

The Man From

U. N. C. L. E.

THE MINUS X AFFAIR

Prod. #8419

A
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
TELEVISION
Presentation

Produced by
ARENA PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Executive Producer:
Norman Felton

Producer:
Boris Ingster

Written by:
Peter Allan Fields

February 24, 1966

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Minus X Affair"

Prod. #8419

Please make the following name change:

FROM:

TO:

CAPTAIN ALVIN R. WHITTAKER

LIEUTENANT ALLEN B. WHITTAKER

The Man From

U.N.C.L.E.

"The Minus X Affair"

Prod. #8419

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. N.Y. HOSPITAL - FULL SHOT - (STOCK) - ESTABLISHING -
DAY

1

the massive grey structure, not unlike Bellevue Hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. BARREN OPERATING THEATER - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

2

of SOLO, ILLYA and WAVERLY, as they stare downward and
PAST CAMERA toward an area behind and below us. There
is a railing in front of them.

WAVERLY (depressed)

Rather unpleasant, you know, having
to be shielded against one's own
operative.

SOLO (incredulous)

You mean he's violent?

WAVERLY (disgusted by
the whole affair)

Oh, I don't know. Thrush captures an
Uncle agent....works on him for three
or four days....Doctor says he could
be violent. I don't know.

REVERSE ANGLE

Solo, Illya and Waverly stand with their backs to us in
F.G., looking down through a glass partition into a barren
circular room several feet below, into which an ORDERLY now
escorts a half-euphoric, half-confused man, named LOUIS.
Louis sniffs at the air about him. His face lights up. As
he speaks, his VOICE will come to us slightly FILTERED
because of the glass partition.

LOUIS (to himself - to
anyone)
Oooh....somebody was in here a while
ago....smell the anaesthetic....
(he runs fingers lightly,
experimentally, along wall)
...and they've used oil base paint in
here. Four times they've painted this.
You can feel the four layers...
(to Orderly)
...Wanna feel?

3
CONT'D
(2)

INTERCUTS - SOLO, ILLYA, WAVERLY - LOUIS

4

ILLYA (to Solo - softly)
...Doctor says he's completely
irrational, but with abnormally acute
senses....sight, smell, hearing.....

Despite the fact that Illya's voice was low, Louis hears him quite clearly. He suddenly grows absolutely furious, and points an accusatory finger up at Illya. His look, his entire demeanor, reflect an irrational, if not completely unglued, state of mind.

LOUIS (to Illya through
glass)
I heard you! I heard what you said,
Mister!

SOLO
'Mister'? Louis, it's me...Napoleon
....and Illya.
(as Louis ignores him)
...Louis!

WAVERLY (resigned sigh)
Forget it, Mr. Solo. One more Thrush
(beat)
plaything...one less Uncle agent.

LOUIS (pointing at Waverly)
You there...You smoke a pipe, don't you?
(accusingly)
That's an awfully foul tobacco I smell
on your jacket.
(to Solo)
...And you in the middle. You've been
out with a blonde...

(Cont.)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

(to Orderly)

...See that strand of pretty blonde
hair on his shoulder?....

(starts grinning - gets jubilant)

...That's very good! That's marvelous!

(grin disappears; immediately
glowers at everything)

4

CONT'D

(2)

The Orderly has looked at his watch, and comes to take hold of Louis' arm to lead him away. But Louis - suddenly frightened of being touched - backs off. As the Orderly follows him, he begins literally running around the circular room.

INTERCUTS - SOLO, ILLYA AND WAVERLY

5

ILLYA (very softly,
piecing it together)

All five of his senses magnified far
beyond the norm....Could Thrush have
used him, I wonder, as a sort of....
guinea pig? Some experiment that
partially failed and left him.....

(sickened)

...like that?

Louis is still scurrying around the room, as we:

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. STEMMLER'S LAB - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

6

as some little white mice scurry around in a transparent box. CAMERA NOW TILTS UPWARD to discover PROFESSOR LILLIAN STEMMLER, as she works over a lab table upon which the box rests. Stemmler is a slim, taut woman whose very appearance is a paradox: her clothing (beneath the white smock, which she removes during this scene) is utterly feminine; yet, her clipped speech and disattached demeanor reflect the no-nonsense, almost a social outlook of the Compleat Scientist.

STEMMLER (watching mice)

I'm sorry, gentlemen....Not only have
I never heard of....

(grotes for name)

....Thrush....

ILLYA

6

CONT'D

(2) -

But when your Plus X drug is finalized, Professor Stemmler, it will supposedly stimulate the senses, will it not?

STEMMLER (tired; removes smock and goes to hang it up)
How many poor souls are called mentally retarded, simply because they lack those certain senses....those facultiessome of them indefinable, really... which so-called 'ordinary' persons possess? Plus X will, we hope, stimulate those faculties; yes.

SOLO (moving to bolted door)
Professor, you've mentioned that your development lab was broken into a few days ago. Now isn't it possible.....

STEMMLER (interrupting)
That some of the Plus X was stolen?...
(a semi-tolerant smile)
...Oh, I hardly think so. Of course, I really haven't had the time since then to go through all my....

Stemmler is cut off in mid-sentence by the O.S. SOUND of something heavy thudding to the floor in the area beyond the bolted door.

CLOSE SHOT - SOLO, ILLYA AND STEMMLER

7

They all stiffen, and regard each other quizzically. Unless the equipment on the other side of that door is moving around by itself, it's obvious that somebody is in there with it. Calmly, but instantaneously and in a unison born of long experience, Solo and Illya draw their weapons.

SOLO (whispers to Stemmler)
That room have a window?

STEMMLER (less terse, less sure of herself now)
Well...yes, but...there's no balcony, no fire escape. No one could get in through the....

ANGLE WIDENS to discover Solo and Illya, as they stand facing her at the side of the lab table. In B.G. are a few other box-like cages, a small lounge area, and a bolted door.

6
CONT'D
(A2)

STEMMLER (cont'd; looking
up at them now for emphasis)
...but as any reputable scientific
journal will tell you, my Plus X drug
is hardly ready for testing on human
beings.

EXT. ALLEY BELOW LAB - MED. SHOT - DAY

10

as Solo dashes, gun in hand, around the corner from the street into the alley. He stops dead in F.G., peering PAST CAMERA into the alley.

REVERSE ANGLE

11

Midway down the narrow alley, and directly under the lab window through which SMOKE is now pouring, is a truck of the type used by telephone companies to repair their lines. There is a DRIVER behind the wheel, and a ladder extends upward from the rear of the truck to the lab window. The Second Man, whose head and shoulders were visible to Illya, is still atop the ladder. He is coughing from the smoke.

CLOSE SHOT - DRIVER

12

Reacting to Solo's appearance at the head of the alley, he hurriedly starts the engine and throws it into gear.

LONG SHOT - FROM ABOVE

13

The Second Man (atop the ladder) is in immediate F.G., and both he and CAMERA look down to see Solo in the alleyway. The Second Man FIRES at Solo, who has quickly dodged behind some garbage cans, and now jumps out again to return the FIRE.

REVERSE ANGLE

14

Solo, his back to us in F.G., has hit the Second Man, and he's just sort of dangling there on top of the ladder as the Driver guns the truck forward.

INTERCUTS - SOLO - ONCOMING TRUCK

15

The alley is narrow, the truck is bearing down on him with a determined Driver behind the wheel, and Solo doesn't have any place to run. As he edges toward one side of the alley, the truck swerves slightly so as to keep him a dead center target. Solo is now very nervous. With the truck only a few feet from him, he makes a last-ditch dive toward the garbage cans on the opposite side. Solo is in mid-air, as we:

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. STEMMLER'S LAB - VERY CLOSE SHOT - DAY

15

of the outer door of the lab, just as it opens to reveal Solo re-entering. He stands facing us with tie askew, face well bruised, and suit disheveled.

SOLO (feels awful)

Boy, that was a heavy truck.

REVERSE ANGLE

17

as Solo walks into the lab to join Illya and Stemmler. She is obviously not used to seeing shoot-outs in her laboratory, and her naturally authoritative crispness has given way - for the moment, at least - to a passive, almost numb, demeanor. Illya pauses in his thoughtful pacing near the lab table, to look Solo up and down somewhat distastefully.

ILLYA (with jaundiced eye)

You keep on ruining suits like that every three or four days, and we're all going to have our clothing allowances cut.

MED. SHOT - GROUP

18

Stemmler is troubled, perplexed, nervous as Solo turns to her, and:

SOLO (faint smile)

As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted; isn't it possible now, Professor, that they took some of your Plus X the last time?

STEMMLER (thoughtfully)

Well if they did, they certainly must have seen that it isn't perfected yet. So why in heaven's name would they come back again today to steal my lab equipment?

SOLO

Well frankly, Professor, I think that if we hadn't barged in on the little rascals, they'd have stolen more than just your equipment. I think they'd have stolen you as well....

(notices Illya pulling out his communicator)

...with the idea, perhaps, of forcing you to perfect your drug under their auspices...

ILLYA (into communicator)

Channel D, please...direct line.....
Number One, Section One....

STEMMLER (to Solo;
indignant)

That's preposterous. I'm not the type to be forced, young man; at any time, into anything. And as for even suggesting that I'd allow the Plus X to be exploited for some....some criminal thing; why....

ILLYA (into communicator)

Mr. Waverly....

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. WAVERLY'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

19

of Waverly, as he sits at his communications panel.

WAVERLY

Go ahead, Mr. Kuryakin.

INTERCUTS - WAVERLY'S OFFICE - STEMMLER'S LAB

20

ILLYA (into communicator)

Sir, I'm afraid our suppositions were correct. We'd be well advised, I think, to institute a 'Survey and Protect' on Professor Stemmler, commencing immediately.

WAVERLY

I see. All right, I'll authorize the 'Survey and Protect', effective at once. Meanwhile, I want one of you to stay with the Professor and the other to get back here immediately with a report for Intelligence.

20
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Yes sir. I'll be in directly. Napoleon can stay here and rest up a bit.

WAVERLY

Rest? From what?

ILLYA

Eh...he was run over by a truck, sir. A small one.

WAVERLY (not surprised)

Oh, really...

(with tired resignation)

...Well, I assume that means our dry cleaning bill is going up again.

(annoyed)

...We're not made of money, you know.
(switches off)

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO AND ILLYA

21

as Illya pockets his communicator, he favors Solo with an 'I told-ya-so' stare. Then (trying to suppress a smile at Solo's look of righteous indignation) Illya heads for the door. ANGLE WIDENS to include Stemmler, as Illya opens the door to leave.

ILLYA (to Stemmler -
reassuring)

We'll do all we can, Professor.
You'll be well guarded, I assure you.

STEMMLER (crisply)

Thank you; but I'd feel much better if someone could tell me just what this Thrush organization might possibly want my Plus X drug for.

ILLYA

So would we, Professor.
(exits)

ANGLE ON SOLO AND STEMLER

22

SOLO (gingerly)
Professor Stemmler; I realize that
you're eh....not the type to be forced
into anything. But Thrush does come
up with some unexpected little cuties
now and then; such as getting hold of
someone very dear to you....a relative,
perhaps...and threatening that person
with harm unless you....

CLOSE INTERCUTS - SOLO - STEMLER

23

STEMMLER (interrupting -
a bit too tersely)
There is no such person in my life, I
assure you....
(a brief pause - more softly)
...and certainly no relatives.

SOLO (quite calm)
No relatives? No...
(beat)
...daughter, Professor Stemmler?

Stemmler's reaction is one of utter shock. But, too bright
to remain nonplussed for more than an instant, she composes
herself quickly. Obviously he knows of her daughter's
existence, and that's that.

SOLO (cont'd)
Our research department is disturb-
ingly thorough. Nevertheless, it was
a bit surprising to learn that the
famous lady scientist has a twenty-
three year old daughter whom she's
apparently never mentioned.....to
anyone. You, eh...left her about...
(recalling)
...eleven years ago, wasn't it?

As they speak, CAMERA MOVES PAST them toward a fire alarm
box on the wall.

STEMMLER (a strange softness)
Yes....Eleven years.
(then, hard; cold)
I feel no obligation to discuss
either my private life or my personal
motivations with you, Mr. Solo.

CAMERA HAS MOVED IN ON the fire alarm box. Concealed inside, is a miniature transmitting and receiving device.

23
CONT'D
(2)

SOLO'S VOICE (O.S.;
gently)
Professor, I couldn't care less about
either. What concerns me now is that --

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

24

of the radio receiver through which Solo's voice is being heard. And as he speaks, CAMERA PULLS BACK AND TILTS UPWARD TO A TWO SHOT of ARTHUR ROLLO, and his ASSISTANT. The Assistant is a fairly young, well set up fellow with an all-business attitude. The forty-five year old Rollo, however, is a different type altogether: tall, lean, impeccably attired, he gives the impression of a soft spoken, utterly relaxed bon vivant - until we see how quick, how catlike, are his movements. He is a leader; one good enough and secure enough in his leadership not to feel the need to broadcast it.

SOLO'S VOICE (cont'd;
(filtered)
-- Thrush might get hold of your
daughter...

STEMMLER'S VOICE (inter-
rupts - filtered)
I haven't seen Leslie once in those
eleven years. Nobody even knows she
exists....

Rollo and the Assistant exchange arched eyebrows.
Obviously, they didn't know.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. STEMMLER'S LAB - SOLO AND STEMMLER

25

STEMMLER (cont'd)
...I send her money to live on, and
from what I hear she lives not wisely,
perhaps, but....quite well. She does
(Cont.)

STEMMLER (CONT'D)

what she pleases, goes where she pleases....

(it gnaws at her)

...I just send money.

25
CONT'D
(2)

Solo can see that Leslie is indeed a chink in the otherwise impenetrable armor of Stemmler's frigid, detached manner.

SOLO (quietly)

If our research people were able to find out about her, Professor..... perhaps Thrush will, too.

ANGLE FAVORING STEMMLER

26

She has a moment of pained indecision. We may wonder why she hasn't seen her daughter in eleven years, but we cannot doubt her genuine concern for the girl.

STEMMLER (with a deep

sigh - almost like a confession)

The last check I sent was in care of American Express, Acapulco. She goes under the name of Bennett....

(a bitter twinge)

...you'll find her, I'm sure, in whichever one of Acapulco's bistros is being favored by the jet-set this season.

SOLO

I promise you she won't even know she's being watched. My friend Kuryakin is pretty good at that sort of thing.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

27

as Rollo flicks off the listening device and stares straight ahead, lost in thought, as his Assistant waits.

ROLLO (to himself)

A daughter named Leslie; well, well,
well....

(rises - gets down to business)

...Wire Acapulco. With Uncle guarding
the good Professor so fervently, we
might do well to take Mr. Solo's
suggestion and make some use of that
hitherto nonexistent daughter.

27
CCNT'D
(2)

ANGLE WIDENS as the Assistant nods and starts to leave the
room.

ROLLO (cont'd)

Also....

(as the Assistant stops; listens)

...that fellow Kuryakin.....Thrush
Central must have a dossier on him.
Ask them to wire his photo to our
people in Acapulco. Always a little
easier if one knows what the opposition
looks like.

The Assistant smiles, nods again, and exits, as we:

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

28

of a small, candid photograph of Illya, being held in a
man's hand. CAMERA PULLS BACK AND ANGLE WIDENS to dis-
cover Illya himself, as the MAITRE D' leads him to a
table in F.G. Through all this we are HEARING a small
combo, playing a LOUD, LATIN-TYPE frugue, or Watusi tune.
And O.S., we also HEAR the LAUGHTER and INTERMITTENT
APPLAUSE of people watching some kind of performance.

REVERSE ANGLE

29

We see that the hand holding the photo of Illya belongs
to a member of the combo, WHITTAKER, who now pockets the
photo with one hand as he continues to hold and play his
horn with the other. CAMERA PULLS BACKWARD AND PANS TO a
large table in this small Mexican bistro. Most of the
patrons are local folk; not too well dressed. But the
people at the large table are, by contrast, magnificently
dressed. They are, most probably, slumming. And it is

they who are doing the LAUGHING and APPLAUDING; for DANCING on top of their table is LESLIE. She is a lithe, loose-limbed girl who wears her Dior original with a haughty nonchalance that bespeaks her familiarity with 'the good life'. Her dancing is abandoned, her manner is the same. She carries a champagne bottle by the neck as she dances.

29
CONT'D
(2)

INTERCUTS - ILLYA - LESLIE'S GROUP - WHITTAKER

30

Illya has been seated right next to the musicians. Whittaker (as he plays) continues to look narrowly at Illya for a moment, then turns his attention back to Leslie. As the other members of his combo continue playing, he puts his trumpet down for a moment, and smiles greasily at Leslie. Leslie notes his smile, and returns it provocatively. Illya has not looked at Whittaker before, but now notes well the brief exchange between he and the girl. Also noting it is Leslie's ESCORT, who follows the gaze she's giving Whittaker, and doesn't like it. The dance ends, and Leslie jumps off the table toward her seat, amid great APPLAUSE.

LESLIE (to everyone -
loudly)
That's called The Acapulco Drag!

Everyone LAUGHS as Leslie takes her seat again, and the musicians RESUME PLAYING.

MED. SHOT

34

of Leslie's table, with Illya seated in immediate F.G. Now, and although he cannot hear it because of the music, he watches as Leslie's Escort apparently complains to her about flirting with the musician. Thoroughly unconcerned with her Escort's concern, the way Leslie carries herself as she answers reflects an utter disdain for the amenities. Over the MUSIC, we do hear a few of her words.

LESLIE (audible over
music - indicating Whittaker)
Well, I think he's darling, that's all...
(shrugs)
...and you know how I am, Henry....
(music blots out Escort's
interruption)
...Now, now, Henry....

(Cont.)

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(shakes finger at him)

...narrow minded millionaires don't
share little Leslie's champagne....

34

CONT'D

(2)

Music blots out the rest, but Escort looks as though he's about to burst. He finally says something drastic, for Leslie sits back in her seat and LAUGHS.

LESLIE (cont'd; gay;
unconcerned)

Well, nobody's keeping you, Sweet-
heart. I mean.....like whatever's
comfortable; you know.

For a moment, her Escort's torn between leaving and simply exploding with fury where he sits. But as Leslie turns and blows a little kiss toward Whittaker, it's the last straw for the Escort. Bounding to his irate feet, he flings a few bills onto the table and stalks out. As he goes, Leslie lifts her cocktail glass to his wide, departing back.

LESLIE (calling after him)

Ta ta, Henry....

35-38

OUT

ANGLE FAVORING WHITTAKER

39

As he plays, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a very small, dart-like object. Then, his eyes on Illya now, he fits the tiny dart into the mouthpiece of his horn. As he plays his next note, the dart is fired at Illya.

ANGLE ON ILLYA

40

Stung by the miniature dart, he slaps at the back of his neck as though bitten by a bug. He appears otherwise to be physically unaffected by the dart. But he knows where it came from. CAMERA NOW FOLLOWS his gaze to Whittaker.

INTERCUTS - ILLYA - WHITTAKER

41

They exchange glances, each knowing full well now what the other represents.

MED. SHOT

42

Whittaker and the other musicians are taking a break, and Leslie smiles a welcome to Whittaker as he approaches her table. CAMERA MOVES IN ON them.

WHITTAKER

I know a quiet, soft little spot where we could get acquainted, and...

(indicates champagne bottle)

...finish that off, and...start on something else, if you'd like.

With the same sly smile, Leslie reaches for the champagne bottle.

LESLIE

My, my, you are a speedy one, aren't you?....

(as she rises, slowly, with bottle)

...I remember last year at Garmisch, or Innsbruck, or Marienbad or one of those places...

(she puts her arm through his, and they leave the table)

...There were a couple of twinkle-toed little fellows just like you...

MED. SHOT

43

with Illya seated in F.G., as Leslie and Whittaker approach his table on their way out. Illya rises, and suddenly feels dizzy. By the time the couple is abreast of his table, Illya's weaving on his feet as though drunk, and rubbing the back of his neck - which is becoming stiff. With his other hand, however, he reaches out toward Leslie.

ILLYA (can barely speak)

Miss....

Leslie, believing Illya to be intoxicated, shuns him. Whittaker merely smiles at Illya's ineffectual effort. As they turn away from him to proceed, CAMERA HOLDS ON Illya as, furtively, he reaches into his pocket and pulls forth a small round monitoring device. CAMERA PANS TO WATCH Illya weave his way after Leslie and Whittaker, with the monitoring device cupped in his hand.

43
CONT'D
(2)

REVERSE ANGLE

44

As Leslie and Whittaker approach us in F.G., Illya catches up to them. He raises the hand that carries the device.

ILLYA (vocal chords
nearly paralyzed; breathing
hard)
Wait...you...
(indicating Whittaker)
...this man...

CLOSE SHOT - BACK OF LESLIE'S NECK

45

as Illya places his hand against the high neck of her dress, leaving the monitoring device stuck unobtrusively near the top.

MED. SHOT

46

as Leslie, really annoyed by Illya now, is grateful as Whittaker gently shoves the very weakened Illya out of the way, and starts to lead Leslie off again. Growing weaker by the moment, and being stared at now by patrons to whom he appears disgustingly intoxicated, he rubs his neck again, tries to shake the cobwebs out of his head, and stumbles after the pair. He is so wobbly by the time he catches them, that he knows his condition will render him ineffectual. But he must stop this thing. He draws his gun, which brings horrified REACTIONS from the other patrons. Leslie and Whittaker turn. At the sight of Illya's gun, Leslie gives a brief YELP of fright. Whittaker remains completely unflustered. He knows that Illya's had it.

ILLYA (haltingly to
Leslie)
...This man...your...
(can't hold his gun up; drops it)
...your mother...Professor Stemmler...

LESLIE (taken aback)

My mother!

46
CONT'D
(2)

Illya passes out. With complete lack of emotion, Whittaker surreptitiously takes a small pistol out of his own pocket.

LESLIE (gaping at Illya
- perplexed)

My mother....

As she speaks, Whittaker places his little gun right up against her.

WHITTAKER

I suggested a quiet place. I now reiterate that suggestion.

Leslie is too frightened to say a word. Immobilized, she lets the champagne bottle drop from her hand. It smashes as it hits the floor.

QUICK CUT TO:

47-48
OUT

INT. STEMMLER'S LAB - MED. SHOT - DAY

49

Stemmler brushes some broken glass off a shelf, as Solo watches her from a point near the lab table.

STEMMLER

My notes gone; my equipment; my samples
...It'll take months to reproduce the...

Stemmler is interrupted in mid-speech, and both she and Solo bound to their feet in surprise as a BOOMING VOICE (Rollo's) O.S. echoes through the room as though from some supernatural being.

ROLLO'S VOICE (filtered)

Professor Lillian Stemmler!...you will
listen carefully....

Regrouping his momentarily splattered faculties, Solo immediately draws his gun and begins peering around the room. (As the voice goes on, he will fling open both the inner lab door and the outside door, searching for the source of the voice.)

ROLLO'S VOICE (cont'd;
filtered)

49
CCNT'D
(2)

...Your daughter is our prisoner.
She was taken by us from Acapulco last
night and is presently resting com-
fortably with a very soft gun at her
very soft young head. That gun will
go off, Professor, unless we receive
the cooperation we require....

CLOSE SHOT - STEMMLER

50

Her usually frozen face reflects confusion and despair.

STEMMLER (to herself)

Leslie?....

ANGLE WIDENS, as Solo finds the fire alarm box, opens it,
and gestures Stemmler's attention to it.

ROLLO'S VOICE (filtered)

Mister Napoleon Solo!.....You will also
listen carefully, please. It is now
exactly 9:47 A.M. Unless Professor
Stemmler walks out of her building,
unprotected and alone, within one
minute, her daughter will be dead
within two minutes. We shall pick
the Professor up, and neither your
rooftop guards nor those posted at
either end of the street will inter-
fere or follow. Should they do so,
both the girl and the Professor will
be killed....One minute.....that is
all.

MED. SHOT

51

as Solo, half-furious, half-frustrated, turns to see
Stemmler hurrying toward the door.

SOLO

Professor!.....

STEMMLER (turns back
briefly; her face frigid and
grim)

51
CCNT'D
(2)

The girl is my daughter, Mr. Solo; a stranger to me, I suppose, but...my daughter nonetheless. You may shoot me if you like. That will stop me.

She turns and exits - like a bar of walking steel. Solo watches her go, then moves to the fire alarm box, angrily rips the mike from it. He moves to the window, looks out.

EXT. STREET FRONTING LAB - SOLO'S POV - DAY

52

Just as Stemmler walks down the few front steps of her building, a white convertible (with Rollo in the rear seat and his Assistant driving) pulls audaciously to the curb directly in front of her. A rear door is opened - she enters.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. STEMMLER'S LAB - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

53

of Solo, as he watches from a window, his pocket communicator at his lips.

SOLO (into communicator)
She's getting in now. Set up a ring of lookout cars at every major intersection within a two mile radius..... white, foreign-made convertible..... Canadian license plates....

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLO'S CAR - STEMMLER AND ROLLO - DAY

54

as it drives off.

ROLLO (familiarily)
Well, Lillian....

Stemmler's attitude is not that of a helpless, kidnapped woman. Instead, she regards Rollo with an icy downstare of outrage.

STEMMLER (furious)

54

CONT'D

(2)

Don't 'well, Lillian' me, you boor...
It's bad enough planting a transmitting
device in my lab -- as though I were an
Uncle agent! But to involve my daughter
in Thrush affairs.....!

ROLLO (cutting in)

Yes, your daughter. You never told us
about her, my dear. In eleven years,
you've never said a word. For a Thrush
agent, you've -- hardly been acting in
good faith, have you?

(as Stemmler stares out the
window, trapped, not answering)

...Cigarette?

Almost grudgingly, Stemmler turns from the window, takes a
cigarette from Rollo's proffered case, allows him to light
it for her, as we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CAR WASH - FULL SHOT - DAY

55

as Rollo's convertible pulls into the long, semi-enclosed car wash facility - right past the sign which reads: "CLOSED". Along the length of the enclosure are the huge letters which announce it as a "THREE MINUTE CAR WASH".

MED. SHOT

56

from within the car wash enclosure, as Rollo's car enters and has its front bumper hooked to the chain which will pull it through to the other side. At this, the first section of the "wash", we see the FIRST and SECOND WASHERS approach the vehicle as it comes abreast of them. The First Washer holds several sheets of black cardboard. He puts the first one across the front windshield, and we see that it fits perfectly - covering every inch of glass. He begins doing the same with the other pieces of cardboard, each one of which fits perfectly over each of the different sized windows of the car. Obviously, Rollo's vehicle has been expected. The Second Washer is busy removing the license plates.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLO'S CAR - DAY

57

as, one by one, the windows are blacked out by the cardboard pieces. Rollo switches on an inside light.

ROLLO

Since we'll be wanting to travel undetected, I've arranged for a slight change of appearance.

STEMMLER

My daughter, Arthur; where is she?

ROLLO

Oh, she served her purpose, my dear. She's on her way back to Acapulco; safe, sound and....quite the spoiled brat, from what my men tell me. You know, the fact that you've never even

(Cont.)

ROLLO (CONT'D)

57

CONT'D

(2)

mentioned her to Thrush.....well,
that's one thing. But to then suddenly
- at this crucial time - tell our Uncle
friends all about her.....eh.....that does
give one pause, my dear.....

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR WASH - MED. SHOT - DAY

58

As we watch Rollo's car move further along the "assembly line", a THIRD WASHER removes the hubcaps and replaces them with the clap-on wire wheel type. He then moves back to a post at the side of the wash rack, and pushes a button.

ANGLE FAVORING CAR HOOD AND WATER SPOUTS

59

As the car goes through that part of the car wash at which water is sprayed on the vehicles, we see not water - but black paint - as it begins to cover the formerly all white car.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLO'S CAR - STEMLER AND ROLLO

60

The conversation has apparently not been going well. Both Stemmler and Rollo are having their tempers - their respective interests - sorely tried.

STEMMLER (furious and
indignant)

You're absurd! Of course my drugs
will work! This project will be a
complete success, just as planned.

ROLLO

Were you really so sure of that when
you told Mr. Solo about your daughter?
Or were you just hedging your bets;
thinking, perhaps, that if you failed
on this project....and didn't return...
that Uncle might watch over the girl,
never knowing that her illustrious
mother had been a Thrush agent?

Stemmler is so (defensively) furious that she's beyond words. She swings her arm forward to slap Rollo. He catches her wrist in mid-air and holds it there - tightly.

60
CCNT'D
(2)

ROLLO (quite calm)

If your drugs do fail, my dear, we'll both be executed in frighteningly short order....

(lets her wrist go)

...Think about that the next time you wonder why I worry.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. CAR WASH - MED. SHOT - DAY

61

The newly painted black car is coming toward us through an area lined with paint-drying lamps. As it reaches F.G., Rollo's Assistant gets out and helps remove the cardboard from the windows, as the convertible top is lowered automatically. Both Rollo and Stemmler emerge and get into the front seat. As Rollo starts the engine, the Assistant goes to the side of the wash rack and brings back a large sized doll dressed in little girl's clothing. He hands the doll to Stemmler, who carries it as a mother would carry her child. As the Assistant nods, CAMERA PANS TO WATCH Rollo drive the car out of the place.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION - LONG SHOT - DAY

62

An UNCLE AGENT is parked here, watching the passing traffic. He picks up his vehicle microphone as we go to:

ANGLE FAVORING INTERSECTION

63

AGENT

No sir, I'm sure of it....

2-21-68
The open black convertible carrying what appears to be a couple with a child, passes directly across the Agent's line of sight and disappears.

63
CONT'D
(2)

AGENT (cont'd)
...They haven't come this way.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. UNCLE COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

64

Illya stands before a large wall panel, replete with blinking lights, dials and buttons, while Waverly scans a radar-type scope in the center of the room. Next to the wall panel is a fairly large projection screen.

WAVERLY (watching scope)
A bit to the left, I think....

Illya, periodically rubbing the back of his still-stiff neck, adjusts a knob on the panel accordingly, as Solo enters.

WAVERLY (cont'd; to Solo)
Well, we may have lost track of Professor Stemmler, but with any luck the monitoring device Mr. Kuryakin placed on the girl in Acapulco should lead us to both women.

SOLO
Assuming they've been taken to the same place; yes, sir....
(to Illya)
...How's your headache?

ILLYA (feels lousy)
Very successful....
(to Waverly)
...Ready, sir?

Waverly nods, and Illya pushes a button which projects onto the wall screen an image of a map which shows us an area of northeastern coastline.

WAVERLY
All right; that's the general area.
The narrower beam should give us the exact location of the monitoring device.

As Illya pushes another button, we see a second map, depicting a very small sector within the general area shown by the first map. Superimposed on a corner of this second map, are some numbers. Illya moves to an IBM-type machine on the other side of the room, and punches a different key for each number he reads aloud off the map.

64
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA (reading; punching)
Y dash four dash A dash eight nine oh
two, Northeast seven....

As Solo turns off the screen map, the IBM-type machine CLICKS and CLACKS like a typewriter. A moment later, it spurts forth a small card which Illya holds up and reads aloud.

ILLYA (cont'd; reading)
Rollo Chemical Works. One hundred
thirty-one miles North, within Uncle
Center W-4.....
(puts paper down)

ANGLE FAVORING WAVERLY AND SOLO

65

SOLO (concerned - to
Waverly)
W-4! Sir, isn't there a government
installation of some kind in that
area? Hydrogen bombs, or....plutonium
...or....
(shrugs)
...some creepy thing like that?

WAVERLY
Synthetic plutonium, Mr. Solo. Yes,
that is in the W-4 area. Of course,
it could be just coincidence....what
is being done at that installation
has always been top secret.

SOLO
But sir....if there should be a
connection between this Plus X business
with Professor Stemmler, and a Thrush
effort of some kind against that
installation...hadn't we better, eh...

WAVERLY

Why, that's a very good idea, Mr. Solo. Yes....I think you'd better. But, eh.....wear a less expensive suit this time, will you?

65
CCNT'D
(2)

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. ROLLO CHEMICAL WORKS - FULL SHOT - NIGHT

66

of the plant, separated from us by a wire fence which bears a sign reading: "ROLLO CHEMICAL WORKS - DANGER - HIGH VOLTAGE". CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY AND TILTS UPWARD to discover a small tower which straddles the fence near the main gate. Standing in the tower is a THRUSH GUARD.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR IN PLANT - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

67

as Rollo comes toward us along the indirectly lit, ultra-modern corridor. He stops as he reaches F.G., and CAMERA TURNS WITH him as he stands for an instant before a closed door upon which are stenciled the words: "EXPERIMENT AND RESEARCH - POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE". He takes a small metal tube from his pocket and fits it into a hole in the wall next to the door. The door swings open. As Rollo enters, the door remains open behind him, and we see Stemmler working at one of the lab tables in the room beyond.

INT. PLANT LAB - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

68

with Stemmler measuring liquid into a large flask in F.G., as Rollo approaches her from the doorway in B.G.

STEMMLER

Well, your lackeys didn't break any of my equipment; I'll say that for them.

ROLLO

You're aware that we go against that plutonium installation tomorrow morning.....

(concerned; indicates test tubes)
...you will be finished by then?

STEMMLER (holding flask
up to the light)
The Plus X drug has been ready for weeks;
you know that.

68
CCNT'D
(2)

ROLLO (dubious)
I know it almost killed that Uncle
(beat)
guinea pig we tested it on a few days
ago. Now if....

STEMMLER (interrupts)
I said it was ready! The defect...the
very slight defect.....has already been
remedied. As a matter of fact....

Stemmler has been pouring the liquid from the flask into
three hypodermic syringes mounted on a single rack. As
she finishes filling the third syringe, she lifts the
entire rack for Rollo's inspection.

STEMMLER (cont'd)
....You are now looking at what half
the scientific world thinks is still
ten years away. Here, Mr. Rollo, is
your Plus X. Those men of yours who
imbibe this drug will have their
sensitivities heightened to an extent
whereby each of them will be infallible
in his chosen field. The senses of
touch, of hearing, of....

ROLLO (still unsure)
Yes, I know what it's supposed to do...
(Stemmler opens her mouth to say
something indignant, but he
doesn't wait)
Now what about the other drug? What
about....
(beat)
....Minus X?

STEMMLER
No problem. To get the Minus X drug,
I need only to reverse the chemical
processes inherent in the Plus X,
which you see here.
(sees he's still dubious)
...Oh, for heaven's sakes, go take
something for your nerves, little man.
I'm not a beginner.

ROLLO (tense)

Neither are the security guards at a
top secret government installation.

68

CONT'D

(3)

STEMMLER (calmly)

Now listen; as much as this Plus X
drug will magnify the senses and
abilities of your men.....that's how
much the Minus X will dull the senses
of the guards at that plutonium center.
By the time you get there, Arthur, your
adversaries will be dumber than a box
of rocks. I guarantee it.

We suddenly HEAR, O.S., the SOUND of Leslie's voice as it
reaches us from somewhere in the corridor outside. Rollo
and Stemmler also hear it, and she stiffens preceptibly.

LESLIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

Just stop carting me around like a
piece of luggage, will you? What is
it you people want? Money?....

CLOSE INTERCUTS - STEMMLER - ROLLO

69

At the sound of that vaguely familiar voice, Stemmler
jerks her head around to stare at Rollo. She isn't quite
sure yet that it's Leslie she hears. Rollo returns her
stare with an impassive smile. Leslie's VOICE GROWS
LOUDER as she nears the lab.

LESLIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

I've got two fur coats and a stole.
They're yours....I've got a bank
account; it's yours!.....

LONG SHOT

70

Rollo and Stemmler stand with their backs to us in F.G.
as Whittaker, holding Leslie's arm, guides her through
the lab door. Leslie is still too intent on Whittaker to
notice Rollo and Stemmler immediately.

LESLIE

Well say something, you illiterate
klutz!

Leslie finally looks around the room and sees Rollo and Stemmler. Her eyes fixed on Stemmler, she stops struggling against Whittaker's grip - and just stands there.

70
CCNT'D
(2)

INTERCUTS - LESLIE AND WHITTAKER - STEMMLER AND ROLLO

71

Stemmler's first impulse is to go - warmly and comfortingly - toward her daughter. But both the emotion and the movement are stifled instantly, as she wheels furiously upon Rollo in a rising crescendo of outrage.

STEMMLER (to Rollo)

You told me you had let her go...You told me she'd served her purpose!...
What is she doing here!

Whittaker urges Leslie forward toward Stemmler and Rollo. This time, Leslie puts up no fight.

LESLIE (breezily caustic)

Then it is you, mother. Oh, how swell; and after all this time. Of course, I do see your picture in the magazines a lot; and your signature on all those nice checks you send. Why, I feel almost as if we were friends already.

STEMMLER

Leslie....

LESLIE (dead serious now)

What is all this? What am I doing standing here in front of you after eleven years of banishment?....

(indicates Thrushmen)

.....and these Neanderthal friends of yours, with their guns and their muscles....they part of your salon of Nobel prizewinners, mother?

ROLLO

You underestimate your mother, Leslie. I'm sure she sent you away originally only to keep you from that very element. We're somewhat unsavory, you see.

Leslie turns to her mother, in whose eyes -- suddenly sad -- there is no denial.

Now, Rollo reaches over to the lab table, picks up one of the filled hypodermics, examines it at eye level.

71
CONT'D
(2)

STEMMLER (nonplussed)

What are you doing?....

ROLLO (to Stemmler)

You tested this marvelous Plus X once before....on that Uncle agent....and it failed. I have to be sure that it won't fail again.

LESLIE (sensing what is to happen; panicked)

Mother?....

TWO SHOT - STEMMLER AND ROLLO

72

He walks up to Stemmler and smiles. In B.G., we see Whittaker standing with the benumbed, frightened Leslie. Stemmler looks toward her, but Rollo's words bring her back to reality.

ROLLO

Your daughter's a very pretty girl...
(he nods to Whittaker, who
seizes Leslie, pins her arms
behind her back)
...If the Plus X does work this time,
she'll also be extremely bright,
capable and sensitive....

Stemmler can find no words. Once again she raises her hand to smack at Rollo. But, once again he catches her hand in mid-air.

ROLLO (cont'd; almost
amused)

You keep trying to do that...

(as they both calm down)

...We don't much care for each other,
you and I. But we're Thrush, my dear.
(pointedly)

Above all else....we're Thrush.

He solemnly hands Stemmler the hypo. She looks at it for a long moment, then looks appealingly at Rollo. His face is expressionless. At last, Stemmler approaches her daughter with the needle, and:

CUT TO:

73-OUT

EXT. CHEMICAL WORKS GUARD TOWER - VERY CLOSE SHOT

74

of the tower Guard, as a pair of arms ENTERS FRAME and encircle his neck. He emits a MUFFLED CRY. ANGLE WIDENS to discover that the arms belong to Solo.

MED. SHOT

75

The Guard goes limp, and Solo lets him sag to the flooring. He then moves to a small panel set into the side of the semi-enclosed tower, and looks down toward the gate area of the fence.

REVERSE ANGLE

76

In immediate F.G., Solo stands with his back to us. We can see down to the fence, the gate - and Illya, who is creeping forward through underbrush just outside the gate. CAMERA TILTS DOWNWARD A BIT, TO THE panel, as Solo pulls the switch marked "ELECTRICITY - FENCE" to the "OFF" position. CAMERA THEN TILTS UPWARD again as Solo waves "okay" to Illya.

ANGLE FAVORING ILLYA

77

Quickly, he scampers up and over the fence, right past the "HIGH VOLTAGE" sign we saw earlier. As he hits the ground inside the fence, CAMERA PANS TO the tower. Solo has been climbing down this side, and moves to join Illya.

LONG SHOT

78

Both Unclemen lunge into the cover of some underbrush as a THRUSH GUARD walks past them on his "beat", some distance away. As the Guard goes around a corner, Solo and Illya move quickly forward toward the plant.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANT FILE ROOM - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

79

This small room contains several file cabinets, through which Rollo is looking as the door opens and his Assistant - now wearing the uniform of a Marine PFC - enters.

ROLLO (pleased)
Well, George....for a slovenly fellow,
you look surprisingly military....

The Assistant is about to answer, when three men (FIRST, SECOND and THIRD EXPERTS) also enter the room. They too are wearing Marine enlisted men's uniforms.

ROLLO (cont'd)
...Ah, gentlemen....
(shakes hands with each as he speaks)
...Thrush Central assures me that
each of you is the very best in his
field. I hope so....

ANGLE FAVORING WALL PANEL

80

as Rollo moves to it, revealing a revolving rack containing charts and maps.

ROLLO (cont'd)
...because this is where we're going...
(as he fumbles through the charts)
...Ah, yes, here's the one...the United
States experimental laboratory for the
development of synthetic plutonium....
Once that development is complete --
Well, the possessor of a synthetic
P-bomb will have a tremendous edge in
the nuclear race.
(beat; a slight smile)
Thrush always likes a tremendous edge,
gentlemen.
(as he starts for the door with
his Assistant)
Study the map carefully. I'll be back.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. PLANT SIDE ENTRANCE - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

81

We are looking along the wall of the building toward a side entrance, before which is parked a Navy jeep. Solo and Illya ENTER FRAME as they edge through the shadows in right F.G., and then flatten against the building as the side door opens - throwing a shaft of light across the jeep. Rollo and the Assistant emerge, and stand near the jeep. Rollo straightens the Assistant's tie.

ROLLO

Once you're inside the installation,
stay out of sight, or some duty
officer patrolling the corridors is
going to start questioning you.....

Solo and Illya exchange quizzical glances.

ROLLO (cont'd)

About half an hour before the rest of
us enter, Whittaker will meet you in
corridor number five, and the two of
you will disseminate the Professor's
Minus X drug to the Marine guards....

(Assistant gets into jeep -
starts engine)

ILLYA (whisper)

Minus X?

SOLO (whisper)

I think we'd better nail this guy.

Solo and Illya move quickly back OUT OF FRAME. CAMERA
HOLDS ON Rollo and the Assistant, and we see Rollo give
him some papers. Then, Rollo waves him off and goes back
inside. The Assistant drives TOWARD - and PAST - CAMERA.

QUICK CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF PLANT - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

82

as the Assistant's jeep goes around a corner of the build-
ing.

HIS POV

83

We are looking through the windshield as Solo suddenly materializes out of the shadows to stand directly in the jeep's path. As an almost involuntary reflex, the Assistant hits the brakes, and stops - only inches from Solo.

MED. SHOT

84

from the side, as Illya now jumps from the shadows to conk the Assistant, knocking him unconscious. Quickly, Illya fumbles for - and finds - the papers given the Assistant by Rollo.

 ILLYA (scanning papers)
Military orders....admitting him for
duty at....

 (looks up for emphasis)
...the plutonium lab. Well, that
tears it. We'd better get back and
blow the whistle....loudly.

 SOLO
No, wait a minute. Stemmler's drug
was called Plus X; right? Well, these
characters were babbling on about a
Minus X something-or-other. That
sounds -- a wee bit scary to me. I
think one of us ought to be there in
corridor number five to greet that
Minus X, whatever it is.

Illya nods, puts on the Assistant's Marine cap, and hops into the driver's seat. The unconscious Assistant is slumped next to him.

 ILLYA (indicating
 Assistant)
Then I shall find a nice remote place
to dump the garbage, and report for
duty....
 (hefts papers)
...as ordered.

Solo plunks the Guard's Marine cap on Illya's head.

SOLO (slight wave)

Zie gezondt.

84
CCNT'D
(2)

As Illya drives off, Solo watches him for an instant,
then heads back toward the rear of the plant.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANT GROUNDS - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

85

of a Thrush Guard walking his "beat". He glances O.S.,
and frowns, obviously seeing something peculiar.

POV

86

He is looking at the tower which straddles the fence. The Guard that's supposed to be there, is gone. But as we watch, the hand of the tower Guard whom Solo bopped comes into view over the edge of the tower enclosure. He is hauling himself up out of his stupor.

BACK TO SHOT

86X1

The Guard watching the tower rushes forward.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PLANT MOCK-UP ROOM - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

87

as Rollo stands over the mock-up with the three Experts.

ROLLO

The Plus X injection that each of you takes will magnify the senses tremendously. At this point, I am concerned with your heightened abilities to memorize.

(to First Expert)

Within this room --

(indicates room on map)

-- there is collected all the information on the development of the synthetic plutonium. You will commit to memory all the mathematical equations.....

(to Second Expert)

You will fix in your mind all the matters connected with circuitry....

(to Third Expert)

And you will memorize all the relevant chemical compositions.

(a beat)

According to our timetable, which allows no deviation, all of this will have to be done in exactly five minutes. We will then communicate the data -- through a device which I shall provide -- to Thrush Central computers. That should take --

(Cont.)

ROLLO (CONT'D)

(a second's thought)

-- perhaps nine minutes more. We should then have an additional four minutes to -- make our escape before the changing of the guard.

(smiles)

No need to face American Marines who haven't had the -- therapeutic benefits of Minus X, is there?

(a beat)

Now, I want to make clear ---

There comes, suddenly, the piercing shriek of an ALARM SIREN. Rollo and the Experts move to the window, look out, surprised, as we:

QUICK CUT TO:

87

CCNT'D

(2)

EXT. WALL OF PLANT BUILDING - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

88

Solo, flattened against the wall, is caught in the beam of a large searchlight. Suddenly, another is trained on him from the opposite direction. He is thoroughly bathed in a cross-fire of light, as we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PLANT LAB - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

8c

Rollo is standing over Solo, who is in a special chair, with electrodes attached to his manacled arms, his head, etc. The electrodes lead to a nearby, rather awesome diathermy-type machine. In B.G., we see Stemmler working on her drugs.

ROLLO

No one followed Professor Stemmler and me from the city; no one could have followed the girl when we brought her from Acapulco....So what led you here, Mr. Solo?

SOLO (loudly - for

Stemmler's benefit)

I wanted to be gallant; save a nice lady from a horrible fate!

(Stemmler and Solo return mock-courteous nods)

Rollo flicks a switch at the side of the body-heat machine, and as a MOTOR HUMS, a gauge attached to the machine -- a thermo-meter, in fact -- rises. Solo begins to perspire.

ROLLO (to Solo)

I will ask you once more: how did you find us?

SOLO

No comment.

ROLLO

I see.

(a beat; pleasantly)

Warm enough for you, Mr. Solo?

SOLO

I -- rather suspect you plan to make it even warmer.

ROLLO

Oh, yes, indeed! In a little while your body temperature will reach 110 degrees...which, we have learned from past experience, is somewhat fatal. Now, once more: what led you here?

LESLIE'S VOICE (O.S.)

I can tell you....

89
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE FAVORING LESLIE AND WHITTAKER

90

Still guarded (though not forcefully) by Whittaker, Leslie approaches Rollo. In B.G., and at her daughter's entrance, Stemmler looks up from her work and comes forward with interest.

MED. SHOT - GROUP

91

WHITTAKER (hands
monitoring device to Rollo)
She was wearing this monitoring device.
That Uncle agent I put to sleep in
Acapulco must've planted it on her.

LESLIE
It's weird, really; I didn't feel it
until just a few minutes ago.

STEMMLER
'Feel' it?

LESLIE (ignoring
Stemmler - to Rollo, indicat-
ing back of collar)
...Right back here.....weighed a ton,
all of a sudden.

SOLO (perspiring quite
heavily now)
Say, eh....folks....

STEMMLER
The Plus X, Arthur. It's working!
She'd never have felt that thing.

LESLIE
A lot of things are showing up that
I didn't know were there, mother dear
...Thrush, for instance.
(indicates Whittaker)
...Klutzy here's been filling me in a
bit...

SOLO
I -- uh -- don't want to seem pushy,
but now that you have the information
you want --

Off-handedly, smiling faintly, Rollo flicks off the switch which controls the body-heat machine. The gauge quickly starts to dip. But Rollo is concerned only with Leslie at the moment. It's as though he's realizing for the first time what an attractive girl she is.

91
CONT'D
(2)

ROLLO (to Leslie)

And just what thoughts have you had about Thrush, my dear?

LESLIE

Well, it's immoral and indecent, of course; but...

(a glance at Stemmler)

...I haven't been raised too well, Mr. Rollo. I've worn both those labels myself. Until tonight, I hoped I might be able to wash them off someday. But now that I know what kind of stock I come from....

STEMMLER (interrupting)

Leslie!

LESLIE (cont'd; unruffled)

...I realize that my little bottle has been labelled quite correctly. And indelibly. So why not make the most of it? You've got power here; and money; and organization. My label ought to fit pretty well on your shelf.

SOLO

Leslie, look around you. If you're bitter and confused, all right. But you can't be so warped not to see what these people....

ROLLO (cuts Solo off)

That's enough!...

(to Leslie)

Well, I'd enjoy discussing the possibilities with you, my child....

(gives her cheek a rather lascivious little tweak)

REACTION SHOT - STEMMLER

92

She is aghast at both Leslie's attitude and Rollo's attentions toward her.

BACK TO SCENE

93

ROLLO (cont'd)

...in just a moment. But first....

(to Stemmler, while regarding
Solo)...Professor; the Plus X is obviously
doing its job quite well on Leslie.
So if you're finished mixing it, let's
try out the Minus X on our armchair
psychologist here. He's going to die
anyway. No sense just....wasting him.(as Stemmler just stands there,
still distraught about Leslie)

...Well, Professor?

Recovering, Stemmler turns and walks back toward her lab
table.

SOLO (to Rollo)

You mind telling me what effect this,
eh....Minus business is supposed to
have? I mean, like mustard gas....
athlete's foot....what?

ROLLO (pleasantly enough)

It should reduce your mental state to
that of a slobbering five year old.
A retarded one.

SOLO (shrugs)

Oh...just thought I'd ask.

Rollo, taking Leslie by the arm, starts for the door.
Whittaker follows.

ANGLE FAVORING STEMMLER

94

From the lab table, where she's picked up a hypo, she
watches, still shaken by Leslie's attitude. Suddenly
she flings the hypo aside; she's had enough.

STEMMLER

Rollo!

95-OUT

MED. SHOT

96

from the doorway. Rollo and Leslie, their backs to us in F.G., have turned to wait for Stemmler as she comes toward us. She is as purposeful and decisively cold as we have ever seen her.

STEMMLER (cont'd; to
Rollo)
I want a word with you....alone...
now!

ROLLO (to Leslie)
Whittaker here will take you into the
garden behind my office. You'll be
able to smell the jasmine. I'll join
you for a, eh....martini.

Leslie gives her mother an almost superior little smile,
and moves OUT OF SHOT with Whittaker.

TWO SHOT - STEMMLER AND ROLLO

97

STEMMLER (waits till
Leslie's gone)
No, you will not join her for a
martini.....or for anything else.
Either you see to it that Leslie's
on a plane away from you and me and
this place within the hour....or
there'll be no Minus X for those
guards at that plutonium lab.

ROLLO (very calm;
almost off-handed)
Even if you did let maternal emotion
keep you from doing your job - which
I doubt - it wouldn't matter anyway.
The girl's already here, already in-
volved. So I'm glad she likes us,
really. Because if she did want to
leave after seeing what she's seen...
I'd have to kill her...
(with righteous innocence)
...It's in the By-Laws.

For one long moment, Stemmler stands rigidly - eyeball to
eyeball with Rollo. But she's beaten. With the calm that

2-22-66
accompanies resignation, she turns and walks back toward her lab table. CAMERA HOLDS ON Rollo as he looks after her. Then, having thought about something for a moment, he makes a decision.

97
CONT'D
(2)

FULL SHOT

98

as Rollo follows Stemmler back into the room.

ROLLO

Lillian...

(indicates Solo)

...I want to see you inject this man with the Minus X. I want to see it now.

STEMMLER (tired; resigned)

Why not?

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO AND ROLLO

99

As Rollo comes to stand next to Solo, we see Stemmler at the lab table in B.G.

SOLO

That plutonium lab you mentioned....
That's a pretty well guarded place,
you know.

ROLLO

Oh, I know that. So let's pretend,
shall we...

Stemmler, filled syringe in hand, turns from the table and moves into F.G. preparatory to injecting Solo.

ROLLO (cont'd; to Solo)

...that you're one of the security
guards there. And let's see how well
you...

(beat)

...defend, with some of this liquid
in your system...

(rips Solo's shirtsleeve off)

...Professor?

CLOSE INTERCUTS - SOLO - STEMLER - ROLLO

100

Solo tenses as she swabs his arm at the place where she'll inject. His eyes are on the hypodermic syringe. Stemmler's face holds no trace of emotion whatsoever. She puts the needle into position - meets Solo's eyes fully for just an instant - and injects him.

ROLLO (to Stemmler)

How long?

STEMMLER

Few minutes.

LONG SHOT

101

With Solo, Stemmler and Rollo in F.G., as we see Whittaker re-enter the lab in B.G.

ROLLO (to Solo)

Actually, we're doing you a kindness, Mr. Solo. The Minus X does wear off, but if we kill you while you're still in your....

(beat)

....dull mental state, there'll be much less pain and trepidation for you.

SOLO

You're a swell fellow.

ROLLO (noticing Whittaker)

Yes, Whittaker...

WHITTAKER

Just heard from Central. They've okayed my staying with you for the mission.

ROLLO (to Whittaker)

Ah, very good...

(looks at watch)

...And, it's just about time for the briefing session....

(to Solo)

...Goodbye, Mr. Solo. I'll be back in a few minutes, of course, to see how you fare as a child....But I doubt if you'll remember me.

FULL SHOT

102

Stemmler is back at her lab table across the room from Solo, as Rollo puts his arm fondly around Whittaker's shoulders and walks out with him.

ROLLO (to Whittaker)
Pull this thing off properly, my boy,
and there'll be some big things for you
in Thrush. No more being buried with
that violin down in Acapulco. No sir.
You'll be up here with us....with the
family....Big things, Whittaker....
(they exit)

Alone now, Solo and Stemmler regard each other. Then, sure that Rollo's far enough away, she walks quickly over to him.

TWO SHOT - SOLO AND STEMMLER

103

STEMMLER
When he comes back, he'll expect to
see the effects of the Minus X.

SOLO (unsure)
Won't he?

STEMMLER (after a pause)
The hypodermic was filled with water.

Solo digests this, closes his eyes, and heaves an audible sigh of relief. But then he stares at Stemmler - perplexed - waiting for the explanation.

STEMMLER
As soon as Rollo and his men have left,
I can untie you. You can get Leslie
out of here; away from Thrush.....in
spite of herself, if you have to.

SOLO
The saloon door swings both ways,
Professor. Untie me in time to stop
Rollo, and I'll take Leslie out of here.

STEMMLER (shakes her head)
I'm afraid not. If Rollo catches you,
there won't be anyone to -- save my
daughter.

103
CCNT'D
(2)

(a beat)
And if you stop him -- well, Thrush
vengeance can be a pretty terrible
thing, Mr. Solo.....And it will be
directed at Leslie.

(a beat)
Either way, she suffers.....And she's
the one I care about.

The two just look at each other, as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PLANT MOCK-UP ROOM - MED. SHOT - NIGHT

104

Rollo and the three Experts stand over the mock-up.

ROLLO (pointing to area
on mock-up)
...but once we are inside the vault
room, stay away from these switches.
Touch them, and you could blow the
whole North American continent out to
sea.....which would be very difficult
to explain to Thrush Central.

Whittaker enters the room. He's dressed now in the uniform
of a Marine officer, and carries a very slim attache case.

ROLLO (to Whittaker)
Where's the girl?

WHITTAKER
Went back out to smell the jasmine
again.

ROLLO (a deep breath -
to everyone)
All right, gentlemen....
(looks at watch)
...Let's take one good look at our
guinea pig - and then put this show
on the road.

They all move toward the door, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. PLANT LAB - CLOSE SHOT - SOLO

105

He looks out PAST CAMERA with the happy, innocent, expectant smile of a little child.

SOLO (half-singing)

Da-dee-doop-doo-dum-dum....

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS AROUND to discover Rollo standing some feet away watching Solo intently. In B.G., Whittaker stands near the lab table where Stemmler has (while we were gone) hung several sheets of paper up along a wire line as though she were drying the wash. Stemmler herself is preparing injections for the three Experts who also stand nearby.

ROLLO (to Solo -

experimentally)

Are you hungry Napoleon? What would you like to eat?

INTERCUTS - SOLO - ROLLO (AND GROUP IN B.G.)

106

SOLO (like a kid)

Gee, I dunno....but you can call me Nobby....All the guys call me NobbyJohn, and Ferdie, and Yogi...all those guys....

Satisfied and smiling, Rollo turns away from Solo. CAMERA MOVES WITH him as he walks back to the group at the lab table. He begins taking the papers down from the wire.

ROLLO (to Stemmler)

These are well saturated?

Stemmler has taken the rack of syringes to where the three Experts stand, and is preparing their arms for injection.

STEMMLER

Completely.

Rollo beckons Whittaker forward. Whittaker opens his little attache case to receive the papers.

ROLLO (to Whittaker)

If anyone should look in here, all they'll see are some very proper military documents. Now; once you rendezvous with George in corridor five, the two of you'll go into the kitchen and drop one of these pages into each large coffee urn, soup pot, milk and tea dispenser....

(adjusting papers in case)

...The papers themselves will dissolve almost immediately. All that'll be left is the Minus X they were saturated in....

(a fatherly pat on the shoulder)

...Get it done before meal time, lad. We'll be no more than an hour behind you.

As Whittaker nods, and goes out, CAMERA FOLLOWS Rollo to where Stemmler has just finished injecting the three Experts.

ROLLO

In a few minutes, gentlemen, that Plus X will be well on its way toward making you infallible.....and our operation successful.

ZIP PAN TO:

EXT. STREET FRONTING GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION - MED. SHOT - DAY

107

as Whittaker, attache case in hand, walks toward us. In immediate F.G. is a sign which reads: "U.S. GOVERNMENT INSTALLATION - NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT TO AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL." Whittaker stops as he comes abreast of the sign, takes a deep breath, and adjusts his officer's cap. CAMERA PANS to watch him enter the admitting office.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ADMITTING OFFICE - MED. CLOSE SHOT - DAY

108

One man, an M.P. SERGEANT, sits at his desk, behind which is a single, unobtrusively ordinary door. He looks up as Whittaker enters.

SERGEANT

Good morning, sir.

108
CONT'D
(2)

In answer, Whittaker simply hands the Sergeant a copy of his duty orders. The Sergeant peruses them quickly, then reaches down to a drawer on the side of his desk.

CLOSE SHOT - DESK DRAWER

109

as the Sergeant opens it. Inside is a built-in panel of buttons, lights, and a receiver-transmitter.

SERGEANT (indicating door)

If you'll just open that door, sir...

ANGLE FAVORING DOOR

110

as Whittaker nods his thanks curtly to the Sergeant, and opens the door - only to find himself facing a second one - of solid steel.

ANGLE FAVORING DESK DRAWER

111

as the Sergeant speaks into it.

SERGEANT (into mike)

One officer...

(reading Whittaker's orders)

...Whittaker, Allen B.; Lieutenant,
Marine Engineers. Top clearance, authorized for entry eight dash thirteen.

A GREEN LIGHT on the drawer panel BLINKS TWICE, and the Sergeant then closes the drawer.

ANGLE FAVORING STEEL DOOR

112

as it swings open. As Whittaker enters, both doors swing closed automatically behind him.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INSTALLATION CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT - DAY

113

Whittaker stands before a sort of reception desk, as a military policeman (FIRST M.P.) dutifully looks through his attache case. To the right of the desk, his carbine at-the-ready, is a SECOND M.P. The desk seems to be at the hub of several corridors leading every which way, and as the First M.P. gives Whittaker back his attache case, we see ONE or TWO white-smocked SCIENTISTS scurrying on their way through the place.

FIRST M.P.

All in order, sir. Adjutant's office is in corridor three. That's straight down and to the right, sir.

Whittaker and the First M.P. exchange snappy salutes, and CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY TO FOLLOW Whittaker as, attache case under his arm, he heads off past a wall upon which is stenciled: "CORRIDOR ONE." CAMERA NOW PANS BACK TO the First and Second M.P.s.

FIRST M.P. (to Second

- looking at wristwatch)

Man, am I hungry.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

114

Whittaker walks briskly past an intersection which he notes is labelled "CORRIDOR FOUR." As he does so, we catch a glimpse of a THIRD and FOURTH M.P. They are sauntering along corridor four, on patrol. CAMERA MOVES WITH Whittaker to "CORRIDOR FIVE." Briskly, with anticipation, he turns into this corridor - and runs smack into Illya (still in enlisted man's uniform).

CLOSE INTERCUTS - ILLYA - WHITTAKER

115

as they stare at each other for a brief moment. Illya places Whittaker's face only an instant before Whittaker recognizes Illya.

ILLYA

The violin player!

Whittaker swings at Illya. Illya ducks, and counters with a blow which sends Whittaker back against the wall. Illya leaps after him, and the two men grapple.

115
CONT'D
(2)

WHITTAKER

Help! M.P.!.....Security guard!

The two men are thrashing violently around on the concrete floor as we HEAR the SOUND of RUNNING MEN approaching.

MED. SHOT

116

as the Third and Fourth M.P.s, joined by the First M.P. who was at the reception desk, rush into the corridor and struggle to separate Illya and Whittaker.

FIRST M.P.

All right, now.....enough!

WHITTAKER

He attacked me!

ILLYA

You bet your bird, I did. This fellow's no more a.....

FIRST M.P. (interrupting)

Knock it off, fella! You don't go around striking an officer in this outfit.

ILLYA

Now wait a minute, musclehead. If you'll be good enough to take us both to your commanding....

FIRST M.P. (interrupting)

What's your name, fella? And what're you doing in a restricted corridor? Eh?

ILLYA (quietly frustrated)

My name is Illya Kuryakin. I'm with the U - N - C.....

FIRST M.P. (interrupting
again)

Kuryakin!.....

(Cont.)

FIRST M.P. (CONT'D)

116

(very suspicious)

CONT'D

That's a pretty weird name. What kind of a name is that? Where you from, fella? What unit? Recite the Chain of Command!

(2)

ILLYA (sighs disgustedly)

Oh, good grief.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. DETENTION ROOM - MED. SHOT - DAY

117

Illya sits alone in a chair on one side of the room. Watching him are an M.P. OFFICER and the Officer's AIDE, who carries a carbine which he appears ready, willing and able to use on Illya.

ILLYA (to Officer)

Look; I don't know what his intention is yet, but that clown in the officer's unif....

OFFICER (outraged)

What was that? Listen, fella; until you've been cleared through Security, and that Lieutenant you attacked gets back here from chow to press charges, I...don't...want...to hear...a word ...out...of you!...

(satisfied with himself)

...You don't go around striking an officer in this outfit.

Illya puts his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, as we:

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PLANT LAB - TWO SHOT - STEMMLER AND LESLIE

118

as they face each other at the lab table. In B.G., we see that Solo is still attached in his 'electric chair'.

LESLIE (softly)

That drug I took...Rollo said its effect increases....that I'd feel more things; be able to sense more...

STEMMLER (defensive -

unsure what she's getting at)
Yes; for a while.

LESLIE

Well....I am sensing more, I guess...
(abashed)

...about myself; the way I've been acting....

ROLLO'S VOICE (O.S.)

Professor....

INTERCUTS - ROLLO - LESLIE AND STEMMLER

119

Rollo approaches from the door.

ROLLO (cont'd; to

Leslie)

I've been looking for you.

LESLIE (to Rollo)

I'm sorry, Mr. Rollo, but.....I'm afraid I've changed my mind. I don't want to stay here. This isn't for me.

STEMMLER (afraid of
Rollo's reaction)
Leslie...

119
CONT'D
(2)

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO

120

Still feigning mental regression, he watches and listens.

ROLLO

You mean you don't really want to grow
up to be big and strong like your
mother? Well, I'm sorry to hear that.
And unfortunately, it presents a bit
of a problem with regard to your
knowledge of what's transpired here.

CLOSE SHOT - STEMMLER, LESLIE AND ROLLO

121

STEMMLER (not knowing
how to plead)
Arthur....don't --- It's the drug...

ROLLO

No doubt, Lillian. However --

ANGLE FAVORING DOORWAY

122

as the three Experts appear. Rollo breaks off in mid-
speech as he turns toward them.

ROLLO (to Experts)

Gentlemen....
(takes Leslie's arm)

FULL SHOT

123

as Rollo leads Leslie, who starts to struggle a little,
toward the door.

ROLLO (cont'd)

....I'm sure we'll have no....on-the-
job trouble, as it were; but....in the
event we should find ourselves in a
dilemma.....

Stemmler rushes after Rollo, attempting to physically pull Leslie out of his grasp. One of the Experts moves into the room and shoves her aside.

123
CONT'D
(2)

ROLLO (cont'd; indicating Leslie)

...It struck me that we might take along some....insurance; some nice, pretty little insurance with which to bargain ourselves out of it if need be. Eh?....

(to Stemmler, who's utterly drained)

Thank you, Professor, for all your splendid efforts; for your devotion to this project...and for your daughter.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB

124

As Rollo, Leslie and the three Experts walk out of the lab PAST CAMERA, Stemmler has recovered enough to rush after them. But this time, the lab door closes just before she reaches it.

INT. LAB - FULL SHOT

125

as Stemmler retreats numbly from the door.

SOLO

Professor....

(as she remembers he's there)

...We might still stop them.

Stemmler just stands for a moment, then moves slowly toward Solo, as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INSTALLATION KITCHEN - CLOSE SHOT - DAY

126

as Whittaker, who has been "inspecting" a large stove, makes sure that the TWO COOKS on duty in the kitchen are otherwise occupied, before dropping a sheet of paper from his attache case into the huge soup pot simmering on one of the burners. Looking into the case again, he sees that there is but one paper left. ANGLE WIDENS as he moves over

to a milk dispenser, lifts the top lid, and after another glance at the Cooks, drops in the paper. He then gives the area a last, satisfied once-over, and heads for the door. At the last moment, however, he turns to the Cooks, who come smartly to attention as he speaks.

126
CONT'D
(2)

WHITTAKER

And I'll be back after chow as well.
I wanna see this mess hall gleam!

Gulpingly, the two intimidated Cooks slump in relief as they see Whittaker exit.

ZIP PAN TO:

127-OUT

INT. PLANT ENTRANCE CORRIDOR - MEL. SHOT - DAY

128

as Rollo, holding Leslie securely by the arm, and carrying a squat briefcase, walks briskly toward the entrance. He stops to address a Guard on duty in the corridor.

ROLLO (crisply)

Two things: that Uncle agent gets disposed of immediately; and you're to treat Professor Stemmler as a potential security risk until I've had a chance to discuss her conduct with Central.....That's all.

CAMERA PANS TO WATCH Rollo, Leslie and the Experts move off, and then PANS BACK TO the Guard - who now moves briskly in the opposite direction to carry out orders.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. PLANT LAB - FULL SHOT

129

Stemmler is busy at the lab table, and Solo still appears strapped in his 'electric chair', as the door slides open and two Guards enter. Both carry weapons. The First Guard goes to Solo, while the Second approaches Stemmler (without obvious menace, but just purposeful enough to let her know she's under his 'protection').

STEMMLER (to Second Guard)
I see.
(turns back to lab table)

129
CCNT'D
(2)

INTERCUTS - SOLO AND FIRST GUARD - STEMMLER AND SECOND GUARD

130

Solo appears happily childlike; HUMMING, perhaps. He seems so obviously "out of it" and ineffectual, that the First Guard approaches him with no caution and even a faint smile of disdain. Unaware that Solo's bonds only seem to be in place, he bends down to untie Solo's feet - and is suddenly driven halfway across the room by Solo's knee. He's definitely out cold. The Second Guard, who was watching Stemmler, wheels around as he HEARS the commotion - but freezes before he can bring his weapon to bear on Solo.

CLOSE SHOT

131

of the hypodermic syringe which Stemmler's taken from the table and now presses against the Second Guard's back.

STEMMLER

Drop it, or you're dead in four seconds....

ANGLE WIDENS as the Guard drops his gun and Solo moves forward to pick it up.

STEMMLER (to Solo)

I've studied Rollo's attack plan and his timetable...

(with quiet anxiety)

...We'd better hurry....

ZIP PAN TO:

132-134
OUT

INT. INSTALLATION DETENTION ROOM - DAY

135

Frustrated and disgusted, Illya still sits in the same chair, with the Officer (his .45 dangling in his lap) leaning on the edge of his desk, sipping coffee out of a paper carton.

ILLYA
Look here, my friend....

135
CONT'D
(2)

OFFICER
Sir!

ILLYA
Look here, sir....chow's been over
for twenty minutes....

OFFICER (interrupts -
irritated)
I've called Security twice already.
They'll get back to me when they can.
And until they do, you just keep it
buttoned up, fella....
(doesn't want to be too nasty
- proffers carton to Illya)
Here; have some coffee.

ILLYA (shakes his head)
Keeps me awake.
(trying to retain his patience)
Now, sir; I have tried approximately
twenty times in the past....

OFFICER (interrupts
again - irritated again)
I know you have and I've missed chow
because of it and I'm....
(breaks off - frustrated)
...All right!...
(picks up phone - pushes receiver
button repeatedly)
...Johnson? Go on over and check with
Security yourself, will you? This
guy's gettin' on my nerves.....And
have 'em track down that Lieutenant
he attacked. Should've been here
before this to sign the complaint...
(an afterthought)
...Oh, yeah; have 'em make sure every-
thing's okay with the plutonium lab in
corridor seven. That'd be all we need
is some trouble down there, too.

The Officer slams down the phone - exasperated, as we:

END PAN TO:

INT. ADMITTING OFFICE - MED. SHOT - DAY

136

Rollo enters the office, carrying his briefcase, and approaches the M.P. Sergeant, who is just finishing a glass of milk. He is about to light a cigarette, and seems to be fumbling for his lighter.

ROLLO (very merry)

Hello there...

(experimentally)

...My name's Ulysses S. Grant; here to see, eh.....President Lincoln?

SERGEANT (dully)

General Grant?...

(awed)

...Could I have your autog....

The Sergeant is interrupted by a BLAST OF GAS from Rollo's cigarette lighter. He slumps forward immediately.

ANGLE FAVORING DESK

137

Rollo moves quickly around the desk, opens the proper drawer, and leans near the panel mike within it.

ROLLO (into mike -
cautiously)

Eh....Whittaker?

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. INSTALLATION RECEPTION DESK - CLOSE SHOT

138

of the First M.P. He sits at his desk, his chin resting on his arm, spinning his helmet on the desk-top and enjoying it immensely. He GIGGLES a little, as would a kid playing with a toy. ANGLE WIDENS to discover Whittaker (sneering slightly) standing at one side of the desk, and the Second M.P. sitting cross-legged on the floor against the wall. He has been disassembling his carbine, and is examining all those funny little parts - like the trigger mechanism - as though he'd never seen them before.

ROLLO'S VOICE (O.S. -

filtered)

...Whittaker?

As he HEARS Rollo's voice, the First M.P. recalls he's supposed to maybe be doing things about buttons or questions or something. He stares at his instrument panel.

WHITTAKER (to First M.P.)
Never mind, Buddy...
 (into speaker)
Come right on in, Chief.
 (to M.P., indicating helmet
 spinning on table)
...That's pretty important stuff you're
doing there.

138
CONT'D
(2)

Whittaker leans across the First M.P. to push the proper button. Having done this, he walks quickly OUT OF SHOT (in direction of O.S. stairs leading to admitting office).

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ADMITTING OFFICE - ANGLE FAVORING STEEL DOOR

139

Rollo has already opened the ordinary door, and stands facing the steel one as it now opens.

REVERSE ANGLE

140

as the three Experts, with Leslie being held by one of them, enter briskly from outside. Another one of them carries a medium-sized satchel.

ANGLE FAVORING DOORWAY

141

The Experts (with Leslie in tow) go past the open steel door and disappear, passing Whittaker silently as he emerges into the admitting office.

ROLLO (indicating Sergeant)
Get him out of sight, and take his place.

As Whittaker nods, and moves toward the desk, we see Rollo go through the doorway and disappear within. The steel door and ordinary door close behind him automatically.

CUT TO:

INT. INSTALLATION RECEPTION DESK - MED. SHOT

142

as Rollo walks right past the desk. The Second M.P. is still preoccupied with his carbine (staring down the barrel now), while the First M.P. looks up, smiling. He and Rollo exchange courteous nods, and he then goes back

to staring studiously at his helmet. CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW Rollo, as we see the Experts and Leslie awaiting him a few yards down corridor one.

142
CONT'D
(2)

ROLLO (to Experts)
To corridor seven, gentlemen....

They all move off, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. INSTALLATION CORRIDOR WALL - CLOSE SHOT

143

Stenciled on the wall are the words: "CORRIDOR SEVEN." CAMERA PULLS BACK AND ANGLE WIDENS to discover a steel gate blocking the entrance to the corridor, and Rollo's group as they come abreast of it.

ROLLO (to Second Expert
- indicating gate)
Electric....Okay, now let's see what
that Plus X did for you.

The Second Expert starts running his fingers lightly up and down the wall on either side of the gate, almost as though trying to tickle it. He finally feels what's he's seeking. He nods to Rollo. The Third Expert is holding Leslie, while the First holds the satchel, which he now opens. Rollo reaches into it, and pulls out a small acid cylinder, one side of which is adhesive. He attaches it to the wall at the spot indicated by the Second Expert. Immediately, the acid starts burning through the wall.

LESLIE (pleading, but
not whining)
Please...whatever it is; whatever
you're doing...you don't need me...

Rollo ignores her as he peers closely at the acid-induced hole.

ROLLO (inspecting)
The wires carrying the current should
be severed....Ah! Good.
(to Experts - with gusto)
Proceed, please.

The First and Second Expert put their shoulders to the gate. It opens easily, and the whole group enters corridor seven.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. INSTALLATION DETENTION ROOM - MED. SHOT

144

The Officer and Illya are alone. Illya regards him as though he's been carrying on weirdly. And indeed, he has. He is walking about, balancing the carton which contains the remainder of his coffee on the top of his head.

ILLYA (very perplexed)

You all right?.....Sir?

The Officer takes the carton from his head. As he does so, he puts his .45 down off-handedly on the table. And it's at this moment that Illya starts edging toward the door.

OFFICER (euphoric)

Ooohh, I am great! Gotta have some more of this coffee, though....

As he drains the paper carton, Illya goes for the door and exits. An instant later, he peeks back in, just for another look at the Officer. The Officer ignores him. He arches an eyebrow and exits again.

QUICK CUT TO:

145
OUT

INT. WALL IN CORRIDOR SEVEN - CLOSE SHOT

146

of a SIGN reading: "ATTENTION! TO PROCEED FURTHER WITHOUT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT IS FATAL! UNAUTHORIZED PERSONNEL BEWARE!". CAMERA NOW PANS SLIGHTLY TO a section of wall right next to the sign. Another acid cylinder is doing its work in the same way. It fizzles out, and Rollo's head ENTERS FRAME as he peers into the hole.

LONG SHOT - CORRIDOR SEVEN

147

We can see that the next small section of corridor - walls, flooring and ceiling - are not concrete, but porous metal. And hanging from the ceiling is still another SIGN reading: "HIGH VOLTAGE." But several yards beyond the metal grating which the group now crosses without hesitation, we see the end of the corridor, at which there is a steel door.

ANGLE FAVORING DOOR TO LAB

148

as the group reaches it. There is no lock - just a regular doorknob.

ROLLO (unsure)

Well, this is the lab...but why isn't
this door guarded....or even bolted?

(he reaches for the doorknob)

THIRD EXPERT

148

Wait!

CCNT'D

(sniffs the air)

(2)

...gas...

(sniffs his way to doorknob)

...coming from here...

ROLLO (knowingly)

Aha! They don't need a lock. Turn
that knob and it releases the gas.

The Third Expert has been sniffing his way from the knob
to the door hinges, to the adjoining wall as Rollo speaks.
He stops sniffing at a small ventilator opening in the wall.

THIRD EXPERT

Gas line goes through here. Need a
pipe cutter and some wax to seal it.
(reaches for satchel)

ROLLO (to Leslie)

You really should be proud of your
mother, my dear....the Plus X just
saved your life, too....

(indicates Third Expert)

...Without it, he never would have
smelled that gas.

LESLIE

I wish he hadn't.

ROLLO (to Third Expert)

Hurry it up, man.

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR INTERSECTION - LONG SHOT

149

as Illya runs toward us, reaches the intersection, and
stops. He's lost. Which way should he go?

ILLYA (to himself)

Seven....Corridor seven, where the
daffy blazes are you....

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. ADMITTING OFFICE - MED. SHOT - DAY

150

CAMERA FACES Whittaker as he sits behind the desk, thumbing absently through a manual of some kind. His pistol is on the desk next to his hand. Suddenly, he looks up - PAST CAMERA - then grabs quickly for his pistol.

REVERSE ANGLE

151

Solo stands in the doorway with Stemmler right behind him. His weapon is already levelled, and he FIRES. CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW Solo and Stemmler as they move into the room. Whittaker is slumped across the desk, as Stemmler approaches it. Solo pauses to look down at the very dead Whittaker, shakes his head.

SOLO (to the corpse)

You should've stuck with the trumpet...

STEMMLER (searching desk
drawers)

If I remember Rollo's...

(opens proper drawer)

...yes; here...

(she pushes button)

CUT TO:

INT. INSTALLATION RECEPTION DESK - MED. CLOSE SHOT

152

The First M.P. has been helping the Second "inspect" the disassembled carbine, as he HEARS the BUZZER on his panel.

FIRST M.P. (to Second)

Well, I don't know. Howdja get it
all apart?....

(turns, speaks into mike as he
pushes button)

...Hi. Somebody else wanna come down?

CUT TO:

INT. ADMITTING OFFICE

153

The steel door opens. Solo and Stemmler move quickly through it.

ZIP PAN TO:

154
OUT

INT. SYNTHETIC PLUTONIUM LAB - CLOSE SHOT

155

of Rollo, as he looks at his wristwatch. His free hand grips Leslie's arm.

ROLLO

The guards change shifts in thirteen and one half minutes, and we've been in here four and one half....

ANGLE WIDENS and CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A FULL SHOT of the lab, where the Experts have been working, each with a pad and pencil. On one wall is a huge, almost ridiculously intricate wire circuiting system (not unlike the printed circuit panels on a TV set) at which the Second Expert works. At one end of the room is still another panel, this one filled with huge switches like in Frankenstein. At the other end, each of them attached to its own base, are two very thick metal rods - the pointed tips of which face each other. There is about a two foot gap between the tips. Elsewhere in the room is a massive blackboard, upon which is written an incredibly long (and also ridiculously intricate) mathematical formula upon which the First Expert concentrates, and a lab table replete with myriad test tubes, flasks, specimen bottles, etc., over which the Third Expert has been poring - i.e., sniffing each substance and then writing down his findings. Still holding Leslie, Rollo (in F.G.) moves to a table upon which he's previously placed his briefcase. With his free hand, he unlatches it, and we see - for the first time - that it is a compact but sophisticated radio transmitter.

ROLLO (cont'd; to Experts)

...that leaves us a half minute to begin transmitting the data to...

Both we and Rollo notice that (in B.G.) the Second Expert, while stepping back to better view and mark down the intricacies of the circuiting system, has moved close to the switches on the far wall.

ROLLO (interrupting
himself - to Second Expert)

...I told you; stay away from those switches!....

(Cont.)

ROLLO (CONT'D)

(turns back to radio; turns
it on; speaks into mike)

155

CCNT'D

(2)

...Central, this is Project S.P....

We are harvesting the wheat on
schedule, and are prepared to relay
data directly to your computer
fourteen. Please buzz your acknowl...

156

OUT

ANGLE FAVORING LESLIE

157

Leslie, having heard Rollo's warning regarding the switches
on the other side of the room, has no idea what they are.
But they may be an alarm, they may turn off the lights;
anything! With Rollo so preoccupied, she takes a deep
breath - and yanks herself away from his grasp. She dashes
toward the switches.

FULL SHOT

158

ROLLO (to Experts)

Get her!

The First Expert catches her just before she reaches the
switches. She SCREAMS as she struggles to get free. We
HEAR Rollo's RADIO BUZZ, and seeing that Leslie's been
"secured", he turns his attention back to it.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR SEVEN INTERSECTION - LONG SHOT

159

Illya, finally appearing at the head of the corridor, HEARS
Leslie's SCREAM and dashes forward toward the lab. CAMERA
HOLDS ON him running for a moment, then PANS TO discover
Solo and Stemmler coming along the intersecting corridor.

SOLO (calling)

Illya!

Not waiting for Stemmler, Solo breaks into a dead run after
Illya.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. PLUTONIUM LAB - FULL SHOT

160

Illya comes hurtling through the lab door and plummets directly into the First Expert, who is torn away from Leslie by the impact. Leslie herself has been sent spinning by it, and falls to the floor, momentarily stunned. The Second and Third Experts have just handed their data to Rollo, and now turn to aid their buddy against Illya - who is locked in mortal, hand-to-hand combat with the First Expert against the far wall. But as the Second and Third cross the room, it is Solo who now comes barging in, throwing a cross-block which levels the both of them. They recover almost simultaneously, and now Solo, as well as Illya, has his hands full with all those Experts.

ANGLE FAVORING ROLLO

161

Notwithstanding the mayhem going on behind him, Rollo peers furtively at his wristwatch again, and picks up his radio mike in F.G.

ROLLO (into mike -
one eye on battle)
Data for computer fourteen is as
follows...
(reading first card)
...molecular structure of synthetic
plutonium will prove out at three
dash four bombardments of ions in the...

Rollo cuts himself off in mid-speech as he sees that Solo and one of the Experts who are fighting in B.G., have bashed up against the wall panel containing the warned-against switches.

ROLLO (cont'd; in fear)
The switches!

ANGLE ON TWO RODS

162

The switch having been thrown, the two rods which face each other begin to WHIRL and grow hot. And they begin to come together....slowly. And as they do, we HEAR a PINGING which will heighten in both volume and range as the scene progresses.

FULL SHOT

163

with Rollo in F.G. Having looked behind him (PAST CAMERA) at the "activated" rods, he now moves forward with the intent of shutting off the offending switch himself. He pulls out his pistol as he does so.

ANGLE ON BATTLE

164

Using only his hands, Illya dispatches the Third Expert permanently, and moves quickly to aid Solo, who is just doing the same to the First Expert. And as Solo, Illya and the Second Expert block Rollo's route, Leslie has arisen and - eyeing the door - makes a dash for it right across Rollo's path. He catches and holds her, his pistol in her ribs.

ROLLO (tc Solo and Illya)

Enough!...

(glances very quickly at rods
behind him)

ANGLE ON TWO RODS

165

They are still WHIRLING, still moving very slowly toward each other. There is only about a foot and a half between them now.

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO AND ILLYA

166

Rollo's command has come as, with a simultaneously delivered, bombing right cross from each of them, they have knocked the Second Expert all the way across the room and (perhaps) through the doorway. CAMERA PANS WITH the flying Second Expert, to discover Stemmler standing in the doorway.

INTERCUTS - SOLO AND ILLYA - ROLLO AND LESLIE - STEMMLER 167

Solo and Illya are positioned several feet away from where Rollo holds his gun on Leslie, and are between him and the switch. He notices Stemmler in the doorway. She stares - expressionless - at the gun he holds on her daughter.

ROLLO (to Stemmler;
his eyes on Solo and Illya)
Lillian....the data cards are on the
transmitter. Read them into the mike
and Central will have all it asked
for....

167
CCNT'D
(2)

(as Stemmler doesn't move)
...Lillian! Are you Thrush or are you
not?....

(as Stemmler finally does move
toward transmitter - to Solo
and Illya)

...Now; pull that switch. Shut it
off!....

(glances toward rods)
...If those two rods come together,
we're all dead!

(really panicked now - pokes
Leslie with gun)
...Pull it, I say, or this one gets
it right now!

Stemmler has picked up the transmitter mike, and is holding up one of the cards to read. At their end of the room, Solo and Illya exchange glances. They cannot disobey the now wild-eyed Rollo without sacrificing Leslie. Solo is just turning to move toward the switch as Leslie, after a deep breath and mustering all her strength, kicks him in the shins and yanks herself away from Rollo's grasp. He is thrown slightly backward and off-balance, but his gun is still in Leslie's direction. Stemmler, seeing that he'll fire, rushes forward.

STEMMLER

No!

MED. SHOT

168

Stemmler throws herself between Rollo and Leslie at the instant he FIRES at the girl. It is Stemmler who is hit. She falls.

ANGLE FAVORING ILLYA

169

As Solo goes for the switch, Illya has plunged forward toward Rollo. Using his own arm to knock Rollo's gun arm upward, he uses his momentum to catch Rollo in the mid-section with his shoulder.

ANGLE FAVORING ROLLO

170

as he is knocked backwards - directly between the two closing rods. He shudders and falls.

ANGLE FAVORING SOLO

171

He has reached and thrown the switch just an instant too late to save Rollo.

FULL SHOT

172

There is an instant of silent aftermath. Solo and Illya both turn toward Leslie, who is looking down at her mother, as we:

ZIP PAN TO:

INT. CORRIDOR INTERSECTION - LONG SHOT

173

looking down the corridor. Approaching us in immediate F.G., are Two Guards (each very much in possession of his faculties), and two of the clobbered, staggering Experts whom they have in tow. As that group turns the intersection corner and goes O.S., we are left with a view of Solo, Illya and Leslie coming toward us.

SOLO (to Leslie -
comiserating)
I wish it could have been otherwise,
Leslie....about your mother.

They stop at the intersection in immediate F.G.

LESLIE

Thank you. But on the other hand,
I spent eleven years unable to say
- or believe, really - that I even
had a mother....

(looks back down corridor)

...Well, I did have one.....who loved
me very much....

(with pride)

...That's not a bad thing to be able
to say, you know.

Leslie turns and moves O.S., leaving us with a TWO SHOT of Solo and Illya. They look silently after her for an instant before Illya turns toward Solo, looks him up and down, and touches a marvelous rip in his badly damaged suit.

173
CONT'D
(2)

ILLYA

Oh, Mr. Waverly's going to love that.

SOLO (eyeing himself)

All right; so it's a little...mussed up....

(very defensive)

...well, what d'you think he'd rather have, anyway? Me in a ripped suit, or Little Lord Fauntleroy in a nice neat one?

Illya gives him a very very long look, as we:

FADE OUT.

THE END