Original Airdate: October 13, 1985

Opening Gambit Credits

o p		
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Directed by	Lee H. Katzin	
Opening Sequence Credits		
StarringRICHARD DEAN ANDERSON		
Supervising Producer		
Executive Producer		
, E		
Beginning Credits		
Guest Starring:		
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Bruce Abbott		
Kelly McClain		
and Sue Kiel	as Reena	
Producer	Terry Nation	
Line Producer	2	
Created by		
Written by		
Directed by	John Patterson	
End Credits		
Executive Producers	3	
Co-Producer	2	
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E. M. Margolese		
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Casting by	
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Recorded by	Glen Glenn Sound
Lenses and Panaflex Camera by	Panavision

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Transcript written by Kim (Ditto503).

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I give permission to distribute this transcript wherever you want; just remember to put my name somewhere. If you have comments or questions, please e-mail me at <u>cat-fancier3@hotmail.com</u>, and put "MacGyver" in the subject line. Don't be afraid to correct anything, please—I'll be happy to acknowledge and edit my mistakes.

Notes: (These apply to all of my transcripts.)

All of MacGyver's quotes are in color (blue, etc.) for easy reference.

Superscripts in the text (¹) indicate that there is a corresponding note in the section "Notes and Nitpicks," located near the end of the document.

VO (voiceover) indicates that the person (usually Mac) is talking to himself and not aloud. However, when the VO is in parentheses, it indicates dialogue spoken aloud but obviously not filmed at the same time.

My designations for certain small-role characters might not always follow who played who in the credits.

I've tried to come as close as possible to actually writing people's (especially Mac's) accent and slurring of words. The only two words that I didn't even try the accent on were "well" and "alright." "Well" often is pronounced "'ell," and "alright" is usually something like "arright." The dialogue's punctuation, while sometimes ungrammatical, has also been kept true to how the characters say it.

Note that I have decided not to write out the full swear words for principle's sake. Mac very rarely swears, and other characters swear little as well; so, there isn't much to cut out anyway.

And lastly, brackets in the credits indicate that the role of the actor is not specified onscreen, but that I have credited him or her with that role here.

MACGYVER

Episode #3—THIEF OF BUDAPEST

Opening Gambit—PEGASUS

A vast desert with small patches of green. There is a little group of tents in it, with one large one. (There's a car too—obviously it's not too far into the desert.)

Inside the large, striped tent, sits a Bedouin (probably a Sheik) with his eyes closed, meditating, and his sword across his lap. He is dressed richly in Middle Eastern style with a turban on his head, and has a beard and a very curling mustache. His eyes open when he hears the snort of a horse. Without turning his head, the Sheik's eyes look beside him, at a white Arabian horse. The horse's bridle is tied to the middle pole of the tent. The Sheik gets up, sword in hand.

MacGyver VO: There was a time when about the worse thing you could say about a man was that he was a horse thief. In some places that's still true today. (The Sheik walks up to the horse and rubs its head and neck.) Particularly when the horse that gets stolen belongs to a king, and it's considered to be maybe the most expensive horse alive.

The Sheik walks out of the tent. Another Bedouin across from him lifts a gun he is carrying and says something in his language to the Sheik, who nods. The Bedouin with the gun starts to walk over to a little open tent with horses tied under it. As he passes a tent, MacGyver suddenly jumps out from behind it and tackles him, throwing him to the ground (and making him drop his gun). As the Bedouin is on the ground, Mac gives him one hard punch then shakes his fist in pain. (Mac's wearing a blue shirt with a khaki vest.)

The Sheik, unaware of what's happened, walks up to the top of a sand ridge and stops, his cape blowing in the wind.

Mac grabs the red and yellow turban the Bedouin had been wearing and puts it on his head. Then he takes the rest of the clothes.

Mac VO: When it's a tribal leader who does the stealing, you've got the makings of a small war. (The Sheik raises his sword in a sort of ceremonial manner.)

And 'cause small wars have a way of becoming big ones, it saves a lot of trouble if the horse gets back to where it belongs.

Mac has entered the large tent now, dressed in the Bedouin's garb (turban, black and gray cape, plain beige linen shirt underneath). He approaches the horse and rubs his hand across it. (He has something quite large on his

back/shoulders underneath the cape.)

The Sheik meanwhile unsheathes his sword, raises it slowly, then kneels down, ceremoniously.

Mac takes off the cape to reveal that he had a large black bag underneath. (He is also wearing brown baggy Arabian-type pants, and an Arabian-type cloth belt, with black boots.) He sets the bag down and opens it (the horse neighs). In it are a saddle, fleece blanket, and stirrups.

The Bedouin is twirling around with his sword, as if he were fighting in slow motion.

Mac picks up the saddle and gently places it on the complacent horse's back.

The Sheik is still twirling around with his sword, more forcefully now.

Mac is now in the saddle (with his cape back on), the horse being all geared up, and he rides out of the tent. Several Bedouins are alerted, and the horse neighs.

The Sheik stabs his sword into the ground.

The horse rears, and Mac keeps his position on it, riding on. Several Bedouins run towards him, some with guns.

The Sheik takes his sword from the ground and quickly turns around, with a "how dare you" look on his face.

One with a shepherd-type turban and shepherd's crook runs up to Mac and tries to pull him from the saddle. Mac pushes the man down, meanwhile taking his crook. He rides past the other Bedouins, past the tents. Two of the Bedouins aim their guns. The Sheik, however, walks up frantically.

Sheik: No! Don't shoot—you'll hurt the horse!

Mac is riding down the desert "road," and the rest of the Bedouins run around frantically to get on their horses. In one big stampede, they follow after him. Mac, still carrying the shepherd's crook, emerges into the open from the part of the road that was flanked by sand dunes. He rides across a shallow pool of water. Back a ways, the Bedouins are furiously riding after him, yelling in their own language. Mac and the horse are still going through the pool of water. The Bedouins come out into the open part too now, following close behind. Past the pool of water, Mac is now riding alongside the ocean. He halts for a second to look behind him, unsure what to do. The Bedouins are coming at him at two different directions—behind and ahead (to the side) of him. He goads the horse on, hoping to beat the Bedouins ahead of him. He doesn't

make it, and they have him surrounded.

Mac VO: (Mac slows down.) Typical. Just when you're gettin' ahead somebody always changes the odds.

The Arabian horse runs back and forth in the half circle that he's trapped in (the straight part being the ocean), neighing and half-rearing. The man next to the Sheik raises his gun to shoot Mac, but the Sheik hits the gun barrel with his knife and says:

Sheik: Halt!

Mac's horse half-rears again.

Sheik: (to Mac) He is mine.

Suddenly the Sheik and his horse charge towards Mac. Mac takes his cue and charges towards the Sheik as well. They ride closely past each other (like a jousting match) and while Mac ducks back the Sheik slices off a part of his crook. They slow down and turn around again to face each other.

Mac: You know we could go back to your place and talk about this. (The Sheik gives him a menacing glare.) Nah, didn't think so.

Sheik: (charging on his horse again) Ha!

Mac charges his horse as well (who rears up and neighs), going very fast. Mac holds his shepherd's crook out, and as they pass each other, it hits the Sheik, and he falls to the ground. Mac doesn't stop the horse but keeps going until he runs into the group of horses on the left, unsaddling several Bedouins. He then takes off, going along the ocean. The Sheik, still on the ground, holds his sword up furiously.

Sheik: Kill him!

They all go after Mac. Mac is riding the Arabian horse along the ocean at an extremely fast pace, looking behind him once to see the bad guys. The group is still furiously chasing him (at least 12 in number).

A helicopter approaches above. It has a rope with a hook on it hanging from it. Mac keeps going, looking back occasionally to see the Bedouins and the helicopter. The helicopter then goes to where it's just ahead of Mac, the hook now at the height at which he can reach it. As he still rides at top speed, he grabs the rope and hooks it to the reigns, and he and the horse are pulled up off the ground (the horse neighs). Below, the Bedouins stop and just look up, defeated. The horse, hanging in the air with Mac on it (who is a stuntman), neighs loudly.

Mac VO: I'm with you pal. I hate heights.

Opening Credits

A domed cathedral-like building near some gardens (a sign at its front says "Welcome to Budapest"), with several people walking by, including a woman in nun's garb.

A road with a car carrier going down it. Across the road is strung a banner saying "Transcarpathian Road Rally."

<u>Mac VO</u>: You know, my life is like a rubber ball. No sooner do I get the horse returned and I bounce right back into another assignment.

MacGyver is walking along the middle of the road, between parked cars on one side and a balloon/ice cream stand on the other. The car carrier honks at him, and he jumps out of the way, next to the stand. (He's wearing khaki pants, a white dress shirt, and sunglasses. He has something rolled up in one hand, and his brown leather coat is draped on his other arm.)

Mac VO: Intelligence agents are a very cautious bunch.

The car carrier goes down the road. It has UK flags across its sides, and is carrying three little race cars—red, white, and blue. Mac indicates to the vendor to get him an ice cream cone.

Mac VO: Take Nickolai Grodsky for example, an old buddy of mine. He's got some top-secret information and like any good agent, he'll only hand it over to someone he trusts. In this case, me. (Mac takes the ice cream.) And that's just fine. (Walking away and taking a bite of ice cream, Mac spills some down his shirt. He looks at it and wipes it off a little with his hand, still walking.) I get to visit Budapest again. And havin' a big road rally in town is like a bonus.

Mac stops, taking another bite of ice cream. In front of him is a man fixing something in an opened red- and white-striped box. As he works on it, to his and Mac's right the traffic light switches from yellow to red. Mac watches as he eats his ice cream, the light going back to yellow, and then to green as he takes a bite and walks away to the left, looking back twice as he walks.

He walks along down the decorated roadway (lots of flags), taking a bite of ice cream and ducking slightly as he passes underneath an umbrella. As he

walks, he throws the rest of his ice cream cone in a nearby trash can. By the can is parked a sporty yellow car with its trunk opened, and Mac looks at it as he passes. He then stops to look at its interior through the window of the car. After a second or two he stands up again, and walks on past two women. He looks for a moment into the opened hood of the car, walking on again. Behind him comes a young girl. (She is not more than nine, has wavy shoulder-length brown hair, wears a turquoise shirt and jacket, jeans, and a black railroad engineer-type cap.) She fingers her necklace, which is a flat silver metal circle with a coin placed inside the circle. (She also wears a shorter, multicolored necklace.) Mac has circled around and is looking in the car's hood from the other side. The girl, Yanna, walks up to him, shoving against him.

Yanna: Sorry.² (walks on)

Before she gets very far, Mac pulls her back by her arm, twisting her around to face him.

<u>Yanna</u>: **Hey! No!** (She struggles for a second, then stands still.)

Mac: (holds SAK out in front of her) Good opening move. Nice fast dip, good carry, on a scale of one to ten, ten being best, give you 'bout a six, maybe a seven, (leans closer, emphasizing with his hand, holding the SAK) but you looked down at your hand. That's a cardinal no-no.

<u>Yanna</u>: (interested in him) **You Gypsy?**

Mac: (pauses, straightening up again) No, not that I know of. Why? (bounces the SAK in his hand)

Yanna: 'Cause it takes a Gypsy to catch a Gypsy. (pauses, looking up at him) You look American. Want a guide? (points to herself proudly, smiling) Yanna is the best.³

Mac: I don't think I'll be needin' a guide, (puts SAK in pocket) I've been here quite a few times before, thank you.

Yanna: OK, then I sell you a special Gypsy blessing—keep you safe.

Mac: (louder) Sell? You wanna sell me something? I just caught you.

Yanna: (while Mac's still talking) (nods, putting on a convincing smile) **OK**, **OK**, **for free**. 'Cause you caught me.

Mac: (nods) That's right.

Yanna: Taught me a lesson.

Mac: Uh-huh.

Yanna: For free!

Mac: Alright!

Yanna's expression sobers, and she closes her eyes, an intense expression on her face. Mac raises his eyebrows skeptically. She then opens her eyes and looks up at him.

Yanna: Go in safety. Find what you seek.

Mac: Thank you Yanna, that was...very nice.

He walks away, putting a hand on her shoulder as he goes, bumping into her a little. She turns to watch him go, then runs away.

Mac is walking down the sidewalk/road, then stops suddenly, putting a hand to his pocket. He turns around toward where Yanna was.

Mac VO: She did it again.

Yanna turns around to look at him, throwing his SAK and catching it, smiling. She then walks away, and Mac pauses a moment, then smiles to himself.

Turning around, he sees ahead of him a foreign-type (Hungarian) man about in his thirties and wearing a gray suit and tie, who gets out a gold pocket watch and looks at it. The man walks away, and Mac follows him, smiling.

The Hungarian, Nickolai Grodsky, passes a gray van. Inside, we see that it's a stakeout van.

Offscreen Bad Guy: (with accent, impatient) He has been walking around for three hours.

<u>Major Nickolai Kossov</u>: (Russian accent) **Grodsky is a cautious man. Not surprising** in a double agent, which is why Moscow wants pictures of whomever he contacts.

Kossov, young and wearing a black suit, is sitting on the backseat of the van looking at a screen that shows Grodsky in live recording. The older bad guy, mostly bald and also wearing a black suit, is looking through the lens of a large camera, which is trained on Grodsky through the window of the van.

Bad Guy: The watch looks very valuable.

Grodsky puts the watch away, looking to his right, while Mac stands in the

background behind him with his coat slung over his shoulder.

Kossov: Valuable—It contains the names of a dozen key KGB agents in England.

(Grodsky gets out a small newspaper to read it, while Mac walks up closer.)

We want the watch and Grodsky and his contacts.

Mac walks up and leans against a tree that is just behind Grodsky, looking

down.

Mac: (pretends to read the paper in his hand) Yo, Grods.

Grodsky turns to see Mac, then turns quickly back to his newspaper, smiling.

Grodsky: MacGyver. I didn't expect you, old friend. (looks to his right, folding up the

paper)

Mac: (still looking down) Yeah, kind of a surprise to me too. A pleasant one, I

might add. How're you doin' Nicki?

Grodsky: (not looking at him) With you as my contact now, perfect. (tucks newspaper

under arm) I have the names in my watch but not here. The Café Mozart,

remember? (walks away)

Mac looks up ahead of him, smiles, then throws his newspaper in a nearby

trash can and walks away in a different direction than Grodsky.

Kossov, in the stakeout van, has been looking out of the window, watching

them.

Kossov: (to Bad Guy) **Keep taping.**

Yanna, the Gypsy girl, is kneeling down beside a sidewalk, next to a food stand, with marbles in one hand. She looks up at the people on the sidewalk, then rolls the marbles across it. At that moment (as Mac is walking along) Grodsky is in the path of the marbles and falls on them, saying "whoa" and knocking down some things beside him. Yanna walks up to him as he's still

on the ground.

Yanna: (handing him his newspaper) Here's your newspaper sir.

Grodsky: (as she stealthily reaches into the pocket of his suit, getting the gold watch)

Well thank you.

To the side of him, three bad guys in suits, including Kossov, walk up. Grod-

sky gets up, patting Yanna on the head and smiling.

Kossov: Grodsky. Nickolai Grodsky!

As Grodsky looks over at the bad guys his smile fades, and he takes off running. Mac has witnessed the whole scene and can only stand and watch. As Grodsky is running into the road, a semi truck turns the corner, honking its horn at him. Grodsky looks at it, terrified, and it hits him. Mac, horrified, yanks off his sunglasses to look. Several natives walk up to see, one woman pointing to Grodsky and talking in a horrified whisper in her own language. Grodsky is lying there on the pavement, a streak of blood coming from his mouth. Kossov pushes the woman aside and walks up to Grodsky's body, standing and just looking at it for a second. Then he kneels down and rifles through Grodsky's suit pockets. In the background, some of the people speak English:

Man: Is he alright?

Woman: He is dead!

Mac watches for a moment, then turns around and walks away sadly.

Kossov has looked through all of Grodsky's pockets and found nothing. He turns around for a second, then gets up. Talking to his two colleagues, he points to his left, where Mac has been.

Kossov: The American, he spoke to at the trash barrel—where is he?

All three of them look around to no avail.

Back in the stakeout van, Kossov watches the video of Grodsky taken just a minute or so ago.

Kossov: That's him. (On the video, Mac says "Yo, Grods.") Freeze. (The video freezes.) Now close-up. (The video zooms in on Mac.) Now, fast-forward until—

The three of them—Kossov, a stocky older man with a mustache, Inspector Jan Messic, and another bad guy—watch as it fast-forwards.

<u>Kossov</u>: **There.** (The video pauses where Yanna is giving the newspaper back to Grodsky—"Here's your newspaper sir.") **Tighter.** (?) (The video freezes, then zooms in and plays in slow motion, showing Yanna stealing the watch.) **The watch.**

Jan Messic: Uh-huh.

Kossov: I want that girl, and the man. Both, Inspector.

Kossov opens the sliding van door and walks out, followed by Inspector Messic.

Messic: Well, I will try but...it may be difficult.

Kossov stops and turns toward Messic.

Kossov: Inspector Messic, I am Russian, you are Hungarian. But I'm sure we are

comrades in Socialist reality.

Messic: (walking on, with Kossov beside him) Please, Comrade Kossov, my govern-

ment has given me instructions—I am at your disposal. (They stop in front of a white building—Budapest police headquarters?) We will run this man's photograph through the border control, through all the hotels, (Kossov nods) the banks, the railway, the airport authorities—we will find him.

Kossov: And have you checked the girl?

Messic: (sighs) A Gypsy. Budapest has Gypsies like a dog has fleas. They have no

papers, no addresses, they change their names—

Kossov: (stopping him) Inspector Messic. Ivan⁴—I love Budapest. Good food, ex-

cellent wine, charming women. But if I do not retrieve Grodsky's watch I will return to Moscow in disgrace—an ugly, cold city. (smiles, getting closer to Messic) And, if I am cold, (changes to serious expression) you could

freeze to death.

A lively gray-haired Old Gypsy is playing on an accordion, dancing along with the music. Beside him a younger Mustached Gypsy plays on a violin, next to a table with a diner sitting at it. Beside another table, Yanna is dancing about with a tambourine, while a young man is dancing about next to her playing a mandolin. (It seems to be a sidewalk café. The sidewalk that the Gypsies are performing on is a terrace, and beneath it, and separated from it by short decorative shrubs, is another sidewalk with tables on it.) The Gypsies finish their music. The people at the tables clap and give praiseful comments, while Yanna goes around to the tables holding out her tambourine for them to deposit money into it.

<u>Yanna</u>: (as a person puts money in it) **Thank you.** (as a man on the sidewalk beneath

her deposits some) Thank you, thank you—luck to you, sir. (as a woman below her deposits) May your beauty increase if that were possible,

ma'am. (an old man below deposits) Thank you.

Next to the old man is MacGyver—Yanna's smile fades, and he grabs her hand.

Mac: Hi. I'm in the market for a Swiss Army knife.

She quickly dumps the money from her tambourine onto his head, and takes off running. Mac runs after her. The Gypsies look after her in surprise, including the young mandolin-player, who is Yanna's brother Bruno, and an Other Gypsy. (All the Gypsies there are Yanna's family.)

Bruno: Yanna!

The short Old Gypsy puts a hand on Bruno's arm to stop him from going after her. Mac dodges around a man on a bicycle and nearly topples over a man in a suit as he runs.

Old Gypsy: (to Bruno) **Don't worry about Yanna—she can vanish like a shadow in the sunshine!** (Bruno smiles at this, still looking after her)

Meanwhile Mac is running through a short tunnel, where he jumps over something just behind a parked bicycle, then walks down the steps of the little tunnel into the open. He looks around. Behind him, against the building that had the tunnel, are a couple trash cans. He looks at them for a moment, then, taking his sunglasses off, slowly walks toward them. He gets beside the biggest one, putting his sunglasses in his coat pocket. Then deftly he yanks the lid off the can and reaches in it to grab Yanna's arm. He pulls her up out of it forcefully, and she struggles a little. As Yanna is now still, he puts out his hand, as to say "hand it over."

<u>Yanna</u>: (reaching into her pants pocket) **Alright, OK, I've got it!** (thrusts SAK into his hand) **Right here.**

Mac: (still holding her arm with one hand, gestures with SAK) **Thank you very** much. (puts knife in pocket) **Now I want the watch.** (leans down on trash can rim)

Yanna: Gypsies don't need a watch. They don't tell time.

Mac: (grabs her by the shoulders) Yanna, don't mess with me.

Yanna: (serious) It's worth a lot, huh?

Mac: (serious) A very good friend of mine was killed for that watch. What do you think?

Yanna: (pauses for a moment, contemplative) **OK MacGyver. I'll get your watch.**⁵

Mac: (slowly) Get? You'll get me the watch?

Yanna: I gave it to my brother Bruno.

Mac, still leaning on the can rim, drops his head down in hopelessness, shaking it a little. He looks back up to her.

Mac: (picking her up out of the trash can) Alright, let's go talk to your brother Bruno.

Just as he sets her down, police sirens sound in the direction where the other Gypsies are.

Yanna: Police!

She takes off running up the stairs of the little tunnel. Mac follows her, running.

Mac: Hey!

Yanna turns a corner, followed closely by Mac, and slows down to a stop by another corner as the sound of a car screeching to a halt can be heard. She looks ahead to see a white car picking up the members of her family.

Yanna: Bruno!

She runs toward them, grabbing a metal bar as she runs, but Mac grabs her.

Yanna: Lemme go! Lemme go! My brother, my brother!

The Gypsies are struggling against the policemen (including Messic and Kossov), and the Mustached Gypsy is slammed against the car hood, his violin being flung from him out onto the pavement. Finally they are forced into the car.

Mac is kneeling against a wall, still holding Yanna back. She's still holding the metal bar.

<u>Yanna</u>: (on verge of crying) **They killed your friend?**

<u>Mac</u>: (serious, sad) (whispers) **Yeah.**

<u>Yanna</u>: (tears running down her cheeks) **So what're they gonna do to my family?**

Mac just looks at her sadly, not knowing what to say. Yanna drops the metal bar and sobs dejectedly. Mac takes her in an embrace.

A guard carrying a gun emerges outside from a wooden building with stairs leading from it. Behind him follow the four Gypsy men that were just taken,

dressed in black uniforms with black hats, the Old Gypsy in the lead. Some men follow after them. The guard waits at the bottom of the stairs. As the Old Gypsy passes him, he shoves him in the shoulder. Bruno, behind him, prods the Old Gypsy on while giving an angry look at the guard. The other Gypsies give the same look as they pass. The guard follows after them. After the guard, Messic and Kossov walk down the stairs, Messic taking off his sunglasses. They stop to look after the Gypsies, Messic taking out a handkerchief and dabbing his face with it.

Kossov: They confess to everything—and nothing. They tell a lie and lie about ly-

ing.

Messic: They're Gypsies. (Kossov nods.) They're trying to protect the girl. Eh—

she's family. But, the American...

Kossov: MacGyver. (nods) We have a name and a picture, while he has the watch.

Messic: (dabs his face again, then:) So, we'll hold them here at Borza, and we'll

continue to look for the American and the girl.

Kossov: I assume suitable pressure will be applied to this...scum.

Messic: (turns to Kossov) I don't like that, Comrade Major.

<u>Kossov</u>: (turns to Messic, raising an eyebrow) **I will do what I must to get the watch**

back. I'm not a sadist, I'm a realist. (gets stricter) Twenty-four hours—no

more. Then, my way.

Kossov walks off. Messic shakes his head, then walks off after him, putting his sunglasses back on. They both enter the police car parked nearby.

Meanwhile Mac is watching through binoculars, past a chain-link fence, at the prisoners in black uniforms, including the Gypsies. They are doing various tasks, e.g., one is sawing a board—they are making a building. Yanna stands up from behind the bushes/weeds Mac and she are hiding behind, and whistles two notes. Mac immediately pulls her back down.

Mac: Sh, hush!

The Gypsies, having heard Yanna, pause in their work, looking at each other and nodding very slightly. Bruno takes the saw from the Mustached Gypsy, while the latter slowly walks over to a bucket of water, looking around, and takes the ladle to drink from it. As he does this a guard walks up behind him. As he is about to drink from the ladle, the guard behind him pushes his arm, so that he spills the water.

Guard: (taking ladle) **You want a drink Gypsy?**

The guard fills the ladle with water from the bucket, then splashes it in the Mustached Gypsy's face, laughing. The Mustached Gypsy is leaning over with water over his face, then springs toward the guard angrily, speaking Hungarian. The Old Gypsy man catches him before he hurts the guard, and the Mustached Gypsy struggles against the Old Gypsy, trying to get to the guard.

Guard: (taking gun from shoulder and pointing it at the Mustached Gypsy) Ah, Gypsies—they're like mongrel dogs. It's a public service when you kill one. Hahaha.

The Mustached Gypsy calms down a little when he sees the gun pointed at him, and lets the Old Gypsy push him back.

Yanna, watching with Mac behind the bushes, looks hurt and angry. She turns to Mac.

Yanna: Why do they hate us?

Mac: (looking through binoculars) Some people are scared of anybody who runs free. (Through the binoculars, the guard is still pointing the gun at the Gypsy.)

Don't worry Yanna—we'll figure a way to get 'em out.⁶

Light blue police cars approach the gate of the prison (which has a sign above it saying "Borza") to go out, and the guard at the gate slides the gate open horizontally. The cars drive out.

Seeing them, Mac gets up from his position behind the bushes and moves a little to the side, to get a better view of the cars and the gate. As all the cars have gone through and the guard is shutting the gate, Mac raises his binoculars to his eyes. He watches as the guard walks to the side, behind a large pile of junk, mostly plywood, which is piled outside the fence. Mac scans the pile with his binoculars and then sees a board with five light bulbs attached upright to it. Yanna comes up beside him as he lowers the binoculars. She looks where he's looking.

Mac: Yanna, you say the supply truck gets here about 5?

Yanna: Yeah MacGyver. But—but they search it before it goes out.

Mac: They'd be stupid not to.

She looks at him, wondering what he's up to. He looks down at his watch—It reads about 4:50.

Inside the chain-link fence surrounding the prison (which has barbed wire

rolled across the top as well), the guard is walking, going past the junk pile, which is outside the fence. MacGyver is on the other side of the junk pile, out of sight of the guard. He has a board (about three feet long) and is placing it on top of the light bulb board, which is lying on its side on top of another board the same size as the first one.

Yanna: MacGyver, this doesn't make any sense to me.

Mac: (tying it all together with a strip of cloth) (whispers) Think of it as a light bulb sandwich, and hope they swallow it. (finishing up tying the cloth) Truck should be here any minute. Let's go!

In the tower next to the gate of the prison, a guard is standing and looking with binoculars at the road leading to the prison. A truck can be seen coming up the dirt road.

Mac is tying wire around one end of the "light bulb sandwich."

The guard inside the prison gate is walking back and forth. Across from him, outside the prison, Yanna is hiding behind a bush and a jeep, and is pulling the wire that is attached to the "light bulb sandwich."

The truck is approaching meanwhile. As the truck nears the gate, the guard says something in his language, and begins to open the gate. Yanna pulls at the wire so that the "sandwich" is dragged into the middle of the road and comes just in time beneath the truck's front tire. As the truck hits it, making a popping noise, it stops. The driver gets out and comes around to look at it.

Meanwhile, Mac runs from his position behind the junk pile to the back of the truck, which he attempts to open. Two guards are at the front of the truck, looking at the "sandwich" beneath the tire, and speaking in their language. One leans down to remove it. Mac is picking the lock of the back of the truck with his SAK and finally manages to unlock it, lifting it a little. He turns around to see Yanna's position, and makes a sign to her (kisses his thumb?). She smiles back, nodding. He lifts the back door all the way, as the driver gets back in the truck. Having climbed in, Mac shuts the door behind him. The truck starts moving again, going through the gate, as the guard shuts the gate behind it. Yanna looks on.

Inside the back of the truck, it's completely dark, and Mac lights a match. The light reveals a folded set of clothes—a guard uniform. Mac fingers the hat.

As the truck turns a corner on the prison grounds, six guards in a nearby windowed building are sitting at a table, eating and laughing.

Inside the truck, Mac has a match still (probably another one) and is looking at the contents of the shelves that are in the truck. There are two black con-

tainers that are labeled "CuKor" (sugar) and "Só" (salt). Mac fingers them, forming his plan.

The truck stops, and the driver gets out, taking the key to the back of the truck in his hand. He says something to about five approaching men in black prison uniform and indicates them to come over and help. He unlocks the truck door and slides it up. Some of the prisoners climb up into the truck and come out with sacks and things. Mac comes out of the truck, dressed in black prison uniform and hat, carrying a mop and a metal pail (which is on wheels, with a roller thing on each side of its top), and says:

Mac: 'Scuse me guys.'

Mac walks from the truck, passing a jeep with its hood open. Past the jeep is a table with various things on it. He sets down the pail, looking at the table.

A guard carrying his gun opens the door to the building where the guards are still eating and socializing. At the lookout tower, the guard stationed there is still looking out with his binoculars.

Mac has taken the jeep battery from the table and is pouring the acid from it into a small container, looking around as he does so. He sets it down and wipes his hands with a rag. Looking around, he walks off, carrying the container and the pail (he left the mop behind). He turns the corner of a building, looking behind him quickly, then sets the container and pail on another, empty table.

Mac VO: My mom had a chili recipe that would just about blow your socks off. (He takes the containers of sugar and salt out of the pail.) Shake of this, pinch of that, and just let it cook. (He takes out another container, which shows an animal with an "x" over it—weedkiller. Mac looks around.) I changed the ingredients a little. Salt, sugar, weedkiller. (He takes out his SAK and uses it to open the salt container.) I wouldn't wanna eat it, but the end result should be...dynamite.

He pours most of the salt from the container (there is a little bit already poured out on the table) and sets the container down. He then opens the sugar package with his SAK, and pours the sugar into the salt container. On top of this, he pours some weedkiller. He looks around him for a second and then continues. He places the mixture that he has made in the salt container into the metal pail, very carefully. After this, he takes a red handkerchief from the pants pocket of his black uniform (looking around as he does so) and places it over the top of the pail, over the rollers.

The guard on the watchtower is still watching with binoculars.

Mac then takes the leftover salt (salt/sugar?) and with his hands puts it on top

of the handkerchief. He takes the container of battery acid and carefully pours it on top of the salt on the handkerchief. Then, taking his SAK, he stands around casually, looking at his concoction and also around him. Slowly he puts the blade back and pockets the knife. The battery acid is seeping through the handkerchief, steaming. Mac casually looks around and walks away.

The Gypsy family is raising the skeletal wall of a building. Mac walks up, pretending to help them, whistling. He looks at the Mustached Gypsy.

Mac: Yanna thought you might wanna get outta here.

(The Old Gypsy is on his other side.)

Mustached Gypsy: The American? From the street corner?

Mac: Name's MacGyver.

Old Gypsy: How do you arrange this leaving?

Mac: Well... (nods) I've got some plans. (turns to Mustached Gypsy) You guys just hang tough, alright? (He pats the Mustached Gypsy on the back and turns to leave.)

Meanwhile the concoction is brewing.

Mac has hidden behind a stack of crates, and it is now clear that he has been wearing a guard uniform beneath the prison uniform. (It has a three-quarters sleeve khaki button-up shirt, brown pants, and an officer's hat.) He adjusts the sleeves and puts the hat on, adjusting it on his head. He lets a breath out nervously, then adjusts the pants a little. He walks up a few steps. To his left a ways is the Gypsies, and Mac stands there, putting his head down and adjusting his cap, as a signal.

Mac VO: OK guys—get crazy.

At that moment Mustached Gypsy lets out an angry shout ("aah, get off my foot, you...(goes into Hungarian)!"), and Bruno says something like "what is the matter with you?" and tackles him. The nearby Guard runs toward them to stop them.

Mac is now at a yellow construction vehicle. He taps the driver and points to something, indicating that the driver should get out and check it out. The driver gets up, saying something in Hungarian. Mac grabs him and throws him down

The guard is still trying to stop the Gypsies.

Guard: Back to work! Back!

Mac is now buttoning up the construction vehicle driver's orange vest. He walks behind the vehicle.

<u>Mac VO</u>: Chili should nearly be cooked. (He looks around, then with his foot slides a coil of barbed wire over.) Time to wrap this thing up.

The "chili" is still cooking.

Mac carefully takes the barbed wire and wraps it around the large drill in the back of the vehicle.

In the front of the vehicle, with a wrench, he loosens the screw that is holding the steering wheel in place, then throws the screw away. The "chili" continues to cook. He takes the key in the ignition and starts it, then breaks the key off and tosses it away. He is about to get out of the vehicle.

The "chili" is really steaming, and finally causes a large explosion. Several shouts ensue, and the Gypsies, who were carrying stacks of boards, see the explosion and toss the boards off their shoulders and make a run for it. The guard at the watchtower is cranking an alarm energetically. The guards who had been eating at the table run out of the building, putting their hats on. One of the Gypsies jumps off the building platform he had been standing on and attacks the Guard (who says, "It's an escape plan!"). The other Gypsies help, and when the Guard is down they run off.

Mac, now out of the vehicle, lets it drive off on its own, and runs away. It drags the barbed wire along with it. Mac then runs along with the guards who are exiting the windowed building, pushing one guard along on the back. As they pass, he stops beside the truck, the other guards not noticing. One guard jumps into the construction vehicle. Mac hurries the passing guards along.

Mac: Yeah!

When they have all passed, Mac jumps into the driver's seat of the truck.

The driver of the construction vehicle finds that the steering wheel comes off, and angrily throws it away as the vehicles continues to drive along. Yanna, from her hiding place, laughs at him.

Mac starts the truck, and as he drives it forward, the guard from the watchtower shoots at him. Behind the truck, the construction vehicle continues to go on its own. The Gypsies run toward the truck that Mac is driving, one carrying a gun. Behind the barbed wire that the construction vehicle has strung across the way, three guards are shooting at the runaway truck. Then the construction vehicle crashes into the watchtower, and it falls over, sending the guard that was

on it flying down, crashing into several things as he goes. Mac waits as the Gypsies climb into the truck, then starts it, heading straight for the chain-link fence. A guard runs in front of the truck, shooting. The guard then bails out of the way as the truck nears the fence and crashes into it, driving off. The guards continue to shoot, though prevented from going any further by the barbed wire. The truck speeds off, leaving a cloud of dust behind it. Mac then stops it.

Mac (VO): Yanna, let's go!

Yanna runs out from her hiding place toward the truck, as bullets continue to fly. Mac helps her into the truck, and they speed off.

Mac (VO): (driving) OK you guys, settle down! Now where's my watch?

Mustached Gypsy: (sitting behind Mac, with Yanna next to him) (matter-of-factly) **I sold** it.

Mac: (looks at him and shouts) You sold it?!

Yanna cringes when Mac shouts. Mac turns his eyes back on the road, looking angry at first, then changing to a resigned "well, that's just great" look.

[missing scene]

Mac enters a building through hanging beads. It is dimly lit, and the atmosphere is filled with smoke. There are several men in there, smoking, drinking, and standing around. Light violin/flute music is playing in the background.

Mac VO: Yanna's brother sold the watch to another Gypsy—a fence named Reena.

Trendy little joint she's got here. (walks through the room, looking around)

I see the beautiful people just stopped in to have a quick cocktail before the ballet. (several rather rough-looking men at the tables are staring at Mac)

Mac averts his eyes from them, slowly turning around a little to see the blonde waitress staring and smiling at him, her arms around a man at the bar. He smiles and nods at her slowly, and she smiles and nods back. He turns his head from her and slowly walks down the room, being rather suspicious and uncomfortable with his surroundings. He approaches the bar, next to a man sitting down at it.

<u>Mac</u>: **Evening, gents.** (Neither the bartender nor the sitting man respond, but the bartender lights a match against the counter top and lights the sitting man's shot.) **I'm looking for a, uh...** (Mac trails off, watching as the sitting man drinks the fiery shot with no trouble.) ...for Reena.

Shot Man: (raises eyebrow and turns to Mac) Reena... (turns back to glass he just emptied and studies it) That is a nice name. (turns back to Mac) (a man slowly walks up behind them, staring at Mac) What is yours?

<u>Mac</u>: (looks at him, raising eyebrows) **MacGyver.** (looks down with furrowed brow at the man's shot glass)

Shot Man: (putting glass down) What do you want, MacGyver?

Mac: (slowly, distrustfully) Well...now that's kinda personal...and important too.

Shot Man: Then we are truly interested. (Mac turns around, as if looking for a way to get out of the conversation.) Where do you come from, and why? What exactly is your business with Reena?

Mac: (smiling, to keep the conversation civil) Well, now you seem to be asking more questions than I'm willing to answer at the moment—

At the word "moment" the man who had walked up behind them and had been staring at him grabs Mac by the shoulder, yanking him over and putting both arms around him forcefully, lifting him up. Still in the man's arms and in the air, Mac lifts up his legs and kicks the Shot Man (who is no longer sitting), knocking him into the table across from them. He manages to free himself from Staring Man's grip, then turns around and punches him in the chest (at which the Staring Man let's out an "ooh"). He grabs Staring Man by the arm and yanks him over to where Shot Man now is, then jumps and rolls over the bar counter, knocking a glass over as he does so. Staring Man looks as if he will go after Mac again. Mac stands up behind the counter.

Mac: Boys, boys! Let's talk! (He looks behind him a little, then grabs a glass with a red powder in it.) See, I'm just kind-of a peace-lovin' guy like the rest of ya. (pours the powder into his hand) (Shot Man pulls a gun.) I like a good time. (takes match from glass on counter, lights it against counter) Let's not be ridiculous.

He throws the powder and, as it's in the air, puts the match to it. It makes a small explosion, throwing Staring and Shot Man off their feet.

Mac: Now, (leans against counter) that I have your undivided attention—

Another man, who had been sitting at the tables staring at Mac, holds a beer bottle bottom-up and spits out his cigar, approaching Mac with the bottle as a weapon. Mac looks at him, getting ready to defend himself. However, a voice comes from above them.

Reena: (low, slightly scratchy voice) (slowly) **MacGyver, I am Reena.** (leans against railing) **Why don't we talk?**

Mac stares up at her for a moment.

Mac: OK... (lets breath out a little) (looks back at the man who approached him with the bottle) (whispers) Excuse me...

He cautiously makes his way out from behind the counter.

Reena picks up two full wine glasses from a table. She has several large, gaudy rings on her fingers. She walks over to Mac and hands him a glass.

Mac: (looking down at glass) You know, I really don't drink too much.

Reena: (walking around him from behind, purposely rubbing against him) **Virtuous, or suspicious?** (laughs)

Mac: (They're now facing each other.) Habit.

Reena: No matter. To your health MacGyver. (clinks glass against his as a toast) Which would be in considerable risk if I sent you back downstairs.

She takes a drink. (Reena has curly/frizzy reddish hair that goes past her shoulders. She is wearing a lot of makeup, and has large earrings, bracelets, and rings. She is wearing a lacy white short-sleeve top with puffy sleeves and low neck. She wears a black lace scarf or shawl across one shoulder, and wears a black skirt.)

<u>Mac</u>: (conveniently forgetting to take a drink) (narrowing eyes, getting down to point) **Yeah, is there a back way outta here?**

Reena: (finishing drinking) Of course. Several. But you have to earn them. (Mac raises eyebrows) Which brings us to business. You're American—what are you selling, bluejeans?

Mac: Buying. (looks down) Watches.

<u>Reena</u>: (incredulous) **Uh-huh. Digital or spring-wound?** (smile plays on her lips)

<u>Mac</u>: (pauses, sighs) **Old-fashioned.** (nods toward her neck, on which hangs the watch)

She looks down at it, then fingers it with her heavily ringed hand.

Reena: It's a family heirloom.

Mac: (sarcastically) Yeah I know. I know the family that sold it to ya.

Reena: (tone suddenly changing) **Those stinking Gypsy wharf rats.** (turns away,

walks across the room) If their hides were worth the trouble I'd have them gutted, skinned, and used as rugs. (sits down facing Mac again) (makes cut-

ting motion with hand as she speaks)

Mac: (makes skeptical face) I thought you were a Gypsy too. (walks over to sit by

her)

Reena: (looking up at him as he walks over) I am. Takes one to know one. (as he

sits) And how do you know them MacGyver?

Mac: (in very sarcastic tone) Oh, (sighs) call it luck...

Reena laughs slowly, throwing her head back. Mac adjusts himself in his seat,

relaxing more.

Reena: (smiling) (putting hand on his leg (?)) I know exactly what you mean. (turn-

ing serious) Now, (fingers watch on her neck) tell me why this is worth so

much to you.

Mac: (smiles) You're OK Reena. I think I'm gonna hafta be honest with ya.

Reena: Never say that to a Gypsy, it makes us nervous. (wags finger at him)

<u>Mac</u>: (smiling) (whispers) **OK.** (takes breath, then takes a to-the-point tone) **The**

watch carries information. I want it, your police want it, the Russians

want it bad enough to kill for it.

As he's talking she dips one finger in her wine. As he watches her, he discontinues talking. She reaches over slowly and rubs the wine onto his lips. As she does this, he looks down at her hand, then up at her, then his eyebrows furrow a little. She then kisses him slowly. He raises his eyebrows for a moment as

they kiss. They then part slowly. Reena smiles mysteriously.

Reena: You're telling the truth.

<u>Mac</u>: (staring at her) (softly) **That your lie detector?**

Reena: (whispers mysteriously) Gypsy magic. And like most Gypsy magic, a cheat,

but nice. (still staring at her, Mac licks his lips) (Reena then gets to the point) **You said information**— (Mac rubs his lips with his finger) **you mean politi-**

cal. What kind?

Mac: Lemme show you.

Mac gets up, moving over to sit across from her side. He takes a bobby pin out of her hair. She lets him, though she doesn't understand. He puts the bobby pin in his mouth, then takes the watch hanging around her neck into both his hands, opening it. She looks down, watching. He takes the pin and dips it into the wine glass she's still holding. He takes the watch again and holds the pin up to it. The wine between the crossed points of the pin magnifies the tiny writing on the watch's face. They are in Russian.

Mac: Names, of some of their people.

Reena: Who spy on some of your people.

Mac: Yeah, somem'm like that.

He puts the bobby pin in his mouth, taking the wine from it, then closes the watch.

Reena: What are you offering MacGyver?

Mac: (rests chin on folded hands for a moment) (talking quietly) Well Reena I

don't have a lot o' cash on me. You take plastic?

Reena: (assertively) I don't deal in credit.

Mac starts to nod slightly and ponder his dilemma, but they both turn as three whistles blow and Hungarian words are spoken. Reena puts down her glass and walks over to the door of her room. She opens it just an inch or so and looks out. Below, the police have entered the joint, including Messic and Kossov. They walk around, looking at the men in there, searching for Mac. Reena closes the door. Mac is standing, looking at her. She fingers the watch around her neck as she walks over to him.

Reena: You can't afford to buy it MacGyver. (She jerks it from her neck, then

presents it to him.) So it's a gift.

For a moment they both hold it, looking at each other.

Mac: I owe you one.

By the light of a full moon, Mac climbs over the peak of the roof and slides down roughly. He gets a foothold on top of the stone part of the adjacent wall, and from that jumps to the ground, falling down into a sitting position. Still in this position, he sees a car approaching.

<u>Mac</u>: <u>Taxi!</u> (gets up and runs over as the car nears) C'mon! (motioning for them to

go faster)

The red taxi slows and Mac jumps into the front passenger seat. Bruno is driv-

ing.

Bruno: Hurry up! The police are right behind us.

The car takes off.

They are now heading down a busy, lighted road.

Mac is going through his pocket, and Bruno is smiling as he drives. Mac final-

ly pulls out the watch.

Mac: (holding up the watch) Got it.

Bruno: (excited) Yeah.

Suddenly Yanna springs up from the back seat, and Mac turns as she says:

Yanna: MacGyver! So you owe us for helping you, right?

Mac: Yanna...

Yanna: It's only that we like you MacGyver. We wanna go with you.

Mac: (suspiciously) Where?

Yanna: (shakes fists excitedly) America! America!

Mac: (turns away) (nods sarcastically) **Right, right.** (pockets the watch)

Yanna: The US of A! Clint Eastwood! Coca-Cola!

Mac: (in scolding tone) **Yanna**.

<u>Yanna</u>: (getting disappointed) Girls just wanna have fun.

Mac looks at her for a moment, and she looks at him. She puts a hand on his

shoulder.

Yanna: Please.

Mac turns away and sits still for a moment, thinking.

Mac: (putting hand over face) (in an "I can't believe I'm doing this" tone) Ooh

no... (sighs) (turns to Bruno) Can you get mechanics' overalls for the

whole family?

Bruno: (shrugs) Like a shoot—why?

Mac: 'Cause we're gonna hafta get across the border fast. (As he talks, Yanna and Bruno exchange silent, excited nods.) That rally at Boot Park's got all kinds o' racing cars and I figure we're gonna hafta borrow a few, you

know what I mean? (nods and smiles at Bruno)

The scene is back to the domed cathedral-like building and garden at which the show started. The red taxi drives up the road in the park, pulls up beside the car carrier with the three race cars on it (Mini Coopers), and stops. Bruno walks out in white overalls, Mac is in red, and the Old Gypsy, Mustached Gypsy, Other Gypsy, and Yanna are in blue. Mac walks around to the other side.

Bruno: (looking at taxi) I think Tamasz is going to be unhappy about his taxi.

<u>Yanna</u>: (standing on edge of car) (shrugs) **It's OK—We'll be in America.** (turns and

smiles at Mac)

<u>Mac</u>: (puts on sunglasses) **Alright, y'all know what to do?** (They all answer "yes"in various ways) (Mac starts to walk off) **Let's go!**⁸

They all walk off in different directions. Mac stops a little ways off from the red-and-white striped control box for the traffic lights. He looks around, then turns and walks casually towards it. Bruno is standing in front of him by the control box, and has opened a newspaper wide, pretending to read it. Mac takes off his sunglasses and tries to look around casually, then faces the control box. As he does this, the Mustached Gypsy walks up behind him and opens a newspaper wide, so that both sides of Mac are hidden behind the papers.

A guard is getting food from a vendor. Yanna walks up quickly, grabs his radio, bumping into him a little, then walks off.

Mac is at the control box and has taken a credit card from the front pocket of his overalls.

Mac VO: A credit card can usually get you out of a jam. I'm hopin' this will create one.

Using his SAK, he cuts the credit card into strips. Then he unscrews the glass case covering some of the workings of the box. Inside the glass cover is three small, round devices with slots covering their circumferences. Apparently

there is one for each light—green, red, and yellow. He inserts the credit card strips into several slots in the round device that controls the red traffic light. Then he pushes a small switch, which probably turns on the red light. He messes with something else (closes the glass cover?), then closes the cover of the box. The Mustached Gypsy has taken down the newspaper.

Inspector Messic exits the door of a white building (assuming it's the police headquarters), followed by Major Kossov.

Kossov: (walking down steps of building) So what did he say?

Messic: They found that Gypsy taxi in Boot Park. (walking to driver's side of po-

lice car)

Kossov: And MacGyver?

Messic: (by police car) Make the assumption. You may save yourself those cold

winters in Moscow, Comrade.

They both enter the car.

The Gypsies are climbing up the car carrier. They each enter a race car, two in each one, putting their helmets on. The Mustached Gypsy goes in the white car with Bruno, the Old Gypsy goes in the blue one with the Other Gypsy, and Mac goes in the red one with Yanna. The Mustached Gypsy gives Mac a thumbs-up, which Mac returns, before they both enter their cars.

Two police cars are going down the road with their sirens on, past the sign that says "Transcarpathian Road Rally."

Mac whistles to the two cars behind him, signaling to start.

Mac: Let's go!

He starts the car. Yanna is tying her helmet strap. The cars drive down the car carrier ramp, the red one in the lead. They beep their horns. The police cars are parked in front of them, and Messic and Kossov are standing in front of their police car. They run into their car when they see the race cars take off. The race cars drive down the road, and some pedestrians yell and get out of the way.

Messic on Radio: All mobile units, close pursuit!

The two police cars chase after them, followed by two police motorcycles.⁹

The race cars turn a bend around a garden area, leaving a trail of dust behind them. Some distance behind them, the police cars and motorcycles turn a corner, their sirens blaring, one motorcycle turning the corner too sharply and having to stop.

Meanwhile, the control box for the traffic light is working just as Mac set it to work. As the round device in it turns slowly, going through the credit card strips, the lights in the control box are going down from green through a succession of numbered white lights. As it reaches the bottom white lights, the traffic signal turns yellow, then red.

Messic and Kossov are stuck in traffic.

Kossov: (gesturing, frustrated) What is wrong with the traffic signals?

The streets are crowded with cars, and many are honking their horns. Messic honks the horn three times.

Kossov: That will do no good!

Crowds of people are between the cars stuck in the traffic jam.

The three race cars are making their way down a clear street. They go up and off a steep incline in the road, making the car jump over a wall and land back down. Mac and Yanna are jerked around a bit in the car as they land. The other cars follow, but are also followed by the two police motorcycles.

Motorcycle Police (VO): (on radio) I'm right behind them.

Yanna: (talking quickly) Motorcycle police! They got through the traffic jam Mac-Gyver!

One motorcycle goes up the incline, flying through the air over the wall. The other one doesn't make it and crashes through the wall.

The red car is squealing through a paved courtyard, around a fountain.

Mac: (concentrating intensely on driving) Hang on, we're just gonna hafta go where they can't, for now.

They enter into a large cathedral, and are driving down the stone steps inside it. The other cars follow.

Kossov: (still in police car, in traffic) Why are all the lights against us?

The race cars continue down more steps in the cathedral. They go outside once more, but are driving on a large sidewalk with buildings on one side and pillars on the other.

Kossov: Inspector can't you go any faster?

A woman screams as the cars race past, driving on a slick floor in a covered building (apparently only for pedestrians). The motorcycle following them tries to make a turn but slides and falls. A janitor man with a bucket by him and carrying a rag watches this. The cars continue through this building, past a dining area. As the white car passes this area, the Mustached Gypsy, the passenger of the white car, grabs a chicken from a waiter's hand. As they continue on, he shows Bruno the chicken and they laugh together, taking bites of it as they go.

Bruno: (something in Hungarian, then:) It's delicious!

The cars continue, but suddenly a police car and motorcycle block their way.¹⁰ They turn sharply to avoid it. Now they seem to be driving down a sidewalk, pedestrians diving out of the way.¹¹ Mac appears fairly calm as he drives.

<u>Yanna</u>: (tapping MacGyver on the shoulder) We can't go this way MacGyver!

Yanna yells as the car plunges straight down a stairway.

Kossov and Messic are meanwhile following them and apparently have seen their descent down the stairs.

Kossov: (incredulous) **Into the Horvath building?**

Messic: (shrugging) It connects with two underground garages.

Two motorcycles go down the stairs after the race cars, as pedestrians behind them watch. Mac is now driving through the underground garage, the two other race cars following him.¹² Several pedestrians cheer them on.

Outside, there is a huge traffic jam still.

The race cars are now outside again, atop a building. They go fast enough that when they drive off the edge of the building, they make it to the building on the other side.

Yanna: (as the car goes through the air) -----! (exclamation in Hungarian apparently)

Mac and she are jerked down a bit as they land.

Old Gypsy and Other Gypsy: (flying through the air) Whooaaa!

The cars continue without stopping after they've landed. The police car that was chasing them, however, stops and doesn't dare make the jump.

MacGyver continues to drive, while Yanna has a radio in her hand and listens to it. Generic rock and roll plays from it.

Yanna: Rock and roll. (to Mac) Is this what you wanted it for?

They drive from underneath a bridge.

Mac (VO): Not exactly. Get some duct tape out of my pocket.

Yanna (VO): OK.

Police cars follow them.

Police (VO): We are closing in.

The police radio Yanna stole is lying on Mac's brown leather coat between them in the car. Yanna has her transistor radio in hand, still playing, and a roll of duct tape between her legs. The police continue to talk on the police radio as Mac talks—"Heading to intercept."

Mac (VO): Now take the police radio (Yanna takes it.) and tape it to your transistor.

Yanna puts them together and gets a piece of duct tape.

The three cars continue along a bridge, followed closely by a police car and motorcycle.

Kossov: (looking at a map) They've already crossed half the city.

Messic: (dawning on him) They are heading for St. Ivan's. (picks up radio) Inspector Messic here. All units, all units seal off the church of St. Ivan. (Kossov nods approval.)

A bride, groom, and wedding party are coming from St. Ivan's church, down the steps, preceded by a crew of photographers. To the side, the red car goes past them, going diagonally down the steps, coming close to the photographers. The other two cars follow, the white car coming from the other side.

<u>Yanna</u>: (shows Mac the radios duct-taped together) **Is this OK MacGyver?**

Mac: (looking for a moment) Yeah not bad. Now if we can get that on something tall we can blow it out police radios for a mile.

Kossov's and Messic's eyebrows furrow as they look at their radio—It's now playing the music from Yanna's radio. Kossov messes with the dials.

Messic: That's unbearable—What is...what's going on? (messes with dials)

Kossov: Can't you turn that off?

The red car, followed by the others, goes down a street past a balloon stall, and screeches to a stop a little bit after it. Mac gets out.

The police car has to stop for several cars going crosswise ahead of them.

Mac has got several balloons from the man at the stall, and has tied the radios to the strings. Mac walks off, and the man at the stall tips his hat to Mac, saying something friendly in Hungarian. Mac lets the balloons go, floating into the sky with the radios playing, and some pedestrians watch nearby.

Yanna: Is that your tall building?

Mac: (getting in car and shutting the door) It's the best I could do.

Yanna: (smiles) It's terrific!

Mac smiles back, and the car speeds off once again, followed by the other two and two police cars, leaving the nearby pedestrians to wonder.

Messic: (into radio) (frustrated) Inspector Messic here. (gets static and the music) Can you read me? This is Inspector Messic.

The balloons continue to float into the blue sky.

Meanwhile the three race cars are driving through a crowded parking lot. They turn a corner through it, finding three adjacent empty spaces there. They quickly back up into them. The police car drives through the parking lot after them, turning the corner as well, but continues on, not realizing where the race cars are. After the police car has left, the three cars drive out of the spaces and go the way they came from.

The city is still in a traffic jam, and several people and police in the streets are getting uptight and honking their horns.

The race cars are now driving beside some water. Kossov and Messic are still driving after them in their police car, the siren going.

Messic: They're heading for the border.

The race cars speed past several streetside tables with umbrellas and people

sitting at them, the people being startled by the cars.

They now drive on a small dam across a river, water splashing around them. They have their windshield wipers on. From the dam, they drive onto a wooden bridge with railings, which leads back to pavement. Behind them, the police car attempts to follow them across the dam, but, probably because it was going too slow to overcome the force of the water, it misses the bridge and hits the railing, falling into the river. The two men in the car speak angrily in Hungarian, waving their arms, as they float down the river.

The race cars splash through water again, then, getting onto dry ground, they turn a sharp corner. Another police car (presumably) follows them coming from a different path, leaving a trail of dust behind it and going through the dust trail of the race cars. The race cars enter a circular tunnel with standing water at its bottom, rocking back and forth as they speed through it and splash through the water.

Mac (VO): I sure hope your cousin's gotten to the gate in time.

Just before the red car gets to the metal barred gate, it opens. The cars drive away, splashing through a puddle and maneuvering through the muddy road (which runs beside a river), and go under an overpass. Behind them, two men wearing funny hats close the gate again, speaking in Hungarian, then walk away. Just after they walk away, the police car crashes right through the metal gate, losing control and going into the river.

At the border, two brown-clad guards stand in front of the road blocks, waving their hands for the race cars to stop. When the race cars continue, the guards run out of the way, and the cars go past the blocks, snapping the end off one. The snapped-off one is raised too late, and the ones ahead are raised in time as the cars drive on. The guards who ran out of the way run back, confused and unsure what to do. The red car passes another raised road block with a black-clad guard near it, and, above, a black-clad guard looks out of a tower adorned with an Austrian flag.

The three cars are now parked on the side of the road, the blue car (last car) just past the black-clad guard and the road block. Almost simultaneously the drivers open their doors, and the rest follow suit. They all get out, laughing and saying "woo-hoo," and take off their helmets.

Two police cars have stopped at the previous road block, including Kossov and Messic's car. The policemen in the other car wield guns, and one gets in position to shoot. Kossov quickly walks up and hits his hand down.

Kossov: No! They're in Austria. We can't afford a major incident.

Messic: Thank you, Comrade Major.

They stand there forlornly, watching the runaways.

Mac walks toward Messic and Kossov, carrying his helmet and looking down. Behind him, the Gypsies are celebrating. (The Old Gypsy carries Yanna and sets her atop the road block.) Kossov stomps angrily up to MacGyver and stops abruptly.

Kossov: (shaking fist) (yelling) MacGyver!

Mac gives him a two-finger salute. Kossov just stands there, and Messic walks slowly up behind him. Kossov just shakes his head.

A little later, Mac is coming from the Austrian tower, from talking with the black-clad guard, and he is smiling. He walks quickly down the stairs, jumps and twirls around the nearby pole, and lands, clapping his hands together.

Mac: Ya got it!

The Gypsies react happily, with "woo-hoo," "yeah," and laughter. The Mustached Gypsy, who had Yanna on his shoulders, puts her down.

Old Gypsy: MacGyver! How can I (tearing up)—how can we—

Mac: Aw c'mon, there's nothin' to it. (waves hand) (Behind them the road block goes down. It says "halt" in English instead of Austrian.) It'll take a couple o' days to get you processed but you're on your way. (Other Gypsy says, "Whoo, we're free!" Mac shakes Mustached Gypsy's hand) Congratulations.

The Gypsies react happily once more, laughing and patting each other on the back. Mac waves a little to them and says something, then walks away smiling, hands in his pockets. The Gypsies turn to walk away, but Yanna looks over at Mac sadly. She runs up to him as he walks away. She tugs on his arm lightly, and they now face each other. (In the background the other Gypsies are huddling together in a little group.)

Yanna: (sadly) You're leaving us now.

Mac slowly crouches down to face her, taking his hands out of his pockets.

Mac: (sadly) W'll yeah honey, I have to. (She just stands in front of him, her hair blowing in the wind.) Hey. (He reaches into his pocket, then presents Yanna with his SAK.) Here.

Yanna: But you need it.

Mac: Now come on, you earned it.

After hesitation, Yanna takes it, then takes her necklace off. The Gypsies are watching in the background. She presents the necklace to him, and he takes it in his hand. After a moment:

Mac: Yanna, you don't have to do this.

Yanna: You earned it.

He smiles at her for a moment, then lifts her up into his arms.

Mac: C'm 'ere.

He kisses her on the cheek, and they hug, smiling. He twirls her around a bit, then they put their foreheads together.

And everyone says, "Awww.";)

Notes and Nitpicks:

Michael Constantine as Jan Messic also plays in "Out in the Cold," where he appears as Sam Leland, another bad guy.

¹In the season 2 episode "Friends," Jack Dalton says he was flying the helicopter, although it's possible he was lying in order to impress Penny Parker.

²It is very possible that Yanna's voice was actually dubbed over the child actress' voice through the whole episode.

³The closed captioning has the little girl's name spelled as "Jana." This seems to be more in keeping with European spelling. However, all other sources spell it "Yanna."

⁴ Kossov calls Messic "Ivan" here (according to the closed captioning). However, online sources call him "Jan" Messic.

⁵ Here Yanna calls him "MacGyver." The problem is that at no point during their first or second encounter did MacGyver tell Yanna his name. Maybe she was listening in on Mac and Grodsky's conversation...

⁶Concerning a nitpick I found on various websites—"Yanna asks why the police brought her family to the prison and she asks MacGyver if it has something to do with the watch. When the camera is behind MacGyver and Yanna, you can see MacGyver lower his binoculars down to just in front of his chin. When the camera moves to MacGyver's right side, the binoculars that should be right in front of him are nowhere in sight."—After careful review of this scene, I must conclude that this nitpick is invalid. Yanna doesn't even ask this, and there is nothing wrong with the binoculars.

⁷ Technically, saying this would blow his cover, since it's very American-sounding.

⁸ When Mac walks out of the taxi in the red overalls, he has his sunglasses off. The next scene shows a side view of his face, and he has just put them on. Then, when he walks away, he puts them on for a second time.

⁹ The following car chase uses extensive clips from the 1969 movie *The Italian Job*. Thus, in several scenes you can see Italian signs and advertisements in the background (see later note for license plates).

In several scenes throughout the car chase, you can tell that the drivers are dummies. A few times, the Yanna dummy or stunt driver appears just as tall as MacGyver.

In the scenes showing the actors in the car, the scenery outside the car windows is mostly artificial (stock footage).

¹⁰ In this scene, a guy in white shirt and black pants can be seen slowly moving out of the way as the police car pulls up to block the race cars. When the camera switches to the other side of the police car, the guy is gone even though he should be visible towards the center of the screen.

¹¹ Funny Hat Day? As the red race car is going down the sidewalk, there are several pedestrians in front of them. They wear blue-and-white and black-and-white striped hats and scarves. Then in the underground garage, there are more pedestrians with the exact same hats and scarves, blue-and-white and red-and-white. Then, at the gate, Yanna's two "cousins" wear the same thing.

¹² During the car chase, you can see Mac's bare hands for a brief moment after they make the jump from the ramp. However, when they are driving through the underground garage and the view is on the steering wheel and his hands, he has white gloves on. Afterward they are bare again when he buys the balloons.

¹³ "If you look at the number plates on the police cars, before MacGyver messes with the traffic lights, then you'll see that they're Hungarian plates, but when they go to the scenes from the *Italian Job*, the number plates become Italian. Then at the border, they're back to being Hungarian again." This is true, but it appears that the only time an Italian plate was visible was in the scene just before the police car enters the tunnel, after the dam scene. Correct me if I'm wrong.

We'll see Major Nickolai Kossov (spelled "Nicolai" in closed captioning) again in "Lost Love," played by a different actor, and his name is then spelled "Nicholai (or Nicolai) Kosoff."

Credit for some of these notes goes to either MacGyverOnline, Mika's MacGyver site, Wikipedia, TV.com, or Nitpickers.com. Others I observed on my own.

Homework:

Find out about Yanna's people, the Gypsies (who are technically called the Roma people), at http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roma_in_Central_and_Eastern_Europe and www.romani.org. Also, check out www.budapest.com. Don't hesitate to find out more interesting things about such topics, using www.goodsearch.com.

Check out my own site, <u>www.rdaetcetera.bravehost.com</u>, for many links concerning MacGyver and Richard Dean Anderson.