

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

by

TOM MANKIEWICZ

EON PRODUCTIONS LTD.

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

(Revised First Draft - TM)

- A. PRE-TITLE SEQUENCE in which Bond kills Blofeld
- B. MAIN TITLES - WE DISSOLVE TO:
  - 1 INT. OUTER OFFICE - DIAMOND SYNDICATE BLDG. - LONDON - DAY

CLOSE ON several rows of diamond replicas in a case, glistening in the reflected light. WE PULL BACK, revealing the imposing corridor leading to the outer office of Sir Donald Munger. M and BOND walk by cases containing diamond replicas. M is in the process of giving a short lecture to the disinterested BOND.

M

(droning on)

The Star of South Africa, 83.5 carats rough, 47.5 carats cut, the Akbar Shah, 116 carats rough...are you paying attention, Double-O-Seven?

BOND

The Akbar Shah, 116 carats rough. But surely, sir, there's no need for pulling in our section on relatively simple smuggling matter....

M

Sir Donald has convinced the P.M. otherwise.

(pause)

May I remind you, Blofeld is dead, Double-O-Seven. It's finished. The very least we can expect from you now is a little plain, solid work.

They have reached the door to Sir Donald's office. A MALE SECRETARY appears.

MALE SECRETARY

Good morning, gentlemen. Sir Donald will see you now.

He ushers them through a large, oak-panelled door marked: DIAMOND SYNDICATE - CHAIRMAN, closing it behind them.

- 2 INT. SIR DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

Elegantly furnished. SIR DONALD MUNGER, a distinguished and middle-aged gentleman, rises from behind his imposing desk. He has clearly met M before.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

M

Good afternoon, Sir Donald. This is Commander Bond.

SIR DONALD

Commander. Do sit down.

M sits in armchair facing desk. BOND stands. SIR DONALD crosses to an array of decanters.

SIR DONALD

Sherry?

M

Thank you, no. Doctor's orders.

SIR DONALD

Commander Bond?

BOND

Thank you.

SIR DONALD

(pouring)

I understand you've been on holiday, Commander. Relaxing, I hope.

BOND

(taking the glass)

Hardly relaxing, but most satisfying. Cheers.

(he sips expertly,  
turns to M)

Pity about your liver, sir. It's an unusually fine Solera. '51 I believe.

BOND sits, exchanges glance with M, irritated at Bond's winesmanship. SIR DONALD watches, smiles:

SIR DONALD

Precisely. Tell me, Commander, how far does your expertise extend in the field of diamonds?

BOND

Hardest substance found in nature. They cut glass, suggest marriage and supposedly replace the dog as a girl's best friend. That's about it.

M

Refreshing to hear there's one subject you're not an expert on.

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED - 2

SIR DONALD  
(conscious of edge  
between them)

Yes. Well then. Let me give you  
a brief background on our problem.  
Eighty per cent of the world's  
diamonds come from South African mines....

SIR DONALD'S VOICE continues over ensuing African scenes.

3 INT. UNDERGROUND DIAMOND MINE - DAY

MINERS loosen clay using picks, drills, etc. Others load  
chunks of it into carts. GUARD in f. g. watches closely.

SIR DONALD'S VOICE  
Most are dug out of shafts of diamond-  
bearing clay at depths of up to three  
thousand feet. The whole process, from  
start to finish, operates under an  
airtight security system....

CAMERA CLOSES IN on MINER who has just shattered chunk of  
clay with his pick. He looks around, sees GUARD'S BACK is  
momentarily turned. MINER deftly palms pebble-like rough  
diamond from among clay pieces.

4 INT. SHED - MOVING BELT - DAY

Chunks of clay on belt bringing them to crusher.

5 INT. SHED - ANOTHER MOVING BELT - DAY

Crushed clay carried to diamond recovery table. An oily  
substance makes diamonds stick to surface while rest of  
material moves on.

SIR DONALD'S VOICE  
It's a necessary precaution, even  
though the industry prides itself on  
the loyalty and devotion of its workers....

WORKERS rake in residue of diamonds. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE  
on WORKER who quickly palms diamond, coughs, puts hand to  
mouth, appearing to swallow the diamond.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

SIR DONALD'S VOICE  
Naturally, the security measures  
tend to insure that loyalty. As do  
the extensive amenities and social  
services we provide.

6 EXT. HOSPITAL BUILDING - DAY

WORKERS and PERSONNEL entering and leaving.

SIR DONALD'S VOICE  
There is a permanent staff of doctors,  
nurses, even dentists....

7 INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY - PATIENT IN CHAIR

The DENTIST stands over MINER we saw palm diamond. DENTIST  
goes into miner's mouth with forceps, comes out with small,  
glittering, rough diamond, holds it up to dental spotlight,  
nods, opens lid of his instrument sterilizer, drops the  
diamond in.

8 INSERT - STERILIZER - DAY

Instruments in bubbling water. Visible at bottom are other  
diamonds of varying sizes.

9 BACK TO SCENE

The DENTIST takes a piece of white paper, flattens several  
banknotes on top of it, lays two aspirin tablets on notes,  
then makes a twist, hands it to MINER.

DENTIST

Next.

As MINER leaves, other MINER we saw steal diamonds enters,  
sits down, grins, opens wide. DENTIST removes grin by taking  
teeth out, tips them over sterilizer. A dozen diamonds drop.

10 EXT. VELDT - GREAT THORNBUSH - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT: A scorpion and a beetle - the scorpion circles  
its prey. The beetle frantically tries to scramble away, but  
is constantly cut off by the scorpion. CAMERA PULLS BACK to

CONTINUED

## 10 CONTINUED

reveal WINT and KIDD squatting at the foot of a huge thornbush. Though not particularly muscular or athletic, WINT and KIDD look highly sinister. WINT is older and pudgier than KIDD. They watch the fight with a strange, gleeful absorption.

KIDD

Mother Nature's finest killer,  
Mr. Wint.

WINT

You're never too old to learn from  
a master, Mr. Kidd.

## 11 CLOSE ON SCORPION AND BEETLE

The scorpion moves in suddenly, strikes with its tail, kills the beetle. From o.s. SOUND of motorcycle approaching. A small vial comes into frame; a rubber-gloved pair of fingers manipulates the scorpion into the vial. A cork is inserted in the open end.

## 12 ANOTHER ANGLE - THORNBUSH - NIGHT

DENTIST stops motorcycle, cuts motor, dismounts. DENTIST takes flashlight from saddlebag, hears noise, turns anxiously, pointing flashlight at noise.

## 13 WIDER ANGLE

WINT and KIDD approach the wary DENTIST. KIDD holds his jaw uncomfortably.

WINT

Doctor Tynan. Good evening.

DENTIST

Who are you? Where's....

WINT

Joe can't make it tonight. I'm  
Mr. Wint. This is Mr. Kidd.

WINT holds up small, black tin box with handle. DENTIST relaxes, starts unscrewing dummy exhaust pipe, removes long plastic pouch, drops it into Wint's open black box. KIDD holds jaw, groans:

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

DENTIST

What's the matter with him?

KIDD

I hope it's not my wisdom teeth.  
I haven't had them out yet. Would  
you mind, Doctor?

DENTIST

(shining flashlight)

Let's have a look. Open wide...  
wider.

14 CLOSE ON DENTIST

He peers into KIDD'S mouth, leans over. A hand comes into  
frame, pulls back on his collar:

The vial is shaken into back of collar -- the scorpion  
wriggles down DENTIST'S neck. DENTIST screams, falls.  
WINT and KIDD look down at him:

KIDD

Curious how anyone who touches  
those diamonds seems to die,  
Mr. Wint.

O.S. SOUND of helicopter approaching.

WINT

Most curious, Mr. Kidd. Perhaps  
they're infected.

KIDD picks up DENTIST'S flashlight, signals.

15 EXT. SKY - HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter lands. The blades continue to rotate slowly,  
ready for a quick take-off.

16 ANOTHER ANGLE

WINT and KIDD approach from bushes. PILOT in cockpit draws  
a gun.

PILOT

Stop right there. Who are you?

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

WINT  
Doctor Tynan sent us.

PILOT  
Why didn't he come himself?

KIDD  
He was taken sick.

WINT  
Bitten by the bug. He gave us  
this for you.  
(holds out tin box)

PILOT takes box, revs engine, takes off. WINT and KIDD stand motionless, watching with solemn expressions.

17 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The helicopter climbing.

18 BACK TO WINT AND KIDD

still solemnly looking after helicopter rising away. It suddenly explodes. Flaming pieces fall.

19 BACK TO WINT AND KIDD

KIDD  
If God had wanted man to fly,  
Mr. Wint....

WINT  
He would have given him wings,  
Mr. Kidd.

WINT holds black tin box, takes KIDD'S hand. They walk off slowly through the burning wreckage.

20 EXT. VILLAGE ON VELDT - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Playground in front of an obvious Mission building. MRS. WHISTLER, a silver-haired grandmotherly lady, supervises group of black children at play. A BOY approaches her from o.s. -- says something, gestures back at Mission building.



21 INT. MISSION HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - DAY

MRS. WHISTLER enters. Her face lights up with pleasure.

MRS. WHISTLER

How very nice to see you again.

CAMERA TAKES IN WINT and KIDD, seated together on the sofa, very upright, hands clasped round knees, all prim and proper. They smile warmly at her.

22 CLOSE ON MRS. WHISTLER

She crosses to bookcase, gets down an old leather-covered Bible, crosses back to rocking chair with it, sits down, opens it. WINT crosses to her, taking out the long, plastic diamond pouch.

23 INSERT - THE OPEN BIBLE

We see it is hollow inside.

24 BACK TO WIDER ANGLE

WINT dangles pouch over Bible, smiles as MRS. WHISTLER rocks away in her chair:

WINT

Ask and ye shall receive, Mrs. Whistler.

He drops pouch into Bible. She snaps it shut.

MRS. WHISTLER

Thus endeth the lesson for today, gentlemen. Where to this time?

KIDD

(taking out airline ticket)  
Amsterdam.

MRS. WHISTLER

(radiant)

How lovely. I'll have to bring back some pictures of the canals for the children.

WIPE TO

25 INT. SIR DONALD'S OFFICE - DAY

SIR DONALD stands by the window. M and BOND sit.

SIR DONALD

Of course, no security system is perfect. We've always allowed for a percentage of smuggling. But over the last two years, despite all precautions, it's gone up alarmingly. Even more alarming is that none of the diamonds have found their way back on the market.

M

(to BOND)

Sir Donald thinks someone's stockpiling them.

SIR DONALD

I should explain, Commander, that our job at the Syndicate is to control the supply of diamonds going on sale here at any given time. What concerns us is the possibility of someone either dumping these diamonds on the market to depress prices, or....

BOND

Making you agree to perpetual blackmail.

SIR DONALD

Exactly. We need to know who the stockpilers are.

M

And immediately. If they shut down their operation before we discover them....

SIR DONALD

It would be catastrophic for ourselves and the Government.

BOND

(smiling)

Well I've always rather fancied a trip to South Africa.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

M

You're going to Holland.

(BOND'S face

falls)

For some time now, we've had our eye on a professional smuggler by the name of Peter Franks. He's about to leave for Amsterdam. Sir Donald and I want you to take his place.

BOND

Do we know his contact there?

M

(tolerantly)

We do function in your absence, Commander.

26 CLOSE SHOT - PETER FRANKS - DRIVING - DAY

PETER FRANKS is a handsome man, about Bond's age and build, quite nattily dressed. He slows down his sportscar, turns.

27 EXT. SOUTHAMPTON - HOVERCRAFT DOCK - DAY

FRANKS stops his car in front of barrier marked PASSPORT CONTROL. He hands his passport to an official in Kiosk who glances at it, hands it back.

OFFICIAL

(friendly)

Ah, Mr. Franks. There's a message for you in Passport Control. That door there.

FRANKS puts car in reverse, shoots back, parks it near door indicated. CAMERA PANS after him as he gets out, crosses to door marked "PASSPORT CONTROL", enters. CAMERA HOLDS on door which opens after a beat. IMMIGRATION LADY comes out holding passport, crosses back to Franks' car. BOND is now sitting behind steering wheel. IMMIGRATION LADY hands him passport: MISS MONEYPENNY in uniform.

MONEYPENNY

(all business)

Your passport, Mr. Franks. Ah! quite in order.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

BOND

(seductively)

Seeing you in that uniform would discourage anyone from leaving the country, Money Penny.

(reaches out - pats her on the behind)

What can I bring you from Holland?

MONEYPENNY

A diamond -- in a ring.

BOND

Will you settle for a tulip?

He revs car, drives it onto Hovercraft. MONEYPENNY looks after him wistfully.

MONEYPENNY

Yes.

28 EXT. AMSTERDAM - DAY

From the air. Old cathedral spires, steeply sloping tile roofs, the glint of water off the canals. CAMERA PICKS UP a police launch speeding down one of the main canals. It heads for another launch moored in the middle of the canal near a bridge.

29 EXT. MOORED LAUNCH ON CANAL - DAY

A great deal of activity on deck. POLICEMEN are hauling something alongside.

30 CLOSE SHOT - BODY IN CANAL

Hands and hooks reach out for floating body: MRS. WHISTLER.

31 EXT. BRIDGE - WINT AND KIDD

They watch the activity like two casual tourists. WINT holds a camera, snaps pictures of body being hauled aboard.

WINT

Mrs. Whistler did want some pictures of the canals for the children.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

KIDD

How kind of you, Mr. Wint. They'll  
be so thrilled.

KIDD takes WINT'S hand. They stroll leisurely off bridge.  
CAMERA PANS to pick up Peter Franks' sportscar speeding  
along the side of the canal.

32 EXT. TOWNHOUSE - AMSTERDAM - DAY

A four-floor 17th Century townhouse divided into apartments.  
Parallel to the front is a concrete staircase with steps  
running up to an entrance landing. Windows of flats facing  
front overlook street and canal behind it. Parked cars at  
canal's edge. BOND drives up in Franks' sportscar.

33 EXT. PARKING SPACE ON CANAL - DAY

BOND parks Franks' car, gets out, crosses street to  
apartment house.

34 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

BOND looks over the tenants' names beside their bell-pushers.

35 INSERT SHOT

One card bearing the number 8 and the name "T. Case."

36 BACK TO BOND

He presses the bell and waits:

VOICE OVER SPEAKER

(unidentifiable;  
in Dutch)

Who is it?

BOND

(into mesh)

Peter Franks.

VOICE

(in English)

Come up.

Buzzer sounds, lock clicks, BOND opens door, enters.

37 INT. APT. HOUSE - FOURTH FLOOR - DAY

BOND exits old-fashioned lift, slides the grille doors shut behind him, crosses to door marked 8. He is about to ring, sees door is slightly open. BOND pushes door open, enters small foyer, glances across living-room.

38 CLOSE ON GIRL - BOND'S POINT OF VIEW

Shapely, nude, blonde girl disappears from living room.

GIRL (o.s.)

Make yourself at home. I'll be out in a minute.

39 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

BOND enters. The room is in perfect and stylish taste, decorated lushly enough so that a gleaming chandelier doesn't seem out of place. BOND takes out his gunmetal cigarette case, immediately begins casing the room:

BOND

Mind if I smoke?

GIRL (o.s.)

Not if it's tobacco. Help yourself to a drink.

BOND crosses to the drink trolley, pours himself a Scotch. He checks the ice bucket. Empty. He lights a cigarette.

BOND

Mr. Case not at home?

40 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

As lush as the living room, with four-poster bed. The girl is now in black panties, fastens black bra behind her. She stands in front of vanity table on which we see a multitude of bottles, jars, hair sprays, etc.

GIRL

(calling out)

There is no Mr. Case. The T. is for Tiffany.

BOND'S VOICE

Tiffany Case. Definitely distinctive.

\* al #04909

41 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

TIFFANY (o.s.)  
I was born there. On the first floor while my mother was looking for a wedding ring.

BOND  
I'm glad for your sake it wasn't Van Cleef and Arpels.

TIFFANY appears at door, now wearing a dark wig. She and BOND exchange mutually appreciative looks.

BOND  
Weren't you a blonde when I came in?

TIFFANY  
Could be.

BOND  
I tend to notice little things like that -- whether a girl's blonde or brunette.

TIFFANY  
And which do you prefer.

BOND  
Provided the collars and cuffs match...

TIFFANY  
In my case you'll have to be satisfied with a good guess.  
(cold pause, sees his drink)  
I'll get you some ice.

She takes his glass, quickly heads back through bedroom door.

42 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

TIFFANY sits at vanity table, puts glass down, picks up can of hair spray, sprays glass. Powder comes out, covering it. Polaroid Camera with large lens sits nearby. She picks it up, snaps a picture of glass.

43 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

BOND continues casing room, discreetly opens desk drawer, riffling through contents hears a sound, swings around. TIFFANY enters through another door dressed in something short and see-through. She has Bond's drink, ice now in glass, hands it to him.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

BOND

That's quite a nice little nothing  
you're almost wearing. I approve.

TIFFANY

I don't dress for the hired help.  
Let's see your passport, Franks.

BOND hands it to her.

44 INSERT SHOT - PASSPORT

Made out to Peter Franks with Bond's picture in it.

45 BACK TO SCENE

TIFFANY

(closing passport)

Occupation -- Transport Consultant.

That's a little cute, isn't it?

(hands it back  
to Bond)

I'll finish dressing.

BOND

(the perfect  
gentleman)

Please don't on my account.

She withers him with a look, goes back into the bedroom.

46 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

TIFFANY removes photo from Polaroid, crosses with it to closet,  
opens the door.

47 INT. CLOSET - DAY

TIFFANY turns on light, swishes back the hanging clothes,  
revealing two large glass viewers. She presses button, light-  
ing one viewer.

48 INSERT - FIRST VIEWER

A large blow-up of fingerprints, clearly marked: PETER FRANKS.



49 BACK TO TIFFANY

She puts BOND'S fingerprint slide into other viewer, lights it.

50 INSERT - THE TWO VIEWERS

The two fingerprint slides are identical.

51 BACK TO LIVING ROOM

BOND nurses his drink, examines glass with half-smile. TIFFANY reappears, wearing a chic cocktail dress. Her hair is now red.

BOND

I don't care too much for redheads.  
Terrible tempers. But somehow it  
suits you.

TIFFANY

It's my own.

BOND

It's in need of soft lighting. I  
know this little restaurant....

TIFFANY

I never mix business with pleasure.

BOND

(smiles)  
Neither do I.

TIFFANY

Good. Then we can start by saving  
the cute remarks until after you  
get the diamonds into Los Angeles.

BOND

Where are they now?

TIFFANY

That's not your problem. Your  
problem is getting them in.

BOND

How much is there?

TIFFANY

Fifty thousand carats.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

BOND

At 142 carats an ounce, that's a lot of ice. That won't be easy.

TIFFANY

That's why you're being paid fifty grand. What did you think it was going to be, a pair of earrings? And Franks, for God's sake, come up with something original.

BOND

How about a wooden leg?

52 INT. BOND'S HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE ON TWEEZERS - DAY

The pair of tweezers, manipulated by BOND, carefully peel a set of plastic fingerprints off BOND's fingers. He deposits them carefully in a little box.

53 WIDER ANGLE

BOND lies on his bed, talking on the phone:

BOND

(into phone)

I've got to hand it to you, Q.  
Quite ingenious.

54 INT. Q'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Q on phone with Bond, smiles smugly. In b.g. two white-overalled technicians who hold flame thrower. They fire -- flames shoot through workshop. Q doesn't even turn.

Q

(into phone)

An obvious little notion. Thought it might come in handy. Oh, by the way, M's been trying to get in touch with you. That Peter Franks fellow escaped. Killed one of the guards taking him up to London.

In B.G. TWO TECHNICIANS have carried flame thrower over to open bonnet of an Aston Martin, begin installing it.

Q

Hello? Hello? Are you there?

55 EXT. TIFFANY'S APT. HOUSE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The real PETER FRANKS has just pressed Tiffany's button.

TIFFANY'S VOICE

(over mesh)

Who is it?

FRANKS

(into mesh)

Peter Franks.

The buzzer sounds, unlocking the front door.

56 WIDER ANGLE

As FRANKS starts in, BOND appears right behind him, holding small keyring. He feints at the front door lock with one key as if it fit, smiles at FRANKS as the latter has already opened the door.

BOND

(in Dutch)

Guten Aben.

57 INT. TIFFANY'S APT. HOUSE VESTIBULE - NIGHT

They cross vestibule towards old-fashioned lift.

FRANKS

(a bit unsettled)

Good evening.

BOND

(with accent)

Ah, English!

(proudly)

I speak English.

58 INT. LIFT - NIGHT

BOND takes his place at the back of the car, smiles at FRANKS.

BOND

Who's your floor?

FRANKS

(unimpressed)

Three, please.

BOND presses three, spins, raises his hand for karate chop.

## 59 WIDER ANGLE

FRANKS wheels, avoids the full impact of the blow, catching it on his shoulder. BOND raises his arm again as FRANKS drops to one knee, brings his elbow up behind him, catches BOND in the solar plexus, momentarily paralyzing him. FRANKS then twists around, knees BOND in the groin. BOND hangs on, dazed, as FRANKS tries to break loose. As they wrestle, they crash against the floor buttons. The lift stops at three. The struggle continues as they crash against the buttons again. The lift starts down. The mirror shatters in the struggle -- jagged pieces of glass fly everywhere as they fight among them. The lift stops with a jerk at Two. FRANKS has clasped a stranglehold around BOND'S neck, tries to force his head into the jagged glass. BOND throws FRANKS over his head into the button panel, sending the lift up again. BOND pulls his gun out of shoulder holster as FRANKS dives for his midriff. Both men slither on the broken glass as the gun gets knocked to the floor.

## 60 INT. FOURTH FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT

The lift stops, BOND and FRANKS still struggling. CAMERA PANS DOWN to TIFFANY at the door to her flat, watching from below. She is petrified.

## 61 BACK TO BOND AND FRANKS

FRANKS has pulled the inner lift door open, tries to close it on BOND'S NECK as he holds him down. BOND reaches for the outer door, opens it as they both tumble out into the corridor. FRANKS has landed a heavy blow to BOND'S stomach. BOND gasps, rolls away. FRANKS gets to his feet, heads for the top of the stairs. BOND grabs at the fire extinguisher over his head, wrenches it free, throws it after FRANKS. The extinguisher catches FRANKS just behind the knees at the top of the stairs.

## 62 ANGLE ON FRANKS

FRANKS tumbles uncontrollably down the stairs, the fire extinguisher clanging after him, squirting foam in all directions.

## 63 ANGLE ON THIRD FLOOR FOOT OF STAIRCASE

FRANKS' body lying still and twisted, his head against a metal post. The extinguisher continues to vomit foam all over him. BOND runs down, kneels over FRANKS' body. He hesitates over the body for a moment, shielding it completely from the camera. TIFFANY stands apprehensively. BOND drags FRANKS' body past her and into the apartment. TIFFANY follows, closes door, locks it.

64 INT. TIFFANY'S FOYER - NIGHT

BOND props FRANKS' body against wall, flicks some extinguisher foam off face. TIFFANY looks down at the body.

TIFFANY

Is he dead?

BOND

I sincerely hope so.

TIFFANY

Who is he?

BOND

No idea. He's been following me all day.

BOND exits into living room. TIFFANY, suspicious, bends down, pulls Franks' wallet out from his inside coat pocket, takes out credit card.

65 INSERT SHOT - PLAYBOY CLUB CARD

Bearing the name "JAMES BOND".

66 INT. LIVING ROOM

TIFFANY enters, stunned, looks amazedly at BOND.

TIFFANY

My God, you've just killed James Bond.

BOND

(disinterested)

Is that who it was. Well, no one's indestructible, I suppose.

(TIFFANY crosses room agitatedly)

What's the matter?

TIFFANY

Well you don't just kill James Bond and sit around waiting for the cops to arrive. We've got to get out of here -- and fast.

BOND

Where are the diamonds?

67 WIDER ANGLE

TIFFANY is by the door. She flips on the light switch. The chandelier suddenly comes ablaze at fifty times its normal lighting power. BOND shields his eyes. She flips the switch off again.

TIFFANY

A little old lady brought them by yesterday morning.

BOND

Priceless.

(pauses -- glances  
back to foyer)

You know -- I suddenly have the feeling Mr. Bond is going to be worth more to us dead than he ever was to the British alive.

68 EXT. AIRPORT AMSTERDAM - DAY - CLOSE ON BOND AND COFFIN

BOND stands by rear of airplane, looking down solemnly at closed coffin on loading platform. He is dressed in a black suit, white shirt, black tie, dark hat. Fork lift, used for loading coffin onto plane, can be seen in the immediate b.g. An AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE gazes at BOND across coffin, giving him sympathetic but impatient smile.

BOND

(staring at coffin,  
shaking head sadly)

Funny...all the things one wants  
to say to one's brother...

(looks up)  
when it's too late....

AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE

Let me assure you once again of  
our deepest condolences. Now  
please board the aircraft. Please,  
Mr. Franks?

BOND starts off, suddenly stops, turns.

BOND

We were inseparable, you know.

He turns away, walks toward plane.

69 INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY

BOND boards plane, passes TIFFANY, ignoring her, takes seat at rear end of First Class Section. CAMERA PANS TO curtains separating First Class from Tourist. They are slightly parted. An eye looks through.

70 INT. AIRCRAFT - TOURIST SECTION - DAY

KIDD peeks through curtains, closes them, turns immediately behind him to WINT, already strapped into his seat on the aisle. KIDD takes his place in seat next to him:

KIDD

They're both aboard. And I must say, Miss Case seems quite attractive.

(WINT Looks at him curiously)

For a lady....

71 EXT. AIRLINER TAKING OFF AND IN FLIGHT

72 EXT. LOS ANGELES AIRPORT - DAY - AIRLINE LANDING

73 EXT. AIRLINER UNLOADING AT AIRPORT - DAY

BOND walks down steps from aircraft, glances over his shoulder -- TIFFANY is several people behind him. He slows down to let her overtake him. She comes up parallel to him at foot of steps, does not look at him. BOND is about to open his mouth when:

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Mr. Franks?

BOND turns, is faced by a CUSTOMS OFFICER:

CUSTOMS OFFICER

You're wanted in the Customs Shed. Follow me please.

BOND nods, turns around to look for Tiffany.

74 ANOTHER ANGLE

TIFFANY disappearing through crowd into airport.

75 INT. CUSTOMS SHED - DAY

BOND enters with CUSTOMS OFFICER. The shed is open at one end. Visible through it is a long black hearse marked: "SLUMBER, INC." TWO MORTUARY ATTENDANTS stand nearby.

76 CLOSER ON BOND AND OFFICIAL

They approach metal coffin container on trolley.

CUSTOMS OFFICER  
The Death Certificate, please.

BOND hands it over. Another CUSTOMS AGENT joins them:

AGENT  
(to CUSTOMS OFFICER)  
I'll take over now, Harry. Get  
some lunch.

OFFICER leaves. AGENT turns to BOND, all business.

AGENT  
The key, please, Mr. Franks.

BOND hands it over. AGENT lifts lid of coffin shielding himself and BOND from MORTUARY ATTENDANTS. He leans down, looks inside. Outline of Franks' body is visible. BOND leans down, smiles at AGENT, speaks softly.

BOND  
Felix Leiter, you old fraud.

LEITER  
On behalf of the C.I.A., welcome  
to America.  
(fishing around in  
coffin)  
Someone sent their brain trust  
down to meet you.

77 MORTUARY ATTENDANTS - BOND'S POV

TWO sinister, pug-faced ATTENDANTS manage broken-toothed smiles.

78 BACK TO BOND AND LEITER

LEITER keeps fishing around, taps the coffin bottom.

LEITER  
I give up. Where are the diamonds?

BOND  
Alimentary, my dear Leiter.

CONTINUED



78 CONTINUED

LEITER

So long, James. Keep in touch.

(he slams coffin  
lid shut, speaks  
loudly)

The rest of your luggage has been  
cleared, Mr. Franks.

(to ATTENDANTS)

Okay, fellas....

ATTENDANTS cross to trolley, pick up coffin. BOND follows  
them out shed door.

79 EXT. CUSTOMS SHED

ATTENDANT #1

Ya wanna sit in the front, Mr.  
Franks?

ATTENDANT #2

Lot smoother ride in the front,  
Mr. Franks.

BOND

I believe I'll sit in the front.

80 EXT. HIGHWAY AND HEARSE - DAY

The hearse speeding down a highway towards desert country.

91 INT. HEARSE - DAY

BOND rides uncomfortably sandwiched between ATTENDANTS.

ATTENDANT #1

That stiff...er...deceased back  
there your brother, Mr. Franks?

BOND

Yes.

ATTENDANT #2

I got a brother.

BOND

Small world.

82 EXT. HIGHWAY AND HEARSE - DAY

Hearse continues on through the desert, passes sign marked  
"WELCOME TO NEVADA -- DRIVE CAREFULLY."

83 EXT. LAS VEGAS OUTSKIRTS - DAY - MORTUARY

Isolated smallish establishment, desert and mountains in b.g. Neon sign over entrance: "SLUMBER, INC."

84 EXT. MORTUARY - DAY - CLOSER ANGLE

Hearse drives up, stops. ATTENDANTS get out, BOND follows.

85 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The coffin rests on platform in front of oven doors covered by purple velvet curtain. Solemn music is piped softly into chapel. CAMERA PULLS BACK to BOND, who sits alone in front row, looking mildly bored. MR. SLUMBER enters, approaches BOND. He is a large, fat man, impeccably dressed in the uniform of his trade: striped trousers, stiff white collar, et al. He has an unctuous, but solemn manner.

SLUMBER

Mr. Franks. I'm Morton Slumber.  
Please accept my heartfelt  
condolences at this most difficult  
hour. Now then, if we're ready to  
begin the final journey....

SLUMBER looks at BOND sadly, full of the moment.

BOND

He's heading for a better world,  
Mr. Slumber. There's some  
consolation in that.

SLUMBER nods understandingly, crosses to elaborate consol switchboard at platform's side, presses a button. The solemn music suddenly swells. SLUMBER smiles proudly. Purple curtains swish back, oven doors open, coffin slides slowly and majestically into oven. Doors close, curtains swish back:

SLUMBER

Requiescat in pacem.  
(explaining to BOND)  
May his soul rest in peace.

BOND

Oh. Amen.

SLUMBER

If you would care to follow me into  
my comfortable office, Mr. Franks,  
we will bring you the urn.

86 INT. SLUMBER'S OFFICE - DAY

BOND and SLUMBER stand by Slumber's black desk.

SLUMBER

I'm so happy you chose our half-couch, hinge-panel, slumber-on casket, Mr. Franks. I'm sure your brother would have appreciated it.

BOND

I'm sure he did.

There is a knock on the door. ATTENDANT #1 enters with urn, hands it reverently to SLUMBER, exits. With equal reverence, SLUMBER hands it to BOND.

SLUMBER

Ashes to ashes.

BOND takes urn, opens it slightly, glances in.

87 INSERT SHOT - URN - BOND'S POINT OF VIEW

It is filled with diamonds.

88 BACK TO SCENE

BOND

(smiling)

Dust to dust.

SLUMBER

Exactly.

(leads BOND to door)

We've selected a private niche for your brother in our Garden of Remembrance. It's the one with the restful chartreuse curtains and Angel's Breath gold trim -- you can't miss it. At a moment like this I'm sure you'd rather be left alone -- for reflection.

BOND

Most thoughtful.

SLUMBER

I hope you'll find everything in order.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

BOND

(smiling)

The arrangements have been impeccable, Mr. Slumber...so far....

89 EXT. GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE - DAY

BOND enters garish cloisters passing rows of closed niches. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he passes two men in front of one open niche: WINT and KIDD. WINT holds an urn as KIDD spreads flowers in niche.

MR. WINT

Mother loved Azalias but they always made her sneeze....

MR. KIDD

Now she can really enjoy them....

90 CLOSE SHOT - BOND

He has reached his niche, pulls back curtains. There is an envelope with a black border inside. He puts urn in, takes envelope out, opens it.

91 INSERT SHOT - ENVELOPE

It is stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

92 CLOSE SHOT - BOND

He puts envelope in his inside pocket, closes curtains. CAMERA, CLOSE on BOND suddenly jerks violently as an urn hits him in the head with a loud bong. BOND drops out of shot.

WINT (O.S.)

Mother was always such a help.

93 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

A coffin lies on the platform in front of the oven doors. WINT and KIDD enter dragging the unconscious BOND behind them, cross to coffin, open it, lower BOND in, shut it.

94 EXT. CLOISTERS - DAY

SHADY TREE, a small, round man in his early 50's, stands in front of curtained niche. His expression suggests a definite aura of menace. He pulls back curtain, reaches in for urn.

95 INT. CHAPEL - DAY

WINT and KIDD stand beside the console switchboard, looking down. KIDD smiles, presses button. Music swells. Curtains swish back, oven doors open. Coffin moves towards them.

WINT

Very moving....

96 INT. COFFIN

BOND comes to. He realizes where he is, starts to struggle to force the lid up. It won't budge.

97 INT. OVEN

The coffin slides towards jet burners. Everything is now bathed in a bright red glow.

98 BACK TO CHAPEL AND WINT AND KIDD

The coffin disappears through the doors. They shut -- curtains swish back into place. KIDD presses a button. The music stops. They both walk toward chapel exit.

KIDD

Heartwarming, Mr. Wint.

WINT

A glowing tribute, Mr. Kidd.

99 INT. COFFIN

BOND struggles hard, trying to force lid open with hands, feet and head. Suddenly the coffin lurches.

100 INT. CHAPEL - COFFIN LID OPENING - BOND'S POV

Lid swings back, revealing the faces of SHADY TREE and MORTON SLUMBER. TREE is sweaty, convulsed with rage.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

TREE

You dirty, double-crossing limey  
fink! Those goddamn diamonds are  
phonies!

101 CLOSE ON BOND

BOND

(regaining composure)  
Now don't tell me, let me guess.  
You're St. Peter and you're....

102 BACK TO TREE AND SLUMBER

TREE stands over him, SLUMBER slightly back.

TREE

Paste! Glass! Where's the real  
stuff, Franks?

BOND

Where's the real money?

TREE

(hesitant)  
Whaddya mean?

BOND

(pulling out envelope)  
You wouldn't have burned up fifty  
thousand real dollars, would you?

TREE

One last break, Franks. Where are  
the real diamonds?

BOND

(getting out of  
coffin)  
Bring me the real money and you'll  
get the real diamonds.

TREE

Where the hell do you think you're  
going?

BOND

(stretching)  
I've heard the Tropicana's quite  
comfortable.  
(heading for door)  
Gentlemen, my condolences.

TREE and SLUMBER, stalemated, watch him leave.

103 EXT. LAS VEGAS - DAY

Hearse speeding down Las Vegas Strip. CAMERA FOLLOWS, HOLDS ON Ext. of Circus Circus and its fountains as car moves out of frame.

104 EXT. TROPICANA ENTRANCE - DAY

CAMERA PANS from Tropicana fountains as the hearse pulls up, stops. BOND gets out in front of an astonished DOORMAN.

DOORMAN

(to BOND)

All right, ace, pull that sky buggy the hell out of here. Now.

BOND

(throwing him keys)

Name's Franks. Have whatever's inside sent up to my room, would you? There's a good fellow.

BOND slips him five dollars, disappears into the hotel. The apprehensive DOORMAN glances nervously at the hearse.

105 INT. TROPICANA BATHROOM - NIGHT

BOND lies lazily in a bathtub, phone propped under chin, talking to LEITER, reading a magazine titled "WELCOME TO LAS VEGAS." We see sensual shots of the ladies in the Folies Bergere and ads for other shows.

BOND

(into phone)

Yes, Felix...quite comfortable, thanks. One problem: I need the real merchandise. And fast.

LEITER

(over phone)

I'm with the diamonds right now. Q brought them through.

BOND

(into phone)

I thought they were coming in the diplomatic bag.

LEITER

(obviously annoyed)

So did I.

106 INT. CUSTOMS SHED - DAY

LEITER talking to BOND. In b.g. an extremely sheepish O surrounded by CUSTOMS OFFICERS. On table in front of them is large wooden leg with shoe and sock on it, open at one end.

LEITER

Ask him to do his Long John Silver imitation for you someday. It's a riot.

107 BACK TO BOND IN BATHROOM

BOND smiles, turns another page, suddenly stops, stares.

108 INSERT SHOT - MAGAZINE PAGE

A picture of Shady Tree sandwiched between two incredibly busty girls. The caption reads: "NOW APPEARING IN THE LINCOLN LOUNGE OF THE WHYTE HOUSE - SHADY TREE AND HIS ACORNS."

LEITER'S VOICE

I'd sit tight if I were you till  
I get up there. No sense looking  
for trouble....

109 BACK TO BOND

He stares hard at the picture.

BOND

(into phone)  
Quite right. I'll go see a show  
or something.

110 EXT. WHYTE HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing huge, towering hotel with brilliant neon sign of hotel name.

111 INT. WHYTE HOUSE CASINO - NIGHT

BERT SAXBY, mid-forties, reasonably dapper, signs a receipt for a pit boss, quite obviously in charge of operations around gaming tables. SAXBY spots well-known CELEBRITY (a la Sammy Davis or Dean Martin) heading his way.

CONTINUED



111 CONTINUED

SAXBY

Hello, sweetheart....

CELEBRITY

Bert. How are you?

SAXBY

Hey, I just got a call from Mr. Whyte. Understand you haven't signed your contract yet. What's the problem?

CELEBRITY

The money, if you can believe it. Considering your boss is a billionaire, for God's sake. Do me a favor, Bert. Trundle on up to that penthouse of his and talk to him for me.

SAXBY

You kidding? I run this place for him, and even I haven't seen Willard Whyte for three years. I...  
(he looks o.s.,  
suddenly stops)  
Will you take a look at that....

112 INT. ENTRANCE TO CASINO - SAXBY AND CELEBRITY'S POV

BOND enters, takes in the room. He is impeccably dressed: white dinner jacket, red carnation, every hair in place - four cuts better looking than anything in the casino. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he walks through, drawing appreciative glances from many, especially the women.

CELEBRITY'S VOICE (O.S.)

You could eat off him....

113 BACK TO BOND

He passes the Blackjack tables, continues past SAXBY and CELEBRITY, finally arriving at entrance to Lincoln Lounge opposite the Crap tables. BOND peers through Lounge entrance:

114 INT. LOUNGE AND SHADY TREE

TREE is winding up his act, now stands pressed between his ACORNS -- two incredibly busty young ladies pouring out of their dresses.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

TREE

I call these girls my Acorns, folks. I'm the only guy in Vegas with two pairs of nuts, ya-ha. Actually, they were a gift from Willard Whyte who's upstairs somewhere right now playing monopoly with real buildings. I tried to call him to sing Thanks For The Mammories, ya-ha, but trying to find Willard Whyte is like looking for a virgin in a maternity ward...Well,

115 REVERSE ON CURTAINS AND BOND

BOND peering through. On opposite side of curtains, standing unamused, watching TREE from rear: WINT and KIDD.

TREE (V.O.)

On behalf of the Whyte House I'd like to say you've been a lousy audience...ya-ha. So get lost and we'll see you in a couple of hours.

116 INT. CASINO

BOND turns away from curtains as TREE'S hokey exit music plays. He looks across casino, spots other lounge show in progress.

117 INT. SHADY TREE'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

TREE takes off his makeup in rather seedy-looking dressing room. There is a knock on the door. He turns. Door opens, revealing WINT and KIDD. WINT holds an attache case under his arm. They enter.

WINT

Shady Tree, we just adored your act.

KIDD

What taste! What style!

WINT

And we have a few suggestions.

WINT puts the attache case on the arm of a chair, opens it.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED

TREE

Critics and material I don't need.  
I haven't changed my act in forty  
years.

KIDD takes out plastic flower -- attaches it to his lapel:

KIDD

Ah, but this one's sure fire....

TREE

That's the oldest goddamn....

WINT

(taking out gun)

And this one will kill you, Mr. Tree.

He fires it -- a flag drops out of the barrel -- "BANG  
YOU'RE DEAD." KIDD squeezes the squirter: water sprays  
in TREE'S face.

TREE

(disgusted)

C'mon fellas. The squirting flower  
and the popgun routine? You gotta  
be kidding.

WINT fires the gun again -- it actually fires this time.  
TREE falls to the floor, finished.

KIDD

Two was company, Mr. Wint.

WINT

Tree was a crowd, Mr. Kidd.

118 INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

BERT SAXBY comes hurriedly around corner of hallway leading  
to Tree's dressing room. He looks o.s.

119 WINT AND KIDD - SAXBY'S POV

They stand in front of Tree's dressing room, primping.  
CAMERA PULLS BACK as SAXBY enters shot. He is excited.

SAXBY

Wait. Don't go in. We didn't get  
the real diamonds. Keep the pipeline  
open.

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

WINT  
That's most annoying.

120 INT. OTHER PART OF BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR

BOND walking down backstage corridor He notices ACORNS' dressing room, heads past it around corner. CAMERA FOLLOWS: SAXBY is heading towards him the other way. The two exchange glances. SAXBY disappears around corner. BOND heads for door to Tree's dressing room, opens it, looks in.

121 INT. TREE'S DRESSING ROOM - BOND'S POV

The dead TREE lying on floor.

122 INT. WHYTE HOUSE CASINO - NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSE on crap table. There are several players: MAXIE, a garment-king type, and PLENTY O'TOOLE, a Hugh Hefner dream-come-true with a sweet face.

STICKMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Awright now...coming out...coming out....

MAXIE  
This is it. Last time around for old Maxie. Bless 'em, honey, bless 'em....

MAXIE holds dice up to PLENTY, who blows on them. MAXIE closes his eyes, throws.

STICKMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
And craps. Boxcars. A loser. New shooter coming out now, new shooter....

MAXIE  
(dejected, to PLENTY)  
That's it, pussycat. Shot the whole wad. Whaddya say -- back to my place?

PLENTY  
(motherly)  
You're a nice person, Maxie. You really are. Why don't you take a nap and I'll see you next year.

PLENTY pecks him on the cheek, starts off:

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

STICKMAN (O.S.)

Chips?

BOND (O.S.)

Five thousand...no, make it ten.  
Two thousand dollar limit.

PLENTY stops dead in her tracks, turns, looks:

123 ANGLE ON BOND - PLENTY'S POV

BOND stands in front of unglussed PIT BOSS, has partially pulled enormous wad of money from envelope.

BOND

Is there some problem?

PIT BOSS

(talking past BOND)

Man wants to shoot for two thousand,  
Mr. Saxby.

BOND turns. SAXBY comes into frame. BOND smiles.

BOND

The name's Peter Franks.

SAXBY stares into his eyes, looks down at envelope with black border, then back to BOND again.

SAXBY

Mr. F's credit is good. Good luck,  
Mr Franks....

SAXBY walks away

124 CLOSER ON BOND

As he bends over the table to select two of the dice offered him by the STICKMAN. He glances sideways, finds himself staring directly into PLENTY'S enormous breasts. He blinks, straightens himself.

PLENTY

Hi. I'm Plenty.

BOND

I'd be foolish to deny it.

PLENTY

(cheerfully)

Plenty O'Toole. Need some help?

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

BOND

That's very thoughtful. Thank you.

PLENTY

May I?

She reaches for several of BOND'S chips. He nods. She places one hundred dollars on the Pass Line.

STICKMAN

Next shooter is a lady, folks, and ladies is lucky. They're lucky they're ladies.

PLENTY

(throws dice)

Come on seven -- come to Plenty baby.

STICKMAN

Snake eyes -- the lucky lady craps out. Next shooter -- your dice, Mr. F.

A glum PLENTY O'TOOLE looks apologetically at BOND.

125 ANGLE ON TABLE

A large stack of chips is being pushed over to BOND, matching the one he placed on the Don't Pass Line.

126 BACK TO BOND AND PLENTY

BOND

(smiling)

Beginner's luck.

He switches stack to Pass Line, picks up dice, throws.

STICKMAN

A hard ten -- ten is the number.

BOND pushes stacks of chips to one of the STICKMEN and coolly instructs him.

BOND

I'll take full odds on the ten. Two hundred on the hard way -- the limit on all the numbers, fifty straight up on eleven.

CONTINUED

126 CONTINUED

PLENTY

(suspiciously)

Say, you handle those cubes like a monkey handles a coconut. You've played this game before.

BOND

Once.

126-A INT. WHYTE HOUSE TV CLOSED CIRCUIT ROOM - NIGHT

SAXBY in small room with closed circuit TV screens recording action at gaming tables. He picks up white phone with gold W.W. on receiver.

126-B INT. WHYTE HOUSE PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A darkened room. Only thing visible is dark outline of back of huge chair in front of desk. White phone lights up. A hand reaches out, flips switch, picks up phone.

MAN IN CHAIR

(into phone)

Willard Whyte speaking.

SAXBY'S VOICE

(over phone)

Tree's dead. Turn on Number Two.

Hand reaches out again, flips other switch. TV screen lights up, showing BOND and PLENTY playing at crap table.

SAXBY'S VOICE

(over phone)

Peter Franks. What do we do now?

MAN IN CHAIR

(into phone)

Don't bother me with details, Bert.  
Just get me the diamonds.  
(hangs up)

126-C INT. CASINO - CLOSE ON CEILING PEEPHOLE

CAMERA PANS DOWN from ceiling peephole to crap table. The numbers behind the Come Line completely covered with large plaques. We hear the SOUND of the dice being thrown.

STICKMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

And seven -- a loser. Pay the last come. New shooter coming out....

CONTINUED

126-C CONTINUED

CAMERA FOLLOWS as many large plaques are pushed across table from Come Line. CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing BOND adding them to a large pile in front of an admiring PLENTY.

PLENTY

That's fifty thousand! Far out!

BOND

Less your share...forty-five.  
(hands her several  
large plaques)  
Thanks for your help.

PLENTY

(taking them --  
stunned)  
Oh, it was nothing. Really.  
(looks at plaques --  
smiles)  
You know something, Peter Franks?  
You're a terrific person. A little  
weird, but a terrific person.  
(pause)  
Say, why don't we go somewhere and  
have a drink. C'mon. It's on me.

BOND

That's very generous of you, Plenty.

127 INT. DUNES RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON WATER

CAMERA CLOSE on pool of water, harp music heard o.s. CAMERA TILTS UP: BOND and PLENTY sit at a small table by the edge of a pool in restaurant. The walls of the room alive with projections of distorted swimming fish. HARP LADY on large sea shell floats up and down pool on tracks, playing her instrument. WAITER has presented BOND with a wine. He shakes his head sadly in front of an impressed PLENTY, sends it back.

PLENTY

Hey! I didn't think you could  
really do that. I bet they charge  
you for it.

BOND

I thought you were paying.

PLENTY

Well, it was still a very classy  
thing to do.

CONTINUED



PLENTY (Cont'd)  
 (suspiciously)  
 Say listen, you aren't a knight or  
 anything like that are you? I mean....

BOND  
 A mere commoner, I'm afraid.

PLENTY  
 (taking his hand)  
 Don't feel bad. Doesn't make any  
 difference to me. I'm a Democrat.

CAMERA PANS: The HARP LADY floats by:

PLENTY  
 Hi, Myrna.

MYRNA  
 Hi, Plenty.

MYRNA floats past, tweeks harp strings suggestively about  
 BOND. PLENTY is a bit irritated.

PLENTY  
 Hey, Peter. You had enough of this?

BOND  
 Not enjoying yourself?

PLENTY  
 Well sure, but...I mean you've  
 been so great and everything I  
 just wanted to...thank you...  
 properly, you know?

BOND  
 It really isn't necessary....

PLENTY  
 Maybe I could see you to your door  
 at least?

Total Blackness -- sound of key turning in lock. Door swings  
 open: BOND and PLENTY silhouetted in doorway to his suite,  
 lit from behind by hall lights, in front by moonlight streaming  
 in through suite windows. PLENTY wraps herself around BOND.  
 They exchange a long kiss - BOND expertly pulls her dress  
 zipper down. Writhing sensually against him, PLENTY works  
 dress down her endless body until it winds up a small pile at  
 her feet. She rubs against him, breaks kiss.

128 CONTINUED

PLENTY  
(heavy breathing)  
Give me one second, lover....

She moves off towards the bedroom, stepping out of her dress. BOND crosses, flicks on lamp. Under it is one of the MORTUARY ATTENDANTS, gun pointed straight at him.

BOND  
(pleasantly)  
Good evening.

Another light flicks on -- ANOTHER ATTENDANT, also with gun. A third light. A THIRD ATTENDANT. BOND looks down at Plenty's dress, then back to the thugs.

BOND  
I'm afraid you've caught me with  
more than my hands up.

Noises from bedroom. PLENTY is hustled back in by a FOURTH HOOD, a towel around her, protesting fiercely.

PLENTY  
What the hell is this?  
(sees others)  
A perverts' convention or something?

ANOTHER HOOD rises, takes hold of PLENTY. He and his partner usher her across the room.

PLENTY  
(threatening)  
I got friends in this town. You'll  
see. I got....

They have thrown her out of the open window. A scream trails off.

129 EXT. TROPICANA - NIGHT - WIDE ANGLE

The body sails out of a tenth floor window, falls into a swimming pool directly below.

130 EXT. TROPICANA SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

PLENTY rises to the surface, minus towel, spluttering. Pool area is deserted. She hangs on to an inflated Snoopy for dear life, looks back up at Suite.

131 BACK TO SUITE AND BOND

BOND  
(turning away  
from window --  
relieved)  
Excellent shot, I must say.

ATTENDANT #1  
We didn't know there was a pool  
there.

BOND lashes out, kicks ATTENDANT in groin, simultaneously chops him on back of neck, knees him in the face, sends him across room, crashing into other ATTENDANTS.

BOND  
Now then. Did any of you know  
there was a pool there?  
(no answer)  
All right. Let's get down to  
business.

ATTENDANTS pick up wounded man, begin to back away from him:

BOND  
I presume you've come for...  
(they keep backing  
away, open the door,  
exit, close it)  
...the real diamonds?

BOND, totally mystified, pulls gun, hesitates, looks off toward bedroom. He advances suspiciously, slowly pushes open door to the little bedroom alcove with his foot.

132 OMITTED

133 INT. BEDROOM ALCOVE - BOND'S POV

There is a small standing table in alcove. On it: a woman's handbag and a black wig. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include BOND. He smiles, sighs, pushes open bedroom door.

BOND  
Miss Case. Good evening.

134 INT. SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beautifully furnished. TIFFANY lies in Bond's bed, looking apparently naked and ravishing. She smiles at him.

TIFFANY  
Sorry about your fulsome friend.  
I'll bet you really missed some-  
thing.

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

BOND

(advancing)

The evening may not be a total loss after all.

TIFFANY

Why don't we talk a bit first?

BOND

(sitting on bed next to her)

What shall we talk about?

TIFFANY

You pick a subject.

BOND

Diamonds?

TIFFANY

Good boy.

BOND reaches out slowly, softly begins to caress her neck, behind her ears, tracing her lips with his fingers, etc.

BOND

(working expertly)

You want to know where they are, when and how you can get your hands on them....

TIFFANY

(responding in spite of herself)

Mmmm....

BOND

(pouring it on)

And then get rid of me...right?

BOND leans in, kisses her softly and sensuously. TIFFANY melts. BOND breaks, loosens robe, switches off light.

BOND'S VOICE

(in darkness)

Now what would you like to talk about?

135 INT. SUITE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Handle to front door turns slowly. Door opens a crack, then wider, revealing PLENTY, soaking wet, dressed in baggy coveralls, galoshes and hat marked "TROPICANA POOL MAINTENANCE." She looks down, sees her dress, picks it up, is about to leave, suddenly hears noises from bedroom. She decides to investigate.

136 INT. BEDROOM ALCOVE

PLENTY stops at alcove door. The noises are unmistakable: moans of pleasure and the rustle of sheets. Her face falls, then sets in anger. She peeks into alcove:

137 ALCOVE TABLE - PLENTY'S POV

The wig and ladies' handbag. PLENTY'S hand comes into shot, removes the handbag.

138 WIDER ANGLE

PLENTY opens the bag, rummages around, takes out Driver's License.

139 INSERT SHOT - LICENSE

Bearing the name and address: "TIFFANY CASE - 120 Willowbrook Lane, Las Vegas, Nevada."

140 BACK TO PLENTY

She takes note of the information, replaces the Driver's License and wallet, then the handbag. She moves slowly backwards out of frame.

141 INT. BOND'S SUITE BEDROOM - NIGHT

BOND and TIFFANY lie side by side in bed. Obviously the aftermath of a satisfying time. BOND smokes. TIFFANY stares up at the ceiling.

TIFFANY

Peter? I think we've got a problem.

BOND

You forgot to take your pill.

TIFFANY

Nothing as trivial as that.

(pause)

You're not going to tell me where the diamonds are, are you.

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED

BOND

What diamonds.

TIFFANY

Sooner or later you'll have to talk. They'll make you. At the very least you'll never get out of town alive. I can solve that little problem.

BOND

It's lucky I ran into you.

TIFFANY

A fifty-fifty split. You get the diamonds -- I get us out.

BOND

Us?

TIFFANY

Well I won't be able to help you and hang around. We could hop a plane and be out of the country by tomorrow night. Rio, Hong Kong....

BOND

I know a good tailor in Hong Kong. He'd like you.

TIFFANY

Hong Kong it is then.

BOND

(playing along)

I'll get the diamonds, you pick up the plane tickets.

TIFFANY

The airport's too obvious. A rented car should do us fine for openers.

BOND

Good thinking.

CONTINUED

141 CONTINUED - 2

TIFFANY

And since you're the one who's being watched, I'll get the diamonds and you get the car.

BOND

Good thinking.

TIFFANY

Oh, Peter, I have a feeling this is going to be the start of a wonderful relationship.

TIFFANY reaches over, hugs him enthusiastically.

TIFFANY

(nuzzling him)

By the way, darling, where do I pick up the diamonds?

BOND

How long has it been since you've been to the Circus?

142 INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE on Trapeze net -- very little else visible.

RINGMASTER'S VOICE

(over P.A. system)

And now, ladies and gentlemen, directing your attention to the center ring. Pasquale and the Flying DeChiccos with their death-defying artistry....

CAMERA HOLDS: An Old Man in tights jumps into frame to scattered applause. He bows continuously as the rest of his troupe ascend the ropes leading up to the trapezes. CAMERA FOLLOWS Shapely Girl as she climbs, pans up toward roof of building. Small glass booth is visible near top. CAMERA PUSHES IN on glass booth.

143 INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS CONTROL BOOTH

Present in smallish booth overlooking Circus Circus are BOND, LEITER, several more agents. LEITER sits next to BOND, looks down into building through binoculars:

LEITER

Right. She's in the building. Let's get rolling.

144 INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS - LETTER'S POINT OF VIEW

Lavish establishment seen fully for first time. Trapeze people have begun. CAMERA PANS down to gaming tables, slot machines, carnival booths, rifle ranges, skiball alleys, freak shows, etc. Mirrors everywhere, conventional and distorted. The place is packed - gamblers mix with tourists. CAMERA PICKS UP TIFFANY as she wanders through maze.

LEITER (V.O.)

I've got upwards of thrity agents down there. A mouse with sneakers on couldn't get through.

BOND (V.O.)

Thirty men to tail one girl?

LEITER (V.O.)

This madhouse was your idea. Do me a favor, James. Next time pick a contact point when you're standing up.

TIFFANY has arrived at a Blackjack table, sits down.

LEITER (V.O.)

She's at the table. Give Maxwell his cue.

145 BACK TO BOOTH

AGENT speaks into walkie-talkie. LEITER watches, BOND is vaguely amused.

AGENT

Operation Passover commence. This is Quarterback, Quarterback to Tight End....

146 INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS - ANGLE ON MAXWELL

MAXWELL stands not far from table, has what seems a hearing air in ear. He cocks his head, nods, looks over to Blackjack table, gives signal.

147 ANGLE ON BLACKJACK TABLE

TIFFANY continues to play. Dealer nods in Maxwell's direction, begins to deal next hand. CAMERA PUSHES IN on card deck as he deals -- he is a real mechanic.



jlb #04909

148 ANGLE ON TIFFANY

She picks up her hand, glances at it, suddenly stops.

149 INSERT SHOT - TIFFANY'S CARDS

One card is an Ace. The other has writing on it: WHY DON'T YOU PLAY THE WATER BALLOONS?

150 WIDER ANGLE

TIFFANY glances up at dealer who remains all business. She puts down cards, gets up. Dealer gathers in her hand.

151 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - ANGLE ON TIFFANY

TIFFANY seen from inside control booth. She has spotted what she was looking for, moves off. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing BOND and LEITER.

LEITER

She's on her way. So far, so good.

BOND

Good luck, Felix. See you later.

LEITER

Where are you going?

BOND

The car rental agency of course. Our little rendezvous.

LEITER

You don't think she's actually going to show, do you? It's a thousand-to-one shot.

BOND

More like even money.  
(smiles)

Her devotion to larceny versus my incomparable charm.

BOND gives LEITER a cocky wink, is out the door.

152 INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS - CLOSE ON CLOWN HEAD

A brightly-colored Clown Head with an open, gaping mouth. A jet spray of water pours into the mouth, a balloon attached to the clown's head fills up, finally bursting.

CONTINUED

152 CONTINUED

BARKER'S VOICE

And a winner on number three. A  
winner....

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal water balloon game. There is  
a row of clowns -- the game is played exclusively by  
children, most of them with parents watching.

153 ANOTHER ANGLE

TIFFANY takes her place in front of last clown in the row,  
is at least twice the size of the largest child playing  
game. LITTLE BOY at clown next to her glances over with  
suspicion and loathing. BARKER makes his way down line  
passing out water guns.

BARKER

Awright, kiddies, line up now, no  
crowding, you take your gun, you  
fill your clown's mouth with water.  
First balloon to break wins a prize.  
Simple? Simple.

(passing out guns)

One for the little lady, one for  
the little man....

(stops at TIFFANY)

and one for the big lady....

(leans in to her)

A little out of your league, aren't  
you, sister?

TIFFANY

Your fly's open.

BARKER

(checking)

Ah...yea...right, kiddies, wait  
for the bell now...

(bell rings)

Go!

154 CLOSE ON TIFFANY AND CLOWN

TIFFANY closes her eyes, fires -- water glances off side of  
clown's head, nowhere near the mouth. As she continues to  
spray water everywhere, her balloon suddenly fills rapidly,  
explodes almost immediately.

155 WIDER ANGLE

BARKER walks up to TIFFANY carrying Large Furry Dog with bulging stomach. LITTLE BOY watches suspiciously.

BARKER

And Annie Oakley has it on the end here. What an eye, what an eye...

LITTLE BOY

I saw that! The thing's fixed! Who's she, your mother?

TIFFANY

(to LITTLE BOY)

Blow up your pants.

She takes furry dog from BARKER, staggers a little from weight of it, starts off as CAMERA FOLLOWS HER:

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)

One win! She only had one win! You're supposed to have twenty-four to get the dog!

BARKER (O.S.)

Aw, give it a rest, will ya kid?

156 OMITTED

157 ANOTHER ANGLE ON TIFFANY

CAMERA FOLLOWS TIFFANY carrying dog through Circus Circus, heading for an exit. She passes distorted mirror, stops as she sees:

158 DISTORTED MIRROR - TIFFANY'S POV

MAXWELL has stopped at exact moment Tiffany did, self-consciously looks away, lights a cigarette. Another Man is visible now, joining him.

159 BACK TO TIFFANY

Wary now, she starts off again, keeps one eye on the men, passes another distorted mirror - they are still with her. Now she's sure she's being tailed. She stops, looks.

## 160 ANGLE ON "GIRL INTO GORILLA" SHOW

There is a ticket booth in front. TIFFANY glances over her shoulder -- the men are coming. She buys a ticket, enters the show through the drawn curtains.

## 161 INT. "GIRL INTO GORILLA" SHOW

Show is in progress. TIFFANY joins audience of about thirty, mostly kids, standing in darkness. SPIELER stands on platform near strange-looking machine. At rear center of platform is a curvaceous Black Girl in scanty "ethnic" costume, eyes closed -- she seems in a trance.

## 162 ANGLE ON TIFFANY AND AUDIENCE

She looks nervously over her shoulder - MAXWELL and his Partner have followed her in. SPIELER fiddles furiously with his mad-scientist machine.

## SPIELER'S VOICE

Please be very still now, ladies and gentlemen. We must have absolute silence so that Goona will not be distracted from her transcendental state. I must warn you that this incredible transformation has not been completely perfected yet. In case something should go wrong, for your own safety, please note the exit by the curtains.

## 163 BACK TO "GIRL INTO GORILLA" SHOW - TIFFANY'S POINT OF VIEW

At platform center rear, Girl is gradually being transformed into a gorilla. Terrible gasps from the audience. The SPIELER quickly shuts cage door in front of gorilla. There is an agonizing pause. Suddenly cage door bursts open -- Gorilla leaps out at the audience.

## 164 WIDER ANGLE - AUDIENCE

Complete pandemonium - audience terrified - children scream, rush for curtains to escape charging GORILLA. MAXWELL and PARTNER are caught in human tidal wave, driving them towards exit, turning them around. Place empties, MAXWELL and PARTNER turn back to platform: Tiffany is gone.

CONTINUED

164 CONTINUED

GORILLA (O.S.)  
(from behind platform)  
Hey, lady! You can't go through  
there! Other way!

MAXWELL  
(to PARTNER)  
The stage! Quick!

165 ANGLE ON PLATFORM

Confused GORILLA and GOONA stand on platform. MAXWELL and PARTNER leap up, rush towards them.

GORILLA  
C'mon guys. What the hell is  
this?

166 CLOSE ON MIRRORS

PARTNER runs straight into transparent mirror, falls with sickening crack. MAXWELL runs up to GORILLA.

MAXWELL  
You see a girl go....

MAXWELL cracks into reflected image of GORILLA on other mirror, falls. (NOTE: THREE MIRRORS: trick done by superimposing GORILLA'S image over GOONA'S in central mirror.) MAXWELL and PARTNER rise, push forward.

GORILLA  
(trying to stop them)  
Easy, fellas, easy. Those things  
run eighty bucks apiece.

MAXWELL  
Let us through! We're agents!

MAXWELL and PARTNER push GORILLA back, rush through opening between mirrors.

GORILLA  
Agents?  
(turns - yells off)  
Hey, wait! We need an agent!

GOONA  
I guess they didn't dig the act.

167 EXT. CIRCUS CIRCUS PARKING LOT - DAY

MAXWELL and PARTNER look hopelessly at the vast maze of parked cars and people. LEITER and other Agents run up to them. MAXWELL shakes his head sadly.

168 EXT. CAR RENTAL PLACE - DAY

One car waits directly in front of the agency:

169 INT. RENTED CAR - BOND

BOND nervously waits, extinguishes a cigarette. He glances in rear view mirror.

170 REAR VIEW MIRROR - BOND'S POINT OF VIEW

A Yellow Cab rolls slowly into view, approaching the car.

171 BACK TO BOND

He watches tensely as the Cab rolls right on by -- empty. Suddenly another car screeches to a stop directly beside him. A frantic LEITER sticks his head out the window.

LEITER

No show?

BOND

Felix...don't tell me you lost her.

LEITER

We lost her.

BOND

I asked you not to tell me that, Felix.

172 EXT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE AND DRIVEWAY - DAY

TIFFANY'S car pulls into the driveway of her expensive house. She gets out, enters front door.

173 INT. TIFFANY'S LIVING ROOM

TIFFANY enters, stops, looks out plate glass window to swimming pool area, stunned. CAMERA PANS with her POV, PUSHES IN on BOND, lying by pool in a deck chair, drink in hand, reading a magazine.

174 EXT. POOL AREA - BOND AND TIFFANY

TIFFANY strides out to face him angrily. BOND is all smiles.

BOND

(basking)

Nice place you have here. Take something off, why don't you? Enjoy the sun.

TIFFANY

(furious)

You've got a lot of guts showing up here. I thought you'd have skipped by now. After letting me freeze my behind off at a Black-jack table for two hours waiting for some non-existent diamonds.

BOND

Are you rehearsing for a play?

TIFFANY

How the hell did you find this place anyway?

BOND

You keep forgetting to lock your handbag.

TIFFANY

(looking past him)

And what the hell is my black wig doing in the pool?

174-A INT. POOL - UNDERWATER SHOT - WIG

UNDERWATER - CLOSE ON large flagstone with circular ring lying at bottom of swimming pool. Scarf has been passed through ring, tied around pair of high-heeled shoes with feet in them. CAMERA travels up curvy, dressed female body to bloated face of PLENTY O'TOOLE.

174-B BACK TO BOND AND TIFFANY

TIFFANY

(numb)

The girl from...she's....

CONTINUED

174-B CONTINUED

BOND

Supposed to be you. The next link in the pipeline.

TIFFANY

(head swimming)

What...are you talking about?

BOND

You're suddenly living on borrowed time. Poor Plenty must have muddled in here looking for you. First mistake. Tried on one of your wigs. Second and fatal mistake.

TIFFANY

I...I don't believe you.

BOND

A dentist is dead in South Africa, that little old lady in Amsterdam, Shady died last night in his dressing room, they've missed me once, and Plenty's playing submarine in there.

TIFFANY

You carry a lot of information for a small-time smuggler.

BOND

Enough to know that everyone involved with those diamonds has to be eliminated, including you. Who's your connection?

TIFFANY

You sound like a cop to me.

BOND lashes out, slaps her.

BOND

Who's your connection?

TIFFANY

(carefully)

All I know is voices on a phone. They got me this place and told me to wait for further instructions.

CONTINUED



174-B CONTINUED - 2

BOND

It's a bit difficult to hear under-  
water. Where's the stuff?

TIFFANY

You're not a cop and you're not  
Peter Franks.

BOND

And you're not the type to turn  
the other cheek. Now where's the  
stuff?

175 INT. LAS VEGAS AIRPORT - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS WITH PORTER pushing baggage cart with  
carryall on it, passing rows of slot machines to bank  
of lockers with airport runways visible through windows  
behind. PORTER stops at one locker, takes out key,  
opens it, removes furry dog, places it inside carryall.  
CAMERA TILTS UP: BOND watches from rotunda above, now  
moves out of shot.

176 EXT. AIRPORT ENTRANCE - DAY

Line of cars waits at airport entrance. PORTER with  
carryall on cart goes up to minibus, hands it to driver.  
CAMERA PANS to BOND, watching. He makes his way to car  
several places back, gets in next to TIFFANY.

177 EXT. AIRPORT - WIDER ANGLE

Minibus moves out. TIFFANY waits a moment, follows.

178 EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - DAY - AERIAL VIEW

Minibus speeds up Strip. Following at a safe distance --  
TIFFANY'S car.

179 EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Corner gas station. Minibus pulls in past first row of  
pumps, stops. CAMERA PANS: TIFFANY'S car stops behind  
second row of pumps, waits.

## 180 INT. TIFFANY'S CAR

Shooting through windshield to minibus. Minibus driver gets out: it is BERT SAXBY.

BOND (V.O.)

Bert Saxby.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

He's Willard Whyte's right-hand man.

SAXBY heads around corner of station in direction of Men's Room minus carryall - disappears.

## 181 EXT. GAS STATION - ANOTHER ANGLE

SAXBY heads past Men's Room door to waiting limousine on street beyond, out of sight of BOND and TIFFANY. Another man (DR. METZ) gets out of limousine, waits as SAXBY approaches.

## 182 INT. TIFFANY'S CAR - CLOSE ON WHYTE HOUSE

The Whyte House, seen through side window of TIFFANY'S car, in all its glory, name displayed prominently on the side. Exterior elevator runs up front of building, stops under top, black, penthouse floor.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

See the top? The penthouse? They say Whyte hasn't set foot out of there in three years. And no one's seen him. No one.

## 182-A EXT. WHYTE HOUSE - THROUGH RANGE FINDER

Whyte House seen through crosshairs of a range finder. One needle of crosshairs travels up side of hotel to the penthouse.

TIFFANY (V.O.)

Why would Willard Whyte want to steal diamonds? He could buy the stupid mines if he wanted.

BOND (V.O.)

I can hardly wait to ask him.

## 182-B ANGLE ON BOND AND TIFFANY

BOND takes tiny camera-range finder away from his eye, replaces it in breast pocket, glances off in direction SAXBY went.

183 ANGLE ON CORNER - BOND'S POINT OF VIEW

METZ appears around Men's Room corner, walks quickly to minibus, gets in, starts engine.

184 INT. TIFFANY'S CAR

BOND

Cut him off! Quick!

TIFFANY starts car, slams her foot down as BOND'S body jerks down and out of frame.

185 WIDER ANGLE

METZ has started off. TIFFANY'S car hurtles around pumps, screeches to a stop directly in front of him, blocking him completely.

186 ANGLE ON METZ AND TIFFANY

TIFFANY leaps from her car, frantically hops up and down on one leg. An astounded METZ leans out window.

METZ

What are you doing, you crazy woman? Are you mad? Let me by!

TIFFANY continues to hop, smiling weakly, painfully.

TIFFANY

Sorry...leg cramp...ooh....

TIFFANY'S car and METZ' minibus completely block exit to gas station. Several cars either waiting for gas or to leave begin to honk - a terrible racket. TIFFANY raises her skirt above decent level, massages her leg.

187 ANGLE ON METZ - TIFFANY'S POINT OF VIEW

Car horns still honk behind the exasperated METZ. Past METZ' head the back doors of minibus open and close.

IRATE DRIVER (O.S.)

Okay, lady! Strip on your own time, will ya?

188 BACK TO SCENE

TIFFANY

(petulantly)

I'd just like to know what's  
happened to a little simple  
concern for others these days....

She gets in her car, slams door angrily, drives out. METZ  
swings minibus after her, then out and around her on street,  
passing her.

189 EXT. LAS VEGAS CITY LIMITS - DAY

Minibus leaves Las Vegas proper, heads for desert.

190 EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Minibus comes down winding, narrow highway, slows down,  
turns off onto dirt road at left.

191 EXT. W.W. TECHTONICS OUTER ENTRANCE - DAY

Minibus comes down dirt road. Wire fence appears on one  
side. There is a break in fence with sign: W.W. TECHTONICS.  
U.S. GOVERNMENT PROPERTY - KEEP OUT. Minibus turns through,  
heads down other road. Visible in distance: the outline  
of low building complex tucked in between the sand dunes.  
CAMERA PANS back to outer entrance. TIFFANY'S car pulls up.

192 CLOSER ON TIFFANY

She looks out, sees sign, turns engine off, waits.

193 EXT. W.W. TECHTONICS MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Minibus pulls up to barrier gate with overhead sign:  
W.W. TECHTONICS - A DIVISION OF WHYTE ENTERPRISES, INC.  
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. One of two UNIFORMED GUARDS  
comes up to minibus. METZ flashes card, GUARD nods, the  
barrier rises.

## 194 EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE AREA

Minibus heads for complex of buildings nestled in sand dunes, drives past rows of security jeeps and other cars, pulls up to large, black door in side of building. Door slides up, METZ drives through onto elevator.

## 195 INT. AUTOMOBILE ELEVATOR

METZ reaches out open car window, presses bottom button on wall panel. Elevator starts down.

## 196 ANGLE ON REAR SEAT OF CAR FROM FRONT

METZ sits in descending car. From behind rear seat, BOND'S head rises slowly. He looks out past METZ' head.

## 197 ANGLE ON PLANT FLOORS - BOND'S POV

Elevator descends the equivalent of several floors in concrete shaft, arriving at underground parking lot with steel door in b.g. METZ drives out.

## 198 INT. FIFTH FLOOR PARKING AREA

METZ pulls minibus into parking place marked: Dr. Metz. He gets out with carryall, heads for steel door in b.g.

## 199 ANOTHER ANGLE - METZ' CAR

BOND slides out the back of minibus from other side, edges around rear, watches METZ.

## 200 ANGLE ON STEEL DOOR AND METZ - BOND'S POINT OF VIEW

METZ stops at steel door, pulls out small, laminated card from pocket, inserts it in slot by side of door. Door opens. METZ enters, door closes.

201 BACK TO BOND

He starts to rise, stops as he hears footsteps.

202 ANGLE ON WHITE-COATED MAN - BOND'S POINT OF VIEW

A MAN in white with a pleasant face, carrying clipboard, heads for steel door.

203 BACK TO BOND

He reaches into back pocket, pulls out wallet.

204 BACK TO DOOR AND WHITE-COATED MAN

MAN has pulled out his card, is about to insert it, stops as BOND comes into frame. BOND smiles, holds a card of his own, gestures at the MAN -- after you. MAN smiles, sticks his card in slot. BOND does likewise.

205 CLOSE ON CARD SLOT

BOND feigns sticking card in. We see: AMERICAN EXPRESS.

206 BACK TO STEEL DOOR

BOND goes through door with MAN. Door closes.

207 INT. CORRIDOR

BOND turns to the other MAN in a friendly fashion.

BOND

Hello. Don't believe I've seen you around here before.

MAN

(extending hand)

Klaus Hergersheimer. G Section. Just checking radiation shields for replacement.

(stops - sees)

Where's yours?

BOND

It's been waiting on G Section for the last two days.

CONTINUED

207 CONTINUED

HERGERSHEIMER

(taking shield  
from pocket)

Sorry. Here...  
(hands it  
to BOND)

You should have called up. Can't  
be too careful about radiation.

BOND

(pinning it on)

Absolutely. I feel a good deal  
safer in here now.

HERGERSHEIMER turns right. BOND pauses, turns left.

208 INT. CORRIDOR - TRACKING SHOT

CAMERA TRACKS with BOND down corridor, passing doors,  
glancing through small glass windows in each one. He  
suddenly stops at particular door, looks through, takes  
clipboard off corridor wall.

209 INT. METZ LABORATORY

In middle of room, a startling object: Twelve feet high,  
shaped like a butterfly with collapsible wings. Embedded  
in wings are thousands of glistening diamonds. Small  
portion of one wing remains significantly dark. AIDE  
makes adjustments on surrounding scaffolding. METZ is  
at huge work table some distance away with other AIDE.  
Carryall is open on table, the diamonds spread out in  
front. BOND enters. METZ wheels around to face him.

METZ

Who are you?

BOND

(advancing calmly)

Klaus Hergersheimer. Just check-  
ing radiation shields.

(looks at clipboard)

Let's see. You're....

METZ

Dr. Metz. Our shields are fine.  
Get out.

CONTINUED

209 CONTINUED

BOND

(crossing to  
him)

Have to verify. Sorry. Won't  
take a moment. Now then...Metz...  
Metz. How do you spell that?

METZ

Will you please leave, you  
irritating man!

BOND

There's no reason to run down the  
little people, Doctor.

(red wall phone  
rings, AIDE  
answers)

G Section may not be as important  
to the operation as you, but we  
do have our orders.

AIDE

(in awe)

Dr. Metz. Willard Whyte for you.

METZ walks by BOND, takes phone. BOND follows, checking  
clipboard.

METZ

(into phone)

Hello, W.W. Yes, it's finally  
here. Quite enough for completion.

BOND checks AIDES, glances over at work table. One AIDE  
notices his interest, reaches out to table.

210 WORK TABLE - BOND'S POV

The carryall, diamonds, scientific devices and plans.  
Inexplicably in middle of table: small, normal tape cassette:  
WORLD'S GREAT MARCHES. AIDE'S hand slides cassette under  
pile of plans.

211 BACK TO SCENE

BOND has noticed cassette. METZ continues on phone.

METZ

(into phone)

We'll be through shortly, W.W.  
No problems at all...right.

(hangs up, turns  
to BOND)

Now will you....

CONTINUED



214 CONTINUED

GUARD'S VOICE

Get him, Harry! Get him!

HARRY swerves towards BOND in ungainly fashion, makes a lunge at him, drops rock on his own foot, falls.

215 ANGLE ON MOON MACHINE

BOND has reached moon machine, pulls open door at the side. DRIVER inside lunges at him. BOND sidesteps, DRIVER goes sprawling on ground. BOND gets in, closes door.

216 INT. MOON MACHINE

Complicated-looking with mystifying control panel. BOND frantically fiddles with switches as GUARDS surround vehicle, banging on the side. He finds a lever, pulls it.

217 EXT MOON CRATER

GUARDS, ASTRONAUTS, clustered around machine trying to get in. It suddenly goes in reverse, backing into and over several people. Arms on machine swing wildly.

218 INT. MOON MACHINE

BOND realizes his mistake, slams lever other way.

219 EXT. MOON CRATER

Machine moves forward at super speed, huge arms flailing crazily. HARRY gets to his feet with a maximum effort. Machine roars by him -- one arm picks him up by the shoulder, sends him sprawling again. Machine continues up and over top of crater crashing through mountain ranges as everyone runs after it, yelling.

220 EXT. CRATER BUILDING - DUSK

Moon machine bursts through wide double doors of domed building and outside. Pieces of the moon still hang on machine as it swerves crazily, then straightens out.

221 INT. MOON MACHINE

BOND tries to keep the direction straight. He has hit the road heading for the front gate.

211 CONTINUED

BOND

Certainly, Doctor. I've seen  
everything I need to.

BOND turns, exits. METZ returns to work on object with AIDES.  
Knock on door. HERGERSHEIMER enters.

HERGERSHEIMER

Hello. Sorry to disturb. I'm  
Klaus Hergersheimer.

(they stare at him  
unbelievably)

Checking radiation shields?

212 INT. MOON CRATER - DAY - CLOSE ON ASTRONAUT

ASTRONAUT in white, ballooning moon suit standing on barren  
turf resembling the moon itself. He moves in cumbersome,  
slow-motion fashion, gradually bends down, picks up large  
rock with considerable difficulty. CAMERA PULLS BACK, reveals  
other ASTRONAUT walking through moon crater. In b.g. is  
strange moon-travelling machine on wheels with long mechanical  
arms groping slowly at the air. Past machine, mountains trail  
off into distance. Image of tiny Earth suspended in surround-  
ing blackness. True topography and feeling of moon. The  
eerie silence is suddenly shattered by loud sirens and alarms.

213 ANGLE ON MOON MOUNTAIN PEAKS

BOND'S head pops up full size between two mountain peaks.

GUARD'S VOICE

There he is! Over by the crater!  
Get him.

214 WIDER ANGLE

BOND leaps over crater rim and down inside, heading towards  
astronauts and moon machine. Several GUARDS follow him over  
the edge, chasing. Immediate panic inside crater.

CONTROL VOICE

What the hell is this, amateur  
night? C'mon guys...go play some-  
where else, okay?

BOND zig-zags his way through fumbling ASTRONAUTS in the  
direction of moon machine. He approaches HARRY who still holds  
huge rock.

CONTINUED

148 ANGLE ON TIFFANY

She picks up her hand, glances at it, suddenly stops.

149 INSERT SHOT - TIFFANY'S CARDS

One card is an Ace. The other has writing on it: WHY DON'T YOU PLAY THE WATER BALLOONS?

150 WIDER ANGLE

TIFFANY glances up at dealer who remains all business. She puts down cards, gets up. Dealer gathers in her hand.

151 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - ANGLE ON TIFFANY

TIFFANY seen from inside control booth. She has spotted what she was looking for, moves off. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing BOND and LEITER.

LEITER

She's on her way. So far, so good.

BOND

Good luck, Felix. See you later.

LEITER

Where are you going?

BOND

The car rental agency of course.  
Our little rendezvous.

LEITER

You don't think she's actually going to show, do you? It's a thousand-to-one shot.

BOND

More like even money.

(smiles)

Her devotion to larceny versus my incomparable charm.

BOND gives LEITER a cocky wink, is out the door.

152 INT. CIRCUS CIRCUS - CLOSE ON CLOWN HEAD

A brightly-colored Clown Head with an open, gaping mouth. A jet spray of water pours into the mouth, a balloon attached to the clown's head fills up, finally bursting.

CONTINUED

222 EXT. FRONT GATE - DUSK

TWO GUARDS look apprehensively at oncoming machine, seemingly totally out of control.

GUARD #1

Judas Priest; It's gone beserk!  
Look out, Phil....!

TWO GUARDS dive in separate directions for their lives as machine bursts through barrier, the swinging arms sending pieces flying. CAMERA PANS with machine as it moves down the road, heading for TIFFANY'S CAR.

223 EXT. PARKING AREA - DUSK

Several ARMED MEN pile into three cars, roar off.

224 EXT. ROAD - DUSK

The three cars pursuing Bond, rapidly gaining on him.

225 INT. MOON MACHINE

BOND looks over his shoulder, sees cars gaining on him.

226 EXT. ROAD

BOND turns machine out into desert sand, progresses rapidly. Three cars also swerve off road, follow.

227 CLOSE ON FIRST CAR

Wheels spinning furiously, it tries to get over a sand dune, finds itself hopelessly stuck on top.

228 INT. MOON MACHINE

BOND fiddles frantically with the controls, obviously trying to stop the thing. In b.g. looming up off to one side is TIFFANY'S car, barely visible through the huge cloud of dust and sand kicked up by the machine.

229 CLOSE ON SECOND CAR

Speeding down desert gully in pursuit of BOND, bouncing up and down violently on the bumpy terrain -- suddenly the entire suspension system goes -- the car collapses.

## 230 ANGLE ON DUNE BUGGY MOTORCYCLES

Three dune buggy motorcycles, doing well on the sand, in pursuit of moon machine. One motorcycle veers down a gully, trying to cut BOND off.

## 231 CLOSE ON THIRD CAR

Wheels spinning vainly in the sand. It suddenly catches hold of something, plunges head first into the side of a dune -- sand pours over car, burying it completely.

## 231-A INT. MACHINE

CAMERA LOOKS PAST BOND out window of machine as he vainly tries to stop it. Suddenly dune buggy motorcycle leaps up and over dune directly in front of him -- Driver is thrown off seat, hurled a few yards away. BOND opens door of machine, dives out into dust cloud.

## 231-B ANGLE ON BOND AND MOTORCYCLE

Motorcycle on its side, wheels spinning crazily in the sand. Stunned driver lies some distance away. BOND rights motorcycle, gets on, drives off.

## 232 EXT. ROAD - TIFFANY

TIFFANY watches nervously trying to focus through dust cloud. BOND bursts out of cloud on motorcycle, screeches to stop by her car.

TIFFANY

What's happening? Where are the diamonds?

BOND

If you see a mad scientist in a minibus -- smile.

They get in car. BOND roars off.

## 233 EXT. DESERT - DUSK

The moon machine heading off into desert sunset with dune buggy motorcycles in pursuit.

## 234 EXT. ROAD - DUSK

TIFFANY'S car roars away, turns back onto highway.

## 235 ANGLE ON STRANDED THIRD CAR

The stranded third car at the top of the sand dune. The DRIVER reaches over, picks up voice speaker.

## 236 EXT. DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The gaudiest place imaginable. Neon lights make the area look brighter than day. Packed with people and cars. CAMERA PUSHES IN on TIFFANY'S car turning into a thoroughfare.

## 237 INT. TIFFANY'S CAR

BOND drives very slowly, taking in the sights with an almost casual interest. TIFFANY is agitated.

TIFFANY

Listen. You can drop me off at the next corner. This whole thing's getting a little out of hand. No regrets -- but when you start stealing moon machines from Willard Whyte -- goodbye and good luck.

BOND

Relax. I've got a friend named Felix who can fix anything.

TIFFANY

Is he married?

## 238 INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - LOOKING THROUGH WINDSHIELD

TIFFANY'S car turns into another street. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing SHERIFF and DEPUTY.

SHERIFF

There's that sonofabitch saboteur. Let's go.

## 239 EXT. VEGAS STREET

SHERIFF'S car, lights flashing, screeches around in front of TIFFANY'S car, cutting it off against curb diagonally. SHERIFF gets out, slowly walks toward BOND, full of swagger.

## 239-A INT. BOND'S CAR

A suddenly nervous BOND watches the approaching SHERIFF.

CONTINUED

239-A CONTINUED

TIFFANY

Relax. You've got a friend named  
Felix who can fix anything.

BOND

Unfortunately so can Willard Whyte....

239-B EXT. STREET - WIDER ANGLE

BOND slams car in reverse, roars away backwards from startled SHERIFF, hits brakes, does 180-degree skid turn, finds himself facing an approaching PATROL CAR. BOND skid-U-turns back in the other direction, rips past confused SHERIFF standing in street, hotly pursued by PATROL CAR which almost knocks SHERIFF down as it speeds by him.

240 EXT. LAS VEGAS DOWNTOWN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

BOND flashes through red stop light. SHERIFF'S car on his tail as another PATROL CAR joins from out of side street. Further up, streets become suddenly alive with more PATROL CARS. BOND makes incredible U-turn in intersection.

241  
thru  
247

SERIES OF SHOTS - TIFFANY'S CAR AND PURSUERS

BOND skids up one street, rips down another at right angles. PATROL CARS seem to come at him from all directions. A dazzling glare of lights from casinos and a cacophony of sound from honking cars and police sirens. A surrealistic ballet of cars, lights and colors.

248 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

BOND drives into crowded parking lot, several PATROL CARS on his tail. He weaves his way through and around rows of parked cars in effort to escape, is cut off at every turn by PATROL CARS following, nicking parked fenders right and left in their pursuit. BOND suddenly guns car, drives up tilted parked trailer bed, vaults over eight parked cars, roars out of lot. PATROL CAR tries to imitate move with more enthusiasm than momentum, crashing down onto the roofs of three cars in a huge wreck.

249 EXT. SMALL STREET - NIGHT

BOND turns into side street, races along with SHERIFF'S car right behind. CAMERA PANS: BOND has turned into a dead end street.

249-A INT. SHERIFF'S CAR

SHERIFF  
(gleefully)  
We got him! We got him now....

250 INT. TIFFANY'S CAR

TIFFANY the essence of panic, BOND the essence of calm as he sees:

251 ANGLE ON END OF DEAD END STREET - BOND'S POV

There is small alleyway at end of street. Just before and off to one side: a loading ramp.

252 INT. TIFFANY'S CAR

BOND  
Lean this way! Quick!

TIFFANY leans over hard against BOND, who yanks wheel to left, jerking weight over to that side.

253 ANGLE ON ALLEYWAY AND TIFFANY'S CAR

BOND drives car up loading ramp on two wheels, enters narrow alleyway at forty-five degree angle. Car skims along down alleyway wall on two wheels, sparks flying from the friction.

254 ANGLE ON SHERIFF'S CAR

He tries to imitate BOND, rolls up ramp, flips completely over, slamming into narrow alleyway entrance on his roof, rebounding out from shock. He is immediately hit from behind by other PATROL CAR, spins like a top. A third PATROL CAR hits him from other side -- a total loss.

255 EXT. OTHER END OF ALLEYWAY

TIFFANY'S car shoots out of alleyway on two wheels into side street, rights itself. No patrol cars in sight. BONDS slows down.



256 INT. WHITE HOUSE SUITE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON FISH

A tropical fish stares directly INTO CAMERA, puckers.

257 ANGLE THROUGH BED

CAMERA PANS through other fish, snails, plants, etc. We are under large water bed of transparent plastic with built-in aquarium. Looking up: outlines of two bodies locked together on top of bed. (Fish and plants placed in discreet positions.)

BOND'S voice:

BOND

Buzz off....

TIFFANY

What?

BOND

Not you darling. A fish just blew a kiss at me.

TIFFANY

How lovely. I've finally brought out the worm in you...James.

BOND freezes, stares at her. She smiles.

TIFFANY

May I call you James? Finally?

BOND

Any particular reason you want to?

TIFFANY

You've held out on the organization, broken into a government plant, flown a car sideways through an alley, and haven't even tried to skip town. Peter Franks would be throwing up in the bathroom by now.

BOND

I've been feeling a bit queasy lately myself.

TIFFANY

I don't believe you.

(snuggling closer)

Mmm. You know James, this is so much nicer than last night with Peter Franks.

BOND

I heard he wasn't much. Do we compare at all?

CONTINUED

257

CONTINUED

TIFFANY

Let's see...he's as tall as you are, quite charming in his own way, and just as good-looking. But you're a much better skindiver.

BOND

Well that's something at least.

TIFFANY

James?...Why are we suddenly staying in the bridal suite at the Whyte House?

BOND

In order to form a more perfect union, darling.

TIFFANY

Outside of that.

(no answer)

James? What's going to happen to me?

BOND

Don't you like surprises?

TIFFANY

You did talk to your friend Felix about me.

BOND

Mmm.

TIFFANY

Well what did he say?

BOND

Something about twenty years to life. It wasn't important.

TIFFANY

(trying to sit up)

Twenty years to life!

BOND

(caressing expertly)

Relax, darling. I'm on top of the situation, believe me.

TIFFANY

Oh, sure, that's easy for you to...

(feeling him)

Oh, my goodness...for you to say. You're not the one who...oh, James. How many fingers do you have?

Outline of BOND'S arm reaches out, switches off light. Bed now lit from inside, light streaming through the plants and fish. On top -- darkness, a moment of silence.

CONTINUED

257 CONTINUED - 2

TIFFANY

(in darkness)

I must be crazy. This isn't like me at all. I've been almost run over by a moon machine, helped to wipe out half the police force of Las Vegas, made enemies of my own people, Willard Whyte, and the U.S. Government, and I wind up giving away something for nothing.

BOND

(mock hurt)

Well, if it's a matter of simple charity....

He starts to get up -- she stops him, pulls him back.

TIFFANY

(sighs warmly)

I might as well start at home....

258 INT. WHYTE HOUSE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

LEITER storms around corridor corner, followed by two other AGENTS, arrives at suite door, knocks heavily.

259 INT. WHYTE HOUSE SUITE

BOND emerges from bathroom, tucking shirt into pants. Room is brightly lit now. He passes staircase, walks along gallery to door: we are in a duplex. BOND opens door. LEITER enters.

LEITER

(sourly)

Mr. and Mrs. Jones?

BOND

That's what the register says. What does Washington say?

LEITER

(passing him)

No go. We sit still for now.

BOND

Sit still!

LEITER

What do we do with Tiffany? Book her?

LEITER has reached stairway railing, looks down.

A wild, futuristically opulent living room. TIFFANY lies on giant water bed in center, covered only by a transparent pillow full of fish.

TIFFANY

(looking up)

I've been cooperating, Mr. Leiter,  
really I have.

(grins)

My word has been as good as my  
Bond.

BOND (o.s.)

I'll vouch for that.

BOND follows LEITER down stairs into living room.

BOND

Come on, Felix. Let's just go up  
and see him. This isn't the real  
White House. He isn't the Presi-  
dent.

LEITER

The President I can get you in to  
see.

BOND

That's not good enough.

LEITER

Until Washington starts believing  
Willard Whyte's a thief, that's  
the way it is.

(looks at TIFFANY)

I'm sure you and Mrs. Jones can  
find some way to amuse yourselves.

BOND

We've just been there.

LEITER

We'll hang in a while.

(crosses to door)

And just to make sure you're not  
disturbed, I've got a man outside  
the upstairs door, and Hamilton's  
right out here.

LEITER opens door. HAMILTON peers in, smiles.

CONTINUED

261 CONTINUED

BOND

You don't believe me either, do you.

LEITER

Wouldn't do me any good if I did.  
Sleep tight, James.

LEITER exits. BOND crosses quickly to chair, straps on strange-looking gun, puts on coat.

TIFFANY

Where are you going?

BOND

Won't be a minute. If you get a nibble, call Hamilton.

BOND crosses, opens window, walks out onto ledge.

262 EXT. WHYTE HOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

A rather wide, relatively safe-looking roof. BOND walks along casually, stops, looks down.

263 ANGLE ON STREET - BOND'S POV

The street, lights, and cars below. Not too far down.

264 BACK TO BOND

BOND remains standing on roof as if waiting for something. He suddenly rises, heading up out of frame. The glass-faced outside elevator of the Whyte House gradually replaces him, coming up into frame, filled with people.

265 BACK TO BOND

on the rising elevator. He calmly lights a cigarette.

266 DOWNWARD ANGLE - BOND'S POV

He is being carried upwards at a rapid pace. The street and cars grow smaller, more distant below.

267 EXT. SIDE OF WHYTE HOUSE

Rising elevator against side of hotel with the tiny figure of BOND riding on top.

268 BACK TO BOND

on the rising elevator. BOND looks up.

269 ANGLE ON ELEVATOR TERMINUM - BOND'S POV

At upper end of elevator cable track: an ominous-looking black hole, getting nearer and nearer.

270 BACK TO BOND

He braces himself as elevator rises to meet hole, haunching over to avoid being crushed. Elevator suddenly stops. BOND is wedged in, frantically searches for a handhold or overhead cable -- none.

VOICE (o.s.)

(from below)

Down please, down....

Elevator suddenly drops out from under him. BOND spread-eagles, bracing himself against either end of hole.

271 OVERHEAD SHOT - BOND

BOND braced in the hole -- the street below with brilliant lights and maze of cars, seemingly miles down.

272 BACK TO BOND

He looks up and out.

273 PENTHOUSE OVERHANG - BOND'S POV

Edge of penthouse floor rises up and away from him: Smooth granite -- there seems to be no way to negotiate it.

274 BACK TO BOND

He painfully and carefully reaches for strange gun, pulls it out, attaches it to his wrist with a strap, pulls small metal piton from his cummerbund, inserts it. He aims gun, fires it.

275 ANGLE ON PENTHOUSE OVERHANG

The piton sticks into the granite overhang.

276 BACK TO BOND

Repeating the process several more times, winding up with a row of pitons leading to lip of overhang. BOND takes small packet from pocket, produces two clips at ends of thin nylon line. Reaching out carefully, he manages to attach first clip to ring of first piton, swings out with other clip in other hand.

277 ANGLE ON OVERHANG

BOND works his way from piton to piton with the two clips and nylon line, lights of city and desert outline seen in distance. He reaches the lip of the overhang, clips on last piton. It jerks out -- BOND drops, swings out, now held by only one piton.

278 OVERHEAD ANGLE ON BOND

Swinging free over the city below. He holds on with one hand for dear life.

279 CLOSE ON BOND

BOND  
(genuinely upset)  
So help me, Q, if I fall I'll kill  
you.

280 WIDER ANGLE

He retrieves gun which hangs from his wrist by strap, fires last piton again -- it sticks. He painfully makes his way up to it, clips on, arrives at lip of the overhang, pulls himself up and over.

281 OMITTED

282 EXT. WHYTE HOUSE PENTHOUSE ROOF

Dark, smoked windows form a wall running down one side. CAMERA FOLLOWS as BOND walks past, looking for an opening. He suddenly sees something, turns.

283 ANGLE ON ROOF - BOND'S POV

A dim shaft of light coming up from a part of the roof.

284 BACK TO BOND

CAMERA FOLLOWS as he scales portion of roof, arrives at lit shaft. It is a skylight. He tries it. It opens. BOND slides through feet first.

285 INT. PENTHOUSE BATHROOM - NIGHT

BOND tumbles through skylight, suddenly finds himself sitting on a throne-like seat which turns out to be the world's most elegant toilet -- BOND is in a strange, bizarre bathroom. In front of him sits a bank of closed circuit television sets. The first two TV sets are on.

286 INSERT - FIRST TELEVISION - BOND'S POV

The money-counting room of the Whyte House. Several clerks recording the proceeds of the casino as guards look on.

287 INSERT - SECOND TELEVISION - BOND'S POV

An overhead view of Whyte House casino and gaming tables.

288 BACK TO BOND

Next TV set is marked "PENTHOUSE #1." BOND snaps it on.

289 TV SET PENTHOUSE #1 - BOND'S POV

A sweeping, elegant penthouse living room. A staircase near the center leading up and off to a room upstairs. In b.g. a small desk. In f.g. a larger, more sumptuous desk with huge chair. CAMERA looks past chair. It swivels slightly, obviously someone in it. BERT SAXBY comes into frame carrying a small, rectangular object, places it on desk. Desk telephone is attached to strange-looking mechanical device. SAXBY talks to man in chair. We do not hear what they say. SAXBY nods, crosses to small door, presses button. It opens -- an elevator. He gets in. Doors close.

290 BACK TO BOND

He switches off set, turns on next one: "PENTHOUSE #2."



291 TV SET PENTHOUSE #2 - BOND'S POV

He sees himself on toilet, taken from top angle. BOND looks at ceiling for camera, now looks directly out of television set.

292 WIDER ANGLE

MAN'S VOICE

(piped into room)

Please feel free to conclude any personal business you might find necessary in there. Then kindly relieve yourself of your weapon or weapons as the case may be.

(BOND looks up)

That skylight won't open any longer. You may as well come in.

BOND rises, takes off his Walther PPK, drops it. He swivels slightly, reaches down, pulls knife out of pants leg, sneaks a glance at edge of cummerbund.

292A INSERT SHOT - CUMMERBUND

The tip of one metal piton barely visible.

292B BACK TO BOND

He adjusts his coat, hears a buzzer. The bathroom door clicks open. BOND walks through.

293 INT. PENTHOUSE LIVING ROOM

BOND enters, stops. Room filled with bric-a-brac of all sorts, awards to Willard Whyte, etc. Man in chair has swivelled himself away from BOND. Center pit area of room is glass floor map of North America showing locations of all Willard Whyte enterprises, lit from beneath. Man in chair suddenly swivels to face BOND. It is Blofeld.

BLOFELD

Good evening, Mr. Bond.

BOND

(stunned)

Blofeld!

BOND is about to leap for him. A noise from the staircase snaps his head around -- a second BLOFELD slowly descends, a white cat trailing behind him.

CONTINUED

293 CONTINUED

BLOFELD #2

Good evening, Double-O-Seven.

Two BLOFELDS look and talk exactly alike. White cat lies down on pillow at end of room. BOND is stunned.

BLOFELD #1

Double jeopardy, Mr. Bond.

BLOFELD #2

You killed my only other double, I'm afraid. After his death volunteers were understandably rather scarce.

BLOFELD #1

Such a pity. All that time and expense simply to provide you with one mock heroic moment.

BOND, totally confused, looks at one, then the other.

BLOFELD #2

Damned confusing, isn't it.

BLOFELD #1

Sometimes even I have difficulty in telling us apart.

Phone rings. BLOFELD #1 switches on device attached to phone, answers it.

BLOFELD #1

(into phone  
in Willard  
Whyte's voice)

Willard Whyte speaking. Yes, Governor, I got your message. No, no, a personal appearance is quite out of the question. I'll send a deposition to the committee. Thank you, Governor.

BLOFELD #1 hangs up. BOND is impressed.

BOND

That's a neat trick.

BLOFELD #1

A voice box, Mr. Bond. Science was never my strong suit, but the principle's easy enough. Someone's voice patterns and resonance stored in a small oral signature tape.

BLOFELD #2

A miniature transistorized version is installed in his neck.

CONTINUED

293 CONTINUED - 2

BLOFELD #1

Or is it his neck? I can never remember. Oh, well, no matter. We sound alike.

BOND regains composure, wanders over lit map of North America and Whyte Enterprises, looks down.

BOND

My congratulations to both of you.  
(looking at  
installations)  
Explosives, oil, electronics,  
hotels, aviation, even bathroom  
tissue. Quite a nice little com-  
pany.

BLOFELD #2

I've done rather well with it too.  
Tried to cut some of the fat off,  
but Mr. Whyte's actually a splendid  
administrator. The damned thing  
runs itself.

BOND

I suppose you've killed him.

BLOFELD #1

Not at all, not at all. Nothing  
quite so violent. I'm merely  
holding him in storage, so to  
speak. An insurance policy against  
any outside interference with my  
plans.

BOND edges to end of room where cat is, spots something.

294 ANGLE ON WINGED NIKE - BOND'S POV

A statue of the winged goddess Nike on a table. In one of her hands, a small arrow-like spear. (Statue an award to Whyte Techtonics for its part in building Nike missile.) In b.g. cat still lies nearby on pillow.

295 BACK TO SCENE

BOND

(edging toward statue)  
The ideal kidnap victim. No one's  
seen the man in five years. Who's  
to miss a man who's already missing?

CONTINUED

295 CONTINUED

BOND (CONT'D)

Except Saxby, of course. But then he's working for you now.

BLOFELD #2

How clever you are, Mr. Bond.

BLOFELD #1

Nice to see you still haven't lost that fine mental edge, Double-O-Seven.

BOND has reached Nike statue, fingers the spear absent-mindedly. His other hand slides inside his jacket.

BLOFELD

Please don't get any foolish notions. That little spear must be awfully tricky to throw, even if you could dislodge it.

BOND

Hardly seems worth the effort. I wouldn't even know which one of you to kill.

BLOFELD #2

(smiling)

A thorny problem, Mr. Bond. I deeply sympathize. Allow me to....

BOND suddenly stamps foot down hard.

296 CLOSE ON CAT

BOND'S foot smashes into the cat's tail. It lets out an agonizing screech, leaps.

297 WIDER ANGLE

The screaming cat heads straight for BLOFELD #2, jumps over his desk and into his arms. With one motion, BOND has pulled piton from cummerbund, inserted it in gun -- fires. Piton drives through BLOFELD #2's forehead, sending him crashing over backwards in his chair, dead.

298 ANGLE ON BLOFELD #1

He smiles, pulls gun, makes clucking sound with his mouth.

299 ANGLE ON OTHER DOOR

Appearing through a crack in another door -- another white cat -- this one with gleaming diamond choker.

300 WIDER ANGLE

The cat runs across the room, jumps in BLOFELD #1's lap.

BLOFELD

Right idea, Mr. Bond.

BOND

(glum)

Wrong pussy.

BLOFELD rises, picks up object from desk. BOND notices.

301 CLOSE ON BLOFELD'S HANDS

Visible for just a second -- a small tape cassette with only the letters: WORLD'S GREATEST MAR legible through his fingers.

302 BACK TO SCENE

BLOFELD

(crossing to open  
wall safe)

I do so enjoy our little visits,  
Mr. Bond, however potentially  
painful they may be, but I'm  
afraid this one has come to an  
end.

BLOFELD puts cassette in wall safe, closes it.

BOND

What are you planning to do with  
those diamonds?

BLOFELD

An excellent question. And one  
which will be dangling from the  
lips of the world quite soon. If  
I'd break the news to anyone first  
it would be to you, Mr. Bond, you  
know that. But it's quite late,  
I'm tired, and there's so much  
left to do.

BLOFELD presses button under desk. Elevator doors open at  
other end of room. He cocks gun.

BLOFELD

Good night, Mr. Bond.

CONTINUED

302 CONTINUED

BOND looks at the open doors suspiciously.

BLOFELD

Well go on, go on, it's merely a lift.

BOND crosses to elevator, hesitates, gets in gingerly, expecting the bottom to drop out. It doesn't. He looks back at BLOFELD.

BLOFELD

You press L, Mr. Bond. The word lobby begins with L.

BLOFELD presses another button -- the doors close.

303 INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

BOND braces himself against the sides of the elevator -- nothing happens. He straightens up, relaxes, then sniffs the air. Suddenly the elevator fills with a noxious-looking yellow gas streaming in from all over. BOND gets woozy, then drops like a sack of dead meat.

304 ANGLE ON ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATION

Floor indicator blinks the downward progress of elevator through yellow gas: 3,2,1.L,B1,B2,B3,B4, -- W.W.

305 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE OF WHYTE HOUSE - NIGHT

Elevator doors open, last of the gas drifts out. Two men enter elevator, drag BOND out: WINT and KIDD.

KIDD

(looking down  
at BOND)

Well, if you don't succeed at first,  
Mr. Wint.

WINT

(sighing)

You try, try again, Mr. Kidd.

They drag BOND'S body past several cars in underground garage to a Thunderbird with open trunk. They put BOND in trunk, close it, get in the car.

306 ANOTHER ANGLE

WINT starts car, turns, heads for tunnel cut into wall, drives in.

393 INT. BLOFELD'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON TAPE CASSETTE

WORLD'S GREAT MARCHES playing The Marine Hymn in a machine. It is switched off.

394 WIDER ANGLE

BLOFELD throws tape on his desk, facing BOND. TIFFANY can be seen sunbathing through window behind desk.

BLOFELD

So that's why you came. Good thinking, Mr. Bond. You were absolutely right as usual. So sorry to have ruined the line of your suit.

395 CLOSER ON BOND

One shoulder of his dark suit has been ripped open. He looks past BLOFELD, out towards TIFFANY.

396 WIDER ANGLE - BOND AND BLOFELD

BLOFELD

Miss Case has taken a terribly reasonable attitude about all of this. Like any sensible animal, she's only threatening when she's threatened.

BOND

Unfortunately for you, the same can be said for nations.

BLOFELD

Spoken like a true company man, Mr. Bond. How instructive it must be for you to watch one individual hold the world at bay - for pay. I should think the Americans will bid first - all that wretched excess of pioneer spirit.

TIFFANY enters room, stretches sensuously.

BOND

(to BLOFELD)

Well, it does certainly look like you're holding all the aces. Right down to Dragon Lady over there.

BLOFELD

Jealousy, Mr. Bond? From you? I'm flattered.

(rises)

As La Rochefoucauld observed, humility is the worst form of conceit. I do hold a winning hand. Why don't you let me take you on a little tour of our facilities. Your chance to see the real tape once again.

TIFFANY

(glancing at fake tape)

Can I tag along, Ernst?

BLOFELD

I'd put something on over that bikini first, my dear. I've come too far to have the aim of my crew affected by the sight of a pretty body. Mr. Bond....

397 CLOSE ON REAR OF BOND

BOND turns to leave. TIFFANY'S hand picks up fake tape, slides it into BOND'S hand. He palms it up sleeve.

398 EXT. OIL RIG - SUBMARINE'S POV

Rig seen through sub periscope some distance away:

VOICE (O.S.)

No signal yet. C'mon, whoever you are....



BLOFELD has led BOND under guard to Command Center. BOND feigns impressed interest, notices tape sticking out.

METZ

(to BLOFELD)

No word yet from anyone.

BLOFELD

Only twelve minutes left. Well, I suppose some gentle prodding is called for. Let me see...

(checks revolving Globe)

If we destroy Kansas the world might not hear about it for years. Perhaps New York. All that smut and traffic. It would give them a chance for a new start...ah, perfect! Washington, D.C. Since we haven't heard from them, they'll hear from us. See to it, Metz.

METZ begins making adjustments. BOND has edged his way over to tape, sticking out of the computer.

BOND

(amazed)

It's so perfectly simple. And I suppose this tape merely....

(yanks it out)

pops out like this.

BLOFELD whips out gun, levels it at BOND'S head.

BLOFELD

Put it back, Mr. Bond. Very carefully.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Hi, Ernst, is Superman giving you any trouble?

BLOFELD turns, looks. TIFFANY has returned, now wearing a little top to her outfit, stands near door.

400 CLOSE ON BOND'S HAND AND TAPE SLOT

BOND palms real tape, drops fake one from sleeve, inserts it.

401 BACK TO SCENE

BLOFELD

You've suddenly become tiresome,  
Mr. Bond.

(to GUARDS)

Take him away, search him again  
and throw him in the brig.

METZ

Target fixed. Commence countdown.

LAUNCH CONTROL DIRECTOR

Washington, D.C. Ten minutes  
and counting....

BOND is led away, passes TIFFANY at door, looks at her  
with real loathing.

BOND

You lovely little traitorous bitch.

He pats her on the behind.

402 CLOSE ON TIFFANY'S REAR END

BOND pats her rear, drops real tape from sleeve, puts it  
down back of her bikini bottom.

403 BACK TO SCENE

BOND (CONT'D)

All your problems are behind you  
now....

BOND turns, walks out door with GUARDS.

404 CLOSE SHOT - TIFFANY

TIFFANY perplexed, deciding what to do.

405 EXT. RIG

BOND escorted by GUARDS towards open hatchway. He looks off

406 CLOSE ON WEATHER BALLOON - BOND'S POV

Large weather balloon attached to side of rig directly in BOND'S path.

407 BACK TO BOND

He passes balloon, reaches out casually, unhooks it, lets it fly. GUARDS stop, watch, unsure of what he has done.

408 EXT. OIL RIG - SUBMARINE'S POV

Through periscope. Balloon sailing free of rig into air.

409 INT. LEITER'S HELICOPTER

LEITER, WHYTE and a COLONEL in hovering helicopter have seen the signal.

COLONEL  
(looking through  
binoculars)

A weather balloon. What do you think, Mr. Leiter?

LEITER  
That must be the signal. There isn't a low pressure area within two hundred miles of here. Let's go.

COLONEL  
(into radio)  
Commence attack, commence attack.

WHYTE  
Come on, Double-O-Seven. Get the hell off that rig.

410 EXT. RIG - BOND AND GUARDS

GUARDS watch sailing balloon, raise guns, fire at it.

411 ANGLE ON WINDOW

BLOFELD watches, looks up at balloon.

412 BACK TO BOND AND GUARDS

GUARDS continue to fire up at balloon. Suddenly BOND stamps down hard on foot of one GUARD, elbows another in the neck, makes a break for side of rig, passing small hut. SPECTRE MAN suddenly pops out by side of hut as he runs by, clubs him with gun butt. BOND falls:

TIFFANY'S VOICE (O.S.)

James!

413 WIDER ANGLE

TIFFANY runs out door of computer shack, over to the fallen BOND.

414 CLOSER ON BOND AND TIFFANY

TIFFANY elbows GUARDS away from the semi-conscious BOND, leans over him protectively, her face next to his.

TIFFANY

I did it. I stuck the fake in the machine. Now they'll...

BOND

(thunderstruck)

You switched them in the machine?

(she nods proudly)

You stupid twit! You put the real one back in!

415 WIDER ANGLE

GUARDS pull BOND to his feet in front of glum TIFFANY, lead him off towards open hatchway.

416 CLOSER ON TIFFANY

She watches BOND leave, then looks off towards computer shack.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Six minutes and counting....

417 INT. RIG HATCHWAY

BOND is led down one level inside rig. GUARDS open door, push him in and down into second level room.

418 INT. PAINT ROOM

BOND falls in, knocking over several paint cans. The room is a storage place for various maintenance facilities. BOND rises, looks down. CAMERA TILTS DOWN - an iron grating underneath, the ocean some forty feet down.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE (V.O.)

Five minutes and counting....

419 INT. COMPUTER SHACK

Radar screens alive with blips - some of the crew panicking, including METZ, who turns to BLOFELD.

METZ

But how is this possible?  
You said they wouldn't attack!  
You said....

BLOFELD

The balloon was a signal. The stupid fools must think Mr. Bond has accomplished his mission.

(to GUARD)

Activate defenses.

CAMERA PANS TO DOOR: TIFFANY edges slowly into shack.

420 EXT. SKY AND HELICOPTERS

A small armada of helicopters approaching the rig.

421 ANGLE ON RIG - HELICOPTERS'POV

The sides of the four rig pillars fall away, exposing anti-aircraft and ack-ack emplacements - they begin to fire away at helicopters.

422 INT. COMPUTER SHACK

The firing is heard from outside. Pendemonium in shack.  
BLOFELD argues with METZ.

METZ

Get them on the radio, Blofeld!  
Tell them we give up!

BLOFELD

Give up now? I've worked too  
long for this moment. They'll  
pay dearly for making a fool  
out of me!

423 CLOSE ON TIFFANY

She edges over to tape machine, has almost reached it.

METZ (O.S.)

I see it now! You don't care  
about peace! All you care  
about is...

BLOFELD (O.S.)

Shut up, Metz!

TIFFANY has reached tape machine, tentatively sticks her  
hand out.

BLOFELD (O.S.)

Tiffany, my dear.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HER REAR END - the bulging outline of the  
tape is distinctly visible.

424 WIDER ANGLE

BLOFELD

(smiling)

We're showing a bit more cheek  
than usual, aren't we?

TIFFANY turns with sheepish expression, hands him the fake  
tape, tries to smile.

CONTINUED:

424 CONTINUED:

BLOFELD  
(to GUARD)  
Take her below with Mr. Bond.  
(to TIFFANY)  
What a pity. Such nice cheeks  
too. If only they were brains....

425 INT. PAINT ROOM AND BOND

BOND on knees over floor opening. He has managed to lift grating out, turns it sideways, lets it drop into ocean, then lowers himself through floor.

426 EXT. RIG

Battle now raging on rig - TIFFANY led by GUARDS out of computer shack, bullets whizzing around them. GUARDS lift machine guns, fire at approaching helicopter menacing them. TIFFANY leaps off to one side, diving into pile of pipes as GUARDS are cut down by helicopter fire.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Three minutes and counting....

427 EXT. UNDERNEATH RIG

BOND shimmying along a pipe horizontally under rig, heading for hanging anchor and rope.

428 INT. COMPUTER SHACK

Bullets piercing the walls - most of the SPECTRE MEN have hit the floor. METZ still by destruct button at Command Center, BLOFELD behind him.

METZ  
I say surrender! This is  
madness!

BLOFELD  
One more word, Metz, and I'll  
have you shot!

CONTINUED:

428 CONTINUED:

BLOFELD walks purposefully across room up to GUARD, leans in confidentially:

BLOFELD  
Prepare my bathesub immediately.

429 EXT. RIG - AERIAL SHOT FROM LEITER'S HELICOPTER

The top of main derrick of rig seen through windshield of helicopter, WHYTE at the controls. LEITER fires machine gun at group of SPECTRE AGENTS near top of derrick, hits them.

430 EXT. RIG - CLOSE ON SPECTRE MAN ON DERRICK

SPECTRE AGENT at top of derrick hit by LEITER'S gun fire. He falls length of derrick, CAMERA FOLLOWING, lands in dead heap in pile of piping, his machine gun clattering by his side. CAMERA PANS - TIFFANY several feet away. She stares at the dead man, then at the machine gun, suddenly looks off:

431 ANGLE ON BLOFELD - TIFFANY'S POV

BLOFELD running across the deck to bathesub, gets in, shuts door.

432 ANGLE ON SIDE OF RIG

BOND climbing up anchor rope, transferring himself to steel ladder on side of rig. He has almost reached the top.

433 INT. BATHESUB

BLOFELD in seat, locks safety belt, speaks into radio:

BLOFELD  
(into radio)  
Lift. Lift.

434 INT. CRANE CAB

GUARD operating crane cab pulls lever.



435 EXT. RIG

The bathesub, attached to crane by cable, is lifted up, swung over the side of rig.

436 ANGLE ON BOND AND SIDE OF RIG

BOND'S head appears over side of rig. He looks directly at crane, hears Blofeld's voice through speaker in cab:

BLOFELD'S VOICE

(through speaker)

Lower away. Lower away.

437 EXT. RIG - WIDER ANGLE

Bathesub is slowly lowered down towards ocean.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

Two minutes and counting.

438 BACK TO BOND

He vaults up and over top of rig.

439 EXT. SKY AND HELICOPTERS

Doors of several helicopters hovering over rig open:  
FROGMEN dive out into water.

440 ANGLE ON BOND - TIFFANY'S POV

BOND running for crane cab. CAMERA ZOOMS BACK - TIFFANY watches, now picks up machine, heads in his direction, firing at no one and everyone.

441 CLOSER ON CRANE CAB

BOND reaches crane cab, OPERATOR turns to meet him. BOND grabs hard hat off side of cab, smashes him in the face, pulls him out of cab, gets in.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE

One minute and counting...

442 INT. BATHESUB

BLOFELD in descending bathesub has almost reached water level. Bullets can be heard pinging off bathesub.

BLOFELD  
(into radio)  
Release! Release!

443 BACK TO CRANE CAB

BOND at the controls. He fiddles around, finds right lever. He pulls lever hard, ducks as sever SPECTRE MEN open fire on him, jerks other lever.

444 WIDER ANGLE

Simultaneously the bathesub is lifted up and the crane cab swivelled to avoid the oncoming fire. Bullets ricochet off side of crane cab - bathesub has been raised above rig level, swings across rig with motion of swivelling cab, sails into and through ack-ack emplacement, destroying it.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Thirty seconds and counting.

445 CLOSER ON CAB

TIFFANY arrives at cab, machine gun in hand, tries to duck behind it for cover - unsuccessfully since it swivels constantly as BOND tries to avoid oncoming fire. Several SPECTRE MEN run at cab, guns firing.

BOND  
Shoot, Tiffany, shoot!

TIFFANY lifts gun, freezes in fear:

BOND  
Shoot, damn it! Shoot!

BOND swivels cab again. TIFFANY points gun at deck, closes her eyes, fires. Gun jerks up - first bullets kill SPECTRE MEN.

CONTINUED:

445 CONTINUED:

She continues firing with eyes closed - the recoil forces the gun upwards, forces her backwards in jerky movements, finally knocking her backwards over side of rig.

446 BACK TO CAB AND BOND

He swivels other way, swings bathesub out over rig, reverses the lever.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Ten seconds and counting. Nine...

BOND  
Jump, Tiffany!

He turns - no one is there.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Eight...seven...six...

447 INT. BATHESUB - BLOFELD'S POV

Through bathesub windshield as BLOFELD watches in horror; the rapidly approaching computer shack as he swings towards it.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Five, four, three...

448 ANGLE ON BOND

BOND leaps out of cab.

LOUDSPEAKER VOICE  
Two, one....

449 EXT. RIG - WIDE ANGLE

The bathesub smashes into computer shack. There is small explosion from Command Center.

450 ANGLE ON BOND

BOND at edge of rig. He turns to look at computer shack.

451 INT. COMPUTER SHACK

SPECTRE MEN screaming, METZ pushing buttons frantically. Flames burst out. There is a larger explosion, obscuring all from view.

452 EXT. RIG - CLOSE ON BOND

BOND dives off rig.

453 EXT. RIG - WIDE ANGLE

Rig seen from a distance. A huge explosion, destroying everything.

454

thru OMITTED

465

466 EXT. LOS ANGELES DOCK - WHYTE WATER - DAY

CAMERA CLOSE ON side of cruise ship - The Whyte Water. A loud whistle blows twice.

467 ANGLE ON SIDE OF SHIP

BOND and TIFFANY stand at the rail, jammed between other passengers. Ukelele music, confetti, fake palm trees, old couples - the standard Hawaii cruise scene. In f.g. watching as ship starts to pull away are WHYTE and LEITER.

CONTINUED:

PICK UP ON BLUE PAGE 119 SHOT 467 (CONT'D)

467 CONTINUED:

LEITER

(yelling)

So long, James. I'll wire M  
you're on your way home.

BOND

Just don't tell him which way.

WHYTE

If you're having fun, let the  
Captain know. I'll have him  
steam around in circles for you.

BOND

(to WHYTE)

If you're ever in London....

WHYTE

After what I've seen of the  
world in the last couple of  
days? As soon as I get the  
kitty litter out of my john  
it's back to the old....

Low, guttural whistle cuts him off. Ship pulls away  
slowly. CAMERA TILTS UP to next deck: WINT and KIDD  
look down at BOND and TIFFANY. WINT takes KIDD'S hand,  
leads him away.

468 INT. SHIP'S CABIN - NIGHT

Beautifully elegant stateroom. BOND and TIFFANY kiss in  
center of room near large bed, BOND in dinner jacket,  
TIFFANY in long robe covering nightie.

BOND

(breaking)

No more for now, darling. I  
don't want to spoil your dinner.

TIFFANY

All I want is a little bite of  
everything anyway...

She nibbles his neck. Knock on door: It opens:

469 ANGLE ON DOOR

TWO WAITERS pull in trolleys of food, walking backwards.  
A sumptuous feast: Shashlik on skewers, beef fondue

CONTINUED:

469 CONTINUED

with flaming Sterno underneath, a carved ice Cornucopia with shell fish surrounding it, soup toureen, wine, brandy, etc. WAITERS stop trolleys, turn, smile: WINT and KIDD.

WINT  
Monsieur's dinner.

BOND  
Most impressive.

WINT  
(opening wine)  
The Margaux '59. A happy choice,  
if I may say.

WINT pours glass, hands it to BOND who sniffs cork.

BOND  
I'll be the judge of that.  
(sips expertly)  
Excellent.

KIDD has edged over to the telephone, stops.

470 CLOSE ON KIDD'S PANTS

His hand slides into pants pocket, squeezes something:  
A loud telephone ring is heard.

471 BACK TO SCENE

KIDD waves BOND off, picks up phone.

KIDD  
Please...  
(listens)  
Yes. I will tell him. Thank you.  
(hangs up)  
Monsieur is wanted in the radio  
room. A telephone call from  
Mr. Willard Whyte.

CONTINUED

471 CONTINUED

BOND

(heading for door)

I won't be a moment, darling...

(hands money to

KIDD)

Keep the dinner warm, will you?

KIDD

But Monsieur does not have to  
pay us for what we are about to  
do....

BOND exits. TIFFANY takes piece of beef, sticks it in hot  
oil. It sizzles. She plucks it off skewer. Her mouth  
is immediately singed. She throws skewer out open port-  
hole, gasps for air.

TIFFANY

Boy, that's hot!

WINT

(deadly straight)

Things are only just starting  
to warm up for you, Miss Case.

TIFFANY snaps around, looks at him strangely.

472 INT. RADIO ROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA CLOSE ON bottle with partially built ship inside.  
A string pulls on a mast, trying to set it into place.  
PULLING BACK, we see RADIO OPERATOR at work on it. BOND  
stands near door.

RADIO OPERATOR

(to BOND)

Willard Whyte? You gotta be  
kidding.

(ship mast falls)

Damn it. I gotta get a smaller  
ship or a larger bottle...

(to BOND)

I don't know who's playing this  
joke on you, fella, but they sure  
have some imagination. I could  
live five times over before  
Willard Whyte called this tub.

473 CLOSE ON BOND

His face set. He realizes he's been had.

474 INT. CABIN

TIFFANY in short nightie, now spreadeagled, tied down to bed, gag in mouth. CAMERA TILTS UP: hanging above, the sizzling pot of boiling oil, attached by rope. CAMERA FOLLOWS rope to door, where WINT and KIDD have attached it to handle. They test, opening door two inches:

475 CLOSE ON OIL POT

It tilts - a drop falls. CAMERA FOLLOWS IT DOWN - it burns a smoking hole in pillowcase next to TIFFANY'S head.

476 BACK TO WINT AND KIDD

WINT  
(closing door)  
Perfect. It's Romeo and Juliet...  
(sees a tear in  
KIDD'S eye)  
Why, Mr. Kidd. What on earth  
is the matter?

KIDD  
(wiping tear)  
I just can't stand these  
unhappy endings...

477 EXT. SHIP'S RAIL - NIGHT

BOND is tying life preserver with long rope to rail of ship, now lowers himself over the side.

478 INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR

MAID, carrying towels and linen, stops in front of door in corridor, knocks. No answer. She takes out pass key, jerks door open.

479 EXT. SIDE OF SHIP

BOND has lowered himself even with porthole, looks in.

480 INT. CABIN - BOND'S POV

TIFFANY tied to bed, WINT nearby. KIDD stands at door with Shashlik skewers, waiting patiently.



481 BACK TO CORRIDOR

MAID comes out of other room, now knocks on BOND'S door.

482 BACK TO CABIN

KIDD hears knock, stifles a giggle, looks at WINT. MAID knocks again.

483 EXT. SHIP SIDE

BOND makes up his mind, pushes off side of ship with feet.

484 BACK TO CORRIDOR

MAID takes out key, inserts it in lock, turns.

485 BACK TO SHIP SIDE

BOND has picked up momentum, now pushes off, sails through porthole feet first.

486 INT. CABIN

BOND sails in, makes a swipe at oil pot and rope, nisses, lands in a pile at other side of bed.

487 CLOSE ON KIDD

He has seen - slams door shut just as MAID opens it, locks it, quickly grabs trembling rope.

KIDD

Careful, Mr. Bond!

488 CLOSE ON OIL POT

It teeters precariously back and forth.

489 WIDER ANGLE

BOND is stymied. All three are frozen for a minute - WINT advances slowly, carving knife in hand. BOND suddenly leaps for the top of soup tureen, grabs it.

WINT

Pull, Mr. Kidd!

KIDD yanks on rope, oil pot turns over. BOND passes upside-down tureen lid over TIFFANY'S face, catches the oil, throws it into the advancing WINT - smoke rises from his face.

CONTINUED:

489 CONTINUED:

He screams - BOND pushes him hard to one side, impaling him on sharp point of carved ice Cornucopia, killing him. KIDD has passed skewers through Sterno flame - they are now ablaze. He jumps BOND from rear. BOND twists away, grabs brandy bottle, breaks neck of it on table, slings brandy at KIDD. Flames shoot up KIDD'S arms - his whole body is on fire. BOND yanks blanket from bed, wraps it around KIDD, smothering flames. He picks up bundle, stuffs it through and out of port-hole, turns, looks down at TIFFANY, still bound and gagged, tied to bed, legs spread apart.

BOND

A fine lot of help you turned  
out to be.

490 EXT. SHIP'S DECK - NIGHT

BOND and TIFFANY stand at the rail, look off into the night sky. An idyllically romantic setting. TIFFANY softly slides her arm around him.

TIFFANY

James?

(BOND smiles)

Darling...perhaps this may not  
be the right time or place...  
and I know in a relationship  
like ours the girl's not supposed  
to be one to ask this question...

(BOND stiffens)

But after all we've been through --  
what you mean to me now -- I...  
just can't help it.

BOND

(tolerantly)  
Go ahead, darling. If you must.

TIFFANY

James?

She looks up.

491 EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The star-filled sky spread out above.

CONTINUED:

491 CONTINUED:

TIFFANY'S VOICE

How the hell do we get those  
diamonds down from up there?

CAMERA PUSHES IN on one strange-looking star. It seems  
to wink. Diamond Satellite gets larger and larger as  
CAMERA CONTINUES IN:

INTO END TITLES

THE END

386 INT. BLOFELD'S OFFICE ON RIG - DAY

BLOFELD sits in comfortably furnished office behind desk, large set of venetian blinds directly behind him. He strokes White Cat, listens to radio report.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

The United States and the Soviet Union have assured each other over the Hot Line that no offensive action has been taken by either nation. Reports of another nuclear accident in Red China are as yet unconfirmed.

An anxious METZ enters. BLOFELD turns off speaker.

METZ

Two more submarines have taken position not ten miles away! What if they won't stand for our ultimatum? What if they decide to attack?

BLOFELD

(rising)

Calm yourself, Metz. This farcical show of force was to be expected. The Great Powers flexing their military muscles like so many impotent beachboys.

He leads METZ into next room.

387 INT. OIL RIG COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

CAMERA TRACKS through computer banks, radar, sonar and satellite screens manned by international crew wearing distinctive SPECTRE insignias. At Command Center cassette tape sticks out of slot near large, revolving globe of the Earth. Small replica of Diamond Satellite is attached inches above. As Globe revolves, satellite sends light beam down, tracking potentially destructive path.

CONTINUED:

307 INT. WHYTE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Thunderbird speeds along, WINT at the wheel. Car moves rapidly -- the tunnel is seemingly endless.

308 OMITTED

309 INT. WHYTE TUNNEL - WINT AND KIDD'S POINT OF VIEW

Tunnel seen through front windshield. Signs appear alongside: 300 YARDS...150 YARDS...CAUTION...50 YARDS. KIDD'S hand appears, holding remote control signal device. He presses button on it.

310 EXT. DESERT AND DUNE - NIGHT

A clump of cactus and sagebrush nestled in the side of a sloping sand dune. Cactus and brush suddenly rise, revealing headlights of Thunderbird, now driving out of dune and onto desert. CAMERA FOLLOWS as WINT turns car onto nearby highway.

311 INT. THUNDERBIRD - NIGHT

WINT drives along the road, seems perplexed.

WINT

What to do, what to do...something fresh, something different. Let's make it really fun for a change.

KIDD stifles a giggle, points forward and to the left.

WINT

(terribly pleased)

What a lovely idea, Mr. Kidd. Sometimes I'm so proud of you.

KIDD blushes self-effacingly -- it's nothing.

312 EXT. DESERT AND LIGHTS - WINT AND KIDD'S POINT OF VIEW

In distance -- many twinkling lights in large cluster, resembling outline of a carnival of some sort. Thunderbird pulls off highway in direction of lights.

313 CONTINUED

WINT and KIDD get out, retrieve BOND from car trunk, drag him over to pipe. Twinkling lights get closer in b.g. Low rumbling sound becomes louder. WINT and KIDD stuff BOND into one of the pipe lengths -- about three feet in diameter. They look off at approaching lights, quickly make their way back to car, leave.

314 INT. PIPE - NIGHT

CAMERA LOOKS THROUGH length of pipe, across outline of the unconscious BOND. Twinkling lights approach more quickly now. The rumbling is louder.

315 EXT. DESERT AND PIPE LAYER

The source of lights and noise -- a gigantic pipe-laying machine. A huge, multi-purpose contraption that scoops out a large ditch in one operation while huge metallic hands lift pipes, weld them together, then place them in the trench. A large spade-looking device then fills trench with dirt, flattens earth over pipes. Machine moves ominously forward.

316 CLOSER ON BOND'S PIPE

The machine has advanced to Bond's pipe. It is lifted, welded, inserted in ground, covered with earth, flattened.

317 INT. THUNDERBIRD - NIGHT

WINT and KIDD speeding back towards Las Vegas.

KIDD

We've really closed down the pipe-line this time, Mr. Wint.

They both stare straight ahead somberly for a moment. It's no use -- they can't contain themselves, burst out giggling.

318 BACK TO BURIED PIPE

CAMERA PANS along the freshly flattened earth. Somewhere beneath it -- Bond.

319 INT. PIPE

In shadowy light. BOND slowly comes to, opens his eyes.

320 CLOSE ON PACK RAT

A pack rat stares right back at him.

321 BACK TO BOND

Startled, he immediately gets to his feet, is stopped by a vicious bang on the head from the top of the pipe.

322 BACK TO PACK RAT

Still staring, seemingly mystified.

323 BACK TO BOND

He traces the walls of the pipe with his hands, looks up in one direction, down another. The light is equally gloomy either way. BOND slowly begins to realize what has happened to him, looks at pack rat. The rat scurries off up pipeline. BOND looks both ways, decides to follow the rat, stops as he hears a noise coming from other direction. He looks off:

324 TROLLEY-TYPE MACHINE - BOND'S POV

A small, triangular-shaped trolley-like machine on rubber wheels comes slowly down pipe toward him. It pauses for a moment at each pipe joint -- thin antennae come out, trace the welding on joint, then move on.

325 BACK TO BOND

The thing approaches him, filling the entire space in the pipe...nothing for BOND to do but wedge his way on top of it and ride along. It stops at welding joint, antennae come out, check it, then withdraw. BOND rides along, trying to pull the thing backwards, slow it down. The machine is too strong for him. It stops at another joint. BOND takes handkerchief out of breast pocket, rolls it lengthwise. The antennae pop out. BOND grabs them with handkerchief, tying them together and crossing them. Machine grunts -- sparks fly. Everything stops.

326 EXT. PIPELINE - DAWN

TWO WORKMEN in a jeep following the progress of the machine. One wears headset, listens vainly for a sound, then adjusts a little box in the jeep -- nothing.

CONTINUED

326 CONTINUED

WORKMAN #1

Goddamn thing's on the fritz again.

WORKMAN#2

Cockamamy machine....

WORKMAN walks over to wheel sticking out of ground, turns it. A section of earth rises, exposing an inspection hatch. WORKMAN looks down, stops, dumbfounded.

327 CLOSE ON INSPECTION HATCH AND BOND - WORKMAN'S POV

BOND smiles up at WORKMAN from inside.

BOND

Thank goodness. I was just taking my rat for a walk and I seem to have lost my way.

328 INT. PENTHOUSE - DAY

Phone rings on BLOFELD'S desk. He switches voicebox on, picks it up.

BLOFELD

Willard Whyte speaking.

SAXBY'S VOICE (OVER PHONE)

This is Bert. We've got a problem....

BLOFELD switches off voicebox.

329 INT. SAXBY'S OFFICE

Vegas-lush office. CAMERA CLOSE ON pair of crossed legs on desk with plaque: Albert R. Saxby.

SAXBY'S VOICE

I just saw James Bond in the Casino.

CAMERA PULLS BACK: BOND is talking on phone. Attached to phone is makeshift contraption looking suspiciously like homemade version of Blofeld's voice box. Q fiddles with the controls. LEITER and MAXWELL stand nearby.

330 - 339 OMITTED



371 EXT. NORTH DAKOTA ABM SITE - DAY

ABM underground missile site. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON OPEN PIT, revealing huge missile. At its base several UNIFORMED SOLDIERS. Screen fills with a dazzling light.

372 ANGLE ON SOLDIERS

The SOLDIERS recoil, covering their eyes, dazed.

373 WIDER ANGLE

An enormous underground explosion - pieces of the missile and earth flying in all directions.

374 INT. LAB - DAY

BOND, LEITER and WHYTE study the diagram Bond drew.

BOND

A vast supply of diamonds...  
manipulated by an expert in  
light refraction.

WHYTE

The first laser beam was  
generated through a diamond. If  
Metz deserves one-tenth of his  
reputation the power of this  
thing could be incredible.

BOND

And Blofeld's got it.

375 EXT. RUSSIAN SUBMARINE - UNDERSEA SHOT

Russian submarine with Hammer and Sickle markings slides along under water. Screen fills with a red glow.

376 INT. SUBMARINE

RUSSIAN CAPTAIN and MEN stand by periscope, faces broken out in sweat. Heat is unbearable - sub is filled with red glow.

377 EXT. RUSSIAN SUB - UNDERSEA

The submarine explodes, disappearing completely.

369 CONTINUED

AIDE

(holding phone - to  
LAUNCH DIRECTOR)  
You won't believe this. Willard  
Whyte. For you.

LAUNCH DIRECTOR

A real honor, sir, a real....

WHYTE

Stuff your honor. Where's that  
satellite I sent down there?

LAUNCH DIRECTOR

Blasted off three minutes ago,  
sir. Perfect trajectory, all  
systems go....

AIDES in computer room suddenly fiddle frantically at  
computers, pushing buttons, flipping switches, etc.

LAUNCH DIRECTOR

Wait! Something's happened. We...  
this is impossible...we can't  
control it....

WHYTE

Abort it!

LAUNCH DIRECTOR

We can't. Something's taken over  
the guidance. It's...it's as if  
it had a will of its own....

WHYTE slams down the receiver, turns to BOND.

WHYTE

Well, whatever it is, your friend  
Blofeld's controlling it now.

370 EXT. SPACE -- CLOSE ON SATELLITE

The satellite, as it comes to rest in orbit. CAMERA PUSHES  
IN. Satellite breaks open, wings extend on either side of  
long, pointed central shaft. Suddenly an enormous circular  
diamond disc fans out around shaft. The light is blinding -  
each of the thousand of diamonds seem to glow separately.  
The light is gradually sucked in by the shaft, which now  
emits a blinding beam of light.

368

CONTINUED

WHYTE

No, but I've heard of him.  
Everyone in our business has.  
World's leading expert on laser  
refraction.

(to TOM)

How the hell did he get a  
security clearance to work  
here anyway?

TOM

From you, sir. I talked to  
you personally. I even  
recognize your voice now.

WHYTE exchanges a knowing glance with BOND as the  
realization sinks in.

WHYTE

(sighs)

And I'm sure I must have told  
you not to keep the usual  
duplicate microfilm records of  
this project?

TOM

Exactly, sir.

BOND has finished, hands WHYTE the piece of paper.

WHYTE

Tom.

(holds up paper)

What did I tell you to do with  
this?

TOM

To send it to Vandenburg, sir.

WHYTE

(roaring)

Get them on the hot line! Now!

369

INT. VANDENBURG CONTROL ROOM &amp; INT. METZ LAB

Scene intercut between lab and control booth at Vandenburg  
where LAUNCH DIRECTOR sits with several AIDES, overlooking  
technicians in launch control room.

CONTINUED

366-C BACK TO BOND, LEITER AND WHYTE

BOND rises, gun drawn, looks down and away.

BOND

Saxby....

WHYTE

(still prone)

Bert Saxby?

(BOND nods)

Tell him he's fired.

367 INT. W.W. TECHTONICS FIFTH FLOOR

Car with WHYTE, BOND and LEITER pulls out of automobile elevator, stops. They get out, head for steel door. TOM, the plant manager, runs down the hall to meet them, rushes up to LEITER.

TOM

I'm Tom, Mr. Whyte. The plant manager. A great pleasure to finally....

WHYTE

(at steel door)

I'm Whyte. Open this thing up.

TOM

Yes, sir, right away, sir.

TOM reaches door, fumbles about in his pockets for the right entry card. WHYTE sighs.

368 INT. METZ LAB

BOND, WHYTE, LEITER and TOM enter. Lab is deserted.

BOND

(pointing)

It was right over there. Saucer-shaped, about six feet high....

WHYTE crosses to work table, shoves over paper and pencil.

WHYTE

Draw it for me.

BOND starts to draw.

LEITER

(to WHYTE)

Was Dr. Metz on your payroll, Mr. Whyte?

CONTINUED

365 ANGLE ON IRON DOOR

They arrive at ominous-looking iron door at bottom of staircase. BOND tries it -- locked. LEITER motions him back, shoots the lock off. They enter.

365-A INT. SAUNA BATH AND BATHPOOM

Lush bathroom-sauna bath combination -- deserted. LEITER and BOND stand mystified. Suddenly, SOUND of toilet flushing.

366 ANGLE ON BATHROOM STALL DOOR

WILLARD WHYTE appears in the doorway to bathroom stall. He is in his late fifties, with a pleasant, distinguished face. He smiles at them.

WHYTE

FBI? CIA? IBM? CBS?

BOND

James Bond, Mr. Whyte. British Intelligence. We'd best get out of here.

LEITER preceding, BOND leads WHYTE out doorway. WHYTE looks at BOND who is soaked, face cut, clothes torn.

WHYTE

I see you've met Bambi and Thumper.

BOND

We had a chat....

366-A EXT. IRON DOORWAY

As they exit sauna bathroom -- shots ring out -- bullets ricochet off the iron door. BOND, LEITER and WHYTE hit the deck. CAMERA TILTS UP: TWO AGENTS at pool's edge with machine guns return the fire.

366-B EXT. DESERT OUTSKIRTS OF SUMMER HOUSE

SAXBY nestled behind rocks and cactus with automatic rifle. Return fire from AGENTS chops cactus in half. Bullets skim and skid off rocks into him. He starts to rise, drops, dead.

360 EXT. POOL

Once in water, BOND gets the best of them, headlocks them under either arm, pushes them under.

361 ANOTHER ANGLE

LEITER and AGENTS pour through, out into the pool area. LEITER stops, looks.

362 BOND AND GIRLS - LEITER'S POINT OF VIEW

BOND treads water, two sensual, half-dressed female outlines flanking him. The headlocks look more like hugs.

363 WIDER ANGLE

LEITER

(disgusted)

Wouldn't you know it? Willard Whyte's about to be executed and guess who's giving breast stroke lessons.

BOND

(from pool)

Hi, Felix.

LEITER

Where the hell is Whyte?

BOND

I don't know yet.

BOND drags girls to surface by their hair, looks into their spluttering faces. They're not ready yet. He pushes them under again.

BOND

I still don't know.

BOND waits a moment, then pulls them up again. BAMBI has had enough. She coughs, points off to outer edge of pool.

364 ANGLE ON OUTER STAIRCASE

LEITER runs down stone outer staircase at side of pool, a wet BOND right behind him.

358

CONTINUED

glass windows. BOND steps in, looks around. Suddenly popping up from behind couches: Two gorgeous AMAZONS, one white, one black, both dressed in skin-tight outfits. They stretch like lionesses, rise, smile warmly at him.

WHITE GIRL

Well, hi there. I'm Bambi.

BLACK GIRL

And I'm Thumper. Something we can do for you?

BOND

(crossing to them)

Offhand I can think of several things. Right now I'm looking for Willard Whyte.

BAMBI

Willy? Why sure. He's right out there.

BAMBI

(mystified)

And that's all there is to it?

BAMBI

Not quite.

(kisses him  
sensuously)

See you later now....

THUMPER puts her arms around BOND.

THUMPER

We'll have a ball....

She suddenly knees him hard in the groin. BAMBI leaps onto and off the chandelier, driving her feet into BOND'S face. The tough and dirty, no-holds barred struggle begins. The girls are as strong as acrobats, as agile as tumblers, use every form of hand-to-hand combat known. The fight rages on: they finally pick BOND up, throw him over the couches - he lands in a swimming pool which leads outside.

359

EXT. SUMMER HOUSE POOL AREA

The two girls dive into pool after BOND. The fight begins again.

346 EXT. WHYTE HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

TIFFANY comes out, looks. The woman is nowhere to be seen.  
DOORMAN comes up to her.

DOORMAN

Taxi, lady?

TIFFANY ignores him, makes her way down line of taxis and private cars at entrance, peering into them.

347 CLOSER ON BLACK LIMOUSINE

She comes up to black limousine with smoked windows, stops, peers inside, is suddenly pushed in.

348 INT. LIMOUSINE

TIFFANY tumbles in. BLODFELD sits inside, dressed in drag, white cat in his lap. Door locks snap: CHAUFFEUR gets in front. Outside blotted out by smoked windows. BLOFELD smiles.

BLOFELD

Well, well. Look what the cat dragged in. Delighted to meet you, Miss Case. I had so dreaded the prospect of making this tedious trip alone.

349 - 356 OMITTED

357 EXT. WHYTE SUMMER HOUSE - DAY

BOND near front door of fortress-type house. Garage is empty. No sign of life anywhere. He tries front door. It is open. He advances suspiciously.

357-A INT. SUMMER HOUSE CORRIDOR

BOND walks slowly down deserted corridor carefully, checking every opening. No sound from inside house. CAMERA TRACKS WITH HIM as he heads for open doorway to main living room, enters.

358 INT. SUMMER HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beautifully furnished modern living room with raised central area featuring couches and deep chairs - as deserted as the rest of the house. Vista of desert beyond through plate

CONTINUED



343-A CONTINUED

TIFFANY

I mean I guess I'm working for the good guys now, but I'm still only two steps away from the slammer if they want me there. So I thought you might put in a good word....

(another jackpot -  
TIFFANY stunned)

That's unbelievable.

Q turns calmly, takes hand away from back of machine, reveals flat, circular device against his palm, held in place by a finger ring.

343-B

343-C OMITTED

343-D

343-F

343-G

344 ANGLE ON Q - TIFFANY'S POV

Q

An electro-magnetic RPM controller. Been aching to give it a try. You see, pressure on the case when the desired symbols appear....

TIFFANY suddenly spots something over Q'S shoulder across casino. CAMERA ZOOMS IN PAST Q: A LARGE, HUSKY-LOOKING WOMAN in fur coat with veil makes her way in wobbly shoes towards hotel front door. In her arms she holds a large white cat.

Q (V.O.)

...causes the rotation of the cylinders to stutter for the precise amount of time needed....

345 ANOTHER ANGLE ON Q

He looks up. TIFFANY IS gone.

342 CONTINUED

BOND

Give me ten minutes to get in there and find Whyte. Then move in.

LEITER

You sure you know what you're doing?

BOND

Ask me again ten minutes from now.

343 INT. WHYTE HOUSE CASINO - TRACKING SHOT

CAMERA TRACKS WITH MAXWELL and AGENTS walking purposefully through casino towards elevator banks, PICKS UP Q by slot machines, HOLDS. Q has hit a jackpot, now takes hand away from back of machine, moves to next one.

343-A CLOSER ON Q

He repeats the process, hits another jackpot, moves down the line, unconcerned by the money he has won. He puts arm around back of next machine, stops as TIFFANY appears next to him.

TIFFANY

Hi there, Mr. Q. Having any luck?

Q

I've been somewhat successful, thank you.

He pulls lever, hits jackpot, moves to next machine.

TIFFANY

Listen, Mr. Q, I was just wondering if you'd sort of heard any talk about me, you know, from James or Felix....

Q

I'm afraid not.

He hits another jackpot.

CONTINUED

340-A INT. SAXBY'S OFFICE

BOND hangs up, turns to Q:

BOND

Q, you're a genius.

Q

Not a bit of it. Made one of these for the kids last Christmas.

LEITER

(to AGENT)

James and I are heading for the Lazy W. Tell Maxwell to get ready to hit the penthouse as soon as we find Whyte.

341 INT. WHYTE HOUSE PENTHOUSE - DAY

BLOFELD reaches for red phone, picks it up.

BLOFELD

(into phone)

Let me speak to Metz.

(pause)

There's been a change. Push all plans forward by twenty-four hours. I'm joining you immediately.

He hangs up, takes cassette tape from desk drawer, rises, stops as he sees:

341-A ANGLE ON PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR - BLOFELD'S POV

Elevator doors open, revealing BERT SAXBY.

342 EXT. LAZY W - DAY - CLOSE ON TELEPHONE POLE

REPAIRMAN at top of telephone pole snips wire, scrambles down pole with spiked shoes. CAMERA FOLLOWS, PICKS UP BOND, LEITER, several other AGENTS by cars at bottom. An imposing, seemingly deserted fortress-type house in distance. BOND glances at it, turns to LEITER.

CONTINUED

340 INT. SAXBY'S OFFICE AND PENTHOUSE - "L.D. BOND"

BLOFELD

That's impossible.

BOND

Come down and look for yourself.  
If he's half the genius I hear  
he is we're in for real trouble.

LEITER and Q exchange a sour look.

BLOFELD

Now calm down, Bert.

BOND

It's a cinch he's not working  
alone. This place must be  
crawling with agents by now. I  
think we should move Willard Whyte.

BLOFELD

Nonsense. Mr. Whyte is perfectly  
safe out at his own summer house.

BOND puts hand over receiver, looks around room.

LEITER

(whispering)

It's up on a ridge about ten miles  
out of town.

BLOFELD

I'm a little surprised, Bert.  
It isn't like you to panic.

BOND

I just don't enjoy messing around  
with someone as tough as James  
Bond, that's all.

This time everyone exchanges a sour look.

BLOFELD

Forget James Bond. You get out  
to that ranch. I'm afraid Willard  
Whyte has suddenly lost his useful-  
ness. Do it cleanly, Bert. Without  
a trace. I'm counting on you.

BOND

Don't worry. Just leave everything  
to me.

WHYTE

A simple set of tapes fed into a computer bank. All he needs is a building.

BOND

The tapes. Large or small ones?

WHYTE

Conceivably any size -- from six inch to a cassette.

BOND'S eyes widen. Something has clicked.

BOND

Assuming he's still using your empire as a cover, Blofeld could be anywhere on this map.

(points with shoe)

From Maine to Oregon, from Florida to Arizona, from Alaska to Baja California....

WHYTE

(suddenly)

Baja? I don't have anything in Baja.

384 INSERT SHOT - WHYTE ENTERPRISES FLOOR MAP

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on installation off Baja California marked: WILLWIDE OIL, INC.

385 EXT. WILLWIDE OFFSHORE OIL RIG - DAY

Massive offshore oil rig with W.W. markings, resting at sea on huge circular pillars. Two sides of rig lined with long shacks. Tall derrick towers, central drilling unit, helicopter pad, bathesub attached to crane by cable. Anchor lines with buoys attached run off at sides, marked by thick, red weather balloons, several attached to portions of rig itself. Normal-looking GROUP OF MEN wander through machinery covering most of rig. CAMERA PUSHES IN ON ONE SHACK. Several rotating contraptions look suspiciously like radar.

382 CONTINUED

LEITER  
(to MAXWELL)  
What about Blofeld?

MAXWELL  
Not a trace. But we found a  
tunnel. We're checking it out.

BOND  
Where's Tiffany?

LEITER  
Do you mind if we find Blofeld  
first?  
(to MAXWELL)  
C'mon. Let's hit that tunnel.

LEITER and MAXWELL and AGENTS exit.

383 ANOTHER ANGLE

BOND walks over to lit floor map of North America, looks  
down, studies it. WHYTE emerges from bathroom, ashen-faced.

WHYTE  
Washington just received a message  
from your friend with the cat.  
I'm afraid this country's being  
held for ransom. We have until  
noon tomorrow to pay up.

BOND  
(looks up - stops)  
Well, that's it then. And since  
Blofeld loves misery and misery  
loves company, my guess is you're  
not alone. He'll need one ally  
when he's through....

WHYTE  
An international auction with  
nuclear supremacy to the highest  
bidder.

BOND  
Exactly.  
(looks down at map)  
What does he need to control the  
satellite?

CONTINUED

378 INT. LAB - DAY

WHYTE

A beam refracted thousands of times from diamond to diamond would generate enough heat to destroy vast areas.

BOND

Or, with the beam focussed, just a plot a few yards wide.

Phone rings. WHYTE picks it up.

WHYTE

(into phone)

Willard Whyte...Yes, General...

(pause - hangs up)

One of our missiles just accidentally blew up in North Dakota. Whatever's happening - it's started.

379 EXT. RED CHINESE SAM MISSILE SITE - DAY

Rows of Chinese anti-aircraft SAM missiles, attended by CHINESE SOLDIERS. Screen fills with a dazzling light.

380 CLOSE ON SOLDIERS

They cover their eyes, drop to their knees.

381 WIDER ANGLE

One missile goes up, then another, then a huge chain reaction of explosions visible through blinding light.

382 INT. WHYTE PENTHOUSE - DAY

Door bursts open. WHYTE, BOND and LEITER enter, meet MAXWELL and other AGENTS already inside.

MAXWELL

Mr. Whyte, there's a phone call for you from Washington. Urgent.

WHYTE

I'll take it in the john....

He heads into toilet, closes doors.

CONTINUED

387 CONTINUED:

BLOFELD (O.S.)

I deeply regret my threat to destroy a major city unless they give in, but there we are. The nuclear powers, like all bullies, can only be intimidated by force.

388 ANGLE ON BLOFELD AND METZ

BLOFELD has stopped by Globe, looks at satellite replica, checks his watch, smiles at METZ.

BLOFELD (CONT'D)

There's still an hour left for them to reply. One hour for both of us to achieve our common dream. Total disarmament and peace for the world.

RADAR OPERATOR (O.S.)

(excitedly)

Single plane! Range two miles and closing!

Computer room bursts into action, METZ rushes to his post.

BLOFELD

Wait for my signal!

BLOFELD looks out window.

389 EXT. SKY AND PLANE - BLOFELD'S POV

A private aircraft with white flag flying. Door opens: triangular object is dropped by parachute.

390 EXT. RIG

BLOFELD comes out on rig, joins waiting GUARDS.

391 EXT. OCEAN - BLOFELD'S POV

Object has detached itself from parachute: a thick, plastic pyramid, now resting on water's surface. Suddenly it moves,

CONTINUED:



391 CONTINUED:

advancing towards rig, side over side, the outline of a man discernible inside it.

392 ANGLE PAST BLOFELD DOWN TO WATER

Pyramid advances to bottom of rig, stops. A zipper is unzipped from inside: BOND. He looks up, smiles.

BOND

Good afternoon, gentlemen. Acme Pollution Inspection. We're cleaning up the world and this seemed a suitable starting point.

BLOFELD

(looking down)

How disappointing. I was expecting one head of state at the very least. Surely you haven't come to negotiate, Mr. Bond. Your pitiful little island hasn't even been threatened.

(to GUARDS)

Search him from his toenails to the last follicle on his head. Then bring him to me.

A rope ladder is dropped - BOND climbs it.

392A ANGLE ON TIFFANY

TIFFANY lies sunbathing in a bikini on a raised portion of rig near shack. She reads a magazine, now looks up, takes off dark glasses.

392B ANGLE ON BOND - TIFFANY'S POV

BOND being led off by guards.

392C BACK TO TIFFANY

She puts glasses back on, returns to her magazine.