it later?
After dinner? Yes, thank you.

Giving him a dazzling smile, she goes on with Solo and Eva, apparently without a care in the world.

LITTLE MAN

47X5H

He bites his lip, concerned, looking after them.

DO OF BAR

BAR 47X6

Illya is watching all this with careful gaze, behind the German tourists, one of whom is singing..

GERMAN TOURIST

Ho yo to ho, HO!

47X7-50 OUT

INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

51

They are just sitting down, Solo pulling out Madame's chair, as she looks up at him, amusement in her eyes.

MADAME

You thought <u>Ingster</u> was Herr von KREIDL?

She laughs gaily at the thought of it, peering after the Little Man.

MADAME

They're not at ALL alike, are they, Eva?

EVA

No; madame.

_MADAME

Anyway, why should you want to see the manager of a beauty salon?

She looks at Solo teasingly.

MADAME

You certainly don't need your HAIR tinted...

· (she pats his face)

...and you have the complexion of a baby.

SOLO (charmingly)

I must be honest, madame. I was only interested in Herr von Kreidl...as a means of getting to you.

Madame smiles at him.

CONT'D

MADAME

Naturally. What else?

(Suddenly they both realize they understand one another completely. The battle is officially joined.)

SOLO

Madame, I am sure MY organization could do MUCH more for you than HIS!

MADAME

Are you?

(smiling, fitting a cigarette into a holder)

The pay is wretched....and I have such expensive tastes -- still --

She shrugs. Her diamond bracelets glitter as does everything about Madame.

SOLO

Think of the SATISFACTION you would experience working with our group...

MADAME (laughing)

But I know all about "satisfaction", Mr. Solo....All my life I have been self-indulgent, animale, ruthless if you wish, deeply fond of attractive men, devoted to the joys of the table...as well as all the other joys. By rights I should now be nothing more than an old, wretched, decrepit ruin...

The slivovitz arrives and Madame glances at the silver tray of small glasses and selects one. She sniffs it.

MADAME (to the waiter)
You've been stamping the prunes out
with your own feet again, haven't you!

The waiter is shocked.

三月八年 李子家

WAITER

Madame!

Madame laughs, and tosses the slivovitz down. Immediately she glows.

51 CONT 'D

(3)

MADAME

It's all right.

(she turns back to Solo)

Where was I?

EVA (obediently)

"Ruin?"

Hadame shoots her a lethal look.

MADAME (with asperity)

Perhaps you'd best just have tea, after all.

(she smiles again warmly at Solo)

...but I have never felt better in my life. You see, if you have come to me now as, say, "Prince Charming" to lead me out of the woods which surround my castle. ...you are, to the best of my hasty calculation...just forty-three years, eleven months too late.

Solo is impressed.

SOLO (almost unbeliev-

ingly)

You have been with them...so long?

MADAME (smiling

brilliantly)

Dear Mr. Solo, the entire organization was MY <u>idea!</u>

(she picks up her menu)

Shall we decide?

(to the waiter)

And remember, everything cooked to order.

WAITER (terrified, weary)

Ja, gnadige frau...

BAR

52

Across the car Illya is at the bar, the Little Man carefully in the mirror over the bar. He sips his drink thoughtfully.

Chgs. 10-19-65 P.34

MODEL GIRL All alone by the telephone?

52 CONT'I (2)

Illya looks up. The model has broken away from the American and is now apparently enroute to her compartment, merely stopping for a word.

ILLYA (politely)
You know how these long distance
calls are. One has to wait.

MODEL GIRL

If you get bored in that booth, I have a party line in my compartment.

But now the Little Man passes them, heading into the corridor.

ILLYA (regretfully)
This is my call, now.

MODEL GIRL (game to the last) Well, don't forget, in an emergency, dial "Operator."

ANOTHER ANGLE - END OF CAR

.53

The end of the car narrows into a corridor and washroom. As Illya looks for the Little Man ahead, he passes the men's room. As he does, a hand comes out and pulls him roughly within.

INT. MEN'S WASHROOM - NIGHT

57

The hand, surprisingly, belongs to the frightened little "professorial type" seen earlier. Illya preserves admirable calm.

ILLYA (very friendly)
At last. I've been wanting to meet
you all afternoon.

LITTLE MAN (desperately)
Why have you been following me? What is this?

P.35

ILLYA (lightly

chastising)

54 CONT'D

Now, now. You shouldn't complain. We did save your life.

(5)

LITTLE MAN

Why? I thought YOU wanted to kill me!

ILLYA

Do I look like a murderer?

LITTLE MAN (vitupera-

tively)

のあることへ ころうない 東京のは 最高を含めたのではなるながないとうとう

Your friend is in there now, kissing her hand, all attention.

ILLYA

Madame Nemirovitch? Oh, well - he's always been very fond of ladies.

LITTLE MAN

She is a monster.

ILLYA

He likes animals, too.

LITTLE MAN (despairingly,

agonized)

Don't make jokes. Don't you realize what's happened? Don't you know who I am?

ILLYA

Not...exactly. That...beard...

With a gesture of despair, the Little Man jerks the beard off and throws it in the waste basket. As he does the curtain parts and the American woman blunders in. She seems nonplussed to find the washroom occupied by men... not to speak of the beard business.

AMERICAN WOMAN

Oh, is this a "herren?" I thought it was a "damen." Excuse ME!

She backs out, looking a bit oddly at the discarded beard.

こうなるはないという 日本教 はななるとなるということ

54XI

LITTLE MAN (in an . intense whisper)

I am Madame Nemirovitch's chemist. The man who DISCOVERED it, heaven help me.

(imploringly)

It was only to make everyone YOUNG again....Always, you see, she must be YOUNG! Only it doesn't do just THAT....It does this other terrible thing, too!...I TOLD her....I never thought for one moment...but she wouldn't give it BACK... She HAS it now...and she can destroy the future of the entire WORLD!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

55

The American lady finds another washroom and happily totters into it, clutching her sponge bag.

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

55XI

She looks about happily, hangs up her sponge bag, turns to the inner door, opens it ... and a man falls out into her arms. A very dead man. Konrad. The American woman stares down at the corpse in her arms, realizes what it is, and lets out a SCREAM!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

55X2

The bar is noisy, gay, bright, with more paper hats, more Valkyrie YODELINGS from the German tourists, a Charleston from the model girl, applauded by the skiers, more drinks being passed around and about, more confetti, serpentine, balloons being burst....

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

55X3

The American woman, hell bent for leather, comes running up the corridor screaming.

P.37

INT. BAR - NIGHT

55X4

She runs right into the bar yelling;

AMERICAN WOMAN

MURDER - ! MURDER! HELP!

People whip around, though some are making too much noise themselves to hear the American woman's wails.

56-58 out

INT. DINING AREA - NIGHT

59

However there is sufficient hubbub for Solo and the girl to turn. The head waiter, alarmed, hurries in to the bar.

CLOSER SHOT

59X1

EVA

What's that?

MADAME (unperturbed,

eating)

Either a mouse or an opera singer... (lightly, smiling)
..or both, if they happened to meet.

SOLO (alert)

Perhaps I'd better....would you mind, madame?

MADAME (graciously)

No, no...please do. I'm curious.

Solo gets up and runs for the bar. Eva looks after him.

MADAME

These young men are becoming very clumsy. In the old days - ah, what savoir faire they had!

(smiling reminiscently)
It was almost a pleasure to lose to them occasionally.

EVA

Lose, madame?

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MADAME (deliberately 59X1
sipping her cognac) CONT'D
Mr. Solo may be attractive but he's (2)
a very dangerous man indeed. A
member of a world wide criminal organization - you may have heard rumors

of it? - called...

(she looks at the girl,
deeply)
"THRUSH?"

The girl gasps in horror. Obviously she has heard of "THRUSH."

MADAME (cont'd)

They want to use our company as a facade for their evil activities.

If I refuse, they'll destroy me.

(she looks deeply at the girl)

It just might be....tonight...I might require some...assistance. Would you...?

EVA (fervently)
Oh, madame. I have heard of THRUSH.
Anything I can do to help fight
them...and of course, anything I
can do to help you...

MADAME (pleased, patting her)
You're a sweet little thing. I saw that at once.

Madame looks up at the continuing commotion in the bar

INT. FOYER OF BAR CAR - NIGHT

Men are bringing Konrad's body into the foyer.
There is the conductor's seat on which to put him.

CONDUCTOR (nervously)

. Put him here.

Solo watches warefully.

50

Vienna-Venice Attair UNCLE 10-18-65 CLOSER SHOT The men put the late Konrad down. CONDUCTOR CONDUCTOR Terrible - Terrible -The conductor shifts helplessly. People crowd in to look. WIDER ÂNGLE The conductor looks up. He sees Madame Nemirovitch in the doorway. CLOSER SHOT CONDUCTOR Oh, Madame... Madame looks at him. MADAME What is it? He doesn't reply, merely looks toward the body on the seat. Madame goes toward it followed by a reluctant Eva. MADAME

ANOTHER ANGLE

Now Madame can see Konrad's body and wild, distorted face.

Konrad...!

She grabs Eva's arm and leans against her, one hand on her own heart. More people crowd in, Madame retreats back in to the bar.

6

It is momentarily deserted. The girl is petrified with shock and fear.

MADAME (in a terrible whisper to the girl)
...what did I tell you...first Herr von Kriedl...now...
(her voice breaks)
I'll be next --

She turns in emotional appeal to Eva.

EVA Oh, no, Madame!

MADAME
You must help me, child. You MUST help me...!

Eva stares at the O.S. body then, with stiffening resolution, swallows bravely and looks at Madame with dedication...

EVA (fervently)
Madame...I will do ANYthing to
help you! Anything at all!

10-16-65 P.41

As she looks at Madame....the wheels go CLACKETY-CLACK, the WHISTLE SOUNDS, the train cars CREAK and...

65 CONT'D (2)

INT. BAR ENTRANCE - SOLO

65X1

He stands watching them.

FADE OUT.

66-58 out

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN: INT. MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

.69

Madame is tearing apart the bouquet of roses seen earlier. From it she suddenly produces a small elaborately chased and designed gun. It has an odd shape. Eva stands watching her, unbelieving, amazed to realize she was (innocently) carrying the gun earlier.

MADAME

A perfect hiding place, yes? (seeing Eva's look - in a reassuring tone)

Oh, it's nothing lethal. It contains only a nerve gas. When you pull the trigger hold the barrel close to Mr. Solo's head. That way the gas penetrates directly into the tissues. He'll simply go to sleep.

EVA

But I wouldn't even know - I mean I ...I've never even held a gun -

Madame demonstrates.

MADAME

Pull this back, press the gun to his head, pull the trigger. Simple.

EVA

How...how do I get CLOSE enough to put the gun against his head?

MADAME

My dear...you're a woman!

EVA

I know...but I don't really know very much ABOUT that - yet.

Madame looks at her, dispassionately.

EVA

He might not LIKE me to get "close" to him.

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MADAME

Men being men, I think you are wrong. Still you may have a point.

69 CONT'D (2)

She looks at her own personal make-up case.

MADAME

Scent, perhaps?

She sprays Eva thoroughly. Eva nearly asphyxiates.

EVA Madame, please!

MADAME

Eye shadow ...

She applies it lavishly.

MADAME

...Rouge...

EVA (protesting)
Madame...do you think this is right
on a young girl?...In the salon
they say under twenty-five, we should
be maidenly.

MADAME

This is an emergency measure, fraulein.

Looking about, distracted.

MADAME (frowning)
If only I'd brought the black
satin and the pearls. But I
haven't required THEM on trains,
in years.

She fishes a filmy peignoir out of a suitcase.

MADAME

Valenciennes. It is foolproof.

She thrusts it around Eva who struggles into it. Eva sees her reflection in the mirror. She is upset.

EVA

Madame, you make me feel so... so abandoned...!

MADAME
You should feel "abandoned".
(hypnotically)
...only you must not abandon me...

69 CONT'D (3)

Eva stiffens her resolve.

EVA

No, madame, .

MADAME

Whatever happens...you must get Solo out of the way immediately!

EVA (worried in a whisper)
But. How can I MANAGE it?
Won't people be...watching?

MADAME (slightly taken aback)
In his compartment?

Eva's eyes widen slightly. She gulps.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT

69X1

The Little Man, Solo and Illya are searching the luggage of Madame Nemirovitch with great care. They tear cases, trunks, suitcases, etc. apart wildly, working swiftly, efficiently, destructively.

THE LITTLE MAN (bitterly)
For forty years I've worked for Olga.
 (with distaste)
and for THEM...those PEOPLE... But
this I COULDN'T do...

SOLO (busy, concentrating)
What "form" is this virus culture in?

THE LITTLE MAN
You could put it in an ordinary
capsule. So big.
(he demonstrates)
Size is not important. Once it is
deposited in a receptive host, it
can multiply itself a thousand
times in twenty-four hours.

SOL

Is there any more of it anywhere else?

69X1 CONT'D (2)

ILLYA

No. He destroyed it all. The only sample of it, existing, SHE has. Even she doesn't know how it was made.

LITTLE MAN
But that doesn't matter. If she
gets it into THRUSH'S hands, they
can attenuate human life in a
matter of a generation.

Solo looks at the mess they have made.

SOLO (frustrated)
But WHERE is it? In WHAT?

LITTLE MAN
It's so small! It could be...
anywhere...in anything.

SOLO
We can't very well tear the train apart...

The Little Man looks at Illya.

ILLYA (straight)

Why not?

69X2-69X3 OUT

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

69X4

Coming from the bar down the Model Girl finds herself face to face with Solo, Illya and the Little Man returning from the baggage car.

MODEL GIRL (accusingly) I've heard of long DISTANCE calls but THIS one was endless...

She grabs him firmly.

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Chgs. 10-19-65 P.46

MODEL GIRL I want to TALK to you...!

She gives him a push into her compartment which is right there. Illya can only splutter. Solo gives him a wry look...nods, indicating Illya is to quiet the girl down...while Solo goes ahead to reconnoiter the situation.

CLOSER SHOT

SOLO (in a whisper

to Little Man)

Let me see where the old girl is:

Wait.

WIDER ANGLE 69X6

Solo goes up the corridor toward the bar car, etc.

INT. MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

69x7

She has her door half ajar. She sees Solo go past her. She listens. She HEARS him go into the next car. She pulls a lethal-appearing small revolver out of her bag and opens her door. She looks down the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - POV SHOT - NIGHT

69X8

At the far end the Little Man has opened the top of the windows and is leaning against it, his head in his hands, getting the air despairingly.

WIDER ANGLE

69X9

Madame steps into the corridor, starting toward him purposefully. She is fitting a silencer to her gun as she goes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

69X10

As Madame approaches the far end of the car the Little Man looks up. He sees her. He is surprised. He takes a step away from the window.

LITTLE MAN

01ga.!

Without interrupting her stride, Madame fires from the waist. The SOUND is muffled. The Little Man gasps, chokes, Madame gives him a push out of sight. We HEAR him fall...o.s. She moves out of sight. The WHEELS RATTLE noisily.

INT. CORRIDOR - OTHER END - NIGHT

69X11

Solo, frowning, comes back into the corridor. He looks ahead for the Little Man. He doesn't see him at the opposite end. He opens the door to his own compartment.

INT. SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is in darkness except for a small night light. He comes in. Almost immediately he senses someone is there. He puts a hand on his gun... The light by the bed is switched on. Eva lies huddled against the cushions, fighting fright and embarrassment with what she considers a "provocative" expression.

Solo suddenly smiles, and closes the door behind him, taking his hand off his gun. He fingers the elaborate lace of the hem of the negligee Madame has given Eva, which flows over the bed.

SOLO

Personally, it's hardly a night I'd choose to "slip into something cooler" - but it's certainly becoming.

EVA It's Madame's.

She blurts it out, then puts a hand over her mouth, regretting this.

SOLO

I didn't think you borrowed it from the conductor.

He sits on the edge of the bed, looking at the girl, smiling.

SOLO

And to what do I owe the honour of this nocturnal visit?

Eva swallows.

EVA (in a rush)
I'm mad about you.

SOLO

Poor foolish child. So many girls are. And just because I have long hair and play the guitar. Do you seriously think that's reason enough for...this sort of thing.

Eva is annoyed.

EVA You're LAUGHING at me! SOLO

Never!

74 CONT'D (2)

But of course he is smiling.

EVA (accusingly)
Look at your mouth. It's smiling.

SOLO

I have always had an incorrigibly happy disposition. Anyway you're looking very pretty. It's quite enough to make any man smile.

EVA
You think I'm a child, don't you!

SOLO

Not...physically. Perhaps you're acting a little childishly. But then I was a young nit myself once.

EVA

I am NOT a young NIT!

SOLO

You're no Grandma Moses either.
(peering at her)
Who blackened your eyes? The old girl beat you up?

EVA

That's SHADOW! Madame put it on with her own hands!

SOLO

She should consult her optometrist immediately.

He takes out his handkerchief and wipes Eva's eyes.

SOLO

Enough is as good as a feast, you know.

EVA (furious)

Mr. Solo, you've been HORRID to me since we met and you're getting horrider and HORRIDER!

SOLO

And here I was trying to be so pleasant. Big brotherly, even.

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Date Correction 10-13-65 P.50

EVA

You're not <u>supposed</u> to act like a "big brother." You're supposed to act like a ravening beast! 74 CONT'D (3)

SOLO

Sorry. I had to give up my ravening some time ago. I send all that sort of work out these days.

He moves a bit closer.

SOLO

However...

(he mops her face again with his handkerchief)

...if we take off the war paint and get down to cases, I'm quite prepared to be an <u>affectionate</u> beast.

Eva sees her opportunity. She fumbles for her gun hidden in her lace. The negligée is literally HUNG with lace and it makes easy movement difficult. Solo is aware she is up to something.

EVA

Kiss me!

She throws one arm around his neck, pulls him toward her, presses her lips against his and at the same time manages to whisk the gun out and press the barrel to Napoleon's temple.

Solo very slightly - mindful of the gun barrel - gets his lips free to discuss this.

SOLO

And just what are you trying to do, fraulein?

EVA

(the words tumbling out in fright)
It's not going to kill you. It's only a nerve gas to put you to sleep till we get to Venice.

SOLO You're very SURE of that?

EVA

Madame told me so HERSELF!

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Date Correction 10-13-65 P.51

SOLO
She did? Well, bless her considerate little heart...

74 CONT'D (4)

He manages to get a piece of the lace in one hand and as Eva shuts her eyes, and bites her lip - obviously preparing to fire - Solo jerks the lace, which pulls her hand away from his temple just as the gun "fires."

The gun not only sends a lethal slug into the woodwork of the door jamb, it has a SECOND barrel, which fires BACKWARDS and shatters the bed lamp.

Eva opens her eyes and looks about, taking in the carnage (to the compartment).

EVA

Awgghk!

SOLO

(examining what happened)

Clever little thing, isn't it? Puts a slug in both victim AND gunman!

(looking at Eva reproachfully)

And the old girl seemed so fond of you, too. Still, I suppose dead frauleins tell no tales... eh?

And picking the slug from the woodwork with a knife, he tosses it to Eva. Eva, who is suffering definitely mixed emotions, opens and shuts her mouth several times, then falls over in a dead faint.

Solo just manages to catch her. As he does, the door opens and in slips Illya.

Illya stares at the girl in the elaborate negligee, falling all over Solo.

SOLO

Oh, good. Get that little man out of the washroom and we'll have just enough for a hand of bridge.

ILLYA

Sorry. He's lying over the washbasin in there - shot four times through the stomach - murdered.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

75

The door to the compartment of the well-to-do middle-aged American couple opens again. The American woman, in peignoir et al, comes out again, looking very peculiar. Obviously uncomfortable, she staggers down the corridor.

She reaches the washroom and weakly enters it.

INT. WASHROOM - NIGHT

76

The light is off and this annoys her. She looks about, sees the other door, pushes it open and...

...once again a man's body falls on her. That of the Little Man. She sees what it is... and again she SCREAMS.

AMERICAN WOMAN

Awgghk!

77-79 OUT

INT. SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

80

The last scream penetrates to the fainting consciousness of the fair Eva and she "comes to" with a start. Illya is peering out door at the corridor.

ILLYA (mildly - peering) Somehow I don't think that lady from Kansas feels well. That's the second body she's discovered in there tonight.

EVA (terrified)
Second body...?! WHAT "second body?"

SOLO
The little man in the bar. The one who was talking to our friend, Madame Nemirovitch?

He tosses the gun to Illya, who closes the door. Eva is confused and distressed.

No - I...don't believe any of this! Two bodies --!

A thought strikes her.

Vienna-Venice Affair 10-18-65

No, not two...THREE bodies. SURE Herr von Kriedl is also dead by now. He looked AWFUL.

80 CONT D (2)

SOLO (fairly) ... We can't blame anybody for him except the Tram and Bus Line.

SOLO
Well, three bodies down and let's hope we don't have three to go.
Where do we look next?

EVA (startled)

For what?

SOLO

We are searching, dear girl, for a capsule about this large. If Madame Nemirovitch manages to get it to Venice, we might as well all scuttle ourselves in the nearest gondola, singing the Barcarolle in three parts.

ILLYA

Could it be in a piece of jewelry perhaps? He mentioned a ring, or a brooch, or a pin ...

ILLYA (to Eva)

She <u>has</u> jewels?

EVA (morosely)

Famous ones - and carries them with her, always.

SOLO:

Mr. Kuryakin is not unknown as a cat burglar.

Eva is still self-questioning.

:EVA

It's all so terrible. I've always worshipped Madame Nemirovitch. can't believe she's this kind of woman.

(suddenly) What if I went to her and appealed to her better nature?

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE 10-18-65 Chgs P.54 SOLO 80 She hasn't carried that around CONT D with her in years. (3) (he is at the window, looking out, preparing to depart) EVA What can I do to help? SOLO Stay in here, quietly, and think relaxing thoughts while we climb over the roof. The old girl thinks you're dead. I wouldn't disillusion her for the world. And keep the door locked. He throws up the window. An icy blast comes in. Illya shivers and sneezes. SOLO (politely) After you, Alfonse? Illya reluctantly goes to the window and nimbly throws himself out and to the side. follows, Eva watches, terrified. 81-82 TUO EXT. TRAIN - (STOCK) - NIGHT 82XI The train rushes through the night, blowing its whistle. 83 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT -As it shakes and rumbles through the blizzard, Illya climbs to the roof, Solo after him. 83XI EXT. TRAIN ROOF - NIGHT The wind, the cold, the motion of the train all act against the boys. Illya is in the lead, Solo following. Suddenly a movement of the train causes Illya to lose his hold. Wildly he scrambles for something to grab onto but fails. In another second he would be over the side and fallen off but Solo seizes his legs just in time. However...

The state of the s

10-18-65 EXT. TRAIN - CLOSER SHOT - NIGHT 83X2 for a moment or two Illya hangs upside down looking into a window. EXT TRAIN - MODEL'S COMPARTMENT - WINDOW - NIGHT **基础的基础设计,并且由于自己的**,并且是自己的。 The Model Girl is staring somewhat morosely out the window at the night. Suddenly she sees Illya. She is startled, reverses her head to see who it is, then recognizing him, waves excitedly, beckoning him to come in. Illya manages to wave back but is promptly hauled top-side by Solo. EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - NIGHT Illya and Solo continue down the roof, moving cautiously. OUT EXT. TOP OF TRAIN - NIGHT 89 Illya peering over the side, comes to the conclusion they have reached the compartment of Madame Nemirovitch. He points down to Solo and Solo nods. They prepare to descend. They are equipped with fragile appearing but immensely strong line which lets them descend with a fair amount of control. INT. MADAME NEMIROVITCH'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 89X1 The box of chocolates is next to Madame and she takes one, holding it in her hand. EXT. SIDE OF TRAIN - NIGHT 90 Solo and Illya drop alongside the window of Madam .Nemirovitch. The window is down and the shade also.

Vienna-Venice Affair ~

Vienna-Venice Afrair --UNCLE 10-18-65 Chgs-P.56-5 CLOSER SHOT 91 Solo inserts a small blade under the window plus a "raising" device. INT. MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT 91X1 Madame hears a faint noise. She looks at the window. She moves easily to turn off the light. There is still some light in the compartment, however. She sees... INSERT - WINDOW 91X2 ... a small knife come through the window and the window begin, slowly, to inch up. WIDER ANGLE 91X3 Madame Nemirovitch regards the whole thing with calm interest, putting the chocolates quietly to one side. 92 OU EXT. SIDE OF TRAIN - NIGHT 93 Solo has the window almost open now. As with most train windows, it is quite broad, enabling both Solo and Illya to enter. They raise the blind cautiously, then both put a leg in the compartment and enter. 94 INT. MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT They slide silently into the compartment. Suddenly the light is switched back on.

WIDER ANGLE 95

Her sables pulled about her against the icy wind from the open window, Madame Nemirovitch regards her incruders with somewhat wry amusement.

MADAME

It can't be romance, so I presume you're after my jewels.

She runs a hand through the jewel box lightly and from it produces a small revolver which she points directly at the boys.

SOLO

I hoped you'd be asleep.

MADAME (with wry gaiety)
I never sleep. Like Cerberus, I
guard the gates of hell twenty-four
hours a day.

SOLO

I'm not surprised.

(nodding to the gun)
That won't do you any good, madame.
We're both far quicker than you are.

MADAME (with a shrug and a smile)

Perhaps...but if you don't mind.. indulge me.

(she waves the gun at them professionally)

.. It gives me something to do with my hands.

(nodding to the chocolates)
Care for a chocolate? I can highly recommend/the ones in silver foil.

(she looks)
Oh, - there's only one left! I am a greedy thing. They do say, as one gets older, greed and avarice become the ruling passions of one's life.

SOLO

It's neither chocolates nor jewels we're after.

MADAME

Then you're making a mistake. They are BOTH first class.

ILLYA

Where is the capsule, madame?

95 CONT'D (2)

MADAME

Capsule? I never take sleeping drugs.

ILLYA

Whatever it's in - capsule, ring, one of your pearls - we don't care. Just.. hand it over.

MADAME (smiling)
All my life people have been trying
to get my business secrets away from
me. They've suborned my chemists and
ransacked my files. But no one's yet
gotten as much as my formula for vanishing cream!

SOLO

There's always a first time. We're deadly serious, Madame.

MADAME

Suddenly Solo would make a grab toward her but Madame's lethal little gun (silencer attached) "pings" right beside his ear.

MADAME

..naughty Mr. Solo! If you stop amusing me, I have no compunction at all in murdering two jewel thieves in self-defense.

SOLO

You wouldn't dare shoot us. You couldn't afford to. No one would believe you.

MADAME

I have WITNESSES you tried to terrorize me and steal my emeralds.

SOLO

Witnesses ..?

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCUE Chgs. 10-18-65 P.60

Madame suddenly moves back to the door, throws it open to the corridor and calls...

95 CONT¹D (3)

MADAME

Boys.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

95X1

There are distant SOUNDS of merrymaking from whereever the ski party has wandered. The door of the Two German Tourists suddenly flies open and the Two German Tourists pop out, huge onion sandwiches in their hands, and crowd around Madame who is facing the compartment, Solo and Illya.

GERMAN

. Ja..?

MADAME

You were with me, playing parchesi, when these two young men broke in and tried to rob me of my jewels at gunpoint.

GERMAN TOURIST (frowning at Solo and Illya)

Ja: TERRIBLE class of traveller on trains these days: Terrible:

ANOTHER ANGLE

96

The conductor has just appeared at the end of the corridor.

GERMAN TOURIST

Herr Shaffner!

CONDUCTOR

Ja..ja? Madame? You are all right?

MADAME (gaily)

We have caught the KILLERS for you.

CONDUCTOR

Who? The what..?

He hurries forward.

WIDER ANGLE 97

Madame throws back her sables, and with her gun points to Solo and Illya..

MADAME
THERE are your ASSASSINS!

FADE OUT:

END ACT THREE

FADE IN: INT. BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT

98

In that portion of the baggage car which is barred, generally set apart for the safety of insured or particularly valuable goods, Solo and Illya are now locked. It is fairly commodious but hardly luxurious. They are looking for an idea, some suggestion, however wild, as to how to escape their imprisonment. Solo inspects the bars, Illya is looking at the lock, windows, etc.

SOLO (concentrating)
You bring the pocket detonator?

ILLYA
We left so fast, it's still in
the hotel. How did I know we're
going to take a train ride?

SOLO (peering at the bars fixed in the wood)
The electronic screwdriver?

ILLYA

Same place.

SOLO
Didn't you bring anything?

ILLYA

Didn't you?

(he sneezes violently. He glares across at the two covered corpses)

If we don't get out of here soon, I'm going to be as stiff as they are!

(he shivers)
I don't understand WHY that
conductor believed Madame Nemirovitch instead of US.

Solo has an idea and he concentrates now on the way the iron bars of their "cage" are fastened into the wooden floor. -

10-10-05

SOLO -

Madame has an unusually honest face
...even if it is the result of
triumphant plastic surgery.
(turning to Illya)

98 CONT'D (2)

£7,53

What about your flame thrower? You brought that?

Illya looks at Solo and shakes his head, but searches his pockets anyway. He produces a used book of paper matches.

ILLYA (shivering)

Only these. I feel like the Little Match Girl.

SOLO (looking at something) The floor's wooden. If we can burn it and loosen the bars --

Illya looks at the paper book of matches.

ILLYA

With one book of matches?

But Solo has seen something else.

SOLO

No - but we could with that.

POV SHOT - CASES

98X1

Several cases of cognac (clearly marked) are at one side of the baggage car. They are just out of reach of the boys.

WIDER ANGLE

98x2

SOLO

That stuff is just as inflammable as gasoline. I know.

(struggling to reach it)

I once lost my eyebrows having cherries jubilee.

A VOICE

There you are!

WIDER ANGLE 99

The Model Girl has appeared. She looks reproachfully at Illya.

MODEL GIRL
I waited and waited and WAITED.
I thought you were coming BACK.
I looked EVERYWHERE. It's almost
New Year's. Everyone's getting
together in the BAR.

Nothing I'd like better. However --

She tries the gate. It is firm. Solo is still trying to reach the cognac.

MODEL GIRL
You're locked in! Now who did
that! I hate practical jokers!
Where's the key! Shall I call
the conductor?

SOLO (coaxingly)
No, no. That won't be necessary.
If you could just hand us one or two
of those bottles, everything will be
all right.

He points to the cognac, looking at her hopefully. The Model Girl looks, sees what Solo has been struggling to reach. She gives a little squeal of delight.

MODEL GIRL (opening the crate)
Brandy? Dandy! We can have OUR party HERE!

She grabs the bottles and happily swings a couple of them over to Solo and Illya.

ILLYA (intimately - with charm)
And Soda?

He pulls her to him through the bars and puts a finger coaxingly under her chin. The Model Girl succumbs to this treatment almost violently. Solo hastily smashes the tops of the bottles and gets to work.

ILLYA

Get us a few bottles from the bar? After all, I'd hate to go up in smoke. Vienna-Venice Affair Chgs. 10-18-65

MODEL GIRL (protesting)
You won't. That's good brandy.

99 CONT'D (2)

UNULL

- P,64A

ILLYA (intimately)
But I burst into flames with
very little encouragement.
(with charm)
Two BIG bottles?

Solo is working furiously at pouring the cognac into the holes around the iron bars.

SOLO FOUR...and FAST.

MODEL GIRL (dazed by Illya)

Four...

She darts off after the soda...Illya hands his matches to Solo and Solo lights the cognac. At first it is a small flame and they both bend over it, encouraging it.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

100

Madame Nemirovitch, a perfume atomizer in one hand, stands slightly back in front of Solo's compartment as the two German Tourists flank her. One of them (FRITZ) knocks on the door.

FRITZ (in a low voice)
Fraulein Eva ... Fraulein Eva ...

INT. SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT.

101

Eva is huddled in the compartment, almost hypnotized

by fright. She starts uncertainly.

101 CONT'D (2)

FRITZ'S VOICE (whispering)

Fraulein Eva ... I bring a message from Mr. Solo ...

Eva presses a terrified and uncertain hand over her mouth.

FRITZ'S VOICE (more

insistently) Fraulein EVA ... It is a matter of life and DEATH!

Eva takes her courage in hand and advances to the door. She clutches the peignoir, dripping with Valenciennes lace.

FRITZ'S VOICE

Fraulein Eva ...?

EVA (at door uncertainly, in a whisper)

Yes?

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

102

Madame and the German Tourist exchange glances of satisfaction. Madame raises the atomizer.

FRITZ

Mr. Solo is imprisoned in the BAGGAGE car. You must HELP him. He cannot get AWAY. He will be MURDERED.

INT. SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

103

Eva gasps.

The state of the s

EVA

Mur ...

FRITZ'S VOICE

Hurry ... Hurry ... there is no time to lose ... they are AFTER him NOW ...

Eva hesitates, then, being a courageous girl, she She undoes the door, opens it and ... decides.

WIDER ANGLE

104

...finds in front of her Madame Nemirovitch and the two Corman Tourists.

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Chgs. 10-18-65 P.66

Eva gasps and retreats, pulling the peignoir up about her as if it were a protective blanket or shield. She throws herself back into the far corner of the bed, eyes nearly starting out of her head from terror. 104 CONT D (2)

Madame comes in and nods to the German tourists.

MADAME (to Fritz and

Hans)

Thank you. I can handle everything now.

She waves them out and sits, looking at the girl.

MADAME

I hope you realize there has been nothing...personal...in all this. As a matter of fact I experienced a tiny moment of regret over your fate. Tiny...but a moment.

She takes out her cigarettes and lights one.

MADAME

I don't HAVE many moments like that, I assure you.

EVA (in a small voice, staring at Madame)
All my life I've dreamt of knowing you some day...of fashioning my life like yours...

(on a lost, emotional note)

(on a lost, emotional note)
I thought you the greatest woman
...in the world...

Madame looks at her. She looks down at the atomizer in her hand, adjusts the head. Then...after a moment as the girl continues to stare at her...

MADAME

Life being what it is...frequently cruel...always painful...after all, for a child such as yourself, this may be the kindest way...

EVA

What do you mean?

MADAME (holding up the atomizer) One half is "Nemirovitch Number Nine" -- the other half is not as abrupt as prussic acid...but in the and it is as effective. Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Chgs. 10-18-65 P.67

She looks at the girl.

104 CONT'D (3)

MADAME (in a low voice)
I am...sorry...

As she raises the atomizer...

ANOTHER ANGLE

104x1

...the train lurches and through the improperly fastened door, falls the Model Girl...laugning gaily. She sprays one of the siphons in the air without meaning to.

Whoops: Sorry...

But as she struggles to right herself, four bottles of siphon in her hands, Eva makes a dash for the door and struggles to get past the girl.

Madame is right after her.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - NIGHT

104X2

Illya and Solo are battling at the flames which by now are out of hand, threatening to burn down the entire car. Solo's plan has worked...all too well.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

104X3

The Model Girl is gone, Eva is fleeing down the corridor, Madame after her. But suddenly Eva looks ahead to see -

POV SHOT

104X4

Fritz and Hans coming from the opposite end of the corridor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

104X5

Eva stops, petrified, caught between the approaching men ahead and Madame behind her.

105-106 OUT

INT. BACGAGE CAR - NICHT

Solo and Illya are working furiously, pouring the cognac around the iron bars and at the same time trying to beat down the flames with their coats, et al.

MODEL GIRL (running in) Here's the soda! Oh what a DIVINE bouquet!

(she sees the flames)
What are you DOING? I thought we were having a PARTY!

Suddenly she too is nearly enveloped in the flames.

SOLO (calling through the flames and smoke) SODA! Front and center.

Illya and Solo grab the siphons from the girl and spray the entire area with soda, keeping the flames back.

Solo with his coat, manages to try one of the iron bars. It is loose!

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

107X1

107

Eva backs down the corridor, searching for an open door - anything -

EVA

No...No...

MADAME (intent)

Get IN there ...:

Eva would make a break for it but as she tries to run Fritz and Hans intercept her. However at the same moment Madame sees

ANOTHER ANGLE

107X2

Running up from the far end of the corridor Solo followed by Illya.

Madame gasps.

MADAME

Fritz! Hans!

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Chgs. 10-18-65 P.69

Madame backs up. Fritz and Hans turn, see Solo and Illya. Fritz and Hans release Eva to do battle with Solo and Illya.

107X2 CONT³D (2)

Madame jerks Eva with her, back up the corridor.

108-111 OUT

INT. FOYER BETWEEN CARS - NIGHT

111X1

Solo ploughs through Fritz and Hans to throw himself on Madame. His tackle catches her just as she would enter the foyer. She drops the atomizer. Eva hurries to seize it.

Madame however, jerks away from Solo and grabs the atomizer back as Solo reaches Eva, putting himself between Madame and the girl.

Madame retreats the other way now, back toward her compartment.

11X2-113 OUT

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

113X1

Singing from the bar is loudly audible. At the far end of the corridor Fritz and Hans are battling Illya.

ANOTHER ANGLE

114

The Model Girl, smudged, her bangs scorched, appears, one of the large siphons in her hand.

She sees Illya being beaten by Fritz and Hans and promptly hits Fritz over the head with the siphon. He goes down like a felled tree and Illya immediately dispatches Hans with a karate stroke.

CLOSER SHOT

114X1

Madame raises her atomizer protectively as Solo closes in.

SOLO

Where is it? Where have you hidden the <u>culture</u>!?

Vienna-Venice Affair Chgs. 10-18-65

EVA (warningly)
The atomizer: - Watch out!

114X1 CONT'D (2)

As Madame tries to use the atomizer on Solo, he grabs her arms.

SOLO

Where!?

INT. MADAME'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

--1.15

Solo's inadvertent grasping of Madame's arms twists the atomizer and as Madame presses the bulb she receives the full strength of the atomizer directly in her face. Behind them, singing and dancing down the corridor, wearing paper hats, dart the skiers. The poison gas immediately affects Madame...She gasps for breath...clutching at her side...She glares at them...her youthful appearance suddenly fled...the years rolling back over her, like an evening tide.

EVA (in sorrow and regret)
Madame Nemirovitch...:

CLOSER SHOT

115X1

Solo grabs Madame

SOLO (intent)
Tell me where it is:

Madame pulls herself away, smiling at him, though it is rather a death-like smile.

MADAME

Always so serious, Mr. Solo. Such a one-track mind.

Solo shakes her.

EVA (seeing what is happening)
Please...she's...dying...

Illya moves forward to examine her, does so, nods agreement to Solo.

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INT. COMPARIMENT - NIGHT

115X4

The American Woman sticks her head in, looks about eagerly.

AMERICAN WOMAN

It's midnight!

(screaming gaily)
Happy New Year everybody:

All at once the corridor is a riot of thrown serpentine, confetti, balloons et al and the BLARE of paper horns and noisemakers.

Suddenly she sees the dead body of Madame. She reacts - not again:

INT. SOLO'S COMPARTMENT - DAY

116

The blizzard is still snowing furiously and one can't see a thing outside the windows but Solo and Eva, the Model Girl and Illya are looking out happily enough.

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE
(in corridor)
Venice, Wenedig, Venezia...

EVA
If it WASN'T snowing, what could we see THERE?

SOLO
On a clear day, in the distance,
St. Marks. Perhaps.

EVA
It's so exciting. You WILL take
me in a gondola?

SOLO
I was thinking more of a little motor boat.

EVA (her face fallen)
Motor boat? But that's so
unromantic.

ILLYA (looking up)
Not with Mr. Solo. He finds gondolas
much too slow.

EVA (wide-eyed)

Do you?

Vienna-Venice Allait Chgs. 10-18-65 P.71

115X1

(2)

CONT'D

MADAME

That's the first acute observation you've made since we've met, my dear. Keep practicing. Otherwise I tremble for your...

(she looks for her chocolates)

...future...

(seeing the box)

...hand me those.

Illya hands her the chocolates.

SOLO (intent)
WHERE, Madame Nemirovitch? The
culture can't do you any good now...

MADAME

Please don't trouble my last moments with silly detail, Mr. Solo. I have lived grandly after a fashion - (she manages a smile)
..I've rather a fancy to die the same way. Has anyone a cigarette?

But her breath is coming in terrible gasps now.

MADAME

- A glass of champagne, too, would be most welcome...though I suppose.. (she makes a grimace but

(she makes a grimace but struggles on)

...there isn't really time...

(holding up the chocolates)
...a chocolate...yes? Mr. Solo?
No - well, then I'll have the LAST
one...in silver foil...

Without even pausing to remove the silver foil she pops it into her mouth, chomps on it, then laughs in Solo's face. With a sudden intuitive understanding, Solo reaches for her...almost as if to pull open her mouth...

MADAME (enjoying this hugely)
I offered it, Mr. Solo. Now,
you're too late. I have...swallowed

you're too late. I have...swallowed it.

With one final wrenching gasp, it is over. Madame is dead.

115X2-115X3 OUT

Vienna-Venice Affair UNCLE Chgs. 10-18-65 P.73-74

SOLO (amiably)
Yes. You'll see. In a speed boat
I get a lot farther...
(edging up to Eva)
... a LOT quicker!

116 CONT'D (2)

As he smiles at her...

S 01

FADE OUT:

THE END

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