

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

Screenplay by

Guy Ritchie and Lionel Wigram

August 1st, 2012

1963. Eighteen years after the defeat of the Nazis in World War Two. The world is divided between the Capitalist West dominated by America and the Communist Eastern Bloc ruled over by Russia.

EXT. BERLIN WALL - CHECKPOINT CHARLIE - DAY

The wall stretches in both directions as far as the eye can see. Barbed wire, armed sentries and guard dogs. This is the dividing line.

NAPOLEON SOLO crosses no-man's land, past a sign which reads 'You are now entering East Germany.' He's in his 40's, poised and confident, with a ready smile. He shows his passport to an East German FRONTIER GUARD, addressing him in perfect German.

The Guard gestures for him to open his suitcase. Packed at the top are samples of women's underwear.

Solo offers a sample to the Guard, who has a quick look over his shoulder, takes a pair of tights and then hurriedly closes the case, waving Solo through.

As Solo leaves the checkpoint, a train is heading towards the border as if to cross it, but as it reaches the Berlin Wall, the track suddenly curves so that the train remains in the East, running parallel with the Wall. Clearly, a modification made when the Wall was built.

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - DAY

As Solo walks along we see that he's being followed. He's aware of it too.

Solo enters a bar.

INT. BAR - DAY

Solo orders a beer. As he drinks, he glances out of the window at the East German SECRET POLICEMAN who is following him.

Next to him, a prim-looking, middle-aged WOMAN finishes her coffee, dabs her lips with the napkin, and leaves.

Solo unfolds the lipstick stained napkin. On it is an address, and a message, 'YOU HAVE COMPETITION.'

Solo puts the napkin in his pocket and exits.

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - DAY

Solo easily loses his tail.

He heads to the address on the napkin. Outside is a car, Solo gets in.

INT. CAR - DAY

The driver, ERNST, is a jovial looking fellow with an air of gypsy about him. He flashes a gold-toothed smile at Solo.

ERNST

If I was a rich man, la la la la.

SOLO

You're about to be. Here's your scotch.

Solo fetches a bottle of single malt out of his case.

ERNST

Glendronach 33. How did you find this?

SOLO

You owe me. That was harder to get through than a pair of jeans.

ERNST

The jeans as well?? You're the messiah.

Solo produces the jeans.

SOLO

And you're greedy, Ernst, but I like you anyway. Now here is an address, and we need to move, the Russians are onto my target.

Ernst looks genuinely excited and starts to unbuckle his trousers.

SOLO(CONT'D)

What are you doing Ernst?

ERNST

I can't wait...

He continues his mission. Solo rolls his eyes.

ERNST (CONT'D)

You even got the right size, and I am a little heavier than I used to be.

SOLO

I predicted that. Did you get me a gun?

Ernst pulls his coat off the back seat, only to reveal a large machine gun.

SOLO (CONT'D)

It's a machine gun, Ernst. I asked for something discreet.

ERNST

I am sorry, but it's the best I could do. The Stasi watch everything. Since the Russians took over, it's almost impossible to make a dishonest living. Not like when you were in business. Don't you miss the old black-market days?

This hits a nerve with Solo.

SOLO

What? The hunger, the cold, the filth? Not really, can we go now? I'm in something of a rush.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Ernst points out a dodgy looking automotive repair shop under the arches of the busy railway track.

ERNST

It's a chop shop, I used this place for years, but since things have tightened up, there's not a lot of business here anymore. You want me to wait here?

SOLO

Yeah, pick me up on the corner, and Ernst, we need to get the girl over the Wall tonight.

ERNST

It's all arranged boss.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The walls are covered with motor-racing posters and photographs of famous drivers.

Solo approaches a mechanic who is working under a car, we can just see a pair of feet.

SOLO (SUBTITLE)
(in German)
I'm looking for Frau Teller.

The mechanic rolls out from under the car. Meet GABY TELLER, a 28 year-old knockout in a boiler suit.

GABY
(in German)
I'm a little backed up, I won't be able to get to your car until next week.

Gaby affects a hard edge but her clothing, ruffled hair and the oil-smudge on her cheek only serve to accentuate her vulnerability.

SOLO
(in German)
My name is Napoleon Solo. I'm here about your father Frau Teller.

Gaby tenses. Solo smiles reassuringly.

SOLO (CONT'D)
We need your help.

GABY
(in English)
American?

Solo nods.

GABY (CONT'D)
I haven't seen my father since I was ten years old.

SOLO
I imagine you're aware of what your father did during the war?

GABY
He was the senior scientist in the Nazi rocket program. Is there anything else to know?

SOLO

After that, he came to work for the U.S. at Los Alamos. Five years ago, he disappeared without a trace. We've been looking for him ever since, but this is the first sign we've had of him. This picture was taken a week ago by one of our agents in Egypt.

Solo shows Gaby a black-and-white photograph of half a dozen men seated at a conference table. Three are wearing high level military uniforms.

Solo points to one man who is standing, gesticulating with his arms as if to make a point. He's an older professorial type.

GABY

That's him...

She can't hide the emotion in her voice.

SOLO

It appears your father is in the process of making a deal to sell a nuclear bomb to the Egyptians. That's not great news for Israel, which isn't good news for the rest of us. Nasty business nuclear war.

GABY

Look, I'm not proud of what my father has done, but I told you, I haven't seen or heard from him in eighteen years.

SOLO

We believe he's working for this man.

He points to a man seated next to the Professor. He's dressed in an expensive linen suit but his face is mostly covered by the Professor's arm.

GABY

I can't help you.

She disappears back under the car. Solo pulls her back out again.

SOLO

But I bet you know someone who can. An old friend, a relative?

Gaby thinks about it, shakes her head.

GABY

I can't...

SOLO

If you'll agree to help us, I can have you on the other side of the Wall tonight.

GABY

You do understand that I could be tortured and imprisoned just for listening to you?

SOLO

I'm offering you a new life. Freedom from all of that.

GABY

How do I know you are who you say you are? How do I know that anything you've told me is true?

He looks her directly in the eyes.

SOLO

I know this is sudden. I wish there was more time. But that's how urgent the situation is. I will protect you and I will get you over that wall. I just need you to...

GABY

Trust you?

SOLO

Trust me.

And she almost does. Almost but...

GABY

Why? Because you're handsome and have a nice smile?

SOLO

Shall I make this easier?

He reveals the machine gun under his jacket.

SOLO (CONT'D)

You're now my prisoner, you don't have a choice.

GABY
That does make it easier.

SOLO
I have a driver waiting for us
outside.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Solo heads out the door and slows abruptly. He notices that Ernst's car is not quite in the same place, and it's hard to see Ernst. He's at a strange angle, Solo doesn't like this, he drops down quickly as a bullet whistles past his ear.

He rolls back into the shop.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

GABY
(afraid)
What's going on? Who just shot at
us?

SOLO
I need the keys to that thing.

GABY
What have you done?

SOLO
The Russians are after your father
too. It's us or them. Like I said,
you don't have a choice.

Beat, as her mind clearly shifts.

GABY
I'm the only person who drives this
car.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

The shooter moves closer to get a better angle on the entrance to the garage. Meet ILYA KURYAKIN, Russian, he's in his early 30's and radiates a rare combination of physical power and intelligence.

However in contrast, his choice of clothing is distinctly odd.

He wears a suit, but it's a conspicuously bold color and his shirt and tie have striking patterns which are completely mismatched. On anyone else, this get-up would look clownish, but Kuryakin manages to make it look cool.

As he's crossing the street, Gaby's car roars out. Kuryakin snaps his gun up to take aim, but instead of turning down the street, Gaby drives up on the sidewalk to be shielded by the parked vehicles.

Kuryakin lowers his gun, calmly walks back to his car, climbs in, and roars after them.

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - DAY

Gaby's car screeches around the corner, scattering pedestrians. Other cars are forced to swerve out of the way.

In the car, Gaby is clearly in her element. Her confidence returns as she focuses on driving which she does with extraordinary skill.

Kuryakin follows, relentless.

CUT TO:

INT. GABY'S CAR - DAY

Gaby slams on the brakes.

SOLO

What are you doing?

GABY

This guy isn't going to give up.

SOLO

I am aware of that, but what are you doing?

She slams the car into reverse and tightens her safety belt.

GABY

Hold on tight. This car is tougher than it looks.

She hits the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. KURYAKIN'S CAR - DAY

He rounds the corner to find Gaby looking over her shoulder, reversing straight at him at forty miles an hour. Kuryakin has no time to dodge.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - DAY

CRASH. There is an enormous smash as both cars come to a halt. However, Gaby's car is relatively undamaged. She tears away.

CUT TO:

INT. GABY'S CAR - DAY

Gaby turns to a shaken Solo.

GABY

You okay?

SOLO

Where did you learn to drive like this?

GABY

What's the point in fixing cars if you can't drive them?

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - DAY

Kuryakin coolly climbs out of the wreckage of his car, and surveys all the other cars that have stopped to look at the incident. He eventually sees one at the back, it looks fast. He walks up to the DRIVER.

DRIVER

(in German)

I saw the whole thing, that woman's a lunatic!

Kuryakin waves his gun at him with a gesture that says "this is my car now" and the journey continues.

CUT TO:

INT. GABY'S CAR - DAY

She continues to drive fast, avoiding traffic, but eventually she finds herself behind a rubbish truck, picking up trash. Another car is close behind her, she's stuck. She calmly looks around.

SOLO

We can't stay here.

GABY

Really? You're very observant.

She glances at a parallel road a block over, searching for another way out. Suddenly, a car tears down the parallel road. We only see it for a flash, but we know it's Kuryakin.

Solo and Gaby look at each other.

GABY (CONT'D)

He couldn't have seen us?

Pause. We hear a screech of tires.

SOLO

Shall we get out of here?

Kuryakin's car tears back and stops. How could he possibly have seen them? Within a second, he is firing shots from his pistol just inches away from their target.

Gaby doesn't hang around. Again she puts the car in reverse, forcing the car behind her back. This gives her enough room to mount the curb, knocking the TRASH COLLECTORS out of the way. She's off again.

CUT TO:

INT. KURYAKIN'S CAR - DAY

Kuryakin steers with one hand, and shoots with the other. He's calmer than a coma.

CUT TO:

INT. GABY'S CAR - DAY

Solo shoots back. Gaby downshifts.

GABY

That man can drive. Can't you shoot better than that?

SOLO
You concentrate on the road.

She makes a hard left into an alley.

Solo is thrown to one side and drops his gun on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST BERLIN STREETS - DAY

Kuryakin overshoots.

CUT TO:

INT. GABY'S CAR - DAY

Solo picks up his gun.

GABY
Better?

Suddenly, her expression changes.

GABY (CONT'D)
Oh no!

Up ahead is a sharp drop as a steep stone pedestrian staircase leads down to the road below.

Solo looks behind them. Kuryakin is catching up again. Sirens are approaching behind him.

Gaby is slowing down.

Solo stays cool.

SOLO
We can make it.

Gaby is shaking her head. Solo starts to climb into the back seat.

GABY
What are you doing?

SOLO
We need more weight in the back.

GABY
I can't...

SOLO

You can. You don't, we're both
dead... Trust me... Now put your
foot down.

Gaby looks at him, hits the gas, and they're airborne.

EXT. STEPS - DAY

Amazingly, the car lands on the steps, the back flies up, but
it doesn't flip. Instead, it carries on down the steps,
reaching the bottom with a crunch.

Kuryakin stops his car at the top of the steps. He climbs out
of his car and watches them speed away.

INT. GABY'S CAR - DAY

Solo breathes a sigh of relief.

SOLO

I'm impressed. You alright?

GABY

That's a stupid question.

SOLO

Shall I drive now?

GABY

You're okay, pal. Just stay where
you are.

More sirens. Flashing lights in the distance.

SOLO

In there.

He points to a multi-story parking structure.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Gaby parks her car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Solo and Gaby sit, tensely listening to the sirens go by.
Gradually, the sound fades into the distance.

GABY
Still going over the Wall tonight?

SOLO
Follow me.

He climbs out of the car.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

As Solo and Gaby head for the exit, a car turns into the structure.

Solo pulls Gaby down behind a car. As the vehicle passes, they see that it's Kuryakin.

SOLO
Who is this guy?

He pulls her through the back-door.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

As he and Gaby hurry down the alleyway, Solo looks back to see Kuryakin, looking down at him from the second floor of the parking structure.

Solo pulls Gaby around the corner and breaks into a run.

EXT. VARIOUS EAST BERLIN STREETS - DAY

Solo and Gaby run. And run. And run.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DUSK

Surrounded by industrial warehouses. Solo and Gaby crouch, hidden in the shadows of one of the warehouses. They are out of breath and Gaby looks spent.

GABY
We haven't lost him, have we?

Solo puts a finger to his lips. A long beat. Sure enough, Kuryakin appears between the buildings, coming towards them.

A distant rumble grows louder. A train trundles along the tracks moving between them and Kuryakin.

SOLO
Come on.

He pulls Gaby up, and they run towards the train. Solo manages to open one of the doors and push Gaby in.

On the other side, Kuryakin scans the night as the end of the train passes gradually, revealing the warehouses that were hidden behind it.

It appears that Kuryakin is going to let the train pass. At the last minute, he runs to catch up with the final carriage, and jumps onboard.

INT. TRAIN - DUSK

Solo has been watching from the window. He pulls his head in.

GABY
Did he get on?

SOLO
Let's move.

GABY
This is your idea of going over the
Wall?

He leads her towards the front of the train.

As they head along the passageway, the CONDUCTOR exits a compartment.

CONDUCTOR (SUBTITLE)
(in German)
Tickets please.

He looks slightly suspicious at their dishevelled state.

SOLO (SUBTITLE)
Two tickets for the Center please.

He pays the Conductor, who takes forever to give them change.

As they continue down the passageway, Kuryakin appears at the other end.

They hurry down the train.

Finally, they reach the hallway outside the driver's compartment. They can go no further.

Solo opens the exterior door, but the train is travelling too fast to jump off. He looks ahead and sees the Berlin Wall approaching.

SOLO (CONT'D)

The train has to slow down to make
the turn when it reaches the Wall.
That's when we jump.

Sirens and flashing lights. Solo looks out again. There are
now two cop cars driving alongside the train.

Here comes Kuryakin. Solo ducks around the corner, just as a
volley of silenced machine gun fire thuds into the wall next
to his head.

Gaby is crouched down, covering her head, body shaking.

KURYAKIN

(yells down the corridor)
You have no place to go, Mr. Solo.
Give yourself up. There's no reason
for the girl to die.

SOLO

(to himself)
He knows my name????

Solo knows he's right unless...

He tries the Driver's door. Locked. Solo shoots the lock,
barges the door open.

INT. TRAIN DRIVER'S CABIN - DUSK

Solo sticks his gun in the DRIVER'S face. He's a big, strong
fellow.

SOLO (SUBTITLE)

(in German)
Faster.

DRIVER (SUBTITLE)

We won't make the turn. The train
will crash into...

He gestures to the approaching Berlin Wall.

SOLO (SUBTITLE)

Faster.

The Driver doesn't move, but his eyes give him away, flicking
to the accelerator handle.

SOLO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Solo jams the accelerator forward. At that moment, the Driver grabs for the gun.

They grapple as the Wall approaches.

Suddenly, Kuryakin is in the cabin, his gun in Solo's face. He squeezes the trigger as...

EXT. BERLIN WALL - NIGHT

The train jumps the tracks and smashes through the Wall.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Solo, Kuryakin, and the Driver are tossed around as the front of the train rolls over.

EXT. BERLIN WALL - WEST - NIGHT

There is a massive hole in the Wall. More than half the length of the train has gone through it, and is now in the West.

The front carriage is on its side.

INT. WEST BERLIN - TRAIN WRECKAGE - NIGHT

Solo swims back into consciousness. The Driver lies groaning next to him.

Solo crawls into the passageway. He sees the girl, and hears a groan, she's semi-conscious.

SOLO

Gaby?!...Can you hear me?

Her eyes open.

SOLO (CONT'D)

You're going to be alright. You're safe now.

We hear the sound of sirens as West German POLICE turn up.

Kuryakin is stuck in the wreckage, and can't free himself easily, he can see his targets disappearing as he attempts to pull himself out.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Solo watches as a DOCTOR examines Gaby. She winces as he touches her bruised ribs.

SOLO
(to himself)
Welcome to freedom.

There's a knock on the door and SANDERS enters. He's an effete little man with an air of great cunning and intelligence about him. He's also Solo's boss.

SANDERS
Well done Solo.

Solo stares at him for a long beat.

SOLO
Why don't we step outside.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sanders puts the kettle on.

SANDERS
Well, it appears the Russians are as anxious as we are to find Professor Teller.

SOLO
I've had enough.

SANDERS
What is your secret?
(beat)
You know there's no one in the history of the Agency with a higher success rate when it comes to recruiting and running female assets. You're a bit of a legend.

A long pause. Solo stares at Sanders.

SOLO
You heard what I said.

SANDERS
You need a break.

SOLO

No, I have had enough. Twelve years of playing your little games. I'm done.

SANDERS

You seem to be forgetting something... You're on thin ice Solo, and there are things, unpleasant things, lurking under it.

SOLO

Threatening me with a prison cell has lost its traction Sanders. Put me away, it's better for everyone's health.

SANDERS

Pull yourself together Solo.

Solo suddenly grabs him by the throat and pins him against the wall.

SOLO

This won't mean much to you, but she trusted me.

SANDERS

Look Solo, she's going to be okay.

There's a beat, Solo releases his grip.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I tell you what, let's meet again tomorrow, we'll talk about it sensibly.

EXT. EGYPTIAN BARRACKS - GYM - EARLY MORNING

An EGYPTIAN OFFICER is running outside the barracks, he looks fit and has an expression like he means it. We become aware of a man running up behind him. This is ALEXANDER SKORPIOS, he's dressed to run.

ALEXANDER

Colonel. I heard you were an early bird.

The Egyptian acknowledges him, but continues running.

COLONEL

I like the sand before the sun
beats it.

ALEXANDER

I hope I am not bothering you?

COLONEL

Not in the least, you and the
Professor have done Egypt a great
service... But I thought you had
left already, Mr... "Smith."

ALEXANDER

I'm back for the day. A couple of
loose ends I needed to tie up. By
way, my name is Alex...

COLONEL

No. Please. Let's stick to
protocol.

ALEXANDER

Oh, I'm confident you can be
trusted Colonel. I'm Alexander
Skorpios.

COLONEL

Good to meet you, Mr. Skorpios.

ALEXANDER

You're quite a legend in the camp,
Colonel, winner of the army
triathlon six years in a row.

(beat)

Do you mind if I train with you
today? I am an amateur athlete
myself and this will be my last
opportunity, since our business is
concluded.

COLONEL

You're welcome to, but I warn you,
this is not a short work out.

ALEXANDER

Two hours every morning. A twelve
mile run, followed by a two mile
swim, and a cool down in the gym.
Your routine is famous. I'll drop
out as soon as you pull away.

COLONEL
Very good then.

CUT TO:

An hour later. Alexander has clearly impressed the Colonel.

COLONEL (CONT'D)
You are doing very well, Mr.
Skorpios.

ALEXANDER
I am inspired by my company.

EXT. EGYPTIAN BEACH - MORNING

We can see the Colonel is a tad concerned by the determination and ability of this man. They have reached the sea.

COLONEL
So, the sea. I go round the buoy,
then back again.

ALEXANDER
I am ready.

EXT. EGYPTIAN SEA - MORNING

An hour later. Alexander is clearly in front and showing no signs of fatigue, the Colonel on the other hand is now trying to keep up...

EXT. EGYPTIAN BEACH - MORNING

Alexander is waiting on the beach... jogging on the spot. The Colonel pulls himself out of the water, he's desperately trying to not look knackered.

COLONEL
Where did you learn to swim like
that?

ALEXANDER
My father taught me that true
physical strength lies not in the
body, but in the mind. If you chew
bitter for long enough, eventually
it turns sweet. The gym?

INT. GYM - DAY

Alexander is on the bench with a bar over him...

ALEXANDER
Could you spot me?

Alexander thumps out ten reps of a very heavy weight.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Your turn.

COLONEL
That weight is too much.

ALEXANDER
It's all in your mind, Colonel.

CUT TO:

The Colonel is on the bench, under a weight that he has to struggle with. Alexander stands over him, almost mockingly.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
Push push, that's the spirit
Colonel, now we're getting
somewhere. Let's see how strong you
really are.

At which point, Alexander releases the weight and the Colonel takes the strain.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
That's it. Now tell me, how long
have you been a spy?

The Colonel is about to explode with the weight that's over him.

COLONEL
Take the weight off me. I don't
know what you're talking about.

ALEXANDER
You're just not trying hard enough.
Who are you working for, the
Americans, or the Russians?

The Colonel can't take the weight for much longer.

COLONEL
Please...!

ALEXANDER

Tell me what I want to know, and I can help you.

COLONEL

The Americans... and the Russians.

ALEXANDER

Thank you Colonel.

Alexander reaches down and takes hold of the bar.

COLONEL

How did you know?

ALEXANDER

You and your government have no idea who you're dealing with Colonel.

With almost superhuman strength, he raises the bar before he slams it down.

EXT. WEST BERLIN - PARK - DAY

A beautiful sunny day.

Solo is walking with Sanders through public gardens.

SANDERS

How's the girl? Is she going to be helpful?

He walks into a public restroom, gesturing that Solo should follow.

INT. PARK RESTROOM - DAY

Sanders checks the cubicles.

SOLO

I think so...

SANDERS

You'll have to do better than that.

SOLO

There's an old friend and colleague of her father's, a Rudolph Von Trulsch, endearingly known as "Uncle Rudi." Lives in Greece, works for a big shipping company.

(MORE)

SOLO (CONT'D)

She's sure if anybody will be in touch with her father, he's the man.

Sanders is relieving himself.

SANDERS

Rudi Von Trulsch. I think I have a file on him somewhere. Name of the shipping company?

SOLO

Triton.

SANDERS

Even more interesting, rumor has it they smuggled Nazi gold to South America after the war. Can she be trusted?

SOLO

That's your department now sir, I got you the girl and I got you a name. Now I'm done.

SANDERS

No Solo, you'll be done when I tell you you're done.

SOLO

I don't think you understand. I am over it, for about a thousand reasons, not least of which, I am losing whatever advantage I had over these people. That lunatic Russian android they put on me yesterday isn't like men I have come up against before. He was a relentless Olympian. That was the closest I have come to termination in the last ten years. It wasn't *me* that saved *me*, it was a banana skin here and a rabbit foot there. In other words, luck. You want to send me back to the cell, send me. I'll go. But I am done here.

A MAN wearing a hat enters, shutting Sanders up.

Solo looks over his shoulder as the Man raises his head, it's Kuryakin. They both look as surprised as the other about this unlikely meeting.

Without another word, they spring into action. They attempt to draw their guns, but there isn't enough space to use them.

A serious amount of hand-to-hand combat takes place, destroying the lavatory. It ends with Kuryakin putting a choke hold around Solo's neck.

Solo looks up for help from Sanders, he doesn't have much time. His boss calmly washes his hands as he gasps his last breath.

Solo spots an owl-like man entering the room. This is Kuryakin's boss, OLEG. He has the eccentric appearance of a chess grandmaster. He barks an order at Kuryakin.

OLEG

Let him go Ilya. You don't want to kill your partner on the first day.

Kuryakin's hold gradually relaxes, both men look shocked by this information. Solo looks up at his boss, who throws away the paper towel.

SANDERS

That's what I was about to explain Solo, but as usual you jumped the gun. We were going to meet them in the cafe outside. Nature's needs clearly got the better of their agent as he did of you.

EXT. PARK - CAFE - MINUTES LATER

Oleg sips a cup of tea.

OLEG

We don't know yet who is behind this but we both agree, not that Sanders and I have ever talked before...

He and Sanders chuckle.

OLEG (CONT'D)

...that it's unacceptable to both our nations to have a third party manufacturing and selling nuclear weapons to the highest bidder.

Sanders nods.

SANDERS

Our mutual interests dictate that we should work together. Unofficially and off-the-books, of course, if the politicians knew about this...

SOLO

(to Sanders)

You're forgetting something.

SANDERS

Excuse us for a second. Solo come with me.

Sanders stands and Solo follows.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

I am not asking you to find the President's missing sticky book, it's nuclear war we're talking about!... If that's not enough, and prison isn't, then how about secret account number 583937994? Your retirement policy. A tidy little sum from your noir racketeering days... That account is now frozen, and I am the only man who can make it thaw, but first, you're going to go to work.

SOLO

That man sitting there is the enemy! He killed your top agent in East Berlin not twenty-four hours ago, and spent the majority of yesterday trying very hard to kill me...

SANDERS

Well, you'll be in safe hands then. You yourself reported on how capable he was. There is no choice in this Solo. Finish the job and then, and only then, are you done. Now, we have twenty-four hours to get ready then you head to Greece with the Russian and the girl, as a team.

Solo, looks over to Kuryakin. They just stare at each other.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CIA CINE ROOM AND KGB CINE ROOM AS FOLLOWS:

INT. CIA CINE ROOM - DAY

Lights off, a Super 8 film fills us in: Images of a child soldier getting a medal. A young man swimming in the Olympics. Another image pops up of him firing a gun at a target with deadly accuracy.

SANDERS

Kuryakin's father was killed by the Nazis at the siege of Leningrad. The day he got the news, our boy joined the army. He was fourteen. Killed so many Germans he was given the nickname "The Leningrad Plague." The KGB recruited him after the war and spent years refining him. His one flaw appears to be his temper. But make no mistake, he's their top agent.

CUT TO:

INT. KGB CINE ROOM - DAY

Oleg clicks his finger and the lights are off, and Oleg walks in front of the film projected onto a wall. Now it's Solo's turn.

OLEG (SUBTITLE)

Solo was a sergeant in the Marines during the war. He was awarded the Military Cross for bravery. He was stationed in Berlin after the war, where he became involved in multiple criminal activities, mostly dealing in black-market goods. He speaks many languages, and he's highly cultured for all the wrong reasons. He has a broad knowledge of art, wine, antiques, only in order to know it's black market value. He was facing a fifteen year prison sentence for his crimes, but the CIA recognized his talent and offered to withhold his sentence, as long as he worked for them. Since then, he has been involved in some of their most important and dangerous clandestine operations. He has consistently bested our top operatives.

(MORE)

OLEG (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
He's not predictable. He's not a
product of the system.

Kuryakin nods.

CUT TO:

Sanders paces in front of Solo.

SANDERS
Your main mission is to prevent the
delivery of the bomb. That is the
first priority. However, you have a
second obligation. Professor
Teller's research represents the
next generation of nuclear weapons
technology. It's way ahead of
anything we or the Russians have
currently, and clearly he's
succeeded in putting it into
practice. That research will be on
a disk. We must have that disk and
above all else, it must not fall
into the hands of the Russians.

CUT TO:

Oleg lies on a sofa while Kuryakin paces.

OLEG
...it is essential that we get it
and not the Americans. Once you
have completed your main mission...

CUT TO:

Sanders stops pacing.

SANDERS
You are to use any means...

CUT TO:

Oleg gets off the sofa.

OLEG
...necessary to secure it. Do I
make...

CUT TO:

Sanders stares at Solo.

SANDERS
...myself clear?

CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Gaby sits opposite Solo, who passes her a cup of tea. She's looking much better.

GABY
I kept my end of the deal, and I almost died for it. And now you want me to come to Greece?

SOLO
Look we don't have much time, and I need access to Uncle Rudi. If anybody knows where your father is, it's him, and if there's one person he'll tell, it's you.

GABY
I can't do this. I don't know this world, you're asking me to be something I am not.

SOLO
Trust me. All I need you to be is yourself. I'll guide you through it, this is what I do. Look at it as a holiday. You can see the sights, get a tan. And I promise there'll be no danger.

She's melting.

GABY
Promise?

SOLO
Promise.

The chemistry between them is undeniable, but Solo's all business.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Now, you need some clothes. Let's go shopping.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

A nice mid-range place that sells sensible clothes.

Solo watches as Gaby looks at dresses.

He spots an elegant black dress.

SOLO
This one isn't bad.

He shows Gaby the dress. She shakes her head.

GABY
Black is for funerals.

She turns to look at another dress. A troubled look passes over Solo's face. He's all too aware that Gaby's wellbeing is again his responsibility.

GABY (CONT'D)
So Russia and America have become
friends over this issue have they?

SOLO
Well, friends might be an
overstatement... But as coincidence
would have it, you do already know
the man we have to partner with.

GABY
Know him? How can I know him?

At which point, Solo spots Kuryakin. As usual, he's dressed in an outlandishly colorful and mismatched get-up, which he somehow manages to make cool.

SOLO
(to Kuryakin)
You're early.

KURYAKIN
We're in a hurry.

GABY
Wait just a second. Isn't that the
man...?

SOLO
Yes, it is. I told you, you know
him.

GABY
You've got to be kidding.

SOLO

It's going to be fine.

Kuryakin smiles and takes her hand.

KURYAKIN

Ilya Kuryakin. You are quite a driver young lady, I like that in a woman.

GABY

I feel sick. Make it stop.

SOLO

That's perfectly normal, you'll get used to the feeling.

He sees the dress.

KURYAKIN

Did you pick this dress?

Looking at Solo.

KURYAKIN (CONT'D)

There is no way my woman is wearing this dress.

GABY

What do you mean "my woman?" Solo, what does he mean?

SOLO

I think you should leave this department to me, no offense but...

KURYAKIN

My fiancee would never wear this.

GABY

Fiancee?

They ignore her.

SOLO

Really, now you're a Russian fashion expert? And that suit is your qualification?

KURYAKIN

So you're an expert on what a Russian architect looks like, Cowboy?

GABY
I'm not doing this.

She storms out of the shop. Solo looks sarcastically at Ilya.

SOLO
Good work.

KURYAKIN
Your job was to prepare her.

SOLO
Your job was to give me time.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

It's a beautiful evening. Gaby paces in front of a fountain while Solo talks.

SOLO
He's an architect designing a new resort for heroes of the Soviet Union by the Black Sea. The Minister has a weakness for classical architecture so he's been sent to Greece to study it. He's managed to get a visa for his fiancée.

GABY
(in horror)
Me?!

SOLO
It's the perfect cover. Since Uncle Rudi lives in Athens, it's only natural that you would pay him a visit to tell him the good news, and ask him about your father.

GABY
Now you want me to be an actress?

SOLO
It's easier than it seems, I'll coach you through it.

Gaby shakes her head.

GABY
This is insane.

SOLO

You can do it Gaby, I'll admit it's a challenge, but I know you can handle it.

She considers, but again she's melting.

GABY

I can't believe I'm doing this. What will you be doing while I'm playing the Russian bride?

SOLO

I'll be playing an executive for American oil, on a business trip to check out Triton shipping, Rudi's employer.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - BEACH - DAY

PROFESSOR UDO TELLER, Gaby's father, stands alone on the rocks, staring out to sea.

Looming over him on the cliffs above is a medieval castle.

Two men approach him from the direction of the fortress. One is Alexander Skorprios. The other is another older gentlemen, very well dressed, with a mane of thick white hair. There's an air of dissipation about him. Meet RUDOLPH VON TRULSCH aka "UNCLE RUDI."

UNCLE RUDI

Hello Udo.

The Professor is startled from his reverie.

UDO

Rudi. What are you doing here?

ALEXANDER

I asked him to come.

Alexander clearly makes Udo nervous.

UDO

(to Uncle Rudi)

What do you want me to say? I've served loyally for twenty-five years, haven't I?

UNCLE RUDI

No one is questioning your loyalty.

UDO

It is one thing for the organization to have nuclear capability for the purposes of leverage or deterrent. It's quite another for us to sell the bomb to other parties, who will use it to commit genocide.

ALEXANDER

The orders come directly from the Reichs-Marshall in Buenos Aires. It is not for you to question them.

UDO

(shouting)

They didn't build it! They're not directly responsible!

ALEXANDER

It's too late for second thoughts Professor. You must finish the job you started!

(to Uncle Rudi)

Talk to him.

He turns and leaves.

Rudi puts a calming hand around the Professor's shoulders.

UNCLE RUDI

I have some happy news, Udo. I've heard from Gaby.

The blood drains from Udo's face.

UNCLE RUDI (CONT'D)

She's coming to Athens, with her new fiancée. Imagine our little Gabriella getting married. Perhaps it's time for a reunion?

Udo looks horrified.

UDO

I don't want her involved in this. Keep her away Rudi. Promise me...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Solo walks onto the plane, stops for a second, and sees Kuryakin and Gaby sitting together in first class. She hasn't seen Solo, but Kuryakin has, and takes a sip of champagne.

Solo takes a step in their direction when he is stopped by the STEWARDESS. She looks at his ticket...

STEWARDESS

Sorry sir, your seat's the other way...

KURYAKIN

Laugh.

GABY

What?

KURYAKIN

You must do what I tell you to do, when I tell you to do it... It could save your life. Do you understand?

GABY

I understand.

KURYAKIN

Good, now laugh... spontaneously, deeply, viscerally...

Solo takes this in as the Stewardess points him towards the economy seats, filled with distinctly un-glamorous people.

Gaby laughs. Solo looks back at his new partner, who looks over his shoulder before he whispers back in Gaby's ear...

KURYAKIN (CONT'D)

Good. Now, where did we first have dinner?

SOLO

(to himself)

Oh, you're just too funny, aren't you, Babushka.

EXT. ATHENS - GRAND HOTEL - DAY

A magnificent palace of a building in the best part of town.

Solo exits a cab. A BELL-BOY hurries over to relieve him of his luggage and escorts him inside.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Oozing luxury and old school grandeur. This is clearly the place where the Athenian jet-set meet.

As Solo approaches the check-in desk, he passes Kuryakin and Gaby being escorted to the elevator.

Solo waits as the guest ahead of him finishes checking in. He's a distinguished looking older man.

DESK CLERK

Enjoy your stay, Mr. Waverly.

WAVERLY

(English accent)

Thank you, my good man.

Solo smiles at the pretty DESK CLERK.

SOLO

Holstein. Checking in.

DESK CLERK

Welcome to Athens, Mr. Holstein.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - ROOM - DAY

Solo sighs as he takes in the narrow single bed and the window which looks out to the wall of the adjacent building.

BELL-BOY

Is there anything else I can help you with, Mr. Holstein?

Solo tips the Bell-Boy who looks very pleased with the amount. The Bell-Boy leaves, the door shuts. Solo looks at his watch and goes to open the door. There is a MAN standing there with another case, he looks surreptitiously down the corridor, and then passes the case to Solo.

AGENT

You have an appointment with the owner of Triton shipping tomorrow morning. Details are in here.

He hands Solo an envelope and disappears.

Solo unpacks the case. He presses a secret latch revealing a false bottom. Underneath is his spy gear: an automatic with silencer, a couple of false passports, miniature camera, and an assortment of electronic bugging and tracking devices.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

Gaby stands on the balcony admiring the view of the Acropolis.

There's a knock at the door. Kuryakin replaces the false bottom in his very similar suitcase, concealing his own spy gear, before letting Solo in.

Gaby hands Solo an envelope.

GABY

Uncle Rudi has invited us for dinner this evening.

Solo looks at the card.

KURYAKIN

Us...

He points to himself and Gaby.

SOLO

That's fortuitous, Taverna Tony. I've heard it's the best restaurant in Athens. I'll be close by.

KURYAKIN

Take the evening off Cowboy. We won't need you.

SOLO

It wasn't you I was thinking of, Kalinka. I'll be there anyway. A man has to eat and I like a sun-dried octopus.

Kuryakin finishes knotting his tie, and puts on his jacket. Once again, the clothes should be ridiculous, but Kuryakin somehow pulls it off.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Do you want me to lend you a tie?

Kuryakin just laughs and stands next to Gaby.

KURYAKIN

How do we look, John Wayne?

SOLO

Like a beautiful wave clipper weighed down by a very heavy anchor.

KURYAKIN

Don't listen to him angel, you look magnificent.

SOLO

No one can accuse you of cowardice,
Stalin.

Kuryakin takes a ring out of his pocket and slips it on Gaby's engagement finger.

KURYAKIN

Now... like we're lovers.

He takes her hand and goes to kiss her on the lips.

GABY

Where do you think you're going?

KURYAKIN

Practice angel, practice.

GABY

Practice on him.

EXT. ATHENS - TAVERNA TONY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

An outdoor restaurant on the most fashionable boulevard in Athens. The rich and the beautiful populate the streets and bars, drinking cocktails at the candlelit tables, or driving by in their open-topped Italian and British sports cars.

A group of paparazzi are hanging out in front, photographing the guests as they come and go.

Kuryakin and Gaby are seated at one of the best tables.

GABY

Uncle Rudi has been good to me. He paid for private tutors for years in Germany, so he likes to play at being my father sometimes. So, understand if he starts to grill you.

Solo is seated at a table near the door. He's listening to the conversation through a tiny earpiece. He eats his octopus while reading a guide book. He has a camera around his neck. He takes the occasional snapshot. Typical American tourist.

A massive Mercedes pulls up. The CHAUFFEUR hurries to open the door and out steps Uncle Rudi.

Solo notices him nod almost imperceptibly to two THUGS standing on the far side of the road. He snaps a shot of Rudi and zooms his lens to reach the Thugs.

UNCLE RUDI

Gabriella my darling! Age is being much kinder to you than it is to me. So rare that a facade so pure, reflects so accurately the goods it contains.

He kisses her hand. Kuryakin rolls his eyes.

GABY

You're doing it again Uncle, stop with your flattery.

UNCLE RUDI

Nonsense, I report the truth. I never thought I'd see you out of that country of darkness. The light of freedom treats you well. No disrespect to you young man, or should I call you Comrade?

He turns to Kuryakin.

KURYAKIN

Whatever makes you happy sir.

UNCLE RUDI

What will make me happy, is to know that my Gabriella will be marrying a man that's worthy of her. And how long have you two lovebirds known each other?

GABY

Two years Uncle.

UNCLE RUDI

You didn't think to mention him. Were you ashamed?

Kuryakin looks confused.

KURYAKIN

Why should she be?

UNCLE RUDI

I appreciate that the equity of aristocratic blood is wasted on a communist, however, even a Russian peasant must recognize the incompatibility of mixing the blood of a race horse with that of a cart horse.

The Russian goes quiet as he tries to calculate the depth of the insult that has been levelled at him.

GABY

You must forgive Rudi, Ilya dearest, he's a terrible snob. And not to be taken to seriously.

The Russian is speechless, his hands grip the side of his chair.

UNCLE RUDI

Tell me Ilya, did they get you to build the Wall before they put you behind it? You are shaped like a power lifter, not an architect!

The Russian forces himself to speak.

KURYAKIN

I like to jog...

UNCLE RUDI

Does Gabriella ride on your back? You must jog a great deal to look like that, it's a wonder you have any time for architecture. And where do you jog to? Or is it the kind of jogging that goes nowhere? Please tell me it's not that, not the "old dog chasing its tail" routine.

We can see the Russian has had enough.

KURYAKIN

No, jogging's the warmup to the "pulling the tongues out of old men who have forgotten what trouble it can get them into" routine.

Pause, this could go either way. Solo, who's heard everything, looks horrified.

UNCLE RUDI

A sense of humor and a muscled corsair's daring, all wrapped up in a tie that can only be worn by a man permanently drunk on courage. I commend you on your choice Gaga, a rare find. Now let's order.

Rudi gives a slight nod, and the Greek band strikes up a tune.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ATHENS - TAVERNA TONY - NIGHT

Kuryakin, Gaby, and Uncle Rudi are on their coffee.

GABY

Uncle, I've been wondering about my father. I'd give anything to see him again. You're his greatest friend, I thought perhaps.

UNCLE RUDI

Your father is a fugitive, my dear. A hunted man. He'd be very foolish to be anywhere in Europe.

GABY

But if there were any way to reach him? His only daughter is getting married after all.

Rudi shakes his head.

UNCLE RUDI

Gabriella, I feel for you as I would for my own child, but I'm afraid I can't help you.

He stands.

UNCLE RUDI (CONT'D)

And now, it's getting late. I highly recommend that you take the short stroll back to your hotel. The Acropolis at night is something not to be missed, especially for an architect.

Solo watches as they exit. Rudi points which way to walk before he is whisked away in the massive Mercedes.

As Kuryakin and Gaby stroll up the boulevard, the two Thugs from the beginning of the scene start to follow them.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kuryakin and Gaby turn the corner.

GABY

I can't believe you threatened to pull his tongue out.

KURYAKIN

I wouldn't have pulled it out, just stretched it a little. We used to do it in the early days, it takes quite a lot of technique.

GABY

Where do you come from?

KURYAKIN

Just kidding.

GABY

No you weren't.

KURYAKIN

Okay, I wasn't, but that doesn't matter now. What does is that Rudi knows exactly where your father is.

GABY

What makes you so sure?

They are interrupted by the sudden arrival of a moped, it's Solo.

SOLO

You're being followed.

KURYAKIN

I know, two of them. "Goose-step" Rudi sent them. I know what they're doing here, but I don't know what you're doing here. I told you I didn't need your help.

SOLO

Oh yes, you do. Now give me your gun, before it gets us all into trouble. You've clearly got a very short temper... threatening to pull his tongue out.

KURYAKIN

It's not very short.

GABY

Yes it is.

SOLO

It'll happen around the next corner. It's quiet and they've put the street lamp out. Remember, you're an architect, take it like a pussy. Now give me your gun. I don't have time to argue.

Kuryakin rolls his eyes and obliges.

GABY

I don't understand.

Kuryakin reluctantly hands the gun over. Solo zooms off on the moped.

GABY (CONT'D)

What's going on?

KURYAKIN

Act scared.

GABY

I don't need to act.

Here come the two Thugs. One pushes Kuryakin against the wall and jabs a knife against his throat. Kuryakin's fingers twitch, but then his hand relaxes.

The other grabs Gaby by the arm.

THUG 1

Money!

KURYAKIN

Yes, yes... Take whatever you want.
We don't want any trouble.

Thug 1 rifles through Kuryakin's pockets, takes his money.

The other does the same with Gaby's purse. Then he pulls the rings off her finger.

THUG 1

Watch.

KURYAKIN

Please, it was my father's, it's not worth anything.

Thug 1 slaps him, hard.

THUG 1

Now!

Kuryakin grits his teeth. It's taking all of his self control not to react as Thug 1 rips the watch off his wrist and pauses, he looks into Kuryakin's eyes.

THUG 1 (CONT'D)
Your woman's braver than you.

He slaps him again. Kuryakin fakes fear... but he slightly betrays himself. He gets slapped again.

GABY
You have what you want, now please
leave us!

THUG 1
Nothing to say big man?

Slap...

KURYAKIN
Not really.

THUG 1
Nothing? What's all the muscles
for?

Another slap, then the two men run off.

Solo steps out of the shadows.

SOLO
Everyone okay?

Kuryakin groans.

KURYAKIN
Enjoy the show?

Solo hands him back his gun.

SOLO
Good restraint. Your father's
watch. Nice touch.

KURYAKIN
(annoyed)
It wasn't a touch, it was his
watch.

GABY
I still don't understand. What's
going on?

SOLO

Your Uncle Rudi wanted to find out if Kalinka here really was an architect, and not some short-tempered lunatic Russian spy.

KURYAKIN

I want my watch back.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - SUITE - NIGHT

Gaby is talking on the telephone, watched by Solo and Kuryakin.

GABY

Right after we left you, Uncle Rudi. It was horrible... They beat poor Ilya... No he'll be okay, it's just the shock, he felt so helpless and weak.

She looks at Kuryakin with a slight smile, he doesn't return it.

GABY (CONT'D)

Yes, the hotel is sending a doctor. okay, good-night then.

She hangs up the phone.

GABY (CONT'D)

He's invited us to the racetrack tomorrow, to watch his employer's team practice.

SOLO

And I have an appointment to meet the same man tomorrow morning, early, to discuss oil tankers.

INT. ALEXANDER SKORPIOS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Rudi hangs up the phone.

UNCLE RUDI

She'll be coming to the racetrack tomorrow.

ALEXANDER

Good. She's exactly what we need to convince her father to finish the job. What do you think about the Russian?

UNCLE RUDI

I am not sure.

ALEXANDER

Well you need to be.

UNCLE RUDI

Leave it with me.

EXT. PORT OF ATHENS - DAY

A taxi drops Solo off outside, a brand new ultra-modern building at the entrance to one of the piers, TRITON SHIPPING.

EXT. TRITON HEADQUARTERS - COURTYARD - DAY

A SECRETARY leads Solo through a beautifully landscaped garden filled with classical sculptures.

SECRETARY

This way, Mr. Holstein.

SOLO

Impressive sculptures.

SECRETARY

We're proud to be the largest private restorers of antiquities in all of Greece.

They continue past a converted warehouse with big glass walls, where there are twenty MARTIAL ARTS STUDENTS fighting.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

And this is our Spartan Boxing Academy. It was founded by Mr. Skorprios' father. Legend has it that the three hundred Spartans used this same fighting style to hold off ten thousand Persians at the battle of Thermopylae.

Solo notices a very attractive young woman among them, she appears to be a skillful fighter.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

This way please.

They enter a modernist pavilion in the middle of the garden.

INT. ALEXANDER SKORPIOS' OFFICE - DAY

A huge room. Alexander Skorpios finishes issuing orders to an underling.

Solo looks at a series of family photographs on the wall. Pictures of: Alexander and Elena as children; their mother, a beautiful older woman, and in pride of place, a picture of a big brute of a man, ACHILLES SKORPIOS, standing in front of a fishing boat with his two young children.

ALEXANDER

Mr. Holstein?

SOLO

Quite a set up you have here, Mr. Skorpios.

ALEXANDER

You liked our Spartan Boxing Academy? Great exercise and so much less boring than running or going to the gym. My father practiced it everyday and he lived to ninety-eight! You should try it sometime.

SOLO

I'm afraid I'm not much of a fighter.

ALEXANDER

Well, we could always have my sister give you a lesson.

SOLO

I'm not sure whether to be flattered or offended.

ALEXANDER

Please sit down. Can I get you a coffee or anything?

SOLO

I'm fine. Thank you.

ALEXANDER

So, Mr. Holstein, I'm surprised that we haven't met before.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

I thought I knew everyone at Texas Oil.

SOLO

I'm freelance, so to speak Mr. Skorprios. My employers are not happy with their current shippers, and they are looking to make a change, but they don't necessarily want to advertise their intentions by sending their own executives.

ALEXANDER

So you're not here to spy on us?

SOLO

Well, if I am, I am not about to admit it to you sir. But I'm intrigued, why would the owner of a shipping company be worried about spies?

ALEXANDER

The biggest shipping company in the world, Mr. Holstein. We can move four billion tons of oil a year, which I trust will be enough to cover your needs. But our aerospace department now represents a quarter of our business. New technology is a very competitive field and we have had issues with industrial spies. Regrettably, we've found it necessary to be quite rough on occasion.

SOLO

Well then, you'll be relieved to hear that I'm not remotely interested in stealing your aerospace secrets. You're sculptures on the other hand... I haven't seen a Praxiteles and a Lysippus in the same room since the Christie's sale of '59.

ALEXANDER

Ah, finally a man who has his priorities in order. So rare in this business. Tell me, what are you up to this afternoon? I'm having a little gathering at the racetrack.

(MORE)

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Please, come as my guest, and we can continue our conversation about how we're going to move your oil.

EXT. RACETRACK - SKORPIOS ENCLOSURE - DAY

A Skorpios car roars past... A man clicks his stopwatch shut. Kuryakin, Gaby, and Uncle Rudi look on. Behind them is a throng of jet-set guests, enjoying the party, and going back and forth to the private bar.

UNCLE RUDI

What's the world coming to? A few years ago muggings never happened. I'm sorry you got hurt Comrade.

Kuryakin forces a grin through gritted teeth.

GABY

(rubbing it in)
He'll get over it, he hasn't spent a lot of time out of Russia. Frankly, he needed toughing up a bit.

UNCLE RUDI

(proudly)
You were always brave. Even as a little girl.

Another young woman approaches, the same one Solo saw training earlier. This is ELENA SKORPIOS. She's very chic in a muscular kind of way.

ELENA

Hello Rudi.

UNCLE RUDI

Elena! Allow me to introduce my god-daughter Gaby. Gaby, this is Elena Skorpios, that's her brother on the track, and also my employer.

ELENA

Rudi's told me all about you.

There's something slightly menacing about her smile.

The Skorpios car is coming around.

GABY

He drives well.

ELENA

Do you know much about racing?

The car comes into the pits. Alexander gets out, angry. Pulls off his helmet. Yells at his MECHANIC...

ALEXANDER

I told you to put in the bigger carburetor jets and disconnect that stupid rev limiter!

MECHANIC

I did as much as I thought safe.

ALEXANDER

You have to improve the performance.

MECHANIC

I don't know what else to do sir. We've tried all the other options.

GABY

Have the jets been totally cleaned and rechecked for size and flow?

MECHANIC

What? Sorry, who are you?

GABY

If I'm not mistaken, that engine's a 1460 c.c. Coventry Climax FWB with a five bearing camshaft. It uses 40 DCOE Weber carburetors, which work predictably in cooler conditions. With this kind of road head, you have to expand the carb jetting, then you might find what you're looking for.

The Mechanic calculates.

MECHANIC

You can't because the expansion will produce too much fuel flow and start to foul the plugs.

GABY

Not if you're extremely careful and tweek no more than .20 to .26mm. It's easiest to work from small to large until you get the right ratio.

Clearly, the Mechanic's mind can't keep up with the math. He looks exasperated, but Alexander looks electrified.

MECHANIC

Look lady, I don't know...

ALEXANDER

Try it.

The Mechanic looks lost. Gaby politely interrupts the moment.

GABY

I can do it for you if you like?

She rolls up her sleeves.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACETRACK - BAR - DAY

Solo continues to play the American tourist, camera slung around his neck. He snaps pictures. Alexander, Rudi, Elena, and others in the entourage.

Looking slightly bored, Elena walks past him on the way to the bar. Solo considers, then decides to follow her.

He passes Mr. Waverly, the distinguished English gent from the hotel, who is sitting at a table having a drink.

INT. RACETRACK - BAR - DAY

Solo gets to the bar before Elena arrives. He leans in to the BARMAN and speaks in hushed tones.

SOLO

There's a hundred bucks in it for you if you tell her whatever she wants, I just bought the last of.

Elena walks up.

ELENA

Campari and soda.

BARMAN

I am afraid the gentlemen has bought the last one, madam.

As he mixes the drink, she looks across to Solo. He raises his eye brows.

SOLO

I insist you have mine.

ELENA

You don't look like a man who
drinks Campari and soda.

SOLO

It was my mother's favorite drink.

ELENA

A mother's boy.

SOLO

Alas, which led to me being a late
bloomer.

ELENA

Have you caught up with the other
boys?

SOLO

Paddling away, but the current is
strong. I'm Max Holstein with Texas
Oil.

ELENA

Ah, the big boys. It appears you've
more than caught up.

SOLO

I was visiting your brother and I
saw you training. My history is a
little rusty, but do I recall
correctly that in ancient Sparta,
if a man wanted to ask a woman out,
he had to fight her first?

ELENA

Ohh, you are a clever boy!

SOLO

Sadly, not a tough one.

ELENA

Why don't I believe such modesty?
You can always try. My office is
next to my brother's. I'll be there
all tomorrow. Why don't you drop by
for a lesson?

CUT TO:

EXT. RACETRACK - PITS - DAY

Gaby, Rudi, and the mechanics watch Alexander's car going round the track. Alexander comes tearing into the pits. He jumps out of the car. He looks up at the time.

ALEXANDER

(to Gaby)

Who are you?

UNCLE RUDI

Alexander, this is my goddaughter
Gaby.

Alexander takes Gaby's hand, holds it a little too long.

ALEXANDER

You should come and work for me. I
mean it.

GABY

I live in East Germany.

ALEXANDER

Arrangements can be made...

Gaby gestures to Kuryakin.

GABY

This is my fiancée, Ilya.

KURYAKIN

Pleased to meet you.

He extends his hand, but Alexander has already turned back to Gaby.

ALEXANDER

I believe that each one of us has a
destiny and I can help you with
yours.

GABY

You don't know what my destiny is.

ALEXANDER

I know greatness when I see it, and
I have the means to encourage its
potential. I can make you great...
Now show me what you did to that
engine.

They walk over to the car, out of Kuryakin's earshot.

GABY
 You're quite full of yourself,
 aren't you?

ALEXANDER
 I can afford to be. Come to lunch
 tomorrow.

He looks at Kuryakin with disdain.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 Alone. Rudi will arrange it.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - SUITE - EVENING

Kuryakin paces angrily.

KURYAKIN
 He's a Nazi if I ever saw one.

GABY
 You need to control your temper.

SOLO
 I agree.

Kuryakin gives him a look.

SOLO (CONT'D)
 What do you think of him?

GABY
 I think he's an athletic, good-
 looking gazillionaire, who's
 offered me a job and made advances
 toward me.

(beat)
 I think I quite like him.

SOLO
 Yes, but do you think he's up to no
 good?

GABY
 If you mean by no good, is he
 planning on stealing me away from
 my fiancée? The answer is yes.

KURYAKIN
 Well that's not happening. No way!

GABY

I don't know what you're upset about, you're not even my fiancée.

KURYAKIN

As far as he knows, I am, and I am for the purposes of this mission. So, like I said, it's not happening.

Exasperated.

SOLO

I mean by "no good," is he a neo-Nazi involved in the selling of a nuclear weapon to start a war? Not whether or not he is trying to jump your bones.

GABY

I might need a second conversation before he'll confess to that ambition.

SOLO

I agree. Go to lunch tomorrow. Alone. Rattle that tree. There's fruit up there somewhere. We just need to find it.

KURYAKIN

(grumpy)

I'd be better off on my own. I'm going to get an early night.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Solo changes into some dark clothing, arms himself, and slips out of his room.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

A big sign reads: TRITON SHIPPING AND AEROSPACE.

Solo slips past a security guard hut and onto the pier, which appears to be entirely occupied by Skorpios.

Moving through the cranes and stacks of containers, Solo looks around. There are big storage warehouses, an enormous tanker being loaded up, and at the very end, a bunker-like building which houses Triton Aerospace.

This building has a high fence around it and is heavily guarded by uniformed security.

Just inside is a guard tower with a spotlight, whose beam periodically rakes the front of the building.

Solo is standing in the shadows, looking for the best point of entry, when suddenly he sees another figure, also dressed in black, heading towards his hiding place.

Solo pulls his gun and crouches behind a crate. The figure stops exactly in the spot where Solo was concealed.

Solo peeps around the edge of the crate, and sees Kuryakin also scanning the fence of the aerospace building.

Kuryakin spins, wielding a vicious looking knife.

SOLO

I thought you were having an early night?

KURYAKIN

Cowboy? Dressed in black and hiding in shadows. This is what you do when the sun goes down?

SOLO

This is my patch, pal. Go and find your own warehouse.

KURYAKIN

This is my warehouse. You're confused again.

SOLO

Look, this is my job. I don't need you lurking about here, setting off alarms.

KURYAKIN

I don't set off alarms, and I only work on my own.

They glare at each other.

SOLO

You know what, this is my last mission. All I want is for it to go nice and smooth. So... you can tag along, just don't get in the way. In and out. No one needs to know, and we can forget about it in the morning.

KURYAKIN
You're getting out?

SOLO
Yup.

KURYAKIN
Why?

SOLO
None of your business. Let's not
pretend we're pals. Shall we get on
with this?

He runs over to the fence. Kuryakin follows.

Solo pulls out what looks like an ordinary pocket-knife, and opens the scissors. Kuryakin looks dubious as Solo starts to cut the wire, impressed as the blade slices through like paper.

SOLO (CONT'D)
Super-hardened boron sharpened with
a parallax laser.

Kuryakin shrugs, he pulls out what looks like a large pen.

SOLO (CONT'D)
What's that?

KURYAKIN
A parallax laser.

His cutter works significantly better than Solo's.

They peel back enough of the wire to be able to slip through.

Solo points to a small doorway at one end of the wall.

SOLO
The spotlight beam crosses that
doorway every forty-seven seconds.
There are two locks. One each?

Kuryakin nods. He takes out a device that looks like a screwdriver, with a wire coming out of one end, attached to an earpiece. Clearly, a super high-tech lock pick.

KURYAKIN
Go.

As the spotlight passes, he sprints to the door. Solo is close behind.

KURYAKIN

I don't need a lesson from you,
Cowboy.

Kuryakin is already heading down the corridor.

They move past various administrative offices until they reach an open hallway with walls of glass, which look into a series of laboratories.

INT. LABORATORY WING - NIGHT

Solo and Kuryakin move through the labs. They are clearly being used to manufacture high-tech electronic components for rocket guidance systems and satellites, but no sign of anything to do with nuclear weaponry.

Solo and Kuryakin look at each other.

KURYAKIN

There's nothing here.

SOLO

Or there's something we're not seeing.

KURYAKIN

We search and most of the time we find nothing. That is the nature of our business. Let's go.

SOLO

Let's take one more pass.

The sound of approaching footsteps. They duck down behind a desk.

A GUARD passes by, on patrol. Solo waits until he enters the next room, then starts to move. Solo can see Kuryakin isn't moving.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Shall we go?

KURYAKIN

That's the man who stole my watch...

SOLO

This isn't the time...

But Kuryakin is already going after him.

SOLO (CONT'D)

This way, dammit!

It's like a game of grandmother's footsteps, with Kuryakin sneaking up behind the Guard who periodically senses something behind him, and turns, causing Kuryakin to hide.

Finally, Kuryakin gets within striking distance. Solo is shaking his head. Get on with it man. But Kuryakin goes into some strange stance, puts both hands behind his back, and whistles, the guard spins. Kuryakin slaps the man so hard, it's almost unbelievable. The man is paralysed, and just stands there frozen, while Kuryakin checks his wrist. Solo is quite shocked by this action.

SOLO (CONT'D)

What have you done to him?

He grabs the Guard's left wrist.

KURYAKIN

It's known as the "KGB Kiss," effective isn't it? Took years to master, although he's standing, he's completely unconscious. Will be for twenty minutes, when he wakes up, he won't remember what day it is.

Solo comes in for a closer inspection of the unconscious man, in spite of himself, he's fascinated.

KURYAKIN (CONT'D)

Damn! It's not my watch.
He looked exactly like this man.

He pushes the Guard, he collapses.

SOLO

Can we go now?

Solo turns to leave, and suddenly stops. He has spotted a heavy protective suit hanging on the wall.

SOLO (CONT'D)

What is a radiation protection suit doing hanging in an electronics lab?

He looks around the immediate area. Nothing. He then flicks a lone light switch on the wall, and the floor starts moving under Kuryakin's feet.

Kuryakin steps to one side, as a section of floor slides open to reveal a hidden staircase.

Solo taps his temple with the tip of his index finger.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Scalpel.

KURYAKIN

If I hadn't gone after my watch...

But Solo is already heading down the stairs. At the bottom is a door that he opens.

INT. NUCLEAR LABORATORY - NIGHT

The lab is pretty much empty. There are a few cannisters and what looks like some disassembled centrifuge equipment, but that's it.

Solo takes off his watch and presses a button. The watch emits a faint clicking sound. It is a Geiger counter.

Kuryakin eyes his own wrist mournfully.

The clicking gets louder as Solo approaches a large steel vault door, set into the wall. In the center is a combination lock.

Kuryakin offers Solo the lock.

KURYAKIN

Please...

SOLO

You sure... because if you want to try.

KURYAKIN

(annoyed)

Hurry up.

Solo goes to work on the lock. He has the finesse of an expert safecracker and makes short work of the lock.

He turns the handle and opens the door.

SOLO

You stick with me kid.

The lead-lined vault is empty, but the Geiger counter clicks madly.

Suddenly, there is a terrible shrieking sound.

Kuryakin immediately goes into action, heading for the stairs.

The floor above them is sliding shut. Kuryakin scrambles out and reaches back for Solo, pulling him out just as the gap closes.

Through the glass, several SECURITY GUARDS wielding machine guns can be seen approaching.

Kuryakin pulls out his gun. It's super-cool, high-tech, and huge.

KURYAKIN

Hammer.

Solo eyes it jealously before pulling out his standard issue automatic, which looks puny by comparison.

Kuryakin eyes it with contempt.

KURYAKIN (CONT'D)

You want to borrow mine?

SOLO

I am alright, pal.

Kuryakin pulls out a second super high-tech pistol.

He opens fire with both pistols at the same time. Single shots. All deadly accurate.

Solo looks for a way out.

He taps Kuryakin on the shoulder.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Can we get out of here?

He points to the window. Kuryakin nods.

SOLO (CONT'D)

On three... One, two, three!

He grabs a chair and runs at the window. Kuryakin follows.

SMASH. They're through the window in a hail of glass and bullets.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

SPLASH. They land in the dark water below, find their bearings, and kick up towards the surface.

Bullets smack the water around them as Guards fire from the windows of the building. There are more men running along the dock.

The two agents swim away from the pier, towards a cluster of fishing and pleasure boats that are moored inside the harbor for the night.

SOLO

You seemed to have a little trouble
in the water. Did you learn to swim
late in life?

KURYAKIN

Actually, I won a silver at the
Olympics, but holding a gun in each
hand does make it more challenging.

He raises his hands, revealing the two guns - you're left thinking how could he swim at all with them?

In the distance, the sound of an approaching engine. A big motorboat with a searchlight on the front.

The beam catches Kuryakin. He ducks underwater.

The driver accelerates and in seconds the boat has reached where Kuryakin is swimming. The DRIVER cuts the motor and the boat floats silently. The men scan the water on the starboard side, where they last saw Kuryakin.

The boat has cut the two men off from one another.

Kuryakin floats as still as he can, ducking under whenever the spotlight passes over him.

Solo treads water on the other side of the boat, watching. He can hear the voices of the Guards, talking to each other in Greek.

One of the Guards takes something out of a bag. Tosses it into the water. KABOOM! A grenade.

Even on the other side of the boat, Solo is pummeled by the shock-wave.

Kuryakin is hit full force. He clutches his ears in agony.

The guard tosses another grenade in for good measure. Kaboom! Kuryakin is rocked by another shock-wave.

The men on the boat scan the water, they find something with the spotlight beam.

The engine starts and they move towards it. It's Kuryakin's shoe. Satisfied that their job is done, they move off.

And sure enough, Kuryakin has blacked out and is sinking. Slowly, slowly he drifts down towards the ocean floor.

Then Solo is there, grabbing him under the arms and kicking up to the surface.

SOLO

Come on, come on.

He slaps Kuryakin. Twists his nose. Nothing. Finally, he's forced to give him mouth-to-mouth.

Kuryakin sputters awake.

KURYAKIN

Okay! I'm okay!

SOLO

You don't look so okay. We've got to get out of here Mr. Olympics, can you swim?

Kuryakin nods.

INT. GRAND HOTEL - SUITE - NEXT DAY

Gaby is putting the finishing touches on her makeup. She wears a beautiful dress and looks stunning.

Solo sits at the desk, fiddling with some kind of electronic device.

Kuryakin is on the phone. He hangs up, looks at Gaby and Solo.

KURYAKIN

Alexander's chauffeur is waiting for you downstairs.

Solo shakes his head.

SOLO

I don't know about this... After last night's debacle, they'll be suspicious of everyone.

He glares at Kuryakin.

KURYAKIN

I'm not the one who set off the alarm, Cowboy.

SOLO

I've told you there was no alarm on the vault. Obviously they found the door someone had kicked in!

GABY

Are you two really going to do this again?

That shuts Solo and Kuryakin up.

GABY (CONT'D)

Our best shot is to continue as if nothing has changed. Which means, I need to go and have my lunch with Alexander and accept his job offer.

The two men look at each other, they know she's right.

SOLO

I'll fit you with a homing device just in case.

Solo shows her the device he's been fiddling with. It looks like a metal lighter.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Latest technology. Ten mile radius. Two day battery. And it'll light your cigarette.

He flicks it to demonstrate.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Flick it the other way and it sends a distress signal. We'll be there in a matter of minutes.

He looks at Kuryakin, expecting some reaction. Kuryakin just nods.

KURYAKIN

Impressive.

GABY
See you later then.

Solo walks her to the door.

SOLO
We'll be close by.

GABY
I know.

She takes his hands in hers, squeezes them, then she leaves.

Solo turns to Kuryakin.

SOLO
I'm surprised.

KURYAKIN
By what?

SOLO
By the fact that you didn't feel the need to trump me with a "new and improved" Soviet tracking device. I guess you guys haven't had a chance to steal our technology yet.

Kuryakin smiles.

KURYAKIN
Oh, you mean one of these.

He produces something that's the size of a postage stamp.

KURYAKIN (CONT'D)
You can hide it anywhere, twenty mile radius, four day battery.

A pause as Solo takes this in.

SOLO
And you already planted one on Gaby, I suppose.

KURYAKIN
I sowed one into each of her dresses while she was sleeping. A bug too.

He holds up a second postage stamp-size device.

SOLO

Well, aren't you Mr. Superspy.

Kuryakin looks smug.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - DAY

A magnificent example of mid-century modern architecture built on a massive scale.

A chauffeur-driven Mercedes pulls through the gates, past an ARMED GUARD patrolling with a huge Rottweiler on a leash, and up the driveway to the front door.

The CHAUFFEUR jumps out and opens the door for Gaby.

In the fore court, half a dozen of the most stunning exotic sports car of the day are parked. Ferrari, Maserati, Aston Martin, Alfa Romeo. Gaby is irresistibly drawn to them, examining them each, one-by-one.

ALEXANDER (O.S.)

Take your pick.

He walks over to her.

GABY

Funny.

ALEXANDER

I'm serious. Come and work for me, and you can choose any one of these you like.

He turns.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Now, I hope you're hungry...

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL ABOVE VILLA - DAY

Kuryakin and Solo are watching through binoculars.

The villa below stands on its own, surrounded by woodlands.

Kuryakin has set up his surveillance equipment in the back of a van, and is pointing an antenna down towards the villa.

The scanning device is on, a single dot is pulsing on the screen.

SOLO
Looks okay.

KURYAKIN
I told you.

SOLO
Since you have everything so nicely in control, you can handle the surveillance. I'm going to pay the sister a visit, see what I can find out from her.

Solo pulls his moped out of the back of the van, and leaves.

Kuryakin adjusts his equipment, puts on a pair of headphones, and adjusts some more.

GABY
(through the headphones)
H##@o Un*^* R##i.

It's too garbled to hear properly. Kuryakin slings the receiver over his shoulder, grabs the antenna, and starts down the hill to try to pick up a better signal.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - VERANDA - DAY

Uncle Rudi is sitting at the lunch table. Alexander gallantly pulls a chair out for Gaby.

UNCLE RUDI
Did he offer you a car?

GABY
And there I was feeling all special.

UNCLE RUDI
Oh, he doesn't do it to everyone, but I had a feeling he'd make an extra effort for you. Good afternoon my child. I can't stay long, just here to say hello, and get you started.

ALEXANDER
Wine?

Alexander pours wine for everyone, then raises his glass in a toast.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
To conversation.

CUT TO:

INT. ELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

She's on the phone dressed in a gi, she's looking all pouty and rude, clearly in business mode.

ELENA (ON PHONE)
If you can't buy them out, burn
them out.

She looks up at Solo, who has just been brought in by an ASSISTANT.

Solo gestures - should he wait outside? She shakes her head and points to a chair.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Stay where you are.
(on phone)
Not you Toni.

She looks at Solo provocatively, never taking her eyes off him, while she carries on with the threats on the phone.

ELENA (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
I get what I want Toni, it's up to
them which way it happens. Painless
or painful, it's happening... Make
that eloquent. I want that dock, I
am going to have that dock. Now
either you're going to get it done,
or I am, and if it's going to be
me, there really isn't much need
for you is there?

She gently puts the phone down.

SOLO
Bad time?

ELENA
Just another day at the office. I
didn't think you'd have the bits to
turn up.

SOLO
Do I need bits?

ELENA
Bits are a prerequisite. The
changing room is through there.

SOLO
I was hoping to keep my clothes on
and just be a tourist.

ELENA
I think we both know you're more
inquisitive than that.

SOLO
I'm a beginner.

ELENA
Don't worry, I'll go easy on you.

INT. SKORPIOS GYM - DAY

Solo is now dressed in a gi. He enters a small private room
with mats covering the floor.

Elena is waiting.

SOLO
So, this is a family tradition?

ELENA
My father started it.

She points to an old black-and-white photograph on the wall
of a powerful looking Achilles Skorprios, standing proudly on
the deck of his fishing boat.

ELENA (CONT'D)
He, as you might have gathered, was
obsessed with the Spartan way. You
can trace our family tree back two
thousand years. He took it very
seriously. My dad didn't do weak,
and wouldn't let us do it either.

SOLO
So I gather.

ELENA
Ready?

SOLO
You promised to go easy on me.

ELENA
Indeed, I promised. Dimitri!

An ogre of a man enters. He is wearing a gi.

ELENA (CONT'D)
Max, this is Dimitri.

Solo puts two-and-two together.

SOLO
I think there's been a
misunderstanding.

ELENA
I thought you wanted a lesson?

SOLO
I thought it was with you.

ELENA
You said you were a beginner. I
only teach the advanced class.

Elena turns to leave.

ELENA (CONT'D)
I'd love to stay and watch but I'm
rather busy today.

She exits, leaving Solo to face the ogre.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - WOODS - DAY

Kuryakin is almost at the fence of the estate. He ducks
behind a tree, avoiding being seen by a second GUARD walking
across the lawn with another Rottweiler.

He tries the headphones again, adjusts the antenna.

ALEXANDER
(through headphones)
Does that mean....

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - VERANDA - DAY

Alexander pours more wine.

ALEXANDER
... you will accept my offer?

GABY
I will accept your offer, but it
must include certain requisites.

ALEXANDER
Go on.

GABY
I want to see my father, and I want
to be a part of what he is doing.

UNCLE RUDI
I told you, she's one of us.

ALEXANDER
What reason do you have for
thinking that I know anything about
your father? Other than what Rudi
has told me.

GABY
The same reason that I know who
broke into your laboratories last
night.

ALEXANDER
This wine agrees with you. Are you
going to tell me something
interesting?

GABY
My "fiancee" is a KGB agent, and he
thinks you're up to no good, Mr.
Alexander Skorpios, and so do a lot
of other people.

She takes out the device Solo gave her, and places it on the
table.

GABY (CONT'D)
He's tracking me as we drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - WOODS - DAY

Ilya listens in horror.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - VERANDA - DAY

GABY

He's been teamed with a CIA agent. You know him as Max Holstein, of Texas Oil. You should be flattered gentlemen, you have managed to do what nobody else could, ally the superpowers.

ALEXANDER

Why are you telling me this?

GABY

Please, you know who my father is, and Uncle Rudi's been grooming me since I was a child. We share the same beliefs Mr. Skorprios. I just think your views may be a little more liberal than mine.

Alexander looks at Rudi. Rudi nods, stands, and walks out the room.

ALEXANDER

Before we go any further, you need to understand something. Rudi has gone to fetch his photo album. It's very important that you look very carefully at the pictures in this book. As they say, "a picture is a thousand words."

Rudi returns with the book and presents it to Alexander. Alexander opens it, and shows it to Gaby. He studies her, looking for a reaction.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

Your "Uncle" Rudi is a man of considerable hidden talents.

Rudi shrugs modestly.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

...which he has gone to great trouble to document.

Gaby cannot hide her horror as she stares at her godfather.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 Our friends, we treat like family,
 but our enemies... Am I making
 myself clear?

There is a pause, then Gaby looks up and deep into his eyes.

GABY
 As a river of gin. Just give me an
 opportunity to demonstrate my
 loyalty to the cause.

Alexander and Rudi share a look.

ALEXANDER
 (to Rudi)
 Isn't the CIA agent having lunch
 with my sister right now?

UNCLE RUDI
 He is.

ALEXANDER
 Then don't you have a call to make?

Rudi leaves, Alexander turns to Gaby.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 It seems your father is having some
 doubts...

CUT TO:

INT. SKORPIOS GYM - DAY

Dimitri has Solo in a choke hold. His face is turning red. He twists and pushes, and just manages to get out of it.

Dimitri whacks Solo on the side of the head. He goes down hard.

The ogre lumbers over to him and grabs him by the scruff of the neck.

That's when Solo strikes. Kick to the balls. One, two punch, and Dimitri collapses.

Solo heads out the door and straight for...

INT. ELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

She's on the phone. Solo stands before her.

ELENA

Really? How interesting. I shouldn't have any trouble handling that.

She hangs up and smiles at Solo.

SOLO

I think I may be ready for the advanced class after all.

ELENA

There's more to you than meets the eye, Max.

She pours some water from a carafe into a glass for Solo. He drains it in one.

SOLO

Shall we get on with it?

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - WOODS - DAY

Kuryakin hauls his gear through the trees, heading up the hill, towards the van.

Then he hears it, the unmistakable sound of large animals running through the undergrowth.

He looks back to see two Rottweilers bounding towards him. He starts to run.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - COURTYARD - DAY

Alexander ushers Gaby into a waiting helicopter which takes flight.

Rudi, in the meantime, gets into his Mercedes, which roars off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - WOODS - DAY

Kuryakin runs. Here come the dogs. Kuryakin stops. He knows he can't outrun the them. As they leap at him, he swings the heavy receiver, and catches one of the dogs on the side of the head, stunning it.

The other goes for his throat.

CUT TO:

INT. SKORPIOS GYM - DAY

Solo and Elena circle each other. Solo's starting to look a bit wobbly.

SOLO

I must commend you on your choice of drug. I thought I detected a trace of alfonsiamonoitrate in my water. I can only imagine that within the next few minutes I'll be no good to anyone.

ELENA

I did warn you that advanced is a whole new level.

Solo stumbles.

ELENA (CONT'D)

But I will go easy on you.

She slowly reaches out and pushes him gently on the nose. Solo collapses.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDER'S VILLA - WOODS - DAY

Kuryakin is still wrestling with the dog. He hears the shouts of men approaching.

He looks over to see a GUARD aiming a rifle at him. Kuryakin manages to roll over so that the dog takes the bullet.

It let's go of him with a yelp. Kuryakin manages to scramble the rest of the way up the hill.

He jumps into the van and screeches away.

CUT TO:

INT. SKORPIOS GYM BASEMENT - TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Solo wakes up to find himself in what looks like a surgery. Elena is gone. He is strapped to a gurney and Uncle Rudi is standing over him. There's a glass window in one wall, through which Solo can see two MEN standing guard.

UNCLE RUDI

Once upon a time there was a little boy. You wouldn't describe him as a particularly special little boy, he was neither tall or handsome, charismatic or amusing. In fact, he appeared to be exceedingly dull. Because of this boy's apparent shortcomings, he was bullied mercilessly and relentlessly by the other children. Year merged with miserable year, as life continued to be a living hell. But what the other boys didn't understand about their victim, is that he didn't see them as enemies. He saw them as instruments of learning. A priceless lesson was gleaned from his tormentors. Man has only two masters in this world. And their names, Mr. Solo, are pain and fear. As the boy grew older, he found he had an extraordinary talent for eliciting these gods in others. So, on the principle of playing to your strengths, he decided to make their cultivation his life's work. Fortunately for this boy, history presented an unprecedented opportunity, a world war. You may have heard of the Dark Angel of Ravensberg, the Butcher of Belsen, or my favorite, the Fifth Horseman, Doctor Apocalypse. What history has failed to relate is that this was not three individuals, but the tireless work of a single artist. Rest assured that you are in experienced hands, and trust me, when I say, Mr. Solo, you will tell me the truth. But we can take our time, there is no hurry...

SOLO

That's quite a story. And I appreciate the trouble you've gone to on my account, but I fear your talents may be wasted, as I'm perfectly happy to tell you whatever you want to know. My name is Fredrick Johnson, I am a freelance industrial spy, I steal technology from corporations and sell it to the highest bidder.

The German smiles, and nods to an ASSISTANT who is hovering in the background.

All of a sudden, Solo is jolted into a spasm of extraordinary proportions. After five seconds it stops and smoke starts to rise from his hair.

UNCLE RUDI

While you were resting, I took the liberty of inserting some electrodes into the nerve center at the base of your spine, hurts doesn't it? Shall we start again?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRITON HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Down the street from the entrance to the offices, is a separate street entrance to the Spartan Boxing Academy.

Kuryakin pulls over and parks the van.

He opens his briefcase, takes out several clips of extra ammunition, which he loads into his pockets. He gets out of the car.

INT. SKORPIOS GYM - LOBBY - DAY

Kuryakin walks in. There's a THUG manning the reception desk.

KURYAKIN

I'd like to join your gym.

The receptionist eyes him sullenly, says something unintelligible in Greek.

RECEPTIONIST

No Ingleesh.

We see Kuryakin's hand go behind his back, in what we know as the signature position for the "KGB Kiss."

Close on: Kuryakin's hands. We see one fly out, and hear the sound of the slap.

CUT TO:

INT. SKORPIOS GYM BASEMENT - TORTURE ROOM - DAY

The torture continues. Another jolt. More smoking hair.

UNCLE RUDI

Mr. Solo, I don't think you took me very seriously.

In the background, through the window, we see Kuryakin shoot and generally dispose of the two GUARDS. The glass is sound proof.

Solo can see Kuryakin in the background and watches the Guards drop, he tries not to give away his relief.

Rudi turns as his Assistant wheels over a table full of instruments of torture, but is too distracted to notice that the Guards are no longer standing outside the window.

UNCLE RUDI (CONT'D)

It does continue to amaze me, that people think I can't spot a lie...

He flicks the switch himself. Solo is jolted again.

Kuryakin, who is crouched down, opens the door and slips in. The Assistant turns, and is shot dead, the sound of his falling body is masked by the sound of the electricity.

Rudi turns the power off.

UNCLE RUDI (CONT'D)

Pass me the pliers, the show is about to begin.

Rudi's hand goes out and receives nothing. He then turns to see Kuryakin.

KURYAKIN

I think we'd better get my colleague out of the chair don't you?

CUT TO:

INT. SKORPIOS GYM BASEMENT - TORTURE ROOM - DAY

Uncle Rudi is now in the chair. Needless to say, he has turned quite pale. Solo's hand hovers over the electrical switch.

KURYAKIN
Where's the warhead?

Rudi hesitates.

Solo turns up the pain.

UNCLE RUDI
Ahh... Skorprios!

KURYAKIN
Skorprios?

UNCLE RUDI
The family's private island.

SOLO
And Gaby?

UNCLE RUDI
She's there too.

Kuryakin looks at Solo.

KURYAKIN
(to Uncle Rudi)
Tell him...

UNCLE RUDI
What???

KURYAKIN
How you know about us...

UNCLE RUDI
Gaby.
(proudly)
She's one of us now.

KURYAKIN
Just in case you had any doubts.

Annoyed, Solo jacks up the power. Rudi squeals.

SOLO
And when are the Egyptians taking
delivery of the bomb?

UNCLE RUDI
You're too late.

Solo's hand hovers over the switch.

UNCLE RUDI (CONT'D)
Tomorrow. No more, please!

Solo stares at him and steps away from the switch.

SOLO
Now tell me about your
organization.

Rudi looks relieved.

UNCLE RUDI
At the end of the war, some of our
leadership managed to escape to
South America. We've been steadily
rebuilding since then. We have more
power, money, and influence than
you can imagine. It doesn't matter
what happens to me or even the
bomb. This is only the beginning.
You can't stop them, but you can
take care of yourselves. You're
practical men, you can kill me, but
you know it won't make any
difference. Let's make a deal. I
can have Swiss bank accounts set up
today. Name your price.

Solo's eyebrows raise as he looks at Kuryakin.

SOLO
I have to admit that does sound
like an attractive idea.
What do you think? Five million
each?

KURYAKIN
I think Ten.

UNCLE RUDI
Ten million each. Done!

SOLO
I dunno... on second thought. I
think I'd rather just cook you.

INT. SKORPIOS GYM BASEMENT - TORTURE ROOM - ANTEROOM - DAY

Through the window, we can see a faintly out of focus Rudi jolting around, but we can't hear a sound.

There's a sound of running feet above them.

KURYAKIN
How are you feeling?

SOLO
Sore.

Kuryakin hands Solo one of his high-tech guns.

INT. SKORPIOS GYM - DAY

Solo and Kuryakin reach the narrow corridor at the top of the stairs, and are immediately attacked on both sides by the Students we saw earlier, who are armed with nunchuks, swords, and various martial arts weapons.

They shoot a couple of them, but the sheer numbers mean the fighting soon becomes hand-to-hand.

A spectacular martial arts battle ensues as Solo and Kuryakin fight eight men at the same time. Kuryakin once again demonstrates his extraordinary martial arts skills. Solo can take care of himself, but now and then needs some help from Kuryakin.

As they make their way towards the entrance, Kuryakin suddenly points at one of their would-be attackers, who are now approaching with a lot more caution.

KURYAKIN
You!

The MAN turns tail and runs. Kuryakin goes after him.

SOLO
What are you doing?... The entrance
is this way.

Kuryakin grabs the Man, but three more attack him.

Solo is forced to go to his aid. They're fighting the four attackers, but all Kuryakin appears to be interested in is the left wrist of the Man he ran after.

Finally, he manages to pull his shirtsleeve up.

KURYAKIN

Dammit!

He goes bonkers, taking out his frustration on the attackers.

Solo shakes his head in disbelief.

SOLO

Your father's watch again? This has to stop.

Kuryakin storms out of the building.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - FORTRESS - DAY

Alexander's helicopter flies over Skorpios Island which is a C-shaped rock sticking out of the ocean.

In the center of the C is a deepwater harbor, where a tanker is laid up for repairs.

Built into the rock, defending the harbor, is the ancient fortress.

On the other side of the harbor, there is a village with a thick cluster of fishing boats.

There is a half mile long causeway, which joins the island to the mainland.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE - DAY

Alexander's helicopter descends into the castle courtyard. On three sides, there are massive stone walls, and the fourth side is the rock itself.

In the middle of the fourth side, there is the bunker-like entrance to the old German gun emplacement, which has clearly been modernized and put to a different use.

The helicopter lands. Alexander and Gaby climb out.

ALEXANDER

Please follow me.

She does. They are lead through the heavily guarded castle to a large terrace, overlooking the sea.

Seated on a chair, staring out into the distance, is the Professor.

Alexander grabs Gaby's arm.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 Eighteen years. This is quite a
 moment.

Gaby nods.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)
 Remember, you have very little
 time.

Gaby looks Alexander in the eyes.

GABY
 Leave him to me.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE TERRACE - DAY

Gaby walks out onto the terrace. Her father turns at the
 sound of her footsteps. He looks pale and gaunt.

He rises to meet her.

UDO (SUBTITLE)
 (in German)
 Gaby?

GABY (SUBTITLE)
 Father.

He studies her face, not entirely sure. He then takes her
 hand. But instead of clasping it, he turns it over looking
 for something - a small scar on her wrist.

UDO (SUBTITLE)
 Oh God. It really is you.

He puts his head in his hands.

UDO (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
 Forgive me. As you get older you
 start to doubt some of your
 beliefs, and I think I've made a
 terrible mistake.

GABY (SUBTITLE)
 Look at me father. Take a deep
 breath. I need you to be strong.

But he's off in his own world of self-recrimination.

UDO (SUBTITLE)
 I was so sure I was doing the right
 thing.

Whack! Gaby slaps him across the face.

GABY (SUBTITLE)

I need you to stop feeling sorry
for yourself and listen carefully
to me.

INT. PRIVATE PLANE - DAY

Solo stirs uncomfortably in his seat. He's half sitting on a cushion, a failed attempt to ease some of the effect of his torture. Kuryakin sits opposite, smirking at Solo's predicament.

KURYAKIN

You okay, Cowboy?

SOLO

No, but I'll manage.

Kuryakin chuckles. Solo looks annoyed. Long silence.

SOLO (CONT'D)

I didn't have her down as a Nazi, I
missed that one.

KURYAKIN

I knew she was a Nazi.

SOLO

(sarcastic)
Of course you did.

KURYAKIN

I bugged her, didn't I?

SOLO

Do me a favor.

KURYAKIN

You let her get into you, didn't
you, Cowboy? That's never a good
idea.

SOLO

You know what, Kalinka, you're
really rather sweet in a perverse,
dangerous, and naive sort of way.
She didn't "get into me," the job
did. I sometimes find myself
chuckling at the absurdity of it
all.

KURYAKIN

Ah, Solo the philosopher.

SOLO

You should try thinking sometime,
Kalinka, a wild idea for you I
know.

KURYAKIN

What's there to think about? I kill
bad people, that's my job. I like
my job.

SOLO

It must be so comforting not to
understand the concept of irony.
Last week you were trying to take
my life, and this week you're doing
quite a good job of saving it.
Can't wait to see what happens next
week, if it turns out that I have
something that you want. You don't
know if you're coming or going.

KURYAKIN

I know enough to be satisfied that
I'm doing the right thing.

SOLO

Is that so? Do you really think the
men who give us orders care about
making the world a safer place? Or
do they just want to be the only
kids in the playground with a gun?
Hmm, I wonder.

KURYAKIN

It must be terribly sad not to
believe in anything anymore.

At that moment, the door to the cabin opens and in walks the
STEWARD, carrying a silver tray with three glasses on it.

As he approaches, we recognize Mr. Waverly from the hotel and
the racetrack.

WAVERLY

Vodka for Mr. Solo? Bourbon for Mr.
Kuryakin. And...

He sits down next to Solo.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

Sherry for me.

(beat)

Since you two are at the disadvantage here, allow me to introduce myself, retired Admiral Percival Waverly. Currently, Deputy Head of British Naval Intelligence. Your employers send their regards. Given the latest developments, we are all in agreement that we need to stop competing, and help one another on this one. You will report to me for the remainder of the mission. You can confirm this with your bosses when we land. Down she goes.

He takes a large swig of his sherry.

SOLO

What exactly are the latest developments?

WAVERLY

We have it on good authority that the Egyptians are expecting delivery of the warhead within the next twelve hours. There are rumors that they're sending a submarine. And... there's the small matter of retrieving our agent.

KURYAKIN

Your agent?

SOLO

Here we go. I'm starting to smell the irony. She's working for you, isn't she?

WAVERLY

Gaby is a British agent, has been for years. There are some things too sensitive to share, even with one's allies.

SOLO

In other words you wanted the credit for bagging the Professor for yourself.

WAVERLY

Once you Americans lost her father, it was only a matter of time before his old Nazi chums would turn up. We were expecting Nazis, but we weren't expecting you two. You nearly cocked up fifteen years of our work, but we have to make do, don't we?

KURYAKIN

She's a Nazi. Solo's buttocks can prove it, and I heard her betray us.

SOLO

I'm surprised you're surprised. You were so sure you were right.

WAVERLY

We knew that Alexander Skorprios already had his doubts about you, Mr. Kuryakin, and your botched break-in to his headquarters only fuelled his suspicions.

He looks at Solo.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

Honestly, kicking in a door? Where did you learn your skills?

Solo doesn't bother to protest.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

My agent was forced to denounce you, in order to maintain her own credibility and stay in the game. She knew that you'd planted a bug on her and would be listening to every word she said.

KURYAKIN

Except that she didn't know about the bug. Only the transmitter, which she destroyed.

WAVERLY

Where did they send you to school my dear boy?

SOLO

Go easy on him, he's only just learning that the game he thinks he's playing, isn't the game he's really playing.

WAVERLY

Do you honestly think you could plant a bug on an agent, who has been in the field for more than a week, without them knowing?

There's a ding and the "fasten seat belt" light comes on.

WAVERLY (CONT'D)

Now fasten up, we're going in.

Solo and Kuryakin look out of the window. Nothing but ocean below them, until the plane banks and a British aircraft carrier comes into view.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE - DAY

Alexander stands at a window, looking down at Gaby and her father on the terrace below.

Elena enters.

ALEXANDER

Sister.

They hug.

ELENA

We're almost there.

ALEXANDER

Our father would be proud.

ELENA

They'll send an army to stop us.

ALEXANDER

We'll give them a Spartan welcome.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - TERRACE - DAY

Gaby and her father walk along the terrace. From his expression, it's clear that she's told him why she's really there.

UDO

How do I know that this isn't some kind of trick?

GABY

We'll have to trust one another won't we. Father... you must agree to complete the bomb assembly. That's the best opportunity we have to disable it once and for all.

Udo thinks.

UDO

If I can substitute the neutron reflector lens... But they'll be watching every step of the process. My assistant Nikos, he'll know.

GABY

Leave him to me.

Father and daughter stare at each other.

UDO

Thank you. I know you despise me but...

GABY

Hug me, Father.

He looks surprised, until her eyes flick towards Alexander and Elena, who are walking out to greet them. Father and daughter hug awkwardly.

GABY (CONT'D)

My father hasn't been feeling well. That, and the stress of the work led to a certain amount of self-doubt. However, he is now ready to resume his work.

ALEXANDER

Udo?

The Professor nods.

UDO

I'm ready.

ALEXANDER

(to Gaby)
I'm impressed.

UDO

I want my daughter with me.

Alexander glances at Elena, who nods.

ALEXANDER

Good. I need you to finish tonight.

UDO

(to Gaby)

Come, I'll show you my laboratory.

Alexander and Elena watch them walk away.

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - DECK - DAY

The plane lands. Waverly exits, followed by Solo and Kuryakin. They are greeted by the CAPTAIN, who is surprisingly short in stature.

CAPTAIN

Good day gentlemen. I hope you understand that this is my vessel and we won't have any issues over who is in command?

WAVERLY

Not at all Captain, understood. Now, I need to get these men to a radio.

CAPTAIN

Very well, follow me.

Waverly turns to the two agents and says under his breath.

WAVERLY

The Captain has a bit of a power issue, I'm sure you can understand why. It's best you leave him to me.

They are escorted inside.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - RADIO ROOM - DAY

INTERCUT BETWEEN: Solo and Kuryakin are pacing as they listen to their bosses on separate telephones at opposite sides of the room.

SANDERS (V.O.)

The Brits have the biggest naval presence in the area.

OLEG (V.O.)
You'll need their firepower.

SANDERS (V.O.)
But you will be leading the
assault.

OLEG (V.O.)
Once you've stopped the bomb.

SANDERS (V.O.)
You must retrieve the disk...

OLEG (V.O.)
Whatever it takes, the disk is
fundamental.

SANDERS (V.O.)
Get rid of the Russian if
necessary.

OLEG (V.O.)
The American will be looking for
it, if he gets in your way, do what
you must.

Solo and Kuryakin stare at each other across the room.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The Captain leads Waverly, Solo, and Kuryakin inside.

There's a big map on the wall of Skorprios Island and the
surrounding coastline.

Seated, facing it, are a dozen Special Boat Service (SBS)
TROOPS. These are the British equivalent of Navy Seals. They
all stand to attention.

CAPTAIN
This is Major Jockelson and his
team. They're my finest men. They
will be supporting your efforts.

A tough looking young man, MAJOR JOCKELSON, with a scar down
his left cheek, steps forward to shake their hands.

Waverly moves in front of the map.

WAVERLY

Please sit down....Skorpios Island has been a fortress of some kind since the time of the ancient Greeks. The Knights Templar built a castle there in the Middle Ages, and the Germans built a massive fortified gun emplacement there during the war. Several attempts to capture it were unsuccessful. Later, Alexander's father purchased it and it has been refurbished extensively since then. We've managed to "borrow" the plans from the architect in Athens... After careful study, our conclusion is that our best approach is a stealth operation. A surprise attack by a small team of our best men. That is you gentlemen.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Alexander stands with his HEAD OF SECURITY. They are watching a bank of primitive CCTVs, which show different sections of the island: the harbor, the road up to the castle, the gate.

ALEXANDER

I'm expecting trouble tonight.
Prepare your men.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - NIGHT

A glass fronted room, full of scientific equipment and machinery, including three or four warheads on a rack, which are off to one side.

In the center, resting on a metal trolley, is the nuclear bomb casing.

Udo stands over it, wearing a white lab coat. He is assembling the internal components. It's a delicate process involving patience and precision. There are several white-coated TECHNICIANS servicing him.

UDO

Nikos? Micro-wrench.

His chief assistant, NIKOS, is a slimy young man with a ferret-like appearance. He hands Udo a precision tool, which Udo uses to secure a connection inside the bomb.

Gaby stands just a little too close to Nikos, watching her father work.

GABY
(to Nikos)
Which part did you work on?

Nikos is flustered. He's not used to beautiful women paying attention to him.

NIKOS
Uh...well...uh.

UDO
Nikos has been part of the whole process. He's quite brilliant.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - HARBOR - NIGHT

Two GUARDS patrol the dock. They reach the end, and look out at the dark water. Suddenly, a hole appears in each of their foreheads.

One tumbles off the dock, where he is caught by two SBS Frogmen waiting below. The other crumples onto the dock.

More Frogmen emerge from the dark water and secure the dock.

Then a pair of low profile rafts are floated in, carrying men and weapons.

Among them are Solo and Kuryakin.

The SBS team are crack troops, and they move with well-oiled precision. Snipers, a Radio-man, and a RPG team.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Alexander watches all this activity on the CCTV. He nods gravely to his chief of security.

ALEXANDER
You know what to do.

Alexander gets up and leaves the room.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - NIGHT

Udo is still working on the bomb. Gaby points to a metal box, attached to the side of the bomb with a red light and green light on it.

GABY

What does that do?

NIKOS

That is known as the coupler. It sends a signal which enables a second missile to lock onto this one for double the impact. Your father invented it.

UDO

Nikos? Neutron focus lens.

Nikos takes the lens out of a wooden box and hands it to the Professor.

This is Gaby's cue. She "accidentally" brushes against a glass beaker full of a dark brown liquid, which smashes on the floor.

Everyone turns to look at her, at which point the Professor slips the lens into one pocket and pulls a substitute lens out of another.

GABY

I'm sorry! I'm so clumsy. I hope that wasn't important.

NIKOS

Very important...

He holds up a glass containing more of the brown liquid.

NIKOS (CONT'D)

Coca-cola.

He takes a swig. Everyone laughs.

Father and daughter glance at each other as Udo installs the substitute lens.

UDO

Nikos, pay attention! Reflector wrap.

NIKOS

Yes boss.

In walks Alexander. He walks up next to Gaby.

ALEXANDER

How much longer Udo?

UDO

Almost done.

ALEXANDER

Excellent.

He slaps Gaby across the face, knocking her to the ground.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(to guards)

Take her to one of the cells. If you don't hear from me in ten minutes, shoot her.

(to Udo)

Now, you have nine minutes to install the correct lens and finish the assembly.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE - NIGHT

The assault team progresses up the hill, silently taking out any sentries with deadly precision.

They are outside the main gate, where two SENTRIES stand, smoking and chatting.

Jockelson signals for his men. Two silenced shots, and they are down. The team is through the gates.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT

And that is when all hell breaks loose. They've walked straight into an ambush. Shots rain down on them from all sides.

There is no cover. They are sitting ducks.

Jockelson signals a retreat, but there are snipers outside the gate as well.

There is one open doorway across the courtyard. They have no choice but to make a run for it.

The team zig-zags across the open space, using parked vehicles and the central well as partial cover.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CASTLE - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

Only half the team makes it inside, the others are wounded.

They manage to bar the door and also the interior door, before more of the SPARTAN GUARDS arrive.

The men hunker down, out of sight of the windows. There's no way out.

A thumping is heard as the Spartan Guards start to pound the doors. It won't be long before they break through.

SOLO
(to Jockelson)
You'd better radio for support.

JOCKELSON
We lost the radio...

A pause while the gravity of the situation sinks in.

JOCKELSON (CONT'D)
(to his men)
Listen up. We're going to form a
defensive position.

He directs his men to turn the banquet tables on their sides, each facing one of the doors.

Solo and Kuryakin look at each other.

KURYAKIN
Cowboy?

SOLO
Yes, Kalinka.

KURYAKIN
Alexander's mine.

SOLO
Fine. I want the sister. But
first...

He looks around.

SOLO (CONT'D)
We need to figure out a way out of
here. Any hall of this period
should have a stone floor, but this
one is wood.

KURYAKIN
And?

SOLO
It doesn't make sense, unless there's
something underneath, in which case a
stone floor would be too heavy.

The doors are cracking.

SOLO (CONT'D)

We just need to get through it
rather quickly....

He looks around, but Kuryakin is already striding across the room, towards the Soldier carrying the RPG.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - LABORATORY - NIGHT

As gunfire sounds above, Udo quickly closes the bomb casing. Alexander looks at his watch.

ALEXANDER

Only seven minutes. Very good.

Alexander gestures to his guards. They wheel the bomb trolley out of the lab.

UDO

What about Gaby?

ALEXANDER

You don't need to worry about her,
she'll be joining you shortly.

He shoots the Professor between the eyes.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

(to Nikos)

The disk with the Professor's
research, where is it?

Nikos opens a small safe and takes out the disk.

Alexander grabs it and tucks it in his jacket.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The Spartan Guards are almost through the inner door.

Kuryakin has the RPG, and is aiming at the floorboards across the room.

Kuryakin pulls the trigger, and the rocket ploughs into the floor exploding on impact.

Kuryakin is knocked off his feet and the room is filled with smoke, but as it clears, we see that a large section of the floor has been blown away, revealing a room below.

Solo picks Kuryakin up, and they start down the hole, followed by Jockelson and his team.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CELL - NIGHT

Gaby is seated on a stone bench. Outside the cell, one of the Guards looks at his watch. Nods to the other, who starts to unlock the door.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CELL - NIGHT

One of the men raises his gun to shoot her.

Gaby closes her eyes. Ready to die.

Two shots. Gaby opens her eyes to find Solo standing over her. The two Guards lie at his feet.

Kuryakin and the others are behind in a fire-fight with other Guards.

Solo helps her up. She's shaking.

GABY

I...

She throws her arms around him and holds on for dear life.

Solo is awkward, doesn't know what to do, but gradually his arms close around her.

Kuryakin interrupts the moment.

KURYAKIN

The warhead.

Gaby pulls herself together. Kuryakin continues down the corridor. Gaby follows.

SOLO

(to Jockelson)

Find a radio and get us some help.

He's about to follow the others, when he spots something familiar about the Guard he just shot. He bends over him and takes something off his left wrist.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Empty. The bank of monitors flicker. Kuryakin enters, scans them, spots Alexander and Nikos passing various cars in a garage.

INT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - UNDERGROUND GARAGE - NIGHT

Gaby, Solo, and Kuryakin enter. There's a tunnel entrance at one end. Alexander's car engine can be heard echoing back down the tunnel.

There are several ATVs (lightweight SUV's on steroids with huge tires) parked in a row, and a line of dirt bikes as well.

Kuryakin slings his rifle over his shoulder and jumps on a bike.

Solo heads for an ATV.

 SOLO
 (to Gaby)
 You drive.

The ATV and the bike hurtle down the tunnel.

EXT. SKORPIOS ISLAND - ROAD - EARLY MORNING

It's just starting to get light out as the ATV and the bike fly out of what appears to be a cave in side of the rock. They splash through a foot of ocean water, and careen up onto the causeway, which connects the island to the mainland.

Alexander's car is ahead in the distance. He's in a souped-up Land Rover.

INT. ATV - EARLY MORNING

Solo and Gaby are travelling at tremendous speed, but Alexander is quite far ahead.

 GABY
 Do you hate me?

 SOLO
 Does it matter?

 GABY
 What do you think?

Solo smiles.

 SOLO
 I think you can drive better than
 this.

The road winds as it travels uphill.

Gaby accelerates, taking the turns at alarming speed, but she's not getting any closer.

Suddenly, she jams on the brakes. Reverses. There's a dirt track heading up a steep slope.

GABY

Hold on tight.

They bounce up the hill at tremendous speed, flying through the air as they hit bumps. But once they crest the hill the track joins the road again, and now they're just behind Alexander.

Kuryakin has followed behind on his bike. Now, instead of taking the road, he continues across country, heading uphill to a vantage point where he can see the road below.

In the meantime, the road is heading into woodlands as Gaby and Solo close in on Alexander.

Gaby bumps the back of the Land Rover. Alexander jams on his brakes, trying to shake her off.

It's bumper cars until Gaby sees an opening. She accelerates up the bank and passes Alexander. She then swerves the ATV down in front of the Land Rover, forcing it off the road and into a ditch.

The ATV flips and lands upside down next to the Land Rover.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - EARLY MORNING

Kuryakin can barely see the cars through the trees. He raises the rifle and looks through the sight.

Relief as he sees Solo crawl out of the ATV and pull Gaby out.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLANDS - EARLY MORNING

Nikos lies nearby, also unconscious. Solo tries to help Gaby to her feet, but she yelps in pain.

GABY

I think my leg is broken.

SOLO

I'm never getting in a car with you again.

Whack! Alexander comes out of nowhere, knocking Solo off his feet.

Solo fights Alexander, but the Spartan is bigger and better.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - EARLY MORNING

Kuryakin tries to take a shot, but between the trees and the moving bodies, he's just as likely to hit the wrong person.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLANDS - EARLY MORNING

Solo is being pummeled. Alexander punches him so hard that he's pretty much knocked senseless.

Finally, he gets behind Solo and lifts him by the neck.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - EARLY MORNING

Kuryakin tracks the action through his sight. Finger on the trigger. He gets glimpses of Alexander, but he's blocked by Solo's body.

Alexander grips Solo's head to twist it and break his neck.

KURYAKIN

Sorry, Cowboy.

He pulls the trigger.

We travel with the bullet as it flies through the air, whistling past tree branches, penetrating Solo's shoulder, travelling through his body, and out the other side into Alexander's heart.

He drops. Solo collapses beside him.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP - EARLY MORNING

Kuryakin jumps on the bike and rides down through the trees.

EXT. WOODLANDS - MORNING

Clutching his shoulder, Solo reaches inside Alexander's jacket and snags the disk, which he pockets. He then leans back against a tree.

Kuryakin arrives his bike. Hurries over to Solo.

Kuryakin grins, seeing that Solo is okay.

KURYAKIN

Sorry I had to shoot you, Cowboy.

SOLO

Something you've been wanting to do since we met.

KURYAKIN

Is he dead?

Kuryakin goes over to Alexander's body ostensibly to check and surreptitiously rummages through his pockets.

SOLO

I've got something for you.

He produces Kuryakin's father's watch.

SOLO (CONT'D)

After all that, you shot the guy who took it and didn't even recognize him.

Kuryakin's eyes light up.

KURYAKIN

I love you, Cowboy!

He kisses Solo on both cheeks.

SOLO

Ouch. Be gentle with me!

The sound of a helicopter approaching rapidly. A British naval helicopter lands in a field just beyond the trees, and Waverly steps out.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

A battered Solo, Kuryakin, and Gaby, whose leg in a splint, watch as four MEN carefully carry the warhead over to the helicopter, and place it in the hold.

One of the men comes over and says something to Waverly. He then walks over to the warhead, where they talk some more. The sound of the helicopter drowns out what they are saying.

Waverly comes over to our trio.

WAVERLY

Well, it appears we have the wrong warhead.

GABY

But it's identical to the one...

WAVERLY

It is, only there's no plutonium.
It's a decoy. We've been had.
(to pilot)
Let's go.

Waverly gets into the front of the helicopter and starts barking orders into the radio.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Waverly finishes on the radio.

WAVERLY

They've searched the castle from top to bottom. Nothing. No sign of the warhead or Elena Skorprios. We've had the place locked up all night. Radar, sonar, aerial patrols, no ships have been in or out of the harbor, including submarines. But... some fishing boats left the village this morning just before dawn. The Harbor Master is being brought to the carrier to help us.

Solo stares at the decoy.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

The HARBOR MASTER is standing in front of the group.

HARBOR MASTER

One hundred and twenty seven fishing boats left the village before dawn as they do every day.
(MORE)

HARBOR MASTER (CONT'D)

They are now spread over a two hundred mile radius.

CAPTAIN

We don't know the name, let alone the location of the boat that we're looking for. It will be impossible for us to find and search more than twenty boats in the next few hours. I simply don't have the manpower.

Solo looks up, he shuts his eyes in thought.

FLASHBACK TO: The photograph he saw in Alexander's office. Achilles Skorprios with his kids standing in front his fishing boat. But the name is obscured. Only the middle two letters "ON" are visible.

Solo thinks harder.

FLASHBACK TO: A second, older picture (in gym) of Achilles Skorprios as a young man standing in front of the boat. This time only the last two letters "AS" are visible.

FLASHBACK TO: Elena's face as she says:

ELENA

My father was obsessed with the "Spartan way."

FLASHBACK TO: The Secretary giving Solo the guided tour as she says:

SECRETARY

Legend has it that the 300 Spartans used this fighting technique to defeat two thousand Persians at the battle of Thermopylae.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

Solo turns to the group.

SOLO

What was the name of the leader of the 300 hundred Spartans?

CAPTAIN

What has that got to do with anything?

SOLO
Please answer the question.

WAVERLY
Leonidas.

FLASH TO: The pictures of the boat. Solo fills in the missing letters, they fit perfectly.

SOLO
Leonidas is the name of the boat
we're looking for.

The Captain looks skeptical.

CAPTAIN
I am afraid that's not enough agent
Solo. Waverly, I need the radio,
every minute my man spends on this
theory is a minute wasted in co-
ordinating the broader search.

WAVERLY
Give my man a minute, Captain.

The Captain huffs and puffs, and stands on his tip toes.

CAPTAIN
One minute.

CUT TO:

The Harbor Master is on the radio.

HARBOR MASTER (SUBTITLE)
(in Greek)
Leonidas, come in Leonidas. This is
the Harbor Master.

No response, everybody exchanges looks of doubt, why does Solo think that this is the boat they have been looking for? Solo holds fast and looks at a RADIO TRACKING MAN who sits near by.

HARBOR MASTER (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)
Leonidas, come in Leonidas. This is
the Harbor Master.

OVER RADIO (SUBTITLE)
Harbor Master. This is Leonidas.

Solo takes the radio.

SOLO (SUBTITLE)

This is Napoleon Solo. I have a message for the owner of your boat, Elena Skorprios.

CUT TO:

EXT. LEONIDAS - DAY

We see a Greek FISHING CAPTAIN looking surprised.

FISHING CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)

Sorry, do not understand message.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE - DAY

Silence, more doubt in the room. The Radio Tracking Man rolls his finger, he needs more time to find a position. Solo continues.

SOLO (SUBTITLE)

The message is: earlier today I killed your brother.

Silence from the radio. The Captain looks at his watch.

CAPTAIN

Your minute is up agent. I am taking control of my radio.

The Russian is standing behind the diminutive captain.

KURYAKIN

Are you sure, Cowboy?

SOLO

Sure enough.

We see the Russian put his hands behind his back in preparation for the "KGB Kiss." Off screen we hear it's delivery.

Solo on the radio.

SOLO (CONT'D)

I would like to report that he died according to the Spartan tradition, with honor and courage. But alas, this was not the case.

(MORE)

SOLO (CONT'D)

It was sadly really rather pitiful.
So, I'd just like to send you my
condolences.

Long silence. It looks like nothing is going to happen. Then
the radio crackles to life.

ELENA (SUBTITLE)

(over radio)

Hello Napoleon.

CUT TO:

INT. LEONIDAS - BRIDGE - DAY

Elena speaks into the radio.

ELENA

I appreciate the sentiment of your
message, and now I hope you will
appreciate the significance of
mine. I want you to listen
carefully, any blood relation that
you still have living will be dead
within the year, they will die as
slowly and as painfully as
possible. You already know from
personal experience this is our
area of expertise. You have no idea
of the size and sophistication of
our organization. There is nothing
you can do to protect or hide them.
You will be helpless to do anything
but witness their suffering as you
await your own death which we will
save for last. This I vow on the
death of my brother.

She looks out the window and we see a submarine in the
distance. The warhead is being lowered into a zodiac.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER - BRIDGE AND INT. LEONIDAS - BRIDGE -
DAY

INTERCUT BETWEEN SOLO AND ELENA.

The Radio Tracking Man gives Solo the thumbs up. Waverly nods
to a TECHNICIAN, who taps the coordinates into a computer.

SOLO

I am most flattered you feel so strongly about me, however, in order for that to happen don't you first need to be able to inform your organization?

CUT TO:

ELENA

That will take a matter of minutes, as will the delivery of the warhead that you so desperately sought.

CUT TO:

SOLO

I see one flaw in your logic.

CUT TO:

ELENA

Entertain me.

CUT TO:

Solo watches through the window as the decoy warhead is launched.

SOLO

While you've been busy telling me how dangerous you are, we've been busy locking onto your location, via your radio signal. This gave us your general location.

CUT TO:

ELENA

Aren't you clever? But that's not going to help you much. I'll be gone in five minutes.

CUT TO:

SOLO

I haven't finished, the coupling device, that you so considerately left us on your decoy warhead, is accurate to ten feet.

(MORE)

SOLO (CONT'D)

That warhead, although not nuclear,
shouldn't have too much trouble
obliterating a medium sized Greek
fishing boat.

CUT TO:

Elena, as doubt starts to creep across face.

CUT TO:

SOLO (CONT'D)

Now, just in case you still haven't
worked out exactly what's going on,
the aforementioned missile was
launched forty-five seconds ago,
which gives you about thirty
seconds to impact. Don't worry, it
won't trigger the nuclear warhead,
as that requires fission.

CUT TO:

At which point, Elena can see panicked members of her crew
pointing up in the air and jumping overboard.

SOLO (CONT'D)

But I suggest you abandon ship
immediately if you want to make
good on your vow.

(pause)

How's that for entertainment.

CUT TO:

Elena turns white... KABOOM!

INT. ATHENS HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Solo is packing his gear into a suit case, on the bed we can
see the disk, on a dressing table is his gun. There is a
knock at the door. Solo covers the gun with a towel and opens
the door. Kuryakin is standing there holding a bottle.

KURYAKIN

I bought you the best vodka I could
find. Can't get my head round it
while there is still whiskey in the
world. Can I come in?

SOLO

You might as well, cause I got something for you too.

He gestures to a bottle of whiskey.

Solo clocks that Kuryakin has seen the disk on the bed.

KURYAKIN

You have a couple of glasses? I could use a drink about now.

Solo, goes to the dressing table where there are glasses. In the mirror he can see Kuryakin looking longingly at the disk. Kuryakin undoes a button on his jacket.

SOLO

Why don't you sit down?

Kuryakin does so, but his hand looks like it could reach for his gun. Solo gives Kuryakin his glass and smiles, he returns to his seat at the dressing table and puts his glass down by the towel with the gun underneath it, he uses the drink as a cover.

SOLO (CONT'D)

All in all, I think we made a pretty good team.

KURYAKIN

It seems so, I have to admit, I didn't have a great deal of confidence in you at the beginning.

SOLO

So what now? You go back to Russia? Mission accomplished?

The Russian's eyes again flick toward the disk, and his hand seems to creep inside his jacket looking for a gun. In response, Solo's hand is creeping under the towel. The tension mounts. Suddenly, there is a knock at the door. The tension is shattered.

SOLO (CONT'D)

Could you get that for me?

The Russian opens the door. There stands Gaby.

GABY

Thought you'd like to know, the salvage team managed to retrieve the missile's plutonium core from the sea bed, it's intact.

She notices the tension in the room.

GABY (CONT'D)

I hope I am not interrupting anything.

SOLO

Just a drink, and we can continue that downstairs. I have to catch a plane in an hour.

There's a release of tension.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Solo puts his bags on his chair, and checks his inside pocket, it contains the disk, he's happy. He then attempts to put his bags up into the space above his seat. He's having some trouble due to his injured shoulder. A hot STEWARDESS helps him while people push behind.

SOLO

Thank you, young lady.

He sits, sighs with relief, closes his eyes and falls asleep.

He wakes at 30,000 feet, looks out of the window, and taps his breast pocket, a look of shock comes over him, there's nothing there. He's been pick-pocketed. He starts frantically searching his clothes.

We hear a voice off screen, it's the Russian.

KURYAKIN

Looking for this?

He's holding the disk.

KURYAKIN (CONT'D)

I think you know what my orders are, but you know what, Cowboy? I don't like debts. So this is for you saving my life when I was drowning. And for my father's watch. Now we're even.

He drops it on Solo's lap, and marches off.

Moments later, the Russian is having a drink, when all of a sudden, Solo drops the disk on his lap.

SOLO

That's for taking out the electrodes from my behind and shooting me through the shoulder, and both times somehow saving my life. Now we're even.

He walks off. He goes to the bar. The Russian approaches and throws the disk on to the bar.

SOLO (CONT'D)

This isn't going to work is it?

KURYAKIN

So you're really retiring, Cowboy?
(beat)
What will you do?

Solo shrugs.

SOLO

Go fishing.

KURYAKIN

So what we just did doesn't change anything? You don't think we did any good at all?

SOLO

Oh, you are sweet, Kalinka. Tell you what, the day there's an organization that only deals with real threats, and bypasses national oneupmanship, I'll be interested.

KURYAKIN

So, what are we going to do with this?

They look at the disk.

SOLO

Well I don't see how it can do anyone any good do you? It's a pity that neither of us found it.

INT. AIRPLANE TOILET - DAY

We see them snap the disk in half and drop it into the toilet. They hit the flusher.

SOLO
Well that's the end of that.

CUT TO:

INSERT: THREE MONTHS LATER.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - DAY

Solo is walking down a street in the East Forties. He sees Del Florio's Tailors.

INT. DEL FLORIO'S TAILORS - DAY

The bell dings as Solo enters and produces a ticket. He hands it over, the MAN behind the counter looks up at Solo.

MAN
Just wait here a minute please,
sir.

The Man disappears. A beat or two later, the curtains of the changing room part and there stands Sanders.

SANDERS
Good to see you Solo, so glad you
could make it. You've come about
thawing account number 583937994?

SOLO
That was our deal.

SANDERS
Nothing to worry about, it can
thaw. You just have to sign a few
receipts first, you understand the
bureaucracy. Could you follow me?

Sanders turns and walks away down a corridor, Solo follows.

INT. DEL FLORIO'S TAILORS - OFFICE - DAY

Sanders pushes various forms in front of Solo.

SANDERS
That's a good man. Just sign here,
and here.

Solo can't be bothered to read the forms and just signs away.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

You and the Russian did a good job back there Solo, a proper team, even our governments thought so. Wouldn't it be good if all the jobs you had to do were for such a good cause? An organization consisting of agents of all nationalities.

Sanders puts more forms in front of Solo.

SANDERS (CONT'D)

Just a few more.

SOLO

Great idea sir, but it would never happen. Anyway what would you call it?

SANDERS

U.N.C.L.E.

SOLO

As in my father's brother? What does that mean?

SANDERS

The United Network Command For Law and Enforcement.

SOLO

Sounds like you've been thinking about it sir. Of course, you'd need the Russian, and the girl was pretty useful as well.

SANDERS

I am sure that could be arranged.

SOLO

I'll believe it when I seen it.

He continues signing.

SANDERS

Would you? What if I'd told you, you'd be the head agent, and you'd only commit to missions that were a global threat? No paperwork, and no politics.

SOLO

Very entertaining sir. In that case, you'd have my attention. I'd be your man.

Sanders looks relieved and takes away the last paper that Solo was signing. He checks the signature and blows it dry.

SANDERS

I was hoping you'd say that, because the Russian put some money on you saying "yes." I, as you know, am a bit more cynical. I said I'd need to see your signature first, but it seems we were both right.

He presses a button, and the wall of clothes behind Sanders disappears. We reveal -

INT. U.N.C.L.E. HEADQUARTERS - MISSION CONTROL - DAY

Kuryakin and Gaby are sitting with Waverly and Oleg, in front of a bank of computers and monitors, all staring at where Solo is sitting. Solo's eyes are wide in shock.

KURYAKIN

And they even said you can fly first class. Good to see you, Cowboy.