

UNTITLED B24

Screenplay by

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GUNBARREL - BOND - BLOOD.

The sound of DRUMMING.

IRIS OPENS on the eye-socket of a SKULL.

1 EXT. STREET, MEXICO - LATE DAY 1

It's the Day of the Dead.

Pull back from the skull mask to reveal a mass of skeletons, coffins, hearses and death masks.

Drummers accompany the vast procession.

Revellers stream down a road toward an enormous SQUARE where a huge party is happening...

...we note heavily-armed POLICE GUARDS here and there. But the atmosphere is one of celebration and excitement.

In this sea of RED and BLACK, we pick up a MAN IN WHITE SUIT AND BLACK MASK, who is moving against the stream...

This is MARCO SCIARRA. An assassin.

Now the man bumps into someone - and, as he continues on, WE FOLLOW THE MAN HE BUMPED INTO...

It's JAMES BOND. Also an assassin.

He is dressed all in black, and is masked too. His arm is round a shapely MASKED GIRL.

The couple push on through the parade, and head into

AN HOTEL...

2 INT. HOTEL LOBBY/ELEVATOR - LATE DAY 2

They cut through the swirl of costumed guests and visitors milling around a vast atrium which forms the lobby of the hotel.

Light streams through the colourful stained-glass windows high above.

They step into a crowded elevator as the doors shut.

3 INT. ELEVATOR - LATE DAY 3

She nuzzles at his neck. His hands slide down her back. She offers little resistance.

The others in the elevator pay them no notice. Everyone's too excited and pre-occupied with the festivities.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

The woman reaches into her cleavage, and pulls out a ROOM KEY. Dangles it invitingly in front of his face. Giggles.

The doors open and the couple leave.

4 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATE DAY

4

The couple pass more revellers, then the Masked Girl slips her key in the lock, and they enter.

5 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE DAY

5

The girl (Estrella) removes her mask. She is gorgeous.

ESTRELLA

Now you can kiss me...

And now the man removes his mask. Reveal BOND.

BOND

Sorry. Do I know you?

They kiss.

She fixes them both a drink.

ESTRELLA

You like our Day of the Dead?

BOND

Unexpectedly charming. Like you.

As she turns to undress, he takes off his coat and hat.

Suddenly he is the dark clothed, lone assassin.

With her back to Bond, Estrella takes a sip of her drink, crawls onto the bed, and turns to see him opening the window:

ESTRELLA

But... where are you going?

BOND

To check out the view.

And we follow him OUT OF THE WINDOW.

6 EXT. HOTEL/ROOFTOPS - LATE DAY

6

Dangerously high up, he jumps...

Lands on a rooftop.

He keeps low, walking coolly along the very edge of the roof, the street clearly visible below... In the distance we can see the crowded square. The drums more distant now...

(CONTINUED)

He reaches his destination, and stops. Looks across the way at some apartments. Day of the Dead FLOATS and STILT-WALKERS passing between... Now he ducks behind a low wall on the rooftop.

Takes out his Walther PPK, and an additional piece of equipment. Clips the piece onto the hand grip of the gun with a satisfying clunk. Inserts an earpiece.

Bond now tests his gear - raises the gun, points it down into the crowd.

We see a faint laser beam emanating from beneath the barrel.

A laser microphone.

We see the laser pick out a couple in the crowd. Through Bond's earpiece we hear:

MAN  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
*When is the Governor speaking?*

WOMAN  
(in Spanish, subtitled)  
*Who cares, I just want to see the fireworks!*

Bond smiles, shifts the sight away, past empty rooms to another block - where he finds the apartment he's looking for.

Bond settles.

The apartment he is observing has several windows through which we will track goings-on. A SUITED man nervously paces, drink in hand. Other MEN in the background.

A DOORBELL SOUNDS.

IN THE APARTMENT

The Suited Man crosses toward his apartment door, drink in hand.

Opens it to see The Man In The White Suit we met earlier: Marco Sciarra.

SCIARRA  
(pointing, in Italian, subtitled)  
Do you have it?

SUITED MAN  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Yes. It's over there.

Sciarra comes in, heads to a table where a case is open - the lid blocks our view of the contents. The man looks at his watch.

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
When is lift-off?

SCIARRA  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Eighteen hundred hours. Then the Governor will be dust.

SUITED MAN  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
What time is he due to speak?

SCIARRA  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
One hour.

There are STILT-WALKERS passing between Bond and his target - he waits for his moment...

SUITED MAN  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
And the flight out of here?

SCIARRA  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
All arranged.

SUITED MAN  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
And then what?

SCIARRA  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Then I visit The Pale King.

We see Bond register the name.

AS BOND TAKES AIM ON SCIARRA -

IN THE ROOM The Suited Man pours two drinks.

SUITED MAN  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
*A toast, my friend.*  
(Raises glass)  
*To Death!*

SCIARRA  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
*To Death.*

BOND FOCUSES, STOCK STILL AS THE MEN DRINK - FINGER ON THE TRIGGER -- THEN --

BOND  
Bottoms up.

Suddenly, down in the street, FIREWORKS...

Rockets start screaming past Bond -

In a split second, Sciarra turns to the window, sees Bond, ducks -

Bond shoots. The window explodes from the gunshot -

He's missed!

Now, the Suited Man starts returning fire, along with his associates.

Unseen by Bond, Sciarra walks coolly from the room -

Bullets explode all around Bond on the rooftop.

Fragments of the wall fly off as Bond returns fire.

The Suited Man drops behind the table for cover, as bullets continue to smash through the window. He is near the case. Reaches to fire around the side of it -

Bond takes the direct line - aims THROUGH THE CASE - shoots and - KABOOM! The case explodes.

AN IMMENSE EXPLOSION, which shakes the building to its foundations.

Bond reflexively takes shelter behind the low wall.

We hear the sound of glass raining down into the street, car alarms, far off screams. Then an awful silence.

Now in the silence, a SECOND NOISE. A creaking sound.

Bond looks up slowly, realising... across the street, the whole building begins to shift and tilt... and then slowly, inexorably begins to FALL -- TOWARDS BOND!

As the building topples down on him, Bond runs and dives--

And the falling building SMASHES into his rooftop--

A massive concussion. Dust and rubble everywhere.

But somehow it has missed Bond.

Then... Bond's rooftop begins to tilt upwards. Bond clings on as he is literally cantilevered upwards by the weight of the fallen building --

(CONTINUED)

Then Bond releases his grip, and slides down the roof, landing on a lower floor.

He lands on his haunches. Looks around, trying to orient himself --

Exposed wires crackle around him, water gushes from pipes.

Then he feels the ground begin to tilt again. Instinctively he drops his gun, and grabs onto an exposed pipe as--

This entire floor collapses as well!

He holds onto the pipe, swinging down dangerously another twenty feet.

He looks down. Checks. Then he simply lets go...

And lands -- On his feet. At ground level. The collapsed building all around him.

He picks his way through the debris.

And now he opens the front door of the building - the only thing still standing - and steps out of what's left of it, straightening his cuffs.

7 EXT. STREET, MEXICO - LATE DAY

7

Bond walks out into the mayhem.

Revellers wander stunned in the street. A couple of bystanders are down injured, and being tended to.

Then suddenly, staggering out of the rubble on the other side of the street... is SCIARRA.

He is covered in dust. Blood streaks his white suit. And he has lost his gun. But he is very much alive.

A charged moment as the two assassins see each other. And then... Sciarra runs!

He is limping badly, but he is strong. He barrels headlong into the crowd who now descend on the scene of the bombing.

Bond reacts quickly, and sets off in pursuit.

Behind them, the wailing of police sirens as they arrive at the scene.

11 EXT. STREETS LEADING TO SQUARE - MEXICO CITY - LATE DAY 11

Now we follow Bond as he chases Sciarra through the crowds. Pushing through the chaos of costumes, floats, giant puppets. Nightmarish.

Up ahead, Sciarra pulls on his mask. Looks around.

Bond sees Sciarra take out a MOBILE PHONE from his pocket. Makes a call.

Posted on walls, several POSTERS for the GOVERNOR'S SPEECH in the ESTADIO AZTECA STADIUM.

Bond is gaining on him, trying to keep him in his sights through the heaving mass of people.

They turn a corner, and we crane up to reveal -

12 EXT. ZOCALO SQUARE, MEXICO CITY - LATE DAY 12

A vast square, with a giant party in full swing. Clearly the noise of the celebrations masked the explosion...

At the centre of the square, a huge stage, on which is a mass of Drummers, pounding out a rhythm.

Skeletons dance manically around a vast central skull.

Now we see Bond's POV of Sciarra up ahead. He checks over his shoulder, sees Bond.

Bond is pushing through the crowds now, getting closer.

Then... a noise up above. The crowd begins to react and look to the sky.

Bond looks up. A HELICOPTER is descending.

Sciarra has clearly called for his getaway vehicle...

Now, the crowd begin to scatter.

A ROAR OF DOWNDRAFT, and Bond watches as the helicopter hovers close to the ground, directly in front of Sciarra.

Sciarra climbs into the helicopter, still clutching his wound.

The helicopter starts to ascend.

Bond is running, and getting closer now -

Using every last ounce of strength, Bond leaps!

Grabs onto the landing skids, hangs on, the pilot struggling with the lopsided weight.

(CONTINUED)



The crowd watch from below as Bond hauls himself up. Yells and screams from below.

The PILOT wrestles with the controls, as Sciarra kicks out, trying to push him out of the cabin...

But Bond claws his way in. And now - Bond fights Sciarra in the helicopter...

The pilot again tries to tip Bond out of the helicopter, swinging violently, and spinning dangerously over the masses in the square.

The helicopter is gaining some height. Bond manages to get control of Sciarra. He holds him over the side opening of the helicopter.

BOND

Who is The Pale King?

But Sciarra isn't talking. He spits in Bond's face.

Now Bond does something unexpected. He reaches down and grabs Sciarra's hand. Wrenches something off his finger. A ring.

SCIARRA

(genuine fear)

No... no...

Suddenly the pilot turns the helicopter almost UPSIDE DOWN. Both men are violently spun around. The noise of the helicopter is deafening.

Bond holds on to Sciarra... But finally he lets go ... and with a silent scream Sciarra is gone, into the helicopter's blades.

Now Bond struggles into the cockpit, and grabs the pilot... Now there is no one at the controls!

The crowd below in the square gasp, as the helicopter again bucks and spins dangerously.

And now it starts to descend at incredible speed.

The pilot swings at Bond, but Bond manages to wrestle the controls from him.

BOND

You need to leave.

He throws the pilot out as he pulls himself back in.

The pilot falls like a stone to the ground below.

Bond takes control.

BACK IN THE SQUARE

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

The crowd watch, as - just in time - the HELICOPTER arrests its fall, and levels off.

Now we see the helicopter gain altitude. Until it lifts up over the city and away.

BACK TO BOND. Steely as he looks out over Mexico City in the setting sun.

His cellphone rings. He answers..

ESTRELLA (O.S.)  
So how's the view, James?

BOND  
Breathtaking.

BACK TO:

12A INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE DAY

12A

The ROOM. Estrella goes to the window and looks out across the city glinting in the sun...

ESTRELLA  
Well I hope you found what you were looking for...

IN THE CHOPPER

He looks down... at the small RING he holds in his palm.

BOND  
It's a start.

And we close in - on the ring.

A CRUDE STAMP ON THE SURFACE OF THE ANCIENT SILVER RING - THE SYMBOL OF THE OCTOPUS.

AND CLOSER...

TITLES:

The tentacles of the Octopus take us on a floating journey through the past -

SPIRALLING DOWN...

The drowning Vesper,

The sweat-drenched Le Chiffre,

The oil-soused Agent Fields from Quantum of Solace,

The insane Silva,

The dying M -

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

Bond is caught in the middle, torn and confused -

Now, funeral mourners mix through into the desert -

The Octopus tentacles become Bond's veins -

An injection of blood courses through them... and becomes the red in the Union Jack -

The flag wraps itself around a Bulldog which SHATTERS to reveal an envelope...

Inside the envelope, a picture of Bond.

13 EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

13

Grey early morning London.

A solitary figure walks up Whitehall.

It's Bond.

13A EXT. MI-6 COURTYARD, WHITEHALL - DAY

13A

A high shot as Bond crosses a large circular courtyard.

He enters the front of an austere building.

14 INT. MI-6 CORRIDOR, WHITEHALL - DAY

14

As he strides down the corridor, people fall silent. Analysts whisper. Bond clocks it.

He clocks the SECURITY CAMERAS high up on the walls, every twenty feet. They're new.

15 INT. ANOTHER MI-6 CORRIDOR, WHITEHALL - DAY

15

Bond passes between desks of SECRETARIES who type faster as he passes.

16 INT. OUTSIDE M'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - DAY

16

He reaches Moneypenny's desk. She's wearing her dictation headphones.

BOND

Morning.

Moneypenny regards Bond levelly. She carries on typing.

If Bond is snubbed he doesn't show it, or that he knows what's next. He knocks briskly on M's door and enters.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16  
Money penny glances at the door.

17 OMITTED 17

18 INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - DAY 18  
A newspaper hits the desk. Its headline: "OUTRAGE IN MEXICO"  
Bond sits in front of M's desk.

M  
(calmly)  
Start anywhere you like.

Bond glances at the paper.

M (CONT'D)  
Take your time, 007. But in five minutes the Head of the Joint Intelligence Committee, is going to walk through that door, and I've got to explain how one of our agents decided to potter off to Mexico all on his own and cause an *international incident*.

BOND  
It could have been worse.

M  
Worse? You blew up half a bloody block!

BOND  
Better half a block than a whole stadium.

M  
And more than that, you were NOT OPERATING ON MY AUTHORITY.

BOND  
Why all the cameras?

M looks at 007 in utter consternation.

M  
What?!

BOND  
Out there. In the corridors.

M's blood boils.

18 CONTINUED:

18

M

Are you even listening to me?  
 We are in the middle of the biggest  
 shake up in the history of British  
 Intelligence -

18A INT. OUTSIDE M'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - DAY - INTERCUT: 18A  
 MONEYPENNY, and everyone else can hear the row developing.

18B INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - DAY 18B  
 Back inside M's office.

M

- as soon as the ink dries on this  
 merger, MI-5 will be just itching for  
 an excuse to scrap the 00 programme  
 forever. And you just handed them one  
ON A SILVER BLOODY PLATTER!

BOND

You're right, Sir. You *have* got a  
 tricky day ahead.

M, his blood boiling, could cheerfully kill Bond.

M

As of today, you are officially  
 grounded.

Off Bond's look.

M (CONT'D)

My predecessor may have let you fly  
 solo whenever the hell you felt like  
 it, but NOT ME. You will do what I  
 tell you. Work when I tell you. Eat  
 when I tell you. Shit when I tell  
 you. My game. My rules.

Bond stares ahead, his jaw tensing.

BOND

Has it at any point occurred to you  
 that I may have had my reasons to be  
 there?

M

Reasons, Bond? I have a list:  
 Arrogance. Insolence. Mania.  
 Paranoia. Borderline Psychosis. Have  
 I missed anything?

He is standing over Bond's chair now.

(CONTINUED)

M (CONT'D)

Admit it. Since she died you've been a loose cannon. You couldn't save her, you blame yourself.

A beat. Bond stands. And faces M.

BOND

You know, if you're right, and I am a maniac, you should probably think twice before you're left in a room alone with me.

He fixes M with a calm smile. M stiffens.

M

Are you threatening me, 007?

For a moment it looks like Bond might snap. He slowly smiles.

SUDDENLY --- The door opens. A MAN enters, sharp and charismatic - and about the same age as Bond.

M regains his composure. It's not an easy segue.

M (CONT'D)

Ah. Excellent. Come in. 007, I'd like you to meet Bruce Denbigh, Head of MI-5. Codename C.

They shake hands.

C

It's a pleasure to finally meet you, 007. I've heard a great deal about you. A great deal...

BOND

Congratulations on your new appointment, C. Does this mean we can finally get some decent coffee in the canteen?

C laughs.

C

Trust me, 007. We're all about the small details.

BOND

Why wouldn't I trust you?

M

(pointed)

007 was just leaving.

C

It's perfectly alright, M. I appreciate candour.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

C (CONT'D)

Over at MI-5, we believe in openness, sharing opinions across departments, bringing Intelligence out of the Dark Ages, into the light.

BOND

Well, that all sounds lovely.

M

That will be all, 007. Report to Q tomorrow.

BOND

Very good, Sir.

BOND walks out.

M looks after him. Unfinished business.

19 EXT. BOND'S FLAT - NIGHT

19

A large stucco fronted house.

A figure appears. Framed in the window.

Bond.

20 INT. BOND'S FLAT, LIVING AREA - NIGHT

20

Bond, CLOSE UP, looks out of a window into the street below.

Takes a drink of Scotch.

The doorbell rings. Bond looks round.

21 INT. BOND'S FLAT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

21

The door to the flat opens. It's Money Penny.

Bond shows her inside.

We see the flat. Bare. Anonymous. Stuff still in boxes. On the kitchen counter, a single bottle of scotch stands sentinel.

MONEYPENNY

Have you just moved in?

BOND

No.

MONEYPENNY

Well I like what you've done with the place.

The scotch bottle on the counter is the only decoration.

BOND

Thanks. I did it myself. Drink?

MONEYPENNY

I'm not staying. I came by to give you something. Forensics finally released this.

She hands over a slim box file.

BOND

What is it?

MONEYPENNY

Personal effects they recovered from Skyfall.

Bond tosses it on the counter next to the scotch.

BOND

Thank you.

She looks at him. Then:

MONEYPENNY

Why the hell did you do it, Bond?

He looks at her.

BOND

Eavesdropper.

MONEYPENNY

Half the building could hear. It's all anyone's talking about.

BOND

For an organization devoted to secrets there's an awful lot of gossip over there.

MONEYPENNY

There's certainly a raft of opinions.

BOND

Let me guess. Theory number one: He's burnt out, can't admit it, so he blew up half of Mexico City to force M's hand.

MONEYPENNY

That's Theory Two. Theory One is you've gone completely mad. Which is similar to but not the same as Theory Three: that you are and always were certifiably insane.



BOND

Not much of a raft, is it?  
(Takes a slug of scotch.)  
So which camp are you in?

MONEYPENNY

I have my own theory.

BOND

Really. And what's that?

MONEYPENNY

You've got a secret. Something you  
can't tell anyone. Because you don't  
trust anyone.

Bond studies Money Penny. He puts down his scotch. Picks up  
the remote and turns on the TV. A disk starts up.

A face appears... IT'S HER...

.... M. Money Penny is transfixed..

M (JUDI)

*If anything happens to me 007, I need  
you to do something. Find a man  
called Marco Sciarra. Kill him. And  
don't miss the funeral.*

The image goes black.

MONEYPENNY

Jesus. Where did-

BOND

In my mailbox. Nine months ago.  
Unmarked envelope.

MONEYPENNY

So you've no idea who sent it...

BOND

All I know is, she wanted me to get  
it.

MONEYPENNY

Because she didn't trust anyone else.  
(The penny drops...)  
And so neither can you.

Bond nods.

BOND

I've been tracking him since then.  
She wouldn't have gone to those  
lengths if she didn't suspect  
something big.

MONEYPENNY

When's the funeral?

BOND

Three days. Rome.

MONEYPENNY

If you think M's signing off on that, you are crazy. He won't let you out of his sight.

BOND

It's a problem. Certainly.

(Then)

I heard a name in Mexico. 'The Pale King'. See what you can find.

MONEYPENNY

You want me to be your mole?

BOND

For the time being.

MONEYPENNY

What makes you think you can trust me?

BOND

You want me to frisk you?

She smiles. Just then.. a voice floats in from the bedroom.

GIRL'S VOICE

James? I'm lonely.. Come back to bed..

Caught flat-footed, Bond merely smiles.

Moneypenny's smile doesn't leave her face, but it changes.

MONEYPENNY

I think you'll just have to take my word for it..

Moneypenny goes to leave.

At the door.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

Well it proves one thing.

BOND

What's that?

MONEYPENNY

You're not insane.

BOND

Let's not jump to conclusions.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (4) 21  
 Money Penny smiles. And leaves.

22 OMITTED 22

23 INT. BOND'S APARTMENT, WINDOW - NIGHT 23  
 From the window, Bond watches as Money Penny crosses the street and walks away.  
 Behind him, a woman's shapely bare legs pass. We see her reflected in the window, wearing only a bedsheet.

GIRL (O.S.)  
 So who was that?

Bond doesn't turn. Did he even hear? Then, after a pause:

BOND  
 A friend.

24 EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAY 24  
 The magnificent old river stretches through London.  
 A RIB heads down the river.  
 On it is Bond. Next to him is TANNER, M's Chief of Staff.

TANNER  
 (to Bond)  
 So how was Mexico?

BOND  
 Delightful, Tanner. Nice quiet break.  
 You should try it.

They pass an IMPRESSIVE NEW BUILDING ON THE BANKS OF THE THAMES. Bond looks up at it.

TANNER  
 New Centre for National Security...

BOND  
 I heard. So why are we going past it?

TANNER  
 MI-5 are getting it. C's kingdom.

BOND  
 What, GCHQ isn't big enough?

TANNER  
 Not if this merger goes ahead. Now they're rich, partnered with a couple of tech companies, other foreign investors.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

TANNER (CONT'D)

M wouldn't ever do anything so unethical. So we're funded by Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer and our old building's still derelict.

The boat heads into an opening in the embankment -

25 INT. UNDERGROUND RIVER - DAY

25

Their voices echo in the tunnel:

TANNER

So you're up to date on the intelligence digests? A lot's happened whilst you were off blowing up half of Mexico City...

BOND

Train bombing in Tokyo, chemical plant explosions in Hamburg...

TANNER

And MI-5 looking over our shoulder. M's feeling the pressure.

BOND

What do we know about C?

TANNER

Bruce Denbigh. Wrote that dossier last year on how the 00 programme was obsolete, how drones could do all our dirty work abroad. Classic Whitehall Mandarin. I believe his children go to school with the Home Secretary's.

Bond looks ahead into the darkness as the tunnel narrows.

TANNER (CONT'D)

The Fleet River. Runs underground all the way from Ludgate Circus to Whitehall in about six minutes. Useful in rush hour.

They reach a small quay. The underground river flows off into the darkness. They step off the boat.

TANNER (CONT'D)

This way, 007. Now be careful it's a trifle slippery.

26 INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - DAY

26

They head along a corridor.

TANNER

With MI-5 sniffing around, Q doesn't exactly feel at home over there anymore. So he's moved shop out here. Away from prying eyes, as it were.

They turn a corner.

TANNER (CONT'D)

I hear he's got something rather special planned for you.

BOND

I can hardly wait.

They reach a door. Tanner knocks.

TANNER

Welcome to Q Branch East..

27 INT. Q'S LAB, MI-6, EAST LONDON - DAY

27

A large zen-like room. White tile walls, simple desk, various half completed and eccentric inventions lie about. Piles of books and scientific periodicals add to the effect.

Q

Ah, 007. Please, excuse the mess. Everything's a bit up in the air with the changes and all. So. Shall we get started?

28 INT. Q'S MEDICAL ROOM, MI-6, EAST LONDON - DAY.

28

Q opens ANOTHER DOOR to a small room with one chair inside and various medical instruments and machines and screens.

Q

Take a seat 007.

Q busies himself, preparing as he talks.

Q (CONT'D)

So. What I've got for you here is strictly speaking still in the developmental phase, but it's being fast-tracked in light of recent events. Now if you could roll up your sleeve?

Reluctantly, Bond takes off his jacket. He sits and slips his arm into a small MRI-type scanner on one arm of the chair.

Q (CONT'D)

And if you'd just pop your arm in there.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

Why do I have a bad feeling about this?

Q

Just relax. That's it. Lovely. Now you may feel a small -

A VIOLENT SOUND LIKE A STAPLE GUN -

BOND

Christ.

Q

...Prick.

BOND

What the hell was that?

Bond reacts in pain as THE SCREENS LIGHT UP:

Instantly we see MEDICAL GRAPHICS showing an electrical signature entering Bond's bloodstream ...

Q

(proud)

Cutting edge nanotechnology. Smart blood. Nano-chips in the bloodstream. Allows us to track your movements in the field.

We see a BLIP on a map showing Bond's location: it zooms in on London, the bunker, this room.

Q (CONT'D)

See these readouts? We can monitor your vital signs from anywhere on the planet, everything from stress levels, emotional responses, fatigue levels, to blood pressure, caffeine intake... alcohol levels... That sort of thing.

BOND

So you've put a surveillance camera in my blood.

Q

Call it a Post-Mexico Insurance Measure... By direct order of M.

More screens SHOWS KIDNEY FUNCTION, BLOOD SUGAR, etc....

BOND

I don't have to tell you how happy I am about this.

Q looks at the screen of readouts.

(CONTINUED)

Q  
No you don't.  
(Brightly)  
I've just got one other thing for  
you, and you can be on your way.

29 INT. Q'S MECHANICAL WORKSHOP, EAST LONDON - DAY

29

Further down in the new Q-Branch environment.

Bond and Q walk past a series of old brick arches housing  
vehicles, (boats, cars, etc...) all in differing stages of  
assembly or disassembly.

MECHANICS work silently.

Q  
This old thing has taken quite a bit  
of time. Mind you there wasn't much  
left to work on - barely a steering  
wheel.

They now reach an arch which houses the OLD ASTON DB5 - under  
reconstruction (after its destruction in Skyfall).

Q (CONT'D)  
I believe I said 'bring it back in  
one piece', not 'bring back one  
piece'.

Q laughs at his own witticism. Bond doesn't.

Q (CONT'D)  
Anyway.

At the end of the bay, a large freight elevator descends.

On it, a thing of beauty: The new Aston Martin DB10.

Bond smiles, admiring, already anticipating the pleasure.

Q (CONT'D)  
Rather magnificent, isn't she? 0-60  
in 3.2 seconds. Fully bulletproof.  
Few little tricks up her sleeve...  
Shame really. She was meant for you  
but now she's been reassigned to 009.

Bond's face. Stopped in his tracks. Q brushes past. Walks  
over to a small table. Picks up something.

Q (CONT'D)  
But you can have this.

He hands Bond an understated, black-strapped OMEGA WATCH.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

What's third prize - a set of steak knives?

Q

Sorry?

BOND

What does it do?

Q

It tells the time. Might help with your punctuality issues.

BOND

M's idea?

Q

Precisely. I think you get the picture.

They walk out through the facility.

BOND

Did it occur to you that I may have had my reasons to be out there?

Q

Given our history 007, I'd be lying if I said the thought hadn't crossed my mind...

BOND

So you'll give me a little privacy I hope?

Q

Can I remind you that I answer directly to M. I also have a mortgage. And two cats to feed.

BOND

What if I told you that it was a matter of urgent National Security.

Q looks at Bond for a beat.

Q

How urgent?

BOND

Extremely.

Q holds Bond's gaze. A couple of Q-Branch personnel pass by.

Q

(Brightly - moving back to his desk)

Well, it's lovely to see you 007.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



Q (CONT'D)

Enjoy the watch. Sorry about the car.

(Then, without looking up)

Now as I said, the smart blood programme is still in its developmental phase. So we may experience one or two teething problems..

Bond listens...

Q (CONT'D)

...the odd glitch, drop in coverage let's say, during the first 24 hours after administration.

BOND

(With meaning)

24 hours..?

Q

48 hours. *But after that it should work perfectly.*

Bond smiles.

BOND

I'll send you a postcard.

Q

Please don't.

Bond walks off. Q stands looking after him. Unnerved...

30 INT. BOND'S FLAT - NIGHT

30

The ceramic union jack BULLDOG (the one left to Bond by the deceased M) looks straight at us.

CUT WIDE to reveal that it sits on the coffee table amongst papers, files etc. The sound of rain outside.

Bond sits on the floor. He has the SKYFALL file open in front of him.

Takes a slug of scotch. The bottle is nearly finished.

OLD PAPERS AND A FEW CHARRED PHOTOS.

An image of Bond, ten years old, with his mother and father, Skyfall lit up by the sun behind them. All smiling.

Bond looks at the photo, his face a mask.

Another drink. The next item:

TEMPORARY GUARDIANSHIP PAPERS. Bond's name briefly visible.

LEGAL DOCUMENTS.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

He leafs through and comes to ANOTHER PHOTO:

A thirteen year-old Bond with a TALL MAN; the two of them in mountaineering gear on a snowy peak...

A faint smile comes to Bond's face.

He replaces the items, closes the box.

Now he turns and looks at that Bulldog on the table...

Presses play on the remote. And her words again play. Only this time, we only see Bond's face as he watches:

M (JUDI) (O.C)

*If anything happens to me 007, I need you to do something. Find a man called Marco Sciarra. Kill him. And don't miss the funeral.*

BOND'S EYES ARE RESOLVED. He knows what he has to do.

31 EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

31

The start of another day. Rain.

32 INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - DAY

32

The room is dark. Muffled sounds of a workplace coming to life. The door unlocks, Money Penny enters, shakes her wet umbrella, takeaway coffee in hand. Stops at the sight of something on her desk.

A gift-wrapped parcel. And a single orchid.

How the hell did that get there?

She unlocks M's door.

Then sits at the desk. Opens the parcel. A box. Containing a mobile phone. A CARD with the words:

*THANK YOU*

Just then, M comes in, parks a WHEEL-ON FLIGHT BAG by the door - and notices the opened wrapping paper.

M

What's that?

She makes a choice, putting the box in a drawer.

MONEYPENNY

Just something from an admirer.

M

Not your birthday is it?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

MONEYPENNY

No, sir -

M heads into his office.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

...that was last week.

33 INT. Q'S MECHANICAL WORKSHOP, MI-6, EAST LONDON - DAY 33

Q too is starting his day. Is about to swipe a card to open the workshop door - when he sees the door is ajar.

An ASSISTANT is behind him as he heads in, suspicious. As they walk along:

Q ASSISTANT

009 has arrived to pick up the DB10, sir. I told him to wait upstairs.

Q presses the button to call the freight elevator. It begins its descent.

Q

Yes, yes - fine.

Q watches the elevator. But coming down on it is not the car.

It is a BOTTLE OF BOLLINGER, in an ICE BUCKET.

Q's face.

Q (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. ROME - LATE DAY 34

An expansive aerial shot of the Eternal City. Burnished by the late afternoon sun.

Down below we see the Aston cutting through the traffic and entering the city.

35 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - LATE DAY 35

Bond sweeps along, enjoying the car. The modern muscular Aston is somehow right at home amidst the ancient stone.

Bond takes in the interior. FOUR TOGGLES on the dash: 'Atmosphere', 'Exhaust', 'Air', 'Backfire'.

Bond looks down at them.

36 EXT. CHAPEL, CEMETERY, ROME - LATE DAY

36

He pulls up at a cemetery, bathed in a late afternoon mist. A number of other cars already there.

Tall leafless trees line the steps that lead up to a forbidding looking Chapel.

Bond observes MOURNERS spilling down a long flight of steps away from a chapel. They look pretty tough, mostly suited, unreadable. Possibly Mafia. We sense Sciarra must have been important.

Centre-stage, the WIDOW (LUCIA), black veil covering her face - the funeral service clearly over. The black clothes in stark contrast to the white marble steps.

As she comes down the steps, she turns and looks straight at Bond. She is very beautiful.

She holds his gaze for a second. Moves off.

37 EXT. CRYPT, CEMETERY, ROME - LATER DAY

37

White marble colonnades surround a square. Bond walks around the colonnade, observing the gathering, getting closer.

They stand before one particular crypt, which bears the name SCIARRA. The interment is almost complete.

A PRIEST intones a final prayer in Italian, concluding the ceremony:

PRIEST

...e cosi noi commettiamo il corpo di questo buon uomo a terra e dire addio a Marco Sciarra.

Some of the mourners start to leave. Others quietly approach Sciarra's widow to offer their condolences before they go.

Bond moves closer.

We are close on Lucia now. Her beauty still radiating through the veil.

Out of earshot, a little behind her, stand what seem like TWO BODYGUARDS.

She hears an off camera voice.

BOND (O.C.)

I'm sorry for your loss.

She turns to look at him. Her face is a mask...

LUCIA

You knew my husband?

(CONTINUED)

BOND  
All too briefly.

A flicker of curiosity:

LUCIA  
What do you do?

BOND  
Life insurance.

LUCIA  
(wry smile)  
A little late for that.

BOND  
For your husband, yes. How about you?

LUCIA  
Me?

BOND  
I hear the life expectancy of some  
widows can be short.

Their eyes are locked now.

LUCIA  
How can you talk like this? Can't you  
see I'm grieving?

BOND  
No.

One of the bodyguards nears. She knows it's a signal to go.

Eyes still locked with Bond, intrigued. She heads away with  
her men. Bond watches her go.

38 OMITTED

38

39 EXT. VILLA, ROME - DUSK

39

A car pulls up outside a fabulous villa, Lucia gets out and  
enters the villa. The car drives off.

Another car pulls up behind Lucia. The two bodyguards.

CAMERA moves down the side of the villa as Lucia's silhouette  
passes from window to window, moving through the rooms. The  
lights go on inside. Music spills out of the house from a  
stereo.

Now Lucia exits the back of the villa holding a drink, the  
music rising in volume as the doors open...

(CONTINUED)

She takes a sip as she stands before her leaf-filled pool, the lights of Rome twinkling in the distance.

The bodyguards step out after her, both of them screwing silencers to their pistols. The sound of the wind in the trees.

With the music and the drink she's blocking out what she knows is happening. An execution.

Both bodyguards raise their pistols behind her veiled head -

CLOSE ON LUCIA LOOKING DOWN AT HER REFLECTION IN THE POOL. She is shaking.

WE HEAR TWO SILENCED SHOTS and a body splashes into the pool, wrecking the reflection.

JAMES BOND

Steps out of the shadows.

Lucia looks at him, nobody behind her any longer. She exhales. Finishes her drink.

WIDER

Now we can see that one of the bodyguards floats in the pool, the other lies crumpled on the lawn.

Bond comes to her.

LUCIA

You're wasting you're time. There are a hundred more that will come after me. All you buy me is five minutes.

Bond looks at his watch.

BOND

Excellent. Time for a drink.

40 INT. LIVING ROOM, VILLA, ROME - NIGHT

40

Bond pours them both drinks.

LUCIA

You killed him didn't you? My husband.

BOND

Your husband was an assassin. Trust me. He won't take it personally.

He holds out the drink. She SLAPS HIM hard across the face.

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

Exactly how long do we have to pretend you miss him? Given we only have five minutes.

LUCIA

You signed my death warrant. I was respected, a Sorella D'Omerta.

BOND

Loyal to a man you hated.

LUCIA

He trusted my silence. That I would take what I knew to the grave. With him gone, I'm a dead woman... I can't trust anybody.

BOND

I know the feeling.

LUCIA

Well I sure as hell don't trust you.

BOND

Then you have impeccable instincts.

LUCIA

If you don't leave now, we die together.

BOND

I can think of worse ways to go.

LUCIA

Then you are obviously crazy, Mister.

He lifts her veil.

BOND

Bond. James Bond.

And he kisses her, his hand sliding down her back, unzipping her dress.

As items of clothing are removed, the following:

LUCIA

(breathless)

These people. If you just knew what they could do. What power they have... They make the mafia look like children.

He is kissing her neck, her shoulders...

BOND

Did your husband ever mention 'The Pale King'?

(CONTINUED)

LUCIA

He kept these things to himself.  
 (kissing him back,  
 passionately now)  
 The organization - they hardly ever  
 meet. But because of what happened to  
 my husband...  
 (breathes, tries to  
 control herself)  
 ...they are meeting tonight.

BOND

Why?

LUCIA

To choose a replacement.

BOND

Where?

LUCIA

The Palazzo Cardenza. Midnight.

BOND

Sounds like fun. I may swing by.

Bond continues to kiss her. She is very turned on.

BOND (CONT'D)

I need to know as much as possible  
 about your husband's work.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

He was obsessed. He spent more time  
 with them than with me.

Her dress falls to the floor.

BOND

Then he was the crazy one.

And they start to make love.

41 INT. LUCIA'S BEDROOM, ROME - NIGHT

41

Lucia is naked under the sheets.

Bond, dressed again, stands over her dressing table writing a  
 note.

LUCIA

(warily)

Leaving your number?

BOND

I've called an American friend -  
 Felix.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



BOND (CONT'D)

He'll contact his Embassy people and they'll get you out of here. You'll be safe.

He crosses the room and hands her the paper.

LUCIA

If you go there tonight you are crossing over to the darkness. To a place where there is no mercy. Only madness and blood.

She smiles through tears.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

Don't go, James. Stay here with me. Please.

He looks at her.

BOND

I'd love to. But I've got to go to work.

He makes to leave.

LUCIA

If you're really going. You'll need this.

She hands him A MASK. Similar to that worn by Sciarra in Mexico. Bond takes it.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

And the password.

Bond looks at her.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

Diana

BOND

Who's that?

LUCIA

You'll see.

He leaves.

42 EXT. PALAZZO CARDENZA, ROME - NIGHT

42

Midnight at a magnificent but oppressive Palazzo. It looks dead from the outside.

The Aston drives into one of the enormous courtyards. The vast building looms up on all sides.

(CONTINUED)

James Bond steps out, takes it in. Quickly notes there are EIGHT ENTRANCES TO THE BUILDING - outside each one, a couple of cars and a bodyguard. It feels like a significant event.

He walks past one entrance, notes the engraved word above the door: FORTUNA, then past another: MARS. The names of Roman Gods. He smiles to himself, has worked it out.

Stops by the next entrance; DIANA, the Goddess of Love. Bond smiles.

A group of people are just disappearing inside.

A heavy set man WITH A SCAR ON HIS CHEEK spots Bond. Approaches.

MAN  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Hey. Stop.

Bond is facing away from the man.

MAN (CONT'D)  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Identify yourself. Who are you?

Bond slowly turns.

BOND  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
I'm Mickey Mouse, asshole. Who are you?

Bond steps forward. Turns his palm upwards. The ring glints in the moonlight.

The man suddenly changes his demeanour.

MAN  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
Oh, I'm sorry. Where are the others?

BOND  
(in Italian, subtitled)  
The widow put up a fight. They're cleaning it up.

As they enter the gate, the man looks about.

43 INT. PALAZZO CARDENZA, GRAND HALL, ROME - NIGHT

43

A low ceilinged corridor, a closed door at the end.

At the end of the corridor the group wait, then A BELL SOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

The bell echoes in a magnificent room. Eight doors open at the same time, allowing the different groups in. Now everyone wears a mask - identical to the one Lucia gave to Bond.

Bond makes his way up to the FIRST FLOOR GALLERY, looking down into the hall.

Below, the huge hall is dominated by a vast geometric table.

All the groups enter. Bond witnesses it all from up above, in the shadows.

He watches as TWENTY men and women take their seats around the table. Formidable businessmen and women of different nationalities. Behind them their entourages stand, some forty in all.

As Bond looks around him, he sees that on the gallery surrounding him are around SIXTY PEOPLE. Different tiers of the organization. An overwhelming sense of power.

Bond boldly stands amongst the crowd.

Then a hush starts to descend. A few candles are snuffed out, lowering the light. People sit down. A sense of expectation. Beyond the table, all is shadow.

Smoke from the candles drifts through the gloom, GIGANTIC THIRTY FOOT DOORS OPEN - the MYSTERIOUS LEADER OF THE ORGANIZATION makes his entrance.

Bond watches as the leader reaches the head of the table. He takes a moment to look at those gathered in the room, then speaks, his voice measured and clear.

LEADER

In Ancient Rome in times of insurrection, the Emperor would order his Generals to muster their legions, and the soldiers would be divided into groups of ten. These groups would draw lots. The soldier on whom the lot fell, regardless of his guilt, was ripped limb from limb by the other nine. They called it... *decimation*.

He walks around the table.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Three days ago I summoned the heads of the 20 chapters... The men who have recently performed such valiant work for us in Tokyo, in Hamburg, in Rio. I asked each to contact their cells, and to send one envoy from each to answer the question tearing at our heart. They came. I listened carefully.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEADER (CONT'D)

But none of them knew why five days ago, our loyal brave servant, Marco Sciarra, was cut down in Mexico City by an unseen assassin.

BOND STANDS IN THE SHADOWS. LISTENING.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Sciarra, the best of you all. My hawk. My protector. God's own arrow. Gone... A hundred or more came. But none of them knew. Nobody knew. I'll tell you why they did not know. They didn't know because-

(Shouts)

THEY WERE NOT PAYING ATTENTION!

The leader reaches down and picks up a SMALL METAL BUCKET.

He pours the contents of bucket onto the table.

It's full of EYEBALLS. More than two hundred.

The eyes glisten in the candlelight. The leader begins to intone.

LEADER (CONT'D)

How does the fly evade the web? How does the spider escape the child..? It keeps watch. It sees everything.

He lowers his head shaking. Like he is laughing, or crying.

The Leader signals, the TABLECLOTH is removed, containing the eyes.

LEADER (CONT'D)

One of Sciarra's duties remains outstanding: dispatching The Pale King. A traitor to all of us. We gather to appoint a replacement to Sciarra. Who will complete the job at Lake Mondsee? Who steps forward?

Bond registers the name again - as the Leader fixes his gaze on the TWO MEN sitting beside one another at the other end of the table. They both, ceremoniously, remove their masks.

Both are smartly dressed but one is noticeably larger. The first guy, a SPANIARD, looks to the man on his left, HINX - who stares ahead at the Leader.

LEADER (CONT'D)

There are two candidates. Now, we could split this assembly into ayes and noes - but since we're here, let's settle it the way Romulus and Remus did.

(to one candidate)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEADER (CONT'D)

Show me why you should succeed Signor Sciarra.

SPANIARD

(Spanish accent)

Karate 10th dan. Taekwondo 9th Degree Grandmaster. President's 20 Combat medal for marksmanship. Expert with gun, knife, and the garotte.

LEADER

(to Hinx)

And you, Mister Hinx.

Mister Hinx slowly gets to his feet.

Everyone's eyes travel upwards. He is enormous. And he is smiling.

Suddenly, he grabs his rival around the temples, his strong hands holding his skull.

The onlookers are enthralled.

Bond watches, from the shadows.

The Leader watches, dispassionate.

Hinx continues to smile, as he lifts the Spaniard completely off his feet.

The whole gathering now stare, hypnotised, as Hinx's thumbs move around to the Spaniard's eyes, and finally force themselves into his sockets -

The silence is broken only by the Spaniard's choking gasps.

SUDDENLY Hinx switches, and in one move breaks his neck.

Bond watches from the gallery, in the shadows, as the Spaniard drops to the floor. His lifeless head falls forwards onto the table with a dull thud. Blood pools from his gouged eyes.

Silence.

The Leader gets up from his chair, he stands straight and strong.

LEADER (CONT'D)

We are whole again.

He smiles. Then---

LEADER (CONT'D)

You want to know the funny thing? The funny thing is... I knew. I knew who was responsible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEADER (CONT'D)

Even before the bullet struck. Before the shot was fired I knew..

BOND listens.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Only one among you truly understands these words, only one can hear me and I speak now to him alone.

BOND keeps perfectly still.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Welcome, stranger. It's been a long time, but now here we are. Can you hear me? I can hear you. I hear you breathing.

He turns and looks up.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Tell me, did you enjoy our little entertainment... Mister Bond?

Bond freezes.

LEADER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(sing-song, as if to a child)

I know you're up there...

Behind the protection of his mask, Bond steals a look around him. Then, in a flash of inspiration, Bond pulls his gun and aims at a masked man across the gallery from him.

BOND

(in Italian, subtitled)

There! Don't move!

Every mask turns and, a moment later, every gun in the room is aimed at the same man, away from Bond.

With attention diverted, Bond turns around and suddenly -

CRASH! He leaps and smashes through the huge stained glass window behind him -

44 EXT. PALAZZO COURTYARDS, ROME - NIGHT

44

Broken glass showers down into the courtyard.

Bond reaches out, and JUST grabs hold of a ledge.

He looks below, drops and lands into the courtyard, runs towards the DB10 as bullets begin to ricochet around his feet.

(CONTINUED)

- 44 CONTINUED: 44
- Bond reaches the Aston, jumps in, his tyres smoke as he roars away...
- 44A INT. CARDENZA, ROME - NIGHT 44A
- Back in the Grand Hall, The Leader laughs quietly to himself...
- 45 EXT. PALAZZO CENTRAL AREA, ROME - NIGHT 45
- The Aston screams out of the main exit, blasting past MEN appearing from every orifice of the building firing furiously after him.
- 46 EXT. PALAZZO DRIVEWAY, ROME - NIGHT 46
- Now with BOND as he hurtles down the driveway.
- He looks back. Appears to be safe...
- And then suddenly, with a roaring sound, a JAGUAR sports car screams out of the archway behind him.
- Mister Hinx is inside.
- Other cars now join as they race down the long drive to the MAIN ENTRANCE.
- 47 EXT. PALAZZO, MAIN ENTRANCE GATES - NIGHT 47
- Where the SECURITY GUARD is alerted by a call. He sees the cars coming and runs to close the gates.
- The vast heavy iron gates start to close...
- As Bond comes hurtling through them.
- Hinx accelerates, just makes it through.
- Now the Guard manages to get the gates closed and the other cars screech to a halt coming within inches of the wide-eyed Guard.
- 48 EXT. STREETS, ROME - NIGHT 48
- On the streets of Rome, the race is on. Just the two of them.
- Bond hurtles onto a dual straight road. Pure speed.
- It's the middle of the night. Few cars about. The Jaguar not far behind.
- IN THE ASTON:

(CONTINUED)

Bond considers those four toggles. 'Atmosphere', 'Exhaust', 'Air', 'Backfire'.

BOND  
(to himself)  
Come on Q, give me a clue...

He never had the instructions on what the car is capable of. Improvising, he flips the 'Atmosphere' toggle -

APPEARING ON THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR: 'MUSIC ENABLED FOR ERIC BRYCE'.

BOND (CONT'D)  
What?

- and Dusty Springfield's 'SPOOKY' oozes out of the speakers. Bond can't stop it.

But he does have more important matters - with Hinx closing... He selects 'Backfire'.

A small machine gun appears at the back of the car.

BOND (CONT'D)  
A-ha...

Bond awaits the sound of gunfire. Instead a small beeping alarm...

WORDS APPEAR ON THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR: 'AMMUNITION NOT LOADED'.

Bond rolls his eyes. Now he looks. Hinx is gaining. Bond makes a fast right turn, surprising him.

He hits the speed dial on his cell phone and the music mercifully ceases as we...

INTERCUT:

49 INT. MONEYPENNY'S FLAT - NIGHT

49

Moneypenny's new cell phone vibrates. She's in bed. Reaches over, takes it. A man is in bed with her, asleep.

MONEYPENNY  
Bond? What's going on?

BOND  
Bit hard to explain right now. Moneypenny - she was right, she was on to something. There's an organisation. The Pale King is part of it... cross-check Lake Mondsee, I think that's where he is...

(CONTINUED)



49 CONTINUED:

49

And now Bond sees Hinx has come alongside, his smiling face looking at Bond through his open window as he raises his gun.

BOND (CONT'D)

Hold that thought...

Bond acts fast - slams on his brakes, makes another fast right turn as--

Instantly, the Jaguar ZOOMS past him, then brakes too. Hinx throwing the Jaguar into a 180 spin, and screams off again in pursuit.

50 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

50

Bond looks into his rearview mirror. Sees the Jaguar speeding behind him, a greater distance away, but still in pursuit.

Up ahead the road leads to a T-junction. A row of parked cars line the lower level street.

Bond accelerates, drives the Aston airborne at the step zooming over the top of a parked car--

RIPS off the roof. The Aston SLAMS to the ground.

Too late for Hinx to stop. Only seconds behind Bond, Hinx follows, catching the descending sheered-off roof on his windscreen. Giant CRACKS spider across the glass.

Bond looks in the rear-view mirror, hopeful.

But... Hinx is still smiling. He simply sets the car going again, the roof top tumbling into the street.

51 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

51

Now Bond races around a sharp corner, avoiding a row of parked scooters as they go.

Now Hinx takes the turn. He overshoots, and clips the scooters. They fall like dominoes.

But still Hinx pursues.

52 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

52

Bond looks back in the rearview mirror. He just can't shake this guy off!

A straight residential road lined with parked cars. Bond screaming ahead, coming at speed toward a tiny FIAT pattering along on its homeward journey.

Bond zooms up to the rear. He's close. Very close.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

Bond revs the Aston engine, trying to intimidate the FIAT DRIVER to speed up or move aside. No go. The Fiat remains at a constant slow speed.

We see the elderly driver. He's not going anywhere.

Bond sees Hinx approaching behind him at speed.

Now Bond accelerates, fiercely ramming into the back of the Fiat, pushing the tiny vehicle at high speed like it's a toy.

We see the old man's astonished face, as the two cars now travel at high speed.

Up ahead, an empty parking space approaches--

Bond deftly turns the wheel, shunting the Fiat straight into the space. Perfectly parked, leaving the old man sitting in dazed wonderment.

BACK ON THE ROAD

Hinx is gaining, Bond speeds away, turns onto a street flanked by a huge vine-covered wall.

53 EXT. ROME, VINE-COVERED WALLED STREET - NIGHT

53

For a moment it's the pure speed of the race again.

Bond's phone rings. Money Penny's calling back. Bond quickly answers.

MONEYPENNY (O.S.)

James, I'm not going to wait all night... (hearing the noise) What are you doing?

BOND

About 90.

54 EXT. STREETS OF ROME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

54

Now the two cars cresting the brow of a hill, leaving the ground, crash back down...

Another turn and onto--

MONEYPENNY (O.S.)

Okay, so I've been looking for your Pale King.

55 OMITTED

55

56 INT. STUDY, MONEYPENNY'S FLAT - NIGHT/ EXT. STREETS OF ROME - 56  
NIGHT - INTERCUT:

Moneypenny is now sitting at her desk in a dressing gown, looking at her laptop screen: above a digital map of Lake Mondsee, Austria is a PHOTOGRAPH of a man some of us will recognize as Mister White from Casino Royale and Quantum of Solace.

Data files relating to him stream down the screen.

MONEYPENNY

There was nothing specific in the database, so I ran a detailed cross-check of pseudonyms, and it turns out it's an old friend. The man from Quantum.

MONEYPENNY & BOND

(simultaneously)

Mister White.

It's a surprise. A nasty one.

MONEYPENNY

Last location we had was for him Lake Mondsee in Austria.

Behind her, out of focus, we see Moneypenny's boyfriend enter. He stands in the doorway.

BOYFRIEND

What's going on?

MONEYPENNY

(covering mouthpiece)

Oh, a client had his credit card stolen. Go back to bed.

He goes.

56 EXT. ROME, ROAD APPROACHING THE VATICAN/INT. CAR - NIGHT 56

The majestic dome of the Vatican looms ahead. Hinx still in pursuit of Bond.

BOND

Who was that?

MONEYPENNY

No-one.

BOND

No it wasn't.

MONEYPENNY

Just a friend.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

BOND

At this time of night?

MONEYPENNY

It's called life, James. You should try it some time.

And she's gone.

BACK IN THE CHASE the Aston and the Jaguar hit the end of the street, and scream right past the Vatican entrance, drifting all the way from one side to the other.

Bond swings the corner.

57 EXT. VIA DEGLI SCIALOIA, ROME - NIGHT

57

Speeds onto a street running parallel with the River Tiber. Hinx follows.

Now Bond tries another gadget, 'EXHAUST'.

A FLAMETHROWER fires out of the exhaust, it's huge flame blanketing Hinx's car, blocking his view.

BOND

(to himself)

Better...

Now the ground suddenly drops away, and they bang down steps on the Tiber embankment.

58 EXT. RIVER PATHWAY - NIGHT

58

The two cars are now racing along the narrow path by the side of the river. Incredible speed.

The pathway starts to narrow. It's a tight squeeze. The cars occasionally veer to avoid obstacles, scrape against the wall.

Bond accelerates in front of Hinx, but now they're heading down a dead end - the approaching road too narrow to continue.

No turnings off. Only a bridge ahead. The Jaguar behind him slows. Bond is trapped...

He eyes the only unpressed toggle - 'Air'.

Not completely certain of its outcome he flips it.

BOND

(to himself)

Here's hoping...

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

Watches with an almost detached curiosity as part of the roof slides back - followed by a SECOND SEAT BELT sliding over his chest from his left shoulder, crossing not unlike a parachute harness. Now the head-rest tilts back.

CLOSE ON ONE OF THE DIALS

A countdown appears: 5-4-3...

BOND

Looks about. Readies himself... as

ON THE DIAL

2-1 -

BOND'S POV:

The end of the road zooming straight toward us -

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR: A BRIEF FLASH OF BOND'S BODY LAUNCHING UP.

CUT TO:

THE ASTON FLIES UP, ARCS THROUGH THE AIR...

AND CRASHES INTO THE TIBER.

Now HINX Arrives in his smoking Jaguar, slows as he reaches the point where Bond went flying...

The Aston is sinking into the depths of the Tiber. His smile is as fixed as ever, as...

59 EXT. ROME, ABOVE ON FOOTBRIDGE - NIGHT

59

A garbage truck makes its early morning rounds.

Close by, James Bond drifts down to earth, his black parachute collecting behind him.

He releases the 'chute, dumps the harness, and doesn't check stride as he calmly strolls past the garbage truck. The busy garbage collectors hardly notice him, as he simply walks on by...

60 INT. MEETING ROOM, TOKYO - DAY

60

A huge UN-style meeting room. Through large windows we can see Tokyo spread out below.

An emergency meeting of the global security services is in progress.

(CONTINUED)

A COLLECTION OF MEN AND WOMEN of many nationalities gathered. Placards: The United States of America, France, Germany, etc.

M and C are amongst them.

CHAIRMAN

...just today we've heard the terrible news from Rio. This after the tragedies in Tokyo and Hamburg. Regional groups are increasingly powerful and we are failing to stop them.

C's simultaneous translation light flashes.

C

Mister Chairman, if I may?

The Chairman nods for C to continue.

C (CONT'D)

Fear has made us isolated.

M watches with interest. Where is C going with this?

C (CONT'D)

We have the resources at our disposal and what are we doing? Phone hacking each other, computer surveillance used against allies, intelligence gathering on our friends. Now is the time to share what we know and stand together.

The room absorbs this analysis.

During this, Tanner, who is sitting behind M, sees something on his laptop:

Close on Tanner's laptop screen: A message sent from an MI-6 analyst; the image of an ITALIAN NEWSPAPER, *IL TEMPO*:

*'Widow of Mexican bomb victim Marco Sciarra missing, two bodyguards found dead at villa.'*

Tanner leans in to read more. Sensing trouble...

C (CONT'D)

I say, again - a Nine-Eyes committee will have full access to the *combined* intelligence streams of member states. More data, more analysis. The security services of the world, united. Gentlemen alone, we are weak. Together, we are a global power.

M's face. Concerned.

61 EXT./INT. RANGE ROVER - ALPINE FOREST, AUSTRIA - DUSK 61

An aerial shot picks up a dark Range Rover as it sweeps down a long snowy road, high in the mountains.

An otherworldly setting of haunting desolation. Grey and cold.

62 EXT. LAKE - ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK 62

Bond climbs from the car.

HIS POV: across the lake, an isolated chalet.

63 EXT. LAKE - ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK 63

Bond stands at the rear of a small boat - operating the outboard motor.

We see the boat from high above as it cuts across the water.

64 EXT. ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK 64

Bond carefully approaches the house, drawing his gun. A security camera watches him from the wall. He knows he's being watched.

Bond steps onto the porch. Quiet. No sounds from within the building.

He tries the door. It opens. Perhaps White is dead already?

Bond enters the house.

65 INT. ALPINE CHALET, AUSTRIA - DUSK 65

Bond moves through the house carefully.

Moonlight filters through the windows casting eerie shadows throughout the rooms.

The place is a mess. There are TVs and RADIOS everywhere, but none of them are on and no other signs of recent occupation.

Bond moves stealthily around the house, noting the unblinking red lights of security cameras tracking him on his journey.

All rooms seem to be empty.

He tries the basement door, it swings open. Bond looks in. Empty.

But now Bond notices something odd. Right next to the basement door, a panel.

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

And from beneath the wall, a flickering light, and very faintly... distant recorded voices...

Is there a PANIC ROOM hidden right in front of him? He starts to trace back the wires of the security cameras. Finds the spot where they disappear.

Bond repeat-fires where the wires head in, each shot exposing more of the hidden junction box until it BURSTS INTO FLAME.

The light beneath the wall dies...

The panic room door locks automatically retract - and a door gently swings open. Bond speaks into the darkness.

BOND

Time to come out.

Distantly, a back-up generator starts. The lights in the panic room flicker back to life. Illuminating...

66 INT. PANIC ROOM, AUSTRIA - DUSK

66

Mister White in a chair in the panic room.

He looks older, bearded, dishevelled. He is surrounded by detritus - old meals, blankets, radios, newspapers.

Bond is quietly shocked at the sight.

There are TV SCREENS everywhere. All tuned to rolling news from around the world. Disasters and crises.

Several news reports show the airport attack in Rio,

Bond looks at the screens. He sees the airport attack in Rio. The Hamburg explosion. The Tokyo train bomb.

He is joining the dots...

67 INT. ALPINE CHALET, LIVING ROOM, AUSTRIA - NIGHT - LATER

67

Bond and Mister White sit opposite each other, a chess table between them. A single television now plays on mute in the background.

WHITE

I always knew death would wear a familiar face. But not yours.

BOND

Who says I'm here to kill you?

WHITE

Then to what do I owe this pleasure, Mister Bond?

(CONTINUED)



BOND

I was at a meeting recently and your name came up.

WHITE

I'm flattered London are still talking about me.

BOND

It wasn't MI-6.

Bond tosses the ring onto the chess board. It spins off the pieces, landing in front of White. White stares at it. Slowly he picks it up and examines it.

He is clearly disturbed by what he sees...

WHITE

So, here we are, Mister Bond. Two dead men, enjoying the afternoon.

He drops the ring back on the board.

BOND

The leader. What's his name?

WHITE

Oh.. Come now..

BOND

Why protect him when he wants you dead?

WHITE

There are some things a man fears more than death. If you knew him, what he is capable of-

BOND

So what is he capable of?

White looks at Bond levelly. With difficulty White gets up and fetches a bottle from a side table.

WHITE

There was a rogue Foreign Legion Unit, out in the desert. One of the soldiers was small, weak, the weakest of all of them. We were getting by, raiding smugglers, working for ourselves. Until a sandstorm hit. They left us for dead. Ten men. No rations... In the night the small, weak one slit eight throats. And they became our rations.

Bond listens, as White brings the bottle back to the table. Opens it.

(CONTINUED)

WHITE (CONT'D)

You know why he didn't slit my throat? Because he needed someone to carry the food. And when the storm was over - he led us out by the stars.

He looks around at the screen, still playing scenes of chaos and destruction... Gestures to it:

WHITE (CONT'D)

What is he capable of?

He looks levelly back at Bond.

WHITE (CONT'D)

LOOK AROUND YOU, Mister Bond. He's Everywhere. Everywhere and Invisible. Like pain. Always one move ahead. How do you know he's not watching you right now? It's enough to make you, what's the word.. "Paranoid?".

Bond doesn't blink.

BOND

So what happened?

WHITE

A man like that. It's the people closest to him that are most in danger. I was his right hand. But I knew too much. I got too close...

BOND

Where can I find him?

At this White laughs heartily. He looks upon his old adversary with something close to affection.

WHITE

You never give up, do you? It's good to see you again, Mister Bond.

White gazes levelly at Bond, chuckling.

BOND

It doesn't make sense.

White stops laughing.

BOND (CONT'D)

If you fear him more than death, why wait? A razor blade. A bullet. Rope. What have you got to lose?

White shakes his head anxiously. And Bond guesses--

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)  
(with realization)  
You have somebody. Somebody you're  
trying to protect.

White stares at the chessboard.

WHITE  
Not a wise thing in our line of work.  
As you know. The one thing you love  
in the world, the one ray of light,  
and there's nothing you can do to  
save her.

Some of us might realize he is talking about Vesper.

BOND  
Who is she?

White shakes his head.

BOND (CONT'D)  
You said it yourself, you're already  
dead. There's nothing you can do now.  
But I can. Help me, and I give you my  
word I'll see she's safe..

WHITE  
Your word, Bond? Your word?

Two lost killers. At the crossroads.

Bond puts his gun down on the table between them. Turns it so  
the handle faces White, and the barrel faces Bond himself...

BOND  
There's my word.

White understands. Picks up the gun. We stay on Bond's eyes,  
locked with White's.

WHITE  
You know I kept my word once before -  
or you wouldn't be alive today.

BOND  
Vesper.

WHITE  
You do know she bought your life with  
her own?

Bond doesn't blink.

BOND  
Do we have a deal? Yes or no.

White stands. He walks behind Bond.

(CONTINUED)

Bond doesn't turn.

White cocks the weapon.

He strokes the back of his neck with the muzzle.

WHITE

You have caused me a lot of pain.

White puts the gun to Bond's head.

WHITE (CONT'D)

I blame you, just like he does.

Bond hears the words.

With his other hand, White reaches to a low shelf, lifts up A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF AS A YOUNGER MAN, WITH A 10 YEAR OLD GIRL. Puts it on the table in front of Bond.

WHITE (CONT'D)

My daughter. She will lead you to L'Americain.

BOND

L'Americain?

WHITE

I can't protect her now - but maybe you can.

He removes the gun from Bond's temple.

WHITE (CONT'D)

You are a kite dancing in a hurricane, Mister Bond. Good luck.

And suddenly, White puts the pistol to his chin, throws his head back and squeezes the trigger.

BLAM! White slumps down the bloodied bookcase, dead. His half of the bargain. The deal sealed.

Bond contemplates the scene.

He smashes the photo frame, takes out the photo of the girl. He pockets it. Walks out.

The shards of glass across the chessboard.

68 INT. TOKYO - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

68

Back in Tokyo, the vote for Nine Eyes is now in progress.

We are half way round the nine member states. M is watching closely. The atmosphere is tense.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

One by one, each member says 'Yes'. The French. The Germans. The Japanese. C himself says yes on behalf of the UK.

Finally we get to the South Africans. A 'No' vote.

C is visibly disappointed. M is relieved...

Behind M, Tanner is still studying his laptop. Now, another news report, forwarded by MI-6:

*'Speeding car crashes into Tiber.'*

Tanner thinks... Forwards the message with a new header.

CHAIRMAN

Gentlemen - the vote is eight to one in favour. But we cannot proceed unless by unanimous vote. So the Nine Eyes motion is *not* passed.

During the above, M receives the message from Tanner on his cellphone screen:

*'ARE WE QUITE CERTAIN BOND IS IN LONDON?'*

69 OMITTED

69

70 EXT. BALCONY, TOKYO - NIGHT

70

M strides out onto the balcony, on the phone. Night time Tokyo spread out beneath him. He gets through:

M  
(into cell, urgent)  
*Q? Please tell me 007 is in London.*

INTERCUT:

71 INT. Q'S LAB/MEDICAL ROOM, EAST LONDON - DAY

71

Q is on the spot. He walks swiftly from his lab into the medical room.

Q  
I'm just looking now, Sir.

He looks up at the tracking screen. What he sees makes him wince.

He makes his choice:

Q (CONT'D)  
Yes, absolutely sir. He appears to be in SW3.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

M

Well I want my eyes on him when I get back. Understood?

Q

Yes, of course -

Q hears the call go dead.

Q (CONT'D)

- Sir.

Now we see what Q sees. The screen showing 007's whereabouts.

The tracker moves across the screen. At the top of the screen it reads:

'KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA'

72 EXT. MOUNTAINS, AUSTRIA - DAY

72

A snow plane cuts across a perfect blue sky.

It could not be more serene.

The snow-plane descends over the magnificent Austrian Alps.

73 INT. SNOW PLANE, AUSTRIA - DAY

73

Close to nature in the small aircraft, Bond looks out over the beautiful scenery.

But all we see in his eyes is focus. A man who has sensed the distant thunder.

74 EXT. BODY AND SOUL SPA, AUSTRIA - DAY

74

Bond steps off the plane. Surveys the scene.

The Body and Soul Spa.

The spa is set high in the mountains. A pristine collection of luxurious glass boxes and pale wood perfectly situated amidst the stunning winter scenery.

A series of expensive cars parked out front. And for the truly elite: a few more snow-planes.

It's a very specialized clinic for the hyper-rich.

75 EXT. RIVER THAMES - DAY

75

The new Centre For National Security sits on the banks of the Thames.

76 INT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - DAY

76

Inside, people busy with themselves with preparations.

C is finishing giving M a tour of the building. While they talk, they walk around the concourse. The building is chic and very impressive.

C

...So with access to this central cable, we have a database that is the fastest in the world.

As they walk past screens being unwrapped, terminals installed etc:

M

George Orwell's worst bloody nightmare.

C

(smiling)  
Glad you like it.

They have entered what is clearly going to be C's office.

77 INT. CNS BUILDING, C'S OFFICE - DAY

77

Huge windows look out over the Thames. In the distance, the Shard is visible, along with most of South London.

C sits behind his desk. M remains standing.

C

I can see you're feeling uncomfortable.

M

Look, C, I wasn't born yesterday. I know surveillance is a fact of life. It's what you do with the information... and who does it.

C

If I didn't know you better I'd say you don't seem altogether enthusiastic about this building or Nine Eyes.

M looks across the table at C.

M

Sounds like you know me extremely well.

C's face hardens.

(CONTINUED)

C

Look, I didn't want to have to do this... but I think you should take a look at a transcript that our algorithmic scanning isolated.

C hands him a brown envelope. M opens it.

M's POV: Inside, a header of technical data about a phone call - cell frequency, place of origin (ROME), etc.,....

C (CONT'D)

Maybe there's something to be said for total surveillance after all...

And then a transcript of a conversation between a FEMALE (ENGLISH?) and a MALE (ENGLISH?): the conversation between Bond and Money Penny when he was in the Aston.

The last line: 'It's called life, James. You should try it sometime.'

M looks back at him.

M

You watch MI6 agents?

C

We watch everyone.

78 INT. CLINIC, EXAMINATION ROOM, AUSTRIA - DAY

78

Bond enters.

The impressive snowscape behind the floor-to-ceiling windows provides all the decoration this room needs.

Until he spots MADELEINE SWANN across the room at her desk.

MADELEINE

Please take a seat, I'll be with you in just a moment..

Mister White's daughter is beautiful. She speaks into a DICTATION PHONE under her breath, finishing up her notes on the previous patient.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

(Into recorder - In French. No subtitles.)

*...following blood tests on Monday, patient was diagnosed with subacute thyroiditis suspected to be linked to an existing Pituitary gland malfunction...*

(CONTINUED)



She crosses the room carrying her clipboard, to the window, still talking into her dictation machine. Bond watches her intently.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

*...Patient to receive a single course of carbimazole, in conjunction with intensive CBT, and cranio-sacral therapy..*

She presses stop.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

Please excuse me, Mister Bond.

She walks over to the wall, and pulls down a blind.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

I hope you don't mind. The view can be distracting.

BOND

I hadn't noticed.

She looks up from her clipboard and catches his eye for the first time; but if she catches his inference, she doesn't show it.

MADELEINE

My name is Dr. Madeleine Swann. Our job today is to analyze your needs both psychological and physical to best prescribe bespoke therapy to put you on the path to a rejuvenated and healthful lifestyle.

BOND

Sounds pretty straightforward.

MADELEINE

I see you've filled out most of the preliminary paperwork, I've just a few questions to complete your evaluation, if I may. Do you exercise?

BOND

When I have to.

MADELEINE

Do you consider your employment to be psychologically stressful?

BOND

On occasion.

MADELEINE

Do you have trouble sleeping?

BOND  
Only when I'm alone.

She pauses slightly, but doesn't look up.

MADELEINE  
How much alcohol do you consume?

BOND  
As much as is necessary.

She looks up at him. He gives nothing away..

MADELEINE  
Some broader questions. As a child,  
would you say you were close to your  
parents?

BOND  
They died when I was young.

MADELEINE  
How old?

BOND  
Eleven.

MADELEINE  
How, if I may ask..?

BOND  
A climbing accident.

She looks up at him.

MADELEINE  
So you grew up where?

BOND  
Here and there.

She looks at him levelly. Returns to her questions.

MADELEINE  
I see you left this final question  
blank. What is your occupation?

BOND  
Well, it's not the sort of thing you  
write on a form.

MADELEINE  
And why's that?

BOND  
I kill people.

She looks back at him, turns cold.

BOND (CONT'D)  
Small world, eh?

She realises what he means. Puts the paperwork down.

MADELEINE  
Where is he?

BOND  
Your father's dead. Two days ago.

MADELEINE  
How do you know?

BOND  
Because I was there.

MADELEINE  
Did you kill him?

BOND  
I didn't have to. He did it himself.

MADELEINE  
Were you friends?

BOND  
No.

She regards him, fighting her emotions.

MADELEINE  
And you came all this way just to tell me this. That your enemy is dead?

BOND  
I came because your life is in danger. And because I need your help.

MADELEINE  
Why?

BOND  
Your father worked for someone who views emotional attachments as Fair Game...

MADELEINE  
You're lying. Why would he trust you?

BOND  
Because he knew I needed something in return.

MADELEINE  
And what was that.

BOND  
To find L'Americain.

She turns stone cold.

MADELEINE  
This interview is over.

He stands, moves to her, she flinches back.

BOND  
Dr. Swann?

MADELEINE  
You have ten minutes to leave the  
compound then I'm calling Security.

She heads to the door, opens it.

Bond sees the RECEPTIONIST outside the room. Doesn't want to  
make a scene.

BOND  
I gave him my word.

MADELEINE  
What does that even mean to people  
like you?

Bond leaves.

Madeleine stands, shaken.

79 INT. BAR, BODY AND SOUL SPA - DAY

79

Bond walks to a bar within an internal courtyard, brooding on  
how badly he played it with Madeleine.

A BARMAN approaches.

BOND  
Vodka Martini. Shaken, not stirred.

BARMAN  
I'm sorry, sir. We don't serve  
alcohol.

Bond looks at him with utter contempt.

BOND  
I'm really starting to love this  
place.

A VOICE (O.S)  
He'll have the prolytic digestive  
enzyme shake.

Bond turns. It's Q. Bond is in no mood.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

If you've come for the car, it's at the bottom of the Tiber.

Q

So I hear. Well, not to worry, 007. It was only a three million pound prototype.

BOND

Why are you here?

Q

Oh, I just fancied a break to be honest. I've been a tad stressed at work lately, what with MI-5 crawling all over us and the fact that M *wants my balls for Christmas decorations*. Speaking of which, how is the paranoid conspiracy theory coming along?

BOND

It's not a theory. It's a fact.

Q

Splendid. Meanwhile in the real world - just in case in your state of unparalleled self-absorption you hadn't noticed - all hell is breaking loose.

BOND

All these attacks, they're part of something bigger. A single organization. Led by one man.

Q

Fascinating. And what's its name? This organization.

BOND

I don't know yet.

Q

That's unfortunate. And this Mister Big..?

UP IN THE WINDOW -- Madeleine picks up her phone. Bond knows she's calling Security.

BOND

All I know is he's known as L'Americain...

Q

Well that narrows it down.

(CONTINUED)

BOND  
You don't get it Q.

Bond fixes him.

BOND (CONT'D)  
He knew me. He recognized me right off, even through a mask. He knew I was there almost before I did.

Q  
Knew you? How?

BOND  
I don't know. All I know is he's ahead of us. Way ahead.

Q registers this, fighting with himself.

Q  
I'm sorry, but time's up. Either you drop it and come back in, or I'm going straight to M.

Bond glances up to see the message being passed to SECURITY on ground level. Security eyeball Bond.

BOND  
Do one more thing for me then you're out.

Q wavers. Security arrive at the bar.

SECURITY  
Herr Bond. Do have a moment please?

Bond turns his back.

BOND  
See what you can find out from this.

Bond pulls out THE SPECTRE RING, presses it into Q's palm.

Q studies the ring. He knows it's something...

Q  
I really, really hate you right now.

BOND  
That's the spirit.

SECURITY 2  
Monsieur. Now, please.

BOND  
(To Security)  
I was just leaving.  
(To Q)  
Where are you staying?

(CONTINUED)

Q  
The Horatio. Room twelve.

BOND  
One hour.

Q leaves, heading out the other door, towards the ski lift.  
The barman arrives with his health drink.

BARMAN  
Here you are, Sir... One prolytic  
digestive enzyme shake.

BOND  
(To the barman)  
Do me a favour would you? Throw it  
down the toilet. Cut out the middle  
man.

Bond heads off. Security Guards follow close behind him.

As he walks, he looks up toward Madeleine's office. He sees  
her looking out the window.

She watches him leave, impassive.

And pulls down the blinds. Now we see only her legs...

SUDDENLY-- another pair of legs joins her. A MAN.

And now, the blind starts to bang against the glass. The man  
has clearly grabbed her, and she is fighting him.

BOND breaks into a run, back up toward the office--

The Security Guards grab him.

Bond fights the guards.

As he does so, we see Madeleine being dragged out of her  
office.

Bond swings a punch into one man's gut. He doubles over. The  
Second Guard comes at him. Bond grabs a chair and slams it  
into his face. It breaks as the man falls. Out cold.

He spins, as the First Security Guard, now recovered, comes  
toward him again.

Without pause he butts him once between the eyes knocking him  
cold. The Security Guard drops like a stone.

Then Bond runs outside.

80 EXT. BODY AND SOUL SPA, AUSTRIA - DAY

80

He immediately sees Madeleine being pushed into the back of a car. And looming over her - the immense figure of HINX!

But before Bond has time to react, ANOTHER TWO MEN are on him.

Bond deals with the men with deadly precision. Shoots the first man with his own gun. Then turns it on the second man. Swift and deadly.

But still not fast enough, as now he looks out down the mountainside and sees:

Down below, a car driving away, shadowed by two Land Rovers. For a split second he spies the face in the back seat of the leading car.

It's Madeleine, looking back at him.

She has been taken.

A split second of thought, and Bond turns and runs.

Meanwhile--

81 EXT. CABLE CAR STATION, AUSTRIA - DAY

81

Q allows a half-full cable car to pass, steps into an empty one. He pulls out his laptop, examines the ring.

Just as the doors close, A MAN WITH GLASSES steps in unexpectedly.

The cable car launches into the great white void. They're alone from the world. Just the two of them. A fact not lost on Q.

Q gives him a surreptitious glance. The man smiles politely.

Q looks away. The silence is unnerving.

Q throws himself into his research. Pairs a small spectrum analyzer with his laptop, scans the ring - his computer instantly analyzing the stone's constituents, the octopus pattern, etc.,...

Then he brings up Mister White's file...

BACK TO:

82 EXT. MOUNTAIN, AUSTRIA - DAY

82

The car and the two support Land Rovers are speeding down the twisting mountain roads away from the clinic.

(CONTINUED)



- 82 CONTINUED: 82
- It's incredibly icy and dangerous.
- They speed into a tunnel cut into the rock--
- 83 INT. CAR, INSIDE TUNNEL, AUSTRIA - DAY 83
- Up front, the DRIVER and Hinx, who has a gun trained on Madeleine in the rear seat. ANOTHER HEAVY is next to her opening a small medical kit...
- MADELEINE  
What do you want?
- The Heavy opens the case. She sees a hypodermic needle in there.
- MADELEINE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Can't you speak?
- He lifts the syringe. She kicks it out of his hand.
- The next second she throws herself to the floor, picks it up and as they try to overpower her, she plunges it into the thigh of the Heavy next to her.
- 84 EXT. TUNNEL, MOUNTAIN ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY 84
- The cars emerge from the tunnel.
- Suddenly--
- A snow-plane cuts across the front of the lead car.
- It's Bond.
- We see him at the controls of the snow-plane, banking round--
- 85 INT. CAR, AUSTRIA - DAY 85
- They've overpowered Madeleine, but the spiked Heavy sinks to his knees and sacks out.
- Madeleine is stirred to have seen Bond trying to save her.
- Hinx stares out at the sky looking for Bond. Where the hell has he come from?!
- 86 INT. CABLE CAR, AUSTRIA - DAY 86
- Q works away on his laptop. A bloodhound on the scent.

He's running checks on every location White is known to have visited plus all kinds of data related to that location e.g., who else had been at that hotel, train station or airport within a similar time frame - cross-referenced with the materials within the ring. Not surprisingly, LE CHIFFRE'S IMAGE COMES UP...

Suddenly the cable car comes to a stop. Q looks up.

The Man gazes back with unnerving blankness. Q shifts uncomfortably, looks out the window. The moment's stillness feeling like an eternity...

Outside, the cable car hangs suspended in the white landscape. Stillness all around...

Back to the Man, still staring...

Q, looks at him and back down at the screen, senses that gaze boring into the top of his skull.

Then, just as suddenly, the cable car jolts, begins moving down the mountain again.

BACK TO:

87 EXT. MOUNTAIN VALLEY ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY

87

The cars are on a road which runs alongside a high valley. A steep drop beside the road.

Bond soars directly in parallel to them--

Hinx's men in the Land Rovers open fire--

Bullets streak across the snow-plane. They smash and clatter through the cockpit--

BACK TO:

88 INT. CABLE CAR, APPROACHING HALF-WAY STATION, AUSTRIA - DAY

88

ON Q'S LAPTOP, the connections are starting to accumulate. THE IMAGE OF LE CHIFFRE IS JOINED BY VESPER LYND, DOMINIC GREENE AND THEN... RAOUL SILVA.

Q studies the information. Unnerved by the knowledge he now has he glances back up - at the worrisome man facing him.

Then he's relieved to see that the cable car is about to pass through a halfway station.

He closes the laptop, firms his grip on it, ready to delay his exit so the man can't follow... The doors open... He tenses - about to go - when ANOTHER MAN gets on. Blocking his exit. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

They both smile at him now - gun-hands in their pockets. But just as the doors start to close, a bunch of HIGH-SPIRITED SNOW-BOARDERS clamber in. The MEN'S smiles disappear...

BACK TO:

89 EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY

89

Bond quickly lowers the plane, below them now--

The bullets now hit the roof of the plane.

Still keeping abreast with the cars on the road above--

Then Bond accelerates and soars up quickly--

They fire at him--

But he accelerates ahead of them, arcing the plane up and out of sight.

Inside the lead car, they look for him. He appears to be gone.

90 EXT. ALPINE ROAD, AUSTRIA - DAY

90

Now they enter a wide road, trees on either side.

Ahead in the distance, they spy a dot, moving closer...

It's Bond, in the plane.

And he is now zooming right at them. Getting lower and closer by the second.

They speed toward Bond--

He's not going to give way--

His face.

This is a game of chicken he will not lose.

Bond's plane dangerously low and close.

Hinx's driver veers off into the trees as the second vehicle follows, manoeuvring ahead of Hinx's car.

At the last second, Bond pulls up, barely missing the third vehicle as the driver loses control, SLAMS INTO THE TREES, BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

The remaining two cars travel fast in close formation through the forest--

Bond banks quickly.

(CONTINUED)

- 90 CONTINUED: 90
- And follows.
- Right into the forest.
- 91 INT. CABLE CAR, AUSTRIA - DAY 91
- In contrast to the sound and fury of the pursuit - the serenity of the descent.
- And then the MUFFLED ROAR of a distant EXPLOSION. Bond. The snow-boarders turn and look. So do the men. Q takes his chance and moves so he's next to the door with the snow-boarders between him and the men.
- The cable car shudders as it enters the ground station and Q steps out.
- 92 EXT. CABLE CAR GROUND STATION, KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA - DAY 92
- Q moves quickly through the crowd, looking back to see the snow-boarders with all their gear, slowing his pursuers.
- He keeps moving, weaving his way through the crowds of skiers breaking for lunch, looking back anxiously, the two men prowling the crowd for him...
- 93 EXT. ALPINE FOREST, AUSTRIA - DAY 93
- The cars twist and turn down the hill, through the forest as Bond soars after them, thrillingly close, in and out of the trees--
- The cars slalom down the slope, trying to shake off Bond. Bond responds by following the cars even more closely.
- But he makes a fractional misjudgment. He steers slightly too far to one side... Suddenly one of the snow-plane's wings clips a tree, and the end of the wing is sheared right off!
- Immediately, the other wing dips viciously, and Bond starts to lose control.
- Fighting for control of the plane now, he instinctively shears off the other wing on a passing tree--
- And now the wingless plane slams to the ground, ripping off the wheels and undercarriage - and now he's tobogganing down the snow path in the fuselage of the snow plane-- the cars in front...
- Coming up fast on Madeleine's car --
- Madeleine staring at Bond through the rear window. The speed of the fuselage is too fast, Bond rams into the back of Madeleine's car... The car is propelled forward, forced to go faster behind the Land Rover to break free of the plane.

94 EXT. KITZBUHEL/HORATIO HOTEL, AUSTRIA - DAY 94

Q has made it through the lunch-time crowds, starting to feel safe now. His surreptitious glances back suggest he's lost them.

A WIDE SHOT shows him heading across a bridge towards a large hotel. The HOTEL HORATIO.

95 EXT. ALPINE FOREST, AUSTRIA - DAY 95

The trees start to thin out. Up ahead Bond can see they're about to break out into open terrain. Just as the vehicles burst out from the trees onto A WIDE SKI SLOPE--

96 EXT. ALPINE SKI-SLOPE, AUSTRIA - DAY 96

Ahead, a giant forest...

The cars veer off to avoid it. But Bond is heading straight for it. Madeleine's face staring at him through the rear window as the vehicles turn away.

Bond uses everything he has to make the turn. The engines scream as he pushes down the throttle on one of the propellers, and pulls with all his strength on the lever controlling the vertical tail fin.

He just makes the turn.

But no time to breathe, because suddenly, now, in front of Bond, a huge SNOW DRIFT.

Bond has no time to react - he careers up the wall of snow, flies up, crashes back down... The tail of the plane hits the snow hard, and is ripped off. Fragments of plane litter the hillside.

And now the cars are getting away...

97 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA - DAY 97

Bond sees they're heading for a small village. A collection of large Alpine barns and outbuildings and eventually buildings and sleepy streets. No way to stop the momentum now.

But seeing them drive around a large barn, Bond sees his chance -

He hits the throttle hard and the plane crashes through the barn like a missile, comes out to T-Bone the leading Land Rover.

SMASH!

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

It is destroyed as--

The fuselage of the plane spins to a stop--

Torn to bits.

Bond steps out from what remains of the plane.

Pulls his gun-- as the car holding Madeleine accelerates towards him.

Hinx lunges forward, DEAFENING the driver:

HINX

KILL HIM!

OUTSIDE:

Bond aims. He's got one shot before the car barrels into him.

BLAM!

Perfect.

The driver of the car jerks back, dead--

Madeleine grabs hold--

Hinx yells in fury as--

The car spins and rolls -- just missing Bond (who stands motionless as the car flies past him).

The car CRASHES.

Hinx is sent hurtling through the windscreen head-first--

And flies into a tree. Snow cascades from the branches and buries his corpse.

Bond runs to the car. Pulls Madeleine out. She is weak.

MADELEINE

Who the hell are you?

BOND

Later.

And he helps her away.

As they move off, we linger on pile of snow where Hinx landed. A hand twitches, he appears, shaking himself to his senses. He's alive...

98 INT. Q'S ROOM, HOTEL HORATIO, KITZBUHEL, AUSTRIA - DAY

98

Q enters his hotel room, relieved. He closes the door behind him, heads straight for the bathroom, locks the door. Safe.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

He takes out his computer. Sits.

And then, from outside the door --

A dull thud.

Q freezes, his fear-filled face instinctively knowing his pursuers are now in his hotel room, on the other side of the door.

99 EXT. KITZBUHEL STREET BAR, AUSTRIA - DAY

99

Madeleine's shaking hand clutches a glass of hot apple juice.

Bond and Madeleine stand at a street bar.

BOND

Drink it.

She is in shock. Barely hears him, but drinks it.

BOND (CONT'D)

Another.

MADELEINE

You lied to me. They didn't want to kill me.

This man just rescued her - but she is wary of trusting him:

BOND

I wasn't sure how much you knew.

MADELEINE

Did it cross your mind you led them to me? Maybe my father put too much faith in your abilities.

BOND

Luckily I'm not working alone...

Then Bond spies a TV in the corner of the bar:

SILENT IMAGES FROM A TERRORIST ATTACK IN CAPE TOWN.

Bond takes the information in.

BOND (CONT'D)

We need to keep moving.

100 INT. CORRIDOR, HOTEL HORATIO, AUSTRIA - DAY

100

Bond and Madeleine approach the door to Q's hotel room.

Bond pushes it. It swings ominously open.

101 INT. ROOM TWELVE, HOTEL HORATIO, AUSTRIA - DAY 101

Bond already has his gun in hand, feeling the cold breeze from the shattered window.

A trail of blood between the window and the bathroom door.

Bond moves toward it, gun raised, his other hand motioning Madeleine to hang back.

The bathroom door has been wrenched off its hinges.

102 INT. BATHROOM, ROOM TWELVE, HOTEL HORATIO, AUSTRIA - DAY 102

Q's laptop is self-sabotaged in the sink.

Bond is shaken. This is his fault.

Madeleine comes in. She can see the effect on Bond. But Bond won't give up, reading the clues. The fact that the laptop is in the sink beneath the mirror. He pulls it out and inexplicably turns on the hot tap.

Then he moves to the shower, turns it on, maximum.

MADELEINE

What are you doing?

He doesn't reply.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

James?

Bond is staring at the mirror.

BOND

It's my fault he was here. He was trying to help --

And he pauses, because the steam that has now formed on the mirror is showing up words Q must have etched with his finger on the glass. They both stare.

'SPECTRE'

CUT TO:

103 INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - LATE DAY 103

Moneypenny is sitting at her desk. On her laptop we see images of Mister White. An internal MI-6 report of his death.

A buzz. She looks around, checks no one is within earshot. Reaches down and retrieves a phone from her drawer.

(CONTINUED)



103 CONTINUED:

72.

103

MONEYPENNY  
(a whisper)  
...Bond?

CUT TO:

104 EXT. KITZBUHEL VILLAGE, BRIDGE, AUSTRIA - DUSK

104

It's dusk now. Bond and Madeleine walk across the bridge on the outskirts of the small town. The lights of Hotel Horatio recede in the distance. Bond talks on the phone:

BOND  
Find out anything you can on  
'Spectre'. Pull anything relating to  
it. Anything.

105 INT. MONEYPENNY'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - LATE DAY

105

Money Penny, deeply worried.

MONEYPENNY  
I'm accessing the main database now.

She begins to search for 'Spectre'. On an index she sees the name.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)  
It's here.

She tries to open the file. A message appears: 'File deleted'.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)  
Wait. There should be a file here but  
it's been deleted. Bond--

She stops. Freezes. The door swings open. M walks straight past Money Penny on his way into his office.

M  
Money Penny - my office. Now.

MONEYPENNY  
Yes, sir.

She puts the phone down.

Money Penny looks sick.

106 EXT. KITZBUHEL VILLAGE, BRIDGE, AUSTRIA - DUSK

106

Bond holds his phone.

BOND  
--Hello? Hello?

(CONTINUED)

He hangs up. He turns to Madeleine.

BOND (CONT'D)  
So where do we find him?

MADELEINE  
Find who?

BOND  
L'Americain.

MADELEINE  
You really don't know the first thing  
about them do you. L'Americain...  
it's not a person.

Bond looks at her. Of course...

BOND  
It's a place.

CUT TO:

107 INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6, WHITEHALL - LATE DAY

107

Close on M sitting behind his desk.

Money Penny stands in front of him.

M  
We deal in lies and secrets. But not  
between ourselves. You've been  
colluding with Bond to undermine my  
authority. Yes?

M holds up the transcript that C gave him. Slaps it on the  
desk.

Money Penny on the rack. In an impossible position.

He leans in, his voice quieter:

M (CONT'D)  
I do hope it wasn't for love. If so -  
you've been made a fool.

This sears into her. And in recoiling from that pain she  
learns her answer:

MONEYPENNY  
It wasn't love. It was loyalty.

Conspicuously not loyalty to M. Painful to him.

(CONTINUED)

M

You are officially suspended as chief analyst pending an investigation into your actions. You've let me down, Money Penny.

Money Penny's jaw tightens.

MONEYPENNY

He was following orders.

M

Who from?

MONEYPENNY

Your predecessor, sir. Before she died, she made a disk. She told him to go to Mexico. To kill Sciarra. And then go to his funeral.

M is stunned..

M

You crafty bitch.

MONEYPENNY

Sir?

M

Not you. Her.

MONEYPENNY

He knew if she went to those lengths of secrecy it was huge. Bond didn't know who he could and couldn't trust. So like her, he trusted no one.

M

Except you.

MONEYPENNY

Except me.

M takes it in, Money Penny moves towards him.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

(Then, she takes a leap)

Sir, Bond thinks the organization behind the attacks is called Spectre. I've tried searching for it in the digital archive but I've found nothing. I think he's onto something, sir. And right now needs us. He needs you.

M stares at her, processing this information. Weighing it up.

(CONTINUED)

M

That's very interesting, Moneypenny.  
But I'm afraid you remain officially  
suspended.

MONEYPENNY

Sir.

She goes to leave. Then:

M

However, *unofficially*... you are now  
on filing duty.

Moneypenny is confused.

MONEYPENNY

Sir?

M

The *paper* archive. The old building.

Then he opens a draw, pushes a bunch of OLD KEYS across the  
desk toward her. Looks at her levelly.

M (CONT'D)

...Start with the letter S.

Moneypenny gets his meaning. A special assignment.

MONEYPENNY

Reporting only to you, sir?

M

Reporting only to me.

108 EXT. TANGIER, SOUK - DAY

108

Tangier spread out beneath the setting sun.

Bond and Madeleine walk through the heat and dust of the  
souk.

The alleys are crowded with tourists and market traders.  
Animals. Spices. Colour.

Old men drink strong coffee, smoke hookahs - and watch  
incongruous modern flat screen TVs mounted on the rough adobe  
walls of labyrinthine cafes.

Bond eyes the shadows watching for anyone watching them.

MADELEINE

This way.

Madeleine leads them down an alley -

109 EXT. TANGIER, KASBAH - DAY 109

Quieter here. They're getting away from the crowds now.  
The alleys getting narrower.

MADELEINE

My father knew Tangier from his days  
in the Legion. It was the only place  
he really felt was home...

Bond checks the windows overlooking them. The crowded washing  
lines, the chaotic tangle of old electric cables.

They enter A TINY ALLEYWAY.

She looks up. He follows her gaze. A dilapidated SIGN hangs  
above a faded old hotel. 'L'Americain'.

110 INT. STAIRWAY, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - DAY 110

A HOTEL EMPLOYEE leads Bond and Madeleine up a dark stairway.

111 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - DAY 111

Tiled mosaic floor, lazy ceiling fans. Madeleine steps  
through the door into the Honeymoon Suite.

Bond follows her into the room. She has stopped still, taking  
it in: it's shabby but beautiful, with stained glass,  
intricately carved wood, drapes of silk.

MADELEINE

This was where they spent their  
wedding night. They came back every  
year.

She goes to the balcony window. Through the silken curtains,  
the city spreads out below.

Bond starts looking through drawers.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

He loved it. Kept coming back. Even  
after the divorce.

BOND

That's touching.

Abruptly he pulls a piece of wood off the wall. Looking for  
something. Anything. Begins ripping the beautiful room apart.

MADELEINE

What the hell are you doing!

She tries to stop him but he's determined. Pulls pictures and  
shelves off the wall. Trashing the place.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

Looking for one single reason your  
father led us up this blind alley...

Bond moves into the bathroom. Checks the tightness of the  
fixtures and plumbing. Runs his fingers along the grout of  
the tiles in the shower.

MADELEINE

What is it?

Bond finds a loose tile. Detaches it.

Bond turns --

He holds a dusty bottle.

BOND

Your inheritance...

MADELEINE

I don't drink.

BOND

Lucky you. It's schnapps..

He opens the bottle. Raises it.

BOND (CONT'D)

Cheers, you old bastard. Thanks for  
the wild goose chase...

MADELEINE

That's my father you're talking  
about.

He winces from the taste.

BOND

Please. Let's neither of us pretend  
we miss him.

She goes over to Bond. Takes the bottle from him.

She takes a huge pull.

BOND (CONT'D)

I thought you didn't drink.

MADELEINE

I said I didn't. Not couldn't.

She takes another pull.

BOND

Well you might want to go steady.  
It's strong stuff.

MADELEINE

Don't tell me how to drink, Bond. I could drink your ass under that table.

BOND

That's fighting talk.

She takes a huge pull. Swallow. Hands Bond the bottle. He takes a huge pull. Swallows. Hands it back. She does the same. Hands it back. He takes another huge pull. Hands it back. She does the same. Wipes her mouth.

MADELEINE

Now kiss me.

BOND

But I hardly know you.

She leans in to kiss him. He gently sways out the way. She laughs.

MADELEINE

You must have kissed a lot of girls you hardly know. Don't you want to know what it's like?

She goes in again to kiss him, but - a little drunk now - she loses her balance. He catches her, scoops her up... and carries her to the bed.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

You putting me to bed..? How sweet...

He puts her on to the mussed-up bed...

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

You don't want to join me..?

BOND

Tempting. But no.

MADELEINE

How gallant. And there I was thinking you were a heartless monster.

She lies back - pillows. Tired from the emotion and the drink.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

I came here every year til I was about eight. I remember everything in this room from the ground up.

She points to the wall.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

The floor. The table legs. The skirting board. I used to play in here. For hours.

BOND

Did your father ever talk about him? The man he worked for.

MADELEINE

He told me once, when he was drunk, he said you'll never know what this man is capable of. He just keeps going... He's never going to stop.

BOND

All it takes is one small bullet.

She looks at the ceiling.

MADELEINE

In all my life I only ever saw my father afraid of one thing. Him..

She sits up.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

Don't you see? He was never scared of you. But of him... He was terrified.

Looks over at him in the chair, gun on the side table, with her drunk double vision. She laughs.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

Look! There are two of you! Are you both just going to sit there all night?

BOND

You never know. We might have unexpected guests.

MADELEINE

Well, now there's two of you to protect me..

She laughs again, drunkenly.. She closes her eyes... Music floats in from the street... And her mind swims..

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

(To herself)

I knew it would end like this. I knew you'd leave me.

(She raises an imaginary glass)

To heartless bastards.. Everywhere...

He listens as she drifts off.

(CONTINUED)



111 CONTINUED: (4)

111

The music continues, haunting...

DISSOLVE:

112-113 OMITTED

112-113

114 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - DAY

114

Standing proud on the Thames, the home of the Secret Intelligence Service still bears the scars of Silva's attack. Nothing has happened to it since then -

115 INT. BASEMENT STAIRS, OLD MI-6 BUILDING - DAY

115

Moneypenny is descending a concrete staircase, windowless and unloved.

She reaches a STEEL DOOR, uses the keys to undo the locks. As she pulls open the heavy door, a gust of air as if she's broken a vacuum...

116 INT. FILE VAULTS, OLD MI-6 BUILDING - DAY

116

She activates banks of switches, and fluorescent lights flicker into life in a wave, spreading eerie light across a vast basement crowded with tall gunmetal shelves.

The forgotten world. Slumbering. Neglected. A daunting sight.

116A INT. HONEYMOON SUITE, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - NIGHT - LATER

116A

A hot night. The music still plays.

Bond in the moonlit room, watching Madeleine.

She's having a bad dream, troubled. Beads of sweat on them both.

Her beauty is not lost on him.

He takes a slug of schnapps. Puts the bottle on the table.

A mouse scuttles across the floor. It stops in the middle of the room. Bond watches it.

The mouse moves off through a hole in the skirting board.

Bond stares, thinking. Walks over. He pours the last of the schnapps along the skirting board. It seeps away under the wall...

Alert again, he looks, realizing he missed something.

Comes over to the wall, taps it, feels his way around.

(CONTINUED)

116A CONTINUED:

81.

116A

Looks to the sleeping Madeleine. He can't help this being noisy.

Turns back.

And PUNCHES the wall. His fist slams right through, allowing his fingers to get a grip.

MADELEINE WAKES

-- to see the moonlit brute Bond tearing the false wall away... revealing A DOOR.

She gets up, rubbing her head as Bond opens the door onto...

116B INT. SECRET ROOM, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - NIGHT

116B

Madeleine isn't far behind him as he flicks on the light inside the room. A single bulb.

BOND

So...

They both take in the treasure trove. Laid bare on a desk and shelves, the stark reality she always suspected of her father.

BOND (CONT'D)

He boarded it up.

A range of fake passports. Wads of different currencies.

Box after box of new, disposable cellphones.

Poisons. Morphine. Scanning equipment. A satellite phone.

Knives, pistols, garrotes, knuckle duster.

The dehumanized secret life of a man who can kill and then carry on as normal.

He steps into the room...

116C INT. FILING VAULTS, OLD MI-6 BUILDING - NIGHT

116C

Down in the vaults, Money Penny moves along the shelves.

Close on her hands as they move down a row of files. They stop. Bingo.

She pulls out a file.

116D INT. SECRET ROOM, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - NIGHT

116D

Bond is now exploring the secret room. Bond is looking at the objects, in business mode.

(CONTINUED)

On the other side of the room, Madeleine spies a photo album. She pulls it down off the shelf. Inside: a photo of her parents in happier times. Photos of herself as a child.

While she does this:

Bond has seen something... something that gives him pause:

CLOSE ON

A PHOTOGRAPH ON THE WALL, in it we see the same man in the photograph we saw in Bond's flat. Only this time the man isn't standing with Bond, but another late teenage boy.

Bond stares at the image. Why is it here? Madeleine watches him, registers that he is disarmed by the picture.

117 INT. MI-6 VAULTS, OLD BUILDING - NIGHT

117

Now, Money Penny sits in the vaults, at an old metal desk. A sprawl of paper files in front of her, yellowing typed reports, reams of comments in green ink...

She comes across an old PHOTOGRAPH, taken with a cheap camera, colours faded.

AN INFORMAL SHOT OF SMALL TROOP OF FOREIGN LEGIONNAIRES, SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT.

Money Penny studies the photo. It's from the late 1980s because a younger Mr. White is just recognizable to us. And in one sun-shadowed face we might recognize the mysterious figure from the meeting in Rome...

117A INT. SECRET ROOM, L'AMERICAIN HOTEL - NIGHT

117A

The music still plays outside, as now Bond looks on the shelves.

MADELEINE

What's this..?

She hands Bond a piece of paper, on which some NUMBERS have been written. Bond recognises immediately:

BOND

Co-ordinates.

He reaches for the scanner, switches it on, reads the data...

BOND (CONT'D)

He was scanning for a particular satellite phone...

(looks to the gun)

I think your father was planning to go there and kill him.

(CONTINUED)

117A CONTINUED:

117A

He grabs an old MAP, unfolds it.

BOND (CONT'D)

It was too late for your father - but  
not for me.

Tracing the co-ordinates on the map,... his finger traces a  
rail line, pausing in bare desert. We hold on a spot in the  
middle of nowhere....

117B INT. VAULTS. OLD MI6 BUILDING - NIGHT

117B

Money Penny still holds the photograph. She looks closer.

The group of legionnaires stand before a gaudy hand-painted  
mural on the adobe wall behind them. It features an OCTOPUS  
STRADDLING THE PLANET EARTH, ONE TENTACLE CLUTCHING A JET  
FIGHTER.

Money Penny looks closer...

The name of the platoon: 'LES SPECTRES DE PIERRE'

There are two other items in the file. A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING,  
featuring the same photograph that so struck Bond on the wall  
in Tangiers, with the heading, "HANNES OBERHAUSER FOUND DEAD  
IN MOUNTAINS. SON, FRANZ STILL MISSING."

118 EXT. TANGIER - DAY

118

An aerial shot reveals a train leaving the sprawl of Tangier.

119 INT. MADELEINE'S COMPARTMENT, TRAIN - DAY

119

We are inside the train. It's a relic of old colonial  
grandeur. A bit frayed around the edges, but still  
magnificent.

Inside a compartment, Bond unzips his luggage. Madeleine  
watches as he removes a tightly rolled up tuxedo. Unrolls it  
in one move. Opens the door. A GUARD is passing.

BOND

Can you see if the Valet can press  
this for me?

GUARD

Yes, Sir.

He leaves.

MADELEINE

You travel with a tuxedo?

Bond frowns, almost slightly confused.

(CONTINUED)

BOND  
Of course.

120 EXT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - DAY 120

The valet carries the tuxedo along the corridor, passing the compartment next door.

Hinx is inside, reading a paper...

121 EXT TRAIN - DAY 121

The train continues its journey into the sun.

122 INT. MADELEINE'S COMPARTMENT, TRAIN - DAY 122

Bond and Madeleine sit in the compartment, opposite one another.

Bond takes a GUN appropriated from the secret room, places it on the table between them - just like he did with her father.

BOND  
Pick it up.

MADELEINE  
I hate guns.

BOND  
I gave your father my word I'd protect you. First thing to do is teach you how to protect yourself.

MADELEINE  
What if I shoot you by mistake?

BOND  
It wouldn't be the first time. Pick it up.

She doesn't. So he does.

BOND (CONT'D)  
Glock 33 point 357.  
(Points)

Rear sights. Hammer. Ejection port.  
Safety. Slide stop. Magazine release.  
Trigger. Takes nine 9mm parabellum rounds with one in the chamber.

He puts the cartridge on the table. Loads it. Unloads it.

BOND (CONT'D)  
You try it.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

I said I hate guns.

BOND

Try it.

She picks up the gun. And in the next few seconds, with amazing dexterity and speed she strips the gun, re-assembles it, reloads it with the cartridge - and points it straight at Bond.

BOND (CONT'D)

(beat, cool)

Your father's daughter.

MADELEINE

Who else would I be?

BOND

But have you ever *used* one?

MADELEINE

A man once came to our house and attacked him. The assassin didn't know his mark's twelve year old daughter was upstairs playing in her bedroom. Or that her papa kept a Beretta 9 millimeter under the sink with the bleach.

She ejects the cartridge, ratchets the gun to eject the slug in the spout, catches it. She lays the gun back down on the table. Next to the bullet.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

That's why I hate guns.

Bond looks at her levelly.

BOND

I think we can skip hand-to-hand combat.

MADELEINE

If you don't mind I'd like some privacy while I change for dinner.

BOND

Of course.

123 INT. CORRIDOR, TRAIN - DAY

123

Bond closes the door after himself.

The guard passes.

GUARD

Your suit, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

Thank you.

He heads into his own compartment.

124 INT. BOND'S COMPARTMENT, TRAIN - DAY

124

Inside he hangs the suit on the back of the door, and takes off his shirt, thinking about what just happened.

Slowly.... He smiles to himself in the mirror.

125 EXT. FOREIGN OFFICE, WHITEHALL - LATER THAT NIGHT

125

The forbidding stone facade of the Foreign Office.

The lone figure of M moves swiftly along the pavement.

126 INT. THE FOREIGN OFFICE - NIGHT

126

M walks into a large wood panelled room - one of many such faceless meeting rooms in Whitehall - only to encounter a crowd of important looking people flowing out of a meeting, talking animatedly.

One of them is C - who heads straight for M.

C

You didn't get the message? The meeting was brought forward.

M

No. I didn't.

M realises he's been out-manoeuvred.

C

You missed it I'm afraid. Shortest meeting I can remember.

M

South Africans on board, I take it?

C

And who can blame them?

(nods)

I've been asked to head the new group. And, look, I should tell you, I've spoken with the home secretary. In light of the information I provided him with, he's left with no choice but to close down the 00 programme and have me absorb MI-6's operations in the new building.

M's face.

(CONTINUED)

C (CONT'D)

Its not personal.

C tries to leave. M stands in his way.

M

You're a cocky bugger, aren't you?

C

What on earth do you mean?

M

I mean... *it's not bloody over yet.*

And M walks off. C watches him go, steely...

127 EXT. TRAIN, AFRICA - SUNSET

127

The train looks tiny beneath the vast African sky.

The sun is setting - purple and orange streak the horizon.

128 INT. DINING CARRIAGE, TRAIN - NIGHT

128

Bond sits in the dining booth, immaculate in his white dinner jacket.

Madeleine approaches. Looking stunning. She sits opposite him.

MADELEINE

You shouldn't stare.

BOND

You shouldn't look like that.

The waiter approaches.

WAITER

An *aperitif*, Madam?

MADELEINE

Club soda.

BOND

I forgot, you don't drink.

Madeleine addresses the waiter.

MADELEINE

It gets me into trouble. Makes me do crazy things.

The waiter nods uncomfortably.



BOND

(To the waiter)

And we can't have that, can we?

MADELEINE

So I stick to this.

She leans in, conspiratorially..

MADELEINE (CONT'D)

That is, unless my whole world has been turned upside down, my life is in danger, I'm feeling reckless and I really don't care what happens to me anymore...

BOND

I'll bear that in mind.

He doesn't take his eyes off her as he addresses the waiter.

BOND (CONT'D)

Vodka martini. Shaken not stirred.

She doesn't either.

MADELEINE

Make that two...

Slowly Bond smiles. She looks back, as if butter wouldn't melt. The waiter looks at her, worried.

WAITER

Of course.

He goes.

MADELEINE

So. I have a question.

BOND

And what's that?

MADELEINE

Why, given every other possible option, does a man choose the life of the paid assassin?

BOND

It was that or accountancy.

MADELEINE

I'm serious. Is this really what you want? Living in the shadows. Hunting. Being hunted. Always looking behind you. Always alone.

BOND

Not always.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

"Evasion. Deflection. Manipulation: deployed to protect the core psyche and thus avoid accountability." My PHD...

BOND

Tell me, Doctor Swann. Am I paying for this session?

MADELEINE

Do you ever dream of getting out?

BOND

I never dream about anything.

Bond doesn't answer. She keeps looking at him.

MADELEINE

You know I was wrong. You're not like my father at all. He was cold to the bone. But you, you're wounded.

(Then)

Have you ever been in love?

He holds her gaze. She holds his. The movement of the train..

BOND

Once.

MADELEINE

What happened?

BOND

She died.

MADELEINE

Were you there?

BOND

Yes.

MADELEINE

Does it haunt you?

BOND

I've dealt with it.

MADELEINE

Do you dream about her?

BOND

I already told you I don't dream.

MADELEINE

Not anymore...

Bond looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

Not anymore.

The drinks are here.

BARMAN

Two martinis. Shaken not stirred.

BOND

Thank you.

She raises her glass.

MADELEINE

What shall we drink to?

BOND

Traditionally, it's heartless bastards.

She smiles. She raises her glass.

MADELEINE

(in French, no subtitles)  
*To new beginnings..*

He raises his.

BOND

Indeed. To beginnings..

They drink.

Someone approaches the table. Bond sees the gigantic pair of hands, folded patiently.

It's HINX...

Before Bond can react. Hinx grabs the underside of the table, rams it upward, slamming into Madeleine, sending her backwards as he grabs Bond, lifting him from the booth, slamming him against the carriage wall. Hinx's thumbs start to make his signature move toward Bond's eyes...

Bond punches Hinx with no effect, manages to pull out his gun. They struggle and the gun goes off, shattering the glass on either side of the table.

Undeterred, Hinx lifts, spins and throws Bond onto a table, moves in again. Bond strikes out with a kick, but Hinx simply grabs him and hurls Bond's body into the service area --

Just as Madeleine, recovered, runs at Hinx with an ice-bucket, swinging it over his back - again, no effect.

Hinx turns, swings a brutal slap to Madeleine knocking her to the floor. He turns back to Bond, sees him grabbing for the Walther, grabs him with both hands, rams him forward, crashing through into next carriage.

129 INT. TRAIN, BAR CARRIAGE - NIGHT

129

Hinx barrels through the opening in pursuit, stops in his tracks. Where's Bond?

WHAM! WHAM!

The bathroom door slams open twice, catching Hinx off guard. Not for long though. Hinx is grabbing Bond again. Bond uses the momentum to kick off the carriage wall, slamming both of them back into the bathroom.

They slam side to side before busting through the wall.

Now Bond grasps for any weapon within reach. Smashes a beer bottle into Hinx's face. Hinx releases Bond from his vice like grip.

Back on his feet, Bond now hurls a lamp, but Hinx is unstoppable, advances swinging a bar table back and forth forcing Bond down the length of the bar.

Bond grabs a lit bar candle and throws it at Hinx catching his waiter's jacket on fire, moves in to throw some punches. Distracted, Hinx realizes he's on fire and tries to snuff out the flames.

Bond seizes the opportunity, jumps up, grabs the beam above and double kicks Hinx back into the wall and runs past him into the next carriage.

130-131 OMITTED

130-131

132 INT. GOODS STORAGE AREA, TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - NIGHT

132

Hinx catches up with Bond in the Goods carriage.

Cases burst open, more weapons improvised. Hinx's huge hands rip through everything Bond hits him with.

The two men crash around the carriage...

Until Hinx has the upper hand; holds Bond's head, his thumbs moving over Bond's eyes, starting to press in...

When the LIGHTS in the carriage come on. Bright, blinding florescent light, stunning both Bond and Hinx.

A gunshot rings out.

Hinx recoils, he's hit in the shoulder. Madeleine stands behind him with the GLOCK.

Hinx spins around, bleeding and no longer smiling, knocks the gun from Madeleine's hands, and slaps her to the ground. As he lurches for her, Bond grabs a chain, slings it around his throat, throttling him.

(CONTINUED)

Hinx struggles - the chain swinging and pulling against the stack of barrels to which its attached, the anchor linking them all together...

BOND

Get that open!

He's indicating the side door.

She acts swiftly, opening it, the wind rushing into the carriage.

The tracks and brickwork hurtling by...

Just as Hinx elbows an exhausted Bond in the stomach, whacks him down - he goes sliding across the floor. And now Hinx is starting to remove the chain...

- when in a last ditch effort, Bond boots a barrel out of the train -

- it's a domino reaction, pulling each of the barrels one-by-one, each with the next out onto the tracks and under the wheels

- the chain tightens fast around Hinx' throat - and propels him forward toward the door.

Hinx grabs hold of Madeleine en route - pulling her with him - smashing through all the debris from the fight... they're going out of the door together -

- until Bond hammers him again and again, gravity coming to his aid. Bond grabs her on the brink -

- Hinx suspended for a moment, realizes his fate, and finally opens his mouth to speak:

But before he can, he disappears out of the door, and is sucked under the wheels.

All is suddenly quiet.

BOND (CONT'D)

I thought he'd never shut up.

Bond and Madeleine sit, in stunned silence.

MADELEINE

What do we do now?

They look at each other.

The door to her sleeper compartment bursts open. They are already in each other's arms. They slam up against the wall.

133 CONTINUED:

133

Now they are tearing at each other's clothes, making desperate, passionate love.

134 EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

134

The stars shine brightly, as the train crosses the desert.

135 OMITTED

135

135A INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

135A

M sits alone in a small, discrete Italian restaurant. Piped music plays quietly. He is working, files stacked next to his recently-emptied plate. A half bottle of wine on the table.

Immersed in his work, he only just registers someone sitting down opposite him. He looks up.

Money Penny is holding the file from the archive.

MONEYPENNY

I found something.

M opens the file and looks at the Legionnaire's PHOTOGRAPH.

MONEYPENNY (CONT'D)

The whole regiment were thought to have died. But we know White survived. And, it seems, one other.

M

(to himself)

Spectre. It can't be a coincidence.

M looks closer at the photograph. The octopus symbol. The face of the man next to White...

MONEYPENNY

There was another document attached. About the death of this man.

M looks at the photograph. Reads the name:

M

Franz Oberhauser...

M turns to Money Penny.

M (CONT'D)

Call Bond now. Tell him. Tell him everything we know.

MONEYPENNY

Sir.

M

I just hope it's not too late.

136 EXT. TRAIN, EMPTY DESERT - DAWN. 136

Dawn breaks over the desert.

The distant train traces a thin line across the immense emptiness.

137 INT. COMPARTMENT, TRAIN (TRAVELLING) - MORNING 137

Inside the cabin, Madeleine finishes packing. Happy.

Bond enters, ending a phone call as he does so.

BOND

We're here.

The train grinds to a stop.

138 EXT. STATION, OPEN DESERT - DAY 138

Bond and Madeleine stand and watch as the train heads off into the distance.

They are at a small abandoned station in the middle of nowhere. A solitary station sign creaks in the breeze.

A parallel road appears to lead to nowhere.

Nothing as far as the eye can see.

MADELEINE

Are you sure it wasn't the next stop?

They stare out into nothingness.

Then, along the road, a distant truck. From a distance it appears to be a heavy military vehicle.

Bond gets out his gun. Prepares.

BOND

You ready?

Madeleine nods.

Bond tenses...

As the truck gets closer... and closer...

And drives past.

Dust blows up in a huge cloud as it rumbles by.

(CONTINUED)

Bond and Madeleine watch it drive into the distance.

Then Madeleine nudges Bond. She has seen something.

She points straight ahead to the horizon line - there is movement out there on the vast plain.

A tiny dust cloud.

Bond and Madeleine watch as it grows in the shimmering heat.

The cause of the cloud gradually becomes clear:

A VINTAGE BENTLEY, driven by a UNIFORMED CHAUFFEUR.

A surreal sight.

The Bentley drives closer.

Now it pulls up next to them.

The Chauffeur gets out and opens the door for Bond and Madeleine.

CHAUFFEUR  
(indicating for them to  
step in)  
Please...

They exchange a look. Bond nods.

They get in, game for the ride.

139 EXT. OPEN DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

139

The Bentley drives across the vast plain of the Northern Sahara.

140 EXT./INT. CRATER, DESERT/CAR - DUSK

140

Gradually, Bond and Madeleine see a shape loom up ahead of them in the desert.

The raised corona of a CRATER. A mouth has been blasted through - and beyond it they glimpse strange silvered DOMES of different sizes, sitting on the floor of the crater.

As the Bentley passes through the mouth of the crater we now see a beautiful pool, set in an immaculate green lawn.

Next to the pool, a vast, sleek modernist house sits amidst the huge domes.

The Bentley pulls up.

The Chauffeur opens the door for Madeleine. Bond follows her out, aware now of HENCHMEN pointing guns at him from nearby.

(CONTINUED)



A BUTLER looms:

BUTLER  
(pleasantly)  
Good afternoon, Mister Bond. My  
Employer extends his warmest welcome,  
and invites you and Doctor Swann to  
rest, relax and join him for dinner  
at 7.

The Butler continues to hold out his silver tray.

Bond gets his meaning. One eye on the henchmen, Bond places  
his gun on the tray.

BOND  
Tell our host, thank you and we won't  
be late.

BUTLER  
Your rooms are prepared. We trust  
they are to your liking.

Bond and Madeleine look at each other.

141 INT. HER BEDROOM - DUSK

141

A beautiful bedroom. Light filters in through linen curtains.

Madeleine enters. A tall woman (IRMA) awaits her. Looks her  
up and down. An almost sexual appraisal.

IRMA  
(indicating wardrobe)  
Your dress is in there.

MADELEINE  
So you know my size.

IRMA  
We know everything about you, Doctor  
Swann. If you need assistance...

MADELEINE  
I'm a big girl. I can dress myself.

IRMA  
You will shower.

Without explanation, she leaves.

Madeleine walks to the wardrobe. A single beautiful dark blue  
dress, which catches the light. It looks not unlike the night  
sky.

142 INT. HIS BEDROOM - DUSK

142

Bond enters a magnificent bedroom.

A suit is laid out on his bed.

Bond picks it up and stops. He's spotted something... on a TV screen opposite the bed.

BOND Turns from the bed and looks at the pictures around the room. And his blood freezes..

On the screen is a frozen image. White pointing a gun at Bond's head.

Bond presses play.

And watches as White shoots himself.

The image returns to the beginning, and replays. Over and over.

BOND turns from the screen, and looks at the pictures around the room. And his blood freezes...

The room is decorated with pictures from Bond's childhood.

Pictures of him as a child in snowy mountains. With skis. With Oberhauser - the man identified in the newspaper clipping. The man in the framed photograph in the Skyfall box.

Them playing cards in front of a roaring fire. Bond smiling...

On the wall, a giant blown up photograph of Bond and Oberhauser. And Oberhauser's son. A thin smile on the other boy's face.

BOND STARES AT THE PICTURE...

143 EXT. HOUSE ROOFTOP TERRACE - NIGHT

143

Madeleine emerges onto the terrace, very beautiful in the stunning dress.

From another door, Bond emerges... in his own suit.

BOND  
How do you like your room?

MADELEINE  
Incredible. I hate it. How's yours?

BOND  
Stirring.

(CONTINUED)

MADELEINE

So where is our host? And what's his name?

And then a voice from the doorway.

VOICE (O.C.)

His name... is Heinrich Stockmann.

They turn. Standing there in the doorway is the Man from Rome. Dressed immaculately.

As he approaches, his eyes sparkle.

STOCKMANN

Mister Bond. Doctor Swann. I've been looking forward to this so much that now I'm nervous. Really. I've got butterflies in my tummy.

A white Persian cat jumps up on a table.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

(addressing the cat)

Get off there, you bloody fool.

He pushes the cat onto the floor. It meows its objections.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Filthy creature... Shut up.

WAITER

(to Bond)

Champagne?

BOND

Thank you.

They both take a glass of champagne.

BOND (CONT'D)

Now perhaps you can tell me where my friend is?

STOCKMANN

(smiles)

All in good time, Mister Bond. First, let us toast this... reunion.

He raises his glass.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Health, love and money, and the time to enjoy them.

Bond watches him drink. Not poisoned, then.

BOND

Here's to that.

(CONTINUED)

Bond lifts his glass. Takes a sip. Stockmann turns to Madeleine.

STOCKMANN

It's such a pleasure to finally meet you Dr. Swann. It's strange because I feel I know you so well after all these years.

MADELEINE

You may know my dress size but you don't know me.

STOCKMANN

On the contrary. I've been watching you your whole life. You see with an organization as big as mine you have to keep a close eye on your associates. I've watched you grow from a small girl, into a woman. But's that's just me. I always, always ...loved to watch.

(smiles broadly)

Now I have something I'd like you to watch. Shall we?

144 INT. OPERATIONS CENTRE, OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

144

Stockmann leads Bond and Madeleine into a simple, modernist space, the centre-piece of which is a ring of screens that provides a 360-degree field of information and imagery.

Arranged around the screens are desks occupied by perhaps half a dozen people quietly manning telephone headsets. Not unlike a call centre.

The screens show a wide variety of views of an unnamed city.

CCTV footage, security cameras, satellite images.

Stockmann turns to face Bond.

MADELEINE

What are they doing?

STOCKMANN

I'm going to show you something that happened just over 48 hours ago.

He addresses the operators:

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Into replay mode please.

The screens go black. Except for one: a CCTV image of a street corner.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
(to Bond and Madeleine)  
Watch...

On screen: A truck parks. A man gets out, walks away. Could be anywhere in the world.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
This is probably my favorite part.  
The moments just before, when the  
scene is pristine, everything is  
well, and no harm can come to  
anyone... Everything is as it should  
be... Observe...

Bond focuses on the single screen.

And then.

The camera image shakes. The truck explodes. A huge concussion. Rendered all the more surreal by the silence of the images.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
Whoosh!

Bond's blood has gone cold.

And now, one by one, the screens begin to come on. CCTV images of the streets around that one street corner. The screens begin to fill with people. Running dots in fear of their lives.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
Look at that. Just look at it...

Bond turns to Stockmann.

BOND  
Why?

STOCKMANN  
Before he blew his brains out, Dr. Swann's father informed you that my motives were far too strategically complex for you to even remotely comprehend. And so with all due respect, Mister Bond, let's not waste time trying to explain *Mozart* to the monkeys.

Stockmann watches more screens come on. The terrified crowd is growing...

He closes his eyes.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
Now... Listen to this music.

(CONTINUED)

A second, outer circle of TV screens beyond the first begins to come on. One by one, more and more screens...

The sound is now beginning to build...

Breaking news feeds from all round the world, reporting the catastrophe. One by one they come on - CNN, AL-Jazeera, BBC, NBC, etc - until there is a cacophony of sound.

The ticker along the bottom of the images reads "Terror attack in Cape Town"

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

(to Madeleine)

What you're witnessing, Doctor, on a molecular level, is power itself taking shape.

More images from different TV channels, different angles on the carnage.

BOND

The power to kill innocents?

STOCKMANN

What is the difference between this and an earthquake? Answer: Nothing. The only reason we exist is cataclysmic events in nature. Earthquakes. Flood. Droughts. This (Makes little rabbit ears) "abomination" is simply the power to affect the greater good through a strategy of linked, controlled catastrophes designed to manipulate local political feeling to place maximum pressure on the global stage.

BOND

A bomb in South Africa? Just as their leaders refuse to sign up to a new international surveillance pact?

STOCKMANN

Oh, haven't you heard? They've signed up to it now.

BOND

I bet they have.

MADELEINE

The unshakable belief characterized by consistently inflated feelings of personal ability, privilege, or infallibility.

STOCKMANN

Or as a psychologist might call it - a God complex.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

I've got another word for it.

Stockmann looks at them both.

STOCKMANN

So! Who's hungry?

144A INT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

144A

A long table is laid under the vast dome of the observatory.

The roof is open, and the stars are out.

Stockmann sits, next to Madeleine, opposite Bond. He rings a small bell and a highly orchestrated ballet begins. Waiters appear from four corners.

One serves soup, another expertly blowtorches small plates of seasonal vegetables. A third pours blood red wine extravagantly into a decanter, from a height.

While this is happening:

STOCKMANN

"The night falls, the stars caress.  
We take our place amongst the Gods"  
(gazing upwards)  
The lack of light pollution in the  
desert makes star gazing a most  
delightful pursuit.

The food has been served. Madeleine pushes her bowl away.

MADELEINE

I'm not hungry.

The waiter ladles soup onto her plate.

STOCKMANN

Come now, Doctor Swann.

BOND

She said she's not hungry.

STOCKMANN

Perhaps I should explain. You see, Mister Bond, Dr. Swann, although you are my guests here, and I extend this hospitality, I'm afraid you are no longer free to make your own choices. From this point forward you will do everything I ask of you. Starting with enjoying this creamy and thoroughly delicious lobster bisque. So... shall we?

She glares at him.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Come now Madeleine. You know what happens to little girls who don't eat their supper..

BOND

That's enough..

Bond makes to intervene. The next second, the wine waiter puts a pistol to Bond's temple.

The nearest waiter holds her in her seat. The waiter with the blowtorch comes over and lights it alongside Madeleine's face.

STOCKMANN

Daddy's going to count to three..  
One. Two...

She takes a spoonful of the soup. Swallows.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

That's a good girl..

Bond stares straight at Stockmann, who returns his stare, smiling.

BOND

You know what? I'm suddenly not that peckish either.

Stockmann smiles broader and starts to chuckle at Bond's audacity. He nods. All the waiters go back to what they were doing as if nothing had happened.

STOCKMANN

It's such a thrill to see you again, Mister Bond. Since you assumed 00 status I've kept an especially close eye on your progress. I've been there all the time, rooting for you, revelling in your triumphs. Sharing your failures, of which, it seems, there are many.

BOND

You'll have to remind me.

STOCKMANN

Where to start? Wait..

Stockmann cogitates. Slaps the table.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Vesper Lynd!

Bond doesn't blink. Madeleine eyes him.

(CONTINUED)



STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

(To Madeleine)

Did he tell you about her? No? That was the big one. She was stunning. Intelligent. Charming. So charming, that even when that four faced lying bitch double crossed him he still tried to save her. Sadly he failed. Then he tried to save his beloved M. But she died too. Have you ever noticed, Mister Bond how all of the women in your life seem to end up dead?

Madeleine's jaw tightens. So does Bond.

BOND

"Heinrich Stockmann" Where did you pick that up?

Stockmann chuckles, as if energized.

BOND (CONT'D)

I know a bit about you too, "Herr Stockmann". You and your secret organization nobody dares whisper the name of. Spectre.

Stockmann stares at Bond levelly. He shakes his head.

STOCKMANN

Whoops! The cat is out of the bag!

BOND

Le Chiffre. Quantum. Silva. They all worked for you. For Spectre.

STOCKMANN

Come now Mister Bond. Are you really saying *one person is responsible for all of your pain?* That makes you sound a little.. paranoid.

He turns to Madeleine.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

What's the term, Doctor, for someone who focuses all their misfortune and woe upon an single individual?

She glances at the waiter with the blowtorch.

MADELEINE

A Delusional Paranoiac.

STOCKMANN

That has a ring to it, don't you think? Delusional paranoiac. It's a term I've heard before.

(CONTINUED)

Madeleine can see that a game is playing out between the two of them. She watches intently--

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Because at one point in my life I too believed there was one, single person who I could blame for everything, for all my torment, all my unhappiness, my pain. I told the doctors. And do you know what they did? They put me in a straitjacket. Gave me electric shocks. They said I was delusional. Paranoid. But I didn't feel paranoid. So time went by, and they gave me a little more freedom, and the first chance I got I put strychnine in my Doctor's morning coffee. And I took her keys and I hopped the wall, and I ran away and joined the Legion. It's a good story so far... no?

BOND

Gripping.

STOCKMANN

I'm so pleased you think so..

BOND

So come on. Who was it? This demon who ruined your life?

Stockmann is enjoying himself so much he can barely contain himself. But he suddenly plays solemn, taking Madeleine's hand.

STOCKMANN

It's so unfair that everything that goes wrong in life happens to the child, Doctor, don't you think? When we're too small, too vulnerable to do anything about it. I was not a well child. But I had loving, doting parents. Then one day, they brought another boy into our home.

She listens.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

This boy was an orphan. His parents had died in a climbing accident. When he arrived all he did was stay in his room and cry like a baby.

Bond doesn't blink. Stares straight at him.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

But as time passed he slowly came out of his shell. This boy was tall, strong, with piercing blue eyes.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

He was the absolute embodiment of everything I was not. And my father fell in love with him. This cuckoo in the nest. He spent all his days with him, skiing, climbing, hunting, at nights playing poker. I would sit in my room alone at night listening to my father hour after hour playing cards with this boy. They would play with hazelnuts for chips. One day I asked if I could play. My father said...

He stops. His jaw tightens.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

My father said that the excitement would be bad for my heart. But I begged him and finally he relented. What he didn't know was I had been secretly learning the game. Alone. In my room. And so that night we played, and slowly over the course of the evening, I began to win. I won at least half of the cuckoo's hazelnuts. I could see the cuckoo sweating. I was getting to him. Getting under his skin. And the next hand I was dealt all Hearts to the King. A flush! And I pushed all my hazelnuts into the middle. And cuckoo looked at me. And he did the same. Then he reached to his wrist, and he took off his big silver watch his own dead father had given him, and he placed it on the table.

They listen.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

And suddenly... I panicked. I thought, my God, he has a better hand. *He has a better hand than me.* And I started to shake. And you know what I did? *I folded my cards.* And when he turned his cards over, he had a pair of threes. He had *nothing*. He was bluffing.

Stockmann guffaws as if it's the funniest thing he's ever heard. It's deeply disturbing. His stitches on the side of his face are seeping blood. He dabs the suture.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

It feels like yesterday. Isn't that right, Cuckoo?

Bond looks directly at Stockmann.

(CONTINUED)

BOND

I afraid I don't remember it.

Stockmann hears the words. Murder flashes across his eyes. But he controls it and laughs along.

STOCKMANN

Of course you don't. Why would you?

He nods. The waiters grab them both. Two to each.

BOND

Your name is Franz Oberhauser..  
The only son of Hannse Oberhauser.  
Herr Oberhauser died in a fire in  
Kitzbuhel, Austria. The cause was  
arson.

Stockmann stands close to him. His breath on Bond's face.

STOCKMANN

You are wrong, Mister Bond. Franz  
Oberhauser died too. In the deserts  
of Tangier... You want to know my  
name? My real name.. is... PAIN..

He nods to his guards.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

145 INT. SOLAR FURNACE - NIGHT

145

A dark monstrous place. Tiled floor with small drains. Like an abattoir.

Traces of blood on the floor.

Bond is tied to a chair in the middle of the room. Bleeding. Beaten.

Stockmann sits next to him, with a tablet. On it is Bond's read-out. He clearly now has access to Q's smart blood.

STOCKMANN

Check this out. It's your vital  
statistics. I got these from your  
little friend at MI-6. It was worth  
keeping him alive just for this!

BOND

...Where is he?

Stockmann ignores him, continues to flip through the data.

STOCKMANN

Let's see.. Blood pressure. Heart  
rate. Skin temperature.

(CONTINUED)

He picks up the cattle prod. He holds the tablet in one hand, the cattle prod in the other.

He puts the prod to Bond's chest. Bond cries out in pain. Stockmann watches the figures jump.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
Whoops. Look at that.

He does it again. Bond's heart races.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
Where is your poker face now, Mr. Bond?

He laughs. Looks at the figures.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
It hurts doesn't it?

He shocks him again. Watches the vitals spike.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
This is fun.

He looks at the figures.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
You know, I'm no doctor, but I would say judging from all this data.. Heart rate, perspiration, levels of adrenalin, pupil dilation, I'd say ... that you are actually *scared*.

He looks in Bond's eyes. Strokes his face with the prod.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
Are you scared, 007? Is this fear we see?

Bond looks him square in the eye. Gives him nothing.

Stockmann chuckles.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
You really are a very funny man..

He shocks him again. Puts his face to his.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)  
Do you know where you are, little brother? This is a solar furnace. When the sun rises you will be slowly cooked, but don't worry. It takes hours. The flesh will fall nicely off the bone.

BOND

I have a question. Why all the games?  
Why not just a bullet?

Stockmann stops. Mock surprise..

STOCKMANN

Ha. That's a good question.

Bond smiles grimly.

BOND

It is, isn't it.

They both laugh.

STOCKMANN

Well, it's perfectly simple really.  
The truth is I never wanted you to  
die. After all the dead feel no pain.

BOND

Then I promise you this. Look me in  
the eye. If you don't put a bullet in  
my head right now, I'm going to find  
you, and I'm going to kill you.

Stockmann looks at Bond.

STOCKMANN

Ooh. That's a pretty scary threat.

BOND

It's not a threat. It's a promise.

STOCKMANN

Well then I'd be insane to take such  
a chance.

BOND

Yes you would.

Stockmann thinks.

STOCKMANN

You know what. You're right. I can't  
take that chance.

He takes out a pistol. Loads it.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

I've had my fun. It's time to put one  
bullet where it belongs.

He stands.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Goodbye Mister Bond. I miss you  
already...

(CONTINUED)

BOND

You want to play a last hand, Franz?  
For old time sake.

Stockmann stops.

BOND (CONT'D)

There a file in London. It links you  
to Spectre and reveals your true  
identity. If anything happens to her,  
that file will be made public, and  
your whole house of cards comes  
tumbling down.

Stockmann looks at him.

STOCKMANN

You're bluffing.

BOND

Am I? How can you be sure?

Stockmann glances at the data. Bond's heart rate slows to  
normal. His blood pressure lowers. He stares calmly at  
Stockmann. Unreadable.

BOND (CONT'D)

Your move.

Stockmann stares back.

STOCKMANN

I have more eyes in MI-6 than you  
could believe Mister Bond. Many, many  
more... It won't take me long to find  
them...

No response from Bond. Just steel.

He gets up and leaves. At the door:

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Don't worry - she was always very,  
very dear to me... I will look after  
her for you.

He chuckles and closes the door.

Close on Stockmann, as the smile fades...

Inside the cell, the faintest of smiles crosses Bond's face.

A LUXURY HELICOPTER rises from among the domes.

Madeleine looks back out of the helicopter's window,  
desperate at losing Bond.

146 CONTINUED:

146

While Stockmann gazes at the first rays of the sun creeping over the lip of the crater, finding the mirror on top of the solar furnace...

The helicopter disappears into the rising sun.

147 INT. SOLAR FURNACE - DAWN

147

The SOUND of the helicopter recedes.

In the cell, Bond stares at the fingers of light. He's been awake all night. His wrists bloody from his efforts to loosen his binds.

It's fast becoming like an oven.

He hears a voice.

VOICE

007..

Bond cocks an ear. He calls out:

BOND

(calls)

Q!

No reply.

IN THE CELL NEXT DOOR

Is Q, Beaten, battered, but alive.

Q

First of all I want you to know I AM blaming you for all this.

IN BOND'S CELL

The light concentrates, starts burning into the floor near him, coming closer, the focus widening, a larger area burning - the destructive heat upon his skin now...

BOND

Q. It's getting bloody hot. Any ideas?

Q (O.S.)

Have you still got the watch. Or have you lost that too..?

BOND

What?

Q

The watch... I lied about the watch...

(CONTINUED)



Bond hears this, gradually realizes what he means. As the hair on his arms singe he struggles to get the watch off.

Q (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
007...

Now his skin is burning. Bond gets it.

He twists the bevel twice to zero, then to seven...

A tiny window opens in the watch: A digital display begins its countdown. Tick, tick, tick...

Bond instinctively slides it under the door of the cell, braces himself.

BOOM! A huge explosion.

THE DOORS BLOW OFF, one smashing straight into one of the guards.

As the BRIGHT LIGHT starts to fill the space, the other guard gets to his feet, pulling his gun, Bond kicks his hand -

The gun skates across the floor, landing at Q's feet.

As the guard reaches for his partner's gun, ... Bond can't get to him quick enough; the man turns with the gun as -

BANG!

He falls dead. The gun shakes in Q's hand. Traumatized.

Q is a killer now.

The sun invading fast -

BOND  
Sometimes a trigger has to be pulled.

He helps him into the shade. Sees a message appear on one of the Henchmen's phones: 'ARE THEY DEAD?' Bond types a reply... and pockets the phone.

BOND (CONT'D)  
(to Q)  
We've got to put an end to this place

Q  
...I think I know how.

The helicopter cuts through blue skies. Stockmann gestures at their surroundings:

STOCKMANN  
This isn't so bad, is it?

(CONTINUED)

He receives a message on his phone, reads it. He smiles. Then his face changes.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

I thought I would feel elated when it was over. But now... it feels a little empty. How's that for a patient requiring diagnosis, Doctor? I have got everything I wanted and yet... I miss the chase.

149 INT. CONTROL CENTRE, OBSERVATORY - DAY

149

The screens show updates of the attacks throughout the world. Other screens show potential new targets...

One of the Technicians hears a noise and turns to see the tessellated mirrors at the base of the 'telescope' ripple into a new configuration. His surprise and unease tells us this is not normal.

In seconds the mirrors have focused the sun's rays onto the COOLANT STORAGE VAT.

The Technician's eyes go wide.

150 EXT. OBSERVATORY - DAY

150

Bond and Q crouch behind the cell block, at a safe distance. They're near the helicopter launch pad.

Strange bright light is emanating from the control dome.

Q

By redirecting the light onto the cooling system, the computer will instantly overheat, causing a chain reaction.

BOND

And?

Q

Two possible outcomes. One, it will just short the place out.

BOND

And the second?

Q

Well it's complicated to explain, but if the system is overclocked to the extent I think it is -

KABOOM KABOOM KABOOM KABOOM!!!

(CONTINUED)

150 CONTINUED:

150

A MASSIVE WAVE OF EXPLOSIONS SWEEPS THE FLOOR OF THE CRATER - FOLLOWED BY A DEEP IMPLOSION OF ALL OF THE OBSERVATORY DOMES. THEY DISAPPEAR IN A HUGE STORM OF DUST.

A far bigger event than Q could ever have imagined.

BOND

I think I get it.

151 EXT. LONDON - DUSK

151

Establish. Rain falls hard. An aerial shot moves over the great city, the River Thames snaking through it like a cobra.

152 EXT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - DUSK (RAINING)

152

The new building gleams on the north bank of the Thames.

153 INT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - DUSK (RAINING)

153

We are with C as he walks through the central atrium. A buzz of expectation around the place as the final preparations are made.

Champagne bottles are being opened, glasses laid out on side tables.

A temporary curtain has been set up for the unveiling of a plaque. A small stage and a podium have been set up as well.

C

We're online at 8. Where is our benefactor?

AIDE

He's landed - just making that detour.

C

Splendid.

C nods, looks around the new building proudly.

C (CONT'D)

Amazing how fast history moves.

154 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - NIGHT (RAINING)

154

As if to illustrate C's point - the old MI-6 building sits, dark and forgotten, on the banks of the Thames.

High up, a windblown TARP clumsily hides the old scar of the giant explosion from view.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

154

Down on the river, a sleek BLACK LAUNCH pulls up at the shadowy quay at the base of the building.

Stockmann, Madeleine, Irma and HENCHMEN step out.

Waiting with a GIANT UMBRELLA - JENKINS, C's aide.

JENKINS

Welcome, Mister Stockmann.

155 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT (RAINING) 155

The door to the interior swings open. Stockmann looks around as if he's just bought the place. Looks up.

The vast empty shell. Belly blown out by the huge explosion from Skyfall.

JENKINS

Mister Denbigh was very touched that you wished to pay your respects to the dead in this private way.

Stockmann looks around the shadowy lobby. We see up through the middle of the chasm - A CONSTRUCTION ELEVATOR. Hanging cables and wires fringe the exposed doll's house rooms. Jagged concrete, twisted wire reinforcements, construction netting.

Amidst the dust and rubble, Stockmann sees the old MI-6 Memorial Wall. Those who have died in service of their country.

STOCKMANN

(to Jenkins)

That will be all.

Jenkins withdraws. Stockmann looks at the wall and reads:

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

'These brave souls. Who gave their lives to protect those who knew nothing of their sacrifice.' What a load of *shit*.

Then, to Irma:

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

You. Go down to the vaults. See if it's there. You have five minutes.

IRMA

Certainly Herr Stockmann.

Looking at Madeleine:

STOCKMANN

What do you think, my child? IS there a file? Or was he bluffing?

(He shakes his head)

I really don't know what I'll do to you if he was. Or for that matter, if he wasn't. You're in something of a pickle.

(He strokes her cheek)

The deals we do with Death when the chips are down.

Now he looks up. His eye settles on a floor halfway up the building where the damage is centred. A GANTRY extends to it from the elevator.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

Ah. The scene of the crime.

156 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING)

156

They get out of the elevator, cross the high gantry. Stockmann surveys the damage. The scars of a building blown apart from within - it's like standing inside a broken rib cage...

STOCKMANN

They couldn't even scrape together the money to rebuild it. This really is a third world country.

MADELEINE

You did this?

STOCKMANN

I'd love to claim credit. But it was my friend Mister Silva. I provided the money of course. I guess you could say I fanned the flames..

MADELEINE

No wonder my father stopped trusting you. You're just another small time criminal.

STOCKMANN

A reasonable diagnosis, Doctor Swann. But a partial one. I *am* a criminal. But certainly not *small time*.

He has moved to the tarp, and looks out over London.

OUTSIDE:

STOCKMANN LOOKING OUT OF M'S (JUDI'S) SHATTERED OFFICE...

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED:

117.

156

We see the lights of Whitehall in the distance...

CUT TO:

157 INT. M'S OFFICE, MI-6 OFFICES, WHITEHALL - NIGHT (RAINING) 157

In Whitehall, M looks around his office. It is empty. He holds a small box, with the remains of his belongings.

Then he remembers something, opens a drawer, and looks down.

CLOSE ON A MEDAL: GEORGE CROSS. AN SAS AWARD FOR GALLANTRY.

Moneypenny enters off camera.

MONEYPENNY

Are you ready sir?

M

Ready as I'll ever be.

A last look, then he pushes the drawer shut, leaving it.

He closes the door behind him.

158 INT. MI-6 OFFICES, WHITEHALL NIGHT (RAINING) 158

M stops in his tracks.

The entire staff of MI-6 is waiting for him. We see that they too are clearing their desks. They all stand in silence.

Tanner stands facing him.

M

Tanner.

TANNER

Sir.

M nods to one or two in acknowledgement. Dignity in defeat.

M

The French have a saying - it is the fate of glass to break. Well perhaps it is the fate of spies to disappear. But, with any luck - we leave something behind.

The gathered faces look back at him.

M (CONT'D)

Thank you all.

He walks through the room, and exits.

159 EXT. WHITEHALL, STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS (RAINING) 159

Money Penny and Tanner have followed, and now watch as M steps into a limousine.

The limousine pulls away fast.

MONEYPENNY  
Strange. That's not M's usual driver.

TANNER  
What do you mean?

MONEYPENNY  
Wrong number plate.

They look at each other.

TANNER  
Christ.

He pulls out his phone -

160 INT. M'S LIMOUSINE, TRAVELLING - NIGHT (RAINING) 160

The car speeds away, pressing M back in his seat.

M  
What the hell!

Bond is driving, meets his eyes in the mirror:

BOND  
Sorry about the job, Sir. Couldn't be helped.

M is shell-shocked but recovers quickly.

M  
This better be good, Bond.

BOND  
It's very good. I hope you enjoyed your retirement. But I'm afraid there's some unfinished business.

His phone RINGS.

BOND (CONT'D)  
Who's calling?

M  
Tanner.

BOND  
Tell him you'll meet him at Q branch.

And they roar onwards.

161 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, FILE VAULTS - NIGHT (RAINING) 161

The lights come on in the old vault, as Irma makes her way down the stairs.

The rows of shelves seem to stretch into infinity.

Close on Irma's feet as she walks amongst the shelves and begins to search...

162 INT. Q'S LAB, MI-6, EAST LONDON - NIGHT (RAINING) 162

Low light illuminates Q's lab.

Weapons lie on a table.

Bond is close to a large screen which shows a cross section of the new CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY.

He taps a spot high up in the building, looking at M.

BOND

Your job is to get Q into *there*.

Q is typing away at a laptop.

Q

(distractedly)

The Vertex - it's the terminal where the highest level data is output.

M

We have to stop the building going online. Otherwise Stockmann will have access to everything.

BOND

Just the opposite. We're going to let them turn it on... And then we're going to use it against him.

M

Against Stockmann?

BOND

Against his number two.

M

Who's that?

BOND

Le Chiffre was the money. Silva was his tech wizard. Guess who's his Security expert...

M looks at Bond, the dawning realisation...

(CONTINUED)



M

Denbigh. That *bastard*.

M takes his tie off. Bond has finished arming himself.

BOND

Come on now, Q, are we still blind?

Q hits a last key and something comes up on his own screen.

We see the map, with a blinking cursor next to Vauxhall Bridge on the south bank of the Thames. The phone belonging to Stockmann's henchman is now on the desk, plugged into Q's computer.

Q

Not perfect, but here's the phone's last appearance. Stockmann was on the south bank, but then the signal simply disappeared.

BOND

There's only one place that could be...

BOND AND Q

...The Faraday Cage.

M looks at them, catching up:

M

In the old building?

Q

That has to be it.

BOND

He's hiding right under our noses.

M

What are you going to do?

Bond makes a quick assessment. To M:

BOND

Have you still got your Section 6 aviation access?

M is beginning to understand where he's heading...

M

...Yes.

The door opens, Money Penny and Tanner come in. Bond gives Money Penny a special nod of acknowledgement.

BOND

What took you so long?

163 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT (RAINING) 163

The construction elevator touches down at ground level.

The doors open on Stockmann. Irma is facing him.

IRMA  
The file is gone.

STOCKMANN  
Oh, dear.

IRMA  
Well, what are we waiting for?

She racks her pistols and puts it to Madeleine's head.

STOCKMANN  
Stop.  
(Irma pauses)  
So perhaps he wasn't bluffing. Then  
who has it? What a conundrum. Keep  
her here. Alive.

He turns to go.

164 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 164

Madeleine watches from high up in the building as the black boat pulls out from the shadows at the base of MI-6, and heads off down river.

Irma steps behind her. Madeleine turns and stares at her with contempt.

IRMA  
Your father was a good foot soldier.  
Before he became a drunken coward and  
a liability.

MADELEINE  
I'd like to break your neck.

She points her pistol.

IRMA  
Why don't you try? I'm right here.

She laughs at Madeleine.

165 INT. CENTRE FOR NATIONAL SECURITY - NIGHT (RAINING) 165

The building is subtly lit, as befits the function. Ministers, Mandarins, senior military and police personnel, all in suits.

165 CONTINUED:

165

International figures, all the representatives of the Nine Eyes signatories are there too.

C looks over it all with satisfaction. Then he sees something and frowns.

Across the room. M, drink in hand, watches C approach.

C  
I have to say I'm surprised you took up the invitation.

M  
Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

C laughs. Almost in wonder:

C  
Our public schools breed such fervent masochists.

166 OMITTED

166

167 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING)

167

Madeleine is at the window. Wind blows. Rain drips in from the holes in the roof.

The tarp creaks inward with a gust of wind - momentarily cloaking her from Irma...

Noticing a broken metal strut from a window frame, she waits until Irma disappears from view again - then grabs it.

She prepares to strike. But as the tarp swings back, it reveals Irma - already close, and onto her.

Madeleine swings with the metal, but Irma shifts away, and punches her viciously in the stomach.

Madeleine slides back as she falls, dropping her weapon.

But she won't give up. She pulls herself to her feet, and suddenly - runs.

She makes it to a door, yanks it open - only to find that there is no floor on the other side!

A massive drop of three storeys. All the way to the ground floor.

She teeters on the edge, pulls herself back - only to be hauled back and thrown across the room.

She lands on the floor. Winded. Looks up at Irma with hatred. Spits blood.

(CONTINUED)

IRMA

You pathetic child.

Then both women become aware of A SOUND GROWING...

ROTORS. A helicopter approaching. Very close.

Irma draws aside the tarpaulin, and together the two women watch as a helicopter drops down RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM.

And then BRIGHT LIGHTS BLAST THE ROOM, the tarp blown inwards from the downdraft, the lights even brighter now.

Rain lashes in, Madeleine shields her eyes to the light. She cannot see him, but she knows who it is.

BOND.

168 EXT. HELICOPTER, THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING) 168

In the cockpit we see Bond at the controls, struggling against the conditions...

169 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - SAME TIME 169

Inside the building. The lights and noise keep on rising upwards.

Irma runs to the thin walkway leading to the construction elevator, calls down into the darkness.

IRMA

Get up here! Now!

170 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT (RAINING) 170

Swinging wildly in the wind, the helicopter sets down on a high roof of the building. Lights go off. Bond gets out into the pelting rain.

As he moves to the closest window - he sees a shadow on the other side. The window is kicked out. TWO MEN come out on to the roof to get him.

With no cover except the helicopter, Bond moves behind it. One of the men strafes it - hoping to blow it up. Bond won't be leaving in it, that's for sure.

They're getting closer. He's trapped.

Until he dives inside the smashed cockpit, flicks the lights back on - blinding them.

BLAM BLAM!

Two bullets take them down.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

James Bond strides forward from behind the lights.

Crosses the roof of the old MI-6 building and straight through the open window...

171 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 171

Now he's into the building. High up on a gantry.

He looks down, planning his attack.

Bond's POV: The massive building drops down into the darkness beneath him.

172 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING) 172

Speeches are being made. Stockmann is in the audience watching.

Up on the raised platform, C stands and watches the Home Secretary at the podium, addressing the crowd.

HOME SECRETARY

Ladies and gentlemen, today is an historic day marking a new era. A new era in international cooperation. A new era in advanced technology. A new era in national defence...

During this, ONE OF STOCKMANN'S MEN approaches. Leans down to whisper in his ear.

M watches him like a hawk from the sidelines...

HOME SECRETARY (CONT'D)

This extraordinary new building symbolizes everything this Government stands for...

Stockmann's face goes white with shock at what he has been told. Bond is alive.

And then, perhaps, the smallest of smiles: the chase is back on.

173 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, EXPLODED INTERIOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 173

High up in the building, the construction elevator is descending.

TWO HENCHMEN look up from a middle floor.

They ready their machine pistols...

The doors open and they start shooting. But no-one is inside.

(CONTINUED)

Confusion is replaced by the deadly certainty of Bond - standing on the roof of the elevator. Two shots and the two men are down.

BLAMBLAMBLAM!

Now bullets rain upwards from SOMEONE DOWN BELOW, sparking off the frame of the elevator. No time - Bond runs, leaps across a chasm to get to safety - gun in hand.

The men shoot from below. Bullets ricochet. They miss him.

Bond lands on the other side of the chasm. Turns, shoots upwards.

Boom! His bullets hit a skylight high up in the building.

The massive sheet of glass shatters and rains down on the men.

Shouts from down below - the men are ripped up by the glass. One looks up, face bloody...

Two more shots from Bond, and they both lie dead.

He looks to where Madeleine is... He's getting closer.

174 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

174

Applause. Back at the event, M is watching closely now as C comes to the microphone.

C

Thank you. Well, as you must all know by now, this great building was only made possible by an extraordinary donation from an extraordinary man. Step forward please, Mister Heinrich Stockmann.

A spotlight picks out Stockmann in the crowd. Triggering more applause.

Stockmann looks straight back at C, his face a mask. C senses something is wrong.

And M knows it too.

Stockmann curtly acknowledges the crowd.

But C has been thrown off his stride slightly...

C (CONT'D)

So. Finally tempted out of the shadows...

No reaction. C laughs weakly.

(CONTINUED)

C (CONT'D)

Mister Stockmann - Ernst, if I may -

C (CONT'D)

I wonder if we might call on you to  
take the system online?

STOCKMANN

Of course.

Applause as Stockmann makes his way up to the podium.

M has been watching him and waiting for this moment, and now  
his eyes flick up to the upper gantry. A nod.

From an internal walkway high in the building - Tanner nods  
back.

175 INT. CNS BUILDING, TECH AREA - NIGHT (RAINING)

175

Now Tanner turns to address the occupants of the room...

TANNER

Online in seconds.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

Five clean-cut ANALYSTS and C's aide Jenkins watch helplessly  
as Tanner stands with a contemptuous gun trained on them.

JENKINS

You'll be locked up for this Tanner.

TANNER

So shooting you won't make a blind  
bit of difference.

176 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

176

M watches as Stockmann reaches the small stage.

C leans in and addresses him urgently, under the noise of the  
applause.

C

(sotto voce to Stockmann)  
What's wrong? What's going on?

Stockmann smiles at C, and, almost pleased..

STOCKMANN

He's alive.

C is struck dumb. Stockmann turns, suddenly smiling.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

(to the crowd)

Well, I'll do my best, but I have to warn you - I'm terrible with technology.

Laughter.

Stockmann presses a button.

LIGHT STARTS TO PULSE SILENTLY UP THE MESH OF FIBRE OPTICS WITHIN THE GLASS CORE. In an instant, data is streaming across screens around the room.

177 INT. CNS BUILDING, TECH AREA - SAME TIME

177

Back up in the upper area, Q's screen suddenly comes alive.

Q

On-line. We're in.

Tanner watches as Q's hands move across the keys like lightning. The screen flows with data.

INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT. (RAINING)

Stockmann walks past C back into the audience. As he goes:

STOCKMANN

(under his breath)

If he exposes me, you're dead.

And he steps off the podium and starts to make his way towards the exit. C is trying not to be put off his stride.

C

So now, perhaps, a little demonstration...

Now we see Moneypenny on the other side of the room. She has been waiting for this moment. She follows Stockmann, staying at a distance.

178 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, EXPLODED INTERIOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 178

Bond in the shadows. Listening.

The sound of the elevator again. This time, rising.

179 INT. OLD MI6 BUILDING, STAIRWELL - NIGHT (RAINING)

179

Unknown to Bond, we see the DARK FIGURE OF A HENCHMAN climbing the stairs...



180 INT. OLD MI6 BUILDING, EXPLODED INTERIOR - NIGHT (RAINING) 180

Back with Bond, as he looks out from the shadows.

His POV: the semi-obscured outline of ANOTHER HENCHMAN riding up in the elevator.

Now Bond steps out, aims at the elevator cable.

BLAMBLAMBLAM! He shoots at the cable. It shreds... but it doesn't break -

Suddenly, behind Bond, we see the door to the stairwell open, and a man in the doorway!

The man shoots, misses. Quick as a flash, Bond spins round and kills him with a single shot -

But now he has his back to the elevator door - and it's just opening...

Bond is revealed to the gunman inside who has his gun pointed right at him.

Bond holds up his hands. Surrender.

BOND

You got me.

Bond turns, hands over his head. Then, without breaking pose - BANG! - he fires a single shot. It severs the cable.

A split second while the man realises what is going to happen. And then he plummets four storeys to his death.

BOND (CONT'D)

(watching his descent)

Going down...

A shuddering crash at the base of the elevator echoes round the empty space.

Now, higher up in the building, Bond sees the shadow of a woman. Irma's silhouette.

Bond starts off, moving slowly, wary, passing through the chiaroscuro ruin, the cascading water, on his way to the high gantry...

Only the high gantry is between him, and his goal...

181 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING) 181

The lights of the central cable still pulse and glow.

The screen behind C has come to life. Clearly a pre-planned presentation:

(CONTINUED)

C  
(analysing data on screen,  
off the cuff)  
...so from the presence of your  
cellphones, cross-referenced with  
your credit card details, and other  
records, I can tell you that ...seven  
of you woke up in a different country  
this morning. One person actually  
travelled here by public transport!

Laughs from the audience.

182 INT. CNS BUILDING - TECH AREA - NIGHT (RAINING) 182

Tanner watches from the higher floor.

Now he turns back to Q, waiting at his laptop.

TANNER

Now.

Q punches a key on the keyboard.

183 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING) 183

Down in the main room, the graphics on the screen change.

C looks at it, slightly puzzled.

C

Ah, this doesn't seem to be...

From the crowd, a familiar voice - like a good-natured  
audience member playing along with the act:

M

Fascinating stuff. Those charts up  
behind you now. What do they  
represent?

C finds himself staring at a morphing 'organism' of data  
throbbing on the screen; different connections grow,  
solidify.

C presses his remote. The screen continues to fill with data.  
He turns to face the audience.

C

Wrong page. Teething problems. How  
predictable.

A name is now written in capitals at the head of the page:  
BRUCE DENBIGH.

C turns, and realises that he is looking at his OWN DATA.

(CONTINUED)

C (CONT'D)

Well, I - This wasn't...

M

Ah yes, I think I see. What we're looking at, ladies and gentlemen, is the digital profile of a man embedded in a network of international terrorism. Here, for example, secret funds transferred between in Swiss bank accounts between you and Mister Stockmann.

M starts to move towards the stage. C is frozen. More data on the screen.

M (CONT'D)

Just ten days ago the two of you met in a restaurant in Rome. With you was Sciarra - The Mexico City bomber.

M is now standing next to C on stage. More data.

M (CONT'D)

(pointing at the screen)

One month ago, Mister Denbigh and Mister Stockmann at the Mount Nelson Hotel in Cape Town. Who were they meeting?

On the screen, a video of a man walking through the Hotel lobby. Words on screen: "terror bomb suspect". Murmurs of unease in the room.

M (CONT'D)

It seems you really can tell everything from properly analysed data.

M is right next to him now...

M (CONT'D)

(sotto voce to C)  
Now at least we know what C stands for.

184 EXT. CNS BUILDING, QUAY - NIGHT (RAINING)

184

A thunderstorm has begun. The rain is torrential now.

Moneypenny has followed Stockmann down to the exit.

We see her POV: Stockmann and ONE HENCHMAN are heading towards the Black Launch.

And as before, the rest of his Men are making for the Rib.

(CONTINUED)

MONEYPENNY

(into the phone)

Tanner - they're heading for the boats.

TANNER

Call Bond. If you can't get through to him it means he's still in the building.

MONEYPENNY

And what happens then?

TANNER

Take them down.

Money Penny moves off through the rain. She takes out her gun.

185 INT. CNS BUILDING, TECH AREA - SAME TIME

185

Tanner is on the other end of the call.

TANNER

Q - get road blocks up. Keep people away from the river.

Across the room, Q attacks his keyboard with renewed vigour.

186 INT. CNS BUILDING, MAIN ATRIUM - NIGHT (RAINING)

186

C

(to M)

You have no power here.

SEVERAL of the men in the audience are HIGH RANKING POLICEMEN. They start moving to the front...

M

No. But *they* do.

C knows the game's up.

C

(quiet)

Come on M. One man can't sweep back the tide.

M

Who says I'm alone?

187 INT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING, M'S FLOOR - NIGHT (RAINING)

187

Thunder rumbles in the darkness as Bond stealthily tracks Irma across the gantry.

(CONTINUED)

Sudden flashes of lightning illuminate the huge drops on either side. But he is getting closer.

Bond finds cover behind some construction machinery.

He looks up ahead into the near darkness. A flash of lightning reveals Irma, gun drawn. Briefly silhouetted against the gaping hole. The rain behind her.

She has her gun to someone's head. But Bond's view is obscured. He cranes his neck to see: Madeleine. She is knelt against the back wall, below the windows. She is CHAINED and GAGGED.

He looks... realises he is crouched next to a DIGGER.

He looks around, thinking.

Irma is crouching. She is unchaining Madeleine. She puts the gun to Madeleine's head. Presses it hard.

IRMA  
(a harsh whisper)  
One sound and you're dead.

She unlocks the chains. They look around in the gloom. No sound except the dripping of the rain water.

In the silence, Irma starts to push Madeleine across the room at gunpoint.

When suddenly...

BOOM!!

The digger slams through the wall. Screaming straight towards them.

And now Irma makes a decision. A suicidal one. She runs flat out, and pushes Madeleine through the door she nearly fell from earlier - takes a huge leap.

And the two of them go flying out into darkness.

BOND  
No!

Bond leaps from the digger, reaches the door, too late.

Only now, looking down, another flash of lightning illuminates something - the two women are caught on SAFETY NETTING two storeys below.

But their weight is causing the netting to shred on a jagged edge... Madeleine reaches out for some dangling wires... fingers just missing... Irma clings to her.

Bond leaps down some crumbling stairs to try to help.

Madeleine and Irma struggle ... the net unravelling...

Bond grabs the netting just as it gives way on one side - now he is holding the weight of both of them.

Madeleine scrambles toward him, kicks Irma away and with that leverage manages to grab the wires above - as Bond lets go of the net.

And Irma disappears down, down... into the depths of the building.

Madeleine swings on the wires. She lets go.

Lands safely - in Bond's arms.

BOND (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

MADELEINE  
No!!

She pummels him in the chest with both fists.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)  
I thought you were dead!

BOND  
I'm sorry to disappoint you, Doctor.

They kiss.

188 EXT. CNS BUILDING, QUAY/RIVER THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING) 188

The rain pours down. Moneypenny is trying to contact Bond. The call won't go through - he's still out of range.

MONEYPENNY  
(into the phone)  
Come on, come on...

Stockmann's boat starts up its engines. The rib follows close behind...

They start away.

Moneypenny realises what she has to do. She breaks out into a run...

Gets out her gun as she runs. Stops. Braces herself. Aims...

Shoots through the rain and darkness. The bullet skims the edge of the trailing rib.

188 CONTINUED:

188

One of the men notices, looks back, readies his gun - the others notice too - three of them about to fire at her - she takes quick aim, shoots again - direct shot into their FUEL TANK.

KABOOM! A HUGE EXPLOSION. Four men taken out in one fell swoop. Money Penny flinches at the explosion.

AN ANGRY ENVELOPE OF FLAME rises up -

189 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - NIGHT - SAME TIME

189

The RUMBLE of the explosion is heard by Bond and Madeleine as they leave the building.

190 EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING)

190

Stockmann and his Henchman respond. Exchange gunfire.

Now they abandon the boat. They run up onto the bank, where a CAR awaits.

Money Penny fires a couple of shots in vain, and hits the Henchman! He drops onto the pavement.

STOCKMANN

(to himself)

If you want something done...

Now he guns the engine and accelerates away. The car speeds off into the rain.

Money Penny reaches for her phone.

191 EXT. OLD MI-6 BUILDING - NIGHT (RAINING)

191

Bond and Madeleine have reached the bottom of a stairway. They open a door, and head out into the street.

Bond takes out his phone. Hits the speed dial.

BOND

Money Penny?

192 EXT. RIVER THAMES - NIGHT (RAINING) - INTERCUT:

192

Money Penny answers.

MONEYPENNY

Bond! Thank God! Stockmann... He's heading towards you.

BOND

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

135.

192

MONEYPENNY

There are roadblocks. He can only cross the river at Westminster Bridge.

193 EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE OLD MI6 BUILDING - NIGHT (RAINING)

193

BOND

How many men with him?

MONEYPENNY

None. Not now.

BOND

What happened to them?

MONEYPENNY

Turns out I'm not such a bad shot after all.

Bond smiles. Hangs up. Turns to Madeleine.

BOND

Do you trust me?

MADELEINE

Yes.

BOND

Will you wait for me?

MADELEINE

You know I will.

Madeleine looks at him.

And suddenly, he runs...

194 OMITTED

194

194A EXT. NORTH EMBANKMENT - NIGHT (RAINING)

194A

Stockmann's car speeds along the north bank, through the rain.

He is approaching the bridge.

194B EXT SOUTH EMBANKMENT - NIGHT (RAINING)

194B

Bond eyes are set, as he runs through the rain.



195 EXT. NORTH EMBANKMENT/WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT (RAINING) 195

Stockmann sees the roadblock outside the Houses of Parliament.

Turns his car onto the bridge.

196 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - SAME TIME 196

Bond runs up onto the bridge. Slows.

197 OMITTED 197

197A EXT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - NIGHT (RAINING) 197A

Stockmann drives onto the bridge.

Sees a figure step out into the rain ahead of him.

Bond.

He slows down. Stops. Steps out of the car.

198 EXT. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE - SAME TIME 198

The rain lashes down, the two men walk toward each other, Bond without his gun, hands down by his side, Stockmann with machine pistol raised, feeling he has the advantage. They stop.

STOCKMANN

I wish I could say that I planned it this way, but I'd be lying. I didn't...

BOND

I did.

STOCKMANN

I see. So is this how you wanted it, just you, me and the moonlight? What do you think our therapist friend would say about this?

BOND

She'd say kill the bastard.

Stockmann chuckles.

STOCKMANN

How? With your bare hands?

Stockmann raises the machine pistol.

(CONTINUED)

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

You know what I think? I think this is the way you always wanted it.

He looks up to the skies, nodding thanks to the heavens.

STOCKMANN (CONT'D)

You see, Mister Bond? It was written in the stars all along.

Bond looks at him.

BOND

You want a bet on that?

Stockmann's ears prick up.

STOCKMANN

A bet Mister Bond?

BOND

You see, I've got Walther PPK 9mm in this pocket, and there's three bullets in it. I'm thinking I can draw it before you can pull that trigger. And now you're thinking it too. Aren't you?

Stockmann is compelled, thrilled by this..

STOCKMANN

Even now still bluffing?

Now we see M, getting out of a car at the far end of the bridge. Watching in the rain. Money penny behind him...

BOND

You don't believe me? Then go on. All you've got to do is pull the trigger. Or are you too scared? Too weak? Or maybe you would just *miss* me.

Stockmann smiles.

STOCKMANN

Oh I don't think I'll *miss* you, Mister Bond. Not from here..

Bond smiles grimly back.

BOND

He talked about you all the time.

Stockmann is hooked, even though he wants to shoot him. And Bond is edging forward.

BOND (CONT'D)

He wasn't disappointed with you. He blamed himself for your illness.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOND (CONT'D)

He loved you. He never stopped loving  
you, right til the end.

Stockmann is breathing heavily now, staring at Bond. Gripped.

BOND (CONT'D)

But you killed him. Didn't you...

(Then)

Brother..

Stockmann is momentarily thrown by the word. The tip of the machine pistol lowers almost imperceptibly. In that split second, Bond pulls out the PPK and pumps two bullets in Stockmann's chest, as Stockmann simultaneously puts one in Bond's shoulder. Bond barely flinches. Doesn't blink.

Stockmann staggers back, releases a dumb volley of bullets into the night air. Drops to his knees amid the shell cases. His chest pouring blood. On his side, he arcs around and blindly aims the pistol where Bond was-----

But now Bond is ABOVE HIM, stands on his wrist. Stockmann looks up in anguish as Bond towers over him.

BOND (CONT'D)

By the way, it wasn't a pair of  
threes... It was a pair of twos.

He aims the gun at Stockmann's head.

BOND (CONT'D)

Sorry chum. You lose again...

Stockmann looks up at him...

STOCKMANN

But... *You're my little brother.*

Bond doesn't blink.

BOND

I never had a family.

Bond pumps a single slug into Stockmann's forehead, killing him instantly.

Bond looks down. Thunder rumbles.

He takes a handkerchief from the other pocket, removes his jacket and staunches the blood from his shoulder.

Dead eyes stare up at Bond, the rain, the dark clouds above.

From one end of the bridge M stands sentinel. An honourable, upright figure in the London rain.

Bond looks at M. Turns and looks down river, at the London sky.

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED: (3)

198

He turns the PPK in his hand. He looks at it for a moment - a last moment - and then...

He throws it into the river.

And walks towards Madeleine.

M watches him go.

When he reaches her.

MADELEINE

Are you okay?

BOND

I'm fine.

MADELEINE

(re: the gun)

Why did you do that?

He looks back at the river.

BOND

It was weighing me down.

And now they begin to walk away..

A wide shot, getting wider. Pulling back as they walk.

Away from M. Away from the Bridge. Away from London.

Away...

FADE TO BLACK:

199-200 OMITTED

199-200

201 EXT. EAST END - DAWN - A WEEK LATER

201

A black cat walks across an East End cobbled street. Rubs up against the leg of a figure dressed in black.

The FIGURE is breaking into a lock up.

The man breaks the lock, slides back a garage door...

202 INT. ELEVATOR/Q'S MECHANICAL WORKSHOP, MI-6, EAST END - DAWN 202

Inside the workshop, a dark freight elevator descends.

It stops. Doors open.

To reveal James Bond, lit by a single naked bulb. Smartly dressed once more. He steps out.

(CONTINUED)

We realize that we're in Q's vehicle workshop. Bond's footsteps echo in the dark chamber.

Suddenly, all the lights come on. And there, looking back at Bond, is Q. A little older. A little wiser.

A beat while Q registers who it is.

Q  
Bond? What the hell are you doing?

BOND  
Morning, Q.

Q  
I thought you'd gone.

BOND  
I have.

Bond looks at Q...

BOND (CONT'D)  
There's just one thing I need.

Q looks at him. Bond looks back. And Q knows.

Now we might hear the distant strains of the Bond Theme...

Q smiles. Shakes his head.

Throws the KEYS across the room to him.

Bond reaches out. Catches them.

BOND (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
Thank you.

203 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAWN

203

A series of close ups:

A hand turns the key in the ignition.

A rev counter bursts to life. AN ENGINE THROBS.

A clutch is depressed.

A gear stick is slammed forward.

Now we see Bond in the front seat. He turns and looks.

Madeleine in the passenger seat. She smiles back -

MADELEINE  
Where will we go, James?

(CONTINUED)

BOND

I've got a couple of ideas up my  
sleeve. After all..

(He smiles at her.)

We have all the time in the world.

JAMES BOND HITS THE ACCELERATOR...

WHEELS SPIN...

...AND THE ASTON MARTIN DB5 ROARS AWAY.

TAKING THEM SOMEWHERE...

ANYWHERE...

TOGETHER.

\*

Elizabeth Cantillon - 085  
Steven O'Dell